

DESIRE

the Gothic, be-steeped lair I was imagining. Mistress Katya came out to meet us looking very friendly and wearing some nice heels (though she said these were her slippers and she normally wears much higher ones — how glam is that!).

She told us how the dungeon is actually a converted stable. 'We had friends running a similar establishment, they were closing, we had an interest in the BDSM fetish world. I was working as a pro domme and we decided that converting a block of stables into accommodation could replace their establishment. They were good enough to pass on their prospective and current clients.' It took three years hard labour for Mistress Katya and her partner, Tony, to create Ess and Emm.

We were shown into a lovely homely kitchen and I started to relax. 'Clients regard this as their fantasy home from home,' explained the mistress. 'They don't have the worry of their everyday lives once they are behind our closed doors. In the current poor economic climate, we are very much hoping to be able to provide a bolt-hole for those under stress.'

Many Ess and Emm visitors come straight from work. They don't even have to pack clothes as everything that they need is there. And if there is anything you require, then you can just drop mistress an e-mail. The fridge is stocked full with the ingredients for both an English and continental breakfast. Also supplied is a bottle of red wine and a bottle of white wine per couple, per evening.

The mistress plays her cards very close to her chest as to what people get up to in the dungeon. 'We cater for just about

every fetish, but what people do behind closed doors is up to them.' However, I did manage to get one amusing anecdote out of her: 'I was asked if me and my "partner" would be available for a session — it turned out that they meant my Great Dane pet dog! Needless to say, the answer was an emphatic no.'

So now it was time to be shown around. There are two suites in the dungeon and the mistress opened the door to suite one and turned up the lights (all have dimmers so it can be dark as you like). I gasped. Inside these beautifully painted red and black walls I saw just about every device, machine and accessory I could imagine. There was a Fetters bondage wheel, a suspended bondage table, a suspended St Andrew's cross, a suspended strap cage, a rubber-lined bondage cupboard, a whipping bench and so much more.

As the mistress explained the workings of the machines and the important health and safety rules to Alex, I took the time to rummage further. I found dishes of pegs and condoms, rubber gloves, enemas, strange electrical devices, gimp masks... But my revelling was interrupted, as the tour was ready to move on.

In the downstairs bathroom, I came across a medley of insertable devices and I was bemused to see two toilets. Apparently the second one was a portable watersports box. Walking upstairs, I recognised some photography on the walls as being from my favourite photographer, Robert Babylon. In fact, the entire dungeon is filled with art, decorative masks and all manner of stylish little touches.

Upstairs in suite one we encountered