

# FEATURE

meekly and clamoured onto the bench, arse in the air, praying I wouldn't feel the urge to break wind.

'We'll start by warming you up,' said Alex, and he began swiping my bottom with a flogger that looked like a horse's tail. I flinched and dug my nails into my hand, alternating between wincing and giggling. 'Thank you, sir,' I said periodically, trying to play the part of a good obedient sub. My bottom was feeling a little sore and, while the hits weren't hard, I fantasised that it was nice and red beneath the blue rubber knickers.

First round over and Alex stroked my rump with the hair. It felt lovely and soothing. Then he got busy flogging again and I was pleased to see that I was no longer flinching. 'You're taking this very well,' said Alex.

really. Yes, it hurt, but in a good way. All too soon Alex began undoing the straps. My initiation was over. 'Thank you, sir. That was amazing.' I felt as though I was on drugs (not that I would know what that is like, of course) and I jumped on Alex giving him a huge, grateful hug.

He put me down, shaking his head. 'Well, you're clearly not vanilla any more.'

As Alex readied the fettered wheel for action, I ran upstairs and had a look at my bottom in the mirror. I was very impressed to see a little bruise. After a quick wine break I was strapped on to the wheel and turned upside down. The blood rushed to my head. Alex snapped away with his camera and I tried my best to look demure, knowing my face probably matched my scarlet wig. Feeling a little sweaty after my exertion, I decided to put my PVC back on

THE HITS GOT HARDER  
AND THE DUNGEON  
ECHOED WITH HEADY  
THWACKING SOUNDS

'Yes, sir. It feels nice, sir.' The hits got harder and the dungeon echoed with juicy thwacking sounds, I began to feel heady and warm all over. The endorphins were coming. I couldn't believe I was getting wet.

When Alex delivered the three random hits on my behind it felt amazing — no,

— I know, I'm a wimp.

'Of course BDSM isn't all about pain you know,' Alex said on my return. 'Stand here.' And I crept onto the round disc that formed the bottom of the strap cage. He turned the hoist and the straps began to rise, encasing me so I couldn't move. My nose began to itch immediately, but there was nothing