

Sunstone

Volume 3



Stjepan Sejic

Top Cow Productions Presents...

Sunstone[®]

Created by Stjepan Sejic



Published by Top Cow Productions, Inc.
Los Angeles

Top Cow Productions Presents...

Sunstone

Stjepan Sejic
Creator, Artist, and Writer

Stjepan Sejic
Cover Art

Betsy Gonia & Ryan Cady
Editors

Tricia Ramos
Book Design and Layout



For Top Cow Productions, Inc.

Marc Silvestri - CEO • Matt Hawkins - President and COO

Betsy Gonia - Editor • Bryan Hill - Story Editor

Elena Salcedo - Operations Manager • Ryan Cady - Editorial Assistant

Vincent Valentine - Production Assistant



To find the comic shop
nearest you, call:
1-888-COMICBOOK

Want more info? Check out:
www.topcow.com
for news & exclusive Top Cow merchandise!

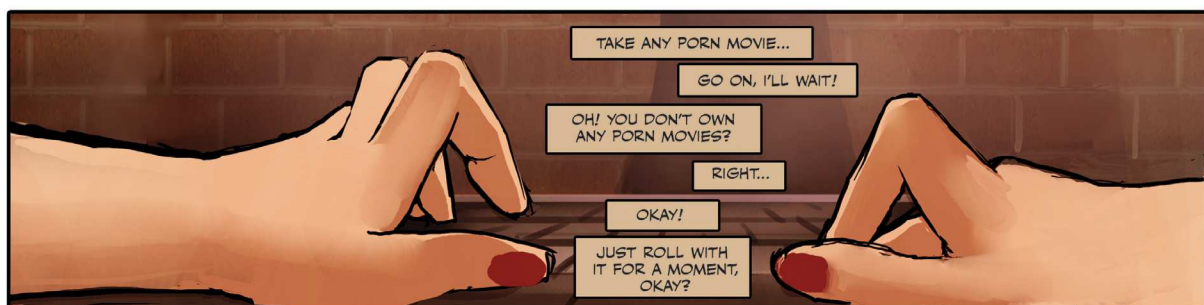


IMAGE COMICS, INC.
Robert Kirkman - Chief Operating Officer
Rick Lefkowitz - Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane - President
Mark Silvestri - Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino - Vice-President
Eric Stephenson - Publisher
Corey Murphy - Director of Sales
Jeremy Sullivan - Director of Digital Sales
Karl Rabe - Director of PR & Marketing
Emily Miller - Director of Operations
Brenna Ripstone - Senior Accounts Manager
Sarah Miller - Accounts Manager
Drew Goh - Art Director
Jennifer Chan - Production Manager
Nicole Wallace - Front Manager
Randy Okamura - Marketing Production Designer
David Brothers - Branding Manager
Ally Power - Content Manager
Adrian Dake - Production Artist
Vincent Kuhn - Production Artist
Sasha Reed - Production Artist
Tricia Ramos - Production Artist
Emile Sanfilippo - Sales Assistant
Chloe Ramo-Peterson - Administrative Assistant
IMAGECOMICS.COM

Sunstone Volume 3 Trade Paperback.

August 2015. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. Originally published on DeviantArt by Stjepan Sejic. Sunstone® 2015 Stjepan Sejic. All rights reserved. "Sunstone," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters (human or otherwise) featured herein are trademarks of Stjepan Sejic. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. The characters, events, and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, (living or dead) events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Stjepan Sejic. DIGITAL EDITION.





TAKE ANY PORN MOVIE...

GO ON, I'LL WAIT!

OH! YOU DON'T OWN
ANY PORN MOVIES?

RIGHT...

OKAY!

JUST ROLL WITH
IT FOR A MOMENT,
OKAY?

ANYWAYS, TAKE ANY *THEORETICAL*
PORN MOVIE THAT YOU DON'T OWN,
AND HIT PAUSE DURING A SEX SCENE!

NOW, UNLESS YOU PAUSED AT SOME GENITAL
GRINDING, GENERALLY YOU WILL SEE PEOPLE
MAKING ONE OF THREE FACES.

A *SILLY* FACE

A *LUSTY*
PLEASUREFUL FACE...

AND THEN THERE
IS THE THIRD ONE...

bdsbm



THE *PAIN* FACE.

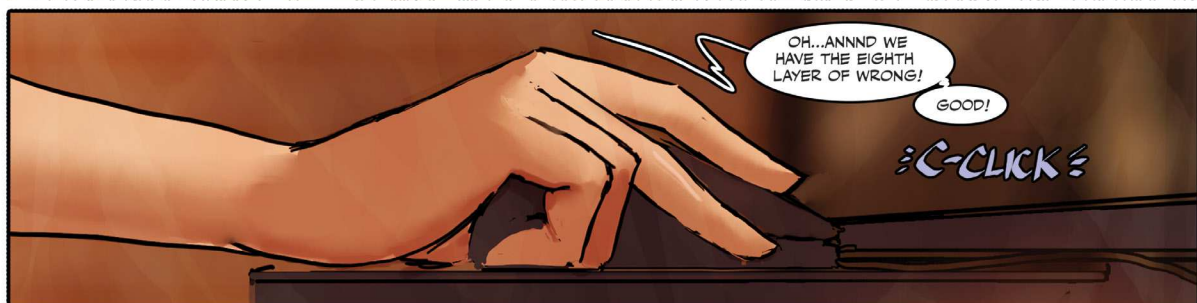
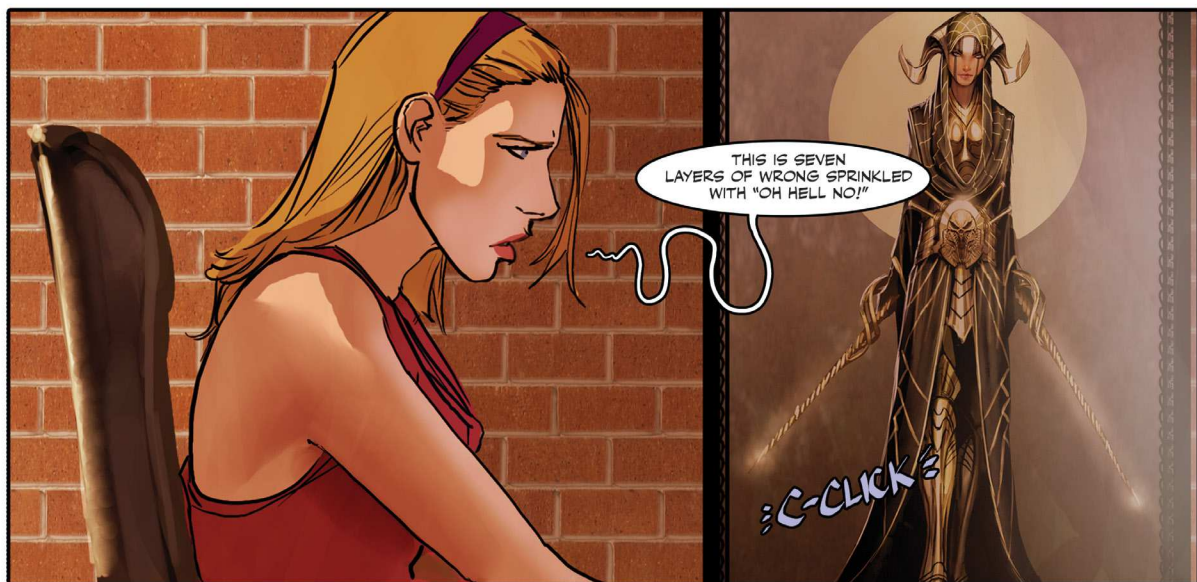
THOSE THREE FACES
SAY A LOT ABOUT
THE NATURE OF SEX.

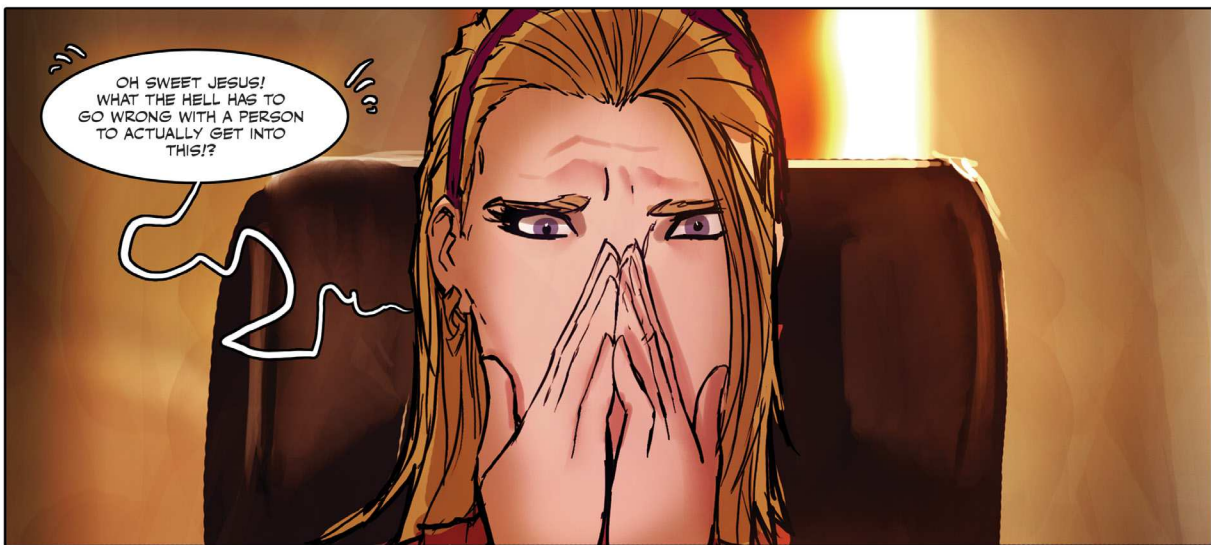
IN FACT, THOSE PAUSE
FACES, WITHOUT CONTEXT,
WOULD MAKE YOU THINK THAT
SEX WAS EITHER THE *MOST*
PLEASURABLE, THE *FUNNIEST*,
OR THE *WORST* THING EVER.

NOW, THAT DAY, ANNE
SEARCHED FOR IMAGES OF
BDSM FOR...*INSPIRATION*
PURPOSES.

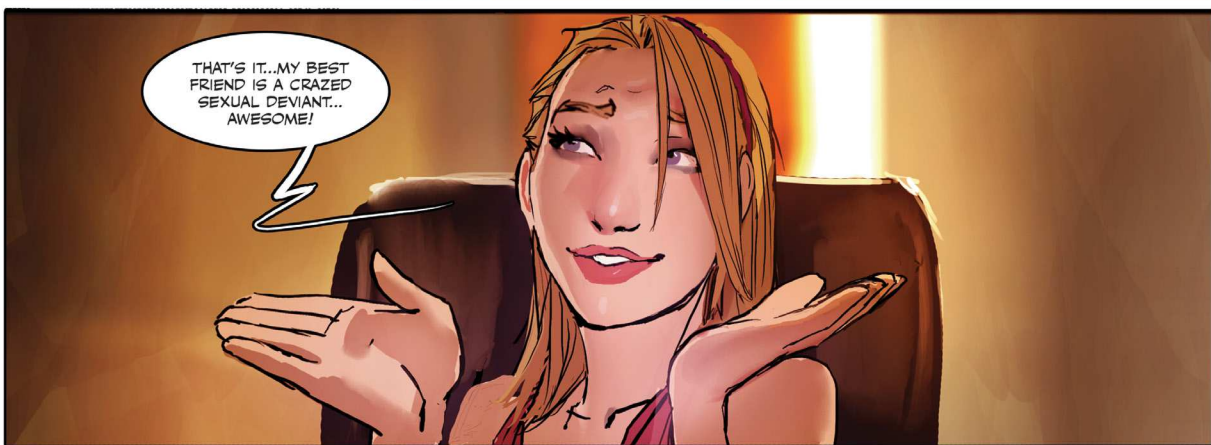
WITHOUT PROPER
CONTEXT, WHAT
SHE GOT WAS...
UM... WELL...

OH WHAT
THE FUCK!?!?





OH SWEET JESUS!
WHAT THE HELL HAS TO
GO WRONG WITH A PERSON
TO ACTUALLY GET INTO
THIS!?



THAT'S IT...MY BEST
FRIEND IS A CRAZED
SEXUAL DEVIANT...
AWESOME!



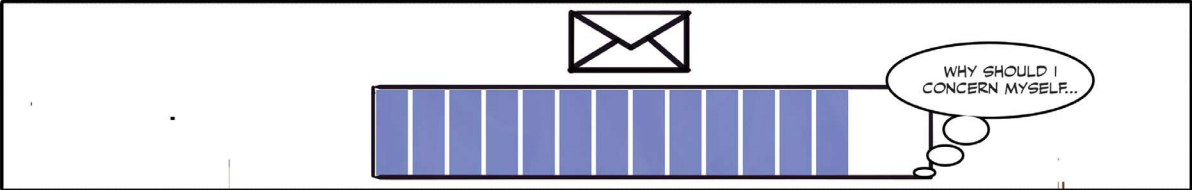
OH GOD...
DOES SHE
ACTUALLY DO STUFF
LIKE THIS? I MEAN,
TOM AND HER...THEY
SEEM SO HAPPY.
SO NORMAL.

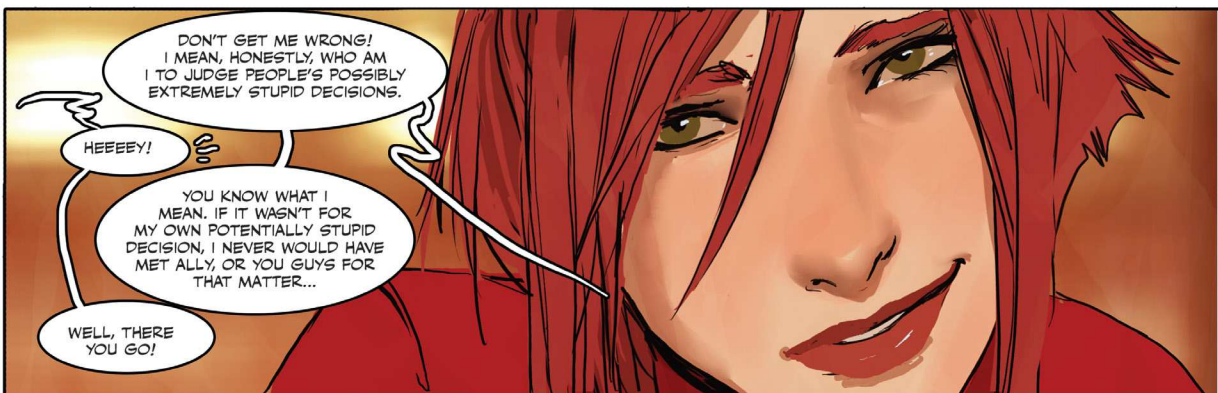


ACTUALLY...EVEN
THOSE PERFORMER GIRLS
AT THE CLUB SEEMED...
I DON'T KNOW...
HAPPY?

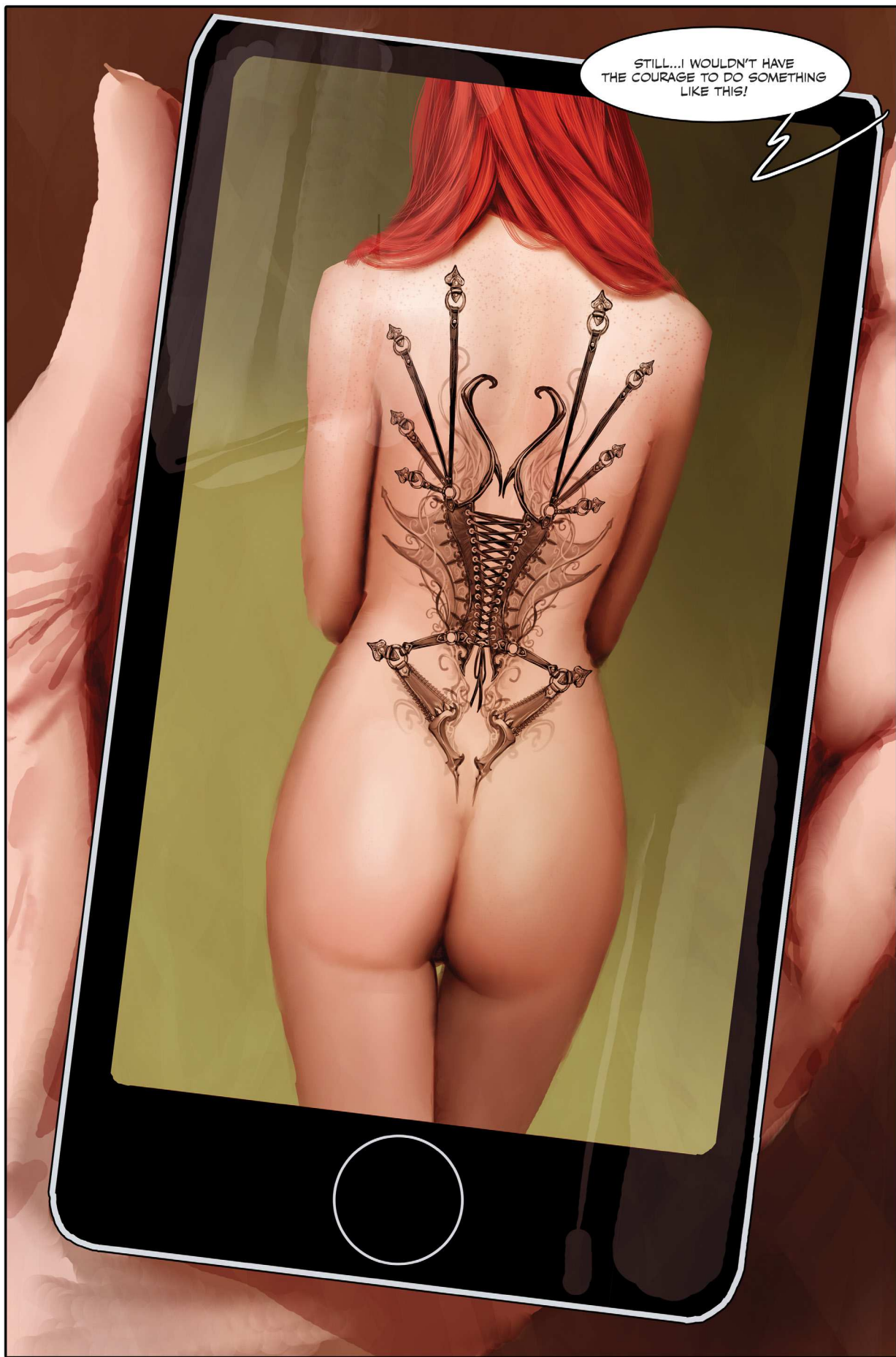
IN FACT, THEY WERE
LAUGHING AND JOKING
SO MUCH ON THAT STAGE I
HALF THOUGHT THEY WOULD
GET BOOED OFF.

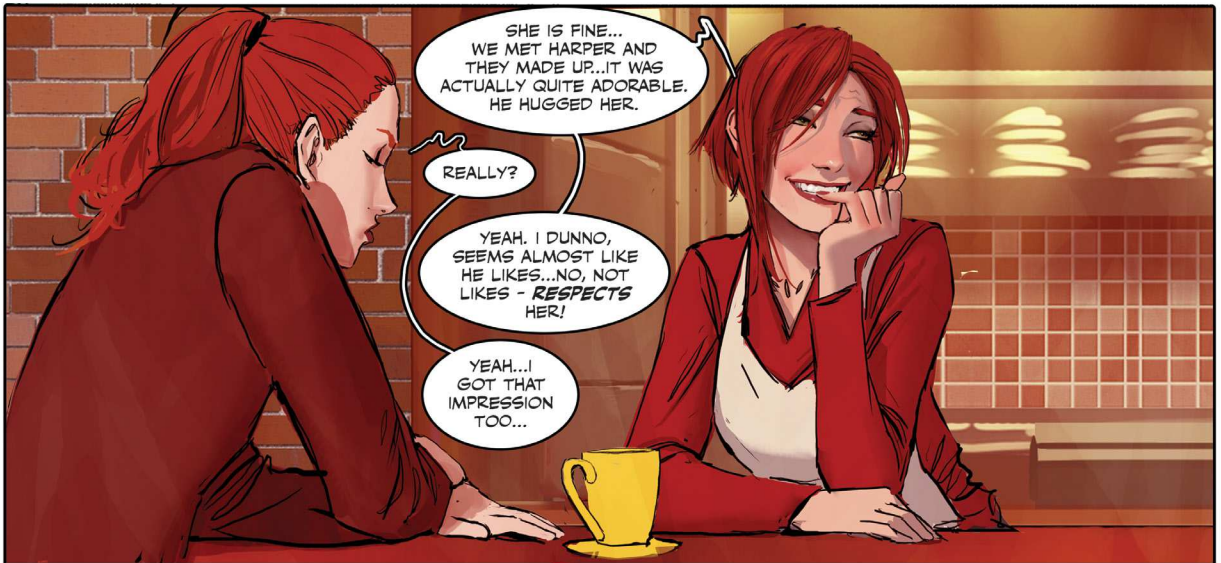
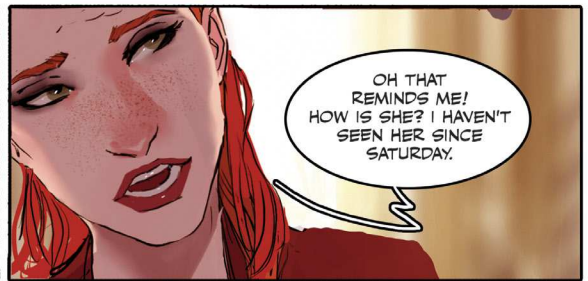
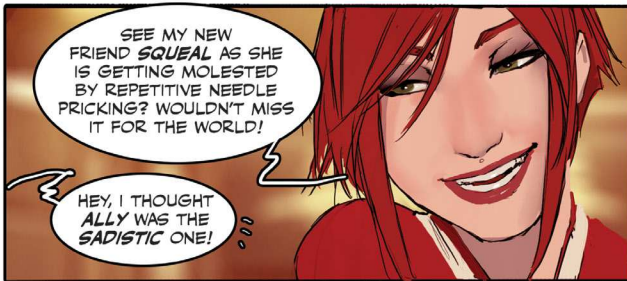
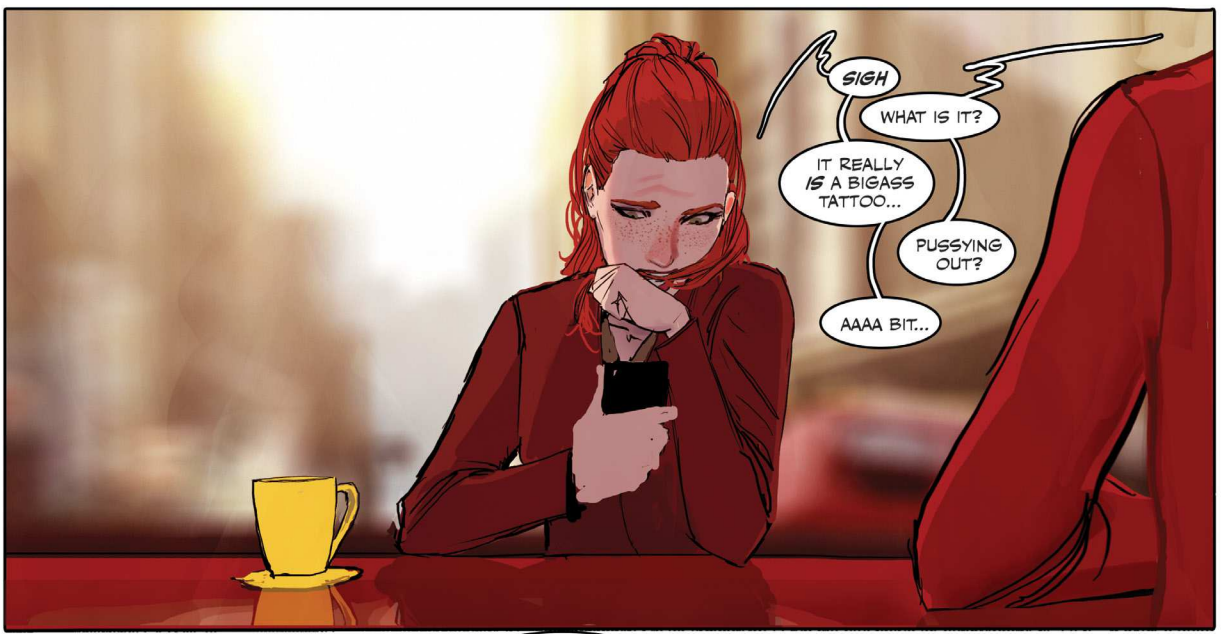
MEH...
IT'S A STRANGE
WORLD.





STILL...I WOULDN'T HAVE
THE COURAGE TO DO SOMETHING
LIKE THIS!







SOOO...HOW
ARE THINGS
GOING THEN?

WHAT
THINGS?

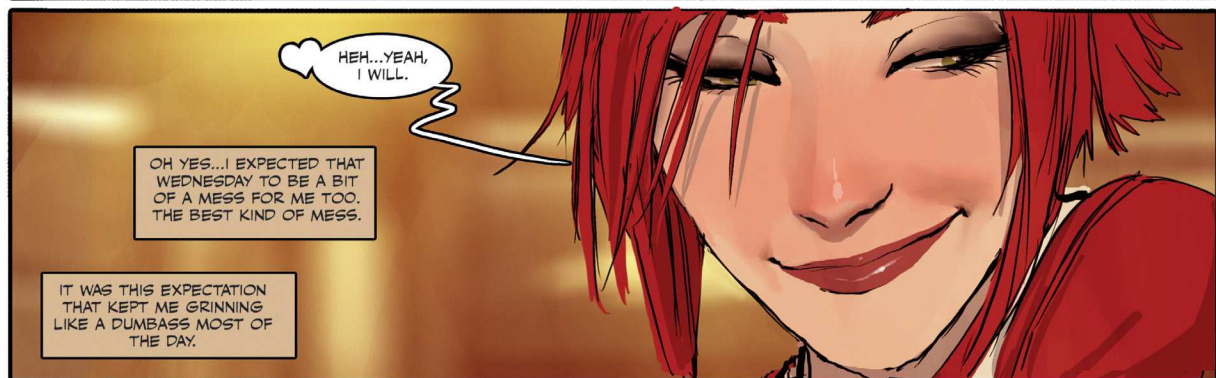
Y'KNOOOOW,
YOU AND LADY
WHIPLASH?

WE ARE...
FRIENDS.



YOU KNOW, I HAVE
A BEST FRIEND AS WELL...
WE DON'T SPEND OUR BATHROOM
TIME AS CREATIVELY AS YOU DO.

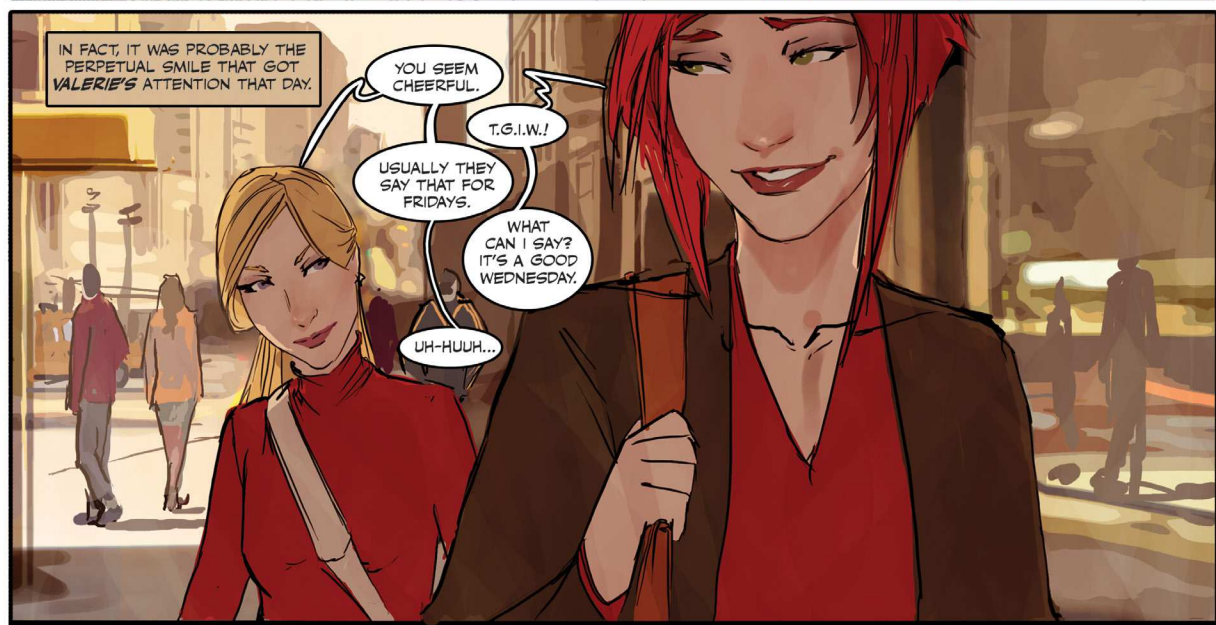
ANYHOW, MUST BE
ON MY MERRY WAY...WEDNESDAYS
ARE USUALLY A MESS FOR ME. SEE
YOU AROUND, LISA. OH, AND SAY HI
TO YOUR..."FRIEND"!



HEH...YEAH,
I WILL.

OH YES...I EXPECTED THAT
WEDNESDAY TO BE A BIT
OF A MESS FOR ME TOO.
THE BEST KIND OF MESS.

IT WAS THIS EXPECTATION
THAT KEPT ME GRINNING
LIKE A DUMBASS MOST OF
THE DAY.



IN FACT, IT WAS PROBABLY THE
PERPETUAL SMILE THAT GOT
VALERIE'S ATTENTION THAT DAY.

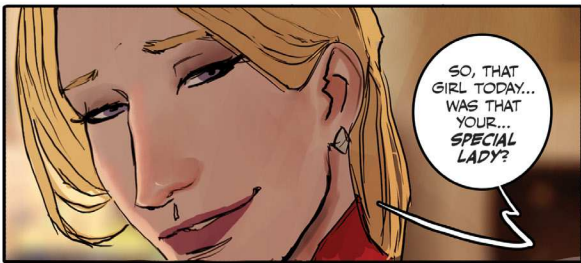
YOU SEEM
CHEERFUL.

T.G.I.W.!

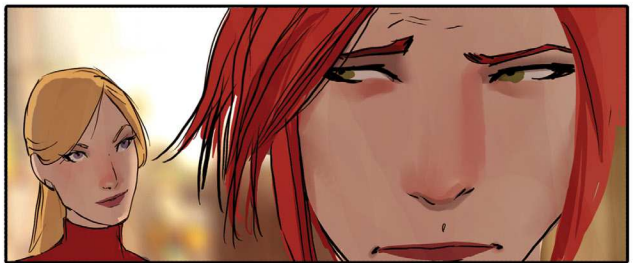
USUALLY THEY
SAY THAT FOR
FRIDAYS.

WHAT
CAN I SAY?
IT'S A GOOD
WEDNESDAY.

UH-HUHH...



SO, THAT
GIRL TODAY...
WAS THAT
YOUR...
SPECIAL
LADY?



YEAH, NO! WE'RE
NOT DOING THIS!
MY LIFE IS *MY OWN*
DAMN BUSINESS!

I...I'M
SORRY, I
DIDN'T...



I'M NOT GONNA
BE JUDGED BY
ANYONE, AND THAT
INCLUDES YOU!!!!



WHO
IS THE PMS QUEEN
THERE?

THAT'S LISA...
DON'T MIND HER, HONEY.
SHE'S USUALLY QUITE NICE...
BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING I
KNOW WHAT MIGHT BE
EATING HER.



ANYWAY...

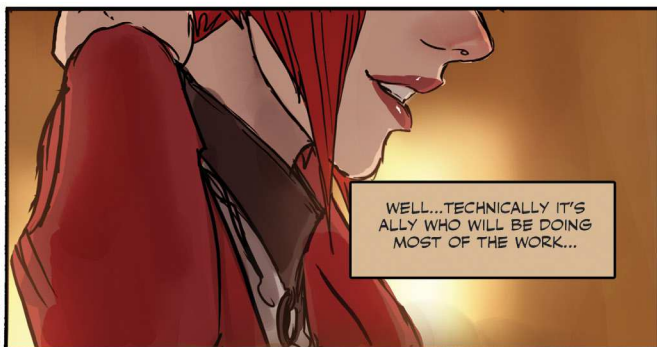
OKAY, I MAY BE EXAGGERATING
THE IRONIC TIMING HERE A BIT.
BUT YOU GET THE POINT. I WAS
WRONG ABOUT VALERIE...

THEN AGAIN, I WAS WRONG ABOUT
A LOT OF THINGS...BUT MORE ON
THOSE AT A LATER POINT, I THINK.

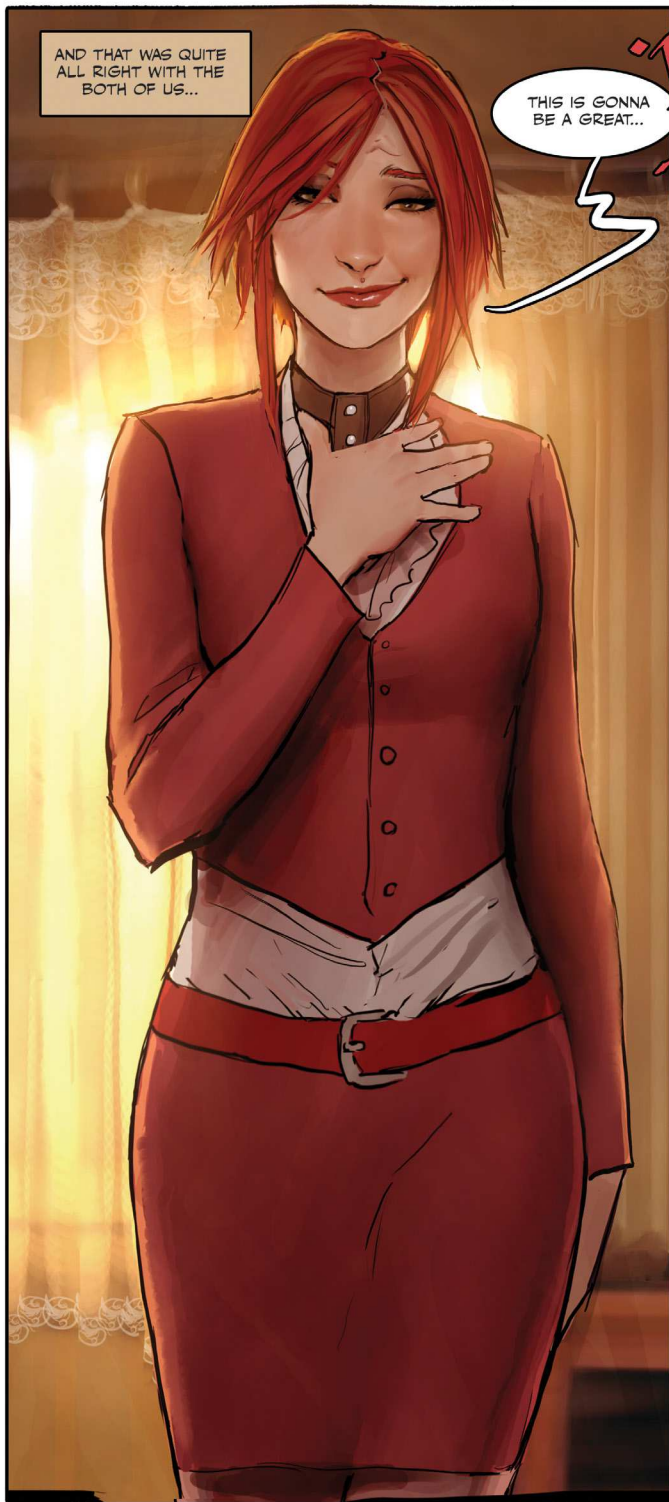


I HAD MORE PRESSING CONCERNS TO DEAL WITH!

IT WAS WEDNESDAY, AUNT FLO HAD LEFT TOWN....AND I HAD THINGS TO DO.

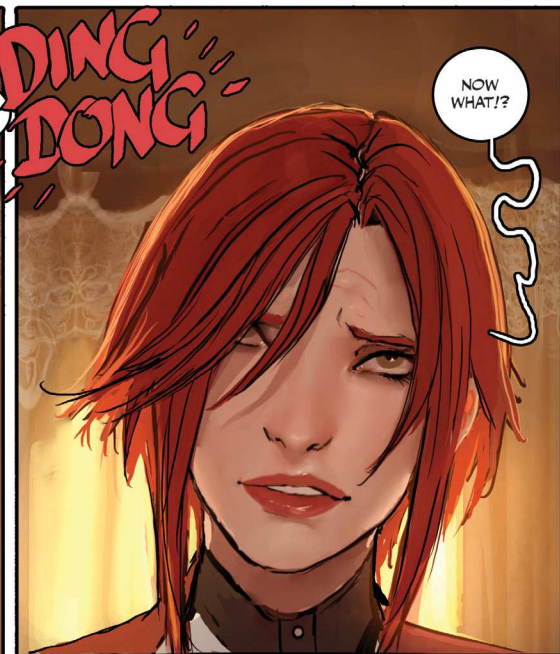


WELL...TECHNICALLY IT'S ALLY WHO WILL BE DOING MOST OF THE WORK...



AND THAT WAS QUITE ALL RIGHT WITH THE BOTH OF US...

THIS IS GONNA BE A GREAT...



DING DONG

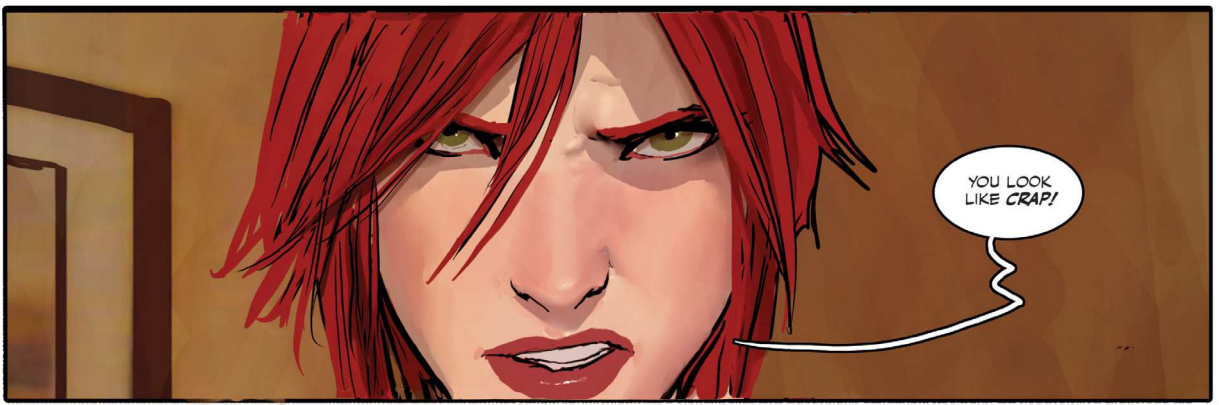
NOW WHAT!?



WHO IS IT?



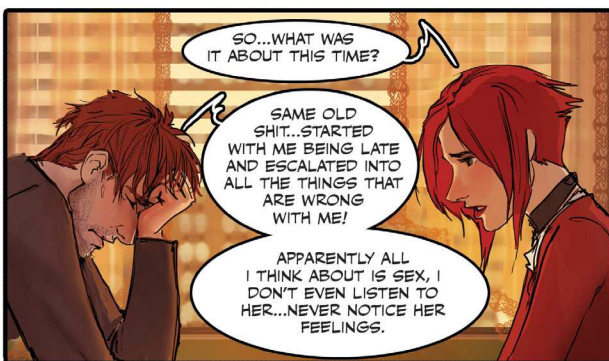
OPEN UP, BETTY!





AND YOU, OF COURSE, WENT OUT FOR AN ALL NIGHT GETTING SHIT-FACED MARATHON.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



SO...WHAT WAS IT ABOUT THIS TIME?

SAME OLD SHIT...STARTED WITH ME BEING LATE AND ESCALATED INTO ALL THE THINGS THAT ARE WRONG WITH ME!

APPARENTLY ALL I THINK ABOUT IS SEX, I DON'T EVEN LISTEN TO HER...NEVER NOTICE HER FEELINGS.



IT'S A FUCKING SOAP OPERA...

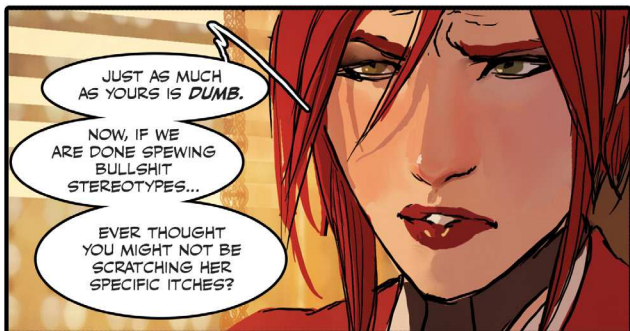
SO, HOW MUCH OF IT IS TRUE?

I DON'T KNOW... THING IS, I *DO* LISTEN. SURE, SOMETIMES THE TOPIC IS A BIT OVER MY HEAD. OR...YOU KNOW, FLAT OUT *BORING*. BUT I LISTEN.

AND *SEX* IS ACTUALLY THE WORST PART THESE DAYS. WE DRIFTED AWAY SO MUCH THAT IT SEEMS WE ARE IN DIFFERENT TIME ZONES WHEN IT COMES TO IT.

SHE'S NOT INTO IT WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT, AND WHEN SHE IS IN THE MOOD, I KEEP, TO QUOTE HER: "MISSING THE SIGNALS!"

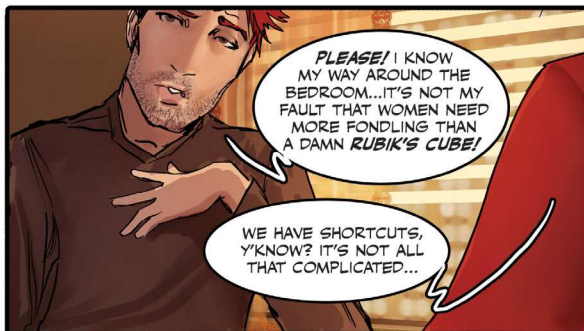
I SWEAR, BETTY, YOUR GENDER IS INSANE!



JUST AS MUCH AS YOURS IS *DUMB*.

NOW, IF WE ARE DONE SPEWING BULLSHIT STEREOTYPES...

EVER THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NOT BE SCRATCHING HER SPECIFIC ITCHES?



PLEASE! I KNOW MY WAY AROUND THE BEDROOM...IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT WOMEN NEED MORE FONDLING THAN A DAMN RUBIK'S CUBE!

WE HAVE SHORTCUTS, Y'KNOW? IT'S NOT ALL THAT COMPLICATED...



NOT COMPLICATED? APPARENTLY LAST TUESDAY SHE SIGNALLED HER READINESS WITH A LOOK...

I SAW THE LOOK. IT WAS A TWO SECOND LOOK THAT MADE ME THINK I HAD A STAIN ON MY SHIRT! I SPENT...



UMMM...SAY BETTY?

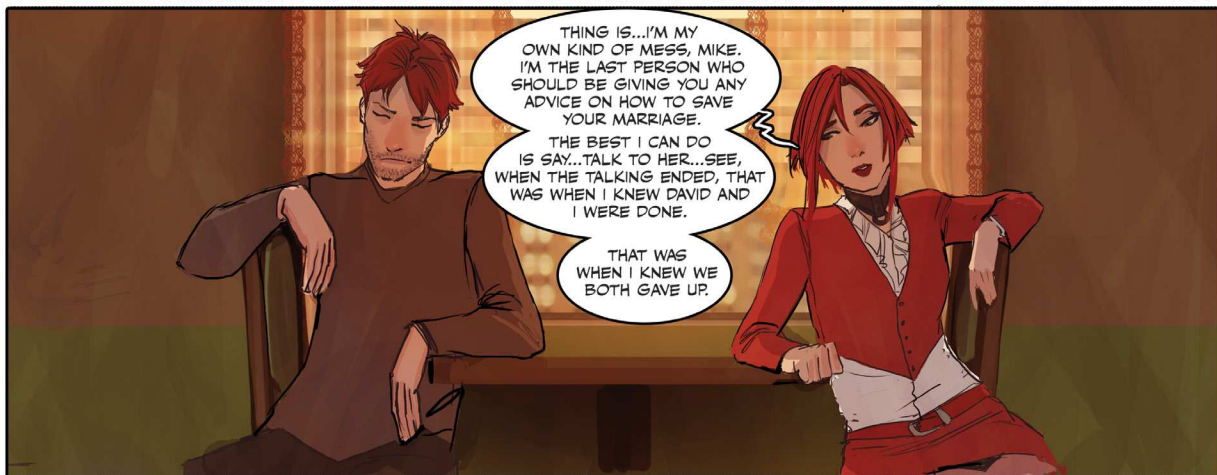
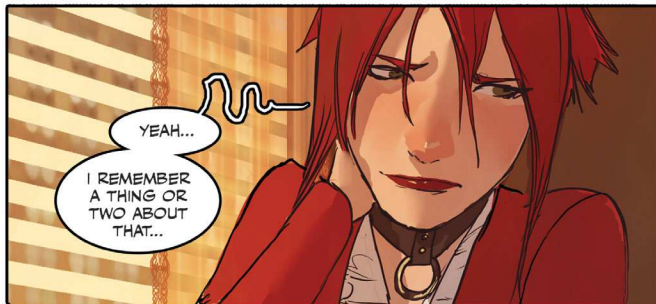
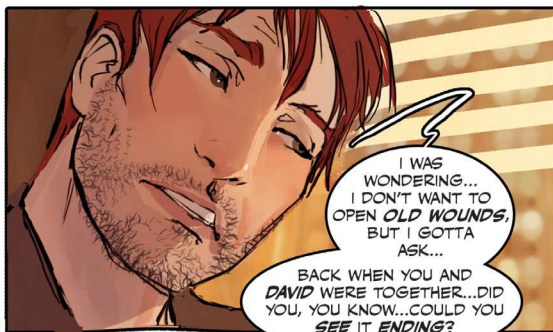
WHAT?

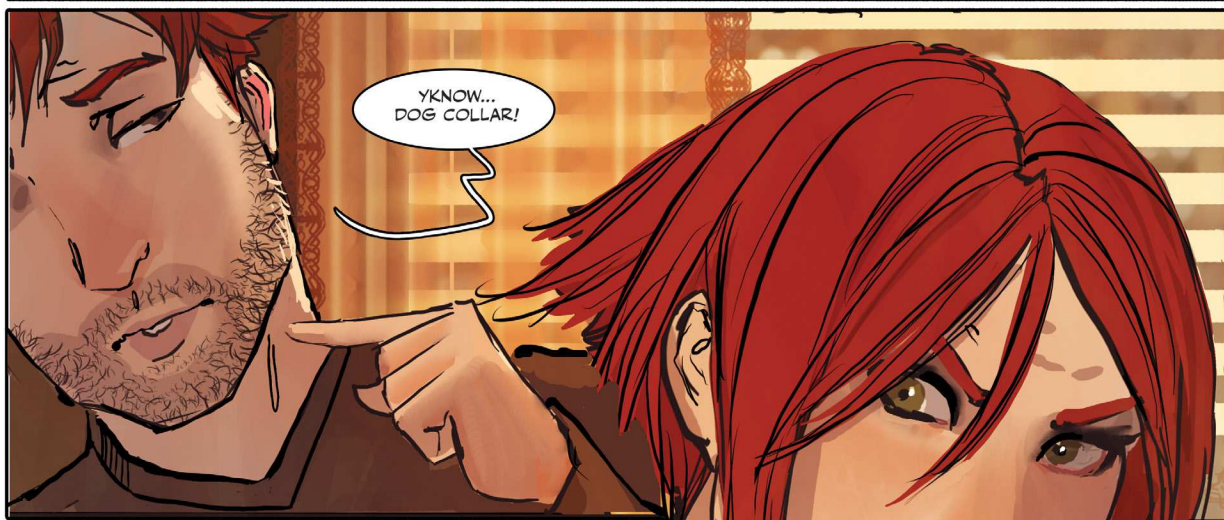
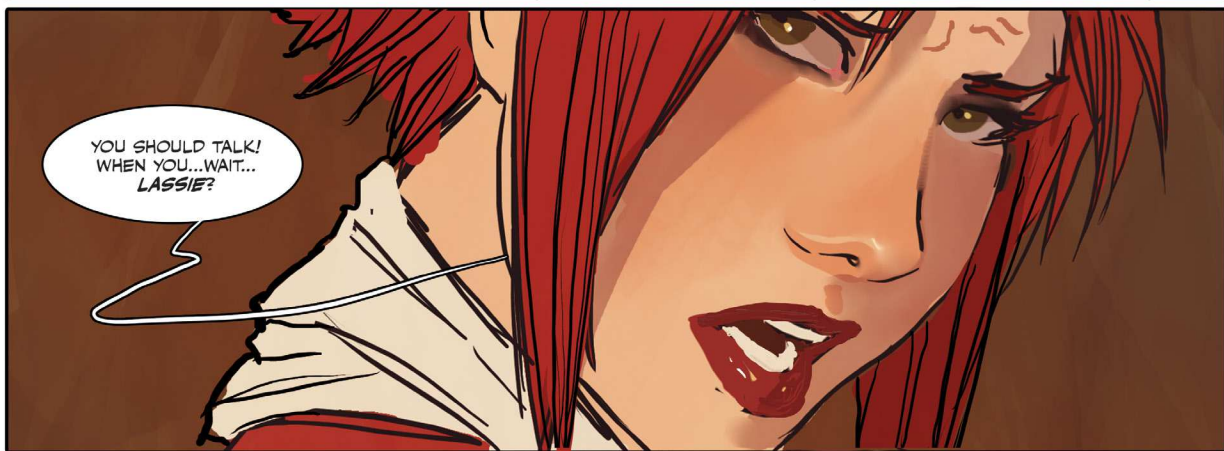
FASHION REALLY IS NOT MY FIELD OF EXPERTISE, BUT...WHAAAT'S WITH THE DOG COLLAR?

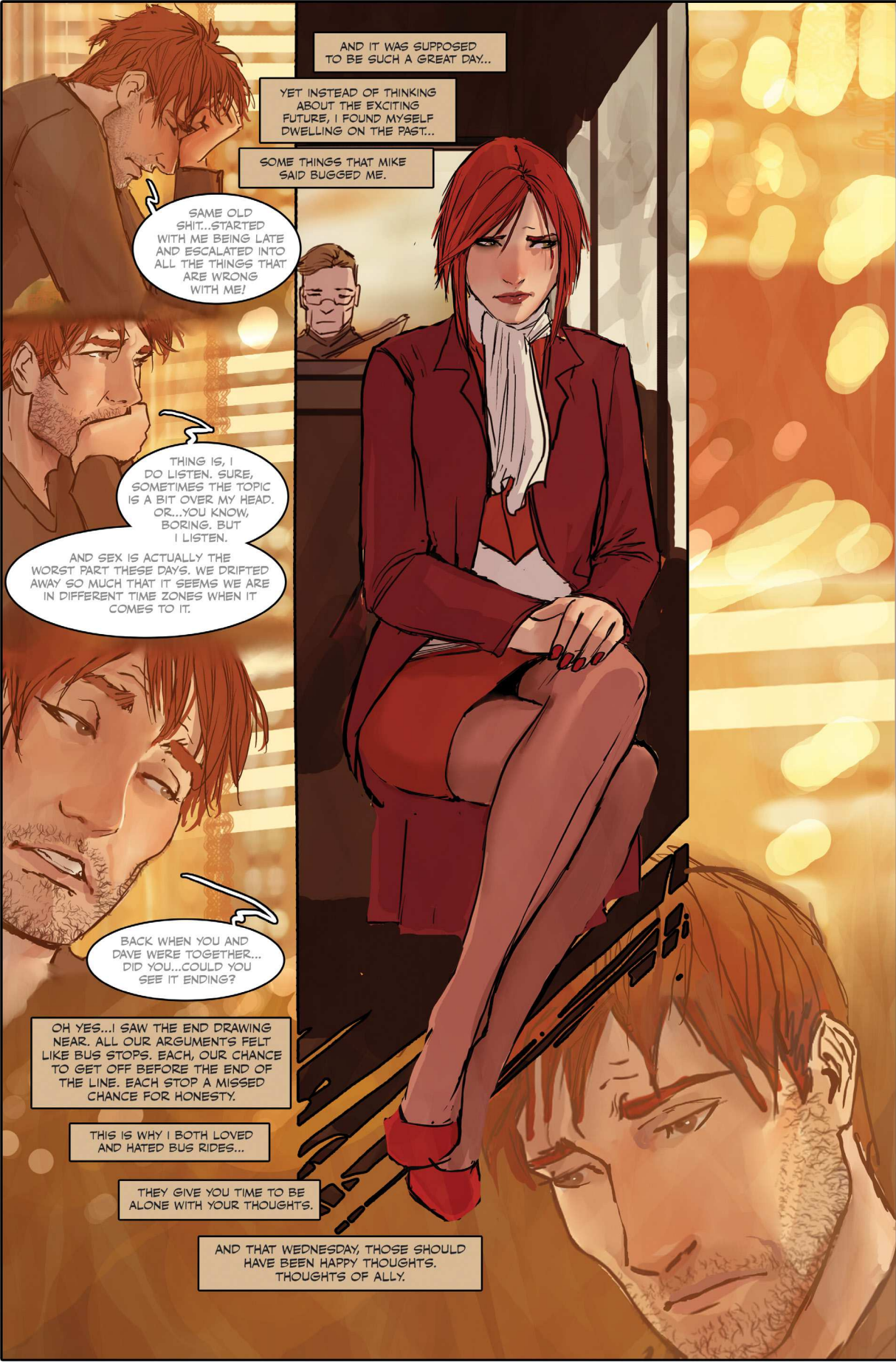


OH! UM...WHAT, THIS? IT'S JUST AN *ACCESSORY!* IT'S GROWING...Y'KNOW, IN POPULARITY...









AND IT WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE SUCH A GREAT DAY...

YET INSTEAD OF THINKING
ABOUT THE EXCITING
FUTURE, I FOUND MYSELF
DWELLING ON THE PAST...

SOME THINGS THAT MIKE
SAID BUGGED ME.

SAME OLD
SHIT...STARTED
WITH ME BEING LATE
AND ESCALATED INTO
ALL THE THINGS THAT
ARE WRONG
WITH ME!

THING IS, I
DO LISTEN. SURE,
SOMETIMES THE TOPIC
IS A BIT OVER MY HEAD.
OR...YOU KNOW,
BORING. BUT
I LISTEN.

AND SEX IS ACTUALLY THE
WORST PART THESE DAYS. WE DRIFTED
AWAY SO MUCH THAT IT SEEMS WE ARE
IN DIFFERENT TIME ZONES WHEN IT
COMES TO IT.

BACK WHEN YOU AND
DAVE WERE TOGETHER...
DID YOU...COULD YOU
SEE IT ENDING?

OH YES...I SAW THE END DRAWING
NEAR. ALL OUR ARGUMENTS FELT
LIKE BUS STOPS. EACH, OUR CHANCE
TO GET OFF BEFORE THE END OF
THE LINE. EACH STOP A MISSED
CHANCE FOR HONESTY.

THIS IS WHY I BOTH LOVED
AND HATED BUS RIDES...

THEY GIVE YOU TIME TO BE
ALONE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.

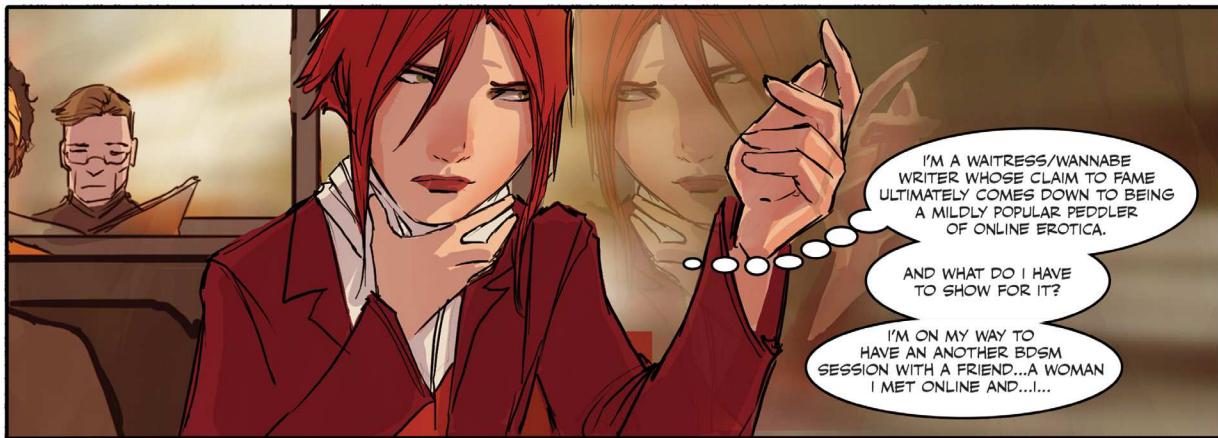
AND THAT WEDNESDAY, THOSE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN HAPPY THOUGHTS.
THOUGHTS OF ALLY.





THEN...
WHAT?

FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
I'M TWENTY SIX...



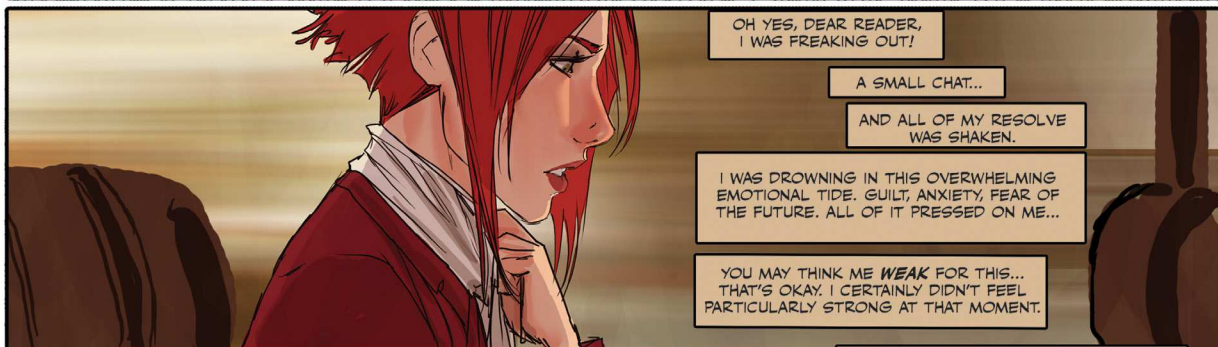
I'M A WAITRESS/WANNABE
WRITER WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME
ULTIMATELY COMES DOWN TO BEING
A MILDLY POPULAR PEDDLER
OF ONLINE EROTICA.

AND WHAT DO I HAVE
TO SHOW FOR IT?

I'M ON MY WAY TO
HAVE AN ANOTHER BDSM
SESSION WITH A FRIEND...A WOMAN
I MET ONLINE AND....



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME?



OH YES, DEAR READER,
I WAS FREAKING OUT!

A SMALL CHAT...

AND ALL OF MY RESOLVE
WAS SHAKEN.

I WAS DROWNING IN THIS OVERWHELMING
EMOTIONAL TIDE. GUILT, ANXIETY, FEAR OF
THE FUTURE. ALL OF IT PRESSED ON ME...

YOU MAY THINK ME *WEAK* FOR THIS...
THAT'S OKAY. I CERTAINLY DIDN'T FEEL
PARTICULARLY STRONG AT THAT MOMENT.



THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
PEOPLE AND *WRITTEN CHARACTERS*.
PEOPLE OFTEN MAKE FAR LESS SENSE.

AND YES! IN HINDSIGHT, MY MELTDOWN
CERTAINLY FEELS *SENSELESS*...

YET, IT ALSO FELT JUSTIFIED TO ME
THAT DAY. FUNNY HOW THAT WORKS.

EVEN THE *COLLAR* I WORE SO
HAPPILY JUST OVER A WEEK AGO
SUDDENLY FELT *TIGHT*...
UNCOMFORTABLE...



I WAS A GROWN-ASS WOMAN. I DEALT WITH LIFE'S BULLSHIT ON A DAILY BASIS, AND I DEALT WITH IT PRETTY WELL... *NOT* THAT DAY THOUGH.

THAT DAY I FELT LIKE A *TEENAGER* AGAIN.

INSECURE...

PANICKING...



I ENTERED THE BUS THINKING OF HOW MUCH I WAS GONNA *ENJOY* THE REST OF THE DAY...

I EXITED THINKING... MAYBE I SHOULD *END* THIS...



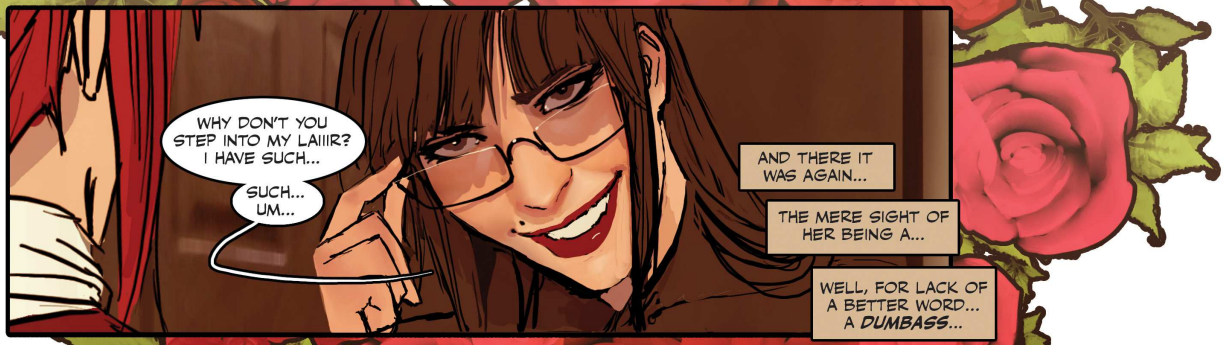
I MEAN...IT'S ALL ONE BIG *NO FUTURE* SELF DELUSION.



BETTER END IT NOW... FOR ALLY'S SAKE TOO...



YES...



FEAR OF
WHAT THE FUTURE
MIGHT BRING...

C'MERE!

IN THAT
MOMENT,
SHE MADE IT
ALL GO AWAY.

I KNEW THEN WHAT
CAUSED MY BUS FREAKOUT.
IT WASN'T ABOUT
REGRETTING THE *PAST*.

IT WAS *HER*!

ALLISON...

SHE WAS THE STRANGE
OUTCOME OF MY LIFE'S
CROSSROADS, OF MY
MISTAKES AND MY
SUCCESSSES...

I WAS FALLING
FOR HER. *HARD*!

I FEARED IT BECAUSE
IT WAS TOO FAST, AND
IT WAS TOO WONDERFUL.

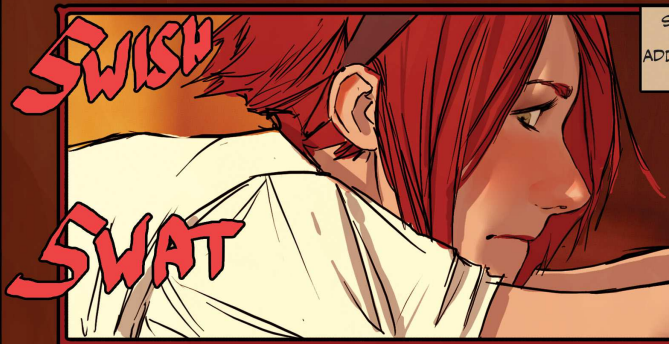
I FEARED THE
FEELING I REFUSED
TO NAME.

SO I JUST CALLED
IT A CRUSH.

AND I CALLED HER
MY FRIEND.

I MISSED
YOU!

SO YEAH! I QUICKLY
GAVE UP ON THE WHOLE
GIVING UP THING. I MEAN,
I COULDN'T JUST
ABANDON MY...FRIEND.



SO, AFTER MY LITTLE FREAKOUT AND THE SUBSEQUENT SAPPINESS, I GUESS THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME TO ADDRESS THE FLOGGER-CARRYING ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM: THE PUNISHMENT AND DISCIPLINE ASPECT OF BDSM.

I GAVE THIS QUITE A BIT OF THOUGHT OVER TIME AND CAME UP WITH A CONCLUSION THAT I CAN ONLY OFFER MY *PERSONAL* INSIGHT INTO IT.

I WAS A *MODERATELY MASOCHISTIC* SUBMISSIVE. BY THAT I MEAN I LOVED THE DISCIPLINE ASPECT AS A FUN *SPICE* TO THE GAME...TO A CERTAIN DEGREE.

TO PUT THIS METAPHORICALLY...
*HOT SAUCE, YES!
GHOST PEPPERS, FUCK NO!*

SO, WHAT DID IT FEEL LIKE?

WELL, IT DEPENDS ON THE TOOLS. A HAND FEELS DIFFERENT THAN A PADDLE OR A FLOGGER. ALLY DIDN'T LIKE LONGER WHIPS AS THEY REQUIRED PRACTICE AND COULD BE AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN.

HAND SPANKING WAS OKAY...UNLESS SHE ANGLED HER HAND WRONG...THAT WOULD TURN A BITING YET ODDLY PLEASANT STING INTO AN UNPLEASANT DULL PAIN.

TRUST ME, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

I LIKED PADDLES, THE SOUND AND THE FEEL OF THEM. THEY HURT, BUT...IT'S A STINGING PAIN THAT MAKES YOUR BUTT FEEL TINGLY AND HOT.

I *DO* RECOMMEND!

AND THEN THERE IS MY PERSONAL FAVORITE, *THE FLOGGER!*

WONDERFULLY TENDER AND SENSUAL WHEN NEEDED, AND POWERFULLY BITING WHEN REQUIRED!

AND NOW FOR THE MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION: WHY?

AGAIN, MY PERSONAL REASONS: I LIKE THE FEELING OF SURRENDER, THE ADRENALINE RUSH FROM NOT KNOWING WHAT COMES NEXT, PLEASURE OR PAIN...AND THEN THERE IS A BIT OF GOOD OLD *GUILT!*

THE WAY I SEE IT, THERE IS A BURDEN OF SOCIETALLY PROGRAMMED *GUILT* MANY OF US FEEL ABOUT OUR SEXUALITY.

SOME OF US *LIVE* WITH IT, OTHERS *SHAKE IT OFF...*

ME? I USE THAT SHIT TO *FUEL* MY ORGASMS!

WITH HER IN CONTROL I CAN LET GO OF THAT GUILT...I PAY MY PRICE IN PAIN AND CLAIM MY REWARD IN PLEASURE.

SEE, THE THING IS, I *DO LOVE* AND ENJOY MY SEXUALITY.

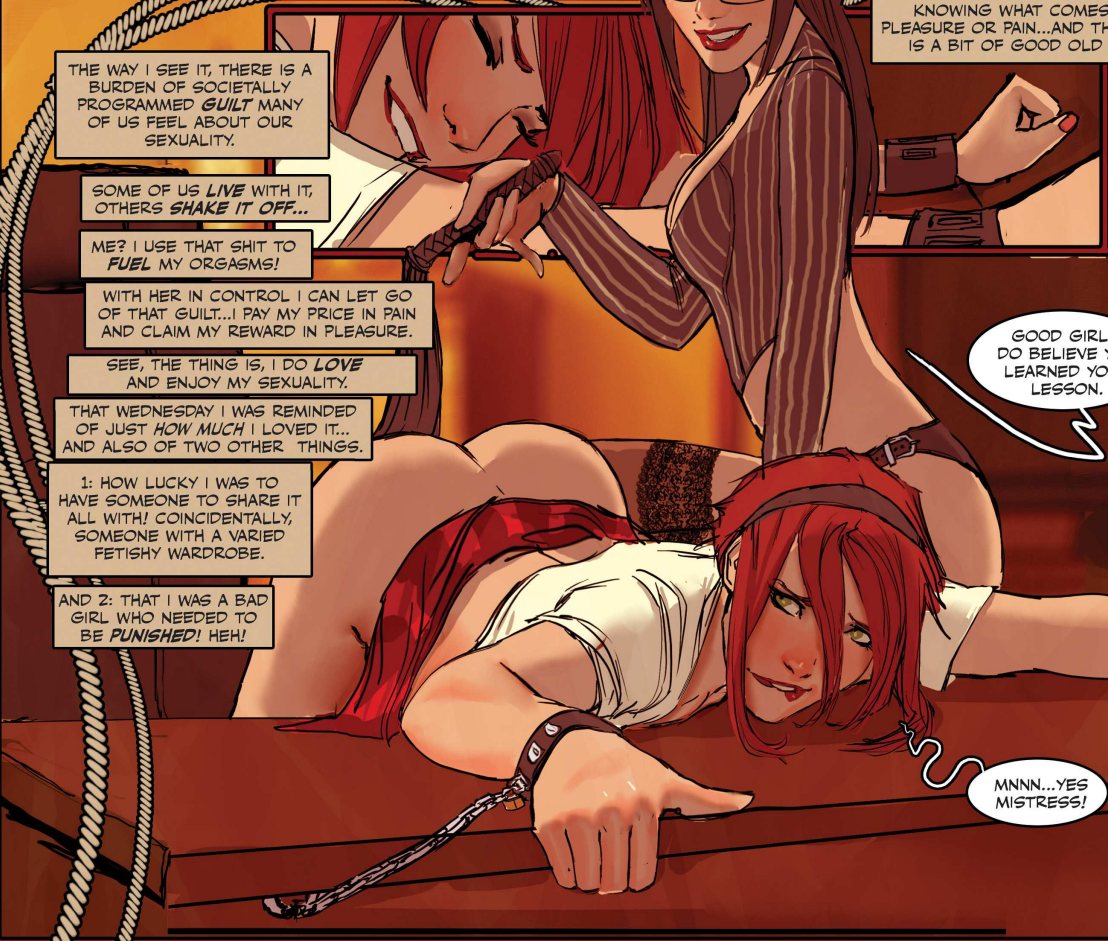
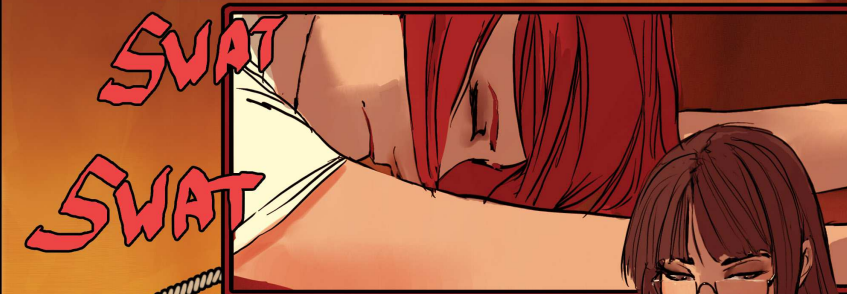
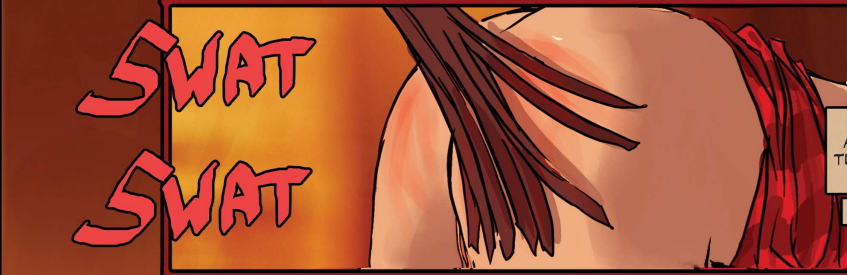
THAT WEDNESDAY I WAS REMINDED OF JUST *HOW MUCH* I LOVED IT... AND ALSO OF TWO OTHER THINGS.

1: HOW LUCKY I WAS TO HAVE SOMEONE TO SHARE IT ALL WITH! COINCIDENTALLY, SOMEONE WITH A VARIED FETISHY WARDROBE.

AND 2: THAT I WAS A BAD GIRL WHO NEEDED TO BE *PUNISHED!* HEH!

GOOD GIRL, I DO BELIEVE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON.

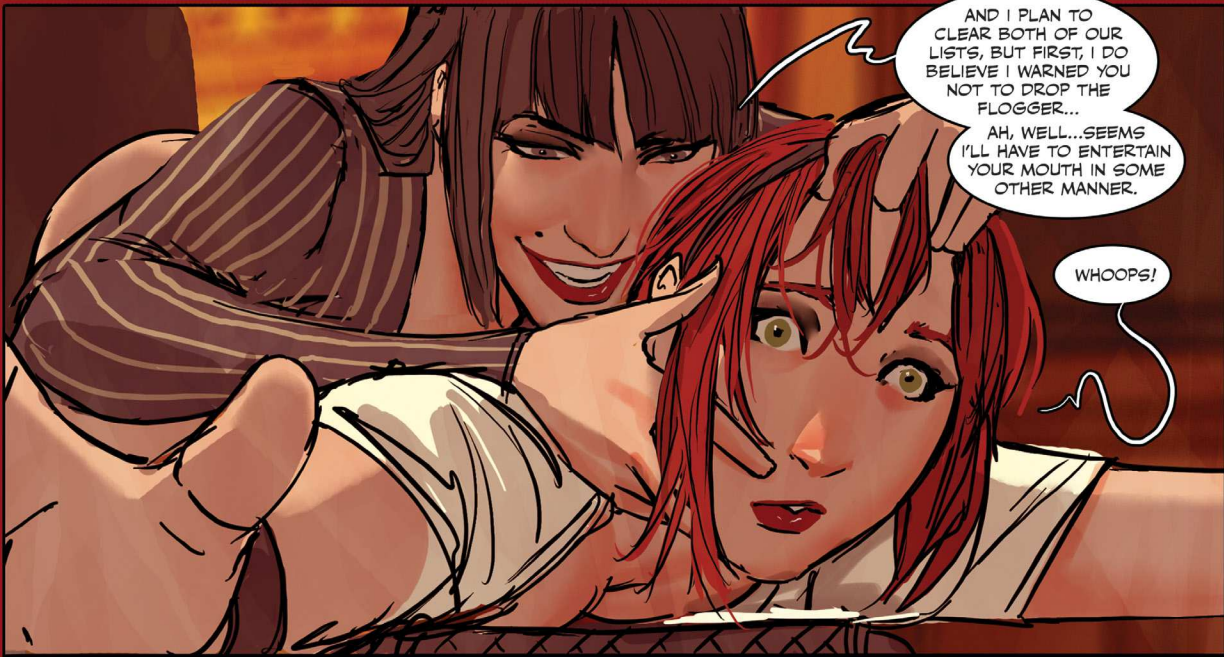
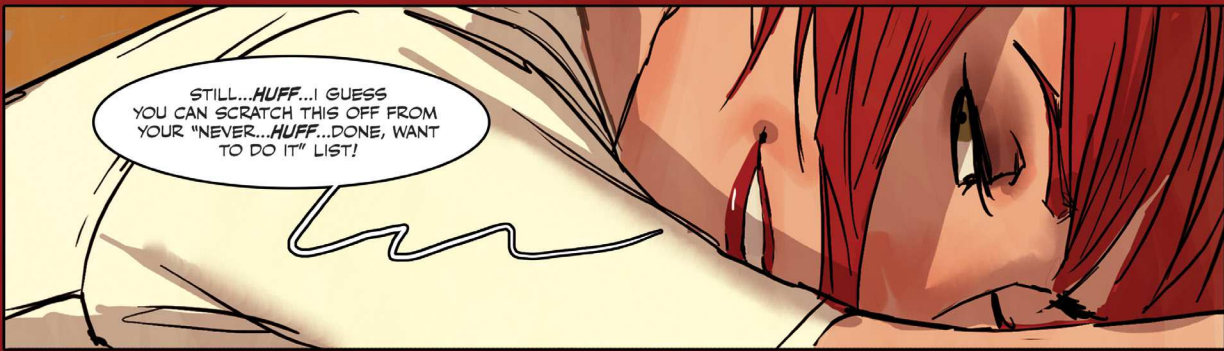
MNNN...YES MISTRESS!





AAAAANYWAYS...





MEANWHILE, IN
ANNE'S APARTMENT...

SO...UM...THAT
REALLY *DOES* IT
FOR YOU?

OH YES, IT'LL
LOOK *AMAZING*!

N-NO, I MEAN
ALL THAT GETTING *TIED*
UP AND WHIPPED
STUFF.

WELL, YEAH!
I TOLD YOU, IT'S
JUST A BIT OF FUN
ROLEPLAY.

COULD HAVE
FOOLED ME...

LEMME GUESS,
GOOGLED IT?

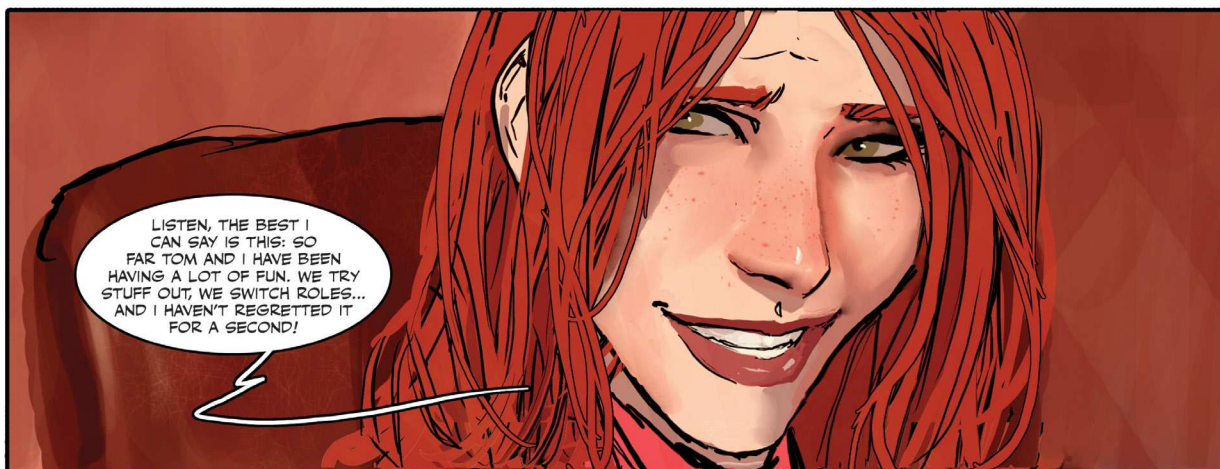
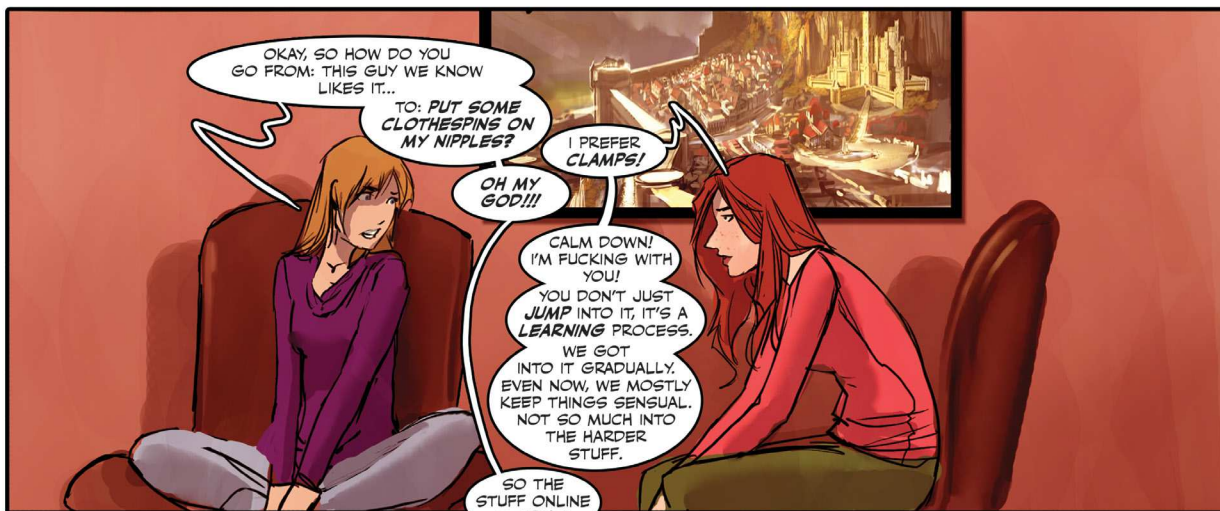
MEBBE?

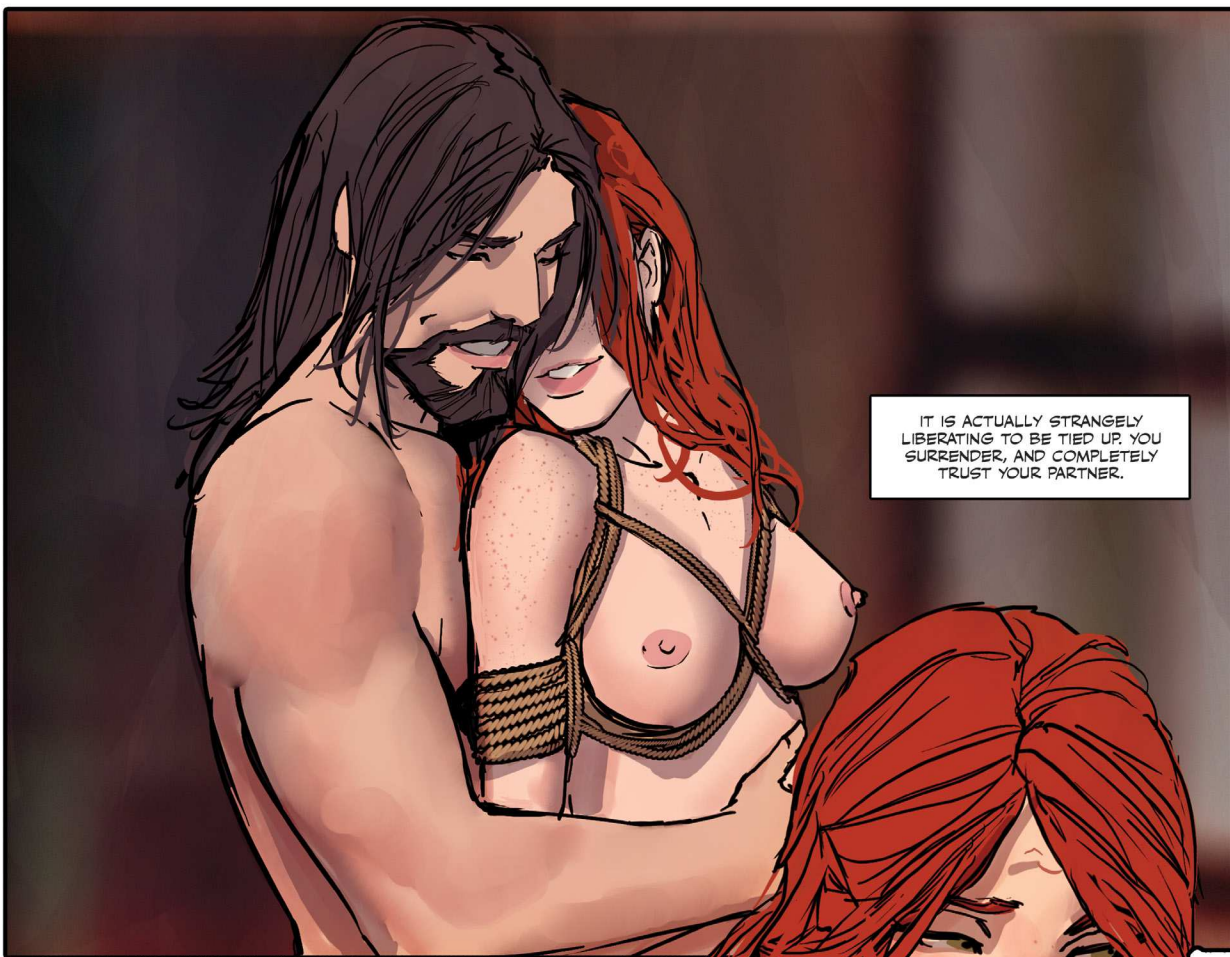
SIGH...

WHAT CAN I SAY?
I *LIKE* IT, OKAY?

BUT...WHY?
HOW? WHEN???

OKAY, OKAY!
IT STARTED A FEW YEARS AGO -
CHRIS AND HIS FRIEND *ALAN* STARTED
MAKING THAT STUFF YOU SAW IN THE CLUB.
INITIALLY I WAS WEIRDED OUT, BUT THEN I MET
ALAN. TOM AND I BOTH BEFRIENDED HIM
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...HE WAS VERY
OPEN ABOUT THIS WHOLE
BDSM THING.





IT IS ACTUALLY STRANGELY
LIBERATING TO BE TIED UP. YOU
SURRENDER, AND COMPLETELY
TRUST YOUR PARTNER.



AND ALSO SUBMITTING IS
REEEALLY EXCITING...



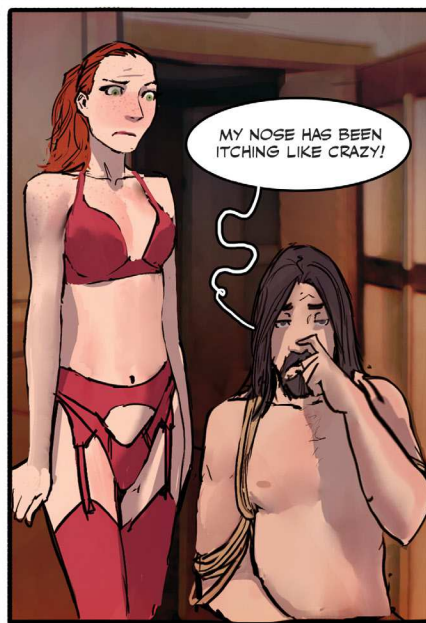
AND DOMINATING...
FEELS SO EMPOWERING...
BUT ALSO STRANGELY
GENEROUS AS YOU ULTIMATELY
REWARD YOUR PARTNER.

ANNND DONE!



AND NOW...
YOU ARE MY
HELPLESS LITTLE
TOY! HEH HEH!

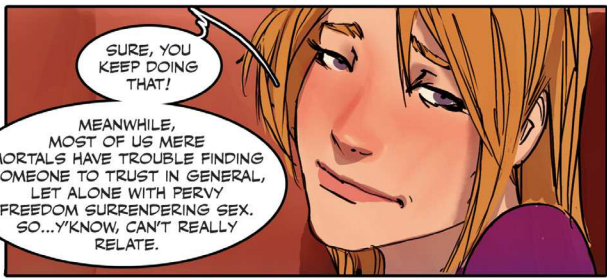
UH HUH, UM
JUST GIMME
A SEC!



MY NOSE HAS BEEN
ITCHING LIKE CRAZY!



WELL...THAT IS, I'M STILL KINDA WORKING ON THE DOMMING PART...



SURE, YOU KEEP DOING THAT!

MEANWHILE, MOST OF US MERE MORTALS HAVE TROUBLE FINDING SOMEONE TO TRUST IN GENERAL, LET ALONE WITH PERVY FREEDOM SURRENDERING SEX. SO...Y'KNOW, CAN'T REALLY RELATE.



SIGH...

RE-DUT-DE-DUT-DING



MMMYELLOW?

HEY ALAN, DID YOU FINISH MAKING THAT GIFT FOR LISA?

YEAH, BUT YOU SAID YOU'LL NEED IT FOR THE WEEKEND.

UH-HUH, CHANGE OF PLANS, YOU FREE?



WELL, I GUESS I COULD GET ALL THESE GIRLS OUT OF HERE AND DROP IT OFF.

IN AN HOUR, OKAY?

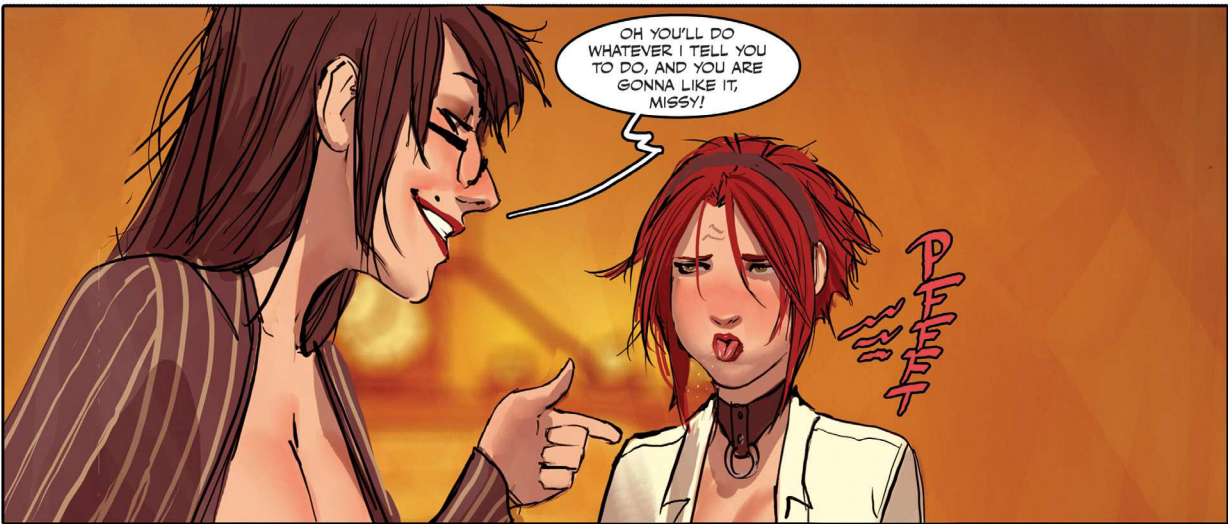
PERFECT! OH, AND SAY HI TO THE GIRLS!

FUNNY!



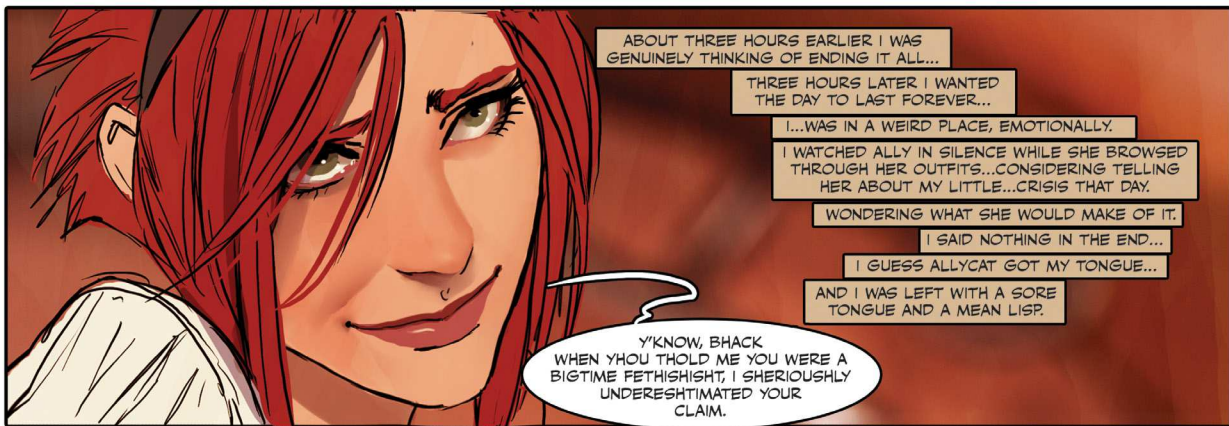
YESSS! HE IS COMING!

YEASH...OW... I'M GONNA SHYAY TONIGHT, BUT I'M NOT GOING DOWN ON YOU ANYMORE, MY TONGUE ISH ALL NUMB!



OH YOU'LL DO WHATEVER I TELL YOU TO DO, AND YOU ARE GONNA LIKE IT, MISSY!

PFFFT



ABOUT THREE HOURS EARLIER I WAS
GENUINELY THINKING OF ENDING IT ALL...

THREE HOURS LATER I WANTED
THE DAY TO LAST FOREVER...

I...WAS IN A WEIRD PLACE, EMOTIONALLY.

I WATCHED ALLY IN SILENCE WHILE SHE BROWSED
THROUGH HER OUTFITS...CONSIDERING TELLING
HER ABOUT MY LITTLE...CRISIS THAT DAY.

WONDERING WHAT SHE WOULD MAKE OF IT.

I SAID NOTHING IN THE END...

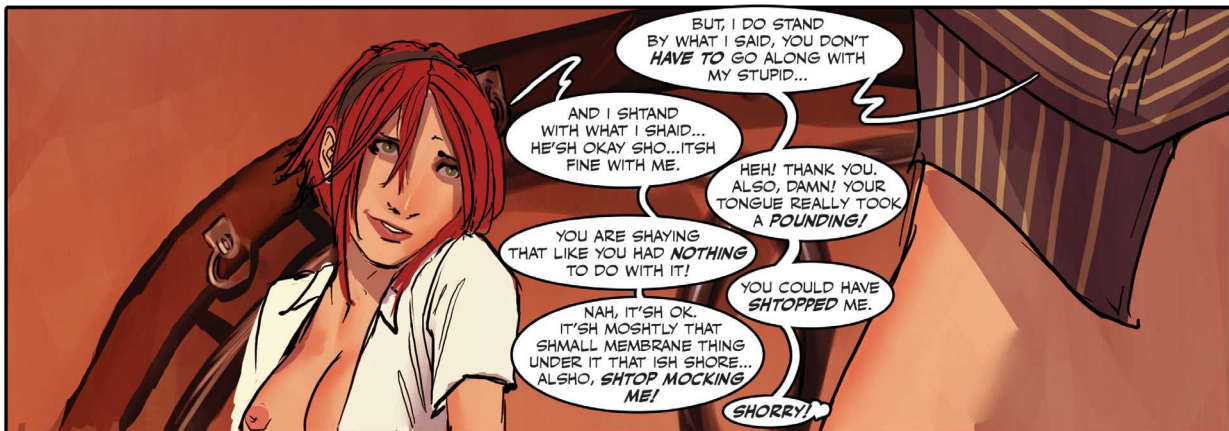
I GUESS ALLYCAT GOT MY TONGUE...

AND I WAS LEFT WITH A SORE
TONGUE AND A MEAN LISP.

Y'KNOW, BHACK
WHEN YHOU THOLD ME YOU WERE A
BIGTIME FETISHISHT, I SHERIOUSLY
UNDERESHTIMATED YOUR
CLAIM.



WHAT CAN I
SAY? ALAN MAKES FOR A CRAPPY
SUB, BUT DUDE CAN MAKE FETISHWEAR
WITH THE BEST OF THEM.



BUT, I DO STAND
BY WHAT I SAID, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH
MY STUPID...

AND I SHTAND
WITH WHAT I SHAID...
HE'SH OKAY SHO...ITSH
FINE WITH ME.

HEH! THANK YOU.
ALSO, DAMN! YOUR
TONGUE REALLY TOOK
A **POUNDING!**

YOU ARE SHAYING
THAT LIKE YOU HAD **NOTHING**
TO DO WITH IT!

YOU COULD HAVE
SHTOPPED ME.

NAH, IT'SH OK.
IT'SH MOSHTLY THAT
SHMALL MEMBRANE THING
UNDER IT THAT ISH SHORE...
ALSHO, **SHTOP MOCKING**
ME!

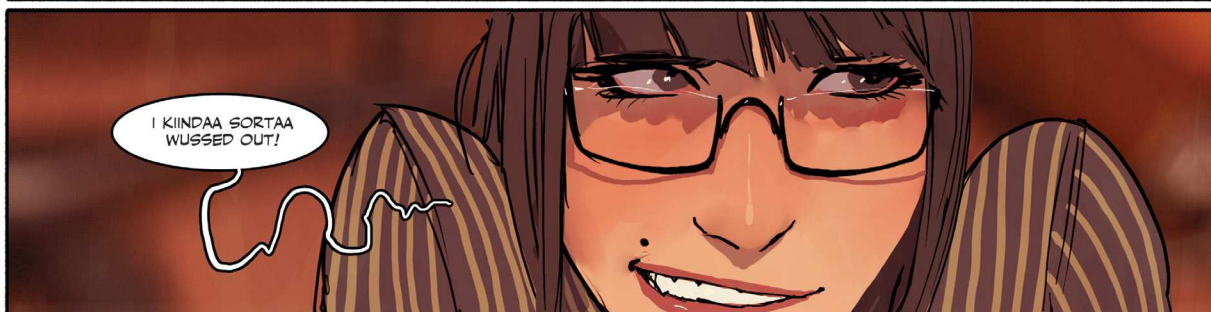
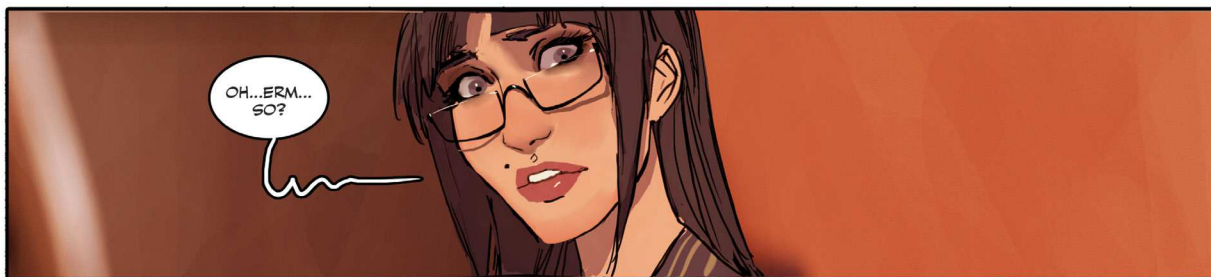
SHORRY!

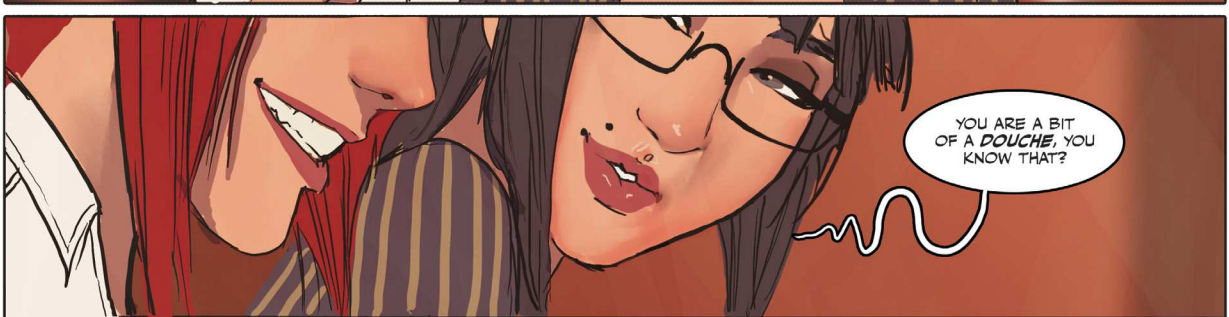
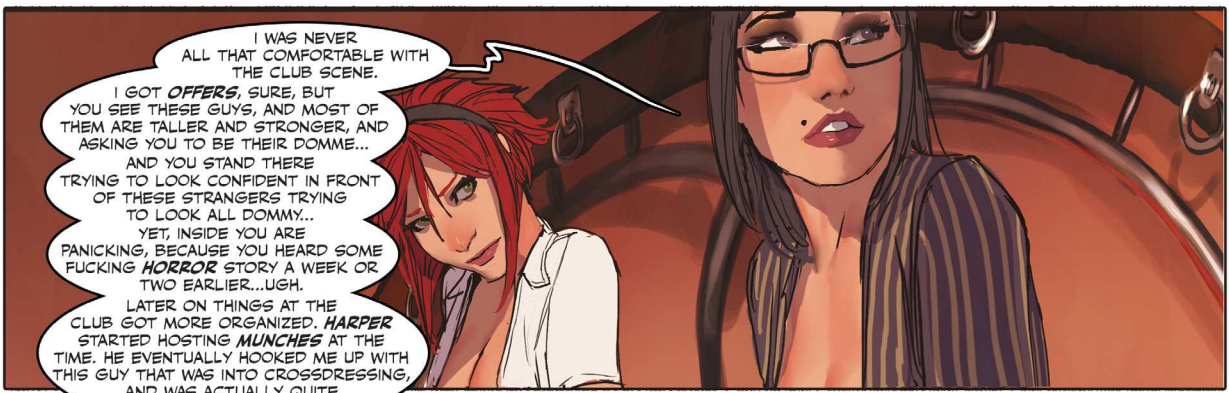


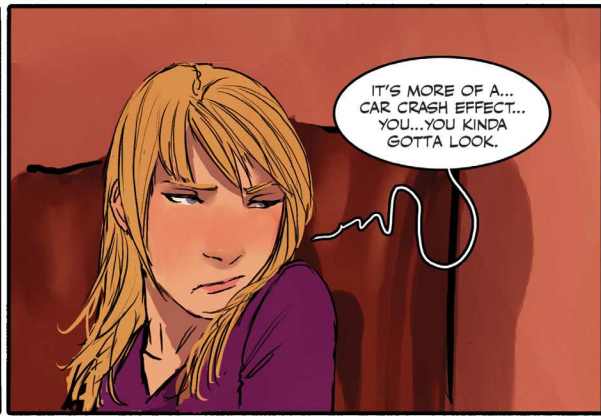
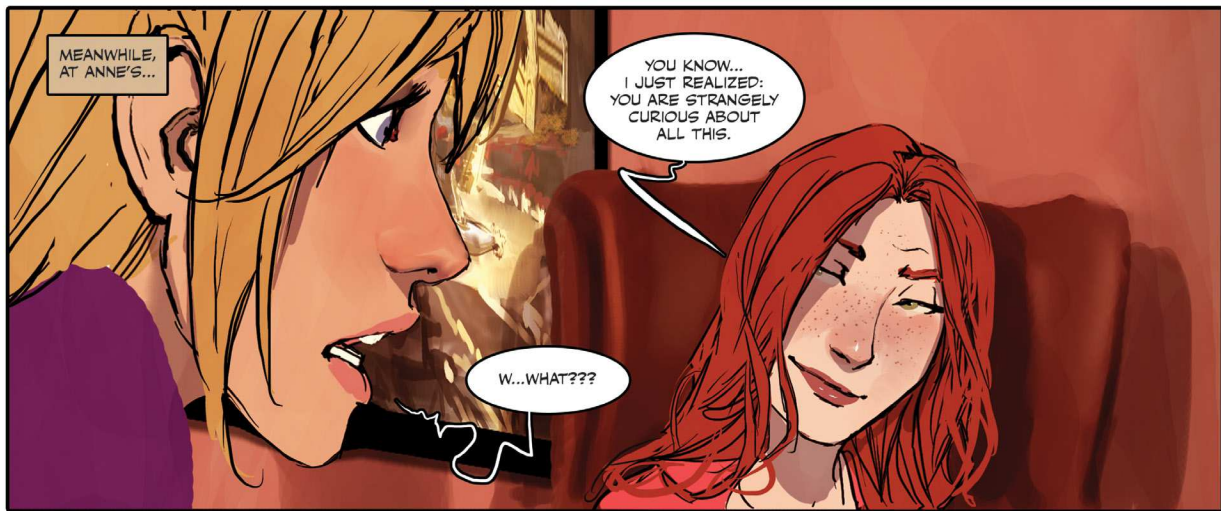
SHTILL...
I CAN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE...

WHAT?

IT'SH ALL
WELL...**LINGERIE**...
Y'KNOW, FOR
WOMEN.









AMAZING...YOU KNOW
I GOTTA SHAY, ALAN REALLY
KNOWSH HISH *LINGERIE!*

I USED TO TRY
TO GET HIM TO
WEAR IT!

NO WAY!

YEAH...
THAT'S WHAT
HE SAID...

DAMN SHAME,
TOO! DUDE COULD
REALLY ROCK THE
LIPSTICK.

YOU KNOW, I
ALWAYS HATED THESE
MOMENTS IN
MOVIES!

MOMENTS?

"TRYING SHIT
OUT" SCENES!

YEAH, WELL,
WELCOME TO THE
WORLD OF HIGH-END
FETISHWEAR.

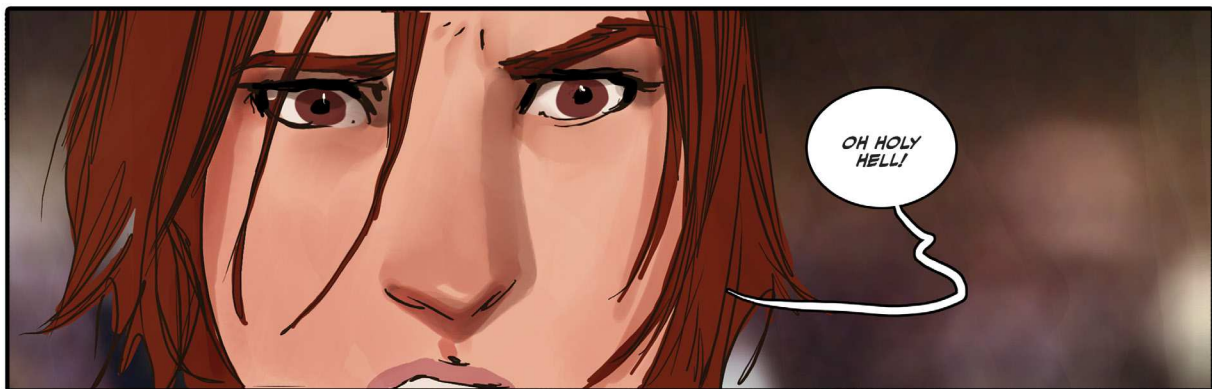
TRYING SHIT
OUT IS PRETTY
MUCH HALF
THE FUN!

DID
I MENTION
THIS WAS ONE
OF MY FAVORITE
OUTFITS?

OWW! YEAH,
I SHEE ITSH...
POTENTIAL.

NOW, TAKE
OFF THE
CLAMPSH!





OH HOLY
HELL!

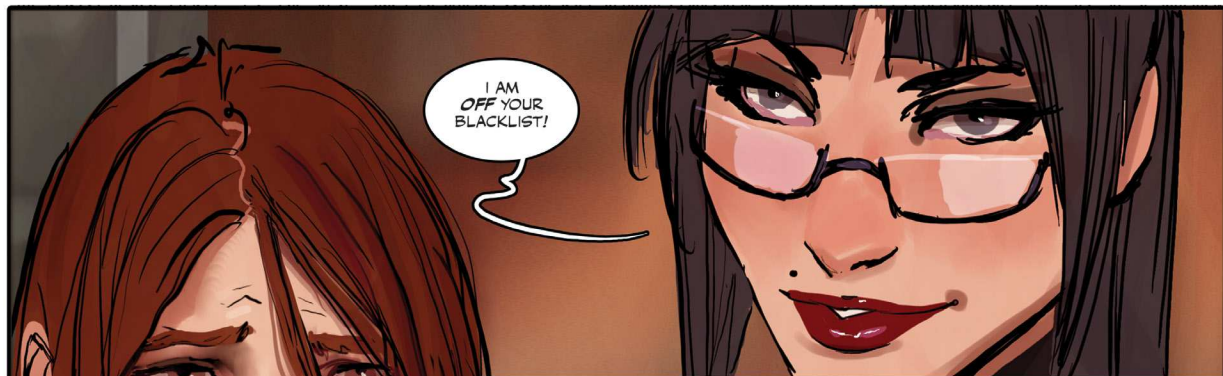
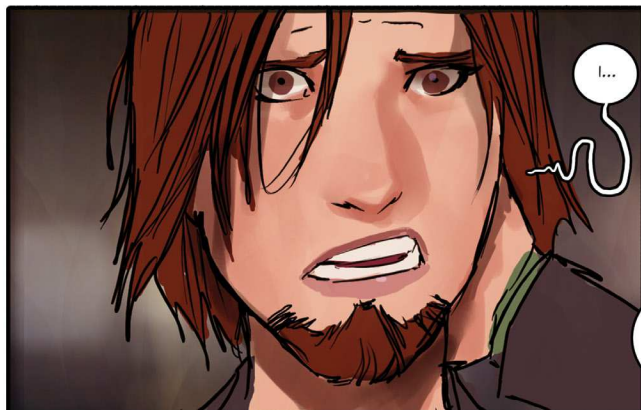


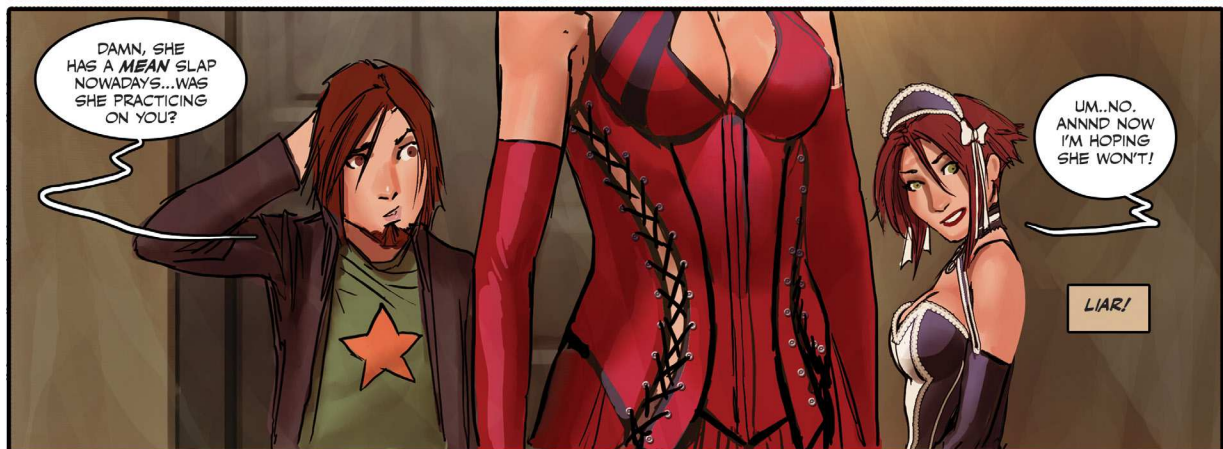
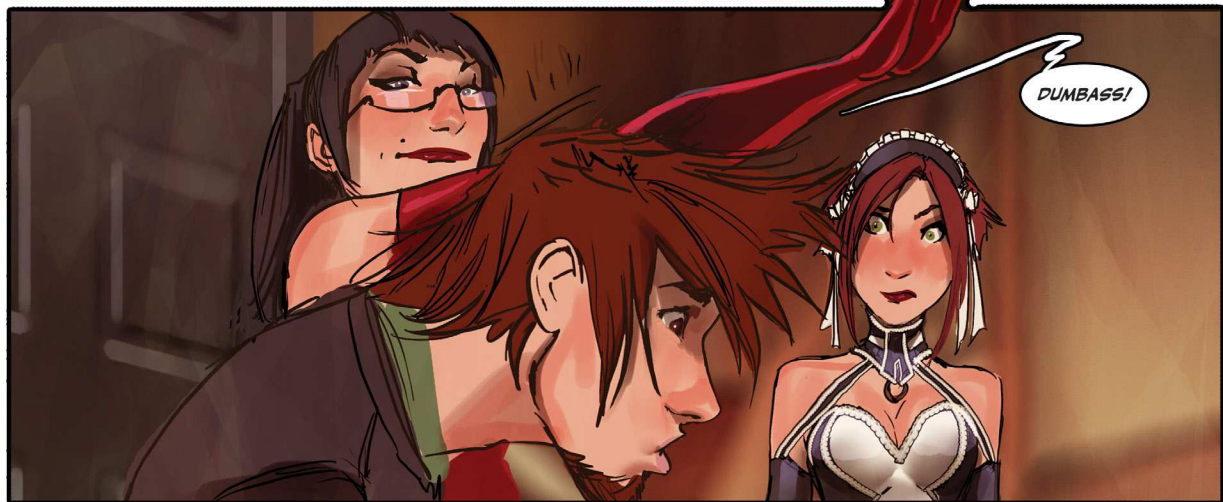
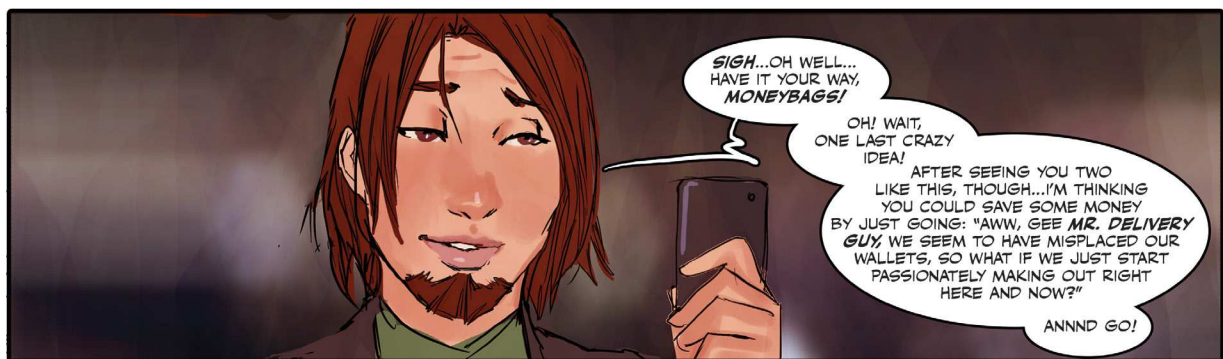
WELL, NOW
YOU'RE JUST
SHOWING OFF!

HEY! YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO KEPT
SAYING **STOP WASTING
MONEY!** GET A
SUB FIRST!

YEAH...

WELL?
**STILL THINK
I WAS WASTING
MONEY?**







EVER HAD THAT MOMENT WHEN YOU ARE WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND YOU REALIZE...DAMN, THIS IS LIKE HALF A STEP AWAY FROM TURNING INTO AN ALL-OUT **ORGY**?

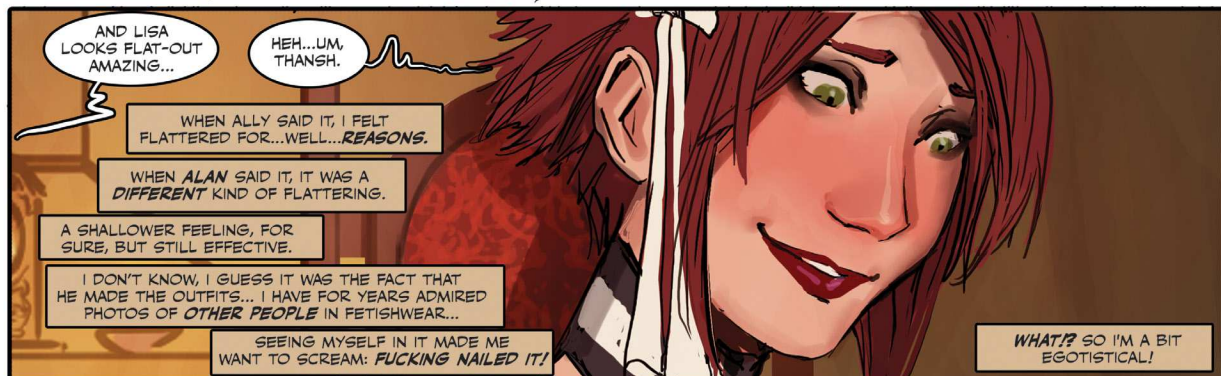
NO?...MUST BE JUST ME THEN.

SO, WHAT'S IT LIKE SEEING YOUR CREATIONS USED THIS WELL?



YOU DO REMEMBER I MAKE A LOT OF THIS STUFF FOR THE CLUB? IT'S NOT REALLY MY FIRST TIME...

BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THIS - YOU LOOK GREAT...



AND LISA LOOKS FLAT-OUT AMAZING...

HEH...UM, THANKS.

WHEN ALLY SAID IT, I FELT FLATTERED FOR...WELL...REASONS.

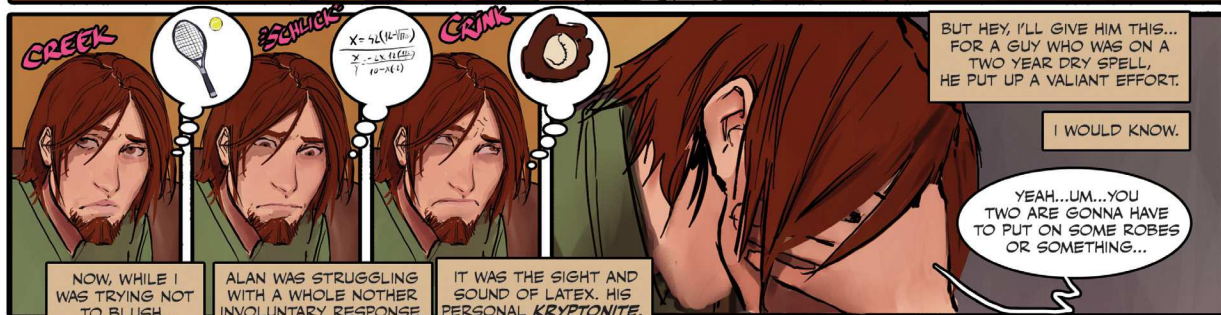
WHEN ALAN SAID IT, IT WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF FLATTERING.

A SHALLOWER FEELING, FOR SURE, BUT STILL EFFECTIVE.

I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS IT WAS THE FACT THAT HE MADE THE OUTFITS... I HAVE FOR YEARS ADMIRED PHOTOS OF **OTHER PEOPLE** IN FETISHWEAR...

SEEING MYSELF IN IT MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM: **FUCKING NAILED IT!**

WHAT?? SO I'M A BIT EGOTISTICAL!



CREEK

SCHWEE

$$X = \frac{1}{2}(a + \sqrt{b})$$
$$\frac{X - \sqrt{X(X+1)}}{10 - X(1)}$$

CRINK

BUT HEY, I'LL GIVE HIM THIS... FOR A GUY WHO WAS ON A TWO YEAR DRY SPELL, HE PUT UP A VALIANT EFFORT.

I WOULD KNOW.

YEAH...UM...YOU TWO ARE GONNA HAVE TO PUT ON SOME ROBES OR SOMETHING...

NOW, WHILE I WAS TRYING NOT TO BLUSH...

ALAN WAS STRUGGLING WITH A WHOLE NOTHER INVOLUNTARY RESPONSE.

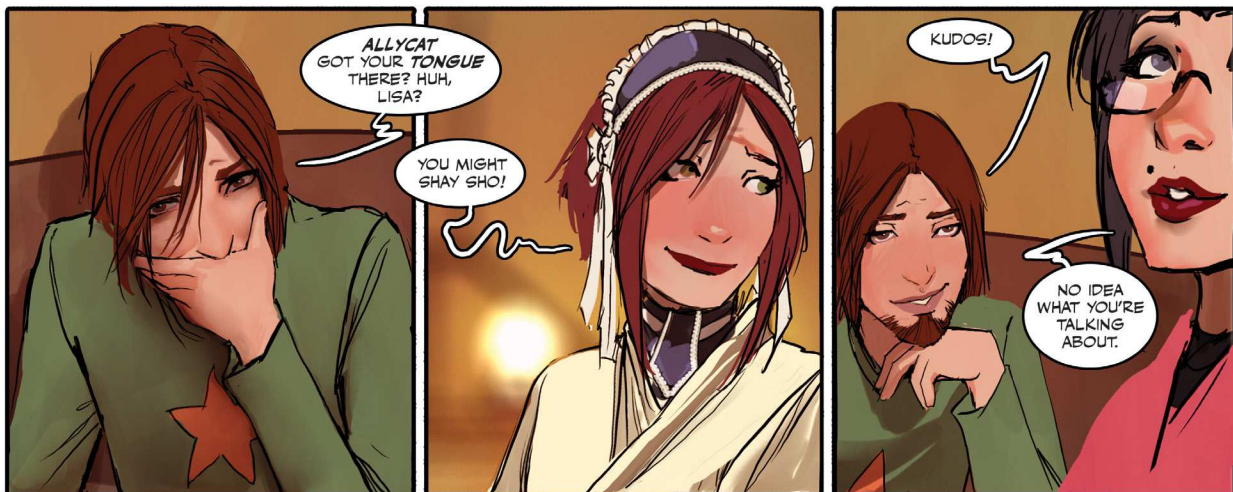
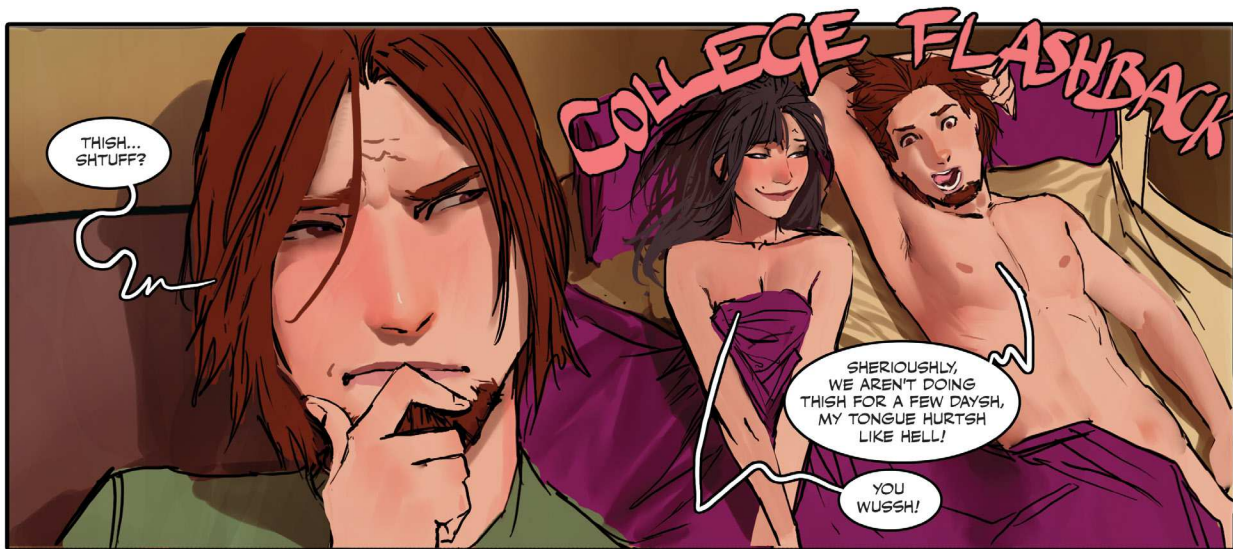
IT WAS THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF LATEX. HIS PERSONAL **KRYPTONITE**.

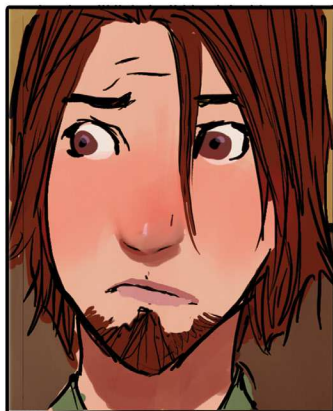
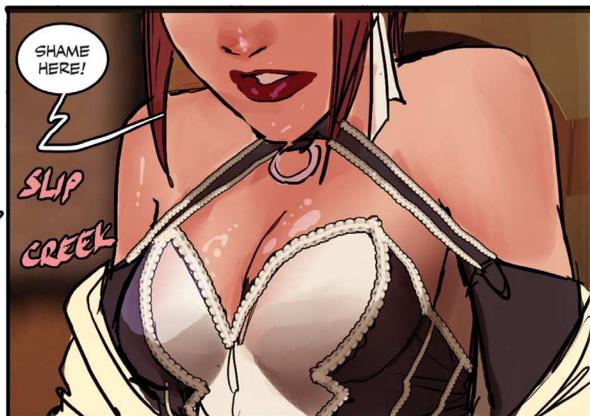
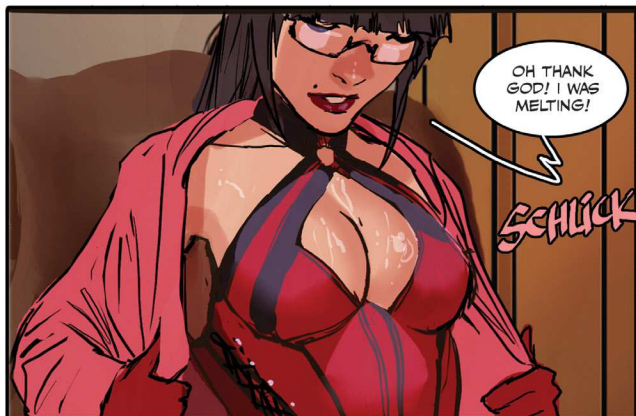


BETTER?

MUCH.

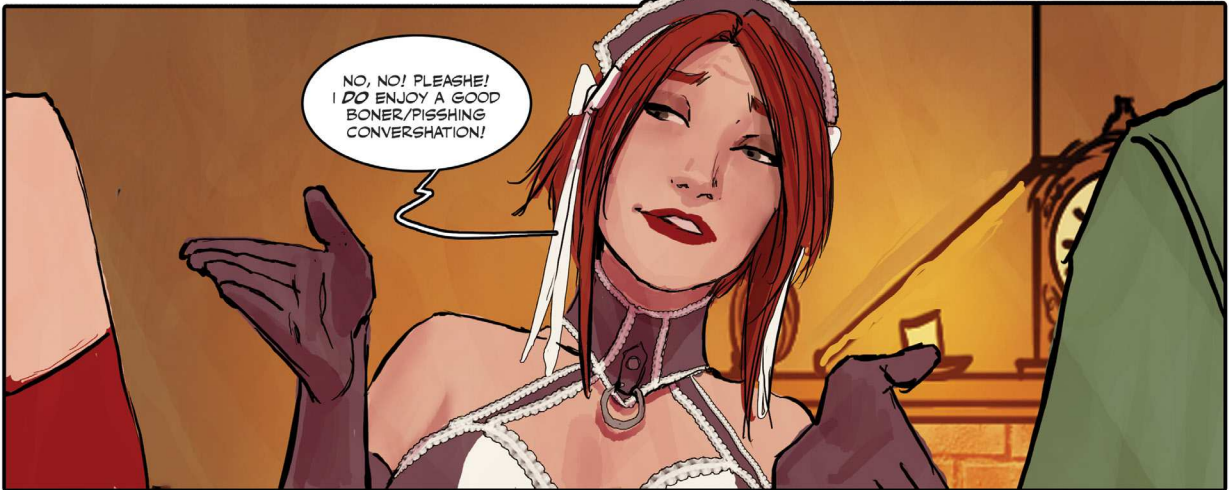
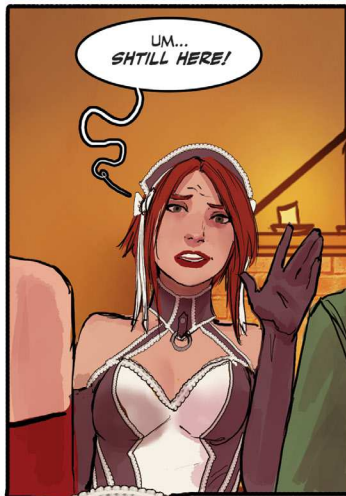
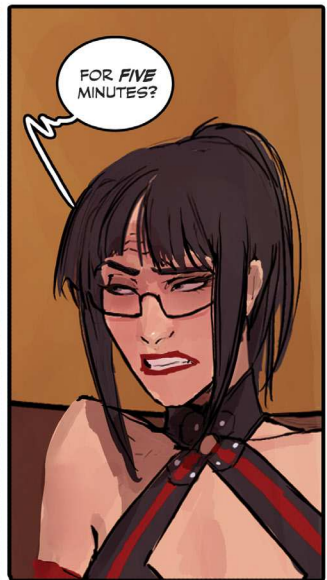
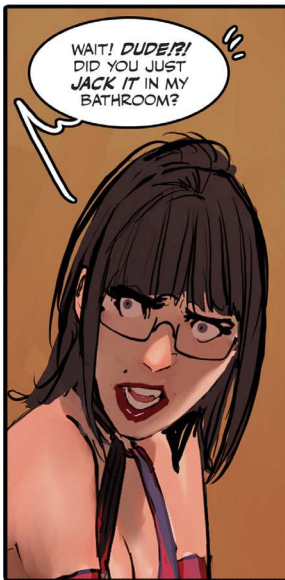
SHERHIOUSLY THOUGH, THIGH SHUFF ISH JUSHT **AMAZING!** HOW DO YOU EVEN BEGIN MAKING IT?

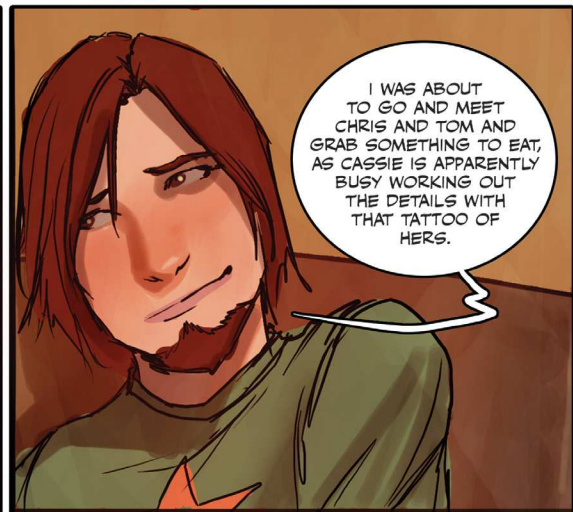
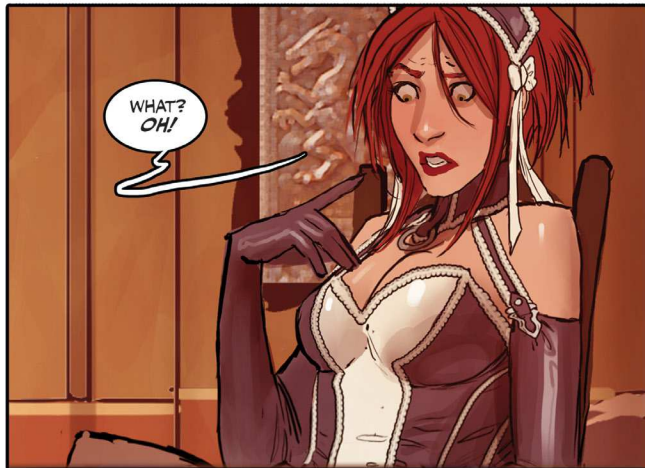
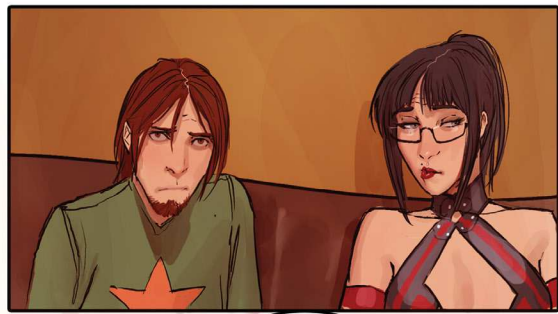


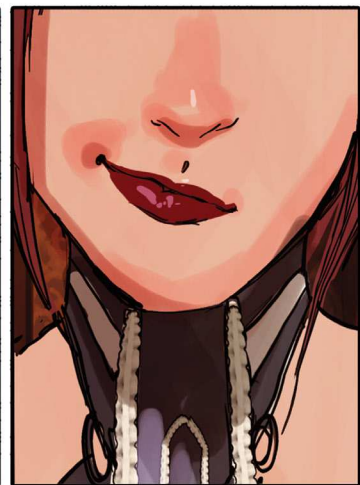
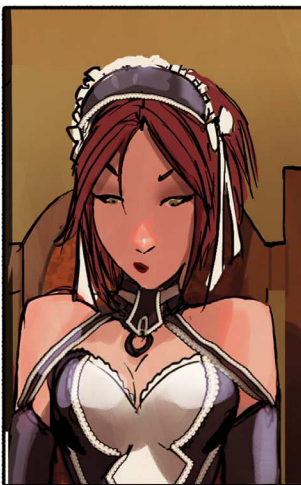
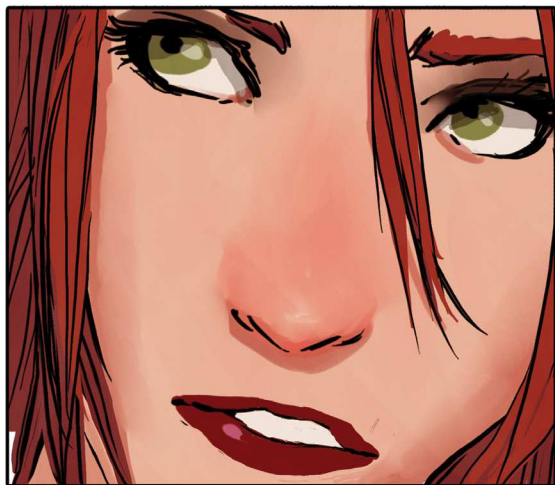
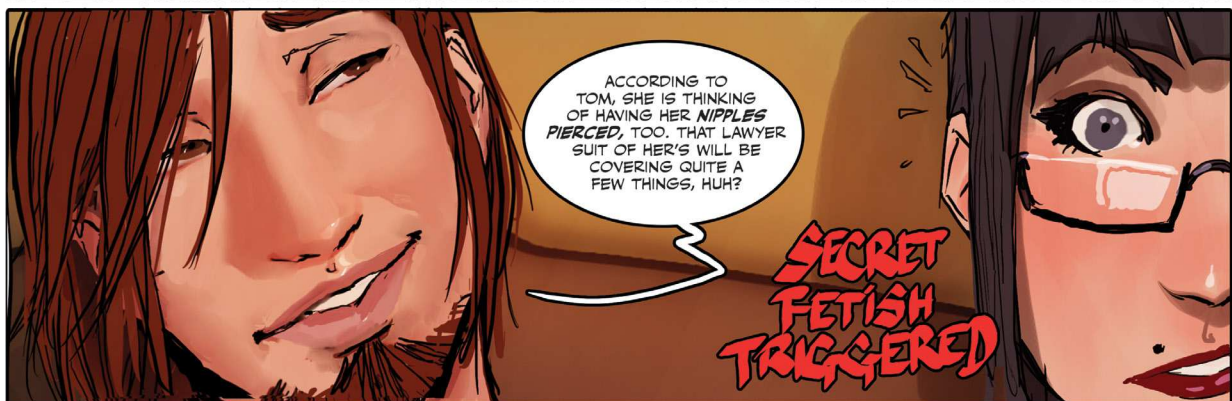


A BIT LATER..











YOU GIRLS PLANNING ON DROPPING BY THE CLUB THIS WEEKEND?

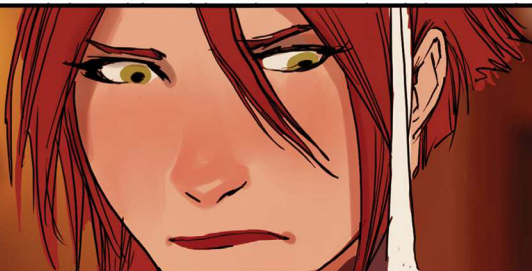
YOU KNOW WHAT... I'LL PROBABLY STAY AWAY FROM THE CLUB AT LEAST FOR A FEW WEEKS...

AWWWW... COME ON LISA, DO YOUR THING!

HUH? OH... UM NAH, I'M GOOD.

SO I MENTIONED EARLIER THAT LATEX, UNLIKE FABRIC, HAS THIS CURIOUS QUALITY OF FIGHTING YOUR BODY.

IT **CONFORMS**, ADAPTS AND HUGS YOU RELENTLESSLY. YOU ARE **AWARE** OF IT AT ALL TIMES. IT MAKES YOU **SWEAT**. STRANGELY ENOUGH, SURPRISINGLY FAST, ITS RUBBERY SMELL TURNS FROM SLIGHTLY UNPLEASANT TO INTOXICATINGLY EXCITING.



NOW, LATEX UNDIES ARE DOWNRIGHT **EVIL**. LIKE ANY OTHER PIECE OF LATEX FETISHWEAR, THEY GRAB A HOLD OF YOU...AND...DIG IN.

THINK OF A **WEDGE**...ON BOTH SIDES...THAT PRESSES ON YOU BOTH UNCOMFORTABLY AND AROUSINGLY.

AND EVERYTHING IS WET...AND YOU KNOW IT'S **NOT** JUST SWEAT...

AND NO SQUIRMING WILL MAKE IT STOP...

ON THE CONTRARY.

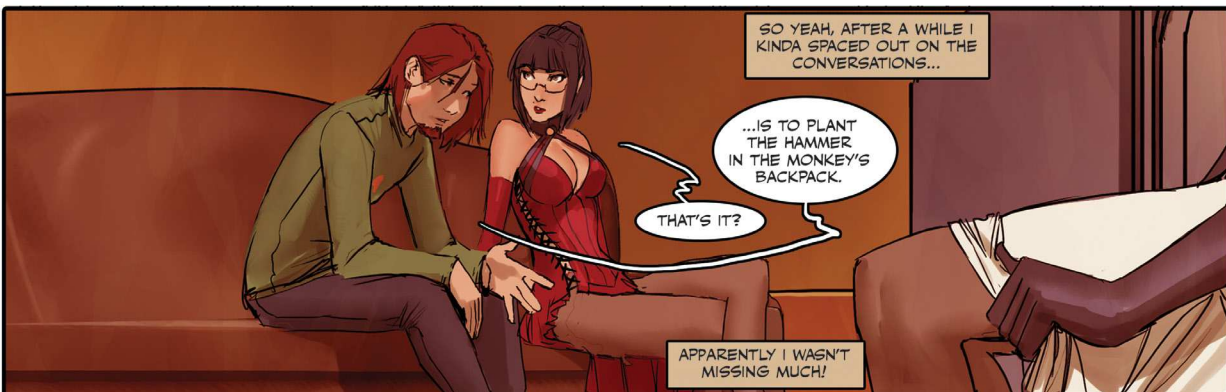


SO YEAH, AFTER A WHILE I KINDA SPACED OUT ON THE CONVERSATIONS...

...IS TO PLANT THE HAMMER IN THE MONKEY'S BACKPACK.

THAT'S IT?

APPARENTLY I WASN'T MISSING MUCH!



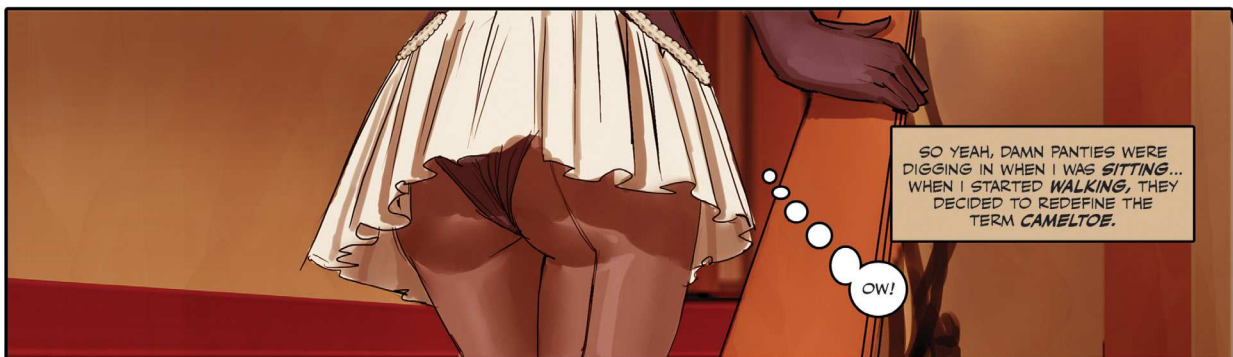
SOON, IT BECAME APPARENT THAT THOSE WEDGIES WEREN'T GONNA SORT THEMSELVES OUT...

SO, I NEED TO GO GET CHANGED CAUSE...**SWEAT** AND STUFF...

YEAH, I GOTTA GO ANYWAYS. SO, YOU KNOW... SEE YOU AROUND, LISA!

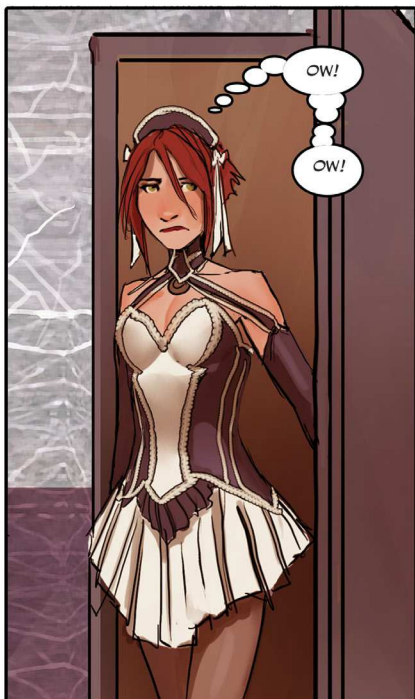
OF COURSE! SHEE YA ALAN!





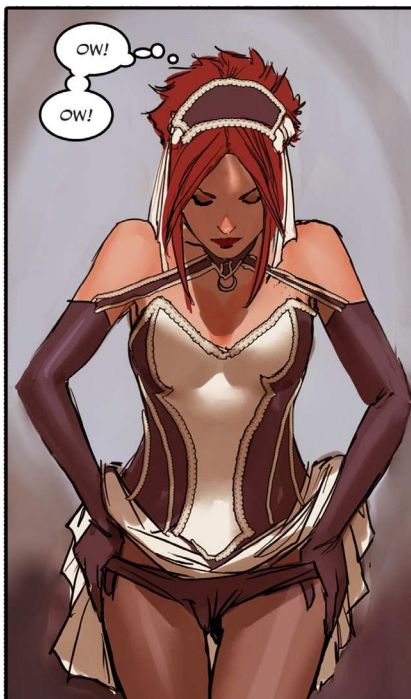
SO YEAH, DAMN PANTIES WERE DIGGING IN WHEN I WAS *SITTING*... WHEN I STARTED *WALKING*, THEY DECIDED TO REDEFINE THE TERM *CAMELTOE*.

OW!



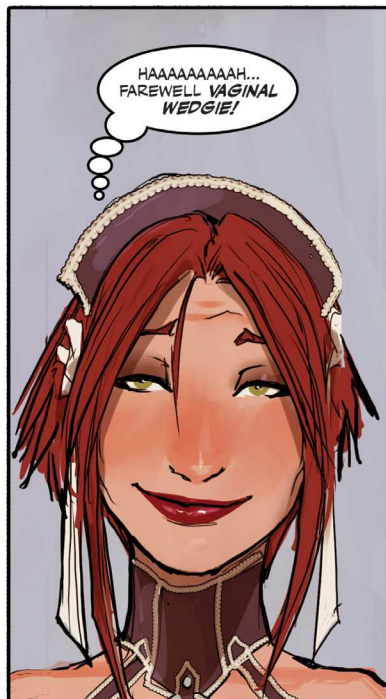
OW!

OW!



OW!

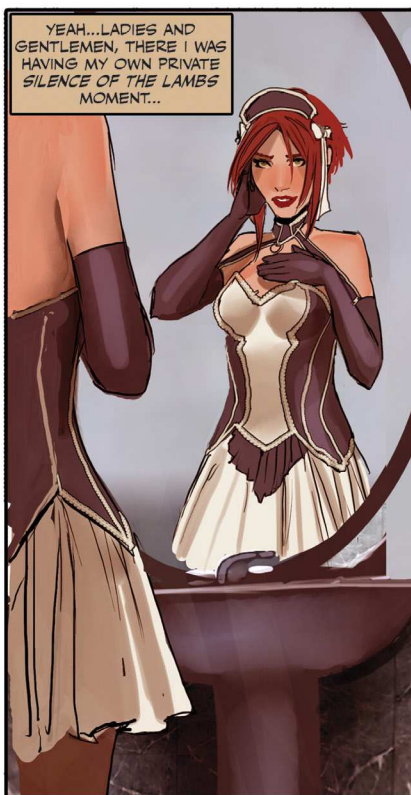
OW!



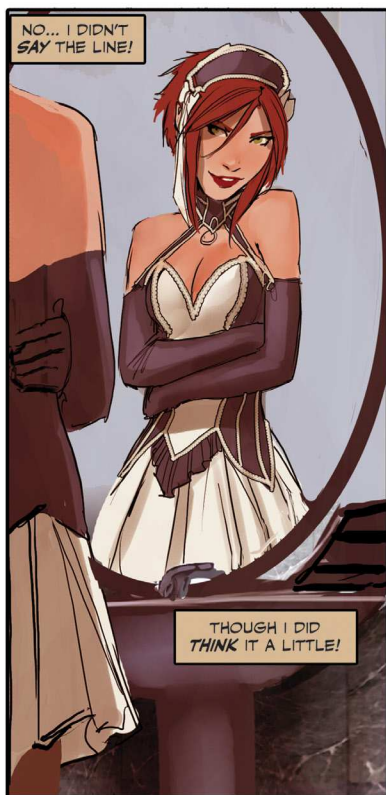
HAAAAAAA...
FAREWELL VAGINAL
WEDGIE!



AHHH YES...AND THEN I WENT AND DID SOMETHING EMBARRASSING. I WAS *NEVER* AN EGOTISTICAL PERSON...IS WHAT I WOULD *LIKE* TO SAY..BUT THE TRUTH WAS...! FUCKING *LOVED* HOW I LOOKED IN THAT OUTFIT...



YEAH...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE I WAS HAVING MY OWN PRIVATE *SILENCE OF THE LAMBS* MOMENT...



NO... I DIDN'T *SAY* THE LINE!

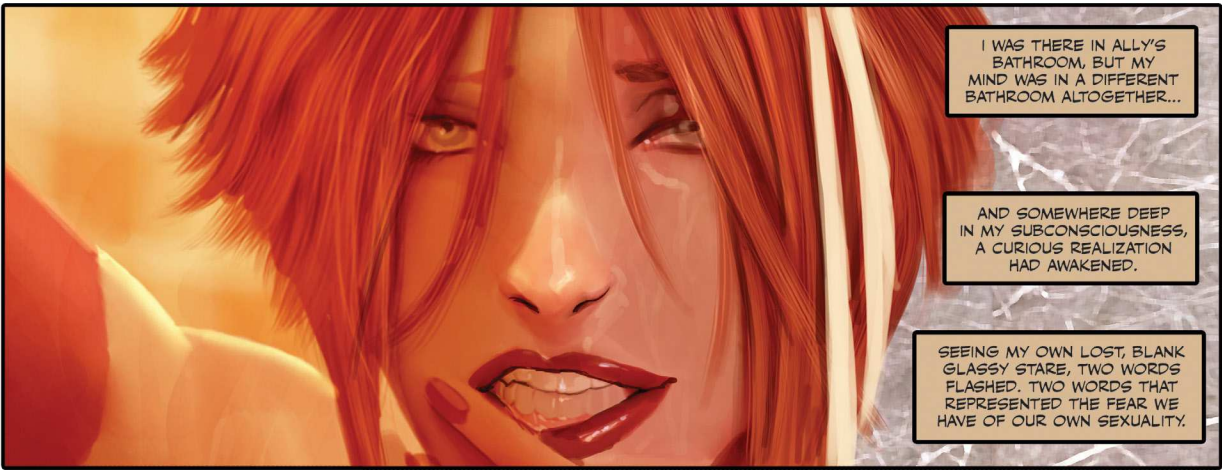
THOUGH I DID *THINK* IT A LITTLE!



FROM THERE IT
DIDN'T TAKE MUCH...

TRANSFORMATIVE POWER
OF THE WARDROBE, COMBINED
WITH SWEAT, SMELL, RUBBING
AND IMAGINATION...

ANNND I WAS OFF...



I WAS THERE IN ALLY'S BATHROOM. BUT MY MIND WAS IN A DIFFERENT BATHROOM ALTOGETHER...

AND SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY SUBCONSCIOUSNESS, A CURIOUS REALIZATION HAD AWAKENED.

SEEING MY OWN LOST, BLANK GLASSY STARE, TWO WORDS FLASHED. TWO WORDS THAT REPRESENTED THE FEAR WE HAVE OF OUR OWN SEXUALITY.



THE *ABSENCE* OF INTELLIGENCE IN OUR EYES DURING SEX. THE *WILD* NATURE OF IT, THE RELEASE OF INHIBITIONS AND THE CARNAL LANGUAGE OF TOUCHES AND RESPONSES...

WE *FEAR* AND REPRESS IT, AND WE BURY IT IN SHAME. MAYBE, BECAUSE IT'S IN THOSE MOMENTS OF CARNAL REVERIE THAT WE ARE REMINDED OF WHAT WE TRULY ARE BEHIND ALL THE PRETENSES...

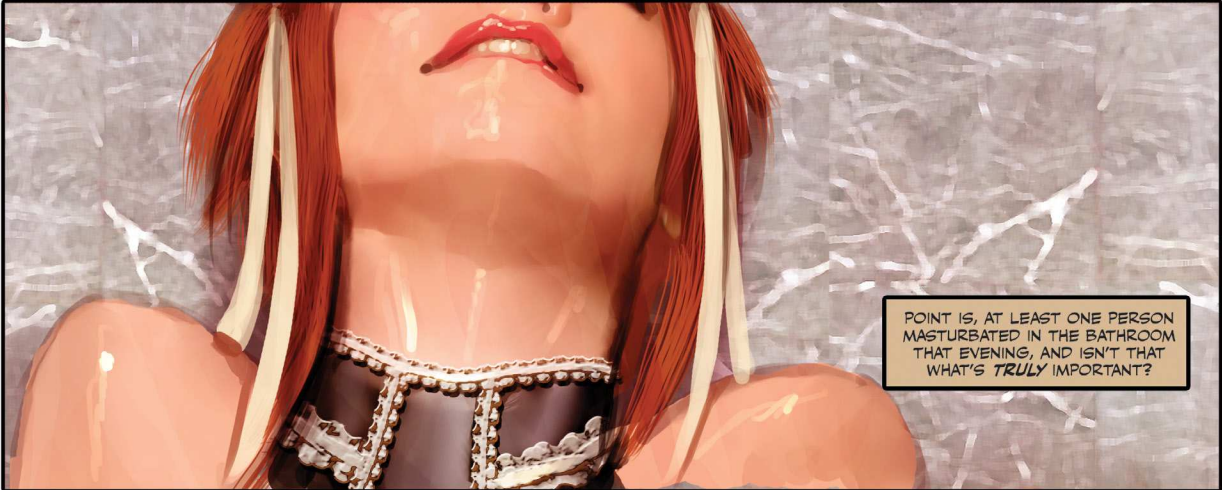
THE *HUMAN ANIMAL!*

OKAY...SO *MAAAYBE* I'M JUST TRYING TO *JUSTIFY* MY HORNNESS A BIT.

BUT COME ON... THAT SOUNDED KINDA *DEEP!*



I MEAN...IT CERTAINLY BEATS SAYING: "I SAW MYSELF IN THE MIRROR WENT ALL *BUFFALO BILL* AND DECIDED TO RUB ONE OUT..."



POINT IS, AT LEAST ONE PERSON MASTURBATED IN THE BATHROOM THAT EVENING, AND ISN'T THAT WHAT'S *TRULY* IMPORTANT?





ALAN, I'M
GOING TO *KILL* YOU!

MY BROTHER ONCE TOLD
ME THAT *BEST* FRIENDS
DO THE *DUMBEST* SHIT
TO EACH OTHER.

WHILE HE SHARED THIS
BIT OF WISDOM WITH
ME, HE HAD A *PENIS*
DRAWN ON HIS CHEEK
IN PERMANENT
MARKER...

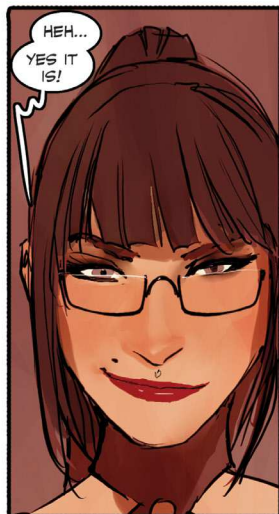
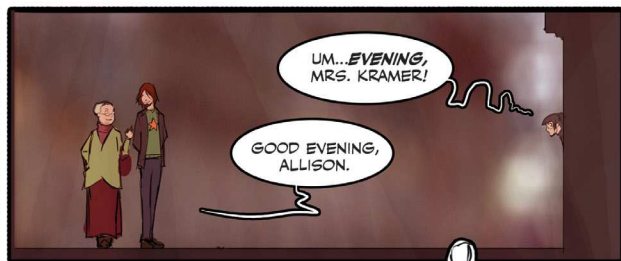
WHEN I MENTIONED
THAT, HE LAUGHED AND
SAID: "*WILL* (HIS BEST
FRIEND) MUST BE OFF
HIS GAME."

IT OCCURRED TO ME
THEN, THAT ALL BEST
FRIENDS HAVE WEIRD
STORIES TO TELL...

SO YEAH...*THIS*? IT'S A
PART OF ONE SUCH
WEIRD STORY.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SHARE IT
WITH YOU IN DUE TIME.

BUT FOR NOW...





HUFF...WHEEZE...
THATSH IT...NO MORE
I'M DONE!

AW, COME OON!
YOU STILL HAVEN'T
TRIED OUT MY GIFT.

WOULD BE
A SHAME IF I DRAGGED
ALAN OVER HERE
FOR NOTHING.



I'M CURRENTLY
QUESHTIONING MY ABILITY
TO WALK BACK TO THE BATHROOM
FOR A SHOWER...SHO NO! DONE!
SHUNSTONE!

AFTERCARE
TIME!

PFFFT!



HEH...YOU
KNOW, FUNNY THING.
I WASH FEELING A BIT
ANXHILOUSH TODAY...

NOT ANYMORE
THOUGH.

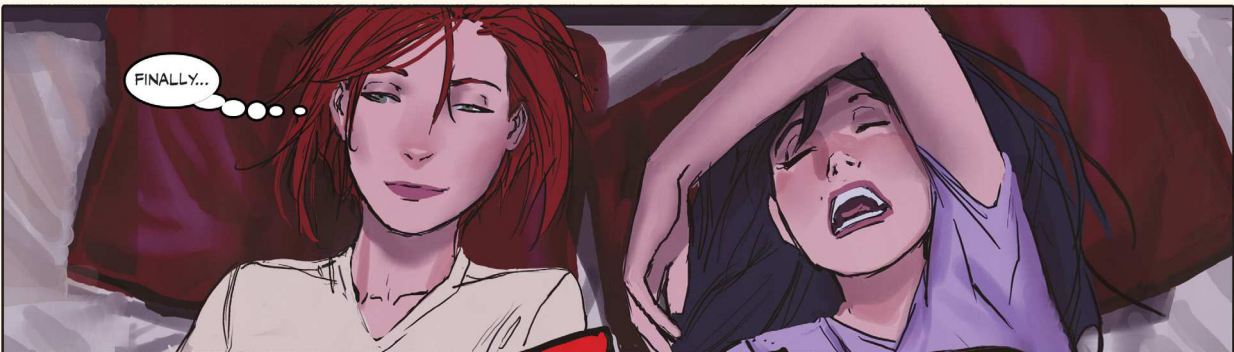
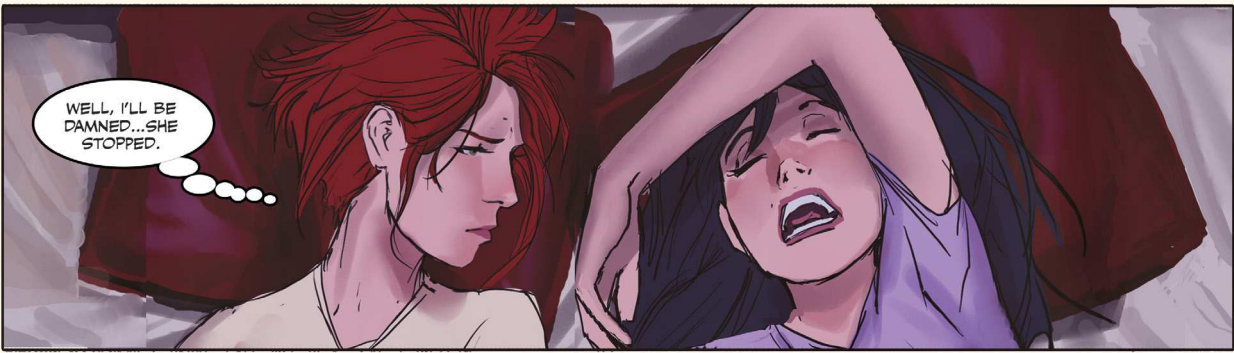
NO SHTRESSH,
NO NOTHING...

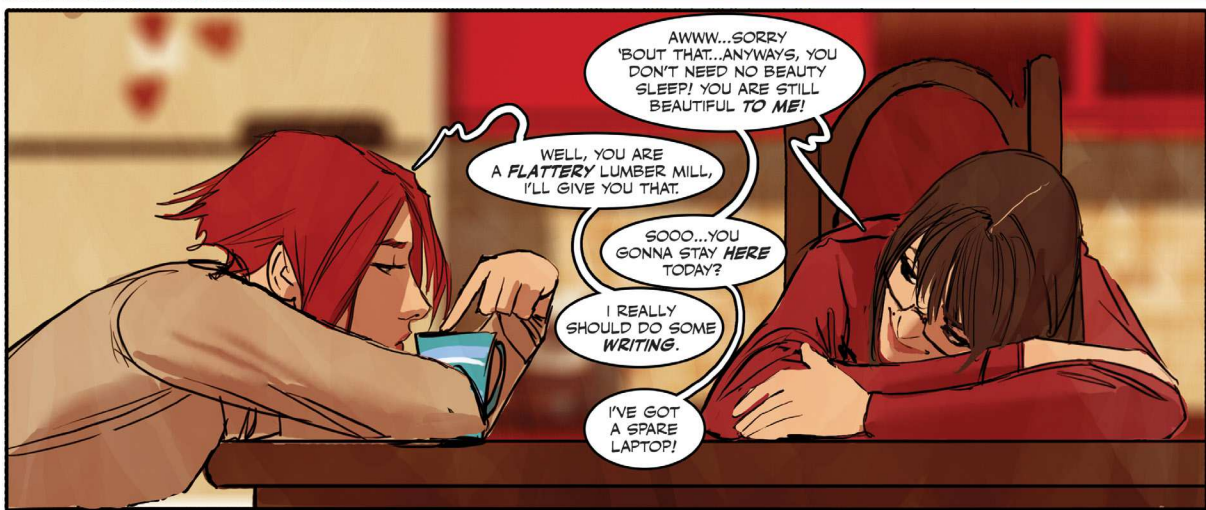
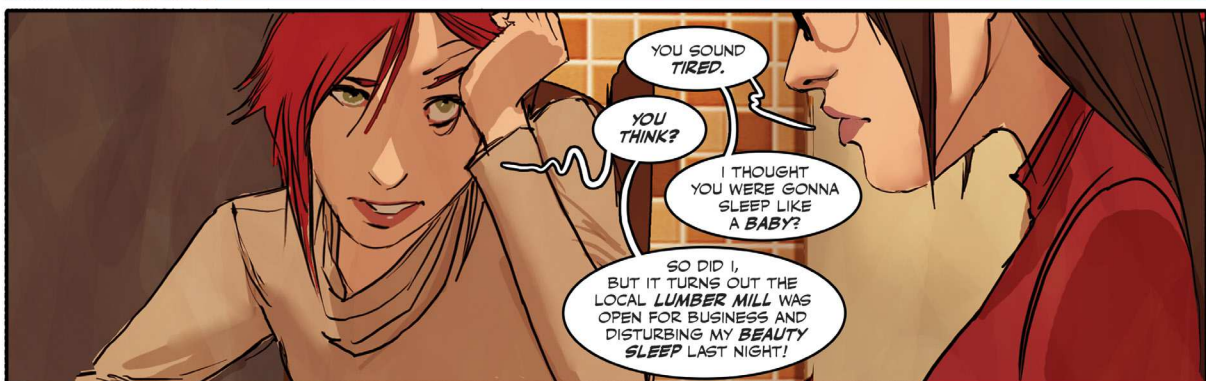
TONIGHT IMMA
SLEEP...

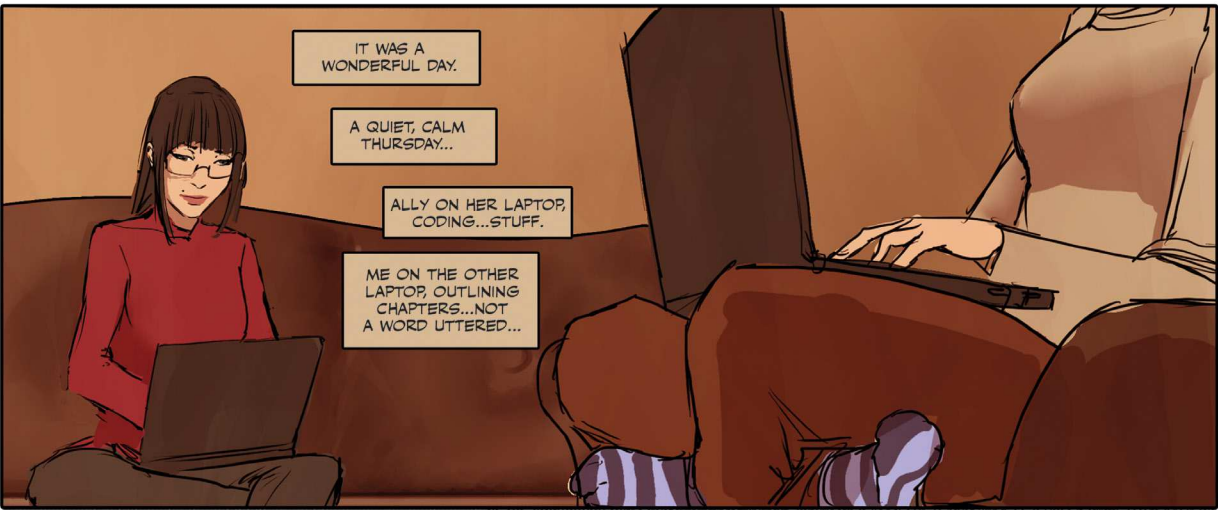


LIKE A BABY...

SNORE
SNORE
SNORE
SNORE







IT WAS A
WONDERFUL DAY.

A QUIET, CALM
THURSDAY...

ALLY ON HER LAPTOP,
CODING...STUFF.

ME ON THE OTHER
LAPTOP, OUTLINING
CHAPTERS...NOT
A WORD UTTERED...



HER MERE PRESENCE
WAS ENOUGH...



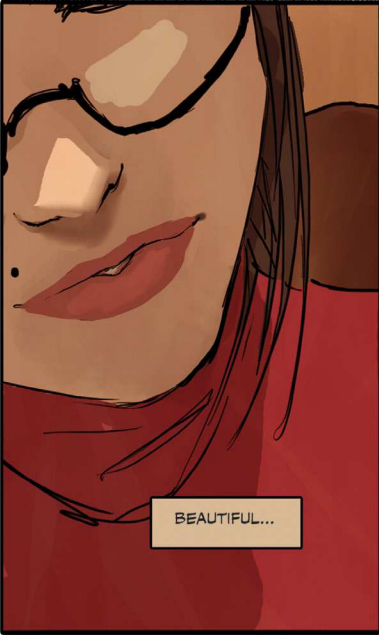
IT WAS QUITE FASCINATING...

LOOKING AT HER...THE WAY SHE DRESSED,
THE LACK OF MAKEUP, THE RELAXED POSTURE.
I WOULD NEVER THINK HER A *FETISHIST DOMME*.

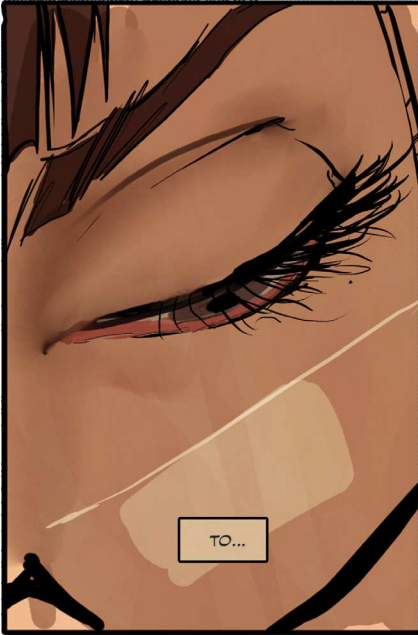
BUT I GUESS THE *SAME*
COULD BE SAID ABOUT ME.

I REMEMBER THINKING:
"SHE CALLED ME
BEAUTIFUL."

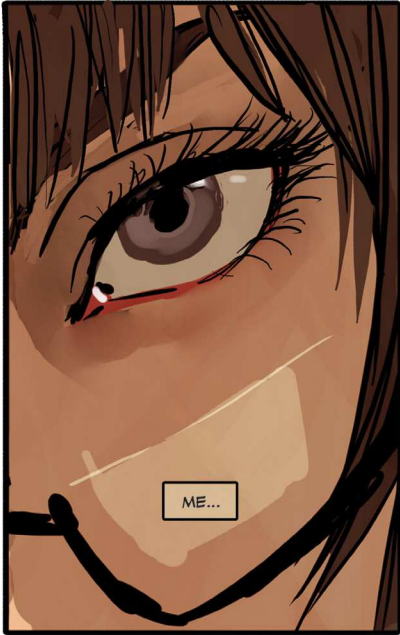
NOT IN ANY SEXUAL
SITUATION...JUST...
OUT OF THE BLUE.



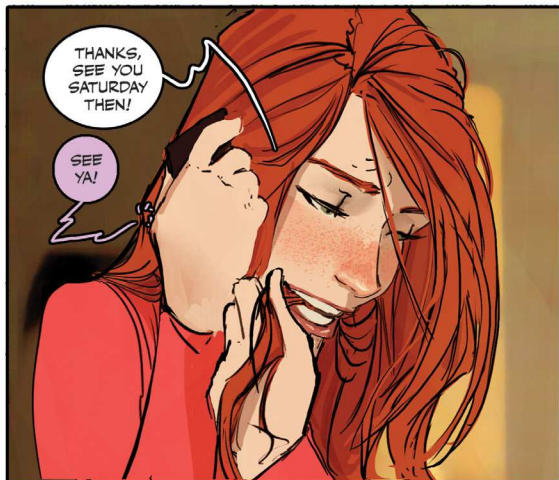
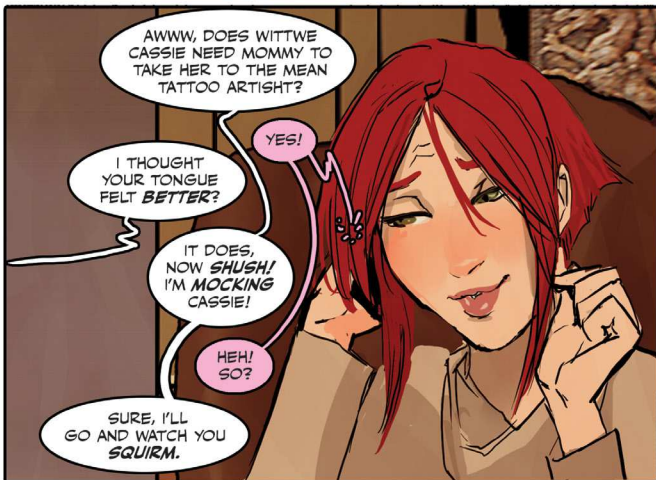
BEAUTIFUL...

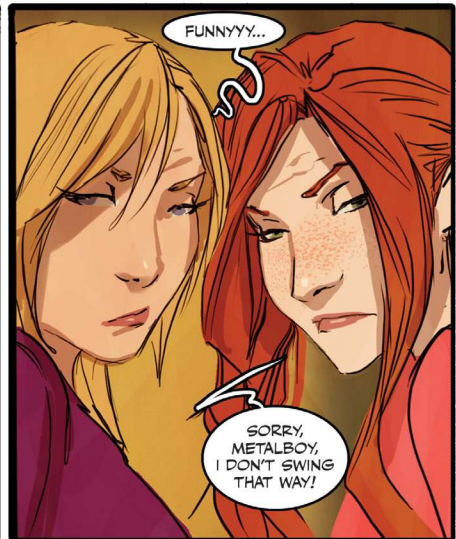
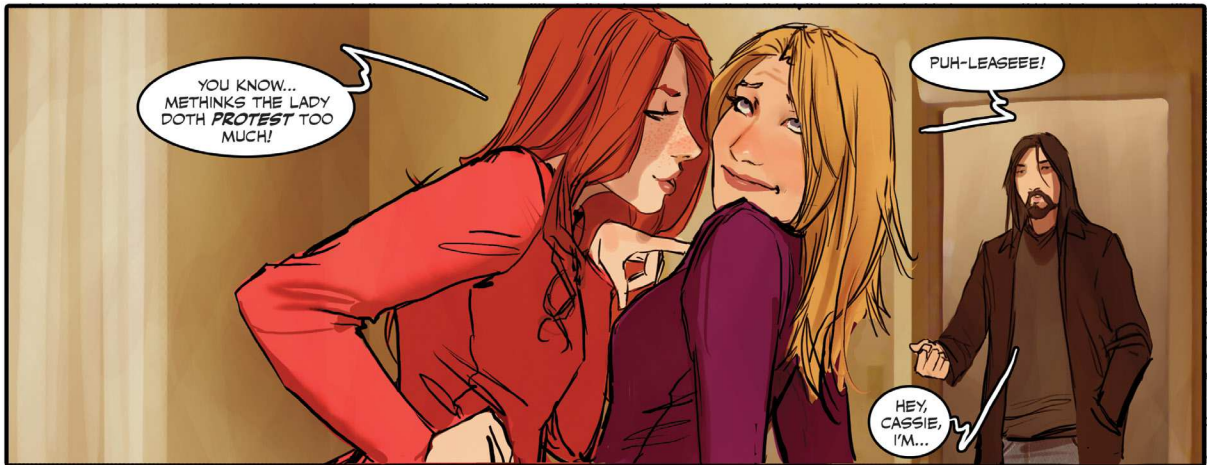


TO...



ME...





SO, I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP DREAMING DUMBASS!

WILL DO, SHREW!
NOW, IF ANNE AIN'T GONNA FINISH THOSE LIPS...



GIVEN JUST HOW *IMPORTANT* ANNE WILL TURN OUT TO BE TO OUR LITTLE GROUP... I THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD MOMENT TO OFFER SOME INSIGHT ABOUT HER...

AND WHO BETTER TO OFFER THIS INSIGHT THAN ANNE HERSELF...

SO, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...*ANNE!*



THESE TWO, I *SWEAR*... HEH...I GUESS *SOME* THINGS NEVER CHANGE!

OTHERS, HOWEVER...



I JUST CAN'T *IMAGINE* THEM DOING THE KIND OF THINGS I SAW ONLINE...

EW...



DAMN IT, SHE USED TO BE...I DON'T KNOW, *NORMAL!* I MEAN, I'M NOT JUDGING THEM...

OKAY, MAYBE I'M JUDGING A *LITTLE*...

UGH...

I MEAN, *SURE!* IT'S THEIR OWN *PERSONAL* BUSINESS. I SHOULDN'T EVEN CARE.

I *SHOULD* LET IT GO...

SO...WHY *COULDN'T* I DO IT?

17-YEAR-OLD
GOTH/METAL
PHASE ME!

WE WERE BEST FRIENDS SINCE WE WERE SEVENTEEN. I MET HER AT DANCING LESSONS...OR WAS IT TAE KWON DO? IT WAS DEFINITELY ONE OF THOSE THINGS I STARTED AND GAVE UP ON...

NO, WAIT! IT WAS **DEFINITELY** DANCE! I COULDN'T DO IT TO SAVE MY LIFE! INSTRUCTOR KEPT GIVING ME SHIT SO CASSIE STEPPED UP! HEH...GIRL HAD A PRETTY SMILE AND A **BLADED** TONGUE.

AT FIRST, WE WERE POLAR OPPOSITES. BACK THEN SHE WAS THE **POP** TO MY **METAL**.

BUT IT WAS FUN!

IF YOU
ACTUALLY TOOK
SOME TIME TO
LISTEN...

TO PEOPLE GROWLING AND
GRUNTING INTO MY EAR? THAT AIN'T
MY IDEA OF GOOD MUSIC.

THAT'S
JUST A **VIOLENT**
GENERALIZATION!

IS THAT
THE NAME OF
ONE OF YOUR
BANDS?

EAT ME,
SPICEGIRL!

I GUESS WHEN YOU SPEND
ENOUGH TIME WITH SOMEONE,
THEY KIND OF **RUB OFF**
ON YOU. I GOT BETTER AT
ARGUING, WHICH WAS MISS
LAWYER-TO-BE'S SPECIALTY.
SHE, ON THE OTHER HAND,
ACTUALLY STARTED LISTENING
TO METAL.

I DON'T REALLY
LIKE THEM, TOO MANY
DEMONS AND DRAGONS, AND
HONESTLY? THOSE INTROS? I
CAN **ONLY** STAND SO MUCH
CHEESE.

OKAY, BUT
HOW WOULD YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE
FATE OF NEKRON
WITHOUT THE INTRO?
I MEAN, **COME**
ON!

IT'S
POWER METAL,
CASSIE! DON'T
OVERTHINK IT!

OF COURSE, WE NEVER
AGREED ON ABSOLUTELY
EVERYTHING...

BUT WE DIDN'T NEED
TO. POINT WAS WE WERE
THERE FOR EACH OTHER...

WHAT IF
I MADE IT
FOR YOU?

NAH I'M
GOOD...I'M NOT
A TATTOO KIND OF
PERSON...

I HAVE ENOUGH
TEMPORARY REGRETS
IN LIFE. I DON'T NEED
A PERMANENT ONE!

PEOPLE CHANGE...I'M
WELL AWARE OF THAT...

AFTER ALL, SHE CHANGED ENOUGH
TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE
CONCERT THAT CHANGED HER LIFE.

WOOOOOOHHOOOOO!

YEEEEEEAAAHHHHH!

THAT WAS THE VERY NIGHT SHE MET TOM...

I'M SURE WE COULD FIND SOME NICE GUYS HERE, COME ON!

SURE, I MEAN THE SHEER VARIETY OF CHOICES IS STAGGERING!

WE COULD GO FOR A **LONG-HAIRED** GUY WEARING **BLACK** WITH A BEARD OOR... WITHOOOOUT A BEARD!

HEY NOW! I MAY NOT KNOW YOU, BUT THAT, RIGHT THERE IS AN UNFAIR STEREOTYPE.

THIS, OF COURSE, COMING FROM A LONGISH-HAIRED BEARDED-GUY WEARING **BLACK**!

HEY, AS FAR AS **METAL** HAIR STANDARDS GO, THIS IS MILITARY **SHORT**. ANYWAYS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I JUST WENT AND PRESUMED YOU TO BE AN IRISH, POORLY-TANNING... **VAMPIRE**?

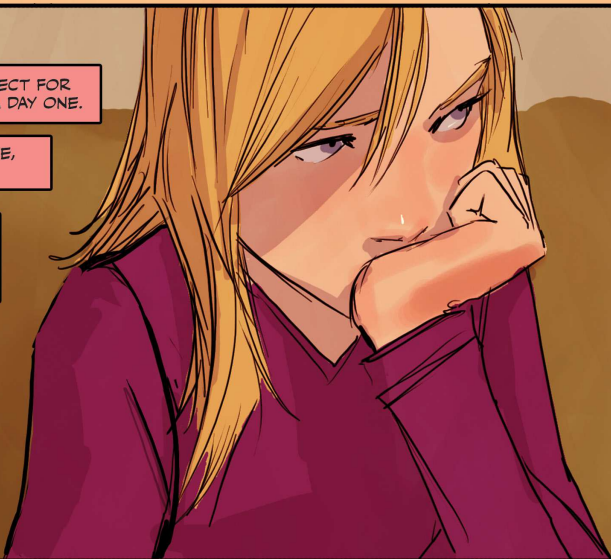
SAY WHAT?

TECHNICALLY, YOU COULD PROVE ME WRONG IF I WAS TO BUY YOU A DRINK...YOU KNOW... DEMONSTRATE THAT YOU CAN HANDLE MORTAL BEVERAGES.

SO?

SHE CONSIDERED GIVING HIM THE **MIDDLE FINGER**...

HE ENDED UP PUTTING A **RING** ON ITS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.



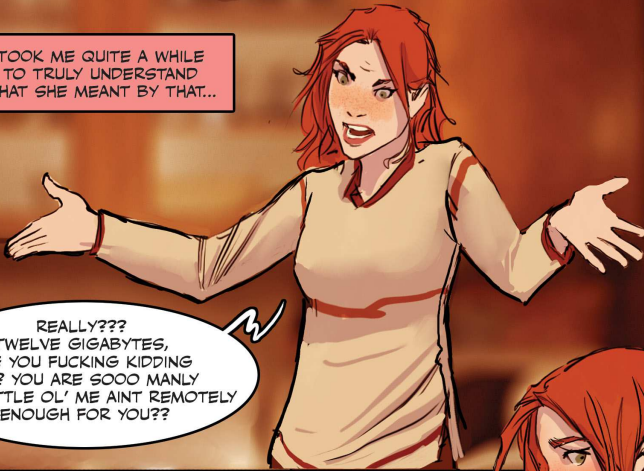
THEY WERE PERFECT FOR EACH OTHER FROM DAY ONE.

BOTH VERY ARGUMENTATIVE, BUT NEVER...**SPITEFUL**.

BOTH WILLING TO ADMIT THEY WERE WRONG. THEY **ARGUED**... BUT THEY NEVER **FOUGHT**.

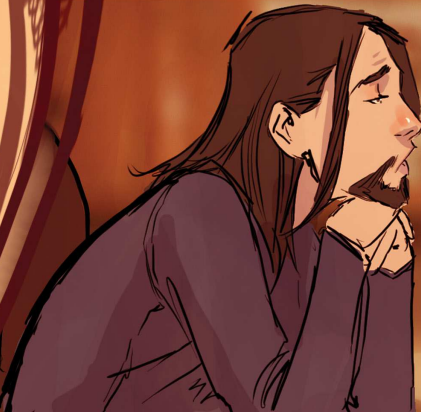
I SURE AS HELL COULDN'T DO THAT, AND THE FUCKED UP PART IS THAT GENERALLY, BETWEEN CASSIE AND ME, SHE IS THE BITCHY ONE...

I **ASKED** HER, HOW DO THEY DO IT? THE WHOLE **NOT FIGHTING** THING. HER ANSWER WAS STRANGE AT FIRST. SHE SMILED AND SAID: "**I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS PORN.**"

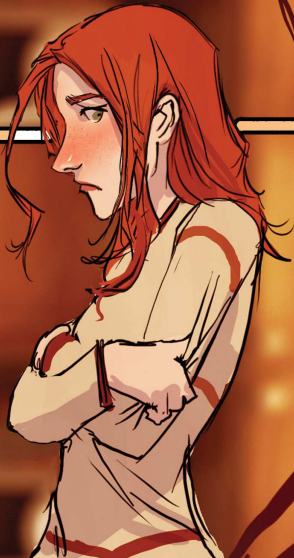


TOOK ME QUITE A WHILE TO TRULY UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE MEANT BY THAT...

REALLY???
TWELVE GIGABYTES, ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? YOU ARE SOOO MANLY THAT LITTLE OL' ME AINT REMOTELY ENOUGH FOR YOU??

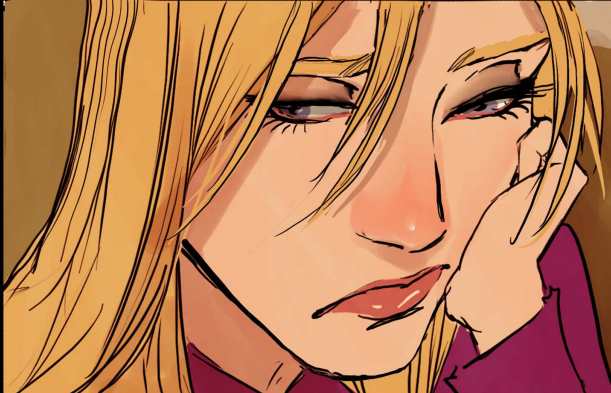


AH YES, AND I PRESUME THAT IS A FINELY FOCUSED, OVERSIZED NECK MASSAGER IN YOUR DRAWER THEN?



OR DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR "ROMANCE" NOVELS? I TOOK A PEEK, YOU KNOW. LEARNED **MANY** NEW WAYS OF SAYING "**ERECT PENIS**"!

THIS WAS A MOMENT THAT WOULD HAVE SPARKED A FIGHT FOR MANY COUPLES... THESE TWO FREAKS USED IT TO START A CONVERSATION. THEY SHARED EVERY WEIRD, DIRTY SEXUAL FANTASY THAT DAY. AFTER THAT, **NOTHING** FELT EMBARRASSING TO THEM. THEY HAD NO NEED FOR SECRETS...



HELL, EVEN NOW A PART OF ME ENVIES THEM. THEY ARE JUST SO...**BROKEN** TO THE WORLD.



I NEVER FELT ALIENATED
FROM THEM, BUT THERE
WAS NO DENYING IT...

THEY WERE A BREED
OF THEIR OWN.

FOUR YEARS
AGO, THEY GOT
MARRIED.

AW, HONEY,
YOU BROUGHT AN
UMBRELLA TO KEEP
ME SAFE FROM ALL
THIS NASTY RICE.

WELL... THAT,
AND, YOU KNOW...
VAMPIRES BURN
IN THE SUN.

EAT ME!

TONIGHT,
I PROMISE!

AND THEN, TWO AND A
HALF YEARS AGO...

...CASSIE CHANGED!

WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
ABOUT *BDSM*?

HMPF...

I USED TO BE
THE *CRAZY* ONE...

THE TATTOOED, PIERCED
ADVENTUROUS ONE...

I WAS *METAL*
AND SHE WAS *POP*...

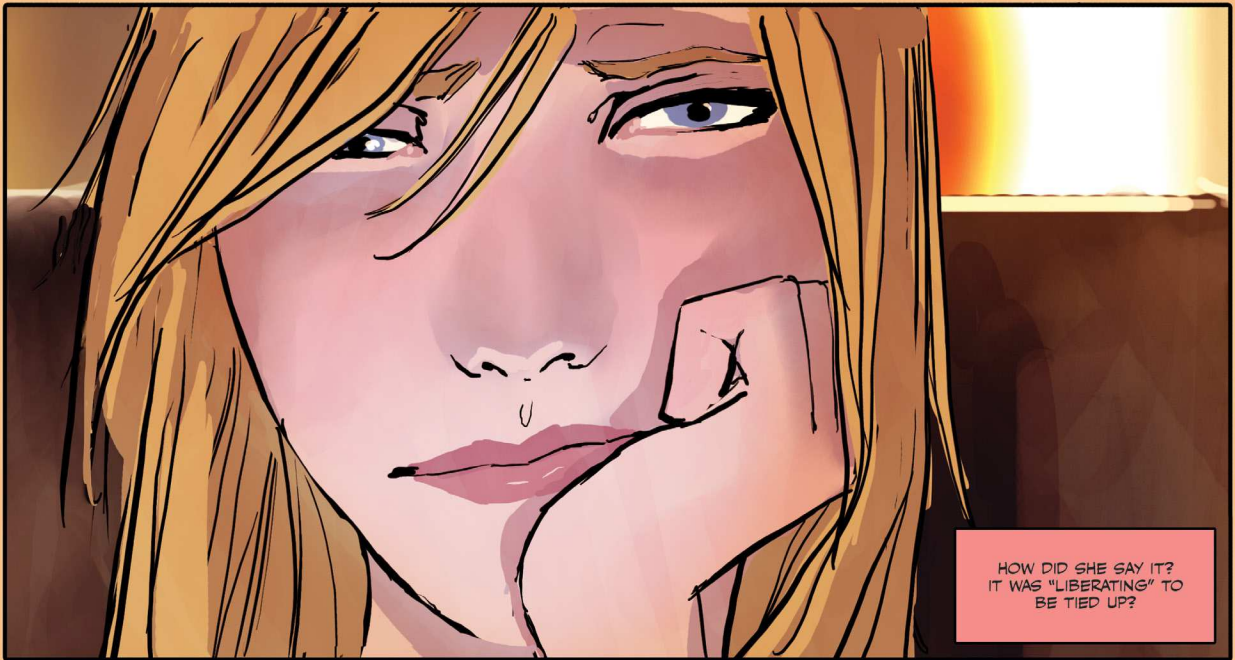
AND THEN
THAT DAY THE QUEEN
OF *POP* WHIPPED OUT
THE *CHAINS*...

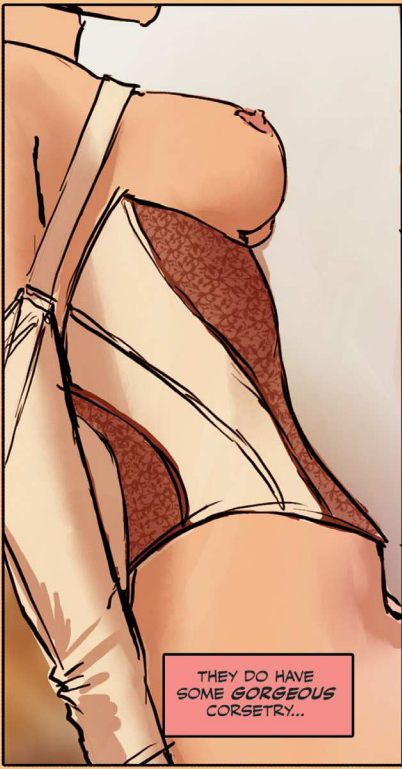
SO, HE TIED
MY HANDS
ABOVE MY HEAD,
AND FASTENED THE ROPE
TO THE DOOR,
AND...

SHE USUALLY HAD NO
PROBLEM TALKING
ABOUT SEX WITH ME...
I WAS THE SAME, BUT...
WELL...PRETTY SOON
IT BECAME APPARENT
THAT I COULDN'T MEASURE
UP TO HER...ESCAPADES.

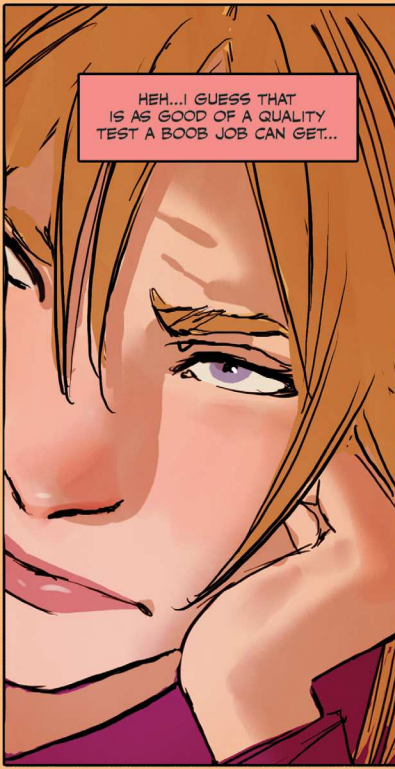
WE STUCK TOGETHER THROUGH ALL THE WEIRD
PHASES OF OUR LIVES...COULD *THAT* BE IT?
AM I ANNOYED BECAUSE THIS IS A *PHASE* OF
HER LIFE THAT I JUST...*MISSED*?

I GOT *LEFT BEHIND*...

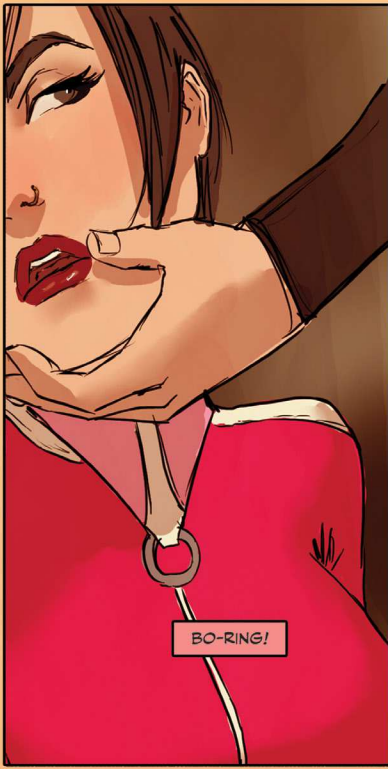




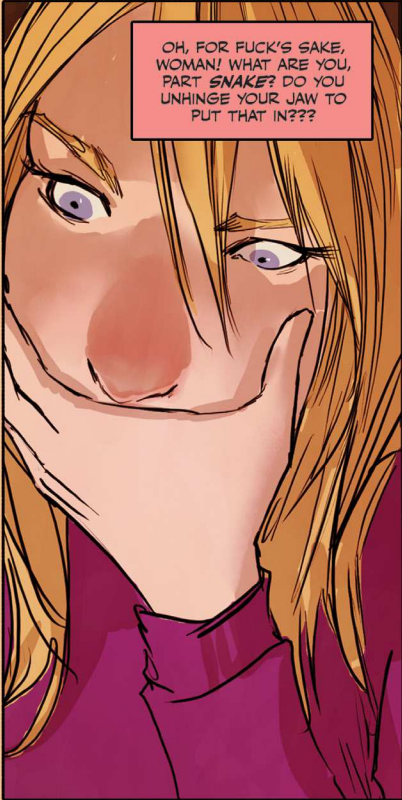
THEY DO HAVE
SOME *GORGEOUS*
CORSETRY...



HEH...I GUESS THAT
IS AS GOOD OF A QUALITY
TEST A BOOB JOB CAN GET...



BO-RING!



OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
WOMAN! WHAT ARE YOU,
PART *SNAKE*? DO YOU
UNHINGE YOUR JAW TO
PUT THAT IN???



OH YES...
THAT'LL
DISLOCATE
A *SHOULDER*
OR TWO.



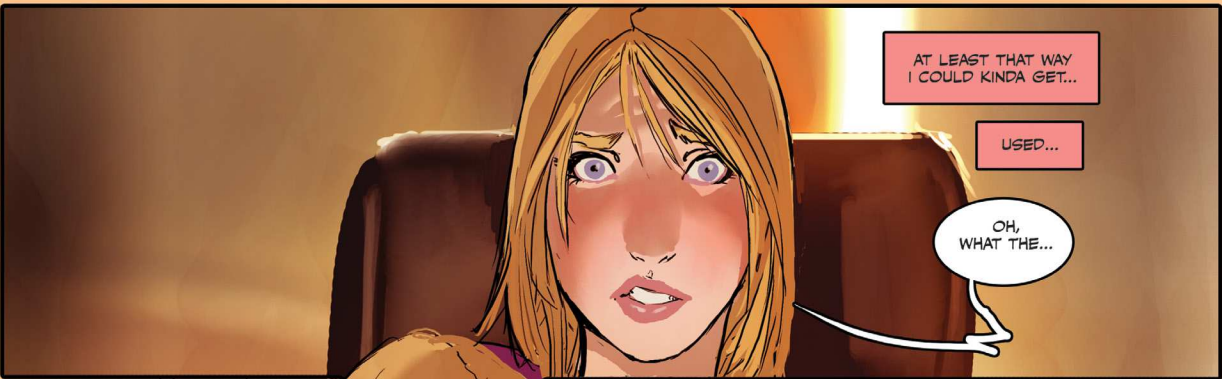
A *DOG MASK*...

REALLY?

A *DOG MASK*?



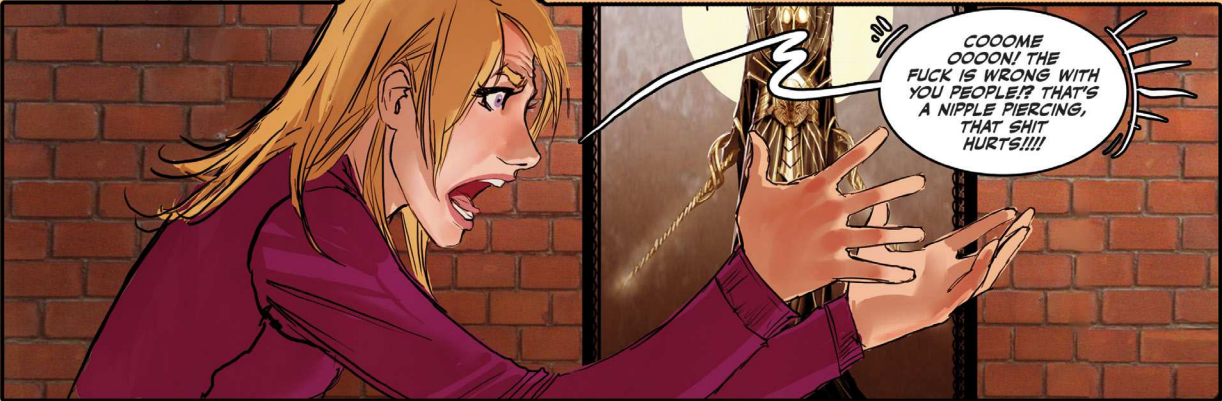
WHY CAN'T YOU PERVERTS
STAY CONSISTENT FOR A
WHILE?



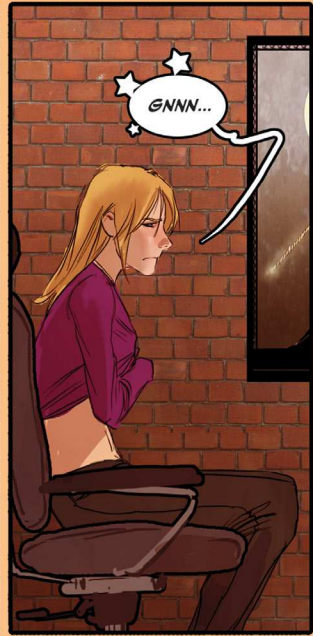
AT LEAST THAT WAY
I COULD KINDA GET...

USED...

OH,
WHAT THE...



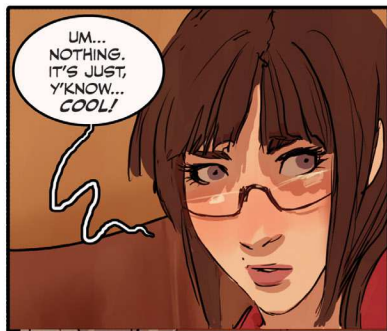
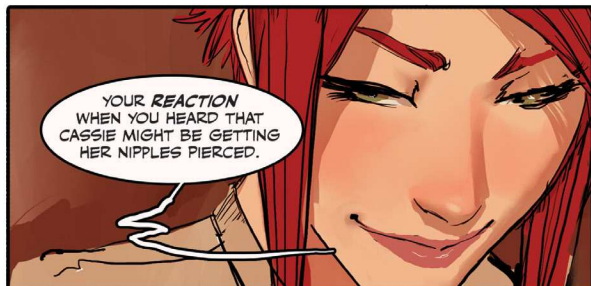
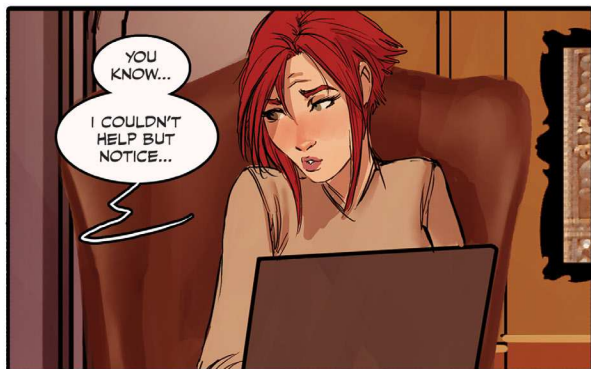
COOOOME
OOOON! THE
FUCK IS WRONG WITH
YOU PEOPLE? THAT'S
A NIPPLE PIERCING,
THAT SHIT
HURTS!!!!

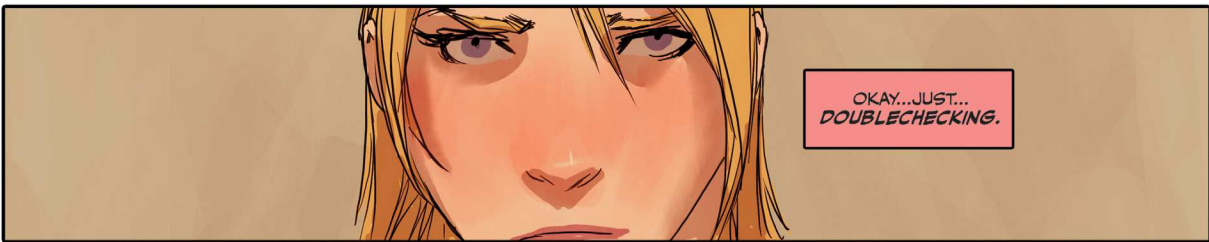


GNNN...



YUP! HURTS
LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER!!!
WHY WOULD YOU EVER
EVEN THINK OF
DOING THAT???





OKAY...JUST...
DOUBLECHECKING.



YES, I SAW SOME DUMB
SHIT ON THE *INTERNET* AND
DECIDED TO *TRY* IT OUT
FOR MYSELF.

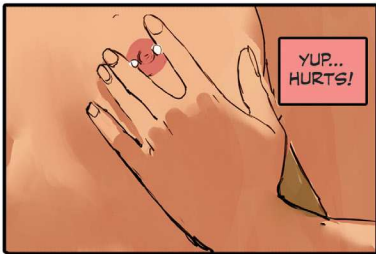
WELCOME TO THE HUMAN
RACE IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM.

I WAS 21 WHEN I GOT
MY NIPPLES *PIERCED*.

IT WAS A *STUPID* SPUR
OF THE MOMENT
DECISION THAT I CAN'T
SAY I REGRETTED...

NOW I'M 26...
AND APPARENTLY
I'M *STUPIDER*.

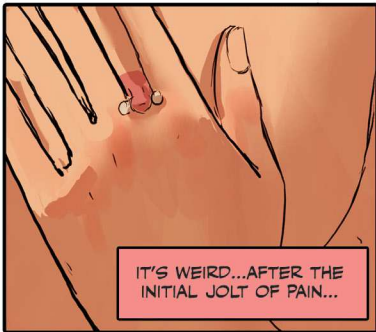
HERE GOES
NOTHING.



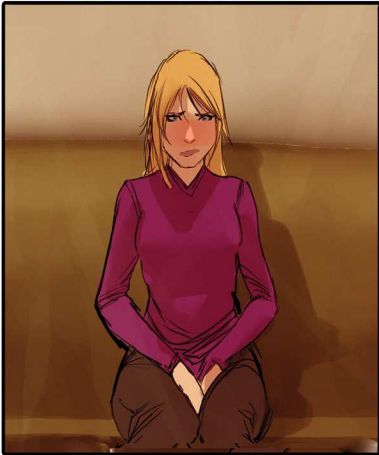
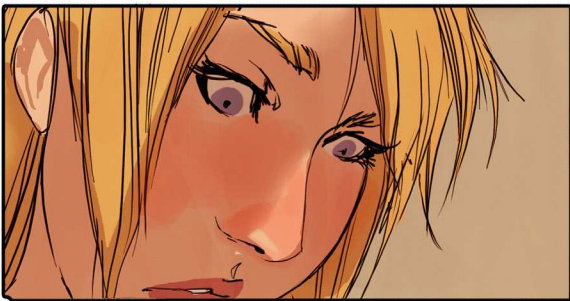
YUP...
HURTS!



BUT...



IT'S WEIRD...AFTER THE
INITIAL JOLT OF PAIN...



CRAP...



PRETTY SURE I'M
OUT OF BATTERIES.



AWW, COME ON!
REALLY???

WHAT?

VRRRR

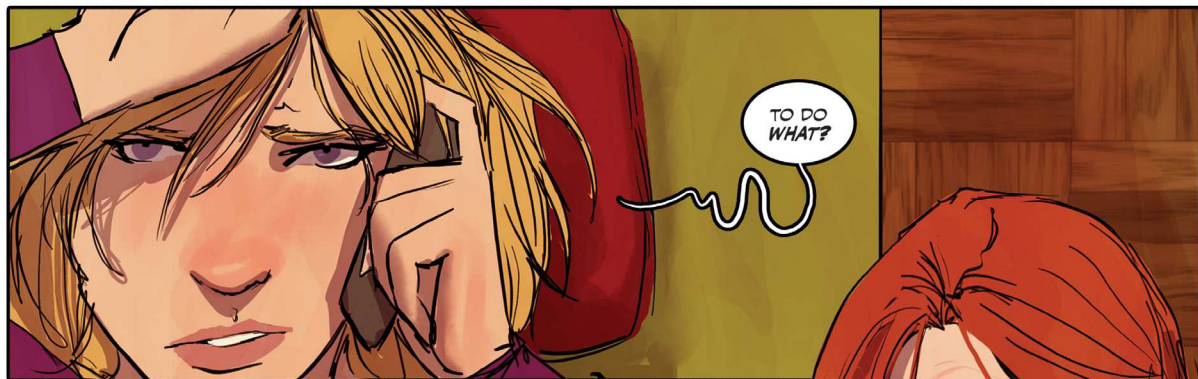
VRRRR



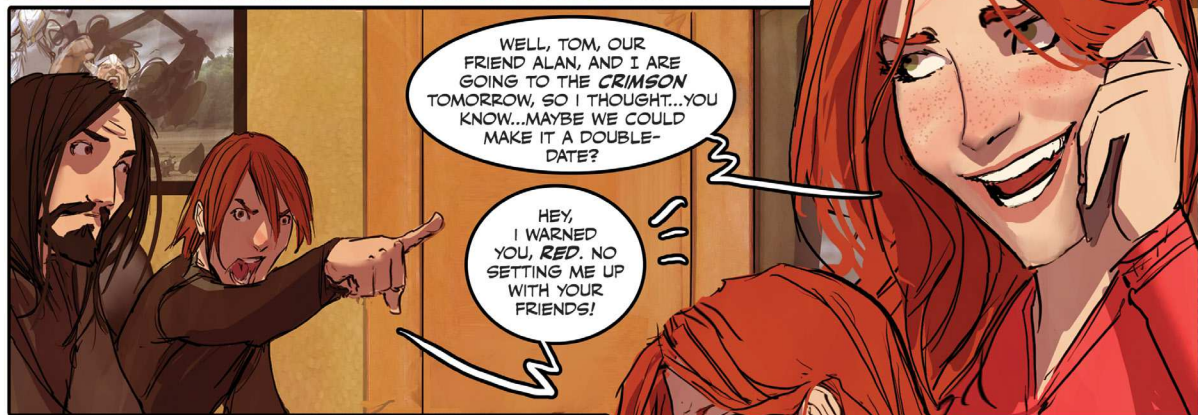
AND A GOOD
DAY TO
YOU, TOO!

I WAS NAPPING.
WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING, I WAS JUST
WONDERING IF YOU
WERE FREE TOMORROW
NIGHT?



TO DO
WHAT?

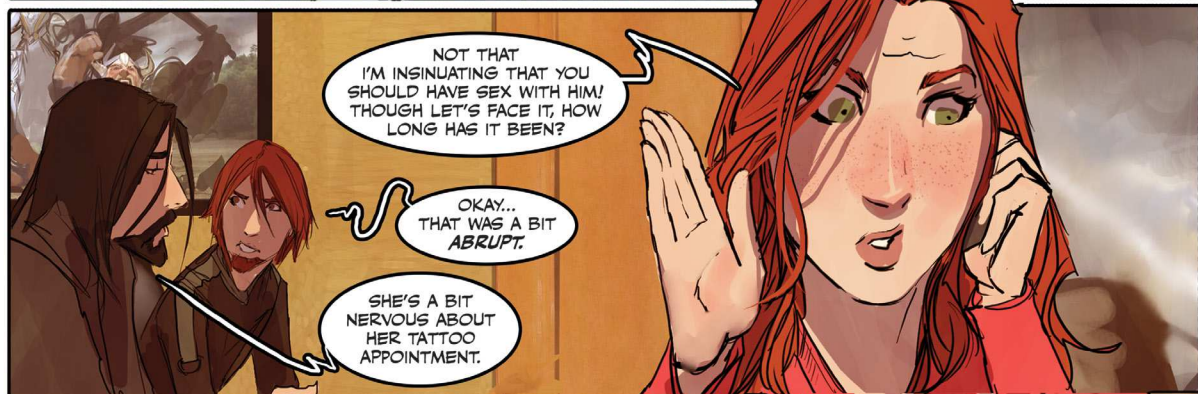


WELL, TOM, OUR
FRIEND ALAN, AND I ARE
GOING TO THE *CRIMSON*
TOMORROW, SO I THOUGHT...YOU
KNOW...MAYBE WE COULD
MAKE IT A DOUBLE-
DATE?

HEY,
I WARNED
YOU, *RED*. NO
SETTING ME UP
WITH YOUR
FRIENDS!



SHUT THE HELL UP, OKAY!?
I'VE SEEN YOU SQUINTING -
YOU WILL MASTURBATE YOURSELF
INTO FULL *BLINDNESS*!



NOT THAT
I'M INSINUATING THAT YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEX WITH HIM!
THOUGH LET'S FACE IT, HOW
LONG HAS IT BEEN?

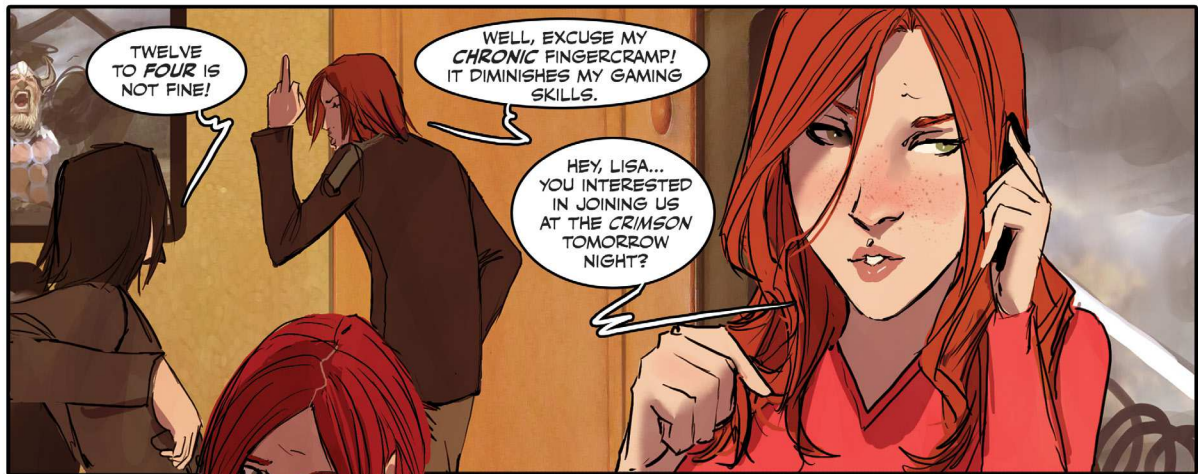
OKAY...
THAT WAS A BIT
ABRUPT.

SHE'S A BIT
NERVOUS ABOUT
HER TATTOO
APPOINTMENT.



I AM HANGING
UP NOW...SEE YOU
SATURDAY.







NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST
BE SAYING...HOLD THE PHONE
LISA, WHAT SORCERY IS THIS?
ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU AND
ALLY ARE AT YOUR APARTMENT?

TIC
TI-TICK
TACK

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU
THE AMAZING TALE OF
HOW THAT CAME TO BE...

SO... I KNOW
YOU'RE WORKING
TOMORROW...ANY
PLANS ON DROPPING
BY THIS WEEKEND?

SURE, BUT
I'LL BE SPENDING
MOST OF
SATURDAY WITH
CASSIE...

AH, YES...
THE TATTOO
THING.

YOU COULD
JOIN US.

NAH, I'LL
DO SOME
WORK. UM, SO...
YOU'RE FREE
TONIGHT,
THOUGH?

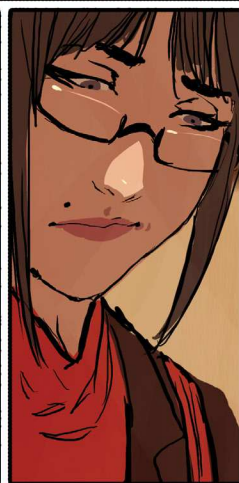
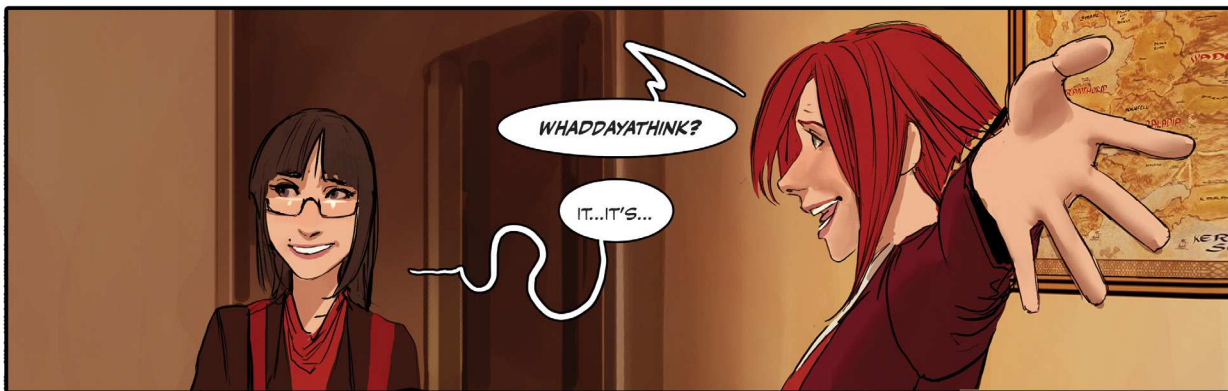
YEAH, BUT I CAN'T
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE...

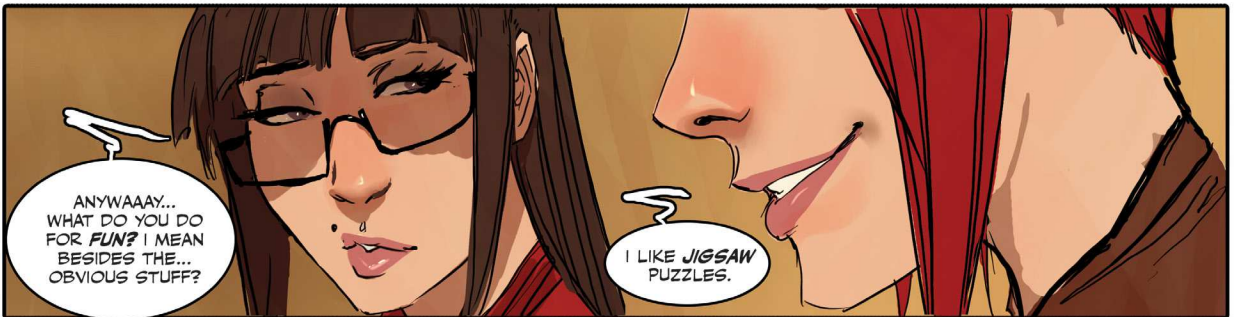
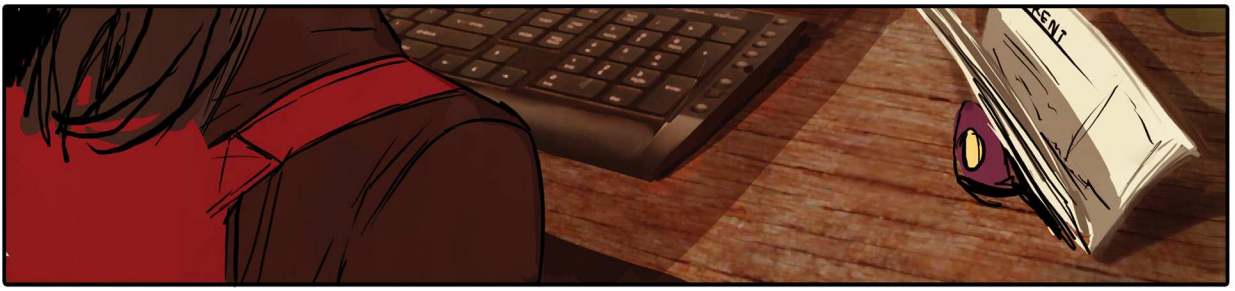
MAYBE IF...

YOU WANNA COME
OVER TO MY PLACE?

EPIC! NOT AT ALL A WASTED PAGE!

TIC TIC
TI-TIC







NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED YOU FOR A PUZZLE TYPE...

WHAT'S A PUZZLE TYPE?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...THIS IS A VERY... CALM ACTIVITY.



YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT. HELPS ME THINK ABOUT STORY ELEMENTS.



I USUALLY GO ON A RAID AND KILL AN OVERSIZED MONSTER.

SEEMS LIKE A REWARDING EXPERIENCE.

SURE IS, WE GET ITS STUFF!



UM, I DONT THINK THAT ONE *FITS* THERE.



GNN... YOU'VE SAID THAT BEFORE AND I HAVE PROVEN YOU *WRONG*.



BAM!



THERE!

WELL I'LL BE DAMNED.

A BIT OF IN-YOUR-FACE SYMBOLISM, BUT IT IS WHAT IT IS...



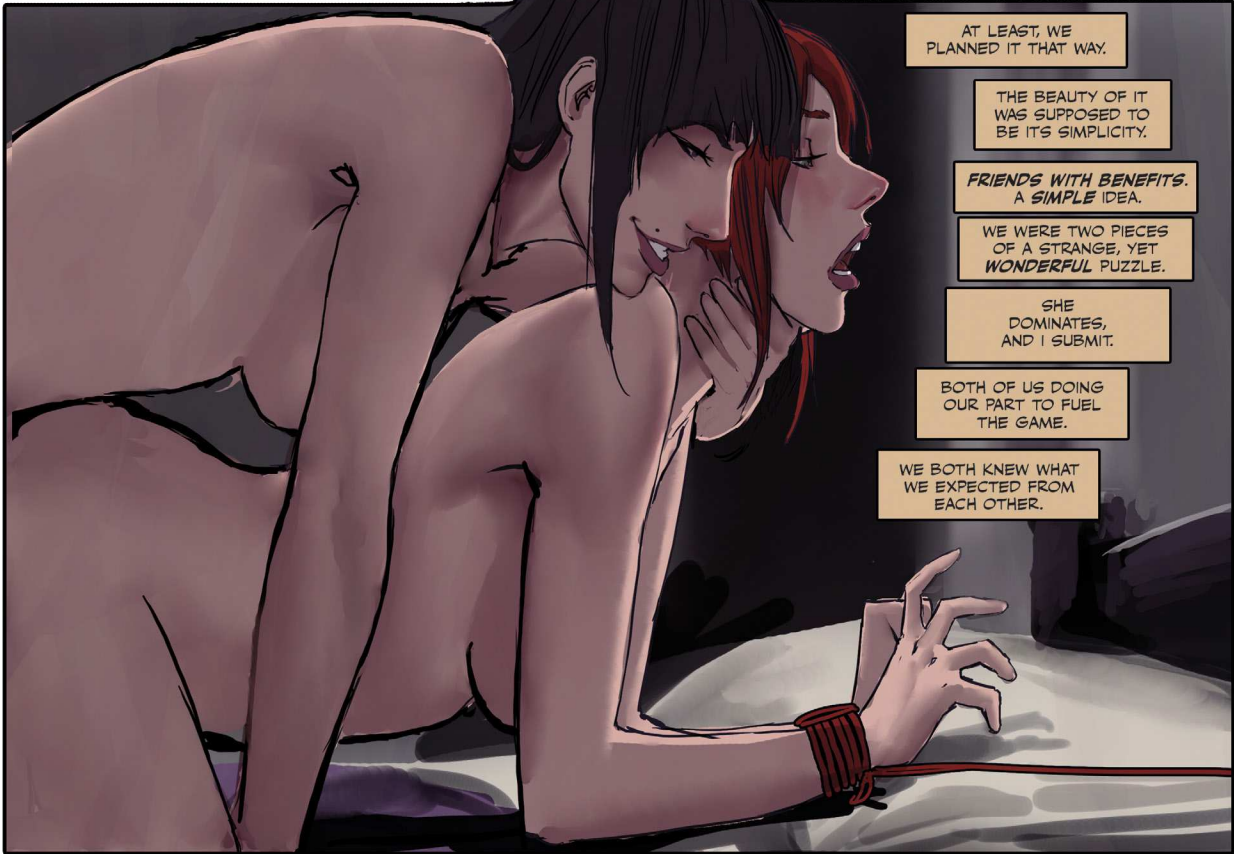
I KNOW, I KNOW...

"*REALLY?* THEY ARE
FUCKING AGAIN???"

WELL...THING IS, WE DID BOTH
COME OFF FROM A *VEEERY* LONG
DRYSPELL....

SO THIS...UM...*WETSPELL* WAS A
BIT OF A COMPENSATION.

JUST TWO FRIENDS SCRATCHING EACH
OTHER'S BACKS...AND OTHER PLACES.



AT LEAST, WE
PLANNED IT THAT WAY.

THE BEAUTY OF IT
WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE ITS SIMPLICITY.

FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS.
A *SIMPLE* IDEA.

WE WERE TWO PIECES
OF A STRANGE, YET
WONDERFUL PUZZLE.

SHE
DOMINATES,
AND I SUBMIT.

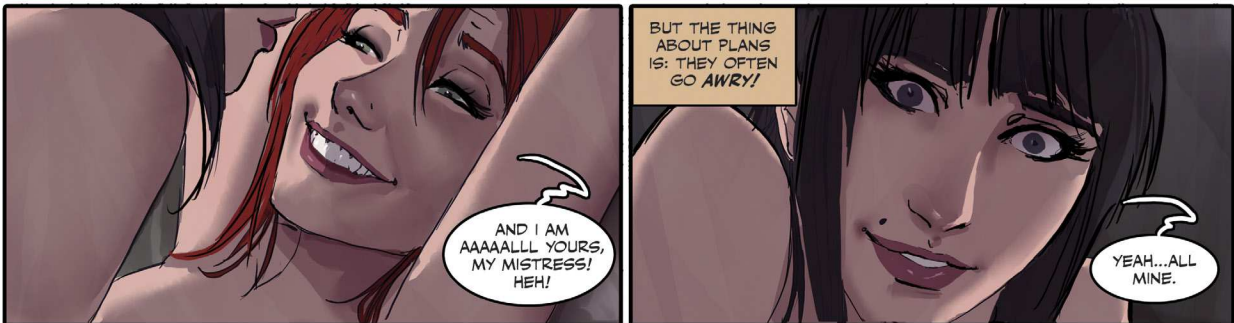
BOTH OF US DOING
OUR PART TO FUEL
THE GAME.

WE BOTH KNEW WHAT
WE EXPECTED FROM
EACH OTHER.



AND WE BOTH *DELIVERED*
ON THOSE EXPECTATIONS.
THAT WAS THE *PLAN*.

YOU REALLY ARE
QUITE AMAZING, YOU
KNOW?



BUT THE THING
ABOUT PLANS
IS: THEY OFTEN
GO *AWRY!*

AND I AM
AAAAALL YOURS,
MY MISTRESS!
HEH!

YEAH...ALL
MINE.

BECAUSE, THAT WAS THE EVENING
ALLY STARTED...Y'KNOW WHAT?
IMMA LET HER TELL IT!

OOOOKAY! SO THAT WAS A SLIGHTLY
CREEPY MOMENT. WHEN SHE SAID
THAT SHE WAS ALL MINE...WOW...

MY HEART SKIPPED A
FRIGGIN' BEAT...

I WANTED IT TO
BE TRUE...

I JUST...



FOR
CREEPY FUCK'S
SAKE, I WANTED
TO *KEEP* HER!



GREAT! I'M OFFICIALLY
BECOMING THE TYPE
OF DOMME I HATE
THE MOST...

MY NAME IS *ALLISON
CARTER*, AND I AM A
POSSESSIVE CREEP!



I NEVER USED TO
BE LIKE THAT.

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME WHEN LISA
WAS AN ONLINE PRESENCE, JUST A PERSON
WHO WROTE PRETTY GOOD BDSM SHORT
STORIES. OKAY...SO TECHNICALLY I WAS
KIND OF A SILENT ADMIRER, READING HER
STUFF BUT REFRAINING FROM COMMENTING.

ALL THAT CHANGED WHEN I STUMBLED ONTO A DISCUSSION SHE
HAD WITH SOME **ANONYMOUS** ABOUT THE NATURE OF BDSM.
I OFTEN SAW CURIOUS PEOPLE ASKING AROUND ON THE FORUMS.
HOWEVER, EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU WOULD GET THE OTHER
TWO TYPES, THOSE WHO JUST FLAT-OUT MISUNDERSTAND BDSM,
AND THE ONES WHO DROP BY TO SHARE THEIR MIX OF
JUDGMENT, AND *HOLIER THAN THOU* WISDOM.

THIS PERSON WAS A COMBINATION OF **BOTH**.

NOW, IN THE FINEST TOO-LONG-DIDN'T-READ CONSIDERATION,
I WILL SUMMARIZE THE RANT. BASICALLY, THIS PERSON EQUATED
SUBMITTING, TO A DESIRE OF BEING RAPED, AND THAT BDSM
RELIES ON A TWISTED FORM OF **STOCKHOLM SYNDROME**.

LISA WAS MAKING LONG ELABORATE POSTS AS TO WHY THAT CHARACTERIZATION
WAS INACCURATE. IT WAS GOING NOWHERE...



SO FOR THE FIRST
TIME, I **STEPPED IN**.

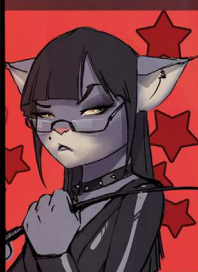
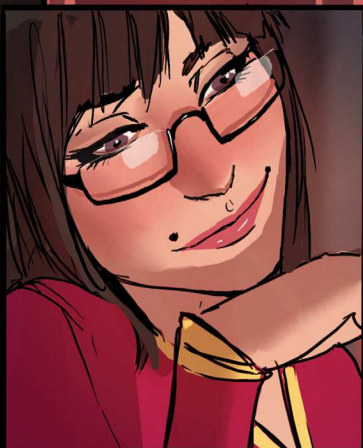
Let me make this short and simple. I am a domme. I could dominate Lisa,
Do intense, sexually limitbreaking things to her, whip her spank her bind her
blindfold her...but here is the crucial difference. When she says "sunstone",
the game stops! No ifs, or buts.

All the fantasies aside, the keyword in
this whole bdsm discussion is this!
It is **CONSENSUAL**!

SUNSTONE- remember it well, you might need it!



I do believe Allycat summarized it well. now, off topic...
Allycat, what else would you do to me? ;P



Wouldn't you like to know? XD

THAT'S HOW IT ALL **STARTED**. FORUM
CHATS THAT EVOLVED INTO FULL IM CHATS...

SUNSTONE- remember it well, you might need it!



JUST SOME AMAZING "COINCIDENCES."

Lisa: Heh check this, i had a flu recently..so i went to an overall checkup
and my bill of health is the shining example of spotless!!!
check it out, just emailed it

Allycat: Holy crap you wont believe it but i went to get myself
checked up too... i'll mail you mine so we can compare hehe

SUBTLE!

WE BOTH KNEW WHERE IT WAS ALL GOING, BUT IT
WAS FUN TO DANCE AROUND THE TOPIC.

Allycat: Oy missie, you better watch your mouth, or i will
come over and gag it!

Lisa: Awww, wouldya? XD

TIL...

Lisa: i... would like to meet you.



AND HERE I AM NOW,
A BIGGER, MORE
POSSESSIVE CREEP
THAN GOLLUM.

HEH...MY *PRECIOUS*.

OF COURSE, IT MIGHT JUST
BE THE THING I AM *AVOIDING*
ADMITTING TO MYSELF...

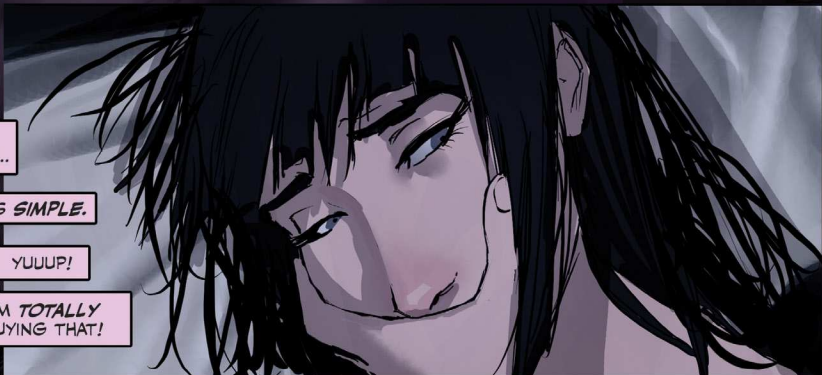
I'M...

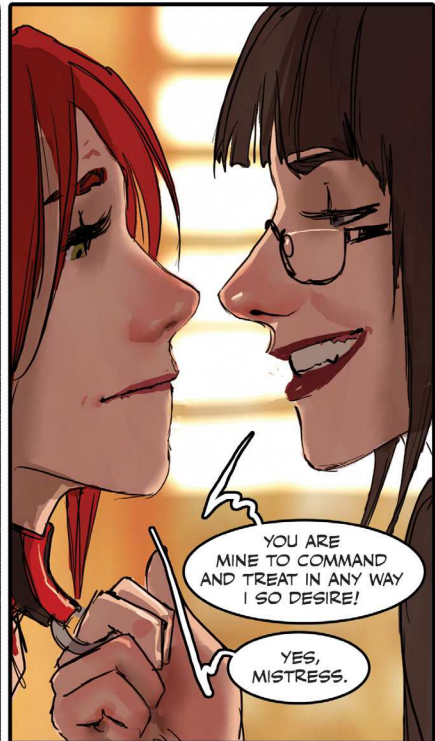
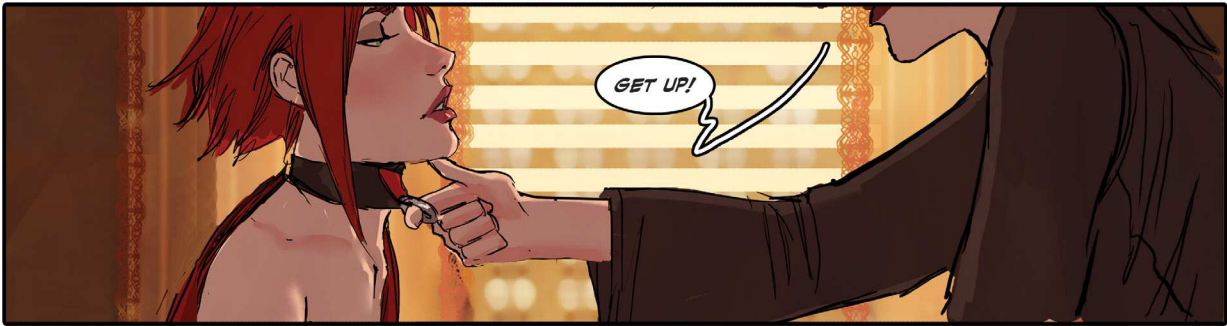
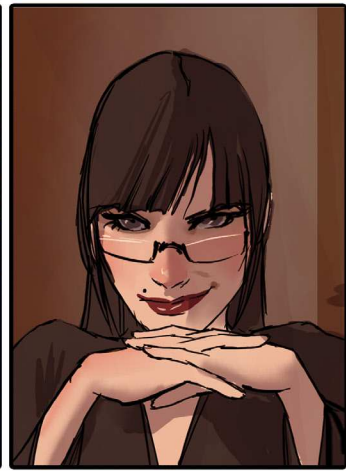
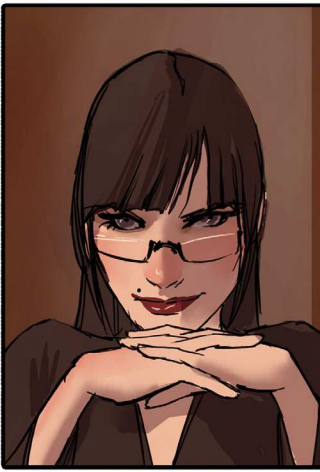
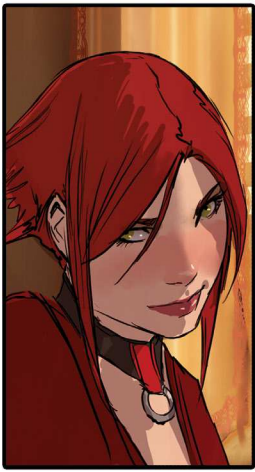
NAH! I'M JUST CREEPY.
CREEPY IS *GOOD* IN A WAY...

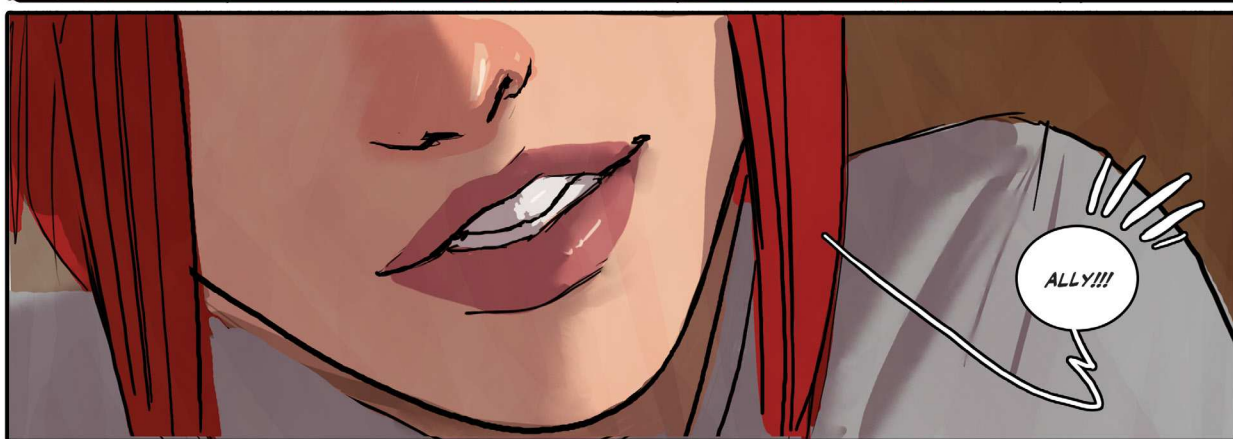
CREEPY IS *SIMPLE*.

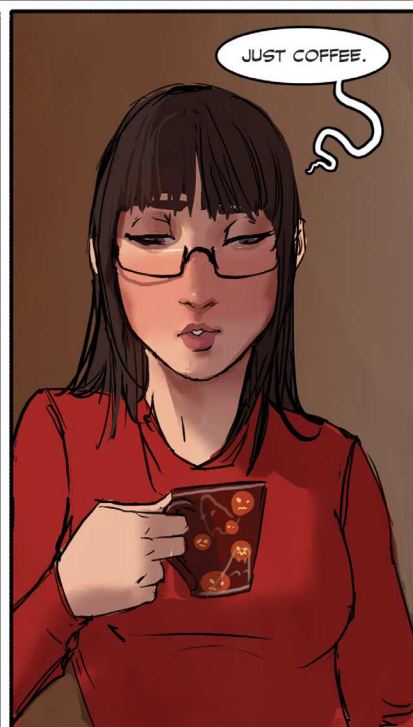
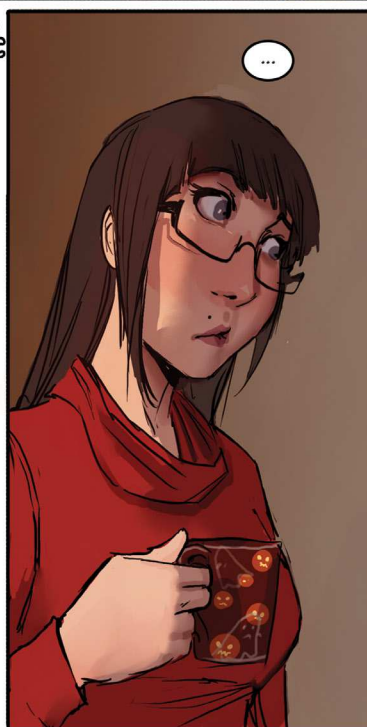
YUUUP!

I'M *TOTALLY*
BUYING THAT!















HE SEEMS
NICE.



HE'S A BIT OF A
JACKASS, BUT THE
GOOD KIND.



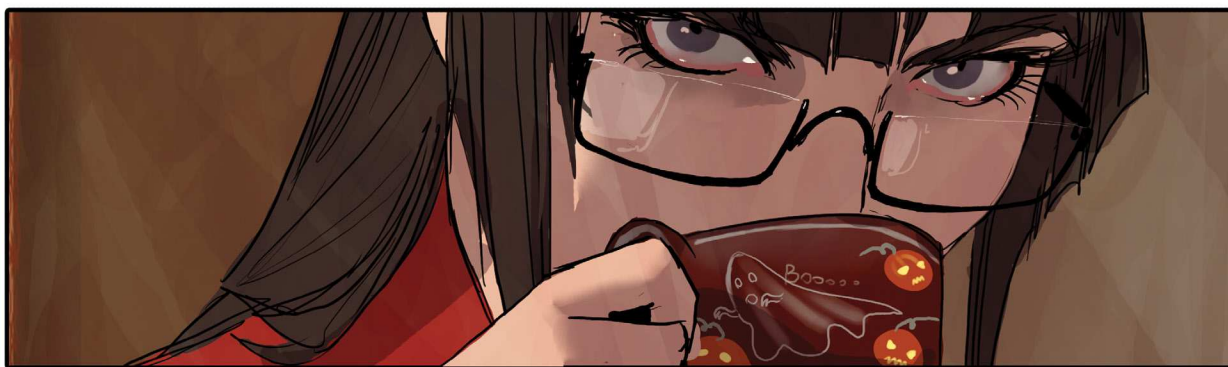
HEH...
SO...WHAT ARE
THE CHANCES OF YOU
DROPPING BY TONIGHT
FOR A DRINK OR
SOMETHING?

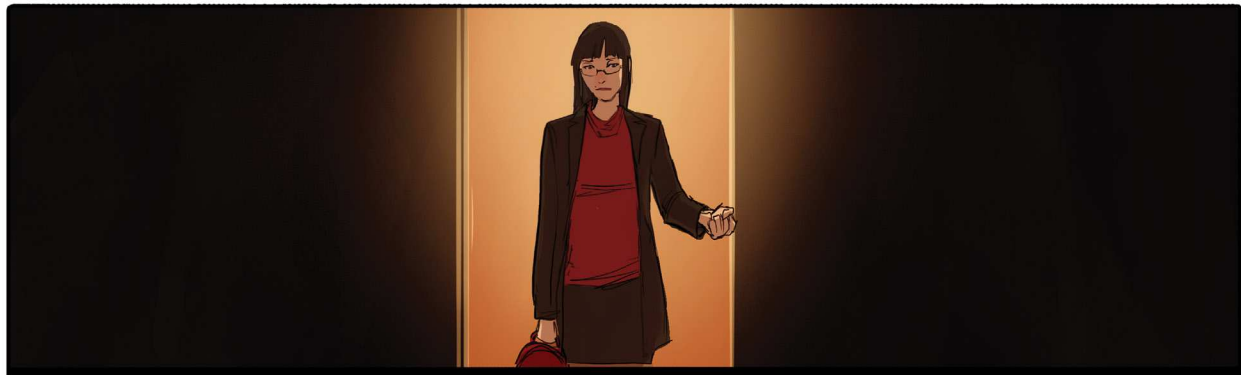
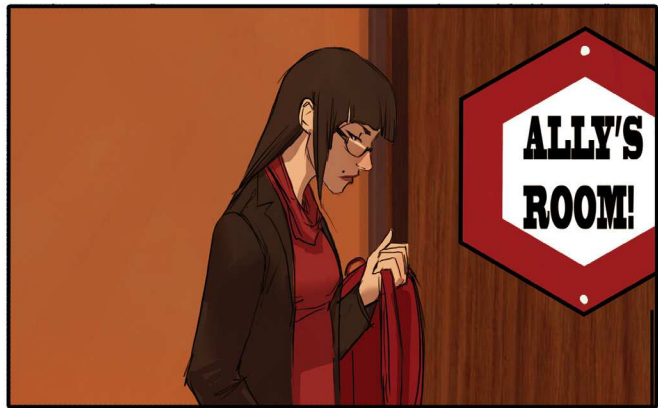
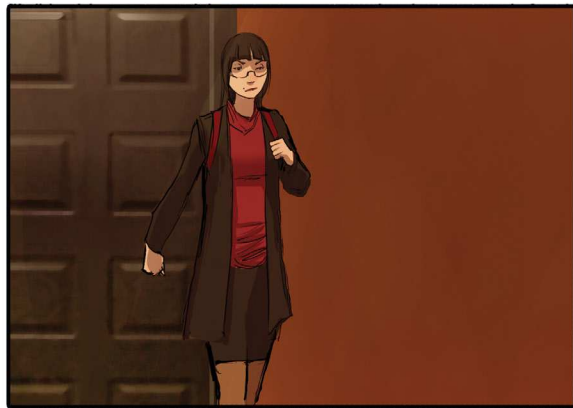


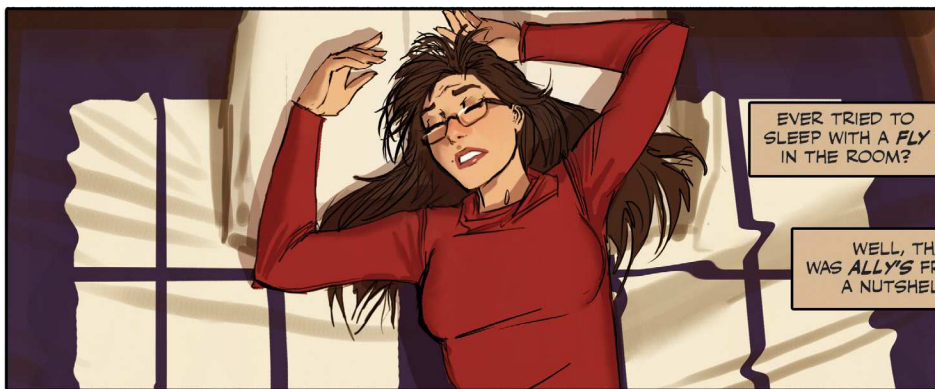
NEXT TO ZERO.
I HAVE A DOUBLE SHIFT
AT THE DINER. I'LL JUST
COLLAPSE TO BED.



BUUUT, SATURDAY, AFTER
CASSIE'S TATTOOING...

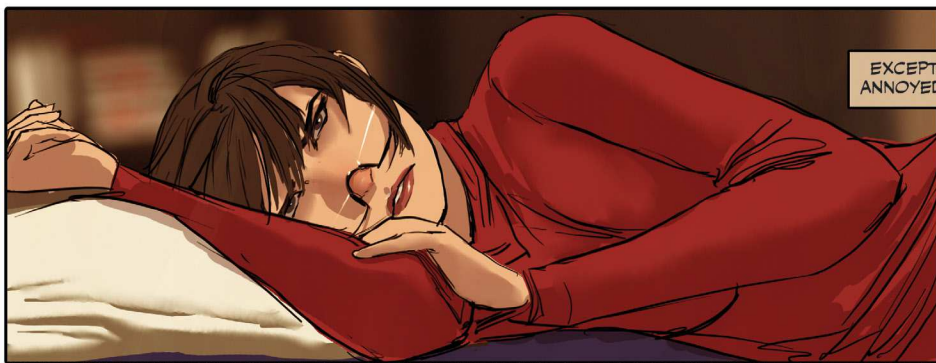




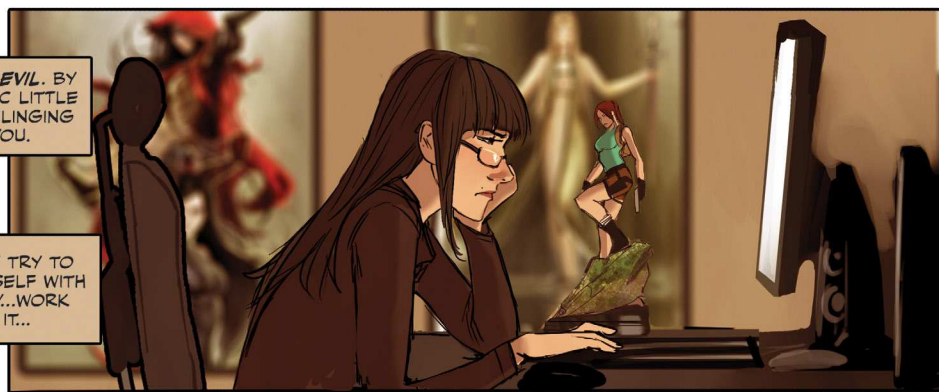


EVER TRIED TO
SLEEP WITH A *FLY*
IN THE ROOM?

WELL, THAT
WAS *ALLY'S* FRIDAY IN
A NUTSHELL...

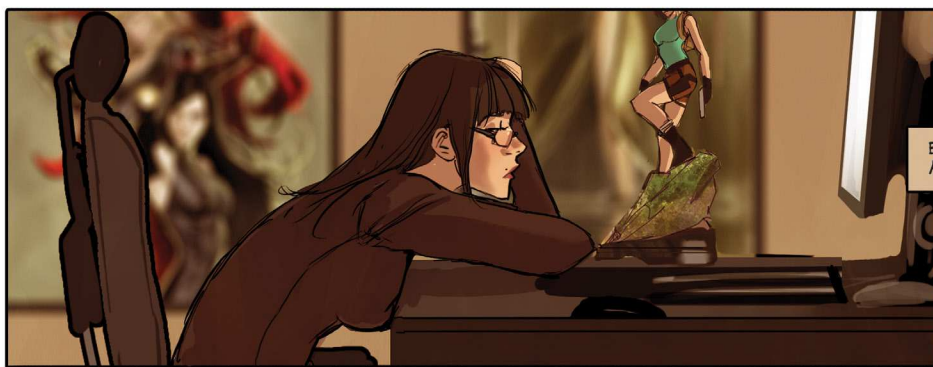


EXCEPT IT WASN'T A FLY THAT
ANNOYED ALLY. IT WAS AN *IDEA!*



IDEAS CAN BE QUITE *EVIL*. BY
THAT I MEAN, SADISTIC LITTLE
THINGS THAT KEEP CLINGING
ON, ANNOYING YOU.

SURE, YOU MAY TRY TO
DISTRACT YOURSELF WITH
SOME ACTIVITY...WORK
MIGHT DO IT...



BUT IDEAS ARE
PERSISTENT...



SO ULTIMATELY YOU
HAVE TO *FACE* THEM...

WELL...EITHER
THAT, *COOR*...



ESCAPISM, HO!

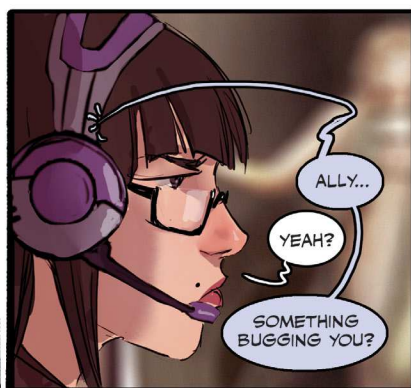
DON'T RUSH IN!!!

DAMN IT ELLY!
THIS ISN'T MY FIRST
RAID!!!



REALLY?
COULDA FOOLED
ME!

CRAP...
TOTAL WIPE!
SIGH...



ALLY...
YEAH?

SOMETHING
BUGGING YOU?



NOW, WHEN THE IDEA
BUGGING YOU IS OF A
PERSONAL NATURE,
SHARING IT WITH THOSE
CLOSEST TO YOU TENDS
TO BE...TROUBLESOME.

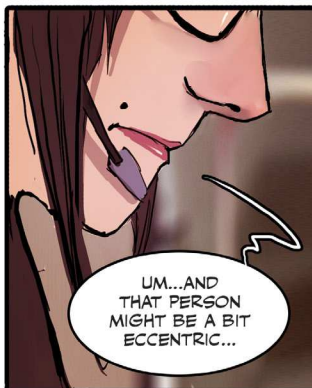
IN THESE MOMENTS,
WE TURN TO THOSE WE
KNOW JUST WELL ENOUGH
TO ASK FOR ADVICE
THROUGH VAGUE,
UNDEFINED QUESTIONS.

OKAY...UM
SO, HERE IT GOES...
IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE
TYPE OF A
SITUATION.

GO ON.



OKAY, TELL
ME IF THIS SOUNDS
CREEPY TO YOU!
SO A REASONABLY
FINANCIALLY STABLE
PERSON...



UM...AND
THAT PERSON
MIGHT BE A BIT
ECCENTRIC...



AND THEY
USUALLY HAVE THIS...
SORT OF...WELL...**BOSSY**
KIND OF INTERACTION
WITH YOU...



SO IF SUCH A
PERSON ASKED YOU TO
MOVE INTO THEIR
RATHER ROOMY
HOUSE, UM... HOW
WOULD YOU **REACT?**



OKAY, WHO THE HELL
TOLD YOU???

'SCUSE ME?

UM...

IT WAS HIM,
WASN'T IT?

SERGE! WHERE
IS THAT unscarttt

ELLIOT?
YOU THERE?

ELLY?

HELLLOOOO?

COINCIDENTALLY, I MET THIS
GIRL, **ELLIOT**. IN CONTEXT
THIS IS ACTUALLY QUITE FUNNY.



BUT, BACK TO ALLY'S
WOES. ULTIMATELY
WHEN ALL ELSE
FAILS WE TURN TO
THOSE **CLOSEST**
TO US...



MMMYELLOW?



HEY...COULD
YOU MAYBE
DROP BY?



SURE, I'M
DONE WITH WORK. I
GOT SOME TIME.

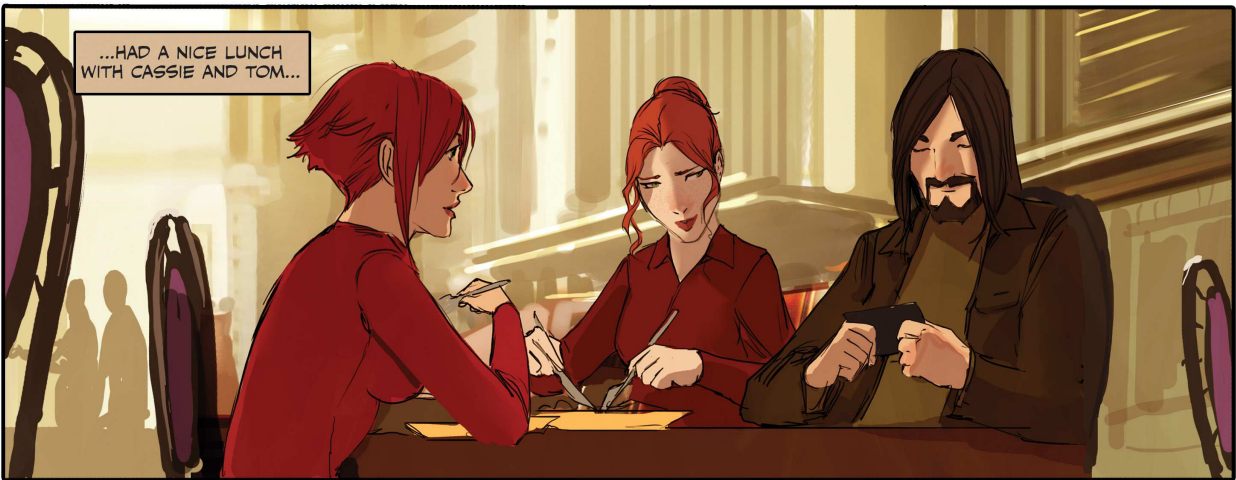
I'LL BE
THERE IN AN
HOUR OR
SO.



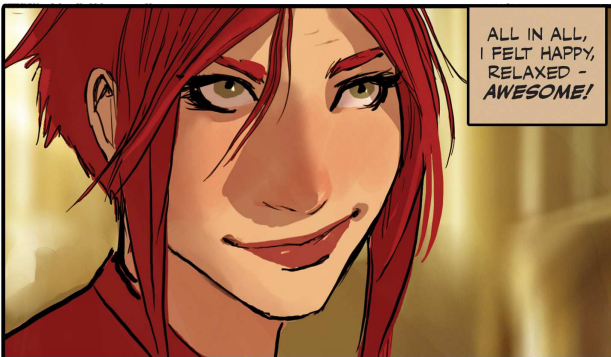
IN THE END...
THAT'S WHAT
FRIENDS
ARE FOR...



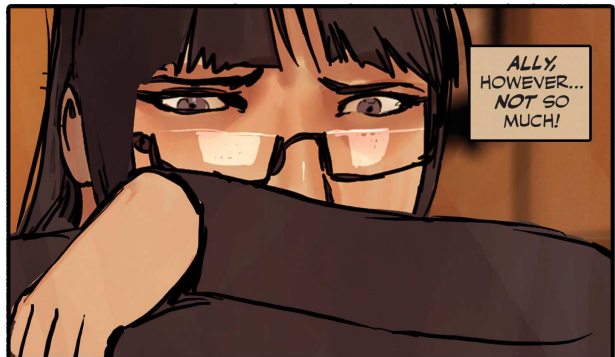
JUST IN CASE YOU
WERE WONDERING,
MY DAY WAS
GREAT! I MADE
UP WITH VALERIE...



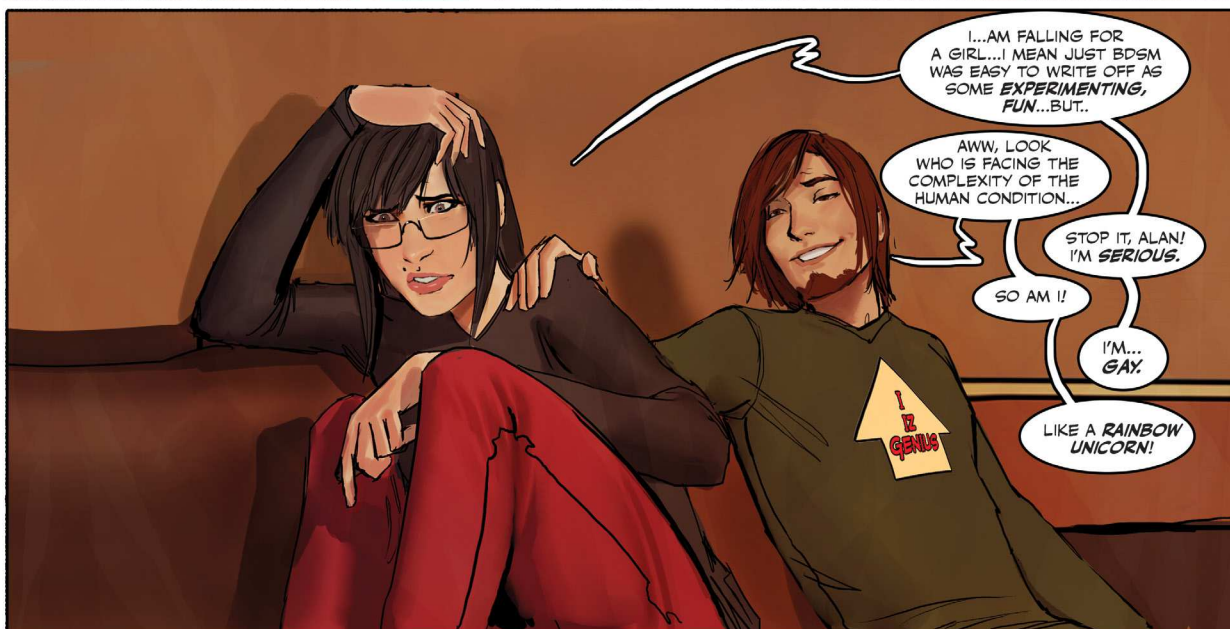
...HAD A NICE LUNCH
WITH CASSIE AND TOM...

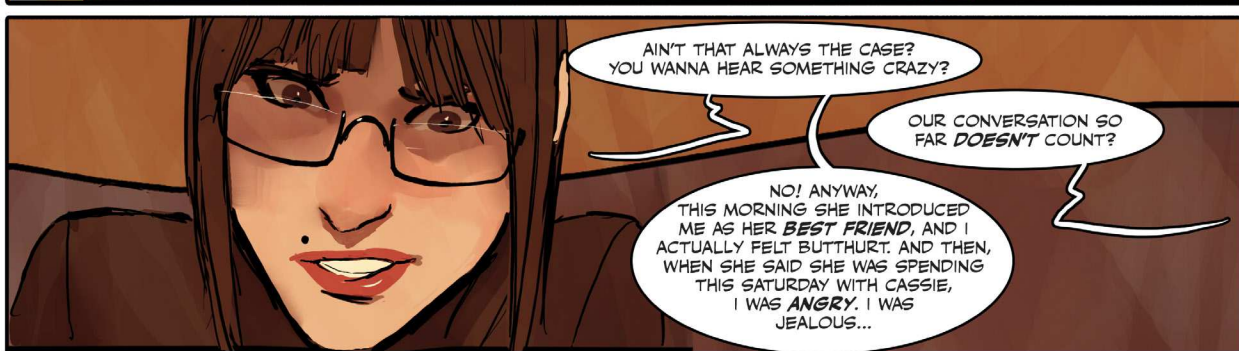
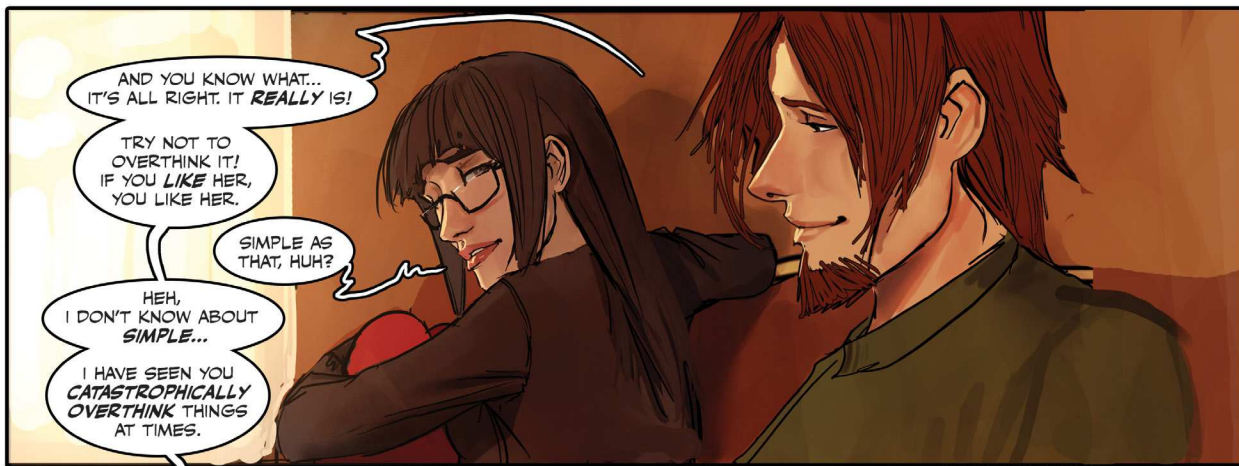


ALL IN ALL,
I FELT HAPPY,
RELAXED -
AWESOME!

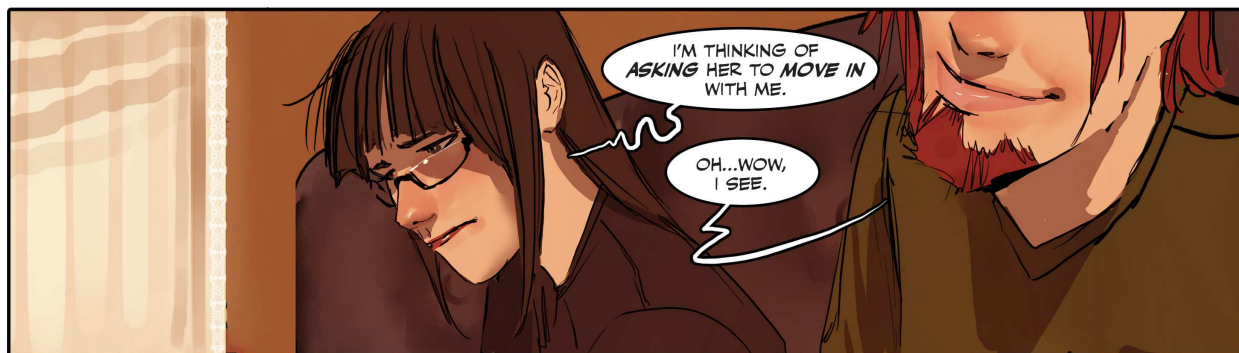
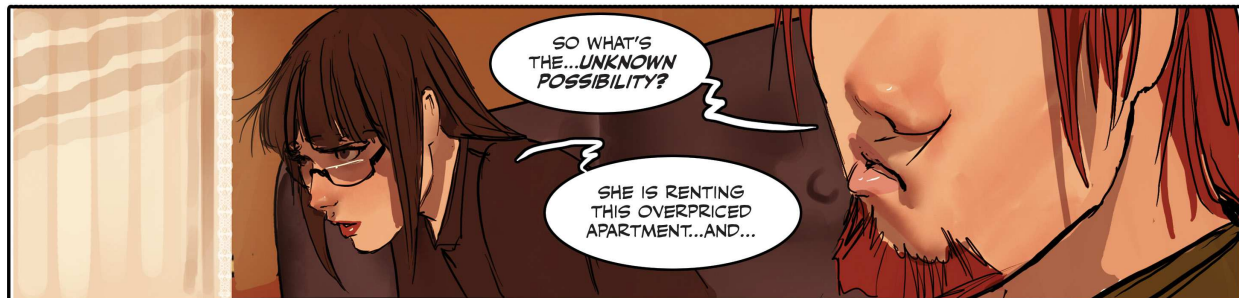
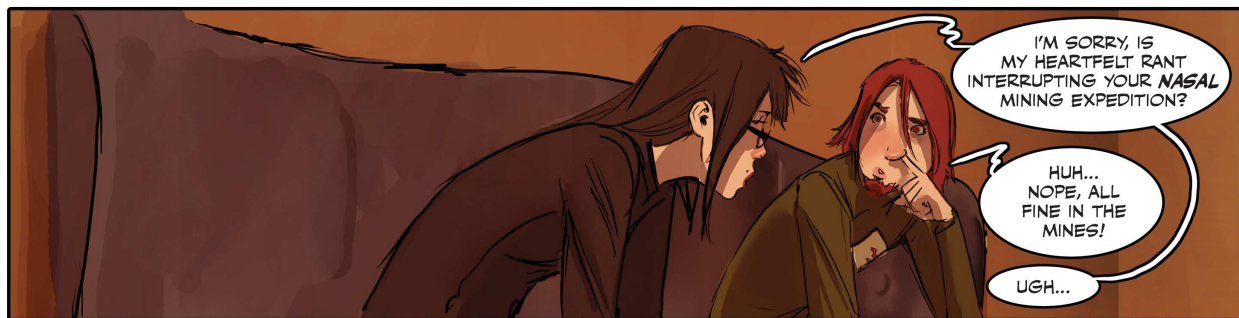


ALLY,
HOWEVER...
**NOT SO
MUCH!**











EVERY DAMN SCENARIO
PLAYED IN MY MIND, AND EXCEPT
FOR THE ONE WHERE SHE SAYS YES, THEY
ARE ALL THE WORST EVER!

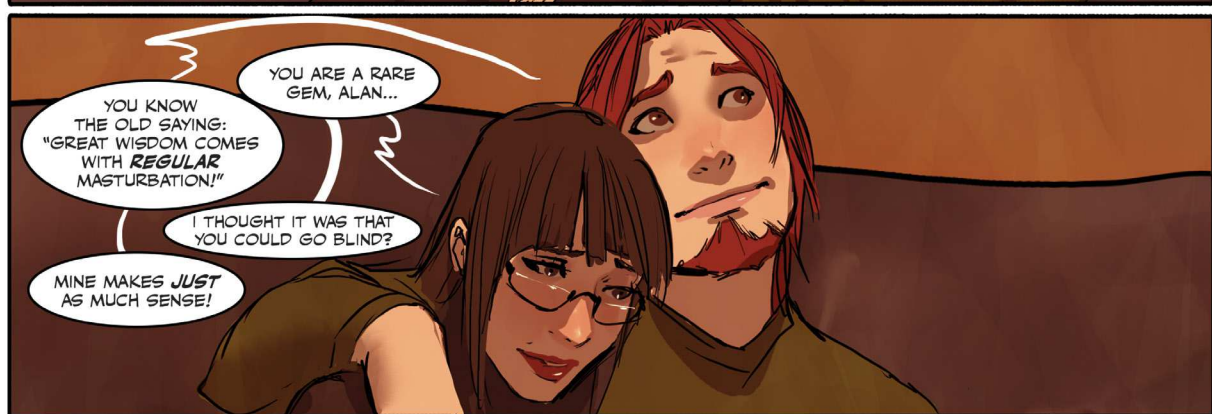
IT IS A GAMBLE,
I'LL GRANT YOU THAT...



BUT, THINK ABOUT
IT! **EVERYTHING** BETWEEN YOU
TWO SO FAR WAS PRETTY MUCH A GAMBLE,
AND YET, FOR SOME REASON **IT WORKED**. NOW,
ANY ADVICE I GIVE YOU AT THIS POINT WOULD BE
USELESS...BECAUSE, WHEN THE MOMENT
COMES, YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU
FEEL NEEDS TO BE DONE...

SO, GAMBLE?

IF YOU WANT
IT ENOUGH, THEN
YES!



YOU ARE A RARE
GEM, ALAN...

YOU KNOW
THE OLD SAYING:
"GREAT WISDOM COMES
WITH **REGULAR**
MASTURBATION!"

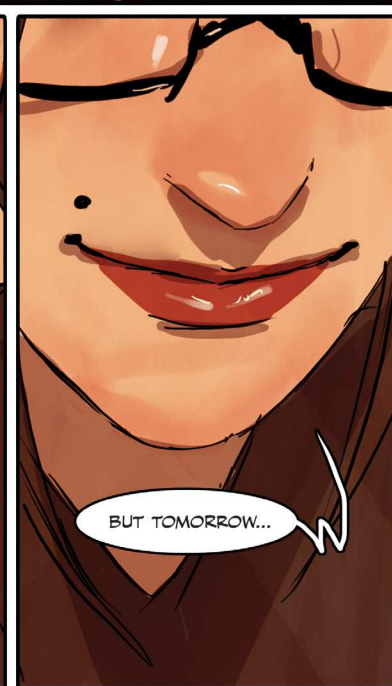
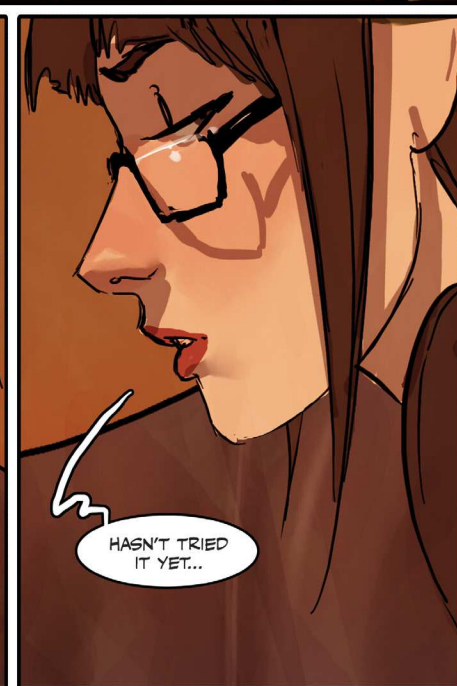
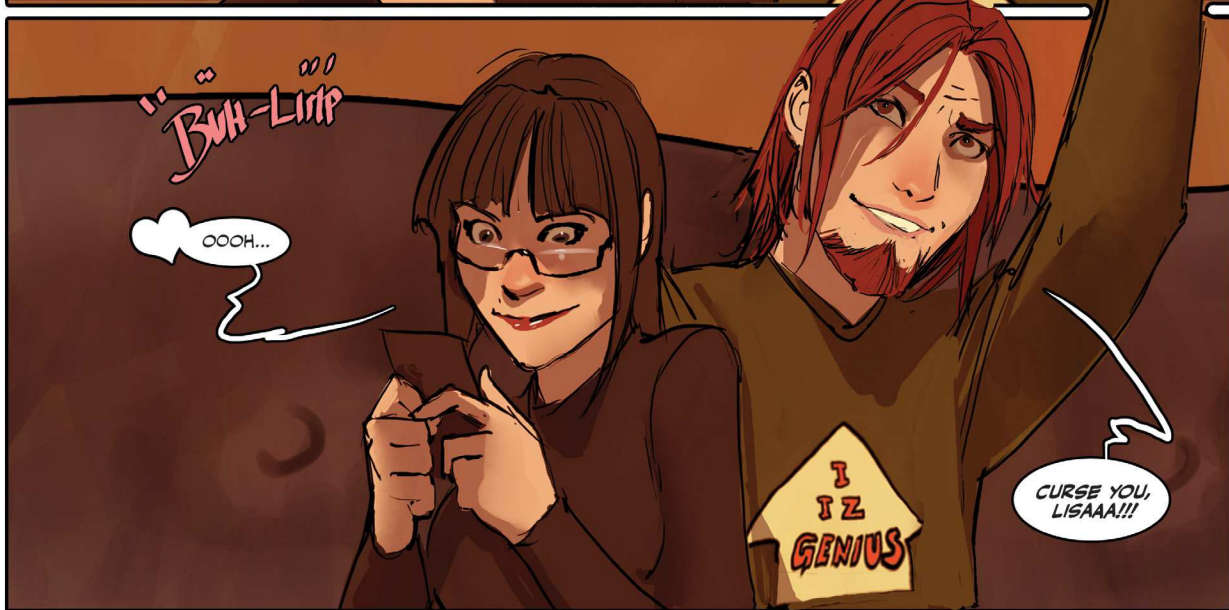
I THOUGHT IT WAS THAT
YOU COULD GO BLIND?

MINE MAKES **JUST**
AS MUCH SENSE!



WELL...THAT'S
IT! I'LL ASK HER
TOMORROW.

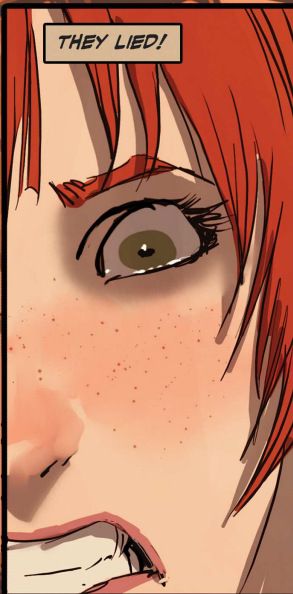
ATTAGIRL!



WHEN CASSIE WAS A KID,
AND SHE HAD TO TAKE HER
SHOTS, HER PARENTS TOLD
HER: "DON'T WORRY! IT'S
LIKE A MOSQUITO BITE..."

"YOU WON'T FEEL
A THING."

THEY LIED!



EVEN WHEN SHE
GREW UP, SHE STILL HAD
A THING ABOUT NEEDLES...



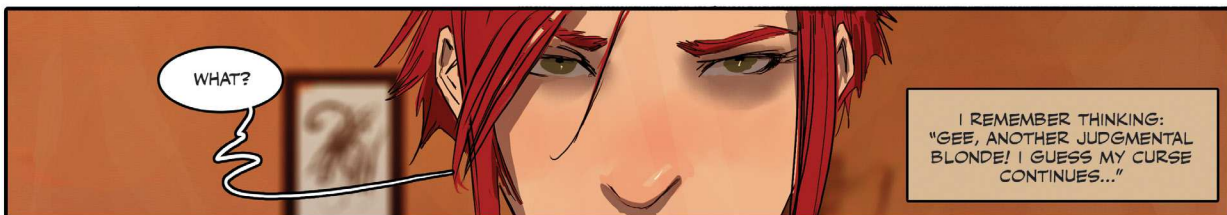
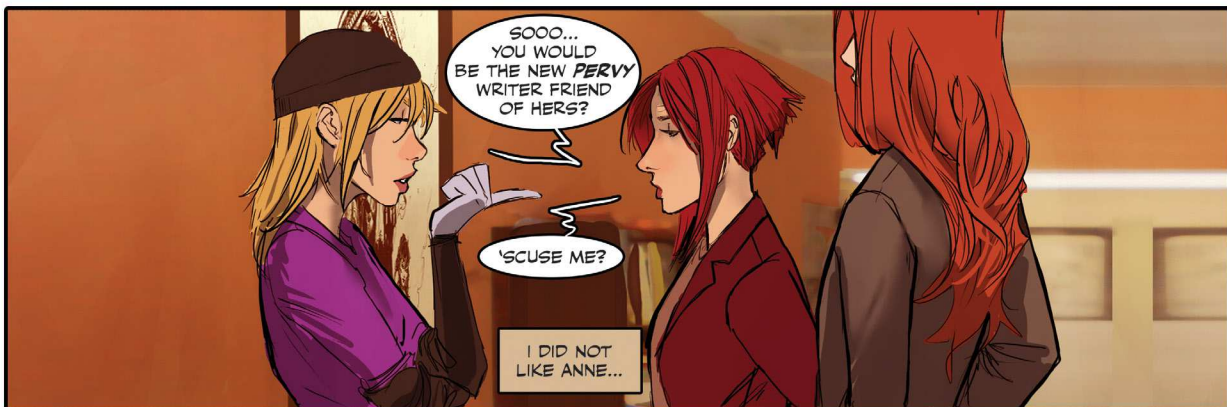
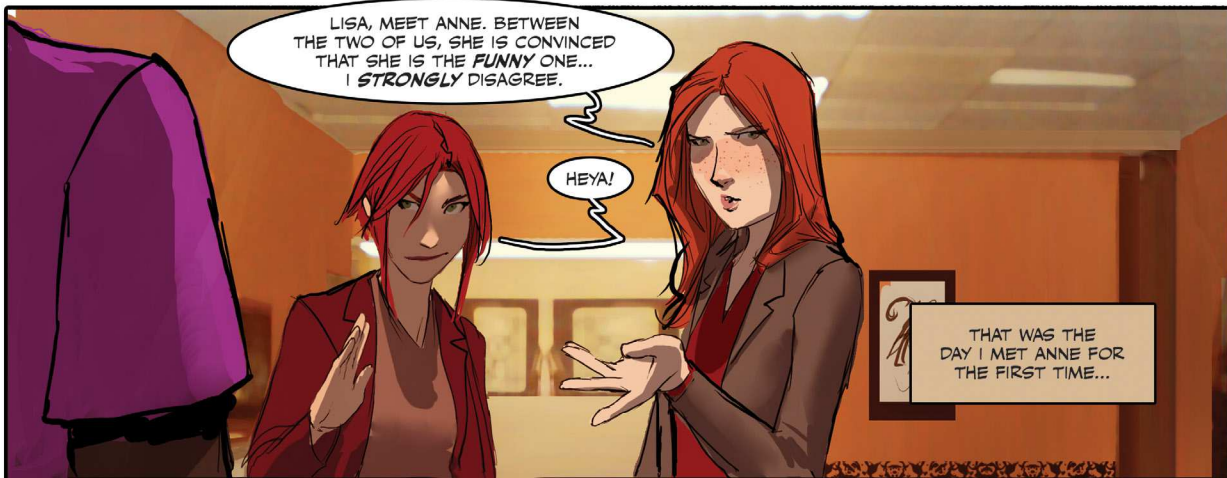
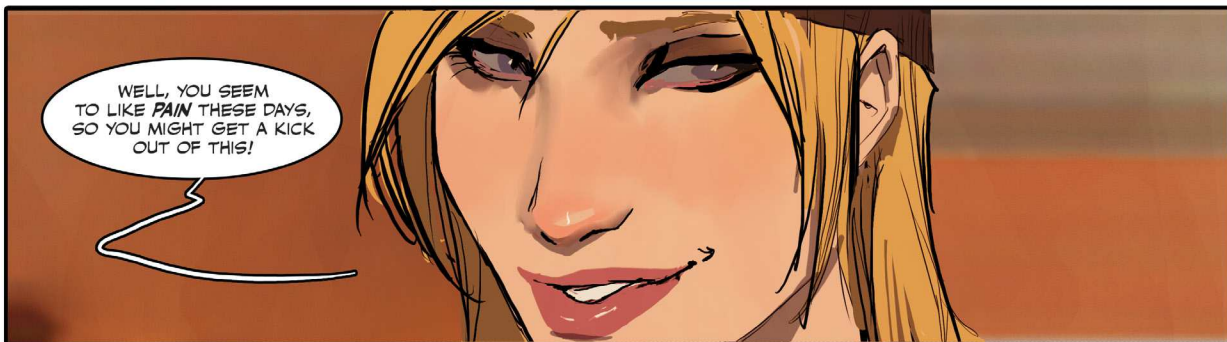
SUFFICE TO SAY...IT TOOK A LOT
OF COURAGE FOR HER TO DO WHAT
SHE WAS ABOUT TO DO.



AAAAH, THERE IS MY
GINGER PIN CUSHION! WELCOME
TO THE TORTURE
CHAMBER!

I HATE
YOU!







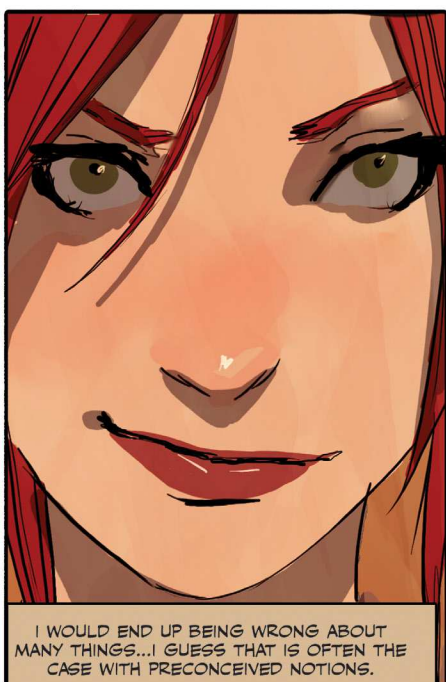
HEH,
NOTHING, I
JUST THOUGHT IT
MIGHT BE MORE
OBVIOUS.

I WAS
WRONG...



SORRY, I'M JUST
SCREWING WITH YOU A BIT.
IT'S KIND OF A LONG-RUNNING
JOKE BETWEEN CASSIE
AND ME.

OH...
UM, OKAY.



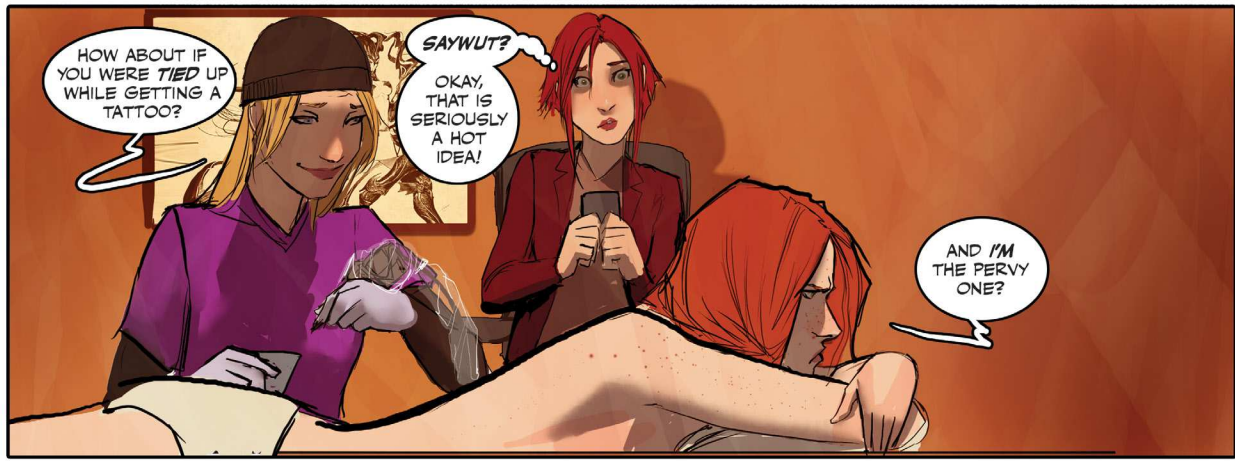
I WOULD END UP BEING WRONG ABOUT
MANY THINGS...I GUESS THAT IS OFTEN THE
CASE WITH PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS.



SOO, CASSIE,
DOES **THIS** GET YOUR
MOTOR RUNNING?

SCREW
YOU!

AW, COME ON!
YOU ARE AMONG
FRIENDS. SAFE
SPACE!



HOW ABOUT IF
YOU WERE **TIED** UP
WHILE GETTING A
TATTOO?

SAYWUT?

OKAY,
THAT IS
SERIOUSLY
A HOT
IDEA!

AND I'M
THE PERVY
ONE?



SO, OKAY, LISA! CASSIE HERE TOLD ME SOME THINGS ABOUT YOU.

UM... OKAY NOTHING **BAD** I HOPE, HEH!

SHE SAID YOU KNOW THIS STUFF MUCH BETTER THAN SHE DOES!

OH... KAY?

SOOO... WHAT IS IT WITH THE WHOLE **PAIN** THING?

PAIN?

Y'KNOW... IN **BDSM**.



I DON'T KNOW, IT'S A **SPICE** I GUESS...

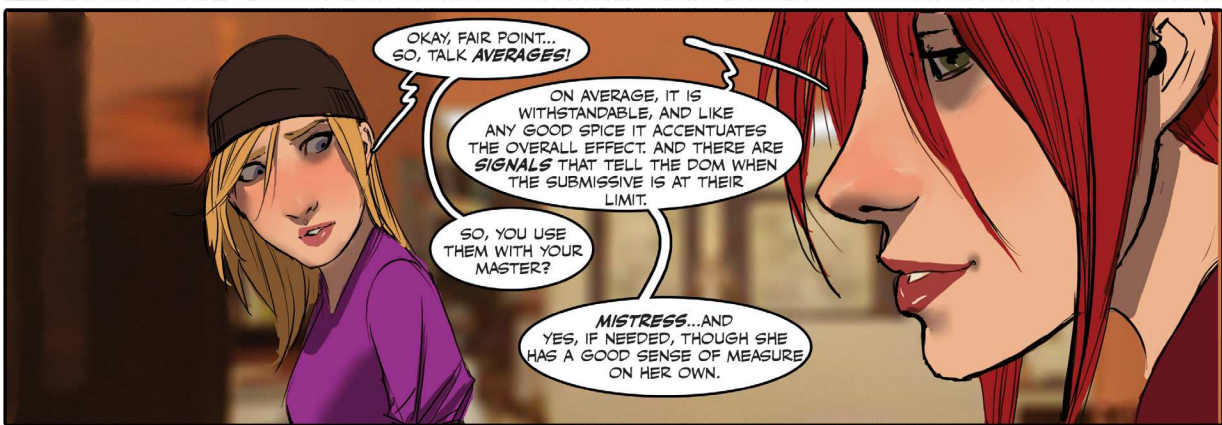


A **SPICE**?

YEAH, IT'S A BIT OF HOT SAUCE.

I SAW SOME THINGS ONLINE...A **BIT** IS NOT THE WAY I WOULD DESCRIBE IT.

HEY, SOME PEOPLE PREFER A **LOT** OF HOT SAUCE. POINT IS, THERE ARE EXTREME **MASOCHISTS**, SURE. BUT...WELL, THERE ARE ALSO PEOPLE WHO COVER THEMSELVES IN TATTOOS **HEAD TO TOE**, AREN'T THERE? EVERYONE HAS THEIR **LIMITS**.



OKAY, FAIR POINT... SO, TALK **AVERAGES**!

ON AVERAGE, IT IS WITHSTANDABLE, AND LIKE ANY GOOD **SPICE** IT ACCENTUATES THE OVERALL EFFECT. AND THERE ARE **SIGNALS** THAT TELL THE **DOM** WHEN THE **SUBMISSIVE** IS AT THEIR **LIMIT**.

SO, YOU USE THEM WITH YOUR MASTER?

MISTRESS...AND YES, IF NEEDED, THOUGH SHE HAS A GOOD SENSE OF MEASURE ON HER OWN.



SO, YOU'RE **GAY**?

NO JUDGMENT IN HER VOICE...JUST SAID IT RELAXED... SORTA MATTER-OF-FACTLY.

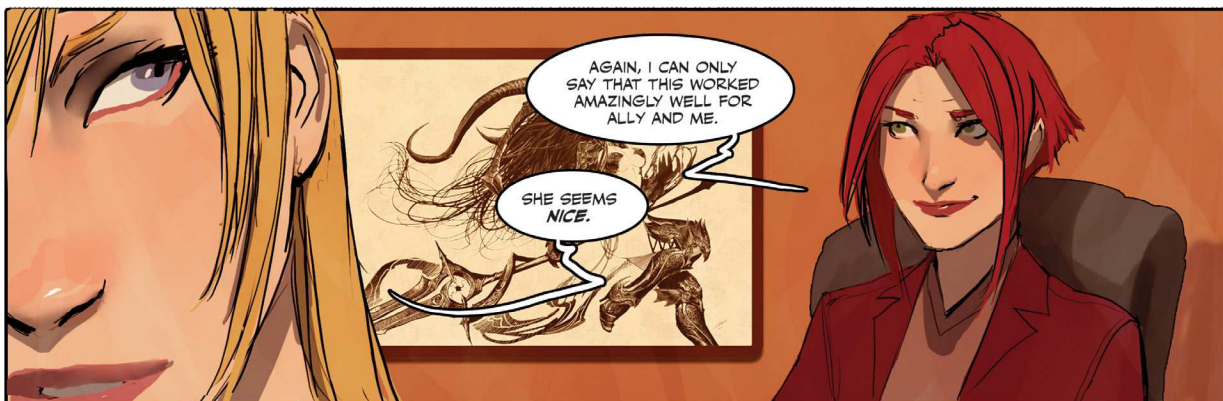
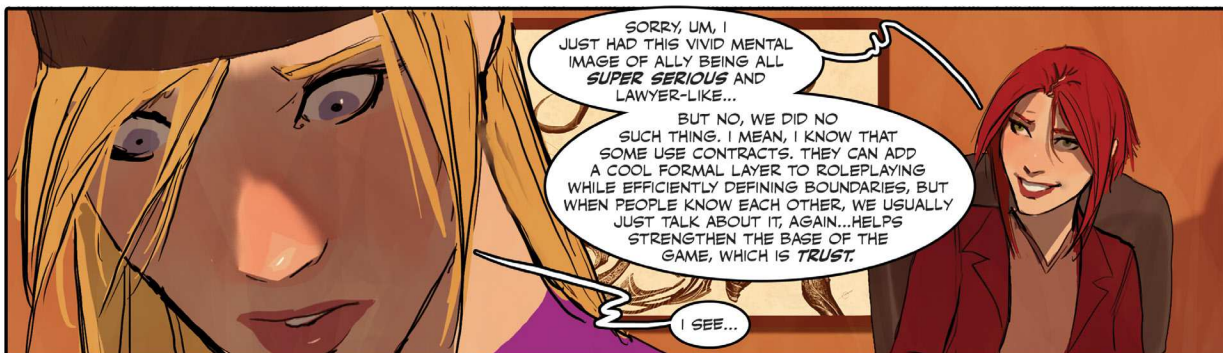
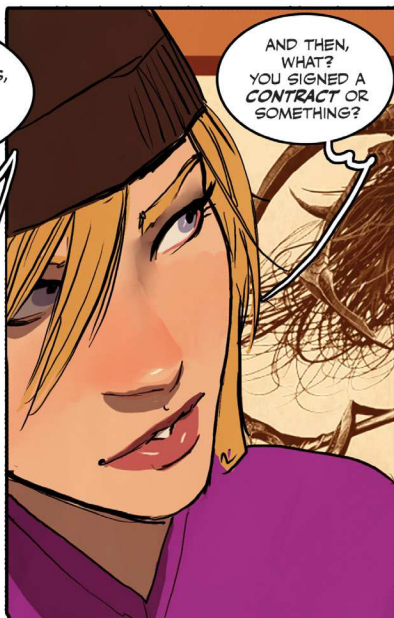


I DON'T...UM...IT'S... ALLY IS MY...BEST FRIEND THAT I HAPPEN TO...

BOINK?



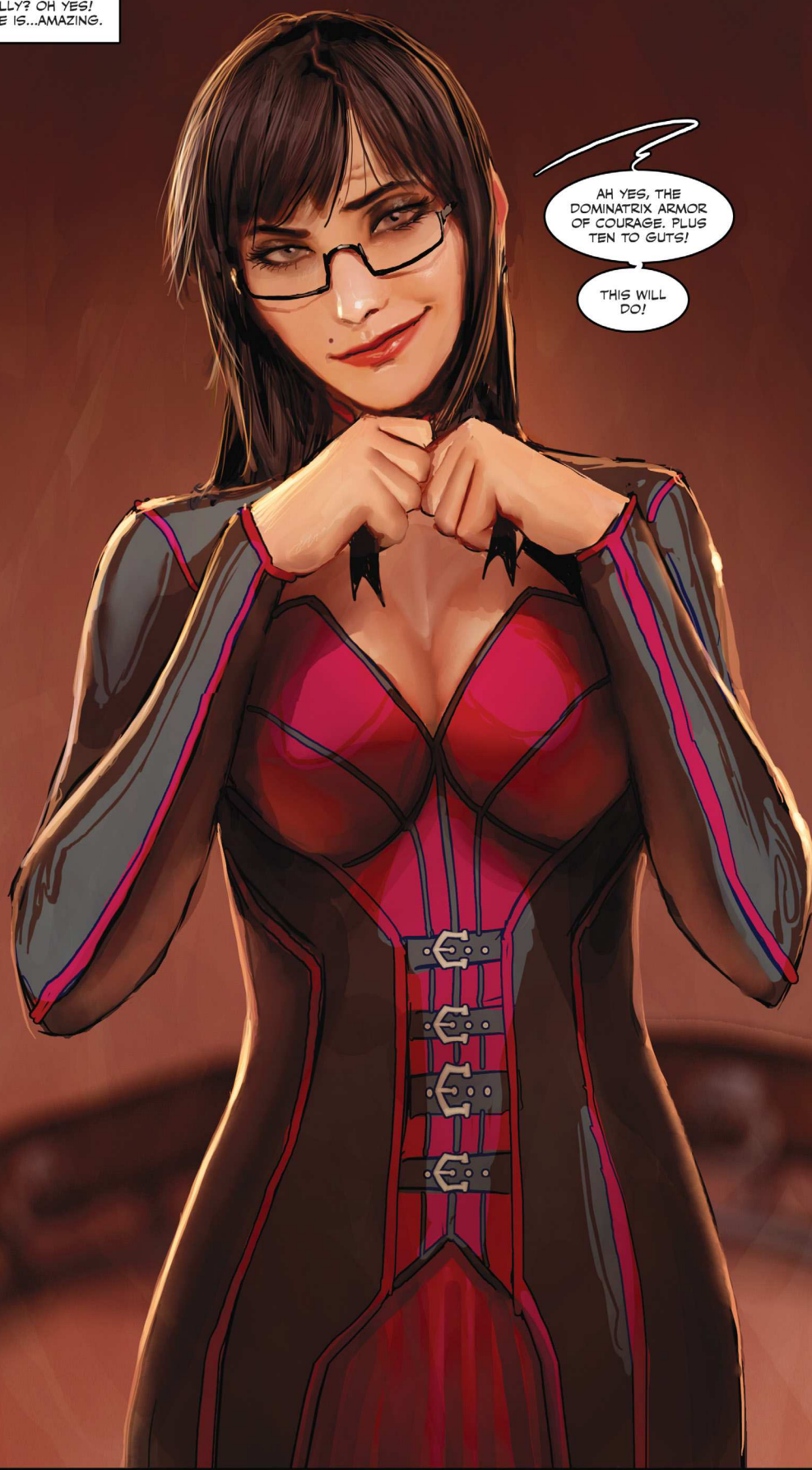
HEH...YEAH, I GUESS SO.

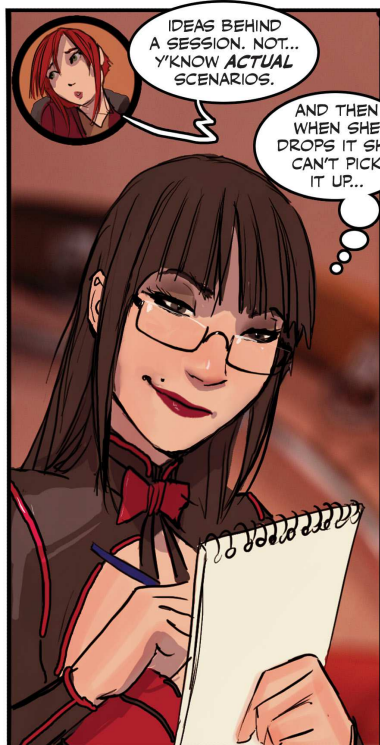
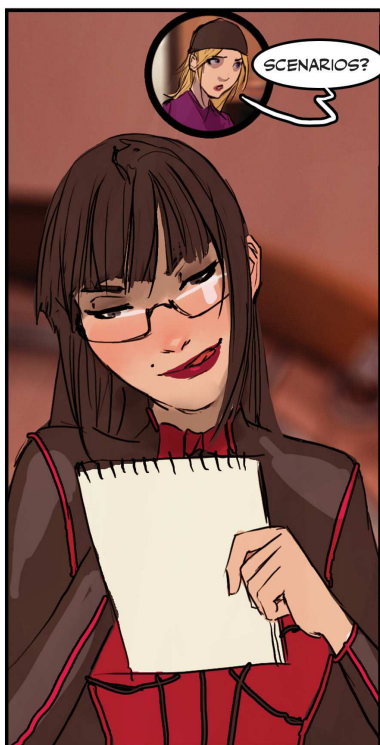
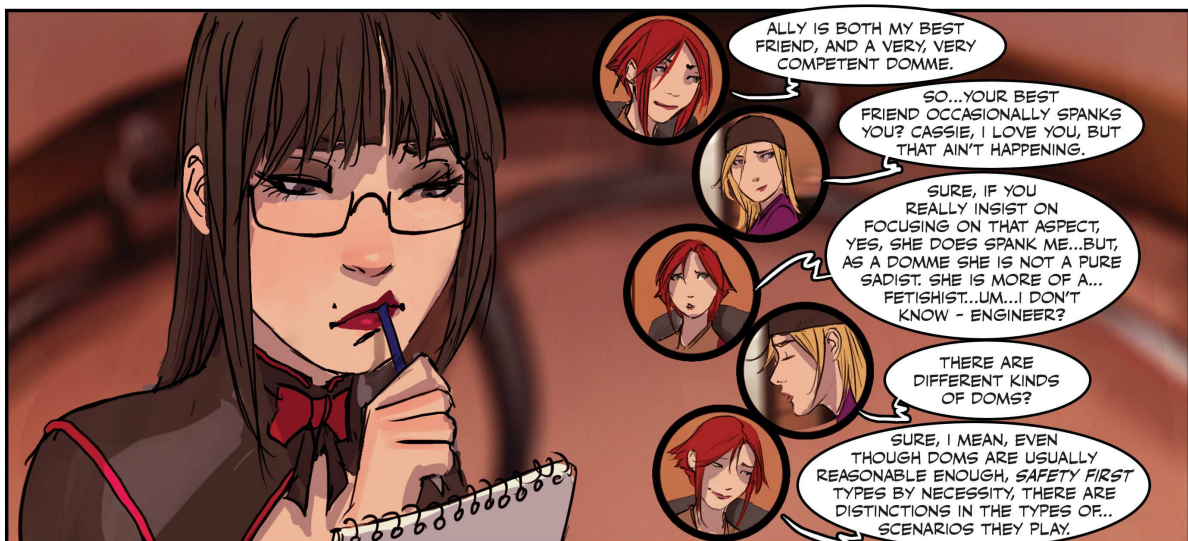


ALLY? OH YES!
SHE IS...AMAZING.

AH YES, THE
DOMINATRIX ARMOR
OF COURAGE. PLUS
TEN TO GUTS!

THIS WILL
DO!



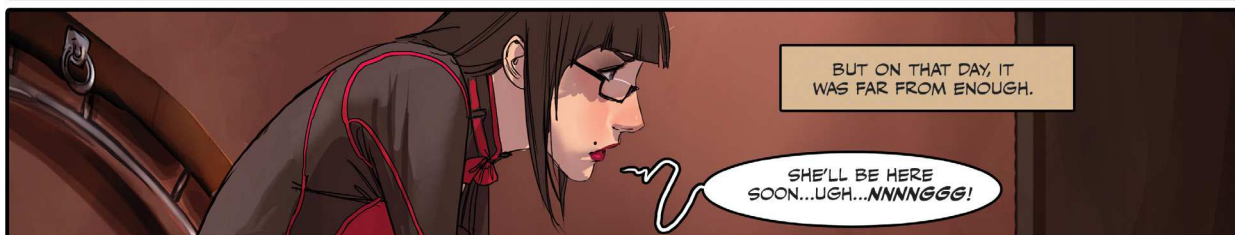




TOO STUPID...
TOO ORDINARY...
CAN'T HAVE
THAT TODAY.

ALLY HAS BEEN A FETISHIST
FOR A LONG TIME.

SURE, SHE WAS A DOMME...
(AN EMPOWERING, IF RESPONSIBILITY-
HEAVY ROLE). BUT SHE FOUND THAT
IT WAS THE FETISHISTIC **DRESS-UP**
THAT OFTEN GAVE HER THE **CONFIDENCE**
TO TRULY PROJECT THAT PART OF HER.
THIS STRANGE TRANSFORMATIVE
EFFECT WAS VERY EMPOWERING IN
ITS OWN WAY. AHEM...! WOULD KNOW!



BUT ON THAT DAY, IT
WAS FAR FROM ENOUGH.

SHE'LL BE HERE
SOON...UGH...NNNNGGG!



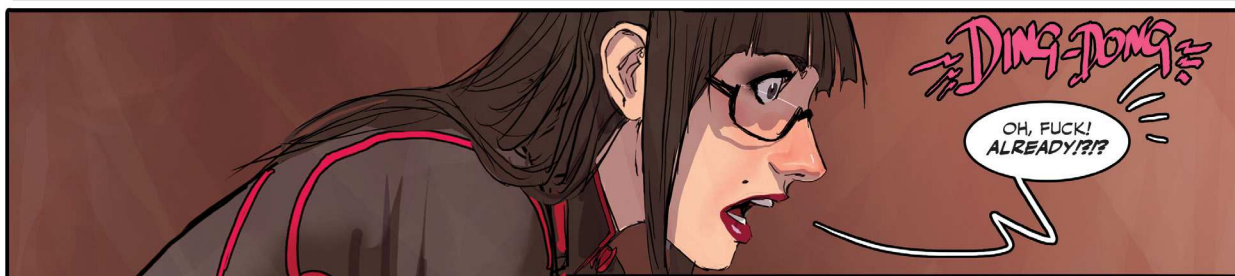
CORSETS AND LEANING
FORWARD ARE **NOT** A GOOD
COMBO.

OKAY...**CALM DOWN**,
ALLY! YOU HAVE **EVERYTHING**
PREPARED, AND AS FOR POPPING
THAT QUESTION...WHAT HAPPENS
WILL HAPPEN.

SO... **RELAX!**

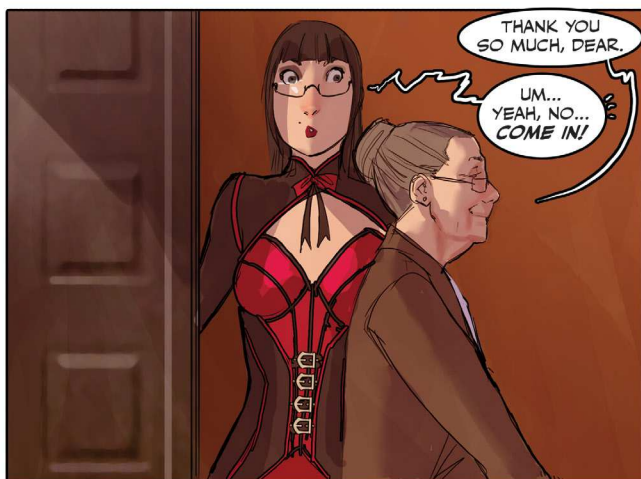
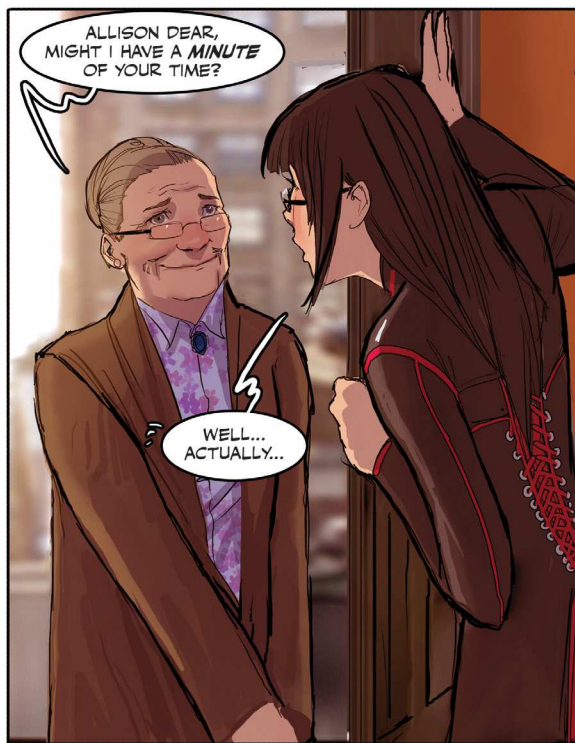
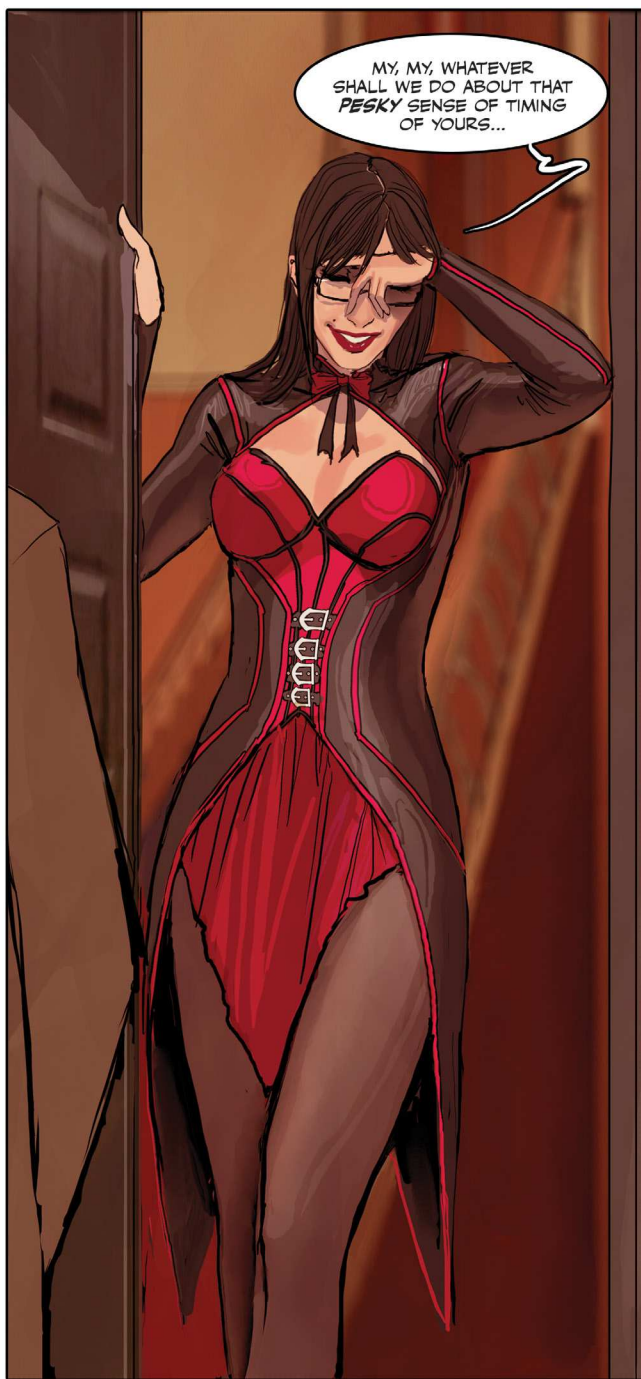
BREATHE IN...
AS MUCH AS
YOU CAN...

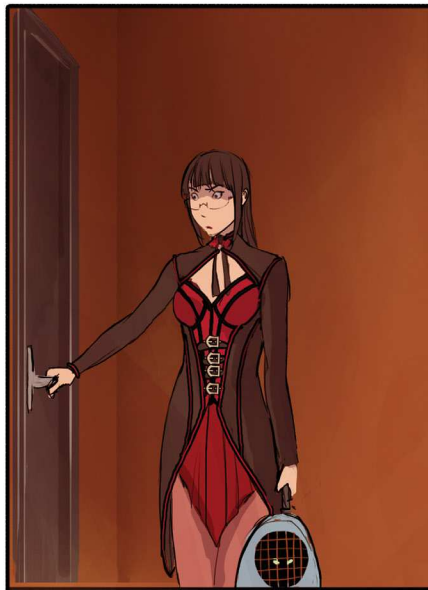
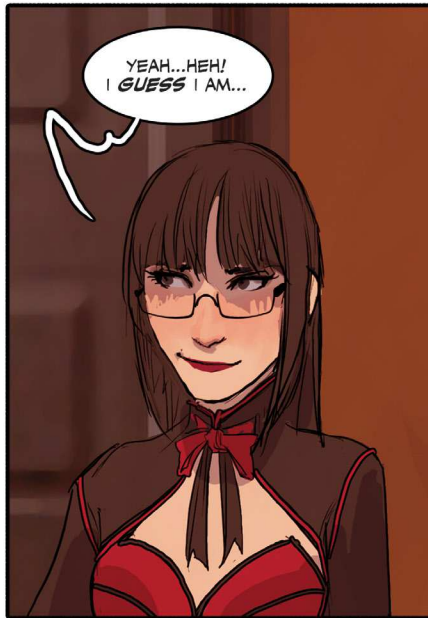
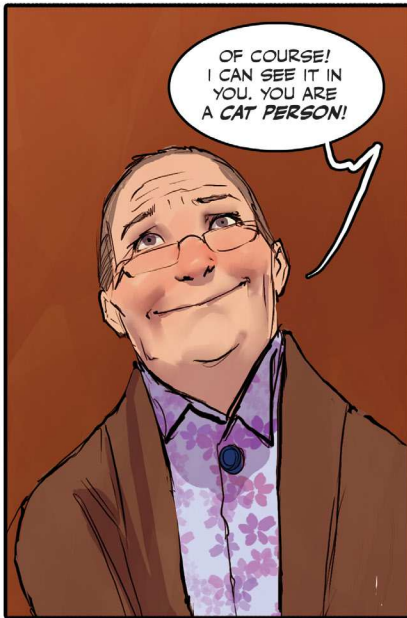
AAAAND OUT!



Ding-dong

OH, FUCK!
ALREADY!?!?







AWW, WHO'S A BRAVE GIRL? WHO SHOULD, BY THE WAY, AVOID CRAZY BONDAGE SEX FOR AT LEAST A WEEK!

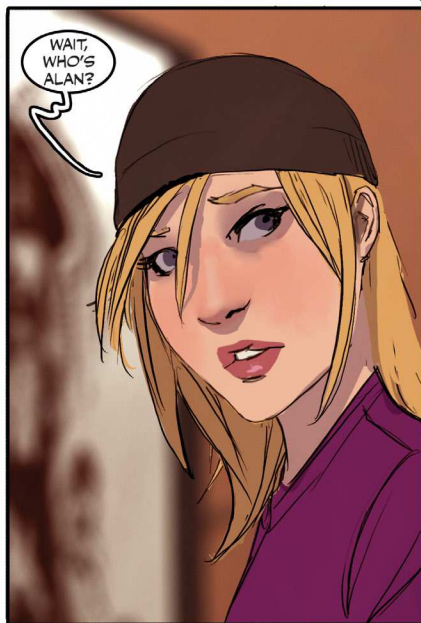
UH-HUH...

YOU WERE WEIRDLY SILENT THOUGH...WHAT WAS UP WITH THAT?

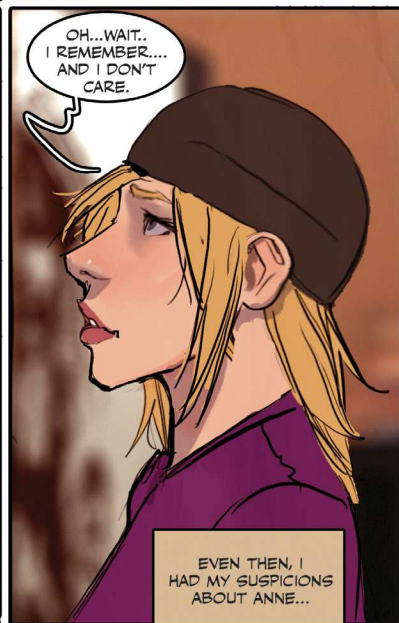
OH, NOTHING. I WAS JUST AMUSED BY YOUR CREEPING BDSM *OBSESSION*. YOU KNOW I COULD HOOK YOU UP WITH A GUY WHO COULD SHOW YOU THE... *ROPES*.



ALAN?
YUP!
OH YEAH!

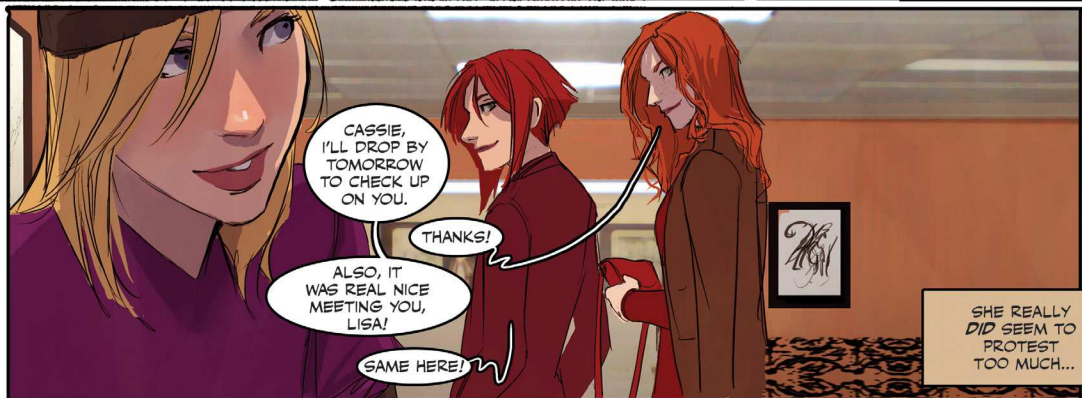


WAIT, WHO'S ALAN?



OH...WAIT.. I REMEMBER.... AND I DON'T CARE.

EVEN THEN, I HAD MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT ANNE...



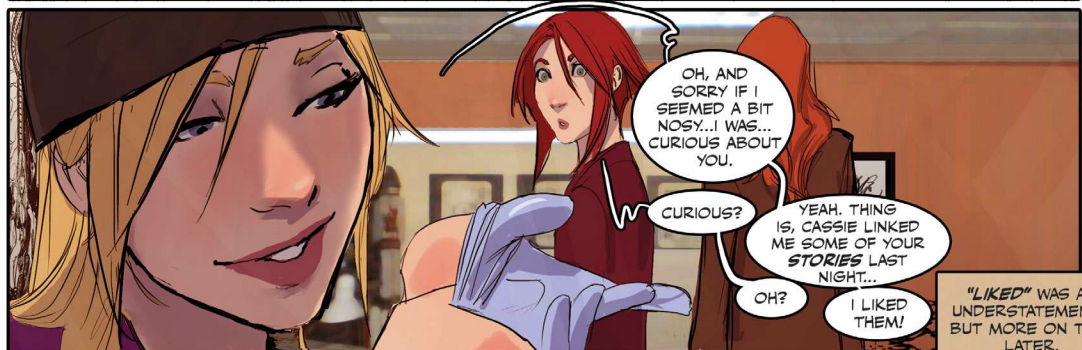
CASSIE, I'LL DROP BY TOMORROW TO CHECK UP ON YOU.

THANKS!

ALSO, IT WAS REAL NICE MEETING YOU, LISA!

SAME HERE!

SHE REALLY DID SEEM TO PROTEST TOO MUCH...



OH, AND SORRY IF I SEEMED A BIT NOSY...I WAS... CURIOUS ABOUT YOU.

CURIOUS?

YEAH. THING IS, CASSIE LINKED ME SOME OF YOUR *STORIES* LAST NIGHT...

OH?

I LIKED THEM!

"LIKED" WAS AN UNDERSTATEMENT... BUT MORE ON THAT LATER.

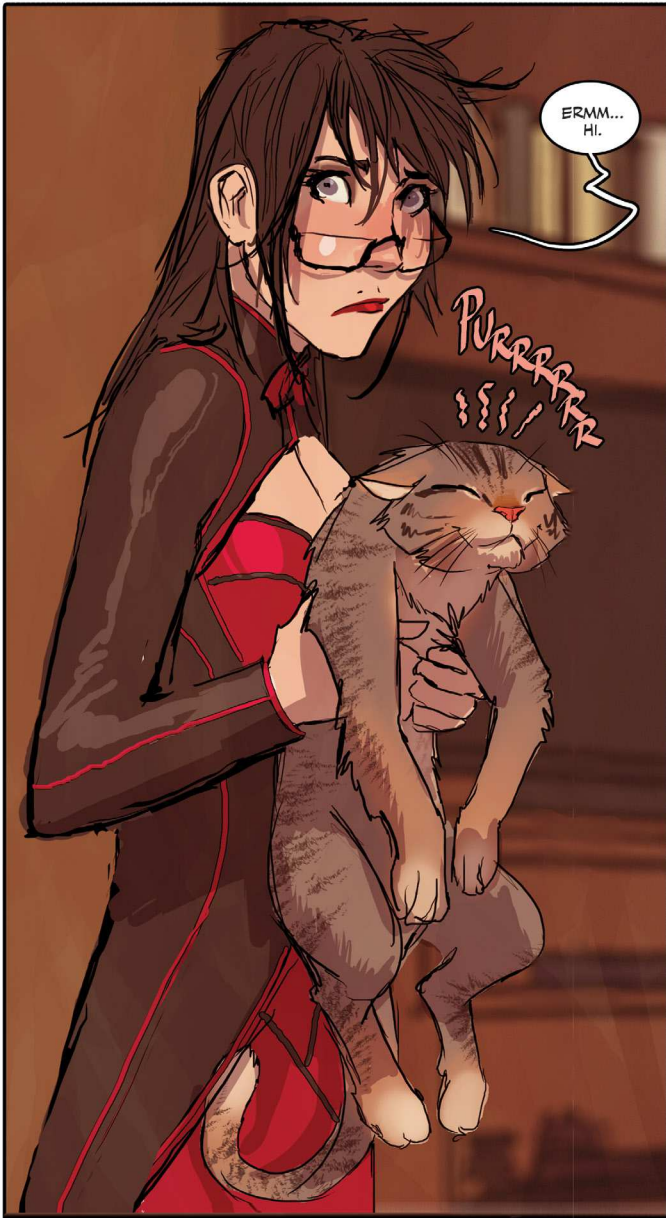


THERE ARE SPECIAL MOMENTS WE REMEMBER. SPECIFIC **CROSSROADS** IN OUR LIVES...

THEY USUALLY END UP DERAILING OUR BEST LAID LIFE PLANS AND EXPECTATIONS, OFTEN CHANGING US IN SOME PROFOUND WAY.

FOR ME, ONE SUCH MOMENT HAPPENED ON A LOVELY AUTUMN SATURDAY.

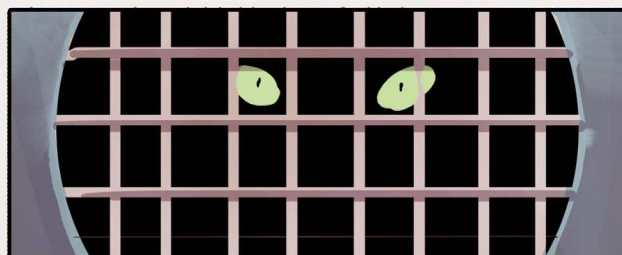
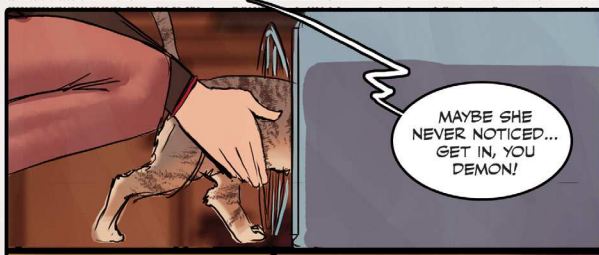
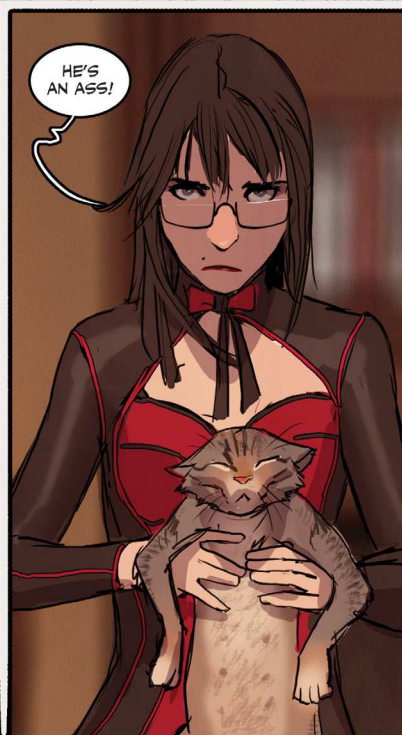
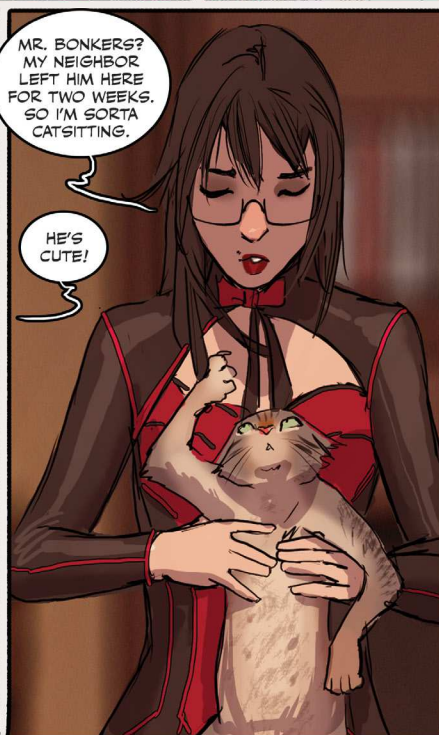
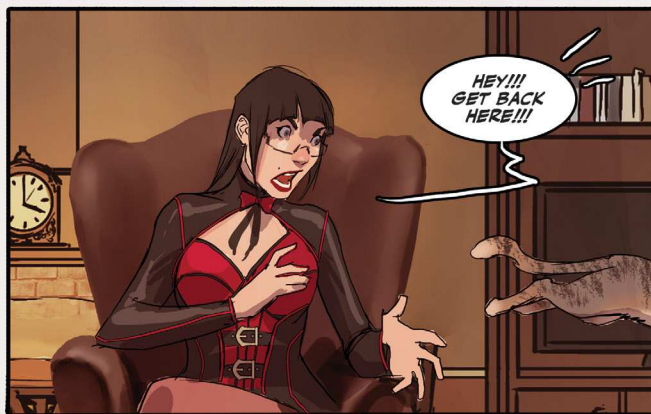
AND IT STARTED WITH A SIGHT OF ALLY'S ASS.

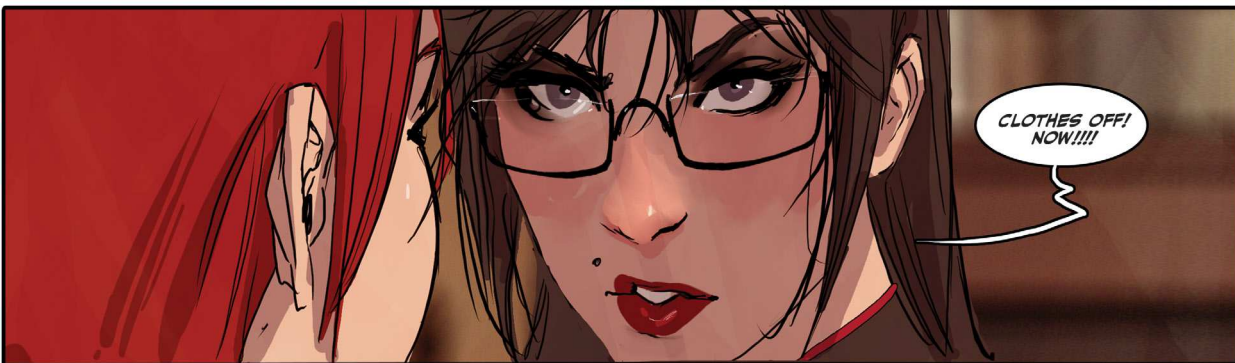
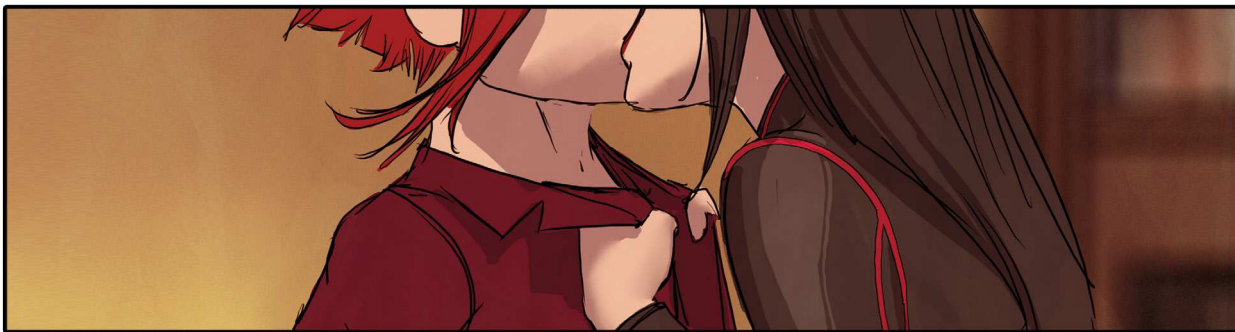
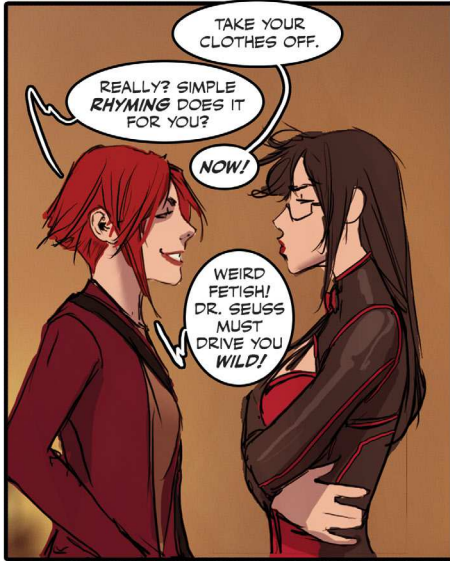
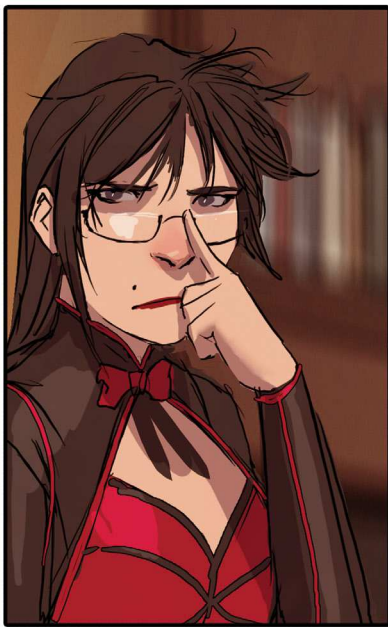


PLANNING IS SOMEWHAT OF A DEFINING SKILL FOR A DOM. IT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GOOD SESSION AND AN AMAZING SESSION. NOW OVERALL, ALLY HAD PLANS FOR THAT SATURDAY. GOOD PLANS...FUN PLANS...

AND THEN THE CAT ARRIVED.

I CALLED TO LET HER KNOW I WAS ON MY WAY. ALLY, BEING ALLY, THEN DECIDED TO SPICE THINGS UP WITH SOME THEATRICALITY.

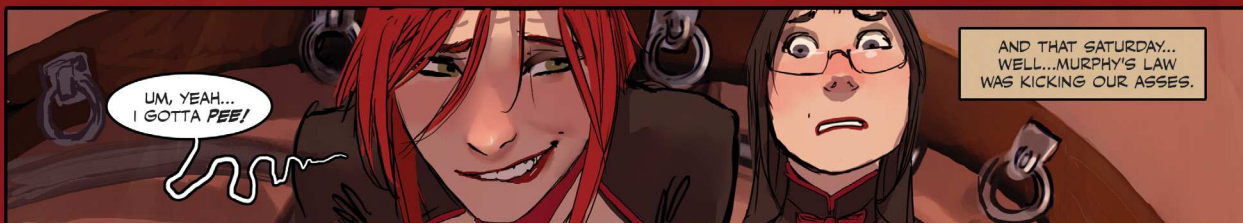




OFTEN DOMS ARE QUITE REGULAR PEOPLE. YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS THEIR PREFERENCES. MANY OF THEM FIND THE ROLE BEYOND SEXUALLY EMPOWERING. IT'S A CONFIDENCE BOOSTER, AND ALLY NEEDED IT MORE THAN EVER.

SHE KNEW THAT IN HER DOMME MODE, SHE WAS STRONG, IN CONTROL...AND NOT THE EMOTIONAL, STRESSED OUT, FEAR-FILLED *MESS* SHE CURRENTLY FELT LIKE AS SHE WAS MUSTERING UP THE COURAGE TO ASK AN *IMPORTANT* QUESTION.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, BEYOND THE IDEALIZED, PERFECT BDSM SCENARIO, LIES THE *TRUTH*.





I WON'T LIE...

I WAS *FREAKING*
OUT...

ALLY STOPPED OUR SESSION
BECAUSE WE NEEDED TO *TALK!*

THINK ABOUT IT!

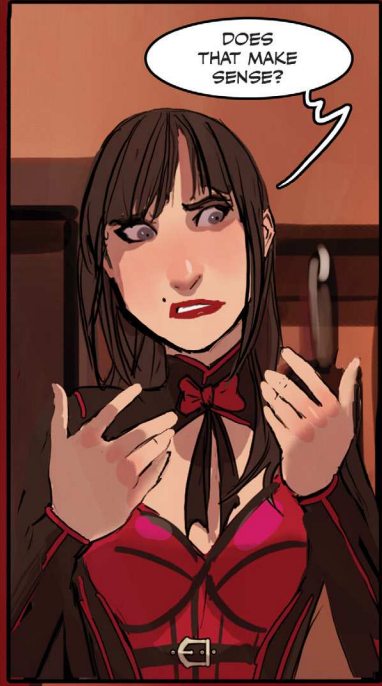
THERE WAS NO WAY
THIS WAS A GOOD
THING...



WELL...THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT...

OKAY, SO
HERE IT
IS...

FOR AWHILE
NOW, MY HOUSE WAS
TOO BIG...I MEAN IT
WAS SMALLER BEFORE..
AND NOW IT'S...*BIG*...
YOU KNOW?



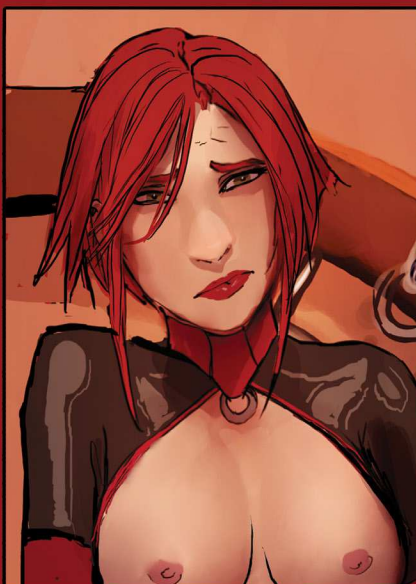
DOES
THAT MAKE
SENSE?



WHAT I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS...I NEVER
NOTICED THIS BEFORE...I MEAN,
I WAS FINE. IT WAS ALL FINE,
AND THEN *YOU* CAME...



DON'T GET ME WRONG, I AM NOT SAYING THAT **YOU** ARE TO BLAME...I MEAN, I'M NOT SAYING THERE **IS** A **BLAME**...



UGH...WHAT I MEAN IS...OKAY...SO I GOT THIS IDEA...AND TRUST ME, I HAVE GIVEN IT A LOT OF THOUGHT...

I KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT YOUR APARTMENT IS RELATIVELY **CLOSE** TO YOUR WORKPLACE. AND YOU SAID THAT SOMETIMES YOU LIKE TO WRITE AT THE **LIBRARY**.

WELL, WITH **THE BUGS** HERE, IT TAKES A BIT LONGER TO GET TO WORK, BUT THERE IS A LIBRARY RELATIVELY **CLOSE**!



AND THERE ARE MANY **ADVANTAGES** TO MY IDEA. I MEAN YOU COULD **REMODEL** YOUR SPACE...WHATEVER ROOM YOU WANT...WELL, EXCEPT FOR MINE. AND...AND AS FAR AS RENT GOES...



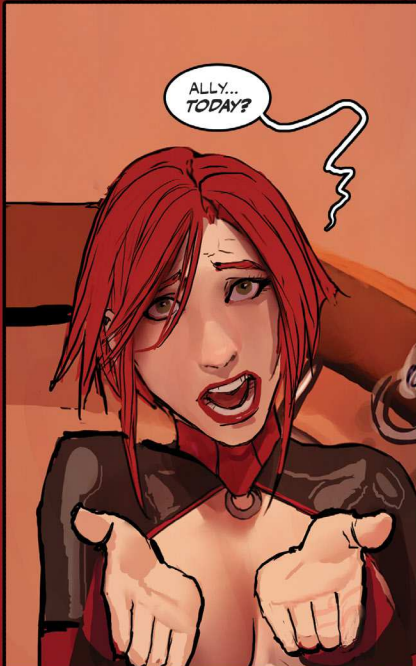
I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT A LOT. **AT FIRST**, I THOUGHT I DIDN'T NEED IT, BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT WOULD SEND THE **WRONG MESSAGE**. YOU KNOW... GIVEN THE **NATURE** OF OUR... UM...FRIENDSHIP.

SO I THOUGHT, **MAYBE** IF YOU HANDLED SOME OF THE HOUSE CLEANING AND COOKING...

BUT THEN I THOUGHT AGAIN, **WRONG MESSAGE!** SO I GUESS WE COULD DO IT FOR LESS THAN YOU ARE PAYING NOW...



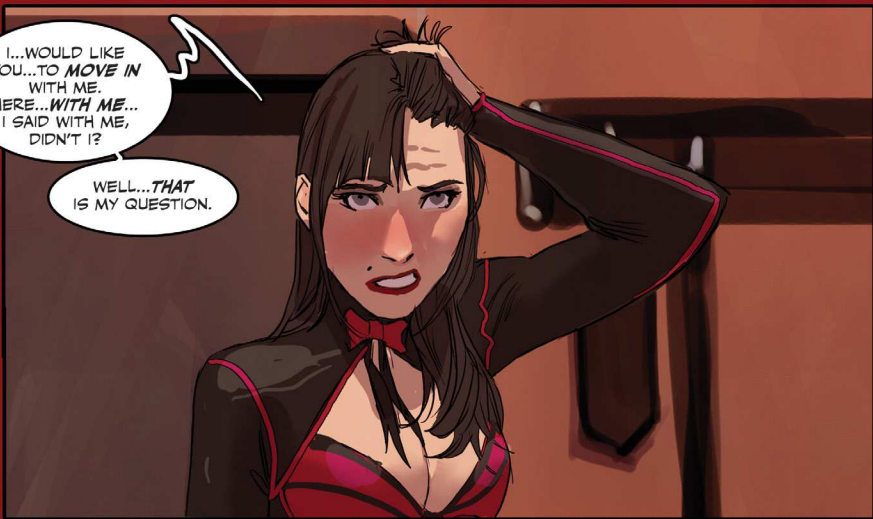
CAUSE...I MEAN, I WON'T LIE. I HAD SOME, UM...LET'S SAY, DARKER IDEAS. BUT I HONESTLY DON'T WANT YOU TO MISUNDERSTAND ME OR GET OFFENDED CAUSE...THIS FRIENDSHIP OF OURS...IT MEANS **EVERYTHING** TO ME!



ALLY... TODAY?

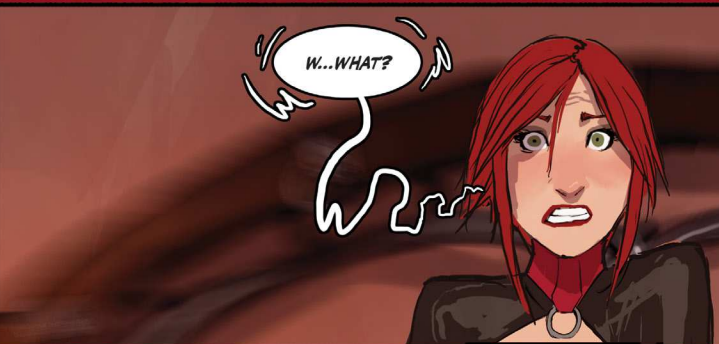


OKAY...
OKAY...



I...WOULD LIKE YOU...TO *MOVE IN* WITH ME. HERE...*WITH ME*... I SAID WITH ME, DIDN'T I?

WELL...*THAT* IS MY QUESTION.



W...WHAT?

AND THERE IT WAS. ONE OF THE DEFINITELY WEIRDEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE, IF I WAS TO OBSERVE IT OBJECTIVELY. I WAS WEARING A FETISHY OUTFIT, CUFFS AND STRAPS ALL OVER ME. I WAS IN... WELL, A SEX ROOM OF A DOMINATRIX...

A DOMINATRIX WHO WAS MY BEST FRIEND...AND ACCORDING TO MY RISING PULSE, PERHAPS... SOMETHING MORE PROFOUNDLY EGO-SHATTERING. AND SHE JUST ASKED ME TO MOVE IN WITH HER.



TO SAY THAT MY MIND WAS RACING WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT. RACING? NO, *REBELLING!* IT TRIED TO FIND THE REASONS TO REFUSE...

I... UM...



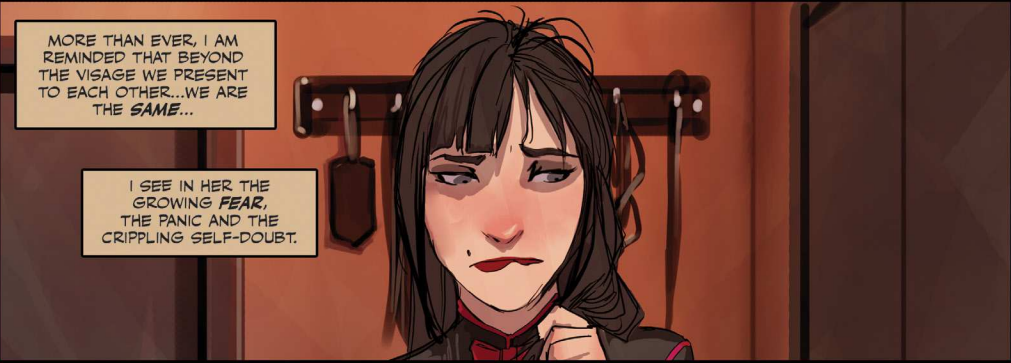
HONESTLY, IT WAS PANIC. FEAR OF A DEEP PERSONAL CHANGE. FEAR OF POTENTIAL, OF WHERE IT ALL MIGHT BE GOING...

BUT...MY... WORK...



BUT IN A WAY THAT WAS THE DEFINING QUALITY OF OUR... FRIENDSHIP. THE *COURAGE* TO TAKE THAT LEAP OF FAITH...

OH, RIGHT, BUSES! YOU MENTIONED THAT...



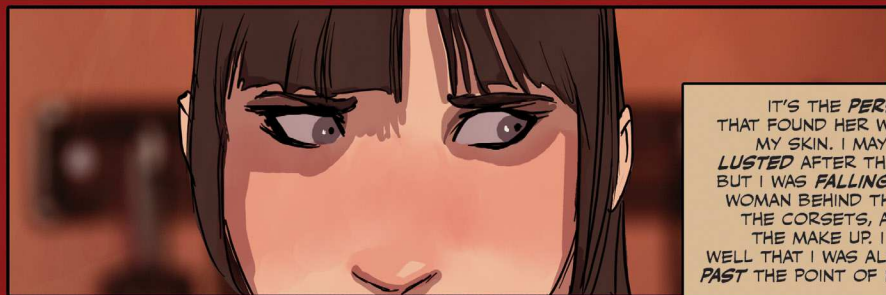
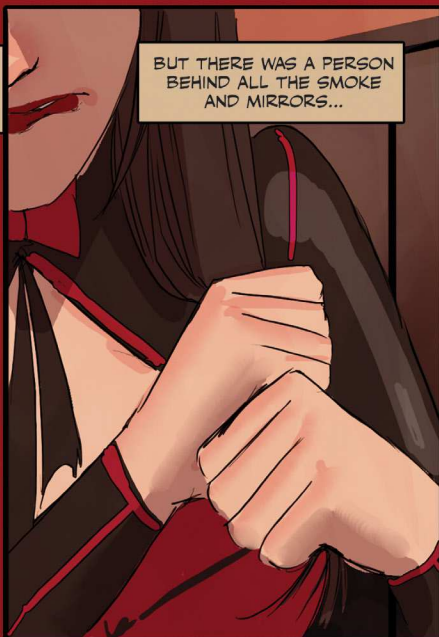
MORE THAN EVER, I AM REMINDED THAT BEYOND THE VISAGE WE PRESENT TO EACH OTHER...WE ARE THE *SAME*...

I SEE IN HER THE GROWING *FEAR*, THE PANIC AND THE CRIPPLING SELF-DOUBT.

IN BDSM, WE FORM A WONDERFUL
ILLUSION. AND THIS IS ESPECIALLY
TRUE FOR DOMS...

THEY ARE THE VISAGE OF CONTROL...
PERFECTLY UNTOUCHABLE MASTERS
OF THEIR UNIVERSE.

BUT THERE WAS A PERSON
BEHIND ALL THE SMOKE
AND MIRRORS...



IT'S THE *PERSON*
THAT FOUND HER WAY UNDER
MY SKIN. I MAY HAVE
LUSTED AFTER THE DOMME,
BUT I WAS *FALLING* FOR THE
WOMAN BEHIND THE WHIPS,
THE CORSETS, AND ALL
THE MAKE UP. I KNEW
WELL THAT I WAS ALREADY *WAY*
PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURN.

ANYWAY...

I...I
GUESS...
UM...

LIVING WITH
MY BEST FRIEND?
SOUNDS FUN!

Y...ES?

YEAH, *FRIEND*...

AS YOU MAY NOTICE DEAR READER...
SELF DELUSION IS A PERSISTENT
AND QUITE POWERFUL THING.

AND WITH ALL THAT OUT OF THE WAY,
ALLY REALLY FELT LIKE...
CELEBRATING.



WELL, *THAT*
BROUGHT YOUR
SPARK BACK!

YOU HAVE
NOOO IDEA!

IT REALLY ENDED UP
BEING A LOVELY,
RELAXING EVENING...



JUST THE TWO
OF US, UNWINDING...

PLAYING GAMES...

NOT MUCH TO SAY
ABOUT IT, REALLY...

SO I *WON'T* BE
SAYING MUCH.



I WILL, HOWEVER,
GRIN LIKE I DID
THAT NIGHT.

HEY, LISA...

HUH?

MY STRESS
IS GONE!

UH-HUH!

YOU SLEEPING
HERE TONIGHT?

MIGHT AS WELL...

GOOD,
CAUSE I GOT
YOUR PAJAMAS
ALL READY.



ALLISON CARTER. A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER AND A SOFTWARE DEVELOPER.

HOBBIES: READING BOOKS, ASSORTED COMICS, GAMING, AND BDSM.

SHE TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN TYING ME UP, TAKING AWAY ALL OF MY CONTROL...

AND THEN USING A MIXTURE OF... OOOH, LET'S CALL IT A *POSITIVE* AND *NEGATIVE* FEEDBACK TO GET ME TO SUBMIT TO HER WILL.

SO...I *ACCEPTED* THE OFFER TO MOVE IN WITH HER...

CRAZY?

MAYBE...

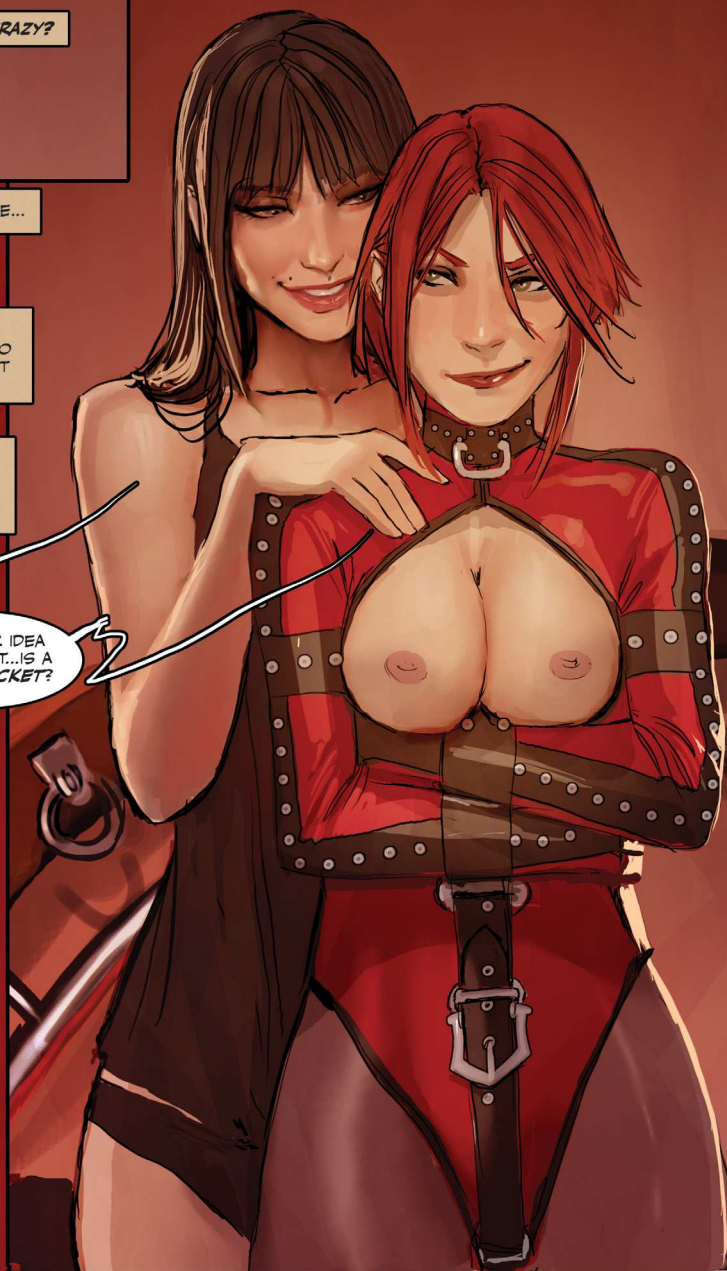
BUT THE KICKER IS MY MISTRESS IS ALSO MY ALLYCAT...MY BEST FRIEND...

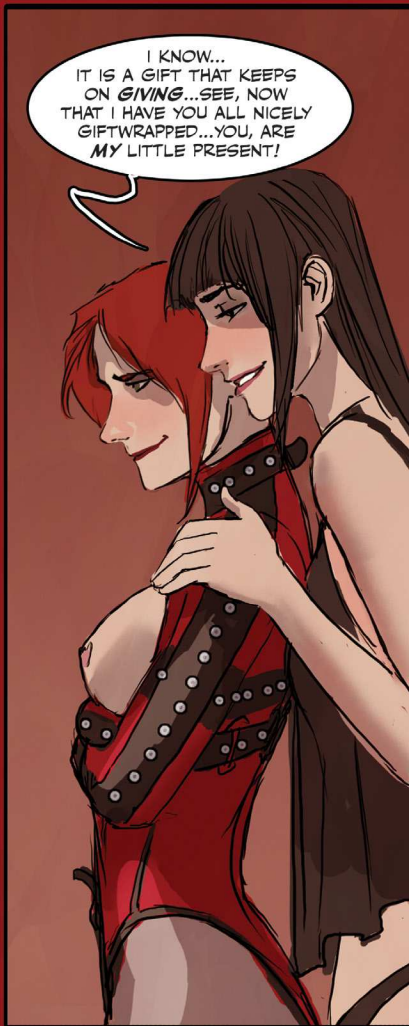
AND THE PERSON I WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH... FOR HER, I'M FINE WITH BEING A LITTLE *CRAZY*.

SO, YOUR IDEA OF A...GIFT...IS A STRAITJACKET?

YOU LIKE IT?

UM...*LOVE IT!* BUT IT'S A BIT OF A *CODEPENDENT* GIFT. CAN'T REALLY... Y'KNOW, USE IT MYSELF.





I KNOW...
IT IS A GIFT THAT KEEPS
ON **GIVING**...SEE, NOW
THAT I HAVE YOU ALL NICELY
GIFTWRAPPED...YOU, ARE
MY LITTLE PRESENT!



OH, WE'LL
JUST **SEE** ABOUT
THAT! **GNNN...**
DAMN...



SO, HOW'S THAT
WORKING FOR YOU?

BITE ME!

NOT TONIGHT,
HONEY.



**YOU'LL BE
DOING THE BITING
TONIGHT!**

AH, THE GAG...THE **CHERRY**
ON TOP OF A GREAT BDSM
SUNDAE!

MMNNNN!!

A GAG WILL CAST YOU DEEP DOWN THAT
RABBIT HOLE, AND NO **SUNSTONES** WILL
SHOW YOU THE WAY HOME. IT **TESTS**
YOUR TRUST IN THE DOM. THEIR ABILITY
TO EVALUATE YOUR LIMITS, TO READ YOUR
BODY LANGUAGE LIKE AN ELABORATE BOOK.



SURE...THERE ARE SIGNALS YOU COULD
USE, HAND GESTURES, BLINKS, SIMPLE
MELODIES YOU COULD HUM...

BUT THE POWER OF THE GAG IS
IN **NOT** DOING THAT...INSTEAD
ALLOWING YOUR PARTNER TO
LEARN FROM YOU...

DID I MENTION THAT
I LOVED GAGS?

WHAT? IN A **PREVIOUS**
CHAPTER?

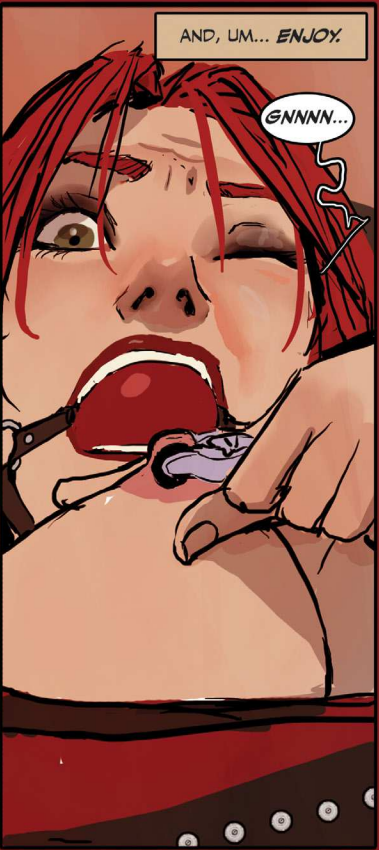
WELL FINE, IT'S A TOOL
SO **NICE** I WROTE ABOUT
IT **TWICE!**



ANYHOO...ALLY WAS REEALLY IN HER ELEMENT THAT NIGHT.

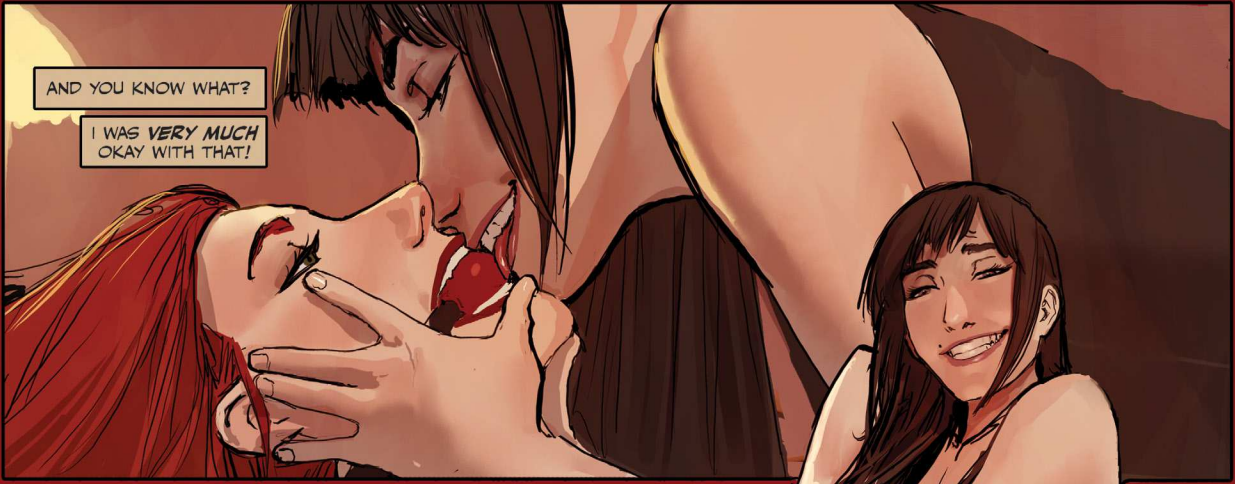


AND *ALL* I COULD DO WAS *RELAX*...



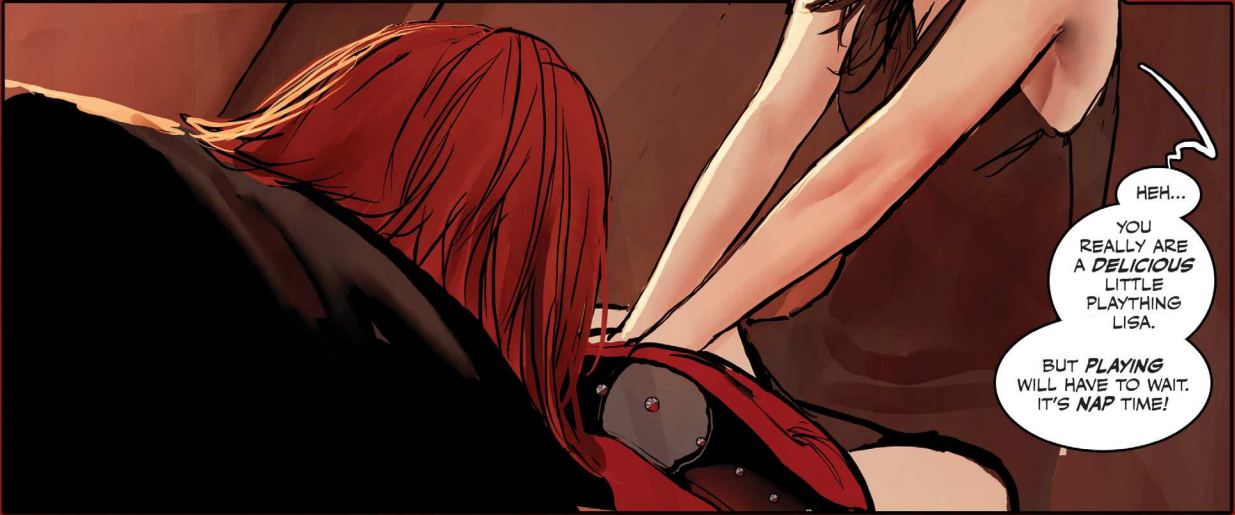
AND, UM... *ENJOY*.

GNNNN...



AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I WAS *VERY MUCH* OKAY WITH THAT!



HEH...

YOU REALLY ARE A *DELICIOUS* LITTLE PLAYTHING LISA.

BUT *PLAYING* WILL HAVE TO WAIT. IT'S *NAP TIME*!



GOODNIGHT,
MY PET!

AND SHE KEPT ME LIKE THAT.
BOUND, GAGGED, AND STIMULATED. IT
LASTED THE *WHOLE NIGHT* UNTIL I
PASSED OUT, OUT OF SHEER
EXHAUSTION BROUGHT ABOUT BY WAVE
AFTER WAVE OF CONSECUTIVE...



BULLSHIT!!!

I SO DID **NOT**!!!!
LET'S IGNORE THE FACT THAT
I DIDN'T TIE YOU UP IN THE PLAYROOM
BUT IN THE **BEDROOM**, I MOST CERTAINLY
DID NOT LEAVE YOU LIKE THAT
OVERNIGHT, IT WAS ONLY
AN HOUR!!!



WHO CARES?

YOUR
NIPPLES,
FOR ONE!
REMEMBER
HOW YOU
TEARED UP
AFTER I TOOK
OFF THE
CLAMPS?

SO?



I'M A **WRITER**-
I'M ALLOWED TO
EMBELLISH THE STORY
A BIT.

THE HOUSE
WASN'T **THAT**
BIG!

DETAILS...



ALSO, I DID NOT
FREAK OUT AS MUCH AS
YOU SAY!

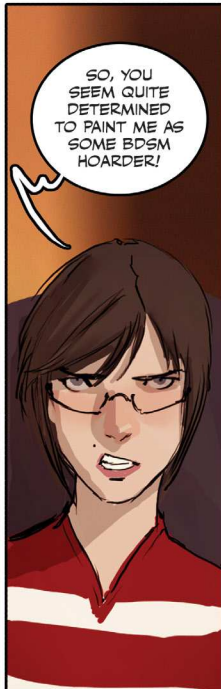
PLEASE, YOU WERE
ABOUT TO FALL APART
LIKE A POORLY ASSEMBLED
PUZZLE.



YOU ONLY
TRIED OUT
TWO OUTFITS
WHEN WE
INVITED
ALAN!



AGAIN, **SO?**



SO, YOU
SEEM QUITE
DETERMINED
TO PAINT ME AS
SOME **BDSM**
HOARDER!



OH, SO YOU
WANT TO DO SOME
FACT CHECKING?

SURE THING!

YOU WANT US
TO GO THROUGH
YOUR **CREDIT CARD**
HISTORY?



THAT'S NOT...

I'M NOT...

UGH!

SCREW YOU!

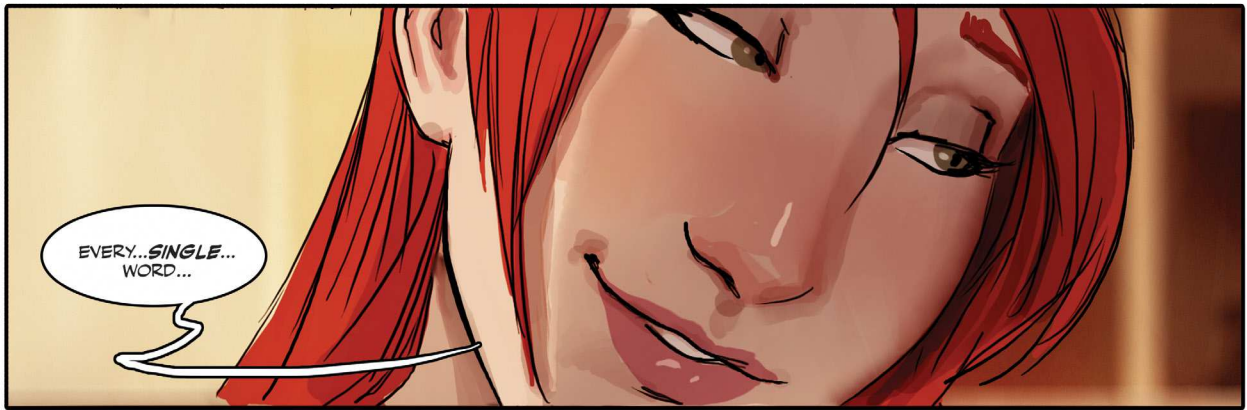


WHEN?

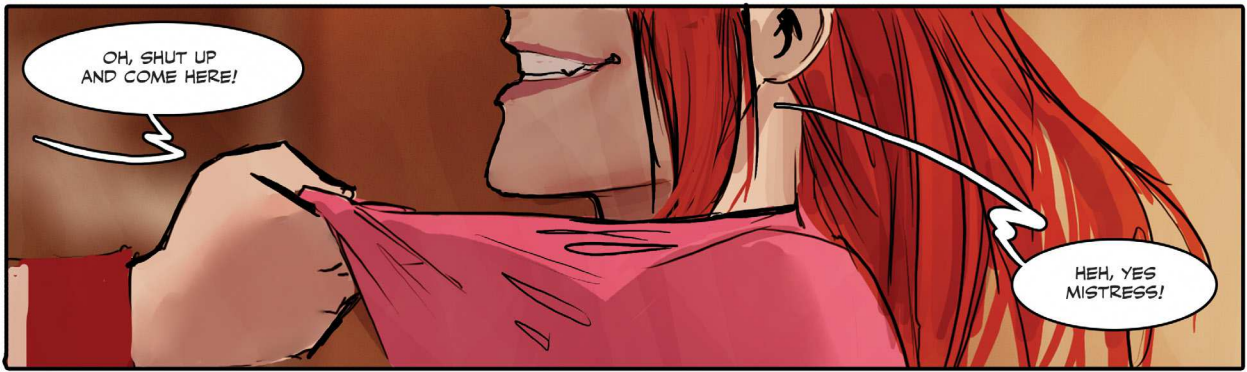


YOU ARE PLAYING
WITH FIRE,
MRS. CARTER!

I LOVE JUST ABOUT
EVERYTHING ABOUT
THAT SENTENCE!



EVERY...**SINGLE**...
WORD...



OH, SHUT UP
AND COME HERE!

HEH, YES
MISTRESS!



NEW YORK TIMES BEST SELLER

"Heartfelt, honest, sexy, and beautiful. It's almost perfect."

—Geeked Out Nation

"Far more enriching than expected."

—All-Comic

"Nothing short of phenomenal."

—Snap Pow



"There are special moments in all our lives...points of no return."

As domme Ally and sub Lisa's fledgling relationship begins to blossom, it becomes clear to both of them that it isn't just about BDSM. An ever-widening circle of friends—including fellow practitioners Tom and Cassie and skeptical tattoo artist Anne—forms around the couple, who seem to be spending every free second together. But with Ally and Lisa's worlds becoming more intertwined, is their relationship stronger than ever? Or do they just have more to lose?

From writer/artist STJEPAN SEJIC (IXth Generation, Death Vigil), comes the third volume of this hilarious and heartfelt tale of two women exploring the pitfalls of love, friendship, and fetishism.



IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED M / MATURE

Romance / Erotica

www.topcow.com