

In Love with a Machine

Keep your cyborgs, robo-vacuum cleaners and underwater cars. I found the machine of my dreams just the other day. A *domme's* delight, this electronic super-gadget encourages you to strap the slave in, finagle the settings and sit back and enjoy his torture. What else could a *Domme* want?

I venture north and east toward DC four times a year (at the least) and every time I appear, so does bad weather. Ice storms? Check. Torrential thunderstorms? Check. Horrid heat? Check again. Last time, it was multiple inches of snow that kept me hotel-bound and unable to visit the evil engineer who inhabits the netherworld surrounding the District. Today's threat was snow showers but I wanted to visit The Bear more than I was afraid of slip-sliding away. With hot coffee in the cup-holder, my boy BMW'ed me an hour-and-a-half to my favorite dungeon and best-switch-bud, *Roh-bert*.

After hugs and kisses and catching up about old friends and performing our version of gossip, The Bear shepherded me with my slave in tow to a tour of the lower level that surrounds the dungeon. You'd have to have read everything I've ever written to understand my relationship with The Bear (and some of it is offline so you don't stand a chance of comprehending the complexity of our synergy), but suffice it to write that it's a multi-layered, multi-faceted, multi-decade experience. And through all of it, I've taken only two boys to The Bear's dungeon (that's completely different from "boys I've played with at the Bear's dungeon"). Only two I've had were worth it. The Bear, on the other hand, is always worth it.

He's been working on a machine that, three years ago, seemed like something fairly plebian and in the not-for-me category. It involved virtual reality, complex programming and a visor and since Disney VR rides nauseate me, I never thought I'd want to play with his new invention. I didn't "get it," apparently. Mark this down because you're not likely to hear it very often: *boy, was I wrong!* I forgot how important R&D is to toy development. The Bear and his team just needed time and focus and he does both of those exceedingly well.

What he's invented, built and refined is the ultimate *Domme* machine that isn't merely a cog in a 30-minute scene; rather, it's the total experience. And true to the level of stringent requirements I impose, it keeps my hands clean and ties up my boy in absolute bondage and agony for hours without leaving visible marks. I hardly know where to start so at the beginning seems to be a logical place.

It's Hard to be a Domme

It's hard to be the *Domme* because being a great one involves lots of preparation, toys, accoutrements for the toys and rigid yet flexible planning. Not only do you have to prepare for each scene with the toy list, which I do on a spreadsheet, but also a good *Domme* makes sure she has taken care of all potential disasters, including

- cell phone interruptions
- more lube (there's never too much)
- allergies to latex
- count out enough gloves and then throw in a few more pair
- And most important of all, *did you bring the key and do you have a spare?*

It's simply not easy being the Domme. You have to read the boy's unspoken signals, feel his stamina ebb and know when it's enough and when he can really take more, untie the rope before it leaves a mark, whomp hard enough but not too hard unless it's in a place under clothes, don't let him stub his toe while wearing a blindfold, make sure there's water and that he sips enough of it, and at all times, get turned on until you think you're going to implode but don't let it interfere with his safety. And, oh yes, have a great time! It's no wonder that subs are always the one with the brighter afterglow.

Who doesn't want to be the Domme who gets to relax and achieve simultaneous sensual arousal? In the age of automated everything, why not a perfect domming machine that tortures your slave while you read a magazine yet provides incredible twinges in that wonderful place I'm sitting on?

Well, that machine is here. And I got to use it.

It started with The Bear's invitation to tour the dungeon downstairs. There's a smugness that he wears so well that it almost seems genetic but the little smirk - that one corner of his mouth that peaked like Mr. Spock's eyebrow - told me that something new beckoned. Cup of tea in hand, we single-filed down the back stairs, down the hall and into... the dungeon.

It always takes my breath away but today there was a new centerpiece.

Oddly intricate and a slight bit Rube Goldberg, it consisted of a table with straps, an overhead guillotine-shaped box, sturdier than gynecological stirrups, white PVC arm-tube rests and a dangling yellow Venus tube that caught my eye. Perhaps he expected an "ooh" or "aaah," but devoid of slave, the machine was just that - a cacophony of parts and pieces oozing potential. As one of the original mechanically-challenged Dommies on the east coast, I don't visualize machine parts working seamlessly in some sort of engineering order, no matter what evil it might portend.

I had no idea what the complex machinery did and I wasn't impressed. Bear suggested we fill the empty space with a demo body and I happened to bring one along. He was standing right behind me.

"Take off your clothes," Bear ordered. And the boy did. I felt heat where heretofore had been merely January.

"Hop up on the table. Your ass goes here." He patted the obvious part and added, "Don't worry; it's washable."

Once the boy's ass was in place, Bear and I started attaching his body parts with the straps, elastic, tie-downs that seemed perfectly natural and well laid out on his still mystifying machine. I parroted what he did and secured the left side as he did the right. Arms in the big white PVC pipe that shut tight with electric locks and with an audible *snap* they fastened. Legs up on the stirrups, through the elastic bands, then tied down in a fairly comfortable-looking position mirroring the height and angle of a bolster under your knees during a massage, just a lot higher. Still perplexed, I watched him secure two large leather straps that "force his legs to splay" (which is still one of my favorite words) and then my Bear took a vertical rope and lowered the black box over the poor slave's head. Finally, he plugged in two electrodes, one to each special ankle strap and tested the current.

"We're ready to start programming," he declared. "Let's choose some options," he explained and patted the chair in front of the computer for my particular tingling tushie.

Variables appeared on the small screen while my slave's head remained enclosed in the black guillotine-like box. Sipping hot tea while I chose from the menu of selections allowed me to pick picture types (Femdom, anal, bondage); music (Enigma); a 30-second picture change; a shock level intensity; and my favorite: eavesdropping as I listened to The Bear speaking decisively through a microphone explaining curtly - and only once - how the boy should click the mouse to avoid the electric shock to his ankles whose intensity I had just set. His were the only words the boy could hear through the white noise that he had just turned on.

In silence mired with arousal, I watched The Bear set the timer for an hour.

The room was dark, but a bright light bulb clicked on over my head. All I had to do was watch my boy be tortured on the machine while I enjoyed me tea and small talk (some not so small) with The Bear and his lady. With all his years' R&D experience, Bear had brought great things to my life. I have new respect for evil engineering and 3 great videos for my new collection.

Everything happened simultaneously. The boy started moaning when the Femdom pictures flashed on his private screen in the blacked-out head box and his fingers frantically searched for the "left-click for yes" mouse button in his disembodied fingers. "ARRRGH!!" was interspersed with "oh GOD Mistress!"

My tea was still hot.

His hips humorously wafted up and down in a kinky rhythm to the music only he could hear. The Bear smiled.

"They always try to hump the Venus," he grinned. "But it never works. When they lift up, so does the Venus. They can't get any stimulation."

My eyes followed the boy's humping hips as I watched The Bear's prediction ring true. The malevolent Venus tube slid upwards as the boy's hips did likewise but all the while simulated

cock stroking. Just as the boy found the rhythm, the Venus switched to two rapid pulses that removed any buildup he might have gained. I imagine it was a little frustrating for him, but my focus was on my green tea and conversation with my particular Bear. From time to time, he handed me the microphone and I chatted into it; rather, I cooed soft encouragement to the writhing and moaning slave splayed on the table. Maybe my voice carried some extra-special missives for my boy's burning ears.

"Oh look, she's going to kick him," I noted about the current picture he was viewing in his blackness that I studied on the monitor. "I wonder how that would feel: her boot smacking into his testicles?"

At that moment, I used my right palm to help him feel the effects of boot against scrotum. His yelping indicated my virtual experiment was a success. Damn, I wanted more.

The photo gallery stopped for a minute and boy focused his body more on the Venus tube's incessant contracting and expanding while surrounding his well-lubed cock. Rather than allow him to concentrate only on that, The Bear handed me a nasty little wheel and the two of us toyed with the boy's upraised and solidly locked feet to share in his foot-sole torture. The Bear complimented my technique of securing one big toe to prevent foot-wriggling and came up with a new-to-me small torture device that vaguely resembled a physician's knee-reflex hammer. Instead of being rounded on the end, this little device had one flat end of small pins in a circle and the other side sported a single needle-like prick.

Needless to say, the pinwheel hammer that tasted my slave's nipples repeatedly will soon be part of my always-expanding collection of goodies (why else would it be called a "goodie bag?").

Sensitive nipples are the favorite playground of my time yielding the pinwheel hammer and twisting it ever-so-slightly is the stuff for which Dommies live. His muffled screams punctuated my application of the little pinpricks to his skin and as I approached the brown nipple, his shrieks elevated in intensity and then into unintelligible begging, both of which are easily ignored when a big box covers his head completely and his voice is temporarily silenced. The nasty stinging hammer found its way to each nipple and with The Bear's assistance, to both at the same time. In that sensational machine, it was particularly simple to ignore his muffled and interfering noises and concentrate fully on sipping tea and torturing a bound boy whose head was fully encased in a large silent box.

During the time the boy was secured in the machine, I could relax and even stepped into the "little Dommies' room" to powder my nose and other parts while The Bear stood guard and fiddled with the settings.

As expected, The Bear built in an emergency switch that the boy could use if unexpected problems arose but we didn't need it because one of us was always there with him. I felt good knowing the switch was part of the 3-year R&D effort, because that's just how My Bear builds, and I felt confident leaving the boy in Bear's hands for a while. Literally.

As the boy pleaded, “Mistress! MISTRESS!”, it was actually Bear to whom he was beseeching to pledge his eternal, absolute and life-changing submission. The blind boy just didn’t know whose hands were torturing 99% of his body.

I had to laugh. So did The Bear.

For what seemed like hours, we tortured my slaveboy and all the while sat comfortably, chatted and sipped tea. Bear would adjust a setting and then remark, sotto voce, “Watch this.”

For a time, I used the microphone and blanked out the white noise to fill his ears and head and soul with only my wishes and desires. With no compassion for his plight, I moved him outside the dungeon and the box’s bindings and threw him mercilessly over his emotional edge into beyond-absolute submission, a state we’ve already surpassed. It was very good for me and from his incessant grinning, I think Bear enjoyed himself as well.



After a while, my tea was gone and my excitement was fevered. Bear and I unstrapped the boy, got the straps and locks ready for the next victim and were approaching being done.

It was then that Bear unveiled yet another new-to-me toy so devious that it deserves its own photo. Go ahead, click the link and come back. I’ll wait for a bit.

It took two of us to mangle his cock to make it fit inside the ring, all the while Bear commenting, “He’s a big one, isn’t he?” Visiting the Bear’s lair puts a constant smile on my face. I like it when my boy gets complimented and perhaps even turned into a

momentary object of jealousy.

We snapped the thing shut and the mechanically-inclined Bear tightened it with an Allen wrench while we both twisted the cock and scrotal skin to make sure there was no pinching. We went upstairs for a lovely lunch and left the boy to clean up and dress. The boy cleaned up lunch and our day wistfully came to an end. There were more hugs and promises not to let it be that long again till we see each other. That’s a pledge I am making plans to keep.

The boy? He’s still glowing but on his knees.

Bear? Probably still wearing his evil grin.

Me? Going shopping online for some new toys. And I’m in love The Bear’s Machine.