

Will You Do Anything I Ask?

Acts of dominance and submission can be fueled by the power of mutual, perverse and all-consuming sexual desire.

BY WICKIE STAMPS

I once bought a human being for five cents. Actually it was \$5.00 but, as I am a starving artist, we worked out a five cent per month payment plan. For this mere pittance I owned a human being. He was, he swore, mine for all eternity.

In all earnestness - I have actually

ally terminated the exchange. The only fee was my willingness to possess every aspect of that person's being and to sound the depths of their desire.

The roles-master, slave, top, bottom, submissive, dominant, sadist, masochist-were sensual boxes which were opened, explored, sliced apart and eventually disintegrated with our respective needs.

The bodies varied - as did the names. Small and wiry, full and wide, flesh draped on long bones or short, each body a shape shifter, a container for the deal which was struck. Names, faces, identity became a blur over time.

But memories of sex which leaves you drained and stunned never fade. "Kneel before me and drink my piss," I would say. "What will you endure for

the eyes for a response. "Will you unleash the depths of my pleasure? Will you become nothing more than the appeasement of my desires?"

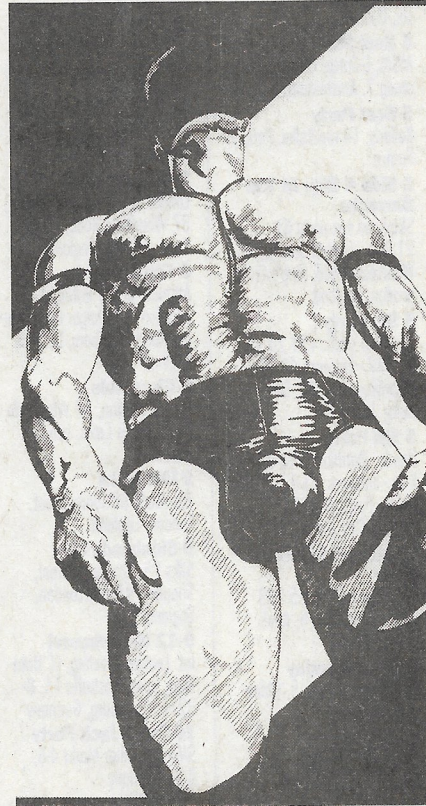
Yes, those bodies would respond. Yes!

And I would push harder, farther. I'd slam them down onto a table, kick apart their legs, rip down their pants, grab my rock-hard cock and force it deep into their asses. No spoken permission here. I took what I wanted. My cock and my fist violated the boundaries of the flesh.

The cycle continues. New eyes and smiles cue that their souls might be for sale. "Will you do anything I ask?" reads my application usually filled out on the first night by the applicant who, wearing whatever is my whim,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE HUN, FROM "THE HUN BOOK"



owned human souls. Completely. Utterly. Mutual sexual desire prompted those couplings. And it was sexual wantin-theirs for me and mine for them-that was always the point of demarcation. Mutual, perverse and all-consuming sex sealed the contract. And it was sex, or the lack of, or incompatibility therein, which eventu-

me?" I'd whisper as my whips and canes fell across bare backs. The answer lay in the scars I'd carve into naked flesh. "How far will you go with me?" I'd muse as I leaned over and meditated on the rivulets of blood. "Will you do as I say?" my eyes would ask as I held the knife to those sweet throats. In the darkness I would search

kneels before me. Eyes downcast, arms pulled back, chest stuck out, resting back on the haunches, the face is mere inches from my cock. A cock hardened by the sweetness of total submission.

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