

There was no sweeter sound than keys clicking in the lock of Marla's house on a Friday night after a long and draining day at work. Even a short distance she had to drive seemed like an eternity and putting her feet up was on top of her priority list.

She walked in, flung the stack of mail onto a coffee table and bee lined for the fridge where a chilled bottle of wine awaited her. After pouring herself a glass, she lit a vanilla candle and sunk into her red velvet armchair, putting her feet up and resting her stilettos on the corner of the table. Leaning back, she closed her eyes and tried to shake the echoes from the long and pointless meeting she endured all day. The sweet scent of the candle lingered through the room and muffled noises of children playing outside created a peaceful serenity that rejuvenated her with every passing moment.

Marla opened her eyes and focused on the pointy tips of her black suede boots when she noticed the mail sitting ruffled around on the table. She reached for the wad of letters and leisurely flipped through them, sipping at her wine. Bills, 'YOU COULD BE A WINNER!' marketing mail outs, flyers, important notices from companies she never heard of, until she stopped at an unusual envelope.

It was made out of black linen paper with silver edges. She stared at it for a few seconds, not completely believing what was in front of her. Her address was clearly written on the front, but the name...the name she had not used for the better part of the decade. The name she used in the past, associated with something exclusive that she no longer participated in.

Her pulse quickened and she began shaking. The gravity of emotions stirred her down to the core. She had been in a committed relationship for seven years now, but she could not bear the temptation of what was inside the letter. She caressed the paper with tips of her nails wondering who was behind this carefully designed stationary and who knew what she used to be. Moreover, who was contacting her under that name and would she be able to resist the lure of her past, the arousing era of her life that she left behind a long time ago.

She indulged in the memories flashing in front of her eyes, each image more thrilling than the previous, exciting her into shakes and goose bumps. She took one more deep breath before her nail slid under the glued flap and made a clean rip. The letter turned in her hands coaxing her to read the name on the front one more time. It clearly said...*Miss Desiree*. She pulled out a page, just as black, with the same silver lining and began to read it, line after line.

Miss Desiree,

I know you are surprised at receiving this, but I would really like to meet you. I've always wanted to explore this and a friend suggested I should contact you. Please let me know, if I am worthy of your grace and allow me to feel alive again. You can reach me at 212-555-1212.

Submissively yours,

Zack Marales

Zack Marales? She read the lines over and over again and couldn't believe her own eyes. Zack Marales would like her to train him? But who suggested her? Who knew that she was Miss Desiree and that she would be a good solution? A million questions raced through her head accompanied by her accelerating heartbeat. She had a feeling the letter bore a proposition, but never in a million years did she think that Zack Marales, the famous rock singer would want her to train him.

She grinned to herself when she remembered that the ones that appear least submissive to everyone around them would allow her to boss them around for hours and kept coming back for more.

This situation had a side effect. Marla was inhaling deeply and allowing the sensation of the letter and the proposal to penetrate deep into her. She felt empowered. The feelings that she cast aside all those years ago reared their head and before her sensible side convinced her otherwise, she blew the vanilla candle and dialled the phone. A man answered.

"Hello?"

She was quiet. Knowing that once she says it out loud, it would come alive again, be real once more.

"Hello? Who is there?" A man was persistent, but she found herself mute. Gasping into the phone, she announced her presence, but had not yet revealed her identity. Identity? What was it really? Who was she and would she ever be able to go back to what was once her second nature? Would the emotions, the elation and the exhilaration of what she once was be able to

penetrate what was now her vanilla life. She looked at the blown candle and sighed again. The man was still on the other line and she could tell he was getting impatient.

“Who is this?” he said irritated.

“Zack?” she uttered barely making a sound.

“Yes, it’s me.” The man said, his voice now calmer, yet still quizzical.

“It’s Miss Desiree.”

As soon as she said those words, her hair stood on ends and she felt alive again. She closed her eyes waiting for him to respond. It did not take long.

“Hold on a second.” He said and took the phone away from his ear.

She could hear voices in the distance that were now becoming quieter and quieter until they completely disappeared.

“Forgive me,” he said and she could feel the change in his voice.

“You may speak freely now.” She was remembering her own rules.

“I would like to meet you, if that is OK with you.” She grinned.

“There are rules that you must follow. I will send them to you. You shall study them before we meet. I do not take kindly to disobedience.” She was getting back into the character that was gone out of her life for seven years. “When you receive them and study them, you will call me and then, and only then, we can meet. Do you understand?” She raised her voice slightly to impress upon him that she was not kidding around.

“Yes mistress.” He said as she got a pen and paper ready.

“Now, your address?”

He gave her the address and she one last time said.

“You will call me in one week. Then we can discuss what will happen next. Is that clear?” she raised her voice again.

“Yes mistress” he said and she hung up the phone.

A week later, Marla was in the grocery store getting some last minute items for the dinner she was preparing. Her husband’s work partner and his wife were coming for dinner as well as another couple from their academic circle. Looking forward to this evening she whistled while she grabbed ingredients from the shelves, when her phone rang. She looked at the number. It was a 212 area code and that could only mean one thing.

“Hello?” she answered.

“Mistress, may I speak?” Zack’s voice was humble on the other side. She closed her eyes and let familiar feeling fill her body.

“Yes, you may.” She said firmly.

“I read The Rules.” He said.

“Good. Be here in one week from tomorrow. 8 pm. Don’t be late. I do not take fondly to tardiness.” She hung up the phone again.

Without paying any attention to her surroundings, she dialed a number. It rang and a woman answered

“Hello?”

“Hey, it’s me. How are you?”

“Marla? Oh my god girl, how have you been? How’s the *vanilla* life? Long time since I talked to you.”

“I know. I am sorry. I’ve been good. Really. And you?”

“Yeah, well. Life is life. We miss you, you know that? The gentle Domme that once was.”

“Really?” Marla was flattered. “About that...” she started. “By a special request...” taking a pause after every phrase. “Desiree is back.”

“What?” her friend was stunned. “What do you mean, *back*?”

“I mean what I said. I have agreed to train someone. Don’t ask to many questions please. He is high profile. However...” she continued and her friend cut her off.

“Yeah, I know what you need.” She sighed. “You know people won’t be happy with this. They really miss you, you know.”

“Which is why you won’t tell them. I have given it a lot of thought. I even talked to Sean about it and he’s fine with it. Can you keep this between us please?”

“Yeah, I guess. Geez girl, now you are making me wonder who it is. But, I know better. Anyways, I will drop the keys off at your place. When do you need it?”

“A week from tomorrow. 8 PM.” She shivered with emotion as she finalized it. “One final thing though.”

“Yeah I know. You need it to be empty. Your wish is my command.” Her friend joked and they both laughed. “Well, I guess I will see you in a week. I am looking forward to that.”

“Thanks a lot. It really means a lot to me. I mean that.”

“OK. See you soon.”

“Bye.” And she hung up the phone.

Everything was set in place...she was going to bring back what she once was. One week... All she could do now...is wait!

It was about 6 pm of the big day. She had just taken a shower and pulled her hair in a high bun tightening her eyes into a cat-like shape. She put make-up on and knelt in front of a chest. She unlocked the rusty lock and opened it.

Taking a deep breath she pulled out the patent leather, 5-inch heels, thigh-high boots and laid them beside her. She collected a few more items, whips, crops, clamps, strap-on and placed them in a leather bag. She never dressed before hand and this was no exception. Dressed in the normal clothes, she walked downstairs to find her husband in the living room. She had to confirm one more time.

“Sean,” she addressed him, “he’ll be here any minute now.” She said looking at him worriedly and taking his hand in hers. “Are you sure that you are OK with this?”

“Yes, I am.” He confirmed. “I love you, Marla, and you know that. If this is what you want to do, then so be it. I am glad you told me, though. I really appreciate it.” He sounded even half-supportive.

“Oh, Sean. I love you so much. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I mean that.” I said as I hugged and kissed him, only to be interrupted by a doorbell.

Sean smiled at me and said “Go kick his ass Miss Desiree!”

She opened the door to find Zack standing in front wearing baby blue shirt and khaki pants. She laughed as she remembered that one of her rules was to dress like you are going to a PTA meeting. She stood in the doorway and looked at him for a second.

“Come in.” she said. “You need to meet someone.”

He walked in and she introduced him to Sean. Zack was a little surprised by this gesture, but he remembered that one of her things was openness and honesty. She was not about to force him to commit adultery without his knowledge. The men shook hands and the situation turned a little awkward soon after. She could see on Zack’s face that he was completely taken by surprise that her husband was so calm about her having a sexual relations with another man.

She quickly put a stop to this

“Lets go!” she said, pushing Zack out again.

Zack opened the door of the car for her and she got in. She gave him directions and soon they arrived. She opened the door and just before entering, without even looking at him said,

“You need to make sure that this is what you really want. Take a minute to think, clear your thoughts and if you decide to come in, leave your pride outside.”

She walked in and quickly sucked her breath. The smell and the atmosphere was reminding her of her past. She remembered some scenes taking places in this dungeon and she slowly walked around reminiscent. There was a door and a one-way mirror. She walked up to the mirror and put her palm on it. Her breath was slightly fogging it. The echoes of the past rung through the old brick and blurred images flew by as her gaze moved from a corner to a corner hearing, feeling and remembering what went on. She was back in the part of her life that she thought she would never return to.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door and she was startled. The blood rushed through her entire body as she realized that Zack was outside. She slowly walked to the door and opened it, but there was nobody there. Her eyes dropped to the floor where she saw Zack sitting on his knees, bent forward into a fetal position with his arms above his head. She smiled on the inside, but remained firm in her commands.

“Get up!”

He slowly got up and walked in. His head was bowed down between his shoulders as he tried to appear that he did not tower over her when standing up.

She closed the door behind him and locked it. From her bag, she took out a choking collar and threw it in front of him. She opened the door to a side room and waved her head for him to walk in.

“Take all your clothes off and put this on.” She commanded as she pointed to it on the floor.

“Get in there and wait for me!”

“Yes mistress.” He answered and walked into the room.

She leaned back on the door and let the sensation fill her body. Feeling so empowered, she slowly started to get dressed. She noticed through the mirror that Zack was in the Dungeon

already and she flicked the light, leaving him in complete darkness. She slowly put her boots on, harnessed into a strap-on, leaving her tits bare for the added torture. She wrapped herself into a knee-length black trench coat, zipped it up and took a point light in one hand and whip in the other.

She walked in, pointing the light in his face finding him in the position she had found him at the front door. As he noticed the light he lifted his head. She walked over to him and whipped one across his ass. He flinched and she quietly sucked her breath in.

“First mistake!” she said with a firm tone as the sensation of memories, now coming alive again filled her insides.

“What do you do when Mistress walks into the dungeon?” she asked.

He crawled over to her boots and kissed the leather below her ankles. She whipped him again

“Second mistake! What do you do when Mistress asks you a question?”

“I answer.” He whimpered.

“Good. Now you may kiss my boots. Don’t stop until you are told so!”

The point light allowed her to see his face now bent down in front of him kissing the soft leather of her boots. He was kissing the leather first softly, then more and more ardently, when she realized that he was licking and quietly gasping as his breathing quickened. He was gorgeous. He could not see her face and she closed her eyes enjoying the moment for just one second. Snapping out of it, she lightly kicked his face and yelped

“Enough!” she pulled on his collar and flipped him over on his back. She flicked the lights on as he squinted his eyes to adjust.

“Arms behind your back!” and he obeyed. She stepped with her foot across his throat leaving his trachea in her arch allowing him to breathe. Barely! She heard him gurgling as if he was to say something. Realizing that a lot of new people forget to use the safe word, she yelled at him

“Are you trying to say something?” Reminding him that he has an out and letting go of her foot slightly but still keeping a firm grip.

“I just want to please you, mistress.” He softly said as her foot was preventing full intake of air. When she heard that she felt extremely aroused. It was intoxicating. But she had to keep her reign.

“And for that you will be rewarded! Get up!” she said and tugged on his collar again, pulling him to the leather table and making him bend over. His cock was fully erect. She tied his hands and legs down to the table and took her coat off. Walking in front of him, she leaned down so he can see her naked breasts. The look of lust in his eyes empowered her even more. She stood up in front of him, her strap-on near his face, she whipped him across his back and he tensed up. He moaned and she commanded yet again.

“Suck on it!”

Without hesitation, he took a strap-on into his mouth and started sucking. She stroked his hair gently as she swayed her hips back and forth. He was moaning with pleasure and she pulled out.

“You are a little slut, aren’t you?” she asked as he was exhaling and trying to catch his breath, but remained silent.

“ANSWER ME!” she screamed and she could see tears coming down his face.

“Yes, I am a slut! My sole purpose is to please you, mistress!” he whimpered.

“Stop crying or I will have to punish you!” she said and he took a deep breath

“Yes, ma’am!”

“Good.” She said as she walked behind him and blew her whip across his ass.

“We need some colour in those cheeks” She cackled and whipped him again and again.

He threw his head back in pain, but remained silent. Delivering a final blow of the whip, she spread his ass cheeks and pushed the strap-on into him. If she could read his body language, her thrusts were welcomed. She sped up. He moaned as the soft dildo obviously massaged

his G-spot. She was not going to let him come. Not yet. Instead she pulled out, grabbed his hair hard and pulled his head back hissing into his ear.

“You obviously don’t remember the rules, slave!” she let go of his head and whipped him again across his back before she grabbed his head again.

“If you cum before me, there will be hell to pay! For this little mishap, you will suffer!”

She clamped his nipples, wrapped her whip gently around his hard on and stroked him slightly. After that, she placed a cock ring on his cock and walked in front of him.

“I am leaving! Think about what you have done!” she said as she stomped out of the dungeon.

She closed the door and leaned back against it. Her clit was throbbing and she knew that she had to finish this soon, or she would not last. She looked through the mirror at him, tied up, bruised, helpless. She took another deep breath to contain the tremors that were building inside her. ‘Shit’ she thought to herself, ‘I am totally out of practice’. She smiled, comparing herself to a virgin teenage boy who could come even at a thought of having a real thing.

Looking at him again, her fingers went down to touch herself, but she laughed when she noticed the strap on. She removed it, leaving her naked. Taking a couple of more deep breaths, she walked back inside, walked in front of him and stuck her crotch in front of his face. He took a deep breath and hung his head down, away from the sight of her cunt. She was surprised, but it all made sense when he spoke.

“Mistress, may I speak?” he asked

“Yes you may!” she said and he started.

“My sole wish was to please you. I failed at that. I disappointed you and I am not worthy. I do not deserve your kindness.” He kept talking in between sighs.

As he spoke, she smiled on the inside. Success. Ultimate humility. He cracked.

“You are right, slave!” she said as she stroked his hair. “However, I am feeling generous today. I will allow you to please me. But,” she continued, “ as your punishment, you will not be pleased

yourself. After I am finished, you will jerk yourself off for my amusement like the last piece of shit that you are!" She whipped him one last time.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes mistress!" he said and she spread her legs in front of his face. She needed to feel his tongue on her hot flesh and she could not wait any longer. Yearning for an orgasm, she sucked her breath as he lifted his head towards her cunt.

"LICK IT, slave!" she commanded as he eagerly started to flap his tongue across her clit, making her want to scream in ecstasy. She had not noticed until this very moment how long his tongue really was and she bore one last ounce of strength to pull away. She had a better idea.

"I changed my mind!" she said and she untied him from the position he was in, only to re-tie him laying down on his back.

"I will ride your face and you will fuck me with that sweet tongue of yours! You better make sure I come or I will leave you here tied up all night!" She said and she straddled his face as she felt his tongue enter her slit. He worked it with all his might and she could not contain herself any longer. She felt the build up of tremors turn into an explosive orgasm as she poured her juices on his face. He drank her completely, savouring every drop and she enjoyed every moment of it.

"Good!" She said and untied him from the table only to tie his hands from elbows to wrists in front of him and his feet together.

"That is all freedom you get. You do not deserve any more. Now jerk it off!" as she whipped one last time across his thighs.

He vigorously cupped his hard on and shook it up and down until he came. It did not take long. He was obviously close. The cum exploded like a volcano out of his hole and back onto his body pooling in between his thighs and landing on his hands.

She stomped out without a word. Looking back at his feeble body though the mirror, spent, humiliated and broken, she could not help but gloat. Quietly, under her breath she uttered. "I am back!"

It was a Sunday afternoon. Marla was sitting outside on her deck. Couple of months have passed since that night at the dungeon with Zack and she never heard from him again.

Unfortunately, she could not dismiss what she experienced quite so easily and she found herself yearning for more. Her sexual pleasures with Sean had somewhat diminished but she never let him know. She loved him too much to do that. Feeling somewhat rejected, she was wondering if there was anything else she could have done differently. No, there wasn't. It was perfect. Surely, she was a little out of practice, but these things are like riding a bike. It comes back quite easily. Driven by instinct, lust and desire, one can never 'forget' the true nature of their sexual psyche. So why is it that he never called again? There was no answer in her mind and she did not really want to know either.

Sean snapped her out of her thoughts.

"Hey beautiful," he said leaning over to give her a sweet and tender kiss.

"Hey" she answered, somewhat forlorn.

"You ok?" Sean could sense something was up.

"Yes, I am." Marla lied and the next moment found hating herself for lying to him. She quickly found a way to get out of it. "I mean, Marla is ok. However, I am having a little trouble with Miss Desiree."

Sean changed the tone of his voice.

"Oh." He said "How so?"

Marla looked at her wonderful husband, not believing that he really cared, but continued all the same.

"He never called back Sean." She admitted. "And, I must confess, that bothers me a bit."

"Why is that?"

"I don't know. It just does. I guess it is a low blow to what I used to be. I guess I lost the touch and knowing that, hurts a bit."

“What if I told you that it isn’t true?” he said and Marla smirked. She appreciated what he was trying to do, but deep inside she knew that Sean could not help her. Not with this. Sitting there quietly, for a little while longer, she decided to forget about Zack. After all, that was partly the reason why she left that life. Long time ago, she realized that bdsm community is like organized religion. Everyone with an asshole has an opinion. Obviously, Zack was no different. Satisfied with her resolution, she took a deep breath and exhaled. She was vanilla now....and happy.

“Marla,” Sean started, “he did call.”

“What?” she wide-eyed her husband. “When? Why didn’t you tell me? Jesus, Sean! I confide in you, keep no secrets and the least I expect in return is to get my messages. You don’t get this stuff, Sean. You can’t just toy with people like that. One day, you are all supportive and the other you are like this. What the fucking hell?” she was fuming.

“Are you finished?” Sean was calm.

“What the hell do you expect me to say?”

“Well, for one, you are assuming he called you. He didn’t. He called me.”

“Oh,” Marla was starting to regret not giving her husband the benefit of the doubt and feeling ashamed of her reaction. “Why?” she was now completely calmed.

“Well, he couldn’t talk to you. You are his mistress. And given that less than a few people know about this side of him, he did not have a whole lot of choice. He begged me not to tell you. He said you would view it as defiance.”

Marla just listened and took a deep breath. Sean continued.

“I just don’t get it, Marla. I don’t think I ever will. You tied him up, humiliated him, beat him, whipped him or whatever other shit you do in that place and he calls me and tells me that you have given him sexual experience of a lifetime. I believe he called it a ‘gift of verve’.

“Sean,” she softened her words. “I know you don’t understand. And that’s OK. Really. I love you for who you are. I am sorry I reacted the way I did. Sean, you are the love of my life and I would never do anything to hurt you.” She was almost in tears.

“That is precisely why you never heard back from him.”

“What do you mean?”

“He said that he cannot leave emotions out of it and that’s why he can’t call you again. He did not want me to tell you, cause he knew that you would think less of him for that. He wanted you to remember him as someone ‘worthy’. I believe that’s the word he used.

Marla just smiled.

“Thank you for telling me. I appreciate it.”

“C’mon, cheese ball! Let’s go make dinner!”

* * *

Another month had passed when Marla noticed that Zack’s band was coming through town in a week. Sean was going to be in Indonesia at the time and she decided to go. She did not know why, but she needed to see him one last time. If nothing else, she would find closure.

The day of the concert, she was getting ready. The fact that they were playing hard rock allowed her some freedom with the outfit. She pulled her hair up in the bun, wore leather mini skirt, white tanktop, fishnet stockings and knee-high flat boots. The coat...the same trench coat that she used in the dungeon. She looked at herself in the mirror satisfied. Nobody would know that she allowed Miss Desiree to come out. Nobody, but Zack.

It was almost the end of the concert when she decided to walk across the dance floor. She was sitting in the corner all night, just observing. He had a command on the audience and hundreds of girls were screaming and extending their hands to him. That, however, was not her style. She was his mistress and she would not be taken by the powers all those women were powerless against. She stood upright and made her move. She walked quickly but made sure that he noticed her. Their eyes locked just as the song ended. Zack fell on his knees and leaned forward, his arms above his head. To the rest of the crowd, this looked like a dramatic ending. But not to Marla. She knew that this was a salute to her.

As soon as she walked out of sight he rose again, accepting the uproar of his fans. Marla could not help but gloat as she sipped her drink and observed from the barstool. She whispered under her breath, ‘He’s mine!’

A few songs later, the concert was over. When they came back out for the encore, Zack's glare was subtly searching the audience as Marla felt someone tapping her shoulders.

"Miss?" a tall man approached her. "Would you please come with me?"

"Why?" she pretended she did not know.

"I am unsure, but Mr. Marales would like to talk to you after the show. That is, if you don't mind."

He was polite and beautiful and she was startled slightly at the site of him. Without words, she followed. He opened a room and she entered

"Please wait here." He politely asked her.

"Thanks." She said and he left.

She was pacing the room when Zack walked-in. He almost instinctively bent down, his face moving in the direction of her boots. She pulled her foot away and his nose slightly hit the ground.

"Get up!" she said, not wanting to turn this into a sexual act. She needed to talk to him.

"What's on your mind?" she asked coldly, pretending she did not know why he invited her here.

"What are you doing here?" he was a little shaken.

"It's a free country." She answered derisively.

"Oh, cut the crap!" he was irritated and she swung her hand around and slapped him. It was not because he was disobedient. Although, he did not know that. It was not even because he talked back to her. No, this seemed like a perfect opportunity to fulfill her personal, selfish desire to punish him for making her hurt. It was because he never called.

Physical pain for three months of longing. It seemed appropriate. She was not going to let him know that Sean told her he called.

“I am sorry.” He said softly and sat on one of the chairs randomly placed around this otherwise empty room. “Not a day goes by that I don’t think about you. The things that you have allowed me to see, to feel and experience. I know you wonder why I did not call. It’s not what you think. I just can’t keep emotions out of it. You are married and I respect that. I am grateful for what we shared, but I knew I could not keep it at that. I knew that if I ever saw you again...” and he stopped, inhaling deeply.

“Sorry you feel that way.” She said callously and proceeded to leave. But before she walked out, she turned. She looked at him, her eyes were scolding him. She was his teacher, his master, and he needed a firm reprimand.

“Is that why you asked me to come back here? So you can whine and whimper about how you can’t take it? Is it too much for your tiny little soul to comprehend?” She looked at him commandingly, holding his gaze, and feeding off his evident admiration “Let me tell you something, Zack! It is damn emotional. It is something beautiful, something exquisite. It allows you to saunter through avenues of pleasure that you never knew existed of even thought possible. I know you felt it.”

The vulnerability in his eyes urged her to soften her tone. She walked over to him and gently stroked his hair. “I care about you. What you are feeling is a connection to something that irks your senses. Do not think that I don’t understand what you are feeling. However, I don’t think you are ready for it. Not yet.”

She bent down to his forehead and kissed it, almost motherly. “Goodbye, Zack!” and she walked out the door.