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BRUCE DAVID
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LEE FORBES
Creative Director

ERNEST GREENE
Executive Editor

PHILIP SANGUINET
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M. WELCH
Copy Editor

Cris Devine, *editorial assistant*

TALENT
Jennifer Larsen, *talent coordinator*
To model in TABOO, call 323-651-5400 ext. 7109
or e-mail talent@lfp.com

PHOTOGRAPHY
Lee Forbes, Andre Baylock, Jo Hammar, Holly Randall,
X-Labs Chicago, *contributing photographers*

Sean Berrios, *supervisor of records and documents*
David Carrillo, *record keeper/film archivist*

NETWORK SYSTEMS
Andrea Landrum, *network systems director*

PRODUCTION
Gina J. Lee, *production director*
Shannon Poe, *production assistant*

ADVERTISING
Mickey Puyda, *national advertising sales director*
(323) 951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho, *advertising production coordinator*

SUBSCRIPTIONS
subscription customer service (800) 345-7413

Gerry Awang, *vice-president, circulation & distribution*

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**HUSTLER'S
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8484 WILSHIRE BLVD.
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CA 90211

E-MAIL:
TABOO@LFP.COM

The convergence of kink and polyamory is almost inevitable in retrospect. Though the tribe of BDSM enthusiasts has grown exponentially on a global scale in recent years, in each locality it exists as a much smaller, more intimate band in which, after a time, everyone knows everyone and everyone with similar interests and whatever degree of basic attraction gets around to taking one another for a spin. Such developments are especially likely when complex skill sets like *shibari* bondage or hook suspensions are involved. Demand will always exceed supply where such abilities are required, and for those who play in public venues, that demand is certain to increase when their chops are put on display with eager partners.

And there has from the beginning been a certain uneasy alliance between kinksters and swingers, with many overlapping membership in both subcultures, even while some mutual suspicion still lingers between the two. If swinging, as the name implies, is all about casual, kink is all about ritual, and this makes partner sharing particularly fraught.

Which may be why, mainly for a younger generation of kinksters, the creation of unconventional but significant relationships of different kinds with multiple clan members may represent a natural adaptation. Since we all have to see each other at events and common venues if we are to remain part of the same community, even after awkward breakups, redefinition of relationships may be a more sensible option than the kind of middle-school resentments that used to inflate personal disputes into collective schisms back in the day. Now we encounter not only slaves and Masters and Mistresses, but also those being mentored by or under the protection of or belonging to leather families with a clutch of past, present and prospective playmates. In an atmosphere of abundance once unthinkable and a climate of amity once unimaginable, generalized magnanimity seems a logical successor to the fierce possessiveness that once made for so much drama and so little dependability in the realm of kink.

It's not yet clear how this trend will sort itself out, but so far, it looks like progress to us.

—Ernest Greene, *Executive Editor*

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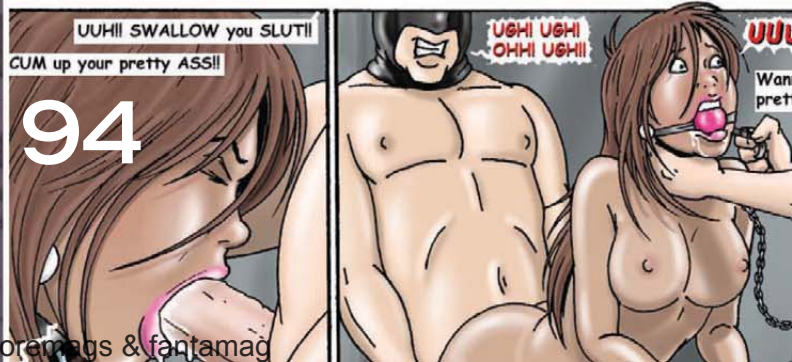
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Regina totters onto the floor of the luxurious club full of hard-eyed gangsters, too aware of how she looks in her cutout top and ruffled skirt that stops just above her exposed slit. The belled butt-plug is the worst, signaling her availability as she hoarsely hawks cigarettes by the pack from the tray slung around her neck. Every customer gropes and grabs her, rough hands mauling her tits, invading her cooze, tugging at the ring holding her bell. Trembling with dread and anticipation, she knows she's giving a show every time she bends over. It doesn't take long for her uniform to come off.

Chained at the bar, Regina responds to the barked orders, sticking out her tail for the cruel strap that makes her bell jingle, climbing

onto the counter to amuse them with her sphincter-tightening puffs at the cigarette holder planted in her ass-pipe. No problem squatting over a champagne glass to fill it with streams of her urine, despite the humiliating comments of the onlookers. Scared as she is, Regina could easily pee herself anyway. They always do horrible things to her as they get drunker, but having to suck half a pack of smokes through a mouth ring is a vicious new twist, producing waves of choking and tears. Head yanked back, she swallows her own secretions, rudely tossed down her raw throat from the champagne glass. Then Regina's real work begins. She has more effective ways of making money for the house than peddling tobacco.



Regina
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LABS CHICAGO



















Lucky Seven for L.A. DomCon

Time flies when you're hanging upside down. L.A.'s annual gathering of pro dommes, fans thereof, vendors, performers and perveratti in general recently celebrated its seventh anniversary with typical panache. The event began on a serious note with two days of workshops for professionals only on topics ranging from figging to saline-injection technique to Web site management. As the weekend approached, activities took a festive turn with fashion shows and play parties leading up to a grand Saturday-night fetish ball where professionals and lifestyle kinksters showed off their BDSM style to the pounding beat on the dance floor while live performances unfolded onstage and private play broke out in the more intimate spaces. This event gets better every year, and that's good luck for us all.

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER





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SLAVE RAVE

As a woman, I never thought I'd be writing to a sex magazine (though I've been a TABOO fan for several years), but after viewing *Aly and Keni—Stiff Workout* in your October 2010 issue, I had to thank you for getting me so juicy. As a newly single sub, the feeling between these two players is just what I crave. I love the way he holds her up and fucks her in midair. If there are any other hot, buff Asian Dom dudes like Keni out there, please send them on.

—slave k., Bellingham, Washington

PLEA FOR BREE

Your September 2010 Covergirl Bree (*Bree—Deep End*) is the finest bondage babe to grace your pages in many an issue, and that's saying a lot. Slender yet curvy, innocent-looking but with a naughty twinkle in her eye, she can pee in my pool anytime she cares to drop by for a skinny dip. I hope she'll be back to show off for your readers again soon.

—Jason R. via e-mail



COMING OUT PARTY

I'm writing to request a copy of your article *Terms of Enslavement—Practical Tips for Domestic Slavery* from your September 2004 issue. I realize it's a late request, but I'm preparing for release from prison and my return to a D/s relationship. I'm looking for practical information to help me be a more considerate and less selfish partner. I know I have a lot to learn.

—Name and location redacted

We'd be just a bit squicked by such a request from such a source if it concerned advice about, say, breath play or high-speed bondage rigging, but given the sincere tone of your letter, we prefer to hope that your intentions are as honorable as they sound. We'll try to oblige and good luck sticking to your good intentions.



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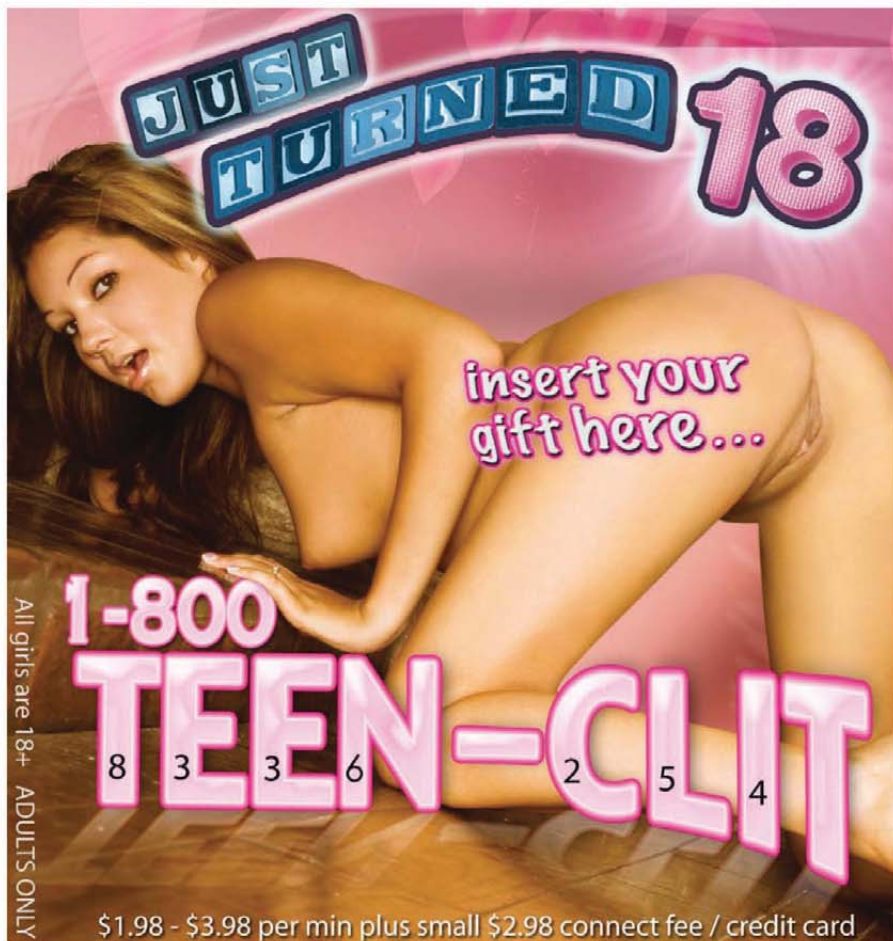
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SLAVE HEART

Venus DeMila Documents the Splendor of Her Submission
With a Passionate Soul and an Exacting Eye

SPECIAL FEATURE BY ERNEST GREENE

It's not hard to see why Venus DeMila is so ardently sought after as a bondage and fetish model. Her spectacular, classical curves, her melting brown eyes, her surprising physical strength and her eager endurance for stringent bondage and extreme stimulation have already attracted the attention of a couple of million visitors to her own newly created Web site. But the power of her appeal lies as much in what cannot be seen as it does in the riches she puts on display. Venus surrenders herself with a candor that may shock some viewers but is nothing more than an honest representation of the woman within. Just as fearlessly as she offers up her luscious body for the most demanding of trials, she reveals the strength and sensitivity of a capable and dynamic woman who dares to embrace the slave within.

TABOO: Introduce us to Venus DeMila and her mission.

VENUS: I started taking pictures with my mom's Kodak Brownie when I was eight years old. It started with dressing up the family cats in my doll clothes; not much has changed. I've had my photography and portrait paintings shown in gallery exhibits and published in *The National Leather Association International Monthly*, along with my coverage of the 2009 Pride parade and Folsom Street Fair. Getting in front of the camera is my attempt to share the BDSM experience through my own eyes.

First and foremost, I strive to offer encouragement, support and guidance to others. I love people and hope that my life in BDSM can shed light on its mystery, enjoyment and intensity. I hope *VenusDeMila.com* will be a source of inspiration and education to those who share my interests.

TABOO: You've been strikingly direct in the pursuit of your own explorations.





VENUS: I began by taking the initiative and buying a leash and collar for myself to offer my boyfriend. I knew what I wanted, I just had no idea how to get it. Fortunately, I met a man who became my mentor and first true Master. He educated and trained me well. The rituals and daily requirements I learned became as natural for me as breathing. I learned to eroticize pain and discovered my true slave heart. I'll always be grateful to him for helping me become the slave I know people appreciate my being today. There is no shame in being a slave. Quite the contrary. The pride I feel serving and surrendering to my Master gives me a pleasure like no other. I've never known anything in life but the need to be strong, take care of business and succeed in whatever I set out to accomplish. There are many different reasons why a strong woman would choose to serve or covet a slave heart. Speaking for myself, to surrender to the will of my Master and for a time not control, drive and direct my own course is very satisfying. Bear in mind that my Master loves my strength and supports, encourages and insists that I maintain my own identity. I am not weaker because I serve and submit. To put someone else's need before your own and truly honor those duties is a formidable challenge. No worthwhile dominant is proud to own a weak slave.

TABOO: You've made some very rigorous and demanding choices not everyone could, even in the world of BDSM.

VENUS: We're all different, but we're all in this together. The fine complexities of BDSM aren't always understood. There is no "one way" by which all its desires are properly expressed. I'm a multifaceted human being. The very strength I use to conduct my business is laid to rest at my Master's feet. It's a beautiful dance that I never want to see end. I love challenges and the rewards they bring. I was given my nipple piercings after my first time being fisted by another woman on camera. I earned my inner labia piercings after performing oral sex on a woman. These things are constant reminders of service appreciated and rewarded.

I have to say my most unexpected surprise is my ability to withstand impact play to the magnitude in which I've come to enjoy. I never thought I would be able to eroticize pain for pain's sake.

TABOO: You make a clear distinction between a submissive orientation and a desire for true slavery.

VENUS: Slave does not equal submissive. There are many who identify as slaves who don't think of themselves as submissive.

As a slave my service is to honor my Master in all ways possible, to insure he is proud of his property. My focus is to meet his needs if not exceed them. I like anticipating his wants and finding new ways to make his life as my Master more enjoyable. For instance, my Master and I tried something new (for me) this week. I wanted to have my head submerged in a bucket of water while being fucked from behind. While having my head dunked time after time, I knew I could fight back but allowing the natural flow of it was so much more pleasurable. It was definitely something I would do again. My Master recently

trained me in cock-worshipping with my feet. What a complete turn-on that turned out to be! I had no idea! Most of all, I love serving him orally in every way possible. I also identify as Polyamorous and enjoy the careful selection of others for inclusion in our M/s relationship. But I always know I alone can give him experiences that fulfill his inner-most cravings. I admit I take pride in that knowledge.

TABOO: Which is not to say you don't have preferences of your own.

VENUS: Oh yes. I derive a great deal of pleasure from serious rope bondage. I had a very cathartic rope experience after being by my brother's side while he passed away after a week on life support. I was doing a shoot with my friend DonSir, who had me suspended in the air in a tight suspension. I am crazy in love with being fisted and squirting as a result. As you can see on my Web site, with just the right pressure I can squirt like a geyser. To feel my Master's fist push deep into my cunt and fill my warm insides as he begins to push and pull in succession is such a complete turn-on my nipples get hard just thinking about it. I'm also partial to impact play. I enjoy "thud" as much as "sting." I'm very aroused by floggers and truncheons. I can even enjoy being a punching bag, but only on the stomach, lower abdomen or back, never above the chest. I love canes, riding crops and whips. Face-slapping has always been a personal favorite. Nothing else gets or maintains my attention quite so effectively. Being handled aggressively, pushed against a wall or being held down can be very enjoyable, as is neck pressure, properly and cautiously applied of course. And being heavily laden in bondage gear, strapped to a bed and fucked to the point of sheer exhaustion is pure nirvana. With my ability to eroticize pain and my need for the most powerful sensations, you can see why I need a close connection with a very advanced Master to feel safe going where I need to go.

TABOO: It's obvious from your work that you possess dominant skills of your own.

VENUS: I have no desire to dominate men, but I do get off on dominating women. There's just something about putting a collar and cuffs on a woman, tying her up and putting on my girl-cock to fuck her that just does it for me. I delight in making a beautiful woman go down on me and then rewarding her accordingly. It's very satisfying to whip a beautiful submissive or slave who's a true masochist. If the woman is stronger or more skilled than I am, I have no problem submitting to her instead. Otherwise, I'll take the lead and she'll get the benefit of my experience.

TABOO: There's a consistent esthetic to the images you create in terms of detail, atmosphere and technique. How would you describe it?

VENUS: My most important photographic influences are very different in their approach but equally satisfying in their delivery: Ken Marcus and Helmut Newton. My own images are created in collaboration with photographer extraordinaire Liquiderotica. His technique is driven by a strict resolve to provide images of unforgettable perfec-







tion. For my part, I take a great deal of time setting up and directing our shoots. Nothing is left to chance and if I'm in the picture you can rest assured the scene, set and details reflect my own vision. If you see it in the pictures it's really happening. I'm not pretending. It's the real deal: felt, tasted, touched, impacted, pinched, pulled or inserted. What makes a BDSM image beautiful is the story behind it. Who are these people? What have they come here to share and how will these images capture, educate and arouse the viewer? My Web site shares my journey in detail, both photographically and through my blog. I hope to begin exploring the possibilities of video soon as well.

TABOO: How does someone who is genuinely M/s oriented maintain the boundaries between personal and professional lives?

VENUS: I respect where I am and who I'm with at that moment. I'm a very private person by nature and I respect others' privacy as much as my own. Setting boundaries and learning how to exist within and, at the right time, step outside of those boundaries, is part of the dance.

TABOO: What qualities do you think make for an excellent slave?

VENUS: Strength of heart. Loyalty to duty. A strong capacity to love. Educated experience in the care of service to your Master.

TABOO: And for an excellent Master?

VENUS: Strength of heart. Dedication to training. A strong capacity to love. Educated experience in the care and protection of your property, your slave.

TABOO: What advice would you give to anyone newly entering the BDSM scene?

VENUS: Keep an open mind. When starting out in BDSM play always get references from other friends or mutually known people within your community. Playing at your local dungeon is a nice, safe place to get acquainted and meet others who will assist in your education.

TABOO: What goals and ambitions do you set for yourself in the long run?

VENUS: Operating a successful production company and employing fine artists who can maintain their own personal styles while coming together as a team to inspire and create beautiful BDSM imagery.

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Kitty Floor Flusher

Photography by Andre Baylock

Most of the girls dread latrine duty, especially after a guest night at the secret prison where they're kept naked and waiting for the use of high officials. But Kitty finds she gets more attention from the guards when the place is filthy and reeking for some reason. A naked slave scrubbing a dirty floor with her ass in the air knows what to expect. So easy to distract the male attendants. The women are more of a challenge. Her secret's out among them. Handed a big, red dildo, she knows what's expected. It's not like she has to worry about making a mess.

Working her clit in rhythmic circles, packing her hole with the rubber tool in slow, deep strokes with her foot up on the sink to provide a better view, Kitty takes herself right to the edge as instructed, slender belly straining with the effort of holding back her orgasm. The evil bitch with the whip wants her to do it over the urinal. They never run out of vile ideas in this place. Kitty obeys, spreading her membranes and pushing herself over with a few frantic, final strokes, her juices gushing out in the mighty flume for which she's infamous. Panting, gasping, splattering the floor, she hears her new orders. With her cunt muscles so well worked out, holding the toilet brush should be no problem while she finishes swirling out the com-modes. It's a dirty job, but Kitty is a very dirty girl.





















SUB-SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY

TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this Forum For Fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

I'm a 21-year-old woman with limited sexual experience, living in a small city in Arkansas. I think about sex a lot, especially kinky sex. I'm out about my inclinations and I've taken a lot of shit for them. I can't wait to move to a bigger city so I can have the sex of my dreams. Anyway, what is sub-space and how do I find it? I wonder if maybe I'm a top because whenever I read about sexual submission, I just don't understand the state of mind it seems to produce, and it sounds so nice I'd love to try it for myself.

—Searching for the Sweet Spot, Fort Smith, Arkansas

Dear Searching:

Sub-space is both a state of mind and a physical sensation. In the case of the former, it's principally an emotional experience during which a submissive player feels most fully surrendered and vulnerable. The more visceral equivalent is an endorphin rush, similar to a "runner's high," that can envelope a submissive player during or after an effective scene. It can be triggered by behavior, emotions or sensations in any combination. Some subs can "go there" easily and others, like me, take longer. Each submissive has her own triggers, and they can change over time, though some themes will tend to be consistent. I liked black riding boots before I knew about kink sex and the sight of them on my Master still gets me wet, whatever kind of play we're doing. Some submissives achieve sub-space by providing personal, intimate care: laying out clothes and helping their Dominant to dress all the way to drinking Master's or Mistress's piss.

For the more service-oriented, self-identified slave, any activity that demonstrates devotion and the desire to please can bring on the cascade of feelings that washes her into sub-space. These willingly undertaken duties are a form of worship I could never perform in a church, but they get me all dreamy in the dungeon. I love setting up the play space beforehand: laying out the toys and supplies we'll need and picking out the dirty pictures we'll look at before we start, all of which serve to put me in the mood to submit.

Subs who love impact play can be led into "the zone" by a skillful whipping, flogging, caning or spanking. Many things combine in the moment to bring on the euphoric sense of complete receptivity: the intense stimulation of leather hitting skin, the

straining of muscles against restraints, the mental excitement of playing with transgression and boundary pushing, all further powered by sexual arousal and mutual animal attraction. I like to stay in that space for as long as my Dominant partner cares to keep me there.

Some people are inspired to submit by lust or romantic love. Their longing for and attraction to the other person makes them weak in the knees and they don't much care what the Dominant partner does, as long as he does it to them. The attention alone is enough to put them into sub-space and it comes unbidden. Others are moved to psychedelic sexual surrender by very specific physical sensations ranging from electrical stimulation to play piercing.

Since you don't have a lot of experience, start with situations and partners with which and with whom you feel safe and sexy. Sub-space requires letting go of inhibitions and insecurities and that won't happen if you're wound tight by anxiety. Because you feel toppy, you might want to learn that skill set first. It will make you more confident in your BDSM explorations overall, and the feedback you get from submissive partners will give you insight into how their processes work. The more women you see enter sub-space the more you'll want to see, believe me. Ecstasy is contagious.

Topy or not, if sub-space sounds appealing to you, don't be surprised one day to feel submissive to a potential partner. I wasn't expecting it when I fell in love with my husband and Master, but it's been one of the best things that ever happened to me. Even now, I identify as a top-heavy switch, but though I wasn't looking for it, I will always be grateful to have found my way into sub-space. The fact that you're asking this question suggests you may find yourself there as well.

DEAR NINA,

I met someone through an online dating site who introduced me to BDSM and I fell for him hook, line and sinker. Our M/s relationship has been limited to contact via phone and computer over almost a year, but he's really touched something deep inside me. However, he always backs out at the last minute on plans we've made to meet in person. My vanilla friends don't know about the intensity of our D/s attraction and think I am nuts to still talk to him. The problem is that I've had a glimpse of something really wonderful, and don't want to give it up. I really care about him, and I don't think there are many men in the world I would be able to submit to. On the other hand, I'm obviously not happy with the status quo and it deeply unsettles me to find myself so drawn to a man with whom I've had no physical contact. I don't know whether to stay or go.

—Wanting More, Yantic, Connecticut

Dear Wanting:

Painful as it may seem, I think you should go. I well understand the rush of recognition when first encountering a type of sex long desired and never consummated. The thrill of imagining yourself kneeling, presenting your ass and saying the words, "Yes, Master," is a powerful fantasy that can keep you enmeshed in false romance for a long time. However, as hot as your long-distance "sessions" may be, they can't compare to kneeling in front of a real person who can touch you, by turns hurting you and making you come. Voices over the phone



are compelling but nothing holds your attention more than having your Master look into your eyes as he works your ass with his cock, pulling orgasms out of you until you feel as limp as a rag doll, completely spent and exposed. As a real person you have a right to a real relationship with an actual human being, as opposed to a created persona. After so many months, I'm skeptical that this man can give you that.

For all you know, he may be married or otherwise unavailable, may be nothing like the image he's created in your mind, may lack the skills and experience to which he lays claim or may for a host of other possible reasons fear physical intimacy with you. Such a man is not Master material. Your vanilla friends are right, even though they have no clue about the specifics of your attraction to him. If he truly wanted a relationship with you, you'd be having it by now. Seen in the best light, he's given you the gift of introducing you to your submissive nature. Now that you know this about yourself, you can start looking for a suitable partner closer to home. I know it hurts to let go after you've developed such a strong attachment to him, but you're allowed to want more than he can give and to go and get it. No other man can be your first, but there are many Dominant men out there, each with his own bag of tricks, some good, some not. Keep looking until you find one who wants all you have to offer.

DEAR NINA,

I'm new to playing the Dominant role with women and so far I'm enjoying it immensely. To finally allow myself the pleasure of seeing a woman on her knees in front of me, looking up with a tear-stained face as she swallows my cock, is a fantastic rush. I've found a regular partner who's more experienced as a submissive than I am as a Dominant and it's proving to be a mixed blessing. She really knows how to serve me and it's beautiful to watch her crawl to me with a whip in her teeth before offering her tits to it. However, my own novice status makes me feel insecure around her. I fear she's judging me or my performance and that if I don't measure up to her standards, I'll lose her. What do you suggest I do to build her confidence in me and my own in myself?

—New in the Saddle, New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear New:

I suggest you cut yourself some slack and give your submissive partner some credit. As a Dominant who respects the autonomy of your willing slave, you must trust that she's having a good time or she wouldn't be there. Power exchange is a two-way street. She brings her receptivity and you bring a willingness to be your bad self. Your job is to fully inhabit that part of you that seeks to control a woman sexually, that gets off on seeing her suffer for your amusement and arousal and having her serve you. What we want from the Dominant men in our lives is the opportunity to dance with the Minotaur. You're still learning what that entails, but take my word for it, if she didn't see that potential in you she wouldn't return your calls. My Master says he's as good in the dungeon as he is because he learned new moves from each of his submissive partners. Let her show you how to best take control. Aside from the technical ability to administer a good whipping or caning, or to tie someone up quickly and safely or to use electrical gizmos on her tender bits, there is the emotional capacity to fully inhabit the role that every effective Dominant must develop, the confidence to recognize what you want and take it. Since she's been around some, I'm guessing that's the potential she sees in you and that she's waiting to see if you'll step up to it. So get over yourself and show both of you the time of your lives. If she believes in you, why shouldn't you?





ELLE POINT LESSON

Photography by LEE FORBES

Kneeling chained on the concrete in her high ballet boots and leather corset, Elle waits for her instructor to raise her on the hoist. Today Elle won't be allowed simply to stand in the cramping point boots. She'll be doing aerial display as well. She floats just off the floor, desperate to keep her legs straight while gloved hands swing her back and forth by the collar and lash her most tender regions with a heavy, red flogger. Only another woman could hit her there with such precise cruelty. The whipping stops only long enough for the insertion of the probe, which gives no pleasure as Madame seeks the back wall of Elle's inflated bladder. No bathroom privileges since breakfast and hours of fearful anticipation have brought Elle to the brink of incontinence.

Knowing this, Elle's instructor sets what seems a tiny glass bowl on the ground, winches up Elle's thighs and orders her to let go, warning about getting all Elle's piss in the bowl, which is impossible. The huge stream splatters everywhere, and Elle is on her knees licking up the mess and begging forgiveness, none of which spares her a clit-whipping with the searing dressage or a compulsory orgasm while suspended head down. Ordered to lie down and spread, Elle knows that Master will soon arrive to assess her progress. He'll be displeased, of course, until he's pleased himself with Elle and her in the process. Whatever they say, she considers it a passing grade.











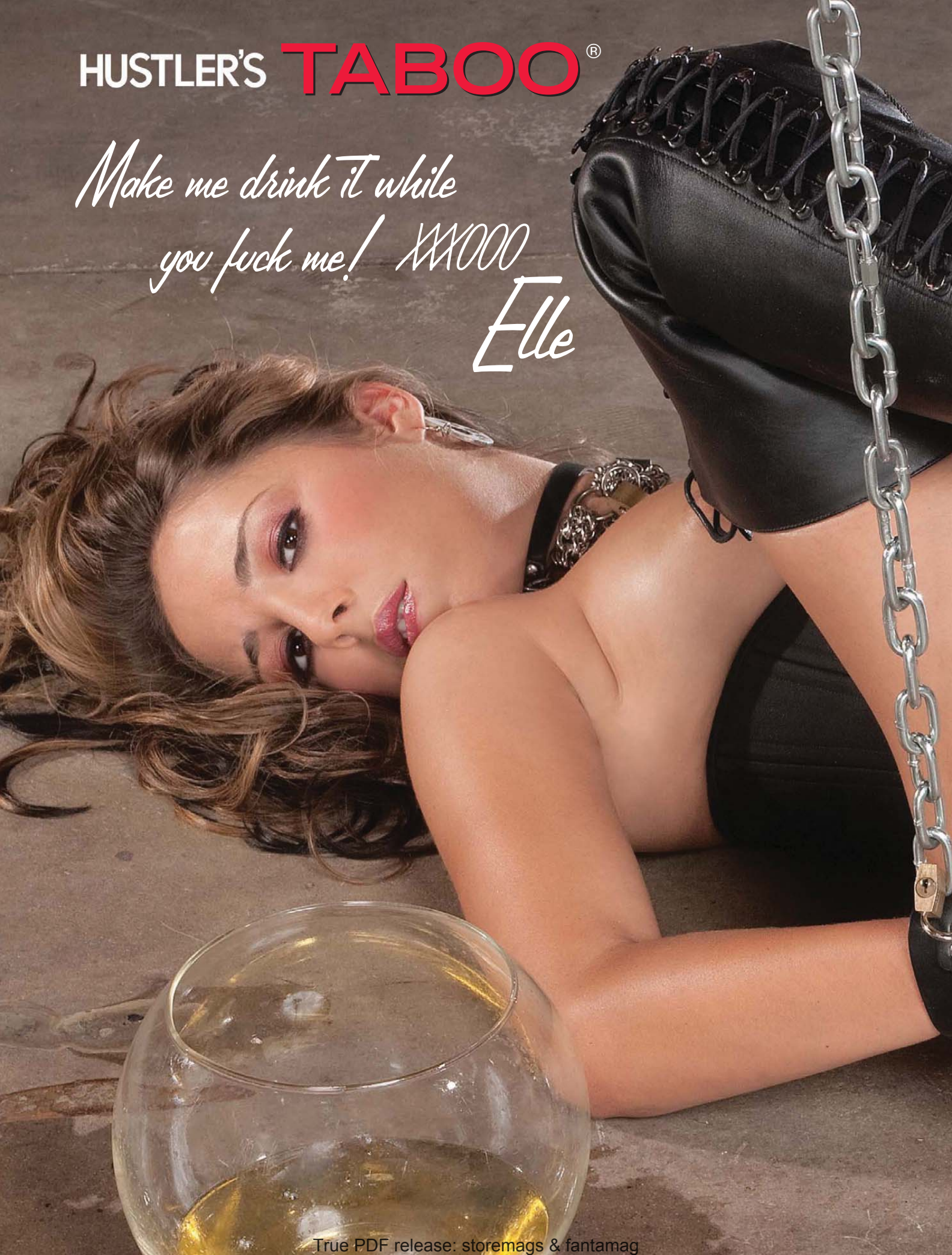




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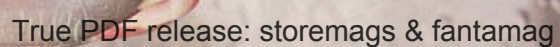
Severine enjoys the challenge of employing her medical skills while zipped into the sweaty cocoon of her tight latex uniform. It's so practical in the often messy business of caring for the "patients," young women who, at great expense to themselves or their benefactors, come to be treated for chronic stimulation deficits. Sheathed head to heels in gleaming rubber, their bodies are more familiar to Severine than their faces.

Severine loves the desperate eyes of the one who's always brought in gas-masked—so pleading and yearning as she sucks air through her hose, mighty tits heaving against their membrane-thin latex confinement. Methodically strapping the girl down and ratcheting apart her stockinged legs, Severine threads the thick catheter into the tiny pee-hole, one burning millimeter at a time. The nasal squealing from behind the mask rises in pitch as the huge syringe slowly sucks out the pent-up urine, only to replace it with a thorough flushing of hot saline. The catheter stays in, of course, during the insertion of the long, greasy, bowel-flooding colon tube.

Severine saves the best for last, pinning her patient's labia with biting clamps and cranking her pink tunnel open with a chilled speculum. Listening for the correct abdominal spasms as she applies her gloved fingers to the girl's stiff, exposed clit, Severine feels her own tingle. Once she's gotten this one off the requisite number of times, she'll hop up on the table and give herself a quick treatment. Just one of the perks.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR

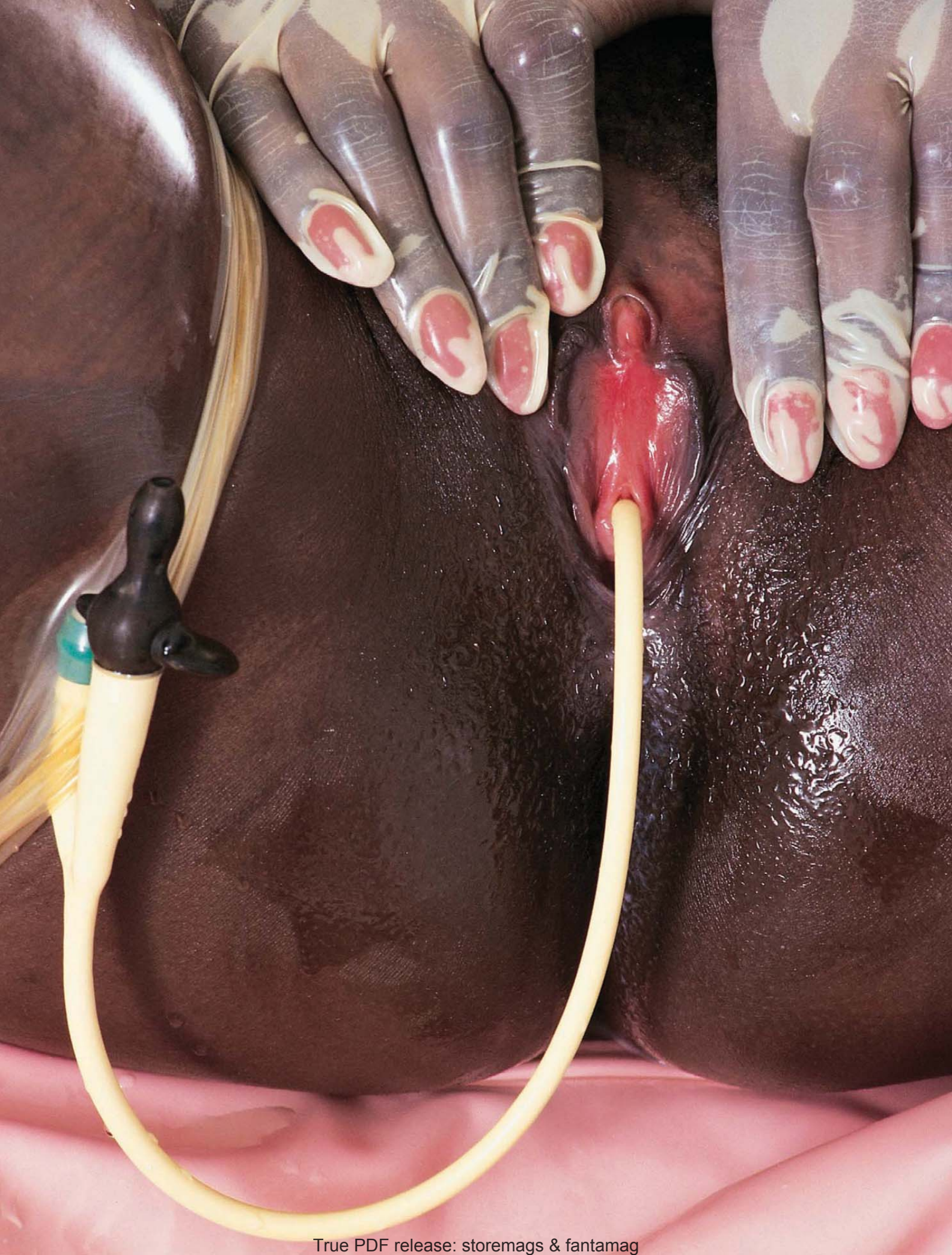


















AMBER PARLOR TRICKS

Photography by HOLLY RANDALL







Dressed up in an open-back corselette belt and black stockings, I know what kind of whore I'm to be when summoned to The Parlour. I'll be the naughty kind who needs a spanking. In a heartbeat, my hands are strapped above my head, my ankles barred wide and my high heels off the lush carpet. Every bit of my black mesh costume is transparent and accessible, as Master demonstrates by reaching under the hem to find my cunt wet as always. When I moan, it isn't from my aching arms.

He starts with the slender, stinging leather paddle, striping up my derriere as I wriggle and whine. The pinching clamps come next, along with a plug to put inside me and a strap to hold it in place. Strapped to the side of the whipping horse, I have to work myself off while he jerks over me, allowing me one orgasm before strapping me down and pounding my back and bottom beet red with the flogger. A fat ball gag puts an end to my begging, but not to my squirming. Flipping me onto my back with my legs open and my curly head hanging off the bench, he circles me, rubbing his thick, oiled member against my rubber packed face before stepping up to my open end. I couldn't keep his cock out of me if I wanted to, but that would be the last thing on my mind. I am, after all, a naughty whore and he wouldn't have me to his parlour if I weren't.













ADRIANNA AND TONY
RIDDEN ON A RAIL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE BAYLOCK





Adrianna has full, tough tits and a tender, little pussy. Tony likes the way her nips stiffen when slapped, but he's really doing it to make her twist and shy away on the hard, sharp spine of the whipping horse. With her feet off the ground and her weight concentrated on her painful perch, her cries and pleas are as convincing as her kisses. Adrianna gets it that more love means less torture. She rattles her chains, hurting herself more, each time he slaps her back with the heavy flogger, understanding that what he wants is to get a real reaction out of her. The tears well in her big, blue eyes as she offers up her ass for his pleasure. Of course, that's her preference too, but what Adrianna wants is incidental. She likes it best when it's not about her.

Splayed cross-wise over the slatted cylinder, wrists and ankles dangling above the concrete floor, Adrianna's a lovely piece of fuck meat and Tony goes straight to her well-schooled anus, leaving her throbbing gash neglected for now. She'll come anyway, over and over, from the slow churning of his thick wedge in and out of her ass-guts. Daring to shoot him a knowing smile earns her a barrage of hard swats with the leather paddle, but she doesn't care. She's hungry for the taste of slimy rod and a mouthful of spurting lava. It's meant to be a long, hard day in their personal dungeon and Adrianna knows how to make sure it happens that way.

















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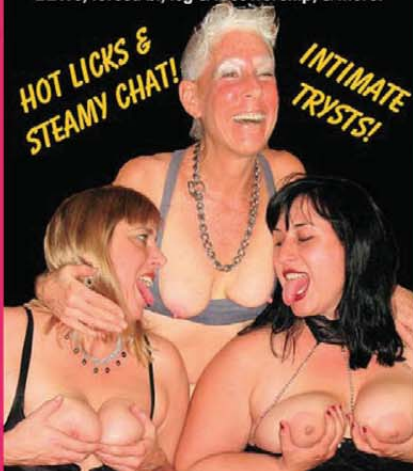
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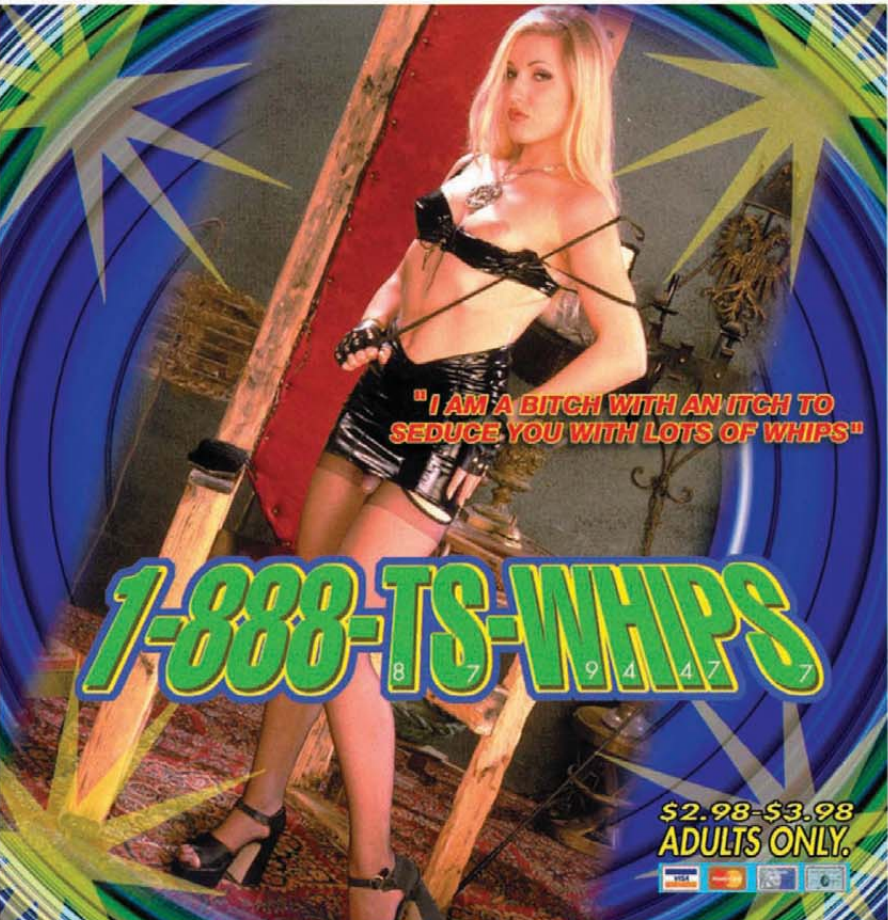
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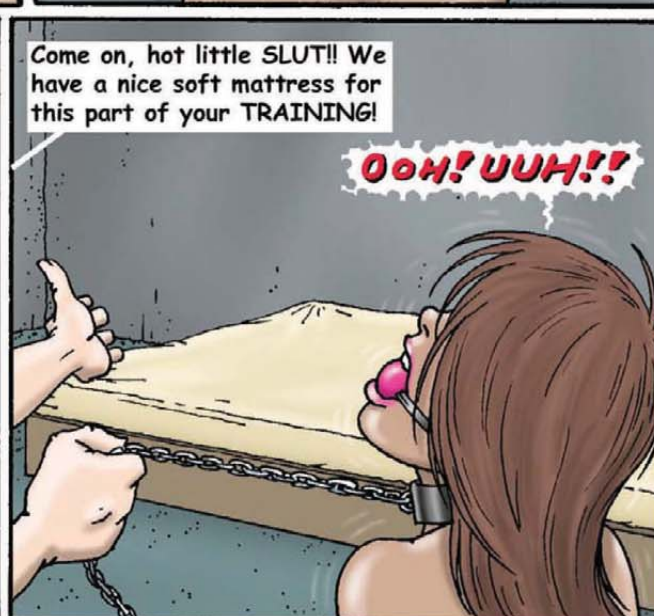
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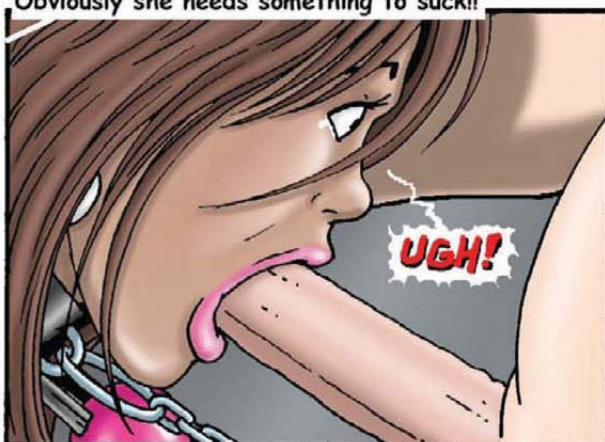
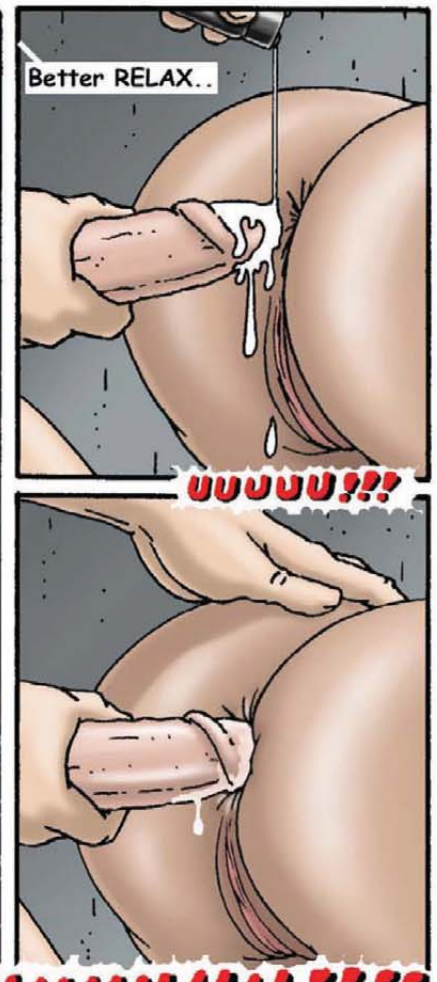
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On her knees, Elan prays for mercy, but she'll find none in this chapel perilous. Where darkness rules, her bare flesh glows in the sickly light. Bound, lashed, made to humiliate herself with penetrating instruments and to defile the chalice with the arcing streams of her piss, Elan will earn her place in the cult by serving its vile desires and giving herself up to its depraved debauchery. In this place of sin, she will find no redemption, only the torments of hell.



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