

The Highest Maintenance of a Lady

Writ as a Confession,
Friday the Thirteenth of February,
the day before Valentine's Day

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The worst of misfortunes has, at last, befallen my misfortunate estate. What "dread" condition that might be, you are no doubt giggling over - in this my pathetic existence, of constant subjection? Did one of the Mistresses slap me a bit too hard? Was I locked in a closet for 24 hours, and forgotten? Or perhaps the Mistress Angel Stern has decided to dispense with my heretofore unflagging servitude?

No, none of these - and none of these come even CLOSE to comparing with the acute interior trauma I must now undergo ... the horrific pall I fall to sleep under each night - the dull clangour of psychic pain I awaken to - not to mention those panic dreams...

No... my misfortune is that I have fallen in love with an extremely High Maintenance Lady.

Yet she is no more sinisterly cruel than any other Lady I have known to date. Though she has threatened my solitude - and though at times the mere thought of her does appall my sanity - there is nothing so banal as mere PHYSICAL torment to be feared from her!

No! I have fallen in love with her - and worse -

She is in love with me!

Up until now all my submissions, my violent masochism, every torment my specific fetish inflicts upon me - all these things, when engaged in with other women, felt very much like love. I mistook my frenzied SELF-devotedness for that purest of emotions. And now something worse than any obsession makes its demands upon me -

I love a Lady who demands to be loved in return!

She is not at all interested in my usual avowals, that do fall so trippingly off my libertine tongue. When I tell her I would 'do anything', she snaps at me not to be glib. When I

rush to remove her shoes, she refuses, saying she could not do the same for me. As if I would dream of letting that Angel serve me!

But that is stupid LOVE ... all things must be 'equal' - I am not permitted to indulge my submissiveness in the ways I am accustomed...

I must actually, truly try to please her!

I literally do not know what to do with myself.

So I tried to ask her what she would have me do to please her.

"Anything you like," came her perverse answer, "Do what thou wilt!"

But My Will is to make her happy - I think - and how to do that I have not a clue for I very weakly need to be told!

"Yet for me to tell you is unfair," didacted my Fair One, "to me, that is...and I will not be selfish with you, dearest Tum!" (I feel so utterly unworthy to be called her 'dearest!')

"No," she then giggled, "Tum, you must think up how to please me all on your own... and perhaps you will pass the test!" ... Have I fallen so low, am I so sunken into masochistic turpitude, have I indulged myself so continually in narcissistic pleasure that I can no longer even IMAGINE opening my heart, to feel what this Lady might want, need - nay LOVE from me?

Now I have to initiate everything! She would teach me, thus, what it is to love? Egads!

This morning she insisted I take her shopping. I was ecstatic not to have to think up some way to entertain her. Yet on our excursion, continually she asked me what I thought of this or that. She even tried to buy me something! I stopped her from doing so in a fevered perspiration. How is it that she would consider doing something - for such as I?

Love is insanity!

And now - for the worst thing of all - the thing that drives my pen to break the sacred bond of loving silence that unites us ... that forces me out of the hermetic seal of our avowals ...

Last evening she insisted that I did not love her - and wept!

To see this Lady really crying over me was an unbearable torture. It was beyond anything I have yet undergone as a total slave to vicious sadists! Worse than the time Mistress Anastasia hung a gallon can of paint from my nether parts for several hours.... worse than the subsequent application of jalapeno peppers to the same ... worse even than being forced by Mistress Angel to write down everything that goes through my puny brain!

She cried! Imploring me to assure her that I felt the same as she! Words failed me, of course. I could say nothing! How could those 'parasite words', as the infamous Madame de Merteuil aptly termed them - how could a pathetic "I love you" even PRETEND to APPROACH how I actually feel about her?

I did not dare say a word, which seemed somehow, perversely, to quell her passion...

I was fainting from exhaustion by the end of the day... these demonstrations exhaust me more than any long session of corporal punishment!

When we were at the restaurant I begged her to at least decide for me what I should eat...already beaten down from emotion, and the self-annihilating privilege of sitting at the same table with her, in full public view...

The minx of course refused to order for me. I therefore accepted but the glass of water the waiter brought, and a few rolls.

She thereafter dragged me off to her lair, undernourished as I was... forced me to undress, exposing my I believe unappealing form to her delicate gaze. She fell upon me like a famished wolf, and manhandled me most expertly ...so that I was rendered as ravaged as she had (or so she said) for so long craved.

But I must say, that to pleasure her made the last few hairs left to my pate fall out. I understand now the torments the average male must undergo in the marriage-bed! I do not comprehend how these gentlemen daily go to business, after just one of these tempestuous engagements!

She is driving me slowly - surely - insane. The maniacal gleam of a fantasized marriage-vow I thought I espied in her eye... Might the solution to my daily exhaustion be to marry her? It could be the answer, as in domesticity Boredom WILL inevitably ensue ... and then, at last, I might be left alone again!

If only I could be certain she would revert to type once married - if only she would make

me, then, her wage-slave , or kitchen slave - no longer this dreadful sex-slavery of the love-affair! But I fear that might not be. For she looks upon me as her Ideal - why, I certainly cannot imagine. She even fantasizes I am her male 'counterpart' - as if I could possibly attain to her rampant Demonism!

Otherwise - have I no recourse but to flee? I only pray that some scrap of convention will restrain her yet - and she does not ask ME to marry HER!

Why did I ever seek Love? How could I have imagined that this violence being done to me was what I desired?

Yet I admit I do love her... and I love her precisely because of this demanding nature! Could I be with one of these blase modern creatures for whom a good meal, a TV show, or a monthly session in bed is all one and the same to them?

No, I cannot give her up, even though I am not equal to her. I will attempt, or at least pretend to be the man she believes me to be...

For in these trials with her, should I forget how my fetishes have tormented me? I realize now, through all these many years, I have only idly revolved upon my own ego, fascinating myself with what excites my superficial nerves. I can no longer be the slave of everyone! No longer can I allow myself to run all over town, find exactly what I want in a Mistress, have a perfect orgasm, and withdraw again into happy solitude.

No. Now I must allow the phone to ring at 3 AM, not to mention morning, noon and night, in case she has to know what I'm doing, planning, or just thinking. Or so she might cry on my shoulder about a bad dream she had, or a depressing thought about how I was going to leave her forever. Or maybe it's so I might know of her latest demand for my body, as her Sustenance of Life... god, that IS love! And I THINK I love it...

...but I am TIRED.

She is to be my salvation, though... my promiscuous pleasures will be made pure, transmogrified into The-Pleasure-She-Will-Take-In-Me ... whatever THAT may evolve to be... in the tempestuous future she is, no doubt, at this very moment writing up busily as a list in her diary.

Though I cannot concentrate much ... can barely work ... and never anymore sleep, it seems, I do love her. I worry about her next crying jag... about the next impossible request for attention at 4 o'clock in the morning ... I try to divine this crazy Will, and assure myself

that one day I might anticipate the workings of her heart.

I fear however she may be Beyond me... the engine of me just too weak to maintain the great Lady that is She.