

The author's personal story about his introduction into the mysterious world of consensual sexual sadomasochism.

Playing Dangerous Games: The Personal Story of a Social Scientist Entering the Complex World of Sadomasochism

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Playing Dangerous Games:

**The Personal Story of a Social Scientist Entering
the Complex World of Sexual Sadomasochism**

D J Williams

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Education/Research Services

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DEDICATION

For Kitten and Mig, and Norman and Earl

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CHAPTER TWO: PURSUIT OF NEW KNOWLEDGE

“Are you up for coffee?” I ask Gordon as I peek my head into the doorway of his office. I can’t help but notice the bright sunlight radiating into his workspace, unlike my little corner of the building.

“Good timing!” he notes, as he saves his latest bit of research writing before turning away from his computer. “I can use a little break.”

Gordon, like I am, is enthusiastic about research, and we share a healthy intellectual curiosity. He works very hard, and his productivity over the past few years has been impressive. Like most scholars, he seems to appreciate academic freedom and the ability to study things of personal interest to him. We agree that sometimes it’s difficult to disentangle our work from our leisure. For both of us, it seems there are many times when our work doesn’t feel like work.

“The nice thing about being an academic,” Gordon somewhat humorously reminds, “is that it doesn’t matter when you put in your eighty hours a week!”

Gordon reaches for his coat in preparation for a short walk across campus in the below zero February air. As he closes his office door and bundles up as a defense against the harsh elements, he looks me up and down inquisitively.

“No coat today?”

“I’ll be fine.” I reassure as we walk down the hall. “It’s only a short walk.”

As a child growing up in the cold Utah desert I hated winters with its cold temperatures and frequent snow. I much preferred the other three seasons, even hot summers. I learned at an early age to shovel snow, yet despite the work involved I have always sort of enjoyed it. As a youngster, whenever there was snow to be shoveled I gladly completed that task, much to my parents’ and siblings’ delight. Removing the snow from the sidewalks and driveway seemed to give me a strange sense of limited control over winter’s typical discomfort.

However, for the past several years the cold hasn't bothered me much, or maybe I simply have learned to not let it bother me. At the same time, a dozen years of strength training has added sixty pounds of bodyweight to my once thin high school frame. Thus, I am aware that I probably don't feel the cold in the same way that I once did. Regardless, I put on a coat when walking to and from school, or any lengthy journey, but not for short journeys, including walks across campus to the Tim Horton's coffee shop.

There is a sharp contrast as we leave the warmth of our building and step outside into the biting winter air. The sun, as is typical during Alberta winters, is deceptive. It is high in the sky, but this time of year gives off no heat. "How can the sun feel so hot sometimes, yet it seems to be an illusion now!" I think to myself before briefly reflecting back to a high school science class for an explanation. I sense the temperature is somewhere near minus twenty. A north wind continually stings my body, yet it reminds me that I am present and fully alive. My sensory receptors tingle and my lungs feel a gentle burn from breathing in the air.

"What are you working on today?" Gordon asks as we head north.

"I'm finishing up the small gambling grant," noting in my head that the deadline is only a few days away.

"You'll get it," Gordon is confident. "I would think they'll fund you."

"As soon as I get it submitted, I'll get back to working on our piece on deviant leisure and crime."

"I'm in no hurry." Gordon shakes his head and smiles as he eyes my lack of winter attire. "We've got plenty of time, and I've got more reading to do and other projects to work on."

I am glad to be finished with the gambling grant proposal. The grant would provide \$10,000 to explore gambling in the Utah correctional system, where I worked prior to obtaining my doctoral degree and again prior to this postdoc experience. I have strong professional connections there, which means that gaining access to research participants in a correctional environment should be easier. There hasn't been much research conducted on gambling within prisons and jails, so my findings, whatever they are, should be interesting and

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somewhat beneficial to correctional professionals and researchers in a variety of locations. A funded summer trip to Utah for gambling research would also mean that I could see Brittney and some of my friends. It seemed like a win-win situation, both professionally and personally.

It will be several weeks before I will hear back on my grant proposal, and several more before I can start collecting data. This opens up time for reading more literature on gambling, of course, but also deviance, crime and broader offender issues. I am still focused on trying to explore such issues from a leisure perspective, and Gordon also has become interested in how leisure can inform criminal justice and offender issues, and perhaps how criminal justice can provide new understandings of leisure. I have spent a lot of time thinking theoretically about complex relationships of leisure, deviant leisure and crime, and I am chomping at the bit to write a journal article about it. Gordon and I have mapped it out, and I will write the first part of the paper and the conclusion and he will write the second half. I've written several pages already.

We finally arrive at the science complex where the Tim Horton's coffee stand is located. The warmth inside of the building is now a welcome relief from the piercing cold outside. There is a long line of students and faculty waiting to order. Gordon recognizes a fellow professor from a different department. He introduces me before they enjoy a short conversation. The line moves surprisingly quickly and I'm not sure whether I'll have a glazed sour cream donut with my coffee or a chocolate cake donut. When my turn arrives, I suddenly decide on the glazed sour cream pastry to go with my medium mocha.

"I'll be over here," I point as Gordon finishes telling the server his choice.

"Okay, I'll be right there," is his reply. His order has taken almost no time at all.

"Have you been reading anything noteworthy?" Gordon asks as we both sit down on an open bench away from bustling students undoubtedly heading to their next classes. Gordon knows that not only have I been reading nearly everything I can find on deviant leisure, I am also spending a lot of time thinking about it. I have long decided

that the concept of deviant leisure is trickier than is typically understood. While scholars have yet to arrive at a consensus in defining leisure—it can be understood as activity, experience, and/or setting, we tend to talk about deviant leisure in terms of specific activities. It seems to be assumed that deviant leisure is activity, often criminal, that brings emotional states such as pleasure, fun, enjoyment, that are associated with healthy leisure. However, I have discovered that some criminal activities that may be classified as deviant leisure are cyclical, and seem to also have healthy leisure experience built into the criminogenic cycle.

“I’m reading recent articles on sexual deviance,” I answer after a few seconds of thought about the difficulties in disentangling healthy leisure from deviant leisure. “I’m hoping my case study where I identified leisure experience within a sexual assault cycle, a possible form of deviant leisure, will be accepted.”

“Which journal did you submit it to?” Gordon nods.

“*Sexual Addiction and Compulsivity*. I got another paper published there last year, so I’m hoping this one will go there, too.” I remember being surprised recently while working as a forensic psychotherapist with sex offenders when I discovered what I would call healthy leisure embedded in a client’s sexual assault cycle. The offender would engage in healthy leisure experiences with his victim to keep the victim from telling the authorities. Later, he would purposely engage in some activities that also functioned to help the offender blend into society, thus avoiding detection. I had interviewed this man to obtain more information about each component of his offending pattern, which led me to believe that leisure and deviant leisure may commonly overlap in their link to crime. I seem to be one of the first to look seriously at crime through a leisure lens. Moreover, I have been finding new ways to understand crime, but also new ways of understanding the complexity of leisure. Indeed, this is new knowledge.

“You certainly are productive in your research and writing,” Gordon sips his coffee. “And you’re exploring a whole new topic.”

I appreciate Gordon’s support, and I feel fortunate for the excellent guidance I have received at the U of A.

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“I have also been reading a lot about noncriminal sexual deviance.” I admit, somewhat reluctantly.

“Really?” Gordon asks, showing a little surprise. “Like what?”

“Mostly consensual sadomasochism. There is a team from Finland that has done some good research on SM participants. Baumeister has written about it, so has Charles Moser in San Francisco, and a few other researchers. There’s not a lot on it, but the research seems to show that SMers are rather normal psychologically.” I knew Gordon was aware of Roy Baumeister’s work, at least in the area of behavior and self-regulation. “So, now I’m wondering if SM might be a form of leisure. A study in Britain reports participants describe it in common leisure terms, like ‘fun,’ ‘freedom,’ and ‘play.’ Or is it still deviant leisure? Psychiatry tends to view it as a mental disorder. It is in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, but the research seems to dispute that it should be.”

“Well, I don’t know. You’re really getting into some controversial areas.” I can see Gordon is thinking deeply. “Didn’t Baumeister say somewhere that it’s more about power than sex?”

“That’s right!” I am surprised and pleased that Gordon knows this. “I always thought that sexual deviance was linked to sex offending, almost a causal factor. That’s what I’ve been taught, but it doesn’t necessarily seem to be the case. SM participants may be deviant, sexually, but according to the literature they seem to be regular people, not particularly dangerous.”

“Hmm...I don’t know.” Gordon continues. He seems plenty interested, but a little surprised and uncomfortable. “You’re into an area that’s foreign to me! I have never thought of leisure in some of the ways that you are considering! It’ll be interesting to see where your research takes you.”

I respect that while Gordon seems to me to be fairly conventional and describes himself as a positivist—one who believes that an objective, real world exists and can be discovered by methods of science and explained through mathematics, he is still open to diverse perspectives in understanding various phenomena. He has always been intrigued by postmodern and social constructionist ideas suggesting that objects have no meaning until human minds engage with them—

and that meanings are diverse, unstable, and change depending on contextual locations and processes.

We finish our coffee and head back outside toward our end of campus. Once again, I feel the familiar bite of the cold, but I don't mind it. My body and mind feel alive and active. Though the cold is somewhat uncomfortable, at a deeper level it brings feelings of basic connection with nature generally, and the Alberta winter. I am reminded that as a U.S. citizen, I once again have the privilege of being a guest of Canada. I have loved my time here, and it is good to be back again.

As we walk, we continue to talk about properties of leisure—it is intrinsically motivated, it involves personal choice, brings a sense of freedom, enjoyment, and is a form of self-expression. Leisure can come in all sorts of varieties—camping, hiking, fishing, sports, playing a musical instrument, singing, writing, painting, gardening, knitting, creating something. I continue to wonder about the limits of what scholars call leisure. Might it include sexuality? Even SM?

My mind reflects back on the articles I have read. I notice that those researchers who have studied it seem to study it using traditional scientific methods. In other words, they are positioned as outsiders. Such experience-distant methods often assume that there is an objective reality that is independent from the human mind, and that the purpose of research is to discover and explain some aspect of that reality. However, from a social constructionist perspective an objective reality (independent of people), if it exists, has no meaning unless there is a mind to engage with it. Furthermore, minds always are socialized. People's subjective experiences occur and interact within the social spaces in which they find themselves. Thus, there is no single correct perspective of anything, only multiple, limited perspectives shaped by different social contexts and personal experiences.

From a postmodern, narrative position there is no grand truth in understanding anything, only multiple accounts that privilege different social, historical and cultural positionings. My doctoral training brought me to the belief that all of our accounts are stories. Each story, even statistical and scientific stories, is a complex constructed account that privileges certain principles. Each story is limited, but each is

capable of providing interesting and useful information. So, rather than providing an impossible objective truth, research gives us carefully crafted accounts that conform to specific parameters. Nevertheless, these research stories give us new knowledge that can supplement and sometimes challenge previous accounts.

Gordon and I finally arrive at the long hallway that connects our two separate little scholarly spaces.

“Enjoy your work today!” Gordon turns down the hallway toward his office.

“Right back at ya!” I reply. “Maybe we can go for a break again tomorrow.”

“Let’s see,” he pauses. “I think I should be available.” The volume of his voice diminishes slightly as he continues walking.

I enter my work space still thinking about the research on SM. “We have some good information from traditional methods, including surveys and questionnaires, about SM” I note to myself. “But this information is very limited.”

It is obvious to me that there is little, if any, SM research wherein the researcher actually participates, and some scholars understandably seem to clarify to the reader that he or she was not involved.

“What would an SM experience with a Mistress feel like?” I wonder. “What would it be like to be a participant in a dungeon? We lack ‘thick, rich description’ that researcher-as-participant stories could provide. Now that method of research would be fascinating!”

I think back to my doctoral dissertation, which employed autoethnography. I was the researcher, yet I was also the participant. It was a challenging experience and the work was difficult, but fun. I remember writing personal stories to show multiple identities within a single self, to illuminate complex interactions of the personal and social, and to blur constructed boundaries that too often are taken for granted as being truth.

“What would an autoethnography of SM look like?” I can’t help but marvel. “How cool would that be to have some experiences and then write about them to show the importance of details in that world—and how the details are experienced and understood!”

Although I was initially startled at some of the behaviors that some sadomasochists practiced, I somehow overlooked some of my own preferred sexual behaviors that crossed into SM. I enjoy giving a light spanking and being spanked from time to time. Somewhere in my mid-twenties, I occasionally added handcuffs, blindfolds and a few sex toys to my sexual repertoire. By that time I had extricated myself from the strict Mormon beliefs by which I was raised, and I was just beginning to learn to express important aspects of myself in many of the social spaces I inhabited. As part of a journey toward increased fulfillment, I slowly began to discover that my own sexuality was an important part of me. I had often felt guilty about it, but over time I eventually recognized that I had nothing really to feel disturbed about. Sex is a normal, natural part of human beings. Somehow, though, it hadn't occurred to me that maybe I was already a little bit into SM.

"What an interesting fusion of the personal and professional," I say to myself as I settle at my desk. I have a legitimate scholarly interest in sexual deviance but, certainly in my case, it is personally exciting, too. I think I'd like some SM experiences. It would be fun to experience it and I'd probably even enjoy it personally, but I also want to understand and try to make some scholarly sense of it."

"If SM practitioners are psychologically normal as the research suggests; if "normal" sexual behavior varies from culture to culture (which it does); and if I can explore a new form of leisure while possibly creating new knowledge and developing my scholarship; then why don't I go do it?" I ask myself. Then again, what if these studies are limited and it really is dangerous.

After thinking about it further, I make the decision that I am going to visit a professional Mistress. I know I don't have to tell anyone, and maybe I won't. I am afraid that if I admit such an experience, I will be ostracized. I might lose friends. My career progress could come to a screeching halt. These are big risks. On the other hand, new knowledge that can be used to address important social issues does not come about unless people take some risks and then speak up. I will think about it carefully, and I will keep quiet at least for now. I might be a little crazy, but I will find a good Mistress and try a new erotic experience. Taped to my office wall near the computer is a poster that includes one of my

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favorite quotes in large letters. The words are from Helen Keller: *Life is a daring adventure or nothing!*

My mind reflects on my scholarly training. “Your research should be exciting and fun!” one of my other U of A professors in a different department once admonished. “If it’s not, you should study something that is!” she would continue. Her words made sense then, and I have taken them to heart.

It seems much of academia is serious indeed, and often fiercely so. Billy, too, preaches the importance of fun, play and laughter. He purposely injects fun and humor into his work. But in my case, is it permissible to have fun with sexual deviance research? It sounds good, but I wonder if I’m taking it all a little too far.

CHAPTER THREE: MAKING CONTACT

It is a little past noon on a lazy Sunday, April 3rd, and the small, plain-looking off-white house that I call home finally is empty. My four roommates are out enjoying the weekend. Mark, the youngest of our little non-traditional “family,” as usual left immediately after school on Thursday. He was raised on the southern Alberta prairie, and he regularly drives the two hours south on Highway 2 to help his parents each weekend on their cattle ranch. He is finishing his undergraduate studies in animal science and plans to attend veterinary school.

Jill and Janice are in and out on weekends; they’ve become best friends since Janice moved here from Britain to complete a postdoctoral fellowship in biomedical engineering. Jill is also very bright, and she is off to a great start with her career in education. Gary is the cornerstone of our little group. He manages the little house for the owner who lives in Calgary, and collects our small rental fee every month. Gary’s work as a medical researcher keeps him busy, but he always makes time for recreational sports. When he’s not working, he’s usually curling or playing hockey in the long winter months, or busy with softball during the summer.

I have been fortunate to live with such a great group of roommates. They are intelligent, interesting and fun. We all seem to get along well, and we’ve had many memorable times together.

“Living in this house sure has changed me!” I say to myself, recalling my short, but exceptionally rich history here. It was here that I gradually began, genuinely, to be me. The people living in this house seem to know how to work hard, but also play hard. To me, that is how life should be lived.

One of my favorite times at our little house was Jill’s twenty-eighth birthday party. Somebody came up with the idea that we each needed to down twenty-eight shots as a fitting tribute to her. Sometime during the party, I decided to give Jill a unique birthday present, something she would never forget—a set of naked snow angels right

outside her bedroom window. Amidst much hearty laughter, out I ran into the freezing January night with nothing on but a bath towel. The feel of ice on my bare feet and blowing snow on my body instantly changed me from inebriated to sober. After a few initial gasps from the cold, I reminded myself that this experience with my friends was to be enjoyed and remembered. I quickly made two perfect snow angels before wrapping up in the towel and rushing back into our home for much needed warmth. The thermometer at the kitchen window read -37 degrees Celsius.

I remember further back when I first met Gary and a different set of roommates back in the summer of 2001. Most of my adult life I had lived by myself in small apartments as I went to school full-time while also working. I wasn't sure how I would like living with roommates, especially moving from the United States to Canada for graduate school. I knew I would need time and space for work. However, I quickly found that I had plenty of quiet alone time to read and study, and I welcomed the warm company of roommates who were going through some of the same life challenges that I was experiencing.

Unexpectedly, I quickly discovered that I liked the core of my new social world more than I had imagined. When I had called Gary to tell him I was returning to the University of Alberta and needed a home, he quickly blurted that my old room had become available, and that I should come live there again. It couldn't have worked out better. So, here I am on round two of my history in this same small, drab white house on 72nd Avenue, yet it has already been the site of some of the best experiences of my life. Its bland outside appearance is deceptive to those who are unfamiliar to it.

My thoughts are interrupted by a stiff wind gust outside the basement window of my humble little room. Although it's a little chilly outside, it is early spring and not particularly cold. The sun is radiant and I can't help but notice the typical blue Alberta sky. I enjoy the silence inside the house, and I savor a few moments of sunshine on my body as it pierces through the window. For such a small window, I am aware that it seems to let in a lot of sunlight.

Now I can begin my novel task. I look down at the alternative news magazine as I sit on the bed. I thumb to the back where the adult

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ads are listed. There she is: Mistress Kitten. Over the past month I've explored several ads in alternative publications and on various websites. I want to select a Mistress with wide expertise and a good reputation. Kitten seems to be the perfect choice. Now that the house is empty, it is time to give Her a call.

Mistress Kitten's website is informative and elaborate. I like that She includes thorough descriptions of Her background, interests and expectations. Like other professional Mistresses, She is very clear that She does not perform sexual acts or services. Books and web information about SM make clear distinctions between prostitution and services provided by Mistresses. Regarding the latter, clients pay for psychological benefits of SM activities, specifically from playing erotically with power, and not for sex. Mistress Kitten has a list of several taboos that can get one immediately thrown out of Her dungeon. Asking for sexual favors is one of them. She is always the Dominant; She does not submit to clients. Her clients are expected to be considerate and respectful.

It is apparent that Mistress Kitten welcomes new clients, and She seems to be capable of playing with both "newbies" and well-experienced participants. Her website includes a list of common definitions to help new clients. "BDSM" is a newer, catch-all term that captures the range of erotic behaviors. BD represents bondage and discipline, while Ds refers to Dominance and submission. Although some people still commonly use SM as a general term, in a more specific sense it refers to sadism and masochism. People vary in their BDSM preferences. Some may enjoy one aspect of BDSM (BD, Ds, or SM), while others may have overlapping interests. BDSM "play," or "scenes," take place in a "dungeon." "Safe words" are specific words that are agreed upon beforehand that can be spoken by any participant to stop a scene, for example if the activities become too physically or psychologically intense.

Mistress Kitten apparently has a background in psychology, and She seems to have expertise in a wide variety of BDSM activities. She enjoys multiple forms of bondage, spanking, flogging and whipping, caning and various forms of "torture" (carefully administered sensation

that varies in intensity). CBT (cock and ball torture) is directed at the male genitalia, and seems to be among Her favorites.

Kitten also enjoys electrical play with a TENS (Transcutaneous Electrical Neural Stimulation) unit or a device called a violet wand, where radio energy is discharged as spectacular sparks onto the surface of the skin. She offers a variety of role play scenarios, including interrogation scenes, teacher-student roles, and medical (doctor-patient) scenes. Photos on Her website convincingly prove to me that She is gorgeous, seductive, and physically-fit. There is a wonderful mysteriousness about Her. She seems gentle and playful, but also powerful and purposeful.

“The play name, Kitten, really fits Her,” I observe.

As I think about my call to Mistress Kitten, my first call to a real professional Dominatrix, my excitement becomes tempered with anxiety.

“Should I really be doing this?” I question.

Undoubtedly, I am feeling some reluctance from pervasive western cultural messages that sexual deviance is still something negative. “We don’t even have open discussions about sexuality in our culture,” I note with disappointment. I think what Kinsey must have faced decades ago with his research, how he was challenged, dismissed and ridiculed. Of course, there has been much research on sexuality and gender since, yet we haven’t made sufficient progress. Too often, we still privilege bland, monogamous, heterosexuality within marriage.

I am also aware, more specifically, of the strong influence of my strict Mormon upbringing. “Sex education should be taught at home by parents, not in the school!” I remember my mother saying forcefully when I was in seventh grade. Like many parents, mine insisted that sex education should not be taught in schools. It was not a subject that belonged in the schools, and the public education system was far too liberal to teach it correctly.

Clear back then I thought it was a little strange that despite their views, I never heard a thing about sexuality from either one of my parents. They seemed embarrassed to even say the word, let alone have a meaningful discussion about it. Sometimes I wondered how my parents ever managed to have five children. Growing up, my crude

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education about sexuality came quite literally from other boys in the physical education locker room, and from my own limited private explorations of my body.

After a brief mental struggle, my excitement wins out over anxiety. I look down at the number on the ad, pick up the telephone and begin dialing. My heart is pounding, and my fingers are sticky from sweating. The phone is ringing, and my nervousness increases. A second ring. A third ring. And a fourth. "Maybe She is not home," I begin to feel a little relief.

"This is Mistress Kitten," I hear suddenly, causing my heart to jump. Her voice is pleasant and friendly, and I sense an energetic woman.

"Uh, hello, my name is DJ, and I'm wondering if I might be able to schedule a session with You," I reply, trying to stay calm but without much success.

"Okay. Have you been to my website?"

"Yes, it is very impressive," my words are genuine, but I'm still trying to act calm.

"Thank you. Were you able to complete the brief BDSM information form?"

"Uh, yes. I completed it last week and submitted it electronically."

"Okay. I should have it then. Have You ever seen a Dominatrix before?"

"No. This is my first time, but I am looking forward to it." Saying these words reduces my anxiety and elevates my excitement again.

"Good! When would you like to book a session?"

"Would an afternoon sometime this week work for You?" My nervousness rises.

"Yes, I have some afternoon time available mid-week. How much time would you like?"

"An hour session would be good for me."

"How about Tuesday the fifth at one o'clock?"

"That would be great." I say confidently.

"Okay. I will schedule you for Tuesday the fifth at one-o'clock pm. I need you to call me two hours prior to your appointment to

confirm. I will give you the address and directions at that time. I look forward to meeting you, DJ.”

“Thank you, Mistress Kitten. I look forward to meeting You, too, and I will call You at eleven o’clock on Tuesday.”

It was done, and I can relax and put myself back together again. My appointment was scheduled—and only two days away! Although Mistress Kitten was capable of administering some curious and terrifying treatments—CBT, electrical shocks, whippings and canings, poking with needles and sharp instruments, anal dilations—Her voice was pleasant friendly, and perhaps even had a bit of a nurturing quality to it.

“I must be fucking crazy!” I say out loud, knowing that the little house is still empty.

I can barely contain my excitement for Tuesday, but I do not tell anyone I am going to do this. I look down at my watch, and note that it is not even one o’clock yet. I lie still on the bed and savor several minutes of silence. The gusts of wind that pushed against my window earlier are now gone.

“It seems like a good day to go for a short walk outside,” I note as the sun continues to shine through my window and I take in its warmth. I get up from the bed, put on a light jacket, and head out of my room and toward the stairs. I want to be outside and soak in the transition from the Alberta winter to the emergence of spring. Much of the winter snow has melted with large pools of water surrounding the now small snow piles that remain. Despite all the water and mud, I always like this time of year. Spring is fast arriving, and it signals a new life cycle, new beginnings, bright colors, warmth.

As I leave the house, I am pleased that I am taking a new risk. I feel like I’ve already accomplished something just by having the courage to make a simple telephone call. Perhaps in a strange sort of way, this small-town southern Utah boy is again showing some personal growth. However, I realize that at this exact time on this very day, my devoted parents and family are dutifully watching the semi-annual Mormon conference. I am, once again, challenging their orthodoxy, a familiar belief system that I, too, once embraced. While I think I am taking another step forward on a journey of personal growth,

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many familiar voices would fervently argue that I am wrong—I am taking two huge steps back. For them my simple phone call steers me dangerously close to serious sin and a possible future with Satan if I am not careful. My phone call moves heaven much further away from me.

The author's personal story about his introduction into the mysterious world of consensual sexual sadomasochism.

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