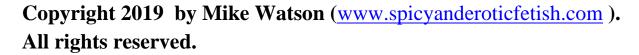
FEMDOM TIPS

Volume #2

25 real world, RESULTS oriented and workable tips on femdom that will turn you into the perfect "tool" for Her pleasure.

Mike Watson



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FEMDOM TIPS – Volume #2

Spicy and Erotic Fetish (www.spicyanderoticfetish.com).

DISCLAIMER

Femdom scenes of the sort I (and most serious femdom enthusiasts) prefer are intense, and extremely "mental" in a way, and can really, really impact one's pysche both emotionally and otherwise for those that aren't used to it. Work into them with caution.

If you have any questions (and it's best to be safe before actually DOING it!) – ASK! My "kink therapy" services cover questions of this nature as well - - in short, be darn sure it's a) SSC (safe, sane and consensual) and b) you KNOW exactly what you're getting into!

The author does not accept any responsibility for "bad experiences" or "frustration on the part of either party", and so on and so forth. However, that said, all of this has been written from real world experience, and it WORKS!

Some of what I write about beneath might come across as extremely controversial and "jarring". So be it. I've always been a huge believer in saying it like it is, and voicing my true opinions/thoughts based upon actual experience (life can be a great teacher if you let it!) and that is one of the veins this manual, as well as all my other femdom related books have been written in.

Famous Quotes

"The worst of experiences can be turned, and indeed do turn into the best at times, and Madam Krystal, Madam Sugar, Madam Yang and the scores of other utterly lovely dominant Chinese ladies I've had the great privilege of "being with" if I might be permitted to use the term bear striking testament to this"

"There are no depths of degradation that cannot be plumbed, no humiliation too extreme, no punishment too severe for a servant, especially when with these lovely, dominant, demanding and imperious Chinese ladies, and Madam Krystal is at the very top of a most illustrious "heap" if I might use the term."

Mike Watson, October 2017, "Krystal – the Teaching Assistant – the Second Sequel"

"Servant! Turn off the light, and rub my lower back for me! I want to sleep, be quiet now!"

Madam Suvi, October 2017, "Mai, my lovely maid"

"She's a stunningly beautiful 23 year old lady from Guangxi province in Southern China, and can speak a little English (not a lot). She works as a generalist in one of the factories around here, but of course, as with most of the Chinese ladies I've met, she's got but one goal in mind, and my legs literally melted upon looking at that picture, those large **knowing** black Chinese eyes, and that lovely long straight hair of hers ... and that look, God, that look that blazed out at me from the word "go"!

My **God**, it reminds of me a <u>young Empress Cody</u>, and though I'm not in the least bit concerned about the Empress's age, I suppose that is another reason I bring this up here."

Mike Watson, October 2017 "Empress Cody - Volume #4"

At the end of the day, true femdom can but be measured by ONE thing and one thing alone -- that "look" in the eyes. That knowing look. That sly titter- - that tacit acknowledgement of a submissive lady in HER presence, the goal being ONE - - that is to use, and manipulate for HER own pleasure ... as it always SHOULD be.

Mike Watson, April 2018, "A complete guide to the mainland Chinese female for the truly submissive male".

INTRODUCTION

What qualifies me to write about all this? Why did I write this, anyway?

Welcome to Volume #2 of "Femdom Tips"! For those that have read my initial Volume, you can skip past this section and go straight to the tips. For those that haven't - - well - - grab it now - - and read on!

I'm Mike Watson, author of over 35 femdom novellas and short stories, and quite a few femdom themed self help manuals which can be found on my site www.spicyanderoticfetish.com.

I'm your average everyday guy that has been interested in Female Domination ever since I can remember. I've been writing fetish oriented novellas for a while now, and I have the good fortune to meet a lot of ladies that have been more than willing to enjoy my "servitude" to them in "real life".

And when I say "real life", I mean real life.

I don't mean "play time" when I refer to massaging her feet (or "pressing her feet" as some Chinese ladies like to term it, hehe). I mean I do it for her after a hard day, and usually after what would be considered "vanilla" conversation.

Or her head, back or shoulders, for that matter.

I have a very strong foot fetish and this morphs into ALL aspects of my daily life (as well as other female domination related "interests").

Other than my femdom activites, interests and writings - - I also find time to maintain a full fledged fitness business, and workout regularly - - and WRITE on fitness as well.

Quite a full life, you might say, and that is how I like it. Never a moment that passes by idly, and I believe this spirit is reflected in all my writings and books thus far.

Something I've often spoken about with regard to my writing is "reality mixed in with a dose of creative license" - - or a HEFTY dose, for that matter.

And it's true. While creative license has certainly been used in most of my writings and will continue to be used, for the most part, everything that has happened is REAL - - and the ladies themselves are most definitely real too.

So, given I've written a lot of femdom tales ... and plenty of "how to's" as well (which have helped many a BDSM practitioner with their play / lifestyle /both), why did I write this particular book?

Well, while folks enjoy my stories - - as well as the play scenes in there, stories at the end of the day are just that – stories.

True, they've got experiences within them - - experiences a lot of subs would LOVE to have - - but first, one has to get to the point of having them experiences, and having them regularly (and with minimal effort invested in "trying" to find the right partners to do it with!).

I've often mentioned how effortless it is – and has been, ever since I can recall for me to "draw" femdom in all it's wily shapes, guises and forms to me - - and vice versa, for ME to drawn to dominant ladies without EVER consciously TRYING!

Why is a moth attracted to a flame?

Why is a honeybee attracted to pollen?

Why are men that respect women at a deeper level than just fetish/sex the ones that "get laid" all the time without even thinking about it or – get this – even "desiring" it?

Why do we always "succeed" at things we rarely think about on a conscious level?

There's a scientific and rational explanation for all this, of course, especially the last one which is key.

But the key thing my friends, is FEELING – and vibration. And THIS vibration, these VIBES, my friends, are what CONTROL ALL ASPECTS OF YOUR LIFE BAR NONE.

Anyway, that is a tip right there for you - - but moving ahead, lots of folks have asked me just how and why it's so easy and seemingly effortless for me to have the experiences I do.

And while I've already mentioned it - - and will mention it numerous times throughout the tips mentioned beneath, there are those that still wont "find the secret".

To those people, read this manual – re-read it, and then re-read it AGAIN until it literally becomes a part of you, and therein you have part of the secret.

I wish I could tell you what the secret is in plain English, but I can't.

First, it's not that easy to define (well, it is, but it isn't a one size fits all classification) - - but more importantly and *second*, me telling you what it is would deprive you of the wondrous benefits YOU will receive once you do some deep, deep soul searching and make the "discovery" your own way!

Third, lots of folks need to know "how" in addition to the "secret" ... more how to's than I cover in my books etc.

Useful, practical workable tips that WILL (much like in my pathbreaking "A complete guide to understanding dominant Chinese women from the mainland) get you further along the path to finding the perfect match in terms of a dominant lady for you ... and QUICKLY at that!

So here goes. Dive in, enjoy – and be sure to let me know your feedback!

Who did I write this for?

This book is for YOU if you're a male submissive, and ...

- Looking for tips on how to take your submission to the next level.
- Looking for the perfect ways to not only FIND - but attract, and keep the dominant lady of your dreams in regal style as she so deserves!
- Someone that is looking to learn the mental tips and tricks of domination, and how to attract domination/submission without even seemingly "trying".

This book is ALSO FOR YOU if you're a dominant lady, and ...

- You are interested in the MENTAL side of BDSM, and using the MIND to enhance play more than actual "physical actions" ever could.
- Someone who is interested in learning more tips and tricks to further humiliate, debase, degrade and emasculate your "man" - as he (she?) deserves to be!
- Learning how to enjoy living life as a true Queen (as you DESERVE to be!) - and how to get there!
- Going way, way into a man's subconscious - and literally "dinning" home his servitude to her until it becomes as natural as breathing!

And last, but not least, remember one thing – this book works equally well for M/M D/S scenes (or F/F for that matter).

Sure, I've written it with a F/m twist, but take that away, and use your creativity - - and you can just as easily apply it to other (aforementioned) categories of "play" as well.

So there is something for everyone here!

Enjoy – and as always, keep it safe, sane and consensual!

Am I experienced in this personally?

You bet I am! My current sex life involves nothing but humiliation, denial and NO orgasms, and curiously enough it's done (for the most part) without my S.O. forcing it either. And yes, I've had plenty of instances where I've sucked cock ... and plenty of instances where I've fantasized about doing so as well, and then done it.

Cuckolding and big black cocks (or cocks of any color) are a recurring theme in my books, and for good reason!;)

On that note I've been meaning to update my recent adventures with Madam Su as well. Stay tuned in that regard - - as well as for more on the regal Princess Joanie who quite literally never left my dreams ever since I met her last November (Nov 2017 to be precise).

What you'll learn from this book

If you're a dominant Lady ...

- 25 REAL world, practical workable tips on how to further debase and emasculate an already servile male - or get him to the level of degradation and servility you so desire!
- You'll learn the value of making him do simple yet humiliating tasks daily day in, and day out!
- It's never about your looks, ladies, and certainly not just your feet either. Any sub that tells you that should be discarded ASAP, and we'll get into why further on below!
- You'll also learn that it's all about the mind, and once you control him "deep down inside" and either change/enhance who he truly IS at his very CORE - then there truly is no turning back either for him, or you!
- You'll learn about the power of transmuting your thoughts, and how to program your mind to truly make what you "dream" about manifest (hint -it's simple!).
- The value of vibes - something you already likely know as a dominant lady, but you'll learn more on the sheer power of, and how to harness said vibes as well.
- Your sexual pleasure is what counts, and why the MORE you get and the LESS he gets the better it is for both of you!
- How to get him to acknowledge that it's always well and truly about YOU - and you alone!
- The one body you HAVE to control - and torment - and tease -to turn him into the sniveling, submissive wreck he deserves to be!
- How to have him at your feet, at your mercy ... perennially!

And far more ...

If you're a man ...

- How to take your submissiveness to new "heights" or lows with these practical workable tips that I lay out for you, in easy to read "digest" format.
- You'll learn about how to truly accomplish something that most femdom/"play" enthusiasts don't over an entire lifetime - that being to TRULY enhance, sear and IMPRINT submissiveness to females into your very core, so that it becomes as much a part of you as breathing is!
- You'll learn that is NOT about her feet -it's about the VIBES she gives off!
- You'll learn (and very quickly, if you follow my lead!) that male orgasms are meant to be controlled ... and rarely, if ever allowed - and WHY. You'll also learn that they should always be painful, if possible!
- You'll learn that thoughts do transmute - and you will learn that we DO attract what we think about and believe in no exceptions to this rule!
- You will learn to be careful what you "wish for" - you may just find you've bitten off more than you can chew!
- You'll learn that one of the things she should never ever do is take off her shoes and socks herself!
- Money is important, and is NIGH important to her, and you better understand and accept that, footboy!
- You already know her sexual satisfaction is what counts, and the MORE she gets in this regard, the better it is, for both of you!

And way, way more...

25 Femdom Tips that will turn you into the perfect slut (or "toy"!) for Her.

Ladies - it's NOT just about your feet!

I'll touch upon an aspect of femdom that is talked about quite often – and that seems to one of the sticking points for both men and women in terms of finding the perfect D/s relationship.

That being looks ... or more specifically, her feet.

Many years ago an ex girlfriend once asked me "what if you leave me for a girl with prettier feet"?

While I attempted to say I wouldn't — and while I did my best to explain WHY — it didn't seem she believed me.

I was 19 at the time, so some may put this down to inexperience, but this same girl told me that I acted far older than my age (and was far more "mature" in many regards) and while that is true, I do not say this to blow my own bugle, but merely to tell you that "lack of proper explanation" was NOT a reason why she didnt believe me.

To this date, many ladies, even those that have been introduced to femdom in the RIGHT WAY – often believe that it's all about their feet.

Nothing could be further from the truth to be honest – at least for a TRUE male sub!

I've seen plenty of ladies with pretty feet – pedicured feet – but without the "look in the eye" – that innate VIBE of sheer DOMINANCE and uber-feminism that projects itself no matter what.

Other hand, I've seen ladies that are not normally considered "beautiful" in any sense of the world project this oh-so-naturally, and it was ALL I could do to stop myself from prostrating myself at their feet right there and then!

To me, sure, feet and soles are definitely something I look at - but the very first thing is not always her feet. It's her EYES!

The eyes, as Emerson once sagely said carry an indicator of your rank – and it's the EYES that are the window into a delightfully dominant soul, my friend.

It's the EYES – that LOOK IN THE EYE, *oh*, *that look in the eye* that does the magic – and anyone that tells you any different is either lying or not a true male sub (or perhaps not a true Domina in the real sense of the word).

And to answer the question above, NO, I would never "leave" a girl for the reason she mentioned above. Quite obviously not – and I'm sure a true male sub never would either.

However, this is an issue that often crops up – and the best way to explain it is exactly how I've explained it above – and exactly how I continually explain it in all my emails and writings.

It may take time for her to "get it". It may take time for it to "penetrate". But believe me, backed up by the right actions on a very regular basis, penetrate it will – no puns intended! – and you, my friend, will be in for the RIDE of your life – again, no puns intended!

"I have big feet. Strong feet. Not elegant!"

And now on to another topic – the main "topic" of the day – that being Madam Sophia – or perhaps I should say "Goddess" Sophia – or, as I've been referring to her as, Princess Sophia!

I was browsing through one of my wechat groups this morning while thinking of this and that, and her picture just jumped out at me – and those eyes, oh, those piercing, probing *oh-so-deliciously-dominant* eyes just seemed to bore straight through me, and before I knew it, I sent her a "friend request".

I didn't expect her to "accept" it. After all I don't know her – or I didnt at that point – but then again – vibes, my friend. Vibes, vibes and more vibes, and before long it was clearly evident my initial gut feeling about her was SPOT ON.

And in this case, initial pleasantries were limited to the very basic!

One of the things we spoke about was Madam not being able to sleep well at night.

"I didn't sleep well last night. No good mood!", she complained.

"You need to exercise more", I said. "And probably get a nice, relaxing foot massage as well..."

"No time", she admonished (or seemed to, at any rate!). And the way she said it, she might as well have added on "boy!" to it, much like the esteemed and one and only *Sophia Bai* often did ...

Then it was on to the other important topics, of course!

"How much deposit do you have in your account?", she coolly asked. Bear in mind we barely knew each other at this point, but the way in which she asked me literally made my blood race ...

"Huh?"

"Money, I mean", she retorted.

"How much money did you make at your last job?", was the next question.

And yet another one of these interesting question was "How many girlfriends did you have before?"

Now, all of this, mind you, when she barely even knows me, and yet the sheer confidence with which she asked me is by itself such a big turn on that I'm sure this one will end on a very interesting note!

Now, of course, I didn't answer her questions directly.

And her reaction?

"This is the difference between Asian women and Western Women!" she smugly proclaimed.

"Asian women like to be treated as Princesses. As babies. As Queens..."

"Of course ,Madam", I said, feeling every bit as shy as the emoticon I used.

"That's why I'm calling you a Princess!"

And the crux of all this happened, funnily enough, when discussing FOOD.

Chicken feet (and other items that you normally wouldn't even consider looking at, let alone eating – think bugs, intestines, and snakes for starters) are considered delicacies here in Southern China, and she asked me if I liked spicy food.

I said, yes, of course I did – because I do. I love spicy food – especially food from Hunan province in China.

"I hate those spicy chicken feet, though!", said Madam.

"So do I!", I chimed. "Lady's feet are beautiful! But chicken feet, um..."

She giggled.

"My feet aren't beautiful. They're big, and strong ... and not elegant at all!"

Little did she know that the size of her feet is hardly important – and neither is her age – or anything else. When there are sparks and vibes of the nature I mentioned emanating from a woman, she could have the dirtiest and most unpedicured feet – but I'd still prostrate myself at them and beg her to ... well ... I'm sure you get the drift, my dear reader!

She wouldn't believe me, of course, but a part of her was secretly pleased – as it should be.

And there's more to this tale, my friend. Much, much more – but for now, thats enough for this tip – and it's off with me to do laundry. Maybe I'll be fortunate enough to do Princess Sophia's one day as well. We'll see ...

Be careful what you wish for -you might just get it!

So, one of the themes I've constantly emphasized in ALL my femdom books and writings is this – be careful what you wish for, as you just might get it!

And this holds true, of course. As Emerson so sagely put it - "A man is what he thinks all day long".

Put another way – our dominant thoughts – those that we "think even without thinking" are the ones that often come true the most – especially when you infuse them with emotion – or red hot PASSION – and lust (in some cases)!

And sometimes they come true in ways you'd never, ever imagine possible – or even really WANT possible.

Today's post is about findom – and then again, it's not – because findom is supposed to be consensual ... or is it?

Do guys really "want their wallets" raped to the point they have to scrounge around to find pennies to feed themselves, while their Domina relaxes in luxury, all the time sneering at the sheer stupidity of the guy?

From a certain standpoint, I'd say Yes, Ma'am - and if you're into findom – you might well agree!

So, recently I was doing business with a lady named Sherry – who of course in short order became "Princess Sherry", hehe.

While I am not going to get into the specifics of the business deal, suffice it to say that something was promised by this imperious dame – and it was never delivered – with no refunds made.

From a biz standpoint, the obvious stands. But this isn't about biz ...

The first thing that came to mind when I met this lady online (curiously enough, Madam is from the SAME city that Madam Pearl, her of the gorgeous soles and drop-me-dead attitude when it comes to findom was) was this – gorgeous – and second – DOMINANT.

Oh, so deliciously dominant ... right down to her statements about "you will do this..." (normal biz activities) as opposed to "you can ...".

While this may or may not have been direct intent – the fact remains that VIBES are what it's all about – and this uber dominant vibe combined with the fact that the lady seemed pretty knowledgeable about what she was doing made me do business with her – and that is something I will always regret from a biz standpoint.

And from a personal standpoint?

Curiously enough, I feel the same submissive urges towards Princess Sherry as I did the first time I "met" her (online).

Curiously enough, if all were to go well and she were to refund my money, I wouldn't just accept it back as something I deserved. I'd probably kneel and offer to kiss her feet – and buy her something as well – for refunding what is rightfully mine – and if that sounds strange to the EXTREME – I understand – but you findom/femdom lovers out there will understand this feeling!

So, what to make of the lady that had such an impression on me when I first met her?

What to make of a completely unprofessional and dishonest woman that did cheat me in terms of biz -and yet – when I talk to her now – I still feel a certain sense of "honesty" emanating from her?

What to make of the fact that I still haven't reported her to the police – though I probably should – and that I'm still on cordial terms with her as far as possible, when it should be the exact opposite?

Is it me thinking with my little head?

Perhaps in part, but I've always been a highly sexed person, and trust my GUT – and my GUT still isnt' willing to tell me that she is a bonafide thief.

Now, none of this means I'm going to do what Michael Douglas did in *Basic Instinct*, of course, which was to ignore all reason and jump headlong towards sexy disaster. Nothing doing whatsoever. At the end of the day my biz decision was made upon LOGIC – combined with gut feeling ... And I certainly wouldn't send her any more money if she asked for it (which she has, and I haven't sent).

Strangely enough, if there is one piece of advice I could give the lady though – it would be this – Madam – you're naturally dominant – and femdom – or findom – comes naturally to you!

The only area where you've erred and are erring is that what you did was non-consensual ... And, this is where the law of compensation will come back to nail you.

So, Princess Sherry – I hope you'll learn from this experience. Money is one thing – trust is quite another.

And of course, you're always a Princess anyway – as we've spoken about before!

A mere glimpse of her lovely soles should be MORE than enough ...

So, it was around 5:40 P.M. or so here in Southern China.

Yours truly was making his way back from an outdoor workout, and being it started to rain at the end of it all, I took an alternate route back home.

And boy was I glad I did!

As I walked on back home, I saw a girl sitting outside a rental agent's office – busy on her spanking new iPhone – completely oblivious to the rest of the world.

This of course shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone, especially in China, but what really struck me was this – as she was sitting, she threw off her shoes (slippers, I should say!) – and leaned back in her chair, with feet on the ground, one foot on top of the other.

And you know what that means don't you?

This lovely Chinese Goddess had one foot resting on the toes of that foot – meaning a lovely broad ARCH was visible for all (or those interested, at any rate!) to see – and the other sole was entirely visible too – nary a blemish, mind you!

Now, I'm no stranger to lovely feet – and soles, obviously. And I've often said that mainland Chinese ladies have the most beautiful feet out there – and as I looked up, I noticed her fingernails were polished a shade of gleaming red – a professional manicure at that.

And the lovely face was there for all to behold, eyes on her phone, feet waving and dangling, completely oblivious to the effect she was having on me, my friend!

I wouldn't be lying to say that the FIRST thought that popped into my mind was to prostrate myself before this *Goddess*, literally BEGGING her to use me – demean me – rape my wallet – wipe her stinky feet on me – humiliate me – the works – and laugh while doing so! And while that might sounds extreme to some, it won't for those of you that KNOW the effect a woman's soles can have on you (the true foot fetishists and femdom enthusiasts, that is!).

While this girl's feet were the loveliest I've seen in a while (and that's saying something), often times, it's all I can do to STOP myself from kneeling in front of her and making a fool of myself

– but if I did − I'm pretty sure I wouldn't be far off from handing over my bank cards to her – and literally begging her to ... ah, but we got into that, did we not?

And the best part of this is that it's a natural pose for her – shoes off – completely comfortable and relaxed, and if that alone is enough to send the submissive men amongst us into a tizzy – well – then she deserves every bit of worship she can get!

Her feet have been uppermost in my mind ever since I saw them, and I didn't sleep more than a few winks last night as those lovely soles kept coming back to me in my dreams, sneering at me, literally DARING me to go for it and prostrate myself before their owner ...

Will I?

Well, I might – time will tell – but I do know I've been taking that route a lot more now – this morning included!

And again, for the true foot boys amongst you readers – you KNOW what I mean.

The mere sight of a lady's foot – preferably the soles – is enough to arouse us as we have never been before!

To give that lady – that Goddess – special treatment.

To treat her like a Goddess. To obey her every whim and caprice, difficult as it might be. To kiss her feet. To be humiliated by her daily. To be less than chattel for her ... and all for glimpse of those lovely soles – preferably planted straight on the footboy's face as she counts his cash!

And the mere thought of this is so arousing that I better stop writing about it for now – or else!

Have YOU ever had an experience like this – or many?

Write back – let me know!

Pay to "play", you little foot bitch!

So, following on from what I wrote yesterday ... I believe it was about ruined orgasms, and how a ruined orgasm (or chastity) for that matter does NOTHING whatsoever to dull a male's libido or sexual energy (if done correctly, of course?).

Yes, that is what I wrote about ... and while I've stated many times that the proof is indeed in the pudding with regard to this sort of a lifestyle, I'll elaborate a bit more on this today.

Yesterday, I was chatting with Grace, a "recruiter" of all things.

She recruits foreign devils to teach English in mainland China – and while Madam Aa Ling – and Madam Krystal – for one (or two!) – in a long line of other lovely ladies would smugly nod their heads and be waiting for the "fresh meat" (as a lady recently referred to me as) – that is NOT something yours truly really does in real life.

Well, I did it before – of course – but not now. . Take that for what it may sound like, hehe.

The stories are true – mixed in with a dab of creative license – perhaps more so – and I'll leave it be at that.

Now, this lady had actually tried to help me out on many an occasion, and I wasn't shy of pointing it out.

"Grace, you've been very helpful to me thus far! You deserve all the praise you can get!".

Her response initially was a bit "taken aback and measured" if I might say so.

"I am not used to compliments!", she responded.

"But you deserve them, Madam", I said. And I meant every word, of course.

There was a "pregnant" pause.

"Absolutely! I'm not used to enjoy the compliment ... but, compliment me more! I enjoy it!"

And as I happily did so (all true compliments by the way) - she said this.

"Yes, others said this too. Some even insist sending me red envelope for helping them".

And the nail really struck home at that point!

For those that don't know, "red envelopes" are "online money" that can be sent on we chat (that oh so popular messaging app in China that features so often in my stories) ... And, she wasn't shy about mentioning that she had already been offered some.

"So, do you accept them if you get them?", I asked.

You know, Chinese generally don't accept "tips" – but then again, Chinese ladies know all men are good for is *MONEY* – and I've never ever met a single Chinese lady who wouldn't confidently and very happily take a man's money – and freely demand more, hehe. "You don't know?", she asked, a wicked tone in her voice.

"No ..."

"Well, send me a red packet and find out!"

Folks have often wondered why mainland China features so prominently in my stories – and why I have this "attraction" to mainland Chinese ladies.

It's because they're brutally direct when it comes to #femdom – and definitely #findom as well! And it's because Chinese ladies in my experience, MORE than any other culture I've "been with" are "born" with a dominant streak in their psyches.

All ladies have it, of course, but in China, all it takes is a little bit of "stoke" to really fire up them embers – and get things going – and I've got no doubt whatsoever I'll soon be kissing Grace's feet – and begging her to accept my money!

Man what a rush it is, especially when you have a real CONNECTION with the woman you're worshipping ...

That last bit is key, by the way. Guys, don't think you can run out and simply toss money at a woman and expect her to magically become your Domina. It doesn't work that way!

That has been mentioned at length in my manual on this, of course, but for now, I've been talking with another lovely lady Madam Jiji, who isn't shy about telling me that "she likes beautiful things".

And of course, that "no man ever bought them for her!"

Where that one will go, I ain't got a clue as yet. I'll keep ya'll posted!

The only orgasm a man should have a is a RUINED one.

I don't know if you've read the book "Outwitting the devil" by Napoleon Hill, but in that book he states that when an "inner voice" told him to complete the "Laws of Success" (a book Hill authored, one of many) – the "urge to keep going" was stronger than the urge to QUIT – despite all the obstacles standing in his path, one being the complete lack of success that he himself had experienced until then, despite being an author on success!

Now, I certainly dont have the same "issues" that Hill did at that point, but I was struck by that same "urge" this morning – so here goes!

Two days ago, I put an end to my self imposed chastity – all it took was a tiny touch to the nipples, and BAM – it was like a geyser gushing out ... I didn't even stimulate myself as I would have normally, as I'm a huge fan of ruined orgasms – and yet, the orgasm in itself was nothing short of mind blowing (pardon the pun!).

That night, I dreamt of a lady looking at me mockingly.

She had lovely long slim fingers ... black nailpolish, and oh, that LOOK in the eye, that LOOK in the eye, that vibe she gave off ... I still remember that dream although it took place two nights ago!

And as she looked down at me, I moved those lovely hands over to my nipples.

Almost beseechingly as it were. I remember "begging" in the dream.

"Nipples please, Ma'am", and as I begged, she taunted me further while tweaking my nipples.

I remember getting HARD – oh boy, do I remember that – and as I slept, she asked me the following.

"You need a cock to suck on, boy?!"

"Open that mouth!"

And whether or not she actually put a cock in my mouth I'll never know, as at that point I woke up ... "thrusting air" as it were (humpie, boy, as Empress Cody would have us do!) – and I came – again, with NO stimulation, so it was a partially ruined orgasm.

And while you'd think these two ejaculations would have "lessened" the sexual thoughts in my head – nothing like it whatsoever.

Later on that day, I came again – again a partially ruined orgasm – and this time to Madam Jiji, a lovely lady who I'll write about later – and Miss Grace, another lady I've had the fortune of communicating with over the past day or so.

And LAST night, it happened again ...

The lovely *Garima Madam* showed up in my dreams. Oh yes, she did - those lovely legs, that long black Indian hair ... and that sultry, knowing look in the eyes!

We were in some sort of "civics class" (for some reason civics class is a recurring dream theme for me – perhaps because a civics teacher once "punished me" in 8th grade? Not sure ... but she was a feminist to the core, I do know that!) and the teacher wasn't her.

In fact it was some boring dude – but she wrote on my notebook as she passed by.

"Hi Michael. I need you to inspire me to get fit!"

Now, why she wrote this was a complete mystery. Perhaps because of my fitness business that I also operate – but Garima in the dream was as gorgeous as ever, and didn't show any hint at all of being "fat".

Perhaps it was a message from the Infinite to me to NOT ignore this blog – to keep inspiring all you men out there to find – and WORSHIP – the lady of your dreams?

Or perhaps it was the infinite telling me that it's been way, way too long of a break from writing (about femdom).

Who knows!

I do know ONE thing though – the benefits of ruined orgasms. If even one of those orgasms had been a full blown REAL orgasm, I likely wouldn't be sitting here writing this to you.

Chastity is what I prefer most of the time – but when it gets too much to handle – well – edge and stroke, and RUIN it guys. It's even better if a lady does it for you – but if you're by your lonesome – well – that works too!

I'll close this out with the following quote – the only orgasm a man should get on a regular basis is a RUINED one ... for more reasons than one!

No excuses, boy! Find a way to get the job DONE - to HER satisfaction!!

Oh boy. My dreams have been going into overdrive as of late, as have events in my REAL life!

Last night was another one of those nights where I had not one – not two – but several vivid dreams.

The first one involved, among many other things me being made to "kiss a girls foot" (although to be honest I wanted to do it anyway – and the foot was as pretty as any other I've seen!) – – and then the girl taking pictures, and humiliating me publicly – or so the dream said.

And as she did that, and circulated the photos throughout the "office" (in my dream) (and yes, I've written about precisely this sort of thing before in my stories too – "Garima Madam – the Prequel" being one of them) ... I was left feeling humiliated and embarassed – or so I thought!

My "boss" in the dream told me (as I burst into tears!) that it was all ok, and it happens.

And a part of me in the dream was telling other colleagues too – "oh, that's ok! There's nothing shameful about kissing a woman's foot!"

And so forth - and while I won't get into the rest of it here, suffice it to say that foot worship, blackmail, and humiliation were key aspects of said dream.

Now, the second dream?

Well, long story short – there was an older lady (the first was a group of younger ladies mockingly looking on as I kissed one pair of feet) – the older lady's heels were cracked, and you know what that means for yours truly, don't you?

Those heels better not show a single crack, footboy! Get to work!

And as I scurried around trying to find peppermint scented foot lotion in the cabinet – horror of all horrors – I couldnt!

"Madam, may I please use oil", I asked timidly?

"You may!"

She was standing on the bed for whatever reason in the dream, and as I returned with the oil ...

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"Madam, would you like me to sit on the bed, or ..."

"No, <u>footboy</u>! I'm going to sit on the bed and you're going to be on the floor – looking up at my soles – the way it should be!"

These words rang out clearly and crisply in the dream, albeit in a strange language, and as I started massaging her feet with oil, she relaxed – and I woke up.

I don't know if the oil part was due to a nigh sexy video I saw the other day of a Pakistani lady forcing her two servants to massage her feet – and humiliating them adroitly while she was at it – and believe me, it was all I could do to keep from erupting right there and then as I heard her words – this despite me NOT touching myself in any way whatsoever!

The lady wasn't especially good looking. She was an older lady, perhaps 50 or so – but age doesn't matter, my friend – and neither do looks – it's the look in the eye, and her *innate dominance* that really matters – and that really needs to be brought to the fore! In real life, meanwhile, I met an interesting lady out there the other day who refers me to as a "young piece of meat".

"Fresh meat" she once giggled, and as I've been talking to her, her meaning becomes more and more clear.

She wants a boy toy – and preferably one that serves her than the other way around!

And of course, she has a 27 year old daughter – who I'm slated to meet for lunch (with her mom, of course;)) in a few days. We will see how that goes – I'll keep you updated.

Shades of "Owned by Madam Aa Ling", perhaps?

Perhaps, my friend, perhaps – and as I end this little note – I'll leave you be with reader feedback on that book – –

During the Great Recession, Michael, an IT, professional is laid off. He diligently searches for a job and happens upon an advertisement for teaching English in China. As his options in the US run out, he applies for a teaching job and flies out to China, where he is set up by Jesse, a Chinese coordinator, in an apartment, introduced to the school where he will teach and he begins teaching.

Michael is out of shape, fairly typical of IT workers and really admires Chinese women. For fun, he visits Chinese brothels and drinks too much. Then he runs into Aa Ling. She oozes sexuality, even though she does not measure up to his standards of beauty and their first meeting leaves him unsatisfied. During the course of their relationship, she places him in

a position of inferiority that builds as his desires for her are never completely quenched. She takes him in hand and starts to improve his physique somewhat molding him to her liking. The author tells this story from Michael's perspective and builds wonderfully on his desires and fetishes, many planted into his mind by the imperious Aa Ling.

IF you want her - you better cook and clean to her satisfaction!

So, as I "recovered" (not really, hehe) yesterday from the multiple and VERY ruined orgasms I had, I was talking to Madam Su.

It wasn't "that" Su – but another Su I've recently met, and going by what she's mentioned thus far, I seem to be set for the ride of my LIFE if things go well – no puns intended in terms of "ride"!

I think I mentioned one ruined orgasm in yesterday's post?

Well, a few hours later I had no choice but to give myself another – so "excited" do I get simply by looking at this lovely lady I'm talking to (and no, it's got nothing to do with skin show – its all about the EYES – the VIBE!) – and as I did so, it was just as painful as the last one, if not more.

And guess what --I was hard shortly thereafter!

If you've read the subtitle of this post, you likely know – or should know – the "key" to maintaining a fantastic and spicy D/s relationship that benefits BOTH (or all, in some cases) parties concerned – and that being ... ah, but you get it – and no puns intended in terms of the "key" either!!

Anyway, I was telling Su that I was cleaning my floor.

"Mop the floor", she responded with.

"Yours, or mine"? I asked, in as "coy" a manner as I could.

This was met with a giggle, and nothing else.

"I think Madam's floor needs mopping, too", I ventured ...

"Will you help me?" pat came the response, and despite the overly polite tone, I could tell the VIBE behind it was as strong as it should be ... the very same vibe that drew me to this lady in the first place!

"It's my job, isn't it, Madam?" I responded, with my own version of "giggling".

"Cook is your job too!" pat came the response.

Now, I'm sure y'all can see where this might be headed – but the key to all of this, my friends, is this – male orgasm denial.

It brings to mind what *Madam Pearl* used to do.

She was a lover of seafood, and I'd often be hard at work preparing shrimps (her favorite) and oysters for her for dinner (for us, actually, but she chose the menu, and I cooked!) – and the phone would buzz.

"Servant! I'm coming home! Have water ready to wash my feet!"

And as I scurried to get the water ready – and keep the cooking going – much like a dutiful maid might – I was constantly reminded of my position by an always hard, and often leaking dick – that was rarely, if ever satisfied!

Sure, we didn't do this 24/7. But what we DID do 24/7 is orgasm denial – and ruined orgasms galore.

I think the only orgasm Pearl gave me in all the months we were together was the first handjob, but after I explained my desires to her, that stopped – and never returned despite all the begging and pleading from my end.

It was ruined orgasms for me most of the time – and PLENTY of orgasms for her – and while that might sound incredible, it's true – and IT is the reason our D/S relationship proceeded as well as it did.

Give a man a regular orgasm, and you take away his desire to "please", my friend. More importantly, you take away part of the fire that burneth within.

Napoleon Hill correctly stated in his writings that ALL successful men are highly sexed, and are adpet at the art of sexual transmutation.

While he obviously didn't go as far as to state complete abstinence was the key, he DID say that "sowing one's wild oats" is the reason most men don't succeed before the age of 40 (along with the other more obvious reasons, of course).

And it's true, my friend. It's true. A man's sexual desire when HARNESSED by the right woman can truly propel that man to great heights of achievement – and submissiveness – and ruined orgasms are the #1 trick to getting this going!

Make his orgasms AS painful as possible - and ruined, of course!

So, it was another one of those nights last night ...

Nigh vivid dreams, so vivid that the hair on the back of my arms is still standing up – HOURS after the dream – well – not "hours" after, but a good one and half hour later, at any rate!

Given most people forget their dreams a few seconds after waking up, that's something.

That is also another reason I WRITE down my dreams for the most part – especially those which have a very vivid and potent message.

I'm not going to get into dream details here, but let me suffice it to say that a) I was watching a movie in my dream – and reality (in the dream) played out EXACTLY the same way ... and b) I received a "message" from an external source.

A source that was NOT "human" – a source that was external – a source that ONLY the subconscious (when properly activated) can pick up on – and a source that works in ways that belie disbelief, wonder – and require you to suspend the same in order to get these amazing messages.

And now that we're past the esoteric stuff, it might interest you to know that I woke up with a massive hard on.

It might also interest you to know that try as I might, I was UNABLE to keep said hard on in check. I didn't touch it, of course – that is not my M.O. as you faithful readers know, but the bottom line?

Lust took over – and before I knew it, I was erupting – except it wasn't an orgasm.

It was a ton of goo coming out, sure, but NOT as you'd expect in an orgasm, and each "ejaculation" (if I might call it that – though it wasn't) – was PAINFUL!

Not painful as in excruciatingly painful, but painful as in BLUE BALLS painful – as in balls straining at the edge, and each load of cum just made the balls ache that much more!

I've spoken a lot about the *benefits of ruined orgasms* – both for the male and especially the female – and this was a nigh perfect example, given I'm "at attention" yet again an hour or so from that "ejaculation!" (I can't call it an orgasm, hehe).

Now, it's not been an "easy" few days for me in that regard, hehe. I've been encountering Princesses everywhere I go – and I think you recall me mentioning a business visit that was postponed a week or so ago?

Well, I "fought" tooth and nail to keep the visit at the scheduled date, but the Princess that arranged it was having none of it, and while a deft "scolding" was on the cards (which I got, by the way), business wise, it turned out that I was better off obeying the lady anyway, hehe.

I'm supposed to go on travel with her and her manager (another very interesting lady) – and just yesterday she informed me that ...

"There will be another Queen joining us on the trip!"

"Another one? Oh my ...!"

"Yes, Luci" (giggle, giggle)

"Oh, you mean **Madam** Luci? *Madam* for me, and Luci for you" (embarassed, giggle) "Hee hee hee, yes"

And when you take that in context of me being the customer – and them being the suppliers – and the fact that "customer is always king" – and the equally real fact that in this case I'm really not – hey – what can I say!?

We truly DO attract what we think about and believe in at the deepest levels and while that might be one of the messages the dream gave me, it's something I've been saying all along anyway!

And of course over the last couple of days I've reunited with a lady I met a few years ago while working out – but with whom for whatever reason the conversation never really proceeded beyond "initial formalities" as it were, and we lost touch.

Over the past few weeks, I've been seeing this gorgeous damsel nigh every time I work out - at the least expected times, and I finally re-added her info and started talking to her - and sparks are flying or they seem to be, at any rate.

And her name?

Well, I'll let you guess. It starts with S ... and there is only ONE other lady I've met thus far (other than Princess Joanie, of course) with whom the sparks (dominant-submissive!) flew with such alacrity from the minute I started really talking to her.

No, it's not the indomitable Sophia Bai ... it's Su ... and *NO*, *it's not THAT Su* ... but ... it might as well be!

This lady carries an umbrella with her wherever she goes. Her skin, you see is too important to be touched by the "cruel sun" – and of course, her hands are too good to actually CARRY said

umbrella ...

A long time ago, I carried umbrellas galore for Madam Carol – her of the lovely, soft feet, and she tutored me on how to "angle" the umbrella to protect her skin from the "changing position" of the sun's rays!

Chinese ladies are nothing but uber careful about their skin ... and back to Su, I was having a conversation with her the other night.

"What are you doing, Su?", I casually asked.

"I'm in the supermarket!"

"Very good!" I replied, with the obligatory giggle. "Enjoy your shopping!"

"I'm talking to a diamond merchant", I added on, simply because I was at the time (and that's another one of those coincidences – I've been looking for diamond suppliers, and I believed I'd find one – and one mysteriously added me out of the blue the other day!).

"Do you want to buy me a diamond", came the pat response!

This only after we've been chatting for a couple of days, and needless to say, it made that erection even harder ...

She's the most beautiful. She doesn't really like housework, but she does it. She prefers relaxing jobs, and she has backaches at night ... And, of course, she's extremely demanding if you get past the initial formalities!

All in all, a perfect replica of Madam Pearl who I was lucky enough to serve a few years ago. Will it proceed this with way with Madam Su?

Will I end up meeting Ms. Chen "in real life"? (that's another story there!)

So much going on – so little time to post about it – but for you femdom faithful out there – I'll be sure and keep you posted!

For now though, it's adios, and back to "heel" with me, hehe.

Can't blame women for using men - - it's the way it should be - - the natural order and the sooner the subs get it, the BETTER!

I've been dealing with a lot of (unrelated to fetish) biz as of late, and it's kept me quite busy for a while but you know what they say, anf what I say, don't you?

We can never really get away from who we TRULY are -- and who we attract into your lives - and indeed, WHAT as well.

We attract that – or those things we think and FEEL about at a deep, deep level, and my chance meeting with "Beata" – or Madam Beata, as I refer to her now – was no coincidence either.

She's a business contact, granted, but she's more than that ... for now, at least, hehe. And if I do business with her, which I most probably will, I certainly won't be one of the customer who "complain all day long" according to her.

"If there's a problem, I'll kiss your feet and request you to ..." (and I would!)

Snicker, snicker. And before I could finish, pat came the response.

"Yes, you have to pay – and listen to me. Thats why I hope I can find more customers like you!"

Anyway thats a topic for another email. For now, I've been talking to another lady over the past day or so – Janet – and we've been discussing some interesting things.

Now, a lot of ladies these days prefer NOT to use their real pictures online, and who can blame em?

Most men look at the picture and add women -- and being that Janet's one of the smarter ladies out there, she's put an extremely attractive picture out there, and of course, men add her in droves - only to "get disappointed" when they find out it's not her!

As she rightly said though, it helps her sift through the bullshit – and *find people that are genuinely interested in HER as a person*, as opposed to just the picture. Now why am I saying this?

Well, I was talking to her about how I've had good experiences with Chinese girls, and ...

"You're not a woman" she laughed. "Or I'd ask you about dating Chinese men – and men in general! What a nightmare!"

And I agreed—and why?

Most guys never get past the initial "getting to know her" stage – and even if they try – it's not a really sincere effort, and women can see past that.

Most guys are in it for "quickies", and what they can get out of it – while most women, if not ALL I've encountered are usually most interested in what I am - i.e. getting to KNOW the person first on a deep level before doing anything else!

Unfortunately, the vast majority of men out there aren't on the same page there – and this is not just me saying that – or a Chinese gal saying that – I've heard it from women ALL over the world.

Guys – get to KNOW her first – and only then bring up anything else – BDSM included!

Anyway, as Janet rightly said, it's easier for me in many regards since I'm a man. For her, it's a matter of sifting through all the B.S. before she finally finds someone decent enough to talk to – someone that treats her like a human – or (preferably;)) puts her on a pedestal and worships the ground she walks on.

That wasn't her saying that, of course. It was me, and with good reason!

Hey, plenty of girls around this neck of the woods put guys on a pedestal – when they don't deserve to be. Truth be told, it's far better – and more interesting – and better overall – when the "more sensible" of the human species leashes the male and keeps him under control – any sort of control – and that is a fact yours truly fully agrees with!

"Thats why women use men – and hey, Janet. I can't blame them in that regard!"

And 'tis true, my friend. 'Tis true – and if you think about it – you'll probably find yourself agreeing as well to a certain extent!

Men's tongues have specific purposes!

So there I was, yours truly, chatting with a lovely damsel I "met" a few days ago online.

Actually, "met" would be the wrong descriptor. As so often happens, she added me online – out of the blue, apparently, and we started to chat.

She's asked me for pictures of my dick etc before, and when I sent the first one, her comment was this –

"Send it again! Your dick isn't hard enough!"

And although it was certainly harder than hard when I woke up – and took the picture – for some odd reason I'm never able to stay hard "in front of the camera, so to speak" – unless of course, I've got the right lady beside me, teasing me, humiliating me ...and, well ... you know the drift!

I never did end up sending her another pic, but she messaged me today in Chinese and hilarious as the translation was (as I've often spoken about in my stories) – here is what it said –

"You know what a man's tongue is for, boy?!!"

And while I added the "boy" in there, she might as well have said that too, so well worded was the question.

"To lick you, of course", I replied. "Do you like sucking dick – or being licked?"

And her answer was predictable, of course -and I don't think I need to mention it here, do I?!

"OK", I went on. "So I'll be your bitch then!"

Giggle, giggle, and then the response. "Alright, you can!"

And we then got to talking about porn flicks.

"Maybe you can watch porn with me", I ventured. "Many men, *many cocks*, many lovely, hard succulent cock and balls"

"I'll lick you while you watch it", I continued. "Like a true bitch!"

And while her peals of laughter didn't quite "boom" through the phone, her response was proof enough that she was both laughing – and enjoying it – and why not??

Most "mainstream" porn shows men relaxed with the legs spread out comfortably as a woman – or multiple women service them – and yet, to me, there is nothing more arousing than the opposite i.e. a woman with multiple dicks servicing her – and the ones that aren't hard enough?

Well, their tongues have a purpose to serve – to lick feet- balls – ass – armpits – – and certainly that cum as well!

It is indeed all about her, and as I finished off with "your satisfaction is the most important thing", I could almost hear her nodding in appreciation with that look in her eye.

Hmm! I own you, boy!

Ah that look, that vibe ... and this is precisely the vibe, YOU too, my friend need to cultivate if you would like to attract dominant ladies to you like moths to a flame.

Believe me, I've spoken about how this works – and work it does – and if it can work for me – *it'll work for you too*!

I'll keep you posted on the multiple cocks as well. The last time I did that was with Madam Su – and we ALL know what happened in that regard!

All for now -I'm off to discuss dicks with her again. A cuck incarnate as it were, but hey - so be it!

RUIN his orgasm as much as humanly possible, and delight in doing so!

Well, it's 3:50 P.M. here in Southern China as I write this, and it's been a heck of a day already!

I had a great, great workout today – got in some writing earlier on during the day – and most importantly, engaged in a lot of MENTAL work that left me feeling on top of the world – a feeling naturally capped off by that "satisfied" feeling you get after a great, great workout!

And all of this was made possible by something I write about often - and often engage in - either solo, or with a lady - that being *RUINED orgasms*!

This morning I had a dream – one of the most vivid I had in recent times, and several ladies featured prominently in it – all with that alluring red lipstick, and those lovely, painted fingernails ... and while the dream was too detailed and times too convoluted to type out here, it is worth mentioning that the lovely Madam Ashley showed up in my dream, red lips full and inviting ...

As I "started a new life" in the dream, I woke up, feeling nigh on top of the world – and with a giant hard on.

And as I started to slip back into "the unconscious" – hoping to rekindle and continue the dream, it happened – or rather, I made it happen.

I thought of worshipping the lovely Ashley's ass, and sucking cock as she laughing looked on at me – just like the lady did in my LAST post.

"You're only good for licking ass, boy!"

"Don't you think he's got a lovely curved cock? He gets to fuck me ... over, and over again ...and you, in return, get to suck his balls – and beg to suck that wonderful thing between his legs – multiple times, just like you LOVE it, you little slut!"

And as these words rang in my mind, my dick was semi hard – and one "jerk" was all it took.

True, I could have jerked a few times and gotten a boner as hard as I ever have, but that would have defeated the entire point!

I believe I've mentioned in the past that I never ever actually orgasm – a ruined orgasm is the closest I get, and as cum helplessly dribbled out of my flaccid cock (rapidly softening), this was the truest ruined orgasm I've ever gotten – close to being milked, or almost the same.

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And that is exactly how a ruined orgasm should be, folks!

When most folks think of ruined orgasm, they think of stimulating until the first "spurt" and then letting go – thus ensuring that the initial few spurts are pleasurable, but the rest of the orgasm is non existent – and yet, due to that bit of pleasure, that sort of orgasm is a PARTIAL orgasm – or a partially ruined orgasm.

The feeling of sheer "emptiness" mixed in with LUST (in the mind) you get from a true milking cannot be replicated, folks! It takes practice, and I've mentioned many a tip on how to get there in the book on ruined orgasms, but yes, it takes practice – and yes – it's worth every bit of "tease" if I might say so!

4 hours or so later, I was looking at the same lady I mentioned the other day, and my cock sprang to attention – something that probably wouldn't happened as quickly if I had "truly cum" a few hours ago.

And a few flicks of the nipple were it all took – but I was so hard that THIS time I got in a partially ruined orgasm – no less "satisfying" in many ways though!

And here's the kicker – after the first ruined orgasm this morning, I had another dream – one of great abundance, and monetary satisfaction, and as the subconscious never lies, I have NO doubt it will come to fruition very shortly indeed!

And after the second one?

Well, you might think I'd be too tired or exhausted to do anything – but I went out and had an intense workout – one of the best in recent times!

Boxers and wrestlers of yore often mention that it's prudent to refrain from sexual activity before an actual fight to "maintain" the hormone levels and keep 'em hungry, and if you're talking actual sex and a real orgasm, I'd agree.

But not with ruined orgasms though!

More than the semen leaving the body – it's a matter of DESIRE leaving the body after a true male orgasm for a set period of time.

The reverse is the case with ruined orgasms – if anything, desire is just HEIGHTENED all that more!

And that's why ruined orgasms are something I highly, highly recommend not just for you BDSM enthusiasts out there, but also anyone looking to spice up their sex life – and life, as well – in general – either solo or otherwise!

. .

I've got no doubt I'll be getting the third ruined orgasm of my day sometimes later this evening – and if and when I do - I'll write about it sometimes. And if I break my own personal record of three ruined orgasms per day - well - I'll write and let you know as well!

All you're good for is cooking and cleaning ... and buying her things, of course!

So, what I want to talk about now is something I've spoken about in the past many a times.

That something being this – that it's always about the MIND, my friend! It's her thinking – and your thinking that really count – and get the two of you "humming" as it were (two, or more) as opposed to simple external looks.

I've written before about how it makes not an iota of difference to me if the lady I'm worshiping is overweight – or not up to whatever silly standard women are expected to maintain in general.

It's all about her MIND – and how well she spots – understands – and SWOOPS down on the male submissive pysche – and that look in the eye, of course!

That look in the eye that can only come from a thorough understanding of BDSM – and how both the dominant and submissive minds work.

Lots of folks have this idea of "oh, its easy! I just have to put my feet up and he'll come begging!"

Or perhaps – "All I have to do is say I'll worship her and kiss her feet!"

Well – not really, my friend ... that sort of thing might attract a few idiots, but certainly nothing worthwhile.

I was watching a video today on *ruined orgasms* (by the way, and in case you didn't know, there are few, if any, more humiliating frustrating experiences for a man than to be denied orgasm – partially!) – – and boy oh boy, the lady KNEW what she was on about!

Though she looked good, it was nothing spectacular or out of the world – but her WORDS were what really drew me in – and kept my cock hard throughout the entirety of the clip.

Her tone was demeaning and condescending, and she laughed (with genuine mirth) at *just the right moments* while teasing the heck out of the poor (or should I say lucky!?) dude who was being denied.

As she verbally taunted him about the size of his dicklet, one comment that stood out was this.

Oh well! The only use you are is cooking, cleaning ... and of course buying me things! Spending your money on a superior lady like me that you can never really have ... and of course, I tell you what to buy!

Giggle, giggle, and she brought her mouth ever so close to his cock, straining at the bit, but of course didn't deign to touch it with her lovely lips!

As I looked at her soles, waving casually in the background I came in spurts – without even meaning to. Words, my friend – and THOUGHT is truly what does it, and as I continued watching the video, the lady's eyes literally seemed to BORE into me – out of the screen as it were – although she obviously doesn't know me, and I her!

"Thats what you want, boy! I know it!"

And THAT knowledge – THAT look in the eye – THOSE words, or the vibe behind the unspoken words are what have done it for me all throughout and especially with *Chinese ladies*, who if anything are even more naturally dominant than the rest of their wonderful brethren ... In fact, so skilful was this lady today that I was literally going "<u>Yes Ma'am</u>" behind the computer screen – and if there ever was a better testament to her skill (along with how many times I came) – I don't know what it is!

So the next time you hear someone say its all about looks – or "BDSM is easy" – well – you've just heard them tell you they're a fool – and completely ignorant of the nuances of REAL BDSM, and what keeps us BDSM lovers coming back for more, and more and MORE!

Anyway, that's it for now. I'll be back shortly with a tale about Madam Annie – a real life "boss" who owns a school – and her male foreign teachers do actually cook, clean, and buy her gifts on a whim!

How did she come into my sphere, you ask? Well, the same way Princess Joanies – or Madam Sophia – or the imperious Madam Carrie – or any of the others did.

We truly do attract what we think about at the deepest LEVELS of our being – it's just that simple!

Get used to loving and pampering her dirty soles! If you're a true sub, you should probably love her DIRTY soles a lot more than her clean soles!

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When I talk about a foot fetish – or my foot fetish – or my love for Chinese ladies (or ladies in general!) and their *lovely*, *soft feet* – the image that flashes into mind first off for most folks isn't that of dirty feet – or soles.

More foot fetishists, and indeed even male subs are very direct in stating their "preference" for clean soles – and while this is fine and dandy – it makes me stop and wonder why.

To me, dirty soles on a lady have always been a turn on — but don't get me wrong -- it's not the dirt itself that does it - it's something else!

And to me, I cannot understand the idea of a true foot fetish without dirty feet - or stinky, sweaty socks - and of course, the inevitable and utter humiliation and submission. It's all part of a package, and dirty female soles are close to the top of the pecking order in that list!

Confused? Probably. Controversial? Heck yes ... but ... stop and consider for a minute.

Last night I had a dream where I was with a "girl" going to "school".

I mention this in quotes for a reason, of course, but as we passed by, we saw another girl sitting on the floor casually, her lovely legs spread out in front of her, and the soles were grimy and DIRTY.

And yet she was on the phone, without a care in the world, the right leg outstretched, and the left tucked in under her.

This lady was Pearl – NOT *Madam Pearl* that I keep talking about, but another former student of mine in "days gone by". I used to teach her English, and I still remember her shorts – and clogs that she wore to class, and her large, unpedicured, yet oh so sexy feet – and her soles! She was of Burmese origin, and she was sitting there in my dream.

The girl I was with paused, and bent at her feet – and stopped to check her soles. Of course, this action didn't produce the sort of reaction it would in "real life" – but then again, it's a dream we're talking about.

I asked her "why".

And pat came her response, with a wink.

"Her soles are dirty, that's why!"

And it hit me like a ton of bricks right then and there – at 4:22 A.M. in the morning, which was when the idea for this post came to me, and here I am now sitting out typing it to you!

Of course she wanted to check her soles. It was my subconscious talking to me and reminding me of a pair of dirty soles – and without getting into how the subconscious manifests itself, here are a few reasons why I as a true sub and foot fetishist LOVE her dirty soles – and why you should too, *if you're a true male sub!*

First, remember that as I said, it's not just about the dirt. It's about HER, as it always is, and when she comes home from work, or play – or workout – feet tired and sweaty, I don't think she has time to get a pedicure before showing you her feet, does she!?

It's the NATURAL part of it that turns me on the most – much like my exercise routine, which is as natural as it gets.

She comes home, kicks her shoes off, and thumps her sweaty, dirty feet on the table like a true Queen – and combined with the right dominant attitude and that look in the eyes, its the sexiest thing ever!

Second, every time I see a woman with dirty feet – or cracked heels, my initial thoughts are of "dropping down to the ground" and applying lotion to her feet – or simply kissing them – or simply massaging them *as she laughs at me*, confident in the sheer sense of power her feet, the lowest part of her lovely body have over me!

This is significant – and if you don't get it – I doubt you're a male sub in the truest sense of the word.

When Madam Pearl showed me her (by now famous) dirty sneaker sole, it was the LAST thing anyone would have thought was sexy – especially since nothing other than the sole was in the picture – but yet, it's HER foot dirt.

It's her dirty shoes – her dirt – and that dirt is still higher in status than me, her slave, and both of us know- and recognize this fact for what it is.

And that really at the end of the day is what makes femdom so enjoyable – two parties that are truly INTO it – and truly BELIEVE it!

Pamper her - pamper her FEET - a lot!

So I had a lovely dream last night – well a mixture of dreams actually. A "hodge podge" of dreams if I might say so, and the central part in one of my dreams was ...

... a lovely lady, and for some reason I believe it was a lovely African American lady "dancing" to an adult movie on T.V.

I was down on my knees for whatever reason, and as she danced, she put her lovely foot in my lap. A long, slender leg – and a lovely, perfectly shaped foot – – with the sole oh-so-perfectly pedicured, and the color contrast between the chocolate brown skin and her sole so stark that I still remember the foot vividly.

Heck, I can almost smell her feet, and as (in my dream) she slid them over my nipples, it was instant hard on time!

In *Garima Madam's bitch*, the prologue mentions part of the reason why I find black cocks so sexy.

I mention being at Madam's feet – while she's sleeping comfortably with her lover, who is in repose in bed with his legs spread wide apart – dick resting after it's considerable exertions, the head still glistening and of course his FEET – the large, manly soles ... and the color contrast with the dark skin!

That is one thing, but as I worshipped this foot in my dreams, I wondered why I was dreaming of an African American lady as opposed to a Chinese lady.

And then the term "pampered" came to mind – and kept coming to mind as I thought of that foot, and the lovely sole, and I spoke to Princess Cherry later on – a lady I've been chatting with back and forth over the last few days, a Chinese lady at that.

And we spoke galore about pampering, and how money is indeed important for a lady to feel safe, secure and pampered!

Cherry has a boyfriend, of course, but that doesn't necessarily preclude my pampering her – with

NOTHING in return except plenty of giggles and her *feet*, of course! We'll see how it goes, but dreams are INDEED predictive, and the other part of the dream?

Well, out of the blue it just so happened that I spoke with a lady "Karina" – and while I'm not sure where she's from, for some reason, that foot likely belongs to HER – and while I have no idea if I'll be at her feet anytime soon – that foot sure was lovely!!

Takeaway from all this?

Pamper her – and pamper her a LOT – and she'll love you – and dominate you all the more for it!

It really works, my friend.

If she has another man, and she should - lick his ass first!

A few moons ago, I was with Madam Su ... you remember her, don't you?

If you can't satisfy me in bed, I'll have other men ... but you can't have other girls!

The one lady that I'll always remember no matter what – and it isn't so much the lovely long legs – or the various hues, shapes and sizes of cocks she preferred – sometimes multiple cocks at one time, all night long – but her thinking!

If you recall correctly, that was the first thing (or one of the first things) she said to me upon chatting with me online – and if that in itself isn't a testament to how VIBES are what it's really about, then I don't know what is!

So there I was in front of her and her lover, his juicy cock dangling in front of me, *so far yet so near*, his manhood starting to rise, his *tumescence starting to swell* in that ever so sexy manner, and the head, that lovely smooth *black* cock head right in front of me, with Su staring STRAIGHT at me in that lovely, dominant and most erotic manner!

Go ahead, boy! You know you want to kiss it before sucking it!

Truer words were never thought (at that point, at least!) – albeit not said, but words aren't necessary at the best of times, as I've often said in my writings.

And as I leant forward to start worshipping that lovely cock of his, she stopped me, as he laughed.

"Not so quickly, boy! Show him you deserve it!", she cackled, patting my head as you might a pet dog.

I was so infused with lust at the time that I didn't know what to say, except gaze at that wondrous juicy schlong in front of me – and this of course turned her on even more!

"Lick his ass first, boy!"

Now this wasn't the first time I had licked another man's ass – but it was certainly the first time I had done so when commanded by a Dominant lady ... and as I stuck my tongue deep, deep inside his crevice, probing and searching, flicking and teasing, he moaned in pleasure, and I instinctively took my tongue and slid it across his perennial region, lapping his balls as I did so ...

This, by the way is one of the most erotic things you can do to a male.

Many years ago, and I believe I wrote about this in Sin City Diaries – Volume #1 - I had this done to me, and I still remember the look on relief on the lady's face when it was obvious I was going to kiss her feet after she rimmed, and not have sex with her!

Those experiences were all "once in a lifetime" experiences, and a must read – and if you haven't already – grab the book right here – https://spicyanderoticfetish.com/volume-1-sin-city-diaries/ – but for now ... remember that the test of a true cuckold isn't necessarily how well he sucks dick or his love (or hate) for it – but how well he SERVES!

It's all about serving her – and her love for cock.

And it's all about serving HIM – and making sure he's as turned on as ever ... but not necessarily because he likes it. It's because that cock can then service her multiple times as she deserves, and that's what it's really all about.

And to me, if it involves licking his ass and balls – I'd love to do it, and I enjoyed doing it the first time Su made me do it – though I must admit, that massive cock plunging in and out of her as she screamed in sheer bliss was what I loved the most – and this was of course one of the bedrocks on which that particular relationship was built!

It's all always about serving her – and her lovers – and that's what true servitude – and being a true cuckold – is all about!

Think femdom - and you'll get femdom - more than you can handle!

The title of this email should come across as no surprise to regular readers of this list. I've often spoken about attracting what you really believe in at your very CORE – and today's note will expound more on this.

A few days ago, yours truly was searching for a few contacts on his Wechat. I've recently switched phones and ended up losing Madam Su's contact – as well as *Princess Joanie's*. I have the phone numbers, of course, but I'm talking their online ID's etc.

So I started the search ... and I looked in places I'd never have normally – and presto – without even THINKING about it consciously – I found Madam Su's contact a few days later – at a time I was NOT searching for it actively and in a place I'd never imagine I'd find it.

Wondrous are the ways indeed of the Universe – if you only set those ways into motion with your thinking and a deep seated belief!

I've often been asked how I've had so many femdom experiences with Chinese ladies, and continue do so. How I gathered all the info I put together in "A complete guide to understanding dominant Chinese ladies from the mainland" – and my other manuals.

The answer is many pronged, of course, but it all starts with the thinking, my friend.

Your THOUGHTS – your innermost and repeated thoughts are what you really attract.

If you're "wanting" to attract femdom, but don't really believe in, chances are you'll never ever really attract the right lady – and if you do, it probably won't work out.

Other hand, if femdom thoughts are there in your mind all the time, even when you don't "consciously" think they are – well – femdom is what you'll attract – and a lot of it!

This holds true for anything in life, of course. If you truly think and believe in an abundant life – that is what you'll attract!

Same thing holds true with regard to the opposite. If you've been told all your life that money is bad – or that "attracting money easily" isn't good – well, chances are your struggling right about now and are NOT attracting what you want in financial terms.

So in terms of femdom, and finding the right lady – it all boils down to this – your thinking.

I've often attracted ladies from all across the globe – people I never knew existed – and the minute I saw their profile picture, I knew it was "meant to happen".

It's that vibe – that feeling – that ...ah, but you get the point!

This morning I woke up with deep seated thoughts of sucking a dick – a big, black dick at that.

Ever since Madam Su has been gone, I haven't really done this a lot – or at all, to be honest, but I still remember the shiny smooth texture of that black cock.

The smooth black skin. The color contrast. The large muscular haunches, and the asshole willing to be worshipped ... before he allowed me to *kiss his cock head*, with Madam Su sneering on with a mixture of adoration, lust and dominant vibe – all in equal measure!

I have no doubt I'll be with Su again at some point if I really want – and once I am, it'll be more of what I mentioned above.

So last, but not least, remember that ATTRACTING isn 't enough. It's what starts the process, but once you attract, you still have to DO the thing.

Your thoughts start the process – but once you meet the dominant lady of your dreams, waste no time in telling her exactly what it is you want – crave (after you get to know her, of course!). Chances are that if you're thinking the right thing at your very core you'll find yourself at her feet at no time – and you'll remain there a long time as well!

Think servitude – attract servitude. Think female dominance – attract it in all it's shapes, forms and guises.

It's really as simple as that!

Press her head - - her shoulders - - her feet - - whatever SHE wants!

So, last night I had another one of those vivid dreams ... well, not so much vivid as "descriptive", I'd say.

I was with a woman – perhaps my S/O – I'm not sure – unlike most of my dreams, for whatever reason I did not record this one (hint for you folks reading this – *if you're serious about getting in touch with the part of that you REALLY controls your life – write your dreams down!*), but I do remember certain parts of it extremely well even now.

When you write things down, for some odd reason it "imprints" the dream into the conscious portion of your brain as opposed to when you don't. In the former case I can read snippets of what I've written about a dream weeks later and recall everything perfectly.

In the latter case, I'll usually end up forgetting within minutes of waking up if I don't write things down!

Such as it goes, and in my dream I was being ordered to massage a pair of feet – and do it well – and do it as SHE liked!

Rub the entire foot, boy! And do the soles first!

That one line stands out in mind as I took her shoes and socks off – and not only started the massage, along with a calf massage, but also RUBBED her soles – her sweaty soles – several times with the palm of my hand, before squeezing the entire foot with devotion and incredible servitude to make sure no inch of it went unmassaged – or unworshipped!

This is something I've written about a lot before – and something that goes ignored often times – and something that I believe I've mentioned in the "foot massage" tip of "A complete guide to understanding dominant ladies from the Chinese mainland" as well.

When she gets home – her feet are hot and sweaty – and if not sweaty- if it's cold weather – they're encased in socks and boots nonetheless.

And there is nothing better than a human hand wiping the grime and sweat away from her soles BEFORE washing the feet – or massaging them. Not to mention the fact that it's an incredibly humiliating thing to do for the person doing it as well …!

And that brings to mind the "whatever she wants" part of this.

Often times, doing other things – or massaging other parts of the body are far more pleasurable for a woman than simply the feet.

Spicy and Erotic Fetish (www.spicyanderoticfetish.com).

Sure, the feet are important. Don't get me wrong. Washing her feet daily has become a ritual for me, and one that I truly enjoy – and so does she – but as her feet relax in that foot bath, there are other things you can do.

Rubbing her head, for one – if she's had a hard day at the office – or just to relax.

Perhaps her shoulders – especially if she's addicted to her smartphone!

Perhaps her back in general – or whatever she wants at that point in time!

I've often seen maids in the subcontinent do this for their "owners" – and from a fetish standpoint, it's an incredible turn on.

(I should say employers, but the Hindi term often used here implies "ownership"! Hence the "Paye Lagu Malkin" tagline for the *Indian Goddess* series I penned oh-so-long ago ...)

One of my favorite "whatever she wants" scenarios is this – She comes home from work, tired and exhausted. Tosses her bag on the chair, which I pick up and put in the right place as she collapses into the sofa.

She throws her legs up on the coffee table. I take her shoes and socks off (could write a whole tome on that, of course!).

And as I bend to tend to her feet, the voice booms out.

It could almost be the gorgeous *Simi* telling me this, but anyway ...

Sir daba! (*press my head!*) – the language is Hindi, and the tone is one often used with servants. After a while, she'd lose interest in that, and ...

Rub my arms, boy! The left arm first!

... and she'd hold up an imperious left arm which I'd support with one arm, and rub with the other.

Ditto for all the other body parts as she'd literally yell out which part she'd like massaged – as the willing slave behind her did her bidding – and there are few other things that are as much of a turn on to me as THAT!

In short - it's all about her - its always about whatever she wants.

What she wants, she gets, and it's the sub's job to ensure it STAYS that way!

She should never ever have to take her own shoes off – or put them on for that matter!

A long time ago, during one of my jaunts to the subcontinent, I came across a roadside cobber mending shoes.

Nothing that unusual in India, of course – but what caught my eye was a pair of large, broad feet clad in socks – light brown "toe" socks – parked right next to the man, who was sitting at "foot" level on the pavement mending shoes.

Those feet – those lovely, broad feet belonged to a lady – a lady who was getting her boots repaired by the cobbler – and a lady who was on the phone at the time, chatting away nineteen to the dozen, large sunglasses blocking out the world in an oh-so-sexy manner … and of course, she was completely oblivious to the cobbler at her feet, or near them!

This was near a school, so she was likely a parent that had come to pick up her kid, I thought. This assertion was proven right later as I walked past the school later, and saw this same imperious dame with a kid – and wearing those same boots that the cobbler was repairing!

And in all of this, the SOCKS stand out in memory, and the contours of that lovely foot, barely, but still, visible through the socks.

I don't know what it is, or why, but female socks when worn by the right lady have always been an immense turn on for me.

I have mentioned the Indian Goddess I met in the park – and a few other ladies along those lines – and the first thing that comes to mind when I see their *tennis shoes* is them commanding me to "drop down" and …

Take my shoes off, boy. Quickly! (As I bend to the "unwelcome" task) I do, and ...

The socks too, boy! What the hell are you waiting for? (this said in an even more commanding, loud and imperious manner as the sweaty soles stare me straight in the face!) (3)

And when you think about it, taking her shoes and socks off should actually be a privilege for a male sub – as opposed to a chore!

I've mentioned before on my *Twitter* account that washing her feet after she gets home – and taking her shoes and socks off without being told to do so is one of the highlights of my submissive day, and it is TRUE, my friend.

There is something every so sexy – and ever so demeaning about not just taking the shoes off – but her socks as well, and of course, if she stuffs those socks in your mouth as Goddess Priyanka exulted in doing – well – so much so the better for her – and you! ③

Takeaway from all this?

Well, simple. Her foot dirt – and dirt in general is meant to be worshipped by you. You worship the ground she walks up – literally – and she's always too good to either take, or put her own footwear on!

And that, my friend is that for the day. I'm out for a while – I'm going to try and calm this gigantic hard on I've got just by thinking about those pair of female feet clad in those lovely brown "toe" socks!

Control his nipples - control HIM!

One of the oft-ignored parts of the male body when it comes to sexual activity – or even BDSM – in the West are male nipples.

Male nipples are often viewed as nothing more than an unnecessary "appendage" — useless, and with NO purpose whatsoever. Many men make the mistake of thinking that nipple play — even if done with a woman is "gay" — and shy away from it — at least in the West.

Big, big mistake, my friend and one I've written about galore in my books and writings!

I've made no secret of the FACTS that a) male nipples once aroused and treated "properly" are one of the MOST erogenous zones on man and b) that I've had more (and just as pleasurable, if not MORE) orgasms from nipple stimulation (not even play!) alone than anything else.

It's not a stretch to say that a flick of the nipples can get me hard – and ready to EXPLODE – at a minute's notice, and on that note, it bears mentioning that nipple play is one of the most potent tools in not only the dominant lady's toolkit – -but also a submissive male's!

A few years ago I was with Madam Ashley, and we were asleep in bed together.

It was a cold, clammy winter night in Southern China, and I woke up in the middle of the night to take a leak – and the first thing I saw was her on her stomach, one lovely long leg extended out ... her sole in full view!

This is something I've written about GALORE in my BOTH my Chinese and Indian Femdom writings ... and something I enjoy immensely.

And I care not if it's Madam Carol – or the lovely Anne – or Madam Ashley – or *Garima Madam* with her lover – the FIRST thing I do – even in the middle of the night when confronted with a sight such as this is to start massaging her feet gently.

And though I was sleepy enough myself, I started to "press" Ashley's feet.

She woke up, giggled, and pulled me back into bed with her.

A short while later, I was awoken again – by one of the most deliciously sexy sensations I had EVER FELT – even with my experiences in China – and it was *Ashley playing with my nipples*, twirling her long fingers over my nipples in a way that cannot be described in terms of just how erotic it felt!

I was instantly hard, of course, and she continued her ministrations while "riding" me -- of course, she didn't bother asking me what position I preferred.

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She prefers cowgirl, and thats what she got – before being locked up, of course, but thats another story altogether! ③

Often times, the first thing I do mentally or physically when thinking of a woman – or submitting to her – is gently flick my nipples. The very thought itself arouses me, and when a woman does this – it's all I can do to stop myself from dropping to my knees and kissing her feet and thanking her for doing it - so submissive do I feel at that point!

I've mentioned in "15 ways to give him a ruined orgasm" (which by the way is proving to be hugely popular!) that the NIPPLES are the key to control his orgasm and RUIN it – and leave him dangling, frustrated, horny and servile – like a dog with it's tongue out, in other words. I've also mentioned, of course, that when you control a man's orgasm – you literally control HIM.

And mix nipple play into all of this, and you'll literally be on the road to UTTER submission if you're a man – and utter dominance if you're the lady in question.

He'll literally do anything and go to any lengths to please you, no matter how humiliating if you do this right – and all thats needed is a gentle flick of the fingers on his nipples, ladies – and you've got him -right where you want him!

Last, but not least, many people make the mistake of thinking that some men's nipples aren't sensitive – and therefore don't arouse the same degree of feeling when manipulated.

Well, here is the thing – yes, that is true – but the more you play with a man's nipples, the more they get used to it – and the more erotic it gets for him!

I've mentioned how an ex girlfriend of mine in the States used to suck my nipples – I had NEVER had it done before that, and the more she did it, the more I loved it.

And of course, that FIRST massage session in the foot massage parlor *where the lovely "Liao" flicked my nipples expertly* — the first in one of many, many nipple play sessions I've had ... and the rest ... well, is history!

I've detailed that history in the Sin City Diaries. Volume #1 is currently on sale, so if you're interested in real life experiences from yours truly in the city he so enjoyed for many years, well, HERE is where you can grab it — https://spicyanderoticfetish.com/volume-1-sin-city-diaries/

Many lovers, many COCKS! The more choices SHE has, the better- - and the less the sub does, the (even) better!

A month or so ago, I noticed a "like" (one amongst quite a few) on one of the posts I made on my Twitter account.

'Twas from a lady that liked one of my tweets on findom, it was, I believe – and a lady that proudly proclaimed her love for cock – big cocks at that – and **big BLACK cock**, to be specific! She correctly states on her Twitter account (to men) that if they follow her – or look at her for the size of her boobs – then what is good for the "goose"(no puns intended, hehe) is good for the gander – and whose to stop her from choosing (or "preferring") men based upon the size of their organs – or the color, for that matter?

And she's right – she's spot on, in fact!

One of her quotes in particular stands out in mind (I'm quoting from memory, so this might not be 100% verbatim, but the sum and substance of the comment is preserved as is) -

You chose me for the size of my tits, bitch! Why can't I choose men based upon the size of their cocks?

Indeed, Ma'am – what is good for the goose is indeed good for the gander, and on that note, funnily enough I saw Madam Su a couple of nights ago – online, that is.

I was browsing through my Wechat list, and saw her. Although I haven't spoken to her in a while, the photo immediately sparked memories ... many of them, and as I saw her lovely long legs, that lovely long black hair – and them sunglasses she loves, she came to mind.

The tall, lovely, leggy lass I mentioned towards the end of *Sophia Bai – The Sequel* was none other than Madam Su – her of the many lovers, and her of the cuckoldress bent of mind. *If you can't please me in bed, I'll have other lovers! But you can't, boy!* And that is but one of the comments that "stands out" – pun much intended – much like one of the long straight dicks she so prefers.

Now in the book I mention above, an entire Chapter is devoted to cuckolding – where Jackson, a black guy with a lovely, long black dick is the lover – and Madam Su enjoys all the "attention" she gets from him.

I've mentioned this particular experience in *Cuckold Compilations* – a book you really must grab if you're into the cuckold scene and not looking for "primers" – but just want to dive straight IN into the ACTION – but for now, there's something so incredibly sexy about black dick – specifically, long black dick that it has been the choice of "dick" for all my cuckold stories, and continues to be so!

I don't know if it's the "smooth texture" – or the skin color – or the color contrast with other skin colors that does it for me for black dicks – or even the round "bubble butts" – or the overall package – but whatever it is – if you're a cuckold -black dick is likely what is uppermost in your mind, and should be!

The last blowjob I got (yes, I still do get 'em occasionally! ;)) was done by a lady who met me online – and who had a real interesting way of administering said BJ.

She didn't just suck the "head" of the cock. She sucked the very TIP of my phimotic penis — and far from being repelled by it ("sick dick", as some folks like to call those with phimosisi) — she ENJOYED the "elephant hood" — and so did I!

And every time I think of black cock – Madam Su springs to mind – as she plays with her lover's nipples, snug in his arms, and I'm down there between his legs ... sucking the very *tip* of that lovely, *long*, *smooth* <u>black</u> cock!

You're enjoying it too much, boy!

Ah, that sneer. That lilt in the voice. That look in the eye. That overall package ... Madam Su, you truly ARE the best cuckoldress I've ever been priveleged to be with – and if you were here right now, I'd kiss your lovely feet more than once before hitting "submit" on this one!

Why I love Madam's tennis shoes and why all subs should as well

I've written often about the Indian Goddess that I see in the park out there on a regular basis – and her footwear, of course! ③

And as of late, I've been seeing another lady in the mornings in the park – an older lady – and on the outside, nowhere near as attractive as the *Indian Goddess* I've referred to - but a lady that has the look in the eye I refer to so often, and how!

The first glimpse I caught of her was actually her shoes.

She's got two pairs of tennis shoes – one greenish pink in color, and the other a purple-black combo – both incredibly feminine combinations, and BOTH that I enjoy taking a look at – more than one look – every morning while working out!

For some reason, I've always been a huge, huge lover of tennis shoes on women – and this has been reflected in my writings as well.

Madam Carol had the sexiest, softest pair of feet I've ever been privileged to worship -- and the way she slipped those feet in and out of her lovely pink tennis shoes was a sight indeed to BEHOLD if you're a foot lover - or submissive in any way, shape or form!

Goddess Priyanka would show up after her tennis matches, of course, and would slam her feet down on the table, waiting for yours truly to take her shoes off and wash those lovely feet — and then of course stuff her stinky socks in my mouth for hours on end — and if there's ever a nastier smell than sweaty socks being put in a ziploc bag along with cheese and other "moldy stuff" — and then straight into your mouth, with your nostrils covered by sweaty soles — I'm yet to experience it!

As for this Indian lady I see in the park, well, those tennis shoes brought several lovely fantasies to me the minute I saw them.

She goes home, tired after her walk.

"Water, boy!" she yells at the servant (no prizes for guessing who, hehe). That's if the servant hasn't met her at the door with a change of footwear, of course!

Once she's comfortably seated, the servant takes her shoes off, peels her sweaty socks off, and immerses her feet in warm water, washing every inch of those lovely feet.

I haven't seen this lady's feet, of course, as opposed to the *Indian Goddess*, but hey - I'm sure she's got lovely feet - it's the vibe thing at work again!

Perhaps she'd smack on the head while I was doing this, or perhaps her friends would.

Do it properly, boy!

And all the while, the tennis shoes would be staring straight at me, and they'd be telling me all the while that THEIR status was higher than mine could ever be – or than I could ever aspire to be!

Ah, the joys of the female foot – finding, and submitting to the right LADY – and female footwear in general.

I could write tomes about it – and if you've read *Cuck Central*, well, there is a reason that Princess Joanies's tennis shoes – the dirty soles in particular – are featured on the cover!

Money, boy! She owns you, and don't you ever "effing" forget it!

So, this morning I woke up "bright and early" at the stroke of 9 A.M. – which of course was an hour or so before when I actually and normally alight, hehe.

Yes – unless I'm chained to the bedposts by the ears like the imperious *Madam Sugar* so delighted in doing – or unless I'm "pressing her feet" all night long as I sometimes do, enjoy and write about all the time – I'm usually a solid sleeper, and have plenty of dreams, and am NOT a morning person to say the least.

Anyway, I woke up and rushed outside to workout – but before doing so I was talking to my S.O. about some things.

And after I bade her goodbye, and told her I was going to go workout – she stopped me – with a crooked finger, and imperious, knowing glance **that seared straight into the very DEPTHS of my submissive pysche** ... and gave me an instant hard on, and this before it even proceeded into anything else!

Now the topic of conversation before this was her salon visit.

She was going to go to the salon, and while it might not be Miss V going to the salon, her salon visits are just as important, and sin of all sings, I forgot to ... you guessed it ... hand her the MONEY for her visit before I left to workout!

Of course, she could have easily helped herself from my wallet which I left at home -- but she didn't.

She rubbed her index finger and thumb in the universal "money" gesture - as I stared at her, nigh mesmerized.

My entire mind had been pre-occupied with working out - not fetish - and yet, the switch instantly turned on - or clicked, as it were once she made that gesture!

And then she said the actual words.

Money first, boy!

And as I gave her the money and left sheepishly, sporting a giant hard on, I figured I'd write about it when I came back – and now here I am, telling you about it!

This is of course but one of the gestures that is such a turn on in a D/s scenario. Her sitting on the sofa comfortably, with feet up on a table, and "waving you away" imperiously from her feet with a slim manicured forefinger pointed straight at you, along with a strict,

knowing, SUPERIOR gaze is just as sexy, if not more!

And that is but one of the tricks to subtle dominance – oh so subtle gestures done just right that sear their way into both her and your consciousness, and emblazon the D/s seal all that more firmly onto your relationship!!

Anyway, I might have been consciously thinking of my workout, but my subconscious has been pre-occupied with fetish, of course, as it usually is - and that is what - as I keep saying - I've been attracting, and it happened this morning with my S.O. too.

Last afternoon was a beautiful winter afternoon out in the park — and I saw plenty of ladies barefoot on the grass enjoying sunning themselves — and showing them off to all that cared to look too, hehe.

This morning while working out I saw plenty of girls clad in tank tops, yoga pants and those ohso-cute little pink shoes girls wear while exercising – as Madam Carol wore – and as so many other girls wear!

Thats another huge turn on for me – looking at her SHOES – and imagining myself literally under her soles – *licking the grime off her shoes* – and all the while not even haven seen her actual feet!

I posted a picture of Madam Pearl's shoes on my Instagram account the other day — quite a popular pic it was, and rightly so!

Anyway, so that is what has been going on around these parts as of late. As always, remember that she owns you - and that her pleasure comes FIRST - and never, ever forget the money part of things either or else....!

"You better make more money, or I marry someone else already!"

A few years ago there was a "blind dating" show on T.V in mainland China – and one of the female participants on this show "Ma Nuo" was asked for her views on the ideal mate.

And she uttered the "by now famous" words — those being "I'd rather cry in the back seat of a BMW than smile on a bicycle!"

These words caused quite an uproar at the time in mainland China, of course – and the woman became "famous" for it as well – but for someone like yous truly whose been in China for a long, long time (post 1980 and post the liberalization of the economy) – 'twas but normal for her to say that in my opinion.

Justified?

Well, maybe from a certain perspective – and NOT from another.

While love cannot be bought -- is there really such a thing as true love in this world? More to the point, in today's increasingly materialistic, "fake" (at times!) and demanding world, can a relationship truly be successful without money?

I have often cited this example in many of my femdom writings – and ALL the women in my writings – right from the lovely Ms. Priyanka – to the imperious Garima Madam – to Madam Carrie – the lovely Krystal – and most recently Empress Cody share two things in common.

One being to bring the male of the species to heel in NO uncertain manner, of course.

And the other being – their love for money, and the things it can buy them!

So, I was talking to Madam Anya again last night, and we broached the topic of marriage – and of couse, paying for her shopping – and *taking care of her credit card bills* – she's nothing if even more brutally upfront in this regard than the other Chinese girls I've encountered, and I love it!

"You're a true Princess, Madam Anya", I remember saying. "You want a rich man to pay your bills, and serve you ... and" ...

I followed this with a "giggle" emotion on Wechat, and she responded.

Spicy and Erotic Fetish (www.spicyanderoticfetish.com).

"Do you want to marry me?"

That one took me for a loop, I must admit! I've never met her – and don't really know her beyond the chats we've had – but then again, I've been nothing but QUICK in the past when I've met women – *Madam Pearl* being but one of the examples – and whose to blame her for "jumping the gun" and being even quicker!?

After all, as I mentioned in my initial post about her, I KNEW why she added me from the minute she did – all about VIBES, and two minds perfectly in sync in terms of what they want.

But I'm not rich as yet, and I told her that.

"Maybe we should get to know each other a bit more", I added. "And I'm sure we will slowly!"

And Madam responded to this in a very brusque manner.

You better make more money first! Or I marry someone else already!

Chinglish aside, her import is very clear – and hey – whose to say it's right or wrong?

At least she's honest about it like most of the other ladies I've met in this part of the world are. If you're a man – MONEY is of paramount importance, and it's of course not just about the money.

As Madam so rightly put it, "I don't like money. I need it. I love buying all pretty things!"

Followed up by this, of course.

"Do you want to buy me something pretty?"

She's nothing if not insistent – nothing if not gorgeous (despite her claim of being overweight) – and nothing if not HONEST to a T – but most of all, it's her mind that I love – along with her honesty.

And whose to blame her for choosing a man based upon money anyway?

After all, men have their own criteria for choosing women. How many men can honestly say the ONLY thing they saw in their female (to be) mate was her mind – as opposed to her looks – or body?

Very few, I'd say!

As Anya told me, "most men only interested in my body!"

And she's right.

As for me, I get a raging boner every time I talk to her – despite NOT having seen more than one dated picture of her. It's the mind that does it - and the vibes too, of course!

So *if you're looking for the perfect lady to dominate you* – you better make sure you've got money – or other means to keep her in luxury as she so deserves, or else chances are excellent and second to NONE it'll be a "flop show" for the most part.

She's a Goddess. She deserves to put her feet up and relax – and enjoy the best a man – or several men can give her – with no obligations to do anything other than that – and that is the sexiest part of it all!

Pay her credit cards, and her bills! Show her if you're WORTHY!

I've often mentioned the story of Madam Pearl, and how I met her.

And of course, the lovely pink dress that I bought her – along with an associated screen shot for those of you that don't believe the lines between fiction and reality can and indeed DO blur on occasion – many an enjoyable occasion at that!

You'll have to crack open *Submissive Musings in Mainland China – Volume #1* to see this, and more – but for now, it bears mentioning that what Madam was initially going to buy (but didn't have the cash for) was a facepack of sorts – curiously enough MORE expensive than the dress I ended up buying her.

I asked her how much it cost.

"Why you ask me how much he cost" (and yes – we used an online translation tool for the most part – hence, and as I often write about the hilarious translation!)

"Well, because"

And before I could say it, she asked.

"You want to buy it for me?"

Said in such a direct, honest and sexy manner – *much like Princess Joanie did when I asked her if she liked to shop for shoes* – that I couldn't help but get yet another raging boner – and I said yes.

Well ,long story short – she wanted me to buy her a dress first – as opposed to the face pack – and while this might seem strange, it's not.

She was well aware of my love for her feet and legs, and she used that dress to show herself off to full glory – both in front of ME and other men – and of course, it did nothing to abate the raging lust I had for her at that point – if anything, 'twas the exact opposite!

And of course -I ended up buying her many more things after that - as I often say - the rest is history!

Anyway, I was chatting with the gorgeous Madam Anya the other night ... one of many chats.

And when I asked her about shopping, here was her response.

"I did all that sort of small shopping before. I don't really do that anymore! Now I'm more interested in property, investments, and ..."

I mentioned this before, of course in a prior email. She's older, wiser – and so she should – and this lovely lady isn't satisfied with mere gifts.

No, the overbearing theme of our conversations has been none other than her credit cards which "despite having no money" (as the Princess herself says!) – she manages to max out every time she uses 'em.

And guess whose on the hook for it!

You guessed it – and hey, here's the point – she's actually right in a way. She always is!

It's better for her to choose her gift (her purchase) herself – and make her bitch buy it. In other words, she's truly having her cake and eating it – and while I am not her bitch as yet – I might well be, depending upon how things proceed!

I've written before about findom, and my thoughts on why it can be incredibly sexy ... And if you think about it, if all a lady's gotta do is be dominant (though yes, that vibe is what counts, and what is WORTH everything!;)) - and show you her feet - or soles - or even just a normal pic - and have salivating men drool over her and pay her bills - hey, why not!?

She deserves it and more – and as Madam Pearl was fond of telling me,

"I send you foot pictures, boy! Now you do my shopping. Hurry up, servant!"

'Twas indeed one of the sexiest encounters I've had ... and one of the loveliest, most dominant ladies I've ever met – until Anya, that is.

She might just be THE ONE I've been searching for all these years -- who knows!

I'll keep y'all posted. In the meantime, guys – remember to always be at her feet – and remember to pay her bills and do her housework while she relaxes with her feet up.

There truly is no other way! ② ... And remember to kiss her feet BEFORE doing any of the above. Paying her bills is a PRIVILEGE – not an automatic right!

And, that is that for Volume #2. Write back and let me know how following any - - or ALL - - of these tips went for YOU!

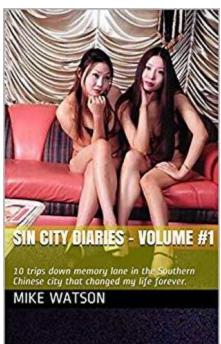
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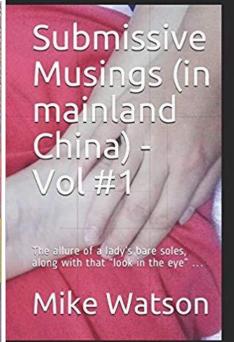
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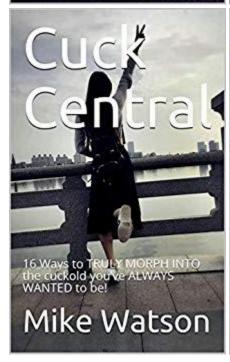
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