

FIST

Issue 02 | May 2018

PAIN
SUIT



FIST is a zine by and for leatherdykes. FIST was conceived as a means to collect and amplify voices from SM dykes that exist in a larger community, but one that is often physically fragmented. We are nodding to the legacy of our ancestors, while understanding and speaking to a very different community today. Leatherdyke subculture was documented and immortalized in the early 1990s through zines and documentaries, almost frozen in time. We aim to pick up that tradition and archive a new moment in time, sharing fresh perspectives through art and writing that encapsulate life as a modern leatherdyke in 2018.

We are inclusive of and prioritize the voices of trans dykes and dykes of color.

Introduction

The ancient proverb “No pain, no gain” was first uttered by a masochist.

Much can be said about pain. Pain is part of our collective consciousness, our human experience. However, we learn from a young age that pain is to be avoided at all costs. What many of us in the SM world come to understand, instead, is that there are different types of pain. Pain can be erotic, pain can be sensual, pain can be transformative.

Sado-masochism has always been pathologized and grossly misunderstood. However, think about the simple context of a sado-masochistic encounter that differentiates a pervert from a hero. I would argue that stigma is the only thing that distinguishes a pain slut from a marathon runner. Both are in it for the adrenaline, and both push their bodies to new and exciting depths with every session. One eroticizes the pain, while the other (probably) does not.

When I settled on the theme for this issue of FIST, I had only physical pain in mind. What I discovered, though, in reading all the excellent submissions is that the word pain called to mind expansive notions beyond the physical. I was naive not to expect this, albeit pleasantly surprised.

I'm very excited to present this second issue of FIST, which explores the myriad relationships to, and experiences of receiving and causing pain in its diverse forms.

As always, enjoy!

Your Editrix,
Cristine



Marley Kinhead

A Poem for the Whip Enthusiast

by Mistress Couple

I feel it wrap with a
Hisssssss and a crack.

I feel it wrap with a
Hisssssss and a snap.

Around my waist, it's warm embrace
Around my waist, it's screaming my name.

On the surface, red rivers raise
Roaring and rushing a deep purple haze
Mistress' force and Mistress' aim track
the slick bloody rivers around slave's back.

They twist me and turn me
They push and they pull
Rivers erode ego.
Rivers reveal soul.

Hisssssssssss Crack!
Hisssssssssss CrackSnap!
Hisssssssssss Crack!
HisssssssssssSSSSSNAP!
out of it! (that deep subspace)
Feel rivers rush
Feel rivers race.
Keep senses alert
Keep senses awake.
It's what you can give, not what you can take.

Trussed

by Sara Jane Stoner

Foreward by Cristine:

This piece definitely deserves a bit of an introduction. What you should know is that Sara Jane propositioned me to top her in a rope suspension in which she asked that I use her to my liking, to cause her pain. In return, she would deliver me an expertly written essay about her experience that I could publish in FIST. While I am a bit embarrassed about how personal and extremely flattering the following writing is, I am very moved and honored to be given this gift and ecstatic to share it with all of you.

I come to Cristine for her precision, for what I know of her rhythms—her body turning in lace and mesh and leather. Her nails sharp, her face spattered in blood. Cristine's skill turns me on in a way that makes me feel my mind working and glowing. I arrive with a hot fear of her, and of myself—of what I know and don't know about my relationship to pain, and to femininity. But I know Cristine knows things about where love and death meet. Naming my desires to Cristine feels like one of the most loving things I've ever done for myself. I write, I want to receive and suffer for your attention, to become your material, my most difficult desire.

There is a plan, hers, but I don't know what it is.

When I take off my black dress, when I reveal the new lingerie I bought to meet her in, a green set I could barely afford, I think, I am an animal with complex history. Am I even a woman? Cristine tells me to take off my bra so the wire won't interfere with how far we can go. I am in lingerie and then I am out of it. She removes her skirt, so many of her dark beautiful marks become visible, and I am suddenly filled by the sense of all of the care in this planning for my pain, the vast time that created her skill, her rigorous obsession. When she begins, some part of me releases into the speed and delicacy and toughness of her hands.

Cristine arranges my arms behind my back. She wraps her rope around my arms and over and beneath my tits. My

thumbs are hooked around my biceps. She then hoists me from the front, just enough to make me work at the in-between of up and down.

I say to Cristine, like a wordless child too used to being useful, like a child says to a parent lost to their own defenses, "What I realize now is, I can't help you." I think: except to submit, as a body. Her silence is as affirmative as her Yes.

She tells me that when she watches videos of herself tying, she's turned on watching her nails negotiate the rope, and my clit makes itself known.

Drawing a pattern from the inside out, over my legs. Her nails start a hiss from the pounded place. I can say it feels good because I know what it means to love being pounded. The Hard tips raking—slow red weave—and the low barreling of my desire. What you know is at the edge of sex (anyway). The wet beneath the canvas of the skin, rising.

Then I find myself inside of the hot wail of the twelve points of skin along my inner thighs and on my abdomen—a red thread trained along inside the sweet hole of each clothespin, draping decorative, and I think she's going to draw me in red all over. I am telling Cristine how it hurts, like listen to me use my brain, it's a fact, a real thing I cannot deny, and she knows it hurts and she calmly proceeds to flick hard each clothespin with her pale perfect nails. The clothespins dance and I close my eyes and thrust my head back into the pool of pain behind my shoulders, straining up with the rope that half-lifts me and half-demands that I lift myself because I choose this. I say "It hurts," Cristine, and then I tell you what's beneath the burn and pinch of the pain we expect: a silky expanse, undulating in broad and quiet waves, a palpable light licking gently over a deep darkness—each time she plays the pins with her pale perfect nails—the waves starting from my body and extending outward for a distance I cannot reach or name. The most beautiful feeling I call later, the will to live.

Before the pool of pain behind my shoulders, my tits push themselves against the rope into a hot further pushing outward, I feel my tits as a shape and a force, pushed to filling themselves by the rope, and the blood already pounding against the rope at my biceps, my hands wedged into the crooks of my arms. This is the beginning of a lesson we've always known: my body is its own rack, its own apparatus for torture.

She takes up the red thread and rips each clothespin from my inner thighs, one at a time, the pain increasing as she moves toward my knees. I yelp and laugh as pieces of me are bitten off in the pulling, not knowing how to take these takings.

When your legs are tied—when she, Cristine, bends and ties you further, and lifts you with her strength and intelligence, you move from one internal space to another. You are suspended—you are with the hurt that makes the pendulum swing, the edge that opens.

I am inside of her skill. I am inside of her quiet skill—and her desire to cause me pain—to make shapes of me that stop the blood and let it flow, that cut the muscle in time.

Cut and hovering in her air, I breath hard and make words with my mouth—it's called talking—asking Cristine so many questions as she works me over, tying knots I cannot see but feel as new hard masters over what I'm going to feel. I try to watch her but this pain she makes is a way of seeing her so I close my eyes to be with it. She tells me about her practice, her teachers, styles of tying. I love the strength of her disgust, her patient admiration of the femmes she ties and ties with. I talk and it's my voice, my own and not—stretched, knowing, afraid.

But the approach of pain cannot be refused. I name it with my body. It's name cannot be wholly made of words or stories. But I learn my body has names for all the different kinds of pain that approach me from myself—it's my language, listen, the most private kind of talking. But you lower my chest, you build up to turn me (I realize now), and I am talking to you again, Cristine, I start talking about how I hurt myself as a child, all of the special experiments and projects with knives and sharp wood that brought me pain, that made me feel so special to myself, so special and so real.

If logic is a game “outside” of feeling, then pain (willingly entered) is a game “inside” of feeling. After I learn you want to listen, I make my pain talk for you. I want to know what you hear, what you feel at it, but when I laugh when it hurts, it's for the one who came before, who came to you with all the pictures in her mind.

Deeper in her web, so strong and so quick, the changes that come, I'm saying yes with every hurt. I am in the air, I am floating in a tensile vise. I tell you: strung in the air, by you, like an

idea, for you, I could tell you all the things I've done wrong, and mean it, all the way down. You rustle up the mean rope (that coconut) and treat my calf, my deep thigh, to long, tense hold-ings—a thousand needling bites from your nature.



Time passes, time falls apart, every refusal I've ever known given rest, a calm. The no in me is stroked by the hurt, by the test of bound time, by my moans. My no is stroked by my moans. The crotch rope makes a trickling sound out of me. The rope is a sentence about how you're going to die, and all the reasons there are to live for the pain of being alive, a body, a body with a history. To know pain and to cause pain: inescapable facts of this life. Here is a photograph of my arms purple, knees red, leg sweet and obedient but lost, tits beyond themselves, cunt a dark question shadowing around that green fabric, the wisdom of your rope taut above me—a picture of my suffering which you caused, Cristine, to your serious delight.

“Do you want to stop?” I want more and we go further. I pant a little. I'm panting hard. I do not know my limit until it reaches me. The words back into their corners. I heave and cry out when you turn me against my own structure: Cristine I can't. But inside there are so many special refusals—you will not break me until I am ready to be broken, and I think of all my lovers' necessary NOs.

I want you to tell me that I'm good at this pain, I'm a good girl, that I am special to suffer you so well, with such music, but I can't find the words until you've let me reach the ground again, slowly, painfully, as it suits you, and I'm mouthing the fur that lines your floor.

Burn the cut ends so they don't unravel!

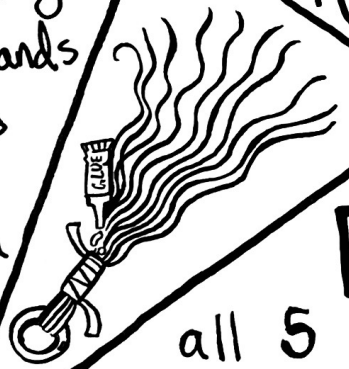


Once the glue is dry, continue wrapping the tape up and down the card about the length of your hand to create the grip. Enjoy!

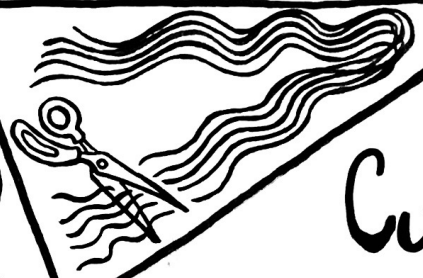


Materials
(found at any hardware store)
* 75ft spool paracord, width of 5/32 in
* electrical tape
* O-ring
* Gorilla glue

WRAP
electrical tape tightly around the cord about 1/2 inch down from the o-ring. Glue the strands together to make the cord extra secure.

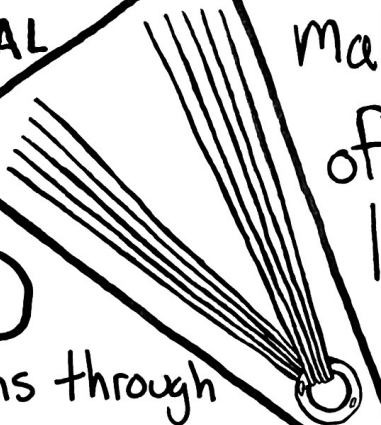


DIY FLOGGER TUTORIAL



Cut
the cord making 5 pieces of 50 inch lengths.

FEED
all 5 lengths through the o-ring so that it is right in the center.



Artwork by Quincy Anna
Tutorial by Cristine

Do you like pain? :)

PAIN is the word I carved into my leg with a razor blade when I was 13.

Pain was years of abuse and repression. -

Pain was sewing needles tattooing my legs. +

Pain was backsliding on who I was for fear of rejection. -

Pain was rope bondage, not having enough lingerie. +

Pain was backsliding on who I was for fear of rejection. -

Pain is the place we share when I worship you. +

Pain brings me so much joy but... so much pain. -+

Pain is a balance.

Caydn Snow
@queeroccult



Luna

Everyone Dies Alone But Right Now You Are Mine

by Lizznn Cobalt Chrome

The night we met you asked me to hit you

Harder--
I held you down
And listened to your whimpers
I trace the rope across your chest

With my dagger nails
I can feel you hot with fear
And longing
I want to hover in your aura

I want to rip you open and lay inside of you
I want to decimate you
So that you remember how strong you are
There is strength

In choosing how we bring the pain
(Buried deep inside, carried everywhere)
To the surface

I Know Why The Serpent Devours Her Own Tail

by June Amelia Rose

1. I want to tell you what it was like growing up a lie. Having to construct my own womanhood through a blistering world of contradictions. The false choice between a sexuality and a gender. The alienation I was taught that either one would bring me. The heathen I would become in choosing. The act of defying Them and choosing both.

2. My transsexuality* and my submissive identity are entwined like scars of destiny. If you took either away from me you would rip the self from my body, spilling out like red threads of wasted potential. I would simply cease to be.

3. I have been transfixed with the idea of enclosure and submission since before I can remember. An obsession with sinister beauty. Inclinations which revealed themselves to me as divine perversion.

4. I found porn at an early age, or I guess we lovingly found each other. Those drawings and stories—they were calling to me. Violent tenderness at the end of a pen. I owe my life to those artists, those renegade writers filled with nothing but an ostracized desire.

5. I craved a narrative where biological sex disintegrated before my eyes, where gendersexual roles traded off between androgynous characters. Femdom stories where “crossdressing” was prominent. I consumed with reckless abandon. Using various scenarios and makeshift implements, I tortured myself for uncertain pleasures. It is the only part of my childhood I look back on fondly. It was the only truth I had left to myself.

6. I used to steal women’s clothes from wherever I could. Siblings, stores, friends. It’s tough not to feel like a demon when every action you take that validates your desires is forbidden, illegal.

7. I am slowly accepting that I have always been a fugitive.

8. It was not crossdressing but being. Seizing a little bit of truth and dressing in that truth until the time came to return to un-being. A sad way of coping that could only work for so long.

9. I saw pain in those stories, sometimes even cruelty, but I also felt the closest I had come at that point to a love that felt real. I was ten years old and I knew who I was, even if it didn’t make sense.

10. And so I sat, every day after school, devouring my own tail in shame.

11. Call me deviant, call me the sissy girl as a joke, call me your transsexual kink, call me the pervert your youth pastor warned you about. I wear them all.

12. I communicate through languages of lace, leather and latex. Call my diction a fetish.

13. I am praying for the pain to never stop. I am praying for a love that will never leave, an endless hurt rippling through my core like a gay endorphin rush of perversion. I am praying to a church which you believe condemns me and I will never cease to kneel.

14. I love that it bothers you.

15. Devour me in release. Repeat the marks against my body in a perfect time signature until I ascend into the place which only the sadomasochistic union of you and I can take me. Repeat against me until I’m devoured. Copy my life before my eyes.

16. Please draw out the real from what I myself have concealed for too long. I want exhibitionism in the form of the documentation of happiness.

17. The first object I ever spanked myself with was a paint stirrer. It stung like a paddle and I hid it in my underwear drawer.

18. Of course I hid it. I hid everything from everyone.

19. The sexual act of the face being sat on for oral gratification is traditionally called “queening.”

20. It brings me everlasting happiness to know that just by being sat on, my tongue becomes an eternal queenmaker in Her eyes.

21. Her hands around my waist, holding my skin like reigns above the spot where my ass begins to dip into the shattered curves of my torso. Her silicone cock, resting on top of my ass before it enters. Once again, a repetition. The desire pounded into me with every thrust.

22. Call it my pussy when I’m about to cum. Don’t call it my pussy if you don’t fucking mean it.

23. I am not submissive because I am a girl and I am not a girl because I am submissive, but rather, my identities breathe beauty into each other. Twirling lovers dancing in a pool of spit.

24. Please spit on my face.

25. Step on me so I can become one with earth. Bare feet, high femme painted toenails digging into flesh, degrading, humiliating eyes from above. Stomp me into this dirt and I will grow.

26. At your boots, this is A Worship. A bootlicking slut's way of kissing a lover.

27. The click of a chastity lock is joyful panic. You can not give that which cannot be taken and you can not take that which cannot be given. If you want to gain you will have to lose. I give my pleasure. I give it away to be locked away and to be returned to me with boundless sadistic love. My soul in the cycle of a key.

28. Being separated is what I imagine death feels like. The separation of my gender from my libido. Desire walled off from being. They will slip away in opposite directions from my body as they break down, decomposing into something. Not the little death of the orgasm but a death much smaller.

29. I am an ouroboros of slut.

30. Now I know why the serpent devours her own tail. Self-inflicted, self-culled pleasurepain is more beautiful than death. The hurt becomes a dove, the dove devours, the consumption is pleasure, the cycle repeats.



31. I am learning to reflect my desires inward. That other world the revolutionary lash of the whip takes me to—I am trying to keep it in my heart, cherish the feeling against my body when I'm alone. To take the desire to kill myself and transform it into a desire to love my body so fucking much that I endure long enough to find what out what the flesh is capable of. Myself, carving the love out of her story like a scalpel to loneliness.

32. The process of my body filling out from estrogen, the process of slowly becoming the Me Who Never Was—I call it a sexual awakening. I remember the first girl I made out with posttransition. The feel of our bodies in that dungeon cubbyhole, her flesh digging into mine. Tasting myself for the first time, her gender on my lips. My blood and my desires, returned to me in the

birth of a serpent's kiss.

33. A serpent devouring her own tail. A freedom from pain by claiming pain.

34. I see the most heartbreaking beauty in the sky as I look up, patiently listening for instructions, hoping that the time it takes for Her to find my truth behind truths, the real me inside myself, is not as long or as difficult as twenty-five years.

35. Have you ever felt so full of love?

36. Obediently, I kneel.

*Here I will not discuss my use of the highly polarized term “transsexual.” It is a topic that is too big to tackle here and will be critically analyzed in an upcoming essay of mine. For now, please understand that I only refer to myself as transsexual, and that I would never use the term to refer to someone's identity who hasn't explicitly told me that they use it to describe themselves.

Did That Hurt?

by Kala

They always ask “Did that hurt?” Of course it did; that’s why I like it. I’m a masochist, a bruise collector, a pain slut. Just the sound of a whip cutting the air makes my cunt water like Pavlov’s dogs.

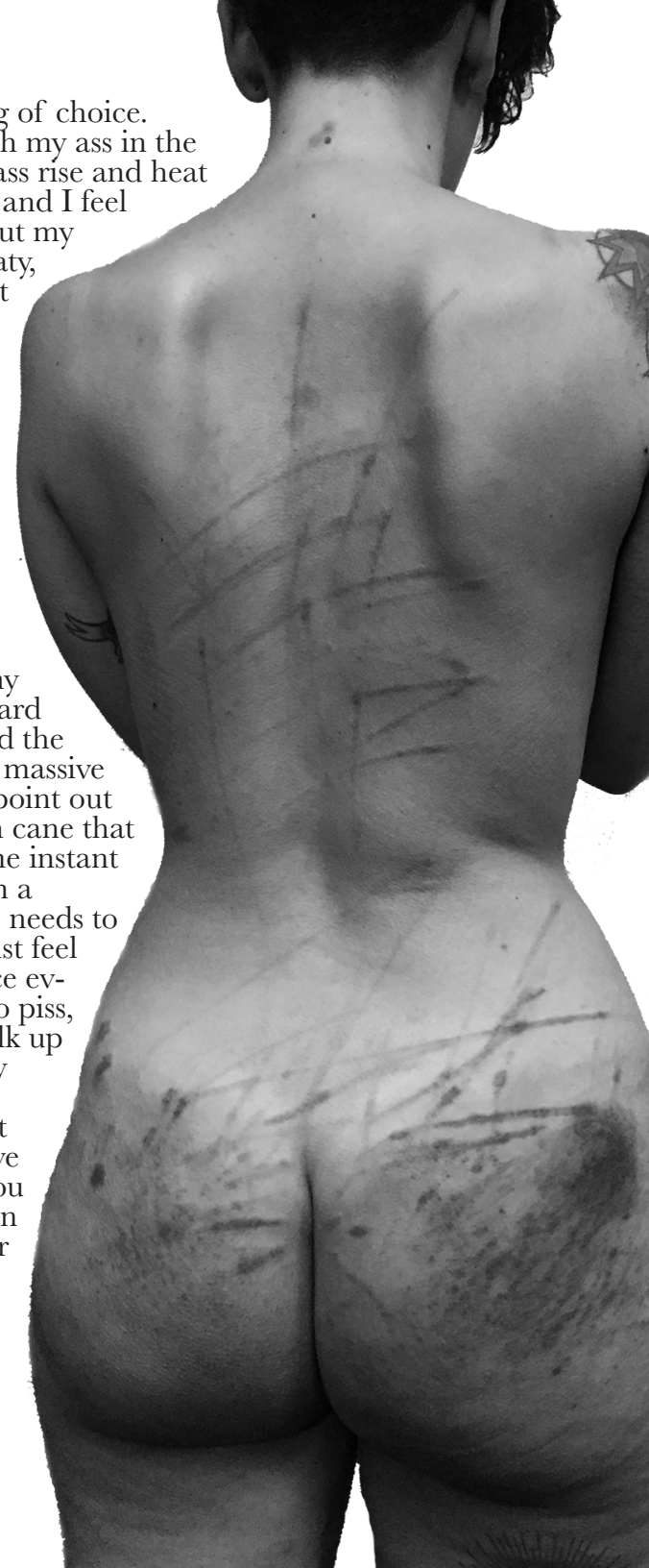
It’s fun for me. I’ve always been this way. Always a little more reckless than I should be, wearing my scrapes and bruises as badges of honor. I’d pour wax on my arms from the candles at restaurants. Everyone was afraid I’d burn myself, but I could handle it and I would prove it. The last time my parents tried to spank me I was probably 8 or 9 and I laughed in their faces. I said it tickled, and they never tried it again. Years later in high school, my friend and I were screwing around in my bedroom and I probably said something bratty so she took off her studded belt and spanked me with it. That was the moment it clicked, my friend inflicting pain and punishment turned me on. I never told her about my feelings, but I asked every lover after that to spank me.

Now my thighs and ass are discolored from the consistent pain I’ve begged for. I have scars from staples, needles, and scalpels that made intricate and deliberate lines in my flesh. There are different stages of bruising that I fondly watch change colors while reminiscing on who put them there and how.

Bruises cover my inner thighs. Some of them are a diffused green and a few are deeper and more defined. Looking closely there are indentations from teeth and I remember. I had asked to be bitten hard, so hard I think my skin will be torn off while being fucked. The ecstasy of my filled and gushing cunt with the sharp, cutting pressure of the bites is excruciating. Catharsis of pain and pleasure, blood and cum drip down my thighs.

Flicking my nipples makes me laugh but it does not mean it doesn’t hurt. For days afterward, every time I pull a shirt on or press up against someone, I am reminded of how wet I was from the little bamboo sticks slapping my chest and the sound it made as it swiftly cut through the air hitting just the tip of my hard nipple. The next time my nipples are tortured there are layers upon layers of pain and erotic memories behind those squeals I let out.

Caning is my beating of choice. Bent over a table with my ass in the air, the welts on my ass rise and heat up from the first hit, and I feel it creeping throughout my entire body. I’m sweaty, and shaking, my cunt is dripping. Canes flying through the air and slapping me rhythmically. I tense and release, tense and release with every lash. There is a sting that lingers and is reactivated every time that welt is hit again that sends electricity through my body. I like the big hard welts canes leave, and the little lines within the massive bruises where I can point out the diameter of each cane that hit me. Canes give me instant gratification, and I’m a greedy little slut who needs to see the results, not just feel them. I want to wince every time I sit down to piss, and lift my leg to walk up the stairs because my jeans are always too tight and pull against my ass. I want to have something to send you pictures of so you can admire your work for days, maybe weeks afterward. I want to show it off and tell everyone “Yeah it hurt, that’s what makes it fun.”



Pain

by Sunday Thorns

Pain breaks the rhythm, breaks the rhythm, breaks the rhythm
'Pain' By Boy Harsher

I eroticise pain. At times I find myself craving for its touch; in the same way that I need my lovers lips on mine, assertively and often. My skin chills and my heart beats hard for pain. Languishing in the throes of blows inflicted to my body by some one who I want to hurt me feels to me like the bliss I imagine is experienced by those who connect to divinity. And if I imagine it to be divine, then surely it is. What sensation exists outside of my ability to perceive it?

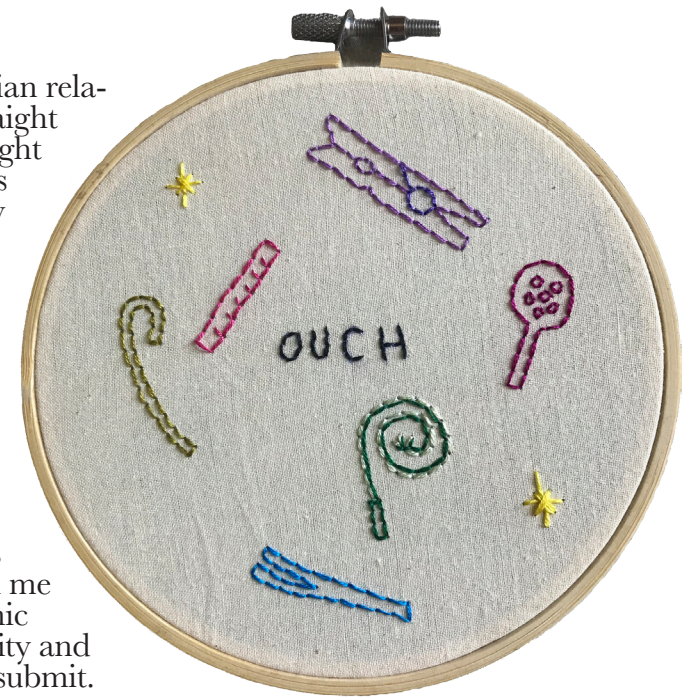
I have not always had such an intimate and trusting relationship with pain and it is true that I do not feel this way about every kind of pain that I experience. For me however, consenting impact play is as much a part of my sexuality as my attraction to all kinds of women and femmes and my most vulnerable need to be held and nurtured.

I am a transgender woman and as far as my sexuality is concerned, I identify as a femme, switch, BDSM dyke. Being able to claim those identifies for my self feels like one of the most important achievements of the last five years of my life. It is a victory in the purest sense.

The only way which I can contextualise and fully account for my journey to finding and embracing these precious identities is directly through the lens of my gender transition. Which so far has been a complex, unchoreographed dance routine of unlearning on the job. To paraphrase Simone De Bouviour, no one is born a woman and for me this has been a lot less about learning how to become a woman and way fucking more about unlearning all of the poisonous shit that I had to appropriate in order to pass as a boy and then as a man. It is at the intersection of this unlearning that I discovered that I am a masochist.

For years I was getting tattooed in order to reclaim parts of myself, to keep a diary and to give myself controlled doses of self harm. Pretty patterns to cover my territory and massive doses of endorphins... Look good, feel great. In my kink practice however, I found myself more often than not taking on a more dominant/ top role. I believe that this had a lot to do with my

searching for lesbian relationships with straight women who thought I was a straight cis man. What agony to want for something and never to receive. Dissociative missionary sex and furry hand cuffs. They called it kinky, I felt empty. But everyone has to start some where right? In time this role entrenched in me a deep and chasmic fear of vulnerability and then, I could not submit.



It wasn't until I started to have authentic woman to woman interactions in my everyday life that I truly started to melt with the sensation of pain inflicted by a trusted top. I began to learn that in simple terms, there are two different kinds of pain; that which you want and that which you don't.

I started to feel my body begin to re-wire its self and I became aware that I was experiencing embodiment in a new way. The day that I discovered that I could orgasm from such an experience was profound. Hands bound face down on my bed and lashed with a rubber flogger which I had made, I finally found my peace.

Pain centres me in my body, it is an immediate call to enter a space within myself which I cannot otherwise access. A private sanctuary. It is from this place that the blows become caresses and through these that I find that I can heal some of my traumas. Like burning away chaff from the fields or lighting off a film of alcohol on a table top. The fire takes my rough edges with it and once I am finished with, I feel cleansed. I am still learning and unlearning and I will be for the rest of my life. I do so gladly and great fully. In this way, I am devoted to the prayer of pain.

An Interview With Erykah Ohms

Interview by Cristine

Tell us a little bit about who you are and what you do.

My name is Yolanda aka Erykah Ohms. I am a New York-based, black, queer, cis, leather dyke, who occasionally flashes her twat on the internet. In addition to that, I am also a switchable kink enthusiast with masochistic tendencies.

How did you discover BDSM?

The short answer is the internet... I grew up in a home where no one acknowledged the existence of sex or sexuality so naturally, I was extremely curious about it. Late at night I'd sneak into the family room, unplug the speakers and log on to AOL. I'd figured out how to set my account as the administrator, so my search history was safe. I'd spend hours waiting for the clips porn to download. Usually, it was the very vanilla straightforward penis and vagina fucking until I found a clip of a latex-clad performer using all of these strange devices to torture another individual. Even in its dial-up pixilated form, it was fascinating. This discovery opened up a wormhole and from then on I tried to consume as much about BDSM as my dial-up connection could get me. Which wasn't much and it wasn't good. I'd sit and read logs in AOL chat rooms and search for kinky folk on Myspace.

The first time I saw you was a few years ago at Submit. You were taking a serious beating from multiple tops. I was really impressed by your stamina. Can you talk about your relationship with masochism?



Haha, the night of the moose antler! That was a fun night. My masochistic practice revolves primarily around physical pain. Pain is a part of life, but we all spend so much time trying to avoid it. I accept it as a challenge. Yes, it hurts... a lot. But choosing to stay with it and push through the difficult parts sends my body on an endorphin driven roller coaster. I laugh harder, cum harder, and cry harder. When it's over I feel invincible.

Was your involvement in the leather community at all related to your entrance into performing in porn?

Not directly, though it did make my decision easier. I've always wanted to perform in porn but would often worry about judgment from others. The more I participated in the leather community the less shame I felt about expressing my desires.

Representation in porn, and BDSM as well, is really important. Did you have a role model or someone you looked up to before you started?

While I was still in college, I discovered Ignacio Rivera's work. At the time I didn't have an outlet. I could feel the urge within me, but I did not know how to access it. BDSM and porn felt like "something white people do." Seeing their work helped me realize that there is space in this world for kinky queers of color if we claim it.

Finding play partners is not always easy, especially as an advanced bottom looking for a top. What do you look for in play partners? How do you approach people?

Ain't that the truth, add being an awkward introvert into the mix and it can feel almost impossible. Luckily all of my friends are perverts so I don't have to do it often. But certainly, the one thing I look for in a partner is that I can trust them. A lot of what I enjoy is risky and I don't use safe words so skill and insight are important. I like to watch people play. From watching I can gauge what their skill level is and get a sense of how they treat their bottoms. If I like what I see, I'll wait until they are done and I'll introduce myself. I try to clearly communicate my intentions while maintaining realistic expectations. It is absolutely terrifying but I can't expect others to read my mind.

We often hear about an alleged top shortage in the queer community. Do you feel like this is true? Have you expe-

rienced this?

Top shortage? What top shortage? That's not a thing. I think where the shortage lies is with responsible bottoms who are capable of asking for what they want while remembering that tops are people too. Tops have needs as well, and it's not their responsibility to attend every bottom who wants to be tied up or spanked.

Is there anything you won't try, or absolute hard limits when it comes to playing?

I'm willing to try a lot of things but I hate being tickled. I'd rather be poked with a thousand needles and caned on the bottom of my feet for 6 hours than tickled.

If you had to flag one thing for the rest of your life, what would it be?

That's easy... Orange, anything goes (Is that cheating?). I know what you are thinking, what about scat? I've thought about that too and honestly for the right amount of money and with certain conditions, I'd consider it.

And now, a dictionary lesson!

Active Algolagnia (Sadism).—The gratification of the sexual feeling by the infliction or sight of pain—real or simulated. In the latter case the sadism is *symbolic*. As the male is normally the more active and aggressive in the sexual relation, as might be expected, this anomaly is more frequently found in men.

Passive Algolagnia (Masochism).—The gratification of the sexual feeling by suffering pain—real or simulated. In the latter case it is *symbolic*. The female, being the more passive of the two sexes in the sexual relation, so an exaggeration of this passivity is more frequently found among women.

Homosexuality.—Sexual desire for the same sex.



Marley Kinkead

Yes, I Understand.

by Coco Langford

I paused on Sam's profile picture for a minute, considering whether or not I could get into a freckle-faced little choir boy like him. He was so different than the dirtbags I usually fuck, but there was something in his smirk that got me. I swiped and within the hour, he sent me a message. He asked if I was *domme* and if I dated people *AFAB*. I'm pretty *switchy*, but I tend to think of myself as more *sub* than *domme*. His sweet face made me want to put him over my knee in the worst way, though, so I told him I have some *topping* experience and that I'd love to see what we could get up to.

We started texting and negotiating, discussing limits soft and hard, and our hopes for what might happen on our first date. I had some plans, but I didn't want our time together to be too scripted. I also didn't want to reveal too much to Sam, as I like the element of surprise and a healthy dose of fear. We decided that we wanted him to walk directly into our scene once he arrived. He was *cocky*, but obviously nervous, so I wrapped my arms around him to make him feel comfortable and cared for before I hurt him.

I spun him around to face my bed. He had the softest skin I'd ever touched and undressing him almost made me lose my composure. I took a sharp breath to clear my head, and instructed him to bend over my bed. I kept his pants on, and began spanking him. Easy and mild at first, but gradually harder so that I could feel the reverberations in my hand. Little sighs and moans let me know that I was on the right track. Before he arrived, I laid out some rope and impact toys neatly on my bed, so that he might be intimidated by the sight. Lined up was a 3 foot leather baton with wonderful thud, and a hand carved wooden spatula with a beveled tip - the sting from which sends shivers up your spine. The third and most spectacular instrument is an elegant leather flogger with a perfectly balanced grip. Because it is compact, the shock from its impact only has a short distance to dissipate - too short to fully empty out its power. It has a thud with a cruel streak, and the bite comes before you can fully enjoy the warmth.

Sufficiently spanked, I took Sam's pants down, picked up the baton and steadied myself. I let it crawl gently up one side of his thigh and down the other. A slow forward volley to his right cheek. A step to my left so that I could strike the entire surface of his ass. Thwack, thwack, thwack. Little grunts as the implement connects, and I see him melt into the duvet.

I let him relax for a moment, and then give him an assignment. I flip through a book in search of my favourite short by Evelyn Lau, called *Mercy*. I find the page and tell Sam to read. Unsure, he recites the

description of young Evelyn balancing drunk over a wealthy client, gliding the heel of her stiletto into his mouth. As he reads this beautiful story of uncomfortable intimacy and pain, I swing my baton alternating backhand and front serve onto each side of Sam's lovely ass. He does not flinch. He keeps his feet steady and his voice does not break with my blows. I am becoming irritated and I swing faster. I raise my arm higher to increase the weight of the pain, but Sam doesn't pause, cry out or stop for even a second. I am grinning but determined to make him scream. His ass turns bright red and I am concerned that I'm not skilled enough to hit him harder and keep him safe, but I don't stop. I am sweating, wet and utterly enchanted when Sam finishes the story. "Do you want me to keep reading, Daddy?" I am giggling in disbelief and I'm speechless at the question. I put my instrument down and crawl onto Sam to shower with him with kisses and praise, and to let his body recover for a moment before I savage him again.

I regain my composure and ask my little orator if he feels ready for rope. I stand him up and tie a simple chest harness, keeping enough to create a leash in the back. I test the lead by forcing Sam to his knees and pulling him back to his feet. I do this twice more to get him accustomed to being controlled, then pull out a chair and tell him to sit. I bind his wrists and wrap rope through the chair to pin him. I light pillar candles. I pull out my Wartenburg wheel and for the first time I see a little fear. I realize that I love this.

He groans while I run the wheel over his arm. My breathing gets shallow and my skin becomes hot as I glide it down his side to his leg. I slip on his blindfold and grab for my vibe. I fit it between Sam and the chair so that it shakes him to oblivion while we play. I caress his legs with the warm wood of the spatula, then slap him and enjoy the curl of his lip as the pain shoots to the base of his neck. I give more until he slouches and hangs his head forward. I'm proud of his endurance and for wanting this. I'm proud of myself for being able to meet him here in this place, where neither of us has been. We've taken this leap together - a risk that could have gone awry, but that was so perfectly timed we couldn't have written it.

He's endured so much, but I want more. I tip a molten candle over his shoulder to drip the wax on his chest, and thighs. He moans and giggles as I use all the available liquid. I think he's taken enough for a while, so I decide to free him. He is covered in wax, but I hold him close to untie him anyway. It ruins my blouse but I am so impressed and turned on, that I don't care. I'm careful to drag the rope steadily over his body so that he can feel the vibrations.

We repeat the process with his other arm and I caress him to increase blood flow.

I put a towel on my bed for him to lay on and decide to spoil him for

being so obedient.

Sam's cunt is very wet, but so tiny I can barely get a finger inside. I settle in between his legs and devour him, hearing his moans and mutterings like they are music. I could stay here forever, but he's ready to be fucked and I'm ready to oblige. I find a cock that suits Sam's tiny frame, and gingerly slither into him from behind. He takes a half step backward to meet me and I lean in deep. His groan is louder than any I have heard all day and I become drunk on it. He twists my sheets and moans into the mattress while I fuck him and I tell him how beautiful and brave he is. I caress his back and squeeze his hips, and Sam cums in no time. He writhes and contorts his body, and his spasms vibrate all the way through me. I plant my feet firmly, delighted, until the waves stop. We slowly separate and I crawl up his body to hold him.

He feels like heaven in my arms and we lay this way for an hour, talking, and caressing. He chatters away, and I ask if he feels like he might like to be flogged. He's been dreaming of this for months, so it takes no coaxing.

Sam lays on his back and I know to move carefully. I drag the tendrils up and down his abdomen and over his groin so that he feels the little kisses of the leather strips. I raise the handle and turn it mid-air to softly land it on his thigh. His grin fades. I do it again so that it connects in a dull thud on the other thigh. He sighs. I tease him with the tendrils again, and come down on his clit. His chest heaves. Up and down his appendages, I flog him until his body is completely soft and I've pinked his skin. I turn him over and start the process again. I thwack Sam's ass until it has distinct marks of individual tails. I let the flogger hit him heavily. I flick it back before it lands so that only the tips touch his skin. It's excruciating and we both love it. I slide my hand over his back and ass after each blow to sooth him and feel the welts grow. He's become almost non-verbal and I can see tears in his eyes. I put down the flogger and sneak in bed beside him. I run my hands all over him, then lean in to his ear and tell him how lovely I think he is - that he's done such good work today and I'd love to have another date.



Photo by Ellie English

I Got Saved By Your Fist

by Andrea Gussie

I got saved by your fist
Or rather
I got saved by your hand closed tight around my throat
I got saved because you weren't afraid to hold on/hold
down
There is safety in the surrender
Something gets born in the space
that is left when someone
breathes for the both of you

If babies need to be held tight to feel safe
And children need to know their caretakers are close by
to feel like they can explore their world
Then feeling your nails dig into me
Knowing you were always just a few blocks away
Having your strong body next to mine for the few hours
we slept
Made the smallest parts of me
Feel held

I was raw, brand new
Broken open (or just broken?)
You released something in me and then would send me
out into the world
like I could just walk around that exposed
When we would say goodbye in the morning I felt like I
was dying
I stopped eating
Stopped sleeping
This is what being in love feels like
Right?

& when you got drunk or angry or drunk&angry
I would feel these words slip out of my mouth
"It's ok" (it wasn't)
"I forgive you" (I didn't)
"That wasn't so bad" (it was the worst thing)

These lies that I didn't know I was capable of uttering (I
was loved as a child, how could I let someone treat me
this way?)

Two years later and I no longer recognized my face in
the mirror
I was terrified to go out and do things without you
Or with you
What if something bad happens, what if something ticks
you off, what if what if
I'll just stay home
I was complicit
I was lost
I needed to get saved

If children learn when they are little, if the attachment is
a healthy one
That they have a safe home base to return to
At first with a caretaker
But then within themselves (self soothing)
Then the search for a lover
A partner
A wife
As someone who will make us whole
Make us safe
Make us, us
Will always end
With us falling to pieces

If we have two hands/ arms to close tight on ourselves
If we can all be our mother/father/lover
Then the only thing that can save you
Was right here in your fist all along

Herophilos

by Julia Sinead

I don't know who does the spitting. I am not sure which of you presses the white of your cropped nail into the flush cheeks of the other, who forces whose jaw wide by applying pressure at the hinge. Does she slide your lips open with a chubby finger, slipping the tip towards the back of your tongue? It pains me to imagine the saliva, clear and viscous as it swells in your mouth around her thumb. I can picture this moment punctuated by a slap. His hand meets your face, the dynamic changes before the impact can ring in your ears, dirty water draining quickly from a tub.

There is a photo of your boyfriend on the internet wearing white latex gloves. He is standing, reflected in front of the tall mirror leaned against a wall in your bedroom. A decorative skull, surrounded by lipsticks and eyeshadow palettes, plays up his ivory hands. The caption reads "Vivisectionist."

A pro-dom friend of mine told me once, over four cups of jasmine tea, that a bratty bottom is someone who realizes that they've brought the pain upon themselves. I have always felt clear on what I've been inviting; what sort of discomfort is likely to be inflicted. More often I find myself rebelling, ignoring direction in the hopes of deserving more upset. The bratty bottom demands a power struggle. The exchange is on-going and her rebellion is part of the pleasure and the package. Brattiness makes sense for someone with a flexible understanding of cause and effect. The submissive who has to be outwitted into submission.

Existing as someone in a non-monogamous relationship requires a similar flexibility. The polyamorist is spoiled enough to expect an expanse of love, finite only because of hours and energy. It necessitates intentional defiance; we must look closely at exclusivity and decide whether

we can re-imagine our relationships in more ways than one, whether we are comfortable contending with stigma and mischaracterization. All voluntary of course, and all with the potential of visiting discomfort instead of amorousness. We endeavor against hierarchy, contend with the possibility of multitudinous heartache, and look for lovers in the space between regulation.

The short-stack of polaroids you left on the West Coast are in the bottom drawer of the carmine jewelry box you stole from Goodwill. Our skin looks an identical shade of cinnamon milk in the winter sunshine, and our curls spread across the sheets in the same way. Afterwards, we laughed together. The smut laid out on the floor of my new empty apartment, we were unable to determine from looking at the photos whose asshole was whose. You pushed me down into the thrifted mattress topper we were pretending would be comfortable for the night, catching a handful of my hair and throwing a decorative cushion into my face. "Pillow Princess!" you accused, knowing we're both too bratty for passive participation.

I should have expected our impending breakup when I saw the picture of your boyfriend, heavy with unsubtle foreshadowing. Maybe we can ask some questions about whether "break up" is the right word in this universe but vivisection might be a little too on the nose.



Photos by KissMeDeadlyDoll

Contributor Bios

in order of appearance

Cristine is the creator and Editrix of FIST. She is a deeply perverted Femme Daddy whose hobbies include rope bondage and praying to the Lord to save her soul. She is interested in BDSM as a vehicle for navigating darkness and exploring new depths. Join her @daemonumx

Marley Kinkead is an emerging Brooklyn-based artist who works primarily in acrylic, watercolor, and ink. In addition to her self-fulfilling interest to paint her passions, she hopes to use art as a platform to inspire widespread political and social change. She creates works meant to move the viewer to contemplation and dialogue surrounding the social norms and constructs she so readily challenges.

Mistress Couple is the Head Mistress of La Domaine Esemar, the world's oldest BDSM training chateau, where she hosts and educates BDSM practitioners from all over the globe. Best known for her psychological approach to BDSM, Couple has been interviewed as an authority in the field for media outlets including Cosmopolitan, VICE, The Daily Beast, Huffington Post, and Racked. Her book, "The Ultimate Guide to Bondage," is slated for release in 2019! To learn more about her, please visit www.ladomaine.com.

Sara Jane Stoner is a writer and teacher disciplined by a cruel and generous void; always perversely working, but only rarely letting her out. Her first book, *EXPERIENCE IN THE MEDIUM OF DESTRUCTION*, was nominated for a Lambda award. She lives in Brooklyn with her soulcat Madness, a cazimi Mercury in Gemini, and Uranus in Scorpio in the 1st House, among other forces. Ig @thingpartofus

Quincy Anna is a kinky, queer artist, and one perverted puppy dog. She is the Athletic Director of @moralathletics

Cadyn Snow is a submissive trans femme living in San Francisco. Caydn enjoys impact play, rope and predicament bondage, Goddess worship, chastity play, knife play, blood, and I'm sure there is something else your sadistic mind could convince her to try. Caydn may be found on instagram @queeroccult.

Luna is a non-binary, queer artist living in Toronto, Canada. They use kink as a form of self expression and self healing. They are an activist in the body positive and sex positive movement. To see more of their work check out @luna.emuna on Instagram.

Lizxnn Cobalt Chrome is a non-binary leatherdyke swamp witch who loves the ritual of rope and finding ecstasy in pain. You can read more of her writing on sex and relationships on her blog idolsofsheela.com.

June Amelia Rose is a transsexual anarchist dyke fiction writer with a fetish for shoes and literary brilliance. When she's not being a bootlicking slut, she's documenting punk history and channeling her submissive inclinations into her

stories. A native New Yorker, she is currently at work on a short fiction collection she swears she can't tell you the name of. She appreciates bold cruising and dominant femmes. Follow her on twitter and instagram for more writing and depravity: @anarcho_slut

Kala is a bruise collector living in Brooklyn. ig: @cliteastwood_

Sunday Thorns is a writer, musician, artist, barber and hair stylist. She is a trans femme and a white intersectional feminist witch, working to decolonise her world view. For 8 years she has worked for a charity in the UK providing specialist mental health support for LGBTQI people and helped set up the first mental health advocacy service in the UK especially for trans people. She likes to make impact toys and harnesses for queers.

Rose is a 28 year old white queer femme born and living in Oakland CA. She identifies as a little girl, masochist, and has been involved in BDSM personally and professionally since 2010.

Erykah Ohms is a New York based performance artist and hedonist. Her most recent work includes scenes with AORTA, Four Chambers, and Crash Pad. Follow her at @electrix_ohms on Instagram and Twitter.

Coco Langford lives in a sleepy mountain town in the interior of British Columbia on unceded Sinixt land, and writes erotica based on her personal experiences. She is a working class Femme Witch divorcee queer with an affinity for rope, impact and the screams of willing bottoms, including her own. You can find her on IG @coco_coup

Ellie English is a 23 year old photographic artist from London, UK. Her work documents her personal relationship with BDSM and her journey through non monogamy. See more of her work on her website: <http://www.elliegraceenglish.co.uk/>.

Andrea Gussie is a deep lez poet and trauma therapist living in Brooklyn, NY. Instagram @feminist_killjoy

Julia Sinead is a polyamorous queer femme born and raised in the Bay Area. In her wildest dreams she aspires to be an angrier, gayer, and less tragic anais nin. She herself is a masochistic bratty bottom, harm redux newb, and leftist nerd.

More credits:

-Cover art by Cristine

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