



# Simply Service

## Inside this issue:

*slave a is back with an introspective look at Presumption in Service* 2

*From the Editor* 3

*The Art of the Interview—Adding 'members to a household* 4

*The Write Stuff: Written Communication in Service by* 7

*Hooked on Being Needed by slave jean, examining service motives and* 9

### Special points of interest:

- Lady Wyлло's "Phenomenon of Brain Sex" is the first installment of three. Look for the next selections in May and June
- morgana's "The Write Stuff: Written Communication in Service" is the first installment of two. Look for Part II in May's issue

## Mental Orgasm: The Phenomenon of Brain Sex A Personal Journey by Lady Wyлло

*Part I (Continues in May and June Issues)*

On a personal level BDSM is not a sexual tool for me. Although I can have some amazing sex during a wonderfully sensual scene there needs to be more to it than that to take me to the heights of 'subspace' that I have been able to achieve without any sexual interaction. Sounds strange to many but I am meeting more and more people that have this same experience.

The mental orgasm does not need intercourse, genital play or a tweaked nipple. What it does encompass is the entire scene of pain and/or sensuality combined with a 'spiritual connection' between the top and the bottom. Your entire body, mind and spirit are suddenly engulfed in an overwhelming sense of separation while still maintaining a connection to the person or per-

sons that have captured your attention for that one timeless moment.

There are many debates on how BDSM is either all sexual or not sexual. I think it depends on how a person responds to the stimulation that is being inflicted on them. Some may find that it only triggers a bodily response that is often sexually related. Others may find that their mind is the sexual tool that is stimulated. Yet others may require both aspects to fully achieve subspace. With more and more people taking notice of BDSM and joining groups world wide it is not a surprise that there are now more people that are looking for different types of stimulation to accomplish a similar goal.

There are several different types of people that respond

primarily to mental stimulation. Through observation I have broken them down into three categories. Adrenaline based (pain scenes, physical interaction), emotion based (relationship oriented D/s, formal servitude...), and mental based (age play, humiliation

### Adrenaline Based

Pain and sensuality can often stimulate the brain by creating adrenaline. Enter into this the duality of words and pain or words and sensual play and your body stops responding to any commands as your mind slips away into an unknown universe; one void of thought, function or ability other than to 'feel' the person topping you. When you finally hit the peak of release that is usually associated with sexual orgasms, you instead find that there is

*(Continued on page 2)*

## Presumption in Service by slave a

Many words have been written regarding presumptive service. We all know what it looks like. A submissive zips across the room bearing an unasked for beverage and arrives at the Master's feet on her knees as if she's sliding into home plate. It screams, "look at me" and is completely self centered.

There is, however, another type of presumption. It occurs when we are quite confident that a request will be replied to affirmatively. I just did it recently. I was caught but it did make me wonder how often I participate in this specific type of presumptive behavior.

When BootPig requested I write on the topic I was a bit

nonplussed, having just been caught doing it and not feeling particularly expert in the field of avoiding it or even understanding it.

Master was blathering on about some event in Everquest. I wasn't particularly interested and I had to pee, badly. I stood up from my seat at our desk and took a step

*(Continued on page 3)*

## Mental Orgasm: The Phenomenon of Brain Sex A Personal Journey by Lady Wylo

*(Continued from page 1)*

no sexual fluid being released but a full body quake that encompasses your every muscle, your every fiber. You are suddenly lifted to a heightened awareness that blocks your current surroundings and opens up a new world to you through eyes that are within your mind. It is reminiscent of the feeling you get when you go on a spiritual journey through a very deep meditation but then take that one step further past your own borders. You are left weak kneed and unable to speak clearly or even understand what is being said to you for the period of time that you are experiencing this phenomenon. This is the result of a mental orgasm.

I have had conversations with people that were amazed at my response during a particularly heavy pain scene. They are amazed because I scream out permission to have an orgasm yet not one of my sexual organs has been tampered with. A hard flogging on the shoulders and buttocks can send me into a deep trance as I start to dance in place finding the area I may best get the deep tissue hit that will take me to the next level. I do not have another word that can be used during a scene so my response when I reach that higher plateau is to beg to

'come'. I am not referring to 'cumming' sexually. I am referring to releasing the build up of emotional energy that feels like it is engulfing my brain and body at that moment to the point of requiring release lest I feel I may explode.

When asked if I am horny after a scene, I respond with a 'no' to their utter disbelief. I am so emotionally wasted when a good scene is over that sex is the last thing on my mind. I feel much more like I just took a really good drug and my mind is clearing yet somehow incoherent. It is hard to really put into words the exact feeling as it is one that each person will experience in a different way. For me the reference to the use of a good drug seems to be the closest I have been able to come to a reasonable explanation. In all reality, I quit using drugs soon after I started into pain play. I no longer felt a need for it as I was getting the adrenaline rush I had been seeking through the pain I was having inflicted upon me.

For years I had found myself to be a high stress person that fussed over many little issues. When I decided to take the next step from a domination and submission relationship to a BDSM relationship I was surprised at how I was calmer, more centered. I have always

been a spiritual person but I found that I had never taken myself to these heights before. My fear of pain had been converted into adrenaline that I found lasted much longer and somehow managed to work better than a tranquilizer to help me sleep and much better than a visit to my masseuse for a deep tissue massage.

Having had these experiences has made it difficult for me in some ways. Having a scene that is purely sexually based often is no longer as satisfying. If my brain is not stimulated then I tend to feel cheated and like the scene was not completed.

Pain is not the only method that can trigger such responses from me. Someone that has a talent with words and knows the right words to say may send me into subspace just as easily. Whispering in my ear commands that they expect me to follow can just as much stimulate my mind and body as a flogger landing in the right place. But more on that in the next issue...

--

In Leather and Light,

Wylo

*"I am referring to releasing the build up of emotional energy that feels like it is engulfing my brain and body at that moment to the point of requiring release lest I feel I may explode."*

*The Phenomenon  
of Brain Sex*

**New contributors are welcome and we need your voices to be sure that all types of service relationships are presented. Please feel free to share what is currently on your mind, and we look forward to hearing new voices. Please send email with inquiries or ideas to [msolympusleather2003@cox.net](mailto:msolympusleather2003@cox.net)**

**Please watch for a continuing series in upcoming issues where a slave shares her journal and thoughts on slavery as she progresses on her journey.**

## From the Editor

Ah, Spring is here! At least, for those of us in the desert. Its been a very busy month, and this issue is a bit smaller than previous issues. Contributors have lives in full gear.

The garden has been started and I'm reminded again how simple life can be when watching a new garden come along. Letting a stress-filled day slip away because a new little shoot has peeked up. I call them the

"babies" and Sir laughs gently when I explain they're not ready to be outside in the chill night air and drag them in each night. Soon enough though, they will be.

We had a houseful of company during LLC weekend. How refreshing it is to really notch up service and focus on visits like this. The logistics of making sure everyone wakes up on time, ready for their various events and appointments, midnight buffets ap-

pearing almost magically and a well-laid breakfast table before they wake up entirely. To me, it's a good refresher on skills because you have to be so entirely focused on the task that there is no time to think of your other things to do. It becomes almost relaxing.

The other adventure has been switching personal trainers. I'm convinced the new one is trying to kill me. Ultimately, I understand it because he cares and actually wants me to reach my goals, so its not enough to just show up and glisten for a bit. He wants a full-on

sweat and those anguished little grunts. That has also been a nice way for me to move into spring. My body has been neglected for awhile as I am notorious for putting my self-care last on my list of priorities. If one of you would like to write about how you maintain your self-care, feel free! I'd love the reminder.

You'll probably hear more from me in this issue than you would like, but with everyone being so busy, I get to pay for practically having last month off. I look forward to your continued comments and suggestions. As always, thank you for joining us.

Linda "Bootpig" Hall

## Presumption in Service

*(Continued from page 1)*

toward the bathroom while waiting for a pause so I could interject with a request.

In the same tone of voice he had been telling me the story, he said, "Where are you going?" It was so subtle I almost missed it.

"Umm, I was waiting for a pause to ask to use the bathroom Sir..."

Perturbed, he said, "Go ahead." We didn't talk much for the remainder of the evening.

So what had happened there? It was a series of events. I wasn't interested in what he was saying. That happens, you know. Sometimes those we serve are insufferably dull or repetitive. They do get to be human. So apparently, I had allowed my need for entertainment to overcome my need for service. This happens too. Sometimes we get to be human too. This is where rigid training can come in handy.

Had I been in top form I would have heard my brain talking to me about needing to pee and wanting to paint the ceiling beige, and corrected myself, diverting my attention back to what Master was saying.

Had I been in mediocre form I would have felt my body start to move out of my chair as a result of making my pee a priority over his story, and artfully ceased the activity in hopes it would appear I was simply shifting in my seat.

Had I been in poor form, I probably would have caught myself, once standing, rolled my eyes at myself and sat back down.

But no, I was in atrocious form and was completely unaware of myself until he brought my attention to it.

What brings on this kind of behavior and how can it be stopped?

Allow me to work backward: What's going on in my head if I am in top form? I am paying attention, not only to my surroundings but to the voices in my head. I am acutely aware of my environment and how I fit into it. My need for using the bathroom would have been introduced at an appropriate time.

Had I been in mediocre form I would at least have been paying attention to my body and where it was in space. As it was, I was only in touch with a rather primitive urge, the urge to pee. I was completely un-

aware of the effect of my physical presence on others. When I stand while Master is talking seated, I tower over him. He has to strain his neck to look up at me. I become an imposing impediment to his view of his surroundings. Physically speaking, it's simply not a good strategy for maintaining the environment of power exchange. Were I in his position I would certainly have gotten the message that there were other things far more important on my agenda than focusing on him.

Had I been in poor form and gotten to the point of standing up and realized I had changed the environment without permission I could have self-corrected with a bit of humble flourish (how's that for a non sequitur?) which he enjoys, and carried on with the activity he had decided upon.

But no, I was completely unaware, not only of him but of my desire for a power exchange relationship and had dishonored all my promises and commitments to behave in a manner that would support one. I was, in short, behaving in very low integrity.

My awareness of having to ask permission was only the result of rote memorization. That was all that was left of

my honor, the echo of training.

Presumption is dishonorable. Both anticipate and presume mean the same thing, anti and pre mean before and cipate and sume mean take. One is Latin the other IndoEuropean. When I "take before" I am dishonorable. I claimed I wanted a D/s relationship. It is my responsibility to uphold that claim with behavior that reflects my willingness to defer. "Taking before" is not deference.

This is not a simple mistake. The behavior I exhibited is just the visible part of a cancer I call self-importance. Had I been happy with the rush I get from self-importance I would never have claimed I wanted a service relationship in the first place. I have to choose Ms over and over again. It is the only honorable thing to do.

This time I chose too late.

## The Art of the Interview: Adding members to a household by Linda “Bootpig” Hall

Building on the previous article “A is for Alpha” (February 2005), questions have arisen about the process of adding family members to a poly household, specifically this one. All standard disclaimers apply, your mileage may vary, etc.

When Sir and I began discussing the possibility of moving from the realm of play partners into forming a house, we both had lists of things we were sure we did not want. We had both survived high drama poly situations, and had no desire to repeat that drama. We wanted something that functioned as a whole unit, and wanted a camaraderie and love to exist between all members of the family. No “seconds”. What an awful word that is. We use the term “seconds” and wonder why people that are the additional members feel left out or less than. We wonder why competition and jealousy develops. What is a second? It’s a badly made towel on sale for half-price in a warehouse somewhere because it wasn’t good enough to make it to the frou frou department store shelf. It would seem, in a lot of houses, that description very accurately describes the position of additional family members. Holy is the phrase “primary relationship” and is used to excuse all types of second class treatment of others in the family. Many of the behaviors seem to start not with the Dominant insisting on a primary relationship, but with a “slave that was there first” drawing the lines. We can, of course, blithely excuse this by announcing that the Dominant allows such behaviors and its ALL THEIR FAULT. We also have the option to be accountable and responsible.

My accountability and responsibility as a Human Resources person in this family is being very familiar with Sir’s vision of how the house should function. With that vision in mind, I am constantly aware of people around me and those that might show the potential for inclusion in the house. I might watch someone for awhile, might talk casually with them about their goals. This is a lesson I teach those I mentor. You can never be sure who is watching, and why.

I’m not interested in how pretty you can act once we express interest, I’m interested in how you conduct yourself as a person. Your integrity. Your character. I want to see if you think its ok to be a bitch to the cashier, or to cut others off in traffic, or to insist on being helped before someone else. I’m going to watch who you snub, and who you hang out with. In short, I’m looking to see if you live your life with a service undertone. Notice I didn’t say submissive. I just said service. I routinely hear the battle cry, “But I’m only in service to one”. This may be true, but in the service life I lead, every breathe out of my body reflects on him. Even to those people that don’t know he exists. It is an ethical point to me to conduct myself in a manner he would expect, at every second of the day. Do I always accomplish it? Of course not, but I do hold myself to that standard and continue to work at it.

He might also spot someone and bring them to my attention for further scrutiny. This level of trust from him, has been hard earned. There are different categories of partners, none is more or less than, but they are just different. There are casual play partners,

lovely people but perhaps not interested in a service life, or full time, or simply lovely bottoms. There are close but not inner circle friends – cousins, so to speak. There is meat – practical strangers that one of us has delightful, explosive chemistry with but may not wish to pursue anything further with. Then there is the possibility. This is a person we see ourselves spending time with. We see them fitting in the family, bringing something unique and valuable through their individuality. There is no cookie cutter. One of the ways that competition and jealousy gets squelched here, is that individuality is important. Sir doesn’t need several 5’9” inch redheads that kickbox, organize well, multitask, and specialize in household management. Piglet and I are as different as night and day. Our individuality combines into a greater whole, rather than setting up a constant state of competition.

Bearing these things in mind, when interest is expressed from both sides about a service relationship, the first step is interviewing and working with me. Why? This serves a two-fold purpose. The first and primary reason is it culls out those that can’t take direction from anyone but the dominant, that won’t be able to handle an alpha hierarchy. This is a valuable step in risk management of drama. It also culls out those that think their service is performance art reserved exclusively for the Dominant, because until they go through this process, any attentions they receive from him will be minimal at best. It can also weed out the ones that really aren’t interested in work that isn’t sexual or SM. They will be bored with an application, scattered and

*“I’m not interested in how pretty you can act once we express interest, I’m interested in how you conduct yourself as a person. Your integrity. Your character.”*

*The Art of the Interview*

*(Continued on page 5)*

## *The Art of the Interview*

*(Continued from page 4)*

unfocused during an interview, and quickly spare us the drama of interacting with them.

They do complete an application. It's not huge, and it's closely structured around a standard employment application with the lovely caveat that I'm not bound by federal law and can ask pretty much anything I want. The application is by no means a complete picture of them, but it does reveal some clues and allows for the interviewing process to begin.

Questions that have appeared on an application:

### **Do you have any hobbies?**

Now, why would I ask that? This is a poly household, and a very busy one at that. If one is need of a house where they can be micromanaged minute to minute, they are in the wrong place. If they need a Dominant to be their center of the universe, again, wrong place. A mentor of mine was fond of saying, "Go have a life, so I can interrupt it". Outstanding logic. People with hobbies are just more interesting. Fawning at someone's feet constantly CAN get rather old, quickly. If you've never had the experience, find a friend willing to spend an afternoon doing just that. Just sitting there, breathily interrupting whatever you're doing, drawing the attention to themselves, stroking you, letting you know they're there, answering any question with "Whatever you like" and see if you don't want to choke them by 6pm.

I do tend to look carefully at hobbies. If you're into race cars, sky diving and free climbing, chances are you're an adrenalin junkie. Not a bad thing necessarily (I'm one!),

but a good thing for me to be aware of. If all of your hobbies are individual activities, I might delve into how social you consider yourself. If you identify as a loner, what exactly do you expect to find in a poly household? I also know that a house rule is that you must pursue an art form. It increases your range and interest. A hobby that is already going in that direction is a great thing.

### **Do you have any spiritual practices?**

I don't necessarily go into what and how they practice, because I do believe spirituality is a very personal choice and practice. This question also ties into what they identify as the center of the universe, and looks for ways that feed their spirit – not just piling that responsibility on the Dominant. Its also very important to me, that they know, that every effort will be made to honor their spiritual practices. This may be time that they need to attend service or perform ceremony, special days or dietary practices they need to honor, etc. Obviously if they become family members, more details would be expected so that their rituals and practices could be given the respect and honor they deserve.

### **What is your employment history?**

Let's face it, if you're not willing to tell me you used to work at American Express or McDonalds, we have no business even looking at the possibility of a long-term relationship. I'm not interested in outing you, and I'm certainly not going to call an HR person and ask them their opinion of your service nature. I'm looking for an unstable job history. This might indicate that you have a team player issue, or an accountability issue. Especially if you left

every job because of a personality conflict. I'm looking for increasing responsibilities on your resume showing me you have a drive to learn and increase your value. I'm looking for things that tell me that you value knowledge and education and you're willing to work for what you have. I'm looking for skills you might contribute to the house. I'm looking for gaps that may tell me about an injury you suffered, or an emotional condition that kept you out of the workplace. I'm looking for patterns that tell me you're pursuing a career, or just job hopping to pay the bills or maybe waiting for someone to take care of you.

### **What is your health history?**

This is important to me. Our primary concern is your health and well-being so understanding any physical or mental conditions is paramount to understanding you. There are no health conditions that would just knock you out of consideration, but let's be realistic, in this day and age there are health considerations that might involve a family needing to be aware and practicing proper measures to ensure everyone's safety and well-being. We also have a standard house rule regarding having an exercise program in place. Everyone is a hard body? Oh please. But everyone is expected to engage in something that improves their health and their ability to serve. This may include diet as well. If you already engage in an exercise program, that shows a level of discipline and dedication to self-improvement without needing someone to push, pull, drag you through it.

### **What are your service skills?**

When I first put this  
*(Continued on page 6)*

*"I'm looking for things that tell me that you value knowledge and education and you're willing to work for what you have."*

*The Art of the Interview*

## The Art of the Interview

*(Continued from page 5)*

one on there, I thought it was easy. I found out it wasn't. Giving a good blow job really isn't a service skill. From just asking male friends, they pretty much concur that if it isn't how they like it, they'll tell you and fix it. Many of them will sheepishly admit that there might not be such a thing as a bad blow job. You may give the greatest head ever, but what can you do the rest of the time? It's interesting to watch a new person's reaction. First their face falls and they explain that they have had no training and they don't know anything. But if you help them understand that perhaps they've raised 3 children, and that makes them a time management genius, or a great cook, they start perking up and realizing that life skills add to their service repertoire. Perhaps they're a lovely techie geek and have computer skills to offer. Maybe they've got a green thumb and love to work in the yard (I keep praying for that one to end up on our doorstep). A massage therapist, an aesthetician, a sommelier. There's my wish list.

**What are your favorite SM activities?** No, no checklist of 5 bazillion things. I ask them for 5. Not 5 they think they'll like, or want to try, but their 5 favorites so far. If they are interviewing, they're looking at joining the family, long-term fulfilling relationships, the SM is the easy part. This is not at all a major portion of an interview, and I pretty much leave SM concerns to Sir. I just want to know where they're at, and ask open-ended questions about where they see themselves going. I'm very clear about Sir's stance on ownership and the lack of

negotiation. He is not going to be given limits lists that are 3 miles long and told how and when he'll engage in SM. There is a compatibility issue at stake. We play hard. That doesn't mean they have to be the uber-bottom, but they may need to express an interest in growing to that level. Its no mistake that pig names run in this family. Hot, hard, messy play is a fun thing.

Taking this stance forces the person interviewing to formulate opinions. They have to step outside of spouting what they've read or heard is correct and proper and really talk about what punches their buttons, what they fear, and where they hope to go.

**Do you have a gender or role identification?** I identify as a pig. I like boys, girls, bois, grlls, Him and Her and She and Sie and pretty much any other combination. I like tops and bottoms and sadists and masochists and have a sadistic streak a mile wide. I'm... versatile. That does not mean anyone interviewing MUST identify as bi, straight or gay. They may <gasp> like topping sometimes. What it means is, I want to understand where they're at. If they can't possibly consider touching a woman, that may be a problem. If they can't stand to even be around other women playing together, that's a real problem. If they expect that all of their physical needs will be met by Sir and Sir alone, that's a fantasy. When we say poly, we mean poly. Not just Sir is poly, and all other family members are left to fend for themselves. Someone may have a lover outside the family, or a substantial alternate relationship, or casual play partners. That's highly worka-

ble. My first years in service to Sir, I was also married. I divided my time between the 2 houses, about 10 minutes apart. I'm clear with someone interviewing that Sir identifies his orientation as sexual (which I adore instead of all the micro labels), and his role orientation as Top. If they can't handle the thought of him playing or interacting with boys, there's a problem.

There is also the option that they wish to be in a service environment and have no interest at all at ANY physical need being met from within that structure. That is also a very workable situation.

I'm looking for their level of honesty with themselves here. Are they scared to identify as anything BUT a slave? Maybe they aren't anything else, but body language and tonality changes can provide a lot of information here. Maybe they are interested in topping but have read too much about a switch being confused or a fake. Maybe they are interested in women but worry that they'll be forced into a bisexual relationship just to feel included. Maybe a gay male wishing to be in service worries that he'll be required to sexually interact with women. These are all preconceived notions that can be set at ease, but I want them to express the concerns. That tells me they're capable of sharing their thoughts and fears, that they have a real desire to be known.

The interview can go in dozens of different directions from there. I've had lovely interviews that ended in us realizing we were completely incompatible, but they left much more clear about what they

really wanted. I've had interviews that left me reporting to Sir, "This would be a very cool person to play with, but hell on wheels to add to the house." I've never had a bad one, because of the time that went in before hand with both parties watching the others and already being pretty clear on compatibility.

Assuming the interview went well, they may progress into a period of consideration where they are in service without commitment from either side. There isn't a great deal of structure during this period because its about seeing what they bring to the table, what they're willing to offer, initiative, etc. There is a great deal of interaction, there just isn't a ton of structure. Let's see how they naturally drop into their role. Let's see if they do just enough to get by, or offer a bit more. Let's see if they emulate modeled behavior or need to be told every little thing. This is a good no-pressure time where people can feel free to talk about how they're progressing, what they're feeling.

It has resulted in good relationships. Even our shorter relationships have been longer than many poly M/s relationships. I've been in service for more than 5 years to Sir, Piglet has been in nearly 3 years. A lovely boy and girl have since gone their separate ways, each after about a year in service. Its not a numbers game for us, it's a life partners journey and adventure.

## The Write Stuff: Written Communication in Service by morgana

5.30am. I love this time of the day (once I'm up!); those minutes before dawn, when the world seems to inhale deeply then hold its breath for the longest time before it exhales with the rising of the sun.

From my desk at this time of year I can watch the first probing fingers of that dawn while I boot up the computer and sip at my tea collecting my-thoughts, preparing for my first act of service for the day, maintaining my journal.

Someone asked me recently if I considered written communication inferior to spoken (or as it was described to me real, deep, meaningful, Conversation ;). In answering I realized just how important written communication is to my service.

The reason for the existence of my journal is simple: it is a tool by which Master learns about his slave. The rules for my journal are simple too - it is his desire that I primarily record my thought processes and emotions; my words are forbidden to be edited in any way, not for censorship or for typographical error, the raw thought is what he wants to see.

Sounds easy right? Spend a few minutes in the morning reflecting upon my mood and writing down my thoughts; after all, I write for a living, this is a skill I have been crafting professionally for nearly 25 years, I should be able to do this with one hand tied behind my back(!). How often pride comes before that fall, huh?

I found his free-flow no edit requirement surprisingly hard to learn how to do. I struggled

at first with quality control until I found a way to set my ego aside and write what was in my heart not my head and to realize that accelerated stream of consciousness is what he wants to see.

Often the words are fast and to me - disturbingly honest at times. I try not to judge myself by them but often I do. I try to never let that judgement interfere with the writing process but I do use it to discover layers of truth. There is pain sometimes reflecting on my words (I am permitted to read past entries) but it is the pain of growth.

In my journal I don't discuss meal options, car repairs or social engagements; those are the things daily conversation is made of. I do discuss emotions, reactions and the situations these arise from. The times that my stream of consciousness is a mere trickle I continue to write what is in my head, even if it is nothing.

I have tried using journal prompts (there are some excellent web sites which have some inspiring ideas - <http://www.wakimbo.com/htdocs/tools/jrn/ss/> , [http://www.engl.niu.edu/wac/journal\\_starters.html](http://www.engl.niu.edu/wac/journal_starters.html) , <http://www.inhischains.com/kindlings/> , <http://journal-writing.webdjinni.net/muse-pages/index.html> links current April 2005) but somehow I feel more authentic when the ideas (or the absence of) come from me. I think many of us discover our stories - ourselves - in the writing, I know I do.

My journal is not a 'safe place' where no punishment would

ever arise from what was written. That's right, I said not. My journal is bound by the rules of our relationship exactly the same as anything else I do/say. As long as what is on my mind is expressed respectfully, appropriately and mindfully I am not restricted.

I would never be punished for an emotion, in my journal or anywhere else! (I may, however, be punished for the manner in which the emotion is expressed). My journal is not 'time out' or 'being my true self' it is not a space within the space of our power exchange. It is a both a tool of my service and my enslavement. It is my role to be my true self in all things not just for the 15 minutes a day I get to journal.

With a goal of maintaining respect in service (and implicitly the power exchange) I find I use my journal occasionally to express emotions I consider I handle badly face - like disappointment or anger. These are the types of emotion that can trigger disrespectful behavior in me if not handled right and I have found my journal the places I can control my reactions sufficiently to discuss them with him without having a meltdown.

I use the word discuss deliberately, although it is my journal it is very much a tool in building the type of Master/slave us. A critical component in my journal becoming such a valuable tool in our relationship is his daily acknowledgement, opinion or guidance on what I write, sometimes written, sometimes verbal. Through watching his responses and reactions I also

*Editor's Note: My thanks to morgana for her contribution this month. Not only is it insightful, but she is our first "international" contributor and hails from New Zealand!*

(Continued on page 8)

## The Write Stuff: Written Communication in Service

*(Continued from page 7)*

learn ways to refine my service to him.

We constantly use my journal to evolve and refine our S and M relationship, too. I am required to report scenes, both for future titillation and information. I am often able to write after endorphin play well before I can speak and I find it cathartic and good self-aftercare.

### PETITIONS

Petitions too have their place, especially in the negotiation phase of a power exchange where desires, limits and problems need to be clearly and unequivocally expressed. I used a petition process over a period of weeks to ask to be considered as his slave, it allowed us to negotiate without negating, or complicating - the developing power exchange.

I like the formality of a written petition for big things too, whether expression of thoughts or requests.

I like the thought process that comes from analyzing the desire behind the words and where that desire fits with my place as his property. I like the ritual of preparation where I can reconsider again if it needs to be said and the ritual of physical presentation which underlines the fact I consider my words important enough to present. I don't have the ability to think twice before speaking but the structure of preparing a formal petition gives me a self-control I would otherwise struggle to attain.

Occasionally I will petition him in my journal but in contrast to my morning thoughts these words are slowly, deliberately and respectfully assembled. In this email instant world it is easy to forget that the written word can accord us a rare space to both ask and respond with considered thought.

Far from stilted, such written communication fits into our power exchange beautifully. The formality I describe is not

forced rather it flows and is enjoyed by us both. It does not indicate a lack of verbal communication or spontaneity, we speak intimately and often and have plenty of fun -but there are times I find the written word offers the opportunity for reflection on subtleties which often get swept up by the dynamics of conversation.

And refining my service to him is all about subtleties.

\*Part one of a two-part series.

*morgana* has explored a meandering path of power exchange for 9 years. She currently serves in the household of two Dominant male Sadists, one human, one feline - and lives an obscenely happy life in the seaside subtropical paradise of Katikati, New Zealand. She believes in Slow Food, spontaneous acts of kindness and actively pursuing a goal of excellence in service.

### Upcoming Events:

*I will be at Southeast Leather Fest in Atlanta, Georgia June 10-12, 2005 and presenting a class on time management for service oriented people, in conjunction with elegant and kyle.*

*I will also be at Great Lakes Leather in Indianapolis, Indiana from August 26-28, 2005, teaching but topics are still to be announced.*

*Please, if you'll be at either of these events, do stop and say hello. It has been a great pleasure to begin meeting some of the readers. Thank you for sharing this journey. Bootpig.*

## Hooked on being needed by slave jean

I didn't wake up one day in my 40's and think, "Aha! I think I've got a slavish personality!" Nor did I slip easily into some of the protocols and choice-behaviors my Master set out for me from the beginning of our physical relationship after a few months of conversation. And yet, I have decades of volunteerism. I have years of opening my mouth agreeing to do a project when my brain is screaming at me, "you have no time, idiot for one more project!" At one point in my life the word "no" was so absent from my vocabulary that I my body broke down, my capabilities to organize well began to disintegrate, and while I still managed to maintain all of my volunteer commitments, my family paid for it with a stressed out mother/wife who flew at the speed of sound and forgot what it was like to sit still for five minutes at a time. I was needed by the community....or at least my skills were. If I couldn't do those volunteer projects, then they wouldn't get done and the volunteer organization would fall apart. I still took care and organized the family's activities, food, school, social life, etc. And of course, once the community found out how well I managed in the one volunteer area, I was asked to organize other areas. My husband's promotion then put me into a "non-voluntary" voluntary leader position. I was a "volunteer junkie" – hooked on being needed. And, truth to be told, I did my work well. But I lost balance. I lost sight of the other necessities of life – my alone time, my quiet time with my children, my private time with my spouse, my right to choose what I give to the community instead of being enslaved by every request for help.

Years after the "body breakdown" and the gradual learning of that new vocabulary word "no" to the communities that followed, I still took on responsibility for relationships that were not mine to carry. I had years of putting myself last among all options when it came to family and friends... even if it brought negative consequences to my life, I chose to assist others instead of saying "No, I'm sorry, I can't at this time."

As I alluded to earlier, my Master observed this behavior right from the beginning. I never said a word about it and didn't need to. He began small protocols to enforce his will over mine. One of the worst protocols was to make me sit still in the car until he came to open the door for me. Yeah yeah, how many of you out there are laughing at that as a "horrid protocol?" For me though, it was "car bondage." I had years of moving at the speed of light – getting as many activities accomplished as I could in as short of time as I could. The few moments of sitting there in the car instead of getting out of the car drove me crazy with wasted inactivity. To make matters worse, if we were in the middle of a conversation when we drove up to wherever we were going, my Master would park the car and then sit there continuing the conversation WHILE we were still in the car! I've never had ADHD, but jiminy-crickets did I develop it then! I couldn't concentrate. I couldn't sit still. I felt claustrophobic. All I could focus on was getting out of the car --- let's continue the damn conversation in the store while we shopped. But let's get the hell out of that car --- NOW, my mind screamed.

It took about a month of those events before my Master allowed me to discuss why I was so jumpy. Of course, he already knew the reason and answer. He didn't need me to tell him. He had set up the protocol with purpose and with the knowledge that I would have some strong reaction to that control.

When I spilled my guts, blubbering about the time wasted, the strong urges for getting up and moving, the need to get the chore accomplished, his response was, "So spending time with your Master is time wasted?"

Crap, I screwed up again. That's NOT what I meant. Backpeddle – fast. "No Sir. But we've got errands to do and we're wasting time in the car." There, that fixed that, right?

"So I take my time to share errands with you and that's a waste of your time?"

Crap, struck out again. "No Sir. But if we can get out of the car and get the errand done we can get back to the house and spend time together there."

"And whose decision is it where we spend our time and how we spend it?"

Crap, strike three. I'm out. "It's your decision Sir. But if I may, sitting in the car when we get to where we are going gets me so shaky and bothered because we're not moving or moving towards a goal that I can't concentrate. I'm sorry." There, I'd finally admitted the real reason why and with that my Master kissed me, caressed my hair, and said, "Good girl. We'll talk more

## Hooked on being needed by slave jean

*(Continued from page 9)*

about it at home after we get the shopping done.”

The shakiness slowly ebbed and we strolled through the market, his arms wrapped on either side of me as I pushed the grocery cart. I felt safe. I felt relieved, but didn't know why. I was sort of looking forward to that discussion – having that sense that I was going to hear something that had good and bad merits to it. But I let go of that upside-down feeling and enjoyed the errand with my Master.

Upon returning to his home and putting away the goods, he sat me next to him where he could caress me while he talked to me. He then asked me to tell him about a “typical day” for getting errands done on a weekday in various years past. Since we'd already talked about this in past conversations, and he never ever forgot anything I said, I figured this was for my benefit, not his. So I shared all of the things I did to get my family out of the house, to get errands done. I answered each of his questions about all of the burdens I had carried over the years – either through need or desire to be part of a community or need to be needed. He then told me that from now on HE was the one to take on the burdens. He was the one who would be there to guide and decide which activities were beneficial to me and which were too harmful to my health. He would assist in guiding relationships with my adult children (though not stepping between us), and he would set the goals for and with me concerning our future. He told me I no longer needed to carry burdens alone. I could let go

of hurrying and scurrying to get work done. I no longer had to accept all requests for my aid. In fact, I no longer could accept any requests without first discussing them with him. I no longer needed to worry about being needed. I was his. He would oversee the service I provided to him, to our friends, the smaller community of leather, and to the larger community in which we lived. I simply was no longer alone in this matter. I no longer made these decisions.

I remember feeling terrified, relieved, aghast, curious, confused and at peace all at the same time. And then I wondered if a time would come when I felt the need to serve in some way and he would not agree. Or, would a time come when I didn't have the desire to serve but he believed I had the need to serve in some way. What would I do? How would I know what was right? How would I know if HE was right? I had been independent for so long, relying on my own decisions – and making huge mistakes for many of them. How would I know that his decisions would be any better than my own? It was a terrifyingly wonderful promise my Master gave to me that day. It was an experiment in trust. It was an experiment in letting go. It was an experiment in opening up completely in all information, communicating at the level asked of me, and then following what was decided.

That was in that first year. To this day, 8 years later, car bondage is still a part of our relationship. Thank all the powers that be, my Master rarely continues conversations in the car when we get to the location we are bound for! And

while it took nearly two years for me to learn to keep my hand off of the door handle when the car came to a stop, every once in a rare while I still forget. I clasp the door handle, opening the door a smidgeon, then slam it shut immediately. My Master gives me one of those stares, quirk-ing an eyebrow. Sometimes I “pay” for that slip, sometimes I don't.

Do you wonder if that trust I placed in his promise was fulfilled? Did he make mistakes with decisions? How has he made decisions regarding my activities? How have I given him information about activities?

I have the right and duty to bring all of my desires and “believed needs” to my Master. He asks questions. Sometimes those questions require me to do more pondering before I can answer him fully. Once he has answers to those questions and has had time to think through the issues I've brought up, we then discuss my requests, desires, “believed needs.” At no time does my Master ever dismiss what I bring to him as inconsequential. At no time does he ever promise to consider what I bring to him and then ignore it. While he doesn't always give me a timeline for getting back to me on a subject, if I ask him for an approximate time frame for discussion on an issue after I've brought him all that he's asked for, he'll give me that time frame based on our family/work activities.

I have not received all that I've asked for. At times I've thought I had a need to become active in something when in our discussion my Master was able to use a se-

## Hooked on being needed by slave jean

*(Continued from page 10)*

ries of questions to eventually highlight that I had a desire for more community activity instead of a need to be a volunteer in a specific place at a specific time which our circumstances at that date couldn't support.

At another time, my request for activity participation wasn't so much for that participation as it was that I had been ill for too long and hadn't been allowed to serve in the past manners that he had set up in our relationship. Through the process of my approaching him with a request, his asking questions of me about why I wanted it, what need it was going to fit into our schedule, and how my health would be effected by it, he was able to lead me to a path that showed I hadn't been serving him in ways that I was used to serving him. So rather than run out and serve others which would hurt my health and still not serve him, he was able to circle in on the problem and then open a discussion on ways that I serve him even when ill. But he was also open to allow me to serve him in small ways such as laying out his accoutrements the evening before he would go to work. Simple events, but permitting me to feel useful in a small way that would not jeopardize my health.

The need to serve can be immense for those in or awaiting a service-based relation-

ship, but without accurate direction or boundaries, we can do quite a bit of harm to ourselves. The desire to serve may be misdirected just so that we can get those service needs met. Careful consideration distinguishes between the two and keeps the service-based relationship focused on the path of that specific relationship. If not currently in an active service-based relationship, a person who has the need or desire to serve would benefit from asking:

1. Does this service harm my health?
2. Does this service harm the relationships that are closest to me?
3. Does this service energize me and leave time for renewal of my own energies?
4. Does this service allow a balance so that the Universe can return energy to me and those I care about?
5. If I have a "believed need" as being met in this service, what would be lost in my world and the world around me without it? What opportunities would be opened without it?

Lastly, I don't believe I'm unique in being a "need junkie." As a sister or brother interested in the service side of service-based relationships, I believe we can offer each

other support. When we see a sister or brother running off the cliff to get their service-needs-desires met, we can't master them but we can offer a twig and talk with them as they consider climbing out of the chasm of the need of being needed.

*"The desire to serve may be misdirected just so that we can get those service needs met."*

*Hooked on Being Needed*

## *Our Contributors for April 2005*

All contributors offered original work for this issue. All work is copyrighted and the property of the individual contributor. Please do not reproduce individual articles in any form without the express, written permission of the individual contributor. Newsletter may be shared in its entirety or forwarded without permission from the editor or contributors. If you are not yet subscribed to Simply Service and would like to receive future issues, please send an email to [SimplyService-subscribe@yahoo.com](mailto:SimplyService-subscribe@yahoo.com) Please note that changing your preferences to "Digest" or "Special Notices" appears to strip attachments and you will not receive the issues. To contact any contributor, please send an email to [msolympusleather2003@cox.net](mailto:msolympusleather2003@cox.net) and your comments will be sent directly to them.

*Wyllo is a Canadian currently living with her dominant in the United States. A 20+ year veteran in the Leather lifestyle, she has experience primarily in service-based relationships, many of them platonic in nature.*

*Her strengths include protocols, masochism and the role of "alpha slave" for large gatherings. She offers training one on one about basic protocols and pain tolerance (using spirituality as the anchor) for beginners and experienced slaves. She believes that BDSM can be a very spiritual experience for many people and using this as a technique in helping newcomers to pain play. She is aiming at learning as much as possible about every aspect involved in this chosen lifestyle and then sharing it with others (<http://leatherandlight.com>) as she considers knowledge only second to spirituality.*

*She is currently self-employed developing adult alternative websites, focusing on sales and promotion*

*slave a is an owned 24/7 slave to Master Scott in Phoenix, Arizona. They have been together for twenty years and practicing Sm on and off for the duration, but only became interested in D/s ten years ago. Five years ago, they changed their orientation to Master/slave. They have done presentations on protocol in the Southwest and are members of SASM, GWNN, MAsT, and Apex.*

*Linda "Bootpig" Hall has been in service relationships for more than eight years. Currently she is an alpha slave in service to Whipmaster Bob Clark. She believes in service as a spiritual calling, akin to the religious devoted pursuing life as a monk or a nun, and its responsibilities ripple far beyond the individual relationship of Master/slave and into a greater realm of constant mindfulness of service. She has taught on service oriented slavery throughout the country at events like Great Lakes Leather, Together in Leather, Desert Dominion, South Plains Leather Fest and more.*

*She is the twisted mind behind the development of Simply Service.*

*She can be reached at [msolympusleather2003@cox.net](mailto:msolympusleather2003@cox.net) or <http://www.bootpig.net> (Currently being updated, don't panic if its not there)*

*morgana has explored a meandering path of power exchange for 9 years. She currently serves in the household of two Dominant male Sadists, one human, one feline - and lives an obscenely happy life in the seaside subtropical paradise of Katikati, New Zealand. She believes in Slow Food, spontaneous acts of kindness and actively pursuing a goal of excellence in service.*

*Jean has lived as slave to Tom for 8 years. They own a home in AZ and both hold professional occupations. While she realized over the course of their first 3 years that those days were the pre-requisite for becoming comfortable with the idea of a Master/slave/service-based relationship; it was the next 5 years that confirmed her desire to embrace service within the guardianship of one man, to the decisions, pathways, play, and ideas he endeavors and anoints.*