

THANK YOU

NOTE TO A

TOP by Drew

"You've got a beautiful body," she says and I don't believe her. I let the whip that's slicing across my back drown her out. I don't want to hear this right now.

We're at a play party in honor of her birthday. I'm her present actually, delivered with a shove and a whispered "make me proud" by my current favorite Top. I am naked, and invisible. Or so I hope.

But even the relentless pounding of the flogger wielded by a mutual friend can't make her go away. Her voice breaks through, "You're gorgeous. You have great tits, you know that?" Her hand is shielding the back of my neck and her lips are moist, tracing the line of my jaw, the tendons in my neck, the curve of my throat. "Gorgeous," she murmurs, her fingers plucking my nipple.

I was having such a good time before she started talking about my body. She had been casually squeezing and prodding my flesh, adjusting the bondage so I could move forward a bit, to rub up against her when the whip on my back was just too much. I

love losing myself in her body, my head buried between her breasts, her fists full of my hair. She's a big woman: six feet tall, easy, one of the few women I know with shoulders broader than mine. She's got the best ass in the City and the biggest paws I've ever taken. She's fine.

Until she starts telling me about my body, distracting me from the pain I use to disappear. She won't let me go far tonight. She wants me present, there in the flesh and spirit for her. She is insistent.



"Don't you believe me, baby? This is some sweet stuff you got." Her hand is in my cunt now, the glove slick against my shaved lips. "You better believe me. You better believe every word I tell you." I can't tell if she's angry or not and I don't have a safeword tonight. "You've got a beautiful body," she repeats, testing me.

"Yeah, well, I grew it myself," I spit, thinking how much I hate it when Tops lie.

She pauses, looking into my tear-blurred eyes, and repeats slowly, "You grew it yourself. You learned how to love yourself enough to eat and sleep and work and play and give pleasure to yourself and other women, didn't you? And that's what you're doing now, you know." She's got four fingers

in me now, pumping slowly in time with her words. I know the whip is still there, but I can't really feel it anymore. My mind is trained on her words.

"This is a body for loving women with, isn't it, and you're giving it to me, aren't you, baby? Aren't you," and I gasp as she slides all of her glorious size 9 fist into me.

Our friend can hit me forever, till there's no skin left and she's whittling away at the bone. I don't care. I am standing naked, bound and full of this woman and I believe her, every word. A few more strokes of the whip and her fist and I'll gush a pool of cum onto her boots. I know I'll have to lick them clean in a few minutes, but that's okay. I'm always hungry after a scene.

* * *

Months later we are making out like teenagers in her truck and I remember to thank her for giving me my body back that night. When I bottom, I give my Top access to my pain, even the pain she didn't cause. And in that vulnerable state, my child-self exposed, I can finally hear those vital truths: You're so good. You're beautiful. I'm proud of you. I want you. And my chattering monkey mind, quieted by several hours of

San Francisco's finest floggers, shuts up long enough for me to hear what I've been listening to for all these years. Thank you, I say, thinking how much I love it when Tops tell the truth. *

