

One thing about being honest and open with yourself is that you may well discover the truth is not quite what you had in mind.

Deeanne and I had started out very vanilla, in love, wanting to be free, honest and open, and we thought we knew what that meant.

Our bodies had different plans. In our lovemaking, she became rougher, more demanding each time. I became softer, more responsive (all right, insatiable) more silky, rippling, juicy. . . We told each other everything about our past, our seductions, our fantasies, our desires, demonstrating every delicious detail as we went along, slipping into role playing before we even realized what we were doing.

I'd become her college roommate, and gave Deeanne what she'd wanted (but never got) from the roomie, then Deeanne's boyfriend's mother, (who actually did slip into her bed, more than once, after enough rye and after the boyfriend had passed out) and I gradually learned how to be a little bit aggressive and shameless, how to get on top once in a while.

Deeanne said she thought I was beautiful, and she loved to look at me. I couldn't really imagine that could be true, but I started dressing up a bit to further our games and to please her, hesitantly at first, because I'm a big fat woman and I'd never dressed sexy, ever. I'd been ashamed, I'd always worn fat clothes, the kind that say, "Don't really look at me, only from the neck up," and then you wear careful makeup and incredible earrings to draw attention upward from those "problem areas".

My new clothes, my sex clothes, were completely different; heels and stockings, lingerie, lacy areas, low cut. These clothes said, "hey, here's my tits, no, look over here, my legs, my lips, my eyes, no, back here, check out my ass. . ." There was nowhere to hide in those clothes, but she still seemed to think I was beautiful and sexy, and even I was beginning to wonder, "Well, maybe?"

One night, about three months after we got together, we got ourselves out of bed for once and went dancing at our town's only women's bar, but this time she dressed me up in some of my new clothes before we went out. I was nervous about meeting her friends, terrified of making a fool out of myself. "I know Deeanne thinks I'm hot, but what if some of my friends see me in this fat femme get-up? What's a fat girl like me doing in a place like this, drawing attention to myself?"

What with one thing and another, the evening was somehow finally over. On the way home, Deeanne seemed quiet. I was uneasy, I'd noticed several of her friends looking at me in a way I didn't really understand. I'd blown it, I thought, made a fool out of both of us in public, her friends didn't like me. "You're mad, aren't you?" I ventured

She didn't answer. We rode quietly home. I was on the verge of tears, planning to tear off my now-hated slut suit and slip quietly into the shower. As soon as I'd pulled the dress over my head, she came up behind and took me by the arm, leading me into the darkness of the bedroom.

She pushes me down and kisses me hotly. I'm relieved, amazed, but I'm still confused, I thought she was mad at me.

I try to question her, to apologize, but she interrupts. "You don't understand at all, baby. I wanted them to stare at you. Let their tongues hang out, let them pull you close on the dance floor, you're mine now."

"You want me to flirt with your friends on purpose? I squeak incredulously.

"Yes," she tells me firmly. "And what's more, I know you liked it."

Well, I hadn't really, I'd been too upset and embarrassed about my fat body. "You're nuts," she sighs, exasperated. "Look, I'm obviously going to have to teach you a lesson."

Oh, oh. Lately that phrase has had some very interesting meanings. She kisses me for a while, touching me, teasing me, telling me how much Helen had stared down my cleavage, and Dorrie had been pissed off about it. She pretended to scold me about how sexy I had danced with Lisa, exaggerating, reality and fantasy blurred, getting hotter all the time.

After a while she jokes, "Well, girl, I'm going to have to rope you down so you don't sneak off on me." There, now she's said it; we both have known this was coming for weeks.

"You might need to," I agree shakily.

"No time like the present, I always say," and from under the bed she hauls out some thick, stained yellow camping rope. I'm excited and afraid as she slips the loop over one wrist, and makes it secure.

It doesn't feel like anything yet, but in a minute, the other wrist is secured. I'd expected her to pull my hands above my head, that's the way it's done in the few pictures I'd seen, but no, she's busy fastening my ankles tightly together.

She leaves the room, and I discover that my two hands are fastened to my ankles, with a little lead between my hands, so each hand can move freely. Well, somewhat freely. I'm not fastened to the bed at all, but I can't straighten up to stand. I can kind of sit, but if I do, my hands are pulled down to my knees. I sink back on the bed, wondering.

She returns with my desk lamp, and plugs it in at the foot of the bed, trying it at several angles until she's satisfied. I'm spot-lighted like this. "No, turn it off, what are you doing?" I gasp. I'm fat, remember, I make love with the lights off, well, maybe a candle at the very most.

"Shut up, bitch."

"What are you going to do to me?" I ask stupidly, shocked. She's never talked like that to me before.

"Nothing," she laughs. "I'm not in the mood. You are going to do something for me." She calmly walks back and forth around the bed, watching me, smiling, drinking a beer.

"I love to look at naked women, baby, and right now I'm looking. I love to look at them tied up and ready to please me. I love to look at them with their legs spread like yours are now, and with their juices running out. I like to watch them touch themselves and make themselves come."

I don't know this stranger she has become. "I can't!"

"Yes you can, baby, I left lots of room for you to reach." At least she sounds like herself again, a little. I start to argue, "No, I mean I could never do that."

She goes pale, and grabs at one of my wrists, untying the knots. "You fucking bitch!" she rages. "You've been moaning and purring and coming all over my pillows for months now, and I've given you more and more, told you things I've never told anybody, put myself on the line for you, but the first time, the very first time, I ask you to do anything for me, you say no, you couldn't. Well, forget I asked, just forget it!"

We are both crying now, in rage and shame and humiliation. I am appalled, I whisper, "I'm sorry, I'll try."

"Forget it, I'm not interested," she won't look at me.

I try to re-wrap my wrist the way it was, I can't really manage it. "Please, baby, I'm sorry, I'll do anything you want." No response.

"Please, I want to do it for you," I beg. "Let me try."

"You'd fucking well better," she growls, tying me back up, tighter than it was, to punish me for refusing her. "I've had enough shit from you for one night."

At this intense moment, although the shame of my fat is still strong, the raw emotions are stronger, and so is the beginning of my wondering what it would feel like to be watched, really looked at, with desire and appreciation rather than with disgust.

Trembling, in fear and shame and desire, my eyes locked on hers, I pretend to think I'm beautiful. I arch my back proudly to make my huge breasts show even more, smile seductively, my tongue wetting my lips a little, and move my shaking hand down between my thighs to begin. . .