

A close-up photograph of a person's legs from the knees down to the feet. They are wearing black fishnet stockings and black, lace-up, high-heeled boots. The boots have a glossy finish and a stiletto heel. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a blue sky and some greenery.

A Night to Remember

Fetish Night at the Devil's Den changes Jesse's life forever.

Korin I. Dushayl

Author of Playing With Dolls



A Night to Remember

A short story extract from

Playing With Dolls

By Korin I. Dushayl

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A Night to Remember

By Korin I. Dushayl

"Takin u smplc spcl 2 nite." Ashleigh texted Sunday morning after Jesse's first week at the college. "B @ apt @ 8 to dress."

"Shoes?" He sent back.

"Cvrd."

Jesse wondered what Ashleigh had picked out for him this time. Her tastes had gotten more and more bizarre since the election. She only wore black, usually with lots of metal. She now had at least ten earrings in each ear and piercings in her eyebrow, lower lip, and nose. And those were just the ones he could see. Every time she talked about other ones she'd acquired, he changed the subject. Rachel avoided piercings, at least visible ones, but her arms now had tattoos covering them from wrist to shoulder.

When Jesse objected to some of the clothing they picked out for him, they'd buy it and then he'd feel obligated to wear it for them. Although they liked to dress him up and show him off, unlike most females, they accepted him as he was and had no interest in using him sexually. Jesse still dated men occasionally, but he managed to discourage most sexual advances just by insisting on condoms. If that didn't work, he found an excuse to end the relationship.

He arrived at the apartment wearing his gaff under his jeans so he'd have everything tucked away if they'd picked out something tight. He had his collection of various padded bras and boobage in his backpack along with his makeup.

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Rachel answered the door. She wore black leather chaps over black jeans, a black wife beater, and a leather vest. Jesse hoped the outfit Ashleigh chose for him would have some color, but he gave up on that when he saw her.

Jesse stared at Ashleigh whose leather corset cinched her waist and pushed her breasts up into creamy mounds. "Wow, you look hot." She wore a leather mini-skirt, decorated with steel grommets, and thigh-high, lace up boots with three-inch heels. "Umm, you both do," he added without taking his eyes off Ashleigh.

"Consider this a belated graduation present, sweets." Ashleigh gave him a hug and he marveled at the rigidity of her corset. How the hell did she breathe? He inhaled the lavender scent she wore which he always enjoyed.

She pointed to the end of the room where a counter, stove, sink, and fridge along one wall made up their kitchen. On the rickety metal table, sat a large box wrapped in shiny black paper tied with a wide, black, satin ribbon.

"You guys are so sweet." Jesse turned to hug Rachel. She smelled only of leather.

"Go ahead! Open it." Rachel gave him a perfunctory squeeze.

Jesse untied the bow and turned the box over so he could slice through the tape.

"Oh, just rip it," Rachel insisted.

"Leave him alone." Ashleigh stepped to Jesse's side. "We've got plenty of time."

Jesse removed the paper intact and opened the priority mail box. They must have ordered his gift from eBay. Inside, he found a leather waist cincher and a pair of size twelve platform patent leather boots. "Wow." He didn't know what to say. He couldn't see wearing this stuff, but he knew the girls expected him to. They obviously planned to go somewhere tonight where these things were appropriate. But, he couldn't wear just the cincher.

He looked up. Ashleigh held the hanger of a slinky black mini-dress. "Picked this up at work today, didn't have time to wrap it."

Jesse smiled and reached out to touch the dress. He loved the feel of spandex. He stripped out of his jeans and tee shirt, draping them over the curved metal back of one of the kitchen chairs. Sliding the

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dress over his head, he enjoyed the touch of the stretchy, silky fabric against his skin. Reaching for his backpack, he asked, "What kind of boobage does this call for?"

"I think you can skip the falsies tonight, hon." Ashleigh held up the waist cincher. "We'll use this to give you all the curvature you need."

Jesse shrugged. She reached around his waist, settled the cincher in place, and had him hold the sides while she zipped it up in front.

"Okay, grab onto the doorway." Ashleigh nudged Jesse over toward the bathroom.

He put one hand on each side of the door jamb.

"Hold on tight and suck in your breath."

Jesse followed her instructions and Ashleigh yanked on the laces so hard he had a hard time keeping his balance.

He gasped for air. "Geez, I'm not going to be able to breathe."

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it." She yanked the cords even tighter.

By the time she stopped and tied the thongs together, Jesse really did have trouble breathing. He worked on taking shallow breaths and stepped into the bathroom. When he saw his reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, he decided the discomfort was worth it. The cincher drew his waist into a lovely curve, and even pulled his pecs in for a hint of cleavage. He smiled. "I look just lovely. Thanks so very much."

"Hey, we're not done." Ashleigh held the boots in one hand and his makeup bag in the other.

Jesse grabbed the boots, but he found bending over to put them on difficult with the tight cincher. Ashleigh snapped her fingers. Rachel knelt at his feet, helping him into the boots and zipping them up.

"Excellent." Ashleigh handed Jesse his makeup bag. "Do yourself lovely."

When he emerged from the bathroom forty-five minutes later, both girls whistled. He had used Ashleigh's curling iron to make ringlets in his hair. Figuring they would want a Goth look, he'd used his palest foundation and emphasized his grey eyes with thick, black liner and mascara. He'd foregone rouge and used his darkest red lipstick.

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“Perfect.” Ashleigh blew him an air kiss. “This will be a night to remember. We promise.”

They headed for the door and Rachel grabbed a leather duffel sitting next to it on the floor. Jesse looked at her, head tilted to one side.

“You’ll find out later,” she said. Rachel tossed the duffel in the trunk and climbed into the back seat. Jesse sighed with relief. He couldn’t imagine trying to get back there. He could barely breathe sitting up front. He hoped the boots proved comfortable. He didn’t imagine he’d sit down much this evening.

Ashleigh drove them downtown and parked on Pearl Street. Jesse followed the two of them to Devil’s Den. The reader board announced “Fetish Night, over 18 only.”

The guy collecting the cover charge had half-inch wide, opalescent blue earlets in both lobes, a labret, eyebrow piercing, and a bull ring through his septum. He checked Jesse’s ID and smiled. “Save me a dance, Babe.”

“Sure.” Jesse dragged his eyes away from the man’s metal and stuck his license back into his handbag with his lipstick, some cash, and a couple of condoms. He’d carried the same condoms for six months now. Pierced face inked Jesse’s inner wrist with a devil stamp, and winked at him. Jesse followed Rachel and Ashleigh into the club and down a dark narrow stairway.

Nelly Furtado’s *Promiscuous* blared from the speakers around the room. He could barely see in the dim light. A disco ball spun above the center of the dance floor. Jesse heard a scream from the far left side. No one else seemed to notice. A skinny boy who looked about Jesse’s age stood naked, except for a thong, in a corner section roped off by a metal chain. Four leather cuffs bound his wrists and ankles to a wooden, X-shaped cross. A dark-haired woman, dressed in a leather outfit similar to Ashleigh’s, stood behind him with a four-foot whip in her hands, lashing his back. The boy howled again. He already had red welts building up on his shoulders and ass. She kept striking him no matter how loudly he yelled.

Jesse stared, watching the whip leave another nasty red mark on his thighs while the boy cried yet out again. Rachel and Ashleigh moved closer to the chain and stood with their arms around each

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other's waists, watching. More and more people surged toward the show and Jesse felt alone in a sea of spectators.

The song ended, and the DJ called out. "That boy's in a world of hurt."

"Yeah!" the crowd hollered back.

"We can't let her get away with that, can we?"

"No!" The folks on the dance floor stopped moving. It seemed everyone in the place except Jesse had joined the shouting.

"All together now, let's tell her what we think. Fuck you, bitch!"

"Fuck you, bitch!" everyone yelled in unison.

The woman in the leather corset swung her whip faster and harder, making the boy scream louder.

"Again," shrieked the DJ.

"Fuck you, bitch!"

The woman twirled the whip over her head, repeatedly striking the boy across his shoulders. He sobbed over and over again. Jesse could hear leather slapping skin over the shouting crowd. Although skinny, the boy stood at least a foot taller than the woman wielding the whip. His arms appeared muscular. Jesse couldn't imagine how she could've secured him to the cross if he'd resisted. He wondered what the whip felt like.

The DJ started Justin Timberlake's *Sexyback*. The woman continued to lash the boy with her whip. Every inch of his shoulders, ass, and thighs were covered with red welts. She hung the whip over her shoulder and walked up close to the boy, unclipping his cuffs from the cross. The boy turned and she caught him in her arms. Jesse could see tears glistening in the boy's eyes, but he clung to the woman who'd beaten him. She kissed him on the forehead and he rested his head on her exposed breasts. Someone handed her a chair over the chain and she sat down, bringing the boy to his knees beside her. He laid his head in her lap and she stroked his hair. Jesse found himself longing to trade places with the boy, to have someone stroking his hair while he rested his head like that. He couldn't see that the lashing was much worse than sex, and you still got the cuddling.

Ashleigh leaned over the chain and said something to the woman. She nodded and scooted the chair back away from the cross, taking the boy with her. He wrapped his arms tightly around her waist,

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keeping his head in her lap. Ashleigh ducked under the chain. Rachel followed, setting her duffle in front of the cross and squatting down on one knee. She unzipped the bag, pulled out a container of cleaning wipes and used one to wipe the surface of the cross. Rachel removed her clothing, folded it neatly, and piled it on a small table next to the cross. Jesse's eyes widened in surprise. Wearing nothing but a black thong, she pulled a set of four leather cuffs from the duffle and handed them to Ashleigh, her head bowed.

Jesse pushed through the crowd to the chain. Ashleigh fastened the cuffs around Rachel's wrists and ankles, then clipped them to the ends of four chains dangling from each arm of the cross. Stepping behind it, Ashleigh turned a crank that tightened the chains. Rachel stood with her ankles spread wide, her face where the upper arms of the cross met, and her arms stretched above her head.

Ashleigh reached into the bag and brought out two items he'd never seen before. Each had a braided leather handle and long, leather strands. At first, Ashleigh held one behind her back while she swirled the other one in a figure-eight pattern against Rachel's back. After a while, she twirled them together, gradually increasing her speed until the strands flew through the air, striking Rachel's back harder and harder.

Despite the force that Ashleigh used, Rachel didn't make a sound. Jesse could barely hear leather slapping flesh over the pulsing beat of The Pussycat Dolls' *Buttons*. He stared as Ashleigh stuffed the leather back in the bag and pulled out a long, narrow, wooden paddle. She stepped up to Rachel and ran her hand along the reddened skin of her back. She gripped Rachel's ass and put her mouth up to her ear. Ashleigh said something Jesse couldn't hear and Rachel nodded her head once.

Ashleigh stepped back, rubbed the paddle against Rachel's ass for a moment, then swung it. Jesse could tell she hit harder and harder with each stroke. She grabbed the paddle in both hands and landed a smack that Jesse heard over the music. Rachel flinched, but didn't cry out. Again and again, Ashleigh hit Rachel as hard as she could, a wicked grin on her face. She paused now between strokes. Rachel stood up on her toes, with clenched fists, after each blow. The moment she dropped her heels back to ground, Ashleigh swung again.

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Jesse admired Rachel's stoicism, and wondered how much she could take. Her ass gleamed bright red in the dim light. When the song ended, Ashleigh stuck the paddle between her legs, reached around Rachel and grabbed her breasts. Jesse could see her talking into Rachel's ears, but he couldn't hear her words. When she released Rachel from the cross, Ashleigh sank down in front of it, holding Rachel in her arms. The two kissed, and Jesse felt himself swell despite having everything tucked between his legs in the gaff.

A big guy with tattoos all over his arms leaned over the chain and spoke to Ashleigh, but she shook her head. She pulled a thin blanket from the duffle, wrapped it around Rachel and helped her move to one side of the cross, kissing her forehead and propping her up against the wall. Then she looked up at Jesse and crooked a finger in his direction. Jesse stared at her wide eyed, unable to move. Ashleigh frowned and crooked her finger again. Despite his reluctance, he found himself stepping over the chain. Maybe she just needed him to get something for Rachel to drink.

When he walked up to Ashleigh, she unzipped his cincher. He gripped it against his waist and shook his head. Ashleigh held out her hand. Jesse relented and gave it to her. She added it to the pile of Rachel's clothing and held out her hand again. He knew what she wanted, but he couldn't imagine stripping in front of the nightclub crowd. Then he remembered the boy's head in the woman's lap, and how Ashleigh had held and kissed Rachel.

Jesse closed his eyes, crossed his arms, eased the dress up the length of his body, and pulled it over his head, handing it to Ashleigh. He could feel her moving around, but he couldn't open his eyes. He just knew people stared at him standing there, wearing just his gaff and his new boots. Jesse felt leather wrap around first one wrist and then the other. Ashleigh guided him with a gentle touch until he felt the cross against his chest. She lifted his arms, fastened the cuffs to the chains, and he heard the crank as his arms were pulled to the top of the cross.

Ashleigh pressed her breasts against his naked back, taking his breath away. "I need you to trust me, Jesse. I'm going to send you someplace you've never been, somewhere I think you'll enjoy. I'm going to start out slowly and build up until it hurts." She stepped

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back and drew the leather strands across his back. "This is a flogger. Some people compare getting flogged to a massage, but I can make it hurt, if I want." She reached around and pinched his nipple. Jesse wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Despite tape and confinement, the pain made him hard. "Tonight I'm going to hurt you, but you have the option of stopping me. If you yell out the word red, I'll stop immediately. That's your safeword. Do you understand?"

He nodded, even though he really didn't. What did she mean by a safeword? Why couldn't he just ask her to stop if he didn't like it?

She stood up on her tip toes and bit his earlobe. "But if you use the word red, I'll never play with you again." He could still feel her teeth in his ear, long after she released him. "You have to trust me Jesse. I know you need this, and I promise you'll thank me when I'm done."

He trembled. He'd seen what his best friend did to her lover, and the thought frightened him. Yet, something in her voice reached out to the hollow place inside him, the one that cried desperately to be filled. Sex hadn't done the trick. Maybe this would. He nodded, then leaned into the cross and waited.

Ashleigh stepped back and Jesse tensed. When he felt the flogger strands thud against his back, he relaxed just a little. It didn't really hurt. Ashleigh picked up the rhythm of the song flowing through the club's speakers, striking with the beat. Jesse took a deep breath. He let his sense of the room and whoever might be staring at him from the other side of the chain fade away. He became one with the Ashleigh's strikes against his back. If he looked down, he could see Rachel, still sitting cross-legged, leaning against the wall, wrapped in the blanket. When she looked up, her eyes didn't see him. She appeared totally stoned. Was that what Ashleigh meant by sending him someplace?

The flogger hit harder and harder, but it still didn't exactly hurt. Jesse rested his arms on the wood of the cross and concentrated on the feeling of the leather pummeling his back. He could smell it.

The strokes started to smart just a little. He thought about shouting red, but he found the pain tolerable. He also remembered Ashleigh's threat. He didn't know what she meant by playing with him, but Ashleigh and Rachel were his only friends. He needed them.

The pain became more intense. Again Jesse, thought about asking

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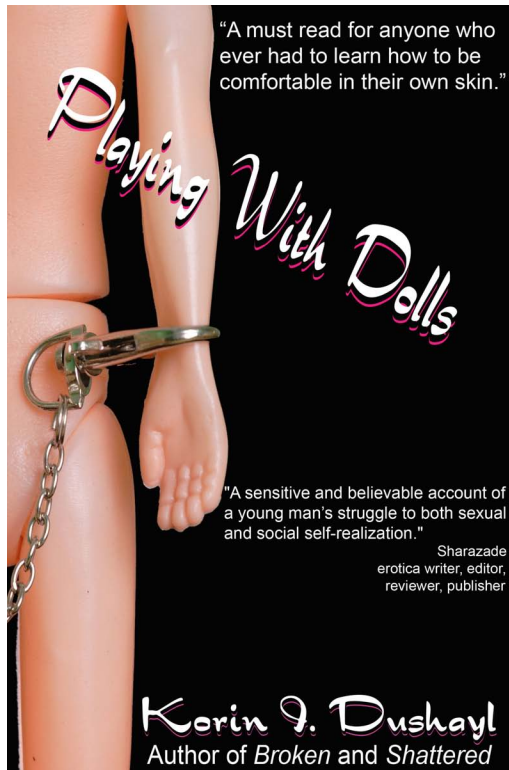
Ashleigh to stop, but he didn't want to disappoint her. She'd asked him to trust her. He clenched his jaw and his fists. He could feel tears forming behind his scrunched eyelids. The leather lashed him fast and furious now, with almost no time between when one stroke lifted from his back and the next one landed. Jesse let the pain wash over him. Even though the blows intensified, he found it interesting that the hurt really didn't. He dropped his head against his shoulder and hung from the cuffs around his wrist. Everything seemed fuzzy, as if he'd gotten drunk.

But, he couldn't remember anything like this, even when he and the girls polished off a bottle of peppermint schnapps on Rachel's birthday. Jesse wasn't sure when Ashleigh traded floggers for her paddle. He felt the blows. He thought they hurt, but he didn't care anymore. He just floated in euphoria.

When the paddle stopped and Ashleigh unfastened his wrists, he couldn't stand. She supported him, letting him slide to the ground next to Rachel. Emboldened by intoxication, he laid his head in Ashleigh's lap and much to his delight, she stroked his curls. An overpowering musk enveloped his nostrils, but he didn't pull away. He found it rather pleasant and snuggled closer, wrapping one arm around Ashleigh's waist. Someone pulled the cross away from them. A woman stood facing it with a man hitting her. Jesse thought about watching, but it didn't seem worth the effort of keeping his eyes open. He shivered and Ashleigh pulled a corner of Rachel's blanket over him. Rachel came with it and spooned him. He floated in bliss.

Learn how this night changed Jesse's life forever in:

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“A Night to Remember” is a snippet from the novel *Playing With Dolls*. an opportunity to sample the type of graphic sadomasochism that awaits you within the covers of *Playing With Dolls* and to decide if *Playing With Dolls* is the type of book you might like to read. **If you paid for “A Night to Remember,” send proof of purchase to Korin. Dushayl at gmail dot com and I will send you a coupon for \$1 off any Korin Dushayl novel.**

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About the Author



As a FemDom, I.G. Frederick knows first hand the beauty of symbiotic D/s relationships filled with love. As an observer she sees the many ways BDSM turns ugly. She writes about abusive and tragic interactions as Korin I. Dushayl.

I.G. Frederick trades words for cash, specializing in erotic and transgressive fiction and poetry since 2001. Her erotic short stories appeared in *Hustler Fantasies*, *Forum*, *Foreplay*, and *Desire Presents*, as well as electronic, audio, and print anthologies. Her novels receive high praise from readers, critics, and other authors.

Ms. Frederick, owns the man she adores who although dominant in the rest of his life, demonstrates his love by serving as her submissive.

<http://transgressivewriter.com>

Other works by

Korin I. Dushayl include:

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