

A scene gone wrong

by Joe aka sagebrush

A few years ago, I was a member of a bondage club. During one of our play parties, I had a scene with a bootblack named Isaiah. We had crossed paths at different kink functions around town, and had chatted a bit here and there...but this was the first time we ever actually played.

The party itself was wrapping up. And most of the guys were heading home or resting upstairs. It was quiet in the basement when he restrained me to the St Andrews cross. But I felt safe. And people I trusted were nearby.

As Isaiah flogged me, I experienced the most erotic sensation across my ass. He lightly flicked me then flung it hard into me, back and forth, light and hard. He went from my ass to my back, and moved his flogger about my body randomly.

I was not much into floggings up to that moment. Being a newbie, I hadn't experienced an endorphine rush from being flogged. But as he worked on me, I really enjoyed it and wanted more. Over all, the scene ended well. And I couldn't wait to do it again.

A few weeks later, we crossed paths at a kink function at a bar. Once again, I asked him to flog me, and he agreed.

But something was different about that night.

Isaiah grabbed a beer from the bar, sat it on the table next to the cross, and began restraining me. The room was loud, and he warned me that he wouldn't be able to hear me very well if I used a safe word. Some friends who were with me that night stayed close, just in case.

Immediately, the flogger thudded against my back. No warm up. It was one smack after another. This went on for a bit. Isaiah stopped at one moment to take a drink and asked me if I was okay. I said yes. I didn't want to quit the scene.

We started again, and he increased the hits, harder and faster. I heard the crowd of twinks and vanilla straight people in the back ground, watching and heckling. "Whooaaa, hit him again, harder," they said, laughing.

I never really enjoyed the scene that night. There was nothing erotic about it. And though I could have ended it at any time, and should have ended it, I kept going.

I dont know how long the scene actually lasted. My friends at various moments asked me if I wanted to stop, but I said no. They knew something was wrong. But I didn't want to give up.

The whacks kept coming harder until finally I said I was done. Isaiah laid his flogger down, unrestrained me, and held me for a second.

He attempted to do a cool down to make sure I was okay. But at that point, it was too late. I was in a dark place. I didn't want him to touch me. I didn't want anyone to touch me. I told him I was fine and walked away. I went over and sat down with my friends at our table.

As I sat there, I felt the need to cry. But I didn't want to. I held it back. My friends kept asking me if I was all right. I told them to stop asking me. They asked me if I wanted to go home, and I said no.

I went to the bathroom twice, trying to deal with the feelings, trying to push them back, to get them to stop. This was stupid, I told myself. I shouldn't be crying. I wanted this.

Isaiah asked me again if I was alright. I gave him the brush off.

Finally, I turned to my friend and roommate Tom and said, "I need to go home." And he took me home.

I was a mess. As we drove home, I was still trying to hold everything in. And I was trying to keep to myself. When we got home, I went to the bathroom and started crying. I locked the door and just wailed like a baby for half an hour. I heard Tom cussing and raving in the kitchen. And soon he was trying to break in the bathroom door. As soon as I opened it, we started fighting.

"Why didn't you say something?" He screamed. "I kept asking you if you were ok? We could have left at any time!" He was pissed, and he wanted answers.

But I didn't have an answer. I should have done a lot of things differently.

I didn't want him to be pissed at me. I wanted him to console me. But at the same time, I didn't want anyone to touch me. Everything was just too raw at that moment, and he couldn't deal with the way I couldn't deal with everything.

Tom was pissed for a while, but he eventually forgave me. For a while after that night, I stayed away from bdsm. I missed some play parties. I kept to myself.

Then, about three months later, Tom and I went to another kink function at the bar. There was not much of a crowd there that night. Not many people playing. It was also early in the evening.

While we were there, I asked Tom to flog me. Not hard. Just lightly.

Tom did a real basic flogging, light and easy. So light, it could have been a tickle scene.

A few minutes into it, I started crying. And this time, I didn't try to stop it. I needed to cry. I needed to feel it, and I needed to express it..

Once again, a group of vanilla people started heckling. A woman yelled for Tom to hit me harder. Tom looked at her and said, "Do you want to be chained to the cross?" She stood up for a second to change places with me, but her boyfriend pulled her back down to the couch. "No thanks," he said.

When it was over, Tom unrestrained me. Then he held me in his arm.

I felt safe again. Safe enough to let go. I cried in his arms. There was no more hanging on to it. It passed right through me. And when I was finished, I felt better than I had in a long while.