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MY SULTRY
CONFESSIONS

Shag, making love, sex... Call it whatever you want. In the end it is all about passion and desire. And who does not like that?

One does it in a plane, an alley, on the beach; on a kitchen table, in a shower or bed... Some people handle out of love, others out of lust. Some like the idea of getting caught, others do not. But in the end we all love it, long or short. Rough or gentle. People who say otherwise are either a virgin, or never had good sex before.

It all depends on the who's and the how's. The when and where's. Everyone knows the song, you just need to know the rhythm.



P R E F A C E

Ever since I was a little girl I have had an obsession with corsets. I wanted to be princess Sissi. Everything about her was perfect.

When I grew somewhat older I saw the beautiful appearance of Dita von Teese on the internet. Pale white skin, beautiful breasts, amazing round hips and a waist to die for. She is a pure and classic beauty and also a corset lover. I fell in love.

A woman in a corset is like the creation of a certain perfection. Every woman now seems to own one, but that's what they say. A real corset is a different story.

I will never forget the first time I got the chance to wear a real one. This was not just a corset. It was a handmade, from breast to above knee corset dress in old pink, made by the fantastic Dutch corset designer Jeroen van der Klis. I felt honoured to do a photo shoot in this amazing garment!

When someone tightens a corset like that, it feels like a child waiting to open her presents on her birthday. Slowly it tightens around your body. If you are not claustrophobic I would recommend it!
If there is one thing that can make you feel like the perfect woman, it has to be this amazing, Bizarre Design handmade perfection.

On the age of thirteen, maybe fourteen, I, together with my mom, discovered a store in Rotterdam. Lots of dark clothing and dark Princess Sissi like dresses. In the back I found something that caught my eye. It was the first time I saw pace clothing.

There was something about this, new to me, fabric. Of course I had to try it on, no doubt about it. I was so struck by it that my mother allowed me to buy the top. And I think it all started there. I bought more pace clothing the few years after that first top.

When I was sixteen and I went for my first time to London I found a little store in Camden, it was so cute and everything was in pastel colours. And there it was, in the middle of the store. My dream dress. It was a beautiful latex gown. The smell and feel of that dress made me fall in love. I did not try it on, too scared to ruin the fragile dress. But from that moment on I knew I would always love the smell of latex.

The first time my body finally felt latex on its skin I did not have enough time to enjoy it. It was at the end of a photo shoot when the photographer told me I could try a suit on. It felt so good that I could not wait to try it another time! And luckily for me I did. The experience was amazing. It was a transparent latex cat suit. For those who never wore latex before, it is not that easy to put on. Gently I lubricated my whole body, from my toes all the way up, carefully enjoying every second of it.

I already enjoyed the feeling of my lubricated skin, so smooth and soft covering it inch by inch with the latex. Somehow it made me feel so sexy, so complete. It is like a second skin, which needs to be touched, to be caressed.

To be honest, I never thought I would like sex that much. Of course I liked it; I would lie if I said I did not. I think we just were not experienced enough. Somehow the lights were always off, same position and always the same bed... It was just too boring for me. I needed something more.

Imagining all the things we could do...

Soon I started to fantasize about my best friend. He was always there when I needed him and we talked about everything. Guess I do not have to tell you what happened next. Maybe it was the tension, the secret.

He was not as sweet and soft as my boyfriend was. He was more skilled and above all he was rough... I was not a porcelain doll that would break the very first moment we touched. I wanted something more, something different, and something I never even dreamed about.

Tenseness and sexual desire took over; I surrendered to what I had never felt before. Pure lust. That day I experienced so many firsts, got so many questions and answers at the same time. From that moment on I knew I would love sex forever and there was so much more to learn.

I had always been a shy girl. I dressed differently from the girls at school, and was a bit of a loner. Did not have many friends and since I moved to another town I started to be active on social networking sites. I found one for alternative people and even got attention from guys for a change.

I started to e-mail with a guy. In the beginning these mails were all goody-goody but after a while we decided to meet. We talked and walked around, just kept a normal conversation going. I did not find him very attractive, but he was cute and we had quite some things in common.

He talked a lot, and I liked to listen. Kind of a big mouth and I laughed about that from the inside. When he was nervous he started to stutter, I thought that was extremely cute. It made me wonder. Would he stutter and stumble when he got intimate? Or was he secretly very good in bed?

When we began to talk about sex I noticed he was making stuff up and he acted like he was a pro. Although I was a bit shy and did not say much I thought I had to show him a piece of my mind. One of the few things I loved was sex and shocking people. So I pushed him against a wall, bent through my knees and told him to be quiet since we were outside, unless he wanted to get caught...



EMPTY WORDS - N°1

I do not need your loving whispers or sweet and empty words that mean nothing. I need a strong hand, not a gentle one. Do not hesitate, be less than tender. Pull me up and push me down. Make me beg. Tie me, bind me, rope and wind me and make me lose control. Grab my hair with a merciless pull, yank it and make me scream.

Moaning and groaning, a sigh and a gasp, make me beg for air. Finger tracing my mouth, not knowing what will come next. I want you completely. Fill me with your need and take my desire. You do not have to treat my body as if it is fragile. Harsh caresses, bite marks and scratches. The rope burning in my wrists and holding me still, exposed for your eyes to see. My cheeks warm up and for a moment I look down at myself, at this examination I find myself in. Raw bestial passion, my body is craving for it. That is what I am longing for. I do not want your light licks and soft kisses, I want you to make me toss and turn. Sensations linger, my heart is pounding and my blood is rushing through my veins, trembling and boiling. Moving my wrists carefully and biting my lip, just for the game and not as a try to escape. Entangle me in your heat, cover me with your soul.