

The Book of Hours Excerpt #2: Rope Coma

Illustration by Jan van Rijn

Text by Sherilyn Connelly

2010



She told me her name was Coma White, but I already knew that. Years ago at a sex party called Black Sheets, Coma had topped me in a play piercing session which had gone horribly awry--but also *wonderfully* awry, transcendently awry in the way that way that only S&M can get when things don't go quite as intended, when you break through unexpected barriers and live to tell the tale.

Did Coma no longer remember me? My hair had changed over the years, and maybe I blended in with all the other people she'd played with, even though our time together had ended with me blacked out in the corner of the room with half a dozen needles in each breast. Or maybe she *did* remember me, but preferred to pretend that she didn't. Maybe that was Coma's trip, how she kept it interesting. All I knew was that I'd been yearning to play with her again ever since that night, and if this was how she wanted to do it, this was how it would be done.

We were presently at Girl Pile, an all-girl orgy. Coma had tied me up, an elaborate process which I wish had taken longer, and progressed from spanking me to pummeling

my asscheeks. Every so often she'd ask me if I wanted her to continue, and I'd always say, "Yes, please." Coma told me she said she appreciated how polite I was being, and all I could think was, why wouldn't I be? My mother raised me right, and besides, when this was over it was *over* for gods know how long. It would be back to the drought, and while this wasn't exactly what I wanted, it was all I'd gotten in a long time. There had been nothing but teases, and even precious few of those, ever since Devi had disappeared shortly after inviting me to dinner, and I knew this may well be *all* I would ever get.

I liked it best when Coma would occasionally straddle me, when I could feel her body against mine, because that's what my life was lacking: contact, warmth, the feel of someone else holding me gently, of being loved. But it was easier to find someone to hurt me than to cuddle with me, especially within San Francisco's sex community, so I took what I could get.

Opening my eyes, I saw that most of the other Girl Pilers were rapt with attention. Then I realized that while they were rapt, it wasn't with us. Instead, they were looking past us to where the host was fisting another girl. Of course. If I'd learned anything over the years, it's the inevitability of being upstaged—there's always someone prettier, and two girls fisting is always going to be a bigger attraction than a bound tranny getting spanked.

That's just the way of things.



This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 2nd Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.