

# **Bukakke Bride**

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Maddox and I go way back. As far back as is it possible for two people to go in fact. As if being born at the same time on the same day at the same hospital was not crazy enough, we also shared the same spelling of the same last name. There are, however, two very distinct differences between us. He was born a black baby boy and I a white girl. So I can only imagine the look on my parents' faces when the nurse came in my mother's room and handed her a little bundle of black joy. As the story goes our parents met after the mix up, had a laugh and became pretty quick friends.

From camping out in one of our back yards to just hanging out and chilling, Maddox and I did everything together. When we were nine he was the first boy I had ever kissed. No, there was nothing overtly sexual about it and it definitely was not planned (at least not on his part), but it felt like the right thing to do at the moment. He was also that one boy I played doctor and house with. At fifteen we lost our virginities to each other. And while the experience was everything I dreamed it would be, I ended up late two months in a row and seven months later we had our first child.

I won't lie and say it was all sunshine and rainbows as that could not be further from the truth, but I will say we both had the most amazing support structure two struggling teen parents could ask for. At least one of our parents were available to watch baby Eliza so that we could finish school and another took care of her while we did homework in the evenings. When we turned sixteen we both got after school jobs – he at Burger King and me at Dairy Queen, and together we were able to provide the best life for our child as two horny idiots incapable of keeping their genitals apart could. I say that because I got pregnant again when we were seventeen and we welcomed out second child into this world – a son we named Grant after his grandfather.

It was hard, but we both graduated high school with remarkably good grades for two exhausted teenage parents. Both of us determined to go to college so that we could provide the best possible life for our growing family, we were once again aided by an amazing support structure. Both of my parents work in real estate and own several properties – one of which they were willing to let us live in rent free on condition that we both go to college and I get on birth control until after I've had a chance to settle into a career. It was a condition we were both more than happy to agree to and so at age eighteen we move into our new home.

It was hard supporting a family of four on fast food money, but luckily for us we had both been working the same job for two years and when all the talk about raising the minimum wage to fifteen dollars an hour began we were given substantial raises. Not fifteen dollar and hour raises, but it was a far cry better than the minimum we were getting and suddenly life was not quite so hard anymore.

Before I delve deeper into the rabbit hole that is my life, I need to take several steps back and explain that while Maddox and I were madly in love with each other, our preferences in the bedroom were polar opposites. I was shy, reserved. Despite the overwhelming support of my family I was raised to believe no matter how enjoyable it may be sex was something done for the sake of procreation. Maddox, on the other hand, was a free spirit that loved to experiment with new things. For the most part he catered to my shyness, but that all changed when we turned eighteen and moved in together.

I had just put Eliza and Grant down for the evening. Maddox and I were in the living room with plans of getting a movie in before we went to bed ourselves. I knew something was up all day just by the way he had been acting, but I had learned long ago that it was best to let him get it out on his own terms so I kept my mouth shut and waited.

Fidgeting with the remote, he finally looked over at me and slowly exhaled. "Honey, we need to talk," he said, his voice trembling.

"I'm listening," I replied, fearing he was about to tell me he was leaving me for someone else.

"Please promise you'll let me finish before jumping in and biting my head off."

"I promise."

He paused for a long time to collect his thoughts before continuing. "You know I'm very...open, when it comes to sex." What I was thinking must have come through on my face because he suddenly groaned and shook his head. "Forget it."

"No, please go on, I want to hear what you have to say. I promise I won't interrupt."

"I want you to experiment with me, Marlee. I want us to try new things together. Yes, I understand that you may not like it, hell, I might not like it either but we'll never truly know unless we try. More specifically, I want to dominate you."

"Um, what? Sorry, I don't mean to interrupt but what do you mean by dominate me?"

"Do you know what bdsm is?"

"You mean like bondage and submission?"

"Those are certainly two aspects of the lifestyle yes. I'm not asking you to jump in head first without getting all the facts for yourself, but it would mean the world to me if you were at least willing to entertain the idea."

"Okay."

"Huh?"

"I said okay. You've put your desires on hold for me so it's only fair that I step out of my shell and at least try to do what pleases you. My question is, how in the hell do you know so much about it?"

"Horny boy meet internet," he grinned. "If you're actually serious I have some websites you can look at for information and if you're still interested in giving it a try we can talk about it afterwards."

"And if I'm not interested?"

"Then I'll never mention it again. If you're just going to say no you might as well do so now and save us the time and frustration."

"I said I'll give it a chance and I will. Show me these websites and we'll go from there." Maddox and I went to our office and he logged into his laptop. Going through his favorites he opened a website and then got up so I could sit down.

"Please read the entire page and if you have any questions don't hesitate to ask no matter how embarrassing you may think they are. When you're done you can look at some of the other pages I have saved to get an idea what I want to do to you." Leaning down, he gave me a kiss and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't want my presence to influence your decision so I'll be in the living room when you're done. Take your time and please read everything so you at least have a basic understanding of the lifestyle before telling me yes or no."

"I'll read everything on the site but it might take more than one night to digest it all."

“Perfectly understandable. There’s a lot of information to pour over and this is definitely not something you want to take lightly so please take your time. I’ve waited this long to pique your interest and I’m willing to wait for as long as it takes. Basically, what I’m trying and failing to say is there’s no rush.”

“I appreciate that.”

“Not as much as I appreciate you at least looking into it. Okay, I’m going now before I stand here and talk about it all night.” Giving me another kiss he left me alone to my task.

The first page I looked at was basically a seemingly endless lexicon of bdsm terminology and I was not even a third of the way through the extensive list before concluding there was more to the lifestyle that ninety-nine percent of people, myself included, knew about. Taking a break after my first reading, I went to another page containing stories of men and women submitting to their Masters and Mistresses for the first time and while not my normal cup of tea, I found myself getting incredibly turned on by their confessions.

Embarrassed at being turned on by such stories, I yanked my hand out of my pajama bottoms and gave the lexicon another read if only to better commit the terms to memory. I then found a section where men and women were interviewed and one in particular caught my attention. The question asked by the Master conducting the interview was: What does submission mean to you? Carrie answered as follows:

*“While it certainly happens more often than not, submission for me isn’t the random games some couples play in the bedroom. Not that there’s anything wrong with that. To me, submission is a way of life. It is a willingness, the desire to relinquish control to another. It is obeying the one you serve without hesitation, complaint or fear. It is the ability to anticipate your Master’s every need and the desire to fulfill them without question. Those not into this lifestyle see submission and by extend submissives as weak-willed automatons too afraid to break out of what they believe is an abusive situation, but if they took the time to do a little research they would quickly come to understand that it is the submissive that truly holds all the power.”*

*“Please explain for those not into the lifestyle what you mean by that,” the interviewer said next.*

*“The core tenants of this lifestyle are safe, sane and consensual. What I said about the submissive holding all of the power in the relationship ties directly in with the consensual aspect. While it may seem to an outside observer that the Master or Mistress is in control, they need to understand that without the submissive to willingly submit, said Master or Mistress have nothing. Yes, the dominant one in the relationship controls the flow of the scene, but if I, as a submissive, tell my Master something isn’t working he’ll stop doing that thing. Not because I’m suddenly in charge, but because to do otherwise takes it out of the realm of consent and into that of abuse. In short, the dominant only has whatever power the submissive grants them and nothing more.”*

The interview went on for a while longer, but I needed a moment to digest what I had just read so that’s where I stopped. Taking a break from the reading, I went to another section of the site titled: submissive positions which showed an incredibly beautiful young brunette woman in a dozen different poses. Biting my lip, I rolled the chair back, stood, locked the office door so my boyfriend could not come barging in and then tried them all to see if they elicited any sort of emotion. Starting with kneeling, I got on my knees and placed my hands behind my back as the

woman in the picture was doing. It was mildly exciting, but I did not really feel all that submissive doing it.

Next, keeping my feet together I spread my knees and locked my hands behind my head. The position was called exposed, but I was feeling more ridiculous than anything. And then it hit me. She was butt naked. I was fully clothed. To remedy that and put us on an even playing field, I stood and stripped out of my clothes. I was not even in position yet and I was already feeling different and not in an entirely bad sort of way.

Kneeling. Expose. Endure. Rest. Inspect. Wait. Wall. Rear. Floor. Hands. Humble. Punishment. I went through all twelve submissive positions. Five times. Each making me feel more submissive than the last and as I thought about everything I had read up to this point, I could see at the very least giving it the occasional try. But there was still a lot to go over and I was nothing if not thorough.