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## **New Dawning International Bookfair**

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### **Belladonna's Submissive 21st Birthday**

\$3.99

For Belladonna's whole life, from a very young age, she, was obsessed with sex. From the time she had her first self-induced orgasm at the tender age of nine, she was consumed with the idea of sex and satisfaction between two people. From the time she turned eighteen, her mammoth sexual appetite seemed to grow.

Now, in college, she takes a job as a nude model for a college sketch class. The professor is a dreamboat and Belladonna wants him bad. She is sure it is just a matter of time and they will become intimate, but after months pass without any overt interest she wonders what the problem is.

Getting desperate, with her twenty-first birthday approaching, she confronts him only to find out he's a dom and he invites her to celebrate her birthday as a sub in a bdsm session.

Excerpt:

With my birthday only four days away, I had to do something, but what?

I still drooled over my art instructor employer, Ramon, so I decided to concentrate on him. I'd worn a sexy see through peignoir to class that day. On my last break of the class, after making certain the peignoir displayed my breasts to the best advantage, I walked up to Ramon. Easing in close, I made sure one of my breasts rubbed his shoulder.

He looked up just a little shocked. Then after lowering his gaze to my choice, if I do say myself, breasts, returned to my eyes. "Yes?"

"I wondered if I could speak with you for a couple minutes after class."

He nodded and blinked both eyes. "Sure. I'll wait for you."

When I returned to my stool, I shifted my pose so I faced Ramon and opened my legs so only he could see between them. Then I slumped a little, enough that my pussy lips were prominently displayed to him. It thrilled me to see that for once he watched, though with an amused smile on his face.

When the class ended, as promised Ramon waited for me at his desk. I wanted him to see the entirety of me so I waltzed up to and stood off to the side of his desk.

He turned, chair and all, to face me? "What can I do for you?"

When I removed my peignoir, his eyes expanded. "What are you doing?"

"I want to know what you find wrong with me."

He stuck his hands out, palms up, to the side. "Frankly, nothing. You're a beautiful woman."

"Then why in three and a half months of seeing me naked have you never made one play for me, 'cause frankly, you wouldn't have to play very hard. Are you gay?"

He smiled so broad the corners of his eyes wrinkled. "No, I'm not gay."

"Then why?" I pleaded.

"I could think of a half dozen reasons why it's not a good idea for me to see you, but one stands out above the others.'

I placed my hands on my hips. "What's that?"

"My sexual appetite would be too much for you."

I furrowed my brow and cocked my head. "That's impossible! No one has a greater sexual appetite than I do!"

He chuckled. "No, that's not what I mean. I'm talking about an alternative sexual lifestyle. One of which you probably would disapprove.

I frowned. "All right. I give?"

"Do you know what a dom is?"

I didn't like the sound of that. At least I didn't think I did. "You mean like in BDSM."

"Yes."

"And you're a dom?"

He nodded.

"And your playmates are?"

"Submissives."

"So, if we were to do anything in a sexual nature, I would have to be you're sub."

"I'm afraid so. You would be, in effect, my love slave, to do anything I want with you, nothing more than personal property. I could punish you or reward you. I could even give you away temporarily or permanently to another dom or even a lady domme."

"You couldn't just forget you were a dom?"

"I could and you are a tempting morsel, but I wouldn't get the quality of satisfaction I crave."

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