

# MORTIFICATION

*C.B. Anderson*

That torrid night she acted on a whim,  
uncloseting her kinks, did not make up  
for his discomfort when she outed him  
by saying he was just a grovelling pup

in front of all their friends. He licked her boots,  
it's true, but only owing to the fact  
she liked to have them licked: her sadist roots  
were stirred so deeply that she then attacked

him with a passion—leather from her switch  
is still embedded in his skin. A slave  
she made of him, her own submissive bitch  
too glad to have her teach him to behave.

Humiliation's fine if linked to love,  
but tell the world? What *was* she thinking of?

“Mortification” © 2006 by C.B. Anderson