



Cutting Away The Pain

By

Summer Fey Foovay

An Electronic Publication from Forbidden Publications in arrangement with author,  
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Cover Art and Design by Marianne LaCroix, Copyright © 2006.

Edited by Rene Walden.

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I am trying to explain about the pain. But it is as if we do not speak the same language. I am trying to explain something to you that is so simple to me, but you cannot understand a word I say, as if I were speaking Swahili. We are using the same words, but in our minds, they are not attached to the same concepts.

The pain is sweetness, and life. It is something I can control. Physical pain holds no fear for me. Instead it is a familiar old friend. I cling to it like a half-rotten teddy bear. Or so I imagine, because I don't have a teddy bear, and never did.

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My mistress draws the razor down my belly. I lay very still. Movement could equal real injury, even though she is always very careful with me. She values me above the most precious diamonds. She carves into my meat and creates a beautiful jewel, fit to set in the most precious metals, or display in silken gowns carefully chosen to expose my scars. There is beauty in pain.

Physical pain does not hurt me. Not like the pain of being told over and over every day of my life that I can remember that I am ugly, stupid, filthy and disgusting and that no one will ever want me. You will believe that, when your mother tells you those things. After all, your own mother doesn't love you. She hates you. She wishes you were never born. You've ruined her entire life and everything that is bad is all your fault.

I go entire days when I think I have left all that pain behind me. Then I will see a mother with her daughter, hugging and kissing her precious little girl, telling her, "I love you". Then the pain of it washes over me like a shower of warm water.

The hot, red blood slowly trickles down my ribs, tickling a little. I can stop that pain, so easily. At first it isn't even pain, only a touch, pressure. Then it is sharp, making me gasp and my movement spreads the edges of the cuts and they burn a little and the blood washes over me. Then my mind wraps around it and says, "It is only pain. I accept it. I control it. And it no longer hurts, but becomes a pleasure.

My mistress draws the fine blade from my collarbone down my body to my navel and stops. I want it to go on. I want her to never stop. I moan and make my muscles hard, flexing like a cat raising her back to be petted. A drop of blood trembles in my belly button, an inny. It is one of the very few things I like about myself. Because I think outies are ugly. I think I am ugly.

Pain is bearable. My father hurt me. I believed he was my father until I was fourteen. By then, it didn't matter anyway. When I cried, he told me, "Stop it. Your mother will hear and she will be very angry at you." I stopped because I was far more afraid of her when she was angry. He explained to me when I was just a baby that I had to satisfy him because men had to be satisfied or they would get sick and die and my mother could not do it because she was "special".

Sometimes, she screamed at him like she did at me. Then he would put me in the car and we would drive around. He would talk to me like we were buddies, pals, and the only two people who understood what it was like to live with the crazy woman. I liked that. He loved me. He held me and kissed me. He cared about me and kept her from killing me. But we had to keep *The Secret*.

Even now, thinking about *The Secret* makes my heart pound so hard I think it will burst from my chest. My Mistress puts her hand over my heart when it thunders like this. She cups my breast, looking into my eyes, and then she kisses me. I surrender to her, and my heart only thunders for her as her hands move lower and draw me close. Her fingers invade and give me the only touch I ever knew as love, as pleasure.

Only Daddy ever touched me before the Mistress. Only he ever told me I did anything right. The Secret thing I did because he needed it or he would die. My Mother would stomp past, hissing about how filthy we were. She was Special. She

never did those things. We were filthy animals and she was some pure, pristine white crystal Angel we must never touch.

Sometimes what he did hurt me, but if I complained it made him angry. Then he would turn away from me and not pay attention to me. Mother would hiss at me and tell me I had no right to complain, everything was my own fault. No one ever fussed over my pain. I did not know that pain was something bad. It was only something that I had and that I had to bear quietly because it was my fault. Everything bad was all my fault and I deserve it because I am a filthy animal.

My mistress stands and walks away. My body is criss-crossed with thin, shining lines of red. She is cutting the memories out of me so I can be clean. She is making me beautiful.

I see the bottle of alcohol in her hand when she returns. It will make me clean and keep me safe. The cold makes me shiver as she pours it over my breasts and belly; my nipples stand up hard. Chuckling, she flicks them with a nail, distracting me just as I am soaking in the pain as the alcohol traces the red lines to clear. Sometimes, she uses hydrogen peroxide instead, because it makes me giggle as it bubbles and fizzes like Alka-Seltzer on my skin and hearing me giggle makes her smile at me. Her smile goes all the way up to her eyes. She is the only person I ever remembering smiling that way at me.

I believe she loves me. She fills my need for pain, and then treats me with the softest, gentlest touch I have ever felt as she blots the cuts clean with sterile pads. She puts little butterfly band-aids on my clean, clean skin to hold it together. I would do anything for her.

My Mistress loves the way I handwash her pretty things and scent them with honeysuckle and myrrh. She loves to come home to a clean house and the smell of dinner cooking. As I kneel at her feet with a tray, she stokes my hair and smiles. Sometimes she tilts my face back and gives me a kiss for thank you, if I had a tail I would wag it.

I learned to clean, cook, and handwash pretty things because I hoped it would please my Mother. I cleaned and cleaned, cooked, sewed, and washed, but still every day she would come home and find fault with something. A speck of dirt on the baseboard behind the bathroom door, and she would rant and scream at me for hours. I could do nothing right, I fucked up and ruined everything I ever touched and she should have had the abortion. Everything bad was all my fault.

Daddy got sick. He couldn't do *The Secret* any more, but he wanted me to go get boys and do it and let him watch. I couldn't do that because they had taught me not to talk to anyone and never ever to tell or do *The Secret* for anyone else or everyone would know. Everyone in the world would know how filthy I was and hate me. So I didn't do *The Secret*, so he got sicker and died. It was all my fault.

He died and left me with my Mother. She didn't want me. She wanted to catch another man, and no man would want a woman with a filthy, disgusting horrible child like me. I was nineteen by then. She didn't want anyone to know she had a child who was so old. I hid a lot. I thought that she might kill me. Or just take me somewhere and abandon me. I knew that now no one in the whole world would ever love me. I didn't know what would happen to me.

Mother had a cocktail party at the house. She invited a lot of men and only women she believed were less pretty than she. I made pretty little snacks and set up a pretty bar and a pretty table. I served everyone wearing a funny maid's uniform. Mother told everyone she made the snacks and hired a maid. If they recognized me as her daughter, she laughed her merry, bell like laugh and said, yes, but I liked to play pretend and I wanted to wear the costume. She told some of them I was her stepdaughter, her poor dead husband's child from an earlier marriage. Always she drew attention away from me to herself. I had long since learned to make myself invisible. She was the life of the party. Everyone loved her. A male guest told me how lucky I was to have such a wonderful stepmother, while his eyes raked up and down my body like Daddy's used to.

A tall woman with long black hair came to that party. She watched me with knowing eyes, and smiled right at me when I brought her snacks. At first, I was afraid. If anyone really knew me, they would hate me. I didn't know how to act beyond saying the proper, polite things I had been taught. I didn't know how to talk to people. Besides, I knew they were all out to get me, and would hate me if they knew me.

When the party was almost over, a man was whispering with my mother. She was giggling and happy. I was relieved. If he made her happy, she wasn't screaming at me. But he kept looking at me. She touched him, patted him, and ran her hands down his arms. It was really weird. I had never seen her touch anyone. Let alone a man.

Glaring her hot look at me, I heard her hiss, "She is just fine alone. She stays alone all the time."

He looked at her, in a shocked way. I wondered what they were talking about and tried to listen with my back turned as I cleared things away.

My mother laughed again and sort of wiggled. He looked at her hips and put his hand on them. This was really getting bizarre. No one was allowed to touch my mother. The tall woman was still there, too. She looked at me with those eyes that knew me and made me shiver, then smiled at my Mother and said she would be happy to stay with me.

Happy to get her way, my Mother graciously accepted and she and the man left, her hand on his shoulder. By ones and twos the other guests drifted out, and then I was alone with a woman whose name I did not even know. I bustled around, cleaning up after the party, not knowing what else to do.

Cleaning is good for me. I'm comfortable when I'm cleaning. Sometimes when I clean really good, someone will say something nice. It happens.

The tall woman watched me clean, and relaxed on the couch as I did dishes. When all was put away and the carpet was vacuumed, she finally spoke to me.

She called me over and asked if I would make her a drink. I listed off all the beverages we had left, and also offered another snack if she would like, listing what

was left, or what I could fix for her. Nodding, her smile beamed out at me as she gave me very precise instructions about what she wanted and exactly how she wanted it.

Pleased at a simple task, I went to the kitchen and did exactly as she told me. I carefully put exactly three cubes of ice in the glass, poured a shot into a shot glass to measure it correctly as I mixed her drink, and then artfully arranged a few of the small snacks on a plate for her. With a tray under one arm, I brought it all to her on the couch, set up the tray and served her.

“Please, kneel here while I eat,” she requested.

Without thinking, I knelt at her feet. She ate daintily. Her hands are very pretty with long, elegant fingers and long, beautifully manicured nails. My mother wears big, flashy cocktail rings for parties, but my Mistress has only a plain silver ring on one hand. It’s big, almost like a man’s ring, but it suits her. It’s not on her left hand. I began to wonder about her, and wonder, if I asked her things, would she answer?

My Mistress reached out one hand and stroked it down my waist length mouse brown hair.

“You have beautiful hair.” She complimented me.

I swallowed with fear. No one gave me compliments unless they wanted something, because I was much too ugly. My mother told me that a million times. What could this woman want?

I was really very naive for someone who had been having sex with a grown man from the age of 2.

Stock-still from fear, I sat beside her. She stroked my hair hypnotically, nonchalantly, as she gracefully nibbled the finger food and sipped her drink. Slowly, I relaxed, in spite of myself, as her deft fingers ran through my hair. I was so tired.

“That was very good,” her voice was soft and reassuring as she moved the tray aside. “Did you make all of this yourself?”

I knew my mother had lied and said she made them. What should I do? Tensing with anxiety, I only then realized that I had relaxed to the point of slumping against the couch, my head almost in her lap. Not knowing how to answer, I froze.



The elegant woman bent slightly, and looking into my eyes said, "It's okay. You did make them, didn't you? You are very talented. I promise, I won't tell her you told."

Despite the lump of fear in my throat, I felt that I could trust her. But I couldn't speak. So I nodded.

"Yes. I thought so. Do you remember my name?"

Tears filled my eyes as I realized I did not. She had been kind to me. I wanted to please her, to make her like me at least for a little while, and I couldn't even remember her name. I wasn't even sure we had been introduced.

"Shhhhh." She shushed me. I was fascinated. I don't think I'd ever heard that sound before. Not like that.

Cupping my face in her hands, she drew me near. Her face filled my vision. Her eyes were a deep violet color, surrounded by truly black lashes. She had a face like some I had seen on my mother's soap operas (she only watched to see the fashions, she said), with papery white skin and hollow cheeks; elegant, not cadaverous. A few faint lines spoke more of smiles than frowns, wisdom rather than bitterness. Her lips were thin and a trace of gloss was the only evidence of makeup. Her teeth seemed large, but they filled her smile with a white glow that seemed to make the room lighter when she smiled.

She smiled at me now and then whispered, "I bet you know how to keep a secret."

My heart stopped beating. Oh no, she knew. She would hate me for the filthy, nasty animal that I am. My face flushed red and hot tears blurred my vision as a ragged sob broke from my throat. What would she do now? Run screaming from the house and tell everyone in the world? Then everyone would hate me. What would I do? Could I hide? In truth, I was so terrified I had lost all feeling and I suddenly sagged to the floor like a silken robe carelessly dropped.

The woman gracefully flowed to the floor with me. Holding my face in her hands, still holding my eyes with hers, she drew my limp form against her body, molded us together and then ... closed her eyes and kissed me.

No woman had ever held me. No woman had ever, ever kissed me. I had never even seen my mother kiss anyone on the lips. Never.

For one second my mind fought like a terrified sparrow in a brass cage. What was happening? She should be running away, repulsed, saying awful things to me. She wasn't.

Well-taught instinct took over. My lips parted in welcome and my tongue reached to caress hers. She responded as if this was exactly what she had expected, pressing her firm lips against my full ones, her tongue invading, exploring. Her hands ran over my body, squeezing and pulling me tight against her.

I wasn't sure where my hands should go, once I regained the use of my body. Her soft breasts pressed against me. I had never touched a female breast other than my own puny examples, more nipple than bosom. My hands found their way to her breast, to cup and explore.

She moaned softly, and moved so that her dress slipped from her shoulders. Suddenly those soft, strangely heavy teats filled the palms of both of my hands. I lifted them to my face and sucked a hard nipple into my mouth. Her back arched as she offered herself up to me.

I wallowed in that soft flesh. Licked, nibbled, sucked and ran my cheeks over their satin softness. She made sultry noises of pleasure and ran one hand down my hip, and then up between my thighs. Something inside of me, around my navel, a big hard knot that had hurt all the time suddenly let go, and just like it was a dam holding it back, a flood of fluids came out of my pussy. I gasped and flushed, embarrassed, sure that she would pull away.

Instead, she said "Ah!" as if it were wonderful. A slender finger slid inside of me and I realized I wanted so much for her to make me cum over and over again. I lifted my hips and together we pulled off my underwear. She began to finger fuck me. I humped her hand wildly, my legs spread wide so she slipped one finger, then another, and another, into my sucking hole.

My eyes were closed with pleasure. The most sublime sensation I had ever felt tempted them open. Her head was between my legs. Her soft lips sucked my clit into her warm, wet mouth. Her long silken black hair softly draped my body.

Losing all control, I screamed as my first orgasm hit so hard I felt sure I would turn inside out. I could hear my pussy slurping and sucking as my legs thrashed uncontrollably. If I had a shred of decency left I would have been embarrassed. But I'm just a filthy little animal.

She held me. Her strong arm wrapped around my hips and controlled me so I could not thrash away from her. Her lips left my clit for a minute, but her tongue teased the meat of me, softly, lightly as I recovered. She left her hand inside me, still but filling me as my muscles clamped it hard.

"Can you do it again?" she asked. I looked at her kind, violet eyes and nodded, panting.

She made me cum over and over and over again until I could hardly even breathe and my body was trembling with fatigue. Only then did she raise her dress and slip off her underwear and hose. I did not know what to expect, but I opened my legs and arms to her as she drew herself on top of me. For the first time I felt the sensation of hot, wet pussy flesh melding together.

She was swollen, hot and wet. It felt good on my abused flesh. Wiggling a little she smiled at me, as she got comfortable. It made me feel good to see her eyes close with pleasure. Supporting herself on her arms, she began to fuck me gently with her pussy. Her face was soft against mine as she ran her lips lightly over my cheeks, ears, and neck.

Impossibly, I felt myself responding again. I moaned with mixed pleasure and pain, sure I was too exhausted to come again. She began to rub harder, faster, holding me hard against her. I could feel her hot and swelling, her juices flowing hot over my pussy lips, the friction of our clits together. Giving myself over to need, I humped wildly beneath her. My fingers sunk into her ass cheeks, and I was rewarded with the

sounds of her lust as she thrust against me. Her pounding orgasm set off my own as our juices mixed, pouring into a hot wet puddle beneath my ass.

We panted together. I was suddenly aware of our rumpled clothes, the carpet under me, the throb of her hot cunt, and the softness of her breasts between us.

What had I done?

As if she could read my mind, she lifted her face and looked into my eyes. Her look was gentle and her eyes seemed wet somehow. I had never seen anyone look at me with love, yet some animal instinct inside of me knew the meaning of that look. My whole body felt warm, as if suddenly I found myself in the womb again. Her lips curled in a gentle smile.

"Don't worry," she whispered. She was so close to my face I could smell the spices of the snacks and the alcohol of the drink I had mixed for her "You don't have to be afraid any more. I am going to take care of you."

She stood and held out a hand to me. I took her hand, so gentle and soft, yet strong and she lifted me up.

She has never let me down.

She told me to call her Mistress.

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My Mother did not return until dawn was lighting the sky. In spite of my Mistresses words, I lay in my bed awake and rigid with fear when I heard her at the door. I heard their voices, low, then my mothers sharp denial, and a strange noise - soft, knowing, laughter, - followed by a long quiet. Then my Mothers voice, that hard voice she used when dealing with things she did not wish to deal with. Like me.

My Mistress' voice was low and pleasant, yet strong. I dared to think that my Mother had met her match. Someone she could not charm with her lies or frighten with her temper and her poison tongue.

I heard a snort of contempt, my Mistress's for my Mother. I almost giggled in a hysterical moment born of fear and a rising sense of hope.

My Mother threw open my bedroom door and I bolted upright in terror.

"Get dressed, and get out. Now. I never want to see you again. I never want to hear from you again. I don't want to know you are alive. Do you hear me?"

I nodded frantically. Jumping from the bed I grabbed the first thing at hand, that silly maid costume. My Mother started to snarl, and then I saw my Mistress behind her. I realized then she was taller than my Mother, and more gentle, but more dangerous, too. Quietly, but firmly, my Mistress said, "That's fine. Just let her go."

My Mother's angry eyes grew wide with fear.

She was afraid. My Mother. Was afraid.

A warm sense of confidence suddenly filled me. My Mistress shouldered her way past my Mother, and then more or less pushed her into the hall. A hysterical giggle bubbled up into my throat. I was still holding the dumb costume in one hand.

"That's fine. Do you have a long coat?" my Mistress asked me gently. There was a twinkle in her eyes and I realized she was thoroughly enjoying bullying my Mother – who was so used to being the bully here.

I nodded. A smile I couldn't suppress suddenly bloomed on my face as I tugged my way into the costume. I heard my Mother take a breath to spit "Wipe that stupid smile off your face" at me – but she never got that far.

My Mistress silenced her with a look. At that moment I would have kissed her feet with gratitude. Eventually, I did, but that was later. At my Mistress' gesture, I stepped past her and around my mother. I grinned up at my Mother. It felt strange on my face, as if I didn't smile often. I could see the fury on my Mother's face as she looked at me.

She threw that look towards my Mistress, meeting an arched eyebrow and flashing violet eyes that made her take an actual step back. To cover up, my Mother snarled at me, "As far as I am concerned, you are dead. Everyone will be told you robbed me and ran away."

With a goofy grin on my face I dashed past her, grabbed my coat, looked around the beautiful house I had groomed to perfection for so many years, stepped into my flats and opened the door for my Mistress. With one last warning look for my Mother, she nodded at me and stepped outside.

I stuck out my tongue at my Mother and left.

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The flat of the blade circles my aureole and my eyes open to drink in my Mistress sitting on the bed beside me. She is older now, still tall and erect in her posture. I dye the gray in her hip length hair black for her with my own hands. Sometimes, in a facetious mood, she will let me dye it blue or purple or fire engine red. Her breasts are still full and heavy, the nipples hard as she teases me with the knife. She is wearing a pretty thing I made for her, violet silk to match her eyes, loose, yet clinging to caress her body as I would if my hands were not tied. She smells of honeysuckle, myrrh and sex.

“Where were you?” she teases.

I just smile. She turns the blade over and slices another tiny bit of the bad memories out of me, then kisses the welling blood away.