

ZEPHYR AND IRIS

A STRANGE LOVE STORY



YOLANDA VON TRAP

Zephyr was the Greek God of the west wind, which was considered the gentlest wind.

Iris was the Greek Goddess of the rainbow, the messenger of the Olympian Gods and Mother of Pothos (passion)

This novel is an intimate and voyeuristic look into a complex relationship between two lovers. At times, this book is brimming with toxic sexuality, while at others it explores the vulnerability of the imperfect characters that make up this strange love story.

Warning: This Book is for readers aged 18 and over. It contains adult content, coarse language and drug references.

Disclaimer: The characters and events portrayed in this book are based on real events. All names and identifying details have been changed to protect the identity and privacy of the individuals.

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About Yolanda von Trap: Yolanda von Trap writes Erotic Fiction that is based on her real-life experiences. She is based in Melbourne, Australia.

Contact: yolandavontrap@gmail.com

Web: www.yolandavontrap.com

Dedication: This novel is dedicated to Iris, Zephyr and Stui. It is also dedicated to unconventional love relationships everywhere.

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1. ZEPHYR AND IRIS

My name is Iris and I met Zephyr via a dating app called Tinder. The rules are, you swipe either right or left on the person's photo, depending on whether you like them or not. If you swipe right on someone and they swipe right on you, then it's a match and you can start privately chatting with them.

I'd been on Tinder several times before and met men for dates, but this time around, I was on Tinder to find a Sugar Daddy who could help me out financially. My profile said that I was into BDSM (Bondage, Discipline, Sadomasochism, Masochism) and, instead of swiping on me, I told any prospective match to, instead, send me a private message on an app called KIK.

A bunch of guys from Tinder, including Zephyr, messaged me on KIK, but after I tried to explain to them that I was looking for an arrangement with a man who could assist me financially, and not merely casual sex, most of them accused me of being a 'sex worker' and ceased communication with me. Unfortunately, most men don't understand the concept of 'Sugar Daddy.' A Sugar Daddy is a wealthy and generous man who can afford to spend a decent amount of money on a beautiful woman, aka 'sugar baby', spoil her with gifts, take her shopping and out to dinner etc, in exchange for sex, intimacy and companionship.

While I am aware that does sound a lot like what a sex worker might offer - sex and intimacy in exchange for financial compensation - I believe there's a difference between a sex worker/client relationship and the sugar baby/Sugar Daddy relationship. A Sex worker sees many different men, perhaps just once or twice, in exchange for money, whereas a sugar baby sees her one and only Sugar Daddy once or twice a week for meaningful encounters over an extended period of time. Yes, the concept of sex in exchange for financial reward is still present in the relationship, but the key word here is 'relationship' as opposed to casual and fleeting sexual /transactional experiences.

My intention wasn't to offer myself up as a sex worker on a dating platform. I was trying to find a generous and adventurous man who wanted to enter into an ongoing, mutually beneficial arrangement where we both had fun, experienced some intimacy, had kinky sex, and of course I'd be spoiled and rewarded with cash. If money were no object, and I could find a **real** Sugar Daddy, my ideal financial

reward would be a minimum of \$1000 a week, which didn't seem unreasonable to me. But I guess I was looking on the wrong platform for that kind of guy.

Either way I'd never had one successful or positive experience while I was using Tinder. It was full of guys who were either deadbeats or who just wanted to use me for sex. Maybe that's one of the reasons I ended up becoming a sex worker all those years ago. I reasoned to myself, "Hey, if I'm going to be used for sex, why not get paid handsomely for it at the same time?"

But, in all honesty, I originally went on Tinder to find 'true love'. I'd been single for a long time, and I was hoping that I'd somehow magically find my soulmate on one of the many dating apps available to lost souls like me, but of course I never did meet my soulmate.

In my not so humble opinion, dating apps felt like a total waste of time to me, as I'd never had any success with meeting any of the men on them. I'd connect with some random stranger, chat for a bit and maybe have drinks, dinner or a one-night stand, but ultimately these kinds of meaningless experiences never worked for me. I'm an alternative woman and most of the men who have seemed to be interested in me throughout my life are what I would refer to as 'normies' - normal looking conservative people who I have very little in common with. But these seem to be the types of men who are mostly interested in me, for whatever reason. Perhaps I seem colourful and exciting in comparison to their world of beige and grey conformity.

Also, dating apps are full of guys who send you dick pics as soon as you start chatting with them. I mean, before you've even met the guy, he's already showing you a photo of his penis, and believe me it's not always a pretty sight. Do men honestly think that women want to see a photo of their flaccid cock before they've even met them? It can be a **huuuge** turn off, especially if it isn't a nice penis, so why do they embarrass themselves like that unnecessarily?

As disturbing a trend as it has become, sending photos of one's genitalia seems to be the love language of the day. Whereas once upon a time people sent hand-written love letters through the mail, now because of technology, people 'sext' and send photos of their most intimate body parts.

Also, whereas once upon a time the way one usually met their prospective partner was through family, or by living in the same suburb, going to the same school, or working at the same place, etc. But now, because of modern living and people becoming more and more physically and socially isolated from one another, society is being driven to use technology and dating platforms like Tinder, Plenty of Fish, Bumble and more, to meet potential love interests, have casual sexual encounters and even find Sugar Daddy arrangements.

But I digress from my story of how Zephyr and I met. He was one of the many interested men who messaged me on KIK (with the username Zephyr), he told me he was looking for a kinky experience and asked me if I would I see him. I didn't get the inclination that he was a Sugar Daddy, so I said I'd see him for a one-off BDSM session and charge him \$250 for the pleasure.

Even though I'd done sex work in the past, I promised myself that I was going to leave that profession behind me for various reasons and, although this was the last thing that I wanted to be doing, here I was, pretty much being a sex worker again. So, I guess once a whore, always a whore. But in my defence, like everyone on the planet, I exist in a capitalist matrix where everything is a commodity, even one's body and soul.

The whole 'looking for a Sugar Daddy thing' ended up being a complete failure for me, and I made the executive decision, then and there, to delete my profile from all dating sites, and I promised myself that I'd never show my wretched face on any of them again. And to this day I've kept that promise.

Carrying on the modern courting tradition, Zephyr also sent me a dick pic before we met. He may have also sent me a video of himself masturbating; the exact details are all a little blurry now.

Anyway, the morning that we were meant to meet, I messaged Zephyr to tell him that I didn't want to go through with the BDSM session. I remember feeling bad about seeing him and a wave of guilt, shame and anxiety washed over me, because I knew that as soon as I took his \$250, that I would be engaging in sex work, and I didn't want to humiliate myself even further by going ahead with the meeting. But Zephyr seemed somewhat insistent that our meeting should go ahead, even telling me that he'd taken the day off work to see me and that he really wanted and even

'needed' to have this experience. So, I put my feelings of self-judgement aside and went ahead with the meeting.

2. THE MEETING

Before I recall my first meeting with Zephyr, I will briefly touch on my involvement in the sex industry.

The sex industry is, in fact, a highly profitable 'industry;' one that exists in a very particular domain where human flesh and sexuality of all types are bought and sold in exchange for cash. I've been part of this controversial industry for years in one form or another and there are, in fact, many different parts to the sex industry, ranging from sex shops, strip clubs and sensual massage to escorting, BDSM and ultimately pornography.

I initially tried tabletop dancing, but I just never felt like I was pretty enough or physically up to the task to ever succeed at it. Me, swinging around a metal pole, or dancing seductively in a G-string on a stage was never going to work out. No, you need to be fit and agile for that kind of job. You also need to have a good body, sweet-smelling pussy, great ass and tits and be able to spread your legs at the drop of a \$20 bill. I was never body confident or flexible enough to succeed at tabletop dancing.

Then, I somehow got involved in doing nude sensual relaxation with a happy ending. Strangely enough, I was quite good at this job and ended up working in an illegal massage parlour in the city for several years, until I got fed up with the men, the boss and the 'illegal' part of the job, so I quit. I then decided to get an escort license, where I was still doing a sensual relaxation, but this time I was determined to do it legally, by only visiting clients in their inner-city hotel room or apartment. By working for myself I was more in control of the situation, and I got to keep all the money, instead of giving 50% of it to some wanna-be madam.

During this time, I had sex with several clients for money; 'extras,' as they're called in the industry, but full service was something I wasn't really pushing for. I was just happy doing a massage with a hand job and taking home some decent cash at the end of my shift. Then one day a client mentioned that I would make a good Dominatrix. I had no idea at the time what that even meant, but after doing some research on Porn Hub, I decided that he was right, I would make a good Dominatrix, and so I started exploring the world of BDSM and kink. I bought some inexpensive

equipment and before I knew it, I had become a self-made 'Mistress' and I was dominating clients to the best of my untrained ability.

To be honest, I was never a very good sex worker, or even a good Dominatrix for that matter. I only ever did it for the money, and for the most part, my heart just wasn't fully in it. Although I'm an Alpha female, I never truly enjoyed giving pain to submissive men; it did absolutely nothing for me.

I never felt powerful or more superior to the men who wanted to be hurt or punished, and I could never fully understand why pain turned some people on sexually. I did understand the concept of psycho-sexual desires however, including the need or desire to give one's power away to another on a physical and sexual level. It is something that I had been attracted to my whole life; the desire to be submissive on a sexual level, to the right person, it had been a fantasy of mine ever since I was a child and was all I thought about when I touched myself down there.

In fact, working in the sex industry made me think deeply about the nature of 'man.' I posited, much like a modern-day Freud, that the subconscious reasons beneath all sexual fantasies, including many hardcore submissive fetishes that involve extreme pain and humiliation, are born in the early years of childhood. The adult in us then has the choice to either play out these psycho-sexual fantasies in real life or oppress them and let them be played out in our fantasy and/or dream life.

Some daring and thrill-seeking individuals will choose the first option, but many individuals will end up choosing the second option, as this is the safer route to travel.

I'm sure Freud would have agreed with me and, were he not up to his elbows in 'hysterical' women and cocaine, there is no doubt that he would have had an absolute field day psychoanalysing many of the individuals that are attracted to the world of bondage, discipline, fetish, and fantasy.

Anyway, after several years of working in the sex industry, one day, mixed in with a combination of moral and religious guilt, I just decided to stop advertising my services and leave it altogether. Or so I thought at the time.

On a side note, I must say that I've always hated society's negative attitude towards sex workers. While the act of sex itself is lauded, by contrast, sex workers

are often insulted and made to feel like they are inferior beings for performing a task that is natural to both humans and beasts alike. Not only is the field of sex work debated in parliament and regularly turned into a criminal act, but in the process sex workers' bodies are treated as though they are detached entities, by a group of individuals (mostly men) who most likely turn to sex workers at the end of the working week.

In many cases, sex workers are the only people who give the depraved and kinky amongst us, the opportunity to become sexually liberated and express their psycho-sexual needs without being judged.

The bible says "Judge ye not, lest you also be judged". But as a sex worker, judged and damned ye be, standing naked and in shame, to be condemned before the whole world. The hypocrisy towards sex workers is astounding, the name calling is abhorrent, and the shame and stigma associated with being a sex worker is a thing that sex workers can do without. Sex workers should be applauded as loudly as sex is lauded.

Now, back to the story of how Iris and Zephyr met. The day that we met, Zephyr buzzed on my doorbell, and I saw his image flash up on the intercom screen. "Good looking", I thought to myself, which was a nice surprise. I buzzed him in and waited patiently for him to knock on my door. I was feeling nervous of course, as I was letting a strange man into my apartment, and I honestly had no idea what to expect.

I was dressed as a Dominatrix in a black crotchless fishnet bodysuit, covered by a black minidress, cinched at the waist with a corset belt, accompanied by black stiletto boots. I was also wearing a wig, as I liked to do on the odd occasion, they especially help to conceal one's 'true identity,' which is important in the sex industry due to the ongoing theme of shame, as mentioned earlier. Plus, roleplay is fun and, in my opinion, costumes and theatrics makes the sexual experience that much more exciting.

There was a knock at my door, I opened it, and before me stood a man that I was going to end up falling madly, deeply in love with, but I just didn't know it yet.

"Come in, hi, nice to meet you. Zephyr, is it?"

“Hi baby, nice to meet you too. Yes, you can call me Zephyr.”

He exuded a sense of ‘cool’ and had an Elvis swagger about him. His eyes were a piercing blue/green, his hair was golden brown, and his skin was tanned and smooth. He looked just like a Greek God in the flesh. I breathed in his smell and beckoned him to enter my parlour of delights.

Before our first meeting, he told me that he had a fetish for fishnet stockings, so apart from wearing them myself, I found some fishnet items that I thought he could wear too. I made him stand in the middle of my living room and I looked him over. I went up to him and whispered into his ear “I’m your Mistress now, and you will obey me and call me Mistress. And I’m not your ‘baby’; not yet anyway. Do you understand...Zephyr?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good.”

I tenderly kissed his full lips. He closed his eyes and when he opened them, I told him to get undressed. Once naked, I examined him again. He looked good for a middle-aged man.

He seemed to enjoy standing naked before me and I could tell that he had had a kinky streak that needed to be expressed; Our meeting would end up being the perfect vehicle to help him get that out of his system.

I proceeded to dress him up in the fishnet outfit I had chosen for him. Firstly, stay-up fishnet stockings – one foot in and roll it up the leg, all the way to the thigh, then the other foot, leg, thigh, until both legs are adorned with the unique texture of fishnet. Mmmm nice muscular legs, and the stockings really did look good on him. Next, sheer black panties, which hugged his ass and cock perfectly. Finally, a black fishnet minidress that sat just over the panties, so that there was a little gap of bare skin between the bottom of the minidress and the top of the stay-up stockings.

He looked so sexy in his new outfit, and I wanted him to see what I was seeing, so I took him by the hand and led him to my bedroom where there was a full-length mirror. I had him examine himself, so that he could see just how hot he looked. He stared at himself intently with a look of wonder and delight on his face.

I pushed him onto my bed, and we kissed passionately. The way he tongue-kissed me made me feel like I was sixteen all over again.

We fooled around for a bit on the bed; We tongue kissed quite passionately, and he inserted his fingers inside my pussy and ass a little, but we didn't have full-blown intercourse. The hour was coming to an end, so we stopped what we were doing, and he changed back into his civilian clothing. He paid me my \$250, kissed me goodbye on the lips and left.

After that meeting, I honestly didn't think I would ever see him again. I certainly didn't think he would be attracted to me enough to want to come back for a second session. But then, to my surprise, about a week after our first meeting he messaged me saying that he needed to see me again. I was happy to hear from him, so I agreed to see him again, except this time I told him to be the Dominant one and I would be submissive. I thought mixing it up with the power dynamics might be fun, and he seemed to like that idea.

By this stage I'd had enough kinky experiences with men to allow myself to be curious about wanting to explore my submissive side. While I knew that I didn't get turned on by pain, there were other elements of being submissive that I thoroughly enjoyed, and the thought of being somewhat sexually helpless aroused me, as I believe it does for many people. Yet being an Alpha female and a feminist and allowing myself to be submissive to a man felt like a complete contradiction and betrayal to my ethics, and it was difficult to reconcile these opposing energies at first.

But eventually, I allowed myself to succumb to the delights of being sexually submissive. Being blindfolded, not knowing what was going to happen next and having to trust the person who was momentarily in control of the situation was the highest form of eroticism for me. Being tied up, wrists bound with black sash rope, a rubber ball gag in my mouth, saliva dripping down my chin, being lightly spanked, having my nipples nibbled on and having a pin wheel being rolled down my bare back, being lightly choked and spanked, having my pussy punished with a flogger and a handsome Dominant Master whispering in my ear that "He is going to do whatever he pleases with me and there is nothing that I can do to stop him"...all of these experiences made me feel weak at the knees and they were experiences that I

wanted to continue having, but with someone who I loved and who I was sexually attracted to, not just with a client who was paying me.

A quote by the erotic writer Anais Nin might shed some light on my desire to explore the theme of sexual submission.

“I do not want to be the leader. I refuse to be the leader. I want to live darkly and richly in my femaleness. I want a man lying over me, always over me. His will, his pleasure, his desire, his life, his work, his sexuality the touchstone, the command, my pivot. I don’t mind working, holding my ground intellectually, artistically; but as a woman, oh, God, as a woman I want to be dominated. I don’t mind being told to stand on my own feet, not to cling, be all that I am capable of doing, but I am going to be pursued, fucked, possessed by the will of a male at his time, his bidding.”

Yes, I wanted to be Dominated as well, but only if I could find the right man to fill that position. But it was never going to be an easy position to fill. Many men claim to be Dominant, but they don’t have what it takes to be a true Master – one who knows how to command, as well as nurture the spirit of their slave. Most people think that being a Dominant involves inflicting pain and violence, and that they must force the submissive into being their slave, but this is merely a naïve cliché. To be a true submissive, one must want to give their power away freely to the one who also wants to take it, and they need to be able to trust that person completely. As the submissive gives their whole self over to the Dominant other, this act is a precious one and needs to be treated as such. This is the only way that a successful Dom/sub relationship can exist and thrive. If the offering is not treated as precious, or the power dynamics not agreed upon, then ultimately the relationship will crumble.

3. CALL ME DADDY

When Zephyr arrived at my apartment for the second time, he turned up in a CBGBs t-shirt, and I was mildly impressed by his knowledge of the punk subculture. I was wearing something like what I wore the first time that we met, and this time I also left my front door unlocked so that he could let himself in. I let him know that my door would be unlocked, and that he could let himself in. He entered my apartment to find me down on my knees, kneeling before my potential 'Master' like a good submissive.

"Good girl."

"Thank you, Sir. I try to please."

"Don't call me Sir, call me Daddy."

Call him Daddy!? On one hand it sounded like a strange request, but on the other hand I liked the sound of it. Yes, I'll call him Daddy. Why not? He was 'Daddy Cool!'

"Yes Daddy."

"Good baby girl slut."

Ooh, dirty talk! Normally I'd react quite strongly in the negative if someone called me a slut, but in the context of being submissive it seemed fitting, and, as it turned out, I quite enjoyed being called filthy names while I was being fucked. It turned me on!

I'd left some BDSM items on the table for him to use as he pleased, including a collar with the word 'slave' written in metal on it, a dog lead, a pin wheel, some black sash, a feather duster, a rubber ball gag and a blindfold. He picked up the collar and put it around my neck.

"You're mine now. Understand slave?"

"Yes Daddy. I'm yours now."

He attached the lead to the collar and led me into the bedroom on all fours like a dog. He pulled me up by the lead so that I was on my knees and put his erect cock into my mouth. It was a Daddy-sized cock and I gagged on it a little, until my

throat became lubricated enough to take more of it in. I was now doing my best to deepthroat his cock, and he started to make moaning sounds to indicate that he was enjoying my cock sucking skills.

“Oh yes baby, yes that’s so fucking nice. You know how to suck Daddy’s cock.”

He pulled me up to standing position, bent me over the bed and put his cock inside me from behind. I was already wet, so no lube was required.

“I hope you don’t have any diseases.”

No, do you?”

“No.”

By this stage it was a little too late to worry about condoms and diseases, as we were already having sex and we didn’t even discuss the topic of safe sex. Irresponsible I know, but in that moment, it didn’t seem to matter. His cock felt **amazing** inside my pussy, inadvertently awakening a feeling of sexual bliss that I hadn’t experienced in a long time.

“Oh my God, your cock feels so good inside of me, and it fits perfectly.”

“As Goldilocks would say, it’s just right baby bear.”

A sense of humour. I liked it.

“Can I cum inside you baby girl?”

“No Daddy! I’d prefer it if you didn’t.”

So, respecting my wishes, he pulled his cock out of me and came on my lower back instead.

“Mmmm, that was nice baby, thank you. Let’s get cleaned up and go out for a drink.”

“Ok, sure. There’s a bar a few doors down from here actually. Let’s go there.”

“Good. Keep your sexy outfit on though. I want the other men in the bar to look at you as well. “

“Oh. You won’t get jealous if other men look at me like they want to fuck me?”

“No, just the opposite. It will turn me on.”

Not only did this guy have a kinky streak, but he had a voyeuristic streak as well.

“What star sign are you by the way?”

“I’m a Capricorn.”

“Oh wow, so am I! When’s your birthday?”

“The 2nd of January.”

“Oh my GOD, so is mine!”

In that moment I felt like the universe had just sent me my twin flame and I wondered if the GODS had brought us together for a reason.

“I can’t believe our birthdays are on the same day. This is incredible. I’ve been seeing the numbers 11.11 everywhere lately and I feel like meeting you is kind of like the universe’s way of telling me that we were meant to meet, that we are twin flames. Opposite sides of the same coin, so to speak.”

“Twin flames huh. Sounds interesting. Let’s go get that drink.”

“Ok, before we go, can I get some cash for the session we just had?”

“Sure, how much was it again?”

“\$250 is good.”

“Oh, I only brought \$100 with me. Is that ok?”

Wow! This guy was already haggling with me. I should have seen this as a red flag and stood my ground with him and insisted on our financial agreement. But instead, in a moment of weakness, I acquiesced and told him that it was fine, \$100 would suffice.

We cleaned ourselves up, I grabbed my bag, and we left my apartment and headed to the bar for a drink or two.