

ZEPHYR AND IRIS

A STRANGE LOVE STORY



YOLANDA VON TRAP

Zephyr and Iris – A Strange Love Story

Written by Yolanda von Trap

This novel is an intimate and voyeuristic look into a complex relationship between two lovers.

Zephyr and Iris meet on Tinder and, not long after meeting, their real-life relationship becomes highly passionate, erotic and intense very quickly, ultimately leading to relationship success or bitter failure. (there are two endings that take place, with each ending exploring the possibility of relationship success or failure).

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.

This book contains sexual themes which some individuals may find distressing.

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 is a writer based in Melbourne, Australia.

She writes Erotic Fiction that is based on real-life experiences.

Dedication: This novel is dedicated to unconventional relationships everywhere.

CHAPTERS:

1. **IRIS AND ZEPHRY**
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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)**

Zephyr You are the breeze that blows through me

You are the wind that carries me

You are the love that brings me to my knees

Zephyr please...

1. ZEPHYR AND IRIS

My name is Iris, and I met Zephyr via a dating app called Tinder. The rules of the app are that 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 had been on a handful of unsuccessful dates with various matches, 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 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 wasn't looking to 'hook up' for casual sex, most of them accused me of being a 'hooker' and ceased communication with me.

Unfortunately, these men didn'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 the 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. 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 encounters.

My intention wasn't to offer myself up as a sex worker on a dating platform. I was merely trying to find a generous and adventurous man who wanted to enter into an ongoing, mutually beneficial arrangement where we could both have fun, experience some intimacy, have 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 dating 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', as cliché as that sounds. 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 that are now available to lost souls like me; but of course, I never did meet my soulmate online.

In my opinion, attempting to meet men on dating apps ended being a total waste of my precious time. 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 experiences never worked for me. They felt like meaningless encounters on many levels, and I intuitively knew that the type of man I was truly looking for probably wasn't waiting for me on some mainstream dating site.

I'm an alternative and independent woman, who has her own unique look and who likes to walk her own path in life, but for some reason I have repeatedly attracted the kind of men who I would refer to as 'normies' - normal looking conservative people who I have very little in common with. But perhaps they are attracted to me because I seem colourful and exciting to them, 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?

Not only is it a disturbing trend, but sending photos of one's genitalia also seems to be the visual love language of the day. Whereas once upon a time people sent hand-written love letters through the mail, filled with rose petals and poetry, now thanks to technology, people 'sext' and send photos of their most intimate body parts to complete strangers.

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. Now, because of modern living and society becoming more and more physically and socially isolated from one another, individuals looking for a meaningful

emotional or physical connection are being driven to use dating platforms like Tinder, Plenty of Fish, Bumble and more.

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), and he told me that he was looking for a kinky experience and asked if he could see me. I didn't get the inclination that he was a Sugar Daddy, so I agreed to see him for a one-off BDSM session and told him that I would charge him \$250 for the pleasure.

Even though I'd done sex work in the past, it had been several years since I'd engaged in that kind of profession, and although this was the last thing that I wanted to be doing again, here I was, negotiating a fee for a sexual experience. So, I guess once a whore, always a whore. But in my defence, like everyone else on the planet, I was forced to exist in a capitalist matrix where everything is seen as 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 was feeling bad about seeing him, because I knew that as soon as I took his \$250 that I would be engaging in sex work again, and a wave of guilt, shame and anxiety washed over me.

But Zephyr seemed 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 recount my first meeting with Zephyr, I will briefly touch on my involvement in the sex industry.

The sex industry is a highly profitable 'industry' and is one that exists in a very particular domain, where human flesh and sexual desires of all types are traded 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 was never body-confident or physically flexible enough to succeed as a tabletop dancer. Me, swinging around a metal pole, dancing seductively in a G-string on a stage, or grinding myself into some guy's lap was never going to work out. To succeed at that job, you need to you need to be fit and agile, have a good body, a sweet-smelling pussy, a great ass and set of tits, and be able to spread your legs at the drop of a \$20 bill. Skills that I certainly did not possess.

Not long after that, I ended up doing nude sensual relaxation with a happy ending. It turns out that I was quite good at this job, and I 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. I then decided to obtain an escort license and began to massage clients in their inner-city hotel room or apartment. By working for myself it meant that I was more in control of the situation, I was working legally, and I got to keep all the money, instead of giving 50% of it to some wannabe pimp.

During this time, I had sex with several clients for money, or 'extras,' as they're called in the industry, but full service was something I wasn't really pushing for. I was just happy to be offering a massage with a hand job at the end and to be taking home some decent cash. 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, so I started exploring the world of BDSM and kink. I bought some inexpensive equipment and before I knew it, I'd become a self-made 'Mistress' and I began 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 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's a concept that I've 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.

As a matter of 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 hidden subconscious reasons beneath all sexual fantasies, including the 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 a much darker way, 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 who are attracted to the world of bondage, discipline, fetish, and fantasy.

Anyway, after several years of working in the sex industry, a combination of moral and religious guilt convinced me to stop advertising my services and leave the industry 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 with debase names like 'whore', 'harlot', 'hooker', 'tramp', 'vixen' 'tart', 'vamp' and 'jade', 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 among us, the opportunity to express their psycho-sexual needs in a healthy and sexually liberated manner that is free of judgement.

Speaking of judgement, 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 the act of sex is lauded.

Now, back to the story of how Iris and Zephyr met. Zephyr arrived at my building, and he buzzed on my doorbell. I saw his image flash up on the intercom screen and I was pleasantly surprised that he was good looking. 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 how this session was going to turn out.

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. They 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 me wearing them, I also found some fishnet items that I thought would look good on him 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 reasonably 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 about him that needed to be expressed; Our meeting would end up being the perfect vehicle to help him get it out of his system.

I proceeded to dress him up in the fishnet outfit that 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 black 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 into my bedroom, where there was a full-length mirror on the wall. I made him examine himself in the mirror, 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 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, thanked me and left.

After that meeting, I honestly didn't think that 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 and ideologies at first.

But eventually, I allowed myself to succumb to the delights of being sexually submissive. Being blindfolded and not knowing what was going to happen next, while having to completely 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 tweaked, a pin wheel being rolled down my bare back, being lightly choked, 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, who I was sexually attracted to, and who I felt safe with; 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 similar to 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. He entered my apartment to find me kneeling on the floor; 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 had left some BDSM items on the table for Zephyr to use as he pleased, including a collar with the word 'slave' written in metal, a dog lead, a pin wheel, some black sash cord, a feather duster, a rubber ball gag, and a blindfold. He picked up the slave 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 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, 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 Daddy, 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 within me 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 my pussy 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 it feels like this is 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 from you; 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 of \$250. But instead, in a moment of weakness, I acquiesced and told him that \$100 would suffice.

“Fine, but you’re paying for the drinks.”

“Of course, baby.”

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