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Cool stuff from J-List

[Hello Kitty! MADNESS](#)  
:3

[Oppai Ball](#)  
Life-like texture ;\_;

[Candy & Gum](#)  
S-W-E-E-T-S

[Tupperware?](#)  
Totoro. Tupperware.  
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- 07/20/06 - Announcing [4chan: The Otakon 2006 Panel!](#) Panel begins Saturday, at 11:30PM in "Panels 3". Check out the [front page](#) for more info.
- 07/05/06 - Additional upgrades being performed. Downtime will occur early morning EST and will last approximately two hours.
- 07/04/06 - jumbo & fuuka (cgi/img/zip) are down for upgrades. Please bear with us during this transition. Happy Fourth of July!
- 06/06/06 - RE: Downtime — Everything should be functioning properly now; thank you for understanding.
- 05/29/06 - Janitor applications are now closed. Good luck to all those who applied. Review and implementation should take 2-3 weeks—thanks for your understanding.



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## [4chan: The Otakon 2006 Panel](#) [Info]

*11:30PM on Saturday, August 5th, running until 12:30AM and open to all ages (PG-13).*

**[/con/](#) has been reopened to further facilitate Otakon planning and take suggestions. Use it!**

File : [1154157323.jpg](#)-(103 KB, 897x1280, kawaii\_sad\_puffballs.jpg)



07/29/06(Sat)02:15:23 No.10919651

Several years into my second marriage, my husband, like so many others, came to me with a problem. Our sex life was getting 'boring', why don't we try to 'spice it up'? I was a bit puzzled since, to me, the sex was fine and dandy, but I was open-minded and had a "Sure, I'll try anything once" outlook. So, with that in mind, my X took a trip to the local sex store and came home with a pair of fuzzy cuffs.

At first, I kind of enjoyed it. The reasons for this, I have since come to understand, were a direct result of my earlier abuses. I fell into a submissive role easily and readily. In some way, I was trying to act out my earlier rapes in a 'safe' environment and, just for the record, that is not healthy either. However, at the time, this seemed like a

'safe' way to regain control of earlier abuses in a 'controlled' environment.

Soon, however, it escalated. It began with fuzzy cuffs with cute little 'safety releases' which worked well to soothe me into believing I actually had control. Eventually, it moved to Velcro stuff which was more difficult to actually remove if I wanted to. All the while he was bringing me home BDSM magazines and videos with women as submissives. The material became more and more hardcore and he wanted to play out every picture in the magazines and videos with/on me.

Honestly, I'm not sure when I began feeling unsafe, I'm not sure at what point the 'therapeutic' reenactment of my previous rapes became not-so-therapeutic and, more than that, damaging, but it did happen. The nightmares came back, haunting me in my sleeping hours. My self-esteem plummeted, and I began internalizing the things that my husband told me while having sex. I began to believe I was a whore, a slut and that I liked to be hurt.

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:18:01 No.10919743

Love, sex, rape and pain became synonymous with one another. Sex didn't exist without pain. Love didn't exist without being called a slut, a whore, or a dirty nasty little slut whore. My concept of love began to twist into something so alien that I fight, right now, as I'm writing this, for the words to describe it. Rape didn't exist, it was simply sex. Sex didn't exist, it was always rape. Love couldn't exist without degradation and the phrase "Love Hurts" began to take on a whole new meaning for me.

His muttered "I love you" was the same as his "You like that you little whore, don't you?" His fingertips trailing down my side was the same as the numbing pain when he fisted me after hitting my genitals with a whip.

At the high point of my abuse, cloaked as BDSM, he would insert things into my rectum

and force me to go to the store. He tried, on several occasions, to 'seal' my vaginal lips closed with wax, or clamps. Rape became not only inevitable but indistinguishable from sex. He held me down amid my screaming protests and raped me, and it was the same as the sex. There was no difference. I took it all as different shades of grey in our 'enlightened' sex life.

I began to doubt that my rape at 10 had even occurred, as in, was it even rape? How could it have been, when it was the same as what was happening in my bedroom all the time? How could it be rape? Surely, I wouldn't be living with a rapist? Surely, the man who told me he loved me couldn't actually be a rapist? My mind refused to latch onto that concept, the Mouse would have none of it and the Warrior screamed from beyond the chasm in my mind.

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:19:00 No.10919764

Finally, I spoke to him. Finally, I told him that I was tired of BDSM. I told him I longed for the days when he had actually made love to me. When he was tender without ropes, without chains, without pain and spit and whips. I cried. I asked him, in my desperation that day, to "Please, just make love to me. Please make love to me now, prove to me that you still can." I told him I needed, craved, desired a gentle touch without pain.

He tried. Until he entered me, then his hand crept to my neck and there it was, the same old dominance. He squeezed my neck and I was gasping for air as my head got light. I cried as he 'made love' to me and the tears flowed freely down my face before dropping onto his hand. He kissed the tears away as I cried and it was then that I realized that this was not love. He was incapable of love and I wondered and I heard my warrior crying out to me, I heard her words from across the divide and my heart sank and my tears dried as he finished the act.

From then on I resisted him, I resisted the BDSM. I tried to tell myself I had won, I tried to tell myself that he no longer took out the whips and the chains and leather lay unused in a duffle bag under the bed. But I hadn't won; every time we had sex, he had a hand on my throat, he had a hand pinning my wrists, and a fat nigra jumped out from behind the couch and yelled "That's the power of pine sol"

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:19:40 No.10919788

tl;dr

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:22:13 No.10919897

Pine Sol was better yesterday.

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:23:01 No.10919925

[>>10919764](#)

LOL

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:25:57 No.10920038

A mutual relationship cannot exist when one partner is perpetually dominant over the other. And is it just me, or has today been the day for stories? I mean most have been deleted allready, but I've read like 5 allready (although <http://img.4chan.org/b/res/10918495.html> is the only on still up) and more keep cumming! I'm lovin it.

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:27:36 No.10920101

How the fuck is velcro easier to remove than handcuffs unless you have the key?

>>  07/29/06(Sat)02:28:06 No.10920116

File :[1154158086.gif](#)-(18 KB, 500x500, Penbarokie.gif)



This reminds me of something. . .

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