



First Visit: Angst and Sweaty Palms

I'm not feeling very comfortable. I have changed my outfit at least three times and still do not feel certain that what I put on reflects 'proper' dungeon or fetish ware. Overdressed? Underdressed? Ridiculously dressed? While those thoughts are running through my head and my corset wearing reflection anxiously smiles back at me from the mirror, another thought enters my mind. Sheer panic this time. How am I getting from my house to my car? What if one of my neighbors sees me when the garage door opens and the bright lights shine on my newly assembled best BDSM outfit?

I calm myself and figure that an overcoat will solve all that. My partner has arrived and I notice that he is equally on edge and unsure about his attire, which at this point in time does nothing to ease my mind, au contraire, I think I'm starting to feel my palms get clammy.

I tell myself that these feelings are ridiculous. After all I am a competent, successful female, adventuresome and able to deal with anything. Why is my first visit to 1763 causing me so much anxiety when it is something I have wanted to do for the longest time? My stomach is doing more flips than when riding a roller coaster at Six Flags.

Let's just review the questions that are running through my mind. I've listed them in order of my now ever mounting anxiety

1. I have never been to a 'dungeon'. It sounds exciting, it looked great on-line, but really, what if the place is awful, smells badly or really weird people go there?
2. While I get the whole BDSM/fetish play part and clearly that is what is attracting me, what am I going to do while I'm there? Am I going to feel like an idiot standing there looking all new and out of place?

3. What do people talk about in the ‘dungeon’? Or better yet do they even talk or just moan and groan? What is a proper introductory line: “Hello, I like your whip?”

4. Did you see where the place is? Look on the map! I live in a perfectly proper suburban neighborhood and the ‘dungeon’ is somewhere behind railroad tracks in an industrial park. While I am certain that must add to the ambience, the location is doing nothing to put me at ease.

5. OMG what am I going to do when I run into somebody I know? Like one of my soccer parents?

At question five I’ve decided that this was the dumbest idea ever and that I should under no circumstance venture forth. Better yet I should change into my pajamas, call it a night and forget that I ever wanted to visit a ‘dungeon’.

Fortunately my partner is much less reactionary than I am, and convinces me that we should go. I only agree now because we have devised an exit strategy: all I have to do is squeeze his hand and that is my secret signal that I need to leave in a hurry (we figured the squeeze was a good idea just in case everyone was gagged and talking prohibited). So off we go.

We don’t talk a lot during the drive, partially because I’m afraid we’ll get lost, and somewhere close to the railroad tracks my gut instinct again urges me to turn around and never look back. My partner however saves the day as he was behind the wheel and thus we arrived at this industrial building with a freaky torch flickering next to a single very dark door.

The parking lot was surprisingly full and that made me feel slightly more comfortable. With that many people there it has to be okay and they can’t all be extremely weird. Furthermore I didn’t recognize any of my neighbors’ cars and felt fairly certain that even if I met someone there, that I could go unnoticed in the crowd.

We take a deep breath, enter, awkwardly register ourselves as members and finally start to take in the sights and sounds of the place.

The place is lovely. It is dark, sexy, high ceilings, perfect temperature. There's awesome music playing. The people at the front are surprisingly normal and actually greeted us at the door. Getting a feel for the crowd I noticed that everyone seemed so at ease. Some are dressed, some are completely naked and everything in between. No one seems to raise an eye brow at anyone's attire.

I realize that I'm actually breathing normal and that my palms have stopped sweating. We enter the dungeon part and are welcomed by the most amazing sights and sounds. Suspension bondage, really? Wow! Spanking benches, crosses, cages, every piece of equipment is in use and there are delicious sounds of cracking leather and amazing groans. People speak in hushed tones and everyone is so respectful of each other and their space. There is the occasional hushed laugh, but as we venture onto the patio the laughter is loud and earnest. These people are real, they are fun and they are so very normal... They are beautifully kinky just like me... I am home!!!

P.S. In hindsight I don't know what I was worried about. We did not 'play' our first visit but used our night to be kids in candy land. It was me who worked up the guts to ask some questions about technique and equipment, and from there we were off on a wild adventure.

That was 5 1/2 years ago. I now visit 1763 by myself and feel perfectly comfortable. Btw, they have great dressing rooms in case you too might feel a little uncomfortable leaving your house in your fetish ware.

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