

## **Coma White**

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She called herself Coma White. Her straight, shoulder-length hair was the color of a firetruck after a rainstorm. On the bridge of her nose rested a pair of imported European glasses that drove the wireframe fetishists mad. The natural arch of her eyebrows gave her a constant look of ironic amusement, as though she was in on a joke which nobody else quite got.

My girlfriend Madeline and I were at a private play party, a quarterly event catering to all points on the Kinsey scale and far beyond. It was held in an ornate, multilevel house, with a hot tub, a basement dungeon, and all manner of sexual accoutrement around each corner. The house was legendary within the City's sex community; everyone had a story about it.

We were in the upstairs lounge, where the only thing more noticeable than the pot smoke was the sounds and smells of the people writhing on the floor in various configurations. Madeline spotted Coma first, across the room, leaning against a couch, smoking a cigarette, not watching anyone in particular. At her side was a large satchel.

Madeline and I approached Coma, made the requisite small talk. After a few minutes, Coma opened up her satchel. Inside were 25-gauge needles, latex gloves, alcohol swabs and all manner of play piercing accoutrement. She raised an eyebrow at me, and I nodded, smiling perhaps too eagerly.

We went downstairs to the basement dungeon, to the niche known as the Medical Room.

I got onto the table and took off my cami top, leaving me in only a half-slip. Coma suggested Madeline straddle the Table behind me so I could lean into her for support. "Play with her breasts," Coma further instructed Madeline, "so she'll feel good going into it."

Putting on her gloves, Coma asked if she could hit me in the chest in order to bring the blood closer to the surface. I nodded, and she socked me at least a half dozen times. Having never been pierced, nor having done any research, I had no idea if it was regulation or not. It didn't matter. I quite enjoyed it, partially because it helped put me in the right frame of mind (*thisisnotgoingtobegentle*) and partially because I got the distinct impression that Coma was enjoying it even more, as though it was something She'd thrown in to indulge Herself.

What I really wanted was for her to kiss me.

Instead, Coma swabbed the first area she was going to pierce and warned me I was going to feel a pinch. Fair enough. She told me to count down from three. *3-2-1-pierce!*

Not so bad at all. She was using syringe tips, so it was the same sensation as getting a shot, which I've never had a problem with. Of course, when I get a shot, the tip doesn't emerge back out of my skin an inch away. So, it was two pinches rather than one. No biggie.

"I can surprise you," Coma said, "or I can count it down again. Which would you prefer?"

"Surprise me," I replied.

"That I will," she said. My eyes were closed, but I could hear the grin in her voice.

After a few seconds she said “Get ready,” which reduced the surprise factor a tad. She was just looking out for me, though, especially since She still wasn't sure what my limits were. I wasn't sure myself. All I knew was that I hadn't reached them yet.

Coma White's demeanor was mostly calming and soothing, with occasional hints a playful sort of malice. I knew she was capable of a heavier malice and was holding back, but that was just as well. All the same, every time I felt it, got a sense of what she's like when she *isn't* holding herself back, I was intrigued and emboldened and all the more determined not to back down.

For a few of the needles, presumably the ones where I was squirmier than usual, Coma instructed me to bite down. The problem was, of course, was that I had nothing in my mouth on which to bite down. Fortunately, I managed to avoid my tongue.

My eyes remained closed, for there was no reason to have them open. To see the look on Coma White's face, perhaps, which was surely a sight to behold, or the hardy spectators who weren't too squicked out by the needles. Normally I'm fascinated by reactions, but vision was quite possibly the least important sense at the time. Nothing of any value would come to me via light. I was grateful the Medical Room was painted in dark colors, and didn't attempt try to replicate the sterile blankness of a doctor's office, like some I've seen.

It also felt important not to see the needles until they were all in. To use the most obvious example, I don't look away when getting a shot, and my attention is always quite focused during my infrequent bouts of stress-related cutting. In this case, though, seeing them was not nearly as important as *feeling* them.

Coma asked if she could touch my nipples. Madeline and I said “Yes” at the same time.

In addition to Coma's voice and Madeline's breathing, which got more and more excited as we went on, the ambient noise was pretty much what you'd expect at a sex party. At least one person not too far away was getting fucked real good.

After every needle or two, Coma asked me how I was doing. I think I made her a little nervous when I was slow to answer a few times. The problem was that, after a while, I had no idea *how* to answer. "Fine" and "good" and "holding up" all sounded hollow, especially when the endorphins started to really kick in.

Every so often, Coma would wriggle the needles. That's what they were for. Playful malice. Madeline, however, declined an invitation from Coma White to put on gloves and play with the needles as well.

At six needles in, Coma quizzed me on how many there were. I counted correctly.

In spite of the hitting, there wasn't much blood until the final piercing. My eyes were still closed, so I only *felt* the blood hitting my stomach.

Finally, I opened my eyes. Coma was to the left, and a few people were watching from about five feet away. The muted light felt harsh, and once again I was glad the room wasn't white. I looked down at myself. Four needles around each breast, and a tiny pool of blood on my stomach. Yep, that's pretty much how I expected it to look.

Coma White wiped up the blood with the tips of her fingers and put some on my chest as though she was fingerpainting or writing her initials on a frosted window, then put the rest on my lips.

Madeline has a blood fetish, so while she already found the scene arousing, the sight of Coma playing with the red caused her excitement level to skyrocket. It must have been like eating what you thought was a regular donut, then discovering your favorite gooey filling inside. (That's a lousy comparison, but I wasn't able to wrestle my preferred volume-knob metaphor into submission.) She suddenly found herself in the stratosphere, gasping for breath in the rapidly thinning air.

"Something that didn't occur to you," Coma said slyly, "is that these needles will have to come back out."

"Actually," I replied, "that *did* occur to me." No, really, it did.

Coma slid a needle out, quick and painlessly. "That's the easy way," she said helpfully. "This is the hard way." She removed another, slowly, twisting it around. I squirmed with dark pleasure.

"Oh my," she murmured. "That bruise is going to be a thing of beauty." Louder, she said, "Which way would you prefer?"

Before I could answer, Madeline announced that she was overheated and really really *really* needed to lie down, no fooling, right *now*. Our options were limited--there was the table we were on, and not much else. So I stood.

I was struck by a wave of dizziness--I'd stood up too fast, made worse by the flood of endorphins and adrenaline my body produced in response to the eight needles in my chest. I turned around to lean against the table and saw Madeline prostrate upon it, back of her hand on her forehead in an unintentional parody of the classic goth pose. There was a man approaching her--

*(everything is black and dreamlike. i'm somewhere else entirely, and i have no idea how i got here or what's going on--)*

Colors swarmed in, dots of tone and hue crowding each other as they burst into existence, rapidly taking the form of Coma White. She was crouched down in front of me, looking very concerned, so naturally I was concerned too.

I said to them, "Are you okay?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing," she replied, cryptically but not unkindly. I had no idea what he was talking about. I'm just sitting here, minding my own--

I realized that my ass was cold. Why was it cold? I was sitting on the ground, wearing nothing but the half-slip. That's why. And my back--my back was against the corner of the room. I was sitting. In the corner. Why was I sitting in the corner? I was just standing at the table. How did I get *here*?

It dawned on me. *(did i black out? i blacked out! how cool!)* Coma said it was more like collapsing than blacking out, technically. I got the impression I was only out for a few seconds, probably just long enough for my rear to get cold. Looking up at the table, I saw the man standing over Madeline. His hands were on her head, and he speaking was speaking softly. Oh, good. Someone was taking care of her. I had no idea who he was or what he was doing, but the immediate vibe I got was gentle, and at the moment that was enough.

I became aware that Coma was doing something with my chest, and I looked down to see the needles were gone. Wow. That was quick. I had planned to request the hard way, and I guess I got it, just not the way I was expecting.

Madeline's mysterious benefactor turned out to be a phlebotomist. He helped talk her down and used pressure points and stuff. I thanked him profusely for

helping her, since I'd been a little too busy in the midst of my own trauma to be of much use.

We went back out into the real world--or into the rest of the party, which ain't quite the same thing. I had the adrenaline shakes pretty bad. Worse, I felt *incomplete*. The scene ended prematurely, unnaturally, just as it was getting really good. I had been on the verge of discovering something new and wonderful, a heretofore unknown capacity for sensation, and it was taken away, as the most beautiful things so often are. My soul ached, mourned for what I almost had, but I was too amped up to cry.

I never saw Coma White again, and the ache is with me to this day.



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