

A woman in a black catsuit with a whip, standing against a fiery background. The catsuit is form-fitting and has a zipper down the front. She is holding a whip in her right hand, which is coiled around her leg. The background is a vibrant, fiery orange and red gradient.

**A**  
**PROFESSIONAL**  
**DOMINATRIX**

**Zakfar**

# **A PROFESSIONAL DOMINATRIX**

**By**

**ZAKFAR**

**A Professional Dominatrix**

**By Zakfar**

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# **!!! Warning !!!**

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The following artistic material is strictly forbidden for underage people (based on the laws of the country). It includes Sexually Explicit Material and Adult Related Topics. In addition, many details can create negative impacts on the minds of young readers.

## **Disclaimer**

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## **BDSM Related**

The following piece of work includes BDSM Related Material, some of which may not be suitable for you. Read it only if you know the risks involved, and/or are ready to take the risks.

# **PREFACE**

Hi!

This piece of work is intended to explain BDSM with Entertainment. It is a Fiction Novel having Characters, Scenarios, and Environment related with BDSM. It is NOT intended to satisfy BDSM Fantasies particularly, though some people might enjoy the setting. This is an Adult Book. No Underage Please!

Details, Theories, and Scenario Examples, all are the writer's creativity, based on years of research on BDSM and Human Psychology. Some people can have opposite ideas. It is a matter of discussion, which can lead us to further research on the topic. You can consider all these to understand BDSM in general and can utilize them for the research on the topic. But do not take everything hardcoded. Better research is required, before these theories can be finalized.

This novel is NOT just on Femdom aspect. It contains many different scenarios of BDSM, and uses both the Genders to play different roles. It explains different types of activities and relationships. The Main Character is a Professional Dominatrix, so you will enjoy it more if you have Femdom Fantasies. But that is not the requirement of the book. You can read it for the story, even if you have no BDSM Fantasies at all.

This book tries to clarify BDSM Concepts and their roles in Real Life. But remember, nothing is Real in this book; neither the BDSM club, nor the Characters. Please do not take the Scenario Examples as guides for you. Not all the Psychological Responses and Details are discussed. The consequences can differ greatly than the ones proposed in the book.

English is my Second Language. I have worked hard to improve it. Still, you will feel some itching sometimes. I will really appreciate if you can bear it. The stage of learning never ends. I will bring better effort in my later work.

Thanks a lot.

I hope you enjoy this!

# **About Me!**

Hi,

Zakfar is not my real name, but my Pseudonym. Current circumstances do not allow me to disclose my real identity. I hope I get the opportunity to talk to you as Real Me. Wish me good luck!

I have lived in different parts of the world, learned different languages, cultures and many aspects of human psychology. I look the world from BDSM Perspective. My writings include the same, and can help you to see the world this way.

My BDSM History started when I was very young. I saw something, and I felt different. For many years, I did not realize that those feelings were not very common. I started to feel bad for myself. Years later, one of my friends had a fight with his dad. He believed that his dad was a 'Psycho' as he enjoyed 'Getting Hurt'; he enjoyed the pain. I started to search the 'Medications' and 'Cure' for both of us.

I did not succeed in anything particularly. And I did not have that strong intentions as well. But my friend's dad died. He died as a Psycho. He himself believed that he had lost his mind. At that time, I felt something inside me. My friend's dad was never close to me. But I cried for him.

I do not know what I can achieve in my life. It really does not matter how much I can succeed. I love to fight. I will do it even if I have to die with this dream in my eyes. You may think that I'm Crazy. But I prefer 'Pervert' for myself.

Please do no abuse me. Please understand that this book is based on my 2-years' effort. If it is shared across the internet for free, you do not know how much I will be hurt. I can even lose all my motivations. If you do not like my work, feel free to discuss it. But please, let me keep my passion. I will really appreciate that.

Thanks,

*Zakfar*

[zakfar2000@yahoo.com](mailto:zakfar2000@yahoo.com)

# Different Love!

Once upon a time, there was time of Tyranny.

There were days of some fools and days of Autocracy.

They had rulers who could rule; they had people to submit.

As many did they want, for the one or many.

In those days and nights, it was time of power.

They did anything for power; they did everything with power.

In those days and nights, they did all that they could do,

For the rules or discipline, or the system of their fun.

They could curse each other; they could hurt each other;

Without any boundaries; and with no one's permissions.

Some called them tyrants and considered them despots.

The others gained the knowledge and they filled up all their pots.

If the truths were learned, or the lies were forbidden;

Or just they'd done some work, to search the ones being hidden.

There were many Masochists.

There were plenty of Perverts.

They could cry with getting hurt,

But could cry-cry for 'Getting Hurt'.

As Sadists were some sadists, they got all that what they wanted.  
Their passions, satisfactions, and the pleasures with this fun.

It has always been the same; Poor Masochists sacrifice!  
Their desires got buried, with their bodies, souls, and minds.

With an Advent of Stars, the tables got turned.  
With the leashes being broken, Sadistic Desires got burned.

They could no more get their needs,  
They got troubles in their deeds.  
They submitted themselves, to accept Masochists' leads.

During nights and the days, or their fights and their pays;  
They kept getting closer, while playing their plays.

When the world got connected, they were all surprised.  
They are not few singles, everyone has realized.

Now,  
It's time to wake-up, it is time to get up.  
I'm not that bad, as they want to make me up.  
Either sadist or pervert, or a masochist covert.  
We can join each other, either go down or get up.

You should not hate me, if you can't simply love.  
I've always been with you, since the beginning of this love.

You need to test it first, whether it is good or not.

You also need this, whether accept it or not.

This love is different!

Here, fear is different!

We can share this love,

But,

In the ways I want...

My Different Love!

## **Different Love!**

*By Zakfar*

**(Dedicated to my secret friend's Dad, who died few years ago.)**

# BOOK 1



*Love of the Beautiful  
Beast*

**In some People**  
All those Activities

That cause

**Surprise**

**Love**

**Joy**

**Fear**

**Anger**

**Sadness**

Can cause

*~ Sexual Stimulations ~*

**In Others**

Some of those can cause

**!!! PAIN !!!**

# Chapter 1

---

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

50 x 30 room. Many people here. But the Center of Attention is in the center of the room. White-skin, green-eyes, and long-brown hairs, she is Mistress Natalie. With her back towards the door, in her black latex catsuit, emitting magnetic reflections of light, hiding jades behind her eye-mask, dangling her ponytail in the air, she is the Symbol of Power; the Top Professional Dominatrix of ‘Kingdom of Hell’ BDSM Club. She is famous for her High-Torture Sessions. Anyone, who can afford, can dream about her. The ones gone through, they cannot dream about leaving the Addiction.

In the heroic posture of Authority, she is standing with her legs spread. Her left foot is turned left, holding the neck of the man with the space of 8-inch heel and high platform of her leather shoe. In his Doggie Position, his shoulders and head are on the ground. His wrists and ankles are locked in the stock behind him. He cannot move his upper body. But he is free to cry, as loud as he can, in the presence of this 3-inch Red Ball Gag. He can emit all his *happiness*, from the corners of his eyes, rolling out on his cheeks, and splashing on the floor. He is expressing his *extreme pleasure* consistently.

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

This Flogger has thick and long tails, braided into lashes, and no knots in the ends. It is designed to penetrate its impact deep in the skin with minimum Bad Wounds. It is in the hand of the Devil of this Hell. There are no lacerations on the back of this naked man. But these prints are not the true depictions of his internal conditions. He is not a wimp Masochist. He has a reason for opening all his index fingers and thumbs at once. He has a good reason to call the Safeword. He is done!

“Pussy!” she says with irritation and stops moving her hand.

Many silver chains are hung with the ceiling. Some have metallic cages, and others are used to suspend the men directly. The ones thrown in the cages have more freedom, and can watch freely, except those who have blindfolds. Bondage-Bed, Suspension-Rack and Pillories, all are set around. Shiny black walls are decorated with paintings and whips, along with the X-Crosses and a Bondage-Wheel. It is a Dungeon Hall in the Femdom Division of KoH.

She deals only male clients. Many of them are here. Some are naked, and others are trying to hide their genitals. Only one is in the Full-Body Bondage suit. Many of them are wearing BDSM Jewelleries. Cock-Rings, Ball-Stretchers, Nipple-Clamps, all are increasing the exotic appeal of their forms of Submission. Some of them have Bondage Masks and some are only hiding their necks with the leather belts.

There are ten females to help her in this General Session of many clients. Four of them are Attendants, and six of them are Junior Dominatrices. Attendants are wearing short pleated dresses of black latex with straps over the shoulders, along with fishnet leggings and Domino-Masks. Juniors are wearing varied Fetish Clothes of Leather and Latex. Some of them have their genitals exposed.

Mistress Natalie turns right and starts walking. The bondage-wheel is rotating with the man in latex thong. The Junior Dominatrix in latex bra and panty has a Long-tail Whip.

“Stop the wheel! Or use a small whip! You can hurt him.”

Junior runs towards the wheel. Mistress Natalie walks towards its left. The metallic table named Trap has no one trapped. At its left, a is standing wearing a leather harness. His neck and wrists are locked in the stock placed on his shoulders.

“Thwack!”

She strikes the table and shouts, “What the fuck are you watching?” She turns towards the attendant. “Blindfold this pathetic scum!”

There are cabinets filled with tools on the wall with the door. The ones spread around the room are not dummies either. Mistress Natalie closes to the wall, hangs

the Flogger, and picks up a Cane from the can placed on the floor. She starts stroking her palm.

“Not bad!”

This sawhorse style wooden frame with padded top plank is called Spanking Horse. The naked man lying on it has red and crème stripes, all across his back, except his buttocks, which has red and blue shades only. His face is towards the wall, and his wrists and ankles are tied with the bottoms of the legs. She moves her right hand with the cane and starts replacing crème into red, and red into blue.

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

His breathing gets louder with every strike on his back. He has cried enough. She moves the tip of the cane below his chin and pulls his head up.

“Will you obey me now?”

“Yes Mistress! Please Mercy me!”

“Good! You will sleep at your back tonight. That’s an order!”

“Please Mistress! Mercy me!”

She does not care about his begging. She starts walking with a smile on her face.

The Cock & Ball Torture Frame has a man behind it, with his *privates* locked in the holes of the horizontal stock joined with two poles on the sides. His balls are blue.

“Mercy me!” He says before she does anything.

She smiles. She has no intentions to strike him with this cane. Thin canes are used instead, so that his balls do not break because of the Pressure of extreme Pleasure.

“Do I care?” She says and moves her right forefinger in his left Nipple-ring. Her right middle-finger starts moving on his balls, gently. He cannot bear this pain. His Cock-Ring is also very tight.

“Please Mistress! Mercy me!” he cries out.

“Chicken!”

She moves her left hand away from his balls. While holding his Nipple ring, she turns towards the Junior Dominatrix. “Open the Doggie! Then release this No-Balls Chicken!” she says and starts looking around.

The Full-Body Bondage Man is fixed on the X-Cross at the right side of the next wall. A Junior is controlling his breath. An attendant is there to help the session. It is better to have more than two eyes for the sessions of Breath-Play.

Next, there is empty bondage bed that has adjustable long poles. At the X-Cross at left, a naked man is fixed with his face towards the wall. Junior behind him seems to have trouble in handling him. She is using a Wooden Paddle. Mistress Natalie starts walking.

BDSM is a combination of six *human desires*. Masochism, Sadism, Submission, Domination, Discipline and Bondage, all of these can have many forms and it is difficult to branch out categories. Different people have different sets of requirements. High Professional clubs, including Kingdom of Hell, target to fulfill many desires of the clients in a single set of activities called Sessions. The usage of Safewords helps to impose secondary limits, beside the time frame. Mistress Natalie is an expert to deal Masochism. However, some of her clients only attend her sessions to watch. Even for that, they pay her high session fee.

“Not done?” Mistress Natalie asks the Junior paddling the X-Cross Man.

“No!”

“Then why the fuck are you using the paddle?”

“I decided to use something different,” she replies with some fear.

“You don’t decide anything here. I do! Now get out of here! I’ll talk to you later,” Mistress Natalie says with anger and Junior starts walking. She cannot cry in the dungeon room. She cannot break another rule. She starts running. She knows that her career is in danger. Mistress Natalie is mad at her.

“Can’t you tell her that you don’t enjoy it?” she shouts with anger and moves her right hand with the cane.

“Slash!”

“Sorry Mistress!” he replies.

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Bitch!” she says.

Some of the cuts at his back are dried. The ones still bleeding has started to redden her cane. He is one of the Strong Masochists. He has a passion for pain. Mistress Natalie knows that he needs lot more than this. She turns towards the Junior Dominatrix, wearing nothing but only red latex pants, caning the man fixed on 3-holes pillory near the next wall.

“Leave him!” Mistress Natalie says and starts walking towards the Pillory, “Go! Open the X-Man! Hang him vertically downward with his ankles tied with the ceiling. Use Long-Tail Whip! Make him as horrible as you can! It won’t be easy to break him. He thinks he is made of steal. Prove the X-man that he’s wrong!”

The girl runs away.

Mistress Natalie moves towards the Pillory Man. His face is towards the wall.

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

His back has become the Sadist Fine Art, which can confuse someone for being a Treasure Map. For someone is Sadomasochism, it is lot more than that. Marks of whips, slashes with the canes, the blood mixed in melted wax, the Frame made with his skin can be hanged on the wall for decorating the dungeon walls.

“Will you be a good slave?” she shouts.

“Yes Mistress! Please Mercy me!” He was waiting for her to call his Safeword. He only submits himself to Mistress Natalie, and not a Junior Dominatrix.

“Good!” she says and turns.

The naked man on 8 x 8 Suspension Rack is bound in Spread-Eagle Position. His limbs are stretched and tied with the corners. He does not need any Physical Torture. He enjoys the pain because of long time spent in this Bondage Position. All the other in the middle of the room are already dealt. Mistress Natalie starts walking towards the door, while waving her hand. Many females run towards her.

“I’m leaving. Stay with Spread-Eagle for one hour! Release both the Pillory Guys! Both of the suspended men go back to their rooms. Leave the ones in the cages overnight, except the one in the circular cage. He leaves after you release him. And yes, don’t overdo it! He might have already cum.” She says and looks around as a final glance, “End the Full Bondage man...! Everyone else! Don’t touch the genitals of CBT man. Sabrina! You’ve exceeded it. I didn’t expect such a mistake from you. You should know that balls can’t be struck that hard. This is a Warning!”

“Sorry Mistress!” one of the juniors apologizes.

“Any questions?”

“What’s gonna happen to Vana?” another Junior asks and gulps.

“First mistake, but worst mistake. I’ll see if she’s serious about this job. Everyone! I’m not gonna repeat it again and again. We can neither give them more, nor less than they want. Our job is to satisfy them. Don’t use your heads if you don’t know the reactions! I’m here for that,” Natalie says and turns towards the door. She starts walking, and says silently, *“Let’s see what’s in the second Hall.”*

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“Trrreeeeeeeeeeennn!”

Alarm clock is ringing. The woman on the bed places her hand on it and the shrilling noise stops.

“Oh God!” She shouts, sprawls her limbs, and closes her eyes tightly,

“Yeaeaeaeaeae!”

With the movements of her legs, she starts removing the soft and warm comforter, which is hiding her naked body, the marvelous piece of soft but firm curves. She opens the eyes and reveals her green irises. It optimizes the ravishing compulsion of her white spotless skin. Although her blond hairs are all messed up, they do not reduce much of the spell she is casting from her facial grace. She moves out of bed, and stands up, and once again, she sprawls her arms with a loud growl.

“Umhhhh!”

Her hips are bent. Her full cup breasts, brimful and firmed, with sharp nipples, give her the look of being fully aroused. Nature has designed this model to define the possibilities of curls and peaks, which can give all the special effects to a female body, known as *Beauty*.

5’7” height, 35” chest, 23” waist, and 34” hips, she is more than enough to force the strongest man on his knees, and even a woman, if this is what she wants. How can someone bear this cruelty of nature? As a reply, the nature has left a mark of imperfection on her. It is on her left cheek, not the one of her face, but the one below her waist. There is a black spot. It is visible, but for that, someone needs to get close, very close, to her buttocks. Yes! It is on the left mound. She starts walking, taking large but slow steps, and shaking the round hills. She enters the bathroom door and closes it.

It is single-bed apartment having kitchen integrated with the living room. Everything is clean. Everything is placed at its place. In front of the television, there are upholstered seats and a central-table. Books, and other pieces of decorations are locked in the cabinet. The kitchen has all the accessories it needs; many of them are also for only the decoration purpose, and are never used.

Bathroom door opens and she comes out. Her bob-cut blond hairs are now set. She has covered her body with a terry robe. She smiles.

“What the fuck!” she shouts with the glance at the clock, “I thought its... Damn!”

She leaps towards the bed, and picks up her cell-phone.

“Hi! I’ve actually applied for a job in your company and I...”

“Yes! My name is Natalie... Natalie Benz!”

“Right! For the job of the Receptionist...”

## Chapter 2

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Second hall has is similar in structure and organization. Only the faces are different. Mistress Natalie completes her session of two and half hour, and moves out. She is sweating.

It is long and wide corridor – 1000 ft long and 20 feet wide! It is first story of the Femdom Division of the club, having 24 Dungeon Halls and 100 small Rooms. All the halls are lined in the right side of the corridor. The rooms are in short corridors on the left. Both the ends of the main corridor have lobbies for the clients, which are separated with the walls, and can be accessed through the doors. The reception desk at the right of the door is visible though, because of the opening in the wall at its back. Mistress Natalie starts walking towards the lobby at her left.

Signal Lights, Computer Screens, and Microphone-headphones, all are spread across the corridor. Its height is almost half of that of the halls. Each entrance of the smaller rooms' corridors has an elevator at left and a stairway at right. There are four stories in this division, with two of them having Halls Entrances.

“Mistress! Charles is here,” the receptionist says in a low voice when Mistress Natalie starts moving the stylus on the screen attached on this side of the reception desk.

“Tell him I’m done for today,” she says without moving her face from the screen.

“Oh! I thought you would agree for him... And I told him that...”

“How long he’s here?” she asks and pulls up her face.

“One hour...!”

“Ah!” Mistress Natalie says and drops her eyes back on the screen, “He always shows up at bad times. I’m tired.”

“I’m sorry Mistress...” it is a Male voice.

She pulls up her head. He has a Privacy Mask. But she knows that this man in formal grey suit is Charles Stones, one of the richest men of this country. He is one of her Top Priority Clients.

“Did I call you?” she says with anger.

“Ah... I thought...”

“Go back to your fucking room! You’ll be called up when it’ll be your turn to get the punishment.” She strikes him the words and he turns toward his left. He quickly moves and enters the first corridor having 20 cabins for clients to wait with some privacy, with the comfort of upholstered seats and the presence of a television.

He leaves and she smiles. She brings the seriousness on her face and moves back to make all the necessary entries of her recent activities into the clients’ database. Receptionist named Ada is watching her with a smile.

“Why do they act like this? Like, they are your Real Slaves?”

“Once a slave... Always a slave!”

---

Natalie Benz enters the office room. It has many upholstered seats and chairs, and has a big table for both the Gale Enterprises bosses. They are manufacturers and suppliers of computer parts. Walls and cabinets in the room are decorated with their certificates and trophies.

“Sorry I was like...”

“It’s ok! Have a seat!” the man in late 40’s says. The name plate suggests he is Robert Gale – the Big Boss of the company. He does not stand up for his handshake, but Freddy Gale does, who is at the left side of the table.

Natalie passes the envelope to Robert and sits in the chair.

“I’m sorry... I don’t have any experience,” she says.

Silence.

“Natalie Benz!” Robert says, “You think, you can get a job in Gale Enterprises with this Empty Resume?” He smiles.

“Well, I don’t know. But I need it,” she says with a smile mixed with sadness, “I’ll work hard.”

“Ok! Forty-three girls came for the interview. Each one says that she will work hard. Each one has at least some experience of working as a Receptionist in the past. What do you think? What can be the reason for us to hire you?” Robert says and stops.

“My Dedication!” she replies and gulps.

“And you think those girls won’t have the Dedications?” he asks.

“They can. But they won’t,” she says with a smile.

“Why do you think so?”

“Because they know, they have experience,” she says and Robert smiles.

“But the day you join us, you will gain the experience that you can use for the other job. So, your point goes against you. No?”

“Right!” she says with a smile and stops. Robert is watching her with a smile. He likes this reply. Almost all the girls replied ‘No’ in such scenario. Only Natalie knows that ‘Boss is always right’.

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Activities, Situations and Scenarios, which can create emotions in a human mind, can also become the reasons of Sexual Arousals. Those might not be *Erotic* in nature. Some of such activities normally create negative impacts on the other people, like pain or humiliation, but can result in Sexual Orgasms of others.

Derived under the name of 18<sup>th</sup> Century Austrian writer – Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch, *Masochism* is the ability to utilize Physical or Psychological *Torture* for getting Sexual Arousals. These people enjoy being suffered. They enjoy Pain.

“Ada! Tell him to get ready... I’ll join him in a while,” Mistress Natalie says to the receptionist and starts walking.

The corridor separating the Main and the lobby walls has yard entrance at one side. There is another Long Corridor, parallel to the Main, which has clients’ accommodations. The Changing and Bathing Facilities for the club employees are in the Halls that are lined with the Dungeon Halls. She enters the one before the first Hall.

Crying relaxes mind. Mistakenly considered a solely negative mental response, it is the stance of rush of hormones, which can be a consequence of many different emotions of mind. In some cases, it is also accompanied with Erotic Stimulations, which is also a stance of rush of hormones. Both the mental responses can precede the other. The cases where crying becomes the reasons of arousals are common. Some people start crying after *Vanilla Sexual Activities*, considered a phenomenon of Depressive Disorder. Many people cry because of extreme pleasure and happiness. It is not easy to learn why someone is crying. Whether it is because someone is hurt and feeling the pain, or the person is a Masochist and is actually enjoying it.

Door opens and Mistress Natalie comes out.

5-inch stiletto heel shoes, skintight pants of black leather, red latex halter-top with straps around the neck, it looks like she is in the mood of killing someone. Her neckline is down to show the long cleavage with her breasts joined tightly and pushed up. No brassier! The red latex is clearly imitating her nipples.

She starts walking and soon, enters the 25x20 room.

There is Charles Stones. He is naked. He looks horrible. He is not the first one visiting Mistress Natalie on consecutive days for Hard-Torture sessions. Many others have taken the challenge. All of them regretted their brevity. They submitted lot before the end of the Session period. They used their Safewords lot before their nightmare was supposed to end.

“Do you want an Open Talk?” she asks softly to confirm that he is ready. He can decide to go for different activities than the ones he has in his profile. He is a Hard-Torture Masochist.

“You have the Power!” he thrills Natalie.

How can he do this? This does not prohibit him from the usage of his Safeword. But by submitting his Right of using it, he is taking a risk to overflow his haughtiness.

“Are you sure?” she confirms.

“Yes Mistress!”

Silence.

“Ok!” She says and breaths out loudly. “As you wish!”

She moves to the cabinet, brings a metallic chain and collar, and leashes him.

“You are going to be sorry.”

“Sorry Mistress!” he thrills her again. He is indeed in the mood to suicide.

She moves and sits on the throne placed with left wall. He kneels before her.

“Lick them for the last time. You won’t be able to move your body for the next few days!” she says and he moves towards her shoes, “Shine them! You should be able to watch your pathetic face in it.”

He moves out his tongue and starts polishing her right shoe.

“I said Clean!” she shouts and moves the other end of the chain.

“Zhillangh!”

It struck on the floor, and then him. It was a hard strike. He falls in the space between her legs.

“Pull out your fucking tongue! See your filthy face!”

He gets back on his knees. He is breathing out loudly. Once again, he pulls out his tongue.

“This one!” she says and he moves towards her left shoe. She moves her left leg and places the stiletto heel on his back.

Charles Stones is the sole proprietor of ‘Stones Internet Services’, which has established the business in many countries. Charles is visiting her since 3 years. She knows him very well. He is an intelligent man. She does not know what has happened to him. Why he has lost his mind? Loss in business? It did not happen. None of the news channels can miss it. Then what is the reason of his idiocy?

“Stop!” she shouts, “Standup!”

He does as she says. The point of his Penis is pointed towards her.

“I’m tired of your insolence,” she says and stands up, “You gonna regret such a disrespect of your Mistress.” She starts walking towards the other side of the room, leading him with his leash, towards the Spanking Horse. He is not going to get light spankings. He is going to be whipped with some hard blows.

*“But how can he handle that?” she says in her mind, “He can’t take such a hard beating. I think I should... Damn! What the fuck are you thinking Natalie? He’s here for a Hard Session. He has spent so much money for that. He should not be able to lie on his back for the next few weeks.”*

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“What?” Natalie Benz shouts with confusion. Her cell phone is fixed on her right ear. “But how, I mean... What am I supposed to do now?”

“Hmmm... Ok!”

“Sure!”

“I’ll join the office on Monday. Thanks a lot! I always dreamed to work in Gale Enterprises,” Natalie says with a smile, drops the line, and closes her eyes. *“You can do it Natalie! You can do it!”*

# Chapter 3

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Four thousand nine hundred and thirty two rooms, in-house accommodations for clients and some employees, more than six thousand trained employees working inside, and a huge Yard Space outside the main building, Kingdom of hell is a city of its own. It is a Project of IBFO – The International BDSM & Fetish Organization. With the covered area of 160 acres, it is a heaven for all the believers of ‘Cruelism’. This suburb has more noise than the main city. People visit it from all over the world, for Sessions and Stays.

Main building covers the land of 1.2 million square feet, which is divided based on the types of visitors. The area in and around *Sacher-Masoch Auditorium* is called *Guest Zone*. It has plenty of shops that sell numerous types of BDSM Tools and Furniture. The daily shows and weekly exhibitions attract all kind of visitors, including the ones, who do not consider Perverts themselves. The building has four stories, each with a nominal height of 11 feet. Auditorium covers the height of three floors, and the Dungeon halls are 22 feet high.

*Club Center* is in the center, but it is not named for that, but because it is the essence of the club. Offices, Development Zone, Library, and many facilities for the employees are here. Artists, stylists and designers, all reside here. Six hundred and seventy two accommodations are here for employees, along with a Mess Hall for all.

Maledom Division is in the west of the building. First and third floors have entrances to the halls, 15 at each floor, in the left side of the main corridor. Every floor has 7 corridors with 10 dungeon rooms, and has a lobby in South of the division. Females and Males both visit here having desires of submission for the Symbol of Strength – Man.

Submissive Division is in east. Same structure but in reverse order. Halls are in right side, and Dungeon rooms are in left. Clients’ Accommodations are in the parallel corridor at the right of the main. The entrances to the yard space are at right and the Club Center is accessed through the left side of the crossing corridors. To move between all the floors, and the parking lot in the basement, this division also have many stairs and elevators.

Femdom Division is in North, and is larger than both the other divisions. It has two separate lobbies for male and female clients, though they are not separated within the division. Some clients also visit as couples, and are dealt based on their requirements.

Dominant Divisions have four level of professionalism. Junior Professionals work as assistants. Executive Professionals deal the clients of their own, one at a time. Senior Professionals have higher session fees, but much lower than Top Professionals. Both the higher-level professionals entertain the clients in different types of sessions, mainly General and Private. There are 11 Top Professionals in Kingdom of Hell. Mistress Natalie is one of them.

“But Mistress,” receptionist Ada says with confusion, “Are you sure? Isn’t it risky?”

“I seem to have no option,” Mistress Natalie says, “I can’t handle two more full-course clients.” She starts walking towards the Changing area.

Full-course clients stay in the club for 24-hours sessions. Executives, and some Senior Professionals, spend the whole day with their FC Clients. Higher-level professionals normally utilize Junior Professionals to save time. However, they also have to spend much of their time with these clients, depending upon the scenarios and types of sessions. Mistress Natalie already have tight schedule. If she accepts two more FC clients, she will not be able to sleep and dine.

Door opens and Mistress Natalie moves out.

“Nice!” Ada remarks with a glance on her body.

Thigh-length boots, fishnet pantyhose and hot-pants of shiny black leather, all increasing the stunning glamour of her snap-neck half-sleeves bustier. Her hot-pants are extended for 2-inches, and two rows of metallic studs are lined around her waist. Similar studs are vertically lined on her top. An inch-long silver chain is hung with her bellybutton ring, which is creating light sounds of metal rubbing the leather. Only the blinds can be saved from this charming appearance.

“You’re looking gorgeous!” Ada remarks as soon as she enters the door .

“Thanks!”

Left side has open waiting area with eight sets of upholstered seats. No one is there. At right, there are six rows of ten cabins.

“F10! Both of them are together.” Ada says.

Mistress Natalie enters the third corridor of cabins, walks till the last one, and opens it.

“Mistress!” both the men shout together. They are wearing Privacy masks.

“Sit down!” she says loudly and then continues in a soft voice, “Listen! You can decide to either have an hourly session with me, or have the FC with someone else. In the current schedule, I won’t be able to deal you guys.”

“But Mistress... I’d been planning this since almost a year,” the man in black formal suit says.

“I know that,” she adds some sadness in her voice, “but I don’t have time.”

“Isn’t there ANY option?” the man in sharp-orange front-button shirt says. He has blue jeans, and shoes with pointed toes.

“The best I can do is, I can handle one of you guys. That is why I’ve gathered you. If you propose a solution, I’ll think about it. I don’t wanna deny anyone of you, myself,” she says and starts walking, leaving them in high state of confusion. She continues within her mind, *“Don’t worry Natalie! They will do it.”*

She stops and smiles. She has heard the footsteps behind her. She turns with expressionless face.

“Mistress! Is it possible if you handle both of us together?” orange man says.

“No!” she says quickly, “It’s against the policy of the club to force someone into something like this. You guys have very high privacy profiles... and it’s a risk for the club if I deal both of you together.”

“But Mistress,” the suited man says, “We are voluntary asking to have the session as a couple. We can fill out another form... or something like that.”

“It’s a risk!”

“We promise,” man in black adds, “we won’t take off our privacy masks. We won’t even talk to each other. Please Mistress!”

“Hmmm,” She utters and looks at the other man, “You? Do you have something to say?”

“I can stick the privacy mask to my face... for the rest of my life.”

She smiles.

*“Yes! You can do it... Slave! You’re always in the mask,” she says within her mind, “I’m not worried about him Marcos. I’m worried about you. You don’t know that he is Agent Abbott Racz. But don’t worry! I knew that I could handle both of you together... when I decided to do this.”*

---

“Hi Natalie!” Natalie hears the voice of Freddy Gale and she pulls up her smiling face.

“Yes Boss?”

“Ah! I told you already. Everyone calls me Freddy,” he says with an artificial anger.

“Ok!... Freddy!”

“Do you want to join me at the lunch?” he asks.

“If... you can let me have couple of minutes,” she says while keeping her lips stretched horizontally and continues in her mind, *“You need to be careful Natalie!”*

# Chapter 4

---

“Enough! This is enough!” Mistress Natalie babbles while taking long steps. This anger is not the representation of her normal role of dominatrix. It is real. It is the seventh day, and Charles is here once again. A record no one can break while being alive. After the session, he takes all the medications, so that he can spend his next day with her, and get ready for that day’s medications. No one can do this, then how can he?

She enters the 25x20 room. All the lights are turned off, except the one above the bed, where Charles is lying naked. Abrasions, lacerations and bruises, all are increasing the grotesque appearance of his body. Some of the wounds are stitched. The glue of recently removed bandages is still there. He cannot bear more, or he will die. She knows. But she does not know what to do. He is one of those clients whom she cannot deny for anything.

*“But... if he wants to suicide, better to let him die with the honor of a True Masochist.”*

Charles Stones joined her 3 years ago. He is married. Mistress Natalie never asked him the reason of his sessions with her. It is common among BDSM people to start seeking external help when their partners do not understand them. With his 6-foot height and 200-pounds body, he can keep it secret from the rest of the world by hiding his body behind a formal suit, but he cannot do it to his wife, if she is with him.

He moves out of the bed and starts walking towards her, taking short and small steps. She walks pass him and stands with the bed. She is facing the wall.

“What do you want?” she asks.

“You have the Power!” voice comes from her back. Once again, he wants it maximum. Something is wrong. Something is terribly wrong.

“Why?” she asks.

Silence.

“Get on your knees! Get close Charles!” she says without turning. She has never called him by his real name in the session. This is the first time.

He moves towards her, falls on his knees and starts licking her shoes.

Mistress Natalie is working as a Professional Dominatrix since 10 years. She was there when Kingdom of Hell was established by Ivon Campbell, 8 years ago. She is the one to bring many creativities in the Femdom Division, especially in the sessions of High Torture Masochists. She is considered the best to deal someone like Charles. However, this is the first time she has faced such a problem. There is no doubt that he wants to die. Why? What she should do?

“When did your wife leave?” she asks.

Silence.

“What am I to you Charles?”

Silence.

“Tell me Bitch! What the fuck do you think am I?” she shouts and kicks his face. He moves backward.

“Mistress! You’re my Mistress!” he says.

“In real! What do you think about me,” she says and turns, “when you are outside this building.”

He takes some time to reply, “You help me to fulfill my desires. You are a great help for me.”

“Just that?” she asks.

“I mean... You are my Mistress. I want to submit myself to someone like you. Someone powerful like you. I feel great when I’m with you. When you beat me... I feel like I’m with someone Supreme...”

“So you accept my Supremacy?”

“Yes Mistress! I do,” he quickly replies.

“Outside this building!” she says and his face fills up with confusion.

Silence.

She continues, “Do you want it?”

“Session?” he asks and gulps.

“Whatever I decide! Do you want to submit to me?” she says and he opens up his eyes.

“But I love her!”

“And she has left you!”

“But I...”

“Then deny me! I don’t mind. Tell me ‘Yes’ or ‘No’. Do you accept my Supremacy outside the building?”

“Yes!” he says and drops his face, “You’ve the Power!”

“Ok! Then I’m taking you with me on a little tour,” she says in a serious voice, “You gonna need to go through some medications for the next few weeks. You will need to serve me good in my vacation.”

---

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my life,” Freddy emits out the standard flirt line.

“Thanks Boss!” she replies with a smile. He does not like it.

“Ugh. Why don’t you... Natalie! I’m not a bad guy,” he says irritation and starts watching the wall behind her. He takes a short break and then continues, “All my life, I was working, working, and working. But now, I want myself to settle down. Problem is... I have no idea how to talk to a girl for this.”

She believes him.

He continues, “I don’t know how to initiate it. I really don’t know. But I’m not a bad guy.”

Silence.

Natalie's eyes are stuck on the flower-shaped Napkin displayed in a glass cup, placed on the table of this delicate restaurant. Freddy is smart and intelligent. If Robert is the mind of the company, Freddy is the rest of the body. He is indeed good for his business. But he lacks everything for romance.

“Ok!” She clears her throat and continues, “What do you wanna say?”

“Can you... move to my house please?”

*“What the fuck!”*

---

“Yes! It's important,” Mistress Natalie says to the CEO of the club, Ivon Campbell. She is in his room.

“But Natalie, don't you think it's a risk?”

“Listen Ivon! I want it myself. I don't know why, but I want it,” she says and stops.

Silence.

Ivon is everything for her. He is the one who has trained her. He is the one who brought her to BDSM. She never makes any decision without his approval, even if that has nothing to do with the club. She knows that he is not worried about the club policy. For her, he has already made many changes. He is worried about her.

“You are not having personal feelings for him. Right?” he asks with confusion.

“I don't know,” she says with honesty.

“No Natalie! This is not right. He is not for you,” Ivon says.

“I know. But I want to continue my life Ivon,” she says, “I have to forget my past. I have to forget everything about my desires. Things have changed Ivon. You have made me a Professional Sadist. I can live as a Sadist. I've started to enjoy this now. Don't worry... and you know, maybe we're having an over-talk. I'm not sure myself what I'm seeking. Maybe, I have no feelings for him at all. It's just that, I'm worried about a good client of mine, who is in trouble. But I wanna go with him. I wanna cure him.”

Silence.

“Ok Natalie!” Ivon says slowly, “I won’t stop you. But once again, as your friend, I’ll tell you to revise your decision. You don’t want this.”

---

“This is for you,” Freddy says and passes the boxy carrying a Beautiful Diamond Necklace to her. The chit on the side says the stone is 2.3 Carat VVS2.

“Wow!” Her voice is stuck inside. *“He loves me! Yes, he loves me.”*

“Natalie! Will you marry me?” he asks with a smile and she looks at him with a surprise. It is their third night together.

*“Where the fuck is my Romance 101 book? He hasn’t even told me that he loves me.”*

---

*“And now... it’s the last one,”* Natalie says in her mind and places the headphone back on the tray fixed on the wall of the Main corridor. She moves and enters the shorter corridor of smaller rooms.

Cory Wilson is one of the major shareholders, and one of the Directors of Jamben Shipping Corporation. He is 55-years old, and a Hard Torture Masochist. Contrary to Charles, he needs many ingredients in his sessions, most importantly Anal Orgasms.

Pegging or Reverse-Sex is the type of activity that involves female penetrating the male with a dildo. Considered a varied version of anal-sex common in Gays, pegging is also pleasurable for woman. Leaving the BDSM aspect aside, the base of dildo can produce Clit-Stimulations. Also, some women wear double-sided strap-on dildos. Professionals mostly use the ones that produce minimum stimulations for themselves. They are not supposed to enjoy their sessions.

In this Private session, Mistress Natalie has brought a Junior Dominatrix and a Female Attendant. First Cory is bound in a Strappado Position, with his arms bound at his back and tied with the ceiling using a chain, and his feet separated with a spreader bar. The attendant is only here to help in bondage, and moving the

tools for them. Mistress Natalie and the Junior have worn the Strap-on Dildos around their waists, on top of their latex covered clothes.

Lubrication is very important for anal penetration in both males and females, as anus does not produce the natural lubrication itself to allow smooth insertion. The clients of Mistress Natalie does not entertain such privileges. In her sessions, pegging is supposed to create some pain. For that, Natalie has worn this gigantic monster, which she has started to push in his dry ass. She knows that even this widely opened asshole will start bleeding in a few seconds.

“Bring my whip!” she says with a smile and then pulls up her face. *“Damn!”* A blue bulb has lit up. It is a message from the control room. *“Another client?... I haven’t even packed my bags yet. How will I leave tonight?”*

---

“Yes!” “Yeah!” “Oh... Yeah!”

Moaning of Natalie is louder than Freddy. Her legs are up, and he is moving between them. Air conditioner seems to have broken. They did not take a shower. They are sweating.

Freddy falls on her. Both of them are breathing loudly.

“Oh baby! I love you,” she says.

“Why shouldn’t we marry then?” he asks her again.

He does not lose any chance to ask her again. She is silent, since last two weeks. She wants to reply him. She wants to tell him, *“You don’t want it Freddy! You don’t know me! You don’t know who am I.”*

# Chapter 5

---

Mistress Natalie does not have much freedom outside the *world* of Kingdom of Hell. As soon as she is out, her movement is restricted by as many people as she can sight. She is on the list of all the Gossip-Hunters. She knows that even her idle talk with someone can make him either a celebrity or a joke, or both. In case of Charles, the chances are minimum. They can easily hunt down.

They flew separately.

Charles is at the airport. He has to receive her here, and then they will continue in the same flight. Much Time has passed. The lines of his forehead are increasing with every passenger walking out of the door of arrivals.

“What are you waiting for?”

Mistress Natalie? Stranger!

Full-sleeve loose dress with flowers print, eyes behind the sunglasses, head covered with wide-brimmed hat, and Point of Attraction not her cleavage but her earrings, she cannot be Mistress Natalie. It is difficult to realize where the view strikes first, the pearls, or the Diamonds jeweled with gold.

“Do you want a beating in public?”

She is her. He quickly moves and grabs the handle of the hand-carry bag that she has forwarded towards him.

“Sorry Mistress!” he says.

“Shhh...! Don’t call me... Better to call me Natalie,” she says and starts moving her eyes.

“But I don’t mind. I mean...”

“Listen! It doesn’t matter what do you want. These media people don’t care what do you want. They only care about what can be sold,” she says and he starts nodding.

“You’re right. My bad!” he says with a smile. She has seen his first smile in last few weeks. And this one is different than any of his in the last three years. This is a real smile. She also adds a smile on her face. This is also real one.

“Is it ok if I call you ‘Miss’?” he asks.

“Ok! ‘Miss’ is fine. Let’s go!” she says and starts walking. He follows her carrying the hand-carry bags in both of his hands. She continues silently, *“I know you need some time Charles! Some activities should never be hurried!”*

---

“Where are you honey?” Natalie Benz says with her cell-phone on her ear.

“Just entered the housing,” Freddy’s voice comes out.

“Ok! Everyone is at home. Please be quick!”

Everyone is at home: Robert and his irritating wife Salena, and their three kids; Romano, his wife and their half dozen children, some messing up her lawn, and others trying to blast the second story of the house. Her four female servants are not enough for handling this ambush. Natalie’s face expressions are changing consistently, some of them to support her gestures for the older troublemakers.

“I never expected that Freddy will choose someone like you,” Salena Gale attacks her, finally.

Selena is one of the females who think age can only be calculated with the date of the birth, and it can be hidden behind the heavy make-up. Everyone knows Robert studied with her, and they both have almost same age. With her appearance, she looks much older than him.

“What do you mean?” Natalie asks.

“I mean... You are way too beautiful for him,” Selena smiles.

“Now what does, this mean?” Natalie says with some anger.

“I think he likes different girls...”

“Sorry!” Freddy’s voice interrupts them. Natalie turns. “I got stuck in something,” he says and kisses Natalie on her lips, and transfers the briefcase to her hand.

“But why so late honey?” she says as if she wants to cry.

“Sorry Baby! It was unexpected. I’ll explain you everything later,” he says and starts walking.

“Hmm... Later!” Natalie babbles with anger and then brings a smile on her face, “Ok!”

“I’m indeed surprised!” Salena says and starts walking.

*“What the fuck? What’s wrong with this Bitch? Why the fuck she wants us to start fighting?”*

---

It is a hotel room. Charles is on the bed, naked, and hands and legs tied with the poles. Mistress Natalie, in under-bust bustier of black latex and nothing else, starts mounting him.

“No Mistress! Please don’t!” he says.

“What?” She retreats with some confusion, “I’m sorry. I forgot... I just... I thought you are separated from your wife.”

“Not me! She has taken the divorce,” he says.

“What?” she shouts louder than previously, “Are you divorced?”

“Yes! Last month,” he says with a smile.

“But... Now you want her back,” Natalie says and starts nodding, “So this is the problem.”

“She didn’t push me. I signed it myself,” he says.

“What? But then... But why?”

“She had every right to get that. I know how much she loved me. After all this... She’s right. She has every right to live her life. I have no right to push her so much. I signed it myself,” he says.

Silence.

“Ok!” Natalie waits and then turns towards the cabinet. She has started to feel odd with her breasts and crotch exposed.

“I’m sorry Mistress!” he says, “It’s not like I don’t want it. But... if it happens, it can affect our relationship. You’re my Mistress!”

She has stopped moving. Her fingers are clenched into fists and her face is filled up with anger. She closes her eyes and relaxes her mind.

“No worries!” she says and starts walking, “Get out! Bring me a Gigolo. He must have at least 7” shaft. Not a puny one like you!”

Silence.

“You need to open me first!” Charles’s voice strikes her ears.

*“What the fuck!”* she breaths out her anger and closes her eyes again, *“I’m a woman Charles! Might be a Sadist... but I can also have some feelings.”*

---

“Open your eyes Freddy!” Natalie says with irritation. She has stopped jumping on his chest.

“Sorry!” he says.

*“Sorry? Something is wrong Natalie,”* she says to herself.

Silence.

“What happened?” he asks.

She moves out of the bed.

“What happened baby?” he asks again.

“Who is she?”

“Who?”

“The one you were watching,” she says.

“I watched no one.”

“Don’t lie to me Freddy! I know there is someone,” she says. Tears have started to roll on her cheeks.

“I’m not lying baby,” he says in a sad voice.

*“Yes! He’s not lying. Something is wrong... What was Selena talking about? Different girls? What type of girls? Looks like he has some sexual fantasies.”*

---

“Nice!” Mistress Natalie remarks and enters the shop having this beautiful dress on the display. She is expressing same remarks for everything that comes up in her sight.

Financial Domination scenarios have many different shapes. The most common is the one referred as Money-Slave Scenario, where the dominant spends slaves’ money lavishly. Terms like Pay-Pig and Human-Wallets are also common, but those are derogatory in nature, and are avoided by the professionals, except if humiliation is desired.

“Miss! How can I help you?” salesgirl says.

“That dress!” Mistress Natalie says while pointing the suit at display, “That one, that one as well... and that one. All of them... Pack them!”

Charles moves towards the counter and places all the plastic bags on the floor, which he has been carrying in his hands. He knows that he is going to buy the seventh luggage-carry today.

---

69, with Natalie being on top. Both of his *pleasuring devices* are inside her, his shaft in her mouth, and his tongue in her vagina. She pulls out her mouth and starts turning her body. Before she can do it, Freddy pushes her body. She falls on the bed.

“Owwa! What are you doing?” she shouts with anger.

Before she understands anything, he pushes his face on her crotch. Natalie’s eyes start expanding.

*“What does this mean? You enjoy the sex with me on top. Licking my pussy seems to be your most favorite activity. What are you hiding from me Freddy?”*

# Chapter 6

---

“Now tell me! What exactly happened?” Mistress Natalie asks.

“She reached the climax. She waited for me, more and more, but I didn’t stop. Then she asked me to divorce her. I knew that she had every right to live her life. She deserved to have her freedom,” Charles says and stops. They are in a restaurant. “Before the marriage, she did not know that it would be that strong. She did not know that I will keep asking for more and more. She agreed thinking that I will be asking her for simple role plays.”

Natalie has pushed her lips tightly. It is common for BDSM people to face problems when their partners learn about their secrets. This situation is different. Here Charles’ wife knew all of it before they were married.

Charles waits for a few seconds and then continues, “After three years of our marriage, she stopped. She completely stopped. In anger, I started to visit Kingdom of Hell.”

Natalie closes her eyes.

“She cried when I hissed in the nights. She felt my pain, the one I enjoyed. I never realized that I was hurting her by taking the whips on my body. She never told me anything. Never! But only once. She asked me for the divorce. I could not deny her,” Charles says. His eyes have started to get wet.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

“Charles!” Mistress Natalie says slowly, “What do you want now?”

“I don’t know,” he says.

“How do you feel now?” she asks.

“I feel like,” he says and emits out a loud breath, “I should have told you all this long ago. I’m feeling much better now.”

*“Thanks God! Thanks a lot!”*

---

“Where are you going Freddy?” Natalie babbles while moving towards the exit of this parking lot building.

Sunlight is blooming due to Master’s anger. In such heat, no one wants to get out. But, it is downtown. People are walking behind the people. Natalie does not follow the rule, and starts breaking the queues, until she is just few feet away from Freddy walking towards somewhere. He starts crossing the street and she stops at the corner. She places her left hand in front of her wide-brimmed hat. It can save any accidentally exposure of the fact that she is spying him since a few days.

*“No! No Freddy! Don’t Enter! NO!”* she starts saying in her mind and then the voice comes out, loudly, “Nooooooooooooo!!!”

Everyone there has turned towards her, except Freddy. He has entered the door, with a neon flashing light above it, having the words written, ‘!!! Fetish Club !!!’.

Natalie starts crossing the street. Her high stiletto-heels pump does not bother her speed. She enters the door and moves towards the reception desk.

“Yes? May I help you?” receptionist asks.

It is a small BDSM club, one floor, and few rooms in a single corridor.

“I just...” Natalie starts, and then stops.

“Yes?”

“I... Can I meet the manager of this club?” she asks.

“Manager? Ok! Regarding what Madam?”

“It’s personal,” she says and smiles.

“Ok! But you need to tell me at least...” Receptionists turns her eyes towards the woman moving towards them and continues, “Mistress! This lady is asking for you.”

Natalie turns. There is a Dominatrix in white latex pants and top.

“Yes?” she asks.

“Are you the Manager?” Natalie asks.

“Yes! How may I help you?”

“Can I ask your name please?”

“Mistress Brianna!” manager says.

“Actually Mistress,” Natalie drops her eyes and say, “Is it possible... if I have a session of playing as a dominant?”

“Sure! Man? Or Woman?” she asks.

“Man!” Natalie says.

“Ah ok! But I don’t have anyone right now. You will need to wait for a few hours.”

“You... No one?” Natalie is confused.

“No!”

Silence.

“Well...” Natalie says, “Actually Mistress, I need a favor.”

“What kind of favor?” Brianna asks with a smile. Looks like she has realized that Natalie has followed someone.

“I have to ask you something. Do you know Mistress Brianna of Kingdom of Hell? I’m her friend. If you want, I can let her talk to you, right away,” Natalie says.

Everyone knows one of the Top Dominatrices of Kingdom of Hell, Mistress Brianna.

“You mean... What do you want?” manager asks.

“I wanna meet... Freddy Gale, right away. I know this is against your club policy. But trust me, I can handle it. I really need this. If you want, I can even help you in getting a job in Kingdom of Hell. I have friends over there. Please let me...”

“Mistress Natalie!” Brianna shouts with excitement. She has recognized her. She is the legendary Top Dominatrix of Kingdom of Hell, who vanished from the BDSM world 6 months ago.

---

“Charles! What do you want now?” Mistress Natalie asks him once again. This time he understands her.

Silence.

They are in the airplane.

“I love her,” he says.

He is a masochist. He can enjoy the pain. She cannot.

“You wanna wait for her for the rest of your life?” she asks in a sad voice.

Silence.

“Charles! If you want... I think... you should think about...” She stops.

First time, Mistress Natalie is out of the words. She does not know how to say this. She has no lines for anything beside her job of Dominatrix.

Silence.

“Mistress! Thanks a lot,” he says with his dropped face, “You helped me a lot. I love her. And I’ll always love her. It can never end. I’m sorry. I know what you are thinking. But it is not possible.” He takes a short break and then continues, “It’s not ended yet. I will contact her once again. I will leave everything. I’ll bring her back to my life. I’ll convince her to accept me one more time. I will never visit any club again. I’ll promise to her. I should have never come to Kingdom of Hell at the first stage. I won’t do it again...”

He stops.

Mistress Natalie has started to emit out her tears. He has realized that he accused her for the failure of his marriage. He has broken her.

---

“You are right. I’m Mistress Natalie. But I don’t want to expose my... Can you please let me meet Freddy?” Natalie says with a request in her voice.

“Why not? You are Mistress Natalie! My inspiration for this job! But... Is this something personal? Who is he?” the manager asks with confusion.

“He’s my boyfriend. And he doesn’t know who am I. I really wanna talk to him here. I promise you that nothing will go wrong. I take the whole responsibility. You know who I am.”

---

“I told you Natalie,” Ivon Campbell says with irritation, “If you play with fire, you only burn your hands.”

“But I was no bare hands Ivon,” Natalie says in a sad voice, “And, it’s not just for him. I don’t know what has happened to me, but now, I am turned highly sensitive for the things around. Now, I feel pain. Yes Ivon, this is true! I feel pain... I just can’t continue. I’m sorry, but something has changed inside me. I can’t help myself.”

“Come on Natalie. You will soon forget all this, and you will become normal.”

“Normal?” Natalie says with a smile, “Come on Ivon... You should be the last person to say this. I’m not a beast. You brought me to this job because of my beauty. You trained me...”

“I’m sorry Natalie I didn’t mean that. I was just trying to say that...” Ivon says and then drops his face. His face is filled up with sadness. “Sorry!”

Silence.

“I’m sorry too,” Natalie says with her dropped face, “You helped me. You worked so hard to train me. And now, I’m leaving. Please Ivon, you have to understand that...” Mistress Natalie starts crying.

Ivon pulls up his face to look at her. He knows everything about her, much more than she thinks. He knows that the girl sitting in front of him cannot be the Mistress Natalie he created. She is not even the young girl whom he had started to train many years ago. Even that girl was stronger than her. She is just someone else.

“Natalie, if you want, you can quit this job. I don’t mind. But why do you want to leave everything? I mean, am I not your friend? Natalie, I love you more than my daughter. If you want to do something else, I will help you in that as well. Just don’t leave!”

For a while, she keeps sobbing.

“Ivon!” she says and pulls up her head, “I don’t know why is this, but I want to leave this Fantasy world. I’m Mistress Natalie here, more than a Goddess in this building. But Ivon, I want to wake up...”

“Why are you blaming BDSM for this? Such things can happen everywhere.”

“True! But what about my feelings Ivon? I want someone to love me, in real. If I stay here, I can either have slaves, or masters. I can never have the one I want. I can never have the Prince of my dreams. I wanna go Ivon. I want to start a new life,” she says and starts crying again.

*“What did you do Charles?” Ivon says in his mind, “You killed her. You destroyed my whole effort. Alas! This is not the first time a Masochist killed the master, considering the gifts for being the curse. I wish I could do something for her. She’s right. She has enough money to live the rest of her life without any trouble. Then why shouldn’t she give it a new beginning?”*

“You will need to go through some plastic surgery,” Ivon says while thinking. She pulls up her head. “Everyone knows you.”

“No! Changing hairstyle and color is good. Also, the addition of glasses changes the entire look. The images of celebrities are built in minds with limited perspective. It’s not a problem for me live with them while keeping my Identity hidden.”

“Yeah! But some people can recognize you.”

“True! Only those who watch different pictures... mostly the ones being full time BDSM participants. But I’ll keep myself away from them. And I’m leaving the country,” she says and adds a smile on her face, “Don’t tell anyone about this! Let Mistress Natalie die the way she was born.”

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“I was always a great fan of yours,” Brianna says what Natalie Benz already knows. No one recognized her but this woman. It is clear that she would have been watching her pictures way too closely. It is only done by good fans of a celebrity.

“I wanna talk to Freddie alone.” She says in a sad voice. They are in front of a door in the lobby with five rooms on each side.

“Ok! Good Luck!” manager Brianna says and turns.

Natalie waits for a few seconds and then enters.

“Whoa!” Freddy stands up with shock, “How... How did you... I’m gonna kill them... What the...”

“Slap!”

Looks like Freddy expected this. After slapping him, Natalie fell on her knees.

“Why?” she starts crying, “Why Freddy? Why did you do this to me?”

“I’m sorry Natalie. I’m really sorry. I wanted to tell you. Please listen to me,” he says and kneels, in order to bring his face close to hers, “Please Natalie... I know how you are feeling. There are some people in the world, who are different. Sometimes they want to do things that...”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before?” she shouts.

“I’m sorry. I was afraid that you would leave me,” he says.

“And you were visiting this place? For what? You were playing with my feelings Freddy. You should have at least talked to me for once, before coming here. You cheated me,” she says with her sobbing.

“I didn’t cheat you...”

“Yes! You cheated me. You were involved in some sexual activities as well. I know everything,” she says quickly.

“Mother fucker! I’m gonna kill them,” he says with anger while watching the door behind Natalie.

“Forget about them. They actually gave me a favor.”

“Whatever! They had a contract with me and...”

“Don’t turn away the discussion!” she shouts again.

“Ok Natalie!” Freddy shouts as well, “I am what I am. I’m into this. And I can’t help myself. I didn’t want to cheat you. But I knew your reaction. I knew you will never be able to understand me. And same thing is happening right now. You are not trying to understand my feelings. You don’t know what I’m thinking. You don’t know how I feel. Try to look from my perspective. Try to understand how we Masochists think.”

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

She has stopped crying.

“You think I don’t understand you,” she says and pulls up her face.

“Exactly! If you know about my feelings, you will understand what I have been through my life,” he says in a sad voice. Natalie smiles with her wet face.

“So sad Freddy! So sad! You had me... And you lost me,” she says and removes her glasses. “Look at me Freddy! Look closely!”

“What?” He does not understand it. Someone like the manager Brianna could recognize, but not the ones like Freddy, who only had her image with a particular pose.

Silence.

“Freddy! Have you ever heard about Mistress Natalie? The one from Kingdom of Hell?” she asks.

“Yes! I’ve watched her,” he starts saying, “She is a good Dominatrix. Last year I was in the exhibition at...”

“Dammit!” she shouts with anger, “That’s me! I am Mistress Natalie!”

“What?” he shouts, “have you gone out of your mind? Just because your name is Natalie... What are you saying Natalie?”

Silence.

He is still confused, trying to recognize her.

“Why would I lie?” she says with some irritation, “Ok! You can ask them. They know me. That’s the reason they allowed me to come here.”

Silence.

Freddy has become a statue. Her face looks similar to Mistress Natalie. But Natalie cannot be that Sadist Beast. He is with her since many months. Even right now, the way she is crying, Mistress Natalie can never do. She cannot be Mistress Natalie.

“Can you prove it?” he asks.

Silence.

“Ok!” Natalie says with anger and stands up, “Forget about it! Forget about everything! Forget whatever I told you... and whatever happened between us. Forget that we ever met!”

He stands up with confusion.

“But... No! Why? I mean, if you are really Mistress Natalie, then it is good. Right? No?” he starts saying with confusion.

“No!” she says with anger, “I never wanted a Masochist for myself. For that, I sacrificed everything I had. I didn’t do all this so that I have to submit my desires one day.”

“Wait Natalie!” Freddy says when she turns, “I don’t know what you are, and who you were. But when I told you that I wanted to marry you... I really meant it. I really wanted to tell you all the truth. But I was afraid that you will leave me after that. I wanted to marry you and then tell you the things slowly, so that you can understand me. I don’t know what and why you sacrificed all this. If you know about me, you already know that I’m not that bad. I’m not even a hard torture masochist. I’m a simple man. I only want you to be my wife... I want you to control life. I want you to take over everything I have. I want myself to submit to you. You can have everything. My money, my business, my whole life. You know I’m not lying. You know all about my feelings. You know we can build a system to make both of us happy.”

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

“I need some time Freddy. Until then, we won’t have any relationship,” she says slowly.

“But stay with me Natalie! Stay in the house, please!” he says.

# Chapter 7

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“But when?” Charles asks Ivon. He is in his room.

“Three days ago!” Ivon replies.

“But where? Don’t you know where did she leave?” he asks with confusion.

“No! All she said was that, she’s leaving the country,” Ivon says.

“But why don’t you find it out? There can’t be many clubs who can afford Mistress Natalie. Can’t you call your contacts...”

“How can you be so naïve Charles?” Ivon says with anger, “Don’t you understand what’s going on? She has left BDSM. She has left everything. She has left with no intentions to come back. And you know why she has done this. You are the first person in the world who should know this. Charles! You will never see her again, and because of you, me neither.”

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

Charles stands up, starts walking, and then stops. “Mr. Campbell! If you know anything about her, please let me know. I need to find her out... at any cost!”

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“...But this is not right. You know that. This can all lead to a disaster,” Natalie says to the mirror, “Freddy only wants light fantasies and you’re a specialist of torture. If you take over his life, someday, you might exceed your limits. No Natalie! This is all wrong. You are a Hard Torture Sadist.”

Silence.

“No!” She says with a smile, “You are wrong! I know how to control my emotions. I’ve been a Professional Dominatrix. I don’t need to worry about anything.”

Silence.

“What the fuck!” she shouts and stands up, “I’m getting out of my mind. I need to calm down. Calm down Natalie! Calm down! Nothing is happening!”

Tonight, Freddy slept in a different room. She did not learn when he left for the office.

“Tring!” “Tring!” “Tring!”

Doorbell starts ringing. She moves out of the bedroom.

“It’s not Freddy’s time to get back.”

She opens the door and her eyes expand. Charles Stones is there.

“Mistress!” he says with excitement as if he has won a jackpot.

“What? What are you doing here?” she says, “How did you find me?”

“I need to talk to you Mistress,” he says.

“No! Listen Charles! Leave! I’m very upset at the moment. I already have enough problems. Please don’t make more troubles for me,” she says standing at the door.

“I really need to talk to you. I’ll leave after that,” he insists.

Silence.

“Ok! But be quick,” she says and moves away from the door.

He enters the house. She closes the door behind him.

“Ok? What do you wanna say?” she asks.

“I love you!”

“What? What the fuck?” she shouts.

“I’m trying to find you since...”

“Stop it!” she shouts with increased anger, “I told you. Forget about the past! I’m with someone now, and you’re...”

“No Natalie!” Charles interrupts, “I’m not here to interfere into anything. You keep your relationship with him. I’m not here to disturb you. I just came here to tell you that you never failed. It was all my mistake. I didn’t realize at that time...”

but once you left... I learned that my feelings for you were much stronger than those were for my wife. I didn't realize them until you were no more with me. What you did for me... no one could do... ever!. And I know that you loved me as well. I'm sorry for all that..."

Door opens. Freddy is here. His face is filled up with anger. He shouts at Natalie, "Who the hell is he?"

"How did you come so early?" she asks instead.

"Yeah? I wasn't spying like you. It's just a coincidence that I got this opportunity to catch you red-handed," he says and Natalie's eyes expand with a shock. He turns his face towards Charles, "And you asshole! What the hell are you doing in my house?"

He moves towards Charles and grabs his shirt.

"Listen Freddy! I'm not..."

"Get out! Or I'll kill you," Freddy says and Charles starts walking.

Once Charles is out and the door closes back, Freddy turns towards Natalie.

"Who was he?" he asks with anger.

Silence.

"Listen Natalie! You can take anything you want. I don't mind. But not this. I want your full sincerity," he says with anger. She does not say anything and keeps watching him with confusion. He continues, "You also wanted to leave your previous life, right? Then do it! Forget about everything! Forget about your previous friends! Forget that you were ever Mistress Natalie! Don't let these people get in our life!"

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

"What if I want to beat you, right away?" she says.

"What?" Freddy asks with confusion. He was expecting an apology from her.

“What if I pull your belt out, make you bend over this seat, and whip your ass, until you start crying, and beg me for mercy, but I don’t stop?” She says while increasing the strictness in her voice.

Freddy has never seen her like this. All at once, he understands that she was right. She is Mistress Natalie. She starts moving towards him. Unintentionally, his feet start moving his body away from her.

“Look Natalie! You know I’m not a hard torture masochist,” he says.

“What if I make you one? What if I hurt you so much that you start enjoying it one day?” she says in the same voice.

“Listen please! We haven’t decided the rules yet. We should first talk about...”

He stops. His back is in on the wall. She grabs his shirt-collar with her left hand.

“What if I make the rules? What if I beat you whenever I want, and how much I want? What if you can never sleep on your back again?”

“But why?” he shouts and pushes her with anger, “This is too much for me Natalie. You know that.”

“Silence!” she shouts while saving herself from falling backward and then turns towards him with anger, “You Bitch! This is your first mistake... Now listen! You only talk when I tell you to talk. And this is... Mistress Natalie! Do you understand?”

“Yes! But... Mistress! I don’t want it this way,” he protests in a voice as if he wants to cry. He does not know what is happening to him. It feels to him that he cannot stop her if she does all the things she has said.

She smiles. She knows that he cannot stop her.

“Don’t worry Freddy!” Natalie says in a soft voice, “Nothing will happen to you. But it can, if I stay here. You don’t know me yet. You don’t know that you won’t be able to bear me. Someday, I can just get out of my control and things can happen exactly as I’ve said.” She turns her face towards the door and continues, “But there is someone who can accept all the pain I can deliver. This is not a simple desire... it’s the system of the life. I have to follow it.”

*“Where the hell are you leaving Charles? My love! I’m coming... You fucking bitch!”*

# BOOK 2



*Pervertism*

**6 YEARS LATER!**

# Chapter 8

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Paraphilia is a medical term for all the Non-Standard activities, called Perversions, which can result in sexual arousals. In many cases, these can cause high distress and serious problems to not only the people having those but also the people around them, if not properly handled. Such behaviors and conditions are considered Mental Disorders, and are socially unacceptable sexual practices. Different societies have different lists of Paraphilia, as different societies have different sets of acceptable sexual practices. There are societies where Oral and Anal Sex are considered Perversions. There are even societies where Masturbation is highly degraded, and sale of Dildos and other such devices is prohibited. BDSM and Sexual Fetishes are two sets of Paraphilia that are considered Perversions by most of the societies.

Bondage & Discipline – B/D, Domination & Submission – D/S, and Sadism & Masochism – S/M, they are joined together in a single term BDSM. Sexual Fetish is the sexual response of a human mind for objects, including the non-sexual body parts. BDSM and Sexual Fetish are joined in a single term called Sexual Kink.

Sadism is opposite of Masochism. The term is derived under the name of 18<sup>th</sup> century French writer Marquis de Sade. Some people enjoy hurting others. They enjoy to Torture and Humiliate the people around them. Such people are normally considered the *Bad People* in a society. However, in Sadomasochism, these people are highly appreciated.

Domination & Submission is only related with the people's response. It may not include Sadomasochism at all. The Dominant partner simply enjoys the domination; and the Submissive happily accepts his/her superiority. It can be an instance of a specific activity, or can be a complete lifestyle.

In BDSM, the term Top is preferred, as Dominant can or cannot be a Sadist. Even a Sadist might not be the Dominant partner in some cases. Similarly, Bottom is the term for Submissive or Masochist. Originally, Masochism was named to refer both types of mental responses, the desires pain and humiliation, and the desires of submission. However, it is no more utilized for that purpose, and is only used for people who enjoy Pain, physical and psychological. On contrary, Submissives are people who enjoy others' authorities, and may and may not be Masochists.

Bondage is Physical Restrain: Discipline is Psychological. In Bondage, people are physically restricted using belts, ropes, cages, and other tools and such restraints, and in Discipline, people are imposed Set of Rules to limit their activities. The Punishments associated with Discipline might and might not be Sadomasochistic in nature. Physical Torture, Bondage and Humiliation, all are commonly used as forms of Punishments.

Punishments can have different effects on Bottom's mind. For a Masochist, it is only Torture, either physical or psychological. For a Submissive, it brings Fear of Discipline. That is why, in BDSM, true Discipline can never occur without D/S – Domination & Submission, and the concept dies if the bottom is a Masochist, and enjoys the pain or humiliation. Discipline actually means that the Bottom should feel the Fear of punishment, which is only possible the punishment is NOT entertaining. Most of the commonly participated Disciplinary activities in the BDSM are not truly Discipline, but just the Sadomasochistic activities in the role-plays of Discipline Scenarios.

Defined by Alfred Binet in 1887, Sexual Fetishism is extreme level of Preference of someone for an object or substance, up to the intensity of Sexual Stimulations. These can be non-living objects or human body-parts, taking precedence over the owner. Fetish can also be used as intensifiers of other fetishes or sexual activities. Someone might enjoy the addition of Latex or Leather in Vanilla Sexual Activities. Also, someone might have a Foot Licking Fetish, but have better Sexual Arousals, if the foot is Oily. Although some clothes have become symbols of domination/submission, they can also be entertaining for the reciprocal minds.

It is difficult to find the actual psychological reasons of someone's mental response, as same activities can have different roots in BDSM and/or Sexual Fetish. Someone might enjoy the Transvestite clothing as Fetish, but the other can do it as a form of Submission. Even a Psychological Masochist can enjoy that for Humiliation. The concept further creates complexities when it is applied on other established concepts. A girl might not be a Lesbian but just have Breast Fetish, which is common in many males. Even the concept of Beauty can be redefined. Someone might feel better for a fat and ugly person, rather than being attracted to the *Vanilla Beauty*.

Kink Participants have many types and levels. More than the actual definitions, Genders, Combination of Activities and Time Frame are used to categorize them.

Extreme cases are separated, as those can cause nausea and other negative responses in the minds of many others. For the participants, it is much easier to involve in the types of activities. But Professionals have to learn the actual reasons of all the responses of their clients, and organize them to create the situations, scenarios and activities for their maximum satisfactions.

Kingdom of Hell club is mainly divided based on Gender of Employees. Within each division, there are Professionals with their Specialties. Mistress Natalie is the 'Hard-Torture' Top Dominatrix for Male Clients and many others follow her leads. Mistress Lacy is a master of same desires, but of females. Mistress Aria works on Erotic BDSM activities and Scenario plays, and Mistress Dericia is a Strong Woman with a heavy body. Among all, Mistress Brianna deals the most difficult job, and has special respect in front of everyone. She is a BDSM Psychiatrist.

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“I mean, I want it. But not like this Charles. I can’t do it!” Natalie Stones says.

“But baby... I know how much you love babies. And I know you want it. I don’t know what to do. No Natalie! I can bear all pain, but not this. I can’t see the pain in your eyes. I can’t accept it,” Charles says.

Both of them are naked. Charles is sitting on the bed with his back towards Natalie, who is lying straight. It is their bedroom. Natalie moves and sits on other side, with her back towards him.

“And I can give you everything you want, but not this. I know that you don’t have Cuckoldry Fetish. I cannot give you such a humiliation. I know you Charles, more than you think that I know you... I know this is only pain you can’t bear. No! I can’t do it! I can’t!” she says.

“But why not test tube baby?” Charles protests.

“Why don’t you just forget about all this? Aren’t we happy Charles? Two things that are not appropriate for us. Cuckoldry, and Discipline!” Natalie says and moves close to him, “Charles! We have almost everything. We have many things that people can only dream to have. More than anything else, we’ve got each other. This is a gift of nature. We are made for each other. So what if we can’t have our children. There is no sense in fighting with the nature, and demanding more and

more. We should be happy for all the gifts we are given. We should respect them. We shouldn't go for such a change. You can tell me anything Charles! You know I can't deny you. But please not this. I'm sorry... I can't take such a risk. I can never accept this."

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"Did you ask Jannetta? She is the one always busy," Ivon says to his wife – Eliza, Campbell. They are both 60 years old.

"Yes! I mean no... I haven't asked anyone yet. To be honest, you are wrong. You are the one who always messes up the things," Eliza says irritatingly. No one else is there in this dining hall.

"Ok! IBFO has held the exhibition in Assembly, and I'm supposed to leave next week. But I've decided to stay in your party. I forgot that I should keep reminding you the things I sacrifice for you," Ivon says with anger.

"Yes! You did. I also forgot to do that..." Eliza says and stops. She stands up and closes her eyes. "Sorry!" she says, carrying some irritation and sits back.

"I'm sorry too!" Ivon says with the same irritation on his face.

"So, are you in?" she asks.

"Yes! Ask the kids!" Ivon says.

"Thanks." Eliza says and sits back on the chair. No smile on anyone's face, during all this time.

Ivon and Eliza are targets of Media, not only for the coverage of the BDSM, but also for the *heat* between them. Ivon Campbell is CEO of Kingdom of Hell. Eliza is the Chairman of SNK – 'Say No to Kink'. The sole purpose of her life is to work against her husband's progress. Still, they sleep in the same room.

They have three children: John, Roger, and Catherine.

John is 34 years old, and is married to Jannetta Campbell. He has a chain store business, and lives in another city. They have two children, a boy and a girl.

Roger is 32, and has a 5-Star Hotel in the same city Ivon and Eliza live. He has a girlfriend named Mariana. He lives with her in a different house and visits parents often.

Catherine is 21. She studies, and lives with her parents. But as she studies, no one else does. For every decision of her, she has to go through her schedule, which is full of her study-sessions. She has very few friends, and has no boyfriend. Her best friend is her computer, placed in her room. Most of the time she leaves the house for the things related to her studies.

The kids have faced the wrath of media more than their parents. They did not know what to say when they were asked whom they loved more, mother or their father, and why? In the age people do not know what is BDSM, they were asked whether they were in its favor, or against it. All their lives, they have been running, but from whom, they do not know. Both the extremes were within their house. They are confused whether they should love BDSM or Hate it, or nothing; whether they should be with their father or mother, or no one. They do not know the difference between Love and Hatred.

# Chapter 9

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“Charles! I’ve to leave for 4 weeks. They have selected me for leading the Femdom part of exhibition in Assembly,” Natalie says while placing the drink on the table and sits in the upholstered seat at his right. They are in the living room of their big detached house.

Charles is watching the television. He moves his eyes towards Natalie with surprise.

“4 weeks?” he says and then smiles, “Ok! No Problem!” he starts nodding, “You can go! Well... It’s good! Do good in your lead! I will see if I can visit the exhibition.”

“Oh! That’ll be great!” Natalie says with excitement.

At the time of marriage, Charles became second level BDSM activist and openly declared that he was marrying Mistress Natalie. He did not even hide that he was a Hard-Torture Masochist. Natalie had desires of living as a house-wife. So, they developed the system to satisfy both of them. As she wanted, Charles became the Head of the household. With the help of many servants, she takes care of the house.

The Sadism inside Natalie does not define her Mentality. She is trained to become a Sadist, someone who enjoys torturing others. Mental Behavior is a combination of what is built in the mind at the time of birth, and the changes brought by the experiences of life. Natalie was born a Submissive.

She never learned the name of her father. Benz was her maternal surname. When she was 7 years old, her mother died. Her grandmother, who was her only known relative, raised her. For ten years, she kept telling Fairytales to young Natalie, and succeeded in keeping her away from the Real Life. Natalie imagined about being a Princess, with her Prince Charming taking her away from the worships of life, one day. But that day never came. Her Grandma left with no family relative in her funeral. Natalie was 17 at that time.

Ivon and Eliza were her neighbors. John and Roger were her only friends. Even before the death of her Grandmother, Natalie used to have meals with them. Now,

things completely changed. As the house was on ownership, Natalie kept it. However, she ate and slept most of the time in Campbell House.

At that time, Ivon had a small BDSM club and Eliza was against his business. Natalie was an intelligent girl and had extra-ordinary control on her emotions. Ivon believed that she could be trained to become a Professional Dominatrix, even though she was a submissive. When Eliza learned about his intentions, she had many fights with Ivon. But he did not stop. He trained her and made her a Hard-Torture-Sadist Professional Dominatrix. The heat between Eliza and Ivon reached its peak with the formation of Kingdom of Hell. It was when she found SNK.

Dual personality of Natalie is not rare. Many people have Opposite Fantasies then their Mentalities. Although it is confusing to understand, many people are Dominants in their real lives, and Masochists or Submissives for Role-plays and Sessions. Charles is one of those people. He is a High-Torture Masochist, and is a Dominant Businessman, who enjoys the Power of Final Decisions in all the matters. BDSM Community is filled with Dom-Sub like Charles, and Sub-Dom like Natalie, thought to varied degrees.

The relationship between them is purely based on BDSM Love. Both of them know their roles. As Charles is the Head, none of the BDSM activities between them can be Disciplinary in nature, but only S/M and D/S. Natalie never initiates anything with anger, but only Love. Normally Charles initiates the sessions. Although Natalie decides the activities, she does that because of her professionalism and that she knows him. Their activities are purely based on Charles' requirements.

Reaching and staying at Top of Ladder requires sacrifices. Not only Natalie, but Ivon also sacrificed many for her career development. When she returned from Freddy's country, Charles convinced her to rejoin the club. After the marriage, he did not prohibit her from anything at her job. However, she herself imposed many rules on her job activities. She never does anything without his permission. He also never does anything without informing her. They are perfect BDSM Reciprocals.

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“Indeed it's a Mental Disorder!” Eliza Campbell says. She is in a channel studio, where a male host is taking her interview. “The term Paraphilia itself is the name

of Mental Disorders. All the Kinks are liable to harm the people around them. The idea is to medicate them, instead of giving them more and more liberation.”

“But Mrs. Campbell, the kind of medications we’re talking about, many people have claimed that those are not effective on them,” host says.

“I agree! We don’t have perfect solutions. That’s actually my point. We need to find the solutions. The Kink Community is expanding widely. But our research is very slow.”

“Ok! Now there is one thing. It’s said that a relationship grows towards happiness if they respect the sexual desires of each other. What do you say about it?”

“True! In fact, I believe it’s their duty. When they decide to live together, they should learn the differences, and bring all the necessary changes for harmony,” she says and smiles. She knows where this is leading.

“Then why not BDSM?” he asks with smile.

“Good question!” she remarks as if she is surprised, “Now, there is one thing that we forget, again and again, that all these activities are Mental Disorders. Let’s say, if someone wants to die, do we kill them? The point is simple. We should not help people to harm themselves, especially when we love them. I mean, we should convince them that those are deceases, and that they need some medications.”

“Ok! Your point seems perfect for a Hard Torture Masochists. But what about the soft ones. What’s the harm in those cases?”

“Any Abnormality starts slow. We become accustomed to the things around us. Desires become Habits; and Habits become necessities. You never know where will you reach. It is possible that you start with soft activities, and end up in killing your partner,” she says, ending with sadness.

“But what if the activities have no torture? No pain involved. Simple role-plays?” he asks.

“It depends,” she says and turns her face towards the camera, “What you do is all your decision. When your wife, or your husband loses the mind, what you do is all your decision. Whether you send them to the hospital, or become crazy yourself, this is all your decision. Deceases should be cured the way they are supposed to.”

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The club Assembly, originally *Reunión de los Poderosos*, is formed long before Kingdom of Hell. It was the first major step of International BDSM & Fetish Organization – IBFO. Both of these clubs have been working together to achieve many mutual goals. This year, the Grand BDSM Exhibition named *Exposición de Sociedad Secreto* is held in Assembly. That is why many of KoH employees are needed to participate in it. This year, Natalie Stones is selected to direct the Femdom part of the Exhibition.

“Who is that girl?” Natalie asks the female attendant.

Her right hand is pointing the young girl with 5’6” height and perfect hourglass body of 34-24-34, participating among the volunteers, having their rehearsal.

“She’s a volunteer,” attendant replies and Natalie smiles.

“I know that she is a volunteer. Find out... Well, just send her to my room!” she says and starts walking towards her private dressing room within the auditorium.

Every day this girl comes earlier than the time and works hard in preparation. There is no doubt that she is an amateur, but she has passion inside her. Natalie has seen it. Mild skin, black eyes, and long black hairs, she has enough beauty for someone to become a Professional Dominatrix. She needs someone to lead her towards the path.

“Do you want something to drink?” attendant near the door asks Mistress Natalie.

“No! It’s fine,” she says and enters the room.

It is an attached-bath dressing room with upholstered seats. Natalie fixes her make-up and moves towards the seats. Door opens and the girl enters with some fear on her face.

“Mistress! You called me?” she asks.

“Have a seat!” Natalie says and the girl sits in front of her.

“Did I do something wrong? I’m very sorry. I promise! I’ll be careful... I won’t do any mistakes again.”

Silence.

Natalie's face is filled up with a smile. "But you are not learning!"

"No Mistress! I'm trying hard. I promise! I'll work hard," she says as if she wants to start crying.

"What's your name?"

"My name? Señorita Karina Ormani. I am 19 years old. Mistress! I really want to participate in this exhibition. I beg you..."

"Hold on! Silence!" Natalie says with seriousness, "First, calm down! You are not guilty of a mistake. I just wanted to talk to you about something."

"Ah! Ok! Ok!" she says and releases her breath loudly. She continues the loud breathing. Everyone knows who is Mistress Natalie. Sitting with her means a lot for an amateur young BDSM volunteer, seeking a professional career. She cannot completely calm down.

Natalie says, "Where did you learn to speak this language so fluently?"

"I don't know. I mean, I know many languages. Maybe, because I'm a call girl and I..."

"What?"

"Yeah! Sorry!" she says and smiles.

"I mean," Natalie says, "Are you here to learn these activities for their implementation in your... business?"

"No! I want to change my profession," Karina says, "I like this. I really like this. I want to become a dominatrix."

"You enjoy it?" Natalie asks.

"Yes!" she says with a smile.

"It's bad!"

"Bad? I thought it will be good," Karina says and gulps.

"No! If you enjoy the activities, you will be driven by your personal emotions."

“So I should not enjoy it?” she asks with confusion, “I heard that... it’s good if you enjoy your job.”

“Enjoying a job is a different than doing it for pleasure. If you enjoy the activities, you can face trouble to control the sessions. You can’t enjoy the activities. You have to fulfill the desires of your clients,” Natalie says and Karina nods.

“Oh! Now what should I do?” she says as if she wants to start crying. Natalie smiles. She is cute.

“Don’t worry! You can learn to control emotions. You can learn to bring the balance between your personal desires the ones of others. But it takes some time,” Natalie says.

“Mistress! I can do anything to learn. I can work hard. I can do everything,” she says with passion.

“Ok Karina! Think about it! You are in a room. You are here for your training. There are six other girls. Each one of them knows more than you. Now you are standing in the last row. I’m standing at the other side. Now, I’m asking,” Natalie says looking closely in Karina’s eyes, “What is your name?”

“It is not possible!” Karina says.

“What?” Natalie is surprised.

“I can’t stand in the last row,” Karina says and Natalie starts moving her eyes. She is shocked.

“You were not following me,” Natalie says with anger.

“Sorry! I never stand in the last row,” she says in a sad voice and drops her face. Natalie’s face fills a smile. She starts nodding her head and breaths out loudly.

“Ok! Now listen!” she starts again, “Now you are in the room. You are standing in first row. This same distance! I ask you,” she takes a breath, “who you are?”

“Dominatrix!” she says and Natalie smiles.

“Good!” Natalie says, “Start packing up your bags! You’re leaving with me after the exhibition! I’ll train you myself!”

---

“Ok! You can convince the Masochists, but what about the Sadists?” Ivon says to the same host, who took Eliza’s interview previous week.

“Can’t we?” he asks with confusion.

“We’re trying it, since years and years. We have tried everything to stop them. But we’ve failed. Don’t you see this? Sadists do whatever they want, and only few of them are actually captured and punished; or are medicated. The idea behind BDSM is to match the Reciprocals, the people having inversely similar desires, and then improve the society,” Ivon says.

“So, you mean we should fix the Sadists with Masochists.”

“Exactly!”

“But do you think they are in equal numbers?” host asks.

“How can I know? But what I see in nature, almost everything has its reciprocal. An inverse! I don’t have statistic data. But we can work out. We can research and learn more and more about the people. We need to watch the world with BDSM Perspective. I’m not sure, but it might give us some solutions to the problems we are facing. It might be helpful in reducing the crimes, violence and abuse. We need serious research on BDSM Philosophy,” Ivon says and stops.

“But don’t you think that the world will become a Hell this way? Kingdom of Hell?” host says with smile.

“Listen! You need to first understand what is BDSM. It is not a name of Cruelism. It’s about helping others. The idea behind Kingdom of Hell is to separate the activities from the world, which they don’t like,” Ivon says.

“What about the things that Sade suggests?”

“Look! One thing I need to clarify here. Sadism is named under Marquis de Sade. But BDSM is entirely against his theories. He was indeed an initiator of violence. The core idea behind BDSM is to find someone, who *enjoys* those activities. You don’t hurt others. You actually give them what they want. Sacher-Masoch saw it.

Though negatively at some stages, he proposed this idea. He is the actual creator of BDSM theories. He defined the concept that two people with inversely similar desires can bring harmony to some extent. His characters were not exact inverse. But if we find the exact Reciprocals, we can not only enjoy our lives, but we also help the society,” Ivon says and stops. Host’s face is filled up with confusion.

“Do you think it is possible?”

“I can name many people; there are many examples. Such things are happening. BDSM is about volunteer submission. And there are many people ready to submit themselves, as they have such desires. There are many among us who want it. You just need to open your eyes,” Ivon says with a smile.

# Chapter 10

---

“Tap!” “Tap!” “Tap!”

The shadow of the man appears out of the darkness, and the girl lying on the bed pulls up her body.

“Who is...”

“Slap!”

The man grabs her body with his left hand, and moves his right hand once again.

“Slap!”

“NO! Please don’t hurt me.”

The man leaves her body. She quickly rolls away from him. He moves forward, grabs her foot, and pulls her back.

“Slap!”

“No! No! No!”

“Slap!”

“Slap!”

“Slap!”

He rests his left foot on the bed, and grabs her throat with his right hand. She starts punching his arms. Her eyes start expanding.

“Pleeease donnn’t killl mee,” She says out of her throat and he reduces some force. “Who are you?”

“Slap!”

He slaps her with the same hand he was holding her throat previously. Now, the girl starts crying.

“What do you want?”

The man does not reply. He moves his left foot on the ground and places both of his knees on the sides of her body. He grabs her loose night suit from the front, slides her body forward, and pulls the hands away.

“Sheeeearrrr!”

She has no brassier to hide her 33” breasts. The girl says, “You didn’t need to do this...”

“Slap!”

“Slap!”

“Slap!”

“Stop it! Stop!” she starts shouting with anger increasing in her voice, “I said... Mercy me!”

The man stops with confusion. Both of them are young, in early 20’s.

“What happened?” he asks.

“Didn’t Patricia tell you not to tear my clothes?” she asks with irritation.

“No!”

“Eeeesh!” she says, moves away from him and starts standing up, “How many times have I told her to be careful.” She has covered her breasts behind her torn night-robe.

“But what’s wrong?” he asks while walking behind her.

“I hate it,” she says with sadness, “I don’t know why, but it’s a turn-off for me. Can you please leave now?”

“What? But we haven’t done anything!”

“I’m done! You were supposed to Rape Me. And you tried,” she says with a smile.

“But how can I leave without anything?” he asks with the same confusion.

“I said I’m done. So, you leave. I’ve already paid. You did good. It’s not your mistake... That’s it!” she repeats in a sad voice.

“Damn! This is not good,” he says with sadness and starts walking towards the door. He stops. “Can’t you give me another chance?”

“You want a chance to Rape Me? Then it’s not a Rape,” she says with irritation and he turns his face with confusion.

“You mean...”

“Yes! You were already given a chance,” she says with irritation, “now leave!”

*“What the fuck is wrong with her?” he says silently, “If you were not the daughter of Ivon Campbell... I would have... Fuck!”*

He moves out of this house adjacent to a lake. He walks till his car and then stops. His face is filled up with confusion.

“What the fuck? She wants me to rape her. What are you doing Lawson? Catherine wants you to rape her. You don’t need to get permission to rape her,” he says and smiles. He turns and babbles, “Doesn’t matter! She herself doesn’t want anyone to know about this.” He starts walking towards the door.

He does not notice the window above. There is Catherine standing, watching him with a smile.

“Yes! He is returning!!!” she says with excitement and starts clapping her hands, “Yes! Yes! Yes!”

---

12x14 room. Two females and Two males. One male and one female are playing as Tops, and the other two are Bottoms. The dominant female has red leather body harness with spiked collar belt, and the dominant male has black leather pants and open-front vest. His pants have cut around the crotch to expose his genitals. Both the submissives are naked, and are standing in the middle of the room. Their bodies are bound back to back, and their wrists are tied with a chain hanged with the ceiling. Both the dominants are busy in kissing the bodies of the opposite sex submissives.

“Let’s open them Mariana! You should fuck him,” dominant man says.

“Come on Roger!” dominant girl says with irritation and he laughs.

“Don’t worry! I’ll fuck her as well,” Roger says.

“Ok!” Mariana replies, “Let’s open them. But first, you gonna fuck that whore. Until then, I’m gonna beat this asshole.”

“First ask him baby, whether he’s ready for that? Last time you didn’t... the guy was going to complain the club. You know I don’t want dad to learn about this.”

“Yeah! I know that. And I never understand why the son of Ivon Campbell needs to fulfill his desires secretly,” she says and he smiles.

“Shut up bitch! Open him and fuck him!” Roger says and his girlfriend Mariana smiles.

“Ok Boss!”

---

“Oh man!” the man shouts, “Oh! Man!” and then catches the panty flying in the air. It is dark all around and the only thing visible is this pink panty of silk, which he has started to rub on his penis. Suddenly, another panty appears at some distance and starts flying. He turns towards it and starts running. The panty is flying away from him.

“What are you doing?” a female voice enters his ears. He stops running. He turns.

There is a woman, very big, almost ten times bigger than him, standing with her legs spread and her fists rested on her waist. She is only wearing a Panty. A very big panty!

“Baby, I was just...” He starts crying.

“You are never going to end this John!” she shouts and bends her body towards him, “You pervert!” She grabs him with her right hand.

“Sorry Jannetta! I’m sorry! I promise...”

She pulls him up. He is smaller than her face.

“Please Jannetta! I said sorry... Please no!” He is crying loudly.

“Panty Slave! Hmmm? Now stay in my panty for the rest of your life!” she says and opens the fist around him. His body starts falling.

Below, she has opened her Panty with both of her hands. He is moving towards the space between the panty and her body. The black bushes are getting closer, and closer, and closer.

“Dhum!”

His body strikes the floor.

“What the fuck are you doing John?” Jannetta’s angered voice strikes his ears and he opens his eyes.

Jannetta is up on the bed, watching him lying on the ground. He understands that he has fallen from the bed, when he was watching such a good dream.

“A Nightmare?” she asks.

“Yes!” he says and stands up.

“Oh John! It’s too late. Get back!” she says with irritation, “tomorrow it’s a busy day. Get back! And don’t watch any bad dreams! And John, tomorrow, you have meeting with Mrs. Franklin. Make the deal done! Don’t push your face in her filthy panty. That bitch seems to know about your pathetic fetish. She deliberately pulls up her skirt. I know that. Look at her face, make the deal done, and move your ass back to the office. I want no mistakes!”

“Sure! As you say baby!” he says and closes his eyes, *“I wish if you can understand me someday, Jannetta! I only love your panties!”*

---

“Why not our Training Department?” Ivon says with confusion, “Don’t you trust them?”

“No Ivon! It’s not like that. I want it for myself. I want to train her. I believe you can understand my feelings. And I need your help in this,” Natalie says.

“But it’s not gonna be easy to convince the Board. Wendy will never agree. You know how she strict she is about the HR thing. And what about the confusions that can create in the Clients’ Areas? We will need to...”

“Forget about them Ivon! What YOU think about it?” she says with some anger.

“Personally, I don’t feel good about it either. I mean, if we allow this, then every fucking professional will start having personal apprentices. It will become a symbol of prestige, or something like that. You know how media guys change the things around. We will have a big mess in the clients’ area. How can we control it?”

Natalie is watching him with anger. His face fills up with smile.

“Ok!” he says, “Let me think... wait... I think I got the solution.”

“Really?” Natalie says with excitement.

“Yes! Though it’s costly,” Ivon says with a smile.

“What do you mean?”

“She is going to be in the club as Client for Watching the sessions.”

“Client?” Natalie asks with confusion.

“Yes! She can’t touch anything. It will be a new type of client. I know it can work particularly for this case. She will be able to move around the division as a client. But she can’t involve in any of the activities. I will talk to the board. Don’t worry! You will get what you want,” he says.

“Wouldn’t it cost much?” she asks with confusion.

“Don’t worry! I’ll pay it myself,” Ivon says and Natalie laughs.

“Can’t we simply convince the board for allowing personal apprentice for Top Professionals?”

“No! Karina does not even have a working experience. You know she lacks everything required for even the form submission for a trainee. Even accepting her as a trainee can be considered a favor by many. With this system, we can allow the Seniors and Top Professionals to have their personal apprentices, but they will have to bear the high expenses associated with this. They will only do it if they are really serious, and not for prestige, or some other idiotic mental response.”

---

Catherine has Submission and Masochistic desires for both males and females. Receptionist Patricia works as her agent, who has created a dummy account in KoH, and sends her the Dominatrices and Maledoms whom she can trust for keeping the privacy.

Lawson Connor is 23 years old. Some people are born for some special jobs. If he would not have started to work as a Maledom, he would have spent most of his time in prison for abusing his female partners. Now, he is Executive Professional Maledom of Kingdom of Hell.

He built body and height early on, and started to work as a Gigolo when he was very young. By the time he was 20, he had become an expert. Even in his normal job, he used some aggression. However, some women wanted more, up to the limit they start crying. He enjoyed it, and therefore, he became a freelance Maledom.

For the establishment of this new career, he started to visit BDSM Parties. It did not help him, as those were the places for volunteers. He did not want to work under anyone. Small BDSM clubs have relaxations for employees. He joined one. Few months later, he started to feel that his progress was slow. He joined a better club. But got fired soon for behaving badly. He started to work free-lance once again, but most of his previous clients had gained real life partners.

He started to face financial troubles. He changed the city and joined another BDSM club. Although he did not like to submit himself to his boss, he did that for the sake of his job. Just after a month, he was selected to participate in an Exhibition. There, he met the legendary Dominatrix of KoH, Mistress Brianna. He asked her for her recommendation in his job application in Kingdom of Hell. She realized that he lacked control on his emotions. She denied him for his lack of Professionalism. It was Mistress Lacy to support him.

Lawson's job application was accepted because of Lacy's recommendation. He worked hard at his job of Junior Maledom. He has recently got the promotion to Executive Maledom. However, many people think he lacks professionalism for his current designation, and his promotion is only because of Lacy's influence.

After Catherine's Rape session, he felt good. He learned that it was not a Rape at all, but just a role-play. Although he started bad, his later sessions started to have better satisfactions for her. Lawson has problem with controlling his anger. He knows that. And he also knows that what does this mean if he does something

wrong to Catherine. If Ivon does not kill him, SNK will send him to a desert with no food and water. He will start struggling for his bread one more time, and might never be able to fulfill his Sadistic Desires.

# Chapter 11

---

“What? You are still sleeping? Get up!” Natalie enters the door and shouts. Karina Ormanni is lying on her bed. Although she is a client, management has allowed her to in the employees’ accommodations. Everyone knows that this whole game is just an exposure. She is the personal apprentice of Mistress Natalie.

Karina moves the sheet from her naked body and stands up. Natalie pulls out the night-robe and throws it towards her.

“Your breakfast is in my room,” Natalie says and moves out. Karina smiles.

This is her seventh day in the club. It has begun the same way as of her first. Natalie’s passion towards her is not hidden from anyone. The first day, Karina told her that she never had breakfasts. Now, every day, her breakfast waits for her in Natalie’s office-cum-wardrobe room.

Natalie is training her with many different ways. She takes her to different sessions and explains her. In addition, she sends her to many Top Dominatrices of the club, each being Master of her Game. This way, Karina can learn all about Femdom Category of BDSM.

In a few minutes, Karina has taken a shower, visited Natalie’s room, had her breakfast, and changed the clothes. She enters the Femdom Division wearing red latex dress of short bottom with knee-length high-heel shoes. From reception desk, she learns that Natalie is in second Hall. She moves and enters.

As usual, there are number of clients in the room, and seven Junior Dominatrices are assisting the session. Natalie is wearing similar clothes as of her, but with red and black stripes. She is busy with a naked man suspended horizontally downward. His body is only few inches above the ground and Natalie is dropping melted wax on his back, from three burning candles in each of her hand.

Karina moves towards her.

“Snuff!”

Natalie pushes the flames on his back and shouts, “You didn’t greet Mistress Karina!” With this, Karina feels a thrill. She knows that this is part of his session. Still, she feels that he is punished because of her. She feels good.

*“Damn! It’s difficult not to enjoy this.”*

---

36-years old, Luce Bella Ortiz de Campos, known as Lacy Long, is one of the Top Dominatrices of Kingdom of Hell. She is famous for her Hard-Torture sessions with Female clients. She has slim body with 24” waist, 32” hips and 34” busts, and 5’8” height. The first day Karina saw her, she was impressed from her style of work. Unlike Natalie, she prefers other types of Dominant Dressing, rather than body-fit clothes of Latex and Leather that create the Second-Skin Effect. In addition, her sessions focus more on Hard-Torture Bondage Positions, rather than Direct Pain.

In this 50x30 room, there are five Junior Dominatrices and Four Attendants. The walls are painted light-yellow, and the room is bright with enough lights. Lacy is wearing a long dress. It is made with form-fitting fabric on top and loose latex bottom. Lacy has white skin, short hairs and brown eyes. Her nails are half-inches long. There is a woman suspended vertically straight, with a Red-ball Gag in her mouth. Her knees are separated using a spreader bar. In the left hand of Lacy, there is the chain that is attached with the joint of four, each connected with the rings pierced in the nipples and Vaginal Labia of suspended female. In her right hand, Lacy is carrying a rod with a pointed Pinwheel, which she is moving on the body of that Masochist woman.

“You’re enjoying it! I know that,” Lacy says and pulls the chain of the woman towards her, and grabs her body with her right arm. While keeping the hold with her upper arm, she moves the rod in the cleavage of her buttocks, and starts moving the wheel up and down. Masochist ass starts bleeding.

For a few seconds, the woman enjoys it with her tightly shut eyes. Then she starts moving her head upside down, opens the index and middle fingers of both of her hands. It is the Safeword for someone in Bondage. Lacy stops with a smile.

Lacy Long is a Hard Torture Sadist for females, and a Hard Torture Masochist for males. This surprising character helped her a lot in her career. She knows the exact pleasure of the pain that a woman can enjoy. She knows what they need.

Since early age, Lacy had friends of opposite sex, and had no female friends, as she entangled with them quickly. She did not realize these things clearly, until she became the secretary of Mann Rousseau.

Mann was married. His wife suspected that he was having sex with her. Lacy enjoyed obeying the orders of her boss but she hated his wife for the interference. One day, she was fulfilling the desires of her boss when Mrs. Rousseau caught her *wet handed* and *mouthed*. Not only them, but Lacy surprised herself also by her reaction. Instead of apologizing, she handled the situation in entirely opposite way. Within a few minutes, the wife of his boss was bent on the table, with her butts exposed, getting spankings from Lacy's hands, asking for forgiveness for disturbing them.

Lacy was fired from her job when her boss' shock ended. But she learned that there was something she was missing. She believed that she had helped Mann to learn about the Masochistic desires of his wife. She had chosen the wrong way. She joined a BDSM club and started to work as a Professional Dominatrix.

In few months, she realized about her personal Masochistic desires as well. But for those, she took other Professional Helps. Now, she does not need to worry about anything. Because of her influence, no one denies her. Whenever she needs it, she calls up any of the Junior Maledoms for her pleasure.

---

“Whack!”

With whip striking her back, Lacy's naked body jumped on the bed. Lawson Connor is standing in denim pants with wife-beater undershirt. In his right hand, there is a Flogger, which is striking her naked buttocks.

“Whack!”

“You think you are a dominatrix? You are a shit!”

He leans forward, grabs her hairs and pulls her head up.

“Sorry Master!” She is breathing loudly. He leaves her hairs. She falls on the mattress. He straightens his body and grabs the flogger with both of his hands, and moves it with full force.

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

Her buttocks are bleeding, but no Safeword!

Lacy not only helped him in getting this job, she has helped him in progressing well. He knows that it is all because of her that he has got this promotion. Now, he is an Executive Maledom, but he cannot deny her for anything. He knows that she is the ladder for his success. She calls him whenever she needs him, and he leaves everything else, and jumps in to satisfy her needs.

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

Lacy starts laughing.

Lawson stops moving his hand. What is happening? His Flogger is dropping the blood on the floor. She is laughing. For what?

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Lawson shouts with anger.

Lacy is still laughing.

“I’m gonna kill you!” he says and moves his hand. The flogger struck slightly above her buttocks.

“Whack!”

“Stop!” she shouts with anger, “Mercy Me!”

Lawson stops. He knows what it is. He cannot strike anywhere on her body except the places she allows. She does not have that much freedom. She can only have the

selected *pleasures*. Her job as Dominatrix does not allow her to have open marks of Masochism.

“Sorry!” Lawson says in a sad voice and sits on the bed. He does not like to do mistakes. And he knows that Lacy is his friend. He respects her. She has taught him many things. She is the only woman in the world, whose *recommendations* he does not *hate*.

“This is what you need to learn baby,” she says while moving out of bed and stands in front of him. She cannot sit. She is even having trouble in standing straight. She is *enjoying* standing straight.

“Yeah! I know. But you know, I don’t like it when the people call Safewords. I like to have the full power,” he says in a sad voice.

“This is what is holding you from progressing. Lawson! This is the most important thing to learn. You have to learn how to control your emotions.”

“True! But how?” he says and pulls up his face, “I’m a Sadist. I enjoy hurting people. How can I change it?”

“Keep in your mind that you are not the Dominant in the activity. You won’t like it. But this is true. In a BDSM activity, a Top is the submissive partner, only following the orders of the Bottom. You can’t exceed your limits. Never!”

Silence.

“I don’t like it,” he says and drops his head, “I want to have the control in my hand.”

“You can! If you have the right partner for you, who has the inversely same desires that you have.”

“But I don’t see...” He pulls up his face to see her smiling face.

Silence.

“But I...” He tries to say and then stops and starts watching the wall.

“Lawson! I know I’m much older than you... 13 years older. And I don’t mind if you have sex with other girls. You can find someone, who can also help you fulfill your Dominant Desires. Personally, I have no problem if you want to be a

dominant partner in our relationship. But this can hurt your development. We need to keep the things as they are for a while. We can keep S/M between us. And we can find an additional partner... for both of us," she says with the same smile.

"Both of us?"

"What? You can have another partner, not me? You know I also want a female partner. She can be for both of us," Lacy says and Lawson smiles.

"Ok! Got it! Who is she?" Lawson says.

"Who is she? I don't know. I mean we can find her," she says.

"Ah ok!" he says and then turns his eyes away, "What if I like someone... for this... would you help me in that?"

"Who?"

"Karina! Karina Ormanni!" Lawson says and Lacy's face fills up with confusion.

"You must be kidding... Right?"

"No? She's hot!" Lawson says with confusion.

"Shit! You haven't learned anything," Lacy starts walking in the room with confusion, "I cannot believe this."

"What the fuck are you doing?" Lawson says with anger. He feels the humiliation. So what if he has said something that she disagrees? Karina is hot!

"Lawson! Remember a rule! No Dominants for Dominants! This is a way towards Disaster."

"But what if I only..."

"If it's sex... it's ok! I'll arrange that. But nothing else. No relationship! Trust me Lawson. I'm your friend. You will mess up everything," she says with irritation. It is not a problem for her to introduce Lawson to Karina. But she knows it can never work.

---

Aranulnia Míne Balla is famous by the name Aria Bell. She is 31, and is famous for her Erotic BDSM sessions. Although Karina has been working in the past as a call girl, her experience with Mistress Aria is different than she expected.

The first day Karina was with her, she was told to remove all of her clothes. Later, Karina learned that in her sessions very limited clothes are allowed, and in some, none. Aria herself only wears bras and panties, and occasionally. She deals both the genders, and involves both the genders to assist her sessions. Her clientele includes many gays and lesbians, along with the straights. The sessions are full of nudity and sexual activities, including all types of penetrations and licking sessions. Many Role-plays and scenarios are designed in her sessions. Femdom Rape and Forced-sex is very common theme. In the beginning of Kingdom of Hell, Aria did not have much freedom. Later, her Dungeon Halls converted into BDSM Bordellos.

Aria has dark complexion and skinny body of 30-23-30, with 5'5" height. More than her beauty, her ability to create scenarios has played the role for her success. She reads the minds and coverts them into images. She knows all about BDSM *Enhancers* for sexual activities. In addition to her regular Sexual BDSM Plays, she also deals many couples seeking the ways to improve their *Vanilla Relationships*.

Along with her career as a Professional Dominatrix, Aria Bell is a Lifestyle Dominatrix, who has a Slave-cum-Husband. She never over-exposes it, though she can choose to walk in public, carrying the chain of her Pet. Everyone knows the kind of relationship they have. It is purely consensual. Everyone knows that she is a strict Disciplinarian of her Slave.

---

Karina does not understand why she is sent to the sessions of Mistress Dericia. She is odd here. Except some clients, there is no one in the room with less than 180 pounds weight.

Karina cannot see the beauty of Dericia. For her, she has a *Masculine* appearance, not suitable for a female. But the ones who love Strong Amazon Woman, they can tell only what she is. When she carries them in her 18"-Biceps arms, they feel like they are flying in the heaven. They love to cry holding her 28" Thighs. They can die to die with the smother of her 48" Hips or her 56" Busts. They never pull them

out. They never call their Safewords. Her job is to know how much they can bear. Her job is to stop herself from using more than they can afford. Her single mistake can kill someone. It is not easy to control your own strength.

Dericia has Strong curves all over her 6'1"-height body with 243 lbs weight. She can lift and carry almost anyone, on her shoulders, and over the head. She has won many weightlifting Championships in the past. She stopped participating when she became the Senior Dominatrix in Kingdom of Hell. Later, she promoted herself to the Top Dominatrix. There is no match of her in the entire world.

Karina knows that she will not have many visits here. She cannot carry even half weight of her own, which is only 140 lbs. Natalie is sending her to these sessions only for her to learn the types of clients' requirements. It is clear that no Professional Dominatrix can deal all types of clients. The ones who try to satisfy all are the ones who fail with all. They cannot satisfy any. Karina has to decide her path for her Professional Dominatrix career.

When Natalie told her, Karina did not take it seriously. But now, when she is with Dericia, she cannot believe that her Husband is the Head in her household. How can such a Strong Woman submit to someone? Dericia cooks for the family and handles all the matters of the house herself. They say that she is afraid of her husband. Karina further shocked when she learned that her husband has 5'7" height and 180lbs weight.

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Mistress Brianna – BDSM Psychiatrist working in Kingdom of Hell, deals only extreme cases. She has no rule for her kinds of activities. From soft scenarios to Hard Torture activities, she uses all methods. If she thinks that her clients can be dealt by other professionals, she transfers them appropriately to those professionals. She is the only one in the club who does this. She is the only one who is never denied for anything by the club management. She is the only PhD in Human Psychology with 29 years experience of working as a Professional Dominatrix. She is one of the minds behind the success of Kingdom of Hell.

Bedroom and Living room, Hospital, Prison, Baby-Room, Class Room, Restaurant and many others, all are set to allow her many different types of activities. Not only Halls, but also small rooms are set with such constructions. She develops and

maintains the Human Fantasies. Her sessions rarely end with Masturbation. She only satisfies the human minds, sometimes not even giving them the pleasure with crying, but only relaxation of mind with happiness.

First day, Karina joined her in the capturing and interrogation session of a client that ended somewhat in the same way as that of Natalie's session. However, the impact was different. All the sessions are different. Sometimes Brianna is a Doctor, and sometimes she is a Teacher. She helps her clients to watch their past. She scratches out their memories, find the reasons of some of their behaviors, and acts accordingly. She creates the scenarios to change the images in their minds by playing with their visual memories.

Karina enters 50x30 Hall, painted with dark shiny colors, and having many wall posters of the animated heroes. Two 7-feet long Infant-beds, and three of the teenager's are placed around. There is a Playhouse and couple of slings at one side. Two small Dressing Tables and two Study Tables are also set. Some artistic walls are used to separate some of those furniture. Numerous Toys are scattered all across this Baby-Room.

There are twelve clients here. It is difficult to learn who is male and who is female. Even it is difficult to distinguish the clients with the twelve Juniors and six Attendants, which include both, males and females. However, they have bands on their wrists, and can be recognized from those. There is one more Junior Dominatrix, who is playing the role of the Disciplinarian, sitting on a chair, wearing long skirt and a blouse. She is the Aunt in this scenario.

Six of the clients are wearing short-bottom frilly frocks of silk, barely covering their buttocks, and clearly exposing their panties. Three of them are in pink frocks, and the others are wearing light blue. The ones in pink have shiny yellow panties, and red shoes of different heel sizes. The blue frocks are accompanied with pink panties and pink shoes. There are only minor differences in the types of clothes. Some of them have swollen chests, though they are not females. The wigs attached on some, and the dark make-up on all, are further confusing their genders.

Five of the clients are wearing varied clothes of teenagers and one of them only has a Diaper around the waist. He is lying on the infant bed with a bottle in his mouth, drinking the milky white fluid, maybe the milk. Although all the clients seem to have similar desires, they all have different psychological aspects for being in this

room. Transvestite-Clothing Fetish, Baby-Play, Sissy-Play, and Humiliation are just to name. Some of them enjoy soft discipline activities as well. And some are here not to do anything particularly. They are just here to sit and watch their lovely past.

Karina moves and sits on a chair placed near the left wall.

The Juniors, males and females, are handling the clients associated with them. They are acting as elder siblings, nannies or caretakers, and are behaving according to their roles. Some of them are humiliating and the others are threatening, with different versions of *'I'm going to tell the Mom'* phrase. In some cases, the slapping and pulling the ear is for punishment. In others, those are just warnings. Every once in a while, some of them visit the 'Mommy' – Brianna.

Mistress Brianna is wearing a cream blouse, knee-length grey skirt, sheer pantyhose and black ballet-flats. She is sitting on the bed on which Diaper man lying behind her. She is spanking one of the pink-frock sissies.

“Spank!”

“I'm sorry Mommy!”

“I know baby,” Brianna says and drops a tear on his back, “I know how much it hurts you, but this is for your own good,” she says as if she is crying. Karina's eyes start expanding. It feels so real!

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

“I'll be good girl Mommy. I'll be good,” the sissy says with his male voice. Brianna stops.

“You should be honey. You know how much it hurts Mommy. Now stand up and go back to your room,” she says and he stands up. The man moves and Brianna stands up with a smile on her face. She is a marvelous actress.

Brianna moves towards the middle and waves her hand to call the Junior Dominatrix, acting as an *elder sister* of the client wearing kid's style pants and T-shirt. Junior quickly moves towards her.

“Yes Mom?” she asks.

“Ten Minutes!” Brianna says in a low voice, “Then start fighting with him. Beat the hell out of him. He will start crying. Take him to the Aunt, and she stops him from crying. I join you in a while.”

“Ok!”

“And yes, hit his balls, not hard, just slap them twice. He won't fight back. So you don't need to worry about anything.”

“Ok!”

“Go!” she says with a smile and the Junior turns. Now Brianna turns right, towards the wall where Karina is sitting. At the right corner, a blue Sissy is sitting on the chair placed with a Study-Table. Sissy is sketching something on a piece of paper with a pencil in the left hand.

“Cindy!” Brianna says and places her right hand on the head of the Sissy, “Haven't you completed your homework?”

“Mom he is not trying to...” Junior Dominatrix standing near starts saying and Brianna pulls up her face with anger.

“No Mom! She's lying!” the Sissy man starts saying, “I'm working hard since many hours. She's always...”

“Don't worry baby!” Brianna says in a soft voice and places both of her hands on his face, “I know you're working hard. Just have...”

The man's eyes has emitted out a tear. This seems real.

Brianna pulls up her face and looks at the Junior's face with anger, who has got pale. She was informed that she had to stay silent in this session. She was supposed to stand there and only watch. From the look of Brianna, she understands that she has done a terrible mistake.

“Don’t worry baby! Don’t worry Sid! I’m here. Stand up!” Brianna says and he stands up. He is not crying. But his face is filled up with extreme sadness. His eyelids are very close to each other, as if he is trying to watch its hairs. “Don’t worry baby! She’s been a bad girl. She is going to be punished. Mommy is going to punish her. Ok! Mommy is going to spank her,” Brianna says and sits on the chair he was sitting a while ago.

“Come on! Bend over my lap,” Brianna says to Junior Dominatrix and her eyes start expanding. It is not something usual. She slowly moves and bends over the lap of Brianna.

“Look Sid! Look what Mommy is doing,” Brianna says and the man turns his face with confusion, “See what Mommy is doing to Cindy! Look at this!”

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

With this, the man’s eyes start expanding.

He is Sid Martin. The Cindy inside him is his Sadist elder sister Lucinda, who died in her teenage. One side of his mind hates her, and another side feels sad for her. Lucinda was smart and intelligent, capable to manipulate many truths and gaining the favor of their mother. Even after her death, the mother could never forget her. Sid’s mind has created another personality of Cindy. He enjoys the presence of her inside him, but sometimes he wants her to get the punishments for her ill-doings with him when they were young. The current scenario is not part of his regular session.

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

“Spank!”

He watches the scene for a few minutes, with Brianna giving hard blows to the bottoms of the Junior Dominatrix. Slowly, he falls on his knees, rests his hands and then his forehead on Brianna’s left knee. She stops her hand.

“What took you so long Mommy?” he says.

Silence.

He has started to cry. His mind has created the Imagination Brianna wanted.

“Oh Mommy! What took you so long? I love you Mom! I always loved you. I don’t mind if you punish me. But I never did anything wrong. No mom! It was Cindy... It was always her... She was lying... She was beating me... and then... You were beating me as well... Please mom! I never did anything wrong. I love you mom! I love you!”

Karina quickly moves her hands towards her eyes, which has started to roll out small drops of tears.

*“I’m too sentimental for being a Professional Dominatrix.”*

# Chapter 12

---

“Knock!” “Knock!” “Knock!”

“Yes?” Catherine says and moves her right forefinger to push the button of her computer screen.

“It’s me!” Eliza’s voice expands Catherine’s eyes. She turns her revolving seat towards the door, and moves her left hand to turn off the computer.

“Yes mom?” she says and gulps.

Door opens and Eliza enters. Catherine stands up.

“I finished my assignment,” Catherine says, “I was just going to sleep,” Her heart is pounding heavily.

“Ok!” Eliza says without noticing anything. She moves towards the bed.

“What happened Mom?” Catherine says and brings a smile on her face.

“Sit!” Eliza taps the bed with her left hand. Catherine quickly moves and sits beside her mom. “Baby! Since many years I’m thinking about talking to you about this. But I could not gather myself. I don’t know how you feel and think. And I don’t know how much my actions have hurt all of you. I’m sorry but I...”

“Mom! What’s happening?” Catherine says with confusion. Eliza’s eyes have emitted out tears. Eliza quickly moves her hands towards her face.

“Sorry! Sorry!” Eliza says while stopping herself from crying and cleaning her face.

“You need some water?”

“No! It’s fine!” she says with a smile.

“Looks like something is serious. Are you marrying someone?” Catherine chuckles and Eliza starts watching her with confusion.

“Do you think I should? At the age of 60?”

“Who knows?” Catherine says keeping the smile on her face and Eliza laughs.

“Ok! Let’s be serious. I’ve something very important to say.”

“Ok!”

“Catherine! You are 21 now. And you know all about what’s going on between me and your Dad. To be very honest, I don’t know myself why is it like this, and I’m sure that your Dad doesn’t either. We love each other; still, we curse each other, and both of these, extremely. Both of us know that because of us, you kids have been through a terrible time. I need to tell you that, I don’t mind if you are into BDSM, or anything that I hate. This is your life, and you have a right to make the decision.”

Silence.

*“I think I should tell her. This is the right time...”* Catherine is deciding to tell her all about her.

“And baby,” Eliza continues, “If you feel the same way as I do, if you are also against BDSM, you should know that you have all my lifework with you. You can continue from where I leave,” Eliza says and Catherine’s eyes drop, “You can join SNK!”

Catherine does not know what kind of feelings are these. It is not Eliza’s mistake. Since years, Catherine has learned about her Submissive and Masochistic desires. She did not know what would be the consequence if her mother learns about this. Therefore, she kept everything inside. That was why she avoided friends, as she did not want people to talk to her about BDSM.

She started with watching pictures on websites. Later, she was downloading complete movies. She successfully kept her desires non-physical, until she met the sister of her new college friend, Patricia Muller, who worked in Kingdom of Hell as a receptionist of Femdom Division. Catherine did not have problems for money. Once she had the channel of Patricia to find the Maledoms and Dominatrices for herself, she started all the activities. She bought a house just for BDSM, and for that, she sold one of her Diamond necklaces.

She always had a bookish personality. This helped her to manipulate many things in front of her parents. Almost every weekend she slept in her BDSM house, under the name of overnight study. With time, her fear started to grow that her mother would learn about her activities. For that, she started to have some arguments with

her dad, especially the ones regarding the BDSM Philosophy. This made Eliza believe Catherine was against BDSM.

“I know it is a big decision,” Eliza continues, “You can take your time.”

“No mom! I don’t need time. I’m sorry. But I can’t do it. It’ll hurt dad more than you think. I can’t kill dad,” Catherine says and Eliza stands up with a smile on her face.

“I’m proud of your decision,” she says and starts walking towards the door.

*“Yes Mom! You should be... for saving your life for so many years.”*

---

“John! Come here!” Jannetta says. She has a wireless earphone on left ear, which is connected with a system to allow her intercommunication within the office, and the phone calls, all managed by her receptionist.

Door opens and John enters. He has some files in his hands.

“What happened with Mariano Street Store?” she says while watching the computer screen. He places all the files on her office table, selects one, and forwards it towards her. She says with increasing voice, “I said what happened!”

“Someone else bought it,” he says, gulps and retreats his hand with the file. His head has dropped. He stays standing.

She turns her face towards him with anger and says, “Who bought it?”

“I don’t know. I just talked to him yesterday...”

“Didn’t I tell you that it was a good location?” she shouts with anger.

“Yes! Sorry!”

“Oh John!” she says and places the elbow of her right hand on the table. She starts moving her hand on her forehead and hairs. “Have a seat!” she says in a soft voice.

He slowly sits in the chair.

Silence.

“What’s going on John?” she asks and looks at him. She has sadness on her face. She continues, “You were never this irresponsible before. You don’t even know who bought it. Is there something wrong? Something is terribly wrong. I know it,”

He says after a few seconds, “I’m sorry!”

“I don’t want your consistent apologies John,” she says with sadness, “I want your full concentration, as you had before our marriage. I still remember the time when you were my boss.” She turns her faces towards the wall on her left and continues, “At that time, you had a passion that I don’t see in you anymore. What has happened John? Why don’t you tell me what do you want?”

He once again takes some time to reply, “I’m sorry. I’ll be careful next time.”

“You have to,” she says with anger and turns towards him, “because if you can’t, it’s better for you to stay at home. You can keep licking my used panties all day. I don’t mind to hire an assistant to help me with my business.” She waits for a few second and then shouts furiously, “Now, get out of this room! I don’t want to see your face!”

He stands up and starts walking towards the door. Jannetta’s eyes carry extreme sadness. She does not enjoy humiliating him. She does not like all this. She loves him. But he does not understand her.

She hates his Panty Fetish. For her, these are all distractions from the Base of Life – Money. For her, there is nothing more important than this business, which he started himself. She has tried everything to bring back the man she married. She curses him, verbally abuses him, and does many other things to humiliate him. But she has failed to bring the Male-Ego inside him. Gradually, he has left many Responsibilities to her, accompanied with all the associated Authorities. He is pushing her more and more into this. She does not know how to handle this.

Jannetta had Dominant Mentality. She knew about BDSM, but never thought about it. It all sounded *too childish*. She completed her Masters in Business Administration and started to seek a job. Everyone knew that John had good financial backup. When he opened the third store with the same name, she realized what he intended to do. She quickly moved in and started to work as his assistant.

John did not know if this is because of the war between his parents, the fact that he enjoyed BDSM, or his mother’s consistent usage of ‘*be like a man*’ phrase; he

hated himself for being a Submissive Panty Pervert. He kept it a secret. He never had a girlfriend. All he did was to enjoy his time, with the beautiful panties he had bought. He kept exploring his desires and kept playing the role of a Dominant in front of his parents. He did not know if he would ever be able to reach such a climax.

Nothing was intentional. He realized that his assistant was more intelligent than him. He started to get her *assistance* in all of his decisions. Within few months, he found himself too fond of her. He started to *obey* all of her *recommendations*, and never acted on any ideas without her *permissions*. If she denied, the deal was cancelled. And if he had good feelings for something, he tried to convince her. But he could rarely change her decisions.

Jannetta was the first woman who had been so close to him. He found himself attracted towards her. They spent many hours of the day together, but all she was interested in, was the business. Nothing else. After gathering enough confidence, one day, he tried to initiate Romance between them. This resulted in a hard slap across his face.

She had decided that she would quit the job, if he would not fire her. She was a passionate worker and he had disrespected her sincerity. But when he fell on her feet, and started to cry, apologizing for his mistake, and justifying it with his backup that he loved her, she felt different. She decided to forgive him. She did not realize it that she enjoyed his Submission. She thought that she had also fallen in love with him, which had become the reason that she discharged her anger for his Sexual Harassment. She latched the office door, and kissed him passionately. After their first sex, she proposed that they should continue their life as husband and wife, as it was more appropriate in those circumstances. She could not keep sexual relationship with him if he was her boss. He accepted her *marriage proposal*.

After the marriage everything changed. As Jannetta's decision had more priority, she started to walk ahead, with John following her, carrying files and bags. The first time she sat on her seat, it was all unintentional. Later, he started to sit on the other side of the table himself. Nothing was hidden from anyone, and Jannetta had no problem with all that. Money, assets and business, everything transferred on her name, as she was afraid that someday he would do a mistake that can result in the loss of money. Otherwise, she had no intentions to establish this financial domination relationship.

Their relationship took another wide turn when she caught him with her used panties. It was all a big shock for her. He tried to explain her many times. But she hated him for having such a disgusting perversion. She lost all the respect she had for him. She started to humiliate him and push him more and more, so that he can leave that activity. But instead, his concentration on the job has started to reduce. It is natural for Jannetta to accuse his Panty Fetish for being the reason of all these problems.

---

Roger and Mariana are fixed on two crucifixion crosses with their faces towards each other. There is 3-yards distance between them. Both of them are naked. Their nipples are clipped, and joined with each other using chains. Devices are attached on their genitals. All of those are connected with the machine creating the Electro-Sexual stimulations in their bodies, which is being operated by the man standing in the space between them.

Roger and Mariana are BDSM Switches. They play Tops and Bottoms on different occasions. Both of them have Cuckoldry Fantasies, and they enjoy the Open Relationship. The only conflict between them is related with Roger's decision to keep all his desires secret. Mariana believes that he should respect his dad, and let him have the pleasure of the fact that his son is his follower. However, she has failed to convince him. As per their mentalities, Roger is a Dominant and Mariana is a Submissive, and accordingly, Roger is the Head in their relationship.

---

“Eliza!” Ivon says with his face turned towards her. They are lying on the same bed, and single sheet is covering the bodies of both of them.

“Yes?” she opens her eyes and turns her face towards him.

“Eliza, I'm done!”

“What do you mean?” she asks with confusion.

“I mean... I have started to feel it now. We have failed, both of us. We can never walk in the same path. We have left our children in the middle of this ocean. They

need us. They want us to join. I want to find the way. What do you have in your mind?" he says and stops.

Eliza knows that what he is saying is not something simple. The distance between them is far more than it seems. They are both standing at two ends. None of them can compromise, as both of them have dedicated their entire lives to convince the other. He is right. Both of them have lost.

"I don't know myself. What do you recommend?" she says slowly.

"Let's leave this all! Let's get out of here! We can spend the rest of our lives somewhere far from this mess. Kingdom of Hell will find someone better than me. And SNK can be run by another person, who hates BDSM. We are old enough to think that we are going to die soon. Why not have some happy days together?" Ivon says.

Silence.

"Ivon! I'm sorry for everything. You know why this all just happened," she says in a sad voice.

"Don't worry Eliza! I know."

"But I need some time to get ready. You can leave the club easily. But I don't have anyone in my team to follow my path. I need some time," she says and Ivon closes his eyes.

How can he tell her that he does not have anyone either? Kingdom of Hell is not a business for him. This is the abstract of his passion, a combination of all his beliefs and theories. Separating his club from him is like separating his soul from his body. But he knows more than Eliza do. He knows all that is going on with their kids. He understands the hidden protests in Catherine's arguments. He knows why Roger does not want to live in the family house. He knows why John and Jannetta avoid the family reunions. He knows all of them. But none of them understand him. In the presence of so many people around him, he is alone.

# Chapter 13

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Natalie enters the door, removes her black overcoat and hangs it on the wall. She has yellow bustier and panty, and same color thigh-length high-heel shoes. Karina enters the room and looks at the man standing in the middle of the room. His hands are pulled up and tied with the chain above. His body is covered with heavy scars. Natalie moves towards him.

This is 25x20 room, and there is no other client. However, there are two Junior Dominatrices, and two attendants. It is one of the Hardest Torture Sessions, which utilizes the Knives and Needles for the torture. For this session, it is very important for the Professional to have good knowledge of Integumentary, Nervous, Muscular and Vascular Body Systems. No cuts should be harmful, and no piercing or slicing should interrupt the necessary body functions.

Such activities are extremely *pleasurable* for Hard Torture Masochists, with the only problem that it leaves permanent marks on the body. However, it is better than many other techniques that can deliver so much Pain at once. In addition, the wounds with these activities can soothe much easier than heavy Caning and Whipping, which could create extreme pleasure of pain. Mistress Natalie is one of the Masters in such activities, though such sessions are rare. Very few people can bear the consequences of permanent marks of Masochism.

Natalie is standing in front of him. She wears the medical rubber gloves. On the both the sides, there are tables, which have plenty of Needles, Knives and other Stationary. Within the room, all the necessary medical facilities are available. Natalie starts inserting the needles in his body, all across, including the foreskins of his Penis and Balls. This is extremely difficult for Karina to watch. Now, Natalie picks up a long needle with thread, and moves it towards his lips. Karina knows the Natalie is going to stitch his lips together. This is something Karina cannot watch. She quickly moves out of the room and starts breathing loudly. She holds her mouth with both of her hands. She does not know what is happening. She does not enjoy watching it. This is too much for her.

Karina stands there for almost one hour, before Natalie walks out in her long overcoat.

“How can you do this?” Karina asks with confusion.

“You don’t need to be a Sadist of that level to do such things. You just need to have good control on your emotions...”

“Extremely Good Control,” Karina quickly interrupts.

“Yes! You need to have extremely good control to do such things. Single mistake can cause someone to have a serious problem,” Natalie says and enters the Changing Area, “We need to remember that our clients enjoy this. We’re only deliverer. We don’t do anything by our own. We can’t do anything by ourselves. We only do what they want. No more! No Less! We need to learn their exact desires, and then fulfill them.”

“Yes! It’s much more difficult than I thought earlier,” Karina says.

“By the way, you are done with this. Now, you are moving to the Training Team in the Submissive Division. I won’t be there with you, but I will get the reports from the Official Trainers. You are done with the theories. Now you gonna implement them on the Submissive Employees of the club. Be careful! These reports will be watched by the whole management. If you do a mistake, even I won’t be able to help you in that. More than training, take it as your exam... and I’m the one being tested out.”

“I’ll make you proud of me Mistress!” Karina says with passion.

“And yes! Karina! You have every right to choose your life partner. But Lawson... he’s not the right decision. You should be careful with him,” Natalie says and turns towards her, “Soon you will learn the importance of BDSM Perspective for choosing the life partner. I hope you don’t get too late.”

---

“Oh Lawson!” Karina shouts when she falls on the bed. They are in Lawson’s room. Both of them are naked. They took no one’s recommendations. They have fallen in love.

“I don’t understand why everyone is against our relationship?” Lawson says with irritation.

“Me too! I mean,” Karina says, “We love each other. And they know it. I wish if they knew what is love. People can sacrifice anything for love.”

“True! See... I do everything you want, and you do everything I want. What’s wrong with them. They think we are too dominant for being together,” Lawson says and laughs. Karina also laughs.

“Yeah! But I love you baby. You’re the only one I can submit my body and soul,” she says and leaps towards him.

“Me too!” He shouts and grabs her.

---

“How’s your day?” Natalie says and passes him his drink. Although there are servants for this, she prefers to do few things by her own. They are in the living room, which is the favorite place of Charles because of the presence of big television screen. She sits on the upholstered seat beside him.

“Great!” He says with a smile and takes the drink from her hand. He moves his face back towards the television.

Whenever Charles needs to have a BDSM session, all he needs to do is address her as ‘Mistress’. She takes the lead and organizes the session. In their sessions, he never needs to use his Safeword. She always ends before his limits, but never end it without fully satisfying him. If there was someone else, it could be surprising. But she is Mistress Natalie, who knows his mind better than him.

Today, he felt that she is upset. Therefore, he did not initiate the session. Within a few minutes, he realized that he was right. She has not interrupted him for once from watching the television channel. She is indeed upset. In any other case, she would have been mad at him for keeping his eyes on television for so long, in her presence.

“Something wrong baby?” Charles says in a tense voice.

“Yeah! I’m worried about Karina. She is not taking it seriously,” Natalie says.

“Did you talk to her about this?”

“Yes! But for some reasons, she believes that she loves him,” Natalie says with irritation and Charles smiles.

“Natalie! She’s only 19. You need to understand it. She can’t understand such hardcore BDSM theories,” Charles says and Natalie turns her face towards him.

“But I can’t let her walk on the path of disaster,” she says in a sad voice.

“I know. And I’m not telling you to let her do that. They are naïve. Both of them. They need some professional help in this,” Charles says with a smile.

“What do you mean?”

“They need spoon feeding. Let them have it. If you can’t, I can handle it,” he says with the same smile, which increases Natalie’s confusion.

“How? What do you intend to do?” Natalie asks and takes a gulp. She knows that Charles is a smart man. His ISP business is not simple Internet Service Providing Company. Such businesses know how to breach the privacies of people, and they know where to utilize those. They do all the things that the regular media does.

“You are not going to hurt them, right?”

“Listen Natalie! We both know that sooner or later, they are going to start fighting themselves. We can help them with the cause. It can save their time. The rest, they will do themselves,” he says with a smile.

“No! I don’t like this idea. Both of them respect me so much. I can’t do such terrible thing with them,” she says with fear in her voice.

“Then don’t do it! I’ll handle it,” Charles says.

“No! Don’t do it please,” Natalie says, “Don’t do anything!”

“Are you sure?” Charles says.

“Yes! I’m sure. Let them have some good time. They will learn it by their own,” Natalie says with a smile.

“Ok Mistress!” He says and she pulls up her face with confusion.

“How long were you waiting?”

“Just few minutes,” he says with a smile.

“Don’t lie to me you fucking bitch!” she shouts with anger, “Move your ass! Turn the lights and bring my drink to the dungeon. I’ll see what I have to do with you.”

She stands up and starts moving towards the kitchen. Charles moves towards the panel to turn the lights and inform their servants about session initiation. All of them are trained for BDSM activities, and all of them are provided clothes and accessories for those. Natalie utilizes their presence in whatever way she wants.

*“Today, I’m going to scratch off your skin. These new tools will give you good abrasions, and won’t create scars,”* she says silently and smiles, *“You’re really gonna enjoy this!”*

---

“What are you saying Lawson?” Karina shouts with anger, “I waited for you for almost half an hour. You didn’t come. I was getting late.”

“Oh yeah! Then my watch is lying,” he says and looks at his watch to match the time with the one on the clock in Karina’s room, “And your clock is lying as well.”

“I don’t really get it. What’s wrong with you?” she says with irritation.

“Wrong with me?” Lawson starts walking in the room, “You know, I think they were right about us. I can’t accept it. I’m not feeling well about it now.”

“Come on Lawson!” Karina says and stands up. She moves towards him. “Just forget about it.”

“I can’t!” Lawson says and turns away from her, “Leave me alone! Please Karina! I’m getting out of control. I think I should leave.”

“No Lawson! Not like this,” Karina says and hugs his back.

“I said leave me!” he shouts and pushes her body away from him. She loses her balance and falls down. Her head strikes the side of the bed.

“Dhumm!”

Her head has started to bleed.

“What the fuck!” Lawson moves towards her with a shout.

“Leave me alone!” Karina shouts while pushing him backward.

“I’m sorry!” he retreats.

Karina starts standing up with both of her hands placed on the left side of her forehead.

“You asshole! See what the fuck you did,” she says when she realizes that she is bleeding.

“I said I’m sorry!” he shouts back, “I told you to leave me alone. But you don’t understand anything.”

“I don’t understand?” She has started to breath loudly. “Get the fuck out of my room!”

Silence.

“I said get out!” she shouts again.

“Listen Karina! No one talks to me this way. I’m only accepting it because of Natalie... Or I would have beaten the hell out of you right here. You think you are a Dominatrix? You are a bullshit! If I beat you right away, you won’t be able to even defend yourself,” he says with anger and turns towards the door.

Now, Karina’s anger is out of control. She quickly moves towards the small dressing table. She pulls up a bottle of Perfume and throws it towards him. It struck at his back. He turns. She has thrown another bottle. He bends his body towards his right to save himself. Unfortunately, she had missed the target.

“Thakh!”

It struck on the left side of his face, and he fell backward.

For a few seconds, he cannot understand what is going on. He has a black eye, bruised cheeks and bleeding forehead. He stands up with anger and moves towards her. Karina’s face fills up with fear.

“No Lawson!” she shouts.

Both of them fall on the ground.

“Dhummm!”

He moves his fist towards her face.

“Smack!”

She is also trying to return the punches. But she is too small for him.

“Smack!”

“Smack!”

“Smack!”

“No Lawson! You win! You win!” she shouts.

“Smack!”

“Smack!”

“Smack!”

The door opens, and three men with good built enter the room. Two of them grab Lawson and pulls him up. Third one moves towards Karina. Before he could hold her, she moves her right leg and kicks Lawson’s crotch.

“Owwwww!!!”

She has directly hit on his balls.

“I’m gonna kill this bitch!” Lawson shouts.

“Leave me alone!” Karina shouts.

“Stop it!” one of the man shouts loudly, “Both of you! I have strong orders for both of you from Mr. Campbell.”

“What?” both of them ask at the same time.

“Yes! He said that you would have this fight. Now, you have to come with us,” he says and smiles.

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“Then why didn’t you stop them?” Ivon says with anger and Natalie smiles.

“Why not you? You also knew that this is going to happen,” she says.

“I was just,” he says and smiles, “Well, now what should we do? Both of them are supposed to be punished.”

“Do whatever is the company’s policy. This is your call.”

Natalie is happy. She has confirmed that Charles did not do anything to initiate this. It just happened itself. None of them expected that it would be that early. Karina and Lawson seemed to have enough *Love* to wait for at least few weeks before they realize that they were not born to submit.

“Yeah! I’m taking some measures for them. But problem is, it’s gonna hurt Lawson more than Karina,” Ivon says and Natalie nods.

“True! She hasn’t started her professional career yet. She can be considered naïve, but not Lawson. He is already an Executive. He was supposed to control his emotions. If it’s gonna hurt him more, he deserves that,” Natalie says while thinking. She likes Lawson’s passion for his work. But he lacks much Professionalism for such a high level designation. Natalie does not like the extra support of Lacy for him, but she does not say anything because of the respect of Lacy.

“Both of them are being given 3 month’s Suspension, and a Warning,” Ivon says.

“Well, this is your decision,” Natalie says and stands up, “I’ve to get back. Many clients are waiting for me.”

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“Shit...! Shit! Shit! Shit!” Lawson is shouting with anger. He’s sitting in a bar.

“She’s ruined my career! I’ll kill that bitch!”

He finishes the drink and calls for another one. He is highly drunk.

“And this Natalie... She thinks she can do whatever she wants.”

“Bitch!”

“Fuck her!”

“Nah!... It’s not her!”

“This is all Ivon! He knew it! He was planning it!”

“I’m gonna fuck that asshole.”

“Fuck you Ivon!”

He pulls up his cell-phone and starts pressing the buttons.

“I don’t care!”

The bell is ringing on the other side of the call.

“Yes?” Eliza’s voice comes in.

“Mrs. Campbell... Your husband is plotting against you. Your daughter is with him. Catherine is my BDSM Partner!”

“Crash!”

With the sound of something breaking, the line drops. Lawson stands up. He is back to his conscious. His eyes start expanding.

“What the fuck did I do? Where the hell is Mrs. Campbell?”

# Chapter 14

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“Yes Catherine?” Roger says over the cell-phone. He is driving the car and Mariana is sitting beside him.

“Roger...! Roger...!”

Catherine is crying. Roger feels a burst of fear and he pulls up the car towards the shoulder of the freeway. He was lucky that no car was behind him or it could have some terrible consequences.

“What are you doing?” Mariana shouts with fear.

“What happened Catherine?” Roger asks over the phone.

“Roger... Mom! She is... Roger! You need to get to the hospital!”

His cell-phone drops from his hand.

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“What?” Jannetta shouts and stands up. She is in her office, talking over her headphone, “But how?”

There is fear on her face.

“Ok! We’re coming!” she says and pushes the button on her headphone, “Celine! I’m leaving. Cancel everything! I need to visit John’s parents. Fix a flight! No! Fix a private Jet Flight! It’s an emergency!”

She moves some things on the table and pulls up her laptop bag with her right hand. In her left hand, there is her cell-phone. She pushes some buttons on it and starts moving towards the door.

“John!” she says and pushes the door with her right arm, “Where are you?”

“I’m leaving to pick up the kids and...”

“Ok! Pick up the kids and move to the airport. This is urgent. Don’t waste any time. This is an emergency.”

“What happened?”

“I’ll tell you! Don’t waste your time! Pick up the kids and get to the airport. You’ve half an hour,” she says and drops the line.

She moves and enters the elevator. She shouts, “Damn! I had two meetings tomorrow!”

---

Natalie moves out of her car and starts walking. Charles exits from another car that was following hers, and moves towards her. They are in the Hospital Parking lot.

“But what happened?” Charles asks with confusion.

“She had a heart attack.”

“But how?”

“Lawson! He told her about Catherine,” Natalie explains, “she was having some BDSM relationship with him.”

“What?”

“Yes!”

“But how the hell can he say such a thing?” Charles says.

“I don’t know. They were having this relationship since a while. I’m surprised...”

“I mean why did he call Eliza?” he says.

“He said he was out of his mind. He was drunk,” Natalie explains.

“Did you talk to him?” Charles asks.

“Yes! He called me after he called Catherine.”

“You? Why?”

“Catherine had lost the control. He was afraid that she would not be able to handle the situation. He called me. But Catherine brought Eliza to the hospital herself,” Natalie explains.

“How’s she now?”

“Serious! She’s very serious!” Natalie says with anger, “Lawson shouldn’t have done this.”

“Damn! He messed up everything!” Charles says with anger and Natalie looks at him with confusion. She does not know what does he mean.

“What are you hiding from me Charles?” she asks with confusion.

“I tell you! First, let’s check her. There is much to tell you,” he says with seriousness.

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24 hours have passed. No one has slept. Natalie and Charles, Ivon and Catherine, Roger and Mariana, and John and Jannetta, everyone is here. Only the kids are missing, and are sent to the Campbell house to be taken care by the servants. Eliza is lying on the bed with an oxygen mask on her face. There is silence of death in the room. No one is even crying anymore. Their tears have dried.

“I’ll kill Lawson!” Ivon says with anger.

“No! I’ll do it,” Catherine says with anger.

“Before doing that, you should kill yourself,” Charles says and many eyes turn towards him.

“What are you saying Charles?” Natalie asks with anger.

“I’m telling the truth,” Charles says with anger, “Lawson just informed Eliza what Catherine was doing. Sooner or later, she would have learned about it through some other channel. So what if Lawson called her. It could be someone else as well.”

“Then what do you mean,” Natalie says, “She shouldn’t have fulfilled her desires.”

“She has every right to do whatever she wants. But why keep it a secret? That’s what messes up everything. You can gradually tell anything to anyone. You need to find the ways. People are shocked, when they are given the shocks,” Charles says with anger.

Silence.

Suddenly, Catherine starts crying, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry Mom!”

Slowly, Eliza’s right hand moves and she pulls the mask away.

“I’m ok! I’m not dead!” Eliza says with anger, “But I wish I would have died, with such a humiliation. I would have rather preferred to die.”

“I’m sorry Mom! I’m really Sorry!”

No one says anything. Although they are happy that Eliza is back in conscious, they are having some weird feelings.

Ivon moves towards Catherine and holds her in his arms.

“Yeah! Move to your dad! You are his true daughter!” Eliza says while gnashing her teeth.

“Enough!” Natalie shouts and all the eyes turn towards her with confusion. Since years, Eliza and Natalie did not talk to each other, “Mrs. Campbell! What do you think you are? You will keep playing, and no one will learn. How can you play with the feelings of your own kids? I didn’t mind when it was me. But now... it’s Catherine... your own daughter. How can you be so cruel? I’m going to tell everyone who you are.”

“No Natalie!” Ivon shouts with fear.

“What do you know about me?” Eliza asks with confusion mixed with fear.

“I know everything Mrs. Campbell,” Natalie says with anger.

“So you told her!” Eliza says while moving her face towards Ivon.

“No! I didn’t! I promise!” Ivon says with confusion.

“He didn’t! And I’m sad that he didn’t,” Natalie says with anger while looking at Ivon. “I knew it. I believed that you would learn that I knew it. But you never tried to understand me. But now... it’s too much.” Natalie stops saying further. She is having trouble to hold herself from start crying.

“Can we know what are you guys talking about?” Roger asks with confusion and Natalie turns her face towards him.

“Yes!” Natalie says.

“No Natalie! Please don’t do it!” Eliza shouts with fear.

Silence.

“Tell me!” Roger shouts with anger, “Tell me what the fuck is happening! Tell me what the fuck we don’t know... All of my life, I’ve been waiting for the time to learn the reason of all this. Now! Tell me! What is this that has messed up my whole freedom. What is that?”

Natalie turns her face towards Eliza.

Silence.

Eliza slowly starts, “I tell you!” She has started to emit tears out of her eyes, “I’m sorry! I need to apologize to you first... But yes, it is true... It was me. I’m the one behind all this mess. I brought Ivon into BDSM.”

“What?” Almost everyone shouted together. Natalie and Ivon, both have emitted out tears out of their eyes.

---

Ivon Campbell and Patrick Garcia were childhood friends. In the college, Patrick found Eliza and made her his girlfriend. Eliza was a Masochist, and had some knowledge of BDSM. She introduced it to Patrick, and then both of them brought Ivon into this. All of them found it entertaining, and started to explore it further. They agreed that the system needed to improve and started to seek the ways.

First, they organized BDSM and Fetish parties. At that time, very few people knew about BDSM. Even the ones who enjoyed such activities, they did not want to disclose those secrets to others. For that, things progressed very slowly. For years, Eliza, Patrick and Ivon could not achieve much. They gathered the money and opened up a BDSM club. Patrick was a Dominant Sadist, and Eliza was a Submissive Masochist. But in the club, they worked both as dominants and submissives.

Ivon was the only one in the team who was not a BDSM Participant himself. He was great researcher and had developed good knowledge on the topic. He knew how to manage the things. But for the sake of the club, he joined many sessions.

Sometimes working as a Dominant, and sometimes taking the terrible beatings for their clients' pleasure.

It worked. The club started to progress.

They did not know much about precautions. There were no BDSM Laws at that time. One day, Patrick was having a Breath Control Session with his female client. She died. Without saying anything to anyone, Patrick left. The club was shut down, and Ivon and Eliza started to search Patrick. Few days later, they found him, dead. He had committed suicide.

It affected both of them badly, but to different extremes. Ivon took it as a challenge to build a system with extreme precautionary measures and fulfill the dreams they had watched together. Eliza started to hate BDSM. She wanted to forget all this, and that was why she married Ivon, who loved her. She could never forget that incident. With time, her anger kept growing, bumped by Natalie and then overflowed with the formation of Kingdom of Hell, and she became extreme opponent of BDSM. Once a Submissive Masochist, Eliza turned into a Dominant, being entirely against the Masochism – the right of having and enjoying pain on personal desires.

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“I’m sorry my kids. But my intentions were only to stop you from something that could hurt you. I was just trying to save you. BDSM is a curse bore upon us. I only did that to save you from getting hurt. I know I have given you a hard time, but I’m happy that I’ve successfully kept you away from it. At least you and you,” Eliza says and in the end moves her eyes between Roger and John. Both the faces drop.

Silence.

“What’s happening? Why no one says anything?” Eliza asks with confusion.

“Mrs. Campbell,” Natalie starts in a sad voice, “I’m really sorry... But you can’t save someone from BDSM... the same way you can’t force someone to enjoy it. There is no one in this room, who is not into BDSM.”

“What?” Eliza shouts.

All the eyes turn towards Natalie.

“You mean...?”

“Yes Mrs. Campbell! Every one of them! They have kept it secret, just because they did not want to hurt your feelings. Please, end their suffering! Let them fulfill their desires. They are born for this. They were supposed to be the last people in the world to have restrictions for BDSM activities. Instead, they are being forced more than many others. Please Mrs. Campbell! Please let them have their freedom. They are your kids,” Natalie says and Eliza starts moving her eyes.

“Is this true?”

No one replies.

“But how can you tell this?” Eliza asks Natalie.

“Why would I lie?” Natalie asks in a sad voice, “Catherine is a Submissive, and you know that. Roger and Mariana enjoy many different activities. They switch the roles. And John... poor John can't even fulfill his Panty Fetish. But he's lucky to have Dominant Jannetta, who doesn't even know that she's his dream woman,” Natalie says slowly with her dropped face.

Many people have started to breath loudly. Ivon is watching Natalie with confusion.

“How did you learn about this?” Ivon asks.

“I didn't know it myself before today,” she says and smiles with a glance on Charles, “I wish Charles had told me all this earlier.”

“How did you learn it?” Roger asks to Charles, who has started to smile. All the eyes are towards him.

“Sorry! I meant no harm... I only wanted to help,” Charles says.

“Yes, but how?” Jannetta asks with confusion.

“Come on! I'm Charles Stones. Do you remember?” he says and Jannetta smiles.

“Yeah! Charles Stones! Stones Internet Services. By the way, do you provide links to the...” she says and stops realizing the seriousness of the situation. John has moved his hand to cover his mouth, in order to hide the flash of smile on his face.

Natalie stands up and turns towards Jannetta.

“Jannetta! BDSM is not bad if you look it closely. You know very well about me and my husband. You can see that BDSM has not hurt us to any level. Then why do you think that it will hurt you? Whether you like it or not, this is a fact that you are a BDSM participant yourself. But you don’t follow the rules, the procedures, and this way, you are eligible to harm each other,” Natalie says.

“You’re right. I just realized it. I know what I was doing wrong. I’ll work it out, and I might need your assistance to learn a few things,” Jannetta is an intelligent woman.

“And Roger,” Natalie turns towards Roger, “Ivon needs you.”

“Don’t worry!” he says and turns his face towards Eliza with a request in his eyes.

“Don’t worry my son! You don’t need my permission. All of you already have my permission. I didn’t know that I was fighting for nothing. If I can’t let my kids have the freedom... I don’t know what I was fighting for. I’m sorry! I’m sorry to all of you.” Eliza is still crying.

Ivon moves and sits on the bed. He holds Eliza’s hand.

“No Eliza! You did good. You had reasons to do that. You shouldn’t feel sorry,” he says in a sad voice.

“No Ivon! You’re saying that because you love me. I was blind. I never realized that you were doing all that for me. I remember now that the who idea of Kingdom of Hell was mine. I remember that I was the one who had told you this... about a location with people to have freedom for their Masochistic rights. I don’t know what happened to me. I’m really sorry...”

Ivon made her silent with his lips pushed on hers. Many smiles in the room. Many eyes shut down due to relaxation.

“There is one thing missing here,” Charles says with smile. All the faces turn towards him. “I wanted it to end myself. But not this way. Anyways, I know this is the worst time for this, but it’s important,” he says and pulls up his cell phone. He presses few button and places it on his ear, “ “Yes! Get in!”

Silence.

Door opens and Lawson Connor enters. Many people turn towards him with shock.

“What the fuck? What is he doing here?” Ivon shouts with anger.

“He’s here for an apology,” Charles says with a smile.

“Why did you call him Charles?” Natalie asks with irritation.

“It’s important!” Charles says and turns his face, “Now listen to me! Everyone! We are into BDSM! Whether you like it or not, what happened has actually solved many of our problems. Lawson did it wrong, and he deserves to be punished. No doubt about it. Ivon! You can fire him, if this can satisfy you. But you should think about the situation. It all happened...”

“Listen Charles! I respect you,” Ivon says, “But not for this. I’m not going to leave this guy.”

“Me neither!” Roger says with anger, “It could have some terrible consequences.”

“True! No doubt about it,” Charles agrees, “But nothing terrible actually happened. So why shouldn’t we forget about this?”

Natalie says with irritation, “Why Charles? Why are you supporting him?”

“Because I know there is someone in this room who wants it,” Charles says with anger. Some eyes move towards Catherine, “Look Ivon! Both of us know what does it mean to find a perfect Reciprocal. All that’s wrong with Lawson is his training. He lacks the skills. But he can be improved. Trust me! You will agree yourself. Just think about it.”

“I don’t want him!” Catherine says with anger.

“He has no control over his anger,” Ivon says with anger.

“How many Sadists do you know who have control over their angers?” Charles says and Ivon’s pushes his lip, “We need to train each one of them to control their anger.”

“Come on Charles! End this!” Natalie says with anger and Charles smile.

“This is what I want. Let’s end this! Let him have a chance! Whatever way you want. But let him have one chance. I believe he can be improved,” Charles says and then turns towards Lawson, “Hey man! Don’t break my trust! Ok!”

Natalie smiles. She knows that no one in this room can win Charles.

“But Charles...” Ivon starts.

“Kneel before your father in law!” Charles says to Lawson.

“Hey! Hey! It’s too fast!” Roger says and laughs. Charles also laughs.

“Ok!” Charles says with seriousness, “Some people are lucky to get their Reciprocals by chance. But many people have to seek them out. We should not disrespect the opportunities being given to us by the nature,” he says and turns his face towards Natalie with a smile, “This is what my wife taught me. And I’ve started to learn it.”

“Now you are using my words for this...”

“Not only you!” Charles says with a smile, “But Ivon will agree with this as well. He himself is a great debater of Reciprocal Theory of BDSM. No Ivon?”

“Ok!” Ivon says, “I’ll see what I have to do with Lawson. But he will have to go through a hard training. He lacks much right now. He is not suitable to work at any BDSM job.”

“Thanks a lot!” Lawson says and falls on the knees in front of Ivon.

“You should thank Charles,” Ivon says with smile.

“No! We all should thank him... for bringing the BDSM Family back to BDSM,” Charles says and many of them laugh.

# BOOK 3



Is it true?

**5 YEARS LATER!**

# Chapter 15

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Power means to govern, determine and control the environment around itself, and the other entities. It can be related with a single matter, or a huge set of activities. Most of the people in the world exchange some powers, especially with their partners, either by volunteer submissions, or by means of force or substantial influence. Such commutations are called 'Power Exchange'.

In BDSM, almost all the activities require Power Exchange. Normally, Bottom has to submit the Powers to the Top for the types of activities. However, the limits are imposed, which means that Bottom has more *Authority* in many cases than Top, hence having the Power to decide the activities. Within a single activity, both the partners have their respective Powers.

Since the beginning of the time, it is common in the relationships to have a Head of the household. Normally male partners were the Top, and the females were the Bottom. However, it is a false concept that the 'Traditional Marriage System' is Patriarchy. Even in that system, many females had the Power to make the Final Decisions in their Relationships.

Powers are normally exchanged in both the ways. Even in relationships where partners prefer to keep Equal Powers, they distribute and exchange some of those, based on different factors. In addition, not all the Powers are kept by the Heads. In most of the relationships Head submits at least some Responsibilities & Authorities to the other partner, mostly of the tasks and activities having little or no preference for the Head. If this distribution is based on their Mutual understanding, many Powers are exchanged voluntarily. However, in many relationships, the Heads decide to keep the Sole Power – the Power of the Distribution of the Powers. If the other partner submits this Power then the relationship works smoothly. If not, then the 'War of Influences' initiates.

Intelligence, Skills, Beauty, Body Strength, Education, Communication Skills, Convincing Ability, and many others factors are used in this War. Relationship with other family members, especially the kids, also has its influence. Even the Drops of Tears and other forms of Emotional Blackmailing are utilized to make a difference. In different societies, there is different strength of each type of

Influential Factor. But in all, the most influential has always been the ‘Financial Income’. In some societies, it is so powerful that it defines the ‘Head’ itself.

Winning the War of Influence does NOT guarantee that the other partner will submit. If the partner accepts the Superiority of the other, then the relationship works smoothly. If not, then the other partner keeps seeking the ways to fight, and beat the Head in the War of Influences. Even if that partner Wins this *game* of Power, the consequences can be bad for this partner. The previous Head might go for another fight. This is one of the major reasons of the Domestic Violence, in which the aggressor can be anyone, the first or the second Head.

Human Mind responds in two ways: Dominant and Submissive. Sometimes we prefer to make the decisions, and sometimes we want to have the ease in responsibilities. The people who have high preference for one type of responses are called Dominants or Submissives.

In ‘Traditional Marriage’ Model, normally Males have the Financial Responsibilities. This can be better defined as ‘Male Led Relationship’ – MLR. Opposite to this, there is ‘Female Led Relationship’ – FLR, where the wife or girlfriend has such responsibilities. In FLR, normally males play the same role the Housewife plays in the Traditional Marriage. Because of derogatory effusion of the term Househusband, males in such relationships are sometimes called ‘Stay-at-home’ husbands or boyfriends. They take all the responsibilities of House-chores and Kinship matters, which are the responsibilities of Female Partners in an MLR.

There is a huge conceptual mistake with two terms: ‘Equal Rights Relationship’ and ‘Equal Powers Relationship’. In any relationship where the partners have Equal Rights, one of them can submit the powers voluntarily. In addition, it has nothing to do with who is the Head and who earns the money. It can be MLR, FLR, or another type of relationship. In Equal Powers Relationship – EPR, both of them should have equal Powers, and should have NO Head of Household. However, most of the relationships in the world does not have equal Powers for both the partners. One of them normally has more Influence than the other. If not, they find themselves seeking the external helps in most of the major decisions of their relationships.

The term ‘Modern Marriage’ does not define anything particularly. Sometimes it is used for EPR, and sometimes for Female Led Relationships. However, it is more

commonly used for ‘Combined Lead Relationships’, where both the partners share most of the Responsibilities equally: Financial, Domestic and Kinship Responsibilities. It does not mean the absence of the Head. In a CLR, one of them can have more Influence and Power to have the Final Saying in conflicts of the decisions, and it may and may not be an Equal Powers Relationship.

A Male Led Relationship, formerly Traditional Marriage System, is NOT always ‘Male Dominated Household’ – MDH. It is possible for a relationship to have a Female Head with the Male partner having the responsibilities of Financial Income. Similarly, an FLR can also be an MDH, though it is very rare and most of the FLR are normally ‘Female Dominated Households’ – FDH. Many people use FLR in place of FDH, and is true in most of the cases, though the reverse is not correct. Not all the Female Heads go out for work with their Male partners staying at house.

To summarize the things, who is Head is different from who *earns* the money. Based on Head of Household concept – HoH, the relationship can be Male Dominated Household, Female Dominated Household, and an Equal Power Relationship with none of them being the Head. All of these can have either Male or Female Partners earning the money, defining MLR and FLR, or both of them can go out to work and make it a Combined Lead Relationship. All of these types can be Equal Rights Relationship, if the Powers are distributed with Mutual Understanding. If not, they are the relationships with ‘War of Influence’.

‘Head of the Household’ is NOT a BDSM concept, especially when there is ‘War of Influence’. The core idea of BDSM is to have the ‘Volunteer Submissions’ for the Power Exchange, disregarding the factors of the War. People choose their roles and responsibilities based on their priorities.

‘Total Power Exchange’ – TPE is a BDSM concept. It was originally defined as ‘Total’ or ‘Absolute’ exchange of Powers, with one partner having Absolute Control on the other, which is technically impossible. However, the concept is redefined as a term for any BDSM relationship with a 24/7 Time Frame. It means that any ‘Real Life’ relationship, with even slight Dominant & Submission aspect can be considered a TPE. It can be used for any relationship with Head where Volunteer Submissions of Power has occurred. It is an HoH that follows BDSM Laws.

There can be a BDSM relationship without Sadomasochism, Bondage, and Discipline. They can simply have D/S – Domination and Submission of partners. Many Vanilla Relationships have the Head having substantial Powers. They should learn the BDSM Laws, most importantly the concept of *'Safe, Sane, & Consensual'* and/or *'Risk Aware Consensual Kink'*. Many BDSM activities become Domestic Violence or Abuse, if the BDSM Laws are not followed. Although the true concept of Discipline is rarely explored by the participants, if it is accompanied with the 'True Consent' of the Bottom, it is NOT Abuse. It is BDSM. However, the concept of True Consent is not that simple. Just because someone does not *deny* something does not mean that the partner does not have the *problem* with it. True Consent is only true consent, when the partner have personal *Desires* and/or *Preferences* for that particular activity. Without the True Consent, the activity becomes *Abuse of Powers*.

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“Wow! So he acts just like your slave!” The girl says with excitement. She is taking the interview of Aria Bell. They are in the living room of Aria’s house. Beside Aria’s upholstered seat, a man is sitting on the floor. Aria is wearing a simple robe, and the man is in his jeans and T-shirt. She is continuously moving her right hand in his hairs, while watching the girl and the camera behind her.

“Acts like slave? He IS my slave!” Aria says and laughs, “You think it’s an act. We are not playing roles here. He is my Slave. My Pet! I’ve full authority over him. I can even deny him to use the restroom, and he will need to hold it until he gets my permission. I can beat him whenever I want. I can use him for whatever I feel appropriate.”

“And he enjoys everything?” the girl says.

“He enjoys my Full Power. It does not mean that he enjoys all the activities. I have the Responsibility not to force him into something that he does not like, unless it is for his punishment,” Aria says.

“You mean you do the things he doesn’t like. Doesn’t it break the BDSM Law: Safe, Sane & Consensual?”

“No! You don’t get the point. I don’t involve him into anything against his will. The punishments we are talking about, he does not enjoy those, but the fear of

those. He enjoys being afraid of me. And yes, we are not talking about extreme measures. Although there is no Safeword between us, he has ways to inform me that he does not enjoy such things. Also, I conduct an Open Talk with him almost every month. He can tell me everything in that. Things he liked. Things he didn't. Implementation of some new activities. Whatever he wants, he can tell me. Our system is based on our Mutual Understanding that we build in years of our Marriage," Aria says and turns her face towards her Slave and he smiles.

Girl moves her face towards Aria's husband and says, "What do you say Mr. Bell?"

"Call him Lino!" Aria says with a smile.

"Ok! So? What do you say Lino?"

"I love her. And I love all that she does," Lino says and stops. The girl wants to hear more. It is clear from her face. But he does not say anything.

"But how can you enjoy things you don't like?"

"I trust her. If she is punishing me for something, I must have done something wrong. I don't like it. But I know it is for my own good," he says. Aria is smiling. Girl moves towards her.

"What can be the reasons of such punishments?"

"Look! You punish others for many reasons. It can be your anger, revenge, or personal satisfaction without any particular reason. All of them are bad. As per the BDSM Laws, everything should be initiated with Love. For Sadists, it is important to learn the requirements of the Masochists. Now, things get complicated when you are living in a Master-Slave TPE, and when you have to decide everything by yourself. It is not easy to learn the exact requirements of the Bottoms. Sometimes you do some mistakes as well. But if you know each other, you can build a good relationship. Now look! I'm a Professional Dominatrix, and I know his exact requirements. But even then sometimes I'm afraid of exceeding the limits. I'll highly recommended everyone else to NOT involve in the types of activities without asking the Bottom. You should not initiate something he does not like. Sometimes the consequences are much worse than the expectations. Stick with the Bottom's requirements for building a relationship!" Aria says with seriousness.

“Then isn’t it like a 24/7 Lifestyle Dominatrix job? If you have to keep thinking about the requirements of the Bottom?” girl asks.

“Yes! It is!” Aria says and smiles, “That is why it is said that you should find your Perfect Reciprocal. If you have the inversely same desires, you won’t need to worry much about the types of activities, but only the timings. Look at us! He enjoys everything I give him. I can beat him right away in front of you, and he will enjoy it. I won’t do though, as he has done nothing to earn this Extremely Pleasurable Humiliation. But I might give him this gift some day.”

Along with Aria, her husband is smiling.

“So you beat him whenever you want. What if he wants to initiate a session? How will he do that?” the girl asks.

“He can’t! I decide everything,” Aria says and smiles, “He has to wait for me to initiate a session. And don’t take it like a session. Sometimes it is serious. I mean, I punish him in real. When he does a mistake, I punish him. Now, sometimes I feel that he committed those mistakes intentionally... Well, he CAN initiate a session.”

The girl laughs.

“But I need to be very honest,” Aria continues, “When you have the control, you have more responsibilities. You have to learn when and what to do. You need to manage everything by your own. You can’t do a mistake. In TPE, even the extreme ones like mine, the Bottom has the Power to decide the things around. You can see that I make the decisions. But you don’t know that I’m just obeying the rules he has made. I’m following his requirements. The good thing for me is... I also enjoy this.”

# Chapter 16

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“What’s wrong Brianna?” Natalie asks Brianna Trigg’s. They are both changing their clothes in the adjacent cabins. No one else is close to them. “You look upset.”

“No! Nothing!” Mistress Brianna says.

Silence.

“Looks like you don’t trust me!” Natalie says sadly and Brianna turns her eyes towards her with a smile, but does not say anything. Natalie smiles. “What’s that Brianna? I might not be intelligent enough to tell you the solution. But at least, I can share your pain. No?”

“I’m confused!” Brianna says.

“About what?”

“About Gorton! He is acting weird since a while. He’s gambling, losing money in the Casinos. I don’t know how to stop him,” Brianna says and stops.

Gorton is her husband. Brianna’s son, Jason, is in the final year of his Masters and he wants to start a business. Her daughter, Natasha, is living in another country, studying in one of the best Art Schools. Her concern makes sense. But Natalie does not understand why such an intelligent woman has failed to find out the solution herself. She is the one everyone is asking for help in such matters.

“Brianna! Can I ask you what kind of relationship you have with Gorton? I know you don’t like to talk about that. You must have a good reason to avoid that. But just that, if you feel comfortable with this, you can share the actual problem with me,” Natalie says and Brianna turns her face away.

Silence.

“Ok!” Brianna says and turns her face towards her with a smile, “But not here. If you can, let’s go to the Mess Hall.”

“Sure! But I need to inform the Control Room,” Natalie says with a smile. She has some clients waiting for her. But nothing is more important than Brianna. She has a special respect among all the BDSM participants.

In a few minutes, both of them are in the Mess Hall.

“Ok!” Natalie says and sits on the chair.

“It is not like I want to hide it from others. It’s just that, things are complicated, and that they can mess up with others’ interference. I love Gorton. I truly love him. And he’s not my Reciprocal,” Brianna says.

Natalie had the same feelings. Otherwise, there was no reason for her to keep it a secret.

Brianna continues, “It was difficult, but I worked hard on it. We were both Dominants. True Dominants! None of us wanted to submit. And it could not work until he submits himself. But that was not what I wanted. That was entirely against my own theories.” Brianna takes a short break and then continues, “Natalie! I don’t know why, but I loved him. I really loved him. I needed to create a system in my house. It was... He should not do anything against my will. He should do only the things that I want. But he should be the Head of the Household.”

Natalie’s face is filled up with confusion. She does not interrupt.

Brianna continues with a smile, “I know it sounds complicated. It is! He is a Dominant and he has every right to live his life as a Dominant. From the types of his clothes to the selection of his friends, he does exactly what I want. But he believes that he does whatever HE wants. We are both happy with this system.”

“Do you hypnotize him?” Natalie asks with confusion.

“No! I never go against his free will. But yes, I’ve changed his preferences and priorities. But I did that gradually. And I’ve sacrificed a lot for this as well. Tears, manipulating words, emotional blackmailing, many ways to change his mental response to the things around. And I also used some external help... well some of those were not so ethical, but I did it for his own good. He should believe that he is the Head. That was the only way it could work. I could not accept him keep doing the things I didn’t like and I could not make him a submissive.”

Natalie breaths out loudly.

Brianna continues with a smile, “Natalie! It was not easy. Since the beginning, I had much more Influence than him. I tried to pull him up. I tried to establish his

career, and well, he did as well. He also worked very hard. But my progress was much faster. It was not his mistake that I was always earning some ten or twenty times more than him. It was not his mistake that some people consider me smart and intelligent, much more than him. People know me, all over the world. And him, he is my husband. That's all! The husband of Mistress Brianna! Even some people at his job sometimes forget his real name. He was always dependant on me for almost everything. But I made him believe that I was a submissive. I made him believe that he was the Head. It is important for his mental satisfaction. And I like it.”

Natalie gulps.

Brianna waits for a few seconds and then continues, “He has somehow developed this Gambling Addiction. This is the fourth time he has lost so much money. I've tried every Submissive way to change his decision. I tried to stop him... using the other methods as well. But he is not taking it seriously. I have no options left to make him *hate* gambling. When he loses the money, he sells some of the assets he has secretly bought. And he is so naïve,” Brianna says and breaths out a soft laughter, “He thinks he can keep the things secret from me. My baby! He never realizes that he spends more than three times that he earns, with his job, and all this secret incomes. He can't live by his own. He spends lot more than he makes. And I take care of everything. I never let him down. But for this gambling thing, I'm pushing him more and more. And he is not submitting himself. I don't know what to do now. I really don't know. Until now, I have fulfilled all his Desires of Dominations without submitting myself.” Brianna stops.

Silence.

“Brianna! You are such a smart woman,” Natalie says, “I really don't know why you are holding yourself. I think you can make him enjoy his submission ...”

“No Natalie!” Brianna pulls up her face and says, “I can't! I mean, this is right that I can make him enjoy the submission. But I can't do it. I can't go against my own theories. I want him to enjoy his life as a Dominant. I've sacrificed a lot for this. I've been fighting with my own desires since years and years. Enjoyment and Pleasures do not define the True Consent by themselves. And with true consent, he will never submit. I know that. Just because he lost the War of Influence with me, I cannot push him down. I've been fighting against this for my whole life. I can't do

this to my own husband, the love of my life. You don't know Natalie, I can do anything to make him happy. Even with so Dominant mentality, I've submitted many things for him. I can do anything for him. And it's not a problem if he enjoys his life. He can spend all my money. He can take everything I have. I never have a problem with that. If he is happy, I'm more than happy. But our kids are getting old now. He should understand it. This is the worst time to take risks. This is gambling... I'm really afraid Natalie. I know he is walking towards the path of disaster, leading me as well. I need to stop him. He can ruin everything. But I cannot let him hurt himself. I can't!"

Brianna has dropped her face. Natalie does not know when a tear emitted out of her left eye and started to role on her cheek. She is feeling Brianna's pain. But Brianna, her face has nothing.

"Natalie! I'm afraid that I'll lose my control. I'm afraid that I'll fail to hold myself. I don't really want to submit myself. I can't. If I submit, I'll lose everything. I'll lose my own respect for myself. He is a Dominant and he has every right to live as a Dominant. I can't push him down. I can't submit myself."

Silence.

"Brianna!" Natalie says slowly, "You can cry in front of me. I think you need it."

Brianna pulls up her face and breaths out a laughter, "Don't worry! I never hold my emotions for more than 24 hours. I've a room in my house where I cry and shout as much as I want. I do the Emotional Therapy every day."

"You!" Natalie laughs with tears on her cheeks. "Sorry Brianna! Your problem is far more difficult than I can handle. I'm sorry! You need someone smarter than me. I'm no help..."

"No Natalie! I didn't talk to you to find out the solution. I needed a friend who could listen to my problem. I needed someone with whom I could share my feelings. You were indeed a great help. You know it!" Brianna says and Natalie smiles.

"Thanks!"

“You too!” Brianna says and stands up, “And don’t worry! I’ll see what I need to do. You indeed helped me a lot. I know you won’t say this to anyone, especially Ivon. You know I will talk to him myself, if I need it. Thanks. Take care!”

“But what are you going to do now?” Natalie quickly says.

“I have to find out yet. But don’t worry! This is not the first time he has pushed me in such a trouble. I’ll see what he needs. He’s my Responsibility. I’ve taken good care of him until now. I know I can continue this,” Brianna says and starts walking towards the exit of the Mess Hall. Natalie’s head is moving sidewise.

*“What a Dominant! She does not want to submit herself... to herself! Her own Desires! Damn Gorton! Only if you were a Submissive...”*

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“But Gorton! This is not right,” Brianna says with irritation, “Don’t you have any thought about Jason and Natasha?”

“Come on Brianna! I said sorry! Now can we please end this? I could not even sleep yesterday,” Gorton says with irritation.

“Ok! Let’s end this,” Brianna says with anger, “You need to promise that you will never bet again.”

“Ok!” He says with a smile.

“No! Not like your previous promise. You have to do it with some conditions,” Brianna says.

“What conditions?” he asks with a smile.

“Listen Gorton! I’m going to stop you from this. At any cost! I’m telling you in advance. You continue it... and you will be the one responsible for the consequences,” Brianna says in a strict voice and he starts looking at her with confusion.

“You are threatening me?”

“Yes Gorton! I’m threatening you. Don’t take it easy! If you take it as a Warning, it is better for both of us.”

“Come on Brianna!” Gorton says with a smile and hugs her. She does not resist. “You are taking it too seriously. We are not poor people. But don’t worry. I won’t visit the Casinos. I’m angered myself. I know that it’s bad. And I’ve already decided to quit it. I know that you are right. Instead of filling the bellies of those fucking Gamblers, we should buy things for ourselves. Jason wants to open a business. I should be busy to work out things for him. You don’t need to worry about anything. I’ll handle them.”

“Gorton! Please listen to me one more time,” she says in a sad voice, while keeping her face on his chest, “I’m serious with my words. This is indeed a Threatening for you. Baby! You should open your eyes now.”

Gorton moves away from her with confusion.

“What has happened to you Brianna?”

“I’m trying to convince you that you should be afraid of Mistress Brianna,” she says in a sad voice and he laughs.

“You wanna start something Kinky in our relationship. Have you forgotten about your promise? You will never try to convert our relationship towards that?”

“I remember! But you don’t know that I have more ways to convince you. I don’t mind anything Gorton. But this is the matter of my kids. Take it seriously. If you don’t, I’ll always be sorry to myself.” she says and turns towards the bed.

A flash of fear passes through the face of Gorton. He is not naïve. He knows that she is voluntarily accepting his Superiority. Otherwise, she has every right to become the Head of this Family.

It is common for Anger to result in Erotic Stimulations. This happened to them. Their initial fights in the school turned into their Love Story. Even after the initiation of their relationship, they fought many times and left each other, and then returned to join again. It kept going until, suddenly, Brianna stopped fighting. She started to accept his decisions. As a result, he also started to accept her recommendations.

Gorton was lavish. As he was the only child of his parents, they always tried to provide him whatever he wanted, but they were not very rich. By the time he completed his Bachelors in Pharmacy from the best university of their country, he

had drained out all their money. But by that time, he had become the boyfriend of Brianna. She helped him to bear many expenses related with his studies. She also helped him to send a good sum of money to his parents, who lived in another city. He did not earn anything.

Brianna had told him that she had some Shares that paid her good income. Gorton did not know that she worked as a Dominatrix, after her college hours. As she was two years younger, she completed her Human Psychology when he was working as the Manager of a Pharmacy Store. Although he earned good, even at that time she was supporting him in his high expenditures. In his bank account, every month a big sum was added. She never even asked him what and where he spends the money. He always did whatever he wanted. Sometimes he informed her and sometimes he did not.

After the Masters, Brianna decided to join Assembly. She told him all about her. It was a big shock for him. He could not believe it. The woman who took care of all the Domestic and Kinship responsibilities with great care, and who accepted all his orders, she could not be a Professional Dominatrix, especially the one who earned that much money. Even at that time, she was one of the best dominatrices of the world.

That was the only thing she had ever asked him. She wanted them move to the country of Assembly. She promised him that she would never ask him anything again. She also promised him that she would never let BDSM interfere in their type of relationship. He would be the Head of their Household, and he would have the power to decide all the other matters of their lives.

They moved to the city of Assembly. For starting few months, Gorton faced trouble to learn the language of that country. But he was smart man and he learned it. Soon, he got a job as Supervisor of a Pharmacy Warehouse. He progressed well. But he could not compete Brianna. She was someone the whole world was watching. Gorton loved her and he was proud of her. But he did not like her to get that much fame. He was looking forward to end her progress. However, he did not know what to do.

Gorton had a friend name Michael. Gorton told him all about his feelings. Michael highly recommended him to change his country. Gorton knew his agreement with Brianna. Even then, he started to seek a job for himself. Soon, his application in

one of the best pharmacies was accepted, which was in their previous country. Now, the most difficult part was remaining. He needed to convince Brianna. Gorton did not know that Michael was not his friend, but just an employee of Brianna. It all happened this way because Kingdom of Hell was found.

They moved to this country. Gorton started to work as a Manager of the Pharmacy Store and Brianna joined Kingdom of Hell as a Senior Dominatrix. They married. Two kids born and time passed well.

Like every other family, they also had fights sometimes. As Gorton was the one shouting louder in those, he did not learn that he lost most of them. All of those ended with Brianna crying, and most of the time Gorton agreed her decisions. Many of those agreements included no real intentions, and he did not stop himself. But he did not know that Brianna never had direct conflicts with him for the real matters. He was a dominant. She knew that after the fight, he would be more attracted towards those activities. When she stopped him from something, he did it more. He did not know that those were exactly what she wanted. She mostly fought with him either to divert his attentions or that she loved him to do those activities.

Gorton never learned that most of his good friends were working for Brianna. Some of them were her friends, and others were her clients. He never learned that he was surrounded by her network. Parties, picnics, and everything that he did for his pleasure, all were planned by Brianna. He was only a Puppet of her show. However, she had given him much freedom of movement. She had given him much more than he even dreamed in his life. This was the first time he had done something entirely against her will. He had came out of her net, and had started to visit the casinos.

Today, he felt different. Brianna has never talked to him this way. He does not know what is happening. He does not know what she has in her mind. He knows that she is much smarter than him. He knows that he will lose any fight between them, if she makes up her mind. He does not know that she does not want to do all this herself.

It is the first time Brianna has talked to him this way. She has clearly declared that she is threatening him. He does not know what does this mean. But he knows that

he should take it seriously. He knows it already that he will lose any fight between them.

*“I think I should not visit the casinos. My friends don’t like it either. And anyways, I always do whatever I want. So what if I don’t have this pleasure?”* Gorton says in his mind and closes his eyes.

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Natalie turns in the main corridor and stops. She turns back with confusion and moves towards the reception desk.

“That’s Marcos... Right?” she asks with confusion.

“Yes Mistress!” receptionist named Pricilla says.

“Why didn’t you tell me that he’s coming?” Natalie asks with anger.

“I didn’t tell you?” Pricilla says and gulps, and turns her face towards the screen, “Oh Marcos! He’s not your client.”

“What?”

“Yes! He is Mistress Karina’s... Ah! He moved in today,” Pricilla says with a smile.

Silence.

“Something wrong Mistress?” she asks with confusion.

“No! It’s fine.” Natalie says with a smile and turns. She cannot believe it. Marcos was one of her best clients. He never had a session with another Dominatrix in the club. She still remembers the day when she forced him to have the session with Abbot Racz, and she managed well. They never learned about each other. He has moved to Karina Ormanni.

*“What am I thinking? These are just clients. They don’t care about anything... And he has joined Karina... It’s good! I should be happy for that,”* Natalie lies to herself. She does not like to lose such a client. No one does!

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Karina is promoted to Senior Dominatrix. With this she has enlisted herself among the fastest growing employees of the club. She took only 4 years to reach Senior Designation after joining as a Junior. It is a record second to Mistress Dericia, who took only 28 months to do so. The names like Brianna and Natalie, who were directly hired as Seniors, are kept separate for their exclusivity. Almost everyone who joined as Junior took many more years to progress, and that is why Karina is being counted among the Professionals of all time, even though she is only 24.

Karina moves out of a small room. She is wearing a knee-length skin-tight dress of silver latex and black corset. It has deep-cut square neckline and a round cut around her hips. She also has ankle-length gloves and a collar of black latex. On her feet, there are black high-heel shoes. Her long black hairs are freely falling at her back. She is being followed by a man crawling behind her in latex shorts and leather bondage mask. There are marks of whipping on his back. His collar chain is curled around her left arm. In her right hand, there is a Crop.

She stops at the reception desk.

“Pricilla! Anything for me?” she asks while moving the stylus on the computer screen.

“Yes Mistress! Some clients are being added to your list. They are waiting for you,” Pricilla says.

“Ah! I think I should go for increase in my charges. I can’t handle so many clients.”

“You can do it! You can upgrade yourself to a Top Dominatrix,” Pricilla says with a smile and Karina smiles.

“Mistress will love it!” Karina says. Everyone knows that she refers Natalie simply as ‘Mistress’. “But I don’t feel right about it. I still need to learn a lot. I don’t consider myself appropriate for such a high designation.”

“Yeah! And things can be temporary as well.”

“Exactly! They can move to some other Dominatrix some day.” Karina says and turns her body towards the man behind her. She moves her hand with crop.

“Slash!”

She strikes his back.

“Do I need to give you every single order? Lick it!” she shouts and Pricilla smiles. Man quickly moves his face and starts licking her shoes.

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“No mistakes!” she says and turns towards the screen, “Pricilla! I’ll have the interviews with them in two hours. But don’t accept more clients without my approval, especially the Private clients. Lock my accounts!”

“But don’t you think you should talk to the management first? You shouldn’t lock your accounts.”

“Yes! You’re right. I will talk to them. But don’t accept any more clients today. I can’t handle so many clients. I’m not Mistress Natalie!”

She turns and starts walking, without being worried about the man crouching behind her. She stops at the fourth Hall and enters.

“Nah! It’s gonna take more than 2 hours!” she says with irritation, “Oh Mistress! How do you deal so many clients in a single day?”

Everyone credits Mistress Natalie for Karina’s success. Some of them do it lavishly, and has started to call Karina – *Young Mistress Natalie*. Because of the similarities in their sessions, many people have started to take it more seriously, and have started to take the assistant of ‘Young Mistress Natalie’ to fulfill their desires.

# Chapter 17

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“I’m leaving!” Dericia says walking pass the reception.

Dericia has 6’1” height, 28” thighs, 48” hips, 32” waist, 56” chest, and 18” biceps. She is much more than a man. With her 243lbs body, she has broken many records, including the Weight-Lifting Championship record of all time, with 340lbs Snatch and 450lbs Clean & Jerk Lift. This is all because of her 24 years of workout, many hours a day. Even the look of her Massive body is enough to force someone to fall on knees. She can easily Lift and Carry anyone, and beat almost everyone in melee fight. This Amazon is too powerful for someone to handle. Interestingly, she always had Submissive mentality.

It was not Dericia’s mistake that her body started to develop much earlier than her age. She wanted to be a *good girl* and wanted to make friends. But everyone made fun of her. Everyone teased her. She was big and fat – Chunky Skank. She tried many things to reduce her weight, though she could not make any difference in her height, and she regretted it terribly. She cursed herself. She cried many hours a day. She was never a good student. Her occasional fights dropped her further down the list of the favorite students of the teachers. She had no friends. There was no one who could understand her. She stopped trying and started to live in her own fantasy world of happiness.

Dericia’s parents were worried about her. Her Psychiatrist told them that she lacked the motivation, and for that, they built one. They started to push her into Body Building to prepare her for Weight-Lifting Championship. This helped. She started to live her life. She started to build her body. It became aim of her life. Her only reason to continue studies was to keep herself in line, and do something beside her Workout.

Radley Griffin was entirely opposed to her. He had a slim body, short height and cool mentality, and he had a Dominant mentality. He was considered the smartest student in every class. He won many shields in competitions of Literature and progressed well. He joined the same Bachelor’s Program that Dericia did. That University was in another city, and that was why they did not have many acquaintances there. They recognized the presence of each other. As Dericia was a bad student, Radley helped her few times in her subjects.

Keith Peterson was one of those people who visited the college for sitting outside. He had a gang of five students who enjoyed teasing others. Every once in a while, he involved in a fight and was given many warnings by the College management. However, his dad was the city Mayor, and had much influence in the college management decisions. No one could do anything to harm him – the ones who believed it; they were wrong!

One day, Radley was passing by the Keith Gang. They joined and started slap his back, acting as none of them knew who did that. Radley tried to stop them with his words. But they did not. Then he used his feet. He started to run. They followed him.

Radley lost the balance on the stairs, and fell. Down the stairs, there was Dericia. When she saw Radley's blood filled face and broken leg, she quickly moved towards him. She lifted him up and ran towards the Medication Facility of the College. It was not usual for a girl to carry a man in her arms and run with so much speed. By the time Radley's leg and face was fixed, everyone in the college was talking about them.

Radley wanted to avoid her. Dericia wanted to convince him that she did not do a mistake, but only helped him. They were in the college Mess Hall when Keith Gang found them. They started to make fun of Radley, in which almost everyone sitting in the hall participated with their laughter and smiles. Radley lost his control and moved out of the building. Dericia, Keith, and many others followed him.

Outside the building, Dericia and Radley had a heated discussion. She was mad at him. But she could not harm him. She loved him. Her anger spilled out, and she turned towards Keith. Before anyone could do anything, Keith was on the ground and Dericia had pinned him.

She was out of her mind. Within few minutes, Keith's face had become a map of hills and mountains, emitting out blood. His jaws, teeth and many of his bones were broken. Everyone tried to stop her, but no one could succeed. Many cops were needed to pull her up. Keith stayed in the hospital for many weeks. She was sentenced 2 years for that.

When she came out, Radley had completed his studies. He never visited her in the prison. Instead of being angered at him, she met him with full love. He told her many lies, which she did not want to believe. He was afraid of her Strength. He

knew how she felt about him. She told him herself. She told him that she loved him and wanted him to become the Dominant Partner in their relationship. He did not believe her. No one could. Her single slap was enough to make his 170lbs body to fall on the ground. How could he be a Head in their relationship? With his head being half foot below her head? Standing in front of her, he looked like a child. How could he give her orders? He had every reason not to believe her honest proposal.

After working with his dad for a year, he joined a Master Program and started to live in another city. She had realized that Radley would never initiate any relationship with her. Although she did not want to do it this way, she used his fear to initiate their relationship. She moved in his apartment and started to live with him. He could not deny her, as she never asked him. He was afraid of her Madness.

She started to do everything herself. She cooked meals, did cleaning, washed dishes and clothes, massaged him, helped him in his shower, and stayed ready for him whenever he wanted to have sex. She did everything to prove him that she wanted him to be the Dominant Partner. Time can change many things. His hesitated recommendations changed into questions, and then simple orders. She never denied anything.

Initially, he did not know how to react when she asked his permissions for the matters of her personal life. Although he never told her, he also loved her for saving him that day. Only his mind did not support the fact that she had stronger body than him, and she could beat him easily. He held his emotions for a while, but with her love, he melted down. By the time he had established his business, and gained some Financial Power, he went for it. He proposed her for the marriage.

Dericia enjoyed wrestling, but she did not want to go for the Professional Wrestling, as she considered it *Unprofessional*. She told Radley that she wanted to fulfill her desires with the help of BDSM clubs. She wanted to visit there as a client. At first, he denied her. But later, he permitted her on some conditions. She accepted everything. Even now, when she has become a Top Professional Dominatrix of Kingdom of Hell, she does all the house-chores and takes care of all the kinship matters.

Radley is a Dominant Business Man and makes all the major decisions himself. He had no Erotic and Sexual desires for a Strong Woman; neither for sex, nor for other

activities. He fell in love with Dericia's obedience. She is afraid of him; and this fear is not for the *physical* bad consequences. This is because of her extreme love for him. She is afraid that he will stop loving her. She is afraid that he will leave her one day. That is why, she starts crying if Radley's angered voice gets louder. Radley does not understand why he feels good when she does that. Even after so many years, he cannot believe that such a Massive woman is his Submissive Wife. Inside his mind, he wants the whole world to know that he is the Master of this Strong Amazon. He does not know that he is her Reciprocal.

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Two cars enter the house garage. First one is of Lawson Connor. Second is Lacy Long. There is another car there. It is the one of Catherine Connor, Lawson's wife.

"How's your day?" Lawson says.

"Not bad! Three VIPs and Thirty Generals!" Lacy says with a smile.

"Damn! The worst weekend for me! Only one VIP and four Generals!" Lawson says with anger and moves towards the door.

"Yeah! It's bad," Lacy nods.

"Good Evening!" Catherine greets them carrying a tray with two drinks. No one notices her. Both of them move towards the upholstered seats. Catherine follows them. Everyone is in casual dressing, even Catherine. She is wearing jeans and T-shirt.

"And you know," Lawson says to Lacy, "Today, Shamus also visited. Damn! I hate him!"

Lacy laughs and Catherine smiles.

Catherine places the drinks on the table and moves towards the upholstered seat at the right of the one they have sat, close to each other. Lacy is at left of Lawson. She turns her body towards him, and places her left leg on his lap, and starts moving the forefinger of her left hand on his chest.

"We do it as well baby!" Lacy says, "We also penetrate our clients,"

“Damn! You use a rubber dildo. But I have to do him with my real one. Why shouldn’t I deny the Gay clients?” he says with anger.

“Oh baby! He is one of your good VIP clients. No one should lose such clients. You are not supposed to enjoy that. You are only doing your job. Once you are established, you can choose your clients. You need to have control on your emotions baby,” Lacy says and Lawson smiles.

“Oh Man! I’m a Senior... still I don’t get it. This is shit,” he says with anger and turns towards Catherine, “Where the fuck is my drink?”

“Sorry!” Catherine says and moves towards the tray. She pulls up a drink and passes him. Lawson takes it and moves to the hand of Lacy.

“Thanks honey!” Lacy says. Now Catherine passes Lawson another drink and sits back on her seat. She is watching them while taking long breaths.

This is not a session Role-play. This is how they live. All three of them, together. Catherine is the wife of Lawson, and Lacy is his girlfriend. The system is built by the mutual understanding of all three of them. Most of the activities are designed by Lacy, and she is the one who controls them. However, in this system, Lawson is the dominant partner, and not Lacy. Lawson has to beat her many times, and sometime cruelly, in the dungeon inside their house.

Catherine has desires of Submission and Masochism for both males and females. But to follow the system, she does not get much by Lacy in the presence of Lawson. Their personal physical interactions only occur when he is away.

“Eeeyoooo!” Lacy shouts and drops her drink on the floor, “What the fuck did you mix in it you bitch? You wanna kill me?”

Catherine stands up with fear and shouts, “No! It’s clean!”

“Oh Lawson,” Lacy says and turns her face towards him, “You have given her too much freedom. If you want me to die... Better if you kill me yourself. I don’t wanna die from the hands of this whore.” Lacy has started to drop tears.

Lawson understands that this is the initiation of the session. He stands up. Now he notices that Catherine is wearing blue jeans with thick denim. Lacy knows better than him.

“What did you mix in it?” He says with anger and moves towards Catherine.

“No I didn’t! This bitch is lying...”

“Slap!”

Lawson slaps her with much force, “How dare you call her like that?”

“But you...”

“Slap!”

“Yesterday Lawson! She dropped a bottle on me,” Lacy adds,

“No! I didn’t do anything!”

“You shut up! Am I talking to you?” Lawson shouts at Catherine and turns his face towards Lacy, “Did it hurt you?”

“Yes! Look at this!” Lacy says and pulls down her skirt to show him the mark. It is one of the marks of whipping that Lawson have given her himself. Does not matter. It does not have to be real.

“You bitch!” he turns towards Catherine with anger.

“No Lawson! She is lying! I didn’t do it.”

“Yes she did it!” Lacy says.

“No!”

“Yes!”

“No! No!”

“Yes! Yes!”

“No! No! No!”

“Shut the fuck up!” Lawson shouts and moves towards her. Catherine turns and starts running. He follows her and grabs her hairs.

“You bitch! You call her by the bad names!” He moves her body and throws her on the seat, “How dare you drop the bottle on her?”

“No! Please Lawson! No!” Catherine says with fear. She does not try to stand back. Lawson pulls out his belt and moves it towards her.

“Slack!”

He strikes her denim-covered buttocks.

“No! Please No! That bitch is lying!” she shouts again.

“Oh Lawson,” Lacy moves towards him and places her right hand on his left shoulder, “She’s calling me by the bad names... and you don’t do anything.”

“Yes! Bring my gag!” He says and Lacy moves her left hand forward. There is a Ball-gag in her hand. Now he cannot stop himself from smiling. Catherine below also moves her lips to stop herself from smiling. Sometimes Lacy messes up everything by making them look *too real*.

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“No! I’m not saying that,” Natalie says to the host of the show, “No one knows what someone has in mind. For that, we need to have an Open Talk, every once in a while. We professionals can only create the scenarios based on the requirements of our clients, and they need to tell us those by themselves. Their desires, their emotions, everything! If we know those, we can enhance their experience by combining and splitting their requirements, and make those entertaining for them. But we have some limits. We have many limits!”

“But the scenarios you’ve proposed, they seem very close to real life... only that the sex of the participants are changed,” host says.

“A client is a client. And a Professional is a Professional. When I give you an example, you should disregard the sex of the characters. Rules implement to all. Anyone can have any desires. And to be honest, most of my examples include the Femdom Scenarios, but this is all because of my personal preferences. We all know that there are more Females being Submissives and Masochists. It is simple. It is BDSM that we are talking about. Don’t take it with its Femdom Category only. Everything implements on every sex. The participants can even have same sex... homosexuals, bisexuals, whatever. You count people with the types of the activities,” Natalie says and stops.

“One last question!” host says with a smile, “This report says that you have started to lose your clients. And it’s no one else... but your own apprentice, Mistress Karina! How do you feel about it?”

“How do I feel? What do you think? I’m more than happy. Someday, someone has to take your place. And you should be happy if it’s your own shadow. I want her to go up, more and more. I want her to grow lot more than me,” Natalie says with a smile. For some reason, she does not feel good about her words.

“Does this mean that you are thinking about retiring?”

“No! I mean...” Natalie says and stops.

“What if you keep losing the clients with the same numbers? Are you interested in going to the management side of the club?”

“Sorry! I haven’t thought about it. I can’t tell you anything right away. But may be...”

---

“Gorton! I need to talk to you,” Brianna says when Gorton moves out of the washroom.

“Ok?”

“You should sit. It’s serious.”

He moves and sits beside her with confusion.

Silence.

“Can you tell me what is it?” he asks.

“Gorton!” she says and takes another break, “I love you!”

“Han?”

Silence.

He says with anger, “Now will you please tell me what is going on?”

“I can’t continue,” she says and stops. He is watching her with confusion.

“What do you mean?”

“I love you! But I can’t let this happen to my children. I’m sorry,” Brianna says in a sad voice.

Silence.

“How did you learn?” Gorton says and gulps. He has lost another big amount of money in the Casino. To pay back, he sold some of his personal assets.

“I love you Gorton,” she says and stops.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

Brianna stands up and moves towards the cabinet. In a few seconds, she returns with some files in her hands.

“Read it... and sign it,” she says while passing the papers towards him.

“What is it?”

“Divorce Papers!”

“What?”

“Yes! All the properties and all the money is being separated between four of us. You can go your way, and I can go mine. Kids can decide what they want with their share. I’m done!”

“What are you saying Brianna? This is not a solution!” he says and stands up. The file is in his hand.

“I know! But I don’t want to go for the second option. We have to stick with this one.”

“Second Option? What’s the second option? You are holding something... What’s that? Another file? Come on Brianna! Move your hand!” He says and takes the second file from her hand. He starts flapping the pages. “What is it?” he says. Her

face is down. He babbles while watching the pages, “What the fuck is this?” He sits on the bed.

“I don’t understand. What is it?” he asks and closes the file.

“The first one is for you to take your share for being my husband, and leave me. If Jason wants more money... I’ll see what I can do for him,” Brianna says.

“Ok! But what is this...? The second one!”

“Sign the first one!”

“Goddammit! Why don’t you just tell me what the fuck is this?”

Silence.

“Come on Brianna! These are forms,” he says and opens the file, “Bank forms... Cancellation forms... Cancellation forms?”

“Yes!” she says with her dropped face, “Cancellation forms for you to close all your banks accounts and credit cards. All of them! Including the ones you think you have hidden from me,” she says and his eyes start expanding, “There is an application for your company’s accounts department that you want your salary to directly deposit in my bank account. There are forms for you to sign... all your properties, cars, stock shares, everything you own, you want to sign them under my name. Two forms are there for your Subsidiary Cards of my account. With one, you will be able to bear your routine expenditures. The other one will only be active when you will be having your remuneration time.”

Silence.

“Is this some kind of a joke?”

“Yes!” Brianna says and pulls up her face to give him a sharp look, “This is the biggest joke of my life. I’ve failed Gorton. I can’t continue this anymore. You have to select one of these files.” She turns her face and continues, “If I go to the court, you might not get much. I’ve maintained our accounts. You have already lost much more than you should have.”

# Chapter 18

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“Are you busy?” Ivon says reaching Natalie’s table in Mess Hall.

“Oh hi Ivon!” she says.

“Yeah! Hi! I was thinking about talking to you since a while. I watched your interview on that show. I’m also thinking the same.”

“What?” she asks with confusion.

“You should work on the management side,” Ivon says with a smile.

“Oh ok!”

“You know I always wanted it. So, what do you say?”

“Well... I’m thinking about it. Previously, I was very busy and I didn’t trust anyone to handle my clients. But Karina has learned good. I need to check some of her session activities, and see, if she’s ready for that,” Natalie says.

“Yes! You’ve trained her well.”

“Thanks!”

“I never thought there will be anyone to take your place. But she is good,” Ivon says with a smile. He does not know the reaction in Natalie’s mind.

*“...take your place...”*

---

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Whack!”

“Mercy Me!”

Karina stops her hand with the flogger. The man below her left shoe is crying loudly. In his Doggie Position, his whole back is covered with the marks of hard

torture. She removes the hold of the 8-inch heel and the high platform of her shoe from his neck and starts walking.

*“Oh Mistress!”* she says in her mind, *“You must watch it! You must be proud of me... Mistress...! Mom!”*

---

“Yes! I’m leaving Kingdom of Hell!” Ivon says to Eliza.

“What?” she shouts, “But why? You know, I don’t have a problem with that anymore. You know I’ve left SNK as well. I don’t...”

“Shhh...” He moves his finger on her lips, “Eliza! We are 66! Who knows how much we live? And now, many things have changed. I’m no more worried about the club. I want us to spend last few years of our lives, away from everything. We can live somewhere far from here. I want to spend the rest of my life... only with you.”

Silence.

Eliza’s eyes have started to emit tears.

“I’m sorry Ivon. I’m sorry to keep us away from happiness for so long.”

“No Eliza! I’ve contributed as well. We should forget about our past. We have spent a good life. Very few people have some causes to achieve in their lives. We did, and we worked hard. You shouldn’t be sorry. SNK has its purpose and it is working good. Although I’m against it, I know that there are some positive aspects of that as well. Nothing was a mistake. Everything needs a Reciprocal. This is the system of Nature. It is important to keep the balance. We were born to bring these changes. I’m happy that we handled it good. I’m happy that we are some chosen people,” Ivon says and hugs her.

---

“Natalie! I’m leaving for a couple of weeks,” Charles says in the dining hall of their house, and Natalie pulls up her head.

“Couple of weeks?” she shouts. He never leaves for more than a week.

“Yes! Several meetings! I’ve to finalize this deal at any cost. Might take even more time.”

“Hmm... ok!” she says in a sad voice, “Can’t you make it short? You know I’m gonna miss you.”

Charles laughs.

“Ok! I’ll try!” he says, “By the way, why don’t you join me?”

“Me? But that’s your business trip, right?”

“Yes! But we can have our time as well. I can make some changes in the schedule.”

“Nah! Not like this,” she says with a smile, “If you really want to have a vacation, let’s have it that way. Fully dedicated vacation! Not the one in which I don’t know where you are, and when will you be back.”

Charles laughs again.

“Ok! No worries! I will see after this one,” he says, “I just said that, as you can take some day-offs these days. Karina can handle your clients good.”

Natalie gulps.

---

“Yes Patricia?” Brianna says over the intercom fixed with the screen in the Main Corridor.

“Mistress Brianna!” Receptionist Patricia says and waits for a few seconds before she continues, “Your husband has left a message for you. He wants you to call him back. It’s urgent!”

“Ok!” Brianna says and hangs the receiver. Her face is filled up with anger. She pulls out wireless headphone and starts walking.

Brianna leaves her cell-phone at the control room to avoid the distractions. Gorton knows she does not like to have calls during her working hours. This is the third time he has called her since he signed the second file three weeks ago.

Brianna enters an empty room and fixes the headphone on her head.

“This is Mistress Brianna! Make it a Red-line!” Brianna says to the Control-Room Calling Agent. Only few people were allowed to have Red-lines. Calls of everyone were supposed to be recorded. With a sound, Brianna knows that it is Red. She says, “Now call my husband, and drop yourself out!”

Bell Rings!

“This is Gorton Trigg’s!”

“What happened?”

“Oh Brianna!” he says with happiness, “I was waiting for your call.”

“What do you want?” she asks with irritation.

“Brianna!” he starts saying while growing in voice, “There was too little money in it.”

“Little money? What are you saying Gorton? It was more than people earn in months. It’s only been four days. What did you do?”

“No Brianna! It was not enough for me... You know, I will talk to you when I get back. Right now I’m standing at a Gas Station, and my limit is down. Now I can’t pay the gas that’s already in my car. I need some money.”

Silence.

“Ok! So what do you want me to do, Sir?” Brianna asks with anger.

“You Bee.....!” Gorton starts saying and then stops, “Please Brianna! It’s humiliating me!”

“I understand Gorton! I exactly understand how you’re feeling. But you’re not understanding the situation. I’m not working to manage our accounts. I want to you hold you from your lavish expenditures,” she says with anger.

“Oh Come on Brianna! Can we fight at home? Please let me have this one!” he says with his angry voice converting into a cry. Brianna smiles. He is not a good actor. Or, she is a Strict Judge.

“Call Jason!” she says and moves her hand towards the button on her headphone.

“No Brianna! Don’t hang up!” She stops her hand. “I promise! Just this time! You know I can’t call them... please Brianna... Don’t do this to me... Please!”

Brianna closes her eyes. Tears has started to emit out. There is no one in this room. Silence.

“Brianna? Are you there?”

“Yes!” she says in a strict voice, “There is not going to be any Next Time Gorton! Find your way out. This is what everyone does.”

“Goddammit! What are you saying Brianna? What the fuck am I gonna do?” he says with anger and then softens his voice, “Baby! Don’t let me have much money. Just let me have enough to pay the bill.”

Silence.

“Ok! You have 3 days remaining. I’m giving you enough for 3 days’ Gas. Don’t call me again,” Brianna says and drops the line, and presses another button.

“If my husband calls, don’t disturb me. Tell him that I’ll talk to him later tonight,” she says and pushes the button. “I’m sorry baby! This is for your own good!”

---

“But why Ivon?” The man in mid 50’s says. This is boardroom of Kingdom of Hell. Ivon is sitting in the seat of CEO, and all the others are sitting around this U-shaped table.

“You know why Toyo!” Ivon replies him with a smile.

Kingdom of Hell is a Partnership. IBFO is the major shareholder – 60%. There are 8 other directors – each with 5% share. Ivon is one of them.

The structure of the club is designed by IBFO board to accomplish many goals, most importantly the full dedication of the partners. 4 Non-Executive shareholders only participate in the Board Meetings. Remaining 4 are Executive Directors of the club, and each gets additional 5% share of the profit, except Ivon Campbell, who gets additional 10% for working as the Managing Director and CEO of the club. None of these Directors is in the board of IBFO.

KoH board has 3 additional members, each one representing IBFO. Two of them are Non-Executives. Wendy Evans is one of the Executive Directors working in the club on behalf of IBFO. She is the Chief Human Resource and Training Officer. It is all that IBFO wants from the club. Increasing the BDSM Professionalism is more important than the drop of 25% Profit.

Horri Toyotami is 54, and is the Director of Development & Marketing.

Flynn Murphy is 50, and is Director of Security.

Gilles Lefevre is 58, and is Director of Finance & Supplies.

They are some BDSM minds, who joined to achieve many goals. They have never kept anything away from each other. They are true friends, who watched and achieved this dream together. And now the one with the highest Leadership Skills, Ivon Campbell, is leaving.

“What’s wrong with you Ivon?” Wendy says with anger, “What’s wrong with staying here? You can spend less hours...”

“Come on Guys!” Ivon says loudly with a smile, “There is no sense in staying here if I can’t keep my focus on the club. What’s wrong with YOU guys? Sooner or later, I’m going to die! We are those people who accept the reality without being prejudiced. I have to leave.”

Silence.

“But Ivon,” Gilles says, “everything will mess up.”

“Nothing will mess up. We have six months to fix the things,” Ivon says.

“But Ivon... Who will take your position?” Flynn asks.

“Yes! We have the system for that,” Ivon says with a smile, “The same procedure that was held when I became the CEO. An election between you guys will be held. All the Executive Directors will be the Candidates, except Wendy. You cannot withdraw, and you will also vote. All of you will have to vote yourself, except the Non-Executives, who can choose representatives for them... It is for our overseas non-executives. Personally, I’ll tell you to vote yourself with honesty. This is our club, and we know we don’t want to let it fall in the bad hands. Even if those are our own hands.”

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

“Why can’t we drop from the candidate?” Flynn says with confusion.

“To minimize the heat,” instead of Ivon, Horri Toyotami says.

# Chapter 19

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There are two types of people. One are ‘All-Rounders’, and others are ‘Specialists’. Both of them play their roles in the society. First type has the ability to do many things at once. The second type can go to the depth of a single activity. The first type can manage things better. The second type can master a single line of activities. In the society, there are many big names that belong to both the types.

Normally, more males belong to the second category and more females are the first type. For that, nature developed the system of the household in which women managed the house and men went out to work on Special Tasks, and make the earning. Most of the men can develop better skills if there is a single line of tasks, and the women can do multiple jobs at once, without penetrating any. Though, this is not a rule. Both the genders can have people from both the types.

All-Rounders do average or better in almost all the subjects they study. Specialists are below the average in all, but there is one, or few, in which they are among the top of the lists. Cooking is normally considered a *Feminine Job*, still there are more Male Chefs, who are Specialists, and cook better than many females. Some females have proven to do better in Management than their male counterparts, and some of them face troubles when they have to conduct a deep research on a single topic. Hyper-focus is more common in males than females, though it is common for both of them to go Absent-minded during some special scenarios.

Because of the misconception that ‘Traditional Marriage’ model was an MDH – Male Dominated Household, many tasks, activities and responsibilities became Symbols of Domination or Submissions. ‘Equal Rights’ concept has nothing to do with the type of job, unless the personal preferences are suppressed. Even this concept supports the idea that Selections should be based on personal desires and priorities. There is no such thing as a *Humiliating Job*, until one thinks like that himself or herself.

All-Rounders are good for dealing the House-chores and Kinship matters. They are also good for Management jobs in the companies. They can control the things that require a set of knowledge of everything. There are many *specialized* jobs for them.

Specialists normally face much trouble in the society. Since the early age, they are forced to use their minds for everything. They are forced to lose their concentration from the things they enjoy. As they grow, some of them become Partial All-Rounders, but very few of them can keep their high Specialization Skills and make the differences in the society. On average, there are more Job opportunities for Specialists, as almost every line of business needs plenty of people for the repetitive tasks. In the specialized tasks business with single type of activities, some Specialists also work good in the management side. However, they face troubles when they are entangled with the things out of their sights.

Some people are gifted. They are those rare people, who are both, All-Rounders and Specialists. They are some chosen people, like Brianna Trigg's.

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“Where is this leading Brianna?” Gorton asks with his face dropped.

They are in their bedroom. Both of them are wearing Night-shirts and Pajamas. Both of them are sitting on the bed with their backs towards each other. They are here since half an hour. Gorton has broken the silence.

“I’m sorry Gorton! You left me no option,” Brianna says in a sad voice.

“Goddamit Brianna!” Gorton shouts with anger, “I called Michael! I... I don’t know how ashamed I’m feeling. I told him that I lost my wallet.”

He is breathing loudly.

“I’m sorry! You left me no option,” Brianna repeats.

“Now this is not right!” he says and turns his head towards her back, “You are dealing with me as if I’m guilty of a crime. If you didn’t want me to have your money, you could have simply told me. I can keep my budgets in whatever I earn.”

“This is what you don’t understand,” she says, “There is nothing separated between you and me. Nothing! Whatever I have is yours, and whatever is yours, is mine. We are a single entity. Even if you hurt self, I feel the pain.”

“Ok! Then tell me! How did you feel by humiliating me today? Tell me the truth! You enjoyed it... Right?”

“No! I can’t! I really can’t,” she says, “I can never do such a thing for my pleasure. I can never enjoy hurting you.”

“Then what the fuck are you doing?” he shouts with anger.

“This is my love!”

“Bullshit! This is bullshit!” he says with anger, “You are a frugal woman, and you want me to become one as well. This is not right. We have money, and I want to enjoy it. Ok! You tell me. Who can carry the money down the grave? No one Brianna! We should live our lives happily.”

Silence.

“You still think it’s about money,” she says and takes a break, “You want to take my money! Take all of it... and leave me alone! I don’t even want my share. I don’t want the money I earned myself. I only want our children to have their right. I’ve lived my life. It was good. I enjoyed it. I want my kids to have better life than me. I don’t want them to go through the same process I’ve been through. I want them to start from the next level.”

“But Dammit! Why so less money for me? You know it’s not enough. I don’t mind if you want to stop me from Gambling. But you have made me like... Come on Brianna! What’s the point in making me a beggar? Why should I think twice before buying petty things? We are not poor people. But... I don’t really get it. You talk like I don’t care about our kids. You know very well how much I love them. I’m also worried about Jason’s business. You are dealing it as if I’m eating their right, or something like that. This is not true! You know it very well. You are playing with my mind.”

Silence.

“Gorton! It’s sad. It’s really sad,” Brianna says. “The whole world knows about my expertise. Only you don’t trust me... My husband... My soul. You have no trust on my skills.”

“No Brianna! Once again you are wrong. I selected the second file just because of that reason. I realized it myself that my Gambling is hurting our family. But... I hate the way you are doing it. I mean, this is way too less money for me. And you know I can never be able to run my days like this. I’m getting out of my mind. You

know I don't like to push myself in the things around. Ok! You have the control now. At least let me have that much money that I earn myself. I promise I won't go to Casino. But at least let me live the life up to the standards of my colleagues. I can't handle things this way," he says and stops.

"Gorton! If I have an accident, and I'm paralyzed, would you try to bring me back to my life?"

"What? What kind of question is that?"

"Can you please answer me?" she asks.

"Hell yeah! I love you," he says with confusion.

"Then let me love you. I know what I'm doing. I know everything about this problem of yours. I can cure you. But only if you are interested in getting better. All you need to do is to trust me. You have to leave the things on me. Do exactly as I say. I promise you that you will like the things a lot better. I promise you that you will enjoy your life more than you have been doing in the past," she says and stops.

He is watching her back with confusion. He slowly returns his face towards the wall.

"I'm afraid!" Gorton says.

"Afraid of what?" she says, "Me? Do you think I'll hurt you?"

"I don't like to submit myself," he says.

"I know. But you will like it."

"You promised," he says with his dropped face, "You promised that you won't bring BDSM between us. And this is falling towards something like that."

"Gorton! I've kept my promise good. You don't know what I've done for that. But Gorton, there is nothing more important for me than you. And you have got something inside you... you don't know Gorton. Please let me help you. I promise, I will only do the things that will help you to improve. I won't harm you. I will never push you down. I will not humiliate you. All you need to do is... accept the situation. Accept it with your mind. You're not concentrating. You know it very

well, what is happening. Take your time! But you gonna need to push yourself in the first stage. Later, I promise you that you will be proud of yourself.”

Silence.

Brianna turns her body and sits on the bed.

“Gorton! You know this is not bad. I can’t do anything to hurt you. You know you can trust me. You know I can handle these things better than you. We are an entity. Let me be in charge of our Financial Matters. Let me make the rules to control your expenditures. You need to increase your focus. You need to accept it with your mind. No one is stopping you to enjoy your life. All you need to do is to learn the right way to do that. I can teach you all these. You know that I’m an expert on this matter. You know that I love you. You know that I’m doing it to help you. You know that you can trust me. You need to trust me Gorton! You need to convince your mind that you need it yourself. You want me to control all these matters. You need to convince yourself that I can handle it better than you. Trust me Gorton! You need to trust me!” Brianna says and stops.

She knows that he did not listen to all her words. But he has started to think. He has started to make up his mind for his submission. He knows that she is taking control of his life. As he is a dominant, he cannot accept it. But he knows that he has very few options. This is what Brianna never wanted. She never wanted to push him down. But she is doing that now. He has left her no option.

He says in a sad voice, “I don’t like to live like poor people.” A tear is rolling on his right cheek.

Brianna knows his condition. She has closed her eyes and pushed her lips inward. She has to stop herself from start crying. She has never felt so much trouble to hold her emotions. This is the hardest emotional moment of her life. And she Dominated it as well. She opens her eyes with a smile on her face.

“Baby! I know that you don’t like to live like poor people. I myself don’t want you to live like one,” she says with a smile, “You can ask me anything you want. If it will be appropriate, I won’t deny you.”

“You will not harm me?”

“No Gorton! I can’t harm you. You know that,” she says with a smile. Suddenly, she has started to feel cold. Her breath has started to grow.

“And you will not humiliate me... like you did today?”

“Gorton! I didn’t humiliate you. You felt it yourself. You won’t have such feelings later. But it will take some time.”

Now, Brianna has started to sweat. This is the first time she is feeling like this. She knows what is happening to her. She is losing her control. Her desires are taking over her mind. She starts opening the buttons of her night-shirt.

“I don’t like to be humiliated,” he says.

“And I hate it if you are humiliated. Gorton! You are the only one who can save you from that thing. You should stop buying everything that comes to your sight. It’s not necessary to buy everything that you like. If you really want something, you can tell me. I can buy it for you,” she says.

“What if that’s expensive? You’re always sparing money. You haven’t even bought a new car since many years. And the things you buy for yourself, they are always inferior. I don’t like to do the things this way,” he says.

“You won’t need to buy anything inferior. I promise you. Our social standard will not drop. I don’t buy the things for myself. But internally, I never had problems with you buying the expensive things. I myself wanted you to keep our standard intact. It will continue. I promise.”

Brianna is sitting without her shirt. She has a 38E brassier of white. Many vapors are travelling on her bare shoulders, arms, neck, almost everywhere on her body. She is having trouble in keeping her heat inside.

“But the current limit,” he says with a protesting voice, “Don’t you think it’s way below my standards?” He slowly turns his face towards her, “I’ll do whatever you say. But please increase this amount. It’s very low.”

He has turned his face towards her, but he is watching the bed mattress. She is watching his face. She knows that he is having trouble to look at her eyes.

“Ok!” she says, “You gonna need to do one thing. Tomorrow, you will give me a list of all of your normal routine expenditures. Write down all the things! I wanna see that.” She knows all that he does. She knows all about his routine expenditures.

Gorton gulps and moves his eyes on her face.

“I don’t feel comfortable for this,” he says. With this, another tear emits out of his eyes.

“I know baby!” she quickly moves towards him and picks his tear with her lips. One side of her mind is feeling the pain he has. But the other is heating up her body. “This is very important. You need to make this list. You gonna submit me that tomorrow.”

With this, both of them emit out a long breath. Brianna knows that this list is going to make the difference. It does not matter if he submits it to her or not, but if he makes it, he will learn many of his over-exposures himself.

“Ok! I will keep the budgets to minimum,” he says and gulps.

“No! I need that list. I’m gonna see that,” she says with some strictness in her voice, and he drops his face. Although his eyes are towards the cleavage of her breasts, his mind is lost somewhere.

“Please Brianna!” his request strikes her ear, and she feels a burst of erotic stimulation in her whole body. She pushes her lips inward. She slowly moves her hands towards his shirt.

“You gonna submit it Gorton, tomorrow!” she says breathing out loudly. She has started to open his buttons.

“You won’t hurt me?” he says and pulls up his face.

“No Baby! You will enjoy your life.” She has started to increase her speed in opening his buttons. He does not interfere.

“And what about the other card?” he says and gulps, “You told me that day that...”

“You will have it, when you will be ready,” she says and starts removing his shirt, “You will have all the Luxuries and Remunerations, and you will decide those yourself. But you gonna have a budget for that. You can have parties. You can go

out with your friends. You can do whatever you want. You want to buy things for yourself. You will be free to make your personal decisions. But you will need to manage them good. And you will need to tell me in advance. It will only work if I activate it. And it will be only activated for the specified time period.”

“Can I buy a car?” he asks.

“You want a car?”

“Yes! You know I buy it every year. They are releasing the new model next week,” he says.

“But you already have 3 cars, and this one is only 6 months old,” Brianna says. He does not reply. She continues, “Listen Gorton! You can tell your friends that you don’t like this year’s model. I’m holding your second card for 3 months. After that, if you feel comfortable with that, you can have the car. Your remuneration account will not permit you to make the full payment, and I know you don’t want to buy it on installments from the bank. If you want it, I’ll finance you. I will cut the monthly installments from your account.”

Silence.

“Thanks!” he says with his face dropped.

Brianna quickly moves out of the bed and stands near his legs. She turns her body towards him. He moves his face to follow her, but he keeps it dropped. She has started to remove her pajamas.

“Gorton!” she says and he pulls up his face, “Do you trust me?”

Gorton gulps and says, “Yes!”

“Thanks!” she says with a smile.

She has removed her Pajamas. Now she is only in her bra and panty. She moves her lips and fixes them on his. She starts pushing his body downward and makes him lie on the bed. She gets back on her feet and starts removing his pajamas. He has no shorts below. Although his mind is half present, he slides his body to bring himself in the middle of the bed. She removes her panty and moves towards him with a soft smile on her face.

“I love you Gorton! I promise you that you will be proud of this decision,” she says and starts inserting his shaft in her highly wet vagina. She has closed her eyes. This all feels different. Once it is all inside, she bends her body, and moves his hands behind her. He starts opening the clasps of her brassier. “Baby! Remember one thing. Don’t try to hide anything from me! This is what I hate most. You can ask me for anything you want. I promise you that I will consider every request of yours with honesty. You can even tell me if you feel the urges for visiting the Casinos.”

“What? Casino?” Gorton emits out his confusion, “You don’t have a problem with the gambling?”

“I have. But more than that, I have a problem if you lie to me. Don’t try to hide anything! You will fail once again Gorton! But this time, you will face different consequences. You know that. It’s better if you keep things open between us. It’s very important. If lie to me for anything... You will be responsible for the consequences.”

This time, he takes her warning seriously. He has clearly understood the scenario. He knows that now he will need to take her permission for almost everything. Gorton thinks that she has just taken control of his life. He does not know that he was always her Pet, the kind of the ones the riches have, who went out with the bodyguards, and enjoyed many luxuries. But each one of them has a leash. She has just pulled this leash, as he was trying to cross the limits she has set for him. He will still have all the luxuries he wants. But now, the length of the leash is very short. Her hand is very close to his neck.

---

*“... She can take your place...”*

*“... She can handle your clients...”*

*“... Are you thinking about the retirement...”*

“Tring!” “Tring!” “Tring!”

Natalie comes back to her conscious. Her cell-phone is ringing.

“Yes?” she asks with confusion. It’s very late and Charles is out of country. She is in her living room, sitting in front of television. “Who is this?”

“Mistress! This is me... Agent Abbott Racz!” Abbott has joined Karina few days ago.

“Ok?” she asks.

“I wanna meet you!”

“Meet me? But you know that I get off very early and this is...”

“I wanna meet you at your home. I’m outside your door,” he says.

“What?” she shouts.

“Yes Mistress! I know that Charles is not here...”

“You...! Listen Abbott! I can’t meet you. Come tomorrow to the club and we will talk about whatever you want. Ok!” she says.

Silence.

“Ok Mistress! You don’t need to worry about anything. I can tell you over the phone,” he says and takes a break, “I’ve done something... I want to let you know. It’s about Karina.”

“What?”

“I know you are worried about your clients joining Karina Ormanni.”

Silence.

“You idiot!” Natalie shouts once she understands what does he mean, “You didn’t do anything to her. Right?”

“No! I’ve only complained against her,” he says.

“Complain? Did she do something wrong?” she asks.

“No! She didn’t. But she won’t be able to prove it tomorrow in front of Wendy,” Abbott says and Natalie’s eyes start expanding.

“What are you saying? I don’t get it!”

“Mistress! If you don’t want it, you can end it. If they will call me, I will accept that this is a false complain. I love you!” he says and drops the line.

Natalie's face is filled up with fear. She is watching her cell-phone now. Suddenly she moves her hand.

“Scrrraashh!!!”

The television screen is broken. Now there is no source of light in the living room. Nothing can be seen.

“What the fuck!!!”

“What the fuck do you want?”

“Why did you call me?”

“You...!”

“No! I can't let it happen to her.”

“No! You never called me!”

---

“No! She didn't do it!” Natalie says with anger. Wendy is sitting at her right and Karina is sitting at her left. They are all in Ivon's room. He is on his seat.

“What are you saying Natalie?” Wendy says with anger, “Three clients have complained against her. You have already watched the recordings. She has broken all the precautionary measures...”

“But they told me that they wanted it,” Karina protests. She is crying.

“Then why did they complain?” Ivon asks with anger.

“I don't know... I just...”

“Listen everyone!” Natalie says loudly, “I'm sorry! I'm really sorry. I don't know what to say, but I just wanna let you know that... She didn't do it. Ok! She really didn't do it. Please! Let it go! Please! For me!” Natalie says and stands up. Without saying anything further, she starts walking towards the door. She opens it and moves out.

Silence.

“See!” Ivon says with anger to Karina, “How much she loves you? Do you have any respect of her? If you have any shame, prove it to her that you deserved all of her efforts. You should never do such a mistake again!” he says and turns towards Wendy, “What do you say?”

“Yes Karina! Because of Natalie we can’t take any action. But all the clients that have complained against you... they are among the highest priority clients of the club. In another case, you would have faced terrible consequences. Consider it more than a Warning. If you can’t improve yourself, better to leave BDSM. We have no place for such unprofessionalism,” Wendy says and Ivon pushes his lips back. He knows that she has not taken back the decision because of Natalie. She has done this because of him. Otherwise, Wendy has full authority in such matters. She does not want to hurt Ivon. He is just leaving in few months, and what happens after that, he does not know. Karina might be facing some troubles from Wendy.

---

“I’ll tell the dad! Ok!” Mariana’s voice strikes Roger’s ears and he smiles.

He is in the living room. Mariana is inside their bedroom, talking to their young daughter. She might be changing her clothes. Suddenly, Mariana shouts, “Roger! Look what she is going... No! No! Nothing! Nothing! She’s a good girl! She hasn’t done anything.”

Roger laughs while keeping his voice low. He enjoys it.

Mariana is a good wife. They are BDSM Switches, but he is the Head of their household. He earns money and she takes care of their house. Along with his Hotel Business, he has joined Kingdom of Hell, and is working as the Manager of Development and Planning in Submissive Division. He is assigned the task to improve the system for dealing Switches Clients.

“Mariana!” Roger shouts.

“Coming!” she replies. In a few seconds, she comes out of the room. “What?”

“I need some water!”

“Ah!” she says and turns towards the kitchen, “The kitchen is right next to you. And you are calling me from there? Can’t you stand up and take water by

yourself?” She fills up a cup and moves towards him. “Sometimes it feels to me that you do this intentionally,” she says with a smile and passes him the water.

“May be!” he says while taking the cup from her hand, “I want you to remember who is in charge here.”

“Have I ever denied your Superiority?” she says and sits beside him, “Hmmm? Tell me Boss! Have I ever denied you for anything?” she says and starts entering her fingers in the space between the buttons of his shirt. With this, his hand moves and water spills on his shirt.

“Fuck! What are you doing?” he shouts with anger. Mariana stands up with fear on her face.

“Sorry! Sorry! I bring a towel! Hold on!” she turns and starts running. Roger smiles.

“Oh baby! I love you!” he babbles.

---

Aria Bell loves her husband Lino more than anything. She takes good care of him, lot better than people take care of their Pets. She never misses to give him food, healthy and nutritional, whenever he is locked in his cage. She has rules for him to stay neat and clean, and she handles it with much strictness. She has good facilities for him in the house, so that he can be medicated after her terrible beating. As he cannot have direct sex with her, she allows him a Masturbation a month for his healthy life.

Aranulnia Míne Balla was born in a small and poor island. She was an aggressive child. With the death of her parents and siblings in a hurricane, her internal anger grew. Muncel Zow was a social worker. When Aria was 9 years old, she adopted her and brought her with herself. Muncel was not very rich, but she was a hardworking woman, who had dedicated her life for helping others. Aria never saw her with a man. Muncel had a bad experience in her previous relationship, and she did not want to have another one. Aria was 16 when she died. By then, Aria had developed enough confidence. Instead of surviving in that country with the little money left for her by Muncel, she travelled to the land with better opportunities to grow.

Lino Justio Bianchi was a foreigner as well. He was 28 years old and was married to Stella Bianchi. He had a small convenient store. Aria knew neither his language, nor the one of this country. Still, she convinced him to let her work at the cash register. He knew what she was offering in exchange. He hired her for all of her services.

Aria had negative mentality to handle the things around. She had no interest in Lino, but she started to push him for leaving his wife. He divorced his wife and she moved in his house. He started to do everything she wanted. Lino himself wanted a Dominant Girl. He had left his housewife as he was *tired* of her submission. Aria did not know that it all happened because they were Reciprocals. At that time, she believed that she had learned some kind of Mystic Secret to revolve the men *around her finger*.

She kept increasing her control over him. She kept increasing her aggression. Within a year, she had gained enough Power that she started to beat him for little mistakes. She started to Abuse him. None of them knew that he was a Masochist, especially because he *hated* her Domestic Violence over him. He did not know why he was so afraid of her. She was 12 years younger than him, and had slim body, short height, and much less weight than him. Still, she could make him cry with the hard beating with a leather belt. Many times, he thought about seeking the external help to stop all this. He did not know why he did not; whether it was his fear, or the fact that he felt erotic stimulations with all those beatings.

Aria kept pushing him more and more. She thought that it was all her anger that had led them to this situation. Sometimes she felt sorry for him as well, but it happened rarely, as she did not care much about him. She did not know the reason why she enjoyed hurting him. She kept increasing it, until he was broken. Two years after they started to live together, and six months after she had started to use belt on him, he left her.

He had left her a letter. He hated her, and along with that, he hated himself. He believed that he had also contributed in making her the *Social Monster*. He had taken her initial aggressions with more leniency than anyone should do. He should have consulted the authorities early on. He had left the country, after selling his store.

With the letter in her hand, she was broken. She felt his love. She was punished by the nature itself. She wanted to apologize to him. She had started to feel his pain. She wanted to go back in her past and stop her hands. But she could not do that. For many days, she stayed in her house, crying and crying, waiting for the death, or deciding the way to bring it herself.

She was surprised when she found herself on the hospital bed. Because of not eating anything for many days, she had lost her conscious, and was brought there by the paperboy. When she was discharged, she decided to have an instant death. She was afraid that someone would save her once again. And she would have killed herself, if she would not have gone through a magazine article of Ivon Campbell. It was about Sadomasochism.

She did not learn much from the article. But in his letter, Lino had written that he felt some Erotic Stimulations with the beatings. Just for her curiosity, she visited a BDSM club. She ended up joining it as a Professional Dominatrix.

In later years, she learned all about BDSM. She progressed well. If she wanted, she could easily get a partner for herself. But she never did that. She loved Lino. And she could not forget him. After 2 years, she started to seek him with all her efforts, and finally learned where he was.

Lino had learned about Aria's Dominatrix career. He still hated her, or at least that was what he believed until she came to apologize to him. He was no more afraid of her. And he had not intentions to forgive her. Aria tried to explain him that he was a Masochist. He did not take her seriously. However, inside his mind, he still had feelings for her. He did not know what kind of feelings were those. Once she failed to convince him, she left her contact card with him and left.

He did not contact her. 5 months later, Aria once again visited him. This time, they had better conversation. By this time, Lino had also learned that he was a Hard Torture Submissive Masochist. They agreed to give it a second beginning. But they needed to start it as a Vanilla Relationship.

This time, Lino started it all. He started to ask her to beat him. He started to submit his Powers to all. This time it was all his Volunteer Submission. It all felt entirely different. After his consent, everything changed. No it was no more a *Social Crime*. They were perfect Reciprocals, and the nature had created them for each other. The only sacrifice this relationship required was that of Aria. Lino did not

want to have direct sex with her. He has Cuckoldry Fetish. But for some reason, Aria does not want it. Even at her job, she fakes many of her Orgasms. All she desires is to have *real sex* with her husband. But this is something she cannot do. He has strictly forbidden this activity. Top cannot do something that the Bottom has Strictly Forbidden. It is the rule of the system of this Mistress-Slave Relationship.

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Sometimes you are guilty of a mistake that cannot be proven in any court, but you know it yourself. Natalie knows what she has done. That day, she did not tell them the complete truth that Abbott had called her. She did not tell them that he did it intentionally. Although she did not hurt Karina directly, she is guilty of a crime. She did not save her when she could. It does not matter what others think about this. Natalie cannot forgive herself. Karina is her own creation, a kind that many creators can only dream to create, and many of them can only die with such dreams in their eyes.

After the incident, Karina is broken from inside. She has lost all her confidence. She has become too cautious for a Hard Torture Sadist Dominatrix. Her career has started to fall. She is destroyed by the one who created her. It is hurting Natalie more than it ever did. She has started to curse herself. Another big mistake she did, she kept this secret from Charles. Because of this, she cannot see him in his eyes. She has started to avoid him, as much as it is possible for her.

# Chapter 20

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According to the Hemisphere Theory of Brain activities, most of the people use both sides of their minds throughout their lives. Right-Brain first draws out the whole picture and then deals the parts. Left-Brain does it oppositely. It calculates and seeks the solutions, and joins the parts to create the picture. From BDSM perspective, the Right-Brain supports the Fantasy orientation in someone's mind, and Left-Brain develops the Mentality for Real Life. That is why people have different priorities for Fantasies and Real Life Mentalities. Some people have substantial preference for one side of their minds, and they act accordingly. More people are Left-Brain, and when into BDSM, they have substantial preference to adopt Lifestyles, though many of them lack the confidence to actually go for it.

Throughout the life, people make decisions in two ways of Processing. They can Dominate the decisions and handle them themselves. And they can leave some responsibilities to others. Even the extremely Dominant person sometimes leaves some of the tasks to others. And the most Submissive person does not enjoy leaving all the rights. This is one of the reasons, why it is very difficult to find out the Perfect Reciprocal. Many people even does not realize the difference between Fantasies and Real-Life Mentalities. Being confused whether they are Dominants and Submissives, many of them create wrong images of themselves, creating complications for everyone.

Two Dominants can never build a good relationship. It is simple. Both of them want to rule. They keep fighting the War of Influence until one of them loses, or leaves the game.

Two Submissives do not fight. There is no War of Influence. But they lose many opportunities in their lives because of lack of confidence. They can be more intelligent than many others, but they do not succeed as they deserve, as they are mostly late in finalizing their decisions. Sometimes they do not even initiate the basic steps, and lose many opportunities without even knowing them.

Love in BDSM has a different meaning. People are automatically attracted to their Reciprocals. But people can also have priorities for some other things, like beauty, body, money, etc. Those priorities distract people from finding their Reciprocals.

Finding the Reciprocal is not the only thing. Any change in Situation and Availabilities can change Human Priorities for the things around. If the change is enormous, it can completely swap someone's mind. A Dominant can become a Submissive, and a Submissive can win the War of Influence. Many times, it results in many problems between them. It is one of the major reasons of Domestic Violence and Abuse, and both, males and females are the Victims. Some face Physical Abuse and some bear the Psychological aspects. BDSM Law of 'Safe, Sane, & Consensual' is not just the security of people. It is the base of the concept. As the BDSM Reciprocals adopt the system based on their preferences, they do not have War of Influence between them. In case they face a change in their requirements, they can openly discuss those. The use of Safewords and Open Talk is an insurance for a healthy relationship.

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Wendy Evans has Dual BDSM Personality. She is a Dominant in her life outside the house. But inside the house, she is completely Submissive towards her husband, San Evans. It is a good example of an FLR – Female Led Relation having MDH – Male Dominated Household. Her househusband is the Head of their house. Interestingly, Evans is not the surname of San, but actually Wendy's, which he has adopted at the time of their marriage.

Wendy is a Masochist. She was 37 when she visited the country of Sanjay Nitin. Wendy had no intentions to build long-term relationship with anyone. She only brought 22-years-old Sanjay to the hotel room for sex and Masochistic activities. They spent two weeks together. She realized that he was her perfect Reciprocal. The situation was not in their favor. He did not earn much and she could not live in his country. If he came with her, he would become dependent on her for his bread and butter. That could mess up the whole situation. In their relationship, Sanjay was supposed to be the Head.

The solution took some time to develop. Wendy explained him the BDSM theories. She implemented a system of TPE for her marriage, in which he was the Head with many rights. She gave him full power to discipline her. Although she earned the money, he handled it. He decided everything. He learned BDSM much faster than Wendy thought. At the time of their marriage, he changed his name to San Evans himself, disregarding the point that it was normally done by the

opposite-sex in a marriage. He did that, as he could not explain the game to his old friends. He wanted to keep his identity hidden. If he was the Head of their household, he was happy.

“So?” San asks and places the tray on the table. They have servants for everything. But he enjoys cooking and serving the table himself.

“I don’t know. I mean... Ivon is leaving. I’m afraid that something is gonna mess up. You know, no one had any problem with him. He is the one to bring us to this level. But now, there are many who have worked hard equally. All of them deserve to go to the next level,” she says and San starts nodding.

“But Wendy! Why they don’t have YOUR name among the candidates? You have also worked for a long time,” San says and she laughs.

“Oh Baby! I’m in IBFO. I can’t be the CEO of the company. Don’t worry! I’m good.”

“But... this is bad. If this is about money, why don’t you buy the shares of the club? We can do that.”

“No! You don’t get it. I don’t want to do it myself,” she says.

“Why?”

“Well... I’m in IBFO, and I want to stay in it. You don’t know the pleasure of being there. In addition, Kingdom of Hell job is providing me the task, which I’m really good at. It is one of the most important jobs of the BDSM world. I’m the one in charge of improving the Professionalism,” she says with increasing excitement in her voice.

“But doesn’t the CEO’s job have more responsibilities? Doesn’t it attract you?” he asks with confusion and Wendy starts moving her head. She does not know what to say.

“Ah... Yeah! It attracts me. But I am not good for that,” she says with confusion and San laughs.

“Ok! Don’t worry! Do whatever you want to do,” he says and takes the sip from his drink, “but don’t forget that our kids are getting old. They gonna need more money now.”

“Don’t we have enough savings for them?” she asks with a smile.

“We have... but I’m not feeling comfortable with that. Better if you think about investing some money somewhere, like buy stock shares, or something... whatever you think that can make some extra money. You know these things better than me.”

“Ok! I’ll work on that,” she says while thinking.

“Good! Think Good!”

---

Flynn Murphy, the Director of Security of Kingdom of Hell, has no privilege to use his Penis with much freedom. His wife, Yolanda Murphy has secured it inside a Chastity Device, which only allows him to pee without her permission.

Yolanda was a Professional Dominatrix of Kingdom of Hell before she married Flynn, and took over most of his assets except the club share. At that time, she was a lifestyle Dominatrix, and had a personal Slave named Hardy. Flynn had the BDSM Crush on her. He wanted her to dominate him and take control of his life. He proposed her for marriage. Yolanda was a good Sadist. She was the *meanest* person Flynn had ever met. The good thing was that, the conditions she gave him were exactly what he wanted. After the marriage, she promoted the first slave to have sex with her, and made Flynn the second slave, who could only use his tongue.

Flynn is not a Physical Torture Masochist. He only enjoys Humiliations. And Yolanda knows very well how to do this. She sleeps with him every day, completely naked, with her body curled around him, but she rarely allows him an ejaculation, and even that occurs with his own hands. For her Sexual Satisfactions, she uses either the penis of her slave, or Flynn’s tongue, or both. After her sex with Hardy, Flynn has to lick-clean the mess.

“It’s good that you said that. Now, no one will learn that you are going for real elections,” Yolanda says and Flynn pulls up his face from her crotch.

“But I meant it!” he says with confusion.

“No! You didn’t mean it! You can’t mean anything without my permission. You are going for the election. You only do what I tell you to do,” she says with an evil smile, “Now get back to your work! I don’t have the whole day.”

---

Horri Toyotami and his wife Horri Kaya, both are Transgenders. He enjoys acting as a Woman, and she likes to play the role of a Man. Sometimes they transform for few hours, and sometimes they keep it for many days. Everyone knows it, and no one disrespects Toyotami with a surprised glance when he walks in the club in his Female Appearance. At that time, everyone in the club treats him as he if he is a real woman.

Toyotami is a very intelligent person. Everyone agrees that he is one of the greatest minds behind the success of Kingdom of Hell. Being the Director of Development & Marketing, he has brought many innovations in the business. He is one of those people who believe in full liberty for Human Desires.

In their marriage, they have a simple rule. The one who wears the pants is the Head of the house. And the Head has all the rights to make the decisions. It means that Toyotami starts the session, but only Kaya can end it, as she is the Man now. She can keep it as long as she wants. However, she sometimes needs a Man as well. During their Transvestite Sessions, she is not allowed to use Toyotami’s penis for her personal needs. This is just another reason why Toyotami has kept his birth-sex intact. Otherwise, he has strong desires to become a Transsexual, and change his sex completely. Kaya is only a Tranvestite, and has no desires to change her sex.

“You shouldn’t trust anyone,” Kaya says with confusion, “You never know what the other is thinking.” She is wearing baggy jeans, loose long shirt, male boots, and a cap on her head. She has no makeup and nothing related with females. She is sitting on the upholstered seat with her legs placed on the table.

“True!” Toyotami says while opening the lace of her right boot, “But I need to trust them. They are my friends.” He is wearing a Full-slip gown of light-blue satin, and has a wig with long hairs, and some make-up to give him a Feminine Appeal. His chests are filled with falsies and cup-shaped brassieres.

“Leave it!” she says while giving a jerk in her right leg. Toyotami pulls up his body and sits beside her. He moves his hands towards her crotch and opens the zip.

She has a rubber dildo inside. He pulls it out and moves his face towards it. “You know... You need to be a man!” she says and he pulls up his face with confusion. She continues, “You need to take the things seriously, at least for the next few weeks. Or you gonna mess up everything.”

Silence.

He is watching her with the dildo in his hand.

“What about this?” he asks with confusion.

“Don’t worry! I’ll fuck you. But after that, get back!”

“Ok!” he says and stands up. He removes his silk panty and bends on the upholstered seat with his ass towards her.

“You know... You’ve developed a nice ass!” she says with a smile while watching his opened ass hole.

“Slap!”

She strikes his butt and then starts inserting her fingers in his hole.

“Let’s increase the heat first!” she says with a smile and moves her face towards his anus. She pulls her tongue out and starts licking his asshole.

---

Gilles Lefevre, the Director of Supplies, is a Homosexual. His partner is Molimo Eshkan. They both enjoy BDSM and Sexual Activities with each other. Both of them penetrate each other. Gilles is a Sadist Dominant Partner, and Molimo is a Submissive Masochist.

“Please honey! Think about it. This can be a good help,” Molimo says.

“I said no!” Gilles shouts and lowers his voice, “Why don’t you understand that I don’t want to use any... No baby! I can’t cheat my Professionalism. I simply can’t.”

Molimo stands up with anger.

“Then don’t ask me for anything... I won’t sleep with you,” he says.

“Oh really?” Gilles laughs and stands up, and grabs Molimo. “How long would you be able to hold yourself baby?” he says and grabs his hairs from his back. Molimos laughs.

“Not long... my love!”

---

“Be serious!” Brianna says with anger. Ivon is in his room, laughing loudly.

“Oh Come on Brianna! You can’t live without BDSM,” he says, “Ok! Tell me! What will you do if you leave your job of Dominatrix? What do you think?”

“Listen Ivon! Do you remember that you wanted me to work in the Management side? I want it now,” she says and Ivon’s face expressions change.

“Ah ok! So this is it,” he says with seriousness, “Sorry! I thought you were talking about...”

“So what do you say?” she asks.

“That’s great! Everyone wants it in the club. That’s perfect!”

“No Ivon! You know that it’s complicated,” she says.

“What do you mean?” he asks with confusion.

“Listen! I want to be the Manager of Femdom Division. This is something everyone wanted in the past. But what about Theoris? She is working as the Assistant Manager since many years. I’m currently working under her. Now if you pull me up, it will create a hassle,” she says.

“Yes! You’re right! And what about Cwen... She is the Division Manager and she...”

“She will move to the Development side. She wants it herself,” Brianna says with a smile.

“Development side?”

“Listen Ivon! I know you want Toyotami to become the next CEO. And I don’t think he will fail the elections. So, Cwen will move to help Roger. They both are

creative. It will be a good team. Now, the problem is Theoris. She is good for Femdom Division. But she's too Sadistic to become the Division Manager. She needs someone to be her superior. That is why I'm thinking about taking the lead. But you need to make up the minds of others. It should not look like Toyotami is giving me a special favor. It can create some hassle in the Division."

Silence.

"Why do you think that they will support Toyotami?" Ivon asks. He is not worried about that Theoris problem. He knows that Brianna does not need anyone's help to handle such things. Ivon is worried about the election.

"You are not the only person aware of his skills Ivon! Everyone knows what he did with the Development of the club. They gonna vote for him."

"You're right. But I'm afraid. Sometimes..."

"Don't worry! He'll win. I know that. I've calculated the votes," she says and his face fills up with confusion.

"You know Brianna? Sometimes you really surprise me. I mean, I know how intelligent you are. I'm surprised why you keep yourself so low. I think you know yourself. You know what you can achieve. If you make up your mind, you never fail. You know how to convince people and change things around. But you have intentionally kept yourself low. Why? Why don't you step up?" he says and stops. Brianna is watching him with a smile.

"You know Ivon! We both are BDSM Extremists. I had reasons to stay as a Professional Dominatrix. People did not know much about handling those cases. They were sending them to Mental Asylums. I knew I could develop the system. And I've done that. Now, it's time for me to go to next stage. That is why I'm going for the Femdom Division Manger. If I'll see that BDSM needs more from me, I'll take the necessary actions. You don't need to worry about anything. Until I'm here, nothing will happen to Kingdom of Hell. You can freely go and spend the rest of your life with Eliza. If something goes wrong... You know already that I know the ways to change things around," she says.

Ivon does not doubt her words. He knows that she can go to any level. If she wants, she can change the things in the ways she would be sitting on his seat. She has her own style to control things. She is one of those Rare Dominants, who know

how to utilize Submissive Ways for the desired changes, and if necessary, when and how to take over the control. In the past, Ivon was afraid of her. But now, she is the one whom he trusts most. After this communication with her, he is feeling much relaxed. He knows that nothing bad can happen to his club.

# Chapter 21

---

“What?” Natalie shouts and pushes the break paddle of her car. She cannot believe her own eyes. Across the street, there is a restaurant. That restaurant has Glass Walls. Behind those Glass Walls, there is Charles, sitting with someone. That man is Agent Abbott Racz. He was telling something to Charles.

“He’s telling Charles! He is telling him everything!” Natalie babbles with fear, “No Charles! Don’t listen to him! He’s lying! Please Charles!” She has started to cry. As her car is on the side of the street, no one cares. “No! Please don’t do this to me!” she rests her head on the steering wheel. “Please Charles! Don’t listen to him! Please don’t leave me!”

---

Karina moves out of her car. She is in a Cat-Woman Costume with a full-face mask and a long-tail whip. It is not easy to recognize her as she had changed her facial look using hazel contact lenses and her hairs with red dyes. She moves towards the house and knocks it.

Door opens. A female wearing Black Latex Maid Costume shows her face.

“Yes?”

Karina moves her hand with a chit. It is the pass to visit this BDSM Party.

“Welcome Mistress!” the girl says and leaves the door. Karina enters with a gait of confusion. Here, she is not a Professional Dominatrix. She has to play the role of an Amateur Girl, looking forward to learn about BDSM, and gain some confidence. She wants others to help her in bringing back her trust on her skills.

As usual, most of the people in the party do not know what they want to do. They are only wearing their desired costumes and watching the few participants. Karina checks all the rooms of the first story. There are more Masochists than Sadists. And there are more Females than Males. It is highly unbalanced Party. It is good for Karina, as because of the lack of Sadist Females, many of the eyes are towards her. She can select any partner she wants, and go to the second story to have some activities, accompanied with better Open Talk than it was possible in Kingdom of

Hell. Over there, she had many limitations, as she was a Senior Dominatrix who was supposed to learn and know many things herself.

“Mistress!” she hears a voice and turns right. There is a Sissy man in Maid’s clothes with full makeup. “Can I serve you?”

“Me?” Karina asks with confusion. Sissy smiles.

“Yes Mistress! I’ll love to submit myself to lick your boots,” he says.

“Ok!” she replies with fear in her voice, “Where can we do it?”

Man smiles and kneels. He moves his face towards her boots and starts licking them.

“Mistress!” A voice at her left. There is a girl. She is only wearing silver latex bra and panty, and has marks of Hard Torture on her body. “Let me serve you as well! You can beat me! As much as you want... with this whip...”

“Mistress!” Another voice interrupts the girl. Someone has fallen on Karina’s feet, “I beg you! Accept me please.”

Now Karina has real fear. Many people have started to jump on her. She is wearing more attractive clothes than she should have. And this party lacks Dominant Sadist Females. If she wants, she can handle the whole party alone. But she is not here to do her job. She is here to learn about BDSM from a different perspective.

“Mistress!”

“Take me Mistress...”

“No Me...!”

“What are you doing...?”

“You go somewhere else...?”

“I got her first...”

“She has accepted me...!”

“You idiot...!”

“Shut up!” Karina shouts loudly, “Shut the fuck up everyone!” She says with anger and then realizes that she is very close to reveal her identity. It is dangerous for her career. There is no problem in visiting parties. But she is one of the Senior Dominatrices of Kingdom of Hell. If she has to visit a party, she has to follow the protocols. She cannot visit the Parties for free. She has to charge them much amount, for the prestige of the club. She adds fear in her voice and continues, “Leave me alone! Please leave me alone!” She is shouting as if she wants to cry, “Please! I’m not the one you think I am. I just came here to watch. Leave me alone! Please leave me!”

Silence.

Many faces are dropped. Recent wave of happiness has suddenly vanished. People start moving away, slowly, and carefully. They are afraid of Karina. She is too amateur for them.

One of the men stands up. As soon as she looks at his face, her eyes expand. This is Zach Koch. He is one of the clients, who complained against her in the club.

---

“What am I gonna do? Oh God! What am I gonna do?” Natalie is babbling with fear in her voice. She is walking randomly in her house.

“What happened honey?” She hears Charles’ voice and she turns with confusion. She did not learn when he rang the bell, and the servant opened the door.

“You? Hi honey! How’re you?” she says with fear.

“What is happening? Different kind of game?” he says with a laugh and moves towards the upholstered seat, “Oh man! Long day!” he says and falls on the seat.

“Let me bring you something to drink,” Natalie says and runs away. She does not know what she wants to do.

In a few minutes, she comes back with his drink in her hand.

“Everything alright?” Charles asks with confusion.

“Yes!” she says while bringing a smile. First time she is feeling fear in many years. She does not know how to hide it. She passes him the drink and sits on the seat.

Silence.

Charles is continuously watching her face.

“Mistress! How’s your day?” Charles says and Natalie pulls up her face with increased fear.

“No Charles! Not right now!” she quickly says.

“Are you denying me?”

Silence.

Natalie pulls up her face with anger.

“But it’s gonna hurt you!” she says with irritation,

“I can bear anything you deliver Mistress! You know that,” he says with smile.

Silence.

“Then move!” she says and stands up. *“Don’t test me out Charles! You won’t be able to break me! You’ve learned it... Tell me clearly! Don’t play the games with me! I will tear off your skin and I won’t cry! You know that!”*

---

“Where the fuck are you leaving?” Karina throws the arc of her whip towards Zach and stops him from moving further. He turns back with confusion.

“What are you...”

“Shut up! You Slave!” she says with her professional tone, “You gonna get your punishment.”

Silence in the whole room. No one knows what is going on. The ones, who had stood up, turned back towards her.

“Mistress!

“Let me be...!”

“I will be good...!”

Her whip moves towards the right, in the little space between two of the naked slaves, and struck the floor with full force.

“Slash!”

Both of them fell on their respective sides. The whip returns in her hand and once again creates an arc around Zach. Many people move their hands towards their faces. There is no mark on the bodies of the men on the floor. They are shivering with fear. They are happy that she missed her target.

“Are you ready to submit slave?” Karina asks him.

He is shocked.

Her left high-heel shoe moves towards the silver bra girl, knelt with her face towards her.

“You bitch!”

It strikes her face with her shoe, but just for the imagination of others. It did not touch it at all. It was all the fear of that girl that has forced her to jump backward. It looked so real that many people moved towards the girl.

“Are you ready to submit slave?” Karina asks him again.

“Mistress?” he says with confusion. Looks like he has started to recognize her voice.

“Yes Slave! Are you ready?” she asks and his eyes start expanding.

“Look! I wasn’t...”

“Shut up! Yes or no? Are you in? Or you are out?” she asks and he starts moving his face with confusion. He has learned that she is Mistress Karina. Silence in the room, but uproar outside. People have started to jump in the room. They do not want to miss this BDSM show.

“This is the last time I’m asking,” she says with increased anger, “And I won’t ask after this. Do you want me to talk to you? Or not?” Karina says with her professional tone, but she fails to stop herself from taking a gulp.

“Ok Mistress! But we gonna have an Open Talk!” he says in a serious voice.

“Sure!”

She exchanges the ends of the whip-arc around his body, turns, and starts walking. He follows her, trapped in her arc. She wants to know what is wrong with her. She wants to know why she believes that each one of those clients had given her the Full Power.

---

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

Charles’ Body is horizontally straight, three feet above the ground. His wrists are bound with one pole, and his ankles are bound with the other, using belts and ropes between. Each strike of this long-tail whip curls around his body, and sometimes twists it for the maximum *pleasure*. From his shoulders to ankles, there are red stripes all over his body. Natalie is standing in her black latex leggings and a tube top, along with her high-heel pumps.

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“You think you can break me Slave? You cannot!” she says with anger and starts breathing loudly. She is whipping continuously since half an hour.

“Natalie!” Charles shouts to bring confusion on Natalie’s face, “Tell me what is it?”

Silence.

“Tell me please! I want to know!”

“You are playing with me Charles?” she shouts with anger and moves her hand.

“Whooakh!”

She stops. There is fear on her face. What has she done? In all of her years of working as a Professional Dominatrix, this is the first time she has used this whip with her Real Anger.

She kneels on the floor and starts watching it.

“Why don’t you tell me Charles?” Natalie says in a sad voice, “Tell me please! What Abbott told you today?”

Silence.

“I wanted to know what happened?” Charles’ voice strike her ears.

“Why didn’t you ask me?” she asks.

Silence.

“Natalie! It was me!” he says slowly and she pulls up her face with confusion, “I told Abbott to do that!”

“What?” She is shocked.

“Yes! I could not see the sadness in your eyes. I knew how you were feeling. I knew you were upset because of you falling clients. I couldn’t bear the...”

“You... Bitch!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“Mercy...! Me...!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

“Whooakh!”

---

Four of Natalie's servants are moving Charles in the hand-carry stretcher. She is crying loudly.

"I'm sorry Charles!" she says.

They move him to the room in their house having Medication Facilities. Two of the Servants are trained good to handle such situations.

Natalie turns and starts walking taking random steps. She is still wearing the same clothes. She does not know what happened to her. But she knows what she has done. She has broken the Law of BDSM. She has participated in Domestic Violence. She has beaten Charles cruelly, even after he used his Safeword. She has Abused him. He lost his conscious, and then she realized it.

"How can you do this Natalie?" she babbles with confusion, "It's him... Charles! Yes! That's him... What did you do to him? How did you do it? How Natalie? How?"

She falls on her knees. She places both of her hands on her forehead, and starts moving them upward. Her brain wants to burst out.

"You bitch!" she shouts, "How can you do this to him? I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna kill you!"

"Are you alright?" one of the female servants quickly reaches her and says. She knows the situation.

"Leave me alone!" Natalie shouts with anger, "I... I... Please leave me alone!" She starts crying once again.

"Tring!" "Tring!" "Tring!"

"Is Mistress home?"

"Yes Karina! Today your Mistress and Charles..."

"Mistress!" Karina shouts and moves towards Natalie, "What are you doing here?"

Karina pulls Natalie's body upward and Natalie stands up. She is watching Karina with confusion as if she is having trouble in recognizing her.

“Mistress! There is something wrong here. Abbott and Zach... they made false complains. I know everything. Mistress! They did it for someone. We need to find out... Mistress! Why don't you say something? What happened?”

“That's me!” Natalie shouts with anger, “Yes Karina! That was me. Abbott did it for me.”

“What are you saying? Mistress! You're not in your mind!” Karina says with confusion and tries to move towards the living room carrying Natalie's arm. Natalie jerks her arm to move it away from Karina's hand.

“No Karina! Listen to me! They did it for me! Abbott was my client since 16 years. He could not see me sad. You were taking away my clients. He did it to stop you from doing that. He did it for me,” Natalie says and stops.

Karina's body starts falling down.

## Chapter 22

---

“What did he say Molimo?” Lacy Long asks the gay boyfriend of Gilles Lefevre.

“He doesn’t seem to be interested. I don’t know what to do,” Milimo Eshkan says.

“Hmm... Keep trying! He has to do what we want,” she says and Molimo smiles.

He does not know how she has gained such a power over his mind. He is a gay.

Lacy has outclassed all the books on Homosexuality beliefs. Maybe there is a need of another book specialized for BDSM Homosexuality.

---

“What the fuck are you...” Wendy shouts and stops. San’s body had just touched her. He has turned towards her, and is watching her with confusion. She continues with fear, “Sorry!”

“Something is wrong with you today,” San says in a soft voice. She is supposed to be given a terrible punishment for this. But San knows her. She cannot do such a mistake without a reason. She is upset.

“I’m sorry! You’re right,” she says with sadness and breaths out loudly, “I am confused. I’ve just got a call... What I have learned, I know something is going to happen. Something serious! Natalie has done this... And she deserves an instant fire from the club. But, Ivon has only few days to leave. I really don’t know what’s going to happen tomorrow. Things are getting complicated.”

---

“I’m sorry baby!” Natalie is crying, sitting on the chair placed beside the bed. Charles is lying there, with bandages wrapped all over his body. His eyes are closed. A drip bottle is hanging with the stand on the other side of the bed. “Please forgive me... Please...!”

“It’s ok!” she hears Charles’ voice and she pulls up her face.

“Oh Baby! Oh Charles!” she moves towards him and starts kissing his bandages.

“First you beat me and then kiss me,” he says with a smile. He is not having trouble in communication. He *only* has problem with moving his body below his neck.

“I’m sorry baby! Please forgive me!”

“Ok! I forgive you!” he says and she watches him with confusion.

“No! Don’t forgive me!” she shouts with anger, “You should not forgive me that easily. I’ve done the biggest mistake of my life. How can you forgive me?”

“Oops? You gonna beat me again,” he says with artificial fear.

“You…”

Silence.

She starts crying once again.

“No Charles! I’m sorry! I’m really sorry!”

Charles knows what is happening with her. She did not abuse him. She has abused herself. He is a Masochist. He enjoys Pain. But she does not. She cannot see the love of his life being abused. The problem is, she does not know whom to revenge. She lost her control and did it. She cannot go back and change the past. She is not asking him for forgiveness. She is asking it to herself. But she is Professional Dominatrix. She cannot forgive such a mistake. She knows it very well what she has done today. She cannot forgive herself.

“It’s ok Natalie! Come here! I wanna kiss you,” he says and she moves her lips towards him. For a few seconds, none of the lips and tongues are free to make any understandable voice.

Slowly she moves back and sits on the chair. Her face is dropped.

“I’m a bad woman! Bad wife! Bad mother! Bad friend! And I’m a bad Dominatrix!” she starts babbling, “I don’t know what to do now. I can’t do anything Charles! I’m lost!” she says and pulls up her face.

“Natalie! Nothing has ended,” he says, “And you don’t get it. I did it intentionally.”

“What?”

“Yes! I knew how will you react. I wanted you to get out of your anger. I intentionally said it at that time.”

“No Charles! This time you are lying,” Natalie says while bringing a smile on her sad face, “You want to make me believe that I didn’t do a mistake. But you can’t. I know what I’ve done. My reaction is as much a shock for you as it is for me. You, yourself, didn’t know that I will do such a terrible thing. I was a Professional Dominatrix. I’m the one people contact when they want to learn about BDSM. I’m the one to tell them the difference between BDSM and Spousal Abuse. I have no right to tell myself a Professional. I don’t deserve it.”

Silence.

She is watching the bed with sadness in her eyes.

“Natalie! I know you are feeling bad about it. But I wanna tell you something. I know it’s not according to your hardcore BDSM book of laws. This is just my love. I didn’t mind anything. For my whole life, you have been doing this to satisfy my needs. You have been fulfilling my desires... all my masochistic needs, only for my satisfaction. I don’t mind, if you did this for once for yourself. You don’t need to feel bad about it. If I was not a Masochist, then it was different. But I enjoy pain. You know that. It’s better for you to forget about this. Don’t tell it to anyone! Just forget about it! Think as it never happened! I will talk to Karina myself and explain her everything. You don’t need to...”

“Karina is not in her room!” Female servant shouts while entering the door and Natalie stands up. Charles’ eyes expand with confusion. He does not know that Karina has already learned about all this.

---

“Where are you leaving?”

Karina turns to watch Dericia walking towards her. They are in the basement parking lot of Kingdom of Hell.

“I’m leaving!” she says with fear. She is not the only one who becomes afraid with the first glance on Dericia’s full of Strong Curves body.

“My question is... Where ARE you leaving?” Dericia says with a smile. She knows that she does not need to use her body strength to stop someone from something.

“I don’t know... I’m just leaving... club!”

Dericia takes the bag from Karina’s hands. She does not resist.

“You are not going anywhere!” Dericia says with strictness in her voice. Karina starts crying.

“Please! Let me go!” She is crying loudly. “I don’t wanna stay here.”

“But why?” Dericia asks with confusion. She just received Ivon’s call to stop Karina from doing something bad to herself, and then she learned that Karina moved out of her room with her bag.

“I can’t tell you. I have to leave.”

“Then I won’t let you go,” Dericia says with a smile.

“Please! You don’t know anything... No one wants me here. No one!”

“You’re wrong Karina! Everyone wants you here. Me! Ivon! Your Mistress! Everyone!”

“No! No one wants me here! No one!” Karina shouts and Dericia’s eyes start expanding. She is not very smart. But she can hear Karina’s protest for Natalie.

“Did she tell you something?” Dericia asks.

“No! No! She didn’t do anything! Let me go!” She turns and starts running without her bag. Her car is not at much distance. Dericia quickly moves towards her. She not only has long legs, but she is also very fast. She quickly catches Karina and pulls her up. She turns Karina’s body and rests her on her shoulder. “Please! Let me go! Let me go!”

Although her shoes and punches are striking Dericia’s body strongly, they do not make much difference.

“Shut up! Even if something bad has happened to you, you should not leave! We need to find out the reasons behind this.”

“No! I don’t want to know anything. I don’t want anything. Just let me go!” Karina is still singing the same song. Dericia has started to walk towards the elevator.

*“But why would Natalie do something bad to Karina...? She’s just like her daughter!”*

---

“Yes Ivon! This is all true!” Natalie says while crying. She left Charles in the house and came here to the club. Charles told her to do this. Ivon came here on an emergency call. It is very early in the morning. “And now... everything is messed up. I don’t know what to do. I really don’t know.”

Silence.

“Natalie! Don’t worry! I won’t let anything happen to your career!” he says and Natalie pulls up her face with confusion.

“Career? What career Ivon? There is no career for me! I’m worried about Karina. I myself don’t wanna work as a Professional Dominatrix. I’ve decided to quit it.”

---

“I’m not feeling right about this,” Dericia says with anger in the Mess Hall. She is sitting with Lacy Long. “She is just like her child. She respects her so much. How can she do that?”

“What’s wrong with you Dericia? It’s her life! She can do whatever she wants,” Lacy says.

Dericia says with increased anger, “What are you saying? She has no right to play with others’ feelings.”

“But what can we do?” Lacy says, “This is not for us to decide. Management will make their decision. If she is guilty, Ivon will punish her.”

“Damn! Ivon won’t do anything against her,” Dericia says with same anger.

“Then someone else will do. Why are you being so worried about it?” Lacy says with a smile and Dericia starts looking around.

“I don’t know. I mean... I’m feeling really bad about this. Someone does something bad to someone... I know that... and I can’t do anything. I’m not feeling well.”

Silence.

“Are you sure you wanna do something?” Lacy asks in a serious voice and Dericia pulls up her face.

“What can I do?”

“The question is... Do you really want to do something?”

“Yes!”

“Ok!” Lacy says with a smile, “There is something you can do...”

---

“I know you don’t want to talk about this Karina. Don’t talk! But just listen! After that, you can make your decision. If no one helps you, I’ll help you,” Brianna says and takes a break.

She is sitting in Karina’s room, who is insisting to leave the club. Natalie has apologized to her many times and has tried to explain her everything. But she does not want to understand. It is when Ivon sent Brianna to her. He knows she can handle the situation.

Brianna continues, “Karina! No one is perfect. Everyone does mistakes. Sometimes we are not punished. But sometimes the consequences of our little mistakes are much larger than what we do. I’m not justifying anyone. And I’m not saying that Natalie did this right. If I was in your place, I would have reacted much worse. Even right now, I’m angered at Natalie for doing such a thing. She should not have kept it a secret. She had learned that Abbott did it intentionally. She should have defended you that day. She should have told this to Wendy and Ivon that it was not your mistake. She should have accepted that Abbott had called her and told her that he had trapped you. She should have quit her job that day, instead of doing it today. She might have faced lesser problems that way. She might not need to face that much humiliation that way.”

Karina is watching her with confusion.

“Mistress is leaving the job?”

“She’s being fired!”

---

“No Natalie! This is not your personal problem!” Roger says with anger, “We are a family. This is a problem on us, and we need to defend it together.”

Along with Natalie and Roger, there are John, Jannetta, Catherine and Lawson in the living room of Natalie’s house. Charles is in his room. And Mariana did not come.

“Ok! But what do you want to do?” Natalie says with irritation, “I want to quit the job myself. So why should I defend? I’ve done all this. I accept it.”

“You don’t deserve such a humiliation Natalie. If you want to quit, you should do it with honor. Not this way!” Roger says.

“He’s right Natalie,” Jannetta says, “No one is forcing you to stay in the club. But it is important for you to justify yourself. You should tell them that Charles and Abbott planned it this way.”

“You must be kidding,” Natalie says with anger, “I don’t mind what others think about me. I can never say something against Charles. Never!”

Natalie is a Top Dominatrix of the club. This is a very sensitive issue. The board has to make the decision. It is going to happen in the last board meeting with Ivon as CEO of the club. Almost everyone knows exactly what has happened. But Natalie’s personal statement can make the difference. However, she has no intentions to defend herself.

“Make drink for us!” Lawson says to Catherine and she stands up. No one says anything. They know the kind of their relationship. Lawson turns his face towards Natalie and says, “Natalie! I don’t know what am I doing here. I mean, I don’t know if you will take my recommendation or not. You are much more experienced than me. You know things better than me. I’ve to just tell you that... Sometimes we need to prove ourselves right, even if we are wrong. Ok! You don’t want it. But why are you being so mean? You know how Ivon will feel if you get fired from the club when he is the CEO. You know how Charles will feel if you get fired because

of his mistake. You know all the reactions. You know it better than me. Make your decisions as you want.”

Jannetta is watching Lawson with praise in her eyes. Natalie’s eyes have dropped.

“But how can I defend myself without telling them that Charles is not involved in this,” Natalie says.

“You have to tell it,” Jannetta says.

“She can’t!” Roger says.

“Yes! I can’t. If there is any other way, I will go for it. But not this. I told you already. Charles is the only reason for me to... I can’t.” She pulls her face up. Her wet eyes are not hidden from anyone.

Silence.

“We can talk to Karina!” Lawson says and smiles. Everyone knows they were boyfriend-girlfriend, and the way they separated.

“This is serious matter Lawson,” Roger says with some irritation.

“Sorry! But I really meant it.”

“He’s right,” Jannetta says, “If Karina wants, the story can turn. We can bring in Abbott as well. We can change the whole thing into something different. Abbott will deny everything. Karina has already been given the Official Warning by the club. Where is the problem?” Jannetta smiles in the end.

“You are right!” John remarks with pleasure.

“I’m always right,” Jannetta says while turning her face towards him.

“Yes! You’re always right,” John replies her with a smile.

“Ok! But Karina doesn’t want to talk about it. She has already sent her resignation letter to Wendy,” Roger interrupts.

Lawson says, “We need to talk to her right away...”

“Tring!” “Tring!” “Tring!”

Catherine has placed the tray on the table. She turns towards the door.

“Mariana?” Jannetta asks Roger.

“No! She can’t. I told her to stay at house,” Roger says and Jannetta smiles.

“You have good control on her...”

“Mistress!” It’s Karina’s voice.

All of them stand up. Karina is here. She starts running towards Natalie.

“I’m sorry Mistress! I’m sorry!”

---

“We don’t need to worry about anything now,” Lacy says with a smile to Aria Bell. They are in Mess Hall. “Karina is accepting it in front of everyone that she has done the mistake.”

“Yeah! It was important. Natalie deserves a second chance. She has worked really hard to come to his stage. If she is fired from the club... It would be really bad.”

“True! I was afraid as well. Anyone can do a mistake someday. But sometimes we are punished terribly for small mistakes,” Lacy says in a sad voice.

“Yeah! And sometimes you do blunders and you are not punished,” Aria says and takes the bite of the hamburger in her hand.

“You know Aria! You are a smart girl. You have spent 17 years of your life to work as a Dominatrix. Since 9 years, you are a Top Dominatrix of the Best BDSM club. You will keep working for next 20 years, and you will stay as the Top Dominatrix,” Lacy says and stops. Aria is watching her with confusion.

“What are you trying to say?”

“Think about it! What would have happened if there was someone else... like you or me. Would it have the same consequences? Would we have those gifts of natures? Would someone have popped up at our door at the right moment?” Lacy says and takes a break, “Why Aria? Why it never happens to me? Why no one understands that I have spent 22 years of my life on BDSM? Why they have no respect for me? When I ask IBFO for my volunteer participation on the Development of the organization, why do they deny me? Why do they tell me that I lack the management skills?”

“It’s not like that Lacy. You are taking it entirely wrong!” Aria says in a sad voice, “They only told you that you should first work on the lower sector for a while. Once you have the skills than you can move forward.”

Aria is a good friend of Lacy. The thing Lacy is talking about, not many people know. Lacy did not officially file her applications, as she was denied on very first stage. She did not want to make herself a joke in front of everyone with an official denial. Aria did not know before today that Lacy was so much angered for that.

“You can say this. Yes Aria! At this stage, you can say this. But when you will be humiliated as well, you will learn that you are a Sadist. You don’t like to submit yourself either. But at that time, you would have lost the opportunity.”

“What opportunity?”

“Don’t you know what is going on?” Lacy asks.

“No.”

“I’m talking about Elections,” Lacy says.

“But what WE have to do with the elections?” she asks with confusion.

“Don’t we have anything to do with it? Doesn’t it make any difference to you who becomes the CEO? Don’t you know that Flynn can be a good help? He might have a wife with him, but he can never deny you for anything. You know that!” Lacy says and smiles.

“What are you saying?” Aria is still confused.

“Come on Aria! Bring yourself up! This is the right time to play something. You are not a submissive. And I’m not asking you to do something bad. Just make yourself ready. All you need to do is to convince Stella to vote for Flynn. He only lacks one vote for winning the election,” Lacy says.

“Stella?”

“Yes! She is the assistant of one of our non-Executive Directors. As he won’t visit the election. She is going to vote for him.”

“But, what can I do? I mean... How can I convince her? I haven’t even heard her name before today,” Aria says with confusion.

Lacy is smiling.

“What?”

“Sometimes I’m surprised Aria.”

“Say directly whatever you wanna say!” Aria says with irritation.

“What was the name of Lino’s first wife?”

Aria stands up with a shock.

“Stella Bianchi?”

“After the Divorce, she reverted her paternal surname. She is now Stella Rossi.”

“But how did she succeed so much? She was too submissive,” Aria asks and sits on the chair.

“She is still a submissive. Maybe that is why she is sent here by her boss. He might be thinking that she will not disobey him. She will vote for the one he will say,” Lacy says.

“But how can I convince her? She hates me!” Aria says and Lacy laughs.

“Come on Aria! Stand up! What’s happening to you? Where is the Aria Bell that I know? You are saying that? She hates you? No Aria! It’s the same hatred that Lino had for you. Go and check it out yourself. More than anyone, she thinks about you. She has posters of you in her room. She wants to destroy you. She is a Submissive, and you are a Dominant. Repeat the steps you did with Lino! She will forgive you. She will submit herself to you. She will join you. You can have another slave for yourself. She can be a nice addition,” Lacy says and Aria moves her eyes. She does not know what to say.

# Chapter 23

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It is 24<sup>th</sup> of July – The International BDSM Day. Celebrated for the first time in 2003, its popularity is increasing every year. The day is selected after ‘24/7’, which is widely used as a symbolic representation of BDSM Lifestyle – TPE. People in the world celebrate this day based on their availabilities. Some go out in the parties, and others stay in the house with partners, and involve in the respective activities. The ones who lack both the opportunities, they stay in house, and dream about the day they will find their Perfect Reciprocals. It is a Special Day for all the people in BDSM.

This year, it is the last day of Ivon as CEO of Kingdom of Hell. *Sacher-Masoch Auditorium* is fully packed. On the stage, there is a long table with the sitting capacity of twelve people. Next to Mr. Oswaldo Parrero, the Chairman of IBFO, there is Ivon Campbell. Then, there are the other three Executive Directors and two of the Non-Executive. After Wendy, there are the other two Non-Executive Board Members of KoH, who represent IBFO in the club. Two of the Non-Executive Directors are missing, but their representatives participated in the voting, which held in the boardroom. Their seats are empty.

Everyone wants to know the future of the club. Everyone wants to know who is going to lead them to the next level. There are three candidates: Horri Toyotami, Flynn Murphy, and Gilles Lefevre. But more important than who is the winner, they want to hear what Ivon wants to tell them. Many of them previously believed that only death could apart him from this club. They want to know how he can live without his soul. Is this great BDSM Philosopher still alive?

“My people!” Ivon says after clearing his throat. All the eyes are stuck on him. There is silence of death. “There is much to say. More I think about it, I learn that, I’m a successful person. When I started to work, no one believed me. People thought I was crazy. They thought that I was destroying the system. They thought that I was against the society; I was trying to promote Violence, and was trying to create this world a hell. But now I’m proud that, I have separated the hell from the system of this world. With Kingdom of Hell, not only we are happy, but also the rest of the world.”

He takes a break and continues, “All that is accomplished; none of this is my sole effort. I could not have achieved anything by myself. I was not the only one to watch this dream. I was only selected by my team for some special skills. The truth is, there are many people, without whom we could not have achieved all this. There are many people who have spent their entire lives for the sake of this club. There are many, but the most important ones are my companions, who gave me the support and gave me the strength to face all the hardships. Some of them are already with me on this stage. I would love to call every one of them here on this stage, but it won’t possible... Some of them are no more with us in this world.”

He stops and takes a break. No one says anything.

He continues, “There are many people who deserve lot more than they got from me. I don’t know what I can do for them. But at least I can let you know that without them I could never achieve anything. There is Eliza, my wife, she has been my motivation for all this. Then there was Natalie. She made me feel proud. Brianna! I don’t really know what say. My confidence! My Backup! Everything that I lacked. Lacy Long... There is no one in the club like her. Yes! That’s true! She knows the true depth of Sadomasochism. She is one of those people...”

Lacy sitting in the auditorium has started to cry.

She is not the only one feeling extreme sorrow. All of them are here. All of them are having troubles to breath silently.

“... I have tried my best to do all that I could do. Now it’s up to you, how you handle it. Whether you pay me back with what I deserve, or you just destroy it. This is all up to you. Thanks a lot... My friends! My Companions! I love you! I love you all!”

There are tears on every face now. Even Ivon! And even Brianna!

Not much noise though. The mourning ends in a few minutes. The voting is already done. But the counting is being held in front of everyone. Mr. Perrero moves his hand in the Vote Casting Box and pulls out the first of the 11 votes. It is being decided who is the next CEO of the club.

“Horri Toyotami!” Ivon says with smile once he is passed the vote. He moves it to his left.

All the faces on the stage are turned towards Oswaldo. He takes out the second vote.

“Horri!”

Third one.

“Horri Toyotami!”

Fourth.

“Toyo!”

Fifth.

“Wow! Same!”

He opens the sixth vote and he turns his face towards Ivon with confusion.

“It’s him! He has won it!”

“Open the rest please!” Ivon says and gulps. Something is not right.

He is right.

All the rest of the votes are for Horri Toyotami. No one has voted against him, not even Flynn and Gilles, who were the candidates themselves.

“How can it be possible?” Ivon turns his face towards the row where all of them are sitting.

“Why not?” Flynn says with a smile, “When we have to vote... we have to vote for the right Candidate. No one else can lead us except Toyo. He’s not your replacement Ivon. But he is a lot better than all of us. He can lead us to the next level.”

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“I don’t get it!” Lacy says with confusion.

“Me neither,” Aria agrees, “I mean, I’m happy with the results. And I know you are content as well. But how come Stella didn’t obey me? She doesn’t deny anything. I’m confused.”

“There were five others... Someone must have learned about the plan.”

“True!”

Both of them turn. There is Natalie Stones.

“You?” Lacy shouts.

“Lacy! I need to apologize to you,” Natalie says, “Nothing was my mistake. And if you look closely, it was not Ivon’s mistake as well. Sometimes personal relations...”

“What are you saying Natalie?” Lacy interrupts, “What are you apologizing for? You should be angered at me.”

“You’re right! I should be angered at you. All of us should be. Because of people like you, our whole community gets hurt. You sell out others’ years of efforts for your petty profits. But I know one thing. One day you will learn that you are only hurting yourself. You are the ones at loss. You are losing the opportunity to develop yourself. You are wasting your time on nothing. If you take the things seriously, you can better make a team of yourself to work on the cause. But you are not doing that. I know you are mad at Ivon for favoring me. But did you ever ask him for something? Why didn’t you talk to him when IBFO management disrespected you? Trust me! He would have fought for you with all his efforts. But you didn’t have trust on him. First you don’t trust others, and then accuse them for not helping you. This is not right. I’m indeed angered at you. But I know that there is no sense in making it a fuss. It is better for Ivon to leave with the good thoughts that there were no moles in his team. He can fight everyone. He can stand as a wall for the biggest Storm. But he can’t survive, if he feels the pain within his body. He can’t! No one can. Better to forget about it.”

Lacy and Aria, both are crying.

“I’m sorry!” Lacy says.

Aria does not even know how to apologize.

“And you think I don’t know what’s going on with my team?” Ivon’s voice shocks everyone. They turn. He is smiling. “This is true! But I didn’t want to interfere with you. I know that I favored some people sometimes. It’s sad that you guys never

saw it from my perspective. I never did this for my personal pleasure. The ones who wanted to take the responsibilities, they took the first steps themselves. I only provided them the opportunities they wanted themselves. I never denied you for anything Lacy. Did I? Because I don't remember anything. Remind me if I'm mistaken."

Lacy moves her head sidewise. The flow of tears is increasing.

"No one can be perfect. No one can build something perfect. I know that. And I never expected it from me, or any of you. Now, I'm leaving the game. I will recommend you to bring your focus. Think well, what exactly you want from your life. Do you want to waste it on running here and there? For money? For Power? For Sex? Or you want to enjoy your life in a Different way. All you have to decide should be based on your priorities. Whatever you want to do, you should think well. Sometimes you lose some opportunities that never return, no matter how hard you struggle to get them back. And sometimes, you stick with the things for the rest of your life. You can't leave them. Never! Think before you do something..."

"Can I borrow my wife?" Charles interrupts them and they turn towards him, "Natalie! We need to leave!"

"Where?" Ivon asks.

"There are few BDSM Parties... Small ones. I wanna visit there with Natalie. They are celebrating the day, and I wanna make it a celebration for them," Charles says and Ivon's face fills up with confusion.

"What are you Charles? Why don't you tell her?" Ivon says with irritation and Charles turns and gulps.

"What?" Natalie is moving her eyes between Charles and Ivon.

"Come on Charles!" Ivon says and stops.

Natalie is watching Charles with confusion.

"Are you hiding something from me?" she asks him. He does not reply. She turns towards Ivon and says, "What is he hiding?"

Silence.

“Tell me Charles!” Natalie shouts with anger.

“Oh Ivon! Why did you mess it up? I was just going to tell her on this wedding anniversary. You messed it up!” Charles says with anger and Ivon laughs.

“Sorry! I didn’t know that. You were hiding it since almost a year... so...”

“What is it Charles?”

“Stella! She is my representative. I’m one of the Shareholders of Kingdom of Hell,” he says with a smile.

“What?”

“Yes!” Ivon adds, “He has bought the shares for you.”

“What?”

“Yes!” Charles says, “We are going to propose your Directorship in the next board meeting.”

“What?”

“And I want to be the Femdom Division Manager!” Brianna’s voice strikes. She pops up from the back of Charles. “And don’t shout Natalie!”

Natalie laughs.

“What is happening? Is this a dream?” Natalie says.

“Maybe! Depends on you! You can make it a reality... if you want it. The decision is yours!”

# Epilogue

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“But I don’t understand how did you stop them from voting? Especially Flynn?” Charles says with a smile. He is driving the car. Natalie is on the second front seat.

“Me? I didn’t stop anyone.”

“No? Then who did it?”

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“I only talked with two of them. It was enough.” Brianna says to Ivon, “But I’m surprised myself. According to my calculation, Flynn should still have four votes.”

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“Thanks Molimo! Thanks for telling me the truth. If you would have been late today... I could have never forgiven myself,” Gilles says.

“I’m still sorry! I don’t know how that bitch seduced me... I really don’t know what happened to me.”

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“No ice!” Yolanda says to her slave Hardy, who is filling up two cups of drinks. He passes one to her, and the other to Flynn sitting in this Living room. “Get out!” She says and Hardy quickly moves out of the room. “What happened Flynn? Are you upset?”

“Why Yolanda?” he says with anger, “I don’t get it! I’m feeling ashamed with this. Why did you cancel all the votes?” Yolanda smiles.

“And what would you have done with only three votes?” she asks and he turns his face towards her.

“What do you mean?”

“Listen! I didn’t know that Stella will be replaced at the last moment. But without her, you were already lost. And that bitch, Brianna, she messed it up further. She

talked to two of them. Now, it was better for you to get the honor that you are too honest with your job,” Yolanda says and Flynn smiles.

“Am I not?”

“Yes you are!” Yolanda says with a smile, “Way too honest. And for the punishment, you won’t have any orgasm for the next six months.”

“Oh come on Yolanda! What was my mistake in this?” He protests, “I did exactly as you told me.”

“Shut up! I decide whose mistake it is,” Yolanda says with anger and smiles, “It doesn’t matter if it was your mistake or not. You automatically fail, if you don’t succeed. And when you fail... you need to face some bad consequences. This is the rule of life,” she stands up and says, “Join me in half an hour! You will sleep with me tonight. And don’t forget to gargle, and wash your teeth. Or my crotch is gonna smell bad for the entire day tomorrow. I’ve a meeting with the CEO of Kingdom of Hell.”

**THE END**

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