

# FEMME MIMIC TIED BY DOMINANT WOMAN



ILLUSTRATED WITH 21  
DRAWINGS BY JIM

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My editor gave me an assignment which sounded as if it would be an easy and most pleasant task, which I might have even paid him to do, but which as it turned out proved to be a hazardous and humiliating experience for me. The editor told me to don female attire and get a job with Baroness Elsa and her all-girl military band, so that I could write an exclusive and inside story on how a band consisting of 23 girls lived, played and got along in general.

The editor wanted a story from the man's point of view and he selected me for the story assignment because I had been in the Army and could play several musical instruments, having also previously played with an amateur band in college. At first I demurred at the thought of putting on feminine apparel to get this inside story but there seemed to be no other way to do this. A big bonus and the promise of a by-line on the story persuaded me to accept this assignment.

I was of average height and though fairly muscular, I could pass muster if the band-leader did not get wise too quickly by my bushy masculine eyebrows.

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A girl reporter helped me lace on a corset, padded out at the chest to add feminine curves, and she gave me a quick lesson on how to apply make-up without smearing it. When she was finished, she helped me walk in high-heeled shoes in front of a full-length mirror so that I could see how I looked in female clothing.

The mirror gave me a good look at my image, front and side, and I almost felt too ashamed to look at my figure in the mirror. It was immensely degrading and humiliating to note my fairly feminine walk become more girlish as I practised in front of the mirror to walk on the high-heeled shoes that I had to wear.

My legs showed prettily from beneath a short skirt and my corsetted waist and rounded hips swayed rhythmically and girlishly as I learned to walk properly with practice. My built-up bust swelled voluptuously in my blouse as I breathed but there the resemblance to a girl ended for my curvaceous body could not conceal my distinctive manly features. I would have to shave closely several times a day in order to get away with my deception, for with a bearded face I would be recognized as a man in girl's clothing right away.

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I had thought that during off-hours I would go home to my own apartment, where I could write up my story of the band and its daily activities, sending it by messenger to my editor. Hermine then said to me, "Come with me, I'll room you with Joanne, who has been here for several months now and would make a wonderful roommate for you."

However, I demurred and tried to hold back, arguing that I needed time to get some of my things from the hotel where I lived. Picking up a vicious looking long leather horse whip that I had not noticed, Hermine told me in a harsh and stern voice, "You may have fooled the Baroness with your make-up mister, but you did not fool me one bit."

She then continued menacingly, "I knew that you were a man almost at once by your bushy eyebrows. A girl would never let them get so bushy but would pluck them and curve them in a graceful line. Just what are you doing here in female clothes?"

Amazed and astounded at being found out so quickly, I tried to stammer out a weak excuse but lost my nerve and tried to run away. A quick snap of Hermine's whip around my ankles



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knocked me off my feet. I blurted out the whole idea of how I had masqueraded as a female only to get a story for my editor.

Both the Baroness and Hermine sneered in disbelief at my excuse and accused me of having some other ulterior motive. Hermine said, "We will hold you here until your story is investigated and thoroughly checked out. In the meantime, we will have to bind you up until we find out if you are telling the truth."

Hermine forced me into a chair and before I could make a show of resistance, she snapped a single handcuff over one wrist and snapped it shut around the arm rest of the chair. I was now handcuffed securely to the chair and Hermine then knelt down and bound my ankles together. She then ran the rope around the lower rung of the chair. I tried to snap the handcuffs by sheer strength but my attempt was futile, as the steel cuffs held me firmly to the chair.

Then Hermine ran some more rope around my upper elbows and through the back of the chair so that I could not move forward. I started to protest at this high-handed treatment but Hermine had anticipated my loud and angry protestations and slapped a wide cloth bandana over my mouth.

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This effectively cut off all further comments that I wanted to make and all I could do now was to sit back in the chair and swear and fume inwardly at Hermine and the Baroness. She laughed at my discomfort and said, "Come now, you just sit there quietly like a good boy and wait for the Baroness to decide your fate. You won't look so pretty when she gets through with you. Ha! Ha!"

I was all at once terrified at Hermine's tone of voice, for I knew that what she and the Baroness had in mind would not turn out so pleasant for me, a man in the hands of a pack of infuriated women. I tried frantically to work myself loose but Hermine had done a good job on the bondage and I was unable to free myself. Hermine noticed my frantic efforts and sneered, "Save your energy, you little fool. You can't get loose. What's the matter, miss, aren't you comfortable? Ha! Ha!" catishly inquired Hermine.

"When the Baroness gives you the grand tour of headquarters, you will wish you were back here bound safely on the chair," Hermine continued. With that cheering bit of consolation Hermine left me to my worried thoughts but soon came back with the irate Baroness.



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Bearing down hard on the keys of the organ, the Baroness soon made me feel as if a thousand bees were stinging my body, all at the same time! The studs prodded my body in quick succession, as the deft fingers of the Baroness swept over the organ's keys. The breathe was knocked out of me and I began to feel as if I were black and blue all over.

The muscles in my brawny arms began to ache also from the unusual strain of holding up my heavy body suspended over the pipe organ. I lay there helpless until the Baroness grew tired of playing the same tune over and over again on the pipe organ.

The Baroness then gave Hermine a signal and she came over to my side and in a low hissing and menacing tone, said, "I don't want you to give me any trouble when I unstrap you. If you do, I'll see to it that you regret it to the day you die. Follow me quietly and you won't be harmed any further tonight. Tomorrow the Baroness will decide your fate."

As best as I could, I followed Hermine to the next room and followed her instructions to straddle a wooden beam set in one corner of the room.





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No sooner had I placed my hands downwards with the palms facing towards each other, than Hermine ran several strands of rope around each wrist and put the cord through a hole of a steel rod running from the wooden beam. Next a leather gag was buckled across my mouth and a wide band of leather was drawn over my head and snapped tightly to the opposite side.

Another wide strap held my waist down tightly to the beam and pressed my chest hard against the sharp sides of the wood. Several other strands of rope around my thighs and forearms held me tight to the beam, with no chance of working myself free. Then, to add to my misery, Hermine bolted a set of iron brackets onto my ankles.

A heavy steel ball weight was then affixed to the iron brackets, which held my feet down in a rigid position. I gritted my teeth up against the gag to try and tear it with my jaws, but it failed to give, no matter how I tried to work the gag loose. From the corner of my eyes, I could see a grinning face smiling at my discomfort. The fact that it was a mere woman who was the cause of my discomfort and tired muscles made my being bound and gagged all the tougher to bear.

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Helpless as a baby, I had to wait and see what else the Baroness and her aide had in store for me. This was one story that I would not like to see on page one, even though I had the exclusive eye-witness scoop on it. After a while, when it seemed as if the weight would tear my legs out of their sockets, Hermine came around once more and changed my bondage.

This time I was moved over to an archway separating several of the basement rooms and Hermine made me don a pair of thigh-length leather boots. This was not to save my tender flesh, but to hold up a set of thigh clamps which Hermine clamped on my booted thighs. Next she slipped a two part steel helmet over my head and put a washer and nut device on each side of the helmet and screwed a piece of short pipe onto the thigh slamps.

I was forced into a crouching, head-down position, while Hermine affixed cords to my booted ankles and tied them to rings on the side of the archway. Then ropes were bound on my wrists and forearms and the ropes tied to other ringbolts in the archway. Still with that devilish grin on her face, Hermine lowered a steel gate down until it barely grazed

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I put on the stilt high heel patent leather shoes she handed me and told me to place on my feet. I did this without thinking and could not understand the purpose of the long flat table with a hand winch at its side. I wondered what this table had to do with my punishment for spying on the all-girl orchestra.

At first I did not understand the purpose of the flat table and winch but Hermine soon enlightened me, much to my grief. The Baroness came into the room and said to me, "You wanted to be a woman and find out how a girl acts and how she can walk on those high heel shoes. Well, you see," the Baroness continued, "it's really very simple. In order to walk properly on high heel shoes, it is necessary to curve the instep into a deeper arch by re-locating just one joint in the foot structure.

The Baroness continued, "Hermine will show you what we are going to do in order to reshape your feet so that you will be able to walk properly like a girl should while wearing high-heeled shoes." Hermine then instructed me to get up on the flat table and place my hands up past my head. This I did with some misgiving but did not taste a touch of the lash which was hanging over a chair nearby.

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"Now, move your feet out," said Hermine. This I did as requested and the Baroness fastened a leather strap separately over each ankle and then attached a long chain to each ankle strap. This chain was affixed over a gear wheel that in turn ran to another wheel connected to the hand winch. The same type of chain was also placed on my outstretched arms and put on the gear wheel.

"You see," explained the Baroness bending over the table on which I was spread-eagled, "the higher the instep is arched, the more beautiful the foot becomes and the bone is very pliable at the arch, which forces the instep into a graceful curve. In your case, being a man, we will have to curve it by force, but once this is done, it will never go back out of place, unless you fracture the bone yourself deliberately. This could cripple you for life, so I advise you not to try it, once we have forced your arch by this device."

I could not utter one word of protest at this transformation of my feet, for the steel gag over my mouth stifled any words that I wanted to speak. "We assure you that your feet will not be deformed by this minor adjustment", said Baroness Elsa.



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The Baroness gave me this assurance when she saw the terrified and fearful look on my face as Hermine cranked on the winch handle, which in turn stretched my feet similar to a stretch rack. "Your feet will be more feminine this way and you will be able to move around freely in high heels. Since you are going to leave us eventually, we want you to always remember this ordeal. You surely will every time you walk around with your instep arched just like a woman's foot," said the Baroness as I gazed at her stern face.

"I am sure that the comments from onlookers will remind you of how unmasculine your feet will look, as you tip-toe about, even with flat-heeled shoes," spat out Hermine, as she gave the hand winch a sharp turn.

At this news, I struggled against the bonds that held me flat on my back on the table--but it was no use! "When we reach a certain point in the turning of the winch, your feet will start to pain you," Hermine went on. "Move your head from side to side and we will do what is necessary. Then you will feel one sharp pain and your feet will feel comfortable again when your joints become adjusted to this new position."





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My feet, clad in the high heel shoes, just touched the floor but I could not stand up on my feet at all. To hold me up, Hermine and a member of the band who was wearing her band uniform, bound my wrists to a corner of the table. I started to faint again, but the girls twisted leather straps around my bulging forearms and by turning them around made me come to quickly.

I glared at Hermine but she calmly went about twisting the leather straps and this made me forget all about my feet. When my head cleared, Hermine said, "Look downward at the mirror that I will hold at your feet. I'll put my foot alongside yours for a comparison and you can see how nice your feet look now, clad in high-heeled shoes."

I looked in the mirror where Hermine's foot was imaged to mine--my feet were now curved as much as hers! My instep arched above my high-heeled shoes so smoothly that, had I seen a foot that pretty, arched in public, I would have expected its owner to be a supremely fashionable and beautiful young woman. As I gazed at my foot's reflection in the mirror, I was filled with conflicting emotions: shame, that my male foot should look so feminine, and

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Much to my surprise, walking around in the high heel shoes was no longer a problem for me. The shoes with heels of about five and one half or six inch heels were now more comfortable to wear and I felt as if I had worn high heels all my life.

"Stretch your arched instep now," said the Baroness. I did as I was told and much to my delight, the pain had subsided and my insteps arched without pain and curved beautifully over the nylon stockings that I was still wearing. I could now walk with new found feminine grace, though I did so most unwillingly. After finishing breakfast, Hermine turned me over to her aide to be placed back into bondage.

This time I was taken to another room, where a "T" shaped block of wood was inverted and the extended parts of the wood fastened to my ankles securely with chains. The wood had rings imbedded in its sides and ropes were bound around my thighs and tied to these rings. Several links of chains were then wrapped tightly around my wrists and another link of chain was bound around my arms, bringing my shoulders back toward each other into the small of my back.

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The wooden stick bit into the back of my heels and rubbed against my flesh, hampering me while I was forced to walk around on the high-heeled patent leather shoes. In desperate fright I tried to bite Hermine's hand as she affixed a wide band of leather across my mouth. She dodged my attempt and buckled it extremely tight at the side of my face, where I could not get at the buckle.

Next Hermine applied a leather blindfold over my eyes as she saw me looking at a gun she had put in a holster at her side so that she could enforce her demands in case I tried to make some sort of rebellion at her harsh treatment of myself.

I was very glad that they did not force me to wear a tighter fitting, nipped-in waist cincher corset, which most of the members of the band seemed to be wearing. This waist nipper-in was something that I could not stand to have on and I had even gasped when the girl reporter on my newspaper had first put on me the corset that I wore. Completely blind now from the blindfold over my eyes, I staggered along, guided by Hermine's firm hand grasping my shoulder and leading me to a secret laboratory in the building.

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"Sit down in that chair while I fix your bondage for an experiment," ordered Hermine, after removing my blindfold. I did as I was told and gazed in astonishment at the set-up that met my eyes. I saw a series of rubber tubes connected to outlets on a wall, which in turn seemed to be some sort of laboratory or scientific apparatus.

At first I did not grasp the significance of the hypodermic needles at the end of the rubber tubing until I saw the Baroness pour a bottle of a cloudy liquid into the wall socket to which the tubing was connected. Then it hit me like a ton of bricks just what the Baroness and her grinning aide planned to do to me for prying into their affairs.

The bottle of liquid was labelled "Female Hormones" and they had devised a devilish idea of turning me into a female. By means of an electrolysis apparatus which Hermine had placed on my face, the Baroness was going to deaden the roots of my masculine beard so that it would no longer be necessary for me to shave to hide this give-away masculine necessity in the future. The tubing was affixed to the hormone liquid and fed intravenously into my body!



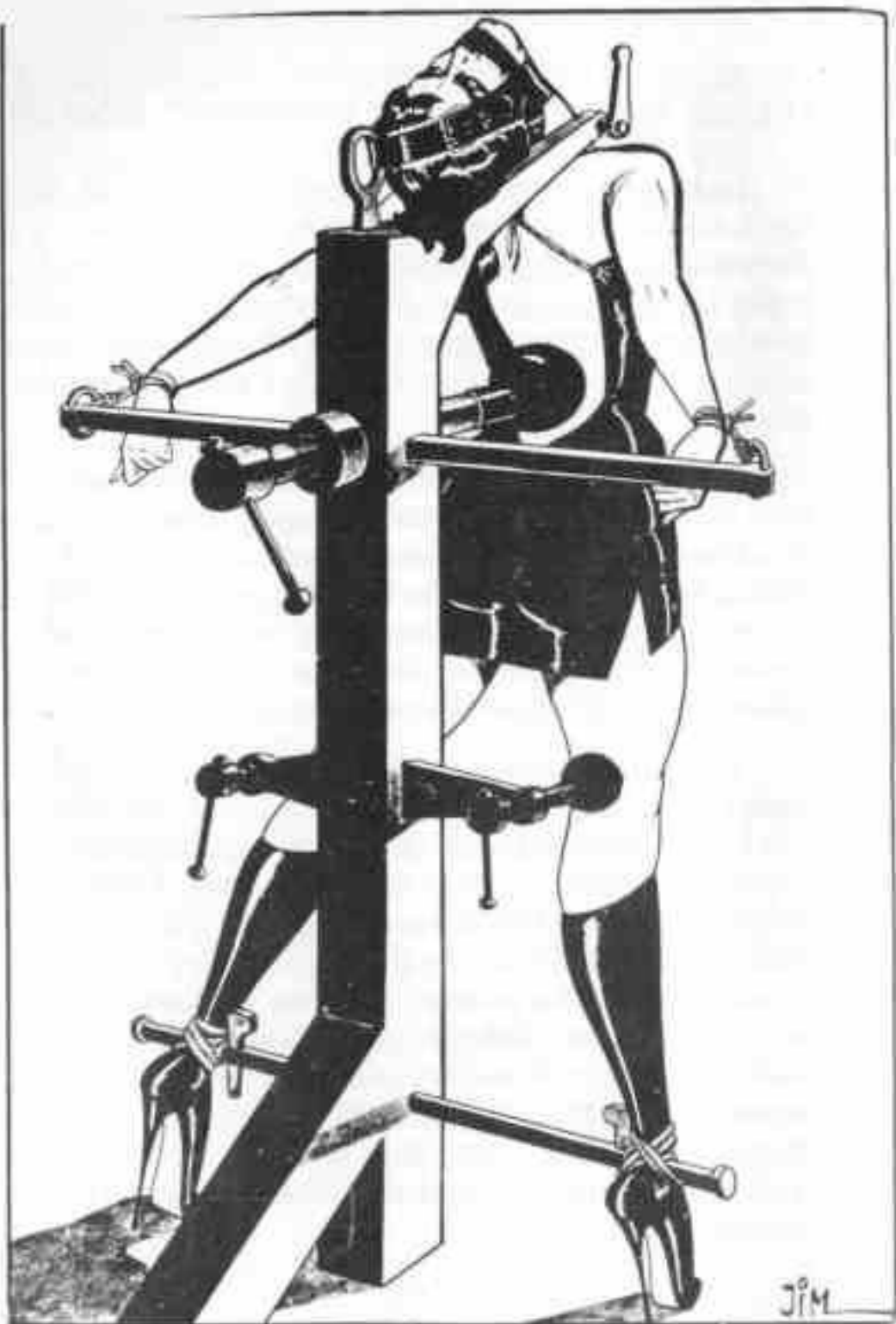
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I was still kept in strict bondage. I was given a low cut white satin blouse and a short black satin skirt to wear. My legs were spread-eagled by a long bar attached to my ankles, while my arms were forced behind my back and ropes from my ankles ran up to my tied wrists.

A black cloth gag prevented me from talking and as the Baroness came up to inspect my new bondage, she gave me a swat with her gloved hand that stung like a bee. I frowned at this but being bent over in a half crouch, I guessed that this was just a bit of by-play on the Baroness's part, she not being able to resist the temptation to hit me while I was in this compromising position.

Seeing that I was angry at the way she had slapped my derriere, the Baroness grabbed me by the top of my already fairly long hair and hit me a few more times. Hissing vengefully in my ear, the Baroness said, "I did not invite you here to pry into the way I run my business, but now that you are my captive, you will be shown the entire works, and when I am finished with you, I'm sure that you will not relish the idea of admitting that you are now more female than male."





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As this thought entered my mind, I began to see certain male traits in Hermine which I had not noticed before. I had been so intent on thoughts of escape and concentrating on the Baroness that I had not noticed something that now seemed strange to me. There was a dark shadow on the lower portion of Hermine's chin, somewhat like a five-o'clock shadow. The more I thought of it, the more I began to suspect that Hermine was a female impersonator and not a real woman.

However, before I could check my suspicions further, Hermine roughly shoved me into the coal compartment, where she fitted a wooden yoke on my shoulders. Attached to the yoke was a huge coal pail, into which Hermine put a heaping shovel full of coal. I almost tipped over on the thigh-length laced boots I was wearing before Hermine balanced the load by placing another shovel full of coal in the other coal bucket.

Brandishing a wooden club in her hand, Hermine ordered me to haul the coal up the steps to the furnace on the next level. I struggled to keep my balance as I gingerly lifted my booted feet up the stairs, without spilling the coal all over.



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I had been warned that if I spilled more than a few pieces of coal on the steps, I would have to pick them up, not with my hands, but with my mouth and dispose of them where they belong. It was a strenuous and grueling task to take the coal up the steps and the buckets of coal swayed to and fro, making it hard to keep perfectly balanced.

Up at the top of the stairs stood the Baroness, with a happy look on her face as she watched me struggle up the steps, doing my best to keep from toppling over as the twin buckets shifted while I was stepping up. My hands were bound in back of my head and could not be used to balance myself.

Hermine had placed a set of leg manacles on my ankles and this made me take short steps as the taut chain prevented me from taking too big a step forward. This chain hampered my movements and made it all the more difficult for me to walk with my load. By the time I reached the top step I was so tired and exhausted that I could not appreciate the fact when I went back for another load of coal the buckets were much lighter, once the coal had been dumped out of them.

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When the furnace had been filled with sufficient coal, I thought that my walking was all done for the day, but the Baroness had more plans for me to continue walking. This time, however, I did not have to have the burden of carrying the buckets of coal on my shoulders. Hermine took me to another room where a tread mill for exercising was kept.

My feet still shackled with the hampering set of leg cuffs, the Baroness told me that I had to walk twenty-five miles on the tread mill before I could obtain lunch. This was further punishment for deliberately stamping on her feet.

In the exercise room, I saw another member of the band also undergoing punishment discipline and I recognized this band member as the one who played the heavy bass fiddle. As I trudged along on the tread mill, bound and gagged, it gave me time to think and my suspicions were confirmed as I watched the bass fiddle player at close range. The muscles in this band member's shoulders were far too muscular for a woman, and the chest was thrust forward. I also saw that it was a wig of human hair on the girl's head.

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It was extremely difficult to see the deception, but since I had been getting the hormone treatment my pectoral muscles too had bulged and I could now observe definite male traits which no disguise could conceal.

This was the proof that I needed to confirm my suspicions and corroborate my story, but I still had to escape before I could expose the Baroness. When Hermine removed our gags so we could eat our lunch and had left us alone for a few minutes to do something, I questioned the fiddle player, who told me that his name was Johnny and that he too was being forced against his will to act as a girl musician. He said he would like to give up the deception and escape along with me.

I explained who I was and asked him to help me in my plans for escape. He was fed up with the Baroness and was eager to leave at the first opportunity that presented itself.

"Watch it, now. I don't want to make my escape alone and I need you to confirm my story," I cautioned Johnny.

"Okay," said Johnny eagerly, "how can I help you make the break?"





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I told Johnny to give me complete details of the usual band routine and that I would formulate a plan that would lead to our getting out of the place safely. I found out that half of the band were really men, a few of whom were transvestites. They were willing to play the role of a girl, while several others were being held by force and treated with the female hormones by the Baroness because it was too hard to recruit new female musicians as replacements for those real girls who had married or found the traveling too strenuous for them.

Just then we had to stop talking because Hermine came back and I did not want to give away my plans by seeming to be friendly with my fellow captive.

When our costumes and bondage were changed in the discipline room, it gave us a further chance to discuss our plans for escape. Then I found out from Johnny that Hermine was actually a man, as I had suspected all the while, but that he was completely dominated by the Baroness and did her bidding because he was in love with her. He willingly masqueraded as a girl just as long as he could be near the Baroness.



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Hermine usually wore regular men's clothing when there was no chance of being observed by outsiders, Johnny told me, and that bit of information was just the knowledge I needed to carry out my escape plan.

Bound in a crouched-over position in stringent bondage, it was going to be hard to obtain my freedom, let alone escape, so I told Johnny that I was going to make Hermine believe that I had reconciled myself to my fate and would no longer be hostile and aggressive towards the Baroness. I knew that Hermine would attribute this change of attitude to the hormones that I was getting and I wanted Hermine to think so, in order that he would grow careless and give me the chance to obtain gun in the uniform holster when he changed back to his normal male attire when courting the Baroness.

At first it was hard to convince Hermine, but I finally succeeded in allaying his suspicions. As the hair on my head grew longer and as I accentuated more and more, since I was turning female, Hermine relaxed his guard and I was able to get around to talk to the other band members and get their stories. I found them willing to talk and this helped me a lot.

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On one occasion, while hanging suspended from the ceiling, weighted down with a ball weight, I discovered from a musician that both the Baroness and Hermine, who would be wearing regular male street clothing, were going to be away for a day in another city to sign an important contract for the all-girl band. This was the chance that I had been looking for, having bided my time until the time was ripe.

I confided my thoughts to Johnny shortly after, when we were together and had some time to talk after supper that night. Johnny had told me that Edith, one of the female members of the band, would free us from our enforced bondage, but would not do anything else for us, as she was too fearful of the Baroness's wrath if she escaped along with us and our escape was foiled. I promised Edith that should we escape she would be well rewarded.

Meanwhile, I pleaded with Hermine to have me dressed in a clinging sheath gown to show my new feminine contours which the constant injections of hormones had given me. Hermine, in a great hurry to get the contract signed, which meant much money for the Baroness, and allowed me to select a beautiful black satin gown to wear.

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Hermine did this for me because I was so co-operative now instead of acting in the rebellious way I did previously. However, he did take the precaution of binding me up thoroughly before leaving with the Baroness. Little did he think that the utterly feminine creature, with her hair piled up neatly in a bun on her head and in a skin-tight dress, was going to spoil all his best-laid plans for the band!

I dared not let Johnny know what I had in mind for fear that he would get too excited and inadvertently give away the fact that Edith had promised to release us when Hermine and the Baroness left the place.

I was in a very tense state of mind waiting out the next few hours, nervous and worried that Edith would be afraid to carry out her promise of releasing us from bondage when Hermine had gone. I was about to have a nervous breakdown, when Edith slowly came into Hermine's room, where I had been left bound and gagged. It took only a few minutes for Edith to release me from the tight bondage but it seemed like a century to me. Once I was free, I immediately went over to the closet where Hermine kept her uniforms.















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musicians in strict bondage. When the police broke into the establishment, they found some of the band players in various forms of restraining devices.

In one dungeon-like cell, a former wine cellar, the police found two players encased in barrel bondage and chains. In still another sub-basement room was a huge pit where those musicians who had made several errors when playing were placed, straddled over a pit and in stringent bondage, to think over their faults as part of Baroness Elsa's discipline.

My testimony and newspaper story about this band scandal received wide circulation and brought many offers of other lucrative jobs but I preferred to remain a newspaper reporter for the time being.

Often, in times of stress, I regret in having returned back to my former status of a male, for I still get a thrill over having worn female attire.

THE END

