

**Marika Moreski**

# **CUISANTE RENCONTRE**



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# Marika Moreski

# HOT ENCOUNTER

# DOMINIQUE LEROY ebooks

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## I

Isidore Delbichot received several responses to the classified ad he had inserted in the columns of a women's weekly.

He held back a letter. It came from a certain Marina Holbervitch, of Hungarian origin, who lived in the southern suburbs of Paris. He took his pen and wrote, after careful thought.

"My Sovereign, I

received your letter which was enchanting. She painted you, in my eyes, as an imperious and sensual young girl. I love you without even

knowing you, so I cannot resist the pleasure of calling you My Sovereign. This title makes me completely dependent on you. Will you grant me the extreme happiness of considering me your slave?

Yes, I love you as a dog loves its mistress, as a slave worships its queen, that you keep me under your orders, that you make me the sole object of your pleasures, your desires and your whims. Have you never felt the divine pleasure and sweet desire of a man at your knees, begging you? Of a man whom you could humiliate and strike at your will... Of a man who would roll at your feet, whom you would trample and who would lick your feet as a sign of submission... What excitement for you and for me than the creation of these scenes that we could modify according to your imagination and your will. When, mistreated and defiled by you, I enter into the fullness of this excitement, with what power we will embrace and with what pleasure our sexes will mingle.

If you agree to become my Sovereign and make me your slave, I will come completely into your power. You will have to constantly call me, both in letters and in words, "my slave" or "my dog", and that you will constantly invent little tortures and humiliations for me.

But, no doubt, you want to know this boy who offers you both his services and his life and who is eager to live at your feet?

My name is Isidore Delbichot, and, physically, I am considered to be quite pleasant. Brown, curly hair, green eyes, mustache, six feet, sixty-nine pounds. I work as a journalist, but I am also a writer. I live in Paris, but I have decided, if the proposal I am proposing to you excites you and if a marriage can seal this sublime love, to live wherever you wish. My only desire is to rest at your feet.

I beg you, my Sovereign, to send me, if possible, a photo of you so I can kiss your feet every day.

Your devoted slave who humbly kisses your feet and licks, eagerly, the soles of your shoes.  
Isidore DELBICHOT.

Two days later, he received a letter written as follows:  
"Lying down, my dog, your Mistress is talking to you..."

Isidore... what a charming name for a dog! You remind me of that kind of little white-haired kitten that you lay at the foot of your bed and caress with your toes as you fall asleep. He licks the soles of your feet and runs his little rough tongue between your fingers, which I have no doubt you will do with great pleasure. You will be the little dog that we carry around everywhere in our arms... This, of course, scares me a little, because a little dog weighing sixty-nine kilos is not very manageable, but you will lose weight, take into account on me, I will make arrangements for that.

First of all, you are going to send me all the money you have at home. All ! You understood me well! I will pay for your room rental myself and send you the price of your trip when I need you. There is no point in dressing yourself. Save one costume for the day of your trip and burn the rest.

At home you can stay naked, and at mine I will demand that it be the same. You don't have to go out. Better yet, I FORBID you! Obey me, because if I arrived at your house unexpectedly and found the slightest piece of clothing or the smallest piece of silver, I assure you that you would be upset...

As for food, I will send you, every day, a small package which will contain what will be necessary for your substance for the day and you will not eat anything else.

Currently, it is impossible for me to receive you, because I already have a lover at home. A very big dog, a bulldog, and it would devour you, poor little cutie. You know, I don't have it for much longer. In a few days, he will die. I'm going to make him swallow a poisonous pellet. I've had enough of bulldogs, I want a kitten, a slave less cumbersome than this one...

Maybe, one day, I'll have enough of the little ones, and it will be your turn to swallow a poisoned pellet. It will be the summit of your enjoyment, the crowning of a life of delirium and delight. You will have to love pleasure a lot to replace my bulldog without me noticing the difference... Do you want some examples?... Here they are: I love that people watch over and worship my sleep. If I had

enough money, I would have ten to fifteen slaves kneeling around my bed every night. As I only had one, he replaced these fifteen people and everything happened like this.

As soon as I went to bed, I made him kneel on the bedside and I placed the front legs of a chair on his calves. I sat on this chair and the wooden legs, under my weight, crushed his flesh and ruptured his muscles. I made him bring his elbows to his body and

straighten his forearms. I tied one wrist to him with a chain or, more simply, with a string which I wound around his neck and the other end of which I tied to his second wrist. Sitting on the chair, I took off my shoes and placed the heel of each of them in his mouth so that my shoes remained hanging from his lips. I stood up on the chair, slid off my skirt, blouse, slip, stockings, bra and panties. I placed all these clothes on my slave's arms. Then, I made her lower her head to place my small handbag on her neck. Finally, I slipped into the sheets. Thus dressed, my slave had to spend the night, without making the slightest movement. Needless to say, if he dropped one of these objects, he was cruelly punished. In this case I only left him after having whipped his back, buttocks and thighs raw. The punishment ended with a vinegar massage.

I will still teach you a lot about what awaits you, my good "Médor" (it's as pretty as Isidore and that suits you better!), but we get tired of writing to a dog and bringing joy to his slave by the fatigues of writing.

I hold out my feet to you. Come, my slave, take off my shoes and caress the white skin of my feet with your moist lips, lick my toes and let these feet rest on your muzzle...

Your Sovereign Mistress. »

A frenzied joy shook Isidore Delbichot when he read this letter. His dream was finally coming true. He answered immediately.

"My despotic Mistress, my beloved Tyrant,

Ah, my Queen, I wish I could bring you this missive. I would like to wait for you at home, in front of the door, and when you come back, wrapped in a fur coat, with your feet shod in luxurious high-heeled shoes with very pointed toes, I would like to lie down on the threshold. Then you would walk on me, disdainful on my would cut into my flesh. Your sole would press my mouth, crush my lips and the saliva from my kisses, mixed with my blood, would stain this divine leather petal.

Your letter, my Queen, has plunged me into joy. Medor... What a divine name you give to your dog, and I lick your feet in gratitude.

Following your orders, my clothes are finally burning out, and I am sending you the amount of my savings. I don't have a penny left, I swear. My wallet is in the nightstand drawer, empty...

I'm impatiently waiting for your package and I'm trying to imagine its contents because I'm very greedy, you know! I love sweets, will you send me some?

I hope that you will not delay in poisoning this ugly bulldog so that it will be possible for me to lie down at your feet and bow under your law.

What you describe to me is delicious, and I too look forward to watching over your sleep, alone with the night. I think of the atrocious and delectable pain that this chair placed on your calves cannot fail to cause when you sit there... Tell me again, divine Mistress, all that I will have to endure to be admitted to you serve. I enjoy the idea that I would endure it too and I love this enjoyment.

I lovingly lick your feet and armpits.  
Your dog-slave who crawls beside you, Isidore Médor. »  
you would wipe your chest feet. Your thin heels  
Several more letters were exchanged and one fine  
morning, Isidore Delbichot received a very short message.

"Slave dog, my bulldog is finally dead. Everything worked out well.  
The family put it down to a heart attack. He died like a good dog. He fell at my feet, writhing in pain. I held out my sole to him, he licked it, then he opened his lips, tight with pain. I bent down and spat in his mouth and he died swallowing. I'll expect you tomorrow at eleven o'clock.

Your Mistress preparing her whip. »

Upon reading this, Isidore no longer felt joy. Finally, he was going to know this despotic mistress, serve her, suffer a thousand pleasures near her and enjoy this condition of slave which had been his only ideal, his only reason for life. He imagined this mistress as he desired her, as she should be in reality, because there are no two models of a dominating woman. There is only one: tall and dark-haired, with long hair flowing down his back, hard and piercing eyes, a cruel and haughty pout, a thin waist and breasts erect in their tyrannical attraction. Even more than the woman, it was this certainty of suffering before her, by her and for her, which gripped his heart and revolted his senses overflowing with enjoyment.

On the day of his departure, he received an envelope containing his travel ticket. He put on the only costume he had left, took the train and went to his ardent dominatrix.



## II

The villa is far from the block of houses that make up the village of L..., but Isidore agrees that it is a very pleasant building and that its owner can, without doubt, afford to keep a "human dog" under her yoke. He had barely pressed the electric doorbell when a click opened the automatic door. He walks, slightly moved, down the long central path of the garden, between two hedges of white and red roses. He climbs the few steps to the front porch and rings another doorbell. The front door opens with the same click as the gate and Isidore enters a sumptuous corridor with walls lined with rabane mats and grimacing masks of African sorcerers whose artistic value he admires, as he passes. At the end of the corridor, he notices a narrow door, ajar. He pushes it and enters a large empty room which he crosses. The echo of his footsteps sends back an enigmatic sound. As he arrives at a small door at the back of the room, he hears a slight creaking on his left, he starts and, stunned, he sees a section of the wall move and give way to a dark corridor. He commits to it after some hesitation. The door closes behind him with a sharp slam. Isidore shivers. What if this was just an ambush, a monster deception of some sadistic madman? But no, that's not possible.

His mistress is indeed one of those desirable creatures made to enslave men. Reassured, he walks into the corridor. His eyes adjust to the darkness and see a flickering light about fifty meters away. The further he advances, the more the glow hits him in the face. Arriving at the threshold of an underground room, he stifles a cry of horror...

Wax models and statues of skinned people populate these places. A man, disembowelled, holds his guts in both hands. He also sees a man impaled through the anus. Elsewhere, a remarkable composition: a wax Venus sits on the chest of a fallen Apollo, pressing a hand to the man's face and tearing his thighs with a dagger she holds in her hand. other hand. Additionally, the Apollo's back rests on a bed of sharp spikes. The contemplation of these statues medusa Isidore. His fury flares, his eyes roll back, his body shudders, his lips tremble.  
- Here, dog!...

The gap in this feminine voice suffocates the visitor. He turns around. His dazed gaze discovers a tall, dark-haired girl whose hair caresses thin, quivering shoulders and whose gray eyes stare at him.

with the radiance of an imperious beauty. She is wearing a red mini-dress and her adorable little feet are shod in black leather, with low heels but pointed toes, a small leather bow adorning the top. In her right hand, the strange girl holds a dog whip which she runs along her thigh.

Isidore stammers but no intelligible sound comes from his lips. The whip whistles in the air, relaxes and crosses the face of the unfortunate who, blinded, in pain, collapses to the ground.

- Would you dare to stand and speak to me, slave dog? Learns that you can only speak to me when my soles cover your eyes.

Isidore does not insist. He lies on his back. The girl steps forward and places one of her thin dusty soles on the man's eyes, making sure that her little heel rests on the eyelid, digging into the eye, and giving the slave a shooting pain.

- I am Marina Holbervitch. I am your Queen for the rest of your life.  
Do you agree to be my slave?

- I wish it, Mistress, most ardently in the world, replies Isidore.

- From this moment on, you will no longer have any willpower. I have decided to marry you. I will be the one to make all the decisions. You will absolutely not have the right to do anything without first having my opinion and consent. I will be able to employ you in any work that I deem useful and use you as I see fit. You will obey all my orders without complaining.

You give me the duty to beat you with hand, foot and whip as often as I please, with or without reason.

- I will be your slave in the conditions you desire, whispers the man.

- So, sign... she says, extracting a parchment from her bra.

With a kick, she makes the slave stand up, orders him to undress, lie on his stomach and read the manuscript aloud. She sits on her back and listens to the quavering voice of emotion and passion rising, perpetrated by the echo of the underground chamber.

Once the reading is finished, Isidore signs the sheet with a confident pen. He thus accepts, in all its extent, the romantic slavery to which this pretty girl will chain him. With this signature, he becomes the servile being he has always dreamed of being. There lies his ideal, his happiness cannot be elsewhere. He can only love a beautiful woman, despotic in the extreme. entrenchments of

despair into which a horrible life of independence had forced him, he had resorted to the famous "classified ads". He had finally discovered the happiness and perfect harmony of his love.

Marina takes the sheet, signs it, folds it and slips it into her bodice.

She gets up and, placing the sovereign sole of her shoe on the back of Isidore's neck, she angrily digs into the panting flesh of the man who is writhing at her feet. In painful moans of pleasure, the victim licks the ground, his face crushed against the rock, under the majestic foot that the flagellator supports with all her strength.

Marina jumps with both feet on his back, crushing the loins with all her weight, cutting the backs of her heels, wiping her wet soles on the bloody flesh. Like a satiated wolf, the demonic woman descends from her living rug and, putting forward her foot, presents it to the servile mouth of the slave. Isidore's rolled eyes stare at those of the strange dominatrix. Passion, love, the desire for humiliation and the supreme joy of his slave condition can be read there. He crawls on his stomach and places his lips on the sharp tip of the delicate shoe. He licks it, and when the young woman, leaning on the heel, lifts the toe of the shoe, in love with happiness, he licks the sole. He does the same with the other shoe, then he takes off his authoritarian, cruel and dominatrix shoe and eagerly licks her feet as a sign of submission and love. He puts her shoes back on; She delivered a violent kick to his face and ordered him to get up.

Along the mazes of the underground, she leads him towards a small dungeon that is damp and smells very bad. She locks him up and chains him in an inappropriate position, both wrists to the ceiling, to rings attached to the entrance. A chain held to a ring in the ceiling, at the back of the cell, supports his pelvis and pins his buttocks to the rock, while his legs hang along the wall.

Before abandoning her victim there, the woman rewards him with around ten slaps which make the cheeks of the unfortunate captive turn red. She closes the dungeon and darkness falls around the tortured man. His enjoyment is so strong that his mind, long tormented, is illuminated by a wave of luminosity which restores to him all his faculties as a poet. He begins to imagine what he will write to the glory of his divine executioner...

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