

Marika Moreski



**American SM
Volume 3**

L'ESCLAVE DES PROSTITUÉES

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Marika Moreski

THE SLAVE OF PROSTITUTES

American SM volume 3

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First chapter

Sacrificing to the new fashion I, in turn, decided to enter a tennis court. It must be recognized that the media have worked tirelessly to achieve the democratization of this sport, once reserved for wealthy people. Television was not left out on this point, which made tennis the backdrop and support for its programs. So much so that any viewer foreign to this field conceived an inferiority complex which led him to hold the racket so as not to have the disastrous impression of having to die an idiot.

And I wanted, just once, to abandon my legendary marginality to follow the mass of Borg apprentices and Chris Evert Lloyd-style little rats. I learned, like everyone else, and I admit, without boasting, that I proved to be a very gifted student. It is true that the art of handling the whip and the riding crop helped me a lot in playing the racket. As compensation, tennis gave me a technique of precision in the application of my whipping blows, and perhaps also an increase in grace which could only have enchanted the victims of my flagellations. How everything can become useful in life!

The only downside: the obligation to belong to a club, to have to register in advance to play at more or less precise times on a court where everyone is sweating. My friend Paulette, my sister in domination, who had sacrificed to fashion at the same time as me, did not value these constraints to which any dominatrix worthy of the name has difficulty complying.

Luckily, my last trip to the USA among the girls from "Domineering Sex" had been a very profitable affair for me. Not only on the level of female domination where I had a new experience, but also on the financial level. You will undoubtedly remember that I went there in the company of one of my slaves Félix Gambiani, that by chance of my encounters, a young and pretty prostitute

Eurasian woman specializing in domination, Ann-Tien, had offered to buy my slave. I refused at first. But then I witnessed the transformation of Bobby McDonald, the reluctant slave of two pimp sisters, into a sewer man. The desire to possess this sewer man for my natural needs had made me decide to sell Felix to the Eurasian prostitute.

The money she paid me then fell into the hands of the two pimps and it was child's play to falsify Félix Gambiani's passport and identity papers to repatriate my precious man-object.

Those of my readers who have been loyal to me for a long time know that Félix Gambiani owned a very valuable villa and property in Corsica. They will therefore not be surprised to learn that, a few weeks after my return to Paris, I received a letter by which Mr. Félix Gambiani, his client, permanently established in the United States, warned him to have to give me the titles of ownership of his real estate drawn up in my name and to carry out all the formalities following a deed of sale. Mr. Gambiani added, in substance, that the sum claimed for the price of these real estate properties had already been lent to him by me to enable him to establish himself in the United States and, consequently, no question of money was involved. had more to be discussed between us.

I was therefore legally the owner of Félix Gambiani's property as soon as I had paid the relatively modest notary fees compared to what had been allocated to me. My ex-slave had obeyed my orders to the letter, on the appointed day. A few months later, I sold the property at a substantial profit on the price I was supposed to have paid. And it was with part of this money that I decided to sacrifice a corner of my park around my second home in Chevreuse to build a private tennis court.

Paulette and I spent hours showing off on this field. To make balls, as they say in the jargon of this sport. And that afternoon, after sweating three sets under the blazing sun, we left the court in sweat, tired but happy. Dick, Paulette's slave-husband, who had been used to pick up stray balls during the game, trotted behind us with our balls and rackets. In the locker room, Connie, my personal slave, who was waiting for our return, had taken the refreshments out of the refrigerator and placed them on the coffee table. Then he lay down on his back in front of the seat.

That's where we found him when we entered. Both thirsty, we threw ourselves at the drinks and trampled him unceremoniously to fall on the bench. Dick quickly got rid of his balls and rackets and came to kneel at our feet near the body of his fellow slave. He prostrated himself and, with his teeth, undid the laces of our tennis shoes.

Then, still with his teeth, he took them off our feet and, in the same way, took off our socks, which had been white but which, for the moment, were soaked with brown dust and sweat. Our bare feet rested on the body of our human rug to relax there for a few seconds.

Paulette offered hers to the mouth of her slave-husband while I placed one of mine on Connie's mouth. As if moved by a spring, the slave's tongue sprang out and began washing my foot, while I left the second one flat on his chest.

With his tongue and lips, my servile husband cleaned my heel and my sole in an abundance of saliva to rid them of the sweat and dust mixed in the closed case of the sock and the tennis shoe.

Of course, he expertly alternated licks and light blows to cool me down. I slowly let my foot slide as he did so and, when he was at the toes, I felt his tongue tapering to pick up, between my toes, the little particles of dirt that were there. Then, one after the other, he sucked each of them for a long time, wrapping them in his tongue to clean them well. Meanwhile, Dick operated in the same way with the foot that Paulette had abandoned after crossing her legs. His support foot sinking into the lower abdomen of my slave-husband. And both of us, without worrying about our lickings, we commented with loud voices and laughter, our fierce game and the victory that I had ended up wresting from my friend. We only stopped talking to take a sip of a tonic drink.

When my first foot was perfectly cleaned and refreshed, I placed it on Connie's forehead and placed my second foot on her mouth so that it rendered the same service. Paulette, for her part, had uncrossed then recrossed her legs to offer her other foot to Dick. Had it not been for our incessant chatter, I am certain that we would have heard the laboring tongues busy at their task in the only language that should have been that of men. I don't know if Connie and Dick took the same pleasure in our newfound vocation for tennis as we did, but I suppose their toe-sucking fantasy

sweat was fulfilled beyond their desires. And to our greatest joy, it goes without saying...

As our lickens finished their service, I reached for the packet of Royal mint that Connie had prepared on the table for us and lit Paulette a cigarette before puffing out a few wisps of smoke myself. I left one of my feet on my slave-husband's face and brought the other to his chest. Paulette had not uncrossed her legs and her foot was sinking into the lower abdomen of her carpet.

Dick, seeing us with cigarettes on our lips, tensed up and opened his mouth wide to serve as an ashtray. And, while discussing our new shared passion for tennis, we let our ashes fall, with a simple flick of the index finger on the cigarette into this improvised receptacle.

Little by little, we regained our breath and regained our energy generously spent on the sunny court. The first, Paulette crushed her cigarette butt by rubbing it on her husband's shoulder and threw it carelessly down the offered throat. A few minutes later I did the same by twisting mine on the slave's left nipple and sent him to join the other.

Dick quickly closed his mouth and rushed towards the changing rooms where our street clothes had been carefully put away by Connie. He returned, carrying Paulette's jeans and white blouse on his outstretched arms on which he had placed her little black nylon briefs and her bra. He knelt respectfully in front of his wife approximately where he had been previously. Paulette got up and stood on Connie's stomach. Having long been accustomed to this exercise, the latter had been able to tense his muscles sufficiently to support the weight without creating an unpleasant base for the female feet that trod on him.

With a certain vivacity, Dick raised his still outstretched arms to grab the short, pleated white skirt and pull it down Paulette's legs. A movement, perhaps too nervous, caused the bra to slip and almost fall off. Immediately, Paulette's hand rose and fell on the cheek of her slave-husband, leaving the imprint of her five fingers spread wide apart.

—Imbecile! she squeaked.

This strong slap undoubtedly had the effect of making him swallow some of the cigarette ashes which must have dissolved in his mouth which he had not yet emptied, not having received the order. Perhaps he had succeeded in

trap cigarette butts under your tongue? Another salutary effect was that he managed to rid Paulette of her tennis skirt, her swimsuit, her briefs and her sports bra, without disturbing the street clothes that were still draped over her arms. His apparent ease and skill in this exercise were the result of daily training and long practice. Achieving this is not as easy as it seems, but each of us knows very well that slaves are learned dogs trained by their mistresses to satisfy all their needs and fulfill all their whims.

After having exposed the body of his mistress-wife, Dick put on her light lace bra and put on her little nylon panties, her blouse and her jeans. Then he rushed to get his high-heeled pumps, which he came back to put on. Paulette stomped on Connie's body for a few seconds then sat down again, crossing her legs while Dick was hurrying to get my clothes from my locker room.

He returned, my black leather minidress resting on his outstretched arms with my nylon briefs and my matching bra, both sea green. He knelt down in front of me and presented me with my clothes. I deigned to get up and stood on the slave's chest. Dick repeated his undressing operation, taking great care, this time, not to accidentally slip the slightest piece of fabric. And, yet, I had deliberately multiplied the pitfalls, driven by the desire to give him a slap at least as resounding as the one delivered by his mistress-wife. So, naked, I spread my legs slightly and ordered:

— Cool me between my thighs, dog!

My friend's slave-husband knew what he had to do. While holding my clothes on his forearms, he leaned down, moved his head between my thighs and began to lick my crotch on either side of my penis, taking care not to touch since that was not the order he had received. When I was properly moistened by his saliva he gently blew on the places he had just licked in order to accentuate the impression of well-being. Looking down at him, I watched the clothes on his arms but was also careful to make sure he didn't blow away the tiniest particle of ash. Nothing came and I concluded that he had probably swallowed all of the ashes and perhaps even the cigarette butts, in the shock of the slap or by being ordered to lick me.

I was a little disappointed, after he gave me my underwear, hung up my

bra and put on my leather miniskirt for not having yet found the loophole that would allow me to administer the slap that made my hand itch.

I discovered it when he went back to my locker room to look for my black leather pumps. When he returned, I slapped him hard, twice.

— I hate waiting, slave, next time you will know you have to bring my shoes by pressing the heels in your mouth.

He bent down and put on my pumps. I trampled Connie's chest for a few seconds then ordered Dick:

- On all fours !

He obeyed immediately. I got off my living mat and shot him in the ribs with the toe of my shoe.

— Get up, dog! Do my hair!

Connie quickly got up, and as I sat on Dick's back, he quickly grabbed my hairbrush. Walking behind me, he smoothed my long brown hair, taking care not to pull my hair or hit my scalp with the hard bristles of the brush.

When he had finished, I stood up and gave way to Paulette who, in turn, sat on the back of her slave husband transformed into a seat and delivered her auburn hair to Connie's expert hands.

“Take things in order here and join us when you're finished,” I ordered Dick when Paulette was ready.

— You, follow us! I asked Connie.

By “putting things back in order” we of course had to understand the closing of the locker rooms, the tidying up of some furniture that had been moved but, also, the washing up of our glasses, the washing of our sports clothes and underwear and the cleaning. impeccable quality of our tennis shoes.

Twenty-four hours later, we had to find everything perfect and dry, otherwise the slave would face severe punishment.

Paulette and I were intimate enough to have pooled our personal slaves. Dick and Connie owed us both equal obedience and submission in all circumstances. In fact, neither she nor I ever chose which of the two we used. It was according to their availability and their position at the time we needed a slave. For both of them, the slightest hint of jealousy would have been unthinkable. They were our husbands in front of society, of course, but above all and above all, they were our slaves and, as such, it would have been

ridiculous to affect the slightest jealousy towards them. Less than domestic animals, less than furniture, less than clothing, they were like the doormats on which we rubbed our soles, the cloths on which we wiped our hands, the rags and the various utensils used by women. They were ladies' conveniences, nothing more. They knew how to stand in their place and it was not up to us to tend to elevate them by considering them above their real condition. This lucidity had come to Paulette and me, from the first minutes of our meeting there was never, thereafter, any ambiguity in our relations and the use of our slaves.

Leaving Dick to busy himself with his task in the outbuildings which house the tennis court changing rooms, we walked briskly back towards the house.

Connie, naked as he should be, except for the dog collar and the wrist and ankle bracelets that he wears at all times to allow the quick installation of the leash or the hindering chains, followed us in a group of three not, arms dangling, which is rare.

— Didn't the effort make you tired, darling? Paulette asked me as soon as we I was in the entrance hall.

— Well, no... and then I think it would be harmful to compensate for the providential loss of a few grams with an influx of calories, I replied while Connie rushed to take off our pumps and put on our mules. high-heeled.

— To hell with grams, kilos and calories, cried Paulette, I'm hungry, I'm eating... You, go and prepare me a ham and butter sandwich with a beer and off you go! she added, hitting Connie's ribs with the toe of her shoe.

The slave hastened to take off her shoes and ran towards the kitchen to carry out the orders received. Paulette and I went into the living room. As I passed, I picked up the pile of mail left by Connie on the corner of the sideboard. As a general rule, in the morning, as soon as the postman comes, Connie takes the urgent mail to where I am. By urgent mail, I mean business, literary or other letters, bank account statements and missives from close relatives and close friends. The rest can wait until late afternoon. Namely invoices, letters from my known or unknown correspondents and reports and accounts from my episodic or part-time slaves. Connie often had to judge for himself how

category slip this or that letter when the sender's name did not appear on the envelope. The postmark was proof and, on this faith, Connie would sometimes receive a good beating with a flogger or a riding crop for having made a mistake.

That evening there was the usual batch of letters from slaves and correspondents containing, some what I had demanded of them, others the account of their past or present experiences. Among the first I found a thick missive. I burst out laughing as I opened it and showed it to Paulette. These were the thousand lines that I had inflicted on one of my part-time slaves one evening when I was in a bad mood because he had dared, on a previous letter, to write "Mistress" with a "m " tiny. Conscientiously numbered as I had ordered him to do, he had written "I am a tiny shit and Marika is a Capital Mistress" a thousand times, which represented a pretty good amount of time and paper. I put the sheets back in the envelope without deigning to check if the line count was there. Connie would be responsible for this task in his spare time and, if he found a single mistake, the guilty slave would pay dearly.

I continued to open my mail without finding anything of note. Little by little I let the letters and envelopes fall to the ground. Connie returned with a tray on which he had placed a ham and butter sandwich on a plate and a glass of foamy beer. He knelt in front of Paulette and brought the tray forward. My friend took the sandwich and started eating with good appetite. I had reserved, for the end, a large yellow envelope which came from the United States and which contained an important manuscript. I took it from the envelope and let it fall at my feet. A letter accompanied the manuscript.

"Hey, it's from my friend Félix Gambiani," I exclaimed.

— Who is Gambiani? Paulette wondered while chewing her sandwich.

— You know, this Corsican slave who did his apprenticeship in the United States. I went with him to America last year, to the Domineering Sex girls, and sold him there to a little Eurasian prostitute."

Paulette took the glass from the tray still supported by Connie. She took a sip, put the glass down and replied: - Yes, of course, it's thanks to this guy that you were able to afford your tennis court.

tennis, right?

- Exactly ! I asked his new owner to have him write down his adventures as a slave to prostitutes and to let him send me his memories. I see she hasn't forgotten...

Paulette had finished her little snack. She disdained the towel that Connie had placed on the tray and wiped her fingers, lightly greased with butter, in the slave's hair and, with a wave of her hand, she signaled him to move away. Connie got up and took the tray with the empty glass and plate towards the kitchens. Then he immediately returned to take orders.

As soon as he was on his knees in front of me I greeted him with a pair of masterful slaps.

- Picked up ! I ordered, pointing to the mail scattered at my feet. He hastened to obey and, when he had cleared the way, I added, while scanning the manuscript with my eyes:

— Go to the bedroom, there is a pile of laundry to iron... You will also polish my black high-heeled pumps and you will prepare my green dress with the matching lingerie. Go !

- You are going out tonight ? Paulette asked with visible astonishment.

— Yes, I have an appointment with a young assistant director of a scent. He invited me to dinner. Afterwards we go to the theater and...

—Is he a lover? Paulette said mischievously.

— Not yet, but... probably tomorrow morning... In the meantime, I'm going to try to read this manuscript... perhaps it will put me in a good mood for the night that awaits me.

“Okay, in that case, I'll pick up Dick and leave you with you, darling,” Pau said, getting up.

Dick being back, helped her put on her shoes, dressed himself and they left, leaving me alone, on the sofa, with the manuscript that Félix Gambiani had aptly titled: *The Slave of Prostitutes . prostitutes*).

Chapter II

The apartment is modest but tastefully decorated and furnished! This was my first impression when Mistress Ann-Tien took me to her house. It took me a while to realize what was happening to me. Very recently I was still in Corsica. Unemployed, I was moping around waiting for a hypothetical job. Then, one day, I received a phone call from Mistress Marika telling me to come to Paris immediately.

The next day, I took the plane with her to the USA. There, we were welcomed into a sect of dominatrixes. Although sharing the existence of the many slaves of this group, I was mainly employed in translating the complete works of Mistress Marika into American.

I worked wholeheartedly for whole days. Then, suddenly, when I had finished, without knowing why, I was sold like merchandise to Mistress Ann-Tien. I obviously do not dispute the fact that being a slave I am nothing other than a simple commodity in the eyes of my Mistress nor that she is completely free to lend me, give me, rent me or give me sell to whoever she wants without having to justify herself. But I was astonished at the suddenness with which the transaction took place. Before getting rid of a slave, temporarily or permanently, most Mistresses like to torment him by informing him of this upcoming transfer. Being lent, rented, given or sold is always a particularly distressing prospect for a slave. And this anguish, difficult to conceal, is a source of enjoyment for the Mistress. Obviously, Mistress Marika had not had time to play this little game.

I already knew Mistress Ann-Tien to whom I had been subjected for a whole afternoon in a luxury hotel to the great pleasure of Mistress Marika and one of the girls of the sect. So I knew nothing about the profession she exercised.

After having been a fixed-hour slave for Marylin and her daughter Pamela, an episodic slave for Mistress Marika, I found myself in the

status to which I had always aspired: that of full-time slave. I had to face the facts: I was nothing more than a slave and nothing more than that.

My personal property and everything I owned in Corsica would be put in the name of Mistress Marika. My identity papers had been taken away from me (I was to learn later that Mistress Marika had used them to take a “specialized” American slave she had acquired out of the United States).

Without work, without money, without identity, I knew that, from now on, my Fate was irreversible: I was a slave for life!

— And there you have it, said Ann-Tien, pushing me into her living room, you are at my house and you belong to me. You are my slave... You must think that it would have been much easier for me to take a slave from among my clients, don't you? I thought about it, you know! And I have even had several experiments in this area. But most of my clients are working and that doesn't fit with what I want. As for those who don't have a job, they are all from Los Angeles.

They have family, friends or relations here. They could be recognized at any time in any place and I couldn't do what I wanted without risking having trouble one day. And I don't want a story. My profession doesn't allow me to have one. And, moreover, to be frank, all those I put to the test were not able to resist the slave life that I made them lead for very long. For them, Mistress-slave relationships are a game in which they participate when they feel like it.

So they gave up their apron and I had to let them go because I had no right to hold them back... You are different. I paid you, I bought you. You belong to me in the same way as this chair, this rug or my pair of boots.

You are a foreigner, what's more, in an irregular situation, you have no family, no friends, no relations here. So I can take you wherever I want. You don't have a dollar in your pocket, no papers, no visa. Officially Mr. Félix Gambiani returned to France with his partner. Or rather yes, you have an identity: that of this “specialized” slave that your Mistress transported in your place. Your name is “Bobby McDonald”. I keep the identity documents with me in case we have a police check. And do you know who Bobby McDonald was?... A notorious notorious male prostitute who worked in a filthy brothel for queers, on file with the Los Angeles police for that, but also for a drug case. I don't think he was really on drugs, but the two girls who were masking him had drugged him by force and then had him pinned, just to have more control over him... Yes.

by chance you were trying to keep me away, and if you succeeded, you wouldn't get very far in this town with such a file and without a dollar. The old McDonald's madams would quickly get their hands on you. I would still have to negotiate your sale at a low price and you would end your life as a scumbag for fags. Because I wouldn't do anything to get you back if you played a trick like that on me, you can be sure of that. You would be punished much better that way. What do you say, slave?

I fell to my knees and prostrated myself at the feet of my young Eurasian Mistress.

— I know that my French Mistress sold me to you, Mistress, and I will respect this act of sale until my death. I belong to you and will belong to you as long as you want me. I will do everything in my power to obey you and satisfy you."

Ann-Tien burst out laughing and stroked the top of my head with the sole of her high-heeled shoe.

"I didn't expect anything else from you, little dog. Your French Mistress warned me that you were a genuine, honest and perfectly trained slave... And then I was able to judge you for a whole afternoon, remember?

- Yes, Mistress, it was an unforgettable afternoon.

— Well, you will know many others like this. You have to understand, you have become the slave of a prostitute... I should say the slave of prostitutes because the amount requested by your Mistress was very high. I was only able to pay three quarters of it, the remaining quarter was advanced to me by three of my colleagues, Janique who you already know, as well as Leïla and Judy who you will soon get to know. You will owe them obedience and submission as to me. Understood ?

- Yes Mistress" I replied in a voice muffled by the thick carpet.

— For Janique there will be no problem. She shares this apartment with me and you will have the opportunity to serve her as much as I do. For the other two you will see them mainly on the premises of our work and outside if they express the desire... Now, you are going to get naked! Being firmly convinced that I exist only to serve and obey women, I

have always carried out to the letter the orders they gave me. Whether it is Mistress Marilyn, Mistress Pamela, Mistress Marika, all those who have possessed me have only had to praise my services and

my perfect obedience. But, more than any other, I had the desire to satisfy Mistress Ann-Tien's slightest whims. Firstly because I had never felt as completely a slave as I did this time, and secondly because the threats of the pretty mixed-race prostitute had deeply shaken me. She certainly didn't make up what she told me. Bobby McDonald and his past as a male whore! As long as I satisfy Mistress Ann-Tien I will have nothing to fear. But, if I were to disappoint her, she might try to sell me again to get back some of the dollars she had paid for me. I don't think a Mistress from good American society would buy a slave from the underworld of Californian prostitution... maybe another prostitute? old, fat, ugly and vulgar... but more surely, Mistress Ann-Tien would not hesitate to sell me to these two madams who were already working for the real Bobby Mc Donald. Easy and risk-free transaction for my young Mistress.

I wanted to be enslaved, humiliated, beaten, skinned alive, cut alive into small pieces by her or by her friends or by any other graceful and feminine Mistress, but the idea of ending up as a basin for fags horrified me. I will accept anything rather than even touch the risk. Mistress Ann-Tien had undoubtedly understood this and, as a result, she knew that she could demand anything from me and make me suffer anything.

I promptly stripped myself naked and was about to get back on my knees but Ann-Tien stopped me with a gesture.

— No, stay up!

She took the nipples of each of my breasts between her thumbs and forefingers. with both hands and fiddled with them in all directions while observing them.

— Get on that chair! she then ordered.

I obey.

— Spread your legs and lean forward!

I obey again, revealing my buttocks and my anus to him. I felt his hands knead my buttocks and his fingers spread them to examine my brown carnation.

I expected her to insert one of her fingers with long, sharp nails inside my ass, but she spared me the humiliation. Instead his hand slipped between my thighs and came to grab my penis and my testicles. Without gentleness she pulled them between my legs, pressed them and twisted them, no doubt to observe them from every angle. After this silence

inventory of my intimacy which lasted several minutes she slapped my buttocks with the flat of her hands. Without violence and without malice.

— It's okay, you can come down... Stay standing and turn towards me!

I faced her again but modestly kept my eyes lowered, judging myself unworthy of meeting her gaze at the same level as her. His hand went to my face to turn up my nostrils. I understood what she had observed on my nipples, on my foreskin and, now, on my nasal septum. These were the holes that Mistress Pamela had drilled there a few years earlier.

— I see with pleasure that part of the work has already been done, she said with a mocking smile, it's a good job! Your French Mistress had already told me... Besides, she gave me the accessories... Go and get them in the corridor!

I ran and came back with my box of rings which I presented to him on my knees.

- Standing ! she ordered, taking the box.

With the diligence of a studious student, she placed the ring in my nose, then the nipple rings.

— Get back on the chair, facing me!

I complied and she fixed the foreskin ring. Then she took me back down and attached the carabiner of a leash to the nose ring.

“Until now,” she said, “you have worn these rings occasionally. From today on, you will have to get used to living with them because it is only occasionally that they will be taken away from you.

At the time I admit not having grasped the true significance of these terrible words and having given them very little importance. In front of me, Mistress Ann-Tien delighted, with little laughs, in pulling on the leash with repeated little tugs. The purpose of this was to raise the nose ring and force me to move my head forward, pulled by my nose. Ann-Tien burst out laughing,

— It's really something great. I love that ! she said to herself. And she added: — Now, I'm

going to show you around the house... follow me!

She turned around and, pulling gently on my leash, she dragged me behind her. I was very lucky to be sold to a Mistress like Ann-Tien, firstly because, obviously, she was very young (I was to learn later that she was not yet twenty-four).), then because she was very pretty. By following her through

apartment, I could not take my eyes off her thin, slender figure, her long jet-black hair which flowed silky and straight down her back, to the top of her back, displaying a violent contrast with her bodice. bright red silk. Her long, tapered legs, sheathed in nylon, with feet shod in black high-heeled pumps, open at the toes and strapped around the ankle, faded away at mid-thigh under the corolla of a leather skirt. cinched at the waist by a wide leather belt inlaid with metallic patterns.

- Here is the kitchen, little dog, she said, turning towards me with a smile, it is a room in the house that you will get to know well because you will spend part of your time there... As you can see it is relatively spacious... Now, come on, let's move on.

She turned around, still pulling me roughly by the leash attached to my nose. We crossed the living room again to enter a spacious bedroom in the center of which sat a carved wooden bed covered with a thick black velvet bedspread studded with multicolored flowers. Two armchairs upholstered in the same fabric, a large wardrobe and a large dressing table completed the furniture in this room with a floor covered in a pleasantly soft carpet and walls hung with velvet. Ann-Tien led me to a door, on the left, which opened into a bathroom where there was a powerful smell of perfume and feminine essence. At the back of the bathroom opened the toilet.

— That's it for the living space, Ann-Tien told me, but there's another room that I have to show you... come on!

She dragged me after her. We found the bedroom, then the living room to return to the corridor. There, my Mistress pushed open a door padded with red leather and pulled me into a room plunged into total darkness. She pressed a switch... It was a vast room with walls protected by heavy black velvet curtains. The two windows, carefully boarded up, did not allow a single ray of light to filter through. Inside this room, a pillory, two Saint Andrew's crosses, an easel, various devices and entire panoplies of utensils of coercion, flagellation, shackles and pliers of varying dimensions.

— Here, it's more of a place of work for me, but also of pleasure. I receive there by appointment a few regulars and important and rich clients who cannot compromise their reputation at the turn of a

Street. You'll see, it's also a lot of fun! Ann-Tien promised me, giving me one of her crooked smiles for which she seemed to have the secret.

She turned off the electricity and took me back into the hallway.

— There you go, little dog, you know the house!

Mechanically she looked at her watch bracelet.

— Well, I'll have to go, I have some errands to do and I'll start my job in two hours... While I'm gone, you'll just have to open the sideboards, the drawers, the cupboards. . this way you will become familiar with the location of everything. The sooner you know, the better served we will be.

She let go of the leash that hit my stomach, turned around, picked up her black leather jacket in passing and left the apartment without even bothering to lock the door.

I stood there, surprised and disconcerted by the attitudes and ways of acting of my new Mistress. I had expected, when I entered her apartment for the first time, that she would try one of her crops or one of her whips on me like any other dominatrix would have done. Just to let me know who was in charge or to check my high level of resistance to pain. But it was enough for Mistress Ann-Tien to tap my head with the sole of her pump and gently slap my buttocks to impose her authority on me. Not even a slap!

No cruelty, no sign of sadism emanated from her pretty face with its slightly ocher complexion, round chin, slightly high cheekbones, framed by the impeccably cut bangs which veiled her forehead, and by the black flow which slid from side to side. other of his cheeks. And yet, deep in the dark pupils of her barely slanted eyes, I believed I discerned the cold determination and implacable authority of the woman accustomed to being obeyed without question. A certain indefinable unease gripped me under his eternal ironic smile in which affectionate mockery and the most scathing contempt were inextricably mixed.

I will probably rarely be beaten and tormented for his pleasure. She reserved these things for her clients. But I had the firm conviction that if I failed him in anything, I would be mercilessly punished. A sentence that fell from that adorable, thin-lipped mouth would never be followed by a reduced sentence...

As she had advised me, I used the time left free by her absence to open the sideboards in the kitchen, inventory the drawers to fix in my mind the exact positioning of the dishes and kitchen utensils, In the living room- room, I visited the bar, the different labels of the drinks that were stored there and the glasses corresponding to each of them, In the room, I opened the wardrobe, the chest of drawers, the wardrobe, inspecting the dresses, the skirts, sets, coats, shoes, underwear, sweaters, blouses and all that host of typically feminine accessories. In the current state of my novitiate, the major difficulty was to differentiate the clothes which belonged to Ann-Tien from those of Janique. The same went for toiletries and cosmetics both on the dressing table and in the bathroom. That would come later... I was finishing my inspection tour when I heard the front door open and my Mistress's heels clicking in the corridor. I rushed to prostrate myself and kiss her feet as is the rule for all slaves in the world upon the arrival of their goddess, but she stopped me with a gesture by placing a few packages on the cushion of an armchair. of the living-

room.

- No time ! she said, here, try this!

She took a large brown raincoat from a plastic bag.

I put on this garment which came down to my mid-calf and which, for my part, seemed much too long to me.

— Very good, said Ann-Tien, now put these on!

From another package, she took out a pair of men's boots, not leather but simple black plastic, with flat heels but a high shaft. The boots were too big. The amount disappeared under the sides of the raincoat.

- Perfect ! exclaimed Ann-Tien, putting a brown felt on my hair, this will be your going out costume. Tuck the leash inside the raincoat and pull up the collar.

I did as she asked.

— Now, on the way, it's time to go to work!

Unconsciously, I must have let a flash of anguished surprise appear in my eyes, Ann-Tien noticed.

—What is it?... Something wrong? Ah yes, the ring on your snout!... I haven't forgotten it. You keep it. I find that it is a sign which leaves no doubt about your condition as a slave... You will have to get used to it because I have

planning to show off with this ring in many places. However, in this building and its immediate surroundings, I authorize you to hide it...

Take this !

She threw me a scarf.

— If we're not alone in the elevator, you'll just have to bury your nose in this scarf, as if you had a cold... Now, come on!

As soon as I walked through the front door, I couldn't help but lower my head, casting furtive glances to the right and left, dreading seeing some random person appear. Fortunately, we were alone in the elevator to the basement parking lots where Ann-Tien's car was stored.

During this long descent, my young Mistress did not take her eyes off me. She didn't say a word but her smirk spoke for her.

Obviously, she was very amused by my embarrassment.

In the semi-darkness of the basement car parks, my anxiety lessened slightly. Arriving in front of Ann-Tien's car, I hesitated for a few seconds, not knowing if she wanted to put me in the back seat, under the dashboard, or simply in the large rear trunk.

“Come in next to me,” she said, opening the door, “but first, take up your raincoat. I want you with your butt naked on the leather cushions.

I obeyed and sat down as she slammed the door and walked around the car to get behind the wheel.

“Put your heels together and squeeze your knees,” she ordered again.

I did as she asked.

— Now extend your arms, palms open upwards above the knees but without any point of support.

I obey again. She took her black leather purse and placed it on my hands.

— This is a position you will have to take every time I allow you to sit next to me in the car... And you stay still the whole way!

She chuckled and started the engine. As she backed away, she added, “There is no particular reason for this position other than the fact that

that she amuses me. However, if you want to invent one, all you have to do is tell yourself that it is natural for you to protect my handbag from the slightest shock...

Chapter III

At first glance, I recognized the street and the hotel to which Mistress Marika and one of the amazons of the sect had taken me one afternoon to have fun at my expense. It was here that, for the first time, I met Mistress Ann-Tien. I was a hundred leagues away, then, from thinking that one day I would belong body and soul to the young Eurasian.

She parked her car in the street, about a hundred meters from the hotel.

— Lower your collar and come down! she ordered.

Although it was late afternoon, it was still light and onlookers were wandering around ogling the girls camped all along the sidewalks. No question here of hiding my nose ring behind the scarf that Ann-Tien gave me. had actually recovered as soon as we got into the car. With trembling legs, I went out onto the sidewalk and waited until my Mistress had locked her doors. A big red-haired girl approached me...

— Hey, Ann!... is this your new acquisition?

She took me by the shoulder, turned me around and looked under my nose... And what she saw made her raise her eyebrows, penciled or more precisely smeared with black.

— Well my darling, you didn't waste any time getting this one ready...

Other girls came closer and giggled. A few onlookers stopped and tried to see what was happening. Mistress Ann-Tien joined us, shook hands, kissed cheeks and introduced me as a French slave she had purchased. The girls giggled.

— That's how we should all decorate them guys! shouted a girl.

— I would be in favor of putting the ring on their lips, to make them
Shut your mouth, said another.

— That's not all that, interrupted Ann-Tien, but I'm not early...

— You, take out your leash! she ordered me.

She grabbed the handle of the leash and, waving at the girls with her other hand, she turned on her heel and pulled me behind her. A few onlookers stopped, taken aback, probably wondering if they were dreaming. Three young people, who were coming in the opposite direction, suddenly burst out laughing and jostled in front of us, bursting into ridicule.

— Where are you taking him like that, to the slaughterhouses?

— Don't eat it all, leave us some!

— I want an ear...

Ann-Tien waved them away. Further away, I heard a man, very good dressed, who shouted to the astonished little bourgeois woman who accompanied him:

— We will have seen everything... There really are some completely degenerate guys.

It was the first time that I had been exposed in this way among people completely strangers to SM. The anxiety that had gripped me in the elevator and, a few moments earlier, when I had gotten out of the car, faded more easily than I expected. Among these people around me, I wondered how many there were who envied me deep down. How many of them had a violent erection watching this? How many would later masturbate while visualizing the scene seen? And I felt very proud of this ring that pierced my nose, very happy also to be kept on a leash and displayed in public by this pretty girl whose heels clicked on the asphalt as we arrived in front of the hotel where she was working.

Two girls were standing at the entrance to the hotel.

- Hi, Ann, said one of them, a tall, chubby brunette whose imposing chest had all the difficulty in the world not bursting out from the bra that barely concealed it, so is this your investment?

“Not bad at all,” added the other girl, a fairly skinny blonde with short hair, who came up to me and played with my nose ring.

Ann-Tien turned to me: — She's Leila,

she said, pointing to the dark-haired girl, and she's Judy, she added, showing me the other girl. For you, it's Mistress Leila and Mistress Judy... Besides, you will have to give the title of Mistress to all the girls who work here... understood?

“Yes, Mistress,” I said out loud.

—Good, now come along, we're going to change...

She took me through the living room that I already knew, then up a few steps to access a small room in which several cupboards were placed. A locker room, like in any company.

Ann-Tien opened one of the cupboards and took out a pair of steel handcuffs which she attached to her belt, across her stomach. Then she pulled out a few riding crops and opted for a thin black leather one.

— Take off your hat, your raincoat and your boots and put it all there- inside, she ordered me...

I obeyed as she enjoyed the flexibility of the riding crop she had chosen.

—Ah! I forgot ! she said when I was naked.

She rummaged in the closet, pulled out a pair of black latex briefs which she tossed to me.

— Put that on! In the USA it is allowed provided you do not see sex.

It would be so stupid if a cop came by and picked you up for this peccadillo... Fine! Now let's go!

We made our way back to the front door. Another girl had joined the two who were there when we arrived. A beautiful blonde that I already knew: Mistress Janique without a doubt.

—You are going to lie here, on your back, with your arms at your sides and not move without orders, Ann-Tien ordered me when we had joined the three girls.

The hotel corridor was quite wide. Only one leaf of the door was open. I lay down on the cold tiles, my head against the closed door and my right arm along the plinth of the wall. Ann-Tien attached the handle of my leash to the handle of the door. Judy squatted down next to me and began to inspect and play with the rings on my nipples.

- This thing is great, she chuckled, it must be used for lots of funny things!

She scratched the skin of my chest and stomach with her long crimson nails and, seized by a sudden intuition, she lifted my latex underwear and looked inside.

— Eh... there too... I told myself that it couldn't have been forgotten.

She plunged her hand inside the panties and her fingers began to triturate my already stiffened penis and to play with the ring which infibulated my foreskin. Then, she pushed her investigations further by hooking her nails into my

scrotum and kneading my bursae with the palm of his hand.

Unquestionably, she must have been the youngest of the four and, despite her outrageous makeup which hardened her features, she had the facial expressions of a little girl who had just discovered an unknown toy.

For a few more moments I was the center of the conversation and jokes of the four Mistresses then Judy left me and they talked about something else without paying any more attention to me. Lying on the ground as I was, I had above me the grandiose and captivating panorama of their four pairs of legs sheathed in very fine nylon, crowned by the corollas of their very ample miniskirts which concealed nothing, for me , privileged spectator, of the alluring crotches of their sexes veiled by tiny black lace briefs. Mistress Ann-Tien had, indisputably, the most beautiful legs and I felt a pang of pride. But Janique's were also very beautifully curved. Mistress Leila had thighs and calves that were a little too strong, while Mistress Judy seemed to me to have legs that were a little spindly. This was an assessment that I made in spite of myself, knowing that I had no right to do so since every slave knows that his Mistress is perfect. And I was the slave of these four women...

Janique stood closest to me. Her back was turned to me and the heel of her shoe was rubbing against my cheek. Suddenly, without turning away, she lifted her foot and crushed my mouth under the sole of her shoe while continuing to chat with the others. Instinctively, I stuck out my tongue and licked the dominant sole as best I could.

From outside I could hear the sounds of the street, the footsteps of pedestrians and the few sentences that potential clients exchanged with one or other of my Mistresses...

One of them agreed with Judy and followed her into the hallway.

He stopped when he saw me: —

What is that? he asked, visibly unhappy.

- Our masochistic slave, replied Judy, for a little extra, we'll take him with us... We can do whatever you want to him... that's what he's here for! The man shrugged his shoulders.

— No, thank you... Not today..."

He followed Judy but turned around before entering the living room. I heard him say: —
Well, the poor guy,
mustn't have fun every day with you.

— What do you want, it's his destiny as a slave... he's made for that! Judy replied.

Janique had not removed her foot from my face during this interlude, so that I had seen very little of the man and that he himself had probably not seen my face. When he came out, between twenty minutes and half an hour later, I was no longer there...

Indeed, in the meantime, a tall dark-haired guy, dressed elegantly, with an austere appearance, had introduced himself, who had set his sights on Ann-Tien. I heard them discussing and then agreeing on the price. Then the guy came into the hallway and saw me. Same question as the previous one:

- What is that ?

Same response from Ann-Tien as that given by Judy. This time, the guy let himself be tempted by the attraction that I represented in his eyes. He accepted the supplement and I climbed behind the couple, pulled by the leash that my Mistress held with a firm hand. Ann-Tien and her client agreed on the scene to be performed. I only heard snatches of sentences. Obviously there was no point in me knowing the plot. I was only equipment belonging to Ann-Tien and made available to her customers.

All that was asked of me was to satisfy the client's libido to fill my boss's purse. The rest was theirs alone.

Ann-Tien made me kneel in the center of the room then, the purely material questions settled, she turned to the man.

—So he is the culprit! she said, pointing at me with the end of her riding crop.

- Yes... yes, ma'am, stammered the man, I... I can assure you... I was a witness... I saw him... it's really him.

- So, you are in agreement that we should punish him immediately! Every guilty person deserves to be punished, right?

- Perfectly... perfectly agreed... murmured the man who had suddenly turned red and seemed very intimidated.

— So, I'm going! Ann-Tien said, taking off her leather jacket, hands on her head, slave, she ordered.

She raised her crop and I heard the hiss before feeling the line of fire which cut my shoulders. A second blow hit me lower in the back. Methodically, Ann-Tien circled around me, streaking in turn, my sides, my chest, my stomach, my back and my buttocks. The weirdos are

mixed and intertwined. I was expiating, in silence, for a fictitious fault of which I did not even know existed. I was my Mistress's working tool and she used me for the sole purpose of increasing her client's excitement. The flogging was not simulated and I had to grit my teeth to keep from moaning.

In spite of myself, I sobbed and I saw Ann-Tien's ironic smile revealing her pearly teeth. Seeing me cry didn't seem to displease him... Nearby, silent, the man was panting and rubbing energetically between his legs, masturbating over his pants. And, suddenly, having undoubtedly reached the peak of his level of excitement, he rushed on his knees at the feet of my Mistress.

— Stop!... stop, Madame... I beg you... he is... he is innocent... it's me... it's me who did everything, everything...

Instantly Ann-Tien stopped flogging me and turned to her client. She seemed truly furious, playing the comedy to perfection.

- What ? what do you say you dirty dog? It's you ! And you let me punish an innocent man? I'm going to make you pay for this, scumbag. Get undressed and faster than that!

With a trigger of her foot she pushed me violently and sent me rolling to the ground while she furiously attacked the person who was panicking in his undress with his riding crop. When he had taken off his shirt and dropped his pants and underwear at his feet, she whipped him with even more force than she had displayed for me. The man's thin, pale body bore marks of past but relatively recent flogging which quickly faded under the new welts that Ann-Tien drew on his flesh. While she was banging, the man masturbated frantically, uttering harsh moans.

— You bastard... coward... aren't you ashamed to have someone else punished in your place? I'm going to fucking kill you... I'm going to make you spit jets of blood, you dirty bastard, my Mistress squealed while continuing her terrible whipping.

Finally, uttering a long moan of intermingled pleasure and pain, the man ejaculated. His viscous sperm crashed onto the ground and spread into small whitish puddles. Ann-Tien immediately stopped hitting and stood with her legs spread above the stains on the floor.

— Disgusting character, now you're dirty! Come on, both of you, lick it!

And, while she played with twisting her riding crop between her hands, we both rushed on all fours, prostrated before her and, face to face, we licked, between her feet, the traces of pleasure that this double flagellation had snatched from his client.

Few men, even slaves, enjoy having to lick and swallow their own semen and many Mistresses delight in forcing them to this humiliating task. But the humiliation is increased tenfold when it comes to swallowing another man's sperm. Mistresses who are lucky enough to be able to have fun with several slaves and who allow them, or force them, to ejaculate at the end of a masturbation, generally public, require, of course, this exchange of good practices between their submissive animals.

I was a bit in this situation, forced by Ann-Tien, to lick her client's droppings. Having become the slave of prostitutes, I thought that I would certainly have this type of service to provide quite often. I might as well get used to it...

When we had properly cleaned the ground between her feet, Ann-Tien's attitude changed towards her visitor. She stroked his hair and patted his cheek with a smile.

—So darling, are you happy? It was good ? she asked.

- Gorgeous ! I've never had so much fun. Really the presence of this boy is a brilliant idea. It allows you to act as spectators, to gradually arouse yourself and to delay the expiration of the pleasure. That's a wonderful initiative you've had there, mademoiselle."

— If you liked it, you'll have to come back, my darling... in the meantime, get dressed!

While he did so, my Mistress turned to the mirror above the sink and straightened out her hair. She put her jacket back on and came towards me to take my leash back in hand.

— Excuse me, young man, for having made you inflict this correction but it was very exciting for me, said the customer, now dressed and ready to leave.

- You don't have to apologize to him, Ann-Tien corrected, this thing belongs to me. He is my slave, subject to forced labor and punishable at will. He is there to satisfy me and you. It's up to him to thank you for being willing to use it.

And I had to, to thank the man for paying the high price to Ann-Tien, prostrate myself at his feet and kiss his moccasins. Become one again

a man like the others, the person smiled sadly and declared:

— Do you know that I envy her, mademoiselle, for being able to devote her miserable existence to serving you. How lucky I am to be, like him, poor and without a social reason!

I returned to my place, at the feet of my Mistresses, on the cold tiled floor of the corridor, at the entrance to the hotel. Judy had returned, but Leila was no longer there.

Probably set up with a client...

- Hey, cried Judy, discovering the red and swollen streaks which streaked my body, you did not spare it, our little domestic animal.

Ann-Tien sneered: —

If we have three or four like that, in the evening, he will be skinned alive before dawn... In the end, then it's not any worse. These whipping marks look more real... They will not fail to impress the amateurs.

In fact, I was used three more times to increase my Mistress's price, once that of Judy and once that of Janique. But I only received futile lashes compared to this first whipping which had made my blood boil.

Chapter IV

Like any girl working in an office, a factory or any company, my Mistresses had regular schedules which they rarely violated. Ann-Tien, Janique and I were traveling by car from the hotel to the apartment. Janique took her place next to Ann-Tien who was driving and I was relegated to the back seat, under the conditions laid down on the first day by my Mistress. With these differences aside, I had to support, on my outstretched hands, Mistress Janique's handbag joined to that of Mistress Ann-Tien. I was also forbidden to lean against the back of the seat. A very useless ban anyway since my Mistress inserted the gear change lever into the handle of my leash which was intended to pull me forward by the

nose.

We return to the apartment late at night and, must I say, I am as exhausted as they are themselves. As a rule, they don't think about anything other than going straight to bed to sleep. After picking up and putting away the dresses, underwear and shoes that they have strewn around the room, I slip under their bed to immerse myself in a restful sleep.

But Ann-Tien and Janique only work at the hotel four days a week. These are the four nights that I spend like this. Other nights, my sleep depends on their mood. Sometimes I am invited to lie down at their feet, at the bottom of the bed, with the mission of warming them or licking their feet, to relax them. Sometimes I am chained, kneeling at the foot of the bed, my arms crossed and my chin resting on the edge of the bed. This position is particularly uncomfortable for sleeping, especially since the next day I have to be as fit as if I had slept in a bed. This penance is imposed on me to compensate for the annoyances that one or other of my Mistresses suffered during the day. Still other times, but more rarely, I am taken into the tiny cellar, at the level of the parking lots and

suspended, by the wrists, the tips of the toes barely touching the ground. The cellar is cool and damp and, as I am naked, I spend an entire night shivering and moping thinking of my divine Mistresses snugly embraced in their warm sheets. No way for me to sleep in these conditions. The slightest torpor that overtakes me results in a slumping of my body and a cruel pain in my wrists which wakes me up immediately.

I must admit that it is always as a punishment that I am taken to the cellar to spend the night. To punish clumsiness, hesitation, a flinch of pain deemed inappropriate by my Mistress during a session with a client. And this punishment was only inflicted on me because a private client of Ann-Tien spent the night in the apartment. Which customer will be able to replace me, in the morning, to prepare and serve breakfast to the two women.

Task that usually falls to me. There is no set time for this. Everything depends on the awakening and the appetite of the Mistresses. Whether I am awake or not, I am forbidden to move without being ordered to do so. When I'm lying under the bed or huddled at their feet, all it takes is a brief order: "Slave, cook!" » to make me run to the kitchen. If I am chained to the foot of the bed, one of them unties me, not without asking, with a mocking smile, if I had a good night. Usually, Mistress Janique breakfasts with eggs and bacon, orange or pear marmalade, chocolate, and Mistress Ann-Tien eats steak with spinach or bean sprouts and jam, all copiously washed down with Orange juice.

I have to make sure that both of their trays are ready at the same time and take care not to forget anything. I kneel next to each of them in turn to offer them the tray intended for them and I return to kneel next to the bed while they eat. Sometimes one of them orders me to spend my free time licking their feet and sucking their toes. While eating, they chat and joke without paying attention to me.

A slap of my heel in the face tells me that the meal is finished and that I must serve. I kneel next to the bed to collect the trays and bring them back to the kitchen before running to the bathroom to prepare the bath and the foaming oils. When everything is ready, at the indicated temperature, I

come and prostrate me at the foot of the bed announcing to my Mistresses that everything is at their disposal. Typically, they wash together.

Invariably, Ann-Tien gives me a sign which I immediately translate. I go to the kitchen and empty the remains of their mixed breakfast into the bowl reserved exclusively for me. I bring this bowl back and place it at the entrance to the bathroom. Meanwhile, my Mistresses have gotten rid of their night clothes and come forward naked... One after the other, they squat over the bowl at the bottom of which stagnate pieces of eggs, meat scraps, fruit skins or seeds, sometimes leftover spinach or bean sprouts, orange juice and bread croutons. When they have both relieved themselves abundantly, the bowl is almost full.

— Eat your soup, slave! orders Ann-Tien.

Kneeling on the bathroom tiles, facing them as they sink into the foaming water, I have to drink the warm contents of the bowl. But, more often than not, my Mistress orders me to get a piece of bread, dip it in the bowl “French style” and eat it like bread left soaked in café au lait. They are very amused to see me do this, ensuring that the French eat their breakfast like real pigs.

I have to hurry to finish before they want to get out of the bath. An imperative snap of the finger orders me to lie down at full length, on my back, near the bathtub, on the cold tiles of the bathroom. My chest, my stomach, my thighs and sometimes even my face serve as a bath mat. Sometimes, one after the other, more often both together. They wrap themselves in a large bath towel and dry themselves while happily trampling on me. When they get off my body and put on their slippers, I have to worry about emptying the bathtub, cleaning it and putting everything back in order while they go to their toilet, one at the sink, the other at the sink. the hairdresser.

It is only very rarely that I help them with their toilet, their makeup or their undressing, other than to provide them with what they need, with the exception of the polishing and varnishing of their toenails which is my responsibility on a daily basis. The hours that follow pass differently for my Mistresses who sometimes leave the apartment and sometimes stay there to write or go about their personal activities. For

For me, these hours are regulated by a rigid timetable. First there are the daily tasks: vacuuming the living room and the bedroom, remaking the Mistresses' big bed, tidying and cleaning the bathroom and the dressing table after they have finished with their beauty care, clean their hairbrushes, brush and air their boots and shoes, do the dishes and prepare lunch and dinner according to the instructions received.

Then there are the weekly tasks. A day of the week being assigned to each of them. There is laundry day when I have to wash Mistress Ann-Tien and Mistress Janique's underwear by hand, their little panties, their stockings, their garter belts, their bras, some jumpsuits and petticoats, and their night clothes. I pay particular attention to the little briefs and stockings of which I put the crotch of the former and the feet of the latter to soak in my mouth. While I wash the other pieces of clothing, I salivate profusely and suck these delicious feminine confections as my previous Mistresses taught me to do.

For large laundry and household linen, there is another day. I take everything to a laundromat and dry cleaners in a nearby street. It's the only regular outing I do alone. Also one of the rare times when Mistress Ann-Tien agrees to remove the leash and nose ring from me. I also collect the laundry from the previous week, washed, dried, but not ironed. I do the ironing when I get home because today is ironing day.

Another day is devoted to cleaning the coppers, few in number, and the large number of leathers, especially in Mistress Ann-Tien's torture chamber. Most of the instruments are made of leather and I have to ensure that they are perfectly maintained.

When I was working for Marilyn and her daughter Pamela, I had been introduced, at the same time as Mark, to sewing. As a good slave, I excel in this art, which suits my two mistresses. So there are two consecutive days where I have to cut, stitch, sew, darn. One day for Ann-Tien, the other for Janique.

The other two days of the week, I am taken by car, after having done my daily chores, to Lena's and Judy's where I work hard until the evening, cleaning, washing, ironing, maintaining the leather goods, etc. Very happy to have at their disposal a little maid at their disposal, they don't give me a second of respite and I am truly exhausted when Janique or Ann-Tien comes to pick me up

in the evening, generally to take me to the hotel where other pleasures await me as I have already written before. At lunchtime, at Mistress Ann-

Tien's, I serve the two young women in the kitchen which is comfortable enough to serve as a dining room. The ritual hardly differs from that required by all other Mistresses. I kneel near their chair to present the dishes to them and, while they eat, I crouch behind the seat of one of them, head bent below, ready to pounce as soon as an order fuses, to present the next dish, to offer the current one again, to fill a glass or hold out the basket with the bread. While I am thus prostrate under the chair, I have the leisure and the privilege of being able to contemplate my Mistress's calves, her ankles, her heels and sometimes, a few centimeters from my face, the soles of her shoes if, She crosses her feet under the chair. I must fight not to allow myself to dream in front of these wonderful visions and not to hear an order or a call emanating from the feminine lordship. Because neither of them raises their voice to address me and their orders are sometimes formulated during the conversation without them deigning to change the tone of their voices. So I have to remain very vigilant and listen to them talk in order to extract from their words the few words addressed to me.

When they have finished their meal, I serve them coffee and present them with cigarettes which I light for them. I am allowed, at that moment, to empty the remains from their plates into my bowl. If these leftovers are not large enough, Ann-Tien allows me to add food that is lying in the dishes. Unlike many Mistresses who only feed their slaves sparingly, claiming, rightly so, that a slave who is hungry is always malleable, more submissive and better feels the degrading and shameful position which must be the his own in the permanent degradation he must endure. Ann-Tien of course shares this point of view but, in my particular case, she believes that the work I carry out, the physical constraints imposed on me, require that I be in perfect shape and therefore perfectly well nourished. In addition to being her slave, or more precisely because I am her slave, I am also one of her work tools and, as such, she must keep me in perfect working order.

I kneel in turn next to my two Mistresses to present to them my full bowl with both hands. Each drops a jet of

saliva or sputum. Sometimes they shake out their cigarette ashes or spit out a mouthful of coffee. Only then am I allowed to slip under the table, place my bowl at their feet and eat, without spoon or fork, while they finish smoking, have their coffee and chat. My meal ends when they get up so I always have to eat very quickly otherwise I will eat little. If they linger at the table and I have emptied my bowl, I must stay under the table without moving and wait for their pleasure. These days fill me with joy because I can easily admire their feet, their legs and sometimes their thighs revealed by their short or rolled-up dresses.

Dinners at home are much rarer but, when they do take place, the same ceremonial is rigorously respected. After Lunch, I continue my work to carry out the routine household chores assigned to me. My Mistresses relax at home or go out for a walk or to the cinema. In fact, I don't know where they go, and what could be more natural?

On the few evenings when they are not working, when they are not having "special nights" and when they are not going out, they watch television. Sometimes both, more often just one of them. I am then used according to their fantasy. When Mistress Ann-Tien is alone she prefers to make me squat in front of her chair, on my knees and on my forearms. She extends her legs and places them on my back. I act as a beanbag for the duration of the program she is watching. On those evenings, I have my ears plugged with playdough and my eyes blindfolded with a pair of very thick gymnastics tights. My Mistress rightly believes that it is harmful for a slave to hear or see television where women are rarely considered as the exceptional beings that they are. For the same reasons, I am prohibited from reading newspapers and magazines, exceptions made for the numerous US magazines dealing with female domination and in which Mistress Ann-Tien places numerous advertisements to ensure the clientele of convinced masochists ready to pay the high price.

Janique, when she is alone, prefers a much more complicated arrangement. She makes me lie with my back on the seat of her chair, my legs spread too far and thrown back on either side of the backrest and my head thrown back in front of the seat. On the forks of my thighs and against the backrest she places a large cushion and sits on my stomach, her thighs resting on

my chest and her legs lying on a beanbag, real one. I have to stay for hours in this uncomfortable position, crushed by the weight of my blonde Mistress who does not hesitate to move and wiggle on the living cushion that I offer her. My thighs and legs become stiff and a sharp pain grips the back of my neck, especially when Mistress Janique crosses her extended legs and her hocks rest on my chin, almost bending my head at a right angle. Not to mention that it is excluded, for her convenience, that she feels me breathing under her, which forces me to breathe very slowly.

If my two Mistresses are present, my position is simplified.

I am simply lying on my back in front of the sofa where they are both sitting and my body serves as a cushion into which the heels and soles of their apartment mules sink. Sometimes, Ann-Tien does me the favor of placing her sole on my mouth and I delight in moistening the rough leather and licking this fine shoe which crushes my lips. When she is particularly generous, she removes her mule which she lets rest on my chest and offers me her bare foot which I lick with fervor, respectfully sucking each toe. My docile tongue passes back and forth between her slender fingers and I feel her feminine foot shiver and wiggle under the sweet tickle that my servile labor gives her.

Of course it is no coincidence that my Mistresses live in the same apartment. They are very naturally bisexual but the intensive association with men that their profession requires makes them preferentially seek the company of women. Being dominant, Ann-Tien compares males to despicable earthworms barely fit to crawl at her feet.

For her, man exists only to be enslaved, dominated and rejected in his true place: under the thumb of women. His sexual contacts with them are exceptional. And never with a slave. I have heard him say on several occasions that, in a well-made female society, a few good stallions should be selected who would serve to give women pleasure and procreate and that all other males should be castrated at birth and reduced to slavery. Sometimes he discovers a handsome stallion outside of his clientele and takes pleasure with him.

When this happens, always in Janique's absence, I am generally locked in advance in the torture chamber for the duration of their antics. But, if she is particularly lively, to spice up the

meeting she can just slide me under the bed, without her "friend" knowing. I watch, helpless and silent, the amorous joust, watching the bed base move and listening to the moans and sighs of pleasure of the two lovers. Needless to say, these sessions are real torture for me due to the terrible excitement they give me. But the ring that infibulates my penis destroyed all hope of satisfaction for me. And, in these moments, I cannot help but think of Mistress Pamela and the nonchalance with which she assumed the right that was hers, to dispose of my virility and to have this ring placed on me which allowed, since then, to all the Mistresses who have succeeded her to dispose of my enjoyments according to their whims. Twice I was not hidden from the gaze of a one-night lover.

Either he was aware of the life led by Ann-Tien, or he appreciated this kind of spectacle. What impressed these two men above all were the rings which passed through my flesh and more particularly those on the penis and nose. One of them, who must have been a psychologist, scientific writer or professor in some discipline linked to philosophy, judging by the titles of the few books he placed in the living room upon entering, was surprised:

— I admit that there are types who find their pleasure in submission, who enjoy their debasement, their humiliation. I understand that they like to be dominated and beaten by a style of woman that matches their dreams and is able to emulsify their desires. After all, it's very normal since love is always a bit like that with various gradations. In this area as in others there are extremists. Masochists are extremists of submission just as sadists are those of possession. Failing to like this and share these tastes we can understand them and even make an effort to help these people to take responsibility and experience a joy of living which they would otherwise lack, even if they had every chance, all happiness, all the fortunes of the earth. A frustrated masochist or sadist quickly becomes obsessed with the passing of time and fading away without giving him the slightest joy. He quickly loses all interest in what surrounds him, despises those who are incapable of giving him the taste for living and happily lets himself die when he does not simply end his life. All of this, deep down, is logical, pathological, but pathology is human and it is more up to others to understand than to them to

to change. Because it is impossible for them to change. And whoever refuses to play their games contributes to their assassination. It may be a game, more or less repetitive, with strong moments and down times, or even a way of living, everyone living their life as they wish, but I admit that these rings in the breasts, in the penis and in the nose disturb me a little, just as people who mutilate themselves or are mutilated for life amaze me...

Ann-Tien burst out laughing.

— You are confused, darling, because you want to explain everything using logic, starting from normal. Extremists did you say? Well yes, extremists! but tell yourself that your graduation is incomplete because there are degrees among the extremists too. And at the other end of these extremists, there is this! Guys like him who have no use for episodic sadomasochistic games, sessions and evenings of humiliation interspersing their lives as humans like any other. They are also above regular slavery behind a facade of respectability. This one has a human appearance but make no mistake, he is no longer a man, only his body still is, his mind is that of a slave as they were considered in times ancient, that is to say less, much less than an animal. I could try poisons on him. He would absorb them while knowing he was going to die. And he would absorb them with joy because that would be my will. He removed his “façade of respectability”, removed his “life as a human like any other”. He doesn't play sadomasochism, he lives his life as a pure and simple slave. It was established in the United States a few years ago.

It was his mistresses at the time who disposed of his body to place these rings on him without asking his opinion. It then belonged to a French dominatrix who wrote books on the subject. I bought it from her. She sold it to me as if it were a handbag, a trinket or a pair of shoes. He was not even consulted. He had nothing to say. He went from one to the other without knowing half an hour earlier who it would belong to.

I could have been old, ugly, ugly. He would have served and obeyed me with the same fervor, the same submission. Because his destiny, his reason for being, his life, is to obey, to serve and to be humiliated and beaten by the one to whom he belongs.

—And... if you had been a... man? suggested the stranger.

— I suppose his French Mistress would not have sold him. Slaves of this type are exclusively reserved for the use of women. These are items that only a woman can use... like a dress,

stiletto heels, suspender belts. Of course there are also male slaves for the use of men just as there are female slaves for men and others for women. You should not mix everything up and it is important that a Master respects the option of his slave. Which does not mean that he is incapable of serving a man. You, for example, he can serve you, humiliate himself in front of you or let himself be beaten by you. If this is my desire and if I give him the order he will do it with pleasure because it will be MY will!

— But all the same, this guy... this slave... his French Mistress and he loved her perhaps... so leaving her like that to follow a stranger... it's beyond me.

A broad smile blossoms on Ann-Tien's wonderful lips — Love! the feelings!...

Of course he loved her. He loved her precisely because she was his Mistress. The same woman, incapable of dominating him, would have been totally indifferent to him. Here too, you shouldn't mix everything up. A masochist can only love a dominating woman and a woman can only be loved by a masochist if she dominates, degrades, humiliates and hits him. It's simple, the tougher and more severe she is, the more he loves her.

This is the reason why a true dominatrix ignores jealousy. The more haughty, cruel, inflexible and imaginative she is in the pain and humiliations she inflicts, the more she knows she is loved. A dominatrix likes to lend her slave to other women just as she likes to humiliate him in front of them. Between dominatrixes these are simple, unimportant slave exchanges, beneficial for everyone given the diversity of training methods. With women who are not necessarily dominatrixes it is a risk-free game. What woman could fall in love with a man she saw crawling under the whip or who licked her feet or something else on command? And then these acts are an additional link which attaches the slave to the chain of loyalty of his Mistress. Only these loves are like any other, with the difference that only the Mistress can get tired and decide to break up. So she sells, gives or exchanges her slave to another that she herself has chosen. And the slave must love this Mistress with a new love. Sometimes the Mistress is content to rent it or lend it for a fairly long time. What old married couples do who separate for a while... to take stock... You see, there is nothing new or extraordinary, it's another way of acting, it's everything... His French Mistress sold him to me because she was fed up with him and coveted

a new human object. Now he belongs to me, and he loves me because I know how to be his Mistress.

— Seen from this angle, obviously, admitted his companion.

It was obviously from this angle that it had to be seen and Ann-Tien was able to prove to her lover how submissive and attached I was to him. To make him feel it and to also undoubtedly excite himself, she rewarded me, in front of him, with a severe whipping after which I thanked her by kissing her hands and feet. I served them dinner in bed and, after their loving interlude, she asked my mouth to clean her penis and also ordered me to clean her lover's penis and restore vigor to it in my throat. The boy did not seem unhappy with the formula repeated several times, any more than he took any displeasure when Ann-Tien ordered me to lick his feet and suck his toes.

To compensate me perhaps, and to thank me for my total submission, my divine Mistress then made me lick her adorable little feet for a long time and suck her cute toes with painted nails while her fiery lover took her once again.

And, when they turned off the light to doze off, she threw her little underwear at me and ordered me to finish the night kneeling at the foot of the bed, sucking the thin strip of nylon soaked in her delicious scent.

Supreme flavor for the slave that I am, strictly forbidden from everything sexual contact with a woman.

Chapter V

Many of the clients who visited Mistress Ann-Tien at the hotel were regulars who returned at specific times, some weekly, others twice a month, others monthly. More than their own desires, I believe that it was above all their bank account which regulated the frequency of their visits. There were also, like everywhere in these kinds of places, passing customers who we never saw again.

But, as I said, Mistress Ann-Tien placed numerous advertisements in the SM magazines which flourish here. This is strictly private. She received these clients at their home and had, for them, the torture chamber lined in black. Some people from the city, or the surrounding area, with a good situation, or a known name also frequented my Mistress in private.

Many of these people asked for more than a dominatrix can grant in a "pass", however long it may be. The price they paid was in relation to the material required by their fantasies and the talent that the young woman had to display.

Very often, it was Ann-Tien who had to temper her clients' hopes of suffering to avoid an irreversible accident. Being forced to resort to Emergency Police or at worst to "mortologists" is never good publicity for a dominatrix and Ann-Tien was, of course, keen to never go to such extremes. And you always had to rely more on your own common sense than on that of your willing victims.

Among those who demanded the most, I must mention sewing or stitching enthusiasts. One of them, a small man aged around fifty, wearing glasses and a goatee who my Mistress called "the butterfly collector" comes once a month. I think he is a Russian or a national of an Eastern European country. When he shows up I open the door for him in my total nudity and I introduce him into the living room where Mistress Ann-Tien is sitting leafing through a magazine. As soon as she sees it, she drops the magazine and asks:

— So old crab, did you bring me a beautiful butterfly this time?

- Yes Mistress, yes, absolutely beautiful! simpers the man.

— I hope it's not like last time, that you're not going to waste my time with a very common specimen?

— Oh no, Mistress, no, I assure you... he... he is very handsome.

— Well, we'll see that! Go get undressed.

I take the client to the dark room and come back to notify Mistress Ann-Tien when he is naked. She gets up, enters the dark room, turns on the electricity and grabs the man's penis and testicles in her hand. She pulls it all out, twists it and pinches it with a contemptuous smile.

— Well... it's not great... a pretty poor butterfly! Anyway, I'll see what I can do with it."

She takes a plate of thick cork which she places on a small coffee table in front of which she sits on a leather-trimmed stool.

- Approach ! she orders the man.

Trembling with pleasure, he complies and advances against the coffee table.

Ann-Tien takes his genitals and places them on the cork plate.

— The nails, the hammer! she asks me.

On my knees, I present him with long pins fitted at the top with small steel balls, and a light hammer.

— How?... You're going to pin him like that!... You don't kill him first?... He's alive, you know! sputters the guy, prey, one might think, to real terror.

Ann-Tien snickers.

— But of course, big stupid, these animals have to be pinned alive so that they retain all their beauty... We kill them afterwards or we let them die of pain... It's more fun for me, you know !

The man nods and admits: - Then, if it

is for your pleasure, Mistress. That's all that matters, isn't it?

— Of course... what does the suffering of this butterfly matter to you, if it is tortured for my pleasure... Only I am important, you know that well since you always bring me the butterflies that you capture.

Slowly, taking her time to accentuate the distressing wait of her victim, she takes a pin whose tip she dips in a bottle of antiseptic liquid, alcohol I think, then she pulls the skin of one of the

purses, extends it as far as possible on the cork plate, places the tip of the needle on it and, with the hammer, taps lightly on the steel ball of the needle. The needle passes through the skin and into the cork plate. The man lets out a moan of pain mixed with pleasure. Ann-Tien smiled as she stared into the eyes of the owner of the "butterfly". Then she takes the skin of the other purse, stretches it in the opposite direction and inserts a new needle. Then she completes her work by pushing three more pins into the stretched skin at the extreme of each testicle. Immobile, head bowed, the client is crimson, his lips are muttering, saliva is beading at the corners. Can we know if the origin of his disorder is pain or pleasure? Indisputably it is the fact that it is a pretty girl like Ann-Tien who inflicts this torture on him.

When all eight pins are inserted, the Mistress moves back her seat and rubs her hands, satisfied.

— Phew, the wings of this beautiful butterfly are now fixed. I deserve a little rest... Slave, pour me a whiskey and soda!

When I return with the ordered drink Ann-Tien has swapped her stool for an armchair which she has placed in front of the small table. She stretched out her legs and placed her feet, clad in thin-heeled pumps, on each side of the cork board. Her soles and heels sink into the thighs of the still motionless client.

She takes the glass that I present to her on her knees and drinks slowly, in small sips, without losing her ironic smile and without taking her eyes off the blushing face of her victim. This interlude aims to increase the tension of the latter who knows that the worst is yet to happen. Also to let the bruised flesh rest, to soothe the pain in order to better revive it a few minutes later...

The glass emptied, she takes up her stool, her needles and her hammer.

- Now, she said, let's look at the abdomen of this superb beast... a magnificent specimen that you brought me there, old bastard!

- Thank you... thank you Mistress, he stammers without us knowing very well if he thanks for the appreciation or for the insult. For both, no doubt.

Then, Ann-Tien pinches the skin at the base of the penis, pulls it as far as possible and sticks a needle on the left side, then another at the same height on the right side. The man closes his eyes, grimaces with pain and pleasure, saliva, this time running down his chin. Two other needles come to tighten

the skin on each side of the penis. Fortunately, the man is powerless. If he were to bandage his skin would inevitably be torn by the needles. But he remains limp.

Satisfied, Ann-Tien pushes back her stool.

— Cigarette, slave! she orders.

She returned to her chair and her position, her feet on the table, her soles and the heels dug into the man's thighs.

— He suffers martyrdom, the beautiful butterfly, she said, smiling with a falsely stiff air, "but he is happy to suffer for his beautiful Mistress, isn't that old dog?

"Yes, Mistress... yes, he is happy, very happy," he stammers, lifting towards her with eyes filled with tears, ecstasy and deep gratitude.

Ann-Tien sneers and draws on her cigarette to extract curls of smoke which she diligently blows into the face of her tense and still immobile victim. And, suddenly, she leans over, cigarette in front, above the ridiculously torn, throbbing and tortured mass of flesh...

— But, for example, she says, looking falsely perplexed, would that beast be dead? Say, what do you think, you old wreck?

She raises her head and her beautiful black hair slides down her back. She stares into the eyes of the man who is trembling with delicious fear. He looks at the glowing end of the cigarette a few centimeters from his pinned penis and responds in a quavering voice.

"Perhaps...perhaps she is dead, Mistress.

"Well, but we'll make sure of it," says Ann-Tien happily.

And, with calculated slowness, she lowers her cigarette and places the lit end right in the center of the penis which is twisting under the burn. The man flinches and Ann-Tien bursts out laughing.

— Praise God, she says, she is not dead. She's still moving. She gets up, pushes back her chair and takes back her stool, her needles and her hammer.

"In that case," she said, "I'll be able to attach the head to this little creature. "

With her fingertips, she pinches the skin of the foreskin, pulls it forward, presses it against the cork and pushes the pin right in the middle, finishing fixing the genitals of the client who is trembling with emotion and suppressed pain.

"There," she says, getting up, "let's let this beast die." Dry out

on the board... Now run into the living room and walk... don't stop walking, she orders the client.

The first part of the session is over, but the voluntary martyrdom of the little man with the goatee is not over. While Ann-Tien goes about her business in the apartment and I go about mine, he keeps going in circles through the living room, carrying in both hands the cork board on which his sexual attributes are torn apart and fixed by the needles. Each step brings new pain. He cries silently but his face reflects a strange ecstasy...

He walked like this for almost two hours. Until Mistress returns Janique qui exclaims when she sees him:

— Hey, the “butterfly collector!” what are you doing here, old fool?

- Madam... Madam... look what a beautiful rare specimen I brought back to Mistress Ann-Tien, he says, his voice sobbing, lit with a new fear and pleasure, as he comes to stand in front of her. arriving, proudly displaying the object of her torture.

Janique bends down, contemplates the torn creature for a moment, passes the tips of her fingers over the tormented flesh, scratching in the process the trace of cigarette burn to revive the pain. Then she bursts out laughing.

—What, old scoundrel?... rare this specimen?... Are you kidding us? It is a butterfly of the most common species.

Ann-Tien, who approached silently behind the man, enters the scene. She grabs him by the ear and pulls it like a stubborn child.

— So, you made fun of me?...You wasted my time! Madame is a butterfly expert. Madam knows... What should we do with this miserable beast, madame? she adds to Janique.

She shrugs her shoulders, carefree.

— Well... kill her if she's not dead yet and throw her in the trash!...

Ann-Tien reveals the hand she was hiding behind her back and which was holding a short flat ruler. She begins to strike repeatedly on the tense and bruised penis. The man grits his teeth and his eyes widen with the new pain, but he does nothing to avoid the “massacre” of his dear little butterfly. Quite the contrary. He lifts the board higher, in front of the blows. The two women laugh and joke. Ann-Tien continues to strike and suddenly, without his penis having hardened, without it having really

hardened, the man tenses, lets out a grunt as a moan of pleasure and his pleasure beads up in his foreskin, and flows with difficulty, on either side of the needle onto the cork plate. Ann-Tien stops hitting and cries: — That's it Madam, the beast is dead... I crushed its head

— So throw it away! Janique concludes, losing interest in the matter. It's

finish. Ann-Tien pushes the goateed client towards the torture chamber, she removes the pins from him, frees his aching penis which she cleans with a cotton pad soaked in alcohol. While I wash the cork board and the pins, the man gets dressed. When he is ready, he thanks Ann-Tien for her good offices, pays the price for his painful pleasure and takes leave of the two women with a ceremonial hand kiss.

— Farewell, Professor, said Ann-Tien kindly, come back whenever you like. When you have caught more butterflies!

Among many others, “the butterfly collector” is one of those originals of pain who like to be tortured sadistically and mercilessly and whose martyrdom must continue for hours before leading to the desired pleasure. I could evoke dozens of cases, all different from each other, but whose only goal was to experience pleasure and achieve happiness in the torments that Ann-Tien inflicted on them for very high sums.

The one who, among the fashion freaks, caught my attention is, without doubt, a relatively well-known theater actor in Los Angeles whose admirers would be very shocked to know the little hidden passions.

When he arrives I have to take him to the torture room, have him undressed in front of me and tie him up on a mechanical pommel horse, his arms at the feet of the machine and his legs together. The first time, I was very surprised to discover the ink drawings which decorated her breasts all around the nipples.

When he is ready, I will get my Mistress. She enters the room, seems not to see her client and insults me.

— Slave, where have you stored my work?... I will make your butt bleed if it is not ready.

I drop to my knees, point to the pommel easel on which the actor is tied, and I respond.

— He is ready, Mistress, see for yourself!

- GOOD ! So, my needles, my thread, what are you waiting for?... Do you want it

whip ?

I rush to bring the "sewing box" to Mistress Ann-Tien.

From his future bed of pain, the actor follows us with his gaze, but remains silent.

— Stay on your knees next to me and hold this sewing box open! Ann-Tien orders, as she maneuvers the pommel horse and tilts it so that the tortured man's genitals are within reach.

— Damn... damn, she says, sitting down on her little stool, it's torn here, you have to sew it up..."

Between her long slender fingers, she takes a needle, some sanitized thread. She raises her arms so that her patient can see each of her movements and strives to slide the thread through the narrow eye of the needle. She ties a knot at the other end of the thread, then she places the skin of the testicles against the inner skin of the thighs, pinching everything between the thumb and index finger of her left hand. The needle pierces the skin of the testicles, that of the thighs... crosses... the thread follows... Once, twice, ten times... twenty perhaps. The tortured person trembles, his penis swells with force, he pants, sweats profusely, his eyes close, his jaws clench.

Ann-Tien bends down, brings her mouth to her work and, with her teeth, cuts the thread flush with the sewn flesh. Finally the terrible sewing is finished...

For this side only, because the Mistress turns the pommel horse and sets about continuing her cruel work on the other thigh.

When the two thighs and the testicles are rigorously fused Ann Tien stands up, stretches and cries joyfully.

— Well, here's my work repaired, I'll be able to get serious at work... Slave, a whiskey!

I put down the sewing box and run to prepare the aperitif which I bring back on a tray. Ann-Tien meanwhile, straightened the pommel horse. The sewing enthusiast's body returned to horizontal. I kneel. Ann-Tien takes the glass, takes a sip and places it on her victim's stomach.

— The sewing box! she orders.

I present it to him. She takes a colored thread which she adjusts to a needle.

Then she takes the glass again, empties it in one gulp and gives it back to me. Slowly, she climbs over the pommel horse and sits comfortably on the lower abdomen and on the genitals that she has just tortured. Then she leans forward and begins to embroider the drawing in the flesh of the nipples.

ink. From time to time, she sponges, using a compress, the small drops of blood that bead from the skin she has crossed. Beneath her the body of the "work" experiences jolts of pain, convulsive tremors which she seems not to notice. Each time she changes needle and color of thread, she stands up and puts all her weight on the lower abdomen crushed under her buttocks. Serene happiness alternates, on the actor's face, with painful contractions. Unfazed, Ann-Tien embroiders the design completely on both nipples. Which represents, for her, almost two hours of work. For him, an extremely enjoyable sexual torture.

When my Mistress finally stands up, the slightest trace of ink is embroidered on the slave's skin, the multicolored threads firmly embedded in the flesh. Ann-Tien contemplates her work for a moment then jumps smoothly to the ground.

— A beautiful piece of ladies' work! What do you think, slave, she asks me.

I nod, not without noticing that her leather skirt is stained with long white streaks. White streaks which also stain the man's stitched testicles and thighs as blatant proof of the intense pleasure he experienced when Ann-Tien's needles bit his flesh, the threads welded to his skin while that the magnificent buttocks of the Eurasian brunette were crushing his painful penis.

With fine scissors, my Mistress cuts the threads and unstitches the thighs of the patient. A cotton pad soaked in alcohol soaks up the droplets of blood.

— Untie him! she orders.

A few minutes later, the actor is free. He put his clothes back on over his still embroidered breasts. He walks towards the living room where Ann-Tien is waiting for him, sitting on the sofa. She welcomes him with a gracious smile.

—So, did you like it today? she asks him.

I note that this is the first word she has spoken to him in hours. that he is at his disposal.

— You were wonderful Miss Tien, wonderful! he says, sitting down next to her, "each time I come here, I have the impression that I couldn't bear any more and, each time, I have an even more complicated drawing made for me so that it takes longer to embroider..."

— You will keep it for twenty-four hours in memory of me! simpler

She.

—Forty-eight hours, dear friend, forty-eight hours... if I can.

And they start talking about everything and nothing. Except sadomasochism, except the strange passion of this playboy of the seventh art. Ann-Tien orders me an aperitif for both of them which they sip while talking about her career, her projects, the difficulties and the thousand and one gossip of her job.

Then he leaves, after discreetly passing a few bills from his hand to Ann-Tien's. He goes out to offer his adored image to a few thousand admirers who are unaware... who will always be unaware that, under his famous cowboy jacket and his perfectly fitted shirt, his breasts have been embroidered by the expert hand of a strange Eurasian seamstress.

Chapter VI

It is customary to speak, in order to pity them, of the unfortunate solitary slaves to whom no woman has had the ingenious idea of collaring them. I know the desperate situation of these unfortunate people, having experienced it myself for several months. Too happy to have endured this hell for a short time, I feel poorly placed to act as their advocate here. This is, moreover, not my role.

Rarer are Mistresses without a slave. So rare that this case is never mentioned. However, since I have been in the service of Mistress Ann-Tien, I have known one of these disinherited people.

She appeared one afternoon in my Mistresses' apartment in the appearance of a ravishing creature with wavy blonde hair, dressed in a classic black suede suit and high leather boots of the same color. I had obviously not been warned of his arrival and Ann-Tien's voice echoed the energetic ringing of the front door.

— Go and open, slave!

Assuming it was a customer, I rushed over. Naked as it should be and only adorned with my rings, my collar and the leash which permanently hung from my nose. My surprise was great when the door opened in front of this woman who must have been around forty years old at most.

When she had entered and I had closed the door behind her, I prostrated myself at her feet to place my lips on the toes of her boots. Mistress Ann-Tien's orders were very strict on this detail. Being a male slave, I had to greet with submission and humility any female person who entered the apartment. Most of the women who came here were fellow dominatrixes of Ann-Tien or prostitutes who knew her well. They were therefore not offended by my humiliations. The former ignored them with disdain, the latter were amused. But, on two occasions, however, the visitors uttered a cry of fright or downright revolted surprise. They were canvassers that

my total nudity, my rings, my chains and my degradation had filled with fear. Ann-Tien immediately came running, pushed me away with her foot and apologized to the visitor whose eyes were wide with fear and disgust.

— It's nothing, she said, smiling, my friend and I were waiting for someone we wanted to surprise. He took you for her, it's just a game!

A game!... The stranger could, at a pinch, admit it for the nudity, the chains and the kiss on her shoes, but the flesh of my nipples, my foreskin and my nose crossed by rings had to last her seem like crazy odds for a prank between friends. Neither of them, however, made the slightest comment at the moment but they were very interested and came out reinvigorated by the interlude and with the deep conviction that Mistress Ann-Tien was very lucky to have a “partner” like me to have fun in society. Especially since they were able, while conversing with my pretty Mistress, to appreciate the perfection of my service in passing them the refreshments and toasts prepared hastily but impeccably.

The pretty blonde who showed up that afternoon was not a sales representative. She wasn't a prostitute either. She was a dominatrix. But a dominatrix of a very special kind. Not a professional. She had no clients and did not have a “stable” (stable). She was quite simply what I could call a dominatrix who practiced in the strictest privacy. She was there for very specific reasons which she explained to Ann-Tien after telling her the story of her life. My presence with the two women, to serve them, allowed me to learn everything from her.

Firstly, that she was a very well-known lawyer in Los Angeles and that she demanded, from Ann-Tien, unfailing discretion, of which my Mistress assured her. Anxious not to betray the word given, I will therefore call this woman June without dwelling further on her identity. Coming from a wealthy background, she was established in a law firm by a father whom she succeeded. She married an ophthalmologist but the couple got along very poorly and the marriage lasted very little. Enough, however, for the doctor's younger brother, who had completed his law studies, to be employed by his sister-in-law as a trainee lawyer. Situation which could have been difficult at the time of

divorce if young Clarke had not begged his pretty relative to keep him with her, adding to convince her:

— You can ask me whatever you want, I will do whatever you like!

This humility, this self-sacrifice, this promise of obedience and submission were, in June's eyes, the qualities which had made such an impression on her husband so that their understanding was perfect. And didn't she discover them at her young brother-in-law's house? In a few seconds she measured all the benefit she could gain from such a profession of faith if she took it literally.

In addition to being an efficient collaborator and a talented substitute, Clarke had just discovered himself a servant who was all the more devoted because he was secretly in love with her. With soft steps at first she imposed herself on the young man, demanding ever more and ever more eccentric. Meeting no resistance and realizing that he even followed her orders, she abandoned all measures and quickly transformed this zealous servant into a submissive slave whose everything she governed, his work of course, but also his sexual life and even the most personal thoughts.

But, given the environment she frequented and in which she lived, June thought it was better to regularize her intimacy with Clarke by marrying her.

- But be careful, she warned him, it's a marriage for others. There is absolutely no question of you sharing my bed or having sex with me. You are my thing and you will remain so. Simply, it will facilitate our relations and allow me to have you constantly at my disposal. It remains of course that this does not give you any rights over me and that I remain free to have any liaisons that I please."

Clarke had no choice. The idea of even discussing it would not have occurred to him. After having been the brother-in-law then the assistant, the collaborator, the servant and the slave of June he became, on an honorary basis, the husband of his ex-sister-in-law.

These wife-mistress, husband-slave relationships lasted several years, bringing each element of this couple, very prominent in good Californian society, perfect happiness and in accordance with their respective tastes. June had laid down very strict laws which Clarke almost never transgressed and, if he did, he cruelly paid with severe whippings. An immutable rite

had established itself between the spouses and everything was going well in this marriage which everyone agreed to find charming.

Then one day Clarke fell ill. Before allowing him to be consulted by a doctor, it was necessary, for the sake of the couple's reputation, to wait until the welts from the last whippings and some other traces of mini-torture had faded. The illness worsened and spread quickly.

When the doctor was finally invited to visit the patient, Clarke was in the worst condition and the man of science had him transported to the hospital where a devastating generalized cancer was detected. And, a few days later, Clarke died. Because it also happens that slaves die!...

The dominating widow felt real sorrow because she loved her slave husband very much. For the strictly sexual side of her existence, this death did not change much, but the sudden end of her dominant activities weighed heavily on the life and character of the unfortunate June. There is no question for her of looking for slaves through classified ads or frequenting places where such encounters usually take place. His position did not allow it.

It was by chance, during a dinner, that she heard someone speaking who said they had seen, in a busy street in Los Angeles, a young Eurasian prostitute walking a man whom she was holding by a leash. to the ring he had in his nose. Discreetly, she noted the name of the street and went there to find out.

She had seen. And this vision had given him an idea. After a quick investigation, she had obtained Ann-Tien's address and made an appointment, like any client.

The purpose of his visit was simple. Two days later was the anniversary of his marriage to Clarke. They used to celebrate it in their own way, at the restaurant. She could not bring herself to break this habit and considered hiring a slave to replace the deceased. She had thought that Ann-Tien could help her out and that I was the ideal slave for this kind of evening. My Mistress smiled at this idea then stated the price of my rental, which seemed astronomical to me. To my great surprise, June acquiesced without flinching and I was invited to listen, on my knees, to what was expected of me for this unusual role.

The evening of this famous birthday Ann-Tien drove me through the beautiful neighborhoods of Los Angeles to a plush apartment where the name

de June was written in black letters inside the entrance hall where a vigilant guard sat behind his desk, equipped with incredible surveillance equipment. Fortunately for the occasion, my rings had been removed. Clarke did not wear one and the lawyer seemed not to have been sensitive to it.

She welcomed my Mistress with a broad smile and handed her a sealed envelope.

— Here, she said to him, as promised, half the amount on delivery and the rest tomorrow morning after use.

Ann-Tien was in a hurry. She refused an invitation for a drink and left in the hands of June who pushed me towards her bedroom.

“Undress, slave,” she ordered me sharply.

I did what she ordered without any embarrassment. It's been a long time since I've been upset about having to undress in front of a stranger who keeps her clothes on. I know that my body belongs to my Mistress and to all the women to whom she consents to submit me and I know that all these women can use and abuse it as they wish according to their imagination.

The lawyer walked around me and assessed me with a severe eye but without uttering the slightest remark. With quick steps she walked towards a small, beautifully carved chest of drawers. I could admire her swaying gait and the fantastic sway of her buttocks molded in a long black lamé dress studded with sparkling sequins. When she returned I appreciated the dress slit on the side which revealed, with each step, a perfect leg sheathed in smoked nylon and wearing black patent pumps with very high heels. The dress cut low on the chest and revealed a fairly opulent chest which jiggled voluptuously.

In her hands with long lacquered nails, June held several alligator clips of different sizes. Without a word, without even a look, she began to decorate me like a Christmas tree. A clamp bit the tip of one nipple, a second clung to the other nipple. Without worrying about my contractions under the unbearable bites, she made sure that the two clamps were well hooked by pulling on them. Her face remained impassive, with a disdainful pout over her foundation and makeup.

With a snap of her fingers she motioned for me to get on a chair. What I did. With the same inflexibility, she fixed two other clamps, one closed on the skin, separating my two testicles and the second, larger,

on the skin separating the base of my penis and the top of my scrotum. Meticulously, she checked again that the pliers held well then she turned away.

- Dress yourself ! she commanded, pointing to the men's clothing neatly spread out on the bed.

I first put on a t-shirt made of synthetic fabric which hugged my body around the clamps of my nipples then a pair of briefs, of the same material which also compressed the clamps placed on the most sensitive parts of my person but a pair of briefs bottomless which left part of my buttocks and anal area exposed. After that a sumptuous white silk shirt whose back panel had been cut above the kidneys, then black tuxedo pants, also cut low on my rear. I adjusted the black bow tie and June stopped me when I Were going to put on the long black jacket with a tailcoat.

- Hold on ! she says.

She went back to the dresser and came back with a long box which she opened on the bed. She took out a large ivory dildo which she had me coat with vaseline so as not to have to get my hands dirty.

—Bend forward!

Despite the terrible and humiliating pain I felt, I had to obey.

I was there for that. With one hand, June spread my buttocks and, with the other, pushed the sexual substitute into my anus with sharp movements. I bit my lip to keep from screaming and tears instantly came to my eyes. But June was still pushing and I felt the huge thing go deep inside me. When she judged it to be sufficiently deep, and it was certainly as deep as possible, she took a large roll of adhesive cloth paper from which she cut strips which she stuck from one buttock to the other, in a cross, to maintain this such a cruel object, - You can stand up, she said, put on your jacket!

The back of the jacket beat against my buttocks and covered them.

- If you don't want anyone to see your ass, you'd better stand up straight, she added without a single line of her face twitching to express the irony or the threat expressed by her remark.

An overcoat, shoes and a hat for me, a fur for her, which I help her to put on, and we are ready to go down to join the taxi she has just called. Before going down, she makes me take a

sumptuous black leather briefcase bag, not very suitable, it is true, with my outfit.

— Watch over this bag as you do over yourself and keep it with you, orders her in a neutral, but firm tone.

In the taxi, I have to lift my coat so that the bare part of my bottom is in contact with the frozen leatherette of the seat. More than this unpleasant contact, more than the promiscuity of my flesh with this seat covering which has seen posteriors of all kinds sit, more than the clamps which create, in me, painful burns at the level of the breasts, and above all, between my thighs, it is the infamous ivory member which imposes terrible discomfort and constant torment on me. This rigid mass which has been introduced into my foundation is, at the same time, a painful call from my condition of slave and an exciting contact which keeps my senses alert. Whether I walk or sit, her presence is a constant reminder that my body does not belong to me, that it was sold to this woman in lamé and fur, covered in jewelry and enveloped in an aura of captivating perfume. This woman who addresses me neither a look nor a smile, and seems not to see me and not to notice my painful efforts to maintain a dignified attitude.

One of the fanciest and most expensive restaurants in Los Angeles welcomes us. Never could I, a miserable slave of prostitutes, have dreamed that one evening I would come and dine here with an opulent blonde beauty so richly adorned, in a tuxedo of such an elegant cut and fabric. But what a tuxedo!... When I take off my coat to take it to the cloakroom, it seems to me that the whole room can see my pants open and laugh at the St. Andrew's cross made of sticky paper which is plastered on my buttocks, A particularly posh room. Clientele in evening wear parading pearls, gold and precious stones.

Unquestionably, June is a regular here. The staff smiles at him with deference and guides us towards the back of the room into one of the many booths which have the advantage of being kept away from too bright lights. I walk with a stiff and stilted step behind my ravishing and busty mistress who rolls her hips in her magnificent lamé dress and sends, here and there, a gracious smile to a few familiar faces. I wonder if, among these people, there are any who know the secret of June's fantasies. How many of them know about the pierced tuxedo and underwear? How many of them know that my left gait is from wearing a dildo

deep inside me? Maybe all and maybe none. Perhaps June told them that she couldn't let this anniversary of her marriage to her loved one pass without a parody of celebration? So at least they know that I'm a prostitute paid to play this role and to give June the illusion that Clarke isn't quite dead.

This is why their gazes ignore me, pass through me without seeing me.

June sat down. I sat down after her.

— Lift your jacket... buttocks on the seat! she dictated while maintaining a perfectly impassive mask.

I obeyed. I'm used to it in Ann-Tien's car. It has become the fate of my buttocks to be posed without the veil of pants wherever they sit.

June places meal orders for her and for me, without asking my opinion or my tastes. For her, these are unimportant details. To the eager boy who seems to know her habits well and who only addresses herself, she declares, with an adorable little desolate look, that "Monsieur" is not well, that he unfortunately has to follow a diet and that he must eat lightly. Diet is not the style of the house, so the maître d' does his best to offer her dishes that she accepts or rejects according to her sole whim without her inquired about my consent. I wonder if June's fantasies aren't an open secret. If everyone doesn't know what Clarke really was to her, how do we know? I never knew...

With the menus, June also ordered two bottles of Champagne, giving the brand and year. When the two bottles were on the table, June bent down, She grabbed the leather bag that I had placed near her. The exchange was quick. One of the bottles disappeared into the bag, fitted with a tight-fitting cap. Her twin sister appeared on the table. Same brand, same year... but completely different content...

"Your champagne, slave," June whispers.

I pour her a flute of real Champagne and change the bottle to use the one she brought. The color is almost identical, more yellow and cloudier perhaps. I put the bottle down, June raises her glass.

"I toast...to the anniversary of my marriage to dear Clarke," she said.

I also raise my glass and we drink. She this delicious, fresh and voluptuously sparkling Champagne and I her acidic and lukewarm urine. June smiled. Her teeth shine with a pearly shine between her luscious, crimson lips. She is very beautiful. I think that Clarke must have experienced delicious moments of pain and intoxicating sessions of humiliation at the hands of such a woman.

The first dishes are served. Under the table, June extends her leg and places her foot on my chair, between my thighs. The sole of her shoe presses on the pincers which cruelly bite my flesh. She slowly moves her foot, accentuating the torture and the fire that devours my sexual attributes.

— Smile, she said, I want to see you smile... Clarke had learned to smile when I tortured him like that throughout the meal... and talk to me. Thank me for doing this to you... tell me you like suffering for my pleasure.

So I smile, I talk, I thank, I tell her that I like it when she makes me suffer. Which, moreover, is perfectly true because the pain is unbearable but divine and my penis erects and fights against the elastic fabric of the briefs. She feels it rolling under her sole and displays a disdainful expression.

— I knew that you liked it too:... Like my poor Clarke!

She leans towards me across the table and motions for me to lean my chest towards her. I comply. Her sole crushes between my thighs. The pain becomes terrible but I manage to keep smiling. We are almost mouth to mouth. But she doesn't kiss me. She places both hands on my nipples and begins to play with the clamps which bruise them.

—Your body belongs to me. All the sensitive points of your person are mine. I can play with them as I please, torture and excite them as I wish. And you must smile because I like to see you smile when I torture you... Bring your lips forward... to kiss me.

She places her mouth on mine. It's been a long time since I had this honor. Few women have allowed my lips to rise to this level.

But June doesn't kiss me. She cruelly bites my lips while pretending to kiss me. Seen from the outside, however, it must seem like a real kiss full of... devouring passion.

She sits up in her seat, her hands leave my breasts but her foot remains twisted between my thighs. My mouth on fire, I stand up in turn. THE

dildo lodged in my bowels tortures me a little more with each of my movements. June is amused.

The dishes follow one another and the two bottles of champagne, the real one and the fake one, are emptied into our respective glasses and throats. June looks at me intently: - Poor darling, she said, I didn't

spoil you that much by putting together your menu. Would you like to taste what I eat?

"Yes, Mistress," I said. And it's true that it makes me want it terribly.

June chuckles, cuts a good piece of meat covered in a very appetizing sauce, puts it in her mouth and chews it for a while then, with her finger, she signals me to approach my plate. Discreetly, she spits out everything she has in her mouth right in the middle of my steamed green vegetables.

— Eat now, dog... it's much better with your Mistress's saliva.

I swallow with delight under June's smirking gaze.

"You're even more of a slave than Clarke was," she said when I finished. I don't know why, he always showed hesitation, like disgust at this precise moment. Yet I often made him eat like this...

She might treat me like Clarke, but I wasn't Clarke. During my already long life as a slave, I had eaten what dozens and dozens of female mouths had spit out. From the familiar mouths of my mistresses to the unfamiliar mouths of their friends and I had always taken immense pleasure in submitting to these fantasy humiliations.

After dinner, June took me home. In the taxi, as it was dark, she made me kneel next to her between the two seats. At every red light, I had to bend down to kiss his feet. I think the taxi driver noticed something because he looked at me funny when we got off. But no doubt he thought of something completely different when he saw June's slit dress. She actually burst out laughing when he started.

- The imbecile, she said, he certainly thought that you had fucked my pussy during the trip... Hey, he couldn't have known that you are only a slave and that you were busy making me lick feet...

Without shame, June undressed as soon as she arrived in her room and then sat naked on the seat of her dressing table.

“Take off my makeup,” she ordered.

I have acquired the technique required for removing make-up and applying beauty creams but each woman has her own products, her little quirks and her own habits so June guides me in my work while fiddling, between his fingers, the clips of my breasts over my shirt and my undershirt and those of my genitals through the pants and underwear. These parts of myself, for a long time, have been a real source of pain as well as my anus and my insides always blocked by the heavy ivory dildo.

When she takes off her makeup, June makes me carry her across the bathroom, bath and bedroom and place her naked on her bed.

— Suck me, caress me! she orders with a sigh, half-closing her eyes.

For hours, still dressed in my tuxedo and tortured by the pliers and by the monstrous ivory member which torments me at the slightest movement, I have to play on his body, at his will and at his orders, with my fingers and my tongue, caressing a breast, biting a nipple, exciting the clitoris with a finger, twisting my tongue in the navel, licking the nape of the neck and around the ears, while my hand kneads the buttocks, browsing with my tongue in her anal slit and sliding down the spine with a light finger. I massage one thigh while sucking the toes then I go back up, my mouth forms a voluptuous kiss between the thighs of the pretty widow while my hands tighten on her breasts.

June pants, sighs, moans and cums madly in my mouth, her fingers hooked in my hair to press my face against the scent of her orgasm. Then she calms down and I leave, my mouth still welded to her stomach, my hands caress her shoulders in search of another ecstasy.

To help herself and to perfect her excitement, she enjoys teasing my tongs and, while her body is nothing but repeated pleasure, mine is nothing but perpetual pain.

Finally at dawn,

exhausted, she orders me to withdraw and open a armoire.

— Take my wedding dress... and the white shoes... Down there!...

Put this on the bed, next to me.

She caresses the satin of the dress and the veil for a few seconds. Then she takes the shoes and pushes both heels into my mouth.

— Kneel down and hold out your arms! she says.

I obey and she carefully places the dress and veil on my outstretched arms. Then she lets herself fall back naked and satisfied on her rumpled sheets.

— This is how, you see, poor Clarke spent his wedding night.

After making me cum for hours with his hands and his mouth, he watched over my sleep by supporting my bridal remains. This is how we have always commemorated our wedding anniversary.

She turns off the light and, a few minutes later, her regular breathing shows that she has fallen asleep...

I was only freed from the tuxedo, the pincers and the horrible ivory member about a quarter of an hour before Ann-Tien came to collect me. June gave her the envelope with the rest of the promised sum and congratulated her on owning a slave like me.

I left the dominating widow after kissing her feet to follow my Mistress towards my daily life as a slave.

Subsequently, I was rented two more times to June for sessions substantially identical.

Chapter VII

The surprise of the first evenings passed, the regulars of the street where Ann-Tien, Leila and Judy "worked" paid me only moderate attention. We are no longer surprised by much in this twentieth century, in the United States. United less than anywhere else and in Los Angeles or New York even less than in certain other large US cities. If it would please Ann-Tien to put a ring in my nose and keep me on a leash like a nice dog and if I was satisfied with being treated this way, it was our business, her and me, and the little jaded people of this hot street were not going to be amazed at such a small thing... The prostitutes especially had gotten used to me and I think they all liked me. I was working material for one of their number and, as such, I deserved the consideration of the community. Some gave me, in passing, little friendly pats on the shoulder or on the cheek like one caresses a good faithful dog to whose presence one is accustomed, and two of them, Ellen and Samentha, almost every day, They dug into their handbags to bring out a piece of sugar, most often soaked in tobacco or a detestable smell of perfume or skincare lotion. I had to kneel in front of them, on the sidewalk, raise my hands to shoulder height, act beautiful and catch the piece of sugar in midair. This public exhibition, which had become ritual, amused all the beauties of the sidewalk and amazed the passers-by who attended it. The only ones who, if they came for the first time, were still opening their eyes wide at the incongruous

spectacle that I offered, Janique and Ann-Tien and, to a lesser degree Leila and Judy, recorded increasing revenues. constant thanks to my participation. Following a bad cold which had kept me out of the circuit and bedridden for three days, Ann-Tien had decided to provide me with a blanket which she had spread under me in the entrance corridor of the hotel, when it was cool or the hallway was damp. Late in the evening, when the street was only frequented by regulars and potential customers, when onloc

simple voyeurs had deserted her, Ann-Tien took me out onto the sidewalk where she was waiting. I knelt at her feet, next to her, wearing only my leather underwear, my rings, my chains and the leash she held in her hand. The image must have been worth its weight in gold if I judge by the number of guys who stopped fascinated and by the large number of clients that my Mistress "mounted" those evenings. These were generally evenings when the atmosphere was heavy and the sky filled with threatening storms. It is well known in prostitution circles that these are the conditions required to extricate the marginalized of sex from their dens. Sadists, masochists, fetishists and other necrophiliacs flock to the love markets, under these merciless skies. Ann-Tien's clients were all problem types. Masochists excited by the symbolic image that I formed with my Mistress and who wanted to be humiliated and beaten by the young and pretty Eurasian while I was carefully tied by my leash to the foot of the bed.

Others who wanted to be punished with me and share my fate for a few minutes. But also sadists who paid to see Ann-Tien mistreat and humiliate me. They generally just watched and left, satisfied, when the session was over. Others preferred to be the executors of the great works and left Ann-Tien the role of "peeper". A role that she played carefully because she often had to intervene to prevent the client from being carried away by his sadistic instincts to inflict too serious torture and abuse on me, the consequences of which would have been irreversible.

Before becoming my owner, Ann-Tien had an exclusively masochistic clientele and these sadists formed a completely new clientele for her. Which had earned her the enmity of the only prostitute on the street who specialized in this high-risk branch. Her name was Edna.

She was a red-haired girl with milky skin and freckles.

I had heard, about her, that she accepted all torture, all abuse and that the men who rode with her could do anything to her and demand anything. She refused them nothing being deeply masochistic. She had stayed in the hospital several times after coming out of very cruel situations and, on three occasions, she had been saved at the last minute from the hands of lecherous assassins by friends who were always nearby when she had a client. In the opinion of Ann-Tien, Janique and all the other girls, she would end up having her throat cut one evening or another.

Paradoxically, it was to a client that we owed the solution which would allow Edna to avoid the worst and put an end to the differences of interest which opposed her to Ann-Tien. A very classy client who introduced himself one evening to Mistress Ann-Tien explaining to her that he wanted to make love with her at the end of a fairly tough SM session during which Ann-Tien would exercise her domination over me, while he would exercise his on another girl. As a general rule, like any dominatrix worthy of the name, Ann-Tien never makes love to her clients – which, in prostitution circles, is a significant advantage for girls thus specialized. This time, faced with the amount offered by the client, my venal Mistress relented. All that remained was to find the girl who would agree to be abused. The client suggested Judy but she categorically refused. Then Ann-Tien explained to the man that, alone, in this street, Edna would agree to play this role that he necessarily had to address her.

The man did not hesitate and a few minutes later, the four of us were in our hotel room. Neither Edna nor I were spared.

Ann-Tien, wielding her whip, with the expert hand of a professional, performed on my body a splendid flogging number where the blows, although spectacular, were nicely attenuated by Ann-Tien's perfect mastery of the profession of dominatrix. Skillfully avoiding the most intimate places where the wick of her riding crop could have hurt me, she brushed against them to the point of making people believe that she had reached them. It was not the same for the unfortunate Edna, delivered naked and panting to the braided whip that the client had extracted from his briefcase. The livid traces which turned purplish red intersected with other older furrows, some of which still contained scabs which were torn off under the violence of the blows. The whip lashed the kidneys, the stomach and penetrated between the thighs in the tender valley of her penis barely concealed in a pubis with rare red hairs. Edna and I writhed in pain at the feet of our executioners. But I must admit that I suffered more from seeing poor Edna treated like this than from the blows which were inflicted on me personally. That a woman would be treated in this way seemed out of line with the logic of things for me who had always known and always learned that a woman, especially when she is young and pretty, is made to be obeyed and served with respect. But I nevertheless admitted that Edna was to the feminine what I was to the masculine, that she felt everything

like me, a true intoxication and a divine delirium at being humiliated, mishandled, degraded and beaten by a man as I so adored being by a woman, who better than me could understand Edna's state of mind? Edna who prostituted herself, neither out of need nor out of constraint, but because it was for her the surest way of being reduced to the rank of slave by a large number of strangers to whom she indulged according to their desires. and their whims.

After having hacked us with whips and riding crops, having trampled on us and forced us to do all kinds of touching and degrading acts towards them, Ann-Tien and her client – having reached the height of excitement – came to the culmination of their session, the one where they would unite. Edna was lying on her back, naked, bloody and swollen on the bedside rug. Myself, not much better, cooked to perfection, I was curled up a few meters from her. My Mistress kicked me up in the ribs and ordered me to kneel over Edna's face. - Spread your thighs and lower yourself, she ordered, and you, female dog, suck it! she continued, striking Edna with a heel on her breast. Immediately, the masochistic prostitute

grabbed my penis between her lips and at the same time sucked the ring that passed through my foreskin. Giving me a blowjob with this device couldn't have been easy for her and it was quite painful for me.

Mistress Ann-Tien took off her black leather pumps and passed each of her high heels through the rings of my breasts where her shoes remained hanging, then she undressed, took off her black nylon panties and slipped them over my face. For his part, the client had placed his shoes on Edna's breasts and dropped his clothes and underwear on her stomach and on her thighs. He had hugged Ann-Tien and their two naked bodies had rolled on the bed.

Anyone who had never witnessed my Mistress's lovemaking would likely have believed that she took real pleasure in this assault. But I, who knew the intonation of her cries, the intensity of her sighs, the depth of her breathing, I knew perfectly well that she had feigned orgasm. Wasn't customer satisfaction the most important thing?

He was. And Edna too who, a few seconds after her departure, threw herself at Ann-Tien's feet and begged her to forgive her for the stupid things she had said about her and suggested that the beautiful Eurasian woman work with her and... for She. My Mistress considered her for a few seconds without answering her, displaying

his eternal and inimitable smile full of irony and contempt then ends up releasing these simple words: —

Fifty percent of your winnings!

Edna accepted this brutal takeover which placed her in the power of Ann-Tien and which subjected her to his particularly interested demands. Then Ann-Tien slapped her twice and pointed to the ground with an imperious index finger.

—Kiss my feet, female dog, in recognition of your submission.

This is how Edna came to “work” at the same hotel as my Mistresses.

Ann-Tien tripled her hours of presence on the sidewalk and took turns with Janique, Leïla and Judy, both to count the receipts of her “protege” and to closely monitor the actions of her customers. On several occasions, Ann-Tien used both of us for particularly generous clients.

At the hotel, among Ann-Tien's clients escaping the traditional norms of sadism and masochism, I must also point out the visit she had one evening from a couple, which is still quite exceptional because the women very rarely frequent prostitutes. However, it was she who dialogued with my Mistress declaring that each time she was satisfied with her husband, she offered him, to reward him, a session of domination with a prostitute that she chose herself. This woman, tall and strong, with a stern face, steel gray eyes, and platinum hair cut very short at the nape of her neck, exuded a fantastic aura of domination. She was, without a doubt, one of the many dominatrixes who triumphed in the United States, in the privacy of a discreet apartment. Unable, for these same reasons of discretion, to participate in SM “sessions”, she had found this original and risk-free way of making her slave work under the rule of another woman. Which, most Dominatrixes agree, is a key element in the training and education of a good slave. Through a refinement of sadism and derision she considered this new humiliation and this session of degradation as a reward that she granted generously. The only one she gave him, what I heard her say to Ann-Tien. Her unfortunate slave-husband therefore had to, for a certain period of time, strive to serve her well, to satisfy her, to perform feats of submission and servility to deserve... to be offered as a burnt offering to a prostitute who 'he didn't even have the privilege of choosing himself-

even, and to suffer degradation from him under the watchful eyes of his mistress wife.

Because the gray-eyed woman witnessed the humiliations and flagellations that the prostitute inflicted on her servile husband. More precisely, she watched him and wrote down, in a small notebook that she held in her hand, everything that seemed to displease him. A complaint, a groan, a hesitation, an indecent contraction of the muscles under the effect of pain were scrupulously noted. No doubt the price she made him pay for these lèse-majesté mistakes was very high if I judged by the terrified look of the unfortunate puppet when he saw her writing something in her notebook?

While Mistress Ann-Tien inflicted, as agreed, on this wretch, a complete overview (or almost) of the main rules of SM games, the gray-eyed dominatrix sat on the edge of the bed. My Mistress had me lie on my back on the bedside mat and the woman had placed her feet on my stomach. Her black leather skirt had risen to mid-thigh and had exposed her two knees and her two long legs joined together and sheathed in ash gray nylon. Aware, no doubt, of the additional pain she was inflicting on me by doing this, she lifted her soles, leaning on the tips of the two tapered heels of her pumps which sank deep into me. And, with the notebook placed on her knees, she took down her terrible notes.

When Ann-Tien had finished with her involuntary client, the wife considered herself satisfied but asked, for a small additional fee, which my Mistress obviously accepted, permission to inflict a short punishment with a whip. She had noticed, she said, that instead of keeping my eyes humbly lowered as befits a slave who serves as a cushion for a woman's feet, I had, on several occasions, dared to direct my gaze towards her legs, her knees and the underside of her thighs. Which was true, I confess.

So I received, from his hand, a memorable whipping which left me panting and my body burning. Not for long because the gray-eyed woman had her leather skirt taken off by her slave-husband and invited me to make her cum with my tongue. Which was neither long nor very difficult because she was already very excited by what she had seen and done.

Chapter VIII

When the "rat" called to request a meeting with Ann-Tien, certain preparations had to be organized which surprised me the first time although I immediately understood what it was about.

The "rat" was a strong fellow, six feet tall, about fifty years old, with a bald head and surrounded, on the sides and nape of the neck, with a cord of brown hair. He wore a thin mustache and, upon his arrival, sported a splendid custom-made tweed suit from a renowned designer. Businessman or big industrialist? I never knew.

From the day of his call to the day of his visit, it was no longer necessary to use the garbage chute but to store all waste, from the kitchen and the bathroom, in small airtight metal bins which were stored in the torture chamber. . Every day, Leïla and Judy brought identical trash cans from home to join those of Ann-Tien and Janique.

Ann-Tien had entrusted me with an old, shapeless homespun dress, with holes in many places, with which she ordered me to polish and shine their shoes and boots daily. In a few sessions the rag was starched with shoe polish and studded with traces of mud.

The morning of the arrival of the "rat" I removed the utensils placed on the heavy iron cage which sat in a corner of the torture room and I removed the black sheet which covered it. It was a cage with a completely enclosed perimeter of bars, about one meter high and one meter and fifty on each side. The floor of the cage formed a bowl and was made of stainless alloy, as was the sliding lid, in the center of which a large hole was cut. As soon as the "rat" arrived, I had orders to take him to the torture room, to strip him naked and to throw at him the stained, starched and smelling of shoe polish. He immediately put it on and headed towards the cage. I pulled the sliding lid and the man climbed over the barred walls to crowd inside the prison. I closed the lid and rushed towards the door of the room which I half-opened, shouting very loudly:

- Mistress ! Mistress, come quickly, I caught a big rat!

Mistress Ann-Tien appeared a few minutes later girded in a black latex catsuit, closed at the collar, which hugged her chest, buttocks, hips and thighs. A wide black leather belt and very high heels gave her the appearance of a formidable "Vampirella" holding out her riding crop between her two slender hands with pearly nails. She approached the cage, looked at the captive man with a cruel smile then declared: - We are going to keep him prisoner here, but he must be fed... Slave, give him something to eat!

So I took the trash cans and, one by one, I emptied them, through the hole in the lid, onto the head of the prisoner who, far from moving away from the pile of nauseating garbage that fell on him, stood, on the contrary with his face under the hole, so as not to miss anything from the terrible downpour. Pieces of meat, fish waste, egg shells, peelings were mixed together with cotton pads soaked in makeup remover, acetone, eyelash makeup remover discs, hair torn from the Mistresses' combs and brushes. and their periodic stamps. When everything was emptied, the "rat" sat in the middle of a veritable pile of rubbish. He seemed happy, his eyes rolling back with happiness.

— Close the cage with a padlock, slave, so he doesn't escape!
ordered Ann-Tien.

The most extraordinary thing was that the "rat" always arrived on a Friday evening and did not leave until early Monday morning. For two days and three nights, he remained locked in his cage, in the middle of a real stench, without taking any meals other than the garbage and waste that I came to empty twice a day on his head through the hole in the lid. . He still had to recover from his quagmire what he could not catch on the wing. Blocking his nose with a handkerchief soaked in perfume, Mistress Ann-Tien came to him two or three times a day and struck him with a flexible rod through the bars. Every evening, before going to bed, and in the morning when waking up, Ann-Tien and Janique, always protected by their anti-stink handkerchiefs, came, naked or only wearing a nightie. They climbed onto the cage, squatted over the hole and poured out their needs on the ecstatic face below while, with his soiled hand, the "rat" masturbated violently under his heavy homespun dress.

The "rat" paid dearly for this cage rental and this special treatment. Ann-Tien felt that she should be compensated for not being able to use her torture chamber for three days because I spent all Monday morning picking up trash, throwing it away, cleaning the cage, disinfecting it and cleaning everything. the room. We even had to take down the black curtains that blocked the windows to air out before spraying everything with a powerful air freshener.

Ann-Tien understood and accepted all the fantasies of her clients but, to hear her say, that of the "rat" was unique in its kind and deeply disgusted her. And, yet, we must admit that this love of rubbish is quite widespread since, more and more, there are reports of people who fill their apartments who live in the middle and who are happy there.

Combined with a masochistic sexuality, this curious inclination gave the "rat", delighted to spend two days and three nights in this stinking magma without being able to stand up or lie down for a minute, to feel like a prisoner of Ann-Tien and to be immersed in this detritus gave her boundless pleasure and fierce excitement, To forget the disgust that this curious character inspired in them, which they only

tolerated because of the lucrative result of his visits, my Mistresses, when he was present, loved each other tenderly every night, On Friday noon, I was invited to take a St. Andrew's cross out of the torture room and bring it to my owners' bedroom, Before entering the sheets, they placed this cross at the foot of their bed and tied me to it, in front of them, Ann-Tien went to look for a curious little device which surprised me the first time I discovered it. It was a miniature transformer complete with multi-colored electronic wires. With adhesive tape, Ann-Tien fixed an electrode under each testicle and pushed another, thinner one, into my penis. Then she placed the device on the ground, at my feet, and ran the other wires around it. from the bed to connect them to two small manual control boxes that she put on the bed near their pillows.

Naked, Ann-Tien and Janique lay down and began to caress each other. They left a small bedside lamp on which had been placed beforehand to illuminate me completely. I then had the impression of being a ruined monument dedicated to a sound and light show. Dazzled by this lighting

I saw nothing, just being able to distinguish the shadows of the two women who were moving before my eyes, in the beginnings of their lovemaking. But I could imagine. I could well imagine these two adorable bodies in their feminine perfection, intertwined, mixed. These soft, fragrant skins, one of which was yellow ocher, which rubbed against each other. I could hear the sound of panicked lips sucking and I could only assume it was a breast, a neck, a groin. Unless they were voluptuous kisses exchanged mouth to mouth or, perhaps, mouth to sex.

With the first sighs of the mistresses appeared my first torments. The electrical devices installed were intended to make me feel and experience the varying degrees of pleasure of the two women. Each had threaded their fingers through the handle of their control box and placed it in the palm of their hand. With each shiver of pleasure, with each quiver, the hand closed and pressed the button which sent an electric shock which was immediately communicated to the electrodes placed on my genitals. I felt a sharp pain and, despite myself, I jerked in my bonds. The left testicle electrode was controlled by Janique, the right testicle electrode by Ann Tien. The one which was enclosed in the urethral canal only acted if the two casings were compressed jointly.

The more my Mistresses gave themselves pleasure, the more excited they became and the more I was shaken by the electrical explosions and animated by frequent jolts. I knew that this somewhat ridiculous vision that I offered them did not escape any of my two charming torturers who delighted in it and that it further added to their excitement.

The transformer was that of a toy. Maybe an electric train. No doubt he was sending 10 volts. From 15, at most. Some clenching of the female hands lasted only two or three seconds, others fifteen, others thirty. The more pleasure they took, the longer the shocks that shook me lasted. More frequently also the two discharges were combined and caused the one which spread into my penis, shook it, stung me to the inside of the lower abdomen and caused an erection which it was impossible for me to control. Artificial erection and totally beyond my control. I heard Janique's laughter, that of Ann-Tien while I shuddered on my cross and, despite myself, the muscles of my face twitched and twisted. Lascivious, the two women continued to caress each other, to lavish each other with the most intimate

touching. The sighs turned into panting, then into moans to extend into small cries of pleasure and enjoyment while the electricity took hold of my body for longer and longer periods.

Finally, they enjoyed, together, in total communion of their two bodies which were, for me, only vague moving shadows in the fury of the twisted sheets. And the joint pressure of their two hands on the control buttons lasted so long that, not being able to contain the painful fire which worked between my thighs and paralyzed my body, I uttered a cry of distress which, far from moving my cruel torturers, gave them a supplement of pleasure which further prolonged the effect of my suffering.

When finally, after several minutes of delirious ecstasy for them and insurmountable hell for me, their tension subsided, they unclasped their fingers, released the boxes and my body sank, limp, drained, devoid of energy, I appearing to hang on the cross like seaweed that the tide had clung to the timbers of a wreck.

Ann-Tien held out her hand. I saw the shadow of her fine and delicate arm which extinguished the beacon lamp which had illuminated my pains to satisfy their pleasures.

I stayed like this all night, plugged in "under tension", completely destroyed, my muscles aching but my nerves exacerbated to such a point that it was impossible for me to find a few seconds of rest and sleep while, in the shadow, intertwined in the mess of their sheets, my Mistresses found a deserved rest from their assaults of lesbian eroticism.

Chapter IX

A love professional, Mistress Ann-Tien, as I have already pointed out, is extremely corrupt. Anything that can make money gets his attention. Work utensil I am used at the hotel where she makes visits and at her home where she receives clients by appointment. Utility object I serve in her home to relieve her of household chores and, I learned much later, to replace a little maid whom she was obliged to pay and whose indiscretions she could fear.

Apart from that, my Mistress did not belong to any sadomasochistic club and did not attend any femdom sessions. We know that the first are not free and that the sessions bring together, most of the time, women who practice domination for their pleasure, professionals who come to improve their skills and stable directors who exchange ideas and, sometimes, slaves.

Recently, however, Mistress Ann-Tien took me to one of those nightclubs openly devoted to sadomasochism. There are many of these establishments in the United States, particularly in New York and Los Angeles. Most are exclusively frequented by homosexual males, a few are mixed and others almost exclusively reserved for lesbians. I write "almost" because, while it is true that the majority of the clients of this club were dominatrixes accompanied by their slave girls, a good dozen of them were escorted by male slaves. Mistress Ann-Tien and I were obviously part of the lot.

Most of these girls were clad in leather and decorated with metal coins and chains and aggressive insignia. The slaves, girls and boys, were naked, some chained, others muzzled, but all were held on a leash by the neck... Except me who was pulled by the nostrils. Which caused a very noticeable entrance.

A few couples of dominatrixes were seated at a table, drinking, smoking or enjoying hamburgers or rollmops, their slaves crushed to their feet.

feet or respectfully kneeling behind their chairs. Other Mistresses had climbed onto high stools placed around the counter. Their slaves, crouching at their feet, served as a stool.

Having no one to sit down with, Ann-Tien opted for this solution. With a gesture, she motioned for me to prostrate myself in front of a seat that had just been vacated. Then, placing one foot on my back as if it were a step, she sat down on the circular seat and crossed her legs, leaving one of her soles and her heel resting on my back. I could see nothing but stiletto heels and female booted feet moving around me, but I guessed that, perched on her pedestal chair with her legs crossed, Mistress Ann-Tien must present a splendid image of perfect beauty. , her black leather miniskirt probably reaching just above her underwear.

I soon had a companion, a young mixed-race woman whose naked body clung to mine to serve as a support for the feet of her Mistress whom it was, of course, impossible for me to see. Obviously, the newcomer had struck up a conversation with Ann-Tien. In snatches of sentences, in this continual hubbub, I understood that she was asking him if she was homosexual. To my Mistress' undoubtedly affirmative response, she was surprised that she had a male slave rather than a female. Mistress Ann-Tien replied that she was in a relationship with a friend and that both preferred to have a male slave to serve them. That thus, neither of them were tempted to grant the slightest favor to this scum of the human species who only existed for their comfort, their well-being, and who He had nothing to hope for other than severe punishments for his servility. The other Mistress burst out laughing and agreed that indeed, it was a good solution if Ann-Tien and her "friend" did not practice sadomasochism between them. I thus learned that the mixed-race slave who kept me company was the heart friend of her dominatrix and that they lived out their sadomasochistic aspirations together.

Placed on a ground of mutual sympathy, the two women decided to leave the precarious comfort of the bar to settle down more pleasantly at one of the few tables still free. And, a few minutes later, I found myself, under the said table, squatting at the feet of my splendid owner, my face against the foot that she was slowly swinging after crossing her legs.

Of the other dominatrix, whom I had furtively seen during our

moving, I only saw the black leather pants tucked into patent boots which imprisoned his legs up to the knees. By the disproportionate size of her heels I judged that she must be quite small, because, standing up, she did not seem taller to me than Ann-Tien. She was a dark-haired girl, with a very pale complexion, gray eyes, coarse features and an austere mask. She did not seem particularly pretty to me, unlike my mixed-race "colleague" who was kneeling at her feet and methodically working on licking her boots, starting with the soles, of which she sucked with delight the tapered heels like shoes. daggers. She then licked the top of the shoe and moved up by the ankle onto the upper of the boot. I saw her pink tongue tense and flatten itself on the black leather so as not to let a single millimeter escape. She had received no orders to perform this humiliating labor, and I concluded that it was a rite established between them. That every time the Mistress was seated, the slave had to squat automatically. Surreptitiously, the pretty mixed race glanced at me without kindness.

A lesbian to the depths of her servitude, she did not like men, it was visible, and, most of the time, she must have, in similar circumstances, a company which must have seemed less degrading to her.

Fortunately, Ann-Tien had not given me any particular instructions concerning her. Huddled at his feet, like a dog under the table, my only desire was to be quiet. She had put her wrist through the loop of the leash and every time she raised her hand to put her glass to her lips, the leash would tighten, pull the ring and I had to raise my head, which must have offered a quite a comical spectacle to the three dominatrixes at the next table because I heard them laugh several times while staring at me with looks of disgust.

This relative inactivity allowed me to see, from under the table, what was happening in the room and particularly, on the wooden platform set up in its center. A pillory was erected there where a few Mistresses took turns to come and tie up their slaves in turn and inflicted on them a public punishment, all in all quite paltry, which ranged from a volley of slaps to flogging with a riding crop to the whip. , the cat o' nine tails, the whip and the paddle. Three of them invited the female audience to inflict some torment on their slaves according to the inspiration of their imagination.

Most of the punished slaves were girls but there was one Mistress who

thus exhibited a male slave and, as she had given carte blanche to the other Mistresses to correct him, the unfortunate man left the pillory completely groggy after having been copiously beaten and covered in spit. Many of these women have deemed it appropriate to express unequivocally their innate hatred of the so-called strong sex.

When all the slaves to be punished had been paraded to the pillory of infamy, he was removed from the scene and I saw a curious device constructed from stainless steel tubes descend from the ceiling, maneuvered by pulleys. These devices exist in certain large torture chambers and are called "portcullis".

A female voice, amplified by a microphone, rose to announce an offer of one hundred dollars to the dominatrix who would agree to install her slave on the portcullis for the rest of the evening. At the mention of this number, I saw the muscles of Ann-Tien's calves twitch under the veil of her nylon stockings.

She pushed back her chair and stood up. For her I existed from the moment my slavery was profitable. It was for this reason alone that she had invested a large sum in purchasing me. Thanks to me, she was able to repay Leila and Judy and recovered the price I had cost her.

For some time now, I had been a benefit to her, but the lure of profit remained the major reason for her existence and she did not disdain any income. A hundred dollars seemed by no means insignificant to her, especially since she had nothing to do but lead me to the portcullis.

The hundred dollars that she pocketed I was going to earn by undergoing all kinds of torture and humiliation that did not concern her. I existed for that and was only used for that. So, after clutching the precious greenbacks in her handbag, she returned to her table without even giving me a look of encouragement.

While two girls dressed in leather grabbed me, I thought that my occasional companion must be rejoicing at the sad fate that awaited me and, in any case, be very happy to see herself rid of my troublesome neighborhood.

The portcullis was lowered onto the platform and the two girls laid me down on it to tie me up. I quickly found myself in a particularly uncomfortable position, arms crossed, head thrown back, back arched to the extreme, stomach raised forward, thighs spread as far as possible and legs folded back, heels almost touching the

behind my thighs. One of the girls removed the leash from my nose and attached the carabiner to the ring on my foreskin, made two turns with the leash around my penis and secured the whole thing with tape. The portcullis was raised about a meter from the ground then the girl pulled on the leash that she had not let go and I was swung by the penis, higher and higher. After a final push, more violent than the others, she let go of the leash and I began to spin, on my scaffolding of pain, above the tables and the raised and laughing heads of all these women, many of whom were applauding. When I saw them gather in the path of my convolutions and hold out their hands, I immediately understood what the game consisted of. They had to grab the handle of the leash as they passed. Seeing, in a whirlwind, the playful faces of these women, who strained and jumped to achieve their goal, I remembered the amused faces of the little girls who struggled, on the wooden horse rides, to catch the tail Mickey. But, here, the Mickey was me and the tail would not give way, at least I dared to hope, while dreading the terrible pain that would be mine when one of them grabbed the handle of leather and would pull with all his might to stop the infernal device to which I was fixed, which of course eventually happened.

A strong blonde girl grabbed the leash and put all her weight on it. I let out a scream as my penis tensed under the sudden stop. Without the tape, I think my foreskin would not have held up and would have been torn. The blonde didn't let go of her trophy and moved through the tables to climb onto the stage. I was hers. She could do with me as she saw fit. Placed as I was, everything was at his disposal, my face, my mouth, my hands, my armpits, my stomach, my penis, my buttocks, my soles. She was about thirty-five years old, with thick curly blonde mane, blue eyes, a poorly made-up face with luscious bright red lips, an opulent chest and plump buttocks that a red latex catsuit molded to every curve...

She picked up a short whip and began whipping my thighs and breasts, weaving from left to right, a stroke on the thighs, a stroke on the breasts, at an increasingly accelerated rhythm that the music followed in cadence. . She was truly an expert on the subject because, soon, she struck with such speed that I had the impression that her whip did not leave my body, the burning was incessant in both places. When finally she

stopped, I felt like I was being chopped up. And, in fact, it had broken my skin in both places. But she wasn't done with me. Dropping the crop, she grabbed my hair, raised my head and pinched my nose with one hand. To breathe, I opened my mouth. She leaned over and spat her gum into me. Surprised, I almost swallowed it and choked. I just continued to chew it which, all things considered, helped me cope with the burning heat on my bruised flesh. Then the blonde Valkyrie climbed onto the portcullis. Grasping the chains that supported her with both hands, she stood up, the soles and heels of her boots planted in my stomach.

Alternately bracing herself and getting up, she gave the device a swinging movement. And I set off again for a walk. Slowly at first, then gaining speed under the efforts of the hysterical blonde who flew away with me. On me.

And it all started again. The whirling above the bustling room, the crowd of women trying to grab the handle of the leash. With, as a bonus, the weight of the blonde who had let herself slide and who was now riding me, sitting on my stomach, laughing out loud.

With this extra weight, the shock would only be harsher. And it was, to the point that I swallowed the gum.

As soon as the device stopped, the blonde went down to make way for a tall redhead in a miniskirt who reserved other sweets for me specially assigned to my anus. I had to endure the insertion of various more or less painful objects and endure an enema with a liquid which I never knew whether it was composed of urine or lemon juice but which gave me a throbbing internal burning. As she had blocked my base with an anus plug, I had to keep the liquid as long as another dominatrix was not interested in this orifice of my insignificant person.

The whole evening I passed from hand to hand, each time relaunched in a swing by the leash attached to my penis and each time stopped in the same way. Nothing, or almost nothing, was spared me. Numerous floggings on all parts of the body, cigarette burns, armpit and pubic hair burned by the flame of a candle, a heavily starched latrine broom that I had to suck until it is completely clear. A black woman jerked me off until I ejaculated, which was not easy and very painful for me due to the ring and tapes. My face was covered with

spit because almost all of them, before passing their hand, came to express their disgust for the male slave.

Whenever possible, I glanced at the table where Ann-Tien sat. She drank and smoked without worrying about me, content to watch, with a neutral eye, what I suffered for her hundred dollars. If I was happy to suffer this martyrdom for his sake, I was less so when I saw the mixed-race slave crouching at his feet and busy licking the soles of his pumps. I felt violent jealousy. Mistress Ann-Tien's feet and shoes belonged to me. It was for me that the honor of licking them was reserved and I forgot all my physical pain, which was so insignificant compared to what I considered a betrayal.

It was in this bleak state of mind that this terrible evening ended for me and that I received an immense shock. While the two girls who had tied me to the portcullis were working to free me, I saw a tall woman with auburn hair and large black eyes come forward. She lifted my head by the hair and glared at me with her disturbing gaze.

"That's exactly what I thought," she said.

That hair, those eyes, that voice, I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Mistress Pamela," I cried through the tears that blurred my vision.

"It's me, French slave," she said, sneering. "It's hardly my habit to pay the slightest attention to a slave, but I've seen you long enough for your muzzle to remind me of something. And then it was especially your rings that caught my attention. A good memory, isn't it?"

Without giving me time to respond, she continued, while one of the girls pulled on the adhesive tape that welded the leash to my sore and congested penis.

- What are you doing here ? Who do you belong to now? "To Mistress Ann Tien, Mistress," I replied.

Freed from my bonds, the carabiner of the leash closed on my nose ring, the two girls threw me violently with the portcullis, the soles of their boots against my side and my thighs. I rolled on the ground at Pamela's feet, too weak, too stiff to be able to get up or take a humble but decent posture. Pamela didn't care.

— Ann-Tien, you say?... Don't know?... Where is she?

At that moment, my eyes caught the delicious silhouette of the beautiful Eurasian woman who climbed onto the platform to collect me, her eyebrows furrowed, a little surprised to see this beautiful dominatrix covered in jewels who seemed to know me.

“There it is, Mistress,” I said. And I flatten myself at their feet while the dialogue began above me.

— My name is Pamela. This slave was trained by my mother and me, while he occasionally stayed in the United States. I am quite surprised to find him in this establishment.

— I bought him from his French Mistress and now he is a slave for life. This European Mistress had spoken to me very vaguely about you and I am very happy to meet you... But let's go down and have a drink in the room, we will be much better for chatting.

As she spoke, Ann-Tien reached down and grabbed the handle of my leash. Despite the fact that the slightest movement was enough to make me cry out in pain, I had to get up and follow them to slide under the table in front of which they took their seats. I was crouching between their legs, and, without ceremony, Pamela stretched out one of her feet and rested it on my shoulder. It was stronger than me. I turned my head and brushed my lips over the patent leather of the open pump and the pearly nails of the divine toes. Above me, after having been served two beers, the two women were talking. They talked for a long time. Pamela told Ann-Tien how I had become her mother's slave, and hers at the same time, the different phases of my servitude in their home. Then, Ann-Tien told Pamela how she had met me and how she had acquired me from Mistress Marika. She hid nothing from him about her professional activities and Pamela, a woman of the world, did not seem shocked to be seated with a prostitute. On the contrary, she became passionate about the story of my usefulness in the lucrative Eurasian enterprises. And suddenly I heard Pamela ask this question: - What would you say

if I offered to buy this slave back from you?

Ann-Tien hesitated.

“That's because... I paid a lot for it,” she said.

- I will not discuss sordid questions of price, replied Pamela, laughing, tell me your figure, it will be mine.

Ann-Tien offered a price which I knew was the one she had given me

paid, increased by three to four percent.

- It's OK, burst out Pamela, I'll add ten percent more. This is quite normal, the special and intensive training that you put him through could only improve this slave. As far as I remember, he was already almost perfect, obedient, submissive, docile as can be, and... gifted, which is not the case for everyone... Well, I can't get him back in this state . Prepare it for me and bring it in three days to this address... I will pay you in cash.

Once again I had changed hands, without having been consulted. The happiness of having found Pamela was counterbalanced by the infinite sadness of having to leave Ann-Tien and her friends. I had gotten used very well to being the slave of prostitutes, But this was not the time for my moods. The two Mistresses had decided to end the night in a chic place where there was dancing. Before leaving, Pamela invited Ann-Tien to come with her to pick up her slave who she had left in storage in the toilet.

The man, an athletic blond boy, was kneeling near the basin, naked, with his neck leash attached to the water inlet pipe, ready to satisfy the most humiliating desires of all those who entered there to get isolate, which he had had to do all evening. I recognized one of Marilyn and Pamela's favorite punishments.

- I married this larva two months ago, explained Pamela, unfastening the leash. Only son and only heir of one of the Los Angeles tycoons. His father is experiencing the last days of an incurable illness. So I will be a billionaire very quickly. Unfortunately, his expensive things take up more of his time than he has left to serve me, which is why I decided to add a full-time slave to him. And you cannot know, dear friend, how happy I am to have got my hands on this French slave whom I know perfectly and who was trained to perfection by my mother, and by me but also by you and by many others.

Ann-Tien bit her lower lip. If she had known these details earlier, there is no doubt she would have doubled the price. But she said nothing and undoubtedly thought that, for the future of her small business, it was not negligible to have, in her relations, a rich and certainly very influential dominatrix. And then, basically, my stay under her thumb had been an excellent financial transaction which she could only be pleased with. As we left the SM night club, after Pamela and I's slave-husband-

even having collected our clothes from the changing rooms, I heard him ask my new Mistress for the address of the person who had put the rings on me.

- I have a slave girl who I would like to be able to equip like this, she added, Poor Edna, it won't be long

before she will be on a leash by the tip of her nose!...

Before rushing into the disco nightclub, Ann-Tien locked me in the trunk of her car, while Pamela acted the same way with her slave heir...

So. Here ends my experience as a slave to prostitutes. Tomorrow I will be handed over to Mistress Pamela. The loop will be closed. I will become the slave of a rich woman again. Slave for life. I think this will be my last step because I can't see Pamela giving in or selling me.

True to her word, Mistress Ann-Tien has let me finish this manuscript which is intended for you, Mistress Marika. I'll give it to her so she can send it to you. I don't know if I would have the honor of kissing the soles of your boots one day. Do we ever know ? If you come to Los Angeles?...

Epilogue

I had spent an excellent evening with my young and elegant assistant director of cosmetics and perfumery. First theater then restaurant and fashionable club. I was very excited by Félix Gambiani's long story that I read in one go before flying to my meeting.

Excitement, as with many women, has the gift of making me beautiful and I really wanted this handsome, refined male to become my lover. For his part, he found me irresistible, fascinating, wonderful and everything. He also really wanted to fuck me and hardly hid it.

He offered to take me to his place in Neuilly, but I easily persuaded him that it would be much more pleasant for him to come to my place. I had a good reason for this. It was Connie who I had ordered to lie under the bed with my little underwear on her face and a pair of high heels placed on her lower abdomen. Making love in this bed, knowing my husband immobilized under our bodies entwined in this humiliating posture, would be an added advantage to my pleasure. And I had no intention of depriving myself of it...

Richard was a fiery and tireless lover who made love to me repeatedly, well beyond daybreak. My miserable slave-husband had to spend many atrocious and delicious moments following the moving bump that our two bodies left on the bed base above him, orchestrated by the words of love that we exchanged, by our sighs of voluptuousness and by the noises linked to love and pleasure.

We slept for a few hours and made love again when we woke up before admitting that the appetite came with fucking. Richard thought I was going to get up to prepare a snack tray. I just clapped my hands.

Richard jumped out of bed when he saw Connie emerge, naked, three-quarters of his face hidden behind my sea green nylon briefs. He looked without understanding at this man whose body was furrowed with the marks of my riding crop and

of my whip, who humbly knelt to kiss the foot which I had extracted from under the blanket and which I held out to him.

—What is it?... who is it?... he stammered.

- My husband ! I said with the most radiant smile, or, more precisely, my... slave. Go back to bed, darling, you have nothing to fear, he is at my command, and he will obey you as he does me. And, to start, he's going to prepare a nice meal for me and serve it to us in bed.

While Connie complied, Richard, quite pale, agreed to go back to bed. I had to explain everything to him. What I was, what I was doing, and not hiding anything from him about my relationship with Connie. As I spoke, he came to his senses and it all ended up amusing him a lot.

I lent him some of my books so that he could understand better. Two days later, he was exultant and declared to me bluntly, after reading them:

— Marika, you are wonderful! I love you madly. I can't do without you anymore. Let's get married !

I remained silent with surprise, which was not my habit, then I objected: -
But

Richard, I am already married. In front of the law...

- It's not a problem, he replied, all you have to do is divorce, then you marry me and we will keep your ex-husband with us... as a slave. For him it won't change anything, for you either, and for me, it will be happiness.

This one, at least, didn't beat around the bush. I continued to stare at him in amazement and heard myself answer.

— I don't know yet... maybe... let me think.

My eyes fell on the manuscript by Félix Gambiani which was on my desk. The last lines and the last news that I had from this slave who had made his fortune from servitude in the United States. And I added mechanically: — Why not French SM, after all?...

The book, the author:

Auteur : Marika Moreski

Cover illustrated by Bill Ward

Title: THE SLAVE OF PROSTITUTES,
American SM volume 3

“ Being deeply convinced that I exist only to serve and obey the women, I always carried out to the letter the orders they gave me. »

In the first volume of *American SM*, Marika Moreski revealed an intimate and marital face of female domination in the United States. The second volume revealed to us another facet of this implacable universe: collective and impersonal slavery in the service of the priestesses of “ Domineering Sex ”.

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**Esclave à temps complet
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*« Étant intimement convaincu que je n'existe
que pour servir et obéir aux femmes,
j'ai toujours exécuté à la lettre les ordres
qu'elles me donnaient. »*

**Ce troisième volume de la série *American SM*
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Sous la plume de Félix Gambiani,
l'esclave français, on pénètre dans
l'univers tarifié de la domination féminine
aux États-Unis.**

**C'est en 1970 que Marika Moreski publia
son premier roman *Les Bêtes à plaisir*.
Son éditeur la présentait alors comme
« un nouveau Sade en jupons ».
Depuis, plus d'une vingtaine de romans
ont vu le jour qui font autorité dans les
milieux sadomasochistes.
Fervente prêtresse de la domination féminine,
cette svelte et brune jeune femme régnait
alors sur une cour d'esclaves « triés sur le volet »
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