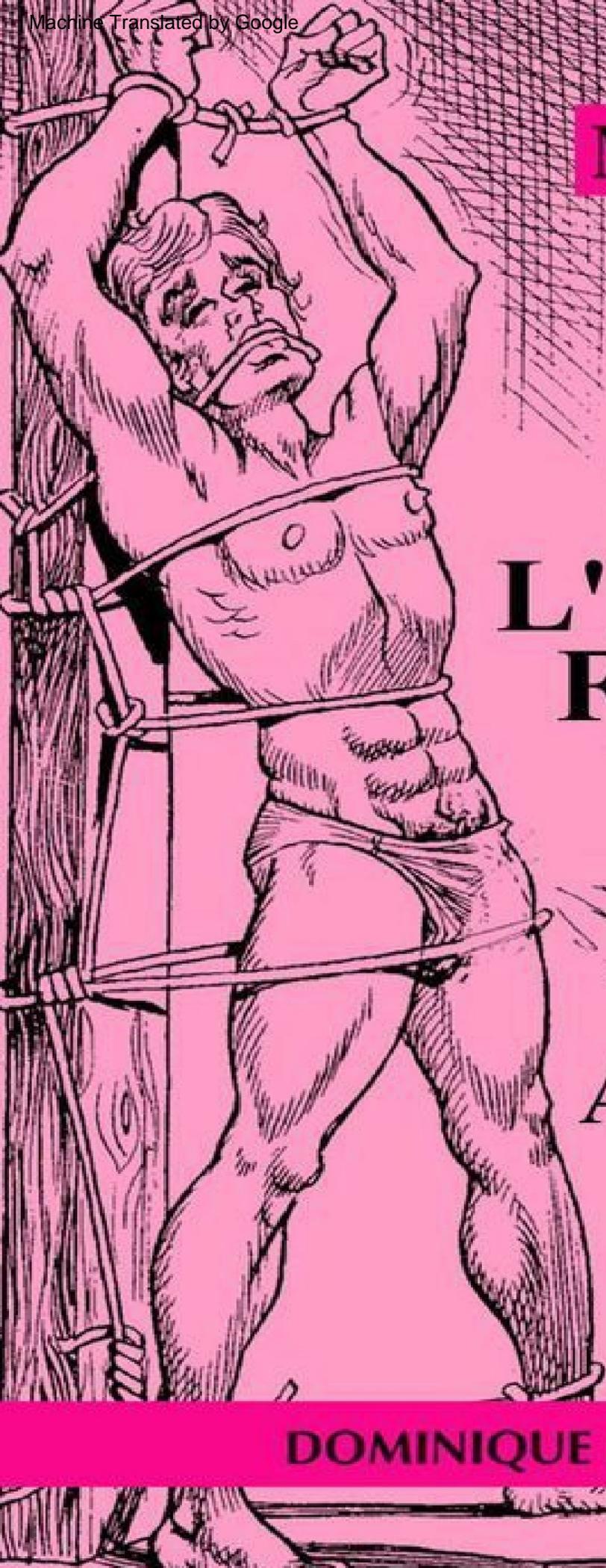


**Marika Moreski**

# L'ESCLAVE FRANÇAIS

**American SM  
volume 1**

**DOMINIQUE LEROY Ebook**



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Marika Moreski

**THE FRENCH SLAVE**

**American SM volume 1**

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## First chapter

Those of you who were teenagers at the end of the sixties may remember this difficult game which was popular in Marcel Carné's film: *Les Cheurs*. It was "the truth game". Whatever the question and whatever the cost, it was necessary to answer it by telling the truth, the whole truth. Disregarding the feelings and the consequences that could result from a truth that was never very good to say. Now that I am an experienced dominatrix (I don't like that word, it seems to give me wrinkles that I don't have!), the truth is obviously due to me and I know that a slave worthy of the name is incapable of a lie. But, when I was a very young girl and I tested the males to seize those who were likely to serve me, I played the game of truth, adapting it to my taste, of course.

To give you an example, I remember a gentleman who was thirty-five years old while I was twenty and who, visibly, had a crush on me for some time without daring to approach me. It was, on his part, smiles, kindness, clever calculations to meet me "by chance", etc. From mine, it was only polite nods, coldness and clever maneuvers to thwart the encounter. He amused me a lot as he made so much effort to get me to notice him, as he displayed such joy at our furtive encounters and disillusionment when I played cat and mouse with him.

And the day came when I decided to give him a chance. Oh, simply! By pretending to wait for a bus to pass at a time when I knew he was going to pass by by car. As expected he stopped and invited me to get in. I pretended to hesitate, arguing that the bus wouldn't be long... that... and that...

- You have nothing to fear, mademoiselle, he said, his voice trembling, I wouldn't even dare to kiss the sole of your shoes without asking your permission.

I liked this introduction. I laughed and retorted: — What if I gave you this authorization? He blushed to his hairline.

— My God, this would be the happiest day of my life. Few humans are lucky enough to spend such precious seconds at the feet of a goddess who would make Venus and Aphrodite drunk with jealousy.

“Good,” I said, “but on one condition.

— Granted in advance! he exulted.

— Throughout the journey, I will ask you indiscreet questions... very indiscreet. You will have to answer it directly. I demand the strict truth, whether it costs you or not!

- All right ! he admitted, opening the door for me. As

soon as I sat down, I asked her her name, her first names, her age, her situation. Banal questions if ever there were any, but which allowed me to learn that he was married and that he worked as an engineer for an industrial firm.

— Let's move on to more serious questions! I said. What is your type of woman... physically first?

As I expected, he gave me a portrait of myself, dark, thin, long hair, steel gray eyes, etc.

—And from a character point of view?

There he was much more embarrassed. He knew nothing about my character and could lack psychology. This is where I was waiting for him and I would not have forgiven him for any mistakes or lies.

— I like proud women, he began, those who are sure of themselves, of their beauty, of their power. The haughty and disdainful girls...

— Hey, I sneered, it's women who make men suffer!...

Would you like a woman to make you suffer?

— I think they are the only women I am capable of loving. The others deserve only indifference and have no interest.

— Would you like her to make you languish?

- Yes.

— That she deceives you with impunity?

- Without a doubt.

— That she makes fun of you and ridicules you?

— This is the fate of those who love such women and it is the most beautiful destiny.

— What if she inflicted physical pain on you?

—Physical? he repeated.

— Yes, what if she beat you, if she inflicted minor tortures on you for her personal pleasure?

— I would be very honored to serve his pleasure.

—What if she mutilated you?

— Wouldn't that be proof that she cares about me?

— Do you love me?

— I hardly dare admit it as it seems sacrilegious to me to dare to love a girl like you...

At the end of our journey, I was certain that my man was a masochist and that he was totally in my power. Besides, along the way, taking advantage of a deserted passage through the woods, I ordered him: — Stop here!

Then, when he had obeyed, I added: -

Come down and open the door for me!

Not knowing what idea had germinated in my head, he trembled nervously as he did so. As soon as he opened the door, I took both my legs out of the car while remaining seated.

— I authorize you to kiss the soles of my shoes! I declared with disdain.

Without caring about the muddy ground, he immediately got on his knees and prostrated himself to slide his head between my soles and the ground. Twisting his neck, he managed to place his lips on the rough, threadbare leather. I felt his tongue pass under each of them.

“Okay,” I said, “let’s go again!”

He was back behind the wheel. He was crimson. I remained silent for a few minutes to play off his embarrassment. Then I declared in a neutral voice:

— This is the only favor you will obtain from me... the only reward to your submission at all times.

— I swear to you mistress that, to deserve this honor, I will be the most submissive men.

Two days later, I arranged to meet him in a more intimate setting.

I demanded that he sign me a blank check and two letters. One of breaking with his wife, admitting to her that he had become my slave and that he belonged to me body and soul. The second to the management of his factory to resign. He wrote these two letters under my dictation and I judged his submission and my power by the fact that he did not once seek to

to escape from it, to discuss its terms or to rebel. Yet it was his total condemnation.

- There you are, I said, putting the letters and the check in my box, you are now completely in my power. If you refuse to submit, if you serve me badly or, quite simply, if I have had enough of you, I can, at the same time, ruin you, put an end to your career and break up your household.

I have often demanded these three proofs of submission from those who wished to become my slaves. Very few complied. Which allowed me to eliminate several who would have been very bad slaves. Of course, it would never have occurred to me to use one of these letters, or even the check, but my slaves did not know this and this constant threat removed any tendency for them to do so. They were always what I wanted them to be: soft rags on my feet.

Today, I have other arguments to judge the degree of submission of those who aspire to enter my flock. But there are so many candidates that I am becoming more and more picky.

I receive a fairly impressive number of confessions. Most are written, others recorded on cassettes. Sometimes, they are real photographic reports. I read, listen and watch with great interest but, alas, I can only respond personally to a privileged few who, for one reason or another, know how to strike my dominant chord.

Félix Gambini was one of them. His first letters had an accent of sincerity that never escapes me. I understood immediately that he was a slavery purist, a true masochist without hesitation or restriction. And it was all the more rare since he did not consider for a second applying to become the indispensable slave that everyone would like to be when they should know that the only essential thing for a mistress is to have a slave.

But it doesn't matter if it's one or the other. A slave has no personality or identity. Depending on the taste of his mistress, he is a utilitarian object or a sexual object and I do not know a dominatrix worthy of the name who gives the slightest importance to a slave. Except, perhaps, the intimate and lifelong slave who does not have a second of existence outside of her. The others are nothing and I consider them very inferior to my dresses, my boots, my stockings or my briefs...

Indisputably, Félix Gambini was aware of his state. They had

that he was, on earth, only a tiny ant that a dominatrix's heel could crush without even realizing it. He was ready to give everything without daring to beg for anything.

My intuition was going to prove right and I realized that this slave had a lot of confidences to share. And very interesting ones. Confidences which were likely to give me the idea for a novel and to interest my readers who are eager for something new. But I still couldn't ask him to write a novel for me. So what to do?

Félix Gambini, like the perfect slave, immediately found the solution. He owned a secluded villa in his native Corsica. He spent his August holidays there and put himself, with her, at my disposal in case I had nothing more urgent to do than honor her with my presence. With great tact, he immediately sent me the duplicate keys to his villa, asking me to consider that his offer could not be restrictive and that I could, as I wished, dispose of his home during his absences, as I heard. It was an essential mark of trust and total submission. But August suited me completely. I let him know and told him that I would come with Connie, my personal slave.

...Make sure everything is ready to receive me. I will not accept any mistakes or negligence. Make everything that might displease me disappear. The smallest detail will be a charge against you and you will be punished for it.

I know Italy perfectly, I regularly travel the Côte d'Azur and the South-East of France, but if there is a gap in my travels, it is Corsica. I had never set foot on the Isle of Beauty and I must admit that I was wrong because it really is a fantastic region which seems to have been created for relaxing in complete peace and quiet.

Félix Gambini did not lie. His villa was delightfully nestled at the top of a rocky hill, in a jumble of scrub. From the attic window, we had a direct view of the sea, a few hundred meters away. As I had ordered, everything had been designed to please me: impeccable comfort, interesting decor, flowers, a full complement of whips and crops and, as a subtle touch, my host-slave had taken in an adorable little white kitten. since he knew that I have a very clear weakness for these animals whose pride and independence I love. Warned that I would bring Connie with me, he had acquired, just by chance, a large portable kennel in

wood, with a screen door in which a male slave could squat. With great ingenuity, he had cobbled together a chassis with wheels to move this cage without difficulty to any desired location.

My first task upon arriving was to extract Connie from under the dashboard where he was curled up, his arms outstretched and his hands tied, one on the brake pedal, the other on the accelerator pedal. For me, it was a pleasure to drive while crushing his hands under my soles. I immediately made him take off the turtleneck sweater and jeans that he wore for all clothes and under which he was sweating and I brought him into the cage, ordering Felix to push it to a very sunny place while I went myself inside the villa where various refreshments prepared by my host awaited me.

Felix was younger than me. He was a handsome dark-haired boy with a friendly face. As soon as he arrived, he humbly prostrated himself at my feet to place his lips on my fine leather sandals, then he presented me with the tray of drinks with perfect "service knowledge".

- You're going to show me around the house, I said, getting up after having rested and refreshed myself, but first, undress!...

He took off his shirt and pants. As per my instructions, he was not wearing underwear. Under the scarf that he untied appeared a dog collar to which a leash was attached.

- Very good, I added, I see that you have scrupulously followed the instructions. Now on all fours!

And, holding him on a leash as I would a dog, I wandered through the rooms, discovering the villa which belonged to me for a month as well as its owner. I had on a little white sleeveless sweater and a blue denim skirt with slits in the front and back. My human dog could, therefore, discreetly feast on my long, bare, amber legs which sometimes brushed against him.

My visit proved conclusive and I was satisfied. I was going to be able work in excellent conditions.

## Chapter II

I had planned to start my work straight away in order to finish with a few days of vacation, but Corsica has a strange lethargic power against which it is impossible to fight. I realized this the day after my arrival. The sun, the fresh air, the song of the cicadas, the Olympian calm and the beauty of the environment undeniably encourage you to lie down comfortably and stay there, motionless, dreaming with pleasure of the undeniable sweetness of life. I had at my disposal two slaves who accommodated my slightest desires and relieved me of the slightest effort. To be fair, I have to say that Felix's role was more important than Connie's. He knew the house, the location of everything and, for me who likes to be served quickly, without having to provide a host of details, it was important that my slave knew the place perfectly. Connie spent most of her time curled up in her cage, in full sun, next to the canvas bed on which I lay down to read and sunbathe. I had put my tanning lotions in the cage, and as soon as I lay down, Connie had to anoint my bare skin by passing her arms through the bars. I had also left a fan and, on command, his mission was to fan me when the air was too hot. It was in this position that I listened to the beginning of the story that Félix Gambini had to tell me. I recorded it on the tape recorder. I had the storyteller kneel, completely naked, facing the cage, on the other side of my bed, in a most uncomfortable position. Arms crossed behind your back, right wrist secured to left ankle and left wrist to right ankle. The purpose of which was to stretch him backwards like a bow and force him to throw his head back. I had calculated the place to make him kneel so that his eyes would stare at the sun and he would have to keep them closed.

— Begin, slave!... I am listening to you!... I said, while my hand strayed to come and collect, between her legs, her sexual attributes.

The whole time he was talking, I promised myself I would caress his manhood, twist his penis between my fingers, scratch his scrotum, crush his eggs in my hand, scratch, cut and pinch his sensitive flesh between my nails.

— I warn you that you are forbidden from enjoying and that your voice must not betray any trace of pain: whatever I do to you, you are not allowed to be in pain.

Everything that comes to you from me is your pleasure. It's understood ?

- Yes mistress.

- Hurry up ! I wait !

— I would like, first of all, to properly situate my story, to be surprised by what I see in France in terms of sadomasochism. There are a few magazines, too rare I admit, which agree to receive and transmit classified ads of this type. This is because France is not yet a country with totally liberated morals. Until 1969, it was the yoke of a hypocritical despotism where censorship struck down all those who refused to be “calves” of sex. Last hints of medieval obscurantism. From 1970 to 1974, censorship, that repressed shrew of underdeveloped eroticism, became timid and silent. In 1974 and 1975, a step was taken towards liberalism and towards the recognition of the French as adults capable of sexual responsibility. But a few souls – and not the least ones – began to bray and, like a minority of morons who bray in the window of tele- *debility* make the law in this sexually retarded country, sexual freedom was put in a brothel, despised by a pimping authority who pockets the profits. From 1981, will we finally experience the true liberalization of morals and the freedom for all to assume their instincts as they please – to the extent of course that the freedom to be of all is respected?... .

I burst out laughing and Felix interrupted himself out of respect. Of course, he was absolutely right, but it amused me to hear him so passionate about demanding freedom... in the position he found himself in. The funny thing is that it was precisely the freedom to be treated this way that he longed for. And I easily imagine that all the little heads full of emptiness, who believe they have been invested with I don't know what mission to govern, plan, direct and annihilate the instincts and morals of all, must lose their embryonic intelligence when they see and hear this. What, is it in the name of freedom that we demand to be chained? In the name of the freedom we want

be spanked, flogged, thrashed? In the name of freedom, do we aspire to become an animal that a woman pushes away with her foot or a vile and despicable object that she uses only to reject it immediately after use?... Yes, gentlemen, don't mind, it is in the name of this freedom that some ask this. And it's a lesson in true freedom that they give you. Because the only, true, only freedom is to be able to alienate it whenever you want. A country that prohibits voluntary slavery is not a country of complete freedom and is just as repugnant as a slave country. By wanting to impose sexual manias on people that are not theirs, by wanting to suppress their instincts, by forcing them to adopt pleasures that are those of others, what are you if not oppressors? What do you do if not slavery, totalitarianism? Gentlemen Censors who impose prohibitions on loving and enjoying according to the impulses specific to each individual, think carefully before criticizing and taking offense at the vision of an invasion of Afghanistan by the Soviets or Chilean concentration camps .

Freedom to act, freedom to think, freedom to enjoy: same fight! And all those who trample on these freedoms are to be put in the same bag of infamous totalitarianism and imbecile intolerance...

—Continue, slave! I demanded.

... In these few French magazines, advertisements therefore. Many slave candidates, very few mistresses. What is this about? Are there no mistresses in France?... There are, of course, only this: the French woman, like her Italian, Spanish and Portuguese sisters, is not yet a completely completely liberated. Not that she lives under the yoke of her husband, her companion, her father or her brother, but she has been so imbued by generations and generations of absolute phallocracy and blind faith that she has remained a kind of latent cretinism which pushes her to consider sexual matters as "dirty and disgusting", non-conformism in love as a "perversion" and those who do not fuck according to the rules as "crazy". How many of them dare to enter sex shops? And the number of those who buy or read these magazines is even smaller. For Latin women, with rare exceptions, any sexual relationship that does not have the consent of the clergy and the signature of the mayor is equivalent to an act of prostitution... Few mistresses therefore resort to classified ads. Apart from professional dominatrixes, they don't even know that they can satisfy their

fantasies and their instincts in this way. They are in ignorance of their full sexuality...

I find that this slave is singularly mistreating my sisters and that he is being very impudent towards the woman, this superior being to whom he owes respect and obedience. While he speaks, I avenge you, my darlings, by torturing his miserable masculine attributes. My hand squeezes, kneads, crushes, my nails bite into this flabby flesh which is erected under the beneficial impact of pain. But, deep down, I know he's right. There is no shortage of dominatrixes. They ignore each other and that's it. And it's serious because this deep, secret fire that burns within them cannot be appeased. The dominating instinct of these women retracts since it cannot flourish. And these beautiful tigresses who could, if they were socially liberated, tear with all their teeth and claws out the male whom they would immolate on the altar of their pleasure, these beautiful tigresses chew on their aggression by going around in circles in the cage principles and prejudices in which they are prisoners...

But there is worse because some let this excess of aggression overflow from which everyone around them suffers: neighbors who quarrel over everything, pretty girls who are jealous and about whom we slander with bitter words. , children who irritate you and who are mistreated with a brutality that borders on sadism... Shrews, piss-vinegars, stepmothers... How many of you could have made great and beautiful dominatrixes rather than becoming these creatures hideous and evil that make up our daily neighborhood. The tranquility of a multitude of neighbors, the reputation of a regiment of young beauties and the happiness of a flock of children would have been preserved if you had dared to look things in the face, get rid of your foolish principles and satisfy your dominant instincts. Would she have wanted it, there is none of you who has not discovered the male eager to crawl at your feet, to be the expiatory victim on whom we spend our nerves and the punching bag against which it is pleasant to bump...

Yes, the slave is right, but that doesn't stop me from twisting his virile attributes in all directions and scratching the skin of his scrotum. I don't like it when a male allows himself to criticize a woman. And even less a male who is only a slave...

Respectful of the orders received, Félix, imperturbable, continued his story:  
... While it is obvious that in France there are a greater number of slaves than mistresses, we should also not place all the responsibility on women.

the fault of this state of affairs Many slaves complain that they cannot find boots to slip under. However, it is not for lack of searching, of calling for help, of placing advertisements in all possible magazines. In vain !...

First, outside of professional dominatrixes, very few mistresses are liberated enough to own multiple slaves. The vast majority are satisfied with a single slave totally buried in the secret of a jealously guarded intimacy. Often the husband. At most, a few couples sometimes get together...

But take a closer look at the announcements from the Slaves as they are worded: "I do this... I do that... My mistress will have to do this... and that... I do not accept 'to be sodomized, on the other hand I want...' These are not slaves who write this: they are CEOs who are looking for the perfect secretary available twenty-four hours a day, sorted, selected to satisfy their little quirks. If we read these announcements, we realize that the mistress will not have a minute to herself but will have to devote all her time to taking care of her slaves. Worse than a schoolteacher. Worse than a mother. These slaves do not want to serve: they ask that a mistress be used to make them serve. Do they imagine that they are so important that a woman – and moreover a woman of this race – devotes all her time to them? Whether they are looking for a "Marie-Torchon", a waiter or kitchen maid or a prostitute for this office. Not a dominatrix by instinct...

The dominatrix is a woman apart. The elite of femininity, the queen bee, the polar star, the exception of the human race, the only woman who is worthy of interest. She is a proud and haughty woman with a proud bearing and gait, an insolent and contemptuous air. Very imbued with her superiority, she loves only herself and looks at others from all her height. She only trusts herself and knows she is beautiful and exciting. So do not ask her, slaves, to devote her time to you... If she tolerates you around her, it is so that you serve her when she needs you, for a few minutes, a few seconds perhaps. Even if it means throwing you into the shadows for hours or days if you become useless to her. This is indeed slavery. Felix is right. Candidate slaves looking for mistresses only think about themselves. What they like, what excites them. To their desires. This is why it is only professional dominatrixes who respond to them

Others don't have time for them. It takes seriousness and logic. The dominatrix is very often an active woman who has a profession like everyone else. If, when she returns, she has slaves who are busy serving her, very good! But if she has to do a number of “ *Venus in Furs* ” or “ *Sluts with a Whip* ” when she is exhausted , she might as well make soup to feed the screaming kids. She only does these acts when she feels like it and in the way she likes.

Some slaves find mistresses without problems. Others don't. For what ? Because they are slaves who ask, who demand, who demand, who refuse without realizing that what makes the true slave is precisely to have no demands, no right to demand or refuse. For my part, I always feel more attracted by an ad like: “Looking for mistress to do whatever she wants... Being only a slave, I have no requests to make. I will do whatever she wishes, serve as she pleases, and suffer whatever she pleases. His will will be carried out and his orders carried out. »

But we hardly see announcements like these!

## Chapter III

It was for professional reasons that I went to the United States. Not at my expense. I wouldn't have had the means. The industrial company that employs me had signed a long-term contract with an American firm. Under the terms of this contract, I and several other engineers were to spend four months in Los Angeles each year, independent of other, shorter assignments to be carried out in various European countries. I will not dwell too much on my professional activities which really have no relation to my story. This perhaps explains why I never looked for a French dominatrix.

My first stay in the USA dates back to the end of the seventies. I was lucky enough to find myself in the midst of the liberation of morals and I discovered that the Americans were, in this area, a good ten years ahead of us. Of course, I selected, among many others, shows relating to sadomasochism and it is in a theater that my story truly begins. On stage, a spectacle sure to make all fans of this kind of thing jump. Two girls, one of them very beautiful, were whipping a man tied to a St. Andrew's cross. No apparent sex but a profusion of leathers and chains. This was just one of many scenes in the show. Others showed women being dominated by men, women being dominated by other women, and men being dominated by men.

In the room, around fifty people. Single men, like me, but also couples. With one or two exceptions, I noticed, with a certain pleasure, that it was the woman who seemed to have the dominant role in these couples. One of them particularly caught my attention. They were sitting next to me and I was able to observe and listen to them at leisure. He must have been in his fifties, quite stout and with a slightly bald head. She was a splendid platinum blonde creature, very sophisticated and very nicely made up. I judged that she must have a

a good twenty years younger than his companion. But what contrasted the most in this couple was not age. That was their attitude. He humble and prostrate, she radiant and proud. I noticed that, throughout the session, he had held both hands on the woman's seat and that she sat on them. Which kept him in a most uncomfortable position which the girl didn't seem to care at all. He was dressed in a turtleneck sweater and, in the slightly twisted position in which he was, I saw several times a small piece of leather peeking out from under the wool. A clear sign that he was wearing a dog collar. His mistress, since we must call her that, was dressed in a splendid silver lamé evening dress, slit on the sides. Which revealed legs of a beauty and finesse that were not at all negligible. It was as I let my gaze slide down her legs that I noticed that the man had moved his legs to place them in front of his companion's seat. The high pointed heels were planted in the feet of the man who wore, for the occasion, only very thin sandals. In this way, the male was as if tied up and completely unable to make the slightest movement of his arms or legs.

Since the start of the show, the girl has been chewing gum. A few minutes before the intermission, she plucked it from her lips, between her thumb and forefinger.

— Open! she whispered in a harsh tone. The man

opened his mouth and she threw her chewing gum in like she would have done it in a trash can. I heard the man whisper:

— Thank you, Mistress!

When the lights were fully on for the intermission, my neighbor stood up and I saw the man erase a small smile of pain from his congested face. She stood to her full height on her bare feet.

— Don't move and keep your head down! she ordered before passing in front of me to go to the bar at the back of the auditorium.

For a few minutes, discreetly, I observed the man. Between his thighs he fiddled with his hands, whitened by the weight of the haughty young woman... No doubt they were very stiff? He was also flexing his toes in his sandals and I could clearly see the marks left by the high heels that had chewed the skin on the tops of his feet. But he strictly kept his head down, his chin on his chest, obeying orders.

I got up in my turn and headed towards the bar where the young woman was

served a whiskey. She had lit a cigarette and was chatting, laughing, with two women and a man.

— Isn't your slave thirsty? asked distinctly one of the women who must also be a dominatrix judging by this noble panther-like air which distinguishes them from other women.

— I didn't ask him, she sneered before adding, anyway, It's not that kind of drink he enjoys. And you, yours?

— Oh, don't worry, he'll have his share... in a few minutes in the bathroom!

And she burst out laughing, throwing back her long brown hair.

"I always said that slaves were happier with masters than with mistresses," the man joked, glancing at the second young woman who stood near him, humble and servile... A whiskey and a bowl of water! he called to the barmaid.

When he had his order, he placed the bowl of water on the ground and ordered his companion: -

Lap, female dog!

The girl crouched at the feet of her master and the two women and began to lap up her bowl like a dog. The others no longer paid attention to her and continued to exchange reviews and impressions of the show.

And, suddenly, the despotic blonde whom I was devouring with my eyes placed one foot on the back of the girl prostrate and busy drinking, as if it were nothing more than a common stool. I was fascinated and terribly excited. I would have paid dearly to be, at that moment, in the place of the unfortunate slave who did not dare to move despite the certain pain that the twisted heel must have caused her on her spine.

- Excuse me, said the brunette dominatrix, also visibly very excited, but it's tea time!

She put down her empty glass and I followed her with my eyes. She pulled by the sleeve a young blond man with a sickly appearance who had remained seated quietly and who got up to follow her. They headed towards the toilets and I imagined, with envy, what tea this boy was going to be treated to. I noted with dismay that all this was happening without anyone paying attention to anything. No doubt I was the only one looking at everything with amazement...

A little melodious ringing signaled that the show was about to resume. The pretty blonde removed her foot and freed the slave girl who was able to get up and put down

humbly the almost empty bowl on the counter next to his master's glass.

So as not to miss anything that was going to follow, I preceded my neighbor to return to my place. As soon as she introduced herself, the man placed his hands flat on the seat and moved his legs forward. Before sitting down, she crushed her butt on the back of one of her hands and threw it into the mouth that the man had instantly opened for this purpose. From the perfect orchestration and precision of the gesture, it was clear that the man usually served as her trash can and that he indifferently swallowed everything she threw at him. His chewing gum like his cigarette butts and many other things too, no doubt.

She placed her heels on the bare feet offered as a burnt offering and sat on her hands... The luminous glow gave way to a slight subdued light and the show resumed. For me, it no longer took place on stage at all. I was fascinated and captivated by this magnificent blonde whose authority seemed so natural. I believe that it was from that moment that she perceived the interest I had in her and I humbly lowered my eyes the three times she turned her head towards me. The third time, it wasn't a quick glance but a lingering look. I had the unpleasant feeling that she was sizing me up and evaluating me. I sat back in my seat, trying to appear humble and submissive under his insistent gaze. I would have liked to shout my admiration to him, to throw myself at his feet to submit to him but, even in this place where everything was permitted, I did not dare. My stupid Latin principles were still holding me back. And yet, I was almost certain of the reception I would receive. At most a clear and clear refusal. And, already, I was sorry at the idea that, once the show was over, I was going to lose her forever in this gigantic city. She would leave with her slave and I would leave alone, on my side.

As I had always been. My God, how I envied this man whose hands went numb under her, whose feet bled under her sharp heels. How wonderful his life as a slave must have been...

- Ladies and gentlemen, called a host on the stage, you have seen couples and people evolve in front of you who are not all professional actors but who are all professionals in sadomasochism.

I hope you liked them and got you excited. You are at the point where all excitement requires release. Come, get on this stage and give free rein to your imagination. Have no fear, we are all people of the same side and the pleasure of one makes the happiness of others.

Come on... volunteers.

Suddenly, I had the impression of a certain reluctance in the room. These people, so quick to act on their own, were reluctant to appear in public.

Suddenly, my neighbor stood up, crushing her slave's feet a little more under her heels.

- I propose, she cried in a clear and loud voice, that my slave here goes and kisses the feet and licks the shoes of all the women who express the desire!

— Bravo, madam... well spoken! exulted the presenter. Bring your slave on the stage for all the women to see him. Their desires will be born from his vision!

The slave in question was crimson. I had the impression, but without being certain, that tears were rolling in his eyes. The audience applauded.

— Come on dog, follow me! she ordered, walking past me to the stage.

She looked even more beautiful in the spotlight. He followed her, docile and sheepish.

— My God, what a beautiful slave you have there! Congratulations, ma'am! shouted the speaker, while the blonde ordered her slave to take off his turtleneck sweater.

He found himself shirtless, in a dog collar from which hung a leash slipped into his pants. She released the leash and held the end out towards the audience. - Whose ? she asked. - To me !

replied a female voice in the room.

I then recognized the dark-haired girl who was heading towards the stage. It was the dark-haired girl from the bar during intermission. Behind her, other women stood up and took their turns. The blonde owner handed the leash to the young brunette: - Here is my darling and, if he does not give

you complete satisfaction, do not hesitate to tan his skin.

She left the stage to return to her place. The "happening" show was launched. The slave had crouched at the feet of the young dark-haired woman to whom the presenter had brought out a chair. He kissed the feet and ran his tongue over the shiny leather of the black patent shoes. The girl crossed her legs.

— The sole too! she ordered, lifting her foot.

The servile tongue wandered over the rough sole which it moistened with saliva. Then, visibly satisfied, she had her heel sucked...

The blonde mistress had returned to sit next to me, not without giving me a long, disdainful look. I was very excited by what I saw on stage and, when the pretty brunette gave her place to another woman, I couldn't stand it any longer. I fell on my knees between the seats and, in an unsteady voice, I begged:

— Please, Mistress, will you allow me to lick your shoes?

She looked at me with a contemptuous look.

— You're not American? she said, surprised by my detestable accent.

— No, Mistress... I am French!

— French!... Oh!... Let's see if the French can do that as well as the Yankees!

I prostrated myself on her silver pumps and my eager tongue began its delicious mission. I touched my lips to the outline of her bare foot and her toes with lacquered nails which quivered under the caress. Then she crossed her legs.

— Lick the sole and apply it well! It should be as clean as if it were new.

I licked and sucked the rough, dusty leather with feverish diligence. I had the feeling that I was taking an exam that I had to pass with all my might. With pleasure, I felt grains of sand or I don't really know what crunching under my teeth.

— Suck the heel, slave! she said, pushing the pointed heel into my mouth.

The cutting tip hit my roof and scratched it but I didn't even flinch and I sucked on that heel with demented joy. Her order still rang in my ears: "slave", she had called me "slave". I had to make superhuman efforts to keep myself from ejaculating in my underwear.

She uncrossed and recrossed her legs.

— The other shoe! she ordered.

I put the same determination, the same joy, the same pleasure into it as on the first. When I had finished, she pushed me away: pressing her wet sole against my face. — That's enough now... but stay

on your knees!

I obey. She inspected her shoes and soles then looked me over with this

the same contempt from which she never seemed to part.

— That's not bad for a Frenchman... They say you're dirty... You know how to make clean shoes, that's already something... Do you belong to someone?

— No, Mistress. —

Would you like to be my slave... if you stay in the United States long enough?

- This is my most ardent desire since the beginning of this evening, Mistress! I almost exclaimed.

- Perfect ! A French slave doesn't displease me... Here, here's my card. Be at this address tomorrow evening at ten o'clock sharp. And now go away at once. I forbid you from watching the rest of the show... Come on, go outside!

I wanted to kiss her feet one last time but she pushed me away. I got up and went out.

## Chapter IV

Needless to say, I spent a sleepless night following this wonderful and magical evening. The face, body and feet of this divine woman haunted me. This woman was no longer a stranger since her name appeared on this business card that I had placed in plain sight on my bedside table: Marilyn Kormann!

The next day, at the appointed time, I found myself in front of the wrought iron gate of the villa. While pressing the bell, I noticed the copper plate on which were the names of Marilyn Kormann but also that of Mark Kormann. This was followed by the very lucrative job of this unusual couple.

My ringing of the doorbell animated the video camera above the gate, hidden in the foliage, whose eye focused on me and seemed to listen to me for seconds which seemed very long to me. Finally, a mysterious hand released the bolt and the gate opened.

— Move forward to the steps! ordered sharply a voice that didn't tell me did not seem to be that of the divine mistress of the place.

I followed the cement driveway and climbed the few steps that led to the perron.

- Come in ! Madame is waiting for you in the living room! called out to a maid like surly old girl in whom I easily recognized the voice from the intercom.

Madame was seated in a deep armchair. Beautiful and dressed as the night before but in a red satin dress which fell generously on her chest and whose cut allowed it to open to offer the maddening spectacle of her legs crossed and sheathed in nylon up to the top of the thighs. As soon as I crossed the threshold and the door closed behind me, I fell to my knees before the marvelous presence.

— Approach on your knees and come and pay homage to me, Frenchman! she said in a perfectly neutral tone, without my entry being able to arouse the slightest interest in her.

I crawled onto the thick carpet, on my knees, and lay down to place my lips on the shiny leather of her pumps the color of fresh blood. I pressed my most passionate kisses there without daring to cross the leather edge so as not to soil the nylon of her stockings with my impious lips and my vile breath. Without a word, Marilyn allowed herself to be paid the tribute that was due to her. Then, leaning on her heels, she lifted her feet and presented me with her joined soles on which I worked. My tongue smoothed the leather along its entire length for minutes that passed, for me, like flashes of a dream.

Suddenly, Marilyn relaxed her leg and, pressing her sole on my face, sent my head rolling onto the carpet while the heel of her second foot came to twist between my shoulder blades. —That's enough, Frenchman! she says. I have to talk to you.

I remained motionless, my nose buried in the thick carpet. Marilyn shifted slightly in her chair and crossed her legs, thus reinforcing, with additional weight, the tapered heel which dug into my back without the thin shirt I was wearing mitigating the delicious pain which was inflicted on me .

“French,” she began, “I accepted your intrusion into this house for two reasons. The first is curiosity. I would like to know what the French, who are said to be rebels, can be worth as slaves. The French servant is rare here and I hope to make many people envious when I bring you into our SM circles. The second reason is your behavior last night.

Your spontaneous submission. You were not afraid to expose yourself as a slave in front of everyone. This is a good sign!... A slave must be a slave and recognize his mistress as such anywhere and in front of anyone. I liked your submissive attitude and I warn you that you should never give up on it. At the slightest mistake, I will chase you away. I have one house slave here who is enough for me and, in our meetings, all the slaves I want. So it's not out of need that you're here. So don't imagine that you are indispensable. You would be wrong...

At that moment, I heard the sound of a door closing somewhere in the villa and the sound of voices. Marilyn heard it too and stopped talking. Then she stood up and freed my aching back from the weight of her slender heel.

— Wait a minute, I have something to do... While I'm gone, undress. I want to find you in the same place... but naked!

As soon as she left the living room, I hastened to obey her. I heard her pumps clicking on the steps of a staircase and the sound of her voice reached me, dry and authoritarian.

— Is this time when you come home?

- Mistress... it's not... I swear... stammered a man's voice.

— Silence, slave! boomed Marilyn's voice... You have three minutes of delay. There is no excuse for this...

— That's more than enough to deserve the whip! another female voice intervened, young and laughing, which made me jump.

It was certainly not that of the maid who had brought me here.

— That's my opinion too... You, take off your pants!

— Let me punish him, mom, I want to stretch myself a little.

- Go ahead ! I have to do... When you're done with him, come join me in the living room.

I was amazed: Marilyn had a daughter. A girl who shared his tastes and his way of life. Long before I heard the click of the shoes on the stairs, I heard the hiss and the dull sound of the whip on the skin of the tortured person. Unable to doubt that the victim of this punishment was Mark Kormann, Marilyn's slave-husband, I imagined, with a certain horror I admit, the spectacle of this girl, undoubtedly very young, flogging the bare buttocks of her father.

The return of the mistress prevented me from thinking further about this curious situation. She took her place again in the chair and placed her stockinged feet on each of my shoulders.

“Let's start again,” she said.

I heard the sound of a lighter being flicked. A few seconds passed: the time she took to light a cigarette.

... By agreeing to serve in my house as a slave, you take responsibility. You owe me everything: I owe you nothing. You must scrupulously respect my conditions. You don't have the slightest restriction to make. Do we agree?

It was a risk worth taking but I was too happy, too enthusiastic and too excited to hesitate for a second.

— As you please, Mistress! I said in a voice that was muffled in the carpet.

At that moment, I heard a moan from where Mark Kormann received his punishment.

- Good!... said Marilyn, without me knowing very well whether this assessment was addressed to the whipper or to my response.

She added:

— You will tell me your exact hours and your place of work. I will determine your travel time myself. Aside from your professional occupations, you owe me every minute of your time. It will be used as I see fit. You will have no say in my decisions. Don't you dare discuss a single one...

As she spoke, I saw two bare feet in black velvet mules approaching to bump into my face. The wick of a whip caressed my buttocks and my back.

— My daughter Pamela! Marilyn announced.

Instinctively, I moved my lips to place them on the little velvet mules. The young girl allowed herself to be paid the servile homage of my submission without flinching and continued to run the wick of her whip over my back. Marilyn took her feet off my shoulders.

— Get on your knees, Frenchman! I allow you to look at Pamela.

I got up, trying to hide the embarrassment I felt at showing myself in my complete nudity in front of this woman and this very young girl. I humbly looked up at Pamela only to quickly lower them under her dark and haughty gaze. She was a tall, fresh and beautiful girl to damn a saint. A beautiful, haughty face with large black eyes and a thin mouth, with the corners lowered in a disdainful grin, further accentuated by a slightly protruding lower lip. A mop of auburn hair flowed in wavy cascades over her shoulders, covered in a purple t-shirt that hugged her young breasts. A black leather mini-skirt revealed long, slender, tanned legs with perfect curves.

“Pamela is eighteen,” Marilyn announced in her same neutral tone. She will be your mistress just like me. You must obey her and serve her with the same devotion and veneration. Make no mistake. Despite her young age, she is an expert dominatrix. I raised her like this and she doesn't complain about it.

— I hope for your sake that you understand American perfectly, Frenchman! the young girl intervened.

— Yes, Mistress... I think so...

“You'd better be sure. I never repeat the same thing twice order without worrying the imbecile who didn't understand me.

She took two steps forward and, by surprise, slapped me four times. stolen. My ears rang.

— Here, here's a taste to punish you for your uncertainty.

— Thank you, Mistress! I whispered as tears came to my eyes. eyes.

The two women started laughing.

— I think he will be easy to train! Marilyn commented as she stood up.

“The opposite wouldn't displease me,” Pamela sneered.

She swung the whip in my face.

— Take the wick of the whip between your teeth and follow us, your hands behind the back. You're going to go around the...servant!

In this curious team, I followed the two women through the house.

At least they showed me the rooms that were likely to see me evolve: their bedroom where there was a double four-poster bed, the bathroom, the kitchen, the laundry room and the cellar in which they had installed a veritable torture chamber and where I could distinguish two dark dungeons in which, undoubtedly, it was impossible to stand or lie down.

— My dear husband's room! said Marilyn, pointing to one of these niches. Lined with nettles, nailed boards or copiously watered by an indoor shower depending on our evening moods, she added ironically.

Had I believed it, I would have understood, at that moment, that they were not joking and that they were truly dominatrices in all the power of the term. Marilyn turned to me.

— The torture room is rarely used... for serious offenses only.

However, I must warn you that there is compulsory torture here during the duration of our periods, either for Pamela or for me. These things make women nervous. Since a mistress has the opportunity to let off steam, why wouldn't she take advantage of it?... It's up to you to pray to the boss of the slaves so that we have them together or that they don't last too long.

They laughed again and dragged me out of the cellar. The last visit was to the attic. We went back through the living room and took the staircase by which I had seen Marilyn leave during the interlude which had earned the husband

latecomer a stinging punishment. It was precisely him that I saw when I arrived in these attics. Hanging by his handcuffed wrists from a wooden beam, the tips of his toes scraping the ground. He was still wearing shirt, tie and jacket, but his pants and underpants were dragging miserably on his ankles. His buttocks and thighs bore, in red streaks, the traces of the flogging that Pamela had administered to him. I recognized the bald man I had seen the night before at the theater. I don't know if he recognized me himself, but fear contracted his face as the two women entered. In his puppy dog eyes, a glimmer of blind submission and excessive love.

— You recognize this larva, Frenchman! said Marilyn. It is my husband ! A pig like you! Just good enough to lick our feet and receive the whip.

She approached the restrained man who was trembling all over. She grabbed his ears with both hands and began to shake his head from side to side.

— And that allows you to come home three minutes late! You think you're a man when it's just a piece of shit!

She held the crimson face in front of hers and spat in his face. husband, then she let go of him and turned to Pamela.

— This evening, before taking him to the kennel, give him twenty more blows.

Perhaps she met my gaze at that moment and understood what I was thinking because she began to laugh.

— No, she said, this dog is not Pamela's father. It's only his father-in-law... Oh, note that his father was also, in his time, my slave.

As soon as I was pregnant, I asked for and received a divorce... to his fault. And I gave it to a young black girl whose parents had served mine. Fair return: it is he who serves as a slave to this girl and her family... I had met this dog, who is there, a few months earlier. Acquiring this Old Skin did not tempt me, but its bank account was such that it would not leave me indifferent. I took the lot. So, my daughter and I share the money and the slave. Both have become essential to us!

## Chapter V

After this tour of the villa, Marilyn took me back to the small living room which, I noticed at that moment, was adjacent to the bedroom occupied by the two women.

— Now that you know everything, Frenchman, she said to me, you have a few seconds to decide. You accept my conditions and you stay or you fear you are not up to the task and you leave. Choose !

I prostrated myself at her feet, my face against the ground and cried out, at the height of excitement: -

Keep me, Mistress, I beg you! I will do everything possible to satisfy you and Mistress Pamela!

Satisfied with my spontaneous reaction, Marilyn wanted to know everything about me. My job, my hours and my place of work. As well as my family and material situation in France. I hid nothing from her and went through a real psychic review session in front of her. For the other, it had already happened previously and, since I was still naked, it was also simultaneous.

Very quickly, she calculated the time it would take for me to reach her home and informed me that any delay would be punished with twenty lashes per minute. Then she gave me final instructions on how I should present myself in front of her or her daughter. She stood up :

— Stay in this position and wait for Pamela... She will take care of you.

Prostrate, face in the carpet, arms outstretched in front of me, I waited a good half hour. A whip on the buttocks almost knocked me over. More by surprise than by pain, moreover, because I had not heard my young mistress arriving.

— Go lie on your back at the foot of the stairs! she ordered.

I hastened to obey, crawling on all fours because Marilyn had told me that, without any specific order, I had to move like this. Pamela waited until I was seated then she came forward. Without paying me any further attention, she placed her mule on my stomach and began to climb the stairs. Its sole and

her little sharp heel had sunk into my flesh. I had expected this but the weight of the young girl, for a short moment, bore on this spot and I felt a sharp but exquisite pain that my manhood, already very excited, experienced a powerful erection. Luckily, she didn't turn around and didn't notice that I was having great difficulty stopping myself from ejaculating. The furtive vision of her long bare legs and the little triangle of white nylon under the short leather skirt was no stranger to it either.

— No, please... Mistress... no...

Mark Kormann's voice, sobbing and frightened, reached me distinctly immediately followed by the young girl's curt tone.

— Shut up, you dirty dog, or I'll slap your toady face.

And the whippings resumed, interspersed with the groans of the tortured man who continued to beg. I counted twenty before Pamela's voice resumed:  
- These are the

twenty additional blows that I decided to give you...

You'll have mom's twenty soon.

— No... no... pity... no...

The man continued to moan as the mules were already clattering up the stairs. I strained my muscles to provide Pamela's feet with an honorable and not too soft step stool. The young girl's foot landed on my lower abdomen, creating terrible pain. She was about to pass but changed her mind and placed her second foot on my chest. The wick of his whip moved across my face.

“Since we have nothing planned for you this evening, slave, you will not have dinner. But that doesn't matter. A slave must know how to fast. An overfed slave is always a poor servant... Don't move from here!

And she left. For a few seconds, I had been his pedestal. My ecstatic eyes looked up at her. Along her endless legs. I was imbued with his haughty presence and an intense happiness invaded me.

My wildest dreams were finally coming true. I remained there, agonizing with pleasure for many hours and without any noise breaking my enchantment. Finally, I heard a few bursts of female voices, a few muffled laughter too. And the two women entered the small living room. I didn't dare turn my head towards them but I sensed them moving towards the staircase of which I formed the doormat. Without paying the slightest attention to me, they walked over me and continued their climb. I heard Mark up there saying

began to moan and beg again even before the whip was put into action.

The cracking of the whip, the cries of the tortured man prevented me from hearing the arrival of the servant who hit my head with the toe of her shoe.

- Follow me ! she ordered.

I got on all fours and followed her into Marilyn and Pamela's room. She made me get up on my knees at the foot of the bed, made me cross my arms and fixed each of my wrists to the bedposts with handcuffs. Then she tied my neck, with a leather collar, to the crossbar and withdrew without a word. I was immobilized and realized that I would have to stay like this all night, the bed having been prepared to receive my mistress and her daughter. I waited a good while longer before seeing the maid return, holding on a leash a Mark with a face ravaged by tears and a body streaked with long red streaks, some of which, blistered, had burst and were oozing small streams of blood. His hands were tied behind his back and his legs shook as the girl made him kneel by the open door. She carefully attached the other end of the leash to the inside door handle and, with the toe of her shoe, knocked over a lid that was sitting on an enamel chamber pot that I had not noticed until then. .

— Come on, eat! she ordered. Did your mistresses prepare a cocktail?  
particularly tasty this evening.

From the smell escaping from the pot, I could easily imagine the nature of the cocktail so skillfully prepared. Mark bowed down and buried his face in the container. I heard him lapping like a dog. It was, for me, a terrible torture. Firstly because I hadn't eaten anything and my stomach was starting to cry out, but above all because I imagined the delights that Mark had the pleasure of savoring. I never dreamed of a stuffed turkey or any other so-called delicacy, but I spent sleepless nights thinking about this wonderful feast that each of the pretty girls I knew could have offered me. How many would have satisfied me if I had dared to ask them?

And now, two steps from me, another man, a slave like me, was gorging himself on the combined wonders of two adorable women. In despair, tears came to my eyes but I quickly pushed them back when I heard Marilyn and her daughter approaching. They entered holding hands.

Marilyn wore an alluring, short, transparent nylon nightie that concealed nothing of her perfect body. As for Pamela, she was completely naked. Both of them had on their feet little apartment mules with high, tapered heels. They stopped in front of the man who was eating his food like a dog and burst out laughing. As a game, Marilyn placed the sole of her mule on the back of her husband's neck and pressed down to crush his face in the bottom of the pot. He humbly allowed himself to be done, making not the slightest defensive movement. Triumphant, she kept it under her foot while she lit a cigarette. Then, after one last contemptuous look, she turned away from him and pulled her daughter towards the bed.

Before lying down, Pamela bent down, picked up her little mules and, approaching me, she inserted the two pointed heels into my mouth.

Then she changed her mind, took her mother's two mules and joined them to her own.

- This way, slave, you will be useful for something tonight! You can suck all you want but don't give up on those mules. There will be fifty lashes per mule that falls.

Before falling asleep, they leafed through a few women's magazines without paying any further attention to either me or Mark, who quickly finished his meal.

At least that's what I assumed when I saw him raise his face stained with brownish streaks. Marilyn rang the bell near her and the servant appeared a few minutes later.

— Check that he has eaten everything and take him to the kennel for the night. No need to wash it, this smell will lull his dreams.

The servant took the pot, untied Mark and dragged him after her after spraying a jet of violet perfume in the room. When the door closed, the two teachers dropped their magazines and turned off the light.

They talked and joked for a few more minutes then kissed and fell asleep. Their regular breathing was soon the only sound I could hear. I was alone in the darkness, kneeling, spread-eagled, my neck pressed against the bar of the bed, my mouth distended, my teeth clenched on the four heels whose sharp tips grated my palate. Unable to make the slightest gesture, forced to stay awake so as not to let one of the mules escape. And, in front of me, in this soft bed, in the middle of the silky sheets, I guessed without seeing the bodies of these two

exquisite women who slept peacefully, happy with who they were, with their power, with their beauty.

I thought of all those women who, throughout the world, complain about male promiscuity in bed and lament seeing their nights ruined by the man's bestial snoring. Marilyn and Pamela had solved the problem. One slept far away, curled up in its niche, and the other watched over their sleep by serving as a shoe rack. Thus, they could rest in peace and I was forced to recognize that those who allow their sleep to be stolen are turkeys who do not deserve better treatment. It's because they want it, don't they?

The hours seemed long but sweet. Although pressed into the carpet, my kneecaps hurt. Ankylosis took hold of my shoulders. A sharp pain shot through my jaw and bones. Distended lips became painful at the corners. In the bed, the two women moved limply, their feet moving a few centimeters from my face.

My virility was growing stronger and my member was getting tired of remaining hard and hard. But I was too excited to think about anything else and I had to stay careful not to ejaculate on the carpet. Which, I was sure, would have earned me a severe punishment the next day.

With the first light of dawn, the naked and intertwined bodies became shadows in the bed and further added to my erectile excitement. Fatigue and sleep overcame me and I had to make considerable efforts not to close my eyes. Novice in slavery, I felt all the pain of my discomfort and all the pangs of my situation. But what frightened me the most was the thought of having to put myself back into the service of my mistresses in the morning. After a night like this, how could I be an acceptable slave? How could I live up to the servitudes that would be imposed on me? Because, of course, I did not doubt for a moment that, once my mistresses were awake, I would be forbidden to take the slightest rest outside of the time that I had to devote to my professional tasks.

Marilyn was the first to wake up. She stretched and reached for the doorbell. A few minutes later, the servant entered, pushing in front of her a rolling table loaded with an imposing breakfast. She drew the double curtains and daylight entered the room. Pamela, in her turn, woke up. His first look was at me.

— Well done, slave, you kept my mules well.

She slid down slightly and placed her toes on my face, on my forehead, on my eyes, on my nose and tapped lightly on the mules, thus fanning the fire that the heels had lit deep in my palace.

Meanwhile, their servant placed the tray on the bed in front of the two mistresses.

— Untie him! Marilyn commanded.

The girl first took the mules off me and then freed my neck and wrists. My first action, without having received an order, was to rush to kiss the feet of the two women. They liked my reaction. Marilyn smiles and says to her daughter: — I think I made a good acquisition. He seems submissive to

me... Slave approach!

I crawled on my knees to her. She removed a piece of ham fat with her fingers and raised it above my head.

- Open the mouth !

I did as she ordered and she dropped the piece of fat into the open mouth that I offered her.

— Eat, you must be hungry!

I admit that, during this night of torture, my hunger had been relegated to the background but the smell of breakfast had noticeably awakened it and I swallowed this meager waste of ham without almost chewing it.

—Here, slave! ordered Pamela in turn.

On my knees, I walked around the bed to find myself at her height. She dipped a thin strip of bread in her boiled egg, sucked it well and threw this bread, moistened with her saliva, into my open mouth.

- Slave !

It was Marilyn's turn. I understood that it was a game to take turns giving me a crumb of their breakfast so as to make me crawl around the bed each time. I thus received the slimy white of an egg and pieces of fat and sinews from their bacon. I had to start a real marathon around the bed when they started eating their orange. They ate it section by section but just chewed them to extract the juice and spit the skins and seeds into my mouth.

After which I had to, on Marilyn's orders, eat these thick skins and

bitter from the two fruits they had peeled, then lick their plates stained with grease and eggs.

— Come on, let's make it all sink! cried Pamela happily when everything was clean.

She got up, put on her high-heeled mules and went to find, from a small chest of drawers, a funnel of a respectable size.

— Lie on the ground on your back! she ordered me.

I obey. She inserted the tube of the funnel into my mouth, straddled me and crouched over the utensil. A few seconds later, a delicious hot nectar squirted into my mouth which I swallowed with a joy that was difficult to contain. I believe that there is no finer liquor or more aphrodisiac drink than a woman's urine spilled abundantly upon waking. I have drunk from many women's springs since then but this morning shower has remained, in my mind, like the memory of the best vintage. I also benefited from a double ration because Marilyn took over from her daughter, joyfully exclaiming:

— Since the toilets are available, let's take advantage of them!

I then received permission to wash under the supervision of the servant and to put back on my street clothes to go to work. Before letting me leave, Marilyn checked that I only took the money necessary for my trip and my lunch and she gave me the essential time by which I had to be back.

I prostrated myself at the feet of my two mistresses to kiss their mules and I went out.

## Chapter VI

After this promising contact, the days that followed seemed a little outdated to me. A certain monotony had established itself in my relations with Marilyn and her daughter. Or so it seemed to me. I did my best to arrive before the required time. Generally, I was greeted by the servant who, immediately, made me strip and attached to my neck the collar and leash which were my only adornments inside the villa. If one of the mistresses was present, I was immediately taken to her to greet her by prostrating myself at her feet and kissing the toes of her shoes. They received this homage without a word and most of the time without a glance. And the servant brought me back at the end of my leash.

Under his guidance, I carried out all the household chores that I shared with Mark. I understood that this girl had been hired by Marilyn as a cover, because every good bourgeois house had to have an employee, but that in reality, before my arrival, Mark was the only maid in the house. As he too had his professional obligations and there was a lot to do at home, my coming was a good thing for everyone. While the maid read, smoked, or did her nails, Mark and I toiled away cleaning the windows, brushing the floors, vacuuming, making the beds – the mistresses' and the maid's – and prepare meals: The tasks fell to each of us alternately. Delegated by Marilyn or by Pamela, the girl did not hesitate to punish each of our faults or our clumsiness with slaps, ear pulling or cruel pinching of the breasts or buttocks. A washing machine relieved us of the heavy laundry work but Marilyn insisted that her woolens and underwear, as well as those of her daughter, be washed by us by hand. Then ironed and stored in their respective cabinets. All these things are not easy to learn and for this I received countless slaps. On her own authority, the servant also made us wash her intimate laundry. We also needed

ensure that all teachers' shoes and boots are perfectly clean at all times.

Marilyn and Pamela were having their evening meal in the dining room. Alternatively, one of us prepared the dishes in the kitchen, our faces covered with a padlocked muzzle, and the other served at the table, kneeling to present each dish. The one who was in the kitchen did the dishes by hand (we were forbidden to use the dishwasher) and the other stayed in the living room with the women to attend to their needs, either by holding the ashtrays, or by lying at their feet when they were watching television.

Meanwhile, the servant dined in the kitchen and allowed the slave who was with her to feast on the mixed leftovers of the mistresses and her own. For the other, his only hope of not fasting depended on the intestinal necessities of one of the mistresses and both if he had a lucky day.

Alternatively, too, one of us was fixed to the foot of the bed, as I had been the first evening, so that I quickly got into the habit of only sleeping every other night. The other night we officially spent her in the kennel. This niche was located in the basement. It was a horrible little black dungeon with a floor covered in straw. When the door was closed, it was impossible to stand or lie down. You had to sleep sitting up or curled up. But more often than not, the servant tried to tie our left wrist to the left ankle and the right wrist to the right ankle, so that we had to sleep in a most uncomfortable position.

But it frequently happened that Gladys, the servant, rather than obeying Marilyn's orders and leading us to the doghouse, took us to her room. A modest old maid, she blinded us, tied our hands behind our backs and tied our ankles. Then she would sit on the edge of the bed, make us kneel in front of her and draw our heads between her open thighs. With both hands crossed on our necks, she crushed our faces against her penis and we had to give her pleasure with our tongues.

We heard her moaning, panting, uttering little cries sometimes for quite a long time before she fell on the bed, crushing our cheeks between her thighs tightened by a liberating spasm.

Generally, after having taken her pleasure, Gladys had neither the courage nor

the strength to lead us to the niche. She pushed us with her feet, rolled us onto the bedside rug and, with the help of her feet, she pushed us under her bed. I never saw Gladys naked or even scantily clad because she only undressed after blinding us and only took off our blindfolds when she was ready to let us leave her room the next morning.

I had hoped that the weekend would be livelier and that my slavery would be less domestic than it was each evening but I was to be disillusioned very quickly. Neither Marilyn nor Pamela had any intention of wasting their time on me or Mark. They had their own private lives as free women and did not intend to bother with us for no reason. They spent these weekends shopping and playing tennis. For Mark and me, in addition to routine housework, a very strict schedule was dictated by Marilyn from Friday evening. Saturday was devoted to gardening work. We were responsible for mowing the lawns, trimming the bushes, hoeing among the flowers, cutting the flowers, and carrying out transplants or grafts depending on the season. The gardening work also included maintaining the gravel paths. Marilyn can't stand the most insignificant blade of grass making an appearance there.

On Sundays, we were required to do DIY work which varied according to the needs of the teachers. We could just as easily be transformed into upholsterers as into house painters, handling the pick and the hammer or playing the trowel. I must admit, my gifts in these different areas were more evident than those I strived to acquire in housework. Mark, for his part, had been experienced in this work since it belonged to his wife and Marilyn had succeeded in making him an acceptable worker in almost all trades, masonry excepted. On the other hand, he showed himself to be a very stylish couturier...

Because we also sometimes left the brush, the hammer or the trowel for the sewing machine when Marilyn or Pamela had decided to have the pattern of a dress or pants made. I learned, with some surprise, from Gladys that Mark had never touched a thread or a needle in his life when his wife-mistress had decided that the characteristic of a slave being to know how to do everything, he There was no reason why her husband would be incapable of becoming an excellent fashion designer. A professional seamstress came to give him accelerated lessons during eight days of his vacation. During these eight days, he had read nothing other than textbooks dealing with

sewing. For another eight days he had been locked in the sewing room, alone, with orders to practice every possible work and combination. Marilyn had warned him that after that he would have to provide impeccable work. The smallest defect on a lady's dress, jacket or pants would be very severely punished. Was it the fact of an exceptional and hitherto unknown gift or the fear of the sanctions that would follow? The fact remains that Mark performed real miracles in sewing. And Marilyn and Pamela's wardrobes contained real fabric gems.

I hardly saw the teachers outside of meal times and the daily rites that were established. When they came back from the tennis courts, I had to prepare their bath and then come back to clean the bathtub but I was never allowed to assist them during their bath. Which, I admit, disappointed me a little. I fantasized about the fate of the slaves who were forced to bathe the bodies of their mistresses, to soap them, to dry them and to be available for all the needs required to maintain a wonderful female body. I had not yet understood, at that time, that I was a slave for Marilyn and her daughter, in the literal sense of the word. They didn't have to worry about my wants or desires. Only theirs mattered. In their eyes, a slave had to be a servant and a lackey who worked for them, for their well-being and satisfaction. They accommodated me when they decided. For the rest, I just had to serve, carry out orders and carry out the tasks they assigned to me. I was not a client who paid to be mistreated or to endure the torments that would free him from his obsessions. My own slavery was not the hygienic sadomasochistic session, essential to maintaining the psychic balance of the subject who, without it, would infallibly sink into dementia in the more or less short term. No, I was a slave for an indefinite period, twenty-four hours a day, and my mistresses had other things to do than dominate me at all hours of the day and night.

My life nonetheless conformed to the golden rules of slavery. I served my mistresses by working tirelessly for them on all the jobs where they saw fit to employ me. I blindly obeyed every order given to me. And I was willing to endure whatever they pleased to do to me...

But only when they feel the desire and they

would have decided that way!

## Chapter VII

I had belonged body and soul to Marilyn and Pamela for more than a month when the sacrosanct rules that seemed to be established in my brand new life as a slave were broken. Although having been asked, upon my return to the villa, to strip myself naked and having been led at the end of my leash by the surly Gladys to the feet of my mistresses as was daily, I understood immediately that this evening -there would not be like the others. Contrary to their habits, the mistresses were busy in their alcove and Mark was with them even though he usually came home after me. He was giving a final ironing to a sumptuous evening dress and his scarlet buttocks showed that he must have been recently searched. Like many dominatrixes exercising their control over their husbands, Marilyn corrected Mark morning and evening under a principle, established by her, that to maintain all his romantic passion a husband must be beaten daily by his wife. And the statistics would tend to prove them right because it is proven that battered husbands are all madly in love with their wives.

Rather than taking me back to the office to instruct me on the household chores to be accomplished, Gladys, that evening, took me to the bathroom and ordered me to wash carefully, which she monitored carefully. The strict nurse quickly realized that it was very unpleasant for me to have to perform my intimate ablutions in front of her. So she took great pleasure in attending each of my personal hygiene sessions. But, this evening more than any other time, she gave me a thorough inspection to ensure that the most intimate folds of my person were impeccably clean. Which made me predict an imminent use of my body.

I then had to put on leather briefs fitted with a penis sheath and Gladys installed for me, starting from the collar which I had around my neck, a complicated harness of leather straps, buckles and steel rings which ran along my skin down to my knees. Everything was hermetically padlocked at the height of t

navel. To my great surprise, the servant made me put on, on top of all this, my newest and neatest city suit. Which immediately made me assume that we were going out and that I would not be used here.

Beneath her austere features and her impassive mask, Gladys was shrewd enough to sense my curiosity mixed with anxiety. On purpose and with a sadistic pleasure that I noticed was more intense every day, she remained silent and severe. Of course, Mark and I were forbidden from asking the servant any questions or even having a conversation with her. We were only allowed to obey him and respond with deference and humility to his requests.

The curious equipment with which I was equipped was perfectly invisible under my costume. Gladys inspected me one last time then took me to the bathroom. She made me raise my hands and tied my wrists to the head of the toilet flush.

— If you don't stay still, you'll flush the toilet. I'll hear you and he'll kill you. So, a good tip: stay perfectly still!

I remained in this uncomfortable position for a good two hours then the servant came to untie me and took me, my wrists still bound, to the black Mercedes which was waiting in front of the villa's steps. She put me in the back seat, walked away, and came back a few minutes later pulling Mark, who was also dressed in a suit and had his wrists tied. She made him sit next to me.

In the few minutes I was alone with my fellow slave, before Marilyn and Pamela, both sumptuously adorned, appeared, I asked him a few questions about our destination. I thus learned that Marilyn and Pamela were members of different private clubs adept at sadomasochism. Some of these clubs were mixed, that is to say they brought together both masters and mistresses and female as well as male slaves. Others were exclusively dominatrix clubs where the slaves belonged to both sexes because there were, among them, many lesbians. The members of these clubs met several times a year and Mark knew we were going to one of these parties. On the other hand, he did not know if it was a mixed club or a dominatrix club, the dates of the meetings being irregular.

Marilyn got behind the wheel. She wore a long evening dress

in black satin studded with gold threads, slit at the front and wide neckline on the breasts and in the back. She got rid of the silver fox she had on her shoulders, throwing it carelessly onto our knees. Her necklace, brooch, rings and pendant earrings shone brightly. Also adorned with sparkling jewelry, Pamela, who took her place next to him, was dressed in a long white silk tunic dress with black trims which left her left shoulder and half of her back bare. The young mistress had pulled her hair up into a very sophisticated bun. I had no doubt that Mark had been entrusted with this delicate task and I assumed that this hairdressing session had ended, for him, with a few slaps and blows from an exasperated and impatient mistress. Very lively, the two women were joking and laughing without me understanding everything they were saying. The only thing I was sure of was that they didn't care about us at all. We were only packages that they carried to satisfy, when the time came, their games and their pleasure.

After taking streets and crossing neighborhoods that I did not know, we finally arrived in an area of sumptuous residences fenced with surrounding walls and closed with electronic gates.

No doubt Mark already knew where we were going and whether it was a mixed club meeting or a women's club.

But he said nothing and kept his head lowered, respecting the rule decreed by his wife-mistress according to which we were forbidden to exchange the slightest word in the presence of a woman, even the servant.

The car had barely stopped in front of the electronic eye of a surveillance camera when the gate opened. The villa did not stand at the bottom of a vast park but was hidden from prying eyes by high walls, which is hardly common in the United States.

A suited butler waited at the entrance to the alley. He bowed respectfully to Marilyn and Pamela and led us out of the vehicle.

While the mistresses climbed the few steps that led to the threshold, Mark and I were directed towards a basement where several people of both sexes were crowding around, completely naked or half-dressed in various materials that were fitted to them by servants and men. valets in French attire.

Before entering this sanctuary of preparation, the butler ordered us to take a piece of paper from among those folded at the bottom of a basket. We

we did so and the maître d', unfolding the papers, announced: "candlestick" as he pushed Mark inside, and "waiter" to me.

Experience taught me that this drawing of lots was carried out in all the meetings and in all the clubs to which I was subsequently taken.

Chance decided the assignment of each slave and the servants had the task of dressing them according to their attributions. There were as many papers as slaves expected and no position remained vacant.

The waiter's outfit was quite unsophisticated. In addition to the necklace that was around my neck and which was left for me, I wore a screwed ring which encircled the base of my penis and testicles and to which the maid who took care of me attached a leash. She then attached a muzzle to me which covered the bottom of my face and was attached behind my head with a sort of harness. The purpose of this muzzle was not to prevent us from eating. At no time would this have been possible because we were under the constant supervision of a maid. It was simply considered indecent that during our service we could breathe over the dishes which were intended for the masters and mistresses. The last paper drawn meant that all the slaves had arrived, therefore all the guests were present. The servants then took us to the places assigned to us. I counted four waiters: three men and one woman. We were taken to the pantry where the kitchen was run by a professional chef assisted by two equally muzzled slaves. One of the waiters was given a large tray of glasses, another was given trays of bottles and I was given the tray with an assortment of savory cakes, crisps and other nibbles. The fourth was responsible for providing service. Each of the three male waiters was led by a maid who held him by the leash hanging between his legs.

I noticed that the waitress did not have her vaginal lips pierced, so they had been stuck in a metal clip to which was attached the leash by which a footman pulled her.

In the living room, around thirty men and women were chatting happily, sunk in deep armchairs, sprawled on sofas or standing. Masters and mistresses! When we arrived, the waiters carrying the glasses and bottles knelt before the nearest of them. The female slave in charge of the service knelt beside them. The requested master announced in a dry voice the aperitif he desired. Immediately, the girl took a drink from the tray. Not just any one because they were of size and

of different shapes and some had previously been provided with ice cubes depending on the drink they were supposed to receive. Then she poured the desired aperitif and, raising the glass with both hands above her bowed head, she presented it to the master. She remained in this position until he took her. Then the three slaves got up to kneel immediately in front of the mistress who was next... In my turn I rushed to kneel and present my tray in front of the one who had just been served with alcohol then got up to immediately kneel a few centimeters further. The same protocol was repeated as many times as there were masters and mistresses. When everyone had their drinks in their hands, the three other waiters were escorted back to the pantry but I, for my part, had to continue my genuflections and start several times around the guests who were dipping, without paying attention to me, from the savory assortments that I presented to them.

When the maid, who was still holding me on a leash by my genitals, judged that the restocking should be done, she pulled me sharply and directed me towards the office. The three other slave-waiters returned with me for a second round and everything started again until I was taken back to the pantry and the voice of the master of the house invited everyone to sit down at the table.

I didn't say that, like Marilyn and Pamela, all the members of this club were very elegantly dressed. Evening dresses and ensembles for women, very chic tuxedos and suits for men. No doubt I was there within the city's posh society? In passing, I thought I recognized, furtively, two or three very prominent personalities, two in the world of politics and one in that of business, as well as two famous actresses and the daughter of a great writer. Other faces were not unknown to me without being able to place them exactly. In turn, each of the three of us

had to bring the dishes by kneeling near each guest to present them to them. The waitress was in charge of the wines and drinks. During my comings and goings, I was able to distinguish some of my fellow slaves. Some of them were kneeling, their heads pulled back by a short leather leash attached to the link that bound their wrists and ankles together. A large, widely flared funnel had been pushed into their mouths into which the two masters or mistresses placed on either side of them dumped their various waste. There was thus a slave dump for two guests. I

I also distinguished, on the ground, under the table, a rope of slaves which served as a carpet for the feet of the diners. I did not have time that evening to see how they were disposed, but I learned it later, having been assigned to this role. A slave lay naked on his back, his arms spread out from his body. A second slave was placed on top of him, legs spread so that the first's head was trapped between his thighs and up to his crotch. The thighs of this second slave crushed the shoulders of the first and his legs were extended on each side of the body. A taffeta ribbon tightly cinched the ankles at hip level. Then a third slave was placed in the same way above the second and so on until this carpet of flesh had gone around the table offering the shoes of the masters and mistresses a very soft cushion. In addition to the incessant torture of the heels and soles which searched every part of the body and crushed them unceremoniously, this posture is very painful for the slaves whose heads are caught in the vice of the thighs, their shoulders crushed, their legs twisted. But all that matters is the stability of the feet placed on them. On my third visit to the dining room, I noticed Mark among the candlestick slaves arranged in the four corners of the room. Like the other three, he was completely naked and pinned with his back against a wooden post by his ankles, waist and torso. The pole went up to shoulder height. At this summit was pointed a small horizontal board on which Mark's

head was thrown back and secured by a strap which encircled his forehead. In his disproportionately open mouth was an enormous lighted candle. Mark, like the others, had to hold his arms up and straight, hands open and fingers spread. Except for the thumb, his other four fingers on each hand were buried in long candles which had been hollowed out internally for this purpose. I've never held this position but I think that keeping your arms in this position for hours, without support or attachment, must be problematic. Not to mention that as time passes, the candles burn and the melted wax trickles down the hands, lips and chin of the living candle holder to form a rather spectacular shell.

For me, there was a succession of comings and goings between the pantry and the dining room, to carry the dishes, to serve, to change plates and cutlery which the two kitchen slaves immediately cleaned. Regardless of

the reason for my intervention and the gestures that I had to perform, I had to, for each thing, kneel next to each guest, get up and kneel next to the next guest. That evening I must have made a thousand genuflections. Accustomed to this type of meeting, the masters and mistresses paid little attention to us, content to let themselves be served. Some guests, however, did not hesitate to pinch my breasts or buttocks and one of the mistresses, each time I visited, twisted my genitals. Another, while continuing her conversation, crushed me, without looking at me, with a cigarette on her cheek. These were almost the only facts which disturbed my service which continued quite late into the night.

What I was totally unaware of, but what I knew the day I was assigned to the role of rug under the table, was that three slaves were circulating throughout the meal, under the table, passing from one to the other. . They began by kissing and licking the shoes, then they took off their shoes, kissed and licked the bare or nylon-covered feet, which they then put on again. Their hands moved up the legs to the thighs. If the thighs spread, they came to kneel on the body of the carpet slave to suck the penis of a mistress or a master indifferently. Then, when they were finished, they moved on to the next guests. All three were turning like this throughout the meal. Almost all the masters and mistresses let them operate until their task was completed, but some refused. A kick thrown at the slave was enough to stop him. These slaves, like all the others, were chosen by lot and could be both men and women.

All the slaves who officiated under the table, whether ambulant or immobile, were of course seated before the arrival of the guests. Some therefore did not know to whom the feet which bruised them belonged and others did not know to whom they offered the services of their tongue.

When dinner was over, the masters got up and returned to the living room or the terraces. Meanwhile, the maids and valets were busy freeing us from our paraphernalia. In the blink of an eye, slave-servers, carpet-slaves were taken out from under the table with the sucking-slaves grouped together and led totally naked into the cellars of the villa which had been magnificently converted into torture rooms and dungeons. Various devices were installed there. From the simple St. Andrew's Cross to the gynecology tables topped with complicated chain and pulley systems, including the pillory, the Berkley horse and the boards and seats bristling with

spikes; everything was there. The two or three dungeons plunged into darkness seemed empty. No doubt this was the residence of the slaves of the house who, for that day, were mixed with us.

Two maids made us line up along the walls all around the cellar and kneel down. We stayed like this for a good half hour before the masters and mistresses appeared. Everyone had changed their evening attire for more appropriate ones. Leather and latex clothing had replaced fine evening dresses and tuxedos. Some mistresses were completely naked, wearing only high leather boots with thin pointed heels and black kid gloves. Others were topless and wore skirts or leather pants.

There were, at their level, some discussions concerning the choice and allocation of torture devices but none regarding the choice of slaves. Each and everyone grabbing the one that was closest to them.

I briefly saw Pamela who was naked on the other side of the room and I was pulled by the hair with a forceful hand. When I turned around to lie down on a pommel horse designated for me I saw that my tormentor was a young woman, very dark and very tanned, who wore a shirt and leather pants which hugged her hips perfectly and her thighs. With the speed of a professional, she pulled my arm down and locked my wrists with bracelets attached to the legs of the pommel horse. Then she lifted my legs one after the other and tied my ankles to other bracelets that hung from the ceiling on chains.

My legs were spread as wide as possible. From the ceiling, she pulled several chains sliding on pulleys and ending in iron clamps. One of these clamps was closed on my glans and caused me severe pain. Two others came and bit the tip of each of my breasts. Two more trapped my ears. With a brutal push, the dominant brunette opened my mouth, inserted her gloved fingers and took out my tongue to which she fixed a final clamp.

Without haste, she left me for a few moments. When she returned, I saw that she was dragging with her a wooden support to which was attached a glass container filled with a yellow liquid and extended by a rubber tube. Some faster masters and mistresses had already taken action. Amidst the noise of chains and the whistling of whips, there arose the cries and groans of the slaves who were experiencing ecstasy.

the first pains. In my position, it was impossible for me to see what was happening.

My occasional mistress brought the bottle and its support behind my raised legs and I immediately understood what she intended for me when she took the rubber ending in a cannula. With a sharp blow, without the slightest hesitation or care, she pushed the cannula into my anus. Immediately, a hot liquid penetrated my insides. From the color of the liquid I guessed that it was urine but I never knew if it was male or female urine. Based on the size of the container, I estimated its capacity at around five liters. Inactive for the moment, the brunette mistress climbed over the pommel horse and sat astride my face. The soft leather of her panties crushed against my forehead, over my eyes, over my nose and against my tongue drawn excessively upwards. I no longer saw anything and breathed with difficulty.

Lifting one leg, she planted the tapered heel of her boot in my navel, causing a painful sensation. She was waiting for the container to completely empty into my intestines. I knew that she had spent this time smoking a cigarette when, getting up, she crushed the butt between my bruised breasts.

My stomach was bloated and painful. My tormentor went behind me, tore off the cannula and immediately replaced it with an anus plug which she screwed in as far as possible. I was forced to keep the five liters of urine inside me. She gave me a contemptuous smile and had to press, I don't know where, a button or a pedal which set in motion the pommel horse which I had not suspected was equipped with an electrical system. The base on which I was fixed began to oscillate back and forth at a regular rhythm. Violent pains alternately passed through all the parts of my body subjected to the clamps. If the chains that held my legs slid on pulleys, those that carried the clamps were blocked. Also when I had my head in a low position, my ears, my tongue and my breasts were horribly held upwards. When I had my head in a high position and my buttocks in a low position, it was my penis that was pulled like a piece of chewing gum. Within a few minutes of this barbaric system, the pain became downright unbearable and, unable to scream due to my captive tongue, I began to utter guttural sounds. This was undoubtedly what the dominatrix was waiting for before grabbing a fine whip with which she was going to play for a few seconds before starting to whip my body. The back of the thighs,

the lower abdomen, the chest, the arms, the face itself. But it was for the stomach that she reserved the majority of her blows. A swollen and bloated stomach in which the enema liquid came and went to the rhythm of the rocking, causing me intolerable discomfort accentuated by desires that I was not able to satisfy.

I don't know how long this torture lasted, but it seemed like it would never end. The pain brought tears from my eyes and, paradoxically, an excitement which only increased the pain caused by the clamp on my erect member. Finally, the pommel horse stopped. My dominatrix scrutinized my face with her eyes burning with pleasure and excitement. She was disheveled, her cheeks had turned pink under her tan the color of baked bread. She was panting.

With more haste than she had put them on, she removed the clips and unfastened my ankles and wrists. I fell off the pommel horse and the teacher kicked me in the stomach.

- Standing ! Follow me ! she ordered.

The cellar was transformed into a vast factory of suffering from which came the cries of pain and the tears of those who were being tortured. As I dragged myself behind the dark-haired mistress to the cellar stairs, I passed other slaves of both sexes, collapsed on the floor, bleeding and moaning. I consoled myself by imagining them in much worse shape than I was myself. At that time, I had not yet realized that my ears were protruding and split, that bruises dotted my chest around the nipples and that my scratched and bleeding penis was disproportionately swollen. Only a taste of blood filled my mouth...

With a heavy stomach, I followed my torturer to a room on the first floor. floor snugly encased in carpet and heavy drapes.

— Get in there! she said, pointing to a small cage whose bottom was a wooden plate pierced like a toilet seat. As I sat down, I noticed that the hole was lined with fine steel points. My legs were stretched out. The dominatrix slid an iron gate with arches for the thighs to pass through. Then she pressed a button near the bedside table. The cage, pulled by a chain falling from the ceiling, lifted and I soon found myself suspended in the air above the foot of the bed. To avoid letting the points dig into my flesh, I had to use both hands to hold on to the iron bars. Which became very painful when

the mistress, grabbing my dangling legs, pulled them back and fixed them, by the ankles, to bracelets under the wooden base. At that moment, the door opened,

revealing a very handsome blond man with graying temples, clad in leather, who was dragging behind him a young naked slave dripping with tears, whose chest and penis appeared to have been tortured for a long time. With a resounding slap he threw her to the foot of the bed and made her lie across it. He took a rope, tied her wrists, threw her arms behind her head, threw the rope under the bed, retrieved it from the other side, pulled it strongly and, with the other end; he tied the slave's ankles securely. During this time, my mistress slowly unscrewed, through the opening made in the base of the cage, the anus plug which prevented me from evacuating the enema. When the first drops fell, she fitted a rubber hose fitted, at its other end, with a mask which she held tightly over the face of the slave lying on the bed. I understood that the five liters of urine that I had received in the form of an enema were going to flow, sparingly, drop by drop, into the mouth of the poor girl, lying beneath me, by the principle of the communicating vessels.

I tried to spare him this torture, to hold back as much as possible, but it was wasted effort. I couldn't both stiffen myself to stay out of reach of the nails and keep this liquid that burned me and made my insides heavy.

And then I thought that, like me, this girl was there voluntarily, that she too derived enormous pleasure from it and that it was part of a game which plunged us all, masters and slaves, into intense pleasure. And I let myself go...

Meanwhile, our masters had gotten rid of their leather clothes. I noticed that my brunette mistress did not practice a full tan: the imprint of her bra and her underwear was modestly outlined in white on her golden skin. Before slipping into the sheets with her companion, she climbed onto the bed and, through the bars, she slipped the little purple nylon panties that she had just taken off over my face. The strip of cloth from the crotch that was applied to my face and lips was caked with the juicy come that had leaked out of her as she tortured me. And, while embraced by the grand blond master she experienced other orgasms, I fervently licked this incomparable liquor. After several fiery embraces, several pleasures and countless caresses lavished before my eyes, the two exhausted lovers decided to

have a small rest. She turned off the light and, with their feet placed on the body of the slave girl whose stomach must have swelled as my stomach deflated, they fell asleep.

Long before they woke up, my muscles had given way, my hands had slipped along the bars, the steel points had sunk into the flesh of my buttocks and my thighs and the delicious underwear was soaked with my saliva and my tears.

## Chapter VIII

The next day, my life as a slave-domestic resumed with Marilyn and Pamela, with Mark who had the redness on his hands and mouth inflicted by the flow of candle wax. Mark had told me that some evenings were sometimes close together. I hoped that this would not be the case and that my breasts, my penis and my ears would have time to lose the sensitivity that was theirs after such treatment. As the days passed, this pain faded. Only Gladys marveled at the marks that the brunette dominatrix had left on my body. Neither Marilyn nor Pamela paid the slightest attention to it. The state I found myself in was none of their business. Only one thing mattered: that I serve them with discretion, speed and skill. What I did despite the pain that certain gestures caused me.

On the Saturday of the following week, I was driven, by Pamela, to an unknown destination. To my surprise, she stopped her car in front of a private clinic and ordered me to get out. I was in jeans and a polo shirt and very worried about what fate she had in store for me. She entered the hall in front of me and spoke to the receptionist who was behind a pretty desk. She gave him some instructions.

“Come,” she ordered without turning around.

I followed her. She knocked on a door marked with a plaque: “Dr. Mary Swithmann.” The door opened. A tall blonde woman was there, in a white coat. I immediately recognized her as one of the hosts of the evening.

One of the ones I had served throughout the meal.

—Come in Pamela, come in! said the doctor.

Pamela pushed me into the room and entered behind me.

— Get naked! she ordered me.

While I did so, more and more worried about what was going to happen to me, the doctor asked my young mistress for news about Marilyn.

They also talked to other people whose names were unknown to me. Several minutes passed before they deigned to take care of me who

waited stupidly aside, in my complete nudity. Finally, the doctor came to me.

— No anesthesia, I suppose? she said to the young girl who giggled without responding.

“Sit there,” the doctor ordered me, pointing to a wooden stool.

Then she took, from an iron box, a kind of small metal pliers. She grabbed my earlobe and I barely felt the piercing. The other ear suffers the same fate. She had to pinch the nipples to pierce them in turn. They were much more sensitive and the pain was more severe. After each piercing, she inserted a small silver-colored ring into the hole.

— These are screw rings, she explained to Pamela, they are removable.

Then, addressing me: —

Get on the stool.

I obeyed immediately. She pulled the skin from my foreskin and, a few seconds later, I was infibulated. She pulled the skin from my testicles underneath and placed a second ring there.

— This, she said, is what your mother ordered me to do... While I'm at it, I could also pierce my nose. If one day you want to sell him!... You are aware that at the last congress it was decided that, from now on, all slaves for sale would be presented with a ring in their nose?...

Pamela hesitated. She sat on the corner of the desk and rocked limply one of her legs shod with pointed-heeled pumps.

— Does it totally belong to you? the doctor asked again.

- Yes of course.

- SO ?

— Go ahead then! After all, it doesn't matter.

It didn't matter to her who checked her makeup in the mirror of her compact while the woman in white chose larger pliers to puncture my nasal septum. I let out a little cry and tears came to my eyes.

“Ten lashes for that stupid cry,” Pamela punished without me. look and close her compact.

It was finished. I could get dressed. In the nose, the doctor had not placed a ring but a small, almost invisible metal rod.

— For three days, you will have to remove the rings and clean the perforations with alcohol to avoid infection, advised the doctor, shaking Pamela's hand.

On Friday evening of the following week, I was led, as usual by Gladys, into the boudoir to greet my mistresses upon my return from work. I was surprised to discover Marilyn there in the company of a young woman, with long blond hair, whom I had never seen before. She was simply dressed in a white blouse and faded jeans. Her feet were wearing sandals with small square heels. As I entered, I felt a glimmer of interest light up in the blue of his eyes.

“There’s the slave, Sandra,” said Marilyn.

I prostrated myself at the feet of my mistress then placed my lips on the bare toes of the stranger whom I felt quiver under the caress. .

“Go Gladys and prepare it,” Marilyn commanded.

After a fairly quick wash, the servant placed the rings on my foreskin, under the testicles and on my breasts. She took off the leash that was around my neck but left me with the collar. Then she made me dress in a very becoming butler's outfit. In a small black leather case she placed the ear and nose rings, the leash, several chains, leather bracelets for the ankles and wrists, and a rolled whip.

— Take this briefcase, she said, it might be useful to you.

Then she took me back to the boudoir.

“Wonderful,” exclaimed the blonde young woman, “we hardly recognize him.

She stood up, held out her hand to my mistress.

— Thank you very much Marilyn, I will bring it back to you tomorrow.

She made me get into the sports car next to her and took the wheel. After a few minutes of silence where I felt a certain embarrassment on her part, she decided to speak.

— You know, she said, I'm not used to having a slave... It's the first time... Do you know why you are with me?

- No, Mistress, I don't know.

— This evening, I'm giving a reception... not very important. There will be ten of us. I order the dishes from a famous French caterer but I only have one little maid... not very stylish. I was planning to rent two extras but Marilyn offered to lend me one of her slaves. That's it that's all !

I was surprised but relieved. These people were not initiates and this

evening would not resemble those of the clubs that Marilyn and her daughter frequented. My role would certainly be limited to serving the guests of the blonde Sandra. I didn't understand why Gladys had given me the briefcase. Probably to scare me.

It was quite common in the United States – but I believe it also exists in France and European countries – for a mistress to lend a slave to serve as an extra for friends at receptions. A few years ago I became aware of an international mistress whose sister and brother-in-law had opened a hotel in a tourist resort on the Amalfi Coast, Italy. This mistress sent her slaves to spend their month's vacation as valets and handymen in her sister's hotel.

This had a docile and voluntary staff who submitted with relish to all the demands of customers and especially of the bosses. And, which didn't hurt, several spoke French, English or German.

Sandra glanced at me, then abruptly declared - You know, I really liked it when you kissed my feet... It's the first time that a man has prostrated himself like this before me to pay me this homage. .

“It's the customary sign of respect that a slave owes to his mistresses,” I replied, without really knowing what I was saying.

Sandra's cheeks flushed slightly - It doesn't matter, it's very pleasant!

Sandra did not live in an isolated villa but in an apartment in a fairly opulent building with several floors.

— For the moment, don't tell my little maid what you are. It is best that she thinks you were sent by an agency, the young woman recommended to me before leading me towards the kitchen.

That evening, I made immense efforts to serve and clear the dishes and pass the wines. I wanted to satisfy Sandra as much as possible. I was seduced by the naivety of this young woman who I felt was both admiring of the slave status that I displayed without embarrassment and eager to push the experience further while remaining clinging to certain principles and prejudices.

The domestic worker was a young girl of South American type, quite pretty, but whose vulgarity showed through a veneer that she tried to put on in the presence of her boss. Besides Sandra and her husband, a gentle and self-effacing guy, there were four middle-aged couples from a middle-class social background.

Two of the women, a redhead with long hair and a brunette with short, curly hair, were quite pretty. The other two, without being ugly, could not have been more ordinary.

It was during dessert that Sandra, undoubtedly emboldened by the wines, broached the delicate subject of slavery. The conversation first turned to commonplaces and the economic exploitation of man by man, then to the slave trade which, with anti-slavery measures, had turned against America. With skill, while her husband displayed embarrassment and almost total silence, Sandra spoke of sadomasochism and voluntary slavery. One of the men admitted to knowing a place, a bar I think, where homosexual sadomasochists met. Everyone else had heard about it, nothing more. None of the guests appeared to be openly against it.

The pretty curly brunette even joked by declaring that deep down, she wouldn't mind owning a slave. As I walked back and forth, I only heard snatches of sentences. I saw Sandra get up. She made a discreet sign and preceded me to the office.

- Undress, she ordered, I'm dying to show them.

I was surprised and quite anxious to know how these lay people would react. Between theory and practice!... So I undressed under the eyes, shining with joy, of Sandra and those, stunned, of the little maid who had addressed me, until now, like a butler class and who discovered the rings placed in my breasts, in my foreskin and under my testicles, as well as the leather collar under my impeccable white collar. With excitement, Sandra took the case, opened it and, one after the other, placed the rings in my ears and the large ring that crossed my nasal septum. She attached the leash to it, let it hang, and sealed my wrists and ankles with the leather bracelets connected by chains. Unable to say a word, the maid watched the spectacle with her mouth open. Finally, Sandra took the whip in one hand, the leash in the other and led me towards the dining room. Her multicolored and transparent cretonne dress flapped on her shapely legs, shod with black high-heeled pumps. Our entrance stunned everyone.

—Here is an authentic slave! Sandra triumphed, stepping aside so everyone could see me better...

— But... is it the French extra? asked one of the rather physiognomist men in surprise.

- Yes... except that he is not an extra but a slave who was lent to me by a friend to whom he belongs, continued Sandra.

Eager to demonstrate my obedience and grant myself a new pleasure, Sandra ordered me:

- On your knees, slave, and lick my feet.

I complied and, without her having let go of the leash connected to my nose ring, I placed my lips on her feet covered in transparent nylon and set about giving her satisfaction.

- It's incredible !

- Fantastic !

—Unimaginable!

The superlatives rained down, revealing the astonishment of all the guests.

— If you feel like it, ladies! Sandra suggested.

I was very grateful to him for not suggesting that I also kiss men's shoes. What I did reluctantly in the mixed evenings that Marilyn and Pamela took me to.

- Why not ! the little curly brunette wriggled.

- Not for me in any case, one of the guests pinched herself, I find it completely grotesque... This guy must be sick!

The others burst out laughing. The brunette was about to get up but Sandra stopped her with a gesture.

— Don't move, Myrna, a slave can go under the table.

She let go of the leash and I moved forward on all fours to place the homage of my kisses on the feet of the three women who had not objected.

For Myrna, it was an erotic pleasure that I recognized by the shiver that animated her toes under the caress of my lips.

Apart from the one who found me grotesque and considered me sick, the other three examined, laughing and with many comments, each of the rings which crossed my flesh. Myrna was particularly fascinated by those who decorated my sexual attributes.

- You can order her whatever you want, Sandra suggested, having guessed her friend's confusion.

— I would like... him to take off my shoes, take off my stockings and lick my feet and suck my toes, she replied, blushing.

I obeyed immediately and I believe that the brunette experienced orgasm while my tongue drew arabesques on the soles of her feet and slipped

between her thin toes with painted nails.

Myrna and Sandra were the only ones to give me a few lashes on the buttocks after I had served them the liquors in my slave outfit.

Then the guests left and I was responsible for putting everything back in order but, incredibly lucky, I was allowed to use the dishwasher. I witnessed an altercation between Sandra and her husband. The latter reproached him for having exposed me in this way.

—What will they think of us? he said.

— Well... they all liked it... apart from that stupid Rita, of course.

She entered the kitchen.

— Manita, she said to the little maid, when the slave had finished his work, you will tie it up in the bathroom and go to bed.

I carried out the work under the direction of Manita who never got involved. Since I was a willing slave, I just had to work. She bossed me around with slaps, butt kicks and the utter contempt. Then she tied me up securely and left.

— You know, Sandra admitted to me in the car taking me back to Marilyn, I had a wonderful evening thanks to you. If my husband hadn't been so stupid, I would have made you lie at the foot of my bed and you would have sucked my toes all night. I think I would have cum without interruption.

To take revenge for this missed pleasure, she stopped the car in a deserted corner, ordered me to take off her shoes and had her feet licked and toes sucked for a long time until she found complete sensual happiness...

## Chapter IX

I had just had a new experience as a slave which was repeated several times subsequently, with other friends of Marilyn, several of whom were dominatrixes lacking staff, for receptions sometimes of a very official nature. But I was never presented in slave attire.

I never saw Sandra again but I had the pleasure of serving one evening as an extra at Myrna's who treated me like a slave after her guests left. She had obtained me through Sandra and told me that the husband of the blonde young woman had formally objected to her employing me as a new.

One of the most difficult evenings I had to experience in one of the clubs frequented by Marilyn and her daughter took place towards the end of my stay in the United States in a dominatrix club. Here, all the males present were slaves and all the women were mistresses, except for four of them who were the sex slaves of lesbian couples. As soon as we entered the villa corridor, we were in the mood. A naked young man stood against a marble column. A hammered copper umbrella stand was suspended, by a very tight leather cord, from the base of his genitals. An articulated metal disc, forming a tray, was padlocked around his waist, securing him to the column. On this tray were placed packets of cigarettes of different brands and matches.

A leather strap held a copper ashtray against his open mouth and, on his forehead, a scrubber was stuck. His arms, extended on either side of his body, were attached by the wrists to an iron rod which passed behind his shoulders. All along his arms hung wooden coat racks. It was a rainy evening. Each dominatrix, upon arriving, placed her umbrella dripping with water in the umbrella stand, took off her raincoat or coat and hung it on a hanger. Most of them chose a cigarette, took a match, struck it on the matchstick and threw the match back into the ashtray. I learned by

subsequently, and quite by chance, that this slave was the "slave-friend" of the mistress of the house. At the end of the corridor, before entering the slave preparation room, I took my paper from the basket. I had a slight shudder when I read "toilet bowl". I had never held this job but I knew that it was one of the most feared among slaves. I was stripped naked, stripped of my collar but girded with a chastity belt, my hands tied in front and my ankles tied to each end of a metal bar which held my legs apart. Two maids dragged me to the toilet. The walls and ceiling were covered in mirrors. The basin, raised, was placed on a sort of white box with an opening on the front. The maids placed me on the ground, on my back, and pushed me to insert my head into the cavity of the box. My face was buried under the opening of the sink. Thanks to the ingenuity of the mirrors, I could see everything that was happening in the small room. It didn't take long for another slave to be taken away. Undoubtedly the one who pulled out the "sanitary cleaning" paper. Supreme refinement of cruelty, he was made to kneel on the rod which spread my ankles. His knees were strapped there. His ankles were tied but his hands remained free. The maids left, leaving us to our fate. Both of us knew that we were installed here until dawn, at the disposal of anyone who had any need. The wait began, very long and silent, because we were strictly forbidden to utter the slightest word. Besides, at the bottom of my hole, how could I have spoken? My head rested on a sticky grate whose spaced bars caused me some discomfort. Under this grate there must have been a hole which led to a pit from which horribly nauseating odors were exhaled. Nearly an hour had to pass before the door opened, allowing the first visitor to enter.

She climbed onto the carpet that my body offered her, planting her heels on my hips. In front of her, the slave was active, reaching under her dress to carefully slide off, first her tights, then her little white nylon briefs. She sat on his arms. I had, furtively, a vision of her white rump above me, with the downy nest of her sex. Then everything went dark as her dress fell in front, over the neck of the prostrate slave. A hot jet shot against the porcelain of the basin and flowed over my face, flooding my cheeks, chin and mouth. I had sworn to myself, when I was disposed in this place, to live up to the honor which

was made to me and to taste each of the delicious offerings that would be made to me. So I opened my mouth to take a few sips of the delicious liquor that flooded my face.

When she had poured herself out, the young woman got up and remained standing on my chest. The slave stood up, put his head under his dress and I guessed that he was cleaning with his tongue the last drops of urine remaining suspended in the fleece or on the lips of the dominatrix. Then, with great care, he pulled up his nylon briefs and tights and prostrated himself at his feet, his forehead against my stomach. He only got up when the woman had left the scene. At an irregular pace, but in a very short time, around ten women

followed one another in the small place and came to relieve themselves, on the face placed there for this purpose, of their desire to urinate. Each time, the same scene was repeated, the same rite and the same acts. The only difference was in the visitors' outfits. Some wore evening pants that the slave had to slide down, others had no underwear and slapped the slave whose hands ventured under their skirt. For me, no change: about ten times, I was cleansed by a divine liquor which flooded my face and of which I swallowed a few sips. And I admit that this succession of divine sources had the merit of making me savor all the differences that exist between the urinary flavors of different women. Not one tastes the same!

After this relative influx, a good two hours went by without us having the slightest visitor, except two maids who took advantage of the opportunity offered to them to piss on the face of a slave. They were the only ones who looked into the toilet bowl to observe me underneath. The teachers had too much class to stoop to that. It was enough for them to know that the face of a slave was beneath them to receive what they were relieved of. They didn't care what this slave looked like.

Obviously, these empty hours corresponded to the fact that these ladies had spent time at the table and had to eat, carefree and joyful, among the slaves who suffered for them and by them.

And the door opened: it was Marilyn! She walked on me like the others had done. She wore a white satin frilled bodice and very tight black satin knickers that the slave had great difficulty sliding over my beautiful mistress's hips. Her high pumps with tapered heels bruised my flesh. Like the others, she sat on the arms of

the slave, above me. Immediately after the hot squirt, the taste of which was familiar to me, I received the turd right at the base of my nose, between my two eyes. Another followed, then another who closed one of my eyes. Marilyn got up. With my spare eye, I saw the slave pass his tongue between the woman's legs to wipe away any drops of urine. Then she turned and leaned forward slightly. Delicately, the slave spread the buttocks with both hands, stretched out his tongue and began to lick the mistress's soiled anus. Great licks which cleaned the orifice and after which he swallowed to swallow what he recovered. Finally, he closed his mouth and, rubbing his nose and chin in the anal slit, he wiped away all traces of saliva. Then he readjusted the knickers and Marilyn came out. It was then that I realized that she must have been unaware of my presence there and that she had relieved herself this way without even knowing that she had done it to her own slave.

That was, of course, the least of his worries.

And suddenly another idea crossed my mind. None of the visitors had used the toilet flush. Their urine had spilled onto my face and flowed under my head without a problem. Of course, I remained soaked and soaked but without problem. Marilyn's offering did not flow and remained stuck on my face. I felt a deep pride and an incomparable joy at having my face serve as a support for such a treasure but, at the same time, I began to panic, thinking that other mistresses would certainly come and place on me the same offering as Marilyn .

Two or three would be enough to cover my face and suffocate me. Only one solution was available to me to avoid choking: open my mouth and swallow as much as possible of what was going to fall on me.

My assumptions quickly became a certainty. After dinner, and before going to the torture room, most of the mistresses went into the small cubby and used us. Several of those who had come at the beginning of the evening returned. I also saw Pamela pass by and the brunette dominatrix who, during a previous evening, had worked me on the pommel horse. And I don't see anything anymore. My eyes were closed and covered in this brown, greasy paste that I swallowed in large mouthfuls to avoid choking to death. But enough is enough!... The gelatinous mass accumulated on my face and, only my mouth remained half open, through which I breathed with difficulty. Fortunately, the visits became rarer. All the dominatrixes had to go through this. We stayed like that for several hours

without a doubt. Me under my drying mask and the other slave with his knees painfully tortured on the iron rod. During that late night, we only received two visitors, but I was unable to know who it was...

A loud noise was heard at the same time as a torrent of water fell on my face. We had just flushed the toilet. For the first time since I had been assigned to this place. I distinguished, through the mask of half-diluted excrement which stagnated on my face, the presence of a maid. Two more cleanings were necessary to completely rid myself of all the divine stains. When she judged that I was properly washed, the maid pulled me by the feet out of the hole.

The other slave had already been taken away.

"You have five minutes to wash," the girl said to me, releasing my hands. wrists and ankles.

The day had dawned. It was then that I noticed that, from my chest to my groin, my body was almost raw. About thirty women had trampled on me unceremoniously throughout the night. Some were very heavy and all wore pumps or boots with thin, pointed heels. Some cuts, some wounds were painful and I was surprised to have barely suffered anything other than the first trampling. Afterwards, I was almost immune. No doubt by the delectable waterfall that had flowed over my face.

As I finished bathing my face and hair to get rid of the rather stubborn odor I was exhaling, the maid came to me.

With a glove soaked in rubbing alcohol, she cleaned the wounds on my chest and stomach. I had to grit my teeth to keep from screaming.

## Chapter X

My professional mission having ended in the USA, I had to abandon the magical dream that I had lived with Marilyn and her daughter Pamela to return to France. A few days before my departure, Marilyn demanded that I give her the keys to my Paris apartment. She had a duplicate made.

— It is not impossible, she told me, that Pamela or I would go to Paris one day. I may notify you at the last minute and I don't intend to wait at the door. It is also not impossible that I will send you other dominatrixes from my friends passing through Paris.

You will have to keep your apartment at their disposal. They will have also a duplicate of these keys.

The day before my departure, I received the last instructions from my mistress.

— Since your job takes you across all of France and all of Europe, I demand that you notify me before each trip to let me know where you are going.

I have dominatrix friends in several European countries. You should contact them immediately to make yourself available to them.

I found, in Paris, my dull and uninteresting life as a free man. I no longer had a taste for anything and I was hatching the most utopian plans to go and live permanently in the USA at the feet of my mistress and her daughter.

But all my projects encountered the same difficulties. First, obtaining a permanent resident card and then finding lucrative employment there. My wisest hope was to look forward to my next trip to Los Angeles.

My first trip was not to the United States but to the Netherlands, in the suburbs of Amsterdam. As she had requested, I called Marilyn, respectfully kneeling on the phone, to tell her my destination and the date of my departure.

— That's good, slave! she said. Call me back tomorrow at the same time, I will give you the name and address of a friend who you will make yourself available to as soon as you arrive in Amsterdam.

And, without another word, she hung up. The next day, after having announced myself and having presented my homage to him with the greatest humility, I heard his divine voice raised to dictate an address to me in Amsterdam.

... My friend's name is Eva Rewptkek. She and her husband practice domination. You must obey them as you obey me. When you return to Paris, call me and give me a full report!

As soon as I had established my professional contacts in the Dutch capital, I set out in search of Eva Rewptkek. I learned that her husband, Klaus, was deputy director of a large construction company. I showed up at their home. It was he who received me.

- You speak English very well, he said to me, so we will be able to understand each other without problem.

He was a sturdy boy in his late forties, blond, with sparse hair and wearing thin glasses with slightly smoked lenses. To my surprise, he sat me down in the living room and offered me a whiskey.

— Our method of domination is perhaps quite different from that which practice Marilyn and her friends.

Here, we don't have parties like those in the United States. My situation requires certain reservations and certain precautions. We do not own any Dutch slaves. We recruit au pairs through classified advertisements in specialized magazines. They do an internship of the duration that suits them and are accommodated with us. Officially, we rent a room to foreign students who come to improve their English or to Germans to spend a language vacation. Our last little maid has been gone for almost eight days. She was French.

Klaus Rewptkek waited until I had emptied my glass of whiskey then he asked me: - If you would like

to undress. I'd like to see the... goods.

Before my stay with Marilyn, such a request, made by a man, would have shocked me deeply. Oddly enough, the only embarrassment I felt was having toasted this man whom I was going to have to consider

as my master for a month. I wore my rings on my breasts, on my foreskin and under my testicles. Klaus Rewptkek smiles: — It was undoubtedly dear

Marilyn who had you install this, wasn't it?

I nodded and added: — I

also wear rings in my ears and another bigger one that passes through the nasal septum.

He smiles even more.

— I think my wife will like it... Especially the one on the nose!... Turn around!... Have you often been sodomized? he asked me.

I had to admit that this had happened to me two or three times during evenings in mixed clubs.

— Only two or three times, it's wonderful!

You must still be very tight...almost virgin. I hope you enjoy it? In truth I hated it, only taking pleasure

in submission to women. But could I admit to him that I would only submit to him to obey Marilyn's orders? I was here by His will, and His will was that I obey both Klaus and Eva. I assured him with humility that my only pleasure was to please my masters and mistresses. My response made him burst out laughing.

— Don't tell me stories, he said, to like that you have to be homosexual. And, apart from a few transvestites, homosexuals do not give themselves over as slaves to women. Women's slaves hate serving men. But, you'll see, it won't be so bad.

The arrival of Eva Rewptkek pulled me out of this boring discussion. She was a tall, thin woman with long blond hair, dressed in a white blouse and pants and wearing red ballet flats.

— My wife Eva! Klaus exclaimed when he saw her appear.

- My respectful respects, Mistress, I said, flattening myself on the ground to kiss the tips of her cute leather shoes.

Eva looked surprised.

“My word, you are in need of servitude,” she said, laughing.

Good humor seemed to be the rule in this strange, dominating couple.

With the toe of her shoe, Eva lifted my chin.

— Get up, slave, so I can see what you look like.

I introduced myself to her. She caressed the rings of my breasts.

— That's pretty! she says.

- And it's better, her husband intervened, he also wears rings on his ears and one in the nose.

— But it's great! I want to see this right away.

I had to go get the rings and put them on. Eva was amazed.

She put her index finger through the ring in my nose and pulled me towards her.

— This is the first time I have had a slave so equipped. You will need to put this ring on as soon as you cross the threshold of this door and keep it on the entire time you are here!

—Good, Mistress! I said.

— I'm thirsty... Serve us a whiskey and soda!

I took two glasses and presented them to my masters.

—You don't drink? Eva wondered.

Distraught by the unconventional ways of these strange masters, I lowered my head.

— Forgive me, Mistress, I am forbidden to eat or drink in the presence of a woman.

— Well trained, the French slave! she exclaimed. What do you do while a woman is eating or drinking?

— I remain lying under his feet, I serve as a seat for him or I remain kneeling behind his chair, depending on my mistress's wishes.

Eva shrugged her shoulders.

—Then, in that case, lie down under my feet.

I lay down on my back in front of the chair where she was sitting. Eva placed her two feet together on my bare stomach. "To your

health, slave," she said without losing her smile.

Then she added: -

I believe that you are a professional in sadomasochism and I fear that you will be disappointed with your stay here. We have a rather particular conception of this way of life. The slaves we receive are all beginners or amateurs. They are our sex slaves when we decide to play a game, but outside of those times we treat them as friends and equals. For you, things are different. Slavery is an unbroken status. During our stay in the USA – when we met your mistress – we attended one of

these evenings of a mixed domination club. We were totally disgusted by the lack of humanity there. These were no longer sadomasochistic games but manifestations of a bestial and primal sadism.

So much violence and blood. It was frankly awful!

As she spoke, Eva leaned forward.

She was looking at me. Elbows resting on his knees. She held her glass in both hands and her feet dug into my stomach. I was stunned. I never would have believed that a mistress would say such language to me. For me, every mistress was a superior woman and, as such, had to be hard, cruel, insensitive, endowed with total self-confidence, certain of her beauty, her power, her authority, ignorant of all of the base feelings that are pity, sentimentality, sentimentality or jealousy. Just as the great people of this world had to be impervious to certain feelings specific to the people, the superior women, the "chosen ones" who were born to dominate, had to be haughty, cruel and insensitive. Eva and Klaus practiced domination as a spice to their erotic games and did not take real pleasure in humiliating or manipulating a slave. What they wanted was a partner, male or female, who would submit to their sexual desires. Other than that, neither of them were truly sadistic. I developed a slight resentment towards Marilyn. I thought that she could have offered me to an authentic mistress of her caliber, capable of extracting the best from myself.

However, I must admit that the couple of masters she gave me made efforts not to disappoint me too much. Coming home from work in the evening, I did all the housework just like a hired servant would have done. Klaus and Eva spoke to me politely and at no time did I feel like I was their slave. Except for the ring that I wore on my nose and which never ceased to amuse Eva. I waited on them at the table like a little maid would have done, and while they ate dinner, Eva made me kneel behind her chair. The pleasure that I should have felt in this position was mitigated by the fact that I knew that she did not fully adhere to this situation. That she acted like this to get into my views. The same was true when she sat in an armchair to read or watch television. If I had nothing else to do, she would ask me to lie on my back and place her feet on my stomach. His only innovation was

to hook a leash to my nose ring and thread the handle onto his arm.

It was in the bedroom that their games really began.

I had to undress Eva with my teeth, without using my hands, while Klaus caressed me all over my body. The ring hanging in front of my lips increased the difficulty and Eva had great fun seeing me unbutton her blouse with my mouth and pull the zipper of her pants with my teeth. The most pleasant thing, for me, was to grab, still with my teeth, the elastic of her little panties and slide them, once from behind while brushing my nose against her buttocks, once from the front while breathing in her smell of woman in the hair of her pubis. Naked, she lay down on the bed, Klaus curled up against her and I had to, between their legs, alternately lick the young woman's sex and her husband's balls, then make Eva a rose leaf until that they change positions and that I do the same work between Klaus's buttocks. I excited the mistress's clitoris with my tongue and lubricated the male member in my mouth.

Then, with my mouth, I directed, as ordered, the chuck of flesh into the open corolla of the female flower.

While the young woman moaned under her husband's blows, I worked on licking the man's anus. The only variation, more pleasant for me, was when Eva was riding her husband: it was in her wonderful anal groove that I officiated.

When they had both reached orgasm, I rushed to Klaus' member to suck, clean and recondition it, then I prostrated myself on the bed, between Eva's legs, and I cleaned with the tongue the sex of the blonde young woman whose hands tightened on the leash that she had attached to my nose ring. And, meanwhile, Klaus, invigorated by my mouth, knelt behind me and sodomized me with unimaginable vigor. The first few times, I felt like I was being torn apart and almost screamed in pain. If I had not been a slave trained to obey and submit, no doubt I would have done so. My high degree of servitude and obedience prevented me from doing so.

Apparently very excited by this homosexual coitus, Klaus never stopped until he had cum inside me. And, when he withdrew, exhausted, I had to clean the soiled member of my fucker with my mouth. The game was over. Klaus and Eva lay together, happy and smiling.

In accordance with the orders received, I lay down on the bedside rug on Eva's side, placing her two little mules on my stomach. The young woman hung the leash on the bedpost, near her head, and turned off the light.

Unfortunately the scenario hardly changed from evening to evening and I left Amsterdam and my masters, very friendly but still a little disappointed by their lack of imagination.

## Chapter XI

Shortly after my return from Amsterdam, I was lucky enough to be assigned to a three-week replacement in Los Angeles. Immediately, I telephoned Marilyn to ask her permission to come and put me at her disposal.

It was Pamela who answered and ordered me to report to their house as soon as I arrived.

I arrived in the evening and presented myself at the home of my mistresses very tired from the trip and this terrible jet lag.

It was Gladys who received me, made me strip, installed my leash and my collar.

—Why don't you wear your rings? she asked sternly.

— Please forgive me, miss, the presence of iron objects would be detected by the airport police and...

— That's okay, I'll refer it to Miss Pamela. She will judge!... Give them to me!

I always carried them in my briefcase. I gave them to him. Gladys put them on me and attached the leash to the one who was infibulating my foreskin. Taking the leash in hand, she pulled me, in this team, to the living room where the teachers were waiting for me.

Pamela was alone. Sprawled on an armchair, she was busy reading, her legs folded under her. She wore a thin transparent negligee under which she was naked. I crawled across the carpet to the legs of the chair.

Pamela deigned to free one of her legs and hold out her bare foot to me, on which I crushed my lips in a passionate kiss.

— Miss Pamela, I would like to inform you that the slave does not didn't wear her rings under her clothes, Gladys declared dryly.

Pamela dropped her book, bent down and violently lifted my head, pulling me by the hair.

—What do I hear, slave? You do not wear the rings which are the mark of your slavery and your belonging to your mistresses and to all

the women designated by them?

I opened my mouth to exonerate myself and try to explain to him what I had said to Gladys. But Pamela didn't even let me say a single word. She delivered two resounding slaps across my face and pushed me away with her foot.

— You will receive ten lashes for your negligence and ten more for having forgotten that there is neither a reason nor a law in the world which can make you deviate from the orders and the will of your mistresses... Come on Gladys, take this and place it at the bottom of the stairs.

The servant took the leash again and pulled me by the penis. I found myself as on the first evening, lying on my back against the first step of the wooden staircase which led to the attic. Gladys did what she had never done during my previous stay. She walked over me, holding on for several minutes, moving back and forth, trampling my body or letting her pointed heels dig into my flesh. She took great pleasure in crushing the rings of my nipples under her soles. Then she bent down, untied the leash and left.

A searing pain gripped me in the parts of my body where the sharp heels had dug.

Could I really speak of pain when my whole body was pleasure? A strange well-being had taken possession of me. I felt like I was emerging from a months-long fog. I was reborn to life. I felt like I should always be. Such, no doubt, as I had been conceived.

There, lying on the ground, at the foot of this staircase, a human doormat under the shoes of Marilyn, Pamela and even Gladys. I really felt like me. Good about myself. I found this life exhilarating which, outside of servitude, seemed cold, without relief, without taste. Only worth living for the hope I had of finding myself back where I was. I closed my eyes to better measure the extent of my happiness. I was tired and happy. Finally, finally I was happy...

A furrow of fire tore through my stomach and made me flinch. Suddenly, I came out of the lethargic state I was in while my fatigue, my nose, my eyes, my mouth were crushed under the weight of a rough sole.

—What is this, slave?... Are we taking a nap without being authorized to do so?

Despite myself, I felt my body tremble at the sound of this dry and brittle voice that Pamela knew how to use with art. I would have liked to beg my

sorry, but I couldn't utter the slightest word under the sole that the young girl pressed on my face, moving it angrily as she would have done to crush a cigarette butt.

It was without worrying about a response that she trampled on my body once again and began to climb the stairs. She was still naked under her short, vaporous negligee which concealed nothing of her perfect young body.

For a few seconds, I had above me, in the compass of her long legs, the pink flower of her sex nestled in her brown fleece.

I heard Mark scream as soon as she entered the attic. And Pamela's laugh.

— This is your last series of the day, dog! she said... In the future, you will hesitate before playing lazy and good for nothing.

The whip whistled and cracked against the slave's body. I counted twelve blows through the whimpers of the victim.

— Good night, slave, and see you tomorrow! sneered the young girl.

Her heels clicked on the wooden steps and she passed over me without a single glance. A few minutes later, I heard him say to Gladys: — Bring the French slave to my room!

The servant threw me on my knees near the door, in front of the chamber pot that I knew well.

— Eat, slave, the journeys are digging... you must be very hungry! declared Pamela, lying on the bed.

I thanked her for her kindness and happily enjoyed the evening meal that she had generously offered me.

Gladys remained there, standing in front of me. When I had thoroughly cleaned the night vase, she made me get up and tied me, arms crossed, to the foot of the bed, my chin resting on the mattress. Pamela stood up, playing idly with her whip. She walked behind me.

— Twenty lashes! she says. You're going to count them out loud!

- One two three...

The whip cracked on my back, on my kidneys and on my buttocks. Pamela excelled in the art of whipping. The strap wrapped around my body and also cut into my stomach and thighs, leaving a painful furrow there as she slid it off. ...eighteen...nineteen...twenty.

-

Pamela applied a twentieth blow and threw the whip away.

With a nonchalant step, she returned to the bed, lay down and rested one of her feet on my face.

—I allow you to sleep, slave! she said, turning off the light.

I fell asleep like this, kneeling, my arms crossed, my head on the mattress and my face nestled against the feet of my young mistress.

The evenings that followed, I was alone in doing the household chores. Also only on Saturdays and Sundays. During this short stay, I saw neither Marilyn nor Mark. Through a telephone call from Pamela, I learned that his mother was in California and through Gladys, one evening when she was in a good mood, I learned that Mark had had a work accident. He had an injured hand and was therefore unable to do any work. Furious at being deprived of her slave during her mother's absence, Pamela had taken drastic measures towards him.

She had sentenced him to stay night and day, throughout his period of sick leave, tied by the neck to a long chain, his wrists and ankles restrained by handcuffs.

With nothing else to distract himself than the contemplation of a clock. And, every hour, from six in the morning to nine p.m., he received twelve lashes, either from Pamela or from Gladys. He slept naked, on the floor, and was content with one meal a day where he consumed the peelings and leftovers of the two women.

Under these conditions, my arrival had delighted Pamela who found an available slave and Gladys who could relieve herself of household chores. His only occupation remained whipping Mark in Pamela's absence and tending his injured hand.

During the three weeks I spent in Los Angeles, there was no "party" at any club, but one evening Gladys got me ready and Pamela took me to a neighborhood I didn't know. She took me down a dark street and led me towards a sort of shed which served as a warehouse. She was wearing jeans and a cowboy jacket. In the hangar, around fifteen young people, boys and girls, were gathered. Some smoked, others strummed guitars. The oldest of them was not twenty-five years old. Quickly, I counted five boys and eight girls, two of whom were Black.

When we arrived, they stopped. One of the boys pointed to me and asked Pamela.

— Is that your slave?

— This guy is old! cut one of the black girls.

“Yes, but he’s French,” Pamela intervened, “and he’s going to say hello to you.”  
like a slave knows how to do it!

I flattened myself on the ground among the young people and, crawling from one to the other, I went to kiss the feet of all of them. With the exception of three girls who were wearing bare feet, all the others wore tennis shoes or sneakers and I admit that I gained no satisfaction from placing my lips on these rubber shoes and dubious fabrics.

— Get him naked! one of the boys suggested to Pamela.

With a snap of her fingers my mistress ordered me to obey. Then she put the ring in my nose. Once again, the set of rings sealed in my flesh aroused the admiration of the audience.

- I have an idea ! exclaimed a young girl with long red hair.

Each of us will connect ourselves with a string to one of the rings. And when we need the slave, just pull the string.

Finding a ball of string was easy. And soon I was anchored by fourteen pieces of string, two to each ring. Each of these strings was about three to four meters long and was attached to one of the young men.

Some had attached it to their belt, others to their watch bracelet. Two of the girls had them tied to their ankles. Pamela made me kneel in the middle of the circle, but I hardly stayed there. The first, the girl with red hair, pulled on the string she had attached to my foreskin.

— Slave, my feet are dirty! You're going to take my shoes off and clean them with your tongue! she said when I bowed down next to her.

The others came closer to see. I took off her sneakers and socks. His feet were dirty, to say the least. They exhaled a smell of sweat. However, I had no hesitation.

I was there to serve and to obey all orders given to me.

Methodically, I began to clean these soiled feet with my mouth, salivating as much as possible on the dirtiest places to then lick them more effectively. In this adventure, I swallowed all kinds of miasmas whose composition I would have been incapable of giving. After a good quarter of an hour, the girl's feet were presentable.

- Say, Beth, said one of the boys, tell her to come and lick your feet every day. They have never been so clean!

A tug on my left ear and I approached a black girl.

She pinched my nose, opened my mouth and spit carelessly down my throat.

"It disgusts my black feet," she said.

Everyone laughed. I was surprised to see Pamela among these unrefined young people. She belonged to an environment where domination was an innate feeling and I had no doubt that she had, towards her companions of an evening, a contempt at least as great as that which she had for the slaves. No doubt these were students with whom she went to university and to whom she had promised to bring a slave for the evening.

I was torn, like a puppet at the end of my strings, by one and the other. One stubbed out his cigarette butt on my chest, the other spit his chewing gum into my mouth. A third had her sweaty armpits licked. Suddenly, two girls pulled on their strings at the same time, forcing me to make a choice. I chose the black girl who spit in my mouth.

The other, an opulent blonde, stood up, annoyed.

- Pamela, she cried, your slave did not obey me immediately.

"You just have to whip him," said my mistress, throwing her whip at the blonde.

The black girl ordered me to open her jeans, pull down her panties and lick her. As she sat on the ground, I was prostrate, with my buttocks raised high. The blonde came forward with the whip and began to administer a severe beating to me. I nevertheless continued, between the black woman's thighs, to carry out her orders. She began to moan, then squirm and finally came. I licked the juice that flowed from her.

His example had given ideas to others, who were greatly excited by the sight of the flogging to which I had been subjected. My mouth became the basin in which girls and boys, in turn, experienced orgasm. The five boys and all the girls, with the exception of Pamela, released the scent of their pleasure into my mouth.

- We'll have to give him a drink, exclaimed one of the girls, it's all going to stick to his stomach!

She made me lie on my back, in the middle of the circle, pulled down her jeans and squats over my face.

I opened my mouth and the jet burst into the back of my throat. It was a blast

general laughter. And immediately, mimicry did its work. One after the other, all the participants, boys and girls, came to shower me with urine. Most of them misadjusted their jets and pissed as much on my face as in my mouth. In the end it was decided that I stank and I was taken to the farthest shed. There they hung me from a beam by my wrists and left me. Before leaving me, the red-haired girl took off her underwear and pulled them over my face. I breathed in the strong smell for the rest of the night.

Until Pamela, helped by a boy, came to untie me and ordered me to go wash and get dressed.

I made the return trip in the trunk of his car.

## Chapter XII

Another return to Paris and two long months of servile abstinence. Two months useless in my life.

Two months of living death. Then, finally, the announcement of a trip to Sweden. I immediately called Marilyn to tell her the news and beg for her instructions.

His response was immediate.

—If you go there, slave, here is the address of Birgitt Heldt!...

Birgitt Heldt! I will probably never forget this tall woman with the face of a love doll framed by a stream of auburn hair, flowing in waves, over her forehead and over her shoulders. Big black eyes, a mischievous nose, full lips smiling almost permanently over a row of pearly teeth. Exactly the type of girl you can see in scantily clad clothes while flipping through *Play Boy* or *Him*. Nothing in her suggested the dominatrix.

And, of all the mistresses I have known, Birgitt Heldt was, without question, the cruelest and the most sadistic. At the address Marilyn had given me, I discovered a small, shabby hotel. I announced myself and asked for Miss Birgitt Heldt.

The man consulted some files and asked me to wait a few minutes, after which a sinister-looking driver came to pick me up. In the car, before starting, he asked me to put on a hood. When he stopped the car, after a good half hour of driving and turning in all directions, he took off the hood. The house in front of which I found myself was a sort of fortress-manor in the park of which men in gamekeeper uniforms with wolf dogs on leashes circulated. I was very impressed. During the two months that I spent in Sweden, the same rite was repeated every evening. I never knew where Birgitt Heldt lived or what her real name was, because I had no doubt that it was a pseudonym after seeing what I was about to see.

In a sumptuous setting, Birgitt moved like a princess from another time. There she was experiencing lesbian love with another beautiful dark-haired girl, with large, beautifully blue eyes, who had the incredible name of Astrid. Around them constantly moved four male slaves covered in chains who seemed to have no other purpose in life than to serve the two women. I later learned that one was Birgitt's husband, the other Astrid's, a third Birgitt's younger brother and the fourth a young man from a very respectable family, madly in love with the mistress. places to the point of having given her his fortune, his titles and devoting his life to serving her. From the first evening, I was dismayed to realize that these four slaves were emasculated. Four eunuchs serving two women with mermaid bodies: it seemed incredible. My astonishment was at its height when I saw, suspended from a golden chain above the four-poster bed of the two mistresses, four hermetically sealed bottles in which four stunted virilities were swimming in formalin.

Birgitt Heldt had received me with her permanent smile, but her eyes expressed cold cruelty. After I had respectfully prostrated myself to kiss her feet, she said to me in a slow, icy voice, in which her haughty contempt for man shone through.

— I am not used to receiving passing slaves here. Those who cross the threshold of this dwelling never return outside... Marilyn is a great friend of mine. She assured me that I could trust you. You are her slave and she wants you to experience all forms of female domination. Here, it's quite special, you'll realize... You're going to put on your slave outfit and I'm going to show you around my domain... Ah!... I forgot!... as Do you have a belt to hide your stupid penis?

— I have a chastity belt, Mistress! I replied.

— No... it's too flashy... You're going to wear this!...

From a dresser, she took out a pair of black plastic articulated briefs and handed them to me. — At no

time do I want to realize that you have a male penis. If you break the rule, you will be castrated on the spot!... Go...

She showed me a narrow cubbyhole, a sort of storage room without light. I undressed there, fixed my ear and nose rings and adjusted the rigid plastic briefs. Not without difficulty because the front part was flat and

completely crushed my testicles and penis. I realized that, in order not to obstruct the gaze of the two mistresses, I was going to suffer permanent martyrdom... I closed the two small, extra-flat padlocks on my hips and left the cubbyhole. I knelt down in front of Birgitt and handed her the leash. She hooked it to my nose ring and stood up. On her disproportionately high heels, she was easily a head taller than me.

“Follow me,” she said, holding me by the leash as she would a dog.

As I descended the stairs that led to the cellars, two surprises awaited me. The first, and the least important, was to realize that these cellars were converted into real underground passages and that torture rooms alternated with dungeons in an impressive number.

In the first room, Birgitt explained to me, still with that Hollywood smile: - I am more than a simple

dominatrix... I am an enforcer... Everyone you are going to see here belongs to the underworld or the great terrorism. They failed, one way or another. Some have betrayed, others are lousy police informers. Others still had their teeth a little too long and failed, others are killers who missed their target, others were spotted and became dangerous for their organization... In the past, gangsters and organizations settled their scores with machine guns, in bars or in the streets; today, these methods are lost. The cops are too well equipped.

Using a corpse and good specialists, they can trace it to the most secret, best-hidden source. When a guy becomes too conspicuous in a gang, they take him out of circulation and give him to me. I have complete freedom to make it disappear in any way I please. Those who pay me – very dearly – know that, in any case, it will not be without pain. And that pleases them all the more... The mansion is built on an underground river, which makes things even easier for me to scavenge the corpses. It is a continuous pleasure, for Astrid and for me, to torture these guys knowing that they are in our power and that we can do whatever we want to them with total impunity... All the occupied dungeons were lit. In the first, I saw naked men, chained in very painful poses.

— These were delivered recently... I let them simmer like this for several

days to break them... It is necessary that they see what I do to others... that they hear their cries. Their anguish grew every day, Birgitt explained to me, who had stopped in front of one of these dungeons, had passed her leg through the bars and was caressing the face of the man who was chained there on his knees, with the sole of his shoe. his shoe... None of them knows in what atrocious way he will die... I am constantly innovating!

Giggling, she pulled her leg back and pulled me further. Further on, it was downright hell: men were lying, bloodied, mutilated, their wounds raw.

"These are in hand," Birgitt told me. Astrid and I take care of them  
Right now.

The doors of the last dungeons were open. Those who occupied them had absolutely no chance of escape. Birgitt burst out laughing.

— With them, we have finished... they await their deliverance... To some, it will be a long time coming.

I saw horrible things there which made me tremble at being in the power of such a madwoman. Among the least horrifying tortures, I will cite a man crucified upside down on a wooden cross. His hands were nailed to the crossboard. His legs, apparently broken, were left free and hung miserably in front of his body which remained pinned to the vertical wood of the cross by three points which passed through his penis.

In another dirt dungeon, a young man was buried. Only his head stuck out above ground level. In front of him were dishes filled with apparently delicious dishes.

— This one is a case! Birgitt giggled. He undergoes the "torture of Canidie"!

— Canidie's torture? I couldn't help but ask.

— Yes, Canidie was a famous magician of Antiquity. When she captured a young man, she buried him in this way and placed tempting dishes in front of him, constantly renewed, and left him to die of hunger in the face of all these temptations. The hunger that grips him, the vision of these elusive good things, the desire he has for them emits a reaction at the level of his cervical substance. When she felt his end was near, just before he died, she inserted a syringe and sucked out the cervical cord. Absorbed by a woman, this cervical cord constitutes an absolutely fantastic aphrodisiac which gives her incredible orgasms. Needless to say, I don't

never miss the opportunity to procure such pleasures each time a young man falls into my hands. And then, for him, isn't it the most pleasant of deaths to know that he is preparing the material for an aphrodisiac that will make a pretty woman scream with pleasure?

I left this deeply disturbed vault, on the verge of fainting. For me, sadomasochism, female domination, was not this demonic branch of death, these frightening tortures.

Unfortunately, I was forced to witness many other such atrocities.

One evening, the four emasculated slaves set about setting the dining room table with unusual zeal. Fine lace tablecloth on the long solid wood table, crystal glasses, silverware, silver candlesticks and, just two place settings placed face to face.

I had helped Birgitt put on her makeup and dress in a dazzling black evening dress with a low neckline and speckled with gold patterns. I gave her one last comb when she said to me:

— Tonight we are celebrating Astrid's birthday. She is twenty-six years old. I him I have a surprise in store that will make her come, you'll see...

The two women sat down at the table. Both dazzlingly beautiful.

“And now, my darling,” said Birgitt, “your present... You others, bring it!”

The four emasculated people left and returned a few minutes later. The first placed a large metal vat at the end of the table, the second brought a large block of ice which he placed in the vat, the third placed a stepladder near the table and the last arrived pushing in front of him a naked man who wore barbed wire around his neck and hanging behind him. In a jiffy the man was installed. The other end of the barbed wire was fixed around a ceiling beam, and the man, with his hands tied behind his back, was standing on the block of ice, facing the two women who were looking on, smiling — It's Well, said Birgitt, you can begin the service!

They first had an aperitif. They talked about various subjects: the latest fashion, the films they had gone to see, those they should go see, politics, talked about various people unknown to me.

Their conversation was interspersed with laughter and chuckles. Then they continued to chat while eating the veritable feast that the four men served them. They also drank a lot... During this time, I

I watched with horror the atrocious spectacle that was going to punctuate their meal. The barbed wire grew tighter and tighter as the ice melted under the feet of the tortured man. Neither of them paid any attention to him. At any moment I expected to hear him scream but I understood when he opened his mouth. Birgitt had everything planned. To avoid being bothered by his cries, she had cut out his tongue.

The meal continued, the ice melted The point of the barbed wire began to penetrate the flesh of the man's neck...

Birgitt finished her sorbet and tapped her cream-stained lips. She threw a glance at the hanged man who was only resting on his toes.

—Champagne! she ordered.

One of the slaves removed the cork without a sound and filled the two cups.

— Happy birthday, darling! cried Birgitt, raising her cup. At the moment when the two glasses collided, the unfortunate man lost completely footed. A hoarse cry then escaped his throat.

The two women burst out laughing.

I stood up on my bed, drenched in sweat, trembling in all my limbs. My thighs were all wet. I had flooded my sheets.  
I turned on the light.

On my nightstand, American SM magazines on female domination. Near my bed, my suitcases packed for my next departure to Sweden. And, in my head, a name: Birgitt Heldt! the name that Marilyn had given me a few hours earlier and that I had imagined in my dream: beautiful and cruel, more enforcer than dominatrix.

A masochistic dream that I owed to several months of slavish abstinence.  
Tomorrow, when I meet Birgitt Heldt, I will have difficulty forgetting the one from my nightmare!

## Chapter XIII

The economic crisis would considerably slow down industrial and commercial exchanges between Europe and the United States. I went almost two years without traveling across the Atlantic and I felt on the verge of depression. A few uninteresting trips to Italy, Greece and Spain where Marilyn knew no one to confide in. And, during all this time, only a fortnight in Brussels in the hands of a voluptuous blonde call girl, named Rita, who used me mainly as a servant to run her private apartment which she transformed into an indescribable mess of finery and beauty products. This is little for a man like me who found his reason for living in servitude to women. Obedience and humiliation were as necessary to me as food and oxygen. Without them, I was wasting away. I had lost weight, my appetite and sleep were gradually leaving me. Nothing interested me anymore with the exception perhaps of SM magazines which I never found to be in-depth or explanatory enough for my taste.

Should I say it? The less life held me back, the more death attracted me. I would have been relieved if it had been revealed to me that I had cancer, that I was doomed in the near future.

Everything was preferable to me to this empty life, devoid of the slightest interest. This life without slavery, this ignoble obligation to be free.

I came to understand the inevitable outcome that sexual psychology manuals predict for masochists unable to satisfy their instincts which are the only nerves of their life: ritual suicide or attacks of dementia with, often, the public and scandalous outburst of their fantasies. I trembled at having to, unconsciously, give in to this alternative. My total detachment from everything that constitutes the pleasures and emotions of life pushed me inexorably towards it. Nothing touched me. I was indifferent to anything that was not possible for me to be the slave of a woman...

I now have the certainty that the mission order given to me that morning for Los Angeles saved me at the last minute. More and more ; in me, the irresistible impulse was born, on the bus, the metro, in the street, in a restaurant, to throw myself at the feet of a pretty girl to cover them with kisses. At first, I imagined this scene to excite myself. Without me noticing, my mind became confused at this oft-repeated evocation and I no longer knew if I could or should really do it. My female colleagues did not escape this dizzying attraction. Particularly one of them who was splendid and had magnificent feet, always wearing very high heels. A few more months, a few days perhaps, and the scandal would have broken out. Today, I smile at this avoided prospect and I wonder what this girl would have done to suddenly find herself the object of such homage. Maybe she would have liked it?

Los Angeles! Finally ! I was saved. I was going to find Marilyn and Pamela, my revered mistresses. Two years is a long time, and I measured the extent of it when I saw them again. Marilyn, as beautiful as ever, had hardly changed, although her face appeared to be a little harder.

Pamela, on the other hand, had asserted herself. She had become a powerful young woman with an extraordinary and captivating haughty and disdainful appearance. As for Mark, I found him thin, aged, with a hunched back and shifty eyes. He now looked like what he was: a lying dog accustomed to obedience and the harshest treatment. It is true that, for years, he had suffered from the tyranny and iron regime of his two mistresses.

Without respite and without interruption. To this, it was of course necessary to add the SM evenings in which he did more than participate. However, it was when I showed up at my mistress's house that I had my first surprise. It was not Gladys who came to open the door for me but a woman of around fifty, quite plump, with on her face the austere mask of people who have worked hard and suffered a lot. When I revealed my identity, she looked me up and down without a word and stepped aside to let me pass. Obviously, she had received instructions concerning me because she took me to the office, as Gladys did, and, like her, made me undress. This time, I took my precautions and, upon arriving at Los Angeles airport, I isolated myself in the toilet to install all my rings, apart from those in my ears and nose which I was not required to keep constantly and Gladys's replacement sealed me off with visible awkwardness.

Then she ushered me into the living room. My mistresses were there, sitting on the sofa. But they were not alone: between them stood a young girl with big green eyes and long red hair. All three had their feet on Mark, who was lying in front of the seat.

The soles and heels of the three women sank into the flesh flabby and offered from the human carpet.

— My dear Jane, cried Marilyn to the young red-haired girl, here is the French slave we told you about.

I was already crawling on the carpet towards Marilyn's feet. She had crossed her legs and her sole was crushing Mark's neck. Under the pressure, the slave was breathing with difficulty. His crimson face testified to this but there was no question of him making the slightest movement. The foot of his mistress-wife was a master who had the right of life and death over him. After a long and passionate tribute to Marilyn, I slid my lips to Jane's patent shoes, then to Pamela's heeled mules.

—Did he wear all his slave rings under his costume? the latter asked the new servant.

— Yes, all of them!

—The lesson has borne fruit, slave! she said, sneering and pushing my face away with the tip of her mule.

— I would like to try it, Jane suddenly asked Marilyn.

“But it's entirely possible,” my mistress replied, releasing Mark's throat from the pressure of her foot. Get out of there, dog!... Mary, take him to the kitchen, so he can finish his work.

It was at this moment that, furtively, I noticed that Mark had changed a lot. He had aged and lost weight... and I immediately found myself in his place. Marilyn placed one of her mules on my face and the other on my chest.

Pamela viciously dug one of her heels into my groin and crossed her legs to increase the weight. And the beautiful redhead had fun trampling my stomach by moving her two feet, sometimes pressing on the heels, sometimes on the tips of the soles.

- OK ! she finally said. He's more muscular and nicer under the soles than that flabby Mark. From that moment on,

the life of delirious pleasures that I had known during my first stay in the United States resumed, in the same alternation with

Mark. But, this time, I no longer had two but three mistresses to serve because Jane lived there with them. She had her own room and, every evening, with the exception of two or three, I was entrusted to her. His moods were quite changeable and I slept on his bedside rug, buried at the foot of his bed or chained in the wardrobe side of the wardrobe, under his dresses and pants. Her presence brought a significant amount of extra work and I was quite surprised to have never heard of her before. Everything I knew about her I owed to Mark, less and less talkative, who told me that she was a niece of Marilyn who arrived four months ago from her native Texas with her mother who was none other than Mary, Gladys' replacement. I didn't understand much of this story and couldn't find out what had become of Gladys.

As for Mary, she was taciturn and not very talkative. Content to carry out Marilyn and Pamela's instructions to the letter. She didn't add much, as Gladys did, and seemed to act without pleasure and without conviction.

For me, everything was wonderful. I was myself again. Despite the hard work to which I was constantly subjected in addition to my professional occupations, in addition to the fatigue that accumulated due to the little sleep that was granted to me and the sometimes demanding conditions in which I had to sleep, I felt soothed, relaxed, calm, happy. Happy to live this slave life without which I was not really myself.

There were some difficult moments during this masochistic dream vacation. Particularly during the three SM club meetings, two of which took place eight days apart. Fortunately, these three evenings only brought together dominatrixes. They are not the most tender, far from it, but, for me, they are the most acceptable and the most magical.

I barely had time to realize my happiness before it was already on the verge of fading away. My mission in Los Angeles was coming to an end and I was going to have to return to Paris. The day before I left, Marilyn had Mary take me to the small living room where she was with Jane.

After having, as usual, kissed the feet of my two mistresses, I was invited to stand up on my knees. Marilyn spoke to me: - There, she said to me, Jane has to go to Paris... She will be there within

a fortnight. She signed a contract as an interpreter in a large

multinational company... You may have noticed, slave, that she spoke French as well as you. She will live in Paris for two years...

Maybe more!... Maybe the rest of his life.

Since she doesn't own a slave, I decided to give you to her. You have nothing to say. You belong to me and I'm giving you to Jane. That's all You can only obey. Everything will work out for the best. The company that employs Jane has, for the moment, only offered her a hotel room. Which hardly enchants him. You own an apartment, don't you!...

I immediately nodded with a happy "Yes, Mistress".

Marilyn

continued: — Very good. By taking possession of the slave, Jane also takes possession of his apartment; What could be more natural ! You will have fifteen days to prepare to receive her with all the honors due to your mistress... I was very unhappy at having to leave Marilyn and Pamela, but this sorrow was counterbalanced by the soon hope of belonging night and day, in Paris, to Jane, my new mistress. She was less experienced, less cruel too, perhaps, than Marilyn and her daughter, and I felt her more flighty, more coquettishly feminine. But she had gone to a good school and I knew I shouldn't be disappointed. And then, I told myself that she was Marilyn's niece and that it was not impossible that one day I would find Los Angeles...

For two weeks, I bricked, waxed, scrubbed and polished my Parisian apartment as it had never been done before. Finally, on the big day, I went to pick up my new mistress at the airport.

A real whirlwind took hold in my life. The layout of my bachelor apartment greatly displeased him. She began by gathering a mountain of furniture and trinkets which she demanded be sold immediately so that she could dress in the latest Paris fashion. A few months later, she had sold almost everything I owned and replaced the furniture with what she liked. She had required signature on my bank account, which allowed her to transfer, to her own account, all the amounts that were paid into mine. By some sleight of hand, she managed to get me to put the apartment in her name. So much so that after four months, I was living with her without having a cent.

I was her servant, as I had been at Marilyn's, but Jane went out a lot. She was very pretty and flirted a lot. Several

Several times she brought lovers home. None of them came back twice. My presence made them uncomfortable. She explained to them that I was her slave and demonstrated it to them but I think all these idiots thought she was crazy and preferred to cut short their affair with her.

Jane was disappointed. In Paris, no SM clubs, no meetings, no understanding.

My life as a domestic slave with her lasted more than a year – fourteen months to be exact – and one day she met a boy with whom she fell madly in love. Alas, he too would not allow her to live with a man, even if this man was only a slave dog who had never had any other privileges than licking her feet. He put the deal in his hand: it was him or me!

Jane did not hesitate. She kicked me out and let me know that from now on she had nothing to do with me. She relieved me, as she said, of my oath of obedience and she gave me back my freedom...

Sad freedom that saw me on the street, fired from my own home and forced to settle with my small suitcase in a maid's room.

## Epilogue

My vacation in Corsica was coming to an end. Felix Gambiani had been a perfect host and slave. I had a most pleasant stay. Bathed in sun from morning to evening, my skin had taken on the color of a pretty golden gingerbread. Freed from the slightest worry, I let myself live, dividing my time between stays at the beach, sea bathing and wild walks in the mountains. I didn't have to worry about anything. Félix Gambiani, admirably trained by his American mistresses, was a docile and precious servant. One of those who knows how to do everything and who always intervenes at the right time, even if they haven't received an order.

He was one of those slaves like there are few. Many dominatrixes will agree with me on this subject.

And, without having done anything in this haven of rest and peace, I had, in the form of cassettes, the theme of a novel to which I did not have much to add.

I too, like all the dominatrixes who held Félix Gambiani under their feet, was fascinated by the slavery rings that Pamela and Marilyn had placed on his testicles, foreskin, nipples, ears and, above all, , to the nasal septum. I used these rings and played with them throughout my stay in Corsica. And, I must admit, I was so seduced that the first appointment I made, upon my return to Paris, was with Doctor Evelyne de Brocker, whom I know personally, so that she practice this little nasal piercing on Connie, my intimate slave.

As for Félix Gambiani, before leaving him, I held him under my feet as I ate the last breakfast he had served me.

— I really liked your story, slave... Your American mistresses are worthy of praise for having made you an impeccable servant with whom any woman could be satisfied. So I have decided to take charge of you and add you to my livestock... If you wish, however...

I had one foot placed on his stomach and the other sole resting on his forehead, his eyes and his nose. I felt him flinch as his voice choked.

— Mistress... is it possible?... Would you do me this honor?... Do you pity the poor dog that I am?

I crushed his face with an angry blow of my sole.

— No, I don't feel sorry! Pity is a word unknown to a dominatrix worthy of the name. If I elevate you to the rank of my slaves, it is because you have proven yourself as such. Flawless training and I know that I won't have to complain about you... You will be able to help me in Paris... and then, I like Corsica. You will keep this house at my disposal whenever I want to come and rest there... Understood?

— It will be done according to your will, Mistress... This house belongs to me, It's a family heirloom. If you wish, I can donate it to you...

— No need, I decided, I just need to have the keys and free access... I also have an excellent friend, Paulette, almost a sister, dominant like me.

She must also have the keys to this house where she will come as she pleases. If you are there, you will have to obey him as well as me!

—Good, Mistress!

I left Corsica satisfied. From now on, Paulette and I would share the services of a very gifted slave and we would have a miraculously located pied-à-terre for our next vacation.

But that will undoubtedly be another story!

## **The book, the author:**

Auteur: Marika Moreski  
Cover illustrated by Bill Ward

Title: THE FRENCH SLAVE  
American SM, volume 1

Through the story of Félix Gambiani, a domestic slave in an American family freed from all sexual taboos, Marika Moreski reveals in this first volume of *American SM* the intimate and marital face of female domination.

*“ Could I really speak of pain when my whole body was pleasure? A strange well-being had taken possession of me. I felt like I was emerging from a months-long fog. I was reborn to life. I felt like I should always be... Good about myself. I found this life exhilarating which, outside of servitude, seemed cold, without relief, without taste.... I closed my eyes to better measure the extent of my happiness. I was tired and happy. Finally, finally I was happy... ”*

It was in 1970 that Marika Moreski published her first novel *The Beasts at Pleasure*. Her publisher then presented her as “a new Sade in petticoats”. Since then, around twenty novels have seen the light of day which are authoritative in sadomasochistic circles. A fervent priestess of female domination, this slender, dark-haired young woman reigned over a court of “handpicked” slaves, in her own words.

The Seventh Ray Collection. The central idea of this collection is to try to get rid of a certain normalized image of eroticism. Contemporary texts that simply want to take stock of all disciplines, a jubilant and dynamic eroticism translating a libido without taboos or prohibitions, immodest and liberated.

Editor: Dominique Leroy

<http://www.dominiqueleroy.fr/>

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**Pierre Ruseray  
EXPERIENCES**



**Marika Moreski**

# **AMERICAN SM**

## **volume 1**

*" Pouvais-je réellement parler de douleur lorsque tout mon corps n'était que plaisir ? Un bien-être étrange s'était emparé de moi. J'avais l'impression d'émerger d'un brouillard de plusieurs mois. Je renaissais à la vie. Je me sentais tel que je devrais toujours être... Bien dans ma peau. Je trouvais exaltante cette vie qui, hors de la servitude, me paraissait froide, sans relief, sans goût.... Je fermais les yeux pour mieux mesurer l'étendue de mon bonheur. J'étais fatigué et heureux. Enfin, enfin j'étais heureux... "*

À travers le récit de Félix Gambiani, esclave-domestique dans une famille américaine libérée de tous les tabous sexuels, Marika Moreski dévoile dans ce premier volume de *American SM* le visage intimiste et conjugal de la domination féminine.

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, 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 " selon ses propres termes.

L'idée centrale de cette collection est de tenter de se défaire d'une certaine image normalisée de l'érotisme.

Des textes contemporains qui veulent tout simplement faire le point sur toutes les disciplines, un érotisme jubilatoire et dynamique traduisant une libido sans tabou ni interdit, impudique et libérée.

**DOMINIQUE LEROY ebook**