

# Madam Dominatrix



# Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel.



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# Madam Dominatrix

By Blind Ruth

## THE MAKING OF A DOMINATRIX

“ONE, TWO, THREE.” Dulce Grey counted as Madam DeBovary stood behind her cane in hand. The stern-looking sturdy French woman would teach the English girl discipline. The thought ran through her mind that maybe she had failed with this girl for it wasn’t the first time Dulce Grey had received her punishment. Be that as it may she, as headmistress, must continue the caning and show no sign of weakness or remorse. The rattan cane descended once more on the regulation white cotton knickers the girl wore as decreed by Madam DeBovary that all girls in the school must wear. Dulce Grey continued her counting as instructed by Madam. The girl was used to it by now and the cane did sting her but in time the stinging would go away. The word “girl” was a mistake for her 18th birthday was fast approaching and soon she would leave this Godforsaken place and never see Madam again.

“FOUR, FIVE, SIX,” was counted as the headmistress administered the chastisement with enthusiasm. Then it was all over. “Adjust your dress, Dulce, and stand erect before me.” This done, Madam DeBovary then addressed the young woman.

“Dulce, I have given serious thought to you. I shall be writing a letter to your parents concerning your conduct at this establishment. I am taking the most severe steps that I can as headmistress of this school. You are being expelled as of today. You may pack your things. A flight will be arranged to fly you home. That is all. Dismissed.”

Miss Dulce Grey stood flabbergasted; she has not expected anything like this. She dreaded what her parents would say when she arrived home from the Swiss finishing school.

“Dulce, your father has disinherited you. You deserve that for your disgraceful conduct at Madam’s DeBovary’s. However I as your mother will deposit £20,000 in your bank account. Do be a good girl and keep in touch with me.” Ellen Grey embraced her daughter with tears in her eyes, John, her husband, had been much too severe on the girl, she thought. But she would not interfere. She never had in the past for John was a man who stood no nonsense from his wife and his daughter.

“Thank you, Mother. I will remember your kindness.” Dulce Grey embraced her mother and left home. She would have to face the cruel world on her own. Where could she turn to?

Dulce rented an expensive flat in the Bayswater area of London. She knew even with the money her mother gave her, she had to find a job quickly. In this expensive and exclusive district, her money would easily be eaten up. So an advert soon appeared on

the internet and in a magazine for domination of the male by ladies of that persuasion.

Mademoiselle Desiree, strict disciplinarian of the birch.

You must prostrate yourself before her beauty to receive the punishment that you rightly deserve.

“Yes,” thought Dulce, “that should bring the right type of customer to the flat. Well, I guess I did learn something of use at Madam de Bovary’s Swiss School and no better teacher than Madam herself.” Hadn’t Dulce been witness to other girls being administered chastisement by Madam? She watched the skill with which she used the cane. It was a pure art form in her hands.

While Madam may have used that rattan cane on the girls at school, it was the male of the species that interested Dulce more. Where that streak of domination in Dulce came from she would never know. Perhaps Madam herself had transplanted the seed of domination in the young woman’s mind. And why the male in particular?

The clients came in even greater numbers than she had anticipated and her bankbook swelled. Dulce had not at first considered herself a dominatrix but she came to the conclusion that was indeed what she was. That being so, her attire must be suitable for her work and that which a submissive would expect from their Mistress. Her present clothing was discarded and replaced by skirts of black leather and knee-length boots of the same to match her dress. She purchased high heeled boots of course so that she could tower above those who would kneel before her and kiss them. She felt the power she knew Madam deBovary must have felt over the girls at her school.

Dulce Grey became Mademoiselle Desiree. It sounded better for the role she would play, imposing herself on those who submitted themselves to the punishment of their mistress. Her own name was lost as now she was Mademoiselle Desiree and eventually Madam although she had no intentions of marrying.

There was a need for women such as she for Desiree found many men liked a strong aggressive woman, a woman who domineered. Not only that but they would pay handsomely for that privilege. While the money was more than welcome and Desiree needed it, the power that surged through her body as some submissive prostrated himself before her and kissed the hem of her leather skirt filled her with the utmost pleasure.

After a year or so, Desiree decided her little venture had more than succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. It was then she made the decision to expand, leave her flat and buys a mansion outside of London. She knew her rich clientele would follow and because of her heavy work load, other like-minded women would be hired. This was going to be a house of punishment, a shrine to chastisement and the domination of female over male. When word spread, her calendar would be full all year round, leaving no rest for the wicked. That was Desiree's little joke at her own expense.

Desiree felt she had not as yet reached the summit of her powers over the male. A lot of thought and imagination went into the domination and humiliation of the inferior gender. With her improvement in circumstances, she had the feeling that her destiny to be the superior woman over the male sex would be accomplished. The flat in Bayswater had been the training ground and the mistakes there had been spotted and ironed out. If she had accomplished that

in such short time, how much more pleasure would she obtain than that which she already had?

The weapons of punishment were carefully examined, evaluated and approved by Desiree. Paddles, riding crops, whips, rods, and canes, bamboo and rattan. The small whippy three-foot rattan cane had a special place in her heart ever since Madam used it on her backside. No more would Desiree feel its sting but others would submit themselves to its pain as administered by Madam Desiree. The degradation of the male was first and foremost in her mind, always.

## **PALACE OF DOMINATION**

The mansion was being prepared to Desiree's satisfaction, the rooms of punishment and chastisement being prepared for their future victims. The women handpicked for their vicious skills with the cane or whip would administer the implement. Many were older than Desiree, with experience acquired over many years with the cane or paddle. But even so they had to admit that for one so young, their mistress was well above them in domination and chastisement of the male.

They must always address her as Madam Desiree or Madam at all times. She in turn would call them Madam Camille or Mademoiselle Suzette, although that was not their real names. When asked why by one of the women, she answered, "It sounds better and more mysterious in the mind of the men you punish." No further questions were asked about that subject. She was the expert, after all.

The big opening day was fast approaching and Madam was giving last minute instructions to the workmen. Her "Palace of Domination" was becoming to her liking and instructions were given to the women who would work under her, a total of four.

“I will be giving a number of exhibition floggings to-night for the benefit of our clientele. This first night will be free and the wine and bubbly will flow as you mix and fraternize with the clients and exhibit your charms. All of you will be appropriately dressed along the lines of what our clientele will expect at a later date when they recompense you for services rendered. Every one of you is on trial for the next few months. I will not hesitate to dismiss those whom I consider are not up to the standard I expect. Is that clearly understood?”

“Yes, Madam,” came quickly from all four women. Desiree had quickly established her position as the “Mistress of Domination.”

A number of prominent business men and politicians received an invite through the post. their secretaries not daring to open their mail as it was marked “Strictly Private and Personal.”

Madam Desiree Cordially Invites YOU and A Partner

To the Grand Opening Ceremony of her new Palace of Domination.

Demonstrations will be given as she administers whippings and floggings to her devoted slaves.

Appointments can be made with her from the following day onwards.

Free wine and canapés will served by our staff who will be delighted to meet you.

RSVP

Around nine that first night the limousines began to park on the gravel outside the grand mansion. Men in evening suits, some accompanied by ladies

stepped out of the cars, looking around to ensure that no one they knew would see them entering this Palace of Sin.

As they entered the imposing building to be greeted and welcomed by Madam Desiree's lady staff, they were accompanied to their seats in the "Palace of Domination." When seated at their table, one of the dominatrices would bring glasses of wine and a selection of canapés and sandwiches, then introduce herself. "I am Madam Camille," or "Mademoiselle Suzette," as the case may be.

Each individual Dominatrix was dressed differently; one was in a bright red tight plastic dress and matching red spike ankle boots with six-inch heels. Another was all in black, leather skirt and thigh high boots. All walked with an air of superior authority which Madam Desiree expected from those who served under her. Pleasant conversation flowed between various tables and the dominatrices who mingled with their future clientele.

Many people asked who would be the recipient of the floggings. The dominatrices would answer, "Some miserable miscreant that is an apology for a man who deserves the beating, Madam Desiree shall administer to his backside." This was typically met with a nod of approval from those who asked. The ears of many women within the throng pricked up and a large smile spread across their face. While all the gay laughter and merriment was going on, pleasant piped-in music was heard.

A subtle change in the music happened; it was so subtle that at first some may not have detected it. A darker aggressive tone of music was heard. The lights were dimming and a spotlight was focused on a raised stage. The haunting strains of Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre was heard and Madam Desiree was

seen on the stage dragging a naked man in shackles. She pointed to a padded wooden horse. He silently obeyed and put himself over it, aided by Madam Desiree. The small woman of five-four gathered herself together and asked for a cane to be brought to her. Her second in command, Dominatrix Madam Camille, presented her with a rattan cane without prompting and left the stage. Desiree rose to her full height and all could see her dress.

The black material of the skirt is very severe as it sweeps from her nipped-in waist to descend to the floor. Flat black leather knee-length boots come up from the floor. None can see them because of her skirt. She wears a white pearl button-up front blouse with a high stiff white collar and a small black bow at her breasts. The blouse covers a white brassiere encasing her small breasts. The black hair is tightly formed in a rigid bun at the back of her head. Desiree's face is lightly made-up with slight face powder and a pale red shade of lipstick applied. There are no further cosmetics applied to the skin.

Madam Desiree now had her favourite rattan cane in her grasp, swishing it through the air. The preparation of the caning she was about to administer finished, the helpless man, bound to the wooden horse, blindfolded and gagged, was ready.

Madam Desiree spoke for the first time that night, "You deserve this spanking and you know it, don't you?"

The poor unfortunate man obviously could not answer but nodded his head in his submissive state. The piped-in music had once again changed and the loud dramatic organ music of a Bach toccata and fugue was heard. It highlight the serious nature with which Madam would admonish the severe flogging that in her mind this person deserved.

Desiree's hand was now raised high above her head, cane tightly in hand, and descended for the first stroke. It came down slowly at first on the man's buttocks but the pace was to quicken as Madam Desiree found her rhythm. With her feet firmly planted on the stage, Desiree, a small woman, set about her business efficiently with no small degree of skill. The rattan cane would descend on one buttock, then the other with equal regularity. Redness began to spread across the posterior of her victim as the flogging increased. However that was not the colour that Desiree wished it to be so she must continue till the desired colour she wanted was obtained.

Madam continued with enthusiasm and vigour. Then eventually the desired colour that she hoped for began to appear on the backside of the object she was flogging. Soon all could see a vivid purple emerge on the victim's flesh. Desiree knew she must reluctantly cease and yet her arm was still strong enough to continue. She must be content that in the future there were others who would feel the stinging of her little rattan cane, other men who would become her slave and make her a goddess.

She came to the man and rubbed the cane down his naked backside, then stood some six feet from him. Madam Desiree motioned her Dominatrices who had been watching in the wings to release the man from his bondage. This was done, chains, shackles, blindfold, and ball gag were removed. The man was still naked and sobbing from the chastisement and although he was weak, he made immediately to prostrate himself before Madam. Not daring to look upward, he took the hem of her long black skirt and kissed it. In this submissive state he was indeed her slave and would submit himself to anything that she desired.

Instead of receiving praise from his mistress, he got nothing but abuse.

“You don’t deserve to be a man, do you?” came from the lips of one to whom he had prostrated himself.

“No, my mistress,” answered he.

“Speak up for we all want to hear.”

“NO, MISTRESS.”

“Then that being the case, there is only one other sex you can be, is there not?”

“Yes, Mistress,” answered the anonymous man. Madam Desiree clapped her hands and four dominatrices appeared, carrying various articles of women’s apparel. The man was quickly dressed, then taken away to be brought back later that night.

Madam now faced the audience. “You have seen what can be expected by all that enter my Palace of Domination. Further exhibitions and demonstrations will be given by my ladies with expertise in the use of riding crop, paddle, and whip. I shall be in my office during these demonstrations for those who wish to talk to me. Thank you.”

A number of men knocked on Desiree’s door. They were more than willing to serve as her slave and arrangements were made for them to visit the Palace of Domination. However it was the woman who came knocking on her door that interested her more than the male pigs.

“Sit down, madam, and we shall discuss your needs and desires.” Desiree looked the tall woman up and down. She was fashionably dressed and her makeup was skillfully applied. It was clear to Desiree

from the cut of her dress and her coiffure that money was no object to this woman. She had expensive taste.

“And what is it you want of me, madam?” asked Desiree.

“Let me introduce myself. I am Lady Penelope Smyth. I have been a widow for many a year. My one desire in life is to have a man who will be my slave for life. My life was made hell by that swine of a man, Richard my husband, who, thankfully, is now dead. I still have the marks on my body where he beat me if you wish to see then. I’m afraid it led me to a hatred of men so much so that I wish to see then degraded and humiliated. That is why I have come to you, Madam Desiree.”

“I see, Lady Penelope but what can I do?”

“Give me one of your slaves. Money is no problem for the one thing that bastard of a husband gave me was money and plenty of it. That slave you admonished tonight would fit the bill. Name your price.”

“You can have him but you may have to wait some considerable time.”

“Why is that so, Madam Desiree?”

“He is still to undergo his training and only after he completes it will I give permission for him to serve a new mistress.” Then as an afterthought, she added, “provided that I approve of the woman and what methods she will use to dominate her slave.”

“I am more than willing to wait. I have decided that the person I saw tonight is the one I want.”

“Very well then, we can conclude a deal here and now and shake hands on it. I will from time to time

inform you of the progress of the slave and you may see for yourself to verify.” The two women shook hands and as it was time for the slaves to return to the Palace of Domination, both left to take their places.

Madam Camille had finished her demonstration with the whip on some poor unfortunate male. Mademoiselle Suzette was more than halfway through with her exhibition on the use of the paddle on another slave. The tall girl was giving no mercy to the helpless victim; she had a cruel streak within her. The red marks were plain for all to see on the slave’s backside. When she finished, the cords binding his hands behind the back were loosened and he raised himself from the stool he had been bent over. Mademoiselle Suzette in her tight red plastic dress and matching ankle boots stood there watching the man. He then groveled before her and kissed the toe of her red shiny boot. She put her other boot forward for the same attention and received it willingly from her devoted slave. It more than pleased Suzette that she had this power over men and she liked to see them humiliated. For hadn’t Madam herself demonstrated tonight what she wanted from her women? Anything less would not be tolerated.

Desiree herself now took centre stage. “Ladies and Gentlemen, you have no doubt been patiently waiting for the return of my slave since he was taken away by my ladies. Wait no more for now I present her.”

The unfortunate male who had been subjected to the use of the rattan cane by Madam was now brought on stage by the women who had dressed him. A gasp of surprise went up from the audience. The person, who was once male, looked nothing like the man who had exited in female clothes. Madam Camille had led the other women in applying makeup, styling his hair, and adding jewelry His ears

had been pierced which must have been painful. That fact would not have troubled any of the women attending to him.

Desiree smiled to the women. "You have done well and I commend you that this pittance of the male should look so feminine. She is not as yet of our gender however in time she will surrender to her fate and eventually become one of our sex"

Madam Desiree looked down on this man in female clothes who already had prostrated herself before her blue skirt in the process of humiliation. "What shall we call you for whatever your male was it will not and cannot ever be mentioned within the hallowed walls of the Palace of Domination. Tell me which of the females first administered punishment upon you?"

"It was my governess, Madam."

"I see and what would was your age at that time?"

"It was shortly after my seventh birthday, Madam."

"The age is commendable to start the training of the male, to teach him the superiority of the female sex. The younger they are, the better. What was the name of your governess?"

"Mary, Madam. She insisted I always addressed her as Miss Mary. If I ever failed to call her such she would used whatever implement was at hand."

"And quite rightly too. What was Miss Mary's usual means of disciplining you?"

"She always used one of her slippers, Madam, on my bare bottom."

“A useful implement although I am not all that familiar with that means. How often would Miss Mary apply such to your buttocks?”

“About every four to six weeks whenever I was a naughty boy, Madam.”

“I’m afraid your Miss Mary was a disgrace to her sex. She should have established her authority to a greater degree by spanking you at the very least once every two days. In my service I shall not be so lenient. You can expect no mercy. Whatever female name I shall decide for you, it will not be Mary for that would remind you how soft she was to you.” Turning to the assembled onlookers asked, Madam asked, “Have you any suggestions?”

The names Chloe and Phoebe were heard. Desiree rather took a liking to Phoebe. “You shall be named Phoebe from now on and will be my personal maid. You are my personal property to dispose as I think fit. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Madam Desiree.”

“Surely my ladies taught you better manners than that for when you are in my presence, did they not, Phoebe?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, don’t just stand there. Show me.”

The male now named Phoebe raised the edges of his skirts and made a deep sweeping curtsy before his mistress.

“That is so much better. Always remember your inferior position when in presence of the female. Curtsy at all times to whatever woman and address her as Madam unless you are told otherwise. I shall not for-

get your indiscretion of failing to curtsy to me. You will be punished for it in time. Go to my office at once and await my further instructions.”

“Yes, Madam Desiree.” Phoebe made another sweeping curtsy to Madam and left the stage in a flurry of skirts and petticoats.

“I hope you liked our little exhibitions and demonstrations tonight and I hope to see many of you here in the future at the Palace of Domination.” Madam Desiree said in a finishing speech to her audience.

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Desiree was really pleased the way all had gone on that opening night. Her appointment book was full for months ahead. Now that the opening night was over, she could put some thought to what Lady Penelope had said about what kind of person she was. Her sexual preference was not for the male sex. Possibly she preferred her own sex, but then again maybe not. Penelope got her gratification from the domination and humiliation of the male. Desiree was of the opinion that Lady Penelope was a kindred spirit and shared her hatred of the male. She would be an easy person to get along with. It was also going to be a pleasure training Phoebe and handing her over to Penelope to dominate the person. But she must not daydream for there was work to be done this day.

Mademoiselle Suzette was young and showed plenty of enthusiasm to her work. She still had a lot to learn, however, so Desiree would take the woman under her wing and teach her. The young woman was informed to report to Madam’s office.

“Suzette, I watched you with the paddle on opening night. We have a client coming here in a few days

time. I want you to watch me and learn. While you use the paddle very well, there are some points that need honing, you understand? This is not a criticism. All I want is to make you a better Dominatrix. You do love your work here, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Madam, of course. I hope I have not let you down in any way," answered Suzette

"Not at all, Suzette. In fact I am thinking of giving you a slave to train. You'll like that, won't you?"

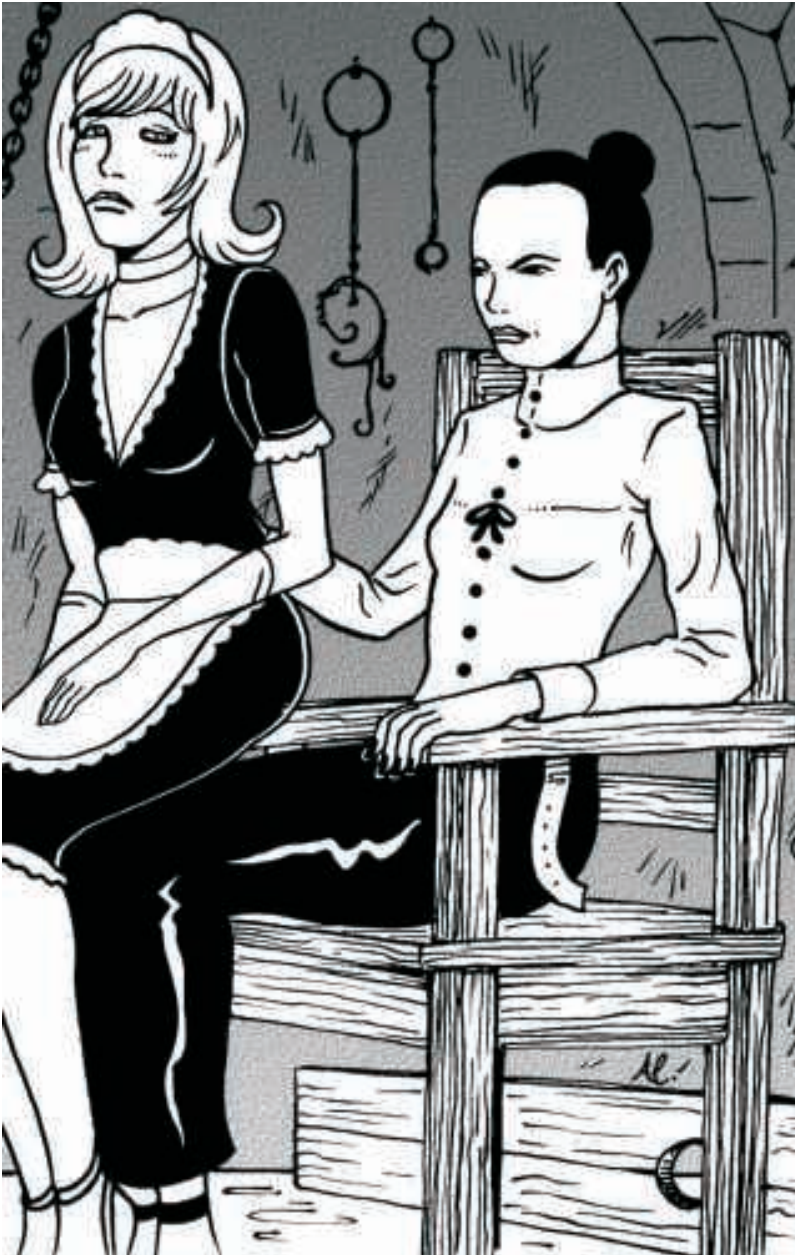
"Yes, Madam. I will be more than happy to have my own personal slave and train him to the standards that I expect of a male."

"You may return to your duties. I shall call on you the day the client arrives."

Madam Desiree now paid more attention to the training of her slave and personal maid Phoebe. Phoebe stood every morning while Madam inspected her clothing. She wore a long black maid's dress, white highly starched apron and matching mob cap. If Desiree was not satisfied with the appearance of her personal maid, her favourite rattan cane would work overtime on the maid's naked buttocks.

Phoebe had been trained how to assist Madam in her dressing and makeup even to the extent of sponging Desiree as she bathed in the scented water. It was one day as the naked Desiree was languishing in the heavenly smelling scented bath water that she saw that Phoebe's maid's skirt was tenting out. Her maid had an erection. Instead of being angry as one might have thought, she laughed. "Come here, Phoebe, you have an erection, haven't you?"

"No, ma'am," replied she.



“Don’t contradict me.” Holding the maids face tightly between her hands, Desiree said, “You may as well enjoy your erection for soon there will be nothing there to be erect. Do you understand, Phoebe?”

A frightened and nervous Phoebe answered, “Yes, Madam.”

Desiree broke into hysterical laughter. She knew she had this apology of a man by the balls, to put it crudely. The wonderful power she felt over the male gave her enormous pleasure. Madam Desiree was indeed a dangerous woman when she had control over any of the male sex. And yet many of those of the male sex were pulled in by her magnetism to their detriment.

It was one day that Dr. Amanda Henderson visited the Palace of Domination. She was no stranger to that place. She had been there many times in the past and attended to the bruising of males caused by floggings and whippings by Madam Desiree and those under her control. Indeed she had been a spectator on some occasions and applied cream or ointment to the buttocks of may a poor unfortunate male. However do not feel sorry for one of that gender for they would willing undergo the flogging again if it meant that they could prostrate themselves and kiss the hem of that long black skirt of Madam’s. Many a Dominatrix would be disappointed if Amanda said they must cease their spanking. Fortunately that very rarely happened.

However today she had called on a different matter. Desiree had her maid Phoebe bring coffee and biscuits to her and Amanda. Desiree watched carefully as Phoebe made a deep curtsy to Amanda she and gave her the title of Madam Amanda. The slave was progressing to the standard she expected of her personal maid.

After a pleasant conversation of matters of the day, Desiree changed the subject. "What do you think of my maid Phoebe, Amanda?"

"A lot has changed since that first night I saw you flogging her, Desiree and I must commend you on the manner you used that cane. She has learned to be submissive to our sex. Now just what do you want of me?"

"I believe it is time that the first steps towards womanhood are taken by Phoebe, don't you think?"

"Yes of course. I understand why you have invited me here today. She will have to have a medical check. This I am more than willing to do. Now does she know the purpose of my visit here today?"

"No but I have dropped hints that her male appendage will be taken from her at some stage."

"And what was her reaction, Desiree?"

"That is of no importance as far as I am concerned. All the males who subject themselves to my control can only expect the loss of their male member to end up as one of our sex." A smile gradually spread across the well made-up face of Dr. Amanda Henderson for she and Desiree were on the same wavelength.

"Very well. I will inspect your maid in the first aid room. Please instruct her to go there. I expect you will be watching too."

Soon a naked Phoebe was having a medical examination by Dr. Amanda. Her false breasts were discarded and her hip and bum padding was lying beside the couch she was prone on. "You are a healthy woman, Phoebe and can undergo all that Madam Desiree has in mind for you. How mindful she is of

your future wellbeing. You must be happy about that.”

Dr. Amanda now took a pad out, scribbled a prescription and handed it to Desiree. “Get that from the chemist and start her on the hormones right away.”

“Very good, Dr. Amanda. I will attend to that immediately.”

After Phoebe was dismissed, the two real women were back in Desiree’s office and more coffee was consumed, Amanda commented, “You have started another male on the road to womanhood, Desiree. Keep up the good work.”

“Yes indeed. Amanda and Phoebe won’t be the last either, I can tell you.” Laughter was heard from the two ladies.

Madam Desiree was in the Red Room of Pain watching young Mademoiselle Suzette using her paddle with aplomb. Such expertise and finesse in her performance as she beat a pattern on the offered buttocks of the male slave. A wicked smile came on the face of Madam. The young woman had learned quickly from the teachings of Madam Desiree. It wasn’t that she had no knowledge of domination of the male when she first arrived but it was the little things that needed fine tuning. Madam now saw the results of her schooling.

It was now time for Desiree to join her companion in administering punishment with her paddle. Suzette hadn’t realized that Madam had joined in the beating till she glanced across the bare buttock she was about to descend her paddle onto. She stopped for Madam was concentrating on that one buttock; she would therefore transfer her own on the other one. Suzette could see the sense on this for it meant double punishment in a quicker time than she could

take going between buttocks. The skin of the poor unfortunate male began to show red but Madam didn't stop till a purple tinge showed on the buttock. The young Dominatrix must carry on till hers became the same hue.

Both paddles ceased, Suzette untied the bonds and removed the blindfold. The man saw for the first time there was two women working on him. It mattered not one bit for he must prostate himself before both and pay homage to both mistresses. Desiree was the first to receive the lips of the man on her long black dress. This was only right and fitting for she was the mistress of the establishment. Mademoiselle Suzette was next. The lips were applied to the hem of the purple latex skirt she wore.

“Chloe will be your slave to train, Suzette as I promised. Train her well.”

“Yes Madam, how can I ever thank you?” Suzette then embraced Desiree with a kiss on the cheek which Desiree expected for this favour.

“Where shall Chloe's sleeping quarters be, Madam?”

“Put her in the same room as Phoebe.”

“But Madam there is only one bed in her room.”

“I am well aware of that, Suzette.”

“Yes Madam.” No more was said.

Lady Penelope called regularly on the phone to Desiree enquiring as to the progress of Phoebe. “Is it possible that I can see her at my home?”

“By all means, Penelope. When would be a suitable time?”

“In a couple of week’s time bring her here for the weekend. I will of course pay any expenses that you may be out of pocket and pay you handsomely for the privilege of seeing my personal maid-to-be.”

“I shall come by train. I could easily take my car but this way Phoebe will be in the public eye for the first time. I shall be watching her to see how she behaves herself.”

“Very good, Desiree. My chauffeur will be waiting at the station when you arrive.”

Phoebe was instructed to pack cases for Madam and herself as they would be going away for the weekend. She never asked why or where for it was none of her business. As Madam’s submissive, she must obey all orders.

Madam Desiree’s favourite rattan cane was packed. To Phoebe this meant only one thing; wherever they were going, Madam would be using it on her backside. But she was resigned to that for not a day passed when her skirts were not raised and that implement wasn’t used on her knickers or bare backside. But Phoebe loved Madam. She would willingly take all the chastisement Desiree gave her and prostrate herself before the Goddess for just one sacred kiss to her skirt.

The railway station was busy that Friday as Desiree and her woman servant boarded the train. Many there turned their heads to look at the strange woman and her maid who walked six paces behind. Both these women were dressed from a bygone age, the 19th century perhaps. In the lead was the dominant woman, and there was no doubt she was that as she strode with an air of authority ahead of the other struggling with a suitcase in each hand. The small woman in the long black skirt and matching ankle

boots and black bonnet nicely tied with a black bow under the chin was the one giving all the orders. The other woman, also in a long blue skirt, meekly replied with "Yes, Madam."

While the train journey would only take three hours, Madam Desiree had booked a first class compartment for them. Desiree was pleased with the impression Phoebe had made on her first public appearance. There may have been some turning of heads as the couple waited in the ladies only room in the station because of their old-fashioned attire but she was sure the real gender of Phoebe was not detected.

Of the two suitcases Phoebe brought with them, the larger was Desiree's. The train had been more than an hour on the way to their destination and there would be no more stops till then.

"Phoebe, open my case and withdraw my cane," Madam demanded. Phoebe feared that what this meant was there would be no let up to the canings she received. She silently obeyed her Mistress' order. The rattan cane was presented to her Mistress and instructions were given.

Phoebe knelt on the well-upholstered seat, bottom up as she slowly raised her skirt and petticoats to expose her knickered derriere. The round globes looked delightful and tempting in their covering of the white satin knickers. The knickers were exquisite garments of the highest quality. They were tightly elasticized above each knee and decorated with little white lace bows all around there. The equally delightful layers of satin petticoats of many colours spread all round the knickers and highlighted the object that Madam's cane would be subjected to.

Phoebe knelt, not daring to look upwards as she heard Madam swish the cane through the air in practice for the assault on her knickered bottom. Then it came THWAK, SMACK, THWAK continuously on her knickers. She never counted for Madam wouldn't stop till she was satisfied. The number of strokes could be long or it could be short. Somehow the motion of the train made it all erotic, not just to Madam but to Phoebe too.

Eventually Desiree ceased and Phoebe heard the words, "You may rearrange your clothing, Phoebe." However before that could be done, she must prostrate herself before Madam, kiss the hem of her long black skirt, and thank her for the administration of the cane. This she did as Desiree sat on the comfortable seat high above her and Madam lowered the rattan cane for Phoebe to kiss in her act of submission. Phoebe did and that gave Desiree an inner feeling of domination over the male of the species. Words could not describe this feeling.

The journey continued without any further interruption.

As they departed at the station, they were met by Brenda, Lady Penelope's chauffeur "Yes," thought Desiree, "how could Penelope's chauffeur be anything else but female with the same hatred of the male as she has?"

Brenda was in a typical black suit of pants, jacket, and a black skip cap covering her short-cut hair. One may have called her a butch type of woman. She was perhaps in her forties. She seemed playful with Phoebe as they put the suitcases in the trunk; she put a hand on Phoebe's butt.

Desiree smiled to her as Brenda got into the driving seat. "You like my maid then, Brenda?"

“Yes ma’am, she is a pretty little thing.”

“Then you have my permission to do as you wish with her during our stay.”

“Thank you, ma’am. She will be billeted in my room till you leave.”

“Will she indeed?” thought Desiree, “that will be interesting.”

Lady Penelope was on the steps of her mansion to greet Desiree with a kiss on the cheeks which was returned by Desiree. “Brenda, take Madam’s things to the room we have prepared.”

It wasn’t Brenda who lifted the suitcases but Phoebe under the supervision of Brenda who had a hand round her waist as she led her.

“They’ll make a lovely couple, don’t you think?”

“I’m sure they will, Penelope.” Desiree was sure Brenda would dominate her personal servant. As far as sex was concerned, that would be interesting for with the amount of hormones that Dr. Amanda was pumping into Phoebe, Desiree very much doubted she would have an erection.

“You must tell me all about Phoebe. I want to know everything, Desiree.” Both women were in the drawing room sitting on the chaise lounge.

“I will tell you over the weekend of her progress at our leisure, Penelope. Have you any plans for her while we are here?”

“Yes indeed. I have some lady friends coming to a little cocktail party tomorrow night. I wish Phoebe to be dressed as a maid and attend to all during our little soirée.”

“That is well within her capabilities. I see your chauffeur has rather taken a fancy to her, Penny. I’m afraid she may be rather disappointed.”

“Oh, why would that be, Desiree?”

“Her male equipment is practically non-functional.”

Lady Penelope gave a long laugh. “That will not bother Brenda in the least. She has her own methods to satisfy her sexual desires.”

“Aren’t you the cutest little darling, Phoebe and you’re all mine while you’re here.” Phoebe wasn’t too sure what that meant. She was now in the room she would be sharing with Brenda over the weekend. It was more of a male room than a female one. Brenda handed her a large cardboard box.

“What’s this, Brenda?”

“The outfit that you will be wearing at the soiree tomorrow night. Open it and you’ll see.”

Phoebe carefully untied the blue ribbon to open the box and take the tissue paper off. There under it all was a French Maid’s uniform. It certainly was different from the maid’s uniforms she had to wear for Madam. But she could not complain for if her mistress had approved, how could she cause discord?

“Put it on now as a sort of dummy run for me, sweetheart.”

Phoebe was not too happy the way Brenda was becoming familiar with her. She looked at the strong muscular woman and thought it better that she comply with the request.

Phoebe stripped down to her bra and knickers as Brenda watched. "These will be of no use with the French Maid's Outfit." So saying, Brenda quickly whipped the knickers off Phoebe. Brenda gazed at the apology for a male member her mistress had told her to expect. She fingered it. "Oh well, there are other ways to get satisfaction," she said, letting the limp appendage drop between Phoebe's legs.

Phoebe was left in wonderment as to what that meant. And if it meant sex, she wasn't interested in that, especially with this large heavy woman.

The small pink panties were now handed to Phoebe by Brenda who keenly watched her wriggle them up her slim body. A pair of white hold-up stockings tightly gripped her legs at the thigh.

"I'll help you with the uniform," was said by Brenda. Soon the shiny black dress was slipped over Phoebe's head and smoothed down her body, but not before Brenda had a good feel of Phoebe's breasts as she helped the uniform on. The miniskirt came to about three inches above Phoebe's knee and if she bent down, her little pink panties were exposed for all to see.

"Your shoes, Phoebe," said Brenda, handing her a brightly polished black high spiked heel pair that went well with the maid's uniform. After they were quickly put on, Brenda produced a big white bow from within the box. "Come here" was demanded by the heavy woman. Phoebe tottered on the high heels as she walked towards Brenda with little mincing steps, her body swaying.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed the large and hefty Brenda. "Lady Penelope's lady friends are going to like you. Come here." Phoebe found herself sitting on Brenda's knee, the big white bow attached to the middle of her

hair and a hand in her panties. “We are just going to get along fine, little darling,” was said by the large Brenda.

The ladies quartette played a Boccherini Minuet as the ladies mingled, glasses of wine or Bacardi in hand as they conversed among themselves. Dinner had already been served up by Phoebe in her French Maid’s outfit which was a topic of conversation.

“Oh, isn’t she a cute little thing. Is she real?”

“There is only one way to find out, dear,” said another.

“But of course,” said the first lady. “Come here, dear.”

Phoebe curtsayed as she had been taught and suddenly felt a lady’s hand up her skirt.

“Oh yes. I think she is real enough. One would never believe she was male. I don’t think anyone would get much joy out of her male appendage.”

Phoebe was to find that this lady was not the only one that night who wanted to check her sex for herself.

“She will not be of the male sex much longer, will she, Penelope?” remarked one lady?.

“No, Diana, that is the general idea,” answered Penelope, looking at Desiree.

“Oh, you must tell me where you procured such a person. I certainly would wish such a male/female maid myself.”

“Look no further, Rosemary. I’m sure Madam can provide your needs, can’t you, Desiree?”

“Yes of course. Should any of you ladies wish a maid who once was a man, I can supply one for a price. It takes time to train him and dedicate him to become the maid she will ultimate be. I will be most happy to take your requests.” Business was good that night as Desiree took requirements from many of the ladies at that soiree.

Phoebe was assisted by Brenda as they washed the dishes. She had to listen intently for the tinkle of a bell in case Lady Penelope wanted more wine. During the washing of the dishes, Phoebe found Brenda’s hands wandering all over her body; she just could not keep them off her.

A final tinkling of the bell brought Phoebe into the midst of Lady Penelope’s friends.

“They all want to see you again before they depart, Phoebe,” said her ladyship. “Remember your manners,” warned Madam Desiree, “for I shall not be afraid to use the cane on you here and now should you forget.”

There was no danger of Phoebe forgetting. Desiree had trained her well enough. A big deep sweeping curtsy was given to each Lady by Phoebe. “Oh, isn’t that sweet? Now that’s the kind of maid I’m looking for!” remarked one elderly Lady.

“And that’s the kind of maid you shall have from Madam Desiree,” said Penelope.

“Then I’m most impressed.”

After all had departed, Phoebe was left to clean and tidy up the lounge and drawing room. Lady Penelope and Madam Desiree retired to their bedrooms to prepare themselves for a night’s rest.

“Aren’t you finished yet?” the voice of Brenda came. “I can’t wait to get you in bed.”

Phoebe wasn’t all that sure she wanted to finish cleaning. The prospect of going to bed with Brenda didn’t exactly fill her with hope. But she soon found Brenda helping her with the chores so there was nothing for it but to retire to their bedroom.

Soon she had taken a frilly nightgown out of her case and Brenda was becoming rather excited at her appearance. She may have had an erection if she was a man. Phoebe pondered that; she wasn’t sure if Brenda wasn’t a man from her appearance. But she had no time for that. Brenda grabbed her and pulled Phoebe in bed beside her. Brenda had strapped a dildo round her waist which Phoebe thought was a penis from its fleshy appearance.

The strong hands of Brenda soon had Phoebe facing downwards and her protruding backside was entered by the hard plastic dildo. Brenda was certainly rough on Phoebe’s anus as she pushed that dildo in and out of it with a great amount of force. Phoebe’s anus had never in its life been entered by a male or even a dildo before. She sobbed from the pounding it was taking. That didn’t deter Brenda for she pushed relentlessly on. She had a little boy/girl to do with as she wished and she certainly would till she was satisfied.

“Do you like Lady Penelope?” asked Madam Desiree on their return to the Palace of Domination.

“Yes, Madam,” answered Phoebe.

“That is good for after I have finished your training, you will become her personal maid. You will be welcomed by Brenda as well for she has taken a fancy to you, Phoebe.”

It was the first time Phoebe knew of her fate for Madam never told her slaves anything of her plans. Brenda didn't know what was worse, being caned by Madam or being forced to make love to Brenda.

As a result of the weekend visit to Penny, Desiree decided to prepare a few more rooms in the Palace. They would be for her slaves and she would keep an eye open for suitable additions to her harem.

Madam Camille would be appointed to train one and her other Dominatrix Madam Babette would handle another. Babette was an older woman than the others, and a crueller woman, with the exception of Madam herself. She was a Mistress of the highest order and an expert with the whip and riding crop; a true hater of the male race. She liked nothing better than to see some man submit to her domination as he pleaded for mercy which would never come.

The whipping, beatings, paddlings, and canings were a daily occurrences in that Palace of Domination. And Desiree was never short of clients who had received such from mothers, aunts, and governesses as boys. Desiree congratulated her feminine race for training their sons, nephews, and pupils to submit to their punishment. They were indeed a credit to the superiority of the female.

“God bless the mother with the iron fist and a cane in her hand,” was Desiree's motto.

## **CAGED AND BOXED**

One day Madam Desiree met a woman who had arranged a meeting with her.

“I understand from the letter you sent me that you wish one of my slaves to dominate you, Zelda. That

poses no problem for we are here to please our customers.”

“I am so glad to hear that, Madam Desiree. I think we can do business together. To that end it is best we get off on the right foot. My name is not Zelda. I use that name as it I think is suitable for the domination I have over the male. It gives me some sort of sexual feeling to see the male grovel at my command. I have been married five times and each of my husbands has felt the lash of my whip. I am a cruel Mistress, if I say so myself, something like you, Madam Desiree.”

“Then what is it you require of me or this establishment, Zelda?” Madam Desiree looked at the small woman somewhere in her mid-forties smartly dressed in fashionable dress. She was not in the clothes one would have expected of a dominatrix of her establishment. That, however, was none of Desiree’s business. This woman was paying enough money for whatever she wanted to do with those she dominated.

“Firstly, I would prefer that I be addressed as Madam Zelda at all times as my husbands did...after they felt the sting of my whip a few times. I may stay here till I decide which of your slaves I wish to take from here and train them to the standards I require of my pets. I may take one to begin with. Others may follow.”

“But Madam Zelda, I can assure you that all my slaves are trained for the female to dominate,” replied Madam Desiree, put out by the suggestion that she could not train her slaves efficiently for any woman.

“Do not get me wrong, Madam Desiree. I am sure you do that very well but I have my own methods which may be slightly different from yours and I have always been successful.”

“In that case, Madam Zelda, I am most interested to see such methods for I am always open to new ideas particularly if it will improve the facilities of my Palace of Domination.”

“My methods are not new, Madam Desiree. They have existed for a long time. Some women have been more successful with them than others and I include myself among the successful. Once I have brought and trained the first one I take from here to my mansion, you may come and watch what I do with the person.”

“I am most curious as to your methods and would be delighted to see your work. Anything that can improve the Palace is welcome.”

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Madam Desiree was about to make her first visit to Madam Zelda’s mansion. She had decided that Chloe would accompany her this time instead of Phoebe. Desiree was keen to see how well Chloe had been trained by Mademoiselle Suzette It was Chloe who packed their cases and she was instructed to put the little rattan cane in Madam’s. Chloe had been well versed by Phoebe as to how Madam had used it on her backside on their journey to Lady Penelope’s. Desiree made the journey in her own Bentley, driving it herself. Chloe wondered just when she would feel the rattan cane on her backside. When the road entered some woodland, in the shelter of many trees, Madam Desiree pulled into a wayside lay-by. Madam got out of the driver’s seat, stretched her legs, and took in the fresh air.

“Ah that’s so much better, isn’t it, Chloe? Now be a good girl, open the trunk and my case and hand me my little rattan cane.”

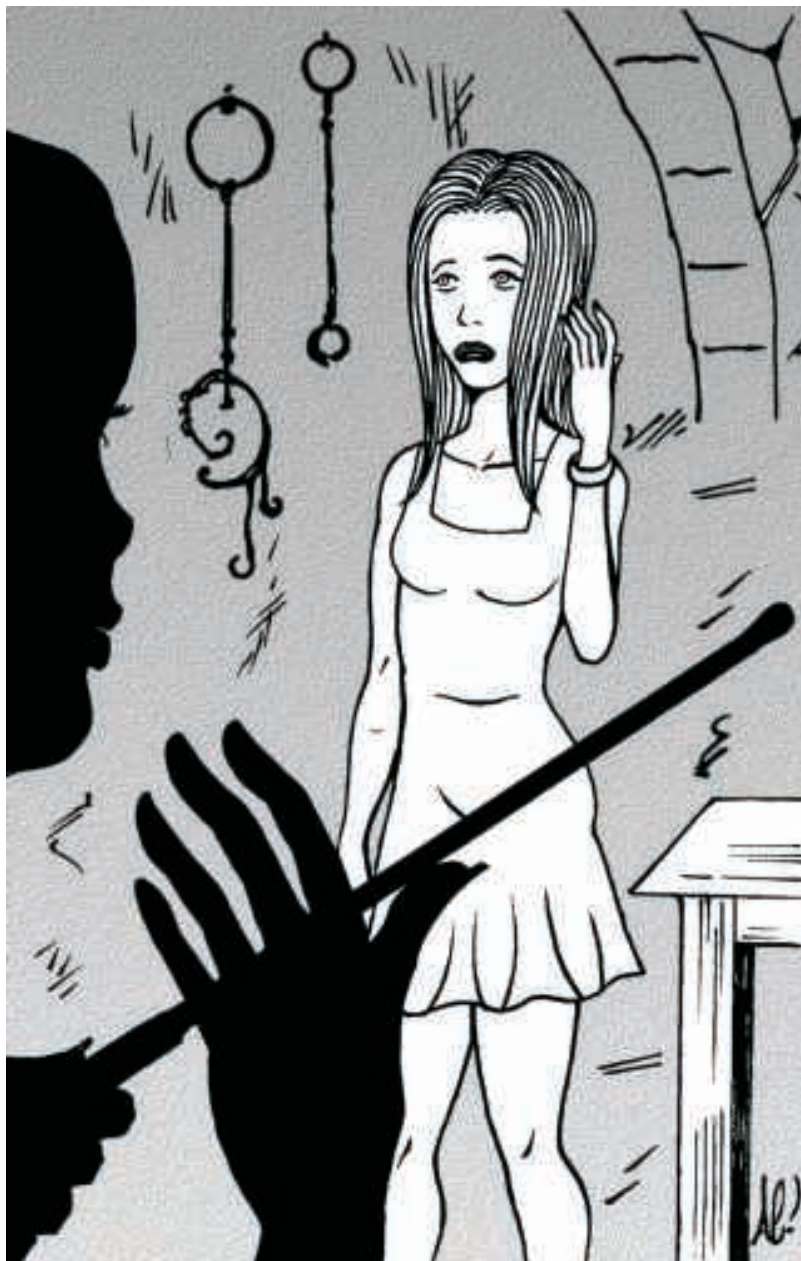
Chloe knew what was coming next. She also knew that it was best not to argue with Madam for that would make things worse for her. Funny how obedient she was now to those women who dominated her and would willingly accept their punishment. They were indeed Goddesses to her, or him as he once was. She would willingly dress in whatever skirts they told her and loved it because they told her to. Today she was dressed in a light white summer outfit of a white dress no stockings and white sandals low heels. She had been instructed by Mademoiselle Suzette that she must wear white knickers and matching brassiere for that was what Madam desired.

Chloe been given the keys to open the trunk and Madam's case. Desiree knew her slaves had been well-trained and dare not disobey her orders. Chloe dutifully presented the little rattan cane to her Mistress. Madam Desiree lovingly took the cane as if it were some precious heirloom, which in her mind it was. She took some practice strokes, swishing the cane through the air in preparation of the assault on Chloe's backside.

"Come here and bend over the front of the car for you must receive your daily punishment, mustn't you, Chloe?" Chloe knew the only answer she could give was the one she was about to give.

"Yes, Madam Desiree. I deserve to be punished by your hands and may you ever do so."

Desiree was pleased with the answer as she watched Chloe bent over the front of the Bentley. She expected no less. Desiree delayed the punishment for a while as she came forward to Chloe who of course had her back to Desiree as she laid fully stretched across the hood of the car. That delay built up a certain amount of tension within Chloe. Desiree lifted the back of Chloe's white skirt to expose the white



kickers she wore. Desiree slowly ran a hand across the white fabric of the knickers. It left Chloe wondering if Madam was about to take them off. The answer was no but a passing over her knickers with the rattan cane increased the sexual tension.

Madam Desiree had surveyed her intended victim as she usually did for she liked to see the fear they had of her before the punishment commenced.

Chloe was more than fearful of her. Desiree liked that and the chastisement could commence. But first she opened her handbag and took out two long white lace handkerchiefs. With one she tied Chloe's hands together at her back; the other she used as a gag. No resistance came from Chloe. She had been well-trained by Mademoiselle Suzette. Desiree would commend her subordinate later.

Madam Desiree had enough of delays. The cane was swiftly descended on the offered knickers of Chloe again and again. Chloe bit hard on the lace hanky in her mouth and braced her legs for more as she knew Madam would surely deliver.

Madam Desiree from her high position above Chloe just knew that beneath the white knickers of Chloe, her buttocks were beginning to show red. She must continue till they became purple. Without even having to see them, Desiree knew how many more strokes of her cane that would take.

The can was raised again. THWACK! THOMP! WOLLOP! and more THWACK! SWACK! SMACK! It went on poor Chloe's rear end.

Madam Desiree finished her punishment. Satisfied? No for a dominatrix is never satisfied in her love of chastisement of the male. Desiree released Chloe of the handkerchiefs that tied her hands and gagged her. The first thing Chloe did and Madam expected

was top prostrate herself before Madam and kiss the hem of her dress. Chloe then adjusted her dress and the journey continued.

Madam Zelda stood at the top of the steps of her mansion with welcoming arms to greet Desiree, the open door behind her. The older woman exchanged welcoming kiss with Desiree. Chloe was ignored, being one of Madam's slaves.

Zelda put her arms round Desiree's shoulders as if they had been friends all their lives. "I have laid on a delicious meal for you, Madam Desiree. Then you may at your leisure see my methods of training Sylvia, my pet."

"Ah yes, Sylvia. She was but a mere novice when you requested her as the one you wanted. I will be most interested in her progress, Madam Zelda."

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Madam Desiree had observed Madam Zelda's dress during the meal. Zelda had an expensive outfit on. It must have cost a lot of money. To Desiree, it was not at all what she would have expected of a dominatrix.

"I trust the meal was to your liking, Madam Desiree?" asked Madam Zelda.

"Excellent, Madam Zelda! I await with anticipation seeing Sylvia and the progress you have made with her."

"Wait no more for I had a Special Room all ready for her when she came. What is it, two months since she arrived? She is nearly to my specifications but not quite yet."

Madam Zelda took Desiree by the hand and made for the kitchen where a large covered plate was waiting for her to lift. Then she led Desiree into a passageway where there were a number of rooms leading off of it. Madam Zelda stopped at one for which she had a key attached to a belt round her waist. The key now entered into the lock, the door opened and a light was switched on to reveal a cage in the center of the room.

Madam Desiree observed the cage. She could see it had been purposely built for this room. Madam Zelda had had it made to her specifications. The cage went from ceiling to floor, was square shaped with shining iron bars with only space for one to put their hands through. The cage was narrow and had a small door facing the door of the room. What was inside the cage caught Madam Desiree's attention. A naked Sylvia stood inside it; there was no room to do otherwise. Sylvia's hands and feet were handcuffed and manacled to the iron bars of the cage.

"Ah, there you are. My pretty mother has brought your dinner, Sylvia. There's a good pet," said Madam Zelda.

Another key attached to Zelda's belt was inserted in the lock of the cage door and opened. Madam Zelda entered the cage in which there was barely room for two. She placed the plate which she had been carrying on the floor and removed the cloth to reveal raw meat. Then she departed from the cage and locked it once again. Now outside, Madam Zelda unlocked the handcuffs and manacles on Sylvia attached to the cage bars.

Sylvia was now more free but still had handcuffs and manacles on her hands and legs. They were the least of Sylvia's worries for all she was interested in was the raw meat on the plate on the floor. Madam Desiree watched in amazement as Sylvia grabbed the

raw meat, tore it like some wild animal and ate it like one would.

“She would have laid down if she could, Madam Desiree, but as you can see there is no room to do so,” came the voice of Madam Zelda.

“Yes, I can see that, Madam Zelda. Is this one of the methods you mentioned to me?”

“Yes but it is combined with others. Since she first came here, Sylvia has been treated like a dog. She has been whipped to submission, locked and chained in this cage at all times and has to sleep upright. I have fed her on raw meat ever since she arrived. Soon her training will cease for I have her under my spell. However you have not seen the finished product and will receive an invite when she is ready.”

“Has she been kept in darkness always, Madam Zelda?” asked Madam Desiree.

“Yes, of course. That is one of my methods. The only light she will see is when I feed her and train her or whip her. The whips are displayed on the walls within this room as you can see.” Zelda pointed to the wall of the room on which many whips of all kinds were to be seen.

“I am most impressed, Madam, your methods seem very successful. I may take a page out your book.”

“Please do, Madam Desiree. I am honoured. It is time to depart from Sylvia’s cage.” Now in a voice of authority, she addressed Sylvia. “Come to your Mistress, good Sylvia.”

Sylvia obeyed in a very docile manner. She held her hand out through the bars and Madam Zelda once again attached the handcuffs and leg manacles

to the bar. Sylvia was once again chained inside the cage. Madam Zelda and Madam Desiree left the room and the lights were switched out.

“How often does Sylvia get fed, Madam Zelda?” asked Desiree.

“Once a day. That is enough for likes of her. As you may have noticed, there is a bowl with water fixed at mouth level which she can lap up at any time.”

“In the darkness, Madam Zelda?” said Madam Desiree. No answer was given.

Madam Desiree stayed overnight. In the morning after breakfast, Zelda and Desiree were in earnest conversation. “Send Olwen to me for from what I saw of her when I visited your Palace of Domination she will be easier to train to my desire. However I have my own instructions that you must obey as to how I wish her to come. If they are obeyed, it will be all the easier to train her. This is what you must do...”

There after Madam Desiree knew just what Madam Zelda wanted.

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Olwen stood in Madam Desiree’s office in the Palace. “Olwen you are being sent to Madam Zelda. She has especially requested you. Isn’t that nice of her that she should desire you?”

Olwen’s facial expression changed to terror. Chloe, who had witnessed all that took place at Madam Zelda’s, had informed all within the Palace.

“But please, Madam, let me stay here. Do as you wish with me, beat me, punish me, anything but Madam Zelda!” pleaded Olwen.

“You have no say as to how I may dispose of you or to whom I dispose you. Let us hear no more of this.” Desiree looked sternly at Olwen who by now had prostrated herself at the feet of Madam and was in the process of kissing the hem of her long black skirt.

“Get up, go to your room, and await my orders. Madam Camille will collect you and bring you here when all is ready.” With that, Olwen was promptly dismissed.

The following day Olwen once again stood before Madam Desiree with Madam Camille at her side.

“Camille, you have your instructions and know what is required,”

“Yes, Madam Desiree.” Madam Camille stood resplendent in her black seductive skintight long-sleeved high collared wet look catsuit and matching black plastic ankle boots with a cane in her hand.

Desiree was impressed with her appearance. “You look truly magnificent today, Camille.”

“Thank you, Madam. This is just something I bought the other day which I think is more in line with our type of business.”

“Of course it is, Camille. Speaking of business, it is time we got earning some for the Palace. Bind her and place her in the box for that is Madam Zelda wishes,” Desiree said, pointing at Olwen.

Olwen who had been waiting patiently at Madam Camille side saw for the first time a very large box on the floor of Madam Desiree’s office.

Olwen was now cuffed hand and foot and laid on the floor. Desiree had called for assistance from the

other dominatrices. Madam Camille with their assistance placed Olwen inside the large wooden box. Olwen had not been gagged or blindfolded which was the usual practice in the Palace before a beating.

The box itself was lined with foam and had several holes all round it. Owen was now fully stretched inside the box, unable to move. Before she had time to think, the top of the box was slammed shut and Owen was in near total darkness. She could just barely see through the small holes which were meant to allow air into the box.

Olwen was in terror which increased as she heard the sound of a nails being driven into the top of the box. Olwen was nailed inside the box unable to move. In the darkness she screamed in vain for no one would take any notice of her.

Madam Camille, with assistance, took the box outside the Palace of Domination to where a Range Rover stood and loaded it inside.

During the three hour journey to Madam Zelda's, Camille was accompanied by Mademoiselle Suzette. Olwen's screaming eventually stopped for she knew it was useless and she was on her way to Madam Zelda. She was trapped inside the box and unable to alter her circumstances. What terrible fate awaited her at Madam Zelda's, she wondered.

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Months later Madam Desiree received a phone call from Madam Zelda inviting her to spend a weekend at her mansion which she accepted. She was curious to see what had become of Olwen and Sylvia and she needed a rest for a day or two from the Palace.

Madam Desiree came on her own and was welcomed by Madam Zelda on the steps leading to her magnificent mansion. "I am so curious to see how things have progressed with your slaves, Madam Zelda."

"Pets! They are not slaves in my mansion, Madam Desiree. Their progress has been excellent. Olwen, as I expected, was more than easy to train after I opened the box. She was terrified and obeyed my commands like a good little dog."

The word 'dog' had taken Desiree by surprise. It made her curious to see Sylvia and Olwen. Whatever had Madam Zelda done to them that she called one a little dog?

She would have to wait for the answer till after dinner as Madam Zelda had promised. Madam Zelda still dressed in what Desiree considered nice ordinary women's clothes, not at all like what she had seen Madam Camille wear the day she left to bring Olwen to Zelda's mansion.

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"Excellent meal, Madam Zelda."

"I'm so glad you liked it, Madam Desiree. You must excuse me while I freshen up before we visit my pets. I think they expect to see me at my best." With that, Madam Zelda rose from the table and left to go to her room.

During Madam Zelda's absence Desiree observed the dining room which she previously had seen only the one time she had been there. The room itself was large; it may have been a banquet hall at one time. Desiree thought it was too big for one person but who was she to say? What she could not remember having

seen there before was a high back chair of unusual design with intricate patterns carved in the solid oak wood. On the seat was placed a large blue velvet cushion, It looked to her like a throne. Madam Desiree had seen a few in her time and this certainly looked like those she had seen.

This chair or throne was placed on a raised dais. Desiree placed herself on this throne out of curiosity. It certainly was comfortable. She then looked closer at the carvings on it. They were of dogs from mastiffs to greyhounds and other types of breeds, all over the throne.

Why dogs and why had Madam Zelda referred to Sylvia and Olwen as pets and Olwen as a good little dog? While Desiree was thinking of these things, Madam Zelda returned but dressed as never seen by Desiree before.

There she stood in a red shiny slick and sensual vinyl dress that literally clung to the small body of the woman. On her feet were 5 1/2" finger bone heels, 1 1/2" platform lace-up knee-high boots featuring spiked studding on the back of the ankle and side zip, all in red. Where the boots ended at the knee, her dress started. Madam Zelda was heavily made up in something like the style of the dominatrices in the Palace of Domination. Desiree approved. This was more like it. Placed on Zelda's head was a gold coloured crown.

"We mustn't keep my little darlings waiting any longer, Madam Desiree."

Madam Desiree was led along the passageways to the same room as before with one difference now; on the door was printed kennels. On opening the door and switching the lights on, Madam Desiree saw two cages side-by-side. In the cages were Sylvia and

Olwen but it was what was on their faces that caught Desiree's attention. Mask, masks of dog's heads, both Sylvia and Olwen heads had been inserted into them. The masks had openings at the nose, eyes, and mouth but not the ears. At the back the masks were padlocked so there was no way they could be removed by them. Madam Zelda had the key. It was also seen that both Sylvia and Olwen had dogs' tails which obviously been stuck there with super glue.

"There we are, my pets. Mummy has come to give you walkies and din dins and if you're good dogs you may get a special treat." At the mention of "special treat," both dogs seemed excited and they came closer to the bars of their cages.

On the wall near the cages were two hooks. On each hook was a dog's collar and leash. These were now removed by Madam Zelda who then opened the cage Sylvia was in. She came out on all fours hands. Madam Zelda attached the leather dog's collar round her neck and attached the leather leash to a metal ring on the dog's collar. Madam Zelda now commanded to her pet to sit in a loud voice. This Sylvia did immediately without protest. She got a pat on the head by Madam Zelda and a "good dog."

While Sylvia sat, the other cage now opened and Olwen came out. Like Sylvia she was on hands and knees and her dog's collar was likewise attached round her neck and the leash was affixed. Madam Desiree noticed that on each collar a metal disc had been fixed on with the name of each dog, Sylvia and Olwen. All were ready to depart the dog's kennels with a tug on the leash from Madam; Sylvia got up on her hands and knees again. With a tug on their leads, both obediently followed their Mistress as she lead them out of the kennel.

Madam Desiree marveled at the control which Madam Zelda had over her or dogs as she called them. There was no doubt in Desiree's mind she was indeed their Mistress as she walked proudly down the passageway, a leash in each hand and one of her pets at the end of it.

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Madam Zelda and her pets had entered the dining room. Without hesitation she made for the throne, seated herself, and commanded her human pets to Stay. Both Sylvia and Olwen, like the good obedient pets Madam had trained them to be, sat to either side of her as she perched regally on the throne. Madam Zelda then unclipped the leashes from each of her so-called pets. With a motion of her hand, Zelda directed Desiree to take a place beside her. A silver plate on a table beside the two women. Zelda removed the cloth covering the plate. There on it raw meat. The 'dogs' became excited as the raw meat was revealed to Desiree. She thought that perhaps they hadn't been fed for days.

Madam Zelda took a large piece of meat from the plate, rose, stepped down off the throne and onto the floor. She gave a booming command of "COME, SYLVIA!" The pet rose and on hands and knees came to her Mistress where she held up the tempting piece of meat. Sylvia was all over Madam Zelda, licking her everywhere. It was clear that Zelda was enjoying this. She now gave the command "OFF!" and Sylvia was once more on hands and knees and the offered piece of meat was dropped beside her. On her hands and knees, Sylvia started to eat the meat there on the floor as her Mistress watched in admiration.

"It will be your turn next, darling Olwen. You can come to Mummy but you must be a good little dog till

then. However mummy has a good memory, hasn't she? You were a little bad dog yesterday, weren't you?"

The pet named Olwen hung her head in shame. "Oh yes, you were. I see you know what that means. You just lie there and wait till I finish with Sylvia." Madam Zelda then gently petted Sylvia on the head as she ate her raw meat which she was in the process of tearing apart with her hands.

Madam Desiree wasn't going to ask what the misdemeanor was that Olwen had committed was. She was more fascinated with the way Madam Zelda was handling these dogs as she called them.

"COME OLWEN at once," harshly commanded Madam Zelda to her pet. Olwen promptly jumped off the dais to come to her Mistress' side. She affectionately rubbed herself against Madam Zelda's knee-length boots.

Madam Zelda looked down on her pet. "Don't think you can get round me that way, you naughty dog. WAIT!"

Olwen stood perfectly still as she watched her Mistress leave her and ascend the dais to take the leash with the name Olwen on the metal disc. The eyes of the dog showed fear.

"STAND here beside me!" sternly commanded Madam Zelda. There Olwen stood on hands and knees as Madam Zelda raised the dog's leash to bring it down on Olwen's back. There was no doubt in Desiree mind that Madam Zelda was a very cruel Mistress and could easily fit in at the Palace of Domination.

Madam Zelda relentlessly carried on lashing her pet with the leash till she was satisfied. "I hope you

have learned your lesson, Olwen. You don't deserve to be fed by Mummy. I hope you appreciate Mummy. Show me."

Once again Desiree saw Olwen on hands and knees rubbing against the knee boots of her Mistress.

The command of "SIT!" was once more given to Olwen. Zelda came to the dais to take meat from the plate and threw one piece to Olwen who greedily grabbed it. Another went to Sylvia.

Desiree looked at the pair as they ate was like wild dogs. Madam Zelda must have beaten them and starved them to make them so obedient to her commands. Whatever methods Zelda was using, they were working. More raw meal was flung by Madam Zelda in the direction of her "pets" and it didn't take long till they finished all. Not a scrap was left.

Madam Zelda stood once more on the floor, supreme over the so-called pets rubbing against her knee boots.

"I know you darlings want out to exercise. We will do that on the grounds for a while. Then as Mummy promised, you shall have your treat provided you behave yourselves like good little dogs."

Madam Desiree the dogs became excited and their eyes seemed to light up at the mention of treats. There must be something special about this treat and Desiree waited with anticipation to see what it was.

Madam Zelda was outside in the fresh air, her pets straining on the leash to either side of her. From the look of it, Desiree thought they hadn't seen daylight for some time.

They came to a bench where Zelda sat down and let her pets off the leash. "Go on, my darlings, have a romp but be good. Otherwise no treat." It was plain to see that warning had its effect on Madam's pets. They were playful and frolicked like puppies, rolling on the grass and such but any sort of boisterous behaviour was avoided.

This domineering woman had the knack of turning human beings into animals. Such skills could be very useful in the Palace, thought Desiree. She would make Zelda an offer to work at the Palace. By this time the dogs had exercised for over a half-hour.

Madam Zelda clapped her hands which made her pets stop their play and come immediately to her side. The leashes were reattached to their collars and with a tug, all made their way back to the mansion. "You were good, my dears and you will get your treat after all."

There was some considerable straining on the leashes of the dogs to either side of Madam Zelda at the mention of the word 'treat' again.

"I know you just can't wait for your little treat, cans you, but do be patient like good doggies," said Zelda addressing her charges.

All had arrived back at the dining room where the "SIT!" was said by Zelda to her pets.

"You must forgive me, Madam Desiree for I must retire to my room to prepare for the little darlings' treat. I will shortly be back. You may safely take your place on the dais for my pets dare not touch you. They know better otherwise they will not have their treat tonight."

Madam Desiree was becoming more and more curious as to what this treat may be.

Madam Zelda returned and took her place on the throne beside the chair Desiree sat on. To Desiree there seemed nothing different in Zelda's appearance. She still wore the same tight red vinyl dress, the nipples of her breasts prominently showing through it. At the back the outline of the crease between her buttocks was emphasized; at the front her pussy lips tightly pushed against the fabric of the dress, also on display.

What Desiree did not know was that Madam Zelda had removed her knickers in her absence from Desiree and. Desiree could not see that.

Madam Zelda ascended the dais, placed herself on the throne, made she comfortable on its blue velvet pillows and looked towards her pets as they sat on the floor below the throne.

Zelda gave the command of "COME my little darlings and get your treat." Sylvia and Olwen quickly and excitedly rose from the floor and like real dogs jumped and licked saliva, produced no doubt from the expectation of their coming treat, all over their Mistress' body. Zelda laughed and played with them and tickled them, eliciting more excitement from her so-called pets.

"I know you love your Mummy and you just can't wait for your treat. Neither can Mummy wait to give you it. Olwen, SIT while Sylvia has her treats first. Then you will get yours. "

Desiree saw Zelda pull up her tight vinyl red dress and open her legs, revealing a clean shaven pussy.

"Come and get it, Sylvia. You've been waiting all day for it, haven't you, my pet?" Sylvia needed no second command for there she was kneeling on hands and knees, her tongue protruding through her dog mask, frantically lapping her Mistress' pussy.

Madam Zelda lay back on the throne, seemingly enjoying her pet's show of love for her Mistress.

Desiree watched in amazement at this show of affection between Zelda and her pets. The tongue of Sylvia was inside licking, licking, and lapping. There seemed to be no end to it. The other pet, Olwen, seemed somewhat jealous. Zelda glanced down on her. "There there, darling Olwen. You'll get your turn, never fear. Mummy hasn't forgotten you even if you were such a naughty dog the other day."

Sylvia wasn't listening to her Mistress' conversation with Olwen. All she was interested in was Madam Zelda's pussy before her.

"I think you have had enough treat for today, my little pet. It is time Olwen had her treat." Zelda patted the so-called pet on the head. The command "DOWN!" was given and Sylvia sat on the floor beside Olwen.

"Now it is your turn, Olwen. Come to Mummy."

Olwen, unlike Sylvia, sniffed around Zelda's pussy like a real dog would do before placing her tongue inside her Mistress' sacred vagina with her hands/paws on her thighs. Zelda opened her legs wider to receive her beloved pet. She knew that of the two pets Olwen was a much better lickier of her pussy than Sylvia was. Olwen had been saved till last for her treat. Zelda knew that when Olwen was finished, she would climax like there was no tomorrow.

Desiree watched Olwen who had not as yet had the full operation but had breast implants. Her cock was becoming erect and Zelda's hands were encouraging it. By now Zelda's thighs had trapped Olwen's head between them. By the look of it, Zelda was soon to cum and Olwen wouldn't be far behind.

“Oh my darling little pet,” moaned Zelda, “I just love you...” Madam Zelda got no further. Desiree could see Zelda had cum and Olwen had as well as her cock sprayed white love juice over Zelda’s hand which was holding it at the time.

So that was Madam Zelda’s treat! No wonder her pets got excited. After all was finished, Madam Zelda lead her pets back to their kennels until the next time they received their treat.

The following morning before she left, Madam Desiree made Madam Zelda an offer to come and work for her.

“That is most kind of you, Madam Desiree, however I am happy here with my pets. In fact, I may take a few more from the Palace to train.”

“I see but would you come and give my dominatrices advice on the training of your pets? I see an opening there. I will of course pay you handsomely for that advice and there are plenty of rooms that can be converted to kennels.”

An agreement was settled between the dominatrices.

Madam Desiree came to the conclusion that there was no other way Zelda could have sexual satisfaction than the way she had witnessed. It takes all types. Who was she to criticize? Baffled as she was by the display she had witnessed, she still marveled at the skill of this cruel woman who had turned humans into dogs.

## BACK TO NORMAL

While all the women in the “Palace of Domination” conquered the men that were subjected to their punishment, you may think there was no sexual activity in the usual sense of the term happening there. In Madam Desiree’s case, it was not unknown for her to masturbate to release her sexual tensions. It was not unknown for Madam Babette to bring a like-minded female companion to the Palace at weekends. She preferred women who shared her hatred of men and love for their own sex. Within such a woman’s arms, Babette could find warmth and happiness, something she had never found in her husband from whom she was now divorced of course. Juliette, her bed partner, was a divorcée, a vicious woman who had attacked her husband with a knife and served a sentence in prison for it. And yet with Babette she was gentle and caring, a pleasant woman to the others in that den of punishment.

Juliette had not gone unnoticed by Madam Desiree who offered her a position with the women under her. Juliette could not let this opportunity to dominate more men and have them under the heel of her thigh-length boots pass. It was not unknown for Juliette to kick some poor unfortunate subordinate man in the ribs as he groveled before her. Desiree watched the coldness in her eyes and in her lashing of the whip on the exposed buttocks of a male. She would make a good addition to her flock of devotees of the correction of the male.

Dr. Amanda Henderson was almost part of the scenery during Juliette’s reign of terror, there to administer soothing creams to the abused skin of her victims.

Juliette had had a child during her violent marriage who she brought with her to the Palace of Domi-

nation. Joanne was a pretty young girl, kept in the best of finery by her mother. However Joanne was not as she seemed. How could she be with a mother so filled with hatred to the male? Joanne had worn girls frocks as long as she could remember. Juliette had plans for the removability of Joanne's male appendage in later life. Joanne was surrounded by an atmosphere of women with dominance over the male. It was only natural that she would have the same attitude towards that of her own gender as she had grown up seeing around her.

Madam Desiree was fascinated with this situation as Joanne grew up. Making Joanne a Dominatrix over her true gender would be an achievement to her. But that would never happen till Joanne had had her sex change operation.

Joanne was made a fuss over by all the women within the Palace and treated as one would their favourite pet. All there knew she was really male. The women there were always giving Joanne little gifts such as necklaces and earrings. Her ears had been pierced long since by her mother. Since Juliette arrived, she had consulted Dr. Amanda as to the progress Joanne would have to make to be a woman.

"There is no rush, Juliette for we have plenty of time for that. I will start her on hormones when it is right, never fear. But if you are anxious to ease her along the way at present, I see no harm in having a corset fitted on her small frame to start off with. That will contract her body in the right places and may even give a boost to shaping her breasts. I know just the thing and we will fit it to her. Bring her to me and I shall take her measurements."

That was done and in time the corset arrived by post to Dr. Amanda. On her next visit, the fitting of Joanne's corset took place. Dr. Amanda was in atten-

dance as Juliette fitted the black lace-in corset to her daughter.

“That’s marvelous, Doctor. See how it nips in her waist and makes her backside more prominent?” said Joanne’s mother.

“Yes,” replied Amanda, “but have you noticed how it stops below that which will in time be her womanly breasts? Not only that, have you noticed that part of the corset that extends above the rest and tightly presses between her not-as-yet formed breasts?”

“Yes Doctor. I never noticed that before. How that is done?”

“Underneath that lustrous black material is very stiff whalebone that presses into the body, forcing the loose skin that will eventually form her breasts out. Of course hormones, when we decide on them, are going to do much more to form her breasts. And unlike the males you have in training here, Joanne will be a natural to be one of our gender. There will be no training needed for Joanne to act fully female.”

Meanwhile Suzette had become greatly engrossed in making her charge Chloe as effeminate as possible. It wasn’t just the clothes but mannerisms too that mattered. The poufy walk with the little mincing steps, the little crooked finger at the side of the cup as she sipped her tea. The time she spent filing and shaping her nails and carefully applying the nail polish to her fingernails or toes. Her girlish talk and the friendly kiss she greeted her room partner Phoebe with and her love of all things feminine.

“You’re becoming a right little sissy, Chloe, aren’t you?” was addressed to her by Suzette.

“Yes, Madam Suzette, I’m afraid I am,” answered Chloe.

“Then we must see Dr. Amanda to accelerate your progress into womanhood, mustn’t we?”

Yes, thought Suzette, this adorable creature in the light flowered summer dress of tulip patterns bobbed blonde hair, three-inch pumps and nude stockings, diamond necklace, and matching dropper earrings, was ready for the transition. She would discuss this with Madam Desiree, hoping that Madam would take at least some of her suggestions for the feminization of Chloe.

“You have done well, Suzette. I will have Dr. Amanda call and we will make arrangements. What suggestions do you have, dear?”

“I think Chloe could well become a big-breasted woman, don’t you, Madam?”

“I will consider that, Suzette, however a lot will depend on her future mistress for whom Chloe will serve. However I shall put a good word in on your behalf.”

“Would you, Madam?”

With Chloe sharing the same room and even the same bed with Phoebe, it didn’t take Chloe long to realize that Phoebe’s member was becoming flaccid and limp. She reckoned that in time she was going to be the same way. She really got on well with Phoebe and they would frolic and playfully tickle each other in a girlish way. It had occurred to Chloe that Phoebe was becoming more womanly each day and she rather fancied her.

Chloe knew time was running out for her in the sexual area for once Dr. Amanda got her hands on her, any erections she may have had would cease forever.



Chloe as a man never had any homosexual tendencies, however circumstances can change things. She calculated the only way she would be sexually satisfied with Phoebe was to have intercourse within Phoebe's nether regions. Of course she didn't know that Brenda, Lady Penelope's chauffeur had been there first and she probably wouldn't care either for she was desperate for sexual relief.

It was one night as they frolicked in bed that Chloe kissed Phoebe. Phoebe stopped for a long time; they had never kissed before. Chloe could see Phoebe was thinking so she kissed her on the lips once more to no reaction. The kiss became more deep and was now returned by Phoebe. The ice had been broken. Chloe didn't know what to expect from her actions but it had turned out well. That being so, there was no rush to speed things up. All could be done at their leisure.

"I like you, Phoebe. I've always wanted to kiss you. You are pretty and I want to make love to you. Does that upset you in any way?"

"No..." A long pause. "No, not really. At least you haven't forced yourself on me like some I know," she said, thinking of Brenda and that dildo. "We'll do it, Chloe, but you will be gentle with me, yes?"

"Of course. We will do it right. You must tell me if it hurts, darling."

"I have some soothing cream that Dr. Amanda gave me. I shall prepare my anus to be a receptacle for your penis." This was going to be so much better than Brenda who had forced that dildo all the way in with not one bit of finesse. It made her very sore.

Their sexual exertions of the night had finished and both lay recovering on the bed with hands around each other's body. "That was so much better than Brenda."

“Brenda?” questioned Phoebe.

“Yes, Brenda. I’m afraid once I go into service for Lady Penelope, I will be given as her plaything and she will use and abuse my body to her delight, Chloe.”

“I see. Who knows what fate will befall me once I leave here for I do not know who my future mistress will be. We must console ourselves till the fatal moment we are taken apart.”

Chloe looked at her sexual partner dressed in a diaphanous white nylon short nightie. Her breasts were becoming more prominent and looked appetizing and ripe for plucking. However this delight could be left for another time. Tonight was a breaking of the ice in a sexual way.

“I think I may be falling in love with you, Chloe. I can’t bear to think about us being separated but in time I suppose we must. Madam has decreed it.” Phoebe was now looking at the delightful pink pastel shade of the satin nightgown worn by her she-male lover. How she wanted to be enveloped in her arms forever away from the likes of the Brendas of this world. But like Chloe, she knew their time together was short and she must make the most of it.

From that night on their mistresses would laugh as they were seen holding hands or stealing a kiss which they thought had gone unobserved. It was not uncommon to see them brushing each other’s hair (which was growing longer each day) and painting each other’s fingernails and toes. They helped each other with makeup too, all before they had to assist their mistresses with their dressing and makeup. The chores were never-ending for there were clothes to wash and iron and countless other requirements that their mistresses demanded. The thanks for their

work they received was another caning from their mistress followed by a curtsy and prostrating to kiss the hem of the skirt of their beloved mistress.

Desiree laughed in her office about how much she had degraded Phoebe and Chloe. Any semblance of maleness had completely gone from those two. It was an accolade to her work here and an inspiration to other women interested in the degrading of the male. Desiree knew very well that those two slaves of hers had sexual needs and the only way that could be satisfied was by the use of each other's body in a sexual way.

As for Desiree caning some heightened her sexual desires. It would stimulate her clitoris to extend, stiffen and emit its slippery liquid on to her thighs. Desiree needed rest once some caning had taken place to recover her energy. It pleased her and gave her pleasure. "Yes," she would often say to herself, "I have Madam DeBovary to thank for all this bliss."

While Phoebe may have been worrying about her future mistress and about the kind of relationship she would have with Brenda, Chloe had her own troubles looming on the horizon.

Peggy Heatherforsyth-Riverton, an elderly widow for many years, had decided she needed a woman companion. The reputation of Madam Desiree had reached her ears from some woman friends and she liked what she heard about the methods Madam employed. She wasn't interested in the sexual side of domination. She avoided sex with Rodger her husband; it was a damned nuisance. Peggy had ideas as to what she wanted of her female companion and they were discussed with Desiree.

“I see Peggy you want a big breasted woman. That can easily be arranged.” This all fitted nicely with what Suzette had suggested for Chloe.

Chloe had never been the tallest of males or what one could call strong. Desiree thought Chloe’s breasts were the size Peggy Heatherforsyth-Riverton wished for her maid. When all was finished with her, Chloe would be well endowed at the front. But first it was time for Phoebe’s operations. Dr. Amanda had decided that and shortly after the operation, Lady Penelope would come to collect her to take her to Phoebe’s new home.

Madam Desiree allowed Chloe to accompany on her visit to the clinic to see Phoebe. She of course knew of their relationship. “Well Phoebe, are we not going to see your new assets and what you now have between your legs?” demanded Madam.

“Yes Madam,” answered Phoebe for she knew Madam would not hesitate to cane her right in front of everyone in the ward. Phoebe was sure Madam had concealed her favourite cane somewhere on her person.

Phoebe sat up in bed and slowly unbuttoned her pink cardigan. “Come come, we haven’t got all day,” said Madam Desiree crossly. She quickly pulled it off Phoebe and at the same time pulled the shoulders straps of Phoebe’s white nylon nightdress down to expose her breasts. Her hands roughly felt the new and tender breasts.

“Go on, Chloe, feel your girlfriend’s breasts!” ordered Madam. Chloe didn’t want to hurt her girlfriend; she could see from the pained expression on Phoebe’s face that Madam was mauling her sensitive mammaries. So she gently touched them.

“Now get out of bed and raise that nightdress so I can see the pussy they have given you, Phoebe,” demanded Madam.

This Phoebe did a lot quicker than exposing her breasts for she had no desire for Madam to lift her nightgown.

“What an excellent job has been done. Dr. Amanda must be congratulated. Now come here.” Phoebe did and felt a finger enter her slit and linger within.

“Yes, I think Lady Penelope will be pleased. Brenda certainly will.”

It was the last part of the sentence Phoebe dreaded to hear. A tear slowly descended down Phoebe’s cheek. Madam Desiree wasn’t the least bit put out; it would no longer be any concern of hers. Chloe held Phoebe, trying to console her. Madam Desiree smiled wickedly, watching her two sub-missives.

Whether Phoebe knew it or not, she had exposed her womanly charms to all in the ward. She probably wouldn’t have cared for she couldn’t be much more humiliated than she already was at that moment. But she soon would be.

## **BRANDED**

Phoebe knew her time in the Palace of Domination was nearing its end for hadn’t Madam said she would soon be Lady Penelope’s personal maid?

It was early one morning that two of her mistresses, Madam Camille and Mademoiselle Suzette, fetched her from her room. “Strip!” ordered Madam Camille.

“But Madam Camille, I have work to do for Madam Desiree.”

“That is not necessary today, do as I say. Now strip quickly.”

Phoebe looked at her two mistresses. They were differently dressed than usual. Both wore tight blue uniforms of plastic with a skirt that came to just above the knee. Their feet were encased in thigh-length blue plastic boots and white six-inch heels. In their hands each carried a three-foot riding crop of stiff leather which Madam Camille at this moment was impatiently tapping against the side of her blue thigh-high boot.

Phoebe divested her clothes and stood before her mistresses completely naked. “Come here!” Made-moiselle Suzette harshly ordered. A blindfold was produced and placed over Phoebe’s eyes, a ball gag was placed in her mouth, then her hands were put behind her back and handcuffs fitted to them.

The two women roughly manhandled Phoebe and the next thing she knew, she was being led through passageways in the Palace, barefoot.

Phoebe was familiar with the layout of the palace as she had been in many of the rooms before. She was under the impression she was being lead to the Red Room of Pain for Madam had whipped her there many times before. Although she couldn’t see, she felt that was the direction they were making for. But no, they had gone past it and finally came to a halt.

“You open, it Suzette. I’ll hold her here till then,” came the voice of Madam Camille. The party had come to a sudden stop. Phoebe heard a latch being raised and a creaking as if a heavy door was being pulled open.

“Take her arm,” ordered Madam Camille to Suzette, Phoebe seemed to be descending some stairs. “Stop!” came from Camille. Phoebe felt Suzette release her arm, then heard a creaking once more and the slamming of a door.

“Hold her arm tight, Suzette, for the stairs are steep and winding.”

Phoebe knew they were descending down into the depths of the Palace, somewhere she never knew existed. Shortly they came to the level and Phoebe could hear the click clack of her mistress’ high heels of their thigh-length boots over the stone floor of the passageway. A damp musky smell was in the atmosphere of the dungeon. Eventually they stopped. A loud knock was heard followed by a loud creaking of a door once again. Phoebe could tell they had entered some sort of room.

“Chain her!” It was the voice of Madam Desiree. Camille and Suzette now brought Phoebe to the centre of the room. It was brightly lit. Even with a blindfold on, Phoebe could tell see the brightness shining dimly through. Suzette now fitted a ridged manacle between her ankles while Camille attached metal chains to the handcuffs at Phoebe’s back. Camille pulled the chains high above Phoebe’s head and fixed them to metal rings on the low ceiling above Phoebe.

The naked and barefooted Phoebe was now helpless with her hands held high above her head and her ankles in manacles. She could not move, see, or talk. While Phoebe was in this position, the thought ran through her mind that Madam was going to whip her. This was something that had never happened to her before. She feared the worst of what was going to occur.

Within the room were a number of women apart from Camille and Suzette: Madam Desiree, Lady Penelope Smyth, Dr. Amanda Henderson with her medical bag in attendance, and Juliette. Their presence was unknown to Phoebe in her state of darkness.

“Are we ready to go ahead, ladies?” asked Desiree.

“I’d better check first,” said Dr. Amanda taking a stethoscope out of her medical bag. Stepping over to the chained Phoebe, she placed the cold instrument on various parts of her body. “Yes, heartbeat okay. She may go unconscious but she should survive. If she passes out, I’ll check.”

“Very well. You can start, Juliette. You have prepared everything?”

“Yes, Madam Desiree.”

Madam Desiree could have picked any of her Dominatrix including herself for what was about to take place but she just knew that Juliette was the right woman for the job, given her hatred of the male. Juliette dressed differently from her two compatriots who had brought Phoebe to the room. Juliette was in a tight black latex skirt that came to below her knees, with her spiked high black ankle boots underneath. Her nipples were prominent under the dress while a stiff collar projected from the back of the dress to support her head. Raven hair cascaded over Juliette’s shoulders. The steely blue eyes on the heavily made-up face showed evil.

Juliette walked over to the metal brazier containing two branding irons which had laid there for some time. She poked them in the hot flames rising from the charcoal burner and sparks arose. Juliette lifted one branding iron; it glowed a deep red at the end.

Juliette could feel the heat being emitted from the branding end.

Phoebe had heard no noise for some time then felt something very hot near her buttocks. Suddenly a searing pain shot through her body. Juliette stood back to admire her handy work. The word LADY had been burned into the skin of one of Phoebe's buttocks. The branding iron was brought back to the brazier and placed in it once more. The other iron was lifted and taken to where Phoebe stood with her hands held high above. It was aligned beside the word LADY, then deeply pressed by Juliette. PENELOPE was now burned into the flesh of her buttock. Phoebe suffered the most excruciating pain and tried to scream in agony but the ball gag prevented such. She passed out and slumped in her chains. Dr. Amanda came to her, stethoscope in hand, and checked Phoebe out. "You may carry on, Juliette. She is unconscious, that is all. Nothing to worry about, she will survive."

All this time Juliette had been watching Dr. Amanda, idly turning the next branding iron in the flames. She would use it on her victim. Now she could get on with her work on this woman who once was a man. Even if she wore a dress, she had been a man. That was enough to enrage Juliette. The branding iron was now pressed firmly on Phoebe's other buttock, then followed by the remaining iron. The unconscious Phoebe had been clearly marked on both buttocks. Lady Penelope came forward to inspect Juliette branding. "Excellent, most excellent, Juliette. I shall reward you handsomely. You have done well."

"Take her back to her room!" ordered Desiree, addressing Camille and Suzette. Chains and manacles were released and Phoebe fell unconscious to the floor. Juliette assisted Camille and Suzette to raise

her and take her arms on their shoulders. They dragged Phoebe away and the door was shut.

“I take it all was to your liking, Penny?” said Madam Desiree.

“I can’t complain. How will she be, doctor?”

“I will visit her before I go and apply soothing creams. There obviously is a certain amount of burning that will subside in time to leave the perfect branding for the rest of her life. You will be proud of that. She is branded for life and your property, Lady Penelope. I shall write a prescription for painkillers.”

“After a week’s recovery you may collect her at any time, Penny,” said Madam Desiree.

“What have they done to you, Phoebe?” Chloe had come back to their room and saw an exhausted listless Phoebe lying on the bed, white-faced and gaunt.

“Hold me, Chloe. I need your love.”

Chloe came quickly beside her and felt Phoebe shiver. “They’ve beaten you, haven’t they?”

“No Chloe, worse.” Phoebe rolled on her stomach to expose her branded buttocks.

A sharp intake of breath was heard from Chloe. “My God! You’re branded for life. Madam and her bitches are evil bastards.”

“What does it say, Chloe?”

“You have ‘LADY PENELOPE’ on each buttock. You are her property for life. I’ve never heard of anyone branded here before. Maybe this is the start of things to come. It makes me fearful of my own fate.” That night both held each other close.

Eventually the day came for Lady Penelope to collect Phoebe, take her to her mansion and make her Penelope's personal maid. Brenda aided her pack her case into the trunk of the car but not without a feel of her person. There were many tears shed between Phoebe and Chloe as they kissed and embraced other.

"Look at them," thought Madam Desiree, "all that sentimental slush. Oh well, let them enjoy it for they are going to be separated forever." She didn't mind embraces between her own women and knew Babette and Juliette were lesbian lovers. Hadn't she seen Babette take Juliette to her room... often. Juliette needed the love of her own sex for she was a ferocious woman and craved the calmness and influence of the love of another woman. The other thing that soothed her savage breast was her son Joanne who she always kept in the prettiest of frocks. Her morning ritual was to comb the long tresses of Joanne's hair till they gleamed before the dressing mirror.

"Do you love your mother, Joanne?" she asked.

"Of course I do, Mummy." The boy/girl slipped her hands round Juliette neck to receive a kiss from her mother. Juliette surveyed her now-daughter. How delightful she looked with the blue ribbons in her long shining hair. She wore a perfect fitting blue and white crossed gingham patterned frock, short white ankle socks and black glossy Mary Jane shoes. Joanne's ears had been pierced a long time ago and the stud pearl earrings looked delightful as they matched the three-row pearl necklace. The corsets had worked wonders to mould the girlish shape of Joanne; her nipped-in waist was forming a young woman's body. Joanne was confirming Juliette's plans to completely feminize her once-son to womanhood.

Phoebe had arrived at Lady Penelope's grand mansion. She hadn't noticed before and was somewhat overwhelmed by the grandeur of her new surroundings. The fountain that was the centre piece of the lawn in front of the building was like something out of Versailles. From these sedate surroundings one would never guess the cruel and sadistic nature of her mistress. For wasn't Penelope instrumental in having her maid servant branded for life?

It was not long after she arrived that Brenda said to her, "I have to prepare you for tonight as her Ladyship will be entertaining a few women friends tonight. You will be acting as her personal maid." The obligatory black maids dress was fitted on Phoebe and the highly starched white apron was put round her waist and tied with a bow at the back.

Phoebe felt something happening at the back of the dress. "What are you doing, Brenda?"

"You never mind and keep still!" No more was said.

Phoebe was taken to the kitchen to await her Ladyship's orders. Eventually the tinkling of a bell was heard. Phoebe knew her Ladyship was summing her to bring the drinks to her and her women friends. The four glasses were already prepared with red wine.

As she entered the drawing room, laughter was heard from the women. "You didn't, did you, Penny?" said one lady.

"I most certainly did, Barbara. Come here, Phoebe." Phoebe who by now had handed the drinks out came to her mistress.

"Turn round."

"Yes ma'am."

A gasp came from one woman. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Phoebe's skirt had been pinned up at the back to expose her bare buttocks and all could see the branding of LADY PENELOPE. Penelope slowly caressed the buttocks, tracing the burnt impression of her name.

"You see? She is mine, always. Feel it, Barbara."

The woman did, lingering a mite too long for Phoebe's liking.

"Do you like her, Barbara?"

"Yes indeed I do, Penny"

"Then she is yours to trifle with as you will till I wish her back here. Cane her perhaps?"

"No, never, Penny."

"I forgot the whip is your forte." Turning to Phoebe, Penelope continued, "pack your things for Miss Barbara is your new mistress till I require your services once more."

"Well, at least, thought Phoebe, "I shall be away from the pawing hands of Brenda and that damned dildo of hers."

Rowell house was a pleasant place compared to the Palace. Barbara's father had left it to her in his will. He reckoned it was not needed for his sons for they would make their own way in life, be successful businessmen and build their own homes.

Compared to the Palace or Lady Penelope's mansion, Phoebe's duties were light and Barbara Rowell was a good woman to work for.

It was one afternoon that Barbara dismounted from her horse, put the horse in the stable and entered her drawing room in her riding habit and jodhpurs with whip in hand, having been on the local fox hunt. She spotted Phoebe kneeling on the floor, polishing and waxing it, with her back to Barbara. The sight was too tempting for Barbara and the next thing Phoebe felt was her mistress' whip being used on her backside many times. Of course as the obedient submissive maid trained by Madam Desiree, she must not say one word. She must just lie there and take her whipping.

The passions of Barbara had been aroused. "Come here, you little minx." Barbara took the hand of Phoebe, pulled her to her feet and quickly set off for Miss Barbara's bedroom.

Once there Miss Barbara wasted no time in stripping Phoebe's of her clothes. For wasn't she there to do as her mistress wished with her? Barbara was not long in following suit and the shapely body of the forty-year-old spinster was in full view of her maid Phoebe.

"Give me your lips, Phoebe." Phoebe had expected that another whipping was forthcoming. Making love to this woman was not altogether repulsive to Phoebe, however.

Barbara was passionate and tender in her love making and slightly regretted that she had whipped her maid. It was always the same when she went riding or hunting foxes. It was the constant rubbing or chafing of the saddle against her inner thighs on her vaginal parts that aroused her sexual desires. This time it was her maid that received her pent-up passions. In the past it had been the young wife of one of her brothers who didn't put up much resistance.

## **MORE SUBMISSIVES AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM**

They just kept coming to the “Palace of Domination” in unending numbers to subject themselves to Madam Desiree and her Dominatrices. One day as Madam passed the Red Room of Pain, agonizing screams were heard. On entering, Desiree crossed her arms and lent against the bare wall for there was no furniture of any kind in that room, just bare walls and floor. She watched as Madam Camille applied her skills to some poor unfortunate victim and whipped him into submission. His bare body, spread-eagled and unconscious, fell to the floor. The victim’s torture was not yet over for Madam Camille in her tight costume of black leather skirt to just below her knees, black fishnet stockings, and black brassiere. But it was her black leather ankle boots with their six-inch spiked heels that were the danger. For as this man lay unconscious spread-eagled on his stomach Camille calmly walked all over his back in her spiked boots. The impressions of the heels were seen all over that back as blood flowed. It seemed there would be a call to Dr. Amanda soon.

“Come to my office, Camille, once you have finished here.”

“Yes Madam.” Camille hadn’t notice Desiree till then. She was too involved in dealing with this slave to have done so.

Camille sat opposite Madam in her office, Desiree having poured out two glasses of wine for them.

“Camille, I am thinking about doing some reorganizing in the Palace. Things are not running to my liking.”

“Have I failed you, Madam?” Camille asked.

“No, not at all, Camille. Would I have made you second in command to me if I was? As you can see we have become busier than usual and may it always be so. We now have women coming to stay here and paying handsomely for it. They want to see the floggings and some want to take part in them as well. No, what I want is to start a filing system of all our slaves. I am putting you in charge.”

“Filing system, Madam?”

“Yes, I want the details of each submissive put on a metal disc. Her lower lips will be pierced and the disc attached to it.”

“I see, Madam. What sort of details would you wish on the disc?”

“Apart from the femme name she will be given, I want height, weight and what punishment I think she is most susceptible to; cane, whip, riding crop and such like. You understand, Camille?”

“Yes Madam. What if the person has not as yet had their operation?”

“Then affix the disc to the nether regions so it can be transferred at a later date.”

“What about branding on the buttocks?”

“I have been considering that ever since Lady Penelope had Phoebe branded. The only snag about that is the sub’s new mistress may wish something different. It is usually some time till we find the right mistress for a submissive. Have you any ideas, Camille?”

“No, Madam. I’ll let you know if I come up with anything.”

“Oh and I think all doors should be removed from the subs’ rooms.”

“Yes, Madam. Is there any reason for this.”

“Yes indeed. As you can see we have more and more women staying here and paying for that privilege. Therefore our slaves should be available to them at all times to do with as they wish. I also think it is about time Juliette’s daughter Joanne became a spectator in the Red Room of Pain. One cannot start her young enough to follow her mother’s footsteps, can one, Camille?”

Desiree was quite pleased with the outcome of her talk with Camille.

Camille came up with the idea and suggested it to Madam Desiree that the “Grand Order of the Whip” come into being.

“Camille what format have you in mind?”

“Well Madam, since the opening night the theatre and stage in the Palace have been rarely used.”

Madam reflected this was true. “And what do you propose to do?”

“Use it and fill it. As you know we have built up a large clientele of like-minded women. I see no reason why they would not wish to see some subservient male initiated into the Order of the Whip and the rituals thereof. I propose we stage this spectacular event every couple of months or so. There have been a number of males subjected to the whip in the Red Room of Pain but few people will have seen that and of course no ceremony has been attached to it. In the future, such men will be subjected to the full-blown initiation ceremony in public view.”

“Your scheme is very feasible, Camille. I will give it every consideration, however rehearsals must be staged and many of them till all are accurate and precise.”

## **THE GRAND ORDER OF THE WHIP**

Camille had decided that Juliette would be the first to subject some poor unfortunate male into the “Grand Order of the Whip”. After all wasn’t she the supreme mistress with that implement, just as she had been the first to brand a male? Others would follow but for opening night Juliette was the main attraction for many knew her repetition of cruelty with the male. Hadn’t she served a term in prison for knifing her husband? And yet how gentle and considerate she was around her once son Joanne now dressed in the finest of women’s clothes. One would never believe this vicious woman could display such tenderness toward one who once was male. Juliette knew her daughter still had to face the life changing operation but it was only a matter of time. The hormones had started and Joanne soon found her male equipment was no longer functional and lay limp between her legs. Juliette had prepared her daughter for such an eventually and the limp member was tucked out of site. She told Joanne not to worry as something would be between her thighs as she became more of a woman. Joanne was being led into a hatred of the male just like her mother’s.

For that first night of initiation of the whip, Juliette had purchased an excellent outfit for her daughter. It certainly was feminine but had a severe domination look to it. It was a black pant suit that glittered with a plunging neckline to reveal the outline of small budding breasts. She of course had to have the obligatory trade mark of any Dominatrix; a pair of black leather

ankle boots with the six-inch heels. That was indeed the profession young Joanne was being trained for.

The packed audience was hushed in the theatre that first night. The lights dimmed, the drums rolled and a spotlight centred on the stage. Madam Desiree appeared on stage.

“Ladies, tonight will be the first of many of our initiations into THE GRAND ORDER OF THE WHIP. We hope you will enjoy our presentation and return many times. This is an event all can be involved in, apart from our first night. In the future you can, if you wish, participate in the whippings, put on a blindfold or ball gag and such like for we are here to make you happy. But enough of this talk. It is time for our first initiate into the GRAND ORDER OF THE WHIP who goes by the name of Olivia. The mistress in charge of tonight proceedings is Juliette.”

A lot of talk and chatter was heard among the women present at the mention of that name. Then a hush fell as Juliette strode on the stage from the wings. Juliette wore a bright red leather outfit and matching thigh boots that made a loud noise as she strode over the stage. A cat o’ nine tails was in her right hand and could be heard as she impatiently tapped it against the thigh boots, waiting for the victim it was to be used on.

“Is the slave all prepared and ready for her punishment?”

Camille stepped out of the shadows. “Yes, Mistress Juliette.”

“Then let’s not waste time. Bring the miserable creature here that I may administer the punishment she rightly deserves.”

Madam Camille departed from the stage and a few minutes later Madam Babette and Mademoiselle Suzette appeared with a heavily chained and naked Olivia between them. The clinking of chains was clearly heard as both Dominatrices dragged Olivia across the stage floor.

“Has Olivia ever been whipped before?” asked Juliette.

“No,” answered Camille. This wasn’t strictly true for she herself had whipped Olivia in the Red Room of Pain. But Olivia had never been whipped in public before.

“Then prepare her for the whip!” sternly said Juliette.

This was quickly done. First a ball gag was placed in her mouth by Suzette and a blindfold was affixed by Camille. Olivia was now directed by her mistresses to a padded wooden horse and placed over it. Chains were secured to a number of metal rings on the horse. With her back uppermost, Olivia was now prepared for the furious whipping she was about to receive from the hands of Juliette. Juliette lightly played with the nine ends of the cat over her hand and fingers as if acquainting herself with the weapon.

Juliette now raised the cat over her shoulder to start the flogging. Some women in the audience put a hand over their eyes to pretend they were not watching but secretly they looked between their fingers.

Juliette started slowly at first till she got into her rhythm, then picked her pace up. If one could have seen through the blindfold Olivia wore, they would have seen the pure terror in her eyes. She would have screamed an agonizing scream but for the ball gag. If she had none of these obstacles on her person and she had let out an excruciating sound of agony, it

would not have deterred Juliette. If anything it would be a spur to that evil woman to increase the flogging.

By now red marks were beginning to show on Olivia's back as Juliette continued to flog Olivia soundly. One woman in the audience was heard to say in a small voice, "For God's sake, someone stop her."

Juliette never heard her being that engrossed in her flogging. Dr. Amanda on hand nearby didn't come to attend the wounds. Not yet anyway.

It was Madam Camille who told her to stop. This Juliette reluctantly did. Babette and Suzette stepped from out of the side wings, unchained Olivia from the metal hooks on the horse, took off her ball gag and blindfold. She was by now unconscious and slumped to the floor.

"Let her rest there till she recovers," said Juliette. Dr. Amanda did a check upon the unconscious Olivia and gave the okay.

All that did was give the thumbs up for Juliette's next stage of humiliation of the slave lying on the floor before her.

Slowly signs of recovery were seen coming from Olivia. Juliette started to pull her black satin knickers down her legs and take them off. She now stood over the prostrate Olivia, one leg on each side of her head as she faced Olivia's feet. Juliette raised her red leather skirt and squatted over Olivia's face.

One knowledgeable woman in the seated audience remarked to her neighbour, "She is going to Queen her. That is the greatest humiliation of the the male to show the superiority of our sex." The

woman next to her, somewhat puzzled, nodded, not wishing to show her ignorance.

Juliette was now in position so that her nether region had the nose of Olivia embedded in her anus. Olivia was completely helpless. All she could do was lie there and let it happen.

“Lick!” came the command of Juliette. The only thing Olivia could do was lick the wide open inner lips of Juliette’s vagina. This she did with much coughing and spluttering emerging from beneath the haunches of Juliette.

A broad smile spread over the face of Juliette above for she had proved her superiority over the male once again.

Madam Desiree sat in her office the following morning, discussing the previous night with Camille. “I think it was a great success and you shall be rewarded, Camille. I cannot take any credit. However I had hoped to see some of our best clients there such as Lady Penelope Smyth.”

“Then you haven’t seen the morning papers Madam?” said Camille.

“No.” Camille handed over the morning paper with the front page banner headline “Lady Penelope Smyth Faces Murder Trial.”

“Lady Penelope Smyth faces a trial for the murder of her best friend Miss Barbara Rowell. It is alleged the murder took place over a quarrel between the two women as to who had the rights of a maid called Phoebe. Lady Penelope said the maid belonged to her and only gave the maid to Barbara Rowell as a loan. Barbara Rowell claims otherwise and says that Phoebe was her maid. When the maid was questioned, she refused to comment.

“Because of their differences, it is alleged, a struggle took place at Rowell House. Lady Penelope had come to collect the maid Phoebe. Barbara Rowell allegedly refused to release the maid. In the ensuing fight, the prosecution alleges, Barbara Rowell was strangled by Lady Penelope Smyth. The maid Phoebe is now a free woman belonging to no one.

“In the opinion of the editorial staff of this newspaper, it is a wonder in the 21st century that a person can be bound in servitude to any person. The senses are shocked at the allegation that there was a fight between two women for the right to own this maid called Phoebe. One can only surmise what kind of relationship went on between the three women. This trial may be one of the most sensational of this decade. We await it with interest.”

“Bad news for us, Camille,” Desiree commented.

“How, Madam?”

“Can’t you see? It won’t be long till the police are sniffing around here. I think it may be time for a little holiday for me and my women. What do you say, Camille?”

“Yes, oh yes.” Camille realized the full implications of what would happen should anyone tattle about what was happening at the Palace. There was no doubt the tabloid press would be sniffing around for scandalous details.

Desiree gave a little pep talk to all those under her to keep their mouths shut at all times.

To Be Continued