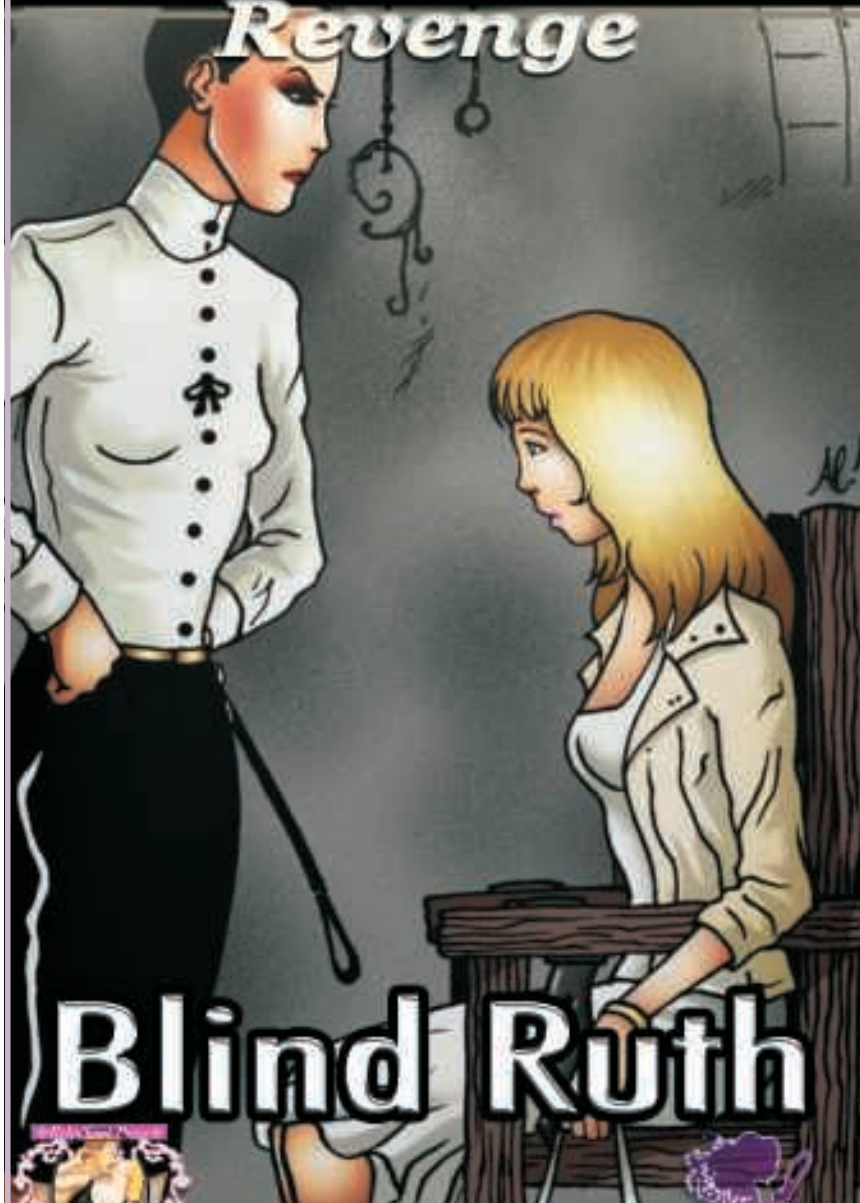


# Madam Dominatrix 2

## *Revenge*



# Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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# MADAM DOMINATRIX 2

## REVENGE

**BY BLIND RUTH**

By the time the police got around to visiting the Palace of Domination it was deserted, That was one line of inquiry that came to an abrupt end for the present. Madam Desiree was not short of money nor were the other women under her. They had lined their pockets from the domination of the male. There were two women that Desiree wanted to visit during that break for it was only temporary as far as Desiree was concerned. The “business as usual” sign would in time be put back up.

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“Mother!” exclaimed Desiree.

Ellen Grey embraced her daughter on the door-step. "Come in, Dulce" her mother said as tears fell down her cheek. How long was it since she had seen her daughter, five years or more?

"You must stay for a few days, Dulce."

"Father threw me out a long time ago."

"That he may well have done, Dulce but I'm afraid I will have words with him if he dare suggest such a thing to my daughter. Your old room is ready. I never changed it since you left. Why don't you go there and refresh yourself and we can talk over dinner."

"Will Father be there?"

"No Dulce, he is at present on a business trip to America."

After dinner both mother and daughter relaxed over coffee in the drawing room. Ellen surveyed her daughter; she had changed from the young woman all those years ago. She was but a child then, The softer features she once had become more serious like her clothes and there was no doubt she was all woman,

"Darling, how have you survived all these years?"

"I am now a successful business woman, Mother. That's one of the reasons I wanted to see you again."

"Really, Dulce?"

"I no longer call myself Dulce. I'm Desiree now, a clean break from my former life."

“I see and what line of business are you practicing, Dulce?” Ellen Grey would never be able to call her daughter anything but Dulce.

“I am a Dominatrix, Mother and operate a house which I call the Palace of Domination. I have a number of women who work under me.”

Ellen Gray was not ignorant as to what a Dominatrix was but was somewhat surprised that her daughter, of all people, had styled herself as such.

“Do you prostitute your body, Dulce?”

“No, Mother, nor do any of the women under me.”

“But you must get some sort of sexual thrill from the whippings and lashings that you administer. But that is none of my business. I am just happy to see you once again, darling.” Desiree never answered the question.

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Ellen Grey may have wished she was that kind of woman but it was not in her nature and would never question her husband in any matters, But her daughter was different, she was strong and young. Hadn't that letter from Madam DeBovary suggested Dulce was a headstrong girl who defied her headmistress? The canings she had received from Madam DeBovary never drove that feeling away from Dulce. If anything it encouraged them. Now look at her, a Dominatrix! In a strange sort of way, Ellen Grey was proud of her daughter,

“Mother, I am here to repay your kindness when I left. I have made a cheque out for £20,000 in your name.”

“But Dulce I cannot accept that. The money I gave you when your father threw you out was to tide you over.”

“Mother, I insist you take it. Let us hear no more about this matter.”

Desiree was to spend a few happy days in the company of her mother as she had suggested. Then Desiree left to visit the second woman on her list.

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“You been here before, Madam?” said the large German masseuse as she concentrated to knead the body of the lithe young woman on the table before her.

“Yes.”

“I expect you have come to ski?”

“Yes, you could say that.”

“The season is just starting and the Alps are beautiful at this time of year. Have you been skiing much around these parts, Madam?” asked the masseuse by way of conversation with her customer.

Yes, thought Madam Desiree, she had been there many times when she was in Madam DeBovary’s School. Her stay at the Steigenberger Grandhotel Belvedere Davos was going to be most enjoyable after she sought out Madam De Bovary. It shouldn’t be all

that hard for she knew from past experience she sometimes brought a few of the girls at the school here for a celebratory dinner at this hotel after they got excellent marks in some exam or other. That never included Dulce Grey however for her Madam considered a bad girl. *Funny*, thought Desiree, *how bad can I be when I'm so good at making money?*

“Does Madam DeBovary still live in these parts?” Desiree asked the masseuse.

“Yes indeed, Madam. Are you familiar with her? She sometimes comes here for a meal with her husband.”

“Yes, I know her. We are in the same line of work.” Well, it could be called work. The only difference was that she was paid to cane while Madam DeBovary did it for fun.

“Oh, then you are a teacher, Madam. That’s nice.” The big masseuse was looking at Desiree thinking she was a bit young to be a teacher but then what did she know?

“Do you plan to see her while you are here?”

“Yes I assume she still lives at her school?”

“As far as I know, Madam, she is still there.”

Desiree left the masseuse with a generous tip. Nothing had changed with Madam DeBovary and to Desiree nothing had changed in the makeup of her once headmistress. Canning a poor unfortunate girl! Well, Madam Tempest DeBovary had a lesson to learn. Desiree enjoyed herself skiing on the piste till such time as she could put her plan into operation,

“Madam DeBovary, I hope you don’t mind me interrupting your dinner but I just had to speak to you.”

Tempest DeBovary looked up from her seat at the face of a young woman severely dressed in a black dress that came to her ankles and what looked like highly polished black leather ankle boots, high-heeled.

“Sorry, my dear, I didn’t catch your name.”

“I am called Madame Desiree Lully but that is of no importance for it is unlikely you have ever heard of me.” Desiree said this in a friendly manner for she wanted to get on the right side of her once-teacher for her own purposes.

“Do sit down, Desiree. Now tell me what is on your mind.” Tempest poured a glass of red wine out for herself and signalled the waiter to come to the table, “Bring another glass, waiter. You will join me in a drink, Desiree.”

“That is most kind of you, Madam, and we can discuss what is on my mind.”

Desiree settled herself on a seat beside Tempest. Everything so far had gone to plan; her old teacher hadn’t recognised her, but then her appearance had changed so much since she left Madam’s school. She had more of a hard young business woman’s face now, no soft features and she wore harsh looking makeup, something Desiree was proficient at when she was at the Palace of Domination in her role as Madam Dominatrix.

“What I want to know, Madam, are your secret methods of turning out such excellent scholars.”

“I didn’t know I had any secrets, Madam Desiree.”

“Come come, Madam DeBovary, you belittle yourself. Your reputation is well known within our profession For you see I too am a teacher and soon I expect to branch out on my own in Britain and set up my school for girls from families of means.” *That was nicely put, thought Desiree, the trap has been set but will she be tempted?*

Madam DeBovary was most pleased by what she was hearing from this young woman and was friendlier towards her. “Yes Desiree, but what do you want of me?”

“You see James, my husband, died but just a year ago and I miss him terribly. For that year I practically didn’t do anything till one of my girlfriends said I should pull myself together and get an interest.”

“Oh, I am sorry to hear that, Desiree,” said Madam De Bovary.

“Yes,” said Desiree carrying on before she could be interrupted again. “As James had left a sufficient amount of money I decided to open this school. I had been a teacher before I married. This is where you come in. I would like to study your methods and ask you to come and supervise my school for some months. I expect we can come to some financial agreement before I leave to go home and organise my school, Madam.”

“Your proposition has my interest, Desiree. Maybe we can discuss terms while you are here. What say

you to looking over my school tomorrow, lunch first of course?”

“That is a splendid idea, Madam.” Desiree rose and planted a kiss on the cheek of her old schoolmistress,

While Desiree had seen one side of Madam DeBovary’s lifestyle, she did not know of the other more unusual, even bizarre, side.

Tempest DeBovary that night sat in her black slip and bra before her dressing table applying makeup remover to her face. Wiping the cotton pads over her face to remove the makeup, she felt two hands on her shoulders. “You know you are beautiful, darling.”

Tempest looked in the mirror before her at her man Pierre dressed in the lovely pink dress she had bought for him only last week. “You say the nicest things, sweetheart. You know I love you and you put that pink dress on just to please me, didn’t you, Pierre?”

“Of course I did, Tempest. You like me in it, don’t you?”

“Yes of course, Pierre. You will be rewarded in bed tonight. Now give me a twirl.” The man in the pink dress proceeded to do so and the skirt flared out, revealing the pink slip beneath his dress and matching panties.

Tempest had gotten used to Pierre wearing women’s clothes over the 15 years they had first met. She had taken a liking to him then and that was before he disclosed to her he liked wearing women’s clothes. At first she was shocked but at that time had

never seen him in female dress. Her curiosity soon got the better of her.

That first night he dressed for her there was something within her that really was actively interested. Tempest had heard of men dressing in female clothes but to see one in the flesh changed everything. "Come here!" she said, wagging a suggestive finger towards him. Never had they made such passionate love before.

They never married but Tempest, to keep prying eyes and nosey parkers out of their relationship, took the title of Madam.

Pierre was a business man by day and dressed in women's clothes at night whenever he got the opportunity, very much encouraged by Tempest. They lived together like any married couple and this arrangement suited both. Tempest never called him anything but Pierre. He never worried about having a female name so long as he could wear feminine dress.

Madam DeBovary opened a drawer in the dressing table and withdrew a long light green satin nightdress. "Wear this tonight for me, Pierre and don't remove any makeup."

Madam DeBovary by now had slipped her own nightdress on and was in bed watching Pierre undressing. His slim body seemed to be moulded into the female clothes. She silently saw Pierre sit on the stool before the dressing mirror and unfastened her/his stockings from the suspenders holding them, This was done gracefully and not hurriedly. Slowly he took each stocking down his/her leg, watching to see no snags occurred and avoiding lad-

dering of the stocking. Pierre had already taken the dress and the pink slip below it off. Having removed his stockings, he sat in his panties and brassiere. The back of the bra was unclipped and withdrawn to expose the breasts below. They were not real but one would never know unless they examined closely. They would remain for they adhered well to the sticky Velcro patch that had been attached on the skin. He stood up and wriggled the panties down his shapely legs. Finally the light green satin nightgown was put over his body.

Madam DeBovary pulled the sheets back. "Come to bed, Pierre." Tempest was glad to see there was nothing wrong with Pierre's male equipment as the nightgown tented out in front. Tempest was going to be well satisfied this night.

Madam DeBovary stood before the hall mirror applying red lipstick to her lips, then pressed them together and dabbed the excess lipstick off her face with a tissue. There was no need for any other cosmetics as this was sufficient for the girls to recognise her as their headmistress.

Pierre had left for a business conference in Berne and would not be back till the end of the week. She reflected on last night; she had been sexually satisfied in many ways by Pierre. Tempest turned her thoughts to the forthcoming day. There was that young woman Madam Desiree to meet at noon in her office. She had mentioned this to Pierre who was not surprised that her methods were well known within her profession. This put Tempest in a good mood for the rest of the day. If the offer the young woman made was reasonable she could leave the school in the hands of her Deputy for a few months,

“Good morning, Madam De Bovary!” said all the girls in the Latin class as they stood up before her and their Latin teacher.

“Carry on, Frau Velma. I may bring a young woman later in the day to watch you with the class.”

“Ya, I will see the girls are on their best behaviour, Madam,” said the burly German woman. She was in the same mould as her headmistress as one who was not afraid to make use of the cane.

Madam DeBovary returned to her office and waited for Desiree; she had plenty to occupy her time till then. There were reports to fill in and she had to assess the qualities of her various pupils. The girls would never be spared her driving force. Tempest never afraid to use the cane on the girls and it has to be said that it did give results at times. But it would not be a lie to say that she was over keen on the use of that implement and it would also not be a lie to say she got a sexual thrill in using it. It is doubtful if Pierre ever knew of this for it was a well kept secret within Tempest’s heart.

There was a knock on her door at noon precisely. The door was opened by Tempest to admit Desiree. Madam DeBovary liked when people were on time; it always made a good impression on her. The room was the same as Desiree remembered it. There was the six-foot-tall clock behind Madam with its pendulum endlessly swinging to and fro and softly clicking as each minute passed, The stern-looking Head Mistress was still behind her desk in that equally severe long black dress and white button-up blouse. There were six of those buttons. Desiree had counted them at one time. It still had the long sleeves and the pearl

buttoned cuffs, Tempest's raven mid-length bobbed hair, three row pearl necklace and stud earrings to match hadn't changed either and of course the only cosmetic on that oval face was red lipstick and nothing else, *Oh yes*, thought Desiree, *Madam DeBovary is the same as she always was. The leopard never changes its spots.*

"And how are you this fine day, Madam?" asked Desiree.

"Very well, Madam Desiree, Some lunch, then I think I shall show you round my establishment so you can assess what my supposed methods are."

"That is most kind of you. Then we can discuss financial arrangements to the benefit of all."

Frau Velma had not been present when Desiree attended Madam DeBovary's School however she would have fitted in nicely at the Palace of Domination thought Desiree. "That was an excellent tour, Madam and I see that you have picked the right women as teachers to carry out your teaching, But surely it is you yourself that has that something extra to get the best out of your girls. I have to know. You have a secret, you must let me have it before I go then we can come to some understanding."

"Well..." hesitantly started Tempest. Could she give the innermost secret to this young woman? The cut of her clothes suggested she was the type of woman that could be trusted with this secret,

"Let me show you, Desiree." Lifting the intercom phone, she spoke. "Tell Eloise Backhouse to report to my office at once."

She hadn't meant to cane Eloise as she usually did with these girls on the Friday afternoon, It was not as if Eloise did not know she might be caned for a misdemeanour by Madam. She was just surprised it was happening now.

Eloise nervously knocked on the headmistress' door, fearful as to what would happen to her. Behind the door an authoritarian voice asked, "Who is it?" A stuttering Eloise gave her name. Once she entered, Eloise saw the imposing figure of Madam DeBovary sitting behind her desk and another woman beside her.

"Watch, Desiree. This is how I get the best out of my pupils. This is my secret." Madam DeBovary now addressed the young girl before her. "You know why you are here, Eloise."

The young girl hung her head and answered, "Yes, Madam."

"And it is not the first time you have been before me, is it?"

"No, Madam," replied Eloise

Desiree studied the face of the girl. She was pretty in her black gym slip with the white belt tied round the waist and white ankle socks and flat black shoes. That was the regulation outfit for all the girls here at Madam DeBovary's. Desiree felt pity for the girl and what she was about to receive from the hands of Madam for she had been there before herself in the past.

Madam DeBovary opened a drawer in her desk and withdrew a three-foot rattan cane, something

that had been no stranger to the backside of Desiree. Tempest rose, her figure towered over the small girl. "There is no need for me to tell you what is required is there? You have been here in the past."

Like one of Pavlov's trained dogs she placed her hands on Madam's desk top. Eloise was now bent forward and Madam DeBovary lifted the back of the gym slip to expose her buttocks covered by the white cotton knickers that Desiree remembered so well from past experience.

Desiree watched the expression on Madam's face. She had always been the receiver of her chastisement and therefore never saw that before. At present it was expressionless as Tempest raised her arm to deliver the first stroke of the cane. Then it came, followed by another on the white cotton knickers. Eloise had already started to count ONE TWO THREE as had been directed by Madam.

The face of Madam was slowly beginning to change as if she was in a hypnotised state and the fact there was someone watching was completely ignored by her. Tempest slowly got into her rhythm, Desiree watched, fascinated. Madam's feet were firmly planted on the ground maybe 18 inches apart, legs straight but from the waist upwards it was her motion that was of interest.

Her body bent from side to side as each stroke of the cane descended on the unprotected hind quarters of Eloise. All that caused the long black skirt of Madam DeBovary to sway from side to side to sometimes reveal her black lace-up ankle boots, An occasional rustle of her petticoats underneath the black skirt could be heard for Madam had several layers of them.

Now Desiree looked at Madam's face again; a leering smirk was beginning to appear there, There was no doubt that Tempest was beginning to enjoy this subjection of the cane on this poor unfortunate child. Desiree had no doubt based on her own experience that Madam was in a state of sexual excitement. She was also sure that her once teacher's clitoris would be in a full state of erection for the blood would have flown there to arouse that condition. To Desiree such thoughts had never occurred as an innocent young girl receiving punishment from Madam.

FOUR FIVE SIX continued Eloise as her punishment increased from Madam, And so it went on relentlessly Tempest, it seemed, was receiving more and more pleasure from her administration of the cane. Finally it ceased for Madam had released her sticky love liquid within her undergarments.

"Adjust your dress, Eloise, and go to your dormitory this minute and stay there till breakfast. No supper will you have this night." The girl left, making a sweeping curtsy to Madam.

It was only once Eloise was gone that Madam DeBovary remembered there was someone else in her office,

"You see, Madam Desiree, you must implant discipline into the minds of these girls. I will not stand slackers or those who I consider bad girls. Eloise has always been a bad girl even if I could never catch her doing anything wrong. I just know she is that sort of girl, So you see, she just has to be chastised."

"I understand, Madam. Now I think it is time we came to some sort of financial agreement. I will make

my offer for your services and if you accept I shall have my lawyers draw up the papers and send them on to you to sign." Madam DeBovary and Desiree came to terms.

As Desiree left, unbeknown to Tempest, she sought out Eloise in her dormitory alone. She found the poor girl, not surprisingly, sobbing. Eloise looked up from where she lay on her bed and saw the woman who was with Madam during her caning. Desiree opened her handbag. Eloise, somewhat alarmed, moved away, thinking she was about to receive more punishment, Desiree produced two hundred-pound notes.

"Take these, Eloise, for your troubles today."

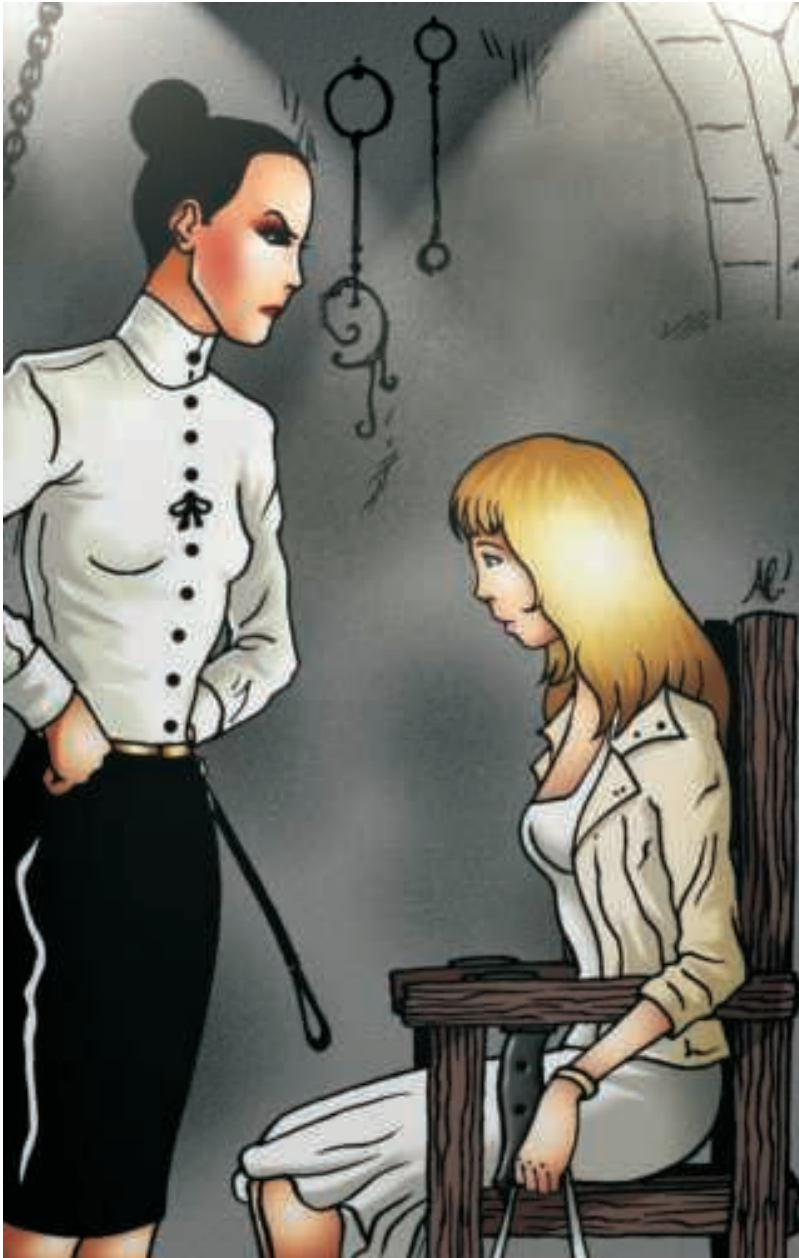
"I cannot, Madam," replied she.

"You are afraid Madam DeBovary will find out, aren't you? Well, there is no need for her to. Your high and mighty mistress is about to get her comeuppance...soon. Not a word!" Desiree put a finger to her lips, then bent down and kissed Eloise on the forehead and was gone.

"What a strange woman," thought Eloise looking at the two crisp notes in her hand. Well, the best of luck to her.

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Desiree had a few more months' holiday. It was summer so a sail in a luxury liner to the Caribbean was on the schedule. Now that the dust had settled it was back to business as usual at the Palace of Domi-



nation. A quick round-up of her staff was arranged and it was back to the old routine.

“Someone wants to see you, Madam,” said Babette.

“Who is it?”

“Phoebe”

“What the hell does she want? It’s been years since she left here. OK, bring her in.”

There was no doubt Phoebe did look pretty as she curtseyed to Madam as she had been taught at the Palace. With her midi white frock with the flowered pattern on it her, white low heeled shoes and her white handbag and white matching jacket, Desiree bid her to sit down on the easy chair before her. Phoebe was no longer her slave as a deal had been struck with Lady Penelope many years ago. To Desiree’s knowledge she was a free woman.

“And what is the meaning of this visit, Phoebe? I must say you do look pretty.”

Phoebe found the attitude towards her had changed since she had been in servitude at the palace. But, as she thought to herself, she had paid her debt and was now a free woman.

“Well, Madam Desiree, my visit is twofold really. First of all I would like to find out the whereabouts of my girlfriend Chloe.”

“Ah yes, Chloe. You two were very close when you both were here.” Phoebe nodded her head and Desiree continued. “Shortly after you left, she was

spoken for by Mrs Heatherforsyth-Riverton and is now in service with her as her maid And I would add that her shape has changed considerably.”

“In what way, Madam?”

Desiree laughed “I would say she is now what would you call well-endowed in front and behind, Peggy Heatherforsyth-Riverton’s fancy I expect. What is the other matter, Phoebe?”

Phoebe, looking a little embarrassed and red faced, asked, “Could you employ me, Madam?”

Desiree looked at Phoebe. “But you are a free woman now. Surely you can get a job?”

“It is not as easy as you may think. You see all I am fit for and trained for is menial work such as being a maid, Madam.”

“Let me think on it, Phoebe. Come back in a few days’ time.”

“Yes, Madam Desiree.” With that, Desiree dismissed her once-subordinate.

A few days later Phoebe was once again sitting before Madam Desiree. “I have decided to hire you as my personal maid for the present. That will entail washing and ironing all my clothes and assisting me in my toilet which you have done in the past. However in addition to that, I expect you to organise the daily work for the entire staff of submissives we have here. Should you fail in any way you will be subjected to the punishment you always were in the past. These are my conditions, take it or leave it.”

There really was no option for Phoebe but to accept for nothing loomed at present. The pay was but a pittance but it was better than nothing which she knew was the outcome of being a slave within these walls, And she had a room to herself with a door on it and some privacy which she knew from the past experience was not the fate of Madam's slaves; the doors on their rooms had been removed. As for her duties, there was no need to remind her. She knew them by heart,

Phoebe thought of her recent past with Lady Penelope and Miss Barbara. Possibly Miss Barbra Rowell was the least of the evils. There was Brenda with her damn dildo which had entered both her lower entrances. She could never forgive Lady Penelope Smyth for she had branded her for life and Phoebe hoped she would rot in prison.

But not one of these women loved her. Things may have been different if they had. Miss Barbra had sex with her for her own pleasure; Brenda only used her as a means to gratify herself. But Lady Penelope branded her and possessed her as some sort of trophy for herself. She had taken Phoebe's independence from her, the little she had to begin with. Now she was free and Penelope was in jail. The only person that had showed sympathy towards her and loved her was Chloe for hadn't she held Phoebe in her hour of need?

Phoebe thought of all these things and especially of Chloe. They had to get together once more but how? As these thoughts drifted through her mind, her hand slipped under her knickers as she sat and watched in the vanity mirror. Her own digits would have to satisfy her till such time as she and Chloe

were together again. Only she could reenact that night Chloe held her and made love to her as only two males that had lost their male appendages could.

She could see Chloe's small and womanlike hands softly hold her face within them. "Give me your lips," was asked by the once male Chloe. That was an offer which she could not refuse their lips merged into one. Phoebe could taste the deep red lipstick Chloe had applied to her lips with a hint of orange. It was brief for they broke as Chloe rubbed her smooth facial skin on Phoebe's. The scented face powder on Chloe's face drifted into Phoebe's nostrils, arousing her sexual emotions. Again she could see Chloe's lipstick painted lips and mouth descending on to her own. They touched, then pressed harder, urgent in their desire to fulfil their promise of love to each other.

Chloe's tongue gently forced its way past the painted lips of her lover with ease. It sought its partner in their dance of love of twisting and turning round each other, Phoebe could clearly see her lover's highly arched black painted-in eyebrows. She wanted to give her body to Chloe for she deserved it more than anyone else; she had shown so much caring and loving towards her.

Their bare bodies moulded into each other for they were one. Phoebe felt Chloe stroke her shoulder-length golden hair. She reciprocated with Chloe's raven locks, Their lovemaking had a sense of urgency to explore the inner depths of each other's body so that this love could be consummated. It was an automatic response by Phoebe as she opened her legs to give her lover access to that which lay between them. Chloe was not going to be rushed. It was better this

way for their loving would linger forever in both of their memories.

Phoebe could sense, although she could not see, that her nipples were raising, swelling to bigger proportion. Now the nimble fingertips of Chloe were gently rubbing across the hardened protruding nubs of Phoebe's breasts. A kiss had already left the imprint of her red lips on one of them.

A low erotic moan escaped from between the painted lip of Phoebe who now shut her eyes in pure pleasure. She knew the pink painted fingernails of Chloe would caress her beginning-to-extend clitoris. She wanted them to, nay she expected them too. The bed creaked as the two made love. Chloe wanted to savour the delights that were being unfolded before her gaze. Phoebe's red, aroused clitoris was becoming erect from Chloe's persistent prolonged motion of one digit across the lips of her labia. Chloe could feel the tightening on her body by the hands of Phoebe and the soft mutterings of love from her.

A sexual erotic shivering trembled from Phoebe and was felt by Chloe. There was increased kissing between the two on their lips. It was now time to insert a finger into the deep cavern that lay between the thighs of Phoebe, Chloe knew she expected it for hadn't this all been leading to that? She would not be denied her pleasure, her love from Chloe, her ecstasy, *their* ecstasy.

It was all over. Chloe and Phoebe had expressed their love for each other in a sexual way. And now that they lay peacefully in each other's arms, the spiritual side of their love could now be expressed. That type of love stayed within the mind forever even

if they could never find each other again. Phoebe obviously hoped that they would somehow be together once more. Phoebe had only these happy memories to keep her going till that happened.

## **CASTRATED**

Phoebe knew something “special” was going to happen the day Madam Desiree told her to organise the slaves to tidy the whole Palace of Domination. She was to apply extra shine to every room and every place she could think of.

A room had to be prepared for Dr. Amanda Henderson who would be staying that night. That was unusual, thought Phoebe for Dr. Amanda did not stay overnight as a rule.

“Bring Jennifer to Dr. Amanda’s room around 7 to-night and make sure she wears nothing,” Madam Desiree’s personal maid was instructed.

Later that day Phoebe went to collect the slave. Jennifer was young, maybe about 24, and as yet she still had all her male equipment,

“Why so I have to see Dr. Amanda, Phoebe?” she asked,

“You should know by now, Jennifer, that you don’t ask questions round these parts. You just do as you are told. You are lucky I have come to collect you. If it had been one of the mistresses, you would be severely whipped for asking that question. Now follow me.”

The naked Jennifer was escorted by Phoebe to Dr. Amanda’s room. The door opened and Jennifer was

admitted. "You may go, Phoebe. You are not needed at present," was said by Madam who promptly shut the door in Phoebe's face.

From the little that Phoebe could see, there appeared to be an examination table and a lot of surgical instruments laying beside it, A number of women apart from Madam and Dr. Amanda were also in that room.

"Well, are you going to do the operation now, doctor?" said one woman.

"No, all I am doing at present is examining Jennifer. You know this operation could kill her if she is not strong enough to stand the pain. If all goes well, it will be done tomorrow morning, You do want a maid that is alive and well, don't you, Mrs Buckle?"

"Yes of course, doctor," said the portly woman.

The woman, accompanied by her sister and Madam Desiree, watched Dr. Amanda carry out her examination on the poor unfortunate Jennifer.

"All is well. Put her in the room next door and lock her in till the morning. I take it you want to see the operation, Mrs Buckle?"

"Yes, I wouldn't miss this for the world. Would you, Felicity?" said she addressing her sister.

"No indeed, Martha. This is what all men deserve. I can't stand the beasts, All they're good for is to act as our servants in a dress."

As far as Jennifer was concerned, whatever was going to happen to her tomorrow didn't sound good.

In the morning Jennifer found herself awakened early by two of her mistresses. She was blindfolded and her hands were chained behind her back. Babette led, pulling her by her chained hands now at her front while Suzette followed behind. Into the bowels of the Palace they descended along damp and dimly lit passages. Eventually they reached a wooden door. It was opened by Madam Desiree herself and they entered a room with an operating table.

“Put her on the table and strap her down!” was ordered by Madam.

“Don’t bother gagging her. She can scream as much as she likes for no one will hear her,” the voice of Dr. Amanda came.

“I take it you ladies want the complete penis removed and not just the testicles?” asked Desiree.

“Yes, it’s better that way. We want her completely domesticated with nothing left to remind her she was once male, don’t we, Felicity?” Felicity nodded her head, absorbed in the frightened look in Jennifer’s eyes now that she knew her fate.

Jennifer knew she would eventually lose her penis but she had never expected it to be in such an agonising fashion. She had always been mesmerised by Madam and was a slave to her caning and domination . She worshiped the ground Madam walked upon and obediently kissed the hem of her skirts, So there was no one to blame but herself for the way she was to lose her member and become a castrated male,

“Watch closely, ladies, for no more will you be bothered by the sight of a male member,” said Dr.

Amanda. Her sharp scalpel was posed over the testicles and penis of Jennifer. An agonising scream was heard coming from that room but no one was there to hear it except those within and it didn't disturb any of them in the least.

Jennifer passed out and the blood flowed freely. "Don't worry about that, ladies. I shall attend to all of that and she will survive, You may leave now for I expect Desiree has business to discuss with you. I hope all is to your satisfaction," finished Dr. Amanda.

Back in her office, Desiree addressed both Martha and Felicity. "It will be a week or two till Jennifer recovers, then you can come and collect her. You'll pay the figure we agreed on as I'm sure she will make an excellent maid to both of you. Now that she has been castrated, she is not going to annoy anyone in a sexual way. You wanted that, didn't you?"

"Oh yes, Madam Desiree. There are no males in our house at all, we are all female. By the looks of it, Jennifer is sexless, neither male nor female. Right, Felicity?" The latter nodded her head in amused agreement.

The following day Phoebe visited a very pale and gaunt-looking Jennifer.

"What have they done to you, Jennifer?"

"They've castrated me, Phoebe."

"Christ, I thought it was bad enough when they branded me but to have your member to be taken from you just like that... I know when you come here it is expected you are going to lose your cock so at

least you will be a woman but you are nothing, neither male or female.”

“I know. I wish I had been branded like you and nothing else. That would have been a blessing by comparison.”

“As Chloe said, they’re all bastards here but there is not a lot one can do about it now. Come here.” Phoebe hugged the poor thing, it was all she could do to show empathy as Chloe had shown her the day after she was branded.

Phoebe knew Jennifer was not to remain at the Palace much longer. But now that the branding and castration had started, there would be more Jennifers and more destined to be branded like Phoebe was. What else could the cruel Madam Desiree come up with? Anything to please her clients and of course for money.

“Let me see it, please, Jennifer.” Jennifer slowly pulled down her pink panties to show the castration. Its blood flow had been stopped and it had been cleaned and been cauterised The castration had been neatly done by the doctor the penis and testicles were removed except for what one might call a stump. It was a stump of not more than a half-inch but it was prominent for all the pubic hair had been shaven.

“You may touch if you so desire, Phoebe.”

“Yes, Jennifer. I have never seen one castrated before and I admit to being curious. I hope you will forgive me.”

Phoebe approached the delightful creature and stretched an enquiring hand to the spot between

Jennifer's legs. The smooth stump was now gently passed over by her digits to no reaction by the slave of the Palace. "Don't you feel any excitement or sexual arousal, sweet Jennifer?"

The listless expression on her face showed no emotion whatsoever, A tear formed in Phoebe's eye for she saw that the girl now in front of her would be sexless and non-aroused by any stimulation to perform in a loving relationship of any kind be it with man or woman, There was no need to go any further in her exploration of Jennifer's body. It would be useless.

"I hope someone will love you, Jennifer, even if you cannot return such love. At least then you would know that you are wanted and that may give you hope for the future."

The woman looked at her. "Have you been loved, Phoebe?"

"Yes, I found one that loved me, held me in my hour of need, and I seek her. She is one who suffered the beatings and whippings as I did but she has been taken from me."

"Then cherish that love for if there is a God in heaven, I am sure such a one as you deserves to find their true love. I may now be sexless and frigid to the loving touch of man or woman but I am not godless. You shall meet your lover again."

"Thank you for your kind words and for filling me with hope."

At that moment a ear splitting roar of laughter filled the room. The imposing figure of Juliette stood there in a black latex dress that came to just below

her knee. Her black high-heeled boots ascended to her thighs and she had a whip in her hand. "I think a good whipping is in order for both of you all this love talk. What a lot of sentimental slush I heard from the two of you, You should know by now there is no love for the likes of you who had been once men. It shall be my pleasure to whip both of you. Now who will taste this delightful instrument first? To the Red Room of Pain! It will be my pleasure to whip both of you there."

It was in the Red Room of Pain that Phoebe exclaimed, "You can't whip me, Juliette."

"Oh indeed? Why can I not?"

"Because I am now a free woman and I shall inform Madam."

"Whose word do you think Madam Desiree will accept, Phoebe, yours or mine? And because of your impudence, you will be the first to be whipped."

Juliette's strong hands grabbed Phoebe, manacled her hands behind her back and attached a chain hanging from the ceiling to the cuffed hands. Phoebe's hands were raised high above her head and her feet barely touched the ground. She was in a helpless position, unable to stop Juliette from doing whatever she pleased with her.

Shackles were attached to Phoebe's ankles. "Now my pretty one, shall I ball gag you or let you scream in pain as I whip? It's a hard decision. I'll let your young friend have the benefit of your yells for mercy and know what is in store for her." Jennifer was cowed in terror, frozen to the spot but not for long as

she found herself chained, watching Juliette about to whip Phoebe.

Juliette stepped forward and ripped Phoebe's dress completely off, exposing the white lacy brassiere containing her ample breasts. Juliette, not content with that, quickly undid the clips at the back of the bra to expose Phoebe's firm breasts. "What a lovely sight!"

Juliette flicked a nipple with accuracy from the leather whip, then again. An agonised groan escaped from the red painted lips of Phoebe and again. She tried to hold the groan back but it was impossible. The only thing that stopped her from falling was all the chains and shackles on her person. She was conscious but just. Juliette stopped for a moment. "There are more markings on your body. I remember putting them there."

A ripping of Phoebe's black panties was heard, followed by the exposing of her branded buttocks. Jennifer saw it and flinched in horror at the awful sight.

"Look at it, Jennifer, for your new mistresses may do the same to you. They are a strange pair, those two. Castration may not satisfy those two but that is of no interest to me at present"

Having said that, Juliette returned to her work of whipping Phoebe who stood on tip toes in her black stockings, black shoes, and garter belt. The whip lashed on the branded buttocks of the barely conscious Phoebe.

Cruel Juliette was having the upmost pleasure whipping someone who was once a man. Whatever

one may think of the cruel Juliette inflicting pain on her victims, there is no doubt she looked magnificent as she stood there in the tight black latex dress, her nipples protruding from the dress. Spiked collar, black latex platform thigh boots, and whip in hand, she projected the perfect image of a Dominatrix Mistress. There were men who paid good money to be dominated by such a vision of loveliness. It was their perverse dream.

Juliette had finished with Phoebe who by this time was unconscious. “I hope you liked what you saw, Jennifer, for it is your turn next but I have a surprise in store for you.”

So saying she left the room for some minutes. When she returned, her daughter Joanne was with her, dressed almost identically to her mother in a smaller size dress.

“You watch, Joanne, for in time this will be your profession and I wish you to be an expert in it.”

“Yes Mother,” answered the girl who once was a boy and was beginning to look nothing like her former gender.

Jennifer was stripped of all clothing and Juliette laid into her with the whip till she hung on her chains,

unconscious. “That is how it is done, my pet. Show no pity ever for a good Dominatrix never does.”

“Yes Mother,” answered her very attentive daughter.

Phoebe was again sitting before Madam Desiree. She knew not to complain about Juliette for that would be futile. “Well, Phoebe, why have you asked to see me?” demanded Madam.

Phoebe screwed up her courage in her and presented her plan. “I have a proposal, Madam.”

“Have you indeed, Phoebe? And what would that be?”

“You do acknowledge that I am a free woman, Madam?”

“Yes. I said so when you came crawling back begging for a job. That has never been in doubt so what is this proposal?”

“I think we could do a deal. Suppose I let you once again sell me off, only this time I get my cut to the tune of, say, 80% and you have the rest. It would cost you nothing and you would be the middle man. What do you say?”

“You do surprise me, Phoebe. You would be giving up your freedom, you know. The women who buy from me have the rights to whosoever they purchase but you of all people know that, having been sold to Lady Penelope.”

“Yes, I have considered that but I know that you will get the highest price that you can for me. I intend to park that money in a Swiss bank account till the time is right. Besides, I think you may get a higher price for me than what Penelope paid. Is there not a certain amount of notoriety about me having two prominent women in society fighting over my possession? Won't some of your women clients wish to find

out what it is that I have for these women to be fighting over me.”

“You do have a point there, Phoebe and one that I would emphasise and capitalise on should I take up your offer. I will consider your offer and let you know very soon. As a matter of interest, what do you intend to do with the money?”

“Find Chloe and live our lives out together, forever.”

“I have already told you where she now resides. How you pry her out of Peggy Heatherforsyth-Riverton’s hands is your worry should I agree to a deal.”

There was never any doubt a deal would be struck between the two. Phoebe was sure although Madam was a cruel woman, she would not pull any dirty tricks to stop the money from coming into her hands. All she had to do was wait till Madam Desiree found a customer at the right price.

## **PERVERSION**

Some months later Madam Desiree had Phoebe sitting in her office. “Phoebe, I have contacted a young woman who has expressed an interest in you and, more importantly for you and me, she is willing to pay a price that should satisfy both of us. She will be coming to the Palace to inspect you before any papers are signed which is understandable. I will inform you at the proper time. It may be that you will have to be chained and shackled or such to show that you are indeed still in servitude. As to what will happen to you once you are in her power, I do not know.”

The young woman closely inspected the naked chained and shackled Phoebe even to the extent of putting a hand between her legs. “You’ve made love to a woman?” demanded the woman.

“Yes Madam, many times,” replied Phoebe.

“Been whipped by women and branded I see,” said the woman, slowly fingering the impression branded on Phoebe.

“Yes Madam.”

“Often?”

“I think Madam Desiree can vouch to that, Madam.”

A “hmm” sound emitted from the mouth of the young woman.

Madam Desiree looked anxiously at her. “She displeases you.”

The woman viciously turned to Madam Desiree. “If she does, you certainly will be the first to know. Now let me concentrate.”

Madam Desiree was not used to being told off by anyone, however she let it pass for this woman was paying a larger amount of money for Phoebe than she could have expected.

“I shall inform you later as to my decision. I have a lot to think about and discuss with others, Within the week I will let you know one way or the other.”

The smartly-dressed woman left the Palace of Domination. Madam Desiree had not expected this at



all. This was the best offer she had received and she anxiously awaited a phone call.

“Phoebe, the woman you meet last week is coming to collect you tomorrow. She wishes you to be dressed in a black skirt with a white blouse underneath, no bra, black silk panties, black heeled shoes and this is very important, no garter belt. Your black silk stockings will not be attached to anything.”

“But Madam,” said Phoebe, “my stockings will fall to my ankles.”

“That very well may be the case however those are her instructions. She was most particular about them.”

“What is my new mistress’ name, Madam?”

“I am not at liberty to provide you with that answer, Phoebe, another of her instructions, No doubt in time that will be released to you. All I can say is that she is a strange woman. For a while I thought she was going to reject you but her offer was generous as you can see from your share of the money.”

Phoebe was dressed as the mystery woman instructed and put into the yellow Rolls Royce, No words were spoken between the young woman and Phoebe. The chauffeur silently drove the Rolls away. The woman kept looking Phoebe up and down. Then she pressed a button and a screen came up to divide she and Phoebe from the chauffeur, now unseen in the front seat. She opened her handbag withdrew and two black frilly white lace-edged garters.

“Put these on!” were the first words spoken by the woman. Phoebe pulled her stockings up and at-

tached the garters to the black silk stockings at her thigh, awaiting further command. They were not long in coming. "Take your panties off."

Phoebe quickly complied with the order, wriggling them down her shapely legs and onto the carpeted car floor. "Put your hands behind your back."

This was done; her hands were then tied together. A blindfold was placed over Phoebe's eyes. The woman pulled Phoebe closer, already undoing the pearl buttons at the front of the white silk blouse. Phoebe could not fail to be aroused by this erotic behaviour by the pretty young woman. The fingers of the mystery woman were caressing the already erect nipples of Phoebe's breasts. A red lipstick-covered mouth was descending on the erect nub of a nipple as a hand had slipped between her legs.

Phoebe was in pure ecstasy from what the ministrations of this unknown woman were doing to her. How long the journey to Phoebe's new home took, she will never know as the woman seemed unstoppable in the exploration of Phoebe's body. The beautiful woman had complete control over Phoebe.

The wrought iron electronic-controlled gates effortlessly swung open to reveal a long fir tree-lined entranceway leading to a large Victorian mansion, The Rolls entered as the gates closed behind the car and all were locked into this prison. Well, to Phoebe it was a prison, The blindfolded and bound Phoebe was taken out the car in only her black silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the rest of her clothes having been dispersed inside the car.

A tall woman in a long black silk skirt waited within the entranceway to the Victorian mansion. "Take her and prepare her for all that is planned on the morrow."

"She is to your liking then, Mistress?"

"We have discussed this excellent choice." Obviously the word "we" was used in the royal sense and did not include the woman who greeted the mysterious woman who had brought Phoebe to this mansion.

Having been unbound and with her blindfold withdrawn, Phoebe found her hand being taken by the woman who greeted them at the entrance. She had some time to observe this woman. She was possibly 10 years older than Phoebe, maybe 4 inches taller with a round smooth face, perfectly made-up blue eyes and a petite nose. She wore a diamond necklace and matching stud earrings as well as a white crisp blouse and a long black skirt that made a sound as she walked along the marble tiled passageways,

"This shall be your room while you are in the Mistress' house. Whatever clothes you need are in the drawers and wardrobe or I will provide them to you personally. Tonight I shall prepare you for dinner. You may rest till then and acquaint yourself with your surroundings, however there are other rooms that you will have to see in time. Goodbye for now, sweet Phoebe." That swishing sound was once again heard as the comely figure of the woman left the room.

Phoebe looked round the elegant room styled as something from the baroque era, The ornate furni-

ture; the chairs, the table, the four-poster bed with a canopy over it within, all white. The canopy had painted angels and winged cherubs in the most delightful of colours, The finest of white satin sheets covered the bed. Phoebe. still in only her black silk stockings, eased her shoes off and entered between the satin sheets. "How comfortable," thought she as her body sank into the soft mattress beneath and sleep overtook the woman.

A kiss on the lips of Phoebe awakened her from slumber. She beheld the woman who had brought her to this room. How long had her naked form been viewed by this woman? She would never know. The woman stretched her hand forward. "Come Phoebe, I shall bathe you and prepare you."

Phoebe was then led into the bathroom where a hot scented bath was already prepared and she was placed in it. The woman sponge washed her, then dried, oiled, and scented the body of Phoebe. The woman put clothes on Phoebe that revealed her breasts, Her hands were manacled and a leather collar that extended six inches long and one wide with a metal ring at the end hung down at her neck. She was then taken along passageways till a small dining room was reached, There before her was a table laid out with food and she was placed in a seat.

"Feed her, Lexia."

"Yes, Anne Marie," said the young woman with black hair.

Phoebe found herself being fed with a spoon by this pretty woman about the same age as herself. Lexia laughed and chatted with others around the ta-

ble. It was plain to see that Anne Marie was in charge of all within the room and yet she was inferior to she who she called Mistress. Of the mysterious woman that brought Phoebe here there was no sign. Phoebe was dressed like the others; the only one who did not have her breasts exposed was Anne Marie.

“Lexia, you and Roxanna will prepare Phoebe in the morning for the Mistress.”

“Yes, Anna Marie,” answered the young woman with loving eyes for the older Anna Marie.

Phoebe’s stay at the table was not to last long for soon she was taken back to her room and placed in the four-poster bed. Metal chains came from the inside of the canopy to be fixed on the metal ring of the collar round Phoebe’s neck and her hands were cuffed behind her back. She was still comfortable in the bed covered by the satin sheets. Anne Marie left without saying a word and Phoebe was enveloped in the darkness of the room. What kind of strange house had she come to? But then Phoebe had survived the Palace of Domination. Her thoughts of Chloe never left her mind.

Morning saw Lexia and Roxanne enter her room to awake her. Phoebe’s preparation was the same as before till after her bath. Her hands were once again manacled at her back, then the two women set to work on her makeup with powder paint and brushes. Roxanne worked with a little lip brush on Phoebe. Phoebe looked in the mirror in front of her at the highly arched painted-in black eyebrows, the up-swept black mascara’d eyelashes, the light blue eye shadow, the pink blusher and bright red lips. She was then taken down more passages till eventually a

door was opened and a grand looking room was there for Phoebe to enter.

“Chain her!” The command came from the woman that had been addressed as Mistress the previous day, The woman sat on a high wicker back chair. She dressed in an immaculate black satin dress and she was smoking a cigarette in a long black holder.

There in the centre of the room were two white barley twist type pillars 9 feet high approximately 6 feet apart from the top of which hung metal chains. Phoebe was placed between the pillars with chains attached to her manacled hands so they were held above her head and a set of manacles was put on her ankles. Lexia and Roxanne now stood either side of the chair, having obeyed their Mistress.

A bare chested man in tight black leather trousers entered the room with a whip in his hand. No words were spoken, He placed himself behind Phoebe’s back, then the lash descended on her bare back. “Aaaaah!” screamed Phoebe. The man relentlessly carried on and she screamed while the woman in the chair looked on.

When all had stopped, Phoebe was released from the chains and fell to the floor. She then felt her body being entered by the member of the man who had just whipped her. For Phoebe this was a new experience for she had never had sex with a male person before. Whether Phoebe liked the sex act or not, there was nothing she could do to stop it as her hands and feet were manacled. A voice came once more from the woman in the wicker chair. “Enough, Martin, take her back to the room. She will be whipped again this day.” Phoebe found herself being led back to her

room between Lexia and Roxanne and placed in the bed and chained as before.

Phoebe was to find what she had undergone would be a daily occurrence in this mansion. Whipping and being possessed by the male member of the man called Martin at all times, even being awakened in the middle of the night were all part of her now-normal routine.

Whatever was happening to her was nothing but her own fault for hadn't she requested to be made a slave once more for money? Her body was now the receptacle for the male member. There was no love on her part or on the part of the male. It was just sex, pure sex. The only love Phoebe had was for Chloe but would that ever be fulfilled again?

Phoebe, after some time, found herself no longer chained up at night. Eventually the whippings stopped and she was now considered one of those who belonged to Anne Marie, not in a sexual way as yet but she could mingle and talk with the older woman.

"Why has the Mistress brought me here, Anne Marie?"

"Phoebe, she wants to possess your soul."

"But she never does anything to me. She just watches me being whipped and be taken by a man."

"Who knows what the Mistress thinks? She has strange ways."

"Have you loved her, Anne Marie?"

“Yes, she has had my body in the past and I always await her call at night.”

“Who is the man who possesses my body every day, Anne Marie.”

“It is her husband Martin.”

“What is the Mistress’ name, Anne Marie?”

“That I cannot reveal. Only she herself can tell you that but you ask too many questions, sweet Phoebe. No more answers.”

Every day as in the past Phoebe was taken to that room with the Mistress in that wicker chair. “Will you do as I ask, Phoebe, and obey my orders without question?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Then kiss me.” This Phoebe gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek.

“I want you to make love to Lexia.” The Mistress pointed to a large bed in the middle of the room.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Lexia who at the present was looking at Anne Marie with her young loving eyes, immediately looked towards the Mistress. “No no, please, I want Anne Marie to love me.”

“Do as the Mistress says, Lexia,” commanded Anne Marie.

Lexia, her eyes softly downcast, answered, “If that is your wish, Anne Marie.” She then removed her

clothes, not that she had much to remove as she was bare breasted like all within the room except the Mistress and Anne Marie.

Phoebe now found herself making love to Lexia, watched by all in the room,

Later that night as she lay in bed, a noise interrupted Phoebe's sleep. It was followed by a battering on a door and someone shouting "Anne Marie, Anne Marie." She got out of bed to see what the disturbance. She tiptoes along a passage leading to the stairs and ascended to the first floor. There, ten yards in front of her, stood Lexia hammering on Anne Marie's door. Tears ran down her young face. "Anne Marie!" she called again.

The door opened and Anne Marie in her white silken nightdress stood there above Lexia who had fallen to the floor clutching the bottom of Anne Marie nightdress. "What is it you want, child?"

"I want to share your bed, Anne Marie. I want to love you, Anne Marie."

Anne Marie bent down and kissed the young Lexia on the forehead. "Come." She now took the young woman's hand and raised her. Another woman stood just inside the door of Anne Marie's room watching. It was the Mistress. A sense of shock covered Lexia face as Anne Marie pulled her into her room, shutting the door. All was peaceful once more as everyone went back to their rooms.

Phoebe pondered on what she had observed. Anne Marie had said she always awaited the call of the Mistress at night. It seems this had been such a night. It was clear to Phoebe that Lexia had disturbed what-

ever the Mistress and Anne Marie had been up to. This was not going to please the Mistress.

Nothing happened to Lexia till some weeks later. As usual the Mistress sat in her high wicker-backed chair. “Phoebe, we have a little game to play today and you will be one of the main players.”

“Yes Mistress, you only have to tell me and I am at your command.”

“Well said, my pretty one. Come here and kiss me your Mistress.” Phoebe kissed her Mistress. “For a change you shall be the one who uses the whip. Think of the power in your hand! Sit at my side.”

Phoebe was given a black leather whip and sat beside her Mistress. “Let Anne Marie bring her in.”

The doors opened and a naked and chained Lexia was brought in by Anne Marie. “You know what to do,” the Mistress addressed Anne Marie.

No words were spoken as Lexia was taken to the same two pillars Phoebe had been attached to and Lexis was chained as she had been. “Now Phoebe, you will show me how much you love me and do as I say. Go and whip Lexia to my liking.”

Phoebe, without hesitation, placed herself behind the bared back of Lexia, whip in her hand. It was drawn back to release its sting. Anne Marie meantime had gone to a CD player, placed a disc within it, and sat beside the Mistress with a remote control in her hand.

“Whip her, Phoebe, whip her hard!” the Mistress commanded. The whip in Phoebe’s hand released its

sting onto the bared back of Lexia. Anne Marie, remote control in hand, pressed the play button and a CD started to play Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," a stirring piece of music most suitable for the occasion that was taking place before all assembled in that room.

"Faster! Quicker!" ordered the Mistress. This acted like a spur to Phoebe as the lashes rained on the reddened back of Lexia. The yells and screams of the lashed Lexia became louder to no avail for Anne Marie with the remote control increased the volume of the CD. As the music reached its crescendo, Phoebe was now in a frenzy of nonstop lashing of the female in front of her. Her eyes were glazing over; she was on fire. Lexia screamed for mercy but it is doubtful if Phoebe heard as Anne Marie had increased the volume again.

It was Anne Marie who eventually stopped Phoebe, saying, "She has had enough!" for Lexia was slumped, her chain holding the unconscious woman from falling.

"Come here, Phoebe" ordered the Mistress. Phoebe was kissed on the mouth hungrily by the woman on the wicker chair, "You have pleased your Mistress and have been trained well," said she looking at the Anne Marie.

It was not the last time that Phoebe was to whip Lexia for the Mistress ordered her whipped at random times, even in the middle of the night while she was chained in her room. Phoebe was to see Lexia taken by Martin in the same room on the same bed where she herself was taken by him.

“Kiss me, Phoebe,” said the Mistress, long black cigarette holder in hand and exhaling smoke. “Do you love me, Phoebe?” Memories of Chloe flooded back into her mind and she hesitated. “Well, do you? Answer me.”

Phoebe stammered, “y...es.”

“Then there is another. Who is she? I demand to know.”

The whole story of Chloe was poured out to the Mistress. It was clear to see the Mistress was displeased with this answer. She wanted complete control of those under her as well as their love. That had been accomplished with Lexia who no longer looked up to Anne Marie and now ignored her. Lexia had become the plaything of the Mistress and like a domesticated cat she was pampered by the Mistress. Her spirit had been broken.

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Phoebe sat in the back seat of the Roll Royce with the Mistress. Where they were going, she had no idea, The car pulled up at a grand looking house and the Mistress exited the car, leaving Phoebe inside. She was gone for some considerable time. She eventually emerged from the house, accompanied by another woman in a black dress and walked towards the car. The woman was ushered into the back seat by the Mistress. It was only then that Phoebe realised just who the other woman was: Chloe her lover. She was overcome with joy but knew she must not show it unless the Mistress gave permission. How Phoebe wanted to smother her lover with kisses but she daren't say one word of love or even speak to Chloe.

How the appearance of her love had changed. Madam Desiree had been right; Chloe was now bigger at the front and rear. This became clearer as the Mistress who had given garters to Chloe told her to remove her panties, unbuttoned her dress to expose her breasts, then made love to her in front of Phoebe.

Phoebe supposed she could endure anything if she was once again with the woman she loved. In the weeks ahead that belief was to be severely tested.

Phoebe was to see Chloe only at the dinner table that night. Like all the other women except Anne Marie, Chloe was bare breasted. Chloe had been forbidden to speak, it seemed, by Anne Marie, Immediately after the meal Chloe was taken away to a room which Phoebe did not know the location of. Phoebe had expected to see Chloe the following day at the room where the Mistress sat supreme with her women around her but that was not to be, nor on the next day or the next. Phoebe was now becoming worried about her lover. What was becoming of her? A game was being played by the Mistress, a cruel game.

The only time Phoebe saw Chloe was at dinner and then for only a few fleeting moments when their eyes meet lovingly. How Phoebe wished to hold her lover again. It had been so long.

One night Phoebe found the Mistress in Phoebe's room, in her bed. They made love something, Phoebe had not wanted to do since Chloe was in the mansion But the Mistress had broken her spirit that time she had whipped Lexia. Phoebe didn't love the Mistress but was dominated by her and felt compelled to give her body to her. For the next week, the Mistress was in her bed every night.

Then it happened. As usual the Mistress was in that special room, sitting supreme surrounded by her band of bare breasted ladies. “Bring her in!” ordered the Mistress. A bound, gagged, and chained Chloe was led in by Anne Marie and as before she was chained to the white pillars. “Do you love me or her, Phoebe?” Phoebe now had a quandary; her lover was before her, naked and chained, If she answered yes it could be the worst for Chloe but if she answered no it was just possible whatever vile punishment the Mistress had in mind may be administered immediately.

“I...love you, Mistress.”

“That is good. I shall put you to the test. You are going to whip her for my pleasure.”

Anne Marie was already holding the long whip in her hand to present to Phoebe. It came to Phoebe’s mind that if she didn’t do this, somebody else would. Would Chloe understand. Could their silent bond hold their love together? Phoebe had already seen the CD player and remote control in the hand of Anne Marie. Phoebe was fearful of what that music would do to her for she had lost complete control of her senses that time with Lexia.

She took the whip and she gently placed a kiss on Chloe’s back. “Begin!” Anne Marie’s harsh voice came. The music had started and Phoebe lashed her lover. It was hard for her to hold the tears back. How perverted the Mistress was making her. The music became louder. The music was driving her insane, she couldn’t stop what was happening to her. Again it was Anne Marie who held her hand mid-stroke to cease. The Mistress rose and took Phoebe’s hand and there in the room they made love before all.

Chloe was chained at night and whipped in her room by Phoebe, How perverse and deviant a woman the Mistress was making Phoebe.

## **THE NAME OF THE MISTRESS IS REVEALED**

The thought occurred to Phoebe that Chloe may have been whipped more than anyone in that room by her for apart from Lexia, there were others that the Mistress told her to whip for her delight. There was no doubt that the Mistress derived pleasure from watching pain inflicted on others. Phoebe came to the conclusion the Mistress was sadistic. Just how much she was to find out.

That day seemed like all the others. Lexia was curled at the feet of the Mistress who was stroking her long hair. In the room's fireplace stood a charcoal brazier. It always had been there in winter but this was spring. Chloe was once more brought in and chained to the pillars to be whipped. How long and how often was Phoebe to whip her lover? Would the Mistress never cease her demonic demands? Phoebe tried to hide a tear. She was not allowed to speak one word to her and hadn't since Chloe came to the Mistress' house. Chloe had never uttered one word all the time she was whipped, not even whimpered.

There was one difference this time. The Mistress rose from her chair and came to inspect the naked Chloe. She had her long black cigarette holder in hand and, exhaling smoke, she inspected the body of Chloe. Satisfied, she nodded to Anne Marie who unlike other times was not to play the CD as she usually did. The Mistress kissed Phoebe and looked her straight in the eyes. "Whip her for me, your Mistress."



Phoebe did what she usually did when ordered by the Mistress in this house of depravity, she whipped her lover. Anne Marie in the meantime placed an iron in the charcoal brazier.

Chloe hung unconscious on the chains holding her. At that stage she was usually released from the chains and taken away but not today. Anne Marie stepped forward with a bucket of cold water and threw it on the unconscious Chloe. Chloe slowly became alert to all that was around her.

“She will be branded. Is it prepared, Anne Marie?” came the voice of the Mistress?

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then Phoebe will do the branding.”

When Phoebe heard this, she sobbed, “Please no, no.”

The Mistress shouted, “Anne Marie!” who responded by hitting Phoebe on the face twice with the back of her hand.

“The Mistress has given her order which will be obeyed NOW!”

It was the first time Phoebe had seen Anne Marie exercise her full power. Chloe had seen it too and she knew her lover was being pressured.

Anne Marie had taken Phoebe by the hand and led her over to the brazier. “There is the instrument that you will use to brand her.” They were looking at a metal rod with a wooden handle, the end of which could not be seen, being covered by the hot charcoal.

“Take it and brand her on the buttocks,” hissed Anne Marie.

How much more pain had Phoebe to inflict on the one she loved she knew not and yet she was going to do it. The handle was already in her hand; the sparks rose from the charcoal as Phoebe lifted the hot iron out. It was then placed on the fleshy wet buttock of Chloe. A sizzling noise was heard. When Phoebe stepped back she saw what had been imprinted on that buttock. It was the name ‘Madeline,’ that of their cruel sadistic Mistress.

“And now the other one,” Anne Marie addressed her.

The branding iron was once again placed in the brazier. The process was repeated when the iron was hot and ready. For the first time, after all her beatings and whippings, the pain became too much for Chloe to bear. “AAAAH!” screamed the chained woman.

That night Phoebe lay in bed thinking that she and Chloe had to get out of this place somehow. “Think, Phoebe,” she said to herself, “think.”

The restraints that Mistress Madeline had imposed on Chloe were relaxed. Now she was allowed to talk and mingle with others. Chloe gave her the cold shoulder which under the circumstances was understandable.

It was then that Mistress Madeline made the mistake that Phoebe had been hoping for. In Madeline’s mind what better way of breaking this bond of love that Phoebe had for Chloe could there be than to have Chloe whip the one she had loved?

There Mistress Madeline sat, cigarette holder in hand, with Phoebe already chained to the pillars. “You will whip the one you once loved for your Mistress, Chloe. Do it with all the vengeance in that heart of yours to the one that branded you and whipped you.”

Phoebe felt the sting on her back from the lashings delivered from Chloe. But in a strange way, she was pleased, however, for now both she and Chloe had felt the sting of the whip from each other. Phoebe could suffer such pain if it brought them together again.

Mistress Madeline could not keep watch over all those under her all the time and she expected all to love her. It was Anne Marie who was her eyes as Phoebe knew from the talks she had had with her. As part of her escape plan, Phoebe took the role that Lexia once had of pretending to be entranced by everything Anne Marie said or did. Mistress Madeline became convinced that she had broken the spirit of Phoebe and had her soul and love. Phoebe found herself sharing the same bed as the Mistress and Anne Marie some nights because of her ruse.

## **DRUNKEN ORGY**

“Do you want to be rid of this house of debauchery and those within it, Chloe?” asked Phoebe.

“But of course, Phoebe,” said she, speaking to her once-lover for the first since entering the place.

“Good. I am of the same opinion. With what I have done to you, can you ever forgive me? Even if you

cannot, I wish to take you with me. Then we can go our separate ways.”

“You have a plan then, Phoebe?”

“Sort of. It is not yet completely formalised in my mind but you may have a part to play in it if you comply.”

“I would be more than willing if it got us out of here, Phoebe.”

“Good, then I shall confide in you when I have figured it all out.”

The plot began to take shape in Phoebe’s mind. What if she and Chloe could be debauched to Mistress Madeline and Anne Marie before their own eyes? All four of them in a drunken orgy; no one would know what was happening. Only she would make sure she and Chloe were not intoxicated.

“Yes,” said Chloe, “then what?”

“At that time of night, all would be in bed sleeping. You know by now that this is a prison. You saw when you first came here that this place is surrounded by high iron fences and the electronic gates are locked at night. Anne Marie, pretty though she is, is like a prison governess and we are the inmates. By going to Anne Marie’s room, we will find keys for all sorts of places and the electronic gates.”

“I hear what you are saying, Phoebe, but even so how would we get out of here?”

“Among her keys will be one for the garage and the cars so we grab a car, any one for there are a few, and we will have a key to open the gate.”

“But what happens after we are out of this place?”

“I have money from the sale of me to the Mistress Madeline that can be used. That is if you consent to live the rest of your life with me. If not, you are free to do whatever you like.”

“I thought about how it must have hurt you to whip and brand me but I reckon I am only suffering what you went through at one time. No hard feelings.” Phoebe and Chloe embraced in a loving kiss.

Phoebe lay once more between Mistress Madeline and Anne Marie, all three making love to each other. “Mistress?” said Phoebe.

“Yes?”

“I have something in mind that may please you but it includes Chloe. Maybe some night it can be performed for the pleasure of yourself and Anne Marie.”

“What would that be, Phoebe?”

“I would rather keep it as a surprise, Mistress.”

“You have me most curious. Very well, tonight you may bring Chloe into my bed.”

“Yes Mistress, will Anne Marie be with you too?” Phoebe was most anxious that she should be otherwise the plan would be a failure.

“Yes,” was the answer to Phoebe’s relief.

“You understand all that has to be done, Chloe?”

“Of course. They become absolutely plastered and we are there.”

Phoebe and Chloe entered the Mistress’ bedroom in their usual attire, bare breasted although they had their skirts on as well as a large bottle of wine in each hand. Madeline lay in bed, Anne Marie in her arms.

“Let us make merry this night, Mistress.” So saying, Phoebe poured two large glasses of wine out and handed them to Madeline and Anne Marie.

Madeline took a drink. “And now what is this surprise you have for us, Phoebe?”

“In time, Mistress, but let us drink to your health that you may have many happy and enjoyable years ahead.”

More wine and more toasts followed. Phoebe and Chloe were only sipping their drinks while Anne Marie and Madeline were gulping theirs down.

Phoebe was playing for time but could not delay things much longer.

“We are waiting, Phoebe, for this surprise you promised,” Madeline said.

“Yes, Mistress,” said she beginning to remove her skirt. Soon a naked Phoebe lay on the bed, exposing all her charms. Meanwhile Chloe also had taken her skirt off to expose a dildo strapped at her waist.

Anne Marie put her arms round her Mistress. “I think we shall see the fulfilment of your hopes, Mis-

tress: the complete debauchery and depravity of this pair.”

“I’ll drink to that!” said Madeline as she raised her glass.

Phoebe was entered in the anus by her lover, nothing new to her as Brenda had done that many times in the past with a dildo. But now it was different as Chloe did it with love.

“Push it further in. I want the Mistress to see we do it for her love for us. We want her to be so happy.”

Chloe complied. More and more wine was consumed between Madeline and Anne Marie as they watched. However not one more drop was passing the lips of Phoebe and Chloe.

“I want Mistress Madeline inside me,” moaned Phoebe, all to encourage the perverted and depraved Madeline who took the bait. In no time Chloe had taken the dildo off and was now helping Madeline strap it on to her.

“I think a drink is in order, Mistress, before you bestow Phoebe with pleasure from you. I want the charms of Anne Marie to love,” finished Chloe. More drinks between Madeline and Anne Marie.

Phoebe was to find her anus penetrated by the Mistress as she lay on her stomach. It was vigorous at first, however that didn’t last long for soon Mistress Madeline collapsed on the back of Phoebe, unconscious. Phoebe wriggled out from under the Mistress to see Anne Marie in the same state beside Chloe.

“I didn’t think the drink would worked as fast as that, did you, Chloe?”

“A few knockout drops slipped in the wine helps matters along, doesn’t it?”

“You sly thing,” laughed Phoebe, “but we have no time to waste. To Anne Marie’s room quick!” Once there, a search soon found what they were looking for. They had the garage opener and the yellow Rolls Royce that had brought them to this mansion and were soon on their way to freedom,

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Phoebe with her money set up a business of cleaning maids operated by her and Chloe. As Phoebe said, it was the only job that they were trained for. It was successful and soon others were working for them. They lay at night in their country cottage in each other’s arms making love, their past lives forgotten and a promising future ahead as women.

## **PRISONER**

Madam Tempest DeBovary was now on board the flight from Switzerland that was destined for Heathrow London where Madam Desiree would meet her. She reflected on the wonderful two week’s holiday taken with Pierre before departing to meet the young Englishwoman. It had been so relaxing. It was good to get away from the hard grind of school work before she started these two months of organising Madam Desiree’s boarding school for girls. For the whole two weeks Pierre had dressed in his women’s clothes and not one person had known otherwise.

Last night in their hotel bedroom, what passionate love they had made! He was in his black diaphanous ladies nightgown, the flimsy material clearly showing the fake breasts but they were so lifelike.

Tempest pressed her own breasts against them and it gave her a perverted thrill. But then one should not be

surprised for Tempest was a perverse woman; hadn't she an unnatural urge to use the cane on her girls? That was all forgotten as she felt the hardness of her partner inside her. The closeness of his painted face, the aroma of his perfume drifting into her nostrils aroused her as never before. She was going to come with a mind-blowing climax, not just for her own pleasure but for Pierre, her lover, her man, her woman?

For all of the two weeks they had visited many places of interest, dined together as two women, and lived in the five-star hotel as women. They were sisters they said and who would ever know differently? As for her school, Frau Velma had been promoted to Deputy Headmistress and would be in charge for the two months she was away. Velma was a good choice, thought Tempest. The burly German woman was not afraid to use the cane on the girls and had many times in the past so her school was in safe hands. Everything was going well and soon she would meet Madam Desiree again.

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“Camille, you are familiar with the parts you and the other women have to play when Madam DeBovary arrives?”

“Yes, Madam,” answered her second-in-command. “You must hate this Madam DeBovary.”

“Yes, you could say that, but the funny thing is you and the others may well not be in my employ if it wasn’t for her. I may never have thought of the profession I now practice but for her. Even so, she has to be taught a severe lesson she will remember for all time. I will have no mercy on her just as she never had any for me.”

Tempest DeBovary may never have given it a thought but because of the many times she caned Dulce Grey her once pupil years, the latter was to seek revenge on her, a most terrible revenge.

“You had a trouble-free flight I trust, Tempest?” asked Desiree at the airport.

“Yes, thank you, Desiree. I am looking forward to meeting the girls and this school of yours.”

“Of course, Madam DeBovary. I have to tell you it will be a week before the girls arrive. One of the reasons I wanted you here before that was so I could show you the layout of the school and introduce you to the teachers I have hired. That is all extra and you will be well compensated handsomely for it.”

The rest of the car journey was completed in pleasant conversation between the two women. Once at the mansion, Tempest at dinner was introduced to Desiree Dominatrix women although at the present time she was not aware of their status. Their dress was somewhat different from the usual around the Palace of Domination but in time that would change.

“We will discuss the curriculum and courses I have set out for the girls and any ideas you may have. I will take note and make changes accordingly. I’ll show you round the place tomorrow, Tempest. There is plenty of time. Your room has been prepared. I think you will like it.”

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The following morning Tempest DeBovary upon opening her eyes received a surprise. There on either side of the bed were two of the women she had been introduced to the previous day. Madam Camille and Mademoiselle Suzette stood menacingly, not in the dress of yesterday but in their black leather skirts and black leather thigh-length boots with heels five inch high. They each had a whip in hand.

“Just what is the meaning of this?” Tempest angrily spoke.

“All will be explained in time, Madam. Meanwhile you will dress and come with us,” retorted Madam Camille. Orders had come from Desiree that she was to be responsible for Tempest DeBovary while in captivity.

“I shall report both of you to Madam Desiree for your impudence and the disrespectful manner with which you are treating me.”

“That is your prerogative, Madam DeBovary, and you will have your chance for we are taking you to Madam. She will explain all,” replied Camille.

Tempest was to find that even when she went to the bathroom, Mademoiselle Suzette followed her in.

“Is there no privacy for me in this place?” she whinged.

“I’m afraid not, Madam, we have our orders.” No more was said.

“What is the meaning of all this disgraceful behaviour, Madam?” asked Tempest as she sat before Madam Desiree in her office.

“The answer is simple, my dear Tempest. What surprises me more than anything is the fact that you never recognised me. Don’t you know who I am? Put your thinking cap on.”

Tempest DeBovary stared hard and long at the young woman before her but gave no sign of recognition whatsoever. “What kind of stupid game are you playing now, Madam?”

“Game?” Desiree laughed cruelly. “This is no game at all but for real. I’ll stir your memory. Think of all your so-called bad girls at your school from six or seven years ago. Which one comes to mind?”

“How would I know? There were many during that time that had to learn their lesson with the help of the cane.”

“Yes but you always had to pick on one more than the others. Does the name Dulce Grey ring a bell for that was what I was called before I took the name of Madam Desiree Lully.”

A gasp escaped from the lips of Tempest. “*Dulce Grey! No!!*”

“But I did promise to give a tour round the place which I will do for during you stay, you will become well-acquainted with it. It is called the Palace of Domination and the reason for that will become clearer the longer you are here.”

“Why have you brought me to this Godforsaken place by pretence? What do you intend to do to me?” Tempest spat out fiercely.

“I’ll tell you why, Madam Tempest De Bovary. First of all you always picked on me for some reason. I admit I may not have been one of your goody goody girls but I certainly did not deserve the constant canings you gave. I could have forgiven that but for the letter you sent to my parents which caused my father to disinherit me and throw me out my home. For that, I can never forgive you. What you are about to see, you are the cause of. In another life, it may not have been so.

You are my prisoner while here. The women I introduced you last night are your wardresses to keep a

constant watch on you so get used to it. No more complaints. You soon will see the consequences if you don’t follow my orders, Now shut up and follow me.”

Desiree gave Madam DeBovary the tour of the Palace. Nothing was left out, including the Red Room of Pain where at that moment some poor unfortunate slave was being whipped savagely by Juliette. In the basement shown the infamous torture room and explained how branding took place although none was being administered at that time. Next was the room

where castration took place although, again, none was happening at that moment.

“You may have noticed, Tempest, that all receiving punishment are male in women’s clothes or else have had the operation to become women. Unlike you who seem to have a penchant for caning our own sex, it is the male of the species I specialise in. We are both perverse woman but I admit it whereas you don’t. During your time here, you will find out how it is to be on the receiving end of the cane.”

“What do you mean, Desiree?” asked Madam Tempest DeBovary.

“Exactly what I said; cane on your buttocks, the sting of the whip on your back as I lash you into submission. Nothing will be spared, believe me. You’ll learn as I did. You will address me as Madam Desiree at all times. Now take her away!” Madame Camille and Mademoiselle Suzette took a struggling Madam DeBovary to her room and locked her within, keeping constant guard.

The following morning Madam DeBovary was roughly awakened early by the two women who at present were her keepers. “Get dressed at once,” boomed Camille, “and be quick about it.” Tempest did as she saw Camille tap a cane menacingly against her leather boot.

“Don’t bother putting any clothes on. Madam Desiree is impatiently waiting for you in the Red Room of Pain.” Madam DeBovary quickly found herself in that room in no time after almost being lifted off her feet by the strong women on either side of her.

“Chain and gag her,” came the order of Desiree. This was quickly accomplished. “Over the horse.”

Tempest found herself strapped down over the horse. Desiree came within her sight, a small rattan cane in hand. “It is yours, Tempest. While we toured the Palace your bags were searched and as I expected, you brought it with you, no doubt to use it on some unsuspecting pupil. It’s the very same cane you once used on my backside. Don’t you think it is somewhat ironic that it is your own backside that will feel its sting just as mine did?”

Madam DeBovary could not answer but only watch in terror as Desiree disappeared from sight to her nether regions. She knew that for the first time she was about to receive a caning from her former pupil. Tempest braced herself for the caning but even so, when the first blow fell she was not prepared for it. The blow came abruptly, sharply, swiftly and it stung. It was quickly followed by another and another. If Tempest yelled or screamed one would never know for such was suppressed by the gag.

It didn’t take long for a tear to appear and run down Tempest’s cheek. Desiree never saw it and it wouldn’t have deterred her anyway for she now had her rhythm. With rattan cane in hand, she alternated strokes to each buttock in a frenzy. All that was in Desiree’s mind at the moment was that this was the woman who caned her as a girl for no reason. She *had* to be taught a lesson. The colour purple was what Desiree wanted to see appear on the fleshy buttocks of her once headmistress and only that colour would satisfy her. But the canings, whippings, and lashings that Madam Tempest DeBovary would re-

ceive in the future were not to be the end of it. Desiree had something more terrible in mind,

Eventually the caning stopped. “Take her back to her room and chain her. I want her lashed here every four hours. Understand?”

“Yes, Madam,” answered her two underlings.

When Desiree was gone, Camille remarked, “She must hate this woman. I’ve never seen her so vicious before, even with Phoebe or Chloe.”

An unconscious Tempest was dragged back to her room. Upon regaining consciousness she found herself chained to the bed and guarded by Madam Camille and Mademoiselle Suzette. Then four hours later Tempest found herself once more in the Red Room of Pain this time to receive the stinging whip of Camille on her back many times. For Madam DeBovary this became routine every four hours. There was no let up even when her jailers changed to Madams Juliette and Babette. Was there no end to her punishment? The answer seemed to be no as far as Desiree could see.

All the Dominatrixes had wielded the whip or cane on Tempest’s body. But the one Madam DeBovary feared the most was Desiree. They had taught her to prostrate herself and kiss the hem of their dresses, especially Madam Desiree’s, as if they were royalty. Desiree even had Tempest count the number of strokes of the cane she received like she had to do as a girl. ONE TWO THREE was clearly heard as Desiree administered punishment on her once-headmistress. After a month of the canings, whippings, and beatings, Desiree considered Tempest’s spirit to be

broken. It was time to bring Dr. Amanda Henderson on the scene. She could complete the final part of Desiree's devious plan.

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“What you are suggesting is something I have never done before, Desiree.”

“You can do it, can't you? I would pay well for such an operation.”

“I have the ability to do as you ask, never fear, but this is an unusual operation, like something one would maybe see in the Middle East or Far East countries. It is outlawed in this country, you know. If I am caught, I will be struck off the register and could face imprisonment.”

“It never worried you in the past, Dr. Amanda. I'll double your fee,” replied Madam Desiree.

“What is it about this Madam DeBovary that makes you so determined, Desiree?”

“Let's just say I have my reasons but that shouldn't worry you one little bit in the least, Amanda. You just do the job I am paying for.”

“Very well, I'll give her an examination. All being well we will set the operation for two weeks' time, Desiree.”

“I'll shake hands on that.”

Madam DeBovary may not have known it but she did have one admirer, an admirer of her body anyway and that person was Juliette. While she was lashing

Tempest, Juliette was admiring her body. We know Juliette had lesbian tendencies; it was not unknown for her to stray into some other woman's bed.

Tempest had mixed feelings the first time she felt her body being fondled by Juliette. It was within the bathroom as she left the shower. Juliette, who was guarding her, entered a finger in her. It was so unexpected, particularly in the environment and captivity Tempest now found herself in. While it may have been Tempest's first experience of sexual contact with her own gender and in former times she would have abhorred it, her circumstances had changed. With all the floggings she had received from the women in the Palace, it seemed nice if that was the right word. Yet probably within the hour, this same woman would unmercifully lash her with the whip. How bizarre. Tempest welcomed these interludes whenever they occurred although no words were ever spoken by either of them during a session.

Madam DeBovary was to meet Dr. Amanda Henderson and be given a medical examination the reason for which she wasn't given.

As far as Madam DeBovary was concerned, life seemed the same as it always was in the Palace of Domination after Dr. Amanda left. It was the usual routine of being taken to the Red Room of Pain, caned or lashed with the whip by any of the women within the Palace, then chained to her bed.

However weeks later, an unusual occurrence happened. She was dressed in the clothes she had arrived in and taken to Desiree.

“You will be leaving soon, Tempest.” Her eyebrows rose at that statement and her eyes met Desiree’s. “You look happy and surprised at that. I am going to give you an everlasting memory of me and the Palace of Domination. Isn’t that nice of me?” said Desiree sarcastically. “I have laid on a nice meal for both of us tonight where we can talk of old times at your school when I was but a girl.”

Tempest was somewhat worried about what this ‘everlasting memory’ was and said so. For seeing what had happened to her the last two months, that could mean anything.

“A little surprise, Madam but let’s not talk of such things. You’ll find out soon enough,” Desiree said in answer to Tempest’s questions. During the meal, Tempest didn’t eat much, worried about what this devilish woman at the table had devised for. Whatever it was it wouldn’t be pleasant. Her stay at this damnable place had taught her that.

In the morning, Madam’s Camille and Juliette prepared Tempest. “Madam Desiree has requested you be dressed in a sombre black skirt, white blouse, and flat lace-up ankle boots,” Camille addressed her. The said items were soon on the mature body of Tempest. Her raven hair flowed over the shoulders of the white button-up blouse. She was now taken to Desiree for inspection.

“Just as I remember you, Madam. And now for the surprise I have planned ever since I left your establishment in disgrace. Take her to the dungeon!” Madams Camille and Juliette left, Tempest between them, for the dungeon. Desiree sat for some time

thinking of what she had planned for Tempest, then departed her office.

Madam Tempest DeBovary was familiar with what the basement contained for hadn't Desiree shown her everything in her tour of the Palace? The party was nearing the room where the branding took place. Was that her fate, to be branded like some piece of cattle? And if so, what would be branded on her fleshy buttocks? "Property of Madam Desiree" or something similar. Tempest shivered at the thought.

The party had now passed that room and walked further in the dimly-lit passage. They stopped before a door and entered a room Tempest had never seen before. There in a white surgical gown stood Dr. Amanda Henderson. "Strip her, put her on the operating table, and strap Tempest down tightly. Madam Desiree will be here soon. Then we can start the operation," she said to a nurse that stood beside Dr. Amanda.

The eyes of Tempest DeBovary showed nothing but terror of what was being said. Just what awful concoction of revenge had Desiree had dreamed? Tempest hadn't long to wait as Desiree soon entered the room, she too in a white surgical gown.

"All is ready, Dr. Amanda. You may begin. I have waited years to watch this."

The nurse with a hypodermic syringe injected Tempest and immediately she was unconscious. Dr. Amanda proceeded onward. A large pair of sterilised scissors was handed to Dr. Amanda by the nurse. Dr. Amanda proceeded to remove Tempest's external genitalia with the scissors. The inner and outer labia

were cut away followed by the complete excision of the clitoris. After all that was done, Tempest's feet were bound together from hip to ankle.

Tempest, unconscious, was taken back to her room. Desiree asked, "How long till she recovers, Amanda?"

"Not long but as I said before it isn't the recovery time that's important. It is the weeks it will take for the wound to heal. As I explained to you before, Desiree, being immobile for these weeks will cause the labial tissue to bond, forming a wall of flesh and skin across the vulva. I will insert a thin piece of wood in there to make a small hole to allow her to urinate. That is what you wanted, wasn't it, Desiree?"

"Yes so it will be almost impossible for her to have sex the usual way. The skin that forms over the vulva makes it virtually impossible for penetration there. All that will remain for her sexual satisfaction will be anal intercourse. But as you have also indicated, many women after that operation lose their desire for sex anyway. I hope you are right."

Madam Tempest DeBovary awoke the following day to find her feet bound together and a nurse in the room. "Good morning, Madam. I am Nurse Jenny Watkins and I am here to watch over you till such times you are fit to leave."

"In that case you can unloosen these ropes binding my legs together, Nurse."

"That cannot be done till Dr. Amanda gives me permission."

"Why?" asked Tempest?

“You can’t be released till a skin is formed over your vulva.”

“But I don’t want any such thing.”

“I’m afraid that decision is out of your hands. It is Madam Desiree’s wish. She is the one who makes these decisions. If you have any complains she is the one to talk to. She will shortly be here.”

No sooner had the words left Nurse Jenny Watkins’ mouth than Desiree entered the bedroom.

“You are well I trust, Tempest, for I want the best of care to be given to you while you are in my charge.”

“Why are my legs and feet bound, you bitch?”

“Such unbecoming language from a teacher!” Desiree came closer to the bed Tempest lay on and held her face in her hands. “Now listen, you sadistic woman. I’ll tell you why your legs are bound together and will be for weeks yet. It is so that that a skin will form across you vulva. You know what that means?”

“No,” answered a frightened Madam DeBovary.

“I’m surprised that you haven’t thought it out by now with your quick brain. I’ll tell you. With the skin across the vulva, your partner—and I do know about Pierre—will not be able to penetrate your pussy. Don’t worry, you will still be able to urinate. That small round tube was put there for that purpose. Now wasn’t that kind of me?” sarcastically said Desiree. “The only place you will receive pleasure is up your back passage and even that is not guaranteed.”

“You cruel bitch! I hate you! I despise you!”

“I’m sure you do, Tempest, but not any more than I abhor you. We are equal in that respect. When I said sexual satisfaction is not guaranteed, it is a well known fact after the operation you have just received the desire for sex is likely to decrease as it does in many women who have had that operation. Remember, I did say you will always remember me and the Palace of Domination.” A cruel smile spread over Desiree’s face, a smile of revenge.

The rest of the weeks Madam DeBovary remained in the Palace, she was attended to by Nurse Jenny Watkins and closely guarded by all of the Dominatrixes in turn. That time allowed a skin to form over Tempest’s vulva about which she could do nothing.

“It has been a success, Desiree. The skin has completely formed over her vulva except for a very small hole to allow her to urinate.”

“Has it indeed, Dr. Amanda? Well, I am taking no chances. She will remain for another two weeks then she will be released. I intend to monitor her progress afterwards with interest.”

## **HAPPY ENDING?**

Happy ending for some perhaps but for others it was definitely not.

For Madam Tempest DeBovary, it certainly wasn’t a happy ending. Everything that Desiree predicted and hoped for happened. Making love to Pierre, even dressed in his beautiful costumes, no longer thrilled

her. She rejected his advances for he found it almost impossible to enter her in the usual way. As for anal intercourse, the very idea was repugnant in Tempest's mind. It all led to the breakup of their relationship. Her enthusiasm for her school waned to the extent that she sold it. With the money from the sale of the school, Tempest bought a house in the country, retired and lived as a recluse for the rest of her life, a broken woman.

The long arm of the law eventually caught up with Madam Desiree Lully/Dulce Grey as she was charged with keeping a house of ill repute. The Queen's Counsel gave her a five-year sentence in a woman's prison and less for those under her. Dr. Amanda Henderson was not to escape either. Among other things the castration of Tempest had her struck off the register and she too got a nice little spell in jail.

The papers were full of the trial for days and photos of all who operated in the Palace of Domination. Photos of Desiree had captions underneath calling her 'Madam Dominatrix'.

Ellen Grey, Dulce's mother, faithfully visited her daughter every week in prison and cried.

"Don't worry about me, Mother, please."

"But I do worry about you. What will become of you now?"

"Become, Mother? I will live in the lap of luxury as soon as I leave this place. Your daughter is not so stupid as you may think. I have large amounts of money in various Swiss bank accounts. Besides they treat me like a Queen in here and I have contacts,

never fear. I have even been approached about making a film about my life and the House as you may have read in the papers, Who knows, I may even start again with another Palace of Domination in another country more receptive to my way of life. I have already approached some of the wardresses in here about becoming Dominatrices for they certainly are of the right material to be. I know they are seriously considering it for it pays a lot more than they could ever earn in here.”

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For two of the once slaves of the Palace of Domination, there was peace and happiness. Phoebe and Chloe lived together as women and made love together as women although they both were once male. Both having undergone the cruelty of Desiree and her Dominatrices only bonded their love for each other. Then there was their business commitment to concentrate on. “Maids for Hire” was successful enough to keep them both interested That was one happy ending.

For Madam Tempest DeBovary it was not a happy ending. She was a broken woman which certainly had Desiree happy.

THE END