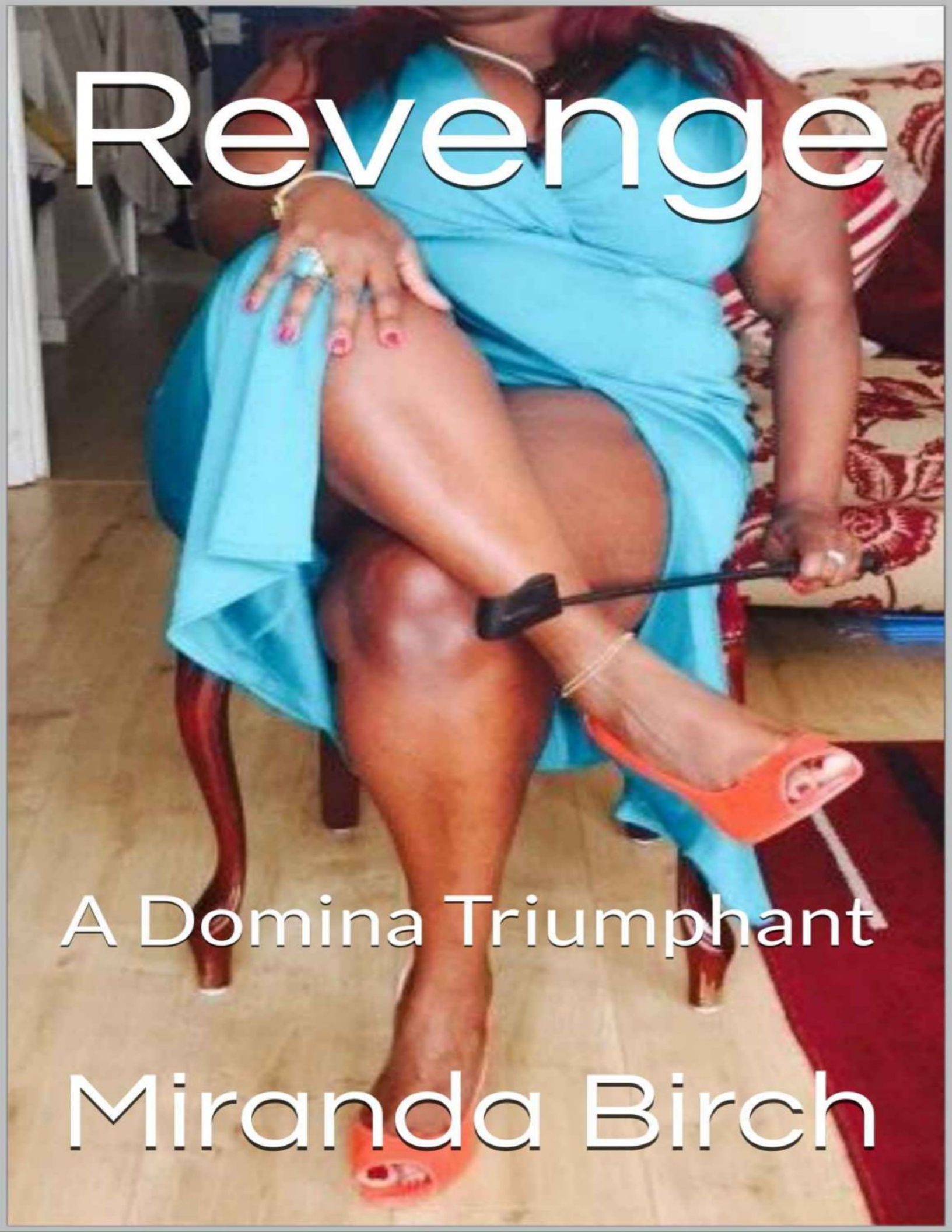


Revenge

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a wooden chair with a patterned cushion. She is wearing a bright blue, short-sleeved dress and red high-heeled sandals. She is holding a black strap or cord in her right hand, which is resting on her left leg. She is also wearing a large ring on her right hand and a bracelet on her right wrist. The background shows a wooden floor and a red rug.

A Domina Triumphant

Miranda Birch

Revenge

A Domina Triumphant

Episode 1 of Diary of a Dominant Divorcée

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Pauline Hammond, “fair, fat and forty” has been converted to the femdom lifestyle by an old friend, Lucy Elcox, after the painful break-up of her marriage. Now, her friend arranges for her to get a toy-boy slave half her age — in exchange for Jonathan, her ex-husband, who is himself enslaved and *sold* to a mature black BBW!

If you like the sound of Pauline, you will want read the other two episodes of this series, which recount her exciting life-journey from bitter divorcée to dominant male-slave-owning Goddess! Don't miss out on The Cruise and The Estate, the second and third episodes of “Diary of a Dominant Divorcée”! And all three episodes are now also available as [a single book](#)!

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Lucy and I were having coffee one Saturday when it happened. We were discussing my ex-husband, Jonathan, and his disgraceful behaviour, and I was thinking out loud about how I would like to be revenged.

“I want him to be owned by a big black woman”, I said with a sudden fierceness that surprised even myself. “Very big,” I elaborated, “very strict, and very demanding!” I could see it surprised Lucy. The idea had just suddenly popped into my head, and then out my mouth. “And I want him to spend the rest of his life as her humble little arse licker!” I was surprised at my vulgarity, but what the hell! I could even see it in my mind's eye; a huge big bare black bottom, and Jonathan's head squashed underneath it, mouth open, struggling to breath, tongue hard at work...

Jonathan had always been a bit racist — though he denied it of course, inveterate liar that he was — and it seemed a most appropriate fate for him. Of course, when I said the words, they were just that — words. Pure fantasy. I little realised how soon they would be come reality!

Once Lucy had got over her surprise, a thoughtful look crept over her face. She spoke slowly, clearly still thinking things through.

“You know... it's the funniest thing, but... it so happens that I have such a client... and believe it or not, she is looking for something very specific — a tall, slim, well-spoken, well-educated white man from England! I haven't been able to provide her with what she wants. Most of mine are young guys from the States. But... it's Jonathan to a tee, isn't it?

I couldn't believe it!

”So you're saying...“, I began hesitantly.

Lucy nodded, more to her self than to me, then interrupted:

"I am saying we could do a trade. If you can arrange things so that my girls can pick up Jonathan, I will give you Robert free of charge. You like him, don't you?"

I was speechless. It was a very generous offer. I knew how much trouble it was to train up a male slave. And I knew that however much I did to ensnare Jonathan, most of the actual work would be done by Lucy and her associates. Good old Lucy!

And as for Robert! Lucy had lent him to me as my personal slave during my stay with her. He was just fresh out of college, ripped and buff, a former football player, and once upon a time (and not so long ago at that) I guess a bit of a frat-boy — but now, transformed at the hands of Lucy and her girls, he was humble and submissive and eager to please... and that tongue of his! Lucy was right, he was far and away my favourite. As I say, she had generously allowed me to have him all to myself while I stayed with her — but now she was offering to simply *give* him to me! I had the chance to *own* him!

"Oh, Lucy!..." I stammered.

Lucy smiled at me. "You deserve it, after what you have been through — what that *bastard* put you through. And I know Jonathan's British accent will just drive the lady I have in mind wild!"

"Not that he will spend much time using his mouth for talking!" I guffawed. And we both cackled like evil witches!

I was busy with work at my new job and moving in to my new apartment, and forget all about our little chat. But some time later, I got a call from Lucy, bringing me up to date. It seemed that ensnaring Jonathan had proved to be quite simple. The girls picked him up from campus after framing him with a rape charge — people would simply assume he fled rather than face justice, especially after he recent marriage break-up. Since then, he had been undergoing the usual intensive training routine. She invited me over to see the progress she had made.

And so after work, I went straight round to Lucy's. Lucy met me herself, and we went to the observation room. This is a room with a one-way mirror adjoining one of the training rooms, so that one can watch without being watched. I had been there before, of course, to watch the girls put some hapless newcomer through his paces, 'helping' him to adjust to his new life as a slave. But this time, as Lucy explained, it was to be Jonathan and his new owner!

"Normally of course clients prefer privacy, but Gracie has kindly allowed us to watch as she puts him through his paces."

I had not met Gracie. I gasped out loud as she waddled into the adjoining room. She must have been at least 400lbs. She was average height. But I must say, she carried the weight well. She looked to be in her fifties. And there, behind her, crawling on hands and knees, a white male — and yes, it was: it was Jonathan! He was completely naked. There was a stout wooden collar about his neck, padlocked, and to this was attached a chain leash by which Gracie was leading him. I could see the heavy steel cock restraint dangling between his legs. He was well-marked with welts and bruises, his bum and thighs in particular were just a mesh of red marks — clearly Gracie had a heavy hand! Indeed, I saw that a thick black leather strap was dangling from the black leather waist cincher she wore over a white blouse and tight black leggings.

"Gracie knows we're watching, of course", Lucy whispered to me.

I nodded.

"My God, she's a BBW and a half, isn't she, this Gracie?"

Lucy smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Not exactly poor Jonathan's type, really, I gather?"

I smiled with delight. Indeed not!

"No, he likes young slips of things, naïve students." I felt a sudden surge of the old bitterness. But I suppressed it, and continued: "Or he did. No more of that for him!"

I ended with a note of triumph and returned my attention to Gracie and her new slave. The activities in the room were audible through the loudspeakers placed strategically near to us.

"Kneel up boy!" I heard Gracie boom in a deep voice. Jonathan obeyed at once, kneeling erect, hands clenched behind his neck, legs wide — obviously an accustomed posture. The trainers had been busy!

"What your name, boy?"

Jonathan didn't hesitate. In that crisp British accent I had once loved, he enunciated:

"My name is Arselicker, your Highness."

"Dat right? And now how about you tell me what you are?"

"I am your slave, your Highness."

I detected a slight tremble in Jonathan's voice, but other than that his enunciation was perfect, and he sounded extremely respectful and humble.

Gracie nodded with approval.

"You sure is!"

Then she began to disrobe. The blouse came off first, followed by the bra. Her breasts were really quite enormous, and without the help of a bra hung down low on her big belly. Gracie struggled to get her leggings down and, once they were finally around her ankles, kicked them off. She was wearing a simple black thong as underwear. The thong seemed superfluous, it covered so little — but then, there was so much to cover! That came off too.

To my surprise, Jonathan, still kneeling, quickly approached and kissed the big black rump, each cheek in turn, over and over, covering every single square inch, while Gracie stood arms akimbo, no doubt savouring her triumph. It must have been something she had trained him to do. Then she ordered loudly:

"OK boy! Git yoar cute lil' lily-white ass up on that bench, and lets see if you can live up to your name!"

It was a sight to see how meekly and humbly Jonathan crawled to the bench and lay full-length upon it, face up. Gracie straddled him, and then that big black bum came down, totally engulfing Jonathan's head. The big woman gave a satisfied grunt.

"Let's see if your tongue-work ain't improved any! It betta have!"

She unhooked her strap and brought it down hard on Jonathan's left thigh, the let it rest there, no doubt as a reminder to him of what he could expect if he failed to please.

Lucy looked at me, and laughed at my astonished pleasure. Although she had kept me up to date with Jonathan's — or should I write, Arselicker's?! — training, it was one thing to know about it and quite, quite another to see it. That smug, arrogant, cheating *bastard* reduced to the status of a naked slave, lead around on a leash by his owner, and severely punished for any lack of enthusiasm in licking said owner's fat black arse!

"By the time Gracie has finished with him, I dare say Jonathan will be able to get a PhD in analingus!" she said, and we laughed together, watching the big black Mistress using her white slave. Gracie had begun to wriggle and writhe. Clearly Jonathan's tongue was having an effect. Well, far better that than using it for telling lies!

"Will she keep him here?" I asked, suddenly curious. I assumed the answer would be 'yes', since it was so much more secure. But Lucy surprised me.

"No," she said. "Gracie lives in a gated community a few hundred miles from here. Exclusively black female supremacists with white slaves. Very good security. She will take her slave home with her in a few days, I expect, once she is satisfied with the state of his training. Now in that area we here *are* unsurpassed!" she paused to allow me to complement her on that, which I duly did; then continued: "and there she will introduce her new slave to his new life of domestic drudgery and sexual servitude!"

I laughed and said: "I don't think there will be much new in the second part!"

Lucy laughed, linked her arm in mine and said:

"Indeed not! So, I think we'll leave our two lovebirds to it, eh?"

"Sure thing", I said happily. I took one last look at my cheating ex-husband, stark naked, locked in chastity, his head engulfed under those enormous dark-brown bum-cheeks. He was no longer a professor. Now he was just a slave, striving with might and main to give pleasure to his big black owner. No more young student girls for him! Hah! Just desserts!

Later that evening, still at Lucy's, in the private room she had generously allowed me to use even though I had now got myself a nice apartment in town, I had time finally to take stock. As I reclined at my ease sipping a glass of Lucy's excellent champagne and enjoying a devoted pussy-lapping from her — no, I suddenly realised, my! — *my* slave-boy, I thought of how far I had come, how very, very far. Really, it had all started with that cruise...

Intrigued? The you won't want to miss the whole story, [Diary of a Dominant Divorc e](#), in which Pauline Hammond reveals the full details of her incredible journey which transformed her from dumped wife to femdom slave-owner!

TO BE CONTINUED

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