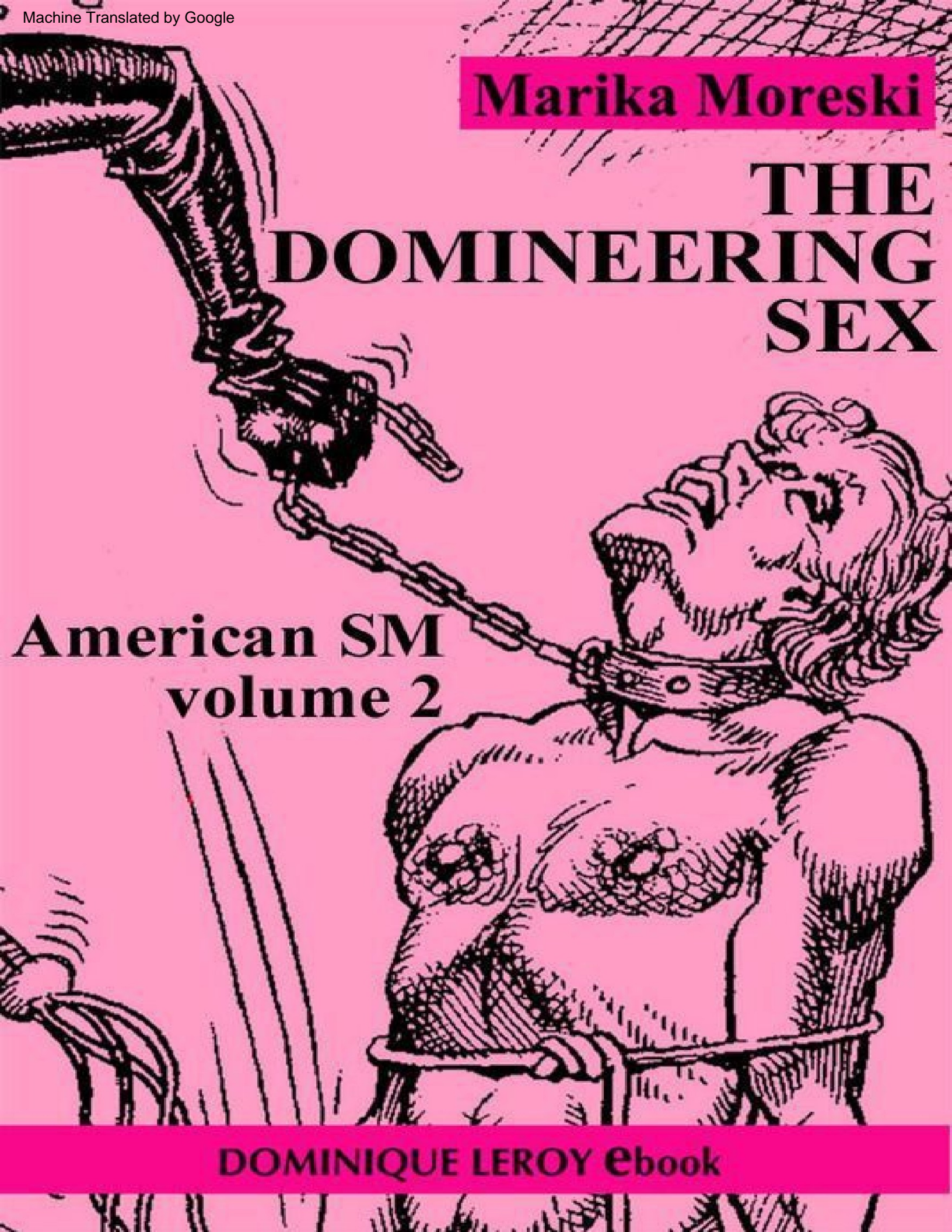


Marika Moreski

THE DOMINEERING SEX

**American SM
volume 2**

DOMINIQUE LEROY ebook



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First chapter

A few rays of sunshine and an early spring are enough to throw panic into the streets of Paris and overcrowd the café terraces. Everyone already has in mind the future joys of summer vacations spent in the mountains, at the sea, in the countryside or in distant or mysterious foreign cities. And everyone dreams of great adventures.

Although I am a very infrequent customer of hairdressing salons, it was not the prospect of summer relaxation that pushed me, that afternoon, to sit on the swivel chair of an "Alexandre" of the coquettish with flat purses. Thinking ahead, I make my appointments well in advance and make them coincide with those of Paulette. Which allows us to chat to kill time and exchange our impressions on the various women's publications which are permanently stagnant in this kind of place.

It's not that often that we take the time to read these kinds of magazines carefully. If we except *Cosmopolitan*, the others seem a bit outdated for the dominatrices that we are. But it is good, sometimes, to know where the housewives are, the quiet mothers and the daughters who like to feel protected by the virile male, sure of himself, and everything, and everything... They evolve, the naughty! Slowly, but they are evolving, be sure!

In this heatwave, the dryer was a real torture ordeal. For Paulette and for me, who are more used to imposing them than being subjected to them, it was completely unbearable. So, as soon as we were freed, we rushed to the crowded terrace of a bar on Boulevard des Italiens. My short black cotton dress stuck to my skin and I really regretted having put on nylon tights. Paulette had been even more ill-advised than me with her sky blue jersey suit and her canvas boots that covered her calves. At least I had chosen fine black leather pumps.

While sipping our chilled halves we discussed a new flagellation instrument which a Canadian friend had just sent me

the plans. A very lively and very particular conversation, the content of which certainly escaped the hearing of two young people, seated three tables away, and who were ogling us without discretion. It is true that I did not make the slightest effort to hide, from their inquisitive gazes, the tempting spectacle of my thighs deserted by the frail cotton of my skillfully rolled up dress. We pretended not to see the repeated glances that the two virgins gave us with the obvious hope of attracting our attention and benefiting, if possible, from our good disposition towards them.

If they had known what we were talking about, who we were and what we generally did to the unwary who succumbed to our charms, perhaps they would have been less demonstrative and less impatient to conquer what was not theirs. their scope. Unless... of course!

I will never know if they would have appreciated our way of practicing the meeting of the sexes, because we left the bar without them having the courage to approach us. Paulette was expected at a meeting and I went home alone.

Connie immediately left the ironing board where he was busy to throw himself at my feet and kiss them properly. I wasn't in a particularly cheerful mood, like I was after every hairdresser's session, and I pushed him away with my foot.

— Bring me a glass of cold beer, and quickly!

He complied and I sank into the armchair in the living room. He returned with the beer which he presented to me on his knees.

— My mules... Take off my tights!

While drinking, I half lifted myself so that he could reach under my dress and grab the elastic of my tights which he slid over my hips. With tact, the result of long practice of this type of exercise, he relieved me of the nylon vice which he placed on his shoulder with all the respect due to him.

— My feet are sweating...!

He devotedly took one of my feet in his hands while I rested the other on his shoulder, and his soft tongue, abundantly salivated, wandered over the ankle, the instep, the heel, the sole, and between the toes which he ends up sucking one by one with a dexterity typical of habit. Then, with the love and passion that are natural for him in this type of servile exercise, he passed his light breath all over my foot to refresh it and dry it of the dirt of his saliva. He operated in the same way with the

second foot while I extended the neglected leg on his other shoulder.

As best things come to an end for everyone, I took my last sip of beer while he finished refreshing my second foot.

I took my leg off his shoulder and spread my thighs. freshness!

- Here ! ...

He slipped his chin on the fabric of the chair and moved his head between the compasses of my thighs, passing under the dress without wrinkling it. I felt his cool breath running over my groin and through the damp fabric of my little black silk briefs to caress the feverish lips of my sex and my sweaty pubis. Thrown back against the back of the chair, eyes closed, I savored the pleasure of this refreshing and restorative breath which deliciously flooded my vulva.

After a good quarter of an hour of this regenerating treatment which made up, in part, for the horrors of an afternoon in a hair salon, I abruptly closed my thighs on Connie's head to signal the end of her office. He withdrew gently so as not to heat the tender flesh of my thighs and, as I had raised my arms back and crossed my hands behind my neck, he immediately understood what such a gesture meant. Without orders, he came to kneel at one side of the chair and licked my right armpit abundantly, first to rid it of the odorous sweat that stagnated there and then to refresh and dry it with his sweet breath. Then he went around the chair from the back and came to provide the same care to the left armpit.

After such treatment I was completely reassured. I stretched for a long time. Morale was better and so was the mood.

— Cigarette !

He hastened, put the cigarette between my painted lips and brought the flame closer to the lighter. My cigarette lit, he put down the lighter, leaned back on his knees and prostrated himself, his forehead against the toe of my mule.

— Allow me, mistress!

This was the formula and the position imposed when he begged for honor to speak to me first.

- Speak ! What is it ?

Not having received the order to stand up, he remained humbly prostrate to tell me what he had to say to me.

— May I take the liberty of telling mistress that this afternoon she had the visit of two women...

- Two women ? Who ? ... You know them ?

— I do not have this honor, mistress... One was a black woman... an American... The other was mixed... American too... But she spoke French... She said that her friend was passing through Paris, that she wanted to meet you, mistress, and have a conversation with you about a matter that might interest you.

- An American ? ...a matter that might interest me?

— They left a business card for you, mistress,
continued the slave.

— You couldn't say it right away! ... Where is this card? ...Go get her,
you idiot!

I accompanied my order with an angry blow from my mule to the skull of the slave who quickly got up and ran to get the famous card which he handed to me on his knees. I took it while Connie resumed her prostration at my feet.

— Miss Joan Duncan, editor, Los Angeles! I read aloud.

There followed an address and a telephone number which told me nothing more about this Miss Joan Duncan.

—What did they say again, slave?

— They asked that you call them back at the Paris telephone number that the other woman wrote on the back of the card.

— Bring me the phone!

Kneeling in front of my chair, Connie presented the device to me with both hands. I picked up the phone and dialed the number on the back of Miss Joan Duncan's card... My wait was short.

— Hello... This is Sheila Laught... I'm listening! said a voice with a strong Yankee accent in French.

— Marika Moreski speaking... were you the one who came to my house this afternoon while I'm away?

— Ah... Madame Moreski... Very happy to hear from you... It's really me... A friend passing through Paris wants to talk to you about a matter that is close to her heart... I think you found his business card...

— Yes, of course, my...

I hesitated for a few seconds about the term to use towards a stranger.

—...Your slave! she helped me with a little amused laugh.

— That's it. He gave me Miss Duncan's card.

— Would it be possible for you to receive my friend and me, say... in an hour and a half at most? If you don't mind, of course?

— But not at all... I'm waiting for you... See you right away, then...

I placed the receiver back on the device Connie was still holding and stood up. to go wash up.

— I'm expecting guests. Have everything ready in an hour!

Chapter II

I took advantage of this time to change my outfit and dress more lightly. I put on a sumptuous white silk blouse and a short matching skirt. After putting the living room in order and preparing the glasses, aperitifs, ice cubes and appetizers in the kitchen, Connie was promptly invited to redo my makeup after having erased the one that sweat and sun had created. somewhat mishandled during this painful afternoon.

Soon the doorbell rang at the front door of the apartment. Immediately Connie set out to open the door. Since this Sheila Laught, despite the masculine clothes he wore, had perfectly detected the slave in him (perhaps the obligatory wearing of a turtleneck, at such a temperature, to hide the collar?) I had decided that he would serve in his most significant slave outfit: that is, totally naked. It is therefore in the simplest device, only adorned with ornamentations which hardly leave it in all circumstances, namely its dog collar, the ring which infibulates its foreskin and allows its member to be held up against its bottom - stomach by two chains attached to the rings which hang from his nipples, the bracelets on his wrists and his ankles connected by chains hindering neither the movements of the arms nor the walk, which he went to open.

I feel great satisfaction in making my slave evolve in this way when I receive guests. Especially when they are not particularly close friends but still have a vague idea of my relationship with Connie. Such a spectacle is irrefutable proof that the slave lives in total dependence on his mistress, that he is completely subject to me to the point of being thus exhibited to foreign eyes, and moreover to women's eyes, in the most humiliating outfit there is: full nudity. Wearing on his neck, on his hands and on his feet, the proofs of his servitude and, on his nipples and on his very virility, those of my contempt and my derision. I have used this method since my very first beginnings as a dominatrix

serious and convinced. Needless to say, since I became Connie's owner. At that time, and in the years that followed, several young women, episodic and distant relationships, acquaintances, curious people passing through who had heard about domination and my strange relationships with Connie, had a fairly accurate idea of sadomasochism but, nevertheless, very vague. They wanted to know more, to perfect themselves in this field and, perhaps, they too, to emerge from the cackling, greasy, stupid and self-righteous cohort of needy housewives, model employees who, returning from work, go home to work out over the pots and annoy the bawling kids, before going to bed to satisfy a male who fucks them with, in his head, the image of Adjani stolen from a delectably compulsive magazine during boring office hours . And quickly, purr papattes in circles until the next metro...

I had noticed that, in ninety-nine percent of cases, these women initially made a fundamental error. Having no practical notion of domination and only a few embryonic theories, they attached particular interest to the slave rather than the mistress. They "saw" the slave. He intrigued them. They were perplexed, wondering why this one was like that when most of his peers rolled their shoulders, treated the girls like nothing and behaved like lords and masters. In short, they gave the slave an importance that he does not have and cannot have. Better still, I strongly suspected several of them of still reacting with the feminine stupidity which dictates that a woman must necessarily be the rival of another woman. And behind their pretty heads they were nitpicking the unconfessed hope of stealing my slave. Some out of a pure spirit of charming competition, others to prove that a slave husband is neither more reliable nor more faithful than any other, and some, out of laziness, thinking that it would be easy for them to own a slave already revealed than to discover one.

The first were unaware, through naivety, that the slave only exists for his mistress through the services he provides her, through the comfort he provides her and through the power he confers on her. Apart from that, he is nothing. Nothing but a certain number of kilos of meat which she can use and abuse as she pleases without any other concerns. Their "admiration" for the slave immediately disappeared when she saw him evolving and serving them in this more than humili

Realizing what the authority of a woman had reduced him to, they immediately lost all interest in him and felt a feeling of haughty contempt for him arise within them. Their legitimate admiration then turned definitively towards the mistress who allowed herself to deride her male with such casualness and was not afraid to expose, before foreign female gazes, the submissive and servile nudity of a slave who does not was not to be considered as a man but as an animal or a piece of utilitarian furniture.

The hopes of the seconds melted like snow in the sun with even greater rapidity. Delighting a lover or husband from a pretty woman is a satisfaction that some girls do not disdain because they consider it a certificate of supremacy. But when the individual in question is presented to them in this way, naked, chained, bearing on his body undeniable proof of his baseness, his spinelessness and his physical and moral dependence, all desire for conquest abandons them. What glory could they gain from diverting from its path a limp rag that crawls at their feet on the orders of their supposed rival? And if that was not yet enough, they realized, for themselves, that this slave who serves, suffers, allows himself to be humiliated and degraded by the one to whom he belongs, has nothing in common with the lover or husband. His dog loyalty is beyond doubt.

Connie opened the door and humbly stepped aside to admit Miss Joan Duncan and her companion Sheila Laught. He nimbly closed the door and crashed at the feet of the two women to offer his ritual homage to the two visitors by placing his lips on their shoes while, smiling, I approached to welcome them.

"Miss Duncan and I are very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Moreski," said Sheila Laught, looking up at the slave lying at her feet.

She was a young woman of around twenty-five years old with short-cut hair, large black eyes and an affable face. Although his skin was almost white it was easy to guess that black blood flowed through his veins. She wore a sky blue t-shirt on which a black panther's head opened its mouth with menacing fangs. A short denim skirt surrounded her pretty legs, tapered and shod with extraordinarily soft leather boots that went up to above the knees.

Miss Joan Duncan was darker, without being pure black, taller and probably older too. A huge ball of black hair and

frizz surrounded a face with haughty features, with a look of frankness that one guessed was brutal. His white cloth jacket and pants set cut with a red leather belt suited him perfectly. A small red silk scarf was tied casually on the right side of her neck. On her feet, she wore red leather pumps with very high stiletto heels. She had not spared a glance for the slave who had flattened himself at her feet and who was now paying homage to her by running his tongue over the scarlet leather of her shoes. This contemptuous indifference denoted, without the slightest doubt, a more experienced dominatrix than was her companion, Sheila Laught.

Once the introductions were made, I pushed aside the still lying slave with a kick in the side and invited the two American women to sit in the living room.

"Miss Duncan asks you to excuse her, Mrs. Moreski," Sheila began, barely seated, "but she doesn't speak your language. If you yourself were able to speak ours, things would definitely be made easier. Otherwise, I will serve as interpreter.

I in turn sat down in an armchair facing my interlocutors who had sat on the sofa. Only the small coffee table separated us.

"My God," I said, "if you agree not to speak too quickly, I think that we will be able to understand each other in American.

Meanwhile Connie was busy. He had brought the tray on which the different bottles of aperitif were placed and knelt next to the coffee table, supporting the tray which he presented with both hands while awaiting our good will.

Sheila translated my response to Miss Duncan and she smiled before declare, in an American language that she tried to make audible:

— I am confused to enter your home like this, into your privacy, Mrs. Moreski.

—Call me Marika, please, and I'll call you Joan.

— That's nice of you!... I said I was very embarrassed... But I'm passing through Paris for a short stay with my friend Sheila who is married to a Frenchman and who lives in Paris.. . and the proposal I have to make requires that I give you time to think and make your arrangements if you decide to accept it.

—A proposal?... We will see about that, dear Joan, but you must

to be thirsty. What will you take?

— Whisky-coca ! fit Sheila.

— For me a whiskey, dry! added Joan.

Connie immediately relieved himself of the bottle of whiskey and a quart of Coca-Cola as well as the aperitif which he knew must be served to me without any contrary orders.

At the risk of shocking my Americans, I am a fan of vodka-orange. As he walked back and forth bringing the glasses, the ice cubes, and serving – all of which he did by kneeling down each time he came near us – we began to talk again.

- First of all, Marika, Joan had started, I must explain to you that with several other girls who practice, like me, the domination of miserable men, we have formed a sect of Amazons, "The Domineering Sex" We are six. The idea came to us when one of us, Carol, inherited a large property in the countryside, not far from Los Angeles. It was an old farm with several buildings. All, unfortunately, in a rather sad state...

- Serve yourself ! I said, pointing out to the two women the different appetizers that Connie had placed on a tray that he supported at arm's length after kneeling between them and me, near the coffee table, so that we May we all three serve by simply extending our hands.

- ... The repair and development work reached a price that unfortunately it was impossible for us to pay, even if all six of us came together. Carol was desperate to have to sell this property.

Apparently there were no other solutions. Still okay for materials but with labor...

With her fingertips she carelessly threw the olive pit that she had just spat out into the mouth that Connie held open for this purpose, head thrown back.

- ... Practicing female domination I had, at my disposal, two slaves whom I offered to carry out work. Two workers were not a lot but the idea germinated in the minds of my friends and we soon decided to found, on this property, a sect of Amazons with male slaves who would form a workforce available for all things. , at any time and, which does not harm, totally subjugated and docile... "The Domineering Sex" was born. Thanks to my personal relationships in

SM circles, thanks to classified advertisements placed in all specialist magazines, we studied the cases of several hundred applicants.

The selection criteria were very difficult. We only wanted guys without annoying family ties, without jobs they wanted to keep.

We explained to them that the sect required the gift of their person for the adoration and service of the dominant sex. They had to enter us as they would enter religion and abandon everything else... In the end only twenty-five were retained who had agreed to withdraw from circulation to become followers of the sect and our unconditional slaves. .. Currently there are twenty-three left... Two rebelled and we had to... separate ourselves...

Joan lit a cigarette, shook the match which she let fall into Connie's mouth where it joined the olive pits and the papers of cubes of gruyère cream which were already there.

- ... Of course, she continued, letting out a plume of smoke towards the ceiling, it was required that each of our followers donate what belonged to them to the sect. Most were of average extraction. Some had an apartment or studio which we sold under good conditions and two were even quite rich. The money thus collected is enough to purchase the materials. The workforce being forced to work at will, the six of us now live very easily by pooling our salaries and income. Because we all have jobs in Los Angeles. We just had to organize ourselves...

She shook her ashes into Connie's mouth.

- ... As you can see from my card, I am an editor. I run a house that does very well. In addition to practical works and novels, I also publish licentious books which allows me to reach a fairly wide audience. For the sect we have built a library containing only works relating to female domination. We have every American author who has written on this subject. But I decided to explore Europe and glean, here and there, books that we don't know. I must admit that I was very disappointed to see that Europe was quite miserable on this point. A few works in Germany, a few in England and, in France, you are, so to speak, the only truly specialized author... With Sheila's help, I acquired most of your novels. I'm only missing two or three that can't be found...

The major problem is that I don't have anyone who can translate them for me. So that I can read them first, as can my friends, so that I can deposit a typewritten translation of each of them in our library and, finally, that I publish, in American, the best of them ...

All three of us began to smoke and, alternately, we let our ashes fall into the mouth of the slave, always motionless, always impassive with his tray on his arms and with the plates from which we picked peanuts, almonds, cashew nuts. , olives, cheese cubes, while enjoying our aperitif.

— It's nice of you to think of me, I said, but I really don't see how I could help you out.

“My friend had an idea that might be well received by you,” interjected Sheila, who had not said anything until now.

— I want to listen to you but...

With a nervous gesture, Joan stubbed out her cigarette on Connie's shoulder and threw the butt in the mouth dump.

— So, my friends and I thought that you could translate all your works into American for us. In exchange for which we pay you and your slave the return trip to Los Angeles with a sum to be determined for your expenses. You will stay as long as you like and as long as your translations take. And, of course, you will receive your royalties on the books that I publish.

- It's obviously a very tempting proposition, I said, very embarrassing, but apart from the fact that translating sixteen novels is a colossal job, I must admit, to my greatest shame, that I don't know your language well enough to undertake this work.

We were at an impasse. In my turn, I crushed the butt of my cigarette on Connie's other shoulder but I acted more slowly than the American in order to make the slave pay for the annoyance I felt at having to refuse such an offer. . I felt with pleasure the flesh sizzle under my fingers and I threw the butt into the mouth now almost full of rubbish...

It was then that an idea came to me.

“Maybe there is a solution,” I said. More than a year ago I met a boy who lives in Corsica and who became my slave

after having been, episodically, the slave of an American woman and her daughter in the United States. A few months ago I learned that this guy, a victim of the current economic crisis, was unemployed. If he hasn't found a job by now, I contact him and take him to my personal slave place. He speaks this language fluently and it will be child's play for him to translate these books.

- But that's perfect, exclaimed Joan, when will you be able to give a definitive answer?

— I'm going to contact him this evening... Let's say... tomorrow afternoon. I too have a few things to take care of before I make up my mind.

- And that ? what are you going to do with it? questioned the American while typing with the tip of her red pump in Connie's thigh.

— I don't know yet... I'll manage...

—If you have the slightest difficulty about this, Sheila intervened, don't hesitate. I'll keep it for you...

I won't give it time to rust, don't worry.

- After all why not ? It's not a refusal... I accepted with a knowing smile.

I had first thought of leaving it to Paulette but, on reflection, it would do him the greatest good to serve a stranger and to be humiliated by new hands.

When it was time to take leave Joan asked me if she could use my toilet and, as I pointed out the place, she added, with a mischievous smile, pointing to Connie still kneeling with her tray, her mouth overflowing with rubbish:

— Will you allow me to take him?

I ordered Connie to put the tray down and empty her mouth into the trash and make himself available to Joan.

Coming out of the toilet followed by Connie, she said to me: - I think it did him the most good to rinse his throat!

Chapter III

I send a knowing smile to Joan as the Boeing sets off. The rain is streaming down the porthole. Eight days ago I was succumbing to the heat on the hairdresser's chair and this morning the weather is cool and it's raining Caprice of nature!... Eight days ago I didn't know the existence of Miss Joan Duncan and today Today I'm flying to the United States with him. A whim of chance!... Eight days ago Félix Gambiani was in Corsica. He was desperately awaiting the arrival of the postman who would – perhaps – give him a favorable response to one of the jobs he had applied for. And today he didn't have to worry anymore. He was sitting on a plane seat between Joan and me and he was leaving for the United States. A woman's whim!...

A whim of a woman who had not gone so far as to condescend to explain to him what I expected of him. I had ordered him to obtain a visa for the United States, to come to Paris very quickly and to plan a prolonged absence. He didn't have to know more. He was my slave and he had to obey. I hung up the phone before he could formulate his response. I didn't care. To an order I gave there could only be one response: immediate acceptance. And Felix was not an occasional slave or a curious person who gets distracted. In America, he had received an absolutely perfect slave education from Marilyn and her daughter Pamela. He knew he had no choice. A few problems to resolve for my personal affairs, the date to set with Joan, the plane tickets to buy and everything had been said.

This morning Sheila drove us to Orly airport. I made Félix Gambiani come up next to her and lay Connie down on the ground between the two benches. Joan and I sat behind and placed our shoes on my slave's carpeted body. Just to allow him to say goodbye to me by passionately licking the soles of my very high-heeled shoes. Sheila had come to accompany us to the baggage check-in counter that Félix was carrying. Connie had been left

in the car where Sheila would pick him up when we left.

And now here we were, in this Boeing taking off to other skies. Joan was seated against the window. She was dressed in a tweed jacket and pants set and had a matching little fedora on her hair. Which, added to his strict and wise gray blouse and his black pearl tie, made him look like a cabaret "jules". Had it not been, of course, for her opulent combed hair, her makeup, her obtrusive earrings, her sparkling brooch, her rings on every finger and her impeccably crimson tapered nails.

Black leather pants and jacket over a red silk bodice, I was sitting against the aisle and I had, for the moment, kept my glasses which hid my eyes and allowed me to stare, without seeming to, the passengers around us.

Sitting between Joan and me, huddled in his seat, Félix Gambiani, perhaps for the first time in his life, had the honor of sharing his mistress's seat. It's difficult here to get him to sleep where he belongs: under my feet. We would have really appreciated it but this is not done, if only for safety reasons. But, despite the honors that we were forced to grant him, Felix Gambiani was not unaware that he was only a slave: my slave! Unlike the many passengers who had crowded into the Boeing, he knew neither where he was going exactly nor why he was going there. I had caught him stealthily casting worried glances at Joan Duncan this morning and I immediately understood what was motivating his anxiety. Like me, and perhaps better than me, he knew of the existence, in the United States, of several bands of "Black Amazons" who tirelessly searched for white slaves. Those who agreed to come into contact with them and put themselves in their power could be convinced that they would not be disappointed. They lived through a hell of inconceivable humiliation and torture and very rarely had the opportunity to escape their tormentors who claimed to avenge the centuries of slavery that their ancestors had to endure at the hands of white Americans. Felix Gambiani had every reason to believe that Joan was one of these "Black Amazons" and that I had arranged a small business aimed at delivering him to them. His terror amused me a lot but I knew it was very understandable.

Apart from this moral fear which weighed on him, I had also ingeniously

so that he could not forget for a second that, physically too, he was only a slave. I had replaced the usual turtleneck sweater, too easy to wear, with a simple silk scarf which forced him to keep his head constantly lowered if he did not want to reveal it to one of the charming hostesses who were making coming and going in the hallway, that he was wearing a dog collar. The magnetic security checks, before boarding, prohibited me from putting chains and rings under his male clothes as I had wanted to do. So I had to use my imagination to remedy this without making the slave feel neglected. You can trust me that my imagination, in such circumstances, is never caught off guard. Inside the undershirt that Félix was wearing, I had Connie sew, front and back, sheets of sandpaper which I then held tight in a band which surrounded his torso over the jersey. Every time he breathed, the rough paper rasped his skin, which

must have caused him abominable itching. Of course, he was strictly forbidden to make the slightest move to scratch which, by all accounts, would only have been a fleeting relief to his ailments. His waist was compressed by one of my wide waist belts closed with Velcro (always with the aim of avoiding the scrapping of a buckle detectable when the inspection devices passed by). After throwing a pinch of small sharp gravel inside each shoe I made him wear Connie shoes which, being one size smaller than his own, compressed his feet, forcing him to keep his toes curled up.

But it was in the departure lounge at Orly airport that I slipped the key pieces of his harness into a plastic pocket. Hard plastic briefs that opened with a plastic hinge at their narrowest point and closed at the hips on each side with leather laces. These briefs had the double advantage of closing the anal line and crushing the male organs since they were strictly flat on the front. I also included a short dildo and a plastic clothespin.

- You're going to go to the toilet, I ordered him, you're going to relieve yourself. Take it easy because you won't be going back there anytime soon. When you're finished, you'll push the dildo into your ass and place the clothespin so that it grips the skin and separates the two testicles. Then you will put on the

plastic briefs whose laces you will tighten to the extreme. Don't forget that it's me who will undress you. You won't care if my instructions weren't followed to the letter. Go ! You have ten minutes!

When he returned, I knew that my orders had been carried out, that the dildo was in place and that the clothespin, adding further to the difficulty of compressing the penis and balls, must create additional, throbbing pain as it embedding in the flesh of the scrotum. But it didn't matter to me. His lot was to put up with my whims whatever they were.

Thus harnessed, he had to last the minimum hours necessary to reach Los Angeles because, of course, it was impossible for him, and strictly forbidden, to get up to go to the toilet. I simply forbid him from moving or getting up. Just as I refused, for him, the musical headphones offered by the hostess, and just as I invited him not to look up at the screen where a film was being projected.

At aperitif time, Joan ordered a whiskey and I ordered a vodka.

—And for the gentleman? the hostess asked the slave.

“Monsieur doesn't drink,” I replied for him, “Monsieur will be content to watch us drink.

—The hostess gave a smile for the occasion and did not insist.

So as not to be embarrassed, we folded the shelf above the slave's knees and placed our two glasses on it while we browsed magazines which, of course, he had no right to look at either.

At lunch time I stopped the gesture of the hostess who was preparing to tender a tray for the slave.

“No need,” I said, “he's not hungry!”

This time the hostess looked at all three of us alternately with surprise. She saw fit to insist by speaking directly to Félix.

“Is that true, sir?” You're not hungry, you don't want to eat anything? Are you bothered ? I was obliged to leave it to the “gentleman” to respond himself, under penalty of attracting suspicion from the hostess who had no measure of reality. She might think we had drugged him and were kidnapping him...what do I know? We see so many things these days on planes.

— Thank you, miss... No... It's going very well... I don't need anything, thank you!

To respond, Félix had to raise his head towards his blonde interlocutor. This gesture was enough to slide his silk scarf and reveal the dog collar he wore around his neck with a plaque on which my name and address were engraved. The hostess could not have failed to see it. I had the impression that she was blushing slightly. She gave me a furtive look, half surprised and half questioning, accompanied by a slight apologetic smile and left.

Did she understand? I don't know but, in any case, during the rest of the flight she never insisted again when I refused, in the name of the "gentleman" who accompanied me, all the little attentions she lavished on the passengers. However, I noticed that on several occasions, she was observing us surreptitiously...

Particularly when, as time passed and fatigue began to appear, I decided to settle down more comfortably to take a nap, imitating a large number of people who had already fallen asleep.

I ordered the slave to squeeze his thighs together and, freeing my legs, I placed my thighs unceremoniously on his close knees and leaned my head, very comfortably, against the small exterior rest. Almost immediately Joan imitated me and installed the small cushion given by the hostess, leaning it half against the rest and half against Felix's head. Then she placed her head on the cushion. His legs paralyzed by mine, his head acting as a support for the cushion on which Joan slept, the slave undoubtedly experienced a few hours of painful immobility but he was at least aware that his presence was useful for our comfort since it allowed us to relax in better conditions. He fulfilled his function as a slave.

More than being content with it, he should rejoice in it. I dare to hope that this is what he did. The hostess noticed the scene. If she didn't understand it was because she knew nothing about female domination and SM relationships. If not, I hope it made him melt with pleasure under his stiff uniform.

After two or three hours of rest and sleep, I got up to go to the bathroom to relieve myself and freshen up. When I returned Joan had also woken up. I convinced her to stretch our legs by going to the bar for some refreshments. There again I saw the blonde hostess watching us out of the corner of her eye. No doubt she was surprised that neither of them bothered to find out if our companion needed anything. But was she still at the stage of astonishment with us? Can-

Did she already understand that a slave never has needs other than those decided by his mistress?

Leaving him humbly seated in his seat, we headed towards the bar where we stayed for more than an hour drinking while chatting with two American businessmen who thought they were authorized to court us. As we had nothing better to do, we listened to them with indifferent pleasure while appearing not to understand the overly direct allusions to a possible meeting on American soil. I think they would have been very surprised if they had met us where we were going: at the "Domineering Sex" property.

The charming voice of the hostess finally invited us to return to our seats, to put out our cigarettes and buckle our seat belts.

Los Angeles was there, under our wings!

Chapter IV

The residences of the last suburbs of Los Angeles were fading. We were entering the countryside. Two girls from the cult had come to meet us at the airport and greeted us with shouts of joy and exuberant arm movements. Their outfit contrasted with Joan's strict attire and I admit that I hardly expected this reception. I thought I would discover people with severe masks, dressed in leather, belted and boots. Legend has it that Americans everywhere look like they are.

The legend was contradicted here.

Joan hugged her friends and introduced them to me, one after the other. Carol Ughtmann, the one who had inherited the estate, was an executive secretary in a large industrial firm in the city. She must have been around thirty-five years old, blonde, blue eyes, hair styled like Marilyn Monroe, pink complexion and plump shapes in her short turquoise blue woolen dress.

Her legs were bare and her feet were clad in sandals with small square heels. She assured me that it was an honor for her to receive me but continued, in the same burst of frankness, that she knew nothing about me before Joan telephoned her to announce my arrival. She kissed me with warm effusions as if I were a long-time friend then she quickly slipped away, explaining to me that she had to take the taxi that was waiting for her to return to her work.

So she left us in the care of Cathy, a tall, slim young brunette with long hair, an angelic face betrayed by two brilliant green eyes that seemed to search you to the bottom of your heart.

Cathy, dressed in a t-shirt without a defined color, unless there were several, and jeans frayed to mid-calf, was wearing small white boots with fringes. She introduced herself, to my astonishment, as a lawyer in Los Angeles.

- But, of course, she clarified with irony, I specialize in women's defense issues.

You can believe me, I always get the maximum sentence from the jury for rapists, beaters and machos of all categories. My clients always receive substantial compensation and alimony.

With such eyes, with such a look, I had no doubt that a jury with a male majority would allow itself to betray its own sex to follow the demands of this lawyer whose unacknowledged goal was to degrade and humiliate the man wherever she had the opportunity. His hold on the jury was, in its way, a psychological humiliation.

I ordered Felix to go and collect the luggage and take care of all the customs formalities. Menial task that fell to him. To avoid our wait, and to avoid the arduousness of prolonged standing, the three of us went to a bar in the waiting room to get a little pick-me-up. I admit that I was exhausted. The length of the trip and, above all, the time difference had taken their toll on my strength and vitality. In the present moment I only aspired to one sweet thing: that of slipping into a good bed and sleeping. As impatient as I was to meet "The Domineering Sex" and its leaders, I told myself that it could well wait a few hours.

Felix Gambiani did not delay. There was undoubtedly a major reason for this. Since Orly I had not allowed him any deviation. He had neither eaten nor drunk but, above all, he was forced to have no natural desires. Which wasn't the case at the moment, judging by the clumsy way he walked and held himself.

The weight of the luggage did not excuse everything. Perhaps he imagined, in his little slave's mind, that I was going to allow him to isolate himself for a few minutes. It was very bad knowing me. I had decided that I would check myself that my orders had been scrupulously carried out, so I will check, although I have no doubt about it. But it would have been indecent for me to follow him into the men's toilet at the airport.

His embarrassment being the least of my worries, I left him waiting, near the bar where we were sitting finishing our drinks, with the luggage in hand. He was aware that he had no right to ask them since they were those of his mistresses. Each of my slaves knows my ideas on this subject and it had happened to Connie several times, during a stay in a second-rate hotel, where there was no furniture to put the

suitcases, to have to stay on all fours, from my arrival until my departure from the room, with the suitcases placed on his back, as I am so loath to put them down earth... .

I was sitting in the front seat between Joan and Cathy who was driving a huge car whose brand had escaped me. The luggage had been placed by Félix in the trunk where he had gone to join them on my orders. Its storage, although it took place in the parking lot of the Los Angeles airport, in the middle of a crowd of people, had gone completely unnoticed. At least that was my impression.

As soon as we were in the open countryside, that is to say after an endless number of kilometers, outside the endless suburbs of Los Angeles, I asked Cathy to stop, explaining to her that I was going to make the slave pee. Attention which seemed to surprise her.

So I made Felix come down and ordered him to take off his scarf, his jacket, his pants and his shirt. He had to do it under the eyes of the two American women and soon found himself with his ridiculous undershirt stuffed with sandpaper and his plastic underwear which drew an interested laugh from Cathy. The brunette American felt it, studied it with obvious interest and found it truly brilliant. She asked where I had it made. I revealed to him that I had seen it used, on one of his slaves, by a Dutch dominatrix friend of mine who had had it made by a specialized craftsman. I immediately placed an order for several models. I also explained to him that all the other models closed with padlocks at hip height and that this one had laces to avoid any magnetic detection of metal objects at indiscreet airport screening.

Much to the joy, I suppose, of the slave, Cathy wanted to see it working. I ordered Felix to undo the laces. Cathy pulled the front part of the panties aside herself and couldn't suppress a laugh. It is true that the slave's virility was inglorious since the time she was thus prisoner and crushed. The protruding part of the clothespin had sunk into the tender flesh and left deep marks.

— These briefs are a marvelous invention, commented the American lawyer. First of all, it prevents our sacred female gaze from having to focus on the horror of this masculine monstrosity. Then he prevents these pigs from touching each other and giving each other solitary pleasures when they have not received the order. It also has the advantage of chastity belts for slaves

males with, in addition, the feeling, for them, of the total negation of their sexuality by erasure of their virile organs. Not to mention that the crushing of said organs must give them incessant pain which reminds them, every second, that they are subject to the good pleasure and whims of the women to whom they obey... I think my friends will agree to equip the slaves of the sect with such underwear... Isn't that right Joan?

Joan nodded with a smile. She was also tired and longed for complete rest. Cathy having finished her ecstasy, I ordered Felix to piss, there, in front of us. Judging by what he evacuated I think his bladder must have been bursting at the seams. And, since Cathy liked the underwear, I ordered him to put them back on and close them himself under our control...

The car being particularly wide, I suggested to my companions not to put Felix back in the trunk but to have him lie down on the front seat and use him as a seat. They accepted with pleasure and Cathy placed a few cushions around the slave's head to fill the gaps.

When it was done, she unceremoniously placed the jeans that hugged her buttocks on the servile face and made herself comfortable to drive. I sat next to her, half on the slave's chest, half on her stomach, pressing under me the sandpaper which was going to cut her skin to the rhythm of the shaking of the vehicle and my changes of position. Joan, who had made him cross his feet and legs to close the door, sat on his thighs. We placed our handbags, between the two of us, on the shell of the briefs which plasticized her lower abdomen.

While discussing this and that, we drove for a good two hours before seeing the "girls" ranch appear in front of us, surmounted by an emblem representing a drawing of a vagina, in the shape of a conch, in which were printed the letters "DS", initials of "Domineering Sex".

Understanding my fatigue, Cathy took me directly to the room allocated to me, while Joan returned to hers. Felix brought our suitcases up for both of us and remained at my disposal. However, I didn't wait for him to take off my jacket and my leather pants which kept me horribly hot. I was too exhausted and too sleepy to take care of him or ask him to take care of me. I ordered him to lie down on the bedside rug, as he was, with his shirt on and

his plastic underwear, while I finished getting naked.

I squatted over his face and ordered him to put his mouth between my thighs. In small jerky jets I released, in his throat, the effects of several beers. I would be lying if I said that I felt sorry for the slave, who had neither eaten nor drunk since we left my apartment in Paris, and that I was thinking of the salutary effect that a hot drink would have on him. Such generous considerations did not even occur to me. The reality was simple: I didn't have the courage to look for the toilet and, since I had a sink at my disposal, I used it...

When I woke up, the sun was beginning to peek over the horizon. I stood up, stomped on the carpet slave, and took a quick glance out the window. It took me a few seconds to realize that the sun was not rising but, on the contrary, was starting to set. I was completely disturbed by the time difference. I returned to the bed, stretched, standing on the body of the slave that I had undoubtedly awakened when I got out of bed. I stayed like that for a few moments, caressing my breasts, my stomach, my hips, my sex, my thighs, happy to be naked and to wake up in great shape.

Then I sat on the bed and placed one foot on the slave's mouth who immediately began to lick it.

As I looked around the room, I noticed a small closed door that I had not noticed when I arrived. I assumed it was the bathroom. I removed my feet to free the slave.

— Go run me a bath!

He got up quickly, opened the door and turned towards me, prostrating himself on the ground.

— May mistress forgive me, he said, but there is no bathtub... Not enough to prepare the mistress's bath.

- Approach ! I ordered, angrily.

Crawling on the ground, he came to me. I placed a bare foot between his shoulder blades and, grabbing the riding crop from the bedside table, the only object I had taken from my luggage before falling asleep, I applied it four blows to his buttocks to punish him for not finding a bathtub where I had decided there should be one.

- On the back ! I ordered, tapping the back of his neck with my heel.

He turned around nimbly. I got up and, as I had done when going to bed, I squatted over his mouth to relieve myself. Maybe

that, behind the closed door, there was a toilet. I didn't ask that idiot and I didn't care. Since he was at my disposal, it was worth using him... I was going to serve him a top quality "brunch".

When it was done I went back to bed.

— Find a basin, water, soap and come wash me!

He disappeared for a few minutes and returned with all the desired material which he placed on the floor after kneeling at the edge of the bed. He put towels all around me and, without me making a move to help him, he washed me from head to toe. With delicacy he washed my face, neck, shoulders then wrapped my breasts one after the other with his gloved hand, caressed my stomach and redoubled his attention when he reached the soft hair of my pubis and the mysterious valley of my open vulva.

— Wring the glove in your mouth, dog! I said to him as he was about to do it in the bowl.

He obeyed, swallowing the soapy water and the dirt from the trip that my skin had concealed. Then he soaked the glove again, coated it with soap and scrubbed my thighs, my knees, my legs, my feet. Then he twisted the glove again over his open mouth while I turned onto my stomach so he could clean my back, my kidneys, my buttocks. New pose, new spin.

Finally, the back of my thighs, my hocks and my calves before a final spin... He dried me in a large bath towel and I quickly listed the underwear he had to prepare for me.

He put on my little purple nylon briefs, hooked my bra, buttoned my white blouse and zipped up my red cotton mini-skirt. On my feet he put pumps with tapered heels. I sat astride a chair and he knelt behind me to brush my hair. Finally I got up.

— Take it all away! I said to him, pointing to the undershirt and plastic underwear he had been wearing since leaving Orly.

I suppose the order must have delighted him. The sandpaper from the jersey had irritated his skin to the extreme. His chest and back were perfectly scarlet, the mark of the belt remained imprinted on his skin and his poor masculine attributes were having a hard time coming back to life after being pressed for so long. I tore off the clothespin.

— Remove your dildo!... and suck it!

He performs this last act without any pleasure but, knowing the value

of an order uttered by his mistress, he did not show the slightest hesitation.

— Good!... You have five minutes to go and relieve yourself and refresh yourself if you want it... Come on!

He left without being asked and I took advantage of this time to dispense with the lipstick and a few light touches of eye makeup.

When he returned, I took out the rings and chains for him and placed the rings in the holes that Marilyn and Pamela had pierced in his flesh. One on each nipple, one on the foreskin and a larger one in the nasal septum. I attached a chain to the foreskin ring, slid it through the nipple rings and brought it back and secured it to the foreskin ring.

I hooked the carabiner of the leash to the nose ring and went out, pulling the slave behind me...

The clicking of my heels on the stairs made the heads of the young women standing in the living room look up. Radiant smiles rose towards me. Besides Joan, Carol and Cathy whom I already knew, there were two other girls there whom Carol introduced me to as soon as I joined them.

— This is Jennifer, she said to me, in the last century she would have been a squaw and our scalps would not have been worth much in her hands...

In fact, Jennifer did nothing to hide her origins. She even did everything possible to accentuate them. She wore a magnificent natural-colored suede dress trimmed with multicolored leather fringes. Two long brown braids framed a very pretty face, with a copper complexion and high cheekbones, in which pupils of a surprising emerald green shone.

— But I would like to point out, Jennifer intervened, that my tribe has always practiced, like many other redskin tribes, the matriarchal regime. Don't believe what these debilitating westerns tell you about Indians. The squaws were not those self-effacing and defenseless beings that the whites complacently portrayed in their cinematographic frescoes...

... And, today, Carol interrupted, Jennifer exercises the talents inherited from her ancestors in painting on human skin. She creates the prettiest tattoos you can find in Los Angeles where she has a practice with two young students, one of whom is her cousin. She's a real artist, you know, Marika...

— I didn't doubt it and turned to the second girl Carol told me

presented with the same eloquence.

—And she's Mantanilla! As its name suggests, it is Mexican. Here we all call it Manta, it's simpler.

“Equal parts Mexican and American,” the person corrected. My mother was Mexican but my father was Californian, which explains my presence in this state. However, I recognize myself much more in my mother, therefore in Mexican.

— I must tell you that Manta has a grudge against men. She completely hates it, Carol said.

I thought that a lot of them – free men, that is – must regret it. Manta was a tall, beautifully built girl, with a thin waist but a provocative chest under her wide-cut bodice, and generous hips under her pleated skirt. She had a dark complexion, a strong chin, dark brown eyes under long eyelashes and a cascade of brown hair that flowed in curls over her shoulders and down her back. Although the stiletto heels of her pumps were lower than the impressive ones of Jennifer's tan leather boots, she was a good head taller than the Indian woman.

— Manta started out as an art critic in a medium-circulation women's magazine, Joan intervened, but his qualities in this field were such that several major dailies and magazines opened their specialized columns to him. Today she is widely listened to and, even more, feared in the world of the arts. She owns a painting gallery where she exhibits the works of women painters. She systematically refuses male works.

“Now you know almost everyone,” Carol concluded. All that's missing is Hadya... Here, she's almost the ghost girl. You never know what time she comes home. She is a doctor of surgery in a private clinic in Los Angeles and her clients have the unpleasant habit of never being able to wait until the next day to benefit from her good offices... This is the reason why we have adopted the good habit of never never wait for him to dine... As I suppose you and Joan must be hungry, I suggest you come to the table without further preamble.

With its antique furniture, reminiscent of the ranches of the United States as shown in engravings and period reconstructions, the dining room was a comfortable room, paneled and covered with heavy drapes.

A long wooden table sat in the middle surrounded by seven chairs whose high carved backs immediately attracted my attention. But, quickly, my eye was caught by another much more unusual detail concerning these chairs. Under the seat of each of them, a man was kneeling, his torso bent back. Of the head, all that appeared under the seat was the back of the skull housed in an iron trigger guard. The rest of the head disappeared inside the seat.

— Take a seat, Marika, take a seat! Carol invited me, pointing to the place of honor, at one end of the table.

I approached and could see that the seat of the chairs, cushion and wooden base, had been pierced in the middle and that the slave's head was embedded in this hole, his face showing a difference in height of about ten centimeters. compared to the flat surface of the thick leather cushion. Due to the strongly bent back position of the slave's torso, his spread knees were a good twenty centimeters further forward than the legs of the chair. A wooden tablet, covered with a leather pad, was placed on the knees and held to the legs by an iron rod which passed under the folded hocks. Finally the slave held his arms spread and raised on each side of the chair. One hand gripped the handle riveted to the bottom of an aluminum container and acted as an ashtray and table trash can. The other hand held an identical container, filled with water, in which slices of lemon were bathed, serving as an individual finger rinse.

I positioned myself over the seat and, without haste, sat down. The leather cushion sank beneath me until I felt my bottom come into contact with the slave's servile face. I also felt the reliefs of flesh on my face being crushed under my buttocks and the seat became perfectly smooth and compact under me. I placed my shoes on the wooden shelf and leaned back against the back of the chair, also padded with a leather cushion. I was perfectly seated and there was something particularly relaxing about the position on this chair.

— You have magnificent furniture there, I said, and I would add that the chairs are particularly pleasant.

— This dining room belonged to my maternal grandparents who owned a hacienda in Mexico. It was given to my mother when she got married, but my father, this boor, preferred modern furniture.

So he put it back in a shed. When we moved here, I

claimed. Of course the leathers were more than damaged. They had to be redone, which made it possible to put in thicker, more comfortable and more... functional cushions, Mantanilla explained to me with a gracious smile.

Very observant in this area, I noticed, when the girls were seated, that Carol and Jennifer, like me, had smoothed their dresses under their buttocks so as not to wrinkle them when sitting down. Mantanilla, on the contrary, had lifted her pleated skirt and sat bare-fleshed on the seat and on her slave's face. Which, instead of being separated from the dominating buttocks by the veil of a more or less thick fabric, had to mold itself into the warm and fragrant flesh of the Mexican from which only the small piece of nylon of a pair of briefs separated it, in assuming she wore one. For Joan and Cathy the problem did not arise, both wearing pants.

I could easily imagine the surprise that Mantanilla's Mexican ancestors would have had if they had seen their dining room chairs thus equipped and I thought, with a slight smile, that the slave who "sat" under the fiery and sculptural art critic had not had the easiest part. Her face must have been truly flattened under the weight and size of this magnificent girl. And this made me remember a young dominatrix to whom I was teaching her art a few months ago. While I had made him sit on Connie's face, in the middle of a group of cushions, I suddenly saw her get up in horror and cry out: - My God, he's not moving! He must have choked to death!

I had a good laugh because I don't remember a single dominatrix who suffocated her slave by sitting on him. With his face crushed under his buttocks, he breathes with difficulty, that's for sure, but it's never completely airtight. And, if the nose is truly completely crushed and closed, it can still open its mouth and suck in a few breaths of air here and there, necessary for its survival without the need to cry out, like this baroness of a "Gay story for sadomasochists", who telephones, completely distraught, to her doctor and says:

"—Doctor, doctor... I am sitting on my slave's face. He is suffocating. Come quickly doctor, we need to give him a tracheotomy, otherwise he will die! »

Carol, Cathy and Jennifer sat to my right, Joan and Mantanilla to my left. Between them, one seat remained free. The one that was intended for Hadya, the only girl in the sect that I didn't know yet. Carol banged Daris

his hands. Immediately, as if born by the wave of a magic wand, two men appeared in the room and came to kneel on either side of my chair. One carried an assortment of aperitif bottles, the other a vast sampling of American tastes in savory cakes and small canapes, stuffed with everything imaginable in the culinary inconceivable. I hesitated for quite a long time to decide to allow myself to observe these slaves who were the followers of "The Domineering Sex".

They were wearing feminine shoes with stiletto heels, wearing nylon stockings held up by particularly seductive garter belts. I assumed that Carol and her friends dressed them up like this out of derision and to make them suffer from this particularly unpleasant and restrictive harness to wear. Derision and revenge as well as these feminine lace briefs which covered an antique installation of periodic napkins used by our grandmothers. If the faces were outrageously made up and made up, the rest of the body was naked and, what caught my attention in the first place, was, first of all, this inscription tattooed on the chest, from one shoulder to the other: "Male under the women's boot", and, below, extending across the chest and stomach, a red tattooed number, large enough to be visible from a distance. The one carrying the aperitifs had the number 14 and the other the number 6.

- You admire the tattoos, said Jennifer, it's my work, of course. Each new slave who joins the sect receives the profession of faith which will become his only reason for living and the number he bears will forever designate him as material placed at our disposal.

On the slaves' chins, I noticed the sign which adorned the entrance to the estate: the drawing of a vagina marked with the letters DS. This sign was not tattooed but printed with a hot iron. Indelible proof that the subject who wore it belonged to the community of girls and that it was impossible for him to ever leave it.

During the aperitif, during the meal served and served, course after course, by the two slaves who knelt on either side of the chairs of each of us, the conversation turned to female domination in Europe, in general. On my personal methods of domination and, finally, on the rules of "The Domineering Sex". The blonde Carol gave me a fairly detailed presentation which was interspersed with various interventions from the other girls but which I believe I can relate here in one piece.

“ —Joan has certainly explained to you the causes which led us to found this sect. So I won't come back to it. Please note, however, that some of us have known each other since childhood, others since university, others more recently. Originally, only Joan practiced domination. She had enslaved the man she lived with and a suitor who had dropped out of university to serve her.

These were our first acquisitions. They are therefore quite logically marked with the numbers 1 and 2 respectively. The others were marked as they were integrated into the sect. When they were incorporated, the strict conditions of which Joan indicated to you, a file was opened for each of them. Not with their name since they no longer have one, but with their number. On this sheet all their skills for carrying out manual and physical work were mentioned. At the beginning everyone was employed according to their references to carry out major renovation work on the estate, almost all of the buildings, it must be said, were falling into ruin, the land was fallow, everything had to be done or redone ... »

Carol spoke with all the seriousness of a CEO perfectly aware of his social success. Owner, with her five associates, of a herd of slaves who had brought this abandoned estate back to life, she did not hide her satisfaction. A certain pride could be seen in her large blue eyes as she tossed back her blond curls and dipped the tips of her fingers, with a careless gesture, in the fingerwash that the slave's hand, on which she sat, held up towards her. Keeping one foot placed on the small shelf reserved for this purpose, I crossed my legs and this simple gesture was enough to make me feel that the face of my seat slave was being crushed even more under my buttocks...

« — ...Today, continued Carol while continuing to eat, the facts of the problem have evolved somewhat. Of course there is still a lot to do but the major works, which required special skills, have been completed or are in the process of being completed. Also, for six months, we have established strict rules. Every week, on Sunday morning, we hold a draw valid until the following Sunday. Each of us draws the number of a slave who will belong to her and will be at her exclusive disposal twenty-four hours a day. These are the slaves who are currently serving as our headquarters! We took the liberty of pulling one out for you this week. For information you have number 2... ”

I immediately made the connection and understood that I had, under my buttocks, the university graduate who had sacrificed his freedom for Joan's beautiful black eyes. I glanced at him. The mixed race woman, who was chatting with Cathy, hadn't even paid attention.

« — ...Then, Carol continued, we draw three numbers. For the week the three designated slaves are responsible for household chores, cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, etc. Two of them serve us in the evening, the third takes care of the kitchen... All the others are assigned to the big jobs for which we have drawn up the schedule for the week: masonry, carpentry, scrap metal, cultivation, etc. We ensure that everyone is placed where their abilities are most obvious... Up at six o'clock, toilet and breakfast, work at six thirty. From 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., rest and snack, work from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. then dinner. At 8:30 p.m. all the slaves are locked in their rooms with the exception of those who serve us... »

The life of the slaves of the sect seemed very good to me indeed. set. However, I asked Carol a question: - Since

all six of you work in Los Angeles, what does your personal slave do all this time?

— All six of us work but it is necessary that one of us is always here. So we arranged to each have our weekly day of rest, in addition to Sunday, on a different day of the week. Jennifer is here on Monday, Manta on Tuesday, Cathy on Wednesday, Hadya on Thursday, Joan on Friday and me on Saturday. On Sunday we are all present. The one who is present keeps her slave available that day. The other days, he works with the others and puts himself under the rule of his mistress as soon as she arrives. There is nothing more simple !

Nothing could be simpler indeed. I imagined it must have been a pretty difficult week for the designated slaves. After a day of work, they did not, like their companions, have a forced rest at 8:30 p.m. but had to comply with the demands of the mistress to whom they belonged. So, this evening, with the exception of the one who served Cathy, all the others, before being bent under our seats, had had a tiring day. I stirred mine to show him that I sympathized with his endurance...

Chapter V

Held at the clinic where she worked, I had not met Hadya that evening. After the meal, Carol and her friends showed me around the building that served as their home. Besides the living room and dining room, there was a beautiful kitchen and each of the girls had a bedroom identical to mine. On the ground floor, I was amazed by a large bathtub, carved out of stone and tiled with earthenware, such as we see in certain reconstructions of Roman Antiquity. All the girls could immerse themselves in this gigantic basin together without disturbing each other. Next to it, a bathroom with three sinks and two toilets.

I was a little surprised by this collectivism but didn't let it show.

We returned to the living room to taste an excellent French champagne that Mantanilla was happy to offer us. Our personal slaves were respectively lying on their backs in front of the armchairs and sofas.

All of them still had scarlet faces from having been crushed, for several hours, under their mistress's buttocks and some still bore, imprinted on their foreheads or cheeks, the mark of a crease left by a skirt or pants.

Each girl, spotting the number of the slave that fate had assigned to her, climbed on it as if it were a simple carpet and sat down in the chair thus designated for her. Heels and soles sank into the soft flesh of the belly and legs crossed for the most part. We began to discuss this and that while the three household slaves were busy, on their knees, serving us champagne.

Felix, who, throughout the meal, had remained humbly behind my chair, and whom I had dragged on a leash by his nose ring during the tour of the main building, became the center of the debate. The girls who, until then, had not even glanced at him, were ecstatic about the rings he was wearing and were satisfied to learn that he owed them to two of their fellow citizens.

— Cathy told us that you had, for him, a pair of plastic briefs that were very becoming and very pleasing to the eyes of the mistresses, said Manta. I think that

In the future, we would have to make him wear it... without removing the rings, of course.

- But, my dear, he will be delighted to give you this pleasure, I replied, knowing that my slave must have felt a pang in his heart upon hearing this, because the underwear was real torture for him. But he did not flinch because he knew that a mistress's whim is a law that a slave cannot transgress.

It was there that I told Felix the reasons for his stay here and the work he should do. To thank these ladies for the honor they did him, he had to prostrate himself before each of them to kiss their feet.

- Well, I said in conclusion, the best would be for this slave to be placed with the others in the room that you reserve for them. For me, I will settle for the dog that will belong to me according to the draws.

Joan immediately called out to the slave who was within reach:

- Take him with the others, find him a pallet and settle him down!

Shortly after we wished each other good evening and each girl returned to his room with his slave. I took number 2.

Under the yoke of these six young women, the slaves of "Domineering Sex" had received teaching and undergone training as perfect as that which I provided myself. He undressed me with great skill, kissing each item of clothing he took off with devotion and putting them away carefully after dressing me in my nightie. With infinite precaution he took off my pumps, put me on my high-heeled apartment mules and, still kneeling, without having received the order, he cleaned, with smooth strokes of his tongue, the leather and the soles. shoes that he had taken off from me, lingering to suck the heels well to rid them of dust and anything that might have stained them. I left him to do his work and headed towards the small bathroom. Felix had arranged all my toiletries so that I didn't have to look for anything.

— Slave!...Here! I ordered without straining my voice. In a few seconds he was behind me, on his knees, his head lowered to the level of my hocks. I motioned for him to move next to me, near the sink. I took my toothbrush.

Definitely well trained, he immediately understood what I expected of him. He threw his head back and opened his mouth wide. I brushed and rinsed my teeth for a long time, regularly spitting the stale water into the offered throat, without worrying about the splashes that dotted the slave's face.

Before going to bed, I abandoned myself to the care of Number 2 who

removed my makeup and applied an anti-wrinkle night cream to my face while massaging my skin with an expert and gentle hand. He rushed to open the sheets in front of me and remained on his knees, silent, his head bowed.

Usually my slaves lie down so that I can trample them before going to bed. He doesn't. He remained inactive. I understood that it was at this moment that the ritual with his different mistresses diverged. Some, no doubt, brought him under their sheets and pushed him at their feet at the bottom of the bed, others left him on the bedside, others used him to obtain a particular pleasure, licking everything or part of their body, cunnilingus or "rose leaf". There were perhaps some who used him as a sexual object and practiced coitus with him where only they took their pleasure before throwing him out of their bed and out of their sight, like a common human dildo that he was.

This evening I didn't want any special treats. I had already had a share of pleasure during the meal, sitting on this slave's face. I looked at him with a slight smile of contempt:

— In position, slave, I want to piss!

Immediately, he arched back, his arms placed on the ground, his head thrown back, his mouth open. I only had to straddle him and, spreading my thighs, place my vaginal flower on his lips, from which flowed the warm dew from which he drank, in small jerky jets which I released to him to avoid to stain the carpet by filling his mouth too quickly. With a tongue as soft as a caress, he licked the last drops remaining suspended in my brown fleece.

- Layer ! I ordered.

He lay down on the bedside rug but, while doing this, he picked up, in passing, the little nylon briefs that he had taken off from me a few minutes earlier and covered his face with them, taking care to Apply the starched strip of my secretions to his nose and mouth. I climbed on top of him, left my high-heeled mules on his chest and lay down...

When I woke up in the morning, Number 2 hadn't moved. My mules were still on his chest, where I had left them, and my underwear was still clinging to his face. As a perfect slave, he had taken care to be awake before me.

- I'm hungry !

Quickly, but taking all necessary precautions to

putting my mules on the floor, he got up and pressed the electric button for a buzzer on the side of my bedside table. Then he came and prepared cushions behind my back to make me comfortable. He had barely finished when there was a knock at the door. Probably one of the household slaves who had done so diligently to satisfy me? Number 2 rushed, opened the door and returned with the tray which he presented to me on his knees. He had kept my underwear on his face. It didn't look so bad on him. I decided to leave it with him until I finished lunch.

In addition to coffee and milk, the tray was particularly well stocked: eggs and bacon, small grilled sausages, oatmeal, orange and grapefruit juice... I would have had a lot of difficulty swallowing all of that. I nevertheless tasted everything, spitting out what was not likely to please me and swallowing everything that seemed likely to satisfy a French woman when she got out of bed. My morning feast lasted more than half an hour. When I had finished, I stretched and, turning to the slave, ordered:

— Take my divine underwear off your pig face and eat everything that's left on this tray!

He obeyed, took the tray, placed it on the bedside and, squatting in front of it, without using his hands, he swallowed what was left, what I had spat out, licked each plate and drank, one after the other, the orange juice which I had not touched, the rest of the grapefruit juice and the rest of the coffee with milk... In the schedules that Carol had listed for me there had been no question of meal times for the personal slaves, I therefore deduced that these were a function of the circumstances and the mood of the mistress just as the menu must vary according to the importance of the leftovers. Number 2 had nothing to complain about, I hadn't yet become Americanized in this area.

After getting up I took, in his expert hands, the opposite path to the one I had followed to go to bed and I found myself dressed in a flowered bodice, khaki canvas pants and my boots. red leather, made up and combed, ready to get to know "The Domineering Sex" better.

As I went down the stairs, followed by number 2, I saw a woman in the living room that I didn't know. She sat in an armchair, leafing through magazines and smoking, shaking her ashes into the open hands that a kneeling slave held out towards her.

When I arrived, she raised her head with short aggressive platinum blonde hair, put down her magazine, crushed her cigarette butt in the offered hands

and stood up to welcome me. Immediately I saw the slave, who was emptying his hands into an ashtray placed not far from him, before following his mistress on her knees.

—Marika! she said. I am Hadya, the only one who is still unknown to you.

We shook hands. Her slave had stopped behind her, his chest bent at the height of his hocks. Without seeing him I guessed that Number 2 had taken the same position behind me. Hadya and I talked for a few minutes. She was undoubtedly the oldest of the six girls in the sect. She carried her well into her forties with authority. With an energetic face, steel-gray eyes, dark skin, she had the characteristics of a girl of Slavic origin. Although she was tall, I judged her to be slightly smaller in size than Mantanilla, whose rounded chest and buttocks she had. On the other hand, she was far from possessing the astonishing thin waist of the Mexican brunette.

Hadya knew everything about me, she briefly explained to me what I didn't know about her and, as it was only the two of us at the ranch, she invited me to visit the outdoor courtyard and the other premises. I went out with her, our two slaves following behind.

In the middle of an immense courtyard a magnificent swimming pool, with diving boards, had been built. A few leafy trees surrounded this swimming pool on the edge of a sort of artificial sandy beach where deck chairs, coffee tables, armchairs and floating cushions were placed.

Hadya took me to the edge of this impressive swimming pool.

— We all really wanted that. An old dream of little girls which had germinated in the minds of each of us... Thanks to the work of slaves our dream was able to come true... It was the last major work on the estate!

From the swimming pool she led me towards a wooden building which looked like an ordinary stable. She pushed the door open. The building contained only one large room. Mattresses were lying on the ground, one next to the other, under numbers painted on the whitewashed wall. On each of the pallets a rough woolen blanket of the military type was carefully folded at the foot. At the head, a nasty straw bolster on which was placed an iron collar connected to a strong chain sealed in the wall at the base of the numbers. At a quick glance I noticed that numbers 8 and 15 had been erased and that there was no bench underneath. I

I remembered what Joan told me in Paris: “ *We only have twenty-three left because two of them rebelled and we had to get rid of them!*” » I didn't know how and was careful not to ask questions about it, but I suspected that they must not have been released. They knew too much about what was happening at "Domineering Sex" and where could they have gone with their chins branded with a drawing of a vagina and the initials DS?... I also saw, after the number 25, a pallet with no number on it but on the bolster of which rested an iron collar at the end of a chain. That we took the initiative of chaining Felix by the neck for the night pleased me very much. I laughed inwardly when I thought of what my slave must have looked like, used to serving and spending nights – sometimes very difficult and very uncomfortable – in women's rooms, when he understood that he would spend all his nights at the ranch. in this dormitory of male slaves. Rise and fall of slavery. But this slight constraint was nothing compared to the relief he must have felt when he realized that I wasn't handing him over to a group of "Black Amazons."

However, what surprised me the most was to see, on the floor, next to each bench, books and magazines. Some of them even had glasses on them. Hadya noticed my astonishment.

— At 8:30 p.m. all the slaves are chained by the neck to their litter but the light, controlled from our building, is not turned off until 10 p.m.... We give them an hour and a half of leisure time during which they can read. Of course the only books and the only real magazines that are authorized deal exclusively with female domination.

This is why we are building an international library on this theme... This is also why you are here with all of your work and your slave translator... Some slaves also have a taste for writing . We give them paper and pens. All their stories are, of course, linked to the enslavement of the male by the female. Some are excellent. We will give you copies, you can judge!...

This intelligently used leisure time is excellent for the morale of the slaves and their work performance is affected... We will go even further in this area. Next week we will install a video recorder here for them and, every Sunday evening, they will be able to watch a cassette film dedicated to the dominating woman...

We were standing in the middle of the dormitory. Our two slaves, like

at each of our stops, they knelt behind us and waited, their chests bent, their heads at the level of our hocks. I concluded that this was the holding position in force in "Domineering Sex". I found the idea of books, magazines and the video recorder very interesting for those, like these girls, who had such a well-stocked "stable". The slaves retained the means of making their minds function for healthy leisure since this leisure was conditioned on the only theme which interested them, the only one which they had to know and study. Their life, under the authority of Carol and her friends, their readings, their writings and, soon, the images they would see, everything combined to persuade them that, apart from the power of woman, nothing existed 'other.

Imbued with this constantly renewed image of the dominating woman, they would gradually lose all sense of external realities and this prison and marginal world in which they lived would soon become the world for them!
Universal and traditional.

This method of intensive propaganda and brainwashing could only bear fruit, I was sure, especially since the specimens to whom it was applied were already fanatics of female supremacy.

We left the slave dormitory. Hadya pointed out another wooden building, not far from it.

— There, it's of no interest for the moment... It's our pet store... we have two horses, a few pigs, chickens, rabbits, ducks.

Each week a slave is designated to take care of them, from among those who remain after the personal slaves and household slaves are drawn... On the right is the "Chapel" of "Domineering Sex". I won't tell you anything about it today. It is used for celebrating our holidays. Better to keep the surprise for yourself. One of the rooms in this chapel is dedicated to the library. This is where your slave has been locked up to begin his translation work.

The building she pointed out to me was made of red bricks that had not yet been plastered. Proof that it must have been entirely built by the slaves of the ranch who would complete it and make some improvements when all the urgent work was completed.

Following Hadya, and always preceding our two personal slaves, I went around the "Chapel" and saw a sort of vast greenhouse under which swarmed a good half-dozen slaves working with

relentlessness.

— This, Hadya told me, is Mantanilla and Jennifer's idea: a winter garden! A giant greenhouse in which they want to grow a bunch of flowers and plants in cement planters that you see here and there...

While talking we arrived at the entrance to the greenhouse. As soon as they saw us, the slaves, four or five meters from us, stopped their work and flattened themselves on the ground, face down. They only got up after we had passed and resumed their work. I noticed that there were some relatively young and others much older. Two or three had white hair and a few others were graying at the temples. Which, moreover, was the case of slave No. 23, assigned to Hadya.

- In this greenhouse, continued my companion, we will install a winter lounge where we can come and relax whenever we want. And sunbathe on sunny winter days. The temperature there will always be exquisite thanks to the flowers being too fragile to withstand temperatures that are too harsh. Although here we hardly know the cold.

Behind the greenhouse, further down, stretched the orchards, vegetable gardens and meadows of the estate in which four slaves could be seen working tirelessly.

Chapter VI

My vacation was organized at the ranch of Carol and her friendly friends. The days I stayed at the estate, I had at my disposal the swimming pool, the bathtub and a tennis court which had been built, outside the domestic complex, in a pleasant park which adjoined the orchard.

Jennifer, Carol and Cathy excelled at this sport and often gave me the answer. Jennifer and Mantanilla had perfected my horsemanship, and with them I took long walks off the grounds, our personal slaves ran behind the horses to the confines of the ranch. There we tied them to a tree because they were forbidden to cross the boundaries of "Domineering Sex".

I helped Joan put her library in order and discovered American works on sadomasochism, particularly convincing and instructive, which I had never known existed. It was with her and with Cathy that I sometimes took the road to Los Angeles to visit this gigantic city and make some purchases. Since the numbered slave allocated to me each Sunday, by drawing lots, was not "sortable" and I really disliked going out without a docile servant attached to my steps, I demanded that Felix take me out. accompanies me when I travel around town. I never saw him outside of these outings but Joan told me that he worked a lot and very well and that he translated the text of

mes romans.

It was Cathy who had a rather pleasant idea of entertainment about him. Through her profession as a lawyer, she had had many opportunities to defend prostitutes against society, against unscrupulous clients or even against their overly demanding pimps. Many of these girls had become his friends and two of the slaves on the ranch had been recruited thanks to one of them, a certain Janique who, having had them as clients on several occasions, had made them talk and had realized that their secret dreams led them to aspire to the lifestyle practiced in "Domineering Sex".

It was to this Janique and her companions that Cathy proposed to offer us a unique spectacle of which we would be spectators but of which Félix would be the involuntary and unwitting actor. Like all dominatrixes worthy of the name, I believe I get intense pleasure from entrusting my own slave to foreign hands and just watching. Participating is one thing and a significant source of enjoyment, but seeing is another. Two different ways of achieving the same goal and provoking our divine pleasure as a woman. The only result that matters. If it exists, male pleasure is similar to the rut of the beast. Without refinement, without poetry, without deep psychic relationships, it is only motivated by the most primitive of instincts. Feminine pleasure is the only one that is true and deserves attention. This is the reason why the dominatrix only takes care of herself and only uses the male as a means of climaxing, rightly considering him as an insensible object. A single drop of female sperm is more important than a man's life. The true balance of the human race will only exist the day when the destiny and usefulness of man are complete servitude to women. When they will be, for the woman-queen, only objects, submissive and servile beings, devoted zombies who obey the finger and the eye and are used for anything and everything.

To dominate, to enslave, to humiliate the male placed in our power, our organs vibrate deliciously and provide us with absolute orgasm. Our nostrils flutter, our lips part, our breath heats up, our breasts rise and harden, our stomach tenses, our thighs tense, our calves lengthen and our sap flows... flows down the tortured face of the slave honored to be covered with it. Uniquely created to submit to our whims, to comply with our demands and to bring us to ecstasy, the male belongs to us, nothing must stop us, nothing can make us retreat...

Cathy had everything prepared. Followed by Félix we wandered through the hot streets of Los Angeles, like innocent and attentive strollers, stopping in front of the windows of shops specializing in the sale of SM items.

We passed two girls. One was a solid brunette with hard eyes backed by thick circles of black pencil. Her mauve-colored lipstick accentuated the downward curve of her thick-lipped mouth. She was fitted into a dark blue jersey dress that left her thighs visible a few inches from the crotch. She had long

muscular, tanned legs and her feet were shod in thin sandals with very tapered heels. His companion was blonde as wheat, smaller, younger too. His dark blue eyes were absolutely exceptionally hard. Her thin lips curled when she smiled and revealed a thin row of pearly teeth. Less opulent than the brunette, she was dressed in a red silk dress slit up to the hips on the sides and her small breasts peeked out from under the fabric. She also wore shoes with high, pointed heels.

The moment Félix passed in front of them, we heard screaming. I turned around. The brunette had grabbed his hair and was throwing his head back.

— But it's him, Janique! You don't recognize him?

— The blonde came and stood in front of Félix who was petrified and did not dare to make a move.

— Well, you're right!... How we meet again, big guy! she added twisting the slave's nose.

— Cathy intervened, approached the two girls and asked: — What's going on, ladies? What do you want from this man? It belongs to my friend and, if you have failed in anything, he will be punished handsomely, you can believe me.

- It belongs to you ? said the brunette, letting go of Félix, pale with fear, a pretty coconut indeed!

— He came here a few months ago, explained the blonde Janique, he mounted us both and, after releasing his mash, he got away without spitting out the sorrel.

— A guy like that is disgusting! supported the brunette.

The scenario was perfectly set. Cathy turned to Felix.

— Is it true, dog, what these ladies say?

— Terrified, Félix looked at Cathy, then at me. He didn't understand anything and had to wonder if he was dreaming.

— But no, Mistress... it's not me... it's impossible... I'll tell you swear! he said to me pleadingly.

Attracted by the screams, onlookers approached and were petrified by the conversation they heard. Other girls also arrived and asked their "colleagues" if they needed a hand. When the latter refused, they left without insisting. Two cops appeared at the end of the street. The brunette saw them and immediately invited Cathy with a wave of her hand.

— Come in, ladies, we are going to discuss this matter! she says.

Cathy and I followed the two prostitutes, pushing Felix in front of us. The two girls took us into a room where a third girl was waiting for us. She was a very young Asian woman. She couldn't have been more than twenty years old. Her long black hair fell like a rigid wall over her girl scout bust with imperceptible small breasts. A short black leather skirt covered the tops of her thighs and high thigh-high boots covered her legs well above the knee. In her thin, nervous hand she held a red leather riding crop.

"This is Ann-Tien," Janique said simply, pointing to the young girl.

Then she invited us to sit in the deep armchairs of this particular living room but Cathy was talking with the dark-haired girl, holding Felix by the lapel of his jacket. I sat and waited. Finally Cathy let her companion lead Félix and she came and sat next to me.

"I have just resolved the fate of this monster," she said with a smile.

Janique served us some refreshments with knowing and full smiles then, followed by Ann-Tien, she left the room where we were installed. On the way out, the young Asian turned off the light. It was then that I realized that the wall mirror facing us was two-way and that we were taking in, as if on a screen, the decor of the neighboring room.

We saw the dark-haired girl forcing Felix to undress in front of her.

She was ecstatic and fiddled, with obvious pleasure, with the rings he wore on his nipples and foreskin and the chains that connected them together. I deliberately removed his plastic underwear to allow the girls to use him as they wished. After enjoying her outfit and giving him a few jokes, the brunette ordered him to slip under the sofa bed which was used for the antics of passing customers. Then she picked up her clothes, rolled them into a ball and threw them in the back of a closet. Through an intercom system we could follow the noises and conversations in the room.

The brunette prostitute left the room and we remained without the spectacle for several minutes. We took the opportunity to quench our thirst and smoke a cigarette...

Finally the door opened and the brunette reappeared, preceding a man in a gray suit, his forehead receding. The girl's first gesture was to hold out her

hand. The stranger left a few notes there which disappeared into a handbag.

- What's your name ? the man asked him stupidly.

“Call me darling, that'll be enough,” the girl retorted.

Methodically, she slipped off her dress and her panties and ran a wet sponge between her legs two or three times, just to prove to the client that he was going to pay for a very clean pussy. During this time he had taken off his jacket and unbuttoned his pants. He appeared in the most grotesque attire, in shirt, underpants and socks. — It will go like that! said the brunette, lying down on the couch, legs apart.

The man took off his underwear, lifted the tails of his shirt and lay down on the girl's inert and indifferent body. His hands placed themselves on the swollen breasts and kneaded them, his mouth sought the lips of the girl who did nothing to avoid him and I guessed that the man's dick, a common model, had sunk into the woman's vagina. whose face showed no pleasure.

Cathy and I laughed heartily watching the gentleman's pointy buttocks rising at a regular pace. His hairy calves tensed, his neck veins protruded and his face grew purple as he swam in full pleasure, a solitary navigator in loving transport. At the moment of orgasm the shot was worth its weight in laughter. The man remained suspended, petrified in the effort, his toes curled up, his buttocks stuck, his eyes closed, his mouth open and his hands clenched on the girl's sweaty shoulders... And he fell back like a dislocated puppet on the flesh that he had given himself the illusion of possessing. The brunette didn't give him time to recover. She pushed him away and pulled away.

— Get dressed quickly!... The time has passed!

The man complied while the girl repaired, in front of the mirror, her makeup which had been messed up for a moment. Quickly ready, the “visitor” let out a “bye bye” and left the room. I imagined him heading towards some bourgeois apartment where a naive regular would receive, with pity, this hero, exhausted after a hard day's work. Barely had he gone out when the girl turned around and shouted:

“Come on, get out from under there!”

Felix emerged and knelt down. The girl stood in front of him, legs apart.

- Come on, lick that and make everything clean!

Without the slightest apparent reluctance, the slave began to lick the prostitute's sex, cleaning the lips, the vagina and the hairs that the stranger's sperm had soiled. The girl gave in, eyeing Felix with disdain, her mouth twisted into a sneer of contempt. To make sure that the slave tongue had cleaned her thoroughly, she ran her fingers over her wet, hairy slit and wiped them on the slave's face.

— Come on, now lie down in the doghouse! she said, hitting him in the ribs with the toe of his shoe.

She put her dress back on and went back down to the sidewalk.

Our wait was quite long but as Cathy and I had started to caress each other, the intermission was very pleasant.

It was Ann-Tien, the young Asian, who appeared in the doorway. A little skinny man, in his poorly cut brown suit, followed her. Glasses sat on his hooked nose, his back was hunched, his face wrinkled and unshaven. He looked about fifty, which he probably didn't have. As she entered, Ann-Tien had taken her riding crop from a shelf.

The agreement with the client must have been made downstairs because, as soon as the financial question was

settled, she ordered: - Take off your clothes, old bastard!

She herself remained dressed, cracking her riding crop on her high black leather boots. When the man was naked, Ann-Tien grabbed his pathetic advantages in her thin hand that remained free and burst

out laughing: - What?... Would you like me to make that hard?

"Please, Mistress," the client humbly replied, lowering the head, respecting our conventions, I believe that...

Ann-Tien shook her head skeptically.

— Possible!... We'll always try!

She walked over to the couch and kicked under it.

— Come on, vermin... get out of there!

For the second time Felix appeared.

With an expert hand, she managed, more quickly than I would have expected, to rid Felix of the ring which infibulated his foreskin. But a quick glance was enough for him to admit that the wrinkled skin of the skeletal client did not have an aphrodisiac power on the slave and that his few kicks with his boots had not been enough to give, to Félix's member, the vigor necessary for such an operation. She smiles and, putting one foot forward

the floor, she ordered: - First,
lick that boot, dog!

Felix rushed, prostrated himself, flattened himself on the ground and his mouth crushed on the dusty leather of the wader boot. He licked fervently the top of the foot and the tapered heel. When Ann-Tien lifted him up with a kick to the chin, he displayed a blossoming and firm virility.

He threw himself on the weakling and his mandrel of flesh penetrated between the wrinkled buttocks. The man jumped and took a step forward. Ann-Tien sat down on the couch. With her legs crossed, leaning on one elbow, she contemplated, amused, the comical spectacle of these two naked men who were sodomizing each other in front of her.

Little by little, the customer's charm took on consistency and made some effort to stand up. Seeing this, Ann-Tien entered the scene, stood up and stood, legs apart in front of the two second-hand "gays", she raised her whip and brought it down on their stuck sides, shouting:

— Come on, scum, fuck each other like the two dogs you are! Fuck you and scream!...I want to hear you scream!

His blows hit the client and the slave in turn. I guessed that at this contact, the slave's flesh member became concrete in the foundation of this "pain to enjoy" which turned gray but did not take long to offer a penis finally presentable to the young Asian who, letting go his riding crop, threw himself on his knees in front of the capricious penis and devoured it with passion. She bit him, sucked him, spat him out to swallow him again and finally managed to extract a jet of sperm from him which the man ejaculated with a comical spasm. With a snap of her fingers she ordered Felix to come near her. She got up and Felix knelt down. She spat into his mouth what the man had put in hers, then rinsed her mouth with her own saliva and spat again.

What he had lost on one side, the client must have regained on the other if I judged by the softened and oozing penis that the slave had removed from his anus.

The customer left. Ann-Tien, with an imperious index finger, gestured to Félix to return to his place under the couch. She put away her whip and went out too.

The blonde Janique was probably waiting at the door because she entered almost immediately. She was alone. She slid her dress down her body, stepped over it, unhooked her bra and, passing a finger between the nylon and the

skin, she pulled down her little panties, exposing the fleshy parts of her graceful person.

— Get out from under there, slave! she shouted.

For the third time, Felix emerged from his forced hiding place. Janique plunged her cold eyes into the fleeting eyes of the slave and, smiling, said to her:

— Usually, it's men who pay me to make love, today, it's me who's going to pay a man and make love to him! lie down on the couch!

Felix obeys. The girl went to the wardrobe, opened it and took out a belt with a black dildo hanging from it. She buckled the belt around her waist, slid the fictitious member over her hip and literally threw herself on the slave's offered body. She straddled his stomach and chest and came to squat above his face, crushing his penis on his mouth, the tongue of which immediately went into action.

— Pet me, dog! Janique ordered.

He raised his arms, stretched them out in front of him, closing his hands on the small hard breasts which he kneaded with gentle vigor. The prostitute let herself go, throwing her head back, crushing herself a little more on the mouth that was devouring her. Half of the slave's face disappeared between the muscular thighs of the girl whose stomach was hollowing out and releasing with quick little strokes.

When she was on the threshold of pleasure, she adjusted the dildo to her pubis after tearing herself away from the submissive mouth and having raised herself enough to allow the slave, who had understood what she expected of him, to turn over on her stomach... Then she let herself slide back and, with a violent thrust of her kidneys, she penetrated him deeply. Under the brutality of the thrust, Felix couldn't help but let out a cry.

— Mouth, damn...mouth! shouted Janique, whose two hands were clenched in the slave's hair.

At the rhythm of her comings and goings, she pulled his head towards her, which rose and then crushed it in the bedspread of the sofa. Panting, frantic, she crushed her penis on the rubber object and came like a schoolgirl in heat. She uttered little cries of pleasure which contrasted with the painful mask of the sodomized... Finally, she let herself fall on the back of this male whom she had just possessed and whom she held at her mercy...

Before getting dressed, she made Felix come on his knees to clean with his

tongue the cum that flowed from his sex and dripped down his thighs sweat.

Felix put his clothes back on while she fixed her hair and straightened her makeup, then she pushed him out in front of her.

The show was over and the three girls, delighted, returned to bring us my exhausted slave. I made him kneel in the middle of the living room where the five of us toasted the health of the slave whom I had been kind enough to take to the brothel. Before leaving, I forced him to prostrate himself before the three prostitutes to kiss their shoes and thank them for having given him pleasure. It was then that Ann-Tien approached me.

—How much do you want for this slave?...I'll buy him from you. Tell me your price!

In America everything is sold. I was still a little surprised that a prostitute wants to acquire a slave. But the young Asian insisted.

— He would help me in my passes by participating as he did earlier... You know, I only do masos.

- I'm sorry, I replied, it's not for sale...

One day, perhaps, I'm not saying.

"If you decide, you know where to find me," she said with a charming smile.

Chapter VII

In the evening, at the ranch, before sitting down to eat, the girls of "Domineering Sex" had the habit, to get rid of the fatigue of the day and to distract themselves a little, to take a collective bath in the large mosaic bathtub. . The housekeepers were responsible for filling it with water and pouring in the perfumes and salts they preferred. I joined them with pleasure. Our individual slaves took off our bathrobes and ran to lie on their backs on the edge of the bathtub. All seven of us were naked, our hair tied up in a bun and held in place with pins.

Hadya and Carol, alone, wore rubber swimming caps. While chatting and joking, we approached the edges of the bathtub where clouds of soapy foam were floating. We each climbed on the body of our slave, stretching ourselves and letting our skin shiver in contact with the fragrant steam which emanated from this unusual bathtub-pool. Our bare feet were placed indifferently on the thighs, lower abdomen, stomach, chest or face of the slave who served us as a bath mat.

Generally, we would slide down to sit on the slave's stomach or chest to let our bare feet, ankles and calves puncture the foamy tubers and gradually sink into the water.

We stayed like that for several minutes, letting our bodies get used to the temperature of the water. A particularly pleasant situation since our legs relaxed in the sweet odorous liquid and our naked and sweaty buttocks and thighs sank into the enslaved and deliciously warm flesh of the slave whose body seemed to bend imperceptibly to the shape of our posterior . To better savor the few moments of deep rest, most of us leaned on our side, supported on one elbow resting on the slave's face.

The most impatient, or the most cautious, generally Mantanilla, slipped slowly into the water and, alone, her head topped with her helmet of hair

black, remained above the foamy foam. That was the signal, one after the other we joined her, caressing each other's bellies and backs more than we washed each other...

A joke, a wrong word and it was a mad chase, the chase in this water which gushed everywhere and splashed the imperturbable trunks of our carpet slaves. We were grabbing, screaming and wrestling like excited kids. Sometimes one of us would slip and disappear completely beneath the surface of the waters. Blinded with foam, she reappeared and groped for the edge of the bathtub. She hoisted herself up and sat down, at random, on the slave who was there. She snorted at him, and got rid of the foam that obstructed his eyes, his nose, his ears. Often two or three of us rushed to catch her and put her back in the water. She was struggling. We in turn climbed on the body of the slave and a struggle began over him, between two or three girls who crushed him with their buttocks, their thighs, their feet, their breasts. If one of us slipped, she often tried to catch herself by hanging on to him as best she could. It was then claw marks, scratched thighs or chests, bleeding noses or cheeks, torn hair, which we did not dwell on, of course.

The water games continued for more than a good half hour. Until Carol raised her arms and clapped her hands. Immediately, two of the housekeepers came running with trays on which our favorite aperitifs were placed. They would kneel at the edge of the bathtub, between or on top of the mat slaves, and lower the tray so that we could effortlessly grab our glass. Then they returned to their occupations.

We all clinked glasses over the water, took a sip and handed our glass back to our personal slave. The latter had to hold him respectfully, by the foot, at the end of his arm extended above the water. So, while continuing to swim, play and relax in the relaxing waters, we could have a drink without the slightest constraint since our appointed minions made sure to keep our glasses within our reach and out of any splashes.

While continuing their work, the household slaves kept watch and, as soon as a glass was empty, they came and knelt down to collect it from their tray.

Once the aperitif was consumed it was common for one of the girls, usually Joan or Mantanilla, to grab her slave by the hair and pull him to make him fall into the water. This was the starting point for two different games which varied according to the mood of the participants. We nicknamed the "Piranha Game" rushed at him to bite him with as soon as the slave was in the water. we all our teeth on all parts of his body and face. The rules of the game forbade us to grab him and immobilize him with our hands; he, for his part, had to try to escape but was not allowed to get out of the bathtub. The slave did everything he could to escape the teeth which were sinking into his shoulders, into his neck, into his cheeks, cruelly biting his ears, lips or nose... At this moment in the bath, the foam swelled. was almost completely diluted and Jennifer, very expert in the art of staying underwater, frequently dived and sank her teeth into the sex and testicles of the prey who then could not repress a cry of pain and stopped for a few seconds.

Seconds which were fatal to him because we surrounded him, all teeth bared, and we attacked him with a ferocity that had nothing to envy of that of the piranhas that we symbolized. Bitten on the face, neck and throat by seven furies who did not spare him and weighed all their weight on him, our victim, defeated, ended up letting himself sink. Then we kicked him to the bottom of the bathtub and, all grouped together, we began to jump on his submerged carcass, holding on to his shoulders. Victorious dance brief enough not to drown him but long enough to remove him choking, panting, having ingested several cups' worth and the skin dotted with teeth marks, some of which had dug small bloody holes. The second game had barely received the name "seal training". was

on our personal slave grabbed him by the hair, threw ourselves some by the penis, to make him fall into the water. Seeing this, a house-slave rushed forward and knelt at the edge of the bathtub to present a tray on which were placed seven leather whips. When all the slaves were in the water, we each took a whip and arranged ourselves in a circle, all around the bathtub, standing, whip in hand. The water level reached us approximately at our navel and the tips of our breasts, erect, dripped the water which flowed from our hair, our face, our shoulders. When we

We were all well installed, the whips were raised and fell towards the slaves. To avoid them, they had to dive into the water. If one of them was hit by a whip outside the water, he had to immediately kneel at the bottom of the bathtub and remain there, motionless, doing as best he could to maintain his head above water. Most of the slaves on the ranch were well trained and our first blows, however precise they were, only struck the surface of the liquid. But, quickly, things turned to our advantage. The duration of the slaves' dives varied and there was always one who came out of the water at the moment when the wick of a whip fell and wrapped around his shoulders, his torso or his back. his face. Sometimes, a stray blow would slam into the face of a slave already kneeling who was, of course, not allowed to move for fear of immediately receiving a second, voluntary one.

When the seven slaughtered slaves were on their knees in the bathtub, we threw our whips outside and each approached our personal slave. We sat on his shoulders, facing him, and he had to, in the water, lick our genitals and work his tongue in to excite us. The main problem, especially for the smallest among them, was keeping their noses above the liquid in order to breathe. Some were forced to lift us slightly and this position was very difficult for them, especially since excited by the action of their tongue, we constantly moved our rumps and lower abdomen.

One after the other, our "licking seals" let go and collapsed into the water, taking us with them. The last one left on horseback was declared victorious. His slave was exempt from the punishments which were credited to the other six.

After these games, we generally got out of the bath after dislodging the slaves. Each of them welcomed their mistress and wrapped her in a large bath towel. He worked to dry us, delicately rubbing our face, our neck, our shoulders, our breasts, our bellies, the streaming fleece of our genitals, our legs and our feet. Then they dressed us in our bathrobes.

Exceptionally, we went up to our rooms alone to dress, comb our hair, and put on makeup. Meanwhile the slaves emptied the bathtub, cleaned it, wiped up the water that had splashed out, collected the towels and put everything back in order. Each of them wiped themselves

with his mistress' towel before putting it away in the laundry room, then he came to the dining room to place himself in the hands of the housekeepers who installed them in their respective chairs where their faces would offer us a comfortable seat.

Chapter VIII

The last Sunday of each month took place, in the chapel whose doors Hadya had not opened to me on the first day, a ceremony bringing together all the members of the “Domineering Sex” sect, mistresses and slaves.

The day before, Carol had given me two stainless steel salad bowls and a bowl.

— Exceptionally today, she told me, I will ask you to urinate in one of the cups and to relieve yourself in the other.

Into the basin you will have your slave pour the waters of your intimate toilet. Tomorrow is the monthly Women's Day!

She didn't tell me any more, wanting to reserve the complete surprise of this Women's Day for me, other than that it would be desirable for me to attend in a dress or skirt. The mystery therefore remained complete for me, the first time, until the time of the ceremony.

As planned, the day before, I followed his instructions and filled the containers as best I could. In the evening, before going to bed, I decided that these mistress's treasures intended for a Women's party could not be left overnight. I made my slave – number 9 – put on all fours near the sink, fixed his head by tying his neck under the siphon. On his back, I placed the basin filled with water in which I had washed my penis, buttocks and feet and into which I had spit while brushing my teeth. I then attached a string to each of her wrists and secured the ends after her necklace. On his hands raised horizontally, I placed the cup of urine in one, the second in the other.

“Good night, slave,” I said, turning off the light, “take a deep breath and don't fall asleep. If you spill anything, it will hurt you.

This slave did not seem to have served me with as much devotion as the previous ones. To be honest, I didn't like his face and I took the opportunity to credit him with more punishments than he really had.

deserved. But I was the sole judge and it was my right to make him pay a high price for his wrong in displeasing me physically. It was therefore with immense pleasure that I confined him in this delicate position, forcing him to spend a sleepless night without moving.

The next morning, a collector slave came to me to collect the three containers. After he had respectfully kissed my feet, I ordered him to go and retrieve them from where they still were, or so I hoped – and to untie slave 9 so that he could come and serve my breakfast.

The 9 was still in the position that I had imposed on it and the three containers had been kept as they deserved to be.

The chapel was a vast room which took up, in length and width, the entire surface of the house. In the center of the room were lined up six very deep armchairs in front of which were stretched out, on their backs, the six personal slaves of Carol, Cathy, Joan, Jennifer, Hadya and Mantanilla. On the right wall, in front of these armchairs, were erected, on wooden panels, the full-length photos of Carol, Jennifer and Joan, the entire height of the wall. Facing them, against the left wall, those of Cathy, Hadya and Mantanilla. These gigantic color posters showed the girls of the ranch as I had never seen them before but as they were dressed that day. Black leather minidresses, black boots and long black leather capes trailing behind her for Carol, Joan and Hadya and even blood red uniform for the other three and riding crop in hand of the opposite color to that of their outfit. In front of each of these posters was a small coffee table on which were placed a bowl and two cups identical to those I had received the day before.

In the center, against the wall facing us, stood an enormous wooden sculpture representing a giant vagina with parted lips, split in the middle by an erect phallus into the meatus of which the clitoris penetrated. On this sculpture was “pinned” slave 9, my personal slave, ankles and neck tied to the phallus and arms crossed, each wrist tied to a lip of the vagina. A huge funnel was attached to his mouth like a paltry mask and a very heavy weight hung at the end of a chain attached to his genitals. This wooden sculpture was topped by a platform on which was placed another armchair with plump cushions which was accessed by a small staircase. Before this throne lay, on his back,

Felix dressed in his undershirt stuffed with sandpaper and his plastic underwear.

"You can go and stay up there, Marika," Jennifer told me. This chair is reserved for our guest of honor when we have one.

From the front door to the chairs reserved for the six girls, fifteen slaves were lying on their backs, side by side, forming the carpet of the aisle. Seven pairs of boots advanced on this carpet of flesh, unceremoniously trampling on this servile flesh into which heels and soles sank like a thick carpet. A few heels left bloody marks. My six companions took their places in their respective chairs, their feet resting on their personal slaves. I stopped, waiting for the carpet to re-form in front of me up to the throne stairs, and I continued alone once again crushing the fifteen slaves under my feet. I had the good idea to dress myself in a black leather jacket and skirt but my feet were wearing pumps with pointed heels which caused some minor damage to my living carpet.

I sat down in my chair, one foot twisted on Felix's stomach and my legs crossed. I noticed, near the head of my lying slave, my three containers filled with my sacred gifts.

A slave, number 24, came and knelt in the middle of the room and, with his arms raised towards the ceiling, he began to declaim a whole litany of verses exhorting the greatness, the power and the form of the dominating woman, of the woman-queen, of the woman-goddess. All the other slaves, still glued to the ground, repeated in chorus certain phrases particularly evocative of the benefits of female domination and the servitude of the male object. Only the slave on the cross, muzzled by his funnel and Felix, who knew nothing of the rites of the sect, remained silent.

This hymn to the glory of the Superior Woman lasted almost an hour then, on the 24th, having finished her praises, she took a cup and a silver spoon and went on her knees towards the posters on the right wall. Arriving in front of Carol's, he prostrated himself three times and, raising his arms to the sky, exclaimed: - Glory to you mistress Carol, goddess of the gods!

He dipped his spoon into one of the cups and swallowed a spoonful of the blonde mistress executive secretary's excrement, then he dipped his cup into the second cup and took a sip of his own urine. Finally, he

dipped the goblet in the water of his intimate ablutions and offered himself a full goblet.

He dragged himself on his knees to Jennifer's portrait and began the same ceremony again. Then in front of Joan's. Still on his knees, he crossed the room again and started again in front of the three other posters. Finally he returned to the wooden statue, climbed up to me and delighted, with the same fervor, in my excrement, my urine and my polluted water. Then he handed the cup and spoon back to Felix and took his place under my feet.

To my great surprise Felix, who must have been warned by his chain companions of what he would have to do, performed the same rite before going to replace Mantanilla's slave, under the feet of the splendid Mexican, and pass him a spoon and a cup.

The twenty-three slaves of the sect thus accomplished the same procession, replacing one another.

Finally the last of them collected all the excremental cuts and mixed the remains into one. It acts the same with urinals, then with water basins. He placed a stepladder in front of the statue where 9 was on the cross and, one after the other, he emptied the contents of the two cups and the basin into the funnel, slowly, to give the crucified slave time. , to swallow all the sweets that were poured to him.

When he had finished, he removed the stool and came to kneel in the middle of the room, begging the mistresses to please punish those who had disobeyed their orders or who had shown negligence in their manner of serving the Goddess women.

It was Mantanilla who took out a small black leather notebook from an inside pocket of his cloak and announced in a loud and clear voice:

— Slave 1... six strokes of the crop... three slaps. .

Immediately slave 1, who I remembered being Joan's slave boyfriend, came and knelt in front of Carol. The pretty blonde stood up, trampled her slave and applied six strokes of the crop to the slave's back then she raised his head and, throwing her crop on the chair, applied three masterful slaps. The slave thanked by prostrating himself and kissing the toes of the boots of the woman who had just struck him. He got up and knelt in front of Jennifer who gave him the same dose. One after the other the six mistresses of "Domineering Sex" carried out the sentence. Later, as I was surprised by this multiplication of punishments, Cathy explained to me,

visibly amused: — It's

natural, when one of these dogs commits a mistake, it's against all the women in the community that he insults. Each woman present must therefore inflict on him the punishment he deserves.

When he came up to kneel in front of me, he had already received thirty-six whip strokes and eighteen slaps. I gave him his final punishment by scathing the parts of his body that my companions had spared.

Not all slaves deserved punishment but the record holder in this area was, largely thanks to me, the 9th. This is the reason why he was put on the cross. The sentence was heavy: twenty-five lashes, ten whips and twelve slaps. One after the other, the six girls got up, came and stood in front of him and each gave him twenty-five lashes and ten lashes of the riding crop. I was invited to get down from my chair to complete the punishment.

But he was not free yet. Declared a “penitent” of the feast, he was detached from his cross. His ankles were connected by a chain long enough to allow him to walk and his torso was made to lean forward.

Hadya jumped on him and sat on his back. Carol ordered everyone else to return to their assigned work after the drawing and we left the chapel. Hadya on the back of the 9. Joan explained to me the rules of this rite.

— Until sunset, we take turns sitting on his back without giving him a minute of respite. He was the worst slave of the month. His penance is therefore to remain all day long bent under the weight of his faults towards the woman-goddess whom he offended. He must therefore bear his cross. In this case one of us.

When Hadya got tired of sitting on the back of the penitent slave, she jumped down and it was Jennifer who took her place. He must, certainly, have judged his new “cross” lighter to bear because if Hadya was, indisputably, the heaviest of us all, Jennifer with Cathy, was the most frail.

A few minutes after the young Indian woman had settled down, Mantanilla approached and, lifting the slave's head by the hair, began to slap him and ordered him to count to twelve.

— We each have twelve slaps left to apply to her as a price for her

punishment, Cathy explained to me, but there is no hurry, we have all day for that.

All day, without interruption, the penitent had to carry one or the other of us on his back. Bent forward, his back broken, his legs trembling, exhausted, he completed his way of the cross until dusk, which was, rather, a woman's way. From time to time, one of us came to give him courage and strength by giving him the dozen slaps he was due.

When at last Joan, the last to have bent him beneath her, jumped to the ground, she called two of the household slaves: — Take

him to the chapel and put him back on the cross! she ordered.

The unfortunate slave 9, exhausted, on the verge of fainting, slipped to the ground and crawled at our feet, whose boots he began to kiss fervently, whispering to each of us:

— Thank you mistress... thank you for purifying me!

When he had finished, the two house-slaves grabbed him and dragged him out of our circle. I had been, I admit, a little surprised by the both religious and pagan character of this monthly festival of the sect but Carol explained to me that it counted a lot in the minds of the slaves and that it developed, among them, a competitive spirit which encouraged them to serve with maximum submission, docility and eagerness to satisfy the all-powerful mistresses. Also the one who, like today on the 24th, had not incurred any punishment but had been awarded some satisfaction, had had the honor of declaiming in front of the assembled mistresses, the odes to the glory of Woman, and had experienced unparalleled joy. He knew that he had been the best slave of the month and this meeting had been, for him, an immense happiness.

“And then you know,” continued the bubbly blonde, “being the first to taste the sacred treasures that each of us offered them this morning is no small thing for these miserable dogs.

I couldn't suppress a grimace of disgust and we both burst out laughing.

- A question of taste, of course, she continued, but for all these poor guys there is nothing more delicious than the excrement of our divine bodies or purer than the water in which we have soaked ourselves. . But now come on, we deserve a little aperitif!

Chapter IX

My stay at the “Domineering Sex” ranch took place in the best possible conditions. The fact of changing personal slaves every week did not displease me. Everyone, young or old, was very talented and as servile as possible. The constant domination of six women different from each other, all animated by the same desire to enslave the male and make him malleable to any of their demands, gave excellent results. Although they were, so to speak, never beaten outside of the monthly festivals, although not undergoing any cruel, bodily or sexual torture, their bodies were available to everyone.

Everything could be done to them without them making the slightest complaint. But, above all, their spirit was totally broken. They had driven out of them anything that wasn't female domination and I had the impression that it was impossible for them to imagine that there could be anything other than Domineering Sex. Even more than the mark that had been stamped on their chin, they had the spirit engraved with the dominating and all-powerful vagina. I would have had nothing to teach any of them and I had to agree that the American methods of female S&M had nothing to envy of our old – and too rare – European methods. Félix, trained at the American school, had already given me proof of this.

I had seen very little of that one during my stay. Apart, of course, from my visits to Los Angeles where he always accompanied me to carry my packages and satisfy all the desires that I had the right to express in such conditions. Joan kept me informed of her work which was carried out quickly and in the best conditions. He had already translated three quarters of my literary production and Joan, who read them gradually, gave me her impressions of each volume.

One evening when I felt an irresistible desire to cum, I thought about bringing Felix into my room. Then I changed my mind. After all I had a slave available for sex. The 12th or the 21st, I no longer knew

Alright. I could use it as I pleased, use and abuse it as much as I pleased. Why deprive myself of it? A lawful man and sexual object, he only had to obey and satisfy me. Which he did with great talent, inconceivable gentleness, unfailing docility and a resistance which never wavered until I was fully satisfied. He filled me so much that I allowed him to jerk off next to me to relieve himself after he had given me even more pleasure than I had wanted.

Exceptional favor in the annals of my behavior because I generally forbid the dog who made me enjoy a liberating respite so that he understands that only my pleasure counts. His is non-existent in my eyes. And also so that he continues, for a long time to come, to be physically and psychologically excited by the caresses and gentleness he gave me.

This slave was the only one of the "Domineering Sex" who had the honor of having sexual relations with me. If, however, we can qualify the use of a dildo slave as "sexual relations".

Thursday morning, Hadya's day off, there was a strange visit to the ranch. The blonde doctor-woman had warned me that she was expecting someone who would surprise me. But she hadn't told me more, so I was very impatient to know what I felt would mark an important moment in my stay here.

Around ten o'clock a long black van came to stop in the courtyard. At first glance, this vehicle could have been mistaken for a hearse. A red-haired woman got out. She was dressed elegantly in an elegant white blouse and a long white flannel skirt that flapped over the top of her black leather boots. Her eyes were hidden behind tinted glasses and a small pink scarf was tied around her neck. Her figure was young and slender, but when I looked at her up close, I realized that she must have been around fifty.

Hadya made the introductions. The newcomer's name was Carlotta. Hadya brought her into the living room where the three of us sat down. One of the slaves had been distracted from his work to serve as a rug under the boots of the redhead with the sunglasses. Hadya ordered some refreshments and the two women began to talk business.

— We tried everything with him, Carlotta explained, but we got nowhere. He was beaten for entire nights. We deprived him of

everything that was possible. We have threatened him many times. Last month we put him to slaughter in the poor neighborhoods of the port. Even there he managed to create problems for us... We don't know what to do with him... This is why Cynthia thought that a treatment at your home would have excellent effects... Her health will take a hit, that will already be a win...

— Could I see him? Hadya asked.

— But certainly... I'll look for it!

Carlotta stood up, got off her living stool and walked decisively towards the front door. Hadya took the opportunity to enlighten me on the situation which I was beginning to understand a little.

— Carlotta and her sister Cynthia are at the head of an entire network of bars and centers for homosexuals. A few girls and a few boys, who work for them, bring down young lost people and “gays” without well-defined situations. They shoe them, force them to get into debt or take drugs and then into prostitution to pay off their debts or their drugs.

Carlotta and Cynthia then take them in hand and force them to work for them in their establishments...

— Prostitution in reverse! I said.

- Exactly ! Whores are guys and pimps are chicks!

But the customers are all queers. That's the only thing that pays off. There are still too few women who pay for sex, even in America... But everything is not always easy. With the “gays” no story. They like. But with those who weren't particularly predisposed to being screwed by gays, it's a different story.

Carlotta and Cynthia are forced to take strong action. They beat them until they obey. In most cases this is enough. In others, no!... Then there is the slaughter with the blacks and the lousy... Some leave their skin there... Cases like this are rare... This is the second ...

I have a little device to reduce strong personalities... So, they entrust them to me!

I never appreciated forced prostitution from any side and the little traffic that Carlotta carried out did not endear her to me.

However, it was none of my business and I was careful not to give my personal impression on the subject. Had I had any inclination to oppose the principle of prostitution by constraint, I would have reserved my ardor for a more justly defensible cause: that of poor girls

bent under the yoke of a few dark, ignorant and bloodthirsty pimps. That it was men who fell into the traps of two merciless and unscrupulous women could, in the extreme, appear to be the fair return of things and, deep down, we could only be pleased to note that the male, so often exploiter, could sometimes be exploited.

Carlotta returned, pushing in front of her a tall, blond, frail guy, completely naked and whose arms were tightly bound behind his back by a leather sleeve laced from the wrists to the shoulders. His face was gagged by a leather muzzle. The redhead forced him to move forward by hitting him violently on the head, shoulders and back. When he was in the middle of the living room, she made him fall to his knees by kicking him in the hamstrings with her boots. Holding him on his knees by grabbing his hair, she removed his muzzle and laid him on the ground with a kick to the back.

The man tried to get up but she held him down by crushing his face under the sole of her boot.

— Stay down, dog, or I'll beat your face with my heels, she squeaked vulgarly.

— Bitch! the man belched. But he couldn't say more. The tip of the boot had left his face to hit him violently in the pit of the stomach. He coughed, out of breath, and Carlotta returned to her chair, happily trampling on the body of the slave who had been provisionally allocated to her.

"There's the beast," she said. Every customer we have given it to has complained about it. He even took the liberty of hitting a few whom we had to compensate to avoid any fuss... He claims that he is not and has never been a queer... This is not We don't lack the desire to use a radical and definitive solution with him, but we have had so many expenses with him that it is essential that we be reimbursed down to the last dollar. Afterwards, we will see...

— Was my little treatment beneficial for the one you told me last time? Hadya asked.

— Exactly, yes... He came back to us completely physically diminished. It was in such a state of disrepair that it was no longer in a position to revolt. Some clients love sickly, sickly twinks. It was a hit and we easily tripled the initial investment. That is why

Cynthia and I thought we'd repeat the experience with this one.

Hadya stood up, got off her human carpet and, with the tip of her shoe, raised the head of the recalcitrant prostitute.

— He seems to be less strong than the other, so it should be no problem. I will call you to let you know when you can come and collect it.

— You won't have me, bitch... never... never, I'll let it happen,
the boy growled at Hadya.

My friend burst out laughing.

- But yes, but yes, she said, tapping his face with her sole, after my little treatment you will see, you will be a good, very well behaved and very obedient little whore...

She clapped her hands to summon the household slaves.

— Take him down to the basement, she ordered them, place him on the marble table and, if he defends himself, don't hesitate to hit him.

I caught a look of terror in the eyes of one of the housekeepers, but neither of them flinched. They grabbed the blond prostitute and, despite his kicks and insults towards Carlotta and Hadya, carried him away like a wisp of straw.

The pimp hardly lingered afterward. She emptied her drink in one gulp, got up, stood for a few moments on her human rug which tensed and tensed her muscles to support the weight of the young woman and resist the pressure of the soles and heels. After a few customary congratulations she left and I returned to the living room with Hadya.

— I am going to take you to a place that you do not yet know, Marika, she said to me, a basement which has been specially designed by me to carry out a little experiment which I believe you will attend with great interest. . I must first warn you that here we are leaving traditional female domination to enter a more complex and more sophisticated area as well. A field which is not without danger since it involves surgical interventions on the patient which must be transformed...

This preamble from Hadya immediately made me think of these surgical interventions about which I had read numerous documents. They aimed to transform a male into a woman by removing the virile organs and placing

of an artificial vagina. Adequate hormonal treatment destroyed all traces of facial hair, injections helped breast development and I had even heard of a sort of vocal cord transplant to give the voice a specifically feminine tone. I was able to see, in The Hague, in the livestock of a Dutch dominatrix, a pure product of this medical experiment. A kind of character who was both hermaphrodite, androgynous and transvestite that she exhibited and detailed with obvious pleasure without it being clear whether it was a man transformed into a woman or a woman having some masculine hints. Nothing can obviously be compared with the formalized sex changes which are freely consented to and made necessary by the particular morphology of the subject. Here, these were male slaves who had absolutely nothing effeminate but were forced to submit to this transformation to satisfy the whim of a mistress wishing to possess an object of curiosity.

In all honesty I thought that the blond prostitute would make a very honorable little whore but I had trouble seeing the point that Carlotta and her sister would have in transforming him into a woman when their clients, obviously, were all indifferent "homos". to anything that could remind them of the fair sex.

The basement Hadya took me to had all the appearance of a typical hospital ward. Entirely tiled in white, with many surgical instruments, display cases filled with scalpels, medical devices, speculums, forceps, saws, syringes, scalpels, knives and a multitude of pliers, cannulas and probes . The blond boy was tied up on an operating table in the middle of the room. It was towards him that we headed.

— See, she said to me, the patient is ready to be operated on... I will be able to start now but, first, I will explain to you what it is about. The idea, it seems, comes from European medical aid but it was tested and carried out in the United States. I took an internship, along with several other female doctors interested in female domination, at a special clinic where very wealthy mistresses bring their slaves to be medically "fixed". Operations of all kinds are carried out there but this one particularly caught my attention...

While she was speaking, the blond boy began to insult us while making vain efforts to free himself. Hadya interrupted herself, went towards one of the windows

and came back with a pear of anguish which she thrust into the young man's mouth and which she inflated with a few squeezes of her hand.

— Good... now we can talk in peace... So I was saying that this method, still little used, had appealed to me. In a word, it is a matter of giving the slave a third circulation in addition to the respiratory system and the blood circulation. Artificial circulation, of course, which allows the mistress to inflict supreme humiliation on her slave. I won't go into details. That would be way too technical. Please note that this procedure involves making artificial openings in the slave's bladder, intestines and stomach. Soft plastic tubes are connected to these openings and directed to come out on his left side, above the hip, just like an artificial anus, if you will...

I opened my eyes wide astonished, wondering what purpose such a complicated installation could possibly serve. Hadya smiled brightly at my perplexed attitude.

- All this may seem exorbitant to you, she said, but you know it's nothing when it comes to surgery. Child's play for the specialist that I am. That said, it is still not within the reach of just anyone...

— But... for what purpose is all this? I couldn't help but ask.

— Come, you will understand!

She led me towards the back of the room, towards another marble table at-
on top of which were fixed three large plastic basins.

— We are here under the collective toilet room that you noticed when you arrived at “Domineering Sex”. The first basin is connected to one of the toilets which should only be used for small needs because this basin only receives urine. The pipe, which is fixed at the bottom, ends with a probe which is pushed into the urethral canal up to the bladder of the slave attached to this table. A low-speed pump that you see there, between the basin and the pipe, transports the urine from the basin to the slave's bladder... The second basin is connected to the second toilet intended for large needs. The system is identical but the pipe, much larger, is introduced into the anus through this hole made in the table and rejects, into the intestines, the product from the basin. Finally, the third, much larger, collects water from the sinks. The tube is attached in the mouth and carries water into the stomach. Of course, urinate,

excrement and water are rejected through the tubes which exit the body through the hip into this tub which sends them to the sewer...

I had, obviously, understood the role of this diabolical device. The third circulation that Hadya had spoken of was, neither more nor less, than a sewer circulation which would take place in the body of the slave. A reverse circulation since the women's urine would enter his penis to circulate in his bladder, their excrement through his anus to go up into his intestines and the water from their ablutions would wash his stomach before being evacuated.

For having revolted against his condition as a homosexual prostitute, the blond boy had been condemned, by the redhead Carlotta and her sister Cynthia, to become our collective sewer for a period of time left to Hadya's discretion. The idea was original but the price seemed very high to me, too high.

For a few seconds, I felt weak. The intention is to save this slave from his sad fate by offering to buy him from Carlotta and her sister. But I thought, rightly so, that if this guy had never wanted to submit to prostitution he would refuse just as vehemently to become a woman's slave. And then, I must admit, I was still very curious to see this human sewer working. It was, for me, a curiosity in terms of sadomasochism.

Carried away by a subject that fascinated her, Hadya continued to provide me all the necessary explanations.

... Of course, when the slave is unplugged, it is necessary to close the three ejector tubes using screw caps in order to prevent it from evacuating its own droppings and anything else he swallows... For Carlotta and her sister, this device becomes a guarantee of unconditional obedience. All they would have to do is remove the three plugs and our recalcitrant would no longer be able to contain either his bladder or his intestines... Not to mention that it would be impossible for him to eat...

Diabolical but terribly effective, it had to be admitted.

"Apart from the "proteges" of Carlotta and her sister," I asked Hadya, have you created a lot of sewer men since your internship?

— The blonde surgeon gave an embarrassed smile. She hesitated a few seconds then replied:

— Only two... Joan told you that two of our slaves had caused us problems... The 8th and the 15th... The human sewer is the ultimate sadomasochistic process. It can only be used during the

weekend or on a few special occasions. On these two I had experienced the longevity of a human sewer, only unplugging them for one meal and one digestion per day...

She did not consider it useful to give me this period of longevity and I preferred change the conversation.

Hadya had taken three days off and two of her colleagues, medical aides and dominatrixes, had come to the ranch to help her perform the various operations necessary to transform the rebellious prostitute into a human sewer for women. Very little interested in this kind of spectacle of degradation and debasement for commercial purposes, I had refrained from going down to the basement despite the exhortations of my companions.

By the third evening everything was finished and the human sewer ready to go. I went down to the basement with the six Domineering Sex mistresses to look at the equipment ready for use. We formed a circle around the marble table on which the blond boy was tied and connected to the various pipes coming down from the pools. Devastated by the operations he had just undergone, he was very pale and visibly weakened. His mask, half veiled by the mouthpiece which compressed his mouth, had lost all its arrogance. He rolled his eyes, both dismayed and frightened, as he looked at us, one after the other, around his bed of torture and inhuman humiliation, who were discussing and joking with the most perfect casualness.

—And now, concluded Hadya, all I have to do is test it to see if everything works perfectly. Who is dedicated?

- For the middle basin, Jennifer exclaimed, darting her large, bright eyes into the poor man's face, I took a purgative with this in mind and it's starting to have its effect.

The beautiful Indian threw her two brown braids behind her shoulders and quickly slipped away.

"I think I have enough reserve to fill the first basin," said Mantanilla, laughing. Proudly positioned in front of her future victim, hands placed on her hips, bust stretched forward, a pout of contempt on her lips, she said ironically:

— My darling, I'm going to rinse your bladder with Mexican liqueur, you'll see, it will make you smile!

As she left, Cathy followed suit, declaring the most naturally of the world:

— I have my period, I'm going to change and take the opportunity to do a bit of toilet... basin number 3!

A few minutes later the three transparent basins took on different colors: yellow ochre for the one Mantanilla was feeding, brown for Jennifer's and slightly pink for Cathy's. Hadya put the pumps into action and the three tubes became colored, one heading towards the boy's penis, the other towards his anus, the third into his mouth. The slave's body jerked as the three fluids entered his bladder, intestines, and stomach simultaneously. When the three basins were emptied, the pumps stopped automatically. But only the stomach drain pipe released the pink water from the sink.

- The other two are not yet sufficiently fed, commented Hadya, he will have to keep Manta's urine in his bladder and Jennifer's excrement in his intestines until one of us deigns to send him a little extra charge...

Miracle of science in the service of SM which allowed this male, finally tamed, to conceal in its bowels the excrement of its mistresses.

- There you go, Carol concluded, cracking her fingers, let's let this human sewer work but don't forget, my friends, that we all have to use the collective toilets while it's here!

As far as I was concerned, I never missed an opportunity to operate our human sewer using, as often as possible, the two toilets and the sinks. I felt a certain pleasure in thinking that everything that flowed from me was entering the body of a man, on the floor below, and that the water of my most intimate ablutions was rinsing his stomach.

Chapter X

Felix had completed his work and translated the entirety of my literary "work". Joan did not hide her satisfaction with the work accomplished. My presence with my slave at "Domineering Sex" was no longer necessary and I set the date for our return to France. Carol made the reservations for me on the plane but decided that a big party would be given in my honor the day before my departure. Party to which a few girls I had known during my stay at the ranch would be invited. This reception was given on a Saturday evening so there was no difficulty in bringing everyone together. Carol decided that this evening of female domination would take place under the sign of ancient Rome. Antiquity in Europe being the era that most fascinated the blonde owner of the estate. From the beginning of the week the slaves actively worked to transform the living quarters into an antique American-style palace.

At around eight o'clock the first guests appeared: Carlotta and her sister Cynthia. The latter, a beautiful young brunette woman with a severe face and steel-gray eyes, apparently younger than Carlotta.

We received them in the courtyard of the ranch, near the swimming pool where a garden table and chairs had been set out. A few minutes later Janique arrived, in a flamboyant red sports car, flanked by our two prostitute friends from Los Angeles, the beautiful Eurasian

Ann-Tien and the brunette whose first name escaped me. We were all there and Carol invited us to follow her into the holy of holies.

We advanced on a glass path which widened at the level of the stoop. At the threshold of the door a niche was dug, under the glass plate, to accommodate the reclining body of a slave. Number 4 was lying there, naked but his head, outside the glass plate, was raised and skillfully surrounded by a velvet carpet so that his face provided a flat surface with the carpet.

Each girl, as they passed, stepped on the face of the immobilized man. Most of them were content to trample on him by only lending him a

amused attention. For my part, I stopped and wiped each of my soles on this face so generously offered.

The dining room had been completely transformed. The table had been replaced by a U-shaped construction. The hollow part of this U was to allow the slaves to serve the dishes. The plateau of this building extended on a gentle slope on which were placed as many mattresses as there were women. Each of us took possession of a mattress and we settled in as best we could, as the rich Romans of antiquity are said to have done. I found myself placed between Carol and Carlotta.

When everyone was seated, Carol stood up and welcomed our friends, hoping that this evening would bring everyone the desired relaxation. Then she outlined the program of the festivities. With a snap of her fingers she made two naked slaves come forward, the 13th and the 21st: - These two will be used for your convenience, ladies, to relieve your various little gastric and intestinal problems.

Another snap of the fingers made the 16 appear, pushing forward him a trolley with all his toiletries.

— His job is to wash you on command... wherever you want.

Finally Felix appeared. A glass container encircled his waist and arms and rose, flaring, above the level of his head. He advanced on his knees.

— Here is your trash can, Carol commented, a trash can whose advantage is that it is mobile and can come towards the person who will use it.

Then Carol announced that she wanted to toast me. Two slaves brought a silver tub at the bottom of which a naked slave was curled up. Each guest received a bottle of good French champagne which she had to open and empty into the tub, holding the neck downwards so that the cork hit the slave's flesh. In a few seconds, it was a real crash and the slave, bathed in champagne, was covered in bruises.

We each dipped our glass in the champagne and the toast was made to me following this original baptism.

After this toast Carol announced the attractions by asking the guests to agree to it with good grace.

It was Joan who opened the festivities by singing us an old blues from the black neighborhoods of Harlem. She stood with one foot on her chest.

of two naked slaves to whom she had ordered to jerk off while she sang. Dressed in a short white tunic, she swayed languorously on her long brown legs weighing, in turn, on each of her high-heeled pumps which streaked the flesh subjected to their pressure.

Then it was Hadya and Mantanilla who, after stripping, offered us a formidable freestyle wrestling match which the Mexican, more flexible and more aggressive, had to win by abandonment. Poet in her spare time Cathy came to recite a few verses from her works. While reciting she pulled up her black leather mini-skirt and motioned for a slave to come towards her. The man knelt in front of her, slipped off her little silk panties and, burying his head between her thighs, he began to lick and suck her with great diligence.

I was then invited to come, with Cynthia, to whip a slave until he completely passed out. The 7th, quartered on a cross of Saint Andrew, was offered to us. Cynthia placed herself on his left and I on his right. Each, armed with a short dog whip, alternated blows with metronome-like regularity. When we left him, he was covered in bloody welts and his skin was chopped from head to toe. Two slaves came to untie him and took him away as one takes a bull out of the arena: by pulling it by the feet!... I did not cut off the ears and I apologize for that.

Ann-Tien, Janique and their companion entered the fray and demanded three slaves, to make love in front of all the guests. Carol ordered three slaves to submit to the desires of the three prostitutes. Mixed together, all six of them, the three girls and the three slaves worked wonders. Jennifer put on a record of soft music to accompany them and, in this mass of flesh, we saw, from time to time, a purplish member that a hand or a mouth made disappear, a vagina which opened under the caress of fingers without it being possible to tell to whom one or the other belonged. The semen of the slaves and the love juice of the girls mixed on the hair and on the thighs of the protagonists... When everyone had cum, the three prostitutes stood up and ordered their three partners to clean them with their tongues. Which they did, resuming the servile attitude that they had, for a moment, been allowed to abandon.

All these diversions had put us in turmoil and the spectacle, little by little, had taken hold everywhere. Carlotta had grabbed a slave with graying hair and placed his head between her thighs. While enjoying his duck

orange, she explained to me that she had her period and that this slave's mouth would serve as a periodic tampon.

Ann-Tien, the Eurasian prostitute, hailed on the 16th to have a makeover after her lovemaking. She forced him to wash her from the soles of her feet to the waist using his tongue as a washcloth, that is to say by dipping her in the basin of water and soaping her before running it over the girl's beautiful amber skin. He went about his task with care and speed, being expected elsewhere, notably by Cathy who wanted to have her feet washed...

Joan had called the 13 near her. She had lifted her dress and ordered the slave to place his nose between her buttocks. She kept him there for a few seconds to inhale the fart she had just released. For the same reason and the same service Jennifer had just used the 21 which I gestured to approach as soon as she had finished with him. As soon as he was near me, I opened his mouth and placed the slave's nose in it. I burped and kept my nose in my mouth so that it sucked in the bad smell I had exhaled. Barely had I freed him when he was intercepted by Hadya who spat in his mouth.

These few details, noted at random, did not prevent us from continuing to eat and drink. Félix, the "walking trash can" moved from one to the other on his knees and received waste of all kinds from everyone. Bones, sauces, vegetables, creams, bread crumbs soaked in wine, nothing was spared. He was surrounded by a pile of junk that was already up to his shoulders. Most of the girls, I should point out, did not fail to dump their garbage on his head and his hair was all sticky and stuck to his cheeks.

Carol suddenly stood up and unzipped her dress; she appeared completely naked to our applause and called on the 13th to pass water all over her body while she went back to bed and continued her dinner. Elsewhere, it was Janique who pissed in the mouth of a slave, Mantanilla who spit on the ground what was in her mouth and forced another to come and eat it, Hadya who laughed heartily while inoculating an enema of sauce in the foundation of a slave waiter who had made the clumsiness of spilling a drop, Jennifer who blew her nose into a servile mouth called on purpose...

And all this time the endless meal, set at "Ancient Rome" time, continued. Cheeses had taken over from salads

and cheese desserts. We were all excited and drunk.

Mattresses had been emptied of their owners while others were placed in shared ownership. I lay down on Carlotta and kissed her full on the mouth without worrying about crushing her "hygienic slave" sandwiched between her and me...

Couples broke up, others reformed. The 13th and the 21st no longer had enough of their tongues to go from one to the other, licking dripping vaginas and pubes...

After the liquors many mistresses were out of action and lying on mattresses or on the ground. Stomachs were churning and the floor was becoming downright stinky. Cathy, who had just vomited, called the slave in charge of the toilet.

— Come here, slave... here... come, lick it, my big guy, so that the floor is clean.

With amusement, at first, I watched the slave lick the young woman's vomit. But everything I had eaten and drunk, my exercises with Carlotta, the vision I had before my eyes contributed to making me nauseous. Disgust took hold of me...

Felix passed by me. The garbage reached his chin. I held him back. I leaned over the glass trash can and vomited in the face of my slave who, in surprise, opened his mouth and swallowed some of my excrement. Carlotta, who was looking at me, was also seized with a shudder. She snatched Felix from me... I didn't bother to look. I stood up staggering.

I had no shoes left, my dress was torn and my hair was sticking to my face. My penis was moist and I pushed aside a kneeling slave in my path. He fell backwards and I saw Carol climb over him and start pissing standing above him, flooding his chest and face...

I left the room and entered, at random, a corridor. I leaned against the wall... My head was spinning... I wavered... A firm hand held me back just as I was about to collapse. I saw Ann-Tien standing in front of me. The little Asian prostitute smiled with all the shine of her pretty teeth.

— So, madame, what do you say? It's a yes ? Are you selling your slave to me?

— I obviously didn't have the strength to discuss business.

I murmured: —

After all... why not?

And I collapsed in his arms.

Epilogue

An hour ago, the Boeing 747 which was taking me back to Paris had taken off from Los Angeles airport. He had reached cruising speed and we were flying at high altitude, well above the cloud zone, where the sun is always bright.

I had left "Domineering Sex" and my six new friends not without a certain pang in my heart. We had sworn to see each other again, at home or in Paris. But I knew very well that it was not always easy for me to travel and that all six of them could not come to France at the same time. The ranch required the constant presence of one or the other because the slaves, however submissive they may be, must constantly feel weighing on them the specter of the whip held by an iron hand, even if it was a long thin hand with nails. painted. So who can know when?...

In addition to the astonishing memories of a particularly well-organized society of dominating women, I took away, from my stay in the sect of Carol, Joan and the others, that of a memorable drunk whose only one day of rest had been very difficult to overcome. reduce the devastating effects on my complexion and the proper functioning of my general condition. And again, when I say "day of rest" I pass over in silence the preparations for my departure and especially the settlement of a very delicate matter which I had to rush through in order to see it resolved before my return to France.

I smiled thinking of this recent past and glanced at my slave, seated quietly next to me, his head bowed as appropriate, and his hands placed flat on his tight knees. In the position that I had ordered him to maintain throughout the trip.

I decided to correct my lipstick which had suffered some mishaps when I had kissed my six American friends before my departure. My fingers caught, by chance, our two passports, mine and that of Felix Gambiani. I took out the slave's, opened it and looked, for a few seconds, at the photo stapled to the white page. Then I closed it and

I slipped it into the inside pocket of the jacket of the tall young man frozen beside me... No one, neither the customs officers nor the immigration services, had detected the deception. I entered the United States with a dark-haired Félix Gambiani and I left with a blond Félix Gambiani with dyed hair...

Barely recovered from my terrible binge, I thought of Ann-Tien's insistent proposal and the idea came to me of its own accord. I had visited Carlotta and Cynthia and asked them to acquire the blond boy that Hadya had just pulled out of the sewers. They quickly calculated the selling price of such merchandise. I told them that they would get my answer later and I visited Ann-Tien. Connections favored by the fact that all the guests had stayed at the ranch. The Asian prostitute was delighted to learn that it was really my intention to sell Felix to her. I tell him the price asked by the two pimps. She hesitated for a few seconds.

- It's more expensive than I thought, she finally said, but Janique and Lena will make up the extra money and the slave will belong to all three of us... That's agreed!

After consulting her two friends, she signed a check which I gave to Carlotta. The transaction having been made, the two slaves were brought into our presence to be notified of their change of owner. If the blond boy seemed delighted, it was not the same for Felix. I saw his eyes fill with tears but I knew that, very quickly, his dominant masochistic instinct would lead him to worship the supple and slender body of the beautiful Eurasian woman he would have to serve, in a country where he had made his first weapons. Besides, since Jane, Marilyn's niece, had given him his freedom he had only known too rare moments of happiness under my rule. He would thus find a full-time job as a slave and everything would be better for him.

While he fervently licked my shoes as a farewell sign, I asked Ann-Tien to give him the opportunity to write to me to tell me the main episodes of his life as a slave for prostitutes. The beautiful Asian accepted with a broad smile.

- And then, she added with a touch of mischief, if you write a novel about it in France, perhaps it will bring me European clients passing through Los Angeles.

Do we ever know ?

This is how Bobby Mc Donald, that was the name of the blond guy, became Félix Gambiani. Equipped with his identity papers, he was going to enter my stable on a very special basis. He would be my personal human sewer.

Paulette and a few other close friends of mine would certainly be amazed at my latest discovery. And I had no doubt that they would enjoy using it as much as I did.

—Are you satisfied with your future fate as a human sewer for women, slave? I asked him, lowering my voice but in American, the only language he knew.

— Oh, yes mistress Marika, I have very lucky! he replied enthusiastically.

The book, the author:

Auteur: Marika Moreski

Cover illustrated by Bill Ward

Titre : THE DOMINEERING SEX

American SM, volume 2

Marika receives, at her Parisian home, a visit from a lovely black American, Joan Duncan, who is looking in Europe for works dealing with sadomasochism to enrich her library.

Joan belongs to a community of dominatrixes, "The Domineering Sex" who rule over a slave stable near Los Angeles. Joan invites Marika to stay, with her slave Félix Gambiani, at the community ranch. There Marika meets the blonde Carol, the Indian Jennifer, the Mexican Mantanilla, the evil Hadya and the ingenious Cathy. All different from each other but driven by the same passion: the domination of the male.

In the first volume of *American SM*, *The French Slave*, Marika Moreski had revealed an intimate and conjugal face of female domination in the United States. In this second volume, we discover another facet of this implacable universe: collective and impersonal slavery in the service of the priestesses of "Domineering Sex".

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

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THE DOMINEERING SEX

American SM volume 2

Marika reçoit, à son domicile parisien, la visite d'une ravissante noire américaine, Joan Duncan, qui recherche, en Europe, des ouvrages traitant du sadomasochisme pour enrichir sa bibliothèque.

Joan appartient à une communauté de dominatrices, « *The Domineering Sex* » qui règne sur une écurie d'esclaves près de Los Angeles.

Joan invite Marika à séjourner, avec son esclave Félix Gambiani, dans le ranch de la communauté.

Marika y rencontre la blonde Carol, l'Indienne Jennifer, la Mexicaine Mantanilla, la diabolique Hadya et l'ingénieuse Cathy. Toutes différentes les unes des autres mais animées de la même passion : la domination du mâle.

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