

From

**ONE-DOMME**

To Another



**STELLA  
SATIN**



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# From One Domme To Another...

By Stella Satin

Donald was close to being my first boyfriend, though he certainly wasn't my next – nor will he be my last – that's for sure! Donna wasn't my first girlfriend, and he won't be my last. I did have vague dreams for years about being Mrs. Donald Smithson, but they ebbed and flowed – you know how it is? And the way things look like now? Well, let's just say that it's complicated. Maybe you can figure out what our upcoming relationship will be.

If the above has you a little confused, let me explain . . . . .

I've never been what anyone in their right mind would describe as being pretty, but I was attracting boys from a very early age. Just my personality I guess. Maybe a genetic strain?

I really liked – like – boys. Lot more fun than stuffy girls. Love to get a boy all hot and bothered more than just about anything else. Get a boy randy? He'll do just about any damn thing you want him to do. I learned that at a young age and being what I am, learned to take advantage of it pretty damn quick. At the same time, I have always had a tendency to enjoy sex with demanding boys and to humiliate the ones that were gentlemanly and polite. This tends to create some rather peculiar situations.

I met Donald at Sunday school when I was about twelve. He was probably a year older than me, but I could tell he was interested – right from the start. The other girls just drooled over him – he WAS a good looking kid. Had just about perfect manners – knew just how to behave around a girl and, not only that? His family were insanely rich! What more could a female want? So the girls flocked around that boy like he was a flame and they were nothing but a bunch of fluttering moths. Even at that tender age I knew damn well that my family hadn't the money to be attractive to his for a social match, so had it figured that if I did want him? I'd have to go after him, hot and heavy.

I wasn't too sure if I was attracted to him to tell the truth. That's why I treated him as if he didn't exist. Oh, I'd wish him a 'good morning' or a give him a neutral 'Hi Donald' in greeting, but that was about the extent of it. Did

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give him the honor of buying me an ice cream cone or two over the years, though I made sure that he fully understood the honor I was bestowing on him. Poor love struck boy. He was SO grateful!

I knew that he was supposed to be a good tennis player and a good swimmer so I bugged the shit out of mom for private lessons in both these sports. Her reaction was strange. She never asked why – even though she KNEW I wasn't athletically inclined, but paid up the costs of private coaches and trainers without a murmur. I knew I couldn't reasonably be expected to compete with him – hell, his house supposedly had TWO tennis courts and a lovely pool, so he had to have had LOTS of experience – but I had something at the back of my mind. I started the lessons when I was about fourteen and was reasonably proficient within a year. (Even at that young age I was a firm believer in strategic planning – even though I'd no idea what I was planning for).

Something I should explain. Mom and I lived pretty good lives. When I was an infant, I have some dim memories of a series of baby sitters. Strangely enough? They were all men. Gentle and kind. Soft and nurturing.

Now I'm not saying that mom wasn't soft and kind and nurturing – but she wasn't in their league as far as that went. She was – and is – a decidedly good looking woman. Lots of men still turn their heads when she goes by. Quite tall, maybe about five ten or so. Good shoulders, slim waist. Long legged with an athletic prowl. Slim hiped and a medium bust. Dark Mediterranean complexion – with an imperial nose – nostrils that can open like tunnels. (Believe this, you don't want her turning her dark eyes on you with her nostrils flaring – trust me!) . I'm an adult – or close to it now, and have some of her traits but when she turns the intensity up? I shut up and back off – and quickly!

She always dresses well. Not flashy or anything. Yet, though she could never, ever, be described as masculine, she certainly would not be considered overly feminine either. Good plain jewelry with a tendency to tailored clothes. I once heard a woman describe her as being predatory, but didn't know what it meant at the time. Now? I can see what she meant. I've seen both men and women come on to her – and as far as I can tell, she never raised a finger.

But she really isn't predatory. Doesn't have to be. I don't know if spiders in their webs are considered predatory, but she was more of a spider than a hunter I think. Her customers come to her. I got used to smiling, deferential, men coming to call, with her interviewing them in the big room with the doors closed. I guess I got used to seeing some men in leaving the house in tears – and gradually learned that they were the ones she turned away! I know that she had a few girlfriends over the years as well – she was kinder to them than she was to the men, I think, though don't know for sure.

She must have been torn when it came to raising me. She was, and had been, a dominatrix for years before I was born. That was her profession and, as far as I can determine, she was more than competent. While I was an infant, she had not wanted any of her new customers to know that she had ever been so weak as to get herself impregnated (at least this is how I see it) so had some of her 'regular's' be my nanny, so to speak – hence my early memories of soft spoken males I guess.

Bit as time went by she started getting less worried about what any male, client or not, thought of her. She was also VERY frugal – and what is now known as a 'clean-freak'.. We couldn't seem to keep a female servant for more than a week or two because of her demanding ways. By the time I was about eight years old, she had started bringing her male clients home – some of them to stay for the occasional week end, some only on a daily basis – to be my nannies, and to do the housework, naturally. It became perfectly natural for me then, to expect that men were to be used for the menial tasks around a house – male maids, so to speak. But there again? I never thought to question this. It was just the way things should be, I thought.

As I got older though, I started visiting friends in their houses and suddenly realized that men weren't quite the docile little creatures I'd become accustomed to. It was quite a surprise to me – men actually bossing women and girls around! Who'd have ever imagined such a thing? Strangely enough, that was when I'd start getting crushes on strong males. Mom and I have had quite a number of talks on this subject. She firmly believes that ANY male can be dominated. To my mind, this is utter bullshit. There's LOTS of sissies around – even ones you'd never guess at and they're easy enough to get under your thumb. But a real man? Uh Uh!

And at school? Boys were starting to come out of their shells, and I started realizing that they looked on ME as being one of the weaker sex! It would have been laughable, if I hadn't found it so appealing. So, curious, I started to eavesdrop on mom and my 'nannies'. There, in my house, it was different. A few times, she'd punish them by making them go and stand facing into a corner, even in front of me. (I had to laugh out loud at times at how embarrassed the poor dears got when I was there to witness their humiliation – which made them even more humiliated I guess. But to me, it was just good clean fun). At other times, when mom thought I was long gone, or out of the house she'd actually spank my nannies! Put them over her knees and spank them! They'd never fight or argue with her, just go over her knees, get spanked – and cry like little girls. One night, I had a tummy ache and went into mom's bedroom. I didn't know what she was doing to my latest nanny – but he was wearing a woman's nightgown – and wearing makeup and perfume! He let out a feminine scream – and a mild curse when I appeared, but then hid under the bedclothes. I heard him

crying later that night, but the next morning he was gone, and I had a new nanny that afternoon.

Then, as I started getting older and wasn't showing too many signs of interest in the slightly abnormal gender situation in our house, mom started bringing fewer nannies home – but more maids – all males of course, but pretty ones now. None of my friends ever figured out that the occasional serving girl that would answer the door was not anything other than what she seemed to be.

They didn't stay overnight – well not unless mom wanted them for something – just came early in the morning and left after dinner was all finished and the washing of dishes taken care of. Accordingly, our house was spotless – no thanks to me – I never did a hands turn around the place. Housework is for men to do!

Around that time, Donald's father died of a massive heart attack. To tell the truth? I think both he and his mother were relieved. She's a sweet woman who wouldn't hurt a fly, although she can be a frightful snob. I don't know exactly when I discovered that she was his step-mother, but was surprised when he made it quite clear that he didn't have much respect for her – something he'd got from his dad I suppose.

His father, on the other hand, had been a very aggressive, competitive male. He was the one who'd pressed Donald into tennis and swimming – though they were two sports he considered as being fit only fit for pansies. He'd done this largely because Donald wasn't big enough for the manly art of football and he, himself, didn't care for baseball – so installing tennis courts and a swimming pool had only been a matter of money – and they had plenty of that. He was not what you'd ever describe as a nice man, though as a matter of fact? One of the things that attracted me to Donald at first was the possibility that he might inherit some of his dad's nastiness – but he took after his step-mother in just about every respect.

Then one day, as my sixteenth birthday approached, mom got a hold of me one day. “Karen? If you've got a minute – there's something I'd like to talk to you about.”

“If I'm in trouble, I'd just as soon not,” I quipped.

She laughed. “Nah. But there IS something we've got to talk about. So why don't we go and sit and talk in the living room?”

“Getting formal on me?” I asked as she followed me in there shutting the door behind her.

“Maybe. How serious are you about Donald Smithson?”

“Huh?”

“I'm not prying for no reason Karen. Are you at all interested in him?”

I saw she was serious, so thought about it. Grinned. “The only thing I really like about him mom is the amount of snotty girls I'd piss off if I bagged him.”

She nodded. “I know you prefer the more macho type – but I need to know if you think there's a possibility you might change your mind in a couple of years, say.”

“How come? What's got into you all of a sudden?” I asked.

She paused and was obviously choosing her words carefully. “I know he doesn't appeal to you much at the moment – but he IS a catch and I think that if you play your cards right you could put him in your hip pocket now – sort of keep him there until you make up your mind. An ace in the hole, if you know what I mean.”

I couldn't help it. Preened a little. “Mom? I think he's in my hip pocket now. Been there for a long time. He's been hanging around me like a dopey kid for years now – and I don't even give him the time of day. God knows how the poor guy could stand it if I was actually nice to him.”

She shook her head. “Maybe that's true – but there's a lot of pretty little pickpockets out there who might just have him away from you before you even knew it had happened.”

I started to interrupt, but she held up her hand. “Karen? Maybe I used the wrong analogy. Let me try another one, okay? What I think is this. If you think you might have the slightest idea of marrying him down the line? Wrap him up! Wrap him up in a nice little parcel, then tie it with a lovely ribbon – with a knot that only you know how to untie. Later on? You want him? Unwrap him. You don't?” She shrugged. “Give him as a present to somebody else.”

I wanted to make a smart assed comment, but she looked so assured in what she was saying that I was impressed. Plus, the thought of wrapping up a boy, for my own personal use? Had a certain amount of appeal to it. “You know how to wrap a boy up mom?” I asked “You seem to know a lot about it?”

“Bet your ass I do sweetie,” she laughed. “What do you think I DO for a living?”

Her tone of voice was drawing me in. All of a sudden I started understanding the closed door. Had the feeling I could get a lot of questions answered. “Mom? I've often wondered about that. I know you must make good money at what you do – for one thing you must pay our maids pretty good money for starters – the shit you give them.”

She stared at me blankly for a second – then burst out laughing! “Honey? I don't pay them a dime. They pay ME!”

It was my turn to look astonished.

“Hold on,” she said. “It's about time you got some idea what's going on in the world. Want a glass of wine? I'm gonna have a drink. It's time my daughter and I discussed the facts of life!”

Ever heard of a precocious girl of sixteen (nearly) turning down a chance to get all sophisticated and have a drink a glass of wine with an adult? Well, if you have, it certainly wasn't me. – I grabbed at the chance. Learned more about life in the next half hour than I'd ever imagined. Mom didn't pull any punches – or try to evade any of my questions. She explained how she enjoyed the domination she could exert over men. Had seen some similar traits in me and had often thought of introducing me to the 'business' when I was old enough – but had also seen the attraction that macho men had for me. Had figured that she wouldn't interfere, let nature take its course, sort of thing. It was just now that she felt that Donald was at peak ripeness for plucking. If I didn't act quickly, there was a strong possibility that he'd stray.

“But he'll be going off to college in a year or so mom. I don't think I've got the brains that he does – and I'm pretty sure you can't afford the fees where he's talking about going. Could I wrap him up that quick?”

She grinned. “Easily. But you obviously don't understand one of the basic concepts I've been talking about honey.”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

She shook her head. “Do it right? He doesn't go anywhere without your permission. Trust me.”

I felt the grin spreading on my face. “Verrrry interesting mom. Tell me more!”

She smiled and came over to the couch and sat down beside me. Patted me on the thigh. “I have great hopes for you, young lady! Now let me explain the opening moves.”

The following Sunday, we bumped into Donald and his mom coming out from church. I said 'Hi' to his mother then gave him a sweet smile. “You look very pleased with yourself today Donald. Isn't it a lovely day?”

His eyes widened at my words and smile. He blushed. “Yes. Yes. Karen. It IS a lovely day!”

I turned to mom. “Mom? Excuse me, but I think I'll just walk home through the park today, if you don't mind?”

"I'd join you honey, but I have to go visit a friend in hospital for a while. I was going to drop you off – but if you want to walk, it's okay by me. Got your keys in your handbag?"

I nodded. "How long will it be before you get home then?"

"An hour or so, I'd guess," she said.

"Oh Karen" Donald spoke up quickly. "Could I escort you home? I mean, I know the park's safe and all but."

"What a perfect gentleman your son is Mrs. Smithson," mom interjected. "Not too many of them around these days, is there? But it's perfectly okay Donald. I'm sure Karen can take care of herself."

"Of course he'll accompany her!" Mrs. Smithson said quickly. "In this day and age? A pretty young lady should not be walking by herself."

So, with adult approval and Donald now securely hitched in tow, I led him into the park. Then I suggested that we sit on a fairly private bench. Squeezed in tight beside him.

"Karen?" He said. "Would it be all right if I put my arm around you?"

"Certainly NOT!" I said. "Keep your arms to yourself!" And then I smiled tenderly and put my arm around HIM, pulled him into me and kissed him lightly on the lips. His eyes opened in astonishment as I pulled myself back.

"Oh Donald! What must you think of me?" I sighed. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist. You're so cute!"

"Eh . . . What . . . How come . . . I didn't think you liked me!" he finally blurted out.

I stared back at him, to all appearances astonished. "How could you possibly think that? You're the nicest boy around. Don't tell me you didn't know that!" Pulled him in and kissed him again! His hands started to come up.

"Now STOP that Donald!" I said sharply. "The reason I like you so much? You're not one of those boys who have to go around showing how macho they are. Now just you keep your hands down! Put them in your lap- and keep them there!" I put some firmness into my voice. Made it a command more than a request.

And mom was right. He looked a little embarrassed, but blushed prettily at what I was saying and put his hands down and sat there, in my embrace with me kissing him softly and telling him how much I liked him. I started to fondle him about the chest a little with my free hand and had to smile as I saw the sweat starting to form on his brow. Then my hand 'accidentally' brushed across the front of his pants and I felt the small bump there. Then I paused, then put it back and laid it gently on top of his pants. "Oh Donald!" I

sighed. "Do you feel that way about me too?" Then I gave him a lingering kiss, keeping my hand there all the time. He squirmed under my controlling hand, but didn't try to escape.

"Huh? Feel what way too?" He panted when I let him go.

"Sexually attracted to me – the way I am to you!" I said shyly, working hard to work up a girlish blush.

"Oh Yes Karen! Oh yes! I've been in love with you for years!"

"Why didn't you tell me – you silly boy!" I cooed.

"I thought you didn't like me," he moaned.

"Ridiculous!" I said firmly. Then I softened my tone. "Donald? I know you'll think me shameless. But may I ask you something?"

"Anything Karen! And I won't think you shameless at all!"

"Okay then! Can I see it?"

"See what?"

I didn't say anything, just gave him a kiss and squeezed his erection gently.

"Eh Eh Eh!" He panted as I started to pull his zipper down. "Oh Please Karen!"

"See! You DO think I'm shameless!" I said, a little coolness entering my voice.

"No. Honest! It's just that somebody might see!"

"If that's all. Here. Hold my handbag in front of you," I said, handing it to him.

I felt like laughing as he took it from me and daintily held it in front of him while I extracted his tiny pecker from his pants until it was standing at attention. "I've never seen one of those before!" I gasped. "I can't imagine putting that inside me! Are they all that big? "

He had the grace to blush. "I don't look at other chaps . . things. . but I'm sure there are lots that . . are . . at least that big," he stammered.

"May I? May I . . . touch it?" I breathed excitedly, but timidly. The tips of my fingers already caressing it, light as feathers.

"Ooooh!" he said, almost wailing. "Please Karen? You sure you want to?"

"I've always wanted to see what one would feel like," I said. "But tell you what. Why don't you give me the white handkerchief out of your handbag?"

"My handbag?" he faltered.

“Well – the one you're holding,” I said impatiently.

And Donald, the poor boy, opened his handbag and gave me the white silk handkerchief with the scads of delicate lace trim, then closed the bag. Let out a cross between a sigh and a moan as I draped the hanky around his erection.

Then I pulled him further into my embrace and bent him so that he was now lying in my arms, holding on to 'his' handbag as I kissed him softly and told him how cute he was – caressing his penis through the white, lacy, silk. Then, I felt him start to convulse. “Why Donald, what's the matter?” I said, continuing to stroke him – faster now. Then he started to ejaculate.

“What are you doing?” I squealed – though I made damn sure to get the material folded enough keep his semen contained within the hanky. Certainly didn't want him to squirt on me. Then I said, “Oh Donald darling! I'm SO sorry! I've heard other girls talk about that sort of thing happening, but never dreamed it would happen so FAST! I'm sorry!” Then I kissed him again. “You might want to wipe yourself off?” I suggested.

He really WAS kinda cute I thought, staring up at me all docile and shamed, his eyes all wide and helpless. And, to tell the truth? I'd sort of enjoyed the experience. I mean, I'd jacked guys off a number of times – but had never felt that I exerted that much control over them. It left me feeling kinda weird – but contented in a way that I'd never been before.

He used the hanky to dry himself off, then obviously didn't know what to do with it. “I'd tell you to throw it away Donald but it's a very expensive handkerchief that my Gran gave to me before she passed away” I said, lying in my teeth. “Maybe you could wash it for me? Give it back the next time we meet?”

“I'm sorry I made such a mess of it,” he said, blushing as he straightened his clothes away. “Yeah. I guess I could throw it in a washing machine . . .”

“Oh NO Donald! You'll have to hand wash it in lukewarm water, then air dry it until it's just damp – then iron it with a cool iron,” I interrupted, having fun with the pictures of him doing all of that in my mind. But then added. “Well come on then. Time we were going. It's getting kind of chilly, don't you think?”

It was really amazing how right mom had been. Naturally, she hadn't predicted everything that would take place, but had given me enough tips so that I'd had a number of contingencies in my mind at all times. No, what I mean is that her fundamental statement was basically this. Get a male sexually aroused then bombard him with small commands. Don't give him time to think. He might rebel but, if you just kept pushing? He'd come around and be as meek as a little lamb. I smiled as I imagined a woolly Donald saying 'baaa'.

"You know Donald?" I said shyly, looking down at the ground modestly. "I know I sound awful. But I sort of enjoyed what we just did. Did you?"

His face got bright red. "Oh Karen! It was wonderful! I've never felt anything like it before!"

I stopped and stared at him. Got my voice cold. "Donald! I won't have you lying to me!"

"Eh?" he said, a panicked look on his face.

"Don't you dare tell me that you've never played with yourself!" I said. "Girls have told me that boys do that ALL the time!"

He got even redder. "Yes, well, but . . ."

"But WHAT!" I snapped. "You said you'd never felt anything like it – so you lied!"

"But Karen? I meant that what you did to me was away better than anything I've ever done to myself. I've never felt anything like . what you did."

"Oh darling Donald!" I gasped. "I'm SO sorry! I just HATE people who lie to me! And now I understand what you meant. Please forgive me?"

"You called me darling!" he exulted. "It's true! You love me!"

I put a disbelieving look on my face. "I don't know any girl who wouldn't love you Donald. You're nothing at all like those other boys. You're sweet and cute – and don't come on all MACHO!" I wrinkled my nose in disgust. "I just hate those guys who want to do nothing but paw at a girl – want to boss her around all the time. Can't stand a mere girl, telling them what to do! You're not like that, are you Donald?"

"Oh no!" he agreed ardently.

"That's why I didn't want you to put your arms around me, back at the park bench. I think it's perfectly okay for a boy to be embraced by his girlfriend instead of the other way round, don't you?"

"Yes. It was fine with me," he said, grinning at the memory.

"That's exactly what I was talking about. You're not at all like those jocks that are too stupid to do anything else but walk around flexing their muscles. Let me show you what I mean," I said. "Here darling, carry this for a while, would you – please?"

He gulped, audibly, when I held out my handbag to him. Took it from me between his finger and thumb as if it were dangerous.

“Donald? Carry it properly! By the straps, the way it's supposed to be carried!” I said coolly. Then I smiled at him as he walked alongside me, carrying my handbag – exactly the way a girl would. He blushed.

I swung my arms. “Gosh! It’s great to get rid of that thing – even if it's just for a little while. And you're passing the test with flying colors.”

“Test? What test.”

“Carrying my handbag – and carrying it the way it should be carried. So many boys wouldn't have the strength of character to do that! But now I want you to promise me something Donald.”

I noticed that he wasn't as enthusiastic in his reply this time, but he was quick enough. “Yes Karen. What?”

I got all shy and diffident, gazed downwards. “Did you really mean it when you said you'd never felt anything like what . what . . . I did to you back there? You were telling me the truth?”

He paused for a few seconds before answering. “Oh yes. Absolutely!”

“Well? I want to be the only one that does that to you from now on! I know it sounds awful, but I want you to come to me when you need that sort of thing any more. I'll be VERY upset with you if you go back to doing it to yourself again Understand?”

“Oh Karen. I couldn't do that!” he said. “I'd be too embarrassed!”

But I could see the delight in his eyes – little did he know what was in store. “I want your PROMISE!” I told him firmly. “And you'd better believe that I'll know if you cheat! You do? I'll get Amy . .to . well never mind. But I'll KNOW! Now, are you going to promise or not?”

He nodded.

“Say it!” I demanded.

“I promise.”

“Promise WHAT?”

“To come to you for . . for . .”

“Sexual release!”

“For sexual release.”

“And will not play with myself anymore!”

“And won't masturbate anymore.”

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“Oh Donald darling! I love you!” I said and wrapped him in my arms and kissed him. I was actually astonished that he stood there compliant and docile as I treated him that way – but he did.

I 'rewarded' him by letting him carry my handbag all the way home. Didn't invite him in – it wouldn't be proper with my mother being away – but gave him a sweet kiss, then watched from my window as he strode away jauntily, whistling to himself.