

The Making Of A

DOMME

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# The Making of A Domme

By Bea

## CHAPTER 1

*My training begins.*

I know that my husband is not the most popular of men but, as he precedes me, there are smiles, soft oohs and aahs of appreciation from the assembled guests - even the occasional soft handclap. I know that I am not really the center of attraction -as I should be - but I am still delighted by the impression we have made on the people here.

My family name runs through the annals of the South - mostly respectable, but with its fair share of gamblers, rum-runners, generals, and suchlike. We do not tend to producing entrepreneurs or businessmen, the mental outlook of the distaff side being more - 'we'll catch the people with money when we need them' sort of thing.

Our particular branch of the family tree had money at one time, but daddy was one of those mentioned above - a gambler. "Died early, thank God!" mama would say. "If he hadn't, we would have been on welfare, with all that white trash!"

As you can gather from that warm, sympathetic statement, mama was not extremely liberal. She only had one child, namely me - but mama never brought up any fools, let me tell you.

When I was ten, she started 'educating' me in sex. Surprise you? You might be even more surprised to find out just how many girls of my age and good families, were getting mysterious trips to distant relatives within a few years. Mama was very practical that way.

"Amanda?" she said. "You're going to be a young lady. Going to have a lot of smooth young studs about you. Now, I have the belief that you prefer girls to boys (I blushed at that, because it was true) but you can't marry a girl -

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and you'll need to get married to get a decent injection of money into this family again."

She took me by the arm at this point and seated me at our dining room table. Sat down directly opposite me.

"Now listen up young lady. I'm going to start teaching you how to handle men. Are you listening?"

"Yes mama" I answered obediently, not really interested.

"Well hear me - and hear me good! Men - and boys will want to stick their thing in you. You must not let them do this. You must stop them any way you can. Your virginity on your wedding night is pure gold! You just can't throw it away!

I felt my eyes widen at the bluntness of what she'd just said. She'd never been shy about discussing sexual matters, but this was getting down to serious business. I started listening a little more intently.

She reached across and took a hold of my hand. "Starting tomorrow honey, you'll be attending a karate class. I've signed you up for it because I want you to be physically capable of defending yourself."

I loved my mama and wanted to do anything she expected of me, but I didn't want to get all tough, like some of the girls I know.

"That won't make me all muscles, will it mama?" I asked anxiously.

"No honey," she laughed "Maybe just the opposite. But tell you what? After three months? If you think it's doing anything you don't want? You can quit right away. Okay?"

Reassured, I smiled. "Thanks mama."

"But there's something else," she went on. "You may not like it, but I'm going to have to show you what to do."

And she proceeded to tell me how to control a man by using one hand - strategically placed in his groin area. What to watch out for when dating a boy - or man. The 'danger' signals he'd probably emanate, and how to defuse the situation.

She'd been scared that I'd find the subject distasteful, but I didn't. To tell the truth, I thought it fascinating. Couldn't believe that some of the tough boys I knew - and was a little scared of, to tell the truth - could be tamed by such a simple thing. A few years later though, I was an expert. Had my own 'farm' of boys, and was well on the way to attaining my black belt in karate.

My expertise in defending myself was helped a great deal by a few things.

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One: without boasting, I am very pretty and feminine and, as mother had predicted, drew boys to me like the proverbial honey-pot. This provided me with lots of subjects to practice on.

Two: the practical outlook that mama had brought me up with allowed me to engage in this practice with a cool detachment that I might never have achieved at such an early age without her sage advice and encouragement.

Three: my liking for my own sex. This preference was understood by mama, though we didn't discuss it much. It was a big help for me not to get truly romantically inclined to the opposite sex - although I did become a true artiste in looking into my beau's eyes, sighing softly - and promising, promising, promising - but by inference only.

I learned to keep quite an inventory of large silk handkerchiefs on hand. It was truly amazing to me, how a randy young bull could be tamed with fingers that slightly touched his erection - then finally took it in hand with a soft grip. A silk square to aid in his sensory enjoyment and cut down on the mess - and he would be as meek as a lamb, and good as gold.

Guys who'd never had sex before were the easiest. Poor little pussies. So eager to please. So awkward - then so grateful when they found that they didn't have to do anything. I even managed to get some of them to cry as they lay there, helpless, my soft hands bringing them to ejaculation. I kinda liked it when they did that. Gave me a rush of power, if you know what I mean. I really didn't understand that aspect of it then, was too young I guess. It makes more sense now.

Occasionally though, I'd run into trouble with a guy who'd have had sex with a woman before. They were a lot more aggressive - at first, but after soft pleadings and tears from me - and more direct caresses on their vital areas, they usually came to heel as well. Only twice did I have to use my karate skills, and both times when I looked down at my fallen conquest, I thought to praise and bless mama for her forethought.

Practically destitute though we were, Mama still managed to scrape up enough money for me to get to a half decent college. I did help a little by getting some nice scholarships (which I was very proud of) but I know it was a financial strain on her all the same. She didn't grudge me a penny.

Demanded that I avoid the college dorms - 'sinkholes of depravity' she'd snarl - though rather than me having the off-campus apartment she wanted me to have by myself, I had to share with Aimee and Annie Semple. Twins, who luckily had the same sexual proclivities as myself. They were from a good family (even had money) and had learned discretion. This didn't stop the three of us from having some very interesting sessions in bed at times though. We just never carried it outside. In public we were models of feminine decorum.

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Rayburn came on the scene halfway through our senior year. One of those skinny little guys who compensate for his lack of physique by an arrogant manner and mean mouth. But his family had money - SERIOUS money, which made him extremely attractive to me. After all, I'd tamed a lot of guys who were bigger and meaner than he knew how to be! Not only that? Underneath all that sneering bad manners I thought I could see a cute little boy.

At first I never thought I'd stand much of a chance. After all, I'd seen him around a number of times with some really outstanding looking women - though most of them were bimbos - and he treated all of them like they deserved. He talked to me the same way the first time we met - it was at some minor faculty bash that me and the twins had crashed - but I just gave him the cold stare treatment - which must have been the first thing to attract him - he wasn't used to women treating him with such disdain.

As I was walking from the campus to the apartment one afternoon a few days later, he drove up alongside me in his flashy new convertible. Again, I think he was disconcerted by my cool aloofness, and turning down his offer of a ride home. Before he left, he asked me out on a date. I just gave him the cold stare again - though reducing the ice a little. He drove off in a temper - at least he left some rubber on the road - though he may have just been trying to impress me.

He called the apartment a couple of times and left messages for me to call. Naturally, I didn't reply. Finally, one rainy afternoon, he caught me at home. There was an old Jacques Tati film showing at one of the local movie houses, so I relented and let him come and pick me up, then take me to the show.

Like I thought he would, his hands came at me fast and furious within minutes of us sitting down. I know of a very painful spot on the back of a hand that can subdue just about anyone if they don't know how to break away. He didn't. Seconds later, he was sitting very quietly and peacefully as I held his hand in mine. Even in the darkness of the theatre, I could see the sweat that was now beading his brow.

"God almighty Amanda!" he finally whispered. "Would you please stop? That's very painful."

"Promise to behave yourself?" I replied.

"Yes. I promise," he said, docile as a little mouse.

I let his hand go. "Don't force me to do that again" I warned him. "Next time, I may hurt you a lot more."

He let out a 'whew' of relief when I released his hand. Pulled it into his chest, then started massaging the back of it with his other hand. I was afraid

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that I may have lost him, so laid my hand on his thigh. "Rayburn? I'm sorry if I hurt you. Forgive me?"

I could feel his immediate erection straining his pants material under my hand, so slid my hand further up his leg. He was squirming in delight now.

"Rayburn? I asked you a question! Are you mad at me?"

"No Amanda. I'm not mad at you." He was beginning to pant now. Just a little, but I figured that I now had him in hand (in more ways than one, I may add).

"I'm sooo glad!" I breathed sexily in his ear, then undid the zipper of his pants. Seconds later, his penis was straining under the silk handkerchief in my hand.

I whispered a command to him that he wasn't to come until I gave him permission. He nodded, totally submissive and under my control now. I'd had other boys in similar situations who had sometimes been unable to control the desire to spasm, so was very slow, very deliberate with him for a while. I truly understood the male drive that forced them to disobey me, but I'd always try it on a new boy - a sort of test to find out how much of a hold (smile) I had on him. Rayburn actually surprised me. I'd have bet serious money that he'd ignore the order and come. He didn't strike me as having that kind of mental discipline. (At that time, of course, I didn't know how submissive he was - for all of his blustering and antics). As it was, I kept him sweating and writhing under my hand for the best part of an hour. When I finally gave permission, he messed up my handkerchief considerably.

I almost misread him totally. He seemed so abashed and ashamed afterwards that I considered him a lost cause. Thought he'd never come back for more of the same. I made him leave after he saw me home late that afternoon and shrugged. He left me, truly hang dog, looking at the ground with hardly a word for himself. 'Plenty more fish like him in the sea' I thought to myself, with a small tinge of disappointment. But that evening a superb bunch of flowers were special delivered to me at the apartment - and his accompanying note read "Please forgive me"!

I giggled to myself. What was this fool doing? What could he possibly think he's done to ask my forgiveness? Naturally though, I wasn't about to forgive him despite three days of incessant calling and pleading from him. When I finally allowed him to come to the apartment for dinner - that I cooked, he arrived so awestruck by his luck in being finally 'forgiven' that I had to see how far I could go. Naturally, he had to be milked first. A man wanting sex is docile and obedient. Afterwards? It's usually a different story, and I needed to know how he'd be. Was his passive behavior of the time before a reflection of his true personality, or would he get all aggressive, as some boys did after being treated in such a manner?

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The twins had been sent out for the evening. I poured the two of us some wine, then patted the sofa right beside where I went to sit. I could practically see his little puppy tail wag with happiness at my kindness.

Staring directly into his eyes, I produced a silk handkerchief and started folding it slowly to create a pad. My intent was clear. As if hypnotized, he couldn't take his eyes from it.

Once I had it configured to my satisfaction, I smiled seductively. "Come to mummy, Rayburn" I whispered, putting an arm around his shoulder and twisting him until I was pulling him into reclining against me. Then I started kissing him, lightly at first, but gradually forcing my tongue further and further into his mouth. Passively, he lay there accepting the female role I'd assigned him in the activity, even going so far as to sliding his arms weakly around my neck - leaving his whole body at the mercy of my ministrations.

For fun, I started saying what he should have been saying. "Oh stop darling! Please stop! You're SO strong! Oh! Please don't take advantage of me. Please?" Naturally, I'm saying this between ardent kisses, all the time forcing him further and further back into my embrace, my tongue now pumping in halfway down his throat, and my right hand first of all manipulating his breasts then unzipping his pants and, with the silk square in position, covering up his turgid erection. I wasn't in any mood to spend a lot of time pleasuring the little pussy, so let him come pretty quickly.

As I said, I was curious to see how he'd react after I'd treated him in such a manner. Decided to push it a little. "Darling? Take this handkerchief and wash it out, would you? Use the sink in the bathroom. Rinse it really well, then hang it up over the shower rail to dry."

He rearranged his clothing then, meekly, as if in a daze, he took the damp square from me and went and did what I had ordered.

To really confuse the poor dolt, I then went into my very best rendition of the empty headed Southern Belle - full of verbal 'you-alls and 'honey's' and fluttery behavior, all feminine and submissive.

Served up dinner like the most loving, domesticated, housewife you ever saw and fussed over him like a submissive little wife - a sterling performance that was worth, at least in my mind, an Oscar nomination.

The poor little dear WAS confused at first, but then started to wake up from the lethargy that he'd fallen into after I milked him. He even started getting a little cocky and arrogant again. I smiled to myself as I let him get away with it for a while - then steered him back over to the sofa, and gave him another milking! The poor dear wasn't as keen this time, but was the picture of docility itself after I pulled out another silk handkerchief. When the twins came in just after ten o'clock, I was watching TV. Rayburn was in one of my



frilliest aprons (and Southern belles have lots of these, trust me) doing the last of the dishes and tidying up the kitchen.

He showed his embarrassment by fiery blushes - but made no move to take that apron off. This astounded me - he had to be aware that there were now three girls who could make his life misery by talking around campus. He was shy with the twins, but friendly enough. I saw their mocking grins when he wasn't looking, but they pretended that seeing a young man doing house chores in a pretty apron was a commonplace sight for them. I finally let him leave about a half hour after the girls got there. Gave him a big wet kiss as he left.

## CHAPTER 2

*I start to see things in a different light. Make amendments to my plans.*

That night, lying awake in bed, a lifestyle-altering idea came to me.

Lazily, I wondered. I liked girls, but needed a boy for marrying purposes. Would it be possible to make a boy into something more acceptable to me? Gentler? More feminine? Would it be possible to have him docile and well behaved, ALL the time, the way they all were before being 'handled'?

I thought of how Rayburn had to be milked twice. Certainly didn't want to get into the habit of multiple handlings. When I'd given him the apron, he'd protested but weakly, as if he couldn't resist me. After he'd been tied into it he was docile until the end of the evening. Slowly, I turned the idea over in my mind. Let's face it, Rayburn was no catch as a male - kinda small and scrawny. How would he be as a girl?

I wouldn't expect him to give up his male 'bits' of course - but with his hair arranged? Makeup? A nice dress with sexy undies? Perfume? With a start, I realized that I was playing with myself, and getting more than a little horny. Slipped out of bed and went through to my roomies bed. They were asleep when I got there, but I soon changed that!

The following morning we all overslept and, in tearing around so that we could get to class in time, I practically forgot everything. Later on that afternoon though, I remembered what I'd been thinking the night before. I was awake now though, and something was puzzling me that had slipped my mind the night before. When I was in a girl on girl relationship? I was the

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sub. Yet, thinking about males, I was starting to think that I only got excited thinking about being the dominant partner with them. As the king of Siam was constantly saying in the musical, 'this is a puzzlement'!

Puzzlement or not, I could tell immediately that it had the power of absolute truth. I was getting little spasms down below, little creamy twinges. I HAD to stop thinking about it, I thought - analyze it better when I had time, and wasn't in public.