

# Madam Dominatrix



# Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel.



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# Madam Dominatrix

By Blind Ruth

## THE MAKING OF A DOMINATRIX

“ONE, TWO, THREE.” Dulce Grey counted as Madam DeBovary stood behind her cane in hand. The stern-looking sturdy French woman would teach the English girl discipline. The thought ran through her mind that maybe she had failed with this girl for it wasn’t the first time Dulce Grey had received her punishment. Be that as it may she, as headmistress, must continue the caning and show no sign of weakness or remorse. The rattan cane descended once more on the regulation white cotton knickers the girl wore as decreed by Madam DeBovary that all girls in the school must wear. Dulce Grey continued her counting as instructed by Madam. The girl was used to it by now and the cane did sting her but in time the stinging would go away. The word “girl” was a mistake for her 18th birthday was fast approaching and soon she would leave this Godforsaken place and never see Madam again.

“FOUR, FIVE, SIX,” was counted as the headmistress administered the chastisement with enthusiasm. Then it was all over. “Adjust your dress, Dulce, and stand erect before me.” This done, Madam DeBovary then addressed the young woman.

“Dulce, I have given serious thought to you. I shall be writing a letter to your parents concerning your conduct at this establishment. I am taking the most severe steps that I can as headmistress of this school. You are being expelled as of today. You may pack your things. A flight will be arranged to fly you home. That is all. Dismissed.”

Miss Dulce Grey stood flabbergasted; she has not expected anything like this. She dreaded what her parents would say when she arrived home from the Swiss finishing school.

“Dulce, your father has disinherited you. You deserve that for your disgraceful conduct at Madam’s DeBovary’s. However I as your mother will deposit £20,000 in your bank account. Do be a good girl and keep in touch with me.” Ellen Grey embraced her daughter with tears in her eyes, John, her husband, had been much too severe on the girl, she thought. But she would not interfere. She never had in the past for John was a man who stood no nonsense from his wife and his daughter.

“Thank you, Mother. I will remember your kindness.” Dulce Grey embraced her mother and left home. She would have to face the cruel world on her own. Where could she turn to?

Dulce rented an expensive flat in the Bayswater area of London. She knew even with the money her mother gave her, she had to find a job quickly. In this expensive and exclusive district, her money would easily be eaten up. So an advert soon appeared on

the internet and in a magazine for domination of the male by ladies of that persuasion.

Mademoiselle Desiree, strict disciplinarian of the birch.

You must prostrate yourself before her beauty to receive the punishment that you rightly deserve.

“Yes,” thought Dulce, “that should bring the right type of customer to the flat. Well, I guess I did learn something of use at Madam de Bovary’s Swiss School and no better teacher than Madam herself.” Hadn’t Dulce been witness to other girls being administered chastisement by Madam? She watched the skill with which she used the cane. It was a pure art form in her hands.

While Madam may have used that rattan cane on the girls at school, it was the male of the species that interested Dulce more. Where that streak of domination in Dulce came from she would never know. Perhaps Madam herself had transplanted the seed of domination in the young woman’s mind. And why the male in particular?

The clients came in even greater numbers than she had anticipated and her bankbook swelled. Dulce had not at first considered herself a dominatrix but she came to the conclusion that was indeed what she was. That being so, her attire must be suitable for her work and that which a submissive would expect from their Mistress. Her present clothing was discarded and replaced by skirts of black leather and knee-length boots of the same to match her dress. She purchased high heeled boots of course so that she could tower above those who would kneel before her and kiss them. She felt the power she knew Madam deBovary must have felt over the girls at her school.

Dulce Grey became Mademoiselle Desiree. It sounded better for the role she would play, imposing herself on those who submitted themselves to the punishment of their mistress. Her own name was lost as now she was Mademoiselle Desiree and eventually Madam although she had no intentions of marrying.

There was a need for women such as she for Desiree found many men liked a strong aggressive woman, a woman who domineered. Not only that but they would pay handsomely for that privilege. While the money was more than welcome and Desiree needed it, the power that surged through her body as some submissive prostrated himself before her and kissed the hem of her leather skirt filled her with the utmost pleasure.

After a year or so, Desiree decided her little venture had more than succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. It was then she made the decision to expand, leave her flat and buys a mansion outside of London. She knew her rich clientele would follow and because of her heavy work load, other like-minded women would be hired. This was going to be a house of punishment, a shrine to chastisement and the domination of female over male. When word spread, her calendar would be full all year round, leaving no rest for the wicked. That was Desiree's little joke at her own expense.

Desiree felt she had not as yet reached the summit of her powers over the male. A lot of thought and imagination went into the domination and humiliation of the inferior gender. With her improvement in circumstances, she had the feeling that her destiny to be the superior woman over the male sex would be accomplished. The flat in Bayswater had been the training ground and the mistakes there had been spotted and ironed out. If she had accomplished that

in such short time, how much more pleasure would she obtain than that which she already had?

The weapons of punishment were carefully examined, evaluated and approved by Desiree. Paddles, riding crops, whips, rods, and canes, bamboo and rattan. The small whippy three-foot rattan cane had a special place in her heart ever since Madam used it on her backside. No more would Desiree feel its sting but others would submit themselves to its pain as administered by Madam Desiree. The degradation of the male was first and foremost in her mind, always.

## **PALACE OF DOMINATION**

The mansion was being prepared to Desiree's satisfaction, the rooms of punishment and chastisement being prepared for their future victims. The women handpicked for their vicious skills with the cane or whip would administer the implement. Many were older than Desiree, with experience acquired over many years with the cane or paddle. But even so they had to admit that for one so young, their mistress was well above them in domination and chastisement of the male.

They must always address her as Madam Desiree or Madam at all times. She in turn would call them Madam Camille or Mademoiselle Suzette, although that was not their real names. When asked why by one of the women, she answered, "It sounds better and more mysterious in the mind of the men you punish." No further questions were asked about that subject. She was the expert, after all.

The big opening day was fast approaching and Madam was giving last minute instructions to the workmen. Her "Palace of Domination" was becoming to her liking and instructions were given to the women who would work under her, a total of four.

“I will be giving a number of exhibition floggings to-night for the benefit of our clientele. This first night will be free and the wine and bubbly will flow as you mix and fraternize with the clients and exhibit your charms. All of you will be appropriately dressed along the lines of what our clientele will expect at a later date when they recompense you for services rendered. Every one of you is on trial for the next few months. I will not hesitate to dismiss those whom I consider are not up to the standard I expect. Is that clearly understood?”

“Yes, Madam,” came quickly from all four women. Desiree had quickly established her position as the “Mistress of Domination.”

A number of prominent business men and politicians received an invite through the post. their secretaries not daring to open their mail as it was marked “Strictly Private and Personal.”

Madam Desiree Cordially Invites YOU and A Partner

To the Grand Opening Ceremony of her new Palace of Domination.

Demonstrations will be given as she administers whippings and floggings to her devoted slaves.

Appointments can be made with her from the following day onwards.

Free wine and canapés will served by our staff who will be delighted to meet you.

RSVP

Around nine that first night the limousines began to park on the gravel outside the grand mansion. Men in evening suits, some accompanied by ladies

stepped out of the cars, looking around to ensure that no one they knew would see them entering this Palace of Sin.

As they entered the imposing building to be greeted and welcomed by Madam Desiree's lady staff, they were accompanied to their seats in the "Palace of Domination." When seated at their table, one of the dominatrices would bring glasses of wine and a selection of canapés and sandwiches, then introduce herself. "I am Madam Camille," or "Mademoiselle Suzette," as the case may be.

Each individual Dominatrix was dressed differently; one was in a bright red tight plastic dress and matching red spike ankle boots with six-inch heels. Another was all in black, leather skirt and thigh high boots. All walked with an air of superior authority which Madam Desiree expected from those who served under her. Pleasant conversation flowed between various tables and the dominatrices who mingled with their future clientele.

Many people asked who would be the recipient of the floggings. The dominatrices would answer, "Some miserable miscreant that is an apology for a man who deserves the beating, Madam Desiree shall administer to his backside." This was typically met with a nod of approval from those who asked. The ears of many women within the throng pricked up and a large smile spread across their face. While all the gay laughter and merriment was going on, pleasant piped-in music was heard.

A subtle change in the music happened; it was so subtle that at first some may not have detected it. A darker aggressive tone of music was heard. The lights were dimming and a spotlight was focused on a raised stage. The haunting strains of Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre was heard and Madam Desiree was

seen on the stage dragging a naked man in shackles. She pointed to a padded wooden horse. He silently obeyed and put himself over it, aided by Madam Desiree. The small woman of five-four gathered herself together and asked for a cane to be brought to her. Her second in command, Dominatrix Madam Camille, presented her with a rattan cane without prompting and left the stage. Desiree rose to her full height and all could see her dress.

The black material of the skirt is very severe as it sweeps from her nipped-in waist to descend to the floor. Flat black leather knee-length boots come up from the floor. None can see them because of her skirt. She wears a white pearl button-up front blouse with a high stiff white collar and a small black bow at her breasts. The blouse covers a white brassiere encasing her small breasts. The black hair is tightly formed in a rigid bun at the back of her head. Desiree's face is lightly made-up with slight face powder and a pale red shade of lipstick applied. There are no further cosmetics applied to the skin.

Madam Desiree now had her favourite rattan cane in her grasp, swishing it through the air. The preparation of the caning she was about to administer finished, the helpless man, bound to the wooden horse, blindfolded and gagged, was ready.

Madam Desiree spoke for the first time that night, "You deserve this spanking and you know it, don't you?"

The poor unfortunate man obviously could not answer but nodded his head in his submissive state. The piped-in music had once again changed and the loud dramatic organ music of a Bach toccata and fugue was heard. It highlight the serious nature with which Madam would admonish the severe flogging that in her mind this person deserved.