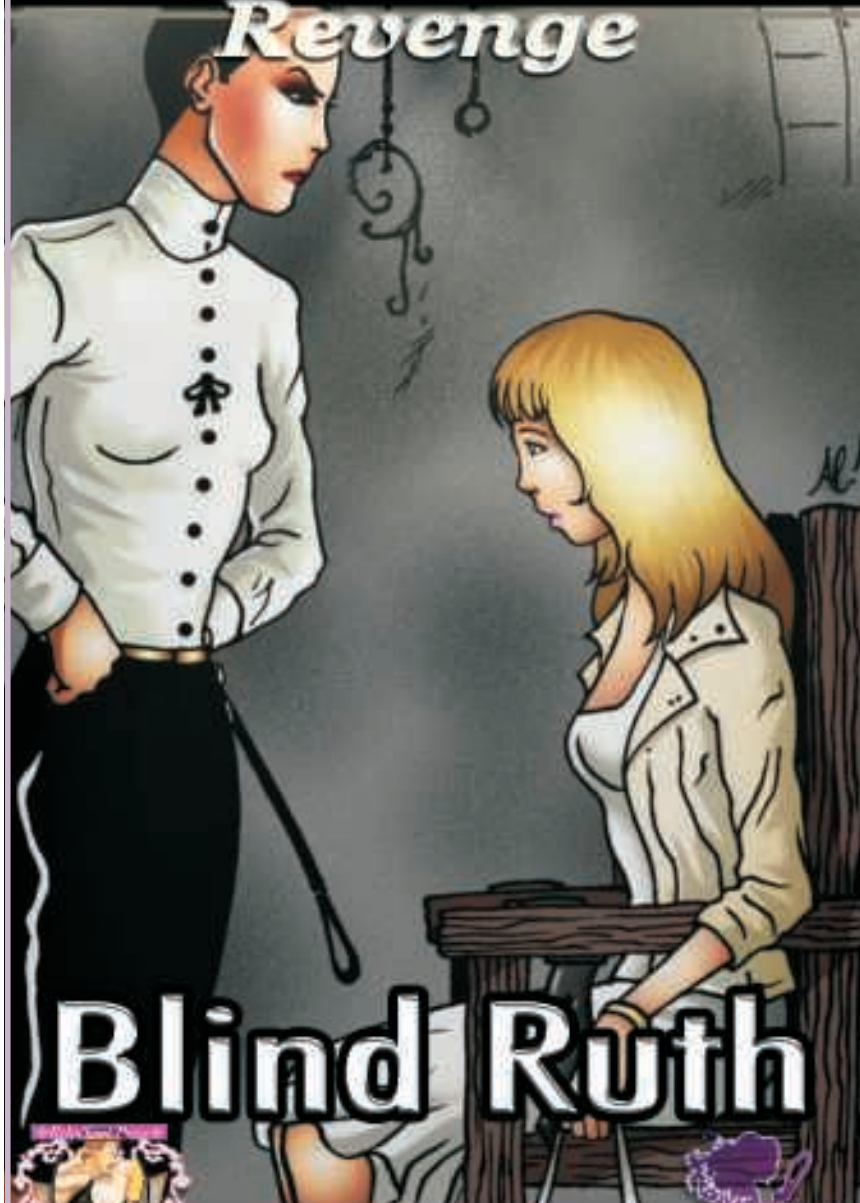


Madam Dominatrix 2

Revenge



Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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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 2 REVENGE

BY BLIND RUTH

By the time the police got around to visiting the Palace of Domination it was deserted, That was one line of inquiry that came to an abrupt end for the present. Madam Desiree was not short of money nor were the other women under her. They had lined their pockets from the domination of the male. There were two women that Desiree wanted to visit during that break for it was only temporary as far as Desiree was concerned. The “business as usual” sign would in time be put back up.

“Mother!” exclaimed Desiree.

Ellen Grey embraced her daughter on the door-step. "Come in, Dulce" her mother said as tears fell down her cheek. How long was it since she had seen her daughter, five years or more?

"You must stay for a few days, Dulce."

"Father threw me out a long time ago."

"That he may well have done, Dulce but I'm afraid I will have words with him if he dare suggest such a thing to my daughter. Your old room is ready. I never changed it since you left. Why don't you go there and refresh yourself and we can talk over dinner."

"Will Father be there?"

"No Dulce, he is at present on a business trip to America."

After dinner both mother and daughter relaxed over coffee in the drawing room. Ellen surveyed her daughter; she had changed from the young woman all those years ago. She was but a child then, The softer features she once had become more serious like her clothes and there was no doubt she was all woman,

"Darling, how have you survived all these years?"

"I am now a successful business woman, Mother. That's one of the reasons I wanted to see you again."

"Really, Dulce?"

"I no longer call myself Dulce. I'm Desiree now, a clean break from my former life."

"I see and what line of business are you practicing, Dulce?" Ellen Grey would never be able to call her daughter anything but Dulce.

"I am a Dominatrix, Mother and operate a house which I call the Palace of Domination. I have a number of women who work under me."

Ellen Gray was not ignorant as to what a Dominatrix was but was somewhat surprised that her daughter, of all people, had styled herself as such.

"Do you prostitute your body, Dulce?"

"No, Mother, nor do any of the women under me."

"But you must get some sort of sexual thrill from the whippings and lashings that you administer. But that is none of my business. I am just happy to see you once again, darling." Desiree never answered the question.

Ellen Grey may have wished she was that kind of woman but it was not in her nature and would never question her husband in any matters, But her daughter was different, she was strong and young. Hadn't that letter from Madam DeBovary suggested Dulce was a headstrong girl who defied her headmistress? The canings she had received from Madam DeBovary never drove that feeling away from Dulce. If anything it encouraged them. Now look at her, a Dominatrix! In a strange sort of way, Ellen Grey was proud of her daughter,

“Mother, I am here to repay your kindness when I left. I have made a cheque out for £20,000 in your name.”

“But Dulce I cannot accept that. The money I gave you when your father threw you out was to tide you over.”

“Mother, I insist you take it. Let us hear no more about this matter.”

Desiree was to spend a few happy days in the company of her mother as she had suggested. Then Desiree left to visit the second woman on her list.

“You been here before, Madam?” said the large German masseuse as she concentrated to knead the body of the lithe young woman on the table before her.

“Yes.”

“I expect you have come to ski?”

“Yes, you could say that.”

“The season is just starting and the Alps are beautiful at this time of year. Have you been skiing much around these parts, Madam?” asked the masseuse by way of conversation with her customer.

Yes, thought Madam Desiree, she had been there many times when she was in Madam DeBovary’s School. Her stay at the Steigenberger Grandhotel Belvedere Davos was going to be most enjoyable after she sought out Madam De Bovary. It shouldn’t be all

that hard for she knew from past experience she sometimes brought a few of the girls at the school here for a celebratory dinner at this hotel after they got excellent marks in some exam or other. That never included Dulce Grey however for her Madam considered a bad girl. *Funny*, thought Desiree, *how bad can I be when I'm so good at making money?*

"Does Madam DeBovary still live in these parts?" Desiree asked the masseuse.

"Yes indeed, Madam. Are you familiar with her? She sometimes comes here for a meal with her husband."

"Yes, I know her. We are in the same line of work." Well, it could be called work. The only difference was that she was paid to cane while Madam DeBovary did it for fun.

"Oh, then you are a teacher, Madam. That's nice." The big masseuse was looking at Desiree thinking she was a bit young to be a teacher but then what did she know?

"Do you plan to see her while you are here?"

"Yes I assume she still lives at her school?"

"As far as I know, Madam, she is still there."

Desiree left the masseuse with a generous tip. Nothing had changed with Madam DeBovary and to Desiree nothing had changed in the makeup of her once headmistress. Caning a poor unfortunate girl! Well, Madam Tempest DeBovary had a lesson to learn. Desiree enjoyed herself skiing on the piste till such time as she could put her plan into operation,

“Madam DeBovary, I hope you don’t mind me interrupting your dinner but I just had to speak to you.”

Tempest DeBovary looked up from her seat at the face of a young woman severely dressed in a black dress that came to her ankles and what looked like highly polished black leather ankle boots, high-heeled.

“Sorry, my dear, I didn’t catch your name.”

“I am called Madame Desiree Lully but that is of no importance for it is unlikely you have ever heard of me.” Desiree said this in a friendly manner for she wanted to get on the right side of her once-teacher for her own purposes.

“Do sit down, Desiree. Now tell me what is on your mind.” Tempest poured a glass of red wine out for herself and signalled the waiter to come to the table, “Bring another glass, waiter. You will join me in a drink, Desiree.”

“That is most kind of you, Madam, and we can discuss what is on my mind.”

Desiree settled herself on a seat beside Tempest. Everything so far had gone to plan; her old teacher hadn’t recognised her, but then her appearance had changed so much since she left Madam’s school. She had more of a hard young business woman’s face now, no soft features and she wore harsh looking makeup, something Desiree was proficient at when she was at the Palace of Domination in her role as Madam Dominatrix.

“What I want to know, Madam, are your secret methods of turning out such excellent scholars.”

“I didn’t know I had any secrets, Madam Desiree.”

“Come come, Madam DeBovary, you belittle yourself. Your reputation is well known within our profession. For you see I too am a teacher and soon I expect to branch out on my own in Britain and set up my school for girls from families of means.” *That was nicely put, thought Desiree, the trap has been set but will she be tempted?*

Madam DeBovary was most pleased by what she was hearing from this young woman and was friendlier towards her. “Yes Desiree, but what do you want of me?”

“You see James, my husband, died but just a year ago and I miss him terribly. For that year I practically didn’t do anything till one of my girlfriends said I should pull myself together and get an interest.”

“Oh, I am sorry to hear that, Desiree,” said Madam De Bovary.

“Yes,” said Desiree carrying on before she could be interrupted again. “As James had left a sufficient amount of money I decided to open this school. I had been a teacher before I married. This is where you come in. I would like to study your methods and ask you to come and supervise my school for some months. I expect we can come to some financial agreement before I leave to go home and organise my school, Madam.”

“Your proposition has my interest, Desiree. Maybe we can discuss terms while you are here. What say

you to looking over my school tomorrow, lunch first of course?"

"That is a splendid idea, Madam." Desiree rose and planted a kiss on the cheek of her old schoolmistress,

While Desiree had seen one side of Madam DeBovary's lifestyle, she did not know of the other more unusual, even bizarre, side.

Tempest DeBovary that night sat in her black slip and bra before her dressing table applying makeup remover to her face. Wiping the cotton pads over her face to remove the makeup, she felt two hands on her shoulders. "You know you are beautiful, darling."

Tempest looked in the mirror before her at her man Pierre dressed in the lovely pink dress she had bought for him only last week. "You say the nicest things, sweetheart. You know I love you and you put that pink dress on just to please me, didn't you, Pierre?"

"Of course I did, Tempest. You like me in it, don't you?"

"Yes of course, Pierre. You will be rewarded in bed tonight. Now give me a twirl." The man in the pink dress proceeded to do so and the skirt flared out, revealing the pink slip beneath his dress and matching panties.

Tempest had gotten used to Pierre wearing women's clothes over the 15 years they had first met. She had taken a liking to him then and that was before he disclosed to her he liked wearing women's clothes. At first she was shocked but at that time had

never seen him in female dress. Her curiosity soon got the better of her.

That first night he dressed for her there was something within her that really was actively interested. Tempest had heard of men dressing in female clothes but to see one in the flesh changed everything. "Come here!" she said, wagging a suggestive finger towards him. Never had they made such passionate love before.

They never married but Tempest, to keep prying eyes and nosey parkers out of their relationship, took the title of Madam.

Pierre was a business man by day and dressed in women's clothes at night whenever he got the opportunity, very much encouraged by Tempest. They lived together like any married couple and this arrangement suited both. Tempest never called him anything but Pierre. He never worried about having a female name so long as he could wear feminine dress.

Madam DeBovary opened a drawer in the dressing table and withdrew a long light green satin nightdress. "Wear this tonight for me, Pierre and don't remove any makeup."

Madam DeBovary by now had slipped her own nightdress on and was in bed watching Pierre undressing. His slim body seemed to be moulded into the female clothes. She silently saw Pierre sit on the stool before the dressing mirror and unfastened her/his stockings from the suspenders holding them. This was done gracefully and not hurriedly. Slowly he took each stocking down his/her leg, watching to see no snags occurred and avoiding lad-

dering of the stocking. Pierre had already taken the dress and the pink slip below it off. Having removed his stockings, he sat in his panties and brassiere. The back of the bra was unclipped and withdrawn to expose the breasts below. They were not real but one would never know unless they examined closely. They would remain for they adhered well to the sticky Velcro patch that had been attached on the skin. He stood up and wriggled the panties down his shapely legs. Finally the light green satin nightgown was put over his body.

Madam DeBovary pulled the sheets back. "Come to bed, Pierre." Tempest was glad to see there was nothing wrong with Pierre's male equipment as the nightgown tented out in front. Tempest was going to be well satisfied this night.

Madam DeBovary stood before the hall mirror applying red lipstick to her lips, then pressed them together and dabbed the excess lipstick off her face with a tissue. There was no need for any other cosmetics as this was sufficient for the girls to recognise her as their headmistress.

Pierre had left for a business conference in Berne and would not be back till the end of the week. She reflected on last night; she had been sexually satisfied in many ways by Pierre. Tempest turned her thoughts to the forthcoming day. There was that young woman Madam Desiree to meet at noon in her office. She had mentioned this to Pierre who was not surprised that her methods were well known within her profession. This put Tempest in a good mood for the rest of the day. If the offer the young woman made was reasonable she could leave the school in the hands of her Deputy for a few months,