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by

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MEETING EMMANUELLE:

This is a story about a dominant bisexual woman who lives in the southern part of France. Through the internet, she is introduced to a submissive bisexual woman who is also transgendered. The relationship that eventually evolves speaks to all women -- regardless of their origin.

Research for this story -- in addition to actual experience -- was derived from the following sources:

1. Amity Harris's Femdom Short Stories
Amity's original short stories: femdom, female domination, male submissives and other erotica.
<http://www.tpe.com/~amity/shorts.htm>
2. Pierre Silber's in Santa Clara. They carry 6-inch heels, thigh-high boots, pumps, and platforms in sizes 5 to 15.
<http://www.pierresilber.com/>
3. Mistress Rainy's Den
Mistress Rainy hence also known as Mistress R is a professional "fantasy facilitator" more commonly referred to as a bi-sexual domme. She resides in Indiana.
<http://members.tripod.com/~MistressRainy/index.htm>
4. Modern Goddess Magazine
<http://www.teleport.com/~jake1950/index2.shtml>
jake1950@teleport.com
5. Camille Paglia: Women as Goddess
<http://www.matriarch.com/archive.htm>
6. Pat Califia
7. Beth Young

I moved from New York, to Georgia, hoping that life in a rural Southern city would be less hectic than life in Manhattan. Not long after I arrived, I realized that living in a small city was like living under a microscope. I constantly ran into people I had no desire to meet. To make matters worse, everyone wanted to know everyone else's business.

There were weeks when I would not leave the house, except to go to work and to buy groceries. It was the only way to avoid the incredible numbers of small-minded people. It seems that the South, America's Bible Belt, breeds small minded people.

The wealthier people tried to import as much culture as they could afford. These importations had little lasting effect on the local population. Inevitably, one could only conclude that genuine culture had gone with the wind.

There are two large widows in my den. My computer sits opposite these windows. Although the scenery behind me is quite beautiful, there is nothing to distract me from my computer screen. Nothing -- except the sound of the birds.

One late afternoon, as I was checking my e-mail, I noticed a message from a foreign country. There was also an attachment.

The letter was from a woman who identified herself as Emmanuelle. The attachment was a photograph -- a portrait of the woman identified in the letter. She was young and very beautiful. The southern coast of France served as a perfect background. Sunglasses veiled her eyes, but her pouted lips expressed the desires behind the dark glass.

She was responding to a post I had placed on a newsgroup for bisexual people. In the newsgroup, I had expressed an interest in meeting a dominant bisexual woman. I also explained that I was transgendered -- born with the body of a boy, but the mind, heart and soul of a girl. It

intrigued her that anyone born male could live and succeed as a woman. I am sure she also found an interest in the submissive desires I so carefully detailed in my advertisement.

I responded to her correspondence and include a photograph of myself. In her reply, she commented that she found me to be a beautiful woman. She also wrote that if I should ever travel to France, she would be most eager to meet with me. Thus, we became friends and pen-pals.

The more I learned about Emmanuelle, the more intrigued I became. Each of her letters provided additional details that defined the woman as much as it defined her environment. It was not difficult to grow just a little envious as I compared her life in France, to my life in the rural south of the United States.

Emmanuelle resided in a quiet, spacious villa, is located in Puisseguier (Haut), in Southern France's Languedoc-Roussillon region. It was close to the Mediterranean beaches and mountains.

Her two-story home consisted of three bedrooms and three bathrooms. There was also a pleasant garden.

There was a convenient highway to access numerous nearby Mediterranean beaches (12 miles) and the back-country's Cevennes mountains (12 miles). The ground floor had a master bedroom and a living room with a dining area that opened onto a generous covered verandah. The upstairs bedrooms featured scenic views of the town and countryside.

The location and climate were ideal for summer vacations, and featured interesting geographic and historic attractions: the Canal du Midi's historic waterway that connected the Mediterranean to the Atlantic Ocean; the Cathedrals of Bziers and Narbonne; and the historic sites from the Roman and medieval periods, such as the famous fortified medieval city of Carcassonne.

The nearby city of Bziers offered restaurants, cinemas, theater, museums and night life. Montpellier, a large city with an international airport, was only 50 miles away.

The town of Puisseguier had all basic services: groceries, pharmacy, physicians, and so on. In Puisseguier there is also a "maison de la jeunesse" (youth organization) which sponsors cultural activities such as trips to the historic or geographical sites of the region as well as sports activities. Other area activities include: canoeing, horseback riding, cycling, ultra-light aircraft.

In one of my letters, I referred to Emmanuelle as a domme. She replied, telling me that I should not confuse being dominant with being a domme. "A domme is quite a different kind of woman," she wrote.

MEETING MISTRESS RAINY:

"So what was the difference between being a dominant woman and being a domme?" I asked myself. I decided to meet with a Mistress Rainy -- a friend and a woman who had described herself as a domme. If anyone knew the answer, it would be the Mistress.

Mistress Rainy was a middle-aged lifestyle domme. By "lifestyle," I mean that she lived as a domme and that the art of being a dominatrix was a major source of her income. I might add that she was a beautiful and strong-looking woman -- a woman with curves and womanly attributes one would not find on a waif-thin model.

"I am a domme and a professional dominatrix," she informed me.

Mistress Rainy also kept a live-in female submissive. Her name was Karen, and she attended to the needs of Mistress Rainy at all times. Karen was also an attractive woman, but she appeared to be fragile. Perhaps her demeanor was as aspect of her submissiveness. I could not be certain. There was no doubt, however, that she both loved and feared her mistress.

"I like to call myself a "fantasy facilitator," Mistress Rainy explained. "I help people to realize and explore their fantasies in a safe, discreet, and sane environment. I also enjoy teaching other women to be a Mistress if I think they will be what I think a Mistress should be."

I appreciated the fact that Mistress Rainy imposed standards on everything she did -- not only upon herself but on those with whom she formed an affiliation. Art that fails to measure to any standard is nothing more than trash. By setting a standard for her role as a dominatrix, she elevated her art.

Mistress Rainy was married to a Master. However, she was not submissive to him, nor was he submissive to her. They shared ownership in a business producing leather bondage gear called Crazy'Z Creations.

I should explain that Mistress Rainy did not always wear leather herself. In fact, if you were to meet her on the street you would believe her to be as normal as the lady next door. She wore jeans, sweatshirts, T-shirts, or shorts like anyone else.

The difference was that she projected a dominant attitude and a dominant personality. As a domme, the role was not about having sex. It was about teaching a submissive the things they only dreamed. She enjoyed, for example, watching a man kiss her feet or lick her boots. She enjoyed the sound of a whip cracking on flesh.

"I do not try to pretend to be someone I am not, I am just me," she said. "I am just the person I am comfortable with being. I am not a sadist. I am, however, sadistic when I choose to be or when there is a need to be."

This was all very new and exciting to me. I understood now that Emmanuelle did not want to be my domme. She wanted a relationship that could develop into something intimate.

FEMALE DOMINATION:

Not long after my conversations with Mistress Rainy, I began to think of the possibility of meeting Emmanuelle. Mistress Rainy and I were about the same age, but we both looked younger. We both had young minds. Why couldn't either she or I start a new life?

Mistress Rainy was, of course, happy with the way she lived. I, however, was not happy. It was I who needed a change. Soon, the possibility of a new life moved from the subconscious realm of my mind, to the conscious realm.

I began reading all I could find on female supremacy and female domination. I started with Amity's Femdom Stories -- a website. Her stories, however, were mostly concerned with female supremacy as a fetish and as a sexual act. I searched for something with a deeper meaning; and so, I turned to a female supremacy website called Matriarch.com. There I found writing from some of the most notable female supremacists in the world. Still, there was something too physical about their theories. They were neither spiritual enough, nor cerebral enough.

I also read material provided through Camille Paglia, Pat Califia, and Beth Young. Again, most of their material dealt with a woman's superiority but their arguments were more sexual than intellectual. Furthermore, I could find nothing pertaining to the superiority of African women, nor women of African descent. So, in a sense, the same racist attitudes--however subtle or unintentional -- pervaded thoughts on female supremacy as they had so much of Western civilization and culture.

In America, white women read a few books and then proclaimed themselves to be feminists -- theoretical feminists. Women of color were born feminists -- feminists as a result of the circumstances imposed upon them. It was a richer feminism than anyone else could dare theorize.

As a transgendered woman, I had been afforded an opportunity to view culture both as a male and as a female. I too felt that women were superior but for reasons removed from my colleagues.

From my perspective, female superiority was rooted in our ability to perceive the sensual relationship between two human beings, as well as between human and non-human attributes of life. For example, the relationship between human and technology. It was a spiritual power that could find its way into sexual acts, but was not necessarily rooted in sex, nor our ability to be sexual.

Even a submissive woman retained these spiritual powers. As a result, she was superior to a male in spite of

her submissiveness. Why? Because she could understand the sensuality involved in maintaining a perfect relationship with a domme. Men could simply obey. A woman, on the other hand, could make submission the force that drove her to incredibly erotic heights. She could serve her domme for 24-hours, 7-days a week, and still maintain the attributes important to her private life.

African women and women of African descent were perhaps more attuned to the spirituality of female domination. They were, after all, most likely to be oppressed -- not only because of their gender but also their race. Still, they survived and many even succeeded financially and socially within a very hostile environment.

In one of her letters, Emmanuelle suggested that I was brave to be a woman, particularly in a culture that oppressed both women and people of color. Although I agreed with her at one level, I could not agree totally. My decision to live as a woman was not totally a matter of choice. It was who I was -- in spite of my masculine birth.

As my confidence in myself as a woman increased, so did my belief in my ability to become a superior woman. Inevitably, I found myself drawing closer and closer to Emmanuelle.

PREPARATION:

I spent an entire year preparing myself to meet with her. I began dieting, exercising, saving and planning. I even selecting a new wardrobe for my new life.

Life is an act of love. Preparing for a new life is like preparing to make love to a beautiful woman. There must be a certain amount of preparation. One must create the mood, the atmosphere -- the right romantic setting. Then, there must be a good measure of foreplay -- not foreplay merely for the sake of foreplay, but painstakingly slow foreplay consisting of kissing, fondling, caressing, biting, nibbling, tasting and licking. One must engage all the senses! Then, if and only if, foreplay has resulted in the beautiful blossoming of erotic joy, and if the woman is physically in need of it, only then should penetration follow. A new life must be more than a one-night stand. So, it should take at least as much preparation as it takes to seduce a woman. There must be preparation, foreplay and finally penetration.

Part of my preparation consisted of ordering exotic boots, shoes and intimate apparel from Pierre Silber. This was a great deal of fun, as it is often difficult for tall or large women to find sexy clothes. From him, I purchased my first and only pair of shoes with 6-inch (15 centimeters) heels. Heels at this height transforms any woman into an imposing presence.

My favorite purchase was the thigh high patent leather boots with a simple 2-inch heels. They were rare, exotic and exquisite.

I was able to walk on them for about 3 hours. Afterwards, I needed to give my legs and feet a rest. However, while I wore them I was able to sashay and move about far more gracefully than I had anticipated. It goes to show that one should never underestimate the capabilities of a determined woman.

Within a year's time, I managed to complete all my business in the United States. I had even transported many of my belongings to Puisseguier. Now I was ready to meet the woman who would hopefully become my dominant partner. I say "hopefully" because at this time, no definite commitments had been made. We were both well aware that cyber-friendships do not always blossom.

FOREPLAY:

Finally, I arrived in Paris, France. I transferred to a smaller aircraft and was transported to a small landing field near Puisseguier. There, I was met by Emmanuelle.

She was even lovelier than she appeared in her pictures, and was everything any woman could hope for in a female partner. I was not surprised that she established her dominance right from the start -- explaining what I would be scheduled to do for the rest of the day.

The drive to the villa took less than a half-hour.

I noted that the French do not seem as driven as Americans. They moved at about at what seemed a more natural and comfortable pace -- not as dreary as the people in the Southern part of the United States, nor as animated as those in the North.

It was a fairy tale house, so totally charming and romantic. I was almost surprised that there were no little elves running about. The interior was elegantly decorated but very comfortable.

Emmanuelle showed me to my bedroom. It was next to her room -- the larger room. Apparently, we were to sleep separately.

"Take a few minutes to freshen yourself," she ordered, "then meet me downstairs in the living room. Slip into something revealing and sexy. It's how you will dress most of the time. So, I want to see how you will appear."

I smiled shyly but did not verbalize my emotions. She seemed distant, and I feared that she was disappointed with the way I looked. Still, I followed her command and met her downstairs. I wore a simple black bra, panty and garter, stockings, heels and a sheer robe.

Emmanuelle smoked a cigarette and looked me over carefully. "Turn around," she commanded. "I want to see your derriere."

I did as I was instructed then asked if she approved of my bottom.

"It's very nice," she replied. "I will have a good deal of fun spanking it and fondling it as my mood directs."

The mere suggestion of foreplay aroused me.

"Tell me something," she began, "I see no evidence of your male part. Did you have the surgery?"

"No, Emmanuelle," I replied coyishly. "I have not had the surgery, nor do I intend to have it. My male part is simply tucked away."

"And this is not uncomfortable for you?" she inquired.

"No, I am quite accustomed to it," I replied. "It would only be a problem if I were to become erect. And since I never become erect, it is never a problem."

"Stand near to me," she insisted. "Remove your panty. I wish to see it."

"Why must you see it, Emmanuelle?" I asked boldly. You already know I'm transgendered. Did you think I would lie about something as unfortunate?"

"Roberta, when I ask you to do something, I don't want to be challenged," she replied, firmly. "Your role in this relationship is not to challenge. Your role is to be challenged -- by me!"

I did not move. I was uncomfortable with her command.

"Come here and remove your panty," she said insistently. "I'm not making a request."

This time I did as I was told. I walked up to her and lowered my panty over my heels and allowed them to fall to the floor. My male part, however, was still between my cheeks.

"Take it out," she ordered. "I wish to see it."

I parted my thighs and allowed my penis to descend. It was there before her and was quite flaccid.

"Good girl," she commented approvingly. "Finally, it is beginning to sink in as to which of us is the dominant one here."

She caressed my male part with her finger tips and watched for a response. Then, she looked up to me and noted that my expression was unchanged. I had not been affected by her touch. This seemed to please her.

However, she was not thoroughly convinced that I could not be aroused in this manner. She took my penis into her mouth and began sucking, hoping for even the slightest response. There was none.

"I see that it is quite dead," she finally commented. "However, I bet if I run my finger back to your little pussy -- I bet I'll get a response from that."

Leaving me no time to verbalize a reply, her finger slipped to my anus and she fondled it gently. She noted my immediate response and my smile.

"You see, already I have learned where the lady likes to be touched," she said. "You are not so different than the woman I have known before you. You simply have a little something extra."

She sat back on the sofa and watched me as I put on my panty, carefully tucking my secret between my thighs.

"I'm really amazed at how feminine you are, Roberta," she said. "I know I've seen your photos, talked to you on the telephone, read your letters and poetry. Still, I would never have believed that anyone born a male could become so totally feminine."

"I talk that as a compliment, Emmanuelle," I replied.

"Yes, most definitely. Please do!" she insisted. "For a man to become a woman is like a mule becoming a champion race horse."

"I agree, Emmanuelle. Thank you."

"You're quite welcome," she replied. "Now, come. Let me show you to my bedroom where I can explore more of your feminine skills."

Mademoiselle Emmanuelle's bedroom was dark, yet beautiful. She slept on a king-size canopy bed with huge pillows. The sheets were of silk as was the comforter.

She leaped up onto the bed and lifted her dress to reveal that she had not worn a panty. Her beautiful pussy was exposed to my view and was slightly parted and moist.

"Eat me, my dear," she ordered. "You will be spending a lot of time between my thighs if you can pleasure me well enough."

She then moved to the edge of the bed, allowing her legs to dangle over the side. I knelt between her thighs and began to lick her delicate fruit.

"Not bad," she commented. "But you will need to do much better. There is no rush to doing this. You must take your taste. Let your tongue learn to vary its pressure. Remember, you must take me to the height that you yourself would like to reach."

I had never received verbal instructions. Suddenly, I felt incompetent doing what I had done for so many years. Still, I found that I enjoyed this new technique to the art of cunnilingus.

"Yes, that's better. That's much better. Tease my clitoris. Don't drown it."

I moved my tongue in a circular motion over her entire pussy, occasionally inserting my tongue like a tiny penis. She seemed to respond favorably.

"Good girl, Roberta!" she said. "I do believe you're learning quite well."

It pleased me to please Emmanuelle. It pleased me to be told I had been a good girl.

Yet, to my dismay, she reached for a paperback novel from her night stand, and began reading it as though I was having little if any effect on her. To me, this was quite the insult. Her gesture, I felt, was a direct challenge to my womanhood.

I use my bottom lip to firmly caress her jewel -- moving up towards her clitoris but not quite touch it. I repeated this procedure several times using considerable pressure. Then when I sensed I had achieved the desired response, I allowed my tongue to strike her clitoris several times. Then while fingering her deeply, I sucked and nibbled on the delicate pearl. Finally, I heard the novel hit the floor behind me.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Roberta!" she cried out. "Oh, you are such a wonderful little bitch. That's it, darling."

Don't stop! Don't stop! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

What woman in her right state of mind would stop at this point? I licked and sucked furiously until I felt the tiny spasms between her thighs and could feel the flow of her precious juices upon my lips. I was as elated and nearly as satisfied as Emmanuelle!

She then suggested I remove my panty, so we could enter into a 69 position. This time, I could barely remove the garment quickly enough.

"Well, you have no clitoris," she commented. "But I'm sure I can figure out how to make you cum."

Well, my dear reader, she did figure me out quite effectively. And it led to the final act of love -- penetration. However, that's another story, and I trust I'll find you here again.

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