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MISTRESS EMMANUELLE'S SEVEN LADIES

by Roberta Angela Dee

A romance, written in the classical style, concerning a dominant French Mistress and her very special and submissive American girl. Most of the literature on dominance and submission has its focus on technique. This work focuses on the psychology and the emotions involved from the perspective of the domme, as well as those of the submissive.

CHAPTER ONE

Andrea had been my lover for three years. Still in her early forties, she possessed the features and physique of a well-toned woman in the youth of her thirties.

It was mid-Spring, and I had been working in the garden to prune and fertilize our roses. Andrea watched from the dining room window. I knew she was there. I had seen the lace curtains part ever so slightly. Still, I pretended not to notice and, instead, focused on my work and the delicate fragrance of our roses.

Roses had always been a very special flower to me. My earliest recollection of this remarkable flower had been the day my grandmother was buried. Grandmother was relatively young and I was only 7 years old. The beauty of the ceremony, the image of roses, and the public display of so much sorrow, somehow linked to my fascination for these flowers. It was, however, only one of many fascinations locked in the heart and the memory of a little girl.

Andrea called for me to come for supper. I was very nearly finished with my work in the garden, and entered the house a few minutes later. The spicy aroma of broiled shrimp greeted me as I walked through the front door. Andrea was a superb chef. Her seafood dishes were among my favorites.

After I freshened myself in the bathroom and helped Andrea serve our meal, we seated ourselves to dine. Andrea lifted her glass of white wine.

"To three beautiful years, Roberta"

"To three beautiful years," I echoed.

After toasting our relationship, neither she, nor I uttered a single word. The only sound was that of silverware striking the fine chinaware. There wasn't even polite conversation, nor the kind of conversation we women have when words are meaningless.

Finally, after nearly a half-hour of silence, Andrea spoke. Her voice was soft, comforting and gentle. Her lips barely parted.

"When are you leaving?" she asked.

"Leaving?" I countered, as though I were removed from any thought that such a possibility even existed.

"When are you leaving me?" she asked again, this time adding a single word to specify that the question was about our relationship and what had been three sexually torrid years.

"My plane leaves on Friday, August 7," I finally confessed while staring at my plate to avoid looking into her eyes.

"Paris?" she asked -- her tone inquisitive yet knowing.

"Yes. Paris. How did you know? How did you know I'd be leaving, and how did you know I'd be leaving for Paris?"

I waited for her eyes to roll back in her head -- an indication that the question had left her irritated. She only smiled and answered with the motherly kindness that had always attracted me to this lovely lady. This gentleness once again caused me to ask myself was I would leave a woman so filled with love, trust, kindness, sincerity, and all the other attributes we all hope to discover in a partner, a lover, a spouse or a friend.

"We haven't been intimate for nearly a month," Andrea began to explain. "I used to be able to make your toes curl with only a kiss. Now, we barely touch. Then, there are the shipping crates addressed to a warehouse in Paris, France. There's the fact that you're dieting, in spite of you already possessing a thin physique. And there's your trying to learn French. Shall I continue?"

She laughed and caused me to laugh.

"Even the least attentive lover would have noticed the volume of clues," she added. "I'm only naive, not totally ignorant. My only problem is that I still can't understand why you want to leave. I still love you, you know."

Andrea tried to contain her tears. They flowed anyway and caused a part of me to want to cling to her.

She apologized for crying, but I told her that there was no need for an apology. Then, my own tears began to flow. Soon, we moved from the dining table, to the sofa in the living room. We hugged for the first time in nearly a month. I was so afraid of letting her go, and she was afraid of losing me. Our situation, I believe, said much about Life itself. Life means so many things -- sometimes too many things.

We cried together for a few minutes -- long enough to release our female excesses of emotion.

"Why is it," I wondered, "that when we women cry, the world seems to envelop us and tries to bring comfort to our moments of sorrow? Is it because the Creator is a Woman, and because she is a woman understands the nature of nurturing and of being nurtured?"

Andrea and I were still very much in love. So, it was awkward explaining how I could travel to another country to become the submissive servant of a French woman I had only come to know through electronic mail -- via the internet.

"Do you even know what she looks like?" Andrea asked, somewhat confused but definitely concerned.

"Not really," I answered, feeling a bit ridiculous. "She sent me a photograph of herself wearing a leather outfit and a very large strap-on dildo. But the photograph did not include her head. The image was cut off at the neck."

Andrea was clearly stunned by my reply, but managed to speak after a period of silence.

"Let me see if I understand you correctly," she began. "You're telling me that you're leaving me -- although you still love me -- just to meet a woman you've never met, who has no face, and wears a large dildo? Is this what you're saying to me?"

If Andrea had wanted to make it appear that I was just slightly insane, she had certainly succeeded. However, more than I cared to admit, Andrea's skepticism was justified. I had never been beyond New York. Yet, I sat there having prepared to meet a woman I barely knew -- a woman who lived in a country I knew even less. I felt, therefore, a need to suggest that there was at least a little bit of logic to my decision. So, I told her that for most of my life it had been my fantasy to be with a woman who would dominate me totally.

Andrea was very kind and accepted my explanation. She did, however, make me promise to stay in touch with her. She also told me that if I changed my mind for any reason, she would do whatever she could to help me be able to return to the United States.

We would no longer be lovers, but would always be the very best of friends. She was, as she had always been, the sweetest human being I could ever wish to know.

It was difficult leaving Andrea, and boarding the plane taking me to Paris, France. Andrea had been the very best of lovers, and continued to be my very best friend. My decision had left a part of me feeling very foolish while leaving another part feeling very selfish. Still, the potential excitement promised by a mysterious Mistress continued to pull me away.

When I arrived, I was greeted by Mistress Emmanuelle's driver. He was a kind, elderly gentleman with a full head of gray hair. Hurriedly, he collected my baggage and led me to the long black limousine that would deliver me to the estate.

The driver spoke little English, and I spoke little French. Consequently, there was little conversation. Mostly, I looked at the landscape and the people along the roadside. The driver mostly used the automobile's rear view mirror, in spite of their being no traffic to our rear. I strongly suspected that in spite of his polite manner, his primary interest was not his driving but rather my cleavage.

We drove for less than an hour, and then arrived at the beautifully landscaped mansion in the countryside beyond the noises of the city. I had never seen a more stately home, nor felt more at peace with the beauty Nature had to offer. The singing birds and fragrant flowers fueled this tranquillity even as I approached the front door to ring the bell.

An attractive young woman greeted me. She said her name was Stephanie, and -- with the exception of a white silk panty and brown leather sandals -- she was totally nude.

"Hello, Stephanie," I said in response to her welcome. "I'm here to meet Mademoiselle Emmanuelle. I'm Mademoiselle Dee."

"Oh, yes, the African American transsexual. I've been eager to meet you."

It felt a bit strange to be acknowledged solely on the basis of my ethnicity and gender. I was uncertain as to how I should respond. "What about my luggage?" I asked.

"It's perfectly safe on the porch, my dear. Some of the other girls will carry

them up to your room."

Stephanie smiled, then added, "Come in. I'll give you a quick tour of the mansion.

We first entered the library. The room was huge -- as large as most people's apartment. Mahogany paneled walls provided a secure and solemn sanctuary for my estimate of 2,000 richly bound books.

The next room was a private study. It was smaller, measuring only 7.3 meters (24 feet) by 7.3 meters (24 feet). It contained a full bath, a fireplace, and a day bed. There was also a computer, color printer, scanner, photocopier and a fax machine. The room was very well illuminated and decorated with several delicately painted vases, each filled with fresh flowers.

"Do you smoke?" Stephanie asked.

When I confirmed that I was a smoker, she cautioned me never to smoke in the house. She then escorted me to a much smaller house located a short behind the mansion. It was "the smoker's house," as she called it. It offered a living room, study, bath and kitchen. She informed me that slaves were allowed to smoke either outside the mansion or within the confines of the smoker's house.

After completing the tour of the first two floors, we took the stairs to a third floor. On the way to the staircase, we passed an elevator. I was informed, however, that submissives were only allowed to use the elevator to access the wine cellar or the dungeon. Both were located in the basement.

The Mistress' bedroom took up a third of the third floor. There were, however, eight smaller rooms. I then learned that I was to share a room with Stephanie.

My young guide seemed a little nervous while providing the tour. Her tension diminished considerably within the security and privacy of the bedroom. I also noted that someone had delivered my luggage.

"There are two girls to each of the rooms allotted to submissives," Stephanie explained. The exception is Marci. Marci is the senior submissive and has her own room, at least for the present."

"So that situation could change?" I asked.

"Yes, there are seven girls now, if we include you. But it's rumored that Mistress E., as we sometimes call her, might acquire one more blue girl like yourself.

"Blue girl?" I repeated, with a questioning tone.

"Yes. When you first arrive, you're placed on probation for 6 months. For those 6 months, you only wear sandals, blue panties, and sometimes padded nipple clamps for your breasts or tits -- as you call them in America. If you pass your blue girl phase, you move into a pink girl phase. This, too, lasts for 6 months. The final phase is white."

"So, if I pass both phases, I become a white girl. Is that correct?"

"Yes," she answered and then giggled.

"How ironic that I should live in America for nearly half a century -- each day bitterly reminded that I'm black, only to arrive in Europe to become white!"

"C'est la vie," Stephanie commented.

"Oui, such is Life," I replied.

"Do you know how to use a breast pump?" she then inquired.

"No. I'm afraid not."

"It'll take several months before you can bring down your milk."

"Bring down my milk!" I repeated, both surprised and confused. "But I'm not even pregnant. I can't even become pregnant. I'm the African American transsexual. Remember?

"Doesn't matter," Stephanie answered. "If you use the pump for an hour each morning and an hour each evening, your milk should come down in a few months. It'll also make your tits bigger."

"Larger tits would be nice, but why do I do I need to do this?"

"It's for Mistress E.," she explained. The Mistress has this incredible craving for breast milk. She must have it, you know. We each take turns breast feeding her for 2 months at a time, then another girl takes over. Let me show you how."

Stephanie instructed me to massage each breast manually for about 5 minutes. Then, she moistened my breast with water, and placed the horn -- a plastic funnel shaped part of the pump -- over my nipple to cover my areola. She set the pump to the "high" position, and told me to repeat these procedure on my right breast after a half hour had passed. The pump provided a manual release switch that could be used to simulate an infant's sucking.

"Remember -- half an hour on each breast, and twice a day. I'll be back in an hour."

I sat on the bed with my back against the headboard, and passed the time by browsing through a French women's magazine. I was familiar with the American beauty products, but discovered new French products I was anxious to try. Not surprisingly, the French products made the same claims as their American counterparts: lovelier skin, fewer wrinkles, the ability to erase fine line and rejuvenate, rejuvenate, rejuvenate!

My left nipple was twice its normal size when I released the suction to remove the horn from my breast. The machine had definitely invoked a change. Still, I had considerable doubts that its use would ever result in my ability to produce milk.

Just as I placed the breast pump into the space reserved in the dresser drawer for me, Stephanie re-entered the room. She appeared very anxious, very nervous.

"What are your thoughts about the breast pump?" she asked.

"Well, it was a bit uncomfortable and it's left my nipples quite sore, but if it will increase my bust size and enable me to breast feed Mistress Emmanuelle, then this temporary discomfort is of little importance."

"That's a good girl," Stephanie responded, apparently very pleased with my answer.

Stephanie, already seated on our bed, moved closer to me. "Listen," she began. "Dinner begins in a little less than an hour, and I need to make you aware of a situation that has developed."

"A situation?"

"Yes, some of the girls, particularly Marci, resent your arrival here. She doesn't like you. And, unfortunately for you, Mistress E. sometimes listens to her opinions."

"Opinions about what?" I asked angrily. "The bitch doesn't even know me. She knows nothing about me as a person. I haven't even met the old heifer."

"She knows that you have a penis," Stephanie answered. "That's enough."

"And how does she know?"

"I told her. They were all curious. They all asked. And, besides, it's impossible to keep secrets here -- especially one as big as yours. I mean, well, you know what I mean."

I looked at her scornfully, then she added, "In time, they would have discovered."

I merely shook my head in disbelief. I had left my native country and a woman I loved dearly. And I hadn't been in France an entire day, but already I was faced with the possibility of being forced to return to America -- my fantasies, as yet, unfulfilled. And I would return with no job, no income, and no place to stay -- unless, of course, I threw myself at the mercy of the woman I had rejected.

"Why does Marci hate me?"

"Marci doesn't believe in sex changes. She believes that if you're born with a penis, you're a man and you'll always be a man."

"I've never been a man. Never."

"Well, whatever you do, don't take a defensive attitude. As far as I'm concerned, you've more than paid your dues. The decisions you've made about your life took enormous courage. My advice to you is to simply be your naturally submissive self. Be a lady, and anything Marci has to say will seem immaterial. Remember, it's the Mistress' opinion that matters, not Marci's."

I thanked Stephanie for her suggestion. It was a comfort to learn I had at least one ally in my new country. Unfortunately, my eagerness to meet Mistress Emmanuelle was offset by my apprehension of meeting the other girls.

Nervously, I watched the minutes passed on the face of a small clock seated on the dresser. I believe I might have preferred to avoid dinner. Avoidance, however, was not an option. And when Stephanie asked whether I was ready, I nodded and followed her down to the dining room.

Mistress Emmanuelle sat at the head of the table. I was immediately impressed with her beauty, grace and regal demeanor. She instructed Stephanie to introduce me to the other submissives. I was introduced simply as a bisexual African American who would serve Mistress Emmanuelle, and -- in addition to the customary amount of domestic chores -- would serve her as a writer and a secretary.

As soon as the introduction was completed, one of the girls said, "You mean she's not even a lesbian like the rest of us?" Then another followed, saying, "She's not even a woman like the rest of us!"

Some of the girls chuckled. I later learned that the name of the first girl to

render a disparaging remark was Marci, followed, quite expectedly, by Debra. But it was Marci who initiated this challenge to my right to define myself as a woman. However, both women managed to leave me feeling embarrassed, belittled, and something far less than the woman I had striven to be, so religiously and with so high a degree of determination. And this I would not forget.

This concludes the first of two chapters of the forthcoming book to be titled "Mistress Emmanuelle's Seven Ladies."

Readers are free to direct comments and suggestions to the author (Dianic007@aol.com).

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"Mistress Emmanuelle's Seven Ladies" by Roberta Angela Dee
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CHAPTER TWO

Mistress Emmanuelle was both prompt and stern in her reaction to the disparaging comments rendered by Marci and Debra. However, while displaying her anger, she did not abandon her feminine and sophisticated demeanor for even a fraction of a second. The complexities of being a lady were so finely woven into her character that even during a moment of fury, they could not be severed.

"It is true," the Mistress announced calmly, her anger visible only in her eyes, "that there has never been a woman quite like Roberta to reside at my mansion. However, Mademoiselle Dee has already managed to impress me with her beauty, charm, and female sensibilities. As such, she will be tested to the same standards that each of you were tested. She will either succeed or fail, but only I will determine her success or failure."

Each of us remained still and silent, as the Mistress slowly raised her goblet to take some wine. Afterwards, she continued with her polite decree, saying, "I cannot tolerate anyone, particularly my submissives, exhibiting any amount of disrespect to an invited guest. Slaves Debra and Marci will now clear their places at my table, and return to their rooms until they are summoned for additional punishment later this evening."

Marci and Debra looked briefly at each other, then quickly rose to clear their plates, goblets and silverware. They avoided any further eye contact with anyone, and disappeared hurriedly into the kitchen.

I thanked Mistress Emmanuelle for taking my defense, but she did not acknowledge my comment. She simply announced that the rest of us could begin our dinners.

There were several minutes of silence, during which time I dared not to raise my eyes from my plate. When I did so, I observed that the yes of all the other submissives were also fixed to their meals, that is until Mistress Emmanuelle invited conversation. Then, a far happier spirit emerged just when the Mistress encouraged her slaves to introduce themselves and to ask me questions.

"Does your penis work? Is it functional?" A young and very petite blond asked. She identified herself as Renee, and added that she did not intend any disrespect by her question but was merely very curious. Her question, however, invoked considerable giggling and laughter, but relaxed the atmosphere.

"No. My male part is not functional," I answered, girlishly giggling a little myself, "I neither become erect, nor do I ejaculate. This is because I take female hormones -- estrogen and progesterone -- each day of my life."

"And that's how you've come to have breasts?" the same woman inquired.

"Yes, the hormones are responsible for my feminine physique. But I'm fortunate. It hasn't affected my derriere too much yet."

My reply caused laughter and a comment from one of the ladies that suggested she needed to be taking the same hormones as I. "Estrogen has gone insane with my bottom," she confessed, then stood and turned to display her rather pronounced derriere, causing even more laughter.

"But if you can't become erect, and if you cannot ejaculate, how can you enjoy making love?" another girl asked. "How do you reach an orgasm?"

"Well, it's quite simple, really. I'm not very different from all of you," I began explaining. "I enjoy being kissed and fondled. I enjoy have my breasts caressed, and having my anus licked or fingered. You see, there's more than one way for me to reach an orgasm. For me, it's a total body experience that culminates with an orgasm -- more than one, if I'm lucky."

I smiled demurely as the submissive ladies posed their personal yet intriguing questions. Mistress Emmanuelle listened attentively, as did the others. The Mistress appeared to take considerable pleasure from my answers. And the huge mansion alternated between being quiet and cheerful.

They even asked question concerning my relationships with men. Those questions, however, were short lived, as there was markedly little interest in males among most of the group.

Renee, after nearly a half hour, posed the most difficult question. She began by saying, "As a lesbian, I am drawn to and aroused by another woman's pussy. I enjoy the oral and physical pleasures that such a woman-loving woman delivers. So, even if we all accept you as a woman equal to ourselves, how can we make love to you as a lesbian, since you have no pussy?"

Mistress Emmanuelle rested her chin on clasped hands and stared at me intently. The girls were equally as intense while I sat before this jury of my peers.

I took a deep breath, exhaled, and while looking only at my Mistress, said, "I have never professed to be a woman who is the same as all of you. You all know that I am different, and you all know how I am different. However, if all that you seek from another woman is limited to being physical, then clearly I am not a woman suited to the needs that drive your pleasure. And you would reject me for the same reason that some men reject me: I do not possess a vagina. But as well as you understand this simple truth, you also need to understand that there exists a small percentage of men and women who know and understand that there is more to being a woman than comes merely with possessing a vagina. They are the people I love, and they are the people who love me."

I paused for a few seconds to further collect my thoughts, but did not break eye contact with Mistress Emmanuelle. I took a sip of wine from my goblet, just as the Mistress had done, then continued, saying, "Being a woman is all that I know how to be -- not perhaps physically but most definitely in my mind, heart and soul. For me, and for those who are able to love me, it is all that matters."

I took another deep breath, exhaled, then asked, "What is it that makes any of us women? What is the most significant attribute of womanhood? Is it the possession of a vagina? Big breasts? Is it the ability to bear a dozen children? I don't know. Maybe it's something different for each woman. Maybe it's something that's the same for all of us and creates a bond with all women. All I know is that I'm not here to challenge or change anyone's perception of what it is to be a woman. I'm here for the same reason as all of you: to worship and submit to a goddess -- Mistress Emmanuelle."

Mistress Emmanuelle applauded, and the others seem to either accept or were moved by my comments.

"I'm impressed, Roberta," the Mistress announced. "If nothing more, it appears you've given the status of your gender considerable thought, and given us a few things to think about as well."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You also articulate your emotions better than most. However, conversation is a cheap commodity. I am a woman who demands the most treasured attributes of a woman's heart, mind and soul. Therefore, if ever your womanliness has been tested, you can rest assured that it will be tested here."

She smiled, then addressing all of us, said, "You may all retire for the evening. Stephanie, inform Marci and Debra that they are to meet me in my dungeon in 15 minutes."

Then turning her attention to me, the Mistress said, "I'll also be meeting with Marci and Debra at 8:00 AM, in the west garden, and before breakfast. I want to see you there as well, slave Roberta."

"Yes, Mistress Emmanuelle. I'll be there."

I did not rest well that night, in spite of my very joyful conversation with Stephanie, and her assurances that most of the girls had decided either to accept me, or to at least keep an open mind. My restlessness was possibly the result of a certain anxiety attached to meeting with my Mistress the following day. Perhaps, it was an anxiety attached to meeting with Marci and Debra, in spite of my having already weakened their influence. Still. I was not certain as to which fear affected me most.

The following morning, I arrived at the garden. I arrived, however, one half-hour earlier than the Mistress had decreed. I sat on one of several concrete benches and waited for the Mistress and the others to make their appearances.

While waiting, the total beauty of Nature, both earthly and cosmic, enveloped my body and my sense. There was, of course, the obvious beauty of Nature's colors, fragrances, textures and sounds -- those biological icons so evident in violets, the sweet smell of roses, the texture of a rabbits' fur, and the gentle song of the morning dove. Yet, cloaked within the beautiful collage of Life was the rest of the cycle -- Death, as seen in the dead grasses and leaves, so far less obvious, but present. And I saw so clearly that it was those things that decayed that so selflessly nourished those things we cherish in life. Like dominance and submission, here too was a cycle.

This completion of the cycle captured my intellect and emotions. As I sat there, bathing in the dawn, I understood that passions, like Life itself, was also composed of cycles. I -- a woman who was always so adventuresome,

assertive and arrogant in my relationships with nearly everyone, completed the cycle of passion whenever I submitted to the will of my dominant Mistress. Such a relationship was beautiful -- not because one partner was dominant while the other was submissive, it was beautiful because it allowed both partners to complete the cycle of their passions. In a healthy relationship between a domme and a sub, the domme is "controlled" by the limits of the submissive. It is a part of the relationship that those outside of it, or apart from the world of dominance and submission, do not often see, and rarely understand.

Just as Life pursues Death, and Death nourishes Life, dominance pursues submissiveness, and the submissive partner nourishes the dominant one. Beauty without something ugly by which to compare can only be artificial and saccharine. Just as Life, without Death by which to compare, could only be a hollow existence.

As the sun began to remove the morning chill, Mistress Emmanuelle emerged from behind the tall hedges. She was followed by Marci and Debra. The two slaves were being led by two gold chains that formed a Y-shape at its far end. Glittering in the daylight, both chains were attached to the nipples of each woman.

The Mistress was not wearing leather this morning. Instead, she was draped in the sheerest cat suit of black silk and lace. The garment accentuated the sensuous curves of her flawless physique. When she reached me, she ordered the three of us to fall to our knees. After we were suitably positioned, she very gracefully assumed the position I had previously held on the concrete bench.

With our heads bowed, we listened attentively to our Mistress as she said, "I will need one of you to satisfy a debt that I've incurred with my accountant -- an elderly and somewhat perverse gentleman who lives not far from here. He's agreed to settle the debt of 9,000 francs (\$1,500 US dollars) in exchange for an evening with one of you submissives. He's aware of the particulars concerning Roberta's anatomy and has promised to be discreet about it and not discuss it with anyone. He also informs me that her condition is not a problem with him, and that she would also be an acceptable partner in a sexual liaison. Although he's allowing me to select a partner for him, I am curious to learn how you might choose between yourselves. You have three minutes to decide."

Mistress Emmanuelle dropped the chains fixed to Marci's and Debra's nipples, then stood and walked away to leave us our three minutes of privacy in which to ponder her clever, yet wicked, proposal. I could see that Marci and Debra were stunned. They were lovers and both were quick to confess to me that neither had ever been intimate with a man.

"I cannot sleep with a man." Marci announced, "And neither can Debra. We are lesbians."

I do not respond but watched as both waited nervously for some type of response. It was obvious what they were hoping I would say. Their lips quivered as rapidly as those of a squirrel gnawing on a walnut.

"Time is running out, Marci suggested. "You have to decide quickly."

"You now have 2 minutes," Mistress Emmanuelle announced.

"It wouldn't be a problem for you as it would be for us," Debra suggested. But if you don't decide quickly, we'll each be punished."

"How dare you suggest that this is solely my decision, or that I am some sort of whore who would leap at the opportunity to lay in any man's bed," I responded angrily. "This is an issue upon which we must each agree. Am I the only woman here?"

Neither said a word.

"One minute!" the Mistress announced.

"How dare either of you suggest, so soon after your insults at that dinner table, that it would be easier for me to sleep with a decrepit old fart that it would be for either of you. Mistress Emmanuelle demanded that "we" decide, not just one of us.

"We're sorry for last night, Mademoiselle Dee" Marci insisted -- her tone of desperation as visible as the sky.

"Your time is up," she said as she approached us.

"All right." Mistress Emmanuelle said. "Which of you three ladies will make this sacrifice to satisfy the debt against this house?"

None of us answered but understood that the Mistress was not known for her patience. I watched Debra clasp Marci's hand. She squeezed so firmly that the blood flowed out of her knuckles leaving them as white as a linen sheet.

"We've decided that I should go, since I am the newest member," I answered reluctantly, yet with as much sincerity as I could muster given the unpleasant circumstances.

"Very well," Mistress answered. "It is fortunate that the three of you have decided to cooperate rather than bicker."

"Fortunate indeed," I replied. "And fortunate that we each appreciate the wrath of an angry Mistress."

"You learn quickly, slave Roberta Dee."

Mistress Emmanuelle walked away as gracefully as she had arrived. Along with the strength of her femininity, she had captured the spirit of The Feminine Mystique.

"By virtue of my personal sacrifice, I have demonstrated my respect for you both as well as your relationship," I said to Marci. "It would be unfortunate, if Mistress Emmanuelle were ever to learn the truth."

"Yes, we know, Mademoiselle Dee," Marci replied. "I hope we can all be friends now."

"Yes -- friends," I answered sweetly, then walked away with renewed confidence that I would survive in my new home.

Later that evening, I was told that the accountant lived in the Paris suburb of Maisons-Laffitte, in the very private "Parc de Maisons-Laffitte" only 20 Km (12.5 miles) west of Paris. I was also told that although the accountant frequently paid for the intimate companionship of a woman, he demanded nothing less than perfection concerning their attributes as a lady. And since no woman had ever collected a fee higher than 4,500 francs (\$750 US dollars), there was to be no mistaking that his expectations would be quite high. And so, I meticulously prepared every conceivable detail of my body, wardrobe and accessories. What is more important is that I prepared myself mentally, to be certain to intrigue a gentleman who demanded as much from a woman intellectually, as he demanded of her physically.

When I arrived at his mansion, I was incredibly surprised with its grandeur. I was careful, however, not to display any immature or girlish wonder. My objective was not to show that I was impressed with the accounts material accomplishments, but rather to leave him impressed, if not utterly spellbound, by my accomplishments in the noble and sometimes dangerous art of being exquisitely feminine.

I was hurried to his study by a male servant. The accountant arrived a few minutes later.

In my heels, I stood nearly 30 centimeters (12 inches) taller than the accountant. He was too heavy for his height and was balding -- although he tried to cover the barest area of his head with an imaginative sweep of hair. In short, he was not the kind of man one would expect to find on the cover of a romance novel.

"I have taken the liberty of having dinner prepared for us," he said with a fatherly voice. "It will provide us with an opportunity to become acquainted and to discuss how best to let our evening together unfold."

I hesitated before I replied, so as not to appear unnecessarily appreciative. When I finally responded, I merely said, "Thank you, Monsieur."

"You have a very sweet voice, Mademoiselle Dee," he replied. "You're also very pretty. Please, follow me to the dining room. Do you like duck? Long Island duck?"

"I love duck!" I answered with discernible surprise. "But how do you manage to have Long Island duck here in France?"

"With enough money, anything is possible."

"The duck is a pleasant surprise," I replied and then said, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it, Roberta. If this evening unfolds as I suspect it will, you will have more than repaid my humble courtesy."

The accountant was silent while a female servant served the first few courses of our elaborate dinner. I ate very slowly, as it was not difficult to imagine how the account would want our evening to conclude. However, shortly after our dessert was served and the servant had departed, the accountant's desire for dialogue resurfaced.

"It is difficult for me to see any masculine attributes as you appear to be now. At least it is difficult so long as you are clothed."

His observation caused him to chuckle in an irritating manner to which I knew I could never grow accustomed. I, however, did not comment and only returned his observations with a faint smile.

"So, Mademoiselle Dee, you were born a man. True?"

"No, monsieur, I was born with the body of a boy and the disposition of a girl. So, from my point of view, I have never been a man, nor could I ever grow into manhood. I apologize if you think me such. I had hoped you could discern the deeper qualities of a woman. Such ability, I thought, distinguished a nobleman from a common man."

"Indeed, it does, mademoiselle," he responded quickly. "I did not mean to suggest that this was my own thought, but only that it is the common expression of the poor and middle-class members of most societies. Among the

aristocracy, however, we take our delights in being able to appreciate the variations inherent to gender."

"In that case, please forgive this lady's insensitivity. I should have known a noble person like yourself would not be intellectually, nor emotionally restricted to the common perceptions of that which constitutes gender, and that which makes a man a man, or a woman a woman."

"Of course not, my dear. I am a distinguished member of society's upper class -- a man among the 'creme de la creme' of manhood."

"So then you must appreciate how a small town American girl would be intimidated by your conversations concerning philosophy and social politics."

"You're referring to yourself?" he inquired, nervously.

"Why of course, monsieur," I answered innocently. Am I not the only woman in this room?"

He laughed loudly, then said, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course, my dear feminine creature. It is I who should apologize for burdening a lady with such academic matters. But, oh, how you manage to tease and entice me. I must remember to compliment and reward Mademoiselle Emmanuelle for her selection."

Without requesting my permission, the accountant rose from his chair, took my hand, and then raced me out of the dining room and up the stairs to his bedroom on the second floor. And when we reached his room, he immediately requested my most intimate affections -- telling me that he could barely contain himself.

It took the accountant barely a minute to completely undress himself. And in the same amount of time, he stood before me totally nude in all his corpulent grandeur. It was nearly impossible not to laugh at his erection that was barely 9 centimeters (3 1/2 inches). In this way, I was embarrassed to discover, I was more a 'man' than he -- even though I measured 100 - 70 - 100 (40 - 28 - 40) and could not grow erect.

Seeing that I was delighted -- or at least appeared to accept -- his physique, he then undressed me very slowly and deliberately, but barely looked at my flaccid penis after he had removed my panty. There was no doubt that he more preferred my female attributes.

"Please, Roberta, make love to my penis with your luscious lips. As you can see, I am ready and eager for you."

"Oh, but monsieur, I did not know your penis was noble as well as you," I pined. "I have never engaged one so large, and fear I might disappoint you. And I do not wish for you to be angry with me."

"Are you serious, my child?" he asked, somewhat bewildered. "No other woman has ever confessed this to me."

"I am quite serious, monsieur. Obviously, your previously ladies were either too astounded to speak, or were far more experienced than I."

He pondered the possibility for only a few seconds, then said, "Yes, of course. I had never considered the likelihood that they might have been overwhelmed. Oh, Roberta, kneel before me now and wrap your lips around my massive cock! I promise I will not be angry."

"I fear I am not capable, Monsieur Accountant."

"Let me be the judge of your abilities, dear lady. Please, do it now!"

As I descended to my knees, I thought to myself, "Perhaps French men are a little more romantic than American men. After all, he didn't say, 'Suck my cock, baby.'" The difference, unfortunately, was very subtle.

For whatever reason, sucking the accountant's little cock made me think about sucking on Andrea's clitoris -- not to suggest any comparison. It was just the moment: sucking a stranger's penis while thinking of the woman I had so dearly. Perhaps, it was my way of telling myself that I still loved her. Perhaps, I never stopped loving her.

After listening to the account moan for about three minutes, along with his aristocratic cries of passion, the gentleman ejaculated. I was surprised by the amount he ejected, considering the size of his cock. Still, as most women could have foreseen, the remainder of the evening was just as uneventful and just as short-lived. Nevertheless, my mission had come to an end. The debt to the house had been satisfied, as was the accountant. I was driven back to Mistress Emmanuelle, early the following morning.

As I exited the limousine, I was greeted by Marci, Debra and Stephanie. Marci and Debra thanked me for what I had done, and Stephanie handed me a gift wrapped package.

"What's this?"

"Open it," Stephanie replied.

I opened the package and found a dozen pink panties. The panties laid beneath

a bed of fresh rose petals. And there was a note that read, "You've passed the first phase of your probationary period. Congratulations! -- Mistress Emmanuelle."

"I can't believe this!" I cried out joyfully. "Oh, my God! I haven't even been here a month. I don't understand. Why is she doing this?"

"I'll let Mistress Emmanuelle tell you herself," Stephanie answered. "She wants you to shower and then meet her in her bedroom within the hour."

Marci and Debra giggled. Then Marci said, "We're happy for you, girl. Really. No one has ever gone from blue to pink in less than three months. She's really very pleased with you."

"You've set a new record," Debra added. "But you'd better hurry. You don't want to keep Mistress E. waiting."

"She's normally very loving, but she can also be very wicked if you displease her," Marci commented.

In my three weeks at the mansion, I had been received by the Mistress in only the kindest manner. I knew, however, through my conversations with the other girls, that Mistress Emmanuelle could be quite the merciless bitch whenever she felt her cruel temper was warranted. Punishment could include paddle spankings, whippings, waxings, or being pinched with alligator clips on the most sensitive body parts. And these were just a part of her elaborate repertoire of pain induced techniques for behavior modification. Understandably, I was a bit apprehensive about being summoned to her bedroom.

As I was about to enter the front door, I heard Marci yell from the distance. "You'll need to douche."

"Yes, with plain water, Stephanie confirmed. Don't use any vinegar."

"Why don't you announce it to all of Paris," I yelled back.

"Sorry," she yelled again.

I motioned for them to go on. Then, upon entering my bedroom, I showered, douched, reapplied my make-up, and donned a new pink panty -- all within half an hour. I examined my reflection briefly, then proceeded down the long hallway and knocked on the door of my Mistress.

"You may come in," she said.

Upon entering the room, I was surprised to find the Mistress nearly nude on the bed, save for a black garter, stockings and stiletto heels. It was my first time seeing the Mistress' unadorned breasts. I could not help but feel somewhat inadequate before her sheer volume of protruding flesh. And in the candle lit bedroom, her body seemed to be that of a young nymph in the moonlight.

She ordered me to lie down and to face her. We were near enough that I could detect her natural sweet fragrance as well as the warmth of her breath.

She stared at me while running a finger around my nipples. They grew firm and erect. And while continuing to tease and arouse me, she talked about the accountant and how he had called only minutes after I had left his home to tell her that the evening he and I had spent together had been the most erotic and sexual experience he had ever had with a woman, and that he simply felt he had no choice but to see me again. She concluded by telling me that the accountant, who had always been a rather conservative and reserved gentleman, could barely contain his excitement and desperation.

"He astounded me," the Mistress confessed. "When you first arrived, I was confident the other six submissives would demean you so severely that you'd beg for me to return you to America. Instead, you've charmed my girls and enchanted a man to such a degree that he calls me at an ungodly hour in the morning and quite nearly begs to see you again. Whatever did you do to that poor man, Roberta? Whatever did you do?"

"I only did what I hoped would please you, Mistress, and satisfy the debt to this house."

"And what precisely was that?" she asked while pinching my left teat much more firmly than I could enjoy.

"I guess I fucked his brains out, Mistress."

My reply caused her to laugh out loud and, fortunately, to release her hold on my nipple.

"You intrigue me, little lady," she said. "You totally intrigue me. Not only have you mastered the art of being a woman, but you have discovered a power within femininity that few women ever know. And yet you are a submissive! What an enigma you are."

"I only wish to be that which please you, Mistress E," I replied.

Less than a second after I uttered those words, her face grew stern. And she took back her hand and slapped me across my face -- I believe, with as much force as she could muster.

"Don't ever call me Mistress E." she said angrily. "It's fine among the submissives, but never in my presence, you little whore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Emmanuelle," I answered both shocked and confused. I am sorry that I angered you."

"I reward good behavior," she continued. "But I will not hesitate to punish you whenever your behavior angers me."

"I understand, Mistress Emmanuelle. And I deeply apologize for my indiscretion."

"Good. It's important that you fully understand the nature of our relationship. You've done incredibly well so far, and I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you, Mistress."

She then pulled me nearer to her, and began sucking on my breasts -- alternating between my left and right bosom. The act of my nursing her appeared to dispel all her anger. Being nursed fulfilled some secret need I knew she would never discuss. Yet, I understood that the act itself, clearly spoke to that need.

Nursing provided a calming effect to us both. The quiet experience between we two women was as joyful as it was sexual, and helped me to understand how the women there could exclude men from their lives for so indefinite period of time.

While momentarily lost in my thoughts, I heard her say, "Get up, Roberta. Remove your panty and grab your ankles."

I did as I was so ordered, at the foot of the bed. Although I could not see what she was doing, I felt her lubricated finger as it entered my portal of pleasure. She continued to lubricate and finger me, until all five of her fingers could penetrate my orifice up to include her thumb. Then I felt the massive cock entering me. I imagined it was the huge strap-on that I had seen in her photo, but she told me it was a smaller one. "Only eighteen centimeters (about 7 inches)," she said. And I took nearly all of it, begging for more as she pounded mercilessly for nearly 20 minutes, at which time I begged for her to stop, for my orgasm was as complete as any I could ever have imagined.

"Was it good for you?" Mistress Emmanuelle asked, as she helped me stand erect.

"Yes, it was incredibly wonderful, Mistress Emmanuelle. Thank you, Mistress. Thank you."

"And thank you, slave Roberta. You have enriched all our lives, the short time you have been here. And I believe we have much to learn from each other -- you and I."

"Yes, Mistress," I answered. "You and I."

This concludes the second chapter of a forthcoming book:

"Mistress Emmanuelle's Seven Ladies."

Please feel free to comment and to make suggestions to the author via Dianic007@aol.com on the internet.

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