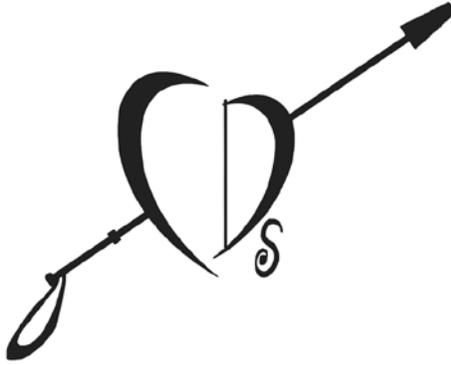


# ChapterOne

A well-built man wearing a Polo shirt and pressed jeans came into my shop to schedule a session with me, Miss Ann, as I was known then. He waited a few minutes to speak to me as he looked at the shop's steel human-sized bird cage, surrounded by racks of leather whips, restraints, collars, cuffs, blindfolds, hoods and the like. The air smelled of leather and rose incense.

I told Don, not his real name, that I charged one hundred dollars for a pre-session interview to determine his experience and needs. Another reason I conducted interviews was to screen out potential creeps and problem clients. If we mutually agreed to schedule a session, the fee was three hundred and fifty dollars. Don handed me a hundred dollar bill and agreed to come back a couple of hours later when I was free to talk with him in depth.

My retail shop, The Reformatory Boutique, was a BDSM (Bondage-Discipline-Sadism-Masochism) emporium located in a quaint, turn-of-the-century neighborhood near downtown Indianapolis. Tucked inside a building that housed artist studios and a contemporary fine art gallery,



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I had no storefront so customers had to ring a doorbell to enter. Whether they were into kink or simply curious, customers could come in and explore their fantasies and secret selves in a safe environment. We could have a chat about dominance and submission (D/s) that they wouldn't have in most social situations.

When Don returned, we walked together down East Street to the neighborhood coffee shop to talk and sat at one of the outside tables. I asked him what he was looking to gain from the experience. He was upfront. "Perform oral sex on you," he said. "I also want to have an orgasm." Don with his buzz cut and tattoos wanted to do some oral. He was a man on a mission for sex.

Usually an interviewee would acquiesce and understand the inappropriateness of asking such a thing of a dominatrix. It's not the place of a session submissive to ask for sex . . . ever. In all my years as a professional

dominatrix, most would-be clients either hung up the phone or politely excused themselves when they heard my rules on sex. But this man would not relent in his quest.

“I’m a femme domme,” I told him, “and that means I ultimately decide what happens in a session, within your limits of course. My limits are penetration, direct sexual contact and anything else outside the letter of the law.”

He didn’t seem to get it.

“I am a guide, an artist and teacher of D/s.” I went on to say upfront that I would keep his money for the interview and my time, but that I did not feel it was wise for him to spend three hundred fifty dollars for a session because he wasn’t going to get what he wanted.

He surprised me by saying that he wanted to learn what I taught. I had adopted the maitresse archetype (French for teacher) as my domme role. Other dommes took on personas like nurse, goddess, nun, mother or another dominant female archetype that suited their style. As a maitresse, when someone asked to learn, I felt I could not ethically refuse the session.

Against my better judgment, I agreed to accept Don as a client. However, I warned him that he probably wouldn’t like the session. I asked for a deposit for the session and told him to be punctual and not to forget the balance of his fee. As was customary, I also asked if he had any health issues. When Don said he had asthma and used an inhaler, I told him to bring his inhaler or there would be no session. It’s the role of the domme to protect the submissive at all

times. I gave him my home address and repeated, “Don’t be a minute late or a minute early.”

Two days later Don rang my doorbell right on time. That was the only thing he got right that day. In my world I knew he was not going to be the norm. I answered the door in my usual black business suit with pencil skirt, long jacket, silk blouse, stockings, garters and high-heeled boots which made me a commanding six-three. I had never felt the need to wear a lot of fetish attire. Sure, I had shiny thigh-high boots, fishnets and corsets but I rarely wore them. Other dommes pulled that look off much better. I preferred instead to look as polished and business-like as possible. I didn’t want to wear costumes that would encourage fantasies I had no intention of fulfilling.

I invited Don into the Craftsman-style home I had bought and renovated in an elegant old neighborhood. Two doors down the street stood an Italianate Catholic church.

As soon as I closed my front door, I was in character. “Kneel now, right here on this rug. Do you have the rest of your tribute for me?” I asked. “Put the money in your mouth and clasp your hands behind your back. This is how you properly present tribute to your domme.” I took the cash and patted him on the head. “Good boy. Now show me your inhaler.”

He thanked me and called me ma’am. He had to be ex-military, I thought, because he seemed trained to use the word ma’am. I instructed him to only address me as



Main photo used to advertise my practice

Miss or Miss Ann. Subs needed to learn that lesson on day one. I always stuck to my rules and quickly took control. Establishing my role as the boss upfront set the tone for a submissive.

I left the room to lock up the money. When I returned, I instructed Don to go into my dining room with its velvety green walls and dimly lit chandelier and sit at the massive

walnut table. There I began to discuss protocol for the session since he didn't have the slightest clue about D/s or BDSM, let alone the complex rules for setting the scene, or what's called scening. D/s sessions are essentially living theater so they're called scenes. They're psychological labyrinths where an opposite reality is often true, a world where bondage is freedom and pain is pleasure.

As a total novice, Don needed a verbal education in the art of D/s first. Since he'd been incessantly sex-minded, I was compelled to explain that often sex occurs between individuals who practice D/s as a lifestyle, but within the context of a professional session like ours, my role was to teach protocol and perform physical acts allowable by law and within my client's limits. These physical acts would be a far cry from what he initially requested.

I spent more than an hour giving instruction on everything he needed to know to be prepared, including the proper use of a safeword in the event he experienced either physical or psychological harm outside what he felt he could withstand. It's a word that would end the scene immediately. I made him aware that as a badge of honor there were some experienced submissives who refused to safeword. I also explained he was not one of them.

I shared some of my experiences with boyfriends who were not clients and told him why those relationships were different. I explained that professional dommes, like me, mostly sessioned with novices. Often we're the ones to give submissives an introduction to D/s and BDSM so

that they have a safe platform, without strings, to explore.

“Aspects of D/s are in every relationship if you look closely enough,” I said.

Don said he understood the rules. Although I remained skeptical, I took his hand and led him to the dungeon in the basement of my home. It was dark with Gothic decor and appropriately outfitted with a bondage table, whipping cross, spanking bench, stockade and eyebolts sunk into the concrete floor, walls and rafters. A large collection of implements such as floggers and whips hung from heavy steel chains. The multi-colored track lights, candle sconces, burgundy velvet pillows, Persian wool rug and steel jail cell made clients feel they had escaped reality. Stepping into my dungeon transported them to a frightening, yet intriguing, dim and other-worldly place.

Although I had just laboriously schooled Don on the rules, my protocol for scening and every aspect of his inaugural session, he didn't even make it down the stairs

“Don was a vice cop sent to proposition me for sex and if I complied, arrest me for prostitution.

without propositioning me again for sex. How did he not get it? No means no. This made me furious. In D/s, a relationship is based on consent from all parties and Don's lack of respect for my limits was immoral. I'd worked in jobs before where I was sexually harassed and I wasn't going to tolerate it—especially at my place of business where I had control.

“Stand, don't move. Put your hands behind your back now!” I commanded. “I am in charge and you will do only as I instruct. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Yes, what?” I shouted.

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

To me, the word mistress insinuated adultery. I abhorred this implication because I had remained celibate during my years as a professional domme. As an unmarried woman, the only acceptable title was Miss. My clients all knew this and were informed upfront (as was Don) that this strictly enforced protocol was a pet peeve of mine.

I opened the heavy wooden armoire in the dungeon and removed two trashy lingerie outfits. I showed them to Don and told him he could choose between the two-piece or the one-piece halter-thong. He chose the two-piece. Then I explained that I was going to leave the dungeon for no more than five minutes and when I returned, he was to have neatly put his clothing in the armoire, be dressed in the two-piece lingerie set, and be waiting for me as a prostrate submissive kneeling with his head down on the

floor and his rear-end pointed toward the dungeon stairs. I told him the first thing I wanted to see when I came back downstairs was his ass because I now owned it.

When I returned, the first order of business was Don's inspection. A first-time submissive stands before his domme so that she can inspect any crevice or aspect of the sub she wishes to view. Sometimes, subs are naked. Don was crouching as told in his lingerie.

"Stand up, you little creep, and let me take a look at you," I said.

He had quite a few tattoos so I asked what they meant. He explained his tats were symbolic of the universe and creation. I had trouble reconciling how this guy could be capable of deep thinking, let alone have a sense of honor and respect for the universe. The tats were cool. Don was not. His well-placed ink did not change that fact one bit.

I presented my leather training collar, required of all submissives in session, and asked him if he knew what it was.

"It is a collar, Miss."

"Do you know the meaning of the collar and why it's used in training?"

"No, Miss."

In all my sessions I taught that a collar designated symbolic control and ownership and that it was considered an honor for a submissive to wear one. This aging, nearly naked man was clearly getting nervous. His over-sunned, ruddy complexion looked even more pink and his muscles

tightened and tensed. By that time a real submissive would have become visibly aroused, even a nervous one, but Don had no erection.

I locked the collar on his neck with a luggage padlock and key, clipped a leash to it and gave it a little yank as I softly assured him that he was mine and his lessons were about to begin. Just like luggage, a sub was something I owned. I guided him to stand in front of a large gold gilt mirror on the far wall. He needed to look at himself in the lingerie. Then I locked sheep's wool-lined leather cuffs for restraint on his wrists and ankles with real padlocks. The keys hung from a sterling chain around my neck.

I pushed his wrists above his head and tied them to eyebolts in the rafters and secured his ankle restraints to bolts in the concrete floor. I owned him physically then. He was strung up with his hands and arms in the air, unable to touch me. I sensed him trembling and grew excited by his fear of me. I had him in my complete control but maintained a cool demeanor. From that point forward, I was consumed with exacting revenge and teaching him a lesson he would likely think about many times.

So there was Don and his tribal tats, wearing tacky lingerie, strung up in a domme's basement, unable to escape and practically unable to move. It was delicious. Next, I walked to the armoire, pulled out a tube of bright red lipstick and showed it to my apprehensive student as I smacked his ass with a black leather crop. I smeared the paint on his mouth so he looked something like a



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clown. For a moment I had a flashback of my mother doing the same thing to me as a five-year-old when she believed I had played with her make-up. She humiliated me and threatened to take me in public with lipstick all over my face.

I began my interrogation and asked Don if he liked becoming the slut he wanted me to be. I lit a cigarette and blew the smoke in his face as I paced in circles around him like a cat, toying with her prey.

“What would your macho buddies think of you now if they could see you helpless and humiliated in my dungeon? Does becoming my slut make you feel good about yourself? Is this experience filling you with self-esteem? How do you feel now about treating me like a whore?”

I scrawled the words “slut” and “fuck me” backwards in lipstick on his chest so he could see his humiliation in the

mirror. I forced him to stare at himself and asked over and over if he felt good about himself transformed into a slut like he wanted me to be for him.

“No,” he mumbled. He looked incredulous as if he didn’t understand what was going on.

I thought he might cry. I wanted him to cry. I wanted to hear him sob and see pathetic tears stream down the face of this man who had no respect for women or for me. I dragged the verbal berating on for at least forty-five minutes until my feet started hurting from pacing the concrete floor in my high-heeled boots.

Eventually I let him out of the bondage. I barely gave him aftercare, which means providing warmth and comfort to the sub after a physically intensive session. Subs inspired their level of aftercare. Aftercare always transported me back to my childhood when my mother beat me because she believed I had touched something that was not supposed to be touched or committed some other minor crime. When she realized she had punished me by mistake, she scooped me up and held me in her arms, telling me how sorry she was. I endured those habitual beatings just to be cradled and soothed afterward.

As Don was leaving the dungeon, he again propositioned me for sex! He asked if he became a regular client would I break the rules for him? It was only the fact that we were no longer in a scene that stopped me from striking his face to shame him. After he left, I was happy to finally be rid of him and have his money tucked away in my safe upstairs.

As it turned out, Don was a vice cop sent to proposition me for sex and if I complied, arrest me for prostitution. The operation was part of series of police actions designed to shut down selected small businesses in the city. This confrontation would push me to play out in public a political D/s scene with the city that was far more intense than I could have ever imagined. I would then have no choice but to demonstrate my skill of dominance, honed in my underground dungeon and wielded in the full light of day.