MADAME in a world of FANTASY

IN APPRECIATION OF THE DOMINANT WOMAN

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MADAME in a world of FANTASY

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Another fine issue of Madame in a World of Fantasy.

The stories and letters this time are a good mix of all that is popular in our special magazine and I hope you too will soon write in and let me know of your life under your domina - real or imaginary.

It is no good whingeing about your particular fantasy not being catered for - you know full well that I print as many requests as possible. There are those who like the idea of being forced to dress in women's clothes and those who think that this is just another form of transvestism. There are those who think that women's clothes are too good for the average slave and indeed this may be true but a naked and shivering slave is not always the one who will perform to the best of his abilities. Whilst I don't advocate giving a slave a soft life, there are extremes to which I would not go as in causing too much angst there is a self defeating process in that the slave will perform to less than his ability. A naked slave is certainly degraded and this can be ideal in certain circumstances but does one really want to see that appendage flopping about while he carries out his tasks? I think not. No, a modicum of covering will be desirable for both parties. For example if he has to answer the door to a caller the sight of a pinny or skimpy knickers will cause hilarity whereas the sight of a naked slave could cause fear and apprehension, to say nothing of embarrassment to a lady visitor and this is not the idea at all.

I know many a 'baby' has not been catered for recently, it seems that all the foot fetishists and spankers have been prominent of late, but perhaps other aspects of the Madame/Slave scene will appear soon.

I hope you will learn from this issue and take heed of its contents.

Until next time. Candida.
Revenge is Sweet

She strode purposefully across the square and into the headquarters building. She felt good, confident, in control - she knew all about power dressing and used it to the full, a blue and cream suit, blue stockings and blue court shoes. This was it, the big one, her one chance to get even with the man who had all but ruined her life.

Getting past security was simplicity itself, a flash of her eyelashes, a sweet smile and she was in.

She got to the penthouse and headed for the teak and leather door. At a desk in the outer office sat a weedy, pale looking man - a personal assistant or accountant - Mr. Adams the name badge said. She brushed past him and into the large, expensive office.

The man looked up from his work in surprise when she entered, surprise turned to amusement when he saw she was alone and unarméd - little did he know. Mr. Adams raced in after her and amid apologies to his boss tried to get her to leave. Right she thought I'll start with you. She spun round and kicked him hard in the groin and as he sank to the floor she brought her knee up under his chin to send him sprawling on his back in front of the desk. Pleased with herself she casually tidied her hair and equally casually, stepped onto his stomach, walked along his chest and stood on his face.

The man had jumped out of his seat when she rounded on Adams but now settled down again and watched the young lady closely. She felt a thrill of delight. God, she loved dominating men, especially trampling them underfoot. She could transfer her weight from foot to foot and feel her heels digging into the luckless Mr. Adams. She could feel his nose squashed beneath her sole. Men liked girls to sit on their face, she knew, because they got something out of it - what did it feel like to have a girl stand on your face?

Adams started groaning, she stepped back and across his throat and the noise stopped abruptly. The man hadn't taken his eyes off her, he was transfixed watching his assistant's agony. She stepped off Adam's face and he rolled over coughing. He at least would be no further problem. She didn't want him going anywhere though, so gingerly, she placed her feet on his outstretched hands and bore down on his fingers. A large bruise was forming on his face where her feet had been. She liked leaving her mark on a man, she hadn't felt this good since that one night last year - just before all her problems started. She came back to the present and spoke for the first time. "Well, you've put on a lot of weight - must be all this easy living. "I think your big stomach will make a nice trampoline for me - what do you think?"

The man got up off his chair and started backing away but she was too quick for him. She threw him to the ground and was about to jump on him when the door to an inner office opened and a young woman came into the room. "Excellent" she said "you must be the secretary, you can save me the effort of punishing your boss". She crossed the room and grabbed the secretary taking time to step heavily on Adam's nose, she ground her heel into the man's face and was rewarded with a flow of blood over the sole of her shoe. The secretary was forced over to the still prone man "Come over here and stand on your boss" she said. At first the girl refused but the intruder was an expert at friendly persuasion and twisted the secretary's arm round behind her back. Self preservation and the
She said. The bestiettoes were white.

"Come on there must be loads of times you felt like doing this" the intruder said. The young secretary was persuaded to stand on top of her boss, the white stilettos sank several inches into his podgy belly.

"Bounce" she commanded, and twisted the secretary's arm a little more. The girl sobbed quietly and started to shift her weight up onto her toes. She stumbled and had to reach to the desk for support, but quickly she got her balance and began to move up and down on the man's stomach. The man looked horrified, he could see his secretary's stockingised feet flex in her sandals as she bounced up and down. Much worse, he could see how much her vicious heels sank into his flesh with every jump and landing.

"More". "Higher".

She commanded, and the girl was forced to comply. Now she was jumping off her boss' body and landing again with a heavy squelch. Her boss groaned and screamed as he felt this girl land on his stomach time after time. With every jump she was getting higher and higher, he could even see daylight under her soles as she reached the top of her jump. This girl had to weigh about eight or nine stones, all that weight landing from a height of even a few inches concentrated on a heel no more than half an inch across was agony. The man tried to scream, but all the air was forced out of his lungs by the weight of this girl landing time after time on his body.

Abruptly, the intruder pushed the secretary backwards as she was in mid jump. This caused her to stumble and land heavily, with both feet, on the man's groin. Her heels sank down on his balls and his cock was squashed against his body by the soles of her shoes. The man howled with pain and anger, the secretary looked up and the suspicion of a smile appeared at the corner of her mouth, the intruder was right, there had been loads of times she had wanted to get back at her boss for all the things he had made her do. She was even beginning to enjoy herself. The intruder released her arm "Stay just where you are" she commanded and reached into her bag for a Polaroid camera. "This will make a lovely photo".

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shots were taken of the secretary trampling on the boss's balls and a few of Mr. Adams now dabbing his nose with a handkerchief.

"I don't think your boss will bother you any more" she said. "Go on, enjoy yourself! I'll make sure these men don't interfere".

She grabbed Adams by the hair and dragged him over beside his boss - this was going to be good - and so much better that another girl was going to get her revenge on these awful men. She twisted Adams' wrist and sat heavily on his chest, trapping his arm beneath her, one false move from him and she could break his wrist just by flexing her thighs.

The secretary composed herself, what did she have to lose? The intruder was right this was her chance to pay her boss and Adams back for their behaviour over the years. She stepped forward onto her boss's chest and stamped down hard on his nipples, she was glad she had worn her high heels today, this wouldn't have been as much fun in her flat Scholl sandals.

"Try his face" the intruder suggested. Adams looked scared, he had just had a girl stand on his face for what seemed an eternity but one glance from the intruder forced him to be quiet. The boss appeared dazed, perhaps he was on the point of passing out? Anyway, it didn't matter, slowly and sensually the secretary stepped onto her boss's red face. Her heels bit into the slack flesh around his mouth as she balanced on his face, she could probably knock all his teeth out, one by one, just by switching her weight from foot to foot, the sole of the right foot was pressed over his eyes, while the left pressed down on his nose. Slowly she transferred all her weight onto her left foot and ground his nose under it as one might grind out a cigarette. The secretary spun right round, all her weight concentrated on this man's nose. It made an awful cracking noise and started to swell. She stopped, facing down to the man's body with her heels balanced on his forehead, and her soles pressing down on his mouth - just in case he thought of howling the place down. The secretary stood there and posed for a few more photographs. She felt elated thinking of all her weight flowing down through her spiky heels and crushing the face of this wretched man. The intruder was right, she could get her own back on these men, and they wouldn't be able to do anything about it, so complete was this girl's domination of them. The secretary looked down at her feet, and the screwed up face of her boss beneath them. She was amazed she could calmly inflict so much pain and discomfort on a man without really trying, and that here she was, with the lowest and most disregarded part of her body, her sweaty and smelly feet actually standing on, what was arguably the highest regarded part of his, the face he shaved and plastered with scented aftershave every morning. The man tried feebly to grab her feet to lessen the pressure on his face but she contemptuously kicked his hands away. To do that she had to transfer all her weight onto one foot, with its one spiked heel, and the man's face suffered accordingly. The thought of Spanish Flamenco dancers crossed her mind and she smiled at the thought of dancing a Flamenco on this man's face.

The man was groaning and grimacing but surprisingly, it didn't seem to be his face he was complaining about. Rather his stomach and chest seemed to be causing him the discomfort, perhaps the secretary's stamping feet had done some lasting damage. It was time to go. The intruder signalled to leave and reluctantly, the secretary stepped off her boss's trampled face. She walked slowly down over his body until she got to the tender area she had jumped on earlier, there she paused and as one might do when dancing the 'Twist' she ground her soles into his podgy body. The pain caused the man to pass out - she must have cracked a rib or inflicted some kind of internal damage jumping on him. Before climbing off Adams the intruder chapped down on his neck, and as he flopped backwards she stamped down hard on his unprotected groin. As Adams rolled around the floor in agony, the two girls composed themselves and left the office down the corridor past security. The guard looked at them closely but didn't dare try to stop them and they strode out into the sunshine. The intruder looked across at the young secretary, "That was good you did well, but you'd better come with me, you've still a lot to learn about men".

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