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The Mominatrix

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Mominatrix

Jen slid the black fishnet stockings over her ample thighs. At least the black slimmed her legs a little. She lowered a latex corset over her head, letting it fall at her waist. Her large breasts instantly burst up and out from the top of her vinyl bustier as she pulled the strings tight behind her back. The slave could help her tighten the corset's laces so that she had a wasp's waist instead of a fat girl's. Really though, it was funny the way her extra flesh only improved her looks with this job. She raised the leather mini-skirt over her hips, zipped it, slipped her feet into a pair of stilettos and looked at herself in the mirror. The heels made her look a good four inches taller. She grinned at her reflection. *All the better to dominate you, my dear.*

A dominatrix. Tall, powerful, safe. Pretty even with her pale skin and dark bob – just the severity the job demanded. No avoiding it, the costume made her feel superior, but it wasn't just the get-up. The slaves made her feel that way too. It was a new sensation, to feel empowered around men. She wasn't used to it. She looked at the small color photo she'd tucked in the corner of the mirror's frame. Her wedding picture. A bride, in virginal white. The handsome groom beside her, dark hair slicked back, a mischievous smirk on his face. After five years, everything went to pieces. Maybe that's why she kept the photo. It reminded her why she was dressed in this costume. She was angry, goddammit, and anger – deep, visceral anger – was the perfect qualification for the job.

She glanced at her Cartier watch, a gift from a client. Rubber Man, his name was. The new client, with the more prosaic name of Bill would arrive any minute. She was his guilty lunch-time pleasure. She slid each hand into a black-leather glove, rolled the opera-length gauntlets all the way up to her fleshy biceps. Anger. Expressing Anger. Venting Anger. The angrier the better. Suddenly, her body tensed as a baby's wail shattered the silence. *Her baby.* He shouldn't be awake. She had nursed him for nearly an hour.

She hurried over the hard, concrete floor, her stilettos clacking. The sissy-slut room, where she did her transformation sessions, was stuffed with the tools of the trade: blond and brunet wigs, oversize panties and heels for the cross-dressers. And there, in the midst of it all, Noah, her baby boy, six months old and red with indignation, his tiny pink hands balled into fists... He saw her and screamed louder, incensed. How could you leave me, mommy? Because, my darling, the mortgage is due and men like Rubber Man and Slave Bill allow us to keep a roof over our heads and mommy wants only the best for you, my love.

She unclipped the stroller's straps and reached to hug her baby to her chest. His back arched as she tried to soothe him. "Rockabye baby, on the treetop..." she sang into his ear, but he would have none of it. His crying grew frenzied. She hugged him tighter, felt her nipples tingle, the milk ducts beginning to leak from his closeness. Did she have time to breastfeed him? The doorbell rang in response. She tucked the baby back into the stroller, re-clipped the restraints. Noah wailed in protest. She tried to reassure herself. Babies often cried even when nothing was wrong. Didn't the pediatrician say it was okay to let him cry? If she didn't make money today, she thought

as she closed the sissy-slut door behind her, they would be out on the street, and Noah wouldn't be the only one crying.

Music. She pressed a button on the stereo. A Portishead track filled the empty airwaves with its dreary S&M soundtrack, making just enough noise to drown out Noah's howls. Sort of. Even through the closed door, she could still hear him screaming. Of course, she could. She was a mother. But would Client Bill hear him? Slave Bill. Please, God, no. She'd worried about this sort of thing when she first got the job. Could a dominatrix still be a good mother? Could a good mother torture and humiliate men all day long?

It was the Mom's Club, of all places, where she first heard about the world of professional domination. Another mom had enticed her into attending a slave party. That first glimpse of naked men, women in leather whipping their backs mercilessly, had been a shocker. Still, that night, she did a session with a foot fetishist. She let the man kiss her feet, and made two-hundred dollars for it. It was more affection from a man than she'd received in months.

She peered through the peephole and saw Bill on his hands and knees, a wad of money clamped between his lips. Opening the door, she stared down at his balding head, at the liver spots on his hands. The respectable tan windbreaker, the blue button-down shirt, brown-tweed slacks and leather loafers. Fifty-five, maybe sixty. An insurance salesman. It was always strange meeting a slave for the first time. They never looked the way they sounded on the phone. He was nervous, she could tell. He wasn't the only one. So was she. Her baby was crying in the sissy-slut room.

"I should send you away for getting your lowly spit on my money," she said.

"Please don't," Bill said. "I need you to defile me."

As if she'd send him away. It was all part of the game. She snatched the money from his mouth and counted out the hundreds. Three. He lifted his head to look at her, and she raised her left eyebrow. He reached into his pants pocket for another bill.

"You will be tortured for that." She stuffed the money into the crevice of her cleavage. The bills pressed up against her flesh. A sudden rush of heat, the thrill of being a dominatrix, infused her, smothering even Noah's cries. No longer the vulnerable and desperate stay-at-home mom, she was in charge. She beat and degraded men. It would take more than a husband cheating on her with the au pair to get her down now.

She turned on her heel and strode into the bondage room, Bill crawling behind her. The walls were deep blue. The gilt-frame mirrors and golden sconces holding the lit candles gave it an oddly regal look, which contrasted weirdly with the far end of the room where there was a black leather-upholstered bondage table. That and the rotating wheel on which men were tied and the cross with cuffs for single-tail whippings and cock-and-ball torture.

"Get undressed," she commanded as Bill cowered at her feet.

Her face impassive, she watched as he took off his clothes. Soon, his conservative trousers and the shirt his wife had most likely pressed for him that morning were folded in a neat pile at his feet. His testicles looked shrunken, hidden beneath a swirl of gray, more gray sprouting out from his shoulders. Jen pointed to the bondage table.

He climbed on, shivering. It must be cold to lie there naked, the frigid wood beneath his spine, the cuffs icy as she attached them to his wrists and ankles. She

didn't care; she couldn't let herself care. It was tricky, this business of dominating men, of being callous and cruel, of doling out pain and humiliation to another living being, especially when she thought of her baby, probably still crying, in the sissy-slut room.

She wanted a better life for her child. All mothers did. She wanted him to have everything she hadn't, to live a life of privilege and opportunity. As a dominatrix, she could provide that.

She whipped Bill's nipples and phallus, then attached the clamps. He screamed as she rolled a pinwheel over his testicles. Then she bound his scrotum, stringing up the clamps attached to his nipples to the suspension unit. She gagged his mouth and placed a blindfold over his eyes. The gag muffled Bill's shrieks, still she listened to make sure she heard no real stress in his voice. You could only go so far. That was what the slaves paid her for: to go as far as they wanted, but no further. Sometimes you could push a man, but only to a point. That was part of the S&M contract between two consenting adults. That was why safe words were used. Green for "more"; yellow for "getting near my limit"; red for "stop!"

Could she hear Noah? She felt her body tense again. Why wouldn't he stop crying? For generations, mothers had to get on with their lives, with the chores, with cooking dinner, with caring for other siblings. They couldn't hold their babies forever, even if they wanted. Why couldn't she just let Noah cry then? She had a job to do. She no longer had a husband, so now she was in charge of earning the income necessary to keep the household running.

Okay, the baby's cries were getting louder. She closed the bondage-room door, shoved a towel up against its lower edge. Still, she was nervous. Would Noah cry so hard he'd choke? Get tangled in the restraints? Fall out of the stroller? Her mother's mind reeled off the gory possibilities. Her legs wanted to rush to him, her hands to console. But she was in the middle of a session. Her hands were already occupied, torturing Bill.

She applied alligator clamps to his nipples and ball sack. She hoped his screams would overpower her son's. But she couldn't keep the clamps on indefinitely. Each time she loosened their tiny, biting teeth, Bill stopped yelling, and she could hear Noah once again.

She couldn't take it anymore. "You wait here," she said, fully aware of how her voice revealed her anxiety. She wanted to slap herself for breaking out of role, belying the cold confidence she had exuded when Bill first arrived.

Luckily, the gagged man couldn't answer.

Her heels clicked against the concrete as she hurried back, into the sissy-slut room. The stroller was shaking again, Noah screaming inside of it. She reached for Noah, whispering into his ear, "Help mommy, please. Please, stop crying, pumpkin."

He clawed at her, sobbing into her chest. His body was hot and moist, his face wet with tears. She swallowed hard, feeling the strangeness of gripping the baby's small, pliable body against hers, against the slick latex and papery vinyl she wore.

Noah stopped crying – instantly. She gritted her teeth. He just wanted to be held! The pediatrician was right! Now Noah gurgled, joyful. His cries had brought mommy running.

Babies manipulated. Still, it was hard to put him down. But she couldn't leave Bill for very long either. A dominant wasn't supposed to leave a slave alone in bondage for longer than she would leave a baby. A baby! Noah! What was she to do?

She heard a sudden thrashing sound in the bondage room. Bill! She placed Noah back into the stroller, once again securing the restraints. Again Noah released a piercing wail.

She hurried back into the bondage room. Bill strained against his own cuffs. She removed his ball gag.

"What's your problem?"

"Where'd you go, Mistress?"

He was just like a baby.

"None of your business."

"I thought I heard—"

Jen slapped him hard against the cheek before he could say it. She tried to refocus. Running a violet wand over Bill's naked chest, the device made a crackling, nefarious sound. Bill yelped, the sharp nips of electricity razing his flesh. But Noah screams ripped through the air. She had forgotten to close the sissy-slut room door when she ran out of it.

"Mistress, are you sure that's not a—"

Again Bill received a swift slap against his jaw. This time Jen didn't even bother to say she was leaving. She just bolted, scurrying into the sissy-slut room, bending to unstrap Noah from the stroller. The crying stopped.

She couldn't remain like this forever. She'd have to put him down again – and then what? He'd cry. She shifted her weight, turning toward the mirror she usually made the cross-dressers look in, after their makeup was applied. Her own reflection. She winced. The image of herself, dressed in her *domme* gear, holding Noah, pained her.

At the same time, she heard a loud bang in the bondage room.

There wasn't even time to put Noah down. She ran with him, out of the sissy-slut room, only to come face to face with Bill in the dungeon reception. How did he get out of the restraints?

"What are you doing?" she said.

Bill struggled to get his trousers on. "I could ask you the same thing." There wasn't an ounce of the "groveling slave" left. He now sounded quite authoritative. Maybe he wasn't an insurance salesman, but a lawyer.

She bit her lip. "How did you get out of the bondage?" She tried to sound just as authoritative, though she now felt weak, exposed. The slaves were supposed to be the freaks. She was the one with a baby *in the dungeon*.

Bill showed his wrists. "You didn't really cuff me tightly enough."

She was getting better at bondage, but obviously not good enough.

"I want my money back," he said.

She gawked at him. "What?"

He puffed out his chest. It appeared so frail at the beginning of the session. Now it looked robust. "You heard me. I want my money."

The lump of cash was nestled between her breasts. It was hers. It belonged there. She didn't want to return it.

"You can't have it." She swung back her shoulders, holding her chin high.

“Give it to me.”

“No.” Her eyes narrowed.

“It’s what’s right.”

She wanted to laugh. What was right about any of this? Men showing up at all hours, to have their testicles bound and their phalluses tortured...

“I’m the dominant. Don’t talk back to me.”

“And I’m the unsatisfied customer.” Bill shook his index at her.

Standing there naked, his nude form fuzzed over with gray, he looked disturbingly ridiculous yet also frightening. But she wouldn’t give back the money. She had been able to pool together most of the mortgage payment, but was short.

“I need this cash.”

“You should have thought about that before you brought a baby to the dungeon.”

The words hit hard, and she trembled. No, she should not have brought Noah today. But the nanny was sick. Her husband had abandoned her. She had no one. What else was she supposed to do?

Bill glared at her. Jen suddenly became nervous. The truth was, she could probably pay the mortgage late. Maybe she could even find another job. She didn’t *have* to work as a dominatrix. There were lots of other jobs, regardless of the economy.

But, no, she liked this gig, this dominatrix job, with all its bizarre role play and the nutty clients with their ridiculous names. *Rubber Man*. More than anything, she liked how commanding it made her feel. Significant. The attention excited.

But there was also a price to pay.

“You are going to give me back my money,” said Bill.

Her hand quivered. She reached toward her cleavage. Maybe it was right. It was his money.

In her mind’s eye, she saw the events of the past three months. She had tried to put her life back together. She had tried to find a way to be happy. She was still recovering from the hormonal imbalances of childbirth, still trying to accustom herself to her new life as a mother, alone.

A mother was supposed to have a husband. A baby needed a father. But she had neither. All she had was this job. All she had was the feeling she got, dressing up in latex, leather, vinyl. All she had was the rush of torturing men. It was only when she worked as a dominatrix that, for a very short time, she felt like she was actually in control of her life.

Jen sensed the terror at her core. Her hand grazed the skin between her breasts, reaching for Bill’s cash. She stopped. When Bill first called that morning, how she had felt – the heady awareness that she would make money today, and that a man would tremble at her feet while she did so.

Her hand clenched into a fist and shot back down to her side.

“I will not give you back the money,” she said.

“I’ll call the police,” said Bill.

“We didn’t do anything illegal.”

“I bet you don’t have a license. You could get in trouble for that.”

She couldn’t even imagine filling out the paperwork. Still, she had heard of dommes getting busted for lesser crimes: quoting rates to an undercover cop instead of framing it in the terms of a “donation.” She felt another chill pass through her. What if

she did get arrested? What if she were ruled an unfit mother? What if her ex suddenly wanted custody? What if he wanted to make the au pair into Noah's new mom?

She swallowed hard, channeling her fear into a tight knot in her chest. Her ex had humiliated her. She wouldn't let another man take control of her again, ever.

"Get on your knees," she said.

Bill stood before her. "No."

"I said, get on your knees!" The ferocity of her voice surprised even her. But a change had occurred. The change passed over Bill's face. His sneer melted into a pout. His chest once again became concave, his shoulders slouching. The man dropped to his knees.

Yes, his session had been disrupted. There was a baby in the dungeon. But Jen was now truly dominating him. This wasn't role play, and he knew it.

Jen's eyes brightened. She sensed her victory. But she had to make sure. "Lick my heels," she said.

Bill crawled toward her, his tongue reaching to lap the length of her stiletto.

Checkmate.

"Now get the hell out of here." She watched Bill hurry into the bondage room. He emerged shortly after, dressed. He left the same way he arrived. No, he left a true slave. And four-hundred clams poorer.

Noah reached for her face, pinching her lip. Little devil. She dropped to a black-velvet couch. She no longer worried how this job might compromise her abilities as a mother. She pulled aside her bustier, releasing one of her breasts. As she nursed Noah, she embraced him tightly against her costume, the polished latex of her corset. It no longer felt so strange.

Lara Sterling is a fiction writer from Los Angeles. She has a B.A. in History from UCLA and formerly worked as a journalist for various magazines, such as *Playboy*. This fall 2012, she will begin pursuing her MFA in Fiction at Otis College of Art and Design.