

A woman is shown from the chest down, wearing a white lace dress with a gold bra. She is posing against a red background. The text "Let's get those English boys" is written in a white cursive font across the center of the image.

*Let's get those  
English boys*

*Lady Laylie*

To Madame Caramel

“L'érotisme est un pouvoir sexuel sans bornes, illimité, démesuré. Il faut le craindre.”

*Marquis de Sade*

La grande beauté de ma vie c'est que je vis ce que les autres ne font que rêver, discuter, analyser. Je veux continuer à vivre le rêve non censuré, l'inconscient libre.

*Journal 1944-1947 de Anaïs Nin*

Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and could only be the result of pure coincidence.

The United Kingdom is a fascinating country full of contrasts — some would say contradictions. It is the land of a thousand-year-old monarchy hanging on to its formal codes and protocols tightly. It's also where a rich counterculture flourished in response, as if to get rid of the constraints — it is a deep counterculture, where bodies and screams want to topple, or at least try to stain the Buckingham decorum.

Reserve. Manners. Modesty. Hypocrisy, sometimes. Whatever. Human beings are inherently wild and fundamentally ferocious; they can never be completely tamed. Bring all the tea sets in the world (don't mind the cliché), choreograph a thousand and one bows, polish the crowns, cut the diamonds — you'll never kill the beast, the desire, the need, the kink.

Let's go even further: this historical reserve and this inclination towards false pretence contribute to what makes British people exciting. In fact, what's forbidden always has something fascinating to it. The higher the jar of jam sits on the shelf, the higher the child will try to climb. Adults function more or less the same way.

This is what piqued our three protagonists' naughty curiosity. Three famous, fascinating and dazzling dominatrixes, each having become master in their respective BDSM art. They're gathered in London for the Femdom Ball, a large-scale event. Every year, its mysticism, eroticism and scandalous aesthetic cause the convergence of the most exquisite of dominas.

The Femdom Ball celebrates the woman, her strength, her power. This highlight isn't a vague promise. It is a real project, carried out by the iron hand of an elite dominatrix: Madame Caramel. She is a true reference in this world; this woman magnificently holds the baton, like a prominent conductor, and controls servile males throughout the world.

In the wake of the organisers, the guests let their class and ingenuity vibrate in a dynamic that is diametrically opposed to that of soulless porn. The lace, headdresses, ornaments and outfits complete and answer each other. The word gala has never described a reception so well, where the beautiful becomes synonymous with pleasure, and thereby with rejoicing.

Not just anyone can come to the Femdom Ball. It is a confidential event, whose guests are meticulously cherry-picked. Several parameters justify this rigour: the quest for excellence, of course, but also security and inclusivity. Judgements stay in the cloakroom and give way to tulle, sheer and mysterious black fabrics, leather-coloured harnesses and satiny latex. The champagne does not make you drunk, it intoxicates you. The costumes are bespoke and refined, and they tacitly distribute the power as they shine with ochre, gold and natural coils.

It all echoes the famous "so british" protocole mentioned earlier. This annual ball dons a luxury label, a golden seal to which every guest must be devoted.

Beyond the show, the muted and pretty delights, an importance is given to connection. You don't come only to see or be seen, but to meet, first and foremost.

Under the gigantic ceilings and sparkling chandeliers, the gazes of other people, those who come from afar, those gazes meet, hang on to each other, exchange, vanish, find root in this discreet memory. The Femdom Ball does in fact owe a part of its magic to the way it suspends time. The ostentation consecrates the fever, in turns strategic and authentic, undeniably erotic.

Lady Saylie, Lady Boobs and the Marquess d'Excelle de Versailles wouldn't miss this for the world. They are glad to meet there every autumn. On that delightful occasion, they share a real energy, as real as it is hard to describe. Let us draw for the readers a brief portrait of these strong-willed women.

There is Saylie, with hair as blond as a wheat field, who wears glamorous corsets as graciously as she does vertiginous Louboutins. Figuring amongst the most famous Parisian dominatrices, she cultivates old school authority, from the wooden school rulers to the brass of the martinetts, she's intellectual to the shortest syllable.

Madame is very attached to her mother tongue, and therefore imposes the use of the French vous, the vouvoiement, which honours and worships, since you say vous and not tu to the mistresses who give a good hiding without ever sacrificing kindness.

This natural rising doesn't prohibit her from keeping her wild child soul and nymph-like freedom. She shares this rebellious moral fibre with the Marquess. She is absolutely intellectual as well, passionate about Sadien arts, and she practices a sexuality where genitals aren't the main event, far from it. Practicing and teaching, since the barely fifty-year-old instructs, initiates and shows to her apprentices how to use the whip, penetrate the soul with respect, play with the bodies and the sets. She used to be the head of a banking group, and she finally decided to leave it all behind. She put her instinctive authority to the service of BDSM, and thereby putting males at her service. Last but not least, Lady Boob, the youngest of the trio, and yet the most pragmatic. Poised, observing, she owes Mother Nature prodigious breasts (105M!); she is the sensual paragon of a merciless Black Venus. The leather of her spike-ornated gloves enhances her movements. This creature — in the most noble way — loves putting men at her feet, as her colleagues do. These three colleagues didn't want to wait until the ball to see each other again. They had to take advantage of this trip to the United Kingdom to mark the occasion. They met in front of a London bar, which shall remain unnamed, the day before the Femdom Ball. Laughter, confidences, complicity. They enjoyed an implicit sorority from the first minute. Someone orders drinks, the native Merlot fills up the blue crystal glasses. Saylie's impatient to push open the doors of the incredibly luminous manor where dominatrixes and dominated will meet. Lady Boobs recalls one of her most recent sessions involving a particularly faithful bitch.

“I love it when they smell me, and they like to smell me, but not too close, or they get a spanking”, she says sincerely.

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The evening goes by quickly, too quick! They dance a little, talk, put the world to rights, give this life a human colour, a resolutely feminine human colour. The three dommes go to to other bars, and they take the opportunity to admire London, a few of its bridges and the River Thames, but also the fog thickening the air, the ancient red phone boxes and the pubs’ mahogany fronts.

The reflection of dawn is already appearing on the still water of the Thames; whatever, they’ll rest after the gala, about one night later, because for now only the eternity of a shared moment matters. The Marquess tells the other two they could magnificently play as a trio and unite their creative forces. “Let’s get those English boys!”, she promises maliciously, jokingly at first. And then, the movie reference, intelligently feminised, transforms into a mission order. The three women are going to look for pretty toys, organise an early Christmas, a very British one devoted to sado-masochism.

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Having studied there for some time, Lady Boobs knows Big Ben’s city well. It isn’t long before she starts talking about a particular bar, where the afterparty is an institution. “We’ll find our little Brits there, and I swear we’ll get them!”, she laughs.

The game is subtle, spicy and different. They do not intend on presenting as dommes. However, their feminine power cannot be constrained into a role. The accessories, the clothes, the sex toys extend this rising, but they are not necessary conditions. When they move towards three businessmen, their atavistic charisma comes out. They will lead the dance and they know it —this Salem dance they were attributed back when, an immemorial art, the subtle alchemy of the gazes. Words. Voices.

Their English may not be perfect — no matter. Their taming magnetism never stops at linguistic differences. With Saylie, for example, the bewitching unfolds through the voice, the enchanting holds a prosodic strength. Eloquence is second nature for her — or first, perhaps? — and makes her sessions back at the boudoir prominently subtle. The physical catalyses attraction, though we give it too much importance. The semi-long hair or the Marquess is impeccably styled; they announce an ingenuous authority. Anyway, all in all, there is mystery, tentation and perfume, the entirety of a ferociously electric femininity which calls and conquers.

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Lady Saylie goes first. She talks to the oldest of the three British men, a trader we'll call John. He's wearing a tie as if he were ready to resume work without any delay. Well, she talks to them all, but she looks at him first, he amuses her; she prefers him immediately and will call her charger thereafter.

Thereafter, we were saying, for now isn't the time for obedience games yet. The Lady with the golden hair throws at her preys: "Well, gentlemen, is it a gentlemen's club only? Why are big boys like you staying so sadly seated, devoid of feminine company?"

They're going to bite. They know it. They can smell it. All three of them have this sixth sense, an almost irrefutable radar. They will be theirs, the tall clumsily shaven Brit (our John), the married man in the middle (he kept his signet ring) and the youngest, a pale barely-twenty-five-year-old baby, who's manifestly stunned by the mature woman who just talked to his friend.

From afar — not so far, but they'll come on stage in a minute — the Marquess and Lady Boob exchange words and knowing looks. Beware now, no leaps! It isn't about disloyally trapping the male sex. Consent is the golden rule. The women play by the book; one they know oh so well.

Saylie nods ever so slightly. They understand and come over; their eyes examine the three males maliciously. "Don't you have school tomorrow?", muses Lady B. Peter, the twenty-something, does not know what to do with himself. He's feeling all of the magic and gives in already, he'd like to run away and stay there forever. They are so beautiful, he thinks to himself; whereas Charles, the mixed race one in the middle, tries a macho gibe: "Are you sure you're up to it, dealing with English stallions? We're purebreds, you know, horse riding is an institution here."

The poor man. If only he knew whom would hold the reins! He probably knows it actually (charm works on him just like his two colleagues), but this ridiculous attempt at witticism acts as a verbal juju, as if to make sure no spirit takes away his family jewels.

None of the three dommes answered him right away. It would have been too easy. Silence has undeniable virtues, too. Damn! He feels ignored, he would have preferred an outraged response, he would have felt powerful and capable of subduing.

Nothing of the sort. Without revealing anything about their particular professions, the three women hold the bar firmly, and alternate between ironic compliments and sprinkled invitations. The noose is tightening. The temperature rises; the oldest clumsily tries to hide his arousal by sitting down. The Englishmen are cooking on low heat, and when they're medium rare Lady Boobs throws out the invitation: "Do you want to play with us? We know several exciting activities. But you'll have to accept the rules, or else..."

The tone is definitively set. The youngest trips over his words: "We're gonna go home, we're quite tired. You're very pretty ladies, but it's late, it's early, you see, we're not like that, we didn't come for this."

Blah, blah, blah. His "No" sounds like a "Yes"; it's temporary DIY as to not give in right away. "Come on", says John. "We'll just have a bit of fun, Peter. And we won't say anything to our wives and girlfriends, eh, Charles? It's only for fun."

Peter feels all the sweat in the world flooding his forehead. Quickly, pretend to change your mind. Actually, yes, why not, it's exciting, a little weird because they'll expose themselves in front of the others, they'll "sexpose" to their friends, but why not.

They're going to take them to a nice place, well-equipped and ideal for games. The word "dungeon" hasn't been said yet, they're keeping the surprise and letting imagination build bridges. Lady Saylie has the keys, she knows the landlady well — they regularly organise happenings together. A phone call is enough, a bit of information for the practical side of things, and here they go.

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Upon arriving at the dungeon, the domination really starts. The boys feign surprise when the first order is firmly given — that being said, they've understood what their place would be during that morning-extended night. They are little soldiers now, to do with as the trio please. Saylie, as we've mentioned before, has her heart set on John. Madame the Marquess takes charges of the youngest. Finally, Lady Boobs chooses Charles as her preferred toy.

The place lends itself magically well to BDSM practice. Magically in the literal sense: this den belongs to the world of magic, where fantasy reigns, and dominates. The Saint Andrew's Crosses are familiar with the fuckmachines, the bondage benches, the cages with their unmovable bars. The English men are led into an adults'schoolyard, where they'll have to gently obey the teacher.

“Hand-kissing is required”, intimates Mistress Saylie on a quintessentially authoritative tone. They obey, kiss the sacred hands as they bow — Lady Boobs’ are still covered with her spike-ornated gloves, like a divine punishment the dominated kiss with a partially mastered fervour.

The whole session articulates itself around a double logic of synchronisation and personal approaches. Our dommes have their own styles, their inimitable signatures. They also have a common objective: that of making those Englishmen truly theirs.

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The Marquess starts with establishing a few rules. It’s essential when playing sadomasochistic games. Notably, they choose a safe word, so they can interrupt the process at any moment. Professional dominatrixes must know and feel the limits of body and soul. It isn’t about hurting durably or endangering someone. Even if some activities play with the limits, you mustn’t cross them.

When the rules are set, the session starts. These rascals need a spanking; let’s start with Charles, whom the elegant Marquess reminds of his recent disrespect. “What tells you that we’re not up to it? What do you know about us? What was that, that ridiculous metaphor about horse riding? I think we need to go back to the basics and mark the occasion with a good beating.”

The dungeon they’re using for the occasion is well-equipped with all the tools you can think of. The domina takes a whip; she chooses a big model, with an impressive handle.

“Ask us for forgiveness, you weekend stallion”, she mocks.

“Ask the three of us for forgiveness.”

“Sorry, mistress, sorry, I didn’t want to...”.

She makes the lashes crack against his freshly exposed ass. Lady Boobs had effectively taken it upon herself to undress him very methodically and seriously. As for the black-haired Marquess, she would reciprocate minutes later by pulling down the washed-out jeans of the youngest sub.

“You didn’t want to do what?”.

“Disrespect you, Madam, I didn’t want to disrespect women.”

“Women”. Many subs want to repair their sexism — even if they do it again later. Like a sinner hollowing themselves out in the confessional, the male-treated apologises for being a man, or at least this type of man, and accepts the sanction that comes with it.

The scenario becomes more complex. Lady Saylie reminds John that he must show unconditional devotion — she won’t let anything slide. The Marquess pretends her sub did something stupid and spansks him rhythmically for it. Smack. Smack. Smack. The buttocks redden — tomato skin, the scoundrels get a dressing-down.

Delight and pain bunk together in a big figurative room with cathedral walls. They yelp and peep under the thrilling lashes of the toys. The Englishmen have renounced their arrogance. They endure and take the haughty feminine beating. Smack

“I have a small anecdote for you, gentlemen”, suddenly announces Lady Saylie, who is keen on cultural references. “We all know what stallion means, as your buddy has learned under the lashes of my friend’s toy. But the word “gelding” is less common. It relates to horses whose virility was taken away. Scientifics are... equivocal; castration appeases equine behaviour. It makes the males in the stable much calmer.”

Saylie walks solemnly as she makes this theatral and ironic speech. The other two dominas smile, lost in this intimate moment where their talents meet. Each step seems calculated — It isn’t really, since the protagonist likes to give space to spontaneity. The fact remains that her talent, her prosody and her firmness look like a military march which she has been practiced since the dawn of time. It’s beautifully precise.

“We are going to make good little geldings out of you”, she continues, “adorable, castrated foals. My dear Marquess, could you take out the appropriate equipment? You’re going to become geldings, that’s what you’re getting.”

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The three associates are completely naked now. Their penises remain flaccid; all erections seem naturally forbidden now. The installation of chastity cages is an almost mystical and fundamentally allegorical slow ritual. The castration is orchestrated with panache. They seem far, far away from the clients at the bar, those who were trying to keep a certain composure.

They become bitches — or rather, they are made into docile, tamed bitches led around by the snout. The restraining devices look like penile muzzles containing their heavy virility.

It is hard to know exactly what goes on in the heads of the males in those moments. Those who talk about it speak of a rare ecstasy, one where you can be without trying to seem, even if it means getting rid of all societal rules.

Charles barks very loudly. Lady Boobs flashes a bit of her right breast; it looks like she's going to unveil it, but she hides it again right away. He's on all fours anyway, that poor dog, just like his unlucky brothers. He could not reach her sacred nipples, even if he approached them.

The canine metaphor becomes clearer. "Come here, at my feet!", screams the Marquess d'Excelle de Versailles. The other dominas give the same order, like an echo. This show of shared submission is fascinating: the men have become stupidly loyal beasts panting near the divine toes. They have to imagine it: the arches, the veins, the toenails — they can only imagine them, because the gamemasters are wearing shoes they are not planning on taking off so easily. Perhaps not at all. You have to earn the reward, the bone, the doggy's pittance.

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They have granted them a few moments of suction, on the one condition that it be done delicately and respectfully.

The Marquess suggests they put the English trio on a St Andrew's Cross. One for each participant, of course.

In this position, it becomes easy to play with their nipples and testicles. Saylie starts the dance by opening her toy's cage temporarily. She grabs a latex whip adorned with pearls, a little gem of craftsmanship whose trade secret she protects. The interspersed hitting game provokes choral moaning as the other dominatrixes join the game.

None of these gentlemen had been dominated before. Or perhaps by clumsy avatars, nothing comparable or as expert to this. The mistresses of ceremonies know it and use it entirely. Mechanical sexuality, which is pig-like in its worst variations, does not have its place in this beautifully decorated dungeon. Pleasure is earned in fits and starts, and it rhymes with cathartic suffering. It stems from letting go like never before.

Peter, Charles and John give themselves fully to the mastery of their dommes. The sexist remarks and the bad attitude from before turn into orgasmic threnodies. They forget their obligations, the tube, the frustrations, the smoke of the exhaust pipes, the bad weather and the reality — it all becomes distorted. The moment is all that matters — strange, improbably, magnificent.

These people are experiencing a pre-Femdom Ball, since all the main ingredients for this celebration are reunited. The locals are a bit less breathtaking, OK. But the spirit is there.

Mistress Saylie nods to her friends. She has an idea as to how to conclude this game beautifully. They are five milking machines in an adjacent room, which are as well-kept as the rest of the devices. “We could milk them”, she says with smiling eyes.

“We’re going to milk them”, Lady Boobs agrees almost instantly.

They take off the cages, but their virilities are not yet theirs again. They don’t need it. They don’t need their sperm either; milking time has come.

The scene flirts with surrealism and dadaism. The three Englishmen are frenetically jerked off; they have become beasts of burden. Without any control over their reproductive organs, they accept remote-controlled and animalised masturbation, over which women retain absolute control. They play with the rhythm. The only uncircumcised penis in the band, John’s, doesn’t seem to have an ounce of foreskin left once they reach top speed.

There are some erections now, but they don’t stem from an egoist wanking or phallogocentric research for pleasure. It is indeed strong and determined women who steer the ship and modulate. They are the ones who decide, very simply. The back and forth can stop at any time.

And then, as you would a sacred lecture, almost like you would in mass (one without religious connotation, however), Lady Saylie recites with precision excerpts from her novel, Dom’Innate.

The very one Madame Caramel — the prestigious hostess of the Femdom Ball — would gift a few hours later to every single one of the two hundred guest dominatrixes, a beautiful surprise Lady Saylie knew nothing about. She precisely recites excerpts from the first book, the one where she talks about discovering her feminine power.

Climax arrives, carried by words, pain and emotion. The males come, confused, like beasts, and fill cups with a primal moan. The little bitches have unreleased their seed, looked down on by the hidden breasts, beautiful skin and the divine hair of their dominas.

They still have fun for a while afterwards. Then comes to time to dismiss the subs and escort them to the door. You have to respect your lady to the last second and tell her goodbye with class, of course.

They give them a little slap on the butt — those little Brits, these cute businessmen they got, as planned.

The rest of this intimate adventure, with the attending of the Femdom Ball, will perhaps be the subject of another story. For now, we will focus on a ferociously symbolic scene. It's seven in the morning, twenty-four hours later; the three exhausted women say goodbye on the Eurostar platform. Their usual activities will resume. Saylie, for example, has to take care of an important case, back at her law practise.

Everything they just experienced will remain a secret. Oh, of course, this secret has been revealed here.

The names, however, the exact locations — no one will ever share them. “Everything that happens in London stays in London”, says Lady Boobs. They laugh, kiss, always thick as thieves. They’ll meet again in a year.

What have these three men become? No one knows. It doesn’t matter, though. We will remember the game.

The choreography. The art.