

Fantasy Female: The Real Life of Victoria King

by Eva Vieyra-McDaniel

Editors' note: The names "Victoria" and "Katie" are pseudonyms intended to protect the subjects' privacy.

A NOTE WAS WAITING for Victoria with the front desk concierge when she arrived at the Surf and Sand Resort in Laguna Beach.

“Welcome Mistress, please make yourself comfortable. If you need me, I am on cell.”

After working her way through a shrimp cocktail, beef tenderloin, calamari, bread pudding, and two martinis, Victoria blows cigarette smoke out the open window. Her client, a man who identifies himself as “Slave Rubbish,” has kept her waiting. Now he’s going to get it.

Half an hour before the midnight session is set to begin, Mistress Victoria pulls a cushioned bench from under a vanity table in the bedroom. Two feet of rope is attached to the leg of a table, atop which the barely touched calamari goes cold. The table leg will become a means to pull the handcuffed hands of her arriving submissive an uncomfortable distance from the rest of his body. An electric bug-zapper will be used as an instrument for inflicting pain.

“There’s always a way to turn every room into what you need it for.”

For almost ten years, the life of Victoria King (a.k.a. Mistress Victoria) has been an exercise in duality. There’s the duality of her own life: one part Victoria, a single mother trying to make ends meet, and one part Mistress Victoria, professional dominatrix. Next are the dual roles she performs on the job: fantasy and nightmare, the naughty babysitter and the demented nurse. Finally there are the double lives of her clientele: middle-aged, high-powered business executives who pay hundreds of dollars an hour to be put in their place. After a session of nipple torture, spanking, cross-dressing, or whipping, they drive home with only the cane marks on their backsides as a reminder of the world they’ve just returned from.

For both Victoria and her customers, life means reconciling one world with another. While Victoria’s profession is not illegal, it doesn’t take much more than the hint of suspicious activity to send the police to her door. Victoria’s biggest problem is that mainstream society has no idea what she does but is quick to ostracize those who seek her services. While Victoria is the first to admit that the practice of domination belongs to the underworld, the reality is this underworld does not lie far below the surface of the everyday.

On a Thursday morning, the Starbucks is teeming with businessmen and idle Orange County suburban moms. Victoria sits in an oversized green lounge chair with her shaggy

salt-and-pepper pup, Pete, and although her outfit is less than extraordinary, she has an air of importance about her. Her short brown hair is swept away from her face, a style few middle-aged women would attempt since it enhances any imperfections. No bangs to shade or obscure; Victoria's hairstyle alone hints at boldness. Brown Prada sunglasses, beige Prada purse, muted tan UGG boots— her outfit is a subtle yet obvious signal of status.

Like the other professionals seated around her, Victoria is in casual-business mode. They're sipping their lattes, chatting, and, like Victoria, explaining their jobs to the other people around them. Victoria curls her lithe five-foot-nine frame in her chair, looking over at the largest group of businessmen on the Starbucks patio. She smiles slyly as she nods towards the cluster.

"I can tell you," begins Victoria, "that in this crowd here of about twelve people, I'd say at least eight of them have had the thought of, or have experienced, domination— whether it's been with a professional or for the home. No doubt."

Victoria is not here to network. She's here to describe the work she's been doing to pay the bills and put her daughter through school after her divorce left her a single mom with a small child to support. For the first time, Victoria feels like she is ready to tell about her transformation from typical, suburban homemaker into professional dominatrix.

Victoria first became aware of the subculture of domination and submission when her younger sister Ava left Orange County to move to the Hollywood area, then buzzing with the edgy 1980s punk scene. Unlike Victoria, Ava had always tread on the wild side. Ava started her career as a stripper before moving on to working as a submissive in one of the large "houses" in Hollywood. A "house" is a business where multiple dominatrices see multiple submissive clients, or where clients come to dominate professional submissives. This kind of work, Victoria says, is really hard, especially for the submissives, and young women frequently burn out from it. After some time in the "houses," Ava moved on to starting her own private domination service.

At the same time Ava was making a big change in the direction of her life, Victoria was going through a period of change herself. By 1997, Victoria and her husband had divorced, and Victoria needed to earn a living for both herself and her four-year-old daughter, Katie. She needed to find a way to make money fast, and it was then that Ava began to tell Victoria more about her work.

Yet while Ava was open to discussing her work with her sister, Victoria was less than accepting of her profession. "I had a completely different image of what she was doing. I thought it was just the scum of the earth. I grew up Catholic— I still feel my morals are really, really high. I just thought that these people were the abusers and the sick, psychotic, child-molesters—who knows? I was just like any other person out there, really, who didn't understand, didn't have the knowledge— trust me!"

Finally, Ava wore Victoria down. “I think it was about six months, and out of pure desperation and her bugging me, I finally said, ‘OK, just let me look at it.’ So I drove to her place in L.A., sat in on a session. The first session I ever witnessed was a cross-dresser, one of her regular clients.

“After the first fifteen minutes I knew right away that this is insanely easy— what was I thinking? This is nothing! The guy that walked in was extremely professional—a big-time banker in a business suit, and in ten minutes we had him transformed, and he was so much fun, and my sister and I were laughing together. In forty-five minutes we both had three hundred and fifty dollars in our hands!”

While the experience of dominating alongside her sister helped to encourage Victoria to consider working as a dominatrix, this did not quell her personal anxieties about the profession. “I would think: ‘God! Am I going to be punished for this later on?’” Her misgivings about the profession were not quickly forgotten. It has taken years of experience and the relationships she’s built with her clients to calm her spiritual concerns. “I came to understand that these people who come to see me are totally normal... these people, their sexuality and their desires for seeking out this and that are so part of the normal psyche, so part of the normal human development— there’s nothing wrong with it. God gave them this part of their life.”

Shortly after her first experience with domination, Victoria began seeing clients privately in her home. To start her off on her career, little sister Ava had a present: "I still have the original paddle that she gave me."

Ava helped Victoria put her first advertisement together and gave her a toolbox containing various domination instruments and some wigs and clothing for cross-dressers. Victoria describes the first few sessions as incredibly nerve-wracking, and she talks about that time with a tone of voice that seems to say: “What was I thinking?”

“I was really nervous [having] my first person by myself, and I would call [my sister] all the time up until he knocked on the door. ‘What do I do now? What do I do then?’... so it was really just flying by the seat of my pants.”

Still, Ava was around for support, especially when it came to safety precautions. “I would call her the moment my guy showed up, and I’d say to call me back in an hour, and if I didn’t call back in an hour, something was wrong. That was our safety check, and of course I had enough information written down about him. I was paranoid enough to take down his license plate number and leave it somewhere discreetly in the house. We did that for probably a month until I felt really better—but women’s intuition for safety, there’s nothing better than that.”

Even with Ava’s help, Victoria knew she wasn’t going to feel safe until she amassed a group of regular clients. “For people who are starting in this business, you’re in a risky period for about a year until you have your own clientele established and you have your own people.”

While Victoria says that weirdoes are few and far between, she has found herself in number of unusual, even dangerous situations. The first incident she mentions is the time she had a stalker. “It turns out this particular person is really well known throughout all of Southern California. He’s stalked other ‘doms’—everybody knows about him now. I had to get a restraining order — I was so freaked out.”

Victoria took the situation with her stalker more seriously once the local police department sent officers to her studio. “He told the police that I was doing drugs, that I was injecting my clients with drugs, that I was filming pornographic material... he told them I was having sex with them! The minute they pounded on my door I already sensed it was him that was giving me trouble, so I invited them in and they wanted to look at my place, and I let them look and ended up being pretty good friends with them. They throw their sergeant in every now and then and say, ‘C’mon, do something to the sarge!’”

After the police were satisfied that none of the allegations brought against Victoria were true, those same police officers helped Victoria out with a restraining order against her stalker. Victoria thinks the submissive who was stalking her was driven to take ruthless measures because he wanted to have a romantic relationship with her. When he became too clingy, Victoria stopped seeing him. Interestingly enough, the kind of profession her stalker was in seems ideal for someone with such a persistent personality. He was a car salesman, and, Victoria adds, “a complete asshole.”

The second run-in Victoria had with the law came when a new client contacted her. This was also during Victoria’s beginning years, so she agreed to meet him even though he came to her without a referral. When the client finally arrived, he spent a good deal of time looking around her studio. When she asked what he was doing, he simply responded that he wanted to “look around.” For Victoria, the man’s suspicious behavior was the first red flag. When she responded by asking him what he was looking for, the man said: “I have to make sure there’s no guns or drugs in the house.” Second red flag. The man scheduled an appointment with Victoria for the following day. Victoria politely saw him to the door, knowing she would never let this man into her studio again. Some time went by before Victoria was contacted again by the local police department. While Victoria was suspicious of why these men were interested in talking with her after already having seen her workspace, the PD promised that they weren’t the ones who wanted to talk to her. It was Los Angeles County Homicide.

Still wary of a set-up, Victoria reported to the police station. Outside she saw a van painted with “L.A. County Homicide.” She went into a room with a one-way mirror, and sat as a homicide detective asked her some questions about a man they had been tailing who had been seen coming and going from her studio – the same one that had aroused her suspicions. The man was eventually convicted of a double homicide and sentenced to life in prison.

Woman’s intuition.

From 9 p.m. to 12:20 a.m., Mistress Victoria sits in room 291 enjoying the room service, courtesy of her tardy submissive. Alone to enjoy her client's \$500-plus a night room, four-course meal, and cocktails, Mistress Victoria takes her time applying her makeup and zipping up her thigh-high leather boots. Unlike the Mistress Victoria on her website—dressed in a see-through latex bodysuit and patent-leather stilettos—Mistress Victoria is surprisingly average-looking this evening, wearing a gray tank top with matching gray trousers, and her makeup is minimal, even conservative.

Half an hour before her “sub” is set to arrive, Mistress Victoria takes several items from her gym bag and places them next to the complimentary robe provided by the spa hotel. First she removes two switches, thin rods used for swatting— one long, thin, and made of wood, the other made of nylon. Next comes a paddle. It's mostly for show because in a hotel setting she'll need to keep things quieter than she would in her studio. Mistress Victoria carefully lays out a bullwhip, eight feet of black leather with tassels at the end. She places a pair of metal handcuffs and a comically small pair of “fingercuffs” next to the whip. Mistress Victoria tests the keys to the cuffs first, admitting that she has forgotten the right keys on at least one occasion. She removes a leather eyemask from her gym bag and places it over her head, checking to make sure “Slave Rubbish” will be completely blind during the session. Then comes out duct tape, acupuncture needles, alcohol swabs, a black leather gag, and about eight feet of cotton rope (nylon tends to slip). She's missing something.

“Son of a bitch!” she exclaims. She forgot the women's panties. She becomes even more upset when she realizes she didn't wear any underwear of her own to the session that she could have given her submissive to wear.

The missing underwear aside, Mistress Victoria falls into a cushioned chair and lets out a sigh. “Poor guy,” she muses, “he's going to be so tired. A few swats and he'll be off to bed!”

The front of Victoria's domination studio, located in Orange County, looks like any other middle-class, suburban, single-family home. Victoria has turned what was previously a dump into a tasteful, modest, sand-colored home with an olive roof, and large white New England cottage-style windows with matching olive shutters. There's a tall tree on a well-groomed lawn, and at the base of the tree lies a sign of the family pet: Pete's dog leash.

There are pictures of the inside of her studio on her website, but the interior looks more unfinished in person. Victoria herself even looks a little “unfinished” as she pads around her studio in black sandals, blue jeans, and a white button-down shirt.

The front entrance of the studio opens into a living room-like area with a fireplace, coffee table, a large black leather chair lined with metal studs off to one side, and a tall, black leather spanking bench in the center of the room. “This spanking bench is from London,” Victoria explains, running her hand along its side. “This particular one I had shipped from the UK and it is by far the best there is out there. It was very expensive. It's very comfortable and it's got all those straps so everyone loves this.”

The leather bench is easily the room's most attention-getting piece of furniture. The shape of the bench is best described as having the basic shape of a kneeling person. Four leather straps hang from each side of the bench— two for each arm and thigh, and two for each of the calves. While the straps aren't a mandatory part of the spanking session, they are there for use on clients who are into extreme bondage.

“This whole room had to stay kind of domesticated for people who want over-the-knee spanking from the mother or the babysitter,” Victoria explains. “I might hit them and then give them a consecutive five, ten, and then go answer my phone, use the computer. They don't know what I'm doing, all they can hear is me walking around. What they're thinking though, is another thing. They're thinking they can't get away, Mistress is going to be back here, I know she is, and I don't know how many she's going to give me when she gets back here. So they're so anxiety-ridden... it's really fun! That's the part I like—scaring them and then letting them wait.”

The Sling Room is a little over half the size of the living room with a black floor and bold, brick-red walls. Attached by a pulley system to the four corners of the room's ceiling are the chains of a black leather sling that rests in the center of the room. The sling is about two and a half feet above the floor and faces a long mirror. Victoria had this room custom-outfitted for the sling by a famous Los Angeles-area “dungeon maker.” “I can do a lot here,” muses Victoria as she looks over the sling, “I can do punishing, I do have leg pieces that go there where their legs are just kind of exposed. You can handcuff them here, you can close their legs here... and then what I do often is—just to scare them...” Victoria swats between the legs of an imaginary submissive seated on the sling, “And then there can be nipple clamps.” To demonstrate the way a submissive can position himself on the leather sling, Victoria cheerfully hops up onto the sling, spreading her legs apart on one end, resting her feet on the chains leading to the ceiling, and grasping the chains on the opposite end with her hands. She looks up, grinning.

Behind the sling room is a bedroom area complete with a queen-size four-poster bed. In one corner of the room stands a display of mannequin heads with Barbie faces, staring emotionlessly into space and wearing tacky blonde wigs on their shiny plastic heads. As a whole, the room looks like the dream bedroom of Buffalo Bill from *Silence of the Lambs*. The sight that truly drives home that impression is the black cage sitting next to the stand of doll heads. The cage is made of iron, about three and a half feet tall and three feet wide, and has bars an inch wide on the sides. “My overnight people who are out-of-towners, instead of them staying in a hotel, they go off and stay here,” explains Victoria, “and I, of course, have to sleep in here—I can't leave them alone.” It's not all torture, though— Victoria does supply them with pillows and a blanket. Oh, and it is worth mentioning that their sleep is all “on the clock;” they pay for every uncomfortable hour they spend sleeping in the cage.

Discomfort, a “no sex” guarantee, claustrophobia— it sounds a lot like the married lives these people come to escape from. So how does Victoria stay in business, and what is it that draws people to her studio? When asked this question, Victoria responds

thoughtfully, as she does with most questions about her career. She answers these queries as though she has been answering them for years in her head but hasn't had much experience saying them aloud. Her voice is calm and her expression contemplative. "Usually they have had a caning experience when they were seven, eight, nine, ten, in school, and the schoolmaster would call you into the office. A lot of them—a lot of them— have had that when they were little! I think just the fear— I don't know how that connects. All of a sudden, as an adult that thing that was terribly frightening for them has now become a turn-on. That is the part I need to do a little bit more investigation of—that's the mind."

More than an attachment to a traumatic experience in their early childhood, Victoria believes it is basic physical contact that is the most attractive aspect of the domination experience for her clients. "I'm telling you, so many of my clients just want to be touched. It's crazy! They're married! I think they have no intimacy with their partners. It is sad! A lot of them do tell me that. Most of them don't, but I can tell. Their reaction when I walk by and run my hand on their leg— that itself is a reason to be here. Having a woman taking care of you."

Victoria loves psychology. She spends a lot of time thinking about the different psychological motivations of both her clients and herself. She is open about her experience being analyzed by psychologists, and instead of being embarrassed or ashamed, she talks about it as though her experiences have given her the credentials to analyze her own clients. She's been on the couch, and now her clients are on her couch, except on her couch you're not thinking about your childhood— you have your pants around your ankles.

On the opposite side of the house are the more "hardcore" of Victoria's workrooms: the München Room and The Clinic. The München Room is the most dramatic in the house, with black-padded walls and no sources of natural light. It is named after the large, frightening-looking black leather bed that takes up most of the room, the München bed. This bed functions much like a body-length spanking bench with an optional suspension device hanging from the ceiling. The bed's mattress is made of black padded leather and is crisscrossed by studded leather strips. The legs of the bed are made of thick beams of dusky-colored wood that support the four-foot-tall "bed of torture." The München bed offers plenty of built-in restraints, but for more serious enthusiasts there's the option of being put in a body bag or a straitjacket while on the bed.

"I can raise their legs if I want to get underneath to their fannies," Victoria explains as she pulls on the suspension device above the München bed. "Most of those positions are just for fear. A lot of the things I put them in—the positions—are just to make them feel really vulnerable, really exposed, and scared."

Over time it becomes clear: there is no sex in the München room. In fact, there is never any sex going on anywhere in the studio. This is an awkward subject to bring up with someone as business-minded and professional as Victoria King, however it doesn't escape discussion. "People who see me come here knowing they're not going to get any

sex. They know that, and that's a lot of the reason why they like it. They get the release mentally, they get relaxed, and they don't have to worry about fooling around. These same people I have known to also go hire escorts for full service. So one week they may have full-service sex with a woman, and then one week they're here."

At the back of the room are two machines designated for scare and submission. One is an electric box with extensions that lead out of it that Victoria uses to deliver mild to moderate shocks to her clients. She only does this to clients who request a more "intense type of a session," as she puts it, and never uses the shocks above the waist for health and safety reasons. "I always ask them the same questions when they come in to see me: 'Are you diabetic, epileptic, claustrophobic, do you wear contacts, and do you have pacemakers or any stuff like that in you?' Then I make sure they know how to use a 'safe' word, which is usually 'red' and 'yellow.' Red meaning 'stop,' and yellow meaning 'could you turn it down just a tad?'"

The second machine is less obvious. It is a kind of audio/visual stimulation device that includes a mask and headphones. This machine is meant to put the subject into what Victoria describes as "sub space," a psychological state of complete meditation and submission. The mask covers the eyes and blinks bright lights in time to buzzes and beeps coming from the headset. Victoria has the ability to change the frequency of these lights and noises, depending on the desired reaction. She can make her subject go from calm to hyper-stimulated with the flick of a switch.

"Slave Rubbish" is a white male in his mid-fifties, British, and with a middle-class accent. He strolls in to the hotel room with a tired, resigned air about him. Mistress Victoria calls him closer so she can have a look at him. She commands him to kneel before her, but the tone of her voice is a mixture of aggressiveness and cordiality. When Slave Rubbish hesitates to answer or does not answer loudly enough, Mistress Victoria delivers a tight kick to the groin with her leather boot.

How was your dinner? Why were you late? You were at the bar? Did you flirt with any women? You met a hooker? Here at the hotel bar? How did you know she was a hooker? Show me how she approached you! I'll be you, and you be the hooker!

Slave Rubbish obeys hesitantly. Clearly he isn't one for this sort of role-playing. He sashays meekly toward Mistress Victoria who sits on the bed, pretending to ignore his advances. Slave Rubbish is an unlikely looking hooker, in his polo shirt, light-colored chinos, and loafers—his stomach ever so slightly obscuring the buckle of his belt. Playing along, Rubbish propositions her, and Mistress Victoria lets out a peal of laughter.

When Mistress Victoria has tired of the questions and games, she leads Slave Rubbish to the improvised spanking bench. Mistress Victoria undoes his belt and pulls his chinos down to his ankles, exposing a pair of blue plaid boxers, and begins to tie him up.

The Clinic, Victoria's medical room, is on the front, left-hand side of the house. From the doorway you can see a rolling tray table with syringes, scissors, pokers, and prodders,

placed neatly on a blue sterile sheet of paper. The tray is about two feet away from a patient's chair, equipped with shiny metal stirrups and leather upholstery. Above the chair hangs a large ceiling lamp with an intense glare. "Again, in this room it can be a very soft, teasing type of a session where there's no pain involved at all, or it can go the other way," Victoria explains.

She launches into a description of the things that go on in The Clinic. Victoria points to two small machines on the bottom shelf of the rolling table. "These are for the purposes of dermatology," she explains as she lifts up one of the machine's appendages, "but of course we come up with all kinds of uses for them!" Oddly enough, of all the things in the room, this piece of machinery looks the most sexual, the extension more like a large dildo than a tool for skin rejuvenation. She stands in front of the patient's chair-from-hell and takes a seat. She looks up at the light hanging above her and remarks: "I can tie their testicles to that lamp for instance... with just a little bit of tension so that it's pulling—again it's just mostly to scare."

Of all the explanations Victoria gives for why her work is less about the sexual and more about relaxation—however difficult it is to believe— the best comparison she makes is between the feeling her clients come away with and the experience of a visit to the dentist. "You know when you're at a dentist's office and you're sitting there for hours and you find yourself clenching your fist— and then you get out of the dentist's office and you're exhausted! You always want to take a nap! It's the same thing, and mentally it's their release."

When asked about the contact she has with the genitalia of her clients, Victoria states her policy bluntly. "I handle their testicles. I don't handle their penises— I just feel that that's really obvious so I don't really touch it. If it's in the way I might"—and here Victoria makes a swatting motion with her hand, cutting through the air sharply.

"In this room as I also do surgeries," says Victoria as she looks the room over with an appraising glance. "It's like a mock surgery, but I do have the suture material. That suture going over the top skin feels nothing more than if you took a straight pin and then put it through your dead skin. You feel a little prick at first and then it's over." For a period of time Victoria actually worked as a nurse, which she makes mention of on her website, along with the fact that she has been a runway model. It seems likely that this information turns on her clients all the more. Mistress Victoria is a real, naughty nurse.

She walks over to a large standing cabinet. "Mummification goes on here. I have all of this ACE wrap, but it's really special wrap. That's just part of bondage— that would require a two or three-hour session. I have people who want to be wrapped up, immobilized, and then left for hours. I've had people come in and just want to be put in the closet, and I'll secure them in there and leave. Some girls do actual casting... extremities, casting the legs, castings the arms. That takes a lot of time."

With the attitude of a teenage girl showing off her latest shopping acquisition, Victoria opens up the closet next to the clinic's door; inside are her costumes. "Rubber dresses,

your basic nurse dresses... classical white 'starch nurse,' or 'leather nurse.' I have a lot of lab coats if they want streetwear underneath the lab coat. Some of these dresses are from England, Old England type. I've got PVC... if they have a boot fetish, they can make a request." Victoria spends a while describing her latest purchase: a pair of custom-tailored leather thigh-high boots made by a boot specialist in France. "I would wear... underwear, stockings, with a garter, and then just the boots with a bra and top," describes Victoria, "or I could wear even— if someone's really got a leather fetish— I would be in complete leather. Sometimes they want the white, crisp, nurse's [dress] with this; good nurse, bad nurse."

Slave Rubbish is bound and gagged, blindfolded, kneeling prone on the vanity bench in his room at the Surf and Sand, and his boxers have just been filled with the ice delivered minutes before he arrived by the hotel's room service. The ice was meant for the Mistress's cocktails, but it has been put to better use. She laughs as she pats his saggy boxers, now soaked with frigid water and weighed down with the ice. The man's underwear has the appearance of soiled diapers.

Mistress Victoria moves to the bed and picks up the electric handheld bug zapper. She hasn't used this tool in a domination session before, so she tests it lightly on her forearm before using it on her "sub." Satisfied that the sensation only ranks as uncomfortable and not excruciatingly painful, Mistress Victoria moves over to Slave Rubbish.

"Your ass is really cold. I know it is," Mistress Victoria giggles as she pats the lump of ice cubes in Slave Rubbish's boxers, "but I brought something very special for you. Now here's the trick— see the little red light? That means it's powered on," Mistress Victoria explains, knowing full well he can't see. She admires the bug zapper. "I wonder if it's more painful when it's wet."

She stands to his side facing away from him, throws one leg over his torso, and sits on top of him. Mistress Victoria turns on the bug zapper and gives Rubbish a swat. In the darkened room, sparks fly off the man's bare backside as the zapper makes contact with his skin. As the light show plays on his buttocks, Rubbish lets out a muffled yelp. With quick bucking motions, he sends Mistress Victoria inches off his back and then down again like a mechanical bull rider. Mistress Victoria, giddy from the experience of the first jolt into the air, lets out a peal of giggles and begins to swat at Slave Rubbish with increasing frequency. "Hey!" Mistress Victoria exclaims, trying with great difficulty to keep from exploding into a fit of laughter, "I'm starting to smell some skin!" Indeed, the room is filling with the musky odor of burnt hair. Finally, the hilarity of the situation becomes too much for Mistress Victoria and she throws back her head, laughing uncontrollably. "Woo hoo! Ride 'em, cowboy!"

About halfway through the session, Mistress Victoria begins to gather her belongings from various locations in the hotel room. Experience has taught her to give herself plenty of time to make sure she collects everything before she leaves when she's not working out of her own studio. Another reason is that tonight she can't wait to go home. Her daughter Katie is waiting for her there, curled up in her mother's bed. Katie called half an

hour before the domination session began, complaining that she felt sick. At the sound of her daughter's voice, Mistress Victoria was instantly forgotten and mommy was back. Katie is in college now, attending the University of California, but to Victoria she's still a little girl with a tummy ache.

Katie is Victoria's best friend. Victoria's lifestyle doesn't allow her many friends who know everything about her work, her past, and her personal life, but Katie has access to Victoria's whole world. Victoria is in a good place right now with her relationship with her daughter, but five years ago a teenage Katie found out about her mother's real job— a disclosure that put their relationship at risk.

“She was really young when I started this. I always knew some day that I would share this with her. I always planned on telling her, but I visualized telling her when I was a grandmother and I'd sit her down and go, ‘Honey, I gotta tell you something about what I did when I was whatever age’... but it happened too soon.”

Katie's father, in an effort to alienate his daughter from his ex-wife, told Katie the truth about Victoria. Mommy isn't working as an accountant for the family business. Mommy is a professional dominatrix.

Victoria feared the worst. She worried that Katie was going to be scarred for life by this information, that she was going to hate her, that she wouldn't understand and think her mother was a bad person. Right away, Victoria put Katie into therapy, hoping that a therapist would be able to work with such delicate circumstances better than she could on her own.

Whatever the cause, Victoria says that Katie emerged from the experience relatively unscarred. “She ended up being the most incredible, open-minded teenager I've ever experienced in my life. She went on to therapy with this woman for many years and I kept thinking that we've screwed her up... and the therapist came back to me years later and said, ‘You know what? Your child is absolutely amazing. She's totally going to be fine with this, don't worry about it, she understands why you did it.’”

“OK,” Mistress Victoria announces as she dismounts Slave Rubbish's back and catches her breath, mostly from the laughter rather than the exertion. “I still don't think he's gotten a whole lot, but, he seems like a cry-baby tonight.”

She paces over to the end of the vanity bench by Rubbish's head. She kneels down to her submissive's face. “Do you love Mistress Victoria?” Rubbish moans something impossible to understand. “Huh?” Victoria prods him. “Do I still own you?” Victoria is finally satisfied when she makes out a garbled: “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good,” she chirps. “It could be this way every time I see you. You're hoping it's not. I'm just gonna let you know what it could be like, but I'm really sweet, actually.”

The truth is that she really is sweet with Slave Rubbish. There is no rude name-calling like that used by Mistress Victoria on her website, no “sissy maid/slut,” no “chauvinistic pig.” At one point in the session, Mistress Victoria begins to cane Rubbish’s behind with her leather switch a couple times before she stops and tells him she has to start over again because he didn’t count out loud the first few times. Even when Slave Rubbish obliges, Mistress Victoria stops and begins again after a few hits because he didn’t say the full sentence: “Thank you, Mistress, may I have another?” When she finishes, Mistress Victoria lets out a sigh, giggling coquettishly and whispers, “Oh! My poor baby!” before rubbing Rubbish’s lower back soothingly with the palm of her soft, manicured hands. Before the session began in proper, Mistress Victoria asked her submissive if he’d gotten a haircut or a facial recently because he looked different to her, a remark that sounded more like something a mother might ask her grown child whom she hasn’t seen in months.

For her final act of domination, Mistress Victoria picks up several small items from the dresser beside Slave Rubbish. “These are something new I just got: acupuncture needles. Yeah, they’re fun.” No doubt Rubbish can hear what he’s in for, but for now he is quiet and resigned, falling deeper into “sub space” with every painful sensation.

With the precision of a nurse, Mistress Victoria taps three acupuncture needles into Slave Rubbish’s buttocks. Surprisingly, he barely moves. “I think we need a more sensitive area,” Mistress Victoria decides. “It’s not getting the reaction I want.” The gauge of the needles is probably too small, and Mistress Victoria announces she’ll use bigger ones next time.

Without hesitation, Mistress Victoria takes three more acupuncture needles, peels back Rubbish’s left butt cheek, and inserts a needle in what is assuredly a more sensitive area, low inside the cleft. The first needle she puts inside only makes Slave Rubbish jerk a little bit in discomfort, but the second needle gets a yelp. The third is placed the deepest inside his buttocks, but the reaction is underwhelming, without movement or sound from Slave Rubbish. The session is finished.

Mistress Victoria instructs her submissive to remove all six needles and make sure none end up on the floor for someone to step on. She repeats the instructions twice before she feels confident he understands the importance of his task. She then moves to his hands and removes the handcuffs and handcuffs, but leaves the rest of the restraints on her sub.

“He can untie himself,” Mistress Victoria murmurs before collecting her things, whispering a goodbye to Slave Rubbish as she exits the room.

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