

THE TIGRESS

OR: "HOW I BECAME
A GYNARCHIST LEADER"
BY NANCY TIGER

Gynarchy International

WARNING

This story is in a way the continuation of the last episodes of the famous sequel "Gynarchic Love Boat" (title borrowed from the television series "Love Boat") by taking parts of its story, then continuing it, but seen by one of his last characters, Nancy Tiger, appearing in the penultimate episode, "Herland".

It can be read separately, as well as after reading the five episodes of "Gynarchic Love Boat". Only a few images were borrowed from the original, sometimes slightly modified because seen from the angle of the narrator: Nancy Tiger, aka "The Tigress".

Along with a sequel to "Gynarchic Love Boat", this story is also a kind of introduction to another 3D comic from the Gynarchy's collection: "Gynarchy Town", some of which are common between the two stories.

That being said, Gynarchy wishes you a good read.



COMING FROM IOWA TO NEW YORK, I PERFORMED IN CLUBS WHERE GUYS LIKED TO SPEND THEIR TIME DROOLING IN FRONT OF MY BODY, EVEN MASTURBATING MORE OR LESS DISCREETLY. I DESPISED THEM BUT IT WAS MY LIVELIHOOD...

UNTIL I MET EDGAR, EDGAR TIGER III OF HIS REAL NAME, WHO FELL MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME AND OFFERED ME THE ENTRANCE WEDDING. HE WAS RICH, MORE THAN RICH, BILLIONAIRE, AND I DIDN'T HESITATE FOR A SECOND. EIGHT DAYS LATER, WE WERE MARRIED AND WERE GOING ON A HONEYMOON TO GREECE ON HIS SEAPLANE.

BUT THERE WAS A MECHANICAL PROBLEM THAT CHANGED OUR LIVES ...



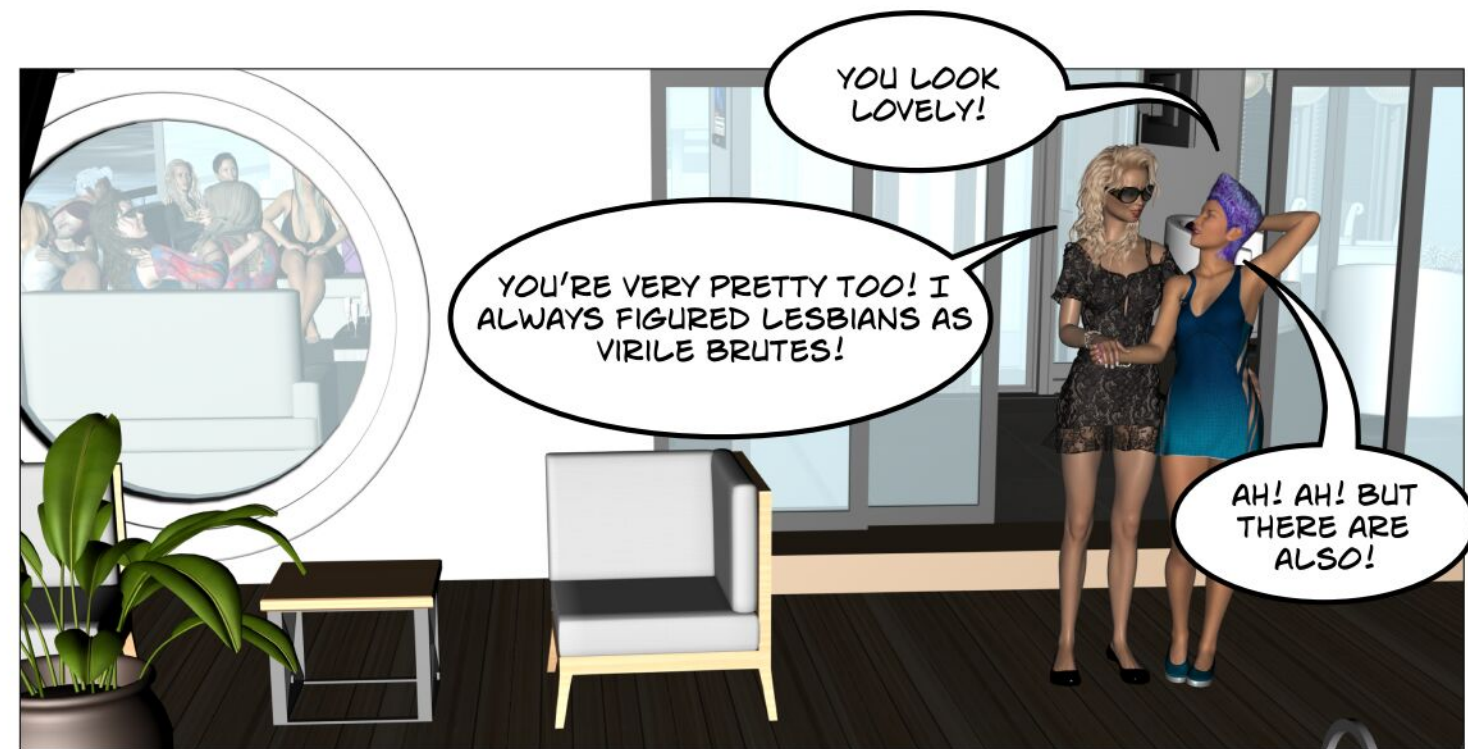
WE HAVE A PROBLEM, MISTER TIGER !

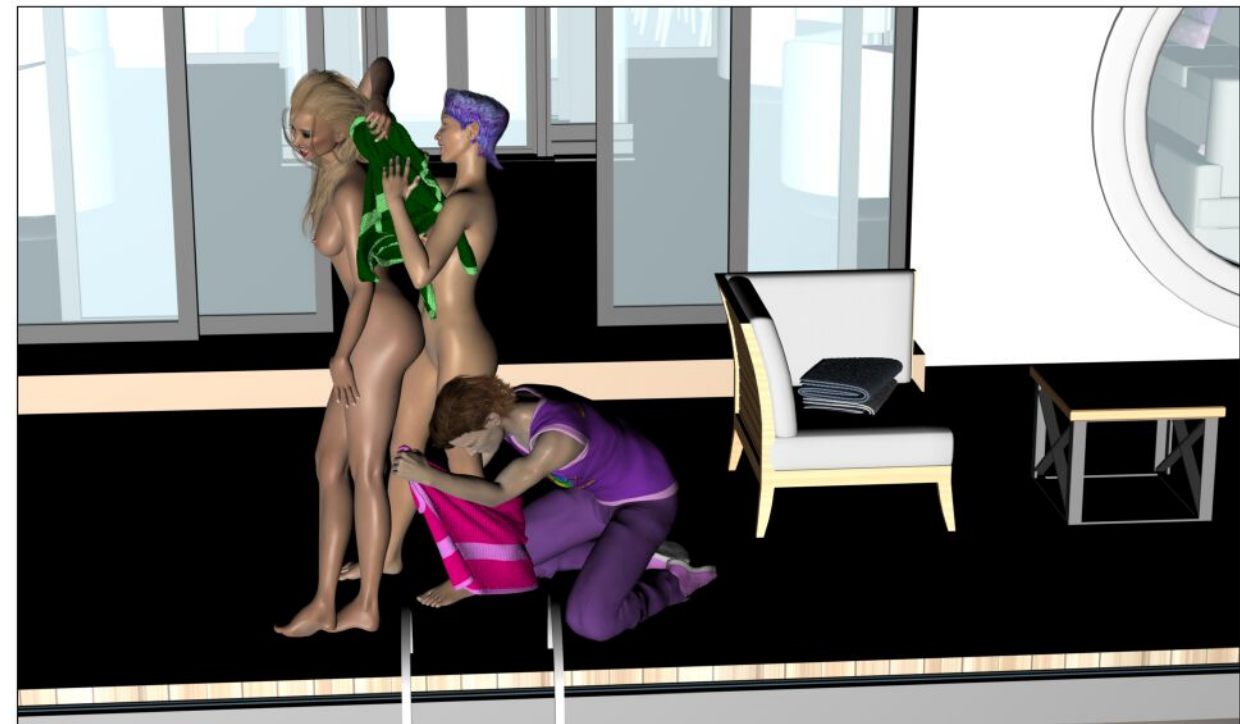
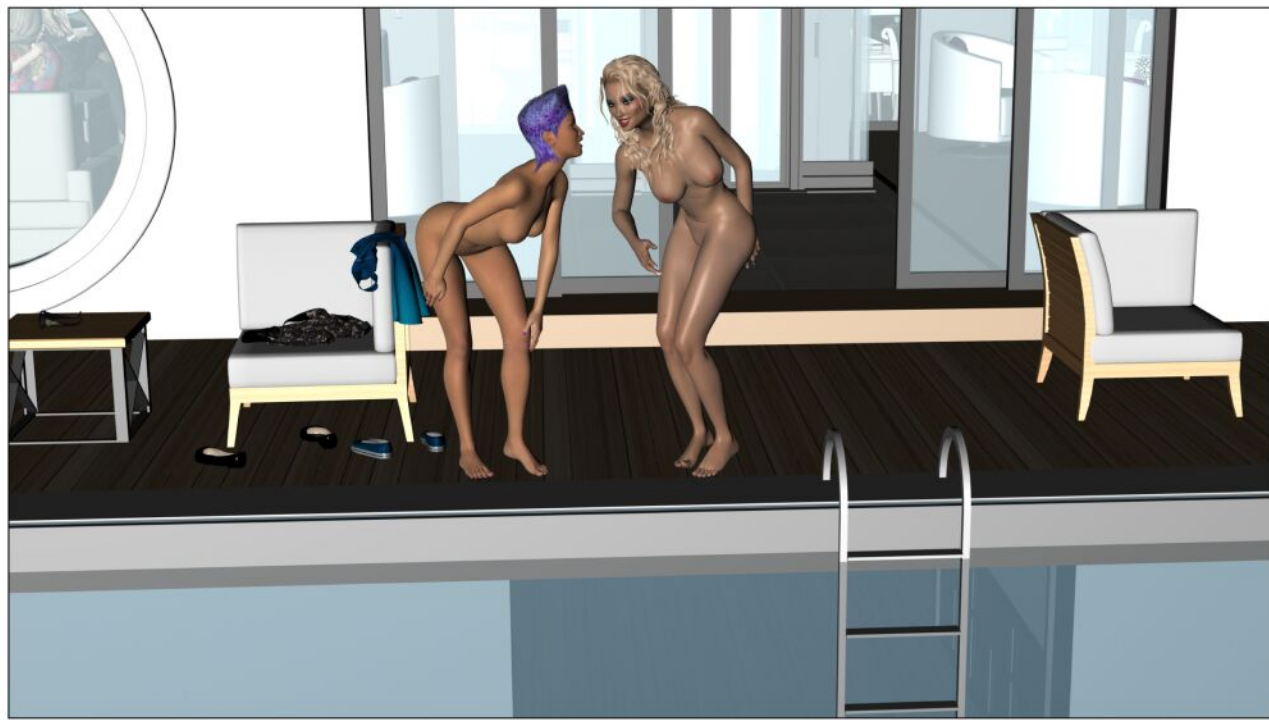


Fortunately, we saw a luxury yacht and, making radio contact, Lona, our pilot managed to land and the owner of the yacht agreed to host us and tow us to their next destination, *Herland*. *Herland!* This island that will become so important to me! (*)

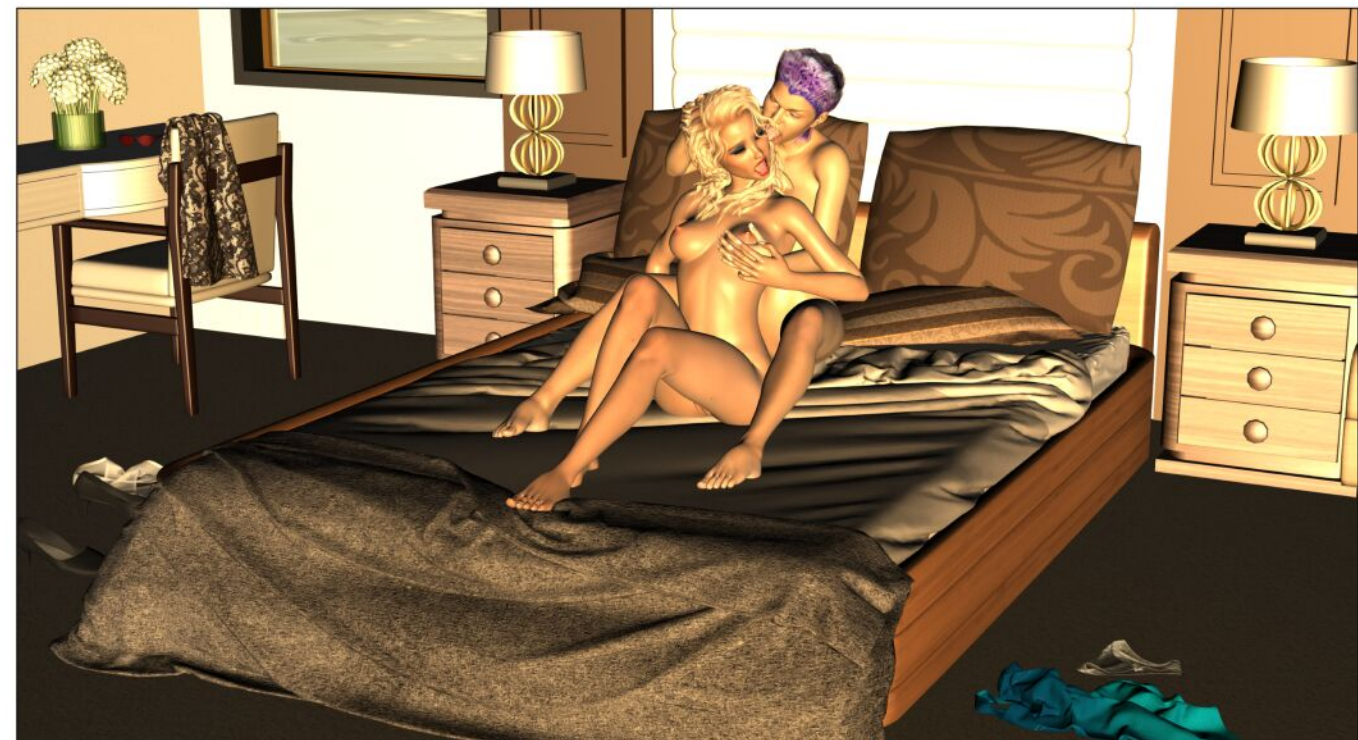
But, unfortunately for Edgar (Tiger III), this yacht, the *Sapphic Princess*, took a small group of lesbians around the world to *Herland* to visit places where sapphism was the rule of life and of which men (the males they said) were excluded or relegated to domestic work. Edgar was therefore obliged to remain alone on the afterdeck, while I was able to afford a few encounters.

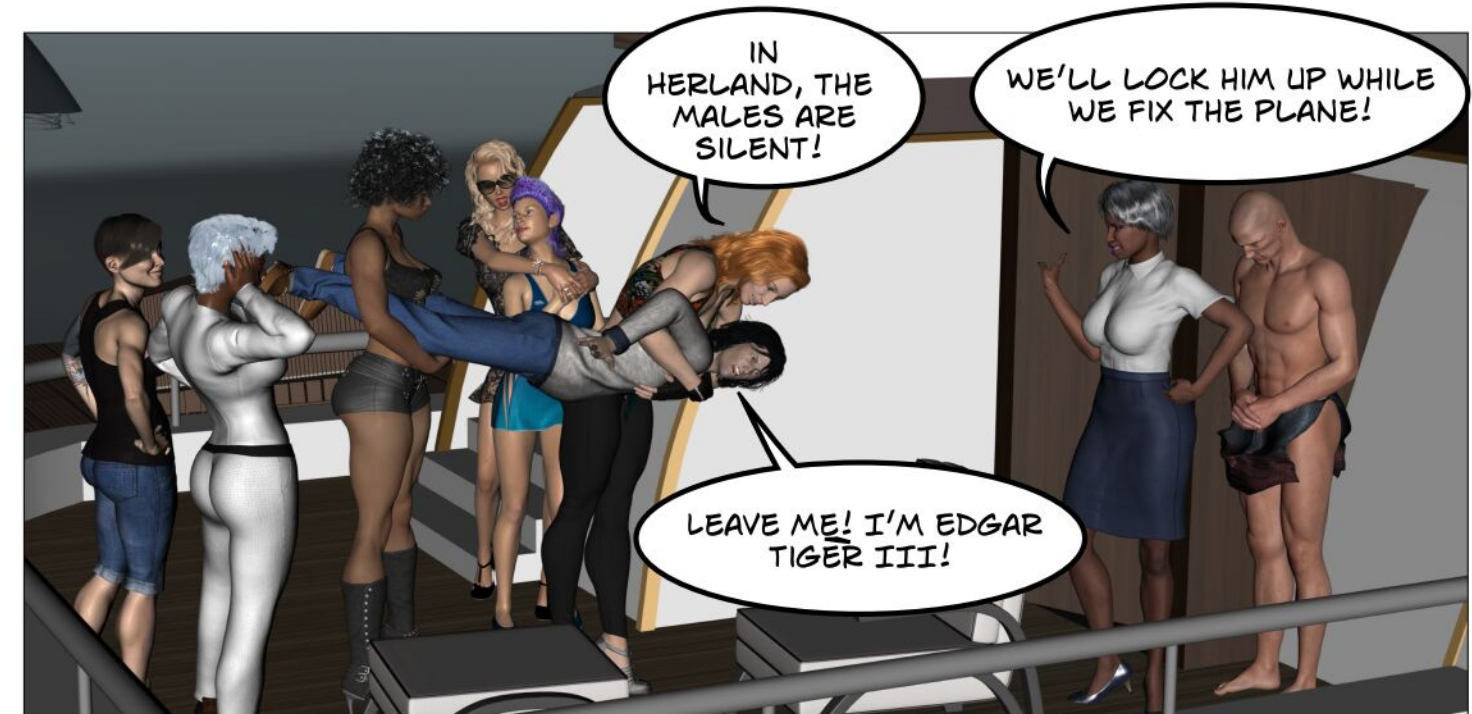
(*) This episode is told in episode 4 of *Gynarchic Love Boat*, precisely entitled *Herland*.





MY NEW FRIEND, MADELINE, IMMEDIATELY PUT ME AT EASE. SHE ACCOMPANIED ANOTHER BILLIONAIRE, MRS ROBBINS, WHO ALSO KNEW EDGAR AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF OUR TROUBLES TO LAUNCH A HOSTILE TAKEOVER ON HIS BUSINESS. MADELINE LIVED WITH HER AND A BIG BLACK WOMAN BUT WERE VERY FREE OF MANNERS, AS I QUICKLY UNDERSTOOD WHILE FOOLING WITH HER IN THE POOL OF THE YACHT WHERE SHE ALLOWED HERSELF SOME PRIVATES THAT, MY FAITH, I DID NOT FIND UNPLEASANT! FINALLY, IN THE EVENING, IT ENDED IN A FREE CABIN AND WE INDULGED FOR HOURS IN UNBRIDLED SEXUALITY. NEVER I HAVE COME WITH SUCH INTENSITY WITH A MAN! I COMPLETELY FORGOT MY NEW HUSBAND!





On arrival at Herland, Edgar finally wanted to get off the yacht but, alas, on this island, the same rules concerning males applied. There was a violent altercation, but two muscular and trained women, including Madeline's friend, subdued my poor husband in just a few minutes and dragged him into a cell in the hold of the ship where they locked him in making fun of him.

I was sorry for him, but Madeline had convinced me that visiting Herland was a must and I followed in her arm all the lesbians of the boat and those who came to welcome us from the island. I was very annoyed for Edgar but, after all, these women had rescued us and the least they could do was respect their customs, as strange they seemed to him.

I didn't know at the time how it was going to end for me. And especially for him.....





YOU SHOULD BE WITH US! YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO SUCCEED!

HERE, I ESPECIALLY WORK ON MALES!

Once ashore, I met the famous gynarchist Ali Mc Crew, who came to Herland to find funds for his future presidential campaign.

It was love at first sight! For both...



DAMN IT! THERE HE IS!



I PRICKED HIM. HE'S ASLEEP FOR A WHILE. YOU JUST PUT HIM IN A CAGE.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS TIME!

Unfortunately, because of Madeline, perhaps jealous, Edgar managed to free himself from his jail and leave the yacht. He joined us at the restaurant and quickly made a rage mastered again by the athletic lesbian who had already kicked him on deck.



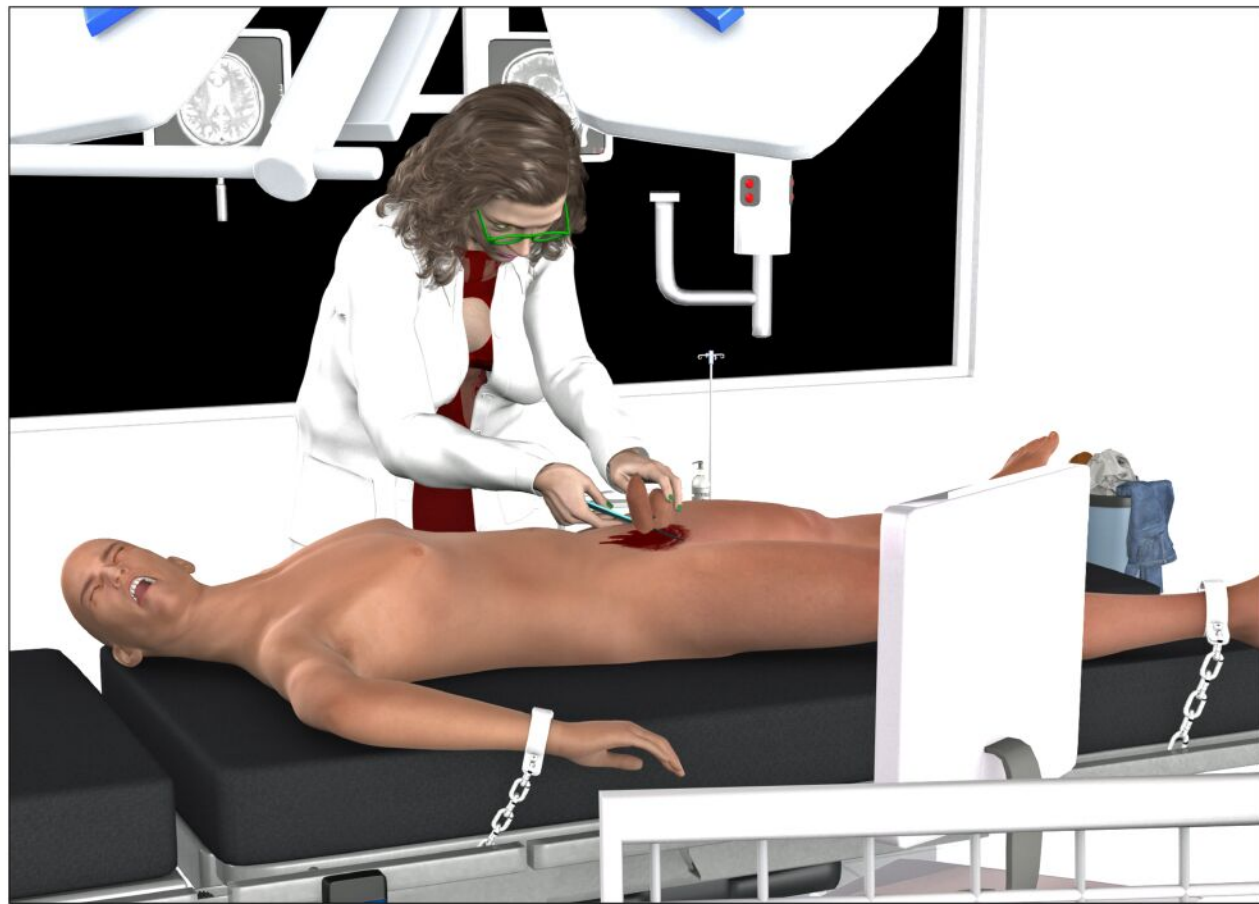


It bothered me to see Edgar in this way, but Ali was able to cheer me up and offered me to visit her yacht, moored next to the Sapphic Princess.

She had two males to serve her and one of them brought us on board while Edgar was waiting in his cage for a lesbian surgeon from Herland to take care of him.

I was told later what had been done to him. It was sad for him, but, as Ali says, after all, he was just a male and, no doubt, I was going to replace him at the head of *TIGER Inc.* thanks to Dorothy Robbins, now the majority shareholder, who had left me control.





The surgeon first shaved him from head to toe and then castrated him under local anesthesia. This allowed him to show his cut sex to his patient so he could say goodbye to it in his head too. Then she placed a cannula to urinate.



While Ali made me discover pleasures even more voluptuous than those of Madeline, Edgard, or what was left of it physically and morally, was entrusted to the hands of two young lesbians who took him on their yacht to train him in the service of the women of Herland.





I was dazzled by Ali, her ideas, and at the same time totally in love. But it was necessary to fly to America with the plane finally repaired and, as soon as I return, to take in hand the affairs of Edgar Tiger III, now officially reported missing at sea thanks to Ali, Mrs Robbins and all the others.

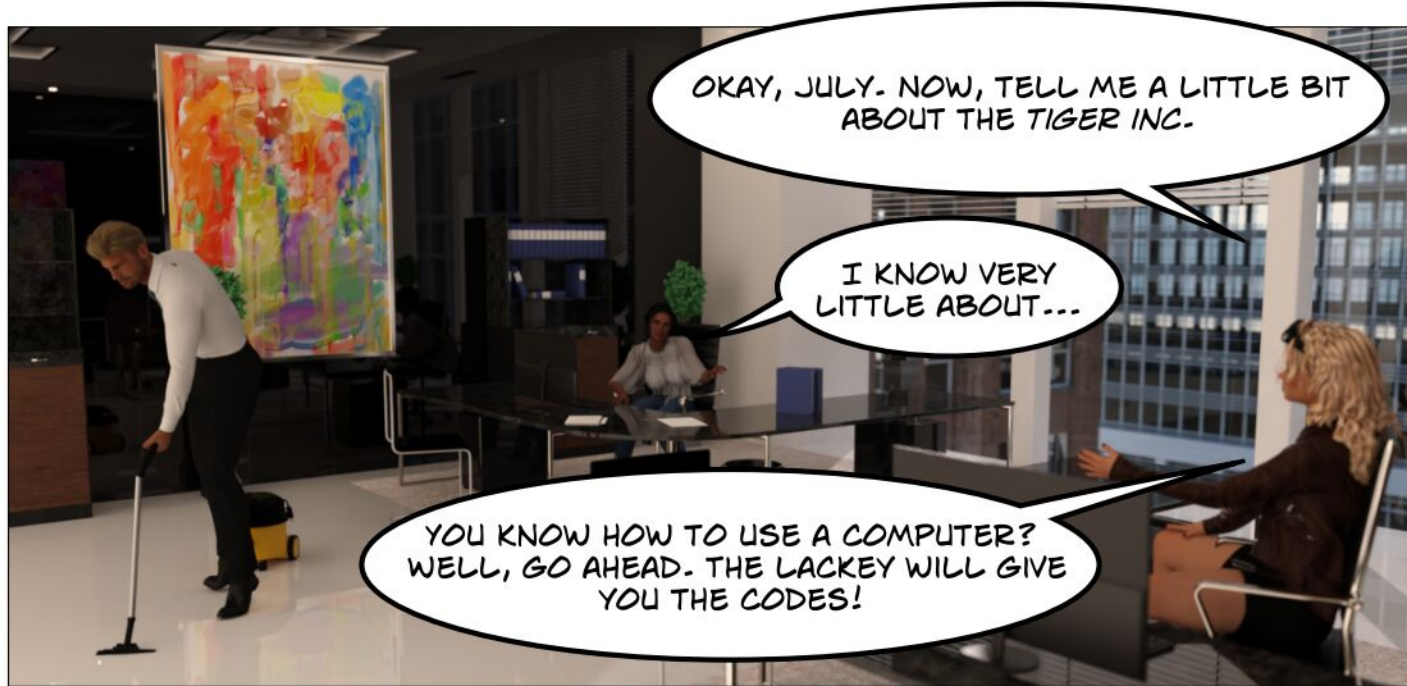
As we flew away, Lona, the pilot who also had a little sapphic adventure in Herland, and I, passed over the boat on which my "late" husband, in a cage, was sailing towards his new destiny. I hope he thought of me when he saw us flying...



From my first day in the former office of Edgar Tiger III, I found his private secretary harassing the maid on duty while he was doing nothing.

Probably because of Ali's lessons, it made me angry and I ordered a more appropriate change of roles..





The secretary grumbled a little for form, but, as it was this or unemployment, he started vacuuming. July, the maid, in fact, knew Tiger Inc. at least as well as the male and we got along wonderfully.

Two days later, we were running the business without a problem, served by a stylish and respectful servant, no doubt because finally, he knew, like all males, he was here to serve women...

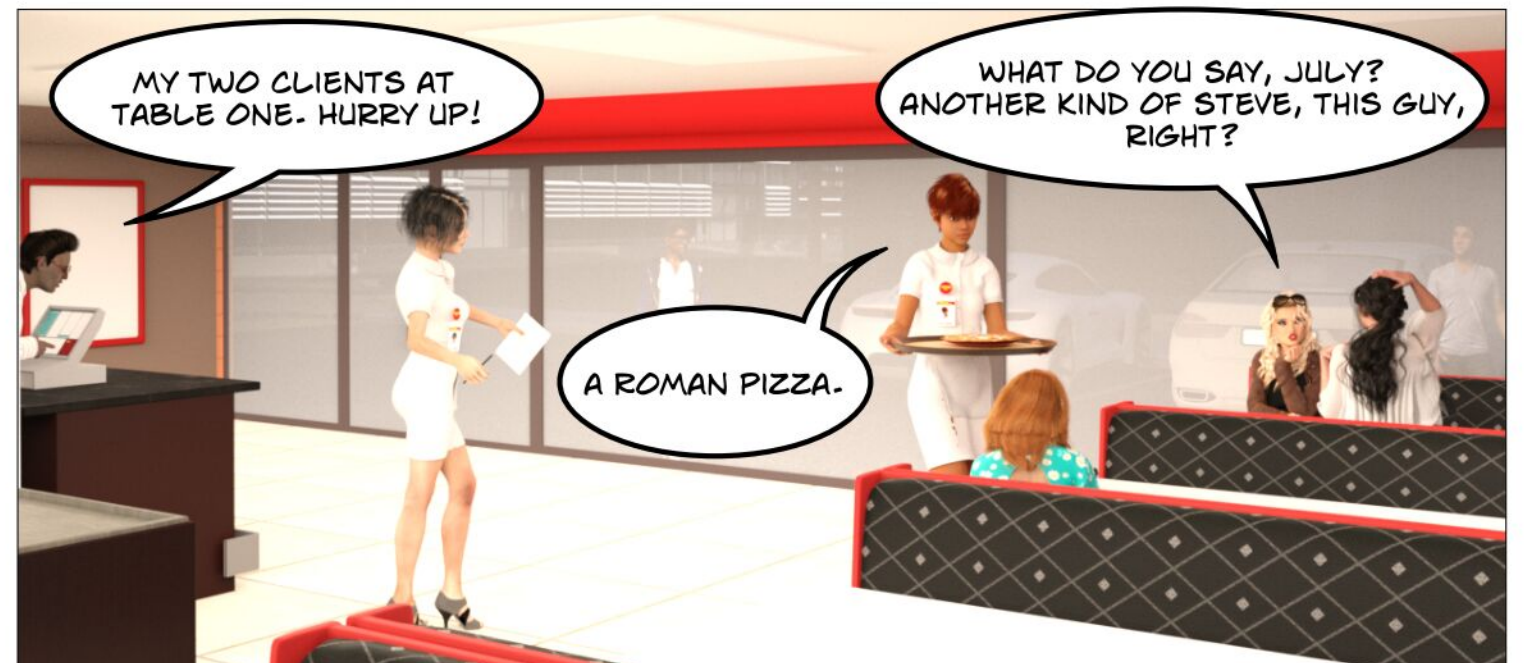


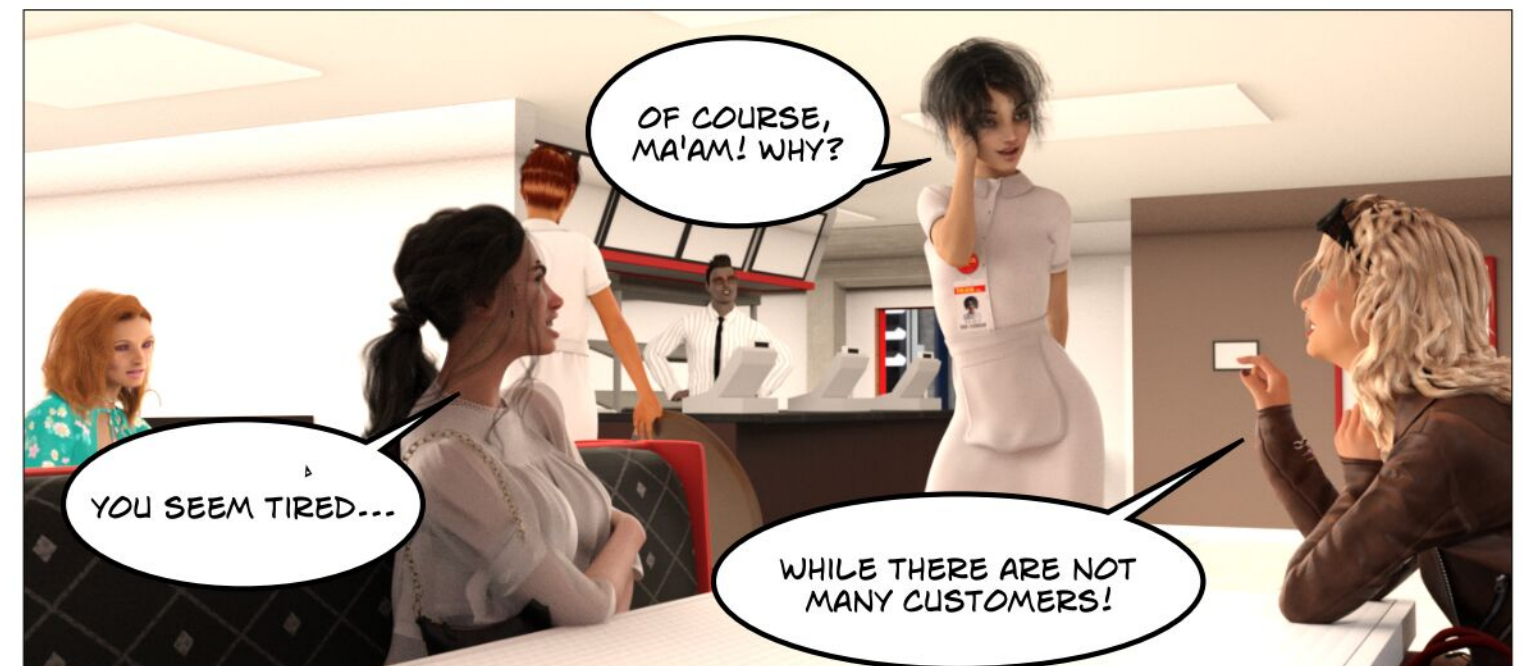
In fact, Tiger Inc. was off to a good start. After putting the staff in its place, that is, women in management and males at work or service, everything turned around.

Tiger Inc. was primarily a chain of urban or semi-urban pizzerias that certainly brought in money, but, as we soon discovered, July and I could have operated much better and, in fact, become much more profitable...



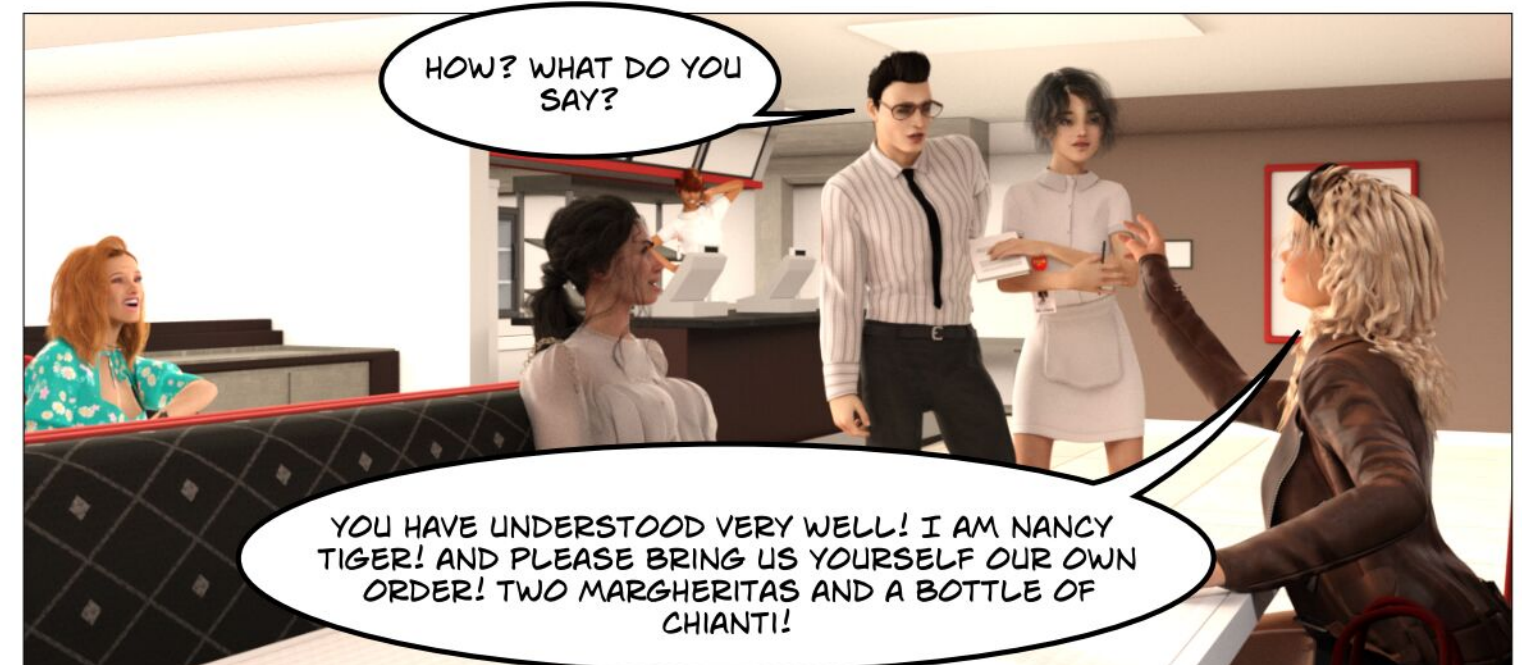
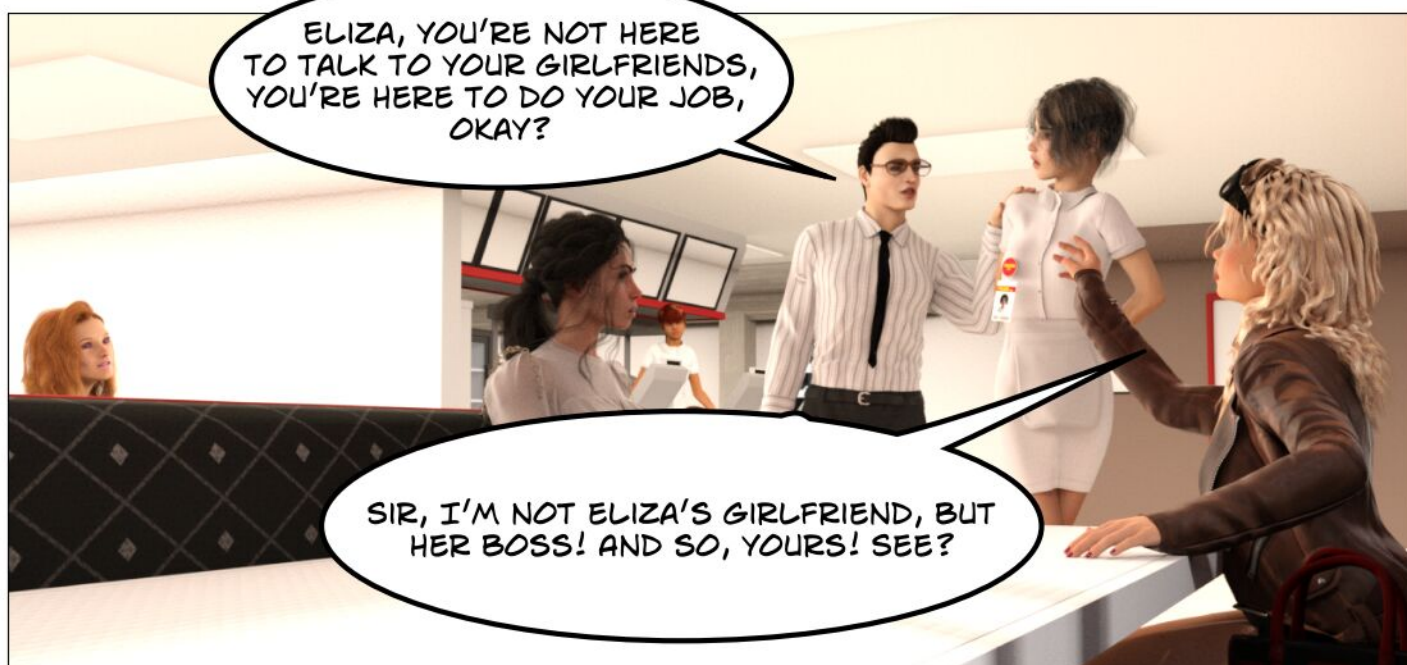
One day, July and I decided to take a closer look and we went to one of the many Tigers in the country. Externally, there was not much to complain about. But inside, it was something else. The manager, behind his crate did not seem to care much about the desires of the customers and shrugged the two employees who shared cooking pizza, diving and serving room. He pointed us to a table without asking our opinion. A client in a hurry seemed upset by the waiting time but she was finally served...





We tried to learn a little more about the working conditions and the way the Tiger works and it was easy to guess that once again it was the male ruler who made the law. Perhaps he even took advantage of the two girls under his command.

The manager, feeling that something was happening, came to our table to get the employee back on track. His attitude did not please me and I put him in his place by introducing myself. There, his attitude changed and I felt the relief of the two girls.

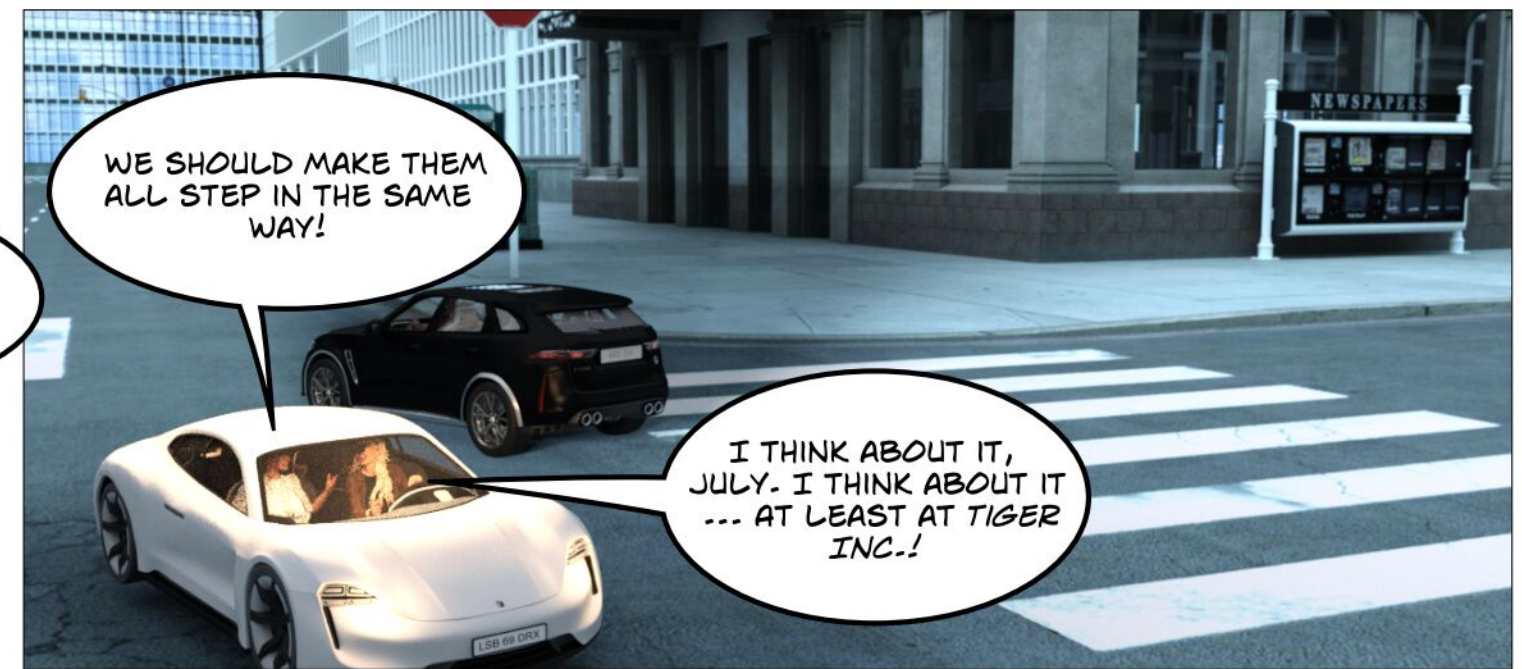




Decidedly, as soon as we put a male in his place, everyone was relieved and the work was improved! I was happy to become the CEO of Tiger Inc. and to help clean up the mess. In fact, Edgar, there, in Herland, had obtained only what he deserved, slavery in some lesbian home, and I had gained wealth and power!

July and I were served by a manager turned small servant and even a client complimented us on our attitude towards him.





July and I had a good laugh in the car. With a little power and authority, we did what we wanted with these little male minions who thought they were superior to the girls whom chance had put under their orders. We decided to continue this little game, to put women in management positions and males at their service! It would be a new form of trade, more original and more pleasant for everyone.

We discussed it at the office and made several major decisions in this direction. In addition, I suggested that it was time to change the name of my holding company and that of the pizzerias. *Tiger* would become *Tigress*! And our colors would be those of the gynarchy. It was now certain that, for me, in my heart, my soul and my thought, Ali Mc Crew had totally replaced Edgar Tiger III, or rather the castrated slave who, under I do not know what name, undoubtedly served today in Herland, a couple of lesbians, released thanks to him from all the domestic or disgusting work that must naturally be devolved to males.



After several weeks of interior changes and various works, the Tigress network finally seemed to be ready. July had done almost all the work on her own. She deserved the big salary I paid her (to the detriment of her predecessor, of course, who had a little trouble adapting to her new condition as a lackey).

I sent July to do the first inspection in the first of the pizzerias we had both visited.





July went to control the new pizzeria Tigress. She told me that everything was going well, that doubling the girls' wages had boosted them and that the parallel reduction of the manager's had paid off on her efficiency at work. The clientele, especially female, had rapidly increased.

I also understood that she had a soft spot, probably shared, for the ex-waitress, Eliza...





When the store closed, as the new rules required, Jim remained washing the exterior windows while his two colleagues returned home. This was perfectly normal because it was now they who came a little earlier to open the doors and start the machines and boxes.

July escorted Eliza, and, with a few unsaid words in his faithful account, I understood that they had taken the time to meet more intimately...





I was happy to see July become a real gynarchist. She had brought, that day, a magazine that spoke of Ali Mc Crew and his candidacy in the presidential election.

The same day, Ali called me to tell me that her yacht was arriving at the port and that, if possible, she would be happy to meet me there when she returned.

I let July handle the problems created by all the changes we had made and I rushed to the port, heart pounding, eager to find my love and candidate!



Ali's beautiful yacht was moored at the marina, I went to pick her up! I was so happy to meet her there! One of her slave-employees was bribing the deck of his ship, the other hastened to bring his suitcases to my car.

I felt more comfortable with her than in Herland where we had met. Not only because we felt the same desire for each other but also because, thanks to Edgar's social disappearance, I too had become a rich and independent woman.

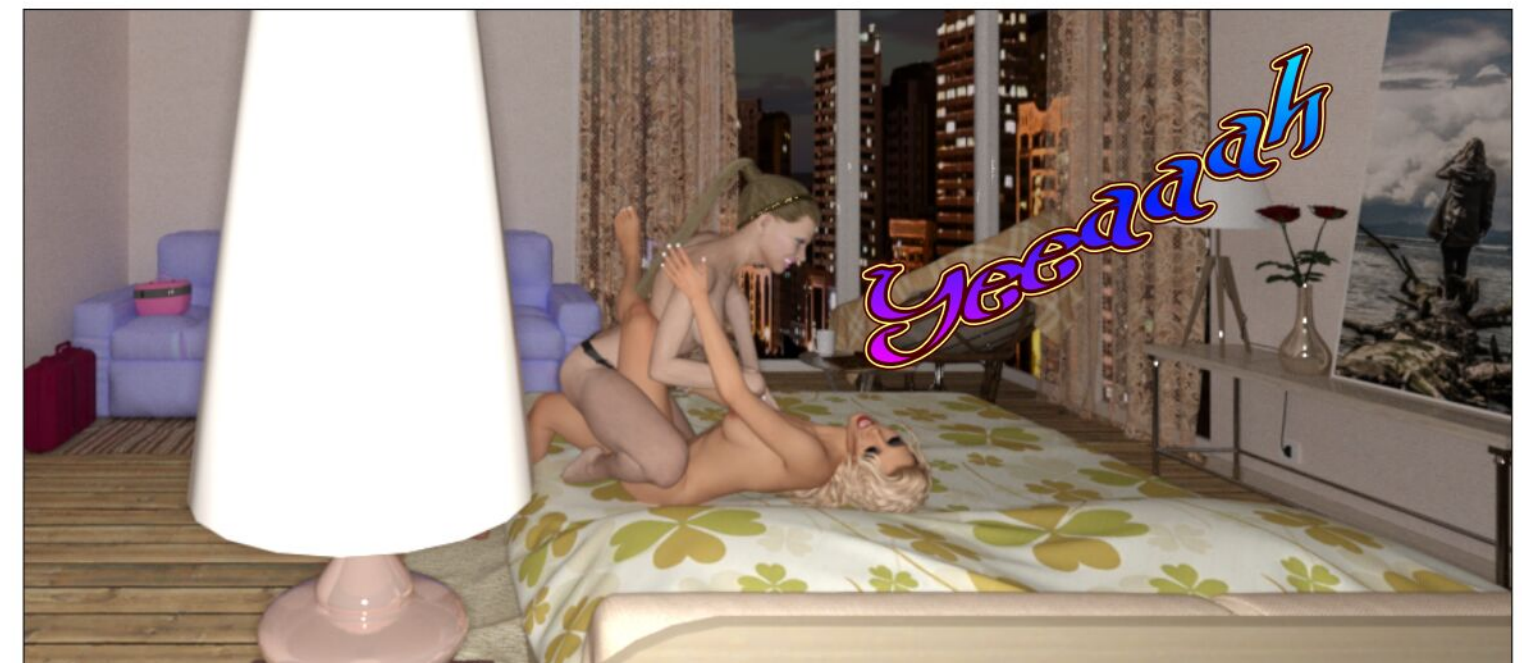




Edgar's "disappearance" had brought me his holding company, his personal plane and his Porsche, but also his luxurious villa. I brought Ali at full speed, so much I wanted to be alone with her.

On the road, we talked about the future, about our own but above all about the upcoming elections to which she had firmly intended to run.

Needless to say, I did not take the time to show him around my house and his pool and we ran straight into the bedroom where we could finally resume our interrupted sex conversation in Herland..





Love had made us hungry and I suggested to Ali to go to one of our pizzerias, of course the one we started with, July (who was there, probably for Eliza) and me. We made a remarkable entrance because everyone recognized Ali Mc Crew. I was proud to be by her side, also ready to change the world!





SO YOU ARE FRIENDS WITH ALI MC CREW!

MORE THAN THAT ! AH AH !

HERE'S THE DISH, LADIES.

IT'S FOR THAT LADY, TALKING TO THE BOSS.

Ali introduced me to two of her friends, met by chance here, who were members of the Gynarchist Party. We sat down with them and discussed the delicate subject of the upcoming presidential election. She explained to us the reason for her trip to Herland. With the support she received, her candidacy became quite possible!
All this made us hungry and we ordered to drink and eat to celebrate it.



TSU KIANG OFFERED ME A CONSIDERABLE SUM! SIMILARLY, JENNIFER BERLONI AND DOROTHY ROBBINS PROMISED TO HELP ME SUBSTANTIALLY! (*).

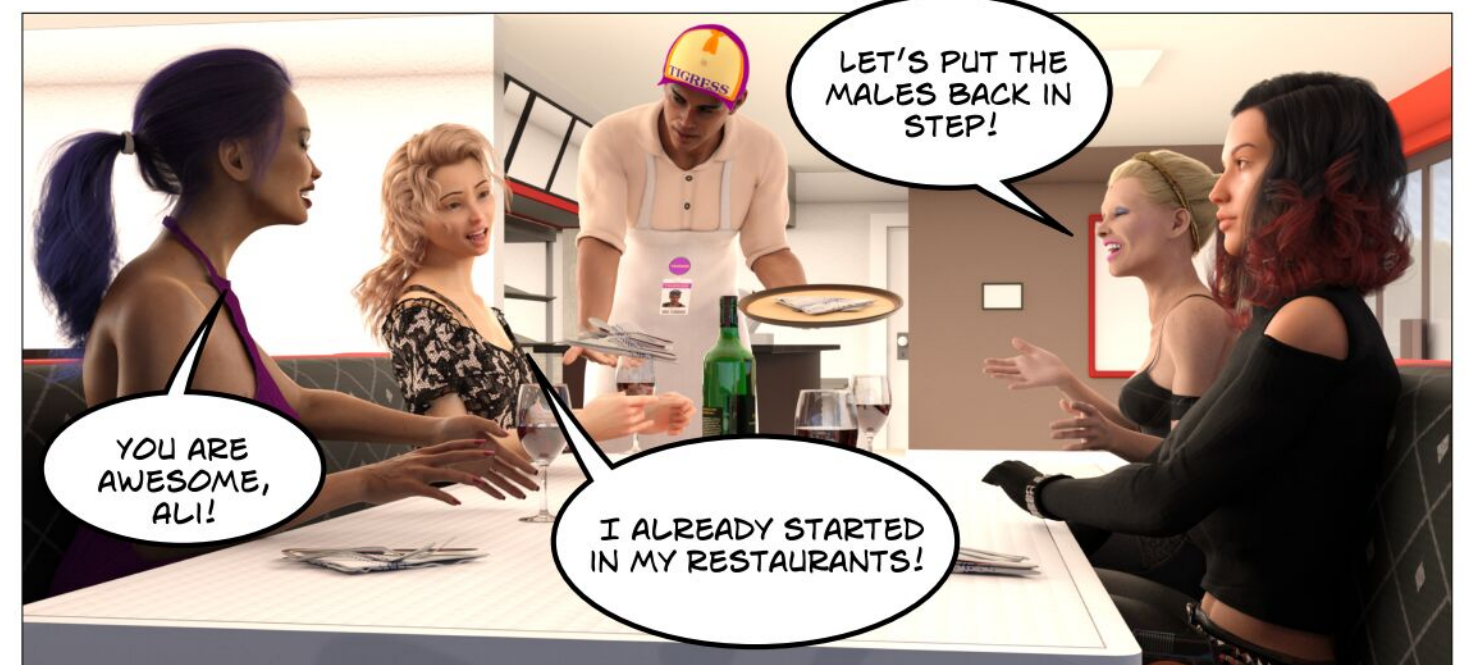
(*). SEE "HERLAND".



SO ALL INDICATORS ARE GREEN!

TWO MARGUERITAS AND TWO ALLA ROMANA!

ABSOLUTELY!



YOU ARE AWESOME, ALI!

LET'S PUT THE MALES BACK IN STEP!

I ALREADY STARTED IN MY RESTAURANTS!



We exchanged many ideas and agreed to meet the next day in the premises of the Gynarchist Party to develop our election campaign.

But the evening was ending and the Tigress was closing. I returned with Ali to the house where we decided to take a most erotic midnight bath in the wonderful pool that Edgar had built for me but in which he would never again have the opportunity to bathe, a little because of us but for our pleasure.



A AFTER FROLICKING IN THE WATER FOR A WHILE, WE WERE SO EXCITED THAT WE QUICKLY RAN TO BED TO RESUME OUR SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WHERE WE HAD LEFT THEM.

WE SPENT ALMOST THE REST OF THE NIGHT THERE BUT ENDED UP FALLING ASLEEP IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS IN THE EARLY MORNING ...

AS PROMISED THE EVENING BEFORE TO JULY, I PASSED BY THE OFFICE WHERE I FOUND HER, TOO, A LITTLE TIRED, PROBABLY A CONSEQUENCE OF HER NEW RELATIONSHIP WITH OUR EMPLOYEE, ELIZA. I EXPLAINED TO HER WHAT I HAD TO DO AND SHE ASSURED ME THAT SHE WOULD TAKE CHARGE OF THE DAY-TO-DAY BUSINESS AND MAIL MANAGEMENT.

I THANKED HER AND RUSHED TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GYNARCHIST PARTY WHICH WAS ACTUALLY HELD IN THE OFFICES OF THE COMPANY OF ALI MC CREW, AS WELL AS AN ORGANIZATION DEFENDING LESBIANS. I WENT IN TO MEET ALI, WHOM I HAD JUST LEFT TWO HOURS EARLIER.





I found there the little band with whom I was at the pizzeria the day before. We discussed strategy and program. In fact, we all agreed: gynarchy was the only way to make ecology triumph and bring peace in our country and in the world.

What remained to be done was to use the already substantial amount of money already received to start our campaign with intelligent propaganda and to get the female voters and some male voters to vote for us.

I was appointed as the future vice-president, Wendi would take care of the Ministry of the Interior and Jenny of the gynarchist propaganda.

Meanwhile, we went to the park to take pictures for posters and leaflets.





The propaganda material was soon there. Well, our poster was not so badly made with its three programmatic watchwords: ecology, gynarchy, peace. It was something other than Bill Rumping's talk of strength, growth and industry.

The posters had been sent across the country and our activists were starting to stick and distribute leaflets. But the propaganda of this macho Bill Rumping was everywhere and I doubted very much, like my fellow gynarchists, of the effectiveness of our work. In addition, he was found everywhere on the airwaves and on television.

Ali decided to contact a friend of hers, a journalist at CNN International. This finally earned her an interview, of course after that of our main opponent. But our candidate proved brilliant.





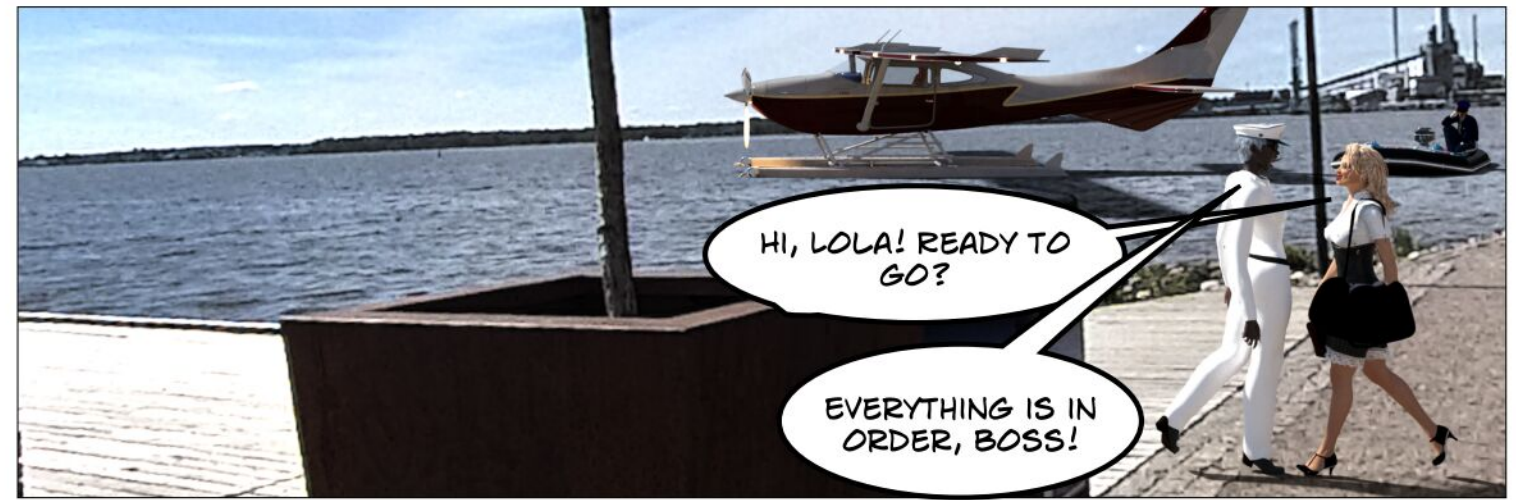
A few days after these interviews, Ali received a satellite call from Dorothy Robbins, still cruising in the Black Sea on the Sapphic Princess.

She was calling to give us some good news. The Amazons, in exchange for a service rendered by Jennifer Berloni, had given them an almost priceless gift for the cause of women in the West: gold! (*) And it was for us!

But they did not return for several months and I suggested to go and recover it with my small seaplane, still on the spot in Athens.

(*) See Gold of Amazon Women.





I jumped on the first plane to Athens and, in Piraeus, I found Lola, my pilot. We took off quickly and, just an hour later, we found the Sapphic Princess where we quickly loaded a pile of gold bars like I had never seen before!

We were barely sure the plane could take off with all that gold weight piled up in the hold and on the back seats. The fuel was consumed very quickly and we had to refuel very often without venturing on the ocean.

But finally, the gold came to the table of the Gynarchist Party!



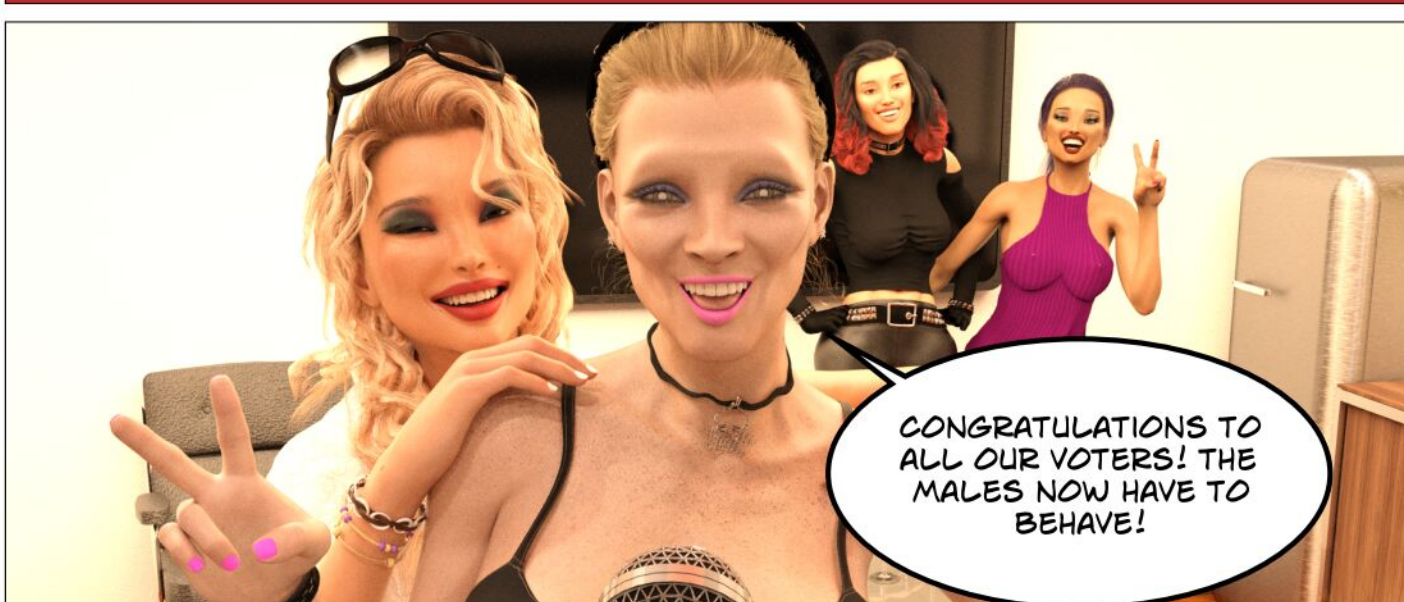


A broad road opened ahead of us! We could finally print large format posters and edit the book of Ali Mc Crew. In addition, Jenny had the idea of hiring sandwich men among all the unemployed of the time who walked in all the streets and multiplied our sympathizers and our TV interviews.





Ali Mc Govern elected President of USA



Ali and I went from interview to interview and the journalists were more and more convinced, even on our side. Ali's book sold like hot cakes. And the polls finally became favorable.

Then came the election, the endless wait, and finally the victory. Absolute. Unquestionable. 63%. Bill Ramping was beaten flat out. He was enraged. He even swore to form a macho militia to fight us. Ali told me she wouldn't let him do that, forced if he had to.

Of course, we crowned our victory at the national headquarters of the Gynarchist Party, knowing that throughout the country our activists were doing the same.

As we could not decently celebrate at the Tigress, Ali invited everyone to my house: friends, journalists, clients, employees and waiters...

The evening was extraordinary and quickly turned to sapphic orgy. The two males present served us docilely without saying a word, sharing with us this moment of intense happiness...





I WON'T BE YOUR MINION!



IN THE MALE AUXILIARY GYNARCHIST, HE WOULD ONLY HAVE TO OBEY HIS FEMALE SUPERIOR!

LIKE YOU WANT. BUT IT'S GONNA BE HARD FOR YOU NOW!



THIS LAW ON THE PUBLIC CONDUCT OF MALES WILL TOTALLY RULE THEIR LIVES.

Puis Then it was Washington and the first arrests of the new president. Ali Mc Crew began by ordering the arrest of Bill Rumping who had threatened to create Macho Militias. However, she was sympathetic by offering to integrate the male gynarchist auxiliaries but he refused everything and went to rehabilitation.

The President published her first law on the public behavior of males. These would now be auctioned in cases of sexual harassment or rape. If the rape was certified, including by his wife, the male would be castrated. Finally, married males should wear a collar, otherwise very fitting, in the name of their wife.

It was only a fairly benign beginning, but it quickly led to a significant improvement in the living conditions of American women, who immediately took advantage of the new rights granted to them by the law.

Reports of abuse, sexual harassment and/or marital rape multiplied phenomenally.



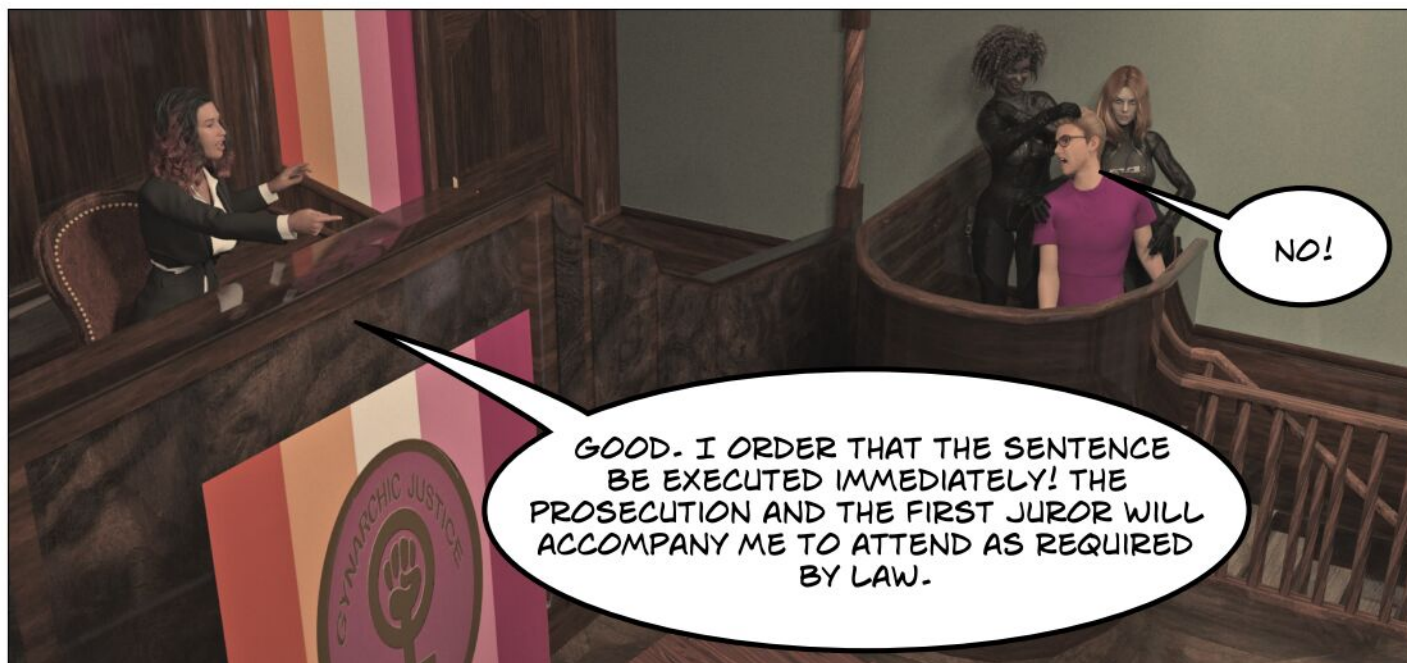
LOOK HOW THIS NECKLACE SUITS HIM!

- 1. Two complaints of sexual harassment or rape: Cancellation of citizenship (no right to vote, possible auction of the culprit).
- 2. Attested rape: Castration (chemical or physical), auction of the culprit.
- 3. Married males: In public places compulsory wearing of a necklace engraved with the wife's name (leash not mandatory if wife presence).



After the requisition of Jenny the female jurors withdrew to deliberate. The accused was very nervous but he was under good police custody. His rehabilitation was been not conclusive, so Rumping was facing the death penalty...

The wait hardly lasted. The first juror argued that the accused had refused to join the male auxiliary and was resistant to gynarchic rehabilitation, he had to be sentenced





Bill Rumping was immediately taken to the electric chair beneath the courthouse. The Guards stared at him in the chair and connected him to the deadly generator while the Judge, the Plaintiff, and the First Juror sat comfortably to watch the execution. But everyone was surprised to see us appear, Ali and I, in evening dress because a Congress reception. Ali Mc Crew previously wanted to say goodbye to his political opponent who had dared to threaten her...





Ali mocked a little the man she had decided to eliminate, even though the court had pardoned him. And she insulted him to show him his lesbian sexual fulfillment by exchanging a hot kiss with me. The few spectators amused themselves with this last contempt of the one they had condemned. But, after this last and exciting spectacle that she offered him, she gave the order to proceed with the execution of Bill Rumping and it was finally finished the danger that this one represented for the Gynarchy.



The execution of Rumpel served as an example to the other males. At the same time, however, the number of female complaints of rape, abuse or harassment increased tenfold. It was necessary to increase the number of rehabilitation centers where the guilty were treated before being castrated and/ or returned to the sales rooms to be bought by female managers and farmers as workers or by lesbian couples as well trained servants.

These Centers were well organized and operated tirelessly. A Gynarchist Guard received complaints from women and sent one or two others to fetch the male reported to be re-educated by a qualified specialist who soon put the male back on the right track.





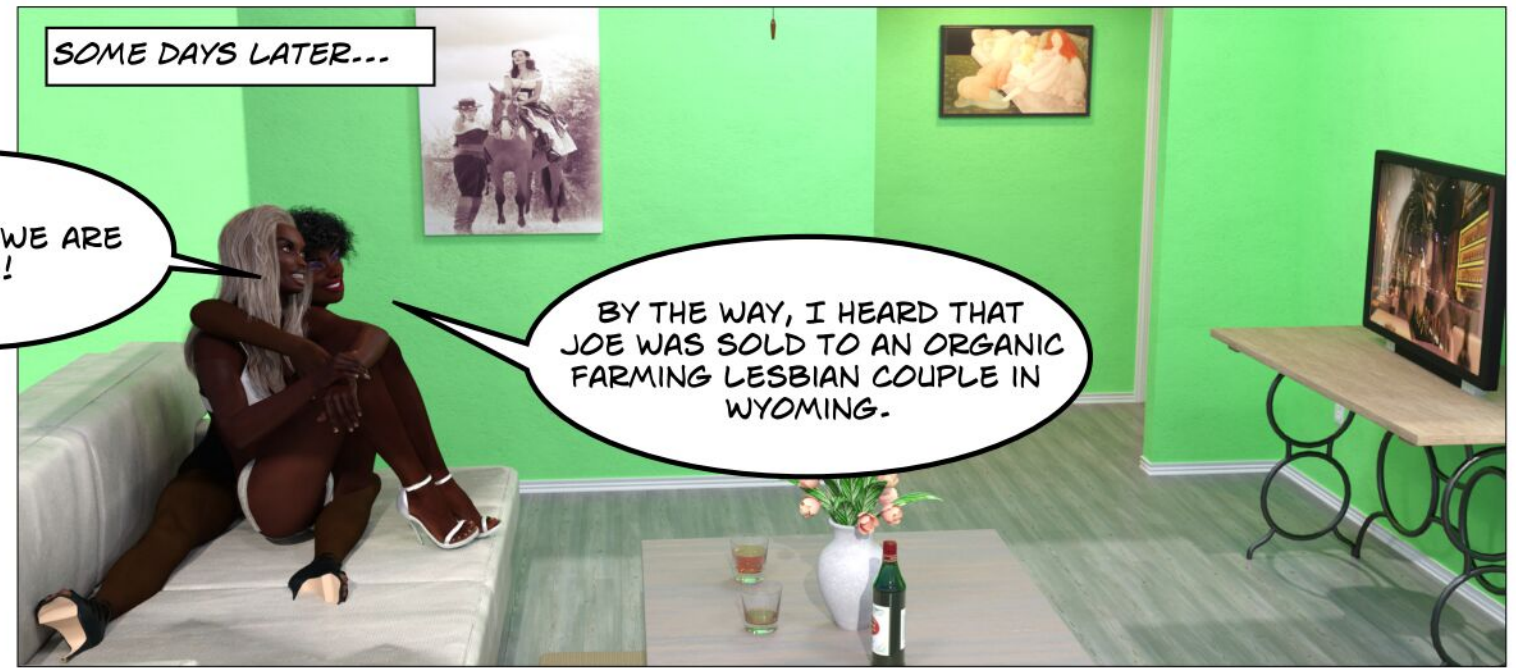
Complaint Formalities were simplified so that every woman who was harassed or raped could easily assert her rights. Her male was then promptly apprehended, re-educated, possibly castrated, then put back into circulation, either by the complainant or, more generally, through a auctioneer, a specialized trainer or a male trader.





Les vendeuses de mâles et autres dresseuses et castratrices foisonnaient et prospéraient ... Il y avait sans doute des abus de la part des Gardes gynarchistes, et des plaignantes, aussi, qui pouvaient ainsi facilement se débarrasser d'un mari devenu gênant pour des raisons sentimentales ou de préférences sexuelles mais tout le monde, en fait, s'y retrouvait. Les femmes étaient devenues libres de choisir leur sexualité et d'utiliser les mâles comme bon leur semblait. Les mâles retrouvaient leur place naturelle de travailleurs ou de serviteurs.





After the castration and reconditioning of a male, replaced at his Mistress or sold to one or two others, almost always happiness and peace returned to the home and this had beneficial repercussions in all the human and commercial relations of the country. All his new lucrative and exciting activities that were now available to women, male training, castration, trading... boosted the national economy and the American gynarchy became an example worldwide.

Ali was often taken up by her functions, often by meetings with leaders or gynarchist candidates from other countries and I hardly saw her that evening when our love could finally express itself sexually.

However, all the commercial successes due to gynarchy were questioned by July and me. We had to involve Tigress in this momentum. July thought that everything that was done was mainly about the training of males but little about the training of women to domination. This is how the Tigress clubs were created.

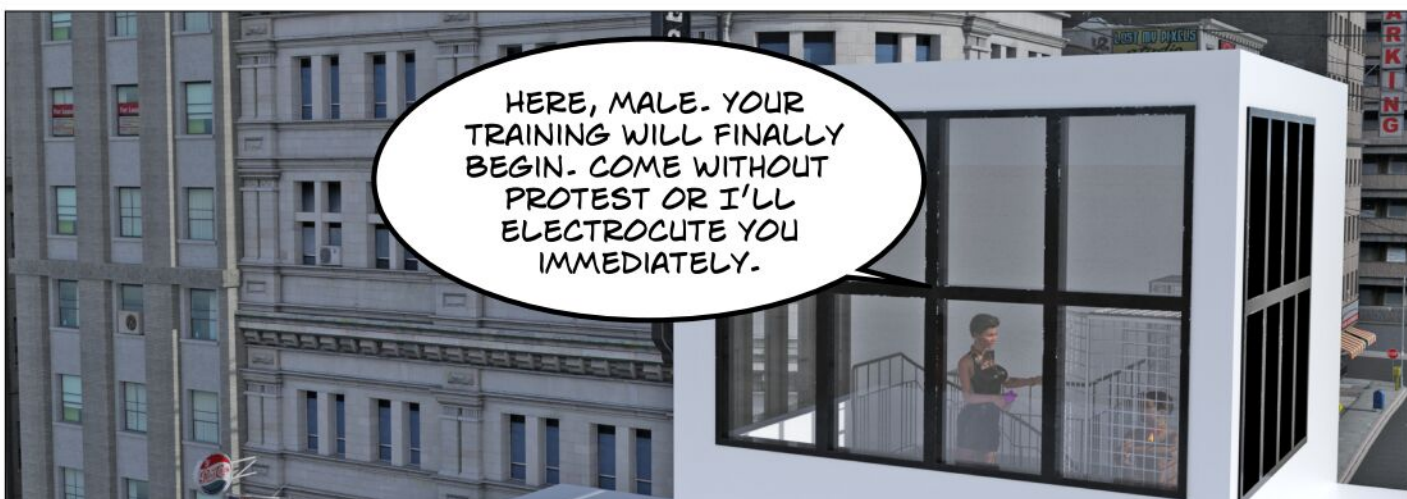




The Tigress clubs offered women and girls training in dressage and male domination. A professional trainer gave them the basics to get the male they needed for their specific needs.

Classes were held in a good atmosphere. Each student had to get a free male at his convenience and train him to his tastes.

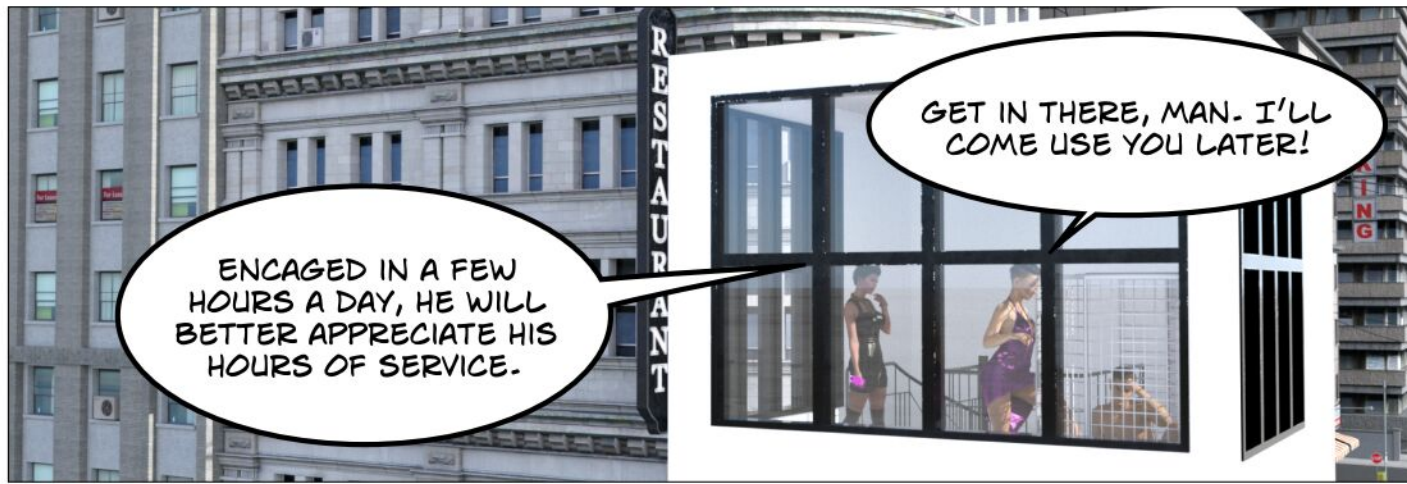
Thus, each of them understood the psychology of the male and adapted this lower being to the gynarchic life.





Akido chooses to pick up a male in one of these bars where they like to flirt. Naturally, one of them approached her and she had no trouble making him swallow the pill that would submit him to his will and bring him to the Tigress Club where his training began quickly.





The moments of isolation and confinement are precious for the male being trained. They can reflect on their destiny and their social utility for women. However, punishments and torture sessions should not be forgotten and applied regularly. Finally, come the training sessions of the males to the utilitarian functions (household, laundry, kitchen, dishes, maintenance of the clothes of their Mistresses...) and movable (ashtray, urinal, dildo...) which prepare them for their future life of slave.





While Marybelle seduced and drugged a jogger who had appeared to her at her convenience, her two girlfriends and their educatrix were already using the two males in training.





The third soon learned the same rules of behavior to have towards women as his two companions of this promotion of the Tigress Club. Within a few days they were all well-mannered and well-trained enough to finally lead a useful life. As the rules of the Club required, each of the women who brought and trained a male could take it with her and do with him what she wanted, keep it as a domestic or sexual slave, castrate it, sell it in a specialized store... at her choice. Each received a Tigress Club badge attesting to their ability to capture and train a male.





While the Male Evolution Offices were constantly increasing the number of males placed on the market (and many students were preparing for the functions of specialized evolutionists), the Tigress Clubs, meanwhile, multiplied the number of women and girls who could train the males and use them for their benefit.

But the final point to the establishment of Gynarchy in the country was, after the Law on the conduct of males was the Law on the male identity which established the obligation for them to have an owner (Mother, Wife, Patroness or the nation gynarchic in some cases) and to be able to attest to this membership at any time. From the promulgation of the law, everyone found their true place in gynarchy and female homosexuality finally became the most popular and common sexual practice.



Male Identity Act

- 1 - Every male since his birth must justify having a female owner.
- 2 - Every male must wear a collar with a badge stating his owner's name(s) and address (mother, wife, boss or gynarchic state property).
- 3 - Every male must be able to present at any moment, and to any woman requiring it, a male's card specifying all his personal datas.
- 4 - Every male alone in a public place must wear a chastity cage.
- 5 - Any male contravening this Act will be arrested and judged.



(*) THIS RENDER IS INSPIRED BY THE COMICS "GYNARCHY TOWN" WHICH COULD BE A SEQUEL TO IT.

Since we had done most of our work and made the country more livable, and since Edgar had officially passed away, Ali and I decided to get married.

We did it discreetly and, for our honeymoon, we left in Greece, where Ali's yacht was waiting for us, to go and thank all those who had allowed us to establish a real gynarchy in our country finally become a real paradise.



YOUR COCKTAILS, LADIES!



I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET THESE AMAZONS!

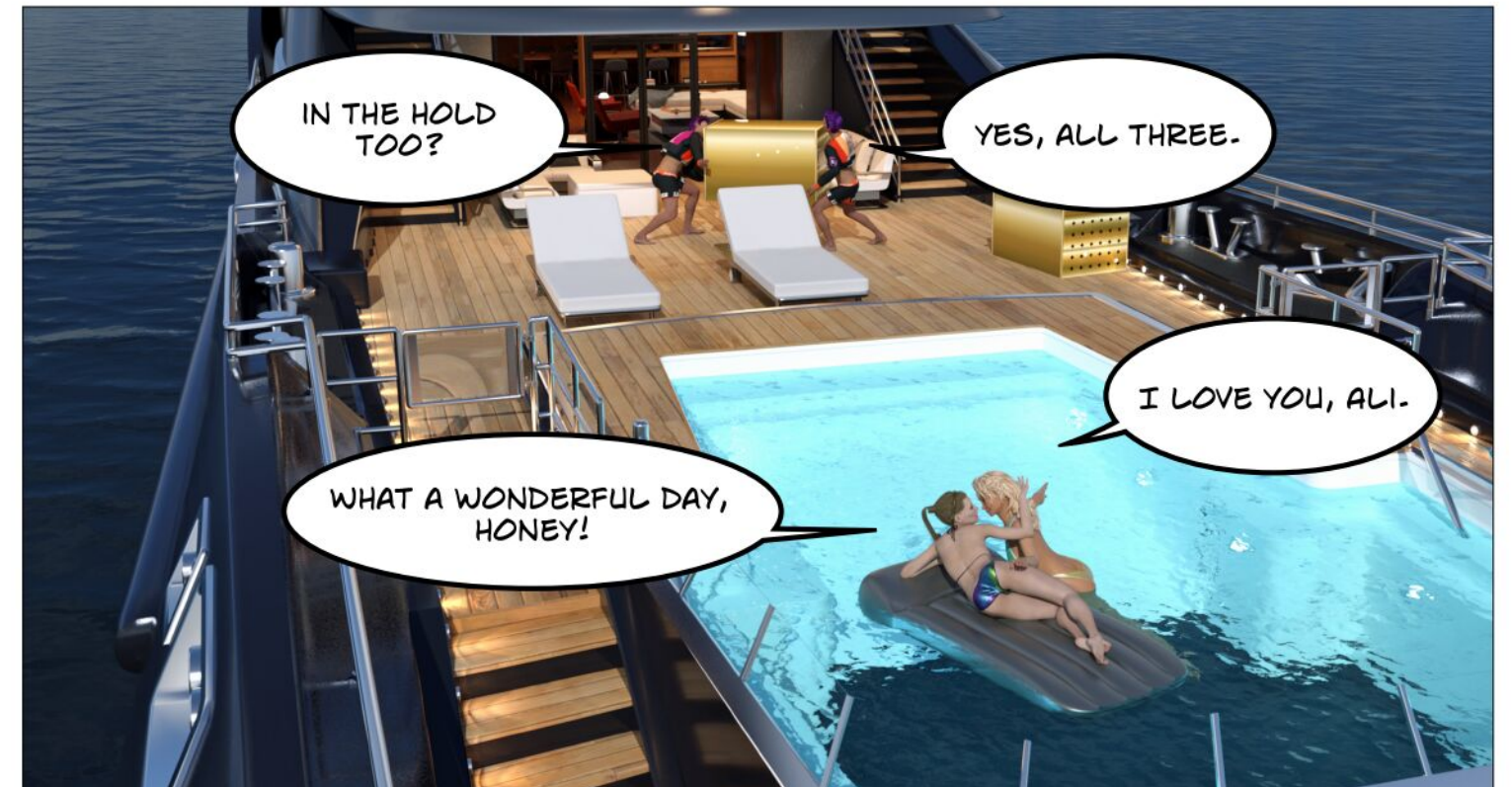


Of course, we had planned for our hostesses small gifts that would have no trouble passing customs as diplomatic luggage. We spent a wedding night that was both delicious and frightening.

The next day we boarded Ali's yacht, with all our luggage and gifts, to take the direction of the Amazon Island that she was dying to know. I loved this boat where I really discovered love and pleasure for the first time (*).

While the two nice males were storing our things in the cabin (and our little gifts in the engine room) we had a good time in the yacht pool before drinking a few glasses of champagne and going to make love for a long time ...

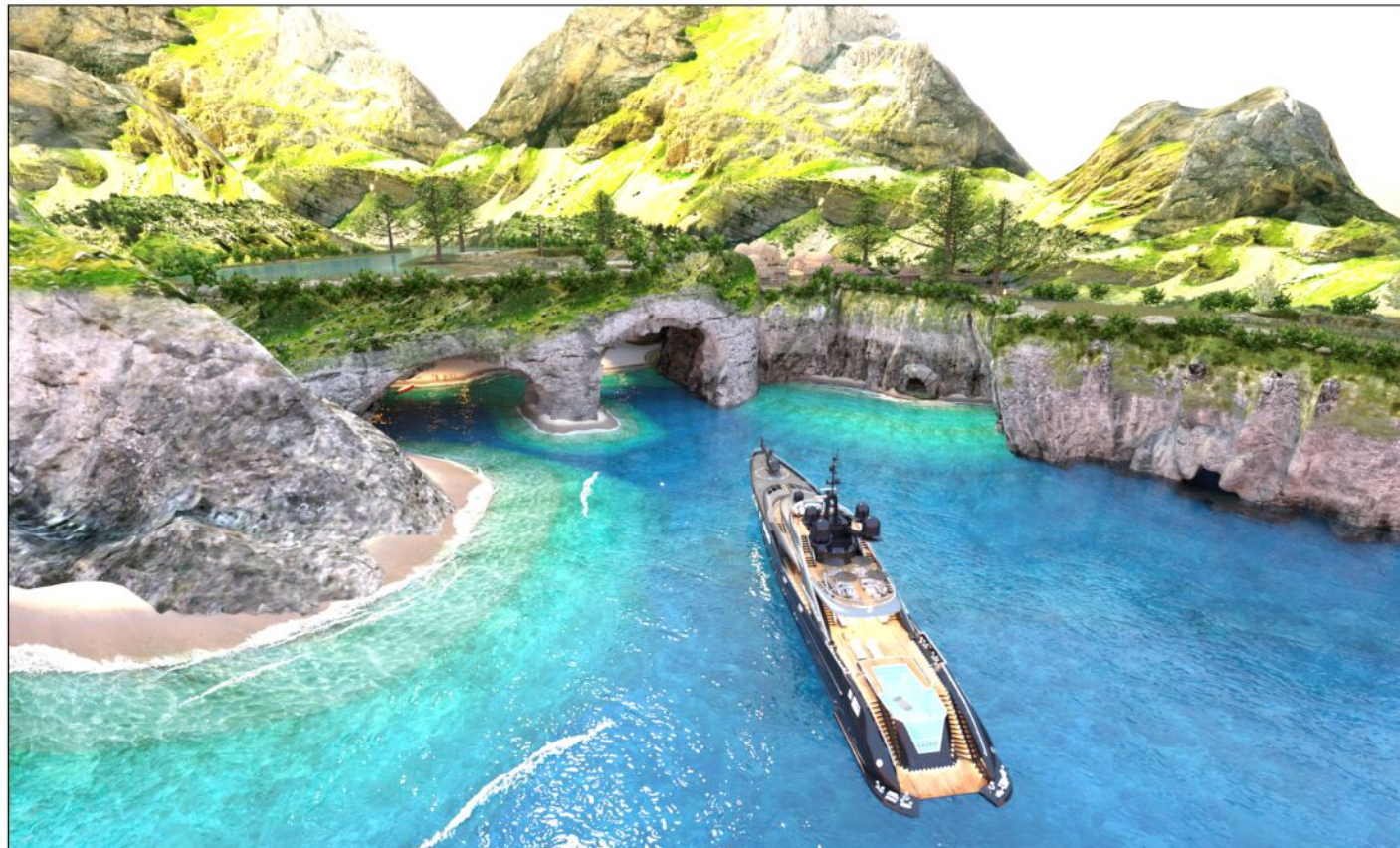
(*). See "Herland", fourth episode of "Gynarchic Love Boat".

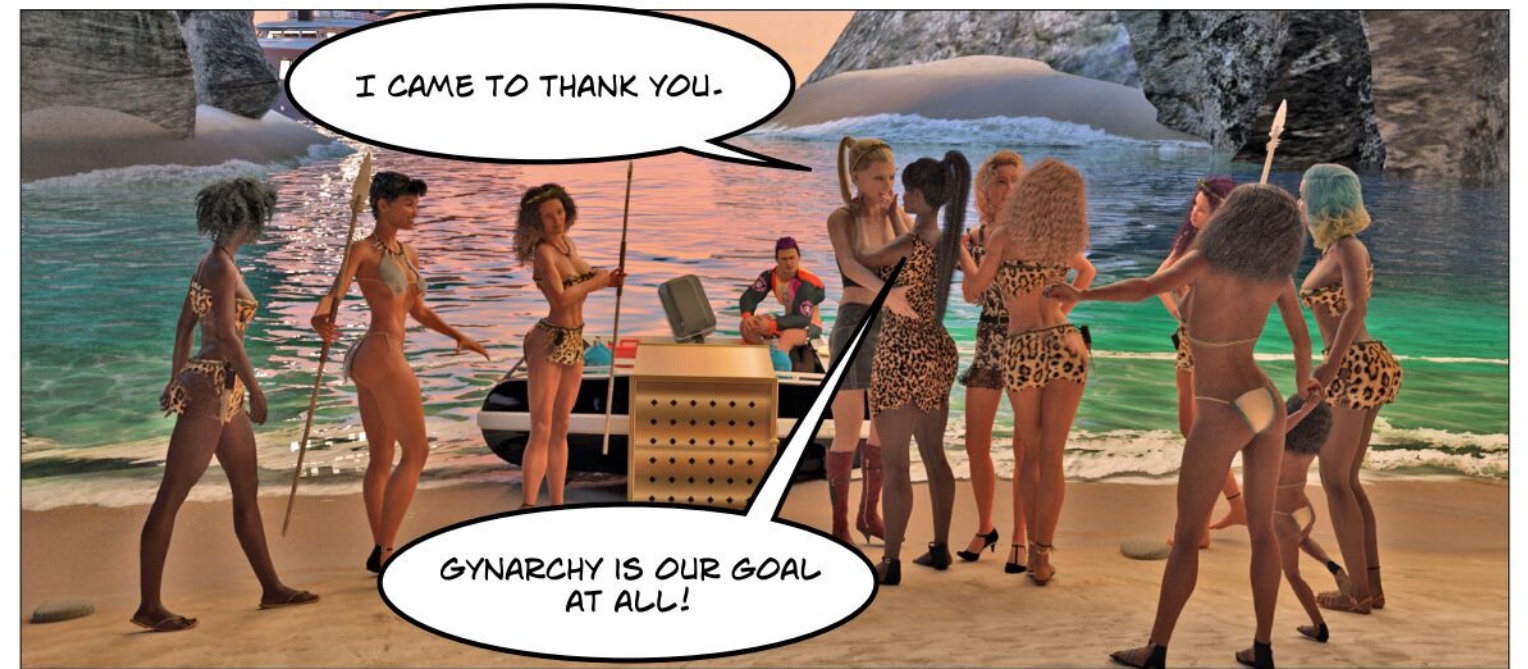




The cruise to the Amazon Island went wonderfully well. Our gifts keep warm in the hold and fed and watered by Ali's two kind servants. As for the two of us, young brides, we made love almost all the time...

After a few days the Island was in sight. We had announced ourselves by radio and the proud Amazon women were waiting for us with curiosity. Our males loaded our gift on the zodiac and one of them flew us, not without fear, to the cave where some of our hostesses were watching us approach.





The Amazons knew who we were and we were received in all sympathy. Our gift, a beautiful specimen with black skin, Recently reconditioned by the specialist of a center of male evolution was the joy of all present and it was necessary to draw straws which of them would use it to have a child before sending it to the mines. It was an innocent little girl who proposed the small sticks and the one who won it jumped with joy in the arms of her partner. We had made at least two happy girls!





We climbed by elevator to the fortified village where the couple who had won our colored male immediately went to use it. Then we drank the wine of friendship by exchanging on the gynarchy.

On our return we could see how the Amazons reproduced, the male chained under the couple of women who could make love with each other while copulating with him to procreate.

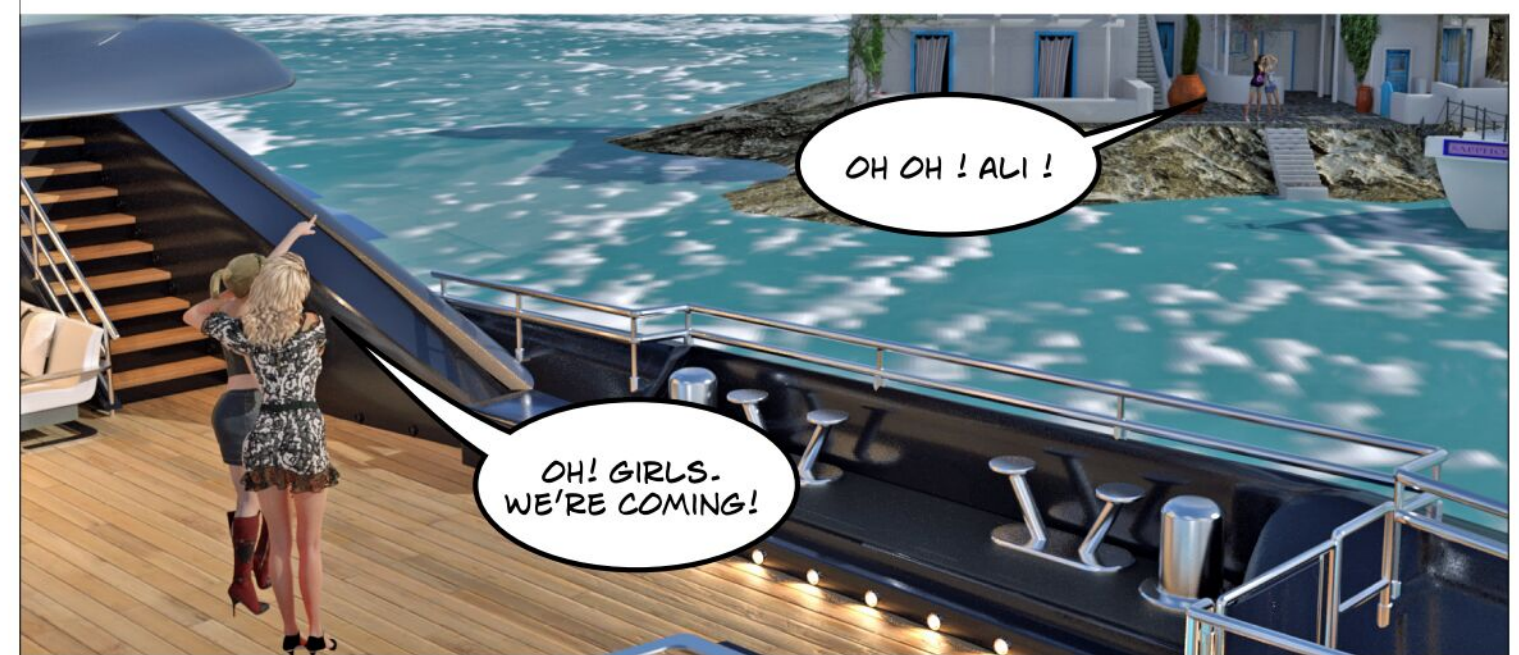
Then we returned to our boat where, after a moving farewell, our males offered us refreshments and pastries.

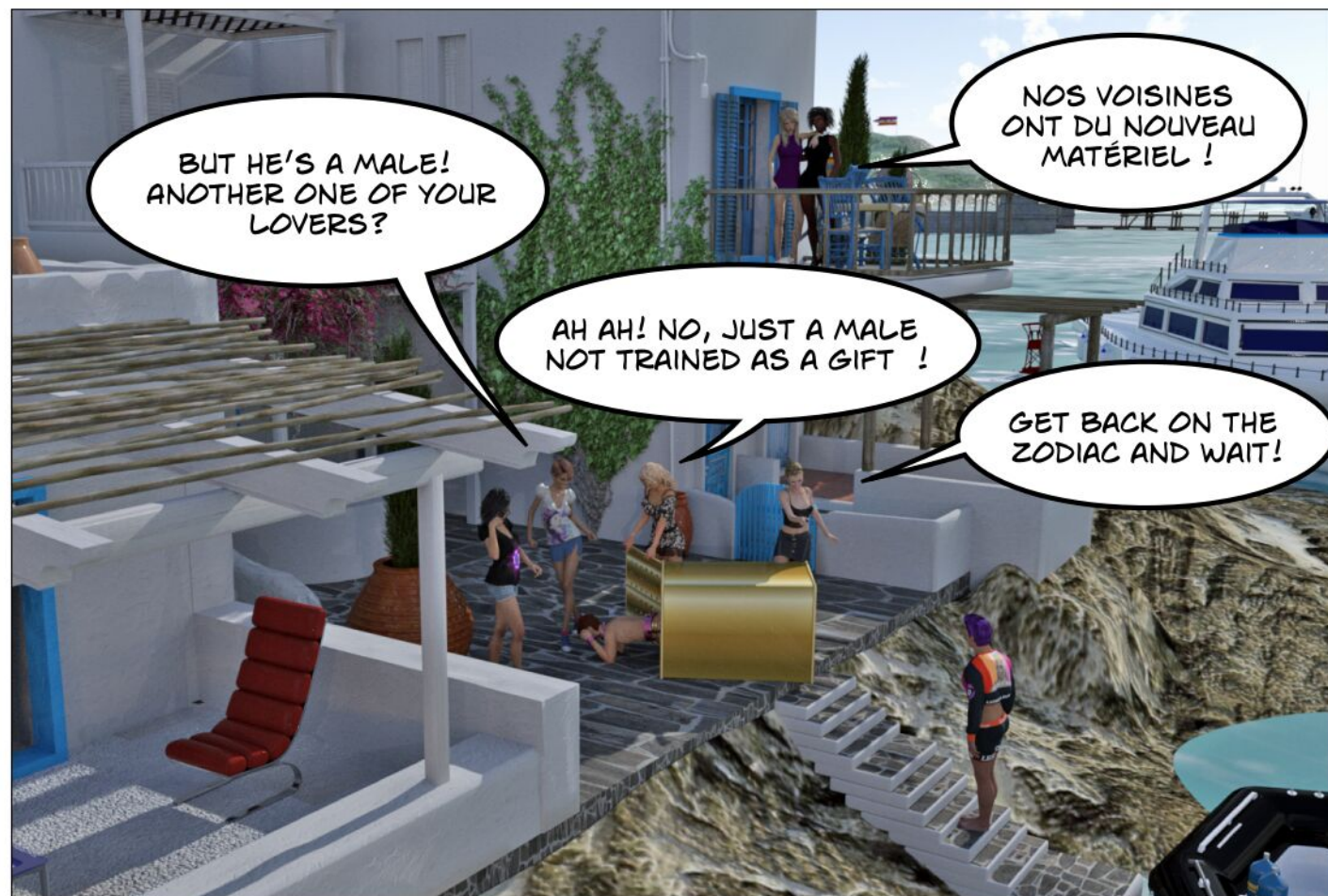




Then we were in sight of our final destination, Herland, where everything had begun for both of us. But I wanted to thank the two girls, professional male trainers, who had agreed to take charge of Edgar, my ex-husband. They lived on a small island, not far from the capital. They quickly spotted Ali's yacht and came out to meet us.

We again used the zodiac and one of our males to dock there and bring them the second of the small gifts we had boarded ...





BUT HE'S A MALE!
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR
LOVERS?

NOS VOISINES
ONT DU NOUVEAU
MATÉRIEL !

AH AH! NO, JUST A MALE
NOT TRAINED AS A GIFT !

GET BACK ON THE
ZODIAC AND WAIT!



HELLO, PRÉSIDENT
MC CREW !

MOVE ON, YOU!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU!

HELLO, MY FRIENDS!

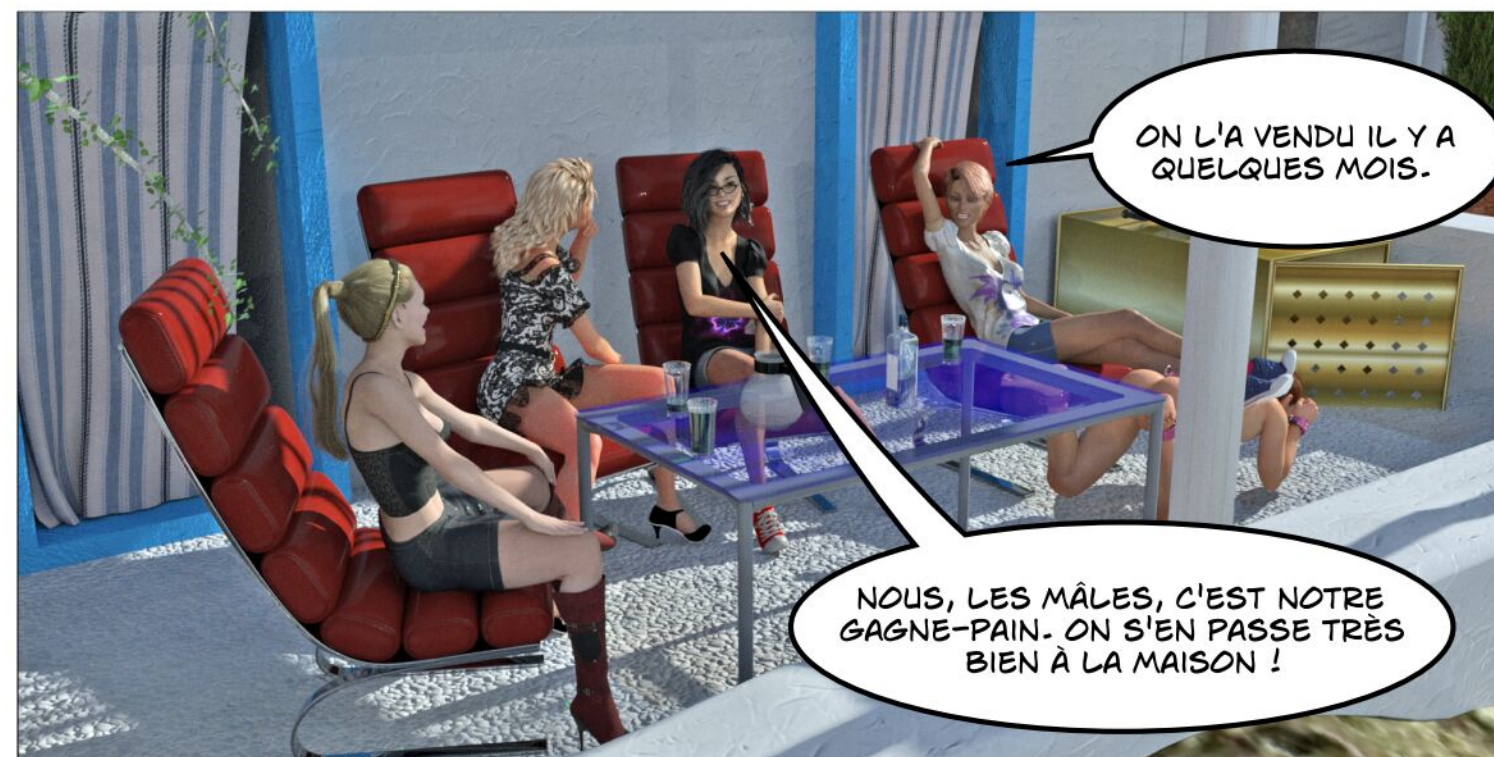
Our two friends gladly accepted our gift, but to my great astonishment, for their new neighbors who did not yet have male servants. They themselves did very well with no male at home. For them, males were a good way to earn a living by training them and selling them after, no more.

In fact, when I asked about Edgar Tiger III, my late husband for Civil Status, they told me they had sold him a few months earlier. They couldn't tell me more about him.



ON L'AURA VITE
DRESSÉ. NOS NOUVELLES
VOISINES ONT JUSTEMENT
BESOIN D'UN MÂLE POUR LA
MAISON.

ET EDGAR ? JE
NE LE VOIS PAS.
QUE LUI EST-IL
ARRIVÉ ?



ON L'A VENDU IL Y A
QUELQUES MOIS.

NOUS, LES MÂLES, C'EST NOTRE
GAGNE-PAIN. ON S'EN PASSE TRÈS
BIEN À LA MAISON !



NO MORE FREE MALES!

LET'S RAISE OUR GLASSES TO THE GYNARCHY!

MAY ALL WOMEN FINALLY COME OUT THE CLOSET!

Nous We drank to sapphism and gynarchy and left our friends, to whom I had so much to take care of their new male acquisition, which would benefit the neighbors or others, we did not care!

We then went to the city of Herland where Ali and I met and recognized ...

It was not without emotion that we saw flying over the city the flag that now also flew over all of America, the flag of lesbian supremacy and international gynarchy.

Ali's yacht docked at the pontoon where the Sapphic Princess had docked a few years earlier.



SO LONG !

SEE YOU SOON !

WE'LL COME BACK SOON !





ALI ! NANCY ! WHAT A HAPPYNESS !

HEAVE HO!



YOU PUT IT ON THE DOCK AND YOU JOIN YOUR KENNEL! NO WHOLE MALES ON HERLAND!

YING! IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

YES, MADAM.



OH, HOW HANDSOME! IT WILL DO VERY WELL IN MY LIVING ROOM!

Several friends were waiting for us including Ying Tai, another donor of Ali. Our males descended the cage of her gift, a very handsome young well-trained male, whom she seemed to appreciate very much. The castratrix of Herland, the one who at the time had taken charge of my husband, joined us and, while talking last gossip, we went, once again, to drink the glass of friendship.



OURS, MY FORMER HUSBAND, WAS GETTING VERY OLD!

LOOKS LIKE MORE WORK FOR ME!

YES. WE DON'T CASTRATE THEM ALL IN AMERICA.



AS SOON AS HE'S CASTRATED, I'LL SEND MY OLD MAN TO EUTHANASIA AND COMPOSTING!

THIS IS LIFE, ALAS!

OH, HE'S BEEN EXPECTING IT FOR A WHILE!

HOW I'M HAPPY TO BE BACK HERE!

AND WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.



Herland was always so pleasant and we all settled on the terrace where I had met Ali the first time. We drank the local aperitif with small appetizers.

Then came a carriage pulled by a properly harnessed male where two lovers seemed to have fun like crazy. When she stopped near us, I was surprised to recognize Edgar, my ex who was the driver, wearing blinders and horsebit.



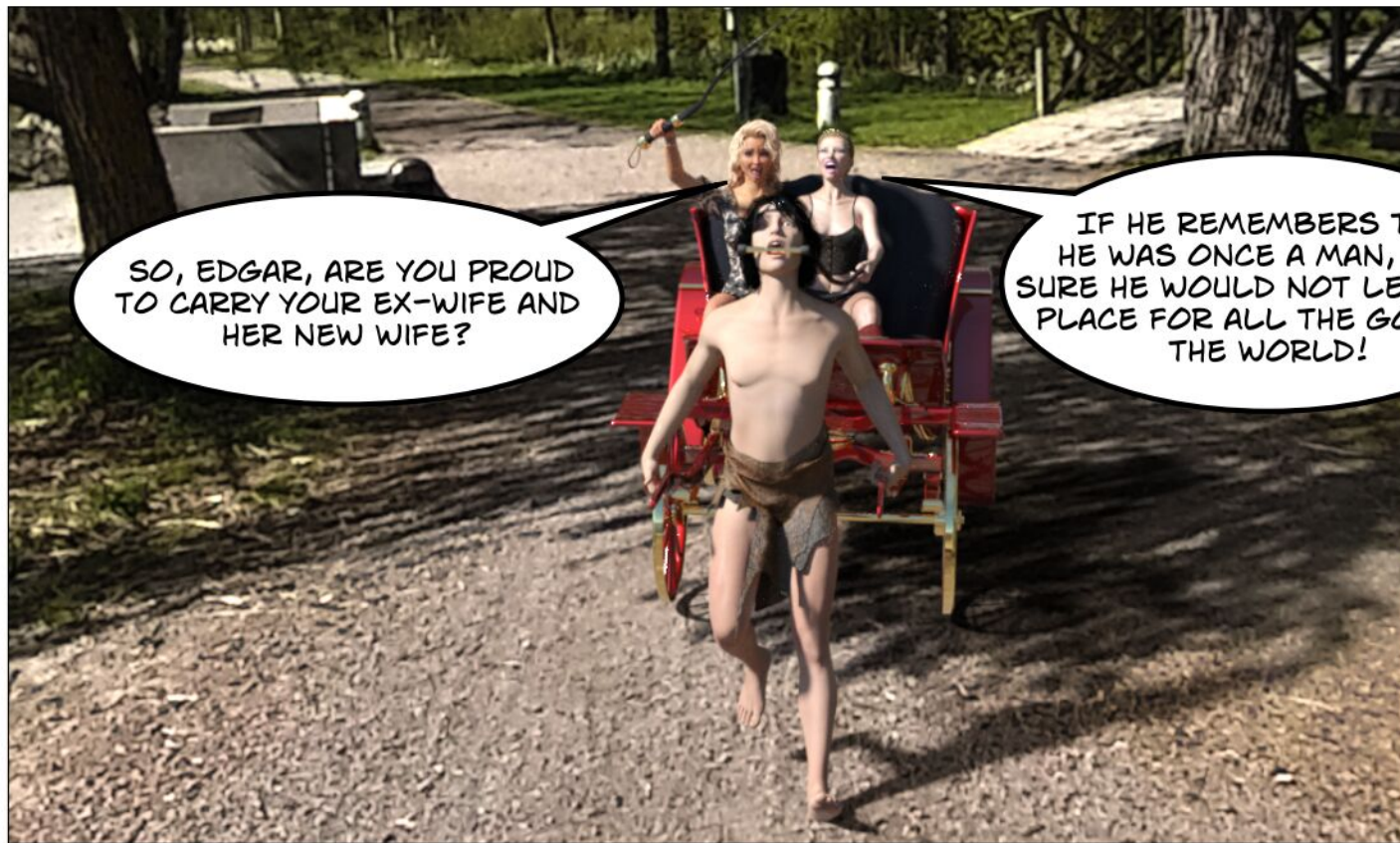
YES. THE MUNICIPALITY ACQUIRED HIM TO PULL THIS NEW RATHER HEAVY CARRIAGE.

LET'S JUST SAY IT WAS EDGAR!



Ali and I decided to take a ride in a carriage with, as a horse, this male castrated by our friend and who was, a few weeks, my husband. I think Ali was happy to humiliate and mistreat this male who had made the mistake of making love to me sometimes. I was happy to see her happy to do so and, I must admit, I too took some pleasure in lashing the back of this once wealthy jerk who had allowed me to become the country's vice-president. We left for the beach and the countryside of Herland...





We tried well to humiliate him, to hurt him as well physically as morally, but it seemed that everything slipped on him. It was no longer the jealous with hot temper I had known. Kori and Kimmy had trained him well, he had indeed become a human animal.

We enjoyed our pleasure long before returning by the beach to our friends who were also about to leave and return home. We left our carriage with regret ...





THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING AND SEE YOU SOON.

WE WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CARRIAGE TO RETURN TO THE VILLA. GRETA AND AGMA WILL ACCOMPANY YOU.

AND MYSELF I WILL EMASCULATE YOUR LITTLE GIFT...

HAVE A NICE TRIP HOME.

THANK YOU ESPECIALLY FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL CARRIAGE RIDE!

Then it was time of goodbye. Ali could not leave the presidency too long.

There were strong kisses and promises to meet again. After a stinging slap of the whip, Ying Tai and Sybille left in the carriage pulled by Edgar and we left for the port to embark on my wife's luxury yacht.

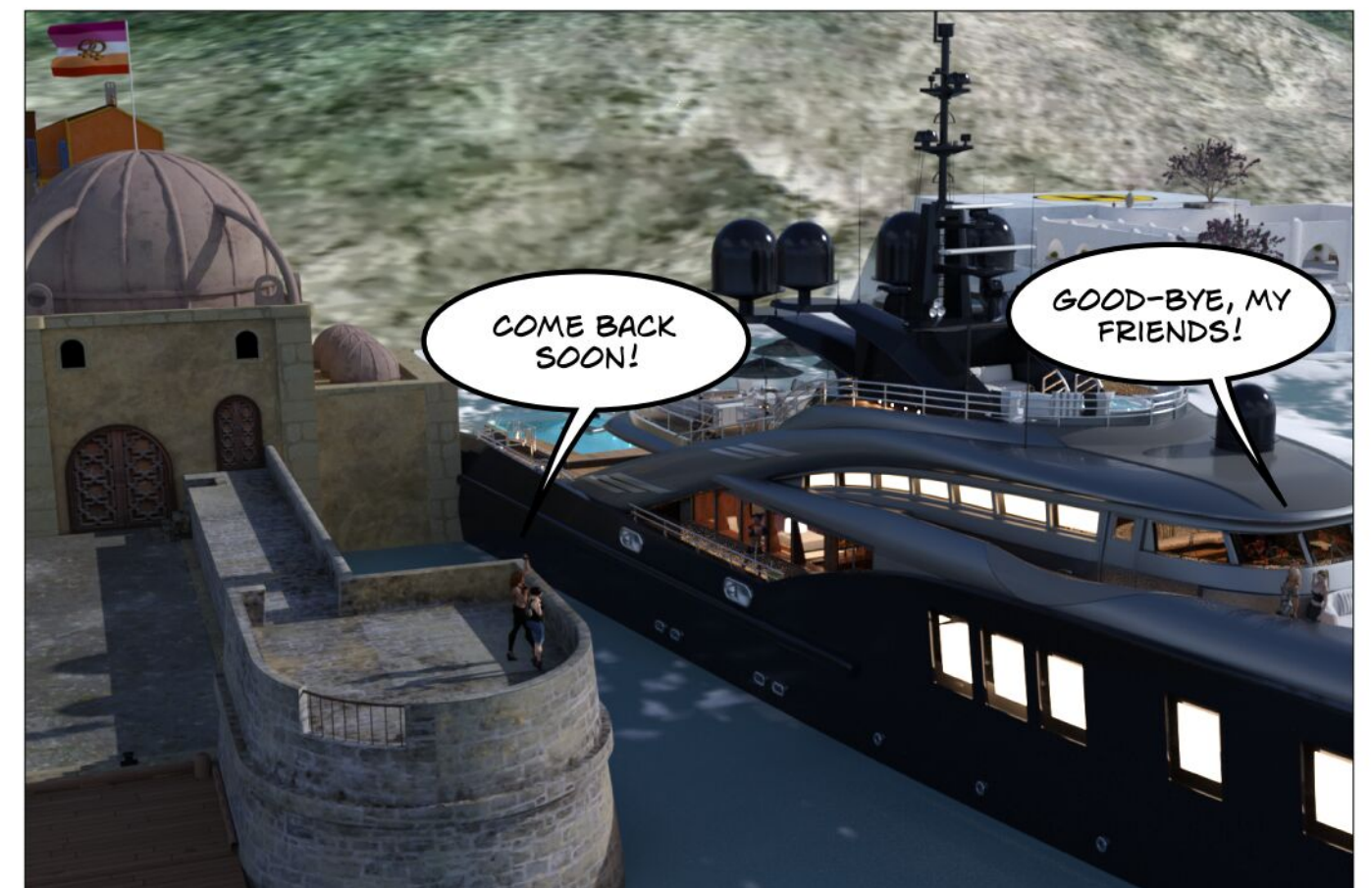
Meanwhile, our beautiful gift was heading for her eunuch destiny, a condition *sine qua non* to serve her new mistresses.



NEXT DOOR ON THE RIGHT. THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME A REAL HERLANDER CAPON.

COME ON! HURRY UP!

WE'LL BE BACK. I PROMISE!



COME BACK SOON!

GOOD-BYE, MY FRIENDS!



After the crossing that passed as on the way, we found the presidential jet where Ali and I spent more exquisite moments of sensuality.

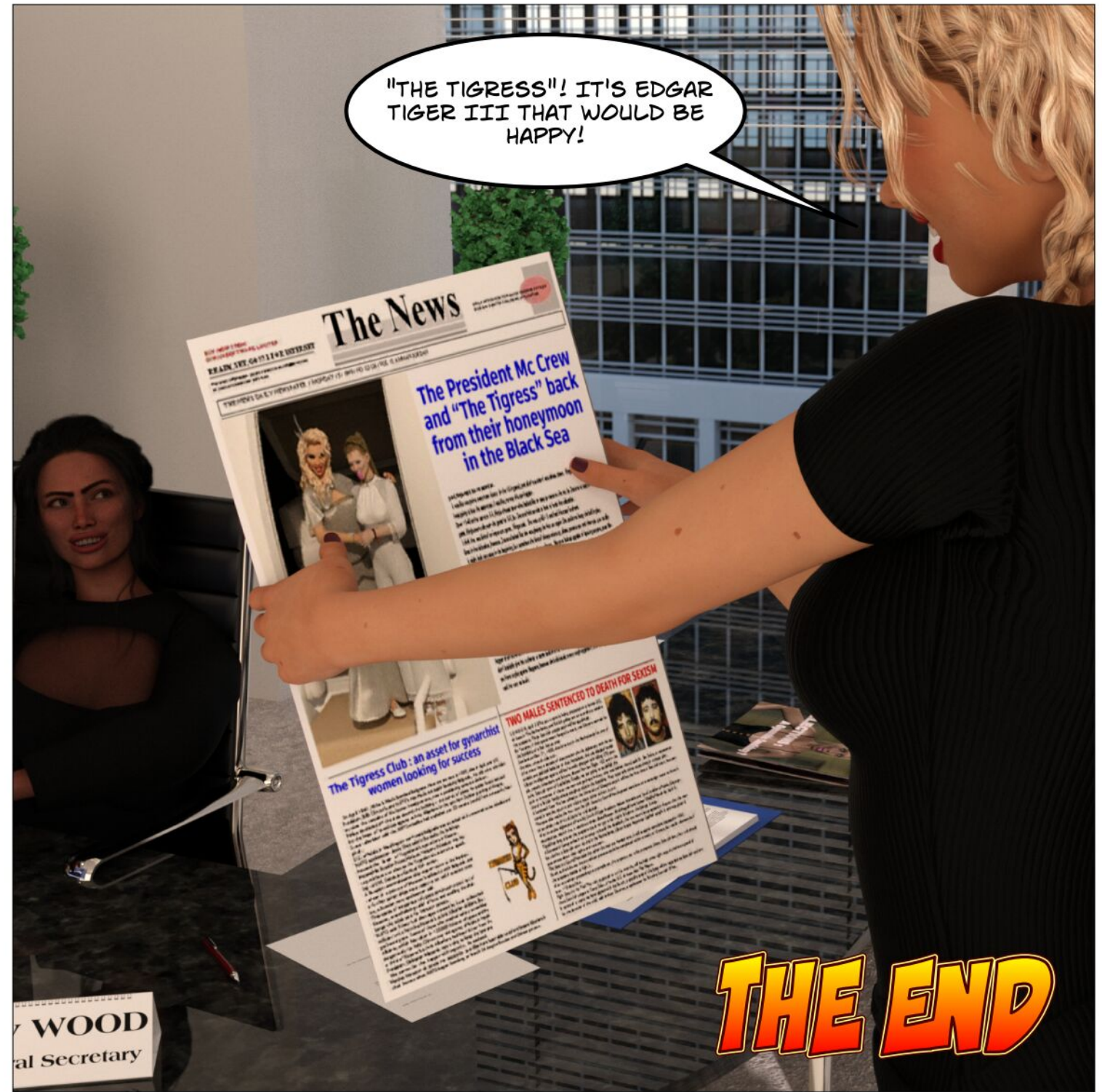
We knew we were expected by the press when we arrived and, to please the reporters, we took off our beautiful wedding dresses.

We were back in our country of which we were the President and the Vice President, now two married and loving women, and more determined than ever to establish a real gynarchy in all our states and throughout the world...





Ali resumed his official meetings with the heads of state interested in our ideas and laws. And I took some time to put my things in order. It was useless because July took care of it perfectly, so I could politically assist Ali more seriously. At the office, I noticed that the press was making us a triumph, both for our wedding and for my Tigress clubs. Besides, they called me "The Tigress"!



THE END