The Adventures of Wandine,

Young Girl of the Gynarchy.

Short Stories

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WANDINE AND THE NEW BOY

1

A new boy arrived this morning in Wandine's class. His name is Carol. What an odd name for a boy! The Teacher placed him at the front, in Isabelle's seat, who was not at all pleased about it.

At recess, Isabelle was crying. Wandine, who is both her friend and the Class Delegate, went to the new boy to smooth things over and politely asked him to return the seat to its former occupant.

But Carol saw things differently and refused, plain and simple.

So Wandine explained:

"You know, Carol, in our school, boys never sit at the front. Even if they're lucky enough to be the class valet [see glossary] of one of the girls, they set her things on her desk, go to the back, and wait until the end of the lesson to retrieve them."

"It's the Teacher who placed me here, and I'm staying. And I'm nobody's valet!"

2

The next day, on Wandine's orders, Carol was put in quarantine [see glossary]. No one spoke to him, neither during lessons nor at recess. After three days, the new boy went to complain to the Teacher, who told him that internal class issues must be resolved by the entire class or the elected Delegate, that is, Wandine.
Finally, the following week, Carol came back to Wandine and offered to give Isabelle her seat back if the others would start talking to him again.

But the Delegate refused because this capitulation [see glossary] by the troublemaker [see glossary] was too easy and involved no penalty [see glossary].

"To end your quarantine," she told him, "you must also become the class valet of Isabelle, who, as it happens, wants to give hers, Paul-André, to Marie, who is in love with him and doesn't have one."

Of course, the stubborn boy, ignorant of the gynarchic rules [see glossary] adopted by a majority of the class's students (which includes sixteen girls and twelve boys, explaining why Marie didn't have a class valet), refused. And the quarantine continued…

Meanwhile, Marie was still in love with Paul-André, still the class valet of Isabelle, who didn't want to let go of the prey for the shadow [see glossary].

3

But the following week, there was a French composition. Carol went to see Wandine and said: "You'll see that I'm much better than all the girls in the class at French, and I don't have to be the class valet of an Isabelle or a Marie!"

“I’d be surprised,” Wandine replied. “I’m sure you’ll be beaten by a girl!”

“What do you bet?”

“If you come first in French, I’ll lift the quarantine. But if you lose, you’ll be the class valet of all those who rank above you! Deal?”

“Deal!” agreed the fool [see glossary].

4

On the day of the composition, Wandine, who is the best in the class, sat next to Isabelle, who is much weaker, and Marie, terrible at spelling, sat next to Pierre-André, who is quite gifted, and so on. As for Carol, he ended up all alone at the front. And all of them cheated, except him, of course.

The next day, when the Teacher returned the assignments, the new boy was only fourth, behind Wandine, Isabelle, and Marie. He turned bright red and even cried while the three girls who had outranked him laughed and rubbed their hands.

At recess, the three top girls in French began the gynarchic initiation [see glossary] of the new boy, and as soon as class resumed, Carol gave up his seat to Isabelle to go sit at the back, next to Paul-André, who, for his part, was overjoyed to finally become the class valet of the lovely Marie.

WANDINE AND THE AMAZONS OF THE ZONE

1

At the college, no one said anything until the third attack. It wasn't until Paul-André was mistreated in turn that the matter reached Wandine's ears.

For several weeks, the Z.U.P. [see glossary] had been the scene of strange confrontations. First, an adult, a notorious alcoholic and lazybones, then a thug known for his machista [see glossary] and reactionary [see glossary] ideas, and finally Paul-André, a boy from the college, were successively approached and then violently assaulted near the Acacia Estate, usually close to the railway, by a group of masked and particularly aggressive women.

While the first two confided their misfortunes only to their close relatives, due to their foolish masculine pride, the last one, perhaps because he had been the class valet [see glossary] of Marie, one of the girls from the Estate, decided to go to the police station to file a complaint and tell Wandine everything. Quickly, through the little sister of the thug and the daughter of the alcoholic, both also at the college, all the details of these three bizarre incidents were known.

The masked women, soon dubbed the Amazons [see glossary] of the Zone, were, in fact, only three, but heavily armed: one with a baton, another with a straight razor, and the third with a self-defense tear gas canister. Each time, their victims were alone at the moment of the attack, and they left them no chance. Quickly incapacitated by the three weapons used simultaneously, then pinned to the ground and gagged, the unfortunate males who fell into the hands of the Amazons of the Zone first endured a rough quarter of an hour. First beaten with boots and trampled, then slapped and clubbed, they finally underwent a thorough interrogation about their behavior toward women.

Except in Paul-André's case, the Amazons seemed to know the sexist ideas of their targets and took pains to instill in them the basic principles of healthy gynarchy [see glossary], which all, women or males, appreciate nowadays. They dictated phrases to them, such as "men are inferior creatures destined to obey women" and "the woman is a superior being destined to lead men," and made them repeat these truths under blows until they said them with satisfactory intonation and genuine conviction.

Then, once they had thoroughly learned and recited their lesson, they threatened to castrate [see glossary] them if they learned that they did not respect the excellent precepts they had just taught them.

Finally, the Amazons forced them to crawl before them, lick their boots, and, probably, do things they dared not confess.

For Paul-André, the hostility of the three women had been less evident, and their assault less cruel, especially after he explained to them that he was very submissive to his Mother, his Sisters, and the one he loved above all and had served since school, Marie. They then made him say his name and admitted they had mistaken him for another adolescent.

Nevertheless, the Amazons made poor Paul-André learn one of those ditties that the gynarchist Teachers [see glossary] of old, after a feast or orgy, required their slaves to sing while awaiting their return:

"O my Mistress,
I bless thee
When thou punishest
My clumsiness.
When thou spankest me
With the martinet,
O my Mistress,
I am delighted.
If thou hurtest me
While amusing thyself,
O my Mistress,
How pleasing it is!
If thou lettest me
Kiss thy foot,
O my Mistress,
Be thanked!"

He sang it to us at the college, and Marie, while consoling him for his misadventure, even asked him very seriously not to forget either the tune or the lyrics. But, apart from that and a black eye, Paul-André got off without too much harm.
But as for recognizing his attackers, he was incapable of it. At least, that's what he claimed.

2

Be that as it may, such a mystery could not leave Wandine indifferent, and she quickly set about investigating. With the sister of Jean-Paul, the thug, she went to their apartment on the sixth floor of Building G in the Beech Alley and questioned the poor boy, who was still bedridden, his torso bandaged due to three broken ribs and his face swollen from the various blows received. He knew Wandine and was very cooperative, answering all her questions obediently.
Perhaps he even imagined she was one of the Amazons come to test his submission to the orders given during his memorable correction…
These had been of three kinds. First, respect for the gynarchic laws [see glossary] now adopted almost everywhere in the world, then blind submission to his Sisters and his Mother, and finally, courteous and gallant behavior toward all his female acquaintances, from the bar-tobacco shop waitress to the supermarket cashiers.
And no, absolutely not, he didn't want to file a complaint. He was a man, and men know how to take it…
Toward his mother and his sisters, who were doting on him, Jean-Paul had begun his reformation and was much kinder and more obedient than he had ever been. In that respect, the beating given by the Amazons had borne fruit. But for the other Women the thug encountered, it was necessary to wait until he was back on his feet to verify.

3

The next evening, after the French class, Wandine asked the daughter of the other victim, Béatrice Bouzinac, to kindly introduce her to her father, under the pretext, for example, of a homework assignment to do together. But it was more complicated because the Amazons had sent this one straight to Notre-Dame Hospital.
But the two girls decided to go anyway. At the emergency ward, a smiling Nurse showed them the room of the "poly-trauma", as she put it, and gracefully slipped away.
Father Bouzinac, an old alcoholic notorious for his outdated sexism, was strapped to his hospital bed because they feared that agitation, due to alcohol withdrawal, might cause him to rip out his IVs. He had one for sugar to compensate for his alcohol deficit and another to transfuse blood, as he had lost a lot while awaiting first aid.
The three delinquents had not gone easy on him. The man, in addition to a leg in a cast, had a neck brace, the Amazons' boot blows having crushed two cervical vertebrae. He also had a broken eyebrow ridge and a half-torn ear. Yet he managed to smile at the two young girls visiting him:
"Mom hasn't come to see you?" Béatrice asked first.
"She's still at the supermarket," the injured man replied, lisping slightly due to his three broken teeth.
"I'm introducing you to Wandine, Dad. She's a very kind and very intelligent friend from college. She wants to find out who did this to you…"
"Hello, sir," Wandine said. "I'm not that intelligent. I'm just very curious, that's all!"
"But you mustn't, really! You'd get me into even more trouble! They don't mess around, you know!"
"I see that. But…"
"No. I can't forbid you, of course, Miss. But I strongly advise against it!"
He too was afraid, of the Amazons as much as of Wandine, and perhaps even of his own daughter. Even the serious beating he had taken couldn't justify such a turnaround from this macho. What could these three women have done to a tough guy like him to turn him into a bleating sheep?
"What exactly did the Amazons do to you, sir?"
"Who? Oh, the three masked women! I should never have talked about it at home. My daughter had too loose a tongue. Oh, I don't blame her! Don't think that, please! She's free to do and say what she wants. Be sure of that!"
"Did they only hit you? Nothing else?"
"No, no, nothing else. What are you thinking? And hitting is a strong word, you know, for this little penance…"
"All the same, Dad…"
"It's nothing. Nothing at all, my darling! I'm a man, you know, after all… And men…"
"And men know how to take it," Wandine finished rather sharply. "Yes, sir. Someone already told me something like that…"
"Ah! I'm not telling you, am I? Come on, Ladies, it's time for me to sleep and for you to go do your homework. I'm saying this without ordering you, of course! It's just a suggestion from an adult who wants to see his daughter succeed in her studies. Her and her college friends, naturally."
"Naturally, sir. Well then, I wish you a speedy recovery."
"Too kind, Miss. Thank you very much."
"Goodbye, Dad. See you tomorrow."
"Goodbye, my darling."

4

The two college girls, after this unenlightening conversation, went to the supermarket. They bought a liter of Coca-Cola, gave a kiss to Béatrice's Mom, who works there as a cashier, and parted ways after drinking the cola.

Once alone, Wandine returned to the supermarket and waited for closing time. There, she spotted Madame Bouzinac leaving work and discreetly followed her on her moped. The young woman first went to the hospital, probably to see her husband, then left fairly quickly with the young nurse who had so kindly assisted the two young visitors.

Both got into a small white Renault 5 and headed to the city center. Given the traffic, the young girl had no trouble following them. They struggled to find a parking spot and, arm in arm, went to a chic, fairly busy bar.

There, the cashier and the nurse met a friend who seemed to be waiting for them, a brunette, like the other two, but taller and very beautiful. The three women talked for a good hour and looked at length at a photo that the stranger had taken out of her handbag.

"I think I've hit the mark!" Wandine said to herself.

She then approached the group as discreetly as possible and caught snippets of conversation about "training," "castration" [see glossary], and a certain Marc. Unfortunately, the smiling nurse, at one point, turned around, and her gaze met Wandine's. She then leaned over to whisper in the ear of the beautiful brunette.

The young spy, brave but not reckless, didn't want to wait to find out if she had been recognized and, remembering the state in which the Amazons had left Jean-Paul and Béatrice's father, prudently decided to temporarily abandon her investigation. And it was getting late.

When Wandine returned to her maternal home, her Mother was at the table with her little Sisters, and Gilles, her partner and likely the progenitor [see glossary] of her three Daughters, was already serving them dessert. The latecomer found some excuse for her Mother and served herself a slice of the reheated roast that the man of the house offered her.

A little after dinner, the phone rang, and Gilles returned to the living room, announcing that the call was for Wandine. The young girl didn't recognize the voice addressing her through the receiver but immediately attributed a face to it, that of the beautiful stranger. The voice said these words:

"You don't know me, Miss, but it seems you are quite quick-witted and perceptive. So you've probably guessed who I am. I don't know how far you've gotten in your reasoning, but to ensure you make no mistakes and act with full knowledge, I've decided to share our secret with you. Would you like to come talk with me at my house?"

"Uh… yes, Madam. Why not?"

"Good. I expected no less from you. Can you come right now?"

"Where, Madam?"

"Moreski Avenue. Number two. But don't worry, my car is already waiting downstairs at your place. I thought it would spare you a tedious nighttime trip across the city. So, agreed, Miss?"

"Agreed," Wandine said after a minute's reflection.

Then she hung up the phone and asked Gilles to fetch her suede jacket and the boots he had just taken off her a quarter of an hour earlier. Then, for her Mother, always absurdly worried, Wandine made up an excuse about a French assignment to finish at a friend's house and rushed down the stairs.

Outside, a young man in a chauffeur's uniform politely removed his cap and asked:

"Miss Wandine?"

As she nodded in assent, he opened the rear door of a luxurious car whose engine was purring. The young girl settled in comfortably, and the servant took the wheel. Wandine, for a moment, felt a bit of fear but quickly concluded that if this strange woman had sinister intentions toward her, she wouldn't have given her her address or sent her chauffeur. And above all, her curiosity was piqued…

At the start of Moreski Avenue, the large car entered the park of a private mansion hidden from passersby by high stone walls. At the top of the bourgeois residence's steps, the beautiful stranger was waiting for Wandine.

She first gave her a welcoming smile and, after inviting her to enter, guided her to a spacious room where a fireplace was spreading a pleasant warmth.

There, once both were seated on a plush sofa, the woman began her story:

"First, I must introduce myself. I am Hélène de Sacourt. As you must imagine, the Sacourt Bank belongs to me, as do various other small businesses."

"Pleased to meet you, Madam."

"Wandine, you are an intelligent young girl, and all your friends praise your merits. Your Mother is honorably known, and everyone agrees that she is an honest, responsible, and convinced Gynarchist [see glossary]. So you know that Women are the organizers and the leaders of any viable human society."

"Of course!" the college girl laughed. "Who could ignore that?"

"Many people, in fact, my girl. Especially males whose low intellectual level predisposes them to all forms of mental aberration.

At that moment, a man entered the room, pushing a small cart full of glasses and colored bottles.

"Ah! Wandine, let me introduce Armand, one of those males, precisely, who long remained ignorant of their intrinsic inferiority."

The man then bowed respectfully before the young girl and asked her what she wished to drink. Wandine, feeling at ease, opted for a Coca-Cola with a dash of gin.

"Armand," ordered the beautiful banker, "tell this Young Lady how you became a docile and loyal gynarchist male."

"Madame de Sacourt had the extreme kindness to take an interest in me," replied the servant, "and to graciously correct my past errors."

"How, Armand?" the woman insisted.

"Madame mainly used the riding crop."

"You see, Wandine, force sometimes succeeds where reasoning and logic prove powerless. Go, Armand. You may return to your cellar now."

When he had left, she resumed her argument.

"If we want to live peacefully, we absolutely must train the last unsubmissive males. That's why I finance the small female intervention brigade that you call the Amazons of the Zone."

Here we are at last! Wandine thought.

“These are professionals in armed combat and urban guerrilla warfare that I recruited in Latin America, one of the few continents where Gynarchy is not yet fully accepted. Imagine that there, some countries still refuse matrilineal filiation and succession! As if a child could not bear his mother’s name!”
“That seems crazy, indeed!” Wandine agreed, imagining herself forced to bear the name of a man whom no one could be truly sure was her progenitor.
“Doesn’t it? My brother Paul, whom I use as a chauffeur, would have inherited my Mother’s fortune, the bank, and everything!”
“Outrageous! Would he even have been capable of managing it?”
“Of course not, obviously! A male! So you can easily imagine that, coming from those backward countries, these three women have every reason to have become good gynarchist activists. By the way, here they are back. Would you like to meet them?”
Indeed, a car could be heard maneuvering in the courtyard of the private mansion. Doors slammed.
“Why not?” Wandine said. “But…”
“Don’t worry,” the beautiful Hélène reassured her. “You’re in no danger at all. Come.”
They left the living room to go to another room where the Amazons had just settled. They were all three booted, helmeted, and dressed in black leather jumpsuits. They weren’t wearing masks, and Wandine found them very pretty despite their somewhat intimidating air.
Hélène de Sacourt introduced Wandine to them and asked for a report on their latest expedition. One of them, who answered to the name of Dolorès, spoke up:
“We have rectified our mistake from the other night. The college boy denounced by your informant was indeed a real budding macho, this one. But he’ll walk straight now. We captured him near his home, locked him in the trunk of the car, and took him to the wasteland to deal with him. He didn’t give us much trouble. Despite his swaggering airs, he broke down right away. He got on his knees, cried, begged us to spare him, swore to become our slave if we agreed not to castrate him…”
“The usual scenario, then?”
“Yes, Madame Hélène. And, as with the others, we explained to him that the slightest breach of gynarchic rules would earn him a permanent amputation.”
“My Amazons have a technique of their own for fake castration. Very painful but very effective. The man who falls into their hands suffers terribly and truly believes he has just been emasculated. When they tell him it was only a simulation, he is in such a state of retrospective terror and relief that his mind becomes like modeling clay that they need only shape to their liking. The orders they give their victim at that precise moment are etched indelibly into his mind. Quick and painless!”
“Well, almost painless,” Dolorès clarified. “We have almost never had a failure.”
“Almost?” Wandine asked, intrigued by this qualification.
“Yes. One case where we had a bit too heavy a hand. But we prefer not to talk about it.”
“That’s your right,” Hélène de Sacourt interjected. “But you must be tired, and we’ll let you go. Have a good night.”
“Goodbye,” Wandine added.
Back in the living room, the Amazons’ boss clarified to the young girl:
“The males these three young women deal with are all selfish and harmful machos. Some even go so far as to beat their partner, like that awful Bouzinac. It was the emergency ward nurse, who is a member of my organization, who warned me about this one and who recruited his partner after treating the bruises that scoundrel caused.”

“And Jean-Paul, the thug?”
“Ah, that one, it was Madame Bouzinac, precisely, who denounced him. That brute insulted her because she asked him to empty his pockets at the supermarket checkout where she had already caught him stealing.”
“That doesn’t surprise me from him…”
“So, Wandine,” the beautiful banker resumed, “are you going to denounce my three Amazons? Do you think their action should stop?”
“No. Of course not, Madam.”
“I knew you were an intelligent girl.”
“I’ll even help you, Madam, if you agree. What your three Amazons do anonymously, I do myself in my way at the college. Using other methods, of course. Only one case has resisted me so far…”
“Marc Lacroix?”
“Yes. But how do you know?”
“He was the Amazons’ target the night before last. They made a mistake the first time but have apparently just corrected their error. You’ll see the effectiveness of their method tomorrow.”
“So, poor Paul-André…”
“Paid for another. But they didn’t do him much harm, you know. They realized their mistake before starting their treatment. Don’t hold it against them. So, we’re friends, Wandine?”
“We’re friends, Madam.”
When, after being driven back by Hélène de Sacourt’s brother, Wandine returned home, everything was quiet in the apartment. She first went to the kitchen, but there, in front of the sink, her foot stumbled over something. After turning on the light, she saw it was Gilles, her Mother’s partner, sleeping on a blanket on the floor.
“What are you doing there?” she asked. “Did Mother get angry again?”
“No, no,” the man replied, waking up. “It was the upstairs neighbor who came to fix the TV. Your mother flirted with him and wanted to keep him for the night in her bed.”
“Oh, okay!” Wandine said, sitting on a chair. “Give me a glass of water.”
Gilles got up and, after filling a large glass with mineral water, handed it to the young girl before lying back down on the floor.
“Did Mother have to beat you, too?” she asked between two sips of cool water. “To train you? Give me another glass.”
“Not at all!” he exclaimed, getting up to refill the glass she was holding out to him. “Who put that idea in your head? I have always been a good partner.”
“Yes. I’m sure of that,” she said after drinking again and handing him her empty glass to wash. “Come on, good night, Gilles. My bed is waiting for me.”
“Good night, Wandine.”
At the college the next day, Wandine persuaded Paul-André to withdraw his complaint. As for the unruly Marc, he was absent, due to a bad fall down the stairs, his Mother later reported.

WANDINE AND THE SATYR

1

Wandine had just entered the Gynarchic High School [see glossary] when the satyr began to wreak havoc. It was a particularly sweltering September. She was then fourteen and a half years old and had already distinguished herself several times through her extraordinary intelligence and courage. Gilles, the male whom her Mother had likely used to give her life and whom she had kept as a servant, was utterly devoted to her and showed her a dedication and devotion that many of her friends, whose Mothers were perhaps less skilled in training domestic males, sometimes envied with jealousy. This was why he was the first to warn the daughter of his Tutrix [see glossary] against the possible attempts at seduction by certain perverted, poorly trained, or abandoned males cast out by Women who had likely found no way to use them to their benefit or for the profit of the Female Community [see glossary].

The first girl to be assaulted by the satyr was Laëtitia, the younger sister of a former class valet [see glossary] of Wandine, who lived in the same apartment block as she. Gilles heard about it at the Washhouse, where many Women of the Community sent their males to wash delicate laundry, from a mutual neighbor with whom, of course, he had been authorized to chat by his Tutrix.

A man, wearing a large hat that hid his face and dressed in a large beige raincoat despite the heatwave, had approached little Laëtitia and slipped a clammy hand under the girl's skirt. Fortunately, she had been so frightened that she wet herself, and the deviant, disconcerted by the warm shower that suddenly soaked his hand, had paused his action and fled. Gilles, trembling at the thought that Wandine might encounter this sinister character, reported the matter in all its details as soon as he returned to the home of those he served with such devotion and selflessness. But the two Women of the house (Wandine had no younger sister at that time) did not attach much importance to it. They rather thought it was a foolish revenge by an overly oppressed or excessively mistreated male by a girl too tyrannical, as they often are at that age, toward their servants.

It was not at the Washhouse but at the Domestic Male Improvement Course, where Wandine's Mother had automatically enrolled him since she had been using him full-time, that Gilles, almost two weeks later, heard about the second incident.

There, the satyr had not attacked a timid little girl but Dolorès Gonsalez, a spirited high school girl in the prime of her youth. This was far more alarming because the teenager, who, by the way, was taking martial arts classes at the High School with Wandine, had been quickly overpowered by the man and raped without mercy.

The domestic male of Wandine's Mother returned to the tutelary home devastated. He begged Wandine on his knees not to go to the High School the next day. But she laughed in his face and sent him back to the kitchen to attend to what concerned him, that is, preparing her dinner. However, Wandine confessed to her Mother that, for a young girl who was only approaching her fifteenth birthday, there was indeed reason to be seriously concerned. The young Woman, practical, still sent her male to the Supermarket to buy a self-defense tear gas canister, an order the servant obeyed with astonishing promptness that greatly amused Wandine.

In his absence, Wandine's Mother, who was then working at the Male Center [see glossary] and was accustomed to dealing with the most recalcitrant males, gave her daughter some advice and explained, among other things, how to castrate a man in twenty seconds with simple nail scissors. The difficulty, of course, being to be able to grab them and use them at the critical moment. Gilles returned with the most sophisticated tear gas canister on the market.
"I was lucky," he said. "It was the last one. The whole neighborhood is rushing to buy female self-defense weapons, from canisters to switchblades. There is not a single automatic or spring-loaded dagger left! That would not have been excessive, though!"
"Be quiet and serve us the meal now!" ordered his Tutrix without too much harshness. "You have lazed around enough for the day."
"I am as hungry as a wolf!" added Wandine, sitting down in front of her plate. "Come on, get to work, Gilles! Hurry to the kitchen and come back with a well-stocked tray. Otherwise, I'll eat your sex!"
"Wandine!"
"Sorry, Mom. But, you know, I wouldn't have done that to you. I know too well how much you like that repulsive male organ!"
Gilles thus served the two Women, who dined while chatting and teasing each other gently. Wandine was indeed very hungry, as she left little on her plate for the male of the house to eat in his turn. Fortunately, Wandine's Mother, less distracted or less selfish, left him some more substantial leftovers.
Before going to bed, they watched a movie on television while Gilles, as every evening, after clearing the table, finished the leftovers in the kitchen and did the dishes.

2

The next day was a Sunday. Early in the morning, as her Mother was not working, Wandine had to go herself to open Gilles' niche-closet [see glossary], where he was still sleeping soundly, so that he could get out quickly and prepare her breakfast. He did so with care while the young girl, sitting on a chair, told him about a terrifying dream in which a huge, hideous man tried to rape him, Gilles, and where Wandine, generously coming to his rescue, could not figure out which of the two sexes she should cut to stop the terrible fight. Then she ate a hearty breakfast while he stood behind her, watching her eat her toast with devotion.
"Was Mom angry," she asked him, her mouth full, "that she locked you up like that, double-locked, in your niche-closet?"
"No. Not at all. She only put me there in the night, when she was sleepy. She wanted to sleep in and, so as not to be disturbed by my comings and goings, she preferred to take her precautions."
"Oh, okay! Hurry back there, then! So I can lock you up before leaving!"
"Of course, Wandine. But be very careful. And don't forget your tear gas canister, above all!"
"You have no right to give me orders, Gilles. Have you forgotten? Come on! Off to the niche!"
"I beg your pardon, Wandine. I wish you a good day."

3

Wandine began by heading to Dolorès Gonsalez's, whom she knew vaguely from taking martial arts classes at the High School with her. The young high school girl lived outside the City, in the

residential area. Her Mother, a nurse and an enthusiastic activist of the Gynarchist Movement, was living with a young Veterinarian [see glossary], specialized in male and animal pathology, highly regarded in the Female Community. Their two combined incomes allowed the couple to lead a fairly comfortable lifestyle that some envied.

A male, naked but tightly harnessed and hooded, opened the door to Wandine before she had pressed her finger on the doorbell, probably because he had been tasked with watching for potential visitors and sparing them that noisy gesture. The young girl introduced herself as a friend of Dolorès and told the servant her desire to meet her. He then lowered his head and stepped aside to let the young girl enter. Then he led her to a door that he tapped gently with his finger. "Not that!" was heard shouted from behind the door, and, rather strangely, the male opened it and stepped aside again. Wandine entered a fairly large room, richly furnished, leaving the male to close the door behind her and likely resume his post at the entrance of the house. Two Women were half-reclining on a sofa in front of a pleasant wood fire and, judging by the seriousness of their faces, must have been discussing the assault. They looked at the newcomer questioningly. The latter introduced herself politely and explained the purpose of her visit.

The one of the two women who must have been Dolorès's Mother explained that the latter was in her room, bedridden and in shock. The other, the younger one, added that a visit from a friend could either be poorly received by the young girl or be very beneficial to her morale. There was a dilemma.

"We were just discussing it before your arrival, Miss," said Madame Gonsalez. "I think we could try to personalize one or the other of our animalized males [see glossary] and offer him to Dolorès, so she can take her frustration out on him. I am sure it would be excellent for her, psychologically."

"I don't think that is a good solution," replied the other woman. "I am only a Veterinarian and have therefore only studied the rudimentary psychology of males. But I still believe it would be a mistake, after this terrible ordeal, to deliver one of the peers of her attacker to her bound hand and foot."

"And why not?" asked the other. "She would take her revenge on him, that's all! If she castrates him or even tears him to pieces, it can only rebalance her mentally."

"That's not certain. By offering her one of our males as a substitute, there is the danger of her equating all members of the inferior sex with the one who harmed her. Moreover, it would make her believe that any male lackey is equivalent to that odious criminal who raped her."

"All we have to do is tell her it is indeed her attacker! That solves the problem. Hop! What do you think, Miss Wandine?"

"I don't know, Ladies… Wouldn't the best be to talk to her about it?"

The two women looked at each other, struck by Wandine's argument, then finally nodded in approval.

"Moreover," she added, "sacrificing the life of a male just to lift Dolorès's spirits is perhaps excessive."

"Oh, you know," explained the Mother, "we only take animalized males [see glossary], and foreign ones at that, so they don't understand anything of our personal discussions. Currently, we have a pair of Spanish males. They are very practical, eat little, don't fear the cold or the dampness of the male cellar, and the few words of their language that you need to know to make them obey are very easy to learn."

“Oh!” said Wandine. “It was ‘pasa,’ which means ‘enter,’ that you said earlier, and not ‘not that!’ as I first thought!”
“Of course! It’s sosturdy much easier to pronounce! Just like ‘sal,’ outside, ‘ven,’ here, or even…”
“Carmen!” interrupted the Veterinarian. “Wandine has come all this way to see Dolorès, not to hear about the language we use with our animalized males!”
“That’s true. Excuse me. This sad affair has upset me. I think you can go see Dolorès. If it goes badly, come back to see us before leaving.”
“I thank you, Madam.”
“Oune will guide you…”
“Pardon, Madam?”
“‘Uno,’ one in Spanish. It’s pronounced ‘oune,’ shortened. That’s the name of the male who opened the door for you. We name them like that, with numbers, ‘un,’ ‘dos,’ one, two, etc. It’s much easier to pronounce than the complicated names that many women give them!”
“That’s true,” admitted Wandine. “I thank you for your permission. Goodbye, Ladies.”
The younger one went to the door, called “un,” added the word “Dolorès” while pointing to the upstairs with her finger, and, after giving Wandine a charming smile, rejoined her friend, gently closing the door behind her.

4

Again, a female voice weakly said “pasa,” and Wandine entered a pink and perfumed room somewhat timidly, where a male, perhaps the one called “Dos,” also clad in the three usual leather attributes of animalized males (hood, collar, and chastity belt), kneeling at the foot of the bed of the young girl lying down, was waving a feather fan attached to a long handle above her. Wandine’s fears about the reception she would receive quickly vanished at the pitiful smile of the poor young girl. Moved, the high school girl rushed to her friend’s bedside, knelt on the floor by her side, and opened her arms to her. They embraced each other painfully, without a word. Wandine had tears in her eyes. After a while, she asked softly:
“Dolorès… do you want to talk about it?”
“It’s so kind of you to have come, Wandine… Yes. To you, I am willing to talk… My Mother, you understand, a male, she doesn’t know what that is… She had herself inseminated to have me. So, you can imagine!”
“Did you suffer a lot?”
“It was horrible… Don’t stay on your knees like that, Wandine. The floor is so rough… Sit on the bed, next to me.”
Wandine obeyed and, keeping the poor victim’s hands in hers, gave her a compassionate smile.
“Did you see who it was?”
“The Commissioner has already asked me, you know… And she even seriously interrogated a whole group of suspects she had in her sights. But nothing! Who did you think it was? A male! A filthy male! Probably one of those refractories that no Woman wants as a servant! He stank of sweat… If he had had a Tutrix, he would never have had that smell… No woman maintains her equipment so poorly!”
“Did he hit you? Hurt you?”

“Look!”
Dolorès pushed back the sheet covering her and appeared splendidly naked to her friend’s eyes. Alas, her lovely adolescent body was covered with bruises, particularly on the shoulders, the ribs, and the legs. Strangely, only her small pink sex and the white flesh around it seemed unharmed.
“And here?” asked Wandine, gently caressing the velvety crotch of the unfortunate. “Did it hurt you a lot?”
“Oh, I wasn’t a virgin!” replied Dolorès, gently placing her hand on that of her friend, if that’s what you mean… Mom, as soon as I had my first period, bought me one of those sets of dildos… you know… where there are all sizes and shapes! Do you want to see it? Open the drawer of the nightstand…”
Wandine, with her left hand, pulled the drawer that the young girl, probably so as not to let go of the other hand, indicated with her gaze. In a rich velvet case, set in the wide and deep drawer of the bedside table, a dozen assorted dildos were lined up, carefully maintained, probably by the animalized male who, at the foot of the bed, continued silently to fan the battered body of his young Mistress. There were short and long ones, straight and curved, smooth, double… A treasure trove of female pleasure! Wandine could not hold back an admiring whistle.
“Do you want one, Wandine?”
The high school girl caressed a few of the magnificent instruments with her fingertips but, turning her gaze back to her friend and pressing the other hand with eloquent insistence on her sore sex, she said to her in a low voice:
“If you want, Dolorès, I will teach you not to need all these gadgets…”
The violated young girl’s intimacy quickly became moist. Her gaze became misty. Her hand then moved to Wandine’s face and slowly caressed her cheek. Wandine leaned forward. Their mouths drew closer. Their lips brushed, then parted. They exchanged a long kiss.
So as not to put all her weight on the poor bruised body of her high school comrade, Wandine lay down on the bed beside her. The animalized male, apparently well-trained, paused his fan service for a moment to carefully unlace and remove the shoes of the one who was in the process of gaining the favors of the young girl of the house to whom he belonged. Then, silently, he resumed his task. Dolorès unbuttoned her visitor’s shirt and caressed the lovely adolescent breasts that sprang forth. They pressed themselves against each other. Their legs intertwined. Their bodies, after searching for each other, began to undulate little by little to the same rhythm. A fine sweat began to glisten on their two velvety skins. They began to pant together, then to moan. The gentle breeze of the fan, after the double orgasm that then shook them, brought them a soft and voluptuous coolness.
“Dos,” ordered Dolorès after a while. “Beber!*”
The animalized male leaned the fan against the wall and then left silently, closing the door behind him.
“I am thirsty…” she explained, simpering to her lover. “Aren’t you, darling?”
“Yes, a little… Tell me, Dolorès: don’t you feel like getting revenge on the bastard who did this to you?”
“Bring him to me here, and I will rip his sex off with my nails! His sex, his eyes, his skin, everything!*”
“And if I took you at your word?”

“I believe you are capable of it, Wandine. So many things are said about you! But what can you do against a man of that strength and that size?”
“He was tall? Give me details.”
“Yes, very tall. I don’t remember his face… You understand, I was closing my eyes… I absolutely didn’t want to look at him! I was screaming like a madwoman… I was in pain…”
“Calm down, Dolorès. Forget it for now. We will get him later. Be sure of it. But I need your help. Together, we will find him… and make him pay for this. Very dearly!*”
“I am with you, darling. But how to do it? Where to start?”
During this discussion, Dos brought the two teenagers a tray of refreshments that he presented to them on his knees. He waited until they had properly refreshed themselves and took the empty glasses and bottles away. Then he returned, picked up the fan again, and resumed his monotonous task of fanning the body of his young Mistress, now in pleasant company.
Without paying any attention to the presence of the hooded servant or giving the slightest thought to his servile work, Dolorès Gonsalez and Wandine devised an action plan. A little later, they made love again, then, a little before noon and somewhat reluctantly, they parted.

5

Back at her home, Wandine, finding the apartment unusually quiet and glancing into her Mother’s bedroom, noticed that she was still lounging in bed, a novel by Marika Moreski in her hands. She went to kiss her affectionately and asked her if everything was alright.
“Of course, darling!” she replied. “Why this odd question?”
“It’s just that Gilles is neither with you nor in his kitchen, and, since it’s Sunday he can’t have gone to the supermarket, I was wondering…”
“Gilles? Oh, he must still be in his niche-closet! Nowadays, in bed, it takes him more than an hour to recover and satisfy me… and I am fed up with his tongue constantly making up for what his sex can’t do at my request! So, I prefer to lock him in his cell, this big drone, and finish myself off alone!”
“You are right, Mom. Speaking of which, this morning, I fell in love…”
“My Goddess! With whom? A male?”
“No way, Mom, come on! With Dolorès… You know, the girl a bastard raped… She is amazing! She has an incredible set of dildos! At her place, there are at least two animalized males! And, sexually, between us two, it was… hmmm!”
“That’s good, my darling. You make me want to start looking for a friend myself. Only a woman can truly give pleasure to another woman! And poor Gilles will soon have only his tongue that’s really effective…”
“Mom, you are unfair! You forget that he doesn’t cook so badly, that the apartment is always spotless, that he knows how to massage our bodies like no one else, that he…”
“Come, come, Wandine!” her Mother cut her off, laughing. “I know how valuable he is to both of us. Don’t worry. I have no intention of taking him to the Center to have him euthanized [see glossary] anytime soon! Go on, free your male, then, so he can prepare something for lunch! Tell him to serve me here, myself, so I can check if a night of sleep has revived him a bit!”

6

Wandine literally devoured the meal he had prepared and served with devotion, then, right after swallowing a delicious apple pie, his specialty, she kept the male of the house busy for almost an hour to help her get ready. Then she ran off, leaving him to face the dishes and the sexual demands of her Mother.

Once outside, her attitude changed completely. Carefully made up and dressed very prettily, she began to stroll through the streets, shamelessly flaunting her figure, her youth, and her beauty. All, women and males, turned to look at her with desire in their eyes.

She went as far as the Grand Park, where some women were strolling among friends or with chattering little girls. The weather was fine, and the flowers smelled sweet. She crossed it to reach the special area, vaguely hidden by a row of oaks and surrounded by high fences, where the presence of males and the walking of free-roaming animals was permitted. There, of course, there were few women. One was walking a surly and likely dangerous German shepherd, another was holding a leash on a young, naked male probably in the process of animalization. Most of the other animals were watched by domestic males, for whom this is, quite often, one of the most thankless tasks. Indeed, having generally the same social status as the animals they are in charge of, they risk a lot, upon their return, if they must admit some blunder to the one who, in fact, has as many rights over them as over the beasts she entrusts to their care.

One of these individuals, in particular, caught the young girl's attention. He was quite old for a male, probably over forty, and walked slightly stooped. In fact, it was not he who was walking the pretty white poodle frolicking cheerfully in the path, but the other way around. The man had a leather collar around his neck to which a thin steel chain was attached, three or four meters long. The dog held the leather handle of the leash in its mouth and pulled the old male behind it, who showed some difficulty keeping up. Wandine amused herself for a moment watching this clever animal. The little poodle would sometimes stop, when it felt resistance at the other end of the leash, drop the handle on the ground for a moment, and let out one or two short barks toward the laggard. The male then quickened his pace, and the dog, picking up the handle abandoned the time to issue its canine orders, set off trotting again in the reserved area, its "man" in tow. The high school girl thought to herself that the owner of these two specimens had probably spent more time training the little dog than the old human. Well! Women are free to do what they want with their property!

Further on, both hands and forehead pressed against the fence separating him from the male-forbidden area, a man in a raincoat, alone, seemed to be spying on two little twins, six or seven years old, who were playing joyfully in the Grand Park near the pond. Wandine thought to herself that she might have found her man. In the pockets of her jacket, she clenched the fist of her right hand, tightened the fingers of her left hand on her tear gas canister, and approached the suspect. She saw that sweat was running down the male's temples and heard him panting. "It's him! she said to herself. It can only be a sicko, this guy!*"

Arriving a meter from him, courageously, she addressed him, trying to put into her voice, despite her apprehension, a most seductive tone:

"Hey, you, the male clinging to the fence! Wouldn't you prefer a grown girl rather than those two twin dolls?"

He flinched and turned around abruptly. Wandine saw that he was drenched in sweat and trembling. She regretted approaching him alone. She almost took to her heels and quickly rejoined the shaded and well-maintained Grand Park on the other side of the fences, where Women strolled among themselves, carefree. The male looked her up and down with an indefinable expression. Then he grimaced a smile and answered the young girl:
"That's true, Miss. You might risk much more than they! But, you see, I…"
As he said these words, he took a step toward Wandine. She, terrified, thought in a flash that this was the moment to act. A minute later, it might be too late. Her two hands sprang out of her jacket at the same time. One went to strike the male's face with all her strength while the other sprayed the tear gas wildly into his eyes. He screamed, trying to protect his face. But Wandine, an expert in martial arts, was waiting for this reaction. She let out a shrill, paralyzing cry and delivered a violent, well-placed kick to her opponent's crotch. He groaned again, doubling over suddenly, and ended up falling to his knees before the young athlete.
Then, no longer paying attention to what was happening around her or even to how the witnesses of the scene were reacting, the fearless teenager listened only to her courage and her anger. Thinking of poor Dolorès moaning on her bed of pain, she began to pummel, with great kicks, the stomach, the ribs, and the head of the male writhing on the ground in the grayish sand of the path. He screamed and begged, but Wandine was like a madwoman. She was delivering justice…
She stopped only when she felt someone pulling on her jacket to draw her away from the body, covered in dust and blood, curled up at her feet, which was already no longer moving. At her side, as if emerging from a dream, she discovered the two twins crying and begging her to stop hitting.
"Stop! Stop!" they cried. "Who will take us home? It's our male!*"
The little girls then rushed to what remained of the man in the raincoat. They shook him, crying. "Robert! Robert!" they screamed. "Wake up!*" Wandine, coming to her senses, began to think that she might have acted a bit hastily. She approached the male and crouched beside him. She rolled him onto his back and let out a sigh of relief when she saw him open his eyes. But, as soon as he saw her, he began to scream in turn:
"No! No! Leave me! For pity's sake! I must take my little Mistresses home! There is a sadist in town, you know… Have pity, Miss!*"
"Robert! It's over!*" cried the twins, sobbing. "Get up, Robert!"
Around them, a small crowd had formed. No one spoke, as it was mostly males who were there and felt they had better not get involved in this matter. Finally, a woman pushed the onlookers aside and said in an authoritative voice:
"Let me through! I am a Veterinarian…"
She bent over the male, looked into his eyes, felt his ribs and neck, then declared that, apart from one or two broken ribs, two or three broken teeth, and a split eyebrow, there was not too much damage. Everyone was relieved.
"I will still give him an injection," she added. "As a precaution…"
From her handbag, the Veterinarian took out a syringe and a vial on which, in red, was written:
"Veterinary product for the exclusive use of males and animals. DO NOT ADMINISTER TO THE FEMALE SEX."
She filled the syringe and inserted the needle into the cubital vein of the injured. Almost immediately, the male seemed to relax and suffer less. The Veterinarian stood up. Wandine, then, with tears in her eyes, explained her intentions and her tragic mistake. Everyone, in fact,

understood her attitude and congratulated her for her courage, even if there was a mistake about the person. Which, by the way, was not yet proven, pointed out a young woman, the one holding a leash on a small animalized male. Ultimately, the young girl was praised. Some of the onlookers even applauded her. The Veterinarian, who was a colleague of the partner of Dolorès's Mother, the raped young girl, then put an end to these congratulations by pointing, with the tip of her shoe, at the injured still prostrate on the ground and asking the crowd:
"And him? Who will carry him? We aren't going to call an ambulance for a male! Especially a male incapable of justifying his behavior to this heroic teenager who comes to question him politely, risking her life to protect our daughters!*"
"Let him stay here to die!" shouted the owner of the young male. "After all, it's he who asked for the blows. Why didn't he identify himself, like any well-trained male? Huh?"
"Yes," added another. "I say this male isn't straightforward!*"
"Finish him off, Wandine!" was heard shouted.
The discussion was turning into a lynching. Wandine, who was aware of her responsibility in this matter, decided to intervene in favor of this male she had seriously injured, perhaps due to lack of reflection. Moreover, the twins who remained silently beside their servant, as if to protect him, made her feel pity. She calmed everyone by stating:
"I will take him back to his Tutrix, myself, with his two little girls who will help me support him, if he can walk. Right, girls?"
"Yes, Madam," answered the twins in unison, who had already forgotten that the young girl offering them help was precisely the one who had almost killed their male.
"I will manage… Miss," was heard faintly pronounced by the injured, who lisped a bit due to his broken teeth. "I heard what you said… I understand why you knocked me out… I don't hold it against you… and even, Miss… for my little Mistresses… I thank you…"
This last word swayed public opinion in favor of the male. All approved, some applauded. Then the crowd of onlookers began to disperse. Wandine, helped by the Veterinarian and the twins, managed to lift the male and, once he was properly supported on her slender shoulder, moved toward the entrance separating the small area from the Grand Park. The injured suddenly stopped:
"Not that way, Miss… It's the Grand Park… I cannot enter there…"
"He is right," said the Veterinarian. "Some women might complain."
"But it's much shorter this way than through the special entrance," protested Wandine. "And in his condition…"
"But, Miss," said one of the twins, "with a leash you can walk dogs. Why not males?"
"That's how it is, my dear," explained Wandine. "You understand, if we let them roam, even on a leash, the Grand Park would quickly become unbearable for us, the women! But you had a good idea! Maybe they won't say anything if he is tied. Here, girls, put this string around his neck and guide us to your place!*"
The small group thus crossed the Grand Park under the curious gazes of the strollers. In front walked the twins, who conspicuously held the improvised leash they had put around the neck of their male. He, leaning on one side on Wandine and supported on the other by the Veterinarian, humbly lowered his head so that the Women and little girls they passed would not be shocked at the sight of his bloody wounds. They thus arrived without incident at the twins' building.

7

There, on the second floor, a young woman was waiting for them at the door, with anxiety she could not hide in her eyes.
"What happened?" she cried, rushing to the little girls and taking them in her arms. "You aren't hurt, my darlings? It's that satyr everyone is talking about, isn't it?"
"No, Madam, rest assured," reassured the Veterinarian. "They are fine. It's only your male who has suffered some damage…"
"Oh, what a relief! My dear little ones! Let me kiss you again. I was so scared…"
"It's a tragic mistake," continued Wandine. "It's all my fault…"
"Not at all, Madam," tried to articulate the injured, who lisped a bit due to his broken teeth. "I didn't introduce myself quickly enough to this courageous young girl. I even thought for a moment that she was one of those women who choose their males on the street… I got only what I deserved, Madam…"
The Mother of the little girls looked at her male and made a grimace of disgust upon seeing the extent of the damage.
"Robert!" she said. "You are horrible to look at. You will give the twins nightmares! Go clean yourself up quickly! And in the sink, not in my bathroom, you pig!*"
"You mustn't blame him, Madam," pleaded Wandine while the male, limping, disappeared inside the apartment. "It's I who got a bit carried away with him, thinking he was that sadist…"
"Oh, you did very well! After all, he was there to protect them," she remarked somewhat illogically. "But come in. I am sure you must be very thirsty…"
The Veterinarian declined, citing having two cats, a dog, and three males to treat at home before being able to return home. She asked Wandine to pass on her regards to Dolorès, her Mother, and her Mother's friend.
"You know Carmen?" asked the Mother of the little girls. "She was my best friend, long ago. Then we lost touch…"
The Veterinarian promised to organize a party to bring everyone together, made a final greeting, and left.
The twins had each grabbed one of the young girl's hands and dragged her by force to a fairly small living room, furnished with taste and very feminine. Everyone sat on small poufs surrounding a low smoked-glass table. The mistress of the house had to raise her voice to hurry her domestic male.
"Hurry up a bit, Robert!" she shouted toward what must have been the kitchen. "We are thirsty here!*"
A few minutes later, still limping somewhat, the injured came to inquire about the wishes of his Tutrix, Wandine, and the twins. He had put on a clean service blouse and had washed the wounds on his face. Indeed, he was much more presentable.
"This young girl wishes to drink some tea," the young Woman told him. "She has well earned it, no doubt, for having been kind enough to bring you back here! The girls want soda, and, as for me, I would like a little whiskey, to recover from all these emotions…"

While he was preparing the drinks ordered by the Women, his Tutrix explained to Wandine that he was a fairly well-trained male, giving her more or less satisfaction but, above all, taking care of the twins as if he were their progenitor.
"By the way, I just thought!" exclaimed the young Woman suddenly. "His sex. You didn't damage it too much?"
"I confess I don't know… The Veterinarian, earlier, only checked the most visible injuries."
"I will check. It's that he is very performant in that area! Much more than the progenitor of the little ones was, whom I liked a lot though…"
"Our progenitor," explained one of the little girls, "Mom didn't want to keep him!*"
"He was so handsome," added the other, "that Mom preferred to give him to her best friend so as not to get attached to him!*"
"Girls! Be quiet, come on!*" cut in the Mother, blushing. "Our domestic stories don't interest Miss…"
"Call me Wandine, Madam. Your daughters are truly adorable!*"
"Aren't they? By the way, I am Isabelle, my first name. In any case, Wandine, they have adopted you, my daughters! You must come back to see us. But be careful, of course, in the streets. What a horror, still, this satyr… Can you imagine, my little girls? Like the daughter of that poor Carmen!"
"We will soon get our hands on him, you'll see… A male cannot wreak havoc like that in the Female Community without any of us suspecting his identity. I am sure he won't stay free much longer!*"
"What will they do with him, after, at the Center? Will they castrate him? Or send him straight to euthanasia?"
"I don't know," answered Wandine. "I think it depends on the case… At the Center, they sometimes give them a strychnine injection upon capture. I also believe I know that some male criminals are lobotomized and sent to the fields to serve as beasts of burden. Sometimes, especially in cases of rape, they give them to the victims, so they can apply their own punishment."
"In any case, nothing will ever be horrible enough for those scumbags!*"
At this point, the male returned carrying a tray with the drinks he had been ordered to prepare. When he had distributed them to each, his Tutrix, who was watching him with some concern, said to him:
"Robert, turn to me and unbutton your blouse!*"
Without a word, the man complied, turning his back to the little girls and revealing his naked body, covered with bruises and superficial wounds, to the two other Women.
"Desire me," she ordered again.
Open-mouthed, Wandine saw the man fix his eyes on his Tutrix and his sex reach a most respectable size in a few seconds. From his fearful look, it was clear he dreaded a failure that would no doubt have cost him dearly. Visibly, he was anxiously awaiting the judgment of his user.
"That's good," she approved finally. "You can return to the kitchen."
The male let out a sigh of relief, closed his blouse, and withdrew.
"That's extraordinary," commented the teenager.
"Think nothing of it! Just strict and daily training. And regular consumption of veterinary aphrodisiacs, of course."
"I don't know if my mother uses any, but she confessed to me this morning not being very satisfied with our male."

“Tell her to use ‘Pénison’. It’s used as much for males as for bulls and boars. It’s a liquid they must sprinkle on their food every day. It’s quite foul-smelling but very effective!*”
“‘Pénison’? I will pass it on. You might make someone happy!*”
“Be sure of it!*”
After drinking the delicious tea served by the male of the house, bruised but still functional, Wandine took leave of her new friends. She kissed the twins and apologized once again to Isabelle for having so foolishly damaged her servant.
“No matter, Wandine. He will recover. And it allowed us to meet!*”

8

It was late, but the high school girl had promised Dolorès Gonsalez to give her the first results of her investigation. And, above all, she had a terrible desire to see her again…
Un, the animalized male assigned to the front door, must have received orders because he led Wandine directly to Dolorès’s room. Permission to enter was given in a hoarse voice. Wandine entered then.
The young girl was naked on the bed, in the process of pleasuring herself with one of her marvelous dildos.
“Oh, Wandine! At last!*” she exclaimed. “You see? I was thinking of you…”
Still at the foot of the bed, the male named Dos (or perhaps another, for it is quite difficult, with their leather harness and hood, to distinguish one animalized male from another) continued to fan the beautiful young girl to whom he belonged. Wandine came to lie beside her friend, kissed her tenderly, and with a gentle and expert hand, helped her handle the intimate and voluptuous object.
After she had achieved an orgasm that made her moan softly and arch her body like a bow, Dolorès let out a long sigh and withdrew the dildo, glistening with moisture, from her warm intimacy.
“Lavar!*” she ordered the male, handing him the object. Then, looking at Wandine with eyes full of curiosity, she asked:
“So, darling, have you found that bastard?”
“Hardly!” she replied. “But what an adventure happened to me!”
Then, while the male was out cleaning the dildo, she told her about her adventure, which greatly amused the poor raped girl.
“But there is something that intrigued me about that Woman,” added Wandine. “One of the pretty twins said that their Mother had given their progenitor to her best friend. Now, she had said earlier that your Mother had been her best friend a few years ago. Could it be that you have here…”
“I don’t know. We would have to ask Mom… We will send Tres there when he comes back…”
“Oh? It was Tres?”
“Yes. Didn’t you see? It’s true that you might not know… Our males all have their number tattooed on their chest. Of course, you don’t pay attention to it if you aren’t trying to identify them.”
“Don’t you think that this progenitor, rejected by that rather pretty young Woman, and apparently very sexually voracious, might have been traumatized by his change of Tutrix?”
“Why? Every day there are Tutrices who get rid of a male, whether by giving him to another Woman or by asking the Center to euthanize or lobotomize him for production! What’s the harm?”

“You understand, Dolo, this one must have been very focused on sex, because his former Tutrix is one of those Women who find pleasure with males. So, finding himself in the service of a couple of normal Women, who, as with feelings, stay among themselves for sexual pleasure, he found himself lacking. And the withdrawal might have disturbed him… You know, a repressed male is capable of anything!*”
“Who are you telling, darling!*”
“Oh, excuse me, Dolo. I wasn’t thinking about it…”
They kissed. Then caressed each other. Desire then overwhelmed them, and Wandine, after undressing in a few seconds, lay down beside her friend. While they were making love, the male had returned, had placed the dildo back in the slot of the velvet-lined drawer reserved for it, and had resumed his function as a human fan. It was not a luxury, by the way, for the two lovers, because, in this late evening, a stifling heat reigned in the room that their erotic activities intensified. When they had shared two or three orgasms, so voluptuous that they thought them supernatural, the young lovers were out of breath, exhausted, overcome by a delicious fatigue, and drenched in a mixture of sweat, saliva, and utero-vaginal secretions that the fan, though frantically waved by the animalized male, could not dry.
“Tres!” said Dolorès then, pointing with a weary gesture to their two bodies still throbbing with pleasure. “Lavar!”
“You want him to wash us? Like this?” asked Wandine.
“Don’t worry, darling… He has been well trained! He knows how to pass a towel over my body without his hand even brushing my skin. Carmen and her friend also use our males a lot for this kind of post-erotic hygiene. It’s so nice to laze in bed after love… instead of running to the bathroom!*”
“You have luxury tastes, Dolorès.”
“Not at all! I use the tools I am lucky to have, that’s all!*”
“I love you.”
“My love…”
The male returned, his arms laden with a basin of cool water and a few towels. He began by dipping one of them in the basin then passed it gently over the sweaty skin of his Mistress. Then he dried her, always with the same softness and, indeed, without ever his skin touching hers. When it was Wandine’s turn, she could not help giggling. The male, probably because of this unexpected burst of laughter, looked the teenager straight in the eyes for a brief second. In that look, which she saw shining through the round holes of the leather hood, Wandine was certain she detected a glint of hostility. She pushed the man away and sat up on the bed.
“Dolorès, I want to talk to your Mother! Right now!*”
“Alright, darling,” said her friend, who understood that something had happened. “Tres!*” she ordered then, pointing to the door. “Carmen!”
The male placed the hygiene items he had in his hands on the nightstand and left without a word.
“What’s wrong with you?” asked Dolorès.
“I don’t know,” answered Wandine, quickly getting dressed. “An intuition…”
Two minutes later, accompanied by her friend and followed by their servant who immediately resumed fanning the Women present, Carmen entered her daughter’s room.
“Oh! Hello, Miss,” she said to Wandine. “You were here, then?”
“Hello, Madam.”

“You called me, Dolorès?”
“It’s her, Mom.”
“Madam,” began Wandine to explain, due to the puzzled look of the Mistresses of the house, “you were once the friend of a certain Isabelle, the Mother of two charming twins…”
“Isabelle? Oh, yes. Of course! We were even very close friends. But that was so long ago… Why are you asking me this? Has something happened to her?”
“Not to her, no. Rest assured. Did she give you a male long ago?”
“A male? Oh, yes! Of course! That was six or seven years ago. He was very handsome, at least in her opinion, but, according to her, completely useless in bed! So, she thought he would be much better here, with us, where we never use the sex of males.”
“Besides,” added her friend the Veterinarian, “all our males are equipped with a permanent chastity belt that I put on them myself.”
“This male that Isabelle gave you, do you still have him?”
“Let me think… The one we lost, six years ago, because that naughty Dolorès used him as a dart target, came from South America, the one I had lobotomized because he was going deaf was Spanish. As for the little scrawny one they euthanized at the Center, he was only sixteen. Yes, probably, he must still be here. It must be… let’s see… number three. Yes, Tres. The one who is here, in fact!*”
All eyes had turned to the male who, having probably followed the conversation, had paused the swaying of his huge fan and was looking at those talking about him with evident anxiety.
“Miss,” asked Carmen, “what are you implying? Would this animalized male have…”
“Raped Dolorès?” finished Wandine. “It’s very possible. His previous Tutrix used him as a sexual object as well and he was accustomed to intense sexual activity. Even though animalized, here, he must have found himself terribly repressed in that regard. Especially since, seeing him only as the animated and useful object you have made of him, you let him witness your sapphic activities…”
“And so?” protested Dolorès. “A couple of Women surely has the right to use a male while they make love! You yourself, darling, earlier…”
“Exactly… His behavior seemed odd to me. Especially since you too, Dolo, in intimatemoments, don’t seem to be bothered by his presence.”
“And so? Are you going to blame me for it, perhaps! You saw the temperature it is? And in what state I am, after my rape? I can surely make him work as a fan, can’t I?”
“Of course, darling. But have you thought about the effect your youthful nudity and your exuberant sexuality might have on him, poor male deprived of sex for years?”
Upon hearing Wandine’s accusations, the male had begun to slowly shake his head from left to right, seemingly denying each of his accuser’s claims. His silent denials gradually became more vehement as, little by little, the gazes of his superiors grew heavier and more suspicious.
“But, Wandine,” intervened the young Veterinarian who shared Carmen’s bed, “that’s completely impossible! First, he hardly ever leaves here…”
“Who does the shopping here?” asked the high school girl, clinging to her idea. “Who takes out the trash?”
“Yes, probably. He would certainly have had the opportunity. But how could he rape a girl with his permanent chastity belt! I put it on him myself. And it’s a ‘Neversex,’ the best! Inviolable!*”
The young girl then approached the male who fixed her with a look filled with hatred. After her altercation that afternoon, she felt strong and confident. The man backed away from her but his

back hit the wall. She then advanced one step and, with a swift gesture, grabbed the supposedly inviolable chastity belt of the male and pulled sharply. The pelvic strap of the continence device came off, and it, sliding down the male's thighs, fell silently to the floor, revealing to the view of the four Women a virile sex, certainly shrunken and withered by the confinement, but not annihilated and neutralized as they might have hoped to see it after five or six years of compression and forced inactivity.

"Q.E.D.," said Wandine.

Realizing that all was lost for him, thanks to Wandine's insight, and taking advantage of the moment of general paralysis following this horrible discovery, the male tried to rush to the door, no doubt to reach the street, but he tripped over the chastity belt that remained around his ankles and sprawled in the middle of Dolorès's room, at the feet of the Women he wanted to flee. Against all expectations, the first to react, to leap out of her bed, and to jump, completely naked, onto the back of the male sprawled on the carpet, was Dolorès.

She sat astride his lower back. Her young naked breasts began to move to the rhythm of the violent punches she delivered to his head. But she was light, still very weak, and her adversary tried to react. He almost succeeded, in a final effort, to throw her off, but, guessing his intentions to escape, Wandine came to her friend's rescue. As he managed to get up on his knees, with two kicks to the kneecaps, she made the male lie flat on his stomach again. Then, propping himself on his elbows, he raised his torso. Wandine, as if crushing a crawling animal, violently brought her foot down on the neck trying to rise. Tres's skull hit the floor with a dull thud. The high school girl kept her sole pressed on the cervical vertebrae she had just struck, thus almost completely immobilizing their adversary, while her lover continued to pound with great, rhythmic blows on the black leather hood. The male flailed his arms as if he were drowning and trying to return to the surface of the water. Dolorès's Mother and her friend, exchanging a knowing smile, each placed a foot on one of the wrists of their animalized servant, thus leaving the outraged teenager to vent her fury to her heart's content until the evident unconsciousness of her victim.

Wandine picked up the defective chastity belt. One of the straps had been filed and cut, likely with a knife. The leather, on either side of the cut thus made, had been pierced with two small holes through which, to keep his belt seemingly closed, the male had threaded a small piece of wire like a lace. The makeshift repair thus made, once hidden under the loop of the underbelly strap, could remain invisible to the eyes of the most meticulous Tutrix.

Dolorès took the sabotaged continence device from her friend's hands and, by cleverly combining it with one of her belts, managed to hogtie the male, still unconscious, by securely binding his ankles and wrists. Thus tied, he looked like a sheep waiting to be turned into meschoui.

It was necessary to pour a glass of water on his face to bring him back to consciousness. When he opened his eyes and saw himself thus at the mercy of those he had betrayed, he let out a long howl of despair. It was Wandine who began the interrogation from which they all expected various clarifications:

"So it's really you, bastard, who raped Dolorès, the daughter of your Tutrix?"

He tried at first to deny it, but, after Carmen had delivered a few heel kicks to his kidneys, he changed tactics and began to shout his hatred:

"Yes, it's me! And I don't regret it! The slut! I had to spend hours watching her shove her dildos everywhere! And she forced me to lick them before, so they would slide better, and to clean them after. For three months, I also had to fan her while she masturbated naked in front of me."

“But that little girl, Laëtitia, the first you assaulted, she didn’t arouse you, did she?”
“No, Miss,” he answered, suddenly becoming more humble at this mention. “No. I had gone to the school to try to see my little twins, whom I have never seen again since my previous Tutrix gave me to these two lesbians… But I didn’t want to harm her!*”
“Yet…”
“It’s her fault! I had taken off my hood and put on a raincoat so the schoolgirls wouldn’t be frightened by my chastity belt. So, while I was trying to find some resemblance to me or to their Mother on two of their faces, this kid came up to me and she said to me: ‘Go get hard somewhere else, you disgusting old male!’ Me, who for six years hadn’t had the right to use my sex! I wanted to punish her for her arrogance as a superior young girl and I put my hand under her skirt. Only to scare her, I swear!*”
“For that, you succeeded, bastard!” couldn’t help but throw the Veterinarian. “That little girl might stay traumatized for the rest of her days!”
“I didn’t want…”
“And this belt?” she continued, feeling personally implicated in this sabotage of the continence equipment she had chosen and installed. “How did you do it? Males are absolutely forbidden to possess any sharp tool!*”
“Not when you’re in the kitchen, preparing your meals or washing your dishes! Right after this incident with the little girl, Miss Dolorès, to punish me for not having lubricated one of her dildos enough with my saliva, put me on dish duty for the week. Using, whenever I was alone, the serrated knives you use at the table, I took three days to cut the strap and rig a small invisible closure device. At night, in the male cellar, I tried to masturbate. But not only had my sex atrophied, but I couldn’t trigger the slightest erection. I cried about it for a whole week…”
“If your story were true,” intervened Dolorès, “you wouldn’t have been able to rape me!*”
“It’s your fault, slut!*” he suddenly screamed. “You put me back on fan duty while you were doing your filthy things! One day, while you were moaning as you polished your vagina, I felt that I had the start of an erection. I almost shouted with joy at the same time as you! But I held back. After your orgasm, you were even more cruel to me than usual. You forced me to get on my knees at the foot of the bed and lick in front of you the two dildos you had used. The one that glistened with your utero-vaginal secretions and the other, which still had traces of excrement. That day, I swore to take revenge! It was two days later that my Tutrix sent me to town to do errands…”
“That’s true!” said Carmen. “I remember… You had been tasked with renewing our stock of beauty products. And, since that same evening there was this tragedy with Dolorès, I didn’t check anything! What an idiot I was!”
“But no, my darling,” said her partner. “How could you have thought of that? And what would it have changed?

“I went to station myself near the high school to wait for that slut. I tore off my hood and my chastity belt. And, believe me, I was damn happy once I had pinned that slut under me and felt my sex rise! I thought then of her damn dildos and she must have forgotten them for a while!*”

At these words, Dolorès let out a cry of rage and rushed at the criminal. She began to hit him again without restraint. The three other Women had to forcibly pull her away from her victim so she wouldn’t kill him. Her Mother took her in her arms, calmed her, and sent her to take a bath and get dressed.

“It’s almost time for dinner,” she added. “I will put Un in the kitchen. Wandine, you are staying with us, of course? It’s thanks to you, after all, that this criminal was unmasked.”

“That is to say…”

“Oh, yes, darling!*” insisted Dolorès. “We will spend a bit of the evening together, after.”

“Alright, fine,” she accepted, not without pleasure. “But I still need to pop home. My Mother must be wondering where I am, and our male, because of that crawling pig there, has been deathly worried about me for the past two weeks.”

“Good,” concluded Carmen. “Come back in an hour, then. Our males will have to pull out all the stops to celebrate this event.”

9

Wandine’s Mother congratulated her on her success and assured her that she had the makings of a Police Commissioner. Gilles, for his part, was as delighted by the disappearance of the danger threatening the young girls of the Community, and especially, among them, the one to whom he belonged, as he was despairing to learn that she would go celebrate the event elsewhere than in the house where he served. In the end, he made the best of a bad situation and, maternally, helped the high school girl get ready to go dine with her new friends.

It was Madame Gonsalez herself who opened the door for her, all the males of the house having been mobilized for the preparation of a festive meal where Dolorès, for the first time in two days, was going to appear. She guided Wandine to the living room. Upstairs, though very muffled, terrifying screams were suddenly heard. Wandine froze.

“Don’t worry,” reassured Carmen. “It’s Dolorès rendering her justice. After all, she has well earned this prerogative. She will join us when we sit down to eat…”

“Is that him screaming there? But what is she doing to him?”

“I don’t know. It has been going on since you left… Let her punish that scoundrel as she sees fit. Come have an aperitif in the meantime…”

A scream even more terrifying than the others, which paralyzed both of them for a minute, was followed by a sinister silence. Carmen’s partner also emerged from the living room where she had been and questioned her friend with a look. Tacitly, the three Women rushed up the stairs and opened the door of the young girl’s room in the house.

There, they discovered Dolorès, dressed in a short and tight black evening dress, sitting with her legs crossed high in front of her vanity mirror and powdering her cheeks to, no doubt, restore some color. Beside her, lying on the carpet in a pool of bloody excretions, the male’s body was still shaken by spasmodic tremors. Dolorès had inserted the long handle of the fan (which he had still been waving two hours earlier over the young girl’s body in erotic ecstasy) into his anus until it came out through his mouth, after piercing his entrails, silencing him permanently. The bloodied, vaguely phallic tip of the handle protruded about ten centimeters through the hole in the blood-stained black hood. The one who had looked like a sheep for meschoui an hour earlier was now impaled along its entire length.

Through the mirror, Dolorès gave a broad smile to the three arrivals who remained paralyzed at the doorway, fascinated by the spectacle. She applied lipstick to her lips, evened out this makeup with a coquettish movement of her mouth, and explained to her Mother and her friends:

“It’s because of my dildos that he hurt me. Isn’t it? So, since I had to show him how pleasant these instruments are, I gave him one. And the biggest of all!*”

“Dolorès,” said her Mother, appalled, “how are we going to clean the carpet?”

“And it’s Sunday,” added the Veterinarian. “The Butchers of the Male Center are on leave. Who will get rid of this carcass?”

“He can stay there for a night,” said Dolorès, shrugging her shoulders. “Despite the smell, I am sure it won’t keep me from sleeping!*”

“Look,” said Wandine, pointing at the male. “He is still moving!*”

“It’s probably nervous,” said the young girl, shamelessly stepping over the impaled body to join her visitors. “In any case, I doubt he will escape while we go to dine. Come on, Mom, come serve us an aperitif!*”

And, leaving behind them the corpse, or perhaps the body still, for a few minutes, in agony, of the satyr punished by his own victim, the four Women went to celebrate with champagne this new victory of Femininity over male brutality.

THE MYSTERIOUS CALCULATOR

The new girl was called Déborah. She was of Jewish origin and very intelligent. She had arrived in the middle of the school year because her Mother, Rébecca Cohen, who was a Computer Scientist, had come from Paris to install the management computer of the Male Center [see glossary]. Déborah quickly made several friends, but, as she was not very pretty, especially because of her very distinctive nose, no boy offered to become her valet de classe [see glossary]. Her new classmates advised her to ask the High School Principal to assign one to her by default from the boys without a Tutrice. But she refused, explaining to them that, every time she had done so in other gynarchist schools [see glossary], her valet de classe had always been disobedient and reluctant to serve her with respect, love, devotion, and spontaneity, as he would have done with a prettier Tutrice. This made her very unhappy, but, in the end, she said, she had gotten used to it.

So, what was Wandine's surprise when, just a few days after Déborah's arrival in the final-year gynocratic class [see glossary], her own valet de classe, Armand Lamarque, came to ask her permission to change Tutrice and enter the service of the unattractive newcomer! The traitor had even already changed his collar and was wearing a brand-new one around his neck, made of thick studded leather, on which the name Déborah Cohen was displayed in large letters. With a pitiful and sorry look, he handed her the one with the small medallion on which, proud as Artaban, he had once engraved Wandine's first name himself when she had accepted him into her service.

Wandine could have refused the transfer of valet de classe. But, first, unless one enjoys making males suffer, this kind of refusal usually results in the boy's bad will, forced to obey, and poor-quality service. On the other hand, Wandine did not lack boys who had been begging her since the start of the year to grant them Armand's coveted position. Finally, she liked Déborah and knew what joy it would bring her to have a good, obedient, and conscientious valet de classe like Armand. Besides, at the other end of the study room where this tête-à-tête was taking place, Déborah, who was pretending to calculate on her calculator, was casting anxious glances toward the pretty Tutrice and her resigning valet. Wandine took back the collar she had given to this ungrateful boy at the start of the school year and signed a tutelage release form for him. The young male took the paper with a trembling hand and, abruptly turning around, went to join Déborah Cohen, whose radiant smile then lit up a face that had become almost beautiful.

Wandine shrugged her shoulders and told herself, after all, that she had just done a good deed. She scanned the study room with her eyes. Two of the boys present had realized that Armand had just been transferred to Déborah and were looking at Wandine with pleading eyes. She signaled to the one she found the most decorative, Gérard Manille, whose Sister had just joined the Police. He rushed toward her, a huge smile on his face.

"Do you want to become my valet de classe, Gérard?"

"Oh, yes, Wandine!"

"You know, despite appearances, I am very demanding. I don't like to wait, and I can't stand poorly done work."

"Oh, but that's great, Wandine. I am myself very punctual and meticulous."

“You will have to be… Moreover, I don’t like to repeat myself, giving the same order thirty-six times.”
“For that, you have nothing to worry about. My Mother and my Sister have seriously trained me, you know.”
“I know. I knew your Sister well. Is she still as beautiful?”
“Oh, yes! She has already enslaved two of her male subordinates, and a third is begging her to take him into her service too.”
“That’s good. You will wait for me every morning, unless otherwise ordered, at 8:30 downstairs at my place to carry my things. Do you know where I live?”
“Of course, Wandine. You bet!*”
“During classes, I don’t want you next to me. I prefer to be with my friends… You will place my things at my seat and go to the back to take notes. And don’t dare forget to organize my things and take them with you at the end of the class!*”
“No, no. Don’t worry, Wandine!”
“Between classes and during breaks, no need to come bother me to take my orders. Just stay within earshot and never lose sight of me…”
“Alright, Wandine.”
“… except, obviously, when I go to the bathroom. In those cases, you stay quietly behind the door waiting for my return…”
“Of course, Wandine.”
“Stop constantly interrupting me with your ‘alright, Wandine’ or ‘of course, Wandine.’ What matters to me is that you are obedient, eager, and silent, like Armand was. By the way, do you know what got into him? Did he fall in love with Déborah?”
“I don’t know, Wandine. Maybe. I only know that she asked him, yesterday evening, to go out with her after he had escorted you to your place. They were supposed to go to the cinema to see ‘Servant and Mistress,’ the film based on Raynal’s novel, ‘At the Feet of Omphale.’”
“Yes, I saw it.”
“Maybe it sparked a love-at-first-sight moment…”
“Maybe…”
“Did you see that big collar she put around his neck? He won’t lose that one!*”
“Speaking of which, put this one on. The other Girls will know you are in good hands.”
“Thanks, Wandine. Awesome, this little medallion!*”
“Fasten it around your neck and shut up while you’re at it, or I’ll put a bell on it so I won’t have to hear your voice anymore.”
Gérard smiled, amused by the gentle way Wandine reprimanded him and overjoyed to have become the valet de classe of this intelligent and pretty Girl.
Wandine, perplexed, left them, not without warmly thanking Déborah for her insightful explanations, and joined her best friend, Chantal, to whom she had no secrets. She shared her doubts about the odd couple formed by the young Jewish girl and her former valet de classe. But Chantal could not shed light on it and merely suggested that Armand might be a jealous type, one of those boys who are always afraid of being abandoned by their Tutrice. She had had one like that too, whom she had eventually released to a tall, somewhat sadistic girl who liked to train boys. But Wandine was not convinced by the explanation. She looked for Gérard to signal him to approach. The idiot was deep in conversation with a group of idle boys. Wandine had to shout his name for

him to stop chattering, turn toward her, and, after standing there open-mouthed for a moment, rush to her, red with embarrassment.
"Sorry! Sorry! Oh, forgive me, Wandine! Those idiots don't understand anything about Mademoiselle Marly's Gynarchist Philosophy course. So, I was explaining…"
"Moron! The first thing to understand in Gynarchist Philosophy is that you must stay attentive to your Tutrice's desires! Make me shout like that one more time and I guarantee you will regret it for a long time!*"
"I beg your pardon, Wandine. I wanted…"
"Shut up already! It's fine for this time. Listen. I want to entrust you with a delicate task…"
Wandine had decided to send her valet on a secret mission, convinced that the brother of a Policewoman must have some spying talents. Since it was a Tuesday evening, she only got the results of Gérard's investigations the day after next, because at the Gynarchist High School, Wednesdays, like Saturdays and Sundays, there are no classes for Girls.
Gérard had even written a report, no doubt to make up for his inattention the day before yesterday, as Wandine had not asked him for such a thing. He had written to her as follows:

Report from Gérard, valet de classe, to Wandine, his beloved Tutrice

1. Tuesday evening. Mademoiselle Déborah Cohen left the High School at 5 p.m. Her valet de classe, Armand Lamarque, slightly behind and always to her left, walked by her side to her home (Hôtel de la Reine Christine, 125, Marika Moreski Avenue), where they both entered. D.C. was wearing pants and had her hands in her pockets because it was quite chilly (boy, did I freeze! [see glossary]). I therefore cannot know if she had her calculator or not. At 7:30 p.m., as neither had come out, I went home. On the way, I stopped by Madame Lamarque's, Armand's Mother, who lives at 14, Astride Street, in a low-rent building. This Woman apparently lives alone, without a male to serve her, with Armand's sister, who is ten. I told the latter that I wanted to see her brother and that I was one of his schoolmates. She then replied that he no longer lived there, having chosen to fully devote himself to his new High School Tutrice. The Mother then appeared and invited me in. She asked me for news of Armand, because, she told me, she had not seen him since January 12, almost a month ago, the date when he came with his new Tutrice to pick up his belongings. (Note from valet de classe Gérard: January 12 is also the blessed day when I became Wandine's valet de classe!*) I returned home at 8:30 p.m., and my Mother, who sent her submissive male to the hospital to be castrated (they no longer get along sexually at all), gave me a well-deserved and memorable thrashing because she was counting on me to make dinner. (But, too bad for me, my Tutrice comes first!)
2. Wednesday morning. I went to loiter around the Hôtel de la Reine Christine. An employee told me that Madame Rébecca Cohen had already left to work at the Center, but her Daughter Déborah was there. I also learned from the Merchant (a Bookseller) who lives across from the Hôtel that D.C. never leaves her suite except to go to the High School with her valet. It's a boy (from her description, I recognized A.) who comes in her place to buy her books and the scientific journals that interest her. But the bookseller noticed that, during the almost daily visits of the boy, D. stays at her window and observes A., who constantly casts anxious glances toward the balcony from which D. watches him.

3. Wednesday, 1:30 p.m. As I was about to abandon my observation post to go to the High School to attend the Feminine Sciences course for males, D. and A. left the hotel. A., carrying a bag, followed D. as he did the day before, but this time, I could see that she had her calculator in hand. To my great surprise (and to my great joy, since I was going there too), they both headed toward the High School and entered it. I thought that A. was going to attend the mandatory course for third-year boys, Knowledge and Care of the Female Body. I then went to ask the Supervisor for an exemption to attend this course, even though I had already taken it last year, and she granted it, especially because I said that my Tutrice, Wandine, thought I needed to improve in this difficult subject.
4. Wednesday, 2:00 p.m. During the Knowledge and Care course, I was not the only one who had requested an exemption. In addition to the third-year boys and the Teacher, there was one girl, only one, Déborah. She had, a classmate (the valet de classe of Chantal, friend of my Tutrice Wandine) told me, asked to attend this course as an observer, because she was considering becoming a Teacher for males and because they often struggle to understand and absorb this essential discipline. The Teacher called Armand to the front, at the board. He was doing fairly well, but I noticed one thing: every time he said, or started to say, something foolish, he quickly brought his hand to his collar and corrected himself. At the back of the classroom, while toying with her calculator, D. was watching him.
5. Wednesday, 5:00 p.m. D. and A. returned to the hotel. On the way back, D. slapped A. several times, who was crying. No doubt she was punishing him for his mistakes that afternoon. At one point, still in tears, while we were crossing the public garden, deserted in this season, A. threw himself to his knees before D. and begged her, sobbing. By discreetly getting closer, I heard that he was saying my Tutrice Wandine's name and, several times, the word "pity." D. then leaned against a tree and started tapping on her calculator. At that moment, A. went wild. He brought both hands to his neck and started screaming, dancing on his knees like a lunatic. This only stopped when D. grabbed him by the hair and spat in his face. Then A. kissed D.'s boots and stood up to follow her, as if nothing had happened. They then returned to the hotel and did not come out.

End of the report from valet de classe Gérard to his Tutrice, the beautiful and witty Wandine.

Wandine smiled as she folded the sheets of paper on which her new valet had written his report. So, she had been right. That calculator must be hiding some infernal device, and Déborah, bitterly humiliated by the lack of eagerness from males toward her, was using it to obtain through threats what she could not get spontaneously from boys. This was, especially in light of this report, absolutely obvious. She decided to act. Wandine, the following Saturday, organized a party at her place. All her friends were invited, especially the perverse Déborah. Gilles, the submissive companion of her Mother and likely the progenitor [see glossary] of her three Daughters, was confined to the kitchen to prepare everything. Gérard and Chantal's valet were assigned to moving furniture and organizing the rooms. The two young Girls, during all this commotion, listened to and chose the records for the party.

The first guests arrived. The two serving valets helped the young Girls, who, for the occasion, had all dressed luxuriously, to take off their coats and handbags and place them in one of the bedrooms

in Wandine's apartment. Afterward, Wandine and Chantal took charge of them and had them sit in the living room. The few males that one or another of the young guests had brought along for various purposes were herded into a small room, the door of which was closed after they were allowed to chat, since it was a celebration, but not loudly so as not to disturb the Girls enjoying themselves next door.

Déborah finally arrived, a little late, with Armand. Wandine showed relief, as she had considered the possibility of her not showing up. The two valets on reception duty helped the young Jewish girl out of her splendid leather coat. She had worn a very simple black satin evening dress that suited her perfectly. Everyone noticed that she had a slender and harmonious body, assertive breasts, and slim, muscular legs. What a shame, Wandine thought, to have such an unattractive face on such a perfect body! The young Jewish girl flinched when Gérard led Armand toward the room where the males had been gathered. She made a gesture to hold him back but had to let him go so as not to become the center of attention of all the other Girls present. Instead, she called him and, with a gesture that only Wandine and Chantal noticed, she slightly pulled a flat object out of her clutch, showed it to her servant for a second before giving him a cold smile and making a small farewell gesture. As he was the last one, Gérard entered the room with him and closed the door behind him.

Then, all the Girls present, finally freed from the presence of males, began to have fun. Chantal went to the kitchen to fetch all the drinks, some of which were alcoholic, and Wandine brought the sweet and savory appetizers prepared by the male of the house. A record was played, and some Girls started to dance while others rushed to the buffet. Tongues loosened, laughter began to ring out here and there, a glass fell without breaking. The atmosphere quickly became lively. Soon, all were dancing, and Déborah was not the least exuberant. She seemed genuinely happy and relaxed, though vaguely worried. When they started playing slow songs, Wandine invited her and pressed herself against her to arouse her. The Jewish girl with the unattractive face immediately responded to her classmate's advances. Apparently, tribadism [see glossary] did not repel her, and they both quickly became very sexually aroused. To the point that Wandine forgot both the goals she had set for herself and her partner's unattractiveness.

The party was splendid. Friendships were formed, and loves blossomed. A few orgasms from adolescent girls, otherwise naturally discreet, could occasionally be guessed from a moan of ecstasy or a voluptuous sigh. In the room next door, the boys could not be heard, either whispering or silently listening to the music and the sounds of the Party, to connect in thought with the feminine festivities.

But the best moments have an end, and they had to part. The Girls left, often in pairs. One even forgot her valet, who had to return home alone. Wandine, when she saw Déborah, who was sitting next to her, preparing to leave, gently placed her hand on her knee and whispered to her:

"Stay a little longer…"

Her friend, completely enchanted, smiled at her and fell back softly beside her on the tempting sofa. Soon, only Chantal, who was flirting with a certain Amélie, Wandine, and Déborah remained, along with Gilles, who had started the dishes in the kitchen, and the three servants, still sequestered in the next room. It was the moment. Wandine embraced her conquest, gently caressed her breasts. Her hand touched the calculator through the fabric. Softly, she slid it out and took it. Déborah noticed quickly and reacted violently. But Wandine and Chantal had planned everything, and the calculator was already in the other young Girl's hands. Wandine, who had tremendous strength

despite her youth, executed a judo hold that prevented Déborah from getting up from the sofa. Chantal, then, quickly headed to the room where they had confined their males, opened the door, and said, in a voice tinged with excitement:
"It's done, Gérard. We have the object. You can take that damn collar off him!*"
A commotion was heard, and Armand burst out of the room with Gérard on his heels. The latter literally jumped on him, and they rolled on the floor. Armand was panting without a word and defending himself like a devil. But Chantal's valet de classe came to help his friend, and together, they managed to immobilize Déborah's servant. They then tried to unfasten the collar, but it was riveted, immovable. Chantal went to fetch a very sharp knife from the kitchen and handed it to Gérard*.
"No! No!*" Armand cried, shaking his head from left to right.
"Armand," Wandine intervened, "let them do it. It's for your own good!*"
"No! No!*" he repeated.
Finally, the two boys managed, without injuring Armand too much, to cut the leather of the collar and remove it. The young man's neck was red, even bloody in places. The poor boy must have endured a real ordeal.
"No! No!*" he continued to mutter, shaking his head.
Gérard threw the collar to Wandine. She, releasing Déborah, who had given up all attempts at resistance, began to examine it closely.
"I suspected as much," she said. "This collar is a remote-controlled torture device. And the remote is the calculator. Why did you do this, Déborah?"
"I wanted a valet de classe," she replied, lowering her nose, defeated. "Like the others…"
"With, no doubt, the help of your mother, who is an electronics expert, you made this horrible toy. You put it around Armand's neck, probably by seducing him as I did with you. Whenever you wanted to get something from him, you just had to tap some code on your calculator, and those little steel spikes would start digging into the flesh of his neck. My poor Armand! What you must have endured!*"
"No! No!*" he persisted in pleading, even though they had removed the horrible object.
"We won't tell anyone, Déborah. Besides, in the end, you didn't do much harm to this fool, who could have found a way to tell me about this from the start… Even if it meant getting his neck scraped a bit for the few seconds it took to remove the collar."
"No! No!*"
"Take your invention, Déborah. I hope you won't use it anymore. You can give her back her calculator too, Chantal, it's useless now."
At the moment when Chantal tossed the diabolical calculator to Déborah, who caught it deftly, Armand sprang up and tried to rush toward Déborah. He had the look of a madman.
"No!" he suddenly screamed like a possessed man. "No!"
He was going insane, no doubt, but the two other males held him firmly, each by an arm.
"Come on, Armand," Wandine said in a reproachful tone. "It's over, come on…"
"No, Wandine! No!*"
Meanwhile, Déborah had started tapping on her calculator again. A strange sound was heard, like that of a pair of scissors closing. There was a second of hesitation and silence. Déborah had raised her head and was looking at her valet de classe with a satanic smile. Then came Armand's long, horrific, unbearable scream, which finally ended only because the poor boy had fainted. His two

schoolmates were still holding him upright. At the level of his lower abdomen, a dark, bloody stain was spreading on his light-colored pants.
"Déborah…" Wandine said, stunned, in a deathly silence. "What did you do to him?"
The cruel high school girl burst into hysterical laughter.
"Castrated! I castrated him!" she said. "That was the price he had to pay for his betrayal! Too bad for him!"
"You've gone mad, Déborah…"
"It wasn't just the collar," Déborah continued to explain, laughing nervously. "I had to threaten something more than his delicate boy skin! I attached electronically controlled scissors to his sex. That's what really made him tremble before me… The spikes of the collar were only to train him from a distance!*"
"What are we going to do?" Chantal asked. "It's horrible!"
That's when Wandine regained full control of her faculties. She gave orders to the two males to go lay Armand on a bed. She tasked Chantal with calling Doctoresse Wolf, who had been a surgical intern, and telling her the whole truth. She asked Amélie to take care of Déborah, who was now crying silently, sobbing. She sent Gilles back, who had stopped his work and was watching the scene open-mouthed, to finish his dishes in the kitchen. As for herself, with the very sharp knife already used for the collar, she cut Armand's pants along their entire length and, carefully, removed them. The wound was ghastly and still bubbling with blood. Wandine saw the severed vein and, with what she had at hand, namely her earring, she pinched it to stop the blood from flowing. The castrating scissors were also attached with leather straps to the injured boy's lower abdomen. She cut them off as Gérard had done for the collar and, very gently, removed them from the mass of flesh in which they had closed. Something fell to the floor with a squishy sound. It was the severed, bloody sex of poor Armand. Upon seeing the bloody organ on the floor, Déborah started laughing again. And she explained:
"Ha! He wanted to fuck me! When I showed him my thighs, he stopped looking at my nose, the bastard! All I had to do was spread my legs, and he didn't look at anything else! Ha, it wasn't hard to attach those electronic scissors to him! That idiot, he thought I was putting a super condom on him!*"
Doctoresse Wolf arrived very quickly and immediately began to stitch up the unfortunate boy who was dying. She gave him two injections. Then, after a good hour, when she had finally finished, she said to all those who, appalled, had watched her work:
"He might survive. The cut was made cleanly without shredding the vein. Thanks to Wandine's earring, he didn't lose much blood. If he survives, this male will probably owe you his life, Wandine. But, of course, as for his reproductive organs, I could do nothing. It's all to be thrown away! He will also have some difficulties urinating, but, in time, he will get used to it."
"Thank you, Madame Wolf," Wandine said. "Thank you for everything. What about…"
"I will send you my bill. You will just have to pool together to pay it. When you act like idiots, you have to pay for the broken pots together."
"But," Gérard said, "it's…"
With a look, Wandine silenced him.
"I assume you don't want publicity about this matter," the Doctoresse continued. "Rest assured, this will stay between us. But don't repeat this kind of prank. It's Women who have the right to castrate males, not little girls like you. Alright, you should start cleaning now. Goodbye, Girls!*"

“Goodbye, Madame!” they all said together. “Thank you, Madame!”

A month later, the incident was well forgotten. Déborah had left with her Mother for a new city and a new High School. Armand had returned to his class. He now spoke in a slightly high-pitched voice and no longer used the boys’ urinals, but he had regained his good spirits. Two young high school girls, who were already living as a couple like adults, agreed to take him as their valet de classe. Wandine, for her part, never forgot her tragic mistake, which would, however, serve her as a lesson later on. But that’s another story, and all that Wandine actually gained from this adventure, which had cost Armand his sex, was an irrepressible aversion to all kinds of calculators.

Five years later, Wandine saw Déborah again, who had opened a store in Paris for feminine accessories, where, it was said, one could find true little marvels of electronics. The young Jewish girl had undergone cosmetic surgery to correct her nose and had become a true beauty. With social success had also come some remorse. She had then inquired about the boy she had emasculated out of spite and had taken him as a salesman in her store, where, she said, he had become a true specialist in selling intimate objects.

WANDINE AND THE MISSING GIRL

In a gynocratic school [see glossary], there is no trace of that ancient and outdated machista jealousy. Women love each other, sometimes change lovers, sometimes suffer from an abandonment, but never quarrel or disavow the object of a former love. Of course, sometimes, among males, a boy fights with another or, unfortunately sometimes, commits suicide because a young girl did not want him as her valet de classe [see glossary] or preferred another male, but one cannot consider this attachment of the male to the young girl he serves as a truly human sentiment. It is merely an animal instinct that the inherent emotional and intellectual inferiority of boys does not allow them to master. Wandine had already seen some males, because of a Woman or a young Girl, take their own lives or let themselves die from grief, jealousy, or spite, but she could not understand what could possibly go on in their degenerate minds. She could not understand jealousy, and, that day, she proved it to herself beyond doubt.

Upon arriving at the High School, Wandine immediately noticed the absence of Chantal, her heart's friend. True, it had now been over six months since the young girl had been going out with the young philosophy teacher, but she had not for that reason renounced her love for the lovely Chantal.

Chantal and Wandine, despite the latter's clear preference for Geneviève Marly, the philosophy teacher, were still very much in love with each other and spent most of their days, and sometimes a few nights, together. Just the day before, the two young high school girls had planned to go together to see the film "The Bare-Breasted Despot," adapted from the famous novel by Marika Moreski, which was, in fact, part of this year's French literature curriculum for the Gynocratic Baccalaureate [see glossary]. Chantal's absence, whose perfect physical health had even become a subject of joking between them, worried Wandine, who, as soon as classes ended, went to her place.

Chantal lived alone in a downtown studio, served simply by a rather likable boy who, having failed his Male Capacity Exam [see glossary] last year, had preferred to enter the service of this brilliant and attractive young student without delay rather than be pushed later by circumstances toward a harder domestic or manual service without the possibility of choosing his Tutrice of life [see glossary].

The boy opened the door to Wandine and gave her the respectful curtsy that Chantal required of him whenever he was in the presence of a visitor, even an intimate friend. The high school girl questioned him, but he replied that he thought his Tutrice had gone with her to the cinema. Wandine, worried and naturally distrustful of any male she had not personally trained, pushed him aside with her arm to begin inspecting the small apartment.

Chantal's bedroom was empty, and her school supplies were neatly arranged on her desk. Before her arrival, the young servant must have been polishing or softening with saliva his Tutrice's shoes, as Wandine noticed three pairs on the kitchenette floor. She checked that Chantal was not hiding in the large wardrobe in the bedroom where she kept her clothes nor, under the kitchen sink, in the small niche reserved for the trash and the male. The bathroom and toilet were impeccably clean and just as empty as the rest of the studio.

Wandine, with a brusqueness unusual for her, questioned the little lackey again, shaking him a bit, but got nothing more out of him. He had, as every day, served breakfast in bed to his Tutrice at eight o'clock sharp, helped her with her toilette until half-past, the time when, as usual, she had left for the High School, though mumbling something about a movie session with her friend.
Either he was lying and, given his sincerely unhappy and worried expression, he was a very good actor, or Chantal had vanished without apparent reason somewhere between her place and the Gynocratic High School. To avoid leaving the young male idle for too long, Wandine ordered him to perform a salivary softening of the leather of all of Chantal's shoes, boots and soles included, and promised to come back to see him before nightfall.
Once outside, the high school girl decided to confide this problem to Geneviève, her lover. On the way, she passed by her own place and took the opportunity to go up to kiss her Mother and Sisters, whom she had not seen for three days. But she walked into a full-blown domestic drama. Gilles, her mother's concubine, had forgotten to iron the blue dress of Mylène, her youngest Sister, aged eight, and the latter was, with the maternal whip, flogging the guilty party, kneeling before her, who was crying and begging for forgiveness with touching repentance. Wandine went to kiss her Mother, who was reading the newspaper and who said to her, nodding toward the scene:
"He deserved it! He's been slacking since this morning… Imagine, he hasn't even finished tidying my bedroom yet!*"
Wandine shrugged her shoulders, gave a peck to her sister, who, to return it, paused the execution of the punishment for a second, affectionately patted the head of the culprit in passing, and went back out into the street.
Geneviève Marly lived three streets away, in a large apartment in the Residence. It was she who opened the door to her student, and her charming face lit up.
"Wandine! What a pleasant surprise! But I wasn't expecting you so early!*"
"Are you alone? What have you done with your males?"
"Oh, they're right there, those two idiots! They're in their room, finishing the making of a dress for which I drew the pattern yesterday. And, believe me, it's not going fast! You wouldn't think they both passed their Male Capacity Exam with honors!*"
"Geneviève, I have to tell you: Chantal has disappeared!*"
"What are you telling me, darling? Come tell me about it in the living room."
The two young women embraced each other on a deep, plush sofa, and Wandine explained the reasons for her worry to her lover. The latter did her best to reassure the young girl, joked, and offered thirty plausible possibilities to justify Chantal's absence. She interrupted her chatter for a moment to ring a small bell placed on a side table. Her two males, Valeti and Valeto, as she had named them, arrived together to take her orders. Geneviève asked Wandine what she wanted to drink and passed the order to one of her two servants. As for the other, she dismissed him with a sharp, authoritative gesture back to his sewing work.
Pragmatic, the young teacher suggested calling the hospital to ensure that no young girl had been admitted that day. After serving the requested refreshments, the male brought the telephone to his beautiful Tutrice. Five minutes later, they received confirmation that no accidents had been reported that day. Worry then overtook the philosopher. The two women decided to return together to Chantal's place to see if she had come back. Before that, however, they had a small snack served by Valeti, or perhaps Valeto, since Wandine had never quite distinguished between them.

Arm in arm, they both made their way back to the city center and Chantal's studio. Once again, her little lackey made two deep curtsies. But he still had seen no one and had tears in his eyes. Despite the obvious grief displayed by the boy, Wandine checked that he had properly carried out the task she had assigned him. He had duly moistened with saliva the leather and soles of all of his Tutrice's shoes. For good measure, the high school girl pointed out the ones they were wearing on their feet, which, with all their walking, had become considerably covered in dust. While Chantal's young servant, lying flat on his stomach, cleaned the visitors' shoes with his tongue as they sat briefly on the bed, they held counsel to decide where to direct their steps next. Finally, they decided to head toward the districts where most of the city's nightlife took place.

But just as they were about to go back down the stairs, they heard heels clacking on the first steps. They waited a moment: it was Chantal!

Under the avalanche of questions being asked of her, Chantal could not answer immediately. It took until all three were comfortably settled in the bedroom to understand each other mutually. Chantal had not gone to class because her Mother had asked her to come with her to choose a new domestic male at the Center [see glossary], the previous one having had to join the bosom of the Great Goddess prematurely. It had taken two good hours for this demanding and meticulous Lady to make her choice. Chantal, after this chore, had just barely had time to get to the cinema for the start of The Bare-Breasted Despot and was terribly annoyed not to have found Wandine there. So, there had simply been a misunderstanding [see glossary] about the meeting place.

After laughing heartily at their worries, the three young women had champagne served and their feet massaged by Chantal's young male, whose joy at having found his Tutrice was truly heartwarming to see, and, in the end, spent the night all three together.

WANDINE AT THE UNIVERSITY

1

Wandine was late and running down the hallway of the Faculty. Under the left heel of her boot, she felt something soft, then a crunch. At the same time, she heard a moan. Stopped in her tracks, she halted abruptly and turned around. One of the males assigned to the maintenance of the Gynarchic University's buildings [see glossary] was crouched on his knees, with, in front of him, a bucket and the mop he must have been using to clean the tiles a moment before. He was clutching one of his hands in the other, moaning. The young student, in the haste caused by her lateness, must have crushed one or two of his fingers. She had a surge of bad temper:

"Idiot! Can't you stop cleaning when someone passes by?"

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle," the male apologized, his face contorted with pain. "Since all the students are in class, I wasn't paying attention…"

Wandine shrugged her shoulders and resumed her run, though with a bit more caution, until she reached the large lecture hall where the Political Economy degree course was being taught that year by the Dean of the Faculty, Christine de Vetti. A few students looked up at her entrance, but most of her study companions remained captivated by their professor's words. The young girl settled discreetly at the back of the lecture hall and began taking notes, without really knowing which part of the course they were in. The topic seemed to be "the eligibility of economic control bodies."

"We had to ban males from access to decision-making economic bodies for the same reasons we revoked, ten years ago, their right to drive four-wheeled vehicles," the teacher explained with humor and brilliance. "Because there were too many accidents!*"

The students reacted to this witty and insightful comparison with a slight, approving, and amused murmur. Most of them were future executives of the Gynarchic Administration [see glossary], and some would one day hold the reins of power. The future national political elite was undoubtedly gathered there.

The latecomer scanned the room with her eyes. All the listeners were enthralled by their Professor. What a contrast with the multidisciplinary courses of the Gynarchic High School [see glossary]! Moreover, here, the students came alone. Their former valets de classe [see glossary], who, due to their low male intellectual level, could not have grasped even a tenth of the knowledge taught here, had either been passed on to some younger high school girl, transformed into a personal domestic servant for their Tutrice [see glossary], or, quite simply, sent to the nearest Male Center [see glossary] for training and definitive functional assignment.

At the end of the class, the students headed toward the exit doors, chatting with relevance and enthusiasm about the content of the course they had just attended. A few of them gathered at the cafeteria, crowded at that hour of the day, where the two male servers struggled to satisfy all the desires of these young intellectuals who were not only thirsty for knowledge. Wandine sat at the table of Marianne Ambremme, a pretty girl, very lively, with sharp intelligence, and began to question her about the beginning of the course she had unfortunately missed. While her friend

summarized, with her marvelous analytical mind, the Dean's introduction, Wandine, without missing anything Marianne was saying, vainly tried to catch the attention of one of the male servers, who no longer knew where to turn. When she had finished her explanation, Marianne took on a conspiratorial air, leaned toward Wandine, and asked her in a low voice:

"Tell me, Wandine… What do you think of Mademoiselle de Vetti?"

"She's an excellent teacher. Why?"

A young male, sweaty, finally came to take the girls' order.

"A coffee, please. Strong."

"And a Coke."

"A strong coffee and a Coke. I'll bring that right away, Mademoiselle Wandine…"

Being known and respected even by the males of the Faculty amused Wandine. While smiling inwardly, she turned her attention back to Marianne. The server having moved away, the student resumed her confidential tone to say to her friend:

"I think I'm a bit in love with her…"

"Really? Congratulations, Marianne. She's a remarkable woman! But… does she even know?"

"Well, no, that's just it. That's why I need your advice, Wandine. I know you're living with a professor too… Geneviève Marly, the philosophy teacher at the Gynarchic High School…"

"That's right. Do you know Geneviève?"

"A little. I had her as a teacher too. How did you manage to go out with her? A Professor!*"

"You know, Marianne, love can't be controlled. We met and recognized each other. That's all!*"

"Still, Wandine! It must have taken some guts to approach her, tell her your feelings, and all…"

"To be honest, it was more like she… But come on, Marianne, you're not a kid anymore! What are you waiting for to talk to her or invite her to some outing? You don't need me for that, do you!*"

"I don't dare. I feel all flustered in front of her… I don't know what to do. I'm very shy, you know? I just try to dress as chic and sexy as possible…"

At that moment, the male server, arriving with Wandine's coffee and her friend's Coke, was bumped by a tall redheaded girl, and the cup filled with boiling liquid tipped onto Marianne's lap. She cried out in surprise and pain from the burn. She stood up abruptly, causing the cup to fall to the floor, where it shattered, and looked at the dark stain spreading over the skirt of her blue suit. This time, seeing the disaster, she let out a genuine scream of anger. The male, who had knelt before her, stammering apologies while trying to clean up the result of his clumsiness, received a slap that knocked him off balance and sent him to the floor. The young student, enraged, then kicked him with all her strength in the stomach with the toe of her boot, and, with the other leg, she struck the head of the server, whose mouth was opening wide to begin a cry of pain. The heel and sole of the boot hit him with such force that a sinister crack was heard. Blood gushed between his broken teeth. He raised a pleading hand toward Marianne, but she had already gained momentum, and the black leather boot crashed again onto the bloodied face of the male, whose brow split

under the impact. She was about to continue when Wandine, who had also stood up, held her back with a friendly hand.

“Stop, Marianne. Do you want to kill him?”

The young girl breathed deeply and, wiping with one hand what remained of the coffee on her skirt, said to the blood-covered server, who was moaning dully:

“Be sure you won’t be here tomorrow, you. You can count on me! They need a new maintenance male in the basement. Down below us, you won’t be able to cause trouble anymore… Go on, get out of here now, moron!*”

Helped by his colleague, the server managed to stand up and, doubled over and moaning, reached the back room, leaving behind a long trail of blood. Wandine, who had given up on the coffee she had really wanted, allowed herself a remark:

“You may be very shy, Marianne… but not when someone ruins your things!*”

They both left the cafeteria under the amused gazes of most of the students.

“I look ridiculous now! All because of that idiot!*”

“You sure fixed him good, though…”

“That’ll teach him! And I’ll make sure we don’t have him in our way at the cafeteria anymore!*”

2

Wandine, before returning to the apartment she shared with her friend Geneviève, the Philosophy Professor with whom she had fallen passionately in love, decided to stop by to see her mother and her two sisters. The youngest was now approaching thirteen and was already causing some problems at school. She rang the doorbell of the apartment, and a half-naked stranger, very handsome, opened the door to her. No doubt a new lover on trial. Wandine’s mother, for several months, was no longer satisfied with her usual male, Gilles, the likely progenitor of her three daughters (and of two males quickly sent to the Male Center [see glossary] to be animalized after weaning). Gilles was now almost permanently relegated to the kitchen or his niche, while his Tutrice sought in new embraces the pleasures that he undoubtedly now struggled to provide regularly.

“Good day, Mademoiselle,” the newcomer said to her. “Oh! You must be Wandine. I’m very pleased to meet you, Mademoiselle. Madame your mother has just left with Gilles.”

“With Gilles? Where on earth did she go with him?”

“Madame took him to the Center.”

“Oh, no! Not him!*”

Wandine’s worst fears were thus confirmed. Her mother, very inclined toward sex, did not want to be burdened with an aging and less efficient male. She had therefore decided to get rid of him. At the Male Center [see glossary], Gilles would, in the best case, be reconditioned to enter the service of another woman or a collective, but he also risked being sent to a supervised factory or, worse, if he rejected reconditioning, the Chief Doctoresse could, given his age, prescribe euthanasia.

“Have they been gone long?”

“Oh, barely half an hour, Mademoiselle! You see, he’s getting more and more clumsy and pays less and less attention to housekeeping and cooking. Madame flew into a black rage against him earlier!*”

“I’ll try to find them! Thank you, uh…”

“My name is Gérard, Mademoiselle Wandine. Gérard, at your service.”

Wandine raced down the stairs and hurried toward the Center, which was more than three kilometers away, near the old cemetery. Fortunately for the young girl, in front of the supermarket, she met a neighbor who offered to drive her to the Center. She dropped her off a few minutes later in front of the large wall of the great necropolis where, long ago, before the Gynarchist Revolution, Women were buried under the same conditions and in the same tombs as males. Wandine felt a slight shiver of disgust and ran to the main entrance of the administrative building.

3

Wandine was somewhat familiar with the premises because her mother had once worked there, in the Department of Reeducation of Gynarcho-Refractory Males [see glossary]. Nevertheless, a very elegant young Hostess came to inquire about the purpose of her visit. Wandine explained that she urgently needed to find her mother, who had come here to offload a male too old.

“She must have gone to office 240, on the second floor, for the tutelage discharge formalities…” said the Hostess.

“With him? I mean: with the male?”

“Of course not, Mademoiselle!” replied the young woman with an amused smile. “Males cannot be witnesses to their admission procedure at the Center. Your mother must have left her male at the Nursery or, perhaps, already handed him over to the Reeducators. Would you like me to check?”

Wandine nodded. The Hostess asked for the name and surname of the male’s Tutrice, tapped on her computer for a moment, and discovered that her mother was responsible for two domestic males, one of whom had indeed just been placed in the Center’s Nursery. Her progenitor was therefore not yet in the euthanasia or reeducation services. Temporarily relieved, Wandine went to office 240, where she found her mother in heated discussion with a rather unfriendly Official. The latter did not seem to appreciate her visitor’s remarks at all. The newcomer, after kissing her mother, eventually understood that the dispute stemmed precisely from the fate reserved for Gilles by official regulations.

“Domestic males,” explained the employee of the Male Center, “cannot be reeducated and subsequently returned to their former Tutrice. All male reeducation implies a complete change of lifestyle. There are no exceptions to this rule.”

“But, come on!” protested the young girl’s mother vigorously. “Since I am entitled to two domestic males, why can’t I have a preemption right on my former male?”

“If you are satisfied with him, Madame, you keep him in your service! If he no longer suits you, he will be reeducated here by our care and made available to the Female Community of the city. You

can take an option on him, at most. That's not forbidden. But we cannot guarantee that he will be reeducated for domestic service. The Psychologists are solely competent to assign males, and the Reeducators are not accountable to Tutrices. It would be chaos! Imagine! We process over a hundred males per month here! And yours could very well be assigned to industrial or agricultural labor. Moreover, the Psychologist could also easily recommend euthanasia to the Doctoresse, since your male is over forty, dear Madame! And, between us, the new Psychologist, a young graduate from last year's University, is utterly inflexible about the lifespan granted to males. She believes that the Female Community needs strong arms to serve it, not useless mouths to feed! So, what do you decide, Madame?"

Wandine did not give her mother time to consider the alternative proposed by the Official. She spoke softly and suggested waiting a bit before deciding on Gilles' fate. She added that, in any case, Geneviève and she greatly needed a domestic male, at least part-time, and that this would probably allow them to make use of him a bit longer. The Student's mother grumbled for show but ended up agreeing with her daughter. They left office 240 together without completing the formalities to discharge their domestic male. Wandine, relieved, kissed her mother.

"Since you care so much about your Gilles," the latter said, "you can go pick him up at the Nursery. I'm too worked up, and I badly need a massage. Here's his ticket. I'm going home!*"

"Alright, Mom. I'll bring Gilles home tonight. We have a mountain of laundry piled up!*"

"As you wish, my girl. But don't come complaining if your dresses are poorly ironed!*"

4

The Nursery is a very useful service of the Male Center. Women can place their males there for a few hours—if, for example, they cannot keep them occupied somewhere while shopping, moving, or handling a transfer formality—or for a few days, if, say, they go on vacation.

Along the four walls of a large, soundproofed room, small booths of about one square meter are set up, equipped with a small concrete bench where the male is secured by an iridium chain for the duration of his stay. Each booth offers all modern comforts: a hygienic hole hidden behind a curtain, a feeding trough for meals, and a television screen.

Two or three certified Wardens are enough to monitor and organize the activities of the males entrusted to them. It is a rather thankless task because they must be prepared to handle all situations. They cannot simply change the video cassettes selected by the Center's Psychologist every two hours.

These young women must ensure that no male begins to become depressed or complain, which could disrupt the service. Several times a day, they must get up from their office chair or the lounge chairs provided for their relaxation to go chat a bit with their charges, throw them a joke, or tease them a little so they don't fall into neurasthenia, a disease increasingly common among males.

They must also, at fixed hours, pour the regulation slop into the troughs and ensure that they eat cleanly and sufficiently. They must, alas, also severely reprimand the inevitable breaches of discipline by some males imposed by the Center across all its services. This is why the Wardens are all equipped with a rubber baton and a miniaturized electric arc lamp capable of projecting a

hundred-kilo male three meters away at the slightest contact. They use these painful but necessary instruments relatively rarely and more often for their own amusement—since they perform a tedious five-hour shift without break—than for actual repression, which the Tutrices of the males left in the Nursery fully understand, especially since this service is free.

The Wardens numbered three. One was pacing in front of the booths, occasionally lifting, with her black baton, the heads of males who seemed to be dozing in front of their video monitors. The other two, on either side of the reception desk, had started a game of chess. They smiled at Wandine, who handed them the deposit ticket given by her mother, bearing the number 48. One of the two players, very cheerful, had the young girl sign a form and signaled to her colleague, who was strolling in front of the males while playing with her baton.

"Can you unhook number 48, Christelle? His new Tutrice is here!*"

"I'm not his new Tutrice," said Wandine with a smile, "but the daughter of his Tutrice!*"

"Oh, alright! The person who brought him earlier seemed more like she wanted to get rid of him. So, I thought…"

"Where is he?"

The young woman pointed her chin toward a nearby booth, on the top of which the number 48 was indeed painted. Gilles was sitting properly there and watching with a fascinated eye the documentary programmed by the Wardens.

"Can I go see him?" asked the Student. "I want to surprise him…"

"Of course! He's yours…"

Wandine approached booth 48, toward which the other Warden was also heading. Her mother's domestic male had not seen her coming, seemingly hypnotized by what was playing on his screen. The young girl, behind his back, glanced curiously at the program. It was a documentary on the Euthanasia Service of the Male Center…

A stunningly beautiful Presenter was describing the numerous advancements of this Service, for which males often had an utterly unjustified aversion. There, males at the end of their lives, no longer representing anything but a useless burden for the Female Community, generally exhausted by a life of labor and obedience to their Tutrice, and often legitimately rejected by the latter who no longer obtained satisfaction for their desires nor obedience to their orders, found understanding and assistance from the charming Operators of this essential Service of the Male Center. These young and attractive Operators, all naturally holders of the D.A.M.E. [see glossary], had at their disposal all the latest advancements in science and technology to euthanize males in the best conditions: sensation simulator (the male could pass into the next world imagining he was having an orgasm, for example), giant three-dimensional screen (where the Operators could project, during Euthanasia, highly arousing films featuring beautiful young women or, through computer processing, the male's own Tutrice), fragrance diffuser, musical recordings, euphorics, and, naturally, highly effective anesthetics.

Just as the beautiful Presenter announced with a seductive smile that the end-of-life experiences organized by the Male Center were the sweetest and most sensual in the World, the Warden leaned over Gilles to remove the chain by which he was secured to his booth. At the touch of her hair

against his cheek, he jumped back and let out a genuine cry of terror. The two young Women burst out laughing at his terrified expression. Finally, after a few seconds, he recognized his Tutrice's daughter and understood his mistake. He looked at Wandine and tried to smile. Two tears rolled down his face.

When they had left the Center, Gilles said to the young Girl:

"I knew you would come, Wandine… I was just afraid you would be informed too late."

"Oh, you know, mom didn't really want to get rid of you…"

"But she would have ended up doing it. Be sure of that!*"

"For now, I'm taking you to Geneviève's*. And you won't be idle, believe me!*"

5

The day after next, Gilles, between two ironing sessions, brought the mail to Wandine, who was lingering a bit in bed with her friend Geneviève before heading to the Faculty:

"A letter for you, Wandine."

"Have you finished ironing my jeans?" asked Geneviève, who was teasing the tips of her friend's breasts. "I need a pair in five minutes!*"

"And my bath?" added Wandine, whose sweaty, glistening body arched under her companion's caresses. "Is it ready? If I'm late because of you, I'll send you back to Mom!*"

"Your bath is ready, Wandine. Just time to bring it to your temperature. I haven't finished ironing your jeans, Mademoiselle Geneviève, but three pairs are ready. Would you like me to bring them now so you can choose?"

"Yes. And my blouses… Hurry up!*"

Gilles left the room hastily while Wandine opened the letter he had brought and read it with some amusement:

Mademoiselle Wandine,
You probably didn't recognize me the day before yesterday when your friend beat me at the Faculty cafeteria because I made a mistake. Yet you know me well. Exactly twelve years ago, at school, I had the honor of being your valet de classe [see glossary]. Do you remember a certain Stanislas? Or a certain Pierrot, as you renamed me because you didn't like my name?

In any case, it was me.

I remember you well, because you were very pretty, very intelligent, and very kind (and you still are, of course!). You beat me much less than the Tutrice I had before you and the one you gave me to after, when you entered the Gynarchic College. But I'm boring you with these memories.

I'm writing to you because your friend, Mademoiselle Marianne Ambremme, to whom I caused a lot of harm (I'm aware of it and very repentant), had me assigned to the basement, where I've been since yesterday. I probably deserve it, Mademoiselle Wandine, but you know, it's very tough here. My job is to sort the archives that the Secretaries of the various University sections regularly bring

me and, sometimes, to retrieve a file they need. I stay alone all day and I'm housed on-site in a small, uncomfortable room. My only link to the outside world is the sound, all day, of the heels of students clacking above me and, at night, above my pallet, the sound of the flush valves pulled by those of them housed at the University. I feel like I've been removed from life, and I'm very unhappy. I know your friend is pleased to know me locked up alone below the rooms she frequents daily with her friends, and I know I deserve this position, but I'm very afraid I won't be able to cope.

Can you help me, Mademoiselle Wandine? Can you, in memory of the good valet de classe I was, agree to intervene with your friend? Can you tell her that I'm ready to do anything to make up for my mistake the other day?

In the hope that you will agree to help me, I beg you, dear Mademoiselle Wandine, to accept the tokens of my respectful submission.

Stanislas, domestic male assigned to the Faculty of Management, alias Pierrot.

Wandine smiled at the naive trust this boy placed in her, of whom she had only a very vague memory, but promised herself to intercede on his behalf with the vindictive Marianne. While Gilles presented some pants and blouses to Geneviève for her to choose, the young Student, completely naked, jumped out of bed and rushed to the bathroom, where a bath at 37°C awaited her, as she liked it and as only Gilles knew how to prepare, with all the salts and products she loved.

A quarter of an hour later, she slipped on her little blue summer dress and headed to the Faculty of Management.

6

The course on Human Resource Management is particularly important because, during the final exam, the weight assigned to this subject is very high. The Students are very attentive, fully aware that the success of a business, as much as that of the Gynarchic State, will depend on their actual management skills and their theoretical abilities to intensively utilize the male workforce available to the Female Community.

Their teacher emphasized the constant personal research that every Executive must pursue to optimize the use of this human subcategory naturally devoted to manual or servile tasks.

"Every discovery," she explained from her platform, "every experiment, even, undertaken by Executive Women with the laudable goal of significantly increasing male productivity, can only benefit the Gynarchy. Understand well that for every new effort by a male, for every increase in his activity and/or production, there is obligatorily, somewhere in his environment, a symmetrical improvement in the well-being of one or more of his generic superiors."

Wandine thought that this was true at the lowest level—that of the domestic male responsible for his Tutrice's comfort—as well as at the highest level—that of animalized males, herded by the hundreds in farms and factories, who must devote their short lives to producing agricultural or industrial goods that benefit the entire Female Community.

“In the gynarchist economic system,” the teacher continued, “the value of an Executive is measured as much by her practical results as by her innovations in exploiting the male herd at her disposal. The potential for improving male productivity is almost infinite. Don’t forget, Mesdemoiselles, the male, in terms of his labor and productive potential, is far superior to an animal. I’m not talking about strength, of course (an ox will always be stronger than a male), nor even intelligence (many well-trained dogs could teach a lot to many men), but maneuverability and convertibility. Males, in accordance with their intrinsic nature, are as easy to train as they are to recycle into other activities. For this, they need us, of course, to educate and direct them and, above all, to reinforce their natural role as slaves…”

The young Girls diligently filled pages and pages of notes, all eager to pass an exam that would finally place them face to face with their true responsibility—that of contributing to the perfect functioning of the greatest human social system ever conceived, the Gynarchy. Wandine, who had a phenomenal memory, did not neglect to write down the major principles outlined by their teacher. After the class, barely tired, she decided to go review some political economy at the Library.

7

The great University Library is a true hive where the Students build or complete, day after day, the vast knowledge required by their teachers. Despite the constant crowd, a religious silence reigns, barely disturbed by the comings and goings of the shelf attendants. Wandine chose a miraculously free small table near a window overlooking the campus and pressed the call button fixed to the side of the desk. A servant arrived quickly to inquire about the newcomer’s wishes.

“Oh, hello, Mademoiselle Wandine! Your exams are approaching? What can I do for you today?”

He had a high-pitched voice, like almost all the males attached to the Students’ Library, but Wandine did not remember him. Despite herself, she always felt a certain pride at being recognized by someone, even a male. She gave him a friendly smile before providing the details of the book she wanted to consult, the voluminous Treatise on Non-Consensual Conditioning of Males in a Gynarchically Evolving Society [see glossary], by the renowned behavioral economist Diana Cathala.

“I’m afraid it’s already in use, Mademoiselle. But I’ll ask Madame the Librarian if she agrees to lend you her copy. Please be patient!*”

And he left with a light, skipping step, like a dancer, toward the office of the mistress of the place, the General Librarian, Martine Charmoise.

The latter ruled over all the specialized sections of the University Library with a expertise everyone acknowledged. Under her command, in addition to the four Section Directors, she had about fifty shelf attendants, males of course, originally intact but whom she took the prudent precaution of castrating as soon as they were placed under her authority. This avoided for the Students all the troublesome inconveniences often associated with using male servants, particularly during post-adolescence, when they come into contact with a large number of members of the superior sex:

excessive attention to the prettiest, poorly repressed passion when they fall in love, or, sometimes, manifest lust toward certain particularly alluring young girls.

These measures, though prudent and effective, greatly amused the Students, as none were unaware that Martine Charmoise, an exclusive homosexual, took a certain pleasure in personally performing the ablation of her subordinates' male organs. Her collection of stuffed penises was famous throughout the University. The Librarian used it, as some once used "Japanese prints," to seduce one or another of the enchanting young beauties who frequented the premises she administered. Several Students sometimes alluded to this amusing collection, which, they said, numbered several hundred specimens of all sizes, shapes, colors, and so on.

But it was probably because of this operation, ritually performed on her subordinates of the inferior sex, that the Librarian was all-powerful here. Perhaps because she had personally carried out this procedure, which brought them somewhat closer—albeit by default—to feminine perfection, because it had conferred on her in their eyes an authority both physical and spiritual as well as social, and, above all, because of the almost hypnotic fascination she exerted over them, the small troop of eunuchs was blindly devoted and submissive to Martine Charmoise.

The latter was, moreover, rather attractive despite the fifty springs she sometimes admitted to. Immediately followed by the servant carrying the heavy book requested by Wandine, she came in person to clarify to the young Student that it was her personal copy she was thus making available.

"You are highly esteemed here, dear Wandine. And rightly so, I'm sure."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

"However, since I've finished my day, I would be grateful if you could return the Treatise to my home when you're done. Just come to my apartment in the evening."

"That's very kind, Mademoiselle, but…"

"And we'll take the opportunity to chat over tea… or a drink, if you prefer."

"That is to say, I…"

"And, you know, I have a very original collection! A collection I've been able to build, among other things, thanks to these very devoted young males… like this one, for example, who seems to admire you greatly…"

"Uh… yes. I've heard about it, indeed…"

"Ah! Everything gets around at the University! So, is that a yes? See you tonight?"

"Well…"

"I won't eat you, Wandine! And I won't rape you either, if that's what you're afraid of…"

"Oh, Mademoiselle! Far from me the thought…"

"Good. Then, see you tonight. Happy reading, Wandine! As for you," she added to her eunuch, "stay behind this young girl in case she needs anything. And obey her as you would me!*"

"Thank you very much, Mademoiselle Charmoise," intervened the young girl. "But, you know, I only need the Treatise, nothing else."

“You never know! And my little males are numerous enough, at least today, to be more attentive to the needs of all these studious young girls. Alright, goodbye, my young friend. And see you very soon…”

The Librarian turned around and headed for the exit, not without checking on the way, with a quick but vigilant eye, the proper behavior of the few eunuchs busy that day serving the Students and left under the sole authority of the Section Director.

8

The shelf attendant stood behind Wandine, upright and silent, throughout her reading of the passages of the Treatise she had to study. This did not bother her too much, as she was accustomed since her earliest years to having a valet de classe or a domestic male constantly and vigilantly awaiting her slightest desires. However, knowing that this one had been previously castrated to perform this function aroused her a little. Wandine, who was still only twenty-five, was still sensitive to all the signs of self-denial shown by young males to better serve her.
When it was time to leave, she flashed him her most seductive smile, amused by the idea that, in a few minutes, she would likely be sensually and voluptuously caressed by the same hands that had cut off the virile organs of this attentive and somewhat grotesque young servant.

9

Martine Charmoise lived in one of the residential apartments of the University, located on the upper floors of the main building. She came to open the door herself, a radiant smile on her lips. She had changed and was wearing a particularly alluring house dress. Wandine returned her smile and entered.

The Librarian kindly invited her to sit, took back the book Wandine had returned, and asked what she would like to drink. The young girl chose a whisky, and her hostess, snapping her fingers, summoned one of her utterly devoted eunuchs and ordered him to serve the chosen drinks. While the eunuch prepared the aperitifs, Martine, placing a soft, warm hand on Wandine’s bare thigh, asked if she had had time to finish her work with the Treatise she had just returned.

“Yes, of course, Mademoiselle. I thank you again for…”

“Come now, Wandine!” she interrupted, frowning. “Will you please call me Martine!”

“It’s just that we’re not yet intimate,” the student cooed.

“That ‘yet’ is very promising…”

Indeed, as the eunuch placed glasses, a bottle of whisky, and ice before his Mistress and her guest, the two women were already in each other’s arms, kissing passionately.

“Do you know what I’d like?” asked Wandine, catching her breath.

“First, you must use *‘tu’ with me now.”

“Alright, Martine.”

“And second, I know what you’d like: to see my collection of stuffed penises! You know, it drives you all wild! I know you well, you young girls of today… Come on, follow me…”

Wandine, blushing, took the hand Martine Charmoise extended and followed her docilely.

They passed through a door and arrived in a sort of boudoir where a large sofa stood and whose walls were entirely covered with shelves. On the shelves of this strange library, an incalculable number of erect penises were aligned. It was extraordinary. There were long ones, short ones, curved ones, straight ones, black ones, yellow ones, white ones… No two were truly alike. Wandine, wide-eyed, could not tear her gaze from this unusual but magnificent collection. Martine had slipped her arm around the young girl’s waist and, while gently caressing her hip, gave her a wealth of details about the former owners of these countless phalluses.

“This one was adorable and very helpful. As for the other, next to it, he was a nasty male who dared to write a love letter to one of my favorite students.”

“And that one, the big one?”

“Oh, that one? He was madly in love with me! He himself offered to let me take whatever interested me from him. Don’t you find that sweet?”

“Oh, yes. There really are some wonderful males.”

“Yes, a few… Look, you see this one, Wandine, up there?”

“Yes. It’s not very pretty…”

“No, that’s for sure! But its owner was a true Greek god. An Apollo! He had managed to seduce a student I was, at the time, madly in love with. It took me a lot of time, but I managed to get her to offer me her Greek god’s virility herself, which clearly couldn’t compete with me. We castrated him together, promising each other eternal love. It was a marvelous evening! Alas, time passes… and loves die…”

“I’m sorry…”

“Oh, no! You mustn’t be! That’s life! Look at this one. No, the other. Yes, that one. Its owner didn’t survive the ablation. Not because of the pain, since I anesthetize them most of the time, but because he didn’t expect it! When he saw himself castrated—pop!—heart attack! What a story!*”

“You always talk about them in the past. They aren’t all dead, are they?”

“You think? Here’s the penis of the one who brought you your Treatise earlier… And this one belongs to my personal eunuch who served us the whisky… But it’s true that, among my eunuchs, I’ve noticed a slightly earlier mortality. The psyche, probably…”

“It’s a marvelous collection, Martine…”

“Wait, come see something…”

Wandine let herself be guided to the sofa and lay down beside her hostess. The latter took her in her arms and began to gently caress her breasts and inner thighs.

“Look closely at all these stuffed penises, Wandine…”

“Yes, Martine…”

“Think that I’m the one who cut them off…”

“Yes, Martine… Mmmh…”

“Think that we are two women giving each other pleasure…”

“Oh, yes! That, yes, Martine!”

“Think that the males who once had those things between their legs gave them to us precisely so we could enjoy knowing they can never do so again…”

“More… yes… caress me…”

“Dear little Wandine*…”

The young student’s orgasm came suddenly and unexpectedly. She cried out in pleasure. Then she wanted at least to return the favor to her new friend and managed to do so quickly, while herself climaxing again.

When they finally stopped, Wandine had sweat on her brow and a dry throat. They left the penis collection to return to their whisky glasses, into which the Librarian’s eunuch was adding some ice.

10

As she watched him do so, dreamily, Wandine remembered the one called Stanislas, or Pierrot, who was languishing in his basement thinking of her.

“Oh, Martine! I have something to ask you.”

“Sorry, darling… I don’t have another collection!*”

“No, that’s not it,” said the student, laughing. “It’s about a male who was my valet de classe long ago and who was transferred to the basements for a blunder.”

“As long as he hasn’t been assigned to the septic tank… They say they never last more than three years there…”

“No. He’s in the archives. He asked me to do something to get him out. Maybe you need an extra male at the Library?”

“Oh, certainly! Besides, I don’t like keeping them too long… They quickly pick up bad habits! So, I send them to the Male Center [see glossary] for reconditioning or animalization [see glossary].”

“So, it’s possible?”

“Of course, Wandine. I’ll request his transfer. What do you call him?”

11

Two months later, passing through the University Library again, Wandine was not surprised to find the young man running from one student to another, his arms laden with books or documents. But when he saw his former Tutrice [see glossary] settle at a table, instead of rushing to serve her, he pretended to ignore her and went to attend to someone else.

Slightly irritated by this incomprehensible attitude, the young girl pressed the call button for the servants. No one came. As she was a bit pressed for time and now knew the Library's manager quite well, she stood up and headed to Martine Charmoise's office.

The latter was busy with a fifth-year student but still received Wandine. Upon learning how her new employee was acting, her blood boiled, and she rushed into the reading room. There, the young man was pretending to be busy, but it was clear he was no longer overwhelmed with work. The Director, followed by Wandine, approached him and delivered a resounding slap that made most of the students present turn around.

"So, idiot! You no longer want to serve the one who got you out of your basement?"

"That's just it! It's because of her! Everything is because of her!*"

"What are you talking about?" asked the young girl. "What am I responsible for?"

"Castrated! I'm castrated! That's what happened to me be

cause of you!*"
"Oh, that!*" she said. "And so? You must feel better now! No more unhealthy desires, no more bad sleep…"

"Bitch!" he screamed like a madman. "Bitch! You'll pay for this!"

A new slap, even more violent than the previous one, cut him off. Martine Charmoise, red with anger, pointed to the door of the storage room and said:

"Get to your kennel! I'll deal with you myself next. I promise you!*"

While the eunuch servant headed, head lowered, in the direction ordered, the Director apologized to Wandine.

"It's true… I must admit… Emasculation sometimes has the opposite effect on them… But this one will pay dearly for his reluctance… Wait for me here, Wandine. Two phone calls to make, and we'll deal with him!*"

12

Barely ten minutes later, Sabrina Malfond, the very young and very redheaded Director of University Facility Maintenance, entered the Library and joined her colleague Martine Charmoise.

"This one!" said the latter, pointing to her latest eunuch. "He just insulted a Student! A Student who, moreover, had interceded for him! And he had already been guilty of a blunder toward another student! I want you to assign him where you know!"

"Alright, Martine. As it happens, the spot is free since yesterday. Follow me, you!*"

"Where are you taking him?" asked Wandine. "Back to the archives?"

"No," Martine replied, even lower… Come see, if you want. I'll come along too…"

The three women, pushing the offending eunuch ahead of them, left the Library and headed to the main building. There, they took the restricted elevator, for which the redhead had the key. The young Maintenance Director pressed the button for the second basement, and the elevator

descended into the depths of the Gynarchic Faculty. The young eunuch was white as a sheet and trembling like a leaf.

When the doors opened, a foul stench assaulted them.

“What horror!*” said Wandine. “What is it?”

“The general septic tank,” explained Sabrina Malfond. “I myself can never get used to it.”

“You need a male here?”

“Absolutely! Look…”

The young redhead, still pushing the emasculated male ahead of her, advanced into the tank, which was dimly but sufficiently lit to navigate and see how it functioned.

It was nothing more than a vast, deep concrete pit filled with excrement. On the ceiling, the ends of a dozen wide pipes were visible, corresponding to the toilets of the upper floors. From time to time, a repulsive sound announced the descent of urine or excrement flushed by some Student relieving herself somewhere above.

“The problem is here,” explained Sabrina Malfond. “The fecal matter, as it ferments, must liquefy and flow through these outlets equipped with filtering grates.”

“Yes, I see,” said Wandine, holding her handkerchief to her nose. “God, what a smell!*”

“Unfortunately,” she continued, “the Students, whether in their first or eighth year, cannot get into the habit of disposing of their tampons or sanitary napkins in the bins, and everything regularly falls into the tank. But these items are, alas, non-degradable and regularly clog the grates for the evacuation of liquefied fecal matter. And they must be removed daily. That’s why, rather than waging a losing battle against absent-minded or simply ill-mannered and careless Students, we decided not to prohibit anything and to place a male at the other end of the pipes to retrieve, amid the excrement, all the hygienic items the Students drop into it.”

“No… no…” moaned the young Library servant, who was beginning to see what trouble his insubordination had landed him in. “Not me… I don’t want to…”

The redhead grabbed a short steel chain fixed to the wall in front of her. The chain was equipped with a padlock. In a few seconds and a couple of movements, she had locked the chain around the young male’s waist. She then justified her action:

“This chain was fixed here for your own good, my little one. Before we put it in, the males serving the tank had an unfortunate tendency to throw themselves into the excrement and let themselves drown. I, at least, don’t want you to commit suicide… This chain will prevent you from drowning in there. Understand?”

“Yes… yes, Madame.”

“Good. Now, here’s the tool you’ll live with from now on.”

And she handed him a kind of large net attached to a long handle.

“With this, you can catch anything anywhere on the surface of the tank. Your role is to stay vigilant to the sounds of flushing and closely monitor what the Students send you. As soon as you spot a

tampon, a sanitary napkin, or even a clump of toilet paper that's too bulky, you must fish it out immediately and place it in this large trash can next to the door. Understand?"

"No… no…" he said, trembling. "No…"

"You don't understand? Careful, if you make me angry, our relationship will become very difficult! So, have you understood?"

"Yes… yes, Madame."

"Good. The trash can is emptied once a month. It has no lid because the smell it gives off doesn't add much to the one that reigns here. Your golden rule must be vigilance and speed. In fact, I've found a little trick to keep your attention from slipping too much."

"You do some surprise inspections, no doubt?" asked Wandine, intrigued despite herself by the organization of this unsavory but necessary task for the comfort of the Female Community of the Gynarchic University. "Slacking must not be tolerated, of course."

"Not at all, Mademoiselle! Besides, I hate coming to this place. No. I've found something better. Since I'm personally responsible for this maintenance and the male I assign here, I thought that, to keep him alert, the best way was to send his food through the same channels. That's why, every time I go to the toilet, I bring a little sandwich or a fruit and send it through the piping, which fortunately has no siphon."

"Genius!" said Martine Charmoise, bursting into laughter. "What imagination!"

"Isn't it? This way, he must react to every flush because he can't know if this one is the one sending his meal!*"

"Alright," said Wandine. "What if we let him get to work now? This smell…"

"Yes. I think he knows pretty much everything now."

"What a horrible task, all the same!*" added the Student.

"Come now, Wandine," consoled the Librarian, "don't forget that you did everything for this ingrate! He only has what he deserves! And his fate could have been worse. We could have sent him to be euthanized at the Center…"

"And there are compensations," added the Maintenance Director. "Here, my little one, lean slightly over the tank and look up."

The boy did as he was told.

"Wait," he was ordered again.

After a moment, a flush sound was heard, and the young male barely had time to pull his head back to avoid being splashed by a jet of urine.

"Did you see?" asked the young redhead.

"Yes," said the male, blushing.

"What did he see?" asked Wandine, not daring to lean over herself.

“A little bit of feminine buttocks, some pubic hair perhaps belonging to a pretty student, who knows? In any case, something to keep him entertained during the long winter evenings. Admit that his position is almost enviable!*”

The three young women burst into laughter, not particularly bothered by the tears streaming down the cheeks of Wandine’s former valet de classe.

“Shall we go?” said the latter. “It’s really foul here!*”

“Let’s go!*”

Once back on the campus, they greedily breathed in the fresh spring air that was arriving. Wandine went to tell the story of Stanislas-Pierrot to her friend Marianne Ambremme, who had now fallen in love with the Ancient History professor. They laughed a lot about it and quickly forgot this disobedient young male.

Yet, several years after Wandine and Marianne had left the University, some Students, it is said, still sometimes heard in the toilets, when flushing, a muffled voice crying:

“Marianne! Bitch! Wandine! Bitch!*”

Which always greatly surprised the newcomers.

Wandine Does Her Service

1

The Conscriptes were about a hundred strong, lined up in the courtyard of honor of the Gynocratic Farm of Magdaville. In the rest position, the spread legs of each young girl stretched the pink skirts of their brand-new uniforms. Suddenly, at the command of a Lieutenante, the heels of their impeccably polished white boots clicked in perfect synchrony. The Fermière Générale had just appeared at the top of the steps at the door of the administrative buildings.

She was a tall, rather buxom woman with a somewhat unattractive appearance. Her white hair was carefully pulled back and almost entirely hidden under the pink kepi with double gold braid.

“Good morning, Mesdemoiselles,” she called out in a loud voice. “Welcome to the Magdaville Farm! You may return to your rest position.”

The skirts tightened again, and each conscrite clasped her hands behind her, in the small of her back. The Fermière Générale then delivered the traditional speech she gave each year to welcome the new Contingent:

“Young girls, you are today incorporated into the supervisory team of the largest Gynocratic Farm in the country. Magdaville spans two thousand three hundred hectares, roughly divided equally between cultivated lands and pastures. Your main task, for the next twelve months, will be to oversee a herd of more than ten thousand heads, divided into three sub-herds of unequal size: sheep, cattle, and human males.”

A few youthful giggles erupted, briefly stirring the three rows of little pink caps, but the speaker regained the young girls’ attention by providing more details about what awaited them:

“The herd of human males at Magdaville comprises about three thousand heads and is responsible for the cultivation of vegetables, fruits, and cereals, as well as the management of the two other herds, one consisting of a thousand horned beasts and the other about five thousand sheep. As you can see, you are only a hundred or so to oversee this immense herd. Indeed, as you can easily imagine, your task will be arduous. But know this: it is also infinitely exhilarating and vital for the country! Your efforts, if our predictions prove accurate, should enable an entire city to be fed for the coming year. So, do not spare them! Neither your efforts nor your males!*”

There were again a few laughs among the young audience. But the Fermière Générale quickly resumed her speech:

“The three thousand males of Magdaville come from extremely varied backgrounds. Two-thirds of them, the youngest, are here, like you, performing their Mandatory Gynocratic Service [see glossary]. But, as you already know, for them, the S.G.O. is not twelve months, as it is for us girls, but ten years, renewable. This is why the ages of the male Contingent range from sixteen to thirty-six. The others, numbering about a thousand, are mostly household Rejects, that is, males discarded by their Patronnes, Tutrices, Mistresses, or Wives, usually under the charge of sexual incompetence. When this is indeed the fault held against them, they have naturally been castrated at the Male Center [see glossary] before their assignment here. All the better for you, Mesdemoiselles, because they thus become less aggressive and much more docile!*”

The pink caps of a few, who had likely already managed, in a private capacity, one or more emasculated males, bobbed briefly with various head movements indicating agreement. The senior officer continued:

"We have no gynarco-refractory males here. Those who may have been in the past have all been reconditioned at the Male Center [see glossary]. But beware, young girls! Not all are in this category! Many have been sent to Magdaville for other reasons: domestic incompetence, bad attitude, or, in the worst cases, outright insubordination to a woman. These, especially when they begin to feel the first effects of fatigue or aging and thus realize that the time for euthanasia is approaching, easily become irritable and adopt an aggressive behavior toward their young supervisors. You must always remain extremely wary of them! Naturally, you will be armed at all times: standard pistol, submachine gun when you are on close surveillance, and electric whip for non-lethal intervention at a distance."

The Fermière Générale unhooked her own electric whip from her belt, a sort of matte black plastic remote-control device, and scanned the courtyard for a target. A service male, with a mop and bucket in hand, was just heading toward the door of the Quartermaster's building, about ten meters from the position of the young Conscriptes. The officer aimed the tip of her device, where a red light was blinking, at him and pressed the switch. The bluish laser beam flashed for a hundredth of a second, hitting the male, who was violently thrown three meters away and sprawled on the ground, dropping his mop and bucket of dirty water. A hundred fresh adolescent laughs greeted the skill of their superior as the male painfully got up, grimacing in pain.

"You must not, however, abuse this method of intervention," the white-haired woman continued. "More than three consecutive uses of this electric whip on the same human target can permanently damage it or even kill it. Fortunately, our males know this! They also know that the bodies of males euthanized, whether punitively or for work incapacity, are processed for fertilization. In plain terms: turned into manure for the Farm's fodder crops. This generally deters them from any indiscipline! But rest assured, young girls: there are very few serious disciplinary cases at Magdaville. We have never exceeded the regulatory ten percent lethality losses in the male herd."

There were a few sighs of relief in the audience. Of course, very few of these young girls looked forward to killing a member of the male herd with any enthusiasm. The officer resumed:

"The climate of our region unfortunately does not allow us to practice open-air herding. This is why all three herds must be confined to their respective stables at night. The males first bring in the cattle at 6 p.m., then the sheep at 7 p.m., and finally, you bring in the males at 8 p.m. The supervision of these three operations is done remotely, from the general surveillance command post, via audiovisual systems. Similarly, the release of the herds, in reverse order, starts at 6 a.m. The escort and supervision of the herds during the day is done on horseback or in jeeps, and three times a day, by helicopter. I finally advise you to avoid abuses of power: I know that, for some of you, having virtually the power of life and death over two thousand healthy young boys opens up incalculable erotic possibilities!*"

Laughter erupted again, and a few knowing snickers were heard in the pink ranks of the Conscriptes.

“You must not abuse the possibilities that the S.G.O. offers you. Moreover, the daily food of all our males is laced with bromide to suppress their aggressiveness and virility. The human males, naturally! The others get the opposite treatment!*”

This time, hearty bursts of laughter greeted the Fermière Générale’s joke, who finally concluded:

“One last thing, Mesdemoiselles: at Magdaville, we have chosen not to treat the herd of human males anonymously, as we do with the other animals. Our males are listed and called by their first name, followed by a number to distinguish them when they share the same name. Let us not forget that we still need them for industry, agriculture, and the perpetuation of the species. I hope you will treat them all with humanity and understanding. Within reason, of course. My Lieutenantes will provide you with the details of your schedules and the various techniques I recommend for the proper execution of your tasks. If you encounter the slightest problem with one of your superiors or subordinates, do not hesitate to come talk to me. My door will always be open. Here, we are all in the same boat! Mesdemoiselles, enjoy your stay at Magdaville!*”

“Attention!” shouted a Lieutenante as the officer returned to her office. “You may now return to your quarters, Mesdemoiselles. Your schedules are posted in your respective rooms. Dismissed!”

2

Wandine looked at the Conscrite to her left, whom fate had designated to share her room with two other young girls. She was tall, brunette, well-built, had a friendly and pleasant demeanor, and answered to the sweet name of Carine. They smiled at each other.

“How come there are no animalized males [see glossary] here?” Wandine asked her. “It would still be easier to manage than all these conscripts and rejects!*”

“It’s because of the livestock management, I think,” she replied. “Animalized males are perfect for simple tasks, like assembly-line work or intensive farming. But livestock management requires a certain level of intelligence, a minimum ability to respond to unforeseen problems. An animalized male couldn’t react properly, for example, if a cow attacked or escaped…”

“I see… Too bad for us!*”

“You think?” the other said, shrugging. “Here, half the work is done in front of surveillance monitors and mics at the command post. And during the day, we spend our time riding around on horseback, in cars, or in helicopters! You don’t really think a male would dare confront one of his supervisors! With all the weapons we’re carrying! Plus, we always work in pairs. A girl intervening with a male is always watched by another girl who protects her. No danger!*”

“Oh, I’m not afraid!*” exclaimed Wandine. “But I took courses in Human Resource Management at the Faculty, and the subject interests me. Still, I don’t remember anyone ever talking to us about the limitations of animalized males.”

“It’s fundamental, though! If we could assign animalized males to all non-feminine tasks, it would be paradise! All males would then be animalized or euthanized. A society exclusively feminine! What a wonder!*”

“Oh, you sound like a monosexual!*”

“A bit, yes! For me, when there’s a male around, you can’t really enjoy yourself! And you, do you use males sexually?”

“It’s not my cup of tea, no. But it’s happened a few times, just to see…”

“Yuck…”

The Conscriptes’ dormitories bore flower names. They reached theirs, charmingly named Myosotis. There, they found the two other young girls with whom they would share the room for a year. Both were blonde as wheat, but they differed mainly in height. One must have been over one meter eighty, while the other barely exceeded one meter fifty. The small one looked like a true miniature of the first, but she was very alluring and, in fact, seemed to have turned the head of the tall one, who devoured her with her eyes. Wandine, somehow, regretted this a bit but quickly consoled herself watching Carine undress. She was sublime! A goddess’s body! Wandine, assertively, claimed the bunk above the one her stunning conscription comrade had chosen.

Unfortunately, pinned to the door, bad news awaited the four young girls: the first evening watch was assigned to their dormitory. They had barely an hour to prepare and reach the general surveillance command post. They made use of this short time to get to know each other better. The tall blonde was named Astrid and confessed to being the Fermière Générale’s own daughter. Her adorable miniature was named Emilie and came from the country’s first gynarchist city. The beautiful Carine, for her part, provided few details about her studies. Wandine, half-implying, understood that she had just obtained her D.A.M.E. [see glossary], the diploma required to be authorized to perform euthanasia on end-of-life or gynarco-refractory males.

3

At the central surveillance command post, which resembled an airport control tower, a Lieutenante whose badge indicated her name was Patricia awaited the four young girls designated to oversee and manage the return of the three herds of the Gynocratic Farm. She first explained the operation of the infrared surveillance cameras scattered across the entire nighttime holding area and inside each stable housing cattle, sheep, or human males. Then she taught them how to properly use the various screens as well as the amplifiers and microphones for transmitting directives. Finally, she gave them the lists of the Magdaville herd, organized by stable. The livestock was counted and designated by number, age, color, and breed. The list of human males included, in addition, an identification photo and the first-name code of each individual. A few minutes after finishing her explanations, Patricia, through the large bay window, pointed out to the four novices the arrival of the first cattle. These were being driven toward the stables by a group of a few males, themselves supervised by two horsewomen in pink uniforms who kept their fingers on the triggers of their submachine guns. Once the operation was complete, Wandine, following the received directives, instructed the males via microphone to return to their own stable and settle in. A new group of cattle arrived, and the same scene repeated. The horsewomen, whom the new female Contingent was replacing and who would thus be relieved that evening once their surveillance was done, waved a friendly gesture to the tower lookouts relaying them and returned to the stables. The return of the cattle took just under an hour and was followed, in the same pattern, by that of the sheep.

Then, escorted by a few dozen horsewomen and several pairs of young girls in pink 4x4s, the herds of males assigned to the crops arrived. They made hardly more noise than the livestock that had preceded them. Some, though relatively few given their numbers, seemed to chat a bit with one or two neighbors. Most, clearly exhausted by their day of labor, walked with heads lowered and in silence. Their supervisors, on horseback or motorized, waited at the armored door of the rest area until their new comrades at the central command post took over via audiovisual means. The males, in small groups of fifty, gathered in front of the entrances to their stables. Each of the four new conscriptes stationed herself at a screen, counted, stable by stable, the males lining up in front of the cameras, then, pressing the button to open the door, used a microphone to order the males concerned to enter the stable where showers, food, and rest awaited.

“Stable Three. You are complete. Enter.”

“Stable Four. You are complete. Enter.”

At Stable Twenty-Seven, one male was missing. A roll call was necessary. It was determined that a certain Jérémie 2 was absent. Patricia, the Lieutenante, went to investigate. A few moments later, she returned with the expected confirmation: Jérémie 2 had suffered from heatstroke during potato harvesting and had been taken directly to the slaughterhouse. The external Supervisor who had noted the male’s end of life, caught up in her imminent return to her family home, had simply forgotten to report the incident to Surveillance. To meet the mandatory count of fifty, a male had to be taken from the incomplete Stable Fifty-Eight to replace the missing one. This took some time, and the return of the males was not completed until after 10 p.m. Only then did the four new comrades yield their place to the team designated for night surveillance and finally head to the canteen to dine and share their first impressions of the chore of herding the herds in.

4

The first unexplained murder was that of Walter 2, a cultivator from Stable Fifteen. It occurred exactly twelve days after the arrival of Wandine’s female Contingent. The male was found in the early morning, lying in the ditch along the road used by the herds morning and evening during their stable-to-work journey. He had succumbed to a triple discharge of an electric whip. The perpetrator could only be one of the young Conscriptes. But, although she risked nothing more than a mild reprimand if she provided a valid reason or claimed a moment of understandable irritation, she did not come forward. And that same evening, another absence was noted: a certain Alain 17, from Stable Thirty-Six. In the Myosotis room, tongues were wagging.

Since the day before yesterday, and after long maneuvers of approach, Wandine had earned the right to slip into the beautiful Carine’s bed at night. But they had to be careful, because their two other roommates, despite the obvious desire that Astrid, the Fermière Générale’s tall daughter, felt for Emilie, the adorable blonde doll who, since the first day, had been nicknamed Emilie-Jolie by the other Conscriptes, had not yet shown any erotic or ambiguous gestures toward each other, and an unpredictable reaction from one of them could still be feared. In the meantime, in absolute darkness and total silence, Carine and Wandine had exchanged their first caresses and, when they were safe from prying eyes and ears, already whispered tender and passionate words to each other.

But the moment was not for frivolity. The topic of conversation was the murder of Walter 2 and the disappearance of Alain 17.

“Do you think they killed the other one too?” Emilie asked Wandine.

“I’d bet my hand on it! I can feel it…”

Wandine had already handled several strange cases, and her opinion carried weight in the room, as she had, among other means and despite her natural modesty, recounted her few small exploits to seduce the beautiful Carine.

“So we have a serial killer in the Conscrite team at the Farm,” added her friend. “Great!*”

“Wait! Nothing says it isn’t one of the officers. Have you seen the look on Lieutenante Martina? She has all the makings of a criminal.”

“You think?” said Astrid, shrugging. “She’s the sweetest of girls. I’ve known her for ten years. She hasn’t killed more than ten males since she’s been at the Farm! She’s an angel come to earth!*”

“Exactly! Maybe her past sweetness now demands compensation. I read in a psychology book that this can very well happen…”

“No way, Wandine! That’s impossible!*”

“And Patricia? She told us she’s a shooting champion. Do you think she wouldn’t like to take a few shots at our males, just to practice or keep her skills sharp?”

“But she would have confessed! She knows the drill, you think!*”

“Maybe…”

The next morning, the body of Alain 17 was found on the edge of the turnip field. Like the first, he had been electrically whipped until death ensued. The four roommates had been on horseback surveillance in the vegetable fields that morning. Lieutenante Patricia and the Fermière Générale questioned them at length and asked them to submit a detailed report in conclusion. But the report added nothing to their statements. In the afternoon, a Supervisor from the helicopter thought she had spotted a male improperly resting during his work and landed near him. The noise of the rotor and the blast of the blades did not wake him. It was another body. This time, it was a new conscript, barely sixteen years old, who could have been useful to the Female Community for at least ten more years. He answered to the first-name code of Nicolas 8 and had been assigned to Stable Thirty-Six, like the previous one.

The Lieutenantes investigating thought they had a clue there. Stable Thirty-Six was thoroughly searched during the day. The files of the forty-eight stablemates of the two last murdered males were carefully examined by the Fermière Générale. Her daughter Astrid was able to gather some details, which she faithfully reported that evening to her friends in the Myosotis room. Numerous theories were constructed about the tragic Stable Thirty-Six, but none held up against the reality of the facts the next day: three other males were missing from the roll call, and all three were from Stable Twenty.

As they were only found four days later, it was briefly thought that these three males, who were, it was learned, very close, had taken advantage of the general state of agitation to attempt an escape. But escapes from Magdaville, on the one hand, were virtually impossible. Only one male gone mad

and two young bullocks had, until then, due to a female negligence that could no longer recur, managed to cross the high electrified fence. All three had, moreover, been quickly spotted and shot down the next day by the surveillance helicopter. On the other hand, with half the Continent now under gynarchic regime, no sane and normally conditioned male could even hope for the slightest success in his endeavor. They were located after the body of the seventh missing male, Eugène 2, was found. Bodies four, five, and six, unlike the others, had been gunned down with a burst of a submachine gun. The Supervisors and males who should have been working near the three friends were questioned. No one admitted to hearing any gunshots, but among the males, fear had set in, and the eyes of those questioned betrayed real panic. The three gunned-down males had the first-name codes of Ignace 2, Daniel 27, and Norbert 4. Three males from Stable Fifty-Eight, where fill-ins were taken, came to replace them without enthusiasm in Stable Twenty.

This led the blonde Astrid to believe she had discovered a motive for all these murders. In Stable Fifty-Eight, there might be an unpleasant or cruel male. So, to change stables, his companions had no choice but to eliminate a male from another stable to take his place and escape the sadist. But her reasoning was quickly dismantled by Wandine. First, the Supervisors chose the fill-ins themselves, and no male from Stable Fifty-Eight could be sure of being selected.

“Exactly!” explained Emilie-Jolie, defending her suitor. “One of them is waiting his turn. As long as he isn’t transferred to another stable, he’ll kill until he’s chosen!”

“Then wouldn’t he be better off killing the sadist directly?” said Carine, shrugging. “That’s ridiculous!*”

“Maybe it’s not about a sadist but a love story,” suggested the little blonde. “You know that… in the stables… strange things happen!*”

Her companions smiled. It was common knowledge at Magdaville that, despite the bromide regularly mixed into the food of human males, romantic intrigues formed and unraveled within the herd. Generally, the Supervisors were lenient toward those who, in most cases, sought more a bit of warmth than a hypothetical copulation, given their bromide diet and the emasculation of nearly a third of them. However, there had, it was said, been a few rapes and, above all, cases of sexual enslavement. Some males, stronger or meaner, set their sights on a pleasant-looking young conscript or one of the many castrated males following a female complaint for sexual incompetence and made them their sexual slave. Some did not complain, but many were eager to see the end of their S.G.O. term, at least for those who had not been permanently assigned to Magdaville.

Wandine refuted this proposal as well, pointing to the weapons. One could perhaps conceive that a male had, somehow, obtained an electric whip, but that he possessed a submachine gun was highly improbable.

“And if the male had a female accomplice within the female Contingent?” suggested Emilie-Jolie again. “A frustrated bisexual, a sister, or a former Tutrice?”

“But why would he kill?”

“There must be a reason behind all these murders…”

5

After the assassination of Eugène 2, there was a period of calm. The mystery had not been solved, but fear was gradually fading. The relatively good mood that had prevailed among the herds before these tragic events was slowly returning. There was another death, but a natural one. In the potato field, a male, probably stricken with temporary madness, had dared to insult a young Surveillante on horseback, likely a bit demanding about the work he had to perform. She then shot him in the stomach and left him to agonize among his comrades as an example. The male was named Jean 24, and the Surveillante was Emilie. None of her companions in the Myosotis room criticized her just decision, and all, especially the tall Astrid, admired her authority and skill.

But the very next day after this minor incident, a Monday, the unexplained murders resumed. For an entire week, every morning except Tuesday and Thursday, a human male's body was found, sometimes in one field, sometimes in another. All bore traces of multiple electric whip strikes. Thus, successively, were collected and sent to the slaughterhouse [see glossary]: Eugène 3, Tristan 7, Alain 5, Ignace 1, and Marc 18.

It was the following Monday, exactly, that Wandine had the first intuition that would lead her to unmask the culprit of these crimes. In Carine's arms, as the latter ceaselessly whispered pathetic "Mon amour" and passionate "Wandine, je t'aime," she suddenly asked, very loudly, this absurd question:

"Damn it! How many Eugènes can there be at Magdaville?"

"What are you saying, darling? Are you going mad?"

Wandine abruptly got up and dressed in a hurry.

"Where are you going, Wandine?"

"I'm going to the central command post. I won't be long…"

Indeed, an hour later, she was back, a smile on her lips. Her three roommates, all awakened by her comings and goings, pressed her with questions but could get nothing out of her except a small triumphant smile.

The next morning, at the crack of dawn, she went to request an audience with the Fermière Générale, obtained it, and, after a few minutes of discussion with her, emerged with an exceptional forty-eight-hour service exemption. She went to the stables, had a horse saddled by a male groom, and set off to join the other pink uniforms supervising the herds' exit. She joined the pair of young conscriptes on horseback tasked with leading a group of males from Stable Forty-Two, responsible for herding a group of Limousin cows to the northern pasture.

She approached the ten or so males and asked them to state their first-name code. They complied. One of them, an old man in his forties, announced the first-name code of Eugène 1. Wandine, to herself, thought that his death would not be a great loss to the Female Community. Yet, from that moment on, she stuck to his side, followed him everywhere, not even losing sight of him during his midday meal, which she quickly ate with the two other horsewomen. The helicopter passed over them twice, and Wandine made big waves to Carine, with whom she would normally have

been. The latter, perhaps upset or because of the presence of the Lieutenante replacing her, did not respond. Wandine shrugged and turned her attention back to Eugène 1.

In the evening, after the group of males had brought in the cattle and had in turn received the order to head to Stable Forty-Two, the young Conscrite went to join the four young girls who were that evening on duty for the herds' return at the central command post tower. They welcomed her kindly and with deference, the Fermière Générale having likely given orders concerning her.

"Tonight," she told them with a knowing smile, "I think we won't have any missing at roll call!*"

This statement relieved the four young girls, partly because they did not at all appreciate these repeated murders, but also greatly because they saw in it the promise of a quiet evening and the possibility of going to dinner and bed earlier. Unfortunately for them and for Wandine's* reputation, a male from Stable Four had not returned to the rest area with his comrades. She waited until he was identified. His name was Eric 17.

"Damn it, the acute accent!" she exclaimed before rushing out of the command post. "What an idiot I am!"

6

That evening, her three companions in the Myosotis room gave her the cold shoulder. Except, perhaps, for little Emilie, whose amusement at Wandine's attitude seemed evident.

"Our Lauren Laurano [see glossary] in a pink uniform struck out? There's still a death at the Farm?"

"Yes, Emilie-Jolie," she replied, smiling. "I found the reason behind all these crimes. And they concern me directly! Now, because of an acute accent, I can no longer know who the killer is. Unless they decide to sign…"

Wandine came to sit on Carine's bed and tried to take her hand. But her friend turned away and coldly asked her to return to her own bed and let her sleep in peace. The young girl, hurt and exhausted by her day on horseback, sadly climbed onto her bed and turned off her nightlight.

"Maybe your killer has already signed," said little Emilie in the dark.

"What do you mean, Emilie-Jolie?"

"It's not just about adding acute accents but also putting the dots on the i's, dear Wandine."

"Putting the dots on the i's?"

"And if you explained what you're talking about?" demanded Astrid, exasperated.

"And if you let us sleep?" suggested Carine, still grumpy and sulky.

"You have to put the dots on the i's, Wandine," continued little Emilie, mockingly, "and on the j's, too…"

"The j's?" asked the young girl, turning the light back on, which only made Carine grumble. "The j? Damn it! Emilie-Jolie! It's you!*"

Wandine leapt from her bed and rushed toward that of her small and adorable roommate.

“It’s you!*” she repeated.

The two others sat up in their beds, sensing that something important was happening.

“It’s me,” said Emilie softly.

Then Wandine threw herself at her, but instead of the fight the other two expected, ready to intervene, there was only the exchange of a long and voluptuous kiss.

“Damn it!*” said Astrid.

“Slut(s)!*” added Carine, without it being clear whether she used the plural or singular, directed exclusively at her lover.

When the two young Conscriptes finally ended their passionate embrace, their two companions had left their beds and, seated at the central table like judges in a courtroom, demanded explanations. Wandine, with a happy smile, agreed to give them a few.

“It was you, Carine, yesterday, who gave me the clue by overwhelming me with your ‘je t’aime’s.”

“I owe you at least that,” *Emilie shot back slyly.

“Little bitch!*” hissed the other.

“Come on, girls!” intervened Astrid. “We’re civilized, damn it! Let’s not act like jealous and quarrelsome males!”

“Okay, sorry, Emilie-Jolie,” said Carine.

“Sorry, Carine,” added Emilie.

“Thanks to that ‘Wandine, je t’aime’ that kept ringing in my ears,” continued Wandine, “the penny dropped in my head. I had been looking for a logic to these murders for a long time, and I found it. It was simply a coded message sent anonymously, and in a very original way, to one of us.”

“Original, to say the least…” began Carine.

“And it was addressed to you?” cut in Astrid.

“Yes, from the very first male killed. You remember? Walter-something-or-other? The same initial as my own name. The rest followed naturally…”

Wandine took a piece of paper and a pencil and began to list vertically the first-name codes of the dead. This produced the first list below:

Walter 2,
Alain 17,
Nicolas 8,
Daniel 27,
Ignace 2,
Norbert 4,
Eugène 2.

“You see, with the initial of each first-name code, we form my name. Of course, since Daniel, Ignace 2, and Norbert were gunned down together, it wasn’t immediately obvious…”

“Then there was a few days of rest,” recalled Carine, caught up in the game. “The killer probably hoped you’d have figured it out.”

“Or just to mark a comma,” giggled Emilie. “All conjectures are possible…”

“Then,” continued Wandine, “here’s what we find:

Jean 24,
Eugène 3,
a day without a body,
Tristan,
another day without a body,
Alain 5,
Ignace 1,
Marc 18.

“J.E.T.A.I.M.,” spelled Astrid.

“And that’s when you had your epiphany,” said Carine, pointing to the last first-name code written. “That was last night!*”

“Yes, darling. Thanks to your ‘je t’aime’s.”

“So it was missing an E.”

“Yes. I went to check the male herd lists at the command post. The computer only found Eugène as a name starting with E. And there was only one left in Stable Forty-Two, Eugène 1, whom I watched all day.”

“He got lucky, that one!*” said Emilie, giggling again.

“But, like an idiot, I hadn’t thought about accented vowels. Neither did the computer, dumb and obedient as it is. And the list ended with the approximate E of poor Eric 17, the last one on the list.”

“Brilliant, Wandine! You’re a real detective!*”

“Oh,” she said modestly, taking Emilie’s hand, “the criminal really put me on the right track.”

“Oh, yes,” said Astrid. “This business about dots on the i’s or j’s… Explain that to us again, please, Wandine.”

The young detective, while Emilie slipped under the sheets trying to hide her mocking laughs, stood up and, with a solemn air, came to sit in front of her two other roommates.

“Someone whispered to me…” began Wandine. “Someone told me to put the dot on the j… Now, who is the j?”

“The j of je in je t’aime,” said Astrid, checking the list, “Jean 24!*”

“And who killed him?”

“Emilie-Jolie!” cried Carine. “Of course! Only our culprit could know that a j was needed at that point in the sentence! But what a twisted declaration of love!”

“You’ll excuse me, girls,” said Wandine with a happy smile. “Twisted or not, it’s a declaration of love…”

And, with a leap, she joined the lovely Emilie in her bed. Carine, still jealous and upset, added:

“Yes, but… who’s going to have to report her to the Fermière Générale? Especially since, after the meeting you had with her, Wandine, she won’t take long to follow the same reasoning as you! And Emilie-Jolie… watch out for her ears!*”

“Oh, the Fermière Générale,” intervened Astrid, “I’ll handle her! If I explain everything properly, she won’t make waves.”

Carine coughed while Wandine and Emilie, shamelessly, began to make love.

“I think I was wrong on the first day of my incorporation,” continued the daughter of Magdaville’s director, nodding toward the bed where her two friends were noisily entwined. “I didn’t want to see that these two had fallen head over heels for each other…”

“Nonsense!*” hissed Carine, her eyes fixed on the sheets thrashing in all directions.

“And I also didn’t see,” continued the tall blonde, placing her hand on the thigh of Wandine’s jilted lover, “that the only truly exciting monosexual in the room was you.”

“Astrid, I…”

“Come, Carine.”

7

In the deep darkness and profound silence that reigned that night over Magdaville, while the livestock herds slept and the herd of human males trembled in anticipation of another crime, the young Conscriptes had, throughout the night, their sleep disturbed by a concert of voluptuous moans.

“They don’t seem to be bored in the Myosotis room,” said a Surveillante at the central command post. “I’d love to join them…”

A week later, at the Gynocratic Farm of Magdaville, everyone had forgotten the thirteen unexplained murders, and at least two pairs of lovers formed an inseparable team of friends.

The New Adventures of Wandine

WANDINE, DAUGHTER OF DIANE

1

As her twelfth year approached, every gynarchist and practicing girl had to prepare to join the Pack of Diane, that is, to symbolically enroll in the Community of those who believed in the Great Goddess [see glossary] and in her messianic daughter, Diane [see glossary], the Virgin Huntress. Wandine's mother was not particularly devout but was deeply faithful and wanted her daughter to be initiated into the cult of Diane. Thus, the young girl was called to undertake, along with nearly all her peers of the same age, a fifteen-day retreat at the end of which she would be admitted to the table of the Great Feast [see glossary] of the Daughters of Diane, which would finally make her a permanent member of the Pack of Diane.

That year, there were about a hundred girls who had chosen to join the Pack of Diane and to meditate daily in the dimness of her Temple. Two Prêtresses from the College of Diane taught them catechism, dividing their instruction between studying the Dogma of the Great Goddess, recounting the marvelous life of Diane and some of her most remarkable disciples, and preparing them psychologically and practically for the rituals of the Great Feast.

Wandine's best friend, Aurore, was also there, and the two girls were inseparable. Aurore, whose family was very devout, dreamed of becoming a High Prêtresse and joining the College upon reaching adulthood. Wandine respected and admired this vocation, though she had no desire to follow that path herself.

The College of Diane is a religious community comprising a dozen Prêtresses, all virgins and required to remain so throughout their priesthood. They reside in the Palace of the Great Mother, a vast building where civilians are not permitted to enter. Their role is to teach the worship of the Great Goddess and to perform celebrations. They are also responsible for two small male confraternities raised in their cellars.

The first is the Confraternity of the Little Eunuchs [see glossary] of the Goddess. These are young boys castrated at birth by their mothers to dedicate them to the service of the Prêtresses. Their main task is to serve as domestics to the holy members of the College and to assist them during celebrations. Once they reach adulthood, around fourteen or fifteen years old, they are sent to the Male Center, which then assigns them to other functional activities where they generally prove to be highly conscientious.

The second, the most prestigious, is the Actaeonic Confraternity. Its members, all male as well, are not castrated. On the contrary, they are chosen for their beauty and potential virility. These young males are entrusted to the Prêtresses from a very young age and raised in adoration of Diane and her Daughters. For about a dozen years, they are instilled with the unyielding principles of the cult of the Great Goddess. The Prêtresses gradually reveal to them the great destiny for which they have been chosen and the extraordinary fate awaiting them as soon as the first signs of puberty appear. Their joy, when they are finally called to the Great Feast, shines on their faces and in their devout cries of adoration.

2

Behind the young Prêtresse who spoke to the girls in retreat stood a large marble column topped with two immense golden stag antlers. This was the Tree. Toward this sacred column, the next day, each of the pre-adolescent girls would advance to perform the rituals that would make her a member of the Pack of the Goddess, a true Daughter of Diane. Twice already, they had rehearsed the steps, words, and gestures they would need to perform. They knew all the symbolism that each of their actions would carry on that long-awaited day.

The Prêtresse had them rehearse the sacred hymns. In the vault of the Temple, the harmonious choir of the clear, virginal voices of all the adorable children resounded.

Beautiful Goddess,
O Huntress,
Your Daughters today thank You
For having punished
Their enemy.
Your Pack, in unison, glorifies itself
For having eaten
The foreign being.

Wandine, who did not have a particularly beautiful voice, listened to Aurore's voice beside her, which was truly delightful. Moreover, her friend had such a fervent expression, seemed so mystically exalted by the words of the hymn, that one could only envy and admire her.

Beautiful Goddess,
O Huntress,
Yesterday You vanquished the odious male
And today
You have destroyed
His unlawful and pernicious power.
Glory to You, Diane!
Long live Woman!

In two perfectly aligned rows, the girls exited the Temple singing. Aurore had to pick up her Robe of Diane and asked her friend to accompany her. They went to the shopkeeper who rented traditional ceremonial robes. Aurore's, during the fitting, looked stunning on her. Like all the others, of course, it was immaculate and featured a single strap that, sloping diagonally to the waist, left one breast exposed. Aurore's, just beginning to form, was quite charming. But the belt of the robe was unique. Wide and slightly flared, it molded the hips of the very young girl and gave her adult curves she would never have had naked or dressed otherwise. Wandine congratulated her,

playfully teased her exposed breast with her tongue to make her laugh. Then, after bidding her friend farewell, she returned home, where Gilles, her mother's domestic male and likely the progenitor of her two daughters, had prepared a delicious vegetarian meal, since, before the Great Feast, it was strictly forbidden for the young novices to consume any meat.

Wandine was finishing a huge wheat steak when the telephone rang.

3

The domestic male went to answer and returned a second later to inform his young Mistress that her friend Aurore wanted to speak with her urgently. Wandine picked up the receiver.

"What's wrong, Aurore?"

"By the Great Goddess, Wandine, you'll never guess what's happening to me!*"

"Tell me quickly!*"

"Something terrible is happening! You know Xavier, my class valet?"

"Yes. Do you have a complaint about him? Yet he's very submissive and seems madly in love with you!*"

"Too much, alas! He's going to do something crazy! He wrote me a letter… Can you come to the house, right now? I have to watch my sister, because Mom went to see the new Gladiatrix show at the Arena…"

"Alright, I'm coming… See you soon, Aurore."

4

A few minutes later, at her friend's house, Wandine read the terrible letter Aurore had received from her class valet:

My dear Aurore,

Your absence at school causes me a lot of sadness.
The Teachers told me you were at the Temple of Diane.
They even said you'd show your breast to another boy. That's not fair!
You never wanted to show it to me, even though I'm your class valet!
So I've decided to go see you too, with your breast bare. I will see it, that's for sure. Afterward, if you want, you can punish me.
I'd rather tell you beforehand so you won't be surprised to see me at the Temple.

Your class valet who adores you,

Xavier.

"What handwriting!*" remarked Wandine.

"He's just a male…"

“Yes, but it’s still terrible. Doesn’t he know that the Temple is absolutely forbidden to males? That only Actaeons and eunuchs are allowed there? What will the Prêtresses say if they see him?”

“I don’t care about the Prêtresses! Have you thought about me? I’ll look ridiculous!*”

“Oh, it’s not that serious! It just proves he loves you a lot…”

“Not serious? What are you saying, Wandine? On the very day of my entry into the Pack of Diane, a worthless little male would see me half-naked! Would see us all half-naked!*”

“Yes, when you think about it… Especially since we become Daughters of Diane by commemorating the death of Actaeon, who spied on the Goddess bathing… It would be a real sacrilege! What an idiot, your Xavier!”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

“We need to warn him, Aurore. Convince him not to come. Even if it means agreeing to show him your breasts…”

“That? Absolutely not! But warn him, yes. Could you do it?”

“Alright, I’ll do it. To help you out and because you’re my friend. Where does he live, your disobedient class valet?”

“That’s just it… I don’t know.”

“What? You don’t know your class valet’s address?”

“I never asked him for it. What would I have done with it?”

“We’re in a fine mess now.”

“Yes, you said it! What can we do, Wandine?”

“Nothing until tomorrow. We’ll just have to watch for his arrival and dissuade him from entering the Temple, one way or another.”

“What a chore! It’s going to ruin our day. On the day I become a Daughter of Diane, I want to think only of the Goddess! I don’t want to be distracted by a lovesick male idiot!*”

“Listen, we’ll see. Anyway, tell yourself it’s not your fault. You’re not to blame.”

“Thank you, Wandine. You’re a true friend. Thanks for coming to talk to me anyway.”

5

The next morning, the young novices, their breasts bare in their splendid and immaculate Robes of Diane, sang the hymn of Diane in unison and entered the Temple of the Goddess in procession.

Beautiful Goddess,
O Huntress,
Your Daughters today come to You
To please You
And satisfy
All that You have planned for them

In Your nobility
And Your wisdom.

Wandine craned her neck in all directions but saw nothing. Around them, there were only women—mothers, sisters, Prêtresses. No males. Besides, if one had shown up here, he would have been mercilessly expelled, or even arrested by the two or three Policewomen preventing vehicular traffic from reaching the Temple's immediate surroundings. Soon, all were inside the Temple, and the doors were closed.

Beautiful Goddess,
O Huntress,
We are here to take Your hand,
To defeat men,
Beasts of burden,
To glorify You by following the path
Where You lead us
As Sovereign.

Aurore, for her part, seemed to have completely forgotten what had caused her such distress the previous evening. Wholly devoted to her faith and the sacred initiation rite to which she was admitted, the young girl no longer thought at all about the letter she had received from her class valet. Her friend, less mystical or perhaps less absorbed by the solemnity of the moment, continued to search everywhere for signs of the sacrilegious presence of a young male—under the benches, behind the pillars. But she saw nothing.

Then, she too forgot the danger threatening the young girls gathered there and devoted herself entirely to the ceremony. The First Prêtresse had just appeared, followed by four young eunuchs. She smiled at the female audience and began to recount once again the treachery of Actaeon, the infamous voyeur male who spied on Diane bathing, and his deserved punishment. She did so in a deep, solemn voice that made the hundred new Daughters of Diane gathered in her Temple understand the sacrilege the male had committed against Woman for all eternity. She made them understand why the Goddess had thus chosen to both punish Actaeon and forever place Woman above the rest of humanity. Finally, two other Prêtresses of Diane, the very ones who had taught the young adolescents catechism for a week, advanced toward the Tree topped with stag antlers, the pillar of sacrifice.

Between them stood a young male, completely naked, very pale, his sex erect. A murmur of horror arose from the very young and virginal audience. They bound his ankles, waist, and neck to the pillar. He was visibly at the height of mystical joy, knowing his hour of glory had arrived. Looking straight ahead at the young girls with bare breasts who would soon symbolically reenact the punishment once ordained by Diane, he began to sing the sorrowful hymn of Actaeon in a loud voice:

Diane, O adored Diane,
In Your bath, I saw You.
Diane, O adored Diane,
You were all naked.
The choir of girls responded:

Diane, O adored Diane,
He saw Your beauty.
Diane, O adored Diane,
Avenge Yourself without pity.

It was then that Wandine, for the first time, noticed something strange behind the immense statue of Diane that stood behind the altar. It seemed as if her hand, reaching for an arrow in her quiver

, had moved. The young Actaeon resumed his lament:

Diane, O adored Diane,
I saw You bathing.
Diane, O adored Diane,
Punish me without pity!

The entire female audience again took up the response:

Diane, O adored Diane,
He saw Your beauty.
Diane, O adored Diane,
Avenge Yourself without pity.

And the two Prêtresses finally slashed the veins of the young male, letting his blood flow into the golden cup held out by the First Prêtresse of Diane.

Then, the young girls regrouped in a procession and advanced toward the Tree. Each one, one after another, drank the blood of the male who was dying in ecstasy.

Thirty Daughters of Diane were able to bring the sacred cup to their lips before the bloody source ran dry. The Prêtresses untied the bonds that held him to the Tree, dragged his body behind the altar, where they threw it at the foot of the statue of Diane, and then went to fetch another Actaeon. The same ceremony was repeated. As the second was a little younger and noticeably slighter than his predecessor, only about twenty adolescents could ingest a few centiliters of the red, warm liquid. That day, four males had to be sacrificed for the Celebration.

At the moment when the last Actaeon's corpse was in turn thrown at the feet of the Huntress Goddess, Wandine could not hold back a cry and pointed at something.

Behind the marble shoulder of the statue of Diane, the pale face of a young boy had appeared. Next to her, her friend Aurore exclaimed:

"Goddess! It's Xavier!"

There was a great silence and a moment of general stupefaction. All had seen the sacrilegious intruder. The First Prêtresse made a sign to her sisters, who rushed to either side of the statue to circle it. Poor Xavier, who, perched on a marble rock, had hidden behind the Goddess's quiver, had no chance of escaping them. Besides, he did not try and let himself be brought without resistance near the Tree, at the foot of which a fairly large bloodstain spread. He was extremely pale and trembling all over.

His gaze searched the crowd and, after a moment, having found what he sought, settled on Aurore and her bare breast. A spark of happiness and victory gleamed in his eyes. Did he even hear what the First Prêtresse then said?

"Behold, Daughters of Diane, the Holy History repeats itself… Even as we commemorate the punishment of Actaeon—and, I remind you, my Sisters, with voluntary males, prepared from their earliest childhood for this great day, and who, even last night, still thanked the Goddess for choosing them for this sacrifice that redeems them—even as you are today admitted to understand the meaning of the socio-religious erasure of the male, one of them has penetrated this sanctuary. One of them has observed you, you whose breast is symbolically bared, to feast on your virginal beauties. The Actaeons have given their blood for your initiation. Let the presence of this young male bring you even more! Tear his flesh with your teeth, Daughters of Diane! As the pack of our Goddess did to the infamous Actaeon. Go, approach him. Bite his flesh! It is he who came to offer himself to you! Devour him alive! You have the privilege of having a true Actaeon within these walls. Eat him!*"

As the front ranks of the brand-new Daughters of Diane began to inch closer to the reckless Xavier, he, unaware, still had eyes only for his pretty Tutrice from the Gynarchic School. Aurore, for her part, trembled at the thought of him calling out her name or addressing her. She would have died of shame! Wandine took her hand and tried to instill some courage in her:

"Come on, Aurore, he's just a poor disobedient male!*"

"He's going to call me… I can feel it… He's going to make me look ridiculous!*"

Wandine understood the terrible dilemma her friend faced. She gave her the best advice that came to mind:

"Go first, Aurore… Don't let him say a single word!*"

The young initiate to the cult of Diane quickly understood what Wandine was suggesting. She stepped forward. As their companions, somewhat fearful, advanced only slowly toward the sacrilegious male, his Tutrice, gently pushing a few of them aside, soon found herself in the very front row, almost face-to-face with Xavier. When he, who saw only her, opened his mouth to, no doubt, beg for forgiveness or proclaim his passion, she realized she had no time to lose. She lunged at her class valet and sank her teeth into his throat. The young boy began to scream:

"Aur…"

But she tightened her jaws, and the cry turned into a gurgle. She tore off a mix of skin and bloody flesh. Whether to protect himself and push away the young girl who had begun to tear him apart to prevent him from uttering a word, or to pursue his erotic-romantic quest, the boy reached out toward Aurore and placed his hand on her bare breast. Whatever the case, she closed her jaws again on another piece of his neck.

Then, the other young girls followed her example and rushed at Xavier, their lips pulled back over their young wolf-like teeth. He was quickly completely surrounded by young female faces and the bare breasts he so longed to see. But all this beauty was soon smeared with his own blood. After Aurore's bites to his neck, he felt someone bite his arm, then his chest, tearing strips of flesh from his leg, his thighs. He screamed like a madman, but the girls who had begun to devour him were themselves as if possessed, excited by the religious symbolism of what they were experiencing.

He was torn to pieces in a few minutes. Each of the Novices wanted to swallow a piece of his impious flesh. Wandine herself, caught up in this collective frenzy, went to bite into what seemed to be a piece of muscle, but she quickly spat it out when she realized where it came from.

Yes, it truly resembled the pack of the Goddess's dogs devouring Actaeon transformed into a stag. Xavier's bellows, which gradually lost intensity, added to the realism of the scene. When all had finally come to avenge the sacrilege of which they had been victims, they stood, as if satiated, around what was now only a mass of bloody flesh twitching with its final spasms and lying in a pool of blood. Between two broken ribs, they could see the raw heart still beating faintly. The young man, well punished for his curiosity, still found the strength to raise his head and search above him, among the girls standing around him, for the robe and breast stained with his blood, the face of the one he loved and had served faithfully until this day. She was there, beside Wandine, her lips still dripping with blood, looking at him with undisguised satisfaction. He expired.

The Prêtresses threw his lifeless body over those of the voluntary Actaeons, and the new Daughters of Diane, reforming their procession, exited the Temple, offering to Diane and the audience the choir of their clear, melodious voices:

Beautiful Goddess,
O Huntress,
We have torn the life from the body
Of the one You hate.
You have killed him.
For Your renown, the infamous male is dead,
O Huntress,
Good Goddess.

WANDINE GOES SCOUTING

Wandine had been in the G.G. [see glossary] for two years already when the Cheftaines organized the Great Summer Camp in Saint-Vaury, in the heart of the Creuse countryside. Thus, on a beautiful July evening, the small Limousin village, usually so peaceful, was suddenly invaded by a noisy, excited horde of one hundred and twenty girls in uniform, more or less well supervised by ten young Cheftaines struggling to enforce the necessary discipline.

From the first evening, as they disembarked from the bus, the charming little heads capped with blue berets, curious about what would be their environment for two weeks, scattered in small groups into the countryside. The twenty chiots [see glossary] who had accompanied them to perform, during the Great Camp, the various and inevitable daily chores immediately set to work pitching tents and erecting the great Mast.

Wandine, with her friend Christelle and Béatrice, a newcomer to both the Collège [see glossary] and the Troupe [see glossary], plunged immediately into the depths of the woods near the edge where the Meute [see glossary] of their chiots was setting up camp. The three held each other by the waist and laughed at everything they found unusual in this wild nature, of which these city girls knew almost nothing. A frightened rabbit, a funny-looking mushroom—everything was an excuse for amusement. But after barely two hours of this first exploration, a trumpet blast rang out, signaling that the chiots, under the watchful supervision of the Cheftaines, had finished preparing the first meal of the Great Summer Camp. The girls rushed back to, first, settle their personal belongings in the large tents finally pitched. Then they gathered for the communal meal that the young males of the Troupe would now serve. It was a moment full of joy and camaraderie.

Night was falling. The young Guides, seated in a circle around the campfire skillfully maintained by the chiots, sang in chorus the gynarchist refrains their Cheftaines had taught them:

A fire for You, Goddess,
When the moon shimmers,
And the song of Your Daughters
In the night of rejoicing.

Then, around midnight, as all were very tired from the long journey, the Guides went to bed, each in the tent reserved for her Section. The Cheftaines had their own tent in the middle of the camp, but they made a final round of the campsite together before retreating to it. The chiots, for their part, slipped outside the tents of the Guides of their Section, under the overhang formed by the double roof. Thus, except in case of a violent storm, they were duly protected from possible rain and could enjoy the last games and chatter of the girls without disturbing them with their masculine and inappropriate presence.

Wandine had settled near the canvas door, the best spot in her opinion, as, if she felt a sudden urge during the night, she could step out without waking everyone. Her innate kindness prevented her from considering that this position would, conversely, allow her to be woken by all those needing to step out during her sleep. After some playful roughhousing and kindly responding to the

Cheftaines' goodnight wishes, the twelve Guides, exhausted, finally fell into a deep, restorative sleep.

2

Upon waking, the girls rushed to the basins of fresh water that the chiots, up with the early morning sun, had filled at the nearby river. They washed thoroughly but didn't forget to splash each other, laughing uproariously. Meanwhile, some lined up at the latrines that the young males had dug and screened with branches the previous evening, accompanied in their work by the harmonious songs of the Guides seated around the fire. They drank hot chocolate or café au lait to fully wake up, then decided to organize a first treasure hunt. Wandine's Section, named Section Myrina [see glossary], was chosen to prepare the route and false trails. The twelve Guides set off immediately into the woods, while their comrades passed the time sharing impressions or watching the chiots empty the soapy water from the basins and clean the breakfast dishes.

Wandine and the girls of her Section had a blast multiplying false trails and making the true path as difficult as possible for the Guides who would follow shortly after. One of them, Christelle, a chubby, humorous brunette, nearly injured herself seriously. Indeed, at the turn of a narrow, barely visible path they were following in single file, Wandine's best friend felt the ground give way beneath her feet. She caught herself just in time on a tree, avoiding a fall into a deep pit that branches and accumulated leaves had concealed from view. It was an old, fairly wide hole, about a meter deep, likely dug years ago. Stones were piled around it, and it was by slipping on one of them that Christelle had nearly broken her neck.

"That was a close one!*" said Wandine.

"Yeah, no kidding! What's this hole doing here in the middle of the forest?"

"Probably someone looking for treasure!*"

"In any case, we need to mark it so the girls don't come this way!*"

With chalk, they drew *the "danger" sign on the trees surrounding the hazardous pit and resumed preparing the game. They had to hurry to finish their trail, as they heard in the distance the girls setting out from the camp to search for the signs Wandine and her friends had left throughout the forest. They exited the woods and circled around to return to the camp.

All the girls, Guides and Cheftaines, had gone out on the trail. Only the chiots remained at the camp, busy preparing the big midday meal. They laughed in anticipation of the false trails they had set for their comrades and imagined their faces upon discovering some of the tricks they had played. While waiting for their return, as none of the twelve girls of Section Myrina felt like helping the chiots with their culinary tasks, they decided to go read and listen to music in their tent. Christelle had brought her CD player and a good number of sensational recordings by young singers and musicians they all adored. But as soon as she, the first, slipped into the tent, Wandine let out a cry of surprise and anger.

There, in the middle of the tent, in utter disarray, was a pile of women's underwear, considerably crumpled.

“My stuff!” cried Béatrice, the newcomer. “Someone unpacked all my underwear!”

She was a blonde girl with big blue eyes, whose innocent smiles usually charmed everyone. But now, looking at her scattered belongings, she had tears in her eyes. As usual, Wandine understood faster than the others and quickly drew the obvious conclusions:

“It’s a chiot! It can only be one of those idiots! Thinking we were all gone, one of them must have wanted to feast his eyes on our personal things…”

“Yes, that’s for sure!*” exclaimed Christelle. “Mom told me that many young males are attracted to our underwear and like to touch or kiss it…”

“How horrible!*”

“It’s true,” added Wandine. “It’s one of the flaws they have from birth. That’s why they need to be trained early to handle our laundry, especially intimate items, so they get rid of this perversion early…”

“Maybe one of these chiots never had a sister or mother to make him do their laundry,” suggested one of the Guides of Section Myrina. “He’d be even more backward than the others… He must have settled there to do his little business, and, hearing us return, didn’t have time to put Béatrice’s bras and panties back in order.”

“Still!” grumbled the blonde, wiping her tears. “He could have picked someone else’s panties!”

“He must be in love with you!*” joked Wandine.

“I’ll make sure he gets over that love!*”

“But first, we need to find out who it is!” cried Christelle. “Make him pay for this! He could just as well have wallowed in all our stuff!”

“Yes, you’re right! We’ll investigate,” decided Wandine, thrilled at the idea of playing detective again. “But first, let’s help Béatrice tidy this up.”

It took five minutes. They exited the tent and headed to the center of the camp, where the chiots were busy cooking. Wandine clapped her hands and ordered the twenty chiots chosen to accompany and serve them during the Great Summer Camp to gather before her. Guides Gynarchistes, through their specific training, always have great authority over males, especially chiots or former chiots, who respect and fear them justly. Thus, Wandine was obeyed in the blink of an eye by the small group of males.

She revealed the terrible affair to them, without regard for Béatrice’s modesty, still red with anger and shame, and demanded that the culprit confess. Unfortunately, no one said a word. Did they suspect one of their own? It was hard to tell. Out of twenty males, if they knew the culprit, it was impossible that one or two, trembling with fear at the young Guide’s summons, wouldn’t immediately confess everything. But all remained silent. Wandine then asked about their schedules and where each was in the camp during the few minutes when the chiots were left alone, between the departure of all the Guides and the return of those who had prepared the game.

Christelle and the other girls took notes and tried to find a contradiction or proof. Only Béatrice did nothing and remained silent, observing the young males with a gaze full of resentment and

contained anger. But they soon had to admit they were powerless to unmask the culprit. No clue emerged from the testimonies collected.

In the distance, in the forest, they heard the shouts and laughter of the Guides following or losing the trail they had laid. It was then that Wandine, inspecting the faces of the chiots lined up before her one last time, and ready to send them back to work—as the other Guides, tired from the game, would not tolerate the meal not being ready upon their return—had a stroke of genius.

"Béatrice!" she cried. "We'll find him by the chink in his armor. Go get one of your panties!"

Béatrice, guessing her friend's intentions but having no desire to return to the tent, slipped her hand under her uniform skirt and slid her underwear down her thighs, in full view of all the chiots, who, more or less quickly, all lowered their eyes, blushing. Christelle burst out laughing. Wandine smiled and took the pale blue panties that the new Guide Gynarchiste handed her. She waited a few moments until the emotion on the young males' faces was no longer visible and approached them, the intimate garment in hand.

She held it under the nose of the first chiot, who, aside from lowering his eyes as males almost always do in the direct presence of a superior, showed no visible reaction. She waited a second, then moved to the next, whose behavior was the same. She continued thus until the twelfth in the line, who had a reaction leaving no doubt as to his guilt. His sudden blush, the moment Wandine brushed the panties, still worn moments ago by their owner, across his face, could have been explained innocently enough, but, fortunately for the young investigators, it was followed by a rather pronounced distress. The chiot must have felt the rush of blood suddenly rising to his face and thought it betrayed him. Then, feeling lost, he panicked. He tried to flee.

But he hadn't counted on the quick reflexes of the young Guides, athletic and in full health. Christelle extended her leg, and before the chiot had even hit the ground, three girls were already on him, subduing and immobilizing him beneath them. He had already lost the game.

Wandine ordered the other chiots to return to preparing the meal, as she heard in the distance the victorious shouts of some Guides who had already found the end of the trail, and, with a triumphant smile, handed the panties back to Béatrice. Her eyes gleamed as she looked at the culprit pinned to the ground by her friends. Christelle suggested, while waiting for the Cheftaines' return, that they tie the young male to the great mast, atop which flew the flag of the Guides Gynarchistes, the Venus symbol in a downward-pointing silver triangle.

They hoisted him roughly and tied him securely to the mast, like Native warriors on the warpath tying an unfortunate pioneer to the torture stake—a comparison made by Christelle that first made them laugh a lot.

Then Béatrice slowly approached their bound and terrified prisoner, whose lips trembled. She looked him straight in the eyes, muttered an insult the others didn't hear, and spat in his face. If he was truly in love with the young Guide, he must have deeply regretted both his passion and his deed. It was now his turn to cry silently.

3

The first Guides to finish the game arrived at the camp, good-naturedly cursing those who had so cleverly led and misled them through the forest. What was their surprise upon returning to find one of the chiots of the Troupe of Guides tied to the mast! Wandine explained why and how it had come to this. All the girls arriving were outraged by the chiot's act. Many, as if personally affronted, went, like Béatrice, to spit in the young male's face and insult him harshly. Soon, his face was covered with dripping saliva, making it impossible for onlookers to see that he was also crying.

When the Cheftaines arrived in turn, after all the Guides they were following for safety, and discovered one of the chiots under their care tied to the mast, drenched in saliva spat by the girls and weeping convulsively, they demanded explanations.

Wandine and Béatrice explained everything. They understood the enormity of the chiot's offense and had to admit that their Guides had acted perfectly in response to this outrage, and they congratulated them. The First Cheftaine first offered a few words of comfort to Béatrice, then sternly reprimanded the sorry culprit:

"Do you realize what you've done, you poor fool?"

The young male, his face smeared with spit, continued to cry silently.

"Do you know that, under the new law passed by the Mothers, violating a young girl's personal belongings is equivalent to rape?"

"No!*" he gasped between sobs, perhaps only then grasping the magnitude of his offense and the punishment he faced. "I beg for forgiveness…"

"Do you know that Béatrice has the right to demand your immediate transfer to the Male Center for castration or recycling?"

"Mercy!*"

"What do you plan to do, Béatrice?" asked the Cheftaine to the wronged novice standing by her side. "Do you request his transfer to the Center?"

"I don't know," the young girl demurred. "I'll see… Can I think about it a bit?"

"Of course, Béatrice. Take all the time you need."

"Then we'll see tonight! For now, I'm hungry!*"

This statement sparked a wave of approvals and applause. The Guides were clearly famished and eager to fill their stomachs first. So they sat down to eat, and the other chiots, evidently very concerned by their comrade's crime, vied with each other in speed and attentiveness in their service. The meal, despite all the morning's events, was excellent and very cheerful.

4

Wandine, full and feeling a natural urge, got up from the table and headed toward the latrines. It took her a moment to realize that the perverse chiot she had so cleverly helped capture was no longer tied to the mast. The ropes lay on the ground. He had escaped!

Forgetting why she had stood up, she rushed to the large table where all the Guides continued to eat and chat merrily and, shouting to be heard by all, announced the criminal's escape. A great silence fell.

"He can only have fled into the forest," asserted Christelle. "If he'd passed through here, in open terrain, we would have definitely seen him!*"

"I don't want him to get away!" cried Béatrice. "The bastard!"

"Let's go!" shouted Wandine. "All together, we'll catch him!"

All the Guides leapt up, ready to plunge into the woods to lay hands on the fugitive chiot. But one of the Cheftaines pulled out her whistle and used it to demand silence. Then she said:

"We won't catch him if we charge like a pack of starving she-wolves! We need to encircle the woods to catch him for sure. One Section will go left with me, and another will station itself in the large meadow behind, as he can only emerge there. At least two Sections are needed on the right, along the edge, in case he tries to break through here. Four other Sections will enter the woods with the First Cheftaine, but each should enter from a different side. The others will guard the camp and the chiots, who might help him if he returns in our absence."

"We'll retrace the treasure hunt route!" suggested Wandine. "After all, he's a male and stupid enough to flee following the arrows we set this morning!"

"Now you know your goal and our plan," concluded the strategic Cheftaine. "So, forward!*"

"No mercy!" cried Béatrice. "We'll get him!"

A hundred girls in blue uniforms thus rushed in pursuit of the young male guilty of violating the intimate clothing of one of their own. They dispersed according to the agreed plan, reached the designated sectors, and the hunt began.

It took only a few minutes for Wandine and her eleven comrades to realize they had guessed correctly and that the chiot had indeed followed the trail they had prepared earlier that morning. Béatrice first found a piece of rope, then Christelle spotted, caught on a large bramble, a scrap of brown fabric torn off. It was clearly a piece of the chiot's shirt, still damp with the Guides' saliva. They resumed their pursuit, their strength doubled by this find and the certainty of being on the right track.

Everywhere, the whistles of the Cheftaines and the calls of the Guides could be heard when they thought they had spotted something. The young male must have been terrified. If he hadn't yet escaped the woods, he must have known he was doomed and that, this time, he risked severe consequences. His only chance was for night to fall, but it was not yet four o'clock. He must have been truly at bay…

"This way!*" cried Christelle.

“No, he wouldn’t have taken a false trail,” countered Wandine. “Even males know the treasure hunt symbols!*”

“You’re right, forward!*”

“But what if he’s trying to outsmart us?” asked Béatrice a moment later. “He might want to hide until night…”

At that moment, they had reached the spot where Christelle had nearly hurt herself badly. On one of the trees, the chalk inscription made by one of the young Guides read: “Not this way, girls: DANGER!*” The Guides exchanged a look and, by mutual agreement, cautiously approached the pit hidden by vegetation. As they reached the pile of stones bordering it, they distinctly heard a muffled groan. Wandine grabbed a sturdy branch and leaned over the pit:

“Béatrice,” she said. “We’ve found your lover!*”

Then, they cleared the brambles, cut some tree branches, and finally stood together around the deep pit, looking at the unfortunate chiot who had fallen into it. His leg was at an unnatural angle. Clearly, it was broken. Tears in his eyes, panting and groaning, he suddenly saw with terror above him a dozen Guides observing him with curiosity and undisguised satisfaction. They towered over him. He could even see up their skirts. Among them: Béatrice, the one whose underwear he had desecrated. He also saw the blue panties whose slightly pungent scent had led him to betray himself two hours earlier, and which their owner made no effort to hide from his gaze.

“It’s going to be a hell of a job to get him out of there!*” noted Christelle.

“One of us will have to go down into the pit to put a splint on him,” said Wandine. “And another needs to get a rope to haul him up…”

She sighed.

“Why bother so much?” asked Béatrice, bending down to pick up a stone. “He’s doomed anyway… Might as well leave him there!*”

“You can’t be serious, Béatrice!” exclaimed Wandine. “That wouldn’t be right!*”

“Maybe…” replied the blonde, who hadn’t gotten over the humiliation she’d suffered. “But was what he did right?”

As she spoke, she threw her stone at the chiot, who looked at her from the bottom of his pit, trying to stay upright and trembling all over. The stone hit him squarely on his broken leg, and he let out a cry of pain. Then she picked up another and threw it with dexterity at the exact same spot. Christelle started laughing and, grabbing a large stone herself, threw it at the wounded male’s healthy leg. Another Guide followed suit and hit him in the head. Béatrice kicked the pile of dirt and stones they were all standing on, and an avalanche of debris tumbled down on the young male, burying his thigh almost completely. The Guides then began throwing at the perverse chiot everything they had at hand or under foot, heedless of his pleas and groans. In an instant, he was buried up to his waist.

He managed, however, to grab a large bramble hanging down and tried to pull himself up.

“Wandine, watch out!*” cried Béatrice.

Wandine understood the warning and, out of fear or play, drew her survival knife and cut the bramble that the chiot was using to nearly stand up, all while screaming in pain. He fell back heavily and crudely insulted the young girls, who, at least initially, hadn't really meant harm. His insults only fueled their anger and desire to avenge their wronged comrade. The latter, in fact, showed visible joy in sweeping the ground with her shoes and sending everything she could toward the young male.

She seemed to dance on the edge of the pit, and the chiot, whose head was barely below ground level, could at times see the blue panties that had caused all his troubles. He was now buried in debris up to his chest. Only his hands and head, now bearing several wounds and bleeding, were still visible. Some Guides went a bit further to gather stones and bring them to the edge of the pit, where the others, especially Béatrice, took charge of distributing them evenly around the male's body, which was gradually disappearing into the earth.

They could now safely step into the pit, which was no longer really a pit. Wandine, at Béatrice's request, placed her foot on the chiot's wrists so that she could bury them under stones as well, preventing the male from raising them toward their ankles. Soon, only his head remained exposed. He could no longer move it, and thus could not avert his gaze from the legs, thighs, and blue panties moving above him to make him disappear from the surface of the Earth. He began to suffocate, then saw nothing, then, quickly, felt nothing.

The Guides Gynarchistes of Section Myrina, stamping their feet, finished packing the earth and stones over the one who had committed such a reprehensible act. In place of the pit where Christelle had nearly fallen that morning, there was now a small mound that would likely be invisible after the first rain, perhaps even before the end of the Great Summer Camp. Wandine, who hadn't had a moment to relieve herself since she got up from the table to do so, urinated on the small mound, which greatly amused Béatrice, who insisted on doing the same, and even more.

But, whether by oversight or mischief, she left her blue panties there…

WANDINE AND THE DEFECTOR

1

Wandine, lovingly nestled in Geneviève's arms, felt the wave of pleasure stir her feverish body and moaned voluptuously. Unfortunately, in the living room, the telephone rang precisely at that moment. She heard Julot, their new mâle domestique [see glossary], pick up the receiver and answer in his asexual voice:

"Good morning. You've reached the residence of Geneviève and Wandine. Both are currently unavailable, and you are speaking with their mâle-répondeur [see glossary]. I am authorized to take notes of any message intended for them, regardless of length. I'm listening…"

There was a silence, then, through the door, Wandine heard Julot scrupulously repeating what was being said to him, while writing:

"Urgently call back Mademoiselle Carine Suarez…"

Wandine threw off the sheets and leapt out of bed. She quickly opened the door and, naked as the day she was born, rushed toward her mâle domestique and practically snatched the receiver from his hands.

"Carine? It's me, Wandine. What a surprise! What's going on?"

The young woman dropped into the deep armchair and crossed her legs to partially conceal her still moist sex from Julot's troubled gaze. He, still kneeling before the telephone table, as he was not permitted to use his mistresses' comfortable seats, immediately lowered his eyes. With a gesture of her foot, Wandine ordered him to leave the room, which he did obediently. On the other end of the line, her interlocutor, a long-time friend, was stumbling through confused explanations:

"He's very handsome, you know… If you saw him… And his sister must be very interesting. You have to come right away…"

Wandine, who hadn't fully understood, nevertheless noted the address and promised to hurry over immediately. She hung up, whistled for Julot to order him to quickly prepare a hot bath, and returned to slip back into Geneviève's arms so she could finish what she had started. To her questions, she could only respond with vague approximations, promising in return a faithful report upon her return. Barely half an hour later, Wandine was ringing the doorbell of Carine Suarez's apartment.

2

Carine opened the door and flashed her a radiant smile. She was strikingly beautiful. She was a petite blonde with sparkling blue eyes full of mischief and a blossoming figure. Quick as a cat, she pulled her friend toward her and planted a loud kiss on her lips.

"Darling! Come in quickly!*"

In the small living room where her friend had dragged her, she was surprised to find a man with a distinctly Mediterranean appearance, who stood up respectfully upon her entrance.

“Sweetheart, this is my friend Wandine, who can surely help us out. Wandine, I’d like you to meet Ahmed. Isn’t he gorgeous?”

Indeed, the young Arab had the lithe body of an athlete and velvety eyes with long, captivating lashes. A male like that, Wandine thought to herself, must be extraordinary as a supplementary pleasurer…

“Tell your story, Ahmed!” urged the lovely Carine.

“It’s about my sister,” the young man began, “Djémila…”

“You should know that Ahmed is Moroccan,” their hostess interrupted. “You know Morocco hasn’t yet been gynarchized… Ahmed is only allowed to leave his country because he’s a geological engineer and commercial director of an oil company. Very few Moroccans obtain visas for gynarchized countries [see glossary]. Ahmed is someone very important there. He sells us the oil we still need because not everything here runs on solar or electricity yet! It’s deplorable, by the way, but…”

“What if you let him explain,” gently suggested Wandine, who was starting to grow a bit weary of her friend’s loquacity…

“Yes. You’re right. Go ahead, Ahmed!”

“Here’s the thing, Mademoiselle. My sister Djémila, who turned eighteen last month, possesses a most rare intelligence and, as such, has obtained permission from the Moroccan government to pursue advanced studies. You know that in my country, girls are very rarely allowed to attend university…”

“What barbarism!*” exclaimed Wandine.

“They’re still developing,” clarified Carine. “You have to understand…”

“All opinions are debatable,” cut in Ahmed. “I don’t find it abnormal. But for my sister, it’s different…”

“Of course!*”

“She has a rare intelligence. Unfortunately, the advanced studies she pursued in Rabat have filled her head with a thousand pernicious ideas. She wants to live in a gynarchist country.”

“That’s only natural!” exclaimed Wandine. “Honestly! You want women to be both intelligent and docile—that can’t work! A woman who educates herself wants to be independent, of course!”

“But Djémila has all her independence! We haven’t even married her off yet!*”

“That would be the last straw!*” said Carine. “What savages, honestly! What do you think, Wandine?”

“Why are you telling us about her, Ahmed? Do you want to grant her request?”

“Exactly! She’ll realize for herself that she can’t be happy in a gynarchist country. The men here are all spineless!*”

“You should know, Wandine, that Ahmed… in that regard… mmmh…”

“Alright, let’s move on… But I don’t see what the problem is…”

“She doesn’t have the right to leave the country. No woman in our country is allowed to enter a gynarchist country! Even men are closely monitored…”

“Men?” asked the pretty blonde innocently. “What risk is there that they’d want to come here and submit to women in a Gynarchie? Since they have all the rights, or almost, there?”

“Come on, Carine,” said Wandine. “Do you think that, even as backward as non-gynarchized males are, they don’t crave to reclaim their natural inferior place? You know, subconsciously, they need to submit to us. Plenty of Moroccans cross the border illegally, you know! Many go straight to the Male Center to be placed with a Tutrice or Maîtresse, or to be trained. It’s their male atavism that drives it!*”

“You’re exaggerating!*” interrupted the Arab. “Sure, there are defections sometimes, but very few! It all comes from your propaganda…”

“Our propaganda!” bristled the young Gynarchiste. “You’re joking! The males who come to entrust their fate to us never go back to your country!”

“Naturally! You indoctrinate them, drug them!*”

“What heresy! Besides, if you really believe that, why do you want to bring your sister here? She risks being contaminated by our influence!*”

“I plan to stay by her side as long as possible. I’ll only leave her alone for the minimum time. And I’m sure I’ll bring her back quickly, once she sees the harmful side of your aberrant policies.”

“I’m ready to take that bet! But will you let her decide for herself?”

“Of course! Do you take me for a primitive?”

“Not really, no… How do you plan to get her across the border?”

“That’s where your help, Mademoiselle…”

“I see. Do you have authority over the tankers you supply us with?”

“Of course. I’m the one who charters them.”

“We might be able to try something there…”

“Brilliant, Wandine!” exclaimed Carine cheerfully. “We’ll smuggle her in as a stowaway! How do we organize this?”

“If she can be on board a ship in one of our ports, I might be able to get her out discreetly with the help of some friends in customs…”

“Fantastic!*”

“That would be wonderful, Mademoiselle…”

“But I’d need the name of the ship and the exact date of its arrival.”

“Let’s see,” said the handsome Arab, rummaging through his papers. “The next departure is in two weeks… The Sidi-Bel-Abbès. It’s due to dock in Marseille on March 12. I think I could get Djémila on board discreetly…”

“Under what pretext?”

“I don’t know yet… Maybe we’ll have to disguise her as a man…”

“Ahmed!” exclaimed Carine. “Don’t put her life in danger!”

“Don’t worry, darling. She’s my sister! And I’m doing this for her own good…”

“Oh, I can’t wait to meet her! Of course, she’ll stay with me! It’ll be wonderful, Ahmed!”

The pretty blonde threw herself at her handsome stallion and kissed him savagely. Then Wandine decided to take her leave, promising to handle Djémila’s arrival in gynarchist territory. She kissed Carine, greeted the young Arab somewhat coldly, and left.

3

Before returning home, Wandine stopped by to see her mother and younger sister. A new mâle domestique (the third since Gilles’s euthanasia) was being harshly berated by the one who had replaced Wandine as the young girl of the house. Insults and slaps rained down.

“Look at this idiot! Couldn’t you pay attention! Moron! Born animalized [see glossary]!”

“What did he do, Mylène? Don’t hit him like that, or he’ll soon be good for nothing!*”

“Oh, hi Wandine! What brings you here?”

Mylène was nearing fourteen now and promised to become a stunning young woman. She kissed her sister warmly and delivered a powerful kick to the genitals of her mâle-domestique. He, breathless, doubled over and fell to his knees at the feet of the two young girls.

“Come on, Mylène!” her older sister gently scolded. “You’ll make him useless to Mom. By the way, where is she?”

“She’s out jogging. She’s decided to lose five kilos… You’ll see, she comes back sweaty and always in a foul mood!*”

She landed another kick to the servant’s ribs.

“As for you, get to the kitchen! Subspecies of degenerate male! And redo that mayonnaise!*”

“Ah!” said Wandine, smiling, “I see you’ve picked up your culinary perfection classes… They’ll make you obsessive!”

At that moment, the door opened, and their mother entered, red as a peony and completely out of breath.

“Goddess! What we must suffer to stay beautiful! Hello, my Wandine. What brings you here?”

The three women settled in the living room and chatted about this and that. Wandine shared Djémila’s story and asked her mother for advice. The male, somewhat recovered from Mylène’s blows and apparently done with the mayonnaise, served them an aperitif with excessive caution, visibly terrified at the thought of making a mistake.

“Oh, how we miss Gilles!” sighed the mother of the two girls. “This one is truly good for nothing! I don’t know how they train them now at the Center [see glossary]!”

“Come on, Mom!” protested Wandine. “Nothing has changed in the male training and conditioning techniques. Gilles was a gem, that’s all! Irreplaceable!”

“That’s true, darling… I think Arlette could help you with your defector story…”

“Defector?” asked the younger sister.

“Yes, that’s what we call Women and males from non-gynarchized countries who decide to leave their own to join the Civilization.

“Are there many males too?”

“Of course! Sometimes it’s their mother, wife, or sister, themselves defectors, who bring them here and offer them to the Feminine Community, like a kind of entry fee. But often they come on their own, fascinated by the more natural and just life that Women lead here gynocratically and eager to contribute their small part to the comfort and happiness of their generic superiors.”

“Are they properly rewarded for their wise decision?”

“Naturally, Mylène! They’re often exempted from the ten years of Gynocratic Service [see glossary] and, at the Center, they try as much as possible to assign them to their compatriots or to Women defectors from other countries, so as not to humiliate them too much…”

“Do you think Arlette could organize this ‘hostage taking’?” asked Wandine, eager, despite everything, to return to her home and her partner.

“In any case, she’ll advise you well. Go see her on my behalf…”

4

Arlette Puttmaker was head of the Exports Department and agreed to collaborate with Wandine. The first meeting of the conspirators took place at Geneviève’s, just eight days before the arrival of the Sidi-Bel-Abbès. The plotters were five: Wandine, her friend Geneviève, Carine, Arlette, and her partner Marie, a very beautiful Black woman who had just been appointed Lieutenant in the Gynocratic Police. They devised their plan with the utmost precision. Three days later, Ahmed gave the green light from Morocco: Djémila was on board the tanker. The only problem was that they didn’t know under what disguise… The five friends set off for Marseille in Geneviève’s magnificent American dix-mâles [see glossary].

The Moroccan ship arrived on time. As is customary with cargo ships flying the flag of a non-gynarchized country, the crew, for fear of defections, was confined on board by the Captain. The five young women watched from a distance as the customs inspection took place. Two female officers, accompanied by four male workers, explored the ship. Once they had withdrawn, Marie, in full Gynocratic Police uniform, and Wandine, in her S.G.O. [see glossary] uniform, followed by the three others in civilian clothes but wearing very official-looking badges, climbed the gangway. The Captain, a bearded man with a dark complexion and an arrogant gaze, came to greet them. Marie flashed her official Police ID and used a pretext about a drug case to request a tour of the tanker, which was already beginning to pump its oil into the port pipeline under the Arabic commands of an unseen officer. The Moroccan Captain, with a superior smirk, authorized the inspection by the five young women. They split into two groups and headed toward the

superstructure where Djémila was supposed to be, disguised as a deckhand and trembling with the desire to be retrieved by these strangers with whom her brother had plotted her temporary exile.

They searched for over an hour, under the mocking gazes of the crew members, passing through the kitchens and inspecting the crewmen, but found nothing and no one. Fear began to grip them. They had to decide: find Ahmed's sister or admit defeat and leave without her. Finally, just as they were about to give up, a taxi pulled up on the dock, and Ahmed stepped out. This created a diversion. He climbed the gangway. Then, someone emerged from the command post and rushed toward him. Djémila, in an officer's uniform, had hidden not in the kitchens but among the ship's officers, and it was she who had been directing the crude oil transfer maneuvers thus far. The nasal Arabic blaring from the loudspeakers had prevented the five gynarchists from detecting the feminine origin of the voice giving orders.

The Captain, suspecting a ruse, approached Ahmed and Djémila with the intent to block their path. But, just in time, the beautiful Black policewoman placed her hand on the disguised young woman's shoulder, quickly slipped her hand into the pockets of her jacket, and pulled out a small pouch whose white powder contents clearly indicated its substance. The Captain stepped back, suddenly trembling at the thought of being implicated in this affair himself. He demanded explanations but ended up shrugging passively when Marie * curtly* informed him of her desire to question the officer carrying such a quantity of drugs at her office.

Carine didn't give him time to reconsider. She took Djémila by the shoulder and pushed her toward the gangway. The other women, followed by Ahmed, followed almost immediately. No crew member dared to react. Carine, Djémila, Arlette, Geneviève, and Marie piled into the dix-mâles while Wandine took Ahmed by the arm and forced him to climb into the taxi, whose driver was waiting with some apprehension. The two cars started almost simultaneously and sped recklessly toward the city exit and the highway.

5

The two cars stopped two hours later in the parking lot of a roadside restaurant, halfway to their destination. Wandine and Ahmed got out of the taxi and headed toward the dix-mâles, from which the five other young women were beginning to emerge. Their surprise was great to find that the mood in the luxury car was upbeat. The young women were laughing and joking. They all stepped out of the vehicle, playfully bickering. Wandine immediately noticed several things.

First, if Ahmed was very handsome, his sister surpassed him by a hundredfold in beauty and allure. She was a marvelous and fascinating young woman, devilishly beautiful. She was tall, with very fine features, large black eyes, and the bearing of a queen. Djémila had changed in the car. As planned, Carine had asked her to swap her hideous sailor's uniform for one of her dresses. And this one, simple and white, with a small gypsy-style ruffle at knee height and deeply cut in the back, suited her perfectly. Clearly, Carine had been enchanted by the beautiful Moroccan and was devouring her with her eyes. The entire group, joined by the taxi driver, gathered around a table in the restaurant, where three or four lone female drivers, likely Representatives, and two female couples were already seated—one older and quiet, the other clearly on their honeymoon and very much in love. Two waiters hurried toward the newcomers.

They first pointed out, nodding toward Ahmed, that, if the ladies wished, there was a stable reserved for males behind the restrooms, where a cheap snack could be served to them quickly. The handsome Arab paled slightly at hearing this, but was reassured by the amused denials of the young women accompanying him. They ordered the meal, and Wandine chose the wines.

The conversation quickly picked up pace. Everyone had something to ask the beautiful Djémila. Geneviève questioned her about her gynarchist convictions. It turned out that the defector had read nearly all the literature on the subject, including works banned in Morocco*, such as the famous Treatise on the Non-Consensual Conditioning of Males in Evolving Gynarchic Societies by Diana Cathala [see glossary]. The Moroccan could almost pass for a theorist of the Gynarchie, at least in Morocco*, certainly.

Wandine asked her about the nature of her studies in Rabat. Djémila explained that she had earned a Doctorate in animal biology. There would thus be no great difficulty in finding her an interesting and well-paid role within the Feminine Community.

The lovely Carine, whose blonde beauty and relatively small stature contrasted with the physical assets of the splendid Moroccan, sat close to her and seemed very excited. At every turn, she loudly approved *the defector's words, laughed at her witticisms, and touched her arm or hand on any pretext. Ahmed, irritated by this behavior, cast dark looks at his sister, who, however, seemed to greatly enjoy the general atmosphere and the overt and ambiguous attentions of her brother's girlfriend.

The taxi driver, hired by the Arab and duly paid to bring him back safely, was amazed that some countries still allowed males to drive motor vehicles. Djémila explained that in all non-gynarchized countries, men considered themselves gods the moment they got behind the wheel of a car.

"But there are still traffic accidents? Deaths?"

"Yes. When males, as is still the case in my country, believe themselves equal to, or even superior to, women, even blood isn't enough to curb their thirst for speed or their desire to prove their superiority by overtaking everyone in their field of vision…"

"That's awful!*" agreed Carine, casting a disapproving look at poor Ahmed, who, for once, seemed to be looking elsewhere. "What madness! Here, we only had two fatal accidents this year. And both times, it was because of male-workers who botched the mandatory mechanical inspections…"

Arlette and her friend Marie, meanwhile, wanted to know why Djémila hadn't joined them as soon as they appeared on the tanker's deck. She explained that she had been afraid upon seeing the Black skin of the gynarchist policewoman. In Morocco, there are many Black people in the state police, and she thought it might be a trap. Not seeing her brother, she preferred to wait. Fortunately, he finally arrived. At the last moment, but in time nonetheless. She flashed him a warm smile of gratitude that would have turned the head of any other man who wasn't such a close relative.

After duly satisfying their hunger and drinking a very strong coffee, the six women and the handsome Arab male decided to hit the road again. Ahmed wanted to change the passenger arrangement in the two cars, but Carine maneuvered to avoid any changes and stay by the side of the woman whose defection she had, in a way, instigated and whom she was to host at her place.

Grumbling, Ahmed took his place in the back of the taxi, behind the driver and Wandine, who, completely ignoring him, launched into a lengthy conversation about the questionable reliability and competence of male-workers tasked with mechanical inspections.

6

The return journey ended at the foot of Carine's building. The taxi driver hurried back to Marseille. Arlette and Marie, eager to finally be alone, decided to walk home, to get some exercise after the long car ride. Everyone exchanged kisses, thanking each other and promising to meet again soon. Wandine and Geneviève were kindly invited to a small cold dinner among friends. They accepted and, followed by Ahmed, fell into step behind their friend and the beautiful Moroccan defector.

In anticipation of this moment, Carine had stocked her refrigerator, and she offered her guests a veritable feast. Ahmed, who didn't drink due to his archaic religion, was tasked with setting the table while the young women enjoyed an aperitif. Djémila greatly appreciated the glass of Pastis her hostess offered and even accepted another. Tongues loosened. All were at ease, delighted with their successful coup. However, when the handsome Ahmed joined them, his task completed, the atmosphere cooled slightly. By tacit and mutual agreement, the young women kept him somewhat on the fringes of the conversation. Then they sat down to eat, and the first incident of the evening occurred.

The young Arab, who had set the table and was accustomed to dining alone with Carine, had included a place setting for himself at the same table as the Women. This incongruity shocked Geneviève, Wandine's partner, who, while she had tolerated the male's presence at their restaurant table due to his role in their adventure, found this a glaring breach of etiquette on the part of their friend Carine—bisexual, sure, but still a convinced gynarchist—and made her displeasure clear. It was necessary to explain to Ahmed that they were, after all, in a Gynarchie, and his place as a male was in the kitchen, not with the Women. Grudgingly, to avoid a scene, he yielded. He took his plate, glass, and cutlery and, after casting a dark glance at his sister and Geneviève, responsible for what was undoubtedly humiliating for him given his non-gynarchist upbringing, he left the room to join the small kitchen in his gynarchist friend's apartment.

Freer and more relaxed after his departure, the four young women resumed their discussion, making a thousand plans for Djémila. They drank a lot of wine, and the mood grew lively. All were laughing loudly, having a blast.

It was Wandine who, unintentionally, sparked the second incident. Carine, excited by the excess of alcohol and the intense feelings she was clearly beginning to develop for Djémila, decided to play some music. She slipped the latest CD by the famous Top Women into her player. Then she wanted to dance. But the table, laden with unfinished dishes, dirty plates, several empty bottles, a few half-full ones, and overflowing ashtrays, needed to be moved. Wandine, thrilled by the idea of letting loose in a wild dance, opened the door leading to the hallway that connected to the kitchen and bathroom and called out to Ahmed, as she would have called Julot, her own mâle-domestique, without considering that the Arab's primitive culture did not permit him to obey an order given by a young woman:

"Ahmed! Come quickly and clear the table! We want to party tonight!*"

The kitchen door opened, and Ahmed, very pale and with clenched teeth, appeared. He approached Wandine, who, intimidated, stepped back into the living room. When he entered the room, he first saw the great disorder that reigned. Then his gaze fell on Carine and Djémila, who, on the same sofa where he had himself experienced a few erotic ecstasies, were kissing passionately in an extremely suggestive position. It was at that precise moment that *the Top Women finished their hard rock track. The tense silence that followed made the two young women look up, discovering the presence of the handsome Moroccan. Still motionless, he first let out a sort of low growl. Then, through gritted teeth, he spat a few words in Arabic, incomprehensible to anyone but his sister. She, however, likely more versed in the etiquette of gynarchist countries, responded in the language of her new friends:

"You're in a Gynarchie now, Ahmed! And you must abide by the laws of Women! If one of us decided to complain about you, the gynarchic administration would declare you undesirable and send you back to your filthy country with your goats and servile fatmas. You'd do much better to obey Wandine…"

"If I have to go back to Morocco, you'll come with me, shameless bitch! And I'll find you a good Muslim husband who'll know how to tame you! Letting yourself go in the arms of another woman! Whore of your kind! Tomorrow, I'm taking you back home!*"

Silence fell. The girls now grasped the consequences of their careless nonchalance. Carine saw the object of her new passion slipping away to return to the obscurantist darkness of her native country, and tears welled in her eyes. Wandine bit her lip. Djémila, however, smiled disdainfully at her brother and, in turn, unleashed her venom:

"Poor, vain, stupid male! What do you think awaits you in your backward country? Do you think I would have left it without taking every precaution against you and the idiotic civilization you represent? Everyone knows it's because of you that I was able to enter a gynarchist country. Before leaving, I sent a letter to the royal administration. A letter explaining what WE think of its regime! Do you understand? I said WE!*"

"Slut! But I'll explain myself… I'll make them listen! And if I bring you back, everything will be forgiven!*"

"Fool! You came in person to fetch me on the deck of the Sidi-Bel-Abbès. Why do you think I really waited for your arrival to come out of hiding? Did you honestly believe I was scared? That the little sister needed her big brother to escape the wolf's jaws? Stupid dog! I needed the captain and the entire crew to see you, face to face. Today, back home, everyone knows you're the traitor! You have no chance! It's you who needs me here, Ahmed, not me who needs you there!*"

"Djémila…" stammered the Arab, seriously shaken by his cunning and splendid sister's revelations. "Why did you do this? While I was doing everything to help you…"

"But I helped you despite yourself, little brother… You'll be fine here, with us, in service to women. And you're so handsome that you'll find a thousand compensations… even if, for now, you're about to lose one…"

As she spoke, she looked at Carine, who, now reassured, snuggled cat-like against her and smiled, offering her lips. Ahmed, clearly defeated by his sister, didn't dare react to the provocation of this

new female kiss exchanged before his macho eyes. Wandine seized the opportunity to press the advantage…

“Now, Ahmed, do you know what you have to do?” she asked, pointing to the cluttered table of dishes and dirty plates. “Clear this, do the dishes…”

He looked at what the young woman had indicated and took a step toward the table. It was a step toward his acknowledged and total defeat. He began stacking some plates. Wandine, behind him, smiled, and Geneviève stood to put on more music. The keyboardist of *the Top Women played the first notes of a languorous slow song. An electric guitar strummed a few arpeggios. Wandine took her partner by the shoulders, pressed her close, and began to dance, swaying their bodies to the rhythm of the music. Seconds later, Djémila and Carine followed suit.

Unfortunately, Ahmed had one last surge of rebellion. Seeing his sister and her friend, tightly embraced, dancing mouth to mouth, rubbing their sexes against each other in a rather obscene manner, he likely felt humiliated and reacted violently. He hurled the stack of dirty plates he had laboriously piled onto the floor. The crash froze Wandine and her partner, but not the other couple, who continued dancing as if nothing had happened. Ahmed, with a leap, lunged at the two tribades, roaring.

Fortunately, Geneviève, perhaps less inebriated than her friends, was on guard and tripped the Arab as he passed, causing him to sprawl at the feet of the dancers. Wandine finally reacted, jumping onto Ahmed’s back. Geneviève pressed her sole against the neck of the subdued male to prevent him from rising, while Wandine, an expert in martial arts, twisted his arm behind his back, threatening to break it if he tried to resist. Djémila and Carine kept dancing.

“Damn it, girls!” yelled their friend. “Are you going to help us or not!”

Reluctantly, the two lovers parted and stared in astonishment at the scene before them.

“Oh,*” said Djémila. “He’s at it again…”

“The pig!” hissed Carine, delivering a brutal kick to the ribs of her former lover. “I’m sure he’s jealous!”

“Instead of acting like an idiot, you’d better call the police,” advised Geneviève. “We can’t keep him like this all night!”

“Yes, you’re right… I’ll call Marie!*”

The petite blonde, as smitten as she was with Djémila, hadn’t forgotten to take the address and phone number of the woman who had helped them carry out the Moroccan’s defection. She got her on the line immediately and explained the situation.

“She’s coming right away,*” said Carine, hanging up.

“Let’s hope so,*” said Wandine. “I’m not exactly comfortable here…”

This remark made the three other young women laugh, as Ahmed’s position—face down on the rug, his face pressed to the floor by Geneviève’s foot, his right arm on the verge of breaking with the slightest twist from the athletic Wandine, who was kneeling on his back—must have been even less comfortable. The atmosphere lightened a bit.

The Black policewoman arrived less than ten minutes later, flanked by two young Officières of the Gynocratic Police, who, with stunning technical skill, handcuffed the Arab's ankles and wrists in seconds. Completely subdued, he neither resisted nor protested when the two uniformed women roughly hauled him to his feet.

"We'll send him back to his country,*" said Marie. "There, unfortunately, he can take out his frustrations on his poor compatriots without risk…"

"No!" interrupted Ahmed. "No! I don't want to go back to Morocco! They'll kill me!"

"Oh, come on!*" said Marie, shrugging. "It'll be the return of the prodigal son! You'll see…"

"No! Please…" he continued. "Djémila, my sister, you won't let them send me back there! You're my sister! You don't want me to die!*"

"I don't know,*" replied the woman in question, with a charming pout half doubtful, half ironic. "I don't think you're capable of reforming. Deep down, I'd rather know you're dead or rotting in the king's dungeons than have you underfoot, fearing some dirty trick or outburst of anger…"

"No! I promise! Djémila, my sister, I'll listen to you… I'll obey you…"

"Just send him to the Centre Masculin [see glossary],*" intervened Wandine. "They'll know what to do with him…"

"He's already too old to be animalized [see glossary],*" countered Marie. "He'd likely go straight to euthanasia [see glossary]. The Feminine Community has no use for machos like him."

"There's always the Training and Reconditioning Service,*" insisted Geneviève in turn. "They might still make a good mâle domestique out of him."

"Maybe,*" admitted the stunning Black woman. "But a Woman would need to request it! And I don't see who…"

"Well, us,*" suggested Carine. "So far, I've never had a mâle domestique! If they train him well at the Centre, I could take him here."

"That could work…"

"Especially since we're now two sharing the apartment," she added, with a complicit smile toward Djémila. "And I have a niche-placard [see glossary] for males in the hallway! So far, I've kept my shoes in there, but in war as in war!"

The handsome Ahmed was torn by conflicting emotions: humiliation at being outwitted and defeated by women, fear of what awaited him at the training center, relief at not being sent to death in Morocco or to the local euthanasia service, and shame at having his fate debated and decided by one of his female conquests and his own sister. Finally, when the policewoman relented and ordered the Officières to take him to the Centre Masculin, he felt a sense of calm. He followed them without complaint, surrendering with relief to the will of those who had become his superiors, his mistresses.

Once the Arab was taken to the Centre by her young subordinates, Marie agreed to have a drink and dance to one song with Wandine before quickly taking her leave. Then Wandine and Geneviève also left, leaving behind a wrecked apartment but also two women passionately in love, whose lives had just plunged into happiness and pleasure.

7

The day after tomorrow, while Geneviève and Wandine, in their cool, fragrant bedroom, were sending each other to the seventh heaven for the third time that morning, Julot had to record a message for his Maîtresses/Tutrices from Carine and Djémila. The text was brief: "Wandine, we need you. Come quickly to our place. Signed: Coco and Djé.*" Fearing another drama, Wandine, two hours later, after hearing it, rushed to her friends' place.

The living room of Carine's apartment was no longer as filthy, but Wandine quickly discovered that the two new lovers had merely piled all the dirty, rotten, or broken items in the kitchen, leaving it to their future mâle-domestique to clean, wash, and tidy. Her friends admitted that in two days, they had barely left their bed. They had only called her because of a letter received that morning, which they weren't sure how to respond to.

"What letter?"

"This one. It's from the Centre Masculin…"

Carine handed a sheet to Wandine. It was simply the form for Request for Training/Reconditioning of a Male, mandatory for any Woman or female couple wishing to shape or reshape a male to their liking.

"It's the form to fill out for Ahmed's conditioning, obviously,*" said Wandine. "What's the problem?"

"You're funny!*" said Carine. "You've had I don't know how many mâles domestiques in your service, but I've had none. And Djémila, as you can imagine, even less! How are we supposed to know what to request for Ahmed?"

"Oh! You don't know which options to choose? Is that it?"

"Can you help us, Wandine?" asked Djémila in turn. "We want to make the right choice for Ahmed. You know, we're thinking long-term… for us, for him…"

Wandine nodded, understanding, after a moment of reflection, the challenges faced by a defector from a non-gynarchized country and a near adolescent who had never had a personal mâle domestique since her last class valet [see glossary].

"Alright. Fine. Let's see this… What are they asking you exactly?"

The three young women settled on the sofa, Wandine between the two lovers with a pen in hand, and began to go through each question on the form.

"First: Name(s), first name(s), and address of the Maîtresse(s)/Tutrice(s). You've filled that out… Name of the male to be Trained/Reconditioned (optional): You put 'Ahmed,' that's fine. Name desired by the Maîtresse(s)/Tutrice(s) for use after his training/conditioning: Here, you haven't put anything. Why?"

"What are we supposed to call him?" asked Carine. "I don't have any ideas…"

"But it's up to you to choose, girls! You have the right to give whatever name you want to a mâle domestique you might be managing for years!*"

“I’ve always called him Ahmed,*” said Djémila. “It would feel strange to call him anything else…”

“Then keep his name. It’s allowed.”

“What if we named him Sidi-Bel-Ahmed?” suggested Carine, not without humor, to her friend. “In memory of what he was to me and the ship that brought you to me.”

“Alright, Sidi-Bel-Ahmed it is,*” agreed the beautiful Moroccan, smiling after accepting a kiss from her partner. “Even if it’s a bit long…”

Shrugging, Wandine noted the chosen name on the form. Then she read the next section of the questionnaire:

“Tattoos or engravings desired on the male’s body (specify texts and locations). What do you want etched on his skin? And where?”

“Meh! What’s the point?”

“Hey! It’s very important to have your names engraved on your male’s skin! In case of loss or escape, first of all… But it’s also very effective psychologically: a male whose skin is permanently marked with the names and address of his Maîtresses feels more secure, less abandoned by the Feminine Community to which he belongs and to which he is so inferior…”

“Oh, okay! Of course, in that case, it would be good to have our names engraved somewhere… On his forehead? On his back?”

“I’d love for my brother to have both our names written big on his chest!*” approved Djémila. “But with a big heart between them so he knows he belongs to the couple, not just one or the other…”

“Why not just put ‘I belong to the couple Djémila-Carine*’?” suggested her friend. “A heart might not be possible?”

“Then it’s better to put ‘Property of the couple Djémila-Carine*’ and your address below.”

“What if we move?”

“Oh, it’s not a big deal. The girls at the Centre graft another piece of skin over the first or, at worst, they give you another male…”

“Alright, then, you write that down, Wandine… like you said… Property of the couple Djémila-Carine. Great. What’s next?”

“Specific skills to be taught to the male (other than mandatory disciplines: general household maintenance, cooking, sewing, gardening, mechanics, basic handiwork). Do you want your Sidi-Bel-Ahmed to know how to do anything else with his ten fingers beyond what’s listed?”

“Well… I guess…”

“I do!*” reacted Carine eagerly. “I’d love for him to know how to style my hair, do updos, or blowouts…”

“Hairdressing…*” wrote Wandine.

“In that case,*” added Djémila, “I’d like him to know a bit of aesthetics. Massage, manicure… All those things… Actually, even when we were kids, Ahmed—sorry, Sidi-Bel-Ahmed—was very proud of my physical beauty and loved taking care of it…”

“General aesthetics, massage, and manicure. Good. That’s all, girls?”

“Yes, Wandine. But there are more questions on the form, right?”

“Two, yes. First, the issue of castrations…”

“Yes, exactly,*” said Djémila. “I didn’t understand all these nuances… Moral castration, physical, total, partial…”

“I’ll explain… At the Centre, they can emasculate males by removing their genital organs, as has always been done with various methods, but they can also emasculate them in their minds. Do you understand, Djé? It’s not enough to cut off their physical male attributes; they need to be morally castrated too!*”

“How so? Explain better.”

“They need to be fully convinced of their inferiority. There are two levels of moral emasculation: partial and total. It’s a matter of degrees in their awareness of their inferiority. Partial moral emasculation is just an awareness of their inherently inferior state and a happy acceptance of their submission to one or more Women.”

“That’s already good! And total?”

“Total moral emasculation,*” Wandine continued, explaining to the newcomer to the Gynarchie, “is mostly reserved for males the Feminine Community sends to gynocratic factories or farms. You see, there, their fate is set: constant labor in service of the Feminine Community, under the direction of young conscripts performing their S.G.O. [see glossary], then, at the first signs of weakness or incapacity, immediate euthanasia. You understand they must be in a completely servile state of mind. At the Centre, they convince them not just of their generic inferiority but of their total existential worthlessness. They know they’re animals and live as such, obeying the orders of any Woman who speaks to them, adoring the Women who whip them and feed them, then blessing the feminine hand that, one fine day, administers the lethal injection that ends their useless lives…”

“Yikes! I think the first one will do, then…”

“Yes. That’s what’s recommended for mâles domestiques.”

“And for physical emasculation?”

“Oh, that’s much simpler! Your choice depends mostly on your own sexual tastes and whether you want children…”

“No way I’m having a kid!*” declared Carine. “I care too much about my figure and my peace of mind…”

“As for me,” added the beautiful Moroccan, “I can’t get pregnant by my own brother!”

“So, you can already request the removal of his testicles. The issue of the penis remains. Many women, even monosexual ones or those living with another woman, occasionally enjoy male penetration…”

“Yuck! Not me!” said Djémila. “And especially not by my own brother! But you, Carine, you’ve already used our Sidi-Bel-Ahmed… And I don’t think you minded, did you… Huh?”

The blonde blushed slightly and, slipping her arm behind Wandine’s back, rested her hand on her new friend’s shoulder. They exchanged a glance, then a smile, and Carine finally said:

“Since I have you, Djémila, I don’t need any male organ. Do you think the pleasure we give each other can be compared to the pitiful little orgasms your brother barely managed to give me?”

“Me neither, my love, I only need you…”

“And besides, there are still all those gadgets… You know, in my drawer…”

“Darling…”

“Okay!*” cut in Wandine. “If I understand correctly, you don’t want your mâle domestique to keep his penis either?”

“Honestly,*” admitted Djémila, “I don’t see the point…”

“And it would only cause him more trouble…”

“Fine. So we say: Moral emasculation: partial. Physical emasculation: total… There you go! Only the question of euthanasia remains. You can, but it’s optional, propose a date for the end of your male’s service.”

“What’s the point? Why know the exact date he’ll be killed?”

“For males, we say ‘euthanize,’ not ‘kill.’ You understand, Djé, they are still human beings, for the most part…”

“Yes, sorry.”

“It has a lot of advantages. The main one being that Maîtresses/Tutrices can prepare themselves for the loss of a mâle domestique they often grow attached to…”

“Yes,*” agreed Carine, sympathetically. “You yourself, Wandine, I think you suffered a lot when you had to take Gilles to the Centre’s Euthanasia Service…”

“That’s true… You know, he had served us—Mom, my sisters, and me—for over twenty years! And he was probably my sire, too… Mom first wanted to have him reconditioned, but it was euthanasia or nothing. Imagine: he was already over forty! The absolute limit for a male! So I took him to our place. But it was awful. He forgot things, messed up dishes, took forever with laundry and ironing… A nightmare for us! One day when I was out, he accidentally broke a vase full of water and flowers in front of Geneviève, nearly soaking her feet! She snapped and took him straight to the Centre to be euthanized. It was very kind of her! She spared me the pain of taking him there myself, which would have hurt a lot… She’s a very refined and sensitive woman. That’s why I love her so much, actually…”

“Yes, Wandine. But no need to dwell on those bad memories… I understand now why it’s better to know your mâle domestique’s expiration date…”

“Plus, with a date set from the training/conditioning, they can send you a new replacement male the same day as the old one’s euthanasia. That way, no disruption in routines, no delay in dishes, cleaning, laundry, etc.”

“Yes,*” agreed Djémila. “That does seem much better. What date should we put for our Sidi-Bel-Ahmed, then?”

“The most reasonable is his fortieth birthday… That’s when you can be sure he’ll still perform well but be at the limit of his abilities. Do you know that date?”

“Of course! He’s my brother, after all! Write April 15, 2035.”

“Alright. Desired euthanasia date for the male: April 15, 2035. He’s that young? You’ll get to keep him for over fifteen years!*”

“Yes,*” said Carine, with a half-hearted smile. “I think we’ll have plenty of time to get tired of him…”

At this somewhat feminist remark, her friends burst into joyful, carefree laughter. Then Wandine, since she was passing by on her way home, offered to drop off the form at the Centre Masculin herself, knowing the young male must be eagerly awaiting to learn how the women of the gynarchic administration would *“cook” him. Her friends gratefully accepted, seeing one less chore and a chance to return to their bed sooner to make love for the thousandth time.

Wandine kissed them and left. She stopped by the Centre to deliver the service she had volunteered for and finally returned home, where Geneviève awaited her in a blue negligee that made her forget all her resentment toward her friends.

8

She didn’t hear from the couple again until two weeks later. Geneviève had just joined her in the bath, and they were starting to frolic, splashing foam and water everywhere, which Julot struggled to wipe up, when the phone rang. Their mâle domestique, dropping his mop, tried to rush to the living room but slipped on the foam spread across the tiles and fell heavily to the floor, crying out in pain. As he didn’t get up and the ringing persisted, Wandine stepped out of the tub, stepped over the male writhing on the wet floor moaning, and, naked and dripping with water and soap, ran to answer the cursed phone. It was, of course, Carine again.

This time, she and her friend had no favor to ask but big news to announce.

“What news?” asked Wandine patiently. “Have you finally gotten your super mâle domestique?”

“No, not at all. Oh, Wandine, you’ll never guess…”

“Alright. I won’t guess. Why don’t you just tell me?”

“Wandine… Djémila and I…”

“No? You haven’t already broken up, have you?”

“No, darling! Quite the opposite! We’ve decided to make our Promesse [see glossary] of life together!*”

“Really? That’s wonderful! Congratulations to both of you! When are you taking the big step?”

“Sunday, Wandine. The day after tomorrow. At the Temple of Diane in the western district. You know, we’d love for you and Geneviève to be our Marraines. Are you okay with that?”

“For me, I’d be thrilled and proud, Carine. Thank you for the offer. But for Geneviève, I need to ask her… Can you hold on? She’s in the bath…”

“Oh, don’t disturb her, please!*”

“Don’t worry, darling. We’ve seen it all before… I’ll be right back. Don’t hang up!*”

Wandine ran back to the bathroom. Geneviève, immersed in foam, was scrubbing her back with a long-handled brush while Julot, still on the floor, moaned, clutching his ribs with both hands.

“Shut up for a second, you!*” Wandine ordered before asking her partner: “Darling, guess what Carine just told me?”

“They’ve decided to make their Promesse of life together?”

“How did you guess?”

“I heard you congratulating her… Yes, tell her it’s fine for me to be her Marraine too.”

“Darling, you’re a witch!*”

Wandine stepped over the mâle domestique again, who no longer dared utter a sound, and returned to share the good news with Carine. They arranged to meet that evening to discuss the ceremony details and hung up together.

In the bathroom, Geneviève had stepped out of the tub and was bending over Julot to check the extent of the damage.

“It’s just a little boo-boo,*” she said, standing up. “Just a slightly cracked rib… Finish wiping up all this water on the floor, and I’ll make you a little bandage. As for you, Wandine darling, dry my back and breasts. Especially the breasts…”

The two addressed obeyed Geneviève to the best of their ability. Minutes later, while poor Julot, with a tight bandage around his torso, cleaned their tub with infinite care, the two young women were in their bed, climaxing like mad. Two hours later, they jumped into the dix-mâles and sped off to Carine and Djémila’s.

After the customary hugs and congratulations, they planned the entire ceremony, from the Meeting at the threshold of the Temple of Diane to the exchange of the two Promesses and the final kiss. Moreover, Carine had the incredible luck of having an Actéon [see glossary] practically reserved for her for twenty years. Her mother, indeed, had given birth, a year before her youngest daughter, to a healthy male baby. Rather than sending him to the Centre to be animalized [see glossary] or trained for some useful task for the Feminine Community, she had chosen to donate him to the Priestesses of Diane to be made an Actéon dedicated to the huntress Goddess. Twenty years later, by almost novelistic chance, this older brother was still in the cellars of the Palace of the Priestesses of Diane, physically intact and, naturally, still virgin. That afternoon, a Priestess had informed this blessed future Victim of the Goddess that he would be used in the Promesse of life together ceremony involving a young defector from the barbaric world and her own little Carine. The young man, it was said, was overjoyed. As for his sister, she was bursting with pride and happiness.

“I’m in the Seventh Heaven,*” she said, smiling at her friends.

“Actually,*” added Djémila, counting on her fingers, “it’s been nineteen days that we’ve both been in the Seventh Heaven… We barely stop to eat…”

“You’re exaggerating, darling. We still took the time to find you a job.”

“Oh! What do you do?”

“With her doctorate in animal biology, she got a job at the veterinary clinic. Of course, at first, she’ll only deal with human males and pets, but I’m sure they’ll soon let her treat wild animals, as she’s always dreamed.”

“Actually,*” interjected the captivating Moroccan, “I’m a bit disconcerted. Back home in Morocco, animal biology doesn’t cover human males. So, finding myself dealing with males, it scares me a little…”

“Nonsense!*” exclaimed Geneviève. “If you know how to treat a dog, you know how to treat a man! There are no fundamental physiological or psychological differences.”

“True. Though, on the morphological level…”

At that moment, the doorbell of the Promised couple’s apartment rang. Carine went to open it. A cry of surprise was heard. Seconds later, she reappeared, accompanied by a young redhead with green eyes, who was dragging behind her, on a leash, Djémila’s brother, whom, moreover, the four friends had some trouble recognizing.

He had lost a lot of weight, and his cheeks had hollowed out. His skin, once tanned and radiant, had noticeably turned a patchy, somewhat unhealthy matte. But it was his eyes that had changed most. Under now slightly drooping eyelids, the lively eyes had dulled, no longer shining with the vibrant, proud spark that had once seduced Carine. Besides, his eyes remained humbly lowered since his arrival.

He was dressed in a printed shirt bearing the logo and address of the Centre and flannel pants. He held a small bag in his hand, likely containing some toiletries and a bit of spare clothing.

The petite redhead flashed a mischievous smile at the group and, pointing at the Arab while giving a slight tug on his leash, announced:

“Here is Sidi-Bel-Ahmed, Mesdemoiselles! The staff of the Centre Masculin are pleased to return this male to you, now fully reconditioned and perfectly suited to the uses you have chosen for him.”

“Thank you,*” said Djémila. “But it’s a surprise… We weren’t expecting him anymore… Hello, Sidi-Bel-Ahmed!”

The male, upon hearing his name, raised his head, and there was a glimmer of intelligence and joy in his eyes—he had just recognized his sister. The redhead spoke again:

“From his complexion and beauty, I guess it’s your Maîtresse Djémila speaking to you, Sidi-Bel-Ahmed. It’s to her that you owe obedience from now on. To her and to your Maîtresse Carine. But I don’t know which of you is which…”

“That’s me!” said the woman in question, stepping forward in front of her former lover. “Do you recognize me, Sidi? You know you’re arriving just in time! There’s a mountain of things to do here!”

The Arab looked at her with wide eyes, as if rediscovering—or perhaps simply discovering—the beauty he had still been enamored with barely a month ago. He gave a humble smile and lowered his head respectfully before the woman who was now the decision-maker of all future acts in his life as a mâle domestique.

"Take off your shirt,*" ordered the playful Centre employee to the one she had brought on a leash, who complied immediately. "See, Mesdemoiselles. He is tattooed with both your names, as requested."

The male had removed his shirt at the command of the pretty redhead and now displayed, with a certain pride, the indelible inscription that the gynarchic administration had tattooed on his skin, at heart level in two-centimeter-high letters:

Property of the couple DJÉMILA-CARINE
69, rue de Mytilène - 74520 - Astrée.

Like a silver lighter engraved with your initials, a male tattooed with your name is a gift that tickles your pride and self-esteem a little. The two Promised women were no exception to this rule. Djémila, moved, recalled the macho little brother who used to dictate her behavior in the streets of Casablanca, and Carine smiled, remembering the handsome male who thought he had "conquered" her when she let him give her a brief orgasm. Sidi-Bel-Ahmed had become their mâle domestique, their property, and this was yet another thing the two lovers shared.

"And… uh… regarding emasculation,*" stammered the sister of the newly conditioned male, "did everything go well?"

"Pull down your pants!*" ordered the pretty redhead, in response to this awkward question, to the already half-naked male. "Yes. Now turn toward your Maîtresses."

The handsome Arab, with evident pride revealed through a brief half-smile and a certain way of pulling his shoulders back, displayed his lower abdomen to these young women who observed him with curiosity, two of whom were now the mistresses of his destiny.

The area was empty and completely hairless. The white grafted skin in that spot contrasted with the original brown tone of the fully emasculated male's skin. There was nothing left but a small urinary tube protruding barely a few millimeters. Sidi-Bel-Ahmed thus proved, with evident personal satisfaction, that his conditioning had been both psychological and physical.

"Now give your gift to your Maîtresses."

He rummaged in his small bag and pulled out a rectangular object about twenty centimeters long. He hesitated to offer it to one or the other but finally, with a broad smile, handed it to the blonde, who took it with some trepidation and opened the box. Djémila leaned in to see what it contained. It was a small glass jar filled with formalin, in which the young male's testicles and erect penis had been placed.

Carine giggled and took her Promised's hand. The latter smiled too, amused mostly by the visible contentment of the one offering this symbolic gift. Then, more practical than her friend, she gave her first domestic order to her brother:

"Do you remember where the kitchen is, Sidi? There's about two cubic meters of dishes and ten tons of laundry to wash over there. Start your service with that…"

The Centre employee unclipped her leash from the Arab's collar and let him go to his new duties. Once he had disappeared into the kitchen of his Maîtresses' apartment, she smiled at the two couples of women and made to leave. But they insisted she stay for one last drink and talk a bit about her job, and she didn't leave until midnight, in the company of Wandine and Geneviève. Meanwhile, Sidi—since everyone had now adopted this nickname—continued to tackle the backlog of dishes and laundry left by his sister and his former lover. The sounds of intense activity echoed from behind the kitchen door.

9

The bells of the Temple of Diane rang out in full peal. The two Promised women advanced toward the altar of the Goddess. They had dressed identically, as custom dictates, in a silver jacket-and-pants ensemble that suited each perfectly. The only contrast was the color of their hair—ebony black for one, golden blonde for the other. Yet they had styled their hair alike, with curls and silver ribbons. A murmur of approval rose from the audience.

All their friends were present. With Carine's mother and sisters, there were about a dozen women surrounding them, each clearly having strived to outdo the others in elegance and beauty. Everyone fell silent when, in her sacred silver-woven robe that revealed her right breast, the First Priestess of Diane appeared to welcome the young female couple.
She was stunningly beautiful. Any gynarchist woman standing before her in the Temple, able to admire her, could think only this: How beautiful she is! How right we are to believe in Diane!

She smiled at the women in attendance, then approached the two Promised…

"Greetings, Djémila. Greetings, Carine. Have you come to meet Diane?"

"Yes, Priestess,*" they replied in unison.

"Do you wish to live as women, one for the other, as true daughters of Diane, using men only for your happiness?"

"Yes, Priestess."

"Do you believe in the Primacy of Women and the preeminence of Women who love each other?"

"Yes, Priestess."

"The Goddess Diane will bless your union, my sisters. But first, in memory of the indignity of the male who surprised her naked while bathing in her innocent femininity, we shall offer her the blood of a new Actéon [see glossary]."

All the women present then began the Chant of Actéon, inspired by the famous episode where the Goddess ordered her hounds to tear apart the vile voyeuristic male after transforming him into a stag:

Diane, O adored Diane,
He has seen your beauty.

Diane, O adored Diane,
Avenge yourself without pity.

Then, from the back of the Temple, a clear, strong male voice, a cappella, responded:

Diane, O adored Diane,
In your bath, I saw you.
Diane, O adored Diane,
You were all nude.

Between two new priestesses, just as beautiful as the First, appeared the young male destined since birth to relive the sacrifice of Actéon for the greater glory of Diane, the Virgin Goddess once profaned by his virile gaze. The female audience resumed in chorus:

Diane, O adored Diane,
He has seen your beauty.
Diane, O adored Diane,
Avenge yourself without pity.

The two priestesses, also clad in the silver robe of Diane that revealed their breast, each holding one arm of the young man, advanced toward the First Priestess and the two Promised. He was completely naked. His skin, never touched by the sun in the cellars of the Palace of the Priestesses of Diane, was of an immaculate whiteness. His erect sex, in a derisory and final homage to the Goddess, stood insolently before him. He had a pathetic beauty that stirred many of the young women present. Brought at last before the two young Women who were giving themselves to each other that day, he sang another verse of the Chant of Actéon:

His resemblance to Carine was striking. He had the same eyes, his hair the same shade of blond. He looked at his sister with passionate, mystical admiration. She smiled at him.

Each of the priestesses flanking him then drew from their belt the sacred dagger, shaped like a crescent moon with a blade as sharp as a razor, with which they would draw the blood of the young Actéon. They each took one of the young male's wrists, turned it, and slashed his veins.

The red blood spurted, slightly splashing the hands of the two sacrificers. The First Priestess then approached, holding a golden goblet, and extended it toward one of the fountains of human blood. When it was full, the priestesses pressed a pressure point on the young male's wrist, who trembled slightly, and the blood stopped flowing.

The goblet was then offered to Carine, who took it with emotion and brought it to her lips, locking eyes with Djémila. While she drank his blood, her brother gazed at her, utterly captivated by the delicate beauty of his young sister. When she had swallowed the last drop of the warm, red liquid, the Priestess took back the goblet and extended it again toward the male's wrists, where her sisters made a few more spurts of blood flow. It was Djémila's turn to drink, gazing at the one to whom

she was giving herself forever, and for whom a brother, swaying slightly from weakness and mystical love, offered his life drop by drop.

The golden goblet was taken from the hands of the beautiful defector, and Carine drew close enough to touch her. They exchanged a long kiss under the feverish, admiring gaze of the sacrificed male. Finally, they solemnly pledged eternal love and fidelity to each other and kissed again.

Next, it was the turn of the two Marraines of the Promesse to drink the male's blood from the goblet offered by the First Priestess. They were then followed by all the Women present in the Temple. When it was Carine's mother's turn to take the golden goblet, she made the delicate gesture of filling it herself from the severed veins of the son she had brought into the world. Then she gave him a maternal smile full of love and tenderness before drinking his blood slowly and piously. Finally, the Priestesses of Diane drank in turn the blood of the Actéon, which now flowed more and more slowly from the two cuts they had made in his wrists. The glassy gaze of the young male remained fixed on his young sister, who, for her part, had eyes only for Djémila. When the Priestesses released him to go congratulate the two young Promised, he slowly collapsed onto the Temple floor, fainted, and drained the last few drops of blood left in him while his sister lovingly kissed the beautiful Djémila.

Wandine, witnessing this touching spectacle, couldn't help but think that the gynarchic society was the most perfect in the world. Here, before her eyes, two women were uniting for life, and at the same time, two males were integrating into the harmony of the world for their sake. One by sacrificing his sex and committing to serve them as a domestic for his entire life, the other by sacrificing his life and thus securing the eternal benevolence of the Goddess for them. Moreover, these two males, who, harmoniously and naturally, sacrificed themselves for this young couple of Women, happened, as if by miracle, to be the brothers of each of them. Wandine realized that this coincidence was a guarantee of lasting happiness for her friends and felt joy for them, though a little envious.

10

A festive meal had been planned at the home of the two new Companions before Diane. For the occasion, Geneviève and Wandine had lent Julot, their mâle domestique, to the young female couple. When the twelve women who had participated in or attended the ceremony arrived at rue de Mytilène, the two mâles domestiques relieved them of their belongings, offered them chairs rented for the occasion, and served aperitifs.

The meal was excellent, and the celebration that followed unfolded in joy and good cheer. Finally, when Wandine and Geneviève, the last to leave, departed from their friends late in the night, pushing an exhausted Julot ahead of them after long hours of service, Carine and Djémila slipped between sheets freshly ironed by their mâle-domestique and, voluptuously, began a marvelous wedding night that, in truth, never truly ended.

WANDINE'S VACATION

1

During the holidays, many Women, heading off to unwind by the sea, in the mountains, or in some foreign country, find themselves encumbered by the male who serves them and dispose of him in various ways. At the Centre Masculin [see glossary], during this period, requests for euthanasia [see glossary] surge noticeably. Some Julyists or Augustians, already back from vacation or preparing to leave, are disturbed by cries or painful moans coming from a neighboring apartment whose occupant or occupants have left for vacation, "forgetting" their male in his niche-placard [see glossary] without water or fodder. Others are found abandoned in some woods near the vacation route, chained to a tree trunk, sometimes dead or dying, often starving and driven to madness, always naturally or deliberately unable to denounce the blameworthy person responsible for the mistreatment they have endured. But fortunately, most vacationers leave enough food for their male locked up for a month, entrust him to a temporary Guardian, or, finally, take him along with them.

From the third car she climbed into after making the traditional hitchhiking gesture, Wandine told herself she should conduct a study on the varied ways Women transport their mâle-domestique during vacations.

The first to respond to the young girl's raised finger was a lively, humorous forty-something woman who had her male kneel on the carpet of the passenger seat, constantly facing her to immediately fulfill all her momentary demands: fanning her when the heat became too intense, lighting her cigarette, changing the car radio station when the program grew dull, cooling the insides of her thighs with a damp paper towel if sweat bothered her, and countless other tasks. Wandine had to sit in the back and, while admiring the perfect training of the young male, explained that she was headed to spend a few days within the Sororidad Ibérica [see glossary] to attend the traditional festivities of the Semana Divina [see glossary] in Valencia. Since her driver and her "road valet" were going to Galicia, she had to part ways with them shortly after the border.

An attractive but very talkative German named Ingrid took Wandine as far as Burgos, from where she was to leave the next day for Portugal. Once they arrived at this stage of her journey, she cordially invited Wandine to dinner and to share her bed. The young girl accepted the invitation without fuss but only realized that her one-night companion was also traveling with a mâle-domestique when, after dinner, she opened the trunk of her car to let out a tall, very thin blond male, a bit cramped and with a flushed face. She ordered him to carry her three suitcases, which were carefully stowed on the back seat, and also tasked him with Wandine's large backpack. In the luxurious hotel room, the male began by unpacking and arranging his Tutrice's toiletries, then unfolded and hung a few dresses in the closet that couldn't spend a night folded. Meanwhile, the two Women undressed, exchanging a few caresses, and joyfully took a bath together, making a thousand splashes. When they finished their ablutions and needs, the male was brought back into the bathroom to clean it and sleep in the niche-placard [see glossary] located there, just behind the

toilet. The German also handed him a plastic bag containing some of their restaurant leftovers and allowed him to drink his fill from the bidet. He could then spend a quiet night in his small cubby, only woken two or three times by one or the other of the young Women needing to attend to some natural needs. Wandine and Ingrid spent a sweet night of love and good sleep. The next morning, while they had breakfast, the male repacked the suitcases, carried them down, and placed them back in the car's rear. His Tutrice then locked him back in his place in the trunk for the rest of the trip and tenderly bid farewell to Wandine, who, for her part, went to stand on the road to the capital of the Sororidad and raised her thumb again.

A couple of young, tanned, blonde Lutéciennes [see glossary], clearly monosexual [see glossary] and deeply in love, driving a powerful red convertible, offered a few minutes later to take her to Madrid, where they were meeting another couple of friends. Their male had been placed on the back seat and, completely silent and still, was tasked with watching over the various objects and clothes the couple had piled abundantly on his arms and knees. Wandine took the front seat to the right of the passenger, who took the opportunity to snuggle like a cat against her friend who was driving. The male, meanwhile, had Wandine's backpack as his travel companion, and both remained equally silent and still throughout the journey. Up front, with their hair in the wind, the three girls chatted nonstop about everything and nothing, joking, laughing, occasionally exchanging a caress or a kiss. In short, it was vacation, the sun was shining, and they were free and happy. In Madrid, before parting, they decided to treat themselves to an evening of wine and tapas around the Plaza Mayor. They sat at a table in each mesón near the famous square. The mâle-domestique ceaselessly shuttled between the bar and their table, relaying the desires of the three young Women, bringing them drinks or small plates of appetizers, paying or returning change, following them along the streets, always three steps behind, arms laden with their various small belongings, and all this, the whole time, without ever speaking to them directly or consuming anything himself, except for the crusts of bread or dregs of glasses they sometimes left him. The night was long and very boozy. A hundred times, they exchanged addresses and promised to meet again in France after the holidays. Wandine, in the early morning, resumed her journey with regret and a slight stumble.

2

It was with another member of the French Feminine Community that Wandine reached Valencia. A spirited little brunette with medium-length hair and a harmonious body. Unlike the other drivers who had picked up Wandine since her departure, this one treated her male with care and without excessive harshness. Estelle, for that was her name, was polysexual [see glossary] and made no secret of it. Her mâle-domestique, affectionately named Kid and about twenty years old, was very tall, very muscular, and very handsome. His place was in the front of Estelle's small car, and his main role was to caress, kiss, or lick his Tutrice on demand, where and when she desired. Wandine thus sat in the back, behind Kid, to chat with the driver without her having to turn around too much or deprive herself of the small pleasures her male provided to enhance her journey through the vast territories of the Sororidad Ibérica.

"You're also going to Valencia to attend the Semana Divina festivities?"

"Yes,*" Wandine nodded. "I've always wanted to."

“Me too. They say it’s extraordinary! All those penitents, all those representations of the Divinity…”

“What I’d like,*” said Kid, turning slightly toward the hitchhiker, “is to attend a corrida…”

“You,*” Estelle interrupted, “keep masturbating me and shut up! We didn’t ask for your opinion.”

The male, whose hand was indeed busy under his Tutrice’s skirt, took the hint and refocused on his task.

“I hate corridas,*” Wandine said to break the silence that had settled. “They’re very cruel, and I detest the sight of blood.”

“It’s just a whim of poor Kid!” Estelle said, shrugging. “He doesn’t even know what they’ve become! Anyway, we’re going to Valencia to see the Semana Divina ceremonies, not for anything else. And he’s only here to save me from having to find an Iberian male for my pleasures… Especially since I speak the language very poorly!”

“You’re not monosexual?”

“I had an experience with a friend two years ago. Of course, it was better emotionally and more intellectually enriching, but for pleasure: zero! For me, it takes males!*”

“What a shame!*” Wandine said, flashing Estelle a knowing smile in the rearview mirror. “I could have been your interpreter during the festivities.”

They both laughed with complicit giggles, but the charm was quickly broken as the driver had to navigate a dangerous curve just as she was reaching the start of an orgasm thanks to her neighbor’s manipulations. She had to focus for a few moments. Afterward, having temporarily found satisfaction, she changed the subject.

“Do you believe in Diane?” she asked. “Have you done your Grand Repas [see glossary]?”

“Yes, of course. Haven’t you?”

“Oh, I have! I think you have to be a believer and practice the cult to the best of your ability. It’s essential for the cohesion of the Community.”

“Here,*” her passenger pointed out, “they say: the Sororidad.”

“Does the Sororidad allow males to attend corridas?” Kid suddenly asked, perhaps feeling idle for a few minutes. “I’d give anything to see a real descabello!*”

Wandine burst out laughing and had to explain to Estelle that the descabello was the fatal blow delivered to the bicho in the arena. They laughed together. When the male rather foolishly asked for an explanation of their shared mirth, he was once again rebuked by his Tutrice, who ordered him first to be quiet, then to begin a new masturbation, this time more focused on her clitoris, which was starting to become sensitive, and with the help of the small vibrator connectable to the cigarette lighter. He fell silent and obeyed.

The two girls then discussed religion, the omnipotence of Diane, and the different ways to practice her cult. Estelle had another, fairly discreet orgasm, which made Wandine a bit jealous. The driver, sharp as a tack, noticed and, generously, suggested:

“Since we’re here to see the same things, if you want, we could share a hotel room… And you could use Kid too,” she added as the male puffed up with pride. “He’s been trained for that!”

“It’s you I’d rather use,*” the hitchhiker replied with a smile, somewhat deflating the young male’s ego. “But I’ll accept the offer nonetheless. Plus, it’ll cost us less…”

“Exactly! And I imagine, since you’re hitchhiking, you must not be rolling in money.”

“No, quite the opposite,*” Wandine admitted. “I had just a few savings, but I didn’t want to miss the Semana Divina festivities for anything.”

“Then it’s settled. Together, we’ll have a fantastic week, you’ll see!*”

3

Upon arriving in Valencia, their first task was to find a comfortable hotel. Alas, the festivities had attracted many tourists more prepared than they, and almost everything was booked or reserved. They decided to send Kid to scour the city streets for a room while they treated themselves to a few drinks at a café terrace on the Plaza de la Reina. The young male returned only after three hours, visibly exhausted but having finally found a comfortable, relatively affordable room. They drove there, guided by Kid, and were pleasantly surprised to discover, on the third floor of a quiet, discreet small hotel, a spacious, air-conditioned room with three beds.

Estelle decided to push the three small beds together to make one larger, more convivial one. Wandine had no objection, as the bathroom was equipped with a niche-placard cleverly built under the bathtub, so she wouldn’t have to worry about too much male proximity. Kid took charge of setting up the beds and their belongings while they changed. Then, with the male following, they went out into the city, where, as evening fell, a lively atmosphere reigned.

The Semana Divina began the next morning, and the numerous tourists all seemed highly excited. Estelle and Wandine strolled through the streets, sampling tapas and drinks here and there, served by tanned, overworked, sweaty young males. After the excesses of the previous night in Madrid, Wandine was surprised to find herself feeling full of energy again, ready to start anew. But her state was likely due to the captivating, exciting presence of the delightful Estelle, who herself overflowed with energy and good cheer. Her vitality was such that she soon craved new erotic thrills and suggested going to bed, even though there were still plenty of strollers in the streets. On the way back, Kid, trailing behind, suddenly approached the two young Women and, all excited, pointed to a large, colorful poster on a wall. It was an advertisement for a grand corrida set to take place the next evening at Valencia’s old plaza de toros.

While Wandine, despite herself, was slightly stirred by the wild, splendid beauty of a torera named Angela Sánchez “La Poderosa,” Estelle sharply explained to Kid that there was no question of attending such cruel, bloody spectacles.

“Besides,*” she added to drive the point home, “you may not know this, but corridas have been completely transformed by the Sororidad. For one thing, only Women are allowed to wear the ‘suit of lights’ now!”

“It suits them very well, too!” Wandine remarked, still absorbed in her contemplation of the toreras photographed on the poster. “Much better than it did the males of old!”

“Still,” Kid pleaded, “those fights to the death must be beautiful!”

“Be quiet and come show me right now that you’re a man. Go!*”

The pretty brunette pushed her male ahead of her toward the hotel and, taking Wandine by the hand, said:

“Stop staring at those Women! You’re about to see something far more exciting in a moment!*”

4

A moment later, indeed, Estelle was being undressed by her mâle-domestique and lay naked across the three beds that now formed one. Wandine, highly aroused by her friend’s beauty, stripped off her mini-dress and panties in a quarter of a second without anyone’s help and jumped onto the bed beside her. Estelle didn’t really respond to her first caress. She merely smiled kindly and ordered Kid to perform a “strip” for them. Wandine felt disappointed but, keeping a caressing hand in Estelle’s crotch just in case, turned her attention to the young male’s performance.

Before the two naked women watching him, he began to dance silently, swaying his body to a rhythm dictated solely by his breathing or heartbeat. He slowly removed his shirt, tossed it to the floor, and flexed the muscles of his torso and arms. Estelle panted softly. He dropped his pants and, turning to show off his masculine physique, performed a kind of belly dance meant to be erotic. Between Estelle’s thighs, a warm moisture flowed over her friend’s fingers. Kid slid off his underwear. His sex was not erect but still provoked a grimace of disgust on Wandine’s face. The male’s fully naked body continued to undulate before the young women until Estelle, in a hoarse voice, ordered:

“Now, Kid! Be a man!*”

Wandine had seen males intended primarily for a Woman’s sexual pleasure respond physically to their first verbal prompt, but she was stunned by the effect of Estelle’s command. Kid’s penis rose almost instantly, reaching a size so impressive that the young girl was left speechless.

“Do you want him first?” her bedmate asked politely, her breathing ragged and eyes fixed on the male sex.

“No, no!” Wandine refused. “He’s yours!”

“Then now!” Estelle almost shouted. “Come, Kid!”

The male then rushed onto his Tutrice and, without precaution, penetrated her roughly. Wandine, somewhat aroused by the spectacle despite herself, tried to enhance Estelle’s pleasure by gently teasing her breasts with her tongue. The young woman moaned beneath her, her hands caressing Wandine’s hair in gratitude. Estelle had a fairly intense orgasm, and immediately, Kid withdrew from her body and left the bed, his sex still erect.

Wandine seized the male’s temporary absence to claim the territory. With her index finger, she located her friend’s taut clitoris and began to stimulate it with increasingly precise spirals around

its base. Her other hand slid under the sweaty small of her partner's back and traced up the groove of her spine with gentle pressure. Estelle arched and moaned softly. Wandine kissed her deeply and pressed her entire body against her, quickening the rhythm of her wet finger. Estelle's body began to convulse with spasms, and she pulled her lips from Wandine's to emit long, voluptuous moans. Wandine, increasing the strength and speed of her finger pressure, brought her lips to one of the erect nipples, teased it with her tongue for a few seconds, then did the same to the other, and switched again. Estelle was now letting out * veritable* screams of pleasure. Her entire body trembled spasmodically. She cried out one last time, in a hoarse, almost painful voice, then collapsed exhausted onto the sheet, as if lifeless.

Gently, Wandine placed a kiss on her closed eyelid and softly caressed her breasts. Estelle opened her eyes and gazed into her partner's eyes with infinite gratitude and love.

"By Diane!" she whispered. "That was so good!*"

They then shared a long, passionate kiss and nestled into each other's arms. Wandine was pleased to see that her friend seemed to have, at least temporarily, forgotten her mâle-domestique, but she also knew she had only won a battle, not the war. So, slowly, her hand traveled down along a hip, a thigh, caressed the silky brown pubic hair, and penetrated Estelle's wet vagina again. Once more, Estelle began to pant. After a few moments, once more, her body arched. She moaned again, but this time, as if seized by a new, devastating passion, Estelle began to reciprocate the pleasure Wandine was giving her. What followed was a veritable frenzy. Their two bodies merged until they were one. Their cries of pleasure blended as well, and the multiple orgasms they achieved, almost always simultaneously, seemed to last for hours. When they finally separated their bodies, they were utterly exhausted, drained of all strength, at the peak of satisfaction.

At the foot of the bed, standing, panting, and his sex still fixed in its spectacular erection, Kid watched them with wide, fascinated eyes.

"Still here, you?" Estelle noted. "Haven't you seen where your niche is? Under the bathtub. Go, quick!*"

Before he left the room to retreat to his dark cubby, Wandine couldn't resist the vanity of flashing a small, victorious, mocking smile that, for the first time that day, made the handsome Kid lower his head and slump his shoulders. Then she took Estelle back into her arms, and both plunged into a happy, peaceful sleep.

5

The next morning at ten o'clock, the first procession began. Estelle and Wandine, hand in hand, smiling and refreshed, followed three steps behind by a sullen, drawn-faced Kid, made their way to the Plaza del Templo de Diana to watch it begin its journey. Many Women, but also a few males, crowded before the temple's gates. Finally, after a good hour of waiting, they opened, and a first group of faithful appeared, carrying a magnificent statue of Diane nearly three meters tall.

The Goddess was depicted, as customary, drawing her bow with a golden arrow gleaming. The statue, likely bronze, was adorned with a short white dress leaving one breast bare, which, fluttering in the wind, gave it an eerie sense of reality. Twelve young eunuchs in long albs proudly

carried the base on which it was mounted on their shoulders. They advanced, chanting a low melody whose words, likely in Valencian, were hard to discern. The crowd parted to let the Goddess pass.

Behind her appeared three Priestesses who tossed handfuls of rose petals onto the statue from behind, drawn from large baskets held by six very young, hooded males dressed in black, who followed chained to one another as a sign of submission to those they were destined to serve until death. All three were stunningly beautiful, their clear gazes radiating faith and mystical joy.

Two long lines of males, their torsos, legs, and feet bare, their faces masked by tall, pointed purple hoods, followed slowly. They carried on their shoulders a long, heavy steel chain they already pulled with effort, at the end of which advanced the splendid chariot of the Great Priestess of Diane. She sat on a golden throne and wore the symbols of her authority: the emerald diadem with the crescent moon, symbol of the Goddess, and the castrating shears, symbol of her absolute power over all human males. Seated at her feet, two younger priestesses, armed with long whips, harangued the males tasked with pulling the heavy, massive chariot through the city.

Finally, after the Great Priestess's chariot, framed by a few Novice Virgins of the College of Diane who directed them with rods, came the Confraternities of males. First, the Confraternity of the Petits Eunuques [see glossary], some of whom had already opened the procession, then the Actéonique Confraternity [see glossary], whose members, all destined for the sacrifice of the Grand Repas [see glossary], sang solemn hymns to Diane's glory at the top of their lungs, and, finally, the distinctly Iberian Confraternity of the Penitentes de la Redentora Flagelación, a brotherhood of male worshippers of Diane who believed that only daily flagellation, administered by female hands, could one day redeem their inherent male flaws. On these last, the audience could freely unleash and invent a thousand ways to torment them. It was an extraordinary entertainment to witness the extreme imagination of the Women of the Sororidad, and also of some bold tourists, as these males, aware of their innate inferiority but oblivious to their ridicule, passed by.

Wandine and Estelle threw themselves into it with gusto, slapping one, scratching another, and laughing like mad. When, four or five hours later, the procession finally ended, they realized they had lost Kid in the crowd. Estelle, to Wandine's great satisfaction, didn't seem particularly bothered and they went to choose a good restaurant to enjoy a succulent paella. Unfortunately, around three o'clock, when they returned to the hotel for a "little erotic siesta," as Estelle put it, they found their male neither in the room nor in his niche-placard, and began to grow more seriously concerned. They still made love for an hour or two, as the procession and the saffron in the paella had terribly aroused them, but then decided to search for Kid.

6

They first returned to the Plaza del Templo de Diana, but there were only a few thousand rose petals scattered on the ground and two or three aimless tourists wandering—no Kid. They went to the Policia, where a uniformed matron told them there had been no accidents during the procession, except for a small eunuch who died of heatstroke and a penitente of the Redentora Flagelación bitten on the throat by an overzealous spectator, and that their mâle domestique had likely taken advantage of the crowd to escape and flee to nearby Morocco, a barbaric country where the Gynarchie had not yet been established. They still went, on principle, to the hospital,

where a nurse gave them the same story. They made the best of a bad situation and opted for a trial swim at El Saler beach.

Just before getting into the car, Wandine, struck by a sudden idea, stopped dead on the sidewalk, allowing a small Iberian male to kiss her shapely lower back.

“What’s wrong?” Estelle asked, worried.

“Look at this poster!” she explained, pointing to the colorful corrida advertisement they’d seen the previous day. “That idiot must have gone to the plaza de toros!”

“By Diane! Let’s hope he hasn’t done that!*”

“Let’s go!*” Wandine suggested. “It might not have started yet.”

“But you hate that stuff, you told me!*”

“Too bad for me. Let’s go!*”

It took them over an hour to find the plaza de toros and park nearby. When they arrived, the ticket booths were still open, but they weren’t allowed to use the entrance reserved for males, even after explaining they were looking for a runaway mâle domestique. With heavy hearts, they had to buy two sol y sombra tickets but managed to sit in the very front row. The paseillo was just beginning.

7

The torera leading the parade was the beautiful Angela Sánchez, nicknamed La Poderosa, the Powerful. Wandine couldn’t help but find her fascinating. Behind her came the young novicias, future toreras. Finally, mounted on two impatiently prancing mares, followed the picadoras, whose cruel task was to wound the bicho with their lances until it was weak enough to face the torera on equal terms. All saluted the audience, including the mares, then took their places around the arena. A novicia opened the toril gate, and the first bicho appeared.

It was a true black monster with a broad build and bulging muscles visible under its tanned skin. As it swept its terrible gaze around the arena, it snorted and shook its head. The audience, exclusively female, of course, shuddered. La Poderosa advanced toward it and waved her muleta.

Next to Wandine, an extremely pretty blonde with the fragile look of a porcelain doll cried out:

“Diana! Me la va a matar!” [Translation: “Diana! It’s going to kill her!”]

Seeing the girl’s excessively anxious expression, Wandine realized she must be one of the admirers, or perhaps the official lover, of the splendid Angela Sánchez. She immediately felt sympathy for her fearful neighbor and prayed to Diane that La Poderosa would triumph over this horrid bicho.

The latter hadn’t taken long to spot its opponent and watched her approach. When she was only two meters away, it charged at her. The young Woman dodged it effortlessly, passing the muleta to the right.

“Olé!*” the audience shouted in unison.

But the black bicho turned back at phenomenal speed and managed to tear the muleta from the torera's hands. Wandine's neighbor let out a scream of terror.

Fortunately, one of the picadoras had anticipated the terrible bicho's about-face and had already brought her horse near. She easily drove the tip of her lance between two ribs and prodded its flesh for a moment. Its angry growl was heard from the stands. Blood flowed. Angela Sánchez could approach again, retrieve her muleta*, and taunt it once more. It charged again, but less vigorously. Then, she passed it under the muleta held with both hands, a move aficionadas call a verónica.

"Olé!*" the crowd roared, enthralled.

Disoriented, the bicho didn't see the banderilla that the beautiful torera suddenly brandished and planted in one swift motion near its shoulder blade. But it felt it and roared in pain. This time, it struggled to turn back. When it did, La Poderosa was already near and dodged it again with a chest pass while planting a second banderilla in its back.

"Olé!*" cried Wandine's emotional blonde neighbor.

The terrible bicho seemed no longer sure where it stood. Indeed, the look it cast at its beautiful adversary, fascinating and resplendent in her "suit of lights," was already that of a hunted beast.

After a few more remarkable passes, she planted a third banderilla in its body. Then, as the bicho, heavily and clumsily, tried one last time to charge its beautiful, now smiling and confident opponent, she executed a final pass and drove the sword into its nape with a precise, lethal strike. As it slowly collapsed onto the blood-red sand of the arena, Wandine's neighbor stood and clapped wildly, soon joined by the entire audience, including Estelle, who had clearly taken great interest in this first fight.

Angela Sánchez approached the lifeless body of her monstrous adversary and knelt beside it. With a swift, precise motion, using her already bloodied sword, she cut off the defeated's genitals and, standing, displayed them to the crowd of aficionadas, who applauded enthusiastically. Finally, the victorious torera solemnly approached the stone benches where the young French women sat. Wandine wondered what she intended until, at last, La Poderosa tossed her bloody trophy at the feet of the blushing blonde, and Wandine realized she was indeed her lover.

The novicias, all very pretty and sexy in their tight, multicolored costumes, came to take the lifeless, mutilated body of the black and dragged it across the sand to the toril.

At the precise moment Wandine, inwardly, pitied the poor black and condemned this inhumane way of killing males, Estelle leaned closer and whispered in her ear:

"Admit it, it's exciting, isn't it!*"

"Come on!" the young girl replied. "It's awful! What a horrible death!"

"Pfft! They're males destined for euthanasia anyway. At least they have a chance to survive! Did you know that if they escape, they can live to be a hundred?"

"But, Estelle," Wandine protested, "do you realize that your own mâle domestique is probably going to go through this?"

"Yes, probably. But the Gynarchie has abolished cruelty to animals. Isn't it better to play with males, who are condemned anyway, than to torture defenseless animals? Right?"

“Yes, darling,*” Wandine agreed. “Yes. But still, Kid was your lover, he gave you pleasure…”

“Oh, don’t remind me of that! What an idiot, really! Look, there he is!*”

8

Following the large black, Kid now appeared, pushed into the arena by two young novicias at the toril gate. Like his predecessor, his arms were bound behind his back, and he wore on his forehead, securely fastened by leather straps, two long, sharply pointed, dangerous horns. He was also completely naked, but his paleness, in contrast to the other, made him seem somewhat weaker, more vulnerable. He didn’t seem to grasp what was happening to him. His gaze darted everywhere, sometimes toward all those excited women in the stands, feverishly craving a fight with a foregone outcome, sometimes toward the beautiful toreras in multicolored costumes who would likely proceed to his merciless killing.

Angela Sánchez, for this novillada, an easy fight against young bichos, had gone to rest after the terrible battle she had fought moments earlier against the large black. Kid tried to turn back toward the toril, but the gate had been closed and was now guarded by one of the young novicias. Moreover, on their large horses adorned with brightly colored cloths, the two picadoras were now approaching him. Quickly, they forced him to move toward the center of the arena, where three resplendent novicias, muleta and banderilla in hand, awaited him impatiently.

Wounded three or four times by the steel lances of the two horsewomen, he finally had to face the toreras. From afar, Wandine and Estelle could see he was trying to speak to them, likely begging, explaining his tragic mistake, but, either not understanding his language or mocking his pleas, they quickly provoked him with a few passes of their red muletas until one of them, a blonde with a seductive face and sculpted body, planted a first banderilla in his back.

After letting out a cry that echoed beyond the plaza de toros, his first, typically male reaction was to flee. By chance, he headed toward the stands where his Tutrice and the beautiful hitchhiker she had picked up outside Madrid sat. As they were in the very front row, he saw and recognized them. He cast them a look so terrible that Wandine feared for her friend and placed a protective hand on her lap. Then, in a shrill, aggressive voice, he shouted his resentment:

“Why didn’t you tell me? Why didn’t you tell me that this had changed too?*”

And, as Wandine tried to console him with a sympathetic smile, he added, directed at her:

“It’s you! You wanted to sleep with Estelle! So you let me sign up for this corrida! And now you’ll get to fuck her in peace!*”

At this unjust accusation, Wandine, despite herself, retorted:

“You should’ve taken better care of her, you horned fool!*”

This made some of their neighbors who understood French laugh, including the likely lover of Angela Sánchez, the petite blonde still proudly holding the genitals of the black killed by her fiancée. Estelle, shocked by her mâle domestique’s unfair words, defended Wandine:

“You should’ve obeyed us, idiot! Now, at least, try to act like a real male. Be a man!*”

Then, something astonishing happened. Despite the intense psychological tension he was under, despite the hundreds of aficionadas watching his every move, despite the jealous hatred he felt for Wandine*, who had outdone him in pleasing Estelle and would be the only one left to do so after his death, despite the cruel wound in his back, Kid, conditioned by years of sexual obedience, reacted to the final words of the pretty brunette who had used him for so long as a tool of pleasure with an extraordinary, striking erection, visible to all the young toreras and all the Women in the audience. Wandine couldn't help but giggle.

The crowd, as one, shouted:

"Olé!*"

But as a picadora, her hair flowing in the wind, charged at him at a gallop, Kid, his penis proudly erect, had to turn back to face the three novicias, led by the pretty blonde who had already wounded him.

She was momentarily disconcerted by the astonishing sight before her, and the virile Kid took advantage. He charged at her and, with a shoulder thrust, managed to knock her to the ground.

Beside Wandine, Estelle let out a cry of surprise.

Capitalizing on the advantage of this first victory, the bicho tried to threaten his victim with his horns to gain a pause, or even a reprieve. He placed his knee on her shapely chest and brought his horned head close to the angelic face of the beautiful novicia. In threatening her thus, he was attempting a kind of blackmail on the others: if anyone approached, he could pierce the blonde with one of his horns; if they granted him his life, everyone would walk away unharmed.

Unfortunately for him, one of the three novicias had cautiously positioned herself behind him from the start of his maneuver and, as soon as she saw her partner on the ground in great danger of being injured by the young, foreign bicho with his erect sex, she violently drove a second banderilla between his ribs. Kid screamed and, from the pain, jerked his body backward. The blonde seized the opening he gave her. Propping herself up on her elbows, she bit down hard on his erect penis. The young male howled and threw himself back, rolling in the sand and dust. The apprentice torera sprang to her feet, spat out a piece of flesh with disgust, and picked up her muleta.

Estelle, thrilled, applauded wildly at this masterful move, joined by the entire audience. Wandine inwardly acknowledged that the young girl had no lack of courage.

In the scuffle, she had lost her small black sombrero and was somewhat disheveled. This slight disorder in her appearance only added to her charm. She waited as the picadora, with two or three light jabs of her vara to his thighs, forced the poor Kid, whose erection had noticeably waned, to stand. She then boldly approached him again. The male, now trembling with fear or rage, charged at her head down. She made a simple muleta pass to the left to dodge him and managed to plant a third banderilla in his shoulder blade.

"Olé!*" all the Women shouted as one.

Streaming with blood and his lip quivering, Kid slowly turned toward the novicia, who, now positioned against the barrier of the stands, very close to Wandine, waved the red fabric of her muleta to provoke her adversary. It had the desired effect. The wounded male saw that the blonde, where she stood, couldn't retreat due to the barrier, so he advanced slowly and, reaching two

meters from her, lowered his head. Estelle held her breath. A great silence fell over the arena. Kid charged.

Wandine, fascinated, watched the scene unfolding almost directly in front of her and saw the torera suddenly kneel. The male's face lifted, his eyes full of surprise and his mouth open in a silent scream. Slowly, the blonde stood. She had dropped the muleta and now held in her right hand the hilt of the sword with which she had just pierced Kid's abdomen.

As his legs buckled and he folded in on himself, the beautiful blonde, still gripping her lethal weapon, stood proudly and arched her splendid body. The male fell to his knees before her and raised a fascinated, defeated gaze to her.

"Admit it, it's beautiful, isn't it!*" Estelle said to her friend, placing a hand on her thigh.

"Yes," Wandine admitted, deeply moved. "It's a terrible spectacle!"

The young novicia, now with a scornful smile for her vanquished foe, slowly withdrew the blade of her sword from the young male's entrails. Blood began to spurt in bursts onto the sand. She then placed the sharp edge of her weapon on Kid's penis, which was now only slightly erect, and, with a swift flick of her delicate wrist, severed it at the base. Already in agony, the male emitted only an additional gurgle. A thunder of applause filled the arena. Estelle and Wandine were not the last to show their admiration.

The blonde impaled the severed organ on the tip of her sword and raised it to the crowd. The applause redoubled. She finally turned to Wandine and, to her utter astonishment, offered her the bloody trophy. Wandine realized that the novicia, at the start of the fight, had seen Kid berating her and wanted to honor her too with a victory over this aggressive male.

"Oh, darling, take it!" Estelle urged eagerly. "I want it!"

Wandine then smiled at the young blonde, who, up close, was even more beautiful, and, with her fingertips, plucked the object from the tip of the bloodied weapon.

Kid, still kneeling in a widening pool of his blood, had his bulging eyes fixed on the scene unfolding near him. Wandine, moved by the torment he must be enduring, smiled at him with compassion and waved the still rigid penis before her, like a bell, to let him know she would care for it and he wouldn't be forgotten. The male domestique's gaze turned glassy, and he collapsed into the sticky sand of his blood.

The victorious torera saluted the audience, stepped over the corpse, and exited the arena. Two other novicias came to take the body and drag it to the toril. Estelle took Kid's sex and carefully folded it into the program they'd been given at the entrance. Wandine's other neighbor, the petite blonde who must be Angela Sánchez's lover, leaned toward her and whispered:

"If you want to meet Dora at the exit, just come with me to the toreras' dressing rooms."

"Dora?"

"Dora, the Toreadora,*" she clarified. "That's the name of the one who paid you the compliment of the bicho's sex."

"Oh, yes!" Estelle interjected, having heard everything. "I'd love that!"

"Alright, then,*" Wandine said. "Thank you so much."

“Oh, you’re welcome! I’m La Poderosa’s friend. But Dora is an extraordinary, very promising novicia. Did you see that descabello?”

9

Before following their neighbor, the two tourists had to watch the fight of another great matadora, Marí-Carmen Martín, nicknamed La Carmencita, who sent a frenzied 120-kilogram white male ad matres, though he nearly injured her several times.

In the toreras’ dressing rooms, Wandine was surprised to find that with her hair now loose and well-groomed, and wearing a pale blue ruffled cotton dress instead of her tight “suit of lights,” Dora the Toreadora was actually a very young girl of twelve or thirteen, very pretty with delicate features but already possessing a true woman’s body. Had Kid, during the fight or in dying, realized the extreme youth of his beautiful adversary? Wandine congratulated her on her magnificent fight and thanked her for the honor she had bestowed. Dora made a polite curtsy, picked up her small suitcase containing her costume, muleta, and sword, and left after kissing her novicia friends goodbye. Meanwhile, Estelle had her program, temporarily folded over the trophy offered to her friend, signed by La Poderosa and La Carmencita, who both graciously gave her their autographs, seeing in her a future enthusiast of the challenging, exhilarating art of Machomachie [see glossary].

They soon stepped back into Valencia’s streets, deeply shaken by the terrible, fascinating spectacle they had just witnessed but also highly aroused by these deadly, thrilling fights.

Estelle wanted to do some shopping. She bought an adorable dress on sale, a bottle of liquor—likely to recover from her emotions, Wandine thought—and a hideous, tasteless glass jar containing a plastic torera and engraved with the bland inscription: Recuerdo de Valencia [Translation: Souvenir of Valencia]. Wandine expressed her disapproving surprise at this purchase, but her friend only responded with a mysterious smile.

They took the car and headed to their hotel, where the brunette first locked herself in the bathroom. As she took her time coming out, Wandine wondered if she was secretly drinking the liquor she’d bought. Surely, Kid’s spectacular death had shaken her, but still! Before she could get truly worried, the door opened, and Estelle showed her friend what she’d come up with. She had opened the tacky container, removed the plastic torera, filled it with liquor, and submerged the severed penis of her former mâle domestique in it to preserve it without unpleasant odor or risk of decay.

“It’ll make a fun souvenir,*” she said, placing the glass jar on the nightstand.

Wandine burst out laughing and arranged the container so that the inscription “Recuerdo de Valencia” was clearly visible in front of the penis, now forever half-erect in the liquor. They then threw themselves onto the triple bed and made love passionately for two long hours, sharing a dozen electrifying orgasms. Then they showered and went out to dine in the city.

10

The next day, there were more processions through the city and a massive fireworks display. Then came parades of floats and other processions where penitents were mistreated in various ways,

sometimes by the female public, sometimes by the Priestesses of Diane themselves. At the grand final ceremony, which marked the end of the Semana Divina, the blood of numerous Actéons [see glossary] was offered to a frenzied female crowd that refused to return home without symbolically reenacting the sacrifice instituted by Diane herself when she transformed the voyeuristic male Actéon into a stag and had him torn apart by her hounds. As the Actéons raised for this occasion by the Priestesses in the cellars of their Palace were, as every year, not numerous enough, many attacks on innocent males were reported. Blood-drained male corpses were found at nearly every crossroad. The day after the festivities, the work of Valencia's street cleaners in service to the local Sororidad was particularly grueling.

Wandine and Estelle did not stay to witness the city's cleanup. They had set out the previous day for their home country. They stopped near the border to make love one last time and, as each had to take a different path from there, they parted with a few tears, promising to write. They never saw each other again but both kept a wonderful memory of these Iberian vacations.

GYNARCHIC GLOSSARY

For the use of Neophytes and males in the process of adaptation.

AMAZONES: Peoples of warrior women reserving domestic tasks for men or using them as slaves. In the Gynarchie, Amazones refer to first-class female soldiers and police officers.

ANIMALISATION MASCULINE: Among the various systems for utilizing males in the gynarchic system, animalization offers the advantages of lower maintenance costs (no clothing, food reduced to the bare minimum), extreme ease of management (orders limited to a few short, preferably monosyllabic words easily assimilated by the male), and the impossibility, on the part of the user, of forming sentimental attachments, which are always problematic in case of accident or transfer (the male, completely depersonalized from a young age, remains entirely anonymous, masked, and silent permanently throughout his life).

L'ARMÉE GYNOCRATIQUE (Gynocratic Army): The Gynocratic Army has, of course, replaced former male officers with female Officers. All ranks are now, obviously, female. However, all common soldiers, who may one day find themselves on the front line in a potential conflict, remain male. The exception is the battalions of Amazones, an elite, highly trained corps with unwavering gynarchist convictions and ultra-modern weaponry, making them nearly invincible in any confrontation. They are renowned for their particularly effective erotic behavior with other women, who rarely resist them sexually.

BACCALAURÉAT GYNOCRATIQUE (Gynocratic Baccalaureate): Female diploma marking the end of studies, including an evaluation in Natural and Human Sciences, Mathematics, Marketing and Management, History and Geography, Philosophy, Arts, and Literature.

CAILLER (se): In high school slang, to feel cold.

CAPITULATION: Convention setting the terms of a surrender. Here, figuratively, the abandonment of an opinion or attitude.

CASTRATION: Removal of the male's genital glands or entire sexual apparatus. Women may perform castration on a male when he is no longer useful for reproduction, when, for various reasons, they wish to permanently prohibit him from sexual acts, or, in some cases, when he has been unfaithful. The Centre Masculin (see this term) performs both physical castration of males and their psychological emasculation.

CENTRE MASCULIN (Male Center): Institution where males without social assignment, new holders of the Certificat de Capacité Masculine (see this term), or adults not yet assigned to the Communauté Féminine are sent. The Centres Masculins also provide all the reeducation logistics needed for refractory or insubordinate males and an euthanasia service.

CERTIFICAT DE CAPACITÉ MASCULINE (Certificate of Male Capacity): Male diploma marking the end of studies, validating the skills of young males in Technology, Manual and Domestic Tasks, Gynarchist Morality, Sciences of the Woman and Young Girl.

CHEFTAINES (Leaders): The young Guides Gynarchistes are supervised by older girls (aged sixteen to twenty) whose role is to help their juniors better understand the gynarchist world and its culture, as well as to properly utilize the few chiots (see below) assigned to their Section.

CHIOTS (Pups): Young male scouts, integrated into the G.G. (see below), are called chiots; the outdated term Louveteaux (Wolf Cubs) is no longer suitable due to the essentially subordinate and domestic roles and duties assigned to them within the female troop of Guides.

COMMUNAUTÉ FÉMININE (Feminine Community): To achieve the ideal social unit, the Gynarchie proposes a communal living organization, variable in scale, whose limits are set solely by Women based on their criteria for female well-being. Of course, for these Communautés Féminines to thrive in comfort and serenity, a parallel dual male structure, agricultural and industrial, slightly geographically removed, tightly controlled, and subject to stricter discipline, is absolutely necessary.

CONFRÉRIE ACTÉONIQUE (Actéonique Confraternity): In the cellars of the Collèges de Diane, the Priestesses raise, from their earliest childhood until the day of the final sacrifice, young, beautiful, and virile males whom they prepare, day by day, to become symbolic Actéons whose blood will be offered to the Daughters of Diane wishing to commemorate Diane's vengeance on the infamous Actéon, who spied on her while she bathed.

CONFRÉRIE DES PETITS EUNUQUES (Confraternity of Petits Eunuques): In addition to future Actéons, the Priestesses of Diane maintain a small herd of young males dedicated to the Goddess and castrated at birth. They serve as domestics, maintain the Temple, and assist during religious ceremonies. At puberty, they are sent to the Centre Masculin, which reconditions them for the laborious civil life to which most males are destined.

CONSEIL SUPÉRIEUR DE LA LITTÉRATURE (High Council of Literature): The Deputies of the Gynocratic Assembly have established artistic and cultural councils whose members must ensure the rigorous femininity and complete gynarchic acceptability of works offered to the Communauté. Most male authors from the past have naturally been stripped of the title of Writer, except for a few such as Pierre Louÿs, Léopold Sacher-Masoch, Henri Raynal, etc. It is, however, very difficult to obtain works whose author is not a woman.

COURS DE PERFECTIONNEMENT DOMESTIQUE DES MÂLES (Male Domestic Improvement Courses): In the gynarchist system, except for exceptionally capable individuals, males are encouraged to improve intellectually and manually to approach, as closely as possible, female excellence and compensate for their inherent mediocrity. They must continually strive to enhance their performance in the domestic or utilitarian tasks assigned by their Tutrices, as well as their abilities in obedience and endurance.

D.A.M.E. (Diplôme d'Aptitude aux Manipulations Euthanasiques, Diploma of Aptitude for Euthanasic Procedures): To gently end the lives of males who have reached the age limit (between 40 and 50 years, depending on their abilities) or whom their Tutrice wishes to part with for personal reasons, attractive young Women are trained to remove them from the Communauté Féminine in the most comfortable conditions. The D.A.M.E. certifies the successful completion of their fifteen-day specialized training.

DEMENTIA MASCULA (Male Dementia): Masculine madness. A temporary, rarely irreversible state of insanity into which some males fall after their emasculation. In most cases, female veterinarians effectively treat this male psychological disorder.

DIANE: Daughter of the Great Goddess. She is Virgin and Huntress, protector of ancient and modern Amazones and of the reigning Gynarchie. Her cult is primarily celebrated around the fate she reserved for a young male, Actéon. He caught her bathing and secretly spied on her to irreverently admire her divine beauty. But the young Goddess noticed him and, enraged, transformed him into a stag, then sent her pack to tear him apart and feast on his body. This episode of her life is the image of the Woman avenging phallocratism. It forms the symbolic basis of the ceremonies of Diane's cult, from the first Grand Repas of young girls entering the Pack of Diane at the onset of puberty to the final Grand Repas of women at menopause.

DIX-MÂLES (Ten-Males): The Gynarchie has replaced the complex classification of automobiles in horsepower (mechanical power) and fiscal horsepower (cost) with a single scale of "male equivalents." Thus, the cars of Women (they are, naturally, the only ones allowed to drive in the Gynarchie) are rated by the number of ordinary males required to lift them off the ground. This infinitely simpler classification system has been adopted by all gynarchist countries.

ÉTUDES GYNOCRATIQUES (Gynocratic Studies): A differentiated education system where only young girls have access to general culture subjects and scientific disciplines, while boys are limited to the arts necessary for their lives (primarily: household maintenance and management, manual labor, servile sciences, knowledge and care of the female body, gynarchist philosophy and morality).

EUTHANASIE (Euthanasia): When males become unproductive and useless (or impotent, in the case of males used as sexual tools and/or for reproduction), their Tutrices often choose to spare them a painful and degrading old age by taking them to the nearest Centre Masculin, where, under the supervision of a Veterinarian, specialized young Hostesses gently end their now superfluous existence for the Communauté Féminine.

GÉNITEUR (Sire): A male who, having engaged in sexual intercourse with a Woman, is the biological origin of her fertilization and the birth of her child. The identity of the géniteur is never required in official procedures (from birth declaration to death certificate).

G.G. (Guides Gynarchistes, Gynarchist Guides): All girls aged ten to fifteen can join a troop of Scouts called the Guides Gynarchistes. They wear a uniform consisting of a navy blue skirt and beret, a light blue shirt, and a scarf in the colors of their Section. Their activities are primarily recreational, athletic, and cultural.

GRANDE DÉESSE or GRANDE MÈRE (Great Goddess or Great Mother): Primary female deity, creator of the World. Her cult is the only officially authorized religion in the Gynarchie. In the past, the Great Goddess was called Héra, Junon, or Marie, but male priests often paired her with an improbable, always malevolent and absurd male god. Her daughter, Diane (see this term), the Virgin Huntress, whose earthly deeds form the basis of an entire liturgy, is part of the same religion.

GRAND REPAS (Great Feast): Ritual of Diane's cult in which believers symbolically reenact Diane's sentence against Actéon. The Daughters of Diane who wish to participate and have

abstained from eating meat or engaging in sexual intercourse for a week can, like the Goddess's canine pack, perform the symbolic act of devouring the young male chosen to play the role of Actéon, who is tied to the Tree, preferably in a state of erection. Nowadays, for humanitarian reasons, this is limited to drinking the blood of the male offered in sacrifice.

GYNARCHIE (Gynarchy): Exercise of power by women. A political system where the three powers (legislative, judicial, and executive) are held by women. A social and family system giving primacy to the woman. It is the best and most just political system in the world.

GYNARCHIQUE (Gynarchic): Pertaining to the Gynarchie (see above).

GYNARCO-RÉFRACTAIRES (Gynarco-Refractories): Some males, during national or familial gynarchization that changes their social status, sometimes struggle, due to deplorable ancestral habits, to adapt to the Gynarchie imposed on them, though it is also in their interest. The Communauté Féminine must bring them to modify their behavior and thoughts without excessive violence. They are usually sent to the Centre Masculin (see this term), where Reconditioning Technicians make them more suited to gynarchic life. If reconditioning fails, gynarco-refractory males are sent to Gynocratic Farms or Factories, where tedious work and strict discipline await. In cases of persistent difficulties, the Centre's Psychologists may recommend euthanasia.

GYNÉCOCRATIE or GYNOCRATIE (Gynecocracy or Gynocracy): An advanced way of life and social system where the Woman holds the legitimate power granted by Nature.

INITIATION: Ceremony by which one is admitted to the knowledge of certain mysteries. Here, figuratively, the act of imparting knowledge of certain things to someone who was previously ignorant.

INSENSÉ (Insane): One who has lost reason, extravagant.

LÂCHER LA PROIE POUR L'OMBRE (Letting Go of the Prey for the Shadow): Figuratively, abandoning a real benefit for an imaginary one.

LIQUEUR SACRÉE (Sacred Liquor): To morally support Actéons in experiencing their sacrifice to Diane with joy and mystical ecstasy, the Priestesses of Diane give them a mixture of alcohol, menstrual blood, euphorics, aphrodisiacs, honey, and female urine, the exact composition of which they jealously guard.

LYCÉE GYNARCHIQUE (Gynarchic High School): Educational institution, generally mixed, where young girls, autonomously and with the support of high-level instructors, prepare for the Baccalauréat Gynocratique (see above), and where young males, under the authority of one or more female students and serving them to the best of their ability, attempt to obtain their C.C.M. (Certificat de Capacité Masculine, see above).

MACHISTE (Machist): An increasingly rare species of human males who are ignorant of their generic inferiority and sometimes behave as if they were equal (or even superior!) to women.

MACHOMACHIE (Machomachy): The Sororidad Ibérica (see this term), upon the establishment of the Gynarchie in the peninsula, abolished all forms of cruelty to animals, starting with inhumane corridas. However, as many aficionadas felt deprived, fights were organized where toreras faced males who had reached the age of euthanasia (see this term) and were equipped with bull horns for the occasion. Soon, volunteer males (generally seeking a permanent exemption from euthanasia)

and specimens remarkable for their strength, whose killing could be spectacular, were also included. This highly popular art in the Sororidad is called Machomachie.

MAÎTRESSE (Mistress): A woman who dominates one or more males in a society not yet gynarchized. In the gynarchic system: a woman who dominates a male who is neither related to her nor assigned to her by the Centre Masculin.

MÂLE-RÉPONDEUR (Male-Responder): The Gynarchie uses all modern technologies when they facilitate the Woman's life but forgoes them when the male can replace excessive, unecological automation. Thus, one of the functions of mâles domestiques is to answer the telephone, as a answering machine would, but without the risk of malfunction or message length limits.

MEUTE (Pack): The collective of chiots in the Troop.

MONOSEXUELLE (Monosexual): There are two forms of female sexuality: monosexuality (the ordinary and natural sexuality practiced by women among themselves) and polysexuality (when they also appreciate males assisting in their sexual pleasure).

NICHE-PLACARD (Niche-Cubboard): The ingenious architects who design the plans for Ensembles Communautaires Féminins always include, in the small apartments comprising them, one or two compartments approximately two meters long by one meter wide and high, usually at ground level and within a partition, equipped with a solid door and external lock, where Women can store their male during temporary inactivity or when his presence becomes momentarily inconvenient. This is not an issue in private homes, which typically have one or more small male cellars in the basement. In hotel rooms, it is usually found in the bathroom.

PERTURBATEUR (Disruptor): One who causes trouble or disorder.

LA PLANÈTE GYNARCHIQUE (The Gynarchic Planet): One of the two daily newspapers authorized by the gynocratic authority. This newspaper specializes in news and society articles. The other, Le Monde Gynarchiste, less liberal in its gynocratic stance, focuses mainly on politics.

POLYSEXUALITÉ (Polysexuality): A common case where the Woman requires sexual relations with a male to achieve pleasure (see monosexuelle).

QUARANTAINE (Quarantine): Isolation imposed on a ship carrying people, animals, or goods from a country with a contagious disease. Here, by analogy: isolation imposed on an individual.

QUIPROQUO (Misunderstanding): A mistake or error that causes one thing to be taken for another.

RÉACTIONNAIRE (Reactionary): An individual who prefers past institutions and irrationally opposes female supremacy. Gynarco-refractory males receive highly effective, free special treatment at the Centre Masculin (see this term).

SECTION: A Section of G.G., under the authority of a Cheftaine, typically comprises a dozen girls and two or three subordinate chiots. The collective of Sections forms the Troop of Guides Gynarchistes, and the collective of chiots forms the Pack of the Troop.

SEMANA DIVINA (Divine Week): In honor of the Great Goddess and her daughter Diane, the Sororidad Ibérica (see this term) organizes grand popular festivals across the peninsula for an entire week. It is an opportunity for the Priestesses to appear in public and assert their moral and

religious authority, as well as a pretext for all Initiates of Diane's cult to indulge in a thousand various rejoicings.

SERVICE GYNÉCOCRATIQUE OBLIGATOIRE (S.G.O.) (Mandatory Gynocratic Service): In the Gynarchie, young girls and young males are required to dedicate a portion of their lives to the Communauté Féminine. The duration is twelve months for girls and ten years for males. Males are typically assigned to gynocratic factories or farms and are often supervised by young girls completing their own S.G.O.

SORORIDAD IBÉRICA (Iberian Sorority): Upon the establishment of the Gynarchie in the peninsula, all Iberian peoples united. Andalusians, Basques, Castilians, Catalans, and Lusitanians created the great Sororidad Ibérica (the counterpart to the Communauté Féminine Française), and males were forced to accept their equality among each other while acknowledging their natural generic inferiority.

TATOUAGE (Tattoo): At the Centre Masculin (see this term), before assigning one or more mâles domestiques to the Tutrice who will henceforth use them, a small tattoo is engraved on the male's chest indicating the name and address of his Tutrice(s), and possibly his name or the pseudonym they have given him. This practice prevents any disputes or misunderstandings in male transfers.

T.M.S. (Transport Masculin Souterrain, Underground Male Transport): At the end of the 20th century, as the gynarchist authority revoked individual driving rights for males, they were granted, in compensation, exclusive use of underground transportation.

TRAITÉ SUR LE CONDITIONNEMENT NON-CONSENSUEL DES MÂLES EN SOCIÉTÉ À ÉVOLUTION GYNARCHIQUE (Treatise on the Non-Consensual Conditioning of Males in a Society Evolving Toward Gynarchy): Fundamental theoretical work by behavioral economist Diana Cathala, updated approximately every five years, describing the essential psychological and practical principles that must guide the training of males, as well as all known methods for doing so effectively, from the simple domestic enslavement of an adolescent by an inexperienced young Tutrice to the animalization of entire herds of adult human males for intensive industrial or agricultural exploitation. Students and all Executives, for brevity, refer to it simply as the "Treatise."

TRIBADISME (Tribadism, from "tribein": to rub): Female homosexuality. It is the most common sexual practice among adolescent girls, but also the least risky and most voluptuous, even among adult Women.

TROUPE (Troop): The collective of Sections of G.G. in a city or region.

TUTRICE DE VIE (or simply: TUTRICE) (Life Guardian or simply: Guardian): A Woman or Young Girl who has accepted tutelary responsibility for a male and has the duty to guide him within the Communauté Féminine and supervise all aspects of his life.

VALET DE CLASSE (Class Valet): At school, college, or lycée, a young male specifically attached to a Girl, generally chosen by her, to handle tasks she deems difficult or burdensome on her behalf.

VÉTÉRINAIRE (Veterinarian): Gynarchic medicine is divided into four main branches:
— Specialty Medicine, for specific medical issues,

— Gynecology, for general medical issues of Women,
— Pediatrics, for general medical issues of female children,
— Veterinary Medicine, for males and animals.

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