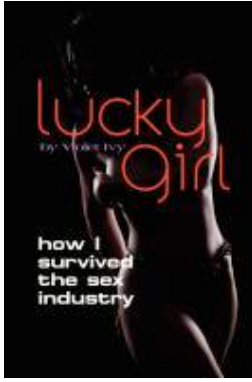




lucky  
by Violet Ivy  
girl

**how I  
survived  
the sex  
industry**



*The intimate autobiography of an international callgirl. Scary, funny and bizarre stories recorded for your amusement, edification or simply interesting dinner conversation. The sex industry is clouded in mystery. It has to be to some extent or it wouldn't survive. But in this age of Internet porn, buying used panties online and wife swapping, it's about time the mist cleared.*

# **LUCKY GIRL**

## **How I Survived the Sex Industry**

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# Lucky

# Girl

How I Survived the Sex  
Industry

Violet Ivy

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ISBN 978-1-62141-995-2

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America.

Names and other identifying information have been changed to protect the identity of those portrayed.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2013

First Edition

## CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT

**'Everybody has some kind of freak in them, it just takes  
the right person to bring it out and pet it.'  
– Madam Dominique**

Madam Dominique is as intimidating from behind as she is from the front. Her leather, one piece, dark purple outfit is laced from the nape of her neck to her ankles. How does she get into and out of it? Hell, how does she go to the toilet? Ginger quickly steps aside and does her little bob again to both of us.

‘Violet this is Frou Frou our maid in training.’ So Ginger has a name. Hang on a second. Ginger also has an Adam’s apple. She sees the awakening on my face and smiles shyly with her head cocked to one side. ‘Frou will get you anything you need whether you are upstairs or down. Feel free to discipline her if you believe she is not being respectful or working hard enough or just because you feel like it.’ And with that she continues her wiggling down the corridor. ‘This is the kitchen area. Frou keeps it clean and on occasion has others to help her. We serve meals here twenty four seven for staff and guests. We also have paid, rotating kitchen and bar staff. Anything you want, any time. That’s what you give me fifty percent of your earnings for.

Let's continue....' I hardly get a chance to peer around the glorious, pure white room and we're off again. 'To the left is the downstairs, unisex toilet, to the right the laundry. There's a soiled linen chute from the upper levels I'll show you later. And here, out the back is our outdoor play area.' She slides undone huge bolts top and bottom of the solid, wooden back door. Security to this place is tight. We walk out to what looks like an ordinary, English garden, but on closer inspection there are D-rings bolted to the brick wall and the chairs are wrought iron and cemented into the ground. I'm sure there are other telltale signs that Beatrix Potter doesn't live here but Dominique is on the move again and I need to keep up.

These stairs are the servants' I'm guessing. They are narrow and have a rose patterned, woollen runner up the middle secured by brass pins. Dominique deftly takes the steps without any sign of her outfit impeding her. The artwork on the walls could be real or reproduction I have no idea. The portraits in their gilt frames along with the burgundy coloured walls lend a wealthy air to the place. Something catches my eye and I look up to see a head cage on a suspension chain. It's been raised up close to the ceiling to be out of the way. This place has many secrets. It's like a computer game where you have to work through the clues and collect the items to make it to the next level.

Several oversized doors lead off this landing. Dominique turns to me and lists the rooms off on her fingers. School room, small

*Lucky Girl*

dungeon, large dungeon, medical room, bedroom, bathroom, massage room and three vanilla rooms. You can look at those later. Let's keep going, I have a spanking at one.' She turns on her heels making me almost have to run after her to keep up. I hope part of my training will be how to walk in heels that high with her grace. She makes it look like she is wearing runners.

The next level up reveals another lot of identical doors. Dominique does a one eighty in front of me and I almost collect her as I am taken by surprise at her quick stop. The fingers go up again and she lists. 'Wresting room, cross dressing room, maids' quarters, three spare bedrooms for staff, another bathroom but this one has terrible water pressure, and the nursery. Any questions?' Does my face reflect the fact that I'm a bit stunned? What can I ask? For her to start all over again? I keep my mouth shut and pull my hair out of my eyes and behind my ears. She looks me straight in the face. 'Yes, that's the first thing we'll take care of. Your grooming. *Arthur!*' She calls into the intercom. A breathless response comes in seconds.

'Yes Madam.'

'I've decided that Violet is acceptable. Call Judy and Blanche. She needs a makeover.....and Arthur.....well done.' Her voice softens on the last two words. She obviously cares for him. How long have they known each other and in what sense? Are they married? Partners in the business? Is he her slave? I suppose all will be revealed at some stage. I'll just try to get my head around all the information I have to

ingest right now. She turns to me and clasps her hands together. 'Where are you living Violet?' I assume she wants to know my availability to work at short notice.

'Stoke Newington Madam. In a share house with twenty three other travellers.' I can't help but burst into laughter and she follows suit.

'Oh Violet, those were the days. Arthur will take the car and collect your things. You'll stay here. The end room is vacant. Twenty three others. Oh my lord!' And she's off down the stairs like a rocket. I'm left on the landing not having a clue what to do with myself. This hasn't been the most boring day of my life.



## CHAPTER FORTY

**'I always try to be positive, except on medical tests.'**  
**- Ravi Agarwai**

I gingerly enter the room. Dominique would disapprove but I can't help it. This is just so bizarre. I have no idea what to expect. What's that noise? The first thing revealed is an old fashioned, hospital bed, complete with white, wrought iron bed ends and crisp white sheets. Over the bed is a multi-globe, surgical theatre operating lamp with all of its lights on full blast. The piercing brightness is aimed at the face of a man who presumably is the so called patient. Male, about sixty years of age, slim frame and balding. He is squinting and trying to turn his face away from the glare but his movement is restrained by a thick, leather neck brace. He can't help himself as his entire upper body is encased in one continuous cast. I can't imagine what type of injuries he would have to have sustained for him to need a cast such as this. It extends up both of his arms from wrist to shoulder, down the front and back of his torso and ends at his waist. Over this cast has been fastened a straight jacket with metal eyelets along both sides of the ribcage, around the waist and on the shoulders. An intricate rope pattern threaded through these eyelets

connects the straight jacket to the neck brace and on to the wrought iron bars of the bed head.

His pleading eyes lock onto mine as I pull down the sheet to reveal his lower body, dressed in white, hospital pyjamas but with his crotch exposed. Each ankle is cuffed to the respective corner of the bed. His cock and balls have been tied up using thick, white, nylon cord. His scrotum has turned a dark shade of purple and look like a couple of veiny plums ready to burst on the vine which is his penis. The cord continues upwards to a pulley system where the ends are tied to metal weights. This poor bastard is absolutely immobile. If he tries to get away he will be castrated.

What type of fetish is this? No wonder he's moaning. Shit, what did Dominique say? 'Safe, sane and consensual.' Did this guy come here on purpose for this treatment? Wow do I have a lot to learn about what floats a guy's boat. My sex life is looking fairly boring and predictable right now. He moans again and I wonder why he doesn't speak to me if he wants me to get him out of this contraption. Not that I would dare without Dominique's permission. She's already laid down the law about that. On closer inspection I see that his tongue has a giant dog clip on it. I was too distracted by all the other stuff going on with his restraints to notice before. Is there a part of his body that has been left alone?

Heeled footsteps enter the room. A very attractive, blonde woman in an old fashioned nurse's uniform, complete with red, woollen cape

*Lucky Girl*

and white triangular hat nods to me. The only thing that gives her away as a fetish nurse are the eight inch, white patent, high *high* heels and the tops of her stockings visible below her rather short uniform.

‘How are we feeling today Mr Garibaldi? Stitches still giving you problems?’ I hate to think where the stitches might be. A shiver runs up and down my spine for the poor bugger. She smiles at me as if my being there in full body, red latex is the most natural thing in the world. ‘Time for your enema. Roll over.’ He lets out a whelp of pain as she attempts to roll him on his side. His cock is still attached to the pulley system and the weights pull even further on his ready to burst balls. ‘We went through this yesterday Mr Garibaldi and you promised not to give me any more trouble. Don’t make me call matron.’ A squeal escapes from the patient. Shit! Who’s the matron and what does she do that scares the crap out of him like this? The nurse stops trying to roll him over and puts her hands on her hips. ‘What’s all this then? Been playing with yourself again? You’ll go blind one day you *naughty* man.’ As she is talking to her patient, her deft fingers release the genitals from their restraints and he relaxes back onto the mattress, visibly relieved of the pain. His breathing slows and he closes his eyes. The nurse winks at me and shows me her hand. He has come over her palm. She takes a wet wipe and motions for me to join her outside the room.

‘Hello love. You must be new. I’m Lucy. She offers her hand for me to shake but I’m a bit reluctant to take it with what’s been spurted

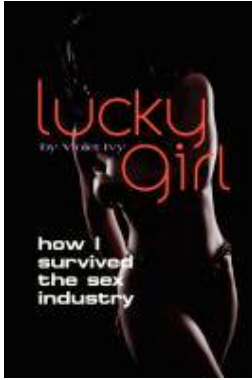
onto it just a minute beforehand. ‘Ha! Silly me. Sorry about that.’ And she offers me the other hand which I take. Her blond curls bouncing as we shake hands.

‘Hi Lucy. Yes it’s my first day. My name’s Violet. I’m really sorry if I interrupted your scenario in there. Dominique told me I could look around.’ I don’t want to piss another of the girls off on my first day here. She doesn’t seem too perturbed and her cheeriness continues.

‘Oh no lovie. That’s just Mr Garibaldi. He loves his medical room fetishes. Dominique will probably get you to double up with me next time he’s in so I can show you the ropes..... so to speak. What’s your speciality?’ Is this a trick question? I have no idea how to answer.

‘I guess I’ll just work it out as I go along. No idea about all this stuff really. I feel like a complete novice and at a disadvantage.’ She hasn’t let go of my hand but she suddenly stops shaking it and holds onto it firmly, leans forward and speaks in a low, confiding tone.

‘If Dom put you on then you’ve already got what it takes. Look, listen, shut up and learn. This is one of the best houses in London. Once you’ve worked here you can work anywhere in the world.’ She straightens up and the smile is instantly back on her face. ‘Gotto go and cut Mr Garibaldi out of his cast. Have fun honey.’ She sings and trots off back into the room. Just as the door closes behind her I hear her say, ‘Mr Garibaldi, your naughty penis is hard again!’



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