The Adventures of Lady Domina

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I always loved to go to Comicon and other conventions and to dress up as one of the superheroes. I almost had the body for it, as I had done gymnastics at high school. I was just a little small, that’s all.

I was a particular fan of the band of heroes in the Amazing Stories Universe – heroes like Dangerman, Gildenora and Warpspeed. There are other comics and anime, but ASU was a favorite. When I heard that ASU Productions was setting up a movie studio and theme park in a city not far from my hometown, I jumped at the chance to get involved somehow.

I was not only tech savvy but I was more than capable electronics technician, so I was confident that I would get a job. It was not a career move as such – it was just a chance to get involved in something that I loved. In fact, it was more of an obsession if I am to be honest.

I am not sure why it was so important to me, now that I can look back. There is the show business thing I guess, but it was really about getting so close to a fantasy that it was almost real. I mean I knew that cartoons are just pictures, and the live characters are just actors, but you can suspend that rationality if you like, for a moment or two, or so I thought.

Because it was new and the village had not grown around the Studios and “Amazement Park”, there was accommodation provided on site. There were shared rooms of two. I initially shared with a guy called Jacob, but when he moved in with his girlfriend, her roomie Helena moved in with me. That was how we met. She walked in and we were living together – just like that.

I was a nerd, I have to say it. Okay, so I still worked out and had a pretty good body, but I had these big blue eyes and a mop of blonde hair, and not much of a chin, and I was shy. She laughed at me for stammering when I talked. I adored her.

She said: “When I get changed you will have to wait outside.” I was in love from that moment. I would do anything she said. It was that simple.

She had been recruited to play Lady Domina. She was just right for it. She did not have the long blond hair, but it was long enough and could be dyed. Her eyes were not blue but contacts could be used. But she had a body – a great body.

Lady Domina is a physically strong person, and the role required musculature. Her well known full round breasts could be added under the super hero leotard, but fake muscles were simply not workable. She needed to have a body that was powerful but not masculine – developed but not sinewy. She was perfect. When I first saw her in costume, I said – “This is Lady Domina”.

She used to go out and do her own thing at least one night a week, but the rest of the time when we mixed with other staff at the park after hours, we went together. I mean we lived together so people would knock on our door and invite “you two”. And we would go together. And she might say “I’m heading home” and I would say “Okay, let’s go”. I felt like we were an item. Like boyfriend and girlfriend. It seems stupid now, but at the time it felt really good to a have a girl for the first time.

She suggested that I could get extra work as a costumed character, especially as I could tumble and even do some aerial work. I picked up some work just as “masked extras” as they call them – sidekicks or acrobatic henchmen for the villains. Tech and repairs still paid the wages, but it felt good to be on the stage with the performers, even when the stage was Mainstreet or the queues for the rides.

Helena got me that work. It seemed like she wanted me involved – closer to her. It seemed like things were going well. The pay was good, the work Okay, the location the stuff of dreams, and I had a friend in my girl Helena.

Okay, so intimacy was limited. She let me cuddle up to watch something. She would kiss me on the lips if I did something nice for her, so I did that any chance I could. We did not have sex. I wanted to, and she said that it might happen. The closest I got was sleeping with her if she needed me to do that – but only sleeping.

And then she got pregnant. I just could not understand how that was possible. I mean, there was nobody else. My grandmother said that it could happen even without full sex – that semen is powerful stuff and designed to live outside the body – that is why your balls hang down, if you have them.

Okay, so I may have leaked a bit of semen when we slept together. That might explain it. But I am not stupid. You would have to say very, VERY unlikely.

Still I said that if she wanted a father for the child, I could be him.

“What I really want is for you to stand in for me while I deal with this,” she said.

I had no idea what she was talking about. It was clear that she was upset. I mean it is the mother hormones of whatever – right? Pregnant women get emotional. They need support. Of course, I said that I would do anything, but what did she want me to do?

“You’ve got the body,” she said. “You just need the boobs and we have to hide your junk. And they do like real hair, so we will have to get the costume department to help.”

“Hang on a minute. You want me to be Lady Domina?”

“Stand in for me is what I asked. Would you? Just for a bit. To keep the job open? I am not showing yet, but I soon will be. I can help you learn the role. We can work on your voice. Basically I just have a 30 stock phrases that I use, and you can learn the delivery of those.”

“Wouldn’t they know that I am a guy under the costume?” I was ready, but unsure.

“Hey, you’re a muscle bound female superhero. They don’t have to behave like a woman.”

“But you do,” I said. “You just project womanhood. Feminine but powerful.”

“Work on that then,” she said, dismissing my concerns with a wave of her hand. “Will you do it or not?”

There was only ever one answer. The following day she had me around to the costume department.

“Actually, you are the same size and shape,” the lady said. You need more padding on the chest but Helena wears falsies. You have blonde hair and it is long enough to lay in extensions so that is easy. What is harder is the crotch. The costume worn by Lady Domina is definitely flush down there. We will have to get serious with what you have, but that could be worse.”

It sounds like a bit of an insult. It might have smarted a little but not as much as the Brazilian wax.

“You cannot have a hairy body under this outfit,” the wardrobe lady said. “Man up. This is what women have to go through to be attractive. Just grit your teeth.”

I knew that I had totally committed when I saw myself at the end of all of that. I stood there basically naked, every inch of my body inflamed by the hair torn from it, arched eyebrows just the top of it, with long blonde hair tumbling over my stuck-on breasts, and with a mass of flesh coloured tape where my dick and balls had one nestled.

The first question was how I was going to function in my day job looking like this. I still wanted to do that. I did not want to lose my paying job.

“We have hair nets for the hair,” said the costume lady. “But you need to go out and prove to the boss that you can be Lady Domina, and then Helena can get the leave she needs to deal with her pregnancy however she must.”

So the plan was that I would just play the character for a few days and then we would reveal the deception to the Manager of Amazement Park, Eric Haldane. The positive side was that I would be closer to the action, get better pay and I would be helping out Helena.

The negative side was … well, the dick felt terrible. It felt like it had been shoved inside me, because it had been. I was not sure how I would be able to cope, and I said so.”

“There is a tube to pee through,” said the costume lady. “Do your other business at night or in the morning and then come and see me each day for hair and makeup and rebinding your groin. Just spare a thought for the discomfort your girlfriend is in thanks to you. I won’t listen to a word of complaint.

She didn’t so I learned not to bother. Helena coached me all night and the following day I turned up and I played the part badly, with Helena in the crowd. She coached me again that night, and the following day I was better. After more coaching, on the third day as Lady Domina I was brilliant.

Helena called the Boss down and his first question was why she was not in costume.

“Because I am pregnant,” she said. “But I have arranged a substitute. For the time being here is your new Lady Domina!” And I step forth and struck a couple of her poses. I even spouted a couple of her “phrases” in what was my best girl’s voice.

Eric Haldane was impressed. He sent me straight out to work and told me to report to him later. When I did, he asked me whether it was true that I was already an employee of the park. I took off my mask as if to reveal who I was, but the truth is that with the makeup on even if he knew any of the tech and maintenance staff, he would not have picked me.

When Eric was told he was staggered. I mean, he really was, like lurching back and grabbing a rail. Helena was grinning away and I could not resist a shy smile. He said: “Well, we are an equal opportunity employer.” I was not quite sure what that meant at the time.

He told me that if I was appearing as Lady Domina the I should be paid as Lady Domina. He said that he would pay Helena for maternity leave, and while I was doing her job my own position in technical support would be kept for me.

“You need to concentrate on your role,” he said. “I think that you are close to the perfect Lady Domina. I have to say that she is my favorite ASU character, although I should not really say that. But from what I have seen you carry just the right amount of essentially masculine power, while remaining disarmingly feminine and exuding a special sexuality.”

He seemed to stop himself at that, as if he had gone too far. He gave me that strangest look – like somebody looking at something unaffordable in a store window.

But his words had encouraged me, and I think that I knew what he was saying. I had been a fan of Dangerman, Gildenora and Warpspeed, but now I could really relate to Lady Domina. I felt that I understood her. It seemed to me that she had strength and speed and was bullet-proof, but yet she was feminine and vulnerable. That was part of her mystique, and why she was popular with men as well as women. Women admired her power, and some men too, but other men saw her as craving a protector, even though she did not need that. She was really on a search for love, but her powers were getting in the way. There was a sadness in her in moments where she was not busy fighting evil. She was a complex character, and now I was her.

I think that is you are into superheroes you understand these things. Her backstory was that she has acquired her superpowers as a teenager, so she had sampled youthful love, but now she was more mature. She had evolved. I had evolved.

The ASU universe is a fiction, but what makes these alternative existences special is that the characters are real. They have to be. People expect it.

What I am trying to say is that it is not so crazy to understand what happened to me. Somewhere along the line the person I used to be got lost. I am not saying that I woke up every morning as Lady Domina – I still had to put the costume on to be her – but it was as if I woke up every morning as her alter ego – the woman that she wanted to be. I felt that made her real somehow, but what it did for me is that it made me a woman.

When I got out of bed every morning I did everything that a woman did, after I had done my tucking. I had learned to do it myself because it seemed to me that the I could not venture out if I had something between my legs. The whole male genitals thing became increasingly disgusting to me.

I had my breasts stuck and I would sleep with them, but if I had to take them off, I would be mortified seeing them sitting on a bench, as if something had been removed from my body. When Helena called to advise that she would not be returning Eric asked me what I would need to continue being his Lady Domina – that was the way his put it – “my Lady Domina”.

“Breasts,” I said. “If I am full time then I am full time.”

He looked very pleased. He said that the park would pay. It would be an investment, and that would mean a contract, and a contract came with better pay, but with more work.

For the first outing with my new implants, he suggested that I attend a party as his escort. He wanted me to wear something that showed of my muscles with bare arms and a panel in front with a glimpse of my abs, but also showed off my cleavage. He was quite particular. There would be no mask. My hair would be styled in an elegant updo. I would be introduced by a feminine name.

“Give yourself a new name,” said Eric. “Nobody should know your secret except you and me.”

When I chose “Diana” I guess I was thinking of Wonder Woman, but maybe I was also thinking of the princess. She was taller than her husband and so very feminine, but grew in confidence and power through her trials.

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| Perhaps, just like her, I was a little shy and uncertain, and that made me cling to Eric a little too much to start with, but it became clear that several people at the party, many of whom had investments in the Park or the Studio, had met me as Lady Domina and were impressed.  “I am not anywhere near as strong as the character I play,” I said to many of them. “I just got involved in gymnastics and I come from a well-muscled family.”  “It is a crime that you have to wear a mask,” one of them said to me. It felt so good to be complimented like that.  “Can you act,” said the man from the studio. “The truth is that we are looking at a Lady Domina movie, driven in large part by the popularity of your character in the Park, and we have not casted our leading lady yet.” | A person posing for a picture  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

“She is mine, so forget that idea,” Eric told him. For some reason I just had to take his arm and squeeze it to let everybody know that I was his Lady Domina, and not available to anybody else.

It was my first genuine outing as a woman. I was not a character; not pretending to be somebody I was not. I was a real person – a woman. It was as if I was a real person for the first time – like I had been nobody for all my life before that point. Now I was somebody. Not Lady Domina but Diana, the woman on the arm of Eric Haldane, the manager of Amazement Park.

It was not me thinking about what she would do, it was what I did now. I had learned to understand who I was. I was not completely a woman but I needed a protector – The same thing that my character Domina craved - somebody who loved me and knew what was good for me. The look that he gave me told me that he was that man – the man I needed to have in my life.

He kissed me that night. He gripped me by my over-sized deltoids and je pressed his lips to mine. It was as if I had been a woman all my life, but just hiding from it. And having hm inside me and waking up in his arms the morning after that party confirmed it.

Isn’t that what every woman desires – to be desired? Whether you are constrained in the body of a superhero or in the body of a nerd, to be truly desired is to discover what is good and right in yourself. In my case it was the Diana within me.

Eric and I are still together. I don’t play Lady Domina anymore. The orhidectomy and hormone treatment ravaged my muscles, but I did not care and neither did he. By the time I did away with the tucking tape that was needed for my costume, it was time to hand that costume on to somebody else.

But I like to think of myself as still being a part of the ASU - being the wife of the manager of Amazement Park is pretty much a full time job.

The End

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