

Report from last event of a female prisoner #2017/29:

I am sitting at the airport having just completed a two day prison event in Dresden organized by Madame Catarina and Domina Liza. The event was absolutely amazing and the effort and their attention to every detail clearly showed the total professionalism of these two experienced Dominatrix, and their desire and commitment to giving all the prisoners an authentic experience of prison life.

I was picked up on Saturday morning in an actual prison van. Madame Catarina took my bags, and sat me in a single cell in the van. The prison guard aka Madame Catarina handcuffed me. After putting on my seatbelt she locked my cell door. I had only a tiny window to look out of with no way out. All my control was taken from me in that moment. For a massive control freak this made me feel a little bit apprehensive and way out of my comfort zone! However, Madame Catarina put me at ease by saying as she put on my seatbelt, "Safety first". I knew then that she had taken control off of me but was going to take care of me.

The journey to the prison in the isolation cell gave me time to contemplate what was ahead of me. I was a prisoner on my way to prison for the very first time. That's how real it felt.

When we arrived at the prison we were met by Domina Liza who looked every bit as intimidating as Madame Catarina clad in black leather and knee high boots with shiny silver spurs.

All the prisoners were taken to individual cells and covered in blankets to wait while each prisoner was processed. When my turn came to be processed I was told to strip and I was given prison issue clothes and a wash kit. A razor, toothbrush, toothpaste and a bar of soap. All of my belongings including my watch were taken from me. My prison number was written across my chest (201729).

I was taken to my cell and pushed inside. The door to cell was locked behind me. Madame Catarina told me to make my bed and I better do it right..Army style! I was also told that I could sit on the bed, but not lie on it. I was told I had to lie on the floor.

At first being told you can't lie on the bed seems quite an easy order to follow but as time passes the desire to lie on the bed becomes quite powerful but you know if you are caught punishment would be swift. So you sit with no idea of time and with nothing to do but to sit and wait. It was very strange for me to just sit and do nothing but it was quite relaxing even therapeutic. Silence and isolation really does focus the mind. Actually my main seat in the cell was on the toilet seat with the lid up or down as directed by Domina Liza or Madame Catarina. Total humiliation!.

Suddenly all the prisoners were brought out of their cells. As soon as I walked out I saw a prisoner standing with single tail whips in his arms. Domina Liza told us that the prisoner was not at the arranged pickup point, and had been caught drinking Vodka. The prisoner was led forward and told to take his top off. Domina Liza whipped the prisoner with such ferocity. It was a sight to behold! The prisoner at first made no response. The prisoner's lack of response was met with displeasure, and the whipping continued until the prisoner cried out. The whipping gave a clear message to all. Do as you are told or else.. I enjoyed watching the prisoner being whipped!

At times it was very quiet in the prison. Then suddenly you would hear the guards entering the cell area their foot steps ringing out in the corridor. Sometimes they would say who they were coming for! Who was to be punished! Then they might say "your next". Sometimes the guard would kick your cell door.. Madame Catarina would bark out an order commanding you to stand with your hands behind your back facing the wall before she or Domina Liza entered your cell. At first it doesn't seem important to follow these orders but after some punishment and as time goes by you find yourself jumping up to assume the correct position as soon as the peep hole is flipped up. I really enjoyed that part of prisoner etiquette.

Lunch was brought to your cell by the guards. The soup was delicious.. Domina Liza asked if I could taste the spit in the soup.. I said no so she spat in my soup.. I ate the soup without hesitation!

Different prisoners had different tasks and punishments. Some had physical exercises, some had sperm tests to perform. One prisoner had bastinado. I was subjected to an interrogation. The interrogation was very real and quite scary. When I still hadn't given up the information Madame Catarina started to brandish her cane, but Domina Liza said no put her back in her cell for her to think things through. Back to my cell I went.. To wait!

As night approached the guards returned. They were saying that for one prisoner it was a special day! It was my birthday. All the prisoners were brought out to watch my birthday caning. I was led to the front and made to put my hands on a chair. My prison trousers were pulled down and my bottom bared, and the very intense caning began. Domina Liza gave me the first twenty two strokes. I counted and felt every stroke sink deep into my flesh. There was total silence in the prison corridor except for the noise of the cane swishing back and forward and my response to each cutting stroke.

Then it was Madame Catarina's turn! Madame Catarina rained stroke after stroke of her cane on to my bottom with no mercy. After every stroke I could see the Guard's cane ricochet off the wall or so it seemed the cane was being drawn back so fast. Some of the strokes it has to be said brought me up on to my tiptoes but I made it to forty four without moving out of position. I was taken back to my cell. That was my first birthday caning and all of those forty four cane strokes will stay with me until I have to endure forty five strokes of the cane from a very cruel but caring Mistress.

The lights were switched off and my cell was plunged into darkness. The guards decide when it's bedtime, and when they will allow you to lie on your bed. As I lay on my prison bunk I heard the heavy prison door in the corridor being closed and locked.. The footsteps of the guard's fell away. Silence and the isolation engulfs you, and again you realise that you are totally at the mercy, and in the control of these Dominatrix. I have to say it was the safest and best night sleep I had had in years.

I woke up with light streaming into the cell window. I had no idea what time it was because my watch had been confiscated, but I was quite hungry. Footsteps! The sound of the heavy metal door in the corridor being swung back signals the arrival of the Guards! Madame Catarina kicked my cell door before she unlocked and entered my cell. Breakfast was a bread roll, cheese and meat with black coffee.

The morning rolled on and I became bored! I started to whistle again.... Domina Liza said "Someone is going to be punished". I knew she meant me. The adrenaline starts to pump, and your mouth goes dry, but there is an anticipation.. How will the Guard punish me?! Domina Liza opened my cell door and led me to the punishment room. She ordered me to take my top off, and to stand at the cross. No restraints were offered. The Guard started to whip my bared back with her single tail. The whipping was relentless with no quarter given! I promised never to whistle again, and I was led back into my cell where I sat quietly waiting for lunch.

I so enjoyed this event. You should try it!