

Dommemoir

A Novel by The Lady Geneviève, et al., as
told to I.G. Frederick



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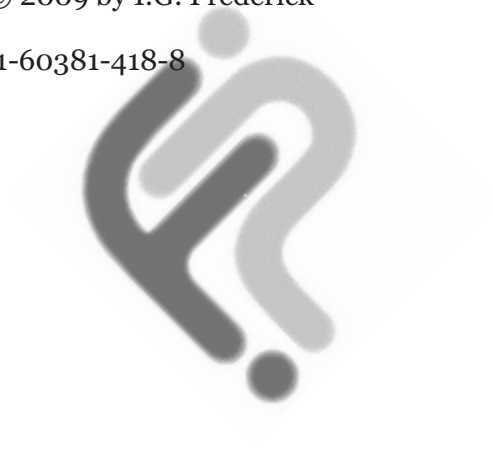
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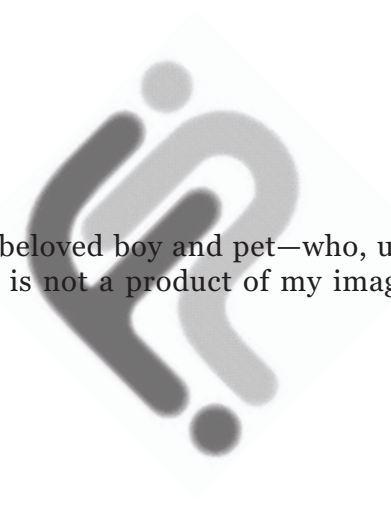
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To Patrick, my beloved boy and pet—who, unlike those in this
book, is not a product of my imagination.



Acknowledgements

This book would not have reached your hands without the help of many dear friends and colleagues. I thank my readers and supporters, especially: Cindy, my proofreader, editor and best friend; Brad, who may now understand a little more; James; Kal Cobalt; Emily Cahal of Addictions; and Shirley. Thanks also to all those who have served me, well and ill, over the years. I have learned something from each one of you, and I hope that you find what you seek.





CHAPTER ONE

LADY GENEVIÈVE

As I sit here writing this, a notebook computer on my lap, a naked slave kneels on the floor in front of me massaging and kissing my feet. I own him—mind, body, and spirit. He finds the fulfillment and contentment he seeks in life by devoting every minute to pleasing and serving me. And I can no longer live without that or him.

A little more than eighteen months ago, I found myself alone for the first time in almost twenty years. I had to move from the large, expensive North Shore home I shared with my then-husband to a small condo in a densely-packed complex—just another divorcée, trying to survive on a fraction of the income I had at my disposal when married.

I first learned about BDSM back in the early eighties when, at the age of nineteen, a couple I had met at a Walter Mondale rally offered me a job as a professional Dominatrix. I guess they recognized what I didn't see in myself until more than twenty years later. They gave me a tour of their home dungeon, explained my responsibilities if I took the job, and talked about the dynamics. It all fascinated me—until the topic of water-sports came up. I took the first opportunity to end the conversation and run. I never looked back.

Several years after that, I saw the movie, “Story of O,” on a dare with some of my friends. It mesmerized me. I found the whipping scenes so erotic I had to resist putting my hands down my pants in the theater. While my friends spoke afterwards about how the movie turned their stomachs, I couldn't stop visualizing the branding iron burning Sir Stephen's initials into O's flesh. That scene touched something deep inside of me, but at the time I didn't understand what and was too ashamed of my feelings to discuss it with anyone.

Except for “East of Eden” and “Nine and a Half Weeks,” I had almost no other exposure to the lifestyle until the World Wide Web became pervasive. As my marriage fell apart, and

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sex became a distant memory, I increasingly turned to the Internet for comfort. First, I just read erotic stories to get hot so I could masturbate. Then I stumbled onto a BDSM site and started exploring.

Up until then, I had lived a pretty vanilla life. I didn't know I was a sadist. I hadn't explored my dominant nature or discovered that I crave the worship of a male slave who truly believes I am his Supreme Goddess.

I had met the man I married in college and lived with him for three years before we had a big church wedding in my hometown of Denver. We always planned to have children; we stopped using birth control a few months after the wedding. When nothing had happened several years later, we discovered he had a low sperm count. Neither of us wanted to go through the gymnastics of fertility treatments. Somehow, my biological clock never caught up with me. I'm glad now. I would have hesitated to leave my husband if we'd had kids. I'd still be trapped in a sexless, vanilla marriage to a man whose job meant more to him than I ever did. Instead, I now have a younger, virile man adoring and worshipping me, with no purpose in life beyond my happiness.

At one time I did worry that, since I had no children, I wouldn't have anyone to care about me in my old age. But, my slave is significantly younger than I. He'll worship me and make sure my needs are met until I die. Of course, I'll have to find another Mistress for him to serve when I'm gone. Otherwise, after decades as my slave, I doubt if he would find it possible to function on his own.

I promise that in writing. I met so many slaves online whose owners died or discarded them because their circumstances changed. They flounder about, trying to find a new Mistress, unable to cope. For years they had been told what to do, what to wear, when to eat, where to work. Then their Mistress got married, took ill, or found a lesbian lover who didn't want men around. I believe it's just as cruel to cast a 24/7 slave out of his owner's home as it is to throw a domesticated dog or cat into the street to fend for itself. I may be a sadist, but I'm not cruel. There is a difference.

LADY GENEVIÈVE

I think I'm fairly average-looking. I work out regularly and except for a few places that wobble, I've kept my top-heavy figure trim. But, I wear a size twelve, not a four. My shoulder-length hair is dark auburn, although these days it requires dye to keep the gray at bay. Still, my slave thinks I'm the most gorgeous woman he's ever seen. Beauty truly is in the eye of the beholder.

If I told my slave to end his life for me, he would do so without question. I won't, of course, if only because a well-trained slave is valuable property. But in reality the symbiosis of a BDSM relationship exceeds anything possible in the vanilla world. I need him as much as he needs me. Aside from welts I inflict that might take a few days to heal, I avoid any form of torture that would damage him.

Except for a few others I've met who participate in what we call the lifestyle, and my best friend Sylvia, no one knows about the way we choose to live. If you met my slave on the street or in a restaurant, unless you also participated in the lifestyle, you wouldn't notice anything unusual. His slave collar looks like a heavy chain necklace; it just doesn't have a clasp. His clothing covers his ownership markings and easily hides his chastity device. When I permit him the honor of escorting me in public, his behavior is attentive, deferential, and respectful, but not overtly submissive. He only calls me Mistress at home.

My slave's employment requires intelligence, management skills, and the ability to make decisions that impact many people. He doesn't, however, make any decisions for himself once he leaves his workplace. He has chosen to turn his life over to me. In exchange, I have accepted the responsibilities of ownership and his welfare rests in my hands. I take that responsibility very seriously.

In the pages that follow, I will share with you my journey from divorcée living alone in a small condominium to slave owner ensconced in a luxurious, thirty-five-hundred-square-foot home on the lakeshore. I will show you how I found my place as a Goddess in my own home. I've also allowed a male slave to include his story in my book, so that other submissive males can understand their nature and perhaps,

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come to terms with where they fit in a society that expects men to dominate women.

There is a vast disparity between the number of submissive men in the world and the women available to dominate them. I hope this memoir will inspire other women to seek the path that will lead them to receive the veneration they deserve. If the idea of a slave worshipping at your feet doesn't appeal to you, please note that until recently I never knew that I needed it. I even found the idea of a man kissing my feet slightly repulsive. But, until a devoted slave has properly attended to your feet, you just can't understand what you're missing.

