



Dommemoir

by the *Lady Genevieve et al*



as told to *J.G. Frederick*

Dommemoir by the Lady Geneviève et al
as told to I.G. Frederick
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♥♥ Dedication ♥♥

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

Chapter One

Lady Geneviève

s 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 moment 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 watersports 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 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 worshiping 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.

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, 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 worshiping 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.

Chapter Two

slave nicolas

Until i met my Owner, the Goddess whom i worship and adore, my miserable life was not worth living. When i learned that the Lady Geneviève wanted to write this book and why, i begged for the opportunity to explain how I became a slave and how wonderful my life is now. She knows my story, but She has permitted me to tell it in my own words.

I first encountered a Dominant female at my sister's eighth birthday party. That day, I fell desperately in love with her friend Lana, a red-haired, green-eyed beauty. Of course, she had no use for a five-year-old suitor and pointedly ignored me the entire day.

When I saw her in the playground a week or two later, though, she deigned to meet me behind the toilets. There, to the delight of three of her friends, she required that I entertain her by eating dirt and letting her stand on my chest. I quickly discovered that when my sister or parents took me to the playground, Lana ignored me. So I would persuade my thirteen-year-old neighbor and sometimes babysitter to take me with him to the park three blocks from our house. He would hang out by the jungle gym with his friends and I would go behind the blue-frame structure that housed the restrooms.

On the days when my young Goddess showed up, I would perform for her to the sound of flushing toilets and her friends' giggling. The ammonia and disinfectant smells overpowered the oleander, roses, and whatever

else bloomed around us. Lana would walk through mud puddles and make me lick her shoes clean. I would crawl around on my hands and knees while she rode on my back, lifting her legs so they didn't touch the ground on either side, making me bear her full weight. She cut a switch from a nearby willow tree with her older brother's Swiss Army knife and used it to swat at my backside. Once, she looped her belt around my neck and led me around while one of her friends sat on my back.

In the summer, she wore pink sandals and allowed me to lick the dust from between her toes. I came as close to nirvana as possible for someone who hadn't started school. Unfortunately, my dad left my mother at the end of that summer, and we moved back to Michigan where her family lived.

I spent the rest of my childhood in a small frame house with a large, overgrown backyard on a quiet street in the north end of Buchanan. A few blocks away, I discovered a stately old mansion with big shady verandas and trim painted in incongruous rust, yellow, and blue. Behind the green picket fence, the house smelled of strong coffee when I walked by in the morning on my way to school and chocolate chip cookies in the afternoons. Different cars parked in front of the house every weekend and sometimes during the week.

The spring I turned fifteen, a red-head wearing a short leather skirt that showed off long, lovely legs encased in black stockings offered me cookies when I walked by her — and the house — for the third time. Neela told me she was studying there, but wouldn't say what. From her I learned that the owners had converted the house to a Bed and Breakfast. With my mom bugging me about getting summer work, I begged Neela to see if she could score me some odd jobs around the place. I just couldn't fathom

working at the local Dairy Queen like everyone else, and other than that, opportunities in Buchanan were pretty limited. Plus, if I worked at the B&B, I could watch Neela while keeping my mother off my back, or so I thought.

Neela did get me an interview with the owner of the house, and I spent the summer working in the garden, mowing the grass, and painting the clapboard siding and Victorian trim. Although I saw Neela often, I never again observed her wearing a skirt and hose. Occasionally she appeared in shorts, barefoot or wearing sandals, but usually, much to my disappointment, she just wore jeans.

I worked at the house every summer during high school. When I went to talk to the owner — I never did learn his name: he paid me in cash and had me call him Sir — about my options for the months after graduation, he invited me into the house for the first time.

“You’re eighteen now, aren’t you, boy?”

“Yes, Sir.” I stood on the front porch, relieved to be out of the unseasonably hot sun for a moment.

He stepped outside. At almost six and a half feet, he towered over me. I wouldn’t get my full height until the end of that summer and was still a couple of inches under six feet. Sir wore faded blue jeans and his black tee shirt clung to his muscled chest and biceps. “You ever wonder why you haven’t been allowed in the house before now?”

“No, Sir. I just figured you didn’t want me tracking dirt and grass clippings inside.” I’d caught glimpses of dark wood and elegant furnishings when I stood near an open door, but nothing more. The doors never stayed open for long.

“More to it than that.” He looked me up and down and lowered his voice. “I’ve seen you watching Neela, boy. Only her feet and legs, though.”

I know I blushed.

“Bet you like to kiss women’s feet, don’t you, boy? Ever fantasize ‘bout them stomping on your chest?”

Although I had worked for this man for three summers, I had no idea why he would ask such questions. I just stared at him.

“Women who wear really high heels and leather.” Again, he looked me up and down and I wondered how he could read my mind. “Maybe, with whips in their hands, and some poor naked guy bound and gagged at their feet?”

I bowed my head and stood there, my face hot, unable to speak, unable to move.

He snorted. “We’re short-handed inside this summer. Maybe you’d like to work in the house this year, ‘stead of outside?”

I nodded, although I didn’t see the connection.

He stepped back inside the door, and I followed him into a wood-paneled foyer, with a grandfather clock standing next to a huge fireplace and a Persian carpet on the floor. Wide, carpeted stairs rose toward the next level with turned spindles holding up a polished banister. Before I could take in more detail, he disappeared through a doorway and I followed him down a long, dimly lit hallway to the kitchen. Oak-trimmed white cabinets lined the walls, and a round table with wooden carved-back chairs sat in front of the single window. Across from the table, a built-in shelf overflowed with books.

Sir took a seat at the table, but he didn’t offer me one, so I stood with my hands behind my back.

“I bet you’re a natural,” he said.

I finally looked back up at him, confused.

“In this house, boy, you always kneel in front of your superiors.”

I stared at him. But his steely grey eyes penetrated my soul, and I found my knees touching the polished wooden

floor before I even realized I had moved.

“Women in leather, naked slaves bound and gagged, are all part of the lifestyle, and that’s what this house is about.”

I blinked and stared at him. And I blinked again. I tilted my head to one side, but my throat had gotten so dry I couldn’t speak.

“Inside this house, boy, there are Masters and there are slaves. Outside the house, we’re just like everyone else.”

My chest tightened and I couldn’t breathe.

“You’re a slave, aren’t you, boy?”

“I don’t know, Sir.” I stuttered. “I fantasize about being at women’s feet.”

He chuckled. “Thought so. Well, here you can get trained, learn how to serve. There’s more to it, much more, than sexual fantasy. You need to know how to clean and cook, to have a good understanding of the protocols and rituals that reinforce the Master/slave dynamic.”

“How? What?” I stared at him, trying not to cry, wishing I could disappear behind the thick dark curtains held back on either side of the window by shiny, braided rope.

“I’ve been in the lifestyle for nearly fifteen years. Dominants, subs, slaves are all hardwired. I can just tell from the way you look at women’s feet — I’ve never met a male submissive yet who didn’t have some kind of foot fetish — the way you carry yourself, trying to blend in with your surroundings, not have anyone notice you.” He folded his arms in front of his chest and stretched out his long legs in front of me, crossing his black work boots at the ankles.

“Normally, our slaves stay in the house. But, since you live just down the street and your mom probably would question why you moved over here, you can show up at seven every morning.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I whispered.

“You’ll use the kitchen entrance.” He pointed at the door

on the opposite side of the room. "There's a vestibule where you'll remove and leave your clothing."

I gasped.

He laughed. "Slaves don't wear clothing in our house, boy." He stood up and rummaged through a drawer in one of the cabinets. "Here." He tossed a wide leather dog collar at me and I caught it. "You put this on before you report for work."

I turned the collar over and over in my hands — worn, black leather, with metal studs and several d-rings.

"You'll speak only when spoken to and when you do you'll keep your voice soft, like you have today."

I looked up and smiled at the thought that I had done something right.

"You only look up into the eyes of a Master or Mistress if you're told to do so," he scolded. "Otherwise, you keep your eyes where they belong, at our feet."

I bit my lip, not wanting to cry, and lowered my gaze.

"That's better. Unless your assigned task requires you to stand, you'll always stay on your knees or crouched on the floor. And you're not permitted to use the furniture. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That's 'Yes, Master.' He emphasized the latter word. "And you should always thank your Master or Mistress when they bestow the honor of speaking to you, giving you a chore, asking you a question, or even punishing you."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."

"Go out and strip, and I'll get one of the other slaves to show you around so you'll know where things are when you start tomorrow."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."