

# Chapter One

Nefertteri

“If you thought Ramesses was the only one capable of making big things happen, you’ve got another thing coming.”

Watching the other Dominas’ faces as they toured the grounds with me was more priceless than anything I could have dreamed of. When I first put the word out that I was planning a Domina-centric fantasy weekend, there was the initial skepticism from those outside of the Atlanta BIPOC community, with the usual criticism and doubt that such a production could exist, much less be successful. Hell, those within the BIPOC BDSM community were even more incredulous; after all, how many submissive men of color could there be, much less Black male submissives, and those of note were either already owned or had been placed under consideration.

At the risk of sounding like my Beloved, they obviously didn’t realize who the fuck I was!

Thanks to a few favors cashed in from the West Coast and a word-of-mouth underground campaign that swore every single one of the men who wanted to participate in this weekend to secrecy, everything had finally come to fruition, and on my self-imposed schedule. The stress and work was worth the effort, and it was going to be an interesting weekend, there was no doubt about that whatsoever.

A few of the lesbian Dominas took a slight offense to what I called the weekend, using SAMOIS as the marketing moniker, but I had to explain to them that the atmosphere was more pansexual than heteronormative. Thanks to my name, and that of Kemet-Ka, being closely associated with the LGBTIQ community due to the years of service and philanthropy, they

decided to give it a chance. It was the first major obstacle I had to overcome, and it was something that was tricky to adjust to, not to mention it took some serious maneuvering to do so. I didn't want enemies off the bat, especially if I wanted to make this a yearly event.

Oh, since I have your attention, and you might not be completely aware of the reference, let me explain it for you as quickly as I can while the group continues to gawk at the eye candy I have scattered around the grounds. SAMOIS, or Samois-sur-Seine, was the city in France where the fictitious mansion of a Dominatrix in the *Story of O* was located. This was where O was sent by Sir Stephen to be branded and trained. The mansion was well-known in the novel as a location where Dominas were in charge, and the training and branding was done by the women. The men who might have been in house were all submissive; no Dominant men were allowed on the premises.

Sensual and Blaze couldn't wipe the awestruck looks on their faces, especially when they got a good look at some of the men I was able to recruit. The beauty of social media was that you knew where the sources were coming from, and word of mouth traveled at a speed that made the average person's head spin. Between Facebook, Instagram, FetLife, and a couple of startups called LiveWire and Chocolate Kink, I had more submissive men than I could shake a stick at, not to mention ancillary access to vending and provisions of live deejays and photographers, in case anyone wanted to partake in capturing their debauchery for posterity. It didn't hurt that I was a bit more risqué in my pictures, with some coercion from the other ladies, to entice those interested into engaging the event.

They weren't the only ones drooling, either.

"Baby, where in the hell did you find all this talent?" tiger did his best not to come out of protocol, but he placed his hand across his chest as he continued to ogle with the rest of us. He

exaggerated the fanning gesture around his face, causing Blaze to laugh out loud. “I’m serious, my lady. I *know* these specimens are not all from the A.”

Sinsual was not amused by his lusting over the landscape, but she couldn’t avoid staring at a few of them herself. “Okay, Neferterri, where in the world did you find all of these beautiful creatures? I need to know your secret, because it’s obvious that you’ve been holding out and then some.”

I feigned innocence as I continued to lead the tour through the houses. “Look, all of this was luck, ladies, I don’t know what else to tell you. But I will tell you that I’m not complaining by any stretch, either. Facebook and Instagram are beautiful tools, that’s all I’m gonna say about that.”

“my Lady, You know You’re my favorite Domina and all, outside of my Owner, but with all due respect, You’re full of shit.” tiger put his hand out, waiting for me to give it a playful slap. He knew he was gonna get it from Sin the moment they were behind closed doors, but he had it in his mind that it was worth the admonishment.

“A lady never reveals her secrets, tiger. Besides, why on earth would I even divulge so you can get your Owner to poach any chance She gets.” I cut my eyes at Sin, the smirk on my face and the quick nod from my oldest friend confirmed my reasoning was solid. “If I want to continue to use My resources, then I will have to keep things close to the vest. I won’t have a choice in the matter.”

The rest of the tour went pretty smooth. I was able to showcase some of the things I wanted to advertise online, but with the current political climate we were under, it made that almost impossible to do without drawing red flags. Being in the Bible Belt didn’t help matters much, but all that did was create other alternative methods of giving people an idea of what the

weekend would have in store. One thing was for certain: based on the early turnout, there was definitely a demand for this type of weekend.

We moved up to the main house, where the submissives and slaves I hand-picked—including my amani—were on hand to handle the VIP guests whose attention I caught, thanks to some private conversations that were had behind the scenes. The six degrees of separation, even in the kink community, was real on some serious levels. Once they went through Dominic’s vetting process, and their concerns over discretionary measures were satisfied, my designated valets were given the onus of ensuring that their service to those VIPs were taken care of.

A few of the submissives and slaves who were left out of the mix felt some type of way about being kept out of the special treatment, but that wasn’t in my circle of concern. They were more than welcome to carry their asses home and really miss out, for all I cared. My brand, my name, was more important than bruised egos, and I was going to make sure my weekend would not go off without a hitch. If they played their positions instead of trying to be special snowflakes, I might have been able to rotate them in to relieve the ones who were in the initial mix. I guessed this was what happened when these “conditional surrender” submissives and slaves got caught out there with these Dominants that really weren’t about this life.

Sigma, one of Dominic’s security chiefs, greeted us at the door, causing the women to stop and eye-fuck the man from head to toe. The only thing he did was nod in my direction, his pace aggressive and measured as he approached the group. It took everything in me to keep from allowing his energy to overwhelm me. He might have been a submissive, but he also was a retired Lieutenant Colonel in the Marine Corps. There should be a law against a dark chocolate hued, six-foot-five-inch, hulk of a man that could make The Rock look small. Hell, even as delectable as the men in my life were, Sigma made me wetter than a tsunami, and I had no issues

making sure he experienced every drop of it.

“my Lady, Your guests have been expecting You.” The silky-smooth, baritone richness of his voice almost made me forget where I was and who I was with. “amani, Jelani and the others have been keeping them entertained, per Your directive. They’re already raving and wanting to book a more private event later this summer.”

Now, that was music to my ears. The VIPs in house were from the entertainment and political circles, and they took care of those who took care of them. I shook off my lusting eyes so I could focus on anything except Sigma’s eyes. He was giving me all types of purpose and intent, and I wanted to avoid being greedy, despite the rumors Dominic started that he wanted to serve me in a more exclusive manner. “That is great news to hear, Sigma. Has the rest of your detail taken care of things on the perimeter?”

“Yes, my Lady, the women who were recruited from the Onyx Pearls, Women of Drummer, Women in Leather and Panther Leather/Levi have worked out very well.” Sigma continued to keep his eyes trained on me, but I noticed a nervousness in his body language that I felt the need to ease. After all, I wasn’t the Domina to fear like that; that distinction still went to Sinsual. “If it pleases You, i can personally take You out on the perimeter so You can speak with them personally.”

A smile crept across my face. *He spoke to Beloved before they left, it’s the only explanation for his subtlety in getting my attention.* “I look forward to that, we can do that a little later in the evening, once all the guests have been received. I still have a welcome reception to facilitate, and I don’t want to disappoint the audience. Besides, as My head of security, your job is to be attached to My hip at all times, correct?”

“Um, as much as I’m enjoying this foreplay between you two, I believe we need to head

inside so we can sit down and partake in this welcome reception that You have planned, Neferterri.” Blaze’s voice was laced with a tinge of envy that I wasn’t sure I understood. I snapped my head in her direction to make sure I wasn’t imagining things. I came face to face with a scowl that threw me off balance. “Some of us have a few parties that have been set up, and we don’t want to be late.”

I shrugged it off, not wanting to kill the vibe in the air. My empathic senses were shooting through the roof as I did my best to “fix my face,” as my shamise would often advise me when something wasn’t right, but I had to keep up pretenses in the moment. Something was off with Blaze, and I planned to find that out before the night was over with.

In the meantime, I had a reception to take care of. There was no way I was about to start this thing off on the wrong vibe. Too many people worked too hard for it to fall apart on the first night. I wasn’t about to let all that go to waste.