

Submissive Cum Laude

Chapter 3 – Duel Of The Dommies

Brianna gazed into her bathroom mirror with tired eyes. Her head throbbed with a fierce headache. It had been a long day of classes and there was still so much she needed to do before bed. She opened her medicine cabinet, popped a couple Tylenol and downed them with a glass of water. After a few deep breaths she trudged to the living room and collapsed on the leather sofa. She let her curvy body sink into the luscious furniture as she tried to relax and waited for the meds to kick in.

BZZZT BZZZT

Her phone rattled in her pocket. Brianna had turned off audio alerts until she felt better, but left the buzzer on just in case something important popped up. She pulled out her phone and found an incoming call from Alex. Of course... They'd talked about having a session tonight.

“Hey bitch.”

“Good afternoon, my Goddess. How was your day?”

“It was a day. Not feeling the greatest right now.”

“Oh... Sorry to hear. I could come over and give you a massage if you like? From your shoulders to your feet!”

That sounded so damn good, but Brianna couldn't indulge herself. Not with her *to do* list.

“Love to, but I'm swamped. I have homework, a test to study for and a new song to practice. And we both know how a massage can lead to other things.”

“I guess that means we're off for tonight?”

Brianna sighed. She hated canceling a play date and this wasn't the first time she'd needed to recently.

“Sorry, Alex. I really wanted to, it's just... School's been a bitch. An even bigger bitch than usual.”

Alex chuckled. “It's ok. I understand.”

“Have you been a good slave? Still wearing that cage I put on your sad little pecker?”

“Yes, Goddess.”

She smiled broadly. Imagining his shrunken cock wrapped in steel gave her considerable pleasure. She'd given him a key just in case of emergencies, but he was forbidden from using it for any other reason. Brianna had caged his cock two weeks ago. She figured it was a good time to try a chastity

device since she was going to be busy for a while. When out of her sight, Alex was allowed to cum only from prostate massage. He could use toys on his slutty, white ass if he wanted to orgasm so badly.

“And you've followed my instructions to the letter?”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“How many times have you cum since we last spoke?”

“Three times, Goddess.”

“Filthy slut... Always shoving things up your boy pussy and making a mess. One can hardly call that chastity, but at least you're being properly trained. Aren't you grateful I'm allowing you to cum?”

“Eternally grateful! Thank you, Goddess Brianna!”

Brianna snickered. “Tell you what, slave... Text me at nine tonight and maybe, if I'm a good mood, I'll let you to take off that cage for a while and stroke yourself to climax. There will be a time limit and you will have to eat every drop, of course.”

“Yes, Goddess!” The excitement in his voice was palpable.

“And I expect pictures. Of your hard cock. Of your mess. And after you've licked it all up.”

“With pleasure, Goddess Brianna!”

“Good boy. I have to go now. Later, bitch.”

She hung up. Femdom banter, like massage, often escalated to something more. Brianna set her phone down, leaned back into the leather cushions and sighed again. So far, Alex had been ok with their less frequent play, but she knew guys. Young men, even submissive ones, would stray if their needs weren't met.

Being dominated by phone would sate Alex for a while, but she couldn't rely on it long term. Unfortunately, her schedule didn't look like it would clear up until summer. That meant less play dates. Alex was her first full-time collared sub and they got along so well. She didn't want to risk losing him. He'd already found two women to top him just at their school, and he could probably find a third if he wanted. Maybe she was overthinking it and worried about nothing, but she couldn't help it.

Brianna unzipped the front of her leather pants and sank her left hand downward. It slipped under her satin panties and quickly found her sex. Her fingers made gentle circles around her vulva as she closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. The aroma of the leather sofa only added to her sudden arousal.

She didn't have time for a session with Alex, but she did have time for this. Stress relief, pain relief... A quick orgasm would be nice. Not to mention the naughty talk had worked her up considerably. A quickie would help her reset and allow her to focus on her tasks.

The dark skinned Domina picked up her phone and quickly navigated to a selfie her slave-boy sent last week. There he was, bent over his dorm room bed, his caged cock hanging below while he sank a fat,

black dildo into his hungry hole.

Brianna moaned as her fingers circled her clit and dove deeper into her fleshy jungle. Her sex was moistening rapidly as she stared at the photo with intense lust. She pictured herself behind him, shoving that monster into his slutty pucker in between harsh spans of his ass. Calling him “white slave bitch” as she fucked him long and hard. Minutes flew by as she mentally pounded him into oblivion. She was getting close...

BZZZT BZZZT

The phone buzzed in her hand, interrupting her concentration.

'FUCK!!! If that's fucking Alex again, he's getting punished!'

An instant message notification popped up. It wasn't Alex. It was... Bethany?

She thought about ignoring it until she finished, but curiosity got the better of her. She reluctantly pulled her slick hand from below and grabbed some tissues from her end table. After toweling off her digits she returned to her phone and opened the text. It was too enticing to put off. What was Brianna's theater class rival and Alex's former Domme looking for?

TheLeatherMermaid: Hey Brianna, how's it going?

EbonyEmpressB: Crazy busy day, but not bad. How you doin gf?

TheLeatherMermaid: I've been better. Pretty bummed out. You got time to chat tomorrow during lunch?

EbonyEmpressB: Sure, where you wanna meet?

TheLeatherMermaid: Cafeteria. 12:30?

EbonyEmpressB: I'll be there. Is this about one of the productions? Something happen in Drama?

TheLeatherMermaid: No, something else. More personal. We'll talk tomorrow. Thanks!

EbonyEmpressB: Chin up, girl. See ya then.

Brianna closed the messaging app. She and Bethany had formed an interesting relationship since finding themselves in the same theater troupe. At first there was a bit of animosity as it became clear they were the biggest stars of the group. Over time it had settled into a friendly rivalry. Since being connected through Alex and learning about their mutual kink, they'd become significantly closer.

She gazed down at her unzipped pants; the leather shining in the afternoon glow from the window. Her libido, which had been skyrocketing only moments ago, had faded. At least the meds were doing their work and her headache was gone.

'Fuck it. I can have fun later when Alex texts. Time to get to work.'

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Brianna strolled into the cafeteria, right on time for their meeting. It was too warm to wear a lot of leather, but her legs were wrapped in the thick, sensual material from her boot heels to her mocha thighs. Above that, she was wearing a black one-piece dress that hugged her curves nicely. Her golden hoop earrings and rose gold watch caught the ceiling lights and shined brightly. The adornments served to call attention to the rest of her classy ensemble.

She spotted Bethany quickly. The other Domina had decided it wasn't too warm for leather pants, but wore only a silky beige top to go with it. She was seated at one of the tables, a waterfall of red hair falling behind her. As Brianna got closer, she noticed Beth was digging into a burger and fries, scarfing away and probably hoping to finish her meal before their chat.

Brianna smirked. Bethany was probably one of those women who could eat anything and never gain an ounce. The opposite of her type. Brianna had to maintain great discipline in her diet if she didn't want an ass the size of Montana. One more trait to be envious of in addition to Bethany's natural acting ability. Envious, but not resentful, now that they were on better terms.

“Hey girlfriend” Brianna said as she walked around the table and pulled out a chair.

Bethany was caught with a big mouthful and looked embarrassed. She swallowed quickly and had to clear her throat to greet her friend properly. “Sorry” she uttered before almost choking. “Couldn't wait another minute. I was starving.”

“I can tell” Brianna replied as she sat down and crossed her booted legs. “Don't let me slow you down.”

Bethany giggled. “Are you hungry? Help yourself...” she gestured to the fries on her tray.

Brianna waved her off. “I'm fine, thanks. Had a good breakfast. So, what did you want to talk about?”

“Before we get into that, how are you and Alex doing?” she asked before taking another bite of her sandwich.

“Smashingly” Brianna stated with a confident smile. “I'm glad I scooped him up when I did. He's an amazing play partner and I even have him doing my laundry and dishes.”

“You trained him to **do chores**?” Bethany asked incredulously. “Lucky...”

“Of course. He's happy to. How about you and... Mark?”

“No, Mark was the last guy. He turned out to be a total dick. Wasn't even a real kinkster, just wanted to get in my pants.”

“Oh, right... What about the new guy, then?”

“David” she filled in. “Yeah, he didn't work out either. We split a couple nights ago...”

“I'm sorry, girl” Brianna said with genuine sympathy. “What happened?”

Bethany set her sandwich down and shrugged. “I don't know, we just didn't click. No chemistry and he was **hardcore** into some things that were a turn-off for me.”

“Mmmm, yeah, that's a hazard in our lifestyle” Brianna remarked. “Until you really get to know someone.”

“Exactly. When I had early success with Alex, I didn't realize how difficult it would be to recreate. Now when I see him around campus...” Bethany looked disheartened.

“You wish you hadn't cut it off so soon” Brianna finished her thought.

Bethany stared at her for a few seconds before lowering her face into her left palm. “Oh my god... Please kill me. This is so embarrassing!”

Brianna chuckled and leaned back in her seat. “Do you have feelings for him? Or is this just fun and games?”

The red head smirked. “I don't want to **marry** him, if that's what you mean. He's a great guy, but I'm not looking for anything conventional. Just someone to enjoy play time with.”

“Well then, it seems you and I enjoy Alex in the same way.” Brianna crossed her arms and smiled. She couldn't believe how well this was falling into place. The dominant diva was about to kill two birds with one stone.

A spark of hope entered Bethany's eyes. “So, you guys are open?”

“Not open. He's my collared slave and I intend to keep it that way, but I have **considered** lending him to select women...”

Bethany was completely ignoring her lunch at this point. Her wide open eyes might as well have been saucers. “Really? That would be awesome if...”

Brianna's eyebrows raised and she cocked her head.

“Alright, what do you want?”

“You know what I want. Don't make me say it. I'm not fond of begging.”

Bethany's eyes shrank into a squint as she gazed at the dark beauty for a few moments. “You want to be Juliet.”

Brianna's gaze lowered to the table. “I'm not asking you to give up the role completely, but it's a dream for me...”

“Done. Take it. I've been Juliet a dozen times. How many performances do you want?”

“Just one. So I can invite my family.”

“It's yours. I'll call out for whatever date you want and they'll bring you in. They would've given you one eventually anyway.”

Brianna rolled her eyes. She wasn't so sure about that. Bethany was talented enough that any understudy might go unnoticed forever. Despite Beth's naivety, Brianna was grateful. “Thank you.”

“No problem. How soon can I arrange a play date with Alex?”

Brianna laughed and unfolded her arms. “Damn girl! You're hard up for kinky action, aren't you? Just how thirsty are you?”

Bethany grabbed her fountain drink and brought the straw to her lips. She drained it quickly until all that was left was the airy bubbling sound of empty suction. “As thirsty as they come.”

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Bethany looked up at the small, round wall clock. It was the eighth time she'd checked her kitchen timepiece in twenty minutes. Its hands were moving much too slow for her liking. It had been five days since she met with Brianna and the night of her play date with Alex had finally arrived.

With a few minutes to spare, she walked to her bathroom for a quick check on her appearance. A leather clad Cat Woman stared back at her. She hadn't worn the costume since Halloween last year and she knew Alex loved it, so it was the perfect way to kick off their reunion. Alex would be there any minute, but she used the leftover time to apply some shade and liner to her eyes, giving her an extra sexy 'femme fatale' look.

DING DONG

Right on cue.

Bethany put away her cosmetics and skipped into the living room. She opened the door to a smiling Alex holding a garment bag over his shoulder. He was dressed simply in a t-shirt and cargo shorts, but she knew that wouldn't last. More importantly, he was wearing the all-important symbol of their relationship.

“Alex! Come in! You look great!”

“Hey! You're looking stunning yourself, Miss Kitty.”

She welcomed him in and gave him a quick kiss before closing the door. Bethany then snagged the O-ring on the front of his collar and gave it a nice tug.

“You still have it and you wore it today... Good boy.”

“Of course. Even if we never got to play again, I would've kept it forever.”

Bethany blushed. For such a young man, Alex was quite the charmer. She didn't know if it was his theater training or just natural ability and genuine warmth, but she'd have to be careful. It would be easy to develop feelings for him and she wasn't sure she wanted that. Perhaps that fear was part of the reason she'd looked for new play mates to begin with.

The difference between him and her more recent dates was night and day. She was glad beyond measure to have him back. Bethany released his O-ring reluctantly before turning and striding into the apartment. She made sure Alex got a nice view of her leather clad legs and ass as she stalked inward, her heels striking the hardwood floor loudly. She turned and leaned against the wall, crossing her shiny, booted legs.

“I take it you've been enjoying your time with Brianna?”

“Very much. Have to say, though, I was shocked when she told me we'd be seeing each other again. She's not exactly the type that likes to share.”

“This isn't weird for you, is it?”

“No! Not weird at all” Alex answered. He re-shouldered the garment bag before it slipped off his back. A confident smile spread across his face. “I have plenty of affection and submission to offer. More than enough for two beautiful, talented Dommies.”

Bethany smirked. “We'll see about that. You know where the bathroom is. Hurry up and get changed, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress!”

Alex hurried off toward the bathroom, but suddenly stopped in his tracks.

“Oh! Almost forgot...” He changed course and walked back to Bethany. Alex reached into his pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper, handing it to her. “Brianna told me to give you this.”

Bethany eyed it curiously before returning her gaze to him.

“Be back in a jiff and ready to serve!” He exclaimed with a wink before heading off.

Bethany unfolded the note as the bathroom door clicked shut. It was written on lovely stationary and in elegant handwriting. Beth was instantly jealous. Brianna must've gone to a school that still taught cursive. It was so beautiful compared to Bethany's chicken scratch. One more thing to admire on top of her unwavering confidence and Goddess-tier singing voice.

She scanned the note quickly.

Dear Mistress Bethany,

It is said that one cannot serve two masters. Perhaps men are too vain, greedy and spiteful to manage

such an affair, but I propose that women can do better. Let us put it to the test.

Alex and I had a session two nights ago. Ask him how many times he climaxed and he will tell you.

If you can exceed this number in one night, not only will I make him available for more play dates, I will consider entering joint ownership with you of this insatiable leather slave bitch.

I assure you, he will report the total of his orgasms accurately.

Good luck and have fun!

Sincerely,

Goddess Brianna

The hairs on the back of Bethany's neck stood up and her body buzzed with arousal and energy. The gauntlet had been thrown down. If she wanted to reclaim Alex for more than one night, this was it. She loved a challenge and she would rise to this one come hell or high water.

She re-folded the paper as she walked into the kitchen and tossed it on the counter. Her body was warming up in the leather costume and it took every ounce of her will not to begin fondling herself through the luscious material. She looked at the clock again, willing the arms to go faster.

'Hurry up you naughty gimp bitch!'

Since she had time to burn, Bethany headed to her bedroom to retrieve some items. She carried an armload of naughty toys out to the living room and dumped them on her couch before picking up a leather paddle, a length of chain with snap-hook fasteners and a bottle of lube. She brought the items back to the kitchen and set them on the counter before moving to the bathroom and waiting for Alex to exit.

After a few more minutes, he did. Alex was clad head-to-toe in the same leather gimp suit they'd purchased together months ago. It was freshly shined and as enticing as ever. Still, Bethany made a mental note that they should go shopping and find some new leather garments and accessories to mix up his wardrobe a bit.

Bethany's expression turned haughty and her eyes were ablaze with excitement and lust. She placed her hands on her hips and put the question to him immediately.

“You were with Brianna on Thursday night. How many times did you cum?”

“I... What?”

Her eyes narrowed and annoyance entered her voice. “The note says you're supposed to tell me.”

“Five times, Mistress.”

Her annoyance faded back into steely determination as she seized his O-ring again and gave it a sharp

tug. "You're not leaving here until you've cum six times. Is that clear?"

Alex's eyes widened within his gimp mask. He couldn't remember a time he'd seen Bethany so serious. "Yes, Mistress..."

"Good. Follow me."

She led him back to the kitchen, two fingers curled around the O-ring. She tugged at his neck, gently, the entire way. Bethany was fortunate enough to have a small kitchen island and she was about to put it to good use. She wasted no time bending Alex over the wood and marble structure before quickly moving to the other side.

She grabbed her length of chain and attached one end to the metal handle on one of the drawers below. The eager Domina fed the chain through the ring on his collar followed by both anchor points at the wrists of his suit. Bethany pulled it tight and attached the other on the drawer handle, securing his body in the bent-over position.

"I assume you remember our safe words" she stated as she stalked around to his exposed backside.

"Yes, Mistress. Yellow and red."

They'd never needed them, but one couldn't be too careful.

"And you flushed that slutty hole of yours clean before you came over, correct?"

"Yes, Mistress Bethany."

"Good. Before we begin your first milking, you've earned some spankings" she announced as she picked up the wide leather paddle.

"Mistress?"

"Ten for calling me *Miss Kitty* instead of Mistress. Ten more for not answering **the first time** about Thursday night."

"Yes, Mistress..." Alex braced himself.

Bethany couldn't see it, but he was smiling from ear to ear under his hood. He'd made the first "gaff" intentionally to earn some spankings. His second infraction was a welcome bonus.

"Call them out as I go, slave."

THWACK

"One!"

THWACK

"Two!"

THWACK

“Three!”

The swats came slowly at first, but steadily picked up in pace. Bethany wasn't spanking him nearly as hard as Brianna did, but her force had grown and her technique had improved. Each blow smashed neatly into the center of both ass cheeks. The thick paddle created a satisfying sound as it lashed into his leather clad bottom repeatedly.

Bethany had no idea how much punishment he could take now. How much more he **enjoyed** it, even, but she would learn in time.

THWACK

“Twenty!”

His ass smarted nicely as Bethany set the paddle on the counter and grabbed the bottle of lube. She unzipped his back passage without hesitation and began smearing the viscous gel on his pucker and her right hand. She kicked his legs apart for better access, stretching him out as his torso remained flat against the counter.

“I normally like to savor these things, but we have a clear objective tonight and we're on the clock, so I'm not gonna mess around.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

With that, she sank two long, leather clad fingers into his pucker and began working them in and out. She wasted no time, moving them through his lube-slick tunnel quickly. After a half dozen strokes she added a third digit.

SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP

“Ohhhhhhhh...” Alex moaned and pulled on his chains. They didn't budge an inch. All he could do was stare at Bethany's kitchen as she opened him up hastily and with great hunger.

Bethany added a fourth finger; plunging in and out of his pucker smoothly. Her urgency to fist him was evident. Thankfully, stretching him out wasn't taking that long. It was obvious Brianna had used some impressive toys on him as his fleshy starfish yielded to her lubricated knuckles.

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **OHHHH FUCK!!!**”

Alex tensed up as her entire leathery fist sank home in his silky flesh. All five of her slick digits speared into his warm depths and set his every nerve ending ablaze with raw ache and nervous pleasure. The intensity of it was overwhelming and Bethany gave him little time to adjust.

Her left hand snaked around his lower body, found his front zipper and pulled it down aggressively. Alex's quickly hardening cock flopped out of his suit and she seized it directly. The cool leather of her left hand stroked up and down his steamy hot tool, his erection continuing to grow under her guidance.

SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP

Her fisting ramped up rapidly. Bethany's right hand slurped in and out of his hot, stretched hole as her left glided back and forth across his bulging cock. She was jerking him off overhand very aggressively as pre-cum ran from his tip and dripped on the kitchen floor. There was no way he would last long at this rate.

“Cum for me you fucking slut! **You filthy leather pig!!!**”

He was already at the edge. Bethany's dirty talk did the rest.

Alex groaned in orgasm and his cock erupted below. His glans pulsed as he painted the base of the kitchen island with creamy nut. Successive ropes of filth hosed from his gushing cock all over Bethany's hand. She continued stroking his shaft and fist-fucking his pucker until his balls had been emptied of every sticky strand.

When his moans faded into a dull pant and his cock ceased spitting fresh spunk, she pulled her lube slick fist from his ass and gathered as much filth on her left hand as she could. She reached down and wiped Alex's cum all over her boot. She gathered as much nougat paste she could from the side of the kitchen island before repeating the act and smearing it all over her shiny leather footwear.

Bethany carefully hopped up on the counter and swiveled around, presenting her jizz smeared boot to the still recovering gimp.

“Clean up your mess, **bitch.**”

She grabbed the top of his hood and pulled his face to her waiting heel. Alex's tongue extended eagerly to mop the warm gunk off her luscious footwear. His tongue glided up and down the shiny boot, vacuuming up his essence along with the wonderful taste of well-worn leather.

“That was the first of six. You're going to eat **all six** of your filthy messes! And during each of your pathetic refractory periods, you're going to **pleasure me**. Understood?”

“Yesth Msthreth!” he replied, his tongue continuing to spit shine her elegant thigh-high.

Bethany ripped the boot away from his sucking mouth sooner than he expected. Normally she'd demand that her boots were spotless before bringing his service to an end, but the fire-kissed Domina's libido was spiking and she had needs of her own.

She unzipped the front of her leather pants and re-positioned herself directly in front of Alex's face. Bethany raised her legs up on his shoulders and crossed them over his back. She grabbed his hooded head and brought it down into her steamy jungle. Her face was a picture of pure lust, frozen in an expression of carnal desire. She wore nothing under the thick leather pants. Her hot, quivering cunny was open to him.

Alex plunged into her pungent flesh with horny glee. He was immersed in her taste, her scent and the surrounding leather that was wet with her juices. It was a cocktail that drove him absolutely wild and he happily dove his tongue into her sex and began slurping and probing away.

Bethany's moans came short and breathy at first. Before long they transitioned to extended guttural noises as she threw her head back and tightened her thighs around the gimp slave's neck. Alex's world was leather and pussy as she squeezed his head between her legs and forced his face deeper.

* * * * *

An exhausted Alex awoke from a short nap and stared at the ceiling of Bethany's bedroom. He was still chained to the four corners of her bed. Alex had been bound there for hours now. She'd restrained him long before riding his cock to a fifth orgasm. She'd twisted his nipples and smacked his face no shortage of times. It was an intensely powerful climax and he'd never felt more drained; not even after his session with Brianna two nights ago.

He looked over at Bethany's clock radio. It read 12:32 AM. Four and a half hours since he'd arrived. She had fisted him, fucked him with two different strapon, spanked him endless times with a number of naughty implements, milked him and ridden him. Five down, one to go. The taste of his own cum and the flavor of his red-headed Domina were ever present in his mouth. It would remain so until he returned home and used an abundance of mouthwash.

Bethany had given him two breaks during their extended session. Both times he was let out of bondage to let the blood flow freely to his limbs and give him a chance to re-hydrate. Each time he relieved himself and prepared for more domination. He was completely spent. Out of cum and out of perspiration if his clammy suit was any indication. The wet leather encasing his body had seemingly absorbed every drop of moisture he had.

And yet, he knew Bethany would find a way to coax that last orgasm from him. She was beyond determined. More like obsessed.

“Hey! Look who's up from his little nappy!”

Speak of the she-devil. Bethany appeared from the hallway with an energy drink in hand. Although her makeup had run, she still looked amazing in the Cat Woman outfit. The little leather cat ears jutted up from the headband over her flowing, auburn locks. She appeared to be pretty drained herself, but nowhere near as much as Alex. Her beverage seemed to be giving her new life.

“Hello, Mistress. Sorry I passed out for a while.”

“It's ok. I needed a break too. You ready for the grand finale?”

Alex smiled. She had promised the last orgasm would be his favorite. He couldn't wait to find out what that meant. He raised his arms the short distance his chains would allow.

“Always ready for you, my sexy leather Domme.”

She responded with a throaty chuckle before downing the last of her drink and setting the can aside. Bethany moved to her toy chest and fished out the only implement she would need for the final act: a long, medium thickness, jelly-like black dildo. It had considerably more give than most phallic toys and

it expanded into a circular base with a short handle at the end. It was almost like a rubbery sword with a long drooping cock for a blade.

Bethany moved to the end of the bed and leaned forward. She unzipped Alex's ass flap for the umpteenth time and began feeding the long, gel-like sex toy into his asshole. After her lengthy strapon fuckings, the toy glided in with ease. Alex moaned as she plunged it in deep, his legs pulling on their bindings and rattling his chains. Soon the “pommel” was pressed firmly against his pucker and the slick length of rubber cock was sheathed inside him.

With a glint of mischief in her eyes and a wide grin, Bethany moved around the bed, climbed on and got into a 69 position with Alex. She made no effort to unzip or remove her leather pants. Alex gazed up at her shiny ass cheeks as Bethany got comfortable. She maneuvered her right hand under his leg and seized the handle of the gel-toy hilted in his cheeks.

“Alright, slut. You just worship my leather ass and let Mistress take care of the rest. Shake your chains if you need a breath.”

“Yes Mis-”

He was cut off as her exquisite derriere dropped on his slutty face. She wiggled her ass over his head several times, ensuring that he was well ensconced in her leather curves. As Alex's tongue went to work sliding up and down her leather lined crack, Bethany began sawing the toy in and out of his well-abused pucker.

The gel-cock was soothing compared to the other toys she'd used on him that night. As it slurped back and forth in his fleshy tunnel, muffled moans poured from Alex's lips; barely audible under the seal of his Mistress' demanding rear.

Bethany unzipped her submissive in the front and eyed his half-hard cock as her smooth rubber deep-dicking continued in his sphincter. She blew a cool breeze across the surface of his hot flesh which caused his cock to lurch and stiffen. Alex pulled on his bindings three times, yearning for fresh air in the prison of his Mistress' ass. She made him wait a few more seconds before lifting her cheeks off his face.

“You can do better than that, **slave!**” She called over her shoulder as Alex gulped in fresh air. “**CLEAN MY LEATHER ASS WITH YOUR SLUTTY GIMP TONGUE!**”

“Yes, Mistress!”

He barely got the words out before her shiny cheeks collapsed on him again. As Alex worshiped her succulent ass through the musty leather, Bethany quickened her pace with the toy. The gel-sword glommed in and out of his helpless rear with ease. His own cock rose to attention as the rubbery cock wand slid across his prostate pleurably. The gimp slave's arousal built steadily as Bethany kept him locked down, pinned under her ample cheeks and licking her crack with abandon.

Once Alex's pecker was pointed at the ceiling and leaking pre-cum, Bethany jammed the toy home and left it buried in his ass. His leather Mistress leaned down and slid her thick, glossy red lips over his pulsing manhood and began sucking him in earnest.

Alex moaned loudly into her smothering cheeks. All four of his limbs yanked on their chains, not out of a need for oxygen, but the sheer overwhelming pleasure of her multiple ministrations. Bethany pressed her ass down forcefully, pushing his face even further into the bed as he licked away in her leathery darkness. She worked her mouth up and down his hot length with vigor, getting a good taste of her leather gimp as his body squirmed below her.

He rattled his bonds yet again, desperate for air despite his reluctance to halt their play. Bethany lifted her ass and cool air rushed over his hooded face. She pulled her mouth off his cock with a wet, sucking pop. Alex was on the knife's edge. His final climax was close.

“I will lock you in that fucking suit for the rest of your **bitch** life! **THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?!?**”

“Yes, Mistress!” he answered in full sincerity.

“Then prove it to me! Cum you **fucking slut!!!**”

Her sweaty, saliva-strewn leather ass slapped down on his face again and Bethany swallowed his cock all the way to the balls in one smooth motion. Her right hand found the handle of the gel-toy once more and slurped it in and out of his over-stimulated boy pussy.

Alex grunted, tongued and panted in her depths as his entire body convulsed below her weight. He groaned loudly into her demanding rear as his cock exploded in Mistress' mouth. Bethany dropped the toy and grabbed his scrotum, kneading it as spurt after spurt of his jizzum flooded into her mouth.

She didn't swallow, but rather let it gather in her cheeks, sucking away as his essence packed into the fleshy nirvana of her exquisite mouth. When her mouth was full of warm seed, her lips slurped upward and her ass lifted off Alex's face. He got two fresh breaths before Bethany shifted and her face was on top of his, meeting him in a warm, gooey, cum drenched kiss.

His cock shot its last few spurts all over their leather clad bodies as she fed Alex his own sperm like a baby bird. She passed him as much of the thick paste as she possibly could, her tongue darting into his mouth and holding his down, dominating him utterly with their final, sensual act of the night.

After a full minute of tonguing and cum swapping, Bethany broke their kiss and rolled over on her back, stretching out at his side. She breathed deeply as the exhaustion of the marathon session caught up with her. Her body had been buzzing with dominant energy for hours; feeding her lust and humming with pleasure. Beth was a sweaty, cum-glazed mess and she was tired beyond measure, but she'd accomplished her goal. Now Alex would be her property once again, at least in part.

She propped her head up on one arm and looked over at her thoroughly drained slave. Alex's eyes peered back at her through the holes in his tight leather hood. They betrayed how tired he was but also sparkled with deep gratitude. She reached over and stroked his leather clad chest with her free hand, a wide smile on her face.

“Six” she announced victoriously.

* * * * *

Alex stood before his ebony Queen, completely naked with his hands clasped behind his back. It was Sunday night and he'd been ordered to report back to his Goddess after the lengthy session with Bethany.

Brianna stalked around him, her leather skirt swishing against her legs as her boots struck the floor. She flicked her crop at Alex intermittently, examining him from every angle and ensuring there were no permanent marks on her property.

“Did you have fun with Bethany?”

“Yes, Goddess! It was wonderful!”

“How many times did you climax?”

“Six.”

She stopped in her tracks. Brianna smiled deviously. She wasn't surprised at all. In fact, she'd wanted Bethany to succeed. Part of her worried that jealousy might become an issue, but none had materialized. In fact, she was surprised how much it turned her on to order Alex to serve at another woman's feet. Her only regret was that she'd been too busy to watch or take part.

“Good. It seems Bethany is a capable Domina after all. I can trust her to take care of you when I'm busy.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

She resumed stalking around him in a circle. Her eyebrows raised as she popped back into Alex's view.

“Does the thought of serving multiple women please you, slut?”

“Very much, Goddess Brianna!”

“Do you think you can handle it, long term?”

“I'll do my best, Goddess.”

Brianna snickered. “I'm sure you will.”

She walked to her counter, set her crop down and picked up Alex's cock cage. Brianna marched over to her naked slave, bent down, and quickly fastened and locked the metal prison around his flaccid member. She gave it a shake and a tug to make sure it was secure before rising back to her full height.

“I think you've had more than your fair share of orgasms this week. We'll leave this on for a while.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

Brianna retrieved her crop and marched to the couch. She lowered herself into it, the luxurious leather

creaking and rippling as she made herself comfortable. The sound was music to Alex's ears.

“Assume the position, slut. Over my knees.”

Alex walked to where Brianna was sitting and lowered himself down gently. His upper body slid onto the sofa at her side. Her strong legs were more than capable of supporting his torso. His bare naked ass hung off the side of her legs, shivering slightly in anticipation. Brianna brought her hand to his wounded cheeks and started groping and circling them gently.

“I gave you a wonderful gift last night, did I not?”

“Yes, Goddess Brianna!”

“It's time to show your gratitude. You will receive thirty spanks with the paddle and you will say 'Thank you' before calling out each one.”

Alex grimaced. His ass was still brutally sore from last night and Brianna was considerably stronger than Bethany. This was going to be rough, but he'd probably be loving it by the end.

“After that” Brianna continued. “You will wash the dishes, then sweep and mop the floors. When those tasks are complete, we'll see if I'm in the mood for a massage or some tongue worship. If not, you will go home.”

“Yes, Goddess!”

“Alright” Brianna said, reaching for the paddle on her end table. “Let's begin.”

SMACK

The leather paddle lambasted his already bruised ass and his naked body shook in her grasp.

“Thank you! One!”

SMACK

“Thank you! Two!”

* * * * *

A busy week of school flew by. Brianna was on her way home Friday afternoon when her phone chimed. She opened it and was excited to see an instant message from Amber. The buxom blonde wasn't someone she was tight with yet, but a friendship had begun developing.

Brianna had started a women's only Femdom group on Fetlife specifically for their university. Amber had been the first woman to join after Bethany. Once they shared their real identities, it was a happy coincidence that Brianna and Amber had a class together.

Over the last couple weeks they'd gotten to know each other. The feisty Dommies shared similar tales of discovering their kinky sides and the struggle to find suitable play partners who weren't creeps or posers. Brianna had way more success in that department was only too happy to offer Amber her aid.

FuriosaFatale: Heya! Is that offer to hook up with Alex still good? I'm gonna lose my mind if I don't find a play pet soon!

EbonyEmpressB: Hey kiddo! Yeah, it's still good. Have you gotten to know him yet?

FuriosaFatale: I've seen him around campus. He's cute. Seems nice.

EbonyEmpressB: How bout we get together for lunch some time? I could order him to serve you, regardless, but it might be better if you meet and greet first.

FuriosaFatale: Sounds good. Since he's your property, what are the rules?

EbonyEmpressB: Establish safe words. Respect his boundaries. No permanent marks. That's it.

FuriosaFatale: Awesome!

EbonyEmpressB: Oh, and he's only allowed to climax while being dominated. No vanilla shit.

FuriosaFatale: I think it's cute you let him climax at all. When he serves me, he won't be allowed to cum.