

## Submissive Cum Laude

### Chapter 1 – Mistress Bethany

It was a beautiful fall day as Alex made his way across the quad to the campus library. Beaming rays of sunshine took the sting out of the crisp air and leaves crinkled across the ground as a light wind blew them about. He unzipped his coat, relaxing it around his tall, lean frame. His nostrils inhaled the unique aroma that only a New England autumn could produce.

It had been an adjustment for Alex, moving across the pond to the states. The longer he was here the more benefits he noticed to being a young British man in “the colonies.” His accent afforded him an odd degree of respect that he never would've commanded at home. He had been complimented by no shortage of women who loved the sound of his voice.

Alex had done his best to curtail his use of typical British slang. He liked that people knew he was foreign, but he didn't want to stick out like a sore thumb. He was trying to fit in while still taking advantage of his “exotic” status. So far, he was having great success.

His mind should've been on the exam coming up, but that was impossible with so many beautiful young women around. Alex was confident he could charm almost any American lass, but in recent years he'd begun to realize he didn't want the girl next door.

Alex's eyes were magnetically drawn to women wearing leather boots. The effect multiplied if they were thigh highs. And it wasn't just boots, it was leather **anything**. Pants, jacket, you name it. If it was leather and it shined on a woman's body, Alex was fixated. It was all he could do not to stare and drool like an idiot.

He had slowly come to terms with the fact that he had an intense leather fetish. It started out as a curiosity, but now any pornographic material that didn't include women in leather no longer enticed him. For that matter, women who didn't wear leather and carry a certain assertive demeanor sparked no interest in him.

This made dating difficult for a young college lad, but Alex was content to bide his time. At his age, many men and women didn't know what they wanted yet. As his desires became clearer, he could at least count that knowledge as an advantage.

He banished these thoughts as he entered the library, waving to the librarian and smiling and nodding to several students as he passed. Alex shouldered his slumping backpack and headed for the back of the first floor where rows of computers were setup between long columns of bookshelves. He made his way to the furthest row back, hoping to find the solitude that would allow his mind to focus.

Alex picked a desk, set his things down, logged in and began surfing and studying his materials. Twenty minutes flew by as he allowed himself to become absorbed in his research. Everything was going well until he heard the voice of an angel.

“Oh, thank you! That's exactly what I was looking for.”

He looked up from his screen and saw a familiar body to go with the familiar voice. Her back was turned, but it was definitely Bethany. Beautiful Bethany with the long red hair that trailed down her back and the sweet, silken voice. She was a theater major, like Alex. They had read parts opposite each other a number of times. Each time it was a Herculean effort not to get lost in her shimmering eyes.

*'Oh my god!'*

Alex did a double take. She was wearing lovely leather boots; shiny blackness that framed her feet and dainty calves. The gleaming black boots terminated at her knees, but that wasn't where the eye candy ended. She was also sporting a luscious leather jacket to go with her delightfully tight blue jeans.

He was glad her back was turned as Bethany thanked the librarian and strutted off, books in hand. It allowed him to take a long look at her back and legs. He could almost hear the leather creaking as she walked away. He was instantly reminded of the Halloween party not long ago. Bethany had arrived in a full leather “Catwoman” costume and Alex had been spent most of the night gawking at her.

*“Dammit!”*

This is exactly what he didn't need while trying to prepare for a major test. He attempted to get back to his studies, but it was pointless. His stiffening cock was now tenting in his pants. Bethany had provided fetish fuel and now his mind was consumed by depraved thoughts.

Alex opened an image search tab and typed “leather bodysuit.” Thankfully, his desire was nothing the library's “safe search” restrictions would prevent him from viewing as long as his search terms weren't too explicit. Images of women in gleaming leather popped into view by the dozen. He scrolled down slowly, entranced by the banquet of female curves clad in shiny, sleek leather.

*'Why the fuck am I doing this? I can't even jerk off here! I really can't help myself, can I?!?'*

Shiny asses. Gleaming breasts. Glossy legs. Alex wanted them badly. He wanted to lick. He wanted to kiss. He wanted to worship. They commanded his gaze and he craved their touch and taste like nothing else on this Earth.

“Hey Alex! What ya lookin at?”

A jolt of terror surged through his body as he half-jumped in his chair. He fumbled with the mouse and quickly minimized the browser. It had been Bethany's voice and he turned to find her flashing him a devious grin.

“Beth! It's... good to see you.”

“It's nice to see you too, but that doesn't answer my question. What was that about?”

Her dark eyes shimmered with mischief.

“I... was looking for a gift. For... my mum.”

*'FUCK!'*

“Really? Does your mother usually dress like a dominatrix?”

Alex's cheeks burned like hot coals as his face went flush with embarrassment. He was caught red handed and there was no explanation that would sound reasonable other than the obvious truth that he'd been pervy on a library computer.

Bethany pulled out the chair from the desk next to Alex's and placed it adjacent to his. She plopped down on it before raising her legs one by one and placing her booted feet in his lap.

“You don't mind if I put my feet up, do you?”

Alex felt his heart rate tick up as the redness in his face deepened. He could feel one boot pressed gently against his rapidly hardening bulge. Alex could smell the leather clearly now. If he had been a tea kettle, there would've been steam shooting out of his ears and a shrill whistle piercing the quiet of the library.

“No... not at all.”

“Pull the browser back up, Alex.”

“I don't know if...”

“DO IT.”

It was a command and he obeyed it quickly. Bethany smiled as she observed the pictures more carefully.

“Mmmm... very nice. A few of these styles I already own. Others I'll need to add to my wardrobe.”

She began moving the boot closest to his crotch in a gentle back and forth motion, the leather sensually rubbing against the bulge in his pants.

“When I realized I'd forgotten a book and had to come back, I was annoyed, but now I'm very glad I did. Everything happens for a reason, right? Kiss my boots. Now.”

Alex's nerves spiked. He looked from side to side before bending down to comply.

“I already made sure the coast was clear” she admonished as he placed his lips on the side of her right boot and kissed it gladly. “Just do what you're told.”

He moved his mouth to her left boot and kissed even more deeply, his lips smacking on the leather and gathering a strong taste of her gleaming footwear.

“That's more like it. You know, I was thinking of asking you out after you spent all Halloween staring at me. That seems unnecessary, now that I know a little something about you.”

He sat in stunned silence as she began rubbing her boot against his crotch again. His overwhelmed state

betrayed his submissive desires. After many back and forth strokes, she lifted her feet from his lap and stood. It was a good thing, too, since Alex was seconds from cumming in his pants.

Bethany put her hands on her hips; the leather of her jacket gleaming in the overhead light as she looked down at him with a haughty expression.

“What are your plans tomorrow night?”

“Ummm, I don't think I have any.”

“You do now. You will meet me in the quad tomorrow at five o'clock. We're going to do a little shopping. Then you'll come back to my place and do everything that you're told. Understood?”

He swallowed involuntarily as he looked up at her. “Yes.”

Even Alex was surprised by how readily the answer passed his lips.

“Good. See you tomorrow then.”

She flashed him another grin before grabbing her bag and walking off. Alex watched her stride away, his gaze never leaving her well toned, leather clad body until she turned a corner and disappeared down one of the long aisles of books. He exhaled deeply once she was out of sight.

*'Holy shit! Did that really just happen?'*

Alex had acted out of pure lust, leaving him vulnerable in a public setting. It was a boneheaded thing to do, but it may have just paid off in the best way possible. He'd thought it might take years to find the right person to explore kink with, but Bethany had shattered that expectation.

He turned back to his studies, his heartbeat still slowing to its normal rhythm. He spent five minutes trying to resume his work before giving up completely. Forget about studying, he'd be lucky if he could focus during the test tomorrow.

Alex logged out, stood and grabbed his things. He made his way to the exit; his mind fixated on Bethany and his heart brimming with anticipation.

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It was a little over twenty four hours later and Alex found himself in a downtown sex shop called “Intimate Essentials.” Looking around, it seemed like they had a lot more than just the essentials. Sex toys, fetish outfits and bizarre bondage apparatus' of all kinds were on display.

Bethany seemed right at home as she led him around the store, her hand smoothing over many a toy and article of fetish clothing. She was dressed much as she had been the day before; she simply wore a different top under her leather jacket and her blue jeans had been replaced by tight, shiny, black leather pants.

Her selection was intentional, of course. She knew the effect it would have on him. Sure enough, Alex was finding it difficult to focus and/or breathe ever since meeting her in the quad. He followed her around like a puppy dog; still new to this world, but so happy to be in it.

“Are we looking for something in particular?” he piped up bravely.

“Yes. A proper outfit for you. I assume you don't own a bondage suit, yet?”

“Bondage suit?” he said with some apprehension. “No...”

Bethany turned to him, putting on her most seductive smile. “You enjoy seeing me in leather, don't you?”

“Well... yes” he admitted sheepishly.

“Mmmhmmm, and I want to see you in leather too. It's only fair, right?”

“I can't argue with that.”

“No need to play coy, Alex. You want this as much as I do. There's no hiding it.”

His face started to redden as he raised his right arm and rubbed the back of his neck nervously. Bethany could read him like an open book and her words were so commanding and full of confidence. It made him giddy in a way he'd never felt before.

Right on cue, a beautiful, dark skinned woman wearing a sleek, one piece black dress approached them, her heels striking the floor loudly with each step. “Hi there! I'm Kayla. Is there something I can help you find?”

“Yes” Bethany began as she turned to the eager clerk. “We're looking for something full body in his size. A basic bondage suit, but with quality leather. Also a hood, harness, mitts and some boots to go with it.”

The woman looked Alex up and down, nodding thoughtfully. “We should be able to take care of that, no problem. Today even!”

Alex braced himself. “How much is it going to cost?”

The young woman narrowed her eyes and looked up as she did some mental math. “For the gear she just mentioned? You'd be looking at something in the five to six hundred dollar range.”

Alex winced. The price of education in America was insane. His parents were paying his tuition, room and board but his books and miscellaneous expenses were on him. His part time job was barely keeping him afloat. He wanted this, but it would have to go on his credit card and he'd be paying it off for a long time.

Bethany sauntered closer to him, pressing her leather curves against his body suggestively. She raised one finger and slowly traced it down his chest. Her glossy, light gray eyes pierced his very soul and stripped him of all hesitation. “Just think of it as an investment in kinky adventure.” She reached her

other hand around and gave his ass a firm squeeze.

Kayla grinned knowingly as Alex reached for his wallet.

“You take Mastercard, yes?”

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They walked into Bethany's apartment and the lights flicked on. It was a basic, one bedroom flat. The place was well kept, neatly decorated and in one of the nicer complexes within walking distance of the campus. Bethany's family must have been well off.

After being fitted for his first ever set of fetish attire and paying for all the purchases, they had stopped at a sandwich shop and gotten a bite to eat. They'd talked of school and theater as if they hadn't just gone to a sex shop and acquired a gimp suit to be used hours later. It felt like a dream, and as they'd driven back to her place, Alex noticed both his arousal and nervousness increased every time he looked at the gorgeous red head.

Bethany closed and locked the door behind them. Alex didn't get much time to study his new surroundings.

“The bathroom is right over there” she said, pointing at it. “Take your new suit and boots and get dressed. Leave the other things; I'll help you with them after. You are to be completely nude in the suit, understand?”

“Yes.”

She looked annoyed. “Cmon Alex. You know how this works, don't you?”

Like a dunce, Alex had to think for a second, but he quickly realized what she meant. “Yes... Mistress?”

“Mistress, Leather Mistress and Mistress Bethany are all acceptable. What's not acceptable is forgetting to address me properly. I haven't collared you yet, so you won't be punished this time.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Bethany's eyes lit up with mischief as she smiled wickedly. They had barely begun and Alex could tell she was enjoying the power dynamic immensely.

“You're welcome. Now go. I'll be changing as well. If I finish first and you make me wait, you'll have earned your first punishment.”

Alex lowered his bag of purchases to the floor and quickly fished out his new boots. He shouldered the heavy garment bag containing his new suit and briskly walked to the bathroom. As he closed the bathroom door he saw his beautiful Domina walking to her bedroom, her ass cheeks gleaming in the succulent leather.

He set his boots on the toilet, laid the garment bag across the bathroom sink and unzipped it.

*'Alright, let's do this quick!'*

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex's pulse quickened as he pulled up the zipper on his leather top and sealed it under the leather flap with the small, metallic clasps that sank into place with a gentle click. The pants had been the hardest part to get on, but he was now covered from ankles to neck in thick, sensual leather. His feet, likewise, were encased in firm rubber. The leather felt cool on his skin and he was in love with the sensation.

The suit had built in wrist and ankle cuffs with D-ring anchor points and was much heavier than he had anticipated. It wasn't as weighty as a suit of armor but it was definitely more cumbersome than any regular clothes. He still had full range of motion, but the thickness of the suit demanded more effort to move. The smell of so much leather was absolutely intoxicating and Alex was already sporting a sizable stiffy in his shiny, leather trousers.

*'Ok, how long was I? Ten? Fifteen minutes? Time to see if I'm in trouble...'*

He opened the bathroom door and wasn't too surprised to find Bethany snapping a leather crop in her hands impatiently. A collar dangled from her grip and Alex had a feeling he knew where it was going.

Her dark, red hair was pulled back in an elegant pony tail and her modest curves were framed perfectly with a luscious leather corset. Bethany's arms were adorned with shiny, shoulder length gloves and her short boots had been traded in for leather thigh highs. They rippled up her legs deliciously, double layering her lower body over her irresistible leather pants.

Alex couldn't be bothered to worry about whatever punishment was coming. He was too busy trying to pick his tongue off the ground. She moved to him and began buckling the collar around his neck.

“You will wear this at all times when we're together in private. Maybe even when we're in public, depending on how things go...”

Alex felt a chill go down his spine as the leather implement was strapped around his throat. Her leather curves were pressed against his gimp suited form and his cock strained in the leather prison below.

Bethany stepped aside and pointed towards the living room with her crop.

“Over the end of the loveseat. Now.”

Alex followed her into the room and obeyed her at once. He bent himself over the IKEA couch, his gleaming, black suit painting a stark contrast with the soft, white fabric. He steadied his legs, his ass thrust up in the air as Bethany stalked behind him.

“If at any point I go too far, you say 'red.' If you are at your limit, but don't want me to stop, you say 'yellow.' Understood, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You get fifteen strokes for tardiness.”

**\*WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP\***

As her crop began to lash into his ass and leather sang on leather, Alex was surprised to find he didn't mind it. His thick suit absorbed some of the impact, and although each stroke stung a little more than the previous, it was strangely welcome.

He stood completely still, accepting each fresh lash into his leather clad cheeks with a growing sense of warm glee. He had never experienced anything like it in his life. It was growing more painful by the second, but it was... a good pain? As his first taste of discipline reached its end, Alex found himself wanting more.

“Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen!”

Bethany paced back and forth a few moments, letting the feeling of her blows sink in as her heels clacked on the floor.

“How did that feel, slave?”

“Very good Mistress! Thank you Mistress Bethany!”

“I'm pleased to hear it. I won't go easy next time. Stand up, turn around and get on your knees.”

As Bethany retrieved his bag of accessories, the leather locked submissive did as he was told. He lowered himself into a doggie crouch on the floor, looking up as she crossed back to him.

“I said knees, not hands and knees.”

Alex pushed himself up into a kneeling position immediately, straightening himself and placing his hands behind his back.

“Better.”

She went to work putting the finishing touches on his bondage suit. The leather hood slipped over his head and was tucked into his collar before being buckled and locked in place. The thick leather mitts were pulled over his hands and likewise attached to the anchors on his suit, making them impossible for him to remove on his own.

The elaborate leather harness was strapped and buckled into place around his shoulder and torso, a large O-ring connecting the straps across his chest. The leather bindings would give her something to grab onto or clip attachments to during whatever other activities his leather Goddess had planned.

Her work complete, Bethany moved back a few paces to examine her fully attired gimp.

“Excellent. Now crawl to me. My boots need shining.”

Alex placed his hands back on the floor and began walking forward on hands and knees. His breath came fast and ragged as he closed in on her glossy, shiny calves, the smell of both their leather outfits driving him absolutely crazy with lust. She looked down at him sternly.

“What are you waiting for? Put that filthy tongue to work.”

He pressed his face forward gladly and began bathing her sexy legs in long swaths with his eager tongue. His saliva smeared all over the shiny blackness, his mouth getting more of the pungent taste of her leather with each slow, blissful lick. Alex was in heaven as he painted her boots up and down, his lips smacking on the supple material as his Goddess watched from above and flexed her crop.

“Very good, now the other one.”

Alex switched to her other boot and began licking with equal enthusiasm. He let out a light moan as she placed the heel of her first boot on his back, keeping him pressed down as he slobbered away on her shiny thigh high.

“What a fucking slut you are, Alex. I really hit the jackpot, didn't I? You're going to do any goddamn thing I say. All for the privilege of kissing and licking my fucking boots! Isn't that right, slave?”

“YES LEATHER MISTRESS BETHANY!”

“That's what I thought. And I bet there's something you'd like to lick and kiss even more?”

“Mistress?”

“There's a part of me you'd like to worship even more than my legs. Isn't there? **SAY IT SLAVE!**”

“Yes Mistress! Your ass Mistress!”

Bethany tilted her head back and cackled, her raucous laughter echoing through the living room. Her heel dug into his back harshly as he continued to polish her other boot with his increasingly raw tongue.

“Wow! You've could've said my pussy or even my breasts, but you said my **ASS**. It's good to know I have an eager ass licker on my hands! I'll keep that in mind.”

**\*WAP\***

She slashed the crop fiercely against his rear without warning.

“That's enough, slave. Follow me. It's time to **really** make you my bitch.”

Alex's heart pounded in his chest as he trailed behind his glorious Goddess on hands and knees. The leather of his restrictive suit creaked with each crawl forward; his eyes locked on the lovely leather boots that he wished his tongue was still bathing. Alex was deeply in “sub space” for the first time and he'd never been more turned on.

The true nature of his fetish and submissive desires was being made clear to him today. He'd known

these things were a part of him for a while, but until now he'd had no idea how powerfully and suddenly they could captivate him. Alex realized he would do virtually anything Bethany asked, without question. Not only would he obey her commands, he would take perverse pleasure in every act of submission.

He could feel the texture of the floor change from hard wood to soft carpet even through his thick mitts. They marched into her bedroom a few paces before Bethany turned and spoke.

“Get up and bend over the bed, slut boy! Spread those legs!”

Alex rose to find himself near her neatly made double bed. It was raised fairly high, so it didn't take much effort to slide his body onto her peach toned duvet. As his ass dangled over the side and he pushed his feet outward to find equilibrium with the floor, he began to wonder if her choice of bed frame hadn't been specifically for this activity.

“Hands behind your back!”

Alex complied and he felt Bethany grabbing him by the wrist cuffs of his suit. She linked them together with a metal snap clip, locking his arms behind him.

**\*SMACK SMACK\***

She delivered a stinging, open palm slap to both of his ass cheeks before sauntering around the bed and coming back into view. Alex watched as she opened her closet and extracted a large rubber storage tub. She opened the lid and began gathering the toys she wanted.

In no time at all she was donning a strapon harness with a thick, flesh colored cock. He couldn't be sure, but it looked to be seven or eight inches long. Alex gulped as he watched her stroke it. He knew this would be part of any Femdom relationship, but he'd never tried anal play before. He just hoped she was gentle for his first time.

Bethany's smile turned impish and her eyebrows raised as she continued stroking her fat length of rubber cock meat. She reached down into her tub of goodies and extracted a bottle of lube before walking back to Alex's rear.

“Do you want my cock, slave?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Bethany unzipped the back of his leather pants, exposing his ass to the cool air.

“Do you think it would matter even if you said 'no'?”

“No Mistress!”

She uncapped the bottle and began dousing her fingers with the slimy liquid. Her leather gloves shined with the syrupy lube.

“And why is that, slave?”

“Because slaves do what they're told, Mistress!”

She pressed her index finger to his virgin back door and pushed it in firmly. Alex gritted his teeth and grunted as his pucker gave way to her invading digits.

“**Very** good answer. A proper submissive does what he's told, even if he doesn't always like it. That's your lot in life. I'm so pleased I don't have to teach you the basics! We can skip right to the **FUN**.”

She inserted a second greasy, leather clad finger into his yielding hole and Alex yelped. He bit his tongue as she began working her fingers in and out smoothly. Soon she added a third finger and he groaned in pain. It was tight and harsh at first, but the longer Bethany pistoned them in and out, the better it felt.

“Beg for it, slave.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!”

**\*WAP\***

He felt the sting of her crop on the left side of his torso.

“You can do better than that!”

“**PLEASE MISTRESS! MY COCK HUNGRY HOLE NEEDS TO BE FUCKED SO BADLY!!!**”

Bethany pulled her fingers from his now loosened pucker. Lube leaked out of his fleshy ring in gooey dribbles.

“Well, if you're going to ask so nicely...”

She tossed her crop on the bed, seized the lube and squirted it all over her strapon like ketchup on a hot dog. She gave it a few strokes, ensuring the fat length was coated nicely before closing in on his waiting ass. Without hesitation, she brought the tip to his pucker and pushed her hips forward firmly.

“**AHHHHHH!!!!**”

Alex's eyes closed. He groaned through his teeth and pulled on his shackled hands involuntarily as Bethany sank her cock deep in his spongy depths. Alex almost said 'yellow', but he took the pain and maintained his composure somehow. He didn't want to disappoint his new Mistress as she claimed his anal virginity. Bethany didn't stop until the base of her strapon was touching his cheeks, the balls of the rubber monster pressed against his scrotum firmly.

“Very good, slut! Now just relax and breathe...”

She began pulling her hips back and thrusting her lube slick weapon into his anal walls; slowly at first. Alex couldn't believe how incredibly tight it was or how much he enjoyed the sensation of being taken by a dominant woman. His rock hard cock was dripping pre-cum all over the inside of his leather pants.

After a few careful strokes to open him up, Bethany picked up her pace. She thrust in and out a little faster and began to establish a rhythm. She reached forward and seized the back of his harness. Holding it like a water ski handle, she leaned back and pulled on his bindings for leverage. Each aggressive pull and forceful fuck tightened the leather harness around Alex's body. The tugging sensation was always followed by her fat length of cock meat burrowing into his sensitive tunnel.

“How does it feel, slut? You like a big, fat cock up your ass?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“I knew you would, you fucking perv.”

She started slamming his ass much harder as their dirty talk progressed. The strapon slurped loudly in and out of Alex's pucker as the bed creaked with each powerful thrust. His body rocked back and forth as Bethany fucked him like a woman possessed.

**“WHO OWNS YOUR ASS!?”**

“You do, Leather Mistress Bethany!!!”

**“YOU'RE A FILTHY LITTLE LEATHER PERVERT FUCK BOY! AREN'T YOU???”**

**“YES MISTRESS!!!”**

She railed her hips into his well beaten ass and balls for several more minutes before finally coming to a halt. She reached below with her left hand, pulled his zipper down a bit further, reached into his pants and seized his rock hard penis with her gloved hand. Bethany began stroking it back and forth smoothly, the leather gliding up and down his warm rod. His cock was already slick with pre-cum and her gloves felt heavenly on his tender glans.

“Cum for me, slave! Cum with a nice, big dick in your ass!”

Alex moaned loudly. The clip between his shackled hands rattled as he pulled on his bindings. His feet squirmed in the leather boots. His legs had nowhere to go as her powerful thighs held him open. She increased the pace of her strokes, masturbating him fast and hard as he writhed in his bondage.

**“CUM IN MY LEATHER HAND YOU SISSY GIMP WHORE!!!”**

Creamy cum erupted from his shaft as Alex wailed in orgasm and Bethany continued her back and forth strokes. She brought her palm to his tip several times, gathering as much of his nougat filth on her glove as she possibly could. She milked him for all he was worth, gooey spunk spilling out all over her leathery grip.

After he had shuddered and spurted many times, Bethany released his cock and stepped back, her girthy strapon slurping out of his packed asshole with a wet pop.

She quickly walked around the bed and hopped onto the surface; parking herself in front of him. The leather glove was brought to his mouth immediately. Bethany inserted two cum slathered fingers into his yielding lips with wild eyes and excitement in her voice.

“Lick! Suck them clean!”

She worked the fingers in and out of his mouth forcefully. Alex sucked the warm, gooey jizz off her leather clad fingers gladly. He slurped his tongue all around the leathery digits, moaning like the depraved slut he was.

Satisfied that her fingers were clean, she pulled them from his mouth and then placed the palm of her hand to his waiting tongue. It was completely covered in sticky webs of his baby batter. Alex swabbed his tongue across the surface, wanting so badly to taste the leather underneath his pungent seed. She grabbed the top of his hood in an iron grip and moved her palm and forearm all over his slutty mouth.

“That's it! Every drop! You will lick until my glove is spotless!”

As Alex tongued away and cleaned her lovely leather, Bethany began outlining their plans for the rest of the evening. He felt completely drained, but his Domina was just getting started. Their play would go on for hours as Alex got his first full lesson in leather slavery.

He would continue to see Bethany for several months and have many intense encounters with the burgundy haired beauty. Bethany was his first Femdom girlfriend. His first teacher in the world of kink. And she would always have a special place in his slutty, submissive heart.

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