

Submissive Cum Laude

Chapter 4 – Madam Amber

HONK HONK

Alex looked up from his phone. He'd been waiting in the campus courtyard for almost a half hour. There was Amber, grinning and waving from her red, 2002 Camero convertible. It was late spring and a warm breeze blew across the concourse. It was the perfect day for a drive with the top down and the beautiful blonde in shades was clearly loving it.

He pocketed his phone, hoisted his backpack, took up his garment bag and made his way to the waiting vehicle. As he approached the curb, he tossed both in the back seat before opening the sleek rally-red door and sliding in. Amber took a long drink from her stainless steel water bottle before greeting him.

“Hey there! Sorry I'm late. I was in a study group and it went longer than I expected.”

“No worries” Alex replied cheerfully.

Amber had wonderful curves and they were all in the right places. Her long, blonde hair was pulled back in a thick ponytail. Her ample cleavage, at least D-cups by Alex's estimation, were highlighted in a silky, scarlet top. Her blue jeans outlined a shapely ass and led down to knee-high brown leather boots that made Alex weak in the knees.

She wasn't dainty like Bethany or a diva like Brianna. Amber was somewhat more aloof. When he'd met her last week at their luncheon meet-and-greet, she'd been downright shy. Perhaps that was due to Brianna's presence; not wanting to be too forward with another woman's submissive, but Alex got the distinct impression the “Ice Queen” persona was simply her style of domination.

Amber's passions didn't reveal themselves in an outward, vivacious way. They resided in her eyes. Dark, brown orbs that shimmered with ruthless intelligence and spoke wordlessly with great clarity: *I could own you in a second if I wished.* Many men would call this smug conceit or being “uppity.” For Alex, it was nothing but the unvarnished truth.

“Nice ride” he commented, looking around the fancy vehicle.

“Thanks” she replied as she pulled away from the curb. “It was a graduation present from my parents. Wasn't new, mind you! My father fixed it up for me. My family isn't rich. Not like some of the girls here.”

“Yeah, now that you mention it, I've begun to feel like a pauper among nobles.”

“Right? I'm just hoping I can afford graduate school when the time comes.”

“You live off campus?”

“Yup. Got my first apartment last fall. Two years in the dorms was plenty for me.”

“I hear that! I can't wait to get my own place, but I need to put a bit more in the bank first.”

They cruised down several long streets, leaving the college far behind them. Alex tried his best not to ogle the beautiful blonde too much as she drove, but it was difficult to say the least. Amber scanned the mini-mall to their left and hit her turn signal as they pulled up to a stop light.

“Alright, I have an important question I need you to answer right now, because we're gonna do a little shopping on the way home.”

“Sure...” Alex replied, having no idea where this was going. He'd brought his own kinky attire and he couldn't imagine what else they'd need.

“Are you a good cook?” she said with a sly grin.

“Cook?”

“Yes, you're going to make me dinner. So I need to know what you can cook.”

“Ummm... pasta? Mac and cheese? Sub sandwiches?”

Amber snickered. “Is that it?”

Alex put on a silly smirk and shrugged. “Hotdogs?”

The curvy blonde rolled her eyes. “Spaghetti it is. You can handle a salad and some garlic bread, I presume?”

“I'll do my best.”

When the light turned green, Amber pulled into the parking lot and headed for the grocery store. This time it was Alex who spoke first.

“So, how should I address you tonight?”

“I'm not really into the 'Yes Mistress', 'No Mistress' stuff, if that's what you mean. If I say 'Understood?' or demand a reply, you will address me as 'Madam' or 'Domina', but I'd prefer you just do what I say without speaking.”

Amber glanced his way with a look of strict appraisal. He almost said '**Yes, Domina**' reflexively, but closed his mouth and nodded at her instead.

“You learn quickly. Good.”

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They walked into Amber's apartment and she immediately crossed to the kitchen counter and set down the groceries. The large brown paper bag contained pasta, vegetables and a fresh loaf of Italian bread, among other things. Alex had offered to carry it along with his garment bag and overnight bag, but she had no use for the old fashion "groceries only take one trip" macho routine. She'd grabbed them up without hesitation and rolled her eyes again.

Alex had a quick look around and gauged his new surroundings. It was a one-bedroom, but fairly spacious. The main room contained an entertainment center and a few plants to go with her sparse furnishings. The walls were lined with framed impressionist artwork. He noted she might be into Eastern mysticism to some degree, based on her collection of little statues and the mini incense altar.

"Should I get dressed?" Alex asked, holding up his garment bag as Amber walked back to him.

"No. Give it here."

Alex handed it to her and she immediately tossed it on the sofa behind her.

"You'll need to earn your leather tonight, gimp boy. For now, you'll be naked. And at all times you'll be focused on the most important thing... me."

She reached out for his shoulder bag and he handed that over as well. Amber tossed it next to the couch before turning back to him.

"Take off your clothes. All of them. Now."

A shiver of anticipation went down Alex's spine. This was going from zero to sixty real fast.

"Your safe word is **halt**. If you're in trouble or I'm violating a boundary, don't hesitate to use it. Understood?"

"Yes, Madam."

As he disrobed piece by piece and tossed his clothing on the floor, Amber marched off to her bedroom. She returned swiftly holding a studded leather collar, some wrist cuffs and a short double-ended metal snap hook.

Alex could see the lust in her eyes as she stalked back to his naked form. Her boot heels struck the hardwood floor authoritatively. Amber's hunger to take control was obvious. Her craving for domination was even greater than his desire to be in sub space. She needed it more. Based on what Brianna had told him, it had been a while since she got to indulge.

"Put these on" she instructed, handing him the wrist cuffs.

He worked the thick leather straps around his wrists snugly and buckled them securely as she walked behind him and began threading the collar around his neck. She pulled it tight, then loosened it slightly before working the metal clasp into its locked position. Alex could hear her breath grow heavier as her breasts pressed against his body.

“Hands behind your back” she spoke into his ear before stepping back. He complied and she quickly attached the snap hook to the metal D-rings on both cuffs. His hands were now locked inches apart. His arms were disabled.

She circled around him, appraising her naked slave from all angles. Amber gave only a quick, cold glance at his limp cock below. She returned her gaze to his eyes and started undoing the buttons on her shirt. Soon the scarlet top was off. She tossed it aside and it hung from the end of the couch with his garment bag. The lusty lioness reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. It peeled away gently and dropped to the floor. Alex's eyes went wide as saucers as her magnificent milky-white breasts were revealed.

“Let's see if that nimble tongue of yours is good for anything but talk.”

She crooked her finger, beckoning him forth and Alex eagerly moved to comply. Amber reached out for the single O-ring hanging from his collar and pulled his head down as he got closer. She tugged him until he was bent over slightly, his bound arms sticking straight out behind him and his mouth perfectly aligned with her left breast.

“Worship them.”

They were the last words he would hear for ten minutes as she grabbed both sides of his head and pulled his mouth over the first of her soft, pink aerolas. Alex put his lips, tongue and the sides of his mouth to work as he inhaled her ample mound and sucked on it lovingly.

It didn't take long for her moans to arrive, increasing in frequency as Alex traced his tongue around her nipple and sucked on it greedily. Her pleased groans became louder when he applied gentle suction around the whole of her plush, peachy patch and slurped on her breast with vigor.

“Yes! More!!!”

He repeated the motion, worshiping her breast with wet, sucking sounds and gentle caresses of his saliva drenched tongue all over her sensitive flesh. Before he knew what happened, Amber had ripped his mouth from her left breast and moved him to her right, demanding the same treatment for her other milky mound.

She kept his head locked over her breast until she was satisfied he was zeroed in. Then she released him, placing one hand on her hip and massaging her unattended breast with the other. Her moans got louder as Alex focused all his oral skill on her silky cone of flesh. The dual stimulation revved her libido to the red zone. Soon, Amber's sex was wetter than the bottom of the Santa Maria.

Alex's face was pulled from her heavenly mounds again, only to be yanked forward as she grabbed his collar by the metal ring sternly.

“Over here!” she commanded. Her words were frenzied. Needy.

She pulled him to the edge of the sofa, grabbed his garment bag and laid it down along the center of the cushions. Amber released him temporarily to unbutton her jeans and shimmy out of them. They were tossed aside and her panties followed directly. She turned and laid down, using his garment bag as protective layer for her couch. She pulled Alex with her by his collar.

With her help, he lowered himself down gently, going face first into her wet, steamy jungle. Her well trimmed landing strip of blonde hair guided him into the hangar and Alex began lapping away at her vulva, his tongue going wherever her hungry hands guided his face.

She wrapped her legs around his back like a black widow spider, pressing his locked arms down firmly. The delirious Domme began moaning again as his tongue traced the outline of her sex in between gentle glides into her sopping cunny. She pulled his face ever more firmly into her needy sex, demanding thorough worship at her sacred temple. Alex lapped and tongued her to oblivion, muttering fluid drenched nothings into her gushing quim.

Her moans came low at first, but quickly escalated. The sucking of her breasts had gotten her halfway there, and it didn't take long to bring her to the brink. Alex zeroed in on her clit, lapping his tongue around it in smooth circles. As her body grew more tense and her moans turned into yells, he knew he'd found the proper technique. He continued lapping around her pleasure button in gentle swaths as her excitement multiplied.

“Ohhhhh.... OHHHHHH!!! OHHHFUUUCCCCCKKK! YEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!”

Amber wailed in pleasure, her hands white-knuckle gripping his ears. Her legs tightened around his body as a jet-stream of pungent squirt erupted in Alex's face. Her body contorted and her moans renewed over and over as he circled her pulsing clit with his tongue. His nonstop ministrations overloaded her body with euphoric bliss as the blonde Goddess screamed out a lengthy climax.

Once her writhing and squirting finally came to an end, they laid in a heap for a while, breathing hard. Alex's face was drenched and her juices had smeared all over his garment bag below. It would carry her scent until he gave it a ridiculously thorough cleaning or replaced it outright. Alex didn't care. He was reasonably sure he'd made a good first impression.

“I see you've had practice.”

Alex said nothing, since he hadn't been prompted.

She looked down at him haughtily, her legs still clasped around his bound form.

“Thank me for the immense honor you've just been given, slut.”

“Thank you, Domina, for allowing me to worship your amazing body!”

Amber chuckled. “Acceptable, I suppose.”

She released his flanks, lifting her legs over his body and standing from the couch. Alex lay in a wet mess as she purred pleurably, The disdainful Domme stretched her limbs and retrieved her panties. She put them back on before turning to him.

“I'm going to unlock you and you're going to clean up this mess. Then, for your next trick, you're going to make me a lovely Italian feast.”

* * * * *

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

Alex stood in the kitchen, his meal prep well underway. He was naked as the day he was born, aside from the collar and wrist cuffs he still wore. He chopped and diced the vegetables, preparing a salad for dinner. Despite the plethora of aromas they produced, he could smell and taste little but Amber. He'd been allowed to rinse his face off, but it wasn't the same as gargling with mouthwash. He wondered if the lingering juices of his latest female dominant would overpower even the spaghetti sauce.

'Ok... Finish making the salad. That goes in the fridge to chill. Then prepare the garlic bread. Into the oven. She said 350 degrees, right? Then start on the spaghetti and sauce...'

As he tried his best to keep his mental checklist straight, Amber was in the background, taunting him constantly. She'd changed into a tight, light-blue lycra top that exposed her midriff nicely and shiny, black yoga pants. She went through her motions in the center of the living room, teasing him from a distance. Her shapely body bent into all kinds of enticing shapes and poses as Amber breathed deeply and a relaxing instrumental played in the background.

It was pure torture to Alex and he knew that was her plan. His cock stood at attention, bobbing and pulsing with each transition the buxom blonde pushed her curvy body through. In the back of his mind, Alex was terrified he might drop the sharp pairing knife and nick himself. Or worse.

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

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They sat at the modest, two-person table with a sumptuous meal around them. Amber added some Italian dressing to her salad bowl before diving in with her fork. She ate a few forkfuls before nodding thoughtfully and moving to the spaghetti. Alex dug in as well. He was quite famished and very much interested to see if anything would replace the taste of pussy juice lingering in his mouth. So far, the battle between food and sexual fluids was a stalemate.

He was pretty sure he overcooked the pasta slightly, but other than that, things had turned out quite well. Or at least, Alex thought so. He knew Amber would weigh in any second and then he'd know for sure. If there's one thing he'd learned in their short time together, she was never afraid to make her opinion known on virtually any topic.

“Not bad. You're no five star chef, but it passes muster.”

Alex nodded respectfully.

Amber giggled. “You may speak freely during our meal. After dinner, it's back to Domina and slave.”

“Thank you. I'm glad you approve.”

“I take it you don't do a lot of cooking?”

“No, I eat at the cafeteria most days. Or grab a bite out somewhere. The only thing I have at the dorm is a microwave and a mini fridge.”

“Hmmm, probably for the best then. The cafeteria isn't exactly a bastion of healthy options, but it's better than microwave burritos every day. I swear, that's what half of you guys would do if you had to fend for yourselves.”

Alex laughed. “You are no doubt correct.”

Amber picked up her glass of cold spring water and drank deeply before leaning back in her chair. “At our first meeting, Brianna pointed out that we both have an interest in theater. That's your major, yes?”

“Yeah. In fact, I was putting the final touches on our latest play in front of the library this afternoon.”

“Alex the playwright?” Amber set down her glass and offered some light applause. “Very nice. What's it about?”

“Oh, it's nothing big... It's going to be a surprise though. At our next Midnight Theater.”

“Midnight Theater? Why haven't I heard of this?”

“Unless you spend a lot of time in the drama department, you wouldn't have. It's a special performance we do on occasion. We sneak in at night and do a one-time show for a students-only audience. Since it isn't officially sanctioned, things can get pretty risqué.”

Amber swallowed down a mouthful of spaghetti before chuckling. “Interesting... I suppose I wasn't clued in because I'm only a theater minor. Still, that sounds like fun. I hope I'm invited to your next one?”

“I'll make sure to give you a heads up. Brianna will too. It's definitely relevant to your interests.”

They returned to eating for a bit, exchanging contented glances in between mouthfuls of food. The pair sucked down spaghetti, crunched on fresh salad and indulged in some slices of hot garlic bread.

Amber pointed to the foil wrapped loaf. “You can take home whatever's left. I can't eat all that bread! Goes right to my ass.”

Alex nodded. “I'll be happy to, thanks. So, you're a poli-sci major, right?”

“Yup. The first two years was the usual stuff almost everyone takes, but now it's starting to get interesting. In the third year you finally delve into some social science and political theory. I'm thinking of adding a pre-law concentration next year.”

“Ah, so this is your path to law school.”

“I haven't fully decided yet, but I'm leaning that way. If I can keep my grades up and find a way to finance a JD.” She grinned wickedly “The thought of taking down rich and powerful men with nothing

but my mind and voice certainly appeals to me.”

“I'm sure you'll do exactly that, if it's what you really want.”

“And what about you, Alex? What are your plans once you have a degree in theater?”

“I don't know, to be honest. I'm just kind of feeling things out. Doing what seems interesting and following my passions.”

“In more ways than one, I see.”

“Yeah, it's brought me some interesting revelations in the last year. I'm finding myself fulfilled in a way I don't think any job is going to match.”

“Well, if you don't find what you're looking for in Hollywood or Broadway, you can always utilize your other talents. Maybe a high-power female attorney will hire you as her pool boy and personal pleasure slave?”

Alex's smile grew wide as Amber drank from her glass and eyed him salaciously.

“That would be just fine with me.”

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SHHHUUURRRRRRRACK

Amber's sliding closet door rolled open and Alex was instantly bathed in the smell of leather. There were a few leather coats hanging among her outfits, but the real treasure trove was found below. Half a dozen pairs of leather boots gleamed in the bedroom light peeking into the closet. Short boots, knee highs, thigh highs. She had a couple pairs of each.

The hairs on Alex's arms stood on end. His saliva ran freely in his mouth. His heart beat steadily increased. He wanted to dive into them. His denial was swift and merciless.

Amber grabbed his O-ring and yanked him back from the closet. She pointed at her dresser.

“You'll find a a bottle of leather polish and a set of cloths over there. You are to condition all my leather boots. Make them supple and shiny.”

She tugged his collar again until Alex's gaze returned to her.

“You are **NOT** to kiss, lick, fondle, caress or do anything but polish and restore those boots! If I catch you doing anything more, I will be very disappointed and your punishment will be harsh. Understood?”

Alex swallowed. “Yes, Madam Amber.”

“Good. Now get shining!” She nudged him toward the dresser before reaching into the closet and

retrieving a garment bag of her own. "I'll be back in a bit."

Amber sauntered off, her blonde pony tail bobbing and the garment bag rustling behind her. Alex picked up the tools of his new trade and lowered his naked body to the floor in front of her closet. He reached in and selected the first boot. He inhaled deeply. At least he had the smell. She didn't say he couldn't enjoy that.

Was Amber the cruelest of the three women he'd served? Maybe. It seemed hard to believe she could claim that mantle already, but the evidence was mounting. She had denied him indulgence of his fetish twice in their first session. Then there was the yoga tease. She was getting off on Alex **not** getting off.

He opened the bottle of "Leather Honey" and poured a little on the cloth. He rubbed the conditioner into the first boot, watching the lovely brown material soften, moisturize and take on a brighter sheen. His every impulse begged him to go further, but he controlled himself somehow. This was torture and Amber knew how to make it more painful than any paddle or crop.

RUB RUB RUB RUB

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Alex was rubbing liquid shine into the final pair of boots when he heard footfalls approach. They stopped in the doorway and he turned, looking up from his task. His mouth dropped open, completely awestruck.

Amber was clad in shiny, form-fitting purple latex from her neck all the way down to her knees. Black leather boots took over from there, outlining her shapely calves and dainty feet. She'd let her hair down for the first time since they'd met. It tumbled in a voluminous blonde wave, surrounding her head and reaching just past her ample breasts. The only opening in the tight bodysuit was a cut-out that exposed a bit of her cleavage and her upper chest. She even had a matching purple belt that slid tightly around her waist, clasped with a circular metal buckle.

"You and Brianna aren't the only ones who enjoy fetish clothes" she stated matter-of-factly.

He hadn't been given permission to speak, so Alex kept on staring, tracing her heavenly form up and down. He suddenly felt like the luckiest man on Earth.

Amber put her hands on her hips and looked down at him with an aura of pure superiority. "You may pay me a compliment, slave. Just one. Make it good."

Alex's mind scrambled for the words that would please her most. He had a pretty good idea the kind of Domme she was now, so it only took him a few moments. He slid into a kneeling position and bowed his head.

"I am unworthy to be the slave of such a glorious beauty. The memory of this night will be a treasure I carry in mind, forever."

"Hmph..." she chirped in smug satisfaction. "Honeyed words from a slutty little bard. I approve."

She strode into the room and cast her gaze toward the pile of freshly shined boots.

“You've done well. You can finish the last pair later. Stand up and get on the bed.”

Alex moved to comply, rising and walking to the large bed at the side of the room. It looked, appropriately, Queen sized and was covered in a thick, black rubber sheet; a fact that hadn't escaped his notice while he cleaned her footwear. It was his first indication that Amber had a rubber fetish to go with her Femdom temperament.

She picked up a large bottled water from her desk and took a deep swig before pointing at the bed. “Lie down in the center, on your back. Put your hands above your head.”

Alex crawled onto the thick, shiny sheet. The rubber gripped his naked flesh as he shuffled forward on hands and knees. No sooner had he turned over and gotten into position that Amber approached his feet with a long spool of bondage rope.

She coiled the rope around his ankles swiftly, hog-tying them together before looping it back over and under the bindings she'd created. It was then fed through the metal frame at the foot of the bed and tied off harshly.

Alex was practically salivating as he watched the latex Goddess work, wondering what she had in store for him. Amber looked powerfully aroused, her fires stoked by the tight cling of latex and her total power over him. He could see her nipples poking through the shiny, purple rubber.

The blonde Domina retrieved her snap-hook and made her way to the front of the bed. She pulled Alex's hands through the metal prongs of the headboard and bound his wrist cuffs together on the other side. Amber grabbed the headboard firmly and stood up on the bed. She stepped over her captive's body carefully as her boots sank into the rubbery bedding. The creaking and stretching of latex was audible as she got into place over his torso.

Alex had an incredible view of her rubber-clad curves, towering over him. She turned slightly and spoke to him over her shoulder.

“Your safe word will be useless during this session. If you're in trouble, rattle your restraints against the headboard.”

Amber reached behind and pulled her bottom zipper down slowly. Her wonderfully round, flawless peach-toned ass crept out of the bodysuit as the latex peeled away gently.

“Please me, slut.”

That was all the instruction Alex got before she lowered her bulbous ass onto his face. His head was ensconced in freshly-bathed ass with the taste and scent of latex clinging to it. Alex extended his tongue and went to work immediately, only too happy to worship the blonde bombshell as she shimmied atop his face and sealed him in her cheeks.

Amber sighed in bliss as his wet flesh traced her crack below. His slurping tongue bathed her nerve endings in pleasure. The eager Domina cooed and breathed deeply as she pressed him firmly into the

rubber bedding.

Alex's cock began to rise below. She reached down and seized it with her latex fingers and began stroking it gently. Alex murmured in her ass, his slurps and sucks becoming more enthusiastic. Amber teased him for a few more strokes before releasing his growing erection.

SLAP

Her fingers smacked downward into Alex's defenseless scrotum and he squealed into the cavern of her ass. Amber pressed her weight down on him even more firmly, waiting for his shaking and whimpers to subside before she lifted her rear from his trapped face.

She turned to the side and smiled wickedly. "You want to cum? Is that it, slave?"

"Yes, Domina!!!"

"TOUGH SHIT! That's not why you're here! Be glad you're not mine forever, or you'd be in chastity for the rest of your **bitch life!**"

Amber got back in position and dumped her saliva strewn ass on his waiting face. She began humping her cheeks across his mouth and nose, plowing herself backward and moaning lightly as he worshiped her bottom with excited fervor.

Despite her abuse of his nethers, Alex's cock surged again, continuing to fill with blood. Amber stared at it contemptuously.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Two light swats to his cock and another firm smack to his balls sent lightning bolts of pain zapping through Alex's body. He spasmed on the bed, his legs pulling on the thick ropes and finding no give. He almost rattled the chain on his wrist-cuffs and tapped out, but held on, absorbing her punishment. He was enjoying the feast of her ass way too much to halt play and risk disappointing her.

The latex Domina's libido surged, her body buzzing with pleasure as she fed on his pain and willing submission to her forceful, smothering ass. Amber moaned loudly, tracing her body up and down. She used one hand to play with her breasts as the other steadied herself and she continued to aggressively hump her slave.

Alex's world was darkness and ass. Her crack slid up and down his face forcefully. Her succulent starfish paused only briefly over his mouth so he could feed his eager tongue into her fleshy hole and drive her wild. She never relented; shimmying, shaking, riding and delivering smacks to his body as she demanded more worship of her perfect ass.

Amber snickered, sensing that his need for oxygen was growing desperate. His face pushed back and forth against her cheeks, muttering gibberish into her spit slathered ass; pleading with her for mercy. She showed him the smallest amount, lifting her slick, stifling booty from his head briefly. Alex gasped, sucking in lungfuls of sweet, fresh air as she leaned to the side and grinned at him.

"It would be a fitting end for you, don't you think? Suffocated in my ass? **Answer me!**"

“Yes, Domina!”

“Oh, so you agree? Then let's put it to the test!”

Amber leaned back and buried him in her crushing flesh again. Her hips swerved and pressed his head deep into the rubber sheets. She reached down and pulled up the front zipper on her bodysuit, freeing her sex from the cling of latex. She replaced it immediately with rubbery fingers, beginning to stroke her vulva in circles with her shiny digits.

She centered her pucker over his mouth and left it there this time. Amber gasped in pleasure as his tongue wormed through her tight ring and began spearing into her sensitive depths. Her moans become guttural as her vagina gushed and she felt hot, slippery tongue probe deeply in her tight back door.

“That's it! **TONGUE MY ASSHOLE YOU FILTHY SLUT!!!**”

Alex made love to her gripping pucker with every bit of oral skill he could muster. He serviced her passionately, the tip of his fleshy invader swabbing around her hole in between moist thrusts. Sweat and saliva ran all over his face as her fleshy cheeks pressed him into submission, his mind and vision beginning to swim.

Amber stroked herself furiously, growing closer to the edge by the second as her entire body hummed in erotic overload. She squeezed her left breast and massaged her clit simultaneously, her pleasure vectors lighting up as the oxygen starved bitch-boy tongued her sloppy ass below.

She began screaming and shuddering in climax as a relief she'd waited for descended on her mightily. Amber's pleasure hit its zenith and a geyser of hot urine gushed forth, spraying all over Alex's chest, torso and cock. She strummed her clit and arched her back, wailing as pussy juice, piss and sweat erupted all over her bound slave. Alex continued to lick, suck and tongue-fuck her squeezing pucker even as his lungs burned for fresh air.

As the first wave of orgasm crested, Amber rose on weary legs, ducked down and delivered the rest of her steaming piss all over Alex's face and neck. She groaned in climax repeatedly as Alex felt her hot fluids run all over his naked form. The combination of clitoral stimulation, ass worship and bladder pressure on her g-spot had sent the rubber-clad Goddess spiraling into a universe of pleasure most could never hope to realize.

Amber grunted, moaned and gasped, her right hand never leaving her clitoris until every drop of her essence had been expelled onto her slave. She bathed him in her nectars, bliss coursing through her body in waves as she spasmed and clung to the back of the headboard for support. Finally, she slumped to Alex's side, her body collapsing in a wet, shiny mess of exhaustion. One of her powerful, booted legs remained draped across him as Alex's chest rose and fell. Amber muttered some unidentifiable words as her heart pounded in her chest and endorphins coursed through her rubberized body.

They lay in silence for a few minutes as his Domina slowly descended back to Earth. Alex now understood why she had a rubber blanket covering her bed. It was the product of **multiple** fetishes and a protective layer for the rest of her bedding. He was happy, for the first time in his life, not to be wearing his gimp suit. If he'd been wearing it now, there wouldn't be enough leather cleaner in the world to get the scent of Amber removed from his favorite attire.

The pleasure wracked Femdom pivoted, propped her head up on her left palm and looked back at Alex dreamily. She slid her leg off his chest and shuffled closer to his face.

“Hey there...” She looked pleased-as-punch as she traced her shiny body up and down. “That was **amazing**. I hope you enjoyed it half as much as I did.”

She hadn't told him to speak, but Alex could sense she was dropping out of Domme space and she seemed to want a reply. “I'm glad you enjoyed, my Domina. It was a pleasure to serve.”

“I needed that. I **really** needed that... And not just because I was starved for kink. I don't mean to get mushy on you, but... this kind of meant a lot to me.”

Alex looked puzzled. “How so?”

Amber sighed before speaking. Almost like she was second guessing her willingness to share something. In the end, she continued.

“The first time I did that, peed on someone, was by accident. My boyfriend was eating me out. I felt the pressure building, like I was going to have the most intense orgasm of my life... and I did! And then I realized I was peeing all over him. I was mortified.”

Her eyes were downcast, the memory still a little embarrassing to recount.

“I take it he didn't react well?”

“We broke up shortly after and I spent some time in therapy.”

“I'm sorry you went through that. I'm sure it wasn't easy, but it seems you emerged stronger.”

Amber chuckled. “Yes, I did. And now that I'm not ashamed anymore, I can live my life authentically. You're the first guy who's been willing to let me do that and who I felt comfortable playing with. Thank you, Alex.”

He smiled back. “You're most welcome, Madam Amber.”

She sat up and stretched her arms. Her breasts jutted out as she rolled her neck and worked the tension out of her shoulders. Even lying in a mess of her juices, Alex couldn't help but admire her shiny curves.

“I was undecided on what we'd do after this... until now. If you didn't perform well I was going to send you home tonight, but you've pleased me greatly. You may spend the night, if you wish, and we'll have some more fun as Domina and slave.”

Alex lifted his upper body as far off the rubber bedding as his restrained arms would let him. He gazed at the latex vixen with a cheeky grin. “I live to serve, Madam.”

An amused, throaty chuckle sounded through her closed lips. “Very good. The first thing you're going to do is take a shower. Then you're going to put on that slutty leather suit and meet me in the living room. I'll be waiting for a full body massage with special attention to my back and feet.”

“With pleasure, Domina.”

* * * * *

“Ohhhhhh... Holy shit, that's good! Have you taken massage classes or something?”

Alex continued smoothing his hands up and down her slim feet. He'd spent the last half hour working on her shoulders, back, sides and legs through the lovely purple latex. Amber had allowed him to kiss her boots as he carefully removed them. Now he was in the home stretch; gripping, smoothing and stroking her bare feet firmly. Amber was face down, melting into the sofa. She couldn't get enough.

“I have not, my Domina, but I've had lots of practice.”

“Brianna is a lucky woman. Every good woman deserves a turn with a skillful sub like you.”

“If Goddess Brianna has her way, every woman on this campus might get a turn.”

Amber laughed. “Oh, is that how it is? Is Brianna getting off on this?”

“I'm not sure. When we first met, she seemed dead-set on keeping me to herself. Now she's warmed to the idea of sharing me with others.”

“Hmmm... Well, it's never too late to discover new kinks, I suppose. That's good, slave. You can stop now.”

Alex released her silky-smooth foot reluctantly. He stood to the side with his hands behind his back and waited for further instructions. Amber sat up slowly. Her expression was delightfully giddy, her entire body relaxed from his hard work.

After a few moments, she stood and pointed to where she'd just been laying. “On the sofa. Face up.”

He snapped into action, laying his leather-clad body down the center of the couch. Amber grabbed the remote from her end table and turned on her TV. She activated one of her streaming services and surfed to a playlist of movies she'd meaning to watch. She hit the “information” button to see how long the run time was.

“Have you ever eaten a woman's ass for one hour and fifty two minutes?”

“I have not, Madam Amber.”

“There's a first time for everything, slut.”

She started the movie, turned out the living room lights and positioned herself just in front of Alex. The lustful blonde reached back and pulled down the zipper at the bottom of her suit for the second time that night.

“I expect this is a record I'll hold for a very long time.”

She lowered her ass onto his hooded face snugly and Alex immediately picked up where he'd left off in the bedroom. He kissed, slurped and tongued away as the latex Domina enjoyed her film, wiggling her ample cheeks on his sealed face. Having a leather slave's face in her ass was a new experience for Amber and she had to admit, it felt marvelous.

Whenever she noticed the bulge in his leather suit growing too large, she reached for her crop and delivered some stern love taps to Alex's crotch. He grunted into her fleshy bottom, but continued licking and tonguing away obediently.

As the minutes stretched into an hour and beyond, Alex wondered what his Domina would demand of him in the morning. More worship? A pancake breakfast? More cleaning? All of the above? It was fun to speculate, but it hardly mattered. He would do her bidding gladly.

* * * * *

“So, you enjoyed your time with Amber?”

“Yes, Goddess!” Alex responded between kisses and licks of her shiny, black leather boots. He was on Brianna's living room floor, giving her footwear the thorough scrubbing it deserved with his tongue.

Brianna stared down at him affectionately, stroking his hair intermittently as he went about the task. She'd insisted on no gimp hood today. She wanted to see his face and make sure he'd gotten the proper aftercare.

“And she didn't violate any of your boundaries?”

“She did not, my Goddess.”

“Good. I'd hate having to kick out the third woman to join the campus Femdom club. Perhaps you two will get to play again some time.”

“If my Goddess wishes it” Alex replied before resuming long licks up and down her leather clad calves.

“That's enough, slut. Come sit beside me.”

Brianna patted the cushion to her left and Alex rose to join her. His gimp-suited body meshed noisily with the luxurious leather sofa as he sat down.

“How's the play coming along?” she asked with anticipation.

“The first draft is done. I finished it just before Amber picked me up yesterday.”

“Ooooh, can I see?”

“Sure! I was going to send it to you and Bethany tonight anyway.”

Alex reached forward and grabbed his phone from the coffee table. He pulled up the document and handed his phone to Brianna. She began reading and scrolled through the first few pages of the script eagerly.

“Hahahahaha! This is great!!! Oh my god, this is gonna be so much fun!” She was beaming and it was intoxicating to him. Brianna's enthusiasm was infectious.

“Thanks! I had a feeling you'd approve.”

“Is two weeks enough to prepare?”

“I think so. It's a relatively short play. Not that many characters. Doesn't need any costumes or set pieces we can't pillage from other plays. It's quasi-adapted Shakespeare, after all.”

“Wardrobe from other plays and a few costumes and toys of our own” Brianna corrected with a glance and a wink.

“Exactly.”

She read down a bit further before closing the document. “Excellent... Yeah, we can do this! We should have just enough time to get everything ready and perform it before the semester ends. We'll make this one for the ages. A night to remember!”

Alex smiled broadly. He was immensely gratified to see his hard work pay off and his Goddess so elated. He wanted to make this something special and it seemed he was on the right track.

“Couldn't have said it better myself.”