

## Submissive Cum Laude

### Chapter 5 – Taming Of The Gimp

The midnight hour was approaching quickly. Tomorrow was the last day of the semester and the energy in the atmosphere was palpable. Alex sucked in muggy air through greedy nostrils and attempted to calm the butterflies flitting about his stomach.

He was warm and clammy in his full-body leather bondage suit, but it was a sensation he savored. Alex wanted it every day of his life. On top of the usual feeling of hot, clingy leather on his skin, there was an electricity flowing through his body. It was the buzzing feeling that only arrives before taking the stage. It was magnified many times by the fact he'd be wearing his gimp attire before an audience of his fellow students. He would remain anonymous to anyone who didn't already know him well, but that didn't make him any less nervous.

Alex looked at the clock fixed on the backstage wall. Just five minutes until the top of the hour. *Midnight Theater* was about to begin and he could hear the voices outside growing louder. He walked to the side of the stage and snuck a view around the curtain. Even if he hadn't been wearing the black leather hood, they wouldn't be able to discern his identity from the darkened theater.

A sizable crowd had shown up for this performance. There was at least a hundred of his fellow students out there. Maybe a hundred and fifty. Word about this play had spread fast. They talked, whispered and laughed in the dark, waiting for the show to begin. Alex caught the faint scent of alcohol in the air. Many of them had just come from parties celebrating the end of the school year.

He scanned the crowd, searching for Amber. She was probably out there somewhere, but he couldn't find her among the rows of darkened faces. The crowd was as indecipherable to him as he was to them. Bethany, Brianna and several female extras were still in the dressing room, putting the finishing touches on their makeup and outfits.

The audience was in for a real treat tonight. His twin leather Goddesses would be on the stage with him. He wondered if his classmates would be more intrigued or terrified by the display of kink. It would definitely be a first, even for this unsanctioned and often salacious event.

“Hey Alex! Ready to go?”

Alex jumped and quickly let go of the curtain. He turned to find three of his fellow thespians closing in on him. Timothy was dressed as a typical European lord of the Renaissance period. David and Emily were dressed as King and Queen, probably borrowed from King Lear or one of the other works of Shakespeare they regularly performed. They weren't exactly portraying a king and queen tonight, but the costumes would work for an Italian lord and his wife.

All of their sets and most of their costumes were recycled, and that was good. Being an unofficial event, Midnight Theater didn't have its own budget. They had to make do with what they could borrow or supply themselves.

“Jeez, why don't you shout it into a megaphone?” Alex shot back. “I don't think they heard you!”

Tim, the source of his ire, smiled broadly.

Emily laughed. “Relax! No one's hearing us through the curtain. Even if they did, I'm starting to think you'd enjoy the embarrassment.”

“What?” Alex asked incredulously. “What's that supposed to mean?”

“Cmon Alex, you can't fool us. Where'd you get that leather suit, huh?” She poked him playfully with the folding fan that was part of her costume. “It sure seems to fit you perfectly...”

“Never mind where I got it” he replied with a smirk. Alex folded his arms over his chest, his bondage suit gleaming in the backstage lights. “Is everyone ready?”

“We're just waiting on--” David started, but was immediately interrupted.

“**READY!**” Bethany's voice called a short distance away.

Bethany and Brianna strode into view clad in some of their finest leather outfits. Both statuesque women wore shiny, black leather boots up to their knees. Bethany's footwear extended up into luscious leather pants. The rest of her body was adorned by a tight black leather jacket that molded to her curves, a dashing red and black cape and a pirate hat atop her head. A mean looking bullwhip was curled at her hip.

The top of Brianna's boots were hidden from view by the dark, leathery skirt that covered her lower body. Her midsection was framed by a glossy, black leather corset that barely contained her ample cleavage. She wore a classic, Victorian style courtesan's hat above her dark tresses and her right hand held a leather crop. Black leather arm-gloves completed her ensemble.

“**WOW!!!**” Timothy exclaimed as they came into view.

“You two look **amazing**” David added enthusiastically.

“I'll ask you the same question” Emily piped up. “*Where* did you get those outfits?!?”

“No comment” Bethany responded with a cheeky smile.

Brianna was more open to the question, answering with a wink. “Text me after the show and I'll tell you exactly where I got it.”

“Ok, before we get started...” Timothy interjected while handing out flyers to everyone gathered. “Have a look at the awesome job Ralph did on our program!”

The entire troupe inspected their copies as the final minutes ticked down.

Alex grinned. It was perfect! The program heralded back to so many fine plays. The obvious one was Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, which this performance would be a kinky parody of sorts. The

writing had also been inspired by *The Duchess of Padua*. It was a lesser known, but equally magnificent play by Oscar Wilde. Possibly Alex's favorite of all time.

## **TAMING OF THE GIMP**

A Perversion in Three Acts

by **the Midnight Theater Troupe**

### **PERSONS OF THE PLAY**

Narrator: Timothy Dalton  
Lord Birichino: David Crandall  
Lady Birichino: Emily McDonnell  
Mistress Red: Bethany Halpern  
Mistress Black: Brianna Thompson  
Pervato (The Gimp): ???

Setting: 18<sup>th</sup> century Padua, Italy

### **SCENES OF THE PLAY**

Act I: The Market Place of Padua  
Act II: Parlor Room of the Birichino Estate  
Act III: Dungeon of the Birichino Estate

“Haha, this is great!” Brianna exclaimed.

“Definitely getting this framed” Bethany said with a wide smile.

“Perfection” David chimed in.

They split up to stash their programs with their regular clothes and personal belongings. By the time they returned, the hour and minute hands of the clock were both perched at twelve. It was time to begin.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*KER-CHANK\***

A spotlight blazes into being on the closed, velvet curtains. Timothy steps into the light and removes his feathered, tricorn hat. He bows to the crowd before placing it back on his head and speaking the first words.

### **Narrator**

Ladies and gentlemen gathered here  
Welcome to our tale!  
Of a man consumed by passion  
As the drunkard is with ale.

His yearning was for leather  
And a woman's stern control.  
A gleaming, glorious Goddess  
Who would claim his very soul!

So vital was his search for her  
The young lord wouldn't stop.  
His title was abandoned  
As he sought the perfect top!

And so we open in the square  
On bended knee, this simp.  
Behold perversion if you dare  
The Taming of the Gimp!

The spotlight shuts off and Timothy exits to the right. The curtain draws up hastily and a well lit stage is revealed. In the center, the town drinking well is featured prominently. In the background and to the sides are large backdrops with a church, an inn and various shops painted on massive pieces of plywood.

The spotlight reappears on Alex who kneels not far from the well. He hunches over a small wooden stoop upon which the leather boot of a woman rests. Alex caresses and polishes it lovingly, his full-body gimp suit gleaming in the bright stage lights. The woman above him is garbed in a Victorian dress and hat. Her skirt remains hiked up so the audience can see the full length of her shiny thigh-high as Alex dotes on it.

Behind the first extra stand several more women, dressed in similar period garb and leather boots. David and Emily enter from stage left dressed in their royal vestments. A second spotlight is fixed upon the couple.

### **Lord Birichino**

O' fair Padua, nestled on the Bacchi river moor.  
Founded by the legend Antenor!

Hollowed ground where Dante wrote his plays.  
City where St. Anthony spent his cherished days!

Tell me wife, does not the sun shine on the sea  
Of fervent hopes and endless possibility?  
No finer day could we nobles ask  
With bright smiles and the world within our grasp!

### **Lady Birichino**

Yes, husband, the sun shines bright and true  
But in the distance storm clouds gather black and blue.  
Look upon your son in the town square.  
See him fondle stranger's boots and know despair!

Our son! Our only son! A kind of whore!  
A sickness sinks into his every pore.  
With lustful eyes he looks upon the harlot's shoe.  
Licking at the heels of a temptress shrew!

Alex polishes, licks and strokes her leather boot as the woman belts out haughty laughter. After a few moments, she pulls her boot away and exits the stage. The next woman saunters up and places her heeled boot on the stool, looking down at him expectantly.

The spectacle of leather kink proceeds as over a hundred students watch in rapt attention. Alex sweats in his shiny second skin as his body tingles with delirious excitement and nervous energy. Amber would be the only one in the audience who knew it was him, but that did little to quell the adrenaline surging through his leather-locked form.

### **Lord Birichino**

Come, my wife, no need to make a scene.  
This shy young lord has need of something more.  
Our son is merely searching for his Queen!  
He has no uses for the girl next door.

Pervato sees Minerva in his dreams!  
A glowing huntress donning leathered armor plate.  
A beauty sent from heaven on moonbeams  
To capture him and seal his lusty fate.

### **Lady Birichino**

O' god above, have I wronged you so?  
And whence did I forsake my son to this?

His agile tongue on their feet doth flow  
Licking leather boots in search of bliss.

Was this mother's love not just and strong?  
Did I not convey my lessons stern?  
Discipline delivered for his every wrong  
A righteous spank correcting him each naughty turn.

The wooden spoon and my open palm  
Ensuring that no evil would hold sway!  
On his fair tush, a blistering balm.  
Loving guidance to impart the way.

Is this not the edict of the cross?  
That sparing of the rod will spoil the child?  
Now I see my son and I am at a loss.  
My lovely boy, on his knees, defiled.

Emily unfolds her fan and makes sobbing noises behind it. David places his hands on his hips, turns to the crowd and makes an exaggerated gesture of rolling his eyes and neck.

### **Lord Birichino**

Truly, my love, this is a mystery  
For philosophers to ponder through the ages.  
Has such a thing occurred in history?  
I leave this vexing question to the sages.

### **Lady Birichino**

My lord, I can suffer this no more!  
The sins of our progeny corrupt the town.  
Our family reputation sullied to the core.  
My disconcerting son, a pervert clown.

If this must be, then let us seal it now!  
End this public spectacle and blight.  
Find our son a wife, let them take the vow  
And do these filthy deeds far from our sight.

### **Lord Birichino**

As you say, my love, the time has come  
To find this haughty hellion and since  
Happiness is to be found below a woman's thumb

The winner claims the dowry and our prince.

David walks to center of the square and plants himself in front of the well. He raises his arms and looks from side to side, addressing the town.

Citizens of Padua, listen here!  
Lord Birichino speaks and hear me well!  
My son, Pervato, seeks a woman without peer.  
A lioness in leather sent from hell!

If you, the feisty female, fits the mold  
And are prepared to chain a gimp below your wing  
Travel to our home and claim your gold.  
A resplendent sum of riches worthy of a king!

If seek you a submissive and this purse  
Then three days hence, come to our estate.  
Demonstrate your skill in the perverse.  
Unleash your burning will to dominate!

Emily enters a fresh round of sobs, hiding her face behind the fan. She shuffles off stage right, followed by David with a wide grin and a swagger in his step.

Bethany enters stage left and the spotlight shifts to her. Stunned gasps and whispers emerge from the audience as the leather beauty struts into view. Her boots clack across the stage, the whip bouncing at her hip as the scarlet cape flows behind her.

### **Mistress Red**

Many years I've sailed the seven seas  
Commanding burly men across my deck.  
Now I feel no more the ocean breeze.  
My ship, torn asunder in a violent wreck.

Could this be the shining dawn I seek?  
The chance to ride the fearsome waves anew?  
In truth, cracking whips is part of my mystique!  
Making blistered bottoms of my crew.

\*uncoils the whip as she continues, readying it for use\*

Why not add a notch upon my belt?  
This horny lad seeking out a thrill.  
Just wait until the lecherous gimp has felt  
The stinging of my weapon and my will!

To any slags who deign to block my path  
And any male who thinks he's known true dread  
I tell you now, you've never seen a fiery wrath

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

Until you've met the pirate captain Mistress Red!

Bethany gathers her whip and exits stage left. Alex remains in the background, lavishing kisses and sensual massage on the boots of each extra. The spotlight shifts to stage right where Brianna enters, tapping her leather crop in her hand. Another round of stunned gasps is heard. More than a few hoots and whistles go up as her full figure and gleaming leather attire draw every eye.

### **Mistress Black**

Fair Padua, holy land indeed!  
And yet so many perverts slink into my lair.  
Is it not because I offer what they need?  
Strictest discipline and a sultry stare.

This silly little man is one of countless sluts  
Who seeks submission in a house of ill repute.  
Blazing lacerations on their butts!  
Permanent confinement in a leather suit.

Such services are offered in my den.  
My ardent wish, to make it bigger still.  
I gladly feast upon these eager men!  
Dominating all until I've had my fill.

*\*examines her crop, studying it up and down as she continues\**

I hear the sound of knocking at my door.  
Good fortune beckons me upon this track.  
I'll take that gold, and I will tell you more

*\*thrusts the crop in the air, pointing it at the audience as she stomps her boot\**

That young lord shall belong to Mistress Black!

The spotlight hangs on Brianna's fierce pose a few moments before shutting off. The light on Alex dies as well and the remaining actors exit the stage. The curtain comes down to excited applause, laughs and eager chatter among the audience.

Minutes go by as the scenery is changed and the cast prepares for the second act. It's not long before



Timothy walks on the stage a second time and enters the spotlight again.

**Narrator**

Tis no surprise that scandals of the flesh  
Were commonplace in the distant past.  
But that a Dominatrix was the goal?  
I hope I have not left you all aghast!

Two seductive divas in their prime  
Have come to claim Pervato and his prize.  
When the fury of two Dommies is unleashed upon the world  
The hopeful outcome is... that no one dies.

The shrugging shoulders and smirking face of Tim fall into shadow as a wave of laughs and giggles ripples through the crowd. The curtains rise once again to reveal the parlor room of the Birichino estate.

David and Emily sit before a fireplace in large, ornate chairs resembling thrones. To the right of Emily sits Alex in a slightly less impressive seat. He is tied to the chair with thick ropes and a ball-gag is strapped in his mouth. One of the extras from the town square stands before the trio while Bethany and Brianna wait on the other side of the room.

**Lord Birichino**

Son, you've heard this lady's earnest word.  
Her wish to keep you as a loving pet!  
Has this not inside you greatly stirred  
A longing that you will not soon forget?

**Pervato**

\*shakes head and mumbles dissent through his gag\*

**Lord Birichino**

\*sighs\*

Young lady, thank you so much for this time.  
Your charms are carved upon my heart forever.  
Depart now, a flower in her prime!  
I wish you best of luck in your endeavor.

The disappointed woman turns and stalks off, exiting stage right.

**Lady Birichino**

What sorry sluts have gathered in this hall.  
Weak willed women ill fit for my son!  
Is no one here prepared to heed the call?  
Of those we've seen so far, I say, not one!

**Lord Birichino**

Yes, my dear, you've made your feelings clear  
Pervato waits beside you like a gift wrapped toy.  
How queer it seems from him we cannot hear.  
So quick you were to bind your pride and joy.

**Lady Birichino**

Silence husband! I will not be mocked.  
Cool that tongue before the hour grows late.  
Or you will find that Lord's, too, can be locked.  
As I conduct affairs of this estate.

A mother's discipline is heaven sent!  
Much needed so a boy becomes a man.  
And like my son, you too, shall now relent.  
Lest I beat you soundly with my fan.

**Lord Birichino**

I say, again, it seems we'll never know  
Why Pervato craves such strict affection.  
How his body came to find a glow  
Bathed in masochistic predilection.

You speak the truth, my love, we must move on.  
The final two await, it should be said  
That of all candidates our son may fawn  
On these shining beauties black and red.

Step forward, Pirate Mistress, state your case!  
Present your plan to commandeer this imp.  
Explain how men beneath you found their place.  
Tell us how you aim to tame the gimp.

Bethany steps forward into the spotlight, her leather attire gleaming. Her bright red hair stands out more than usual in contrast to her jet black costume. The auditorium is silent as the grave.

### **Mistress Red**

Well met, my lord and lady, I have come  
Cloaked in tightest form of glossy black  
To fill the gaping void within your son.  
I'll bend him down and claim his maiden crack!

### **Lady Birichino**

\*throaty gasp followed by a look of envy\*

### **Lord Birichino**

\*stunned silence that slowly fades into amusement\*

The crowd mirrors their reactions, a smattering of gasps, giggles and nervous laughs emerging from the darkened seats.

### **Mistress Red**

Perhaps you've never heard the sailor's tale?  
The *pegging boy* who sits upon a knob?  
Required to stay loosened without fail.  
The pleasure of the crew, his only job.

For **every man** on my ship, it is so!  
Their virgin virtue solely mine to take!  
And as my slaves, they'll only ever know  
The scourge of my strapon and my coiled snake!

This is the future for your leather son.  
On my vessel he shall be first mate.  
Chained within my cabin, dusk till dawn.  
Subject of my every whim to dominate!

By day, he shall lick my boots and follow  
Enduring every task and my leather whip!  
Trained, drained and flayed till he is hollow.  
A servile pleasure slave forever in my grip!

\*turns to Pervato\*

My young lord, if this is the life you choose  
And your body is prepared to pay the price  
Join me on an endless pleasure cruise  
Sailing into passion, sin and paradise.

**Lord Birichino**

\*excitedly\*

Oh noble Valkyrie, fire-kissed Goddess fine!  
Your words have shaken--

**Lady Birichino**

**SHUT. UP!**

\*swats Lord Birichino with her fan twice\*

**Lord Birichino**

\*holds his hands up defensively, hiding behind them\*

The crowd laughs and offers light applause.

**Lady Birichino**

Pervato, does Mistress Red entice you?

**Pervato**

\*nods enthusiastically, murmuring through his gag\*

**Lady Birichino**

Congratulations red-haired pirate Queen.  
You are the foremost favored by my son.  
Now nobly stand aside as we glean.  
All candidates until the task is done.

There remains one woman in the ring

By all appearance, ready to attack.  
Come forth, my dear, and let us know the sting  
The fury from the crop of Mistress Black.

Bethany falls back, taking up position in the background and crossing her arms under her bosom.  
Brianna strides forth, her leather corset and skirt swishing and creaking until she comes to a stop before the trio. She stands at attention, holding her crop behind her back with both hands as she speaks.

### **Mistress Black**

Thank you, Lady fair, I see you know  
The way to uphold order in a house.  
Bondage and a firm hand to lay low  
Any man content to preen or grouse.

We have all this in common, but I say  
Your son's is not a sickness, but a gift.  
Accepting that strong women should hold sway.  
Without our stern guidance they are tossed adrift.

In my business, Femdom is the law!  
Every client pleased with whip and chain!  
Smothered in my buttocks, struck in awe.  
Lavished in fine leathers, rope and pain.

In my dungeon, soon, your son will find  
That many ladies seek to wear the crown  
A taste of worship from men bound and blind  
Whored out to the women of our town!

*\*turns to Pervato\**

Lustful leather lord, tis clear as day  
That you would fully thrive in my abyss.  
This Succubus beckons you to come and stay  
Collared, bound and locked in primal bliss.

### **Lord Birichino**

*\*on the edge of his seat, visibly excited\**

### **Lady Birichino**

*\*looks over at her husband, scoffs and rolls her eyes\**

Do you fancy Mistress Black?  
What say you, my son?

**Pervato**

\*nods very enthusiastically\*

**Lady Birichino**

Between these fearsome femme fatales  
Dost thou favor one?

**Pervato**

\*shakes his head side to side\*

Bethany steps forward, rejoining the others and stares menacingly at Brianna.

**Mistress Red**

It should be said, a brothel is no place  
To hold a handsome, bright-eyed little lord.  
A young man should have fresh air and his space.  
Not withheld in a dingy dungeon ward.

**Mistress Black**

This from the task-Mistress of chores?  
Making him a slave upon your deck?  
Tell me, is he truly safe on board?  
Or do you chart another course for wreck?

**Mistress Red**

Listen harlot hussy, I will not  
Be slandered by a courtesan in black!  
Your house of sin is no doubt daily fraught  
With withering disease, a filthy shack!

**Mistress Black**

Sailor slut, you stink of salt and cum  
Of blubber oil, the stench of rotten guts!  
Truly, are these men below your thumb?  
Or spend you every night, licking their butts?

Bethany grits her teeth and uncoils her whip. It glides back across the stage, ready to strike. Brianna stretches a hand forth, her other arm holding the crop poised above her head. Their eyes narrow as they stare each other down.

**Mistress Red**

WHORE!

**Mistress Black**

FISH MONGER!

**Lady Birichino**

**ENOUGH!**

\*rises from her seat and places hands on hips\*

Ladies, this is clearly not the way  
Of women confident and in control.  
Both of you have come and had your say  
Made your case for who best plays the role.

This matter will be settled in due course  
Not with words, but deeds of Femdom skill.  
Return tomorrow night and don, with force  
The implements to carry out your will.

Bethany and Brianna lower their guard, but glare at each other spitefully before exiting stage right. The curtain begins to lower and the scene fades to black.

Laughter, whispers and chatter build in the audience as the final scene is prepared. Many students wonder out loud how much more depraved the play is going to get and comment that it's the most bizarre thing they've ever witnessed during a midnight theater event.

Five minutes pass quickly. The spotlight reignites with a loud clunk and Timothy walks onto the stage yet again.

### **Narrator**

Tis only fitting that our story goes  
To the family dungeon to conclude.  
No more perfect setting could be chose  
For happenings so dark, lustful and lewd.

Two matriarchs are now put to the test  
To tame the naughty gimp that they would own.  
This shall decide to whom the prize is vest.  
Which woman in this city claims the Femdom throne!

Tim offers a smile and a slight bow before slipping out of the light. The curtains raise to reveal a crypt backdrop likely borrowed from an adaptation of *The Cask of Amontillado*.

Once again, David and Emily are seated in their resplendent chairs on the left. Bethany and Brianna wait on the right, ready for action. Alex is on hands and knees, beside Emily's seat. The gimp's gag has been removed and now a thick, metal-studded leather collar is fixed around Alex's neck. The attached chain leash runs up to Emily's tight grasp.

A wooden table rests in the middle of the stage. A row of disciplinary instruments hang on the dungeon wall at the back, including a flogger, cane, whip and paddle.

### **Lord Birichino**

Welcome back, vivacious vixens fine!  
Resplendent in your leather garb and tools.  
I anticipate a contest most divine.  
But first, my lady shall explain the rules.

### **Lady Birichino**

With my son, you each shall have two turns.  
The first to demonstrate command and poise.  
Next you dictate how his body burns  
Laid upon the rack to taste your toys.

The power of discipline you are conferred  
But have a care, my ladies, how you tame.  
For if my son cries out the safety word  
You fail the trial, forfeiting your claim.

### **Lord Birichino**

Tis a curious thing to see my wife



Suddenly knows much of these affairs.  
Four days ago, humbly lost in strife  
Groaning of embarrassment and prayers.

Now, with a twinkle in her eye  
She speaks of torment as our son is chained.  
This leads me to the question, is she shy?  
To divulge the dark arts in which she's trained?

**Lady Birichino**

\*shoots him a cold gaze\*

Quiet, husband, goad not like a troll.  
These proceedings bring-eth me no joy.  
I witness this depravity for but one goal.  
To sponsor happiness for my only boy.

**Lord Birichino**

\*chuckles\*

If thou sayeth so, my dear.

**Lady Birichino**

\*motions to Bethany and holds out the leash\*

Come Mistress Red, take the gimp and start the scene.  
You will be the first tonight, haughty Pirate Queen!

**Mistress Red**

\*crosses the stage and receives the leash gladly\*

\*takes her whip, still coiled in hand and slaps Pevato's ass with it\*

**\*SMACK\***

Move, sissy leather worm  
Get crawling on all fours!  
Hobble, lurch about and squirm  
Until I say no more!

Alex's heart beats a hundred miles an hour as he begins scampering across the stage on hands and knees. The combination of Bethany ordering him about and a live audience watching is completely overwhelming. He feels the whip on his ass several times as she follows him in circles around the table, coaxing him on. Alex sweats profusely in his tight bodysuit as the spotlight beams down on them. His leather gloves and rubber boots scuff and squeak along the waxy floor as she delivers steady encouragement to his ass.

**Mistress Red**

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

**HALT!**

She orders him to a stop just as he reaches front and center stage for the third time. Bethany stalks to his side, her heeled boots striking the stage floor loudly. The jingling of the chain leash reverberates in the fine acoustics of the hall as she tugs on his collar sternly.

**Mistress Red**

My leather boots are soiled to the knee.  
Hurry now, put to work that tongue!  
Lick them till they're glossy, shining free  
Of muddy refuse, soil, filth and dung!

**Pervato**

*\*grovels at her boots and begins tongue bathing them lavishly up and down\**

The crowd is pin-drop silent as Alex goes to work on her footwear. His slurping and light moans can be heard across the theater as Bethany stands, hands on hips, her coiled whip dangling from one fist. After a while, she starts laughing mockingly.

**Lady Birichino**

*\*her mouth hangs open, her breathing becoming more pronounced\**

*\*looks more aroused by the second as she grips the arms of her chair tightly\**

**Lord Birichino**

*\*turns to the audience, rubs his hands together and winks at them\**

Another rumble of laughs and giggles flows through the crowd.

**Lady Birichino**

Thank you so much, Mistress Red  
But now you must adjourn.  
Tis time to come forth, Mistress Black  
For your initial turn.

Brianna saunters to the front of the stage and takes the leash from the reluctant Bethany. The redhead marches back to the right, turns and watches the proceedings impatiently.

**Mistress Black**

You shall be a workhorse  
In my den of sex and sin.  
So prancing on a pony's course  
Your training doth begin!

\*she pulls on his leash harshly\*

**STAND!**

**Pervato**

\*rises to his feet and is instantly spun around\*

**\*SNAP\***

\*feels her crop across his leather-locked ass\*

**Mistress Black**

**DANCE, PONY!**

Alex holds his hands up to chest level like an animal on its hind legs. He start hoofing forward in the opposite direction that Bethany had guided him earlier, circling the table again. He lifts each leg high before setting it down as he moves forward. Although he could skip and prance faster, he's careful not to go too quick, knowing that Brianna can only move so fast behind him in high heels. He's rewarded for his diligence with even more powerful blows to wow the audience with.

**\*SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP\***

Brianna scorches his ass with her crop repeatedly. There are surprised whispers and murmurs of shock from the audience at how loud the blows are. It's obvious, even to vanillas, that she's not going easy on him. Just like Bethany, she waits until Alex comes front and center for his third pass before ending the spectacle.

**Mistress Black**

**STOP!**

Brianna strides around to his front, takes hold of his shoulders and pushes Alex down to his knees. He pivots so the audience sees him from the side, knowing it's needed for the next presentation. Brianna smiles at him devilishly, turns around and backs her luscious, leather-coated derriere up to his face.

**Mistress Black**

Prove that you are worthy slut.  
A proper oral slave!  
Place your lips upon my butt  
And show me what you crave!

As Alex begins licking and kissing her ass in earnest, he hears gasps and sneers throughout the audience. To make it even better, Brianna reaches back and grasps the back of his hooded head. She pulls him forcefully into her cheeks as his tongue bathes the leather up and down. Her haughty laughter is the cherry on top.

Alex was glad he would be moved to the table next. If he was to stand face-forward to the crowd again, the bulging erection in the front of his suit would be highlighted for all to see.

**Lord Birichino**

Goddesses of day and night  
Well played with skill and guile!  
Now don your weapons if you might  
Display your power and style!

**Lady Birichino**

Rightly said, the round is past  
Now see my son is braced.  
Fastened firmly to the mast  
And blistered with all haste!

Brianna leads Alex by the leash toward the table at center stage. As they draw close, she stops and turns to Bethany.

**Mistress Black**

It would be helpful, Mistress Red  
To tie him down together.

**Mistress Red**

Thank you madam, fairly said  
Let's bind him with more leather!

Bethany approaches the table, pulling several lengths of thick leather cord from the inner pocket of her tight, shiny jacket. Brianna guides Alex onto the table, bending him over the side and stretching out his arms. Bethany hands her some of the ties and they begin binding the metal anchor points on the wrists and ankles of his suit to the top corners and bottom legs of the table.

**Lord Birichino**

Twin Venuses, both heaven sent  
Have bonded in Domme space!  
Now glowing in their element  
They carry on with grace.

Their work finished, Brianna steps aside and gestures to the bound Alex.

**Mistress Black**

Wondrous wielder of the whip  
I beckon you, proceed.  
I'll watch, enchanted, as you strip  
His pride and make him plead.

**Mistress Red**

Gladly, Mistress Black, and thanks  
You are a tactful top.  
I anticipate the many spanks  
Delivered with your crop!

Brianna backs up farther, giving Bethany plenty of room as she uncoils her whip and prepares to strike. The silent crowd has an excellent side-view of Alex, strapped to the table, his shiny butt hanging off the end and his leather-wrapped legs going straight down to the floor. Bethany begins twirling her weapon and everyone can hear it cut the air with a whistle. Alex braces himself, unsure how hard she's planning to go.

**\*C-CRACK C-CRACK\***

**Pervato**

AHHH--

Alex bites his tongue. It's apparent immediately that Bethany is not taking it easy. Both his Dominas are amped up on the adrenaline of stage performance. It's evident he's in for something at least as harsh as their normal impact play.

The end of her fearsome whip criss-crosses his ass cheeks several more times. The sound of her tight corded-leather weapon snapping off softer, supple leather cuts through the air of the auditorium repeatedly.

**\*C-CRACK C-CRACK C-CRACK C-CRACK \***

It's all Alex can do not to cry out as the beating continues. He exhales sharp half-yells, grunts and light moans in between each swift strike.

**\*C-CRACK C-CRACK C-CRACK C-CRACK \***

In the audience, what were once hushed whispers are now open conversations among friends and strangers.

“Oh my god... Is this for real?”

“Looks pretty real to me.”

“This is crazy! Hahahahaha!”

“That guy is gonna be in so much pain tomorrow.”

“Pretty sure he's hurting right now.”

“Is this legal?”

“I can't believe I'm watching this.”

“Best. Midnight Theater. **EVER!**”

### **Lady Birichino**

\*watches the whipping breathlessly\*

\*her hand glides up and begins running over her breasts\*

\*suddenly realizes what she's doing\*

\*yanks hand away, looking side to side nervously\*

\*grips her arm rests tightly as the discipline continues\*

After a long round of lashes, Bethany reigns in her whip. She nods to Brianna and gestures at Alex with both hands. Bethany steps back as Brianna puts her crop to use without hesitation.

**\*SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP\***

The leather Goddess stalks back and forth behind him, unleashing stings on his ass with nimble turns and elegant downward arcs. She works her punishing wand across Alex's blistered butt like a painter would an easel. Alex grits his teeth and starts to wish they'd put the gag back in his mouth. The cumulative effect felt wonderful, but after a while, each new strike was torture.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Brianna lowers her crop and begins adding some open-palm spanks for good measure. She grins at the crowd in between forceful swats.

### **Lord Birichino**

Such beauty to behold sublime  
In all these graceful blows!  
Enchantresses both in their prime  
My admiration grows!

### **Lady Birichino**

\*in shaky voice\*

You would do well, my lord  
To forget these awful sights.  
When unholy thoughts are stored  
They shall dominate your nights.

### **Lord Birichino**

Indeed, my love, you seem to know it best!  
I'm sure my penis rises but in jest.

David punctuates his last line with an exaggerated shrug and a dopey smirk. The crowd guffaws and snickers as the debauchery continues.

Bethany and Brianna begin taking turns, alternating between their weapons and firm spanks. Alex's ass, back and upper thighs are riddled with blows and smoldering pain. The crowd looks on, hypnotized by the odd combination of period drama, comedy and BDSM exhibition.

The sounds of loud corporal punishment and Alex's grunting fill the hall for long minutes. Eventually, both women come to a stop, signaling the next dialog.

### **Lady Birichino**

Son, the time has come for you to choose  
This judgment you can no longer defer.  
One of these two Dominas shall lose.  
You must decide whose harshness you prefer.

### **Pervato**

\*shakes head from side to side adamantly\*

### **Lady Birichino**

O' god, I can bear no more of this!  
Speak up, at once, and end it now my lord!  
Edging toward the pit of darkest bliss!  
My fingers acting of their own accord!

### **Lord Birichino**



Look there, can you see it not, my dear?  
Pervato's eyes, the need for more than one!  
As I watch, it becomes crystal clear  
Two Mistresses are fitting for our son!

Ladies, listen well, the terms are changed  
The dowry shall be doubled, paid to both!  
Take your prize and though it may seem strange  
Split his time between you, make an oath.

Show our son each corner of the world  
From darkest dungeon to the shining seas.  
The Femdom banner majestically unfurled!  
Pervato serving any way you please.

This is his fervent dream and mine as well.  
Servitude to you means he is kept  
In loving bondage wrapped within your spell.  
Do you lovely Amazons accept?

Bethany and Brianna turn and look at each other, eyes wide and smiles broad. They both nod.

**Mistress Red**

Aye, with pleasure.

**Mistress Black**

Agreed.

**Lady Birichino**

\*places her hand over her heart in relief\*

Finally! Now, husband, fetch the gold!  
And ladies, please elaborate your ploy.  
Describe the future in your hands you hold  
Now that you have claimed my pride and joy.

Emily rises from her seat, walks to the table and starts untying Alex with the help of Bethany and Brianna. David crosses back to his seat, reaches behind it and procures two comically large money bags. He returns to the group and, once Alex is on his feet, he hands one bag to each Domina. They hold their fortunes up proudly and speak to the crowd.

### **Mistress Red**

With this I shall found a mighty fleet!  
And on those decks, new men shall I enthrall.  
Procuring more submissives at my feet.  
Naughty sailor slaves at my beck and call!

Around the world I'll sail, and where I go  
The arrogance of man shall I destroy!  
Returning to Padua, much in tow  
The finest shiny leathers and sex toys!

A round of applause along with some cheers and whistles erupt from the crowd before the spotlight shifts to Brianna.

### **Mistress Black**

This good fortune will serve the city well!  
The largest dungeon ever shall I build!  
A tavern and perhaps a fine hotel.  
All places bottom men can find their thrills.

In future years, Padua shall be known  
For scandal and salaciousness within.  
Establishing for all the Femdom throne  
Italy's new capitol of sin!

Another gale of cheering and clapping resounds as Brianna takes Alex by the leash and starts to exit stage right. Bethany walks by her side as Alex is tugged along behind them.

### **Mistress Red**

You're a firm hand with that crop!

### **Mistress Black**

Your whipping technique is astounding!

Emily and David are the only two left on stage. The spotlight passes back to them as she turns to the audience, forlorn. After a downcast moment, she looks to the heavens, her fists clenched as she enters a short soliloquy.

### **Lady Birichino**

No! **NO!** This was not the goal!  
The future of our city, never worse!  
I meant to rescue Padua its soul!  
Not to spread about my Femdom curse!

*\*turns to Lord Birichino angrily\**

I know not how, but this is all your fault!  
This pornographic fate that you have willed!  
Prepare yourself, husband, for assault.  
It's time you had some discipline instilled!

*\*strides to the backdrop scenery and removes a flogger from the row of toys\**

*\*marches back toward Lord Birichino hurriedly\**

### **Lord Birichino**

*\*putting his arms up defensively\**

What?!? Me?  
The contest was your idea!!!

Fresh giggles, snickers and full-throated laughter spring from the crowd as Emily grabs David by the scruff of his neck and drags him to the table. She bends him over the furniture, much like Alex was and flips his fur-lined robe up to reveal an ass covered by nothing but silk trousers.

**\*SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT\***

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Emily has a go at David's ass, but with none of the skill or ferocity that Bethany and Brianna had painted Alex with. She delivers a good dozen swats to his butt as David places his hands on the sides of his face. He stares out at the audience with exaggerated expressions of pain and longing.

### **Lord Birichino**

Ow! OW! Ouch! **OW!!!**  
Ooooh...

Her tirade finished, Emily helps David up. She waits till he's standing firm before she gives him a stern shove towards stage right.

**Lady Birichino**

Get thee to our bedchamber and wait!  
Now that I am mad with Femdom lust  
Abject submission has become your fate!  
In luscious leather shall you now be trussed!

Under lock and key will you kept  
A lord no more, a slave is your new station!  
All concerns aside mercifully swept.  
A new life framed by Female Domination.

**Lord Birichino**

\*frolics off the stage, holding his wounded ass in both hands\*

Y-YES MISTRESS!!!

David elicits one last bout of laughter before disappearing from view. The spotlight focuses on Emily who walks to center stage and pauses. She looks out at the audience before raising the flogger and gazes down at it, wistfully.

**Lady Birichino**

I can't deny the truth, it's been so long  
Since I've felt this peaceful and alive.  
Now I must reflect, have I been wrong?  
To bottle and ignore my every drive?

If God had willed it not, we would not feel  
Compulsions such to leather, flesh and pain.  
Under this new leaf, I yet may steal  
A life of happiness that shall sustain.

The curtain falls and the theater immediately fills with loud clapping and cheering. Every student in the audience stands and the wave of applause grows louder. Whistles and hoots pierce the thrum of cheers as they wait for a curtain call. A few moments later, their wish is granted.

The curtain flows back up and all the players are revealed. Alex stands in the center, hot and sweaty in his glossy, black second skin. He's flanked on either side by Bethany and Brianna. To the left stand Emily and David in their finery. To the right, Timothy and the extras.

Flowers are tossed on stage by a few students who were kind enough to think ahead. Tim quickly gathers them up and offers a handful each to Emily, Bethany and Brianna. They all take hands and bow together three times before the curtain drops again, announcing the end of the evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

By the time Alex got out of the dressing room, the theater was dead quiet. There was almost no one left on site. Just him and his two gorgeous Goddesses. No surprise, since they were the only ones wearing elaborate fetish gear that took a while to strip out of and pack away.

Most of the lights had been turned off or dimmed. He was in the hallway outside the women's dressing room, waiting to see them off. As he heard the large wall clock tick away in the now darkened theater, part of him still couldn't believe they'd put on such a crazy show without a hitch.

The door opened and out walked Brianna and Bethany, hefting their bags and turning out the light behind them.

“Hey” Alex called from the shadow, leaning against the wall. “You want a hand with those?”

“Nah, I'm good” Brianna replied with a smile. “But thanks.”

“Me too. It's not that heavy” Bethany answered.

They converged, a kinky trio that had just done something momentarily special.

“You have fun tonight?” Brianna asked, looking at her slutty property.

“Most I've had in my life” he responded smoothly.

“Good” Brianna said as they grew closer. Within seconds, her lips were locked on his as they entered a deep kiss and she groped his well-beaten ass.

“MMMPPHHH!” Alex pulled away involuntarily, not expecting the sudden jabs of fresh pain.

“Hahahaha!” she chided as he reeled. Brianna stepped aside and looked back at Bethany. Her fallen gaze indicated she'd begun to feel like a third wheel.

“Cmon girlfriend, don't be shy. Alex needs all the sugar he can get after that whipping you gave him.”

Bethany still seemed hesitant, so Brianna put her at ease.

“As of tonight, he belongs to you now too. **Officially**. No secrets between us.”

An excited smile spread across the leggy redhead's face. She stepped forward and embraced Alex eagerly. Bethany kissed him long and deep, her hands also finding his wounded buttocks. Her fingers sank in slow and more deliberate. Alex surrendered to her blissfully as Brianna watched.

“Mmmmm... mmmmppppphhhhh...”

The dark skinned diva chuckled. “There we go! That's more like it. I'd love to keep this party going, but I'm exhausted.” She walked by the couple, her heels striking the floor loudly.

**\*SMACK\***

Brianna gave Alex's ass one more swat as she strutted by.

“See you tomorrow, slut. Later, girlfriend!”

“Yeah, I think I'm going to head out too” Bethany added with a tired smile. “I feel like I could sleep for a week.”

“I hear that” Alex said with a nod.

He hefted his garment bag and walked them to the parking lot, making sure both women got to their cars safely. Alex waved as they pulled out and then began the short walk back to the dorms.

It had been a magical night. Their wonderful, odd, three-way relationship had just ascended to a new level, propelled by *The Taming of the Gimp*. Alex was now collared and owned by two generous, loving dommes. He remained at their beck and call at all times.

There was no jealousy or reluctance in Bethany or Brianna's eyes now that their new arrangement had been spelled out. Just mutual affection and a joint desire to revel in their power and enjoy their mutual love of leather with their shared submissive.

They were all too tired to toast their achievement that night, but Alex suspected the party would come soon enough. When it did, the celebration would likely be a Femdom threesome for the ages.

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