

Submissive Cum Laude

Chapter 6 – Summer Of Kink

The unmistakable salt foam smell of the sea filled Alex's nostrils as the waves rolled and crashed on the shore a hundred feet away. It was a gorgeous day and the sun blasted down on the sandy beach, bathing the entire expanse in tropical warmth. Alex's eyes were protected by a pair of black shades and his skin was layered with sunscreen. He smiled as he gazed up at the deep blue sky. Fluffy white clouds sailed swiftly through the heavens, carried along by the ocean breeze.

On either side of him, his twin Goddesses were similarly situated in long beach chairs. The light reflected off their sunglasses and skin, their bodies gleaming with protective lotion. It was a first for Alex to see them in bathing suits. He was so used to seeing them in school clothes, leather fetish outfits or some combination of the two. Beholding his beautiful Dominas in swimwear was a new experience and one he was grateful for.

Bethany looked amazing in her deep red one piece. It probably wasn't easy to find a good bathing suit that matched her auburn hair, but she'd met the task admirably. Brianna was stunning in her alabaster bikini. The deep white contrasted perfectly with her dark skin and jet black hair, drawing the gaze of every man who walked by. The red-headed vixen and raven-haired diva had painted their nails red and white to match their swimwear.

Alex wore nothing but light blue swim trunks and sandals. His gray t-shirt was flipped over the back of his seat. It was peaceful, with little noise in the background but the gentle lull of the ocean and the occasional squeal of children playing in the distance. The three of them lay in a row, basking in the sun's rays. They would absorb vitamin D and work on their tans until they were warm enough to warrant wading into the cool waves of the lowering tide.

“So, what do you think of Miami so far?” Brianna asked, breaking the silence.

“I like it” Alex said with a nod. “A lot of weird smells though.”

“I noticed that too!” Bethany jumped in. “The ocean, coffee and the scent of magnolias.”

“Magnolias?” Brianna inquired, her face incredulous. “To me, Miami smells like booze, sex and cigarettes. I love it! The night life looks awesome. I could see myself moving here, long term.”

“Hope you plan on being rich” Alex retorted. “We've only been here a day and my credit card is already feeling the burn.”

“If I need more money, I'll just open a dungeon. You can be my assistant and pool boy, **slut**.”

“Yes, Goddess” he replied with a sheepish grin.

Bethany giggled. “What about you, Alex? What smells have you noticed?”

“Aside from the salty air? I'm still trying to get the smell of fried bananas out of my nose. And all that crazy Cuban food...”

“Maybe if you didn't stop at every food truck and snack cart we passed, you wouldn't have a stuffed nose and a bleeding wallet” she chided him.

“I can't help it! It smelled delicious and I like trying new things!”

Brianna rolled her eyes. “Yes, we're well aware you possess **that** quality, slave.”

Alex blushed. He reminisced as they enjoyed the picturesque scene in peaceful repose. It had indeed been a year of new experiences. A year of thrills and discovery. The best year of his young life, by far, and this vacation with his two amazing Dommies felt like the culmination of it all.

Could this year ever be topped? Alex didn't know, but he suspected he'd be getting topped for the rest of his life, in one form or another. He was now as addicted to female domination as he was to the smell and feel of sensual leather. He had the fearsome, curvy beauties laying to his left and right to thank for that.

“It's too bad Amber couldn't come” Bethany mentioned as they looked out at the roiling ocean.

“Oh? I didn't know you invited her” Alex responded.

“It was going to be a surprise, but it didn't work out in the end. She's taking summer classes and working a part time. That girl never stops.”

“It's just as well” Brianna interjected. She looked over at Alex and Bethany with a knowing smile. “As fun as it would've been to triple team him, Alex has his hands full with us. Besides, Amber doesn't **own** him. **We do**. This week is for the three of us.”

Alex nodded. “I'm not sure I would've survived a week with all three of you.”

They laughed in unison, their mirth announced across the hot, sandy landscape. A few groups of beachgoers looked their way, the men's gazes lingering on the twin Goddesses to either side of the lucky young man.

“The convention and clubs will be fun, but I hope we have time to take in a Burlesque show while we're at it” Bethany spoke up. “It'd be a shame for drama peeps like us to skip that when there's a bunch at our fingertips.”

“Yeah, that'd be fun” Alex agreed. “How about you, Brianna? What are you looking forward to the most?”

“I can't wait for the first night of *Alter Ego!*” she answered, referencing the fetish party they'd be attending later that day. “You guys check out the website?”

“No, is it worth having a look?” Bethany asked.

“Totally! Fetish Factory is legendary in southern Florida. Not only do they have an *Alter Ego* event every month, they have a fetish ball and convention for every season and holiday!” Brianna retrieved her phone and re-opened the page. Bethany and Alex followed suit, navigating to the website. “Fetish Masquerade, Halloween Hangover, Horns & Halos, Vamps N Tramps and Season's Beatings, just to name a few!”

Bethany scrolled down the event page, studying the posters for upcoming events. They all featured fetish models in elaborate latex get-ups, sexy holiday costumes and even more elegant Mardi Gras style ensembles. “Wow! Jeez, I'm going to feel under-dressed now. Leather kink almost seems vanilla compared to this.”

“No reason to be self-conscious” Brianna replied in a soothing tone. “It's our first time. We can get more creative with our outfits if we decide to do this again.”

“Yeah, I wouldn't worry” Alex piped up. “I doubt anyone is going to mistake us for *normies* when a leather gimp and two leather Dommies are strolling down the sidewalk in the summer heat.”

Bethany and Brianna chuckled as they put away their phones. Alex stashed his in his backpack behind the chair. His body was heating up fast in the afternoon sun. It felt like it was almost time for a swim.

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The frosty air-conditioning settled over them as Bethany and Brianna led Alex into the reception hall by twin leashes. Two clinking strands of steel chain led back to the O-ring on his collar. They were attached to circular leather grips in both women's hands. The walk from where their ride-share dropped them off to the building had, thankfully, been short. It hadn't taken long for the heat to bake through his leather layers and get Alex sweating. The frigid air surrounding them was a heaven-sent blessing.

“Ahhhh... Better!” Alex remarked as they marched into the flashing, pulsing kink convention. His full-body gimp suit was already slick against his skin, but that would change the longer they stayed indoors.

“It's a little cold for me” Brianna noted with a grimace. Her stylish jacket, thick corset, shiny pants and knee-high boots were all black leather. It seemed even in those thick layers she preferred to be outside.

“All the more reason to find some fun activities to warm us up!” Bethany added with a smile. The red-head's form-fitting leather top was cinched at her waist with a silver studded leather belt. Below that, her tight leather skirt ended where her thigh-high boots took over.

Alex could only gawk at them from behind as his twin Mistresses strutted their stuff. He wanted nothing more than to begin unzipping and peeling off those layers and lap the aftertaste of leather off their immaculate skin with his obedient tongue. He knew it would be hours before anything like that happened, though, if he was even allowed to do that much before being bound. This fetish ball would be a combination of kinky fun and devastating anticipation for the real party to come, later.

They'd just had their ID's checked and been exposed to large placards announcing the rules of *Alter Ego*. Absolutely no one under eighteen allowed, informed consent was required for all activities, etc. It was the usual list of things you'd expect for any organized BDSM and fetish event.

Thumping, pounding techno beats blasted through the large convention hall as the trio walked down the first lane of booths, stages and displays. Large monitors featured fetish models and advertisements for various kink products, stores and future events. Dance hall lighting bathed the area in a kaleidoscope of shifting colors.

They passed other convention goers and the people were just as diverse as the booths around them. Latex and leather fiends were abundant. Some wore incredibly detailed fantasy, historical or culture-based costumes, like a painted Geisha in a latex kimono. Others wore almost nothing but body paint and jewelry. There were even a few furies, parading around in their anthropomorphic suits, outlined with leather harnesses and officer's caps.

The other attendees nodded and said hello as they passed. Virtually everyone was friendly. Alex got the impression they could stop and chat with any of them at any time. Each booth and attraction had at least one representative standing at the front, plying their wares and calling out for volunteers for the various demos, games and activities they offered.

There were many enticing overtures, but Bethany and Brianna didn't stop walking until they came to a booth with '**WHAP!**' presented in big, glowing neon letters. Below that it read: *Premium Leather Goods & Tools of Discipline!*

On top of the stunning array of floggers, paddles and crops hanging at the storefront, various fetish attire was also on display. There were mannequins wearing a diverse range of leather tops, pants and skirts. Smaller pillars held up racks of leather hats, boots and accessories. The smell was as enticing as the visual feast, drawing Bethany, Brianna and Alex like moths to the flame.

Standing in front was a bold looking woman in a black leather bustier and shiny leather pants. Her long, silky black hair parted in the center and flowed down the back and sides of her head elegantly. Her nose and belly button were pierced, matching her studded leather choker. Her hands were adorned with fingerless leather gloves. Her shiny leather boots were laced tightly up to her knees. She was the classic goth chick from high school if that young woman had also been a leather Domme.

"Heya! See something you like?" She yelled over the pumping music. The woman studied their outfits as the leather fiends approached. "You've obviously stopped at the right place! Cmon in!"

She motioned them past the front and they passed through the tent-like entrance. They emerged on the other side as the modest looking booth gave way to a surprisingly spacious display area. Inside, the thrumming music and chattering of guests faded into the distance. The trio's eyes went wide with glee as they got their first look at the extensive wares. They were surrounded by a nirvana of leather sights and smells.

"I'm Natasha, event coordinator for **WHAP** Leather Goods! Nice to meet you."

"Hi, I'm Brianna" the dark skinned Domina greeted as she shook her hand.

"I'm Bethany" the other woman said with a nod and a smile.

"And who's this back here?" Natasha asked, striding forward as the women stepped aside and their twin chain leashes parted ways.

“Alex” he answered with a respectful nod and slight bow.

“Hmmm, you let him use his real name? How generous. You may call me *Miss Tasha*, young man. It would be **Mistress** Tasha, but I see you have two Mistresses already.”

“Yes, Miss Tasha.”

Brianna and Bethany giggled as the leather booth babe put him in his place. She turned back to the two leash-holding Dommies.

“**PLEASE** tell me you've brought a victim to my spanking bench! I've had sadly few today and I'm itching to play with some of our new toys!”

“That sounds like fun” Brianna said, a wicked smile spreading across her face.

“Yeah, and since we're here for a week, we didn't have much room to pack our favorite gear. This works out perfectly!” Bethany added.

“Ah, yes” Natasha agreed. “It's always a pain trying to fit your favorite toys into the luggage. We have everything you could possibly want, right here! Feel free to try out any toys that catch your eye. Maybe you'll purchase something to take home? No pressure, though. For now, let's have some fun!”

The severe looking Gothinatrix pointed to the back and led the way. Bethany and Brianna followed her, towing an excited Alex behind them. They arrived at a leather padded bondage bench that faced the wall. The sturdy device had partitions for the subject's calves and forearms. Each had thick leather restraints that could be wrapped and tightened around the limbs before the submissive endured their spankings.

Natasha turned on her heel and gestured to the sinister looking furniture. “Shall we?”

Bethany and Brianna led Alex to the bench and pushed him onto it without hesitation. With Natasha's help, they quickly wrapped the restraints around his arms, legs and midsection; buckling them tightly and locking them securely. They stepped back and his shiny, leather covered ass was presented to them prominently. It was at the perfect height for beating or fucking.

“Mmmmm, I need to get me one of these!” Brianna exclaimed, admiring how easy the device made prepping her slave.

“Ditto!” Bethany chirped in agreement.

“Gagged or un-gagged? What do you think, ladies?” Natasha asked with a wicked grin.

“Gagged!”

“Oh, definitely gagged!”

The two Dominas answered in unison before looking at each other and laughing.

“Excellent choice” Natasha replied. She turned and reached over to a nearby rack of gags and extracted an elaborate head harness with a thick, black rubber ball at its center. “May I fit him with this?”

“Please do” Brianna said with a nod.

The enthusiastic rep stalked around the bench and slid the web of leather straps, metal rings and rectangular buckles around Alex's hooded head. As she tightened it, the thick rubber ball was pulled into his mouth firmly. He had to open his jaw wider as it was forced inward, pressing his tongue down and settling behind his teeth.

Syrupy phlegm began building up immediately, coating the shiny ball and filling his mouth with the taste of pungent rubber. The metal rings bit into his cheeks as the leather straps were pulled tight around his face and the back of his head. The cruel device even had an attached nose hook which the self-satisfied goth girl slipped into his nostrils and adjusted upward, yanking his nose open wide.

“There we go! You should have no trouble breathing through this.”

Alex couldn't believe how quickly and comprehensively the three women had rendered him completely immobile. His body tingled with submissive thrill as he entered sub-space. He pulled on his bindings, confirming there was absolutely nothing he could do to free himself. He murmured around the gag as the Dommies inspected their work.

“You should still be able to flex your fingers, so they'll serve as safety signs. One finger if you need a pause. Five fingers for full stop. Yellow light and red light. Got it?”

Alex nodded at the raven haired leather goth, emitting sloppy gibberish around the already soaked rubber ball.

“Alright girls, pick out your toys” Natasha said, gesturing to the seemingly endless assortment of floggers, whips, canes and paddles along the walls of the interior. The three of them walked off and began chatting about the ones they were excited to try out. “I take it you won't mind if I get in on the fun?” she asked the eager duo.

“Not at all!” Bethany answered.

“The more the merrier” Brianna confirmed.

As they selected their weapons, Alex stared ahead. The wall in front of him had a large mirror hanging on it. It was placed there so the Dommies could observe him closely and each victim of the bench could watch as his tormentors unleashed hell. Some enjoyed the anticipation of the submissive not knowing when the next blow was coming, but a simple blindfold could be employed if that was the desired effect. For his part, Alex was glad he had a window into the proceedings.

Soon his beautiful Goddesses and the dutiful booth Domme had returned. In the mirror, Alex could see Brianna had chosen a long, thick leather paddle. Bethany carried a sinister looking switch and Natasha held a sleek looking flogger. He'd heard that instrument referred to as a 'cat-o-nine-tails', but hers looked more like a 'cat-o-twenty-seven-tails.' Its many tassels were thick, black leather strands, hanging down in an intimidating bundle.

“Zipped or unzipped?” Natasha asked, clearly hoping for the latter.

“I think we'll leave him zipped up” Brianna stated. “Between the three of us, he'll be getting plenty of impact, even through the leather.”

Alex breathed a sigh of relief. He would thank her for that later with plenty of tongue worship.

“As you wish” Natasha replied. “Mistresses first!”

Brianna stepped up and brought the thick leather paddle to bear.

SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT

His body jolted as the slapper lambasted both his ass cheeks simultaneously. Even through his shiny pants, each loud blow of leather on leather grew a bit more painful than the first.

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

“Mmmm, yes. I like this one! Good heft to it. Feels right. Your turn, Beth!”

Bethany stalked forward and raised the thin, cruel looking cane into the air. It was thin enough to call a switch, but with its copper construction and nylon finish, it wasn't going to feel like wood on flesh. It looked like it would sting significantly more.

THWAP

'JESUS!!!'

THWAP THWAP THWAP

Each swing of her arm into his bottom was a quarter inch of blistering pain. He gurgled around his ball gag and pulled on his bindings, his body squirming on the bench, but going nowhere.

'Thank fucking god they didn't unzip me!!!'

“Hmmm, I like it, but this one is more suited to punishment, I think. I might pick out another one before my next turn” Bethany announced. “He's all yours, Natasha!”

Bethany stepped aside. She and Brianna watched the goth Domme with rapt attention, eager to see what she could do. Miss Tasha approached him slowly, whirling the flogger in circles to her left and right; oscillating from one side to the other. It was like she was practicing with some martial arts weapon, doing a kata routine that served to show off for the crowd as much as it did to build momentum for her first blow.

Alex was about to learn that this company was true to its name. She twirled the instrument of doom around herself a few more times before whipping it over her head and bringing down the bundle of leather cords fiercely across his ass.

WHHHHAAAAPPPP

A thunderous clap broke the air as each leather strand ripped into his bottom with amazing force. Alex's eyes bulged and he grunted into his gag. His body strained against the bench as raw, searing ache inflamed his buttocks. Natasha wasn't big and she didn't have the strong arms of a weight lifter, but it didn't matter. Her spanks were fierce.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

The power she channeled into her blows was incredible. Each one generated a loud blast, ripping through the booth with a dull echo as her bundle of leather cords flayed his gimp body. Bethany and Brianna looked on, astonished, impressed and more than a little aroused.

Natasha noticed them gawking and paused in her beatings, turning to them with a cheeky smile. "It's all in the wrist. Proper technique generates power. Watch my movements and you'll learn how to do it too."

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Saliva slid from Alex's packed lips as he slurped on the shiny gag and his body lurched in tight bondage. Once this was over, walking around the convention hall and back to the hotel was going to be brutal. It would make getting pegged later even more intense. It was just the beginning of a long, rough night and he would enjoy every leather bound minute of it.

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By the time they got back to the hotel, all three of them were bursting at the seams with passionate desire. They'd passed random guests in the hallways as they walked back to their room, all of whom gave them strange looks. They'd never seen two leather Dommies leading a shiny, well-spanked gimp by dual leashes before. The exasperation and startled responses of strangers only turned the trio on even more.

As soon as the door was shut and their bags of purchases and convention merch were set aside, the action began. They were all hungry, but a late dinner could wait for later. They were more hungry for Femdom thrills, their heated bodies having donned sensual leather for going on five hours. A fetishist could only take so much titillation before they exploded with lust, and they were each well beyond that point.

Alex and Bethany began kissing and feeling each other up as Brianna fetched her strapon harness from her luggage. The redhead un-clipped his leashes and tossed them aside. Her hands began flowing all over his body, gripping and squeezing him as they kissed deeply. Occasionally she'd grab his beaten ass and send a shock wave of pain through his gimp form, biting his tongue at the same time and reminding Alex who owned him utterly.

Brianna watched them from the side, removing only her leather jacket before pulling the harness up around her body and fixing a long, thick, black rubber cock securely into its fittings. She stroked it a

few times before fetching a condom and rolling it down the length of her fearsome weapon.

Bethany led Alex to the bed. Upon seeing Brianna's intentions, she was only too happy to accommodate. Bethany slipped onto the duvet first and pulled Alex along with her. She placed herself at the front, leaning against the pillows and headboard as she grabbed his hooded head and pulled him to her.

“On your hands and knees! It's time to put that filthy tongue of yours to work, **slut!**”

She unzipped her leather skirt, revealing glistening, sweaty thighs as the glossy garment parted. Bethany pulled her lacy, black underwear down to reveal a moist labia, thick with natural lube and an already engorged clitoris. The beautiful, fire-kissed Domina was dying for oral attention and she would have it **now**.

Bethany guided his face into her hot, steamy pussy. Alex went to work at once, lapping around the edges of her soft folds, diving in with his tongue and lapping around her clit in slow motions. She let out a loud moan as her grip tightened on the sides of his head. Bethany directed his attentions sternly, sending his soft tongue to the spots she desired.

“Fuck yeah! Just like that! Don't stop!!!”

Alex felt the bed shift behind him and the added weight announced Brianna's arrival. The zipper of his back passage was ripped down and a small, plastic bit was jammed into his yielding starfish. Several long streams of liquid silk pulsed into his anus before Brianna pulled the tube free and squirted several more along her fat length of strapon cock. She fisted it up and down, spreading the slick goo along her shaft as she watched their slave pleasure Bethany exquisitely.

“That's it. Lick that pussy! That's what you're good for, Alex! Eating pussy and getting **FUCKED!** What more could a slutty, submissive leather slave want?”

Brianna entered him smoothly, her long, well-lubed length spearing into his well trained pucker with little resistance. She seized his lips and glided inward, pulling on his flanks firmly. She worked the thick shaft back and forth until all ten inches of her Goddess cock bottomed out in his tight, warm depths.

Alex would've answered her question, but he was too busy slurping away; his face buried in increasingly needy clam. Bethany could no longer form coherent thoughts. Her legs were now wrapped around his back, forming an ever tighter hold around his head and torso as she demanded oral worship.

“Ohhhhhh!! **OHHH GODDD!!!! MORRREEE!!!**”

The ebony Domina began bucking into him. She held his hips tight so she didn't jolt him too hard. She didn't want to interfere with Bethany's pleasure as she shafted Alex in long, firm strokes.

Alex could feel the massive rubber dong splitting his tender, white rosebud wide. The fat length was pumping in and out of his sensitive tunnel, setting his prostate aglow and his body buzzing with pleasure as he lapped, kissed and sucked at Bethany's hot pussy. Each time he licked around her clit, the woman lost her mind, digging her fingers through his leather hood and into his hair and flesh. She kept his face locked in her quivering cunt, forcing him to lick and suck with no reprieve.

SMACK

Brianna cracked his already bruised ass with her open palm. Her hips began pounding him harder, the pain adding another layer of depravity to his sandwiched position and the demands being made at both ends of his body. The fat scrotum of the strapon smacked into his balls each time she bottomed out. The haughty Goddess took turns watching her fat strapon pump in and out of his accommodating ass and looking up to see their mutual gimp property lapping away at the pleasure-racked redhead.

The dominant diva's pussy was also dripping wet, being nudged and tickled by the base of the strapon with each aggressive thrust into his ass. Below her leather pants, the fetish fashionista wore panties that were leather at the front and softest satin in the back. Her juices trickled out along the already wet leather, rubbing her lovingly with each lustful fuck into her slut boy's hungry hole.

SMACK SMACK

“MAKE HER CUM, Alex!!! DO YOUR JOB, YOU FILTHY GIMP WHORE!!!”

Alex did as he was bade, sealing his lips around her tender clitoris and sucking away with vigor. Within moments, Bethany let out a guttural moan, her back arching as her body shuddered in powerful climax. A jet of fem-cum blasted over Alex's leather wrapped face as he sucked away continuously. Bethany's head lulled back as she moaned and screamed out her orgasm.

Brianna never stopped fucking Alex's stretched-wide man cunt as she approached her zenith. Bethany released his face and relaxed in the afterglow. Brianna took that as her cue to **really** pound his ass. She slammed her cock into Alex powerfully, beating his bruised buttocks and filling him with thick, rubber cock over and over.

Alex groaned in bliss as her rutting length triggered his climax. His balls twitched and his rock hard penis spat globs of cum all over his chest, torso and the bedding below. His black gimp suit was splattered with sticky white nut as his Goddess milked his balls empty with her thrusting length.

Brianna watched him shudder in pleasure. She was drunk with power, her cheeks rosy red as their slave was forced to orgasm from being fucked in the ass. Moments later her pleasure spiked and she cried out in bliss. Brianna pummeled his ass with her thrusts, blasting his wounded cheeks with her powerful hips until she bottomed out one last time and came to a sudden stop.

She wailed like a banshee as her climax hit like lightning. Her thighs and breasts shook, her hands reaching up and running through her dark hair as her sweaty, tingling body gushed pleasure in its leather confines. Once she had control of her faculties again, she pumped the thick strapon back and forth a few more times, giving Alex a few more fucks before pulling her impossibly large phallus from his ravaged pucker.

The three sprawled out on the bed for a while, panting and moaning lightly as they came down from their collective high. Alex thought perhaps they'd take a break and get some food before round two began, but his fired up Femdoms had other ideas. After a few minutes had passed, Bethany rose, slipped off the bed and fetched her own strapon harness along with a fat, fleshy toy.

Brianna strode around the bed and hopped back on, happily taking Bethany's place. She pulled the

lubeless condom off her thick, black length. The latex prophylactic yanked off with a snap, and all that was left was her shiny black dick. She brought the tip to Alex's lips and looked at him expectantly.

“Start sucking, **bitch!** You haven't sucked my cock to the balls yet, and we're going to keep practicing till you do! This black Goddess will make a **pro cock sucker** out of you yet!”

His mouth was still raw and tired from his long exertions at Bethany's behest. Nevertheless, Alex lowered his mouth down and made a proper O-face as he sucked the tip of Brianna's strapon into his mouth. He pressed his face down and took the first four inches into his mouth, stopping only when the fat glans pressed against his uvula. Brianna seized the top of his head and pulled him down, gagging him as the cock plunged deeper.

“There we go! That's a good boy. Up and down! We'll get it **all** in there, eventually...”

Alex felt Bethany get back on the bed. Her knees fell on the mattress behind him and he felt another large squirt of lubricant enter his well fucked ass. Brianna had managed to pull his lips down to the halfway point of her thick phallus as he felt another large cock enter his stretched-out pucker.

Bethany inserted the tip of her nine inch cream-colored monster into his backdoor and guided it inward. A wide smile lit up her face as she shimmied forward, her strapon sinking to its deepest point, easily. She took hold of his hips and began sawing her length in and out. Her pleased cooing indicated that the gentle rocking vibrations on her clit and the thrilling power of strapon domination were already sending her toward another climax.

Brianna looked down at him with an amused smile as he slurped back and forth on her obscene length. “That's it! Suck that cock like a good little **gimp bitch!** If you want to taste my pussy, you're going to deep throat every inch of this cock first! In fact, I don't think you get anymore pussy tonight! I might just cum from **fucking your slutty mouth!**”

The aroused amazon shifted and got back up on her knees. The end of her strapon never left Alex's mouth, his lips sucking dutifully and making the lovely slurping noises he knew his Mistresses wanted to hear. Soon, Bethany and Brianna were fucking at him both ends. Their breasts shook as they packed their slave with thick, musty lengths of rubber dick; moaning in unison.

Their eyelids fluttered downward as the the thrill of Domme space and the pleasure of strapon fucking filled them. Their hips grew more aggressive as they spit-roasted Alex long and hard. The slurping of his holes around their twin poles of glistening rubber exhilarated the rutting pair, driving them steadily towards another frenzied peak.

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The bright rays of late morning lit up the hotel room as Bethany pulled back the large drapes. Brianna lay on the bed, scrolling on her phone. Alex was beside her, emerging from the depths of sleep and staring at the ceiling. He groaned weakly and wondered if he'd ever be able to walk straight again.

“I can't move.”

“You don't need to move, you just need to tell me what you want to eat. I think we can still get breakfast from room service. What do you guys want?”

“Any breakfast platter with eggs and toast works for me” Bethany declared, her hands on her hips. She was almost naked, with only a lacy, black bra and panties covering her feminine assets.

“Me too” Alex added, not caring in the slightest what they decided on. It was only the second day of their trip and he felt like he'd been through Wrestlemania. His ass was still aching after lengthy rest and his whole body was sore.

“Alright, I just put in an order for three breakfast platters. We shouldn't have to wait too long.”

“Can we **not** go anywhere today?” Alex asked, his voice still half dead.

“If we stay here, we're just gonna fuck you more” Bethany retorted, looking down at him haughtily from the side of the bed.

“Mmmhmmm” Brianna confirmed.

Alex looked at them, his gaze shifting from side to side. “Ok... Maybe we'll go out for a while.”

His twin Mistresses laughed. Alex could tell they were proud of how thoroughly they'd worked him over in the course of their first Femdom threesome.

Brianna's phone chimed and her brow furrowed. She checked her email and a few moments later, she spoke up excitedly. “**YES!** Perfect timing! The editing is finished. Beth, the movie is ready!”

“What movie?” Alex asked, completely out of the loop.

“What do you think?” Bethany answered. “*Taming of the Gimp*, of course.”

Brianna setup a stream from her phone to the giant smart TV across from the bed. The video began playing and there it was, the special Midnight Theater they'd performed together. Timothy stepped onto the stage and performed the opening lines as the narrator.

Alex was shocked, not only that they hadn't told him, but that he hadn't thought to do it himself. Brianna and Bethany had arranged to have the whole thing professionally recorded. He'd seen some of his friends send clips they'd saved via cell phone video, but this was way better, obviously.

“Surprise!” Brianna said with a smile. “We'll be getting hard copies in the mail soon. Complete with a DVD menu and everything.”

Bethany rejoined them on the bed and the three of them cuddled up to watch the show. The two Dominas were on either side of Alex. They watched the first act of the play unfold as they waited for their breakfast.

“This is awesome” Alex said, getting a little misty eyed. “Thanks so much.”

“Something this special had to be immortalized.”

“Only fitting” Bethany added as she adjusted her body, leaning into him.

“I’m so lucky I met you two. You’re both amazing.”

“So are you, Alex” Brianna replied with a glowing smile. She tapped him on the chin. “Don’t forget it.”

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Their incredible week of sight seeing and hot sex was over before he knew it. Likewise, the summer was gone in what felt like moments. Their senior year was no different, the weeks and months flying by ever faster as his university days came to a close.

Alex continued to see Bethany and Brianna throughout that final year, but their encounters grew less frequent. As their most difficult courses, a long line of exams and final papers mounted, there were less opportunities for kinky fun. Still, they carved time out of their schedule for Femdom thrills whenever possible.

Before graduation day arrived, they made a pact. All three of them would wear their favorite leather fetishwear below their crimson robes as they climbed the stairs and received their diplomas. Alex went a step further, wearing his collar openly during the ceremony.

His father and some other family members who came to the proceedings were taken aback by his unusual adornment, but Alex didn’t care. His mother, on the other hand, was surprisingly cool. She shrugged it off, telling the others “that’s just what the kids are into these days.” Alex wasn’t sure if his Mom was completely oblivious, or if she’d figured out he was a kinkster and secretly approved. Either way, she was running cover for him and he appreciated it.

Bethany, Brianna and Alex met that night for one last lust-fueled tryst before going their separate ways. In the years to come they would stay in contact, even as they found new partners and pursued kink in the next chapters of their lives.

Although he often missed them, Alex would be forever grateful to his first two Dommes. He would always carry the memories of his college days when his leather fetish was unveiled and he was lovingly subjugated by two dominant beauties. They were the foundational experiences of his youth that led to a fulfilling life of consensual, erotic, leather gimp subservience.