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MY FIRST DOMME

J. D. TUFTS

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As a writer of erotica stories, I often write in the vein of the fanciful. This is not one of those times. This story is one hundred percent true, and I hope that the people who enjoy my stories are taken with it, even though it is more down to earth. It is these events that made me interested in writing the kind of stories that I am writing in the first place, and when I think back on these events, I can't help but be aroused by them.

It was the late nineties, and I was nineteen years old, working at a video store and going to college part time. I had been dating a girl named Katie for a while, but we had broken up, mostly because the physical part of our relationship wasn't working out. Katie was a big girl, my height, which was five-foot-nine, athletic and buxom. I was turned on by her looks and body, but every time we would be intimate, she wanted things to go one way and I wanted them to go another. We were both too inexperienced to understand what dynamic was at play there, but in retrospect we both wanted to be the "bottom", while the other refused to top.

I didn't understand my proclivities then. I had lost my virginity to my high school girlfriend Miranda, who had been short with big boobs that I had loved to play with, but sex hadn't been great with her either. From my perspective, I had gotten with two really hot chicks but for some reason sex just wasn't "working" with them. I had no idea what was wrong with me.

It was a Sunday night at the video store when it happened. I was the only one there, the owner choosing to go home that night and leaving me to close. He rarely had done this in the past, so I considered this a vote of confidence. I had never been there that late on a Sunday night, so I had never seen her before. If I had, I would have surely remembered.

She came in just ten minutes before closing time. Nobody else was there and I was at the counter reading. I looked up to see who it was when she walked in, hearing the bell on the door ring, and at first, I glanced over, but something made me do a double take. It wasn't her beauty, though she was certainly beautiful, but something else that caught my attention. She was extraordinary tall for a woman, at the time the tallest woman I had ever remembered seeing in person.

I knew I had liked that Katie was as tall as me, but I had never realized the extent I found tall women attractive. I lived in a small city in Ohio, and it was rare I had ever been in the presence of a woman that was taller than me, let alone significantly taller. This woman was almost as tall as the doorframe, and she was wearing flat shoes, so in heels she would have been taller than the door. A strange feeling came over me at once, and it was as if my stomach was filled with butterflies and my skin was hot and tingling all over.

I tried to watch the woman as she went up and down the video store aisles making her selections, but I didn't want to stare like a creeper. She was dressed in a blue floral blouse and tight blue jeans. Her jeans hugged her long gorgeous legs and shapely butt. The blouse was distended by her ample chest. Not only was she tall, but she was uncommonly busty. I remembered that Katie was an F cup, and I had found those boobs to be tremendous, bigger than anything I had seen in playboy. This woman made Katie seem small by comparison.

She was very pretty, with dark eyes and high cheekbones. Her face was framed by long dark hair. I guessed she was in her mid to late thirties. She carried herself with a confidence I had rarely seen in women, and certainly not in girls my own age. I instantly had a crush on this spectacular woman, and I continued to spy on her as she made her selections.

Finally, she came up to the counter with three films. The first was Fellini's *Amarcord*, the second Russ Meyer's *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill*, and the last one was David Lynch's *Wild at Heart*.

“That’s a diverse list of choices,” I said, trying to make any conversation with this spectacular woman.

She looked down at me, a sultry smile on her face. “I teach a film class at the community college. I come in here to get movies to show during the week. I’ll take the five-night rental.”

I nodded my head. I had never had a woman tower over me like this. My eyeline was just above her bust if I looked straight forward, and the top of my head was below her chin.

“I’ve never seen you here before,” she said. “Where’s Andy?”

“He has something to do early in the morning tomorrow, so he asked me to close up. I’m Jason.”

“Nice to meet you, Jason,” she said. “I’m Charlotte.” There was a bit of an awkward silence between us and then she asked. “Do you go to school?”

“Yes, I go to Sinclair,” I said.

“That’s where I teach,” she said. She smiled at me in a way that no woman had ever smiled at me before. “You should take one of my classes if you really like

movies.”

I could feel my heartbeat accelerate as she said this. She was basically giving me a way to see her again. We were at the end of the spring quarter at that point, so I said, “Maybe I’ll take one of your courses in the fall.”

Her smile widened. “I teach summer courses as well,” she said.

I wanted this moment to go on so that I could keep looking at her, but she was gone once she collected her movies. I was still breathing heavy and trying to collect myself. I thought that she couldn’t possibly have invited me to take her course because she wanted to see me again. That would be crazy, yet I wanted very much to be able to see this incredible woman again.

We were two weeks from the ending of spring quarter, and then there was another week before the summer quarter would start up. I looked up the summer classes and saw that there were two courses in film during the summer quarter, one being taught by an R. Martin, and the other being taught by a C. Werner. Both film classes were in the English department, and so I went online to look up the English department on the college website. Charlotte Werner was no doubt the woman who had come into the video store.

I had not planned to take summer courses at the community college, and I was getting ready to transfer to the university after this year. In order to qualify for financial aid, I would need to take three more classes over the summer to have enough credits to be fulltime. I saw that Charlotte Werner was teaching another class that I could take as an elective, “The Gothic Novel” and I signed up for it quickly, as well as two other classes I had intended to take in the fall.

I thought about asking Andy about whether I could close on Sundays, but I knew that he was sure to ask me why. I didn't want to have to tell him about my new crush on one of our regular customers. At best, he would tease me mercilessly, and at worst it might put my job in jeopardy. He sure wasn't going to let me take the Sunday closing shift if he knew my real reason.

So, I had to wait until the summer quarter started up to see this spectacular woman again, the film class I had taken with her, romance film, being on Monday and Wednesday, and the Gothic Literature Class on Tuesday and Thursday. I showed up at the first film class before anybody else and waited for the classroom to slowly fill up.

Charlotte came in five minutes late. Due to the fact she was now wearing high heels, she had to duck under the door in order to walk in. She wasn't dressed as casually as the first time I had seen her. She wore a black skirt that went down to just above her knees, affecting my appreciation of her fantastic legs. It hugged her round voluptuous ass in an exciting way. Her white blouse was thick and buttoned up to her neck, but it could not hide the bulge of her huge breasts. She was as beautiful as I remembered, and I was instantly aroused again as I looked at her.

As the class started, I was relieved to now have an excuse to stare at her. She introduced the class and passed out the syllabus. "This class isn't going to focus on the kind of 'chick flicks' a lot of people might expect," she told us. Looking at the list, I saw this was true immediately. One of the films on the syllabus was *The Graduate*. I couldn't help but think about how that film fit in with the current state of my fantasies.

As with most classes, she went through the syllabus in far too much detail, asked if there were any questions, and then dismissed early. She told us that the first film would be on Wednesday, and we would be expected to participate in a discussion of the film online. This was the first time I had ever taken a class

where there was an online discussion format. When she dismissed us, I tried to collect my things very slowly. I wanted to be alone in the room so that I could have an opportunity to speak to her.

One girl in the class decided that she wanted to keep asking more questions, and I was left with the problem of whether I wanted to make my holding back seem too obvious or not. I stood behind her, feeling awkward as everybody else left, and then I started to think what I could possibly say to Charlotte. At first, I just thought I would come up and mention how we talked in the video store, but that seemed stupid. The girl was talking still, and so I finally decided to walk past her and out the door.

“Hey Jason, hold up a moment,” Charlotte said to me. She had interrupted the girl in order to talk to me, and so she quickly went back to her. “You were saying?”

I stood there awkwardly. Charlotte was half sitting and half leaning on the table at the front of the class, and even in this slumped over state she was still towering over me. I wondered again, just how tall this woman was, and why even at this height she felt she needed to wear high heels.

Finally, the girl stopped speaking and walked out, so Charlotte and I were alone. When she looked at me, I could feel a shiver go up my whole body. “I just wanted to say it was good to see you decided to take my class.”

“I’m taking your other class too,” I blurted. Charlotte smiled at me, a coquettish smile that made my heart thump in my chest.

“Are you?” Charlotte said and fluttered her eyes at me.

I was suddenly very nervous. “I needed to take some more classes to be full time, for financial aid,” I said.

“Of course,” Charlotte said with a nod, and then there was a long silence between us. She looked me up and down. “I was just really hoping to see you again.”

She didn’t follow this with anything, just continued to look at me and watch me squirm. After what felt like forever, “Well, I’ll see you in the other class,” I said, and basically ran away.

I felt embarrassed by the whole thing. I desired this woman more than anybody I had ever been around in person, yet I was awkward and tongue-tied around her. I couldn’t read her because I had no frame of reference for this kind of woman.

The next ten weeks were consistently the same. Charlotte made a point to talk to me, to intimidate me and to tease me, and I never knew what it was that I was supposed to do. Things got worse when I started getting graded. I had never gotten lower than a B on anything I had submitted to any college class, but my first paper from both classes were awarded Cs by Charlotte. They were covered in notes about how to improve my performance.

As the class continued, Charlotte continued to be a hard grader. I did better on each subsequent paper, but she continued to find things that I was doing wrong. What was worse, she didn’t seem to be grading any of the other students as harshly as she had been grading me. It was in the last week of the classes that

she stopped me as I was leaving the Gothic Literature class.

“Jason, could you hold up a minute.”

“Sure,” I said, standing awkwardly by her desk. She walked over to me, far closer than any of my other professors would have stood next to me. Looking up at her towering height I felt a rush of adrenaline.

“I wanted to talk to you about your grade,” she said. “Right now, you are on pace to get a B. I was wondering if you were interested in some extra credit.”

“What kind of extra credit?” I asked. I could hear the desire in my own voice. Charlotte smiled at me.

“Why don’t you come by my office tomorrow morning?” she asked. “I’ll expect you around eight.” There was no way I was going to refuse that invitation.

Charlotte’s office hours were at ten o’clock through eleven, so the invitation came off as more private. I could barely sleep that night as I thought about her. When I came to her office, I was exhausted, and my heart was beating so fast that part of me wanted to turn and flee. I willed myself to walk up to her closed door and knock.

“Come in,” Charlotte said.

When I opened the door, she was behind her desk, but she stood up when I entered. She was dressed differently than I had ever seen her before. She was wearing a grey woman's business suit with a skirt. At first, when she stood up, it seemed as if she was much taller than she normally was, and I quickly realized it was because she was wearing large platform heels, even higher than the high heels that she would normally wear.

"You wanted to see me?" I said as my heart thudded in my chest.

She walked toward me, making the way she towered over me that much more pronounced. She reached out and closed the door behind me, making her just inches away from touching me. I wanted to feel her so badly. She leaned down so she could whisper in my ear.

"You know why you're here don't you?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I said, and a moan escaped my lips.

"We've been playing this game for a long time," she said. Then she stood back up to her full height, eyeing me critically. "Strip," she said.

I hesitated for a moment before I started unbuttoning my shirt. The way she was watching me was electrifying, but I was nervous to be naked in front of this woman. I suddenly wasn't confident in my body. I knew that she would judge me, and that she had every right to judge me. I was going to be her plaything.

Soon my shirt was off, and then my pants. She didn't say anything else to me, but I knew that Charlotte expected me to be completely nude, so I peeled off my boxer shorts and then my socks. She continued to scrutinize me in silence as I stood there, and I could hear my own heavy breathing as I watched her watch me, from her towering height.

She reached out to me and ran her fingernails along my chest. "You don't look bad," she said. "I like my slaves to be prettier, and there are some things we can do to make you prettier." She reached out and touched my face.

Then she looked back down at my body. "How often do you exercise?"

"Um..." I started and she gave me a hard look. "Once a week," I said. In truth, I didn't exercise regularly at all, but at that age I was still slim and in fairly good shape.

"I expect you to put on some more muscle," she told me. Then there was a long silence before she said, "Put your clothes back on."

By that point I was hard, and my cock was sticking out and pointing right at her, but she ignored my arousal. It was obvious that I wasn't going to get any stimulation from her, and so I did what I was told. She continued to look down at me like I was a bug she was about to smash. Finally, I was fully dressed again.

"I will put together an exercise routine for you," she told me. "I will send it to you through email. Your school email will not do, so I want you to write down your personal email."

She gave me a piece of paper and I wrote down what she had asked and gave it back to her.

“Your training will not start until you are no longer my student, so you will complete the finals and then I will contact you. Until then, you will not touch yourself. Your cock belongs to me. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” I said.

“You will always address me as, Miss,” she told me.

“Yes, Miss,” I corrected.

“You may go,” she said.

The rest of the day was unbearable, and the next week wasn't that much different. All I could do was go through the motions like everything was normal, and I was incredibly aroused all the time. There was a part of me that thought that I should just masturbate and let myself feel that release. She wouldn't know the difference anyway. Yet, I couldn't do it. I knew I wanted to serve her authentically, and to touch myself without her permission would destroy that. All I could do was wait for her to contact me, and until then follow her instructions. I was overwhelmed by the emotions of it.

Until then I hadn't known I had felt these feelings. It had just started to develop slowly from that first time I had seen Charlotte in the video store. I wondered how she had known that I was feeling that way. Why had she picked me? How did I get so lucky? All I knew was that I didn't want to mess things up.

Finally, the quarter was over, and I was no longer her student. Perhaps just to torture me, Charlotte waited five more days to contact me. When I finally got the email, I was extremely excited and somewhat crushed at the same time. Included were a series of instructions, and an exercise routine she wanted me to follow. There was a diet plan too. She wanted me to follow this plan and give her updates in my weekly progress. There were no indications to when I would see her again.

I was frustrated, but I followed the program. In fact, I worked harder at it than was in the instructions because I wanted to please her more than anything. So, I kept working out each week, and I would report to Charlotte through an email about my progress. Sometimes she would ask for pictures, and I would send them to her. This went on for five weeks before she finally wrote me with new instructions.

"I think its time you started your training," she told me. "You are going to come to my house this Friday. You are to wear a blue shirt with brown slacks." She gave me her address and then wrote, "I expect you to be here promptly at seven."

I showed up on time perfectly to the minute. As I knocked on the door, I thought I was going to explode. I had gone all this time without sexual release, and I hadn't even had a wet dream. Now that I was so close to this gorgeous and towering goddess again, I could feel my penis as hard as steel pressing against me pants. I thought I might explode at any second and that feeling got worse when she opened the door.

She was wearing the high heels again, but they weren't the same shoes. Instead, she wore black thigh high boots that looked amazing on her long and muscular legs. She wore a black leather skirt and a tight corset that made her stunning hourglass figure even more dramatic. Her breasts rose from the top, creating an astounding cleavage that was overwhelming as I looked up at it looming over my head. If she bent over, she would envelop me in those breasts.

"Come in," she commanded me, and I walked past her into a large living room. It was sparsely furnished, with only a single sofa and a coffee table, but a lot of open space. "On your knees," Charlotte ordered behind me.

I did what I was told. I didn't even turn to look at her, instead dropped to my knees right where I was, as she came around me to look at me. She inspected me kneeling before her.

"Have you followed my instructions?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss," I answered.

"If you disobey me, you'll regret it," she told me. "Don't think it will be one of those situations where punishment can be seen as some kind of reward. I have seen slaves who try and pull that kind of thing and I'm not going to tolerate it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss," I said.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a while before she spoke again. “What do you desire?” she asked.

“To serve you, Miss.”

“How does that make you feel, the idea of serving me?”

“Excited and exhilarated.” I took a deep breath and then said what I wasn’t sure I should. “I’m also scared.”

“You should be scared,” she said. “This is all new and I am going to test your boundaries. I’ll break you in nice and slowly.”

My whole body was tingling as I listened to this spectacular woman talk about what she would do to me. I wanted to obey her more than anything, but I could feel the fear inside about what she might do. I was afraid that I might get up and bolt at any second, and as I result lose my chance to serve this spectacular woman standing in front of me.

“The first thing you are going to do is learn how I like to be touched,” Charlotte said. She lifted her skirt and revealed that she wasn’t wearing any underwear. “I’ve been super wet thinking about you,” Charlotte said, as she inserted two fingers into her wet pussy.

I watched as she fingered herself, opening herself up and revealing her clit to me. “Come closer,” she whispered, and I moved to her on my knees. She put her hand gentle on my head and moved me to her pussy.

I had never eaten pussy before, my girlfriend never demanding such a thing, and me, being a typical teenager, not very eager to try it. I was surprised how sweet Charlotte’s pussy tasted as my tongue entered her, and I began to slowly lick, feeling a surge of adrenaline as I did so.

“That’s it,” she said, and she began to grind her pussy against my face. “Lick around my clit. Do it clockwise.”

I tried my best to please her, and her moans and directions assisted me in that endeavor. She kept speaking to me. “You’re so lucky to be licking this pussy, you little worm,” she said. I shivered at the sound of her voice. When she came, she squirted on my face, a warm gush that made me feel rewarded for serving my goddess.

I looked up at her with my face drenched in her juices, adoringly contemplating this woman who had effortlessly made me her slave. “Take off your clothes,” she told me, and I complied.

As I shed my clothes I felt as if I was revealing my true self. My goddess watched me as I took my clothes off for her, revealing the body that I had sculpted in my time waiting for her. Once I was naked, she eyed me and walked slowly around me. I could feel my whole body tingling, a lightness in my chest, and my cock was so hard that I thought it was going to explode.

“On your knees again, your hands behind your back.”

I did what I was told.

“Do you think you’re worthy of me?”

“I could never be worthy of you, Miss” I said.

“How do you feel?”

“Small, weak, overwhelmed.”

“Stand up for me.”

I stood up again. Standing up made me feel even smaller because it showed off how tall she was in her towering heels. Charlotte reached down and grabbed my cock. I gasped when she gripped it. I thought I was going to come from this light touching, having not had release in so long, but somehow I was able to hold off.

“Have you touched my toy without my permission.”

“No, Miss,” I answered.

Charlotte smiled at me. It was the sexiest smile I had ever seen. “You must be ready to pop,” she said, and then she moved her fingers, slowly and sensuously, down my shaft.

I moaned as she stroked me and struggled to keep myself from ejaculating. My balls felt so full that it was almost painful. When she reached the end of her stroke, I thought that my cum was going to start draining out of my penis. It felt like my dick was heavy with cum, and ready to fire any second.

“I want to see how much you can comply with my wishes. You did an okay job for a beginner, but you need to become better at making me come. I will only let you come when you deserve it and you don’t deserve it yet. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss,” I told her.

I thought that if I held off long enough, she would let me, but she reached down and cupped my balls, squeezing them gently. My cock felt as if it would erupt at the moment, pleasure and pain mixing together to a point that there was no distinguishing between them. She started to stroke me again and I cried out.

It was excruciating. I was trying with every bit of my will not to come, yet I felt as if I was seconds away from it all being out of my control. It was like teetering on the edge of a cliff. Charlotte smiled at me with malicious glee, and then she suddenly let go of me, and stood back up, watching my helpless reaction.

First, it felt as if I went right up to an explosion and then receded. There was a moment that I thought I was safe, and then it happened. My dick pulsed and semen started to leak out of my cockhead. It was not the explosion of pleasure that an orgasm usually brought, but a pathetic moment of defeat. There was a twinkle of glee in Charlotte's eyes before she turned stern.

"Look what you've done," she scolded. "You've made a mess of yourself. I ask you to do one simple thing and you can't even follow instructions."

"I'm sorry, Miss," I said. I was filled with fear. I had spent so long wanting her and now I thought I might lose her.

"Get your clothes on," she said in disgust. "I want you to put your clothes back on and leave."

I did what I was told, my heart filled with despair as I did so. Charlotte didn't leave the room, but she was ignoring me. She went to sit on the sofa and was thumbing her way through a magazine. Once I was dressed, I knew I must leave but I decided to apologize again.

"I'm sorry, Miss," I said. "I know I failed you, and there is no excuse."

Charlotte looked at me from over her magazine. "Maybe there will be another time," she said. "I'll have to think about it."

I was crushed by these words, and I wanted to beg, but I knew that I shouldn't.

She told me to leave and I should show her that I could be obedient. I turned and walked out the door.

When I came home all my emotions poured out of me at once, and I cried. I wasn't sure if Charlotte would ever give me another chance. I spent the next several days waiting for her to get in contact. I could focus on nothing else, but I didn't dare try and reach out to her. I knew I wasn't worthy. When I did hear from Charlotte it came from an email where she asked me to call her that evening. I did, at the exact time she requested.

"Thank you, Miss," I said. "I am honored you would allow me to speak to you."

She laughed. "Wait until you see what I have planned," she told me. "You might change your mind."