



Leather Slave

Ms. Barbara's Exploration of Female Supremacy
Book 3
by Victoria West

It was after 10:00PM as we pulled into the parking lot of the Phoenician and the sun had long since set behind the desert mountains.

It was mid-July and in Phoenix, even after the sun sets the temperature outside stays in the low 90's. Somehow the harshness of the desert heat seemed appropriate for what I had in store or Kevin after we got back to the room.

He parked the car I removed the nipple clams from his nipples and he winced and threw his head back.

"HUSH! Stop making a fuss." I said abruptly.

I then gathered my shopping bags as he sat silently with both hands on the steering wheel. His eyes were glazed over as if he were in a trance. He breathing was shallow.

"Take a deep breath and my pet. Breath."

He closed his eyes, too several deep breaths and his body began to relax.

"Breath and relax for a moment because you're going to need all your energy to serve me tonight."

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. May I speak freely for a moment?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Do you know what a safe word is?"

"Safe word?"

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. It's a code word your submissive is to say out loud when being punished to get you to stop whatever it is you are doing at that moment."

"Let me ask you a question. Do I look stupid?"

“Ms. Barbara?”

“Do I look stupid or something? I may not have had a man like you at my beck and call but I have read a few romance novels. Unfortunately, every romance novel that dealt with this “scene” had the woman as the submissive or the slave.”

“No, Ms. Barbara. I don’t think you’re stupid at all. You are a brilliant, beautiful and strong woman. I would never even think such a thing.”

“With a question like that it’s apparent you have concerns maybe even second thoughts.

Are you sure you want to continue?”

“YES Ms. Barbara. I was just worried that, well since you were new to this that I might get hurt.”

“So, not only are you saying I am stupid but you’re also saying I don’t know what I am doing. Is that correct?”

“No, Ms. Barbara, I am scared.”

“You should be. You’re about to embark on a trip you may not return from. Metaphorically speaking that is. Are you sure you can handle that?”

Kevin was silent. He looked straight ahead, his eyes looked as if they were searching the darkness for answers. But the question had already been answered. This was his destiny and as it turned out was mine. I seemed to be a natural at this and he knew he had met his match.

After what seemed like an eternity of silence Kevin quietly and humbly stated,

“Please forgive me Ms. Barbara. I do not doubt you, your intellect or your power as a woman. Please allow me to serve you in any way that you would

like me to. If Ms. Barbara is happy I am happy.”

“Well, that’s music to my ears.”

“Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

Now let’s get back to up to the room. Drive me to the front door then go park the car.

When you return to the room knock on the door three times, bow your head, put your hands behind your back be quiet and wait. Do not move. Do not speak to anyone that passes you in the hall, not the cleaning staff. Not a soul. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“I will be watching you through the eyehole in the door so don’t screw up or I’ll make you wait even longer.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

As I was speaking to him I noticed he had become aroused by my words. A massive bulge appeared in the front of his khakis.

“I see you’re aroused again. You really are easy. Just my words get you hard. Just the thought of waiting for me in the hall drives you crazy, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. You have no idea what you do to me.”

“Yes, but I am getting a pretty good idea. Now drive me to the front door?”

He put the car in gear and drove me to the front door. I got out closed the door and walked through the entrance of the resort without look back or thanking him. He wanted dominant and bitchy and that’s what he was going to get for the remainder of at the very least this weekend. He was about to be owned in every way shape and form.

After I got to the room I took my time unpacking my bags. He was going to have to wait as long as I wanted him too to see me in my outfit. I carefully laid out my brand new pair of black leather pants with bright red stitching on the outside of each pant leg, my new black leather corset and gloves and shoes onto the bed. I placed my gorgeous new shoes on the floor.

I had also purchased some restraints, rope and a nice leather slave hood to put over his head.

I wanted to make him my thing, an IT if you will. The hood would also hide his pathetic sad, tortured looks as I teased and tormented him. I didn't want to feel any empathy for him. I also had a leather blind fold to hid his puppy dog eyes.

Then I heard his three knocks on the door. I went to the door and looked through the eyehole and there he was. Through fisheye lens I could see the top of his head as he bowed but his hands were clasped in front of him.

"Hands behind your back I snapped at him through the door."

He swiftly moved his hands behind his back

I was genuinely pleased. I watched him for a minute or so then walked away from the door to get dressed.

I took off my top, my bra and my panties and started to get dressed in my new black leather outfit.

As I got dressed my heart began to race. The air was filled with the sweet smell of leather which I loved. I closed my eyes and softly ran my hands over my tits and my nipples got hard then picked up the black leather pants.

As I slid them over my legs and I felt their tight warm caress on my thighs I began to get wet. I zipped them up slowly. They were so tight that they nicely hugged my ass and fit around my pussy like a glove but they were surprisingly easy to move around in.

Next, my black leather shoulder length gloves. Oh, these were exquisite. As I slid them over my fingers and up my arms to my shoulders I turned around to look at myself in the mirror above the dresser. With my hands on my hips standing in a power pose, like Wonder Woman, I was stunned. I looked so wicked, powerful and at the same time elegant. I no longer saw the passive wall flower staring back at me but a strong confident woman who for at least that moment knew exactly who she was, what she wanted and who she was meant to be. A shiver went down my spine.

The shoes and the corset those would be tasks for Kevin to complete later this evening.

I walked back to the door to the room and looked out the eyehole and sure enough he had not moved an inch. I looked to see if anyone else was in the hall and he was alone. I cracked the door open and he stood motionless.

“As you enter the room keep your head bowed and your eyes closed, hands behind your back.

Once in the room and after I close the door you are to turn your back to me and get on your knees.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I opened the door, he came into the room and I then closed the door. With his eyes closed and hands behind his back he turned around and knelt on the floor.

I stood behind him for a moment with my hands on my hips just watching him.

“This is your last chance. Are you completely sure you want to move forward?

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I am 100% sure.”

“Once it starts there’s no turning back.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara, I understand.”

“Get undressed but do not get off your knees. Do not turn towards me. Stay facing away. You may sit on the floor to remove your pants but do not get up. Take your wallet and keys and place them in your right shoe”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He quickly and clumsily got undressed. As a typical man would do he just threw his clothes into a heap on the floor in front of him.

“You’re a slob. Fold your cloths and place them neatly on top of your shoes on the floor next to the door”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He quickly and meticulously folded his clothes and placed them where I had instructed. I then took clothes, wallet and car keys and locked them in the safe in the hotel rooms closet.

He was kneeling naked by the door with his head bowed, eyes closed, back straight and his hands behind his back. It was apparent that he had had some previous “training” of some sort or experience that would make him so easy to instruct and manipulate and I was going to find out just what his previous experiences had been.

I walked away from him toward the dresser. There I had placed one of the armless straight back chairs from the small table the that the hotel had provided. I stood in front of the chair and instructed him,

“Without turning around walk back to me on your knees. Walk toward my voice. I will tell you when to stop.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He awkwardly began to move backward on his knees towards me. Teetering at times as if he was going to fall to the side.

“That’s it bitch, Follow my voice. That’s it, keep going. You’re almost here.... now STOP!”

He was about one foot away from the front of the chair. I walked over to the bed and grabbed the blind fold and the black leather hood and sat on the chair.

“Scooch back another few inches.”

He did as instructed. His feet and ankles were now under the chair. I leaned forward and placed one leather clad hand over his eyes and the other over his mouth and pulled him back towards me.

“Inhale.”

He shuttered and shivered as he took a deep breath through his nose. I could hear the air coming in and escaping through my fingers. He swayed side to side as he became intoxicated with the smell of my leather gloves.

I removed my hands and got the black leather hood. This was a very menacing looking leather hood. It looked like something that professional wrestles wore. Almost comical in a way. It laced up the back and It had silver d-rings in strategic places that the young lady in the store told me could be used to tie his head down or lead him on a leash. It also had a thick leather “dog collar” sewn into to the bottom that locked into place with a tiny brass pad-lock once it was strapped around his neck. It had cut outs for his mouth, eyes and nose so he could see and breath.

“If you open your eyes at all I will dismiss you. You will be given your cloths and dismissed. Sent home. Got it?”

He was now in a dream like state and he quietly said,

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I will not open my eyes.”

I placed the hood over his head pulling it down towards his neck and shoulders. I centered it over his eyes, nose and mouth then pulled the lacing tight on the back of the hood. I then tied the laces in a bow. I buckled his collar and locked it into place with the provided miniature Master pad-lock. The hood could not be removed with the key. He was completely trapped.

I then took the blind fold and put it over his eyes. It was a simple flat piece of thick leather cut into the shape of “goggles with a black elastic band attached to secure it to his head.

I leaned forward reached around him and put my gloved hands on his chest. My mouth was next to his left ear.

“How bad do you want this Kevin?” I whispered in his ear.

He gasped.

He was in a trance now, slightly swaying side to side.

“Oh my sweet sweet Ms. Barbara. I am yours. Do with me as you wish.”

“How poetic you are. It seems the more I tease and torment you go into some type of tantric trance.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. It’s called.... his head fell back towards me,”sub-space”.”

“I see you get extremely vulnerable and weak when you are in this deep “sub-space”, correct?

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I am very weak and will do anything. Do with me as you wish. I am yours.”

Who knew that all I had to do to get a man to do what I wanted was treat him like shit and tease his nipples? This was absolutely fascinating. I wasn’t sure what I was feeling but I knew I had immense power over Kevin and

had barely exerted myself. This no longer looked to-good to be true. I had found a man who I could mold into whatever I wanted.

I teased his nipples with my fingers by lightly pinching them. He gasped and swayed.

“You mentioned safe-words. This can be any word and when you say it I have to stop whatever it is I am doing?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“What kind of word can I use?”

“Ms. Barbara it can be anything. Some people use colors such as saying “red” to stop completely or “blue” to slow down. Others will use a word that represents an every-day object such as “book case or apple.”

“Hmmm. Those are boring. This weekend I am going to give you a word but I want it to have some impact on you as you say it so it will make you think twice before you say it. If you say book case to me while I am beating you I will burst out laughing.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“So, what shall your word be? Let’s see, how about a phrase. Can it be a phrase?”

“Ms. Barbara, it can be whatever you want it to be.”

“Ok, let’s have you demean yourself for me. Your safe word is, “*I am a stupid freak*”. Now say it out loud.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I am a stupid freak.”

“Shout it!”

“I AM A STUPID FREAK!”

“Again!! But louder.”

“I AM A STUPID FREAK!”

He was on the verge of tears and in a way I pitied him. Not that he looked pitiful, which he did, but I pitied for the fact that I don’t think he had any idea what he had gotten himself into. His “little head” was controlling his big head and within just a few hours I basically owned him.

“Very good. You said it with *such* enthusiasm.”

I then grabbed his nipples as hard as I could with the thumb and fore finger of each of my gloved hands and through gritted teeth I said,

“Do you need your pathetic safe-word now freak?”

“NO! No Ms. Barbara!”

He started to make sobbing sounds and his head dropped forward. It then pinched and grabbed his nipples and pulling them away from his chest.

He choked back a scream.

“One thing to keep in mind, if you scream so loud that management comes to the door you’re going to answer the door as you are, in your hood, and explain to them that you’re ok. You’re just alone and you like to hurt yourself. I will not be embarrassed by you or anyone. Understood stupid freak.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“So tell me how you ended up like this. Like such a stupid freak, addicted to pain, humiliation and leather.”

“Ms. Barbara, I met a woman many years ago at a fetish party where people from the BDSM community mingle and hook up. She and I dated as your

typical couple for a short time and there was no D/s at all. I was taking her to movies, dinner, whatever she wanted but there was no physical contact or intimacy at all.”

“Wow. That’s really odd.”

“That’s what I thought too. We were at dinner at night and she began to talk to me about Matriarchy and Female Supremacy. I had never heard of either but was intrigued.

She explained that she was a female supremacist and in her life men are inferior to women and should be treated as such. Men were to be used by women for whatever a women wanted to use them for.”

“Live slaves?”

“Well, more like erotic slaves. Her strength was in erotic control. She used men’s sexual desires to gain control over them. She said, “Men think with their cocks. If you control their cocks, you control them man”. She told me that if I was to continue dating her I had to know that there would be no intimacy. Sexual intercourse was forbidden and that she and her pleasure would be the only concern I was to have.’

“How did you feel about that?”

“I was confused. I had never been in a relationship like that. Usually I would buy outfits for girlfriends, they would wear them and they would dominate me. We’d fuck or get each other off and have fun. I had never been denied or truly used but I wanted to try it.”

“How does one, “try it”?”

“As you have discovered I am very compulsive so, I just jumped in with both feet. Before I knew it she had moved in with me. She put me through a “boot-camp” training course in my own home that pounded her wants, needs and desires into my head and taught me that my penis and my needs were secondary and to just to be ignored. I was hooded and collared at

home behind closed doors. Rarely allowed to walk on two feet, I was required to crawl on all fours and was at her beck and call 24/7, 365.”

“How did she train you.”

“She used my leather fetish against me to gain control. She kept me in a leather hood. Had leather sheets on the bed. We replaced all my living room furniture with leather furniture. All of this kept me in a constant state of arousal and made me very submissive and easy to control.

Under my cloths at work I had to wear leather shorts or panties. Often times she’d clamp my nipples before I went to work and make me wear them until I got a text from her telling me to take them off.

She also kept me locked in Chastity. I had a pair of leather chastity shorts that had belts around the bottom of the pant legs and around the waist that locked into place with small pad locks. She held the key. I was unable to touch myself for up to 30 days at a time. When she sent me off to work I wore adult diapers under them so I could relieve myself without taking off the shorts.

She played a lot of mind games with me to point where I didn’t know what was going on. Eventually, she had me wearing all the leather, heels and corsets and she’d would walk around the house in sweats and a t-shirt. I rarely got to see her in a sexy outfit again.”

“I see. So, is it just the leather that excites you?”

“No, it used to be but now it’s everything. The worse you treat me the more I will do for you. You won’t have to yell or scream at me, just be complete bitch and a tease and I cave in. I just fall apart and can’t say no to anything you ask me to do.”

“That gives me a pretty good picture of what you’re about. So, you want this again, 24/7, 365?”

“Ms. Barbara, if it’s possible yes, I would give anything for that again. I never thought I’d find it again until I met you.”

With that I stood up and walked in front of him.

“Shut up! I don’t want to hear about this woman anymore. As a matter of fact, do NOT bring her up again or I am going to push you out in the hall, naked and hooded and lock the door behind you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“I see the control I have over your and we *JUST* met. Do you have any idea how far I could take this? Do you have any idea the things I could take control of? Are you prepared for the consequences?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I am prepared. I know you won’t lose me in all of this. I just feel you have a good heart.”

I walked back to the chair and sat down and draped my legs over his shoulders so my feet were dangling over his chest and he could feel my leather pants on his shoulders and chest.

“What am I wearing?”

“Leather pants Ms. Barbara.”

“Very good. You’re going to help me put the rest of my outfit on and then I will determine if you get to see me in it.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I then leaned over him from behind pushing my 38c tits into his back. My weight pushed him forward. I then placed the palm of my hands at the bottom of his rib cage his chest then dug my leather clad fingertips into his chest and drew them upward, clawing my way towards his nipples. He winced and gasped.

“To your left, on the foot of the bed is my new black leather corset. Get it.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Stand up.”

I walked in front of him, turned my back to him then raised my arms over my head and said,

“Put the corset on me and lace it up tight. Do you think you can handle that without being able to see or are you just as incompetent with your eyes covered as you are with your eyes opened?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara, I mean no Ms. Barbara. Yes, I can do it with my eyes covered.”

“Are you flustered?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Good, now get to work and dress me in my corset.”

He was trembling as he put his arms around me and put the corset under my tits and pulled it backward. He fumbled around for the lace but I had unstrung the corset all the way except for one eyelet where the red three-foot-long lace hung. He sighed in frustration.

“Do you seriously just sigh because you just discovered that you have to lace me up”

“Sorry Ms. Barbara. Please forgive me Ms. Barbara.”

“I won’t forgive you. You are not in a position to sigh or ask for forgiveness right now. Do as I say in silence and without complaining, no whining.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

With trembling hands but the skill and gracefulness of a surgeon he methodically laced up my corset starting at the bottom two eyelets and working his way to the top. As he laced he pulled it tighter and it was as if he was tying me up. The tightness of the leather surrounding my rib cage combined with the smell of the leather made me drip with excitement. I looked at the two of us in the mirror and was surprisingly pleased how strong, powerful and beautiful I looked as he catered to me. He looked so sycophantic. So pathetic. When he got to the top pair of eyelets he asked,

“Ms. Barbara, is it tight enough?”

“Yes, that’s perfect. Now tied it off and get back on your knees.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Directly behind you is the chair that I was sitting in. Walk two steps behind you and sit down. I want your back straight against the back of the chair with your legs spread.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He took two steps back and felt behind him with his hand for the chair.

“Stop!” I commanded.

“Did I tell you to use your hands?”

“No. Ms. Barbara.”

“Sit your ass down now!”

“He seemed startled and abruptly sad down exactly as I told him.”

On the bed I had placed all the toys, rope, cuffs and clips. I grabbed a beautiful pair of black leather wrist cuffs that were attached to each other with a short leather strap. The strap connecting the cuffs, each had a square ended trigger clip (snaps) on either end. The straps are about 9-10" in total

length including the clips. I wove the strap in and out of several of the slats the back of the chair.

I grabbed his arms and pulled them behind him cuffing his left hand, then his right hand in place.

When I walked in front of him there was that menacing 7" piece of drooling flesh poking straight up in the air.

"Your dripping again and it's disgusting."

I had bought a box of rubbers at the lingerie store and placed a few on the bed next to the toys. I didn't buy them so he could fuck me. Definitely not. All men's cocks drool when they get excited, like dogs salivating over food. Their pre-cum gets all over everything and it's disgusting.

I grabbed a rubber and tore open the package and pulled out the rubber sheath.

I grabbed it by the small reservoir at the end and placed the opening over the head of his cock.

I then slowly rolled it down to the base of his shaft and he moaned and threw his head back.

"Don't you dare cum you little freak."

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. I won't, or I can't unless you're teasing my nipples at the same time."

"Oh my! Those little buttons on your chest control quite a few things don't they?"

"Yes, Ms. Barbara."

Now that I had his pre-cum contained I could commence. I walked behind him and placed my gloved hand over his nose and the other over his mouth. I then pinched his nose shut and completely and tightly covered his mouth so he couldn't breathe and whispered in his left ear,

“I could kill you couldn’t I? Right here, right now, not let you take another breath.”

The clock on the night stand said 11:12pm. After 20 seconds He squirmed, a little at first pulling against his arm restraints.

After just about a minute he violently struggled by moving his head side to side trying to get me to remove my hands from his nose and mouth. He was in a panic. I pulled his head back toward mine.

“Beg me you freak to let you breath.”

From behind my gloved hands I heard a desperate and inaudible, muffled pathetic plea, that sound more like a pig squealing but I have no idea what his words were.

After a minute and ½ I removed my hands and he was trembling and gasping for air. His head dropped towards his chest.

“Do you need your safe word freak?”

Trying to regain his composure and catch his breath he stammered,

“No Ms. Barbara. I would die for you.”

I placed my hands over his nose and mouth again and whispered in his ear,

“I control you, your mind, your breath and I control your cock”

A very muffled and weak,

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.” Slipped from behind my gloved hand.”

It was now 11:14pm

“Let’s see if you can go two minutes, shall we?”

I pulled my grip on his nose and mouth tighter and whispered in his ear,

“Need your safe-word yet?”

At 11:15 He was screaming from behind my glove, pulling his hooded head side to side but no words came out.

At 11:16 I took my hands away and again his head fell forward panting and this time sobbing.

I pulled his head back and said to him,

“I own you. You will do what I say. You will do whatever I want whenever I want it. Is that clear?”

In-between breaths he said,

“Yes, yes. Ms. Barbara. If Ms. Barbara is happy I am happy.”

“Very good.”

I stood up and walked in front of him and faced him. I spread my legs and sat on his lap with my legs wrapped around his him and the chair so the tips of my toes were on the floor behind him.

I put my arms around him and put my head on his left shoulder and gave him a passionate embrace. I kissed the nape of his neck and ran my hands over his leather clad head.

I was so turned on my panties were soaking wet. I needed to get off. He had beautiful strong thighs that were slightly hairy. His legs were so damp with sweat from the heat of my leather clad legs sitting on top of him that I easily slid back and forth.

I got up bent at the knees and placed my both of my legs around his left leg which was extended about two feet from the edge of the front of the chair he was tied to. I was straddling his leg just above his knee while bracing myself with both hands his shoulders. With my feet slightly at an angle

behind me providing leverage as I began to slide myself back and forth on his thigh. My pussy dripping wet with my own pre-cum. Dripping with sweat from my hot skin tight black leather pants. I began to hump his thigh.

I started out slowly and then worked my way up to a feverish pace. The friction from my pussy and clit rubbing back and forth against his thigh through the leather pants was driving me crazy.

In silence he sat there with his head back as I humped his thigh.

He pushed his thigh up by pointing his toe downward and clenched his thigh muscle which pushed into my pussy. My head dropped forward and my hair was draped on his shoulders and chest as the warm pleasure began to grow from between my legs.

I closed my eyes and small ripples began to pulsate from deep within my pussy. I pushed myself harder and harder, faster and faster against his thighs until those ripples turned into waves making my back arch and me grab his shoulders and dig my leather covered nails into his flesh.

He screamed.

With one last thrust up towards his beautiful thigh my body shuddered with a thunderous orgasm. Then, as soon as it came it slowly subsided leaving my body weak.

With my mind in a fog, In a daze, I relinquished my grasp from his shoulders and released the vice like grip my thighs had on his leg and pushed my hair out of my face. I stood up and fell onto the bed. I drifted off to sleep for a few moments leaving him tied to the chair. When I awoke I rolled onto my back, opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling. Neither of us said a word.

I wanted to cuddle but knew that would be a huge mistake. It would take things in a different direction that I was not prepared for. That's when it occurred to me he was not a romantic partner. He was my toy. A human toy that I could put away in a "droor" when I was done using it.

“You’re just a toy. You’re like a living breathing plaything that I can use, abuse and get myself off with. Like a human vibrator, humping post with a wallet and a tongue.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. You are correct and that’s how I have lived my life for at least the last 20 years.”

“You haven’t even gotten to see me in the outfit I bought with your American Express. You’re desperate to see me in my new outfit that you bought me aren’t you? I mean it appears that you’re my leather slave. My toy leather slave. Correct?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“How bad do you want to see me in my new outfit?”

“Very bad Ms. Barbara. VERY very bad Ms. Barbara. Please let me see you in the leather outfit I bought you. Please!”

“You don’t sound like you mean it.”

I walked over the closet and opened the door. There on the floor were my brand new black dress Gladiator Stiletto Sandals. Gorgeous 5” stiletto heels with gladiator straps that wrapped around my ankle and calf. I picked up the shoes and walked over to the dining room table in the suite and took the other chair from the table and placed in front of Kevin so it was approximately three feet away facing him. I then sat down, put on my new sexy shoes then put my feet in his lap.

“Ooops! I forgot to tie your feet down. We don’t want you thrashing about any more than needed now do we?”

“No, Ms. Barbara.”

I grabbed ankle cuffs that match the ones around his wrists and strapped his ankles to the legs of the chair. There was a black leather strap riveted to

each cuff that nicely strapped around the legs of the chair. He could not move his legs. He could not move his arms and he could not see.

I sat back down on my chair and placed my feet on his chest. Each stiletto heel just a fraction of an inch from his nipples.

“Tell me again how bad you want to see my new outfit bitch.”

“Please Ms. Barbara. Please let me see it. I want to see it very badly Ms. Barbara. VERY very badly Ms. Barbara.”

“Oh come on!!! You said you are my leather slave. Say it with more fucking passion you freak.”

I then moved my feet and placed each stiletto so they were barely grazing each of his nipples with the soles of my shoes pushing into his collar bones baring the weight of my legs.

I then shifted my weight and pushed into each nipple with my stiletto heel and he gasped and made a wimpy strangled, screaming sound.

“I am tired tonight and don’t feel like doing much more work with you. Lean into me. Push yourself into my heels so I can sit here and watch you torture yourself for me. Impale yourself on my stilettos and prove to me you want to see my new sexy black leather outfit.”

He paused.

“Do it!” Or I won’t remove your blindfold while I am wearing my new leather outfit.”

The tips of the heels were flat but the edges were sharp hard plastic and shaped like a capital D. Stiletto’s can be lethal.

He gulped and pushed his chest towards my feet and started to scream but I interrupted him.

“Oh no. No screaming. It’s too late at night for that. You can scream silently. By screaming silently, I mean quietly and passionately whispering. “PLEASE. Ms. Barbara. Please let me see your new leather outfit”

He had pushed his chest as far forward as his arm restraints would allow him but far enough to push my knees back to almost my shoulders. My heels were stabbing his into his nipples and had pushed about two inches into his chest but didn’t pierce it.

His cock was purple and throbbing and it pointed straight up and out of his lap. It strained against the condom that encased it, his pre-cum had completely moistened it inside.

He stuck his head and neck straight out from his shoulders straining towards me, the veins popping out of his neck and desperately, passionately whispered,

“PEASE! Oh my Goddess, Please Ms. Barbara. PLEASE let me see your new leather outfit .”

“Need your safe word yet freak?”

“No. Ms. Barbara.”

“Let’s do some training. Repeat after me, “If Ms. Barbara is happy freak is happy.”

He was out of breath and the pain from my stilettos digging into his nipples had to be searing into his chest.

He bowed his head while still pushing in on my heels and quietly said,

“If Ms. Barbara is happy freak is happy.”

“Again.”

As he said each word I bounced my stilettos on his nipples. This caused him to stagger his words.

“If... Ms. Bar....bara is happy..... freak is happy.”

“Very nice. Do you speak any other languages?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I speak Spanish and German.”

“Say it to me in German.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. “Wenn Frau Barbara ist glücklich Freak ist glücklich.”

“Now Spanish.”

“Si la Sra. Barbara es feliz freak es feliz”

“You please me. Sit back in your chair and be quiet.”

As he sat back he winced as I pulled my stilettos from his flesh. My legs ached a bit as I lowered them to the floor. I stood up and walked over to the window and pulled the privacy curtain closed. I then walked over to the wall switch by the door and turned off the lights to the room.

“You have suffered enough. It’s time for me to remove your blindfold.”

“Thank you Ms. Barbara. I am grateful.”

But It was now pitch black in the room. The only light to be seen was the glow of the street lights from the parking lot that crept in around the edges of the privacy curtain covering the window behind where the chair where Kevin was restrained. I could barely see my hand in front of me.

I walked behind Kevin and leaned over his shoulder draping my arms across his chest making sure to allow the leather gloves to slide over his nipples and whispered in his ear,

“Let’s take that blindfold off but keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

I reached up and ever so slowly removed the blindfold then tossed it on the bed. I walked back to the chair that I had been sitting in and I sat down, sat back and my feet in his lap like he was my foot stool.

“Open!”

“Ms. Barbara?”

“Yes Freak?”

“The lights are out and I can’t see you. I can’t see the outfit.”

“I know. I only said I would remove the blindfold. I never said I would let you see the outfit.

“Maybe tomorrow freak. I am tired and it’s time for bed.”

He hung his head and was silent. His cock gradually went limp. I knew he was disappointed but I didn’t care. How many nights had my husband made promises of fulfilment in the bedroom only to blow his load and fall asleep, sometimes on top of me?

“You said you would do anything and do whatever I wanted. Well, this is what I want. I want you to suffer. I want you to prove yourself to me. I want to leave you hanging. I’ll let you sleep on the wet spot tonight, so to speak. Leaving you like this pleases me. It’s not about you, your needs or your dick. It’s about me, my needs and my desires.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I understand.”

I undressed and carefully hung my new leather pants and corset in the closet. I cleaned up what toys I had laid out and put them on the floor of the closet. Leaving Kevin tied to the chair I went to the bathroom and took a shower. After a nice long hot shower, I put on the hotels complimentary white terry cloth bathrobe, turned on the lights and walked over to Kevin to untie him from the chair. His head was still bowed in disappointment and exhaustion. His once throbbing 7" cock had shriveled to what looked like an inch in length. The condom had slid partially off and pre-cum had oozed out from the opening at the base and onto the fabric on the chair.

I placed my hand under his chin and slowly moved his head up so he could look me in the eyes.

"This is what you wanted isn't it?"

In a quiet and subdued tone he said,

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. It is. I am just exhausted."

I hugged him and caressed his head.

"As you should be. You did well today. I am impressed. Just think of what lies ahead. This weekend you'll eventually get to see me in that gorgeous, black, leather outfit that I look tremendous in. I promise. MAYBE you'll even get to cum. Maybe."

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara."

"You do still want to cum and to see my outfit don't you?"

"Yes, Ms. Barbara."

"Very good. Now let's get ready for bed. You've got a long weekend ahead of you."

"Yes, Ms. Barbara."

