**Seducing Amy**

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**Seducing Amy Ch. 01**

Ok, so it has taken me hours to write all this down! I'm still in a state of euphoria because...  
  
I did it! I actually did it! I took charge of the situation like a goddam boss and I properly dominated a cute friend of mine last night! I teased her poor little body, spanked her, made her beg... and ended up having her creaming all over my bed like a wanton little slut! Hahaha, oh the delicious wickedness of it all! It was so good!  
  
This all happened within the last 24 hours or so, and it's so fresh that I can still see, feel and hear everything! I can still feel the tingles of her soft little lips straining desperately up towards me. I can still see with picture perfect clarity her naked body struggling against the restraints on my bed. And I can still hear her tortured little squeals as I kissed along her bikini line. I've been writing this non-stop after she left as I need to get it down before the memory fades.  
  
Jesus, I'm still so hot I can barely think about anything else.  
  
Ok, so where to begin?  
  
Well I guess you'll probably want to know a bit about me. Hmm, let me see what I can say without saying anything too identifiable. You can know me as Katie, I live in England and I'm currently studying at university. I'm not going to be any more specific.  
  
I'm not a super model, but I do consider myself to be quite cute. I get enough attention from guys, which I take as a good sign. One of my male friends recently described me as 'cheeky looking, but in a nice way' and someone else recently said I've always got an expression on my face that suggests I've been up to some mischief! I usually haven't been... except in my head!  
  
I'm quite short, around 5'3" (not exact). I go to the gym quite regularly and try to keep myself pretty slim and toned. My breasts aren't huge unfortunately, but they are quite perky and I like them despite their size. I think my legs are my best feature and when I dress up sexily, they are the part of my body that I like to show off the most: either completely bare or with patterned tights (is that 'pantyhose' in American speak?). I prefer little dresses and skirts rather than outfits that show off my cleavage, and dressing that way does seem to get me noticed and makes me feel very sexy.  
  
I've experimented with a few hair colours, so let's say, for the purpose of the story, that it's red. Maybe it always has been, or maybe I dyed it red once a couple of years ago; you'll just have to guess. And my skin is quite pale, at least at the moment. This is England and apart from the last week or so, we've had a cold year!  
  
Now in this little story, I'm going to come across as something of a Domme. That's not really how I class myself. The majority of my fantasies are submissive. I've also been the sub in a sub/Dom relationship with a guy before, and the memories of him reducing me to a helpless begging wreck still turn me on so much that it's difficult to breathe. However, that said, I definitely have a dominant streak of my own. It's often that I see a cute boy, or a hot girl and picture them tied up, struggling and snivelling beneath me. I've done little bits here and there, but it's not a side of my sexuality that I've explored nearly enough... well, perhaps not until now.  
  
So let's get down to what happened...  
  
Yesterday, I was in the common room in my halls of residence. It's on the bottom floor of our block and we hang out there quite a lot. There's not a whole lot there except for some sofas, beanbags and a TV. Sometimes it's full of people, like when a big game is on, but other times it's pretty quiet.  
  
So I was in there with a group of friends, including the star of today's show, Amy!  
  
Ok, so Amy isn't actually her real name but I've got to choose something to protect the innocent! I should probably tell you a bit about her too. Well to start with, she's a friend of mine. She was someone I instantly warmed to the second I met her. Generally, she's shy and quiet, but once you open her up, she definitely has a sense of fun, and has the most wonderful, heart-warming smile. Fortunately, being the happy little soul that she is, she shows it off quite a lot... and I never tire of making little jokes to induce it on an even more frequent basis. I'll tell you more about her and her loveliness in a second.  
  
So a whole group of us had been watching a TV show together, but when the show finished, everyone left, apart from me and Amy. Neither of us had any lectures or classes for the rest of the day. We were both on the same sofa. She was sitting normally, and I was lying back against one of the sides, with my legs draped over her lap.  
  
Now I've always thought Amy was very cute. I'm mainly into guys but I definitely have a bi side and Amy is one of those girls who really does it for me. She's a tiny bit shorter than me, with long, thick natural blonde hair with a bit of volume to it. And she's got a really nice body. She doesn't go to the gym like I do, but, to my annoyance, she just seems naturally in shape. Her waist is pretty small, about the same size as mine, but she has the most generous and exquisite breasts. They are quite large, but it's the shape that gets me the most: even through her clothes you can just tell how high, firm and youthful they are. If you get the chance to see her in a tight sweater (and yep she was wearing one yesterday!) or even better, a low cut top (which is unfortunately rare), she really is a sight to behold.  
  
Her skin is pale, but almost flawless, which I really like. She just has the slightest hint of freckles around her nose. She was also wearing tight-ish jeans which clung to her thighs and the delicious, firm little hump of her ass. If your tastes are anything like mine, she has the kind of body that you just want to grab and stroke and squeeze.  
  
I was wearing something which was deliberately more Domme-looking than usual, albeit only very, very subtly. I was wearing a figure hugging black and white dress that went half way down my thighs, then a pair of cute leather boots. I guess you could call them 'fuck-me' boots, but they gave the outfit an edge of strictness. I think boots always do.  
  
I'd chosen to dress like that for two reasons, firstly, it was the first hot day of the year in England! Yay! The sky was so blue. It was warm and sunny and lovely and delicious! I've been dying to put something cute on for months and months now! The second reason is that I knew I'd be seeing Amy and after we'd had a little flirting session last weekend I thought there was a chance that I could get her on her knees! Haha!  
  
The flirting last weekend had happened pretty much by accident. Again, it was just the two of us. We were sitting next to each other in the canteen... away from other people and prying ears. We'd finished our food and were gradually sipping down the last of our water. I got out my notepad and began writing out a list of books I needed from the library. Here's the approximate conversation, to my memory:  
  
She leaned over to me, and I felt her head press onto my shoulder. Impishly she commented, "Katie, I've seen gorillas with better handwriting than you."  
  
"Whatever," I replied, "you better keep your mouth shut, or I'm getting my handcuffs out."  
  
"Oooo kinky! I like it!" she exclaimed, raising her head to look at me, with a big grin on her face.  
  
I locked eyes with her and said, "Look Amy, do you really want me to go 50 Shades of Grey on your ass?"  
  
She laughed and said that it was a fun read, or something to that effect. After she spoke, she gave a little laugh, but I detected the tiniest hint of nervousness in her voice.  
  
"Have you ever done any bondage?" I asked.  
  
"No," she shook her head. Then added, "but... I guess it's pretty hot..." as she said it, her words had got progressively quieter, until the word 'hot' came out as just a faint whisper and a look a mild terror flicked over her face. She turned away, partly obscuring her face with her hair, and stared down at her almost-empty glass of water.  
  
I felt a little glow of pride that she'd confided that little secret. I don't think she'd have said it to many people. My inkling is that she let it slip out because, despite her obvious shyness, she knows that I'm liberal minded when it comes to sex. It's not like I sleep with lots of people, but I am quite vociferous when it comes to defending people for expressing their sexuality. She'd witnessed one of my rants before!  
  
As she rotated her glass in her fingers, I leaned in and whispered into her ear, "I think you'd look hot in a spreader bar."  
  
She choked slightly. Gave a little laugh. Then her face rapidly flushed pink.  
  
Eventually, she peeked at me out of the corner of my eye with a little embarrassed smile on her face.  
  
"Katie...!" she whispered in exclamation.  
  
I bit my lip, winked at her, "Ha, I've got to get to the library."  
  
I rose to my feet, then bent down to her ear and whispered, "see ya later, slave girl."  
  
I saw her knuckles go white as she gripped her glass hard, but I didn't stay for any further reaction.  
  
I strode out of the canteen without looking round. I delighted in the thought of her sitting there, red faced and squirming. My pussy began to dampen and I grinned, mentally congratulating myself on my flirting.  
  
That night I went to bed, slipped my hand between my legs and masturbated thinking about having her tied down at my mercy. Teasing her body. Making her squeal. Making her beg. Mmmm! It felt so much better than ordinary fantasies because it suddenly felt like this one was actually in reach. There was a real possibility that I could turn this into something. Obviously nothing was guaranteed... but if I could just tempt her in the right way...  
  
Anyway, that's just background. Back to the common room yesterday...  
  
So I was still lying draped across her. I wanted to bring up the subject of domination again and see how she'd react. I racked my mind for a while before thinking of a way to slip it into the conversation at least semi-naturally. Again here's what was said, at least as closely as I can actually remember it. I think there was more to it than this, but whatever...  
  
"So have you finished your essay yet?" I said, absolutely knowing that she hadn't. I'd overheard her earlier that day saying that she was struggling to even start it.  
  
"Ah no," she said, "it sucks!"  
  
"Bad girl," I grinned, then poked her thigh gently with one of my heels, making her body jump, "you need to be punished."  
  
She sighed and looked like she was trying to hold back a smile. "Katie... you keep making these remarks!"  
  
"Because I know you love it!"  
  
"Whatever," she laughed.  
  
I laughed too. Then put on a slightly sterner face.  
  
"So would it actually turn you on to get tied up?"  
  
"Katie!" She exclaimed. Then went pink, turning to face the TV.  
  
"It's ok, you know I'm pretty open minded about this stuff, you can tell me if you want."  
  
She started breathing deeply, keeping her eyes fixed on the TV, but clearly not watching it.  
  
"Ok... maybe... yeah... it does," she said. I could see her fingers start to grip the edge of the sofa tightly, "don't say anything to our friends though. Please."  
  
"I won't tell them," I said, "but", I grinned, "I know what you mean, it is pretty hot."  
  
She seemed to sigh a little sigh of relief, her fingers un-clenching slightly.  
  
"Have you ever done it?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah," I smiled, "a little bit of bondage is awesome."  
  
She seemed even more relieved. So I decided to probe a little further.  
  
"So what else are you into? Spanking? Blindfolds?" I said.  
  
Suddenly her fingers gripped the sofa even tighter than they had before. She breathed heavily and her cheeks went very pink. I almost thought she was going to run away and hide under a rock.  
  
I tried to reassure her further, "It's ok, I'm not going to judge. There's loads of weird stuff that I'm into."  
  
She paused for a while then said, "What the hell... ok... if we're going to go there... umm... yeah, spanking... blindfolds... being dominated. I don't know. You know, that kind of stuff."  
  
I grinned at her widely, enjoying watching her squirm, but also trying to mask any of my own insecurity. Then I bit the bullet.  
  
"You know..." I said, "I could do that for you."  
  
Time stopped. We just looked at each other for what seemed like forever. Her mouth opened slightly.  
  
"What?" she spluttered.  
  
"I could tie you up," I said calmly, but with a hint of seductiveness in my voice, "just gently, we could, you know, experiment."  
  
I think her face was about to set on fire at this point.  
  
"What? Katie... I don't know. Maybe. I don't know... Are you actually serious?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
I wasn't sure if she was going to cry, she looked like she was cracking up a bit  
  
"What would we do?" she said.  
  
"Well... hmmm.... if you wanted, you could come over to my room later, I've got a few soft restraints that I can put on my bed. And I can give you a little tease. Just to see if you like it."  
  
She seemed to think for a very long time. Her mouth opened a few times, but she seemed to stop herself before the words came out. Eventually she managed something.  
  
Almost choking on her words, she said something that approximated to "ok".  
  
"You don't say, 'ok', you say 'yes mistress'" I grinned at her. She looked away coughed, then giggled. Then she turned back to me and bit her lip. I could almost feel the radiation coming off her face."Yes mistress," she whispered.  
  
"How about you come over at 8?" I said.  
  
"O..." she stopped, then corrected herself, "yes mistress!"  
  
"Cool, let's just do this as an experiment," I repeated, "nothing serious."  
  
She smiled, "Ok... I'm sorry... I'm excited... you're not joking are you? Please tell me you're not joking?"  
  
"I'm not joking. Now come here," I said, swinging my legs off her lap and patting the piece of sofa next to me.  
  
She paused for a second, then scooched over, wiping the hair from her face. I could feel her body trembling through the cushions. I looked over my shoulder to check if the coast was clear. Then I turned to face her and slowly leaned in to kiss her. She leaned in and our mouths touched excruciatingly gently. You know, so gently that you can feel little tingles and fizzles all over the surface of your lips. She gasped. Then we shared one of the softest, most tender, most delicious kisses of my life. She kept pushing in a bit more forcefully, but I kept pulling back, trying to tease her and make her want it more. It seemed to work.  
  
I made sure I ended it first, and when I did, she leaned in to the vacuum between us.  
  
"Later," I said.  
  
She looked at me like a deer in headlights, "Um... ok... yes Mistress," she said back.  
  
I got up and left, wondering how wet her knickers were getting in her jeans. I really, really, really hoped that she was going to show that evening. It was going to be awkward as hell if she didn't! I didn't get a whole lot of studying done that afternoon. I was too excited. Eventually, I had a shower and whilst I was in it, I kept thinking about Amy being there with me, and pushing her up her against the shower wall and kissing her. Then I got out and got dressed. I actually considered getting back into what I was wearing earlier, but I wanted to feel fresh. I kept the boots, but put on some sexy underwear and a short black skirt. I tried a few different tops before settling on a figure hugging red fitted shirt. I looked like a little female devil and thought it looked perfect. I don't want to look too strict, I wanted to look like a minx who is going to tease you to death!  
  
Then I got a text from Amy, "Hey, are you still ok for tonight? :)"  
  
"Yep, definitely! I'm looking forward it to it!" I replied. I didn't want to put any doubt in her mind that I intended to play with her that evening.  
  
"Yes me too :) But I'm scared. What if we don't like it, will it be weird?" she texted back.  
  
I knew I had to say something good here. I really didn't want to fuck this up. I chose my words very carefully. "I know we'll enjoy it. But I'll go easy. And I'll make sure you're safe. And whatever happens, I absolutely promise you that I'll still be your friend in the morning"  
  
She simply texted back ":) Thank you!! Oh Katie! I've never done anything like this before! I'm going crazy over here!"  
  
"You'll be going crazy over here when I get my hands on you ;) Now put on something sexy and be here on the dot!"  
  
"Yes mistress!!! :)"  
  
I tidied my room and dusted off my box of tricks under my bed. I've acquired a few little bits of equipment over the past year, some of it from sneaky visits to sex shops, some from the Dom guy I used to see. Nothing major, but enough to have some fun with! I've got some soft leather handcuffs. A couple of blindfolds, some velcro restraints which you can tie to the bed frame and use to spread-eagle someone. And an extendible spreader bar.  
  
I couldn't wait to use some of it on Amy.  
  
Then I sat at my computer and did a bit of internet browsing until she arrived.  
  
Just before eight, I heard a knock at my door...  
  
I waited for a few seconds to make her suffer. Then I put on my best Domme face and strode slowly and purposely across the floor, enjoying the clicks my heels made on the tiled wood. I wondered if she could hear them.  
  
As I swung the door open, I saw her.  
  
I crossed my arms and looked her up and down. She had this silly grin on her face, but looked very, very awkward. She was staring down, unable to keep my gaze and her cheeks were glowing bright pink all over again. One of her feet was tiptoed and her leg swinging from side to side in nervousness.  
  
I was so glad it was a hot day. She was wearing a gorgeous tight, pink and white dress. It hugged her torso, and brought out the delicious curve of her waist. It also clung to her tits, making them look huge and delicious. I could even see the little upturned nubs of her nipples sticking out through the fabric. It was short, but it frilled out over her thighs, wonderfully emphasising her feminine figure. Then beneath I could see delicious swathes of juicy bare thigh and leg.  
  
I remember she'd worn that dress out one night last year and I'd told her she looked hot in it.  
  
"Is this ok?" She said, kind of meekly, whilst smoothing down the fabric, "I didn't know what to wear."  
  
Internally, I grinned the biggest grin. The thought that she'd dressed up for me; and that she'd remembered that I'd liked that particular dress; and that she was desperately seeking my approval... it all made me feel very in control.  
  
I nodded and answered, "You look very hot."  
  
Her head remained slightly bowed, but her eyes flashed up at me, and she smiled at my approval.  
  
"You look hot too..." she said, "you always look hot... Mistress!"  
  
Her eyes sparkled when she said the word and she bit her lip.  
  
"Come in, naughty," I said. We both giggled. She stepped inside, then I closed the door behind her.  
  
"Take your shoes off," I said.  
  
She took them off like a good little girl, and put them in the corner. This made the small height difference between us a bit larger and emphasised my dominance.  
  
I didn't want to waste time on small talk. I needed to stay in the zone. I took her hand and led her over to the bed. We both knelt down on the covers. I ran my fingernails lightly down her bare arms and she shivered in delight. Then I took my hand, gently cupped her face and kissed her. I placed my free hand on her bare thigh where her dress had ridden up and my palm absorbed the soft, smooth feel of her skin. God, she felt heavenly. Arousal and excitement flooded through me, and my knickers started to saturate. My lips tingled like mad and I could hear cute little murmurs emerge from her mouth. Every time I pulled back slightly she just whispered the word, "Mistress..."  
  
I guessed that she must have been thinking about submitting for a long time. Months maybe, since reading that book? Years? Her whole life? Now it just seemed like it was all just bubbling up out of her and she didn't have a whole lot of control over it. At least that was my guess. I swear I could even smell the faintest hint of wet, horny pussy... although maybe that was just what my nose wanted to smell.

I grabbed the back of her hair into a bunch and firmly yanked it backwards exposing her neck. She gasped. I took my free hand and slipped off one of the shoulders of her dress exposing a swathe of her smooth, vulnerable flesh. I love, love, love girls' shoulders and neck.  
  
I moved down and gently nibbled on her shoulder. She squeaked. Then kissed it. Then nibbled a bit closer and kissed again. She squeaked louder. I guess she knew I was heading towards her neck. She started writhing, almost flailing, mouthing the words,"Oh God, oh God, oh God!" following by uncontrolled squealing. Her feet kicked against the bed in a frenzy.  
  
"Stay still... slut!" I said. But she couldn't. Every kiss and nibble closer to her neck seemed to drive her a little bit more insane.  
  
"Katie, oh God, fuck, KATIE!" she said (or something like that!) but I kept on going.  
  
Closer and closer until I hit the sweet spot right where the shoulder meets the neck. Her body spasmed as I kissed and licked and nibbled.  
  
"Fu-ugh-ugh-uck!" she started, before her vocal chords twisted into producing a high pitched squeal. I delighted in kissing and teasing her vulnerable skin.  
  
Then I grabbed her and forced her down onto the bed so she was on her back. She yelped. I grinned at her and I pinned her, at first with both hands either side of her head, then I moved her hands together, so I could pin both of her wrists with just one of my hands. I knew I was probably stronger than her due to all my time in the gym... but I didn't know quite how much stronger and I don't weigh a great deal. Maybe she could have pushed me off if she tried, maybe not, but she wasn't resisting. She was being a good little slut for me!  
  
"You look so fucking hot in that dress," I growled, grinning down at her.  
  
She didn't respond. Her mouth was hanging open and she was panting heavily.  
  
I definitely wasn't going to let up yet though I gently raked my fingernails down her body, all the way down to her bare thighs, making her squirm. Then I started to feel and caress her. I thought it best to be bold. I murmured to myself in satisfaction as I felt her waist and her delicious tits, compressing the firm flesh beneath my palms. Little whimpers of delight escaped her lips.  
  
I reached down and kissed her, and we shifted onto our sides, facing each other. Our legs entwined. I loved the feeling of smooth skin against smooth skin. Then my hands went all over her body and hers did over mine. I remember teasing my fingers around the edge of her dress, which seemed to really work her up. I raked my fingernails over her bare arms, her bare legs and her back, which made her body gyrate. Eventually, I felt her starting grind her crotch into my leg. Little slut.  
  
I swear I could feel her dampness on my thigh, but at that point I thought there was no way she'd actually be soaking through her knickers and her dress...  
  
"Not yet" I grinned at her and she flushed red. I'm not sure she'd even realised what she'd been doing.  
  
"Take off your dress," I said.  
  
She complied hastily, but awkwardly, without saying a word. Her face was still flushed, but I guess she was getting off on the dominance too much for her embarrassment to be a barrier.  
  
She shifted up on the bed and pulled off her dress. It was one of those moments when you feel your own eyes bulge. As I said, I'd always thought she was cute. But damn fucking God she looked good in her underwear. Her skin looked so pale and smooth and perfect. Not an ounce of fake tan (which I admit can look hot, but it's only one of many ways to be hot), she was just beautiful and natural. She was wearing the cutest white and pink polka-dot bra and panties... and I could see a dark little damp patch on the front. Hold on... did I say 'little' damp patch... actually nope... it was a large damp patch. I could even see the wet sheen on the fabric glisten. Filthy. Little. Slut.  
  
Her tits looked... magnificent. As I'd suspected, they were jealousy-inducingly big and round. I didn't actually peak at her cup size, but maybe D? Double D? E? I can't judge. I love my breasts, they're nice and firm and perky, but my own bra shopping is limited to slightly lower down the alphabet!  
  
I was still fully clothed and booted. I wanted to stay that way for a bit because I thought it would emphasise her submission.  
  
"Mmmmmmm," I said, "you are so fucking sexy it's untrue!"  
  
She gave an embarrassed little smile. I loved how simultaneously nervous and excited she was. Then I dragged her down on to the bed again and stroked my hands all over the newly exposed skin, absorbing its delicious silkiness and warmth. It was driving me a little bit crazy. I started manhandling her. Squeezing her arms. Grabbing her ass and thighs... all of which made her moan. It was incredible to feel the little jerks and twists of her body as I roughly compressed her glorious, tight flesh.  
  
As we kissed and touched, I raised my hand up and gave her an experimental spank on her panty-covered ass. I struck carefully. Not too hard that it would hurt, but hard enough so she knew what I was doing. And I aimed for the lower part of one of her cheeks. The part that, when I get hit, sends a vibration all the way to my clit. I hit pretty cleanly and she yelped in surprise. Then she smiled and her eyes sparkled. Then I spanked again, a bit harder. She yelped again, then smiled. I spanked a few more times. Alternating between her cheeks. She bit her lip and her body started to writhe, her legs shifting back and forth.  
  
"I want to spank you properly," I said.  
  
She nodded, "Yes mistress."  
  
"If you actually can't take it any more, say 'red', if you're very close to your limit say 'yellow' ok?"  
  
"Yes mistress."  
  
"The rest of the time you can just moan like a little bitch," I said teasingly.  
  
She giggled.  
  
"Ok, get over the side of the bed," I grinned.  
  
I made her drape herself over the side of the bed. Her knees on the floor and her face, tits and arms stretched out over the covers.  
  
I pinged the waistband of her panties.  
  
"Off," I commanded.  
  
She quickly took one hand and pulled them down her thighs and over her legs, and threw them over to the corner. I remember thinking to myself that I'd definitely activated her slut module!  
  
"Now spread your legs," I said, gently slapping both sides of her inner thighs.  
  
And she opened her legs. Suddenly I could see her pussy. It was shaved and smooth. And fucking hell it was wet! She was absolutely soaked. Her entire public region was slick with moisture, it had even percolated down her inner thighs.  
  
Then I got out my spreader bar and attached a cuff to each of her ankles, making sure her legs were kept apart, "Oh God!" she squealed as I clipped the cuffs shut. I stood back for a second and admired her. Her hot little body stretched out over my bed, and her legs spread revealing her pussy. Her skin was pale, but tight and smooth. There was the slightest hint of redness on her butt from the little spanks I had already given her. I could see the muscles in her thighs and ass clenching and unclenching. She was also shifting slightly from side to side. I don't know whether it was the anticipation of the spanking, or just because she was trying to get some friction on her pussy.  
  
Then I took my hand and placed a solid spank on her left cheek. Her body jumped and she took a sharp intake of breath. Then I caressed her butt, delighting in the firm, warm flesh.  
  
Then I spanked her right cheek. Then back to the left. Then right again. I counted to ten. As I went on she started squealing and yelping, until it became one almost continuous tortured moan. Her ass muscles clenching really hard now. Her butt was glowing deep pink.  
  
I admired my handiwork, then reached down and touched the base of her inner thigh, where it meets the knee. Then I started drawing my hand slowly upwards.  
  
That drove her a little bit mad.  
  
"Poor little girl in a spreader bar..." I teased, "what will I do with you?"  
  
As my hand went higher she started to squeal, "Katie, Katie, KATIE!" until I reached all the way up to her soaked snatch. A huge groan left her mouth, as I ran my fingers through her drooling pussy lips. The heat coming off her was like a furnace. I coated my hand it in, then smeared it down her thighs.  
  
"Wet little girl, aren't you?" I teased.  
  
"I'm sorry," she said, with a very embarrassed tone in her voice.  
  
I laughed, "Don't be sorry! I love feeling how soaked you are."  
  
I knelt down behind her, put my face between her legs, tilted my head up and drank in her scent. She breathed in loudly. It was heady, musky and sweet. It turned me on so much!  
  
Then I licked all the way along her slit taking her juices on my tongue.  
  
"Mmmmmmmmmm!" I giggled.  
  
"Fuck!" she squealed.  
  
I pulled back and watched her body squirming. Then I unleashed another spank. Her body jolted. Then I rained down a few more, alternating between her cheeks.  
  
A noise something like "eeee... eeeeee... eeeeeee... eeeeeeee... EEEEEEE... EEEEEEEEEE" left her lips. Getting louder with each spank.  
  
I counted out another ten until the pink glow of her ass started to turn red.  
  
I could see her hands were clenched on the bedsheets, bunching up the fabric. Her teeth were biting down onto the sheets too and she was dribbling slightly from her mouth.  
  
Then I looked at her pussy and saw something that I've never seen before, at least in real life. Her pussy dripped. It actually DRIPPED! A little slimy band of moisture dribbled down out of her pussy to the floor. I can only imagine how turned on she must have been.  
  
I unclipped the spreader bar and told her to get up. She got to her feet shakily and looked at me open-mouthed. I could see little tears running down the sides of her cheeks.  
  
"Did you like that?" I said.  
  
She didn't answer verbally, she just nodded.  
  
"Now off with this too," I said, snapping her bra gently. Red faced, she reached behind her and unclipped her bra. It fell down onto the floor. Her breasts were beautiful. Astonishingly beautiful. Totally natural, but so round, and so gravity-defying, with circular little upturned nipples.  
  
"Nice," I said. Then bent down and licked one of her nipples. She gasped. I straightened myself and grinned at my naked little prize.  
  
Then I pushed her down onto the bed.  
  
"Get on your back and spread yourself out for me."  
  
She complied. Then I whipped out the cuffs on each corner of the bed (I'd tied them there earlier and hidden the cuffs under my covers) and restrained her, spread-eagled on top of the covers. Her thigh muscles tensed, trying to close her legs, seemingly testing the restraints, but they held firm. I knew they would, I'd tested them earlier. Now I had this cute girl all spread out for me, helpless and vulnerable. I had a beautiful view of her soaked snatch with moisture glistening over her entire pubic area and down her thighs. Her chest rose and fell with deep breaths, her big, delicious tits went with them.  
  
I crawled onto the bed on top of her and kissed her. Then I started kissing down her body, very slowly and deliberately. This sent her into a frenzy, of writhes and moans. When my lips reached her public area, I shifted down further and went straight to her knee. Then started kissing up her inner thigh. I can barely describe the sounds coming from her lips, but they were loud, horny and tortured. When I reached the top. I ran my tongue along the crevice between her leg and crotch, then all the way along her bikini line. This seemed to drive her absolutely fucking nuts.  
  
I did the same thing on her other leg, starting at the knee and working my way up. Her hips started thrusting and her whole body started tensing and un-tensing.  
  
"Fuuuuuccccck!" she squealed as, once more, my tongue slid along her bikini line.  
  
Then I put my face between her legs and ran my tongue up her slit. Her mouth let go a mixture of mewling, whimpering, moaning... all manner of sounds, which continued as I started to gently suck on her pussy lips. Her hips started bucking up towards me with force. I could see she was losing it. And I also looked up and saw more tears leaking from her eyes.  
  
"Please Mistress!" she begged.  
  
"You want to be licked?" I teased  
  
"YES!" she moaned.  
  
"Maybe." I said, then sucked on her pussy lips again.  
  
"Fuck! Please! Fuck!" she screamed. Or at least something to that effect.  
  
Then I pulled back and looked at the poor, struggling, mewling girl in front of me.  
  
"Ok," I said, "but you have to lick me first."  
  
I grinned at her with the most evil grin. Her eyes seemed to roll back into her head with frustration.  
  
I kept my clothes on, but whipped off my knickers. Then I positioned myself so my thighs straddled her head. I lowered my pussy down close to her lips, and steadied myself on the wall which met the head of the bed.  
  
I was very wet too. Just to make her squirm, I shifted my abdomen all around, to smear my own juices all over her face.  
  
"Lick me, slut!" I demanded.  
  
I groaned as she started lapping my clit. She didn't have any particular skill, I guess this was probably her first time with a girl, but it didn't matter. I knew it wasn't going to take long for me to get off. I was too drunk on horniness. And each little lick sent a hot rhythmic pulse of pleasure flooding through me.  
  
I found myself getting hot, too hot in fact, and pulled off my shirt and my bra -- leaving me only in my little skirt and boots. Then I pressed my face against the wall and moaned, losing myself in the moment. The thought of her spanked ass and the drip from her pussy reverberated through my head, and the thought of her saying "Mistress," over and over echoed in my ears. I felt myself getting close very fast. And I started to grind into her face. I had just enough consciousness left to make sure I kept my grinds gentle so she had plenty of room to breathe.  
  
I could feel my orgasm building inside me. Growing rapidly. Unstoppably. I was going to explode.  
  
"I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum..." I squealed.  
  
I went rigid. Held my breath. Then it hit me. Heavy waves of pleasure juddered through me. My muscles trembled and shook as I rode it out. My juices leaking down all over her face.  
  
"Good girl!" I moaned as the pleasure throbbed through me, "Good little slut!"  
  
I did all that I could to stop my body from slumping. I didn't want to finish with her yet.  
  
I pulled back and looked at her. Her face was coated with wetness. A mixture of her saliva, my juices and her tears. She looked bedraggled. Desperate. And wanton.  
  
I looked down her body and saw a big wet patch on the covers between her legs. I guess her pussy must have gone into fucking overdrive.  
  
"Katie, please!" she squealed at me.  
  
"Please what?" I teased.  
  
"PLEASE LICK ME!"  
  
"Pretty please?" I teased again.  
  
"PRETTY PLEASE! PLEASE WITH BELLS ON! PLEASE!"  
  
"I'll think about it," I said.  
  
She roared in agony.  
  
Then I shifted down and licked along her bikini line again. Then started sucking her lips into her my mouth. Her tortured begging continued. I actually thought she was going to have a genuine full-on crying session, so I let up.  
  
I started lapping at her clit. I loved the feeling of my tongue flicking over her firm little bud. She moaned. Then I slipped my middle finger inside her sopping little slit. It made a little squelching sound as it went in, and it felt like I was pressing into a warm, wet heaven. She was so slick, but so tight! I hooked the pad of my finger up and felt for the little rough spot inside. Then I started pulsing my fingers up in time with my licks.  
  
As I pulsed and licked, I felt her leg muscles clench and unclench around my head. It got me horny all over again feeling the soft, smooth skin of her thighs press against my face. All the time, incoherent wails left her lips. I so wanted to talk dirty to her, but my mouth was already engaged.  
  
As I went on, I looked up her body and could see her arms pulling against the restraints. I could see the tension in her little biceps, and her fists were bunched up tightly. I knew she was getting very close. I kept on going, pulsing fast and rhythmically. She inhaled loudly. Then again. Then again.  
  
Then she held her breath. Her thighs pressed against my cheeks. I felt her back arch and her hips push up towards me.  
  
Suddenly, her hips dropped and her body started shuddering. Waves of orgasm seemed to ripple through her stomach muscles. And her juices actually squirted out of her pussy, right onto my face! Yes! I'd actually made her squirt!  
  
I raised my head up, whilst continuing to pulse with my finger, "Cum for me!" I said. And I rode her out whilst she continued to shake. It was like she was having a fit. It was so hot to watch it... to feel it... to experience her wrecked little body twitching against my own.  
  
When I felt she'd had as much as she could take I lifted myself up and untied her restraints. I laid next to her and told her to "Come here," and she shifted over and we cuddled. Well, I say we cuddled, she snapped her arms around my body and gripped me like she was holding on for dear life. I could still feel her naked, sweaty body trembling and I could see tears were leaking from her eyes all over again -- or maybe they just hadn't stopped. I stroked her hair and absorbed her warmth. I could feel her tits and nipples pressing against my chest and our legs snaked around each other. I felt like I'd ruined her, in the best possible way! I tried to reassure her, "I've got you" I remember saying.  
  
She didn't say anything. I don't think she even could.  
  
The cuddle seemed to last forever. I didn't look at my clock. It might have been ten minutes, it might have been an hour. I was just lost in horny euphoria.  
  
Finally, there came a point where she opened her eyes and a huge grin spread across her face. She looked at me with wide sparkling eyes.  
  
"Did you like that?" I said.  
  
She just giggled and started kissing my cheek, still maintaining her vice like grip. As I looked at her, she kept opening her mouth as if to say something, then stopping and giggling again.  
  
"You're wonderful!" she finally managed. I could still feel little pulses and shifts in her body.  
  
We giggled together and had a little conversation about I don't know what. At one point, I remember whispering in her ear, "Submissive. Little. Slut." which she loved.  
  
She told me that she loved how I'd just taken charge, and that she'd never felt as horny before and she couldn't stop thinking about what we'd just done.  
  
Then we started kissing and stroking each other's bodies all over again...  
  
I got horny again very quickly. Her skin was so silky I couldn't take my hands away. I wanted to press every inch of myself against her. And the best thing was... I could! I had her naked and all to myself, at least for that night.  
  
I couldn't help myself from reliving everything in my head. The images of her dripping pussy. Her red ass. Her gripping me whilst she trembled. My pussy was getting so hot and slick I could barely stand it. Then I thought struck me... I realised I didn't have to wait for satisfaction, I was in charge.  
  
The Domme in me surfaced once more. I ordered her to get down and lick me.  
  
For a second she was a bad girl. She started trying to tease me, kissing around my crotch and stuff. Bad move! I grabbed her hair and sternly said, "It's not your job to fucking tease me. Just lick. Now." The wide-eyed look she gave me was priceless. Then I roughly pushed her face into my crotch and she started licking.  
  
"That's it, lick me like a good little slut!" I remember squealing. And she did.  
  
I wrapped my legs around her head and hugged her in close. Just tight enough that she knew who was boss, just loose enough to give her space to lick and breathe. My boots rested gently on her back. Her little laps and grunts drove me wild. And my legs started rhythmically squeezing around her face.

Very quickly I started to feel an orgasm building inside me. I focused on the image of her desperate, horny, tear-streaked face, with her bedraggled blonde hair framing her features. I knew it was going to send me over the edge. And I wailed as I started to cum all over her face. As the waves of orgasm hit me I gripped her head tightly with my thigh muscles and just rode it until I had milked every last drop of my climax out of me. It felt so bad, but so good!  
  
When I finally released her, she looked up at me and her face was glistening with my juices. It was such a beautiful sight.  
  
She crawled up the bed and I gave her a big thank you kiss. I stroked her body as I basked in a wonderful post orgasmic glow. I had such a smile over my face.  
  
I remember taking the time to drink her in with every sense. The cute, wide-eyed look on her face. The feel of the delicious, firm mounds of her ass; the curve of her waist to her hip; and her juicy tits. The taste of her skin. The sound of her little yelps and gasps as I touch her. And her smell! Fuck, yes, her smell! I don't think it was perfume, it was just her natural scent. It seemed like it was coming from her neck and her shoulders. Light, sweet, musky and girly.  
  
I started running my nose along that whole area, taking deep heady breaths. The smelling really seemed to have an effect on her. And I couldn't help myself. Every time I ran my nose tickled over the tendons where her neck met her shoulder she jumped and mewled. And as I went on, the mewling got louder. I could feel by the way that she was tightly rubbing her thighs together that she was getting very horny.  
  
I ran my hand down on to her thigh, just short of her crotch. I could feel the heat coming off her and I knew she'd be wet... but I wasn't going to venture closer. I wanted to keep my hand right there... right NEXT to where she wanted it, teasing her with what she wasn't getting. As I kept on smelling her, I could feel her legs shifting, trying to get me to move my hand to her pussy.  
  
I could feel the tension rising in her body. It was exquisite! She started rubbing her own thighs and rolling back and forth. Then she tried to grab my hand and push it towards her wet little cunt.  
  
"Nah-ah!" I goaded.  
  
"Katie...!" She squealed.  
  
"I invited you up here for a tease!" I replied, "it's only polite that I deliver!"  
  
"KATIE..!"  
  
It was too much fun feeling her squirmy little body for me to stop!  
  
I actually started to feel her wetness again on my hand. Her thighs were getting slick with her juices. Wow this girl produced a lot of liquid! I don't know whether this is what she was always like, or whether it was just what I was doing to her, but it was a hell of a lot of fun. Oh the possibilities for humiliation if I ever had her in tight jeans in public!  
  
She started whimpering and pleading. Poor girl.  
  
At one point she said something like, "finger me, lick me! Just fucking do SOMETHING!"  
  
She looked like she was going to cry. I thought I'd give her one little mindfuck before letting up, "I'm too tired" I said.  
  
Her mouth dropped. Now she really looked like she was going to cry! Oh dear... maybe I'd pushed things a little bit too far.  
  
"But..." I added, "I'd love to see you play with yourself."  
  
"What?!"  
  
"Play with yourself for me!"  
  
Her face went crimson. I for a second I felt a pang of guilt. I wondered whether this was an embarrassment too far for her. But I hoped her horniness and desire for dominance would win out... and it did. With radiation burning from her cheeks, she slipped her hand between her legs and started to swirl her fingers around her clit in frenzied little circles. I got up on my knees and watched her as she greedily fingered and gasped. Her thigh muscles tensed and un-tensed and her feet twisted inwards then outwards, all the time with her toes curled.  
  
Her eyes were closed, but I told her to open them and look at me. I gave her my most teasing, most evil expression. She groaned.  
  
"Mmmmmmm naughty girl!" I moaned and started stroking my own body as sexily as I could. I wanted to give her an image she'd remember, "hand between your legs... masturbating in another girl's bed... what... a little... slut"  
  
"Katie!" she whimpered.  
  
"What are you thinking about?" I said.  
  
She was silent for a second, but I wasn't going to let her get away with disobeying orders.  
  
I shifted down to her ear and whispered, "You've got to tell me little slave girl... or I'm just going to tie your hands up so you can't touch yourself..."  
  
I guess that made her crack.  
  
"Everything!" she blurted, "you... here... now... dominating me... you're driving me crazy... oh God..." she opened her mouth, and inhaled deeply as if she was on the verge of cumming.  
  
"Slow down," I said.  
  
She moaned. Her fingers slowed, but her hips started bucking up and down. Poor girl. She closed her eyes.  
  
"And what are you thinking about now?" I leaned closer.  
  
The redness had slightly faded from her cheeks, but now it came back with full force.  
  
"When you..." she started, then it faded out.  
  
"Tell me," I said, and kissed her cheek, "good things happen when you tell me stuff!"  
  
What she said surprised me a bit.  
  
"Ok... when... you... told me the other day... that I'd look good in a spreader bar... then you winked... and walked off... and... you just left me... and you didn't look round... and you looked so nice... well...umm ... you always look nice.... but that made me..." her voice trailed off.  
  
"Masturbate?" I giggled.  
  
She didn't answer, but if it was possible for her to go redder, she managed it. I swear she could have powered a small star.  
  
"Here... let me take over," I said, and crawled next to her, kissed her, and slipped on hand down between her lips. She was as soaked as ever and her slick pussy felt wonderful beneath my fingers.  
  
I began to swirl my fingers, approximating her own movements as best I could... little quick circles. And she groaned.  
  
I pulled back, supporting myself with my free arm and looked down at her. I realised the advantage that fingering has... you can dirty talk at the same time. I love dirty talk. I absolutely love it. It always gets me off. It's so hot.  
  
"Open your eyes again," I said.  
  
She complied. I smiled and looked straight down at her.  
  
"Do you like submitting to me?" I said.  
  
"ugh" she nodded.  
  
"Do you like being my little slut?"  
  
"ugh" she nodded again.  
  
"Do you like getting spanked and teased?"  
  
"UGH!" she nodded more fiercely.  
  
"Do you like me putting you in a spreader bar and swatting your helpless little ass?"  
  
"UGH!"  
  
Her hips were thrusting up to meet my hand now. All the time our eyes were completely locked.  
  
"Do you like yelping and moaning as I punish you for being a filthy little slave girl?"  
  
"UGH... UGH... UGH..."  
  
Her hips bucked up hard off the bed. Her spine arched. Her mouth opened wide. Her neck pulled backwards, but her eyes stayed fixed on mine.  
  
Then her hips slumped back down in a thud and violent tremors pummelled through her little body. There was a rush of wetness over my fingers. "Cum for me!" I said, as the ecstasy ravaged through her from head to toe. I looked closely to see whether her clit was getting too sensitive, but she was still lost in the throes of orgasm... so I kept on swirling my fingers and extracting more convulsions and spasms from her.  
  
Then I pressed my finger on the hood of her clit (I do this to myself after it gets too sensitive to finger it, but where you know you aren't done!), held it for a while, lifted it up and pressed down again. This forced little jolting aftershocks through her (just like it does with me!)  
  
Finally, I took her in my arms and just held her. She gripped me back.  
  
"You don't know what you're doing to me!" she sighed as her sweaty little body quivered against mine. I could see little tears form in the corner of her eyes again.  
  
I kissed her cheek.  
  
"I like making you feel good!" I said.  
  
She giggled and sniffled, "You've succeeded!" and wiped her eyes.  
  
We hugged tightly. For a long time. I don't know exactly how long... because we fell asleep in each other's arms.  
  
Sometime later, I woke up. I noticed I was still wearing my boots and skirt! I carefully untangled myself from her and took them both off. There was a slight chill in the air but I was too tired to put anything else on.  
  
I gently woke Amy up, "Hey," I whispered, "let's get under the covers."  
  
She half woke, "Heyyyyyy," she murmured.  
  
I made her shift to the top of the bed for a second, then opened up the covers. She crawled down inside and I did too. She cuddled me... and we fell asleep together again.  
  
In the morning I woke at about 8:30am. She was still asleep. I gently extracted myself from her arms and slipped out of the bed. I was thirsty, so ran myself a glass of water from my sink and another for her.  
  
I think the noise woke her up. She shifted under the sheets and cutely rubbed her eyes.  
  
"Morning lovely," I said, handing her the glass.  
  
"Morning," she said happily, "ah... thanks... you're so sweet!"  
  
As we sipped we began to discuss the night before. I can't remember anything like the whole transcript, but here's the critical bit.  
  
"So... do you want to do this again?" she asked, with a hint of expectancy in her voice. She looked at me shyly, waiting for my response.  
  
I paused for a while thinking about what to say. I wanted to choose my words very, very carefully. I don't think I managed it properly and ended up sounding a bit silly.  
  
"Yes..." I smiled, "I loved it! But just so you know... I'm really not looking for anything serious. I love being your friend... but it would be great if we could play from time to time."  
  
She nodded. I really didn't know how to read her expression. Maybe I'd said something stupid, maybe I hadn't.  
  
"Ok... that's fine... I think." she said, "Does that mean we can see other people... or..."  
  
"Yep," I said, "you can do what you like, so long as you stay safe."  
  
"Ok," she said. Again, I couldn't read whether she was disappointed, or relieved, or just accepting.  
  
"Are we going to tell anyone?" she asked.  
  
"Hmmm... let's not tell anyone in college," I said, "if you want to tell your best friend back home or something I don't mind... but let's not get the gossip machine going here".  
  
"Ok," she said.  
  
"What if people see me leaving your room?"  
  
"Just say we spent all night talking then we were so tired we fell asleep."  
  
"Yeah!" she said.  
  
We got dressed. Then I led her towards door. Before I opened it up, we leaned in and kissed. Her lips felt so lovely, and her little sighs of delight brought out the animal in me. I couldn't resist pushing her up against the wall. She inhaled sharply. Then I raised my thigh up between her legs, all the way to her crotch, forcing a little pant from her lips. I could feel the heat and dampness of her panties.  
  
Instantly, she started grabbing her dress and pulling it up her waist and over her shoulders. She seemed like she wanted to start playing all over again.  
  
"No!" I said, "I've got lectures to go to!" It was a slight embellishment, my lectures weren't for hours, but I felt like this was the right time to end things.  
  
"Urrrggghh!" she moaned, "Ok... God... I'm not going to get any work done today!"  
  
I dragged my nose along her shoulder, breathing in her scent, then nibbled the sweet spot on her neck. Her knees buckled.  
  
"KATIE!" she gasped, "Oh God... you... just... said..."  
  
"I know!" I said, then kissed her gently on the cheek, "I'm just finding it hard to resist."  
  
"I know what you mean," Amy replied, breathlessly.  
  
I held her around her little waist and we shared another lingering kiss. As our lips continued to brush and caress against each other, I could feel her body start to quiver. She strained in to kiss me harder.  
  
I pulled my lips away. "I've really got to ready," I said.  
  
She panted in disappointment. Her cheeks were lightly flushed pink and her eyes were wide. I looked her up and down with an evil grin on my face. She swallowed, then started to fan her face with one of her hands.  
  
"Oh Katie... if only you knew what you are doing to me!" she said.  
  
I opened the door and stood back.  
  
"Ok," she sighed, "I guess I'll have to go."  
  
"Bye gorgeous," I said.  
  
"Bye mistress... thank you," she said, looking up and down the corridor, before giving me a final sneaky little kiss on my lips, then another one.  
  
We grinned at each other, then she awkwardly headed away down the corridor.

**Seducing Amy Ch. 02**

Ok, so I'm afraid this isn't quite as fresh as last time. I've left it a bit longer before writing it all down in long form; however, most of the images are still very clear in my head. I hope you can still enjoy it!  
  
I think it's best that I pick up where I left off: when wonderful little Amy left my room. It was such a beautiful sight that I think I'll remember it forever!  
  
Amy's legs wobbled as she walked away down the corridor. I bit my lip, trying to suppress an evil urge to jump with glee. She was clearly flustered. Her little pink and white dress was crumpled and out of shape after having been on my floor all night. Every few steps, she'd stop, try to pat down the creases and pull at the hem to stop it from riding up her juicy thighs. Whenever she moved, I gazed at the firm little humps of her ass swaying under the fabric. I wondered whether her cheeks were still pink from all the spanks I'd given her the evening before.  
  
I kind of hoped that some of our friends would see her and ask her some awkward questions about where she'd been all night, and whether she'd slept with someone. The thought of her pretty little face going red as she made excuses made me feel very aroused.  
  
I took a deep breath and closed the door.  
  
Safe and alone, a delirious grin sprang across my face. I scampered over to my bed, grabbed my pillow and rolled around, hugging it tightly. Amy's sweet, musky scent lingered on the fabric. I screwed my eyes shut in excitement; my body trembled; and my knickers began to saturate all over again. I was euphoric! I'd done it! I'd teased her, ruined her and sent her home.  
  
Almost automatically, my hand slipped down my body and began to rhythmically rub my wet, swollen crotch through the fabric of my skirt. I moaned quietly as waves of heavy pleasure flooded up through my body. God I was horny. It was almost maddening. I desperately wanted to rub myself to orgasm after orgasm... but I managed to stop myself... at least for a time. I felt a defiant urge to preserve the feelings forever. I grabbed my laptop and, with my fingers still trembling, I started to type. Hurried words zipped across the page. I wanted to write down every single delicious detail of what had just happened.  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
I transcribed as much as I could before it finally got too much. I was barely holding on to the edge of sanity when I'd started... but now I was positively certifiable. Writing about sex can be excruciating. If you think about the horniest you've ever felt when you're reading good erotica... allow yourself to dial that feeling up by a factor of ten, then you enter the state of horniness that occurs when you actually write it. You feel yourself becoming so horny that it's almost like torture.  
  
As I cracked, I violently snapped my laptop closed. I slipped my fingers inside my knickers and moaned as I my fingers slid through my slick, engorged folds. I felt myself descend into a frenzy of masturbation. It was one of those times when you can feel your entire body swell with arousal... and your entire mind is consumed by horniness. The only thing you can think about is sex.  
  
I moaned, bucked and writhed all over my bed until I'd rubbed myself raw... but I was still horny. It's like the feeling of arousal just becomes locked in to your mind, and you can't help it but feel an intense desire to masturbate over and over.  
  
Before I could continue, I noticed the time. I let out a wail of frustration. I left my bed, ran down the corridor to the shower room, soaped my body down, redressed and then headed out to my lectures.  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
Before I entered the lecture hall, I considered sending Amy a text. Despite the fact I like writing, I found it really difficult to work out what to say to her. Should I say something sexy? Something kind? Something reassuring? I didn't know, and I didn't have the luxury of time to think. I shut my phone off and found myself a seat near the back of the room. It's a good job that I'd already done the required reading in advance, as I couldn't pay attention to anything that the lecturer said. As I sat in the hall, I pointed my eyes towards the projector screen, but the only thing I could see was Amy... in a variety of depraved and degrading predicaments.  
  
As soon as proceedings were over, I flicked my phone back on and to my delight I saw a text notification. I eagerly opened the message.  
  
"Oh Katie (Mistress!!) how are you today?! I just wanted to say thank you so much for last night! My body feels broken in the nicest possible way! I keep needing to remind myself to breathe. I just want to kiss you again!"  
  
I smiled excitedly and started texting back. I redrafted my message about eight or nine times, trying to get the balance right between kindness and flirtatiousness. I wanted something that would make her feel sexy, make her feel liked, and make her feel good about what we'd done last night.  
  
":) Hey naughty! I'm good. Last night was so much fun! You really are an adorably sexy little submissive! How's your day going? x"  
  
Her response was swift.  
  
"So I'm 'adorably sexy?!' That's so sweet, I'm actually blushing right now! I'm in the library but I can barely pay attention. I'm so naughty. I need to be punished! I can't wait until next time! xxxxx"  
  
I didn't respond immediately.  
  
My mind had constructed a devious plan.  
  
I quickly grabbed an apple, some water and a sandwich from the departmental canteen, munched it down, then made my way to the library.  
  
The library building is quite big, and on more than one level, but I know where Amy likes to study. If she can, she always chooses one of the desks on the ground floor next to the windows overlooking the courtyard and, as I entered the building, that was exactly where I was headed.  
  
The place was moderately busy, and over half the desks were full; however, it wasn't long before I spotted my favourite little blonde girl. There she was, in a cute pair of jeans and a tight sweater. Her head tilted down; her cute features starring down at a book; and her pen hovering over her notepad.  
  
I walked past the lines of desks, feeling my rapidly swelling pussy lips rub against each other with each step.  
  
I guess she must have heard the footsteps. She looked up and spotted me. Her eyes widened and we stared at each other. With one hand she started to fidget with her pen, with the other she smoothed down her hair. She was nervous, but an irrepressible smile spread across her face. I beamed back at her provocatively, whilst maintaining my stride. I knew exactly what I was going to do. I wasn't going to stop when I reached her, I was just going to bend down, say something, and then keep on walking.  
  
Just as I passed her, I leaned down and whispered into her ear, "Next time I'm going to absolutely fucking destroy you."  
  
She choked.  
  
"Katie..!" she exclaimed.  
  
I put my fingers to my lips, and whispered, "Shhhhh, this is a library!"  
  
The look on her face was priceless: wide eyes, flushed cheeks and her jaw hanging loose. My eyes lingered on her for a second, before snapping round and continuing my march, swaying my ass sexily. I kept on going until I reached the stairs. As I walked up, I bit my lip to suppress a depraved little giggle and did everything I could to stop myself from clapping my hands in exhilaration.  
  
On the upper level, it's possible to look down onto the floor below, so I quietly headed over to the rail and peeked down at Amy. I plastered an evil grin on my face, so that, if she saw me, she'd think that I had intended for her to spot me.  
  
I could see her squirming at her desk. Her face was pained. Her legs were crossed tightly together and her top leg jiggling rhythmically. Dirty girl. I knew exactly what she was doing.  
  
Her hands gripped her thighs; and she gently rocked back and forth, paying attention to neither her books, nor her notes. She kept looking over her shoulders to the stairs that I'd just climbed, then back down at her desk. Perhaps she was wondering if I was going to come back.  
  
Then I guess another thought struck her.  
  
She looked up at the balcony where I was leaning.  
  
Our gazes met.  
  
She jumped a little. Then swallowed.  
  
One of her cute little hands rose up and grabbed a strand of her blond hair tightly. A tense, sheepish look flashed over her face. Her body went rigid, I guess in an attempt to stop any further embarrassment from showing. But it didn't work. Her blood pressure was clearly continuing to rise, and her face burnt deep red.  
  
I paused for a few seconds to let her mortification develop fully. Then I flicked my hair, winked at her, and slunk off between the bookshelves, leaving the poor little girl to squirm on her own. Hidden between the shelves, I extracted my phone from my bag and texted her, "No masturbating in the library please. Whore ;)"  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
So, I guess you'll want to know what happened over the next few days. Well, I could bullshit you and tell you we got our hot, sopping, aromatic vaginas out and scissored each other every night.  
  
But we didn't.  
  
And there was a reason.  
  
And it wasn't because scissoring is an inherently ridiculous sexual act.  
  
It was because a thought had struck me, and it had got me worried. I was concerned that I was going lead her on and end up hurting her. She was my friend and the very last thing I wanted was to do anything that would steal the beautiful smile from her face. I didn't start to avoid her or anything; however, I made a conscious effort to tone down the flirting. I also avoided making any specific proposal for our next play date. "Let's do something next week," I kept telling her when she asked.  
  
Of course, on one level, I could barely resist slamming her against a wall and kissing her whenever I saw her, or whispering some more well-timed words into her ear. In fact, my mind was filled with ideas of how to make her squeal and squirm and squirt. I wanted her standing naked in the corner of my room with her ass burning and her hands on her head. I wanted her on her knees, with her face buried between my legs. I wanted her to be bucking and trembling on my bed until she soaked the fucking sheets.  
  
However, on more logical level, I was reluctant to overwhelm her mind with my constant presence, or arrange another hook up too soon. I was keenly aware that I'd introduced Amy to some powerful new experiences and emotions. I also knew that, despite our explicit agreement to be friends-with-benefits, it is very easy for more serious attachments to develop.  
  
I learnt that little nugget of information the hard way.  
  
As I alluded to when I posted the first part of this little saga, last summer I had a fling with a Dominant guy. I'll refer to him here as 'Nick'. From the outset of our tryst, we'd agreed, very explicitly, to keep our relationship casual. He was more than double my age, and a good friend of my dad, so it wasn't something that we wanted people to know about, or something that had an obvious future. Despite all that, I fell in love with him.  
  
I guess I was too romantic and naive to help it.  
  
Here's what I think it was: it was having him there, being handsome, being nice and being sexy so much and so often. It was being there time after time when he racked my body with so many dirty experiences and atomic climaxes that I couldn't think about anything but him.  
  
He'd spanked me to orgasm, he dirty-talked me to orgasm, he even simply stared me to orgasm, such was the power of his presence and dominance. He let me experience things that I'd never thought I'd experience. He did things I never thought were even possible. My thoughts were constantly about him. Sexually, there was always something to look forward to and fantasise about. Was he going to narrate a fantasy into my ear that would make me cum in the street? Was he going to tease me until I begged? Was he going to force me to get down on my knees, face down, ass up and then fuck me from behind?  
  
I never knew, but I craved him every second.  
  
And what was worse, he was so nice with it. Cuddling me back to sanity after destroying me. Giggling with me. Making sure I was ok.  
  
I can honestly say that he never said anything about us having a future together, so I can't blame him for what I began to feel. It was just that he was so very nice that my mind couldn't help envision things with him in the future. Cute little scenes of cuddling up with him under a blanket besides a roaring fireplace; visions of strolling with him hand in hand through some rustic Tuscan village; laughing and splashing with each other on some Mediterranean beach. All the time laughing, joking and having fun.  
  
There, I think, is the genesis of love: if you let your imagination be tempted by beautiful visions of constant sexual and romantic bliss, eventually your entire soul will follow. And with some people, it's very easy for those visions to start.  
  
I didn't want to lead Amy down the same path. I didn't want to put ideas in her head constantly and I didn't want to give her visions of a serious relationship. Don't get me wrong, I really like her. She is sweet and lovely and has been a great friend for as long as we've known each other. Added to that, she really is quite adorably sexy. However, I simply can't see myself as her girlfriend or as her full time Domme.  
  
Despite receiving emails from a couple of Literotica readers who said things along the lines that 'I was clearly born to Domme', I'm afraid that really isn't the case. Now I admit, there is definitely a dominant aspect to my sexuality. However, that isn't the totality of who I am. It might be fair to say that I can Domme, and sometimes I have a very wanton urge to Domme, but I am not, at core, a Domme. I'm primarily submissive, but with a dominant streak... and, when I indulge that streak, I know enough about psychology to do it pretty well.  
  
I hope that makes sense.  
  
But anyway, that's enough waffle for now. With the proviso above, I still fully intended to follow through on my promise and destroy Amy sometime in the near future. And that's the part you're interested in. Right?  
  
I thought so.  
  
Well let's skip forward.  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
It was another warm evening and a big group of us were due to meet outside our block. It was the student night at one of the nicer local clubs. During term time, we go there most weeks. There's a nice atmosphere, good DJs and a few rooms with different kinds of music. It's usually a lot of fun and we all dress up for it. Around ten to fifteen of us, guys and girls, usually head down there together. We dance, we drink (drinking age here in Britain is 18) and generally have fun. Usually, I go there hoping to catch the eye of my prince charming; however, on that evening, guys couldn't have been further from my mind.  
  
As I walked outside, I saw my friends congregating. My eyes instantly focused on Amy. For a second, my breath stuck in my throat. She looked stunning; perhaps more beautiful than I'd seen her in all the time I'd known her. I actually felt a little implosion of weakness inside me. It was almost as if the energy drained from my muscles.  
  
She'd really done herself up. Her blonde hair was tousled into loose golden ringlets which cascaded over her bare shoulders; and she was clad in tiny pale-yellow sun dress. It was made from deliciously light, thin material; strapless too, hugging her tits and her waist, before fanning out briefly over her thighs. And when I say 'briefly', I mean very briefly: the dress was so damn short. The hem floated, teasingly, a few inches from her crotch, leaving almost all of her juicy, silky-smooth legs on display, all the way down to her kitten heels. For a second I was mesmerised, utterly intoxicated by her delicious, radiant beauty. I almost wanted to fall to my knees and worship her. I couldn't help but imagine running my hands over her, groaning as I felt her firm, warm flesh beneath the material and tingling as my palms slipped over her satin skin.  
  
As the fabric of her dress shifted in the light breeze, she smiled, giggled nervously and played with her hair. A fair few of the guys were swarming around her, much to the disguised, but still obvious, annoyance of some of my other female friends, whose forced smiles and little sideways glances betrayed every ounce of their envy. The guys were being noisy and unruly, in a successful, but ill-advised attempt to get Amy's attention. Their too-loud voices, and forced horseplay merely showed their hunger for her approval, not their leadership or commanding maturity. Their inexperienced eagerness reminded me exactly why I don't usually think about dating 18/19 year old boys.  
  
Still, I could sympathise with their motivation. My gaze was drawn to the bare skin all along Amy's shoulders to her neck, it shimmered in the late evening sunlight as if she was an angel. The outfit was way skimpier and sexier than anything she usually wears when she goes out. I prayed that she'd dressed up especially for me.  
  
Whether she'd done so or not, I'd definitely dressed for her. I'd chosen my outfit very carefully. I was encased in a short, clingy, dark-blue dress. It moulded to my body: tightly fitting to my bra-less tits and the curve of my waist, before cupping both cheeks of my ass, and squeezing the tops of my upper thighs. It allowed me to show off a nice stretch of bare leg, until, just below my knees, my calves descended into my heeled black boots. Just like last time, I'd aimed for having a hint of dominatrix about me, but only a hint. Not enough to that people would make comments; but, I hoped, just enough to trigger horny, submissive thoughts in Amy's filthy little mind.  
  
As I approached the crowd, I braced myself and grinned. My heart was beating fast, but I couldn't let Amy's beauty distract me. I was going to be the siren leading her onto the rocks, not the other way around. I needed to look confident, in control and alluring. I marched up to the crowd, deliberately making sure my heels clicked just a tad louder than usual along the concrete slabs. I was flattered that a few of the guys hanging round Amy turned to face me and greedily scanned their eyes across my body, some more obviously than others.  
  
"Hi guys," I purred, only half paying attention.  
  
"Wow... Katie... you're looking nice!" a guy called Chris said, taking his usual poorly-disguised look at my legs, then up to my tits, then back down to my legs again. Not that I minded, I always took it as a compliment.  
  
"Yeah... I know," I said cheekily, without turning my eyes away from Amy. I was waiting for her to look in my direction, and I didn't have to wait long before she did. Her eyes met mine, and they sparkled. A happy grin spread over her face. Her eyes traced up and down my ensemble and she bit her lip. Bingo!  
  
I fired a devilish grin in her direction, winked at her and then turned around to face Chris.  
  
"So how's it going?" I said. My stomach reverberated with butterflies as I wondered how Amy would react, but I was determined to distract myself and not let it show.  
  
"Yeah, it's good..." he said. Then I watched his mouth as he churned out a little update on his life. Not that I managed to take it in. I think it was something about winning a badminton trophy, and getting a good mark in some recent project, and managing to perfect the process of cold fusion, or something. You know, usual boy stuff.

I nodded, and tried to sound impressed, he wasn't a bad guy. Sometimes I even fantasised about having him naked on my bedroom floor, squirming in handcuffs, with his hard dick helplessly jutting out in front of him.  
  
Suddenly I felt something soft press against my back. I jumped. Then a pair of hands clasped around my eyes.  
  
"Guess who?" Amy's voice giggled in my ear. A buzz of arousal wormed its way through my body, all the way to my clit, and a big grin spread over my face.  
  
"Someone who's about to be in a lot of trouble!" I retorted.  
  
Amy laughed, so did Chris, not that he knew the real context. I reached up, removed her hands, then turned to face her.  
  
She blushed, adjusting her outfit, then wrapped her fingers around a rogue wave of her blonde hair.  
  
"What do you think of my dress?" she asked, stepping back to give me a full view.  
  
I grinned, looked her up and down, then locked eyes with her. "Nice," I said, deliberately playing it cool.  
  
She giggled and touched my arm with one of her warm little hands, sending another fizzle of arousal through me. "Thanks!" she said excitedly. Then she leaned in and whispered in my ear really quietly, "You look so hot!" before springing back upright and turning pink.  
  
I smiled, feeling a surge of power flood through me, re-energising my muscles.  
  
"What did she just say?" asked Chris.  
  
"She said your zipper is undone," I wisecracked, staring down at his jeans.  
  
His eyes snapped down and his hands rocketed towards his crotch, fumbling with his fly. After a few seconds of panic, he realised that I was joking. He looked up, slightly red faced, and let out a sigh, half in exasperation, half in relief.  
  
Amy covered her mouth and giggled. Being a good sport, Chris allowed himself a smirk too.  
  
"Sorry," I grinned, "it was just girl talk. You should know better than to ask!"  
  
"You're so bad!" Amy exclaimed with a smile. Then leaned in to whisper in my ear again, "And I like it!"  
  
"Slut," I whispered back.  
  
She looked down at her shoes and bit her lip. I knew it was on.  
  
I strode towards another one of my friends, and asked how her early morning rowing practice was going. I made sure to give Amy a good view of my ass; maybe she'd fantasise about kissing it.  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
I giggled my way off the dance floor with my friend Kelly. As we travelled, I adjusted my dress, feeling all naughty and sexy. We'd just been hit on by some guys, but they were getting a bit too touchy-feely for our liking. They'd been good-looking, tall and muscular. We guessed they were probably rugby players, maybe a couple of years older than us, and, actually, they seemed pretty fun. However, Kelly had a boyfriend back home, and I had other things on my mind.  
  
We saw Chris and some of our other male friends by the main bar, so we scampered over and took refuge with them. Once safe within the group, I felt an urge to create mischief. I gazed around to see if I could spot Amy. I quickly spied her sitting with a group of my female friends in one of the wide semi-circular booths at the side of the room. Even amongst the other girls, clad in their little skirts, shorts and heels, she stood out; shimmering like a little princess as she idly played with her phone.  
  
I decided to make her squirm.  
  
I whipped out my own phone and texted her, "I bet if I text you, you get all wet under your slutty little dress ;)"  
  
I watched her face closely. A few seconds passed, then her expression indicated that she'd seen the text notification. I saw her quickly flick her fingers to open it. Then, as her pupils scanned across the words, her eyes widened, and her lips parted. She leaned forward slightly, bringing both hands up to cup the screen, trying to hide it from prying eyes. For a few seconds, her eyes remained fixed on the phone, then she rammed it into her bag and started to look around. Her hands stroked hard up and down her bare thighs as her neck strained from side to side. Not gaining any instant result, her movements became quicker and more tense.  
  
I curled my lips into my mouth to suppress a smile, then turned my back. She was going to have to find me. I looked down at my phone and watched the seconds tick by, not sure whether she was going to come over to me or just text me back. Thirty seconds. Sixty seconds. One minute, thirty seconds. One minute thirty-eight seconds...  
  
I felt the touch of a warm little hand on my arm. "Hey... Katie!" I heard Amy's voice say quietly, but insistently.  
  
I turned and to see her and looked her up and down. Her head was tilted down slightly, her face framed by her blonde hair, but her eyes looked up at me. I could see she was grinning. Her cheeks were pink and her left foot was tiptoed, making a pivot for her leg as it swung from side to side.  
  
"Hey naughty," I said. I'm sure our friends heard what I said, but I thought it would just fly under the radar as just part of my normal banter, "let's go for a chat!"  
  
"Yep... ok... cool!" she said, bobbing up and down slightly, gigging and awkwardly brushing her hair from her face.  
  
I grasped her hand and led her into the next room where there were some little alcove seats along the wall. It wasn't perfect, but none of our friends were in that room, an alcove granted us an extra degree of privacy. We sat down next to each other, our naked thighs touching.  
  
Amy exhaled, ran her hands down her dress, gripped the hem, then shuddered.  
  
"It's really difficult to breathe when you send me texts like that... Mistress" she said,.  
  
I grinned at her. "Are your little panties getting all wet?" I said in a teasing voice.  
  
She blushed deeper, looked down and gripped the hem of her dress a little tighter.  
  
"Yes..." she whispered under her breath, "...yes mistress"  
  
"Good," I giggled. I bit my lip and roughly squeezed the beautiful exposed flesh of her upper thigh.  
  
She jumped, her body wriggling under my touch. I held my hand firm. She closed her eyes and took a few gasps of air.  
  
Finally she composed herself and looked into my eyes, "Can we..." she paused, reddening further, "can we... play tonight?"  
  
"Hmm," I mused, maintaining my firm grip on her leg, "maybe... but the weekend might be better."  
  
Her mouth dropped in disappointment. "Katie!" she exhaled in a high pitched whisper, "that's too long... let's do something tonight... please... I promise I'll be a good girl for you... a really good girl... you can do anything you want to me."  
  
I stared back into her eyes, but kept my expression blank.  
  
"Katie... please,"  
  
I gave her nothing back.  
  
"You're so... mean!" she said, turning away.  
  
"I can be meaner," I said with a grin.  
  
She let out a little pant of frustration. Then eyes turned back to me, and said, "Well... you know I kind of like it when you're mean... but..."  
  
"It would be really mean if I just got you all horny then sent you home on your own."  
  
"Katie!" She grabbed my arm, "Please don't do that... Take me home tonight... What do you want?"  
  
I sighed and looked at the ceiling in contemplation. I wondered what I could actually get her to do. I wasn't going to do anything dangerous, but she seemed pretty desperate, so I guess I could dish out a pretty cruel little humiliation if I wanted.  
  
Suddenly an evil thought hit me.  
  
"Hmm..." I said, "ok, but only if you prove to me what a little whore you are."  
  
She looked at my expectantly. I maintained my silence, I wanted her to work for my approval.  
  
She cracked. "What do you want me to do?" she asked timidly.  
  
I paused for a second, then issued my instructions, "I want you to go to the bathroom... take your soaked little panties off... then bring them back to me."  
  
She swallowed. Her eyes widened. Her mouth opened and her expression shifted between what looked like fear, and awe and excitement. She looked down, inspecting just how short her dress was... and it was very, very short.  
  
She looked back up at me, "I..." her words caught in her mouth, "I..."  
  
I stared right into her eyes.  
  
"I..."  
  
She started rocking back and forward in tension, screwing her eyes shut.  
  
Eventually, she opened her eyes, "ok," she said under her breath.  
  
"Now," I demanded in a stern voice, pushing her with my hip.  
  
She rose to her feet, visibly trembling. Her face was burning red; the tips of her ears too; and her chest. She looked at me helplessly, then at the bathroom door on the other side of the room. She took a deep breath then shakily walked over to it. The tension seemed like it was almost crippling her and revealed itself in every single one of her movements, until she reached the door, and jumped inside.  
  
I squeezed my thighs together feeling my pussy begin to swell and moisten. Poor little Amy, I was really putting her through her paces. I can only imagine how much her emotions must have been churning.  
  
I watched the door intently, waiting for her to emerge. It was a few minutes before she did. Maybe there was a queue, or maybe she needed to give herself a pep talk, I don't know.  
  
As she slowly sneaked out. I could just about make out a piece of pale pink fabric clumped up tightly in one of her fists. Her other hand tugged down the hem of her little dress, I guess in terror that it might ride up. Her face was still burning red. She looked to see whether the coast was clear, then scurried over to me and discreetly pushed her panties into my hand. I could feel that they were saturated with her warm juices.  
  
"Slut," I giggled.  
  
She quickly sat down next to me. Her body was shaking. She crossed her legs tightly, gripped the hem of her dress and pulled down.  
  
"Can we go now Mistress?" she whispered.  
  
"Let me finish my drink first!"  
  
She quietly roared in frustration.  
  
I chuckled, enjoying squeezing the wet fabric between my hand, then bringing it up to my nose to take in a heady breath, "Mmm," I purred, "humiliation excites you, doesn't it?"  
  
"yes mistress."  
  
"Well I can think of lots of delicious little humiliations that I'd like to dish out on you," I said.  
  
She wailed.  
  
"Would you like to hear some?"  
  
She didn't answer, she just bit her lip and stared up at the ceiling, breathing heavily.  
  
I decided to continue anyway.  
  
"Do you remember what everyone did to Jane for her last birthday?" I said, drawing myself close to her, "You know... grabbed her... pinned her down... carried her into the next room... then use cling-film to wrap her poor little body a chair..."  
  
Amy screwed her eyes shut, "Katie..." she squealed.  
  
"She begged everyone to let her go... but they all just laughed at her... and then they all went into the next room and continue to party, didn't they?" I said.  
  
Then I released a little giggle.  
  
"Maybe I'd suggest that everyone does that to you for your birthday... it's coming up soon isn't it... I'd get everyone to grab you... and force you onto the chair... and cling-film wrap you to it... with your ankles tied to the chair legs... spread out wide... like a filthy... little... whore"  
  
I pushed my mouth right up to her ear, "then we'd leave you there... struggling..."  
  
Amy's teeth clenched and her knuckles almost went white with tension as they clamped down even tighter onto the hem of her tiny dress.  
  
"I'd be nice though..." I chuckled sarcastically, "I'd keep coming in to 'check' on you... like a good little friend... but..."  
  
I paused.  
  
"When I'd see you all helpless... and spread-out... I know I'd just make you want to suffer... I wouldn't be able to help it..."  
  
"You'd hear me walk behind you... and every single one of your nerve endings would fizzle with anticipation... then you'd feel my lips touch your bare shoulder... and you'd jump... then you'd feel me kiss... and nibble... all the way along your shoulder to your neck... until you'd shudder and wail..."  
  
"You'd have to keep it quiet though... or everyone would hear you getting played with..."  
  
I let out another giggle. Amy tucked her head into her body. I could see her thigh muscles start to squeeze together rhythmically. I looked around to see if anyone was watching us, but it seemed like we were fine. Then I grinned the most evil grin.  
  
"Then you feel me start to run my fingertips all across your exposed skin... down your arms..."  
  
I raked my fingernails down one of her arms, forcing a wail from her lips.  
  
"down your torso..."  
  
I ran my fingers down her dress.  
  
"along your legs..."  
  
Amy's body twitched as my fingernails trailed across her bare skin.  
  
"Then I'd start to run my fingers up and down your inner thighs... leaving little trails of fire across your skin... your muscles would tense... you'd try to close your legs... but you couldn't... you'd be completely at my mercy... and it would make you feel so horny, wouldn't it?"  
  
"You'd try to stop it.... but you'd feel your pussy getting hotter... and wetter..."  
  
Amy squealed through her clenched teeth. "Katie... I can't take this..."  
  
"You'd be aching for me to play with you wouldn't you... I'd make you feel so fucking horny you couldn't stand it..."  
  
"Maybe I'd even slip my fingers inside your panties... and start to play with your wet little pussy... running my fingers through your swollen... wet... lips..."  
  
"I'd slowly swirl my fingers around and around your hard little clit... I'd tease you until you were moaning... tease you until you were dribbling all down your thighs..."  
  
"And as I'd play with you... you'd feel yourself getting hornier and hornier... you'd start to gasp and moan... and you'd start to feel an orgasm building deep inside of you... wouldn't you?"  
  
"You'd struggle... but each time you feel my fingers rub around your clit... you'd feel yourself getting closer and closer to cumming... I'd tease you until you were right on the fucking edge..."  
  
I paused.  
  
"Then I'd leave you there..."  
  
A tortured wail left Amy's lips. Her crossed thighs pumped hard and fast... the foot of her top leg jiggled.  
  
"You'd be squirming so fucking badly wouldn't you... but you wouldn't be able to do anything about it... I'd just leave you there as you wriggled... and struggled... like a helpless... little... bitch."  
  
"And I'd do it over and over... I'd keep coming back... and you'd feel your pussy getting hotter and hotter... wetter and wetter... you'd feel like you were going to explode... you'd feel you were just on the edge of cumming... you'd almost feel your body start to shake..."  
  
Amy started to pant loudly, her body starting to rock back and forth as her foot continued to pump... "Katie... I... fuck... Katie... I'm going to..." her voice trailed off.  
  
"Then I'd just stand in front of you... with my hands on my hips... grinning at you... as you'd feel yourself hover on the edge of orgasm... and you'd beg... you'd beg me to make you cum... right there... whilst you were wrapped up... and your friends partied in the next room... you'd beg me to play with you so you start to cum..."  
  
"Katie... please..."  
  
"You'd beg me to make you shake and shudder as you feel your orgasm explode inside you... beg me to make you cum, hard, now."  
  
"Katie..." Amy inhaled... then inhaled deeper... then inhaled deeper still.  
  
Her hips thrust up off the seat. Her thighs clenched hard.  
  
Then she came. And her body started to buck and judder right there in the club. She gripping her hem of her dress like her life depended on it.  
  
"Cum like a little slut," I rasped, "cum like I own your horny little pussy..."  
  
She started to shake harder. Wailing.  
  
"And your body just wants to keep on cumming, doesn't it? The waves of pleasure just keep flowing through you.... and it feels so fucking good... it goes on and on... pulsing through you... over and over..."  
  
I started to giggle, looking around to see whether anyone was watching. Nobody was. Fucking hell! How had I gotten away with that?  
  
Amy started taking deep breaths, as she continued to tremble.  
  
"Look at me," I demanded.  
  
Amy's awestruck eyes locked on to mine. Her jaw hung open, but no words left her lips. She just panted as she trembled.  
  
"Now we're going home," I said.  
  
Her eyes started to roll around.  
  
"Katie... what... the... hell... just... happened..."  
  
"You know what happened." I said with a smile. "You came. Whore!"  
  
"Katie... fuck... I'm so wet..."  
  
"I bet, do you need to get yourself cleaned up?"  
  
She nodded.  
  
I reached into my bag and threw her some tissues.  
  
"If anyone asks, you split your drink," I said.  
  
++++++++++++++++++  
  
"Hurry up," I said, as I dragged my whimpering little friend out of the club. I held her bag and my own as she seemed unable to focus.  
  
My mind quickly zipped over the options to get back to my room. There were two ways: one via the main streets, which is more direct; the other via a few quieter residential streets. I selected the residential route. It would take a few more minutes, but it would be less likely we'd be seen.  
  
"This way," I hissed.  
  
Amy nodded, then clumsily scuttled after me. Her body was still quivering. Her breathing still heavy, and punctuated by panicky little wails. I guess being post-orgasmic; being clad in only a tiny piece of fabric; and being deprived of her panties, had all combined to drive her to the edge of sanity.  
  
She stooped over as she hurried forward, but kept her neck tilted up so her face pointed straight forward. Her hands gripped the hem on each side of her little dress, desperately trying to stop it from riding up and exposing her soaked little pussy. Seemingly fixated on reaching the safety of my room, her teeth were clenched and her eyes were locked forward, resolutely avoiding the bemused stares the occasional passer-by.  
  
The way she tugged at the fabric of her dress made it mould tightly to the delicious mounds of her ass. I knew it was cruel, but couldn't help but turn her suffering up a notch. Although the streets weren't completely empty, there were frequent lengthy gaps between us and anyone else. I decided to warm her ass up with a good firm swat of my hand.  
  
-SWAT-  
  
She jumped and yelped, "Fucking hell! Katieeeee!"  
  
"You don't say, 'Katie', you say 'Thank you Mistress'" I rasped.  
  
For a second she froze. She looked at me and indignation snapped over her face.  
  
I put my hands on my hips and held her stare. As I glared at her, her breathing became quicker, her shaking became harder. Her eyes flicked down to the floor. "thank you mistress," she whispered, just on the edge of audibility.  
  
"I can't hear you," I goaded back.  
  
Her face flushed red. Her face quickly snapped from side to side. There was nobody around for about 100 metres. Her gaze met mine, "Thank you Mistress," she said again, slightly louder.  
  
"Good girl," I grinned back at her. Then I reached behind her and swatted her ass again.  
  
She yelped. Then composed herself. Then breathed, "Thank you Mistress!"  
  
We resumed our walk, but whenever a gap opened up, I gave her butt cheeks a reminder who was boss. Maybe one spank if the gap was small. Maybe more if the gap was bigger.  
  
As we got closer we got to our halls, I couldn't help but whisper dirty things into her ear as I dished out my punishment.  
  
"Horny little slut, aren't you?" I teased.  
  
-SWAT-  
  
"Yes Mistress... Thank you mistress..."  
  
"You'll soon be on your knees, begging won't you?"  
  
-SWAT-  
  
"Yes Mistress.... Thank you Mistress..."  
  
"Then you'll start cumming all over my bed, won't you?"  
  
-SWAT-  
  
"yes... mistress! thank you... mistress."  
  
As this continued, I noticed that her voice had become quieter and she had started to tremble more and more. She had also started to slow down and was taking tiny little steps with her legs close together. I looked up and down her body slightly puzzled. Then I saw it. A wide grin spread across my face. The insides of her thighs were glistening with wetness.  
  
"Getting wet again are we?" I teased.

"Mis..tress..." Amy stuttered, "I... think... I'm... gonna... cum!"  
  
I swatted her ass again. I hit hard and clean. She yelped and danced on the spot, all the time tugging at the hem of her little dress.  
  
"Thank you... Mistress!" she squealed, "but no... really.... I'm on the edge! I don't wanna cum... not here... someone will see us..."  
  
"Keep walking," I said, a plan rapidly developing in my mind. We were virtually home. We were walking down the path almost next to the side of our block. I say almost next to the block, because there's a row of trees and bushes, separating the building from the path. There's also a little gap between the bushes and the building.  
  
I swatted her again as she shuffled forward, her trembling becoming ever more forceful.  
  
"It sends a tingle right to the end of your clit when I spank you, doesn't it?" I said.  
  
"yes mistress... thank you mistress..." she squeaked.  
  
I swatted her again.  
  
Her knees buckled and she breathed heavily "thank... you... mistress"  
  
"Now get behind that bush!" I ordered.  
  
"Whaaa?" she murmured.  
  
"Here," I said, grabbing her hand, and dragging her through a little gap in the hedge. She stumbled through the foliage, then I pressed her up against the wall, pinning her hands either side of her. I stared into her terror-filled blue eyes. Through our clothes, I could feel every shake of her body. Slowly, I pushed one of my thighs forward between her legs, then started to raise it up her slippery skin, all the way to her crotch. The hem of her dress rose up and I grinned as I pressed up to her hot, soaked pussy lips.  
  
She whimpered breathlessly, "Katie... we can't do this!"  
  
But her words clearly meant nothing; she was too horny. She started to grind her slick little snatch into my leg.  
  
"We can't!" she repeated, but she didn't stop grinding.  
  
"There's nobody about," I replied.  
  
"What if people hear... there are rooms just above us... I'm gonna cum... I know I'm gonna cum... I can't stop it... Katie... they're gonna hear us... oh God!"  
  
"Here," I said, releasing her arms, reaching into my handbag, and dragging out her used cotton panties, still soaked with her juices, "bite down on these."  
  
A look of utter humiliation flashed over her face and her jaw dropped. I used the opportunity to slowly push her the knickers into her mouth. Her eyes widened even further, but her hips pressed against me even harder and faster. She bit down.  
  
I re-pined her wrists. Little muffled moans and wails emanated from her stuffed mouth. Tears started to leak from her eyes.  
  
"You're going to cum for me like a little bitch, aren't you?" I whispered into her ear.  
  
"Ugh!" she squealed and nodded, "Ugh... ugh... ugh..."  
  
"You're going to cum, with your panties stuffed in your mouth like a filthy little slave girl.."  
  
At that her fists bunched. Her head tilted back. Her spine arched. Her hips pressed into me with force. I could tell she was going over the edge.  
  
"Cum for me," I rasped.  
  
"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" she wailed and her body started to shudder violently. I kept my thigh pressed firmly against her crotch and she kept on gyrating all over it as she shook. Her own leg muscles clenched and unclenched as she came. Her juices flowed over my thigh.  
  
"Slut," I laughed, as she trembled, "I told you I was going to ruin you, didn't I?"  
  
Her knees started to give way, but I pressed my body against hers and held her in place as best I could. She was breathing heavily through her panties, and I thought she could do with some more air. Careful to keep supporting her, I raised one of my arms and extracted her panties from her mouth.  
  
Through her ragged breaths, some beautiful words left her lips. "Hurt me," she whimpered, "make me cry."  
  
Emboldened, I raised my hand and started slapping it across her face, gently, but humiliatingly. She winced, and tears flowed from her eyes.  
  
"Awww... my little slut needs it badly, doesn't she?"  
  
Her mouth opened wide and her eyes screwed shut. Her crotch started gyrating against my leg once more.  
  
"Come with me," I said, dropping my thigh.  
  
I grabbed her by the hand and walked her quickly out of the bushes and towards the entrance to the building. Thankfully, there was nobody about. Amy stumbled and blubbered as she walked, barely able to keep herself upright.  
  
Once inside, I carefully helped her up the stairs, ordering her to grip the handrail for support. My room is on the top floor, and there are a few flights to navigate.  
  
Half way up, on one of the landings I pushed her up against the wall.  
  
"When we get upstairs, I'm going to hurt you," I rasped into her ear, "I'm going to show you what a submissive little bitch you really are."  
  
Her knees buckled, her body folded, and she clung to the rail for support.  
  
I heard a door open down the corridor, followed by footsteps.  
  
"Come on!" I growled. She straightened herself out, but was visibly trembling. "Someone might be coming."  
  
She wiped her eyes, and we quickly continued up the stairs. Thankfully, nobody entered the stairwell. Eventually, we reached the top floor, I grabbed her hand once more and I dragged her right to the end of my corridor where my room was. I fumbled with my keys and we darted inside.  
  
I flicked on my little bedside lamp, filling the room with a dull orange glow.  
  
Amy stood in the centre of the room sobbing gently.  
  
I strode back towards her, the started to circle her, slowly.  
  
"Strip," I ordered.  
  
In a flash she pulled off her dress and unclipped her strapless bra, releasing her breasts.  
  
"Shoes too," I said.  
  
She bent down and unfastened her cream kitten heels and threw them in the corner.  
  
I could barely get over how hot she looked naked: her slim waist, her large, perky, gravity-defying tits, her silky smooth legs, it was all so delicious. I wanted to touch and lick and kiss every inch of her. Her gorgeous blonde ringlets still had little leaves in them after our trip through the hedge. And her eyes were wide and wet, with little streaks of mascara down her cheeks. Her pussy and inner thighs were as slick as ever with her juices.  
  
"hurt me," she whispered, tears still running down her cheeks, "dominate me... use me like a whore... ruin me!"  
  
She was getting lost in her own submission. I recognised the feeling. I've been there too. It's maddening, irresistible, intoxicating and all consuming. I was going to give her what she wanted, but I had to be responsible.  
  
"Do you remember your safe word?" I asked, sternly.  
  
"yes," she snivelled and wiping her tears on the back of her hand.  
  
"What is it?" I said, needing to be sure that she remembered it.  
  
"red..." she stuttered, "and... yellow... if I'm getting close to my limits."  
  
"Good girl," I said, then added, "are you close to using it now?"  
  
"no," she whimpered, "I want this... ruin me..."  
  
I believed her. I recognised where she was at. And I smiled. But I wasn't going to get reckless. I wasn't going to dish out heavy pain, and besides, that isn't really my thing. But I couldn't wait to push her just a little bit further into the submission that she clearly craved.  
  
"Very well," I said with a big evil grin on my face, "now go and stand against the wall. Spread your legs and put your hands behind your back."  
  
"yes mistress," she whispered, then awkwardly padded to the side of the room. She pressed her tits against the wall; shuffled her legs wide; and clasped her hands behind her.  
  
"Good girl," I said.  
  
I went over to my bed and pulled out my box of tricks from beneath it. I extracted a black satin blindfold and a pair of soft, leather handcuffs. Her body shifted slightly and she took a deep inhalation as she heard my presence behind her.  
  
"katie..." she whispered as I wrapped the cuffs around her wrists and secured the buckle, just tight enough to prevent escape, "oh katie..."  
  
I didn't mind that she didn't always call me Mistress. Using my name was just as beautiful, perhaps more so. It let me know that, in her mind, she was submitting to me and not just to the abstract concept.  
  
I gently pulled her blindfold over her eyes. No words escaped her lips this time, just desperate wail. I'd left her completely helpless and vulnerable, and she knew it and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.  
  
The poor girl looked as gorgeous from behind as she did from the front. Her toned legs; the delicious curve of her waist to her hip; and the smooth, pale skin of her back: it was all so very beautiful. However, it was her arousal, combined with the degradation of her predicament that really got me. The way her tits pressed against the wall as she sobbed; the way I could see the glistening wet lips of her pussy hanging down between her thighs; and the way her firm little butt cheeks stung with bright pink hand-marks: it all served to inflame me with an evil, hungry passion.  
  
I slowly paced up and down behind her, allowing my desire to build. With deliberate precision, each footstep of my heeled boot clicked loudly on the tiled wooden floor. Amy gasped and jumped every single time, only inciting me to step harder and louder.  
  
I finally stopped right behind her and pressed my body against hers. She whimpered.  
  
"You're so screwed..." I whispered cruelly, "you're going to be a pitiful little wreck by the time I'm done with you."  
  
I bunched up her blonde hair in one of my hands and pulled her head back. Then I ran my nose along from her shoulder to the nape of her neck drinking in her the sweet, natural, musky scent of her body. Her body twitched and her legs jumped. "Mmmmmm," I breathed, "you smell so fucking good, I just wanna fucking ruin you."  
  
She whimpered.  
  
I reached in front of her with one hand and started to grab her firm tits roughly. Then I dragged my nose across her again. And again. Each time inhaling deeper and louder, "MMMMMMMMMM," I growled, loosing myself to my animalistic passions, "Hot. Little. Bitch."  
  
Then I cracked my hand down onto her helplessly exposed ass. She squealed and her legs sagged. I shifted my arm around her waist to keep her upright.  
  
"Oh Katie... KATIE... KATIE!" she shrieked.  
  
With my free hand I unleashed on her. Slapping down spank after spank. Her little toes curled; her immobilised hands bunched into fists. Her butt morphed from pink to red. She was wheezing; wailing and blubbering. As I humiliated her, she pressed her hips against her wall. I could feel her start to gyrate.  
  
"Oh... trying to get yourself off on the fucking wall are you?" I rasped, "Filthy. Little. Whore." I punctuated each word with another hard spank. Tears flowed from underneath her blindfold, but she didn't stop grinding. Whether she could get any friction or not, she gasped with so much tension in her breath that I guessed she was close to cumming.  
  
My hand around her waist shot down hand shot down between her legs. She was hot and wet, absolutely leaking juices. I began to rotate my fingers around her clit; firm and fast. Another taut gasp left her lips. Then another, then another. I pressed my body against hers to keep her upright. Her back arched. Her thigh muscles started clenching and un-clenching.  
  
I gave her big, hard spank on the ass.  
  
"Cum for me," I growled.  
  
Climax hit her. Powerful tremors of pleasure hammered through her body. I unleashed a few more spanks. Her legs almost gave way entirely. She was twitching and shaking uncontrollably.  
  
"Oh, don't think I'm fucking done with you yet," I rasped in her ear as she continued to cum, "I'm not going to be done with you until you're a wreck on the floor."  
  
I reached down a little further and slipped a couple of my fingers inside her soaked orgasmic pussy. Then I started pulsing them, hard, against the little rough patch of her g-spot. Her muscles clamped down on me like a vice.  
  
"Ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh..." she wailed over and over as I pressed.  
  
She was sagging down the wall. Her thigh muscles clenching and un-clenching powerfully and rhythmically.  
  
"You're gonna cum for me again aren't you?" I growled, "You're gonna cum against the wall like a filthy little slut."  
  
It was too much for her.  
  
Her body went taut.  
  
"Uuuuuuuuuuggggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhh!"  
  
Then I felt an explosion of liquid.  
  
Her pussy squirted everywhere. Splashing my hand, the walls, her thighs and the floor.  
  
Her muscles convulsed. She lost all control over herself and I could barely support her. I eased her down onto the floor. She continued to shake violently.  
  
I cradled her sweating naked body in my lap as she gently moaned, and quivered and sobbed.  
  
I quickly unbuckled her handcuffs and slipped off her blindfold, suddenly feeling an urge to protect her. I stroked my hands through her hair. "You are so beautiful," I murmured to her, "... and lovely... and kind..."  
  
She didn't say anything, but she shakily wrapped her arms around me and gripped hard.  
  
I continued to stroke her hair and I leaned down and gently kissed her cheek, "I'll look after you," I whispered.  
  
I was sitting in a damp puddle of her juices and I was immeasurably horny; however, I was going to give her as long as she needed to recover. We stayed like that for a considerable amount of time, her head resting on my chest. Every so often her body would twitch.  
  
After what seemed like an age, she wiped her eyes, lifted her head, and looked up at me. Under her mascara streaked cheeks, the biggest, happiest grin spread across her face.  
  
"Oh, Katie... Katie... Katie!" she sighed, her eyes sparkled for a second before she slumped head back down. Her eyes closed but she continued to smile, and then started to giggle.  
  
I held her tighter and kissed her cheek once more. "You are my favourite naughty girl," I said.  
  
We both started giggling.  
  
"I love being your naughty girl!" she whispered breathlessly.  
  
A fresh surge of arousal flooded through me.  
  
"I know," I grinned, "Now get up."  
  
She shifted herself onto her knees, but she seemed to be unable to stand. I didn't care. I wanted her on her knees anyway.  
  
I lifted myself off the floor, moved over to my bed, and sat on the edge. I reached between my legs and pulled down my knickers and threw them into the corner.  
  
"Here," I ordered, clicking my fingers and pointing to the floor directly in front of me.  
  
I pulled the hem of my dress up to my waist and spread my legs, revealing my own wet pussy. I needed to get off and she was going to give me exactly what I wanted.  
  
She bit her lip. Then with a eager glint in her eye she shakily crawled over to me, shaking her hips like a little kitten.... an exhausted little kitten.  
  
"Ok naughty," I said, "you're gonna get me off, and I'm gonna teach you exactly how to do it properly."  
  
Last time we had played, she'd brought me off more than once, but I could tell it was her first time with a girl. Despite her wonderful eagerness, she needed a fuller education and I was going to give it to her.  
  
"Yes mistress," Amy nodded excitedly.  
  
"Ok, sometimes I'll want you to take your time and take me on a long journey of different sensations, but tonight, we're gonna do this nice and quick."  
  
"Yes mistress."  
  
"Ok, first I want you to lick my pussy all over with your tongue and get it even wetter."  
  
"Yes mistress," Amy said.  
  
I screwed my eyes shut and groaned as I felt her wet tongue on my swollen pussy lips.  
  
"Good girl!" I squealed.  
  
"Now, gently... very gently... suck my pussy lips into your mouth,"  
  
She complied. I wailed in ecstasy. Pleasure flooded through me. I arched my head back, revelling in the divine sensation.  
  
"Now... dart your tongue in and out of my slit."  
  
I gripped the bed sheets as I felt her enter me and clamped my thighs around her face, "Good girl!" I squealed, "Very good girl!"  
  
It felt so delicious that it was almost unbearable.  
  
I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, then looked straight into her eyes.  
  
"In a minute you're going to lick my clit," I said, "and when you're on your knees like that, just flick my clit up and down with your tongue. Be firm. Be consistent. Don't vary your rhythm. Don't start messing about trying to do the alphabet or any shit like that. Just keep going, up and down. Even if your fucking tongue gets tired, you're just going to keep on going. You're gonna get me off. Understand?"  
  
I knew it wasn't going to take me long to get off, after spending the evening watching her suffer, I was so close already; however, I knew I needed to instil the right attitude.  
  
"Yes Mistress!" she exclaimed.  
  
"But first, I want to show you who's boss," then grabbed the back of her head and pushed it between my legs, gyrated my pussy, and smeared my juices all of her pretty fucking face. Then I pulled her hair back again. Her jaw was dropped and her eyes wide. Her face was flushed with humiliation.  
  
"Now lick," I ordered, pushing her face back between my legs.  
  
Quickly her tongue flicked against my clit. Waves of pleasure surged through my entire body. I screwed my eyes shut and everything from earlier in the evening flooded back to me: how beautiful she had looked when I first saw her in her little sun dress; how powerful I'd felt when I'd winked at her; how I'd made her take her panties off; how I'd tease her with my words until she was bucking and gyrating in her seat; how I'd made her squirt up against the fucking wall of my room. I didn't have a favourite. It was all so good. But my mind fixed of the image of her in the club. Sitting next to me as I whispered dirty things in her ear. Clamping her legs together. Thrusting her hips. Gripping the hem of her dress.  
  
It was too much for me I was powering up the hill, all the way to orgasm. My thighs clamped around Amy's head.  
  
"Make... me... cum!" I roared, as I felt myself approach the crest. My neck arched back.  
  
Then I wailed as I went over the edge.  
  
My body started to shake.  
  
"Lick me!" I shouted, "lick me, lick me, lick me.."  
  
I exploded into a world of incandescent pleasure. Wave after wave of orgasm hit me. And I rode Amy out, grinding my crotch against her tongue.  
  
Finally, I looked down at her and grinned.  
  
"Oh God!" I wailed, "You. Are. Such. A. Good. Little. Girl!"  
  
Amy's face emerged, slick with my juices, panting slightly, but smiling cutely.  
  
"Did you like that Mistress?" she asked impishly.  
  
"Amy... that was... delicious," I said, in a happy daze. "You're definitely going to do that again!"  
  
"I like servicing you, Mistress!" Amy said, smiling a triumphant little smile, clearly proud of what she had just done.  
  
"Now come here," I said. I got up onto the bed properly and lay down. Then I patted the sheets next to me. Amy shakily crawled up and we kissed. I suddenly realised that was our first proper kiss of the whole evening. I took my time to savour her soft lips and run my hand across her smooth skin as I came down from my orgasm.  
  
"I'm broken," Amy giggled, "but I still feel so horny."  
  
"Yeah," I replied, "me too."