

Her Boots

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Published on Lush Stories on 28 Sep 2013

A Mistress over excites her eager sub who needs a lesson in control

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“You can start by licking my boots,” she purred as she presented one foot to me. Her red lips curled into a smile. “Yes Miss,” I whispered. I took her ankle in my hands softly gripping the leather boot; a knee high tight black leather boot with a platform toe and five inch high stiletto heel. I caressed the precious object as I looked up at her. I was naked, kneeling before her, my heart beating fast, worshipping her beauty, powerless to resist her command. She wore a black leather mini skirt cut high above her knee, and as I knelt I could just see far enough beneath the hem to glimpse the plump gusset of her silk thong tight over her pussy between her golden thighs. Her skin-tight black crop top revealed her chiselled belly with a red ruby glistening at her navel, and the shape of her perfect 36D breasts. My cock grew hard and erect as I looked up at her, jutting up against my belly as I crouched at her feet. “Don’t make me wait,” she breathed heavily as she tapped her fingernails against her skirt with her hands at her narrow waist. I dipped forward and planted a kiss against the inside of her boot just above her slim ankle with my dry lips slightly parted. She slid her foot forward between my knees towards my stiff cock as I caressed her boot with my hands and I began to lick the soft black leather breathing in its wonderful scent. “There’s a good boy!” she praised warmly. I flicked my tongue back and forth over the matt leather, wetting its surface, tasting it. I licked up and down the boot from toe to the top and then back down again as she looked on with pleasure. I licked the front of her boot, over shining chrome eyelets and the thick leather laces. I gently kissed the sharp heel. She rocked her weight back and forth and kicked me gently making me work hard to please her. She laughed softly as she watched me struggle. I grasped at the long stiletto heel to hold her, and she lifted it slightly and then brought it down sharply when my hand slid beneath it trapping my palm. I cried out and threw my head back as the pain flooded through me. “Hmmm...That feels good, doesn’t it slut?” she hissed as I writhed beneath her and she turned her heel from side to side to grind my palm. “Bet that’s made you really hard hasn’t it slut?” she smiled. “Yes Miss,” I groaned and I clenched my teeth trying not to cry out again. “Then show me,” she commanded and she grasped me by the hair and pulled my head and body back still pinning my palm with her heel. My cock stood proudly upward before her jutting from its bed of dark trimmed hair. The shaft was glistening with perspiration and the swollen head was already dripping with pre cum. She lifted her foot and I pulled my sore hand away quickly. She grinned and put the toe of her boot to my shaft and ran it up and down the length of my

cock teasing it with the sole of her boot, pressing its length against my muscled belly with her platform toe. I groaned with pleasure. She pulled my hair hard and I groaned again. She placed her toe back on the floor and slid her leg slowly forward between my parted knees. "Fancy a ride bitch?" she questioned and without waiting for any answer she slid her boot forward beneath my heavy balls, grazing them with the leather, until her toe was wedged deeply between the clenched cheeks of my ass, and the front of her boot was pressed hard against my stiff pulsing erection standing to attention for her. "You're so easy!" she laughed, clearly pleased at my submission. "A big important man out there," she gestured vaguely towards the curtained gallery window, "respected and revered. But a little slut for me, eh? And an easy one at that! Ride my boot slut....ride it nice and hard just for me, and I bet you'll cum before I count to ten. I bet you'll cum and make my lovely expensive boot all sticky and dirty even though you know I'll punish you for that! You can begin when you like slut." I let my weight fall on the toe of her boot which divided my ass cheeks and gently opened my tight pulsing asshole. I ground my cock into the sweet luxury of her boot feeling the heat of her body through its surface, and I rocked back and forth and up and down as she desired. She waited until I found a rhythm, grasping me by the hair, and she caressed my cheek with her free hand as I began to ride her. Then she began to count loudly and firmly in time with my riding. "One....two," She grinned down at me. I clenched my teeth, trying hard not to be too aroused and to fight the feelings flooding through me. I tried hard to gain one little victory over her and prove her wrong. "Three," But I knew I would fail. It was too much me to take; too thrilling, humiliating and arousing. The toe of her boot was opening and probing my ass and the leather skin of her boot and leather laces were grinding and teasing my hard cock. "Four," I could feel the pulse within, the rush of blood, my ass contracting hard and my cock swelling as if it would explode. Each touch was Heaven, a perfect forced masturbation, and I knew I would fail and disgrace myself and the thought of that made any resistance on my part all the more futile. "Five," she purred and she began to laugh. I could take no more. I fell forward, clinging to her long leg, and I rubbed myself hard against it, bucking my hips madly back and forth, riding her like a hound madly fucking its Mistress' leg. I was cumming. Oh God, I was cumming! I flung my head back and closed my eyes, crying out loudly and shuddering as I clung to her, pumping warm wet strings of cum between the leather of her boot and my naked belly. "Oh God Miss!" I gasped, "I'm sorry...ohhh fuck! I'm so sorry!" "Six," she purred, looking down at me with a mixture of pleasure and disdain. "Six! I didn't even get to six! You're fucking hopeless!" and she leaned down and kissed me, shoving her tongue deeply into my open mouth, caressing my face with her hands. xxx