

*A Night to Remember*



*Eliza Domme*

My fingers intertwine with my hair as I slowly pace the wooden floors of the foyer. I've spent the entire morning picking up different specks of dirt and crumbs from the floor. I even took extra time to dust off the floor boards today, knowing how much my queen pays attention to detail.

She was supposed to be home almost an hour ago, I glance at the clock and notice it's a quarter till six. *Didn't her calendar mention dinner plans at seven tonight?* My goddess needs an ample amount of time to relax and get ready for an evening out. Perfection can't be rushed! I try to stop my fidgeting, if Queen Elizabeth catches me worked up like this, she'll put me in my box with some cannabis gummies just to try and calm my anxieties. She knows I'd rather be out here, making sure everything is perfect for her.

I smooth my hair and lean against the floor board that rests next to the door. With being the size of a fingernail, there are only so many places I can go that won't take me an hour to walk to. I prefer to wait in the foyer for my love to get home, that way she can carry me in her precious hands and give my legs a break.

I reminisce on a time when Elizabeth was home, making chicken noodle soup while I rested on her breasts, listening to her sing her favorite Fleetwood Mac songs and talk about her day. The feeling of her warm breasts, plump and perky paired with her heartbeat

drumming on my body gives me full body tingles. The memories bring a wave of comfort that no gummy could ever bring. I catch myself closing my eyes, dreaming of her, when I finally hear the door open at six.

“Ven! Ven my love where are you?” Elizabeth hangs up her bag on the coat rack and immediately scans the floor in hopes of spotting me within the first thirty seconds of being home. I count the seconds in my head, knowing to at least give her a fair shot at finding me before I inevitably call out to her. She notices me at the twenty-eighth second.

“Ven there you are! Oh you’ll never believe the day I’ve had.” She kicks off her shoes and slides her socks off one by one, revealing her beautiful red toenails that resemble the color of strawberries. I look in awe at them before realizing she is extending her ankle to me, an invitation to latch onto the golden anklet I got her after the first year of being her tiny. The chain is simple but classy, two golden ropes that intertwine with each other. I feel a big grin stretching over my face as I stand and jump onto the chain, holding on for dear life as she brings me to the bedroom.

“You will not believe the day I’ve had at work. It all started with this one email that I accidentally sent to the wrong company, and my boss reamed my ass a new one. I had to make several phone calls on the company’s behalf apologizing for order mixups,” she plops down onto her bed and adjusts her pillows to provide back

support. I jump down from the anklet and begin working my way to her precious soles.

“And now I have this stupid friend dinner I have to attend, it’s literally in an hour and all I want to do is stay home and be with you.” She frowns at me, breaking my heart into a thousand pieces. I look up to her, sure she is noticing me when I tell her, “my queen, I am so sorry work was rough. Let me bring you pleasure in a day full of pain. Let me satisfy you for the next thirty minutes, and you’ll feel better in no time.” I smile wide at her before bringing my minuscule hands to her heels, first digging into her right foot before transitioning to the left.

“Ugh Ven, you always know what to say. Thank you for being my person,” a smile finds her face as she closes her eyes and leans her head back. I know this is my time to prove my worth; prove how valuable I am to her.

I continue kneading into her heels, I thrust my elbows into it, giving her maximum pressure and pleasure. I use my hands to rub around the edges of her soles and wrinkles, after a few minutes I start to hear her moaning. “Fuck Ven, that feels good,” her moans cause her to roll her eyes behind her head, drunk on pleasure. The sight of it makes my cock slowly start to rise, cheeks blushing from the excitement of it all.

Unable to contain myself, I begin kissing on her heels, licking them and caressing them with my hands. I let her push her toes against my face, allowing me to lick in between her toes and grab them tightly. The sight of

her smile and the sound of her moans make my boner unbearable, I begin to rub my cock against her toes, grinding on the big toe as I kiss it, feeling my cum eager to be drained. Elizabeth snaps me into reality before I can.

“Well well well, someone’s enjoying their job today aren’t they?” She snickers as she moves her toes forward and back, teasing my cock.

I only allow myself to enjoy it for a few minutes before I remove myself from her toes. She looks at me puzzlingly, curious as to why anyone would push away a goddess like her.

“Queen Elizabeth, it’s nothing like that. I just know today was awful for you, I don’t want you to worry about a thing. I want all the focus to be on *you* tonight,” I readjust myself so that I can continue my craftsmanship, massaging and kneading at her heels. She gives me a soft smile and what looks like teary eyes.

She waits only a second before bringing her feet to her hips so that she’s sitting cross legged. She brings her face low to the sheets, so that I am met at her nose, staring into her deep hazel eyes. I admire her brown curls that flow softly on her face, complimenting all her freckles. I’m easily distracted by her beauty when she finally opens her gorgeous mouth.

“You have been so good to me Ven, I’m not going to let my plans get in the way of this moment. You’re coming with me tonight.” She smirks, curling up her soft

plump lips. I stare at her in awe of the words that have just come out of her mouth. *Does this mean what I think it means?*

She scoops me up quickly into her hands before I can say anything. She is giggling now as she sets me down on the top of her makeup desk. “Sit. Don’t move, and don’t touch that hard cock of yours either, not until tonight.” I gulp loudly and nod my head, eager for whatever she could have in store for us. Queen Elizabeth has never brought me out before, not like this. She’s always been too cautious, too afraid of losing me. If I hold on to her anklet there’s the chance I let go (though I’d never) or if I ride on her chest I could easily slip down and fall to the ground. What could she possibly be thinking? Either way I feel the butterflies in my stomach awakening as I think of the excitement tonight holds.

Ten minutes later, Queen Elizabeth comes out of her closet dressed in a tight black strapless mini dress. She has paired it with lace black heels that accentuate her red toenails. Her gold jewelry shines extra tonight thanks to her hair being slicked back into a bun and her lips a bright red color. My cock begins to throb at the sight of her.

“Come here my love,” she holds her hand out for me to crawl into. I kneel before her, sure to give her all the praise she deserves before even touching her. “Elizabeth, my goddess, you look ethereal tonight.” I kiss the tips of

her fingers before slowly climbing into them, ready to accept whatever fate she holds.

“Thank you Ven, you’re such a doll. Make yourself snug while I drive us to the restaurant.” She slowly drops me into her cleavage, so that I fall deeper and deeper into her breasts. Immediately I feel at peace, smelling her fragrant cherry perfume all around me.

As soon as I hear her car music turned on, I immediately get to work. Who knows how far the restaurant is, and I want to make sure she is fully pleased before I get there. I begin squeezing my way to her left nipple, sure to kiss and massage her breast on my way. Once I reach her nipple I begin to gently kiss and suck on it with my mouth.

“Oh my god Ven, that feels perfect. Whatever you’re doing, don’t stop.” I feel her begin to fidget in her seat, which I can only assume is her using her thighs to rub against her pussy. The idea of her aching to touch herself because of me makes my cock rock hard.

I use this opportunity to give her right nipple the same amount of attention, kissing and sucking while also using my hands to gently twist and pinch it. Her soft moans and racing heartbeat are what fill my ears until suddenly I hear the music stop.

“Ven, we’re here. Now it’s time for the fun to begin.” She pulls me out of her chest and holds me close to her face. “Whatever you’ve been doing, do not stop. You’re making me so fucking wet. I want you to feel me

cumming all over you tonight. I want you to do whatever is necessary in order to make sure your goddess is damn near moaning at the dinner table. Got it?” She brings me close to her face, giving me a big wet kiss that encompasses my entire body. I let out a soft moan of pleasure myself, unable to contain my desire for her. “Goddess, it is my purpose to please you, thank you for allowing me.”

She blows me a quick kiss before hiking up her dress and pulling open the top of her black panties. She gently drops me in, where I am immediately embraced with her wetness and sweet aroma.

Nothing is more fulfilling than being able to be at my God’s center. I feel extremely power and powerless at the same time, knowing either of us could cum at any second. I feel her begin to walk into the restaurant and am met with loud voices and music, she makes her way to a booth where she sits and I can make out five different voices discussing their weekend plans. Once she is settled and I hear her thank the waiter for her glass of wine, I know I must fulfill her fantasy before her food comes.

I begin by massaging her clit gently with my hands, her wet pussy is already lubricated, but I cannot help myself and begin to press my mouth against her. I lick aggressively, sure to give her just the right amount of pressure she likes. When I feel her wetness taking over, I gently tug on her clit with my mouth, nibbling at her.



I know the sensations are taking over when I feel her fingers press down on the outside of her panties. Her middle finger presses me deeper onto her pussy, so that my hard shaft is able to squeeze in between her folds. She begins to rub eagerly, allowing me to fuck her folds and let my cock be covered by her wetness. I continue to lick and nibble at her clit, welcoming the slick that comes with it.

I decide to move my hands to her hole, placing both of my arms deep inside her pussy, fucking her hard. I use this angle to also keep my mouth on her clit, while my toes dangle against her asshole, applying pressure to it and stimulating her in every way possible. The feeling of pure satisfaction rushes over her as she lets out a soft yelp in the restaurant and I begin to feel her pussy tighten up. A wave of cum pours through her panties and brings my dick even more fulfillment. I hear her whisper to her table, “sorry, I just stubbed my toe against the table.” She gives a soft giggle and I know I’ve done everything right.

My cock is aching with pleasure from being able to fuck my goddess in ways no one else could. The feeling of her tight pussy lips against me is so fulfilling that I am left with no choice but to cum all over them. My balls begin to drain themselves, leaking cum all over her sweet pussy. The pleasure is intoxicating, leaving me dizzy and smiling. I feel my goddess beginning to stand up and walk away from the restaurant, the voices slowly

fading away. I am half asleep, dreaming about her perfect pussy when she pulls me out of her panties and sets me into a warm bath of water in a cup on her desk.

“That was perfect Ven. You had me aching for you. Now clean up so we can snuggle against my pillow.” She gives my head a gentle kiss and begins working to take off her makeup. I take my hands and begin scrubbing away the sweet memories of tonight. As I crawl out of the water and pat myself dry, she looks at me lovingly, and I melt all over again.

“By the way, the floorboards look amazing, thank you for always taking care of things for me. I truly love you Ven.” She grabs me tight and brings me to bed, and I know that I’ve never been happier in my whole entire life.