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A Good Man - Part One

Matthew had nothing but a close-up view of the shining steel heel of my stiletto. He was on the ground, chin to the floor, hoping for a token lick or maybe even the chance to start worshipping up my taut legs, now in fishnets. He was yearning, I know, to lick slowly up the back of my calves, following the seam, inching closer and closer up toward my thigh and eventually finding his head under my rubber skirt.

Nope, it wasn't going to happen. I left him there, not releasing him from that position, as I finished my hair and makeup. My favorite music was playing in the background, my girlfriends were soon to arrive, and Matthew had no idea what kind of a night I had planned for him.

All he knew was that I had spent 2 hours getting ready, was dressed in my tightest, sexiest fetish outfit and he was wearing nothing but a skin tight black latex pair of briefs. He probably knew that meant I was taking him to some sort of a fetish event, because he knew I liked to show off his body.

I was quite proud of Matthew, and all the other femdoms would stare at him. The male subs, often not nearly in the shape he was, would acknowledge him with a sense of envy and jealousy - not only for his own charisma, but for being on the end of my leash.

Matthew knew that if I had him dressed like a piece of slut property that meant I was going to take him somewhere on the edge, and the fact that I had a select group of friends meant he might be "shared" as the evening went on.

In addition, I had shaved his cock and balls freshly and had him in chastity for two weeks leading up to the evening of note. He was desperately hard in his CB-3000, especially after having to service me orally twice a day at the snap of my fingers. Matthew was suffering, indeed, and the mere sight of his pleading blue eyes served to make me even more wet.

When I heard the car in the driveway I leaned down with a gloved hand and fastened the leash onto Matthew's collar, prompting him to stand up. He towered over me, easily, most of the time, but this time I was in 6 inch heels and we were closer in height. I loved to see him this way; all the masculinity, all the machoness, all the cockiness, all the self-assured easy-goingness was gone from him.

He was like a nervous teenager all over again.

I tugged on his leash, smiled, and said, "The ladies are waiting. I must tell you, a good man is hard to find."

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I let those words resonate with him for the entire drive to the secret party. I knew he would analyze them, wondering if there was some hidden meaning. Or, maybe, it was just a simple compliment.

Matthew was in his assigned position in the backseat - sprawled across the floor over our feet to keep our legs warm. It was uncomfortable for him because of his size, and we'd take turns slipping off our shoes and tickling him with our toes. I was positioned so that my feet were under his crotch, and I had long before mastered the ability to get him rock hard by masturbating him with my toes and feet. I could curl my soft, dainty soles around his cock and stroke up and down better than most women could give a hand job. It drove him crazy.

Carrie was sitting next to me, giggling, amused at him. She idly at times put her toes in his mouth and made him suck. Often she did this while we were in deep conversation. The two friends of mine in the front seat were chatting away with us also, and it was like four close girlfriends doing what they do best while Matthew was a side note, an object, just like a pet sprawled at the bottom of the car.

Except, he was being forced to suck toes and being masturbated by my feet. He knew his role, though, and that was to keep quiet.

The ladies and I talked as if he wasn't there. We talked about shopping, about shoes, about our latest office gossip, about our latest orgasms, about various sexual events. We didn't mind talking about our pussies in front of Matthew, our fantasies in front of Matthew, or even Matthew in front of Matthew. Quite often we talked all about Matthew.

Carrie would just shove her toes deeper into his mouth and say, "Don't you love it when we talk about it? It's almost as if you're relevant!"

Matthew could only moan a little, and keep on sucking.

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Unlike most fetish parties, the private party we went to was full of more women than men, and the participants were of the most upscale, fashionable and gorgeous in-crowd. It was a very exclusive event, and I knew the hostess very well as she was a fan of my site and put some of my stories into a sort of "menu" for clients to choose from, so she could more accurately roleplay their deepest fantasies.

Her name was Alexia, and she was also very smitten with my Matthew. She didn't hide it either. As soon as she saw him trailing behind us, his hands politely behind his back, she leaned in to greet me with a kiss on the cheek and said, "Akasha, WHEN are you going to bring this piece of meat to my dungeon so I can have some play time with him." I should say, she purred it.

Matthew blushed. Even though he seemed the type to never blush, he always did when complimented that way; it was another one of his endearing quality. As was his clearly visible large bulge in the front of his tight, tight black latex briefs.

We exchanged various greetings, and I was eager to get to the main event. We watched various fetish acts going on, mingled with some of the regulars. I had Matthew fetching drinks and at one point kneeling at my feet so I could tease him with finger food, but this was all idle play, and almost boring. I wanted to get to the reason I had planned that night.

Matthew did look nervous, I'll admit, when all eyes were on him and our hostess asked me if he was ready. "Of course," I said. "He's always ready. He is, after all, a good man."

The tug on his leash this time was a little harder, and he knew I meant business. I took him to a corner of the large main room and made him lay down on what looked like a slightly modified work out bench. Considering the way he was built, it looked as if he was simply about to start lifting weights.

But if you say the look on his face, you'd realize he knew it was going to be something far different. He was right.

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Matthew had long had this fantasy, and I know he thought I would never get close to acting out on it. That's the beauty of it all, the fact that you can surprise someone, randomly, one day, with something they thought was only going to remain a fantasy. I didn't even tell him it was going to happen, because I didn't want him to spend every waking moment fantasizing about it. I wanted the reality to surpass it all.

And, it turned me on like nothing else. It was going to be the ultimate objectification and fed so nicely into my nastiest cum drinking fantasies, my smothering fantasies, my cuckold fantasies, my group sex fantasies. Matthew was indeed a good man, and I wanted everyone in that room to know just how good he was.

Matthew was tied down on his back to the workout bench, his arms down and wrists in a spreader bar underneath. His feet were on the floor and ankles tied tightly to the legs of the workout bench. I am a big fan of leather straps, so I had my girlfriends add two of them across his chest, just to hold him still and make his chest feel slightly constricted. Of course, I wanted him to be nervous, vulnerable, slightly scared, and incredibly turned on.

Based on the huge erection in his briefs that revealed everything, he was indeed turned on.

After he was restrained, everyone went about their normal business; that is, making love. Or having sex. Or, simply, fucking. Everyone, of course, but Matthew. When I walked over to him and sat on his chest, crossing my legs casually, letting him peek up my skirt to reveal my wet pussy, he looked confused.

"What's going on?" he asked me softly, shifting a little, probably more turned on by the feeling of my warm ass cheeks on his chest.

I lifted a leg over and straddled him, sliding my wet pussy down his chest and over his belly, then slowly up again, smiling down at him. He looked desperately confused, completely helpless, and painfully turned on. I could feel the bulge in his tight briefs against my ass as I backed up.

"You're going to be of use tonight, in any way, at any time, in any manner, ANYONE sees fit. You're just our sex toy. You're a fuck-beast. You're a cock to use, a mouth to use, and an ass to use. You're in for a long night."

Matthew was breathing hard, as much as he could under the tight leather straps. I observed his expression for a moment as I reached behind me and slid my fingers under the waist band of his briefs, peeling back the latex which was now wet, hot and sticky.

I teased his hard cock with the back of my ass crack for a moment, smiling at him, then lifted up and with ease slid down on top of him, feeling him at once fill me, tight, firm, hot. I knew he would not last long; he had not cum in weeks, and it was rare that I allowed him the pleasure of being inside me. It took a few soft moves of my hips, lifting my body off him just slightly at first, and a slow, rhythmic fucking that left him gasping, aching to move, desperate to be free to grab onto me.

He got nothing. He did, however, cum loads into me. He was cumming hard for what seemed like a very long time; I just kept pumping, shoving my fingers into his mouth with amusement to muffle his groans, licking his taste off of me, reaching down and rubbing my pussy. Matthew was completely in another place, he could not believe what was happening to him.

Without hesitation I dismounted and slid up his chest slowly, inching up as he gasped to catch his breath, and when he opened his eyes he only had a brief second to see me smile as I stood with a thigh on either side of his head, leaving him to stare up at my cum soaked pussy.

"Lick," I ordered. He was familiar with this, although it was a treat I had denied him for some time, so he was eager. I lowered myself down onto his face with a moan of satisfaction and pleasure, allowing him to do his job. He knew what I wanted; he knew I wanted him to first suck as much of the cum out as he could, then slowly clean up the inside of my pussy first, then all around my shaved crotch until there was not a drop left. He took his time; Matthew was talented with his tongue, and knew from experience that I expected perfection.

When he was finished, I lifted off of his face and again straddled his chest. I smiled, leaning down to slide my fingers over traces of cum around his lips, under his nose. I made him lick those bits off my fingers, also.

He was breathing hard, his cheeks flushed. I could feel his cock behind me, already hard again.

One of my girlfriends approached behind me. I saw Matthew look up at her. She was a gorgeous dark haired woman, tall, exotic. She had the hand of a lover who was a man with a huge cock - probably more than 9 inches, rock hard, dripping with pre cum. My girlfriend asked politely, "I want him to suck this cock for me, to get it ready."

I turned to Matthew and raised my eyebrows. "Already a line for your services. You have quite a reputation."

Matthew looked behind me at the man, and saw three other couples also standing close by.

I leaned down and whispered to him, my fingers intermingling with his hair. "You're going to drink cum out of any pussy presented to you. You are going to suck the cock of any man that a woman commands you to. You are going to be fucked in the ass, first by me, then by my three girlfriends. Including, at some point, two cocks in your ass at once. And that's just for starters."

Matthew swallowed. When I sat up straight again he looked at me. I think he was at a loss for words, but I knew he was incredibly turned on. His cock didn't lie.

As I lifted a leg up and over his chest to dismount him, I smiled. "A good man is hard to find."

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