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A Good Man is Hard to Find pt. 7

Even though I had fucked Matthew many times, this was different.

It was different because so many beautiful women were watching and making comments, it was different because he was hooded and could not see, yet I knew that he knew it was me. He knew by the way I was thrusting. He was so familiar with my style that he could tell when it was my cock that was in his mouth.

His enthusiasm for sucking my dick just made me wetter. He was unaware, it seemed, that his balls were bulging and on fire and that his cock was pulsing in the metal cage, strained, chaffing. All he seemed to be aware of was the thickness of my large shaft in his mouth and making sure he got every inch of it all the way down his throat.

It was glistening with his spit and the balls were slamming his chin. I was breaking a sweat as well, and the giggles and whispers started to soften and disappear until the room was silent except for the slurping of Matthew's lips and his occasional moan.

Finally, Dandrea broke the silence by announcing, "This one's gonna blow, just from sucking you off, girlfriend."

She was indeed talking about his dick. It was impossible for him to cum in the device, but it was apparent to all that his load would be shot as soon as his cock was free. In fact, the amount of precum that was oozing out was remarkable. One lady reached over with a gloved hand to even scoop a little onto her fingertip and show it to me, raising her eyebrows as if to compliment me on my task.

I put my gloved hands in Matthew's hair and kept pumping, finally whispering, "you want something to eat, cocksucker?"

All he could do was moan in agreement. Moan and whimper. He knew it was me of course, knew by my scent and now by my voice. I looked over to my girlfriend and nodded, with a smile, toward the desert table nearby. She grinned at me knowingly. It was so obvious to us – all of us women – what this was all about.

Matthew, meanwhile, had no idea. He just kept on sucking my dick as fingers reached under and freed his cock from the device, as gloved hands cupped his balls and then another reached around and handed me a plate of cheesecake. At

least, I think it was cheesecake.

I wasn't ready for the desert surprise – at least not yet. I shoved my cock all the way down Matthew's throat and held it in place as I leaned over to one of my girlfriends – AnnaBella – and told her to open up his ass with the milking rod.

Matthew heard this and I saw his body tense, heard a faint whimper from him. He had hoped he was going to actually cum, but he knew that it was not a possibility – he knew he was going to instead be milked like an animal. A rod would be shoved up his ass and pushed into his insides and against his most delicate prostate until the cum oozed from him without the feeling of release. Without orgasm. Without pleasure. Instead, he would endure a painful, humiliating milking in front of the entire room of ladies.

And he had no idea that he was going to ooze cum all over the desert that he would soon be consuming. Of course, I left that part out.

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Milking Matthew was a sheer delight. I enjoyed it from my vantage point – my cock in his mouth, bent over his body, his head pressed against me as he gagged and choked on the latex in his mouth.

The choking came in response to the rod being slid into his tight, tight asshole. He was well lubed and loosened up, but the rod was cold and medicinal and he knew all too well what was coming next.

I coached AnnaBella on how to push the rod deeper and deeper, and the rest of the ladies peered under Matthew's belly to see his red, bulging cock being to deliver the semen. Cum first started to drip, ooze, then flow even in moderate spurts. It looks like an orgasm in slow motion.

There were giggles as the white, creamy fluid was dripping onto the cheesecake. My lady friend made sure she circled the plate round and round so an even dose of cum was coating the entire top of the tasty desert. "Yummmmm – my!" one of the ladies comment, but she was quickly shushed by her friend who knew this was supposed to be a secret of course.

Matthew was oblivious anyway. He had no idea this was happening, he was groaning, writhing in discomfort as the rod pushed deeper and deeper inside him and the cum continued to drip.

"There, there," I said to him sympathetically. "You'll feel so much better without that load weighting down your balls."

I could tell his face was drenched in sweat under the hood as the scent of wet leather started to become so strong. That scent was one that turned me on more than anything, and the pressure of the strap on against my crotch and the sight of the cum-covered desert were enough to bring me back to my main focus – when my pleasure was going to come.

Finally, I slid back to remove my large cock from Matthew's mouth. His response was to let out his breath and gasp, panting, exhausted. His lips were cherry red from the activity and his chin was covered with spit. He was a mess. I patted him on the head and asked him if he wanted some water.

I knew this was a trick question. Of course he would say yes, he was exhausted, spent. He was dying of thirst and would take anything at that time, and it didn't matter that he knew I could be devious. He'd ask for water anyway.

"First, you need to taste some desert!" I told him, reaching out with a smile. The plate was handed to me. Part of me wanted Matthew to actually see the cum-covered mess he was about to eat. Anna had taken the liberty of smashing it up a little so the cum was mixed in quite well. It was still very visible in white, creamy blobs all over the top of the cheesecake.

Something about seeing a man eat cum-covered deserts fascinates women. They all jockeyed for position to see Matthew eat, and by the hush and the hustle I know he realized this was something horribly nasty. He probably imagined it would even be worse than what he was about to taste. It didn't matter, I still planned to make it as humiliating as possible.

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Cum-covered-cheesecake was first shoveled into Matthew's mouth a forkful at a time, until finally he tasted it and wrinkled his nose and coughed some up. Then, all bets were off.

It was slight pandemonium as my friends reached over to help. One of my girlfriends grabbed his head to hold it in place, and then wound up straddling him to hold his head with her thighs above him. Another lady was plugging his nose with two fingers and calling him a "dirty piggie."

I just kept shoveling, and another girlfriend scooped up part of the cheesecake and pushed it into his nose and mouth, inciting a round of cheers and applause from the audience.

"Lick up the mess!" I ordered Matthew, pushing the plate into his face and making him lick all around it. He was gagging on it. I knew he could taste more cum than anything else, because the load had been huge. The pieces of squished cheesecake started to cake onto his face and dry there. I used my fingers to scoop it off a little bit and then shoved more into his mouth.

"What do you taste, my slut?" I asked him.

"Cum," he coughed, dejected.

"Say it louder so they can all hear you!" I hissed playfully, leaning down and getting closer to his face.

He coughed up some crumbs and lifted his head. "Cum," he

said. He paused, licked his lips, and added, "Cum and cheesecake."

The ladies laughed at his clarification. I was expecting him to say something else, something funny perhaps. Like ask who made the cheesecake, or comment on which tasted better.

But apparently he was too exhausted. Or maybe he knew that the night wasn't even close to over yet, and that his "snack" was a mere intermission. And that his ass was on display next.

To be continued