



AN EVENING OF
CHASTITY
HUMILIATION AND
FACESITTING

FEMDOM PUNISHMENT WORLD

A SERIES OF FACESITTING FEMALE DOMINATION AND
MALE HUMILIATION SHORT STORIES **BOOK 2**

SCARLETT STEELE



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An Evening Of Chastity Humiliation

And Facesitting

Chapter One

‘What a fucking day,’ David said to himself as he settled into the bath shortly after 2AM. It was another busy night at his restaurant, and things had really developed so quickly that he hardly had time to catch his breath. He knew that the idea would either take off or tank in New York’s cutthroat restaurant business, and thankfully, the former was the case for him and El Bistro, his trendy eatery on the fringes of Tribeca.

This meant though, there was really little time for anything else in his life at the moment, least of all for romance. There just wasn’t time between opening and closing, dealing with customers and suppliers, and staff, and all the other one million things that all seemed to happen at once on a single day. He didn’t even have the time to go to the gym, or even to do his own grocery shopping.

He did, however, have an outlet, for his sexual urges. It wasn’t what you might think either, but it was enough of an outlet to keep him satisfied. He would watch girls on live webcams, and even though this cost him quite a chunk of change, he really didn’t mind. The girls were willing to do all sorts of things on camera, he was willing to pay, and all was really well that ended very well. He thought that he might fit in a session after his bath too, but with the early starts at the restaurant, he wasn’t sure that this was a very good idea.

David had established a schedule. Where most people would find time for their other, non-work pursuits on the weekends, Thursday to Sunday were impossible for him. Thursday was his busiest night at the restaurant, and the rest of the weekend was as hectic. So Monday, Tuesday, and sometimes Wednesday were his cam days. He got home at a reasonable time, and only had to be in at the

restaurant at around 10 on these mornings. This schedule worked for him too, because the girls he liked were on when he was home.

It really worked out quite nicely!

In his robe, David went to his bar and poured himself a drink. In a few hours he would have to be back at the restaurant, since it was Friday, and Fridays were delivery days, and deliveries started at around 6 AM, and he still didn't trust anybody else to handle the receipt of his produce. Still though, the temptation of just one session was too much, and he needed to cum at least once tonight, just because it had been a particularly busy Thursday and he needed to release, and then relax. Cumming always put him right to sleep.

He sat in front of his desktop in his study, and went straight to the site. He had a few of his favorites, but then, on a whim, decided to check out some of the new girls. One in particular caught his interest immediately, a 22-year-old with the roundest, perkiest behind he has ever seen on any woman before, at least according to her avatar. But he knew that pictures could be doctored, so he just had to open up her profile. She had an introduction video, in which she introduced herself as Kimberley, and she was wearing an interesting mix between a maid's outfit and a bunny rabbit, which was somehow predictable, but the way she wore it gave it a distinctly different edge. He couldn't help but look at her for a while.

Then he checked her rates, which were a little higher than usual. But he thought that with the higher rate, she must really have a few different tricks up her sleeve. He wanted to see these tricks, hoping that she would get him off really quickly. Checking his watch, he knew that he didn't have a lot of time, but he was already in it, and he wouldn't stop now until he had cum. The urgency of this need filled his head though, because he knew that he needed at least three hours sleep, and he was tethering dangerously close to his cutoff time.

The thing was, David really loved his job, and he really loved his restaurant. So he always wanted to be fully alert when he was at work, and he wanted to give his all every day at work, until he started to trust people enough so that he could have a day or two off in the week. He wasn't there yet though, and so even his little sexual escapes needed to be kept to some sort of schedule. David really was incredibly disciplined, and despite giving into his urges tonight, it was just because he really felt like he deserved it. He really did though, and as Kimberley came onto the screen, he knew immediately that she would be worth every cent.

He wanted to request a private show, immediately. But he thought better of it, knowing that this would really be time consuming. He was already hard, just watching her pour oil over her cleavage, her tits still nestled in the uniform. He watched as she opened and then closed her thighs, and then poured oil on them, the oil running down her perfect legs. She was still completely dressed, but this didn't even matter. She was a master at the hint, the feather instead of the chicken, and this certainly worked. David had his cock in his hand, oiled with lube, and he was working it really good.

He knew that he was close, and this was a relief. He wondered what it was about Kimberley that had him so hard, so ready to shoot so quickly. Normally he wouldn't cum in front of the computer, not wanting the admin of cleaning up, but he just couldn't help it. He was soon shooting such a massive load that some of his seed landed on the keypad, and even on the screen. He needed another shower, and after he had cleaned his computer, he did just that. Then he jumped into bed and went, predictably, straight to bed.

Come 5Am David was awake. Not fully alert though, so he poured himself a cup of coffee, and after a quick shower, he was awake now. He made his way to his restaurant, and even as he went through his routine, receiving deliveries and sorting stock out, his head was on one person. Kimberley really got under his

skin, and he was armed with his tablet, just waiting for a gap so that he could be alone, just to check out her cam again. He knew that she would probably not be on, but that was okay. The nice thing about this particular website, is that if you subscribed to a particular model, this gave you access to her gallery of past performances. This would be good enough for him, to confirm for him what he knew when he subscribed almost immediately to her site this morning.

By lunchtime, which is when his restaurant opened, daily from 12, he still hadn't had the time, but this didn't matter suddenly. His restaurant was packed almost immediately, and he knew that like the previous day and night, today and tonight would be as hectic. He was in work mode now, and so all thoughts of Kimberley had moved into that part of his head where he parked such thoughts, to be called on later when he had the time to indulge.

“This is a spectacular spot,” Francois said to him, around 9PM that night. David knew that he should recognize him, but he really didn't. His face looked familiar, but he wasn't sure who this man was, and so he just smiled at him and thought of the best response he could give now.

“Thank you,” is all he managed, and he knew that this was obviously not enough. He searched his head for a name still though, and it refused to come. He thought of giving up, and then suddenly his manager, one of them, Roy, came up to him in the private booth and looked at him with a ‘do you not know who this is’ look.

“Francois Pienaar, how are you sir,” Roy asked, ignoring the restaurant's policy on not being star struck. The penny finally dropped with David, and he knew immediately why he looked familiar but why he did not remember his name. He didn't watch rugby, but the one time he did was during the 1994 world cup, when South Africa won. He was young, but he remembered the pictures that flooded the media of Francois and Nelson Mandela. He felt like a bit of an idiot, but he really wished that it was Nelson Mandela in his restaurant.

Unfortunately this was not possible, because the icon had died!

David got into a bit of a conversation with Francois, after Roy had left them, and then he saw him off, waking him all the way out of his restaurant. His wife was incredibly gracious, as were his friends, who just let David have a moment with the icon. After they had left, he looked back over his establishment, still busy, people still filling the waiting area, he knew that the night was far from over.

He took a deep breath, and walked back onto his floor, and basically took over the space. He knew that he was good at what he did, good at putting together menus, and exceptional at customer relations. He made everyone feel welcome, and upselling was his skill, one that he mastered quite quickly. He got people to spend more money in his restaurant on items that he thought they just had to try. Some people even had two, sometimes three desserts, and they enjoyed every single one. So really, the most of his income was as a direct result of his activities in the restaurant.

David knew this, and this is the fundamental reason he was so focused when he was on the floor. He knew that his bottom line depended on him, and he was not about to let a single dime leave his restaurant when it could be spent inside it. There was something about the responsibility and his ability to meet it that really motivated him. This was probably why he was as successful as he was. David knew how to play the restaurant game, and his discipline really stood him in good stead.

By the time the patrons started to filter out David was still amped, but he was really tired. He sat in his office preparing to do the cash up, and he looked across his table to where his tablet was. He remembered Kimberley again, and he thought that now might be the time for him to let himself indulge. But just as he

pulled his tablet closer, the door went open and Roy stood in front of him, carrying two bags of cash. Behind Roy was a waiter, carrying two more bags.

David knew that there was no way for him to indulge right now, and so he just ushered them inside his office and cleared his desk, ready to do the count. The receipts were in another bag brought in by another waiter, and they settled down to do the daily grind that was actually the most exciting part of the day for David. This was where he knew that all his efforts had paid off, and this was in the most measurable way possible. It was measured in hard currency, something that David could always and forever take straight to the bank.

He was done about an hour and a half later, and his restaurant had taken almost \$50 000 for the day!

Chapter Two

It was the wee hours of Saturday morning when David walked into his apartment. This was the tenth Saturday in as many weeks that he arrived home just before four, partly because of the lateness of his shift, partly because, after an exceptionally good night, he just liked to be left alone in his restaurant, so that he could turn up a glass at his success. He was also finally accepting that he really was incredibly successful, and he started to allow himself to enjoy it!

He would go into the restaurant just after noon on this Saturday, so he knew that he had time for a little peekaboo. Saturdays were busy, but the rush always started around 5PM, so he took advantage of this sometimes. He would certainly be taking advantage of this gap today, because he had really built up an incredible urge to see Kimberley. It was earlier the night before when he had caught her online, and he hoped that she wasn't the type to just be on for two hours and then leave her audience hanging. He hoped she had a little bit of longevity, because it was really very late at night, or early in the morning depending on your perspective of time.

He thought of showering first, but he didn't. He just got out of his clothes, walked naked to the bar and poured himself a drink. He didn't really need it but it seemed like the thing to do, so that he appeared relaxed when Kimberley came onto his screen. He really wanted her to appear, but he wasn't about getting himself excited about anything before it actually happened. This isn't how he achieved what he had.

David opened his doors in his study doors that opened up onto he stunning balcony, and the curtains blew in the breeze. He liked this time of morning,

especially when he was awake, and he enjoyed letting the day in as soon as possible. It really was almost five, but he had made up his mind to do what he was going to, and since all his balconies were private, overlooking a little part of the garden courtyard in his apartment block, but shielded from view by just enough wall on strategic points along the balustrade. So he knew that nobody could see him, naked in his study, in front of his computer.

Kimberley's profile came on screen, and her avatar caught his attention again. He looked at it for a while before opening her site and waiting the few seconds for it to load. When it opened she wasn't on screen, and so he opened up her chat window. There were a series of comments from just moments earlier, and he started to get a little excited. This meant that, moments earlier, she was actually online. He hoped that she wasn't done for the day, not yet, not when he had just logged on.

He waited a little longer for her to appear, and when she didn't, he typed in his login details, details that would give him, because of his subscription, access to the various features on her individual site. He went straight to her gallery, and started to watch past performances, going back to her home screen often just to check if she had not made an appearance. Then a video from her gallery caught his attention. He noticed, like with all the other past performances that she never really took her clothes off. She just hinted at it, and this is what drove him absolutely insane.

With other girls this might have been frustrating, because the purpose of these sites, the fundamental purpose, was to get girls to take off various items, for a fee of course. But with Kimberley, the way she simply alluded to that possibility, the possibility that she might take her clothes off, was enough to keep men incredibly engaged. David thought, as he watched the video that grabbed him, that she should probably be a moderator on this site, teaching other models the subtle art of seduction. But then again, this was her thing, her skill, her cake that she brought to the party. And looking down at his knife, the cake was certainly having the desired effect.

In this video, she was wearing a firemen's suit. Or it could have been a pilots, David wasn't sure. It was a one piece, and it was buttoned halfway up her chest. She had no bra on, and she was sitting on a stool. She had a very professional set up, because the feeling of her videos was certainly not that of watching someone on a webcam. The lighting was perfect, and she seemed to have a camera that wasn't the standard one that came with the laptop.

She swung around on the stool a few times, slowly, almost as though she were doing it in slow motion, and then at the end of her pivots, she arched her back, grabbing a hold of the stool with her thighs so as not to fall over. The stool was obviously fixed to the floor, but this didn't make the whole thing look any less precarious. Then she was swinging again, going round and round deliciously slowly, feigning dizziness at the end before once again arching her back, lower than before.

This act was so simple. It was so childish, almost juvenile. But something about the way she did it made it look exceptionally exotic, highly erotic, and excruciatingly sexual. Her hair was high in a bun, and during her pivots it came undone, first into a ponytail, and then loose, wild and free, so that she moved from secretarial to wild child, fifteen minutes passing, minutes that consisted of her just swinging on the chair and arching her back, the only changes visible in her hair. This was more than enough to draw a steady stream of precum from David.

Jesus Christ, this girl was good!

He checked her homepage again, and almost fell off his chair. There she was, sitting in front of her laptop, and she seemed to be busy typing, probably responding to the new string of comments on her message board. It took him a minute, but David realized that while he could see her, she really couldn't see

him, and so the drink in his hand served no real purpose other than to get him to relax a little bit more. He didn't know why he was so nervous with her, since he had been doing this for quite a while now.

The only way she could see him was if he initiated a private show, but he wasn't ready for this. He wanted to watch her in her natural element for a while, just enjoying what she did instinctively, not wanting to be a director of any sorts, not wanting to put her in any sort of box yet, knowing that this would somehow take away from the organic nature of her shows. What he had seen so far, this girl really worked best sans instructions.

Kimberley started to run her finger across her breasts, just at the top, where they met, and he watched them wrapped snugly in her bra. She was also wearing a shirt, and he assumed that she was wearing a skirt, although he couldn't see it because she was still sitting. She gingerly oved her fingers across her chest, not like she was trying to draw attention to them, but almost as though there was something on them that was slightly, ever so slightly irritating. He watched with interest, pulling on his balls and ignoring his cock completely.

He watched as he stood up, revealing that she was wearing a skirt, a short skirt that was so far up her thighs, that he looked at her thighs, watching them for a moment. They were lightly spray tanned, or so he thought. Actually, it was the lighting in the room that made her legs look slightly darker than the rest of her, because she would really never even consider a spray tan. She was naturally beautiful, and she knew this. There was really no need for her to do anything that would, or rather that promised to, enhance her in any way.

Her legs seemed to go on forever, which was of course an illusion, and all about the camera angle, because, according to her profile said that she was a petite 5 foot 2. This made her quite compact, and David liked that. If he were to meet her in person, he would immediately be attracted. He liked short girls, which was strange in a way because he was a gigantic 6 foot 4. He really was tall, and he

liked the fact that he felt even bigger in the presence of a smaller framed woman. He also liked the fact that his huge cock looked bigger too, going into a tiny woman.

David had nothing to worry about too, and this had nothing to do with insecurities. It was just a personal preference, and the few times he was in a relationship in his life, it was with a tiny woman. His cock was an impressive ten inches, and it was thick. The struggle to get into his tiny conquests made getting inside them so much more rewarding, and this was of course another big part of his fetish. Although he didn't consider this a fetish though, not like his penchant for web girls. It really just was a personal taste!

He watched the show for about two hours, and when he noticed the sun had come up, he really was shocked. He was not shocked by the fact that he had really lost himself in the show, but just by the fact that he was, for the first time, betrayed by his signature discipline. He would normally have just stayed on for about half an hour, but this time he was so engrossed in the show that he stayed put for 120 minutes, and he had not even cum. In fact, he had not even touched his cock for most of the two hours.

“Thanks for watching,” Kimberley said, with a twinkle in her eyes, and not looking at all exhausted. She left her camera on for a while, the only thing on the screen now was the chair that Kimberley was just sitting on, and then the screen went black. David stayed there for the time it took for the screen to go dark, and then he stayed a minute longer, trying to process what was going on with him. He knew from his friends who knew about his habit that it could become addictive. But nobody said to him that you could become addicted to a specific girl.

And boy was he addicted. He made his way to the shower to offer himself much needed relief. As he pulled on his cock his head was flooded with thoughts of no other woman but the twenty-two-year old. He took his time, and brought himself

to a magnificent orgasm. Then he just stayed under the shower and processed the rest of the experience. He really imagined what it would be like to be with Kimberley in person, but he knew that this would not be possible.

What was possible was for him to reach out for her in person, and request a private show. This was his plan, for the next time that he was online. He decided that he would make it on Tuesday night, because this was the one night that he was sure that he would get home early, and that he wouldn't need to be at the restaurant until 10 the next day. This would allow him to watch her for a couple of hours, and still have enough time to have a solid private show, two maybe three hours. The cost of this would be quite high, but David was so comfortable with this just because he was now completely hooked on Kimberley!

Chapter Three

Kimberley was completely unaware of the effect she was having on her audience. She knew that she was doing something right, if her payments were anything to go by, but she had not realized that one man in particular was well and truly absorbed by her, something which could be very dangerous if he was even slightly unstable. Fortunately, David was stable, and fortunately he did not even entertain the possibility of meeting her in person, satisfied by their cyber connection.

She wasn't even a cam model for a long time, just over a year, and she had just been with this particular site for just over four months. There was more profit with her current site too, but also more freedom, so that she really could design her own page the way she wanted to. Payments were also basically directly made out to her, the site taking a small part of the fee as commission, which was better than the upfront payment for being on the site other sites demanded.

Exhaustion was certainly an occupational hazard of what she did, and this particular Saturday was no different. She had been online for most of the night, and just logged off after seven. She wanted to sleep, but she had a few errands to run so she knew that sleeping now was out of the question. She just needed to get through the day and afterwards, she would get the needed hours of shuteye before she did it all again tonight. After pulling her list of things to do, she was a major advocate of lists, and looking at it for a while, she got into the bath.

The benefits of bathing for Kimberley were many. She knew that a quick, warm shower would revitalize her, giving her the needed boost to tackle the day. But a bath was just so relaxing, and depending on what she threw into the bath, it had

the potential to be as revitalizing, more so even, than a shower. A hobby of hers was aromatherapy, and because she reaped the rewards of this practice, she was really a true ambassador for all things aroma-therapeutic. With just the right mix of oils and salts thrown into her bath, the water still running, filling the tub, she knew that she would be rejuvenated upon her exit from the water.

The fragrances filled her bathroom, which wasn't tiny, not by a long shot. You would think in fact, just looking around at the lavish penthouse she called home, that she had a few sugar daddies tucked away somewhere, men who really didn't mind spending outrageous amounts of money on the pretty young thing. There were no such daddies, however. Everything she had, she had achieved in less than a year, using the one thing that had never failed her, her body.

There was a moment where she just looked around her bathroom, larger than most New York bedrooms, and she just took it all in. Then she slipped into the bath, and just lay there. She needed to give the oils a minute to do their thing, and when she started to feel the effects, she was suddenly busying herself with a sponge, exfoliating her skin before lathering herself with gels that were more expensive than most people's weekly grocery shopping. Kimberley was really doing well for herself, and she made sure to enjoy every bit of her success.

The bath took her an hour. It didn't need to, but she just wanted to. She wanted to enjoy life moment by moment, and the moments that she could let linger, she did. Bathing was one such occasion where she felt like she was in full control of everything that she was doing, everything that she did, and she really just enjoyed the ritual of it. Even moisturizing was a ritual, and she indulged herself even in this. By the time she was dressed, rather understated in a pair of sweats and sneakers, she felt way better than she looked. At least, she felt way better than she was dressed, because she was still incredibly captivating, even without the makeup.

Her sweats were expensive, and so were her sneakers. But she looked like she

was going to the gym, and not to pay some bills and get groceries, which was the purpose of her excursion. As she left her penthouse, armed with her wallet and car keys, she had pretty much memorized her list, even though this was safely tucked into her wallet too. Lists made her feel comfortable, safe. This was really because her short term memory was very bad, a result of childhood meningitis, and so as soon as she thought to do something, she wrote it down.

She had to make a trip to the post office, to mail a few checks, and then she had to go down to the utilities office to sort out a discrepancy with her lighting and gas bill. She really felt like more of an adult than she really was, and this was all to do with her sudden ability to pay her own bills, to live where she decided, and to buy her own shoes and perfume. Being an adult wasn't always easy, but it was certainly a whole lot better, especially in the last year.

Then she had to make her way to the market, and visit a few stalls. She only ate organic food, because she could, and because she just wanted to do something different now that she could afford it. If she had a burger every two days, and a soda here and there, it used to be a lot. But Kimberley had successfully kicked a heroin habit that she picked up at the tender age of sixteen thanks to a boyfriend, and she was now really living her best life.

Thoughts flooded her head about those dark days as she made her way through the city, paying bills and buying food and other organic knickknacks. She thought of those days, not with regret, but with appreciation. She was just so glad that she got out when she did, and that when she got out, she was still herself, still beautiful, and still able to pick herself up. Some people were not so lucky. One such person was her boyfriend, or her ex-boyfriend, Chase. Another unlucky soul was Chase's sister, Alexa, who had become, during that time, Kimberley's best friend.

Chase died a few months after Kimberley left him, and that life. He blamed Kimberley, who was very supportive of him once she had got clean. This was

partly because she was still friends with Alexa, and partly because she really wanted him to get clean, convinced that she didn't love him that way anymore, but convinced that she loved him in a stable, want nothing but the best for him kind of way. So she was with him through his three stints in rehab, with her being blamed every time he landed back on the streets in drug houses. She was with him the time she and Alexa tried to get him to go cold turkey for a week in Alexa's apartment.

That was the worst week of her life!

And she was on her way to see him the day he died, in hospital, after another of many drug overdoses. Alexa was an emotional wreck, but she was strangely relieved. As for Kimberley, she didn't want to admit it to herself for the longest time, but she was just as relieved that Chase would finally get some peace, and that she too could get the same piece knowing that she didn't have to worry about him anymore.

Alexa spiraled after his death and it was really too much for Kimberley to watch. She had been through enough with Chase, and even though Alexa was her friend, she really didn't have the mental or emotional facility to deal with losing someone else that she cared about go down that dark path again. It took exactly two months for Alexa to end up in an alley, legs spread and foam coming out of her mouth. Kimberley arranged the funeral, and she was the only person there except for the priest and the undertaker.

So Kimberley had really been through too much, for her age, for any age. And she wasn't going to go down that road with anyone ever again. She was actually scared of getting close to anyone, so she distanced herself emotionally from anybody, using men purely for the physical, letting them know immediately that she was not open to anything else. This didn't go down well with most men, but they appreciated just the opportunity that she afforded them to take a trip with her on the wild side, even if it was just for a few hours.

She made it through the market with relative ease, just three guys hitting on her this time. She knew that this was just because she was distracted, by her thoughts, by her past, and this distraction made her seem a little more unapproachable. She was very much the high-end woman that she intended to be, and even though she was still young, her attitude was very much that of a self-made woman, and she knew that this served her a little, in her attempts at sifting through the riffraff of life. Still, a few of them slipped through the cracks, but on days like today, the riff seemed to stay away from her. This was testified to by the caliber of men that approached her.

One was an investment banker, early thirties, and he was really intrigued by the young woman with a distant look on her face. The other was a property man, early thirties also, who was just attracted to her ass. The third was an artist, a successful one too, who was currently exhibiting at a local gallery. He was German, but he was here for a few months, and so he thought of taking the opportunity to make a valuable connection with someone who was really more attractive than any woman he had seen in New York since his arrival.

When she arrived back at her place, she really took more than a minute to absorb the exterior of her building. Girl had really done 'good', and for the next while she planned on doing better and better. She knew that this career path could last long, but she didn't want to be in it for too long. She needed to make wise decisions about her money, and she needed to invest. But for the moment, she was really all about enjoying her money and her new life. She was really all about living the life that she had never really thought would be possible for her.

There was this dark part in her past, and she didn't try to erase it. She didn't want to forget it and to make it a part of her history. She needed to use these as constant reminders of what would happen if she ever decided to do drugs again. And while she had no desire too, she knew how easy it was to end up back at the bottom of what really was a bottomless pit.

What she loved about herself was that she didn't wallow in these thoughts though. When she got back into her penthouse, she put all her groceries away and poured herself a glass of wine. She kicked off her sneakers and just sat on the couch, watching the world through her windows. It really was a small slice of the world, but it was an incredibly beautiful slice, and she could, sitting on her couch, drinking a glass of an exceptional red, convince herself that in a way, she owned this!

Chapter Four

There was little else on David's mind come Tuesday night. He worked swiftly to get out of his restaurant quickly, and managed by ten to midnight to be out of there. He got home a few minutes later, and once inside he went straight to the shower. He felt that he really wanted to make a good impression on Kimberley, knowing that in the private session, she would be able to see him. He didn't want to look like a pervert who didn't care about his appearance, and who just wanted to get his rocks off.

He knew that this wasn't necessary, but he also knew that he just wanted things to be right. It wasn't even that he thought this was a date, or maybe he did think this a little, but more than that, he just wanted to look fresh and revived, so that he didn't give her the impression that she was just an afterthought. She was, in fact the only thing that he could think about for the last couple of days. It didn't even matter how busy his restaurant was, she hung in the back of his head like the memory of all the possibilities of his future.

After his shower he got onto his treadmill, not to work up a sweat, but to get rid of the nervous edge he was feeling. He didn't want to appear flustered, but jogging for five minutes would certainly go a long way in relaxing him. He thought of masturbating, but thought that he would save this for after, after his private showing, a showing that he had already made up his mind not to direct. He would let her just do her thing, hoping that she would be as captivating in private as she was on her public screen.

He thought about the timing of it. David could ask for a private showing immediately, but this would make him seem overeager. The advantage of getting

her private immediately was that she would just have gotten on and she would have an arsenal of unused moves. The downside of this was, obviously, looking like an eager beaver, which in his mind, was not too dissimilar to looing lie a pervert. Waiting too long though and she might think that he was occupied with other girls.

Why did just the thought of Kimberley inspire such loyalty?

Jumping off the treadmill, David went to the mirror to see what he looked like. He had a full-length mirror in his bedroom, and he looked at his naked self in it, happy with what he saw. He hadn't been to the gym in a while, bit this didn't show, not where it mattered. David threw on a t-shirt, a golf shirt actually, pastel peach, and shorts. He thought of looking too casual, but then decided that since it was obvious that he was home, this would be the best thing. He also wore shorts to avoid the temptation of touching himself, when the temptation teased him, during the private show.

He sat down at his computer, a pitcher of freshly mixed martinis on a tray next to the machine. He poured himself a glass, and then turned on the machine. It opened immediately on the site, and he realized that he hadn't shut it down after that last session. This wasn't a problem though, because he lived alone, and his housekeeper came in twice a week and she was, let's just say, not the most technically savvy person. She couldn't even text on a cellphone. So at home at least, his secret was safe, and except for the few friends who also had the same affinity, not a single person on the planet knew of this habit.

Kimberley's page opened immediately, and she was on screen. She was wearing what looked like a school shirt and suspenders. Again this wasn't a new outfit as far as this sort of thing went, but on Kimberley it took on a distinctly different twist. It was another skirt too, a school skirt, and she looked like a naughty teacher would on that day in private schools where teachers dressed like students, and students dressed like students. She even had the ponytails to boot.

But she hadn't undressed. She never did and so this wasn't any sort of indication about how far along her show was. David didn't think that any of the men who watched her show were even looking for her to lose any clothes, even though a few newbies to her site asked her to get naked. She was always polite, not saying no, but saying something instead that made you completely forget that you had asked her to take her clothes off. It was really a strange power that she wielded over her audience.

David moved his mouse to 'request private show', and he hesitated. He looked at how many men were watching her site at the moment, 3771 and counting. It reached 4000, and then 4363 and he was still hesitating. He knew that if he didn't click the private showing button soon, someone else would, and this would mean that he and all the other 4000 plus men would lose her, for as little as 30 minutes, and for as much as 2 to 3 hours. He knew that it was now or never, and he pressed the button.

A separate widow opened!

There was a quick dialogue between them, and after agreeing on the price for an hour, David and Kimberley were in a one-on-one session that nobody else was privy to. David decided, again so as not to appear too eager, that he would book her for just an hour. He could always book another hour at the end of the session if she hadn't got a queue already, or he would just get her for another private session another day. For now, he had one hour, and he was sure that this was all that he would need!

The session really was everything that he expected and more. Kimberley asked for ten minutes and even changed her outfit, purely for his benefit. She proceeded to give him the most tantalizing show ever, giving up just enough

hints at her hidden fleshy bits, just enough promise to keep him hooked for the full hour. His cock was hard immediately, and throughout, but by the end of the session, his cock was really aching. David felt no need to touch it though, not yet. He really just wanted to talk with her, just to have some sort of connection.

He had said nothing for the hour!

‘Private message?’ David typed, in the private messages window.

‘Sure,’ came the swift response.

David wasn’t sure if this was just a courtesy for the three grand he just dropped on her, but this didn’t matter. She responded and so she engaged. He just needed to make sure that he was just as engaging. He wasn’t sure what he wanted to say to her, but he knew that the words would come to him easily once he got into the groove, and also once he got a few more glasses of the martini inside him.

‘You’re really good,’ he typed, and waited for the response. It didn’t come as quickly as the first response, which was to be expected. She did have almost 5000 people on her site right now.

‘Thank you,’ she said, and he felt that this was an abrupt answer. Then he realized that it was actually a very appropriate response and that there was really nothing else that she needed to say. So he quickly thought of asking her more leading questions, questions that would require meatier answers. He knew that this was probably intrusive but he couldn’t help himself.

‘I’m David,’ he said, before adding ‘I own El Bistro,’ regretting it immediately, but it was too late to take it back.

‘Wow, I can’t even get a reservation there, for the times that I am able to come... it really sucks...’ she typed, and again he wasn’t sure if she was just humoring him. But he went with it, thinking that she would probably say no, but still, he needed to ask. Hell, he thought that if he didn’t take the opportunity, he would never forgive himself.

‘Well, I am the owner... I’m sure I can do something about moving some people around and getting you a reservation,’ David said, and he waited, his eyes glued to the space where her response would appear. There was nothing for two minutes. Then another minute passed, still nothing. There was nothing for ten minutes so that David navigated back to her home screen just to see what she was doing. He could see her on the screen, and he could see that she was typing. She just wasn’t typing to him.

When he got to her home screen he realized that she had a thread of messages that needed her attention, and since he wasn’t paying her for the private messages, he really just had to wait his turn. It was a long wait too, and he thought that she was really just ignoring him now. She wasn’t though, just taking care of all or most of her paying customers, and trying, in a way that only Kimberley could, to get them to pay even more. After twenty minutes though, she was back, and he was once again more than just a little excited. He could see that she was typing a message now, and the wait for the words to appear on the screen was once again sheer agony.

‘VIP treatment and everything?’ she asked, and he choked on the martini that was already in his mouth. Was she agreeing? Was she actually saying yes? Oh Jesus, he knew that his restaurant was a gold mine, but he had never thought that it would be the type of mine that would get the most beautiful woman he had ever seen to meet him. He was dreaming, surely. There was no way that what

was happening was actually what was happening. No fucking way, he thought.

Now he was the one delaying with his response. He knew exactly what he wanted to say to her, but he was just unsure. If she said, at the end of this conversation, that she was just kidding and that she never met clients, he had no idea how he would respond to this. He knew how he wanted to, but how he would was as foreign to him in that moment as how he could. HE had no idea what the next words he would type would be. David watched the screen, and he was sure that Kimberley was watching the screen too. She wasn't typing anything though, and neither was he.

Then he started to type something, but he quickly deleted it. He started to type something else, and again he deleted it. The pressure was suddenly on, because he knew that she saw that he was typing. She probably saw when he stopped typing too, and when, after a minute, he picked up again. He couldn't decide what his final statement should be, and so he typed and deleted for a while longer. Then, finally, he decided that he would not try too hard, and he would just give her the simple answer that was really the only answer he could give.

'Everything,' he typed, and sat back to look at the word before he pressed send.

She typed back 'really', and so began the end of a conversation that David couldn't have planned even if he tried. By the end of their private conversation it was arranged that she would get the best treatment in his restaurant if she showed up at around 8 or 9 on Friday night. She should just give her name at the restaurant's foyer, and tell them that she has reserved Booth 7!

Chapter Five

Shit she came. She actually came. David could hardly believe it when he spotted her standing in the foyer to the restaurant, talking to the maître d. He made his way over to where she was standing, a tight champagne colored cocktail dress hugging her curves just right. She really was breathtaking, and David was literally having heart palpitations as he approached the Latina-looking beauty. He had no idea what he would even say to her when he got to her, which was a little too soon for his liking.

“Kimberley,” he said when he was finally standing behind her. She turned around and extended a hand. He took it, and wasn’t sure whether he should shake it or kiss it. He just held it for a long, lingering moment.

“So, VIP treatment I believe is what you promised?” Kimberley said, walking out in front of David as though she had been here before and knew exactly where she was going. She didn’t though, and a few steps in she steered aside and let him take the lead. David walked her to a private booth on the far end of the restaurant.

As soon as she was inside she turned to David and pulled him down to her, meeting her mouth with his, kissing him deeply, passionately. David couldn’t help the incredible erection he now sported, and the tent that it pitched in his chinos was impossible to hide. He kissed her back too, as deeply, as passionately, for the longest time. Her hands found his hard cock and squeezed, almost as though she were trying to get a sense of his size. She smiled into her kisses now, approving.

Then she pulled away from him and turned to sit down. She eyed the ice bucket on the table and he poured her a glass of champagne. He poured himself a glass too, needing it. The cold bubbles did nothing in the way of getting rid of his erection though, both his and Kimberley's eyes on the bulge now. She looked around, and after taking another sip from her glass, went down onto her knees, and undid his pants. He looked around wildly, knowing that tonight really was their busiest night, and one, he shouldn't be fraternizing, and two, he should definitely not be fraternizing here.

Kimberley got his pants undone and pulled them down, revealing a beautiful cock, perfect in every way. The shaft was a thick, long cylinder, and the head just enough of a bulge to make it look like a torpedo. It was circumcised, something she didn't really like, but it just looked like it couldn't be any other way. She went for it with her mouth, and then pulled away. She looked around the empty booth, David's eyes on her, the anticipation of her mouth landing on his meat really killing him. She doesn't though, and this frustrates him to no end.

Her hand did land on his cock though, just below the head. She squeezed hard and watched as what she knew would happen starts to happen. His cock starts to go limp, against his every instinct. He really thought that by now he would be thrusting into her mouth, enjoying the warm wetness there. But this was not the case, and as his cock got softer and softer, he started to wonder what her plan for him was. Surely she couldn't be one of those women who was addicted to soft cock. If she were, at least he would enjoy the experience of her getting him hard again.

Then her fingers found his balls, and she squeezed hard. He looked up and closed his eyes, careful not to scream, the busy restaurant just outside this booth might not have been able to handle the girly screams of the owner whose nuts were now caught in a vice-like grip. He exhaled hard, and when he looked back down at his cock it was no longer caught between her fingers, but instead in an

interesting contraption he recognized immediately. It was a chastity case that cupped his balls, held his cock with barely enough room for his erection, and a slot near the base for a padlock, which she slipped into the slot and locked.

The key she held in her hand, and then ran across her lips. David looked down at the adjustable device, knowing that there was just enough room for him if his cock got hard, but knowing that it would be a very tight squeeze. This was probably the reason she got him hard in the first place, to measure more or less the full extent of his expansion. He looked at the device for a while longer, before looking at her.

“What is this,” he asked, looking very confused.

“This is a little game. If you survive tonight, I’ll let you out of this contraption, and then you can do whatever you want to me, and my ass...Deal?” Kimberley said, looking at the chastity device, and then looking at David directly in his eyes as she rose to her feet. She sorted David’s pants out, and then checked to see if any part of the device was conspicuous. There was more of a bulge, but nothing that attracted too much attention.

Kimberley sat down and looked at the menu, slipping the key down her cleavage. She ordered a starter of oysters, and sent David on his merry way, after instructing him that only he was to serve her. Then she relaxed into the plush sofa, poured herself another glass of champagne, and smiled a menacing smile to herself. She wondered how long it would be before David was begging to be let out of the belt. Maybe he would make it a few hours. Hell, he might even make it the whole night. Either way, she planned on enjoying every minute of this.

As he left the booth, she sat back, reclining into the couch even more. Her plan had formed in her head for the past three days, and she knew exactly how she

wanted to play this. The only thing about these games was that you never really knew how the man involved would respond. There was just no way of predicting their reactions to the intricate game that she was about to play, a game that she had already set into motion. This was a part of the excitement, part of the thrill. But the uncertainty was more than a little unnerving.

She looked at the glass, the dim lighting in the booth catching it just right, exposing the individual bubbles beautifully, and she braced herself for the night ahead. When David reappeared in the space, a tray of oysters in hand, she smiled. Her eyes went for his groin again, but she quickly lifted them to his eyes. She didn't want to draw his attention to his entrapment, not yet. The frustration of it all was still very visible on his face as he placed the tray carefully down on the table.

“How long are you going to play this game?” he asked when he was standing at almost attention again.

“Relax, it's going to be fun. And when I'm done, there's a beautiful reward waiting for you. I just need to know how badly you want it!” she teased, and mouthed a whole oyster. David was just glad that nobody in the restaurant seemed to catch on to his predicament.

David tried to relax, finding it difficult. He just left Kimberley alone, his mind racing with the possibilities that this evening held for him. His cock started to harden a little, and he went into an immediate panic. This didn't help him much, because the more he panicked, the harder he got. Shit, this was not going well at all, at least not for David. The chastity device served one crucial purpose though, it hid his erection from view. The only conspicuous aspect of his situation was the slightly augmented bulge formed by the device.

He walked through the restaurant, greeting and chatting to his regulars, making light conversation, and not so light. He was worried about his hardening cock though, not because it was hard, but because it had filled the contraption so completely now and it really started to hurt. He thought of making adjustments to it, but thought better of it. The last thing he needed now was to draw attention to himself.

“What can I get you for your main course?” he asked Kimberley when he reappeared in the booth. Her dress seemed to be higher up on her thighs, so that her legs were even more visible than before.

“I know what you’d like,” she said, standing and turning around. She bent over the sofa, and lifted her dress just that much higher. The bottom of her ass came into view, and David was so hard again that the pressure against the leather contraption was once more intense. It was a soft leather, but it was no less restrictive. David wondered who designed this shit, thinking that they must really, really hate men.

“I think I’ll just surprise you,” he said, and made his way out of the booth again. This was really getting to him now, but there was obviously nothing that he could do about it. He just had to play it cool and wait it out. There was a few hours until the restaurant closed, and he felt that he could make it. Going back into that booth though was proving to be very bad for his erection.

David did play it cool, and as the restaurant started to empty, he entertained the possibility of Kimberley keeping her end of the bargain. She surely couldn’t be so cruel as to renege on an established deal. After all, she came up with the rules, and she wouldn’t change them, not now, not when the game was already in play. All David wanted was to get his cock out of this contraption, and as the restaurant emptied even more, him armed with her desert, he had a small glimmer of hope.

When he greeted the last of his patrons at the door, he knew that he only had his staff to deal with. They would be a little more relaxed now, and also a little more nosy. There had been questions on the floor about the mysterious woman in booth 7, the booth that was suddenly off limits to everyone working the floor. They looked into the booth often, but because of its location on the restaurant floor, they couldn't really get a clear look of the inside, let alone its occupant.

They knew that she was still there, though, and despite their curiosity, they watched as David disappeared behind the screen, knowing that it would probably be a while before he emerged again, and so they just went about their business, getting the restaurant cleaned and as ready for the next day as they possibly could. Nobody dared, on pain of losing their job, defy David's clear instruction to leave the guest in the booth to him. They just, for the sake of their own peace of mind, assumed that it was a restaurant critic and left it at that.

They all knew much better, though.

David and Kimberley stared at each other for the longest time in the booth now, this time not hiding the fact that they were interested in the device wrapped too snugly on David's cock. Kimberley looked at it because she wondered how much more he could take, and David looked at it wondering how soon he would be released from it. His pants was also down now, and Kimberley was digging in her cleavage for the key. On retrieving it, she got onto her knees, and freed David from the trap. Then she looked up at him and smiled.

"This weekend, my place. Your reward will be waiting for you. But it will not come without cost. I suspect though that you will be able to pay the price..." She got up and left, after writing her address on a napkin.

Chapter Six

David left his manager to lock up and do the cashing up. In the five years since he opened his restaurant, he has never left the Thursday cash up to anyone else, just because it really was their busiest night. But he really needed to get home and pay some much needed attention to his cock. He thought of calling someone, anyone, just for the physical intimacy. But he thought against it, really wanting to save himself for Kimberley, for the weekend, which really was just a day away.

At his apartment, he held the napkin between his fingers. He had been clutching it all night actually, since it was handed to him in booth 7. The address on it looked like it should be familiar to him, he recognized the name of the building. It was a stunning new development in Tribeca, penthouses that were well out of his price range. He wondered how Kimberley could afford one of them, on her earnings as a Cam girl. The earning potential was obviously much more than even he could have imagined.

He transcribed the address over to his cellphone, just to be sure that it was safe. And then he took his trousers off, needing first of all to let his cock breathe. As it hung low between his legs, he looked at his impressive meat, and wondered how Kimberley could not have taken it in her mouth. How could she resist it, when it was just such a beautiful piece of equipment?

As he made his way to the shower, taking his shirt off as he went, he started to rub his head. This sent blood rushing through his cock, resurrecting his erection almost immediately. By the time he was standing under the shower, armed with a tub of Vaseline, his lubrication of choice whenever he took matters into his own

hands, his cock really was locked and loaded. He lathered it with the jelly as he opened the taps, and with the hot water falling onto his back, he recalled everything about tonight, everything that had absolutely anything to do with Kimberley.

He moved his hand over his shaft, taking his balls into his hand when he got to the base, and really giving his head a good squeeze when he got to the tip. He really knew how to work his entire dick into his masturbating, which is why he didn't trust his cock in anybody else's hands. In their mouths, yes, and in their pussies. Even in their asses, which is what he really wanted to do with Kimberley. But not in their hands. Only he knew how to touch his cock so that he was completely satisfied when he was done pulling on his own penis.

As he worked his meat his had images of the base of Kimberley's ass flooding his head. She really was a master temptress, or a mistress temptress, the details of the correctness of his vocabulary suddenly unimportant to David. He didn't care if he was getting it wrong, it was just him, his shower and his cock after all. He dug into the tub of jelly for a final lathering, and coated his cock once more. Then he really went to town on himself, knowing that it was just time for him to take himself over.

For the first time since he can remember, back in the early days of his masturbation, he was less than satisfied with his efforts. He looked down at his erectness, watched as so much semen shot from his torpedo he was sure he could impregnate at least ten women with just this load. He didn't feel his signature job well done though, and he knew in the back of his mind that Kimberley had successfully got into his head. The promise of her ass made anything that he did to himself now come a distant second. He thought, for a moment, of going again, taking himself on another trip, just in case he missed something. He knew though that this wouldn't help.

David went naked to his computer, and turned it on. He went to Kimberley's

channel, but it was offline. This was to be expected, and it was actually a relief for him. He could not imagine that she was so blaze about what happened tonight that she would just go back to business as usual. He stared at her avatar for a while, started to type her a message just in case she checked her messages during the course of the night. Again though, he thought better of it, and just shut the machine down again.

His cock was still semi hard, and he pulled on it occasionally. He pulled on his meat through two drinks, not really wanting anything to come of it, but still hoping. He hadn't bust such an unsatisfying nut in a while really, and he started to plan how he would exact his revenge on Kimberley. But then he remembered her insinuation that fucking her would not be without a price, and he wondered just how much control he would have over said fucking.

In bed, still a little wet, armed with a third drink and his tablet, he decided that he would google her, just to see if there was anything on line that he could use to his advantage. There was nothing, not because she had no presence, but because David realized that he did not even know her last name. This was really the strangest liaison he has ever had in his life. He was completely infatuated with a young woman whose last name was still a mystery to him. There was no way of finding out this information, not now at least. So he decided to Google something else.

He had to think for a while though, about what exactly it was he was going to type into the search engine. HE had spent so much time online, watching cam girls, doing all sorts of things, but this particular deviation had never appealed to him, and so he really didn't have an immediate frame of reference for it. When the word finally came to him, he held his breath and typed in dominatrix, waiting with really bated breath for the results to fill the page.

And boy did they fill the page.

Dominating was really a thing, and it seemed to be more of a thing with women than with men. There were a few male dominators but these serviced predominantly the gay community. What was it, David wondered, about men that made them want to be humiliated by women sexually? Men were the dominant of the species, were they not? Men took charge of everything, especially sex, and it had always been that way. Or had it, he wondered still. There must have been something to this whole dominatrix thing, he thought, even though he really could not see immediately what it was.

He opened a few pages, and images flashed before him of women with heels, whips, chains, paddles, and every conceivable instrument of punishment. The men in the pictures looked like they were in real pain. But also clearly visible in their eyes was a sense of enjoyment. They actually liked this shit. They seemed to get a real kick out of it, even though not on one of the pictures did it appear that any of them had any sort of orgasm. This was a strange world indeed. One that David was having a real difficult time wrapping his head around.

Then he opened a few videos, and again he was taken aback at the severity of the punishments. Why on earth guys would let these things be done to them really was beyond him. One video though, suddenly jumped out at him. It was focused on a man's throbbing cock, aching visibly. It was red and blue, purple in some parts, the paddle in the dominatrix's hand the obvious instrument used to inflict this discoloration. But what stood out for David about this particular video was that out of the tip of the cock there was a continuous steady flow of precum.

Not just the hint of precum either, but thick blobs of fluid seeping out of the tip. An amateur watching the video would have thought that he was having an orgasm, but David knew the difference. The clear liquid coming out of the tip of what really was an impressive cock wasn't semen. At least it wasn't the result of an ejaculation. Ejaculations were different, in appearance and in dynamic. The guy didn't seem to be caught in the throes of orgasm, something very few men

on the planet were able to hide.

David watched this flow with interest, and he started to feel something he never thought he would. He started to be curious, at the cause of such a massive pre-orgasm flow. Perhaps there was something more to this deviation, and he was suddenly curious to know what it was. He suddenly wanted to know if he too could be brought to such a massive flow. He had always had a lot of precum, but this was just when he was extremely stimulated. Nothing about the punishments he witnessed on the videos and in the pictures stimulated him.

He thought of the chastity belt that was wrapped around his cock just earlier in the evening. He thought of how uncomfortable it was, but couldn't really pinpoint the exact points of discomfort. Perhaps, he thought, it was the fact that he suddenly had no access to his cock and couldn't do anything that he wanted to do with it. Or maybe, again he was just thinking, it was the fact that the one part of his anatomy he had always controlled was suddenly out of his control. David was also suddenly unsure of the fact that he liked it or didn't.

This was suddenly a very confusing thing for him, suddenly a very disturbing experience. He was suddenly unsure of himself, and he really didn't like this uncertainty. There had been a certain level of confidence that had built up in David over his years of sexual experiences and he really trusted himself. Now, though, he didn't, and this bothered him. Could he really be submissive in the way that he had seen on the tablet screen, for the pleasure of the women inflicting this humiliation on him? He really wasn't sure, of anything. He needed to sleep, and to process everything that had happened to him tonight.

He needed also to process the promise of ass with the veiled threat that laced it, almost subtly, although not!

Sleep didn't come easy, as David thought of Kimberley's mouth when she said that it would not be without cost. He had an idea of what this cost might be, from what he had seen. But he wasn't sure exactly what this would constitute, not knowing how deep Kimberley's experience ran when it came to this type of sexual behavior. Maybe he was going to be her experiment, and this bothered him even more.

David was really bothered by a lot of things, and all of them revolved around Kimberley. He knew two things for sure though. One, he knew that he was too curious now not to go to her penthouse and see what costs were involved in exchange for her ass. And two, he knew that he was scared, so scared in fact that he needed it to happen fast, so that he could really just get it out of his system and move on with his life.

He only fell asleep at 5AM, and by the time he walked into his restaurant at 10 that morning, he had quite succinctly made up his mind that he would not wait another day. Today would be the day he presented himself to Kimberley, as her submissive, a word that still left quite a huge lump in his throat.

Chapter Seven

He checked with the two managers he had on shift that night, and asked them if it was okay if he took off. They knew that he would never ever leave his baby alone on a Friday night, so it had to be serious.

“Is everything okay,” Roy asked, really concerned.

“No, but it will be... I’ll be back as soon as I can okay,” David said, grabbing his car keys and instructing the two men in his office to get back on the floor and stay there. He knew that they would do exactly what he said.

Thirty minutes later he was standing in Kimberley’s front door, waiting to be let in. They looked at each other for the longest time, and he wondered if she knew that it had only taken him ten minutes to get here, and that he had been sitting in his car for the last twenty. She just smiled at him, and moved out of the way so as to let him in. As he crossed over the threshold, he was immediately taken aback by how beautiful the apartment was. He recovered nicely though, remembering her job, and remembering how much he dropped on a private session with her on Tuesday!

As soon as he was inside the apartment, she immediately poured him a drink and excused herself. She went into her bedroom, and came out with nothing on but panties, suspenders, and very high heels. He downed the rest of his drink, and then put the glass down. He wasn’t sure if he should undo his shirt, but then she was standing right in front of him, and he knew somehow that everything that

was going to happen now was up to Kimberley. He leaned back and let her take off his shirt.

She got the rest of his clothes off with ease, and as he stood naked in front of her, Kimberley on her knees, David expected her to suck on his cock. She didn't though, instead, out of nowhere, she had the chastity belt in her hand again, and quickly, too quickly, she placed it over David's cock, even though it was already semi-hard. Then it was rock-hard, and the chastity belt was on him, wrapped tight, the lock in place. She had obviously not adjusted it from the previous time, because his erection strained against the leather, and it was once again a very tight squeeze.

He looked down immediately frustrated. He didn't think that this would be a part of the game, but it obviously was. He hated it, and he hated that he would have to pay a privy for her ass. He thought that getting her a reservation at his restaurant, treating her like a VIP should really have been enough to get her naked with him, with him in charge. She obviously had other plans, and as he looked at his erection wrapped tightly in a leather chastity belt, he knew that the next few hours would be incredibly frustrating.

She came up to her feet, and her head hovered near his nipples. She really was the most compact little thing. Even with her heels, her height was obvious, and this hardened David's cock even more. He couldn't stand the fact that he was trapped, and that he couldn't do with his cock what he really wanted to do. There was something about her size that made David want to do very nasty things to her, but these things were all impossible because of a tiny piece of leather that was wrapped too tightly around his cock.

"Now, we play," Kimberley said, and again out of nowhere, she pulled a whip out and wrapped the tassels around his neck. She pulled hard on the whip and David came down to her level. Then she pulled him to the bathroom, and walked him into the large shower. She brought him down to his knees, and David when

down easily. On the shower floor he looked up, a look of concern in his eyes. She looked down at him, and opened the shower, sending a cold spray onto David that didn't seem to affect her at all. She just looked hotter, wetter, and sexier.

After a while, she turned the hot water tap and the water warmed immediately. David was relieved, but when Kimberley came down on her haunches, and held his face up so that he looked at her directly, his relief soon turned to panic, because the look on her face mad him very anxious. Kimberley parted her legs, and pulled his face between them, shutting her legs so that her thighs held his head in a sort of a vice. She really had the most powerful leg muscles, and David got harder still imagining the power of the muscles where her legs met to form what must be a deliciously powerful vagina.

“You want that?” she asked, and she pushed her pussy directly against his face, especially his mouth and nose. He suddenly wanted her panties gone, but there was no way for him to make this happen. Kimberley started to grind her pussy against his lips, and the wet panties made him stick his tongue out to lick her wetness. When his tongue landed on her he immediately made the distinction between water and the natural lubrication escaping her pussy now.

“I really want it,” David stuttered, licking her panties harder. She pushed him away from her and just dangled her cunt in front of him for a while. Then she stood up, over him, and turned him with a little bit of difficulty until he was on his back. The shower really was large so that it allowed for her to do with him whatever she wanted. She pulled on the whip, bringing his head up so that his face was directly under the spray. He opened his mouth, drinking some of the warm water. Then she was straddling his head, his head back down on the lime slate tiles, and her pussy was hovering above him, begging him to just reach up and lick it, again, even if it was just over the panties.

Kimberley came down on her heels again, bringing her pussy closer to David's

face, she sent her hand underneath his head and pulled him up so that his nose was nestled between her thighs again. She held his head easily, showing remarkable strength, and David felt more nervous. She really had more power in her little frame than he expected, and, probably just because of the disposition of his cock, he felt a little powerless.

Then she held his nose so deep in her pussy that he couldn't breathe, but he really loved the whiff of her femininity, and he really enjoyed this. But then he couldn't breathe, realizing this quickly. Then she pulled his face in deeper, and this blocked the airway so completely that she tried to pull his face out of her. She let him, and as his head hit the tiles, she dropped her pussy into his face again, onto his face, blocking his nose and his mouth this time. David wasn't sure what was going on, thinking that she was joking at first, but soon realizing that she wasn't.

She pushed herself into his face, pushing his head hard against the tiles, crushing his head with nothing but the force of her thighs and groin, and David started to tense up. He was shaking his head wildly, wanting to get out from under her, but it was just not possible. All he could do was lie there and let himself be smothered by her deliciousness. He wanted her pussy, he really wanted her ass. But this is not the way he wanted these parts of her.

He thought he was going to pass out, but then she lifted herself up off him, and he gasped for air. He remembered his research from the other night, and remembered that there was a whole lot of face sitting. But he hadn't thought that this was going to be a part of tonight's proceedings, and now that it was happening, she was very much in control of this, and face sitting seemed to be the only thing that would be a part of tonight. David was immediately nervous, wondering if he should use his strength to get her off him.

She was on him again, Kimberley pushing her pussy against his face again, and there was nowhere for him to go. There was nothing that he could do, accept to

enjoy her smell for a moment, before he couldn't breathe at all, and was struggling for air again. He didn't move his head though, not anymore. This was just because the tiles were really hurting his head, and every time he moved, he thought that it was doing more damage to the back of his head resisting, and so he just stay there still, waiting for it to be over.

There were interesting dynamics at play now. David had been unequivocally disarmed, by a small piece of leather. The chastity device wasn't even a complicated design. It was just a leather pouch that wrapped over his penis, went under his balls and around them, leaving them exposed, and then went around his waist. He felt the lock against his balls, the part where the lock went in through at the base of the pouch, and he was aware of the steel against his nuts like one would be aware of a threatening bee around your face. He knew that this symbolized his entrapment, and he almost hated this lock more than the rest of the pouch.

His cock wasn't hard anymore either. He wasn't even aware of his loss of hardness, his focus really on breathing. When he was able to breathe, he tried to get as much oxygen into himself as possible. This was his primary focus so that everything else happening in the shower was really moot. And when he couldn't breathe, this was the only thing on his mind, knowing instinctively that breath meant life, and if he wasn't breathing, he would soon be dead.

When she lifted herself off him, standing up so that he knew that there would at least be a moments reprieve, he looked up at her. She was looking at him too, but not in his face. She was looking back over his body, watching his cock, thinking it seemed about something of the utmost consequence, and then she stepped off him. She left the cubicle, the warm water still coming down on his face. He thought of turning the faucet closed, but he couldn't even move. He was rendered motionless by what had happened rather quickly here, and he knew that some part of him, some big manly part, was surrendering to Kimberley.

David wondered, as he waited for her to return, what the next level of this would be. He tried to remember all the videos he watched online, and thought of the one video that had him streaming with precum. This was nothing like that, and he wondered why. He thought that she could at least have gone a little easy on him, or at least tried to mimic the videos he had seen online. But there was somewhat of a rebel in her, and he knew this. So he knew that there was no way that she was going to copy anybody, even if the copying meant that he would enjoy this a little more.

“Are you ready to submit,” she asked when she returned, a tiny paddle in hand.

“I thought I had, I thought that...” David started, watching her whack the paddle against her palm. Jesus Christ, what was he going to do with the instrument, one that David was unsure was made of wood or leather. It bent as it hit her palm, so that his confusion was completely justified.

He didn't have to wait too long to find out her intentions...

Chapter Eight

Kimberley crouched next to him, the water still coming down, on his chest now though because he had adjusted himself. David's eyes were on the paddle now, and the sound of the tool against her wet palms was even more menacing. He didn't look at her, not in her face, not in her eyes, just keeping the paddle in view, thinking where on his body the flexible thing would land. To say that he was nervous would be the same as saying that he was scared, both of these statements would be true.

He didn't even notice that she had changed, which she had. She was now wearing a corset, with no panties. That's all she had on, and every part of her that was trapped in the hard boned corset seemed to be screaming to be let out. He knew the feeling, his cock hard again, straining against the leather. His balls still felt warm and then cold against the steel of the lock. Kimberley lifted this lock and pushed it to the side, and his nuts were suddenly completely exposed. He knew almost immediately what she was about to do, and couldn't object until the paddle had come down on his massive balls very, very hard. He screamed.

"Shhh, shhh..." she said, sending a finger into her pussy, completely, deeply. She pulled this finger out of herself slowly, and held it to her nose. Then she held the finger against his nose, and then against his lips. Slowly, he put the finger in his mouth, and watched as he sucked the various flavors of her from her finger. She pulled the finger as slowly from his mouth and then put it in hers. "That could be your cock. That will be your cock, just as soon as I'm done having my fun..." she said, sounding every bit like Lucifer himself.

"When?" David asked, really wanting to know. In response to this question, the

paddle came down on his balls three times, and the third time, it stayed plastered to his nuts, as though it were confirming the damage that it had just done on what was undoubtedly the most sensitive part of his body.

“That’s not important,” she said, sending two fingers into her pussy now, and letting them just sit there. She fingered herself with these two fingers for a while, drawing more moisture from her, wetting her cunt more, and as a result her fingers. When she pulled these fingers from herself, they were really dripping, and she immediately stuffed them into his mouth. Kimberley let these fingers just sit in his mouth, and he sucked on them hard. When she started to pull her fingers from him, he almost bit them, wanting to keep them in his mouth. She let them linger just a moment longer, and then she yanked the fingers from her, punishing him for this act by hitting his balls hard, several times, so many times in fact that she and he lost count.

He screamed for a while and then he stopped. There was no point, and so he just moaned loudly. He hated every part of this ball busting, but he knew that this could be a whole lot worse. He knew also that it was probably going to get much worse. He lifted his head, so that the shower was hitting his face, just to hide the fact that he was crying. He was literally crying, and David hated the fact that he was so big, but that he had been brought to his knees by somebody a third his size.

Kimberley looked at him, and she almost felt sorry for him. She looked at the chastity device, and noticed that his cock was hard, harder than she had seen it yet. There was something about this that was turning him on, but she was sure that he had no idea what it was. She also had no idea, but that didn’t matter. He was aroused, so she was obviously doing something right. She did think that he deserved some sort of reward though, just to keep him in the game.

She positioned herself on his face again and sat on his mouth with her ass. She moved around and around, trying to position herself just right, to get his mouth

and nose nestled between her crack. When she succeeded, he started to struggle for a moment, and she knew that he was struggling for air. She just sat there a while longer, and then lifted herself off him just enough for him to breathe. She leaned forward and took his arm, his hand, and as she sat back down on his face, she looked at his large hand in hers. It was going to be uncomfortable, but she knew that she wanted to do, and she was going to do it.

As she pushed herself down a little harder on his face, she started to tease herself with his fingertip, rubbing her clit with his finger. He realized immediately what was happening, and he wanted to be more involved. There was no way for this to happen, so he just held his breath, not that he had a choice, and enjoyed the feeling of her moist, engorged clit against the tip of his finger.

Then she started to ease his middle finger into her, and although the position was incredibly uncomfortable, he pushed his finger all the way inside her without her consent. This caught Kimberley by surprise, but there was nothing that she could do about the fact that he was all the way inside her. This is what she wanted, and this is what her plan was. She just didn't expect him to be so aggressively involved in this. Kimberley forgot for a moment that she was sitting on his face, and she just stayed motionless over his nose and mouth, processing the invasion in her pussy.

Kimberley lifted herself off him when she realized, and she half stood up, wanting to keep his finger inside her. She got off his face, and positioned herself next to him, his finger moving inside her now so that she really started to feel like she was going to have an orgasm. She looked at his balls, knowing that she could reach them, but she wasn't sure if he could take more ball busting and keep doing the magic that his finger was doing in her pussy. The temptation to go for his balls was too much for him to take though.

“That’s it, fuck me, fuck me,” Kimberley said, pushing herself against his finger deeper, harder. She went for his balls now, and took them in her hand. She

squeezed hard, and then squeezed harder. His finger never skipped a beat inside her though, even though her orgasm seemed to be eluding her, just out of reach. She pushed herself on his finger more, and then squeezed his balls harder, and David looked at her with a 'what the hell are you doing' look. She looked back down at him telling him to just keep going, again with just her eyes.

David decided to take some control back and he pulled his finger from her. She looked at him, shocked, and squeezed his balls harder. When this was having no clear effect on him, she looked for the paddle. Finding it, she watched him for a moment, and then whacked his thighs with the paddle, frustrated that he removed himself from her too soon. She wanted to sit on his face again, but brought that paddle down on him a little more, before finding his balls with what was clearly a leather paddle. She clearly had a penchant for leather.

There was a moment where David screamed, but he quickly gathered himself, and he wanted to wrestle as much control of this situation as possible. He watched his balls beaten for a while longer, and then he pulled her so that she sat on her ass next to him. She beat him some more, wanting to distract him from what he was thinking, but this didn't work. He stuffed two of his thickest fingers into her and once they had gone as far as they would inside her, he looked at her face, and watched her eyes close.

He fingered her hard, and she hit him a little more. Then he fingered her harder and she couldn't hit him anymore. She lay against the shower wall, and parted her legs. He dug his fingers deeper inside her and proceeded to bring her so close to orgasm that she really felt like she had gone through a switch, and that the script was literally flipped. He plunged his finger into her over and over again, and soon enough she was caught in the throes of a massive orgasm. She didn't want this to happen just yet, but now that it had, she was intent on enjoying it.

When she had come down, she looked at him with a mixture of anger and satisfaction. She tried to bring the paddle down on his thighs, on his belly, on his

balls a few more times, but she was still caught in the grips of a massive orgasm. There was nothing to it, she thought, only one thing that she could do, to make him pay, and also to bring herself to even more satisfaction. This game had really gone on long enough, but it was still not enough for Kimberley.

“Fuck you,” she said, and in one seamless movement she lifted herself off the floor and settled herself on his face again.

“Take off this belt, and I’ll really show you fucking,” David said, wanting to be out of the belt now and not wanting his face to be smothered again.

Without answering her she sat on his face, filling his mouth with her pussy. He didn’t even try to stop her, opening his mouth and letting as many parts of her settle into his mouth. He started to lap up her juices, and then eat out her pussy with a skill that belied the fact that he was being force fed cunt.

She started to grind herself into him and he was bringing her to another orgasm with nothing but his mouth. She leaned forward and after removing the key to the belt from her breasts, she started to undo the belt. David was really very excited, but he was still too nervous to think that he was really about to be free. But when he was, he was so excited that he ate her out with increased enthusiasm. She came a second time, in his mouth this time, and he drank up every last drop. He started to thrust into the air, and she looked at his cock, sure that it was going to do some serious damage to her. She needed to be as comfortable as possible for this damage, so after she had cum completely, she lifted herself off his face.

She left the shower and started to walk towards the bedroom. David stood up and stood under the shower for a minute. Then he closed the hot water, and stood under the cold for a little while longer, needing this. After he was done he

followed her, wet, and found her waiting for him on her bed.

“That was certainly different,” he said as he mounted her. Every part of him wanted to be inside her, and he knew that he had to punish her as she had just done him.

“It was,” she said, parting her legs, thinking that he wanted her that way.

“Now, it’s my turn to play,” he said, lifting himself off her so that he could turn her over. He dropped his cock into her ass with one swift thrust and she screamed. David put a hand over her mouth, and proceeded to fuck her ass so hard, so long, that even when she finally surrendered to this assault, she was still screaming, panting loudly.

David smiled, thinking just how sweet revenge really was...

THE END

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