

SCARLETT STEELE



BALLBUSTING

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Ballbusting Girlfriend

(CBT, Castration, Femdom, Facesitting, Ballbuster)

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Authors note: All character in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to ballbusting, castration threats, CBT and a woman's drive to channel pain into her partners vulnerable parts to a new extreme....

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scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

Ballbusting Girlfriend (CBT, Castration, Femdom, Facesitting, Ballbuster)

“Don’t move, and don’t scream, or I’ll cut you!” Tiffany was startled out of a deep sleep by the weight on her chest and the hand over her mouth. She tried to fight back, but the man’s weight had her pinned under the blankets. The knife hovered inches from her nose.

“David, get off of me!” It had taken her a moment to shake the sleep from her brain and realize her boyfriend was apparently locked in one of his late-night writing binges and wanted to fact check something, using her as the “victim” of course.

He shifted his weight so she could move, “So, really, you couldn’t fight back, right? I mean, your arms were totally pinned, but what about your legs?” This was his norm. He got an idea in his head and had to see if it worked. Which might not have been so bad except for the fact that he wrote graphic murder mysteries where the victim was always female, and always seemed to be raped and terrorized by the man.

It made for an interesting sex life, though. The frequent role playing was kind of hot, she had to admit. Just not when he woke her up in the middle of the night. She sighed. “Yeah, it worked. I couldn’t move my arms at all and the blankets had my legs pretty well trapped.”

He grinned and jumped off the bed, rushing back to his laptop muttering about some plot point while she tried to get back to sleep. He’d be up most of the night working on whatever book he was writing this time, but she still needed to get to work in the morning.

She was surprised when she woke up and found his side of the bed still empty. She was even more surprised when she walked into the kitchen and he handed her a cup of coffee. "Have you slept?" His bleary eyes said he hadn't. He shook his head.

"No. This one's dark, Tiff. It's going to be really good," he usually said that. "Can we... tonight... I need..." That was nothing new either. She waited. "I need to work this guy out. I need to... I don't know... I need to get in his head."

She kissed him and headed to the shower, "Of course, you know I love it when you go all serial killer on me." She knew he'd sleep most of the day. She headed to work thinking about the hot sex they'd be having later that night.

When Tiffany got home, she wasn't thinking about sex. She was thinking about the crappy day she'd had. She tossed her things down as she walked in the door, but before she could do anything else, a pair of strong hands grabbed her from behind.

The gloved hand covered her mouth while another arm wrapped her body and hauled her off her feet. She kicked and fought, but his grip was too strong. He carried her to the kitchen and shoved her face down over the table, then leaned into her and growled in her ear, "Scream and you're dead." His hand came off her mouth, but he held a wicked looking knife up for her to see.

He held her down and slowly slid the knife under the back of her shirt, slicing it open from neck to waist before pulling it roughly off. Then came her skirt, cut from waist to hem until she was wearing nothing but a bra, panties and the stockings and garter belt he liked better than pantyhose.

When she heard the sound of his belt unbuckling, Tiffany lashed out with a foot,

catching him in the shin. He tried to shove her roughly back into the table, but she had rolled and planted an elbow in his side. Unexpectedly, he dropped the knife and Tiffany snatched it up and stood, holding it out in front of her.

He stood facing her, the black mask over his head, a quizzical look in his eyes. Tiffany didn't know what came over her, but she decided it was time to turn the tables. He could do his research from the other side this time.

“On your knees, now!” Tiffany surprised herself. They'd never played with her as the dominant partner before. He didn't break eye contact as he sank to his knees, and Tiffany felt a thrill of excitement pass through her.

“So, you thought you'd bust in here and just take whatever you wanted?” She tried to recall the kinds of things he said when he was in that mode. “I think it's time you learned a lesson.”

He was sliding his body over to one side, and Tiffany realized he was thinking about attacking her again. She grabbed his hair and thrust the tip of the knife into his groin until she heard him gasp.

“Much better, do I have your attention now?” She waited for him to nod yes.

“Good boy. Today, we're going to try something different. You're going to learn what your victims feel like. And if you fight back, or give me any grief, I'll make damn sure you can never fuck again. I'll start right here,” she jabbed the knife tip deeper, poking into the base of his cock and holding it there. “And I'll cut all the way around until I've taken that cock and balls you're so damn proud of. Maybe I'll put them in a jar.”

His eyes went wide as she poked the knife into him again. “Strip,” she commanded him as she stood back up and went in to his desk. She went searching through his books, looking for ones she knew had the most graphic scenes of sexual violence. “Come in here, no don’t walk, crawl like the worm you are!”

He crawled, and Tiffany felt her panties getting wet. This was hot. She turned to a passage in the first book. “So, here we have a nice young college girl who gets held down as the killed shoves his cock down her throat so deep she can’t breathe. It sounds really hot, until you realize that’s how he’s killing her. Lie down on that ottoman.” She pointed at the long bench that sat in front of his office couch. When he was lying on the bench, she walked over and stood straddle his head, facing his feet.

“I remember that book,” she chuckled, looking down into his face as she stood over him, her legs spread wide so her crotch was still several inches above his face. “I remember the research particularly and exactly how a cock could completely cut off air. I wonder if a pussy can do the same.”

She lowered herself inch by inch until she felt his nose brushing against her panty covered crotch. She heard him inhale as her scent enveloped him. He always did love eating her. She watched his cock twitch. Then she lowered herself more until his mouth was completely covered by her pussy and his nose was buried in her ass. She wriggled a little, getting more comfortable as she raked her nails over his bare chest. His cock was more than twitching now, it was fully erect.

She wriggled further onto him until she felt him inhale, then she pressed down harder. It took several long seconds, but eventually, he realized he couldn’t breathe and his body started to shake. He reached up with his hands, trying to

shove her off, but she slapped his cock hard, then grabbed his balls and squeezed until he settled down. Once he quit fighting, she raised herself up enough so he could gasp in air, but she did not let go of his balls.

“Naughty boy, who said you could touch me?” She released his balls with a final squeeze, then slapped the flat of her hand into the base of his cock. He jumped and moaned, but his cock didn’t go soft.

She dug her nails into the base of his cock and kept her pussy just touching his face, tight enough he could feel her, but not so tight he couldn’t breathe.

“We’re going to try a new set of rules,” she tapped his balls with her hand, slapping lightly. “You’re going to be a good boy from now on. Behave, and you’ll get treated nicely. Misbehave and I’ll cut your cock and balls off so you have to pee sitting down like a girl.”

She stood up and looked down at him, the mask slightly askew, his eyes had a slightly glazed look, and his cock was raging hard. “Now go draw me a bath, I had a shitty day.”

He started to stand but she stopped him with a slap to the cock. “Crawl,” she smiled as he dropped to his knees and crawled toward the bathroom. Tiffany wondered how far she could push this, and how much he’d put up with. His eyes looked shocked and a little scared, but his cock told a different story. He was liking this.

“You can fix dinner now,” she purred as she sank into the tub. “You may walk, this time. As a reward for getting my bath just right.”

She felt a little silly, but David still had the black ski mask on, and a slightly confused expression in his eyes. And still had a raging hard on. When she was done with her bath, she wrapped up in a robe and went to the kitchen to watch him finish preparing dinner.

David was a good looking man, and watching him work around the kitchen, naked except for the ski mask, was certainly pleasant. When he served dinner, she told him to remove the mask.

“In the bath, I made a decision,” she explained as he sat down. “You’ve done all these kinky, perverted things with me in the name of research. Since your murderers always get caught and punished, I think their creator needs to be punished as well. I’m going to go through every single story you’ve ever written and find the most twisted sex acts possible. Then I’m going to see about reversing the roles and doing those things to you. From now on, there will be consequences for your choices. Wake me up in the middle of the night with a knife in my face and there will be a price to pay. Simple as that.”

That night, she straddled his chest and fingered herself until she came, drenching his chest with her juices before she rolled over and went to sleep, leaving him to take care of himself. She was only slightly surprised when he again woke her in the middle of the night, holding her down in a new way, trying a new hold to see if it immobilized her. She just smiled and made mental notes until he went back to his writing.

In the morning, she found him sleeping peacefully on his side of the bed. She quietly showered and dressed in one of her sexiest outfits. A short, tight skirt, skimpy tank top and a pair of dangerously high stiletto heels. She slid the covers off and stroked his cock until it was raging hard. Then she wrapped her fingers around his balls, tightening gently until they were firmly in her grasp. Then she tugged hard.

He was awake in an instant, looking confused. “Remember what I said about consequences? It’s time to pay the price.”

She flipped him onto his back and drove her knee into his groin hard. She watched the expression on his face cross into pain and felt his erection slowly fading under her. “I’m not going to tell you what to do, and what not to do, David. I know you need to do research for your stories, and that’s fine. Just understand that each little bit of research has a price. It’s Saturday, so I don’t have work today. And I think we should start the day off with an orgasm... for me.”

She hiked her already short skirt and slid up his body to straddle his face, then carefully lowered her pussy until it was just above his mouth. “Make me cum, David,” she ground her pussy down against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes from the pain of being kneed in the crotch, but his mouth obediently worked on her pussy. His tongue snaked out to lick her clit as she ground against him.

She reached down and grabbed his hair, pulling his face tighter against her pussy. She could feel when he couldn’t breathe, and she kept pulling him tighter, then releasing him, relishing the feel of his gasps for air. “Suck my clit, David, do it now, make me cum, or I’ll turn your balls black and blue.” She reached back and grabbed his testicles, squeezing until she heard him moan against her.

But he obeyed. He sucked her clit between his teeth and flicked his tongue over her until she was shaking uncontrollably. She came in a gush, and he sputtered beneath her. She climbed off, “You may shower, but do not dress. I want you naked today.”

She sat on the couch, flipping through his books and making notes while she

directed him to do the housework. “Be a good boy and I’ll let you lick my pussy again.” She told him.

At lunch time, she was horny again, she directed him to lie on the bench while she inspected his work. “Think of me sitting on your face as a reward. If your work is acceptable, you’ll get my pussy in your face and you can make me cum. For every thing you miss, or don’t do correctly, I’ll smack your balls one time.”

When she came back to him, she wordlessly straddle his face and lowered herself until his nose was buried in her cunt and his mouth smothered against her ass. “You didn’t mop in the bathroom, David. And you didn’t wipe the underside of the toilet seat. And you forgot to wipe the stove. That’s three things.” She ground her pussy against him until harder, then abruptly stood and turned quickly. She opened her hand wide and slammed the palm flat into his balls.

“Count, sweetheart,” she purred at him. He struggled to catch his breath and whispered out a “one”. She made the second one a little lighter than the first, but on the third, she took care to pull his penis up out of the way before slapping her hand into his balls. Tears sprang to his eyes and it was a full minute before he choked out a “three”.

“Good job,” she grabbed his hair and yanked him to his knees by the sofa. She sat back and spread her legs. “No touching.” She instructed him. She fingered herself until she came hard while he sat watching. She noticed his cock barely twitched and his balls looked slightly swollen.

The rest of the day, she compiled a list of things to do to him. She wondered if he’d wake her again in the night. She had something special in mind for him if he did.

That night, David came in with a stocking. He stuffed it in her mouth, then twisted the ends around her neck, creating both a gag and a choke. He held her

down and questioned her. Could she reach his hands when he held her like this? Could she buck him off if she tried? How long could she still fight back if he tightened it down?

Tiffany let him sleep late the next day. She had a few things she needed to buy. When she came back home, he was up, eating lunch and looking nervous.

“What...” his voice broke and he cleared his throat. “What are you going to do?” She smiled at him and put her bags down on the counter.

“First, you are going to strip your clothes off. I did not say you could dress. Every little thing you do has a price, remember? Some may be good, some may be bad. I think you enjoy when I sit on your face, even when it smothers you. You even enjoy some of the ball slapping. I don’t know that you’re going to enjoy what I have for you today.”

She waited until he was naked, then ordered him to his knees. She sat on the table and spread her legs wide, then grabbed his head by the hair and pulled his face into her crotch. She rubbed against him, grinding her pussy all over his face, dragging her clit over his whiskery chin until she found just the right spot. She held his head tight and rocked against his face until she came, then released him.

She ordered him to clear off the kitchen table, then she carefully wiped down the surface and told him to lie down. It was a perfect fit. She spread his legs wide and wiped his body with medical disinfectant.

“You will hold still and not move, no matter what,” she instructed as she pulled things out of her bag and began setting them up. Tiffany was a nurse by trade,

she knew exactly what she needed to do. Once everything was prepped, she pulled on a pair of gloves and began opening sterile packages, laying everything out neatly on a medical towel.

“Do you recall, in one of your books, there was a scene where the murderer used needles on the woman?” She watched his eyes go wide. Yes, he recalled the scene. “He pierced her nipples. And her clit, not just the hood, her actual clit. If you flinch, or move, this will be worse, and I might miss and hurt you. You don’t want that.”

She smeared more disinfectant over his balls, then expertly grasped a small needle.

“This is a 22 gauge. It’s not the largest we could do, but it’s not the smallest either.”

She moved quickly, slipping the needle just under the skin at top of his balls, just under his cock. She heard him sucking air between his teeth. Tiffany quickly inserted another needle immediately beneath the first. He hissed in another breath. Working quickly, methodically, she created a line of needles down the center of his balls, all the way to his taint. She stroked her finger up and down the line of needles, flicking them with her nails as she watched him jump.

She stood straddle his face and grabbed his cock, stroking it slowly. Then she lowered herself onto his face, closing off his breathing with her pussy and ass. She felt his cock twitch and he went from soft to almost instantly hard.

“Lick my clit, David, and don’t miss a stroke,” she instructed as she poured lube over the head of his cock. She reached for the tray and grabbed the long, thin steel rod. They were meant for doing urethral sounds. The rods she found had a gentle curve and were about nine inches long. They varied from a tiny one-tenth of an inch around to the huge half inch rod. She grabbed the smallest one and slipped the end of it into David’s hard cock. He gasped against her pussy as the rod dropped straight down his urethra.

Tiffany smiled and slid the small rod out, then flipped it over to the larger end. She applied more lube and slid it in. It also dropped in with ease. She shrugged and removed it, then reached for a second rod, slightly larger than the first. This one went in more slowly and she smiled again. Once the rod was in, she gently slid it up and down, fucking his pee hole with the steel rod. He groaned against her pussy. It sounded like a mix of pleasure and pain. She held the rod still and ground her clit against her mouth until she came.

She flipped the rod over to its slightly larger end and slipped that into his cock. He moaned again, the fit was tight, but not too tight. She pushed gently and the rod slid into his cock slowly. She used long slow strokes to fuck his cock with the rod. After several minutes, she reached for a larger rod, his moan was long and loud as she worked the bigger rod into his cock. She didn’t fuck him with this one, she just left it there and let him feel the pressure of the hard steel inside his dick.

Finally she pulled it out, then carefully pulled out each needle. Once he had stopped bleeding, she told him to go shower, “but you may not masturbate,” she told him. She cleaned up the mess and the toys and pulled out her biggest dildo. She was still horny, but she wasn’t letting him put his cock in her right now. He came back in to find her happily fucking herself with a huge dildo, she waved him away and told him to go clean the kitchen. She made sure she made lots of noise when she came.

That night, David was too exhausted to wake her up. In the morning, she woke him by straddling his face.

“You have a meeting with your agent today, don’t you?” He nodded, his face obscured by her crotch. “She’s the one you said is hot, right?” It had actually been an argument they’d had. David thought his agent was smoking hot. He’d wanted to fuck her so badly he could taste it. But the agent wasn’t interested.

Tiffany got up off him, “Go shower, then I’m going to smother you with my pussy. And you will not wash off my pussy juice. You’ll go see your agent smelling of me.”

When David came back from the shower and laid down on the bed, she faced the headboard and lowered her pussy onto his face. She rocked her pussy back and forth, sliding her clit from his nose to his chin and back again. Every few strokes, she would press down tightly until he couldn’t breathe, then she’d let up and go back to grinding against him.

She rocked forward and spread her ass cheeks wide, “Lick my ass, David,” she commanded. He obliged, tonguing her asshole with more interest than he’d ever showed before. She knew her pussy juices were running down his nose, and she didn’t care. She slid back until her clit was above his probing tongue. “Make me cum, David,” she whispered to him and pushed her clit into his mouth for him to suck.

She reached down and held his head by the hair, keeping his face buried in her pussy until she came, drenching him from ear to ear. She carefully dried him off, and ordered him to not wash or do anything else to remove her scent from his body. He dressed and headed out to meet his agent. She had the day off, so she spent the time thinking of more creative ways to torture him.

He came back later than expected and she quickly put things together. “You fucked her didn’t you?” David looked sheepish, “She was all over me, I don’t know what it was. It was like... I don’t know... She hugged me, like always, and then... Well, one thing led to another.”

The sex wasn’t the problem. They had an open relationship, so fucking someone else was totally ok. It was that he didn’t have her permission. Tiffany walked up and kned him hard in the groin and smiled as he dropped to the floor.

“Did you cum?” She asked him. He managed to nod. “Was it good?” Again he nodded. “Good. I want it to be worth what I’m going to do to you for not asking me ahead of time. Isn’t that our agreement David? You should always at least send a text to communicate and say sex is happening. Right?” She punctuated the question by pressing her heel into his groin.

David groaned and she shifted her weight so the point of her stiletto was digging into his denim covered balls. “I asked a question,” she ground out. He was blinking back tears by this point, but he nodded.

“Get your pants off, now!” She commanded, and watched silently as he quickly doffed his jeans and underwear without even rising up from the floor. She kicked his legs wide apart and trapped his balls under the toe of her stiletto, carefully making sure she was between the testicles. She didn’t want to rupture him. She stepped down, placing her weight on him, pushing his balls further apart and grinding his scrotum between her shoe and the floor.

David moaned and she shifted. She lifted her foot and let his balls slid back against his body. She pressed the toe of her shoe delicately against his nuts and

trapped them against his own body. She pushed in. With the soft surface of his body as a buffer, she wasn't worried about harming him, but it would hurt. A lot.

She angled her foot so her heel dug into his ass as her toe pushed even more deeply against his balls. David's moans turned to gasps as she rotated her foot so his balls twisted under her. Tiffany bounced her foot a bit, almost like tapping her toe. She watched the tears spill over, but she kept digging her foot into him until he was actually crying in pain.

Tiffany quickly shifted her weight and dropped to her knees over his face. She grabbed his head and pulled his face into her pussy, smashing his mouth against her cunt. She pressed until he could not breathe and held him there until he was pounding his hands against her to get her to let go.

She loosened her grip and let him catch a breath before pulling him back in and restricting his breathing again. After the fourth time, she turned so she could face his cock and balls, then lowered her ass onto his face. She sat down on him until he was literally smothering in her ass cheeks and she turned her attention to his cock and balls.

Amazingly, he was getting a hard on. She quickly slapped his cock hard, then grasped his balls in her hand and squeezed, twisting until his muffled cries came from her ass. Finally, she released his balls and stood. She sat on the edge of the bench and told him to crawl over to her. When he was in front of her, she grabbed his hair and pulled his face into her pussy.

"Use your mouth and fingers, David. Fuck me as hard as you can. Make me cum and cum and cum." She looked down at him, there were still tears streaking down his cheeks but he fastened his mouth onto her clit and worked three fingers into her wet cunt.

David had amazing hands and an even more amazing mouth. He loved eating pussy, and Tiffany had always enjoyed his attention. But now, it was even hotter. There was something different, more intense. And David seemed like he was working even harder than usual. He sucked her clit into his mouth and covered it with his tongue. His fingers thrust and curled and stroked inside her. She looked down and saw his cock raging hard, even as the tears were still wet on his face.

Tiffany grabbed his hair and held his head still as she ground her pussy against him when her orgasm hit. “Fuck me, yes! Don’t you dare stop!” She kept fucking his fingers and mouth, holding his head between her legs, until she rode him for three more orgasms. Pussy juice was dripping down his face and his tears had entirely dried up.

Tiffany sat up and looked him in the eye. “If you ever do anything like that again, without telling me first, I will cut your cock and balls clean off and you will never be able to use them again. Your good with your mouth and hands, I’m sure she won’t mind.”

She stood up and went to the shower, leaving him sitting on the floor, covered in her cum.

A new pattern quickly established itself. David would be up in the middle of the night, writing, and he’d wake her up with some bizarre attack from his current project. She gave him what he needed, but exacted her toll during the day.

Sometimes, she would wake him up by sitting on his face and smothering him until he could no longer breathe. Other times, she laid him on the bed or table and worked needles into his balls until he screamed. He actually enjoyed the sounds, when she used the larger ones, they pressed on his prostate and he actually came from them. That became one of his rewards.

When he misbehaved, or did something wrong, she used her hands and feet on his balls. She could drop him with one smack, or bring him to tears by squeezing just right.

The unexpected bonus of the new life was the house was much cleaner and Tiffany was no longer having to come home from work and do the cooking. He took care of everything. She teased him and tormented him for a week, then demanded services from him all day. He washed her car, massaged her feet, even painted her toenails.

The downside was, she wasn't getting laid at first. Then she realized she could use sex as a reward for him. When he was well behaved, or when he had taken an exceptionally harsh punishment well, she discovered he got harder than she'd ever seen him before. So hard his cock would leak precum for an hour if she kept teasing him. She discovered that she could get what she wanted, his hard cock, and still keep him in line. It was the best of both worlds!

He would get particularly hard if they'd done sounds recently, or when his balls were nearly bruised from being stepped on and squeezed. The harsher her treatment of him, the harder his cock got.

After several weeks, she sat down with him at the table one morning and brought out her list.

“David, we haven't discussed this yet.” She waved the list. “You've been coasting along and forgetting something. We still have all of your old books to go through. Can you imagine the sorts of things I found in here? The sick, tortuous things? Tell me, David, what were some of the things you thought were really hot?”

He hesitated, looking down at the floor. She slammed his favorite knife on the table in front of him. She didn't have to say it, he knew. She glanced down at his cock, sitting semihard against his leg, then back at the knife.

“I, um... I always liked the scenes where the killer rapes the girl first. Especially if there's anal sex. Ummm... and I like the ones with biting on the tits and clit. And...” his voice trailed away. She asked him to repeat it and it came out as a whisper, “The needles.”

“The needles,” she whispered back at him. “David, you write really bloody, graphic murder mysteries about serial killers. But they all seem to involve really twisted sex. I made a list of all the things your murderers have done to their victims. We're going to figure out ways for you to experience these things.”

He nodded, and kept looking down at the floor. “Anal sex is easy, I have no problem using a strap on with you,” his head popped up and he looked surprised, but she just kept going. “We've already talked about the guy using his cock to suffocate the girl. And you seem to like it when your face is buried in my cunt. And we all know how much you've enjoyed needles and the sounds.” He actually blushed.

“Biting, hmmm...” she sighed, “I think we can manage that as well. So what else is there on here? Let's see... you've got face slapping, well that's easy. Several of your killers are into genital torture of some sort. Well, I think we've got that down pat, though I think we can certainly explore it more deeply. There's one that uses a cane and another that uses a whip. Huh, guess this isn't going to be as hard as I thought it would be to transform these into ways to torment you.”

She waited for this to sink in, then continued. “I like this new way of things. You get the research that you need, and I get to give you a little payback for scaring the shit out of me in the middle of the night.” She looked at his cock, it had gotten even harder, bordering on a full erection, while she talked about the tortuous things she wanted to do to him. “And you seem to like it. Your eyes say you’re afraid. I know it hurts. But your cock tells me you like it. So, tell me David. Do you want me to stop? Do you want to go back to the way it was before?”

He shook his head, “No,” he whispered. “No, I like this. It scares me, you’re right. But I like it. The pain is... it’s bad. It hurts. It’s awful. But... I like it. I love it when you sit on my face. I love it when you smother me.”

“Do you like it when I threaten to cut your cock and balls off?” She asked. He shook his head no, then looked at the floor and whispered “yes”.

She rewarded him for that honesty. After he’d cleaned up the table, she laid everything out to do sounds and needles. He spread himself out on the table and she cleaned his cock and balls with disinfectant. She’d moved to 18 gauge needles, they were about as large as she could get and not have to go to piercing needles.

She placed a thin corkboard underneath his balls, “We’re going to do something new today,” she told him. She carefully wove a needle through the skin on his balls and then stuck the tip into the corkboard, skewering him in place. She worked her way around his balls, slowly stretching the skin out and pinning it to the board with a needle. Once that was done, she used smaller needles to create a second ring just above the ones pinning him to the board, weaving the needles together to keep things tight. His balls were pulled out tight, so the skin was smooth and shiny.

She drummed her fingers lightly on the taut skin and was rewarded when he

jumped a bit, then winced as the needles pinning his balls to the corkboard pulled. She flicked her fingers along his balls, concentrating on where the skin was pulled the tightest. Each time she made contact, he jumped a little, and hissed at the pain.

She lubed his cock, then his favorite sound and slowly worked it into his urethra. It was a tight fit, the sound stretched his urethra to its limits, but he liked the feeling. Once she got it in, she let it rest for a moment, then removed it, added more lube and reinserted it. She pushed a little more firmly this time, knowing it would be hitting his prostate. When he gasped in pleasure, she pulled back and started fucking him with the long steel rod, sliding it smoothly in and out of his cock.

He moaned and shuddered, groaning as she pulled the rod out a last time. She reached for a larger rod, lubed it up and began slowly working it in. His moans increased in intensity as his urethra stretched to accommodate the new size. She slid the big rod in and out slowly, watching as his body trembled. When the real shaking started, she gently slid the rod out and slowly removed the needles, then led him to the shower to clean up.

After, he laid down on the floor and begged her to smother him with her ass. She straddle him, teasing him by bouncing her ass in his face, rubbing her pussy up and down his chest, and hovering just out of reach of his hungry mouth.

Finally, she spread her legs wide and lowered herself so her ass enveloped his face. She rocked back and forth, spreading her pussy juice all over his nose and chin while her ass cheeks surrounded his face. She felt his breath on her pussy, then lowered herself more until she cut off his air. From this angle, her ass smothered his nose while her pussy covered his mouth. She could control his breathing perfectly, letting him get a full breath, a little breath, or none at all.

She could grind against his face, taking her own pleasure, or raise up and let him pleasure her with his talented tongue. She reached down and stroked his hard cock, letting him know what a good job he was doing and he moaned against her cunt. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks wide, “Tongue my ass, David,” she encouraged him. His tongue bathed her ass, from crack to her pussy. He lovingly licked her asshole, his hot tongue pressing against her puckered hole. She writhed around, letting him bathe her entire ass with his tongue as her fingers found her clit and stroked gently.

Tiffany decided it was time to stop teasing. She turned around and grabbed the edge of the bed, then lowered herself back onto his face, putting her clit right above his mouth. His tongue slid out and flicked her clit, gently at first, then with increasing pressure. She moaned in pleasure. David really did know exactly how to lick her pussy.

“Harder, David,” she commanded, grinding against him. He sucked her clit between his teeth and bit down a little, just the way she liked it. She pushed her pussy back against his mouth, mashing his lips against his teeth and cutting off the air flow through his nose. He reached up and grabbed her ass, pulling her even tighter against him as he sucked her clit even harder.

She rode his face, rocking and grinding against his mouth until she came in a gush, drenching him with her juices. She looked down, he was rock hard, his cock dripping precum and twitching. “Not tonight, big guy,” she told him. “You’ll have to hold onto that thought for a few days. But you can get the big dildo and fuck me with it.”

Later, much later, she curled up with him in bed and told him of a surprise she had arranged for him.

“Your agent says your latest book is going to go best seller. She and I decided that was something to celebrate. It seems you really impressed her with your oral

skills. And she was very interested when I told her about your other talents. She suggested we should both have a go at you to celebrate your success. I was thinking we could take turns riding you. One of us could ride your cock while the other rides your face. Of course, if you don't make both of us cum, many, many times, you'll have to be punished."

She smiled at him and chuckled at the nervous expression on his face. "I want you to write out a fantasy involving two women doing that to you. Tell me what you like, what frightens you, what turns you on, and what does both."

Later that week, she saw the note from David.

"My Dearest Tiffany," it started, "You have no idea how incredible my life has been with you. I had not thought our lives could be any more perfect, any more fulfilling, but these last few weeks have proved me wrong. You've unlocked a part of me I didn't know existed. Deep, hidden, secret, but always wanting. You've freed me to enjoy our lives even more. You've given me so much."

"You instructed me to write out a fantasy with two women, and I will, but I have to add this. Everything we have done terrifies me. It shakes me to my core, challenges who I am as a man, and even my own masculinity. It frightens me that I like it. And it frightens me even more to think you might stop. The pain, oh my god, the pain. When you step on my balls, or knee me in the groin. It's exquisite. Tiffany, you have no idea the amount of pain that causes a man. But I welcome it. I enjoy it. I treasure each touch, each moment. Each one is a lesson, an opportunity to grow and improve."

"I live for one purpose now, and that is to please you. My life's goal is your pleasure. I think I've always known that, always felt that way, but was never free to express it. I was never free enough to release my manhood and say I want to

serve you. I want to be your every desire, care for your every need, make you happy and proud, and satisfy your every whim.”

“The idea of two women, taking turns riding my face and my cock is like a dream come true. I hope that the two of you will put some tasks before me. Order me to care for the house, allow me to rub your feet. Let me bathe you both, scrub your backs and help towel you off, and worship you as the goddesses you are. Give me the honor of being used by you. Let me cushion your feet while you rest. Take your pleasure from me in whatever ways you desire. Use my mouth, use my cock, use my fingers, or any part of me, to pleasure your bodies.”

“I ache to taste each of you, to feel your lovely asses on my face, smothering me. To know that my very breath comes at your whim and desire. I yearn to fill my mouth with your juices, to know I’ve done a good job and that you are sated.”

“Yes, I fear the pain. But I’ve lived through the pain. Tiffany, you led me through it. Terrified, trembling, and uncertain. You brought me to a place where the fear and the pain became a positive and now I welcome them. You asked what my fantasy was with the two of you... It is simply this: to be used by you both in whatever way you desire.”

THE END

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