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SCARLETT STEELE

FACESITTING

And Smothering The Sex Crazy Boyfriend As Starla Asks
If Elliot Is Man Enough To Handle her Mouthwatering Ass
A Short Story Of Face Sitting, Queening And A Selfish Version Of 69

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I knew I was in love with Starla Manning the first time I set eyes on the fiery redhead. She bee-bopped out to the pool, serving the little drinks with umbrellas while I was staying at the resort where she worked full time. That's how it started.

The next day, I relaxed by the pool lying back on a lounge when she came up, dressed in a blue and white bikini.

“Mind if I join you?” she asks.

“Oh, yes, please do,” I say as I struggle to sit up so I could take a better look at the sexy creature beside me.

“Thank you. I rather enjoy some time out here on my day off. Though it’s pretty funny, guests will often stop me and ask for a drink.” Her giggle caused my mister mister to extend.

“You like working here?” I ask.

“Oh, I do. I quit school to work here. But it’s only during the summer. I go to school the rest of the time. Funny, I was in beauty college and when I worked here I liked it so much I’m going into business management in the hotel and resorts area. Funny, huh?” she asks.

I peer at her, wondering her age. “Are you sure you’re old enough to be in college?”

Her giggle again sends me to the moon. “I’m 23. And you are?”

I laugh. “I’m Elliot, and I’m 28.”

“I know your name. As a server we’re supposed to know the guests. Elliot Swain. Nice name, by the way,” she says.

“Thank you. Got it from my parents,” I say and we laugh.

“What do you do, Elliot Swain?”

“Right now I’m relaxing with a beautiful lady,” I say and wag my brow. “But when I’m not, I’m a city slicker, working the 9 to 5 grind as a tax accountant in Midtown.”

Her cute button nose scrunches. “Tax year round? I thought the biggest grind was January to April.”

“Oh, you keep up with that, do you? Well, the wealthier have to file quarterly. It’s no easy feat, which is why they hire me to keep up with it and do it for them. I have more than enough work to keep me busy year round. And since I own my own tax accounting business, I can take vacations whenever I want.”

“I bet you don’t from January to April.”

“You bet right. Actually, I have a team of accountants who work for me during that time. We receive many clients during that time, yes. I keep all the steady, big accounts though. My work is steady year round. I give the mad tax season rush to my team,” I say and wink.

“Oh, smart man. I bet it’s fun working for you,” she says.

“I’m all business at the office. I’m all play here,” I say as I turn to her.

“Good to know. I take classes in the city, close to where you work, but I live here in the summer,” she says.

“Oh? Good to know,” I quip and we laugh.

“Do you have a significant other?” she asks. I love that she’s pursuing me like this.

“No, not at the moment. But I’m open to suggestions,” I say as my eyes roam over her body. “What about you?”

“Do you think I came over here to join you if I had an attachment?

Well, this makes my day. Starla certainly delights me. I’ll have her in bed by dusk.

“How about we stroll up the boardwalk and grab some lunch at the Crab Shack?”

“Oh, yes. That sounds wonderful. They have the best, you know. Of course, Lennox has the best lobster.”

I laugh. “Yes, I’ve had it.”

We walk along the boardwalk, she's in a floral sundress with flip-flops and her toes are painted a bright pink. I wear a pair of shorts and a tourist tee shirt I bought at a shop the other day. My feet have leather flip-flops, which I don't like. I'm used to wearing dress shoes, Italian leather and dress slacks to work. Only on casual Fridays do I wear jeans and sneakers. I'm such a creature of habit, I hope I can bend enough to include a lovely lady by my side.

After lunch, we make our way to the beach. The beaches stay loaded with tourists until late, when the dangerous marine animals come out with the swelling tide. We keep to the water's edge, barely dipping our toes in as we walk along, enjoying the sunset. She grabs my hand, and my heart beats wildly. Starla Manning may be a soft and sweet petite lady, but she certainly takes action when she's ready.

Pausing, we look out over the dark water, the wind picks up and the water floods to our ankles. Stepping back, we laugh. She holds my hand and trips into me. I capture her, my hands find her face, sweet and soft, as I lean in. She makes it so easy. Our lips touch, she tastes of raspberries and wine cooler. Her lips move over mine, I groan. Yes, we will end up tumbling under my sheets before the night's over.

The tide swells quickly, again we jump back. "Perhaps we should head back and let the tide have it," I say.

"Yeah. The end to a perfect day. Thank you for spending it with me," she says.

I pout. It's over already. Instead, once we climb the steps, I pull her to me again.

“It doesn’t have to end, you know,” I say and lean in again. She stands on her tippy toes and meets me, closing the gap. Our kiss grows hot, until a group of teens pop by, laughing. We parted, embarrassed at such a display of affection, but the teens paid us no mind. They head to the boardwalk, while we head to the resort. We say nothing as we take the elevator up to my fourth floor room overlooking the ocean. I open the door so we hear the surf and feel the breeze.

Starla delights me as she turns on music and takes my hand and we dance on my small balcony. “I love it here. I live on the side, so my room doesn’t face the surf, but it’s nice here,” she says. Her lips find mine again.

I groan as I lift her to me. My body hardens and I carry her to my bed. She smiles as she climbs to the pillows, her bare feet rubbing over the soft quilt. I settle beside her, drawing her to me, and we kiss. It’s an easy, gentle time. Nothing harsh or frenzied. But as we kiss, her hands explore my body, and land on my crotch. Of course, I have a stiffy. She smiles as she kisses down my belly and tugs on the waistband. I lift my ass and pull off the shorts and underwear, as my cock bobs up free and ready to play.

“Oh my,” she coos as she pulls off her sundress. I help her with the strapless bra and panties. She hoists her leg over my body, backwards.

My cock squirts pre-cum. Her body settles on my belly, her ass in my face. Yes! 69! She edges to my mouth, as my tongue protrudes and I lap at her wetness. Her lips glide over my phallus, sucking it in until her nose touches my balls. I groan as I try to keep up with her slit, she’s moving over my face, pressing her muff into my nose. I don’t mind at all. I keep my tongue jutted forth and use my hands to guide her hips so I can have greater access.

She sucks my cock in, sucking hard, and back out, her lips kiss the tip, and her tongue toys with the contours. Repeating the steps, I groan, it won't be long. I keep my tongue stiff against her swollen clit. She grinds into my face as I buck up and down, meeting with her lips. Her sweet muff oozes wetness onto my chin, as I lap as much as I can. Suddenly, her body trembles and she grinds into me while her back arches. I keep my tongue out and moving. The next second, my cock lengthens and fills her mouth with hot cum. She swallows and swallows. We moan through the waves of pleasure, until we're done, and she gingerly rolls off me, her head next to my hip.

I lie back, gasping for air, still rocking with the powerful orgasm. Eventually, she crawls up beside me, and curls into my side. We fall asleep like this and later in the night, we awaken.

"Let's take a bath," she says.

I nod and roll out of bed, following her groggily to the bathroom. I have a tub for two with jets. We settle into it as it fills with hot steamy water. Again, she's leaning against me, her soft body molding to mine. It's a wonderful sensation. We cuddle until the water turns tepid.

"Now, shower," I say.

"Yeah, I need to wash my hair." We stand under the shower, as I soap her head and body. She lifts her arms, her soft curves molding into my hands. She does the same for me and ironically, my cock stiffens as she soaps it. She keeps going and I place my hand on hers.

“Not in here,” I say. I want to take her.

She stops and we rinse and once dry, head back to the bed. It’s well past 3 am and we’re still hungry for each other. Her soft scented body relaxes on mine and once again, we fall asleep. I don’t mind, because I’d like to save up for round two.

Starla awakens first. “Dammit. I have to be at work at 10.” I glance at the clock.

“It’s not even 8:30 yet,” I say as I yawn and stretch.

She smiles and I close the gap. This time we’re naked and in bed. I roll on top of her, hovering over and bring my lips to hers. She immediately wraps her arms around me, and her legs curl around my waist. My cock extends between us. Pulling her ass up, I take my cock in my hand and run it through her soft warm folds.

She moans as I penetrate her, bare and unprotected. I don’t care, her body is soft and supple. Surely, she’s on birth control.

“Are you protected?” Curiosity gets the best of me.

She giggles. “What a time to ask. Yes, I’m responsible,” she says and nods.

I plow into her, my great cock sawing through her flesh. She lifts her ass, her

nails clawing into my hips as I pound into her. She moans, her clit swelling as I saw against it. Leaning forward, she pulls her lower lip through her teeth and growls, moaning loudly and comes hard, her pelvis bucking up and down. The vibrations coursing through her pussy sends me over the edge and I come with her. My cock lengthens and shoots deep inside her, filling her with my hot cum. We arch our backs, writhing through the pleasures until we're spent. Completely lethargic, I collapse beside her, my cock falling out and leaving a trail over her thighs. She grimaces but cuddles into my embrace.

"While this is wonderful and I'd like to bask in the afterglow of our awesome sex, I have to go to work," Starla says.

I watch as she walks to the bathroom and cleans up. "I need to head to my room for my uniform." She winks and smiles and blows a good-bye kiss my way.

I'm left in the aftermath, my bed covers skewed, quilt partially on the floor. For a few minutes, I put my hands behind my head and think about the past day. Starla came into my life like a whirlwind, and it ended just as I predicted. I'm not done though, I don't want it to end. In fact, I make my way to the front counter and book a couple of more days. I can work remotely while she's working. I'd like to see where this may lead.

"You know, I'm not the type of woman who is happy eating salads and drinking diet sodas. I like real food," Starla says as we're plowing into plates of never-ending fried shrimp and fries.

I chuckle. "I adore a woman who knows what she likes."

Her full mouth grin makes me happy. We end up at my place again and again over the next couple of days. I came to the end of my break and held her tightly last night. I kiss the top of her head.

“I have to leave tomorrow. Out by 11.”

“I know,” she says sadly.

I peer at her, tracing circles on her bare shoulder. “I don’t want this to end.”

She lifts her head and looks me in the eye. “Neither do I.”

“But we’re 90 minutes apart.”

“For now. I’ll come to Midtown after Labor Day. Remember I’m taking classes there.”

“So, what’s your plans exactly?” I’m already thinking about commuting here to see her on the weekends. And how, perhaps, on her days off she can come to the city. We haven’t worked out any details though.

“Well, I thought I’d come there in August and start hunting for a job. I’ll need a studio apartment. I can’t afford more. I figured that’s the price you pay for going to school and not living on campus. I’m too old for the campus crowd. Most of my classes will be in the evenings or online anyway.”

“Do you have a job lined up?”

“No. I’ll go to all the regular places who hire anyone, you know, like the restaurants and such,” she says.

“I have a client who runs a maid service. He’s always looking for good employees. It’s not glamorous work, but I bet he can guarantee you a job and you can pick your hours too,” I say.

She smiles, so gorgeous. “Really? That would be great if you could hook me up. Then the only issue will be finding a studio apartment, or a small mobile home maybe.”

I think. There are smaller apartments around. “You know, I lease a condo on the North Side, in Green Valley. I have a guest room, and a home office,” I say.

She grins. “What exactly are you saying, Elliot?”

“Well, let’s see how the rest of the summer goes. If it grows, I say move into my place. You can have your own room, and bathroom.”

“What about your room?” Her brow lifts.

Alrighty then. “Well, yes, I have a king bed and plenty of closet and drawer space in the master, if that’s what you want?”

“I mean, we’re sleeping together now. I can’t see it being any different, can you?”

“Oh honey, not if it keeps growing. You’ve made my vacation seriously wonderful. I wasn’t expecting to meet such a looker as you.”

“Okay, then it’s settled. We’ll wait and see, but I’m betting I’m moving into your bedroom in September.” She giggles.

It goes exactly as I thought, with me making weekend trips to see her, even though her days off are on the weekdays. It doesn’t matter. A couple of times I had to rent a hotel room away from the resort. One weekend we stayed in the entire time except for her work hours. That’s how hungry we are for each other. When she has two days in a row off, she makes the trek to the city and stays with me. Lying back in my bed, she nods.

“Yeah, I could get used to this,” she says.

I hug her close. “I could too.”

“Then that’s the plan?”

“What? Are you moving here in September? I told you that back in June,” I say and chuckle.

“Great! It’s settled then. I’ll start moving my stuff on my next days off.”

Starla settles into my heart. Her sexy body stays on my mind all the time now. When we’re together I can’t get enough of her. September finally arrives and I rent a truck to move her to my place. We work all day lifting boxes and pulling her stuff out of the small storage she rented. She doesn’t have a lot, but it keeps us busy for the entire day.

Having her move in makes it easier on both of us. We relax from having to drive so far to see each other. Holding her in my arms at night makes me smile all the time.

I thought by having her here with me every day my libido would slow down. Not so. Maybe it’s because she works all day for Tidy Homes and has her schooling in the evenings, we don’t spend a lot of quality time together.

She pours over a book, her reading glasses perched on the end of her nose, a condition she inherited from her father. Looking up at me, she smiles.

“I have an exam tomorrow. Sorry, love, I have to study.”

“I’m just checking on you, not meaning to bother you,” I say and smile.

She's a lot like me in that when it comes to her career, she's very serious. Her dream is to run a resort someday, much like the one she worked at when we met. I give her the time and space she needs to study.

Starla crawls into bed after 11. I have an early day at the office, the quarterly filing deadline looms imminently. She scoots to my back, her small body wrapping around mine. I can't help but give in to the arousal she causes. Her scent, her soft skin, her sweet moans, all drive me wild. My cock grows and I turn to her.

She giggles. "You know, we don't have to have sex every time I hug you," she says lightheartedly.

Don't we? I groan. "Honey, if we don't, I'll be up all night with unpent angst. May as well allow me the pleasure, to pleasure you first," I say as I crawl down between her legs.

She acts as if it's a bother, but it doesn't take two seconds for her body to react to my licking tongue. Her ass grinds into the bed as her fingers lace through my short hair. My tongue swipes down the soft valley and finding the hole, flicks in and out before returning to her swollen clit. It won't long before she bucks out of control, her moans loud and her breathing fast. She comes hard every time, squeezing her legs together lets me know she's done.

I rise to her, grabbing her feet and placing them on my shoulders. Taking time, I kiss each toe and both feet before I take my cock in my hand. She moans as I rub through her wetness, swirling over the stiffness between her legs. Moaning, she pulls me to her with her feet, her hands reaching for me. I bend over her and thrust my cock through her tight hole, piercing all the way until I'm balls deep. She moans as I pound into her, my cock growing longer and the cum settling in

the base.

“Oh, uh, fuck,” I pant. My cock grows long and hard and bursts forth, filling her sweet pussy full of my hot seed. I groan as I lose it in her, giving her all I’ve got, until I’m finished.

After a quick bathroom trip, we resumed spooning, with me at her back. Only then can I sleep soundly. And so it goes just about every night.

“I’m on my cycle,” she says as she shies away from me a few nights later.

Ugh. My cock is so hard, I’ll need to take matters into my hands just to be able to rest.

“Oh, here,” she says as she sits up and crawls between my legs. She’s not feeling well with the cramping, but I’m so hard, I just need release.

I groan when her lips slide over my hard phallus. I need this. My fingers hold her head to me, while she bobs over my hard cock, sucking my head to the back of her throat. I groan, the cum preparing to blast forth.

“Uh, about to fill your mouth. Swallow all, okay?” I’m breathless.

“Mmm-hmmm,” she says as she doesn’t lift from my cock.

Suddenly, I blast her mouth, hitting the back of her throat. Like a dutiful girlfriend, she swallows every last drop until I finish. I gently push her away as she hops up and runs to the bathroom.

When she's back a few minutes later, I kiss her. "Thank you. I know you feel bad. Here, let me help you," I say.

I like returning the favor. My hand slides into her panties, gingerly reaching for her clit. It doesn't take long as it swells, she gives in to the impending orgasm. Her back arches greatly as she comes, bucking her ass into the bed and up to my hand.

After she rolls over and sighs. "Thank you." She's asleep before I come back from the bathroom.

And the next night, she pushes away from me. "I'm just not in the mood tonight, Elliot. Can we do something tomorrow?"

I sigh as I roll to my back. She rolls over, sighing heavily as she's tired. I'm naked, so I kick off the covers and pull my cock with my hand. I can't sleep without a good orgasm. She didn't comply so I'm taking matters into my own hands and I want her to know it.

She rolls back over, watching me. My hand glides over my cock, I lurch forward as the cum builds. I'm turned on by the fact that Starla watches. Finally, I shoot off and great plops of cum stream up in the air and land on my belly, making a

mess. When I'm done, I reach for a tissue on the nightstand.

"Better?" she asks and giggles.

"Yeah. I'm sorry. I can't sleep unless I do this, especially with you in the bed with me. You don't realize how much you turn me on. Just being near you drives me wild," I say as I clean myself.

"I can tell. But in the same token, there are times I just don't want to do anything. It's not often, but I appreciate you respecting me and leaving me be."

I roll to her and draw her into my arms. "As long as you are beside me, I'm cool to jack off once in a while. I'd much rather put it in you," I say. My cock grows hard again and I press it to her to let her know.

"Seriously? Try to get some rest. My cycle will be gone in a day or two and we can resume normal behavior." She rolls over and falls asleep.

Does this mean for another two nights I have to masturbate beside her? I don't like that because I'd much rather poke it in her.

"Okay, Elliot, guess what? I'm not on the rag now. So instead of constant need for coming, just screw me," Starla says. I laugh, but the exasperation in her voice shows she's not kidding.

I pull her to me. “I’m sorry, babe. It’s not a bad thing that I’m so horny all the time. It’s because you’re so damn sexy, you’ve caused my libido to go into overdrive.” I grin as I nibble on her earlobe. She squeals and tries to get away from me. I chase her and grab her, pulling her to the bed.

“I can’t. I need to get online,” she says in talking about her class.

She’s wearing a short dress. I pin her to the bed anyway. “It won’t take long. Just for you,” I say as I lift her dress. She pretends like she’s trying to get away from me but I hold her down and my face plants at her muff. Pulling her panties to the side, my tongue laps at her soft folds, she groans and grinds her ass into the bed. I won’t let her up until she comes. She deserves this since I’ve been coming every night and she hasn’t.

My tongue swirls over her hard knob. I go right to it, knowing she’s on a tight schedule. Suddenly, her back arches as she comes, her fingers lacing through my hair, clawing into me. I stay with her, tongue pressing on her clit until she pushes me away.

I sit back on the floor laughing.

She pops up, her hair haphazard from lying on the bed. One look at her watch and she screeches.

“I have to get in there,” she says and hops up, her hand smoothing her hair. Before she reaches the door, she turns and smiles. “Thank you, love.” She blows a kiss my way, and I smile knowing I made her feel good.

Later that night, we cuddle in bed, after she's spent a couple of hours grinding over homework. Her hand reaches around me, fishing for my cock. I laugh and roll over onto my back. She really turns me on more than I can ever admit. Just being near her causes my cock to harden. I lose my train of thought and can't act normal. Every night, I'm at her for sex.

"Elliot, I love you, I really do. But my goodness, we have sex every single night. Are you a nympho?"

I chuckle. "It's your fault, I can't get enough of you," I say as I crawl between her legs. Kissing her inner thighs she moans. I lift my head. "Don't you like this?"

"Uh. I do. But some nights I just want to, you know, mmmm, just go to sleep. Like I don't have to have sex or do something that makes me come every single night." She moans, her body tensing as my tongue swirls over her hard clit.

"But you enjoy it, I can tell," I say and lick down her valley.

"I never said. Oh. I don't enjoy it. I do. But I'm not in the need to start it every night. Oh fuck!"

Her body quivers as her back arches. She comes hard as my tongue swirls over her clit, her juices flow. When she's done, I lick through her soft warm folds lapping up the wetness. Once I'm done, I crawl up, and instead of expecting her to suck me dry, I mount her. At least, she can lie there while I work.

Her body reacts as I slide my hard cock through her warm wet slit. She moans as I fill her completely full of my cock. Slowly, I saw into her, bending her in a way that her hard clit rubs against my cock. I groan, the cum building in the base of my cock. Her hands grab my hips, her nails digging in as she helps me. I pound into her hard, no longer able to take it slow. I shoot first, and in the next moment, her tight pussy squeezes around my cock, making me come even harder.

We moan and move in unison through the waves of pleasure, until we finish. When I pull out, she jumps up, no time to cuddle. I chuckle as I grab a couple of tissues. She's in the bathroom cleaning up, so I take a piss in the guest bathroom. We enter the bedroom at the same time.

"Now, can we sleep?" she asks. The bit of annoyance in her voice concerns me.

I crawl in bed beside her, drawing her to me, as she's lying on her back. She sighs contentedly.

"You enjoyed it," I whisper.

"Of course I did. I always enjoy it. But it wears me out to have sex every freaking night. You're like a workhorse with me. Understand, I work all day cleaning, and then I come home to 4 hours of schooling. I don't have a chance except for the weekends to just unwind. When I come to bed, I'm ready to sleep and you're always horny," she complains.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I just can't get enough of you. Maybe we should go to bed

earlier.”

She rolls to me and snuggles into my embrace. “Maybe you should masturbate more and let me have a breather once in a while.”

“I do, once in a while.”

Starla yawns. “Yeah, while I’m on the rag. I’m talking about doing it a little more often. Don’t expect me to have sex every single night. Please.”

“I know, baby, I’ll try.”

Falling asleep after a good bout of sex is easy. The next night I try as she suggests and leave it be. I mean couples don’t have sex every single night. She stepped out of the shower and straight into bed, naked. Naked. Uh. I can’t take it. My body is used to having my way with her. Everything about her turns me on. Her soft skin and sweet smell. She moans contentedly as we spoon. My cock grows hard. Think dreadful thoughts, Elliot. Anything but how soft and supple the creature in my arms is. Anything but how hard my cock grows.

I roll over, trying my best to ignore her. She’s sleeping soundly, so I go to the bathroom. Standing over the toilet, my hand glides fast over my cock, my grip tight. Soon, my cock extends and I groan and come, squirting it directly into the toilet. A swirl of snot-like jizz sinks to the bottom. Flush, done. I crawl back into bed hoping I can sleep.

The next night, she's receptive. Her arms encircle my neck as we make love. I sleep better doing this. And for the next two nights, we are active. But she has a test and a late night of homework after that. When we lie in bed, I lie on my back with her settled into my side. Think dreadful thoughts, Elliot. She rolls over and pulls my hand with her. Why she does that, I don't know. So now we're spooning and she's sleeping, her naked ass at my growing cock. Her arm holds me tightly and I don't want to move. My cock extends until I can't stand it. Ugh. Her ass is right there, just right there.

Taking my cock in my hand, I run it through her soft ass, building up a nice lube with my pre-cum. She moans and tries to move away. I don't let her. Holding her to me, I penetrate her soft tight ass and plunge into her fast and hard. She groans.

"Elliot, really?" she asks groggily.

"Sorry, I can't help it," I say as I pant and pound into her. "Play with yourself."

"No, I just want to sleep, hurry up and finish without me doing that."

I don't listen to her. I like to feel her ass while she's coming so I reach around and run my fingers over her swollen clit. She moans, grinding into my ass. Soon, her back arches as she comes, yelling out and bucking into me. My cock grows long and hard as I pound into her, filling her ass with my hot cum. When I'm done and pulled out, she hops up fast, mumbling.

I head to the guest bath to clean up and make it back to bed before she's done. She's wearing panties and a tee shirt when she crawls in. "I need sleep."

I roll to her, chuckling. “I do believe you enjoyed it.”

“Under duress.”

“I didn’t rape you.”

“No, and I know you’d respect me if I said no. But you’d make a show of jacking off or something. I figure it’s better just to give in and do it. Need sleep.”

The next day she’s off from work and goes shopping while I’m at work. It’s nice to come home to a rare fresh cooked dinner. We eat and relax, enjoying each other's company. She disappears and I settle in the living room with the remote. She appears wearing a new nighty and twirls in front of me.

“You like?”

“I hope you don’t expect me to leave you alone tonight. How's this for an answer,” I say as I buck my pelvis up and show her my stiffy.

She smiles.

“Tonight is different. You can’t seem to get enough of me, so I’m going to give you a good dose of my femininity,” she promises.

I flick off the TV and sit up. “Now?”

“Sure, if you are ready. Come on,” she says. Her little ass wiggles as she walks to the bedroom. I move to her and she jumps back.

“No. Lie on the bed, on your back, head right here,” she says as she pats the edge of the side of the bed.

“Okay,” I say. I’m game for whatever new position she wants to try.

She comes to me, lifting her nightie and wearing no panties. I groan thinking we’ll be doing 69 again. I love 69. But instead, she faces the room and backs to my face and before I know what’s happening, her muff comes down straight onto my face. For a second, I can’t breathe.

“I figure you want me so bad, maybe a good dose of facesitting will do you for a while.”

I groan, as it turns me on, but at the same time, near panics me. My hands come to her hips and that calms me. Grinding over me, Starla moans. My tongue protrudes giving her what she wants. I gulp air when she rises. Not that I don’t like this, but I’d rather have her face on my cock, and her body slightly lifted. That’s okay, this is her way of punishing me for keeping her awake all the time. I might as well enjoy it. She grinds into my face as her clit swells. I lap at the hole and suck on her clit. She’s in control moving her muff over my tongue where she wants it. I can hold my breath for a while, thankfully. I keep my tongue out and

licking while she moves over me. Her body trembles, the juices flowing over my face. She comes, grinding into my tongue, yelling out. I keep licking with my tongue while my hands help her lift.

When it's over, she hops off and lies on the bed, panting. I lift and look her in the eyes. "So that's my punishment for being so horny with you?" My brow lifts.

Her head nods. "Yeah. I wanted you to get a good dose of me and hope it will quiet your urges just a little." She holds up her fingers making a small sign and giggles.

My head shakes as I lie back again, enjoying the gulps of fresh air.

She lifts and comes to me, her head at my middle. When her sweet lips move over my phallus, I groan. The cum settles to the base of my cock while she sucks my head to the back of her throat. My hands come to her hair, holding her there while she sucks vigorously. Oh yes, I'm about to fill her mouth full. Suddenly, my cock explodes in her mouth and she doesn't waste a drop of my precious man juice. When I finish, we crawl to the pillows and relax until we fall asleep in each other's arms.

I can't say that facesitting quieted my libido. In fact, I think it had the opposite effect. Starla rolls her eyes, and submits to my advances. We grow closer and don't let my libido come between us, pun intended.

THE END

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