

A photograph of a woman with long, wavy red hair, wearing a black and pink lace-trimmed bra with a pink ribbon. She is positioned against a dark wood-paneled wall. The image is used as a background for text.

**SCARLETT STEELE**

A Tale of First Time Female Domination

**FACESITTING**

**DATE**

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# **Facesitting Date**

## **A Tale of First Time Interracial Femdom**

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**Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy**

**world, all events taking place are a result of a role  
play amongst all parties and all parties are fully  
consenting adults.**

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## **Facesitting Date**

### **A Tale of First Time Interracial Femdom**

I regard the tall black man with a smile. Thomas Martin works across the hall at the bank. Always dressed impeccably, the man has good taste. But he and I speak in passing, often running into each other at break and lunch. I'm a busy woman working in the loan department, while he works in accounting.

"April?" Thomas calls to me before I disappear behind the door.

"Yes, Thomas," I say with a smile.

"Would you like to go with me for some Mexican for lunch?" the man asks.

"Um, lunch with you? Sure, I guess so," I say as he's caught me off-guard. He's not the type of man that normally comes after me. I nod and we meet in the hall for lunch at noon.

"Thank you. I wanted a chance to talk with you which is why I asked you," Thomas says as he steers his Cadillac to Jose's on the corner.

“That’s sweet of you. I thought for a second you were interested in me,” I say as I laugh and wave my hand. The sun is bright as I grab my sunglasses. A red-head must protect her eyes in the bright sunlight. My short hair hangs at chin length, the curls bouncing as we walk into the restaurant.

“Oh, April, I am interested. I guess I wanted to discuss the possibilities of us going out away from work,” Thomas says as he holds the chair out for me to sit. If he’s anything, he’s polite. But I’m not sure about his proposition.

“Mmm, Thomas, I like you plenty for a friend. I just don’t believe we run with the same circles,” I say as I sip my drink.

“Is it because I’m black?”

“Oh, goodness, no. The color of your skin doesn’t matter to me. But I run with a different crowd than you. I’ve never seen you around, I just don’t know if you and I would be well matched,” I say.

Thomas scratches his face as he regards me. “I understand what kind of crowd you run with, April.” The man looks down at his hands on the table as he toys with his napkin and silverware. “I’m interested in trying that kind of crowd myself.”

I blush, thankful for my many freckles to hide it. “Thomas, just what kind of crowd do you think it is?” I need to have an idea what he knows. My reputation

outside of work is vastly different from the smart loan officer in her latter twenties. To the outsider, I'm a clean cut good girl. But to my true friends, I'm anything but with my fetishes. Upon further examination, Thomas does look good. I've never had the pleasure of trying my dominatrix skills on a black man, this could be interesting. But first I need to know what he thinks he knows about me. Because I'm a private person and I don't want my sexual appetite to define who I am outside of my personal life.

"Come on, I know what you do," Thomas says.

"I don't know what you know. I take my poodle Trixie for a walk every afternoon after work. I frequent Whole Foods for my groceries. I occasional go to a foreign movie because I'm trying to learn a new language. I enjoy having a spa day once a month. I go for a Brazilian every other month. What do you know?" I ask as I keep my green eyes on the man.

"Good to know on the Brazilian," Thomas says with a chuckle. He leans forward and whispers. "I understand what you do on dates. I get what kind of woman you really are."

"Thomas! We're both what, twenty-eight years old here, quit dancing around the topic. Out with it. I want to hear what you think I am, or what I do," I say.

"You like to dominate man," Thomas says.

I sit back and stare at the man. “And just where have you learned this little nugget of information about me?” I’m dead serious about keeping my private life private and I’m boiling at the thought some jack-off has spread this around about me.

Thomas nods. “Ah, I see. I’ve struck a nerve. You believe someone is ratting you out. It bothers you.”

“It bothers me that anyone takes what I do in my private time and shares it with anyone else.” I don’t smile.

“Walter Cummings. He’s my brother’s best friend. I overheard Tim and Walt talking the other day. I am aware what Walter does in his private time. He’s a sissy when it comes to women. Walt enjoys rough play, spankings, whips, chains, binds. He was laughing about a party he attended and mentioned your name. Not that he was outing you, he was talking about how he had problems with his car loan, and his friend, April who was at said party, helped him,” Thomas says.

I nod slowly. I was attending a party, dressed in my leather best. Walter’s reputation precedes him, apparently. “So you assume that since I was at the same party as Walter that I’m a dominatrix?”

Thomas’ face stretches into a half smile. “I don’t think, I know. Walter only hangs out at these parties with people who are into that. If you were there, you are one of them,” Thomas says.

I sit back allowing my domination to surface. “So what is it you want to find out or ask,” I say as I lift my chin.

“I want to go out with you. I want the experience,” Thomas says.

I laugh. “You want to experience going out with a dominating woman? A dominating white woman?” I ask.

“Hell yeah. Ever since Tim told me about Walt’s secret desires, I’ve been reading up on it. It sounds like some scary shit though. I am intrigued.”

“Curious? Turned on perhaps?” I ask as a wicked smile forms.

“Yeah, I am,” Thomas says, his face serious.

“So you want your first time to be with me?” I’m intrigued now.

Nodding, Thomas grabs my hand. “Yes. You’re a petite lady. You’re beautiful with pale skin and red curly hair. My wiener grows long when I consider you dominating me,” Thomas says.

I laugh as I glance down, a light blush rides across my cheeks. “I’m flattered, I think,” I admit.

“So? What do you feel about this? Could we go out on one of these dates?”

I glance back at the man, whose face is intent on mine and offer a big smile. “Well, you’ve done nothing like this before?”

“Never. And I really want to try it.” He acts like a boy in a toy store wanting to play with a toy that’s too advanced for him.

“If we go out, I must go easy on you. Start out slow. I don’t want you to think of me as a mean person. Men who don’t like it perceive women like me as mean. I’m not mean, its role play. Women like me have a stronger sexual appetite. But I have to admit, I’d love to dominate you,” I say with a wide grin.

“Then it’s settled. When would be a good time?”

“How about Saturday night? My place. I’ll cook supper and we can enjoy some stimulating conversation and cocktails first. How does that sound?” I ask.

“I don’t if I’ll be able to sleep. That’s two nights away,” Thomas says.

I laugh and shake my head.

“What?” he asks.

“Just that I never thought of you as the type to, well, run with my crowd. You seem so cut and dry, so polished. So one-lady man.”

“That sounds good, and I may want to go back to that. But I have a crush on you and I’d like to sample your white ass before I decide which way I want to be,” Thomas says as he grabs my hand and rubs it with his thumb.

Lifting my chin, I keep my eyes on the man. “Then sample you shall. Careful what you wish for,” I quip as we leave the restaurant.

I’m a little angry at Walt’s carelessness and confront the man about it.

“Look April, why are you so ashamed of who you are? I don’t go to great lengths to hide who I am. It’s none of anyone’s business what we do behind closed doors in our private time. Tim is one of my best friends and I will not be super secretive about who my friends are. If you want to be that secretive, I suggest you go out of town for your fun, to a place where no one knows you. Otherwise, loosen up about it,” Walt says as he puts me in my place.

I prepare for the evening Saturday afternoon. The steaks are sizzling on the grill on my patio, and vegetables steaming on the stove. I’m chopping the salad when Thomas arrives, and hands me a bottle of wine and a box of chocolates. “Why

thank you, kind sir. You know how to bring on the aphrodisiacs.”

We enjoy the meal while making small talk and sitting on my patio overlooking the city below us. To anyone else we are a normal couple sharing a meal on a date. I clear the dishes and Thomas follows me back inside my apartment. Grabbing a couple of glasses from the cupboard I pour the red wine and we toast each other in the comfort of my modest living room.

“To April, a beautiful woman full of surprises, I’m sure,” Thomas says.

“Cheers,” I say and lift my glass before swallowing a sip. We share a few chocolates as I turn on the soft music. “We need to get in the mood.”

Thomas chuckles. “Really? This sounds like we’re in for an evening of romance.”

I hold out my hand for Thomas to stand so we can dance. He pulls me into his embrace, he’s a good foot taller than me as he smiles down at me. “One must warm up before jumping into the main event. We must prepare for the events to come. If you are horny, then you will be a more willing partner in these endeavors,” I say as we move to the romantic music.

“You don’t have to worry there. I’m always horny. I just hide it well. But trust me, I’m black and packing a load in my trousers,” Thomas says. He dips me and pulls me close.

“I’m sure you will live up to the stereotypes about size. You have huge feet.”

Thomas beams a brilliant smile. “My momma use to have fits when we went shoe shopping. Couldn’t hardly find a size fourteen anywhere.”

I lift my brow. “Impressive. I’m sure you won’t disappoint.”

He gazes into my eyes. “I’m sure you won’t either.” Inch by inch he lowers his face to mine, his aftershave intoxicating my senses and our lips brush together. He leans in more drawing me to him with his arm and hand, and dives in tongue and all. My body warms to his touch. I’d like a frolic with him under the sheets after I’m done.

“Are you ready?” I ask.

He grins and shakes his head. “The lady has to ask,” he says as he pulls me away from the living room and to my small hall. He’s presumptive but I don’t mind. Soon I’ll put him in his place.

“Okay, in here,” I say and lead to my bedroom. “Remove your clothing and sit there.” I point to the chaise lounge. He nods as I disappear into the bathroom to prepare.

I emerge a few moments later wearing a leather crotchless teddy, my hair pulled back in a black band, my face painted dark with smoky eyes and deep red lips. Stilettos fit over my feet as I walk to the naked black man staring at me from the lounge, his mouth agape. I walk up to the man and lift my chin as I run my hand over his chiseled jaw, his eyes hungrily gawking at me.

“If you’re ready lay down,” I say.

“Right here?” Thomas asks.

“Yes, right here. I’m in charge here. You are to do as I ask. You want to come?”

Thomas gives me a confused look. “Let me put it this way,” I say as I pat the chaise lounge and Thomas obeys. I grab his nine-inch cock and run my hands up and down it a few times. “Do you want to get off?”

“Uh-huh. I do. I will do whatever you ask,” Thomas says.

Smiling I walk to his head and lean down and give him a long passionate kiss. “Now, I want you to do that to my pussy,” I say as I turn around and swing my leg over the man, straddling him, my pussy just inches above his face.

“Oh yes. I want to sample that.”

“Oh, you’ll sample it all right,” I say as I squat, sitting my ass on his chin and I lean forward giving him the full access of my clit and wet folds. His tongue goes right to work, his full lips sucking on my clit causing me to grind and bend forward. Thomas, though he claims he’s never done this before, is clearly he’s not a stranger to oral sex. Facesitting may be a first for him, but his lips are experts with the head of my clit, his tongue with the entrance to my pussy.

“You make me come, I’ll let you fuck me,” I say as I groan.

“Mmmm, mmm-hmmm,” Thomas says as he’s lapping and sucking and licking.

“Uh, that’s it. Yes, focus on the head. Uh, feels so good. FUCK! I’m coming!” I grind into Thomas’ face as my pelvis explodes in hot pleasure, I rock back and forth allowing the waves to crash through my body until it wanes. I hit his nose with my pubic bone. “Stop.”

I catch my breath for a second before standing, the room spins as I sway to the bed and collapse.

“Damn girl. You know how to get off on a guy’s face,” Thomas says as he sits, a grin painted over his glistening face. I laugh as I toss a box of tissues to him.

“Now, you were a good boy. You didn’t shove me off like the first bastard I tried facesitting. Little shit claimed I was on his nose. Pphhttt. He was too frigid to do it. Nothing like a huge disappointment if the guy can’t take a little pussy on his face.”

Thomas chuckles as he stands, his cock erect and needing attention. “You sure got me going. Fuck, I like being dominated by little white chicks.”

I laugh as Thomas climbs on the bed. “Now it’s your turn. Since you let me facesit on you, I’ll let you come however you’d like. What’s your pleasure? Nibble the nob? Squeeze with my soft hands? Or a pussy pounding,” I say.

Thomas gives me a smirk that turns into a smile. “What would the lady like? She is, after all, in charge. Mr. Stick is happy to comply however she’d like,” Thomas says.

I take a gander at Mr. Stick and smile. “I think I want a good pussy pounding. I want to see what it’s like for you to come in me,” I say.

“With great pleasure,” Thomas says as he climbs on top of me and bends down, first kissing me. I taste my pussy in his mouth and lap up around his full lips enjoying the flavor.

Thomas moves and slides his cock in between my legs, and I bring my feet to his shoulders. He shakes his head at me and grimaces as he inserts his cock into my wet and tight pussy. “Uhhh.” He moans as he pumps into me. I claw at his back, as he’s heavy and long, each thrust feels as if he’s going to poke right through and hit inside my belly. But I encourage the man with my moans.

The fire starts back in my pelvis, as I grind and gyrate and meet his thrusts, his giant body slapping between my legs. “Uh, Thomas, you’re so fucking big,” I say as I groan. Another orgasm builds in my mid-section taking me by surprise as I moan and move in unison with him. “AH! Fucking coming again,” I say as I thrash my body, my head rolling back and forth, my pelvis once again, rocking with the waves of pleasure.

“UH, FUCK, April, FUCK, I’m about to, I’m about to, I’m about to lose my fucking load in you,” Thomas says growling as his face perspires as he’s pumping furiously, pounding into me until he lurches forward and with his great hand reaches under me, pulling my pelvis to him as he empties his cock of every last drop of semen he has. Finally, he stops and rolls to the side, pulling out and leaving a trail of slime between us.

After we catch our breath, we gaze at each other and laugh. “Ain’t we a pair,” Thomas says. “Big black man and petite red-head. Wonder what our babies would look like?”

“The fuck you say,” I say as I rise and throw the man a mock frown. “No babies coming from me. No way.”

Thomas rolls to his side and braces on his arm. “Aw, we’d make pretty babies. I like your style, little lady. I don’t mind one bit being dominated by you. You can dominate me anytime you want.”

As I stand I turn around. “Good to know. You’re my first too. First black man.”

“And? Did I disappoint?”

“No, quite the opposite. You far exceeded my expectations. Perhaps next time we should move on to some rough play, some fun and games with these,” I say as I hold up my pair of handcuffs and a small whip.

“Ouch, shit. You are a wild cat. That’s what I heard that you’re a wild cat. I wanted to sample a wild cat,” Thomas says.

I crawl back on the bed and wag my brow. “Meow. Just call me tiger,” I say as I land on the man once again, locking lips and hoping for another round.

THE END

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