

A photograph of a woman, Scarlett Steele, wearing black and white lace lingerie. She is positioned in the center of the frame, with her arms raised and hands behind her head. The background is a light-colored wall with a patterned curtain on the left side. The text 'SCARLETT STEELE' is overlaid at the top in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a black outline.

SCARLETT STEELE

(Femdom, Female Domination, Male Humiliation, Smothering, Body Worship)

FACESITTING

for the first time

A photograph of a woman, Scarlett Steele, wearing black and white lace lingerie. She is positioned in front of a window with light-colored curtains. The image is used as a background for the text.

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Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters 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 female domination, pegging for the first time, public humiliation and a domme taking a man on the ultimate ride he will ever experience.....

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 for the First Time

Daniel eyes me shyly as the blush rides across his face. “Oh Daniel boy, you embarrass too easily,” I tease as I lightly punch his arm.

“I just. Yeah, I guess I do,” Daniel says.

I put my arm around my shy friend. He and I hooked up early in college, he was the one studying alone in the library every day. I noticed he had the same calculus book as me when I was struggling with my grade. When I asked how well he understood math he turned ten shades of red. I teased him then and we’ve been close ever since, well as close as good buddies can be.

Kirk comes up to us, goofy grin on his face. “Did you hear? Monica got knocked up because she let a guy eat her out.” Kirk roars as he stomps off. Monica is our ditzzy friend. She’s new to the sex scene having been a self-professed good girl until now. She thought if she came first with the guy eating her out that she couldn’t get pregnant when he climbed on top and did his thing. Kirk had to talk it up giving graphic details about Monica’s sexual experience. Our group talks sex, all but Daniel. Normally, he sits by quietly, turning red and never contributing to the conversation because he has no experience, other than a fumbled night in high school in the back seat of an old beat up Buick with Amber Peterson.

“Hon, you need to lighten up. It’s sex,” I say as Daniel and I walk away from the

group and head back to our apartments on the edge of campus. Graduation is four months away and we'll be heading off in different directions and so we've banded together to spend as much time as possible before May.

"You don't understand, Beck. They talk about doing all these things and I've never done them. I'm not even sure what the hell they're talking about half the time," Daniel says.

I blink at the twenty-two-year-old man as I grab his hand. "What do you want to know? Ask Aunt Becky here and I'll see if I can't explain it better," I say lightheartedly.

"What the fuck is facesitting? Kirk said Monica was facesitting Steve before she let him screw her. What is that exactly and why would she even think it would keep her from getting pregnant?" Daniel asks.

I laugh. I know I shouldn't but Daniel gets to me. His innocence is real. "Okay, first facesitting is not birth control. It's just oral sex. Second, Monica is a dingbat. She got what she deserved if she honestly thought getting off on Steve's face instead of his cock would prevent pregnancy. And then Steve is an idiot who stuck his dick in her and knocked her up. It's so damn stupid it's hilarious," I say and laugh.

Daniel is non-committal, he's a deep thinker. He's quiet as he processes what I've told him.

“So girls really sit on a guy’s face while naked?” He is honestly shocked.

“Daniel where do you live? Under a rock? You seriously have never heard of this? Let alone tried it?” I peer at him exasperated.

He shakes his head. “No, I don’t live under a rock. I guess I don’t think in terms of perversion.”

“Perversion? Uh, Daniel, really? It’s sex, it’s a natural part of a sexual relationship,” I say as I shake my head.

“I don’t know. I never thought about it. I mean, screwing is one thing, but oral sex, yeah, I don’t know.”

I look at the guy as I stop. “You mean you’ve never had a hummer either?” I ask.

“Hummer?”

“No, not the vehicle. A blow job!” I laugh.

“No. My sexual experience is limited to that one time in high school in the back

seat of Amber Peterson's old car. And it lasted maybe fifteen minutes. I was scared shitless. She had to help me because I was a fumbling idiot. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. Here she was, Amber Peterson, cheerleader and loose apparently. She drove us to the lookout and parked. Kids went there to park and have sex. I thought I might get lucky. But I was embarrassed, and she was experienced. She shoved the door open and removed her pants, had me remove mine. Then she pulled me on top of her and helped me, well, you know," Daniel says as he turns away, his eyes are watering with embarrassment.

"She helped you find the hole." There, I said it. I walk around so Daniel would make eye contact. The guy is truly green. I can't help feeling sorry for him.

"Yeah, and I wasn't good at it. I fucked the girl, I got off as headlights came at us. I scrambled to pull up my pants all while Amber was pissed I didn't let her come too. I told her to take me home."

I cover my mouth and laugh. "I'm sorry, but I've gotten this story in reverse so many times from girls. It's okay, we all have our first time, but we move on from it. We learn from it. We all fumble in the beginning," I say.

"Yeah, well, Amber told everyone at school what a loser I was."

"She did a number to your psyche didn't she? She's a fucking loser. Loose and full of herself. She should have been kinder. Hell, screw a guy at least twice before deciding he's not worth it," I say as I reach out and squeeze his arm. At least he's smiling at me now.

“I guess. It traumatized me to where I didn’t want to risk it again. I thought I’d just pour into the academics and become a rich nerd, then the chicks would come a like a magnet.” We laugh.

“Oh Daniel. You need to relax and live a little. Seriously, you need to have some experiences and the tiger will come out and women won’t be able to resist you.” I wink at my buddy.

We arrive at the apartments. He’s deep in thought maybe even confused. “Hey, why don’t you clean up and come back over in a bit. I’ll pop a pizza in the oven and we can discuss this more,” I say as I’m backing to my door.

“Okay,” Daniel says as he nods with the same intense thought processing expression on his face.

I grab a quick shower and pull on my comfy cotton shorts and tank top with no bra. I didn’t consider the fact that Daniel would be over again, all that’s on my mind is comfort. As the pizza cooks, someone raps on the door. Racing to it I check to make sure it’s just Daniel and smile as I open the door.

“Pizza in five minutes,” I say as I return to the kitchen to make our sodas for drinks.

“Fresh and hot, just like you like it,” I say as I set the pizza on the coffee table. Daniel smiles as his eyes dance over my body. I blush when I realize he’s looking at chest, the girls are standing at attention. I act as if I didn’t notice it and sit in the chair next to the sofa as we eat the pizza and watch TV.

“Thank you for the dinner. It was good,” Daniel says as we about run into each other carrying the dirty dishes to the kitchen. I’m inches from him and can sense every breath he takes.

“You’re welcome, hon. I’m glad I could make you a happy man,” I say as I pat his belly and walk back into the living room.

He’s on my heels and I take my seat in the chair again, putting my feet on the coffee table. We stay quiet while watching a television show. Daniel keeps sneaking peeks at me, his thoughts moving. I wonder what’s cranking in his mind now. Smiling I turn the TV down and turn to my friend.

“Okay, out with it,” I say.

“What?” Daniel acts like it’s nothing.

“No, no, don’t act like you don’t understand what I’m talking about. What’s on your mind? Out with it,” I say keeping my eyes intent on his.

“It’s just that, well, I’ve been mulling something over in my mind.”

“Duh. Yes, that’s obvious. Come on, Daniel, it’s me. You can tell me anything,” I say.

“Tell you anything. Can I ask you anything?”

“Well sure. What?”

“I mean can I ask you to do something for me? Would you do it?”

I laugh. “More than likely. It depends. I mean I’m not going to murder your stats professor...”

“No,” Daniel says as he laughs. “It’s nothing illegal or bad, I don’t think.”

“Okay then, what is it? Ask me. You won’t know what I’ll say until you ask. And you know the old saying, there’s no harm in asking.” I sound like a chipper rah rah trying to get him to say he’s a good boy or something.

Daniel cut his eyes to me and whatever it is he’s hesitant to say it. “Have you ever done it?”

“What?” My brow lifts as I try to figure out what he’s asking.

“What Monica has done.”

“I’ve never been pregnant…” I chuckle.

“No, not that. The other. You ever done it?”

“Sex? You know I have.”

“No, the oral stuff. You ever done that?”

“Oh, you mean facesitting? Ah, that’s more of a domination thing. I, uh, yeah, I have done it a time or two.” This time I blush as I turn away from the man.

“I thought as much. I was wondering, well, if you’d like to help me?”

I smile at my friend. He’s so painfully shy he has a hard time talking about sex. “How can I help? Explain how it’s done so you can try it out on some chick? OH! You have someone in mind?” I bounce up and down at the revelation.

“Yeah, someone is in mind. Someone whom I trust to teach me how to do this. Someone who already has the experience to help me learn so I don’t make a fool of myself like I did back in high school,” Daniel says.

I blink at the man as my mind races trying to figure who it is. Then it sinks in. My eyes widen as Daniel holds me in his intense stare. “You mean me?” I whisper.

His face stretches into a wide smile. “Yes, if you’re willing?”

I turn away as I consider his proposition. I’ve had sex with good friends before and we remained good friends. Daniel is a good-looking guy and there has been a time or two in the past I’ve considered the possibilities of he and I together. But his shyness and general nose in the books kept the thoughts just passing on through my mind. Now the man is sitting in my apartment asking me to do something with him, to teach him. As much as I feel sorry for the man I know he’s right. Smiling, I stand and advance to him, reaching out with my hand and brush the side of his desperately in need of a shave face. His sincere eyes silently beg me.

“Okay. I’ll do it,” I say.

Daniel jumps up as his eyes dance over me. “Good! What do I need to do?”

“Whoa! Don’t be so technical about it. Sex is more a mind over matter. Let your emotions rule your body, go with the feelings and the physical follows. Like this,” I say as I step up to him and lean in pulling him closer. For the first time, our lips meet. It’s awkward at first, but as I trail my hands over his shoulders and around his back, pressing in, he warms. His mouth, pliable and inviting opens, as our tongues touch and his hands wander over my back. Lack of bra tonight was a good thing. I pull back and offer a smile. “Nice start.”

Daniel smiles as his hands come up but he stops before actually touching me. I nod and straighten my back. Slowly, his hands come to my breasts where he gently squeezes. My eyes close as I moan. “Yes. Now see that elicits a response from my body. You need to prime the female. If you swoop in for the kill before she’s properly primed she won’t do what you want her to do. You prime her by touching her, being gentle, unless she likes rough.” I open my eyes and smile. “Sometimes rough is nice too.”

Daniel swallows, his jaw flexes as he leans in again. His body is taking over as he wants more of me. Our lips meet again and this time his hand goes to the hem of my tank top as he lifts it over my head. I come out and my girls, already free, bob at him as I shimmy my chest stepping closer. He smiles in appreciation as his hands explore my flesh. My head rolls back as his lips come down and kisses my neck and shoulders and trails down to my taut nipples while I moan. My hands lace through his hair, I want more.

I yank at his shirt and he pulls it off, then my eyes go to his shorts. He smiles as he slides out of the pair, tossing it to the side. I come out of my cotton shorts and panties and we stand in front of each other completely naked for the first time. I press in, pulling his body to mine, as I grasp his hard cock and he moans. His hands explore my breasts and wrap about to my back where he squeezes my ass cheeks. I moan as I pull him to the sofa and we sit.

Spreading my legs apart, I bring his hand to my moist slit and run it through the folds. “This is the hot spot. This,” I say as I gently help him insert his fingers into my pussy. “Is party central. This.” I pull his hand back and bring it to my swollen clit. “Is what powers the thing. The clit should be the focal point. When I sit on your face, run your tongue along the slit but put the most focus on the clit. That’s what makes a woman come.”

Daniel nods. “Come,” I say and we go to my bedroom. “Lay down, with your head at the foot.” He obeys, his cock standing at attention. I have plans for that once he’s done with me.

“Now what do I do?”

“I will sit on your face. You can slap my ass or legs if I’m hurting you, but work your tongue over me until I come,” I say as I straddle his face and brace myself at the end of the bed. At first, he fumbles until I adjust myself over him, where his tongue can explore my folds and solid clit. He juts his tongue in and out of my pussy and then up to my clit. Sucking it in, he massages the head, working his lips and tongue over me, as I grind into his face. The room spins as the heat pools in my midsection.

“Uh, Daniel, you’re good at this. I’m going to come, so please don’t stop until I get off, okay?” I grind and moan.

“Uh-huh,” Daniel says through my muff.

The hot fire flashes through my middle as the orgasm grips me and I thrash and grind while yelping. “UH, AH, FUCK!” I rock for a few glorious moments over Daniel’s face as the orgasm wanes. I roll off his face and collapse on the bed while I catch my breath. Daniel stays still and smiling. I toss a towel so he can clean his face as I giggle.

“How did I do?” Daniel asks.

I rise and see his erection at full staff and nod. “Well, I didn’t fake it, dear boy. That’s one of the best facesittings I’ve ever had. You did well. I’ll give you an A plus. Now it’s your turn.”

Daniel’s eyes flash I straddle his legs and bend over his raging solid cock. I arch a brow as I firmly grasp the base and bring my lips down to his stiff pole and lick the pre-cum from the head.

“Mmm.”

“UH,” Daniel lurches forward as his hands come up to my head, his fingers entwining my hair. He holds me to him as I suck the head in and out of my mouth as I run my hand over the base. My other hand cups his sack as I gently massage his balls. Daniel moans as I keep in rhythm with his grinding and bucking. The boy has never had a hummer and after our facesitting lesson, he’s so horny, he’ll lose his load quick as my tongue and lips, suck and lick up and down his hard pole. His cock lengthens and turns deep purple as Daniel bucks and thrashes and moans as his pole shoots hot semen to the back of my throat. I keep with him, running my hand up and down the base as I suck and swallow as fast as I can. He keeps coming, surprising me with how much semen a man can have as I swallow and swallow. Finally, he collapses back and shoves my head away.

“Stop, I’m done,” he says. I sit up and laugh.

“Damn, Daniel. I think you hold the record for the longest come session and the most semen. You about gagged me. So, tell me how was your first experience with facesitting and a blow job?” I ask.

Daniel sits and grabs my hands. “This has been the best experience I’ve ever had. Thank you. I didn’t expect the blow job. But wow. I feel more confident now to do this in the future,” Daniel says.

I smile as I rub circles into his hand with my thumbs. “I’m glad. I’m glad I could help.”

I head to the bathroom and pause before entering. “Would you like to join me in here?” I ask.

Daniel lifts his brow and nods. “Thought you’d never ask.” We shower, as washes my back and I wash his. Our moments are tender. I wonder how this will affect our friendship as we dress. Before he leaves part of me wants him to stay but I hesitate in asking. He turns before he walks out the door and takes me into his arms.

“I love you for doing this for me,” he says as he pulls me to him and we kiss A

kiss that starts gentle and slow, but then it heats up, as we feel the passion bloom between us.

“Maybe you’d like to stay the night?” I ask.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Daniel says as he shuts the door and we head back to my bedroom, hand-in-hand.

THE END

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