



SCARLETT STEELE

A First Time Femdom Female Domination Short Story

FACESITTING

tattoo

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest down to the thighs. She is wearing a white lace bra and a light-colored, possibly beige or cream, blazer that is open. She is sitting on a black office chair. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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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 and a busty young women 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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scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

Facesitting Tattoo

Millie laughed, the evil laugh Rachel and her friends were so familiar with over the past three years in college. Ever since leaving home and being on her own at college, Millie's stretched her independence by changing her appearance to match her moods. She didn't mind being known as wicked and acted upon it with the way she treated the guys she's dated. Her short stature making her look more like a pixie was deceptive. After dying her hair jet black and cutting it short, she wore a plethora of hoop earrings in her left ear and in her right ear one chain that hung from the top of her ear to the lobe. She aimed for shock value and did a good job in shocking others.

"You know how they refer to you, Mill?" Rachel asked. Rachel, her best friend wasn't nearly as mean as her friend, but her reddish auburn hair hung to her shoulders with the tips dyed black, her black eye make-up and dark lipsticks gave her an eerie appearance too.

Millie smirked. "I'm a nice girl. People can't see past my appearance. Screw them, you know that? Fuck anyone who refers to me as anything but fucking nice," Millie said and then she and Rachel burst out laughing.

"Man eater. And you've done well to earn this notorious title." Rachel grinned at her friend.

"Man eater. Why? Just because I give men who end up treating me like dirt their just rewards?" Millie shook her head. The term angered her.

“Really? When a man asks you out and has a legit reason not to follow through with the date, you make them pay with hell when they do. You’ve done this more than once. Jason. Let’s see, his mother had a heart attack, and he had to jet out of town to be with her,” Rachel said.

“I had paid good money for a manicure. I bought a new outfit and was fixing my hair when the jerk called with the news about his mother. Didn’t he know about this before then? The least he could have done was offer to take me with him. I’m always up for a road trip,” Millie said as she lifted her chin.

“Road trip? He literally received the call two minutes before he left to pick you up. Poor guy, he came back and tried to make it up to you,” Rachel said.

“He had a good time. He got off. I got my revenge,” Millie said.

“You practically tied up the man and made him do you. Then you gave him a pity suck and walked away. There’s him, and Ted, Dirk, Artie.”

“Please, stop. Geesh. You make me sound like the black widow or something,” Millie said.

“Black widow, no, you leave your victims alive. But man eater fits you,” Rachel said and laughed.

“At least I don’t let men take advantage of me.”

“More like you take advantage of them. You chew them up and spit them out and leave them in a quivering mess on the side of the road.” Rachel threw her head back and laughed.

Millie stood and adjusted her outfit. All black. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror and smiled. She had a pretty smile, a nice body. Puffing out her chest she noticed the potential, yet she hid behind the facade. Besides, she rather liked her reputation.

Rachel stepped up behind her. “What’s ya looking at? We have a strong girl who often flexes her muscles to be queen of the mountain, no matter who she squashed,” Rachel said.

“I think I need another tattoo,” Millie said as she held out her arm. The tattoo of a dragon coming up from the sea looked as if it came up from her hand. She wanted it like that to show what she’s capable of. She had a dagger down the outside of her right leg, one that ran from her ankle to her knee, with the point at her ankle. On her left shoulder blade, she had a rose tattooed over crossed swords.

Rachel pulled up her left sleeve. “I think you should go for sleeves. Maybe a zombie bearing its teeth?”

Millie scrunched her nose. “No, I don’t want to be covered in tattoos. You realize I have one above my slit, right at the top. I had to have a Brazilian first, and it’s there. It’s a tiny heart, like a tiny heart that popped out of there,” Millie admitted.

“No way! You didn’t tell me about that. When did you get that?”

“I’ve had it for a while. I was dating a guy named Dave. He said that was my love pouch. I got the tat as a joke, but it’s a tat, you know, permanent and all,” Millie said.

“Damn, you got any tit tats?” Rachel asked as she giggled.

“Hmmm,” Millie said as she pulled her shirt open to look at her bouncing cleavage. “I would put a dagger, right here. She pointed to her fleshy mound, just above the nipple. “You know give it enough of a curiosity but one would have to undress me to see it fully.”

“Shit, I want to see the heart,” Rachel said.

“Okay,” Millie said and shrugged her tight leather pants down just low enough to reveal the small heart positioned right above her slit.

“Wow, that’s just awesome. I’ve never had the guts to disrobe for tattoo. You may be a woman, but you certainly have a pair of invisible balls,” Rachel said.

“That’s it! I should have a pair of balls tattooed on my inner thighs. One on each side, right between my legs. That would be wild,” Millie said as the idea took hold. She was in the mood for another tattoo and now she was thinking of getting another one where the sun didn’t shine. She liked having tattoos there for shock value, and certainly that would give it shock.

“You’re a weirdo. Let’s meet up with Tam and Kelly and get drunk and then go get tats. That always helps me decide,” Rachel said with a wink as she grabbed her bag. Millie followed her out the door and they headed to Club Barclay. The women sat around a tiny table downing shots of whiskey and daring each other to hit on men who had dates. It was a wicked thing to do and often caused issues, sometimes fights even.

Tonight, the fights didn’t happen, but the ladies danced with a few men, no one of big interest to Millie. She preferred to stay at the table and drink until she had the nerve to hit the tattoo parlor and request one in a sensitive spot. And she’d had a fresh Brazilian a few days ago anyway. The ideas were flowing.

Kelly piped up suddenly. “I don’t have a tattoo. I’m behind. What should I get and where?” she asked.

“Oh, I know. What about a heart that lands right square between your legs? Like half of it is on each lip, and extends to the crease in the thighs,” Millie said.

“Ewww, why would I do one there? No one would see it,” Kelly said.

“If you get lucky, someone will see it,” Tam said with a chuckle.

“Ignore Millie. She has a heart down there, not like she described to you, but right above it,” Rachel said.

“Then you do it. Add a big ole heart on your lower lips. I want mine on my shoulder blade. Like a Celtic symbol or something,” Kelly said.

“You’re boring. And I already have a heart there. I’m thinking of getting a tat around my asshole though. Something that will make people stop and go hmmm,” Millie said and laughed.

“And the scary thing is she’s serious,” Rachel said.

Millie downed another shot of whiskey and stood. “Putting my money where my mouth is. I’m all heart and flowers down there,” she said and roared with laughter.

“What? What are you going to do?” Rachel said as she and the other two ladies hopped up and followed Rachel out the door.

“What’s that tattoo parlor that’s open all night? Down on Eighth?” Millie asked.

“Inky Dreams?” Rachel asked.

Millie put her two pinkie fingers to her lips and whistled loudly, hailing a cab. When the cabbie slowed, the ladies crammed into the backseat. “Inky Dreams on Eighth,” Millie said.

“You’re seriously getting a tattoo encircling your anus?” Kelly whispered. The cab driver heard it but didn’t act like it shocked him. Millie laughed.

“Of course, I have it all in my mind. It will be great,” Millie said as the cabbie pulled to the curb in front of Inky Dreams.

“I want your best tattoo artist. I have a special request,” Millie said as she lifted her chin to the girl who had an ink gun in her hand as she paused from working on a client.

“Jack, got a customer out here,” she said and regarded Millie before she went back to work.

“And my three friends want tats too,” Millie said. The girl said she was about done, and a Dawn would be out momentarily to help someone as well.

Jack smirked at Millie when he approached as he dried his hands on a towel. “I’m the best here,” he said arrogantly. Millie smiled, she enjoyed bringing arrogant men down a peg or two.

“Good, I want the best because I have a very special request. And this is backroom stuff, nothing you can do out here,” Millie said as she took the lead to the backroom. Jack followed as he frowned at her forwardness. He shut the door, and she pulled off her pants, much to his delight for he lifted his brow. “I’m sure you’ve given tattoos in sensitive spots before?”

“Yep. What do you want?” Jack pulled out his clean tools and laid it on the table then grabbed his pad of paper.

“I want an intricate flower with my asshole being the center.” Millie smiled as she sat her bare ass on the chair.

“An intricate flower,” Jack said as he sketched. He didn’t act shocked over the request, he was there to please the client. He pulled up the drawing and smiled. “Like this?” It was a drawing of a daisy, with petals in all lengths. Millie shook her head in disgust.

“I’m more than a mere daisy,” she said.

Jack's hand glided across the pad and within ten minutes he produced another drawing, this time a chrysanthemum. "This intricate enough?"

Millie grabbed the drawing and studied it. "Mmmm, too tame. I want intricate. My asshole needs to be the center of a beautiful flower, not boring and easy. You're the best, so wow me." She handed the pad back to Jack. He frowned as he set to drawing again and drew for a good twenty minutes before he thrust the pad back into Millie's hands.

"Choices, please choose one," Jack said.

Millie's eyes scanned the page. Her face stretched into a brilliant smile. "That one, what is that? An orchid?" she asked.

"Yes, it is. With a big center. So, this one it is. Lie on your belly please," Jack said. Millie situated herself onto her belly. "I will need you to pooch your ass in the air. This is a difficult area, I may need you to get on your knees even." Millie didn't think twice about it as she folded her knees under her, her bare ass sticking straight out.

"Pen on ass, may tickled," Jack said as he cleaned the area and sketched around her anus. She jumped whenever he got close to the anus, but he focused on the surrounding area, where she wanted the ink. He paused and as he focused on it, probably judging what he'd done. He snapped a pic and showed it to Millie and

she nodded in agreement.

“Do it,” she said and made herself comfortable while on her knees with her ass in the air.

Jack kept pausing as he sketched the orchid. “I told you I love the look, go ahead with the inking, please,” Millie said as she grew impatient. This tattoo would take a while to ink and she wanted the man to work on it swiftly, but he’d pause and stand back. At one point, Millie whipped around and he stepped out of view, turning his back.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she demanded.

He turned back to her. “If you want this to turn out perfect, you can’t rush the perfecting skills of the artist.” Jack took the ink gun and filled in the lines, the orchid coming to life surrounding Millie’s anus. She enjoyed the little pain it gave her, feeling in the mood for some domination. She wanted Jack to finish so she could scout a lucky man to show her orchid.

Jack moved slowly, his hands pulling her cheeks apart, his lips too close as he lightly blew on the freshly inked area. Since when did a tattoo artist need to blow on the inked skin? “What are you doing? Drying the ink?” Millie asked and laughed sarcastically.

“Something like that,” Jack muttered. He acted disinterested in Millie’s assessment of his procedure. “Your skin reacts, I’m seeing what it does when I apply air.”

“Well, use an air gun. Not your fucking mouth. Shit,” Millie said as she laid her head on the pillow. She kept having to adjust herself for the position became uncomfortable.

“Rest your ass on your legs. I can get to it just fine,” Jack said and Millie lowered her tail to the back of her heels and breathed a sigh of relief. But Jack kept pausing from the inking, running his hands over her ass, around her anus, on her cheeks. At one point, he even spread apart her lips, looking at her vagina hole.

“Hey, you’re not inking the va-jay-jay. Just ink the area around the asshole,” she chided.

Jack cleared his throat. He seemed too interested in her ass, too touchy. It made Millie uncomfortable. It was an uncomfortable situation to begin with and for him to pause and touch and make small moans. He did it again. Millie bent her head around.

“I tell you what, Jack. If you don’t stop fondling my ass, I’ll pay you with it instead with the cold hard cash I have with me.” Millie stared daggers at the man, but he didn’t meet with her eyes. Instead he kept his focus on her ass, his hands caressing her, touching her while viewing it in different lighting.

“I’m making sure it looks good in all lights.” Jack said.

“Who the fuck cares? It’s not like I will walk around in public showing off your artwork. It will probably be in dim rooms and under the duress of alcohol that anyone else besides you sees it.” Millie chuckled. But the man kept at it. “You’ve been warned, Jack.”

Millie sighed greatly when Jack announced he was finished. She gingerly righted herself and stood glaring at the man. He snapped a photo of it and she was happy but her mind had other ideas now. “Jack, dear, you did a great job. But I want to pay you with my ass, since you seemed so interested in it,” Millie said. “I warned you.”

Jack was amused as his brow lifted. “Okay, what did you have in mind?”

“Well, all the pain inflicted on my ass was foreplay. I enjoy a little domination. Your hands caressing my anus that turned me on and I want to have some fun with you. Are you game for payment like this?” Millie asked.

“I can have your ass instead of you paying me cash?” Jack asked.

“Yes, my ass as payment, but it must be my way,” Millie said as she lifted her chin.

Jack came out of his pants fast, his cock standing straight out. “Bend over the chair,” he said. Millie shook her head and backed up.

“No, my way. I need to blindfold for you, and handcuffs. I enjoy dominating. I’ll give you my ass if you let me do it this way,” Millie said.

Jack was happy to comply, and he had handcuffs and allowed her to handcuff his hands to the bottom of the chair. Millie had the man lie on his back as she lowered the chair. “Easier access for me,” she said with a wicked grin. After tying the blindfold around Jack’s head and hiding his eyes, he grinned.

“Okay, I will climb on and give you my ass. I’ll only get off once the orgasm happens.”

“Fuck yeah. I’m ready. Give me your ass,” Jack said as he kept the grin on his face, his cock stood up long and hard. Millie regarded it and smirked as she brought her body to Jack’s head and sat down, right on his face.

“Here’s my ass, up close and personal. It’s yours. Now, make me come and I’ll get off your face,” Millie said as she ground her pelvis over Jack’s face, feeling his mouth moving, his nose in her moist hole. The man moved his tongue in and around the soft folds as Millie rocked and lifted her ass up and down over Jack’s face. She enjoyed his goatee tickling her clit and then she needed relief as she

adjusted her ass where Jack's mouth and tongue reached it, gliding over it and under the hood, making her squirm. She held onto the sides of the chair, her mind and body swimming in the abyss of pleasure to which she was about to plunge. She didn't hear Jack's pleas for her to get up, instead it made her grind harder. He stopped trying to move his mouth, and she moved her ass over his face. "Take my ass. You wanted it, here it is. UH! FUCK ME!" Millie came as all the pent-up frustrations over the ass caresses and attention Jack paid to her flooded over her. She ground and moved until her pelvis stopped shuddering and then she stood.

Jack coughed and sputtered, but his eyes took in Millie as he grinned. Now, that was what I call pay. Can you give me a tip now? Jack asked.

Millie grinned as she twirled the handcuff key on her finger. "What sort of tip did you have in mind?"

"How about I fertilize that orchid?"

Millie unlocked the man as she grinned. Before she realized what was happening, Jack landed on her lips, the taste of her pussy and ass fresh on his breath. He flipped her around and prodded her ass, quick and hard, shoving in and taking his tip without an invitation. Millie didn't mind, she still felt the euphoria from the orgasm and came again with Jack as he flooded her freshly inked orchid with his hot cum.

THE END

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