



SCARLETT STEELE

FEMDOM PUNISHMENT WORLD

A SERIES OF FACESITTING FEMALE DOMINATION AND
MALE HUMILIATION SHORT STORIES **BOOK 5**

FULFILLING HIS
FEMDOM
BUCKET LIST IN AN AFTERNOON OF
FACESITTING
AND PUBLIC HUMILIATION



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Fulfilling His Femdom Bucket List In An Afternoon Of Facesitting and Public Humiliation

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Fulfilling His Femdom Bucket List In An Afternoon Of Facesitting and Public Humiliation

Jeff remembered his bucket list and he pulled it out. He had done quite well for 25, and as he went down the list, he remembered some of the experiences fondly. This list, you see, was a venerable sexual to-do list, a list of things he had always wanted to try, and he thought it best to try these things when he was still young and virile enough to pull some of them off. He was also incredibly handsome, tall, and had a decent package between his legs, so he felt like it was now or never.

He perused his list a little bit, getting a little excited. Looking around his apartment, a tiny, dark walkup in downtown Chicago, he had a pretty good life. Jeffrey was a marketing man, a junior executive at a gaming company, and as cliché as this sounds, it really was his dream job. He didn't have the ability to design games, and he had long since made peace with this. But marketing games, and playing them, was certainly his thing. He had found his place, his niche, and he absolutely loved it.

An item on the list brought back particularly fond memories for Jeffrey. It read,

simply, BBW. He knew what this abbreviation stood for, as did anybody even vaguely familiar with erotica, and the idea of the slightly lanky 25-year-old bedding a larger framed woman was exciting for him, but he had never done this before. He had no attraction to bigger women, but he had made up his mind to try everything, anything at least once. This was on his list and he had made sure that he was going to do it. He did need to psyche himself up though.

Finding a woman who would do it with him was easy enough, though. There were plenty of young, bigger women around, and they were confident in themselves for the most part. There were a few of these women who were so confident in fact, that they wouldn't sleep with Jeff, just because he offered them, just because he showed a little bit of interest. But then there were the stragglers, the not so confident, and the weak. These women would be vulnerable to his advances, but they would not be as much fun, he thought.

It had to be a little bit of a challenge, like dropping the walls of Jericho. It had to be worth it!

"Rachel," he said, looking at the girl whose Facebook profile he had literally stalked for the last two weeks. Rachel was a friend of a colleague, and she actually worked in the same building as Jeffrey. She worked the reception downstairs, and Jeff had seen her a million times before, but never took any notice of her. Now, though, with his list clearly written out, she was as good a target as any.

"Yes?" she said, looking at him with faint recognition. She too had seen him many times, not really taking notice of him, because while his height appealed to him, he was really thinner than the guys she was usually attracted to.

But now, Jeffrey had stalked her to this restaurant-she thankfully tagged herself

into every place she ate-and he was standing right in front of her, already having initiated a conversation, and already having called her by name. She was searching her head though, for a time when she had spoken to him before, a time when she had given this man her name, but she really could think of nothing.

She knew she knew him from the office, but he was just another face in the gaming machine, and he was cocky, arrogant. She knew that he was, and so this also kept her from even looking at him twice. He was handsome though, and the other two girls at the reception were enamored. Again Rachel just looked at him, asking with her eyes the question she felt was unnecessary to come out of her mouth.

“You’re probably wondering why I know your name, how I know your name, and the truth is, I’ve been stalking you...” he confessed, a clear part of his strategy.

“Why?” she asked, curious but confused.

“Isn’t it obvious?” he said, trying to sound confident, really making up his play as he went along. He hadn’t even thought of telling her that he had been stalking her, which is just what he did, but he found it coming out of his mouth before he could stop himself. It was actually the lack of a clear strategy that led to this full confession.

“Is it?” she asked, and he stepped in a little closer. He wanted to establish some sort of connection, just to see if he was getting anywhere with his game. The way she answered him though, let him know that absolutely no progress was being made.

“Look, I’ve watched you many times, from the corner of my eye, as I passed you in reception. But you never took any notice of me, and so I just shrunk into the background. So, I started to stalk you, on Facebook, and I knew that you were here, and I was just around the corner. So I came in, hoping that you’d be alone. Am I right? Are you alone?” he was being totally honest, for very dishonest reasons, but he knew that at least he would be able to lean on this honesty after things go south.

He would sleep with her once, and then he would need a crutch, an out, an escape. He decided even before he knew that she would agree to sleep with him that he would say that he felt bad about stalking her, and that he felt that it wasn’t a way to start anything meaningful, and that he needed to create the separation of time until he felt the timing was right to approach her properly. There was a lot of thinking that went into this, but he was a man on a mission, and there was nothing that was going to stop him!

“And now, now that I’m here, alone for all intents and purposes, now what? Do you bash me over the head and drag me back to your lair? Although, I don’t think you have the upper body strength to do said dragging!” she said, almost sarcastically, but knowing that he really wouldn’t be able to carry her.

“You could come back willingly... Or we could go back to your place?” Jeffrey said, hoping that his total lack of strategy actually worked.

“My place, and we never talk about this again. I’m not looking to start anything serious right now, but I could certainly get laid, if you’re up to just getting laid,” she said, disarming him completely. What she just said caught him by such surprise, that he didn’t finish his drink, and was being led out of the restaurant by the woman he had come in her to conquer.

Jeffrey felt like he had been conquered, and he knew that he would have to step up his fucking game if he was to leave this liaison feeling like the man he thought he was. He reminded himself that he had never been with a bigger woman before, and so he really had no frame of reference, and he had absolutely no approach. He knew that he would need to make this work though, because he had already agreed to go back to her place, and it seemed that the tables were turned. She would be in control, having him in her lair, on her terms.

Panic was definitely a word that came to mind that perfectly described how Jeffrey was feeling right there.

Her apartment was bigger than his, much. It was a two bedroom in a midtown high-rise, and he was actually glad that they decided to come back here. Although, he really had no choice in the matter. He was sweaty when they walked inside, and she gave him the tour. This seemed unnecessary, because they had established back at the restaurant what this was going to be. Still, it gave him time to process this situation, and to get his head in the game. By the time they got back to the living room, he was as ready as he was ever going to be.

She didn't wait for him to undress her, slipping out of her dress herself. There was a moment that he really thought he might back out, but then he shook his shoulders, and took off his own shirt. He got completely naked before she did, and she slowed down when she was left with just her underwear, looking at his cock, which he was very happy with, because at least he knew that she knew that it was more than up to it. He was more than up to it!

They had sex for hours, Jeffrey learning that women's bodies really worked the same way, no matter the size. He learned that once you got your bearings, the responses were pretty much the same, standard fair. He also learned, unequivocally, that he was not attracted to big beautiful women. This really had nothing to do with the women themselves, though. It was just a personal preference, and he didn't feel bad about it. He just knew that this was a once off,

and he would not do this again. It was just, let's just say, too much work.

It was way too much work!

There was an item further down the list that he did do often though. He couldn't get enough of this particular item, and he did it as often as he could, as often as the women he was with allowed. It was sex in public, and he did it everywhere. There was no place that was sacred, no place off limits. Elevators, parks, dressing rooms in clothing stores, everywhere. It was fun, it was a real rush, and with the women he fucked in these places being so much fun too, this was just way better than anything he had experienced before.

He loved the intimacy of sex in the privacy of his home, or theirs, but something about the rush of this public, these extreme displays of public affection, that really got him off. He was so drawn into this world of public fucking that he thought, for a moment, that he might just do this forever. Fortunately though, he was sensible enough not to get caught, and he was also sensible enough to know that he needed to keep his cock in his pants in public, mostly. It really was a fine balancing act, and this was an act that he got just right.

The next item on the list was an interesting one. It was a foursome. Not a threesome, but a foursome. He wanted to sleep with three women at the same time, and he knew that he would make this happen. How this would happen was still a little bit beyond him for the moment, but he knew that he would get this to happen soon. He started to think of the possibilities, started to think of how he would make this happen, and fast. He had a time frame for these bucket list items, and so once he decided on an item, the clock really was ticking!

The next day, Jeffrey decided that it really was now or never. He decided that he would approach a few girls on the street, because that was the best way that he

thought he would find suitable girls who will meet his requirements. There was something almost vulnerable about girls on the street, provided of course you chose the right girls. Jeffrey had a knack for choosing well, except for the purpose currently in his head. He really didn't know how to approach girls with the offer of a four way!

He knew, of course, that he could get a couple of prostitutes, but this was not on his list. He knew that he never had to pay for sex, not yet anyway. For the moment, he knew he was sexy enough to get pussy, and lots of it. Just not at the same time. This was a bit of a conundrum. All because he had just not done this sort of thing before. He can't even remember why it was on his list. But there it was, written in his handwriting. So he knew that it was obviously something that he wanted to do!

"Hey," he said, to a girl who looked like she just stepped off the cover of Goth Weekly. She was pretty too, but under all the makeup, she was probably prettier. Her plainness was her most attractive feature, but it was obviously the reason behind all the makeup. She was tired of being ignored, for being so boringly plain. She did look like she might go for this sort of thing though, and maybe, Jeffrey thought, maybe she would have friends who would like to join them. He really hoped that this was the case, and he looked at her trying to say all the things he had in mind with just his eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked, popping the gum in her mouth loudly. She seemed immediately disinterested, and his masculinity came into play almost immediately. There was something about a challenge that piqued his interest, always. There was something about a woman saying no initially that got him hard, and he wanted her more in that moment. But the look in her eyes was cold, not present, so he thought that she was either a very cold girl, or a lesbian.

Which made her hotter!

“I really want to fuck you...” he said, thinking that this was no time to be shy. He wasn’t really, shy that is, and he always just blurted out what he wanted to say without thinking. Even when he sugarcoated his words, this was a strategic move on his part, and there was always a reward at the end of it. He was after a reward now too, but this reward had nothing to do with a date, or dinner, or even drinks. He just wanted three women to screw at the same time, and he was on a mission to get this group together as quickly as possible.

“With that smooth approach, you must see a lot of action!” she said, looking at him with such a condescending look that he knew that this wasn’t going to happen.

“Can’t blame a guy for trying,” Jeffrey said, and he saluted her and left her to her gum. She popped it twice while still in earshot of Jeffrey, and he smiled, wondering if she would have chewed and popped during sex.

The next few targets were equally unsuccessful. The women were beautiful, some of them not so much, but he was really getting desperate. Desperation didn’t look good on him though, so he turned into a hot dog stand and ordered a large dog with all the trimmings. He wished that he could order a Jack with the coke but that was just not possible.

As he sat on a bench near the park, chewing on his dog, he scanned the periphery. Looking at the women in the street, they looked just a little bit out of his league. And then he turned towards the park behind him, checking out some of the women there. Most of them were in couples, typical for a Saturday morning, but there were a few huddled in groups, mostly joggers.

He saw three women stretching near the fountain towards the center of the park. He saw that they were laughing, and he stood up, taking the final bites of his dog, slurping down the last bit of coke. As he walked into the park, tossing the wrapper and cup in the bin near the entrance, he shrugged his shoulders, shaking them like a boxer, who was about to get in the ring. Jeffrey took several deep breaths as he approached the three brunettes who really looked like they were about to take off.

“Ladies,” he said, immediately regretting his forwardness as soon as the three females turned towards him. They were the kind of women that he would never think of approaching, on any given day. They were hot, they had beautiful bodies. But they also exuded that something that just let you know that they had money. Many women would fall for Jeffrey, and many did. But not rich women. Rich women were so far out of his league that he never even tried. He learned this the hard way early in his life, and he vowed never to learn that lesson again.

Whatever he thought about women on the street was suddenly shifting. He had thought that they would be easy, thought that there would be at least a few women on his list by now. But there weren’t, and this was because most of the women out in Chicago this morning were just out of his reach. He couldn’t explain to himself how this happened though, but it was. There were just no easy girls out today, not a single, solitary one. It was really incredibly frustrating. Terribly, painfully so!

“Yes,” said one of the females, a beautiful, lithe creature with the appearance of a goddess. She really looked like Athena, if Athena was a real person, and if she wore an expensive track pants and went jogging in a park in Chicago.

“Sorry, do any of you have the time?” Jeffrey asked, hiding his watch under his sleeve, and not wanting them to see that he actually had a large watch on his wrist. He knew though that he had been caught out.

Fortunately for him though, the woman who was engaging him was clever enough to know that Jeffrey was in fact himself clever enough to know that they were way out of his league. So, she looked at the delicate watch on her own wrist and said casually, "It's a quarter after..." She left it at that, and then turned back into her friends and giggled. Jeffrey knew that they were, of course, giggling at him.

He looked around the park, at least the parts of it that he could see, and he was really a little more serious about his search. Jeffrey knew that he had to stay within the confines of what was possible, for him at least, and he started to isolate more suitable victims. He spotted a girl near one of the smaller water fountains on the periphery, and he started to make his way towards her. She was perfectly in his league, he thought.

"Hello," he said, looking at her directly, his eyes curious and lusty all at once. This was a look he had mastered in his short life. This was because he knew his 'come to bed' gaze was a gaze he would need for just such situations, and there have been many such situations in his life.

"Hi," the girl said, sounding more casual and confident than he had expected.

He thought of a million lies that could have followed his look, a million lines that he could have followed through with, but instead he just said, "I'm Jeff," and waited for her to respond. Her casual "Hello Jeff," also caught him off guard. What the hell was going on today, Jeff thought, thinking of all the resistance that he was being met with? Or maybe it wasn't resistance, he thought. Maybe he was just anxious, and therefore maybe he was just a little more sensitive than he usually was.

After a minute, she said “I’m Heather,” and he felt a little more relaxed. At least she was giving a little. They proceeded to engage in light conversation that wasn’t really going anywhere, but this was not the point. It wasn’t meant to have any direction, just setting the foundation for what he wanted to ask her. He knew that he wasn’t going to ask her outright to be a part of a foursome. She just didn’t come across as that type of girl. He would ask her out though, and hopefully take it from there.

Although, where there was, was still not clear!

There was a moment that they stared at each other, and then they stood in a little bit of silence, gaging each other just to be sure what was going on, just to be sure what the next move should be on either of their parts. Heather waited for Jeffrey to speak, which was only logical, but Jeffrey was also waiting for Heather to give him some sort of indication as to what he was allowed to say. Then he just went for it, thinking that there was, in any a case nothing to lose.

“I don’t usually do this, but I really can’t help it. Would you like to go out for a drink, dinner maybe?” Jeffrey asked, knowing that this was a lie of course, but needing to set in motion the wheels of what he wanted to happen.

“You don’t usually do this, huh?” Heather asked, looking like she didn’t believe a word that was coming out of Jeffrey’s mouth.

“Okay, let me try this again,” Jeffrey said, and then he paused. His pause was just long enough to allow Heather to interject.

“Don’t try anything. You’re cute, and a drink sounds great. Wednesday?” she

asked, calling the one day of the week that seemed least likely for a date, even if it was just drinks. But if Wednesday was all he was going to get, the Wednesday it was. This just put a little bit of pressure on him to gather the other two women that he was going to use to complete his foursome. He needed to make it happen fast, and since it was Saturday morning, this meant that he had four days to pull this plan together. His plan was simple enough too, when it had finally settled in his head, and he knew that there was no other way for this to happen.

What Jeffrey would do was to get the three women in the same place, probably his local pub. Then he would, when in this comfortable space, let them know, gradually, that they were all there together, and that he wanted them all, at the same time. He knew that this was a gamble, and he knew that it might pay off. But he also knew that it might not, and this would be a problem for him, because he really wanted this to happen.

“Wednesday is good,” he said, and then he pulled her hand and wrote his number on it. Then he wrote her number on his hand, and smiled, walking back smiling. He didn’t take his eyes off Heather for a second, not even when he bumped into a bin. He just recovered quite quickly and continued until he was near the entrance to the park. Heather had turned back away from him though, and she just continued with her jog. She seemed uninterested, which worried Jeffrey a little.

But at least they had exchanged numbers. And if nothing else, Jeffrey knew that he had given her the right number! He would, of course, test it, later, after enough time had passed...

He got home and immediately went online. He chose a popular dating service, something he had never done before, and set up a quick profile. Jeffrey had no real experience doing this, and so it was a bit of a gamble. It was really a case of touch is a move, and every time he typed, everything he typed, he had to retype, and then delete and retype. To say that it was a case of trial and error was an

understatement, but this was just the way it was.

Jeffrey chose a suitable username, and then set up his profile. All his statistics were easy enough, because they were the truth. There was no need to lie or to compound any of these stats, because the truth just was what it was. His height, his weight, eye color, hair color, skin color, and other basics about his appearance were standard, and there was no need for him to lie. But then there was the bio and other stuff that was too easily embellished, and he had to think a little. He was a lot of things, but one thing he definitely wasn't, was creative.

After he was satisfied with his profile, he went live, then he started to look for prospects. There were hundreds, if not thousands of women online, of various shapes and sizes. The interests that they had were varied, and their profiles were as varied as their appearances. It really was a maze, a free for all, but there were fortunately filters that allowed him to almost design the women he wanted himself. He literally did that, putting together various attributes, height, weight, hair color, even eye color, and this significantly narrowed down the search.

"Jeffrey, my man, what's up?" Bradly said into the phone, when Jeffrey finally answered him.

"What's up Brad?" Jeffrey said, slightly irritated because he was really getting into his search. He had narrowed it down to twelve women, and he was about to initiate contact. But now Brad had interrupted him, and he knew that this was not going to end with Jeffrey still in his apartment. He had to sort out this plan quickly, but only once he had finished his phone call, and made the arrangements that he knew that Brad wanted to make.

"The club, tonight?" Brad said, and Jeffrey knew that he had no choice but to agree. He was always Brad's wingman, because he was better looking, and also

he had the gift of the gab. Jeffrey was able to talk, and he was able to get Brad laid, even when he didn't want to be. So Jeff knew that Brad was in the mood for some pussy, and he was going to make it happen for him, tonight.

"Sure thing, let's meet there at around ten..." Jeffrey said, wanting the conversation to end really quickly, and knowing that he too was sort of kind of in the mood and he could also do with a warm, wet place to put his cock in tonight.

He returned to his online activities immediately!

'Hello', he typed, twelve times, and then he waited. There was no response for about ten minutes, from any of the twelve women that he had isolated. There was a moment's apprehension on his part, the nerves taking him over a little, and he was feeling a little bit lost. There was just something about the rejection of the online space that bothered him, incredibly. This was because he knew that his profile has been view by all of the women, but none of them had responded to him yet.

Jeffrey went through his profile again, wanting to see what he said exactly, not sure if he had presented himself in the best possible light. There was nothing wrong with what he had said, nothing untrue. He wondered what it was about his profile, then, that was unappealing. Then he realized that he had not put up a profile pic, and this was probably why he wasn't getting the responses he expected. He had thought of this when he looked at the picture block, but thought against it.

There were too many people online and he just didn't want to be exposed as an online predator, which of course he wasn't, but still, you couldn't be sure what other people thought of you if you explored the online space.

Yes, Jeffrey was young, and it was all but allowed that he would explore this space, especially with the culture of quick hookups and the fact that people really didn't have time to meet each other in the real world-or rather, they were too lazy to-online really was the go to space for this.

He debated it for a minute, looking at his watch, knowing that he still had time before he had to meet his buddy at the club, and then he decided that he would put up a picture, just for a little while. Then, after he had got his appropriate response, he would take the picture down again. This was, after all, the only thing that would associate him with the online profile. It really was quite an intimidating space, for Jeffrey, at least, truth be told. But intimidation was something that he could handle, quite easily!

After his pic went up, a quick selfie that he took on the spot just so that he would present himself exactly as he was, minus the Photoshop and photo doctoring that went into most of the pics he saw online so far, just because he really didn't want the drama of having to explain why he didn't look like he looked in his pic. There was the real possibility of a meeting too, now, because as soon as the pic went up, he started to get responses. They were tentative, but they were responses all the same.

'Hello,' some responses said, and some were just a simple 'How's it', and then he knew that he was in. The engagement had officially began, and he cracked his fingers, and settled into the game of online cat and mouse that the internet was. He knew what was up, knew the pros and cons of the space he was now playing in, and he was ready for anything. What he feared still was rejection, but this rejection was somehow easier to swallow online, he thought. At least he tried to convince himself of this, and so he took up the challenge and just went with it.

After twenty minutes he had sifted them down to four. To say that he had sifted

them though is a bit of an over-exaggeration, because it was the women who sort of lost interest in the conversation. Jeffrey was an excellent conversationalist in the real world, but online he was a little bit unsure of himself. No less confident, but he was just unsure of the best approach to make. There was just something about online engagements that wasn't emails that was, in a word, uncomfortable for him. It just didn't feel right, and halfway through one of his conversations, he realized why.

Jeffrey's confidence comes from knowing that he has a wicked look in his eyes, a wickedness that was only clear in person. He had little things, little kinks that weren't really kinks, but rather little jewels that made him more charming, but only in person. He knew this, and he used this, well. There was no way of communicating this online, and that was the root of his discomfort. But he was on a mission, and one thing about a man on a mission, especially Jeffrey, was that he always accomplished his missions. He was just that guy!

Carefree121 appealed to him the most, out of the thinned out list. She was young, 22, brunette, beautiful, according to her avatar, and she was sporty. But her sportiness isn't what was attractive for Jeffrey. It was the little hints that the woman threw into her bio, the little pointers in her profile that made him think that she might just be open to the possibility of group sex. He read her profile again, just to make sure that he was not just seeing the things that he wanted to see.

She said that she was open-minded. This could of course have meant any number of things, but he needed it to mean one thing and so he focused on just that. She also said that she was adventurous, which piqued Jeffrey's interest even more. She mentioned nowhere in her profile that she was into adventure sports, so she was obviously alluding to something else. Again, he just made it mean what he needed it to mean in his head, and he went with just that.

The one thing though, that appealed to him the most was the fact that she said

that she would try anything once!

He was engaging with her and only her now. Jeffrey really wanted to just ask her out immediately, to tick off his second conquest off his list. He didn't though, because he knew the protocols of the online space, protocols that really were designed to protect the parties involved. But there is a carelessness that also comes with online dating, and this carelessness is what makes it fun, sort of. There was just something about throwing caution to the wind that was not only appealing, but also very, very attractive. You found yourself drawn to it, like a moth to a flame.

'You're really funny,' she said, or rather typed, and this led to another conversation. The strings of conversation really seemed to fall into each other, and Jeffrey was starting to think that in another world, on another plane, he might actually like this woman. But he really was after one thing now, and he had to stay focused. He needed to know if she would meet with him, and he needed to know this now. So he just went for it, and decided that there was no time to waste. If she said no, he would move on to the next person. There were, at least, thousands of women available online, in his locale, ripe for the pickings.

There was, of course the possibility that he might need to lower his standards, and choose from the women who were less attractive than the others. But he was not there yet. He was still playing within his league, and he knew that there was another possibility, the possibility that one of the women in his league would agree to meet him. He still wasn't sure if he should tell them that he wanted group sex, and so he didn't. This was something that he would reserve for the night of the meet!

'Drinks, Wednesday?' he typed, and waited. He was anxious, but not too anxious just because of the vastness of the pool. He didn't even have to wait long though, because about five seconds after he typed his request, he saw that she was typing. And the affirmative answer that he got really got him thinking that this

really was the easiest way to get laid. And it was, but still, he thought of what he actually wanted, knowing that there was still the possibility of rejection.

Dammit he should have just been open with the women, with Heather, and now with Carefree121, whose name was Rita, or so she said, and just let them know what he wanted. It was too late now though, and he had a date with two of them, for Wednesday, and it was going to be, to say the least, interesting. It was either going to go very good, or very bad. No prize, for guessing what outcome he desired most.

Jeffrey checked his watch, and watched a movie and had dinner before he got ready and met Brad at the club!

At the club Jeffrey was quick at the bar. Brad wasn't there yet, but this was okay. He was used to his friend's lack of consideration, his friend's complete disregard for time and other people, and so he just settled into a stool at the bar and ordered himself his first drink.

He watched the scene develop quite quickly. It was just after ten, but instead of the patrons trickling in slowly, until maximum capacity is reached at around midnight, which was the case on Thursdays and Fridays, Saturdays were really the one night that everyone seemed to be sure of what they were doing, clubbing being top of their list of things to do.

Jeffrey saw Brad at around 11:10, standing near the clubs entrance, talking to the two bouncers and sort of trying to communicate with three females standing near the bouncers. It was obvious that the women were keen on these burly men, muscled all the way up to their necks, and Brad really looked like the third wheel on the dating wagon, which is what he always was unless he had Jeffrey next to him.

He watched this though, watched his friend shuffle from foot to foot, becoming increasingly less comfortable. Jeff wanted to see how long Bradley would punish himself before he came into the club and looked for him. It took Brad twenty full minutes before he realized that he was certainly getting nowhere on his own.

“Looking good Brad,” he said, when his friend was finally standing in front of him.

“Thanks bro,” Brad said, rubbing down his shirt, and brushing imaginary lint from the front of his jeans.

“The ocean is full tonight,” Jeffrey continued, making reference to the many beautiful women in the club tonight.

It really was quite a nice mix in the club tonight. There were couples yeas, all there in groups of four and six. These were immediately dismissed in Jeffrey’s mind, because there was no need to disrupt established relationships. There were too many single females in the space, so there was no need to want what was not yours. And the single women seemed to group themselves in such a way that it was obvious that they were available.

They were in groups of their own, all off numbers. Three, five and some groups of seven. These women had a look on their faces that let anyone who looked at them know that they were open to a number of things, but also that they would be very selective about who they would be agreeable too. They were open to being offered drinks, and to have these drinks bought for them. They were open to being asked to dance, and they might just dance with whoever was asking.

They might even be open to being felt up on the dance floor, some to being kissed in dark corners. But not a single one of them seemed ready to leave, it being too early in the night to even think about this end of night ritual, and so all the single men in the club knew that this was going to be a night where they would have to play their cards very well.

“Damn straight. And my rod is ready for the fishing,” Bradley responded, which was of course an indication as to why Brad needed a wingman. He had a strange way with words. Actually, he had no way with words, and so it was important that he had a buffer-in the form of Jeff-to create the necessary filters that would at least give the strange little man a chance.

And Brad really was a little man.

His diminutive height made him look, if you were looking at him from the back, thirteen, or fourteen at a stretch. He was skinny, as skinny as Jeffrey but Jeff had the benefit of height on his side. When you looked at him from the front though, it was clear that he was in his twenties, the stubble on his face an indication of this. Brad tried to trim his beard neatly, connecting his sideburns to the stubble on his chin, and then connecting this to the stubble above his upper lip. He did this unsuccessfully though, which gave him the appearance of an unkempt artist.

He also dressed too neatly for his face, if there ever was such a thing. There obviously was, because Brad got this just right. He looked too put together, like someone who focused too much on his dress, neglecting his face. But he was clean, and he smelled good, and so there was always hope. With Jeffrey, there was certainly always hope, even for someone whose appearance was as confused as Brad's. He did have one thing going for him though.

Bradley was possessed of a massive cock. Again, like most of him, this seemed to be so out of place that the first time Jeffrey saw his friends' cock, he had to look, really look, wondering what the fuck a cock like that was doing on a twelve year old. They were in the gym, and this was actually the first time that Brad and Jeff had met, about three years earlier. After they had worked out, both of them doing weights which were obviously not doing much for their physique, Brad got undressed in the shower room and walked under the shower.

He turned, asking Jeff to toss him his shower gel, and there it was, hanging low between his legs. Not hard, not a hint of an erection, but hanging thick and low. It was easily ten inches, maybe even twelve, and Jeff was both impressed and embarrassed. He had a decent cock too, but he knew that his cock was ten inches on a good day, and hard. Otherwise it was eight or nine flaccid inches. He couldn't hide the fact that he thought this cock was strangely out of place, and Brad knew this. He pulled on his cock and said, simply, "I got it from my dad."

Brad left it at that, and so Jeff knew that there was hope for his friend, provided he got a woman naked and had a chance to prove his metal. Unfortunately this massive dick couldn't be Brad's business card, because he couldn't go around showing women his cock before he had laid the foundation. And this is where Jeffrey came in.

Jeffrey didn't mind too, as long as once Brad was in, he was on his own. Brad had suggested many times that they have a group session, with two females, but Jeff's ego didn't allow him to do this. There was really a huge difference between seeing a guy with a bigger cock than yours in the gym, and being faced with this same man in the presence of pussy. Women might say that size didn't matter. To men though, it really did. Men had to know that they were the only one with the goods to get the job done in the privacy of their own bedrooms.

"She's nice," Bradley said, looking at a sexy, short, African American female in the company of four white women.

“She is,” Jeff said, a vague sense of recognition. He knew this woman, but he was still not sure from where. Then it hit him.

Jeff had a section in his cellphone dedicated to overenthusiastic women he had come across in the past, women he had found attractive, but who just seemed a little too eager. He couldn't remember the details of when or where he had met her, or who she was with, but her face, her eyes, let him know that this was the same woman, no doubt. He knew that he could get his friend between her thighs, and this filled him with a sense of relief.

They had a few more drinks, watching these women drink their own drinks, and watching them on the dancefloor. Two of the women were quickly whisked away by men who looked like they were from out of town, and this brought the number down to three. Jeff established eye contact with one of the three left, and then made contact with the woman he had had an encounter with before. Her name was Leah, and he kept scrolling in his phone, looking at her number, thinking that he might himself take her home tonight.

But then he looked at Brad, and realized that firstly, she would not be interested in him anymore because he had rejected her before, not calling her when he said he would, and secondly, Brad would be better equipped at giving her exactly what she wanted. She came across as a bit of a nymph, and Jeffrey knew that even though he had decent enough meat, Brad's meat was just better. He slowly approached these three women, selecting one, and thinking of how he can connect the two people who needed to be connected.

“Leah, hello,” he said, almost shouting over the music.

“Jeff,” she said, dismissing him immediately. She was obviously slighted, and she was not up to being a second choice to a man she once thought was sexy. She still thought he was sexy, but now, as women have the habit of doing, she had an idea, a way of getting back at Jeff without being too obvious. She threw her eyes at Brad, and then looked back into her friends, pulling them closer and whispering in their ears. Then she turned again and looked at Brad, who was standing awkwardly behind Jeff.

“Do you guys want to join us?” Jeff asked, and then he watched as Leah turned into her friends again, and whispered once more in their ears. Then she turned back to Jeff, looked at him for just a moment, and then threw her eyes again at Brad.

“Who’s your friend?” Leah asked, and Jeff knew the game she was playing. What he didn’t realize was that this game would end quickly, and end very badly for him

After he introduced Brad to the three women, he was suddenly in the shadows. Brad was suddenly the center of attention, and in less than a half hour, Brad was being led out of the club by not one, not two, but all three of the women.

Jeffrey kicked himself, hard. He hated that he neglected to see the possibilities that Leah presented the first time he met her, and now he had no choice but to watch as his friend, the diminutive Brad, was about to have an experience that was on his bucket list. Brad had probably never even thought of this, never even thought that this was possible for him. But now it was, and Jeffrey knew that he was going to kill it.

There was nothing that he could do about it. But it planted a seed in him, and he sat in a booth in the corner of the club, armed with a drink and his cellphone. He

looked through the list of rejected females, and after he finished his drink, he left the club, too early, knowing just what he needed to do. The third woman would come from this list, and he just had to make sure that he chose well. He got home and threw himself on the couch. In two hours he had narrowed down this list to three women.

Sunday morning he texted the three women, not really caring which one of them responded. He knew that once he had one of them, then his own magical three would be complete. But there was still the matter of letting them know that he wanted them all at once, and this was a point of much anxiety for him. But he knew that if they agreed, he would be able to tick off this item from his bucket list. Jeff hated the fact that Brad was the first to have done this though, and he waited for the call he knew was coming, the blow by blow account of what he thought he would be the first to do.

At least, though, this would give him some ideas on how to approach this ménage, and by 12 noon, the call from Brad had come, and he had set up a date with Nina, adding her to Rita and Heather, and knowing now that he had to structure his approach so that he got exactly what he wanted!

Wednesday seemed a distant day in the future on Sunday, and Monday. Come Tuesday, though, Jeffrey was feeling the nerves. He thought of the individual women, and he knew that he could handle them as individuals. He didn't want them alone though, and he started to practice his approach in the mirror. It felt strange talking to himself, and it felt even stranger whenever he asked the burning question on his mind, 'how about a foursome,' unsure of the answer.

He was really not sure what response he would get, but he knew that he had already made the arrangements, already set the date, and so there was no way that he could turn back now. He had also set up the date for all of them to meet at the same pub at the same time, so he knew that, unless he didn't show, they would know exactly what was up as soon as he arrived!

Wednesday came, and Jeffery could concentrate on work. Tonight was going to be the best night of his life, so far, or it was going to be the strangest.

Come 8 o'clock he was still in his apartment getting ready. However, the three women were already at the pub, gathered around the bar, waiting for their date. Jeffrey had said 8, and they all decided, individually, to give him a half hour. Truth be told, they really wanted to sleep with him, all for their own reasons, but mostly because he was tall and sexy, and everybody had heard or read about tall, thin men and their dicks.

This was, of course, true, with Jeff!

"You meeting someone?" Heather asked Nina as she stood next to her at the bar trying to get the barman's attention.

"Yes, but he's late. And they say women are always late..." Nina said, looking at Heather's dress, wishing that she too had worn her short, champagne colored cocktail dress, just because it looked so good on Nina. She really was the curviest woman Nina had ever seen, not that she herself was without curves.

"Fuck that, men are always late..." Rita said, joining the two women who had now drawn the attention of the man behind the bar who had the power to refill their drinks.

"I'll drink to that," Nina said, raising her glass, meeting Heather's and Rita's half-filled glass midair somewhere. They were all waiting for someone, a man, a

late man, and he hadn't even called them to apologize for his lateness. But at least now they had found each other, and so the wait was less awkward, and a little more comfortable. They found a table, and after sitting down, started to have a general conversation not so deep that it would be awkward when one of them left, as soon as their date arrived.

What started out as a casual conversation however, soon escalated to a deeper chat, one about something they all had in common, an interest that they would never have thought they shared, just looking at them. But they were all keen dominatrixes, something that they all kept a secret, from everyone in their lives, until now. Perhaps it was because they were relative strangers to each other that this was easy to share. Jeffrey was an hour late, but this didn't matter, because the women were really getting on like a house on fire.

Jeffrey walked into the pub at around 9, looking nervous. He had texted all three of them, at different times, as though he knew that they were sitting together, just to let them know that traffic was hectic. There was of course no such, because there was very little traffic at that time of night, particularly in that part of town. Few people used their own cars, and so it really was easy in and easy out. But they let him lie to them, because they were still enjoying each other's company.

"The first time I did it, it was amazing. Just what I wanted, what I needed, but I didn't even know it. He was older, but he was certainly not without enthusiasm. It was great, and I knew that I would do it again..." Heather said, and then she looked at Nina and Rita, hoping that they would be more forthcoming with information on their first time. Being a dominatrix really was sexually underground, but this didn't mean that the three women now talking about it so easily would withhold information regarding their own experience from it, and in it!

They hadn't seen Jeffrey yet, but he had seen them. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he was sure that it had nothing to do with him, because they

were laughing and then serious, and then laughing again. They were really getting into the conversation that they were having, so much so that Jeff didn't want to disturb them. He knew though that he had to, because he was an hour late, and that was pushing it no matter how you looked at it. And these were dates, after all.

He edged a little closer, but still he could not hear what they were saying, there was just too much noise in the pub. So Jeffrey just watched from where he was standing near the bar, out of sight, hoping that one of them will stand up so that he could start isolating them, start letting his presence be known. He was nervous still, but he was in it now, and he had psyched himself up enough before he walked in, and since. But nobody made a move, they just chatted easily, almost as though they were not expecting him at all anymore.

Nina had seen him though, and she had let Heather and Rita know as much. It wasn't hard for them to figure out that they were waiting for the same person, Heather having seen Rita's phone when he let her know he was running late, and Nina having seen Heather's phone when he did the same. They hadn't said anything to each other though, not until Nina pointed out that he was standing near the bar, looking at them as though they couldn't possibly have seen him. An idea had started to form in her head, the others too, but none of them had said anything to each other, yet!

"So, he's a bit of a player, I see," Heather said, looking at her new friends, and looking at Jeffrey from the corner of her eyes.

"What was he thinking, I wonder?" Nina said, unsure of the game this man was playing.

"Insecurity, I think?" Rita said, sipping her drink.

“What?” both of the others asked, unsure of what exactly she meant!

“Think about it... Guys hate rejection, and let’s face it, I can point out ten other guys hotter than him in this pub alone. So, on the off chance that one or two of us turned him down, or cancelled last minute, at least he would have been sure of at least one of us... See, insecure!” Rita said, proud of herself, as though she had suddenly discovered the cure for cancer.

“Or strategy,” Heather said. This kind of shook Rita, but not enough to wipe the smug look off her face. She was still sure that she was right, and she hoped that the others would come around to her way of thinking. It just needed to happen soon.

They looked at each other, thinking of whether they should stand up now, whether they should let him know that they have seen him, and that they are on to him, but they all decided to wait a moment, to just give it one more round before they were all up in his face. After they ordered another round of drinks, Nina watched Jeffrey shuffle near the bar. He still wasn’t aware of the fact that they had seen him, and even when Heather looked at him, he was looking away, so he was still totally oblivious.

Rita loved the fact that he hadn’t seen them most of all, it seemed.

After they finished their drink, they all stood up, together, in a sort of choreographed unison. The way they stood up brought all the eyes, including Jeff’s, towards them, and he caught his breath. Then he took a deep breath, and waited for them, as they approached him, all in unison again, like models on a catwalk. Short models, but models nonetheless. They got up to him, and he was

sweating big drops, from his brow and from his palm. His back was also wet with sweat, and he was grateful that he had decided to wear a black shirt.

“Ladies,” Jeff said, looking from one to the other, not knowing where to leave his eyes. They all looked stunning in different ways, but nonetheless, breathtaking. He was as confused as he was mesmerized but he knew that he wasn’t out of the woods yet. He still had to ask them a favor, but he still didn’t know how. He did first have to explain to them what it was that they were all doing here at the same time on the same day. All he managed though, was a smile.

“Jeffrey, care to explain yourself?” Heather said, electing herself as the leader of the trio. Nina and Rita didn’t mind this too, just because she had the longer name and in a world where nothing made sense, any real sense that is, they just went for whatever did. So the length of a name, even though it was really subconscious, is one thing that made sense, at least for now.

“Yeah, it’s actually quite funny,” Jeffrey started, the look on all three of their faces telling him that it was anything but though. He wished immediately that he hadn’t started his statement with the word ‘funny’!

“Funny?” Rita said, looking at the other ladies, and then pushing Jeffrey towards the back of the pub, to a staging area for private strip shows, usually used for bachelorette parties and such, sometimes the occasional band. It was empty now though, the dimly lit stage bare. They pushed Jeffrey down on the edge of the small step-up, and they looked at him, closely, Rita repeating her question. He obviously had no answer for them, and so they decided that they would answer it for him.

“You think this is funny,” Nina said, and she was the one looking at her new

friends. “We’re about to see just how funny ‘funny’ is,” she concluded, and stepped up on the stage. Rita followed her, and Jeffrey was suddenly confused. He was looking at Heather for direction. She smiled down at him, and then stepped up on the stage now to join the others. Then all three of them lifted Jeffrey onto the stage, and they now threw their eyes around the space, seeing that they were attracting attention, particularly from the female patrons. They were curious, and they were keen on seeing what was about to happen.

The men in the pub must have thought that it was an elaborate bachelorette party show, so they ignored it for the most part. They tried to make sense of what was going on on the stage, but they still just kept their distance. The women though were seriously interested now, and more of them started to surround the stage. The trio were as yet unsure about how they would proceed, but they knew that they had set in motion a chain of events that they really could not turn back from. They were about to have some serious fun with this man who decided that it would be a good idea to ‘three time’ them. Little did they know that they were playing into his hands!

Or were they?

The audience seemed to spark something in all three women, and they were suddenly in game mode. Rita pulled Jeffrey’s shirt, ripping all the buttons down the front of the black shirt, revealing his chest. Then the three women took off their heels, kicking them to the edge of the stage and then they removed their accessories, bracelets, chains, even earrings. Jeffrey got a little bit excited, but then he looked at the audience, and realized that this was certainly not a part of his plan.

He realized also though, quite quickly, that this plan was not his, not anymore, and this made him very nervous. He started to move off the stage, and Heather pulled him back towards the pole in the center, hard. He looked up at her, surprised at how strong she was. Rita and Nina pulled him down to the ground,

and both of them placed a delicate foot on his chest, pinning him to the ground.

“You like to play games huh?” Nina said, pressing harder with her tiny foot. The glistening glow of their jewelry scattered on the stage drew her attention though, and the attention of the others. Heather stepped off the stage and found the lights to the stage, raising them slowly, until it was just light enough for the trinkets not to be a distraction to them.

“We like to play too, and you might not like the game we have in mind!” Rita said, her eyes on the other two. Then she suddenly didn’t need affirmations from without, none of them did. They all had a pretty good idea of what they wanted to do now, and they would work it together, and individually. This was one thing that dominatrixes had in common. They were excellent at manipulation, and when Jeff made it easy, as easy as he had, this manipulation was exceptionally easier.

“You think you’re such a fucking player don’t you? You’re nothing but a fucking boy, a pansy. And you’re about to find out just how weak you are. You’re fucking weak, aren’t you?” Heather said, starting off the verbal abuse rather mildly, not wanting to scare him, not yet. He would pay for this, but he would pay for it their way.

“I’m not, not at all,” Jeffrey said, really sounding sure of himself. One thing he knew he was not was a submissive. He had never even thought of this thing, this dom/sub thing, always considering himself an alpha.

“We’ll see about that...” Heather said, lifting him off the floor as soon as Nina and Rita had removed their feet. Again he was thrown by how strong she was, and while he tried to process her strength, his pants and shoes were removed. He wasn’t even sure who was removing his clothes, but before he knew it, he was

standing on stage in nothing but his socks and boxers.

His cock was semi hard, and he was covering it, feeling very exposed. Nina pulled his hands away, and Rita went for his boxers. She was so skilled that by the time his boxers were passing his ankles, his socks were coming off too. Fully naked now, Jeffrey looked down at his cock, hanging its prestigious eight inches, not hard anymore, but his balls were moving, almost breathing, and he knew that it wouldn't be long before he was hard again, really hard.

He looked at the women watching him again, and noticed that some of them were impressed by his cock. Some of them not so much, but he didn't care. He actually wanted to add the two inches that his hardness would extend his cock by, just so that he could wipe the smug look off the faces off the women who were not so impressed. But his cock wasn't getting hard, not yet anyway. Rita twisted his nipples hard, bringing him down to his knees quickly, and the Nina came up to him and put his head underneath her short dress.

Jeffrey was face to face with her cunt now, but it was covered by tiny lace, and he was surprised. They seemed so sure of themselves that he was sure that they were not wearing any underwear. But then again, he thought, they probably had no idea that they would meet each other at the pub, and they had no idea that this is how the night would go. So it just made sense that they would keep their panties on, until they were sure how things would end. Things were far from over though, and when Nina pushed her pussy against his face, he wasn't sure what this would mean.

She rubbed her snatch against his nose, and she forced her clit into his mouth. The taste of the cotton was unexpected, and then he realized that it wasn't cotton but silk. He took the silk between his teeth and pulled it away from her pussy, trying to get his tongue against her flesh. He failed, and she pulled herself away from him completely, revealing his head out of her dress now. When he looked down at his dick though, he realized that he was rock hard, and he checked the

look on his detractors fast.

They seemed a little more impressed, but they also had a look on their faces that told him that this evening was not about him. It was as though there was an inside joke and he was on the outside. He looked up at the women surrounding him, Nina's fingers on his nipples again, his head being pulled back by Heather, Nina taking her dress off. Rita left his nipples and took her own dress off. When Heather took her dress off, he was rock hard, harder than he was before, dripping with copious amounts of precum already, because none of them had bras on.

"You like what you see?" Heather asked, teasing him with her panties. She looked at the audience, a few men dotted in the sea of women.

"Yes, very much..." Jeffrey said, reaching for her panties. She pulled back, and then surprised him by taking her panties off completely. She was soon followed by her accomplices and suddenly three perfectly shaven pussies were so close to Jeffrey's mouth and nose that he could smell them, almost taste them. More precum dripped from his cock and a few women in the audience brought their hands together in a sort of mock applause.

"Well I'm not impressed, at all... You, ladies?" Heather was once again taking the lead.

"Hardly," Rita said, but her eyes were telling another story altogether. She looked like she really wished that she was alone in a room with Jeff somewhere. But she wasn't, and so she had to keep up the act, hold the façade for the sake of her companions.

“Look, he’s got to do a whole lot more than just sport an average erection to impress me,” Nina said, running her fingers from Jeffrey’s balls all the way up to his head, playing with the liquid that was now oozing from his tip consistently.

“Fuck, seriously,” Jeffrey asked, feeling a little deflated, but trying to be confident. He remembered Brad, and felt even more deflated, but he tried hard not to let this show on his face. He was really caught between a rock hard cock and three very soft places, and he knew that how he played it now might determine the rest of this evening. He realized though, at last, or maybe he had realized it early on, that he had no control over anything that was going on with him right now.

“Seriously... You want this pussy? You’re not going to get it. You know why, Jeffrey?” Rita was now asking the questions.

“Why? Why...” Jeffrey asked. He really wanted to know why he was not going to get the thing that he thought he was entitled to. After all, they had him naked already, and they had an audience. They had already undressed, and seemed wet and willing to do what he thought they were going to do. Obviously he was wrong, but still, he had hope. He had a tiny inkling of hope and he was not about to let go of this glimmer.

“Because you are a pussy!” Heather said, pushing her cunt against his nose. Then she made space for Nina, who pushed her cunt harder into his face so that he couldn’t breathe. Suddenly Nina turned him onto his back and she sat down on his face, and stuffed herself into him, into his nose, into his mouth. Jeffrey struggled a little bit and then he created just enough space between his mouth and nose, and her pussy, to breathe. He inhaled hard, and enjoyed her scent incredibly. Then again she sat on his face and he couldn’t breathe.

“Pussy, pussy, pussy,” Rita said, and she lifted Nina gently off his face. Then she stuffed her own femininity into his face, and sat down so hard that this time he did struggle. He needed air, but there was just no air to be got. He tried to push her off his face, but then his hands and arms were held down. He knew that Heather and Nina were responsible for this, because he felt both their knees on each of his arms. They pressed down hard, and Rita pressed down harder, and he knew that he was going nowhere.

They kept on swopping roles and each pussy on his face was as delicious as the one before. It was as wet, wetter even, and she knew that they were getting as aroused as he was. He prayed, really prayed that they would touch his cock, even just a little bit, but there was absolutely no contact made with his erection. He hated this, so much that when the cunt on his mouth had lifted off him he was begging for it, imploring for just a little bit of attention for his appendage. He was rock hard, he was ready, but there was just nothing happening on his nether regions.

Then they were all off him, walking around him like a pride of lionesses ready for the kill. He hoped that one of them would sit on him, that he would slide his cock inside just one of them, but this didn't happen. There was something erotic about this teasing though, as erotic as it was incredibly frustrating. There was just no way that he could think of to ask them anymore, so he just gave up. He just let them do whatever the fuck they wanted to do to him.

The abuse grew too, in intensity, in severity. They were hurling so many insults at him, the three of them, the audience too, and with each insult he felt more deflated. He was losing his masculinity fast, and he hated it. But he did hope that, as with most situations where you suffered first, there would be some sort of reward at the end of it all. This reward was just out of his reach though, out of reach of him physically, and even in his imagination. He could not imagine what would come after, but he started to accept that it would not be what he wanted.

More insults came his way, and then he watched as they took drinks from the audience. They sipped on their drinks and giggled with the onlookers. They whispered to each other, and he knew that they were making orders about what to do to this man they had in their grasp now. When he remembered that he was this man, he was anxious again, scared even. He looked at his cock, his erection not going anywhere. He thought of touching it himself, but just when he did, Nina was on him very quickly, pulling his hands away and letting him know that there was no pleasure on the cards for him, not until he started to enjoy what they were doing to him!

When they came back onto the stage the feeling between them had changed. They were suddenly menacing, and it was scary. It was scary for Jeffrey at least, the women around him now suddenly in their real element. This element was menacing, it was intense, and even though he didn't feel as erotic as he just did, he was still rock solid, and again he wanted nothing but to touch his cock, to touch his own cock.

Heather looked to the others, and Nina went for Jeff's hands. Rita went for his legs, and they lifted the skinny man off the wooden floor and carried him to the front of the stage. They dropped him down and Jeffrey looked up, straight between Heather's legs as she straddled his head. She started to come lower and lower onto his face, and he lifted his head towards the approaching pussy. Her honeypot looked so delicious that he was already opening his mouth, the closer the moistness came to his mouth.

When it made contact with his lips he was licking it fast. He knew that he wouldn't have enough time to really enjoy this, so he really was licking her clit and her cunt lips rapidly. Very quickly the pussy enveloped his mouth and soon it was shutting him up completely. Soon he was gagged with wet pussy, his nose still free enough for him to breathe in the aroma though. The smell was intense, and he breathed in deeper. Then Heather moved her cunt forward a little and his nose was soon blocked too. With both these face holes clogged up now, he couldn't breathe again, and quickly he was struggling for oxygen again.

Then he felt something on his cock, and he didn't want to believe it. But then it was obvious what it was, and he forgot for the moment that he could not breathe. He wondered whose lips they were, whose mouth it was that was working down his shaft. He felt a tickle on his balls too and he knew that he was in heaven. Two mouths working on every part of his cock now, magical! The mouth working on his shaft was suddenly focused on his head, and he felt his balls enveloped completely by a mouth.

He gasped, trying to breathe, unable to. He didn't give a fuck, enjoying the warm wetness on his cock and nuts. He started to fade though, and again he was struggling to get Heather off his face. She just planted herself on him hard though, and he decided that if he was going to lose consciousness, that this was just the sensation he wanted to be feeling when he did. Suddenly though the mouth was off his cock, and the mouth on his balls was suddenly absent.

Thankfully though, Heather also lifted herself off his face and he was gasping for air again.

The women started to play musical face with him. As soon as Heather had lifted herself off him completely, she was replaced by Nina. She rocked back and forth on his face, blocking his nose, and then his mouth, and then blocking his nose and mouth. At least she was giving him gaps to breathe, gaps to inhale his scent, his own sweat, fused with the smell of the snatch against his face. It was a beautiful game of breathe, don't breathe. He loved it, and she obviously loved it too.

When Rita was on his face, she was grinding herself into his mouth. She obviously had no intension of blocking his nose, enjoying his mouth on her too much. She was building herself up to an orgasm, and nobody was aware of this except for Rita herself. She started to grind herself into his mouth in circles, first

small and then larger ones. She was soon squirting copious amounts of female juices into his mouth, and he lapped it up, excitedly. He knew that at least he had one of the women on his side, sort of. One of them wanted him to pleasure them.

Now that he was done pleasuring her though, he wondered what was going to happen next. She was suddenly blocking his nose and he could not breathe. It was okay though, his thirst as satisfied as it was going to be. There was something about this one, about this woman, that excited him. He thought to himself that if they were going to fuck, he would fuck her first, give her the best of him before letting the others have the rest of him. His really should have gotten back to her the first time, he thought.

His cock was getting attention now though so he was happy. But just as he started to feel that he was getting anywhere near cumming, they flipped the script on him a little and he was sent into cum remission. This was frustration deluxe, but at least he was being touched. At least he was being sucked. At least there were so many at leasts that he felt happy with what was going on. He did feel the incredible urge to cum now though, and this frustration was really starting to get to him. It was driving him fucking crazy!

Suddenly they were all removed from him and he was looking at them, begging them to let him cum just once. They just looked down at him though, smiling menacing smiles, speaking with their eyes, saying nothing with their mouths. They were not even speaking to each other, obviously clear about what the next elevation would be. The only thing that was certain to Jeffrey now was that there was a clear and definite plan here, for him. He had no idea what this plan was though, but a big part of him really didn't even care.

Nina and Rita suddenly came down on all fours, on either side of Jeffrey. They were facing away from him, so that Jeff had a clear view of their beautiful asses. He couldn't help it now, and he touched his cock, rubbing the precum on it into his shaft. Then he was pulling on his balls hard, and he felt the thrill of an

almost-orgasm. He knew that this wouldn't come though, because Heather was lifting him off his back, pulling him off the floor and putting him back down on his knees so that he was behind the two women crouched doggy-style in front of him.

“Now, let's see what that mouth can do...” Heather said, and Nina and Rita crouched lower, their ass cheeks coming apart just enough to expose their perfect little rosebuds. The light caught them just right, so that the sweat between their cheeks glistened beautifully.

Jeffrey was like a hungry puppy, not sure which hole to go for first, but then he remembered that he definitely owed Rita one. He parted her ass cheeks a little further, and went to her tight hole with his tongue. She moaned softly, and then when he was licking her ass more aggressively, she was groaning loudly. The other women seemed jealous, but they were very good about hiding this jealousy.

He licked her hole on the outside, gentle and then rough, very rough and then deliciously gently. One thing about Jeffrey, he was very good at returning favors. He started to kiss her asshole as gently, and then he pulled her ass into his mouth and sent his tongue all the way into her tight hole. He licked the inside of her hole aggressively, and moved his lips on the outside of it. Jeffrey really was busy French kissing her asshole like it was her mouth, and she loved every minute of it.

He started to bite her ass cheeks, and then he was kissing it tenderly. His teeth sunk into the succulent flesh of her perfect rounds, and then he was kissing her cheeks gently. When his mouth landed on her hole again their connection was again established and it was as though the whole world disappeared again. It was just the two of them for the longest while, and then again they were brought back into the moment by the sound of Heather's voice.

It was almost annoying.

Jeffrey knew though that he had to pay some attention to Nina, and so after eating out Rita's ass a little while longer, he turned his attention to Nina. He gave her the same treatment that he had just given Rita, but with just a little less enthusiasm. Nina didn't notice this though, enjoying just that he had his lips and his tongue on her, in her, and all the way around her. His teeth were also on her butt cheeks and she was happy. She was very happy indeed, and when Jeff was done, she was more than a little satisfied. Rita and Nina then turned and looked at Heather, as she came down onto all fours, positioning herself for the same delicious assault.

He started by biting into her cheeks, and then sucking on her asshole. It was blooming like a clit, making it easier and easier for him to suck, and so he did. Then his tongue came out of his mouth and was working along the periphery of her asshole. When it was snaking inside her she too couldn't help but moan and she did, loudly. She started to scream even, and Rita and Nina looked at her with a look of definite surprise.

It was Jeffrey now how was playing musical chairs, on their butts, on their assholes. He started to imagine what the mouth of the ring leader would feel like on his cock and he was again dripping with precum. He really wanted to cum now, really felt like he was going to explode, but he knew that there was just a little thing standing between him and an orgasm. He did wonder who it would be who would bring him to his first orgasm, hoping that when he did cum, it would just be one of many.

The women let him do his thing on their assholes, and then they stood up one at a time. All but Rita's pussy was really aching with the need to cum too, aching almost as much as Jeffrey's cock was. It really was a game of cumming cat and

cumming mouse, and all of the ones who were left with this urge were looking at each other with a huge question mark on their faces. The women knew though that it would be one of them next, that Jeffrey would certainly have to wait his turn.

Again they were drinking and chatting with the front row, discussing what they were going to do next. There was a lot of giggling, and lots of drinking. Jeffrey also felt like he needed a drink, but he wasn't sure if he should ask. He didn't, and so he appreciated it when Rita brought him the remainder of the contents of her glass. She was really being remarkably generous with him, and he made up his mind there and then that he would definitely contact her again after this, for a one on one session in which he would thank her in every way possible.

When they came back onto the stage, he looked at them helplessly. He knew that this was the third act to a very elaborate play, and he knew that in the third act, the protagonist and antagonist came to a loggerhead. There were three beautiful antagonists in this particular play however, and so he had to program his mind to multiply the climax of this ménage by three, and then some. He wasn't ready for it, but in a strange, inexplicable way, he actually was.

He took a deep breath and watched the women surround him again, waiting for them to do what it was that they had on their minds!

The silence in their corner of the pub was suddenly deafening. There was not even the sound of glasses, which just a moment ago was the only sound they could hear. Jeffrey was on his back again, and this time it was Nina coming down on him. But not with her pussy, as he had expected. She came down onto him with her ass, wrapping his nose between her ass cheeks. Her asshole grazed against this nose and he inhaled deeply. The smell of sweat was exotic, and it was such a big turn-on that he didn't feel like he needed to touch himself anymore.

She moved her hole along his large nose, and then pressed down hard so that his nose was blocked. Then she lifted her ass off his nose and allowed him to breathe again. Again the whiff of her asshole was enticing, and again he was harder than he can remember. When he felt a mouth on his cock, a different mouth, Heather's mouth, he had all his questions answered suddenly. She was definitely the best cocksucker in the room.

Nina dropped onto her arms, and with this move, dropped her pussy against his mouth. As she kept grinding her asshole against his nose, she started to move her pussy against his lips, willing him, edging him to open his mouth. He did, and he started to work every possible part of his mouth on all of her pussy. Then he was licking her clit, and she was the one who was close to orgasm now. Jeff sensed this, and Nina couldn't hide it, the sounds coming from her mouth making the sensations of her pussy make more and more sense.

Soon enough she was cumming, and she had no way of holding herself back from all of her natural responses. She was screaming, she was groaning, she was moaning. Then she was panting loudly and then breathing deeply. All the while she kept her ass against his nose, her pussy in his mouth, and she brought herself over and over to that place where she couldn't turn back, even if she wanted to. She had multiple orgasms, even though they were seamlessly streamed into one, and even though they sounded like a long continuous feeling that she wouldn't change for anything in the world.

When she lifted herself off of him, he was breathless. He looked like he had just had an orgasm himself, but he hadn't. He was, though, very satisfied, and he knew that there was one more woman to go, one more woman who was about to drizzle her love juice into his mouth, on his face, and hopefully down his neck. There was a keen anticipation for him, one that he was not even sure he was ready for, but one that he definitely wanted. And he didn't have to wait too long.

Heather took up her position on his face, and instead of bringing her asshole against his nose, she wrapped it in his pussy lips. Then she started to move up and down, getting more and more of his nose into her cunt. Jeff was careful not to breathe now, not wanting to take the liquid dripping from her cunt into his nose. He had read somewhere that this was not a good idea, although he couldn't remember where. He didn't need to remember where though, because he could at least breathe through his mouth.

With his nose inside her pussy she started to move in small circles. She kept her pace steady and consistent. She didn't move at all, and even though Rita and Nina were on his cock again, he was concentrating completely on the pussy on his nose. He didn't move, not at all, just letting Heather do what she wanted to do. Then she started to move her cunt back and forth, forth and back on his cartilage. It wasn't as hard as a cock, but it didn't need to be. It was doing the right job that she needed it to do, and that was all that mattered.

Again she was moving her cunt in circles over his nose, small, steady circles, and her clit came close to his mouth over and over again. He sent his tongue out of his mouth trying to reach the clit, but it was just out of reach. Still, though, he had to try. He gave up eventually, and he started to breathe in her scent through his mouth. There was an overwhelming sensation, one that filled his head with the distinct taste of woman. There was something distinct about the flavors of a woman, and every woman was different. But there was definitely a consistency that was easily recognizable.

Heather's hands were on his chest now. They dug deep into his chest as she pressed her cunt harder on his nose. As it wrapped itself around his breather, he knew that she was close. He focused completely now on not breathing and he even stopped breathing from his mouth. He just couldn't risk getting any of the fluid into his lungs. He wasn't scared of drowning, he would have just much rather had this fluid coming through his mouth, onto his tongue, down his throat.

When Heather did cum it was incredible. There was enough fluid to fill a glass. It sprayed all over her thighs, but not before it was on his lips and chin, and thankfully in his mouth. He swallowed hard, still not breathing though. He wanted to remove his nose from her snatch, but he knew that she just needed to finish up, without his help. When she did, she lifted herself off him, and then he licked his lips before taking a huge breath. Then he lifted his head and licked her pussy hard, Heather dropping it into his mouth, just because she had no other choice.

He sucked on her clit now, really sucked on it. He sucked on it for all the clit that was promised to him that he didn't get, and he really enjoyed it. Then he let her go after she had had another orgasm, as loud, drawing more attention from the other women. They really also wanted his attention now, but they realized that he needed to get a little bit of loving too. So Heather lifted herself off him, and positioned herself between his legs. Nina and Rita were on either side of him, Jeffrey's cock between them perfectly.

They knew that they could abuse him more. They knew that they could humiliate him more, and they would. They would do a whole lot of other things to him, nasty things, mean things, but things that could wait. Right now they wanted to see what he would look like when he came, they really wanted to know what he sounded like. Their curiosity had gotten the better of them, and also, they were just tired for a moment and so they needed to shift energies a little, just for the moment. This was, of course, allowed, and so they allowed it.

Looking at his cock they drew imaginary straws as to who was going to go first. This worked out just right for them, because the only person who had a definite taste for cum was Rita. So they would do it in shifts. Nina would go first, and then Heather. Then Rita would bring it home, sucking him until he shot his load into her mouth, down her throat, and into her stomach. She was really thirsty too, so she couldn't wait for his rod to be in her mouth. She would have to wait though, because there were two women in the front of the queue.

Nina started off by ticking this off on her own imaginary bucket list, and with all the excitement and enthusiasm in the world she took his head into her mouth. Then she started to work her mouth up and down the first half of his cock, sucking gently, twirling her tongue around his head. Jeff went crazy, and he couldn't even hide it. There was no way for him to hold back, no way for him to pretend that he wasn't enjoying the shit out of her mouth moving on his meat. It was incredible, and the sound coming from his mouth let everybody know just how incredible it was.

Then she worked more of his dick into her mouth until his huge head settled into the back of her throat. She sucked on it so easily that Jeffrey knew that she had definitely had bigger cock in her mouth, and this made Jeff feel a little funny. But fortunately his was the only cock in the room right now, and so he was relaxing into that fact so that he made peace with this fact. When her mouth got down to his balls though, he felt that funniness again, and a feeling of definite inadequacy overtook him. There was no time for this feeling though, because she was very good at what she was doing, and Jeffrey was really enjoying it.

His cock started to pulsate, and so Nina lifted herself off him. She was enjoying sucking on him, but she knew that she was bringing him too close for comfort. She looked at his cock, and waited a minute for Rita to lift her own mouth from his balls. When they swapped positions, Nina sucked easily on his huge nuts and Rita just licked his head. Then she licked his shaft, and didn't suck on him at all, knowing that he was going to shoot at any moment, not wanting this to happen.

Rita removed her tongue from Jeffrey and let Heather take over. She went enthusiastically for his cock, sucking on it hard, bringing him too close too orgasm too quickly. Nina started to bite into his balls, which made him forget the urgency to cum for the moment, and then when the feeling of sort of normalcy returned to his cock and balls, they both settled into their respective positions knowing that it would be a while before he came now. They worked beautifully on his cock, and he closed his eyes, watching Rita settle on his face.

He didn't even think that this was too much. He wanted her to sit on his face, wanted her ass in his mouth, watched her lower herself onto him so that she was so excited and he was as enthusiastic, sucking hard on her clit. She sucked on his head after she leaned forward, Heather giving her enough space to do this, and she just proceeded to lick his shaft. Nina worked diligently on his balls, and with the three mouths on his cock he was eating her pussy out with real verve.

Then Heather was off his cock. Nina was off his balls. Rita moved her pussy in his mouth until she came, and then she dragged her asshole over his nose and then onto his mouth. He ate her asshole out aggressively and she leaned forward to meet his cock with her mouth again. She sucked on his head, and he ate out her ass. Then he was again eating out her pussy. He moved so easily from her ass to her pussy, all the while her mouth moved up and down on his shaft. But just the tip of his cock. He really wanted to feel her all the way down his shaft now.

When she had cum again, she turned off him and positioned herself between his legs now. She sucked on him so hard now, so beautifully, paying him back for all the work she had just received, all the work he had just done on her, and soon enough he was on a collision course with his own orgasm. He got closer and closer, and when he finally started to shoot his load into her mouth, he roared. It was a beautiful sound, and it drew everybody's attention.

This was in fact the first act, and there was plenty of humiliation to follow. But now Jeffrey was satisfied, ready for any assault, and all of them managed, by the end of the affair, to tick off an item some of them didn't even know they had on their bucket list...

THE END

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