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TO PUNISH THE LADIES MAN

A PUBLIC HUMILIATION CFNM FEMALE DOMINATION SHORT STORY



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Humiliation In Public To Punish The Ladies Man - A Public Humiliation CFNM Female Domination Short Story

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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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The girl wears a loose dress that clings to her curves just right. Joany Archer has been hanging out with the same group of friends since moving here last October. She is part owner of the ice cream shop, with her older sister. But young, at 23, like the rest of us.

I decided back in high school after graduating from Savannah I wanted to live on the Island. Going to school wasn't an option for me. My parents were poor factory workers and moved to Florida with what little retirement they had once I graduated high school. My grades didn't land any scholarships, so instead of scraping by to study in college, I put on my thinking cap and studied life on the Island. The need for handymen grew great so I learned a skill with painting.

Living on the Island off the coast of Georgia, means we have a slower pace of life. My job as a painter has me painting the homes interior and exterior around the island. It took three years to establish a clientele.

During down time, I hang out with the same group of friends, almost daily. We haven't grown up much, since none of us are married. When Joany moved to the island, she joined the group and even brought along an entourage of her friends, all ladies. Much to the delight of the 8 males in my group. We've established a

steady stream of plans, going to the beach, wave boarding, fishing, hanging out fishing from the pier, or just bumming it on the beach and boardwalk.

I think I'm cute, at least that's the word when I was in high school. The girls flocked to me and I was never without a date. Here, it's the same, the girls flock to me, running their fingers through my thick locks of chocolate curls, flirting, and vying for attention. I don't lack attention from the opposite sex.

Joany though. She's a sexy auburn-haired beauty. Stands a petite five feet two inches tall and full of life. Her curly hair flies all over the place when it's not pulled back in a ponytail. I like it wild.

She flirts with me just like her friends do. I dated Carmen for a while, but she slinked off with some fellow and moved inland. Good riddance. There's more of me to go around now. My eyes are set on Joany though. But I can't help but flirt with all the girls.

Heather punches me in the arm when I tell a discolored joke. I grab her, landing my tickle fingers on her soft warm body. She giggles and screams and pushes at me. Finally, I let her go and sneak a look at Joany, to see if she was watching or looked disgusted with me.

We meet at the pier, fishing. The lures bob in the water and a few catch seatrout.

"Time for a fish fry," I yell as I hold up my two.

We head to the primitive beach where a few gathered firewood for a bonfire. Lester brings a grill and we fillet the fish, grilling it. Someone heads to the boardwalk for homemade potato chips, slaw, and tartar sauce. Oh, and hushpuppies. Dina brings boiled shrimp.

“Gather round,” I say as I place grilled fish on plates. I’m quite the grillmaster.

“Thanks, bubba,” Joany says as she smiles and smirks. She calls me bubba because of my quaint southern accent. It’s okay, though. She comes from northern Virginia and doesn’t have as stout an accent.

“Hey, pretty girl, why don’t you sit here,” I say as I wave over my face while Joany looks for a place to plant her sexy ass.

“No thanks,” she says, smirking.

“Why, I’d think you’d be honored that a guy like me would offer such a seat,” I say and chuckle.

She shakes her head as her eyes roll and sits among her girl friends. They giggle while eating and looking at me. After piling my plate with food, I head to them.

“I’ll grace you with my sexiness,” I say as I sit on the quilt they spread over the sand.

Heather sits beside me. She's a bit plump for my liking. Not bad, I mean, I'd do her. But I have eyes for Joany.

"Maybe we should skinny dip after dinner," Heather says.

I turn to her, drink my beer and smile. "You'd like to see this bod in the buff, huh?" I grin.

"You'd like to see mine," she retorts.

"No one wants to see your scrawny ass, Ethan," Joany says.

"Jealous much?" I ask her.

"Jealous of what? You dick," she says.

Of course, she's playing hard to get. She's jealous alright. "I bet if I pull my clothes off you can't help but gawk at my awesomeness."

"Shut up, terd," Sam says. He throws boiled shrimp at me.

"Aw, thanks for the gift, Sam. But I don't swing in your tree," I say and laugh. At least, Heather laughs with me.

I wink at Joany which sends her eyes rolling again. “That’s fine. You ladies will miss out on the sexiest male then,” I say as I lean back. Yeah, they are looking at my muscled body. Painting gives me a good workout.

After dinner, I stand and run to the water, diving into a wave. Once I surface, I run back and I shake my head like a dog over the ladies. They squeal and duck.

“You!” Heather says as she runs to the water and tries to splash me.

Joany and two others walk to the water. I run for her, grabbing her and throwing her over my shoulder as I dive into another wave. She squeals delightfully. When she surfaces, she’s laughing. Good, she enjoys the attention, like I knew she would.

“Now, you ladies dare me to remove my trunks?”

“Sure,” Heather says.

“Not really, Ethan,” Chrissy says.

“Eww, then I’d have to poke out my eyes,” Alison says.

“What about you, Joany?”

“What about me?”

“You first? Come on, show me what you’ve got. I’ll show you what I’ve got.”

“I don’t think so,” Joany says.

“Yeah, I don’t want to put the boys to shame with my package. It’s one of a kind. I coil have done porn, you know. I was told that in a locker room during basketball season,” I say proudly.

“You’re a dick, dude. Some guy thought you were hot. Probably small and wanted to thrust his giant sausage into your tight ass.” Ted howls as the others join.

“Sorry, dude, that was you. I’m the one requested for porn scenes,” I say. And it’s true, though not quite as I’m telling it. A dude came to my town looking for recruits. He may have judged me according to my outward appearance, but they don’t know that.

“We could have a measurement contest,” I say.

“That’s crude,” Joany says.

“Come on, fellows. You scared? Bok, bok, bok,” I say and move my arms like a chicken.

“Grow up,” Heather says and walks away.

I swim out, showing off and head back to shore as the sun sinks lower in the west, casting long shadows from the island into the water. The flag turns purple indicating dangerous sea life.

Walking to the ladies, I shake my head again on them like a dog bellowing a laugh. They scream.

“Stop it,” Joany shouts.

“Stop it,” I mock as I flop down beside her.

She peers at me, her face keeping the irritated expression. “You’re a mess.”

“I can be,” I say as I waggle my brow.

She exhales. “Incorrigible.”

“However you like it, baby,” I say as I lean in trying to sneak a kiss. She turns

her head quickly.

“Someone hand me a beer,” she says.

Frank tosses one to her. She shakes it well and points the bottle at me while opening it. Beer spews all over me.

“Yeah, that’s how it happens when you have a hold of me,” I say and grab the bottle. Turning it up, I down the remainder of the beer. Good beer shouldn’t go to waste. I hop up and dive into the dark surf to wash off the beer. They ignore me as I come back. Joany peers at me with a scowl on her face.

“Don’t you dare,” she says while I take the stance.

My head shakes and cool seawater hits her again.

“Motherfucker,” she says and jumps up running from me.

A chase ensues as I run after her. Squealing, she stumbles in the sand and I land on her. Grinning, we lock eyes as her head tilts.

“Okay, now you’ve got me,” she says.

“Yes. Muahahaha, I can have my way with you,” I say.

But I stand and hold out my hand to help her to her feet to show her I’m not a monster.

“Thanks,” she mutters.

The evening winds to a halt and everyone disappears to our prospective homes. I live in an apartment above a garage near the center of the island. White paint peels from the ocean breeze. I note to ask for the chance to paint the garage as payment for rent next month. That’s how I found the little apartment, they had me paint their tire business in town.

The next evening, just a few show up for our nightly powwow. Cooler air threatens with a storm off the coast, the wind whipping wildly at my hair. Joany steps to the beach, a long sleeve shirt over her shorts, hugging her body.

“It’s amazing how fast the weather changes here. Not that I mind. We need rain,” she says.

The tide comes in swiftly. She and I walk along the beach, saying nothing. I pick up a shell and toss it into the surf. I want to ask her out, but I don’t. She’s hugging her body.

“Here, let me warm you,” I say as I put my arm around her. She shivers, but doesn’t loosen her arms. We stand facing the darkening ocean for a few minutes.

Finally, she pulls away.

“I’m good,” she says as her arms swing loose.

“You know, I have the hot bod here, so warm up anything you need,” I say.

Her head shakes. “I also have a hot rod, for those especially tight places that may cool down,” I say and grin.

She lets out a breath and hugs her body again. “No thanks,” she says and walks on. Her bare feet leave footprints over the freshly wet sand. The surf roars in, washing it away and nearly knocking us off balance.

“What do you think?” I ask.

“About?” She turns to me, her brow lifting.

“Me.”

“You. You’re a dunce. You act like a dog. An idiot at times. But nice at times. Kind of makes it hard for people to really like you though,” she says.

“Why would you say that?” I’m truly hurt.

“Because you’re a jerk at times. How old are you?”

“23, same as you,” I say.

“Okay, then act like an adult and not an 18 year old horn dog. You’re the type of guy that would have a loud muffler on your car to compensate for your tiny pecker,” she says.

“Excuse me. Tiny pecker? You’ve never seen Monster Joe,” I say.

“Monster Joe,” she says and chuckles.

“Yeah, wanna see?” My hand is on the waistband of my shorts.

“No. See, this is what I mean. It’s like your cock rules your common sense, much like a boy just entering puberty. You should be a little more refined by now,” she says.

I stop, plant my feet in the sand and look her in the eyes. “Kiss me,” I demand.

“What? Why?”

“Let me show you I’m not a little teen boy who can’t control his hormones,” I say.

“See, this is what I mean. Making crude demands. Just be an adult, Ethan, that’s all I mean,” she says and continues walking.

“Wait. I still mean it. Kiss me,” I say.

She wheels on me. “I’ll kiss you if you admit something to me. You’ve never been with a woman before, have you?”

My face scrunches at the absurd thought. My head rolls back as I roar in laughter. “I have. Want me to prove it. I bet I can make you come in two minutes flat. Just drop your shorts and lie back in the sand.”

Her eyes shut as she shakes her head. “That’s. Yeah. You’re so not mature. Are you sure you’re not just barely 18?”

“I graduated high school five years ago. I’ve worked on this island for the past three years, since I was 20. Ask anyone,” I say.

“Then act like it. Quit being crude, quit acting like you have a permanent hard on.”

“I’m not. But listen, this body doesn’t disappoint,” I say.

She turns to me, exasperated. I grab her and lay my lips on hers. She struggles at first, but then we kiss. She backs away, a smirk on her face.

“Not bad,” she says.

I grin. “Go out with me,” I say.

“We are out,” she says as she moves away from me and turns around in the sand with her hands splayed.

“No, I mean go out with me. Let’s go to Savannah and eat dinner,” I say.

“Will you stop bugging me all the time if I go?”

“Yes.”

But that’s not true. Now that I know she likes me, I’ll bug her even more. I think she secretly likes it too.

Joany sits beside me on the way to Savannah the next evening. We’re heading to a little restaurant which serves the best in Southern home cooking.

“Now that we’re tight, how long do you need before we sleep together,” I ask casually.

She grimaces. “Um, how about that’s not even on the radar,” she says.

I don’t let it deter me. “You know, when we’re having sex, do you like the lights on or off?” I reach for her hand, lacing my fingers through hers.

She pulls her hand back. “We’re just going out to dinner. This isn’t a hook up date. ‘K?’”

“Come on, don’t disappoint me. You know you want a piece of this,” I say as I wave my hand down my body and chuckle.

“You think awfully high of yourself, don’t you ?”

“Yes, I do. I’m that confident.” Women like confident men.

“You’re too assumptive.” She blows breath out, causing her cheeks to expand.

“Sample this and you won’t be disappointed,” I say confidently.

Not even a smile. “Just stop.” She shakes her head.

I laugh and grab her hand and shake it. “Come on baby, give me a kiss,” I say as I pull her toward me.

“Just drive. Eyes on the road. Damn,” she says and shakes her head.

The traffic picks up as I put both hands on the wheel and direct us to the restaurant a few blocks from the historical center of Savannah. The quaint house that holds the restaurant are a series of dining rooms, converted from an old plantation from years back. Once inside the aroma of fresh greens and fried pork chops reach us, making my mouth water.

“Smells delicious,” Joany admits.

“See? I told you this place is masterful,” I say as my hand rests on her back while being led to a table.

“I’ll have the special,” Joany says to the server when she steps up to take our drink order.

I smile. “Same,” I say and nod, handing the menu to the server.

“This is pleasant,” she says as we sip the sweet tea.

“Yes, they make the best tea.”

“I mean, us, having a nice time,” she says and sighs.

“I’m sorry, do I make it that difficult for you to have a good time?”

“Not at the moment.” She smiles.

“Good to know,” I say.

We eat the pork chops, greens, mashed potatoes, and homemade rolls in silence. After I order apple pie a la mode to share.

“You do like apple pie?”

She grins. “Of course I do, thank you.”

The silence is uncomfortable, but only because of our conversation earlier. Joany is hard to read. I suck up the courage to pay the check and leave.

“Would you like to walk the river trail? It’s beautiful at night,” I say.

“Sure.” A flat response, but I’ll take it.

The barges come in from the sea, slowly floating against the current of the river. Joany’s face smiles as she keeps her eyes on the lazy river. I grab her hand, she lets me hold it.

“I think it would be fun to take river cruises. They give them on the Mississippi River. That river fascinates me. It starts so small, like a bubbling brook and quickly grows wide and long.

“Something else grows wide and long,” I whisper in her ear.

She gazes at me, grimacing. “Why can’t we have a nice moment without you talking about your dick?”

“I can’t help it, Joany. Being around you, things come up,” I say as I pull her to me and grind my erection into her hip.

“I mean seriously, Ethan. Stop it. It makes me not like you as much,” she says and pulls out of my grip.

I follow her as she walks along the trail. She shoves her hands into her pockets to keep from having to touch me.

“I’m sorry. I can’t help it though. You really turn me on,” I say.

She pauses and looks at me, a small smile turning the corners of her lips up. "You can help it. Just stop referring to it. That's all."

I look down, trying to will my cock to lose some girth and length. But the more I focus on it the harder and longer it gets.

"I'm sorry. Walking around with a hard on for you is tough to ignore," I say.

She turns to me, her hand reaching for a bit of hair blowing across my cheek. "I think you mean well, you're just not matured in this area. If you want to entice a woman, go after her mind, not what's between her legs," she says tenderly.

"I don't want just what's between your legs," I say as my fingers brush over her lips.

Her eyes shut as she shakes her head. "You're hard headed, you know it?"

"Yeah, that's what I've been telling you for such a long time," I say defeatedly.

Her head shakes. "Take me home, please. It's late and I'm worn out," she says.

We stroll along, I grab her hand again. I won't let it go this time. We reach the parking area and I turn her to me before we step off the deck. Slowly, I lean in

closing the gap between us. She moans and reluctantly puts her arm around me. Our lips meet in a soft feathery kiss. My heart quickens as I pull her closer, grinding my stiff body into her soft curves. She moans as her hands rub over my neck and upper back. I'm melting her. Tonight will end well.

She shoves back. "Home, please," she says

I'm breathless, wanting more. Panting after her like a sick lost puppy. "Home, and I come in?" I pout, showing her my puppy dog eyes.

"I live with my sister, dude," she says as she gently shoves me to the truck.

"Come home with me? Sleep over?"

She hesitates, hope springs in my heart. "No, I don't think so. Just take me home, please." She smiles, as if that will quell my raging desire for her.

We're quiet on the way home. My cock won't release the blood coursing through it. I pull over just as we drive onto the island and slam the truck into park.

"Joany, can't we spend more time together?"

"I'm really tired, Ethan. Thank you for the dinner. It was delicious. And for the most part, the walk on the river was nice," she says sweetly.

"Can I have a goodnight kiss, like right here?" I ask.

She leans in, her lips meeting with mine. It feels so right, and my body reacts. I'd take her home with me in a heartbeat if she'd allow it. She moans and backs away. I pout.

"Stop pouting, we'll see each other again soon. Tomorrow probably," she says as she adjusts her seatbelt.

I take her to her sister's home. Indeed, it's small and a block from the beach. It probably cost a pretty penny, being that her sister bought it and they're fixing it up together.

"Maybe next time?" My brow lifts hopefully as she gets out of the car.

"Maybe. Try to think and talk with the head up here and not down below," she says and turns and walks away.

I don't like going home without the sweet release that could have been between Joany and I. She was ripe for the picking when I dropped her off, if only she'd allow more. Instead, I crawl in bed and take my cock in my hands and think of Joany while squeezing one out. At least it helps me sleep.

The next day, the gang's at the beach. Waves wash in high as a tropical storm is just off the coast. Nick and Terry bring their wave boards and head out to catch the tall ones. I hang back on the beach with Joany and her friends.

"Why aren't you out there?" Heather asks. She seems pissed at me, probably

because I took Joany out on a date.

I sit beside Joany. “Not in the mood.” The sun quickly sank beyond the horizon on the land, leaving the darkness that folds in with the tide and a storm.

Heather plops beside me. “Not in the mood, since when are you not in the mood?” Her eyes go to my crotch. I wince. I’m not interested in Heather. Joany talks to her friends without paying me any mind.

“I’m always in the mood for certain things.” My brow wags.

“Honestly,” Joany says. Yeah, she heard it.

“You know, people should be thankful for the opportunities they get. Slim pickens in these parts. Present company offers the best of the best. Don’t take it for granted,” I say. Yes, it’s aimed at Joany.

Her eyes cut to me. “Seriously? Like should I bow down and kiss your feet for asking me out?” she asks.

Heather looks hurt. Poor girl, she wants a piece of me too, but I don’t think Joany is into threesomes. I smile at Joany and wink.

“Yes, you can start at my feet and work your way up. I’ll introduce you to the king of the island when you reach midway,” I say, cockily.

“I think you’ve mistaken us for someone who actually cares,” Heather says and stands.

I grab Heather’s hand. “No offense, doll, this conversation isn’t about you,” I say.

She jerks her hand back and stomps away. Joany’s other friends grow quiet, watching the scene unfold, eyes on me.

I nod. “Yeah, I said it. This is between Joany and me. The sooner she comes to realize I’m the master of her universe, the sooner we’ll have smiles on our faces,” I say.

I’m joking, of course, but I sit back enjoying the attention. Joany doesn’t think I’m cute, her eyes narrow as she peers at me.

“You’re a sad excuse for a man. Keep it up and I’ll prove it,” she says.

“Oh, a threat. Me likey a dominatrix.” My brow waggles.

“You’ve been warned,” she threatens.

“Girls, if Joany doesn’t want to partake of my beef stick, perhaps one of you

would,” I say as I drink the remainder of my beer. I’m really feeling it now.

“Heather, that goes for you too,” I call toward Heather as she walks at the concession stand.

Joany stands, pulls up her cardigan sleeves. “Girls, I think it’s time to teach tiny man a lesson,” she says.

The girls laugh. I gaze at her amusingly.

“Stand up, if you’re man enough,” she demands.

I nod at everyone and stand as I cock a brow. The beer buzz gives me courage.

“Prove you have a beef stick in there and not a tiny slim jim.”

“I don’t. Hey, you want a peek, I’ll give you a peek.” My thumbs slip into the waistband and I hold it out for a peek.

“Just stick your head in there. Tongue out preferably,” I say.

Joany smiles. Yes! She steps to me. Maybe this is it. Her eyes go to her friends, who are nodding.

“Do it,” one says.

I open my arms to receive her.

She dives for me, her hands reach my shorts waistband. Heather comes back, and runs up behind me. Her hands also reach my waistband. They yank and my shorts come down. Heather stumbles back and Joany straightens. She pulls her hand to her mouth, and with her other hand, points.

“Tiny Tim. You talk a big talk, it’s so tiny,” she yells. The rest of the group busts out laughing, pointing.

“Tiny, itsy, bitsy,” they sneer.

My face reddens as I yank up my pants. They keep laughing, keep talking about how tiny I am.

Gall reaches my throat. Joany may as well have punched me in the balls. I shake my head as I stomp away. The jeering continues, even as I step a block away, heading to my garage apartment. Once I go inside, I shut and lock the door and head to the toilet, where I wretch.

Fuck Joany. Fuck Heather. Fuck the entire group who used to be my friends. Fuck ‘em all. I don’t give a rat’s ass about them anymore, especially Joany.

I'm not sure if anyone notices anyway. I stopped hanging out with them at the beach. In fact, I avoid the pier and the boardwalk when I know they'll be around. The other side of the island offers some remote primitive beaches, less surfing waves, but still the solitude of the ocean.

Two days later, I received a text from one of my friends, Terry.

Hey dude. Miss you at the hangout.

I text back.

Been busy.

Terry wasn't there when Joany and her friends pulled that stunt with me. I hear from no one for a week. I'm done with Joany and her gal pals. They can suck my big toe for all I care.

Imagine my surprise when I'm minding my own business and a soft knock at my door startles me out of my quiet routine.

"Ethan, can we talk?" Joany, wearing a sunny pink cotton dress, a pair of flip flops with a daisy on top, and her hair brushed down, bouncing at her shoulders. Sparkling hazel eyes shine at me, a small smile stretching across her pretty face. What can I say? I hesitate. "Please."

“Sure, come in,” I say flatly. I want to add, why are you coming to see the man with a tiny dick, but I don’t. I’d rather forget that part.

“Thank you,” she says as she walks inside, and pulls her handbag from her shoulder.

“Have a seat. Would you like a drink? I have fresh squeezed lemonade,” I say.

“Sure, thank you,” she says sunnily.

I pour two glasses of lemonade and hand one to her. She perches on the edge of my sofa, looking around. I’m a man of simple means. The decor came from the thrift shop and hand me downs from clients. Nothing spectacular, but I’m proud of my place.

“What can I do for you?” I ask finally, when she doesn’t say anything. I chuckle. “Or are you here to check out my mad decorating skills?”

She giggles. Refreshing, it breaks the ice. “I’m here to apologize.”

I smirk. “Okay.”

A pained look flashes across her face. “I’m hoping you understand why I did

what I did, though it doesn't excuse it."

"Understand? No, quite frankly, I don't. Kind of rude pulling down someone's shorts and then making a spectacle of himself. Shameful, really. If you've noticed, I stopped hanging out with you all. So, if that was your goal, you achieved it."

She looks down, the smile gone. "It wasn't my goal. Ethan, you were being an ass. I felt you deserved it," she says.

"If that's the case why are you here?"

"To apologize."

"Apologize in one breath, then tell me I deserve it in the other. Not sure I care for it." I sit back, examining my nails.

"Okay, I get it. I'm sorry, really. You kept going on and on about your lusty thoughts and how great you were. Like everything centered on your cock. I grew tired of it. Just be yourself without all the cocky pretense, pun intended." She smiles.

"So now I need to apologize to you for my beer buzz behavior? Okay, I'm sorry. Maybe I did act a little cocky."

“A little?” She laughs. “Try a lot.”

“Okay. Yes. And for that, I’m sorry. I still don’t think I deserved the treatment you gave me though.”

“You’re right. It was uncalled for and I’m sorry. Do you forgive me?”

I shrug. “I guess. Damage is done. Nothing is sacred now,” I say.

“To hear you talk about it, you were willing to pull it out in front of us anyway. I just thought I’d teach you a little lesson in humility.”

“Lesson learned, sweet cakes. I probably won’t show my face again to your friends, though.”

“Ethan, I’m so sorry. I feel like I’ve cost you your friends,” she says.

“Perhaps. The humiliation runs deep,” I say. I’m done with it.

“What can I do to make it up to you, to have you come back and be a part of our gang again?”

Did she seriously just ask this question? I grin. “Before, I had a thing for you. I

thought, you know, we were sort of getting close. But then you pulled the stunt, for which you are apologizing. So, I don't know. I don't feel too qualified to be a friend at the moment," I say.

Her head tilts as she stands. "You require some convincing of your manhood?"

I laugh. "I never had an issue of my manhood, until well, you know," I say. Yes, this is turning in my direction.

"Perhaps I should show you then, how I really feel," she says as she stands and walks to me. She grabs my hand and pulls me to my feet. Her hand rubs over my chest as I stand perfectly still, merely gazing into her eyes. Let her grovel. My body awakens and enjoys the process. A soft hand rubs down my chest and onto my belly. My breath quickens, I tense. She goes ever lower, and her hand reaches my shorts. I groan, my cock abandoning me and growing in length and girth.

"Oh," she says, her eyes meeting with mine again as she gently squeezes my swelling package.

"Don't go here unless you intend to finish," I warn.

"I know, I'm playing with hot fire right now," she says.

I chuckle and groan while she pulls my cock out, lowering my shorts to the floor. She kneels before me, as if I'm an object of worship, and grabs my cock with both hands. Her soft fingers run the length of my shaft, gently folding over the

head. I groan louder when she pulls the head into her mouth and then gags as she brings it to the back of her throat.

“Nice,” I say as I grin. She’s doing this for show.

“See, you’re not tiny, you just gagged me.”

She’s in a compromising position, a nice one at that. But I put my hands on her head and gently shove her back. Despite all that’s happened, I’m a gentleman first.

“Lady’s first,” I say as I pull her to her feet. She stands and I lift her dress, exposing a pair of pink bikini panties. Her brow lifts as I slide my thumb through the waistband and pull the pair down, until she kicks out of them.

After I push her to the sofa onto her bare ass, I kneel before her shouldering between her knees.

She moans when my face dives into her move. Soft warm folds close in around my tongue as I lick upward to the swelling nob. Swirling over it, she grinds into the sofa, her back arching. My hands snake up her dress and to her swelling bosom, where I unhook the front hook bra. Her bountiful breasts flop free, each hand grabbing flesh and tweaking the hard points forming on the nipples. Her hands lace through my hair while she moans. I keep with her, my tongue swirling and bearing down on her clit while my fingers tweak and tug her nipples. She comes hard, her body quivering as the orgasm crests and takes hold of her. As her back arches, she grinds into my face, moaning loudly, her hands holding me there. My tongue keeps moving over the swelling member, until she

shoves me back with a growl.

I sit back, smiling. She jumps up and points to the sofa.

“Sit!”

I waste not a moment, my cock stands tall, pre-cum dripping over the tip while she shoulders between my knees. Relaxing back, I enjoy the sensations of an impending orgasm while she takes hold of my cock. Her hands rub over the tip and down the shaft. One hand stays on my balls, gently massaging while the other comes back up and when it reaches my head, her lips glide over the tip, smoothly sucking in. This time I don't hold back. She sucks like a pro, her tongue playing with the tip before she sucks me to the back of her throat. I groan, pumping into her mouth, the cum building in the base of my cock. She keeps going as I grind into her face, my cock on the verge of complete loss of control. My hand pulls her head to me, keeping her there. She sucks my cock to the back of her throat when I lurch forward. Groaning loudly, my cock shoots, filling her mouth with hot cum. She swallows and swallows and not once gags. Good girl. She keeps with me until I finish, then I gently shove her back.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand as she settles on the sofa beside me. I chuckle as I reach for her hand.

“All is forgiven,” I say.

She giggles. “I thought so. And for the record, you're quite big, though I'll never admit it to anyone,” she says.

We met at the beach the following day. No one says anything about the incident. Joany warms to me as we roast hot dogs on the fire. Afterwards, she and I traipse off hand in hand, walking along the surf as the stars come out shining on us like tiny diamonds against an inky velvet backdrop. We pause and kiss. Passion takes over. Right there on the beach, in the dark, with the surf coming in at our feet, we have sex. Raw, drawn out, passionate sex. Our bodies pound together, she's on top, taking charge. We come together, the waves of pleasure washing over us like the surf at our feet. By the time the tide reaches our backs, we jump up, giggling and dressing quickly. The gang is yelling for us to join the marshmallow roast. We return, hand in hand, and no one questions us.

THE END

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