

SCARLETT STEELE

FEMDOM PUNISHMENT WORLD

A SERIES OF FACESITTING FEMALE DOMINATION AND
MALE HUMILIATION SHORT STORIES **BOOK 3**



LOSING THE FEMDOM BET
STRAPPED
AND PEGGED

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Losing The Femdom Bet - Strapped and Pegged

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Losing The Femdom Bet - Strapped and Pegged

Chapter One

“Another round?” Jason asked, looking at Brad, but already calling the waitress’s attention to their table.

“Fuck yeah,” Brad said, before slapping Jordon on his back and laughing at a joke he told minutes earlier. Brad was always slow about getting jokes, but this was okay, because the three friends had a rhythm that worked for them, as much in conversation as in life. They understood each other, they really had each other’s backs, and they were just so similar that you would think they would either get along, or hate each other.

Needless to say, they got along really well!

“Oh my fuck dee doo dash dolls!” Jordon said, looking at the door. The pub was large, but the three beauties walking into the establishment just then just seemed to fill the space. They slayed everything about their outfits, about their hair, their makeup, and took complete ownership of every man’s eyes in the room.

Brad and Jason looked to the door, at what it was that caught Jordon’s attention so, and they also experienced the drop jaw their friend was exhibiting. God damn the three females making their way towards them were fine as all hell. They didn’t even try to recover, didn’t even try not to salivate. All three ex-footballers seemed to really have lost all control off their faculties.

Women rarely had this effect on them, because they knew that they were

attractive. They knew that most women wanted to sleep with them anyway, and so they really had their pick of the litter. But every now and then, not too often, a woman, or in this case women, came into their radar who flipped them for a six and pulled the proverbial rug o their egos out from under them completely.

The three friends were similar, in appearance. They were all identical in height, 6 foot 7 inches, and they were all exactly 200 pounds in weight. All this weight was muscle though, and even though their college football days were long gone, they still looked and acted like they still played. Brad was now a highly paid Wall Street man, and Jason and Jordon, brothers, we partners in their own law firm. All of them were dressed in tight jeans and shirts that looked a size too small. Whenever they were out, they saw it as an imperative to show off their beautiful bodies.

Right now, though, there were three women seated three tables from them who absolutely, unequivocally stolen the show. And they didn't even care. They didn't mind, because like all the other men in the room, they were privy to this spectacle. Allowed to look, to ogle, and to stare at them without conflict. The women had not even paid anybody any mind, except the waitress when she came up to them and took their order, three cosmopolitans and three shots of tequila.

“Dibs on the redhead...” Brad said, looking at the hottest of the three.

The brothers looked at him, as though he always did this, calling dibs on the finest piece of ass in the room. This wasn't true though, because the women usually gravitated towards him. He may not have been the smartest in the group, but was certainly the most charismatic. And charisma trumped intelligence any day. He was a Wall Street broker, and he was good at it. It really was more a social intelligence that he lacked, and this was easy to fake after a few drinks.

The three had two more rounds, watching the women closely, seeing them approached by several men, accepting rounds of drinks, engaging them in conversations that lasted no longer than two minutes, and then sending them on their merry way. They were either incredible cock teasers, or they just had high standards. It could be, of course that they were all lesbian, but this possibility was one that none of them even wanted to entertain. They wouldn't in fact, thinking with their egos that it was just because these three fiery vixens were waiting for them to make a move.

Jordon was the one who couldn't take it anymore, getting up from the table and taking a deep breath. He looked at his friends, and then looked into the bottom of his empty glass, almost as though his courage were somewhere at the bottom of the glass. It wasn't there, so he took another deep breath and ran his fingers through his imaginary hair. He had sported brush cut since his days in the navy, a short stint but at least he could put national service on his resume. He also felt that this gave him a distinct edge as a lawyer, disarming his opposing council, especially when said council was a woman.

He walked over to the table confidently, like he was walking to them and not pretending to walk to them. He figured that there was no time for games, no time for playing anything up. He would walk up to them, and throw his charm at them, laying it on thick. Brad would have been better at this of course, but he just didn't have the balls, just yet. So it was really up to Jordon to reel in this catch. It was up to him, actually, to bait them. Brad would be responsible for the hooking.

He got to the table, without looking back at his friends not once. He didn't want it to seem that it was any sort of plan, even though it certainly looked that way. How could it not, when there were three guys, three guys that these women had clearly seen, and there were three girls, who the men had definitely seen. Getting close up to the table, Jordon really took in the redhead. She really was the most spectacular specimen he had seen in a while. At least, though, since Brad had called dibs, her friends were just as attractive, albeit in slightly different ways.

“Hello,” Jordon said, looking at one of two blondes at the table. What he wanted to say was ‘what’s a nice place like this doing around a bunch of nicer beauties like you,’ but he assumed that this would just be cheesy. He was correct, and so he didn’t, much to his relief. He wasn’t exactly known for his opening lines, but he always tended to say them before he had proceed them through his filter.

“Hi,” came the response from both blondes. The redhead sat silently, sizing up this man who had the balls to come up to their table even after he had seen so many fall by the wayside.

“I’m Jordon,” he said, extending his hand to the blonde he had focused on when he first arrived at the table.

“Kelly,” the blonde said, before adding, “this is Rachel, and this fiery looking fox is Stephanie!” Kelly spoke with a huskiness in her voice that made you think she was either incredibly turned on, or that she just had the most perfect piece of toast caught in her throat. No prize for guessing which Jordon thought it was.

He greeted the other two women that had been quite informally introduced to him, and now he looked back at his friends. They were watching him with interest now, almost as though they half expected him to fail. This was quite possible too, if the caliber of those that came before them was anything to go by. Brad gave him a subdued thumbs up, and then casually put his hand down, and focused on his replenished drink. He and Jason looked at each other now, not wanting to appear too conspicuous. It really was too late for this.

Jordon was suddenly unsure what to do, unsure of himself, and he thought of ordering the women a round. Actually, he was the one who needed a drink, but

he was not about to make the same mistake as his predecessors. The one thing about these women that was as obvious as their beauty was their fierce independence. They exuded an air of 'I've got my drinks, I've got my checks, I pay my own bills, so you'd better come at me with something that I cannot do for myself,' that literally screamed. So he knew he would have to come at them correct.

"You want to join us? We could move to a bigger table, get a little more comfortable, and maybe get to know each other a little more?" he said, with all his confidence. Then he waited, and watched. He watched their faces, tried to read their body language. Anything really that would give him an idea of what they were about to say next. He brought all his legal experience into the situation, trying to read them as he had so often read his witnesses, and his clients. This was not working though, because this was no courtroom.

Kelly looked at her friends, and asked them what they thought, with her eyes and her mouth. The conversation that followed was carried out in a way that would suggest to onlookers that Jordon was suddenly not even there. It was strange, to Jordon at least, because he wasn't used to being sidelined. He was not used to being ignored, and this was certainly what this felt like now. All he could do was stand there and wait for the outcome of this chat, a chat that suddenly took on a deep and intense feel. Jordon was really starting to feel like a bit of an idiot.

He looked at his friends again, looking a little less confident, but he maintained his very signature composure. This was something else he had mastered as an attorney, the feigning of an almost arrogant confidence, like he didn't care much for the outcome, even though he was exceptionally invested in a particular way things would end. He almost seemed to stand taller, trying to look as nonchalant as possible. And this always worked too, because more often than not, this too disarmed his audience. The cool thing about this was that he didn't even know he did it.

“We could move, I guess. This table was getting a little small for all of our legs,” Kelly said suddenly, turning out of her chair so that she could run a delicate finger from her calf all the way up to her thigh. Jordon looked at her leg, and again his jaw dropped. He pulled it back up quickly though, quick enough for none of them to notice this. He wanted to look at his buddies now to let them know of his success, but he figured that they would know this soon enough.

The three women stood up, and looked at Jordon as though he had a magical table hidden somewhere that he would whip out and replace their smaller one with. He looked around too, for a larger table, but the place had filled up already so that there were no bigger tables available. Jordon was a quick thinker though, and he grabbed their table in his hands, just because they were already standing. He carried it to their table, and looked at his friends with a ‘get the fuck up’ look. They did, and were immediately replaced in their seats by Kelly, Rachel and Stephanie.

All three of them went for the chairs that looked too conspicuous now without a table to anchor them, and Brad was the first one to say “What the fuck?” to Jordon.

“Be cool,” was Jordon’s response, and they made their way back to the now larger table. They would have liked to position their chairs between the girls, but this was not possible, so that sat at the opposite end of the table. Jordon got the introductions out of the way, and then he ordered them a round of drinks and a round of shots. They would need all the courage they could muster now, if they were to close this deal. And liquid courage was always the best kind of courage...

Chapter Two

Stephanie was really quiet for about an hour after they had shifted seats. She looked disinterested, as though she wanted to be anywhere but there. But Kelly and Rachel were really having a good time, Jordon and Jason keeping them enthralled with talks of football and law. This was not the kind of conversation that Brad found intriguing, and it seemed, too, that Stephanie would also rather be talking about anything but.

She made no move though, not even the standard excuse of needing the bathroom to get out of there. There was something about her nonchalance that appealed to Brad though, and so he searched his head for an in, something that would get him passed begin, at least. For the first time, though, words have really failed him. He cannot think of anything to say that would at least get the seeming ice princess to melt, or at least crack a smile. He watched his friends for a while, and they seemed to be making real progress, making Brad feel like he was lagging behind now.

In fact, he felt like he was their wingman, and if Stephanie wasn't as attractive as she was, he might have felt that he was the designated 'hand me down' friend tasked with keeping the ugly girl company while his friends got so close to third and fourth base you could literally smell the sex already. It was an extremely uncomfortable feeling for him, so he decided that he would do the one thing that he hadn't done in a while. He decided to just be real with her, and have a conversation that didn't rely on his charm as a crutch.

"You're awful quiet," he said when he had moved his chair so that he was now seated between Stephanie and Jordon. This simple move now put everyone in the perfect position to focus on their individual targets. Jordon could concentrate on Kelly, with nobody to worry about, and Jason could do the same with Rachel.

Before, Stephanie was positioned right between them so that they felt the need to sort of include her in whatever conversation they were having. Both men thanked Brad in their heads, and really went in for the kill now.

“You’re pretty quiet yourself there, penny for your thoughts?” she said, sarcastically so that Brad knew that she really didn’t care too much for what he had to say. Still though, anything from her was better than the nothing he had been receiving all night. He looked at her, and searched his head for an appropriate thought for which to exchange for a penny.

“For a dollar, I’ll give you a thought, and another drink,” he said, raising his hand to draw the waitress’s attention, especially when it was clear that she wasn’t going to smile. Stephanie really was a hard nut to crack, but determination was as much of Brad’s arsenal as his charm was.

He watched Stephanie when their drinks arrived, watched how she toasted her friends, watched how she thanked the waitress, watched how she acknowledged him by raising her glass before putting it to her beautiful mouth. There was something almost wholesome about her, almost country. She had manners, and she seemed to be a genuinely authentic person. Her cleverness was also obvious in her voice, in the things she said, when she was speaking that is, and so Brad deduced that she was not, as he had previously thought, anything other than a good girl with exceptional good looks.

Brad almost felt guilty for the thoughts he was having about her from the minute she walked in. He felt like a bit of a perv, another strange thing for him. Women would usually be excited that he was even having these thoughts about them, but something about Stephanie made him feel uncomfortable or thinking what he had been. She presented herself as a real person, and not just another piece of tail, and Brad had absolutely no response for this, initially.

He tried to listen to the conversations happening on either side of the table for a minute, just to gauge where his friends were in their individual ventures, and it sounded like they were so close to closing that he practically saw them leaving already, both of them with an exceptionally hot blonde in their arms. Anxiety started to fill him again, so that he was dreaming already of being back at his apartment now, alone, preparing for all the stories that he would be regaled with come morning, the tales of debaucherously fantastic fucking that would come in tandem from Jason and Jordon. The brothers really were prolific lovers, something that Brad had witnessed firsthand during their many group sessions. They did that sometimes.

“So what is it that you do?” Brad asked Stephanie, feeling that this question really was a little long in coming. But he asked it anyway, when he realized that he would have to show a genuine interest in the woman if he expected this night to go any sort of way. He had no more expectations though, thinking that if he got a good night kiss that would be more progress than he could even dream of.

“I’m in logistics,” she said, in a way that let him think that she expected this to be sufficient enough an explanation of her vocation. It wasn’t, but he got the hint. She obviously didn’t want to talk about work, and judging from her disinterest earlier when the others had talked shop, he estimated that she would be as uninterested in his days on Wall Street. As a result, he didn’t give up this information, and wouldn’t, not until she asked at least.

She didn’t ask, and so that line of conversation was shot dead before it even had a chance to take its first breath!

“What’s your favorite movie,” she asked him unexpectedly. The sheer randomness of this question made him think that she was really just passing the time, really just filling the air between with meaningless conversation until a time when she could appropriately make her graceful exit. It really was an uncomfortable situation, for Brad at least. He knew that he had called dibs on the

woman, but it was really now starting to feel that they were thrust on each other, forced to keep each other company while the couples that flanked them worked themselves up to fucking, with words.

“I don’t know, I guess I don’t really have a favorite,” he answered honestly. He had watched a lot of films, and he suspected that she was probably into art films. So in order to look like less of an idiot than he would have if he said Scarface or The Godfather, he decided to leave this one a little up in the air. He had no follow up question though, so he just took a long sip from his drink and waited for her response to his response.

“Bullshit,” she said, immediately qualifying this profanity with, “what film could you watch over and over again, without getting bored?” She really seemed to want an answer to this, and so Brad decided, again, to be honest. It was clear that he wasn’t getting anywhere with her, so he might as well settle into the ‘nothing’s going to happen here so just be you’ mode required by such situations. He was, however, very disappointed, in himself, and in his friends. He was disappointed in himself forgiving up so easily on actually making something happen. And he was disappointed in his friends for their lack of empathy at his plight.

“The Godfather,” he said, and held his breath. He waited for the assault that usually came with this confession. As far as women were concerned, this wasn’t a real film. It was just an excuse for men to shoot shit up and say a few good lines to themselves while looking at their own reflections in the mirror. No art, no cinematic credibility whatsoever. Brad just waited for this, looking at her though, so as not to appear uninterested in what she thought about what he had just said.

“I love The Godfather, one of the greatest films ever made,” came the surprising response, before she went off on a bit of a tangent about the great acting and the director’s skill, his eye and his translation of what could really have been a pretty

mundane script into something that would really be talked about for decades to come. She really had an intimate understanding of films, and filmmaking.

Well now, Brad thought, their first real engagement. And she initiated it. This was good, he thought, this was very good. He could go with this, work with it. There might be something salvageable in this evening after all!

They discussed film for the next half hour, and to Brad's surprise, they liked the same stuff. Even the films that they didn't agree on led to interesting discussions, and Brad started to feel like he was on a date. Even when Jordon and Kelly left, Jason and Rachel soon after, he really didn't care too much. He just to ore drinks for him and Stephanie, and the conversation migrated organically to other equally interesting topics. The night had finally gained a certain momentum, and this was certainly helped along by the copious amounts of alcohol that the pair had consumed.

"So, tell me something about you, something that you would never tell a stranger?" Stephanie asked, downing her umpteenth Cosmo like it was water. The drinks were really not having any ore effect on her, but she drank them anyway, because that was what one did where they were. Brad was a little drunk now. Actually he was a lot drunk. But fortunately for him he had an exceptional drinking facility, and he knew that it would take a whole lot more alcohol to get him to act like any sort of fool. So he too just kept on drinking.

"I like taking bubble baths," he said, and smiled, just to cover himself in case she thought this was corny or creepy. He actually really did like bubble baths, with candles and bath salts and everything. If you asked him why though, he would never be able to answer you. It was just a thing he liked to do and so he did it as often as he could. He really hoped that she did not think that this was a un-jock thing to do, not when they had made so much progress.

Stephanie laughed loudly now, and she had the most beautiful, most infectious laugh he had ever heard. She was also laughing for the first time since the evening began, and he was once again comfortable that real progress was being made here. He watched as she laughed a little longer, throwing her head back and really getting into it. She didn't even try to stop herself, didn't bring her hand to her mouth as though she was embarrassed that she was laughing. She just let it go, and he thought, much to his dismay, that in fact she did think that this was cheesy.

"My turn," she said when she had recovered. "I like it rough!" she said, so matter-of-factly that if Brad was drinking right there, he would have choked on his drink. He needed another one though, a stronger one, because what she had just said could have only one meaning, and she knew it. The way she said it let you know that she knew it. But just how he responded to that was something that escaped him so completely that he just called the waitress over, ordered them a refill, and six tequila shots to boot.

This shit just got very interesting indeed!

Chapter Three

Jason and Jordon got back to their apartments, which were in the same building on opposite ends of the same floor both of them were arm in arm with their prospective pussy-although by this time they were a little more than prospective-with both of them thinking about Brad. They really had left him with the good girl of the group, it seemed, and they felt a little bad, especially since both of them were already going quite hard with just the anticipation of life's coming attractions. They stepped out of the elevator on the twenty-seventh floor, both of them looking at each other.

They seemed to know what the other was thinking, and so they excused themselves from the girls for a minute and walked a short ways down the hall for a little bit of a pow wow!

"I feel bad bro," Jason said. Jordon nodding in agreement before he even knew what it was exactly that Jordon was feeling bad about.

"I know man, but he did choose first, so it really is his fault," Jordon said, revealing that he really did not the source of his brother's bad feeling. They stared down the hallway to where Kelly and Rachel were caught in a conversation that seemed to be quite animated, partly because of how much they had drunk, and partly because of the content of this conversation. They were comparing notes on their individual beaus.

"Do you think we should call him, invite him to join us, make this a group thing?" Jason said, or asked. He wasn't sure, because he too was also quite drunk.

“I don’t know bro, do you think that girls would go for it?” Jordon asked, not really in the mood to share tonight. Jason was always in the mood to share, just because this gave him the opportunity to show off his perfect cock. It really was a beautiful cock. The same length, roughly, as his contemporaries, but with a much bigger head, and a uniform cylindrical shaft that stood straight. Both Brad and Jordan had slight curves in their cocks, which made them more interesting, but even erect, the hung low below their balls.

“We could ask,” Jason offered, knowing though that he wouldn’t be the one to ask. He loved orgies, but he never had the balls to initiate, even though he had an impressive sack.

“Tell you what, let’s get them in one of our apartments, and feel out the situation a little. I’ll drop little hints, little suggestions, and if they go for it, great, if not, we both have guest bedrooms. There’s really no need for all of us to suffer...” Jordon really was feeling bad for Brad. But he also really, really needed to get laid now. They walked into Jordon’s apartment a moment later, Jordon pouring them all drinks while Jason and Rachel chose some music. Kelly was looking around the apartment, which really was very nice. It was masculine, with soft hints at the feminine that let her know that a woman had definitely had a hand in the décor.

They settled comfortably on the sofa, an L-shaped lather monstrosity so that they were together but not really. The couch offered them just enough room to be separate from each other, even though it would just take a simple stretch of the arms for Jordon to touch Rachel, and Jason to do the same to Kelly. They didn’t though, because Jordon was supposed to drop hints, suggest something that he wasn’t sure would go down well with the ladies. After a half hour no such suggestion was made though, and he slowly stood up, took Kelly by the hand, and led her to his bedroom. Jason, after he was sure that this wasn’t going to happen, slipped into the guest bedroom with Rachel, and they both proceeded to take the experience to the next level.

Meanwhile, back at the club...

Brad was in the bathroom for the longest time. He really needed to process the woman's comment about liking it rough. He stood over the urinal, dick in hand, and he looked down at his meat, aggressively expelling the contents of a very full bladder. He knew that he had the ability to give it to her tough, but he just wasn't sure if she was just playing with him. He couldn't be sure. How could he, when she was nothing but shy and demure until she uttered that one comment that seemed to change things up completely.

Something was definitely at play here, but he wasn't sure what. This frustrated him, but not to the point where he could not empty out his bladder. He thought for a minute of going into the stall, and shutting the door. He would go hard quite quickly, he knew, and so he could bring himself to a swift orgasm, removing the urgency to fuck that was really coming to the surface, somewhat. This would put him and Stephanie back on an even keel, and he could carry out the rest of the evening without said urgency.

But he last masturbated in a public restroom back in college, and he wasn't about to take himself back to those days when he really was a little addicted to DIY penis pulling. If all else failed, then he could simply put her in a cab, come back inside and pick from what was left in the club. At least he had a plan now, and armed with this plan and a semi-hard on, he went back to the table and waited for Stephanie, who must have also gone to the bathroom now, to return. He thought for a minute if he should order another round, or perhaps order some coffee for them.

He figured though that they were still having a decent time so he just ordered them another round, sans the tequila, and their drinks arrived at the table at exactly the same time that another attractive female, a blonde, sat down at the

table and completely ignored the Cosmo, which was a clear indication that Brad had company!

“Playing hard to get huh,” she asked, fingering the rim of the Cosmo glass. She really looked like she was going to drink it.

“Excuse me?” he asked, choking on his own double vodka and cranberry juice.

“The redhead, playing hard to get... You would struggle with me. You don’t have to struggle. In fact, we could get out of her right now and really get this party started,” she said, and now she did drink the Cosmo, downing it in one long sip.

“It’s cool, I’m good. She isn’t playing at anything. We’re having a good time, and she’ll be back any minute. I don’t think it would be appropriate for her to find you seated in her chair, drinking her drinks,” Brad said, but he could help but give this sexy woman the once over, just taking stock of what he was going to miss out on for something that really was still very uncertain. The woman, who never introduced herself, stood up and took the Cosmo glass with her. Brad exhaled hard before he returned to his drinks, and thoughts about Stephanie.

She was still in the bathroom, processing herself.

Stephanie was thinking that perhaps her statement was a bit too much, too much of a confession. Brad was a jock, and he presented for her the type of challenge that she really liked. She knew that she could take him, break him, and this was part of the intrigue for her. She really wanted to challenge him, and her comment was a part of the strategy to reel him in. Her softness, her demureness, was all

purely an act to disarm possible targets.

It always worked, and Brad's response to her liking it rough was evidence enough that it had worked for him too!

She had a real plan for him, but she wasn't sure if he would go for it. She needed to get him to take her home, or to come back to her place. Stephanie knew that getting him back to her place would be better, easier if she was to convince him to play the game that she wanted to play. But he seemed like the type who would want her to go back to his lair. He just seemed to be a control freak like that.

She didn't mind this, not really. She could get him to play, with a little convincing, she was sure. What she wasn't sure about was how long he would take being dominated. Stephanie was a dominatrix, and she was a powerful one. Her strength was physical and mental. She had powerful arms, and equally strong legs. Her core was so on point that she could, with one move, bring most men, even men as big as Brad, down with one move. Stephanie decided that she would know from Brad's attitude now what she should do next.

"There she is," Brad said when Stephanie walked back up to the table. Stephanie looked at him, looked at the drink in his hand and then looked around for hers. It wasn't there, and she looked at him again. Brad quickly remedied this situation with just the simple raising of his hand and she sat down.

"Here I am," she said, settling into her chair and shifting it a few inches closer to Brad's.

"I'm just going to say it... You have the most beautiful body I have ever seen on

a female,” Brad said, looking for an appropriate way to build on her last comment. He needed his construction to take some sort of form now, some sort of shape because it was getting late, and he knew himself. Brad knew that if he was going to fuck Stephanie, he would want to fuck her long. He also knew that he liked to fuck in the dark, something about the night time fueling his testosterone. So he really needed to get her out of there now, and back to his place, so that he could get his cock inside her, and stay there for as long as was possible.

He wondered if she would let him fuck her in her ass. He was big, but he knew how to work an ass. He knew that he was larger than average and because he was aware of this, he had mastered the art of taking women from the rear with a gentleness that got him in there before he started fucking them hard. This gentleness always got him all the way up in an ass before the women he had the pleasure of fucking in this sacred place could even think of objecting.

So he was confident that he would get inside her, but if this was going to happen, he needed to get her out of there, fast.

“I’ve got a nice everything,” Stephanie responded, running her fingers up her legs, and then lingering on her knees, circling this joint with a delicateness that made Brad want to touch it too. But he didn’t, because she was still not giving him access to do this. Or did she, Brad wondered? Was she giving him this access, with her comments over the last few sentences that passed from her lips? There was an almost tangible uncertainty between them now, and they both frustratingly wanted to break this shit down. It was just time.

“Nice everything huh? Your mouth is certainly inviting,” he said, moving his chair closer to her now. She ran a finger across her lips, and then put a finger in her mouth, sucking on it slowly, sensually, before pulling it from her mouth and taking a sip from her drink. Shit, Brad would give anything to put his lips on hers, to slip his cock into her mouth. He downed his own drink and took a deep

breath.

At least they were making progress in the right direction now, and he allowed himself to believe what his now hard cock was believing for a while now already!

Chapter Four

There was nothing that pair of them were able to think of saying other than what was exactly on their minds. There was really no need for any acting or pretense anymore, because they both had definite agendas now. The way they navigated each other had also changed now, because all inhibitions were really gone now. It really was game on, and both of them used very individual strategies towards the same end goal!

“My mouth is really delicious,” she said, after she had downed her drink. She really was just confirming everything that he was saying, that he was thinking, but what else could she say. There was really nothing.

“But your ass, damn girl...” he reiterated, wanting her to stand up so that he can look at it again. She doesn’t though, but his cock throbs a little bit anyway, still rock hard in his jeans. She watches as he makes the necessary adjustments in his jeans. She smiles at him, and he looks at her, also smiling, not even trying to hide the fact that he was hard. There really was no point in them hiding anything from each other now.

“Yes, you said. You should see it out of this dress,” she said, teasing him with the possibility so that he half stood up, needing to make more adjustments in his pants. She really was nothing like her previously demure self, the new fire in her making even her hair look redder. Everything about her seemed to be slightly exaggerated too now, augmented in the most beautiful way. He knew that this was partly the vodka, but he also knew that she was hot when she walked in and he was still sober, so the chance of any buyer’s remorse after a night with her was completely negated.

“Look, what are we doing here? I like you, I think you like me, and I really want to sleep with you. I’m not sure if you feel the same way, but if your comments are anything to go by, I’m sure that you are at least entertaining the possibility. Am I wrong?” Brad brought the conversation to a head very quickly. A group of sentences that came together so succinctly that Brad may as well have just asked her to get out of there.

“I’m not sure,” came the unexpected response. Once again Stephanie appeared demure, almost vulnerable, and once again Brad felt guilty for everything he had just said. He also felt very stupid, like he walked right into a brick wall that was right in front of him. It wasn’t even like walking into a glass door that you didn’t see, but it was like he knew he would be shot down but went for it anyway. All the progress made up until this point seemed to be lost now.

“Well, I had to try. You really are incredibly beautiful, and I’m sure that you are a great person. But I’m really not looking for a relationship right now, and if sex is off the table, then I think we should get one more round and then I’m going to call it a night,” he said, raising his hand to draw the attention of another waitress. The one who had been serving them all night must be on a break or something. The frustration of losing a battle that he was so sure he was winning fed directly to his cock and it went flaccid now. This was a good thing, he thought.

He started to throw his eyes around the room, looking for a possible target to take care of his cock later. He also thought of his exit strategy. Stephanie might ask him for a lift home, so he tried to remember if he mentioned that his car was here. Brad knew that he hadn’t. She might also ask him to share a cab, which would be difficult for him to turn down, since they would be leaving at the same time, or at least that is how he would want it to look. But maybe they lived on opposite ends of the city, which would save him. He couldn’t ask her where she lived though.

Then again, Brad thought, why would he need to make her think that he was

leaving immediately? He didn't owe her anything, least of all an explanation of the sex he still desperately wanted to have. There was nothing between them except a slight chemistry that was obviously going to go nowhere now. Still though, he felt that he didn't want to make her feel bad. Her body was her own after all, and if she didn't want to give it up, then he really couldn't force her.

She was looking at him again, and he wondered what she was thinking. She was a thinking creature, this was obvious. She was also an acting creature, even though she wasn't acting the way Brad wanted right now. Still though, she was very much within her rights to act whatever way she liked, and so Brad just let this go. He did need to be separated from her quickly now, so that he could find a woman, seal the deal, and be gone from here.

Brad looked around the bar area again, searching for the blonde from earlier. She wasn't there, and he assumed correctly that she had left with another, more willing man already. Dammit, he thought. She would have made a very nice playfellow indeed. Why didn't he take her number just in case this happened, this possibility that he knew existed in the back of his head. His instincts were always right about these things, and even though he couldn't remember the last time he was in such a situation, he knew how these things always ended.

"That's good. I'm also not looking to start anything serious right now, so you have nothing to worry about. I'm sorry if I gave you that impression. I thought we were getting to know each other. I'm not in the habit of sleeping with men I don't have at least one thing in common with..." Stephanie said, and Brad found himself searching for this thing that they have in common.

"Movies... We have that in common," he said, half laughing, half smiling, knowing that he sounded really desperate in that utterance. He was desperate, to get out of there, with Stephanie, with anyone, but especially with Stephanie.

He thought of his friends. They must be on round three by now. He wondered if they made this a group thing. He knew them, knew their individual personalities, and he knew who would have insisted on this. But he also knew that they would probably have gone their own routes, judging by the way they interacted with their chosen ones when they were still here. Round three, he thought, thinking that it was really just about time for him to get stated with round one. It was just fucking damn time.

“Let’s get out of here,” Stephanie said at last, and it was as if the heavens opened up and he heard a million angels break out in a hallelujah chorus.

“Are you sure?” he asked, needing to be sure himself.

“I’m sure!” she said, and he stood up immediately.

“My bar is fully stocked and I rustle up a mean Cosmo,” he said, letting her know without saying it directly that they were going to go back to his place. Brad was really a creature of comfort, and he did his best work when surrounded by things that were familiar to him.

They finished their drinks and left, walking to Brad’s car. Brad really wasn’t sure if he should be driving, but he wasn’t about to leave his car unattended in the parking lot. It was his baby, and the maroon Aston Martin just seemed to say hello to him as he approached it. He held the door open to Stephanie, who was also concerned about his driving ability. She couldn’t really think about this now though, already planning in her head how she was going to convince Brad to play her game. She would just trust that he wanted to get back to his place in one piece as badly as she now did.

Brad was also working out the details in his own head. He always went into every fuck session with a clear plan of action. He planned everything, from the initial kiss to the sort of foreplay. He planned the sex, whether he would take her from the back or go for the more intimate eye to eye contact. It was important to him, because he knew that he worked best within the confines of a plan. This is how his mind worked, just because his day job was so haphazard, and no matter how much he planned and strategized on Wall Street, there was always something that pulled the rug out from underneath him.

So he needed structure, solid structure, in every other aspect of his life. And his lovemaking wasn't spared the need for this structure.

They got back to Brad's place in one piece, and he did rustle up some Cosmos. They were better than the ones at the club too, but he knew this, because he added a few secret ingredients. Then he gave Stephanie a tour of his split level pad, before they settled in the living room again, drinking their drinks, contemplating the next move. Brad had his plan in his head, and he was seconds from executing it.

Stephanie too had formed her plan in her own head, and she too was about ready to implement it. There were unanswered questions in her head though, which meant that there were a few variables that she could not account for. But that was cool, she thought, because she had contingencies for her contingencies. Brad's references to her body the whole night though gave her several reassurances.

Firstly, it assured her that he really wanted to sleep with her. This meant that he would do anything to make that possible. She knew that they didn't really have a lot of time before said sleeping was expected to happen, but she knew that she could prolong this as long as she wanted as long as she dangled the promise of herself in front of him. She knew exactly how to dangle promises, so this really was a non-issue. She would get completely naked and then have him eating out of her hand. This was the easy part. The hard part would come in convincing

him to wager.

This brought her to her second reassurance.

She knew that men who wanted to sleep with her were of the habit of promising her anything. This meant that she could easily get Brad to promise her whatever she wanted, provided she worded it right. There was something about him that let her think that she would have to articulate her request quite clearly, but this too didn't matter to her. She was very good at articulating the things she wanted, and she was as good, better even, at getting them. So this too wasn't much of a problem.

Stephanie put her glass down and pulled Brad to her, planting her mouth on his and kissing him with incredible passion. "I've got an idea," she started. "Let's make this interesting. I suggest a little bit of a wager..." she continued, and then let this sit with him for a moment.

"What kind of wager," Brad asked.

"Well, I propose a little wrestling match. If you win, then you can have my ass anyway you want. If I win, however, then your ass is mine," she said, extending a hand so that they could seal the deal.

Brad looked at her tiny frame and extended his hand, certain that this was a challenge that he could win easily!

Chapter Five

Stephanie took off her top, and then unzipped her skirt, dropping it to the floor. Score, Brad thought, thinking that this was really half the battle won. He took off his top, and then his jeans, after kicking off his shoes. Standing there in nothing but his underwear, a pair of crisp white boxers, and socks, he felt stupid immediately. Taking off his socks made him feel a little more confident. Stephanie kicked off her heels, and stood there in nothing but a very sexy bra and even sexier panties.

Without her shoes on, she was even shorter than Brad, and he felt even more confident about winning. He wasn't sure how this would work though, and so he didn't make a move. He thought it best to leave the first move up to her, something that came sooner than even he thought. The demureness had vanished completely from her now, and she was every bit the fiery vixen that Brad thought she was when he first laid eyes on her. Stephanie stepped forward and placed her leg between Brad's, placing her hands over his shoulders, and pulled.

Caught off guard, Brad came down with a loud thud, and Stephanie was suddenly positioned on top of him. She had his arms pinned under her legs, and she pressed down hard with all her weight. With her hands, she cupped his face, and pulled it up. She went down and met him, putting her mouth on his again, and she kissed him long, deep. He kissed her back, and just when he started to enjoy it, just when he started to get into it, she pushed his mouth off hers, and dropped his head back onto the floor. Then she smiled a wicked smile and lifted herself off of him.

"No prize for guessing who won the first round," she said, and turned to where her glass sat half full, and she emptied it down her long throat.

“That was good, but you kind of caught me off guard. It won’t happen again. Best of three right?” Brad said, and he recovered into a standing position, going down on his haunches a few times, looking like a real wrestler psyching himself up. He was suddenly taking this way too seriously. Way too seriously!

“The best of three huh? I can do that. So I just need to win the next one, and your ass is mine?” The way she ended the last sentence didn’t sit to well with Brad, so he was determined to win the next two. There was no way he was going to surrender himself to her, knowing that he was one who always took control of sex, and her taking ownership of his ass could mean a number of things. So he didn’t want to find out, and he didn’t want to ask, just in case this made him look like a coward.

He wasn’t a coward of course, but he was uncomfortable relinquishing control of his sexual prowess. This increased his determination to win, and he walked toward her as she approached him. This time he would be ready for her. She couldn’t catch him off guard a second time. She wouldn’t. He steadied himself on his feet as she came closer still to him. He would of course be lying if he said that he wasn’t nervous, because one thing she realized about her as soon as she got him down the first time, as soon as she was on top of him, was that she was very strong.

She grabbed his arm, but he was ready for her this time, and he went in to her, and lifted her off the ground. She went easily, and as her feet left the ground, Brad thought he had her. She wrapped her legs around his torso and then squeezed her thighs hard, solidifying her grip on him as he tightened his grip on her hands. He was holding on hard, and she tightened her legs around him. They were in a bit of a death grip, but she couldn’t move anymore, and neither could he.

They looked at each other, and they both smiled. There really was something about the closeness of their proximity of each other that excited both of them, but they knew that this was a competition, and every competition had to have a winner. Both of them wanted to be this winner, and they knew that this was the round that would determine which way this whole thing went. If Stephanie won, then Brad would be in trouble. And if he won, then this would mean that they would have one more round, and this round would be more than just a little stressful, for both of them.

“This is interesting,” she said, knowing that she was strong and knowing that this caught him slightly off guard. He didn’t think she would be as strong as she was, and she knew this. She knew too that her power in this situation wouldn’t just come from her physical strength, but from her ability to play with his mind, and to get him to submit to her mentally first. This was also a game she had mastered over the course of her adult life, and so she knew that she could execute both the physical and mental requirements of this situation flawlessly.

“It is,” he said, and he tried to wrestle her from his frame. She wouldn’t budge though, and so he moved around a bit, thinking that this would shake her. Still, she didn’t move at all. Finally though, she flicked her wrists and her hands were free of his, and then she let her legs slide off him and she jumped back. She looked at him, he looked at her, and they were both once again caught in a little bit of a death stare.

“Let’s up the stakes a little,” she said, and reached behind herself, trying for the clasp that held her bra up. Unable to get at it though, she took the straps off her shoulders, turned the bra so that the clasp was now in front, and too off the sexy lace contraption. Brad’s jaw dropped at the sight of her breasts, and she knew that she had gone some ways to disarming him even more.

“I think that evens things up a bit, don’t you think?” Brad asked, looking from her underwear to his. She just smiled at the ridiculousness of this insinuation.

Stephanie touched the top of her panties, hinting seductively that she just might take them off. Again his jaw was dropping but he pulled it back up, not sure if she was ready for him to remove his underwear. He remembered his curve, and knew that it could be a little bit intimidating. So he always waited until the last minute to whip out his junk, until the moment that it was just too late for them to go running for the hills. He remembered that one of the brothers also had a curve, but with the promise of Stephanie removing her panties, he couldn't remember which one.

There was a brief moment where she felt like she shouldn't, but then, without hesitation, she started to work her panties down her legs, and past her knees, bending as she went. She then got the lace down to her ankles, and as she stepped out of the lace, one foot at a time, Brad's curve was suddenly fully engorged, still pointing down, but the curve was now prominent and pitching a bit if a teepee in his boxers. There was nothing he could do to hide it.

He watched her as she stood up straight again, drawing his eye in with her fingers as they moved all over her body, she knew that there was nothing to it. He just said that they were now even, and right now, they definitely weren't. So he quickly took his boxers off and stood up straight, looking confident, like a peacock strutting all of its glory. He figured that if he was confident, then she might ignore the magnificent curve that hung hard and quite low between his legs. Her eyes fell on his curve and didn't move, which made him feel incredibly self-conscious.

"Wow," Stephanie said, and Brad took that to mean that she was impressed. For it to mean anything else in that moment was just something that his ego couldn't take. He just assumed it to mean what he needed it to mean and he left it at that. He actually ran his fingers along that full length of the curve, wanting to emphasize the length and not the curve, but doing both. He lingered on his head with his fingertips, and then pulled on his balls. He knew in his head and in that place inside him that was aware of such things that he had, despite its

appearance, a very impressive package.

“Wow yourself,” he said, looking at her, his eyes on her perfect pussy. And it really was a perfect pussy, clean shaven, the most beautiful clit that he had ever seen, and lips that seemed to fold so perfectly in place that it made the entrance to her Garden of Eden seem enticing and intimidating all at the same time. He really wanted to be inside her now though, but then he remembered that they were still in the middle of a wrestling match.

Stephanie suddenly comes towards him and he looks like a deer caught in the headlights. She really looks very intimidating but he cannot move out of the way. He cannot move because a women with the most delicious looking pussy was walking towards him, and he just couldn't move. Suddenly she was on him, and suddenly she had him pinned down. Suddenly her ass was in his face and he just could not move. Her pussy was rubbing against his mouth and it was suddenly beautiful, everything about this situation seeming so right and yet so very, very wrong!

Her pussy came down on his mouth hard, and it was very moist, and wet. But he couldn't lick it, he could not get his tongue out of his mouth. The pressure from her pussy was so intense that it completely blocked his mouth, her ass in his nose, and it was really smothering. So smothering that he couldn't breathe, in fact. He tried though, in absolute vain, to get oxygen into his lungs, and his excitement suddenly turned to sheer panic. He could not breathe, and the power of the cunt and ass in his face made him extremely anxious.

Brad had to admit to himself that what he was feeling is really fear!

His strength was really failing him now, mostly because he was really so focused on the delicious fruits hanging against his mouth, no, pressing against his mouth,

that he really didn't even care much that he wasn't breathing anymore. The fear gave way to excitement so often that he just felt like he had to choose, and he chose excitement, over and over again. It didn't even matter to him that he was losing the battle. That he had lost it came a distant second to the fact that very quickly in the evening, he had Stephanie's pussy against his lips.

When she eventually lifted herself off of him, he didn't breathe for a further few moments. He was drunk with her scent, and as he licked his lips he quickly became intoxicated with her taste. He knew now more than anything that he wanted her, to be inside her, and there was nothing that she could do or say in that moment, or any other for that matter, that could or would stop him. He was pussy whipped!

He was also about to find out that there was in fact a whole lot of things that she could do to stop him!

Chapter Six

She brought her ass down over his face again, and then went towards his dick with her mouth. As she wrapped her mouth around his head, she pressed her ass deeper, harder into his nose and then into his mouth, and she started to grind herself against him. Again he could not breathe, but again he didn't care about this, wanting to get his mouth around her pussy. He opened his mouth, and as parts of her hot, moist center dropped into his gaping hole, he took in the scent of her along with just enough oxygen to get his blood circulating again.

Brad pulled her down to him, knowing that he had lost the battle, but he really didn't care. This was the ultimate prize after all, and he knew that he would have full and free access to her cunt. He sucked on it hard and even though his nose was blocked, nestled between her crack, he didn't care that this path for oxygen was blocked. He was just enjoying the feeling of her mouth going down his shaft. She was making some serious head way too, and when she got past his curve, he knew that she could handle it, at least in her mouth.

He stopped working on her with his mouth as she got a little further down on his shaft. He was really impressed with this, and he wished that he could see her work. But all he had in his line of sight was her perfect ass cheeks, and they were moving around and down further on his nose, his mouth not doing anything to her anymore. He tried to lift her off his face, but he couldn't. There was just no way for him to get her off his face, just because she was so powerful, in her legs, and all the way up her thighs.

"Fuck you're good," he mouthed, but Stephanie couldn't hear him. He actually couldn't hear himself, the words sounding more in his head than in the room. Stephanie just sucked on him for a while longer, and then she sucked his head a moment longer, and then she lifted her mouth off of him and lifted her ass off of

his face and lifted herself off of him completely.

There was a moment's break, but just a moment. She looked back at him and then looked at where her glass was empty. She went for the supply and poured herself another Cosmo, wanting to pour one for Brad but looking at him like he really didn't need it anymore. He looked like he needed nothing more in the way of alcohol, but the look on his face was because he was pussy drunk. Brad watched her as she poured herself a drink, pulling on his cock, thinking that it was time for him to get into that. He really wanted to get into that now.

Then she was going towards him, and sipping her drink. He started to have thoughts, thoughts of lifting her up and lowering her on to his cock, thinking that he was going to get her positioned on his curve, and he would slide it into her and then lift and lower her over and over again, until he got close to cumming. Then he would position himself underneath her, and move her around on his rod. Then finally he would position himself on top of her, and bring them both over the edge.

"I really want to fuck you..." he says, and he looks at her with a hungry expression. He cannot hide the fact that he wants her now, there is no need. They have played her game, and she won. But he really wanted the prize now, he really wanted his reward for her winning the wrestling match.

"I know you do, but I don't think that it is time just yet. I won the match, and you do remember the bet. You remember the wager? There is the matter of your ass..." Stephanie said, and she pulled him close to her, kissing him before pushing him down on the couch. He was sitting now, still pulling on his cock, still anxious. He rubbed his head and watched as precum dripped from it. He squeezed his head hard, pulling more precum from himself. It was really a deliciously frustrating experience, and he wanted inside her desperately now.

“Please don’t make me wait any longer,” he begged. He really was begging too now, a look on his face that said that she was really punishing him. She wasn’t, not yet, but when she went for her bag, he started to panic, watching as she dug around inside it, looking for something that she couldn’t quite locate.

“Patience is a virtue, Brad. And you are going to have to be really patient, and really, really brave. I won the wager, and this means that at least for the next while, your ass is mine. And I intend on collecting on this. But don’t worry, you’ll get my ass too, and my pussy. But first, you’re going to have to give me your ass,” Stephanie said, pulling the biggest strap on dildo that Brad had ever seen from the bag at last.

He hadn’t seen a strap on before, never seen a dildo before. He had never had an interest in women’s sex toys, because he had always felt more than a little confident in his own toy. He sat there with his jaw on the floor now, for all the wrong reasons. He knew immediately what she wanted to do with the strap on, and he knew immediately that he didn’t want it. Bet or no bet, there was no way that she was going to get that thing inside him. There was just no fucking way.

“No fucking way,” he said!

“Yes way,” she said. “Just give it a try, you might actually like it!” She spoke with the seduction of Satan, with all the alluringness of a succubus, and he thought about it for a minute. He didn’t even know why he thought about it, or why he thought about it, but he did, and this bothered him a little bit. It bothered him because he really didn’t ever consider this before, never ever having been caught in this situation before. It caught him really off guard, and he tried to recover quickly. He needed to recover before he did something stupid.

“Oh no, babe. I want to fuck you. I fuck and that is it. But there is no way,

absolutely no fucking way that you are going to get that thing into me,” Brad said, trying to sound sure of himself. He was sure, but he wasn’t as certain in his statement as he would have liked to have been. There really was no way that this was going to happen to him, and he needed to be sure that Stephanie understood this, completely.

“Why? Is it too big,” she asked, running her fingers up the length of her tool. She looked down at it, and then she looked at Brad’s cock, which was going soft now, probably because of the fear and anxiety that he was feeling. He wasn’t even sure why he was scared, because he knew that he had control of himself, and control of his body, and so he wouldn’t really allow anything to happen to him that he didn’t want to. He could, therefore, explain his anxiety. But the fear, the fear was something that he had absolutely no explanation for.

His eyes were on the strap on now, and he looked from it to the bag, waiting, wanting her to just out that fucking shit away!

Stephanie came to him on the couch and straddled him. She started to grind her pussy against his cock, and she was getting wetter than she was. There was something about this intimacy that turned him on incredibly, and he started to grind against her pussy too, wanting in now. Fuck he so wanted to be inside her that he held her hips and held her in place, trying again to grind her entrance. She managed to keep him from it though, and this started to frustrate him.

She started to put the dildo in her mouth, and she got it far down her throat. He looked at it, looked at the action happening in her mouth, and he lost his grip on her hips now. He held the base of the dildo and pushed it a little bit further down her throat, and she took it. It was really amazing how much she could take into her mouth, and he was undeniably impressed. He wanted it to be his dick in her mouth now, but this was all he could get for the moment, so this is what he took.

When she pulled the dildo from her mouth, she was as surprised as he was at how much of the tool was actually in her mouth. Stephanie was very good at sucking cock, and she had proven her ability to handle his curve. So he really wanted himself inside her mouth again, but she was not going to do it. This was obvious, and there was really nothing that he could do about it. He watched her get up off him, and watched her as she strapped on the apparatus to her waist. Was she really serious about this?

It was clear that she was, and when she came up to him again and pulled his mouth onto the dildo. Brad was so surprised that he froze, unable to move. He closed his eyes, feeling the dildo against his mouth, against his face. It felt incredibly life like too, and Brad was surprised even by this. He knew that it felt lifelike because he was aware of how his own cock felt in his hand. He had never had it in his face, he had never had cock in his face before, but he knew that this was as close to lifelike as it could possibly have been.

There was a moment where he almost had it in his mouth, the angle of her thrusting coupled with her position on his face. She was really determined, but he was as determined not to get this plastic or rubber or whatever it was inside his mouth. It was just not going to happen. Not now, not ever, he thought, and he turned his face aside, trying to think quickly how the tables could once again be turned to that he was on top. He needed to get back on top!

Stephanie had taken on a new demeanor though. She had won the wager, and she was about to collect on it. She also wanted Brad's curve inside her, really she did, but not until she had gotten her dildo so far up his ass that he was screaming. She wanted him to scream, desperately wanted to hear him scream, get him to submit to her completely before she gave herself to him. Stephanie knew that she would give herself to him, because he really was everything that she liked sexually. Just not yet.

Brad was also the type of man she liked to break, and she would break him to if

this was the last thing she did. There were a few things that she couldn't resist doing, and this was definitely one of them. She didn't get a chance to do this often, but when this opportunity presented itself, usually by her design, usually as a direct result of actions that she took, she really just couldn't turn herself back from this pursuit once all the wheels had been set in motion.

And this particular game was now definitively and unequivocally, irreversibly almost, in play!

Chapter Seven

It was clear to Brad that she wasn't going to give up, and that she wasn't going to give in to his demands until he had given in to hers. He looked at his clock on the wall, shaped like a Ferrari, one of many boys' toys items in his apartment, and he saw that he was quickly running out of time. He took a deep breath and tried to convince himself that it wouldn't be so bad. Besides, he thought, it wasn't like he was actually being fucked by a man. It was a woman, a very sexy woman, and nobody would know what went down here tonight.

Even though the cock was bigger than his, he knew that he would do serious damage to her pussy, and even more damage to her ass when he got his opportunity. And the sooner he got this over and done with, the sooner he could get on with inflicting his own special brand of whip ass on this woman so determined to emasculate him. He could take it though, he tried to convince himself again, just because he had to. The prize for this price was just too beautiful to pass up.

Brad stood up off the couch now, lifting Stephanie as he went, putting her down on the floor in front of him. "So, how do you want to do this?" he asked, trying to put on a brave face. The sweat on his brow betrayed his anxiety though, and she knew that he was scared. This excited her even more, and she put a single finger so deep inside her pussy, biting on her lip, stroking the dildo with her other hand. She pulled her finger from herself and immediately replaced it with two fingers.

When she pulled these two fingers from herself, they were coated in the glistening moisture of her punani. And she rubbed this moisture on the tip of her dildo. She was very sensual, very fucking sensual, and he was hard again. Then she looked at him and smiled, before saying with a tone so serious that he knew

he had to do what she said, “lay on your stomach, on the couch... Or we could take it to the bedroom. I think you’ll be more comfortable on the bed. Yes, I think we should take this to the bedroom!” she spoke so clearly that he was walking to the bedroom in front of her very quickly.

When they got there, Stephanie walked in to find Brad nervously lying on his stomach. He kept twitching, kept moving his ass from side to side, kept turning over, and then returning to the position as per her instructions. He was also exhaling really hard, taking deep silent breaths, but exhaling really loudly. His nervousness was cute, but Stephanie really felt that it was probably best to get him out of his misery. The anticipation was cool for her to watch. But it really was frustrating for him.

She looked around the room, and then left it for a minute. She returned with a tube of lubrication, from her bag. She really was more prepared than he thought she should be, if this wasn’t her plan to begin with. And if it was, how could she possibly have known that he would go for it? Maybe she didn’t, and maybe these were toys that she would use on herself. This thought excited Brad, so that he was hard again. He lifted his groin off the bed and adjusted his cock underneath himself.

“Let’s do this, get it over with!” he said, and then he placed his head in his hands hard, breathing out as hard into the bed.

“Just relax... No need to make this so clinical, no need for it to be uncomfortable,” she said, and she put some lube on her fingertip. She parted his ample ass cheeks, and was impressed that it was really all muscle. She put the lube on his asshole, and felt immediately that it was tight, that it was always used as an exit, never ever an entrance. That was about to change, and she knew that men’s responses to this invasion was always different, and sometimes very violent.

“I’m relaxed,” Brad lied, and he clenched his ass tighter. She just poured more lube directly on the hole, and continued to rub gently against the hole, not putting too much pressure, just enough to let him know that inside is what she wanted.

“No you’re not,” she said, and she tried to slip just the tip of her finger inside him. The massive resistance that met her fingertip let her now that she was right, and that he was anything but relaxed. This didn’t matter though, because one thing she was, was very determined.

She started to massage his lower back, while rubbing his asshole a little harder. Again she tried with her fingertip, and again it was met with incredible resistance. The excessive amounts of lube there though meant that despite his inner walls resisting her so completely, her finger literally glided into his tight asshole, and there was nothing that he could do to stop it. Her baby finger slipped all the way inside him, and she pressed it hard inside him too, and just held it there, not moving it out even a millimeter. She had to capitalize on every gain she had made.

“That’s better... Now you’re relaxing... Now we’re getting somewhere!” she said, and pulled her finger from his hole. Then she went in again with the finger that had just been inside Brad, and again it went in easily. This time she didn’t just leave it there, but she was literally fucking him with her pinky, moving more lube inside his asshole, and around on the outside of it. Brad wasn’t screaming, he wasn’t moaning. It was a strange combination of both, and Stephanie found even this sound cute. There was something about a warrior submitting to a princess that was turning her on even more.

Stephanie was no princess now, though!

“Wait, wait,” Brad said, and Stephanie pulled her finger out of him. But instead of waiting, she went into him immediately with another finger, a thicker finger, her middle finger. She lodged it deep inside him, and didn’t move it for a while. A very short while in fact, seconds only. And then she was fucking him with this thicker finger. It still wasn’t as intrusive as he knew the dildo would be, but since he had never had anything in his asshole before, it was intrusive enough.

“Just give it a minute... Just breathe, and give it a fucking minute,” Stephanie said, again sounding like Satan, and again making Brad feel like he wouldn’t be able to get out from underneath her now, even if he tried. He took a deep breath, trying to breathe all the way down to his asshole, trying to relax a little more. There was a slight burn in his asshole now, and then the burn grew in intensity so that he just wanted the finger out of himself. But it was painfully obvious that this finger was going nowhere.

Stephanie fucked him even more aggressively, with nothing but this finger, and the lube started to fade, making the squeeze tighter, making the fucking seem that much harder, that much more intense. Brad was again making that sound, and this time he added a sort of yelp, a kind of shrill, and Stephanie was smiling beside herself. She didn’t want him to see that she was smiling thought, but she was, and there was nothing that she could do to hide her amusement. Brad sounded like he couldn’t breathe though, and this was a sound that would make her very concerned, if she was feeling particularly human. She wasn’t, of course.

When she removed this finger from him he gasped, and then took two deep breaths. Then he exhaled again, silently this time though, and dropped his head into his arms again. He was sweating big drops again, and he was shaking too. His back was soaked in sweat too, and even his butt cheeks. Stephanie rubbed this sweat into his skin, and then up and down his back. Then she looked at him again, at his back, the sweat still glistening there, and she came onto his back with his lips.

As her lips touched up and down his back, he was again hard, and he knew that she was just playing with him, so that he knew that this wouldn't end the way he wanted to, the way he desperately hoped. Still, he was hard, and he made adjustments to his cock underneath himself. He started to thrust into the bed, fucking the mattress, making himself feel like a little bit more of a man, hoping that this would give her some sort of indication that it really was just time for them to fuck. She hadn't gone into him with the dildo though, and so he knew that this was far from over.

“Are you ready,” she asked him, rubbing the strap on against his butt cheeks, and then between his crack. He started to panic now, really panic, and he was breathing quite rapidly. Then she was rubbing the tip of the dildo against his hole, but she wasn't trying to get into it. She knew that it was too soon for this, and she knew from experience that there was no way that she could just slip it into him, not without really hurting him.

It was not her intention to hurt him. Well, at least, it was not her intention to hurt him badly. What she was doing is playing a mind game, a game that she knew would fuck with his mind so completely that she would leave him doubting himself. This was her goal, this was her endgame. She needed to get him to enjoy this dildo, to really enjoy it. That way, he would doubt himself just enough to feel like he really had something to prove. And this, this is what would lead to the best sex she had ever had.

Men with something to prove really knew how to fuck. They fucked with a point to prove, and making this point was uppermost in their minds so that they brought out all their skills. They brought out every trick they had in their bags, every weapon they had in their arsenal, and this meant that her tiny tender pussy would be severely obliterated. She loved this obliteration. She was so addicted to hard sex, having alluded to this earlier on in the evening. She had said to him that she liked it rough, and this was the absolute truth.

What she hadn't said to him was how she ensured that she would always get this rough sex. This was how. And she knew that there really were easier ways to do it, but there was just something primal about this way. This way ensured that the responses were authentic, and that the reactions to this penetrative intrusion were almost savage. This savagery was exactly what she wanted. And she always got every little thing that she wanted. This was just her way. There was no option for her other than to get everything she wanted.

"I'm really not. But go for it. Do what you need to do, and just be done with it. Then it's really going to be my turn. And when it is, I don't want any complaints, and I want no resistance. Just the way I am letting you do whatever you want to do with me, you must promise that you will do the same..." he said, and he took a deep breath.

"You talk too much," she said, and she coated the outside of his asshole with a hell of a lot of lube.

"Promise me!" he said, a seriousness in his tone now.

"Yeah, yeah...I promise," she said, and positioned the tip of the dildo against his asshole and also took a deep breath.

Chapter Eight

She pulled the tip away from his hole and poured lube directly from the tip onto the massive head. Then she rubbed the lube over the dome, and it was now glistening in all its magnificent glory. There really was no need for them to say anything to each other now, both of them needing incredible amounts of concentration for the next level of this game. This was the top level, and Brad wasn't ready for it. Stephanie though, was ready and actually very anxious about getting this done, now!

Stephanie started to push it against his hole again, and it wasn't going in, but just the threat of this invasion was getting him tight and antsy. He didn't even try to get himself to relax anymore, but this was not necessary. The head slipped into his hole and he was breathless, unable to scream for a moment. This was just for a moment though, because then he was really screaming, loudly, like a real bitch. She didn't try to get it in more, just playing around his entrance with just the head.

It was tight, and she was fighting her desire to just go through with it, plunging the dildo inside him completely. She managed to hold herself back though, and just fucked his entrance with just the tip. She poured more lube directly on the hole, over the dildo, and she tried for more of the tool inside him. He got an inch into him, so that was almost five inches, the dildo tip an impressive three inches in length, two, almost three in girth. This was enough to draw more screams from Brad, but he had gone completely silent now. It was actually a little eerie.

Stephanie wanted to say something, but she couldn't. She knew that there was nothing that she could say now that would make him feel any better, and so she just kept on fucking him with the gains she had made. She was fucking him slowly, deliberately so, and she kept looking at his face, which was now turned

to the side. She was looking for signs of surrender, but there were none. There was nothing on his face other than a blank expression that gave absolutely nothing away.

She continued to fuck him slowly, and he was obviously trying to process this emotion. This feeling was more difficult to process, so that he was just panting now. Brad was also just trying to create the distinction between the emotional and the physical, just so that he could deal with the one part of this experience that he could actually deal with. It was totally impossible for him to deal with the physical, just because he could still not believe that this was actually really happening to him. It was happening to him though, and all he could do was to try and deal with it!

Then she tried to put a little more inside him, and more of it just slips into him easily. This was a surprise for her, even though she had just coated his hole and the dildo with more lube. She put so much lube actually that the tube was now empty. Her generosity with the lube paid off, but just for her. Brad was now on the receiving end of inch after magnificent inch of the impressive toy. Eight inches of it slipped into him, and then it was obviously clear that there was no fucking way that any more was going to go into him at all now.

She paused a little, just getting him to focus on the invasion now, and just letting him make the needed adjustments within himself to accommodate this tool. There was no way for him to adjust anything though, and all he could do was to convince himself, quickly, that this was happening, and that there was nothing else that he could do to stop it now. They had come far in the game now, and the dildo was lodged inside him now, so that he knew that it could not be undone.

Brad's thoughts were all over the place. He was trying not to think of the eight inches inside him, trying to focus on the prize waiting for him. He wasn't sure though if he even wanted it anymore, thinking that this was all not worth it. Was it worth giving up the one thing he never thought that he would ever give up in

his life, all for the promise of pussy? Was he even going to get this pussy now, now that he was no longer even sure if he wanted it?

Stephanie started to pull out the eight inches, slowly, and this brought Brad immediately back into the moment. He was suddenly aware of the dildo removing itself from him and he felt like he suddenly needed to go to the bathroom. He actually felt like he was going to the bathroom, and so he contracted his asshole even more. He was trying to stop the imagined expulsion, but all he succeeded in doing was keeping the dildo inside him longer than it would have stayed inside him if he hadn't resisted so much.

Resistance really was, in this case, futile.

It was futile because she successfully got every last inch of the dildo out of him. She looked at the dildo, and then, she parted his ass cheeks and looked at his hole, admiring the way it seemed to just return to its original position, and wrap itself tightly back into place so that there was no sign that there was just a thick, solid rod inside it. She knew that she had none nothing to him yet, and she couldn't hold herself back anymore. She needed him to submit, and she needed him to submit now. So she pushed the dildo back inside him, and this time, there were really no holds barred.

She started fucking his asshole so hard, so furiously, that all her gentleness from earlier was now completely forgotten. There was nothing that Brad could do to control anything about himself now, nothing at all. He was screaming like a little girl, and the only thing that made him feel a little bit better was the soft house pulsating through his flat. There was something about his deep house music tastes that gave him a certain measure of relief. And then there was the return of the pain, and he was focused on his pain, the full thrusts now getting him in and out of consciousness, literally.

“Take it all, bitch,” she said, and she thrust into him harder still. She was completing each thrust with a twist, and she liked it. He didn’t, though, still. Her frustration was growing now too, because she had not yet got him to submit. All she wanted was for him to submit, so that he would have a point to prove. But there was no sign that he was submitting to her, and this caused her incredible frustration. So she just fucked him harder.

She noticed that his ass was taking the dildo easier though. The resistance was fading, and she knew what this meant, even though she was not ready to believe it yet. She knew that this meant one of two things, and both these options were very good for her. The first was either that he had completely surrendered and was starting to enjoy it. The other was that she had brought him to a point where he knew he had no choice but to just take it, and that is all he was doing it, just taking it.

Still she thrust into him, harder and harder, trying to read him, trying to figure out what he was feeling, trying in vain to figure out what he was thinking. She couldn’t though, and so she just kept on giving it to him, feeling like a real man, feeling like she was incredible, feeling like she was the king of the world. But then she just started fucking him slowly, and the deliciousness of each thrust brought Brad to a place where he never thought he would be. He was actually enjoying the feeling of cock in his ass. This didn’t even bother him now.

He wasn’t sure if he was enjoying the pain, or if he was just enjoying the fact that he could take it. He had proven to himself that he was capable of doing a lot of things, and this was not on his bucket list, but now that it was, now that it had been forced on his list of things to do, there was nothing that he could do to undo this. He knew this, he had accepted this, and he really was feeling all sorts of things that he couldn’t imagine he would ever feel.

Brad had surrendered, completely. And this beautiful surrender was felt by him, and by Stephanie.

“Did you like that?” she asked as she slipped the dildo from him slowly, its exit signified by a loud thud.

“I... don’t...know...” was all he could manage, as he lay on his stomach, trying to catch his breath.

He tried to process the situation in its entirety, but failed. All he could manage was to think of the fact that he felt physically violated. But what he also felt was the incredible excitement that came from the unfamiliar.

Stephanie looked at him, and wondered how she could make this up to him. She coaxed him onto his back, and then she started to suck on his cock. He went hard immediately, and then she started to lick his balls, which he loved. He didn’t try to relax into this, not sure what he was allowed to feel in the moment. But she was sucking his balls so determinedly that he was starting to feel that it was almost allowed for him to feel as beautiful as he was feeling. There was no turning back now, because he was attending to his cock and balls so determinedly that it was really starting to feel a whole other way.

Then she thought for a moment of straddling him. But she thought against it, thinking that she had really taken enough control of him that she could in one night. So she lay on her back and started to rub against her clit. She rubbed deeper into it, harder into it, and then she sent two fingers into herself, and she started to finger herself so slowly, so beautifully, that she thought that if he didn’t get the invitation, then she wouldn’t know what to do in this event.

Brad didn’t take a moment to process. He took just a second, and then he was on top of her. He didn’t even think of any logistics, thinking that she would know

what to do in the morning, knowing that there were enough provisions for the consequences that it should be fine. So he just went into her, and slid himself into her completely, curve and all, and as he settled into her, he took a deep breath, and then knew that he was in. He proceeded to thrust into her for four solid hours, bringing himself and her to several orgasms before he was content that he had paid her back for everything that she had done to him.

By midday the next day Brad was still fast asleep, and Stephanie was ready to leave. She left him a note, saying that if he was interested in a little more, then she would certainly be available for him. She left sort of a quip pro quo in her message, something that she knew would be a definite draw card for him. As she left his apartment, she knew also that she had gotten everything that she wanted, and she knew that he too, was more than just satisfied. She had given him all of her, as she had promised. But he had certainly given her all of him...

THE END

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