

# Make Him Work For It

Ms. Barbara's Exploration of Female  
Supremacy

VICTORIA WEST



My name is Barbara. I work in a small office in Phoenix, Arizona as an I.T. specialist. My employment there started almost a year ago. Most of my days are spent troubleshooting P.C.'s and local network issues. The rest of my time is spent fending off "advances" from one of the accountants that works down the hall from me. Well, they aren't really "advances" like a typical man would make. His "advances" were odd to say the least.

His name is Kevin. He is one of the top accountants in our office and I often see him staring at me from across the room. He is also constantly showing up in places where he shouldn't. He doesn't ask me out or talk to me or say a word. On and on it goes. I am not interested in the least in dating him or anyone. I just got out of a bad marriage of five years married to a guy who was a control freak. Now that I have my independence back I intend to stay single and socialize with the opposite sex on an as needed basis which right now is, NEVER. I guess this guy Kevin is interested but my new persona is working and keeping him at arms length.

I hear the rumors around the office that the men and women think that I am a bitch. It's true. I carry myself in a secure confident manner and only speak to co-workers regarding work related issues. I prefer it that way. I keep a barrier around me to keep people away.

If you met me a year ago you would have met a people pleaser. I dressed mostly in pastels and prints and was very shy, polite and acted much like a nerdy wall flower. I always wore dull and boring flats. My ex-husband saw my persona as a weakness and he took advantage of it immediately. Like a shark that smells blood. I was under his thumb from the first date forward. I couldn't say no to him and didn't until our divorce. Boy was he surprised when I announced that I was done and wanted out. It took all of my courage but I was going to escape from his relentless grip on my life.

Today I look like a female equestrian rider...an attractive, well built, stern but elegant equestrian with perfect posture. I stand 5' 5" a size 7 and my weight is none of any ones business. My hair is black. I always keep it pulled tightly back behind my head. My eyes are sapphire blue and I always wear thick black framed glasses to accentuate their beauty. I always wear fairly tight white button down blouses. My genes are always super tight

skinny jeans. What outfit isn't complete with a pair of Corvus Distressed Suede Peep-Toe Ankle Boots. I picked up on a celebratory shopping spree at Saks on a trip to New York City shortly after my divorce.

It's a strong bold, bitchy look that was supposed to keep men and anyone for that matter at an arms length. It's my alter ego I guess. My new look, well, it works for the most part but Little did I know that a cold, bitchy looking woman is quite the aphrodisiac for some men. Not all men just some men and in this case it was an aphrodisiac for Kevin.

Kevin would follow me around like a little puppy dog and not say a word. At first it was creepy. He appears in places that I wasn't expecting him to be. In the break room, when I went to lunch or he would be at the coffee machine when I was refilling my cup of coffee. At first I didn't think anything of it and blew it off as a coincidence but after several months it no longer appeared to be sheer coincidence.

Now, he arrives to work just before I get there and gets out of his car just a step ahead of me to open the office door for me and leaves at the same time as I do seemingly just to hold the door open for me as I exit the building.

This last Friday, as usual, I was glad the week was over. It was around 10am when Kevin just happened to be walking past my desk. He stopped, said good morning and offered to get me a refill on my coffee. He must have seen my cup was just about empty and asked nervously while fidgeting with his tie, "Hi Barbara, I noticed that you need some more coffee. May I get you a refill?"

I just sat there for a second and thought to myself, "What is up with this guy? Seriously, he must be out of his mind!"

I was baffled but somewhat flattered by his offer and his many attempts at chivalry but it was so over the top it was too much. The old me would have been taken by his "kindness" and attentiveness and I would have begun to dream of him as my knight in shining armor but not this time. The new me wanted to know what his problem was.

“Tell you what, yes, get me another coffee and when that is done we are going to have a discussion.”

At first he looked shocked. His jaw dropped and eyes open wide as if he had just won the lottery. Then he stammered something along the lines of,

“Um, ok. Yes. That’s fine. Um, I’ll be right back with your coffee. You take it black right?”

I was surprised he paid that much attention to what I took in my coffee. I said, “Yes. Black.”

He turned about face bumping into the cubicle wall behind him and literally scurried off like a little rat looking for cheese. It was both nauseating yet extremely intriguing at the same time. Strange I know but I almost laughed out loud when I realized that this guy was treating me like I was a famous rock star or something.

Kevin is an attractive man. Not your GQ type but a well dressed guy which is rare for most men. He’s in his late 30’s, maybe 190 pounds, fairly strong shoulders and stands about 5’ 11”. His shirts are pressed and clean. His shoes are shined. Socks match.... another rarity for most men. He even wears cuff links. I thought to myself, “Who in the world wears cuff links unless you’ve rented a suit for a wedding.”

He’s clean shaven and has a full head of thick, well-groomed brown hair with a hint of gray at his temples.

When he came back and handed me my coffee his hands were shaking. I thanked him and he said, “No need to thank me. I am just happy to help you out.”

At which point I told him “It’s time for our discussion. In five minutes I want you to go to the stairwell that leads to south entrance of the parking lot and wait for me.”

I waited the prescribed five minutes and went to the stairwell leading to the parking lot. I opened the door and Kevin was standing on the landing with his feet together, hands behind him and his eyes were cast downward. It was

as if he was waiting to be interrogated, which in a way he was. There was a small trail of sweat dripping down from his brow.

He didn't move or look up as I said, "Ok, what's going on with you?" He didn't say a word and was visibly shaking.

Again I said in an irritated voice,

"What is going on with you?"

"What is your problem and why are you shaking?"

"Why do you constantly stare at me and follow me around like a Border Collie?"

After a moment without looking up he said,

"Barbara, thank you for taking time to speak to me today. I know my behavior is out of the ordinary but I don't mean you any harm."

"Kevin, you follow me around like a puppy dog and this is literally the first time since I started working here that we have had a conversation. We haven't even been formally introduced."

"I know. I know. I am sorry."

I calmly, in a low steady voice said,

"Kevin, take a deep breath, look at me, stop looking at the floor and tell me what is going on."

He blinked several times and looked up at me. He started to speak and then paused for what seemed an eternity and started to explain himself.

"I find you to be fascinating. The way you walk, the way you carry yourself, the way you speak is mesmerizing. I am not trying to scare you and I am NOT a stalker I just have a "thing" for certain types of women. I am so sorry."

At this point even I started to get tense and nervous but at the same time I was just speechless. For one of the first times in my life I was standing up

for myself. I was also standing up to a man which was unheard of in my life.

He remained backed against the wall with his hands behind him when I said,

“Kevin, I just don’t know what to say. What do you mean, “certain types of women”? What kind of a woman do you think I am?”

Silence hung in the air like a wet blanket but I wanted some answers. Yet, he said nothing. He just stared at me with his mouth hanging open.

“If you can’t tell me then don’t come near me again. Don’t offer to get me my coffee or open doors again. Just stop being so creepy!”

I was stunned by my words and that I was being such a bitch. His eyes went back to the floor and he began to speak.

“Please don’t tell anyone out there in the office. Please don’t push me away.”

“Ok. I won’t tell a soul. I will try not to push you way but I am not going to guarantee anything but you are really creeping me out even now. Do you have any idea how incredibly strange this conversation is? In the stairwell of our building with you standing there like you’re being interrogated by a prison guard? Seriously, what is going on? “

“I know. Just promise me that this stays between you and me and no one in the office finds out.”

“I promise.”

He didn’t look up from the floor as he started to explain himself.

“I am “into”, or fascinated by dominant, commanding women. Women who are cold, distant and demanding.... bitchy. I don’t mean that to be

insulting at all. To me those traits are beautiful qualities for a woman to have. So please don't be angry.

While I don't know if you are any of those things or truly have any of those traits I feel deep in my heart that you are a VERY dominant woman. Someone that likes to be in control. Someone who wants things her way. Only her way."

I didn't know what to say. I thought to myself,  
"My God what was he talking about?"

My whole life people have perceived me to be a wall lower, a push over, an easy mark.

This guy sees me as the exact opposite. Yes, I was trying to portray myself as a colder, bitchier woman but it was to scare people away. It was to get people, primarily men, to leave me alone. Now this guy drops into my life telling me that my "new found persona" is fascinating? How can "bitchy" be fascinating?

He continued, "Women who I have been fortunate enough to meet who were "dominant" have had complete control over me and ...."

I stopped him there,

"Wait! Just stop! I don't want to hear any more. This is a lot to comprehend right now. So, your telling me that you want me to control you? Don't answer that."

I should have turned and run out of the stairwell...run screaming into the night but the same time something deeply intrigued me by what he was saying. In the back of my mind I was thinking that maybe for ONCE I could be in charge in a relationship but that in and of itself was a creepy and odd thought. Why would I want to control a man the way my Ex had controlled me?

"May I offer to take you to dinner to explain myself in a more "intimate" environment?"

I said, "Dinner? You have to be kidding. Is this some freaky way of trying to get me to go to bed with you? Seriously? Dinner?"

"No! no! I am not trying to get you into bed with me. You are a truly beautiful woman but I only want the opportunity to explain myself."

"I've been down that road with too many men and I am NOT going down that road with you after your freaky explanation.

I tell you what, I WON'T go to dinner with you but I will let you explain yourself in a more accommodating environment because I am a little intrigued. Don't get your hopes up. I want to hear more. I am leaving at 5pm today. Be in your car and wait for me to call you. What is your cell phone number?"

He said without hesitation, "602-555-1678."

I programmed his number into my cell phone.

"Ok. Wait in your car and I will call you then we will go from there."

Again, he looked stunned.

"Yes, thank you. I will be waiting in the car."

"Ok. Don't worry. This will stay between us. If nothing else, I am a woman of my word."

"Thank you" and I turned towards the stairwell door and he immediately rushed over to the door, opened it for me. I walked through the door and he followed me. Without saying a word, he went to his office. I went to my cubicle.

I sat at my desk pondering our conversation. "Dominant?" I asked myself? "Me?" During my five-year marriage I was the cook, the maid, the laundry attendant. Thank God we didn't have children. My Ex-Husband bossed me around relentlessly. It wasn't fun. It wasn't something I liked. It wasn't

something that made me attracted to my husband. I hated him for hit. I despised him for hit and it was on the things that lead to our demise.

“What could Kevin possibly see in a Dominant person...woman?”, I said out loud.

I had heard of “dominant women” or a dominatrix. Did he want me to be some whip wielding leather clad dominatrix? Oh my God the thought of it was so cheesy yet

I was extremely intrigued. The more I thought about what may come out of this the more interested I became. I said to myself, “If he wants a bitch.... he found me at just the right time in my life. Bitch he will get.”

At 5:05pm I called his cell phone. He answered it immediately,

“Hello?”

“Hello. Do you know where Baine Park is off of the 17 and Scottsdale Road?”

“Yes.”

“Meet me there at 5:30pm by the miniature trains. Find a nice, secluded park bench in the shade and wait for my call.”

“Yes, of course.”

Then I just hung up Just hit END and hung up without saying goodbye. What got into me? That was so rude but his strange passionate demeanor in the stare well stirred something in me.

Bain Park was a nice spacious public park run by the city of Phoenix. It had a miniature train that the kids could ride on, complete with a conductor. It is a very public place with children, parents and romantic partners strolling leisurely about. So, I knew it would be a safe public place to me. Just in case he turned out to be an axe murderer.

In my previous “life” I may have been meek but I was and still am a bit of a control freak and somewhat obsessive compulsive. I am VERY neat and clean and everything has its place in my home. VERY organized. Prompt was my middle name and if someone was late I let them know that I wasn’t happy about it. It was one of the only places where I stood up for myself. I HATE when someone makes me wait.

So, I drove to Bain Park and at 5:30pm on the dot I called his cell phone.

Again, he answered it after it barely rang once,

“Hello?”.

Abruptly I said, “Where are you sitting?”

“Across from the miniature trains under the big willow tree.”

Again, I hung up without saying goodbye.

I parked my car and walked to where he was sitting. As I approached I noticed how serious and nervous he appeared. He immediately stood up to greet me. That was something that I had only seen men do in the old black and white movies.

I thought to myself, “There has to be a catch. This guy is too good to be true.”

He was trembling as he stood up and said.

“Hello. Thank you for meeting with me.”

“Your welcome.”

“Please, sit down.” As I sat on the bench he asked,

“May I sit beside you?”

“Where else would you sit? Of course you can sit next to me but keep your arms crossed and do not uncross them. If you make any move towards me I am leaving.

Period. I am not here for anything other than to hear your explanation. Do you understand?”

“Yes. I understand completely.”

He then proceeded to sit down, cross his arms as directed.

“Ok. Here we are. I first am going to explain some things about myself then I will give you a chance to explain yourself to me. I don’t want to be interrupted. Do you understand.”

“I understand.”

“I am a little confused by our brief conversation in the stairwell back at the office. I recently got out of a marriage where my husband basically emotionally and mentally abused and controlled me. It was an awful experience and it is one of the reasons we are no longer married. Since my divorce I have been determined to be a stronger person who doesn’t let any man have that kind of control over me. Now, I meet you and you are basically saying you want what I just ran away from? Do you have any idea how crazy that sounds to me? Ok. I am done you can begin with your explanation.”

“I am truly sorry about what you went through with your husband. It sounds like an awful experience. What you went through IS abuse. It wasn’t something you wanted or requested from your husband. What I am referring to is a relationship and a “lifestyle” that is voluntarily entered into where the woman is in control of the man. The man willingly and openly submits to the woman as a submissive servant. What ever mundane tasks you hate to do would be completed by your “submissive” He can be an erotic servant, a domestic servant or what ever servant you want him to be. It’s entirely up to you. If he is busy then you are free to do the things you were unable to do such as go out with your girlfriends, shop or have a day at the spa. The man, servant, is sexually turned on to submit to the woman who rules over him”

I said, “Oh come on! So, it IS just about sex?! You have got to be kidding! This has got to be the weirdest way someone has tried to get me into the sack”

“No! Wait! Please. I am NOT trying to get you into the sack. If you permit me to be “intimate” with you I would be grateful. But as your submissive I would be happy to serve you in ANY way that you wanted to be served. If you wanted me to do your laundry, I would do your laundry. If you wanted me to cook for you I would cook for you. Sex, is initiated by you and only you and you will always be put first in the bedroom. If you decide to reciprocate that’s up to you. You can roll over and go to sleep and just leave me hanging while I sleep on the wet spot so to speak.”

As Kevin explained this “lifestyle” images popped into my head with me wearing a leather skirt and a pair of thigh high leather boots wielding a bullwhip. As this thought crossed my mind I chuckled out loud.

To which he stopped his explanation and said, “I am sorry”.

“Sorry? Sorry for what?”

“You laughed so I thought you were laughing at me.”

“So, you want me to be some whip wielding bitch dressed in leather telling you what to do?”

“Well, it can be that way and I have had it that way but its entirely up to you.”

“I think I am getting the picture here and believe it or not I am very interested in finding out more about this lifestyle.”

He became VERY quiet, swallowed hard and looked down at the ground.

“Really?”

I paused and after several moments said,

“Yes.” So, you will do ANYTHING I ask you to do? ANYTHING?

“Within reason.”

“I thought this was about me? What do you mean within reason?”

“Well, I have limits. I won’t rob any banks for you or do anything illegal.”

I laughed out loud and said sarcastically, “Well, I guess this relationship is through.”

At which he actually laughed and lightened up.

“You basically want to go out with me and have me be in control and will do ANYTHING for me?”

“Yes.”

“The bigger the bitch I can be with you the better?”

“Yes.”

“Ok. How bad do you want to take me to dinner?”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.”

“I would do anything to be permitted to take you to dinner.”

“Ok, anything it is. Get on your knees in front of me and beg me to go out to dinner with you.”

I was amazed at the grace and speed at which he moved and knelt in front of me.

He swiftly moved and dropped to his knees in front of me, bowed his head with his hands behind his back and with a quiver in his voice said,

“Ms. Barbara, please allow me the privilege of taking you to dinner.”

My heart began to race. This was a grown man kneeling in front of me begging to take me to dinner. He was trembling, sweat dripping from his brow. I just sat there in silence.

Then I put my hand on his head and ran my fingers through his hair and said,

“Again! But I want you to mean it this time. Say it with more feeling.”

He said in a much louder more passionate voice,

“Ms. Barbara, PLEASE allow me the privilege of taking you to dinner.”

“Do you have any idea how completely pathetic you look? Kneeling in a park begging to take a woman to dinner you don’t even know? Look around people are staring...staring at you...staring at US.”

He looked up and then looked around. A lady and her friend were walking their Labrador Retriever near the tree behind our bench were just standing there with their mouths hanging open as they stared at the two of us. I was truly surprised how amusing I found it.

“Yes, ma’am. I know but I want to prove myself to you.”

Ma’am? Oh no! Don’t call me ma’am. Ms. Barbara fine for now. In the office you are NOT to speak to me unless I speak to you and when you are permitted to speak to me there you will call me Barba. Do NOT come near me, my desk or my car unless I request your presence. Understood?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Well, I think you’ve done enough begging. I am not in the mood for dinner tonight but you can take me to dinner in the future. Tonight I am in desperate need for a full body massage and foot rub. Get up and follow me.”

Kevin quickly got to his knees and followed me to my car. I unlocked the car and told him to get in. He got in and bowed his head with his hands at his side.

“Stop with the lowly slave act in public. Do you understand? If you’re going to be seen with me in public I don’t want you looking like a lovesick puppy dog. Hold your head up and act natural and confident. If you want me to be in control you’re going to look and act as I tell you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Now, we are going to a favorite getaway of mine. The Phoenician resort in Scottsdale. You’ll leave your car right where it is and will be staying with me for the weekend. Understood?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

It was amazing and almost scary how willing he was to completely comply with whatever I said.

“When we get there you are to go inside and request The Canyon Suite. Get just ONE key and bring it back to the car.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

As we drove to the resort I instructed him to be silent. I needed time to think things through. How would I use him this weekend?

When we arrived at The Phoenician I parked the car and he scurried off through the front door of the resort to do as I requested. Again, I was stunned. He was gone for 10 minutes and in that time I sat there asking myself, “Barbara, what are you doing?”  
But something seemed right. It felt safe.

Kevin returned to the car and got in.

“Give me the key!”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara”

I drove to the suite and once I parked Kevin abruptly jumped out of the car, ran over to my side and opened my door. I got out, he closed my door and I locked the car. As I walked towards the entry way to the resort he walked a step behind me. As we got to the door he scurried in front of me and opened the door for me and I walked through.

“What room is it?!”

“104”

Once we got to room 104 I handed him the key and said,

“Open it!”

He quickly took the key from my hand and opened the door allowing me to walk in first.

After he entered and closed the door he dropped to his knees at the foot of the bed.

“What are you doing?”

“Mistress.... I mean Ms. Barbara...I am so eternally...”

“Stop! Just STOP!”

“YOU are here to do as I say this weekend. You are not to do anything until I tell you to.

Don’t drop to your knees unless I tell you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Do not call me Mistress. Do not jump out of the car again. Do not drop to your knees unless I tell you too. Do I make myself perfectly clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I slowly sat on the edge of the bed while he knelt. I stretched my legs out and crossed them at my ankles, my boots were just inches from his legs.

“Now, this is how it’s going to work this weekend. You will do what I want, when I want it and how I want it. I DON’T want to hear the word no, at all, ever.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“I have heard of this Female Domination lifestyle and read about it a little but thought it was just a fable, a pornographic story but it isn’t is it?”

“No, Ms. Barbara.”

“Give me your wallet, your car keys and take off your clothes, all of your cloths and get back on your knees right here on the floor at the foot of the bed.”

He hesitated for a moment as if he was contemplating what he had gotten himself into.

“Do it!”

Then, without question, he handed me his wallet, keys and removed his cloths.

I then walked over to the safe in the closet and locked up all of his personal items then I returned and sat on the edge of the bed and he obediently knelt before me.

I laughed.

“Now you’re stuck. Unless of course, you want to run naked into the hallway, to the front desk and say you’ve been kidnapped.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“But the room is in your name, with your credit card.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Remove my shoes and put them in the closet. Then come over here and rub my feet.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He moved with such swiftness to my feet that I gasped.

“Slow down! Moving quickly is NOT going to impress me.

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He removed my ankle boots and carefully placed them in the closet. He returned and got back on his knees, eyes cast downward, hands behind his back.

His body was strong, firm, somewhat muscular. No tattoos and no body hair. Absolutely no body hair, not even around his cock and balls. He was fully aroused and dripping with pre-cum. A nice symmetrical cock, maybe 7” long and 2” wide.

He was kneeling on the floor at the foot of the bed. I was sitting on the edge of the bed.

I took my right foot and began to tease his balls with my big toe. Pre-cum dripped onto arch of my foot.

He gasped and flinched.

“Look! It’s dripping. You’re sooo turned on. Too bad you won’t get a chance to use this pathetic excuse of a cock on me. Now lick that disgusting pre-cum off my foot”

He trembled and quickly licked the long honey-like strand of pre-cum from my foot.

I leaned forward and whispered in his ear,

*“You said you would do **ANYTHING** for me didn’t you? Well, anything it is.”*

He was in a daze as he swayed and trembled, He had to brace himself with his right arm as he almost fell over.

“Poor baby. Are you excited?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Rub! Rub my feet *bitch!*!”

I laid back on the bed and closed my eyes. He began to rub my feet. His hands were warm, soft and firm. I could feel the care he took with every inch of my foot. He rubbed every toe individually. Each heel. The top and the bottom of each foot. It was as if he was making love to my feet with his hands. My heart began to race. I began to get wet.

“Beg me to rub my legs.

“Please Ms. Barbara!!! PLEASE let me rub your legs!! PLEASE! I’ll do anything to rub your legs!!”

He was almost sobbing with excitement. I had never seen a man act like this in my entire life. My husband would just roll over on top of me, stick it in, blow his load, roll away and fall asleep. This guy was begging to rub my legs.

“Rub!” “Rub my legs but do NOT go above the knees.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He rubbed my calf muscles and I began to get wetter. I could feel that my panties were drenched.

“Now rub my thighs but don’t you dare touch my pussy. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I then sat up and leaned forward and traced my fingers over his chest while he rubbed my legs.

When I touched his nipple he gasped and shivered.

“Oh my! Did I “push” a *button*?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. My nipples are very sensitive.”

“Are they *REALLY*?!?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. They are the gateway to my soul.”

“The gateway to your soul? Oh come on!”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. When you play with my nipples it’s as if they are directly connected to my cock and I get extremely turned on.”

“You know you shouldn’t have told me that don’t you?”

Kevin didn’t say a word.

I then reached down with both hands and ever so lightly caressed both of his nipples.

With a deep guttural gasp he threw his head back, trembled and shivered. I looked down between his legs and his cock was pointing straight out, purple and rock hard. It was just oozing with pre-cum. There was a hug

puddle of it on the carpet.

“Look at the pathetic little man with sensitive titties. You really are a bitch aren’t you?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara, I truly am.”

I then whispered in his hear.

*“Do you have any idea what it’s like to have someone make love to you but you don’t get to cum?”*

“No, Ms. Barbara. I don’t.”

“Well. You’re going to find out this weekend.”

I then grabbed his nipples with the thumb and fore finger of each and dug my French manicured nails into his flesh and pulled him towards me.

He deeply inhaled, threw his head back and screamed,

***“THANK YOU MISTRESS!!!.”***

I slapped him across the face and yelled,

“Do NOT call me MISTRESS!!”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. PLEASE forgive me. Please. I am sorry”

“Shut up you peace of shit and get my purse.”

Kevin jumped up and scurried over the dresser where I placed my purse and quickly brought it back to me.

“Good boy. Now open it up and get the lavender scarf in the side pocket.”

Lavender was my favorite color and I loved wearing scarves. This scarf was one of my favorites. Made from the finest silk with a dark purple paisley design woven into the fabric.

He gave me the scarf and got back on his knees. I got up and walked behind him and slowly put the scarf around his face, covering his eyes. With an abrupt jerk moving his head backward I tied it tight.

“You don’t deserve to see this precious jewel.”

I sat back on the edge of the bed in front of him, leaned forward and began to stroke his nipples again. I loved the reaction I got when I teased his nipples...trembling, swaying, gasping...it was amusing and arousing but what I loved most was the power.

The complete power I had over him just by playing with his nipples. He was like a puppet on a string. Oh the things I could do to this puppet.

As he trembled I said,

“How bad do you want to serve me?”

At this point he was almost sobbing.

“Ms. Barbara, I would give.... anything to serve you. Anything!”

“How good are you with your tongue?”

He gulped.

“Very good Ms. Barbara.”

“That’s what they all say. If you’re not and you disappoint me, you will NOT get to cum today. Understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

His breathing was quick and shallow. It was as if he was panting like a dog. “How appropriate.” I thought to myself.

I stood up and removed my pants and my red silk panties. I kicked the pants off onto the floor. My panties I tossed onto his head. He looked so foolish, naked, kneeling with my red silk panties draped awkwardly over his head.

I sat down on the edge of the bed facing him with my legs spread.

“Now. Skootch forward and keep your hands behind your back and stay on your knees.

Then, put your head between my legs but do NOT kiss or lick anything until I tell you to.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

He moved forward and leaned toward me gently placing his head between my legs. His mouth about an inch from my pussy.

I then draped each leg over his back, crossed them around his neck then dug the heels of my feet into the small of his back and pulled him towards me. He was trapped.

“Feeling trapped bitch?”

A muffled “Yes, Ms. Barbara.” Leaked out from between my legs.

“WHAT?! Sorry, I can’t hear you. Beg for my pussy bitch. Beg to suck my pussy!!”

He screamed, “PLEASE MS. BARBARA! PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO PLEASE YOU WITH MY TONGUE!!!”

The vibration of his screams and his hot breath against my pussy made me wetter and wetter. My aroma seemed to fill the room. I was aching to cum. It had been years since any man had pleased me with his tongue and tonight I knew this “man” was going to take me places I hadn’t been in years.

“Keep your hands behind your back. Do not touch me. Just your tongue and your mouth.

I want to cum and I want to cum ***NOW!***”

He started out with slow and gentle kisses at the bottom of my pussy lips and worked his way up. Then he teased me a tiny bit with his tongue sliding just the tip inside of me as he worked towards my clit. My juices were freely flowing down his face and onto the bed.

He gently worked his way to my clit and I reached down and spread my pussy lips so he would have easy access.

His lips then gently encircled my clit and he began to suck.

My back arched off of the bed and I threw my head back as his tongue quickly and feverishly licked.

He licked and sucked. Licked and sucked.

I put my left hand on the back of his head and grabbed a handful of his hair pushed his face into my pussy. He was gasping for breath.

“Get me off you bitch! Do it now!!”

He licked and sucked. Licked and sucked. My eyes were closed but I saw a flash of bright red light.

A quake of spasms radiating from deep inside my pussy began to seize my lower body. I screamed. With both of my hands on the back of his head I pushed my pussy up into his face and began to hump his face as the orgasm washed over me.

His nose and mouth were completely covered and he could not breath. He was moaning and gasping for breath but for some reason I did not care in the least. This was one of the most intense orgasms I had ever had and I was going to enjoy every moment of it. His tongue and his mouth were magnificent but I was not going to tell him.

After the intense orgasms subsided I released my hold on his head and loosened my legs from around his neck. He was breathing heavily as I slid

away from him and moved up towards the pillows. With my eyes closed I rolled onto my side and grabbed one of the body pillows and wrapped my arms and legs around it as if to cuddle. He remained on his knees panting like a dog.

“Get up” I said in a soft voice.

“Get up and call room service. I am hungry and I am sure you are too.”

“Ms. Barbara?”

“Yes?”

Sheepishly he asked, “Did I serve you well?”

I paused.

“Well, I said if you were not good at serving me you would not get to cum didn’t I?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. That’s what you said.”

“You will get to cum but not tonight. Now call room service and order a bottle of wine and dinner for both of us.

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

