



SCARLETT STEELE

FEMDOM PUNISHMENT WORLD™

A SERIES OF FACESITTING FEMALE DOMINATION AND
MALE HUMILIATION SHORT STORIES **BOOK 4**

MENTAL
CHASTITY
AND OUTDOOR
FACESITTING



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Mental Chastity And Outdoor Facesitting

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Mental Chastity And Outdoor Facesitting

There were few times in his life that he felt this way, and none of them were at the hands of a woman. This was intense in every sense of the word, and yet he loved it. The feeling of her ass against his face was one that he couldn't explain, not even to himself. And when she pressed down hard, blocking all possibilities of oxygen, he felt strangely liberated.

There was just something so damn sexy about the whole thing!

Just a half hour earlier Sebastian was in the hotel's bar, having a drink with colleagues. The bar was busy, but none of them, four happily married men, cared very much for anybody in the exquisitely designed post-modern space, least of all the many women hovering around looking for obvious targets. They were just too...obvious.

"Boys, I'm going to call it a night... Just to avoid temptation," Stew said, wanting to draw attention to the new blood that walked into the room, but also wanting to emphasize the fact that they were all happily married. They were like a tag team, and they supported each other, in life and in their marriages. This was one simple reason. They all knew each other's wives, and none of them were sure just how much of what they did outside of their marriages would be kept a

secret from each other's women.

"Yeah, I think I'll do the same," Sebastian said, and he finished his drink. He put his glass on the counter, and he turned to his friends, saying goodnight but not really meaning it. A young woman had caught his attention in the corner already, and even though he had never done it before, never even thought of it, he thought that this trip would be the one where he strayed.

Long story short, he left the bar area, followed closely by the woman, and long story even shorter, they were now embroiled in a sexual experience so foreign to the astute, respectable 30 year old businessman that he found himself waiting for the penny to drop.

She smothered his face with her ass some more, and then dropped her pussy against his mouth. Then she slit her ass over his mouth so that his lips literally touched her asshole. He was unsure what to do, as he had been all evening, at least since they came up to his room, and so he just lay there and let her punish him the way she wanted. And it was clear that she really wanted to punish him a whole lot more.

She slid her ass back up over his nose and sat down, hard. There was a moment when he could breathe, and he caught the scent of sweat and femininity, and there is a moment that he thinks that he could possibly get a lick in, and taste what he has smelt for what seems like the longest time.

"You're a little pussy, aren't you, Sebastian," she asked him, and he wasn't sure how to respond to this. There were many responses of course, all of them in the affirmative because that is what was demanded by the situation, but she asked the question with such a menacing tone that he wasn't sure what was an appropriate response. So he just kept silent.

“You’re a little mammy’s boy, a wimpy, whiny little cunt, aren’t you?” she pressed him further, apparently really wanting him to answer. Still, though, he couldn’t think of anything appropriate to say!

Violet was suddenly angry, and she lifted herself off him completely. She yanked him from the bed and dropped him to the floor with a loud thud. It sounded like several sacks of potatoes landed on the floor suddenly, and then it all went quiet. She was on the floor like a cat, stroking the side of his face, gently, belying the aggression she had just shown. It was strange, it was confusing, and Sebastian didn’t know what to make of any of it.

He had never thought of himself as submissive in any way, but now he was submitting to a woman he had met barely an hour earlier. He had no idea who she was, or what she liked to eat for breakfast. He didn’t know her favorite color or she liked to watch on television. He knew absolutely nothing about her other than that her name was Violet, and given what he wanted when he led her up here, this really was all he needed to know.

Now he found himself wanting to get to know her. He had questions, many questions, but it was as yet impossible for him to ask any of them. The situation just didn’t seem conducive with this asking, and also, when he thought a gap had arisen so that he could ask after these things, she was squeezing his balls, or sitting on his face again. So he had given up on this enquiry, hoping that once they had finished up here, he would be afforded the opportunity.

Sebastian wanted to know what it was about this lifestyle that was attractive to her, and he also wanted to know what it was about him that made her think that he would be open to be treated this way. He really needed to know this, because he really had never thought that he would ever allow any woman to treat him that way Violet so easily did to him. He had a beautifully vibrant sex life with

his wife, one where he always took the lead.

Now it seemed that all control of himself had been relinquished, given up without a second thought to a woman he didn't know. Violet was young, and she was beautiful. But there had to be more to the control and power she wielded over him than just her looks. And Sebastian desperately needed to know what this was.

There was no way for him to find any of this out now though, because she was on a mission of her own. Violet looked at him, holding his face hard so that his eyes were fixed on hers. She brought her face close to his and breathed in to his face, her hands, her fingers on his balls again. He took a deep breath, knowing exactly what was going to happen now, again. As she started to squeeze his nuts, he started to breathe really rapidly. She squeezed fucking hard and he thought that this time she would snap them right off.

She didn't though, even as she twisted, his balls were going nowhere. They were fixed firmly to his groin, and even though Sebastian really wished that they would just come off now, just so that he could have some relief, because his nuts were really aching now. Violet pulled on his sack a little longer, a little harder, and then she left him, running her fingers along the length of his flaccid shaft, not trying to get him hard, but just sort of apologizing for the assault on his nuts.

"You can't even get hard, you son of a bitch," she said, holding his cock in a firm grip. "You're a useless motherfucker, aren't you? A softy, a real softy," she said, squeezing his softness harder. Sebastian was a virile man of thirty, he should be hard. He should be rock hard, in the presence of a woman like Violet, in the presence of any woman really. Just the promise of sex was enough to fuel a massive erection. Although he had never acted on it before, he really didn't need much motivation to get hard.

There was something different about this situation, though!

“I’ll get hard, I promise,” he said, really trying to focus now. He knew that this was evidence of his attraction towards her, and evidence of his virility, his masculinity even, so that he knew that he needed to get this hard on, now. It just didn’t come though, not at all.

“Promises, promises,” she said, leaving his cock now and spitting in his face. This shocked him. The audacity that she had to actually spit in his face really surprised him, because he wasn’t sure what this was. Was this a sign of her aggression at his lack of progress downstairs? Was this just another way she could think of to humiliate him? Whatever it was, it really didn’t matter. She had done it, and again Sebastian was left without the ability to respond appropriately.

Sebastian Paul was a successful businessman. In fact, he was so successful that his young wife didn’t need to work, and they owned their home and two cars outright. His business was a telecoms concern, a company he had started with three of his friends from college. They enjoyed success rather quickly, and in six short years, they were invited to speaking engagements, as keynote speakers, at telecoms conferences. It was such a conference that they were now on.

In his business life he was almost ruthless. He was quick thinking, and extremely assertive. He made decisions quickly, and once he made up his mind about something, it took a hell of a lot for him to change his mind. He sometimes did, though, but only when all the evidence showed that he was in fact wrong. So Sebastian was a tough man, and even though he was incredibly gentle with his wife, he was still a man. Everything about him just exuded a definite manliness!

But now, in the presence of Violet, he had lost all traces of this toughness, this ruthlessness. He was as docile as a puppy, as meek as a fucking lamb. He

struggled to explain this to himself, but what he knew definitely was that he was curious, intrigued almost, and he was definitely going to see this experience through. He actually was already thinking of ways to see Violet again, and have her force him into submission again. This was possible too, because their towns were a short one and a half hour drive apart.

This could work out perfectly, Sebastian thought, as Violet was again stuffing her ass into his face. Her pussy eluded him now though, because his mouth was just low enough to remain open, but just far enough for it not to be able to make contact with the hanging fruits. Also, the angle at which her ass was pressing against his nose kept the distance between his mouth and her cunt consistent, meaning that there was absolutely no way that he was going to connect with it.

“Please, just a little lower... I promise I’ll get hard. I just need to taste your cunt!” Sebastian begs, unable to feel what was happening on his cock now. He wasn’t sure if it was soft or hard, but he knew that if he could just taste her, really taste her, that would fuel his body enough, get the blood to flow where it needed to in order to reveal the magnificence of his hard cock. He knew that his cock was impressive, hard. Soft it wasn’t much to look at, but he didn’t care. He had never cared that his cock looked small soft, because there wasn’t much that he did with it soft, except piss.

“Fuck you, you don’t deserve it. You don’t deserve any part of me you fucking little wimp! I knew you wouldn’t be able to do it. I knew that this would be a waste of my fucking time,” she said, and then she stood up. She went over to where her clothes were on the floor, and she started to gather them, taking the pile to the bathroom. Sebastian was now more confused than ever, unable to move, unable even to beg her for one more chance. He looked down at his cock, and even though it was starting to get hard, it didn’t get hard before Violet had managed to get dressed and leave the hotel room, leaving him to think about what he had, or rather hadn’t, done!

Sebastian drove him the next day thinking about Violet. What the fuck was that, he thought. Why on earth did he allow her to do that to him, to treat him that way? This was a very confusing time for him, because there was no way for him to explain to himself, still, what happened last night. The hour and a half drive home, a drive which he took alone so that he could think, went by so fast that by the time he got him, he just parked near his house, not yet ready to go home.

His mind raced wildly, and he thought that he should probably not have done this. There was nothing about this situation that was rewarding, the logical progression of things would have been a climax. If not for her, then at least for him, any one of them orgasmic would have brought the night to some sort of logical end. But it just didn't happen. She just humiliated him, and then she left him all because he wasn't hard. Was this the real reason though?

"Honey," Lisa said when he stood in his front door. Lisa was his wife. She was his loving, caring, beautiful wife. Lisa was no Violet, but she didn't need to be. Hers was a different kind of beauty. An exquisite kind of beauty that made most men look. She lacked the edge of Violet, but this wasn't necessary. This edge wasn't necessary for her to be any more or any less attractive.

"Hello my love," Sebastian said, pulling her closer and kissing her full on the lips. He enjoyed kissing his wife. It made him feel like a man, like the man, and this was a feeling that he absolutely loved.

"Good trip?" she asked when he finally moved his lips from hers. There was such a spark between them, which was great, even after almost eight years of marriage. They had really managed to keep the spark alive, and their love life, even though it was predictable, standard almost, was really very rewarding. They really liked the chemistry that they had with one another, and this seemed to be enough for them. After eight years, it just had to be.

“A fantastic trip. Good results,” he said, and he finally stepped into the house, the smell of dinner filling the downstairs space. Chicken, Sebastian thought. He liked chicken, but first he needed to shower. After kissing his wife a little more, and after complimenting her on what promised to be a fantastic dinner, he went upstairs, taking his small suitcase and guilty conscious with him.

He looked down at his cock while he got under the steady stream of hot water. It was still soft, but not as small as it had looked in the hotel room. It seemed to have recovered too, because as he moved the bar of soap over himself, over his cock, it started to go hard. Soon enough it was fully erect, and he wondered why it had failed him the night before. He moved his hands over his shaft, and feeling the stiffness between his fingers felt good! It felt so good that he really didn't want to waste it on his palm. This would just be a monumental waste of a good hard on.

Sebastian thought of calling his wife upstairs, but he knew that she would probably not hear him, because of the design of their house. It was a strange design, beautiful, but strange. Every part of the house was a separate pocket, soundproofed from the rest of the pockets, as though each section was meant to be private. The estate agent mentioned, Sebastian remembered, that it had belonged to a family of seven, and it was designed by the father. He obviously wanted to create separation, all of the kids at various stages of development, and so all at various stages of loud!

He thought that he could leave the shower, and pull his wife upstairs, but he didn't want her to think that all he wanted was sex. His wife wanted sex, but she wasn't about a lot of it. And he had only been away from the house for a few days, so surely he could wait until bedtime. This was one thing that slightly irritated him about her, but it was never a real issue. Lisa always only wanted to have sex in the bedroom, on their bed. When they were away from the house, on vacation or something, sex was still limited to a bed. There was just something about a bed that made her comfortable with sex.

Now the sex was fantastic. Predictably so. Lisa became a bit of a wild child in the sack, even though they were always on a bed. Sebastian remembered a few times when they had had sex outside of this restrictive space, but they were rushed. They were obviously uncomfortable for his wife, and so he never approached it again. He liked sex in different places, but he just loved his wife that much more. It was a small sacrifice to make for the happiness of their marriage.

And theirs was really a happy marriage!

Lisa suddenly appeared in the shower door, looking like she was thinking something that she didn't want to articulate. He looked at her, thinking that he knew what was on her mind, so that he knew that he would have to get out of the shower if it was going to go according to plan. And the plan was certainly sex. It had to be, she had that glint in her eyes that come to be look that made her even more attractive. He wanted to pull her into the shower, and make love to her. Instead he just pulled a towel and started to pat himself dry, forgetting almost that he had an erection.

His wife noticed it though, and she was thinking that she perhaps interrupted his masturbation. She wanted to apologize, but she didn't, because Sebastian was on her quickly, kissing her, wetting her with himself. Lisa pulled away from her husband and as they entered to bedroom, she slipped out of her dress. She was behaving sort of out of character, and Sebastian liked it.

She turned to him, naked now, not wearing any underwear, and this too was surprising to the man. But his erection let him know that this did something to him, something that he liked very much. And when she went down onto her knees, and took his hardness between her lips, he was in a state of pure ecstasy. She worked his cock all the way into her mouth, all the way down her throat, and as she started to suck on him hard, beautifully, out of bed, he thought that she was at last, after eight years, finally learning the beautiful art of the compromise.

He knew better than to question her, better than to speak. If he said the wrong thing now, even unintentionally, this would bring this experience to an end. This was the last thing he wanted.

He watched her work, and it was magical. He wanted to return this favor with every part of him, but he was just enjoying her wet, willing mouth on him. She sucked him so well, with more enthusiasm than she had ever displayed on him, and he was soon shooting his hot load directly into her mouth. She didn't even squirm this time, didn't move off him as was her fashion. She just continued to suck him, milking every last drop of seed from his still erect, still throbbing shaft.

Sebastian couldn't help but think that she knew somehow that he had been with another woman. But had he, really? What they did, he and Violet, couldn't really be considered anything. Still though, she had been naked, and she had moved her sensitive parts over his face. Yes, it was forceful, and yes, it was initially uncomfortable. But then he liked it, and maybe something about the way he liked it still lingered on him, so that Lisa felt the need to confirm for him where home was.

Home was right here, with her, and there was no other place he wanted to be right now. Her too.

As she removed his cock from her mouth, and licked her lips, he lifted her off the floor. Instead of putting her on the bed though, he lifted her onto the dresser, and then went for her pussy with his own mouth. He started to work his lips gently on his wife's clit, and then his tongue, not so gently, between her cunt lips. He went all the way inside her with his thick tongue, and she could do nothing but wrap her legs around his head and enjoy the shit out of the oral he was giving her.

They had had their mouths on each other many times before, but never with such passion. Sebastian felt guilty again, and with this guilt, he devoured her pussy even more. More and more moisture escaped her, and he lapped it all up hungrily. He savored every drop, and then continued to enjoy the flashy parts of her as they moved in and out of his mouth. There was suddenly just so much more of her to enjoy, and he was determined to enjoy them all. And enjoy them he did.

When she was creaming into his mouth, she squeezed her legs tighter around his head. There was nothing that she could do to stop herself too, because she had relinquished all control of her muscles to her orgasm. It was beautiful, it was intense, and she was rising and falling on the crest of climax so often that she didn't even feel it when she was lifted off the dresser now, and taken finally to the one place that ensured that she would be as comfortable as possible, because what he wanted to do with her required maximum comfort, maximum relaxation.

Sebastian knew that his cock was thicker than most, longer too. He knew that it was more often than not a little bit uncomfortable for his wife, which is why she wanted to make love on a bed mostly. It just made it easier for her to receive him. As she lay on her back, legs parted, pussy wet, he went for it. He was gentle about penetration, he always was. And as he drove himself into her, he found her mouth with his, and they kissed passionately as he filled her completely with every last inch of himself. They were now locked as one, fused in a beautiful muscle, ready in every way for the lovemaking that was about to follow.

What did follow was two hours of intense fucking. They fucked in every position that was possible, both of them enjoying the variations. When they were finally spent, the chicken dinner was all but forgotten, and Lisa just went downstairs to get her husband a beer, and herself a glass of wine. They sat in bed eating crisps and watching a movie. They made love one more time, just to confirm to each other what both of them already knew, and then they fell asleep, not touching, but close enough to each other that if this is what they wanted to

do, they could.

Sebastian woke up at around 5AM, feeling remarkably refreshed. He got into the shower and then went downstairs to put of some coffee and catch the early morning news on his TV in his den. He was a very happy man, in all aspects of his life. Last night had confirmed for him just how happy he really was. But Violet had sparked a curiosity in him, and he found himself thinking of ways to explore this curiosity, with Violet. She was, after all, just an hour and a half away!

At his office he realized that there was no way for him to contact Violet. Then he remembered that before she left his hotel room she had scribbled something on a piece of paper on his hotel dresser. He packed it in his bag, and he didn't even look at it. It must still be in his bag, a bag his wife would be unpacking to sort out his dirty laundry. Oh Jesus, he needed to get home, fast. He needed to get into that bag before Lisa did. It was a really a matter of life or death, a matter of him either having nothing to explain, or everything!

It was also a matter of him either having a way of contacting Violet, or not. He really needed to be able to get in touch with her.

He got home to find his wife was out. He didn't even care where she was, thinking that she was either at the gym, or out shopping. These were the staples of her social life, and he just let it be. It kept her happy, and so, it kept him happy. He was also just glad that he wouldn't have any explaining to do as to the reason he popped back home less than an hour after he had left for the office.

Sebastian went straight for his bag, and he started to rummage through it. He found nothing though, and so he just turned the whole bag out. Everything inside it dropped to the laundry room floor, and he started to go through the items on

the floor one by one, listening out in case his wife returned prematurely. He had no idea, of course, what a premature arrival would be, since he really had no idea how long she had been gone for, or how long she intended to stay gone.

He found the piece of paper at last, and it really was a phone number. It also had a note scribbled underneath the name and number. The note simply said, call me when you're not such a pussy! He knew somehow though that it was the fact that he was such a pussy with her that made her want to see him again, that made her leave her number. There was just nothing else about what had happened that night that made her leaving her number make any sense at all.

Then he packed his bag again, as untidily as it was packed before, and he placed it where he had found it. He pocketed the piece of paper, and after having a cup of coffee and a muffin, there were always, as if by magic, fresh muffins in their house, he left. He didn't even say goodbye to the staff, and actually, he couldn't remember saying hello. He drove back to the office with a nervous excitement in him, and he knew that he would call Violet as soon as he was in the privacy of his office.

He dialed her number as soon as he closed his door!

"Hello," he said, trying to sound confident, but knowing that this was probably a mistake. He should have sounded like the pussy he was a few nights ago.

"Who is this?" she asked, really not knowing. She probably, Sebastian thought, had a lot of men calling her. He wondered how many men she subjected to this kind of treatment, and wondered how they responded to it.

“It’s Sebastian, how are you doing?” he continued, sounding less confident. This was deliberate, and it wasn’t. He suddenly thought that she was serious, she really didn’t know who he was. Even when he said his name, there was a moment, a long moment, where she was thinking who he was, still.

Then she said, “Oh, Sebastian, what do you want?” and again he felt deflated. She was either the rudest person he had ever met, or she was the most committed. It took a hell of a lot of commitment to maintain this façade of hard ass cheek, he thought. Still, he felt like he was an overly enthusiastic teenager calling the pretty girl.

“You said I should call you when I’m not such a pussy, and from the look of things, I’m certainly not a pussy anymore!” he said, looking at his erection. He couldn’t believe that just the sound of her voice made him hard.

“Let me guess, you finally got an erection?” she asked, sounding less interested that she did just a second ago. He never knew it was possible, but it obviously was, and he was feeling, much to his disbelief, even more deflated that he just was. There was just something about this exchange though, that kept him on the phone.

“Rock solid,” he said, stroking his cock over his chinos.

“Whatever... I take it you’re in town again? Or is this just a follow up call?” she asked, really unsettling him. Sebastian took a deep breath, and then looked at his phone. He really didn’t know what to say, not wanting to listen to her rudeness anymore. Something about this attitude worked in person. He really wasn’t about to take it on the phone. He felt a measure of control still, with her on the other end of a telephone, and he knew that if he wanted the full ambit of this experience, he would need to see her in person.

“I’m not in town, I will be tomorrow though. You think we can get together?” Sebastian asked, pulling himself together enough to sound like he had a little more authority. She took a minute to recover from this sudden display. He could hear her breathing loudly. Was she angry, he wondered?

“Tomorrow’s cool, if you’re here in the afternoon, meet me at the coffee shop around the corner from the hotel you stayed in. Do you remember where that is?” she asked, trying to sound condescending again. There was something slightly off with their interaction over the phone, so both of them wanted to be off the telephone, glad that they got to the point where they made arrangements for a definite meet.

Violet was standing outside the coffee shop when Sebastian arrived, and she looked every bit as delicious as she did the first time he saw her. He was once again struck by the remarkable differences between her and his wife. She was wearing a short dress and stilettos, which made her overdressed for the time of day, and also for the location of their meeting. Sebastian didn’t care, because he was going hard already, and he wanted her to feel it.

She waked inside the coffee shop without saying anything to him, not even hello, and she went to sit in a table near the middle of the restaurant. She sat down, and then Sebastian sat down, looking at her closely, especially at her breasts. They were stunning, looking like they just wanted to slip out of her dress and say hello first. “Hello,” Sebastian said first, and waited for her response. It did not come. She was just looking at him, directly in his eyes.

Then she slipped a foot out of her shoe and worked this foot up his leg. It found its way to his crotch and she was met with a hardness that made her smile. At least he was right, about being hard. This meant that he was comfortable with her now, comfortable enough to get over the mental blocks that stopped him

from having an erection the first time. This was good. This was progress. She let her foot move over his erection from a little while, but then her foot was gone.

“Now, I want you to get under the table, and using nothing but your teeth, I want you to take my panties off,” she said, smiling more. She really had a control over him again, now that they were face to face, and even though the restaurant was quite full, Sebastian found himself contemplating this already.

“I think we should at least get something to eat first, or maybe a coffee. Or something,” he said, trying to delay what he knew he was going to do. He needed to think of a strategy of how he was going to do this, just because of all the eyes in the room.

“I said,” she started, and Sebastian pulled a waitress towards them as she walked past. He ordered a coffee, and then ordered a sub. Then he looked at Violet, hoping that she would order something, anything. She did, much to his relief. She ordered a double espresso and a Thai chicken wrap. They waited in relative silence for their coffees to come, and then waited the ten minutes, again in silence, for the food. When it was there, they both started to eat slowly.

Violet was eating slowly, because she wasn't hungry. She was waiting for Sebastian to follow her instruction, not patiently too. She wasn't used to having her instructions ignored, and she was certainly not used to being the dominant. She was a dominatrix, and Sebastian was subtly changing the rules of this game. She hated it actually, and she started to humiliate Sebastian in the only way she could, with her words. She was scathing in her attack too, thinking that this would get him to follow her orders quicker. He really needed to make a move on this, and get the fuck under the table.

Sebastian was eating slowly because, contrary to what Violet thought, he

actually did want to follow her instruction. He just needed to figure out how he was going to do this, how he was going to get under the table without drawing too much attention to him. He needed to do this in such a way so as not to draw attention to both of them. Fortunately for him they were seated at one of the tables that had a table cloth over it, and it hung low enough for him not to be seen, not really at least, once he got under the table. The trick was, of course, getting under the table.

“Get the fuck under the table,” she said suddenly, looking at him as though if he did not do it now, she would really embarrass him. How she could do anymore damage though was beyond him. She was insulting him really loudly, really drawing attention to them, really making a mockery of him. Everybody pretended not to look, but he knew that they were. How could they not be, when she was saying what she was saying, loud enough for all of them to hear them?

It was really very humiliating!

Suddenly, without thinking, Sebastian was under the table. He didn't even pretend to drop something, he didn't even pretend that there was anything that he was looking for. He just slipped under the table, and pushed Violet's legs apart hard. She resisted his attempts at parting her legs for a minute, as sort of a joke, and then she let them be spilt. She felt his head between them and she felt his mouth on her panties, near her pussy, over her pussy. Then, slowly, she left the panties give way, moving down her legs. She almost lifted the table cloth so that everyone could see what was going on underneath the table.

After a while, a long while, she felt the panties go down her legs, and then past her ankles. He must have had the panties in his mouth for a while, but when he reappeared in his seat, the panties were in his hand. He looked at her, smiling at his achievement. She didn't smile at all, just looked at him, like he had done nothing, and achieved nothing. His heart was beating really fast, and he waited for the barrage of insults that was about to come.

They didn't!

"I've got an idea, she said, looking very mischievous. She was really very much of a sexual deviant, but just how much of a deviant was evidenced by her next line. "I think that we should bring you wife into the mix, just to spice things up."

He choked on his sub, and then looked at her, to see if she was serious. She couldn't be, though. She had been with him exactly twice, and there was no way that she would have the audacity to bring his wife into this. How dare she even bring his wife into this?

"You can't be serious," Sebastian said, suddenly very serious himself. They looked at each other, and Violet was obviously waiting for an answer. Sebastian thought that he had answered her, confused.

"I am. And the last thing you want to do is to say no to me. I don't do well with no!" she said, sounding like she was giving him an ultimatum. This is exactly what she was doing, and Sebastian suddenly felt very uncomfortable.

He stood up and left the restaurant without saying a word. He walked past his car, and just kept on walking. Who the hell did Violet think she was? This isn't how cheating worked, at least not in his books. Hell, it didn't work this way in anybody's books. At least that's what he thought. He did think though, that because he had never cheated before, that the rules of this cheating game had changed, and he wasn't aware of these changes. Still though, it just didn't feel right, and he just kept on walking. He walked six blocks before he decided that it was best for him to get back to his car and get the hell out of there.

As he drove home, he really just wanted to get into the house, into the shower, and into his wife's arms. He didn't even care that the sex this time would be boring, in bed. He just needed the familiarity of it, needed something that would get him to forget about Violet. She had really crossed a line and this pissed Sebastian off. What was she thinking, he wondered? Was she even thinking? He got home a few hours earlier than usual, and Lisa didn't even ask him why. She was just really very happy to see her husband.

They had drinks on their porch, and then had an early dinner on their bedroom balcony. And then they showered together, and made love. They made love until Lisa asked for a break. Then Sebastian was making love to her again, despite her initial protestations. Then they were in this together, again, making love not to each other, but with each other. By the time Sebastian fell asleep, Lisa had been sleeping for almost a half hour. They both slept dreamily, and woke up at the same time the next morning. Sebastian didn't even go into work at his usual time, sleeping in, and then having a lazy breakfast in bed, with his wife.

At around 10, Sebastian is sitting alone in his office. He has work to do, but his thoughts are all over the place. He isn't thinking of Lisa, who he knows, intimately. His thoughts are on Violet, who he doesn't know. He wonders how it is that she became so familiar with him so quickly. He wonders too why it was that she denied him real access to herself, before she dared to go where she had. He wondered a lot of things, and then he pulled his drawer open. He needed to know what was going on in her head.

The phone rang and rang. It rang a total of thirteen times before it cut, a voice prompt saying that the station was not answering. He tried again, and then again. Both these added times the phone rang a total of thirteen times. He knew this, counting each individual rings as he waited in anticipation, waiting for her to answer. She didn't. And so he put the phone back on the hook, and took out his cellphone. He tried calling her from his cellphone, a number he was sure she did not have, and still she did not answer.

Was she okay, he wondered!

Sebastian tried all morning, between meetings and before lunch, to try and get a hold of Violet. He thought of calling her throughout lunch, but this was not possible, because it was a lunch meeting with some out of town managers. There was a nervous tension forming around him, a kind of worry, and he really needed to hear her voice, to make sure that she was okay. She didn't answer his calls all afternoon, and even when he left the office at 9PM, trying to get a hold of her one more time, still, there was absolutely no response.

A week went by, and then another. He drove to the coffee shop and waited, a few times, letting the air settle over him depending on the time of day that he went to what really was essentially the next town over. She was nowhere to be seen. Everybody that he asked had no idea who he was taking about, and even less of an idea about where she lived. It was as though Violet didn't live in the town at all.

“Answer your phone,” he said, for about the thousandth time. He called her again, while parked outside his home, waiting to go inside. He had found himself short and snappy with his wife for the last couple of days, and so he was armed with a huge bunch of flowers, and a bottle of wine. He also had a box of expensive chocolates for his wife, to apologize and to make sure that he wasn't losing the one woman who really cared for him, while he sought a woman who humiliated him and showed him no affection at all. After he deleted the call register, and deleted the messages that he sent her, he went inside and had a beautiful evening with his wife.

After the third week, it felt like seven, he decided to take his mind off things, and go on a fishing trip with his buddies. They went up to the lake, and took tents and lots of beer with them. It wasn't about catching fish, but the act of fishing,

that was what appealed to them. They got a chance to catch up and chat, and share what was really happening in their lives away from prying ears.

“What’s happening with you? Rena said that Lisa told her that you were acting up...” Luther said, referring to a conversation that his wife had with Sebastian’s wife at the gym a few days earlier.

“Really? I thought we had sorted everything out. I bought flowers and chocolates and everything?” Sebastian said, not understanding why Lisa felt the need to discuss their lives like that. He knew women were like that though, and he knew that they discussed them. What he did not expect was that Rena would discuss this with her husband.

He really felt like he was singled out, exposed. All his friends were looking at him now, as they get ready for an afternoon on the lake. Sebastian knew that he had no choice but to come clean with his friends, knowing that unlike their women who felt the need to discuss everything with them, they didn’t feel the same compulsion. In fact, they knew enough about each other to ensure that none of them, no matter how much the urge overtook them, would ever think of dishing the goods on each other.

It really felt like a safe space!

“I’ve strayed...” Sebastian started, and none of his friends were really surprised. This was typically the nature of fishing trip confessions. But when he continued with his story, they became more and more intrigued, not expecting the successful business man to ever give in to this sort of treatment. Also, they didn’t expect him to be as open about it as he was, and this was strange, because they didn’t think that he would even admit to such a thing. There was such a complicated, tangled web that was weaved by their friend, that all of them just

looked at him with their jaws dropped!

The conversation went on for a while, with Sebastian doing most of the talking. And then came the questions, questions that he really did not have the answers to. He tried to steer them away from the topic, but he really had opened up that can of worms, and there was no way that he could close it again. So he just answered what he could, deflected what he could, and just looked at them in stunned silence when he really had no response to what was being asked of him. The conversation went on until they were actually fishing, when silence was required by the circumstance.

By the end of the four days he was pleased with himself for not having tried to contact Violet. He had morphed from worry to being pissed off. He thought that she had probably changed her number, and that was okay. She needed to accept that she had crossed a line, and even though he didn't have the chance to tell her as much, he just started to let it go. He let it go until he was back at home, in his own house, kissing his wife. Then his thoughts turned to Violet again.

He tried to resist the urge to call her, and tried to distract himself with his wife. The week went by very slowly, and as the days fused into each other, he was really unable to fight it much longer. He needed to try and call her again, just to give it one more chance, to hear her voice and make sure she was okay. Sebastian wasn't sure if this was even the real reason he wanted to speak with her, but he knew by Friday afternoon that he was going to call her again.

Sebastian waited until after work, and then he didn't drive home. He drove instead to the gym, and parked outside. He had packed his gym bag that morning and it was sitting shotgun to him. He took out his phone, and looked at it. He looked at the time, realizing that this was later than all the other times he had tried to make contact with her, but knowing too that this was the best time for him to call, away from the house, in the privacy of his car. He scrolled his phone, searching for her number.

“Hello,” she answered on the first ring, and Sebastian dropped his phone. He didn’t expect her to answer, and he certainly didn’t expect her to answer so quickly.

“Hello Violet, it’s me,” he said, timidly.

“Oh, you?” he said, and she sounded like she really didn’t expect it to be him. Sebastian sort of knew why she wouldn’t think he would be calling this time of the night too. It was late, and he should be home with his wife. And since he obviously held his wife in very high regard, he would never call her while he was home with his precious wife.

“Look, I hate the way we left things. I’m sorry for just walking out of the restaurant, but you really caught me by surprise,” he said, really needing to clear the air between them, hoping that this would be enough to get her to once again allow him into her world. He really wanted to be let back in, feeling like he hadn’t fully explored it, and so really feeling like he couldn’t pass judgment on it either way.

“And now?” she asked, wanting him to get to the point.

“I really want to see you again,” he said, not feeling much like beating about the bush. He wanted to know if this was even still a possibility.

“If you’re in town tomorrow, I’ll text you directions,” she said, Sebastian nodding as though she could see him.

He was just excited that she had taken his call, and that she finally agreed to meet him!

They met at a local park not unlike New York's Central Park. It had many corners, many secluded parts, making a private meeting possible. The pair hadn't decided on a private meeting, but Violet knew this park well, and she knew that this would be as private as she needed it to be. Sebastian just followed the instructions in the text, getting more and more excited as he got to the last of the directions.

When he turned the corner around a bit of a clearing, through a canopy of trees, and passed a fountain, he checks the directions. He knew that he was in the right place, but Violet was nowhere to be seen. There were also no other people in the area, just a very big, very conspicuous tree. Sebastian went up towards the tree, and leaned on it. He checked his phone, and there is no call or text from Violet.

He thinks of texting her, but then he remembered the traumatic few weeks that passed with no communication from her. This was so frustrating that he really was happy to get her text yesterday, and so he did not want to believe that something had changed again in less than 24 hours. He just took a deep breath and just started to play games on his phone. He wasn't a gamer, but Candy Crush seemed a better distraction than the frustration building up inside him.

"You came?" Violet said, not sounding at all surprised. She knew that he would come, and she knew that he would wait for her. She wasn't late on purpose though.

"Of course I came!" he said, looking at her in a tight yoga pants and a tank top.

The outfit outlined her body so perfectly that he was hard almost immediately. He wishes that he wasn't wearing jeans, wishing that he wore loose fitting pants instead, because the denim was very restrictive.

Violet walked up to him, and then she looked around. She looked around at the trees, and then looked at the entrances to the space that they were at, almost as though she was expecting somebody. But there was absolutely nobody there, so she turned to Sebastian again, looking at him directly in his eyes.

“And you will do whatever I say?” Violet asked him, making Sebastian think that she was alluding to the request for him to bring her his wife. Surely though, she must be over this by now. He had said no, and he had been emphatic about that. So why would she then bring this up again, she wondered.

“Anything... anything accept my wife. These are two different relationships, and I would like to keep them that way. I hope you can understand?” Sebastian said, sounding timid, more timid than he had ever sounded in his whole life. She really had a way of making him feel overwhelmed, like he was out of his depth, like he was so out of control of his own life, and of his own person, and it really was emasculating.

She pressed up against him and pulled him towards her, pressing her fingers into his buttocks, pressing his hardness against her. He was hard now, and he knew that she could feel this. This was very exciting for him, because he still remembered vividly the first time they were together, and the problems he had getting hard.

Then she pushed him away from her, up against the tree, and went down on to her knees. She worked on his belt really quickly, and then she brought his jeans down to his ankles. Sebastian looked around wildly, feeling very exposed even

though his erection was still safely hidden underneath his boxers. The outline of his cock was so incredibly obvious though that he felt that it was outside of the cotton, exposed for all to see. He was looking down at her now, hoping that her mouth would find his tip, but he knew that it wouldn't.

Violet stood up again and pulled his face down towards his again. She was suddenly again malicious, and he knew that he was about to pay for his denial of her request. He should have known that she wouldn't have let it go, but he had thought that this was the one thing she would have let go. She really was extremely petty, and he hated this. But her grip on him was such that he knew that he would submit to everything that she was prepared to do to him. He hated it, but he also loved it.

“Are you ready to show me how sorry you are?” she asked, sounding satanic again, and sending shivers of fear through him quickly. He felt completely naked now, and this really had nothing to do with the fact that she was already taking off his shirt. As the shirt dropped to the floor, he felt the bark of the tree against his back, and while it didn't hurt, it felt more than a little uncomfortable. But discomfort was something that he was used to, especially with Violet, and so he subconsciously accepted it already.

There was just something about her power that made him release his, and this made him feel like, for once in his life, he had to exercise absolutely no control over anything in his normally rigid life. He really didn't realize that he was so used to being in control that he needed a break. Violet offered him this break, and she really didn't even know that she was offering him anything. It was all very selfish from her part, and even though this wasn't at all his thinking, he needed to believe that it was something that she considered.

Two women were standing suddenly, near the end of the clearing, in full view of the tree. Sebastian looked at them, and then he looked at Violet. She didn't seem to care in the least that these two women were watching them, having already

caught them in her peripheral vision, which was incredibly good. It was so good in fact, that she even caught three more women that Sebastian didn't even see, out of the corner of her eye. She smiled to herself, and then she smiled at Sebastian, letting him know with just one look that she was fully aware of the onlookers.

Brad looked down at his erection, and to his surprise it was going nowhere. Even though the three women had joined the two, taking up positions that let him know that they weren't going anywhere, his cock remained hard, almost as though it was ready for the performance of a lifetime. He did wonder though if this was a part of Violet's plan. Had she texted a few of her friends, to show off the man that she would get to submit completely to her will, to show off her toy? He knew that this was definitely a possibility. She was just that vindictive!

"You want to earn your way back into my good graces?" she asked him suddenly, and he knew that she had a hand in the growing audience now. She must have, because the audience was still growing, and it was all female. They were not unattractive females either, so they definitely were friends, or familiar with each other. They just looked like a group of women who would hang out in the real world.

"Anything, I will do anything!" he said, a loud whisper, or was it a grunt. He wasn't sure. What he was sure of though was that he was really willing to do anything to make sure that he could continue to play this game, to play these games with Violet.

"That's good... Because anything is exactly what you are going to have to do. Now get your fucking shoes off!" Violet said, and she stepped back, turned to her audience, and then turned back towards Sebastian. She watched as he struggled with his shoes, getting one off, and then after a further struggle, the other one. He was wearing white socks, but he didn't seem to care. Violet looked down at his jeans, bunched up around his ankles. She gestured for him to take

them off completely, almost as though she were holding a gun to him.

She was holding something much more powerful though, much more intimidating, and incredibly more influential than a gun. Sebastian had in fact thought that perhaps he needed therapy for his sudden submissiveness, but he knew he didn't. He had psychoanalyzed himself enough to know the reason for this, and he accepted this reason as the way it was. He treated this like he treated business, and that is why it made sense to him.

Standing there in his boxers, he looked down at hardness, and was impressed that it still seemed to be going nowhere. In fact, it had grown, and was now at full mast. He waited, thinking that she would instruct him to take off his boxers, thinking that she would perhaps take them off herself, but she didn't. She just threw her eyes all over his body, and then she ran her hands over her thighs. She grazed her pussy with her fingers, and then turned again to the audience, which was now about twelve strong.

It was time for her to set her game into motion, to start her show.

Violet brought Sebastian down to his knees, and he hit the earth hard. There were twigs amongst the leaves and earth, and these were really digging into his flesh. He wasn't a softy, by no description. But he had become used to the finer things in life, and even though he was a regular at the gym, he was not used to roughing it. So this was really not an ideal situation for him, and so he really thought that some serious damage was being done on his knees.

She crouched in front of him, and turned his head so that he was facing the audience now. He looked at the women looking at him with an interest that really went far beyond just voyeurism. They seemed really invested in what was happening here, and Sebastian thought that he must be an example, a showing of

what happens when a man says no to Violet. He really felt like he was being made a spectacle of, and there was nothing that he could do to undo what was already clearly in process. She was calling all the shots now, as usual.

“You’re going to do anything I ask. You’re going to do everything I say, okay? If you don’t, then this won’t be as pleasant as your previous experiences with me, do you understand?” Violet asked, turning his head towards hers again. She looked so deep in his eyes now that it felt that she really was looking right through him. It was a strange feeling, one that he should really be used to by now, but he wasn’t. Something about her stare still made him incredibly uncomfortable.

“I said I would, didn’t I?” he asked, realizing quickly though that this didn’t come out right.

“We’ll have to do something about your fucking attitude, I think. You think just because I let you fucking speak that you can talk to me any way you want, that you can take liberties with your words, and get away with it?” she asked, really a series of questions that came together to form one long question with just the right hint of poison, the right hint of menace that made Sebastian regret the way he answered her even more.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

“Oh no, not yet. But you’re definitely going to be!” she said, and then she stood up and placed her sneaker on his back, pushing him facedown into the earth!

He kissed the dirt, not even trying to lift his face off the earth. The quicker he

surrendered to her, he knew, the better it would be for him. The quicker he surrendered, the less intense the insults were, and the sooner she got to the meat and bones of her assault. He loved her abuse, but not so much the insults. It was just clear that one went hand in hand with the other, and so he took both!

She lifted his face again, and spat into his open mouth. This is something he had come to enjoy, because her spit always tasted like berries. Different berries, but definitely berries. The first time it had the distinct taste of raspberries, and then it was blueberries. Now, it was definitely strawberries. He wasn't sure if this was from her gum, or from her lip gloss, whatever it was though, this lingering taste was very erotic, and it fueled his own arousal incredibly. She knew too that he liked it, because he would let the spit linger in his mouth before swallowing it greedily.

It seemed though, that she hated when he liked something. Because as soon as he exhibited any sort of enjoyment, she would stop doing the thing that he seemed to enjoy. She was really a master at reading him, and she got it right, perfectly right, every time. Sebastian hated how predictable he was to her. How could she know everything that he was feeling even before he himself was sure of what he was feeling, about anything. This was uncanny, but it also let him know that control was definitely hers. There was absolutely no doubt about this.

“You like that, huh, you son of a bitch,” she said, as much to him as to the audience. He didn't know how to respond, and so he just nodded meekly. “Actually, son of a bitch is wrong. You are a bitch. You're my little bitch, aren't you, Sebastian?” She made his name sound like a derogatory term, a swear word, an absolute insult. How she managed to do this with just a simple shift in her tone was incredibly disarming.

Sebastian had to admit to himself that he was actually in real awe of this woman.

I mean, seriously. Here was a man who would never allow himself to be dominated in the boardroom. He would never allow himself to be dominated at home. There was a saying about a man's wife always being right. This was certainly not the case in Sebastian's home. He was always right. He wore the pants. And his wife knew this, and he willingly accepted this. She let her man take the lead in everything. It was really not too surprising that he so enjoyed relinquishing control with Violet.

This was after all just for a little while. After a few hours it was over and she went back to dominating other men. Sebastian went back to his life too, back to his controlled, structured, ordered existence, and nobody was any wiser. This situation was different because they had an audience, but he knew that he didn't know any of the women who had come just a little bit closer now, and so he knew that after this session was done, that he could still go back into his life with no threat of anybody finding out that he was just made into a quivering, sniveling little pussy.

Violet licked his face hard, and then she took his ear in her mouth, sucking on it as hard. Then she stuck her tongue in his ear, and gave him the longest wet Willy he had ever received. Again she was licking his face, and as soon as her tongue left his face, there was the distinct coolness of the breeze against where he spit lightly coated his face, and he was aware of the coolness of the morning, fully aware of the earliness of the hour. When she was sticking her tongue in his mouth, he knew that this had nothing to do with kissing, but that was okay.

This was her way. It was her way with him, and it was a way he liked. Bring it on, he thought, although he was careful this time not to give away his strong desire for her to keep doing what she was doing to him. He was careful not to give away in any way that he was liking it. And so she continued to lick his face, to stick her tongue in his ear, to shove her tongue down his throat. It took everything inside him not to take her tongue with his into a wrestling match.

This would have been a dead giveaway.

She continued this for about ten minutes, the audience no longer growing in number, but getting closer to where they were against the tree. The clearly wanted better seats, wanted to see up close what was really going down between the pair. They were careful not to come too close though, probably on Violet's instruction. She really had a way, without saying a damn thing, of commanding the spaces she occupied.

He remembered the first night they were together. She was in full control then, from the minute they were alone in his hotel room. He remembered also that incident in the coffee shop. That was intense. It didn't end well, but when she instructed him to get under the table and rid her of her panties with nothing but his teeth, that was fucking hot. This transfer of power was fucking hot.

And now, he was being humiliated in front of a crowd, more than a dozen strong, and it was strangely okay. Not because of the crowd, no. But simply because it was Violet doing the violating.

Everything about this woman, her demands, her expert punishments, her subtle and not so subtle insinuations that he as less than a man, everything, was just so fucking hot that Sebastian couldn't help himself with her. He really was like clay in a potter's hand!

There was suddenly an eerie silence, and Sebastian looked up. He hadn't even realized that his face was no longer being licked, so lulled was he into a state of complacency. Complacency might not even be the right word. It was more a haze, a sort of trance brought about by Violet's tongue moving hard across his face. This trance-like state was so easy to slip into that when his face was no longer being licked, he quickly snapped out of it, when it was clear that it was

not going to happen.

He looked up, and saw the reason for this silence. He was suddenly face to face with Violet, standing high above him, removing her top. She was doing this slowly, seductively, as though she were doing a striptease. In fact, this is exactly what she looked like she was doing, and he watched her move above him, moving from side to side as her top came off.

Sebastian watched the women in the audience, and he noticed that they were not looking at him now. They all had their eyes on Violet, and he couldn't help but find this strange. It was strange how nobody seemed even a little bit interested in his erection now, which was still visible, even though he was on all fours. It was peeping out of the front slit of his boxer shorts, making its escape somewhere between the time she was spitting in his mouth and the time she was licking his face. But no matter how impressive this cock was, all eyes were on Violet's breasts.

She dropped her top onto Sebastian's back. Then she came down and wrapped it around his neck. She twisted it around the man's thick neck, and then she pulled on it hard. Sebastian came towards her, crawling on all fours. She was crouching, displaying remarkable balance even though she looked like she really should be falling over backwards, stumbling against her own weight. She didn't though, stabilized by Sebastian's weight and held up firmly by the tank top around his neck. They were caught in an incredible balancing act, one that was more uncomfortable for Sebastian.

Violet seemed to be enjoying herself!

She pulled harder on the top, lifting herself up as she did. Now she did stumble, but just a little, just because he shuffled towards her, unable to control himself.

He thought that this was what she wanted him to do, but when she stumbled, it was clear that this was not a part of her plan. She recovered quite nicely though, and then she slipped the top from his neck. Then she was kicking off her shoes, and Sebastian thought that this was where she would do what he hoped she would, but dared not even think that she would. She did, though, and after kicking her shoes off, Violet removed the yoga pants as sensually as she had removed her top.

When she got her pants down past her ankles, she didn't wrap the fabric around his neck. Instead, she wrapped it around her own neck, pulling first on one leg, and then on the other, shifting the pants seductively over her whole neck, transforming the pants from what they were to something completely different. She had mad skills, Sebastian admitted to himself. Everyone watching had to admit the same thing. All of these admissions were of something that Violet knew very, very well.

Not only was she aware of her power, she was all too aware of her ability to manipulate this power. Now she was hard, rough, and aggressive. Then, as quickly, she was soft, seductive, demure, and even vulnerable. And then, quick as a flash, she was back to being a hard dominatrix, and she had so many levels on which to dominate that no ten minutes were the same with her. It was such an exhilarating experience, such a completely exciting time that Sebastian was essentially hooked from day one.

“Lick my feet,” she instructed, raising her one foot just high enough to reach his mouth. He started to kiss her foot, gently. “I said lick,” she scolded, and he started to lick immediately. He licked everywhere, taking his tongue to every part of her foot. He licked the top of it, the sides. He licked underneath it and then he sucked her toes. Her feet tasted the way they smelled. Of talc and lavender. There was something else too, though, but he couldn't make out this third fragrance. Or maybe it was a flavor, but because he couldn't quite figure it out, he left it!

Then she raised her other foot, demanding the same treatment. He did it willingly, enthusiastically. He loved the feeling of her feet in his mouth. He had never thought of doing this to his wife, and he wondered if he would. He didn't think so. There was something about being forced to do this that gave it a certain edge. In the absence of this forcing, he knew that the experience would lose something important, something that he needed it to have for him to extract the maximum enjoyment of it.

“There's a good dog,” she said when he was done with her second foot. She crouched in front of him again, the pants falling from her neck. She spread her legs, a spread-eagle position, dangling her pussy in front of him, close enough for him to be able to smell it. Even through the panties covering it, the smell of it was as clear as though he were licking it. He could in fact almost taste it in his mouth.

He wanted nothing more than to take it into his mouth now, and he hoped that it wouldn't be too long before she removed her panties.

Violet pulled him into her center, and rubbed his nose hard against her cunt. Sebastian breathed deep, taking in every part of her that lingered in the air above the panties. He tried to breathe deeper, tried to extract the scent of her straight from the source. After a few deep breaths he convinced himself that he succeeded in doing just that, too. His breathing was aggressive too, because again he couldn't hide his enjoyment of this, so he knew that it would come to an end very soon.

She just hated to see him have any sort of fun!

Violet pushed him violently away from her pussy now, and as she stood up, her panties came down. She let them dangle around her ankles as she crouched

again, moved herself from side to side, and then stood back up. She went down one more time, holding her pussy in front of his face but just out of reach of his mouth, before lifting it slowly, taking it further out of his reach. Sebastian was literally salivating now.

She turned around and looked at the audience, close enough to them now that she could reach out and touch the closest woman to them. She didn't though, just smiled at the women watching, them edging her on with their eyes. They were remarkably silent, throughout the show, and this silence was just like a fourteenth member of the audience, watching from the background, from the shadows almost. It was a strange feeling, almost like big brother was watching. Sebastian actually wouldn't have put it passed Violet, to arrange someone to videotape the whole thing. This made him panic a little, and so he was looking around for any signs of this recording activity.

There was nothing though, not in the bushes, and not in the trees. So Sebastian relaxed into the knowledge that all evidence of this morning's proceedings would leave here with these females, all too enthralled by what they were witnessing to even think of pulling out a cellphone!

Violet came down in front of him again, again in a crouching tiger position, and she pulled his face between her legs. This time, though, she did not take him to her not-so-secret place, but instead rested his head against her thigh. "Lick," she said, an almost giggle in her voice. She was really in her element now, and she couldn't hide her own enjoyment of this fact. She didn't need to hide anything from him, because control still rested solely with her.

"Lick my fucking thighs you pansy," she said, the giggle gone now. He licked more aggressively, trying to do it the right way, but not sure what the right way actually was. So he just licked hard, and he kept on licking as she kept on shouting for him to lick. Sebastian moved from thigh to thigh, guided there by a firm, controlling hand. The harder he licked, the more licking she demanded, so

that he was eventually sure that he was not doing it right.

“Ladies, I guess his tongue doesn’t have enough to work with. I think it’s time to give this pussy a really challenge,” she said to the audience, and then she held Sebastian’s head away from her legs, so that his tongue couldn’t touch her now. She held his head up for a moment, and then she stood up herself. She walked over to the tree, and leaned herself against it. She proceeded to extend her ass outward, and then to look back at the audience for a final nod of approval. Then she looked down at Sebastian, and in her most menacing tone so far, said, “Your mouth on my ass, now!”

Sebastian moved hungrily to where Violet was propped up against the tree. She pushed her ass as far out as it would go, and barked her instruction to Sebastian again. He placed a hand on either of her hips and started to kiss her butt cheeks. Then he started to bite into her cheeks, and she smiled, thinking that this was about to get very interesting. “Eat my fucking hole,” she barked, and then braced herself. She loved to be rimmed, and she loved to be rimmed well. She wasn’t sure of Sebastian’s rimming skills, but she was really hoping that his tongue would at least be as powerful on her hole as it had been on her thighs.

She felt her ass cheeks parted, and she took a deep breath. She was really looking forward to it, but unfortunately for her Sebastian had never rimmed an ass before. He knew of rimming, from watching porn in college, but it never appealed to him. He wasn’t a sexual prude, not at all. But the idea of licking someone’s ass didn’t appeal to him at all. He was not about to tell her this though, and he was certainly not about to give this away, for fear of further humiliation.

Sebastian thought quickly, trying to remember the videos he watched. With most of them it was women doing it to each other, because he was kind of addicted to lesbian porn. But then he remembered one interracial video he saw in his final year. It was a group of black guys on a single blonde white chick. Three of the

five guys rimmed her, and they were really good at it, judging from her response.

He remembered how they all licked her hole, first, for a very long time. They got it really wet, and then they sort of French kissed it. Then they started to move their tongues inside her hole, and she went absolutely off her head. This seemed like a strategy, the best strategy for Sebastian. It was the only strategy actually, because it really was his only frame of reference for this act that he never thought he would do. He sent his tongue from his mouth, after wetting it as much as he can with spit from his mouth, and then he placed his tongue flat on and over Violet's asshole.

“Fuck yeah, boy... Lick that fucking hole!” she said, and Sebastian was relieved. At least he got the first part right. He decided to do this for a while, and so he did. He licked her asshole with the full surface of his tongue, and then he licked her hole with just the tip of his tongue, also driving her wild. This was a strange experience for him, because he wasn't enjoying it, but he was enjoying the fact that she was.

He was again moving the flat surface of his tongue over her hole, and she was pressing her ass deeper into his mouth. She was really getting into it, making verbal utterances that weren't really words, but it was clear that they were very approving. She was even grinding her ass into his mouth, against his lips, dropping her ass deeper into his mouth. He started to French kiss her asshole, thinking that he would get back to licking soon enough, but feeling that this was the natural progression of things, that this was how he should be acting right now.

Again her responses to this turned him on, and even though his cock was protruding out of the front of his shorts, he felt the sudden urge to take them off. He pushed her with his mouth against the tree, and he worked on getting his shorts off with both his hands. He succeeded too, even though it was a bit of a struggle. But once he had his shorts on the ground next to him, he felt strangely

free. He felt like he could now really concentrate on what he was doing.

“Get that tongue in there motherfucker, work that hole,” she said, and she really was doing all the talking now. There was no problem with this at all either, because Sebastian’s mouth was really busy. And, he was also starting to enjoy this. There was something about this act that was getting to him now, so that he was dripping copious amounts of precum. He felt this precum drip down his shaft, and settle on his nuts. It was cool by the time it got to his balls too, and this, coupled with the stiff breeze, made his nuts shrink a little.

They were massive balls though, so they didn’t appear much smaller. He just knew himself, and he had seen his sack enough times, felt it enough times, to know that it was slightly smaller. He knew this without even looking at them too, but he didn’t care. He was just impressed at his awareness of self. He kissed Violet’s asshole more aggressively, and then he was licking it again, with just the tip of his tongue. He parted her ass cheeks a little further, exposing more of the hole, stretching it so that it opened slightly. When it did, he was looking at it, and he knew what to do next.

“Get inside me boy... work that tongue in there... Get that fucking hot tongue all the way inside my tight hole,” she instructed him, just before he did just that. He hated being told what to do in his daily life, but when Violet did it, it was acceptable. It was more than acceptable, actually, and he really went for it. He pulled her ass further apart, and then started to go into her hole with the tip of his tongue. It went in easily too, all the spit from his mouth facilitating this.

Loving the feeling of his tongue moving inside her, Violet lets out a little bit of a yelp. This caught Sebastian by surprise, but he didn’t stop. He just went into her deeper, harder. It was a bit of a struggle, because her hole was just so deliciously tight. But he was determined, and his determination paid off, because soon enough, half his tongue was inside her. She was just yelping, and then she was moaning, and then she was screaming. Her screams grew the deeper he went into

her, and by the time the tongue had got all the way inside her, she was silent.

Her silence made him nervous. He started to pull his tongue from her, and then he was pushing it back inside her. He was literally fucking her asshole with his tongue, and her silence finally broke, into deep sensual moans. Sebastian fucked her long, longer than he had done anything to her before, especially today, and he was really in his element now. He kept her asshole parted, her ass cheeks firmly in his grasp, and he really went for it now with as much verve as a five year old on a firetruck.

“Good boy. You’re good for something, at least...” she said, and he knew that he had to dismiss this, because she just had to say something derogatory to him, it was just her way. She couldn’t be any other way, and that was okay. Everything was okay now, and everything made sense suddenly. This whole experience made such perfect sense that he suddenly wanted to be nowhere else but here.

Then he pulled his tongue from her, and was licking her asshole again. Then he was kissing it, and then, quicker than he did before, he was fucking her again. He was fucking her harder, more aggressively, and he knew that this wasn’t in any way a punishment for her. But he had enjoyed this, and she had enjoyed it. This was the first time that there was a real mutual exchange of pleasure, and he knew somehow that this wouldn’t be a common occurrence. But this too, was okay.

Everything in this moment was just okay and nothing else mattered. Not to him, not to Violet. The audience looked on hungrily, and when Sebastian had finished on Violet, he could almost hear them say ‘Me, please...Me next!’

“You’ve earned a little reward,” she said, as she got dressed, the crowd dispersing now. Sebastian stood there naked, not dressing at all, looking from

Violet to his cock, the thought of a reward fueling his erection even more.

“What kind of reward,” he asked, stroking his cock, rubbing the precum into his shaft, and then fusing the drying precum on his balls with the one still dripping from his head. He was so turned on right then he could have fucked her against that tree without care or concern who saw them. But since they met, he never thought that fucking was even on the menu. Not yet at least, because she seemed to have a string of games lined up in her head, games that she was determined to play before she eventually let him flow through her sweet center.

“You’ll see, it’s back at my place. Now, get dressed. Or do you want to walk through the park with that?” she asked, looking down at his hard cock. It was really amazing how the tool seemed to stay hard this time. If Violet was honest with herself, she wanted him inside her too. But her pride always trumped her lust.

She started to walk away as Sebastian hurriedly got dressed behind her. His cock had no way of hiding itself in his jeans, and no matter how he positioned it, it was obvious that it was hard. It was also obvious that it was huge, way above average, and so he just let it sit there, for all who dared to look to see. He was soon following her, walking upright, contemplating the many possible rewards in store for him.

He dared not think that it was actually sex, but she said it in such a seductive way, that what else could it be? She had also never promised him a reward before, and he knew that he really worked her ass over good. So maybe she was inspired to test his other abilities in the bedroom, abilities he was sure he had, but which he knew he wouldn’t be allowed to execute on her. But maybe, just maybe, something had changed. Maybe something had shifted in her that allowed her to entertain the possibility of him. He really hoped that this was the case, but still, he dared not think that it actually was.

They arrived at her apartment, and waked up the stairs to the first floor. Once inside her apartment, Sebastian expected to at least be offered a drink, instead, she just started to undress as soon as she walked into the living room. She got completely naked by the time she reached her bedroom, and then she turned around to look at the man standing in her hallway, unsure if he should take his clothes off.

“Get yourself a drink, and then join me in the shower,” she said, and he thought jackpot! All of his dreams came true in his head all at once. He stumbled to the bar, which was obvious, whiskey bottles and two red wine canteens on top of it, and he poured himself a strong, neat double. He downed it in one gulp, and then poured himself another one. Then he got undressed, put his clothes neatly on the sofa, and took his drink into the bedroom where Violet had disappeared. The sight that awaited him on the inside was enough for him to take a huge sip from his new drink, sending half of it straight down his throat and straight to his head.

Violet was in the shower, which really was a part of the bedroom. Her bedroom and bathroom fused into such a perfect design, perfect Siamese twins, attached at all the parts that mattered. It really was a clever design, the obvious result of a renovation. A very recent renovation too, because the taps still glistened with a newness despite the steam in the room. She was a silhouette in the mist too, against the frosty glass filled with soft steam and a spray that seemed to come from below as much as it was coming from above. A more perfect ad for a bathroom couldn't have been conceived, even in the minds of the best advertising executives in the land!

“I know two things,” she started, peeping around the glass. Her wet hair against her face was even more beautiful without the glass blocking them. “One, you really want to get in this shower with me, and you really want to put that inside me, inside my ass, inside my pussy, inside my mouth,” she continued, already mentioning two things but clearly not yet done with her sentence. He was about to interrupt her, but he thought it best not to. He just pulled on his cock, sipped

his drink, and watched as the rest of the sentence spilled from her beautiful mouth.

“None of the above are going to happen. You can come a little closer, stand in the door. Maybe you can even step inside the shower, but keep your distance. I offered you a reward, and this reward has nothing to do with you touching me. You can watch me, and this time, I will let you touch yourself. You can even shoot your load in my shower, if you like. But absolutely no touching!”

She really didn't need to ask him twice.

Sebastian finished his drink and walked up to the shower door. Violet moved under the falling water, and as it fell on her, he looked down at his cock, spitting precum now, and he started to rub the fluid over his whole shaft. He wasn't even trying to get himself off, not yet. He just needed to make some sort of contact with himself, and once he had, he placed one foot in the shower, and waited, for a reprimand, for anything. When nothing of the sorts happened, he paced his other foot inside the large cubicle, and relaxed into what promised to be the most erotic shower he had ever witnessed.

Violet was lathering soap over her body. Over all her curves, she gently poured more and more shower gel, and then she gently moved it around into suds, forming white peaks all over her body. She centered around her vagina now, and the foam increased there rapidly. She fingered the center of this foam, and Sebastian went harder than he just was, extending his hand for the shower gel, needing some help with lubrication. He just needed to get some momentum going on his cock now.

She looked at him squinting, and then she looked at the bottle on the stand near her. She wanted to punish him, wanted to say something derogatory, but words

failed her now. She was in the middle of a sensual shower that was really for her benefit, she liked to be watched, and she was already midway with her manipulation of self, so she just threw him the bottle and returned to her quivering cunt. And as she stood at a better angle under the shower so that the water now washed away the white, she found her clit and started to massage into it hard.

Sebastian poured gel directly over his cock and started to work on it immediately. He watched Violet passionately working on her clit, and as more and more foam formed over his missile, suds making their way down to his balls, aided by just the spray of water not a direct shower, he started to get into a rhythm. He looked down at his cock, and as he moved his hand from his balls to his head, and then back down again, over and over again, he watched her as she started to tease her entrance.

The idea that she might finger herself in front of him was almost too much for him to take. He closed his eyes, tried hard to process what was actually happening in front of him, needing it to really be happening but not really believing it. When he opened his eyes again though, there she was, really fingering herself hard, right in fucking front of him. He kept his eyes open now, and he just squeezed his cock harder, pulling harder and harder on his meat just because there was no point now in his disbelief.

Violet went into herself with two fingers, and then three. She was sort of bending, sort of squatting, and really working her fingers deep inside her pussy. Every time the fingers were pulled out of her, they glistened, and he knew that this was because of her natural juices, her natural lubrication. He wanted to be dipping in there with his cock, it just looked so beautiful, so moist, so wet, and so deliciously tight. But the rules were clear, and so all he could do was pull hard on his balls and squeeze a little harder on his shaft. As far as compromises went, this was good enough. Actually, it was as good as it was going to get.

“Fuck you’re beautiful,” he said, unable to help himself anymore. He was getting himself closer and closer, and watching Violet, she was close too.

“I know,” Violet said, really meaning it. She knew that she was beautiful, and she knew that she was very attractive. This knowledge was of course fully justified, and so Sebastian accepted what she was saying.

He added, “But still,” though, just because he felt the need to qualify his statement. Again she just smiled, at him as much as to herself, an ‘I know’ look all over her face. She just knew. He just knew. They both just knew!

They both drew within themselves now, almost as though they were in the same room but separated by glass. This was a beautiful thing too, because they are really so close to each other that they could reach out and touch one another, and yet this seemed unnecessary. Sebastian was suddenly as happy with matters in his own hand as Violet was, and this had nothing to do with the fact that touching was taken off the table early on in proceedings.

As Violet started to cum, Sebastian was closer and closer, still unable to believe that this actually happened in the first place. His urgency though, his pulsating cock was evidence enough that it was actually happening. He watched her cumming, watched her mouth, watched her pussy, and then watched her mouth again, listening to the beautiful sound escaping it. It was a combination of factors, a combination of events that merged so beautifully that it was like watching an orchestra, or a group of perfectly synchronized swimmers. By the time she was done, she was sitting on the floor with the water falling down on her, making her look as beautiful as ever.

Sebastian could now fully concentrate on his own climax. He was quicker on his cock, focused on the top half of his shaft, and his head, just so that he could get

closer still to orgasm. This was how he liked to cum, with an intense focus on his head, and he was so close now that he closed his eyes, another habit he had. He can't remember the last time he actually had an orgasm with his eyes open.

When he started to shoot he couldn't control his spray. It really went all over the place, and some of it shot directly onto Violet. She couldn't move out of the way, not in time, and when she did, there was really quite a bit of semen on her. She started to fume, moving herself under the shower and grabbing the shower gel again. "You fucking idiot," she started, bringing Sebastian out of his euphoria. He was really enjoying his orgasm, and then he wasn't. But at least he had cum enough for him not to need to finish up he wanted to, but there was no longer an urgent need to.

Here we go again, he thought!

THE END

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