

TAUNTED BY THE TAILOR: CFNM FEMDOM SPH

I started to get nervous the instant I walked into the tailor's shop. I knew how tailors tended to get, and this one? On top of being drop-dead gorgeous, she had a reputation for wanton cruelty when it came to critiquing the bodies of her clients. She was known for embarrassing men over the smallest perceived flaw. I had heard stories of her even kicking clients out of her shop if she found their bodies too revolting. But she was the best in the business; the only game in town if you wanted a high-end, custom suit. And people would put up with all sorts of torment if it meant looking good.

I was nervous because as soon as she went to measure my inseam, she was sure to find out about the 'little' problem between my legs. And when women find out how small I am down there, they always seem to end up humiliating me for it.

Not that I mind the humiliation-in fact, it's kind of my 'thing'. I discovered a long time ago that I get off on the shame and embarrassment I feel when my tiny cock is discovered and my inadequacies are totally exposed.

I only hoped the tailor would still make a suit for me once she found out my deepest secret.

As I walked in, she was busy inspecting some rolls of fabric laid out over her desk. Her current position bent over the desk exposed her ample cleavage. A tape measure was draped around her neck, its ends hanging down on either side of her bosom, only accentuating her voluptuous size. She looked up at me and broke into a smile, tucking a lock of wavy blonde hair behind her ear.

I wasn't surprised by how friendly she was being; women were almost always interested in me when we first met. After all, to all outside appearances I was the perfect catch: tall, fit, and with a respectable, well-paying job. I was the spitting image of manhood, everywhere except the one place it really counted. People often asked me how I could possibly still be single. Vanishingly few knew the real reason, the shameful secret hiding underneath my trousers.

"Ah, Mr. Harris, is that right? Here for your measurements?"

I swallowed hard. "Yes, that's correct. Measurements, uh, for a suit." I blushed, wondering how much I should tell her. Maybe it would be better to get everything out in the open before she found out on her own.

She shot me a wry smile. "Obviously for a suit, Mr. Harris. I specialize in suits; they're all I make these days. What else would I be measuring you for, anyway?" She winked, and I felt the breath catch in my throat. She couldn't have

known already, could she? No, there was no way. But I felt my cock stir at the possibility. "By the way, my name is Zoe," she added.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Zoe. To be totally honest with you, this is my first time ever getting measured. For a suit, I mean. I'm not sure exactly how these things usually-"

"The pleasure is all mine," she interrupted, eyes flashing. "As this is your first time, I'll be sure to give you clear directions to guide you through the process." She scanned me up and down with her piercing blue eyes. It was as though

she could see right through me. "And let me assure you that you have nothing to worry about. I've gone through this procedure with hundreds of customers before."

She gestured to a booth in the far back in the shop, draped on all sides with thick, dark curtains. "To start off, you're going to take off all of your clothes except for your underwear."

She wanted me to strip down to just my boxers? I didn't know much about tailoring, but I was pretty sure it wasn't normal to ask a guy to practically expose himself just to get a suit fitted. And by the way she was looking at me, I could

tell that she had a more-than-professional interest in my measurements. All of my measurements.

My cock was getting harder and harder at the prospect of how she would react when she found out the truth about my situation down there. She must have noticed the blush that was spreading across my face, because her smile

transformed into a crooked smirk. She raised one eyebrow, her gaze flickering briefly down to my crotch. "Is there a problem? You are wearing underwear, I presume?"

"W-what? Yes, of course I am!" I stammered, my voice breaking. I tried to sound offended at her question. I wanted her to think that my voice had cracked because I was offended by her question instead of excited by it. But that was a cock was getting harder and harder at the prospect of how she would react when she found out about my situation 'down there'.

lie. My "Excellent. Then if you'll follow me to the back?" Zoe lead me to the curtained-off section of the shop and took a seat on a small stool. She smiled and crossed her legs, making no effort to hide her prying eyes on my body as I shrugged off my button-down shirt. I could have even sworn I heard her make some appreciative noises as I peeled off my undershirt, revealing my toned pecs and abs. I finally took my trousers off, leaving me with nothing except the loose-fitting boxers that concealed my shaine. Even with my growing erection, it was impossible to make out any details of my cock from the outside. But I knew that I wasn't going to be able to keep my secret concealed from her forever-not that I wanted to. Hearing Zoe's scathing humiliation of my cock was half the reason I'd come here in the first place.

"Hm, aren't you something? Quite the male specimen," she said, tugging the tape measure from its place around her neck. She stood up, and in a flash she was standing in front of me, holding the tape measure across my chest.

"Extremely broad. I'll have to make sure to choose a pattern that works for your shape. But that should be simple enough."

She slid her hands across my torso, measuring every last dimension of my chest, shoulders, and upper arms. The way she flicked and tugged the measuring tape, and the speed with which she moved from phantom seam to phantom seam, betrayed a cold, calculating dexterity borne of years of practice. Her hands were soft and delicate, but her every touch sent a jolt of nervousness down my spine.

"You're not getting too chilly, I hope? You're practically naked, after all." She began measuring lower down my body, the length of tape snapping and swishing as she measured the circumference of my waist. "I try to keep the shop at

a comfortable temperature for my clients. In my experience, the cold can interfere with some of the most important measurements."

I gulped. "No, I'm not cold at all."

"Excellent," she continued smoothly. "Then we can proceed." She draped the tape around her neck and got down on her knees in front of me. She was eye-level with my package, her face only a few inches away from my tiny cock, separated only by the thin fabric of my boxers. "It's time to take some more intimate measurements. If you're ready?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Oh yes, I thought, a shiver of anticipation running through me. But I tried to keep my tone calm and professional. "Yes, that's fine with me. Get whatever measurements you need."

Her hands suddenly were wrapped around my waist, pushing my hips forward. In a flash, the measuring tape-which had just a moment ago been hanging around her neck-had snaked its way up my thigh, up the leg of my boxers.

Zoe poked and prodded around my groin, as though searching for my cock. I was already at full mast; her touch was getting me more and more excited

"Hmm," she mused, her face twisting into a perplexed frown. The back of her hand gently brushed across my balls. "Are you absolutely sure you're not cold? Because I'm starting to think that we might have a bigger problem fitting you than I had previously thought. You've been hiding something from me. And I intend to find out exactly what." My heart skipped a beat. I didn't think my cock could get any harder than it had when Zoe had gotten down on her knees but it sure was trying now. Still kneeling, she shot me a withering glare and nodded towards my boxers. "I'm going to have to ask you to take these off. It's important that I get a more accurate measure."

I took a deep breath to steel my nerves. "T-take them off? Yes, I'd-I'd love to," I stammered, reaching for my waistband. "But I don't see how that would help you fit my suit..."

"

Who's the tailor here, you or me? Who's done these measurements for hundreds of clients before?" she asked. I just shook my head, too stunned and distracted by my own excitement to string together an answer to her question.

Well?" she asked, furiously. "

"Y-you are, of course." I could hardly think straight, hardly believe that this was really happening to me. It was intoxicating, like something out of one of my deepest fantasies.

She smiled deviously. "Yes, that's right." Without any further comment, she put her hands to what was likely the most humiliating purpose they'd been put to yet. She wrenched my boxers down to my ankles. Her eyes went wide and

her mouth fell open. My deepest secret, my rock-hard, tiny cock, was totally exposed, bulging pathetically just centimeters away from her face.

"Oh. My. GOD. What the fuck is this?!" she shrieked. My cock twitched with humiliation, and I could feel the blush forming on my cheeks.

"What? It's... what do you mean?" I stuttered, feigning ignorance.

"Your cock, obviously! What's wrong with it? Look, being a tailor, I've seen my fair share of cocks, some of them more impressive than others. But this thing?" She pushed my erect cock to the side then released it, letting it spring back

into place. It twitched again at her touch, despite her cruelty-no, especially because of it. "Frankly, I don't think I've ever seen anything so offensive to the male figure."

She sneered as she saw my cock spasm again with pleasure. "And... fuck, it keeps doing that! What's going on? You're not... you're not enjoying this, are you?" She quickly got to her feet. I was a head taller than her, but the revulsion in her eyes made it feel as if she were towering above me. "Did you come here just to cum? To get some grotesque jerk-off material for your shrimp-dicked spank bank?" She said, as she shoved me into the curtain of the fitting booth.

"Why don't you give me one good reason not to kick you out of my shop this instant? Tell me why I should spend my valuable time making a suit for someone with such a pathetic, disgusting dick." She shook her head. "I'm an artist,

Mr. Harris, and clothing is my art. And you give me nothing to accentuate. I don't have anything to work with down there!"

I did what I could to hide the pulsing of my cock as she humiliated me. But the cruel, excited twinkle in her eye told me that she knew exactly the effect her words were having on me.

I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself. "Look, I just came here for a fitting. I know that you're the best in town, and I needed a good, well-fitting suit." That wasn't the whole truth, but I figured that it would have to do.

"Besides," I added, suddenly feeling brave. "If you were really an artist, you'd be able to make due with what I have. Even if I'm not the biggest guy around."

Zoe snapped her tape measure tight in her hands, her mouth pressed into a thin-lipped smirk. "I am an artist, and I'm going to prove it to you. This is going to be tough, maybe one of the biggest challenges I've faced in my entire career.

But somehow, I'm going to design a pair of trousers that will fit you. In spite of that tiny member of yours."

She sighed and got back down on her knees. She looked up at me from below my erect cock, her glare making me feel tiny and insignificant.

"But first, I have to take some more measurements. Normal men's dicks press against the fly of the pants, giving their trousers a pleasing, masculine silhouette. But yours? Well, I need to determine just where it will end up pressing against the fabric... if it does at all."

Zoe pressed one end of her tape measure firmly against my hips and stretched it tight along my twitching shaft. She put her finger up to my tip, pointing out my length. "Only a few inches, hm? This is honestly unbelievable. It's the smallest I've ever seen."

I could feel the cold metal end of the tape measure pressing into my groin. "Is that not... normal? I know I'm not huge, but I thought I was close to average."

"I can hardly imagine that you've gone so far in life without realizing how abnormal your cock is," she said. She was working me over with the tape, hemming and hawing as she measured my pulsing erection from every angle I could have imagined-and a few which surprised me.

"Did you know that your dick is bent at the end? It twists six degrees to the left. I wonder if it would cause you any difficulties during sex." She looked up at me mockingly. "Though I'm sure that's never been an issue for you, given your size."

I opened my mouth to respond, but she was quick to continue humiliating me. "And what's the deal with your short little head?" She pinched the tip of my cock between her fingers then tugged, her fingers licking the underside of my head. She pulled on it almost as though she were trying to stretch it out.

"You know that tugging on it won't make it any bigger, right?" I hissed through my teeth, my jaw clenched shut as I savored her torment.

She suddenly released me. "If only it would. No, I bet tugging on it won't do anything but make you jizz all over my nice carpet. Now be quiet-it's time for me to get your girth measurements. Oh, and try not to blow your load when you see just how inadequate your teeny tiny prick is. If you do, I won't be finishing the suit for you."

I moaned as Zoe wrapped her tape measure around my exposed cock. My pathetic size was not only on full display, but was being measured and quantified. She was even jotting my measurements down on a little moleskin notebook, ensuring that a record of my shame would live on. And all the humiliation was making me the hardest I had ever been in my life.

My cock was throbbing at her every touch as she drew the measuring tape tighter around the base of my shaft, slowly sliding it towards the tip. But what almost did me in, what brought me closer to the edge than I'd felt all day, was the noise of disgust she made when she noted down a new measurement in her notebook. I tried to keep myself under control, but my cock reacted. It twitched and a line of precum dripped out, falling onto Zoe's exposed cleavage as she knelt in front of me.

"Did you just jizz on ine?!" she yelled, throwing down her tape measure. "Are you kidding me? Is that really all it takes to make that little thing blow its load?" She looked down at her tits, wiping my precum away with an angry swipe of her hand.

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"There's hardly even anything for me to clean up! I guess it makes sense: a tiny, pathetic load from a tiny, pathetic cock." She put one of her fingers in her mouth, tasting the sticky substance that had coated her breasts. Her eyes went wide with surprise. "Oh... it's just precum? Huh... I guess that's fine, then." She put another finger in her mouth and sucked it clean. "Lucky you. If that had been cum, I would have had to kick you out of the store, like I said I would.."

I gulped as another drop of precum dribbled out of the head of my dick. I could tell that Zoe was about to up the ante. She reached into a small pouch hanging on the side of the fitting booth and pulled out a set of plastic calipers. "I'm on a tight schedule here, Mr. Harris. And because of your little precum incident we're running late. So to expedite this process, you're going to take the next few measurements for me while I write them down."

She handed me the calipers, then dropped into a cross-legged position on the floor, one hand holding her pencil, primed to jot down my measurements as I called them out. Her skirt hiked up on her legs, revealing so far up her pale, soft-looking thighs that her panties were just tantalizingly out of sight. I couldn't help but wonder what kind of underwear she was hiding away and even more, I couldn't help but wonder what her pussy would feel like wrapped around my tiny knob.

Another dribble of precum landed on her tits and slowly rolled down into the dark gap of her cleavage. She shook her head disgustedly, wiping it away-but the line of wetness spreading down her inner thigh betrayed her true feelings on the matter. She was getting off on humiliating me just as much as I was getting off on being humiliated.

"Again? Is that little cock of yours just too small to hold in your juices?" she teased. "Now, the calipers. You're going to determine the height, circumference, and volume of the tip, to a precision of half a millimeter. That's point one two five millimeters cubed on the volume measurement, mind. And try not to leak on my calipers."

I gulped. Apparently she wasn't kidding when she said she wanted precise measurements. Obviously this wasn't necessary for the suit fitting; it was just another way for her to humiliate me over my size. And she wasn't going to give me the least bit of privacy as I debased myself in front of her. She licked her lips as I brought the cool plastic calipers to the head of my cock.

I squeezed the instrument around myself and read the numbers off to the disinterested Zoe. I measured my circumference over and over again, from every angle she could possibly want. She scribbled my answers down disinterestedly, frowning and muttering all the while. As I read off the final measurement, she slammed her notebook shut and leaned back on one hand.

The movement caused her skirt to shift-only a hairs-breadth, but enough to reveal that she was wearing a pair of lacy black panties underneath, just barely concealing the wet, pink lips of her mesmerizing pussy. She was completely drenched with desire.

She noticed me staring between her legs and laughed. "Oh, you want my pussy? Well I reserve that for real cocks, men's cocks, not whatever your little 'thing' is." My cock shuddered and twitched at her verbal assault. I wanted her so badly that I had to press my luck. I let a touch of defiance creep into my voice. "Why are you so wet, then?" I asked, trying to keep my voice from shaking.

"Oh, am I?" She reached between her legs, pressing a delicate finger up into her drenched panties. Her face was flushed with pleasure. "Hm. Don't worry about that. Just keep measuring that pathetic

little prick of yours. Next I want to hear your length compared to shaft girth. I want to know just how much of a pencil dick you really have."

She threw her measuring tape at me as she spread her legs, angling herself so that I could see. As I wrapped the measuring tape around my cock, I watched Zoe's fingers disappear beneath the near-translucent fabric of her panties. "Get that measuring tape tighter," she ordered. "I don't want you pretending that you have a fire-hose down there."

As I read my measurements off to her again, she began to rub slow circles around her clit. I could see her panties twist beneath her hand, the lacy fabric straining under the increasing pressure from her hand. I couldn't believe she was getting off on this. But I was too, my cock twitching and spasming as I measured it. I almost felt like I could blow my load right there as I read my length out to her.

"Oh my God," she moaned. "It really is a pencil dick. I was fucking joking, but you're an embarrassment." She laid back more and shifted the fabric of her panties to the side, fully revealing the slickness between her legs. She groaned as she pushed one finger inside of herself. "I do like to fuck my clients sometimes. Not guys with normal pricks, they're boring. I like big dicks. I like it when a cock feels like it's going to rip me in half. It's the best feeling in the world." She pushed another finger inside herself.

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"And small dicks? Normal small dicks, not teeny tiny ones like yours? I don't like those so much. I can hardly feel them, they don't do anything for me. But if the guy is rich, or super fit, or something I'd consider fucking him." She bit

her lip as she slid her fingers out of her pussy with a wet squelch.

"You, though? Your little cock? I doubt I'd even feel a tickle... if you could even get that tiny thing inside me." She gave her pussy a wet slap, then popped back up to her feet for the first time in what felt like ages.

"Oh yeah? Well I don't have to be huge to be able to please a woman with it, even if it isn't as big as normal," I shot back. My cock was throbbing; she knew how badly I wanted her, and she knew exactly what her teasing was doing to me.

"You think you'd ever please a woman with it? Now that's funny. I'm surprised you can even please yourself."

"W-well," I stammered, cursing myself for the show of weakness. "I think I know how we can settle this debate."

She grinned deviously. "Are you saying you want to fuck me with that thing?" She hiked up her skirt, revealing her wet thighs and the even wetter space right between her legs. "You want to shove your little pencil prick up inside me,

you think you can make me feel something?"

I nodded, heart pounding in my chest.

Zoe pointed to the floor. "Get down, then." I shook my head, not understanding. She wanted me to get on the floor... in order to fuck her?

She leaned in close so that she could whisper into my ear. "You want this pussy, don't you? If you do, then you'll listen to me and get on the ground."

I dropped down to the floor obediently. Her presence was nearly overwhelming me. As she towered over my supine form, I looked up and admired her slick pussy. Just the sight of it, pink and wet and just barely concealed by her lacy panties, made my cock twitch. I wanted her so badly; I wanted all the humiliation she would heap onto me and my inadequate, tiny cock when I tried to fuck her with it. I just hoped that she would be generous and allow me to cum.

Even if I had to beg for it.

I watched excitedly as she pushed the sheer fabric of her panties all the way to the side. Then she descended on top of me, sitting over my lap but somehow narrowly avoiding pushing my dick inside of her

I squirmed underneath her, wanting more. "H-hey, I thought you were going to-"

"Fuck your little cock?" she interrupted. "Don't worry, I'll probably get there. But on my time, the way I want to." She started to grind herself against my lap, working her soaked pussy and underwear into me. I felt the agonizing hardness of my cock catch and pull against her labia, but she was skilled enough in her movements to never allow me to even brush against her entrance. She let my cock head scrape over the wet fabric of her panties, now bunched up in the spot where her thigh met her pelvis.

"Y-your underwear, are you just going to leave it on?" I asked.

"Why would I take it off?" She said nonchalantly, still grinding into me. "I've got more work to do after this, and I can't take any more delays to my schedule. Besides, it's not like you're going to spread me wide enough for it to make any difference."

She began to rock her hips, pushing my twitching cock up through her glistening folds and against her clit. "Fuck, you're barely even tickling me. Is that all a cock like this is good for? A little laugh?" She threw her head back and moaned as she grinded even harder against me. I could feel my cock getting slick, coated in her juices. But still she didn't let me penetrate her.

"How did you even end up like this? God, it's like there's nothing even there. Is it like a genetic condition?"

My cheeks flushed bright red. A hot pressure was building between my legs as her hips bucked up and down my meager shaft. I could see my cock disappear between the lips of her pussy and moaned, begging her to let me in. My wish was very nearly granted, as she shifted her hips and let the head of my cock just barely catch on the entrance to her pussy. But after just a moment she adjusted her position. She was tormenting me, letting my cock ache with desire and never have the least release.

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"Not yet," she said. She leaned down and grabbed the plastic calipers off the floor, her breasts swaying tantalizingly inside her shirt. Somehow I hadn't noticed her lack of bra until now; but the longer she tormented me, the more her nipples strained against the thin fabric of her blouse. Zoe stopped fiddling with the calipers and raised an eyebrow. "Oh, you want to see my tits now too? Is my pussy not enough for you?"

"No! I mean... yes, but..."

"You've got more nerve than you do cock, you pathetic little man. Just be glad you're getting any view of these tits. I don't pull them out for guys under eight inches. It's just not worth my while. And buddy, you're not even close." She chuckled again. "But maybe I can give you a little bit of a show, just for kicks." She placed the calipers around the bulge of her areola then tightened, pinching her nipple inside her shirt. I could even see a hint of delicious pinkness underneath her blouse's sheer fabric.

I hoped more than anything that I would get to see her tits. But her expression, a mixture of derision and amusement, told me I was lucky to get this much of a view. And with a cock like mine, I knew that she was right. I just had to savor whatever scraps Zoe was willing to throw me... even if they left me aching for more.

She released her nipple from the calipers and leaned back again, trapping my swollen members between the folds of her pussy. She lowered the calipers down between her legs, smirking as she fiddled with the dials. All the while she never stopped grinding against me, teasing and edging my cock.

"You're barely even pushing my lips apart. I've never seen a cock just disappear like that! Very interesting. I can't even imagine what a letdown this fuck is going to be."

With the moment so close at hand, I could barely contain myself. I was worried I would cum before I even got it in. But confusion clouded my arousal as she stood up, shuffling forward so she was towering over me, her pussy eye-level

with my face. It was hot as hell, but obviously not the right position for... well, intercourse.

"I thought we were going to..."

"Someone just can't stop getting ahead of himself. Don't worry: I'm still considering finding out how useless that little thing of yours is. But first, I want to feel something." She fell into a squat over my face, smothering me with the slick, wet folds of her vulva. "Get to work, hot-stuff. You claimed that you could please a woman with your pathetic little cock. But I don't think you've even touched a woman before. Prove that you can use that mouth of yours for something useful, and maybe then I'll fuck you."

I gulped, and my mouth and nose were overwhelmed with the smell and taste of her arousal. She was right, of course. I'd never gotten this far with a woman. Usually, if things escalated past a make-out session, it ended as soon as my 'secret' came to light. I'd gotten a few humiliating, half-hearted handjobs before, but that was about it. And I'd certainly never eaten a woman out before. But... it couldn't be that hard, could it? I'd seen plenty of porno flicks, and even done some research on the best techniques just in case I ever made it this far.

I pressed my tongue into her folds. Her taste was electrifying, better than I ever would have imagined. I savored every lick as I zeroed in on her clit, ready to stimulate her most sensitive spot. "Start jacking off," she moaned. I paused, confused. She wanted me to jerk myself off? Was I doing such a bad job that she had decided not to fuck me after all? She squatted further, grinding her wetness hard against my face "Keep licking me and start jacking off that little stub-dick of yours," she ordered. My cock twitched at the prospect and at her bossy, commanding tone. As I wrapped my fingers around myself, Zoe wriggled her hips seductively, beckoning my tongue back into action. She kept mocking me even as I ate her out. "Your whole cock fits into your hand? You can't even stroke it properly," she groaned, her breath catching in her throat. "God, it's just... it's so tiny. And this is almost funny... if I squinted, I could almost imagine that you have really big hands and a normal cock." She cackled, but her laughter was interrupted by moans of pleasure as I continued punishing her clit with my tongue. She could humiliate me all she wanted, but she couldn't deny that she was getting off because of my stimulation.

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"Okay, quit touching yourself now, I can't spend another second looking at this sorry display." She slowly ground her hips against me, spreading her delicious wetness all over my face. "Give me a sec, I have to make myself cum before I deal with your little shrimp dick." She bucked her hips more rapidly, rubbing herself against my nose and chin. I felt her wetness grow and suddenly she was shuddering into me, her pussy clenching around my tongue with every shiver.

Feeling her cum on my face very nearly set me off too. My throbbing member was practically erupting with precum, but I somehow managed to avoid actually finishing all over the fitting room floor.

"Fuck," she gasped. "That wasn't half bad. Not that you really did anything to contribute to it." She turned to face me before dropping into a squat, her pussy hanging over my trembling dick. "You want this don't you? Say it, tell me

you want a pity-fuck. Tell me you want the humiliation, that you know it's the only way you'll ever get your itty-bitty little knob wet."

I swallowed my pride and begged her. "I-I do, you know I do. I want to feel your pussy on my little dick. I want you to laugh at it and tell me how small it is." I loved giving in to her, loved giving her all this control over me. "I want you

so bad I could almost cum just thinking about how you humiliated me today. And if you keep doing it I might cum before I even get to feel your pussy."

"Good," she purred, her smile transforming into a wicked grin. She lowered herself onto me, letting her ass rest on top of my pelvis. Then she reached down and grabbed the base of my dick, pressing it against her slick opening. I moaned. My cock head was so sensitive that just feeling the tip go in was almost enough to make me climax.

She bobbed up and down a few times on it, pushing me back in with her soft fingers whenever I popped out of her. After a few thrusts, she paused with my cock buried inside right?" She leaned forward and hiked her skirt up over her knees to get a look at the situation. "Fuck, it really is in. I couldn't even tell, that's hilarious!" her. "I actually didn't even feel it go in, that time. It is in, She went back to riding me. The sensation was heavenly, and the look of disbelief plastered on her face as she fucked my little dick brought me closer and closer to blowing my load. Apparently Zoe could tell that I was close, because she abruptly stopped fucking me.

"Well. Now that I've fucked what must be the lamest little dick in the entire world, I get to decide whether I want to see it shoot its pathetic little load."

"God, please, Zoe... please, you said you were going to fuck me, I need it so bad," I groaned, yearning for just a little more stimulation, just a tiny bit to push me totally over the edge. But I didn't dare thrust into her without her permission.

"I did fuck you," she chided, loving every second of my humiliation. "I never said I was going to make you cum. But maybe I could be convinced. Go on, beg me. Tell me how much you want it."

She really was as cold as her reputation had implied. But I knew exactly how to convince her to finish the job, "I-I know you'll do it," I said. "You don't need any convincing, not really."

"Oh? Interesting, Go on. Why don't I need convincing?"

"Because... because you love to see me squirm, you love seeing how inadequate I am. How inadequate my cock i-"

She tensed her pussy around my shaft, making me moan mid-sentence. She gave me a vicious smirk.

"Keep going," she said. "Explain why I should make you cum."

I took a deep breath. You'll make me cum... because seeing how small my load is will be even more humiliating for me. No one's ever seen me cum before... you'd know a secret about me that no one else does. And you could hold it against me for the rest of my life."

"Hm. Your dick might be useless, but you've got a point." She flexed her pussy around me again.

"You're right, I do want to see your miserable little load. But I'm going to use your cock in a way that at least lets me feel a little something too." She shifted her hips, and my throbbing cock popped out of her pussy with a wet squelch. Then she repositioned herself, and in a flash she was grinding her clit along my meager length.

I wanted her pussy, but she was so wet outside, so sexy, that I could feel my orgasm building inside of me anyway.

"Blow your little load already! You fucking shrimp-dicked disappointment to the human race," she screamed. I was past the point of no return; her wild eyes locked onto mine as my dick began to throb.

She was panting on top of me

and her face was totally flushed. Was... was she cumming too? She arched her back and shuddered as cum erupted out of my cock.

"God," she muttered as she looked down at my shrinking member. "Is that all? Just a little dribble?"

She rose shakily to her feet and looked down at me with a crooked grin.

"Now wipe yourself off and get out of my store. I have all the measurements I need. I'll have your suit ready within the week." She tugged her black panties back into place and turned to walk out of the fitting booth.

"And be quick about it. I've got another client coming in soon. And man-he's got a dick I can feel, if you know what I mean."