

The Face of a Clown Part II

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I straddled him and used the feather duster to make him stand to attention for my pussy.

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THE FACE OF A CLOWN PART II

I woke up in the morning with Flopsie and Mopsie jumping up and down on my sore but satisfied body. The 2 "little people" were dressed in his and her pajamas so you could tell them apart. Although they were in their thirties, they both acted like little children desirous of playmates.

I bounced them off and saw Benny cooking up breakfast on the small RV stove.

For some reason, I was a little bit shy and could not look Benny straight in the eye. I was ashamed of my antics the night before as I screamed and gyrated on the tip of his long, wet tongue buried in my overheated snatch.

I think it was because I had washed off all the greasepaint and everyone could see me as I really was. I was no longer just another anonymous female clown looking for sexual satisfaction. I was just plain 20 year old Heather Jones. Maybe not so plain as I was told that I was "cover girl" material and had a body that seemed to be able to make most men get instant arousal even in front of their wives or girlfriends.

Benny had saved me from departing this world before my 20 th birthday and introduced me to the wonderful world of being a clown.

After breakfast, Benny put us on the highway heading down to Miami Beach. I had never been there before but I had spent a very drunken weekend in Daytona Beach that I had great difficulty in

remembering in any great detail. One of the girls in my school had made me envious with her tall tales of the raunchy happenings in the hedonistic South Beach populated by international “free spirits”.

Flopsie and Mopsie gave me a demonstration on how to do a “spanking routine” in full dress clown make-up and costume. The exaggerated expressions on their clownish faces made me giggle and laugh so hard that I almost peed right on the RV floor. I had to admit the bare ass cheeks that Mopsie displayed with her button down flap looked like they belonged to a normally proportioned female of sensuous design. They jiggled so attractively when Flopsie spanked them with his huge clown hand that I was sorely tempted to reach out and sooth the redness out of Mopsie’s behind.

They told me to get into position for practicing the routine even though I was not dressed in clown uniform. I just closed my eyes and pretended I was all covered in greasepaint and allowed Flopsie to lower my flimsy little bottoms. The sound of his hand smacking into my well-padded flanks made my female slit begin to ooze with juices of anticipation. It was probably very depraved of me but I started wondering what it would be like to be mounted by a male “little person”.

Mopsie took advantage of the situation to lift my head up and instruct me to keep my eyes open to watch the audience’s reaction. She was standing right in front of me and her pussy mound was only inches from my face. I could smell her female scent of arousal and saw sensuous little strands of very black pubic hair pushing through the fabric of her slightly damp panties. The little minx held my head firmly between her tiny hands and brought my pretty face right in for a landing on her pulsating slit. I was highly aroused by the scent of her desire and allowed my tongue to venture out and taste the dampness on her panties. In a very short space of time, I was slurping noisily on little Mopsie’s pussy and loving the feeling of sheer naughtiness.

Suddenly, I became aware that Flopsie had switched from his humiliating treatment of my inexperienced flanks to gentle spreading of my curved globes to expose my private brown eye. He nudged my tiny opening with his “little person” meat and softly slid inside with little effort.

It was quite enjoyable to be exploring the juicy interior of Mopsie’s vaginal geography and to be sodomized in a most non-intrusive manner by a male cock of tiny proportions. Flopsie’s shortcomings in size were more than compensated for by his spirited humping and incessant chatter as he worked his way to a quick release of sticky cum into my clutching rectum. Mopsie was so excited by the sight of her husband’s successful anal penetration that she soon sprayed my pretty face with her sweet scented essence. I licked my lips to recover the taste of her emissions and felt that if I were a little kitten I would be purring with restful satisfaction.

After that first introduction to “little people” sex, I never hesitated to allow either or both of them into my bed at night to have their will with me in any manner they so desired.

Mopsie confided in me that she had sex mostly with normal sized people because the men wanted to explore the oddity of screwing a full grown female of her tiny stature. She told me she quite enjoyed the humiliation of being treated like a “freak” as the male shot his load into her “little person” pussy.

She told me that I was probably the first normal person Flopsie had ever had sex with. I was surprised but happy that I was Flopsie's first big person sex partner.

We parked the RV in a quiet little camp just off of 95 that catered to families. It even had showers and a nice little picnic area with grills and wooden tables and benches.

Benny sat across from me at one of the tables and filled me in on the man that I was to entertain with my clown act. He told me I would be doing it solo because the guy was very security conscious and didn't want a group of strangers in his house. He gave me several routines to do which were mostly a combination of slap-stick and pantomime.

I couldn't do the spanking routine because you needed a partner for that.

My newest best friend also warned me that the final act would probably involve some variation of sex, so I should be prepared to follow instructions as best that I was able in a comfortable manner. It was kind of vague but I trusted Benny that he would not be putting me into a distasteful situation.

The costume he fixed up for me was a bit unusual.

It was a clown's face and clown giant feet but the uniform was a black skin tight leotard with a huge black tail. He put these long fingernails on my fingers, but they were actually flexible and of a rubber composition so that they did not impart a scratch to any skin surface.

He gave me a feather duster and told me,

"Ramon likes it when a clown girl uses this to make his manhood nice and hard. Be very careful to stay away from his back door. He is kind of skittish about that. I saw him slap a girl once that let her finger get too close to his pucker hole."

I had to really chuckle when he told me that.

I rarely would ever even think to do such a thing.

I knew guys liked to play around with girl's brown eye, but I could just not imagine a female doing that to a guy. It was amusing just to think about putting my fingers up a guy's butt. I promised Benny I would control my impulses in that regard.

I asked Benny what Ramon's last name was, but he smiled and said,

"You don't want to know, honey. What you don't know won't come back to bite you."

I hopped onto the back of the motorcycle that Benny kept strapped to the back of the RV and we made our way over to the coast and down to the upscale area of palatial mansions and private clubs.

It would be silly of me to not admit that I was impressed with the ostentatious luxury and I felt a bit out of my depth in such surroundings.

Thank goodness I had my greasepaint and clown clothes on to hide my true emotions.

The very first thing that struck me was the security with gates and guards outside the huge stucco mansion. It was getting a bit too dark to see everything but it was obvious the grounds were well-tended and huge in size.

I entered the house alone.

A dark-skinned female of indeterminable age pointed to a closed side door and motioned me to go inside. I don't think she spoke any English. If she did, she was keeping it to herself.

The room was a game-room of some sort. A couple of odd-looking exercise contraptions were in a darkened corner and a well-lighted billiard table was centered in the middle of the room. What looked to be a nifty-looking bar ran along one wall with hundreds of different booze bottles of all sizes and shapes. The floor was plank wood and looked like it was old world antique. All in all, it was most impressive and I felt like I fit into it like an old and comfortable shoe.

The guy that entered from a side door I didn't see when I first came in was about fifty and very dark-skinned. He had his hair slicked back very neatly and reminded me of a picture of a Tango dancer that my mom had sitting on her bedroom bureau much to the displeasure of my disagreeable father. The guy moved with a sort of grace you would expect from a woman and not a handsome guy.

"So my friend Benny has found me a new clown to play with?"

Benny had told me it was best not to use words so I just went into a happy dance and wiggled my long black tail at him whilst looking over my shoulder.

"Hop up onto the table, little Kitty Clown and show me your long claws"

I did as instructed and saw that Ramon had the widest of smiles on his handsome face. I guess my Kitty clown routine was going over well.

Ramon pretended I was a pussy cat and he pulled my tail and made me get on all fours with my tail up high for his seductive petting. I was really getting into this now and felt my juices well up behind the skin-tight black leotard.

I was so into acting my pussy cat role that I never saw Ramon strip off all his clothes. One minute I was clawing the air and purring and the next a very naked Ramon was poised above me stark naked and with an impressive cock that was slightly bent to the right.

When he cupped my chin, I got the idea right away and took his meat into my mouth like a very

friendly little pussy. He tasted a bit spicy like some exotic foreign dish of unknown ingredients. I got really turned on because he started to yell at me in a language that sounded like Spanish but a little different. I could tell a lot of the words were very dirty because I remembered young laborers shouting similar refrains to me with dirty gestures as I jogged past them on my daily running exercises. Before very long, I could feel the familiar swelling that preceded an explosion of creamy cum inside my wet and willing mouth.

He shouted out something that was the Spanish equivalent of “Here it comes, Bitch!” and my mouth was flooded with sticky goo. I swallowed as fast as I could and he patted the top of my pussy cat head and scratched me behind my ears to let me know I was entirely satisfactory. I felt a sense of accomplishment on this my first assignment for my new best friend Benny.

A little bit later, he had me straddle him and employ the feather duster to bring his eight inch cock back to rigid attention. After I had it throbbing nicely and he was moaning his appreciation, I centered it smack dab in the middle of my pulsating pussy lips and slowly lowered my ass down to envelope his lovely cock with my clutching vagina. I didn't stop until it was all deep inside and I could feel it bouncing up against my cervix with a spine-tingling sensation.

Ramon was grunting like a rutting animal and he instructed me,

“Ride me gentle, little pussy cat clown. Let me hear you meow and hiss and purr like a nasty she kitten. That's right. Just like that. Papa Ramon is gonna make his clown girl smile and remember his cock buried deep in her little pussy cat pussy.”

I rode his cock for what seemed like a very long time but according to the clock on the wall was actually only 18 minutes. The spurts of his man juice sprayed my sensitive vagina with a copious load and I added to it with my explosion of female juice. I rested on his naked body for several minutes just to get my breath back.

When I left the mansion, the very strange Ramon kissed my hand and told me,

“Tell Benny I want you to come to my birthday party next month. My yacht will be moored right at South Beach. Tell him I want you to be the pigtails and country-girl clown with the little red dots on your cheeks. He will know what I mean.”

Benny and I hurried back to the RV and he held me tenderly in his muscular arms as he sucked out all of the liquids from my flooded snatch. I saw Flopsie and Mopsie watching us from the hallway but I didn't mind at all.

I hoped they would join me after Benny fell asleep.