

Girls' Night Out

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Author's Note: This is a first person narrative presenting my favorite fictional femdom character (any relation to real persons or events is merely coincidence). This is the first time I used her, although I have published other stories using her character. I hope you enjoy this prequel of sorts. All I could think about, as I waited for Jessica to show up, was her sweet little pussy. She'd been teasing me with it, here, and playing with it, there. My email inbox was full of pictures of my "hot tart", as I fondly referred to her. She could just look at me, and I would nearly spring a leak. She was so fucking hot, and tonight I was determined to finally have her ... one way or the other. Just thinking about her sweet pussy made my mouth water and clit swell. I could feel my wetness, ever increasing. And it was becoming torturous. Where the fuck is she? I wondered, as I idly slipped some fingers beneath my jeans. Oh, my pussy practically exploded at first touch. I did not linger, as I was desperate to have her mouth satisfy my longing. Finally, I spotted her car pulling into the bar's parking lot. A small sedan. I could not contain my reserve any longer ... I RAN, flinging her door wide open. She pulled me hard into her car, and I had no choice but to straddle her. "Mmm ... what -" She interrupted me with a heated kiss. I enjoyed massaging her tongue, imagining it was her clit. "I missed you, hun." she said, as she allowed her eyes to travel over my body. "Mmm ... how sweet you are. You wore my favorite shirt." "Yes, I -" I stopped, as she slipped her hands under my shirt. "What are you doing?" "Don't you worry about what I'm doing." She laughed. "Keep talking." "Well, as I was saying ... I was thinking about ..." I stopped again, as I felt her unsnap my bra. "No... not here." "Why the fuck not? It's just you and me, hmm?" She laughed cynically, drawing her hands out of my shirt. "Now ... off with it." "I'm sorry?" I was stunned. I confessed to Jessica sometime ago that I was a slight exhibitionist, loving to show extreme public display of affection. Now she was using to her advantage ... and forcing me out of my small comfort zone. "You heard. Take your bra off." She snapped her fingers, as if to hurry me along. I started to pull the straps through the sleeves, but she grabbed my hand. "Nuh-uh. I wanna see your nipples ... take your shirt off." As I pulled it over my head, she inhaled sharply, as she tossed my bra in the seat next to her. "Mmm ... my friends ... there you are." She pulled me close and, cupping my breasts, she teased each of my nipples with her tongue. I couldn't stop the moans and sighs from escaping. "I want -" I started, breathless with pleasure. Her sucking and teasing of my nipples was driving me wild. My arousal was like a flowing river, creating a

gigantic wet spot in the crotch of my jeans. I wished I had chosen to wear a skirt, so she would have unlimited access to my womanhood. "You want what?" She slapped my face and stuffed her hand down my jeans. As she probed my depths, she said, "Mmm ... we're a little wet, are we?" I nodded emphatically, as she rubbed my clit between her fingers. I began moving my hips, grinding against her hand. "You want to get off, don't you?" I nodded again, as I didn't trust my voice. Grinning wickedly, she withdrew her hand and shoved her fingers into my mouth. I licked them greedily, imagining I was eating her pussy. "Mmm ... that's it. Taste yourself." She smiled sweetly as she said, "Now, I'm fucking horny, so I'm going to go inside and meet my guy friend. He is going to fuck me and make me cum. You can come in and watch or stay in the car ... either way, no shirt. Is that understood?" I nodded slowly, disappointment washing over me. "I'll be back soon, and you will lick his cum from my pussy. If you do that well, I will allow you to get yourself off." Again, I nodded like a dumbfounded idiot. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. She laughed hysterically, as she said, "You should really see your face. Priceless." She picked up her purse and dumped me in the passenger side seat. And before I could utter a single word, she left me, topless and aroused, sitting in the car. Oddly, I enjoyed every single thing Jessica had done to me and with me. I felt like a used slut, and I craved more. -----

Fifteen minutes passed while I waited in Jess's car. Fifteen minutes of complete torture. My pussy was screaming for attention, but I knew serious consequences would surely follow if I were to disregard orders and touch myself. Oh, was I ever desperate for relief. Finally, she danced out of the front door, grinning as if she had just won the million dollar jackpot. Her brow glistened with droplets of sweat from her recent sexcapade. She seemed lighter than air, as she floated to the car. "Miss me?" She inquired, knowing full well that I was unbearably aroused. Every movement seemed to stimulate my engorged clit. Honestly, I was having a hard time controlling myself. "So ... how is my little slut?" She grinned, shoving her fingers between my nether lips. "Mmm so wet." She said, as she masterfully massaged my wanton clit. "You want to cum ... yes?" "Mmm y-y-yesssss." I managed to say. I was so close to orgasm, I could just about taste it. Withdrawing her hand from my jeans, she splayed her pussy wide. Her previous lover's cum still dripped from her perfectly shaved cunt. I didn't care. I longed only to feel her pleasure under my skilled tongue. "Make me cum. Then we'll talk." Mmm just the words I wanted to hear. I thought, as I hungrily licked and fingered her pussy. Her pussy tasted so sweet. Her lustful moans inspired me to increase my speed. I licked and sucked. Faster. Harder. Forcefully, she pushed her pussy into my mouth, as she fucked my face. I could feel her arousal growing, as her juices ran down my chin. "Mmmmmmm slut! I'm about to cum!" Jessica said, as she rewarded me with her pleasure. Greedily, I lapped up her orgasmic bliss. "You are such a good girl. Mmm very good." I smiled at her praise, though I was aware of my own arousal. Oh, please ... I inwardly begged. "Yes." She answered, as if she'd been reading my mind. "You may get yourself off. By the way ... my name ..." "Your name is ... Jessica?" "Jessica is my first name, yes, though I prefer Honey ..." she paused for a moment, eyeing my climactic progress. "Mmm ... you may call me Mistress."