

Dominique - Getting it Up

By Satyr

Published on Lush Stories on 05 May 2011

Eros and pleasure is all in the mind and if your mind is troubled...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/dominique-getting-it-up.aspx>

Dominique had burst into my life in a storm of black leggings, shorts punk-rock skirts, and cute little jewelry. I knew my heart was lost in her, but had no idea if my heart was safe with her. The other night my heart had been crushed while standing in the dark street below her apartment. A stuffy business suited man had trodden through her apartment as much as he had trodden on my soul. Now I sat in my scratched and chipped high school desk and traced the lines of a long forgotten student's initials with my fingernail. My mind was deeply immersed in scenarios in which I would confront Dominique about her mystery man. After all, she and I had shared something. It may be our last year of high school, and even though all my friends were geeks and weirdos we were all almost adults. I should be a man and confront her. Picking at a little flake of wood coming loose around a carved J, I played the scene out in my mind. "Oh, Matthew. I'm so sorry." Dominique would say after I told her about seeing the graying musty old man in her place, "Please let me make it up to you. Please, I'll do anything as long as you aren't angry." She is so concerned about losing me that she, in my fantasy, drops her skirt like shedding the petals of a flower, and reveals her smooth hips and small panty covered pussy. I can see the sweet slitted mound before it lowers over my crotch, and she throws her arms over my shoulders with a small sigh and hip teasing bounce. "Please my little Matt, please tell me what I can do to make this up to you. That old scab of a man meant nothing to me! Why was I ever so stupid? You are the only man who could mean anything to me." Then she... "Hey dork...HEY...COCK MUNCH!" "Ouch!" I feel an eraser hit my head and realize that the guy yelling insults is directing them at me. I'm pulled back to reality, and I pray for a moment that they aren't all looking at the erection straining to burst from my pants. "What the fuck are you smiling for? No one likes you. Stop smiling." Alex said and then turned to his friends and laughed. Alex and his friends stomped the floor as they slapped each other's backs like proud boasting apes. "Eww! Look! He has a...you know...oh GROSS!" Sandra noticed what I had been trying desperately to hide. I put my head back on my desk and tried to ignore them. My confidence diminished and flaccid unlike the other part of me. See, I'm not the cool kid. I'm not even the normal kid. I'm the guy that no one likes. I'm the guy that when he opens his mouth things come out that make people walk away. Why would a beautiful alternative girl everyone loves even consider me? Of course she has just been playing with me. What else would you do with a guy like me? Self pity overwhelmed me, and I dropped my head on my desk

and my dick dropped as well. In fact, I found myself thinking only of that withered old man that had probably been having sex with Dominique. The more I thought of him, the less I found the ability to get an erection. This wasn't just self pity, this was a real psychological problem! Dominique walked into the room. She stood out from everyone. Her hair was pulled back with her trademark pink hello-kitty hair clips. It increased her Lolita desirability, despite the fact that she was of legal age, and it made her look years younger than she already did. Her schoolgirl face was painted and pierced, and the piercing on her bottom lip had been changed out to a tribal point like you would expect a hunter in the amazon to wear. Her outfits were always extreme, and today she had gone all out. Her top was so small and tight that her breasts were perfectly accented. It made it impossible not to look at them. I couldn't help but notice the round budding nipples that I loved so dearly. Her little punk-rock skirts had become well known, and today she intentionally showcased her small blue panties with a skirt that covered absolutely none of them. The little blue panties did very little to cover her ass either, and her smooth skin peeked out as she walked around to her desk. On anyone else it would have just looked slutty and cheap, but somehow Dominique made it look fashionable and endearing. Her slender pale legs were covered partially by ripped black leggings, and the boots she wore added at least four inches to her already short height. She looked like a little punk fairy. She sat down in the seat next to me as she always did, and I waited for her to say hello – she never did. She talked with other kids and laughed when they joked, but she didn't say anything to me. Finally I got so angry I blurted out, "I don't want to talk to you!" She looked over at me with an expression of cold indifference like I had never seen and simply said, "Ok." The rest of class I fumed, and pouted, and could only think of that old guy in her room. When I looked over and saw flashes of blue panty between Dominique's legs doing nothing to hide the insanely small and beautiful camel-toe there, I still couldn't get hard because I could only think of that old man touching her. Even though her slit pouted clearly like a warm wrapped dessert, and it should have made me so hard that I was ready to cum, I could only think of that wretched stuff-shirt with his mouth on her. I shook my head to try to get the thoughts away, but the jealousy raged in me. Class ended and Dominique left without even a backward glance! I was sweating. Was I about to lose Dominique forever? I ran after her with the intention of apologizing. After all, who was I to get angry at her? What was I thinking? I mean she was one of the most beautiful girls in the school and guys were dying to date her, and I had done things with her that none of them would dream. I was so stupid. I jumped out of my seat and ran to the hallway. I stopped in the doorway but couldn't see her. "Dumb ass. Don't stand there with your jaw hanging open. You look like someone took your girly mags away." Nicole said and punched me. I ignored Nicole and tried to find Dominique, but I had lost her in the flood of students jostling around in the hallway. Nicole moved in front of my line of sight and yelled, "Geek. I'm talking to you. Don't just ignore me!" "Hi Nicole." I said. "Hi Nicole." She mimicked, "What are you doing anyway?" "Nothing, I guess." I said. Nicole scanned the already emptying hallway and then turned back to me, grabbed my arm, and pulled me to the auditorium. We entered darkness that smelled like an old attic. She pushed back the curtain that covered the edge of the stage, and, after we were inside, she flicked on a light. Nicole seemed to know this place well. I had seen plenty of the jock guys coming out of here in the past. Nicole was a

cheerleader sort and usually tormented people like me, but somehow she had ended up hanging with us and getting interested in me. I had no idea how it had happened. It was like Darth Vader suddenly became a good guy and wanted to hang with Luke and Han Solo and the gang. She pulled me up a small stretch of stairs I had never known existed, and I saw her skirt was short and allowed me to see her ass clearly. Her small panties were pale yellow and the swell of her pussy made it hard to look away. She entered a room at the top of the stairs and turned back to me, "Close the door behind you." she said. I closed it. I was about to ask Nicole what we were doing when she grabbed me and pulled me to her. She closed her mouth over mine, and I went rigid. Her hand went down to my crotch, and gripped my surprised and amazingly still flaccid cock. She was expert at stroking a cock and she worked mine in ways I never could have imagined but I barely stirred. I barely grew! What was wrong with me? "I want to give you my panties after we fuck." She said. Most guys would be happy in this situation, but all I could think about was Dominique and how she must hate me. I still had flashes of that old man touching her. How much more would she hate me if I lost my virginity to Nicole? Not only that, why in the world did Nicole want me so badly? She was the cheerleader that made out with all the jocks! She was the girl that only recently was sucking a guy's cock in our clubhouse. Now she wanted me to fuck her? She was already bending over and pulling up her skirt. She was flexible, I'll give her that. She bent down and grabbed her ankles, and spread her legs. Then she did something I didn't even know was possible in that position, she rolled her ample ass forward and back. This blonde nymph looked like she was fucking some imaginary cock. Any sane guy would have been hard as a rock but I just stood there, flaccid and confused. "You just going to stand there or are you going to fuck me?" She asked and moved her hands up her legs in another display of flexibility and balance only a cheerleader could accomplish. She was inviting me to fuck her. Nicole, of all people, was pulling her panties to the side and showing me her glistening pussy, and inviting me to fuck her. I should have been excited, I should have been ready to bust my nuts right there, but I couldn't even get hard. "Come on. I know you are a virgin. Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. You'll never regret it. I don't care if you don't last long, I just want you to cum inside me. I'll give you my panties. Don't you dorks live for that shit or something? Damn it, we are running out of time. Pull down your pants you little geek!" Nicole commanded. "Nicole, I just don't..." "Oh Jesus!" Nicole said, and without warning she pulled my pants down around my knees! They were still buttoned up. I almost fell on top of her. Nicole was strong! My underwear came half way down with my pants, and before I could protest Nicole put my limp cock into her mouth and sucked. I stirred a little. Her mouth was warm, and her tongue rolled around my barely stirring cock. Nicole even pulled her huge breasts out of her top and rubbed them while she sucked me, and still I remained only half erect. My thoughts just weren't on Nicole. She was everything Dominique wasn't. "Ok, he is getting there. Come on. I really need some cock today. I'm already wet." Nicole said, and she turned around and backed into me. The whole thing was a little too animal planet for me. My cock drifted down as I thought about Dominique. Even when Nicole's wet pussy, and she was really wet, pressed against my cock I didn't stir. She moved her hips around in ways that reminded me of music video girls with big round asses shaking up and down making their butt cheeks jiggle. Nicole was working her ass and grinding her

wetness all over my limp cock. But I still couldn't stir. "I can't." I said. I didn't want Nicole mad at me too. One girl mad was enough. I said, "It isn't you. I just can't right now. I mean, I've been stressed and..." "You can't get it up?" She asked. I stood there ashamed and flaccid in spirit and body. I was so ashamed. Nicole stood with her breasts exposed and her hands on her hips and stared at my lifeless cock. "Really? Like you can't get up at all? When did this start? I mean you walk around with a constant hard-on. You are always hard. I mean always! I don't think I've ever seen you without a bulge in your pants." "Hey, I don't always have a..." "God, all you dorks have hard-ons constantly. I thought for sure a dumb-ass virgin like you would be dying to fuck. This is like a real medical problem or something huh?" "Yeah, I think so." I said and hung my head. "Hmm. Well, I have to go. You should go see the school nurse or something. Sorry geek, you lost your chance to get laid." and with that Nicole redressed, and left me standing half naked and alone in the auditorium storage room.

***** Later, at the clubhouse with the guys, I tried to confide in my friends what was going on. It wasn't really a clubhouse like for kids, it was our group and we had taken over this old abandoned house. Our club consisted of a bunch of guys my age. They were freaks and oddballs, like me. Before Nicole and Dominique came in our lives, we spent most of our time surfing porn on the internet, playing video games, and talking about anything occult and supernatural. Now that the girls were in our lives we spent our time going out and doing things, in other words, actually being productive. So it wasn't really much surprise that the guys were mad at me for pissing off the girls. "What the fuck did you say to them?" Steve asked. "I didn't really...well it isn't so much that..." "Then what is it? Why is Nicole made at you?" Gayland asked. "Well...I seem to have a problem getting it up." I said. "WHAT!" All the guys said in unison. "What are you masturbators talking about?" Nicole said as she walked into the room. Behind her came Dominique. I was ripped open with exploding emotions. Seeing the two of them sent off internal fireworks in my mind. Dominique was dressed much the same except that her top was open to reveal her green bra and sensual pale skin. I wanted to fall to my knees and beg for forgiveness. I wanted to run and throw my arms around her, and kiss her. I wanted to worship Dominique like the goddess that I knew she was. What I did was stand like an idiot and say nothing. I did notice that Nicole's own top was open as well. Nicole's massive breasts were half exposed, and her nipples threatened to pop out at any moment. "Matt can't get it up." Robin said, and then hid behind his little doll. "What! No..." I tried to deny it in an utter and complete panic! "Is this true?" Dominique asked. I didn't want to respond. It was true. Even now, seeing the two most beautiful girls in our school, half naked, I still couldn't get excited. "Nonsense! He is just a little shy." Nicole said. She seemed to be thinking, which scared me more than anything else up to this point. I squirmed, and pressed back further and further into the table behind me. If I could have, I would have melted into the walls and disappeared. As it was, everyone in the room was looking at me. I should have never said anything. I hated to think what Dominique must be thinking about me. Nicole moved in closer, and Dominique followed her. Nicole put her hand up to her chin as if she were a scientist or a doctor examining a difficult patient. She smiled wide, obviously coming to some sort of conclusion and said, "Let's have a contest! Whoever can get Matt hard first wins their choice of our next outing and if Matt get's hard, he has to pay for it!" "Great idea!" Dominique said. "Works for me." Steve said.

Next thing I know, they were forcing my pants and underwear off, and making me stand there half naked. Everyone, I mean everyone, was looking at my limp junk. Nicole even reached down and lifted it up to see if it would do anything! She released my cock and it fell. Even I was shocked that nothing was happening. Something was really wrong with me! "Yeah, he is limp as a noodle. He definitely has a problem. So let's try this." She said and without any teasing, she opened her top and exposed her watermelon breasts. Her nipples pointed in different directions because her top pulled all the soft flesh to the side. Nicole pressed her sumptuous breasts together and rolled them around. The guys were obviously enjoying this. Steve, in particular, was turning red, and had to reach down and adjust. For me, there was nothing. "Ok, if that doesn't work then take a look at this." Nicole said, and she lifted her skirt and showed me her panty-less bottoms. Robin bent over to get a better look. Pink lips pouted out from smooth reddish-pale skin. Just like a million women in dirty mags that I had jerked to a hundred times, Nicole looked amazing. Robin whipped a camera out of no where and snapped a picture. "HEY! Give me that! If you want to take pictures that will cost you twenty bucks!" Nicole screamed. After Nicole had smashed Robin in the head and taken the camera, Robin stepped in and said, "I know what will get him hard." We were all worried. Robin was small, quiet, and he plays with a doll even though he was almost eighteen. In fact his doll was more like his girlfriend than simply a toy. He dressed it, talked to it, and who knew what else. He held her before me, and lifted her little arm and moved her around liked she was dancing. The doll was more than a simple Barbie doll and far more than a basic kid's toy. This doll had every detail painted and whoever made her took great care in making her look real. It was seriously creepy. Robin turned her around and with a finger he lifted her skirt to show me her little doll panties. I didn't think it was possible to get softer, but I did. "Get away from him with that fucking doll you dumb-ass! Why in the fuck would a doll make anyone hard?" Steve said. Robin looked at him with hurt anger, and stepped away holding his little doll close and whispering to her apologetically. Nicole rolled her eyes. Steve moved in closer, and opened the lid to his drink. I thought he was about to pour his drink on me, but he reached inside and pulled out an ice cube. My cock still sat limply hanging out, and I felt detached from him for the first time ever. It scared me, as if I had lost a vital part of myself. Steve moved the ice over my penis, and holding it completely enclosed in his hand he let it melt over my exposed cock. I tried to protest and get away, but they forced me back. Slowly a drop of water formed at the bottom of his fist. The water collected. Hovered. A single shimmering droplet of clear ice cold water. It grew and grew...then dropped. I jumped! A cold trickle of water ran down the side of my balls. Immediately after another drop hits directly on top of my cock. Everyone leans in. My face flushes bright red. I couldn't believe everyone was doing this to me. Worst of all that Dominique was watching my complete failure as a man. Maybe I needed medical help! "I think he is about to get hard!" Gayland said. "Really?" Dominique said. She had been very quiet through this entire dare, but she seemed very curious that I would get erect over dropping cold water. It wasn't true. Several more drops of water hit my cock, but it had much the same effect as Chinese water torture and simply reminded me of how much Dominique must be hate me. The cold water seemed as cold as my heart, and every drop felt like a tear from my crushed soul. I wasn't going to get hard. I was dead without Dominique's love. DEAD! I almost started crying. "Wow! This is

serious! Look, he is about to cry! Jesus. Maybe we should take him to the doctor?" Nicole said and moved in close. "Ok, drastic measures call for drastic action." Nicole opened her top again and lowered her rolling breasts until her nipple touched my cock. Her nipple flicked and bounced up the length of my cock. She purred softly while she did it. Dominique watched with intense curiosity. Nicole lifted my limp cock into her hand, and shocked everyone by taking it in her mouth and sucking me! Even Dominique raised an eyebrow and leaned back a little. I wanted to apologize to her, but a smile formed on Dominique's perfect lips, and for the first time in the evening I stirred a little. "Ah!" Nicole popped off my cock with a wet smack. Everyone stared at my dick but instantly the face of that old guy appeared, and I thought of Dominique sucking his cock, if she did, and I fell back down limp. "It is no use! I think we should take him to a doctor!" Nicole said. "Maybe I can try?" Dominique asked. "Well, we already knew if anyone would make him hard it would be you." Steve said. Dominique moved over to me and she put her hands on my legs. She smiled at me. She lifted her skirt just enough for me to see that she wasn't wearing panties. Dominique dropped her naked secret onto my knee. I felt the delicious warmth of her skin. Oh, the smooth warmth of my sweet, sweet angel, it warmed me throughout, but there is something else! My eyes flashed open and my breath quickened! There was a noticeable and ample wetness sliding across the skin of my leg. Dominique's pussy is wet! Where all else has left me hanging limply depressed, this leaves me stirring with surprise. Has my naked shame made my perfect Dominique excited? My cock begins to fill with warmth and joy, those around me moan with expected disappointment. They know they are about to lose their little bet. I don't care a flip because the worship of my life has her moist slit sliding across my knee and there is the faint movement in her groin that feels as if she is pressing her open pink dew drop into my knee. My love is using my knee to masturbate! I may never again be able to think of that knee without getting hard. "You have a beautiful cock." Dominique said. Everyone leaned in for a closer look like they are trying for the first time to determine if I do, in fact, have a beautiful cock. I had to look down with them at my own cock, my friend of seventeen glorious masturbatory years, was returning to his full and healthy state of erect joy. He swelled and filled slowly, so very slowly. His rise was my rise out of depression. His swelling was my swelling of pride in the knowledge that I could indeed make this absolutely perfect girl wet. Her tender little teenage pussy was naked and slick and she had it fully open now and my knee was covered in her creamy pleasure. Dominique's mouth opened slightly, her beautiful eyes half lidded in pleasure from masturbating on my knee. She bit her pierced lip and tilted her head down so that her sensual round face was a mask of erotic pleasure. Suddenly, as if sprung awake by some surprise, my thick cock leaped up in a swift motion. Everyone around jumped back and Nicole actually looked hurt. My cock wasn't only hard but it was pulsing with the pounding pressure of rising orgasm. Dominique looked content. She looked pleased. Her body eased into me and she leaned forward which made the pressure of my erection almost unbearable. "I'm not girlfriend material." She whispered. "I think I know that now." I said. "Then stop trying to own me. You don't own me. No one owns me. But I think, perhaps, that I own you." She smiled. "Yes. You do." I said without hesitation. "You want to cum don't you? You've been good and you haven't masturbated?" "No. I haven't." "Can you cum in front of all your friends and your girlfriend?" Dominique whispers. "Girlfr..." I

began to say but Dominique stopped me with a finger to my lips. "Shh, it's ok. Remember what I said. We all have our lives and our things. Right now isn't the time to get upset right? Remember who owns you. Now I want to see you cum. I want you to shoot it all over the place like you've never cum before. I want you to impress your friends and your girlfriend." Dominique said. Then Dominique placed her hand over my balls and she gave a gentle squeeze. It wasn't so much her touch as it was the look of pleasure on my love's face. Her little sweet mouth opened again and those wonderful round eyes closed in dark pleasure. I smelled the sweet smell of her wetness which ran down the sides of my leg. She was cumming? Was my love so turned on by her power over me that she was actually creaming my leg? Her juices were so overflowing that they were running down... Oh God, I came. The first huge, gusting shot of cum went clear up my chest and across my shoulder! Steve gasp and jumped back. Nicole leaned in and brought her hands up to her face like a child pulling the covers over themselves. Her hurt eyes were also mixed with fascination at the pure amount of cum that sprang forth like a geyser, and covered my chest as I lay back naked and exposed to everyone. I felt my face flush red, and was amazed I had any blood left to be embarrassed with. Dominique didn't even move her hand, she didn't have to, just her touch kept my cock hard as glass and her warmth wrapped around my soft sack kept me gushing. More and more of my orgasm exploded in front of all my friends. The guys retreated except for Robin who held his doll away from me but moved in closer. Dominique moaned quietly, and confirmed, to me at least, that she was indeed having her own private and hidden orgasm. This only made me more excited, and I felt her hips quiver a few times as more of her precious and succulent pearly fluids ran down my leg. I would never wash this leg. I knew even now that I would be begging her to allow me to touch my leg, and smell her, and masturbate tonight. Her legs tightened on mine a couple of times, and then she relaxed. Dominique had covered my leg in her cum as much as I had covered my own body in my own. I felt my arms and back aching at the pressure of leaning back on the table so long. Just as I was about to reach out and touch my angel, she jumped up and turned to everyone and said, "Who is open to going to Hell?" "What?" They asked in unison and with a slight occult interest. Hell? Was she suggesting another trip to find ghosts or demons? "Hell." Dominique said, and she waited seeming like this would somehow sink in and we would understand. It didn't with anyone. "It's a club." All around we all nodded with understanding but confusion because we had never heard of it. "It's a club where all the alternative people go. You guys will love it." "Is there dancing?" Nicole asked. "Of a sort." Dominique said. "Great. When are we going?" Nicole asked. "Doesn't matter to me but Lazarus here is paying." Dominique laughed. "Ha! Lazarus, that's good. You're back from the dead buddy." Steve said. He thought to slap me on the shoulder but then thought better of it. "Jesus dude, go get some clothes on and clean up. You're disgusting." And with that, my friends and Dominique laughed and went about the night. I cleaned...but not my knee. Never.