

# **Mistress Hucow**

**Crimson Rose**

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Taking another sip of her strawberry margarita, Vivian looked nervously around the club and the mix of men and women dancing, talking and letting their voyeuristic sides run wild as they groped and all but screwed each other for the enjoyment of those watching. The deafeningly loud beat thumping through the speakers, the strobe light effects and the men were a far cry from the lesbian clubs she normally frequented, but tonight was her best friend Diane's birthday and Club Temptation was where she wanted to go.

"What's the matter with you?" Diane asked, giving her best friend a playful jab of the elbow. "You look like you're at a funeral instead of a club. Drink up, live a little!"

"I'm on my fourth one already," Vivian said, looking down at the nearly empty glass, her head swimming delightfully.

"Well it obviously isn't...oh, here we go!" Diane shrieked as she saw a tall, well-built black man approaching – the look on his face coupled with the way he walked telling her he was there for her birthday strip tease.

The black man's smile broadened when he saw the two gorgeous women sitting at the table – one a tall, busty brunette with a stern yet sexy look, full lips pouting; and the other a shorter, even larger-breasted blonde with glasses and a come fuck me look about her he was all too familiar with. Unzipping his vest as he approached, he had it off and swinging around wildly. Stopping about a foot in front of the birthday girl, he swung it around her back and pulled her to her feet. She came willingly and he gave her a quick, gentle kiss on the lips. "Happy birthday, babe." Placing a hand just above her breasts he felt her heart beating as he pushed her back down into her seat.

"Oh dear lord this must be heaven!" Diane purred as the man lost the vest and with a snap of his wrists was standing there in the tiniest of thongs and his boots. Her eyes drifted to the bulge in his underwear and her heart skipped a few beats and she thought about all the things she could do with it.

Vivian, on the other hand, slunk back in her seat and did everything possible to hide her revulsion. Not that she cared her friend batted for both teams, but she herself preferred the fairer sex and always has since as far back as she could remember. To her knowledge she was the only person she knew that had never had sex with a man and never wanted to. Just seeing the man gyrating his hips and grabbing his crotch creped her out.

Really getting into it now, the man moved in close to Diane and with a swift move of his hands had his big black cock out and her fingers wrapped around it. Shocked, Diane looked up into the man's eyes even as her hand moved back and forth along the length growing between her fingers. Smiling, the man looked down and winked. He then pulled back, held his cock by the base and slapped it on her lips. She opened her mouth, ready and willing to suck him off if that's what he wanted, but he had other ideas.

Taking a step to his right, the stripper waved his dick in front of Vivian's face. As he moved closer, he slapped it right on her mouth and gave a gentle push of his hips. Face full of cock, Vivian freaked out. Pulling away from it, she opened her mouth to berate him when it was suddenly filled – the man taking her opening up as a sign she was just playing hard to get. Grabbing a handful of her long brown hair, he slammed all ten inches in hard and fast. This being the first time she had ever taken anything down her throat, Vivian choked, her eyes watering and throat burning as it seemed to go all the way to her stomach.

Finally managing to pull back, Vivian spent a good thirty seconds gagging and gasping for air. “W-What in the...you son of a bitch! Who the...what the fuck do you think you’re doing?” she panted between breaths as the man continued dancing around her and Diane, cock in hand. “Jesus fucking Christ, Diane, did you see what he did!? He...he...”

“I saw it and I still can’t believe it! You had his whole fucking pole down your throat. Not bad for a lesbian. Gotta admit, that was pretty hot, Viv.”

“I’ve never been so humiliated in my life!” Leaning forward as if to stand, Vivian found her mouth once again filled with big black cock as the man spun around at just the right moment.

“That’s it, babe!” the man said over the thumping music that made it nearly impossible for him to hear what the two women were talking about. “I knew you couldn’t keep your lips off it!” Holding her by the ears this time, he fucked his dick down Vivian’s throat as she struggled to pull away.

“G-Get the fuck away from me! Are you out of your god damn mind? No one said you could shove your dick down my throat!”

“Relax,” Diane smiled. “It’s my birthday and you’re starting to ruin it.”

“Me? He’s the one whipping his damn dick out and putting it in placed it doesn’t belong.”

“Would you please just calm down and try to enjoy the show? This is my damn birthday gift to myself for crying out loud.”

“Having a man strip for you at a club?”

“No, having a man strip for you. I paid a lot of money for this show and by god I want to enjoy it so you’ll open your mouth and let him finish or I’ll make you regret it!”

“You...you’re being serious. You actually want me to let a man fuck his...his...dick down my throat?”

“I do. And if you value our friendship even a little you’ll do this for me.”

“That’s low. That’s really fucking low. And I can’t believe I’m hearing it from you. You know damn well I’m a lesbian. Men don’t interest me even a little.”

“How the hell do you know if you’ve never tried one?” Diane spit back. “Look, all I’m asking is that you give it a try. Let him do his thing and then we can talk about it afterwards.”

“And what exactly is his thing?”

“I’d say about ten inches,” Diane giggled. “So, will you do it for me? Will you please make this the best, most memorable birthday ever?”

“I’m going to need way more to drink.”

“So you’ll do it then? You’ll really let him do it if you had more to drink?”

“Way, way more to drink.”

“I think that can be arranged. Please tell me this isn’t a joke. Look me in the eyes and tell me you’ll let him do it.”

Seeing the pleading look in her best friend’s puppy dog eyes, Vivian’s heart melted and she caved in under the pressure and the buzz she was already feeling from the four margaritas. “Fine, I’ll do it.”

“OH MY FUCKING GOD! You are the best friend EVER! You won’t regret it I swear.” Standing up, Diane moved in close to the stripper and talked into his ear for a moment before sitting back down.

Vivian suddenly found herself standing and being spun around so that she was now sitting on the man’s lap, his huge, powerful hands coming up and cupping her breasts. As they snaked their way down her trembling body, she felt her dress being hiked up over her hips.

Looking down, she nearly bit through her lip when she saw the dick poking up between her legs and pressed firmly against her panties.

“Relax, babe, and enjoy the ride.” Pulling Vivian’s panties to the side, the man lifted her up and brought her down – all ten inches going in with one swift, downward pull of her hips. Holding her there a moment, he raised her up about four or five inches, held her there and plowed in and out as hard, deep and fast as he could.

She had been fucked countless times by dildos, fingers and strap-ons, but they were nothing compared to a real live cock slamming in and out of her pussy. Breathing increased, body growing warm, Vivian leaned forwards, bracing her hands on the stranger’s knees as he continued fucking her without slowing. And then she felt it. The first hints of a building orgasm crept in and she felt her body grow warmer still. Humiliated, she panicked. Jumping off the man’s still hard cock, she grabbed her purse from the table and stormed out – leaving her best friend to find her own way home.

“Sorry about that,” Diane apologized. “Honestly, I’m pretty fucking shocked she allowed you to go that far. You should feel honored. Yours is the first cock to split that tight cunt open.”

“Damn, really. So, when you say she’s a lesbian you meant it? She’s really never had sex with a man before?”

“Nope. Never even had a boyfriend.”

“Um, not to ruin the moment, but I hope she’s not your ride.”

“She is, but I was thinking I’d ride you and then you could take me home. I think she owes you an apology for the way she acted.”

“Nah, she doesn’t owe me anything. But I will take you up on the offer of a ride.”

“She thinks just because she’s some hoity-toity dominatrix that gives her the right to treat people however the hell she wants.”

“She’s a Domme?”

“She is. You know what that means?”

“I do. I’m actually very submissive myself. You?”

“Dabbled a little with it, but it’s more her thing than mine. I’ll sometimes help her with new toys and equipment, but that’s as far as I take it,” Diane said, hiking her skirt up and lowering herself down onto the man’s cock. “What’s your name, stud?”

“Isaak. And you are Diane, right?”

“Right. And the dyke that just left me hanging on my birthday is my best friend Vivian. Now less talking and more fucking. I want to feel every inch, every drop.”

“Yes Ma’am.”