

Quickie #42

Bad Girl After All

Timothy and Cesar sat in the campus cafeteria wolfing down their dinners. Tim gobbled down tacos and drank deeply of his lime soda. Cesar worked on his double bacon cheeseburger and fries in between sips of cola. After eating, the two athletes planned to go bowling and bar-hopping. It was a jovial Saturday night thus far for the pair of seniors, until their friend Ravi entered the eatery with a glum, downcast expression. He marched right to their table, bringing their happy chatter to an end.

“Uh, oh. This doesn't look good” Tim muttered.

“I take it you and Paula didn't hit it off?” Cesar inquired.

“Hardly” Ravi confirmed before taking a seat at their table.

“What happened?”

“Nothing, that's what. There was no chemistry. It's my fault. I'm about to turn twenty one and I still can't talk to girls.”

Tim waved him off. “Don't sweat it, man. These things happen. She gave you a shot and you took it. That's all you can do.”

“Yeah, your time will come” Cesar added with a nod.

“I'm pretty sure the only reason I had any shot at all is because of you guys.”

Tim grimaced. There was some truth to that. It was he who'd set up the date for Ravi through mutual friends.

Ravi was a math major of half Indian descent. He was a fresh-faced bloke with a full head of lustrous black hair and burgundy rimmed glasses that gave him a sophisticated look. What he lacked was confidence. That and he often dressed more like a professor than a student. It would work in his favor in another five years, but for now, his lack of youthful fashion was a strike against him.

“Hey, she thought you were cute, or she wouldn't have said yes” the blonde linebacker pointed out.

“Maybe, but it didn't help me in the end” Ravi replied with a shrug.

“You should come with us” Cesar piped up. “We're hittin the lanes in a bit.”

“Thanks, but I don't think I'd be good company tonight. I'm gonna head home and lose myself in a book.”

“Fine, drown your sorrows in fiction. But remember, next weekend, we're taking you out!” Tim insisted.

“That's right. The birthday boy has to get sloshed on the first night he's legally allowed” Cesar followed up.

Ravi stood and sighed. “Right. I'll be there. Thanks for trying to cheer me up, guys. I'll catch ya later.”

“Peace!” Tim called as they watched him walk off. He waited for Ravi to exit the cafeteria before speaking again. “Welp, this calls for *plan B*.”

“Plan B?”

“He needs to get laid. Guy's still a virgin and he's stressing over it. After his first tumble in the hay, he'll mellow out.”

“How the hell do you know that?”

“You learn things about a guy when you share a dorm for two years. Often, things you didn't even want to know.”

“True. So, what's plan B?”

“I'll show you.” Tim pulled out his phone and opened his browser. He tapped on a link he'd bookmarked and waited for it to load before handing the phone to Cesar. His red-headed friend and fellow football player stared at the screen, his eyes growing wider as the landing page filled in.

“***Scarlett Silk***. Professional Cosplayer and Femdom Escort. Whoa!!!”

“She's pretty hot, huh?”

“I'll say!”

“Don't get too excited. Scroll over to her *naughty* section.”

Cesar clicked on the naughty category and a new reel of pictures filled the screen. The first was her standing confidently in a beautiful blue evening dress. The very next one was her in the same dress, but with a massive bulge straining through the fabric between her legs.

“Oh, shit! She's a Futa, huh?”

“Yup. A hung Domme. Exactly Ravi's type.”

“Really? I wouldn't have guessed.”

“I didn't have to guess. He left his porn tabs open all the time when we were roommates. His browsing history was full of the stuff.”

“Damn. That's pretty nosy of you.”

Tim shrugged. “Curiosity got the best of me. Anyway, it's about to work in his favor, because we're gonna get him the hottest date in the world for his birthday.”

“How much for a night with her?”

“Five hundred.”

“**FIVE HUNDRED?!?**” Cesar bellowed. “Bro, that's a fuckin *Playstation 5!*”

“We'll split it. Look, we're not just getting him a date. We're giving him the best night of his young life and helping him ditch the *v-card*. He'll be grateful forever.”

“I don't know, man...”

“Think of all the times he's helped us out. Homework. Tutoring. Getting us through classes we might have failed otherwise. We owe it to Ravi.”

“Ugh... **FINE!** I'll pony up.”

“Good. I'll book the date right now” he said, beckoning for his phone back. “With any luck, she's still open for next Sunday.”

As Tim tapped through the form, filled in the blanks, uploaded a picture of Ravi and paid for the date, Cesar was lost in thought.

“Wait a minute. If that's Ravi's type, does that mean Paula...?”

Tim chuckled. “Well, I don't know if she's a top, but she's definitely packing down there.”

“How did you learn that?!? You obviously weren't roommates with Paula. Did you date?”

“No, but I see her on the field every time I go to Alicia's games. Those soccer shorts don't hide much.”

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It was a week later and Ravi found himself standing at the corner of Main and Washington near the center of his college town. It was a cool, early spring day and the wind was brisk. He blew into his hands for warmth, wondering why he couldn't just meet his friends at the pub where they'd be celebrating.

But Tim and Cesar had been very specific. He was to be at **this** corner at the appointed time. They had something special planned, which only worried him mildly. Knowing them, Ravi would be getting pied in the face or have his pants pulled down from behind any second now. Then his buddies, who were probably already half-drunk from pre-gaming, would lead him wherever they were going.

“Hi there! You're Ravindra, right?”

Ravi whirled around to identify the feminine voice that had just spoken behind him. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words followed. He was legitimately stunned as he gazed upon the striking figure, long red hair and flawless face of a peerless beauty.

The woman standing before him wore a long, black leather trench coat and a matching, wide-brimmed fedora. She would've looked a bit like *Carmen Sandiego* if the color had been dark red instead of black. Although the coat concealed her garb, it couldn't hide her ample curves. Ravi and the gorgeous femme would've been similar in height if not for the four-inch heels she was wearing. In her elegant red shoes, she towered over the young man.

"I-I'm sorry. Have we met?"

"No, but we'll get to know each other real quick." She held out her hand, which was sheathed in shiny, black latex. "I'm Scarlett. Scarlett Silk."

The stunned senior took her hand, gently. "Please, call me Ravi."

"Nice to meet you, Ravi. Your friends obviously think highly of you. My services don't come cheap."

"Oh, are you taking me to the party?"

"Yes. A party for just the two of us" she said with raised eyebrows and a cheeky smile. "You see, I'm the surprise."

Ravi needed a few seconds to untie his tongue. "Wait... So there's no birthday dinner?"

"You can get drunk with your friends any time. Wouldn't you rather spend the evening with me?"

Scarlett untied the leathery belt holding her coat closed. She pulled the front open just wide enough for Ravi to be dazzled by shimmering red. From her immense bust to her slim waist and down the center between her powerful thighs, Scarlett's form was outlined in a shiny, clinging dress the same color as her name.

The young man could do nothing but gawk at her perfection. Ravi froze in wonder. One of his personal fantasies had stepped out of the cinema screen and touched his very hand. The woman he gazed at was no Carmen Sandiego. She was a dead ringer for the lovely *Jessica Rabbit*. And what's more, the protrusion in the front slit of her dress promised there was another surprise waiting below her second layer of entrancing fetishwear.

"I... **Wow!** You're **stunning!**" he responded in wide-eyed astonishment. Whatever suspicion and hesitation he might've felt about heading off with a total stranger on his birthday quickly melted away. Tim and Cesar had obviously gone to a lot of trouble on his behalf. There was no way he was turning down this birthday boon. "Where to?" he asked sheepishly.

Scarlett grinned as she re-tied her coat. "Follow me. I've reserved us a room at a nice hotel. It's amazing the kind of deals you can get with those last-minute reservation apps."

As they walked to their destination the excited college senior and cosplaying sex worker chatted

amicably. She asked to see his ID and Ravi produced it, giving her proof of identity and age. As delighted as he was that his first time experience was rapidly approaching, he still felt some anxiety and embarrassment about it.

“Just so you know... I'm a virgin.”

Scarlett laughed. “Don't worry, Ravi. I'll be gentle. **At first.**”

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As soon as the door closed, Scarlett undid her belt a second time and tossed the shiny black coat on the nearest armchair. She turned and locked eyes with Ravi, placing her hands on her hips.

“So, you like it when a woman takes charge? I hope your friends got that detail right, because I don't bottom.”

Butterflies surged in Ravi's stomach. He swallowed hastily as he took her full, gleaming glory yet again. “Yes, absolutely!”

“Good. Get out of those clothes on the double! Don't be shy. I'm not a patient woman.”

“Yes, Ms. Silk!”

Ravi ditched his jacket, chucked his shoes off and slid his shirt over his head with lightning speed. His dockers and boxers followed directly. It was probably the fastest he'd ever disrobed in his entire life.

“You will address me as Mistress Silk, your Queen, or Madam Jessica. The choice is yours, but those are your only options. Any slip-up will result in punishment.”

“As you command, Madam Jessica!”

“Oooh! Very nice. You know how to speak like a proper submissive. Is this really your first time?”

“It is, Mistress Silk” he confirmed as he removed his glasses and set them aside with his clothes. “I've just watched a lot of porn. Probably too much.”

Scarlett snickered. “I'll be the judge of that.” She studied his naked form up and down. He bore just a few thin tufts of chest hair on his light brown skin and a similar garnishing just above his average, uncut cock. The Jessica Rabbit look-a-like crooked her finger and motioned him forward. “Come here.”

Somehow, her voice was a near-perfect match for *Disney's* most provocative toon. Scarlett spoke in a low, haughty tone that exuded confidence, passion and sex appeal. As Ravi ambled forward, his penis twitched below. The few orders she'd issued thus far caused the blood to rush through his veins and his loins to stir with vigor.

The Domina in gleaming red took hold of the thin straps holding up her bosom and slid them off her shoulders. She peeled the top portion of her dress down and her mammoth milkers were freed. Ravi

was no expert on bra sizes, but he figured Scarlett was at least an E cup. Her milky white mountains of flesh called out to him as surely as her words.

“Alright, **slave**. Your first task is to get Mommy's motor running. Put that slutty tongue and those eager lips to work!”

She reached out and grabbed the back of Ravi's head. With one pull of her well-toned arm, she brought his face to her left breast and mashed him into the first of her heavenly assets. Within seconds, his mouth was sealed around her areola, licking and sucking for all he was worth.

'Slave...'

The thought of being this woman's slave made Ravi's heart pound like a jackhammer. His member grew even more rigid as he slurped and moaned around her breast. Boldly, he raised his left hand, searching for her other heaving tit.

SLAP

Scarlett batted his hand away fiercely.

“**NO! Only** your mouth! You may place your hands on my sides, if you wish.”

After a few moments of holding his hands up in surrender, they happily drifted to Scarlett's hips. Ravi worked his tongue around her nipple in between applying full suction to her silky cone. He kept as much of her immaculate flesh in the grasp of his soft lips as he could, fully focused on pleasuring his new Mistress.

The more enthusiastic he grew, the more his hands began to slide up and down her sides. His motions were practically involuntary. As he lost himself in rapturous worship of the female form, he began to grope at the outstretched curves of her ample ass and the top of her strong thighs.

“Mmmm... **Naughty boy**. Normally, that would earn you severe punishment. But you're the birthday boy, so I'll allow it. Enjoy it while you can. Your arms won't be free for long.”

Scarlett's murmurs and low moans of amorous excitement grew steadily. After a few more minutes, she pulled Ravi's head away and mashed his flush, hungry face into her other breast. She pressed him into her flesh firmly, mumbling sweet nothings with her eyes closed. Every once in a while she would switch up again, tearing him away and rushing his drool-slick lips back to her other needy areola.

At some point in his long oral servitude, Ravi felt a thick, heavy appendage brush up against his inner thighs and his own rock-hard pecker. The silk of her dress brushed across his cock and pre-cum surged from his tip. He realized it was her erection poking through the front slit of her costume. From the heft of it, she was massive. As well-endowed below as she was above.

“Feel that, **slut?**” She spoke while gazing down at the eager submissive lapping at her fleshy globes. “You'll be sucking **that** next. I hope you're ready.”

After another stretch of sumptuous suction and a few louder, more pronounced moans from Madam Jessica, she pulled his face from her saliva-streaked tits for the final time.

“Turn around. **Right now!** Hands behind your back!” she commanded.

Ravi did as he was bade while Scarlett pulled her dress back up. Once her mounds were re-secured in their glossy red holsters, she turned and walked to the room's twin beds. She opened her suitcase and pulled out a large, triangular apparatus of glossy black leather. Ravi couldn't see what she was retrieving, but he could hear its metal buckles jingle as she returned.

Before he knew what was happening, she pulled the thick leathery sleeve over his waiting hands and yanked it up past his forearms. He grunted as she tugged it all the way up to the halfway point of his biceps and began tightening its webbing. Ravi's arms were pulled brutally close together, locked in the sensuous leather arm-binder.

Scarlett ran the shoulder straps of the cruel device under his armpits and buckled them tightly, sealing his fate until she chose to remove it. She disappeared briefly before returning with a standard black leather collar and chain leash. In no time at all, it was wrapped around his throat snugly and Ravi's status as her slave looked much more official.

“On your knees, slave.”

She applied gentle pressure to his shoulders, holding onto the leash as she guided him to the floor. When he was in position, she released it, the chain jingling until it went slack. The end of it hit the ground with a dull clank and a thud of the leather handle.

Binding a virgin submissive so quickly and harshly had only strengthened Scarlett's libido. As she circled to his front, her erection lifted the front of her dress to an almost comical degree. Ravi's eyes were already wide with anticipation, but they bulged with astonishment as Mistress Silk brushed the glossy slit of her dress aside and unveiled her thick, twitching tower of cock.

It was a fat pipe of veiny flesh, throbbing with need and glistening with a light sheen of sweat and precum. Her phallus grew reddish as it approached the fat mushroom head of her circumcised monster. It was over a foot long, more than doubling his hard-on in length and girth. Even more impressive was the massive cum sack below it. Her round cum factories were as smooth and supple as her sizable rack.

Ravi studied her anxiously. He'd dreamt of this moment for years, but in the moment of truth, fear crept into him. He wasn't sure he could fit her gargantuan schlong through his lips, let alone sufficiently pleasure her. He had no experience and he never imagined his first time would be with such a demanding, well-hung Domme. Or rather, he *had* imagined it, but never expected it to actually happen.

“Relax Ravi” she assured him. Scarlet seized her god-like club of flesh and ran her black, latex fingers up and down its straining length as she sauntered forward. “I told you I'd be gentle...”

“At first” he finished her sentence with a nervous warble.

Scarlett chuckled as she brought the weeping head of her cock to his saliva-soaked lips. “Yes. At first...”

Ravi got the first taste of her pungent pole and potent pre as she pressed her bulbous glans through the yielding ring of his mouth. A train of hot flesh followed, expanding quickly and forcing his lips open to

their widest. Her flavor was intoxicating, eliciting a low mumble of submissive glee from Ravi. Scarlett pushed on, her cock sliding down his tongue as he applied his first full measure of suction.

“Mmmmm!” she cooed while taking hold of Ravi's head with both hands. Her latex fingers glided into his thick black hair and seized full handfuls. “That's it... keep going, slut!”

Her hips pressed forward and her grip pulled sternly as Scarlett fed him ever more of her swollen missile. Soon, her slick cockhead was painting his uvula with her pre-cum. She tried to press on, but Ravi coughed and wretched around her cock, struggling in his leather binder as he contended with her length.

Realizing his current limit had been reached, Scarlet backed out before pumping the first half of her cock right back into his sucking maw. She slid back and forth several times, establishing a rhythm. Slow, at first, but building steadily as she held his head in a tight grip and introduced Ravi to his new life as a bottom bitch cock sucker.

“You've seen lots of porn, so I'm sure you know how this works. Taking half of me gets you a D. A barely passing grade. You need to do better to impress me. Much better! Needless to say, balls deep is an A plus. Lucky for you, I'm a very good teacher! You'll be a star student in no time, slut.”

Scarlett railed his mouth aggressively, her face-fucking growing louder and more sloppy as phlegm and pre-cum built up in Ravi's mouth like a backed up sewer. His arms flexed behind him in tight leather as he groaned around her pistoning slab of cockmeat. She was only using half of her prodigious prick and it was more than enough to thoroughly dominate the kneeling novice.

“C'mon bitch! **SUCK!** Your friend said you've wanted a big cock in your mouth since the day you discovered Futa tops! **PROVE IT!** Suck me dry you **two-holed whore!**”

She pummeled his mouth for several more minutes, never relenting as Ravi sucked for all he was worth. His tongue wagged along the bottom of her cock, caressing her sperm channel as his warm, velvety walls swallowed her length repeatedly. Scarlett's heavy scrotum swung back and forth, roiling with abundant seed, but never heaving with impending release. The demanding Futa Domme had developed incredible stamina through many years of topping cock-hungry males.

Seeing Ravi red-faced and on the verge of passing out, she released his head. Her fat schlong exited his warm, sludge-filled mouth with a loud retch. The slut boy coughed as thick, frothy spittle trailed from his mouth to the floor.

Once he'd recovered, Scarlett sighed and seized his leash. “Get up!”

She helped him to his feet and immediately dragged Ravi to the nearby console table where the room's TV rested. She shoved him down over its surface. Ravi's ass and the arm-binder stuck straight out as she pressed his face into the polished wood.

“There we go! Stay right there while I check out what I'm working with, here.”

Scarlett moved behind him and seized the D-ring at the end of the binder. She lifted it up and brought the index fingers of her free hand to his bare, quivering pucker. Her black, latex digit wormed against his silky brown-eye, but made only the smallest bit of entry even as she increased the pressure.

“**Arrrgghhh!** Fuck!!!” Ravi called out.

“Oh my! Yeah, you're a virgin alright” she exclaimed with a hint of disappointment. “You've never even played with anal toys, have you?”

“No, my Queen” he answered through gritted teeth.

Scarlett eased off the pressure and removed her probing finger. “That's a shame. As much as I'd **love** to take your cherry tonight, that's not gonna happen. A girl my size would definitely hurt you. I don't want your first time to end with a visit to the hospital.”

“Yes, Mistress Silk! I'm sorry.”

“Don't be! Here's what we're gonna do...”

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Her latex palm cracked across his bare ass, lighting up his cheeks with unannounced pain.

“You're going to start training this hungry ass with **NICE**”

SMACK

“**THICK**”

SMACK

“**TOYS!**”

SMACK

“Every day until you're taking a **FAT**”

SMACK

“**TEN**”

SMACK

“**INCHER**”

SMACK

“Up your slutty boy pussy! **Understand?**”

“Yes, Mistress Silk!”

“Are you enjoying these spankings?”

“Very much, my Queen!”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“Then thank me properly.”

“Thank you, Madam Jessica!”

Scarlett smiled fiendishly. She took fresh hold of his leash, helped Ravi up and turned him. The imposing woman seized his chin and held it firmly.

“Once your ass is ready, we'll have another date and I'll replace your cherry with a pint of hot cum. Won't that be nice?”

“That would be amazing, Mistress Silk” he replied with a grin of his own.

“Good boy” she said, releasing his chin. “Now, back to oral training.”

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The sounds of moist thrusting, wet gagging and the slap of cum-coated flesh filled the room as Scarlett fucked Ravi's hanging, upside-down face. She was closing in on her third climax and, at long last, coming deliciously close to going balls-deep in this throat. With every thrust, her semen-slathered balls smacked his dripping brow. Having long ago discarded her dress, Scarlett's naked body was glued to Ravi with the sticky product of her first two orgasms.

Semen dripped from Ravi's hair as he gazed across the room, his vision constantly blurring into cum-greased darkness. Scarlett moaned in deep, abiding bliss as she took maximum pleasure from his throat. He wasn't yet a skilled cocksucker, but one didn't need to be skilled when they were on their back with their head hanging off the bed. In that position, it was a straight shot down the submissive's gullet; a cum dump waiting to be filled with relative ease.

Nothing about it felt easy to Ravi as he gargled on her jizzum, choked on her rutting cum cannon and felt her bloated nards slap his face with every eager plunge. He'd been locked in bondage for hours with no reprieve, and it didn't seem like Scarlett would set him free any time soon. At some point, Ravi began to wonder if he shouldn't be charging her for unlimited use of his cum-clogged throat.

Madam Jessica lay atop him, her sticky, gunk-slathered breasts pressed into his torso as she seized Ravi's condom-sheathed unit and teased him. Her strokes were agonizingly slow and intermittent, never giving him quite enough stimulation to reach his climax as Scarlett shot jet after jet of viscous sperm deep in his hole and all over his soiled body.

When he needed air, Ravi tapped his feet against the headboard and Scarlett extracted her yogurt hose just long enough to let the bitch-boy breathe. This went on for an hour as she trained his throat to be her newest cock-sleeve, riding his face to unparalleled bliss that a cock-sucking submissive would never know. The glorming sounds of constant, frenzied mouth-fucking spilled out as Scarlett's hips flew into

overdrive.

“Mmmmmm! **YESSS! SO CLOSE!!!** Gonna snap your fucking collar **bitch!** I'M- **I'M COMING!!!**”

With a final, forceful thrust she filled Ravi to the brim and her monstrous scrotum sealed him in sweaty, fleshy darkness. His collar didn't break, but it did stretch as his throat was stuffed with Scarlett's considerable girth. Her balls twitched against his face, pumping stream after stream of nougat spunk into Ravi's sucking depths. Scarlett's guttural moans came long and loud as she emptied her cum tanks in tight, warm nirvana.

As her climax crested, the pro Domme cosplayer seized her slave's staff and jerked him in fast, fluid strokes. Pushed past the brink, Ravi's trapped trunk shuddered and shot its load into the latex prophylactic. Scarlett milked every ounce of custard from her new bottom; an extra helping she would feed him as soon as she pulled her bitch-breaker from his straining, reddened face.

* * * * *

In the morning, Ravi and Scarlett enjoyed a long, hot shower and had breakfast together before parting ways. When it was time to head for the lobby and check out, Scarlett grabbed her luggage and they said their goodbyes.

“So, Ms. Jessica was lying all along? About not being a bad girl?”

Scarlett giggled. “I don't know about her, but I'm sure as hell one.”

“I concur. A bad girl who's **very** good at what she does.” Ravi pulled out his wallet. He extracted a generous amount of cash, folded it and set the wad on the table by the front door.

“To chip in for the room. And a tip for you.”

“How nice!” Scarlett remarked as she followed him to the door. “Thank you.” She picked up the money and stuffed it down her cleavage.

“No, thank **you**, for an amazing birthday” Ravi said with a smile.

“When I'm done training you, you're going to make some lucky lady very happy. Especially if she likes getting her cock sucked.”

“That may be, but in the meantime, there's only one woman I want to see. Until next time, Mistress Silk.”