

Dominating Doyle

Crimson Rose

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More than a little drunk, and annoyed he hadn't been able to hook up with anyone after two clubs, Doyle entered the third of the evening feeling this was the one. Music blasted his ears as multi-hued lights bathed those dancing below in a kaleidoscope of colors – some swaying like flowers in a gentle breeze while others looked more like they had just been set on fire and had not quite made it to the ground to put themselves out.

Doyle saw several potential targets as he moved deeper into the club, but it wasn't until he turned towards the bar that he saw a woman so stunning that his pants almost immediately began to tent. Red hair cascading down her back and shoulders like wildfire. Piercing green eyes and porcelain skin covered in a light dusting of freckles. The black and silver sheath dress accentuating her soft curves. There was nothing he did not like about what he was seeing. His drunk brain telling him he had more than a snowball's chance in hell, he swaggered over to her, his confidence rising nearly as fast as the pole in his pants when she gave him a slight smile instead of a cold shoulder.

"I know what you want so just cut to the chase," the redheaded bombshell said with a grin. "You're going to give some lame-assed pickup line in the hopes I'll fall for it when we both know what you really want is under my dress. Yes?"

"Well, fuck me you're to the point aren't you?" Doyle replied, more than a little surprised and turned on by the woman's boldness. "As a matter of fact, yes. You're absolutely stunning and yes, I want what's under that dress of yours," he added with a goofy grin.

"I'm Olivia."

"Doyle."

"Nice to meet you Doyle. Tell you what, how about we skip the pleasantries and just go back to my place. I can see by your straining sipper that you're horny and as it just so happens I'm horny too. Come on, I'll drive."

Unable to believe his unimaginable luck, Doyle nodded like a virgin schoolboy and followed along like a puppy – his booze-addled mind not setting off any triggers that something may be wrong with the ease at which he picked her up. Sneaking several swigs along the way certainly did not help matters and by the time she pulled into the driveway of her ranch-style home he was three sheets to the wind and flying high.

It took Olivia a few minutes to get the drunk man into the house, but that was okay. Once the door was shut, she sat him on the couch and knelt between his spread legs and unzipped his pants. Reaching in, she pulled out his rock hard cock and sucked all seven inches down her throat without batting an eyelash.

"Aahhhh, fuck yeah!" Doyle moaned as Olivia took him completely, sticking out her tongue to lick his balls as her throat gently caressed his cock.

"If you like that just wait until I really get started. Tell me, Doyle, are you a plain old missionary man or do you like to get a little freaky in bed?"

"Keep sucking like that and I'll be as kinky as you fucking want me to be!"

"That's what I like to hear. Come on, let's get you out of those clothes." Taking the initiative, Olivia yanked Doyle's shoes off, tugged his pants and boxers down and lifted his shirt over his head. "Not bad," she smiled at his semi-toned body. "Come on, let's take this to the bedroom," she said taking hold of his cock and jerking him into action.

In the bedroom, Olivia shoved her new lover onto the bed and gave his dick a few hard, quick sucks before moving to the closet and grabbing her box of toys. "Time to see how freaky

you can get,” she said lifting his legs over her shoulders and licking his asshole. “Mmmm, such a nice, tight asshole! I bet you’ve never been fucked have you?”

“FUCK NO!”

“Does the idea of taking a dildo or a fat cock up the ass disgust you?” she asked, her tongue going back in as far as she could push it.

“Uuhhnnnn! I...I’m no h-homo.”

“Scoot back on the bed.” When her drunken lover was closer to the headboard, she took a pair of leather cuffs from the toy box, secured one around his left wrist, fed it between the metal bars and then secured the other around the right. When he did not protest or struggle against it, she placed a spreader bar between his ankles, raised his legs back and over his head and locked it in place to a hidden hook in the headboard leaving his spread open and fully exposed. “Now the real fun can begin!”

Giving Doyle’s cock a few more sucks, she moved up onto the bed between his legs and lifted her dress up over her hips. Moving her panties to the side, she untapped her cock and let it spring free. Coating it with lube, she placed it against his asshole and pushed until all eight inches were buried deep.

“Aahhggghhh! W-What the fuck!? Y-You...you have a...a...”

“A dick? Yeah. I’ve got a nice big cock for you.”

“TAKE IT OUT YOU CRAZY FUCKING BITCH! I’m not a faggot!”

“I don’t know, all that pre-cum leaking from your cock is telling me otherwise.” Pulling back until only the head remained in his ass, she slammed forward. Out. In. Out. In. Each hard thrust causing his head to hit the bars behind him. “That’s it. Just relax and let it happen. Let me take your ass like a good little sissy slut and I promise you’ll love it.” Not stopping for a second, she grinned as his grunts and curses slowly turned to moans of excitement as his ass slowly opened up to accept the thrusting cock.

Doyle could not believe what was happening. Looking up into her emerald green eyes and delicate, feminine features he saw the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes upon, but the dick slamming in and out of his ass told him it was a man. To make matters worse, his throbbing boner would not go away. And even as he was thoroughly humiliated, there was a small part of his inebriated mind that started to like the feeling of something up penetrating his behind.

“Yeah, you like it now don’t you, you sissy little bitch!” Olivia said, bringing her hand down hard on Doyle’s upturned ass. “You like my cock plowing your tight man pussy? Tell me! Tell me what a sissy fucktoy you really are!” WHACK! “SAY IT!” WHACK! “Go on, tell me how much you like being my bitch or my fist it going in next!”

“YES!” Doyle moaned. “I love it! I love being your sissy bitch! Oh god, Fuck my ass! Fuck me all y-you want but p-please don’t fist me!” And he did not even have to lie.

Not wanting the moment to end just yet, Olivia pulled from Doyle’s ass and did her best to calm down before spewing her load. Grabbing a plug from the toy box, she pushed it up his ass, pulled it out and then shoved a slightly larger one in, grinning at his grunts of discomfort. At only two inches thick, the plug was thicker than her cock, but not even close to the largest she owned and planned to use. Working it in and out, loving the way his asshole stretched and snapped shut, she tossed it aside and inserted the next in line.

“Aaahhhh, fuck! Oh god take it out! It hurts!”

“That’s the idea, babe. Just breathe and relax, you’ll get used to it.” Turning around, Olivia took hold of Doyle’s dick and pushed back on it, taking it up her ass in one fell swoop -

enjoying the ride until she felt his cock begin to throb. “Not so fast, babe. I want this to last as long as possible,” she said pulling off of him. Moving further up the bed, she offered him her cock which he adamantly refused to take into his mouth.

“There’s no fucking way in hell I’m sucking your dick!” Doyle said with his head turned so that Olivia could not surprise him.

“Really? Did you like my cock up your ass?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like the plug stretching you open right now?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like me riding your cock?”

“Yes, but...”