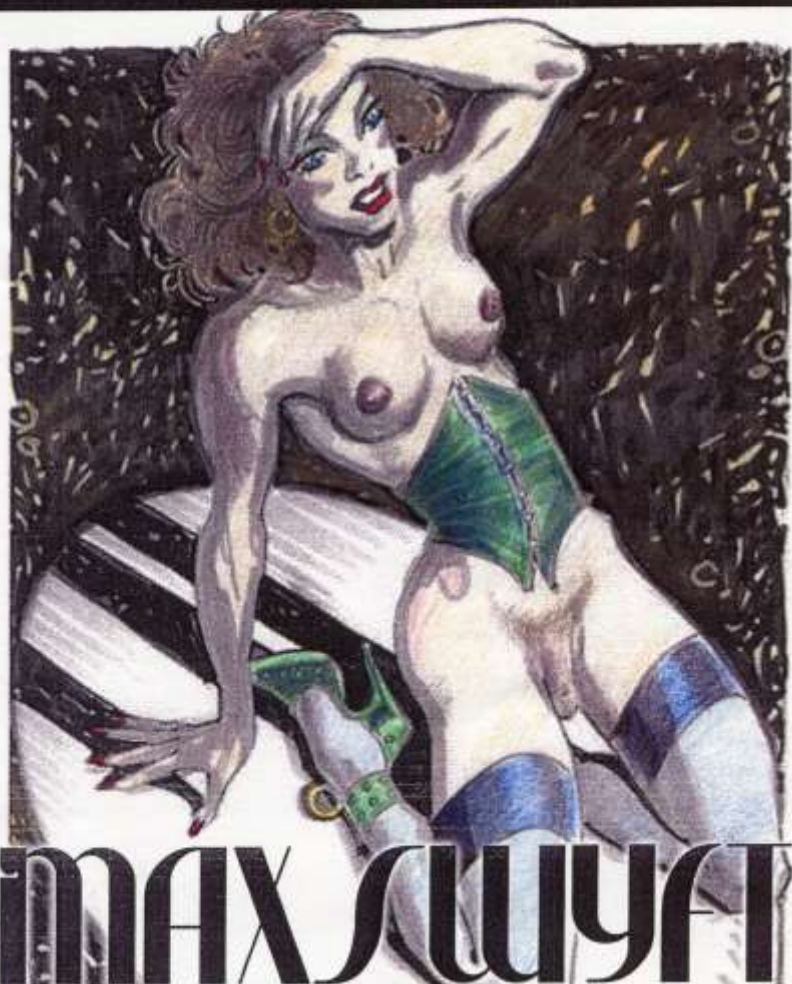


DAVID'S DESCENT

BOOK THREE



MAX SWYFT

DAVID'S DESCENT
BOOK THREE
by **MAX SWYFT**



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Written by Max Swyft
Illustrations by Teeje

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"It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the human body: the mind. "

Max Swyft

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BallBusters Layton's

Lament

Author's Note

This book continues the **Cytherea Coterie** series (See the list of books on the previous page).

Cyrenaica (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated west of the Barrows River. However, on a clear day, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as the Canyons, can barely be seen its sister city and the outline of Manhattan.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there may be some references to New York City contained in this book. In the vast business district of the Canyons is the Cypris Club. It has a nondescript, almost anonymous entrance. The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private radical feminist organization that believes the world would be better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is indisputable. In addition to countless scholars and liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW, the NEA, and others that advocate and are instrumental in blurring the line between the sexes.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there... at least not yet.

The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since these characters overlap many of the books in the **Cytherea Coterie** series.

DAVID FARADAY: Young, sure of himself, male chauvinist. Thinks he's the object of every woman's fancy. Software salesman for High Tech Solutions.

GUINEVERE STONE: Older woman, owner of Stone's Industrial Supply. She's tall and slim and possesses striking violet "Liz Taylor" eyes. Though older, a real looker.

MANDY: Works as executive secretary at High Tech Solutions. A young buxom woman, she's attracted to and dates David Faraday.

HAROLD STONE JR.: Heir to Stone's Industrial Supply, ex-husband of Guinevere Stone. He conspires with his then wife to wrest control of the company from his mother and those she's put in place to run it.

CASSIE: Hip and young cosmologist who owns her own salon. She believes in tattoos and body piercing, hairdresser and groomer of Guinevere Stone.

CHUCK: Cassie's subservient lover and hairdresser who works at the salon.

YANAMARJ CRISTOBAL: Feminist, owner of Cristobal Imports, friend of Guinevere Stone, member of the Cytherea Coterie (*Read Ashley's Enslavement*).

ASHLEY: Young lover of Yanamari Cristobal. Sexy young coquette who has a secret (*Read Ashley's Enslavement*).

SHANA and ROBBIMATHIS: Office manager of Harm's Employment Agency who's taken over her marriage. She buys software from David Faraday (*Read Robbie's Regret*).

Chapter Thirteen

The cancer's come back. It's like she's aged ten years in the several months since I've seen her last. Deep lines outline once rosy - now hollow - cheeks. Dark barren pockets have replaced the age wrinkles around once lively eyes. Her neck sags and is streaked with wrinkles, too. It's what the cancer treatments do, she tells me. One arm is bloated where she's been stuck with intravenous chemicals that are trying to destroy the cancer.

My heart goes out to her while the two of us have a quiet talk about the business. I give her a brave smile, tell her I know she's a fighter and not to give up. Keep going, that's all we can do.

Betty Stone agrees.

Conversation falters as we look at each other separated by my desk.

Betty sighs, then gets to it. "Harold has tried to hide the changes from me." She fixes me with her eyes, some of the old fire coming back into them. "I suspect you're behind these changes." She waves a hand at my anticipated rejoinder, seems a little surprised when I say nothing. "Is . . . my son *reasonably* happy?"

I nod, offer her a small smile. "Yes, Harold is doing quite well. These things . . . the way he is," I say, searching for the right words, "have been in him all along. He has suppressed his true feelings and emotions for years. Kind of like a festering wound that won't heal."

Betty Stone nods. "I sense he seems to be at peace with himself. As much as anyone can be who is like that."

"How is that, Mrs. Stone?" I try to hide my anger.

"You know what I mean." She shrugs, looks away.

"No, I don't know what you mean. When we were dating I nurtured your son, tried to fill the emptiness in his heart. Something you were too busy to be concerned with. His father was never around and early on, maybe to make up for the absence of his father, you babied him. And then when the business started failing you left him all -"

"What you say is true," she admits. "Still, it's not natural."

"Too many women today are guided by the old incorrect precepts of a male dominated society. It's been that way far too long. Call it old fashioned if it makes you feel better. But society has been in a transition of change for a couple of decades now. Look at you, how you saved this business from failing, took it and made it larger and better before the competition of the conglomerates came along and tried to take it all away.

"That's what I've been dealing with, Mrs. Stone. Keeping the vultures of Acquisition and Foreclosure from turning this place into an empty rotting warehouse."

"You've done well," she grudgingly admits. "I saw Stan when I came in. I'm surprised you still keep him around."

"Stan is an asset. He frees me up to concentrate on keeping everyone employed, maybe doing a little expansion. We're more than holding our own now. I'm sure you know it hasn't been easy. And the three-way split of the net between you, Harold and me, is generous."

"Yes, it's honorable and you've done well. I just wish you hadn't done this *thing* to Harold."

"Harold is happy, Mrs. Stone. Even you see he's contented with himself, who he is. He's always been shy and reserved. He couldn't have possibly run this business successfully and -"

"Yes. I agree. I'm not complaining about the business." She looks at me.

"I was getting to the other, ah, the way he is now. If you care, I'll recommend some studies for you to read. There's been volumes written about the changing male sexual psyche. It's okay for men to cry, Mrs. Stone. It's okay for them to show some vulnerability. It's now acceptable, especially in the new millennium, to express a softer feminine side. You can't have been living in a cave these past ten or fifteen years."

She looks in her lap. Several long moments pass, then, "If anything happens to me I want your word that you'll look after him. He needs looking after. You must know that."

"Mrs. Stone, Harold and I, though divorced, still have a relationship.

And I've *been* watching over him for years now. He's very dear to me. We'll never lose that special caring relationship that we share. Never. Rest assured, your son and I will be together forever in our own special way."

We sit in my office, each in our thoughts, the quiet comfortable, not strained.

Our eyes meet across the desk, hers a little watery.

"Is there a prognosis?" I ask softly.

She shakes her head. "Not yet. The doctors are going to try something new. Some kind of wonder pellets that attack the disease through the blood stream. Sounds like a lot of science fiction to me." She shrugs. "But who knows?"

She and a friend are leaving tomorrow, going to New York, take in a couple of plays before hopping a shuttle back to Florida. Harold is supposed to meet them. I punch up his cell on the quick-dial. He picks up on the second ring.

"Your mother is a little disturbed. You knew she was coming, had plenty of warning. Didn't you present yourself properly? "

"A little bitchy today, hmm?"

"Harold, don't play games with me. I like your mother. I don't care what she thinks of me but you hurt her."

"How so, *darling!*"

I'll spank him for the "darling." It's probably what he wants. "Were you wearing a dress and makeup when she came through the door?"

"Don't be vulgar, Guinevere. It's getting harder and harder to look like a male. Remember, you said this might happen. My breasts and hips developing. And there's nothing I can do about my eyebrows or soft skin tones." He falls silent. I hear a car horn, the sibilant hiss of traffic through his cell. "I didn't cut back my hair. I couldn't. Of all people you should understand *that.*"

"Did you put it in a ponytail?"

"Yes, dear. I made myself as presentable as possible."

"Are you still meeting her and her friend in New York?"

"Yes, but I don't like it. I'll be alone. Why not come with me?"

"No, I can't come with you. It might exacerbate matters. I'm glad you've decided to meet her. We had a nice chat. I explained things, how you were. Just try to remember when you're with your mother, don't act flaming."

"I don't *do* that. I don't need to."

"Uh-huh. We should get together soon. I've someone I want you to meet."

"Does he go -?"

"Don't go there, Harriet. Just be careful around your mother. Try to behave in a masculine manner, okay?"

"Yes, dear. I really don't want to hurt her feelings."

"That's a girl."

Harold is *not* my creation. His mother gives me too much credit and refuses to recognize her part in the way he is. I helped push him in the right direction, that's all. He was always a premature ejaculator, never did have any sexual stamina, not to mention the size of his penis.

He was *naturally* attracted to my dominant personality. His mother has a similar personality, albeit tamer. She led him all his life. He was sort of preconditioned to my uncommon sexual thirst. The day he literally bumped into me in the hall outside his mother's office, I recognized that fawning look in his eyes. It kind of got my juices flowing. It was clear the way he looked at my legs in an abbreviated skirt and my feet tucked into pumps; lust and adoration.

A look of worship.

David Faraday has a similar look in his eyes, and that gets my juices flowing, too. Though their personalities are at opposite ends of the spectrum, their eyes indicate a parallel passion of devoted fascination.

Ah, the magnetism of fetishes and what can be done with them. Where would women like me be without them?

From the tinted wall-windows I look out over the Canyons, think

back to that awkward yet somehow vaguely sexual moment in the hall when Harold backed out of his mother's office and bumped into me, went to his knees to gather scattered files and papers.

Harold and I were a good fit. We still are.

It hasn't been that many years. . .

His mother is away for the weekend and we are by the pool. He wears an unimaginative pair of swimming trunks, baggy, almost down to his knees. His puppy-dog eyes devour me, what is barely concealed in the slender wisps of an abbreviated bikini.

Later after we've showered he brings me a fluffy terrycloth robe and we sit in the den sipping a bottle of wine. I pat the cushion next to me and he comes over. The robe is parted revealing my slightly tanned legs. The Memorial weekend holiday has just passed and both of us are unfashionably too white-skinned.

I've been kidding him about the baggy trunks he wore, tell him he should buy more fashionable swimming accessories. Clothes too. His eyes keep darting to my long legs splendidly displayed by the part in the fluffy white robe.

I sit sideways on the couch, swing my feet into his lap, and suggest he massage them. The robe slides further - to the top of my thighs.

"It's okay if you look, Harold."

"What?" he asks, trying for innocence.

"My legs. Your eyes have such a dreamy look."

"I didn't mean anything by it," he says, dropping his eyes, working on one foot.

I raise my other foot to his chin, lift his head. He is very still as I rub my toes over his chin, across his lips. "This is where you should start with me."

"What?"

"Kiss my toes first." My voice is soft, sexy in the quiet den. "Then I'll let you move on to other parts of my body."

He looks at me, sees that I'm not teasing, that my face is serious.

He kisses my toes softly.

"Use your tongue, make them wet. Please me."

He holds my foot, does as I've told him. I dig into his lap with my other foot, find his very hard penis. "You like this don't you?"

He nods and I push my big toe into his mouth. "Suck it, Harold. Suck it real hard."

It goes on for several moments until he's worshiped both feet.

I have him naked and kneeling between my spread legs, while he softly caress my legs as I tease his nipples. He squirms with delight, discovering the eroticism of his own little nubs. I whisper in his ear while he rubs his cock on my legs.

"Do you want some release?"

"I want to make love to you," he says breathlessly.

"Yes, I know you do. But you have to earn that right. In time I'll let you enter me with that little appendage of yours."

He starts, looks at me, the hurt plainly etched on his baby face. He defends his manhood and I smile derisively, ask him how he knows that his manhood is adequate. Of course he has no answer. I take it in my hand, slowly stroke it, ask him again if he wants release.

He nods, hunches his hips at my fist.

I sit back and he freezes, his little cock dripping seminal fluid.

"I thought you were going to, huh, you know ..."

"Is that what you want, hmm?"

"You know it is," he says, moving closer to me on his knees.

"Use my feet. Cum on my feet this first time."

Harold looks confused. I sit back sideways, present my bare feet to him. The darling doesn't know what to do.

"Put your thing between the soles of my feet and fuck them."

He struggles with it at first, looks at me. I nod when he gets it right

and he starts hunching his hips on my naked feet. I tell him in a soft voice how much I like what he's doing, that tonight when he's all alone in his bed he should think of this moment. He nods and fucks my feet, eyes dreamy.

"If we're going to date, baby, you'll have to do as I say." He nods and his eyes film over. He's almost there. "No more playing with your little cock." He looks up and I nod. "Only at my direction may you touch yourself in a sexual way. Is that understood?" He nods and I start to move my feet with his humping rhythm.

"I know you're ready but hold off just a little bit longer if you can." He nods, slows down as I hold his eyes. "For a while we must keep our little romance from your mother."

"But why?"

"A woman knows these things. I'm too worldly for you. That's what your mother will think. She'll think we're mismatched. And she'd be right. But she doesn't know about me, my sexuality, what I like. She doesn't really know about you, the things you like. The things you hide from everyone, especially your mother."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes you do, hon. We'll gradually get into a relationship. When the time's right I'll have you ask your mother if it's okay for me to come over for dinner some weekend. You must act like a gentleman, treat me like a lady. No fawning or adoration in your eyes."

"I don't understand. I'm an adult. I can see who I please."

"We'll do it my way. Look at me and push your cock between my feet, get ready."

He does and I hold his eyes until they go misty.

"You must obey me, Harold. That's the only way this relationship will work. Do you understand?"

He nods, pistons his hips on the glove of my feet.

"Then this will be your first test. After you cum I want you to lick my feet clean of your discharge."

"I can't do that," he whispers, lowering his eyes.

I pull my feet away, sit forward, take his chin in my hands. "Then finish yourself with your hand. I'll watch."

He hangs his head, says nothing. I drum my toes on the carpet. Slowly he raises his head, eyes confused, face contorted. "Please ..."

I lean back, put my feet on his cock, give him some encouragement. A moment passes, then his hips start rocking forward in the glove of my feet.

"That's it, baby. Cum for me. Show me how much you want me."

He's really going at it now, holding my feet. His hips piston quickly and seminal fluid lubricates the soles of my feet.

"Cum now, Harold."

It takes only a few brief moments before he climaxes, shoots all over my feet. He jerks spasmodically as he kneels and releases a plentiful load.

Harold falls back on his haunches, watches as I rub my feet together. I look at him, hold his eyes as I raise my feet to his face and nod.

He sits, eyes downcast.

"Do it, honey. Show me. It will make me all wet between the legs. Lick your semen from my feet and a whole new world of sexuality will open to us. This is just the beginning ..."

A long uncomfortable silence ensues and I wonder if I've miscalculated. It isn't an easy thing to make a male do it the first time. There are a few— *only a few* - who won't do it.

My feet in his face, the cum cooling, I wait, feel the wetness and the spasms stirring my vagina, hardening my nipples. I want his face between my legs but that will have to wait. He will have to earn that distinct privilege.

Harold slowly raises his head, catches my eye. I nod and smile. "I want you to do it, darling."

He looks at my besmirched feet.

I push my soles on his face. He doesn't draw away. After a moment I feel his tongue on my feet. I sigh, watch as he licks his semen from my feet. When it's over I gather him in my arms, push my tongue into his mouth, taste

Harold's first offering.

Before I leave that evening I present him with the panties I wore that day, tell him what to do.

The old lady is remarkable, ancient. I'm not sure of her age. She's been using herbs and vitamins for years, keeps abreast of all the latest developments in herbal treatment. Harold is along and I can sense he's uncomfortable coming down here with me to this place. It's not the herbalist shop but where it is; the Barrows. The street is little more than an alley and on each side are quaint little shops, secondhand clothing stores, antique shops and used book stores.

It is almost like going back in time.

I called ahead and the old lady has the package ready. The labels are special, misleading to say the least. The Cytherea Coterie is one of her best customers and she knows what we're up to, how we do it. When we came in the shop she took one look at Harold and nodded, brought the package out from under the counter.

I tell Harold once again about the herbs and vitamins. He's doubtful but will follow my lead. He doesn't need to tell his mother he's taking them. In fact, it would be best if she didn't know. He doesn't think he's that sickly. I point out his pale skin, that he's a little overweight, that in time he'll notice the changes, feel healthier.

We meet Chloe Sternman at an outside cafe for lunch. With her is a pretty progeny of the coterie. She's very attractive and Harold hasn't a clue. He can't take his eyes off her. Her name is Laila Lampkin and she hasn't been in the city that long. Long blond hair and skin to die for, slim breasts and nice legs revealed in a summery skirt, feet in sandals, she is the picture of femininity.

I look at Harold, feel a little discouraged. He's a long way to go. Looking at the pretty Laila, I wonder about my charge, whether his transition will be satisfactory.

Chloe and I smoke cigars, sip wine as the four of us enjoy salmon sandwiches and artichoke salad. Harold is very attentive of Laila and he sneaks looks at me but I pretend to ignore his enchantment with Laila. I

vaguely remember meeting the robust woman who turned Laila into this pretty young woman. Aurora something or other. Chloe refreshes my memory; Aurora Spillane. Yes, she lives some distance from the city and happened upon this lovely creature while shopping an antique store downstate. Of course Laila was a shy young man at the time, reserved and in his aunt's charge. Aurora wasted no time in turning Layton into a lovely young lady, giving her the name of Laila.

There is something about her, those pensive blue-grey eyes. There is a sadness there which is hard to define. It's not just that Laila's reserved. It's something deeper. Something in her heart. Almost as if she's lost someone dear to her. I sense a deep melancholy in this pretty girl, something unfulfilled.

Chloe explains some of it. Something about another girl that belonged to Aurora Spillane who met a tragic end. Apparently Laila is in the city looking for some man. A bad, very dark man who's done something very terrible. Chloe is helping her.

I wonder what chances this pretty girl will have against this bad man if ever she finds him.

We linger over lunch. When I put my hand on Harold's knee under the table he jumps like a scared cat. He's probably entertaining sexual fantasies about the lovely Laila. It's not a stretch to picture him on his knees, caressing her legs, kissing her thighs and . . . discovering the lump in her panties, taking it in his mouth while I watch.

I squeeze my legs together, very much aware of the wetness in my panties.

We are in my apartment and Harold is naked while I am dressed like a fern fatale; black backseam stockings and matching garter belt, slim breasts free, feet in skyscraper patent leather pumps. Harold has just finished worshipping my feet, sucking my toes through the nylon, rubbing his stiffy on my feet, leaving a residue of seminal fluid.

I've explained to him that some women ejaculate similar to men, that it is plentiful and extremely exciting when it happens, albeit infrequently. He doesn't really understand but he will in time, as well as discovering the addictive taste of his own semen.

The forbidden fruit of sperm.

He kneels with his arms crossed over his chest, tweaking his little nipples, while I pace in front of him. His eyes are misty with lust. I run fingers through my dripping vagina, smear them on his cheeks and lips.

"Do you know how lucky you are Harold?"

"Lucky?"

"To be here at my feet, to look upon my long legs and beautiful body?"

"I love you, Guinevere. I want to marry you."

"Your mother wouldn't approve." I stand over him and he tries to kiss my pussy. I push him away, strong enough to sit him back on his haunches. "Don't take liberties without my express permission."

"I'm sorry."

"Yes, Harold, you are sorry. Not only for trying to take liberties but for thinking that you could please me with that pitiful appendage of yours."

He drops his eyes, looks at it, hard and jutting. "It's not that small," he defends in soft voice.

"Hah! How do you know? Have you gone around comparing men's cocks?"

"No, of course not. I could please you, Guinevere, if you'd just give me a chance," he says, desperation evident in his voice.

I turn my back to him, look over my shoulder. "Keep playing with your nipples, dear. Doesn't it feel good?" He nods. "I think I'm putting on a little weight in my ass."

He looks, shakes his head. "No, it's fine. I like it."

"We're getting somewhere, Harold. Before you get to put your face in my pussy I want your hps here." I run my hand between my cheeks, watch his eyes grow bigger.

"You want me to kiss... you *there*?' Incredulous.

"Only if you want to be with me." I bend at the waist, move my butt closer to his face. "Remember the panties I gave you?"

"Panties?"

"Yes. Don't play stupid. When we had our first encounter at your mother's house."

"Oh, yes," he says as if he'd forgotten. "If you marry me that house will be yours. It's too much for mother to keep up. Even with maids and cleaning people. Besides, she's old fashioned, doesn't like servants, things like that. Especially now that she's ..."

"That she's what?" I prompt.

"Sick. I think she's sick."

"What from?" I turn around, run fingers through his hair.

"I don't know. She won't tell me. But she's worried."

"Hmm. I hope it's not serious. I like your mother. She's a strong woman, has been through a lot." I run a finger through my vulva, find his mouth, whisper for him to suck my juices.

Harold nurses on my finger and I subtly move it in and out. I turn around, present him my buttocks. "Kiss." He does. "Lick my cheeks, dear." He obeys. "Run your hands along my stocking legs as you kiss and lick. Doesn't it feel good - my stockings I mean?" He nods and plants soft kisses on my cheeks as his hands run up and down on my legs.

"About my panties?"

"Yes, I have them," he says.

"You haven't soiled them?"

"Soiled them?"

"Don't be coy with me you little pervert. Did you jack off in them?"

"No!"

"Hmph. Have you tried them on, slept in them?"

"No, of course not."

"It would please me if I knew when we were apart that you were wearing my panties."

"Really?"

"Yes, it would make us somehow closer."

"Is that what you want me to do, wear your panties?"

"Yes, if you don't mind too much. My soiled panties. Would you do that for me, hmm?"

"Yes. I'd do anything for you, Guinevere. You know that."

"We shall see. You mother, she doesn't check on you at night after you've gone to bed?"

"No, I'm an adult."

"She's so protective. It wouldn't do if she caught you wearing panties."

"I'll be careful."

"Do you like my ass, Harold?"

"Yes. I like everything about you."

"Good. Don't move. I'll be right back."

I come back, show him the ivory-colored phallus. It's smooth, the blunt end suggests a circumcised penis.

"I'll use this on myself while you put your tongue up my ass. Don't look so surprised, sweetie. You said you'd do anything for me. And Harold, *dear*, this is just the beginning. I'll fuck myself with my little friend." I wave it in his face. "See, it's a little bigger than that thing between your legs." I insert it inside me, work it in and out. He watches, eyes wide in wonder.

"Let's go over to the chair. I'll lean on it and you can position yourself behind me, pleasure my ass, run your hands along my legs." I pause, catch his eye. "Do you understand what's required of you, Harold?" He nods. "This will help me with my ejaculation."

We position ourselves and he goes right to it, licking the crevice of my ass. I push my little ivory-colored friend inside of me, give whispered instructions. It takes a while but his tongue pushes into my rosebud. I tell him to hold that position and squirm on his tongue.

It does bring immense pleasure, having your asshole reamed by a devoted tongue.

I work on myself while he tongue-fucks my ass.

It takes a little while but I feel my juices churning, work the phallus faster and faster into my pussy.

When I think I'm ready, I knot my fist in his hair, drag him over to the couch, sit and prop my pumps on the edge of the cushion. I place his head high on my thigh as I use the phallus. I'm holding my lips open, looking at him, the lust evident in his eyes.

It takes longer than I expect but I'm finally there.

I withdraw the phallus, now slippery from my essence, swipe it across his face.

Harold remains still. I want to put it in his mouth, make him suck it but it's too late for that.

/ am there!

I pull him to my pussy and shoot over his face, a stream not unlike that of urine, only it is opaque and slick.

"Open your mouth!"

He obeys and I hit the target, almost fill his mouth with my ejaculate. He swallows and I complete the rare event, dribbling over his cheeks and chin.

"Lick me clean, you little bitch."