

# Women on Top

An anthology of erotica

Featuring Dr. J, Paige Fieldsted, Scarlett Stone, RG  
Kerr, & Dane Luxembre

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## **Women on Top**

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# 1 “Topping You” by Dr. J

“How did you learn about our services, Mr. Lewis?” asked the intake clerk.

“A friend, Roland George, gave me your number. He told me you served him well, and your practices are unprecedented and discrete.” Dane Lewis’s tone was smooth and businesslike, the voice of an efficient and confident entrepreneur.

“We strive for happy customers. If you choose to retain our firm, we begin with a face to face interview to give us a sense of who you are and what you want. From there we will create the fantasy—if you will.” The neutral voice on the phone was devoid of sexuality, but Roland assured him it would be worth the considerable sum she had quoted. Roland knew what he needed and why. By the end of the call, he scheduled an interview.

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“Mr. Lewis, please come in, won’t you? My name is Annette Lyons. I’ll gather your specifications, create a scenario, and discuss the type of partners you want.”

“That sounds formulaic. Not sure it’s what I am looking for.” His eyes searched the room, assessing the nature of the operation. Behind his interviewer, a large window mirrored his reflection—that detail intrigued him.

“You realize we provide individual sexuality services, correct?”

“Yes, but I’m unclear what you mean regarding specifications.”

“For starters, what type of person and what sorts of activities arouse you? Are you turned on by physical, psychological, and the emotional?”

“What I am looking for is a particular package.”

“How so?”

“I want a female who can run me like I run my businesses, hardnosed and flawless. She must give me what I want even when I don’t know I want it.”

“Oh.”

“I want a woman who is in charge of my experience physically, mentally, AND emotionally. Do you have someone tough enough and talented enough to pull that off?”

“Yes, we do. We supply that.”

Mr. Lewis leaned toward her with his eyes narrowed.

“I want your lady to grab me by my balls, literally and figuratively. Let me be clear, I am not the slightest bit interested in pain. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Flustered, Ms. Lyons blinked her eyes several times attempting to gain control.

“And I don’t want to be her instructor. She has to know how to get me off. It will be up to her to orchestrate it all from on top.” He hadn’t found a woman who could keep him sexually aroused and gave him what he wanted since Annika left. He missed her, and he needed to get her out of his head.

“Yes, sir.”

“Any woman can sit on my lap and fuck me, but I want to know she’s the backbone of our fucking because she’s calling all the shots, and whatever we are doing is so good, I’ll want to go along.” Mr. Lewis sat back with his hands clasped.

“And a scenario?”

“That, Ms. Lyons, is entirely up to her. By paying your exorbitant fee, I place my pleasure squarely in the hands of your firm.”

The phone buzzed on her desk. “Pardon me, a moment.” She picked up the receiver. “Lyons, speaking. I can do that. Yes, I will take care of it. Thank you.”

“Mr. Lewis, your desires are clear. I’ll take care of crafting the details of this experience for you. You will receive a confirmation email upon the scheduling of your event. Before you leave, I have one more item of business.”

“Yes?”

“I need to photograph your body, naked.”

“Is that so?”

“We want a record of your body’s appearance in case there is any question after your session— an insurance policy so to speak.”

“You’re saying, no photographs, no service?”

“That would be an accurate statement.”

“You intend to do that now?”

“If you don’t mind.”

Dane Lewis stood and slipped off his dress shoes while Ms. Lyons came around the desk with her camera phone. He unbuttoned his dress shirt and unfastened the cuff links before removing the shirt. He sensed that his little strip tease was generating some response from Ms. Lyons and was amused and pleased that when he stepped out of his trousers in full commando, his cock was erect, and he smelled arousal in the air.

“Shall I pose?” he said in a teasing voice.

“Uh, no. I just need front and back pictures.” She clicked a picture of him and his erection. “Turn, please.” His tight ass became the focal point. Two sounds caught his attention. A tiny moan escaped from Ms. Lyons, and then a sound like a chair moved and scraped behind the window.

“All done, sir. Please check your email. I’ll move quickly to satisfy your request. You can dress now.”

“Thank you, Ms. Lyons. I await your product.”

Glad that his body confirmed it was on board with the project, he dressed in front of the window and stroked his penis. The phone buzzed twice interrupting him, or he would have masturbated in the office. He zipped up, dressed, and left the room.

Forty-eight hours later, the email sat in Dane’s inbox. It indicated a text message would be sent to him the next day.

The following noon, the text arrived. "Tonight. 7 pm Le Coeur Lounge. Fountainhead Hotel."

The location surprised him, upscale and pricey. It was the type of place he would have chosen.

Nearing seven o'clock, outfitted in a tailored Italian suit, he approached the bar. The bartender stepped over, "What's your pleasure?"

He chuckled. "I don't know yet, but it'll start with a whiskey, neat."

Women passed him and smiled. He returned their smiles while he listened to the jazz. Halfway through his drink, a clean, lavender scent drifted into his space from behind. It held power, of the conquering female variety.

A hand landed on his shoulder and a soft face pressed against his ear. "I'll take one of those."

The southern lilt that touched his ear was an unexpected but pleasant component. He turned slowly so as not to appear eager, as the woman slid into the barstool next to him.

"You were enjoying the jazz?"

Quite pleased with his view, the red dress showcased a bounty of female charms; he motioned the bartender for another drink. "I was. I appreciate the collaboration aspect."

"Tell me more."

"Improvisation is a conversation."

"Like we're having?"

"No." She looked perplexed. "I'm counting on the fact you have improvised nothing. Therefore, for me, the first time we play will be very alive."

"So you equate music to sex?"

"They are both conversations."

"I'm Nicole Henning, in charge of giving you a conversation full of pleasure."

"Please, call me Dane."

"Unzip your pants, Dane."

"No foreplay?"

"My dear, this is foreplay."

After he had unzipped, Nicole inched her hand in the open space. Dane looked at her as she stroked him hidden under the bar ledge. She expressed outright satisfaction. He continued to enjoy

the music and her hand. A couple sat to his left. Nicole dropped her head to his shoulder.

“I’ve arranged for them to play with us.”

Nicole looked around Dane and made eye contact with the man. So close, Dane watched her tongue circle her lips and dart her eyes to his lap as she pushed him back in the chair. The man glanced downward and nudged his companion, who stole a glimpse. With her gaze affixed on Nicole’s hand in Dane’s tented slacks, she bit her bottom lip. Her eyes met Nicole’s and she grinned.

“Join us upstairs in an hour.” Nicole slid a room keycard across the bar top to the woman. They smiled and nodded at Dane. His erection got harder at the idea. Nicole repositioned it and zipped his fly.

“It’s time. Bartender, please put our drinks on the room tab, room 469.” She waved to the couple, and they left the bar for the elevator.

“You don’t think you’re enough?” Dane nodded toward the couple.

“Oh, Dane, you misunderstand. They serve at my pleasure.”

They stepped into an empty elevator car. Dane admired Nicole’s clingy dress with a slit sitting off center to the inside of her thigh. It enticed him because it was bold. Who wore a slit up the front? After the elevator doors had closed, he ignored his natural inclination to pull her close as he awaited Nicole’s plans.

“Dane, drop to your knee and tongue your way up the slit in my dress.”

Yes. It is getting interesting. Dane squatted. His companion’s delicate ankles and toned legs invited him. His hand touched her skin followed by his lips. Her silkiness surprised him while the light, floral fragrance drew him in. His tongue dabbed, licked, and swirled in the little space of skin between the slit and progressed up her thigh. Nicole gave a small gasp as he moved closer to the top of the slit, near female gold.

“Touch my wetness.”

His fingers followed her thigh into the space between her legs, no panties. He stroked her delicate lips and inhaled the scent of female essence. The elevator rang for the door to open and he rose, readjusting his cock as if he did this every day. So far she fascinated him like Annika had, and that kept him hard.



Stepping out of the elevator, she retrieved a keycard from her bra and opened the door to the suite. The stunning city view greeted them. A single chair faced the skyline. Nicole motioned to the armchair. "Take a seat, Dane."

He removed his suit coat, placed it on the back of the couch and sat.

"Your tongue is intimately acquainted with my thigh; now it's time for it to get acquainted with my sex. Nicole stood in front of him and wiggled the fitted dress to her waist. She had a beautiful female frame and her lovely, bare sex glistened, highlighted with a jeweled piercing. She propped her leg on the arm of the chair affording him a better look.

"Begin with long strokes. I want to see what you've got, your capabilities."

What I've got? My capabilities? I'll show her a thing or two. With her heel height and his seated position in the chair, mouth to pussy contact was flawless. Her wet, bare skin on his tongue tantalized. The sound of his teeth on her piercing enticed him. He held her ass, and his head nodded with each stroke.

"Suck on the outer lip and then pull it in your mouth." He moved across her like he played harmonica and she wailed. His cock knocked hard on his zipper.

"Oh, you are good. Attend to my inner lips that way."

He hummed knowing the vibration would reach her clit. The maneuver caused her to wobble, and she broke contact then stepped away from him. He craved the next step, her clit in his mouth.

"Dane, disrobe, please."

"Well, it's about time."

He stood, loosened his tie and pulled it over his head before he unbuttoned his shirt and slipped out of his shoes. Nicole's naked ass displayed to the world heated him up. While he unbuckled his belt, she pushed her manicured fingers across her vulva and into the wet space where his tongue had been. A case of clumsiness hit him trying to get his pants down. Dane snagged his erection on his pants' zipper, and he chuckled at his excitement. He appreciated the erotic image of the two of them, naked, in front of the window. She rubbed her wet hand across her swollen flesh. He sucked in air and admitted to himself she knew how to drive him crazy.

“I prefer my men slick, Dane. Let’s head to the bathroom, grab your necktie.”

“My necktie?”

Nicole walked in front of him and pulled her dress zipper down. She stepped out of the dress, never missing a beat. He matched her pace and wanted to sink his teeth into her luscious round ass. She unclipped her bra and dropped it on the floor. When they reached the large bathroom, he viewed a table.

“Hop up here, Dane, and lay down. Put your hands over your head and close your eyes.” With her light touch on his wrist and soft breasts nestled in his face, he sighed. Nicole wrapped the fabric of his necktie on his wrists and bound him. As he attempted to move, he discovered she anchored him in place.

“What are you doing Nicole?”

“Trust me Dane I planned everything, just like you wanted.”

She ran water and wet a towel in the sink. Then she placed the heated fabric across his balls.

“You must be very still now. It’s been a while since I’ve used the straight razor but it does give the best shave.” She tested his resolve. Tied to a wall, naked on a table, hot towels on his genitals and an unknown, commanding woman wielded a straight razor. This event was a real fantasy, and it stirred him.

“I am pleased you use a straight razor as part of your repertoire.”

“I have many things in my repertoire.”

Before she mixed up the shaving cream, she took scissors and snipped his pubic hair close to the skin. She tugged it, here and there, and his reaction surprised him. Never had attention to pubic hair been erotic. Bound to the table, his penis was a metal rod. His heart rate skyrocketed. When he licked his lips, her taste was there. Her scent lodged in his nostrils and completed the arousing sensations. He was all present; everything else fell away. It was what he craved, another person in charge of everything, like Annika used to do.

“Do you trust strangers?”

“Only the ones I pay a hefty fee.”

She slathered shaving soap on his balls. Securely holding them, she gently scraped the blade up and whisked away the hair. With every up stroke, he held his breath. It unnerved him to have a blade on his testicles and around his penis. At that moment, a new world

emerged, as he had hoped. She presented him an edge, literally and figuratively. Her actions sexually charged him.

“Relax; imagine me testing the smoothness after the shave. I must give you a tongue-worthy job.” With even steady strokes, she moved across his genitals until he was hairless.

“Begin now if you want. My cock would love to feel your mouth on it.”

“I’m sure it would, but I have other plans.”

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

“I believe our playmates have arrived.”

Nicole left to greet them. Dane considered his reality and got even hotter.

“Dane, meet Darius and Tanya. Dane is our honored guest.”

As quick as Nicole uttered those words, both of them removed their clothes.

“Tanya, Dane loves to see a woman masturbate. Hop on the table and stand over him, so he has an excellent display of female pleasuring.”

“Yes, show me what you’ve got, Tanya.”

She moved up on the table. Her feet straddled Dane’s waist, and she rubbed her breasts and pussy. Focused on the outstanding view, he savored the towel wipe down. It slipped across his skin with ease.

“Dane, it is time for my work to be tested.”

“And I’m ready for you to test it.”

Tanya stepped away from his waist and rested her heels beside his neck, and they touched the top of his shoulders. She dipped lower, so her pussy hovered over his face. As her musky scent hit his nose, a warm, robust tongue lapped up his balls. It awakened his bare skin, and the relentless tongue worked him. Lost in the sensations, it confused him when Nicole came by his head to watch Tanya’s show. He lifted his torso and pulled on his bound wrists.

“What? It’s not you licking me?” His words moved into a moan as Darius took Dane’s full erection into his mouth. Never had a man touched him before but it didn’t matter because it was good. With these skills, he had arrived in pleasure land. If he thought this was the height of desire, he was wrong. Nicole motioned for Tanya to bend down to her and Nicole kissed her while squeezing both breasts. Tanya’s wet pussy landed on his chest; her fingers thumped him as she worked on her clit. The feelings were

insanely superb, decadent, lustful and beyond what he had hoped. Darius gave head, fierce and intense, unlike any female he had experienced. When Tanya ground into his chest, her orgasm was close. Between experiencing his physical sensations and watching Nicole sucking on Tanya's nipples, Dane erupted. His hips rolled back and forth on the table while his chest and tied hands anchored the top part of his body down.

"Dane, are you feeling it? Not too much?" She smirked, and his breathing stammered as his heart rate began to slow.

"No such thing as too much."

"I'll remember you said that. Let's give your arms a rest. Enjoy the show."

She untied his wrists, and he rubbed them. To his right, Nicole sat in a chair with Darius on one side, Tanya, the other. Nicole commanded with her eye movements. Both Darius and Tanya took a nipple. They each twisted it hard, and Dane saw pleasure shoot through Nicole. Their tongues went to work. Dane's rest period ended. He rolled on his side to watch the wickedness. Three naked bodies, within inches of him, awakened his blood flow. As their four hands stroked on Nicole's stomach and down her thighs, he remembered how the texture of her skin felt. They dipped their hands between her legs and from her sounds they had inserted their fingers inside her. He closed his eyes to savor the taste and touch he had experienced.

"Dane, keep those eyes open."

With a snap of her fingers, they all stood, and Darius took the chair. Taking turns, each woman lowered her mouth on his penis.

"You know how good this feels, don't you Dane?"

"Indeed I do."

"Come join us."

Dane and his massive erection scooted off the table. His balls were full and pulled close to his body.

"Kneel here close so you've got a good view."

Tanya and Nicole were to the sides of Darius, which placed Dane at his feet. Darius spread his legs, so Dane had room between them. He watched the women hold his thighs apart as they continued alternating their mouths on his penis. When they knew Darius was close, they stopped. Dane ached for him. After they stalled his orgasm four times, Dane couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed Darius's cock and tongued around the head. The taste was unfami-

liar, but Dane didn't care. He focused on stopping the suffering and releasing this orgasm. Dane was a man who knew what he liked.

"Darius, tell me what you want."

Darius looked to Nicole. She nodded her head.

"Play with my balls, too, Dane. Suck them into your mouth."

Licking down his cock, he sucked on the ball sac and pulled a testicle inside with his lips. He used his tongue to caress it while holding it there.

"That's it, Dane. Get it buddy."

Listening to the encouraging words, Dane was surprised when a hand circled his cock, and two fingers stroked close under the crown. He was stunned when a slick finger rubbed his perineum up to his asshole.

"Oh, Dane, you look good sucking off Darius. Done it before?"

He shook his head; she knew the answer.

Darius was on the edge, and Dane was not going to let him get cut off this time. He closed his eyes. His mouth was on Darius; one woman had his cock, the other his ass. He was totally sensation, as was Darius.

"I'm coming, Dane."

Dane continued his up and down motion on Darius while Darius kept his head positioned where he wanted it. Now, Dane understood the feeling of being held down and he surrendered into it. They were one. It was impossible to tell who gave or who received. He struggled to take in the cum, swallowed fast, and his orgasm ripped through him. The tight fist on his erection delivered the hardest orgasm he had ever experienced while the finger on his asshole assured him of things to come.

Warm lips kissed his shoulders, and two hands raked through his hair. The powerful contractions for both men subsided. When the penis softened in his mouth, Dane let it slip out and he pulled himself up straight on his knees. They made a telling foursome. His mind exploded with an array of variations on their sex theme. He had an enormous sexual appetite, and Nicole doled out the perfect proportions.

"Why Dane, were you moved?"

"You were killing Darius. I had to give him some relief."

"Oh, and it had nothing to do with what you wanted?"

“Ok. Nicole, you met one of my criteria. The situation moved me to participate.”

“Good, I’ll see what else I can accommodate.”

“Why are you the one giving permission for either of them to speak?”

“It’s one of the perks of my job.”

“Relish that control, do you?” He winked at her.

“You have no idea. Now, Dane, for your continued pleasure, we’ll bathe you and then provide a full body massage.”

Tanya and Darius headed to the shower, Nicole and Dane followed. The large space featured a rain shower head with jet sprays in the walls. Eucalyptus lingered in the air; a peaceful rainforest enveloped him. He chuckled. He was in a human car wash.

Darius handed him a sponge. They played wiping each other down, lathering up, and rinsing their bodies. When he stepped out of the shower, the three dried him and wrapped him in a warm blanket. He lay on the table, and they arranged the blanket around him. In that cozy, relaxed, and spent state he dozed off.

Dane awoke to the ultimate collaboration on his body, hands lots of hands on him. It was magical. His nap energized him. All systems were a go, and it excited him to see what was next. After a front and back massage, he was enthusiastic for the next installment.

“Dane, are you among the living?”

“Yes, Nicole and all set for more.”

“Excellent. We specialize in more.”

They helped him off the table and walked into the bedroom. A king sized bed awaited them. He craved what he didn’t even know. Damn. She had pulled it off. She met another one of his criteria.

“Dane lay on this side of the bed. Darius, take your position.”

Dane looked around to see what that position was. Darius lay beside him with a gap between their bodies, and they pointed in the opposite directions.

“Nicole, you sure are creative.”

“Ever done a 4-69 Dane?”

“A what?”

“It’s similar to the 69 position, but it connects four people together.”

“You don’t say?”

“I’m going to suck your cock while Darius eats my pussy. You are going to eat Tanya’s pussy while she sucks Darius. Four points of connection. 4-69.”

Dane’s arousal had reached levels he had never experienced before. Nicole and Tanya got on their knees beside their assigned cocks.

“When you are so moved, Dane, join in.” While he was impressed with the work Darius did on his erection, he savored the technique that Nicole used. He was glad she had shaved him; tender skin made her touch more intense. Her soft hand stroked his cock. She licked up and down like he was a lollipop. She must have been a cat in a past life because she had perfected licking skills. She jiggled his balls and lapped up his ball sac.

Nicole primed him for pleasuring Tanya. Her slick folds and tiny ass bud were mere inches from his face. Yes, exactly what I wanted. He brought his hands to her ass cheeks and massaged. He pulled her back a bit, and she repositioned herself for access to Darius.

“Nicole, tell Tanya I want her to sit on my face.” She snapped her fingers, and Dane found himself covered between lips and cheeks. Nicole created a steady rhythm on his cock, and he wagged his tongue in Tanya’s vulva crevice. Her juices were plentiful and tasty. He rolled his tongue around and tickled her asshole and her clit. She squirmed on his face, and he loved it. He pushed her ass cheeks together and sucked from her asshole to her clit and back. His nose plowed through her sex, and he sucked her labia into his mouth.

Moans of pleasure from each of them filled the room. They could have recorded the soundtrack for an XXX porn film. Nicole worked him harder, and he vibrated his tongue into Tanya’s sexy tight holes.

An energy exchange shot through the four of them, circularly. Nicole was a master at stop and start, too. When she stopped on him, he gave it to Tanya harder as if he could reach his climax through her. Darius had to be doing the same because when Nicole thrust her mouth back on him, the intensity with which she sucked was off the charts good. This moment was the moment he wanted to remember. Immersion in sexual energy, his desires translated into creation by a woman who commanded the assets of her body, her mind, and her emotions.

“This isn’t how you are going to orgasm, Dane.”

He lifted Tanya off his face. “What? No. Your mouth feels too perfect.”

She moved around him on the bed, straddled him and eased his cock inside her. For the first time, she deep kissed him. He tasted himself on her lips and tongue. He pulled his knees up to her back to bring her closer, and it moved him right into her last part of her plan. Hands pushed on his knees back toward Nicole, and someone smeared lube on his asshole. Oh God, is Darius going to fuck me, too? His body’s rocking motion matched Nicole’s movement on his erection. He heard a whirring sound and then a vibration under his testicles. An electric-like current continued south toward his asshole.

He stared into Nicole’s eyes, the on-top manager of this entire production. She licked his mouth.

“You didn’t believe I would be a sure thing, did you?”

“No, but I think I met my match.”

“This will be the best part for you. Imagine that my fingers stroke your ass, while my mouth devours your cock.”

“That’s no longer imagination; it is a reality.”

“My cunt is taking your cock.”

“You have it. You own my cock.”

“Now I will own your ass.”

As the vibrating tip entered his asshole, he stopped breathing.

“Blow your breath out, push out your anus, and relax. Concentrate on the pleasure you know; you’ve experienced. Let your entire body be your cock, mouth, and asshole feeling all the pleasurable sensations.”

She inserted her tongue in his mouth, and when his touched hers, she sucked it hard. He wrapped his arms tight around her back, drawing her as close as possible. She changed the stroke on him so that the anal probe went in every time she came up. She rode him like a saddle. The vibration stirred him, and when the probe stroked his prostate, he was pretty sure his body would break open in a pleasure burst, like a whacked piñata. Hands pushed and pulled his ass cheeks. The probe whirred and massaged his asshole and filled him up. Nicole’s cunt clamped his cock and at that moment, the woman on top had won. He was all contractions and orgasm. He spurted every ounce of bodily fluid out of him. They



were all one body, his. They were all pleasure, his. They were all one mind, his.

When he made it back to a resting state, everyone shifted on the bed. The four of them spooned together, Darius, Tanya, him and Nicole and he fell into a blissful sleep.

When he woke it was morning, and he was alone in the king bed. He rolled over and repositioned a pillow under his head. It was the first morning the pain in his chest had lessened since losing Annika. The faint scent of the four of them lingered. He lay there and marveled at the past evening. He checked the clock and decided to shower then head home. In the bathroom, he replayed every scene and masturbated one more time enjoying the new video in his mind.

Dressed, he gathered his personal belongings. By his suitcoat and phone, he saw a business card. He picked it up and laughed. "Topping You-Let Me Count the Ways." Having a woman on top again would indeed be a very pleasurable pastime.

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Two weeks later, he checked his schedule and saw his follow-up appointment with Annette Lyons. It was today at 4:30 pm.

He arrived on time for the appointment and wondered what it would entail. Ms. Lyons ushered him into the same office where his event had started.

"Hello, Mr. Lewis. We would like to get feedback on our service and your satisfaction level. We always aim to improve."

"Thank you, Ms. Lyons. I am 100% satisfied with the event provided me. Ms. Henning's product and service were impeccable."

"Excellent. That's what we wished to hear. I hope you will consider us for our sexual amenities once more."

"You can count on that."

"Any suggestions or comments to pass along?"

Dane stood and looked into the glass window.

"Would you tell Ms. Henning that I imagine a new scenario, one that's detailed with her in mind?"

"I'll pass that along."

After Dane had left, Annette walked into the CEO's office.

"Did you get all that, Nicole?"

"I did."

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