

Bully Disciplined

Faye Valentine

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A rhythmic beat thumped through the walls of Club Vine in a cacophony of precisely timed claps of thunder, drowning out both conversation and thought from those dancing and sitting below. It was a packed house as always while outside a line comprised of the less desirables – those that did not meet the club’s strict combination of fashion and sex appeal, formed around the two story brick building.

Though it was billed as a dance club and not one for swingers, it did not stop many a patron from doing the deed in whatever dark corner they were able to find. Hannah Carmichael walked across the dance floor as if she owned the place – something that was true in only the broadest sense of the word. Her uncle David owned the club, and by right of association, that meant she did as well.

Tall, lithe, and raven-haired, Hannah was dressed in her skimpiest little black dress and strappy heels. She walked to the darkest corner of the club and took a seat at the small table and waited. It was an unwritten rule at Club Vine that whomever lurks in the shadows is looking for a good time, and Hannah was in the deepest of them.

Lisa – a petite blonde of twenty-three, approached the corner where Hannah had just taken seat. She had been watching the beautiful, domineering woman since she walked through the doors an hour ago and waited patiently for her to get into position. This wasn’t the first time she had sought out Hannah’s attention and no matter what happened tonight, it would not be her last.

Standing now in front of the woman of her desires, Lisa sank to her knees and looked up at Hannah through hopeful blue eyes. She had already been turned away on several occasions in the past for poor performance, but she had been practicing with her roommate Carol and hoped tonight would be the night she claimed her prize.

“You again?” Hannah scoffed, looking down at Lisa as if she were a bug to be squished beneath her heel. “Haven’t you been humiliated enough?”

“I...I’ve b-been practicing,” Lisa stuttered.

“Obviously not your ability to talk,” Hannah laughed. “So, you think you have what it takes to get me off?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Lisa exclaimed emphatically. “I’ve been practicing a lot since last month. I’m able to bring my roommate off in minutes,” she boasted.

“I’m not your roommate now am I? You know the rules,” Hannah said lifting the hem of her dress up over her hips to give Lisa her fifth chance in as many months to bring her off. The rules of the game were simple and anyone could join. Each contestant was given ten minutes to give her an orgasm using only their mouth. Those that failed – 163 in the three years since she devised the game, were humiliated in front of the club and barred from participating for a month. Those that succeeded – zero to date, would be given the ultimate prize of her hand in marriage.

Despite having failed four times in the past, Lisa was optimistic about her chances. If nothing else, it gave her a chance to be close to the woman she had been obsessing over for months. Leaning in, placing her hands on her knees, she kissed her way up Hannah’s inner thighs and then kissed her on the clit hood. It was a new strategy that worked wonders on Carol, but then again her roommate was easy to please.

Lisa sucked Hannah’s inner labia into her mouth and nibbled on them between deep, penetrating licks. If only she could use her fingers, Lisa knew she could win the game, but she was still confident in her pussy eating abilities. She wasn’t even into women sexually until more

than two years after Hannah started playing the game. But after watching more than a hundred men and women fail to bring her off, she became obsessed. Despite the humiliation that awaited her, it was still worth it as every encounter brought her one step closer in discovering what really pushed Hannah Carmichael's buttons.

Pushing her tongue in deep while sucking on Hannah's growing clit, Lisa began to hum. It was another new tactic that got her roommate really hot and bothered as the humming caused vibrations akin to a vibrator that could be controlled by the speed and intensity of the humming.

"Mmmm, you have been working on your technique haven't you?" Hannah moaned. "You...you just might...win," she added, tightly gripping the arms of the chair as the orgasm began building up deep inside. Biting her lip to stop herself crying out, she turned her thoughts to darker things in the hope it would subside the growing torrent building within.

Encouraged by the high praise, Lisa redoubled her efforts and was rewarded with an increased flow of pussy juices that she eagerly lapped up. She could feel Hannah's thighs quivering, her pussy throbbing, and she knew she was on the verge of making history. Like a madwoman, she sucked and licked Hannah's sweet pussy with everything she had.

Despite her best efforts to ignore the building orgasm, Hannah knew she was on the verge of losing, so she did the last thing she could think of. Punching a few buttons on her phone, she set off the timer marking the end of the ten minutes. "T-time's up," she gasped. "Sorry sweetheart, better luck next time."

"Fucking hell," Lisa exclaimed, sitting back on the heels of her feet. "I swore I had more time than that!"

"You do," said a deep, commanding voice behind and to her left. "She stopped the time at eight minutes thirty-seven seconds," the man said looking down at the Rolex on his right wrist. "She cheated you."

"HOW DARE YOU!" Hannah screamed. "Who the hell do you think you are to call me a cheat!? I gave her ten minutes as I always do. It's not my fault she can't like a pussy for shit!"

"Looks like she was getting pretty damn close to bringing you off," the man smirked. "I'm assuming that's why you stopped the timer early."

"You mother fucker!" Lisa growled, angry at having been deceived. Pissed off, she reached out and rammed three fingers into Hannah's dripping wet pussy and hooked them upwards. "You're going to give me the time I deserve, or so help me god I'm going to ram my fucking fist in next!"

"Get your filthy fingers off of me!" Hannah yelled, placing her heeled foot on Lisa's chest and kicking her backwards. "You ever come near me again and I'll have you thrown in jail for assault!"

"You're a fucking lunatic!" Lisa yelled. "Assault? I'll fucking show you assault, you god damned bitch!" Standing up, she lunged at Hannah like a lion on a freshly killed gazelle. Grabbing a handful of Hannah's long black hair, she drew back a hand and slapped her hard across the face twice before the stunned woman could react.

Hannah kicked Lisa in the shin with her heel and slapped her in the face when she doubled over to grab her aching leg. "I'll have you locked away for the rest of your miserable life you stupid fucking cunt!" she yelled. By this time several club patrons were gathering closer to watch the action. "Do you know who I am? Do you know who my father is? He's the fucking Chief of Police!" she screamed, her face red with anger.

"She's right," the man calling the lie said "you're out of your fucking mind. Why don't you just take your lying ass elsewhere?"

“My uncle owns this club!” Hannah scoffed. “So why don’t *you* take your ass elsewhere? No one asked you to butt in!”

“And no one told you to lie about the game. What’s the matter, you frigid bitch, afraid of a little orgasm?”

“What the hell are you all looking at?” Hannah growled at the growing group of club patrons gathering around. “GET OUT! All of you, get out of here right now!”

To avoid further confrontation and risk of permanent ban, the group dispersed – many of them vowing to never return so long as Hannah was permitted on the premises. Lisa glared at the woman she thought she loved with more contempt than she had ever felt for another person. She knew she was getting close to winning the game. Knew deep down that she was cheated and that pissed her off more than anything.

“Go on,” the man holding her back said. “I’ll deal with her. And don’t worry about her father. She isn’t going to report this incident to anyone.”

“Thanks,” Lisa sighed. “I was so fucking close to making her orgasm. Thanks for showing me the type of person she really is.”

“No problem.”

“You just lied to that cunt,” Hannah said taking her phone from her purse. “I am going to call my father, and I am going to have her arrested for assault and a whole bunch of other things I can think of and there isn’t a damn thing you can do about it!”

“Really?” the man said reaching out and snagging the phone from Hannah’s hand. “Going to be hard making a phone call without a phone,” he said dropping the phone into the inside pocket of his jacket.”

“Who the fuck do you think you are!? Give me back my phone!”

“I’m sorry,” the man apologized. “You’re right, I’m being very rude. The name’s Rex Dalton,” he said holding out a hand that Hannah did not take. “And if you want your phone back then you’re going to have to play a game of my own.”