**Flames**

by[Cybotic](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=129104&page=submissions)©

Diane nervously watched the screen as she danced, waiting for her turn. She wasn't sure she really wanted to do this. But it was her birthday, and it was her habit to always give gifts to others on her birthday. Donations to charity, a car to her niece, books and games to the state prison. This would be no different, she told herself. There were needy people in nightclubs, too. And Flames catered to particular kinds of neediness.

She was here because she'd promised Inca she would do it. She had chickened out twice, but, Inca had made her put money on the line this time. If she didn't come out of here with the t-shirt and photograph, it would cost her a thousand dollars.

The screen lit up with the name "Athena," the name Diana had chosen for this event. It was her turn. She could still leave, but she had made it this far. Leaving her partner on the dance floor, Diana walked slowly to the girls' check-in counter. She handed her stub to the girl, verifying that she was indeed Athena, ready to do this thing.

Some girls, like Inca, came here every weekend, putting their names in multiple times. Inca even used her own name, a silly and foolish move most girls were too sensible to try. The management of Flames strongly recommended an alias to all participants.

Diana decided that Athena was strong, sexy, and fearless. Athena was not at all afraid of doing this. So it was Athena who followed the check-in girl to the back of the club. It was Athena who signed the release form, although she put the name "Diana" on the line. It was Athena who waved to the enthusiastically watching crowd. And it was Athena who knelt down on the padded bench.

There was a table over her head and an easy chair in front of her. The chair was elevated, on a higher platform than the rest of the club. The table was at a perfect height for it. The chair was specially constructed with a cutout section in the front of the seat. If someone were to sit in the chair, she would be kneeling right between his legs with her head conveniently at his crotch. Which was the whole point.

The check-in girl lowered the tablecloth behind Diana, giving her some privacy for the act she was about to perform. A light was turned on so she could see in her seclusion. Athena forgotten for the moment, Diana sighed in resignation.

This was going to happen. She would be more embarrassed to back out now than to go forward. A whore was a shameful thing, a sinful female who took money for sex. A slut was even worse, a dirty whore who didn't even get paid for her sins. But a tease, a slut who made filthy promises and then refused to follow through was worst of all. A wretch who failed to keep even a slut's promise had tossed away her last tattered scrap of stained honour.

These were old values that she tried not to believe anymore. Sex was not shameful. A girl who slept with multiple men was not shameful. A whore was somebody making a respectable living. There was no such thing as a slut. But it was harder to let go of those ideas than she had realized. And part of why she had let Inca talk her into this was to force herself to live beyond the old rules. Only by breaking the traditions could she be free of them.

She didn't have to wait long in her musing and soul-searching. A second check-in girl was bringing a man to the table. Diana didn't get to see his face. It was part of the thrill that the participants in this ritual be total strangers. But she heard the crowd cheering as he approached.

The special chair was on a track. It was pulled back so her new partner could sit down, then pushed forward again and locked so it wouldn't move while they interacted. Now it was up to Diana. This was it. This was why she was here. This was how she kept her thousand dollars.

But Diana couldn't do it. She had to force herself to forget everything she was. So it was Athena who reached out and unbuckled the man's belt, opened his pants, and pulled out his penis. He was only semi-hard, which surprised her. Surely the anticipation of what he was about to receive should have had an effect.

Boldly and proudly, Athena stroked the cock in front of her face, watching as it responded to her touch. She had never had a real opportunity to examine a penis so closely before. She had given handjobs and blowjobs and watched plenty of porn. But she had been in the throes of excitement in those moments. Now, she was unaroused, simply fulfilling a promise. With her blood cool and her heart steady, her rational, curious mind was free to study and examine.

It really was fascinating to see it grow longer and thicker under her touch. She knew, intellectually, that it was an involuntary response, hard wired into the male of the species, in reaction to both the feel of fingers sliding over the sensitive skin and to the knowledge that a female was nearby and willing.

Athena softly rubbed him up and down, encircling his now-swollen flesh. She leaned forward and sniffed at his balls. Not exactly a pleasant scent, but appropriate. When servicing a man's sexual needs, the acrid, sweaty odor was perfectly fitting, although it would be revolting in a less intimate setting.

She leaned forward and kissed the velvety skin. She poked her tongue out to moisten the spot where her lips had made contact. She blew gently on the wet spot and was rewarded with a low grunt from above. Smiling, reveling in that strange power that females have over males in such moments, Athena kissed and kissed and kissed again, leaving cool, sensitive dots here and there on the scrotum.

This was not a man to her. This was a cock and balls. They were toys for her to play with. At times, she knew, men saw women as little more than host for the pussy they craved. She had felt that uncomfortable dismissal as the valley between her legs became the most important part of her and everything else she was or might be was ignored. Now it was her turn.

She licked and sucked and nuzzled the balls while holding the cock firmly in position out of the way. She would give it plenty of attention in due time. But she was going to enjoy this moment of penile appreciation. She managed to get both testicles into her mouth and tickled them with her tongue. She pressed her lips to him and blew buzzing raspberries at the base of his cock and hummed "Love Me Tender" against the base of his sac.

Athena rubbed her entire face over the strange set of male genitals, trying to absorb the scent of them into her skin. There was precum oozing from the tip of the dick and she wiped it on her forehead and into her hair. A woman should smell like the man she's been with, Athena believed. He had a claim on her, in the most ancient and primitive way possible. Once he's spilled his seed into her, she belongs to him.

This man, whoever he was, had not yet spilled his seed, but Athena had every intention of making that happen. And while she was not going to open her womb to him, he was welcome to fill her mouth.

She was almost ready to accommodate his searching little swimmers, but she wanted her own scents and moisture to be a part of this as well. Athena unsnapped her jeans and slipped her hand into her panties. She fingered her pussy, deep-fucking herself and gathering the moisture. She had started this unaroused, but the very smell of dick and balls and cum had turned her on. She pulled her fingers free and rubbed the natural, feminine lubrication all over the head and shaft of the cock.

Then she pulled it down with her fingers and invited it into her mouth. She closed her lips over the mushroom tip and licked the oozing moisture, tasting both male and female arousal at once. He jumped at the sensation, but she paid it no mind. The guy was of no concern to her. The cock was why she was here.

Always before, Diana had regarded blowjobs as part of foreplay, or as a substitute for intercourse during that time of the month. But Athena was realizing that the blowjob could exist as its own act, important on its own and deserving of respect. The knowledge went both ways, of course. The next guy she was with was going to learn that her pussy occasionally needed a little worship. But right now, she needed to focus on her own assignment. She was here to suck a dick. Everything else could wait until later.

She took him deep down into the back of her mouth. She rubbed and tickled and teased and tortured with her tongue. She played with the dick, explored it, made herself familiar with every ridge and vein. Slowly, she moved backward, letting the cock slide out from her lips. Even slower, she moved forward again, taking as much of him as would fit in her mouth. She tried swallowing just the head of the cock. With her hands, she stroked the shaft and fondled the balls.

Carefully, she listened to the noises he was making as she sucked and stroked and licked. Grunts and moans, and some panting gasps. Diana's sister had taught her that the most important part of giving a blowjob was remembering that the man's entire body knows what's supposed to happen. His every biological system will work together to make that orgasm occur. All a girl has to do is pay attention and assist. The sounds he makes and his movements are not important in themselves. But when the motions and noises fall into a fast, regular, steady rhythm, you've found a pace that works for him and he's almost ready to pop.

One excellent sign that the man is in his final countdown, according to Diana's sister, is when he grabs the girl's head and takes control, fucking her face without mercy. But that was against the rules in Flames. Men who signed up for a "Flames Encounter" agreed to keep his hands to himself and up on the tabletop. It was entirely up to the girl how much contact she would allow.

Although Diana had seldom appreciated the art and skill of giving a good blowjob before, Athena was enjoying herself like never before. All too soon, her unseen partner settled into that automatic rhythm, panting and thrusting to an unheard, but inexorable biological drumbeat.

Athena reluctantly gave up her games and experiments. It was time to finish him off. She wrapped her lips tightly around the head of his cock, determined to keep firm hold no matter how he writhed and squirmed in his ecstasy. She pressed her tongue lightly to the underside, anticipating the fountain of cum about to burst forth. Athena was ready, poised to catch and taste every drop.

She stroked him with her hands, from head to base, switching off. Right hand, left hand, right hand, left hand, right hand, left hand, repeat. Always the same direction, always the same speed, always the same number of fingers. To the guy, she hoped, as he approached critical mass, it would feel like he was plunging his cock into a pussy that went on forever and ever and ever or into the deepest throat any man had ever dreamed of. In and in and in and in.

Diana had tried this technique once before, at the suggestion of an old boyfriend. She had been surprised and annoyed by the amount of cum he produced when she did it that way. But that was then, this was now. Athena wanted her unseen mouthfucker to have the best orgasm he'd ever had in his entire life. She wanted him to masturbate to the memory of her for the next thirty years.

And suddenly, it was happening. Her partner gave out a guttural yell and flooded Athena's mouth with fresh cum. She closed her eyes and concentrated on each spurt of semen shooting across her tongue. It went on forever, like he had been saving himself for this one event, denying every other opportunity to loose some cum into the world. She swabbed his cock with her tongue, inviting him to cum as much as he wanted, as much as he possibly could, to fill her face to overflowing if he could.

She wanted those questing sperms invading her mouth, searching for their target. She imagined she could feel them swimming around, doing laps on her tongue, chasing each other around her tonsils, playing hide and seek in her teeth. Poor little fuckers were trying so hard to find her eggs and fertilize them, but their destiny was going to be quite different. No babies would be conceived today. The little guys would provide protein and nutrients to Athena instead.

She sucked gently but greedily on the cock. It had been very generous. It had given her more cum than she'd ever had in her life. But she wanted more. Unfortunately, a man's penis grows unbearably sensitive after orgasm. He pulled himself free of her lips, almost standing in his desperation. And Athena had to acknowledge that it was over.

She debated what to do here, but there was only one choice really. A rude and uncouth girl might spit it out here on the kneeling bench as a nasty surprise for the next participant. A polite, but under-enthused girl might emerge from under the table and spit in the cup provided. That was Diana's first instinct. But she was Athena today.

She popped out from her kneeling place and puffed out her cheeks to demonstrate that her mouth was still full of cum. One of the check-in girls took her picture like that, then offered her the spit cup. She refused, preferring to hold it on her tongue for the moment.

Athena pointed at the t-shirt, and the girl handed it over. Boldly, Athena pulled off her own blouse and removed her bra, taking her time to give everyone a show, then put on the freshly-earned t-shirt. It was black, with burning red letters on the front, reading "I Went Down in Flames." Her friend Inca had dozens of these shirts, but this was Diana's first and she was proud of it.

The load of cum still sitting on her tongue, Athena posed for pictures in the new t-shirt. Some of these would go up on the website. At least one would be put up on the wall near the entrance. Her achievement would be public record, for everyone to see who wanted to come and check the wall.

It was time to meet her partner. Athena turned around and swallowed her carefully-kept load in surprise. She knew this man, knew him very well. But it would do nobody any good to let that be known publicly. She sidled up next to him and gave him a hug, kissing his cheek fondly.

She was surprised that a man of his age would come to a nightclub such as this, where young people danced and drank. But there were other men of middle age and older here. She supposed that the hope of a free blowjob drew many men who would otherwise not feel inclined to entertain themselves in a nightclub. Older men had the same sexual needs as younger ones. She could forgive him his indulgences.

"Thank you!" she said loudly, for the benefit of the crowd. She had enjoyed herself and was truly grateful for the load of sperm she'd earned for her efforts, although her gratitude had faded slightly upon discovery of her benefactor's identity.

She posed with her gentleman, showing off her new t-shirt, even lifted it to flash the camera. In a moment of madness, she moved in front of the man, grabbed his hands and brought them up to cover her tits.

"Let that be the photo you post on the wall," she suggested to the check-in girls. "But I hope I can have a copy as well. And maybe one for my new friend."

Lowering her shirt, she reached up to grab the man's shoulders and pull him down into a warm hug. As he complied, she leaned in to whisper to the man whose cock she'd just sucked. "Hi, Dad. I didn't expect to see you today. I thought you were out of town on business. This was a delightful birthday surprise. Thanks for my present. I can still taste it on my tongue."