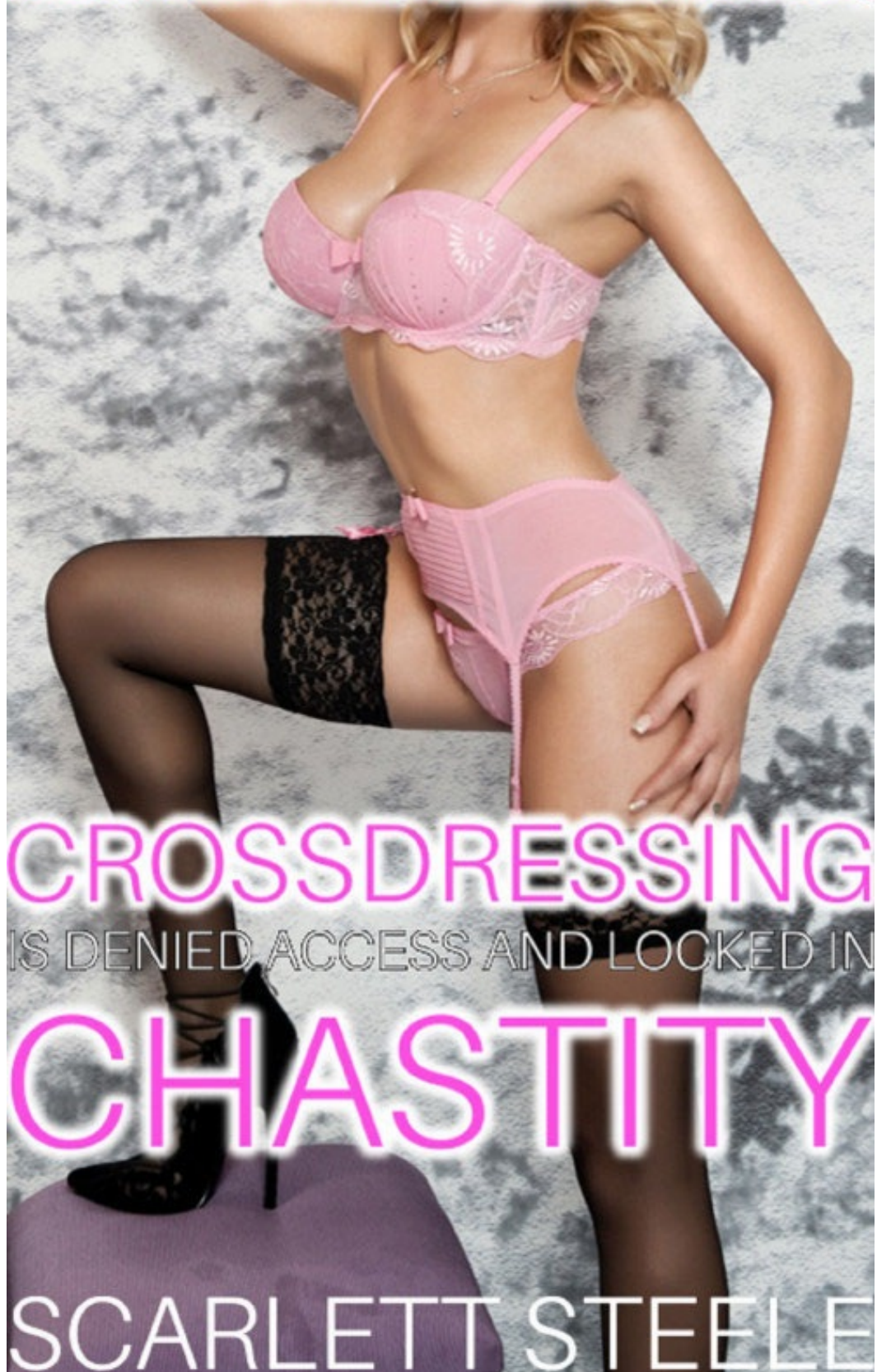


A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing



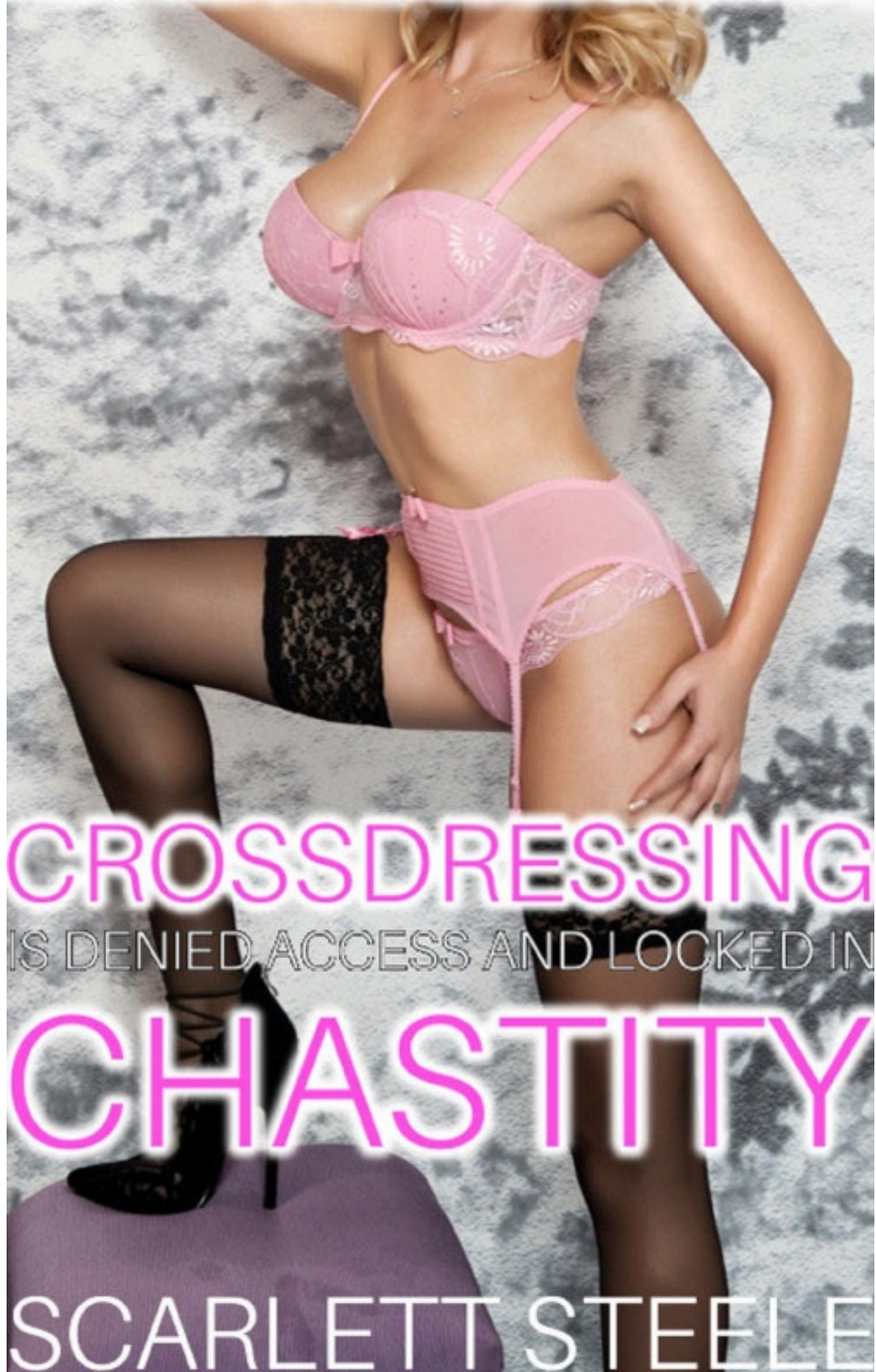
CROSSDRESSING

IS DENIED ACCESS AND LOCKED IN

CHASTITY

SCARLETT STEELE

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing



CROSSDRESSING

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Crossdressing Is Denied Access And Locked In Chastity!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, pegging and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

Winning isn't the issue for my team. We're good at what we do. I pass the ball to Seth and he catches it and runs. I'm the best quarterback they've had in a while. Coach is grooming me for the pick when the season ends if Jeff Cuttfield switches teams. He said I may be a running back and a backup for Jeff if chosen. I have to be on my best game until then.

"Over here, Abe," Seth calls as he's running toward the goal. I throw, and he catches, it's a definite win for us tonight. We're playing the farming team from Baltimore. They don't have a star quarterback like me, as they just formed. I grin as I strut my stuff on the field. The cheerleaders are practicing in the side field. I peer in their direction enjoying the eye candy. Tight little red shorts stretch over their shapely asses, their racks bouncing precariously under the tight tee shirts. I'm grinning and nodding my head.

Coach whistles at me. "Abe, back to earth, please," he says.

I shake my head and run to where he's called the team. "Damn cheerleaders need to practice elsewhere. They are a big distraction to our practices," Coach says.

The team grumbles, each one protesting it. "Come on, coach, they are motivators," Seth says.

"Motivators for what? Making you into a horny lot?" Coach asks.

"Motivating us to play our best," I say.

"Yeah, whatever," Coach says and waves his hand toward the cheerleaders. He's a marshmallow with us, maybe too much so. He'll make threats and not carry through. We all know that. The cheerleaders are safe. I'm grateful.

We head to the locker room. The game is in six hours. Coach wants us to eat a big meal and spend some time in the steam room. He says it helps with relaxation. We make a ruckus as we head, all hot and sweaty, to the steam room. Nothing like the smell of sweat, dirt, and hot testosterone. The steam bath does us good and then we hit the showers. Now its towels snapping and more whooping. We discuss the shape of our cheerleaders. We talk about where to eat.

Callie's All You Can Eat Buffet braces for it as we stomp through the door, hungry and ready to eat. I'm happy to see the buffet steaming and piled high with all our favorites. After we claim our spots, I grab a plate and go to work serving up heaping spoons of pot roast with carrots and potatoes, green beans with pearl onions, hot rolls, and even some greens with salad makings. I finish the plate and go back for seconds. This time I choose the barbecue chicken, potato salad, and corn on the cob. We scarf it down as if we are starving. For dessert, I choose the largest piece of chocolate cake and add a giant scoop of vanilla ice cream on top. The hot fudge sauce tops it nicely and I don't leave out the crushed peanuts. By the time the team finishes, Callie's buffet needs replenishing.

The crowd goes wild cheering as I catch the ball and throw it, nailing the target. We score a touchdown and are ahead. I grin like a silly boy when I run in front of the cheerleaders, who are doing an excellent job keeping the crowd riled for us. The game takes a turn and the opposing team has a quarterback with an arm that throws as well as mine. I am sweating, hoping we'll pull one off. A win on home turf is expected. Coach yells at us, changing plays to give us the

advantage. An unexpected kick and a tackle give us the ball. We hit the field goal and the cheerleaders burst out in a victory chant. The crowd stands yelling and cheering. I'm swept up in a mass of players as we meet with the fans who clamor onto the field in celebration of the win.

I shower again for the second time after the game. We head to Arthur's Sports Bar for celebratory beer and wings. Our diehard fans follow along and by 2 am I'm playing pool with two of the guys, still feeling the euphoria of the win and the beers I've consumed.

Sleepily, I call for a cab and head to my apartment. I live in a nice place and I have to be on my best behavior. Coming in so late after a victory win is the norm when we have a home game. It's a rough life. Other people work at jobs they hate. I get paid to play and I love it.

I sleep in the next morning. Most of the people in the apartment complex go to work in the early hours, but not me. I wake up closer to noon and enjoy my day off. Tomorrow we start back with practice again. Contrary to popular belief about jocks, I'm a neat freak. I take pride in the fact that my home is pristine clean at any given moment. After breakfast, I clean up and take out the trash. When I walk to the bin outside and on the side of the building, Emily Rafe comes out of her apartment. She's a cute little tart with striking red hair and a curvy petite body. She regards me with a smirk or is that a smile.

"Morning, Emily," I say in my chirpy voice.

"Um, almost afternoon, dear," she says. She yawns.

"Looks like it's your morning too?" I ask.

Emily grins. "Yes. I worked until past midnight at the hospital," she says. She's a lab technician and works all sorts of crazy hours.

"Well, there you go. I didn't get home until nearly three this morning," I say.

Emily narrows her eyes at me. "The game went on until three?" she asks.

I laugh. "Of course not. But the victory celebration did. We won by a narrow margin. It was a tough win, but a win nonetheless," I say as I puff my chest.

Emily smirks. "So, they hold a gun to your head and tell you to celebrate to all hours of the wee morning or they won't pay you?"

Jealous much? I don't go there with her because I actually like her. "No, but I get paid to play. Isn't that cool?" I ask.

"Yeah, I suppose. Seems like the waste of a perfectly good mind. I mean you're not doing anything to further mankind other than grunting around with a bunch of other males on a muddy field," Emily says.

Ouch. Normally when I talk to a single pretty woman, she's all over me or at least flattered that I take the time to converse with her. Not Emily. She's super judgy and thinks my chosen career is pointless. "I beg to differ. People need

entertainment, an outlet to release the stresses of the day, their jobs and life. I do something that provides that entertainment. It's a good time for people to enjoy themselves after a hard day or week," I say. I smile, proud of myself for the explanation.

"Eh, I suppose. I'm not into sports, so it's pointless to me. No offense," she says as she glances up at me.

I walk with her back to our backdoors. She opens her door and a little mutt looking poodle runs out and barks at me while wildly wagging their tail. I smile and bend down to score points. Animals love me.

"Romeo, get back here," Emily says.

Romeo, huh? So, dear, sweet Emily is a romantic at heart. I lift my brow at her as I scratch behind the dog's ear. "Hey, ya, Romeo. How are you doing, fellow?" I ask as the dog happily leans into me loving the attention.

Emily steps up and smiles down at the scene. I make over Romeo hopefully building points with his owner. "Come on, Romeo. Time to go in," she says to the dog, who finally looks at her, wags his tail, and like a good boy, obeys.

"You should bring Romeo to my place to play sometime," I say and grin.

She looks at me and smirks. "Sure, I'll bring him over to play with you after a hard-working day of playing ball," she says. She laughs and shakes her head as

she shuts the door.

Thwarted by Emily, I try not to let it ruin my day. Why do I feel the need to conquer the likes of her anyway? She's just a brainiac who thinks I'm a dumb jock. Truth is, I probably make as much money as she does. Who the hell is she to look down her nose at me anyway? I snort as I walk inside my apartment and laugh at myself for being so perplexed by the likes of her. I can do better. I can have my pick of girls anytime I want. I'm a cocky little shit.

When the weather warms, I open my back door more which gives me a direct view of Emily's apartment right across the courtyard from me. She lets Romeo outside and sits on her patio while he walks around sniffing the plants and hiking his leg. If he takes a shit, she has to pick it up as ordered by management. I laugh every time because she's so self-righteous, but so damn cute too. I'm not easily turned away and when I'm able, I go outside too. I have a nice outdoor rocker on my patio and a can of beer in the fridge always ready for such occasions.

Romeo sees me and comes running. Score one for me. I bend down and happily offer my hand to the poodle mutt. He sniffs and wags his entire back end as I scratch behind his ears. When I stop, he barks once at me and backs up a little to chase his tail. He runs in circles and stops to look at me. Soon, a red ball rolls up as Emily is standing at the edge of her patio having just pitched the toy and whistles trying to get Romeo's attention.

The dog is smart and looks up at me as he wags his tail. I look at the ball and grin and nod. "Bring it to me, boy," I say. Romeo happily picks up the ball and brings it to me. Emily is scowling at the edge of her patio. I pretend I don't see her as I hold up the ball and act like I'm about to throw it. Of course, I'm the expert ball thrower here. The dog barks and madly wags his tail waiting. I finally pitch it across the courtyard and it rolls right by Emily. Romeo takes off in a dead run for the ball.

Emily plucks up the ball and gives me a look that says she's not about to give in to Romeo again. But the little dog is persistent as he wags himself silly and barks at her until she relents and throws it to my patio again. The ball rolls right beside me. "Nice arm," I say.

She grins. "I may not be into sports now, but back in the day I was a mean pitching machine," she admits.

"What?" I ask, surprised by the announcement. She was into sports.

Romeo runs to my patio and picks up the ball. He brings it to my feet and drops it between my toes. "Good boy," I say as I reach down and grab the ball. Instead of throwing it, I pitch it in the air and traipse across the courtyard to find out more about this pitching arm Emily boasted about. When I reach her patio, Romeo jumps up and down wanting me to throw the ball. I smile and pitch it back to my patio. He trots off to retrieve the ball and I turn to Emily, to melt her exterior.

"Tell me about your pitching arm. As a jock, I'm very interested in your story," I say casually as I watch Romeo bite at the ball and bring it back to us.

"Nothing to tell, Abe. I played softball in high school. I was the pitcher. I stopped playing when I went to college," she says as she bends down and plucks up the ball again. She looks at it and pitches it in the air before pitching it across the courtyard again.

"How come? With a winning arm like that I would have thought you would have had your share of sports scholarships," I say.

"I did but going into the medical field I didn't have time for it. I dropped it and pursued a real career," she says and smirks at me.

"It's okay. I'm fine with your snarky remarks because I earn an income the same as you. I have bills to pay, same as you. We just go about earning it differently. I don't discount what you do or poke fun at your chosen profession, I'd appreciate it if you didn't of mine," I say. I'm proud of the way I'm standing up for what I'm doing.

Emily softens. "I'm sorry, Abe. I shouldn't rattle on you so hard. I guess it's difficult for me, my career is tough and requires a lot of mental fortitude. I get tired and can be crass. Apologies. You seem like a cool dude and you're good with dogs," she says.

I smile and blurt, "Does this mean you'll go out with me?"

Emily frowns. "No, you and I don't mesh well, Abe. Sorry," she says. She reaches down and grabs Romeo and heads to her door. Our visit is over just like that.

I walk away feeling defeated. I'm not used to women turning me down so much. Her thwarts make me want to go out with her all the more. My neighbor is on my mind so much over the next couple of days I have trouble concentrating. I mean if we aren't matches, that's one thing, but at least give a guy a chance. Just one date wouldn't hurt anything. I have some down time as we are in a mid-

season break. Boredom sets in as I peer from my French doors across the courtyard to Emily's patio. I set my coffee cup down and march right over there. She's not going to say no to me this time.

I knock on the door and hear nothing. Romeo comes to the door, wagging his back end while looking at the doorknob. I put my hand on it and it turns. Surprised, I let it swing open. "Emily," I call as I step through. Romeo wants attention. I scoop up the dog and walk into her apartment, calling for her. I hear nothing. I walk through her place and find the place empty. Back in the kitchen, a schedule is stuck to the refrigerator door. I glance at it and see that she's at work right now. In her haste, she forgot to lock the back door.

I notice a basket of laundry sitting beside the dining table. The clothes catch my eyes because it's unmentionables. I put Romeo down and reach for the item on top. It's her panties. As I pick it up a thrill rushes through me. I'm daring and full of myself. Why not? Emily won't be home for hours and she's too cold for me. If she won't go out with me maybe I can be a bad boy for a few minutes and have some fun. That's how I operate I do things on the spur of the moment.

Romeo follows me and watches as I step out of the athletic shorts and jockeys. I don't know why I'm doing this other than I feel it's a way to get back at Emily for saying no to me. No woman says no without giving me a fair chance. I'll get my fair chance like this. I slide my feet into the silk black panties. I feel so dirty and naughty. My cock and balls poking through, the material stretching over snugly. I had tried on a pair of panties like this with an ex-girlfriend. It was as erotic as hell. My cock swells as I think about it.

My hand swings to my crotch. I'm going to leave my mark. My fingers glide over the soft smooth fabric. I groan as my little man stiffens more until I can't stop myself. I squeeze over the outside of the panties. It helps to know Emily wears them against her muff. Pre-cum squirts out and stains the front of the panties. I don't care as I keep my fingers moving, my groans growing louder. I'm

going to mark my territory with a splattering of nice hot cum.

I peel out of the soiled panties while I laugh. I just showed her who's boss. I chuckle as I pitch the dirty pair into the dirty clothes hamper. After I pull on my jockeys and shorts I snort at her bed. I look at it and nod. "It must be a cold lonely place for you every night after being all judgy and in need of rest from your heavily mental job at the hospital. Maybe if you'd learn how to cut loose and relax your bed would see some fun action," I say to the bed. I laugh and leave the room.

Romeo follows me to the door. I reach down and scratch behind his ears before I leave. I chuckle all the way back to my patio. Emily, the little judgy frigid woman can wash her soiled panties again. I laugh as I settle in front of my TV with a big bowl of chili I left cooking in my slow cooker. Look at me, a big dumb jock who knows how to cook. I also know how to have a good time at the lady's home even when she's not there.

The next day I'm minding my own business, going over some plays the coach uploaded for us to study when there's a frantic knock at my back patio door. It's Emily and she's banging on the door even when she sees me coming. Her face is set in a scowl. I open the door expecting her to ask me if I'd seen Romeo or something.

"Can you come over for a few?" she asks. Ah, an invitation, finally. She's not asking it in a friendly way. I nod and shut off my TV and follow her. She stomps across the courtyard and into her apartment.

"Hey ya, Romeo," I say and bend down to pet the dog. I stop short of saying, nice to see you again. Ha-ha! That would be a disaster. Good thing dogs can't talk!

"In here, please," Emily says. She marches to her living room and plops on the sofa. I smile and sit beside her. She thumbs over her phone, casting something on the TV. My eyes adjust to the screen. Her TV is smaller than mine.

I gasp as the screen shows Emily's bedroom and me standing in it. I watch in horror as I slip out of my shorts and jockeys and put on her panties. What the fuck? She recorded the whole thing, including me rubbing one out in her panties and the parting comment I made before I left. My face burns hot as the blush stains my cheeks. Oh fuck, I've been caught, and this isn't good at all. One quick glance at her and I realize how pissed off she is right now. She's not said a word other than asking me to follow her over here. Her face is as red as mine, only she's not embarrassed, she's pissed. I say nothing and merely look down at my feet. What can I say? She apparently had a video camera hidden somewhere in her room.

"Well? Care to explain this?" she asks as she glares at me.

I finally look up at her. "Well?" I shrug. What can I say? I have no excuse. "You heard what I said. I guess you have hidden cameras in your apartment."

Emily laughs bitterly. "Pet nanny cams. Normally I just see Romeo doing his normal milling about the apartment. Imagine my shock when I discovered someone had broken into my apartment," she says.

"I did not break into your apartment. I came over here for a reason, to ask you a question. The door was unlocked. I came in and yelled for you. I looked around for you," I say.

And then you should have left when you discovered I wasn't home. But oh no, you had to pry into my personal things and do a dirty deed in my bedroom while wearing my panties. You are a freaking pervert," she says, her voice on the edge of shrilling.

I huff out a breath. "Okay, you caught me. I'm sorry. I was frustrated with the way you continually turn me down when I ask you out. I guess this was my way of getting back at you for it," I admit.

"Getting back at me for not going out with you? Really? This seems like a very jock thing to do only it's more of a sissy jock thing to do. I tell you what, Mr. Abe, I have plans for you. Since you believe in getting back at me I'm turning the tables on you. How about I get back at you? Oh yes, that's my plans. You come over tomorrow evening and take your medicine like the big strapping jock that you are. If you don't, I will send this recording straight to your coach and every jock on your team. Don't believe me? Try me. I'm mad enough I will ruin you," she says.

I straighten. She has my attention now. She'll ruin me forever if she makes good on the threats. "No..., please... what do you want me to do? I'll do it if you'll make the video go away. I'm sorry. Dammit," I say.

"Like I said, you show up tomorrow at five and do as I say for the evening then we'll call it even, okay?" She stares daggers at me with her brow arched.

I look down and shut my eyes as I nod. "Okay, I'll be here." I shake my head and realize the error of my ways. What a dick I am! "Emily, I am sorry."

I can't believe what I've done. I'm not supposed to act this way. I allowed my testosterone to get to me in a way that has caused a great deal of grief that I brought on myself. Emily means business and I can't let the team know what I did. My entire football career is at stake here. I'm forced to do her bidding, no matter what it is.

I show up early to Emily's house wearing a big dose of contrite spirit. Even Romeo keeps his distance from me as he's gnawing on a big cowhide chew.

"To keep him out of our way. Follow me," Emily says as she walks back to her bedroom. Under normal circumstances, I would be excited to follow her, but now I know better.

On her bed is a silver sequined dress, a pair of black patent leather high heels, women's underwear, and some odd-looking belt. I lift a brow and gaze at my hostess as she grins up at me.

"Yes, dear, put it all on. I'm here to help you. Tonight, you're dressing in full drag with a chastity belt to help you curve the desire caused by your dick. We'll keep it lassoed with the belt. And you'll fulfill your fantasy by appearing in public as a woman, dressed even to the panties in lady's clothes," Emily says.

I heave in a deep breath. Might as well take my medicine like a man and do as she says, or my coach and team will receive the video I starred in unwittingly. At least Mr. cock isn't standing at attention just yet. Oops, pulling out of my clothing and standing naked in front of Emily helps me rise to the occasion. She gawks at my cock as it lengthens. I can tell she's impressed. This makes it worth it. Maybe later after the humiliation I'm about to endure, she'll want to play with

him. I can always hope.

Emily grimaces as she helps me pull up the silk panties over my stiff cock. "You know, there's a way to make it go down," I say with a bit of humor.

"You better get it down now or the belt won't help the situation any," she says.

She's right. When I pull on the chastity belt, I groan and can't. "Let me go to the bathroom and pull it on," I say. I'm aggravated about it, but once I piss and think sweaty jock thoughts, my cock shrinks and I'm able to secure the damn device over my crotch. It's an uncomfortable feeling, but I have to do it or else.

"Better," Emily says as she helps me put on the silver sequin dress.

I feel so silly in the dress and even sillier as she sits me down and spreads makeup on my face and even attaches false eyelashes. At least the wig which is as red as her hair makes us a matched pair. Finally, she's finished and has me walk to her hall where she has a full-length mirror attached to the outside of the linen closet door. There's no hiding the fact that I'm a hulking man, even in a dress and heels. The makeup and wig help hide my identity, but I look awfully silly in the outfit.

"Now, we go out, darling. You make a fine woman," Emily says.

She's dressed in a pair of tight pants in deep red with an off-white sweater in a plunging neckline. She looks fine, her round butt wiggles as she walks. Fuck, my

cock tries to stiffen but meets with resistance with the belt. I turn my thoughts to yucky things like little old women with warts on their faces and stubbly chins to make it shrink back again. It works, thankfully, as we drive to the club where men in drag attend. I don't exactly look like a sexy man or woman in this outfit, so I'm confident if I can just get through the night I'll be fine. At least I'm well disguised and unrecognizable at the quarterback star on the team.

Men taller and bulkier than me are dancing, many with other men. Oh shit, will they think of me as gay? I walk close to Emily as she orders two white wines and we mingle in the crowd. At least there are all sorts of people here, not just men in drag. Honestly, I feel better around the straight guys, because some of the ones in drag are eyeing me like I'm a piece of candy.

A tall man who stood shorter than me thanks to the heels comes up to me. He looks me up and down smiling approvingly. Emily stands back and giggles. "You're a fine-looking lady. Might I ask your name?"

I stammer because I don't want to admit who I am. I swing my eyes wildly to Emily and she steps up. "This is Abby. Her first time out in drag. Isn't she lovely?" Emily asks.

"Oh my, yes. Care to dance?" the man asks. "I'm Theo, by the way."

"No thank you. I only dance with women," I say and smile. "Sorry, I'm not gay."

"Oh? Too bad. I would be so interested in you if you were. Toodle-loo," the man says and moves on.

I exhale. I dodged that one. "You know what? This isn't working. I have another place I'd like to take you," Emily says.

I'm game. We walk out the door and up the road to a gentleman's club called Frankie's Place. I gulp because I've been in here before throwing dollars at the dancers on the stage. Emily grins wickedly as we walk through the booming room to a table front and center at the stage. Three poles face us and currently, a brunette is humping the pole, her long slender legs wrapping around as she slithers upside down. The pasties on her nipples dangle as the flesh jiggles. The thong pants leave nothing to the imagination. My cock bangs ferociously against the chastity belt. I double over and groan as I look at Emily.

She's grinning and saying nothing but enjoying my reaction to the titty bar and the dancing girls before me. Ms. Long Legs comes by and kicks her luscious legs over my head. I catch a glimpse of barely covered muff and feel the urges to dig deep in my pockets for money, only I'm wearing a damn dress and my cock is screaming in the belt wanting loose. Fuck me.

"Say, can we loosen this thing a bit?"

"No, dear. I've paid for a special dance," Emily says.

Just then the stripper hops off the stage and comes to me. Glancing down with sultry eyes, she sways her hips while thrusting into my face. Her crotch is close enough for me to lick. My cock aches and now my balls are joining in the pain. I wiggle, trying to find a comfortable position. Fuck! My cock stiffens anyway and grows backward into my body. I can't enjoy the stripper who has now turned around and is bumping her ass over my knees. Her round buttocks shimmy in the

lights, the skin looks so soft. She backs to me, her ass on my chest. She smells of dollars and floral spray. I groan as I need to double over in pain. My eyes plead with Emily. She merely grins as she watches my reaction to the lap dance.

Finally, the song ends, and the stripper moves on. Emily pitches a twenty at her and laughs unceasingly at me. I'm doubled over, my groin aches beyond words now. The erection causes it to get caught in a way that even if it retreated it was caught.

"Please, Emily," I beg. The words come out strained. I don't care that another sexy damsel took the stage and is twerking her ass at me from the pole. All I can think is uncaging my cock from the binds of this damn chastity belt.

Emily reaches out and caresses my cheeks and looks longingly into my eyes. Oh, what I'd give if she had done this days ago before I put on her panties and made a total ass of myself. "Oh sweetie, would you like to leave now?" she asks. Her voice sultry, her eyes looking at me as if I'm a fresh steak and she's a ravenous wolf.

"Yes," I squeak.

She laughs and grabs my hand. I'm not able to stand because it pulls my cock. I walk out doubled over while she's roaring with laughter. Once we're in the car I'm hoping she'll unlatch the belt.

"Nope. Not until we're home. You need to realize the world does not revolve around your cock," she says.

"I know. Please, I'm so sorry. Please, forgive me. Please, I'll never do it again. Never," I say and beg.

She looks forward as she steers the car, not saying a word. The satisfied smile on her face speaks volumes. I bend forward and hold myself as I rock, the pain is beyond even whimpering. Finally, we arrive at our apartments and park in front of her place. I walk doubled over and bite my lip because the pain is so bad. The throbbing won't let up despite the fact that it's flaccid right now. I follow her into the apartment.

Once there Emily surprises me. Instead of unlocking me and sending me packing, she steps to me and runs her hands up my sequined chest. "You know, when I saw you naked earlier I thought to myself how sexy you are. Damn, you're a good player, I'm proud of how you did exactly as I said tonight. As a reward for good behavior I want you to stay with me tonight," Emily says.

My heart soars and ouch! My cock extends. I nod frantically and turn so she can unzip the dress. She slowly, painstakingly slowly, unzips the dress. I groan as she runs her hands over my back. Slowly, the dress slips from my body and I quickly turn so she can set the beast free. I smile as she unlocks the damn chastity belt. My cock springs free and my balls bounce out of the contraption, air meets with the skin and I visibly sigh from relief.

Emily smiles up at me as I tug at her sweater. We're not denying anything now, she easily slips out of the clothes and tosses the items to the chair on top of the dress. She melts into my body, her soft embrace pulling me down to her. She walks back to her bed, each deliberate step taking us closer to fate. My balls still ache, but I have a feeling when I come they will feel better. Her lips taste like white wine. I groan as I pull her to me, our tongues colliding. She falls back onto the bed softly, and pulls me with her. I land on her, as her arms wrap around my

neck, her body moving under me, her legs wrapping around my waist. I groan as my cock brushes against her soft warm lips below. I grab hold and rub the head through her slit, focusing on the little member that stiffens greatly causing her to arch her back. She moans softly as she pulls me to her, her feet coming high to my shoulders. She arches her back under the attention and shuddered greatly as her body rushes into a full-blown orgasm. I seize the moment and thrust in through her pussy, her muff glistening with lubrication.

“Oh, fuck, uh, fuck me hard, Abe,” Emily says.

Gladly. My aching cock and sore balls need a release after being pent up like I was. Tight lips grip the head as I slide in and press all the way until I'm tapping my balls on her asshole. I saw back and forth, coming almost out before thrusting back in, enjoying every moment. The cum builds in the base of my cock as I saw faster and faster. Emily's head thrashes back and forth as she bucks her pelvis up and down, meeting with each thrust. She leans up, pulling her ass higher until my cock scrubs against her swollen clit. Again, she moans and arches her back as the second wave of ecstasy hits her. Her pussy quivers and squeezes me as I pound into her harder. I can't hold back any longer and lurch forward, dumping cum into her pussy while I'm groaning much louder than Emily.

Finally, all the cum is out and I'm winded. Emily lies back completely in the throes of euphoria of having had two orgasms. I roll from her and lie beside her on the bed. We both catch our breath while we say nothing. I am relaxed and out of pain feeling the same euphoria from the pleasure that coursed throughout our bodies moments earlier.

Emily lifts on her elbow and peers at me. Her beautiful eyes make my dingle tingle again, even after all the punishment and humiliation she put me through. She smiles and traces circles on my chest.

"You know, I never saw myself with a jock," she says.

I perk up. "Did you say you never saw yourself with someone like me, yet here we are?" I pull her to me.

"Yeah, funny how life changes when someone breaks into your apartment and tries on your underwear." She giggles, and I join her. Yes, funny, but I'd do it again to have her here in my arms.

THE END