



CROSSDRESSING SISSY

IS LOCKED IN CHASTITY AND TAINTED IN PUBLIC

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE



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Crossdressing Sissy Is Locked In A Chastity Belt And Tainted In Public

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It seems like the natural choice for me to move in with Ciara after all we've been through together. She's a good friend and picked me up after the big break up with April earlier this year. Then I was renting a crappy little apartment on the south side of town. I swear I called the landlord every other day with issues. Finally, someone in the building contacted the city about possible health code violations and the next thing we knew the building was condemned. Something about bad plumbing, old wiring, and mold growing in the rafters in the ceiling. We were handed eviction notices two weeks later.

I graduated from a two-year junior college for detailed maintenance. The hotel in town hired me to be their top maintenance guy. Ciara finally graduated college and was ready to move out of the studio apartment she had rented the past three years of her schooling.

"Come on, I want you to see this old house. I love it! It has such charm," she says, and she pulls me along.

"Are you looking to buy a house?" I ask.

"No, silly. Just come see it," she says.

We pull up in front of a 1930's home with the large wrap-around porch, tall windows, and a lot of charm and character. Inside the ceilings are high with wainscoting and hardwood floors. It's not the typical open-concept, but the dining room opens to the living room in a large wide entryway. A white brick fireplace sits along the wall to the right. The kitchen is behind the dining room, a big open kitchen with a lot of counter space and cabinets. The old sink looks out over the backyard. Next to the kitchen, is a mud room which opens to a separate laundry room. The stairs are hidden behind the living room wall and go to the second floor where there are two bedrooms that share a bathroom. A tiny partial bath is off the laundry room.

"Don't you just love it?" Ciara asks.

"It's okay, for a house," I say and laugh.

Ciara grabs my hands. She's been one of my best friends for years and we've never even shared so much as anything beyond a friendly peck on the cheek. "Let's rent it together. I mean you have been booted from your apartment. You have like a week left before they tear it down. So why not?" She's bubbly with excitement.

"A house though?" I ask. Somehow, I never pictured myself as living in a house. I was thinking of moving to a better apartment, something affordable.

"Yes! It's perfect. You and I get along so well," she says.

I shake my head. "I don't know. I bet it's pricey. An apartment would be so much cheaper," I say.

"Yes, if it's just you. But I'm talking about you and me renting this together. Just think, we can have barbecues in the backyard. We'll have a nice big space for friends and family and for us to stretch out. Plus, it's a house. Like a house with character. I mean this is upscale and very cool," Ciara says.

We're standing in the backyard now. The neighborhood is fairly quiet, unlike apartment living. I have to admit I wouldn't miss hearing the neighbors on either side or above or below me. This would offer a welcome serenity every day from the work grind.

I hem and haw about it, but I'm leaning toward saying yes.

"Please, Drew, say yes!" Ciara's green eyes bat at me as she pleads.

"Ah, what the hell. Okay. I'll rent the house with you," I say.

Ciara jumped up and down, her reddish-brown hair bouncing on her shoulders along with her plump rack. I know she's just a friend, but I'm a guy and I look. The jiggles on her chest delight me as I open my arms and hug her. Hey, I'll take what I can get. If anything, she's eye candy. Not fat or anything, but well-supplied with bodacious curves which I find very appealing.

We sign the lease contract and it's a done deal. I call up my brother-in-law who happens to own a truck to help me move out of my tiny apartment. Between Ciara and I we might have barely enough furniture to be comfortable. At least we both have bedroom furniture. I supply the sofa and chair and she supplies the dining table and chairs. We need a few things to make it homey and cohesive (her term) but I think it's pulled together nicely. We trek to the home store to purchase a grill and a small outdoor table and chair set for our backyard.

The meat market had a special on spare ribs and I buy a rack for Ciara and me to cook on the grill. I also pick up hamburger patties and hotdogs thinking we could ask friends over sometime for a cookout. I smile as I pull up into our little driveway. It's one of those with two concrete paths for the tires. Her car sits on the outside one and I park right next to the house. We don't have a carport or a garage, just the little concrete runners which are fine with me. It sure beats the long trek through the parking lot and up the flights of steps I used to make when living at the apartment.

"Honey, I'm home," I call when I walk through the door. It's more of a joke, but in a way, I mean it.

Ciara comes from the kitchen while drying her hands on a dishtowel. "What's that?" she asks as she eyes the bags in my hands.

"Dinner, and dinner for later too," I say as I set the bags on the counter.

"Oh, spare ribs, my favorite," she says.

"Let's grill tonight," I say. Of course, she agrees, and she sets about boiling potatoes for potato salad while I heat our new grill and rub the ribs for grilling.

"It smells wonderful," Ciara says as she steps out the back door.

"Yes, it does," I say and open the grill, so the smoke can waft her way. She steps to me and glances down at the beautiful ribs.

"Oh, beer. We need beer. And beans. I'll be back in a flash," Ciara says and leaves.

I watch her walk away and sigh. I think I could really get into her if she'd let me. I have never broached the subject with her. Now is not a good time since we've signed this lease together. What if she's not receptive to the idea? That could potentially create some awkward moments between us. But, on the other hand, if she's open to the possibilities, we'd have such a good time. I've got to come up with a way to find out, subtly.

"Yoo-hoo, I'm back," Ciara calls from the front.

I jump up to see she's carrying a case of beer along with a bag of food. "You shouldn't try to carry all that, I'm capable of meeting you at the car," I say.

"I know, I just wanted to make it in one trip. Bought beans and ice cream. Are the ribs about ready?"

"Yes, in about ten," I say.

"Good. I'll heat up the beans really fast. Can you set the table outside?"

I smile as I gather plates and forks and knives and napkins. I want her to see how well we work together. We enjoy the grilled ribs and fixings with the beer. We're kicked back in our backyard just chilling. I drink a second beer and I'm feeling courageous.

"You know, Ciara, lots of people think we're a couple. What do you tell people when they think that?" I ask.

She makes a face. "No. I tell them we're just friends," she says and shakes her head as she chuckles. Ouch.

"Aw, come on, don't you like playing along? I say we are, and we have wild sex every night," I say.

She just shakes her head. "Well, that's a lie, Drew. We're just friends, we even have separate bedrooms," she says.

She's not taking the bait. Too bad. I want to tell her how I want more, but I don't. I let it go and hope that we may have an opportunity someday to express ourselves as more than just friends.

We do share a bathroom and I find it fascinating. She'll take a shower and come out in nothing but a towel as she pads barefoot to her bedroom. She'll giggle and shut the door. I shower and come out in nothing but a towel around my waist, but so far, she hasn't been around when I'm coming through, darn it. What I would give just to have some of her attention, just a little desire or daydreaming about me. She's like Fort Knox and keeps her feelings for me bottled up so tightly even the Pope couldn't get a confession out of her. It probably just means she has no feelings for me other than friendship.

For weeks I bemoan the fact that I silently pine for Ciara and yet say nothing. I'm a chicken shit when it comes to admitting to things. I drop hints like crazy, but she's always, "No, we're just friends." And then she laughs about it.

I notice at night when I get up for a midnight piss her door is open. At first, I respect her privacy and do nothing about it. I shut my door, but her door is opened just a hair. I grow curious and stand at the door and listen. She's breathing deeply within. Normally, I hear nothing more. Occasionally she'll move, the covers will rustle. The clock on her wall ticks. She has a fan running and it hums fairly quietly, but it's louder in the bedroom than in the hall. It's a comforting sound. I go back to my room, frustrated. Jacking off helps, I think of

her, dream of her, and yet we don't speak of it.

I find myself standing outside Ciara's door at one in the morning. She's fast asleep judging by the soft snoring I hear. I open the door and peek inside. My eyes are adjusted to the dark, so I can barely make out the outline of her lying on the bed, the covers bunched around her. I tiptoe inside, stepping to her bed. She's angelic in the way she's relaxed like she doesn't have a care in the world. Peering down at her, my cock grows. I reach down and rub through my shorts. Eventually, I slide my hand in through the fly. Ah, that's better. Skin on skin contact and my stiffy grows into a brickbat. I stifle a groan as I rub one out while standing beside her bed. I lurch forward and cram my shorts over my shooting cock and bite my lip to keep from moaning. She's none the wiser, still breathing deeply and peacefully. I didn't wake her, but now I have a mess in my shorts. I sneak back out and rush into the bathroom. Whew! That was so close!

The next night I'm more daring, I go into her room and notice her dresser drawer isn't fully shut. I reach within and pull out a pair of her panties. Oh, joy! I bring the pair to my face and take a big whiff, hoping to catch hold of her essence. She's facing away, and I do something even more daring, I pull my shorts off and slip into her panties. They feel wonderful holding my cock and balls next to me. I groan very softly as my hand rubs on the outside, feeling the softness and my cock grows exponentially. I moan as I keep rubbing. It's a quiet rub, but I'm so fucking turned on I can't stop. Part of me wishes she'd wake up and catch me and open her legs and let me plow her. Part of me is horrified at my actions, but I keep rubbing until I come inside her panties and coat it with my cum. I grab my shorts and tiptoe out of the room and into the bathroom again. This time I grab the dirty clothes and take them downstairs to the laundry room and start a load of laundry with her stuff mixed in with mine. I'll make up a story that I needed a shirt that's in there for work tomorrow. She'll be clueless about her soiled panties.

I am a glutton for punishment because I push it. I keep going into Ciara's room while she's sleeping and slipping into her panties and jacking off. Sometimes I

go in there completely naked and just stand there and watch her sleep. I've turned into some sick psycho that you see one of those reality shows. My obsession with her grows stronger. I look forward to going to bed, so I can get up after midnight when I'm sure she's sound asleep and sneaking into her room. Some nights I just watch her while I'm naked. Some nights I watch her and end up jacking off while I'm naked. Other nights I grab a pair of her panties and slip into it and rub one out while they are stretched over my body.

I take a greater risk and after I jacked off naked and cleaned myself I sneak back into her room and grab a pair of her panties and leave the room. I slide into her panties and lie in my bed. I'm able to wear the panties all night. I enjoy the feeling of my cock and balls against the silky fabric as I roll over. I end up with the covers thrown off and awaken with a start when I hear Ciara in the bathroom. My door isn't fully shut, and I wonder if she glanced in here and saw that I'm in her panties while I slept.

When I go downstairs I blush when Ciara stops and peers at me with a scowl on her face. For a split second, I think I'm totally boned. "Did you do my laundry again? I'm missing something from my clothes," she says.

Oh, fuck! She's probably missing the very pair of panties I'm wearing. Fuck! "I grab and separate colors. I figure since we're sharing the house together we may as well conserve water too," I say. "What are you missing?" My knees start to tremble.

"A pair of socks I just bought. I wore them once. They have cute little green alligators on the sides," she says.

My nerves calm and my racing heart slows. "Oh, what about around the sofa, maybe in the cushions?" I say. I've seen her remove socks while we watch TV

and she'll stuff them anywhere.

Ciara giggles as she traipses into the living room and peers around on the floor. I stand in the entry between the living room and dining room watching. Her giggles become shrill when she lifts the cushion and plucks up the pair of missing socks.

"I keep misplacing my clothes. Maybe I should come look here for my stuff," she says as she runs the socks to the laundry room.

I walk around all day wearing Ciara's panties. I stay turned on and can't wait for the opportunity to be at home and in her room rubbing one out while standing beside her tonight. My cock thumps with desire at the thought and I can barely focus enough to work.

Once at home, I relax while it's Ciara's turn to cook dinner. We agree to take turns to make it easier on us, every other night we have off. She's making a pot of homemade vegetable beef soup and her famous cornbread sticks. It smells wonderful as my mouth waters and my stomach growls in anticipation. I wander into the kitchen and she's at the stove stirring the pot. I so badly want to come up behind her and wrap my arms around her, but I hold back.

"Smells wonderful," I say when she turns with pot in hand. I help her set the table and we enjoy the meal. She's quiet with me and I assume it's because she's put in a long day at work.

"I'm heading to bed. I didn't get enough sleep last night," she says as she yawns. Could have fooled me, she didn't move an inch while I was rubbing one out

beside her.

"Good night, dear," I say and watch her sweet little ass sway as she climbs the stairs.

I give her enough time to fall fast asleep. I stand outside her door and listen for the deep steady breathing. I hear it some, but she seems a little restless too. I go back into my room and give her time to fall into deep sleep. The risk of her waking up while I'm in there is too great. I just can't risk it. But I'm horny and want to be in there.

Finally, a little over an hour later I'm in nothing but her panties, the same pair I've worn all day and standing outside her door again. I hear nothing but the faint hum of the fan, the ticking of the clock, and her steady breathing. That's better. I slowly walk in there and peer down at her. She's facing my way, but the covers are up to her chin and her head is bent forward. She's breathing deeply and slowly, and surely, she's in deep sleep. I groan softly as my hand reaches for the chub in the panties and I shut my eyes for a second. When I open them, she moves and before I know what's happening her phone flashes at me three times very fast. She sits up and turns on her lamp and glares at me like I'm the devil.

"Caught you," she says as she waves the phone in the air. "And for the record, my pictures are instantly uploaded to my cloud."

My mouth falls agape, I can't seem to draw in a deep breath. My cock still hard pokes out of the top of her panties. I'm totally and one hundred percent fucked. All I can do is shake my head.

"Well? Drew? Did you think you could get away with doing this, with being a complete perv indefinitely? I've caught on for several nights," she says.

"Then why wait?" I ask with my teeth clenched.

"I needed to think about what to do? You know, wake up and let you know I caught you. But then, and perhaps you don't know this about me, I figured I needed to come up with a plan to make you pay for being a perv with me," Ciara says.

I look down, my hands fall to my side. "Why didn't you just tell me?" I am on the verge of crying.

"Exactly. Touché, my friend."

I heave in a deep breath and look at her. "I'm sorry. I should have. I hinted at it over and over and you just didn't take the hint," I say.

"No, sweetheart, you didn't take the hint. I kept saying we're just friends," she says. Ouch.

"I'm sorry, Ciara. I have a thing for you. I don't know what possessed me to do this, but it just felt so good to come in here and get away with it without me coming right out and saying something to you," I say.

She adjusts the covers over her body and peers at me. "I'd rather you have just come out and said it. This is a sick act you've been doing. Wearing my panties and masturbating by my bed," she says.

"I'm sorry! I have no excuse. Please don't hate me. I'm a horny man with a sick obsession. I need help!" I say appealing to her sweet helping nature.

"You know what Drew? I'm fucking tired. Been fucking tired the past several nights of you jacking off by my bed. I'm sick with the knowledge that you wear my panties and masturbate in them. I really don't want to discuss this with you right now. Please get out of my bedroom and we'll discuss this in the morning," Ciara says. She's calm and collected and glares at me as she swings her feet to the floor.

I shuffle back to my room, my head hung low. I'm such a dick. How could I do this to sweet Ciara? I don't deserve a friend like her. Whatever she decides I'll face like a man. I fall into a fitful sleep after I undress, shower, and go to bed. The next morning I'm hesitant about going downstairs and facing her, but I know I must. I screw up the courage and walk down to face the firing squad. Ciara is in the kitchen with a breakfast casserole baking in the oven. She's bent over scrubbing the hell out of the cabinets, working out her frustration over me, no doubt.

Ciara spins around, her face still in a scowl. She pulls the casserole from the oven and sets it on the counter to cool. She pours me a cup of coffee and brings it to me. This seems hopeful, except for the absence of her pretty smile. She serves up a heaping helping of the casserole on two plates and carries to the table, without saying a word. She takes a seat and blows on a bite.

"Thank you," I say.

She just nods and grunts as she chews a bite of the casserole. It's delicious, but I'm nervous and my stomach is rolling a little over what she plans to do or say to me about last night. We eat in silence, and when I'm done I push back in the chair and pour myself another cup of coffee. She's finishing her plate and still has coffee.

"That was delicious," I say.

"Uh huh," she says as she takes her plate to the sink. Then she comes back and sits down and peers at me.

"You have no idea how mad I am at you, do you?" she asks. I shake my head and just stare at her. "Okay, well, I have a need to get back at you. That's the only way I'll even remotely forgive you for your perverted behavior."

"Okay. I'll let you. Do what you will if it means you'll forgive me for it," I say flatly.

Ciara has transformed into this bitter witching woman before my very eyes. She's calculating how to put the screws to me, I see it behind her vindictive stare. I shift uneasily in my seat and I know the words about to come out of her mouth won't be good ones.

"We're going shopping today. My treat. You are to do every fucking thing I tell you to do without question," she says and blinks at me waiting for me to approve.

I nod. "Okay," I say.

"Good because the punishment will fit the crime," she says.

The only crime I'm guilty of is wanting to be with her. I could have handled things better, I know. I say nothing as I get into her car and we drive to a mall on the other side of the city one with odd clothing stores. I grimace because I know what sorts of clothes are sold here. Clothes that are in odd sizes for the types of clothing. Sure enough, she drags me to the department store and we go right to the club wear, party dresses. She browses through the racks and plucks one out and holds it up toward me and shakes her head. She finally finds one and grins. It's red stretchy material with the occasional rhinestone dotted around. It's long with a deep slit on the side and a plunging neckline.

The sales clerk approaches asking if we need help. "Yes, he'd like to try this on for size," Ciara says as she thrusts the red dress into the clerk's arms.

"Right this way," Rita, the clerk, says.

I follow her. I'm red-faced and totally humiliated but I go into the dressing room anyway. Ciara is right outside the door. I'm trying on the dress. Ciara knocks on the door and I let her in. She leaves and comes back with a smaller size and has me put it on.

"There's that's better. It will do," she says.

I dress, and she has the clerk hold the dress while we go to the shoe department. I've never seen so many heels in my size in my life. Ciara insists on buying a pair of red spikes to match the dress. Then we hit the wig department. Yes, the store has a wig department.

"I picture you as a blond," she says as she fingers a Marilyn Monroe looking wig. "We'll take this too." The clerk boxed it and we carry it to the dress department where Ciara pays for the items.

After we make it to the car, Ciara glances at me. "Oh, I'll be right back, I forgot something. Stay in the car, please," she says. She disappears back into the mall leaving me with a dress, wig, and a pair of heels that are my size. I groan over the fact that I brought this on myself. She returns twenty minutes later with a package. She stuffs it in the trunk and slides into the driver's seat.

"Okay, now let's get back home so I can transform you into the woman you desperately want to become," she says and giggles her shrill laughter. I force a chuckle and look out the window at the scenery as we drive back to our house.

I sigh when we get home. Ciara turns chirpy and nice all of a sudden. She carries the package and orders me to bring the dress, shoes, and wig upstairs to her room. "I guess you want me to dress in this?"

"Not yet. I want to do your face and hair first. You can step into the dress since it's a zipper back," she says.

I sit down, and Ciara goes to work on my face by applying her cosmetics. Every once in a while, she giggles and steps back to look at her masterpiece. I keep my mouth shut and let her do it. I'm humiliated and just need to get on with this. After my face, she secures the wig to my head and adjusts it, so it will stay on.

"Okay, Drew. Now's time to do exactly as I say. Put these on, go ahead." She hands me a pair of her panties. I look at them and furrow my brow. "Oh, go on and put these on. It's not like I've never seen your dick before."

I grimace as I step out of my clothing and pull on the panties. I reach for the dress and she stops me.

"Not yet. Put this on first," she says and thrusts some sort of a device at me.

"What the? Is this a chastity belt?" I ask as my eyes widen.

"Yes, it is. I figured since you can't control your dick while wearing my panties, maybe this will help," she says and shoves it at me.

"No, I'm not wearing that piece of shit," I say defiantly.

"Then I'm done with you, asshole. You can pack your shit and leave," Ciara says.

I wince. Ouch. I grab the belt and step into it. Ciara steps forward with a wicked grin across her face. She secures it to me, it's binding but the panties help softens

the edge a little. After the belt is locked she helps me step into the dress and shoes.

"And a proper woman is born," Ciara says as I step in front of the full mirror hanging on the outside of the bathroom door. Again, I grimace, but I also do a double take. I actually make a pretty blond, albeit flat-chested.

"Give me a few and we'll go," she says.

"Go? Where?"

"Well, out of course," she says and grins.

I barely make it down the steps in the spiked heels. I want to run away, but dressed in the heels and the chastity belt, I wouldn't get too far, and she has the damn key. She'll even have to unlock it for me to piss. Fuck me.

Ciara drives us to a club in the west district of the city, the places where people go who, well, dress like me. I don't want to admit I'm a man in this drag get up. But Ciara is proud of her creation as she pulls me into the flashy club where other men are dressed in drag. Ciara is dressed for clubbing, wearing a jean skirt and a jean vest with a white v neck shirt underneath. She's cute and I would have loved being out with her on my arm if I was out as me, but I'm not.

"Two big margaritas," Ciara says to the bartender. Good, I need a stiff drink.

We sit at a table and I'm terribly uncomfortable. I keep my head down hoping against all hope that I don't run into someone I know. So far so good, I'm not really friends with a trans or drag queens. These men flit by wearing dresses and spiked heels and flashy makeup on their faces. I suppose they look as ridiculous as me.

"Hey, at least pretend you're having a good time," Ciara says as she puts her hand under my chin and lifts it.

"I'm beyond humiliated," I say.

"Good," she says. She folds her arms over her chest. "I hope so because honey, what you did to me was just as humiliating. But I like you that's why I'm giving you this chance, otherwise I would have kicked you out on your ear."

"Okay. I hope this makes up for my behavior," I say.

"It will. Come on, Miss, let's dance," she says.

I stumble out to the dance floor, my feet twisting in the damn heels. But when Ciara steps into my arms and we glide across the dance floor I am transformed. I find myself enjoying it, even in the dress and heels. When the DJ plays a sexy tune, Ciara cuts loose and shimmies her body in front of me, rubbing her chest right on my crotch. FUCK! My cock stiffens and hits the chastity belt with nowhere to go. So, it stiffens inwardly if that's even possible. Suddenly, the hardon causes a great deal of pain. I try to keep my face from showing it and not give her the satisfaction of what her chastity belt is doing to me. The slow song starts, and she falls into my arms, pressing her body against mine. We sway to

the beat and I close my eyes and try to think of awful things to make the swelling in my cock go down. Dammit! It's not working because Ciara is smiling up into my face.

"You know, Drew, when you first did what you did, I was horrified. But then when you kept doing it, I realized it was a compliment to me. I mean I'm flattered that you wanted me so much you took such a risk to get off in my presence. It kind of turns me on," she says as she runs her hand over my chest.

Fucking fuck, my cock hurts like a bad dog. My face skews from the pain. Ciara has turned me on and it's doing nothing but bringing me severe pain. She lifts her hand and runs it over the side of my cheek.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asks sweetly.

"I'm in fucking pain. You win. I'll leave if that's what you want me to do. Just please get me out of this horrifying contraption," I say.

Ciara giggles and grabs my hand. I stumble after her as we rush to the car. She keeps giggling as we speed home, thankfully. I'm in tears by the time we arrive. My cock throbs in pain and in pleasure. I don't know if I'll ever be normal again.

Ciara motions for me to follow her up the stairs to her room. She unzips my dress and pulls it down, and quickly unlocks the chastity belt. My cock springs free within the panties but it's still throbbing. I don't care as I rip down the panties and rub my cock.

"Hey, wait for me," Ciara says as she undresses quickly. I watch with utter wander as she steps to me fully in the nude and gently shoves me back onto her bed.

"What the..."

"Oh, shut up," she says and crawls on top of me and lands on me with her lips.

I'm free to embrace her and feel her soft flesh pressing into me. I groan as she hoists up over my stiff cock and teases it with her warm soft cleft. I moan as she sinks down over it, engulfing me fully into her warm wet pussy. She's not shy now as she rides me like I'm a fierce stallion. I moan as she bucks up and down, riding me hard, twisting and grinding. My cock lengthens within her. I help her move by placing my hands on her hips. Her boobs bounce up and down. She leans forward and glances down watching her clit saw against my stiff cock. She's juicy and getting close as she groans louder than me. Suddenly, her body seizes, and she bounces free and hard over me. She yelps out in pleasure. I groan and lurch forward, no longer able to hold back either. I shoot off in her, filling her pussy full until it oozes out each time she comes down. Finally, she's done and so am I. She leans forward on me and rests, both of us catching our breath.

"Was it worth it?" she asks as she lifts her head to peer into my eyes.

"To have you fuck me like this tonight, yes. I'd do it all again," I say. I'm blown away by our lovemaking.

"Even the chastity belt?" she asks as she grins.

"Even the chastity belt," I say. I draw her to me and lay my lips on hers. I slip out from between her legs and roll her over so she's under me. Her arms slide around my back as we kiss. I'm enjoying her naked boobs as I bend down and suck on a nipple. She moans as her body heats again. She's ready to go again and I need a minute. I chuckle.

"Give me a minute," I say.

"No, I want you now, again," she said. She moves her body until her legs are around my waist. My cock grows again, and I slide it into her sopping pussy. Neither one of us care that it's a mess down there, I fuck her a second time, surprising myself that I had it in me to go again so quickly.

After all that she invites me to sleep with her all night. She snuggles into my arms and falls asleep. I'm used to her deep satisfied breathing by now only this time she's in my arms and she has her naked body pressed up against mine.

Yeah, I'd do it all again to end up like this with her. She's one heck of a good fuck and she's worth the pain and suffering I endured wearing the dress, heels and chastity belt tonight. Remind me never to piss her off again though. She has a wicked streak that I don't care to experience again. I'll walk the straight and narrow with her from now on, as long as I'm welcomed in her bed and she in mine. Maybe we could turn my room into an office.

THE END

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