



CROSSDRESSING

# SISSY

IS PUNISHED AND HUMILIATED BY HIS DOMINANT ROOMMATE

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE



CROSSDRESSING

# SISSY

IS PUNISHED AND HUMILIATED BY HIS DOMINANT ROOMMATE

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE

## Crossdressing Sissy Is Punished And Humiliated By His Dominant Roommate

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2019

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

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.

The house had enough rooms that each of us could have a room to ourselves. When Beau and Ellie came to my studio apartment with the suggestion of four of us renting a house together I jumped on it. I had no room in the studio apartment and even the furniture which composed of a daybed, a small dining table and two chairs, and a bookshelf with a closet and a tiny bathroom. The house, an older Victorian style home, has four bedrooms and two bathrooms. Since it's Ellie, Beau, Tammy and me we split off. The men took the two rooms to the right of the stairs which shared a bathroom and the two ladies took the two rooms to the left. The downstairs has ample space with a large eat-in kitchen, a formal dining room, a living room, and a den. Plus, there's a half bath and a laundry room. We're converting the dining room into our media room with desks and computers and a knock-out sound system. Ellie brought a dining table with four chairs, so that's taken care of.

The living room we pitched in and bought furniture from the second-hand furniture store, enough for a sofa, two chairs, three end tables, and a coffee table. The one thing I owned was a kick-ass TV and it we hung on the wall over the fireplace. I also bought bedroom furniture and a new mattress. It will be different sleeping on a queen-sized bed instead of a twin sized daybed for a change. My bedroom is almost as big as the studio apartment and now I have a separate kitchen and living area.

The coolest part of the older home is the large backyard. A rock patio spans the back of the house and a privacy fence frames the entire backyard. We're thinking about getting a house dog for all of us to claim. We plan to head to the animal shelter the next time we are all off at the same time when the shelter is opened to the public. I'm all for getting a lab or a retriever. Ellie and Tammy want a poodle or some other small yappy dog. Beau says we should compromise and get a mid-sized dog.

Tammy comes downstairs carrying a basket of dirty laundry. I jump up and grab it from her, because, after all, I'm a gentleman. She giggles. I love her laughter, it

rings high-pitched throughout the house when she's home. She's a dream with large bouncy golden-brown curls, and big round glasses to boot. She looks like a librarian because she is one. We all graduated from college at the same time. Of all of us, she was lucky enough to land a job right away at the public library in town. My own job is as an apprentice in drafting with a design firm that works closely with a group of architects. My degree is more into building engineering, but the jobs were few, so I took what I could.

I take the laundry basket to the laundry room and set it on the table. She barely has clothes in it, it's more towels and washcloths than anything. I stand in the door and watch her start the laundry as we chat. Tammy's an interesting girl. She's sweet and good with children, but she has a vindictive side if someone crosses her they better watch out. She doesn't take kindly to anyone who does her dirty. That kind of attitude turns me on. I have a big crush on her but have never admitted it to her. Now that we're all housemates, I really don't want to admit it to her. It would seem very odd if I did and she didn't reciprocate the feelings. I suffer in silence and hold a candle to her that no one else knows about.

"We should come up with some guidelines to help conserve energy in the home. I know we're splitting all the bills four ways, but I don't want to pay extra after I've done my part and Beau hasn't. Know what I mean?" she asks as we walk back into the kitchen.

"You mean by the way he leaves lights on everywhere he goes?" I ask. I had noticed that too.

"Yeah. It drives me nuts. I don't like having to go behind him and shutting off the lights," she says.

"Let's have a meeting about it. I have some ideas to save on energy. Like not running water while brushing teeth, things like that," I say.

"Oh, I like how you think," Tammy says.

We call a meeting and the four of us sit in the living room to discuss ways to save energy. Tammy launches into Beau about his waste of electricity.

"Hey, we had every light in the home on when I was growing up," Beau says.

"And your parents paid the bills. Now we're paying the bills. If we can shave some expense off the bill that benefits all of us," Tammy says.

Beau agrees. I mention about the water and teeth brushing and we all agree.

"Okay, since we're discussing this, let's talk about other ways to save energy. Like cooking meals. If we're all eating four different things, that's four times the kitchen is messed up and appliances running. Why don't we treat this as a family and split the chores? Not just cleaning the bathrooms and vacuuming, but all of it," Ellie says.

I nod. "Like taking turns cooking?" I ask. I enjoy cooking, so I don't mind it.

"Yes! That would be perfect, actually," Tammy says as she bounces up and down on her seat. I smile, I like seeing her bounce.

"And someone else to clean up after," Ellie says.

"Sounds good. Put me down and tell me when I'm to do it," Beau says as he munches on a cookie. I have a feeling we'll be getting onto him a lot over our agreements.

"I'll make a schedule," Tammy says.

I have a bright idea after watching Tammy run the washer with her little load earlier. "How about we take turns with laundry duty. I mean you save money on electricity and water by using the washer less. Wash one load of whites and one of colors. Since there's four of us, if we combine our laundry, we can conserve in this way," I say.

Tammy doesn't say anything but only nods.

"I think it's a great idea. I hate doing laundry. If this cuts back to just every four days, I'm game," Ellie says.

"Okay, I'll go for it. But everyone initial with a permanent marker in their tags so we don't mix up stuff. And no folding of other people's stuff. Look at it long enough to pitch into the right laundry basket. No offense, but I prefer to fold my own underwear," Tammy says as she's looking at me.

Honestly, I hadn't thought about that part. It intrigues me though. I smile. "Of

course. I don't particularly like folding my own laundry let alone everyone else's," I say. My words elicit a bout of laughter from everyone and agreements.

Starting off the next day, I have laundry duty. Ellie is cooking, and Beau is clean up. Tammy has vacuum and sweeping of the downstairs. We all agreed the downstairs floors need to be cleaned daily. I go to each room and gather the dirty clothes hampers. I sort while upstairs to make it easier, sorting the colors from the whites. I do so quickly and carry the two loads downstairs to the laundry room. First, I wash the whites and while the darks are drying, I sort the whites. I carry the baskets to the living room. Beau went out to see his girl. Ellie is taking a bath and Tammy is working on her computer. I can hear her talking to someone on chat every once in a while, she lets out her shrill laugh. I chuckle as I check the tags and separate into B, E, T, and mine.

I pull up a pair of hot pink, barely-there silk panties. I'm immediately intrigued by the softness of the fabric. My cock suddenly lengthens as I hold the pair in my hands. I look at the tag and see a nice neat T. Aw, it's Tammy's panties. Somehow if I found out the pair belonged to Ellie I could have sat them in the basket and moved on. Knowing the underwear belongs to Tammy gives me immense pleasure and curiosity. Suddenly I'm in a desperate urge to see her wearing the panties. I can imagine the pair stretched across her sweet muff and round beautiful ass. I hold the pair and try to transfer the energy of her into my hands. Suddenly the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs brings me out of the daydream. I smile as Tammy walks into the room and I pitch the pair into her basket and grab another garment.

"How's laundry duty? Still glad you suggested it?" she asks as she pauses at the entry into the dining room.

I chuckle. "I'm okay with it. There, done with this load. Your basket will be at the foot of the stairs. I think each person can carry up their own load, right?" I ask.

I toss and turn and can't sleep. I keep thinking about Tammy's panties. I have a desperate thing for her and it's growing worse by the second, especially ever since I handled her panties. Finally, I get up to take a piss and glance across the hall at Tammy's door which is slightly ajar. Both Ellie and Beau's doors are shut tightly. All the lights are off. Only fans are blowing with the rooms and Ellie is playing soft music while she sleeps. I toy with the idea to go into Tammy's room and tell her the truth, that I have a thing for her. What's the worst that can happen? That she'll say no. It would cause some tense moments after that. But what if she said yes. Maybe she'd lift her covers and invite me into her bed. Then I could turn my daydreams into reality. I go back into my room because I'm not willing to risk it.

I wake up later with another urge to piss. This time I don't go back into my room, but I head to Tammy's instead. I'm feeling daring, led by my stiff cock. She makes it too easy by keeping her door open. I silently step in and shut the door. While I want her to catch me, I don't want Ellie and Beau to know. Tammy's sleeping with her mouth open. I chuckle inwardly and toy with the idea to push my cock through the opening. With my hand on my crotch, I step to her dresser, where the top middle drawer is slightly open. My hand slips inside and fishes out a pair of clean panties, the very pair I had folded earlier that evening. Without hesitation, I pluck the pair from the drawer and within a moment, my jockeys are off and I'm sliding the pair over my body. I feel risqué and adventuresome. If I can't have her in the flesh, I can at least take advantage of the situation and devise a little pleasure while I'm watching her sleep. Right now, I'm thinking with my stiff cock and not my brain. I'm half asleep and horny as heck.

Tammy stirs, and I freeze. I want her to wake up and I want her to stay asleep. Wake up only if she'd have me and stay asleep if not. Though she stirs, she resumes the deep breathing. I groan quietly, wanting to crawl in bed with her. My cock lengthens more as I step to her. My hand reaches down and rubs over the outside of the soft material. I need a release. I can't stop myself from doing this. I back up a bit while she stirs again. She's not as sound asleep as I need her

to be to bring myself to completion. Right now, I don't care as I keep my hand on my crotch. I squeeze over the head and draw out pre-cum. It quickly stains the front of the panties. I moan softly as I feel the cum collecting in the base of my cock. I want to prolong this moment, make it last. My hand slides down to my balls and the fabric is so soft against them. I gently rub and squeeze my hand around the pair, making my moans a little louder. More pre-cum squirts from the tip and I don't care. My mouth opens as the moan turns into a soft groan. I need to keep it quiet or she'll stir awake. But it feels so damn good, I can't help myself. I close my eyes and slowly rub from my balls to the tip of my cock. My fingers rub over the tip, and I want nothing more than to spunk into her panties. I want to soil them with my hot man juice and I want to groan and moan so loudly that Tammy wakes up and watches. I want her to lie back and spread her legs and let me dive nose first into her sweet muff and lick until she arches her back and bucks up and down in a mind-blowing orgasm. I want her to come with me. Do I dare wake her as I'm doing this? I decide to go for it, to let my mouth emit the sounds of pure ecstasy.

I rub and moan as the cum builds under pressure. I lurch forward when my cock explodes, and I squeeze and rub furiously, finishing the job. The moans are loud, I'm not trying to hide it now. I want Tammy to hear, I want her to wake up.

"Oh fuck, uh," I say as I'm squeezing my squirting cock. The panties fill up with my cum and it's making a sloppy sound now, squishing through the fabric. When my cock squirts the last bit and I double over to finish the job, I open my eyes and look at Tammy.

She is wide awake, her eyes bulging as she watches me. Good! Maybe she'll want to join. Maybe my orgasm turned her on to the point she'll lie back and let me at her muff. I open my mouth to invite her to do so when she springs up suddenly. I smile but she's grimacing as she lurches forward, her fists close and she lunges for me. I am caught off guard as she lands her fist square on my balls in a swat. I fall forward and come down to my knees, the pain taking me by surprise. I can't be loud, or I'll wake Ellie who is right next door. Thankfully, her

music is playing. I double over with my face on the floor, my hands on my aching balls and rock back and forth. She hit me hard, so hard I saw stars.

Tammy walks back and forth. When I glance up, her fists are still clenched. She stops and glares down at me. "What the mother fuck did you just do? Asshole!" she says in a loud whisper. I'm grateful she's not yelling. She's very controlled with her voice.

"I..." My voice squeaks. I'm still in a great deal of pain I can't talk.

"You what? You mother fucking jerk? Come into my room and wear my damn panties and jerk off beside my bed while you think I'm sleeping? Except you sure got loud. You wanted me to catch you? Well, I caught you all right. Stand up again so I can pummel your balls again, you mother fucking asshole," she says.

I'm crying. My balls have sharp pains still shooting through them. I don't want to stand up or sit up. I'm staying cowered in a ball on the floor now more to protect myself. Tammy throws quite a punch to my utter surprise. I can't believe sweet little Tammy did this to me.

Finally, she's leaned against her bed, her arms crossed, her fingers tapping her upper arms. She still glares down at me but at least she's not in a stance to pummel me again. I glance up at her, my face skewed in pain. "Please don't hit me again," I manage to say. My words are shaky.

She gives a chuckle. "Please don't hit me again," she says in a mocking tone. "Tell me why the fuck you did this?"

I sit up. Sweat has beaded on my forehead. "I like you. I wanted you," I say.

"What?" She shakes her head. "Jason, that's a backward way of doing things. You think that will make me want you to wake up to you jacking off beside my bed in my panties no less? That's a coward's way of doing things. What the fuck, man? You're not man enough to try to court me and entice me the way a normal man would," she says.

I look down, defeated and hurting. Now I don't want to do anything with her. The cruelty with which she pummeled me caught me by surprise. I truly didn't expect her to hit me in the balls. The worse I thought she'd do was to just laugh or refuse me. She didn't have to get so physical. The pain in my balls echoed the pain in my heart and my ego. I grunt as I try to stand and protect myself from this sadist. She squints her eyes at me as I stumble back. I'm still wearing her panties, which are soiled, the wet spot in front is evident of my actions earlier. I hover my hands protectively in front of my body.

Tammy shakes as she watches me. I back away from her and hit the dresser drawer that is still open. It pisses her off as she lurches forward, her fist out. I try to block her and again her knuckles meet with my cock and balls as she punches not once but twice. I wince and double over, this time sliding down the dresser. Why did I allow her to do this again?

"Please, stop," I say as I rock on the floor while holding my man goods once again.

"I can't! You are an idiot. How dare you come in here and go through my drawer. How dare you put on my panties and jack off like that. You probably ruined

them," she says. Her voice is getting louder.

I look up desperate for her to shut up and stop. I'm near tears as I hold my balls and hope the pain lets up. "Please, stop. Be quiet. Just stop," I cry.

Tammy lets out a breath and sits hard on her bed. She nods. "Yes, you're right. No need in waking the others. Unless I should. Yeah, I should. We should vote to kick you out on your ass, Jason. You're a perverted mother fucker," she says.

I wince. Ouch. Her words are as hurtful as her fists. I just want her to stop. Stop talking and stop making threats. "Please don't," I say.

Right now, I can't imagine what I'd do if I were kicked out of the house. I had a weak moment, but the pain in my groin clouds my thoughts and my judgment.

"Huh, I should. I really should," she says as she stands again and marches back and forth.

I look up at her. I'm wary of her, very wary. She scares me right now. I can't deal with this. I want to hurl. "Please don't. I'm begging you," I say and continue rocking.

She stops and peers down at me. Was that a bit of sorrow that crossed her face? I can't tell, as I'm both sick to my stomach and unable to make much sense out of anything other than the pain in my balls going away.

"I should wake them up and tell them. I should pummel your stinking balls again until they flatten," she says. I blanch. I can't handle this.

"Please," I whimper.

Suddenly, she softens. "But I won't, for now. It's the middle of the night. I'm not going to wake them. And dammit, Jason, stop crying. You're a grown man, act like one," she says, and she rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

"A grown man who just had his balls hit three times by you. Maybe you have no clue what that feels like," I say.

"Maybe you have no clue what it feels like to take up and see a grown man standing beside my bed while wearing my panties and jerking off. Did you think that would turn me on?" she asks.

"Maybe I did. It would me, if I rolled over and caught you wearing my jockeys and masturbating," I say.

Tammy smiles and then laughs. Normally I love her laugh but right now everything about her sickens me. "Since you put it that way. I guess men and women are very different," she says as she casually sits on her bed. I sigh now that she's relaxed and jovial.

I sit up tentatively and glance at her. I still want to protect my goods, so I eye her with caution. "Look, Tammy, I'm sorry. I apologize for doing this. I shouldn't

have. I have a different sense of what's right and wrong and probably a different sense of what would turn me on as opposed to what turns you on," I say.

"You think? I think you missed the mark entirely. You must understand, Jason, I may be a diminutive female, but I've learned to take up for myself. I don't let anyone mess with me. I hope I've made that much clear. I'm not sorry for what I did, but I am sorry that you put me in the position to do it in the first place. This hasn't been pleasant," she says.

I readily agree. "I'm sorry, Tammy. What can I do to make it up to you? What can I do to earn your silence? And more importantly, what can I do to keep you from pummeling me again?" I ask.

"Hmph. I should scream and bring them in here. That would be hilarious. You're sitting here on my floor with soiled panties on your ass. I think the humiliation you'd endure would be worth it," she says. She sucks in a deep breath and acts as if she's about to yell.

"Tammy, I'm sorry. What do you want me to do to make up for this? I was sorely mistaken with the way I handled myself here," I say.

"You think? Seriously mistaken, I'd say," she says.

"Misjudged your reaction, that's for sure," I say.

"Let me think about this for a minute. You want me to keep quiet to our

housemates about what you've done?"

I nod.

"And what are you willing to do to keep me quiet?" She lifts her brow as she grabs her glasses and slides them over her face and flicks on the lamp. Until then we were operating with just the light pouring in through her window from the street lamp on the street.

I sit back fully and relax a little more since she seems more composed now. "Anything just name it," I say. I no longer even feel like a man. My crotch is numb from the pain, my hopes dashed that Tammy was good for me.

"Hmmm, anything. Yeah, I'd say you owe me big time," she says.

"As I said before, if the shoe were on the other foot I would have been thrilled to find out wearing my underwear while masturbating beside my bed," I say.

"Clearly, I'm not you. I think what you did was disgusting," she says.

"Okay, I know that now. And, again, I'm sorry. Just tell me what to do to make up for this. I don't want this to ruin our friendship," I say. I'm feeling bold now.

"Friendship? I hardly call us friends now."

"I didn't want this to make things weird between us. That's why I didn't say anything," I say.

"Saying something is far better than what you did. You humiliated yourself in front of me. I'd like to think my ball busting would teach you a lesson, but somehow, I don't think it did. I think you need a giant dose of humiliation at my hand," she says.

I sit forward and pull my knees up. My balls need cradling and my feet and legs protect my valued goods from her ball wrecking fists. "Okay, whatever. I'll do it. But I want to know you won't say anything to Beau or Ellie," I say.

"You're really worried I'll spill it about what you've done in here tonight. Unless... unless you've done this to Ellie too?" Tammy lifts a brow.

I grimace. "I may be a sicko, but I'm not that much of one. I only have sicko eyes for you," I say and chuckle. I can hardly believe the words coming out of my mouth. She chuckles too which surprises me even more. How can I even entertain the idea of liking her after her knee-jerk reaction to my presence in her room?

"Okay, fair enough. Be ready to pay up then. We'll prepare at the club tomorrow evening. They have single restrooms there, so it will be easy to go in together and get ready. Unless you won't mind Beau and Ellie seeing what I do to you," Tammy says.

I shake my head. "I'm not even sure what you plan on doing," I say.

Tammy smiles. "Leave it to me, dear," she says. She stands and walks to the door and opens it. "Until then, please leave my room. Keep the panties. I'm sure they are beyond stretched and nasty too. Tomorrow evening we'll go out. Be ready or else."

Her words ring in my head as I stand and want to double over again. My balls are so sore, but I don't let her see my pain. I tiptoe through the dark hall to the sanctuary of my bedroom and shut the door. Only then do I let myself cry over what just happened. After peeling out of the dirty panties, I sleep naked while I let my balls air out in hopes they will recover by tomorrow.

The next day Tammy acts like she always does. Neither one of us let on that we had it out the night before. We carry on through the day as if nothing happened. At six she eyes me with her brow lifted. Ellie has a date and has already left the house. Beau is getting ready to meet some friends out later. No one thinks anything of us leaving together and heading to some club Tammy insists on visiting.

"Vendi-Lou's?" I ask as we pull into the parking lot of a very popular trans club.

"Yes, and tonight's the drag queen runway. You're entered, Jasmine," Tammy says.

I gulp hard. She pulls a dress bag from the back of her car along with a pair of heels that look big enough to fit my feet. I start to shake my head.

"Yes, you said you would. Now come on. I have thirty minutes to prepare the masterpiece," she says. "Grab the duffle bag, please."

I reach inside to pull out the duffle bag which rattles with bottles and things. We march into the club and already I spot men dressed in drag prancing around like sissies. "Come, now," Tammy says as she holds the door to the women's restroom open for me. I'm hesitant, but I go in knowing if I don't she'll have her revenge on me in another way.

I'm shaking as I'm forced out of my clothing and step into the long red sequin dress and the black lacy panties and camisole. The neck plunges low, the heels in my size give me another three inches in height. After Tammy applies cosmetics to my face and the platinum blond wig with soft shoulder-length waves to my head, I'm hardly recognizable. At least there's that. Humiliation doesn't even cut it. I'm beyond that, yet strangely turned on now that I'm in the women's garb. My cock and balls fit snugly in the panties and rub against the soft fabric when I walk.

"They're mine, you know," Tammy says. "The panties."

That does it. My cock rises to the occasion. At least I'm comforted in knowing my cock still works after the ball busting from last night.

"I see that pleases you," Tammy says as she looks at my growing crotch.

I grimace all the same as I follow her out to the club. I wobble on the high heels

but maintain my footing. The DJ announces the drag queens must meet at the stage for the runway walk. Tammy pushes me to it and puts her fingers in her mouth and whistles as I walk up the steps. A tall red-head looks me up and down. He has on false-eyelashes that extend at least an inch. "Honey, this your first time stepping out?" he asks.

"Yes," I say under my breath. I try not to make eye contact but the red-head is persistent.

"It's okay. Just walk like you mean it, honey. And save a dance for me," he says and winks at me.

The DJ calls us to order and sexy music commences. I'm handed a sign with a number on it to hold up as I walk. When I walk to the center of the stage, the man, another in drag, smacks my ass. "Shake it, sweetie. Show 'em what you've got," he says to me.

Tammy is front and center and has her fingers to her mouth whistling than anyone else. I blush because I'm parading around as someone I never dreamed I'd be in a thousand years. I react to her enthusiasm as I sway my ass and put my hand on my hip. I blow her a kiss and the crowd goes wild. My cock comes to life inside the panties. I squirm with delight and turn to give the next queen space to strut his stuff. After we line up, I'm sporting a good stiffy which shows well within the dress. I don't even try to hide it. I feel it's giving me back my masculinity. Besides, Tammy can't take her eyes off me. I receive a runner-up sash as the red-head with the inch-long eyelashes wins. Finally, I resume my place by her side.

She orders drinks and I gladly down the concoction and drink another. I'm feeling the buzz and when the band strikes up and drag queens and their

girlfriends and boyfriends take the dance floor I stand and hold out my hand to Tammy.

"Oh? You want to dance with me now? You trust me again?" she asks.

"Yeah, why not? I hope you are done with the ball busting," I say as I pull her to me. She looks up to see my face as I'm three inches taller with the heels. As we sway, she giggles.

"I'm done. I'm sorry, Jason. Your actions caught me by surprise. It was a knee-jerk reaction. I was so pissed at you last night. And now..." She smiles up at me, her brow waggles.

"Now? Anything intriguing you?" I ask as I press her into me. My crotch hits her belly and there's no mistaking my desire for her.

Tammy stops dancing and yawns big. We had danced through five songs already. She grins. "I'm ready for bed," she says and grabs my hand, pulling me along to the door. While I'm still leery of her, I'm also excited to see what will happen. To my dismay, Ellie is home and another truck is parked behind her.

"That's Thom." Tammy walks inside, and the TV isn't on, in fact only one lamp is lit downstairs. Beau is still out. "I guess they are in Ellie's room."

First thing's first, we hit the bathroom, so I can remove the dress. Tammy comes in there with me and helps me out of the dress and helps me remove the makeup

from my face. She grins as we step out and follows me into my bedroom this time. "You know, I might want to wear your jockeys," she says.

"Oh, please do," I beg.

She giggles as she steps out of her clothes and all my fantasies come true. She indeed grabs a pair of my jockeys and pulls them over her body. As an act of trust, I come out of the shorts and step to her. She melts in my arms and I gently lead her back to the bed. My cock is so stiff I might come just from kissing her. I nestle in between her thighs as she grabs hold of my head and presses my head to her. Her essence fills my senses as I lap at her hard knob. It doesn't take long for the glisten to appear and I greedily lap up through her slit and enjoy the flavor of her love. She arches her back and cries out, matching the moans we hear coming from Ellie's room. After she comes, she pulls me up to her and I land on her lips giving her a big taste of her muff. She scoots down, and I shake my head.

"Don't you want me to give you head?"

"No, I want to plow you," I say and push her back.

I take my time and enjoy every second as I pull her feet to my shoulder. Each toe receives either a kiss or a lick or a suck. She squirms and giggles and opens her legs wide. Finally, I grab my cock and swirl it through her slit without piercing at first. I find her hard member and roll it over it making her back arch in pleasure again. I can't wait another second and penetrate through her soft warm folds, pressing all the way in until my balls are tapping on her ass. She lifts her pelvis and grinds each time I pull out and thrust back in. My cock is building pressure as I groan. Fucking her feels so good I almost lose it during the first minute. A few more thrusts and I can't contain it. I lurch forward at the same moment that

Tammy's back arches again. Her pussy squeezes around my cock and I'm not sure who is louder, me or her. We groan and rock through the pulses of pleasure, until I'm empty and she collapses back onto my pillows.

I fall beside her and pull her into my arms as we catch our breath after the strong bout of sex. The next thing I know the sun is streaming through my window. I'm lying beside Tammy, who now faces away from me and is sleeping peacefully. It's easy to wrap my arms around her and draw her to me. She stirs and smiles as she moans. My cock lengthens again, and with great ease, we do it again, this time I slide into her back door. We're a sappy mess afterwards.

"Let's shower," Tammy says as she hops out of my bed. She grabs one of my tee shirts and shoves it over her body. I follow her out the door as she heads to her bathroom. "Coming?"

I don't let the grass grow under me as I join her in her bathroom and we step into the shower together. While we're washing, she turns to me and peers up into my face. "Does this mean we're more than friends?" I ask.

Tammy busts out laughing. "I sure hope so, after last night and this morning," she says.

THE END