

A Tale of Forced Feminization, Crossdressing and Sissification



DRESSED IN
PANTIES
AND FORCED IN PUBLIC

SCARLETT STEELE

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I don't know why but I act like such a dick with Sia sometimes. She's a sweet girl and I have to act like the big man with her. My best friend, Mike, told me I can't treat her like we're married. But I can't help it. I guess I get tired of her wanting to do the same ole same ole. We've gotten into a rut in our relationship. She doesn't want to try new things and I do. I'm a man of variety and I need it in my love life too.

We may as well live together because we spend most of our time at her

apartment. I have a little studio apartment with a hide-a-bed sofa and nothing more. It's rather boring there. In fact, Sia even gave me a key to use and three of her drawers, plus a section of her walk-in closet. My toothbrush sits in a cup on her bathroom vanity beside hers. My bottles of shower gel and shampoo are in her bathtub. I think we're keeping my studio apartment for looks because her parents aren't keep on her living with me outside of marriage. And we're certainly not ready for marriage yet.

We come in from a full day at work. We both work at the same place, a metal fabrication factory. She's an office worker and I'm a forklift driver. It makes it easy for us to carpool to work every day, especially since I'm practically living with her.

"I'm in the mood for shrimp tonight and maybe a movie. New super hero movie is out," Sia says. Her dark hair falls carelessly around her shoulders. She has beautiful skin coming from her Asian heritage. Her mother is English and her father Chinese. They met while working at the same airport. They are very traditional people.

"Okay. Sushi's By The Sea and then the theater."

I pull off my work clothes and slip into the shower. It's pounding hot and steamy over my body when my sweet little girlfriend steps inside to join me. I grin down at her as my cock stiffens just from being in her naked presence.

"Oh, look who's making an appearance," Sia says as she grabs my stiff one and yanks on it. I groan. She soaps the pouf and scrubs my body, paying extra attention to my hard-on. I lurch forward, it feels too good to hold back. A soapy jack-off is always fun and spontaneous. Her fingers glide over my cock as I moan greatly. I shove my hands down over hers, enjoying feeling her

movements while I'm getting off. Suddenly, my body spasms and I lurch forward.

"Uh, oh fuck, keep going," I yell as my cock squirts a load of hot cum into her hands. She giggles as she catches it. Finally, I shove her away as my cock is thoroughly spent.

"Was that good?" she asks as she wags her brow. She always asks, and I give her the same answer each time.

"No, sweetie, I faked it. I learned how to come on command without actually coming." I laugh. She washes off and once out of the shower I know it's my turn to please her.

"Come here, you little vixen," I say as I pick her up and set her on the vanity. She's still dripping wet. I bend down between her legs and nose into her lovely crotch. I take a big sniff and relish her fragrance, just her and soap. It actually causes my cock to stiffen again. My tongue laps through her soft slit as I bear down on her hardening knob. My hands raise to her nipples and tweak and tug while I run my swirling tongue over her clit. She groans and runs her fingers through my wet hair. Within moments, she's bucking into my face and arching her back as she growls and comes. Her muff turns a deep purple and I keep my tongue on her hard member until she shoves me off.

After our little time we got busy with work- and work-related trips over the next couple of weeks. Our normal routine got interrupted and finally, Sia is due back from the out of town seminar she had attended.

The knock at Sia's door startles me as I'm trying to get the apartment ready for her return tonight. I haven't had any sexy action in a while and I'm rearing to go. I even didn't jack-off to save my cum for her. When I deny myself for a length of time the orgasm is so much better. I want some good pussy action and I'm looking forward to seeing Sia walk through the door. In fact, I'm sporting a semi-boner when I open the door because I was half expecting it to be her. I'm in nothing but a pair of athletic shorts with no shirt.

"Hi there, Alex," Rita says as she waltzes in by me. She's Sia's friend and comes around every so often. She's a looker with flaxen blonde hair that hangs down half way over her back. She's athletic, not like Sia who doesn't have an athletic bone in her body. Her rack juts out in the athletic bra, her mid-drift showing creamy skin that glistens when she moves.

"Rita, Sia's not here," I say as my eyes can't help but wander over her curvy body. It's no secret that Rita had a crush on me when Sia and I first started dating. She told me on more than one occasion she was there for me if Sia ever wasn't.

My phone rings and before I can say anything to Rita I hold up my finger and answer it because it's Sia.

"I stopped at my parents. I'm staying the night here," Sia says.

"No, baby. I am ready for you," I say. I sound like a whiny kid wanting candy.

"No, I'm staying here. You can be without me for another night or two," Sia says in the phone. She sounds irritable. I'm pissed now because we were talking two

nights ago about how much we missed each other, and she made all these promises when she came home. My cock is counting on it.

“Please come home tonight. I need you,” I whisper into the phone. I don’t want Rita to hear.

Sia blows out a breath. “Alex, get a hold of yourself. It’s not all about sex. I don’t feel like coming home tonight,” she says.

“Fine,” I say more gruffly than I should have. But I’m frustrated as hell now. She gets in these moods every once in a while, for no damn reason. I grit my teeth and set my phone on the table and return to Rita.

“What’s wrong? You two have a tiff?” Rita asks.

I scratch my head. “Nah. She’s staying over at her parents’ home. I was planning a romantic evening,” I say.

Rita lifts her nose, smelling the spaghetti I have cooking in the kitchen. “Seems ashamed to waste good spaghetti,” she says and grins.

“Yeah, well, that’s fine. I’ll just eat on it over the next couple of days.”

Rita grabs her bag. Good. “No, you won’t. Give me an hour and I’ll help you take care of the spaghetti. I have an errand to run really quick,” she says.

Before I can protest, she's out the door. I pick up the phone and call Sia back and practically beg her to come home. We end up arguing about it. She tells me I'm a sexual pig and I should learn to take care of things a little better, meaning I should just use my hands and jack off. I'll show her, I'll jack off right on her pillow tonight.

When the doorbell rings and I open it, I know I'm in trouble. Rita walks in, this time wearing a short red dress, body-hugging over her killer curves. She thrusts a bottle of white wine into my hands. "Now, where's that spaghetti," she says as she walks into the kitchen.

Dammit, Sia, you should come home, I keep thinking. Rita eyes are all over me. Of course, I don't make it too hard on her with my no shirt and athletic shorts. I can't help but get a boner as she walks around, shaking her shapely ass at me. She knows I'm a hungry horn dog and she's here to take advantage.

I sit on the other side of the bar from Rita. I'm trying, I really am, to behave. She doesn't make it easy though. She pouts when I sit down. I act as if I don't see her. She pours the wine and I'm bracing for trouble. I'm a big guy, so getting drunk with wine would take like half a bottle. Still, though, she might get drunk and throw herself at me and then what am I supposed to do? Hey, I am a red-blooded male with powerful urges.

After dinner and two glasses of wine, Rita helps me load the dishwasher. "I bet you Sia makes you do this a lot, huh?" Rita asks.

I step back from her. She's so close I can smell her floral perfume. "We share the chores," I say.

“Do you still have your little studio apartment?”

I glance up. “Uh-huh.” Keep it short and sweet, don’t show too much enthusiasm to her.

“And yet she won’t officially let you move in here?” Rita frowns and shakes her head.

“For all intents and purposes, I do live here. She and I are solid,” I say hoping it will deter her from further investigation.

“Yet, she’s choosing to stay at mommy and daddy’s tonight,” Rita says and clicks her tongue while shaking her head again. Dammit, I wish she’d just stop.

“Look, Rita, thanks for the wine,” I say.

“Oh, hon, you’re welcome. Thanks for the delicious spaghetti supper. I mean two lonely people can share a meal,” she says as she reaches out and touches my shoulder.

I try to step back but she’s massaging her fingers into my skin. Uh, it feels good. I haven’t had a soft woman’s touch in over two weeks. My weak flesh is caving. I muster up the courage to step back and out of her reach.

“Thanks again for stopping by. I have an early day tomorrow,” I lie.

“No, you don’t. Silly man. You had a romantic evening planned for Miss Sia and she’s a no-show at her own place. We should watch a movie or something,” she says and follows me into the living room.

My cock grows just being in close proximity of her. She sits on the sofa in the middle and runs her hand over the cushions. “I always loved this comfy sofa. It’s nice,” she says and smiles up at me. “Have a seat, dear. I won’t bite.”

Sure, you won’t. I might though. I sit on the chair and pull out the remote. She frowns momentarily. “What movie would you like to watch?” I ask.

“Mmmm, I don’t know. You pick, I’m sure I’ll like it.”

Again, sure. I choose an action adventure, something that shouldn’t have any romantic scenes in it. I’m trying, I really am.

The movie starts and so far, so good. I’m sweating though, my mind wanders to what’s resting between her legs. She sits in a way that I can peek up her skirt. She’s a lovely woman. I’m horny as hell. I shift on the seat to hide my growing desire for her. Dammit, Sia, if things go sideways here, it’s your fault for not coming home.

A hot and heavy love scene comes on the movie. Fuck. It’s a fuck fest and the characters are really into it. I feel a flush of heat rising over me. Rita watches me

closely. I keep my eyes peeled on the TV acting as if I'm in the room alone. She rises and walks past me to the kitchen. Thankfully! I take the opportunity to adjust my raging stiffy in my shorts. She returns moments later with another glass of wine and hands it to me. I gratefully take it and down it.

Rita perches on the arm of the chair. I can't fucking breathe. I try to focus on the movie, but her hand is rubbing up my arm. I shift in the seat, trying anything I can think of to ignore her, somehow. It's useless, her eyes scan my crotch and she smiles, knowingly. My fucking cock, always getting me into trouble. I heave in a deep breath and finally glance at her.

Rita looks down, smiling. She moves around and kneels in front of me. Oh fuck. I can't be responsible for what happens now. Her hand reaches up and gingerly tugs at my athletic shorts.

"You need release. It's okay, I won't tell Sia," Rita says.

Sounds good to me. I raise my ass long enough to remove the damn binding shorts. My underwear goes down too. Might as well. Might as well go straight to hell.

Rita's soft hands reach out and grasps my long hard pole. I lurch forward and groan as she runs her hand down the shaft. Yeah, she won't tell Sia. I'm okay with that. I'm perfectly okay when Rita leans in and pulls my head through her soft full lips. Lips I've wanted to sample for a long time. The blood pools in my cock, it throbs with desire as I buck up and into her mouth. My hands rest in her hair, I groan, a long deep groan. Oh no! It won't take long for my body to cave in and come. Not long at all. I throw all sense out the window as my cock grows longer and harder. Soon, I'm bucking up and down, fucking Rita's face. At this point I don't give a flying fuck if Sia walks in on us. I just want to jack off in her

mouth and I hope she swallows.

“Oh fuck! Fuck me! Rita, swallow it, okay? Swallow it, there’s a lot. I’m coming, UH!” I lurch forward and buck in and out of her mouth as my cock squirts and squirts to the back of her throat. She’s gives good head, I mean too good for me to pass. I fucking fill her mouth until she nearly gags. When I’m done and take a deep breath, I shove her back. That’s when I see Sia standing in the door, with her bags in hand.

Fuck my life. Rita wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. “Oops,” she says as she stands. She’s a little too cool about it. I look from her to Sia as I’m about to shit my pants. I quickly stand and yank up my shorts.

“Don’t bother. But you can bother to pack your bags and leave. This is, after all, my place,” Sia says.

“I can see I’ve over stayed my welcome,” Rita says. She grabs her bag and saunters to the door. “Honey, piece of advice, you snooze you lose.”

Sia slams the door on Rita.

What the fuck was that? I am fuming now that I got caught. The least Sia could have done was tell me and this would have never happened.

“Just leave,” she says, coolly.

“No, wait. Please, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean for this to happen. I didn’t invite her over. She came here looking for you. And dammit, you weren’t here. Fuck, you said you were staying with your parents. Fuck, Sia. I didn’t mean for this to happen. I never meant for it to. She means absolutely nothing to me. I was horny as fuck. No excuse, but she brought wine and sort of forced herself on me. I mean, fuck my life. I’m fucking boned,” I say.

Sia gives me a grin. “Yeah, you boned my ex-friend. She and I had a falling out the other day. I didn’t get a chance to tell you before I left. She saw her opportunity and took it. Nice of you to let me walk in and see it in action, otherwise I would have never believed it,” Sia says. “Now get out before I call the cops.”

“Please, baby. Rita means absolutely nothing to me. You’re my everything,” I say as I go down on my knees.

“Oh, get up. You look silly begging.” Sia waves her hand through the air. Her face is red, and I can tell she’s holding back. I follow her to the bedroom.

“Please, forgive me,” I cry. I’m a fucking baby now. I can’t imagine life without Sia. Amazing how getting a hummer from another woman makes me realize what a good thing I have with Sia.

“I can’t. You fucked her face. How do you think that makes me feel? What if you caught me giving Joe a hummer?” she asks. Joe is my best friend. I think about it for a second.

“If we were apart and I was denying you affection, I would forgive you,” I say.

“I wasn’t denying you. Delaying maybe. But shit, you couldn’t wait another fucking day? I’ve had a bad trip, I just needed a rest. But I heard the desperation in your voice, so I drove on home only to find your cock in Rita’s mouth.”

I beg her for forgiveness. I plead and crawl on the floor. She’s so tired, I’m wearing her down.

“Just go home right now and we’ll talk later. I need to think about this,” she says.

Over the next several days Sia refuses to see me. I have enough respect for her not to pop into her apartment even though I have a key. I don’t want her changing the locks, so I stay away and let her cool down. But I text her and leave voice messages. I know she’s receiving them.

I send her a dozen pink and red roses and a card proclaiming my undying love and asking forgiveness again. Still nothing. I can’t stand it as I try my best to have patience. Rita is an evil woman the way she came at me. She didn’t even have the decency to call and check on me, not that I wanted her to. She has that kind of reputation of using men and throwing them away after. I was as much a victim as poor Sia in this.

Finally, I can’t take it any longer I send a text, my last plea.

I’ll leave you alone. Please let me know if you ever want to see me again.

I have to let her go if she doesn't want me. It's been ten days since she caught me with Rita. Ten days of not a single word. I have to fend for my mental health. I figure tomorrow I'll drop by and pick up my items and leave her with the key. She texts back.

You can come over now.

Hope surges through my weary body. I've denied myself any pleasure since Rita as punishment. Now the thought that Sia wants to see me gives me great hope. But also, trepidation. Maybe she's summoning me over to break it off and give me my things. Whatever. I'll take my medicine like a man.

I note the locks are the same when I come over. Sia looks refreshed and sweet. Her eyes gaze at me as she sits in the other chair and no where near me on the sofa. I look at her with pleading in my eyes. I want her to come over and crawl in my lap. Never again will I take her for granted or think we've gone stale.

"Do you still want to get back together?" she asks.

Boom! The hope I had reignites at those words. I sit forward and eagerly nod. "Yes. I'll do anything to make that happen," I say.

"Good to know," she says as she smiles mysteriously. "I have conditions for us getting back together. You see I don't think us being apart like this is punishment enough. I think you deserve more. If you want to show me you mean it, you'll let me punish you as I see fit." She cracks her knuckles.

“What the? You want to hit me?” I ask. The thought amuses me a little. My cock starts to stiffen at the thought of Sia being a dominating woman.

“Well, I do but I’m not going to do that,” she says. “I want you to dress up for me and go out with me. I have a very special outfit for you to wear. If you are serious, you’ll go through this for me to prove how much you love me and how sorry you are for allowing Rita to suck your dick,” she says.

“Okay,” I say. I guess I’m dense because I’m not following what she’s talking about too easily. “Just wear an outfit you pick out for me and that’s it?”

“Yeah. That’s it. But if you don’t, I’ll consider it over. You see I’ve thought and thought about this for days. I think just forgiving you is too easy. You deserve to be punished. If you want me back bad enough, you’ll do this. You can start now. I have some special underwear I want you to wear. You need to wear it every single day until we go out. I will be checking. You’re not to wear your regular clothing. I want you to wear this to work. I’ll be checking you on breaks.”

I laugh. “Special underwear? What is it a vibrating pair? A food pair?” I ask hopefully.

“You only wish. Follow me,” she says.

I get up and follow her to her bedroom. She’s so close, close enough to touch. I reach out and caress her cheek.

“Not so fast. You need to wear these every day and then Saturday night I’m dressing you up in a special outfit. After you wear these all week and then dress in my special outfit and go out with me, we can reunite. But only after,” she says.

I take the package and eagerly nod. “I can wear clothes.” I start to open the package.

“No! Open at your apartment. Wear them tomorrow when you come to work. Prove it to me. There are five pair in there. I expect to see them on your ass every single day. This is a big thing for you to do to prove to me you mean it. This is restitution for allowing Ms. What’s Her Bitch to give you a hummer,” Sia says.

I have no choice but to agree. “Okay. I will. You’ll see. Unless this is a poisonous snake, I’ll wear these tomorrow and all week,” I say. I cross my heart even.

“Good,” she says and grins big.

I try to gather her in my arms before I walk out the door. She shoves her hand between us. “No, not until you prove yourself to me,” she says.

I pretend I’m pouting but then I smile big. I tweak her on the nose. “Okay, my love. I’ll prove it to you,” I say and go home.

I pitch the bag to my bed before looking at it and take a shower. After I walk around naked and pop a beer. I figure the underwear may have her name on it or something and honestly, I forgot about it as I dozed on my sofa bed while watching TV. I awake the next morning with a start. That's when I grab the bag and pull out the underwear and discover what she wants me to wear.

In my hands are five pairs of Sia's panties. Her fancy silk and lace ones. Ones that I've often commented are so nice on her ass. A note fluttered to the bed.

A constant reminder of me throughout the day.

I can't help but smile. This meant she really wanted me back. If I had to wear her panties all week, then so be it. I pulled off my jockeys and squeezed into her little panties. They were quite a bit smaller than my ass, but they still fit, barely. The soft fabric stretched over my ass, cock and balls. I sighed as I pulled on my jeans. I was running a little late, so I had to hurry out the door to work. She'd be there, and she'd see her pink pair of silk and lace panties were on my ass.

As I walked to the factory doors, my cock rubbed against the soft fabric. Indeed, it reminded me of Sia. Just the thought of her wearing these against her sexy muff and ass caused my cock to grow within the panties and ouch! That was binding because there wasn't any room to grow. Before I punch the timeclock, I make a detour to the restroom. Both stalls are occupied and all that is left are the urinals. I eye them and the door and wonder if I can get my jeans down in enough time to readjust my goods before someone walks out of the stalls or in the door. I wait instead because as I had my hand on my belt, someone walks through the door.

Finally, a stall is free, and I walk in. By now my cock is so bound I'm starting to be in pain. I quickly tear my jeans down and the panties and let my goods bob in the air for a few seconds. Trying to fit a hard cock into the tiny panties is an impossible task. I force piss out and stand there for a minute trying to think of ugly fat men to make my cock relax back down. Finally, it does and I'm able to adjust it in the panties. Just in the nick of time because it's almost a minute past the time for me to punch in. I barely click the time clock before it slips over to the next minute. Whew, that was close.

I know if I can avoid Sia I'll be okay. I don't normally get hard just working the forklift during the day. But at break here she comes. She's wearing a business suit with a skirt that shows her long shapely legs. I grimace as she approaches, and I smell her unique fragrance. She tiptoes and plants a kiss on my cheek. That does it, my cock extends, and I groan as I give her a look.

"I thought so. A bit bound up, are we?" she asks cheerfully.

"Would you like proof?" I ask.

"No, just the look on your face is proof enough. But you never know when I'll ask for a sneak peek. Chow, back to work," she says and waves at me as she walks away. Her hips are swaying in the sexy way that drives me nuts.

I wear Sia's panties all week. She makes surprise checks and I always surprise her that I'm wearing them. By Wednesday I'm growing used to the small pair and the binding softness. I voice this to her when we meet for dinner.

"You know, you may think you're punishing me by making me wear your

panties, but they turn me on. You have no idea,” I say.

Sia lifts her brow. “They turn you on, huh? You have enough room to grow Mr. Cock? It’s not too binding?” she asks as she tilts her head to the side.

“No. At first it was, but now I’ve actually grown to like wearing them,” I say and grin.

“Oh, you shouldn’t have admitted to that. Now I’ll have to add to your special outfit on Saturday. You see, I figured the binding panties would be like a punishment to you. I can see that it’s not. You seriously like it?” she asks.

I love that I’ve surprised her with this bit of news. “Surprisingly yes. I may choose to wear these more often, that is if you’ll let me,” I say as I grin.

“Yeah, ask me that after Saturday night,” she says as she takes a long drink of her beer.

I grimace. I can’t imagine what she could make me wear that’s any worse than what I’m wearing right now. Maybe a bra. She’s just not that wild and crazy, so I’m not too worried about it.

“By the way, what size shoe do you wear?” she asks.

“Eleven, wide,” I say.

“Hmm. Okay. Could present a problem, but I’m sure I can find what I need,” she says.

“You mean you don’t have the entire outfit for me?” I ask.

She smiles. “Well, to be honest, I was waiting to see how well you reacted to wearing my panties all week. So now that I know, I can proceed with my plans,” she says.

I think I’ve pleased her with how well I’m behaving in her panties. Still, my cock is hard just sitting across the table from her. I run my hand over the outside of my jeans, wanting her badly.

“Stop that. Not here. Behave. Show me you can last until Saturday. And then show me you can last while wearing my special outfit, then you can have me any way you want me,” she says.

That did it. My cock is a full staff hard-on now. I grimace and groan. “Can’t I have a little treat of you tonight?” I ask.

“No, I still have vivid memory of walking in and your cock in Rita’s mouth. I can still hear your groans as you got off and she nearly gagged on your tasty man juice,” Sia says.

Saturday night couldn’t come fast enough. I endured a week in her panties. I

rubbed one out at the end of each day, not denying myself the pleasure anymore. If she is going to toy with me, I'll at least get some pleasure out of it whether she's directly involved or not.

I arrive at her house at four thirty. She grins as I step inside. "Follow me," she says.

I've come this far, I plan to take it all the way. Once in her room I spy the red dress draped over the bed. It's a formal number she's worn before, body hugging down to the floor almost. A pair of very large spiked pumps sat in the floor at the hem of the dress. I lift my brow.

"My size?" I ask.

"Yes, your size. And underwear, of course. I also have a wig and I'll do your make-up. Tonight, you're Alexa and you're coming out as a drag queen. I want you to shower and shave everything. Can't have a hairy lady."

I submit to my fate. Sia has to help me shave my legs and armpits, since I've never shaved those areas before. Secretly, I'm excited about dressing up in her clothing. I figure she thinks this will humiliate me, so I'll try to act humiliated. But I'm sure the hard-on I'll sport will be evidence of otherwise. So be it.

I gladly sit still while she creates her Alexa masterpiece. She does my make-up to perfection. The auburn wig with the upsweep has sprigs of curls that dance around my neck. She even puts clip-on earrings on my ears and dolls my wrists and neck with bracelets and necklaces. I enjoy Sia making me over, but I try not to look too gleeful about it.

After my face and hair are done, all I need to do is step into the dress and I'll be complete. "One more thing," Sia announces. I figure she plans to spritz me with her perfume and that's fine. She comes back with a contraption that makes me shiver.

"Um, what the hell is that?"

Sia grins wickedly. "This, my cheating lover, is a chastity belt for men. You will wear this under the dress. After we go out and have had a great time with dinner and dancing, I'll bring you home and set you free," she says as she steps to me.

I gulp hard as she secures the contraption over the silk panties. It's ultra-binding to the point that I'm screwed big time if my cock rises. I'm pretty good about keeping it under control, so I allow her to do this to me. We leave her apartment with me in full drag as Alexa.

Once at the dinner club, we eat a delicious steak and lobster meal. Sia is wearing a sexy spaghetti strap dress that hugs her body and shows off all her curves. I've had to avert my eyes to keep my cock from growing. She's pouring out the flirt to me during the dinner.

Then we step out on the dance floor. I'm surrounded by other drag queens and lovely ladies and a few real men. But Sia, oh, she's so damn sexy. She leans into me, grinding into me with the beat of the music. She shimmies her shoulders and blows in my ear. She kisses my neck and sticks her tongue in my mouth. Her hands roam over my body, over everywhere but my chastity belt.

My cock throbs so hard it hurts. With each tease from Sia I'm in severe pain. She's relentless with her touches, her lips and hands and body. She even grabs my hand and slides it down the front of her fucking dress so that my hand is on her bare boob. I groan.

"I'm in fucking pain," I say. I can no longer smile. My cock has grown in the damn belt regardless of not having room. It's bound and bunched and throbbing in pain and desire. It's odd how I'm horny as fuck and want to lie down and cry at the same time. She giggles and finally, after an hour of intense teasing and pain she brings me back to her place.

I'm all over her, even before she unlocks the damn belt. I'm on the verge of coming in the thing when she lifts my dress and sets my beast free. I cry out as I vigorously rub it. Then I throw her on the bed. I'm out of control. She quickly lifts her dress over her head showing me she wore no underwear. I slide my cock between her legs, piercing deep within her with a single thrust. She groans and lifts her ass as I heartily fuck her silly. I pound into her, all the angst and pent up frustration rushing to my cock head just now. She leans forward as my angry cock saws against her hard clit. She claws my back and her pussy squeezes my cock as she comes. She's thrashing about, crying out and hanging on for dear life.

In one moment, I lurch forward and heave. My cock quakes as I scream from the intensity of the orgasm. Together we rock through the pulses of pleasure as I dump a very big load deep inside her pussy. We carry on for a good few minutes before I'm finally spent.

Collapsing beside her, my cock falls out of her pussy, leaving a major cum trail. Neither of us care as she turns to me and our lips meet. We kiss, passionately and long, enduring beyond the final rocks of pleasure through our bodies. After, she lies back with my arm around her. The mess is between our legs, hot and sticky.

“Now, we need a shower. Are you ready for one, my love?” she asks.

She calls me her love. I smile. “Does this mean that we’re even now?” I ask. I don’t care to ever wear that damn chastity belt again.

“We are. But if you ever do anything like that again, I’ll do that and worse, if you want me back,” she says.

“Trust me, I never want to wear that damn thing again. I’ll be faithful until the day I die,” I say, and I mean it.

THE END

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