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And Is Quickly Sissified And Paraded To The Public As A Willing

CROSSDRESSING SISSY

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

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

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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.

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Just one more day and I can stretch and be free of all the drama in my parent's house. Being the middle child between sisters was hard. I have two older sisters and two younger sisters. I'm the one lone male in a home of estrogen and girly everything. Stepping over a dirty pair of panties, I sigh. I've learned to ignore all this and keep my head on straight as I maneuver through the days of sharing a bathroom with four girls. Ugh!

Running to my room, I nearly run into my fourteen-year-old sister, Sam. "Move it," she growls as she just woke up. She must be on her period. I am so thankful for Chastity and her suggestion that we get apartment together. I'm just starting out as a gym instructor and haven't built up the funds to buy my own place yet. I plan to though, someday. But for now, Chasity is going to be my new partner. I seriously can't wait.

"Derek!" My mother calls to me. I run down the stairs to see that she's in a heated discussion with my 18-year-old sister, Susie. Susie is headstrong and throwing the I'm 18 years old at my mother. But she's still in school and living under my parents' roof.

“Sues, let me be honest with you. When I was 18 and decided to get in mom and dad's face and move out to go live with Joe down the road and those nasty little apartments, it was the worst thing I had ever done. I came crawling back with my tail tucked between my legs. And it's why I've lived here while even going through college. Trust me, when I say they know best. Trust your older brother who has been there,” I say.

Susie glares at me. “Why don't you mind your own business, Derek? ”

My mother sighs. “Because I pulled him into this business. Because he did this to us too and I want you to learn from his mistakes,” my mother says.

Susie puts her hand on her hip in a defiant way. “Maybe I need to learn these lessons for myself. I'm tired of the restrictive rules mom and dad places on us for living here. I plan to do what I want to do,” she says and stomps off.

This is wearing me down as I know it's wearing on mom and dad too. I step to her and pat her arm. “Don't worry, Mom. She'll learn her lesson and she'll be back just like I was. Maybe she needs to learn this for herself,” I say.

Just saying I can't wait to move out of this house is an understatement. I spend the day packing my belongings and making sure that the second-hand furniture store delivers the furniture we need in our new apartment. Chasity is good looking girl, she is short and very curvy with long copper curls. I believe she and I will get along swimmingly.

I happily carried the box up the steps to my new apartment. Chasity is already there having told the furniture people where to place the pieces in the living room. She beams a smile in my direction as she perches on a step ladder trying to hammer a nail into the wall. I set the box down and come to her.

“Thanks, I could use a little help right here. After I get this hung up, I’ll help you carry your stuff up the stairs,” she says.

We spend the entire afternoon finishing with the move and finally we’re done. It will take a couple more days for us to pull the apartment together to make it into a home. The apartment is small and there’s only two bedrooms and one bathroom so we will have to share a bathroom. I don’t mind as I had shared a bathroom with sisters. I’m quite used to having women’s things laying around the bathroom. Sharing with just one will be a lot better than sharing with four.

I feel I’m immune to anything female. But it strikes me as curious when I walk into the bathroom the day after we moved in. Chasity has already taken a shower and done her makeup. Her things are scattered about on the cabinet and as I peek inside the cabinet underneath the sink, I see her feminine products too. My cock grows in my pants and I shake my head. No! I can’t allow that to happen. And then I turn to leave the bathroom and step over a pair of black silk panties in the floor.

I pause and swallow as I look down at the pair. I’ve seen panties on the floor before and I’ve just kicked him out of the way. But those panties belonged to my sisters, this pair belongs to Chasity. Why I don’t just walk out the door and ignore the clothes in the floor, I don’t know. Maybe it’s because my cock is throbbing in my pants and causing me to react with my dick head instead of the head on my shoulders. I swoop down and pluck up the pair and immediately blush furiously. I can hear Chasity in the kitchen humming as she’s preparing something to eat. I open the door with the pair in my hands and slink back to my room and shut the door quickly.

“Oh, Derek? Come down, I’ve made a masterpiece, you need to taste it,” Chasity calls.

I quickly open my closet and pitch the pair of panties within, deep in the

shadows of the hanging clothes. “Yes, coming,” I say as I rush out of my room.

“There you are. Here, try this, please,” she says as she spoons some hot tomato sauce looking concoction at me.

“Mmmm, that’s delicious. Taste’s Italian,” I say as I swallow the food.

“It’s a sauce for lasagna. I hope you’re hungry,” she says with a giggle. I love her giggles.

“Honey, anytime you want to cook for me, I’m game to eat it,” I say as I grin.

After we eat the delicious meal, I’m wanting to make an excuse to retire to my bedroom early, but Chasity has other plans. She’s a social bug and entices me to watch a movie with her. I’m more accustomed to stowing away to my room for some quality alone time with my hands if I haven’t been on a date in a while, which I haven’t. I know better than to hope for a hookup with her, because we’re just friends and roommates and it would probably be a little weird if I even suggested it.

The entire movie my cheeks burn with the thought of what I’ve hidden in my closet. My breaths come in faster than normal causing alarm in Chasity.

“Derek? Are you okay? Your breathing is labored,” she says as she regards my face closer. She’s a nurse, so of course she focuses in on things like that.

“I’m fine. It’s the movie, I tend to internalize the scenes,” I lie. We’re watching

an action adventure with a super hero, so it's a convincing lie. I swallow hard hoping she'll move on from the observation.

“You have super hero ambitions?” She lifts her brow and smiles warmly. Her hand pats mine. “Just let me know if it's more than that. I don't want you to end up being a statistic of a young heart patient.”

Ouch, the words come through as concern, but if she only knew the truth. Her panties beckon me from my bedroom. I want to explore the fabric, feel the soft silk, and sniff the fuck out of the crotch. Yes, my cock grows significantly. If my ever-observant roommate sees it, she'll surely guess that I have secret ambitions for her.

The closing credits finally scrolls across the screen and I take the moment and stand and stretch. “Think I'll turn in, my dear,” I say as I turn quickly. My mind is still on the panties and my cock is pitching a full tent in my shorts.

“Aw, okay. Thanks for watching the movie with me. Maybe next time we can get beer and pizza,” Chasity says as she points the remote at the TV and turns it off.

I lie back on my bed, completely naked and place the panties on my face. Chasity's musk fills my senses as I run my hand over my swollen cock. Groaning, I breathe deeply as my mind pictures her naked body working over mine. I groan even louder as the cum pools in the base of my cock. I rub vigorously, my breathing deep, inhaling her scent until at last I spew forth with a loud growl, coming into my hands and it lands in great plops on my belly and thighs.

When I dress for work the next morning, I grab her panties without giving it a second thought. She's still heavy in my senses and the orgasm though done by

masturbation was so much better than others, I want to keep the momentum going. I slide into the pair as effortlessly as if they were my own jockeys. I even giggle like a silly school girl as I pose in the mirror looking at my bundle squished up in the black silk panties. And that's how my day began.

Wearing her panties to the gym may not be the smartest thing I've ever done. As I walk around helping my clients with their workout routines, I'm keenly aware of the black silk panties squeezing around my mid-section.

By the end of the day, I'm sporting a stiffy so hard and needing attention, I can't take the time to pause and talk with Chasity who had just gotten home from her job at the doctor's office. She smiles at me and I duck around trying to hide the massive bulge in my shorts. Every step I take my cock rubs against her panties. I'm pre-cumming and producing a wet stain in the front. I fear it will soak through to my athletic shorts.

"Be right back, need a shower, like bad," I say as I quickly move by her without her catching the raging bulge in my shorts.

I can't get out of the shorts fast enough. The black silk panties stretch over my stiff cock, the pre-cum staining the front. My hand reaches for it and rubs, feeling mighty good. I groan as my cock grows longer and harder. I can't help it. While standing in front of my mirror I rub one out and come while still in the panties. The froth oozes out the top and I keep going until I'm done. I peel out of the soiled pair and place them in my dirty clothes. After I shower, I wash the laundry, so Chasity hopefully won't notice that I had worn them.

After I shower, I slip into my own jockeys and feel disappointed. I rather enjoy wearing Chasity's panties, so I patiently wait for her to shower later. She's giddy with news of a raise at work, so I play along with her while we create a supreme pizza masterpiece. She picked up beer on the way home. Tonight, will be another movie night. I wonder what she'd do if I had actual plans or a girlfriend. Of

course, I don't.

I patiently wait for her to shower after the movie. It seems like she's taking forever. Finally, she heads to the bathroom after bidding me goodnight. When she scuttles out of the bathroom in nothing but a terry robe, I take my chance and scurry inside for a pee break. I noisily lift the toilet lid for good measure and take a whiz while looking around for the soiled panties. Sure, enough her little pile of dirty clothes are shoved into the corner of the bathroom. My heart pounds as I pluck up the pale pink pair and stuff inside my shorts. When I open the bathroom door, I can hear the blow-dryer going so she's none the wiser that I even went into the bathroom.

The whistle escapes my lips as I move along through the gym. Here I am a jock and partner in owning a gym and I'm wearing women's panties. Not just any women's panties, but Chasity's panties. The pale pink pair rubs me just right as I seek to hide the constant hard-on, I sport these days. The horny factor digs at me constantly, as I'm aware of the fact my cock is rubbing up against the super soft material. By the time I make it home there's a nice wet stain in the front where I've been pre-cumming all day. Chasity is late today so I take advantage and rub one out before she gets home. I have the soiled pair in the washer washing by the time she walks through the front door.

This went on for days. I simply couldn't help it. When Chasity takes a shower, I wait with my heart racing for her to leave and I creep into the bathroom and rummage through her dirty clothes pile to steal the pair of panties. Once I soiled the pair I'd wash and dry it and replace it back into her dirty clothes pile, stuffed under the other garments. At first, I didn't think she noticed the missing pairs. Then she asked me if I knew of any funny business going on with her clothes.

I shake my head acting innocent. "I really don't know, Chas, sorry."

"It's odd, don't you think? It's just my panties. I mean I know what pair I wear, and I swear it's not in the dirty clothes when I wash, but they show up the next day like magic. They're even clean when they do," she says as she squints her

eyes accusingly at me.

“Seriously, I don't know what has happened to your panties. I wear my own jockeys,” I say and for good measure I pull out my waistband to show my jockeys. I my brow to her and smile as I turn away because my heart is pumping so wildly, I'm afraid she'll notice. She's ever observant. But now she's on the move and I need to slow my actions.

I stop taking her dirty panties and go back to my own underwear. I don't like it, as I go to work it's not as fun as it was before. I really enjoyed walking around knowing that I was wearing her dirty panties. I'm sad and I long too do it again, but I don't want her to know that it was me doing it.

Chasity had dropped it after that evening but as she cut vegetables she was making for dinner, she pauses and turns to me. “You know, Derek, my panties magically stopped disappearing. I can't help but think that you possibly had something to do with it,” she says. I notice that she'd been a little cool to me lately ever since the incident.

“I don't know, Chas, I think maybe you work too hard and were being a little forgetful about your laundry. And once you noticed, perhaps you mentally kept up with it and saw that you were doing a better job. Honestly, why would I want your panties? You and I are friends, roommates. I wouldn't do anything to jeopardize that,” I say, convincingly.

Much to my relief, Chasity smiles and drops the subject. We have wonderful meal of beef stew and of course, we sit in the living room together watching reality shows. She and I laugh and laugh at the silliness of the shows and I realize how much I enjoy being around her. We bid each other goodnight and go to bed and I lie on my back thinking about her.

All night I dreamed about her. She invaded my dreams wearing sexy little outfits and making her moves on me. I'm sure I moaned loudly from my sleep and it had to have echoed through the hall and to her. I wake up in a desirous sweat, contemplating going to her room and waking her up and letting her know how I feel. I wonder if she would accept me. But in the end, I roll over thinking it better to leave it be.

I let it slide for a week not wanting to rock the boat and I fight it with all I have. Then came a night when Chasity had to work the evening shift at the hospital. She worked on occasion when they called her, and they were shorthanded, and it helped her to earn more money. Knowing that she would be gone awhile, I moped around the apartment feeling bored and fighting the urge to do something naughty. I end up in her room and find the dirty clothes hamper. She stopped leaving her clothes on the floor in the bathroom. Perhaps this is a way that she knew it was me, but she won't bring it up again. I can't help myself as I lurch forward and open the hamper and peer inside. It didn't take long for me to dig and pull up a pair of royal blue silk panties. I bring the pair to my nose and take a big whiff and instantly my cock extends to full staff.

I'm still in her room, and I pull my clothes off I'm going to take care of this to give me something to dream about later. With little effort, I slide into her pair of panties and enjoy the feeling of the cool fabric against my skin. A walk around the room as my cock grows harder and pre-cum stains the outside of the panties. My hand goes to my cock and rubs. Her bed beckons me and I lie back on it making myself comfortable. I don't even pull the panties down as I rub my cock on the outside. I groan greatly and rub until at long last, my cock bursts forth when I come squeezing my hand over the head and enjoying every drop. I'm startled when I hear an ahem from the door and there stands Chasity having witnessed what I just did.

Breathing hard I lift my hand from my crotch, as it is coated with the cum that squeezed through her panties on the outside. My heart slams in my chest as I look Chasity in the eyes. She isn't smiling, she isn't amused at all. She walks

into the room shaking her head with her phone in her hand. I swallow hard, and it's so quiet one can hear a pin drop. I don't know what to say. Here I am, lying on her bed, wearing her panties having just done an unspeakable act and she caught me.

Chasity doesn't say a word as she swipes her thumb over the screen of her phone. I am not sure what she is doing exactly, she strolls to her dresser keeping her mouth in a tight line. It is enough silence and I grow worried, but I am still breathing hard and catching breath. Having just come, I don't have the hornyness to give me the courage say a word as I would have if she'd walked in while I was still in the act and before I came. Sometimes when I'm horny, I have the guts to say all kinds of things. But I can't muster the courage to say anything because I'm horrified and embarrassed and ashamed all at the same time.

I scramble and sit up and look around desperately for something to clean my hand. Chasity still has her back to me, and she is swiping over her phone. I don't know what she's doing still, and I'm very worried about it. I swing my legs to the edge of the bed with my hands still gooped up with my frothy cum. I shut my eyes as I take a deep breath and gather the courage to say something.

“Chas, say something, please,” I say as I tilt my head looking at her silently pleading with her to be nice.

She slowly turns her gaze to me, cold and calculating. Her eyes consider me in my current state of unrest. Suddenly, I feel a draft and I shiver my chest flexing. Each second feels like a million years that she's calculating her next move and her next words. All she does is blink and slightly shakes her head. It's scaring me because normally she's bubbly and sweet but right now it's as if she's turned into a cold-hearted killer. And I have been caught with my hand in the cookie jar, gobbling down the last delicious cookie that she probably wanted to eat for herself.

“Derek, I come home from working late to find you lying on my bed, wearing my panties, and jacking off. I guess I'm trying to figure out what to say to this scene. I mean, I thought you and I were finally at a comfortable point in our relationship as roommates. This brings a whole new dimension to it, don't you think?” She stands there her eyes peering at me with a disapproval I deserve. And she's right. We were at a comfortable relationship, being good friends. I had to go and ruin it. By now, the cum in my hands is drying and crusting over. I'm beyond embarrassed as I stand, her panties stretching over my body, the front of them still wet with my cum.

“Obviously, I've ended it. I don't even know what to say here. I'm beyond embarrassed that you caught me doing this. I wouldn't have wanted you to catch me in a million years,” I say reluctantly.

Chas nods greatly. A light springs in her eyes. She bites on her lower lip before she speaks. “I guess I know what happened to my panties, all those times, huh?”

I lower my head. “Yes, I confess, it was me,” I say.

She squints at me, her face skewing into disgust. “Just what were you doing? Never mind, I can see what you probably did,” she says.

“I'm sorry. I borrowed your panties, wore them, and washed and returned them. No, I didn't do this all the time. In fact, this is the first time I've ever done this,” I say.

I take a step toward the door and she steps in front of me, stopping me. After she places her hand on my shoulder she looks up at me. “Not so fast, I'm not done here,” she says as she glances down at my mid-section and offers a quirky smile. I step back and hold my hands in front of me, ashamed of what I've done and wait for her to speak again.

She holds up her phone and waves it through the air. “I captured you on here. No, don’t try to take the phone from me. Even if you did destroy it, I’ve uploaded the images to my storage cloud. You’ve been caught.” She paces back and forth in front of me. I’m swaying on my feet, the draft causing goosebumps. Dizziness hits me and I stumble back to her bed and sit down for fear of passing out.

“What do you plan to do? I’m not trying to destroy your phone,” I say flatly.

“I’m thinking. I mean this is a shock, walking in after a hard night’s work at the ER. This was the last thing I expected to see, to be honest. It completely changes my view of you,” she says.

I’m deflated. If I had a pounding heart, it’s barely going now. I’ve let down the one person I really want to impress. I wish she saw this like I do, as a compliment. I beam a smile at her. “You should be flattered that I am so turned on by you I did this,” I say.

“Flattered? How about popping in with a dozen roses and surprise me at work? How about cornering me in the hall with a kiss that knocks me off my feet? How about just fucking telling me that you have a thing for me? Not this. Shit, Derek, I’m so disappointed in your behavior here,” she says to my dismay.

I gaze at the floor. “I guess I figured you’d have nothing to do with me. Or that it would ruin our friendship and that’s not what I wanted,” I say as I swing my eyes back up to her.

“And you think this wouldn’t?” she shrieks.

“I guess I hoped you wouldn’t find out,” I say flatly again. Honestly, I don’t know why she’s pissed, I just wish she’d get on with it. I’m tired and I’d like to peel out of these soiled panties.

“Well I did, buddy. I should zip these all over social media. The caption can read, My Roommate’s a Perv. Don’t you think people will love that? Especially when they see what you’re doing. Or the caption could read, My Roommate Wants to be a Woman,” she says.

Defeated, I drop my hands, my face long and look her in the eyes. “I’m sorry, Chasity. I truly am. I got caught up in a moment of extreme hornyness and couldn’t help myself. I want you bad,” I say.

“So, you admit you stole my panties almost daily?”

I nod. “Yes, stole and wore them. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again, I promise,” I say.

“Damn straight you won’t. But an apology won’t do it,” she says.

My lips stretch thin. I don’t have the energy to smile. “What do you want me to do to make up for this?”

She paces, thinking. Her fingers tap her phone. I hold my breath knowing she’s coming up with something that will likely sting. “Yes, you can make it up to me. Friday night I’m dressing you in full drag. We’re going out to Baker Straights and you will be my girlfriend. The evening will advance from there, full of surprises. You’ll have a big dose of being a woman by the time it’s over,” she says as she lifts her brow.

Worried, I gaze up at her, is she for real? My mouth falls open, but I can't find words. My heart discovers it can beat again and goes wild. I'm not a drag queen nor am I gay. This is the last thing I want to do. "Please, Chas, I said I'm sorry. I truly am. Don't make me dress in drag and take me to a gay bar. That's not who I am," I say.

Chasity smiles, a cruel wicked smile. "Yes, you are. You wore my panties. Dear, you wore them to the gym. You enjoyed yourself so much in them you had to jack off. I think this will be just what the doctor ordered. The other option, a social media blast of you enjoying yourself in my panties, all the sticky wet mess of it."

Sighing, I resolve to take my medicine and make her happy. I nod and slowly rise. Humiliated and defeated, I pad out of her room but when I reach the door, she clears her throat again and I turn to her.

"Friday night? You'll do as I say?"

"Yes, I'll do as you say." I pivot and make my way to the bathroom for a shower.

Friday night I show up to Chasity's room so she can dress me. I didn't know what to expect from it except for major humiliation. I had avoided her through the week conveniently being busy when she was around. She seemed to be the same way and things were tense between us. I hate that I ruined it and I hope that somehow this will make it up and we'll have a friendship despite it all.

She smiles at me looking chipper. “If you don't want to dress in front of me, you may dress in your room. Here are the clothes I want you to put on,” she says.

I take the clothes which is a garment bag and a couple of items neatly folded and head to my bedroom. I shut the door and exhale the breath that I had been holding. I want to cry because of what's in the bag. It's a sequined silver gown that is body hugging and hits right above my knees. The underwear, silk panties and a matching chemise. Of course, I must dress in every sense of the word is a woman. I slide my body into the cool fabric of the underwear, liking the way it feels. I smile at myself in the mirror as the bulge in my underwear grows. I don't know, maybe this will turn out for the best. I slide into the dress, and I can't reach around the zip it. I trudge back across the hall to her room and she smiles as she pulls up the zipper.

I keep my mouth shut while she paints my face. I'm not sure where she found the red wig, but she secures it to my head. After attaching clip-on earrings, a beaded necklace and bracelets, and a matching hair clip in the wig, I'm done. She has me stand at her closet where she has a full-length mirror. I gulp as I behold a woman, albeit tall with the heels she's making me wear. I don't look half bad, but I don't let on to her that.

“What do you think, Darlene?”

“Darlene?” I turn to her, my eyes nearly sticking together from the false eyelashes.

“Well, yeah. A woman isn't called Derek. Sorry, dear, but you're playing this to the fullest. Shall we go? I'm driving.”

I try not to let it bother me and act as if I'm playing a role. My sincere hope is that I don't run into anyone I know, especially my clients. To my knowledge, my clients are straight, except for one and I can't imagine he goes out to clubs, at least I hope not.

Inside, I stumble along with Chasity leading me to a table right beside the dance floor. I strut because I know she wants me to do that. I'm hoping it garners more points with her if I act as if I'm fine in this get-up. Other drag queens dressed flashier than me are prancing around with impossibly long fingernails, talking and dancing. I'm doing okay drinking a frozen margarita.

"It fits you, Darlene," Chas says as she giggles.

A man dressed in drag prances up to me, his brow lifts as his eyes scale down my body. "Dance, sweetheart?" he asks.

I'm about to shake my head when Chasity smiles up at the drag queen.

"She'd love to, wouldn't you Darlene?" She pushes me to the man.

I take his hand and we hit the dancefloor. "I'm Flo, nice to meet you, Darlene," he says.

I nod. "You too."

"First time out, dear?"

I clear my throat. “Yes,” I say, the word choking me.

A slow song commences, and Flo pulls me to him, wrapping his arm around my back until we’re pressed together. Out of the corner of my eye, Chasity is laughing, enjoying the show we’re putting on for her.

“Well, Darlene, I’m rather into you. Think your girlfriend would mind if we ducked out?” Flo says as he presses me to the lump growing in his panties.

I shoot Chasity a look pleading with her in my mind. My eyes are large my brow lifts and she can see what's happening and comes to the dance floor. She taps Flo on the shoulder.

“May I cut in? I mean she is my date, after all,” Chasity says.

Flo looks at me and tilts his head. “Aw, too bad. If you decide to swing in my tree, look me up,” he says and winks at me.

I take Chasity into my arms and breathe a deep sigh of relief. “Thank you, you saved me,” I say.

Chasity giggles and settles into me, her sweet petite body pressing against mine. She giggles and rears back to see that I'm pitching a tent in this silver sequined gown. I groan. “Looks like I need to take you home now. Part two of our evening is about to happen,” she says ominously.

At this point, I wasn't sure what to expect once we arrive back home. Chasity wasn't about to let on what she had planned. She merely smiles as we walk

inside and turns to me. “For this next part, you need to leave your dress on. I promise, I will help you take everything off once we're done,” she says as she smiles mysteriously.

I nod and follow her to her bedroom. She tilts her head at me as she considers my outfit. “On second thought, you may remove your panties.”

A surge of excitement rushes through my body as I step out of the high heel shoes and pull the panties off my swollen cock. Now the dress is really pitching a tent in the front and I'm hoping that this inspires her to want to try me on for size.

She disappears inside her closet and she pokes her head out. “You are still under my command. I want you to lift your dress up and bend over the bed and don't ask questions.”

Now my blood runs cold. If I don't do as she asks, she'll blast those pictures all over social media. I swallow hard and do as she asks, bend over the bed with my ass up and shining. She steps out of the closet, wearing a leather crotchless teddy. My eyes spring up in delight until she brings out the vibrator and flips the switch as it whirrs to life.

“Just relax, this will be good,” she says as she shoves the device in my ass.

“Oof,” I say in surprise. My middle vibrates as weird sensations rush through me. I've never had anything in my ass, ever. She shoves it in and out, slowly and methodically. I groan and bear it hoping it will end soon.

Chasity shoves it all the way in and leaves it there as she crawls on the bed.

“Don’t you dare remove the vibrator. I want you to eat me out and when I come, you can remove it, well, you can remove it once you come too,” she says as she wags her brow at me and settles at my face.

I squirm and lower my head to her muff. She’s wet with anticipation as I run my tongue up her slit. To keep my hands from reaching around and pulling the dildo from my ass I reach for her boobs, which peek through the holes. After grabbing a nipple in each hand, I lap at her slit and suck on her clit until she’s arching her back. I make fast work of it with my swirling tongue. After she shoves me back, she grins.

“Now, you may fuck me while the vibrator remains in your ass. Once you come, you can remove it,” she says.

“Fine,” I say with a growl. I stand, the vibrator held in place. All I need to do is get off and this can end. I wish I could enjoy it a little more.

Surprisingly my cock is full staff and I grab her feet and place them on each shoulder as I penetrate her wet pussy. She groans as I thrust hard, pounding into her with fury. I groan with her, this time out of pleasure. I pound into her until I feel the cum moving to the base of my cock.

“Fuck!” I yell as my cock shoots forth filling her pussy. The orgasm is stronger with that damn vibrator in my ass. I groan and lurch forward, pounding until I’m empty. Finally, I pull out of her pussy and reach around grabbing the device and yank it from my ass, tossing it to the floor.

Grinning, Chasity sits up. “Now, I hope you’ve learned your lesson,” she says.

“I hope you realized we’ve crossed into new territory with our relationship,” I say as I grab her shoulders and plant a passionate kiss on her lips.

THE END

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