

SCARLETT STEELE

PEGGING THE
SISSY

A Tale of Pegging Femdom

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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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"I cannot, I will not move back in with my parents," I say to my friend Peter.

"Look, dude, it makes sense until you save up enough money to get your own place," he says.

It's a matter of principle to meet not to move back in with my parents. I haven't lived with them since I graduated high school. I lived on campus for years until I got my degree as a basketball coach and history teacher, I will not move back in with my parents. I'd rather be homeless and living in my truck than to move back in with them. They would love nothing more than to talk about how millennials can't seem to make their way in the world today. I have something to prove here

and prove it I shall.

"Don't worry about it. I'm searching for a roommate now," I say.

I have a solid week before I have to leave the small studio apartment I had rented during my senior year. The landlord only rents to those who are still in college. I'll be glad to finally find a place to move out of the dorms and yet still be on campus.

Peter shook his head. "Suit yourself. You're so hardheaded it's ridiculous," he says.

I shake my head at him. I understand he had just gotten married and wasn't able to offer me a room in his house. This is honeymoon time for them, perpetual honeymoon. I let it go at that.

Campus had all sorts of bulletin boards and I often see ads for people looking for roommates. While I am there I read the boards looking for someone to share the rent. I know people who come on campus who advertise for someone to room with them. I search around campus at the bulletin boards and finally come across one of great interest to me.

Looking for a semi permanent roommate someone who is serious about working hard, one who will keep themselves neat, and will respect my privacy. Only serious inquiries need respond.

I quickly jot down the number and head back to my small studio apartment where I can make a phone call.

The lady who answers the phone sounds delightful. We agree to meet for coffee, at the coffee shop located in the bottom level of the mall. When I walk in, she says to look for a woman wearing a red scarf and I see a lady sitting in the booth sipping on a cup of coffee already.

"Lucy?" I ask.

Big brown eyes look up at me as she smiles. "Yes, and you are Jerome?" She asks. She has a soft and sweet voice and I take my seat as I nod eagerly. Indeed, I am delighted by this meeting.

"You see, I am an ER nurse and I work odd hours. I graduated a year ago and have been living with another lady who got married recently. I prefer to live with someone who's also starting a career and not wanting to have frat parties and such," she says.

I rear back and chuckle. "Well, I've never been in a frat so I guess that's score one for me. And for another, I just graduated this past May and I have a job at the high school as the basketball coach and history teacher. So you could say I'm definitely jumping in and working on my career. I doubt that I have much time to party and keeping decent sleep hours will be necessary for me too," I say.

"Basketball coach, huh? Interesting. You don't strike me as the type to be a coach," she says.

Ouch. Lucy, and her honey golden hair displays in soft waves brushing against her shoulder. Her brown eyes are so warm and sweet, I can't help but like the lady. "Well, I actually will be the girls basketball coach. I have a whole team helping me. I do have a love for history too, and I hope to not be your typical coach turned history teacher who doesn't actually teach. I will be focusing on academics as much as I do on helping the basketball girls team to rise to be the best they can be," I say.

Lucy smiles, her face stretching into beautiful friendly appearance. "Well, that's good. I try not to judge people by appearances only and assume that since you graduated you at least have a good head on your shoulders. Perhaps we can give it a try." She scribbles something on a napkin and hands it to me.

I look at it, it's an address. It's an apartment complex located on the other side of town, and actually closer to the high school and the hospital. It's an older place, that has a lot of character, I hear. It's definitely not your typical college place and I guess that's good. It's time I grow and step into my big boy shoes.

"If you'd like, I can take you over there now and check it out. I hope you don't mind that I already have the place furnished except for what will be your bedroom. It is a two bedroom two bath apartment, with a large living room and the kitchen and dining room are together. We have a nice back patio that's private, and a front stoop that's also private," she says.

"I'd love to see the place now," I say.

We hop in our vehicles and drive across town to the old apartment complex. It even has cobblestone roads winding in between the buildings. It gives it a lot of

character. The trees growing around and in the back are old and large and shows how long the place has been standing. We go inside, and I'm amazed at how nice it looks. It appears nice and updated with up-to-date fixtures. In the kitchen, granite countertops, brushed nickel fixtures, and even a bar separates the dining area from the kitchen area. A glass top stove, and a side-by-side refrigerator with the freezer on the bottom gives plenty of room to cook and store food. There are plenty of cabinets, and even a small pantry that leads to a washer and dryer which I'm happy to see. The living room is tastefully decorated with deep reds, and dark browns, on a light creamy carpet. It doesn't bother me at all. It has high ceilings, and tall windows that brings a lot of light.

"And this is my bedroom," she says as she shows me quickly. I see she has plenty of space, a double closet door and the door leads to her bathroom. Her bedspread is a pale pink, and she has a lot of flowers in her room. I smile and nod as she shuts the door and shows me what will be my room. "And this is yours."

I chuckle slightly as I see there's only a couple of boxes in there. She quickly pulls it out into the hall. "These are mine, I'll move it into my room," she says as she laughs.

"No problem," I say. My room is large, with one window that overlooks the courtyard in the back. I can partially see our private back patio as well. I have a bathroom with an old-timey pedestal sink and even a claw-footed tub with a wraparound shower curtain. There's even a window in the bathroom. The only difference is that my room has a small closet where she has a double closet I suppose it was first come first serve.

"Do you have any furniture other than bedroom furniture? Do you have bedroom furniture?" she asks.

"I live in a studio apartment. I have a big old chair with an ottoman and my TV. And I have my queen-size bed and a dresser. And that's it. I have a TV tray that I use for my table because my studio apartment isn't that large," I said.

"That's great. You're welcome to find a place to put your ottoman and chair in the living room, if you'd like," she says.

"Unless you need it, and if it's all the same, I just put it in my bedroom. Since you already have a nice television set and matching living room furniture you don't want to put my old piece of furniture in there. I'm fine with it being in my bedroom. When can I move in?" I ask. I hold my breath because if she says two weeks or three weeks, I will be living out of my car until I could move in.

"As soon as you're ready to make half the rent payment. You can move in tonight if you'd like," she says.

I clap my hands together and smile broadly. "Perfect! I'll start moving in tomorrow as I need to be out within a week," I say.

Lucy tells me how much I need to pay each month for my half of the rent. "All utilities are included in rent, so we don't have to worry about that. The only other thing are the TV and internet, and we can split that bill as well."

The next day I stop by the ATM and pull enough money to pay her for half the internet and TV bill and the rent. I then make my way to her place as well as carrying a few boxes I had already packed. It is her day off and she is happy to receive half the rent and utilities.

"If you'd like, I'll come help you move. I only have a car but I can carry small things," she says.

"Thank you very much, that would be very helpful. If you could help me load my bed and chair then the rest of it is just small things," I say.

I find Lucy a delight to be around, as we laugh and joke while packing my small studio apartment and load it into my truck and her car. I had already packed everything so there wasn't any loose ends. I pride myself in my ability to be organized and neat.

Living with Lucy is easy and wonderful. I enjoy being around the lady. We're both very busy with our new jobs as she heads off to the ER while I head off to school. "I've taken on the day shift so I can work at the same time you do. I thought it would help us to get to know one another for both to be at home at the same time," she says.

I wasn't sure how to take it, if that maybe she didn't trust me or she wanted to wait and see how I reacted to her. Maybe I'm too suspicious about things. After all, she has invited me to live with her. I am delighted that she is home when I am home, though she works 12 hour shifts, she gets off work at five.

"You let me know if I'm ever too noisy for you. I figure you'll be going to bed a lot earlier than me since you have to be a work at 5 AM," I say.

"Very sweet of you. Yes, I do like to go to bed by 8:30. It's not too bad getting up

at 4 AM to get ready for work. I'm sure that you're getting up probably two hours after I leave," she says as she flips the burgers in the pan.

I smile because we decide to take turns with cooking the meals. It helps to keep us accountable to know if one of the other of us won't be there then we'll know not to cook a full meal. For right now, I have nothing else going on in my life except when basketball season starts and then I'll have games to three times a week.

I didn't mean for it to happen, but it did. I grow enamoured with Lucy and find her creeping into my dreams almost every night. She's a lovely lady and though she's very practical in real life, in my dreams she's also a wild thing, wild in bed and so into me. We claw at each other all night long, panting and rolling between the sheets until daybreak. I wake up in a puddle of sweat with a raging hard on that won't go down until I take matters into my own hands.

My body is rigid as I close my eyes and dream of Lucy, naked with her perfect curvy body shimmering from a fresh shower and gliding on top of me. My hand squeezes my cock just right as I imagine it being her pussy. I groan as the cum builds in the base of my cock, the pleasure lapping at me in gentle movements at first. Then she's pumping over me, moving her hips, her round breasts bouncing beautifully. I moan, my hand squeezes hard and rubs faster until I lurch forward and dump my load onto my belly and the back of my hand. Only then do I feel the deflation of having to masturbate instead of having the real thing. I get cranky if I don't get pussy and I haven't had pussy in a long while.

I hop in the shower and wash away the sweat and cum and step out feeling refreshed, somewhat. On this day, Lucy also steps from her room, startling me.

"I thought you had work?" I ask.

She laughs. “No, I work three days on, four days off. That’s the love child of working twelve hour shifts,” she says as she adds water to the coffee pot. “Care for some java?”

“Yes, please, was about to make some myself,” I say and smile.

“Beat you to it today. It felt so good sleeping in,” she says as she yawns.

“You call waking up at six sleeping in?”

“It is compared to waking up at four in the morning,” she says, her brow lifts as she pulls two coffee cups from the cupboard.

It’s nice having Lucy home before I head to work. She smells of honeysuckle and oranges and freshwater, her hair still wet from her morning shower. I’d love to dive between her thighs and take a lick of her pussy, but instead, I blush and turn away as she scoots a fresh cup of hot coffee my way over the bar.

“Thanks,” I mutter.

“You’re welcome,” she says. She’s peppy and sweet, full of sugar.

I finish my coffee and head to the living room to tie my shoes. She follows and turns on the TV to the morning news.

“I always found it amusing the coaches wear athletic clothes to school.”

“What else would we wear?” I ask with a smile.

“Same thing the other teachers wear? I don’t know, it’s not like you’re out there running the court. I mean, you stand on the sideline and dictate what they do, right?” she asks.

“Once upon a time, the garb for coaches were slacks, button up shirt, and a tie. I guess I’m lucky to have the position when it’s cool to wear this,” I say as I run my hand down my body. I have on a polo shirt in school colors, athletic pants and shoes. It’s comfortable and I’m thankful.

I head to work with Lucy on my mind. I don’t know what I hope to accomplish with her, but being her roommate means we have a definite line we shouldn’t cross. When I come home, because it’s a Friday, she’s at the start of her four days off, I make a bold pronouncement.

“How about we eat out tonight, my treat,” I say.

She stares up at me brightly. “Oh, I was going to make a chef salad,” she says.

“We can have that for lunch tomorrow. How about a salad with steak and baked potato,” I say and grin.

“Steak huh? I’ll say yes if you’re referring to Jaxon’s Steak and Fish Grill off Barton,” she says.

“The one and the same. They make the best steaks,” I say.

“Oh, okay. I guess I can dress for the occasion,” she says and disappears. She pokes her head around the corner. “Um, you’re going to dress up too?” Her brow lifts.

I look down at my athletic body and chuckle. “I guess I should,” I say.

I head to my room and pop in the shower. I may as well treat this like a date. I mean, it would be awesome if we ended up doing the cha cha cha. I frown as I consider the fact that one of us will have to drive and that means both of us can’t drink a lot. Getting a chick drunk usually ends up being fun times in most cases with me. I can’t risk it though, I have a job with a reputation and drunk driving is something that could completely ruin it.

The atmosphere of Jaxon’s is always relaxed and fun. The piano player tickles the ivories as couples move and sway on the small dance floor. I eye is thinking after dessert I can take Lucy for a spin. So far so good, we get along beautifully. She’s a delight in fact, fun and spontaneous when she’s on her days off.

“Oh, I can’t eat another bite,” she says as she shoves the small bit of chocolate cake she couldn’t finish.

I grimace at her as I grab her plate and place it on top of mine and slide my fork into the bite. I eat it in one bite and she laughs.

“I love a man with a healthy appetite,” she says as her eyes peer at the dance floor.

I throw my napkin down and I am done eating. Smiling, I scoot back from the chair and hold out my hand. I'm going to take a dare move and do something bold.

"Would the lady care to dance?" I ask.

My heart skips a beat as Lucy smiles at me. Then she shows me her teeth and nods. Her soft small hand slides into mine. "I'd love to, thank you for asking," she says.

As I tremble, I lead her to the dance floor. I don't know why so nervous, she's my friend and apartment mate. But I want to be so much more. I would love to see this develop into more than just friends. She's graceful and natural as she glides across the floor in my arms. The dance floor is small and we need to watch the others, but I feel as if it's just she and I on the floor. A small pace changes as the piano player plays a peppy tune. She walks about me as she giggles and turns spinning before she comes back to me.

"Wow, I learned something new about you every day," I say as I pull her into my embrace and we sway quickly to the beat.

"I'm full of surprises, Jerome." Again, her smile melts my heart as his way to the beat.

The piano player keeps playing. I wish that he would play a slow song, one where we could sway together quietly and softly gaze into one another's eyes. I can't help but laugh as Lucy delightfully wiggles her hips and dances within my arms.

"This is better than a workout," she says.

"You know, you're right. Maybe I should bring my basketball players to a dance hall to make them dance for their workouts," I say as I lift my brow and chuckle.

"Are you making fun of me?" she asks.

"Absolutely not. I'm perfectly serious here. Well, I'm not so sure that the kids would enjoy this kind of dancing, but I know for me it is a good workout and the company is terrific," I say.

Finally, the piano player slows down and we both match the beat, swaying gently to the notes as she looks around the room.

"I've always loved this place. It has such a relaxing atmosphere and it's not so loud that it hurts my ears. I really don't care to go to clubs because they are too loud, especially when they have a live band. I really like the sound of the baby grand piano and the smooth chords of the singer," she says.

"Yes, it is nice. I have attended my share of clubs though but you are correct. It's a basic out when you don't care to hear what your date is saying," I say as I laugh.

She laughs with me. "Oh, is that why I'm sometimes taken to a loud club. I got it," she says.

"Which is why I suggested this place. Because the lady does give good conversation," I say.

"Well, I hope that we can talk since we were good friends and live together," she says. She grins up into my face.

I'm not sure how to take her comment. I wonder if she means that there is no hope and they we're only friends. I don't push it. We dance for another couple of songs and finally make our way to the bar.

"I'm parched. I'm going to grab a draft before we leave, but would you like to drink?" I ask. I'm okay with drinking one beer and driving.

"I like a white wine spritzer, please," she says.

She turns around and watches the people around her. She's okay with me paying for her dinner and drink, so I feel like I should consider this a date. After we have our drinks, I escort her to the car, as she holds onto my arm. It's chilly

outside so of course she wants to close and she didn't wear a jacket.

Once home it's too easy to slip back into our old routine. If we weren't living together, I would definitely sneak a kiss good night. She doesn't seem to want to take it to any of the level so I don't push it.

We enjoy each other's company for the next couple of days that she's off. When she goes back to work, the middle of the work week and I'm also working. But when I come home, I have several hours before she's home. I find myself wandering into her room, to see if I can find any evidence that she might like me. I know it's a silly thing to do, and I shouldn't be doing this. But I can't help myself. I wander into her bathroom and right there on the floor pushed off to the side is a pile of clothes and a pair of white silk panties. Panties she had worn, dirty panties. I can't help myself as I bend down and lift them to me. I bring it to my nose and take a deep sniff and smile her essence. Instantly, my cock grows exponentially in my shorts. Before I realize what I'm doing, I'm pulling on her panties. My cock is a raging hard on, and I groan as I need release. I brace myself over the counter looking in the mirror at my cock within the silk panties. It feels good to squeeze my hand over the head which is growing vigorously. I groan, my cock lengthens and the pre-cum comes out staining the front of her panties. I moan as my cock prepares to shoot. Then suddenly, I get off, filling the panties causing a lathery mess. I quickly take the panties to the washer and throw them in for a quick wash cycle. They dry fast enough, she's about to walk through the door and the panties are hot. I quickly wave it through the air as I rush to her bathroom to replace it on top of the clothes. I am careful not to use too much detergent so that they wouldn't smell fresh and clean. I sprinkled a little bit of water onto the crotch, and replace the pair on top of the clothes as I quickly escape when I hear the front door open.

"How was your day?" I ask as Lucy walks in.

She regards me with a tired smile. "Busy. The first day back is always the

worst," she says.

I step into the kitchen and pull the casserole from the oven. She and I spent a full Saturday working on meal preps putting casseroles and such in the freezer for workdays. It wasn't fair to either one of us to have to cook on the days we work. I pull it from the oven and place in the rolls. "I hope you're hungry. I'm trying one of our chicken and rice recipes," I say.

"Awesome. It smells wonderful." She steps to the sink and washes her hands. Turning to me she smiles. "Let me grab a quick shower and I'll be right back," she says as she shuffles off to her bathroom.

I hold my breath wondering if she'll discover what I had done her bathroom. The oven dings and the rolls are ready. I quickly grab the pan and set it on top of the stove. I take my time in setting the places on the bar waiting for her to finish other shower. I still hear it running and I assume she's probably decompressing from the day's work. Once I set the bar with plates, she appears pulling her bathrobe snugly around her body. Her curves peek through, and I wonder if she's completely naked underneath. I act as if I don't notice.

"This really is good. Let's put a star by this recipe so we can fix it again," she says.

"Yes, I agree."

Lucy wipes her mouth with a napkin and nods. She is so tired her eyes are slamming shut. "I'd be happy with the peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I'm sorry I'm of no use when it comes to my workdays," she says.

"It's okay. I don't work a 12 hour shift standing on my feet worrying about the health and well-being of others for 12 hours a day. Soon, the ball season will start and I'll have several nights a week I won't be able to do this," I say.

"That's why we do the meal prep.. First one home pops a casserole in the oven." She smiles at me as she carries her dishes to the sink and the dishwasher.

I hop up to help. "Why don't you go ahead and relax. I'll clean the kitchen. Really, it's okay," I say with a smile.

"Thank you, I think I'll head to bed and just relax before falling to sleep." She steps to me and tiptoes as she plants a kiss on the side of my cheek. She pats my back and then turns to leave as I stare after her, feeling the warmth of my cheek that remains where her lips touched me.

Of course, the next day I had enjoyed my time with her panties and I want to see that she doesn't have anything on the floor. She must've done laundry before she went to work for the dryer has clean clothes within it. Another thought struck as I realized I had no dirty panties to wear. Stepping into her room, I walk to the white French provincial dresser. Sure enough, the top middle drawer holds undergarments folded neatly in rows. She is a stickler for organization and neatness. I grab a pair near the back on the bottom. It's a pale pink pair panties, and I pull it out and quickly leave. I wear the panties the next day and the next. I find myself in her room on her last day of work that week. She won't be home for an hour and a half, so I draw a bath. It's not too often that I take a bath but I feel extra feminine. After the water drains from the tub, I grab a pair of panties and a pair sleep shorts and slide them on my body. The cool material presses around my swollen cock as I smile and walk to the kitchen. The oven just heated up and the casserole is cooking when Lucy walks through the door.

She pokes her head kitchen and smiles. "Is it okay if I take a quick shower before we eat?" she asks.

I turn to her. "Yes, you could take a bath even. I just now put the casserole in the oven. I'm sorry, I came home feeling tired as well and just now had my bath too," I say.

Her eyes travel over my body, I'm not wearing a shirt just sleep shorts and her panties. I guess I want to push it to see what happens. She nods and disappears and takes a bath.

I set the table with slaw and the French fries that I popped into the fryer. I bought us a bottle of wine to enjoy with our barbecued beef. The mac & cheese I bought from the deli and popped into the microwave. A nice hot meal tis sure to put a smile on her face.

When Lucy emerges, she has a fresh smile on her face. Her body is covered with her sleep shorts and a tee shirt with a bra underneath. I groan inwardly, because I like to see her full shape but I smile anyways as I serve our meal.

"Well now, that was a delicious meal, thank you," Lucy says.

"I'm glad you liked it. I'm sorry it wasn't ready-to-eat and you came home," I say.

"Did you have to work late today?" she asks.

I set the napkin on the table and sigh. "No, I came home tired and sweaty from the basketball practice. I took a shower and rested a little bit before I started dinner," I say.

Lucy nods. She and I clean the kitchen and that the dishwasher before we settle into the living room. She keeps peering at me, as if she wants to say something. I don't ask her, but I figure she's just not accustomed to seeing me in my sleep shorts like this. I had put on one of my old college T-shirts before we ate.

"Say, why don't you look for a movie and we can pop in a DVD or Blu-ray and just relax," she says.

I realized tomorrow is one of her days off again. Smiling, I go to the TV and kneel looking through the movies beneath the TV. I pull out a couple and ask her, and she finally settles on one. I don't mind staying up a little later since it's also Friday and I have tomorrow off as well.

I notice Lucy keeps looking at me. She certainly acts as if she has something on her mind. She sits across the sofa not close enough to touch each other. Not that we should be touching being that were only roommates and friends. She acts as if she's put out about something, and I so badly want to ask her what it is. Finally, the movie ends and I click it off and then I turn to her.

"Okay, what's going on?" I ask.

"What makes you think something is going on?" she asks as she lifts her brow

and stares at me.

"I know you well enough to know that something is not right. Please tell me, are you upset with me about something?"

She swallows hard. "You could say I am a little upset. I've discovered something about you that upsets me and I don't know what to do about it," she says.

My face immediately blushes, a raging redness I feel riding across my cheeks. Has she caught me? I simply stare at her. "What have you discovered about me?" I ask.

She narrows her eyes at me. "I want you to stand up and drop your shorts."

Now my cheeks are burning so hot, I can feel my heart beating them. "What? You want me to take off my shorts?"

She smiles, a wicked smile one that shows she wants to be vindictive. "You tell me. Unless you want me to kick your ass out on your ear right now, stand and pull your shorts off," she demands.

I nod. Yes, she knows. She did say unless I wanted to be thrown out I would do this. So, I stand and yank down my shorts revealing the fact that I'm wearing a pair of her silk panties.

"Yes, what I suspect it is right. Care to tell me why you're wearing my panties?" she asks.

What could I say? I smile at her, hoping to soften the blow. "Isn't it obvious? I like you," I say. I knew it could be the deathblow of our relationship and that very possibly I would be moving out soon.

"Does that give you permission to steal my panties and wear them?" she asks. She's mad.

"Lucy, I'm so sorry. I guess I'm in a weak moment and I allow my testosterone to drive me," I say.

She smiles wickedly at me. "Okay, this creates a very strange situation but I have a way of remedying it. Come to my bedroom and do exactly as I say and I forgive you for doing this," she says.

I breathe a sigh of relief and nod. "Okay, I'll do anything you ask for your forgiveness. And if it brings us closer, all the better," I say.

She chuckles as she walks towards her bedroom. "I'm sure this will bring us closer. Come on," she says.

I follow her into her bedroom and tremble with anticipation. She turns to me as her eyes go over my body. She yanks the T-shirt and I help remove it. I tense as she slides her thumbs into the waistband of the panties and yanks it down. My

cock is full staff, raging and bobbing at her. She turns and reaches within her drawer and produces a dong. I lift my brow in amusement, thinking about her using that thing causes pre-cum to form at the tip of my cock.

She reaches in the drawer and pulls a bottle of lube and squeezes out a dollop on it and clicks the switch. "Turn around and bend slightly and take this," she says.

My eyes widened as I realize what she wants to do. I freeze in my spot. "Or, you can march to your bedroom get dressed pack your bags and leave," she says.

I nod as I turn and bend slightly. I clench my eyes shut and reach for the top her dresser and brace myself. She shoves the dong through my anus causing me to lurch forward the pain temporarily grabbing hold of me. I suck in a deep breath and blowout and focus on my breathing while she shoves the dildo in and out of my ass. It's not pleasant, being pegged like this but I guess I deserve it.

"Now, I want you to jerk off while I'm pegging you," she says.

I nod as I take hold of my cock and run my hands over the head. I have enough pre-cum that I'm well lubed. She thrusts the vibrator in my ass in unison with my hand pumping my cock. The pleasure builds at the base of my cock as I continue moving. She braces my back with her hand as she pumps the vibrator in and out of my ass hole. I know she means business. I groan as the pleasure builds, and suddenly, I lurch forward my cock shooting great plops of cum landing on her floor. She keeps it going faster moving in rhythm with my hand. Until finally, my cock stops shooting and I try to get away from her. Mercifully, she pulls it out of my ass.

I whip around and look at her. I'm still horny and I can tell she is too. I move to her, she sets the vibrator on her night table. My lips moved to hers as we kiss, she wraps her hands around my back meaning business. I gently push her backwards until she's on her bed and I lace my thumb through her night shorts and she helps me come out of them. I shoulder between her thighs, my face first for taking her essence, and she places her hands through my hair. My tongue glides over her stiffening clit, as my fingers come up and dance over her taut nipples. She moans and continues moving her pelvis until she is thrashing about underneath me. She comes hard, clawing at my head until finally, she shoves me back.

"I guess we're even now." She's breathless and smiling.

I crawl up to her and pull her into my arms. "I guess our relationship has crossed the threshold," I say.

She moans and nods as she wraps her arms around me and falls asleep snuggled into my arms.

THE END

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