



ROLE PLAYING EVENING TURNS INTO A
CROSSDRESSING
SISSY
ADVENTURE!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

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Role Playing Evening Turns Into The Start Of A Crossdressing Sissy Adventure!

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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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The ties held Ashley in place, I didn't have a blindfold, so she gets to see what I'm doing to her. It's my turn this weekend and she knows the drill. Although she's frowning at me while I play with her. Soon, though, she'll be arching her back and screaming. My cock rises out of the leather straps I'm wearing. I smile at her, as the desire pools in the tip of my dick. I'll take her and then I'll do myself. I have plans.

I love the feel of my hand smacking Ashley's bare ass. It shimmies and she squeals, and I smile. My cock throbs. Smack. She jumps.

"Ouch! Fuck, Zane, don't be so harsh. I don't mind the love taps, but you're starting to hurt me," Ashley says as she furrows her brow.

I grin wickedly as I deliver the final slap to her smooth ass cheek. She's facing me and unable to move. I drag my cock across her belly, leaving a trail of precum. Bending down slightly, I shove it through her muff and focus on her hardening clit. Yes, that's it, I'm making her squirm in pleasure now. I rub my cock over it with one hand and with the other I tweak roughly a taut nipple. She moans and I precum more. I moan with her and I fear I'll come on her clit

instead of inside her soft warm and tight pussy. She thrashes, her moans turn to growls.

“Fuck me, Zane, now!”

I gladly comply as I slide my cock through her pussy and groan. She’s so fucking tight. She can’t wrap her arms around me as I pound into her. Instead, I hold a soft breast in one hand and with the other I push against the wall sliding in and out with fury. I can’t help it as I reach down and slap her ass cheek again.

“Fuck, Zane,” Ashley says.

“Shut up, I’m coming,” I growl as I pound into her hard, filling her void with my hot man juice. Finally, my cock stops as the sweat beads on my brow and a drop rolls into my eye. I pull out quickly, and my evidence oozes down her legs. I chuckle as I untie her hands and she angrily yanks away from me.

After Ashley disappears into the shower, I reach for her dark blue silk panties she left on the floor. Lying back on the bed, I place the pair crotch first over my face and take a big whiff. Ah, I love the smell of pussy. If they made a pool of pussy juices, I’d lie it in. I would!

“What the? Gross, Zane, honestly,” Ashley says when she comes out of the shower. She reaches for her panties still on my face. I grab the pair and hold it tightly.

“Leave these for me. I want to sniff them while I rub one out in the morning,” I say.

“You’re so gross. You know who you remind me of? You remind me of Toni. He does weird things like this.” Ashley says as she pulls on her jeans commando. She grimaces at me and dresses quickly. She doesn’t like when it’s my weekend and I make her do these things. She hates being tied up and spanked.

“Hey, at least you came too. I always make sure you do. And Toni? Toni? You're gay friend?” I ask as I pick up my clothes and toss to the hamper, our romp is over.

“Yes, Toni, my gay friend. You and he seem to have some things in common. Next weekend is my turn and you better fucking do what I want,” she says with an angry glint in her eyes.

“I will, I always do,” I say as I smile. Her choices always include things like watching a show or dancing at a club. Then we come to her apartment and bang one out missionary style. Yippee.

Ashley steps right up her face staring into mine. “Promise me, you will do exactly as I want to do next weekend,” she says.

I wince. “I always do what you want to do. How hard can it be?”

“I want to hear you promise me that you will do exactly as I want to do next

weekend. Promise me,” she says, and she won't get out of my way until I answer her.

“I promise, why are you so insistent? I always do what you want to do. I promise I will do what you want to do next weekend. It's your turn,” I say.

“Good,” she says as she settles on the bed and combs her long blond hair. I love her hair.

“What did you mean by I'm like Toni exactly,” I say as I sit on the chair in front of Ashley.

She smiles and it lights my heart. “You and he have the same tendencies. Like, he enjoys a little slap and tickle, only he slaps and tickles other men, dressed in drags,” she says.

“Other men do this to their women. That doesn't make me gay because I like to tie you up and slap and tickle you,” I say.

“It's that and a combination of other things. I don't know, it's just that he's into wearing silk panties. You have such a fetish for mine,” she says.

I wince again. “I like your panties, I don't like just any silk panties. Besides, I don't wear them,” I say.

“No, but you act all fruity when you’re doing me when it’s your turn. Like you, I don’t know, flit around acting all giddy, like a school girl in a doll shop.”

“More like a horny boy in front of a beautiful naked woman. Big difference. I am giddy when my cock is stiff and you’re naked. It doesn’t mean I’m acting like a gay man,” I say.

“Okay, okay, whatever you say, Zane,” Ashley says. She hops up and grabs her shoes.

“No cuddling tonight?” I ask as I pout.

“No, remember you want to masturbate in the morning with my panties,” she says and gives me a disgusted look.

I follow her to the front of the house. She pauses at the door and turns to me. “Remember, next weekend, my pick, you do it,” she says.

“Yes, I remember. I’ll do it. I always do,” I say. I yawn, the night’s activities have worn me out.

“See you,” Ashley says and makes her way to the front door. Our date is over and I’m ready to sleep. She doesn’t like sleeping with me after I tie her up and spank her. She says it makes her weary of me. I really don’t spank her hard, but that’s okay. I enjoy some alone time and besides I have her dirty panties.

I lean in to kiss her at the door. She offers just a peck, nothing tongue chasing. With a wave of her hand she's off and I shut the door.

Smiling, I grab the panties she left behind and crawl back into bed. It gives me a zinger in my dinger to think I'm doing something naughty that she doesn't know. She does know I have her panties and she knows what I plan to do with them in the morning. But she doesn't know what I plan to do during the day and the idea came from her gay friend, Toni.

I love Sunday mornings. It's a time I relish while I lie in bed and slowly awaken. My cock is always standing at acute attention when I wake up. On work days I ignore it because I don't have time to rub one out. If the cock is extra hard, I'll rub it out in the shower with soapy hands just to be able to focus on getting ready. My damn cock can be so demanding at times.

My hand moves to my hard cock. I'm naked still in bed, the soft sheets feel nice against my skin. Wait, the panties. I reach for the pair bunched up on the other side of the bed. Placing it on my face, crotch side down I groan. Sniffing hard, I breathe in Ashley's essence. Her pussy is so soft and tight. I imagine pounding her hard as my hand rubs against my cock. It doesn't take long, and I lurch forward, spewing the contents of my balls all over the top sheet and my lap.

Time to do laundry and take a shower. I'm a mess as I step into the steamy hot water and let it roll over my body. Ah, it feels so good. The remainder of the day I clean my place, making sure it's ready for the work week.

Monday morning, I step out of the shower and reach for my jockeys. But my eyes move to the chest of drawers in my bedroom where I've placed Ashley's panties. They are still dirty. I smile as I pull the pair over my body. Yes, they feel wonderful. Maybe Toni is onto something here. The man has good taste.

At first, I feel bound up in the silk panties. I'm larger than Ashley, of course, I'm a slim man too though. I go to work at the ceramics shop, detailing the works. I use my art degree in a wonderful way making the ceramics dinnerware and decor that is sent all over the country. I smile at the receptionist as I walk through the office area and head to the back to the workrooms. My cock rubs against the soft panties and by the time I reach my work room my cock is growing long. I can't help but thinking about Ashley's essence up against my cock.

I settle at my work station and grab the paint brush and dip it in the water. The pieces have been glazed and are ready for the second coat of the decorative paint. I run the brush around the edge making the beautiful lines on the pieces. Every time I shift on my stool, my cock reminds me that I'm wearing the silk panties. I wonder if Toni feels this way? It's not a question that I can ask the man. He's not even my friend, he's Ashley's friend. And he's gay and I'm not gay.

Elsa, the receptionist, calls to me right at lunch time. I pick up the phone. "Hello, What's up?" I ask.

"Ashley is here to see you," Elsa says.

"Be right there."

I put away my things and whistle as I walk around. I feel so good in her panties I can't believe it. Why haven't I tried this before? I whistle as I walk up the hall towards the front office and there is Ashley, wearing her sexy business outfit. She smiles at me sweetly.

"Hey, thought I'd stop by and take you to lunch," Ashley says as she steps forward.

I love greeting her with a kiss. And every move I make my cock whispers to me that it's hard and needs some attention. We head out to the car as she drives me to the little Mexican dive across town. They promise to serve a fast lunch and we've only got an hour. I contemplate having her do a quickie, but then I realize I can't because I'm wearing her panties. I don't know what she would think of me if she knew I was wearing her panties right now. She would probably think I was more like Toni than I care to admit.

“So, I've been making plans for this weekend. My turn to plan,” she says as she lifts her brow.

I smile as I dip a chip in the salsa and after I swallow, I say, “What's it going to be this weekend?”

“No, it's going to be a surprise. Just know that I'm making big plans and it will be something you've never done before. I think you will like it. I think you'll enjoy it more than you would admit to it,” she says mysteriously.

I nod enthusiastically. Maybe she's chosen something better to do than just seeing a show and eating dinner out. It's okay, she's normally safe with what she likes to do. That's why when it's my turn, I raise the heat on our time together.

“I'm coming by tonight to pick up my panties. I'm assuming you washed them?” Ashley asks as she stares at me.

I nod as I swallow the food in my mouth again. And without missing a beat, I

say, “Yes, of course I washed them. And I would love to see you tonight.”

“Good, I'll come by after work and get them. It's just that they're very expensive and I don't want to lose any pairs.”

I know I'm in trouble if I can't get home and get these washed before she comes over. Sadly, they are drip dry, so I don't know what I'm going to do. She made sure that I knew that they were drip dry a long time ago. Dammit.

“Why don't you come by for dinner. Give me time to make my special homemade pizza. We can open a little wine and enjoy ourselves,” I say hoping to buy more time.

Ashley sighs. “Okay, but I can't stay late because we do have work tomorrow. So, you're not going to be tying me up,” she says as she arches a brow.

I act as if I'm exasperated with her. “No, dear, it's not my weekend yet,” I say. Then I laugh and wink at her.

Ashley rolls her eyes and shakes her head. Clearly, she doesn't like what I do in my turn weekends. Perhaps I should rethink it a little and try to please her a little more. I shift in my seat and I'm reminded of what I have on my body. The silk panties feel so good, I need to get another pair from her if I give this one back.

I look at my watch. “I need to get back to work, it's almost that time.”

“Remember, I'm coming over tonight,” Ashley says.

I hold the door open for her as we go back to her car. After we slide and I smile at her. “I will have the pizza ready, be there no later than six thirty,” I say in hopes that she will wait to come over.

“Can't I just come over when I get off work? It just seems like more driving for me if I go home first,” she says.

“To be honest, I have to run to the market to get the food to make the pizza. So, I probably won't even have it ready until then anyway. I'm sorry, hon, I don't expect you to stay late, but I will have a nice dinner and maybe a nice dessert after,” I say as a wink at her.

Ashley drives me back to work and she pulls right up to the door. She leans over to give me a goodbye kiss which I gratefully take.

When I exit the car a I lean back in and look at her. “See you tonight, at six thirty,” I say and smile and then I shut the door not giving her a chance to argue and tell me she'll be there earlier. I hope that she takes my word that I must go to the market even though I don't really need to go.

After work I rush home as fast as I can. I hope that Ashley doesn't drive by to see if I'm home or not. I quickly run into my bedroom and pull my clothes off. I stare at myself in the mirror as I'm still wearing her dark blue silk panties. Damn, I look good in them. My cock lengthens but I don't have time, not now. Dammit. I run to the laundry room with nothing on but my shirt. My cock wags standing at full attention as I stuff the clothes into the washing machine. I only put a few

things in to do a light load so that it will clean the panties quicker.

I rush into the bathroom and take a quick shower. Knowing that Ashley will be here later, I want to smell good and be appealing to her. I slide into my jockeys, and don't like the way they feel. The silk panties were so soft against my cock.

I rush into the laundry room and pull the panties out of the washer. At least the washer had spun out most of the water and it is almost dry. I take the panties with me into the kitchen and hang them over the stove over the vent so that the heat can dry them quickly. Then I set about chopping the vegetables and brown the meat for the homemade pizza. Ashley will be here in another half an hour, and I've got to make to move the panties from the stove so that she won't see them. How embarrassing if she came in and saw her blue silk panties hanging over my stove. Finally, the pizza is done, and I grab the pair of panties. Thankfully, silk dries fast. The panties smell like pizza though and I throw it into the dryer with a dryer sheet and run it on nothing but air to take the smell of the pizza out. Ashley will be here anytime now. I've got to make sure I take it out of the dryer and fold it and have it ready for her. I have plans to ask her for her dirty pair which is on her body now.

I run into the laundry room and pull the pair of panties out of the dryer and fold them just as Ashley rings my doorbell. Naughty me, I lock the door to where she couldn't come in. We haven't exchanged keys yet thankfully. Not that I wouldn't, but I'm glad we don't didn't by now.

Ashley smiles at me as I open the door. "Hello love, I thought I'd bring the ice cream to go with whatever dessert you're having," she says.

A sigh of relief escapes my mouth as I remember I had bought a chocolate cake at the bakery yesterday. It has certainly saved me today. "Thank you, it will go

perfectly with the chocolate cake I have,” I say as I take the ice cream from her and go to the kitchen to check on the pizza.

True to form, Ashley makes her way to the laundry room, I'm sure to grab her panties. I'm meticulous about my laundry and she knows that if I have anything in there it will be folded on top of the dryer. Thankfully, I did just that. She walks back in with the silk panties in hand and smiles at me.

“Thank you, for washing my panties,” she says.

I smile and think about the day wearing them. “You’re welcome, my sweet. Thank you for leaving them for me. It certainly made my Sunday morning,” I say as I waggle my brow at her.

She pulls the pair to her face and takes a sniff. My cock instantly grows watching her do that. Her brow furrows and as her eyes peer at me. “Did you dry these in the dryer? Or did you let them drip dry?” she asks.

I'm a fast thinker. “Drip dry, of course. They had fallen from the rack and landed in the box of dryer sheets which is why they smell like a dryer sheet,” I say. Whew! I really know how to come up with lies when I need to.

The oven dings indicating the pizza is ready to eat. We take the pizza and a large glass of wine as we sit down in the living room in front of the TV and use the coffee table as our dining table. We often do that when we want to relax and this is just pizza, after all.

After we finish our wine and the chocolate cake with ice cream, I scoot close to Ashley. She giggles as I pull her into my arms and kiss her neck. I must have her panties I can't let her leave without giving them to me. I work on her as my hands slide under her shirt and under her bra and I grope her fleshly breast while I massage the nipple. It grows taut, good! She moans, as my other hand moves down to her pants and unbuttons and unzips. She willingly lets me pull them off, and I know that I'll get lucky tonight.

I slide down to the floor and shake my head like a dawg. Ashley giggles as I pull my face to her muff. She opens her legs as she loves it when I eat her out. My tongue drags through the soft warm folds. Taking a big sniff, I moan as I drink in her essence. I would bottle this stuff if I could. She smells wonderful. My cock is soaking my jockeys. I keep licking because I know it will make her happy to encourage her to do more with me. She moans as her hand slides up and laces through my hair. I moan because I won't release too. My tongue swirls over her hard knob as she bucks up and down grinding her muff into my face. I reach up and tweak her nipples up under her clothes. She loses her self-control as her pelvis seizes and I keep my tongue bearing down on her hard knob as she comes, riding the waves with her until at last, she collapses back on the couch and catches her breath.

When she sits up, she lifts her brow at me. I stand and yank my pants down as fast as I can. "My turn," I say as I sit on the sofa. She stands and comes to me knowing what it means. As she's comes over my legs, she brings a sweet-smelling muff down to my long hard cock ready to give me some attention. Her sweet arms wrap around my neck as she hovers her muff up and over my cock. I close my eyes and groan as I drag the head through her soft warm folds. And then she comes down pulling me completely into her and I nearly lose it at that point.

I come as Ashley moves up and down on me. It doesn't take me long because I am so horny. She reaches for her clothes to dress so she can leave, but I stop her again.

“Leave them for me, please. You can wear the ones are washed come,” I say as I hold my hand out. She gives me a dirty look and throws the dirty underwear at me. She grabs the blue silk panties out of her bag and pulls them over her legs. They are obviously stretched out and she glares at me.

“Did you fucking wear my panties? Look at this. They do not fit me anymore. I can see in the elastic where they've been stretched. You fucking wore my panties.” She narrows her eyes at me while my face burns with a hot blush.

I look down, she caught me. I smile and tilt my head as I give her puppy dog eyes. “I’m sorry, sweetie. I’ll take you shopping and buy you two pair to replace those. You know I go nuts with your pussy and you weren’t here, so I wanted to feel my cock against your panties. It was a big turn on,” I say as I waggle my brow at her.

Ashley narrows her eyes at me again and shakes her head. The expression is one of playful disgust. “Okay, you owe me three pairs though. I pick them out and you pay,” she says as she pulls up the pair of panties she originally wore. I sigh, no panties for me. I rise to walk her to the door.

She turns to me and looks me up and down. After pressing her finger into my chest, she says, “Saturday night, your ass is mine. Be ready, it’s my turn. Oh, I’ll be here at four because we have things to do to prepare for the evening.”

I lean in and kiss her. It’s just a quickie kiss. She gives me a mischievous smile and walks out the door.

I rush to the door to answer it on Saturday. When I open it wide, Toni is standing there grinning and carrying the big case along with Ashley it was also carrying a dress bag and a case herself.

“Hello love, time to get started for this weekend's fun,” Ashley says.

“Zane, dear, so good to see you again,” Toni says as he also hugs me. I back away trying to understand what's going on.

I find out soon, as they all traipse into my bedroom and lay their things on the bed. Ashley turns to me and grins. “Now my dear, it's time for me to have my turn with you. You promised so no complaints. First, I want you to undress and then put these on,” she says she hands me not only a pair of her panties, but also a matching silk chemise. I start to shake my head and swallow hard.

“No, no, no, you're not getting out of this I'm here to make sure that you hold your promise to Ashley,” Toni says as he steps forward.

“You promised. Now, I expect you to live up to your part or I walk,” Ashley says. I know she means business, so I take a deep breath as I grab the panties and the chemise and go into the bathroom to change. Maybe she's wanting me to wear this underneath my clothing and go out to party. I don't know.

When I return, I'm shocked to see Toni holding a device in his hand. He smiles and shimmies his shoulders as he steps to me. “Now, put this on please,” Toni says. I look at Ashley and she nods as she lifts her brow and keeps a stern look on her face. She will walk if I don't do this, and I don't want to lose her.

Not only do I put on a chastity belt, but Ashley has a dress and a pair of shoes that fit my feet that matches the dress that's meant for a woman. I suffer through the transformation as she and Toni with great giddiness turns me into a woman. And when they're done, I'm dressed in full drag with a chastity belt underneath. I don't smile I don't even act like I'm having a good time. Because I'm not. Then I swallow my medicine and do as Ashley demands to save our relationship.

To say I am humiliated is an understatement. I look ridiculous in the silk dress that is supposed to hug the body of a beautiful feminine form, and instead it hangs on mine hanging in places where curves should be, and I look stupid. Toni delightfully claps his hands as I sit down and endure the transformation. He paints my face with cosmetics until I completely look the part of a woman. The last step is the blonde wig with soft waves that bounce over my shoulders. I look like a clown trying to look like a woman. Ashley is loving it as she smiles, and she can't wait to show me off.

Ashley claps her hands and looks at me. "Now we're going out. And you're going to be introduced to the world as a lovely woman. We'll call you Zaza," she says.

"You can call me deeply humiliated," I say as I grimace when I walk. The chastity belt is tight and binding, but I follow them to the car, and I sit in the back seat as they drive me to a club that features flashy people, including men in drag.

Before we enter the club, the beat thumps hard outside, Ashley turns to me. "Stop frowning and stop moping and act like you're having a good time. This is my turn, and I'm going to have it. I let you tie me up and spank me and do whatever you want to do to me when it's your turn. This is my turn, and I expect you to behave. Now paint a smile on your face and behave like a woman," she

says.

I plant a fake smile on my face and try to act like I'm having a good time. Once we're in the club, I see other men dressed in drag and it makes me realize I'm not alone here. A giant drink helps as Toni places the drinks in front of us at the table. I down mine and ask for another. Ashley giggles because she knows what I'm doing. She gets me another drink, and then I'm feeling pretty good.

The DJ plays a song that Ashley loves, and she grabs my hand as we rush to the dance floor. I'm in heels and a dress and can't go as fast as her so I stumble. But once we're on the dance floor she dances, shimmying her shoulders, swinging her hips, and turning around and rubbing up against me. I laugh and dance with her and allow Zaza to have a good time. She turns around and slides her arms around me as we sway to a slow dance now.

“Tonight, I guess I'm a lesbian. Because I'm in love with a woman named Zaza,” she says as she pulls me down. Her lips are feathery soft against mine and she kisses me. Her tongue prods through as her hands touch my ears and gently rub. I groan, as my cock tries to grow.

I jerk back suddenly as the pain courses through my midsection. I look at her, helplessly. The chastity belt is stopping my cock and she merely lifts her brow at me knowing what's going on. She wraps her hands around my face and draws me to her again kissing my cheek and goes to my ear where she nibbles. I groan from the pain and I can't stand it.

“Please, this is so painful I can't take it,” I whisper to her.

Ashley gives me a stern expression. “Does it hurt you as much as it hurts me when you spank my ass after you tie me up? Because it seems to turn you on when you hurt me. Now this is turning me on,” she says as she presses her body against me. Now I realize why she's doing this.

“I'm sorry for the way I treat you when it's my turn. I guess we should try to do things that we both enjoy doing instead of causing each other pain like this,” I say.

“By George, I think he's got it,” Ashley says.

I nod sheepishly. Then I give her a pained expression. “Can we please leave now and without Toni?” I ask.

Ashley giggles and she looks across the dance floor at Toni. He's also dancing with a drag queen and they seem to be very into each other. “Yes, let's go home now. I think it's time we had some good makeup sex, don't you?”

She didn't have to ask me twice. Even though I was in pain from a cock that couldn't extend, I smile and nod vigorously. “Yes, come let's go home now. Make up sex sounds good, after I let my poor cock to inflate again,” I say.

Ashley laughs all the way home. I sit beside her in the passenger seat squirming uneasily. I mentally try to will my cock to settle down, but it won't. Ashley keeps reaching over and rubbing her hand over my legs. She keeps talking dirty to me and I can't take it. I finally grimace and tell her to stop. She laughs at my pain.

I can't get out of these clothes fast enough. Ashley helps me out of the dress and out of the chemise and then she unlocks the damn chastity belt. Finally, my poor cock feeling bruised and damaged, limply falls forth when I pull down her panties. I look at her with a painful expression on my face. "I hope I'm not damaged," I say.

Ashely laughs as she pulls the wig off my head and holds my hand while pulling me into the bathroom. There she has me sit on the toilet and spreads cold cream all over my face to remove the makeup. After she starts to shower, she grabs my hand and pulls me within. I let her wash my face, and then she washes my body. She takes time something everything and by the time she reaches my cock, it finally extends. I breathe a big sigh of relief. Then it's my turned to wash her body. I enjoy rubbing my soapy hands over her curves dipping in the valleys and causing her to moan. Our time together is long overdue.

After we rinse the hot steamy water still rushes over us, I grab her and hoist her into my arms. She wraps her long shapely smooth legs around my waist as her bodacious tatas press into my chest. Her full luscious lips move over mine and she kisses me deeply. I groan under her, loving her body next to mine.

"Do you want me to fuck you now?" she asks.

"My cock is working again I would love you to fuck me now," I say.

She hoists her body up on me as I grab my cock and help her this slide her sweet muff lips over it. Her pussy squeezes heartily over my cock as she moves up and down. I have my hand on her ass to help her move faster.

Ashley glances down between us as my cock saws against her clit. Her pussy becomes wetter as she's about to leap over the edge. I groan as I move her faster and faster, my cock growing longer and harder. She leans forward and kisses me while we fuck. It's a wonderful sensation to kiss and fuck at the same time. She knows I like it. Make up sex is so good.

“Oh fuck, I'm going to come, oh fuck me now,” Ashley says as her head rolls back. Suddenly, her pelvis seizes, and she moans loud as she moves her pelvis up and down over my cock. That's all it takes for me.

“Oh fuck, I'm coming, I'm coming,” I shout as I hoist her up and down over me fast and hard. My cock fills her pussy full as I squirt and together, we rock through the orgasm while we're standing as the pulses of pleasure course through our bodies. Finally, my cock stops shooting and she stops moaning and she simply collapses against me holding on but limp in my arms.

It doesn't take long for me to set her down as the hot shower still streams over us. We both wash off silently and finally turn the shower off. We say nothing as we dry off and that's when she grabs my hand and pulls me to her bedroom. She looks me in the eye with sincerity on her face.

“I want you to stay with me all night. No more of this parting so we can masturbate by ourselves afterward. I think that's what gets us in trouble,” she says.

I smile as I follow her. “I agree, I think we need to change the way we do things from now on. No more hurting each other no more humiliation. I'm sure we can find exciting things to do together that we both like,” I say.

She smiles and opens her arms as a crawl in bed beside her. She cuts off the lights and I pull her into my embrace loving her naked body against mine. This is as it should be.

THE END

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