

SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

BET COMES TRUE



A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

Sissy Bet Comes True

By Scarlett Steele

I know it's wrong what I do, but I can't help it. I blame it on my college days and the job I held. It was a perfect job for me really. I didn't need to do anything other than live. I mean when you house sit, you do just that, you live in the house and make sure nothing nefarious occurs. I did that. I was good at my job. No one can say differently. Mrs. Elthridge never complained. In fact, she had me sit at her posh home over my entire college years. It enabled me to keep from having to flip burgers. She paid well, and I could study, have a social life, do whatever I wanted basically. While some of my college pals were tethered to the local burger joints, I could always say yes to adventures when I wasn't studying. So really, I blame Mrs. Elthridge for my current obsession, and she has no clue why.

I blow out the breath as I dig for the panties in my drawer. I'm very private and when I first started this venture, I had to find creative ways to hide it from my roommate. Again, Mrs. Elthridge and her dresser full of fun colorful silk underthings captured my attention back in college. I was a good boy for a while, house sitting and trying not to pry into her things. One evening, boredom set in. A college man who is bored is a bad thing, especially if he tends to get horny easily too. That was me. I tried to ignore her posh master suite and when I house sat, I made the guest room with the adjoining bathroom my place. I only entered the master suite to do a once weekly dusting and vacuum. Her bureau called to me, the lovely French Provincial dresser that stood on four curved legs. Curved and soft like Mrs. Elthridge. I couldn't help myself as I tiptoed to the bureau and opened the top drawer and right there in an array of colors were neatly folded pairs of silk panties. I remember the first time I ran my hand over the top, the thrill I felt in my pants. It was almost like handing a drug addict some crack.

It started with just one pair. The royal blue pair felt especially soft and the silk clung to my skin so nicely. I wasn't going to make it a habit. It was just going to be a quick kinky thing I did, a memory I made. I removed my shorts and briefs fast enough and slide into the cool panties. I was a manly man, really. I didn't think of myself as feminine at all, not even a spec. But when I slid the panties all the way up and nestled my man goods within, something transformed over me. I liked it. I loved how it felt on my skin, especially on my sac and cock. I can't describe how it felt, but it was like magically wearing melted butter that both clung to me and yet allowed me to breathe in a way I had never felt in the cotton briefs I'd always worn.

I distinctly remember being thrilled at having nothing to do that entire rainy weekend. I moved about the posh home in nothing but that pair of royal blue silk panties. My cock stayed stiff, but I wanted it to build up, so I didn't take care of it right away. Instead I relished in the feeling of being so naughty and thoroughly loved having the clothing against my skin. By the end of the day I couldn't take it any longer. I had aimed to take off the pair and hand wash it and replace it. No harm no foul. But by the time I made it to the laundry room, the fabric had rubbed me just right.

Groaning deeply, I rubbed the outside of the panties, my cock nearly came out of the top. Precum stained the fabric and I couldn't stop myself. My hand moved faster over the silky-smooth fabric. I enjoyed it as I lurched forward and dumped my load causing a frothy mess within the garment.

I thought perhaps after peeling out of the panties and hand washing the fine unmentionables, I'd be over it. Nope, that wasn't the case. Come Monday morning I was rifling in Mrs. Elthridge's drawer for another pair and wore them to class that day. It started a habit.

The first time I entered the mall with the intent of buying silk panties, I didn't even think twice about it. I marched right to the women's lingerie store and asked the clerk where the silkies were. She happily pointed to the area and I walked over there like I knew what I was doing. Of course, the sales clerk followed me and asked if I was buying a gift for my wife or girlfriend. Good one! She made it up for me, so I didn't have to.

“Yes, for my girlfriend. She’s this size,” I said and told her the size.

After that, she left me to fill the little hand held basket with as many pairs as I wanted. I didn’t have a girlfriend and the next time I was ready for more panties; I discovered the women’s lingerie shops online. I had to be sneaky about that because the name of the website was splashed on the box and the students who worked at the college post office saw it. I was glad to graduate and move on with my business degree. Now I live in a condo on the East side of the city, complete with a view of the harbor. I shop to my heart’s desire for women’s panties and they are delivered right to my door. No one says a word about it.

My favorite online lingerie shop had a sale with matching chemises last month. I was giddy as I ordered a dozen sets, all matching. Instead of wearing a white tee shirt or a muscle shirt under my dress shirts, I wear a matching chemise with the ladies’ panties on my ass. On the exterior I’m a polished real estate agent, wearing a button up shirt and occasionally a tie. On cooler days I may pull on a suitcoat but normally it’s just the shirt and tie.

No one knows, not one single soul, that I wear women’s underwear. At least no one has said anything if they had noticed it. Not that it’s their business. I mean, I’m twenty-six and capable of dressing myself however I want. I wouldn’t say I’m a cross-dresser, because I’m not. I just enjoy the finer fabrics against my skin. I haven’t found decent men’s tee shirts or muscle shirts in soft silk. And certainly, men’s underwear is cut and sewn differently than women’s underwear is. I’m thankful the real estate office has a single men’s and a single women’s restroom. Just one toilet, a door and a lock. It’s difficult to use a urinal when I’m in the panties. I stopped doing that long ago. If I’m out and about I’ll go inside a stall for privacy. It’s just that simple. It’s the price I pay to wear the fine women’s unmentionables under my clothing. I figure someday I’ll find a good woman who will be understanding about my fetish. Until then, I enjoy life as a single male.

I smile as I approach the office secretary, Maddie. She has bins on the front of her desk labeled with each agent’s name. I spy my

name, Carson Spender, and grab the folder.

“How are you doing today, doll?” I ask as I wink at her. I feel the upper hand on the twenty-three-year-old secretary, as she’s fresh from her year of business certification. Mr. Ditmore felt her an asset to our team being that she understood business. She’s also single. Her green eyes peer at me as if she’s trying to look through me.

“I’m wonderful, Carson, thanks for asking.” She doesn’t ask me how I’m doing, and I pout over her lack of etiquette at asking me that simple question. I rather enjoy banter with her.

Maddie slides the papers across the desk. “Oh yeah, you need to sign these too,” she says. Her eyes narrow. When she withdraws her hand, she brushes against a small tin of pens and pencils which spill onto the floor. “Oh drat, I’m such a klutz.”

I stumble around her desk to help pick up the writing utensils. She’s not moving to pick them up but watches me intently as I bend over. Perhaps she’s into me and she’s ogling my ass. I can always hope. I smile as I settle the pens and pencils back into the tin. I bend over her desk and sign the papers.

Maddie snaps the papers back and smiles. “Okay, thank you, that’s all,” she says.

I grab the folder and make my way to my office to return a plethora of calls.

Every time I walk by Maddie’s desk, she looks at me as though I have broccoli between my teeth. I even ask her. “I’m sorry, is my fly open or is a hair out of place?”

Her face stretches into a smile. “No, I just, well, notice you is all.”

Well, that’s a nice simple answer. I smile. “Does that mean you’re into me?” I ask as I wag my brow.

“Yeah, sure,” she says, but rather too flatly.

Frowning, I bend forward. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean to make a mountain out of a mole hill, but I see you watching me intently all the time.”

“Do I? Hmmm.” Her face scrunches as she acts bored with me now. She’s one of those kinds, a toyer.

“Okay, sorry. My mistake,” I say and stand straight and march away from her desk. She’s like a fickle cat who can’t decide if she wants in or out.

“Wait, Carson. I am interested. Would you like to go out with me this weekend? My friends and I are meeting for drinks at The Royal Draft if you’d like to join us?” She smiles, this time it reaches her eyes.

I’m suspicious, but then that’s just my character. Her flip-flopping moods with me recently has me leery of her intentions. But what could a drink at The Royal Draft hurt? I can do that no problem.

“Sure. I’ll be there,” I say.

She smiles and picks up her phone as I walk away. I shrug and give it a wait and see before I make a judgment on how I feel about Maddie. She’s pretty and all, sexy even, but something is off on her moods. I can’t put my finger on it.

I waltz into The Royal Draft Saturday evening. Since it’s after hours and on my day off I’m wearing jeans and a tee shirt displaying the local golf shop. Underneath I have a white silk chemise and a pair of white silk panties. It’s common for me now. I’ve tried wearing men’s underwear and discovered how much I dislike it. Maddie is seated at a table toward the back with two other ladies whom I assume are her friends. She waves and I grab what The Royal Draft is famous for, a large mug of draft beer.

“Carson, this is Jolie and Rebecca,” Maddie says as she waves to her two friends. Jolie has her brunette hair pulled back in a fun ponytail. Rebecca is petite and blonde. All three are cute ladies.

“Nice to meet you,” I say and briefly shake each of their hands.

“One rule, no shop talk tonight,” Maddie says.

I wave my hands down my torso. “Do I look dressed for shop talk?” I grin and drink my beer.

We get to know each other better and I buy a round of beers for the ladies. They seem to like me, talking and giggling. I notice Maddie nodding at them and suddenly her hand reaches for my tee shirt and she pulls it up.

“I knew it! See, I told you he wears women’s underwear,” she says as she points to the chemise under my tee shirt. It happened so

quickly I didn't have time to react.

Rebecca covers her mouth and shakes her head while she giggles.

"Are you a sissy?" Jolie asks.

"Yeah, are you? Because you've worn women's underwear since I've known you," Maddie says.

"So, what, he's a cross dresser. Are you trans, Carson?" Rebecca asks.

I grimace and shake my head. "No!"

"Bullshit. Carson is a sissy, nice and prissy," Maddie sings.

"Oh, I get it, you have a cock the size of a cocktail weenie?" Jolie asks.

"No! I don't," I say as I frown at her for asking such a question.

"You're a flitting tinker bell, admit it," Rebecca says.

I don't have to take this. Scooting back, I stand quickly and reach inside my pocket for my wallet. After pulling out a couple of bills I pitch it to the table. "Ladies. I'll take my leave now," I say curtly.

Maddie reaches for me and grabs my hand. "Carson, don't leave, sit," she says.

I glare at her and her friends and heave a deep breath. "I really don't need this. You can't accept me for who I am, then enjoy yourselves and find another victim," I say curtly.

"No, we're sorry. We were just teasing you. Really," Rebecca says.

"Yeah, we have a cruel sense of humor. Sorry. Please, stay," Jolie says.

"We promise we won't tease you again. Stay, really. We're all friends here. Hey, let me buy you another drink," Maddie says and lifts her finger to the server. "A pitcher of draft please."

The server nods and smiles.

I nod and reluctantly pull the chair out and have another seat. I don't like the teasing. It was uncalled for. "Okay, but if it turns ugly again, I'm outta here," I say.

The beer helps. Maddie and friends turn light-hearted on me. She plants her beautiful eyes to mine. "Seriously, are you a closet cross-dresser?" She asks,

I scoot back and she grabs my hand.

“Carson, it’s a real question, we want to know more about you. The real you,” Maddie says softly.

“Okay, what do you want to know?” I ask. I have never spoken of my fetish until now. It feels good to be out with it.

“Are you gay or bi?” Rebecca asks.

I chuckle. “No, I’m straight. I like women only,” I say.

“Are you a cross-dresser?” Maddie asks.

“Only the underwear,” I say. I shift in my seat and pour a big mug of draft. I need the drink.

“You’ve never dressed fully like a woman?” Jolie asks.

“No. Just a strange fetish with women’s underwear,” I say as the reserves fall.

“So, you wear the panties too? May I ask why? I mean there is men’s underwear,” Maddie says.

I nod. “And I’m sure there are women who enjoy wearing men’s jockeys. I don’t know, I like the feeling of silk next to my skin,” I say.

Rebecca giggles. “You mean you like your man goods against the silk.”

“Say it right, Rebecca. The man enjoys his cock and balls in silk panties,” Jolie says. She’s very blunt.

I nod and lift my hand to her. “There you go. Now, any strange fetishes you have?” I ask as I look each lady in the eye.

Jolie smirks. “Only making men feel uncomfortable. Kind of a pass time. Sorry, you felt the brunt of our fun.”

“Sorry I had fodder for the fire. Maddie, is that why you asked me to go out with you ladies tonight?” I turn to her.

She blushes and lowers her eyes. “Guilty.”

“How the hell did you know about my underwear?”

“You see, one day you had leaned forward, and I thought I spied a silk chemise under your shirt. I kept watching and when you bent over helping pick up the pens and pencils, I just happened to drop on the floor, I saw the silk panties. I’m sorry, you made it easy though. You do act feminine,” she says.

“So, you dropped the cup of pens and pencils on purpose?”

She nods. “I had to find out for sure. You’re an oddity to us.”

“We’ve never really talked to a straight man who wears women’s silk underwear. Just strange. I have a friend who dresses in drag on the weekends and frequents the gay clubs and the straight ones. He’s bi, but I think he’s gayer than straight,” Rebecca says.

“That’s nice. I don’t wear anything beyond the underwear,” I say.

“Would you though? Would you try it? We’d help you. Go out in drag, in the full outfit, get a feel for it,” Jolie says.

I admit, I’m intrigued. But my manhood is in question now and I’m not willing to compromise my integrity. “No thank you,” I say with great disdain.

“Okay. Let’s have a wager. A wager between us and you,” Maddie says as she waves her hand between her and her friends.

“What sort of wager?” I ask. I’m not sure I trust these broads.

“You’re a real estate agent. Let’s wager your job. Say you sell three homes this next week and you win. You don’t sell three, we win,” Maddie says.

“Sell, not close?”

“Yes, we put the SOLD sign on three signs. You sell three, you win. You don’t sell three, we win.”

“Three or more and I win. Two or less and you win? What’s the wager?” I ask.

Maddie smiles wickedly and glances at her friends. They exchange some unspoken thought and all three nod. “How about if you win, you get the three of us for an evening. We’ll do anything you want,” she says. Jolie and Rebecca nod in agreement.

“Anything?” I lift my brow.

“Anything, toots. You’re a man and you can prove it with us, if you win,” Jolie says.

I smile. I like this plan. I haven’t been with a woman in a while. This will be good. “Okay. I like that. What if you win, what will you get? What will I need to give you?”

Maddie wags her brow at me. “If you win, you get to do whatever you want with us. If we win, we get to do whatever we want with you for the evening.”

I think about it for a moment. Fair enough. If I win, I can have a foursome. My cock swells within the silk panties at the thought. If they win, no telling what it would be, but somehow, I feel it will end in some sexy times either way. I smile. "Okay, I'm game."

It's on. I work hard over the week, pushing my clients into making the decision to buy a home. The Coopers agree on Tuesday. One down, two to go. Wednesday I get a maybe from a couple. I'm showing to two more on Thursday. They are fickle and can't decide and want to see so many more. The maybe turns into a yes at the last minute. But it's one short. At 5 pm sharp, Maddie smiles big.

"Yes! I win! Come to my house at 7 tomorrow night. Be ready, open minded, and have fun," she says.

I cringe, but I also look forward to it. "Okay, fair and square," I say as I shake her hand on the win.

I exhale as I behold the scene before me. Rebecca stands there with a giant case, and a makeup brush in her hand. Maddie holds up an emerald green sequined gown and a pair of high heeled patent leather black scrappy sandals. Jolie has a long auburn wig with soft curls in her hand. They are all grinning. I grimace.

"First, Carson, you can step into the bathroom and put this on over your underwear. I trust you are wearing silk chemise and panties?" Maddie asks.

"Yep," I say as I grab the gown and step into the bathroom. It's not that I don't enjoy what I'm doing, it's that I've never done this before so it's new. When I emerge, they ooo and ahhh over my new look.

"Okay, gorgeous, sit. You need a face to match that sexy body," Rebecca says.

I'm a patient man and I'm honest when it comes to owning up to something. This is a tough pill to swallow because I'm humiliated as they transform me into a woman. Even my eyes flutter with false eyelashes. After Rebecca is finished, Jolie sets the wig on my head. Long auburn curls spill over my shoulders and down my chest. Lastly, Maddie pinches clip-on earrings to my lobes, a strand of beads around my neck and bracelets for my wrists. Where she found matching rings to fit my fingers, I'll never know.

“Well, look at that, Carson dear makes a gorgeous hot lady,” Jolie says.

They shove me in front of the mirror. I really don't want to look, but I do. Before me is a lady smirking. She's tall and rather well-muscled, but her face is painted pretty. Her hair matches the green flints in her hazel eyes. Her feet complete with painted toes look ridiculous because she has hairy legs. I laugh at the irony of that, surprised really, they didn't want me to shave. I don't call their attention to it as I'm sure they'd compel me to shave my legs.

“Okay, are you ready?” Maddie smiles and blinks at me.

“Ready as I'll ever be,” I say flatly.

“You see, we wanted you to experience what it's like to be a woman. I mean the panties and chemise is one thing. This completes the look and who knows, you may discover you like it and will thank us later.” Jolie nods.

“Where are we going?” I ask as I settle in the front seat of Rebecca's car. She's our designated driver for the night.

She beams at me. “Where else but Edward Dame's Club.” Great.

“You should feel at home there. And if a man asks you to dance, you are to dance,” Maddie says.

“And you might discover you're like a monkey and will want to swing to the other tree.” Jolie busted out launching

“Don't hold your breath on that one, sweetie. I may be comfortable in my own skin, but I know my sexuality. I'll do as you ask, but I will not do anything that would call me something other than straight,” I say.

“Don't worry, Car, we don't expect you to perform anything with your clothes off with a man. We reserve that for later,” Maddie says, and the ladies fall into a fit of giggles. I have hope for some fun later at least.

The club is hopping with cars in the parking lot, couples of all lifestyles strolling in, and a little line for entrance. We stand at the end and wait for our turn. Jolie steps to the bouncer.

“You understand, it's her first time out. She needs to be with others like her,” Jolie says as she points her thumb at me.

The bouncer looks at me and grins while he waves us inside. The flashing lights move with the beat of the fast music. Men are dancing as couples. Drag queens walk around looking flashier than me. Rebecca orders a tray of margaritas for Maddie, Jolie, and I while she drinks a ginger ale.

I admit, I'm enjoying prancing around in the dress. Women have it right with the breeze flow between the legs. I'm never going to admit it to the ladies. As far as they're concerned, I'm humiliated and that's the way it will stay.

Things change very fast when the same bouncer approaches our table with his eyes on me. "I'm Joe, want to..." He nods to the dance floor. He's a buffed bundle of muscle, about an inch shorter than me. Of course, the girls find it funny.

"I thought you were working?" I ask.

"No, dorkus, if he was working, he'd be at the door bouncing, right Joe?" Jolie asks as she winks at the man.

He nods at her. "Nah, I'm off work for the evening. I can enjoy myself now," he says. "Dance?"

"Yes, he'd, rather she'd love to," Maddie says as she shoves me hard toward Joe.

I cast a rueful look her way, my body not wanting to move. "Remember, we won, and this is part of it."

"You said I wouldn't have to," I say and then I lower my voice so only she can hear me. "You said I wouldn't have to perform for men."

"With your clothes off. On the dance floor you'll remain fully dressed, unless something has changed with the club. Now go, don't leave Joe waiting," Maddie says and gives me another shove.

Firstly, humiliation settles in on me simply because of the display of the ladies treating me like an idiot in front of this obviously gay man. Secondly, I don't care to dance with a man, ever. I would cut a serious rug with one of the ladies though.

Joe wants to lead as he pulls me into his arms. I'm barely above him with the heels, so he must be taller than me. He grins as his eyes gaze over my body.

"You new at this, honey?" he asks as he smiles.

"You could say that," I say flatly.

“What’s your name, sugar. Unless you just want me to call you Sugar?”

“Sugar’s fine,” I say and grin out of desperation.

“Oh, good, Sugar. That fits you. How long you been out of the closet?”

Again, I laugh. “I’ve never been in the closet. Sorry. I’m just enjoying an evening in drag is all. I’m with those ladies if you know what I mean,” I say and wink at the man.

“Ah, too bad. I would have liked to wine and dine you. I’m full on gay and enjoy a feminine man. You fit that bill very well,” he says.

Finally, the song ends, and he releases me. “Thank you for the dance, Joe.” I give the man a curt nod.

“We think you’ve had enough fun here. Maybe it’s time to take it to the next level,” Maddie says when I return to the table.

After downing the last of my beer, we head back to Maddie’s place.

“I’ll make some margaritas and we have beer too. It will be fun. Are you ready for this, Carson?”

I nod. What choice do I have? May as well enjoy my loss.

Maddie massages my shoulders as Rebecca drives us back to her house. Rebecca plans to stay the night so she can drink too once we arrive.

“Are you ready for some more fun, dear?” Maddie asks with her lips inches from my ears.

I smile. “Of course. I’m not a sore loser, if that’s what you mean. Whatever you dish out, I can take,” I say confidently.

“Good to know,” Jolie said as she pulled out her phone and took a snap of me. “For posterity’s sake.”

Maddie didn’t wait for the door to shut before she lands on me, pushing me to the wall, her lips eagerly finding mine in a mind-blowing passionate kiss. I gulp in air when she’s done, and she wags her brow as she looks at the tent I’m pitching in my gown.

“For shits and giggles, what you and I do we’ll do in front of Jolie and Rebecca. They enjoy a good live show. Are you game?” Maddie asks as she pulls her shirt down exposing her shoulders. I gulp again and nod. Behind me, Rebecca unzips my dress. In front

of me, Jolie pulls off the strappy sandals. With a yank, Maddie pulls off her shirt and flings it across the floor. She's wearing a sexy black bra that makes my cock throb for attention.

When the dress is removed, I'm in the silk panties and chemise. Maddie smiles as she runs her hand over the outside of the underwear. "It is nice and soft, yet hard as a brick bat. Be right back," she says.

When she returns, she's wearing nothing but her black panties and bra. My cock throbs and grows even longer. I groan when she presses into me, her soft curvy body moving over my cock and balls.

"Come out of the panties, please," she says and wags her brow.

In a flash, they are off and like her I fling the clothes across the room. "How do you want to do this?" I ask. I'm ready for some sexy action.

"Oh, I like ass fucking. Since you're still under my whim, I want you to bend over. No questions. And I want you to hold out your hand," she says.

I obey and she squirts a dollop of lube into my palm.

"Now, rub your cock, like you're masturbating."

Reluctantly, I obey again. It's not hard to do because I'm very horny. I run my hand up and down and squirt pre-cum and moan.

"Okay, now, bend over and don't fight me."

Before I bend over, she shoves me down, and before I can think, she quickly inserts a vibrator into my ass. "Oof, fuck!" I protest, because quite frankly I don't want to be pegged.

"Shut up and take it. You want to dress like a woman, take it like a woman. I'll pull it out once you come," she says.

My teeth grit as she pulls the vibrator in and out of my anus. The uncomfortable feeling causes my cock to grow soft. I shake it and make it stiffen again. Something magical happens as I rub my hands over the head and down the shaft. The sensation in my ass grows warm and enjoyable. I moan as I squeeze over the head, my cock is hard and once again pre-cum forms at the tip. I know I have an audience and I'm caught up in the impending orgasm. I want to show them how much cum I can shoot from my cock. The vibrator is

helping the sensation and I groan as the cum builds in the base of my cock.

“Come on, baby, show us what you’ve got,” Maddie coos as she’s slowly pegging my ass with the device.

I groan, not answering and just focus on my cock. She’ll pull it out once I squirt so I give it my best shot, pun intended. I’m teetering on the edge; it’s building and building and it’s going to be great. I buck my pelvis forward, the cum moving in place. Suddenly, I growl and lurch forward as I thrust my cock in and out of my hands. Great streams of cum shoot forth, landing in big plops onto the floor. Serves her right. Finally, I’m done, and I lurch forward and out of her reach as she pulls the damn vibrator from my ass. Beads of sweat roll down my forehead and face. I lean against the wall, catching my breath, glad it’s over.

Maddie chuckles as she watches me recover. I narrow my eyes at her, my stamina returning. “There, bets over, pay is over. Hope you’re happy,” I say.

“Oh sweetie, admit it, you utterly enjoyed it. I sure as fuck did. I’m so horny right now I feel like attacking you so that cock of yours can take me for a spin,” she says.

My eyes go to Rebecca and Jolie, who are sitting on the sofa watching. I’m amazed at how Maddie can be completely naked in front of her friends. She certainly has a kinky side that doesn’t come through at work.

She throws a towel at me and I clean up and sit on a chair, still naked and still a little drunk. The pitcher of margaritas is full, and everyone receives a big drink. I enjoy the salt and drink it down, smooth and quick. After that, she hands me a bottle of draft and by the time I’m done, I’m drunk as fuck. My bladder is full and after I take a piss, I stumble back into the living room. Rebecca and Jolie had gone to bed thinking the show was over. Maddie is standing at the TV fumbling for a good station. Her naked body reveals her sexy curves and valleys. My cock grows as she turns around and gives me a sultry look.

Walking to me, her eyes take in my body as I stand tall and lift a brow. “Oh my, look at you, recovering nicely after the pegging,” she

says and slinks to me.

I grin as I pull her to me, and our lips lock again. She presses into me, her soft body rubbing against mine. Warmth spreads to my belly and all the way to the tip of my cock. We stumble backward towards the sofa and I sit down after she shoves me.

My cock bobs between my legs, there is nothing hindering us now. Maddie straddles my legs and gingerly sits with her pussy hovering right at my manhood. She wags her brow as she lifts and guides her body over my cock, her soft warm folds enveloping me as she slowly sits. Her ass wiggles and I groan. Her pussy tightly squeezes me. My hands go to her side as I help her bounce up and down over my phallus. I groan as my cock grows longer. She's slick and ready for me. Leaning forward, her clit saws against my cock. Her juices flow and dribble over my lap as she fucks me. I groan and help her move faster, pounding over me with vigor now.

"Uh, fuck, you're tight," I say as I breathe hard. My cock builds to another orgasm and I want her to go first, so I buck my pelvis up and down, giving her greater friction on her clit. With extreme precision, I help her over the edge as she digs her claws into me.

"Oh, fuck me! Uh, fuck!" Maddie is bouncing up and down fast and hard as she comes, her pussy squeezes my cock just right. Before she stops groaning, I lurch forward as the cum builds in the base of my cock for the second time that night. The explosion catches me off guard. I pressed her up and down, as she had turned limp from exhaustion. I kept her moving until I shoot the last bit of cum deep into her pussy. When I finish, she collapses over onto my shoulder and I sit back while holding her until we came down from the orgasmic euphoria.

When she lifts, she smiles warmly and stands, leaving a mess on my lap. I grimace at it and look up at her.

"Hey, I'm surprised really you had it in you to go a second round. That was good, I came hard," she says.

I stand and follow her to the bathroom. She starts the shower and lifts a brow at me. "Join me?"

"You don't have to ask me twice," I say as I step into the steamy water. It's cozy as she soaps up and rubs her body against

mine, helping me soap and clean with her curves. I don't mind at all.

I lean in as I gather her into my arms. We're slick against each other. She pulls her arms around me and we kiss, our tongues playing and probing. As we towel dry, I peer at her. She pulls a thick terry robe around her body while I pull the towel around my waist. She leads me to her bedroom and shuts the door. After removing her robe, she pats the bed beside her spot, and I crawl in completely naked. While she may have been cruel at first, this night has been the best.

THE END