

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a peach-colored lace bikini. She is standing against a black background. The word "SISSY" is written in large, pink, outlined letters across the top of her chest, and "BOYFRIEND" is written in white, outlined letters below it.

SISSY BOYFRIEND

A TALE OF CROSSDRESSING AND FEMINIZATION
SCARLETT STEELE

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a peach-colored lace bikini. She has red lipstick and is looking slightly to the side. The background is solid black. The text 'SISSY' is written in large, pink, outlined letters across the top, and 'BOYFRIEND' is written in white, outlined letters below it.

SISSY

BOYFRIEND

A TALE OF CROSSDRESSING AND FEMINIZATION
SCARLETT STEELE

Sissy Boyfriend

A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization

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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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My girlfriend takes her position in the center of the bed. It's the same thing every Friday night after our date. Don't get me wrong, I have no trouble obliging her. Frankly it ends up being a wonderful sexy time for me, but it's, ah, how can I say this without sounding rude, it's boring.

Okay, maybe not so true because as I look down at my girlfriend lying on the bed with her legs spread and her bare muff staring up at me my cock grows and all I can think about is having some fun. And now as I settle in between Jamie's legs as she giggles as I take a deep breath of her pussy poking my nose right in

between the lips. She moans delightfully as her fingers lace through my mad mess of curls.

By now, I'm into it rightfully. My tongue licks through her soft warm folds while I breathe in her musky essence. I land on her hard knob as she moans and writhes her hips into the bed. I bear down swirling my tongue firmly over her clit. My hands reach up and grasp her bare nipples, and she groans even louder as she bucks her pelvis up and down. Her taut nipples keep me going as I run my tongue through her slit again and back to her clit. She bucks up and down breathing hard and yelling in pleasure while she comes.

Lifting back, I gaze at her purple pussy and realize I want to try something different. I pat her buttocks. "Get up on all fours and turn and look back at me while I mount you," I say as I stand up on my knees.

I take hold of her hips as if she were a cow and I was a bull as I thrust my cock entering her tight pussy from behind. I lurch against her ass, she's wet and ready for me. I shut my eyes as the cum settles in the base of my cock. Then open them to see her boobs flopping carelessly underneath her. She yelps out in pleasure as she comes again, her pussy squeezing my cock so nice. I lurch forward and shoot everything I have into her slamming hard where we can hear skin hitting skin. I groan as I finish, and my cock is empty. Pausing, I bend over her for a moment while I catch my breath.

And then like every Friday night, I roll onto the bed and cuddle with her until we both fall asleep. Occasionally on Saturday night, we might try something a little more venturesome like play with vibrators, or watching a dirty movie together. But really, we're in a big-time rut and I don't know how to bring it up with her without making it sound like I'm not attracted to her because I certainly am.

Her smile melts my heart. She has natural red hair that she's dyed blond, but her freckles give it away. Sparkling hazel eyes with hues of green changes with the lighting. She brightens my world and I need to be delicate about approaching the subject. But I'm a chicken at heart.

"What's up, Bill?" she asks as she plops onto a bar stool and watches as I create a batch of cookies. I'm taking night classes to become a baker. I don't want to be a foreman at the factory for the rest of my life. I dream of owning a bakery someday and being my own boss. They've given me free reign to come up with some new confections of my own creation. I carefully drizzle hot chocolate sauce over the cookies making squiggly trails.

"Hmmm? Oh, yeah, give me a second," I say as I chicken out again. I think fast on my feet and smile. "Here, I want you to try my new almond sugar cookie drizzled with hot fudge. Blow on it and give it a second to dry. The fudge won't be hot and runny when people buy it."

She grimaces. "I thought you had something really important to talk about," she says as she reaches for the cookie.

"This is important, it's my career."

She smiles as she chews the cookie and then takes another bite giving me a thumbs up and a big nod.

Later that evening we shower together after making love and she grabs my jockeys. She's sexy as fuck in my drawers. "I don't have clean underwear, so borrowing yours," she says as she turns out the lamp.

I find it sexy to cuddle with her while she's in my jockeys. The next day she wears the pair to work. I grin at her when she talks about washing his jockeys when she gets home. She's at my house way more than she's at her apartment on the shady side of town. I think it's time she moves in with me and at lunch I bring it up.

“Really?” she asks between bites of burger. “You want me to give up my wonderful, palatial apartment and move into your neighborhood in the suburbs and live on a street with cookie cutter houses?” The grin on her face speaks volumes.

“Honey, we never go to your place, you always want to come to my place. You sleep over all weekend and recently, more than one or two times during the week. Why not make it permanent and move in. I'll even give you a key to the place.” I grin and waggle my brow.

“Oh, damn, you had me at my own key,” she says and jumps up to snuggle into the booth with me and wraps her arms around me while showering my face with kisses.

I chuckle and act as if this is something I've thought about all along. The truth is I came up with it on the fly. I want her to wear my jockeys so I can wear them the next day before I wash them. It's my ulterior motive. I want to know the fabric in my shorts had been smashed up against her sweet pussy all day. It turns me on to even think about it. It may be just the excitement I need.

I help her move in the next weekend. She's giggly and sweet as I absorb what little she has. Her apartment was no bigger than a dive in the wall and she really

doesn't have much. I squeeze her stuff into my bedroom, giving up closet space for her.

Jamie reaches for her panties after taking a shower and I step to her stopping her. I reach inside my drawer for my jockeys. "Do me a favor and wear these all night. You can wear your panties in the morning," I say.

She grimaces as her brow furrows. "Okay, and why?"

"Because I want to wear them in the morning after they've been against your sweet muff all night. It's a turn on, baby," I say as I nibble her neck. She squirms and giggles and consents to my wishes.

The next morning, she showers and pitches the jockeys she's worn all night to me. I delightfully smile and hold the pair to my nose taking a giant whiff of the crotch. She grimaces and shakes her head.

"Gross! Really?" After making a gagging sound she shakes her head again.

"It's a turn on, babe. I love the smell of fresh pussy. And now I can wear these all day knowing your sweet muff had been against them all night," I say as I grin mischievously.

"You're a sicko," she says and disappears to dress.

My cock stays hard all day as I try to hide it at the factory. I don't need my line workers noticing the bulge tucked away inside my pants. I can't help it though because the thought of Jamie's muff against my crotch all day gives me a stiffy.

Jamie is an obedient little thing as she took a shower after we screwed and stepped into a fresh pair of my underwear. To make it even better I suggest something new.

"Wear my underwear all day," I say.

She grimaces again but complies. Now the pair has her strong musky scent in the crotch and again I walk around my work place sporting a stiffy that won't go down. I even try to bend forward while I'm sitting on the toilet to take a sniff. Of course, I can't bend far enough to catch her scent and I don't have time to remove my shoes, pants and underwear just for a sniff. Like everything I do, I soon grow bored and need something new.

Jamie sighs at wearing my underwear all the time. "I miss wearing my own, do you mind if I put on mine for a while instead?" she asks.

I smile. She's sweet for giving into my odd request. "Of course not, dear. I'm okay with us going back to what we've worn before," I say.

A few days later Jamie surprises me with a suggestion. She's folding laundry and putting it away and looks up at me expectantly. "Here, let me see what you look like in mine," she says as she pitches a pair of her pink panties.

Quickly I catch the pair and smile as I observe it. “Okay,” I say. After we shower, I slide into her panties. She giggles and has me turn around in front of her.

“Nice,” she says as watches me twirl.

“That’s it? It doesn’t majorly turn you on to see me in these?” I say as I move. Admittedly, I’m enjoying wearing the pair. The fabric is soft and nice against my cock.

“It’s nice,” she says and shrugs.

“Okay, that’s it. I’m going to wear them all night and you wear them tomorrow after I’ve worn them.”

She grimaces. “I think you’ll stretch them out too much.”

I gather her in my arms and press her to my rock-hard body. “I think it will make you so wet you’ll have to change the moment you come home.” Our lips meet and I probe my tongue between her soft lips. She willingly melts into me, allowing me to kiss her passionately.

Rearing back, she giggles. “Okay, okay, you convinced me, but just this once,” she says.

We cuddle in bed until she falls asleep. I'm so turned on by the panties, it's all I can do to keep from jacking off in the pair. The cool fabric stretches across me nicely, my cock and balls are snug and crammed to my body. Every time I roll over, I'm aware of her softness against my man goods. When the alarm rings, I'm tired from being horny all night. I reluctantly roll out of bed and peel out of her pink panties and hand the pair to her to wear for the day.

"Nope, I don't want to do this anymore." Jamie frowns at me.

"What? Why not?" I say while not hiding my disappointment. Really, I am looking forward to wearing her panties again tonight.

"You stretched them out so much they wouldn't stay up on me," she says as she flings the pink pair I wore to bed last night into the trash.

"Are you serious? I stretched them out that much?"

"Yes, I'm sorry dear. Would you like for me to wear your drawers again and give them to you in the morning?" she asked.

"Would you mind wearing them all day and letting me wear them the next day?" I ask. I'm hoping she'll say yes because I need something.

I can tell by the face she's making what she's about to say. "No, because your jockeys are a little bit big on me and I just don't feel very feminine in them. Sorry dear. Looks like you need to fixate on something else," she says.

“You think I'm having to fixate on stuff like this?” I ask. She said it like I have a problem or something.

“Well, you do fixate on things like my underwear. It's like you can't go 10 minutes without smelling my pussy or something. I find it a little unnerving, to be honest. But I'm trying to be understanding and do things like you like 'cause I know you're a man and you need a little more action. Honestly, I thought by moving in it would help you to not be so much this way. You were so fixated on things like me wearing your underwear, or the need for you to have something against your cock all day that was against my pussy.” She shakes her head.

“It's kinky, don't you think? I'm not trying to be a sicko or anything. It's a kinky thing. I like walking around work knowing I'm wearing something that had recently been against your pussy before it was washed. That doesn't make me a sicko, does it?” I ask.

“No, silly. It's just that I wish we could just be, you know, normal. You wear your clothes, I wear mine and it's not something you're constantly trying to figure out,” she says.

Dammit, she knows me too well.

“Okay, well, it's all good. I'll just drop it.” I smile at her hoping to diffuse the tension between us as a result of this. And it seems to work.

For a few days, things go okay. I try not to let it bother me but I'm itching to try

something new again. I don't need her to think that I'm a weirdo because I'm constantly wanting to do new things. I have a kinky mind set and a direct need to control it.

It just so happens that it's my turn to do the laundry. It's late in the day and she's relaxing in a hot bath as I gather the dirty clothes to take to the laundry room. I'm not really thinking about it while I'm pitching the clothes inside the washer. I pick up a pair of her white panties. They aren't really stained the crotch, but you can tell they've been worn. I truly can't help it as I bring the pair to my nose and take a deep sniff. The smell of her musky scent coming from her sweet muff engulfs my senses. My cock swells in my shorts as I hold her pair of underwear. She's still in the bathroom and will likely be there for a little while. I shove the pair of panties into my shorts pocket and start the load without them. Making my way back to our room, I shove the pair of panties into the pocket of the pants I'm planning to wear tomorrow. I'll deal with it in the morning.

I can't dress with her in the room, so I make my way to the kitchen to start the coffee. I pop a pan of cinnamon rolls into the oven and pitter around the kitchen long enough for her to come strolling in for her coffee.

"You'll have me fat and spoiled feeding me coffee and cinnamon rolls like this," she says as she smiles delightfully. At least I made her happy with the cover-up.

As Jamie happily eats the cinnamon own drinks her coffee, I take my queue. "You deserve to be spoiled, my love," I say as I kiss her on the head. "I need to dress so I can get to work."

What I said is believable. Jamie doesn't suspect a thing as I stole back to our bedroom and grab the pants and work shirt and socks and head into the bathroom. After closing the door, I lock it feeling a little bit naughty. I never lock

the door but maybe I'll tell her I had explosive diarrhea or something if she comes up and tries the door knob. I pull off my jockeys and pluck the panties from the pocket in the pants. I bring it to my face and sniff as once again her musky odor fills my senses making my cock grow. The smile stretches across my face as I pull up the panties and have trouble stuffing my stiff cock into the panties. Doesn't matter, I'm going to do it anyway.

The first day of wearing Jamie's panties causes me to sport a hard-on literally all day. I become fancy with the ways I hide it, as I enjoy feeling my hard cock rubbing against the cool silk fabric. The pair of underwear fits snug around me, squeezing my cock to me in ways that make me want to head to the restroom and jerk off. But I don't because being caught at work jerking off wouldn't be good.

I wear her panties every day, proclaiming I can do the laundry while she folds it. She's none the wiser that I've worn her panties all day. I find it especially fun when I excuse myself to the bathroom to rub one out while wearing the pair because it's turned me on so much all day, the front of the panties is stained with pre-cum.

Quickly I pull out of the pants I wore all day and take a deep breath as my hand slides down to my swollen cock. I rub and rub as my cock grows even fatter or even longer. More pre-cum spews and I shut my eyes as I move my hand back and forth working over me tightly squeezing the head. Finally, I lurch forward, coming into the panties making a frothy mess in the fabric. When I'm done, I pause and lean over the sink my hand keeping me from falling to the floor as I catch my breath. Jamie's feet patter up the hall quietly, the floorboards squeaking in protest at the door of our bedroom.

I quickly peel out of the panties and start the shower. Bathing as fast as I dry and dress and gather the dirty clothes. Pulling the hamper and I look towards our bedroom where she's waiting patiently for me to be done. She smiles at me as she carries her robe into the bathroom.

“I hope you're ready, I'm gonna have some fun tonight,” she says as she wags her brow with me. Oh boy, I'm in trouble.

I make up as many excuses as I can without coming out and proclaiming, I don't have the energy to get off again so quickly after my masturbation session earlier. At took my time cleaning the kitchen, decided it needed a good scrubbing. After all, I am aiming to be a baker someday in my workspace must be clean. It was convincing because she really didn't protest too much when she came downstairs with her robe tide tightly around her. She finally gave up and said in the living room watching a little TV but waiting at. I kept picking around the corner open should go to bed and fall asleep.

“I have an exam coming up and I need to make sure I'm ready to practice for it,” I say as I wipe the counters down for the fifth time. She doesn't say anything, and I know she's becoming a little perturbed with me.

When I'm finally done I carry my phone into the living room with me. I have a plan. Just as I reach the couch, I look down at my phone as if it had vibrated.

“It's my bro, I'll be right back,” I say and pull the phone to my head acting as if I had swiped it and answer it with curt hello. Again, Jamie stays quiet as I go back to the bedroom and pretend like I'm having a deep and in-depth conversation with my brother. I have my phone set on silence in case someone calls, or I receive a text. Jamie comes to the door and stands there leaning against the frame. She's looking at me and she's about to cave and go to bed come I can tell.

“Sure, hang on let me go to my office and see if I can find that information,” I say and hold a finger up to Jamie as I quickly walk past her, and I keep talking.

And finally, she gives up and goes to bed.

The next morning Jamie glares at me as she pulls herself out of bed. “Nice of you to try harder to come to bed with me, especially after I had expressed what I wanted to do with you.”

“Sweetie, I’m sorry. I had to prepare the kitchen for my studies tonight. And I can’t help it if Rob called. He needed to discuss things about my father,” I say in defense. The lie grows bigger and bigger.

“I think you could have tried a little harder. It’s not like this happens all the time. In fact, I’ve never seen it happen like this where you just couldn’t peel yourself away before I fell asleep. It really seems you waited until I was asleep before you finally came to bed. Even then, you didn’t bother waking me,” she spat.

We ended up arguing over the fact that I didn't come to bed when she was ready to have some fun. It was something I learned to be ready have fun with her when she was ready. I had to pace myself as I continued to wear her panties.

The next day Jamie stands at the dresser frowning. She’s riffling through her drawer, picking up pair after pair of panties and turns to me. “Have you? Hey, Bill, come here please,” she says.

My heart thumps hard in my chest. I gulp a big swallow for good measure as I try to act nonchalant when I step to her from the bathroom. I’ve worn her panties for over a week at work, keeping myself from masturbating in the pair so I’ll be available to her after our blow up the other evening.

“Yeah, sweetie?” I'm playing all innocent here.

“Look at these! Pair after pair are stretched out. Care to tell me how they got this way?”

Uh-oh, she's mad. I'm not sure I can lie my way out of this one. “I, um, I ...” I scratch the back of my head.

“Yeah, that's what I thought. You're as guilty as sin. Care to tell me why you did this?” Her hand is on her hip her foot is tapping.

Suddenly, I pull in a shaky breath as I look her in the eye. “Jaime, I'm sorry. I'll buy you new ones,” I say hoping that she'll forgive me.

I take a step towards her she shakes her head and hold her hand up. “Don't come any closer,” she says.

Her sudden change in behavior takes me by surprise. I'm not sure what to think about this as she's breathing hard, her eyes glancing at me as if she's calculating what to do next.

“Jaime, it's not that big a deal. Come on, I'll buy you a dozen new pair, at any store you want, any brand you want, no matter the price.” Surely, the fact that she's a woman will rise to the surface and she'll want to go shopping for new panties.

She carefully licks her lips as she looks at me. “I haven't really liked how weird you get sometimes. I mean I wore your jockeys that one time because I didn't have any underwear here. And that turned into a huge obsession for you. I tried to pretend that it was nothing and that I shouldn't let it bother me. The truth is, it does bother me. You have a weird obsession about things and I really don't like it.”

Her words scare me. It sounds as if she is contemplating something unthinkable in my opinion. I don't want to lose her. I go to her and fall on my knees. “Jamie, please, I don't mean to do things that make you think I'm a weirdo. I'm a man, I have needs, and I'm not trying to use that as an excuse. You seriously turn me on and when I wear your panties it just makes me feel all the better thinking that you are with me all day. I wish you would understand that it's not a weird thing and that other man had this kind of a well, let's just say this is a fetish of mine. Please come don't be angry with me.”

She looks down at me, the fire is still in her eyes. She shakes her head causing my heart to skip a beat. “I honestly don't know what to think of you. You ruined my panties. I don't know how else to say it, but you knew that the first time you wore them that I had to throw that pair away because they were ruined. Now I've got a whole drawer full of stretched out panties that don't fit,” she says. Her nostrils flare as she shakes her head.

“I said I'd buy you new ones. Please don't be so angry.”

“I'm pissed. You did this behind my back. You didn't even have the decency to ask me if you could wear my underwear. You snuck around like a naughty teen. I don't like it. I want a relationship with a mature man, one who doesn't feel the need to sneak and steal or borrow and destroy,” she says.

I collapse back onto my bottom. Looking down, I know I've wronged her and she's on the verge of breaking up with me. I love Jamie and don't want to lose her. I'll do anything to keep her. I plead silently with my eyes as I glance up hoping to see some semblance of softness in her.

"Please, sweetheart. I am so sorry I did this. I guess it was a thrill of doing it thinking you wouldn't find out. It's not like I cheated on you or anything. I just wore your panties. I know, they are ruined, and I'll happily buy you double the amount with the promise of never wearing them again. Please don't leave me over this, please. I'll do anything to keep you with me," I beg.

She smirks. Her eyes lift as she's thinking, she nods slightly. I have hope. "Let me think about this, Bill. I'm so pissed at you right now I want to walk out the door and never look back. But I also love you and yet you've been a little odd to me all along. Give me some time," she says as she gathers her things. "You can sleep on the sofa tonight."

I didn't sleep on the sofa. I laid there tossing and turning and hoping Jamie would see me for a decent man, one to keep around. The next morning, she walks into the kitchen where I'm making a pot of coffee because I need the caffeine boost to get through today. Thankfully it's Friday and I can rest tomorrow.

"Tonight, you can make it up to me. Do exactly as I say, and I'll forgive you and we can remain a couple," she says.

I nod, I'll do anything to keep her with me.

I can't believe my eyes. Standing in our bedroom, Jamie holds up a gold sequined gown with a chiffon skirt. "It's your size, so are the shoes. Dress in these and come back in here and I'll help you step into the dress."

"Seriously? Why do you want me to wear a dress in women's clothing?"

Jamie looks at me and lifts her brow. "Yes, seriously. You were so infatuated with my panties, I thought it would be refreshing for you to see what it's like to be a woman for one evening. You're going to wear this dress and you're going to go out with me while I parade you around as a woman. If not, I'll go pack my bags," she says.

I nod, swallowing my medicine like a good boy. My punishment is set. I slowly undress and step into the panties that she bought for me, panties that are my size. She has a nice matching camisole, in silk. I must admit how the fabric does feel wonderful over my skin nice and silky. Next, my eyes bulge as she pulls out a device and brings it to me.

"This goes on over the panties. I want you to stop walking around with a raging hard-on all day like you said you had when you were in my panties. Maybe this will fix the issue. Perhaps an evening in this will make you think twice about sporting one all the damn time," she says.

I gulp big and swallow my pride as I step into the chastity belt. She locks it securely in place after I've gone to the bathroom and she won't remove it until we're back home later.

“Maybe this will make you think twice about everything you've done. I suggest you don't drink too much so you don't have to go to the bathroom or else you'll just have to pee your pants,” she says.

I squeeze into the belt, binding my man goods to me in a way that is very uncomfortable. “Hon, I agree to wear the dress but is it necessary that I wear this belt? This is very uncomfortable,” I say hoping that should relieve me of the device.

Jamie grabs her keys and shakes her head. “No, can do! Come on, we have a date with destiny,” she says.

I gather my things as I walk in the high heeled shoes across the floor to the front door. My face is painted with her cosmetics, and I look very silly in this outfit. But I'm willing to do it to prove her that I want to keep her around. Whatever it takes. On the way to the club I struggle in the chastity belt. It's very binding and uncomfortable while sitting.

Club March is bustling with people a lot of shapes sizes and lifestyles. I've been here a few times, but never dressed as a woman. I stumble through the doors with Jamie leading the way and she sees friends that she knows as she smiles and waves hello to them.

“We're into trying new things, exciting things, right Bill?” Jamie asks as she turns her eyes to me. Her friends giggle but also act as if they are understanding about it.

“Yeah, we're trying new things to bring some excitement back into our lives,” I

say. I try to keep bright and cheerful hoping to impress Jamie.

Admittedly, through the evening I enjoyed feeling the panties within the belt. That was the only thing that was good about it. I also enjoyed the slight breeze that drifted up between my legs as I walked across the floor. I garnered attention from more than just Jaime, even men and other women looked my wake with interested eyes. I avoided them like the plague because Jamie's the only woman for me.

When the band fired up a slow love song, Jamie couldn't help herself and she grabbed my hand and pulled us out to the dance floor. She wore a racy little number, a body-hugging dress with spaghetti straps one that clung to all her lovely curves. She held me close and rubbed my back while pressing her body up against me. Of course, that does it for me and my cock took notice and tried to extend but soon hit the clink of metal and isn't able to do so. I groan as I bend forward not realizing how bad it would hurt. Trying to ignore and hoping it will go away I keep acting as if nothing is wrong. Jamie's being awfully flirty with me and sexy and I can't ignore it.

She giggles and wiggles in my arms. I grimace, though silently not wanting her to know how uncomfortable I am. "What's so funny?" I ask her.

"It's just that you're so uncomfortable and yet you're not saying a word. Why aren't you complaining about the belt?"

I look down at her and try to give her a smile, though I frown because the pain in my crotch is great. "I'm just trying to pay my dues. I figure if I complain you'd just keep me out later," I say.

“Oh, come on. I don't want you to cut off any future chance of children. Let's go,” she says. The words are music to my ears.

Once we get home, I need help and coming out of the dress and of course, the belt. Jamie twirls the belt key around her fingers as she smiles mischievously. “First, I need to get comfortable.” Her voice is low, husky, sexy.

Oh no! She really knows how to get under my skin and she's digging her heels in big time with me. She slowly takes her dress off dancing around me and she even takes her panties off and mashes the pair up against my nose, knowing how much I like it. I groan and look down at my cock which is about to explode within my body. I wonder if I'll ever be the same again. Finally, with slow soft hands she lovingly unzips the dress and pulls it from my body. With her teeth, she lifts the camisole and kisses my chest as she runs her hands over my muscles and moans while sucking on my man titties. I groan, I can't stand it. I pull her to me and press my lips to hers kissing her passionately.

“Off, now,” I growl.

She giggles as she unlocks the power of my manhood. I quickly kick it off and peel out of the panties too which are soaked when the pre-cum. I am surprised I was able to produce enough to make a mess. I pick her up and pull her to me as she wraps her legs around me her bare muff rubbing against my bobbing cock. We light into each other with our lips, our tongues playing chase. We stumble around to the bed and I fall upon her as she lies there waiting on me.

Slowly I climb up on top of her, my cock hard and ready to penetrate through her pussy. But before I do, I take it in my hand and rub it through her slit. She wiggles underneath me as her head lops from side to side as I focus on her hard knob. She moans and grinds her hips as she's about to jump over the edge and

just before she does, I pierce through her sweet pussy pressing all the way in until I feel the very end of it. I groan greatly, needing the sweet release. As I move over her my hands go to her voluptuous breast, where I tweak the dark pink nipples. She moans as I lift her ass to me causing greater friction of my cock against her clit. I can tell she's getting closer to coming, because she's wet and slick. Her pussy walls vibrate as she shudders into a screaming orgasm. And as she claws at my sides I keep going.

It doesn't take long before I take the leap myself. I lurch forward as she's in the throes of the orgasm. I fill her pussy full of my hot man juices.

“Ugh. Fuck, this is the best I've ever had. Oh, fuck me,” I say as I grind into her.

She still clawing at my side. “Yes, yes fuck me harder, fuck me deeper,” she yells. I lurch forward even harder emptying my sac of everything. She comes again just as I'm about to pull out and I hang with her just long enough for her to go over the edge as she yells and screams and finally, both of us are done.

Pulling out quickly I collapse beside her and gather her into my arms. We're both breathing hard. I kiss the top of her head as she lifts her face to me and kisses me again. “Are we good?” I ask.

“We're so good I bought you your own stash of women's panties. They're already in your drawer. And if you want, I will wear them every night give them to you in the mornings.”

THE END

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