



SCARLETT STEELE

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AS HE IS CAUGHT CROSSDRESSING IN WOMEN'S PANTIES



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Sissy Chastity Slave Is Taught A Lesson As He Is Caught Crossdressing In Womens Panties

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female domination, ballbusting and more.....

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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Tracy smears her lips together after applying the peach lipstick. She doesn't know I'm watching, but I always watch. Or maybe she knows and doesn't care. Whatever, I can't get enough of the beautiful woman. I'm jealous of her. She meets all kinds of men and the thought of her doing anything with them drives me wild. Her job as a book rep for the national libraries has her on the road every day. She has to look her best, normally in a tailored business outfit, many skirts and jackets, and a few pant suits. She knows how to strut her stuff.

We moved in together two months ago. It happened quite naturally. We were together so much before anyway. Each of us lived in separate apartment complexes far apart. She's the one that brought it up.

"Let's go for a drive," she says.

“Your car?”

She’s already sitting behind the wheel. “Yeah, come on, Derrin.”

I climb in sensing she’s up to something. We drive to the Hill Country, the area in the suburbs where new residential homes are being erected.

“What gives?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I hear the Feldmon Company is leasing condos. I thought we’d take a look,” she says as she steers up the street where the condos stand.

I laugh. “And you couldn’t have said that? Going for a ride, huh?” I say.

“Well, we did. We drove to the Hill Country.”

“So, what have you done?”

“You’ll see. You know, six months and we’re either at Taylor Place in my apartment or at The Vista in yours. Apartments, blah,” she says.

“You don’t like access to the pools?”

“This place has a pool and a conference center, plus a golf course. We’d be surrounded by more upscale folks and not the crazy college kids.”

“We’re barely out of college age,” I say.

“Speak for yourself. I’m 29 and ready to move on up,” she says.

The entrance has a basement garage for each unit, and covered stairs that leads to the private front porch. The door has an oval etched glass giving it a formal feel. Inside, it’s open and airy. The first floor has the open concept kitchen, dining and living room. Outside, the private deck expands, partially covered with stairs leading to the bedroom deck above. Tiled floors span the entire downstairs. We’d need rugs for sure. Upstairs, the room master bedroom and master bath have cream-colored plush carpet, a set of French doors that open to the deck, and plenty of windows. There’s a guest room with a small bath with a shower only.

“We can use this as our office,” I say.

“And we can get a sectional with a pull out bed for guests.”

“Or use a daybed with a trundle to convert it to a king sized bed in the guest room.”

“Actually, there’s a small den downstairs, which has a third toilet and sink,” Elsie says. The real estate lady handles the leases for the Feldmon Company.

Sure enough, the small den and bath could be a guest room as well, or the office.

“You planned this all along, when were you going to clue me in on the decision to move in together?”

Tracy laughs. “Um, right now. I wanted to make sure this was doable. It’s more expensive than our apartments, by \$300, but if we move in, it’s less expensive than us living separately.”

“And it’s a good price for a year lease, that can convert into a longer lease if you wish.”

I walk around the place, admittedly falling in love with it. Everything is nice, though both of us live in nicer apartments, it’s still apartment living. These are condos, with firewalls between the units, so you can’t hear your neighbors, which would be stupendous.

“Well? What do you think?” Tracy grabs my hand as she bounces up and down.

I nod. “Yeah, I can see us living here,” I say.

She flings her arms around my neck, and squeals. “Oh, thank you!” She turns to Elsie. “I think we’ll take it.”

Elsie smiles. “Derrin? You good with it?”

“Um, yeah. I think so. I think it’s time we move in together and move up in the world,” I say as I catch Tracy’s enthusiasm.

“Great. Come by the office to sign the lease and grab the key,” Elsie says.

“Now? Today?” Tracy asks.

Elsie turns back to us. “Unless you plan to look elsewhere. Signing the lease now makes it yours. If you wait, someone else could snatch it up.”

We follow Elsie to the realtor’s office and sign the lease. The next thing I know, we’re leasing a moving truck and discussing which furniture will go with us and which we’ll sell. Tracy has a very unique style and the condo fits her perfectly. I let her take over, because my furniture was pieced together from here and there with no true design to it. It’s a flurry of events over the week, between our jobs. I work odd hours, but I can do a lot at my home office. Being an investment specialist I take on clients and help build their portfolios. I work for a top investment company who allows us to work from home since the pandemic hit.

Two months later I’m still completely in love and in lust with Tracy. Being in the same home knowing we’re together like this drives me wild. It’s like my sexual urges have intensified. I thought I’d relax a bit with her being around all the time, but it’s had the opposite effect. I drive her nuts constantly wanting to have some hanky panky. I’m trying to calm down so I don’t drive her completely away.

I grab her as she's heading for the door. We're supposed to go out for dinner and dancing. But I'm horny now.

She whips around, giggling. "Derrin, we're supposed to go out to eat. I'm hungry," she protests.

"So am I," I say my brow lifts. I drag her back into the living room and push her onto the sofa.

"Honey, let's do this when we get back home."

"Come on, we can do it then too," I say as I undo my pants and pull out mister long and hard.

She shakes her head as she pulls me to the sofa and settles between my legs. "I want to eat you out first," I say.

She groans under protest, but pulls her silky red panties down. I grin as I snuggle in between her sexy thighs. Her muff smells of a fresh shower, glistening with excitement. My tongue swipes through her soft warm folds, causing my cock to harden even more. She moans as I swirl over her swollen clit. Oh, she tastes so good. Soon, she's arching her back and grinding into the sofa, while the soft moans escape her painted lips. When she's done, I perch on the sofa beside her, my mouth moist with her fresh dew.

“I don’t want my make up messed up.” She climbs on my lap, hovering her hot pussy over my stiff cock. I groan as she settles on me, engulfing my cock within her slick tunnel. She moves perfectly, grinding into me. The cum settles in the base of my cock as I moan while she moves. My hands help her shimmy up and down my stiff pole, she groans as she leans forward. Her sensitive clit rubs against my cock, sparking pleasure in her pelvis once more. She moves over me fast and hard as my cock lengthens and fills her tunnel with my hot cum. She moans and grinds into me while we ride through the waves of pleasure together. Finally, she stops and grins.

“Don’t you dare,” I say. My cock is out, but my pants are still pulled up.

She grabs a tissue on the end table and thrusts it between her legs when she lifts. Thankfully, I stay clean.

Tracy dives into the giant lobster on her plate. She’s not shy about eating. I grin as I slice into the medium steak and lobster tail on my plate.

“Mmmm, I could eat here every night,” she says as she dips the lobster meat in the hot melted butter.

“If only we could afford to,” I say.

“Oh pooh. You’re so involved in our finances. We have plenty of funds,” she says.

We keep separate accounts, but she happily hands me her paychecks every week letting me manage her account. I have retirement funds and investment funds set up for each account. We equally pay the utilities and lease. She has an allowance as do I. Her clothing allowance is astronomical.

“I need the outfits for my job. I must look presentable,” she says.

“You can rewear outfits, Trace.”

“I do, silly. I mean I know I’m not that wealthy. But if something gets a snag or a stain, out the door it goes,” she says.

Normally she’s not so frivolous with her clothing, she tends to take care of it very well. We do our own laundry and share the linen laundry duty. In fact, she’s pretty low-keyed when it comes to sharing the responsibilities of day to day living. We don’t necessarily keep up with who cleans and who cooks. It gets done as needed. She comes home tired though and normally doesn’t care to spend any time preparing food in the kitchen. The meal kits we order provides both of us a reprieve when it comes to eating. We both clean the kitchen after and she has a strict rule: never go to bed with a dirty kitchen. I’ve adapted to her way of doing things to keep the peace. In my apartment I’d let a dirty kitchen rest until morning and clean up while making coffee. Not Tracy, she wants it sparkling and smelling like a cleanser before we go to bed.

We go out once a week. It’s our reward for putting in a hard work week and gives us a chance to unwind, either just the two of us, or occasionally we’ll meet friends at a club. Tracy gets outdone with me when I talk shop with the guys, because, of course, my friends are also in the finance and investment field.

“It’s boring. Yawn. Come on, let’s dance,” she says and pulls me to the dance floor.

Of course, being in her embrace, I become Mr. hornball. I want her, all the time. She loves the hold she has on me.

“Are you ever not horny?” she asks.

I chuckle. “Of course. Plenty of times I’m not,” I say, though normally it’s when she’s not around me.

Her eyes squint. “I don’t think so. You either have a stiffy and want to have some sort of sex, or we just did something. I mean, every day.” Her brow lifts.

“I’m not horny at work. Unless I’m talking to you on the phone, or thinking about you. I try not to because it’s difficult for me to concentrate. I’m horny when you’re around, yes. All the time. You are so desirable.”

She smiles. “As long as it’s only for me,” she says as she wraps her arms around my neck.

“You are it,” I say. Our lips meet on the dance floor and the passion sparks again even though we just had a good time before leaving. I can’t help it. She sparks the passion in me and fans the desire just by breathing.

We enjoy being together during the week though at times we don't have a lot of time due to our late work hours. I still want to be with her whenever possible, but she comes in late on some days because of her extensive drive. She is simply too tired to give me the action I crave. I hold back, giving her space to catch her breath. I'm sure she appreciates that, but if I had my way I'd be on her like white on rice every time she walked through the door.

She takes off for a conference for over two nights, I miss her terribly. She's picking up extra clientele expanding the range in her territory. It's good for the bottom line, but bad for our relationship. I mean, our relationship is good, but I miss her so much. I find myself wandering around the condo, missing her. She calls every evening and we chat about the day's events. I settle on the bed and smile at her on video chat. She smiles as she wags her brow. Lying back in the bed in the hotel room she scans the phone around showing me her room, and that no one else is in there.

"I trust you, I know that I'm enough man for you." We settled back, naked on the bed and in view of each other. I set the phone up on the pillow next to me and I take my cock in my hand. She shoves her hands between her legs and moans softly, her legs wide. My cock grows even harder, watching her do so. Soon, we're both moaning as our hands are working over our genitals, masturbating while watching each other. She comes first, arching her back, her pussy glistening as she swirls her fingers up and down. My cock extends and the hot cum shoots straight in the air, falling in large plops on my thighs.

"If you leave a mess on the bed, at least clean it up," she says.

"Boy, you know how to ruin a moment," I say as I reach for an old T-shirt I stashed in the nightstand.

"I sure do miss you, this isn't the same," I say as I roll to the phone.

"No it's not, but I should be home the next day. I look forward to it."

"I love you, Tracy."

"I love you too, Derrin."

The next day, we don't masturbate on the phone. She says she's too tired and distracted having to prepare to leave the next day. Instead, I hang up the phone and I go to her dirty clothes pile. She wasn't able to do all her laundry before she left, she likes to fill her hamper up. I decide I'm going to wash her clothes for her, and carry them down to the laundry room. And while placing the clothes in the washer, I catch a glimpse of the hot pink silk panties she had worn before she left. The grin stretches across my face as I pluck the underwear out of the washer. Bringing it to my nose, I take a deep whiff and I miss her so ferociously. Her soft curvy body springs to my mind, naked and lying underneath me while I plow into her. I would give anything right now to launch between her legs and lap up her juices. I pull off my clothes and stand in front of the mirror holding the pair while my hard on points at the mirror. So easily, I slip my feet through the legs and pull it up. My cock settles sideways, long and hard in the panties. I walk around, it's tight, hugging me to myself. But the fabric is so soft, much softer than the white cotton jockeys I wear. Aw, I need her now. I look at myself in the mirror. Laughing at the image, I snap a picture, set on sending it to her. I hit send, and I lie back on the bed. The material is soft, my hand goes to my cock, neatly tucked within. My hand squeezes my cock through the panties, gliding and sliding. My phone rings, but it's on the dresser. I don't care, I'm bringing myself to completion in her panties. The phone rings again as my cock extends, longer and harder. It's probably Tracy anyway, and I'll call her right back telling her that I had gone to the bathroom and took a shit and didn't take my phone with me. Far-fetched, because I always have my phone with me. Maybe she'll believe me anyway. I rub hard, and promptly come in the panties

filling it full and making a slathering mess. I groan as I think about her and what she feels like when I am squeezing my cock through her slick tunnel. Finally, I finish and lie back for a second catching my breath. The panties caught the mess, so I don't have to worry about that. I stand and slide out of the pair with the slathering nasty mess left behind. I quickly throw the panties into the washer and wash her clothes. Hopefully the pair aren't stretched out and will come clean. I step into the shower for a quick rinse, knowing that she's probably ready to talk. By the time I step out the phone is ringing again and I quickly answer.

"Hello beautiful," I say.

"What are you doing? Why are you wearing panties? You're bigger than me, you'll stretch them out," she says.

"I don't think I'm bigger than you necessarily but they fit pretty snug. It felt nice and I don't think I stretched it out," I say as I laugh.

"Are you wearing it now?" she asks.

I flip on the video chat button and show her that I'm in nothing but a towel.

"Oh, lie back and do something with me," she asks.

I just came, and I'm not even sure I will get a complete hard on again so quickly. I climb on the bed anyway, and set the phone at an angle where she can't really see my cock. She doesn't say anything as she crawls on the bed and slides her

hands between her legs. I act as if I am also rubbing my cock in his long and hard. She moans, bringing herself closer and closer to coming.

"I wish I was between your legs lapping at your nectar," I say.

The next second, she arches her back and she comes. I quickly come with her even though I'm not. I reach over and grab another T-shirt, and act as clean myself while she rolls over to watch me.

"Tomorrow night I'll be home, and we can do this together in person."

"I'm ready to fill your body against mine and lick your clit."

I'm so hard all the next day just waiting for Tracy to come back home. She's running late and I pace our home waiting for her arrival. When she steps through the door, I'm like a love-sick puppy that can't contain himself when his owner returns. She moans out of protest as I land on her, my arms wrapping around her body.

"My goodness, Derrin. Give me a minute to catch my breath. I need a nice hot bath first," she says as she slips past me. She thinks traveling gets her all nasty.

I pull out of my clothes while she fills the tub. To my delight, she turns to me with her brow cocked and a sweet smile on her face. By the time we sink into the hot bubbles, my cock stands straight up as we sit opposite ends of the tub. Her sweet feet snake up my leg and her toes lightly massages my balls. I moan,

wanting to dive into her. She artfully pulls her feet over my stiff cock, the pleasure bubbles forth. I'm not holding back, though I want to pierce through her soft warm folds. I'll take her smooth toes in a foot off. Soon, I'm groaning as my cock extends. I nearly come and she stops, again staring at me with that come-hither look. Oh! We're playing it right, priming for the rump on the bed after the tub.

I came forth, diving between her legs. Holding my breath isn't fun, but I do and smash my face between her legs, my tongue jutting forth. I can't take it so I surface. Tracy pulls me to her and we kiss, a sloppy wet and bubbly kiss. She giggles as she pulls the stopper and starts the shower. A quick rinse and head washing and shaving of her legs and muff and we're out, toweling off, oggling each other hungrily.

One swift jump, I grab a naked Tracy and we land on the bed. For the first time in several days she's in my arms. We kiss passionately, her hands moving swiftly over my body. I move down, kissing her feminine mounds, ever lower, while she opens her legs wide. Her hands lace into my wet hair as I dive between her legs. Ah! Fresh muff, Tracy scented. My tongue juts forth flicking at her swelling member and dipping into her soft hole. She moans as I lick, her body vibrating with pleasure. Until suddenly, her pelvis explodes as she grinds into the bed. I keep with her, swirling my tongue until she finishes and collapses back onto the pillows to catch her breath.

She giggles as I crawl on her, her feet landing on my shoulders. She bends just right as I penetrate through her soft warm folds, her hole squeezing around my hard cock. I sink in deep, groaning as I plow forth, fucking her harder and harder. Soon, her back arches again as my cock saws against her clit and a second later I explode within her, filling her full of my hot cum. Satisfied and done, I lop to the side and draw her to me for an after sex cuddle.

Having her home helps, but my sexual appetite increases. I'm eyeing her

underwear again when she gets busy and we haven't connected in a few days. Without giving it much thought I grab the peach pair of silk panties from the top of the hamper after she's showered and left for work. The fabric stretches over my body nicely, my cock tucked within. When I pull my work trousers over, no one knows what I'm wearing underneath.

The smile on my face reveals the secret in my pants, knowing I'm wearing Tracy's dirty panties puts a spring in my step. My cock lengthens through the day as the fabric stretches over the head, the softness sending me over the edge. I want Tracy badly, but she's at work and so am I. By the time I get home, she's there, surprising me with dinner she brought in from the Mexican restaurant in town.

"I got finished with work earlier today, so I ran by El Taquitos for dinner," she says as she puts the spread on our dining table. I pour a couple of glasses of wine and sit down, enjoying having her home early.

"So nice, thank you for the dinner and the lovely surprise of you being home before me." I could really get used to it.

After dinner, she undresses before me, her lovely body stepping to me while she sways her hips. I'm caught in the moment, forgetting what I'm wearing under my trousers. We kissed as she unbuckled my belt. My hand roams her body while she tugs at my shirt. We stumble backward toward the bedroom, where I tear off my shirt. By now my trousers are undone and she shimmies down while grasping the waistband and yanks. Too late, her pale peach silk panties shine at her at eye level. Her eyes widen as she grimaces and stands, taking a step back.

I grin, hoping to make light of it. "Surprise!"

“What? You stole another pair of my panties and wore them to work? You wore them all day? Seriously, Derrin?”

Gone is the soft and sweet lady who was ready for me to take her and in her place is an angry girlfriend glaring at my crotch and the swelling happening within.

“You’re not mad about this, are you? I mean, I thought you’d like this.”

“I think you planned to shower before I got home and hoped to have the panties in the dirty clothes. You didn’t expect me to catch you, now did you?”

She’s not melting to my grin. “Honey, what’s the big deal?”

“Did I not tell you not to wear my panties? I spend a good dollar on those, they aren’t cheap. You’re ruining it. And you’re doing it behind my back. Maybe it’s not so much that you are wearing them, but you are doing it sneakily behind my back. You thought you’d get them off before I got home. You know, I’ve wondered why some pairs are literally falling off my hips. It’s because you’ve freaking stretched them.” Tears sprang to her eyes.

I lurch forward, hoping to dispel the angst. “Sweetie, I’m sorry, I’ll buy you new underwear and I won’t wear them again.”

She shakes her head and backs away quickly. “No, stay away from me. I need

some time.” She heads to the guest room and shuts and locks the door.

I pace the floor, unsure of what to do. My heart pounds. I don’t want her mad at me over this. Why in the fuck did I do something so stupid? Dammit. When she doesn’t appear, I come out of my clothes and step into the shower alone. When I come out, she’s sitting on the bed, a smirk on her face.

“Oh.” I smile tentatively, hoping she’s here to make up. Make up sex is always great.

“Some terms. First, you do not have permission to wear my panties again. Second, I’ll make up with you if you do me one itsy bitsy favor.” Her beautiful eyes peer at me.

At first I wanted to ask what. But losing her is far more costly than saying no, so I gave her the answer she wanted.

“Yes, I will do anything for you. Anything at all to make up for this.”

She smiles wickedly. “Okay, tomorrow night, I’ll have something for you to wear, and we’re going out.” With that she made her way to the bathroom. When I try to follow, her hand comes out and meets my chest.

“Not tonight. I bathe alone. You can sleep with me, but there will be no hanky panky, not until you wear this one little thing for me for the evening, tomorrow.” Her smile sent shivers down my back as she shut and locked the bathroom door,

not waiting for me to reply.

Pouting is uncomely, so I suck it up and act like a big boy, allowing her to take the lead. I shower in the guest bath, quickly and still beat her out of the bath. She's humming and taking a bubble bath, the fresh scent of roses and jasmine hits my nose. We're very cordial after and we go to bed only she leans in for a quick kiss.

"Good night, Derrin. We'll have fun tomorrow night, I promise."

Oddly, when I awake the next morning I roll over for our cuddle time before rising and find her already gone. Her purse is gone also, so I'm assuming she's left. No matter, I get up and do what I do on Saturdays, cleaning the apartment. We take turns on the deep cleaning stuff because we both enjoy a cobweb free, dust free space. She comes in while I'm elbow deep in the toilets, scrubbing.

"Good, when you're done, prepare for a night out, and before you dress call for me." She disappears before I can react. Odd, call for her before I dress. Maybe it's a tongue lashing I'll receive. One can always hope.

"Are we eating in or dining out?" I ask at the end of the day. She's on the sofa, feet on the coffee table reading a magazine. Her Saturday afternoons are often spent reading.

"Out, of course. Saw's Steak & Ale." Her smile makes my belly growl. Saw's steaks are out of this world and he has the best beer on draft.

After I shower, I make my way into the bedroom donned in nothing but a towel around my waste. Tracy smiles at me as she's wearing a body hugging dark pink dress that hits mid-thighs. I love her in the dress. My brow lifts as I let the towel drop from my waist and approach her.

“Good, you're ready. Now, make sure you've pissed before dressing.”

My quizzical expression causes her to laugh. “Trust me, Der, you want to make sure your bladder is empty. Go pee and come back.”

I obey. No sense in questioning her command. When I return, she's holding up a metal contraption. Upon closer inspection it appears to be a belt of some sort.

“Is this a--”

“Chastity belt. Yes.”

I wince. “Well. Um--”

“I figure if you can sneak around wearing my panties, you can wear this belt, just for the evening. You want to know what it feels like to be a woman, well, indulge me.” She thrusts the contraption to me.

I gulp big as I try to figure it out. Tracy helps me step into it, and then my pants don't fit over it. Ah, too bad.

“I guess we stay home and you torture me in this get up.”

“Oh no. You’re not getting out of it that easily. Try your athletic pants, the ones you claim are breezy.” Her wicked grin sends chills down my spine.

“I suppose.” I turn before her, the athletic pants on. The belt is well hidden underneath. But if I run into something, one may hear the clanging of metal. My head shakes.

“Ready?” She grabs her hand bag and throws it over her shoulder.

“You really want me to wear this out? I mean, I’m not exactly dressed up for the steak place.”

“Excuses. You’ll be fine. One evening. You promised.” Her look told me I better do it.

Like a puppy I follow her out the door. I head to my vehicle and she shakes her head. “Best to let me drive tonight.” Her car keys twirl over her fingers.

Wearing the belt is easy at first. We make it to the steak house, and enjoy a good dinner. I drink a beer. We head to the Country Shifter and she grins as she pulls me to the dance floor. Modern country music fills the air, people are dancing and having a good time. Her sweet body wiggles before me and of course, my mister mister tries to extend. Ooops. Ooof.

“What’s wrong, baby,” she coos as she wraps her arms around my neck.

I double over slightly, my cock having nowhere to go. “I think you know.”

Her light hearted giggle thrills me, but at the same time I realize the cruelty of her demands. “I’m uncomfortable.”

“Now, shhh. Just relax. Enjoy being in a woman’s binding for the evening.” Her body presses into mine, her soft curves causing my cock to bang against metal. The pain of not being able to extend and instead it’s going back in my body is excruciating. But she doesn’t care. This is my punishment for wearing her panties without her permission. I suck it up and try to act as if I’m not in pain and I’m having a good time.

The urge to piss grows stronger and every time she boogies her sweet ass in front of me I groan.

“Please, Trace, this is torture. I have to pee on top of not having room.” I grimace.

She just smiles and heads away from the dance floor with my hand in hers. We go back to a table and she lifts her finger to a server.

“Two of your finest drafts, please.”

I groan. "I can't."

"You can and you will. You will suffer for sneaking. I want this to be a memorable time so next time you think about stealing my panties, you'll think twice." Her eyes narrow.

The server steps up with two mugs, foaming at the top. Her nod to me has me fishing for my wallet in my back pocket. Each move is torture. I hand a ten to the server and smile. "Keep the change."

"Now, was that so hard."

Oof, hard. "That's not what's hard."

Her light hearted giggle makes me feel a little better. But add a mug of draft on top of a full bladder and a cock that's skewed uncomfortably behind the chastity belt and I'm not feeling so well.

"Drink up, sweets."

I make a face and turn the mug up, downing the entire thing in one swift gulp after another.

“Slow down, cowboy,” she says as she sips her draft.

“Listen, I’m about to bust here. Drink up and get me home, please,” I beg. I’m nearing tears.

She takes pity and drinks her beer faster than normal. I’m about ready to step outside and just piss my pants, that’s how much I don’t care.

“I hope you brought towels,” I say disdainfully.

“Oh,” Tracy says as she frowns. She grabs my hand and pulls me into the men’s restroom. With a flick of her fingers, she locks the door and turns around grinning.

“What are you doing?”

Her brow lifts. “I’m going to relieve you.”

I hold my breath while she fumbles with my pants. Finally, I yank them down and she pulls the key out of her handbag. Placing it between her teeth, she bends down and unlocks the belt. The blasted thing falls from my waist and to the floor with a clang. My cock bounds forth, ready for action.

I turn to pee and she stops me.

“No, one more thing,” she says as she kneels and eyes me while her hands grasp my cock.

I gulp as her sweet lips slide over the head. The pain of being bound soon forgotten as the pleasure floods into my pelvis. I need to pee, but my raging hard-on demands to pop first. I relax and enjoy it as her lips slide down to the base, her mouth closing in over my hard cock and sucking gently. My hands come to her head, feeling the stiffness of her hairspray, I don't care. She doesn't either as she sucks. Her hand gleefully glides under her hand, touching and massaging my balls and squeezing the base. Over and over, she sucks my head to the back of her throat. Someone pounds on the door.

“Hey, come on, need to piss.”

“Just a minute,” I yell. Piss on yourself.

I groan as the cum pools at the base of my cock. Tracy doesn't let go as she sucks until my cock blasts to the back of her throat. She stays with me, her lips sucking, her tongue moving while I flood her mouth with my hot man sauce. She swallows until I finish. I gently push her back. A drop of cum lays on her lip as she gingerly licks it with her tongue and stands.

I turn and groan as I spray the urinal with my piss, my cock still hard from the blow job. Finally, I finish and pull up my pants. Tracy grabs the chastity belt and unlocks the door. Three men are in line and give us a look as we exit together. I grin. One man, the middle one, grins.

“Way to go man. Wish I had a lady to be in there with me.”

We leave and head home. I hold her hand tightly as she drives us. “When we get there, it’s your turn. I plan to have dessert.”

“Promise me, if you want to wear my panties again, you’ll ask.”

I grinned. “Unless I want a repeat of tonight.”

THE END

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