

# SISSY

IS LOCKED IN CHASTITY DRESSING IN PINK PANTIES  
AND HUMILIATED ON AN EVENING OUT



A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

SCARLETT STEELE

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# Sissy Is Locked In Chastity, Dressed In Pink Panties And Humiliated On An Evening Out

A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

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female domination and more.....

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Arriving at the hotel the night before helps me rest and plan for the runs I make the following day. I'll be here for four days; I may as well make the most of it. I have nothing back home that's pressing, so I plan for two days of work and a couple days of rest and relaxation. The pharmaceutical company I represent gives me a list of doctors and clinics and hospitals to visit each week. They pay for my stay and vehicle rental and food. I enjoy traveling all over and seeing the sights and meeting sexy women.

“Joshua Henderson,” I say as I wait for the clerk to check me in and hand me the key.

“All done. You’re on the eighth floor, room 814. This is a business suite. Let us know if you need anything. The bar is open twenty-four hours a day and it’s located down the hall to the right of the lobby. We have a happy hour started at five and ending at seven. The grill also serves food for lunch and dinner. We have complimentary breakfast in the mornings from six to nine. The workout room is on the second floor. The indoor pool is on the left of the lobby. Enjoy your stay.” The pretty clerk beams a smile at me. Her soft golden waves hit her shoulders and perfect white teeth shine behind the pink lips. Yeah, I know I’m a good-looking man. Maybe she’s flirting and wants to hook up? I pause and contemplate asking her what time she’s off work but decide against it.

“Thank you,” I say as I tap the countertop with the room key. Nah, I’ll just head up to my room and relax for a bit. Jet lag because I traveled west and gained a couple of hours due to the time zones. San Francisco is a city that never sleeps. They say that about Vegas, but have you been on the streets of San Francisco after dark? The city is alive and well.

The breathtaking view over the harbor is visible from the giant plate glass windows in my suite. I won’t be closing the curtains once it’s dark. I enjoy the city scape but this trip I requested a view of the harbor. At night the water sparkles from the lights around and the ships. This hotel treats me right every time I’m here.

After putting away my things, I wander around the place, because jet lag will hit me harder tomorrow. I flew over three time zones which means four in the morning will be when I awaken. My body might catch up by the time I fly back to New York. That’s the life of a pharmaceutical representative.

The pool has a few people lounging around. It's an indoor pool, so no sunning here. I love when I fly to Miami and the pools are outside and open year-round. Here, they're lucky to fit it within the building. I spy a couple of cuties sitting on the edge of the pool. Maybe I should take a dip. Shit. I didn't pack swim trunks. I suppose skinny dipping would be out of the question.

I finally settle in at the grill and order an early dinner. I had lunch on the plane and that was an early lunch. It's crazy how messed up the time schedule is when I travel west. I don't mind. It's just two in the afternoon and I'm ordering a big dinner. Medium seared sirloin with steak fries and a salad. I might let the pharmaceutical company spring for the chocolate cake a-la-mode. The food here isn't cheap by any means. I enjoy a glass of wine too. I'm not ready to mingle at the bar yet.

The bar here always has a busy time, when people crowd in there with lively conversations and enjoy drinks. It's nice, no need to hail a cab or have a designated driver. I enjoy drinking. I think tonight I'll partake of some alcohol. Tomorrow my first appointment is at ten and with the jet lag, I'll be up and rearing to go much earlier anyway.

I head back to the room for a nap. I click to a movie that lulls me to sleep. I awaken with a start at five thirty. It's eight thirty my time. The shower awakens me. I plan to get lucky tonight. It's been a while. I'm charming and sexy, women can't resist me.

I swagger into the bar and saunter right to the counter where I take a seat. I'm hoping the bar keep is a sexy woman, but I'm disappointed when a tall dashing dude approaches while he wipes the counter.

"What's your pleasure, sir?" he asks.

“Dirty martini,” I say as I set a ten on the counter.

After taking a drink, I keep the glass in my hand and look around. I spy a beautiful woman at eleven o’clock. She’s sitting at a table alone, and dabbing lipstick over her full lips. Ah, yes, I need to head that way. After drinking down the remainder of the martini, I signal for the bartender to bend close.

“Say, what’s the lovely lady over there drinking?” I ask.

“Frozen strawberry margarita,” he says.

“Make that a double, please,” I say. After paying for the drinks I walk to her table and set one in front of her.

“May I offer you this drink. I happen to have two,” I say as I wait for a signal. I wink and smile.

Her crystal blue eyes peer up at me as she smiles. Soft waves of red hair spill down her back with a tendril just over her left shoulder. “Well, thank you. Please, have seat. I’m Madeline,” she says as she takes the drink from me.

“Joshua,” I say.

“So, I’ve been watching you. You came in earlier. I was at the pool. I thought maybe you’d come on in, but you didn’t. I thought I scared you away with my body,” she says and wags her brow. She’s been drinking for a bit here.

“You were sitting at the edge?”

“I was. You smiled at me. I was disappointed you didn’t dive in,” she says as she takes a sip.

Oh, she’s interested all right. Damn, this is going to be easier than I thought. “Disappointed, huh? But happy now that I bought you a drink?”

“Oh, very.”

And that’s how it starts. We go through the whole plethora of who we are, why we’re here. She’s here for a weeklong conference with the company she works for, which is lucky for me. Very lucky. Three drinks later, we’re pawing at each other like there isn’t going to be a tomorrow.

I lean back, breathless, horny and ready to fuck her brains out. “Let’s take this to my room,” I say. I don’t expect her to show me her room. She might fear I’ll stalk her or something. But then again, she’s coming onto me as heavily as I’m coming onto her.

Once at my room, we dive into each other. She throws herself at me, wrapping her legs around my waist as we kiss. Fuck, she’s hot. Her shirt comes up and my

pants are loosened. She's a shrew, fast and handsy. I don't mind. Our clothes are strewn all over my suite by the time we hit the bed. She opens her legs inviting me for a sniff and lick.

"Are we playing scratch and sniff?"

"Come here, show me you know how to treat a lady," she says as she pulls me between her legs.

I gingerly settle there, pleasing her first. My fingers dance over her taut nipples, C-cups that are just enough. Her lower lips glisten with natural lube that I greedily lap up and then land on her clit. She instantly arches her back. Fuck, she's fast. A few moments of tongue swirls and licks and she's bucking like a wild horse, grinding hard into the bed. After she finishes, I prepare to penetrate her when she flips me over onto my back.

"I want to ride the stallion," she says as she settles on my stiff cock, her wet lower lips sliding over and squeezing tightly. Fuck, she's wild.

"Uh, fuck," I moan as she rides me hard. I'm fucking horny and ready to blow.

I grab her waist and buck my pelvis up and down as my cock shoots off inside her warm wet pussy. She knows just the right moves to keep me going longer than I anticipate. My ears ring after I've shot all I have. She giggles as she raises, leaving a giant plop of our mixture all over my belly.

I grimace as I chase her into the bathroom, where she pulls me into the shower. I nearly get off again in there, and she certainly does. Where the fuck has she been all my life? We say very little and fuck our brains out all night long.

I figure after a night of vigorous sex we'd be on our separate ways. I set out to conquer a sex partner and I did. Apparently, so did Madeline. She's greedy and lusty and very desirous of being in control. I can give it as much as I can take it. Since I deemed this business trip a time of rest and relaxation, I let her have the control. She wore me out and now I am attending the meetings fatigued. It's okay. I plan a nice long nap once I come back to the hotel. I might head out and eat some San Francisco style food later tonight. I figure Madeline and I will go our separate ways.

It's not long after I return that a knock at my door sounds. Furrowing my brow, I open the door expecting to see someone having the wrong room, or housekeeping. Nope, it's Madeline. She's wearing a skintight melon colored dress with golden strappy sandals.

She doesn't wait for an invitation and smiles as she pushes past me and into my room. Alrighty then. I shut the door and turn to her as I smile. "Nice to see you again," I say in an effort of being polite.

"Well, of course it is. I'm the best lay you've had in a long time," she says as she steps out of her sandals and sets her bag on the table.

"Really?" I ask as I lean against the little bar that separates the kitchen area from the living area.

“Oh yes. You don’t remember saying that to me? You did have a lot to drink,” she says as she giggles.

I shake my head and come around to the chair and sit across from her. Hell, I can’t remember everything I say when I’m in the throes of coming or when I’m so horny I’ll say anything just to get off.

Madeline pouts and frowns. She pats the sofa beside her. “We’re so early into our relationship, come sit by me and act as happy to see me as you were last night when you bought me the first margarita,” she says.

Oh fuck. Did she say relationship? I’m thankful my time in San Francisco has a definite end and so will this so-called relationship Madeline speaks about. Oh fuck, where did she say she’s from again?

I smile, hoping not to answer her last question. “I know we talked about a lot last night before coming back to my room, but where did you say you’re from?” I figure small talk is safe. Please, don’t say New York.

“Tucson, Arizona. Silly man. We talked a lot about the sunny state of Arizona and how you don’t have as much in New York due to the buildings. Did you say you lived in the city there?” she asks.

“Staten Island.” I nod and quickly change the subject. I don’t want to exchange addresses or phone numbers.

“What’s going on? Did you have a nice day?” I ask as I smile.

She grabs my hand. “Oh, I did. They have a nice conference room here. We let out early afternoon. I’ve been checking your room every few minutes. You didn’t tell me when you’d be back,” she says.

“No, nor did you,” I say as I grab the remote.

Oh no. Don’t turn that on. I want to talk about what we can do tonight,” she says.

Ugh. “Sure,” I say as I toss it to the coffee table.

“We can go dancing. I know of a great dance club. Did I tell you I’m a belly dancer too? I am, and as a result, I often win dance-offs. You and me, we’re going to enter a dance off. We’ll win,” she says as she nods.

Slow down, damn. “You know, if it’s all the same, I’m tired. I was thinking a nice dinner and turn in early because I have meetings tomorrow too. Last night about did me in,” I say hoping she’ll take a hint.

“What are you, sixty? This is San Francisco. We’re not taking it easy, not while we’re here.”

As if she’s in charge. I start to protest. And she stops me mid-sentence, in a lip lock.

“And there’s more of that if you obey me,” she says and jumps up and pulls on me.

“You mean, go now?” I ask.

“I mean, come on, get dressed for dancing. Skip the shower, you will be all sweaty by the end of the evening anyway.”

Great.

Madeline literally drags me to the club, it’s within walking distance of our hotel. I’m not keen on spending every spare moment I have with her. I mean, sure, last night was great. She’s a wild thing in bed. But even that can be too much. I just want some time to relax and enjoy the city alone. I now see she’s very possessive of me, very controlling. I’m counting down the moments until I leave. I’m also rethinking how I go about hooking up with women. In the future I don’t want to risk this same scenario. Perhaps I’ll wait until the last night and then bid her good-bye.

“Dance! Come!” Madeline grabs my hand and pulls me to the dance floor. The colorful squares flash and change colors with the beat. I glance back at the bar, the hidden lights make it glow a soft blue, casting blue tints onto the skin of those around it.

“Can we at least have a drink first?” I’m moving to the beat, so I don’t look like an idiot standing on the dance floor.

Madeline's hands come up to my shoulders and she's swaying in unison with me. "Oh, want a repeat of last night?" Her brow waggles.

Not really. I just smile at her. "I'm thirsty, doll," I say.

"After the song. Come on, Josh, loosen up," she says as she twirls away from me and back again. Admittedly, she's easy on the eyes. But damn, she's so possessive of my time.

Finally, the song ends, and I don't wait. I make my way to the bar and order two screwdrivers. I don't give a damn if she wants another margarita, I'm not here to impress her. I'm here to get drunk just so I can stand being around her now.

"Oh, thanks! I love these," she says as she slurps on the beverage.

We find a table and at last I sit and relax. It's loud in here so we can't really have a conversation, not like we did last night before the fuck fest. That's okay, I said all I wanted to say to her then. Instead, both of us people watch. She's tapping her feet to the beat and smiling. I'm merely enjoying the alcohol and watching others who are having a good time, unlike me.

After another drink, this time a dry martini, and two songs the DJ announces the dreaded words.

"Dance off! Who's in? Get up here and strut your stuff!"

“Oh, yes. Come!” Madeline squeals and hops up. When I don’t follow, she pauses and grabs my hand. “Come on! Don’t be a fuddy-dud.”

I’ll be a fucking fuddy-dud if I want to be one. Reluctantly I follow her to the dance floor, again. At least the stiff drinks help loosen me enough to get into the dance. After the first song, three couples are eliminated. When there’s only three of us on the dance floor I contemplate goofing off just to be disqualified. But I’m not a total asshole, and Madeline is actually a very good dancer. We’re down to us and another couple and hold our own for several songs. I’m winded and in need of another drink. Finally, the song ends and the emcee steps to us and holds up our hands declaring us the winners. The next round of drinks is our prize. At least there’s that.

I order a high ball and she orders a frozen margarita. Surprise surprise. At least, I enjoy getting drunk and now I’m tired and want to rest. Tomorrow is the last day of meetings. I’m sure Madeline will see to it she stays the night with me. Mr. Cock is rising to the occasion and she might be good for another poke. She’s driving me nuts, so yeah, I’ll get off in her again.

On the way to the hotel, Madeline is talkative. Our hands swing as we have our fingers entwined. I don’t fight it. I don’t care for confrontations.

“Hey, I know! Let’s have a bet and make our last night together really memorable,” she says.

My brow lifts as I gaze at her and brace for it.

“Let’s bet who can climb the stairs to the top of the hotel the fastest. The winner gets to choose what to do for the last night, the loser must comply.” Her brow wags.

I’m tired and drunk. “Okay. Sure.” I say. I figure I’m the easy winner and when I do, we’re parting company. Sorry, loser, sucks to be you.

“Yay! I love competition. Did I tell you how fierce I am with competition?”

“I could have guessed with the way you danced.”

“No, but seriously. I do marathons and normally I win. I was a cross country star in high school. I did track and cross country and dance in college. College is where I learned how to belly dance. Hey, I’ll give you a special dance later, once we’re back at the hotel. Do you mind if I run to my room for a few things first? A girl needs her toothbrush and fresh panties,” she says.

She prattles on and on without giving me a chance to answer even one question. I just assume she thinks I agree. I mean, she’s nice and chipper, almost like a teen girl who doesn’t know when to shut up. I’ll be glad when we do the competition and then maybe I’ll have the last evening to myself. Until then, I’m taking advantage of her, fair and square.

“I’ll be right up,” she says as she plants a kiss on my cheek.

“Okay,” I say and sigh as I travel to my room on the eighth floor. I step out of

the clothes and only wear my jockeys. May as well be ready for the fuck fest. Standing at the window, I long for some time to myself. Just one more night and I'll have it. I'm that confident I'll win tomorrow. I don't care if she is a belly dancer and a marathon runner. I walk the streets of New York City, so beat that.

The fast yet quiet knocking at the door indicates her arrival. Yippy skippy. My eyes roll as I walk to the door and open it for her. Just one more night, I can do this.

“Okay, oh, you're ready for some hump time. Good. Now, I want you to relax on the bed. Lose the underwear. I'll be right back,” she says as she disappears into the bathroom.

“No problem,” I say as I step out of the underwear and crawl on the bed. I grab the remote and flip on the TV.

“No, turn it off. I have my own music. I'll be your entertainment for the night,” she calls.

Ugh. I turn off the TV and toss the remote to the side table. It bounces into the alarm clock. Groaning, I set the alarm. Tomorrow is an early day and she's about to make me doubly tired.

The bathroom door opens, and she sets her phone on the floor, leaning against the wall. Sexy music comes from the speakers, for a phone it sounds as good as a stereo. Her leg kicks out and then she appears, moving her body in a way that's mesmerizing. She's totally right, she can belly dance. The outfit, which is red and gold with chains around the belly shimmies in the light as she moves about

the room to the beat. I can't help but smile while she wiggles with extreme precision. Damn, she's good. She's hot. My cock stands to attention. I let it bob in the air while she climbs on the bed, shimmying and keeping the beat. How she does it, I don't know, but she shimmies right over me, moving down, until her bare muff meets the tip of my cock. No panties under the outfit, score one for me.

I grab her hips and ram her over my hard cock. There's no love making to this, it's straight fuck. She groans as she moves up and down riding me. I reach up and grab her boobs, tweaking the nipples to help her along. She moans and leans forward. I hold back, giving her time to come first. Her pelvis grinds into me, her clit sawing against the rigid side of my cock. I moan and buck up and down, no longer able to hold back. She screeches as her body explodes, her pussy squeezing my cock hard as she comes. One second later, my cock also explodes as I groan. Together we ride through the pulses of ecstasy, until I'm finished and stop moving. Her pelvis still quakes, and I pump up and down, giving her my last ounce of energy.

"Oh fuck!" She hops up like she's full of energy, and again leaves her mess behind on my belly. Great, now I'll have to join her in the shower. She giggles as she starts it and I stumble in there, still feeling lightheaded from the orgasm.

The next morning, she scoots out quickly to attend her conference. I don't have a lot of time as I have early meetings. I catch a trolley to the locations, enjoying the San Francisco flair. Lunch is quiet as I eat on the wharf and watch the seagulls dive in for bits of food people have dropped. The salty air clears my head. I'm tired but I have a challenge ahead and I aim to beat her.

"There you are," Madeline says as I walk through the doors of the hotel. She's dressed in athletic wear. She must have carried an abundance of luggage to have all these outfits. I chuckle as I approach because she's bent over stretching.

“Are you preparing for our little competition and bet?” I ask.

“Sure am. Looks like you need to get on the ball and do the same,” she says as she straightens.

Great. “Alright. Just let me change.”

“Okay, I’ll be by in a bit,” she says.

Yippy. I enjoy the elevator ride to the eighth floor. I could always feign a sick stomach and shoo her way instead of the exertion of climbing twenty-floors. Rummaging through my one lone suitcase, I don’t have athletic wear. Fresh out, left it back in my townhouse on Staten Island. I do have a pair of shorts I had intended to wear around the hotel. I suppose that will do.

“Are you ready?” Madeline says as I open the door when she knocked.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” I say.

“Okay. Do you have your phone? I’ll let you go first. I’ll be at the roof, watching the elevators. If you cheat, I’ll know it.”

“I won’t cheat.”

“Wait for my call, then start your climb.”

Within five minutes, she calls. I stand at the door of the stairs and keep the phone on speaker, that way we can tell if we’re cheating. Of course, I don’t intend to cheat. Of course, I intend to win fair and square.

Climbing the stairs starts wearing on me when I reach the fifth floor. I’m winded so I pace myself. Surely, I’ll still beat her. I mean, I’m a dude in good shape. These are stairs. About the eighth floor, I pick up pace and climb floor eight, nine, and ten by the twos. Once again, I’m winded, so floors eleven and twelve I go slower to catch my breath. Pretending I’m reaching the top to save a baby from a burning building, I take the remaining nine floors in a good pace. Finally, I’m at the top and spring forth from the door. Madeline stops her phone’s stopwatch as I stop mine. Seeing my time, I smile.

“Okay, my turn. If it’s all good, I’ll take the elevator down.” She heads to the door.

I’m still breathing hard and wave at her. “All good, go ahead.”

“I’ll ring-a-ling when I reach the bottom. You can watch the elevator and see,” she says.

I nod. I need a drink of water, but that will have to wait. Within five minutes she calls.

“All set,” she says.

“All set,” I say. I hear her tap-tapping as she’s climbing the stairs. Damn, she keeps a good jaunt going, not pausing or slowing like I was.

“Floor five,” she announces. Her feet pad along, a rhythm that never slows. I’m boned.

“Floor ten,” she says.

Fuck.

Within a record amount of time, she bursts through the door. Shit. Smiling heartily, she bounds to me, still jogging. Fucking bitch.

“Eight minutes. I beat you by eight minutes,” she says as she playfully punches me. Then she bends into a stretch. Hell, I just walked to the ledge and caught my breath. Fuck stretching.

“Okay, I guess you are the winner,” I say unenthusiastically.

Madeline straightens. “Oh, hey now, I’ll make it a fun evening. But seeing that I won, I have an errand to run. So, I’ll be back later, and we’ll start the fun, ‘K?’”

“Yeah, sure,” I say flatly.

“Don’t be a sore loser. Fair and square, right?” she asks as we travel down to my floor.

“Fair and square. See you later then,” I say as I step off at my floor. At least I’ll have a couple of hours to myself. Whatever. It’s just one more night and I’ll be done with her. It’s a mantra that plays over and over in my mind. I’ll cherish the next couple of hours of peace and solitude while I nap and recover from the climbing.

The rapping at the door was in my dreams before it startles me awake. I sit up, dazed and disoriented.

“Come on, Joshua. I know you’re in there, I checked with the front desk. Wake up, baby,” Madeline says.

Oh, fuck. That’s right. After running my hand over my hair, I stumble to the door. “Yeah, coming.”

“Sweetheart get up. Rise and shine,” Madeline says as she brushes past me carrying bags.

The big yawn escapes as I follow her. Okay, let’s get this over with. She turns to me and smiles.

“You need a cold shower. I mean, make it cold. I need it cold.” She rifles through the bag.

“Are you joining me?”

She peers up at me. “Of course not. But you need one. You’re all sweaty from earlier. Now, scoot. I’m the winner and I’m here to collect my winnings. Come on, time’s wasting.”

Okay, whatever. Let’s get this over with. I grab my clothes and start for the bathroom.

“Wait, no. Leave the clothes here. You won’t be needing them,” she says.

I smile. “Okay, so we’re staying in tonight?” Maybe we can order room service and rent a movie.

“No. Ewww. We’re going out. But part of my winnings means I will dress you. Now shower, cold.”

Shaking my head, I disappear into the bathroom. Fuck a cold shower. I want steamy. It’s relaxing. Whatever she has planned will work with a steamy shower. Besides, I’m not exactly sporting a horny hard on now.

“I see you didn’t take my advice,” she says when the steam billows from the door.

“It’s all good. So, what now?” I’m losing patience.

“Dress in this,” she says as she hands me a pair of black panties. Women’s silk panties.

“Seriously?”

“My win.”

I slide into the panties. I can’t say I’ve never worn women’s panties before. She approaches with a contraption. I grimace. “A chastity belt?”

“Yes, I want you to wear this under your clothes. I suggest something loose; I mean it won’t show really,” she says as she helps me into the torture device.

“Um, why? What’s in this for you for me to dress in these women’s things?”

“It’s fun. You’ll see. Finish dressing. We have dinner and dancing at the Pier Fab.”

I pull out my relaxed fit trousers, the only pants that will fit over the contraption. Fuck me, this is uncomfortable. “Let’s get this over with,” I say as I shove my wallet into my pocket.

“It will be fun.” She slides her hand in my arm and we take off walking to the pier to the club.

Dinner is good, fresh fish and steak. I’m doing fine until we hit the dance floor. Madeline purposefully grinds into me, grabbing my hand and placing it on parts of her body that normally gives me a rise. But the rise can’t happen because I’m contained in metal that’s tightly strapped to me. Fucking shit, my cock bangs against it and grows in an odd direction. I wish she were ugly or less appealing. Maybe a drink will help.

“Don’t drink too much or you’ll be sorry. I have the key.”

At this rate I just as soon to piss my pants as I down a large draft beer. She pulls me to the dance floor again as she snakes into my arms, slithering her body around me, pressing in and moving in a way that drives me crazy. The pain is too much, my cock wants to explode.

“This hurts. I wonder if I’ve lost my ability to father children now,” I say.

She laughs. “You haven’t. Are you enjoying it?”

“No, I want to leave.”

“And do what?”

“Get out of this contraption.”

“And then what?” She smiles at me and wags her brow.

I pull her to me. “And fuck your brains out.”

That did it. The words she wanted. She likes it rough. I’ll give it to her rough after this painful evening. We stroll out and I can’t walk straight.

“Let me out of it now,” I ask.

“No can do, not until we’re in your room.”

I stumble along, in pain and so glad it’s the last night with this cruel and intrusive lady. I won’t give her my address; she has my phone number and that’s bad enough. I’m not beyond changing it if I must though. Finally, we reach the hotel and ride the elevator up to the eighth floor.

Once in the room, I groan as I come out of my clothes. She comes out of hers too, and giggles while she fiddles with the damn chastity belt. Her body is desirous and of course it keeps the blood pumping to my cock. When she

unlocks the device, I fling it across the room and hit the toilet before I fuck her brains out. When I return, she's on the bed, her legs splayed and ready for me.

Suddenly, I want to taste her pussy. I shoulder between her thighs as she laces her fingers through my hair. She moans when my tongue swirls over her hardening knob. Lapping at her juices, I relish in the moment of foreplay as I press my tongue to her clit, and keep it swirling until she's bucking up and down and shouting.

"Fuck! Fuck, oh," she yells as her head rolls back and forth. She shoves me away when she's had enough and it's just starting for me.

I growl as I come up between her legs. She wants to flip me over, but I don't let her. I want to fuck her. I want to pound into her with everything I have. She wants fucked by me; she's going to get it. After penetrating through her soft wet folds, I shove all the way in until my balls tap her ass. She groans as I pull her feet to my shoulder and lift her ass off the bed. Then I pound her, long and hard and strong. Thrusting forward, I don't make it a tender moment, this is a fucking, this is me getting off inside a pussy and then I'm kicking her ass out of my room. I pound harder and harder; she's grunting and groaning, and I'll be damn if she doesn't buck and grind into another orgasm. Damn, this woman can take a pounding and enjoy it too. Suddenly, I lurch forward, my cock exploding into her quivering pussy.

"Oh, fuck! Ugh!" I ram into her in long deep thrusts, as my cock empties into her pussy. Finally, it's over and I'm out of breath. But I'll be a monkey's uncle if I fucking cuddle with her. Instead, I hop up and grin as I rush to the bathroom and close and lock the door. This should deliver a good message.

I shower and take my time, hoping Madeline will leave. Then a thought occurs,

what if she steals my things? Surely, she's not that cruel. When I'm done, I slowly towel dry and realize I didn't bring my underwear or shorts. The towel it is. The TV is playing in the room, so I don't have a clue if she's still there or not. Doesn't matter, I open the door and find her relaxing in my bed with a glass of wine in hand. I sigh. It will be a long night.

"Poured you a glass." She smiles. It didn't faze her that I showered without her. She pats the bed.

I crawl in and gulp the wine in one long swig. I need the alcohol if I must spend the remainder of the night with her. She snuggles into my side and entwines her fingers through mine. Taking a hint is not within her grasp.

"We should meet in Vegas sometime. We'd have a helluva time," she says and smiles as she falls asleep.

I merely mumble. "Mmmm-hmmm." Finally, she's asleep and I watch the remainder of a movie before I shut it off and turn out the lights. Tomorrow the flight will take me far from here and from her home. Tomorrow, I can get back to my life. Whatever. She gave me a thrill for days. She was cruel though in her bets. I could write a song about her. I may tell my songwriting friend about this; he'd put it perfectly into words. If you turn on the radio and hear a popular pop singer belting out a tune that reminds you of this, remember it is true and actually happened.

"Here's my address, should you ever have the urge to surprise me," Madeline says as we stand in the lobby. She has another day here; I'm waiting for the cab to take me to the airport. I take it and smile without exchanging mine. I bend forth and give her a kiss before I hop in the cab and finally head back to my New York home.

THE END

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