

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing black lace-trimmed underwear and black thigh-high stockings. She has red nail polish. The background is dark.

SISSY

Learns His Submissive Position As He Is
Pegged And Humiliated On Social Media!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing black lace-trimmed underwear and black thigh-high stockings. She is standing on a white surface. The word "SISSY" is overlaid in large, pink, outlined letters at the top.

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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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The traffic is heavy as I drive to work. I'm one of the few who drives in the city mainly because I live in the suburban area miles from the restaurant and as the head chef, I have an exclusive parking spot behind Dino's. I grit my teeth as I seem to hit every damn red light. I am a man of little patience, unfortunately. At least that comes with the personalities of chefs. Eccentric is what they call us, me and the other two chefs who work the kitchen. We have three sous chefs, one assigned to each chef and one extra to fill in where needed. I grin at the importance of my position, which I've held for two years now.

I graduated the top of culinary school and even spent a semester in Paris at Cordon Bleu studying under the masters. When Dino hired me, I was a cocky twenty-five-year-old man who had the drive to be the top of my field. Within three years I became the head chef when old Henry Felix retired. I even beat out Dawson, who had worked there for five years and was four years older than me. It pissed him off so much he left Dino's and moved to the steakhouse across the bay. Good riddance to him, because he just didn't have the fortitude or gumption to excel as head chef, at least not according to big boss Dino.

I walk in the back door; the servers are scurrying about preparing for the lunch rush. A couple glance my way and offer a smile. Most don't give me the time of day because of my stance. I put off an air of superiority, or so I've heard. I chuckle inwardly because really deep down I'm a nice guy. But in order to make it in this business one needs to be tough, not mushy.

"Oh, Brett, good. We're soaking the beef for the day's menu. I want you to create a superb vegetable dish to go with it, something that will wow the crowd," Dino says. He gives me complete freedom to come up with dishes that are different and exciting. Since this is an Italian eatery, I need to stick with Mediterranean cuisine. I smile at my boss.

"I know just the thing," I say as I walk into the refrigerator and grab fresh vegetables and mushrooms from the shelves. The butter and olive oil are already on the counter where Sasha and Louise are busy chopping vegetables for the salads.

"Good morning," I say to Sasha.

"Morning," she says brightly as she looks up at me. I'm much taller than her petite stature. Her dark tresses are pulled back from her pale face, the red lipstick a striking color that matches with the red slacks she's wearing. Because she is also an apprentice chef, she wears the jacket too.

"Good morning, Brett. I'll be finished here in a minute if you need anything," Louise says. She's the extra sous chef. She tries hard to stay busy. Dino doesn't like to walk into the kitchen and see anyone just standing here doing nothing. It makes him feel better to see us hustling and bustling around, cooking and making happy customers.

"You can start the creme brulee and the sauce for the cake," I say.

Deborah, one of the other chefs, comes in and grimaces at me. "I am making the cheesecakes today, I'll need her to help," she says.

I turn to Deborah. "And she can once she's finished with the tasks I gave her. We need fresh desserts for the lunch crowd too," I say in letting her know who's boss here. Dino is my boss and I'm the boss over the other two chefs and the four sous chefs. Like it or lump it, they have to listen to me. I turn from her and grin as I start the heat on the stove and pour the olive oil into the pan. The shallots sizzle as I stir, and the peppers emit their sweet aroma causing my mouth to water. The mushrooms add the nice protein touch. Sasha hands me a bowl of shredded carrots, as she anticipated my need. I can't help but smile as I work the kitchen like a well-oiled machine. There's an order to the chaos, a happy place for Dino when he arrives. Louise is helping Aiden with the cheesecakes.

Dino walks around sampling the food. "Mmmm, perfection," he says as he spoons the creme sauce I just made into his mouth.

Sasha saunters up to me and bumps me. "We make a good team, huh?" she says.

I frown and look down at her. "My dear, when you have the experience I have and when you have the title chef you can team up with me. Until then you are my employee. You work for me and we're not a team. You do as I say. The first step in getting along well in this kitchen is to know your place," I say as I lift my brow.

Sasha winces at my words. Her creamy complexion burns with a blush across her cheeks. She bites her tongue and shakes her head. "Yes, sir," she says and turns from me. I can't have a little worker like her taking credit for my creations. She only does as I say and has no creative input into my dishes. It's all me and I share the limelight with no one else.

I clear my throat and glare at Deborah and Geoff, the other chefs. They all stare at me like I just banished a whip at poor Sasha. "Back to work," I bark. I know I'm tough and maybe I should lighten my heavy-handedness, but I need to keep the upper edge over the kitchen staff or I'll lose control. Dino likes to see the head chef in charge and on top where the head chef belongs. I take no heat from anyone other than my boss.

I grab the pan and toss the vegetables in the air to prepare the three plates in front of me. Part of the job is in the presentation. It pisses me off when Louise or Sasha steps up and tries to plate my food. No one touches my presentations, it's part of my pride. I nod to Sarah, the server. She picks up the plates and places each one carefully onto the tray she has hoisted on her shoulder. It's my job to make sure the food makes it to the customer without incident. One time a diminutive server named Lucy grabbed one plate too many and the whole damn tray tumbled to the floor. I had plated an expensive prime rib with the finest steamed vegetables, all wasted on the floor. The servers have all heard of the fit I threw when Lucy dropped the priceless food. Accidents happen, and I understand that, but if the server can't handle it, they need to step up and admit it. Lucy is no longer with Dinos. Last I heard she was flipping burgers at Burger Barn. I'm sure that's a job better suited for her.

Tonight, is beef bourguignon. It's a recipe that takes hours to prepare. I've been working on it in between the lunch plates, making it to perfection. The cheesecakes are the perfect topper dessert to such a meal. We make everything from scratch here including the tomato paste. Sasha works on the tomatoes in creating the paste, but it's not ready yet and I need it. She's also supposed to have the bacon ready. I pull up the tray and find bacon crumbles instead of coarse chopped bacon strips.

"What is this? Louise, bring the salad bowl," I say as I hold up the tray.

Sasha's eyes widen as she watches me pour the crumbled bacon into the salad container. "That's the bacon for the bourguignon," she says. She scrapes the pan where the tomatoes are bubbling into a paste.

"No, this is a salad garnish. Bourguignon calls for rough cut bacon strips, not crumbles. This is a disgrace," I say as I pitch the pan into the large sink and wave my hands at it.

Sasha looks as if she's about to cry. I don't care. Do it right the first time or face the consequences. "Do I need to send you back to chopping school? Know the difference between salad crumbles and bacon meant for a dish with a grander presentation." She looks as if I just slapped her across the face.

"I looked at your list. Bacon crumbles for bourguignon. To me crumbles means, well, crumbles," she says.

"Bourguignon calls for rough cut bacon strips. In the official recipe, it specifically calls it bacon crumbles in the form of rough-cut strips. Know your dishes. We don't serve burgers and fries here. We're a very specific and specialized restaurant. Patrons expect it. I expect my sous chef to know the difference between the dishes. I shouldn't have to follow after you like a toddler. You're a big girl. Pull up your big girl panties and act like it," I say.

Sasha gives me a wide berth because I'm an asshole. But I have to stay one up on her or she'll become my equal and that's not happening. After a hard few days of work, I head home. My sanctuary. I don't go out often, but I do occasionally. Rick, my friend, says I'm too much of an asshole to have a decent girlfriend. I normally don't bother because of time. I work more than I'm off and that's okay. Dino pays me well for being there all the time.

Rick and I head to a club that just opened called South End Delight. Curiosity gets me because I've heard things about it, but I have to see with my own eyes. Sure enough, it's a mixture of everything for all walks of life. Gays and straights can enjoy beer and wine here. The server, a tart named, Bev, wears a skirt that leaves nothing to the imagination. When she bends her ass cheeks show, and the panties barely cover her slit. I can't help but smile because it causes my little man to stand at attention. I'm curious about her panties, why women's panties are so small in comparison to men's jockeys.

A man walks in with a drag queen on his arm. Obviously gay and his lover is playing the role of the woman. He's decked out in full attire, a dress, high heels, wig, and makeup. I don't pass judgment. They walk close to us making me feel a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, I just love the panties you bought for me. You should try them. My winger gets a thrill with every step I take," the drag queen says.

I turn and watch as they walk to a table. I'm terribly intrigued by his words. Panties on a man, what a concept. I'm not gay, nor do I want to be a drag queen, but I like the idea of having a thrill with my winger when I walk.

Rick spies a couple of cuties across the dance floor and we make our way to them. Terri and April are gals we met a while back. They enjoy partying hard and aren't really my type. Rick enjoys hooking up and I can't deny him that, so I go along for shits and giggles. April ends up on his arm the entire evening and thankfully Terri moved on to some cowboy wannabe leaving me to my goblet of scotch and the dirty thoughts now coursing through my mind. I pitch the bills on the table for the server and take my leave. I need to hit the mall in the morning.

"Can I help you?" the pretty auburn-haired sales clerk asks me as I'm looking like a deer caught in headlights. The lingerie shop has racks and mounds of panties, bras, and lingerie, of course. I have no idea where to look.

My hand comes up to my face as I run my fingers over my chin. "Um, yeah. I'm surprising my girlfriend with a nice pair of silk panties. She heard of this brand and I'd like to bring her a pair," I say. The lie comes easy and is believable.

"Okay, great choice. What size is she?"

Damn, didn't think of that. "Um, well, she can wear my shorts, so hmmm, maybe a thirty-four waist?"

"Okay, a little bigger girl, huh?" The sales clerk smiles.

"Yeah," I say as I scrunch my face. I'm not a big man by any standard, but I guess my waist is big in comparison to women's?

"Here you go. This size ought to do it," she said.

I blush as I hold up the pair. She had handed me a pair of pale blue panties. "Do these come in white?" I ask.

She hands me a pair of white panties. I smile as I run my hand over the soft material. "I'll take one in every color," I say.

"You sure know how to treat a girl well," the sales clerk says. After ringing up the six pair I'm out fifty dollars. Expensive as fuck, but I don't care. I make enough to cover it.

At home, I take a shower and pull on a pair of pink panties. Mr. drag queen is right, the material sends thrills to my winger with every step. I look utterly ridiculous wearing nothing but a pair of panties, but I let my body air out as I spend the rest of the evening watching TV and enjoying my man goods in the soft silky fabric.

I wear a pair of white slacks Monday at the restaurant. I feel the white makes me look like a thorough chef. I smile secretly as I'm also wearing the white silk panties, the same kind I saw on the server's ass at the club Friday night. Though it rides up my ass, I still enjoy the softness and the way it cradles my cock and balls next to my body. I love the air that flows up between my legs. In these pants I can't go commando, I need to lasso my big cock somehow. I tried commando once and it didn't work out well.

Sasha looks up at me as I walk in. She's chopping vegetables for the salad. Louise hasn't made it in yet and Dino has her working on the menial tasks. I brush past her set on having to do most of the work myself. I notice Sasha leans over and watches me. I grin because she's looking at my package or my ass. Of course, I'm a sexy dude and women do notice. I say nothing as I set the flank on the carving table and saw the knives together before slicing.

Sasha keeps looking at me, her eyes squinting at me as I bend down in front of the oven. It's hot in the kitchen and I stand near the cooler for a minute.

"Is that a new outfit?" Sasha asks. Her brow lifts.

I gaze down at her. "No, I've worn this before."

"Mmmm, I don't know. Something's definitely different," she says.

"Say, stop paying so much attention to my clothing and get back to making the garlic zest," I say as I wave my hand at her.

She grimaces and turns back to her station. I don't know why she's set on looking at me like I'm a freak now. I've worn the white chef's outfit before. She keeps getting in my way. I nearly topple over her while carrying a large tray of freshly washed vegetables and herbs.

"Sasha, what is your problem today? Stop with the ineptness and start doing your damn job right," I growl.

"I am, Bret. But you're stomping around here like a..." Her face burned with a fierce blush.

"Like a what?" I ask.

"Never mind. Just never thought you..." Her lips stretched thin as she wouldn't finish her thought.

"Your insubordination will get you a write up if you're not careful," I say.

"For what? Speaking my mind? You're being a little.... Ugh! Never mind!" She whips around and stomps off to grab the panko bread.

I step to her and lift my brow. "Careful little girl, you're position here isn't so needful we can't let you go," I say and pivot on my heels leaving her with that thought.

We work hard for the rest of the evening and finally the crowd thins, and the doors are locked. Once in a while, the chefs work later in cleaning the area. The other chefs head home after cleaning their part of the kitchen and Sasha and I are left to clean. She grabs her phone and carries it around with her pulling it out once in a while.

"You really shouldn't carry that around while you're on the clock," I say.

She looks like she could spit nails at me. I grab the leftover vegetables and head into the cooler and she's blocking my way. My arms are full. "Excuse me," I bark.

Sasha smiles and lunges forward and yanks my pants down to my knees. They easily fall because they are elastic waisted. My mouth falls open as she steps back and holds her phone up snapping photos of me. She laughs. "I knew it. Damn sissy that you are," she says as she backs away.

I lurch forward as fast as I can and set the large tray on the shelf. By the time I yank up my pants, she's snapped many photos of me. "What the fuck are you doing?" I ask as I glare at her.

"Getting even," she says and backs away from me. She hurries around the table and her fingers are swiping furiously over her screen.

"What? What the fuck, Sasha! Why did you do this?" I'm angry and embarrassed.

"There, pics are uploaded to my cloud. Nothing you can do about it. Now I hold all the cards," she says.

I walk to her and put my hands on the counter as I bend toward her. "What you just did is wrong. I could call the cops on you," I say.

"Oh really? You do that, and I'll hit the button to share these pics of you with all my social media accounts. To be arrested for the humiliation it would cause you would be worth it. Should I call the police?" she asks.

"If you do, I'll grab your phone to keep you from submitting to social media," I say resolutely.

Sasha smiles. "And I get one phone call at the police department. Guess what I'll do? I'll use it to submit my cloud to my social media accounts. You're screwed if the cops are called," she says. "Want me to call?"

I shake my head. "No, it won't do any good. I just want to know why. Why did you do something so humiliating to me?"

"Because you treat me like shit, Bret. You act like I'm inept and can't do my job. I'm tired of it. I can't figure you out, until today. Call me impulsive, but I had to see for myself," she says as she shakes her phone in the air.

I stumble back to the chair. Somehow, I feel the need to protect my midsection. "Fair enough. Maybe I'm a bit tough on you, but it's because I believe in you," I say as I look up at her.

"You have a funny way of showing it. You lord it over us all day long, belittle me and make me feel less than a valued worker here. I don't appreciate it. So, you have a funny way of showing it. Think about how you speak to me, how you treat me like I'm beneath you or something. Nope, I don't believe you believe in me. But now I have power over you. Now you will do my bidding," Sasha says as she waves her phone.

"Okay, what do you want me to do now that you've caught me in a very compromising situation," I ask. I can't believe in the turn of events. Sweet Sasha has turned into a monster with her knowledge. Damn panties. Why did I have to wear them?

"First, I want you to admit to who you are," she says.

My brow furrows. "Admit to what? You were the one who pants me. What do

you want me to say?" I glare at her for the invasion of privacy.

"You are wearing women's panties. Admit it, you're gay," she says.

I laugh. I really laugh. "I assure you, I'm not gay," I say and shake my head.

"No? I think you have a desire to be like a woman, or why else are you wearing women's panties?"

"Curiosity," I say. What else can I say? That I saw this pair of panties on a scantily clad server at a titty bar and I was curious about how it covered so little on her ass. Or that I heard a drag queen talk about how it thrilled his winger when he walked in the panties and I wanted to experience it. That's all none of her business. My cock is my business, not hers. But I suppose I had this coming with my cocky assholeness toward her and the others. I pushed it too far over the edge. Now she has my balls in a vice grip.

"Admit it, you're either gay or a drag queen. Do you go out on the weekends dressed in drag? I bet you make a right pretty albeit tall woman," Sasha says.

I wince. "I've never. Just the underwear and just this week. I wanted to see what the fuss was all about with silk panties," I say. Somehow talking about this turns me on. Mr. Cock stirs to life as I gage Sasha's reaction to my revelations.

Her face brightens into a brilliant smile. She nods. "I see. That's how it starts, curiosity. I think you need to do some more exploring," she says.

"Exploring of what?"

"Your sexuality, of course. Have you ever been with a man?" she asks.

I grimace. "No! Nor do I want to be with a man," I say and try to shake her off the path.

"I don't know, Bret, you may have a bit of a sissy in you. It starts with curiosity and then it blossoms from there. You want to find out what it's like for the other side," she says.

"I'm not gay. Nothing against gays, but that's not how I swing. Just because I'm wearing women's panties doesn't mean I want to plant my dick in another man," I say.

Sasha giggles. "Maybe not. But, hmmm. I have some ideas. I want you to explore with me. Will you do that?" she asks.

"I'm not about to explore my sexuality with a man. You, yeah, I'd do you, but not a man," I say and chuckle.

"No? Not a man, huh? Not even a dance with a kiss on the cheek?" she asks.

I vehemently shake my head. "No. I'd dance with you though," I say hoping to turn the tables in my favor.

The chuckle coming from Sasha sounds mischievous rather than pleasant. "I tell you what, Bret. You want me to delete the pics of you in panties, right?"

"Yes," I say as I look down.

"Then I expect you to do something for me, for an evening. I want you to meet me at my place say seven thirty tomorrow night since it's our night off. No questions asked. And I want you to wear your, ahem, panties, please. You are to be my little bitch for the evening. Only when I say you're done will I erase the pics, got it?" She lifts her brow.

I swallow hard. She doesn't leave much wiggle room. Suddenly I'm reduced to her plaything for the evening all because she caught me wearing women's panties. I give her half a grin. Maybe she'd be good for a romp and a little humiliation I'd have to endure under her hand would be worth it, as long as I get her in the end. I nod. "Okay, I'll be there. Seven-thirty," I say.

Swallowing my pride is easy enough when fueled by blackmail. I could kick myself for the way I've been an asshole with Sasha. But right now, my cock is driving me. The promise of a little Sasha action drives me forward. I look at it as enduring something temporarily unpleasant to reach the prize. I have an idea about what she's about to do with me and ironically, I'm okay with it. A little curious too, though being gay isn't remotely on the radar of my curiosity. Seeing how the women do things is, because I want in on their action, not because I want a man to treat me like one, but I want to experience things like women do with clothes.

Sure enough, I stand in Sasha's bedroom in her condo. She has a dress on the bed, a blue gown with a deep cut back, body-hugging, and very revealing. I chuckle as I step out of my clothes like it's nothing. Sasha is pleased to see I'm wearing the pale blue panties. My cock lengthens under her penetrating stare and I proudly face her, sharing my manliness with her.

"Not now, put on the dress, please," she says as she holds it up to me. It's one that stretches over the head and I put it on. Of course, I'm flat-chested, so the scoop neckline just falls without any cleavage. I'm betting Sasha could rock this dress much better than me.

"Is it yours?" I ask.

"No, it's my cousin's. She's taller than me. I didn't tell her I was dressing you in it though. She thinks I'm borrowing it for me," she says and laughs.

I endure the process of having my face painted including the gluing on of false eyelashes. May as well do it up good. I don't mind, because quite frankly when she's done, I'm unrecognizable. It's not like I'm a public figure anyway. I'm always in the kitchen. I grin as I step into the shoes she found, heels that give me another three inches in height. I stand taller than the floor length mirror. An unrecognizable woman stands there, her face painted heavily, her eyelashes so long, and a red wig to boot, with waves bouncing freely on my shoulders. I whistle and smile as I turn.

"Yes, you make a beaut," Sasha says as she grins at me. "Now, let's debut the new you in the right setting."

I cringe when Sasha pulls into South End Delight. She laughs at my reaction. "Might know folks here?" she asks with her brow lifted.

I take in a few deep breaths before exiting the car. What if I run into Rick or Terri? Sasha waits for me to gather the courage to walk to the front doors. We feel the beat of the music before we enter the place. I blush heavily as people look at me because I'm a freak show. There are other drag queens here, thankfully. I never thought I'd be thankful for such things, but here I am paying retribution for my asshole behavior. Sasha grins as she marches me around. Oh shit! Terri is dancing with a tall red-headed man who sports a full beard. She never acted interested in drag queens and I hope she'll just ignore me. I'll die if I see Rick. I've got a plan to tell him Sasha dared me to dress like this, so I did. Maybe he'll believe that. I hope she wouldn't tell him the truth that she caught me wearing panties.

"Fuck me, Bret, is that you?"

I turn, horrified at hearing his voice. Rick is there with April on his arm. He's laughing at me.

Sasha steps up enjoying the reaction. I clear my throat and give Sasha a look. "Yeah, the little lady here dared me to dress up, so we could go out as a couple," I say and clear my throat again.

"Yeah, I have a thing for big butchy women, but I like my women pretty too," Sasha says.

Rick just laughs at me and I don't blame him. I'm trying to play like I'm enjoying it, but really, I feel the need to prove how much of a man I am to Sasha. She giggles as we traipse to the dance floor. "Maybe I have a little lesbian in me," she says as she squeezes my ass. The words shock me and I'm not sure if she's just saying it or if she's serious.

I pull her to me, the dress, the heels, the panties, all making me experience something new. But I'm thrilled to find that her sweet body pressed against mine turns me on. She looks down and cocks a brow. "I see we're happy tonight," she says.

I groan as I press her to me, to my raging stiffy. The dress hides nothing and when we dance apart, there's no mistaking I'm sporting a hard-on for her. She's delighted by it and presses into me, rubbing up against me. "What are you doing to me," I say and moan.

"There is more. The night is still young. I have one more thing I want us to do, then I'll destroy the pics. But you need to do it like a good sport," she says.

"Anything," I whisper in her ear. I want her badly now, my cock throbs in anticipation of a fun evening ahead. I'm not sure what else she has in mind and at this point, I don't care.

After arriving back at her place, I want to take off the dress, but she doesn't let me. "You can bend over the bed, keep everything on though," she says.

I frown and shake my head, but I do as she says. Bending over the bed isn't an easy task as I'm so tall in the heels, but she insists I keep even the heels on. She

disappears inside her bathroom and comes out a few minutes later dressed in a black teddy. If it's possible, my cock grows even harder and longer. She's grinning and shakes her head when I start to stand.

"No, stay there and take it. Once this is done I'll delete the photos."

What's done? She lifts the dress and I smile. The panties fall to my knees. I chuckle until I hear a whirring. Before I can jerk my head around, she shoves it into my asshole, pegging me with a vibrator.

"Fuck!" I squirm as she's jamming it and out of my bunghole.

"It's okay, I lubed it first," she says as if that makes a difference.

I squirm more because, well, nothing has ever entered my asshole, ever. It's an exit only. But she's shoving it in and out, fucking me as if it's her cock. "I just want you to know what it feels like being a woman. You wore the dress, the panties, the heels, the makeup. Now you're being pegged in the ass. It's all for your curiosity and pleasure," she says.

She reaches around and slides her hand over my cock. I lurch forward, it's hard and squirts pre-cum now. I blow out a big breath as my world rocks from what she's doing. I moan, the pleasure surprising me. I thought I'd get to fuck her, but now I don't want her to stop what she's doing. This is different. I buck in and out of her hand, enjoying the sensations rushing through my body. She giggles and keeps both the vibrator and her hand moving in unison. I groan louder and louder and just when I feel like I'm about to lose my load into her hand, she pulls her hand back quickly and yanks the vibrator from my ass.

I whimper, wanting the release. She giggles as she shuts off the vibrator and pitches it to a towel on the dresser. I stand up, the erection hurting, my cock dripping with precum.

"Aw, you are disappointed I didn't bring you to completion?" she asks as she steps to me.

I nod and whimper. I don't let this stop me as I pull her to me roughly and plant my lips on hers. She willingly opens her mouth and lets me prod her oral cavity. I groan and pull her to me. Her hands roam over my body. She moans and shoves me back.

"Now, turn around is only fair. You can have my ass as long as you give me a reach around," she says as she bends over the bed. The back of her teddy is bare, her ass shines up at me, nice round cheeks. I grab her flesh and squeeze as she did me earlier on the dancefloor.

"Lube is on the dresser," she says breathlessly.

I waste no time as I lurch for it and smear a dollop on my cock head. I groan as I squeeze my fingers over it. I'm so turned on I could just about get off with a few passes of my hand over my cock.

Sasha juts her ass out at me as I approach her with my lubed cock in my hand. Her slit is soft and warm, and she bends so her anus opens to me. I groan as I penetrate through her tight hole, her body squeezing around my cock. I can't go

slow, I don't want to go slow as I press all the way in quickly and my balls tap on the bottom of her ass cheeks. She moans as I reach around, and my fingers find her stiff little knob and swirl over the sweet spot. She arches her back in unison with my thrusts. I keep my fingers moving furiously over her clit, causing her to moan louder than me now. I groan as I press in and out, faster and harder. Fucking her ass feels so good, I can't control myself. I pump on, harder and want to make her come first. She's close, her body quivers around me, her back arching as she cries out in ecstasy. Suddenly, her anus squeezes harder around my cock and it's damn near impossible to shove into her. As she arches her back, I cry out, losing my wad inside her ass, finally. I pump with fury as we ride the waves of pleasure together, until she shoves my hand away. I lurch forward and thrust into her for a final few pumps and I'm spent.

I lean over her, catching my breath. My cock slides out easily, leaving a trail of cum at her back door. I chuckle as I've left my man-mark on her.

Sasha straightens and laughs at me. "Your face, oh my," she says. She motions for me to follow her into the bathroom. Before we hop into the shower, I pull off the clothes and she rubs makeup remover over my face. Once we're in the shower, all the humiliation washes down the drain. The steam envelopes us as we wash each other, the bubbles making us slick. I pull her to me, enjoying feeling her warmth against my skin. She reaches up and entwines her arms around my neck.

"You know, Bret, I didn't think it would end this way," she says.

"End?" I rear back and peer at her, wondering why she said that.

"Yeah, with us doing it like this. I figured I'd peg you and you'd stomp out of here, because you're disgusted with me," she says.

"No, not disgusted. Intrigued. You're surprising, Sasha," I say.

"As are you, Bret, as are you," she says and giggles.

THE END