



SISSY

NYMPHO

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION
SCARLETT STEELE



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Sissy Nympho

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I can't help but blow out a large breath as I walk up the steps to apartment 224 where Kat lives. My best friend, Dale, set me up with this new chick thinking I needed a date with a hot woman. He claims Kat is piping hot, with long auburn hair and curves that won't quit in all the right places. I'm not holding my breath. The last doozy he had me take out on a blind date ended up being a mousy little thing, too scared of everything in the city. I understand making sure your date is clean and healthy, but her insistence on going to the clinic for a checkup before she'd even let me hold her hand was too much. I mean, shit, I'm not a disease-ridden character. I stand on the fact that my body is as healthy as it can be.

A hot lady opens the door and for a second, I'm stunned. "Uh, is this where Kat Parsley lives?" I ask. The drool nearly dribbles carefree from my opened mouth.

Full lips painted a deep mauve stretches into a smile as crystal green eyes peer back at me. The splattering of freckles cross her nose and cheeks. She requires very little make-up because her natural beauty shines through. The body hugging dark green dress hits mid-thigh showing off long shapely legs standing upon a pair of strappy golden sandals.

“Yes, and you must be Troy?” she says and opens her door.

“Indeed. Are you ready to head to the theater?” I ask stupidly. She’s so mesmerizing, I can’t think straight.

“What’s the rush, dear. Sit, have a drink first. Let’s get to know one another,” she says as she saunters over to the liquor cabinet and pulls a bottle of white wine from the rack. I merely nod, unable to give sound to my voice. Anything she wants is hers.

“Thank you,” I say as I take a seat on the chair. She sits on the sofa, leaning forward and crossing her silky-smooth legs.

“Dale says you’re an office manager at Elk & Burtons Investments,” she says.

“I am. And you are?” Dammit, what did Dale say she did for a living?

“Maître D for Smitty’s On The Lake.” Ah, the snooty dining establishment that only took patrons with reservations and the waiting time for those without was

astronomically long.

“I’m sure that is a great job,” I say absent-mindedly. Only the richest and most influential dine there.

“Well, it is. It’s a job, pays well and I can take care of my bills,” she says as she laughs nervously.

Small talk and a few giggles later, we finish the wine. “I suppose we should head to the theater,” I say as I stand.

I feel like a man who just won the lottery with the beautiful woman on my arm as we stroll along the sidewalk. We decide to walk the twelve blocks to the theater since the night is warm with a nice breeze.

I scarcely pay attention to the play as I keep a sideways eye on the beauty beside me. I mean, she’s gorgeous and hot all rolled into one. I don’t know why Dale wouldn’t drop his girlfriend and hit on this chick, but I’m thrilled she’s here with me. During the play, her hand taps on the arm rest and I can’t help but take hold of it.

“It’s about time,” she says with a smile. I grin because she’s that interested. Tonight, might be a lucky one.

At the end of the play, she glances at me while leaning in. It is just natural for me to meet her and our lips brush sending a thrill through my chest and straight to

my trousers, where my mister-mister stands at attention. Oh yes, he does.

When we give a standing ovation, we brush against each other, her soft skin leaving gooseflesh flashing down my arm. I want to take hold of her and press her to me while giving her a passionate, sloppy kiss.

Outside, Kat is giggly and hyper as she takes hold of my hand. We stroll along the dim storefronts, catching the store displays. She had a love for colorful artsy things, stopping to admire a chair cushion in tropical blues, and then a lovely yellow stone set in a charm hanging from a necklace on a mannequin.

Our hands swung, and suddenly, Kat turns to me while jumping in front of me. Her arms encircled my neck and her lips found mine, as did her tongue. Instantly, I react and pull her to me, our bodies melting into the other in a frenzy of heat and passion. It takes me by surprise, but I go with it, she's so desirable. We stumble back and into an alley with a small alcove for the store around the corner. Once there, she yanks heartily at my trousers button while I lift that short dress above her hips. The thongs, she's pulls to her knees and my cock bobs before us. Our lips tackle the other and she turns around, bending slightly with her hands against the wall. I take her, right there, right then. Her fingers shove between her legs as she tickles her clit. Her moans are loud, and I match her as I sink balls deep through the soft warm folds and into her tight pussy from behind. It doesn't take long of slamming into her until we're both breathing heavy, the moans coming in loud and strong and our bodies move in unison as we allow the pleasure to crash over us in the heat of the moment. These are the best kinds of fucks, fast and furious, spur of the moment, fuck hard. I groan as I squirt the last bit of cum into her quaking pussy, and then pull out quickly.

After we pull on our underwear and pants, she turns to me with a big smile. "There, I want to get that out of the way, you know, release the tension. Now we can have an enjoyable evening."

I shook my head in disbelief after the encounter in the alley. This hot woman wanted to get our first time out of the way so we could enjoy the rest of the evening.

“Come in, the night’s young,” Kat says as she pulls me through her door.

Hell yeah, I’m in. “I, um, wow,” I say as I ran my hand through my hair. I can’t help but smile as she walks around and pours us another glass of white wine.

“Go ahead, get comfortable. I mean, I’m sure the shoes are a bit uncomfortable.” Kat sits on the sofa and of course, I settle beside her and pull off my shoes. I’m not sure when the evening will end, but like she said, the tension has been released.

“You’re amazing,” I say as I glance at her.

“Cheers. Ditto,” she says and holds up her glass. I love a take charge woman. She surfs the TV and finds a movie we both like.

Ahem. “Do you do this with every man you date?” I am curious.

“No. Only the ones who give me an instant physical attraction. Not all are like that. Some don’t even make it to first base. Consider yourself lucky,” she says and winks.

Damn, she's fucking hot. After the movie, she yawns and stretches. I figure that's my signal and I sit forward and reach for my shoes. "I suppose I should head back home," I say.

"Oh? You don't have to. Stay. Hey, I enjoy relaxing in a tub of bubbles with a glass of bubbly. Come on, join me?"

Join her in a tub of bubbles? "Um, okay." You don't have to ask me twice. I'm male and at full staff again, fuck! After she pours two glasses of champagne we head to her bathroom. The water fills her large tub and bubbles burst from the surface. I settle opposite of the naked beauty while we relax in the steamy tub and drink the champagne. By now inebriation sets in and my cock bobs as her foot snakes up my leg and discovers it. Her brow lifts.

"Oh? Someone is hot and horny again?" She waggles her brow.

"I'm always hot and horny," I say.

After she pulls the plug, we rise from the water, our bodies wet and sudsy. She hands me a towel and I dry and fasten the towel around my waist. She pitches hers to the dirty clothes hamper. Her hand grabs mine and we head into the bedroom. I lose the towel because my cock is poking out from it. She shimmies down my body, while I'm standing at the foot of her bed. Nothing is said as she grasps my cock and slides her beautiful lips over the head, sucking me to the back of her throat. I groan, surprised I have it in me to do this again so quickly.

Suddenly, my body quivers as I blast into her mouth. Kat glances up at me, her mouth sucking my cock and swallowing until I'm done. I blow out and stumble to the bed, needing a refresher moment. Kat smiles as she crawls on the bed and settles back on the pillows, her legs open with her lovely muff glistening at me, inviting me. This is tit for tat, and she's about to be tatted.

I groan as I settle between her thighs. She smells of bubble bath and the faint taste of soap bubbles greet me as I merrily lap between the warm soft folds, the very same place where I came into earlier in the alley. My tongue finds her hard knob and I suck the little member through my lips, my tongue darting over the head, causing her to moan and grind her ass into the bed. My hands find her mounds, soft and warm and I massage and tweak the nipples, driving her crazy. Suddenly, she's fast with the bucking orgasm that shudders through her body. My tongue keeps pressure swirling over the extremely hard knob, until she breathlessly shoves me away.

After that, we snuggle in her bed and thus starts a wonderful relationship. The next morning, Kat climbs on top of me and rides me like we're running from danger. Our lovemaking takes on a frenzy and she leaves me never waiting, never horny for too long at a time. When we go out, we screw like bunnies before we leave and then we explore each other again when we return. The passion is hot, and I don't grow bored with this wonderful woman. She's as much into sex as I am.

We make our way to the movie theater, having met at a barbeque restaurant for dinner because both of us had worked late. We didn't have time for our pre-date fuck, so we enter the theater and find out seats a little bit horny. During the movie, her hand slides down into my pants and grabs my growing cock. I moan quietly, trying to look as if I'm just really into the movie. Her hand slides with precision within my pants and in the dark theater, no one notices. The seat beside me is empty, thankfully. She's sitting on the end and the only lights are the dimly lit bulbs along the floor. I come as quietly as I can, filling my jockeys with cum. She giggles as she stuffs a napkin from the popcorn in to sop the mess. She's

wearing a skirt and I return the favor and I'm delighted to find a bare muff under the skirt. I lift my brow as she grins at me and settles back with her legs open, giving my hand free reign through her warm soft slit. My fingers dance through the folds and circle over the hard knob until she comes with soft moans.

"You know, I really love your apartment. I mean you have room and it's really nice considering it's a basement apartment," Kat says as we walk through the door of my place after the very satisfying movie. We take turns staying at each other's place when we go out.

I smile as I give voice to a thought I've had for a while. "You know, we've been dating for four months. I can't see this ending, at least not anytime soon. If ever." I waggle my brow as she smiles and nods in agreement. "I think it's time. Let's move in together."

"I thought you'd never ask," she says as she hops onto my lap and nuzzles her face on my neck.

Within two weeks, Kat moved out of her apartment and into mine. Her things fit nicely, as she sold most of her furniture and only brought a few items and her clothes and such. She's the first woman I've lived with since I moved out of my parents' home my freshman year of college. I've been a bachelor for a decade and now, suddenly, my home is filled with all these feminine things. At first, I joked about it, poking fun at all the girly items. But now, I'm drawn to her things, like powerfully.

After a shower, Kat pounces into the bedroom wearing only the towel. Wet footprints trail back to the tub. I always dry in the bathroom; she walks around dripping wet.

“You realize you leave water everywhere,” I say as I chuckle while she’s rifling through her drawers looking for underwear.

Straightening, she furrows her brow. “Did you do laundry yet?”

“I am working on it,” I say. “It’s in the washer now.”

“Oh. Guess it’s a commando day then,” she says.

“About the drops of water?”

She tilts her head at me. It’s hard for me to stay angry with her. “I don’t dry off because it’s better for my skin and yours too if you just allow the water to dry naturally. It soaks into the skin giving it good hydration. Once I’m dried naturally, I moisturize. It’s what gives me the silky soft and smooth skin,” she says and winks.

Yep. She’s right. One of the first things that attracted me to her was her soft silky legs. “Okay, since you put it that way, please continue,” I say.

“I plan to,” she says as she steps inside the closet.

It’s Saturday and she’s working the lunch and dinner crowd, leaving me at home

to twiddle my thumbs until she returns. Not really on the thumb twiddles, I'll find something to do.

“Bye, love,” she says as she kisses my cheek. I squeeze her hand and then pop a playful slap onto her ass. She jumps and feigns a fake yelp and hurries out the door.

Turning back to the apartment, I walk through picking up more dirty laundry and when I reach the bathroom, I stuff the clothes into the hamper. Her panties are on the floor, pink and silk with soft lace on the waistband. I love her in these, in fact I bought the pair for her one day when I was out shopping for my own underwear.

I move the clothes from the washer to the dryer and start to add the dirty clothes to the washer. My hand lands on the pale pink silk panties. I pause and put them on the dryer while I load the remainder into the washer. Inspecting the tag on the silk panties, I see they are delicate cycle. Probably, most of her underwear is delicate cycle, at least the silk ones. I dig out the fine washables and wait to do a separate load with just the silk clothing.

I smile as I run my hand over the fine silk clothes once they are dry. Another hour and my love will walk through the door. She's normally tired on nights like this, as the restaurant stays busy. She stands at her station and shows the customers to their tables. It's a grueling job that she does while wearing nice clothing which includes heels. Even though she's every bit a nympho like me, she'll be too tired to party tonight.

About fifteen minutes before she's due home, I fix the tub with hot bubbles and pour a glass of red wine. After lighting the fat candles around the ledge of the tub, I await her arrival. I shed my clothes and pull a towel around my waist and

pour a glass for me as well. If she's tired, that's fine, I can relax in the tub with her while she unwinds to a glass of red wine.

"Oh baby, you know how to cater to me," Kat says as she steps out of the heels. I toss my towel to the counter while she undresses, and then I help her into the tub. She sinks back, a smile stretching across her weary face.

"A nice relaxing bath will always rejuvenate you," I say as I hold up the glass of wine.

She holds hers up and we cheer. "Or it relaxes me into a puddle of jelly." She slides down, allowing the water to encompass her completely up to her chin. Her shapely slender legs relax on me as I massage her feet. I take good care of my love and she appreciates it.

An hour later, we're both prunes and I rubbed her feet while she dozed. She comes too and finishes her wine before rising from the tepid bubbles. In bed, we snuggle, naked and fall asleep. I'm good with it, because in the morning, we both have the day off and it will be sunny and hot under our covers.

"Beautiful, good morning, how did you sleep?" I ask as I roll to her.

She smiles and yawns and stretches. Without saying a word, she grins and crawls under the covers and sucks me dry. It's a good morning!

I return the favor, of course, as I crawl under the cover to her moist muff, ready

for me to swirl my tongue through the soft warm folds until she shoves me away with a smile of deep satisfaction on her face. It's how we roll. It's a give and take. We work our way around the sexy times from oral to anal, to straight up sex. Sometimes we do mutual masturbation, or we hand each other. There's no limit to our sex life and that's what I love about our relationship. I especially like the times when the spontaneous takes over and we get off in some odd places and in odd ways.

I hate the down times, the times when either she is working late and too tired, or it's just me. I do the occasional late night when we have deadlines and I don't come in until after eight or nine. At least we both respect the other enough not to push when we're that tired. Like I said, we make up for it in more than one way. And I'm rarely horny, unless it's my day off and she's not around, then I'm horny. I've stopped masturbating, because I don't need to. She keeps me very satisfied, because we do it so much. Even when she's on the rag, we use our mouths and hands and her boobs to fuck each other. It's all good.

On the rare occasion she's away at work and working a late one and I'm bored. I get horny when I'm bored and before Kat came into my life, this is when I'd masturbate. I'd pull up porn on the computer and enjoy rubbing one out while watching some quick flick. It wasn't really a habit, but I did it way more often than I do now. In fact, I don't do it now. Except today, I'm horny and thinking about it. Porn almost feels like cheating on Kat and I don't need the guilt. Then I remember the laundry, oddly.

Her silk panties beckon to me, a black pair and a red pair with black lace. I can't help myself as I pick it up out of the dirty clothes hamper. My woman likes to dress fancy right down to her panties. She's hot as hell in these and now that she's at work and I'm here alone and horny, I can't help it. The two pair reek of her scent and my cock grows increasingly hard. Before I realize it, I'm out of my clothes and rubbing one out to the scent of the panties. Afterward, because it will be at least five more hours before she's back home, I slide into the red and black pair and wash the solid black pair. Oh my! I'm thrilled by the feel of the silk

against my weenie.

I peel out of the panties and pitch them to the dirty clothes hamper a half an hour before Kat returns from work. My love is tired and weary, and I fix a bath just for her, as I'm finishing some work on the computer.

"I thought you would have done that already," she says as she wants me to join her in the tub.

"Oh, I got caught up in cleaning the apartment and doing laundry," I say and smile. "Sorry, sweetie. I'll try tomorrow night to be available for our bath." I wink at her as leave her to the hot steamy tub full of bubbles, the candles flickering around the ledge, the glass of wine perched beside a dry washcloth.

She doesn't take as long a bath as she would if I were there in the tub with her. The water drains with a great glub-glub and she appears in the bedroom, wrapping the terry robe tightly around her body. Water droplets run down her legs. Her brow furrows.

"I thought you did laundry?"

I look up and shut the laptop, the work finished. Smiling, I nod. "Yes, I did. Already folded and put away too," I say.

"Why are my red and black panties still in the dirty clothes hamper then?" she asks.

Uh-oh. I goofed. “Oh, I must have left the pair in there when I grabbed the clothes out. I just used a basket and pulled the clothes out of the hamper. I’ll get to it tomorrow morning. Unless you need it now?” I ask as I start to rise from the bed.

“No, that’s okay.” She shakes her head and found another pair. I can tell it bothers her, because I’ve always just carried the small hamper into the laundry room and I’ve never pulled the dirty clothes out and put into a basket. It’s not my way. She’s onto me I believe. I need to be more careful.

I keep thinking about how Kat’s panties felt on me, how free it was, the soft material, the kinkiness. It starts a habit, while she was at work, I wear her panties. I must be careful because when she is home, she’ll want to bathe with me. Or we’ll get naked and have some sexy fun. I don’t need her finding out I am wearing her panties. I wear her panties almost every day for the couple of hours she was at work and it isn’t enough. I want more time in the panties without being caught. I grow sneaky when I’m preparing for work, I’m dressing in the bathroom. Before I slide into the trousers, I reach for the silk panties in the dirty clothes hamper and slide into the cool pair fragranced with Kat’s essence.

It becomes a habit, as I dress in her panties every day. Since she’s on the lunch and dinner shifts, she never arrives home until hours after I have unless I’m working late. I try to be careful and not let that happen. I wear her panties at work and walk around with a stiffy as the fabric rubs me just right.

I find in wearing the panties, I’m suddenly feeling more feminine. Maybe there’s something to this wanting to be feminine. Why can’t men be feminine too? I mean, I don’t want to fuck a man, I still want to fuck a woman, but I’m enjoying feeling pretty.

I bring a fresh bouquet of flowers and set the fragrant vase in the corner of the tub. New candles line the back ledge in different sizes. A new fluffy white rug graces the floor, and I bought us matching terry robes, hers in pink with black monogram of her name and mine is black with pink monogram.

“My goodness, Troy. I feel like I’m the one that put this together,” Kat says as we sink into the tub.

“How so?” I ask as I hand her a glass of blush wine.

“I mean, the candles, the flowers, the wine, the robes. Most men don’t think this far about stuff like this,” she says as she sips her drink.

“What? I’m perfectly capable of doing fun things like this. I really enjoyed shopping for the candles and robes. The fresh flowers were an afterthought. But a nice touch, huh? It matches the décor in here,” I say as I smile proudly.

Kat chuckles. “I guess so. It’s just that my, well, um, gay friends do things like this, loving it,” she says.

“Now, that’s not fully true. I know some manly gays,” I say.

“And I know some butchy women who are straight, but the majority are gay, am I right?”

I laugh and shake my head. Wine, I need wine before I spill my guts about the panties. After we finish the bath, Kat frowns as she pulls on a pretty pink pair of panties. My favorite pair, which means I can wear it tomorrow. “What’s wrong, dear?” I ask.

“These panties are stretched out. Hmmm, I wonder if I’ve lost weight. I don’t think I have. Could it be the washing machine?”

“You know, it could be. I try to wash in delicate cycle. I’ll pick up some of that fine washable detergent tomorrow. Maybe that’s what it is,” I say.

The next day, I’m happy to pull into her panties, a floral pair with lace trim. It’s a new pair that I haven’t worn yet. Going through the day I keep a smile on my face. I work late, forgetting what I’m wearing and when I come home, my love is there, pulling me into the bathroom, knowing how I enjoy a nice hot bath with her. When she helps me undress, she’s shocked to see I’m wearing her new panties. Now I’m boned.

“What is this? Are those? Are those my panties?” she shrieks. I’ve heard her shriek while mad a few times and this is it. Her face reddens and I try to turn it around.

Grinning, I step to her and turn around. “Don’t you find this incredibly sexy and erotic?” I say as I buck my pelvis out to her.

“No! You idiot, you’ve ruined my new panties. You’re the one wearing my

underwear. I was going crazy thinking it was my fault they stretched out. You said nothing. You let me think I was gaining weight, or we did the laundry wrong,” she yells.

“Calm down, I didn’t mean anything bad by this. It’s a surprise. Surprise!”

She shakes her head fast. “No! It’s not a surprise. You got caught. Dammit!”

I’m taken aback by her reaction. “Honey, don’t you see? I enjoy your muff so much, I get a rise by wearing your dirty panties. It’s very much a turn on to me. Don’t worry, I’ll buy you new ones. I thought you’d get a kick out of it too,” I say as I furrow my brow.

“Well no, I don’t get a kick out of it. It’s one thing if you want to wear my panties to ask my permission. It’s quite another if you wear them and never say a fucking word about it, making me think all sorts of things had gone wrong. You lied about it,” she says.

This time I shake my head. “No, sweetie, I didn’t lie,” I say.

“Stop patronizing me. You lied, plain and simple. Had you asked, I might have said yes. But probably not for my new pairs, like the one stretched across your ass right now.”

Damn, she is pissed. “But I didn’t lie about it. I just didn’t tell you. Maybe I was a smidgen ashamed about it,” I say as I hold up my finger and thumb with a

small space between.

“You think? You should be ashamed,” she says as she grabs her robe and storms out of the bathroom.

“Wait! Where are you going? We have the bath...”

“I’ll shower in the guest bath,” she says as she disappears around the corner.

Oh fuck. I’ve done it now. Damn. I pull out of the panties and pitch the pair to the dirty clothes hamper. May as well step into the tub and not waste the hot water. I slide in and instantly feel relief. The shower in the other bath starts. Too bad. I grab my glass of wine and down it, then I reach for her glass and down it too. May as well, since she’s not here to enjoy it. The shower stops and she’s in the bedroom, rummaging around. I’m not sure what’s going on. I want to call her in here, but then I don’t need her yelling at me again. I have a plan. I’ll buy her a dozen pair of silk panties along with a dozen red roses and promise not to wear her panties again, unless she wants me to wear it.

The water swirls around the drain, bubbles chasing the funnel. I grab my black robe and pull it around me. Kat’s not in the bedroom. But there’s a big note taped to the dresser mirror.

Troy,

I’m sleeping in the guest room. Please leave me alone tonight.

Kat

What have I done? I give her the space she needs as I crawl in bed alone. The next morning, I find Kat isn't home. She sends me a text.

I'll be out all day. When I come back, we're having a talk.

I only respond with an Okay. Spending the day without her is so hard, I can't hardly stand it. I'll do anything to make it up to her. I'm not sure what will happen, but when she finally makes it home, she's smiling and carrying bags that she takes to our bedroom. When I try to follow, she turns to me.

"Nuh-uh. For me to know and you to find out. No peeking," she says cheerfully.

"You mean you have a surprise for me?" I ask. Now I'm totally confused at the change of events. She nods and shoos me away.

"Sit," she commands when she returns to the living room. I obey and peer at the woman of my dreams, hoping she'll allow me to make it up to her somehow.

Ahem. "I want you to promise me you'll never wear my panties without my permission," she says, her brow lifts. I nod eagerly.

“I promise.”

“Tonight is an initiation that you mean what you promise. You do everything I ask you to do and all will be forgiven and tomorrow we start anew,” she says.

“Whatever you want me to do I will do.”

“Good. Follow me,” she says.

I rise and follow her to the bedroom, my cock already standing at attention.

“Remove your clothes.” She also removes hers. I can’t believe my awesome luck. “Here.” She has me sit on the edge of the bed and shoves a blindfold over my eyes, the kind people use to block light when sleeping. I grin.

“I’m ready, honey, whatever you want to do,” I say.

“Lie down sideways on the bed, on your back, head right here,” she says as she pats the side of the bed. I make myself comfortable and groan in anticipation. My cock bobs straight up, already dripping with pre-cum.

“Now, don’t fight and don’t stop until I scream with an orgasm,” she says.

What the – suddenly the scent of muff fills my face. Before I can react, she settles her nakedness over my mouth and wiggles.

“I’ll move when I come, now make me come,” she demands.

Fuck! My tongue dutifully laps through her soft folds and finds her member already hard. Moaning greatly, she grinds over my face, lifting and moving in a way so I can catch my breath. She may think this is a punishment, but I’m all about her pussy.

“Mmmm,” I moan as my tongue works the magic.

“Oh, you like this?” Kat says as she breathes heavy, her moans following her words.

“Mmmm-hmmm,” I say with muffled words through her luscious slit.

She grinds even harder, not lifting as if she wants to punish me. I struggle to breath, her body’s weight on my face, the juices flowing from between her lower lips. It tastes delicious, smells wonderful, but – I – need – air.

I push her with my hands until she lifts and gulp in a large quantity of air.

“Oh no you don’t,” she says spitefully and settles back on my face.

I know she means business; she's not going to lift until she gets off. I don't want her thinking of this as a failed punishment on me, so I take it and move my tongue with giant swirls, pressing in on her hard nob. She groans and she's getting closer. My tongue keeps moving and I'm needing air. I give it everything I've got and right before I black out, she growls and her pussy quakes on my face. She comes hard, bucking up and down, and groaning loud. I take every opportunity to gulp more air while keeping my tongue on her clit, until she's finally done, and rolls off me. Then we both breathe hard catching our breath.

I recovered first, now that I've paid the piper, I growl as I sit and roll to Kat. Her eyes widen as she giggles and tries to scoot away from me. I'm stronger and faster and grab her legs, pulling them to my shoulders.

"Oh, come on baby, you deserve this," she coos.

With my cock in my hand I ram forth penetrating through her soft hole, the same hole that was resting on my face moments earlier. She moans as I shove in balls deep. The soft lips squeeze around my cock and I groan as I pull back and slam back in, hard. She takes it, like a big girl. I fuck her fast and furious as the cum builds in the base of my shaft. Her moans come faster, and she grinds her ass, moving in rhythm with me. She comes just before I spill what I have into her hole and together we rock through the waves of pleasure, moaning and moving as one. Finally, I'm empty and she collapses back on the pillows. I pull out and lie beside her and pull her into my arms.

Kat lifts her head and peers into my eyes. "You know, Troy, despite the fact you're a perv with my panties, you're a good sport," she says.

“Hey, I’m no perv. Just hot for your muff,” I say, and we laugh. “I promise I won’t wear your panties again.”

“Good, and maybe I’ll let you once in a while, but not long enough to stretch it out.”

“You know, sitting on my face works. I enjoy a good dose of muff.”

“That can be arranged. I enjoy sitting on your face too. Though it surprises me, I thought you’d fight me more.”

“I nearly did, but once I gulped air, it was good.” I waggle my brow at her. Pulling her close, we kiss and then we fall sound asleep.

THE END

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