



SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

PUNISHMENT

A Tale of Sissification, Feminization and Transformation



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Sissy Punishment

A Tale Of Crossdressing, Feminization and Transformation

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I set the heavy box down and swipe my sweaty brow as I look around. Belle was the one who came to me first with the idea of us sharing an apartment. She and I started hanging out when we were fourteen years old. We'd sneak behind her neighbor's shed and smoke a doobie every now and then. While she dated others and so did I, we never dated each other. Just friends always and forever is what she said to me on the night we graduated high school. You see, I had it in my

mind to celebrate with her in hopes of busting through our friendship with celebration sex, thus rendering both of us from our virgin status. Sadly, it didn't work out and she never knew of my intentions, even to this day.

College was another story. Girls and sex and partying was a part of the rite of passage into adulthood. She graduated from upstate with a degree in computer programming while I graduated from our very own hometown college with a degree in education. Of course, she moved back to our hometown right after graduation, and in with her parents which she hates. She called me one afternoon out of the blue.

“Jaron! Meet me at Farley's Burgers please,” she said.

I ran, I mean, Farley's is right up the road from the little dingy studio apartment I had rented since the beginning of my junior year in college and just a block from both the college and Farley's. Of course, I wanted to see my high school best friend. We'd kept in touch, often meeting on holidays for some party fun. But again, nothing ever transpired. Not that I tried this go around. Either she had a college boyfriend, or I was dating a girl from around here.

“I am not living with my parents. I can't.” She looked at me from her vanilla milk shake. After grabbing my hand, she smiled brilliantly. “Let's get an apartment together.”

“Seriously?” I asked. I wasn't sure how to take it.

“Yeah, I mean we've both finished college. I have my job on the computer at home, you will start work in the fall coaching. We can live together for a year or

two and save up to get the homes we really want,” she said.

Homes. She means separately. I nodded as my mind considered all the nice apartments in town. “Sure, why not. I have summer camps and practices, I’m already on the payroll. I think it’s time I upgraded my living circumstances,” I said.

“Yes, it is,” she said and grimaced about my studio apartment. It did look like a room from a roach spray commercial.

We searched for the perfect apartment for two weeks and finally, with summer coming on and people leaving because they had graduated and were moving on, we scored the perfect one. It has two bedrooms with two baths plus a patio that overlooks the pool and private parking spots. I love it. We signed the one-year lease and started moving in yesterday.

We enjoyed furniture shopping at the secondhand store to save money. We needed living room furniture and a few pieces for the bedrooms. We also found the sweetest little patio set so we can enjoy barbecuing outside and have a couple of friends over, or just enjoy it by ourselves. The pool is far enough away a crowd there won’t bother us and yet close enough we feel we have a pool in our own backyard. The pool is in the very center of the courtyard with a tall chain-link fence around it, blocked by crisscross strips. So, people sunbathing won’t have people in the apartments ogling them and vice versa. It’s a very nice set up.

Belle brings in a crate and we both exhale as we take a breather. “After all this, we should call in for pizza and beer,” she says.

“That sounds wonderful. I’ll get the beer and you call in for the pizza,” I say.

After we finish moving and arrange the furniture, I take off for the liquor store and she calls the pizza joint. It’s been a long day and I’m bushed. It’s been so nice reconnecting with Belle though. I’m excited about what the future holds now that she and I are connected at least for a year. She’s a fun gal and I always had fun with her.

“To us and to a great year ahead,” Belle says as she holds up her bottle of beer to me. I clink it and agree.

“Here, here,” I say.

Our first Monday morning rolls around. Because I’m a coach and school doesn’t start until September, I’m able to be at home. Belle’s job has her working from home, so we develop a nice morning routine right away. We sit on the patio drinking out morning coffee that Belle made for us. She bought the one-cup coffee maker and the little k-cups which tastes as good as the bistro down the street.

“Look at us, sitting out here like a retired couple. The only thing missing is the morning paper for you to pour over and comment on politics,” she says and laughs.

I shake my head. “No thanks. I read the news on my news app on my phone. Not really interested in politics except during a voting year. They just fight it out amongst themselves anyway,” I say.

Golden strands glint from the sun on Belle's beautiful auburn hair. When down, it trails to her elbows. She currently has it twisted in a bun atop her head and no make-up and she's gorgeous. I mean, breathtakingly gorgeous.

And so, our days go by lazy and comfortable. Did I say comfortable? I mean, for Belle to dress like she does around me and wears no cosmetics, I feel she's very comfortable in my presence. She doesn't need the face paint, but she'll sure wear it when she goes out. I tell her too, but she thinks I'm just blind.

I realize while we're out on the patio during a lazy morning, watching a thunderstorm roll in with the pool quiet, how I could spend the rest of my life with her. It dawns on me as I peer at her across the little patio table that I have a mad crush on her. She's deep in thought with one leg pulled up and her coffee in her hand resting on the arm of the chair. She breathes in and out, and I want to crawl in her head and see what she's thinking about. She catches me and smiles, one that lights my world.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

She means why am I staring at her. I can't let her know how I feel. It might ruin our friendship and that's the last thing I want to do.

"Ever have one of those moments where you were going to say something and totally lost the thought?" It is a lie, but I can't risk admitting to this just yet.

"Oh yeah. Old age is hitting you," she says as she sips her coffee and giggles.

“Old age? I’m only two months older than you,” I say as I almost spit my coffee.

“Yep, older. Key word. Old man. Forgetting what he’s supposed to be doing,” she says and scrunches her nose at me. It’s an endearing thing she does when she’s joking.

“Excuse me?”

“Better not lift a seat cushion and take a piss because you forgot where the toilet was.” We laugh like crazy at the little jokes.

“It’s okay, since you are so much younger than me, you can clean it up. You’d do that for me, wouldn’t you?” I wag my brow at her.

“Gross. You know, I started out as a nursing major, but changed it to computer science because I couldn’t handle the thought of body fluids.”

I just shake my head at her. Of course, my mind is going there. Sex. Body fluids. One of the messiest yet wonderful things about life.

“What?”

“You don’t like sex then?”

“What? Why? Seriously, Jaron. That’s different than a sick person peeing and pooping and vomiting. Bleeding. Yuck! That’s the kind of body fluids I don’t want to touch,” she says and shakes her head. A smile finally cracks again on her beautiful face and all is well between us.

I don’t think I’ve seen Belle wear anything but old tee shirts and shorts for weeks. She’s gorgeous in the old clothing. Each worn piece caresses her curves just right. She doesn’t realize what it does to me and how the simplest of things turn me on.

“I’m so happy to work from home. I think I could become a hermit if it weren’t for the fact that soon I’ll land a job and I’ll need to go shopping for business casual. Blah,” she says. It surprises me even more that she’s so incredibly down to earth than she was in high school. I called her the lipstick queen because she was always dolling up with make-up that she carried around in her purse.

“Why are you shaking your head?” she asks.

“Just remembering the lipstick queen. What happened to that girl? I thought you’d love the opportunity to shop for clothes and doll up,” I say.

“College happened. We didn’t exactly take the world by storm when it came to clothes. It was all about comfort and I actually love it.” She grins at me and I admit fully I love it too.

It happened all too soon. The same company Belle had worked from home for

hired her at a different office, but wanted her to come in to work, at least for three months.

“Okay, shopping time,” she says the Saturday before she goes to work.

I busy myself with football plays for the team and when she returns, she’s all set with ten new outfits. I sigh as I’m going to miss her during the days. I have another eight weeks to go before school starts.

For the first few days, I try to keep occupied. My buddies come over and we swim in the pool. I go to school and start working on my classroom and office. I visit my brother-in-law in the town near us when my sister is away at camp with their daughter. It’s enough to keep me busy for a few days, but my heart yearns for Belle and she leaves for work before I get up in the mornings and by the time she comes home, she’s worn out and just wants to relax in a bubble bath and then we watch TV or she’s chilling in her room reading a book.

I get up right when I hear her leave. The sun is out and it’s hot. I don’t even want to swim. I pad around the house missing Belle and wander into her room just nosing around. The worn-out shorts and an old sports tee shirt rests over the back of her desk chair. Bringing the clothes to my nose and sniffing makes me feel like she’s right here. Before I know what I’m doing, I’m shedding my tee shirt and shorts. Her panties are folded neatly in a pile along with her socks in a laundry basket by the closet. I grin as I step out of my jockeys too and pull on her panties. I mean, why not? It’s like she’s close to me. Her tee shirt fits snugly, but it’s worn and stretch out, so she won’t notice. The shorts are the same and really her hips are larger than mine, so I’m not stretching the pair out as much as I thought I would. I smile as I walk through the apartment and take care of a few daily chores. Having her clothes on my body makes it seem as if she’s home and every breath I take I smell her. My cock is keenly aware of being in her panties as I swell just thinking about where the crotch has touched on her. Before she comes home in the evening, I take off the clothes and replace it just

as I found it on her chair, and in the clothes basket.

The next day I do the same thing realizing I've started a habit. Today her clothing is tucked away in her drawers and I need to be extra careful in replace it once she comes back home. She's not a neat freak, but she might notice if something is amiss in her room. In her down to earthiness she merely stuffs the panties and socks into the drawer haphazardly. At least she won't notice if something isn't right where she put it.

It becomes routine. What I love is how Belle comes in from a long day's work and she immediately changes into a pair of shorts and tee shirt, shedding the cute work outfits almost the second she steps foot in the door.

"It helps me relax," she says as she settles in front of the TV and we share a pizza while watching our favorite reality TV shows. She showers each morning and starts out fresh in the business clothes.

The next day instead of heading to her dresser, I head to the dirty clothes hamper and fish out the shorts, panties, and tee shirt she wore the previous night. My cock extends exponentially when I sniff the panties and her raw scent is still all over the pair. I excitedly pull the pair onto my body; I'm giddy with revelation that the fabric has been against her sweet muff before being washed. I'm a naughty boy as I plod through the day wearing her dirty clothing. I don't care that I do it because no one will catch me. Belle's at work all day and I'm home alone enjoying myself a little too much.

Her panties stretch over my stiff cock, the fabric rubbing me just right. I blow out a deep breath as I've gone as long as I can and now I need to take care of things. Of course, it's better in Belle's room. I come out of her shorts and settle on the bed. She won't notice, surely. I groan as my hand rubs over the outside of

the panties. I want to rub the silk into me because it's been next to her sweet pussy. I need the release as I rub faster and harder until soon, I'm lurching forward, creating a slathered mess within the panties. Afterward, I peel out of the pair and rinse it in the sink. I really don't think she'll notice if I make sure the wet pair is stuffed within a shower towel from the night before when she does her wash.

"Say, Jaron, I have a rather odd question to ask you."

"Sure, shoot," I say as I settle back in the recliner with the remote in my hand pointing at the TV. Belle had come home and after dinner took a bubble bath.

She grimaces and looks down at her lap, as if she's fumbling for words. Her eyes swing up to me. "Are you like wearing my clothes or anything?"

Uh oh, I'm in trouble now. I look her square in the eye and shake my head. Years of having an older sister taught me the basics in lying to keep from getting into trouble. "No, why?"

"They're stretched out. Like I don't know. I haven't lost weight or anything. Maybe they're just worn out," she says and shakes her head. "Forget I mentioned it."

Ouch. The fact that she's noticed gives me a little bit of a start, but not enough to stop doing what I've been doing. I'm a sicko through and through and keep doing it, because I'm bored, because I miss her and because when I'm bored, I want to masturbate. It's more fun to masturbate while I'm wearing her panties and lying in her bed. I can't help it as I continue doing it every day. The more I

do it the more I want Belle. It's a sick obsession and I can't quit. For a week we are good, she says nothing to me about it.

I'm up earlier today as Belle is preparing for her job. She appears in the kitchen wearing the cutest blue denim dress with strappy sandals. I smile as I gaze at her desirable body. I can't wait for her to leave so I can do my daily wearing of her clothes and masturbation session. "You look lovely," I say.

The smile on her face stretched more in a straight line than in the normal up-curve. "Thank you," she says with gritted teeth. I wave it off, perhaps she has something on her mind.

"Have a good day, dear," I say as she walks to the front door.

She turns to me before turning the doorknob. "Will you be home tonight?"

"Actually, I have plans with my friends. I'll be home before you go to bed though. Why?"

"Oh, no reason. Have a good one, Jaron," she says and disappears out the door.

My day goes as normal, I pluck the dirty shorts and tee shirt from the dirty clothes. For some reason, the panties are all the way at the bottom and a little damp already from the washcloth and towel. Normally the panties are with the clothes. I shrug and slide into her clothes despite the icky feel of the damp panties. The pair smells more like her bath soap than her, but I still want to get

my jollies in her clothes. The plus side of it is that the panties are already damp, so rinsing them afterwards won't strike an alarm with Belle.

After masturbating, I peel out of the frothy panties and quickly rinse away the evidence. Back into the hamper it goes all the way to the bottom. Since Belle hasn't mentioned it again, I figure I'm good.

I meet my friends at Chuck's Downtown Bar, and we enjoy a couple of beers and some men time. I limit the drinking since I'm driving, and I don't need a DUI on my record because that would be in violation of the school contract. I'm careful like that.

It's nearly ten when I come in having left my friends at the bar. The temptation to drink more was high and I didn't want to risk it. No one there was a designated driver. They promised they'd call a cab instead of driving home.

"Have a seat," Belle says when I walk through the front door.

I do a doubletake because normally by now she's in her bedroom reading and preparing for sleep. I smile and sit opposite end of the sofa because she's putting off strange vibes. "What's up?" I ask nonchalantly.

Belle points the remote at the TV and on the screen blooms a picture that horrifies me. I'm the star and in her bedroom, bending over her dirty clothes hamper. I swallow hard as she peers at me watching it. I am speechless. My clothes come off and I step into hers. I leave the room and she fast-forwards it until I return on the screen. Of course, it's my daily routine, I dress in her clothes, do things around the house and return after the panties have rubbed my

cock just so. Strangely, as I watch it, my cock grows, because she's always watching it, watching very second of the nasty things I do. I peel out of the dirty panties and disappear in her bathroom and return to stuff the pair back into her dirty clothes hamper.

Belle clicks off the TV and pitches the remote to the coffee table. "At least you rinsed my panties before returning it to the hamper," she says with gritted teeth.

My hand rubs over my scraggly face. I need a shave. Blinking and staring forward, I know I've really messed up with her.

"Belle, I'm... sorry," I say as I wave my hands.

"Sorry? Jaron, what the fuck? I asked you a week or so back if you were doing this and you blatantly said no. You looked me in the eye, and it was a ball-faced lie. Why did you fucking lie to me? Why?" she asks. Her face reddens and her eyes are also red, like she's on the verge of tears. I don't blame her one single bit.

"I'm an asshole," I admit.

"That's an understatement. I just, I'm floored that you would do something so sick and disgusting," she says.

"I... I don't know what to say. I'm sorry. I was an asshole. I'm horny all the time. I fucking have a thing for you, but I would never admit it until now that

is,” I say while turning to look her in the eyes.

“You’re horny and you have a thing for me. That’s your excuse for doing this and for lying to me?”

“It’s an excuse yes. Boredom. I missed you. I’m a perv. I don’t know. I wasn’t out fucking the lady up the road on the corner. I wanted you. I had an urge and followed it. I was wrong,” I say.

“Would you have ever admitted this to me?”

“Probably not. I got caught so yeah, confession time,” I say.

“How long have you been doing this?” Her voice is bordering on being shrill.

“About a week or so after you started working away from home,” I admit.

“Oh dear.” She lowers her head and shakes it.

“Look, Belle, I don’t know what you want me to say. Yes, I did this for a long time, every day. Yes, it was a bad thing. No, I wouldn’t have admitted it to except for being caught. But now I’m utterly ashamed and so incredibly sorry. I’m a jackass of the nth degree. You didn’t deserve for me to do this. I will take you out and buy you all new shorts, tee shirts, and panties. You can choose what kinds no matter the cost. I promise never to do this again. I’m so sorry,” I say.

“Fuck you, Jaron. No amount of apologizing will help now,” she says.

“Please, I’m begging you to forgive me for this,” I say.

“I don’t... I’m trying to decide if I should kick your ass out of here or if I should leave,” she says. Her breathing is quick as she looks like she wants to hit me.

“Please, no. Please don’t leave and please don’t make me leave. We have a good thing here,” I say.

“Maybe you fucking did. But not me. You better believe you’re buying me new underwear since you stretched mine out, asshole,” she says.

“I will. I will buy you double the number of panties I ruined,” I say.

“Ruined. It’s not that. It’s what you did. You jacked off in my panties on my bed. Every day, you say? I mean, I’m a little afraid of you,” she says.

“I would never hurt you. I would never lay a hand on you. Please, Belle, you know me better than that. You’re my best friend.”

“Fine way to treat a best friend. I just can’t believe this. Not from you, not my best friend.” She turns to me and the hurt and anger on her face is obvious.

“I’m so sorry. What can I do to make it up to you?”

“I don’t know. All I know is right now I want to hit you and leave.”

“You can hit me. Please, if that will make you feel better, but don’t leave.”

Belle sits forward and huffs out a breath. “I need time to figure this out. I don’t want to even see you right now,” she says as she stands and marches to her bedroom, leaving me sitting alone in the living room.

She doesn’t come back out. I stand at her door and lean my forehead against it. My heavy heart breaks for all the shit I did to her.

“Belle, I’m so sorry. I’ll do anything to make it up to you, anything,” I say. She’s moving around in there, so I know she hears me.

Finally, I go to bed. She doesn’t leave in the middle of the night, thankfully. I’m so happy to see her the next morning. It’s Saturday and she’s conducting herself as she always does, making coffee, popping a pan of cinnamon rolls in the oven. Normal stuff. I’m very tentative as I approach the kitchen.

“Morning. Coffee’s done. Rolls will be in twenty,” she says, and she moves past me with her cup in hand and heads back to her room.

After the timer for the rolls ding, she returns and motions for the bar stools. I obey and sit with my coffee and roll. I figure it will be what it will be and brace for it.

“Since you proclaimed you’d do anything I say to make it up to me, it starts now. For the next twenty-four hours, you will be my bitch and you will do exactly as I say. Agreed?”

I take a quick sip of my coffee and nod enthusiastically. “Agreed. What will you have me do?”

She grins and points to the kitchen. “I want this place to sparkle. I have some errands to run, so when I return, it better pass the white glove test.”

“Just the kitchen?”

“The whole apartment, including my bathroom. Do not touch my clothes or anything in my bedroom.”

“Okay, can do,” I say and grin.

She returns later and nods. “Follow me,” she says.

In her bedroom, she pulls a pair of clean shorts, tee shirt, and panties from her dresser. The clothes are the ones I’ve worn before. “Put these on,” she says as

she hands the outfit to me.

I do as she says and I'm in familiar clothing once again. She has on a pair of shorts and a cute tank top. "Come on, we're going out for dinner," she says. "I'm driving.

Out? I start to panic. She didn't say anything about going out and I'm dressed in her clothes. I mean the tee shirt can pass, but the shorts are a pair of old faded dark pink shorts. And her panties. Now the humiliation sets in. I follow her because I want her forgiveness and I told her I'd do anything to earn it.

We walk through the courtyard of the outdoor mall to Tarket's Grill. The server gives me a strange look while seating us at a table on the patio. We're where people can see us as they walk through the mall and courtyard. Of course, humiliation. I'm aware of the panties and my cock grows. In her panties and shorts, it leaves little to the imagination. Belle notices and giggles.

"Yeah, sorry. A reaction to wearing your clothes and being so close to you," I say.

Ahem. I keep my hands in front of me until we are seated. The tent poking up between my legs won't tame. I fear my cock will snake out of the panties and through a leg hole, because she gave me the shortest pair of shorts she owns, which also happens to be the pink pair.

"This is a delicious meal, don't you think, Jaron?" Belle asks. She's taking her ever loving time in eating. I scarf down the plate of brisket quickly in hopes that a full belly will encourage my raging hard on to go back down.

“It is,” I agree.

She throws her napkin down. “You’re buying the meal. Go pay for it, then we have some shopping to do,” she says as she thrusts the ticket into my lap.

“Really?” I ask.

“Or you can leave,” she whispers.

“Okay,” I say and stand. My hands go down to hide my damn crotch. She’s snickering behind me as I struggle to pay the check. My wallet causes the shorts to hang down, since there isn’t a back pocket. Perfect.

“Now, shop.”

“Do we really need to shop right now?” My eyes are wide as they swing to my crotch.

She looks at my middle and smiles as her brow lifts. “Yes, now. You promised twice the number you ruined, remember?”

I blow out a breath and nod. Follow her, keep my hands in front of the tent in the pink shorts. Don’t make eye contact. We stroll into a department store with a

huge women's section.

“Okay, now, you go over there and find ten pairs of panties. I want them to be the same or better than what I had. You know my size, if you don't, I suggest you go to the restroom and look at the tag on the pair you're wearing,” she says.

“Wait, where are you going?” I ask. A lump forms in my throat.

“Oh, I have some shopping to do elsewhere. Just buzz me when you've purchased the panties,” she says, her voice high and chipper. She bounces on her heels and pivots, leaving me at the edge of the ladies' section.

I keep my eyes averted. Women are crawling through this area. A few young ladies giggle as I walk by. My hands shift as I try to will my damn cock to go flaccid. No use, the mannequin at the lingerie section wears a skimpy negligee and I can't help but imagine that on Belle. I brush by and head to the panties. Oh no! There are so many different kinds, different colors, brands, and fabric. Shit, I'm lost in here.

“May I help you find something?” The older lady looks sternly at me over her glasses. Disapproving by the way her mouth refuses to smile.

“Um, no. I am buying stuff for my girlfriend. I don't need any help,” I say as I avoid making eye contact.

“Well, I'll be around should you need anything,” she says and walks to another

section within the lingerie. She's keeping a watchful eye on me.

The panties before me are a sea of wild colors and textures. I walk around as though I know what I'm doing, fingering the fabric. I'll pause when I find some that feel like hers. Oh fuck, damn cock is so hard I feel blue balls coming on. After finding the racks with the panties, I choose ten pair, in different colors all in her size. Of course, I had memorized Belle's panties and know exactly what size she is.

"Will this be all?" the same sale's clerk asks as she scans the panties.

"No, I'm good," I say. I just want this over with. The woman is slow and takes her time folding each pair and placing it neatly in a bag, the kind of bag that looks like you receive as a gift. I don't give a damn. I want to shove the ten pairs in and walk away. My card takes a minute to authorize. My foot taps impatiently as I stand against the counter, thankful for the cover of the pink tent at my middle.

"Here you go. Thank you. Please know there's no refund if the panties are worn," she says.

"I sincerely hope not," I say as I grab the bag and thrust it in front of my crotch and walk as fast as I can out of the department store. Once I'm outside, I pull out my phone to call Belle. She comes at me from the store, laughing her little ass off at my expense.

All the way home, Belle keeps looking at my crotch and laughs.

“What is so damn funny?”

“You. I was hiding in the clothing and watching you the entire time. I wanted you to feel humiliated like I felt when I discovered what you had done. Classic, I loved every minute of it,” she says. She laughs so much her eyes are tearing up.

“Do I need to drive?”

“No, silly, I’m fine. You’ve provided me with an abundance of entertainment today.”

“Well, I’m glad my punishment is so entertaining for you,” I say as I grit my teeth.

She reaches over and playfully pats my knee. “Oh, lighten up. Be glad that I didn’t kick your ass out. Be glad that I gave you the chance to make it up to me. The day isn’t over, there’s still more to come.”

At this point, I can’t imagine. When we arrive back home, she takes the bag of panties from me and pulls out a few, inspecting it. “Very nice. Thank you,” she says as she giggles again.

Her body calls to me, the way she sways her hips and wiggles her shoulders. I can’t take it another minute. I grab her shoulders and push her against a wall. She isn’t fighting me as she peers into my eyes. I don’t ask, I simply dive in and

press my lips against hers. I taste her tongue as her arms snake around my neck. She's receptive and I pump into her through the clothes.

"Let's take this to my bedroom," she says between kisses.

Once there, we come out of our clothes. I approach her and she wags her finger at me. "Not so fast, I'm still in charge here, you're still my bitch. Now bend over the bed," she says.

Okay. When I hear the whir, I tense. Sure enough, it's what I think and.... "Oof, fuck!" She shoves the vibrator into my ass and moves it slowly and methodically.

"You so badly wanted to be me by wearing my clothes, I want you to know what it feels like being fucked," she says as she shoves the device faster and faster. I groan as my damn cock squirts pre-cum onto the side of her bed. Fuck me. She won't let up, until she does. The device remains whirring in my ass as she sits on her bed and opens her legs.

"Now fuck me while the vibrator remains in your ass. You can remove it once we both come," she says.

Even though I feel odd, a warmth floods through me as my hand goes to her muff and finds her hard knob. I discover all this has turned her on as much as it has me. She's receptive and wet and moans as I twirl my fingers over her clit. Suddenly she growls.

“Fuck me now.”

I penetrate her, piercing between the soft warm folds and shove until my vibrating balls are tapping her on her ass. I can't hold back as I pump into her, my cock extends and the cum fills the base, ready for the explosion. Before I take the plunge, Belle beats me as her pussy squeezes around my cock, the quakes making me teeter on the edge. Another moan from her and her tight nipples brush against my chest and I lose it. I pump fast and hard as I lurch forward filling her pussy full of my man sauce. We rock together through the pulses of pleasure until I'm empty and she's limp in my arms.

After I pull out, she grabs me to her, and we relax on the bed. Good thing because I'm out of breath as I yank the vibrator from my ass and toss it to the floor. She giggles because it keeps whirring. I hold her to me, her naked body still quaking from the powerful orgasm. When we've caught our breath, she sits and retrieves the vibrator.

“Thank you, Jaron, you've been a good sport. All is forgiven now,” she says as she makes her way to the bathroom and starts the shower.

No way am I letting this be our last time. I follow her, I want more of her. She turns to me, drawing me to her as we explore each other's body again.

THE END

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