

A Tale of Crossdressing and Humiliation

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## Sissy Ridiculed For His Shortcomings - A Tale of Crossdressing and Humiliation

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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 women trail in one by one, many who are overweight and lack in self-confidence. A sexy hot woman, to me, is one who is comfortable in her skin no matter how much she weighs. When Arthur's Gym put out a job posting for a gym class instructor, I was hesitant to apply for the position. My aim is to own a gym so I can do whatever I want, be it a personal trainer or teach classes. Being fresh out of college with a degree in health and fitness didn't leave me a lot of options. Student loans took precedence over the ability to get a loan for my own business. That would have to wait. Arthur offered me a full-time position with

good pay and benefits if I would take on a flexible schedule. It means I have classes scheduled throughout the day and evening, with blocks of time off in between. I'm good with that since I don't have a wife and kids, yet.

Arthur drops by as he glances at the gym room filling with overweight females. "Looks like a good crowd, Bart. I didn't want to tell you this until we established you as an instructor, but I'm paying you a percentage above your pay for each member of your class! It's a perk of the job and to entice you to stay with me. I know you aspire to have your own gym. I kind of like you and want you to stay here," he says. He winks and waves. "Have a good day."

I'm shocked and reeling. "Um, sir? Thank you! Right now, I'm quite happy here. This is a pleasant surprise. You do indeed take good care of your employees," I say as I beam at the man.

"You do a superb job, Bart. Keep it up," Arthur says and disappears around the corner.

The women are chatting amongst themselves and when I walk through the door they turn to me with brilliant smiles on their faces.

"Oh, we have a buff instructor," one says as she lifts her brow in appreciation. Then the others join her in the ooing and aaahing over my presence.

I want to say, "Ladies, there's enough of me to go around." But I don't. That wouldn't be proper. Instead, I smile.

“Hello! I’m your instructor Bart Collins. I’ll be working with you over the next six weeks. Let’s go around the room introducing ourselves,” I say trying to ignore the way they ogle me.

Not all the ladies have a weight problem. I have them tell us why they are taking the class. The biggest majority take it for weight loss, which is fine. Diet and exercise are the best way to lose the weight. A few are taking the class because they want a better body, they want strength and muscle building. That impresses me.

“Okay ladies, we’re going to start slow and easy and build up to a proper workout,” I say as I turn on the music.

“Just like we like it, dear,” says Olive Chambers. She must be nearing seventy and a flirt to boot. She winks at me and claps her hands as several of the others agree with her. I blush, a deep fierce heat that rides up my chest and over my face and neck.

“Ah, Bart is cute when we embarrass him,” Sheila Hamby says.

I can’t win for losing with these broads as I shake my head and grin.

“Come on ladies, minds on your body and goals you’ve made. It’s why you’re here,” I say as I start marching in place and encourage them to mimic my moves.

They peer at me like I’m a piece of meat. I’m the buff dude helping them to

achieve fitness goals.

“You single, honey?” Elsa asks.

I regard the mid-fifties woman who has bleach blonde hair and who probably wants to lose a good fifty or sixty pounds. Again, I grin and look down. “Yes, ma’am,” I admit.

“Oh, for all you single ladies,” she says and giggles.

I’d say that more than half are married. Another who has a voice that comes from years of smoking asks a question that makes me blush even more. “You ever heard of Mrs. Robinson?” She winks.

“Yes, I have. No, I don’t,” I say as I shake my head and wag my finger at her. I’m trying to be up right and proper and these ladies are treating me like I’m the prize at a bachelorette party.

I finish and go about my business. The ladies come in twice a week and every time it’s like I’m the prize. They go on and on about my muscles, my looks, etc. If only they were closer to my age and single, then I’d probably take better notice.

I look at the roster and realize one lady, Tilda, is thirty and single. She has short brunette hair that hangs to her shoulders and turns in a soft wave. Her dark brown eyes always peer at me as she works out. I try to make eye contact with

each lady. It's a way of making each one feel special and to know that I notice them. It's also a means of keeping the class under my control. Tilda is the only one who captures my attention.

I walk to her after class on the second week. She's busy adjusting her shoes and picking up her bag. A few people don't leave their bags in the locker room. Her bag has a giant T on the front.

"How are you doing, Tilda?" I ask casually. I'm interested in her.

She pulls up and glances at me. "Um, I'm fine," she says and offers a tentative smile.

"I mean, how's the class going for you," I say, correcting myself because my question threw her.

"It's good. Thanks. I am enjoying it," she says and smiles bigger.

"Good." She's one of the few who doesn't need to lose weight but is taking the class for the sake of exercise.

"I notice you seem to keep up and do the workout with a little more, eh, gusto," I say and nod.

Tilda giggles. "Yeah, I've been working out before. I like to switch up my

routines. I do strength training on Wednesdays.”

My brow furrows. “Oh really, I’ve not seen you in here. Unless you’re here in the afternoons while I’m on my off hours.”

“Exactly. I come in at two and train for an hour. I’ve not seen you around either. I thought maybe you just work on mornings.” She’s pulling away from me.

“Yeah, I work full time here, only I work mornings and evenings. Arthur gives me great benefits to be here and no pursuing my own gym,” I say.

“Ah, I see. You have an official degree in fitness?”

Now she’s wanting to talk to me. “Yeah, I have a degree in health and fitness,” I say proudly.

“Oh, maybe you could advise me on a healthy diet sometime,” she says.

“I can. My minor is in diet and nutrition. I received an associates in that and went on to achieve the bachelor’s in health and fitness.”

“Are you wanting to be a coach or a PE teacher?”

We're walking toward the lobby now as she slows so we can chat. "No, education wasn't something I wanted. My aspiration is what I'm doing. I want to eventually own a gym and run it. But for now, Arthur is good to me and I'm saving for the day when I can put a nice down payment on my own place." I nod to her, smiling.

"Well, that's nice. I'm glad I'm in your capable hands. Do you teach any other classes?" she asks. I love she's asking me questions.

"I do, I teach high impact aerobics as well as being a personal trainer. I have groups that I train in that respect for now. I need to prove myself first before I can take on individuals," I say.

"Good to know. Perhaps when I'm done with this class, I'll sign up for one of your others. I've not worked with a personal trainer yet. When will you be able to take on individuals?" Her eyes peer at me, boring into me, making me blush.

My heart quickens at her question. It feels like she's interested in me, though I'm about five years younger than her. Age when an adult doesn't matter. "Probably in the spring or summer. Arthur wants to see how well I handle the load I have. A lot of it will boil down to the clients like of me. I'm hoping I'm leaving a good impression."

"You are. I'm impressed. I'll request you," she says as she touches my arm. Her eyes sparkle at me as we reach the door.

"Thank you," I say as I hold the door open for her.

“You’re welcome, of course. See you later,” she says and waves as she strolls toward the parking lot.

I whistle as I prepare for my next classes. I believe I have a crush on Tilda. I look forward to Thursday and seeing her again. Maybe I’ll ask her out.

Now that I’ve admitted to having a crush on Tilda, I turn into a silly school boy in her presence. I’m a twenty-five-year-old man who is established with my degree and a good job. I should be over this by now. She walks to me while beaming.

“Have you talked with Arthur about taking on an individual for personal training?” she asks.

Her question throws me. “Um, no I haven’t. Like I said, that will happen this spring or summer,” I say. I gulp as my nerve is slowly deflating to ask her out.

“Maybe I should say something to the man? Would that help?” She’s really wanting me to be her personal trainer. I’m afraid now to ask her out, afraid she’ll take it wrong and will withdraw from me altogether.

“No, not right now. I mean you can say something if you really want, but I don’t think it will do any good. Arthur is into me proving myself now,” I say and grin. I don’t want to jeopardize my job.

“Okay, how about you take me on as a personal trainer, just you do it on your own time. Like meet me up here at say one?” She’s truly desperate for me to train her.

“I wouldn’t be allowed to use the gym equipment for doing something on my own time,” I say.

“Even if I invite you to do so?” She peers up at me, intent on making this happen.

“I think that would jeopardize my job. I can’t risk it.”

“What about we meet at Thurms across town?” She wags her brow at me.

Thurms is a gym across town. “Oh no, if Arthur heard I was doing personal training at the competition, I would lose my job instantly. May I suggest signing up with Linda or Carl?”

Tilda grimaces. “For one, I don’t care to have a woman personal trainer. I get along with men better. And no offence to Carl, I prefer not to work with the man. Clear enough?” she asks.

“Well, you’ll need to wait, or join one of my training groups,” I say.

“Nah, I’ll wait,” she says and winks as she picks up her bag and walks away.

After setting the bag on the bench, walks into the weight room and starts her weight training.

I wish I could help her. I stand in the shadows and watch as she lifts the weight, working out her body. She's very disciplined and muscled. My cock stiffens as I watch her. I want her. I need to come up with the nerve and ask her out.

Instead of asking her I chicken out. I'm disappointed in myself. I'm acting like a scared teen instead of an established adult. How silly can I be? She leaves and I'm standing here looking like a coward because I couldn't make my lips move to ask her the question. I wasted an hour of my time off on my inability to ask a proper lady out on a date.

The next day is class again. Tilda is the only woman who captures my attention. The other ladies continue with their banter about how buff and strong I am. I could probably turn any of these ladies into a Mrs. Robinson if I so choose.

"How's the class coming along?" Arthur asks.

I chuckle. "I dare say I could have a time with any of the women in there. They constantly flirt. I must ignore them as best I can to remain professional. It's as if they want to conquer me," I say.

"Ah, trust me, just ignore them. Your job would be on the line if you took them up on the offer." Arthur laughs.

“Am I allowed to date a client here though?” I ask.

“Anyone in mind?” Arthur is curious.

“No one in particular. There are a few single good-looking women who show up. I am a red-blooded male and of course I notice. I don’t want to step out of line if there’s a no dating a client rule here.” I hope I have covered my tracks well.

“Oh, I don’t mind that. Just don’t go taking older women up on sexual escapades, unless you have a full desire to date one. Be careful there,” he says as he pats me on the back as he walks away.

I am still tongue tied when I have class. Tilda talks to me about working out, but nothing more comes up. After class she heads into the weight room having left her bag on the floor. I go to pick it up and take it to her and the bag is slightly open. I notice the clothing wadded in the opening and right on top is what appears to be a pale blue pair of panties. I don’t give it a second thought as I pluck the pair up and stuff it into the pocket of my athletic shorts. It causes a noticeable bulge so I leave her bag and high tail it to my office to stuff the pair into my own gym bag. I leave and whistle as I head home for my block of time off until.

I pitch the pair of panties onto my dresser and head out to run errands. I barely have enough time to head back to work that evening. I nearly forgot I had taken her panties until I got home later that evening. I put in late nights and need to be up early the next day.

After my shower, I head to the bedroom. Normally, I watch a few minutes of TV

and it lulls me to sleep. This time I reach for the panties and settle my naked ass in bed. A fierce blush rides across my face as I bring it to my face. The panties were on her body while she sweated, they still feel damp. Perhaps they stayed damp from being in her bag for a while. Ahhhh, the musky scent of muff brings on an instant erection that throbs beyond all reason. I lie back on my pillows, covers throw back, and straighten my legs before me. My cock stands at attention, long and hard. It only takes two strokes of my hands to cause the pre-cum to form on the tip. I groan as I breathe deeply, inhaling the scent of Tilda's muff. My hands move faster over my cock, more pre-cum helps to slick it up enough for me to squeeze over the head and rub down the shaft. I groan as the cum builds in the base of my cock. I imagine my hand is Tilda's cunt and stroke harder and faster until suddenly, my cock explodes. I buck up and down on the bed, my hand squeezing fast as the orgasm seizes me. Groaning loudly, I thoroughly enjoy the process, I'm aware of cum dropping onto my belly because I squirt a lot. I keep going until it runs dry. Then I relax and allow the last quakes rush through my pelvis. I moan from the pleasure that was better than most jack-off times. The panties do a wonderful job for me in that respect.

The alarm rings too soon the next morning. I'm still lethargic from the great orgasm last night. I had enough energy to towel off after and I flicked off the TV and light and fell asleep with Tilda's panties on the pillow beside me. Every time I rolled over, I caught a whiff of her sexy scent. I want more of her, I want to date her and more than anything I want to fuck her. I want to fuck her hard.

When I rise to dress, I reach for my normal jockeys and athletic shorts and gym logo tee shirt like I always do. My eyes swing to the panties on the pillow. I have in mind another jack off session tonight when I come back home. My body has other things in mind. It's as if my cock controls me. I stroll to the bed and pluck up the pair before my brain can protest. I pitch the jockeys back into the drawer and shut it. The silk panties slide over my feet effortlessly. My man package binds to me nicely, the silk fabric stretching over it like a well-fitting glove. I smile at my reflection in the mirror, enjoying the new look. The chuckle escapes as I slide into the athletic shorts and tee shirt. I think nothing of it as I put on my socks and sneakers. Just another day for gym work.

I whistle all the way to work. Walking into the gym I smile secretly knowing I have done something naughty. No one knows what I'm wearing under my shorts. The silk rubs me just right as I walk around the gym. I have a training group before class with the ladies. I'm not sure how I'll react to Tilda since I'm wearing her panties. My cock grows stiff just at the thought of wearing the silk panties and knowing the last time they were on a body they were against Tilda's bare muff. I want her more than ever and yet I know there was no way I'll be able to ask her out if I am wearing her panties.

Surprise rings through me as I glance up from having helped the ladies' group with training. I bend down beside an older lady helping her adjust the equipment. Tilda's eyes bore through me, her penetrating stare catching me off guard. She narrowed her eyes as she peers at me, her face devoid of a smile. I smile and wave at her from across the room. She lifts her chin acknowledging my greeting. At least I have that. Finally, I finish with the group training and make my way to the ladies' class.

As usual, I'm greeted by a round of hellos and ogles. I'm used to it by now. The ladies love it when I flex my muscles and brings out a few whoops. I chuckle and clap my hands to cause the ladies to settle down and pay attention.

The ladies look at me expectantly and eagerly await the music and their workout. Tilda stands in the front to the left of the ladies. Her eyes are on me intently. I squirm a little under her scrutinizing stare. What is she trying to say to me with her demeanor? It's a distraction and I don't need it right now. I need to do a good job with the workout and please the ladies.

The room has a full mirror across the back wall. I stand in front of it so the ladies can see themselves during the workout. As a courtesy, the door is always closed and no one else is allowed inside while he's conducting a class. I bend over in a

stretch, my palms touching the floor. Many of the ladies can't do this, but they try. Tilda can but she's watching me more than exercising. I want to ask her what's up, but I don't want to interrupt the session. The ladies have paid, and they all deserve my attention to completion of the workout.

Once the music picks up the beat after the initial warm up, I focus better on the moves. The ladies have come a long way with their ability to move well and keep up with the workout. It's a cross between dance and free exercise. I make it fun and they laugh and have a good time. At least all are except for Tilda. She has a burr in her panties or something. And that reminds me, I'm wearing her panties! I wonder if she even noticed last night they were missing. I chuckle as I move. Boy, wouldn't it be a hoot if I told her I was wearing her dirty panties and that I even jacked off with them on my nose last night. I wonder if she'd be pissed or pleased? Some kinky women may find that as the compliment it is. I'm just not sure about Ms. Tilda. Right now, she seems pissed. Maybe it's rag time for her and she's just generally mad at the world. I smile her way, but she doesn't return it. I smile at the other ladies and they do return it. My sweet class.

I wind down the intensity and slow for the cool down. The moves are slow and precise, gentle and relaxing. After the last breath, we are done. I clap and smile.

"Nice work, ladies," I say. I start to pivot away.

"Wait! Stop everyone!" Tilda shouts. We all freeze, all eyes on her.

"What?"

She rushes forward to me, her hand yanks down my athletic pants before I can

react. She doesn't just pull them down a little, she yanks hard and forces them to my knees. I quickly reel and yank them back up, but too late, every lady in the room saw.

"I knew it! Yesterday someone stole my pale blue silk panties from my gym bag, which was left in here. I thought I saw these on him earlier while he was working in the equipment room. Did you see it? Did you see?" she asks with her hands splayed out by her side. The laughter starts small, and then it picks up. She howls and points at my crotch.

"Oh my, should we be doing this?" asks Mrs. Ellington. She is one of the ladies who often flirts with me.

"He stole my panties ladies! He is a fraud; he is no he. He's a she. You saw it with your own eyes. Little priss is strutting around here like he's some sort of big dog and he's teacup at best," Tilda roars as she continues the laughing fit at my expense.

I'm horrified by the whole thing. Humiliated and beyond reproach now. Hurt by her words and actions, I shake my head and back to the door.

"Look at the eenie weenie, he's trying to hide his tears. What's a matter cry-baby? Did you pee your nappies and needed a quick change? I'm sure I would have said yes had you asked like a proper lady." A couple of the ladies are laughing with her. She keeps jeering at me. Some are trying to hush her.

"You win, Tilda. I'm sorry. I'm excusing myself from this class. I'll have Arthur send a replacement," I say and duck out of the room fast.

I leave the second level and make a bee line to my office. Luckily or not, Arthur isn't around. Debbie is at the front desk, and the other two gym instructors are busy doing their things. I may or may not take on my evening classes. I want to vomit. Hiding in my office should be easy as Tilda doesn't know where it's located. Neither do any of the other ladies. Swallowing hard, I sit at the desk and wonder about my future at Arthur's gym.

I lower my head to my desk; things are so jumbled in my mind I'm getting a headache. First, I know I am wrong for stealing Tilda's panties and wearing them today. That's what got me caught. I deserved what she did to me, but I'm not sure that I can ever show my face again, especially to the ladies. Several were laughing right along with her. I'm not sure if they think I have a tiny dick or if it was just funny what she did to me.

A rapid knock at the door startles me. I jolt up and rush to the door thinking it's Arthur and he's found out and has come to offer me my walking papers. When I thrust the door open, Tilda is there.

"Bart, please, may I come in?" she asks.

I look down the hall, my lips stay in a tight line. "I guess," I say as I step back to my desk.

Tilda quietly shuts the door and pulls a chair from the little table in the corner. She sits beside me behind my desk and faces me. Here we go.

“Listen, Bart, the ladies all agree to keep this quiet. They aren’t going to say a word to anyone about what I did or about you stealing my panties.” She looks at me.

I squint at her. “Okay. Thank you? And, um, I’m sorry I stole your panties. It was wrong of me. I’m a disgusting perv. I deserved what you did,” I say as I shake my head.

“Sorry you’re caught no doubt,” she says.

“Sorry I did it, period.”

“Okay, thank you for the apology. The ladies are keeping quiet if you agree to finish their classes.”

I nod, curtly.

“Now, as for me, you did me a dirty. I liked you, Bart. Why did you do this?”

“I like you. I’m a dumbass. I don’t know. I lost the will to ask you out properly and seized the opportunity to be naughty instead.” I shrug.

“Okay, now you’ve got the ladies’ silence, but you don’t have mine,” she says.

“So, you’ll tell Arthur then?”

“Well, I will if you don’t make it up to me. I mean it’s a bit unnerving to have your panties stolen and then worn by the pervert the next day. I figured what I did in front of the ladies was step one of the punishment. I have more in mind. Are you willing to make it up to me?”

“If I make it up to you, you’ll not say anything to anyone else?”

“That’s right, baby. Come to my house, I believe you have my address on your roster. I plan to give you a complete makeover. You want to wear my panties; I’ll add a nice dress and heels and make up your face for a full-on drag queen experience. Then we have a date and you’ll be my girlfriend, just for the evening.”

“Drag queen?” I gulp hard. I’m a manly man and not some sissy.

“Yes. And if you don’t do this, I will tell Arthur, faster than you can blink.” She stands and smiles. “I’ll see you tomorrow evening at my place at five. You have a date as my girlfriend. If you don’t show, I’m making a bee line to Arthur. Ball’s in your court.” With that she leaves me sitting at my desk, reeling from my choices.

At least she’s giving me a chance. At least I can save my job. I’ll have to face the ladies Tuesday. I’m sure I’ll get through it just fine. It’s like taking nasty tasting medicine in order to get better. I’ll swallow it and smile and get through it with my head held high. At least I have redemption and can keep my job. I’m an idiot though. I deserve this. I don’t know what came over me to steal her panties and

do all the nasty things I did in the first place.

I inhale several deep breaths before knocking on Tilda's door. She lives in a quaint little house on a quiet street. I'm surprised really, I figured her for some upscale apartment type. Smiling, she opens the door wide.

"Nice house. Certainly not what I expected for you," I say.

She chuckles. "This was my grandparent's home. My grandfather is in the nursing home, my grandmother passed away two years ago. I inherited it. I figured why not, no rent. Smart!"

"What do you do? I haven't asked that. You're always available," I say.

"I write several columns in the newspaper. Don't worry it's not a tell all thing. I write the lifestyle column, and the tip of the week column. I also freelance opinion pieces. So I work from home," she says and shows me the desk tucked in a nook off the dining room.

"Nice," I say as I follow her to her bedroom.

"For starter, wear this," she says.

I dress in her black panties and a camisole. The black dress hits above my knees. She calls it a classic black dress. The scoop neckline reveals a flat hairy chest. I

chuckle as I look ridiculous.

“These were the only shoes I could find in what I hope is your size.” She thrust a pair of black heels at me.

“Close enough, a half size bigger than mine.” I shrug and slip my feet into them.

After she paints my face, applies false eye lashes and false nails, I’m ready. She lets me borrow some of her jewelry too, so I look the part of a woman. Lastly, she fixes a wig of short dark hair, curls on top.

“It was my grandmothers. Should help to make you look like a lady,” she says as she giggles.

“Oh, ugh,” I say as I regard the obvious man made into a woman in the mirror.

“Hey, a man with a teenie weenie who enjoys wearing my panties deserves this,” she says as she slaps my ass.

I wince. “I’m not... never mind. Let’s get this over with.”

She takes me to a bar and grill with patio dancing. I would rather have gone to a club and at least blend in a bit, but at this place I stick out like a sore thumb. She offers her arm and I lace my hand through it as I stumble alongside her. The heels are too big and uncomfortable, but I don’t complain. No way!

The maître-d stifles a laugh as she seats us at a booth. People glance our way and whisper. Tilda isn't the type to take things quietly.

The young lady approaches after we've looked at the menus and discussed dinner. She eyes me oddly. "May I take your orders?"

"Yes, I am having the T-bone medium well. And she's having the T-bone medium rare, right Barb?" Tilda asks me as she winks.

I chuckle and in my deep voice say, "Right you are, dear." I grab her hand and rub it lovingly while the server looks on and writes our order.

We laugh when she leaves. "I guess I'm not recognizable as Bart?" I ask. I saw my reflection in the mirror and I really wasn't sure.

"No, dear, you're not."

"Oh, where do I pee? Like yeah," I say, and we laugh. I decide to hold it in not wanting to make for another uncomfortable moment.

We enjoy several glasses of white wine with our food. Tilda stands and holds out her hand. She's wearing a nice pair of blue pants with a white blouse with lace on the collar. She doesn't look the part of a butchy lesbian, but she's trying to play one.

She leads on the dance floor. I can't help but chuckle because she's so much shorter than me. Finally, she gives up.

"Okay, you lead, dammit. Obviously, I'm too short for this shit," she says.

I press her to me as the piano plays a nice slow song. We're still a spectacle as people ogle us while we dance. I don't care. No one will recognize me. I am happy with her in my arms. So happy, in fact, my cock extends embarrassingly so because now I'm pitching a tent in her classy black dress.

Tilda pulls back and giggles. Her hand runs between us as she grabs it and squeezes it while we sway. I groan, I can't take it. She keeps her hand there and giggles more as she's rubbing it.

"You're going to fucking make me come in a minute," I whisper to her.

"I know, wouldn't that be a hoot?"

"No. I'm humiliated enough. Uh, fuck. I don't want to do this here in front of everyone," I plead.

"Let's go back to my place," she says as her eyes sparkle.

I can't hide the tent in the dress, so I try to move my hands around. Finally, she thrusts her handbag at me, and I shove it in front of me. All the way home, she's squeezing her small hand over my cock.

"Not so little, is it?" I ask.

"We'll see. I can barely grab it," she teases.

When we make it back to her house, I can't take it any longer. When the door shuts, I take over. I growl as I pick her up and she brings her lips to mine. We kiss as I stumble kicking off the heels and make it to her bedroom. I won't be denied. I pull off the dress while she quickly comes out of her clothes.

"I look ridiculous, don't I?" I ask as I pluck the wig from my head. The cosmetics are still on my face.

"It's okay, we'll shower after. Lie back," she demands.

Tilda is a wild little thing as she crawls on my body. She can see my cock but still touts it being small while she hoists herself over me and pushes down, her tight slick pussy folding in around it, squeezing tight. I lurch forward and groan. She moves slowly, up and down, wiggling her hips. She moans with me as I help her move. Leaning forward she watches as her body saws against my cock, her clit growing hard and nearing explosion. Soon, we're both into it, our bodies bucking in rhythm as I shoot forth the pent up cum from the evening with her. She screams in ecstasy as her fingers dig into my shoulders. Her little ass moves fast and hard, her muff seizes and helps to draw the last bit of cum from my cock as she comes. I hold onto her, both of us rocking through the waves of pleasure,

until at last we're done.

"Oh fuck, that was good," Tilda admits as she lies on top of me. Her juices are squeezing out around my balls.

"We're making a mess," I say.

Tilda giggles and hops up, leaving a large plop of our combined juices on my belly. "Shower time," she sings as she waves me to follow her. We enjoy ourselves under the steaming water and afterwards she says words that makes me believe we might have a future together.

"You're welcome to stay the night as long as you promise never to wear my panties again," she says.

I grin. "I promise never to wear them unless you know about it."

"Oh really? We enjoyed it, did we?"

"Maybe," I admit.

"Let's make some plans then," Tilda says as she climbs in bed and I follow her. We talk late into the night and end it with another round of hot sex, this time I'm on top.

THE END

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