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SMALL P\*\*\*\* HUMILIATION

A TALE OF FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING

SCARLETT STEELE



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### A Tale of Feminization and Crossdressing

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I don't shy from hard work. While some may scoff at my choice of vocation, I do my job and do it well. I'm not a mop pusher or a toilet cleaner, I'm that and so much more. I took some time off after high school that had me traveling the country and doing odd jobs along the way, nothing that really went to my bank account, but enough to eat and move on. Now, at twenty-five I need to semi-settle down just because I grew tired of the constant odd jobs. The new arena in town close to the university needed a janitor when I came back from my travels. I applied and they hired me, and the rest is history.

Two other janitors work at the arena, each of us have our designated spots. Jim is an older man who's seen too many years hitting the bottle. He has missing teeth

and smells like an onion just being peeled. He works the restrooms and the upper deck areas where he's less likely to run into people. Horace works the boxes and the outer stands. He's thirty and married with a kid on the way. I like him, he's happy go lucky. Me? I'm the young one in the bunch working the ground floor.

"Houston, think fast," Mary says as she pitches me a cool ice berry drink. She knows how much I love the sweet flavors and occasionally, the arena has too many that are about to expire, and they allow the workers to partake of the nearly expired bounty.

"Thanks, doll," I say as I grab the drink and wink at her. She quickly smiles and turns away, as if she's trying to avoid me. She climbs the steps, no doubt management told her to share the drinks with the employees. Ah, she's a good employee. She works the ticket booth and mans the phone when customers aren't in the arena.

"Houston, good, I caught you. The gentlemen's restroom has new doors for the stalls and will need a new paint job. The next ticketed event is a week from Thursday. Could you get on that now and if you need extra help, we'll send Jim down to handle your other duties. This takes precedence," Mike says. He's my boss and head of maintenance. He wears a shaggy mustache and unkempt hair, but his stature of six feet six inches makes him a formidable opponent. In his mid-thirties, he enjoys his work and tells me if I hang on long enough, I'll be advancing here to management over maintenance someday.

I shrug and laugh it off because Mike is still young yet. Like I'd have ten years of management by the time he retired in another twenty years. It doesn't matter, I'm good right now with the status quo. I don't think I'm bad looking, in fact I've overheard girls a few times here and there giggling about me and my handsomeness. Women are lucky if I give them the time of day. I am handsome, I sport a nice thick cock. Hey, I said thick, not necessarily long. Length won't do it well to women, girth, now that's a party. I know how to please a woman until

she's screaming and begging for more.

I take off for the hardware store to buy the paint for the doors. I strut along the aisles searching for the brand I want when one of the ladies working at the hardware store comes up to me.

"May I help you?" she says in a cool sultry tone. Her red hair is pinned atop her head. She looks mighty fine in the matching smock with the store emblem on the left breast.

I glance at her my eyes scaling up and down looking at her curvy body and appreciating the feminine form. She lifts her brow not appreciating what I'm doing.

"Yes, I'm looking for a certain brand of paint in this color," I say as I shove the paint sample to her. She looks down at it and tells me what brand that color comes in and we head off to purchase three cans of the paint. I get the feeling that she's not thrilled with me by the way I whistled at her when she turned away. I can't help it, if I appreciate a wiggling butt.

"Will that be all?" She asks curtly. Not a smile is on her face now. Aw, she should smile for me.

I lean forward over the counter and gaze into her eyes as I smile. "No, sweetie, we have plenty of paint brushes in rollers back at the arena. Just put it on the arenas account," I say as I wink at her.

Returning to the arena is the easy part. I carry the three paint cans in my hands quite effortlessly because I'm bulked up with muscle. The whistle coming from my lips as I stroll along echo through the corridor. Janice, one of the secretaries, pokes her head out of the office to see who was strolling by. She's an older gal, not too bad looking but I'm not into other gals and besides, she's married.

Now Mary is a different story. She's single and hot to trot. She wears these thin bouncy little outfits that shows all the little jiggles and giggles as she walks around. Her curvy petite body beckons to me causing me to say things to her that I wouldn't say to the others. Yeah, I'm interested in her.

"Wow, Houston, do you need any help? That's a lot of paint cans to hold," Mary says.

"Nah, I got it. Thanks for asking though, hon. I have big muscles to help. The big muscles match my big feet and you know what they say about big feet. You should take me for a ride sometime and see just what I can do and how much I can lift," I say as I walk by her.

"You're so crass. Shut up with the bad boy talk," she says.

"No, seriously, check out my feet," I exclaim as I turn to her. I am proud of my large feet. I know what the girls talk about and I love how they want to see if it's true. I always say get them in the door and they'll want to stay.

"You have Bozo feet," Mary says and throws her head back in laughter. That's what I like about her, she can dish it as much as I can.

“I bet I can lift you. Want to find out?” I ask as I waggle my brow at her.

“Eww, no. Just go paint,” she says and storms off back to her ticket booth.

I laugh loud as I enter the men’s restroom and spend the next couple of hours painting the new doors and removing the old ones. I need to find Jim and have him sweep out the place and run a mop over it before I get down on the floor to finish this job.

“Say Jim, need your help, buddy,” I say into the walkie talkie.

“Sure thing, be right there,” he says back.

The ticket booth is near the opening and near the men’s restrooms, so of course I stroll over to my sweet Mary. “Hey beautiful, want to go out and see what transpires?” I ask as I wag my brow at her.

“You never give up, do you?” she says with a tone of disgust.

“No, I don’t. And I think once you get a load of what I’m packing, you’ll never give up on me either,” I say as I pat my crotch.

“Stop it, you jerk. I don’t want to see your teenie weenie,” she says and giggles

as she pulls back to answer the phone.

Teenie weenie, huh? I wait right there because I need Jim's assistance. He's on the top of the arena and probably on the other side, so it takes him a few minutes to reach me.

Mary hangs up and turns to me. "I see you're still buzzing around like a fly that won't leave," she says as she opens a ledger and pencils something on the page.

"I have a fly that won't quit. Would you like to buzz it?" I laugh at my crass joke.

"No, frankly, I wouldn't. Catch a hint, would you? You make it so difficult to be nice," she says as she shakes her head.

I lean forward at the ticket window and grin. "Then how about we pocket the nice and play nasty. I bet you're a wild cat in bed," I say.

She stops what she's doing and stares at me. "Did you really just say that? Like did you get all your lines on the back of a bar's matchbook or something?"

Good one! I smile. "I have more lines if you'd like to hear them. What's big and red and ready to please you?" I ask.

"Your nose after I deck it if you don't leave," she says as she widens her eyes at

me.

“Don’t be such a frigid chick. I need to insert my heating element in you and warm your ass up,” I say as I bounce away with a spring in my step and a whistle on my lips.

I paint on the new doors over the next three days, allowing a good two hours between coats. The men’s restroom is filled with paint fumes and I leave the door open and the fans running to fumigate while the paint dries. It gives me more excuses to talk to Mary. I know she’s just playing hard to get, little vixen.

My cock swells as I see she’s wearing the tight pink shirt that stretches over her fleshly mounds out front. Her golden blonde hair is pulled back in two braids away from her pale pretty face. She’s deep in through her lips twist while she hovers the pencil midair. Oh, I’d love to feel those lips over my hard cock. I bet she gives a good blow.

Mary glances up and offers a tentative smile, the kind that people offer when they’re busy but don’t want to be rude. I smirk and grin because I’m doing this.

“Hello gorgeous. How’s that supple body of yours doing?” I ask.

Her eyes snap up at me. “Just my body and not my mind?” she asks.

I chuckle. “Well, you can let me know that too. Mental, emotional. It’s all the same package. But I can’t help but notice that sexy hot body of yours.”

She exhales and rolls her eyes. Not good, not a positive reinforcement for what I'm about to ask. I'm hoping if she knows how much she turns me on she'll want to take me for a ride and let me try her on for size.

"Houston, you can be really crude sometimes," she says.

"How so? I'm giving you an ultimate compliment," I say as I lean over the window ledge casually.

"Why can't you just walk up and say, Hi Mary, how are you doing today? Nice weather, sun is shining. You know, casual decent shit like that?"

"That's boring, hotness. I want you to know exactly what I think and how I feel. Is that a bad thing?" I ask and turn with a giant smile stretched across my handsome face. I want her to see all my best features.

"It's a bad thing if I don't give a damn about how you think or feel. I mean we work together; we can be cordial, friendly even. But not crude. It's getting old," she says as she straightens a stack of papers on her desk.

I nod. "Okay, here's the thing, sweetness. I have feelings for you. I guess I think with the giant head in my pants more than the one on my shoulders. Not everyone does this to me. You're lucky, because I'm exceedingly attracted to you, and I can't help but give you compliments and let you know just how interested I am in you," I say.

“Gotcha. Not interested in you. So, you can put a filter on that mouth of yours and keep your nasty thoughts to yourself,” she says.

Double ouch and dammit. I don't let it stop me. I'm a stubborn fuck. Ahem. I will not give up. “Say, beautiful, I've heard that women play hard to get, so yeah, I'm not letting this banter deter me. Would you like to go out with me?” There, I did it.

She grimaces and looks me square in the eyes. “No.” Simple, straight forward answer that still doesn't stop me.

“Mary, Mary, Mary, don't you get it? If you'd just say yes and go out with me one time, I'll stop bothering you if you decide we can't go out more. You see how that works?” I ask as I wag my brow at her.

The blank expression of boredom throws me as she peers at me. “How about no.” Stab! Straight to the heart.

“Sweetie, I think you will want me to try you on for size. Trust me, you'll be begging me for more and there will be no more no answers. I don't give up that easily.

“Houston, you're a stubborn git,” she says and shakes her head.

I turn back to her because I turned to stroll away as Jim walked through the door

from the stadium. “Yes, I am. And yes, you will go out with me,” I say as I walk away and hold up my hand.

“No, I will not. Give up stubborn boy. Life does not revolve around your cock,” she says.

Of course, I couldn’t let that lie. “Um, yes, it does sweet thing,” I say and grin and disappear into the men’s restroom before she can reply.

I give Mary a rest, let her have time to forget how vehemently she denied my advances. Women need a cooling off period. I know how to handle them. Waiting a few days lowers her defenses and raises my resolve. The combination is explosive and bound to do my way.

The whistle escapes my lips and I can’t help it. Mary is wearing a body-hugging skirt and a blouse with the top open and her beautiful creamy chest displays the valley that invites the eyes to follow it into the shadows of mystery. I will lick the hidden treasure there someday, I’m sure.

Mary settles within the ticket booth and I saunter through the corridor to her. Smiling big, I waggle my brow as I lean over the window. I know she heard my whistle moments earlier as she entered the arena.

She cocks a brow at me. “The answer is still no,” she says flatly.

I lean in. “You can’t say no to a rod that’s full staff with your name on it,” I say.

“You had my name tattooed on your cock?” Again, the flat tone reaches my ears.

“Hmmm...if I did would you say yes?” I ask.

“No.”

“Okay, no I didn’t. Now, will you go out with me knowing I didn’t tattoo your name on my massive manhood?”

“No.” She’s looking at the computer screen no longer engaging in eye contact with me.

“Hmmm,” I say as I tap the ledge of the window. Her gym bag sits in the corner and my brow lifts in idea.

She’s typing, staring at the screen. “Need anything else?” she asks, keeping her eyes on the screen.

“No, I think I’m good right now. But I’ll be back,” I say and smile. It’s a promise, that’s for sure.

I notice at lunch Mary takes the gym bag with her as she boards the bus. I’m curious and when she returns ninety minutes later, there’s a slight sheen of sweat

on her beautiful face. She pitches the bag to the corner again. I'm painting some trip along the floor near the ticket booth. Our boss walks by and steps to Mary.

"Did you enjoy the gym?" he says.

"Oh, yes. Thank you for the recommendation. I had enough time for the workout and a quick shower," Mary says.

Ah, so Mary went to the gym. Good to know. I walk by offering her a smile and eye the bag in the corner. "Are we on for dinner Friday night? My treat," I say acting as if we already have dinner plans.

Mary winces. "Um, no. What part of no do you not understand?" she asks inflicting an angry tone in her normally sweet voice.

"Okay, gotcha. We'll plan it for another day," I say as I stroll away. I turn to her and walk backwards while I grab my crotch and waggle my brow.

Mary scowls and shakes her head. She may be thoroughly disgusted with me right now, but I can tell, I'm wearing on her.

I keep an eye out. When Mary takes a break, she heads up to the box viewer above us with Connie, one of the other secretaries. Finally, they head to the service elevator and head to break. Now's my chance to do the dirty deed.

Oh yeah, since she won't go out with me, I'll take something of hers that will help me feel like I've been with her. Making sure no one is looking; I sneak into

the ticket book and quickly grab the gym bag. It's right there on top, a pair of dirty panties. I smile at the pale blue pair and stuff it into my pockets before retreating from the booth. I whistle while I pick up the push broom to do my daily sweep through the lower level.

When I make my way around the arena, Mary is back at her booth using the calculator like she's beating it to death. I take my chances. "Hey, that's a machine. I have something that would appreciate those fast flicking fingers more than that calculator," I say as I grin. If she knows I've stolen per panties, she doesn't act like it.

Mary turns and pops a grape in her mouth. She resumes working on the computer as if I'm not standing there. I grimace at the blatant ignore. It hurts my psyche.

"Doll, I'm not invisible. I know that. Don't make me pull out my mister to show you how big I really am," I say.

She slowly chews and moves her tongue over her teeth. I react.

"That's so sexy. You move your tongue expertly," I say and give her the come-hither look.

Slowly her eyes lift to mine as she shakes her head. "You honestly never give up, do you?" she asks.

I love the twinkle of the sunlight in her eyes as it's pouring in through the plate glass windows at the front. Her pink lips, full and luscious, part as she waits for my reply.

"I don't, sweetie. I wish you could see that. I tell you what, if you'd just go out with me once, I'll give up after that only if you want me to," I say.

She smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes. "Just once and if I tell you to get lost, you'll stay out of my hair here?"

I smile. Now she's thinking right. "Yes. I promise. But I don't think you'd do that. You'd want more of me after that," I say brightly.

"You're cocky as fuck," she says. I step back, because I've never heard her say the F word.

"You just uttered a wordy-dird," I say as I give her a mock surprised look.

"You've heard me cuss before."

"Yeah, but damns and shits aren't the F-word. Damn, that turned me on, want to see?" I ask as I step back to show her my bulge.

She shuts her eyes and shakes her head. "No. No I don't want to see your cock. No, I don't want to go out with you. No, not even just once. Take a hint. Take a

fucking hint, will ya?” She stares at me as she emphasizes the F-word again.

I step back, my lips in a tight line. “You play hard ball. I mean hard ball, sweet sister. Like I’m not sure if you’re just frigid or what but you sure can cut a man down to size,” I say as I shake my head. If she won’t come at me with my persistence, then I’ll give her a dose of her own medicine and play hard to get.

“Now you’re getting the picture. Not interested in you. No way, no how, nada. Move along little man,” she says with the sweep of her hand.

“Oh yeah, them are fighting words. You know I’m not a little man,” I say.

“I know no such thing except for how you’re acting like a three-year-old who is demanding his way,” she says.

“Nah! Am not,” I say and chuckle. I know when my time is up, so I pat the window ledge twice and step away. “I never give up.” I am walking backwards while smiling and wave to her. She only shakes her head.

I can’t wait to get home and empty my pockets. First, I need to take care of my growling stomach. After popping the man’s sized TV dinner in the oven and eat the meal while watching a news channel, I stretch and head for the shower. It’s a date with a pair of Mary’s panties. I dig into my pocket where the pair is snugly stuffed. Producing the offending item, I set it on my pillow while I kick off my shoes and step out of my pants and jockeys. My cock extends to it’s fullest and I groan as I settle back on my pillows, ready to take things into my own hands, literally.

Mary's panties aren't as fun as what Mary herself would be, but for now the clothing item will have to do. I sigh as I hold the pair in my hand and rub it over my long stiff cock. I don't want to mess it up because I have plans for later. Once I'm close, I lay the pair across my face and while I'm breathing deeply, my hands run over my stiff pole while I imagine its Mary's tight pussy. I groan as my cock lengthens and my hands squeeze faster and faster until I lurch forward and spill my seed all over my belly and thighs and hands. I keep going until I'm empty, then I lie back and just breathe while Mary's panties are still on my face. It makes for some nice super sexy dreams too.

I slide my feet into Mary's panties the next morning and pull on my jeans for the day. A wide smile stretches across my face as I walk through the arena's doors because I have a secret. No one will know that I'm strutting around wearing a pair of panties from the sexy lady in the ticket booth, not even Mary herself.

The boss man has me outside the plate glass doors working on the solar lights. The lights line the front of the arena and are focused on the entrance area. It saves a ton in electricity to have the solar lights. I love working right here because I can glance up and see Mary behind me in the ticket booth just on the other side of the windows. It's nice outside so the front doors are open.

I set the bulbs down and bend over each one replacing the burnt-out bulbs with fresh new ones. When I look up, Mary is peering at me from the booth. It puts a smile on my face to see her watching me. And I look several times and her eyes are on me every time.

When I walk past the booth on my way to clean the men's restroom Mary winks at me. I nearly trip over myself as I turn and widen my eyes. She smiles, her face warm and friendly. Maybe she's cracking under my constant hammering for her to go out with me. But I don't have time for flirting because I need to clean the

restroom before my boss comes through for final inspection for the big event, we're having tonight.

I take pride in my work, whether I'm building doors or cleaning, I make sure to do it thoroughly and right. I'm bent down scrubbing the disinfection onto the baseboards when I hear the doors shut. I stand thinking it's my boss or Jim and turn around. Mary advances to me, her face wearing the come-hither look I see in my dreams. Instantly, my cock swells in her panties and I shift on my feet trying to make room for it's growing out of the top of the underwear.

"Oh, Houston, I thought it was past due time for us to be alone, I mean I just simply couldn't wait," Mary says as she steps to me, her hips swaying, her body language telling me to go for it.

"It's about time! I've been expecting you," I say as I open my arms to her.

She runs her hands up my chest and over my shoulders, digging in with her fingers. I groan and lean down for a kiss. She quickly pulls her finger up and presses it to my lips. "Are you still interested in me?" she asks.

I shove my midsection forward showing her the package in my pants. "What do you think?" I grin.

She lifts her brow and steps closer, pulling me down. Her lips lightly brush against mine and oh boy, it sets me on fire. I grab her and pull her to me, lip locking with her moving my mouth over hers. Our first kiss is hot and passionate like I always imagined it to be. She tastes of butterscotch and lipstick. I groan and press her sweet body against mine. Pulling back, she glances down at my

crotch.

“I’d like you to remove your pants now,” she coos.

I grin bigger. “You know, funny story, this should prove just how much I’m really into you,” I say as I rip down my pants as fast as I can.

Her face turns from come-hither to skeptic as she spies her panties on my body.

“Yes, I stole your panties from your gym bag yesterday and wore them today,” I say proudly as I yank down the silky pair and my stiff cock bobs forth, free and eager to play.

Mary makes a coughing noise and she backs up; her eyes stare at my member as she looks at it as if she can’t believe it. When her hand goes to her mouth she laughs and laughs and points.

“You call that a cock? That’s a clit, that’s what that is. Your cock isn’t big at all. You boast over a walnut? How ridiculous, Houston. You sport a Vienna sausage and not a hot dog. How dare you claim you can please a woman,” she says and falls back against the wall in laughter. She laughs so hard tears form in her eyes. My cock starts to turn flaccid at her horrible words and I back away, shaking my head. After peeling out of her panties I pull on my pants commando.

Mary nods, a self-satisfied look on her face. “If you want to keep your job and not have me tell everyone here what you’ve done today, come to my house

Saturday evening wearing a dress. If you don't, Monday you will lose your job.

"A dress?" I ask as fear sinks deep in the pit of my stomach.

"Yes, a dress, which will go well with those panties. Oh, wear those to. Do it or else," she says and stomps out of the restroom.

I avoid Mary the rest of the week after our encounter. My eyes stay on the floor in front of me as I pad along the arena hall doing my job. Whenever she is near my heart nearly pounds out of my chest. The interaction with her the other day caught me so off guard I thought I was going to hurl when things turned sideways. Mary had ulterior motives with me and let me know she had seen her panties on my ass while I was changing the solar lights. She wanted to catch me and catch me she did.

Of course, I don't own a dress, but I have access to my sister's home since she lives two blocks from me. She has two young kids, so she's always frazzled. I come by for dinner one evening and while she's bathing the two girls, I sneak into her room and pluck a dress from the closet. She doesn't wear half of what's in there and I'll replace it before she ever misses it.

When I arrive at Mary's home, she sees I'm wearing the dress. It's a blue dress with a draped neck and flowy skirt that hits my knees. I feel a draft between my legs as I walk. "Nice, come sit down and let me finish your look," Mary says.

My teeth grit as I sit in the chair. She paints my face, places jewelry on my neck, ears, wrists, and fingers. She giggles as she sets the blonde curly wig on my head. Lastly, she has a pair of high-heeled black strappy sandals that ironically

fit my feet. Now I'm humiliated beyond belief. "Are we done?" I ask.

"No," she says as she giggles. "We're going out. You want to be a woman, so a woman you shall be. I guess tonight I'm a lesbian, because we're going on a date to MacFlashies." She snorts.

Great. MacFlashies is a known gay bar. "Okay, this will be it then?" I ask as I swallow the gall creeping up in my throat.

She smiles and steps to me while running her hand over my chest. "We'll see," she says with a wink.

That's all it took for my cock to grow. The wink. I don't like this, but I'll do it to keep her quiet. I stumble along because of the heels. At least I won't run into anyone I know here.

The music fills the air as we walk to the double front doors. Flashy gay men walk in ahead of us. Once inside, I take in the atmosphere, which isn't too bad. The ceiling is lit in twinkling blue lights. Same sex couples sway on the dance floor. A few men in drag are walking around greeting others. One has a girlfriend, which makes me feel a little better. We grab a couple of cosmoses and sit at a table while I try sipping like a girl.

A drag queen approaches us. He/she looks me up and down, their false eyelashes sweeping my feminine body. "Darling, I'm Sheena, come hang with me and I'll teach you better ways. Come, let's dance," Sheena says.

I look desperately at Mary who folds her arms over her chest and lets me go off with this drag queen. On the dance floor, thankfully the beat is strong and fast, Sheena tries talking with me about what I've done wrong with my look. I play along for Mary's sake and smile appropriately.

"I'm here with my girlfriend," I say and thumb back to Mary hoping Sheena takes a hint that I'm not gay.

"Okay. Not that you aren't pretty, but you could use some improvement to pull off the drag better," he said and tweaked me under the chin before waltzing off.

Mary joins me on the dance floor as she's giggling from watching the exchange with Sheena. We step back onto the dance floor and she points to my midsection. "I see you enjoyed Sheena."

I can't shake my head fast enough. "No, you walked up." I glance down at the tent I'm pitching in the dress. The song slows and I pull her to me, pressing her to my middle. I wag my brow.

"Sorry, it's just funny," Mary says as she laughs. "You look ridiculous making moves on me in that get up."

"Then I suggest we go back to your place and remove it," I say as I glance down into her sweet face.

She smiles and stands on her tippy toes, her lips meeting with mine in a soft

feathery kiss.

We leave, finally, and Mary wants to dig at me on the way home.

“So, your tiny pecker actually poked out of the top of the panties, nice,” she says.

I look at her and smirk. “It’s not the size that matters, it’s the action.”

“Good, I see you’re finally admitting you have a teeny weenie.” Mary digs at me until we arrive at her home.

Despite the digging, my cock stands at attention as it has fully rolled the panties down to my balls. I let it stand and strut inside her apartment. Swinging her around the moment the door is shut, I land on her, pressing my lips to hers. My cock rubs against her as I run my tongue through her soft lips. She groans as I pick her up and carry her to her bedroom, for she lives in a small one-bedroom apartment. After setting her on the bed, I lift her dress and work my hands over her panties, until she pulls them off and relaxes back on the pillows.

Now I can show her just how wonderful I am. My tongue licks through her soft warm folds as my hand snakes up her bra until she sets the girls free. She moans as I tweak her nipples while my tongue finds her hard knob and rubs circles over it. Suddenly, she moans louder as she grinds into her bed. The juices flow from between her pink folds and I lap up as soon as it appears. One more swipe over her knob and she yells out as she thrusts her pussy into my face. I keep with her bucking pelvis, riding the wave with her until she collapses back onto the bed.

I lift when she shoves me away, but she keeps her legs open and lifts a brow at me as she glances down. I come out of the dress and the panties faster than she can take another breath. I'm not missing my chance. Pulling her feet to my shoulders, I pierce through her tight slick hole and press in all the way. She moans again as I slowly saw back and forth, the effort very trying on me for I want to pound her hard. I go slow, moving precisely and pick up speed as I lift her ass. She leans forward, glancing down watching as my cock rubs against her very hard knob. Her nails dig in as her eyes widen and once again, she's thrust over the edge. Her pussy quivers and pulses around my cock as I lurch forward, no longer able to hold back. I pound into her with vigor as both of us cry out in sheer ecstasy. Finally, the feeling slows, and I hold off from pulling out until I know my cock is completely empty. When I pull out, it drags a trail of cum and her juices onto the bed. She doesn't seem to mind as I settle beside her and pull her to me for an after-sex cuddle.

After a few moments, she lifts and looks me in the eyes while planting another kiss on my lips. When she lifts her eyes stay locked with mine.

“Does this mean you'll go out with me now?” I ask as I offer a silly grin.

She rolls off the bed, pulling me with her. “Maybe. Maybe I'll change my mind once we shower and make you look like a man again,” she says.

I hop up and enjoy being with her under the hot steaming water. I'm hopeful this isn't it as she kisses me, and we tumble back to the bedroom for round two.

THE END

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