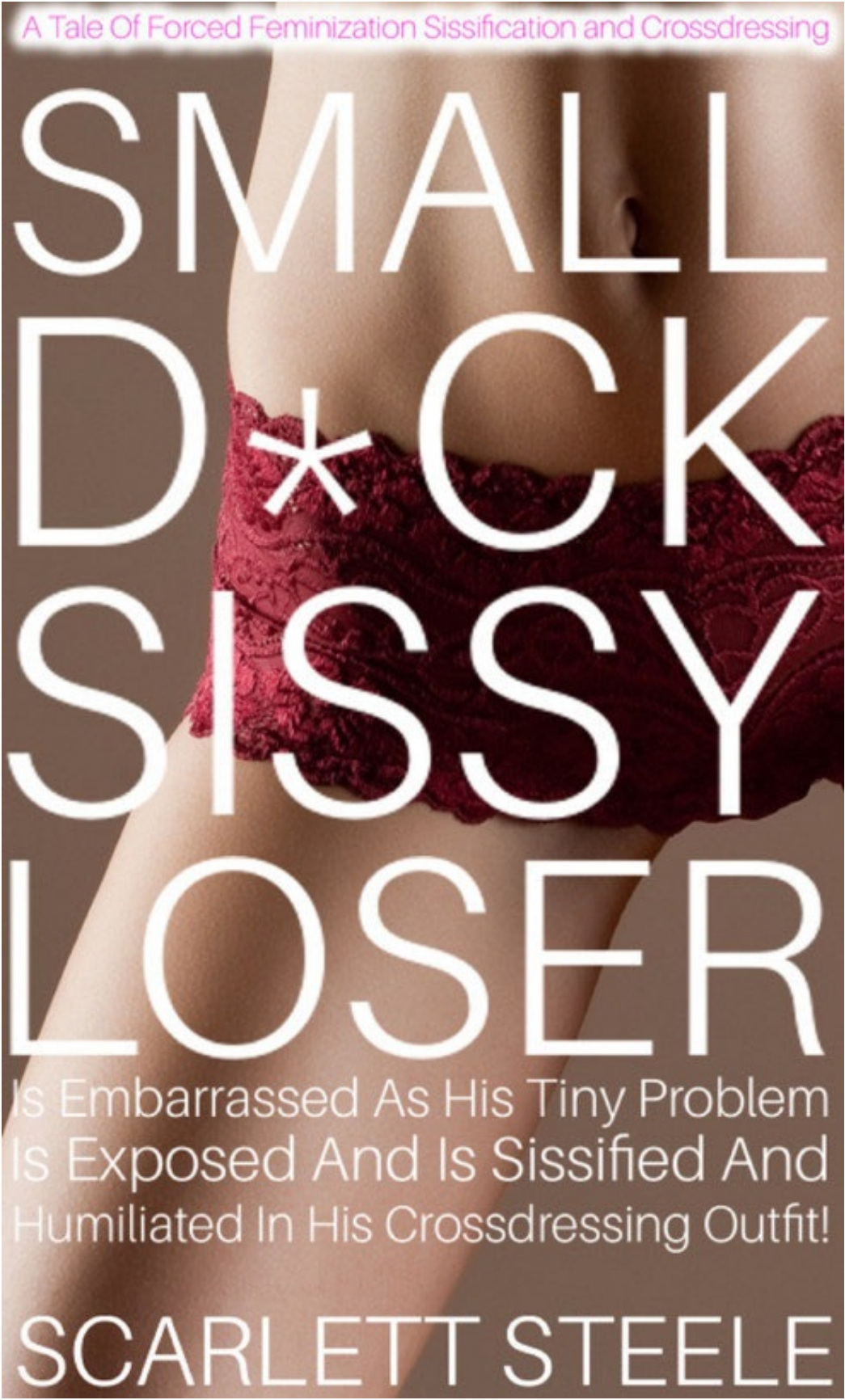


A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

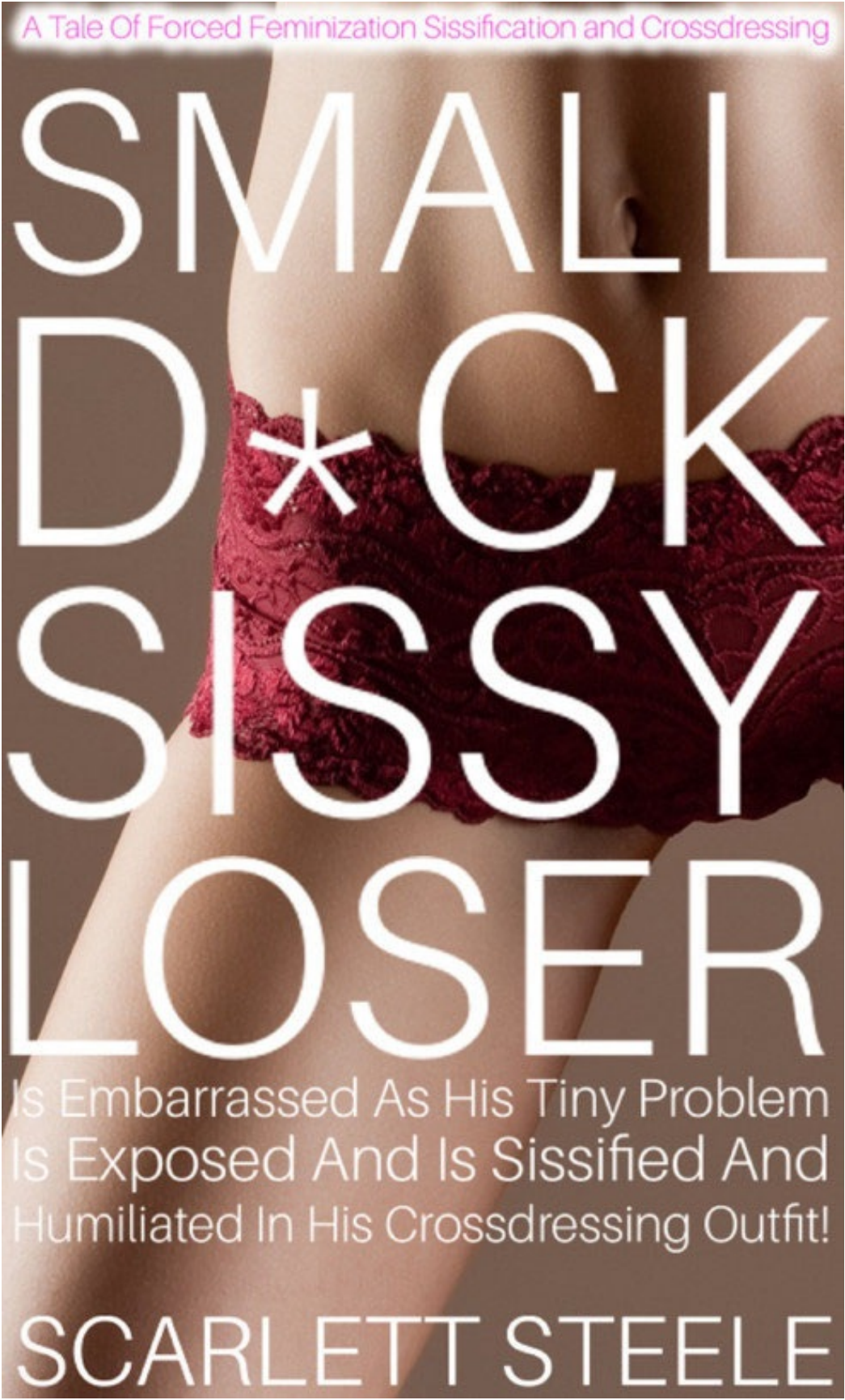
A close-up photograph of a person's midsection, showing their navel and the waistband of red lace underwear. The person's skin is light-toned. The text is overlaid on this image.

# SMALL D\*CK SISSY LOSER

Is Embarrassed As His Tiny Problem  
Is Exposed And Is Sissified And  
Humiliated In His Crossdressing Outfit!

SCARLETT STEELE

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I fling the door open at the bar and step in while squaring my shoulders as I march to the table where my friends sit. I'm a big show off, liking to make a grand entrance. Sadly, I often feel inadequate.

“Hey little man, how's it hanging?” Max asks and then he busts out laughing.

I grimace at his words. I do not like being called a little man. But I square my shoulders again, and act like it doesn't bother me. “Hanging longer than you. Just because I'm shorter than you don't mean my parts aren't bigger,” I say.

Pam giggles along with Sherry and they look at me as if I have challenged them. “Dylan, you may have to prove this at some point. Max are you up to such a challenge?” Sherry asks.

“Shit, I don't need to prove anything. You can look at our shoe sizes and tell who's the one packing a load and who's not,” Max says.

“Hey, I'm up for it if you are. Come on, let's arm wrestle and see who's the winner,” I say as I pull my sleeve up and set my elbow on the table. I lift weights three days a week, and I also workout the other two days with cardio training. I

know that I pack a load as big as or bigger than him.

“Suit yourself, little man. I hate to mop the floor with you, but the invitation is too juicy to pass,” Max says as he prepares to wrestle me.

We clasp hands together and the girls giggle as they surround us one on each side of the table bending forward and looking down. I give Max a growl and Sherry holds her hand up.

“On the count of three. One, two, three, and go,” she says.

The truth is my arms are more muscular than Max’s are. He gives me a run for it but as we grunt and fight for the win, I move his hand backwards ever so slightly. Sherry and Pam are excited as they can't believe that I'm winning. We keep this stance for several moments; my arms are well muscled, and I can withstand the endurance. Max doesn't lift weights because he's too busy with his job. But the both of us grunt and struggle and finally, I throw his hand down and grin as I am declared the winner.

“Mother fucker! What the hell? Do you take steroids or something?” Max asks as he’s obviously angry that I beat him.

“Settle down, man. You put up a good fight. But remember, I lift weights three times a week,” I say.

“Yeah, you lift weights three times a week because you're trying to compensate for your height,” Max says. He turns away and shakes his head as his face stains with a blush.

“Oh, come on, Max. He beat you fair and square. Loosen up on the little man and let him have his moment,” Sherry says.

Sherry's words bring a smile to Max but shoots a dart into my heart. I shake my head and turn to Pam who hasn't said much but she is smiling. She tilts her head and lifts her brow as she reaches out and pats my hand. "Congratulations, to me you won fair and square," she says.

I size up Pam. She's not so bad, petite, blonde, with honest blue eyes. A nice rack, not too fatty, but not flat either. A nice hand full, just like I like it. Her but is round and jiggly, and I'd like to slap it, but I don't, for now.

Bending forth I say to Pam, "You know, I'd win the big cock contest too. Have you ever seen Max's weenie?"

She sits back and shakes her head. "No, why would you ruin a beautiful winning moment by talking about Max's cock?"

Of course, the others shoot me a questioning stare. I grin and shrug. "Just speaking truth here," I say.

Max's eyes narrow. "If I didn't know better, Dickweed, I'd think you are obsessed my cock. Would you like to see it?"

"Fuck no. I didn't bring my magnifying glass. Now here, you need to back away if I let my puppy out," I say.

"Puppy is probably right. Big at whining, but when it comes down to it, not much there," Sherry says. Ouch.

“Fuck you. My cock is a super stallion. The ladies don’t complain,” I say as I grab my beer and sit back for a long draw.

Max stands and turns away as he shakes his head and waves at me. “I’m done with you, my man. A guy like you has a tiny cock if you have to constantly talk about how big yours is and how small mine is. Just compare our size, and our shoe sizes to finally see the truth,” Max says as he walks away.

Trying not to lose face, I grin at the ladies who are left with me at the table. Sherry and Pam look at me waiting for me to say something. I take a drink of beer and lean forward. “You know something, I’m speaking the truth. I pack a big load in here and I aim to impress wherever I go,” I say as I sit back and spread my legs trying to make my hard-on grow even longer.

Sherry shakes her head and gives me a stern look. “Dylan, you need to shut up while you can. Or we will make you get it out along with a ruler and prove you wrong,” she says.

Oh, I love a challenge. I shake my head at her. “Just because I don’t have the stature that Max does, doesn’t mean that I’m not packing a big load in my pants. Can’t you see,” I say as I buck my pelvis out towards the ladies.

Pam giggles as she leans forward and looks. “No, I don’t see,” she says. She and Sherry have a good laugh at my expense.

Tammy and Anita join us. They are fresh from the dance floor with a sheen of sweat flushing across their faces. I smile at the two new women and lift a brow.

“Welcome, ladies. Maybe you two would be willing to take a gander and tell them that I am right,” I say.

“What are you talking about, Dylan?” Tammy says.

Pam shakes her head and rolls her eyes. “Trust me, you don't want to know,” she says.

Anita leans forward and grins at me as she looks me up and down.

“Oh, I don't know, maybe we do want to know what he's talking about,” she says.

“No, you don't,” Sherry says as she shakes her head again. She looks at me like she can't believe I'm still talking about it.

“Ladies, ladies, there's plenty of me to go around. Perhaps we could take this party to one of your awesome places and continue. And yes, Pam, please bring a ruler,” I say as I put my arm around Anita.

“A ruler? Oh really? Do tell, what are you telling these people?” Anita asks.

Pam leans forward and looks at Anita. “Seems our little guy here is making a bet that he's bigger than Max,” she says as she sits back and laughs.

“Obviously, I'm not taller than Max. But I'm talking about what I pack in here,” I say as I pat my crotch in front of the ladies. My cock is proving harder by the second as I bask in the the attention of these four hot ladies. I'm hoping that they will want to take me up on the challenge to measure me and we go back to one of their apartments and drink and party, just me and the women. I can always hope.

“Seriously? Dylan, why are you always talking about your cock? I have yet to meet a woman who's actually been with you to know what the fuck you're talking about,” Tammy says.

“Yeah, right,” Sherry says as she nods and has a laugh with Tammy.

The alcohol is making me speak now. I've had four beers and a shot of tequila and I'm feeling it. “Seriously, let's take this party to someplace private and see about this,” I say. I stop short of begging. I'm so horny right now I could fuck any one of them.

“Dylan, please stop it. No one is interested in looking at your cock. I don't think any of us has a magnifying glass, ” Pam says, and they laugh.

“Or a microscope,” Sherry says, and they roar with laughter at my expense again.

I feel the challenge is on and I need to prove my manhood. Where are the girls I've dated before so that they have come and vouch for the fact that I pack a nice load inside my jeans? My cock is thumping hard wanting attention and I decide I need to zero in on just one instead of all four. The fivesome isn't going to happen tonight. But maybe I could get some one-on-one bom chicka wow-wow.

I let the ladies talk about something else and try to be my sweet self. Looking at the four, I need to make a choice. I zero in on Pam. She's been the one all along that I wanted. And right now, I'd really like to get into her pants. She's wearing these tight jeans that fit over her round rump and this V-neck top that is cut very low. She looks incredible in her clothes and I'm sure she looks hot as hell nude. I swallow the last of my beer just as the band strikes up a cheery beat. Pam's already swinging her feet and tapping her fingers on the table. Taking her for a spin will entice her into wanting more of me.

“Pamela, would you join me on the dance floor for a spin?” I ask with a smile.

She regards me for a moment while smirking. Then she huffs out a breath and rolls her eyes. “Oh, okay, I guess so,” she says and takes my hand.

Good! I can impress her with my suave moves and buff body. She leads us to the dance floor, I suppose the alcohol is helping. We move together to the beat, giving everyone else on the floor a run for it. She and I together make a wonderful dance team. I’m thrilled with her ability to take a spin and it makes my cock rise in appreciation.

When the music slows, I pull her close. I have a plan. Take it slow and easy, show her how caring and fun I am. She melts to me, her body soft and supple. Damn clothes are in the way though. As she settles her head on my shoulder, I imagine us dancing in the nude and it causes my cock to throb in anticipation of such an event. I wonder if she can feel my hardness as I press her to me.

I sense she’s pulling back, and I decide not to pursue her right now. She needs some basting and prompting first. While we’re swaying and she’s pulled back she smiles at me, but it’s strained.

“You sure are beautiful tonight,” I say hoping to relax her a bit.

“Thank you, Dylan. I’m sorry we rib you so much over your stature,” she says and giggles nervously.

“Rib me over my stature? Think nothing of it, I sure don’t,” I say as I give her a big grin.

“It’s just that you really try to make us think you’re more than you are. I see it as a facade to get attention,” she says.

I grimace. “I don't think I'm trying to get attention. I don't think I'm trying to lie to anyone or create a facade,” I say.

“Come on, Dylan, I don't believe for a second that you have such huge manhood that you would even beat Max,” she says.

“Just because I'm shorter than Max doesn't mean that my cock isn’t larger. You want proof, why don't you look?” I ask. The minute the words left my mouth I feel bad because Pam steps back and shakes her head while rolling her eyes.

“Honestly, Dylan, why don't you let this go? Nobody cares how big or how small your cock is and you always talking about it just makes you look stupid,” she says as she turns and walks away.

I grab her arm and whip her back around to me. “Think about what Max says to me every time I step up. Hey, little man, how’s it hanging? To me that is a challenge to prove that I'm bigger than him in some areas. I can't help my height, and I can't prove that my cock is larger. I'm sorry that you think I'm stupid about it,” I say.

For a second, Pam gives me a sympathetic expression. “Come on, don’t ruin what was a nice dance and a nice time aside from talking about your phallus. Frankly, I don't care,” Pam says as she pulls out of my grip.

Like a lost puppy, I follow her back to the table resolute on shutting up just this once. I need to hold back in hopes of melting Pam's resistance for me. Soon, she'll see and will be eating out of my hand, or better, eating from the substance of my man stock, swallowing every delicious drop.

It happens the next week that we are meeting in Pam's home, lucky for me. It's Pam, Sherry, and Anita and me. Max had plans with a hot date and Miles, our other friend, came down with a bad cold at the last minute. Too bad for him and too good for me.

I sit in the middle of the sofa with my arms out. Lucky for me, when two of the girls sit down, they are under my arms. Anita and Pam are the lucky ones as Sherry chooses the chair while she eyes me suspiciously. Ignoring her, I relish in the female closeness. It's been awhile.

Pam points the remote at her TV and a movie blooms big. She grins and waltzes into the kitchen followed by Sherry. I think Anita is into me, as she lifts a brow appreciatively and scans my male physique. I offer a half smile, Anita is pretty with springy copper curls that frame her face and dark curious eyes. I have a thing for Pam, and she invited me here tonight. I'm hoping she's willing for a hook-up later.

When Pam returns, I breathe a sigh of relief. She has giant glasses filled with a light orange liquid and a straw. I grin because it's one of my favorite drinks. After taking a sip, I proclaim, "Ahhhh, screwdrivers. Pam, baby, you know me so well."

After three more screwdrivers, I'm sloshed. And I'm also very honest. Smiling, I

sit up with the ladies and raise my brow. Anita is the one who brings it up, much to my extreme excitement.

“Dylan, you make a lot of declarations when we’re with the group at the bar. Maybe you could show us ladies and make good on your statements,” Anita says.

Pam leans forward giving her a stern look. “Don’t encourage the man, he’ll do it,” she says.

I chuckle as I put my arms around the ladies. I could do a ménage with them if they want. In fact, that sounds very good to me right now. Sherry glares at me from her chair. I don’t like Sherry, I wish she’d just leave.

“Yeah, ‘Neat, don’t encourage him, he’ll do it and then we’ll all have to gag,” Sherry says as she sits forward. Yep, the bitch throws cold water on what could be a fun party.

“You know, Sherry, you’re such a bucket of ice water. No wonder you don’t have a man in your life. If you talk to every man like you do me, you may as well become a lesbian,” I say.

Sherry grimaces and shakes her head. “What the fuck? You’re an asshole,” she says and hops up.

“Sher, wait,” Pam says and moves forward. I grab her arm and whip her around.

“No, let her go. She can dish it to me but can’t take it when I dish it back. I mean come on, we’re all friends here just talking. She digs at me constantly. I’m tired of it,” I say.

Pam’s expression softens as she sits back down. Sherry comes back after a few moments.

“I’ll call you tomorrow, I’ve called a cab. See ya later,” Sherry says.

“Okay, sorry Sher, you can stay though,” Pam says.

Sherry pauses at the door and smiles at her. “I know. It’s okay, I guess Dylan just grates on my nerves. No offense Dylan. I have an early day tomorrow, work on Saturday, wheee,” she says.

Once Sherry leaves the party truly begins. We drink more and Pam turns on the music. I stand and pull her to the center of her living room and then I pull Anita too. May as well make it a threesome. We dance through two songs and my cock is hard, the bulge is obvious.

“What do you say, ladies? Want to see my prize?” I ask brightly.

“I’ll do you one better my bragging friend. Let’s make a bet. Since you always boast about being big, I have a ruler. Make good on it and you win, and I’ll do whatever you want. If I win, you’ll do whatever I want,” Pam says. Anita claps and agrees.

My brow furrows as I take in what she just suggested. “You mean to tell me if I win, I can do whatever I want with you?” I ask. Anita is still in the room but she’s not a part of this, just a spectator.

“Exactly. Tomorrow night. You win and I will do your bidding for the entire evening,” Pam says.

“Anything I want? Even if it means no clothing necessary?” I ask.

Pam smiles. “Anything my dear. If you want me naked, I’ll be naked, if you win,” she says.

My cock throbs in my pants. Surely, I can win.

“But if I win, you will do whatever I ask of you tomorrow night, got it?” Pam stares at me waiting for my agreement.

“Yes, of course. I hope what you want involves naked too.” I grin like I’ve just won the lottery.

“Maybe. It may involve you being naked,” she says cryptically.

“I’ll happily remove my clothing for you, anytime,” I say.

“Good, be right back.” Pam left the room and I pace back and forth in front of Anita. She’s sitting on the sofa, watching this whole thing unfold.

Pam returns with a pink ruler. She waves it in the air and lifts her brow. “Time to put up or shut up. Now, Dylan, with all your talk about being bigger than Max, what size are you exactly?” she asks.

I shake my head. “I’ve not measured it, but it’s out to here,” I say as I thrust my hand in front of my crotch.

“Okay, is the bet bigger than Max or the size he claims?” Anita asks.

“Well, since Max isn’t here to have his measured, we’ll go with what Dylan says. What say you, Dylan? What’s the measurement of your manhood?” Pam asks.

I thrust my hand out again and try to imagine what it is. Pam brings the ruler to me to measure the phantom cock. Her finger lands on seven inches. I smile. “Seven inches,” I say.

“Okay, Anita, you’re a witness. Dylan claims his cock is seven inches. Now, Dylan, pull it out and we’ll measure. But first we’re clear, if you fall short of seven inches, you’re my bitch for the evening, tomorrow, right?” Pam asks.

“Yes, and if it’s seven or more you’re mine,” I say and waggle my brow.

“Deal,” Pam says and thrusts her hand at me. I shake it and smile. Now, it’s time for me to put up.

I’m the first to admit feeling a little nervous now that I’m about to pull my cock out of my pants. Maybe I fudged a little and pushed my hand out further than what I really am. I wonder what Pam has in mind for me, but I believe that even if I lose, she would have a lot of fun with me. And if she’s having fun with me, then that means I’m having fun with her.

My hand is on the top of my pants when her doorbell rings. I breathe a quick sigh of relief and turn around just as she sets her ruler on the bar and strides to her door. Opening it, she smiles and turns sheepishly to us. It’s late, so I’m wondering who in the world would be stopping by at this hour.

“Dad, I forgot you were stopping by,” Pam says. Her father walks in and regards us with a smile. “One moment, I’ll be back. Oh, these are my friends, Dylan and Anita.”

“Hello,” her father nods to us.

Both Anita and I nod back and say a quick hello. That was so close. Had he knocked a minute later, my cock would have been out in front of the two ladies making me look like one hell of a playboy.

Pam returns with a package. “It’s exactly the color and size mom wanted,” she says as she thrusts what appears to be some sort of bed linens into her father’s hands.

“Thanks, love. I best be hitting the road again. Your mother waits up for me,” he says and glances at his watch. “As it is it will be past midnight when I get in.”

“Better be careful and text when you arrive,” Pam says as she embraces her father and he kisses her on the cheek.

“You know it,” he says and waves to us.

Damn, that was so close. I sit on the sofa and wonder if the interruption is enough to spoil the racy mood.

Anita stands as Pam walks back into the living room. She smiles and places her hand on Pam's shoulder. “I’ve got to run, Hun. I'm sure that your measurement bet will go just great. It's probably something I don't care to witness,” she says.

“Hey, don't let my dad run you off. I promise I won't have any other family members dropping by,” Pam says as she giggles.

“No, I really have to leave. I'm getting tired anyway.” Anita turns to me. “Boy, I hope you have what it takes to win this bet because I know what she plans to do to you if you don't win,” Anita says. She and Pam exchange glances and a wicked grin.

At least it sounds as if the evening will move on. I don't care what Pam has planned for me if I don't measure up, I think no matter what we'll get to be

naked with each other and that's what counts.

Once Anita has left Pam turns to me and smiles as she grabs the ruler. I rub my hands together and grin. Yes! This will be a night to remember.

“Okay, Dylan, it looks like it's just you and me. I'm ready to proceed with the bet if you are,” Pam says as she steps to me.

I don't waste a single second as I stand and put my hand back on my button and tear down the zipper as fast as I can. “You bet!” I say.

“Just remember, if your cock is less than seven inches then you will do as I say tomorrow night.” Pam lifts her eyes to me while nodding.

“And if my cock is greater than seven inches, your ass is mine tomorrow night,” I say.

Slowly, I pull down the jeans. The more I reveal, the more I shake, because I know the truth. Pam's mouth stretches into a partial smile as she bends to my crotch. I close my eyes willing my body to obey my mind. Please, cock stretch to seven inches. The final moment arrives, and I rip down the jockeys. Maybe I'll get lucky tonight. Maybe Pam will want me anyway.

Her smile turns to a smirk as she views my cock stretched before her. I try to will it to grow larger. Think, Dylan, beautiful woman is looking at you. She's sexy and hot. Grow, you mother fucker, grow. The moment of truth she thrusts the

ruler to me, and I peer down to see the tip of my cock head reaching a mere five inches at full staff. Fuck.

Pam's eyes grow large as she looks at the ruler. She points to the number five on and shakes head. The smirk on her face turns into a look of great amusement as she backs away and begins to laugh. She laughs and points and laughs so hard tears come to her eyes. I back away from her for my stiff cock wanes because of her laughter.

“What the hell, Dylan? You claim you're bigger than Max and yet your cock is so tiny I don't think it could even fit into the tiniest woman. Why do you boast so much when you clearly have the cock the size of a five-year-old? I can't believe you freaking lied to all of us about this. Your cock is miniscule and tiny just like you. Your cock is so tiny I don't know that you could even get off in a woman. I mean you'd really have to try hard,” she says as she doubles over in laughter.

Her words sting my ears as I shake my head and pull my pants up. A burn rushes into my cheeks and her ridicule continues as she talks about my tiny cock. I'm extremely hurt by her words and I slowly pull my pants up and she keeps laughing. She falls over on to the floor in laughter beating her hand on the rug. She looks up at me with her tear stained eyes and continues talking about my tiny dick.

“It's so tiny we can't even call it a cock. It is a little dick.”

Finally, she sits up and straightens as she wipes the tears from her face. “Okay, it's obvious I win the bet. Tomorrow I'm dressing you up as the person you are because obviously your dick is too tiny to call you a man. You shall be my bitch tomorrow. You shall be my woman,” Pam says.

The night did not result in having any fun. I leave with my tail tucked between my legs and go home after promising her I would come over the next night. Now I'm sitting here contemplating running away instead of doing what she wants to do. She gave me a briefing before I left her home about how she's going to dress me up as a woman and parade me around. It is not what I expected, and it is not what I want to do.

Pam grins at me as she opens the door when I come to her apartment. She has more of a sympathetic expression this time than she did last night when she was being so cruel with her words. "You're a good sport for doing this, but you wanted to do the bet and you lost. Especially after all the boasting you did about how big you are. Now, I'm going to make you up into a woman, because a little dick can't be called a man," she says.

I shake my head and follow her into her bedroom where she has a long slinky blue dress that hangs nearly to my feet. I look extremely silly in it as the spaghetti straps which reveal how I have a little bit of hair on my chest. It's humiliating as I sit and allow her to paint my face and apply false eyelashes on my eyes. When she sets the wig with soft auburn curls on my head, I know I'm in trouble. And how she found a pair shoes with the long heels that fit my feet, I'll never know. She just shrugs.

"Five-inch cock means small feet and I figured these would fit you." She fixes the necklace to my neck and the clip-on earrings to my ears, which causes a bit of pain. I keep a plain expression and just take it because I lost the bet and I'm being fair and square. Once she's done, she has me stand up and look at myself in the full-length mirror. I scarcely recognize the woman standing there blinking with lashes that extend further than I've ever seen. I have a pretty face for a woman and as I move wearing her panties the air filters between my legs. It's nice in a way and I'm glad that I at least enjoy that part of it.

The club is hopping with people and as we walk in the door, she turns to me. "Dilly, dear, you are my date tonight and I expect you to act like a nice one. A smile would be pretty and would set off your beautiful blue eyes," Pam says.

I square my shoulders even though I'm feminine in this get up and I plant a smile on my face. I must admit, walking into the club with the breeze flowing between my legs, I feel pretty. Maybe Pam is on to something, but I'll be damned if I ever admit to her about it. Maybe it's because I'm wearing her panties that makes my cock rise to the attention as we sit at the bar and take our first drink of martinis. After downing a mug of beer, I stand and wag my brow while holding out my hand.

“Dance? At least that will be fun,” I say.

“Now, that's more like it. Let's go have a fun time on the dance floor. I'm leading,” Pam says as she drags me to the middle of the floor. She pulls me into her arms, and it feels weird because even though I am short in stature, I'm still taller than her. She takes charge, and as she sways her hips, she puts her hand on mine. She spins me out and back to her. After bending me back, she acts like she's going to kiss me. I wouldn't mind a kiss.

We dance some more, and the slow song comes on and she pulls me to her. I can't help but wrap my arms around her and press her to me, showing her that I'm not just a silly little woman. Even though the hard-on in my dress is only five inches, it's solid hard and she's aware of it. She giggles as I rub up against her and when she pulls back her eyes glance down my body. I look too and see that there's a solid bulge in my midsection. I can't help but laugh as I'm a drag queen sporting an erection.

I beg her to take me back to her place whenever realize I am so horny, I can't stand it. She relents and we go back to her home. On the way I place another bet with her.

“I bet I can make you scream in pleasure. Maybe you think my cock isn't long

and hard enough, but I know the moves to make you want more,” I say.

Pam pulls into her driveway and looks over at me as she lifts a brow. “You're on. And if you can't make me scream in pleasure, your ass is mine next Friday night for part two of Dilly queen,” she says as she exits her car.

I smile because I know how to handle a woman. I immediately pull off the wig and dress. “I don't mind keeping the make up on, but I do want to be naked when we do this because well, I have to use my body parts,” I say.

Pam giggles and pulls me back to her bedroom. “Suit yourself, let's do this,” she says as she pulls out of her clothing.

I have her lie back on the bed close to the edge shouldering in between her legs she looks down at me with extreme passion. I smile and come back up to her face. “I prefer to kiss someone before I fuck them,” I say.

Pam places her hands around my face pulls me to her as her lips part over mine. The kiss is long and passionate and stirs desire deep within me as I want to fuck her so badly now. When she pulls back, she lies back inviting me to dive into her muff.

As a shoulder in between her legs, I swirl my tongue over her clit, and she moans in pleasure. I bring my hands up to her fleshly mounds and grasp a taut nipple in each hand. I roll it in between my fingers and thumb, as I press my tongue swirling it over her hard clit. After a few moments the glistening moisture forms between her sweet lower lips. I lap it up and lick right up to the clit again. She's breathing hard and before she comes, I pull back. This is when I pull her legs to my shoulder and I take my long hard cock, all five inches, and pierce between her glistening sweet lips. She moans as I move in and have her

sit up, leaning her forward giving greater friction of my cock sawing against her clit. This will make her come hard. I put a hand on her nipples and a tweak them and roll them keeping her hard. She's moaning as her head lops back and I'm on the verge of coming too. I really wish she would hurry because I'm about to lose it. Suddenly, her nails dig into my side and she yelps out loud as her body quivers and shakes with each thrust. Her pussy squeezes around my cock as she comes, and her moans are loud. I lurch forward, the action too much for me to hold back. I fill her void completely full of my man sauce pumping into her probably more than any she's ever had in there before. Afterward, she's collapses back limply, and I pull out quickly, leaving a trail of cum and pussy juices between her legs. She doesn't seem to mind as she squirrels up on the bed. I collapse beside her and pull her into my arms having won the bet with at least one of prizes being some awesome cuddle time.

We stay embraced for a long while. Finally, Pam stirs and looks up into my face. Leaning in, she kisses me. I moan and squeeze her tightly, my body tingles from our time together.

“Shower time.” Pam jumps up out of my arms leaving me empty. She scurries across the floor and pauses at the bathroom door and turns to me. “You coming?”

Hell yeah, I'm coming. I jump up and join her as we shower in her small tub. She giggles as I wash her body and delight in every inch of her. In turn, she runs the sponge over me, and takes special care with my manhood. I smile and enjoy it and wonder if this will ever happen again. I decide there and then to make it happen again. She's worth a second go around.

I'm not sure if she wants me to stay, so after the shower and after I'm dry, I head for my clothes still sitting on a chair in her room. Pam returns wearing nothing but a robe. She thrusts a toothbrush and toothpaste at me.

“If you stay the night, you can have these.” Smiling, she disrobes and crawls back in bed leaving a spot for me. I drop my clothes and head back to the bathroom to take care of my teeth.

Lying beside her in bed, I pull her to me as she rests her head on my shoulder. I believe the night was worth it, I’d do it all over again.

THE END

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