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SCARLETT STEELE

TEACHING THE
SISSY

A LESSON IN REAR END POUNDING AND FORCED FEMINIZATION!

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Teaching The Sissy A Lesson In Rear End Pounding and Forced Feminization!

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female domination, ballbusting and more.....

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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You never know who you'll meet when you go to a friend's wedding. Beverly and Dawson have a lot of friends, and I've been thrown in the midst of their lovely reception meeting many of them. Dawson and I go way back and I work with Beverly in the finance office. She smiles at me as she grabs my shoulder. I walk along with her, noticing how beautiful she is in her wedding gown. It's a strapless number, showing off her great curves, Dawson is a lucky man.

"Denny, there's someone unlikely to me," she says.

Oh, please, let it be that beautiful lady wearing the dusty pink dress. And yes, we are approaching her. Her auburn hair flowing down just past her shoulders, her face impeccably made and her stunning green eyes staring at me. There's something about green eyes that makes me weak. I smile at her as Beverly

introduces us.

"Wendy, this is Denny Fisher. Denny, this is Wendy Davis," Beverly says.

I swoop in with my charm, as I grab the lovely lady's hand, bring her soft manicured fingers to my lips and lightly brush a kiss on it. "Pleased to meet you," I say.

"Oh, your charmer," Wendy says.

"Only when it involves a beautiful lady," I say.

"Good, now you and Wendy get to know one another," Beverly says. She shoves us together and walks off. Of course, as the bride she's the center of attention she has to attend to her other guests.

"Would you join me for a sip of champagne?" I ask. I hold my arm out to the beautiful lady.

"I'd love to," she says as she slides her hand through my arm.

I gather a couple of champagne glasses and hand her one. She looks around, her eyes filled with wonder just as I am at the glitzy decor that the bride and groom has chosen.

"The Pinkston Plaza certainly has lovely accommodations for wedding reception," I say.

Her brow lifts. "They certainly do. I've stayed here before, they have a lot of fun accommodations such as an indoor pool, and a complete spa system," she says. She smiles at me, one of those come hither looks. I know it well.

I feel my heart fluttering through my veins, this woman certainly gives me renewed energy. "Do tell, perhaps it would be a fun time to simply rent a room and enjoy the accommodation sometime," I said.

"Perhaps, but in order to really enjoy it you need a partner who can frolic with you in the pool," she says.

"Are you offering?" I ask.

"Only if you ask me out on a date, and we get to know one another first. If I like you and it works out, I plan to do things such as this," she says.

I can't wipe the grin from my face, I feel like I just won the biggest lottery ever. This woman is interested in me. "Would you like to go out with me sometime?" I ask.

She looks at me and tilts her head. "Sometime," she says.

We are doing a great job of starting. I can't help but hold out hope that this will develop into a real relationship. Beverly sure knew how to nail this one. I'll have to thank her later.

We walk around, chit chatting about the decor, and how we both know Beverly and Dawson, and about other people we see. The hotel certainly has a great ambience, and atmosphere that draws you to it. That's great marketing. As the reception comes to an end, the bride and groom prepare to leave for their honeymoon. I need to strike while the iron is hot.

"Dinner and dancing tomorrow night, seven. Put your deets on my phone and I will pick you up," I say. I thrust my phone into her hands.

She smiles as her thumb dances across the screen and I increase with giddiness at the thought of going out on a real date with her.

Indeed, I pick her up at seven the next night from her apartment. It doesn't take long for us to get to know each other on this date. We end up at her place, a cramped little spot. She works as a hairdresser at a beauty salon. She doesn't have a lot of things as she said the apartment came furnished. I can tell she doesn't like it, her distaste for things that are borrowed.

The next day, after we slept together on the first day, by the way. I ask her out and we go ice-skating. We end up back in my place, and she's completely enthralled with it. Second day, I asked her to move in with me. It's since the deal, the third date we were moving things into my place.

I'm one lucky son-of-a-bitch to have landed such a lady. She remains as sweet as she did when I first met her at the wedding. Of course, Beverly and Dawson are thrilled by the advancement of the relationship. They invite us over for dinner and it's as if we'd been a foursome forever.

"I told you he's a charmer," Beverly says as she lifts the wine glass.

"Indeed. I've noticed," Wendy says.

"Hey, I come by it honestly, born that way," I say.

I am totally mesmerized by Wendy Davis. I asked her out over two months ago on a date and hoped that she would say yes. She's a busty doll, complete with a bubbly personality. I found it great when we went out on our first date and we ended up sleeping together that first night. I won the lottery with her. It doesn't take a lot to please me, but she certainly does.

We walk along the sidewalk, taking in the lights of the beautiful skyscape and choose the club to dance. She points to one, and squeals with delight. "There's always a line and there's always a bouncer outside, I would love to go in there and see what it's all about," she says.

"If the lady wants to visit with the club, then we will," I say.

I'm a charmer too, that's what she always says about me. I can't help it, whenever many beautiful women are around I flirt with them. But to me, Wendy is the

most beautiful woman ever. When we step into line at the club, there's a group of ladies ahead of us giggling and turning and looking at me. Wendy grabs my hand and holds it tightly.

I smile at the ladies as they keep turning around. "Do you frequent here often?" I ask.

Wendy squeezes her hand on mine showing me she disapproved of what I just said. The lovely lady I spoke to steps forward.

"Well, once in a while. But we've never seen you around. Is this your first time?" she asks.

I swing my hands laced through Wendy's fingers. "This is her first time here, yes. The lady wants to see what the fuss is all about," I say.

The girl smiles at Wendy. Maybe that'll help to ease the tension that suddenly arose. "It's a great place. The dancing is awesome because the music is awesome," she says.

"Great, thanks for letting us know." Wendy forces a smile.

"Since I told you about it, you should dance for me, sweetie," the lady says as she steps to me and adjusts my collar. Wendy's hand squeezes my hand even tighter.

I smile at the lady. "I'd love to," I say.

The line advances forward as the lady turns around. She smirks at Wendy before she does. Wendy glares at me from the side. "So you dance with her and not with me?" She asks.

"I didn't say that, I'm only being nice. You're the apple of my eyes," I say.

I can't help it, I'm a big flirt and if this nice lady wants to dance with me then I'm happy to dance with her. Doesn't mean I'm crawling in her bed. I lean over to Wendy again. "You're the one I'm leaving with, not her so don't worry," I say.

I try to ignore Wendy's angst. Inside we're met with glitzy gold and red flashing lights that line the bar at the club. The dance floor is golden, with mirrors all around. There are mirrors on the ceiling and the floor is highly reflective. This is the place for me to catch a peek at things I should be peeking at. Wendy's wearing a pair of tight blue jeans and a lovely white top. Her feet are covered in spiked heels, and she looks great.

"Have I told you how beautiful you are tonight? Absolutely sexy and the only one for me," I say as I pull her to me and squeeze her body to mine. She has curves that are just right, and my excitement shows as she smiles, her forgiving smile and wraps her arms around me. Her lips meet with mine as we kiss, and I swoon under the angst of wanting to pull her away and take her now.

"May I help you?" the bartender says as he stares at me. I've been standing there kissing on my girlfriend.

"Yes, two white wines please," I say.

"Thank you, you know my favorite drink of choice," Wendy says as she grabs a glass from me we head to the tables. We perch next to the dance floor, and watch the couples melting together in the center. The band is loud, and the music is perfect. The atmosphere absolutely washes me away with a sense of wanting to get up and dance my heart out. I love dancing, and that's part of my charm. I wait patiently for Wendy to finish her drink, and pull her to the dance floor.

She finally finishes her drink and I grab the glass from her hand and carefully set it on top of the table. I stand and grab her hand and lead her to the dance floor. She smiles shyly at me as we dance underneath the glitz and golden lights and begin moving to the beat. She's an excellent dancer too, and I enjoy being with her so much. She wraps her arms around me keeping your eyes on me and keeping my eyes directed to her.

"A difficult man to read sometimes," she says.

"So? I thought I'm an open book," I say.

"Because it seems like you want to throw yourself at other women, then on the other hand you can act like I'm the only person in the room," she says.

I pull her to me as we dance, I breathe into her ear and kiss her gently on the lobe. And then I whisper to her. "You're the only woman for me, I hope you know that."

She smiles as she groans, pressing her curvy body to mine. My excitement grows then suddenly the song changes as someone taps me on the shoulder. I turn around to see the woman we met in line asking me to save a dance for her. I feel Wendy tense.

"You promised to dance for me, remember?" The lady says.

I turn to Wendy. "I did promise, and remember she was kind to us in the line," I say. I lean over and kiss Wendy and then I pull the copper-haired beauty into my arms. She sways with me, smiling up into my face.

"I'm Miranda."

"Denny, and Wendy's my girlfriend," I make sure and say.

"Who cares about Wendy, you're dancing to me right now," Miranda says.

I laugh, hoping to laugh it off and make a joke of it so that she doesn't think I'm being mean to her, but I also don't want her to think I'm giving her room to step in between Wendy and me.

We glide across the dance floor fast and peppy. I'm well aware of Wendy scowling at me from the edge of the dance floor. She's the type that won't dance with another man because she says she can't distinguish herself from me that way. My eyes are on Wendy and Miranda reaches up and pulls my chin to her

face.

"Don't be rude, you dance with me, not her," Miranda says.

I chuckle. "You like to make trouble for a man and his girlfriend, don't you?" I say.

"Maybe, if it's someone I'm interested in," she says. Admittedly, Miranda is a pretty girl, easy on the eyes and very interesting. She's also a bit brash and I feel like she's honing in on the territory that I don't particularly like.

After the music ends, I'm ready to go back to Wendy. Miranda grabs my hand. "They're going to play a slow song, I'd like to slow suck dance with you if you don't mind," she says.

I look at her and sigh. I have trouble saying no. The song commences and she presses herself to me. Wendy fumes from the edge of the dance floor and turns and stomps off. Oh no! I pissed her off now.

"Listen, you're not married to her. You are free-agent, I don't care how committed you are. There's no ring on her finger or yours," Miranda says.

"You don't even know me that well," I say.

"What is there to know? You're a man, I'm a woman," Miranda says as she

smiles.

"I'm choosing Wendy," I say.

"Wendy? She's choosing some tall, dark and handsome," she says. She nods to the couple who is dancing near us, and it's Wendy with some tall man.

Wendy glares at me from his arms, she's doing it to make me pay. But I find it amusing that she's doing the same thing I'm doing to get back to me. Miranda pulls me to her on the dance floor. Dancing slowly she rubs her hands over my back. Every once in a while I glimpse Wendy staring daggers at me. I smile at her. But every time I do, Miranda reaches out and pulls my face back to her.

"I think if you and I were dating, you'd be the jealous type," I say.

"No, I just like to be the center of attention when I'm in a man's arms," she says.

When the song finally ends I gently push her away. "Well Miranda, that was nice dancing with you," I say, pulling away from her and finding Wendy.

I grab her hand and pull her off the dance floor as he makes her way to the tables.

"Well, looks like you and that chick was getting awfully cozy," she says.

I look at her and smirk. "I could say the same of you and Mr. Tall, dark and handsome," I say.

She laughs. "I only danced with him because he asked me and because you were dancing two dances with little miss busybody," she says.

"Okay, she is a thing of the past. I only danced with her and she forced me into dancing with her like that," I say.

Wendy chuckles, sarcastically. "Yeah, could tell you were really struggling there," she says.

"Look, jealousy does not become you. Stop being so jealous. There's nothing for you to be jealous of because I choose you," I say.

It doesn't help that the server is a cute little blonde who pops up to the table. She smiles as she sets napkins down and the coasters and her big blue eyes look from Wendy to me. "Hi, my name is Constance and I'm your server for tonight. What is your pleasure?" She asks as her blue eyes land on me.

I instantly feel my face flush and my eyes swing to Wendy. "Wendy, hon, what do you like?" I ask.

Wendy peers up at the cute little blonde. "I'll have a martini, extra dry," Wendy says.

"And I'll have your best draft in a tall glass," I say. I wink at her and smile as she turns and walks away. She's wearing a short skirt, and her little hiney wiggles just so. And then Wendy clears her throat.

"You honestly can't help it, can you?" she asks.

I turn back to her. "Huh?" I ask.

"The server, the cute little blonde. I saw you watching her ass," she says.

Damn. "No, I suppose nothing desk it by you, does it?" I ask. I'm growing a little tired of her jealousy. "I don't even know her, she took our order. Yes, she's cute. But I think you're more beautiful than her, so there," I say.

"The expression on your face gives it away. Your body language gives it away. You're just an intense flirt wherever you go. You are charming and good-looking and you know it," Wendy says.

The cute little blonde comes back and sets our drinks down the table. "Will there be anything else?" she asks.

I reach in my pocket and pull out a couple of bills and thrust them on her tray. "No thank you, we'll let you know if we need more," I say. I wink at her before she walks away. At least I think I winked when Wendy wasn't looking. But of course, she saw it.

Wendy shakes her head as she grabs the dry martini and sighs. "I may need some stiffer drinks for this evening," she says.

"Look, stop being so jealous. I'm not going home with her either. It's just my nature, you just need to get used to it. I can't help it if women notice me. I can't help it if I have a charismatic personality that draws them to me," I say as I chuckle.

"You can help it, you just won't," she says.

I shrug. I am who I am and I can't change as there are a lot of cute women in the club but there are also good looking men. I see a man walking by a stall and carrying himself very well. "See that man, I smiled at him and acted sweet to him," I say.

She looks at him. "He's gay. Of course you had in mind if I was being friendly to him," she says.

Shit. I keep stepping in it. Not good. I drink the draft beer and want another. The cute blonde walks by again and I hold up my finger. "Sweetie, could you bring me another?" My eyes swing to Wendy. "Would you need something more?"

"No, I'm still sipping mine," Wendy says.

I nod at the blonde girl and she pops away to fill my order. I don't even bother

looking at Wendy and trying to make it right. When Blondie comes back she sets the draft in front of me and smiles again as she looks down. "If you need anything else, let me know," she says as she slides the napkin and the bottle of beer across the table from me.

"Thanks hon," I say.

Wendy looks around the room looking for what I don't know. I stand up to go to the restroom. "Be right back, I need to drain the main vein," I say as a chuckle.

I nearly run into the redhead, who walked in with a group of girls. She giggles as she glances at me. She has the most mesmerizing green eyes I have ever seen. "Hey, I'm so sorry are you okay?" I ask her up into her.

"I'm fine and dandy," she says.

When I come back out of the restroom, the rest of the girls aren't there. She just happens to run into me again and hands me a napkin and she looks up into my eyes. "You'd be wise not to throw that away," she says.

I smile at her and lift my brow. "Okay, noted," I say.

I hold onto the napkin as I make my way back to the table where Wendy is watching me, of course. "What was that all about?" Wendy asks.

"Too crowded as a club, too many people running into each other," I say. I take the napkin and stuff it into my pocket right there in front of her.

"Is that the story?" she asks.

"There's no story to it. You saw the whole thing. And I never met that girl before tonight," I say.

"And why did she hand you a napkin?" she asks.

"I don't know, maybe she saw it on the floor so she handed it to me," I say as I pick up the napkin on the table.

"No, I mean the napkin you just stuffed into your pocket," Wendy says.

"Okay, I'm sorry. I know she handed me that and told me not to throw it away. I did stuff into my pants because I didn't want a confrontation with you. I was gonna throw it away the minute we got home anyway," I say.

"Pull it out of your pocket and let me see it now," she says. She holds her hand out to me.

I shake my head as I pull the napkin from my pocket but I don't give it to Wendy right away. Instead, I unfold to look at it. It says Miranda and has a phone number. I chuckle.

"Give it to me," Wendy says.

"Demanding, are we?" I ask.

"Unless you're hiding something, there's a reason why you can't give it to me," Wendy says.

I pitch the napkin across the table after I crumble it in my hand. She opens it and looks at it and shakes her head. She shoves it across the table at me again.

"Would you like to keep Miranda's number? The huzzie," Wendy says.

I laugh at her as I'm on my phone and pretend like I'm taking a picture. "Yeah, because I never know when I might want to call a huzzie. I've never met the girl before in my entire life. For all I know she's disease ridden tranny," I say.

"Yeah, she looks like a tranny being so petite with a cute little figure," she says. And shakes her head.

"Look at my phone, I didn't take a picture," I say and show her.

"Nah, I trust you. I'm sorry, as you say you're so flirty. When I'm not around I can't help but wonder because if you're this flirty in front of me how flirty are you when I'm not here," Wendy asks.

"I am who I am. I'm not that flirty," I say with a chuckle.

As I look up a girl named Melba comes up. She has long straight brown hair and she smiles at me. "So you're the one that's captured this one, huh?" she asks Wendy.

"Are you talking to me?" Wendy asks.

"Yes, last time he was here he turned a lot of heads I would say that. You should consider yourself lucky, he doesn't put himself out there for others though," she says.

"See? I keep telling you that I don't," I state to Wendy.

"How are you doing there, Denny?" Melba asks. She pulls a chair up close to me.

And not to be rude, I focus on Melba. "I'm fine, how are you doing?" I ask.

"I'm good. You know, I was having all that trouble, I was ready, I finally dumped his ass like you suggested I do. You also have some really good advice. But anyway, it's great seeing you. And nice meeting you," Melba says as she turns first to me and then to Wendy.

Wendy's eyes widen at me as she lifts her brow. "So you have been here before?"

I look down and shake my head. "Yes, I came here a couple weeks ago with Hank. He was feeling kinda down and out you remember, because Teresa broke up with him. In fact, it was kind of funny because I met Melba and she was having trouble with her then boyfriend Rusty and I was trying to set the tone. But they're both stubborn and wouldn't do it," I say as I laugh.

Wendy shakes her head as she scoots from her chair. She says no word as her lips tighten in a straight line. She's serious, she means business. She shoves her chair under the table and marches straight for the door. She doesn't so much as say bye to me or anything, as I get up and run after her. She's marching to the parking lot but I drove my car, so I don't know what she's doing. She heads to the curb and holds up her hand for a cab.

"Hey, Wendy, wait up," I say as I run to her.

She waves her hand at the cab but they already have passengers so they drive past her.

"Wendy, what's going on? Why are you leaving?" I ask.

"Because you are a big liar, your big fat flirt, and I don't want to deal with this anymore," she says.

She puts her fingers to her lips and whistles loudly.

"Please, Wendy, don't do this. Please," I say. I grab her arm and pull her from the sidewalk away from the cabs whizzing by. She turns to me with an angry face.

"What do you want me to say? You made me think you'd never been in this club before and I come in and find out that some chick is quite pretty and has been talking to you and wondering where you've been. What am I supposed to think?" she asks.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't think about it. I mean, if I was out to hide things you think I'd bring you over here tonight?" I ask as I hold up my hands.

"I think that maybe you didn't think about it, and then you got caught," she says.

"No, didn't get caught. I'm innocent here," I say.

She pulls out of my hand and rushes to the sidewalk again. I grab her again and she spins on me.

"Just leave me be. Go back into the club and dance with the little blonde or the cute little brown head or redhead or whatever and have fun. Flirt, all you want, you won't have me standing in the shadows scolding at you by doing it," she says.

"What are you saying?" I ask.

"What do you think I'm saying?" she says.

"I don't want us to break up, but that sure sounds like what is happening," I say.

"Aren't you the smart one. Look, egg's on your face this time," she says. She shakes her head.

"Please, Wendy, I don't want to break up. I love you. I don't want to lose you. You're the one for me, what can I do to convince you?" I ask.

"Too late," she says as she turns away from me again.

I fall on my knees and grab the bottom of her leg. She whips around me again. "I'm not beyond begging you. Please, I had no clue that this was going to happen tonight," I say.

"Neither did I. That I should've known, because you always flirt and I'm so tired of it," she says.

"It's innocent flirting. I've never cheated on you, nor do I want to. I'm man enough that if I wanted to go out with someone else I would at least cut you free first," I say.

She looks at me as her expression softens just a little. A spark of hope ignites in my heart. "It's just that you're flirting is making me so tired and weary. I mean

some chick ran into you and gave you a napkin and her phone number on it, what the hell am I supposed to think?" she asks.

I shake my head. "I don't know. I did not ask her to do that."

"Yeah, but you were shoving the napkin in your pocket," she says.

"Wendy, you have to believe me when I say I'm shoving it in my pocket to keep you from getting upset. I honestly planned to throw it away once we got home. I hope you believe that. I may be a big flirt, but I'm a man of integrity, and I would never cheat on you. I promise you if I ever wanted to even entertain the fact I would break up with you first," I say.

"Well I'm giving you an out now," she says.

"I don't want to go out! I want you. I don't want to break up. Please, Wendy, tell me what I can do to make it up to you. I'll do anything, anything," I say.

An amused expression crosses her face as she lifts her brow. "Anything?" she asks.

"Anything! I promise. Just name it, tell me, I'll do it," I say.

She nods. "Okay, let's go home and let me think about it on the way. I have some ideas on how you can make it up to me," she says.

I breathe a sigh of relief as I stand and escort her back to the car. At least she's leaving with me and not in a cab. It takes everything I have to not talk to her on the way home but I let it simmer. We reach the driveway. She actually moved in with me, so it will be so easy for her to grab what she owns herself and leave me. I don't want that. I grab her hand.

"Anything, Wendy, I'll do anything because I don't want to lose you," I say.

She smiles as she nods and gets out of the car. I quickly shut the car off and follow her into the house. She looks at me and narrows her eyes.

"Take a shower, please," she says.

I nod and I go into the bathroom and discard my clothes as I hop in the shower real quick. While the hot steaming water rushes over my body, I blow out a deep breath. Never in my life have I been so scared that I will do anything for the woman I love so much. I have been way too complacent with her, way too assuming she would still stick around with me even if I am a charming flirter.

When I'm finally done with the shower, get out and towel dry. I'm weary, worried about what she wants to do.

"You can step into the room now," she says.

I step out and see that she is waiting for me. She smiles as she grabs her

nightclothes and goes into the bathroom. "Just get comfortable, I'll deliver your punishment after I'm done," she says.

Great, I've got that to look forward to. It doesn't make me thrilled knowing she has something she's going to do to me. I crawl on the bed and discard the towel. I flip through the channels on the TV. I may as well relax for a few moments. When she finally emerges she laughs. She's wearing a nightie, and no panties. I lift up and look at her, realizing that she has something sexy planned.

She grabs the remote and turns off the TV. "Now, if you want me to stay you're going to lie on the bed and you're going to take what I'm about to do to you. I want you to feel the humiliation I felt by the way you've flirted with all those women in front of me. If you don't do this, then I'm out of here. If you do this and endure it then I'll know you're serious," she says.

I nod, my eyes are wide as I have no clue what she's going to do. I lie back on the bed as she asks me to do and I wait. She grins as she pulls her vibrator from the night table stand. My brow lifts as I look at her, and wonder if she's going to lie beside me and get herself off, like she's done before. She knows how that drives me wild, and I'm certainly game for it. I grin as I nod. She pulls the lube out of the drawer and crawls between my legs. Maybe she's going to sit on my lap and do it. My cock grows hard just thinking about it. She's giggling as she looks back into my eyes.

"Ready?" she asks.

She flips the lid on the lube and squirts a dollop onto the tip of the vibrator. I moan in anticipation of what she's about to do to herself. But suddenly, she doesn't take the vibrator to her own body, she thrust it between my legs and finds my ass as she plows into me fast and hard. My eyes are wide open, and I'm

shocked by it. My cock grows limp as she's wickedly laughing, running the vibrator in and out of my ass hole, fucking my ass with it. She's fucking pegging me. I whimper, and try to get away from her and she shakes her head. I lie there and shut my eyes, taking it.

"Now, come on, I can't be that bad. Show me that you're enjoying it and not give a little bit of the surprise in addition to the punishment," she says.

I widen my eyes. "What can I say? You're pegging me, I'm not the type to be pegged," I say. "But I'm taking it, because I don't want to lose you."

She runs her hand over my balls while the vibrator is in my ass. Just feeling the softness of her skin on me causes my cock to grow hard. Then I understand. She shoves the vibrator in as far as it will go and then hops up moving her body over me. Her sweet luscious body, with her muff hovering right above my cock. Of course, it extends long and hard. She grabs it as she rubs it through her soft warm folds, focusing on her clit for a moment. She moans and slides it back and into her hole. And sitting fully, she looks at me and as she lifts her body up and down fucking me she pegs my ass with the vibrator at the same time. It's a very odd sensation, and ironically I'm turned on by it. I'd rather not be pegged but if I have to do this and endure this at least is it a pleasant sensation. I groan as my cock elongates even more. She bounces over me grinding her hips just right. She leans forward, allowing the friction of my cock against her clit. Soon she's writing over me fast and hard, her clit springing into action as the little member swells. I reach up and grab her nipples, tweaking and tugging them just so. She's moaning right along with me as her hands move the vibrator in and out of my ass. I'd rather it be out of my ass now, but I don't say it, I let her do it. Suddenly, her pelvis explodes as she arches her back and grinds into me fast and hard. She thrusts the vibrator inside me, and leaves it all the way in as she moves her body through the waves of pleasure. It doesn't take long for me to react, as I explode within her. I buck my ass up and down, the vibrator causing me to groan even louder. I fill her pussy full of my hot cum, as we quake through the waves of pleasure, until we are finally done. I reach around her wanting to remove the

vibrator because now it just feels uncomfortable. She giggles as she reaches around and pulls it out and pitches it to the floor. Good riddance, I hope I never see the damn thing again.

THE END

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