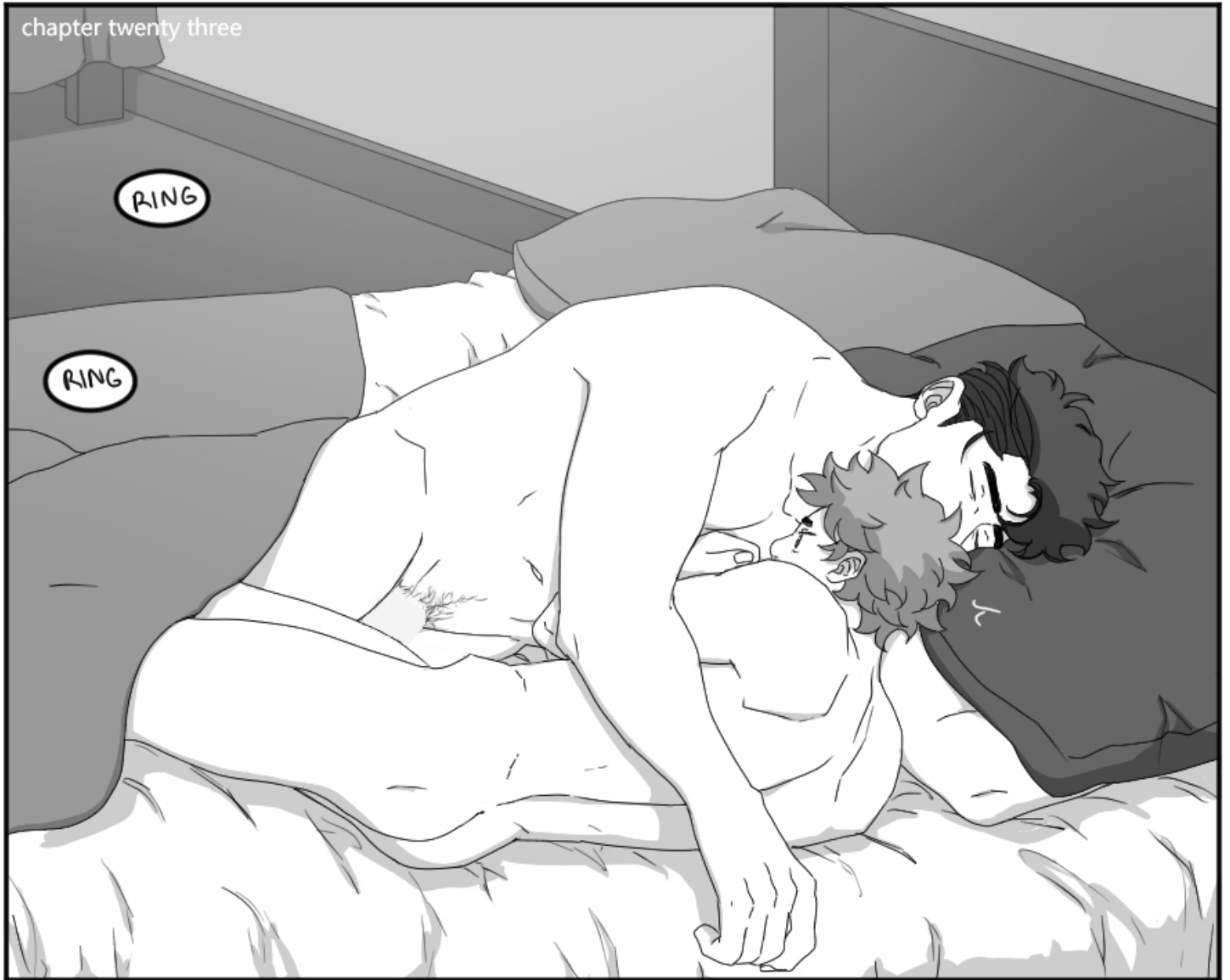
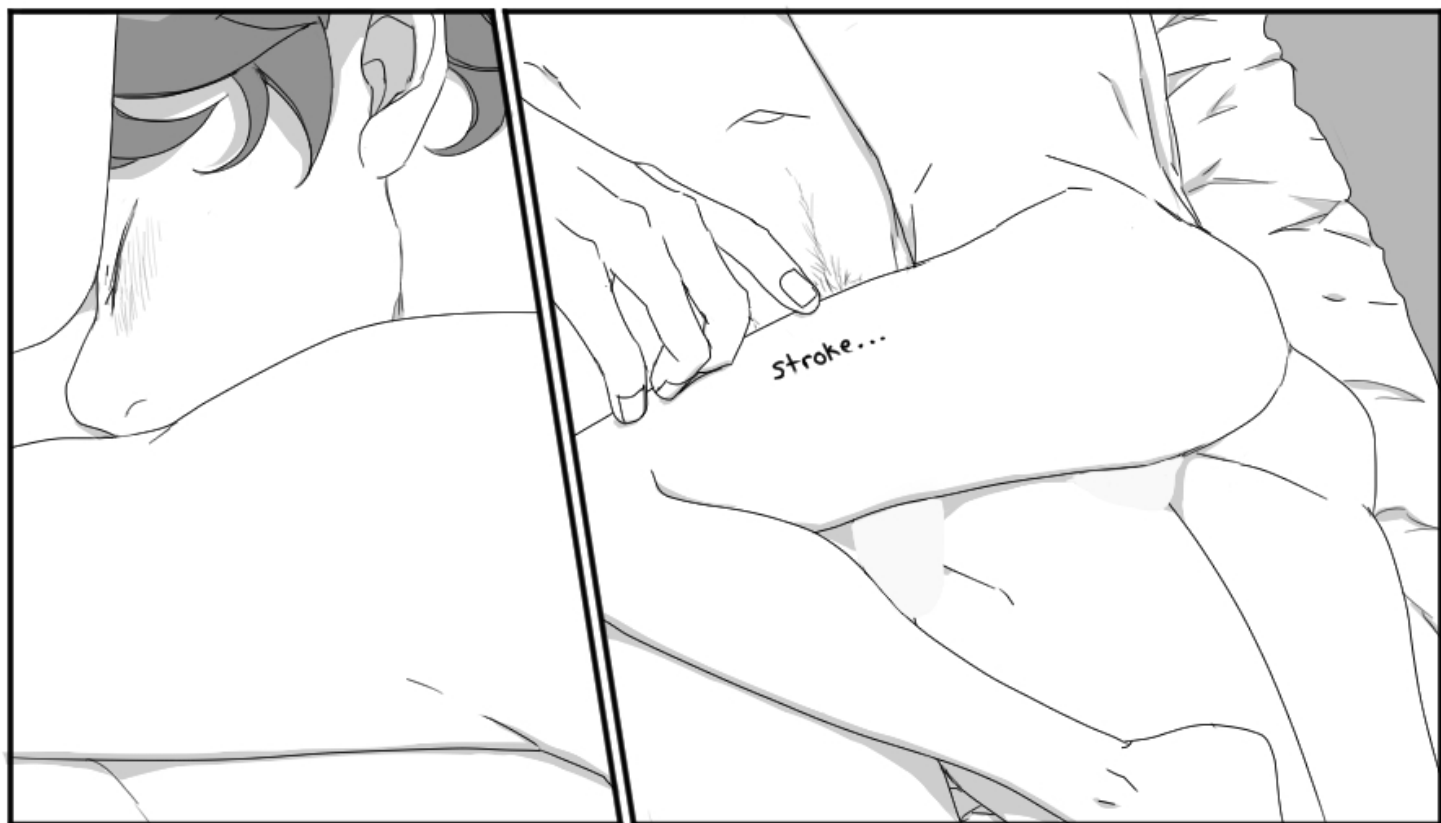
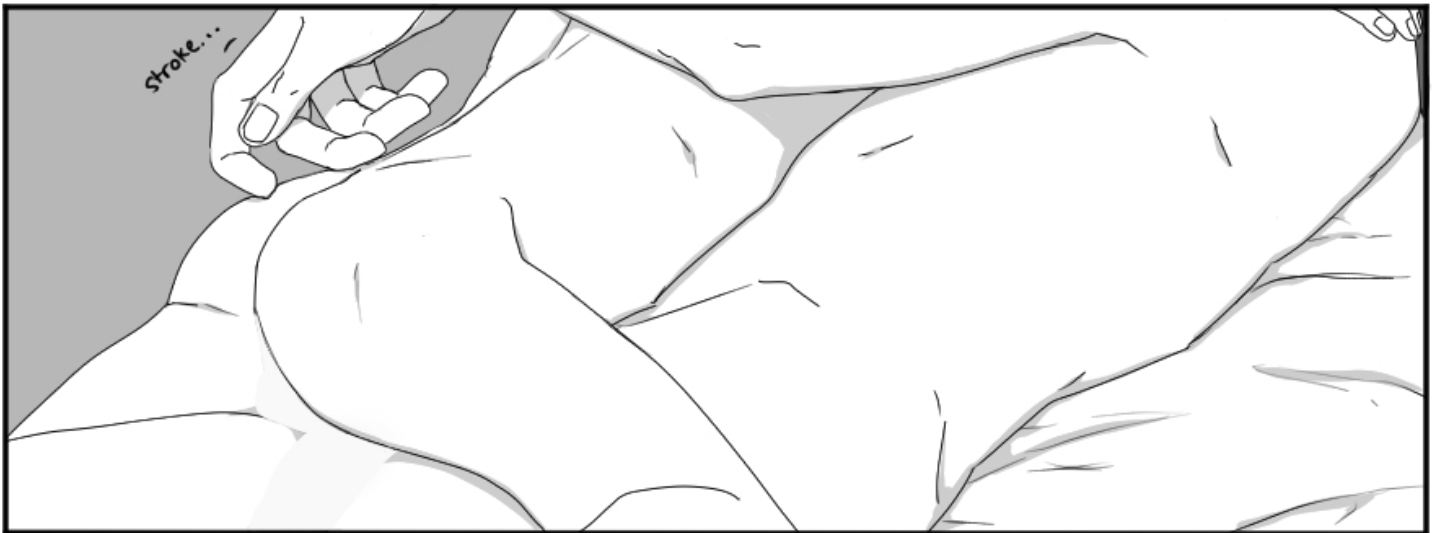
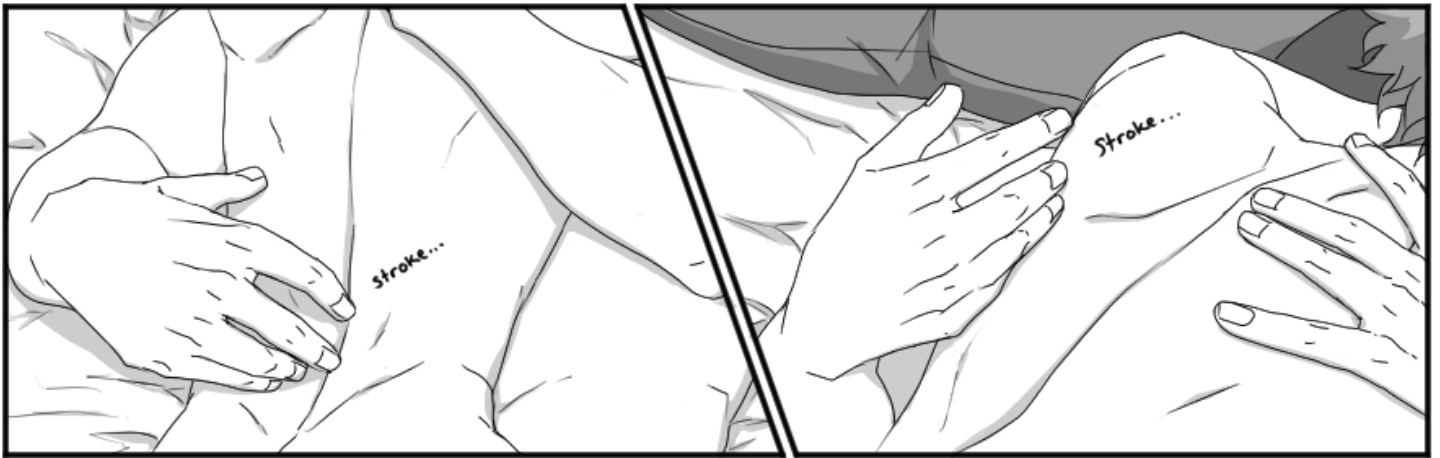
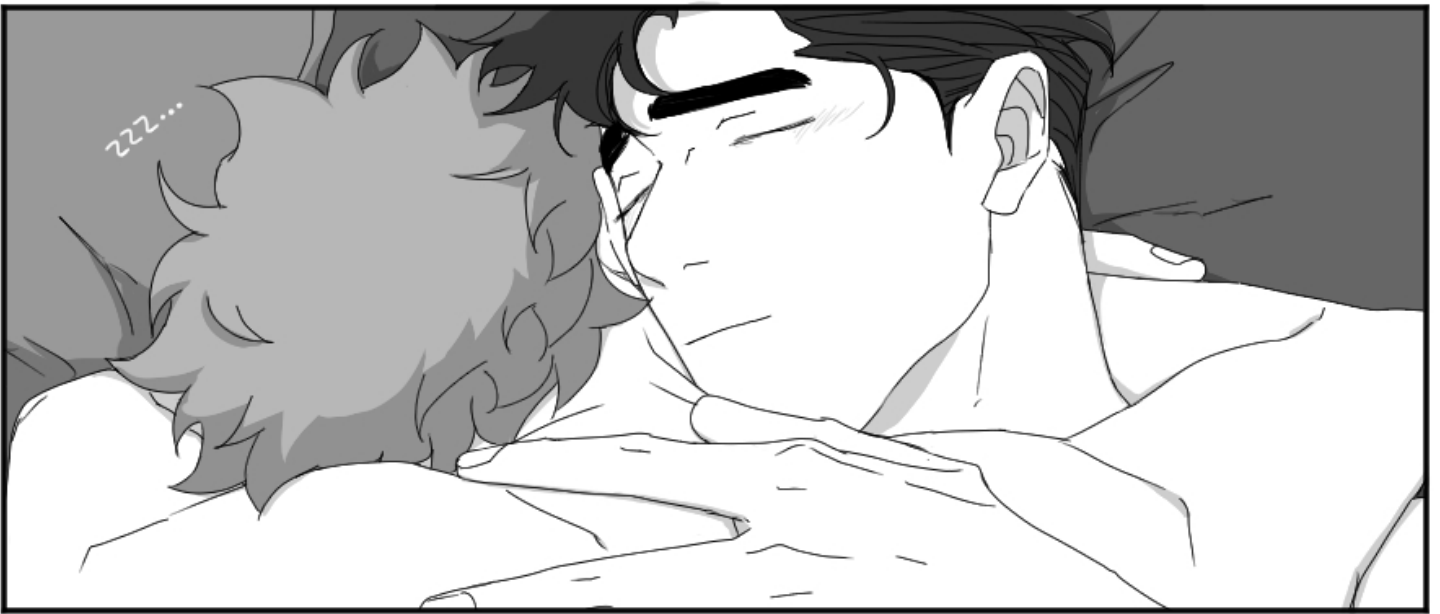


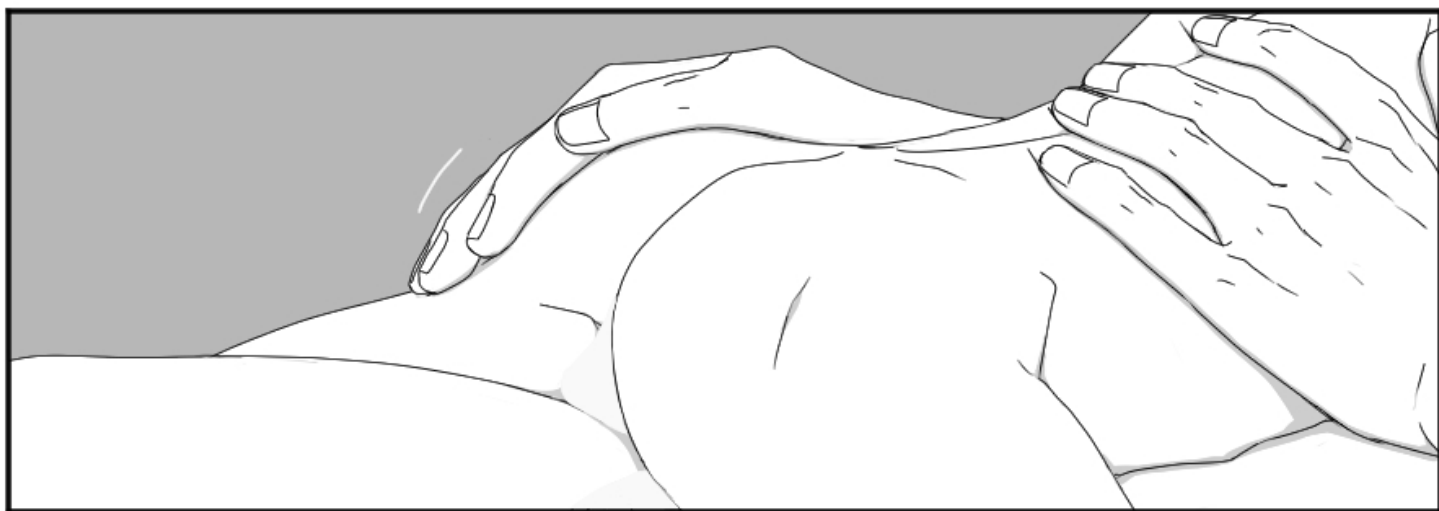
chapter twenty three





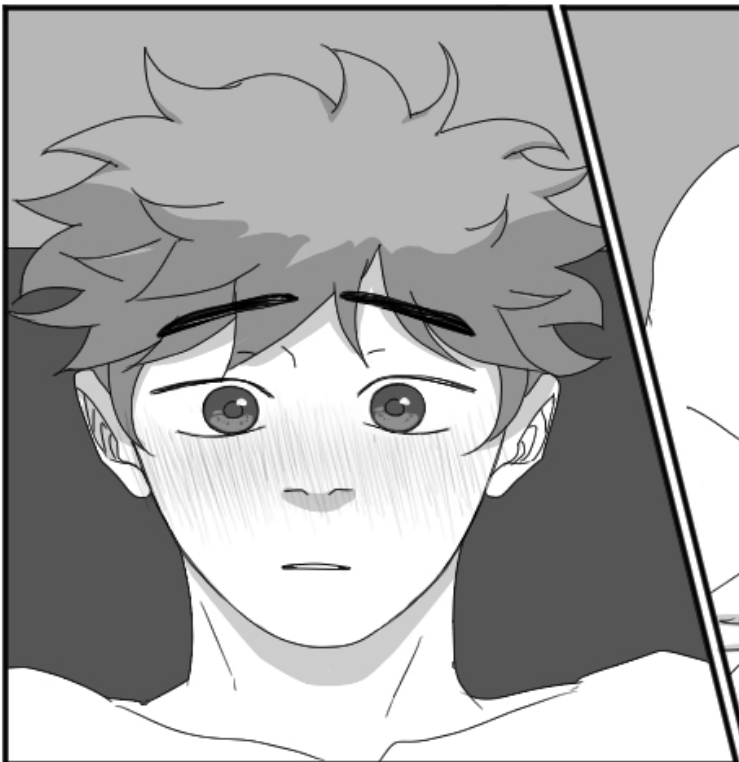




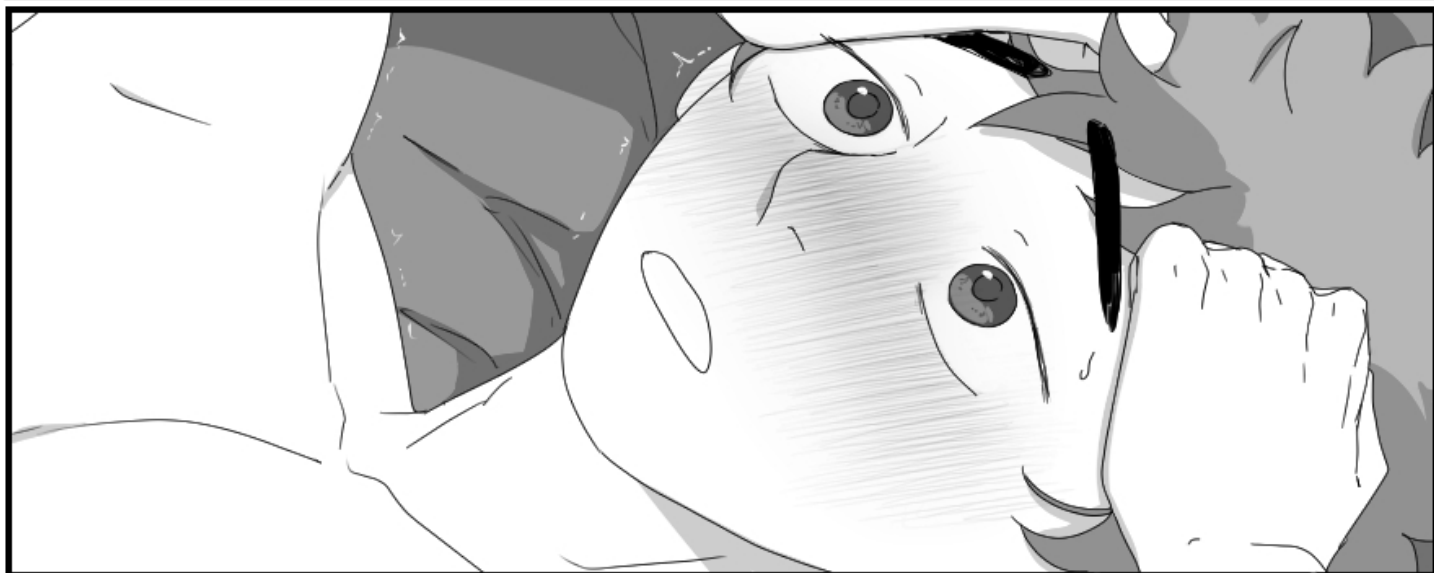
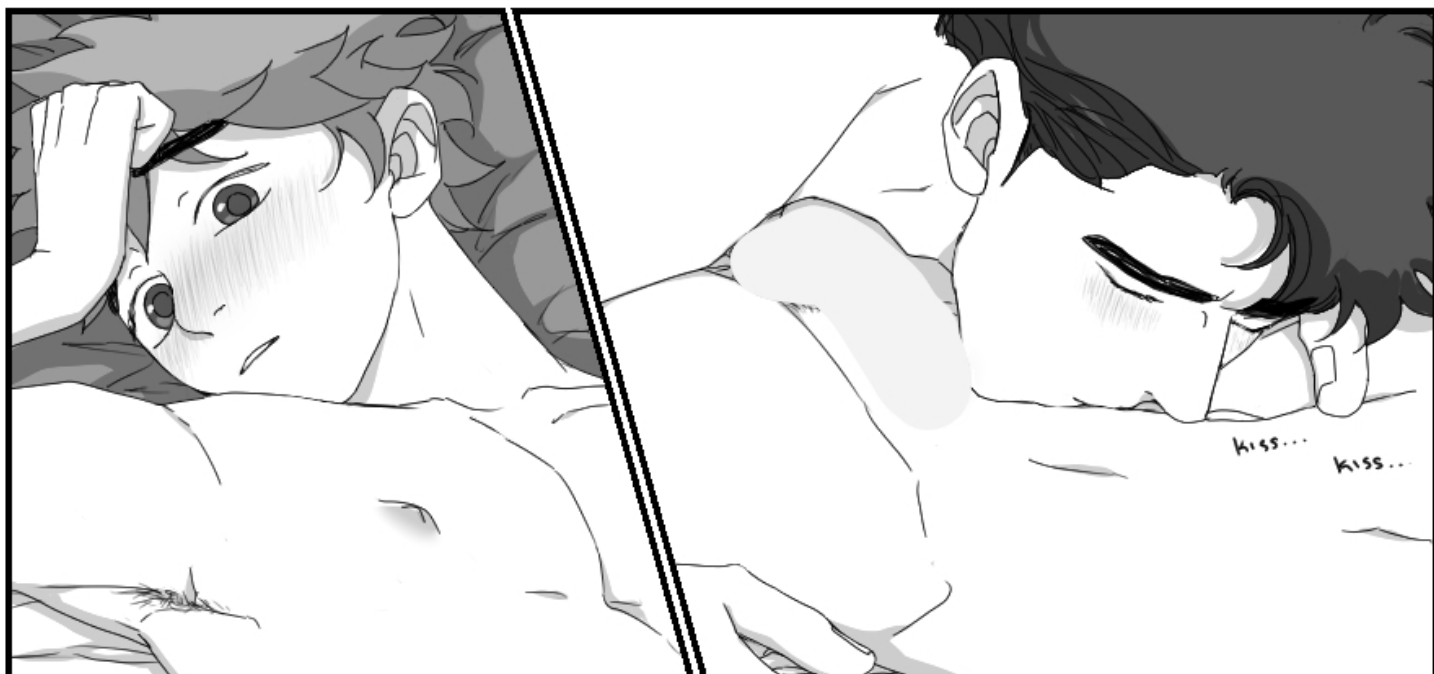


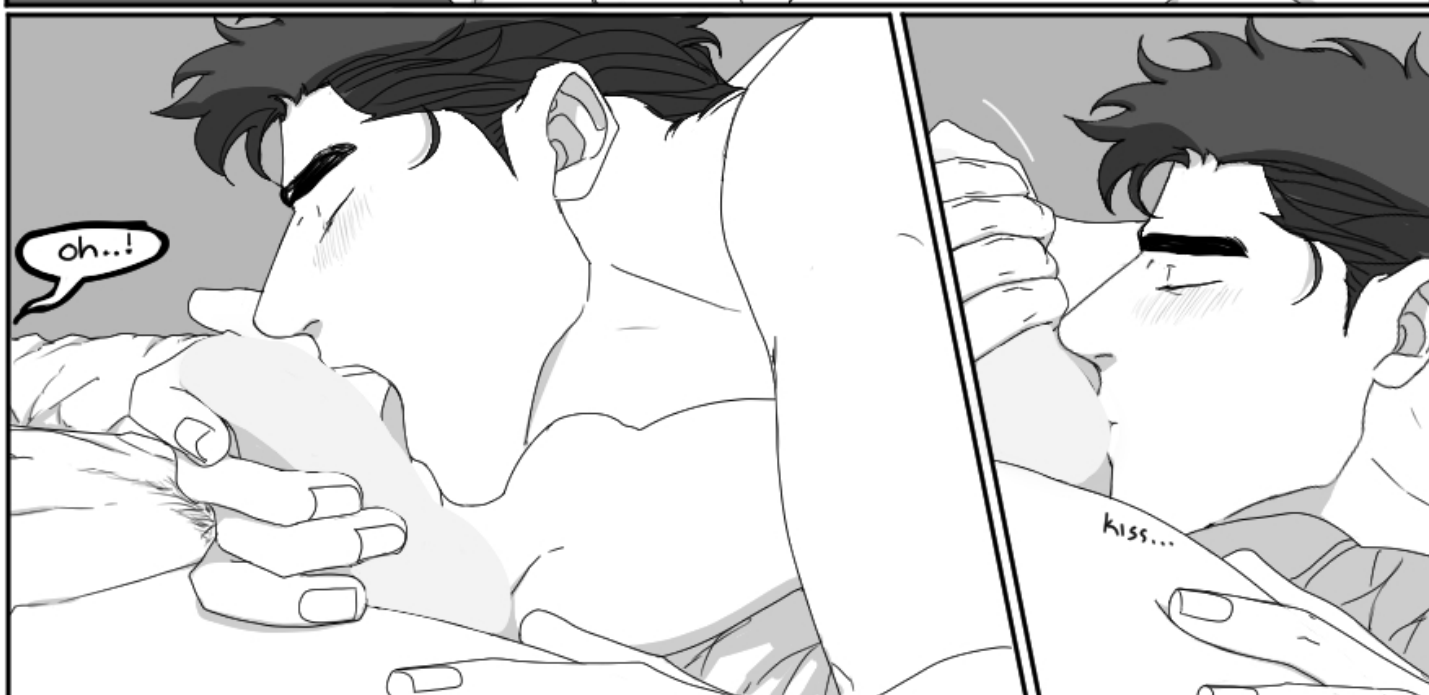
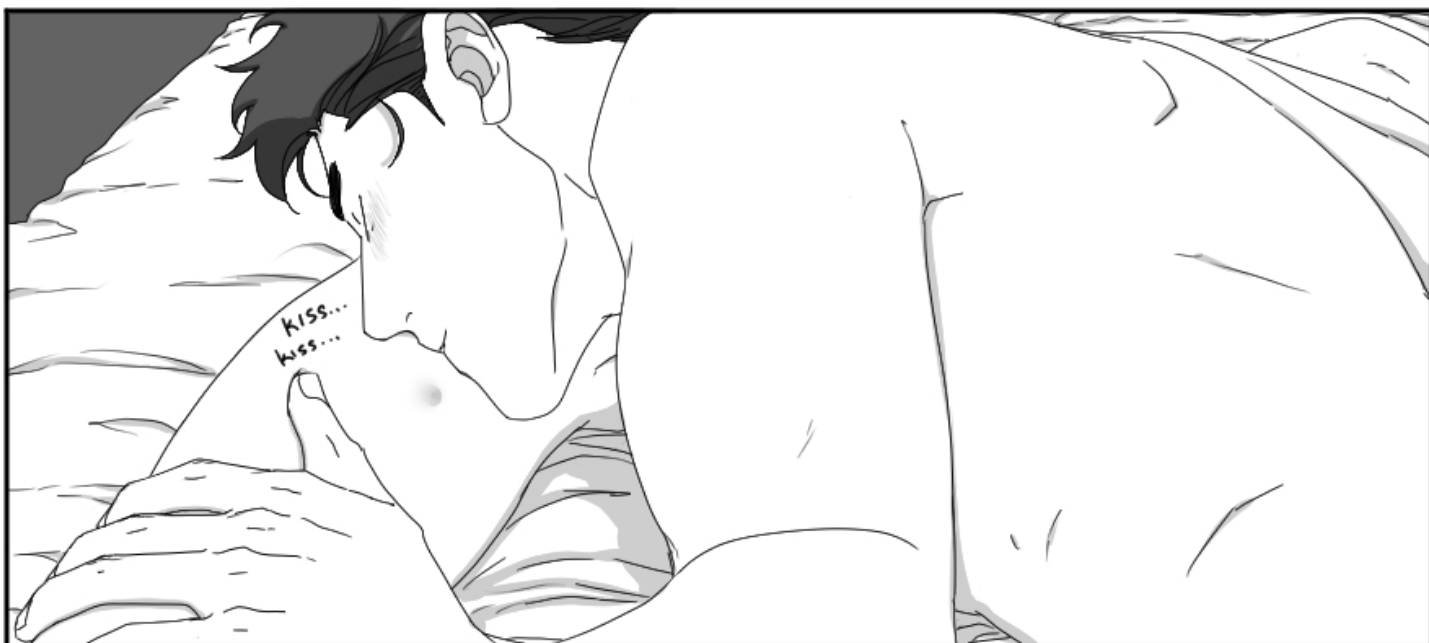




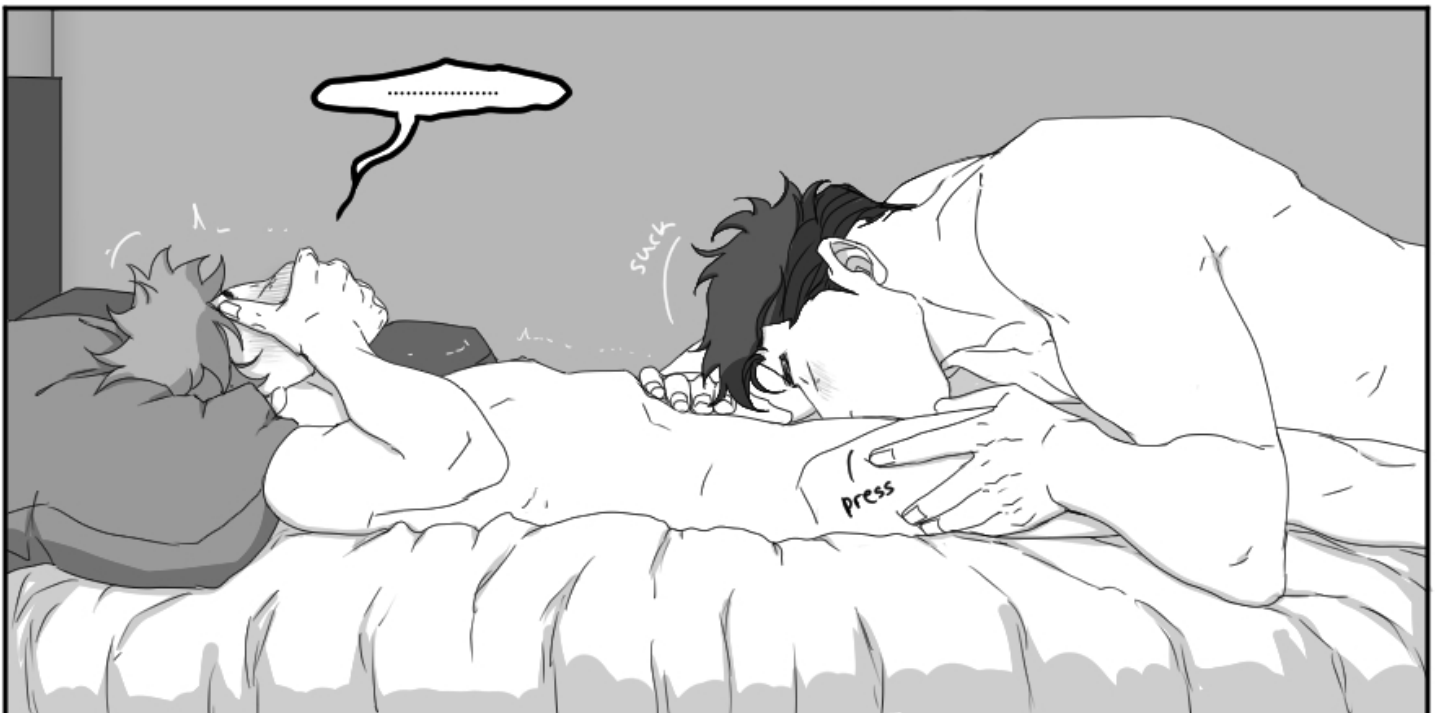








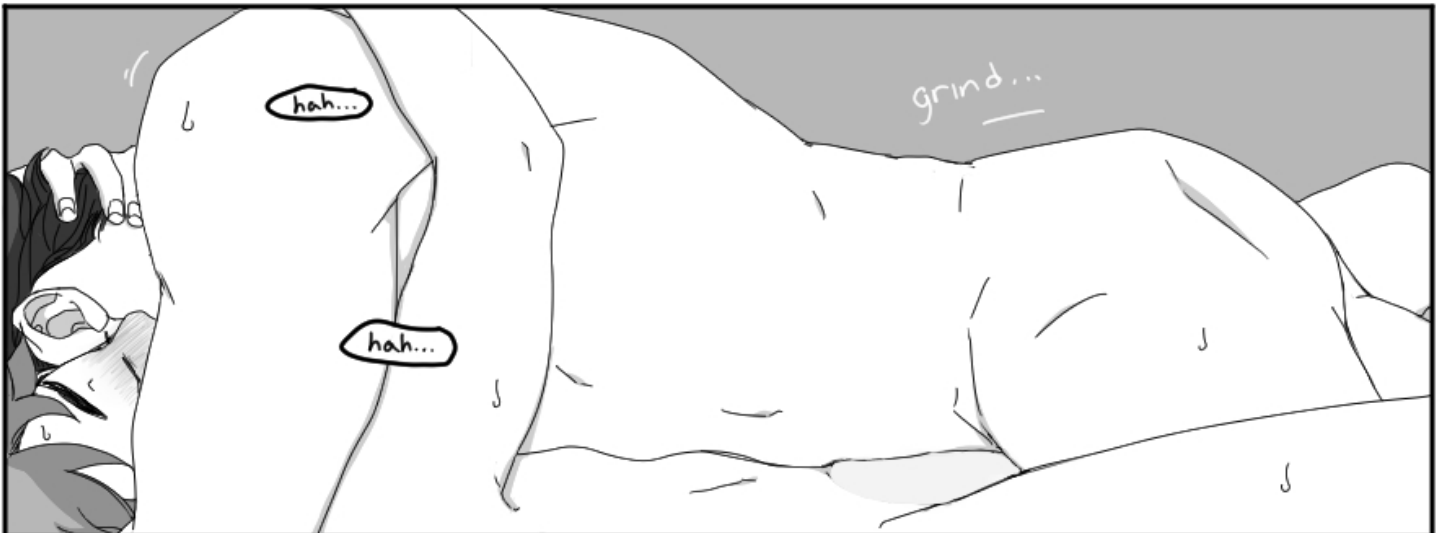


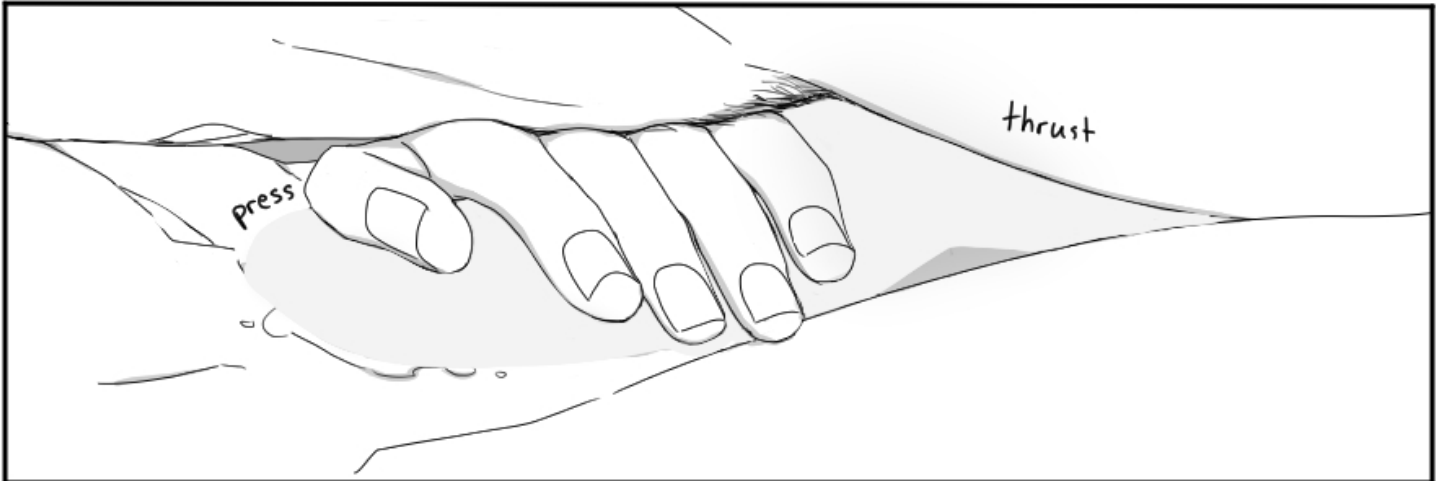
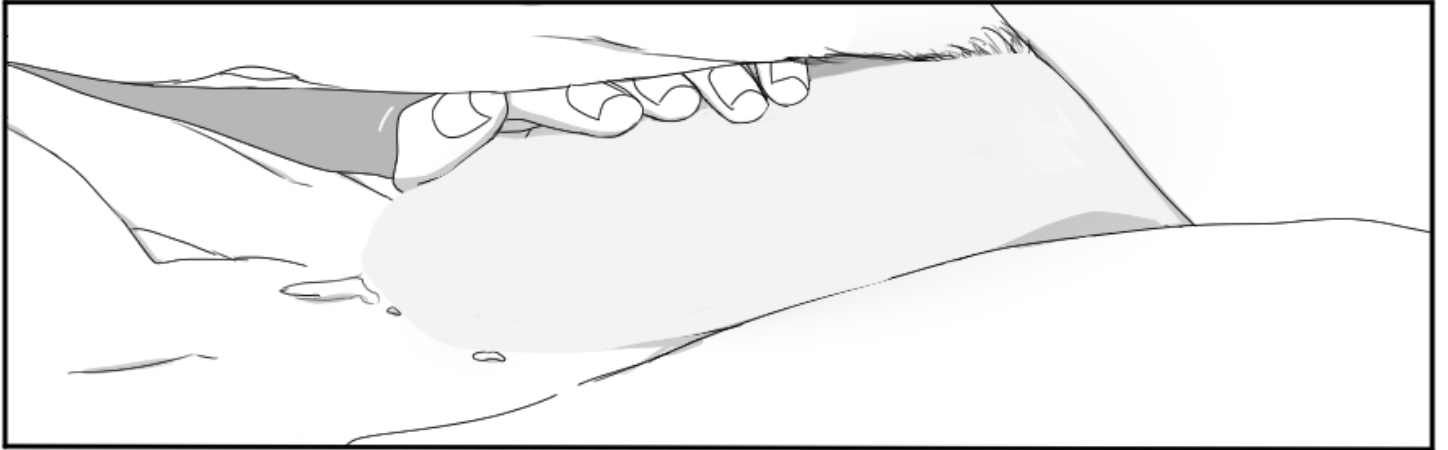
















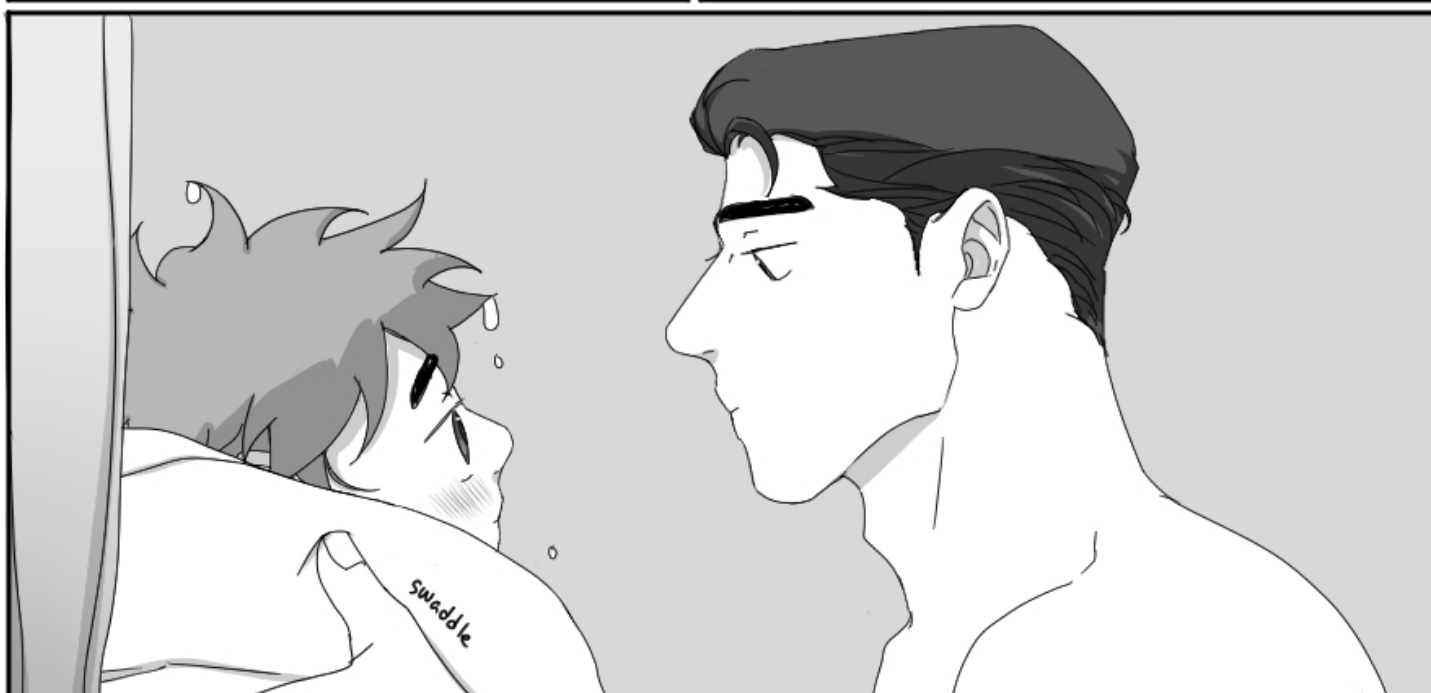


Where did that
come from?

Could you throw
me a towel?



toss



swaddle

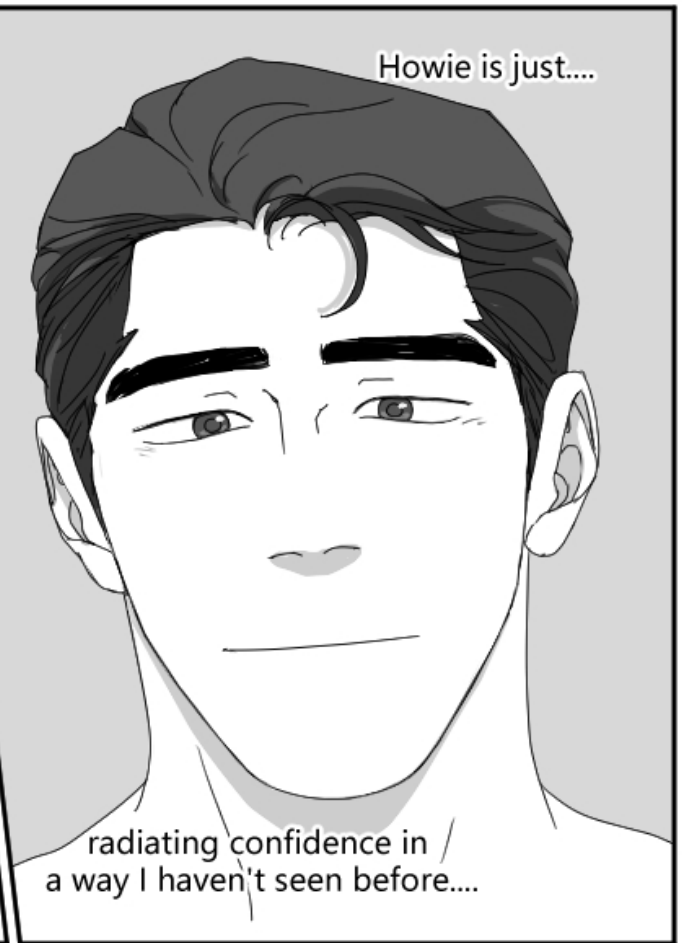
He's usually so reserved,
but this morning he was so....



He was mind-blowing.

He was assertive.
And so confident.

And the spontaneity of it....



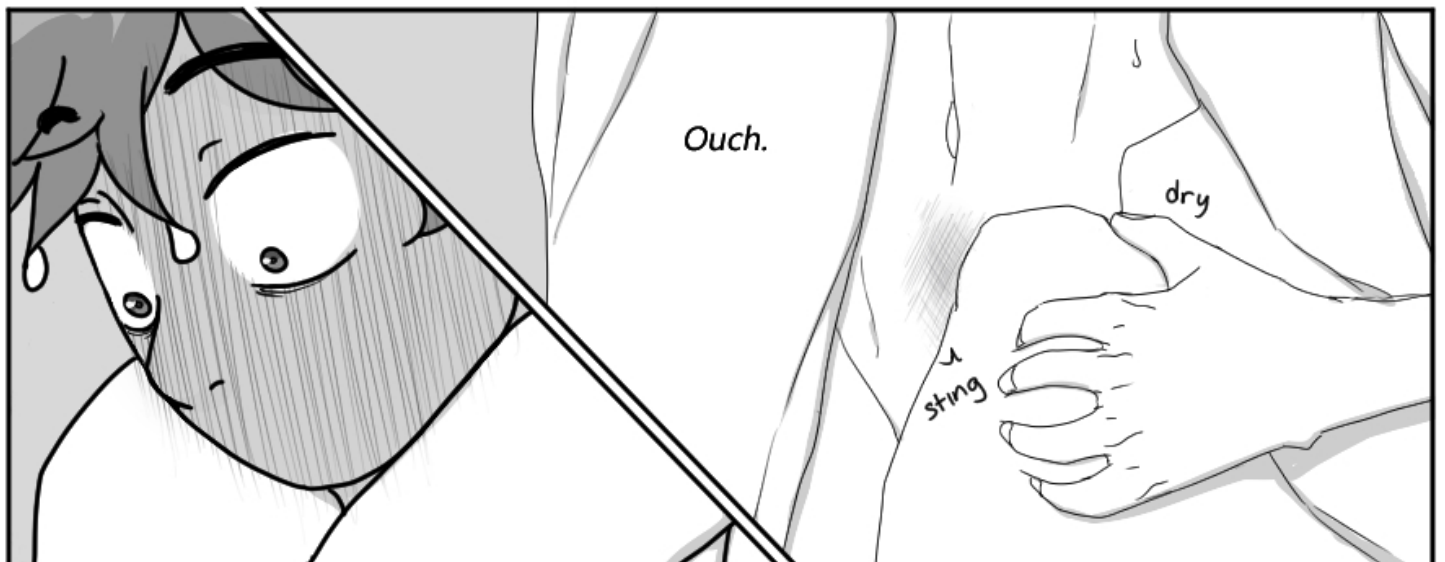
Howie is just....

radiating confidence in /
a way I haven't seen before....



Is it because he finally
has confidence.... in me?

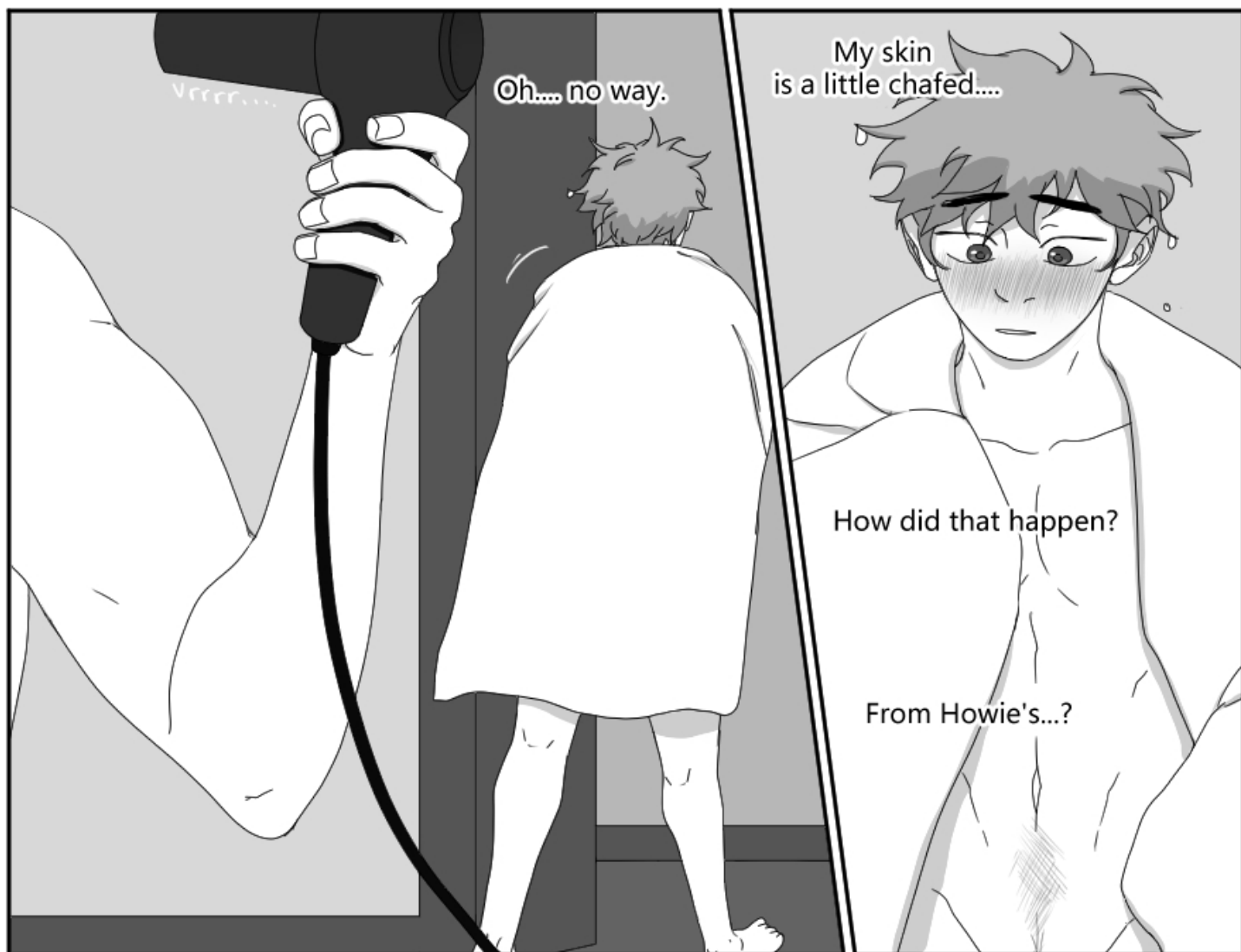
He feels
secure with me?



Ouch.

dry

sting







Whoa....



Was I just feeling generous after this morning?



Or.... is that something I'm becoming open to?



I *wanted* him.... to feel like *he* was fucking me...?

I have never had inclinations like that before in my life.

What are you doing to me, Howie?



I guess I'm curious about it, maybe....

