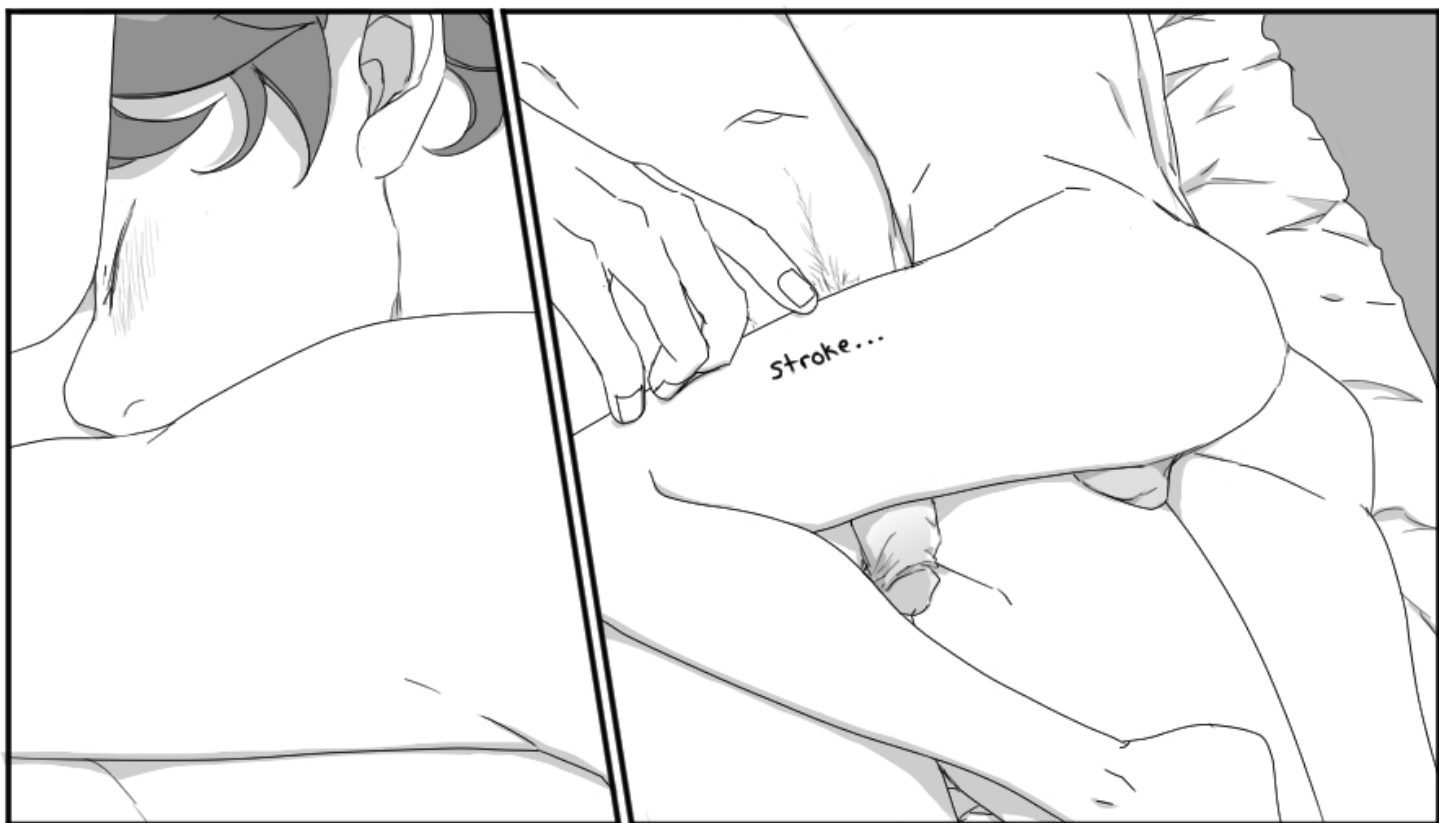
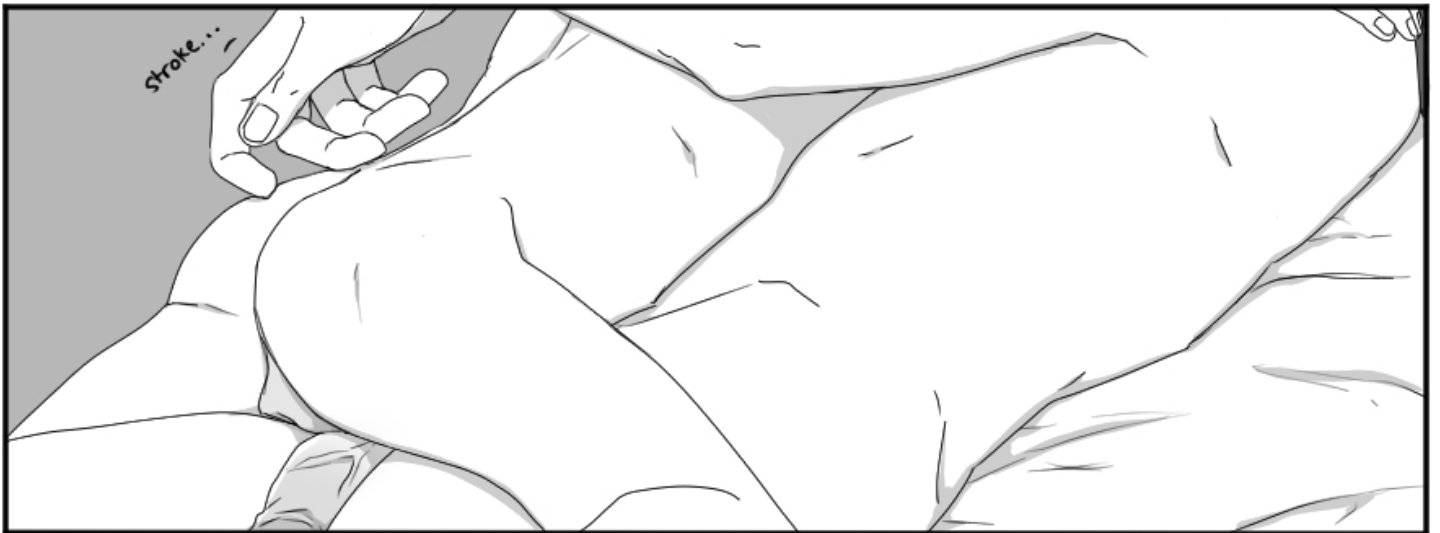
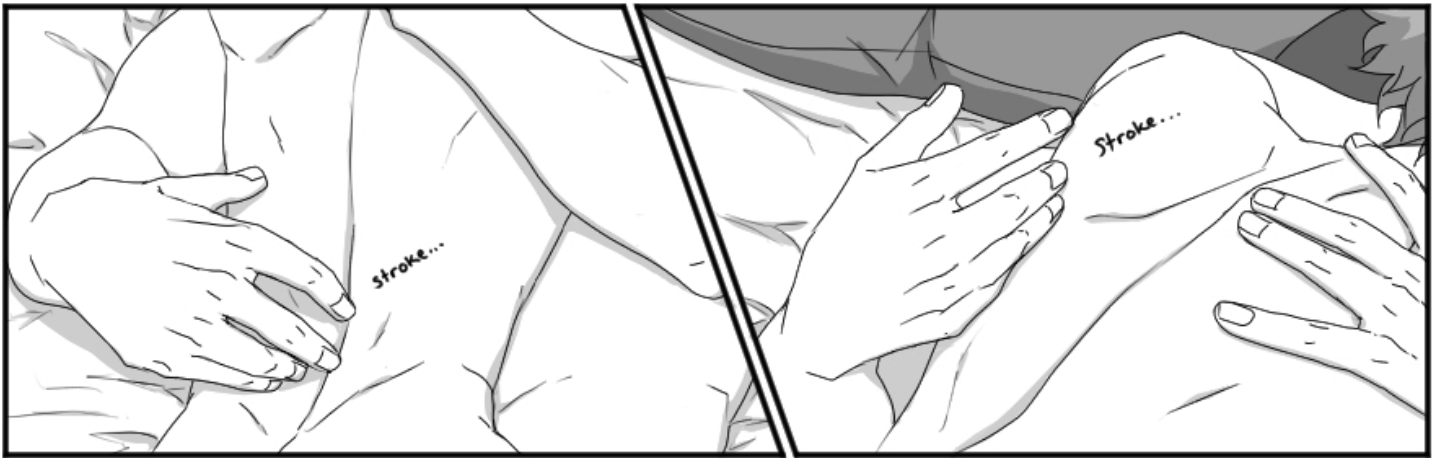
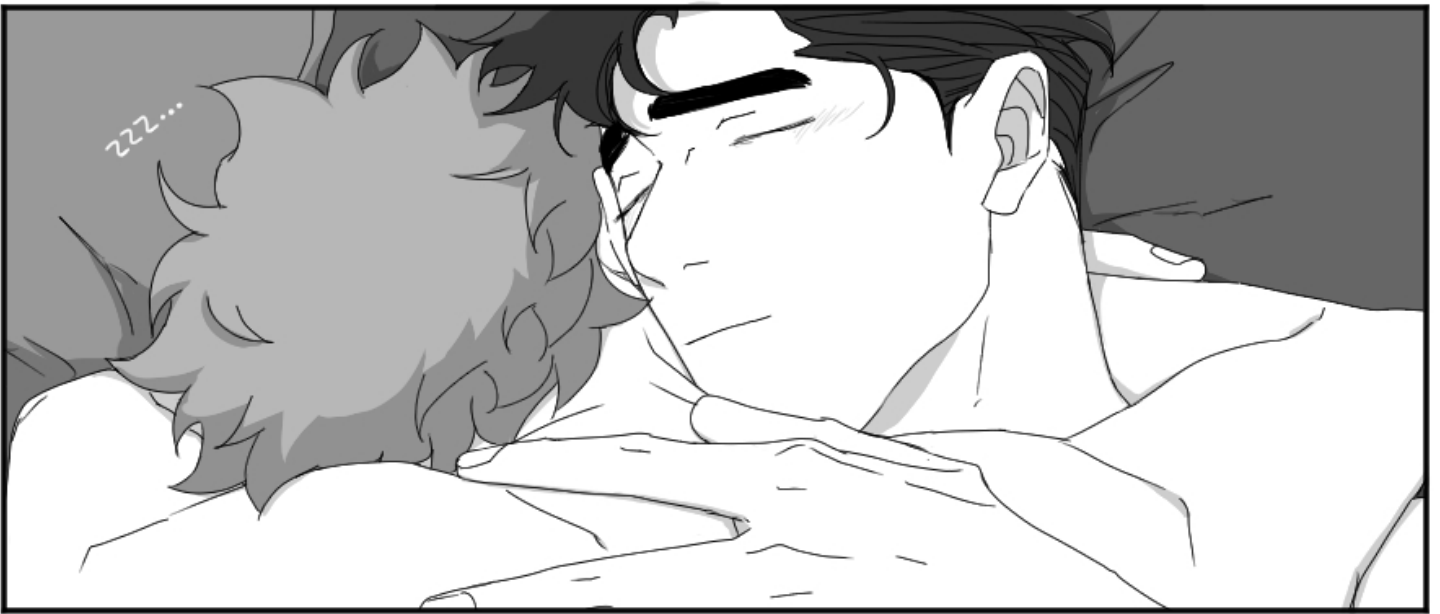


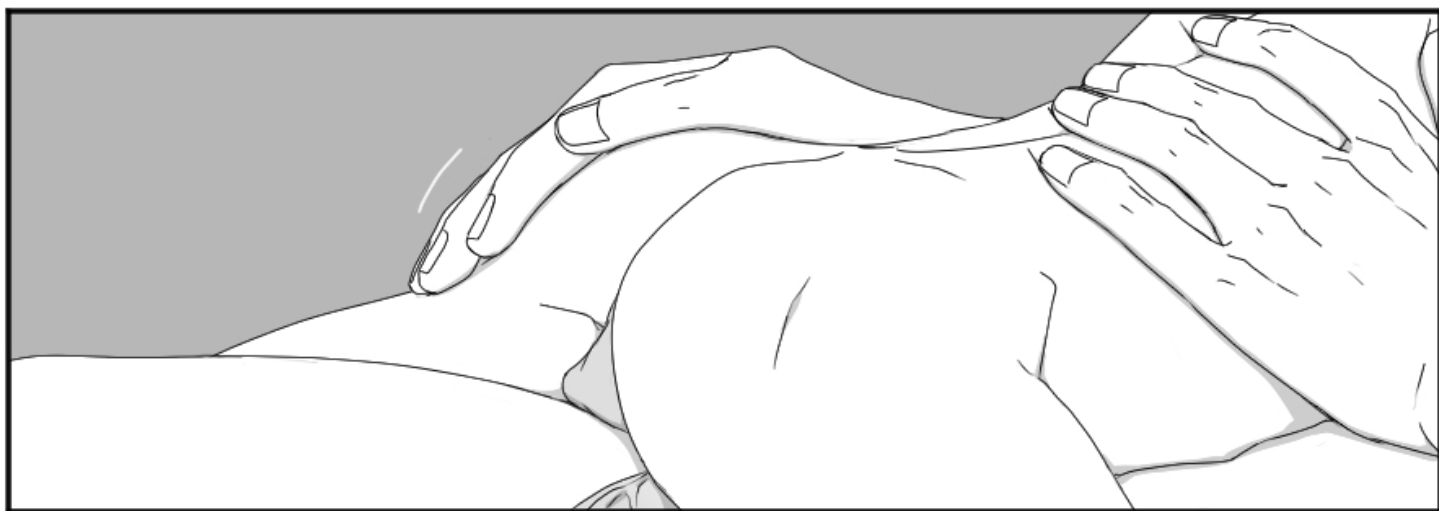
chapter twenty three





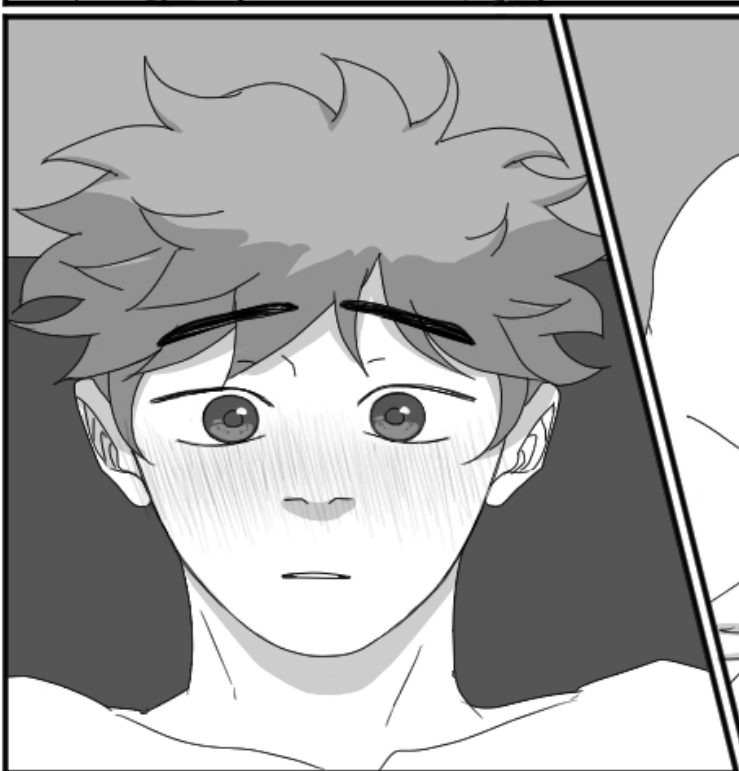


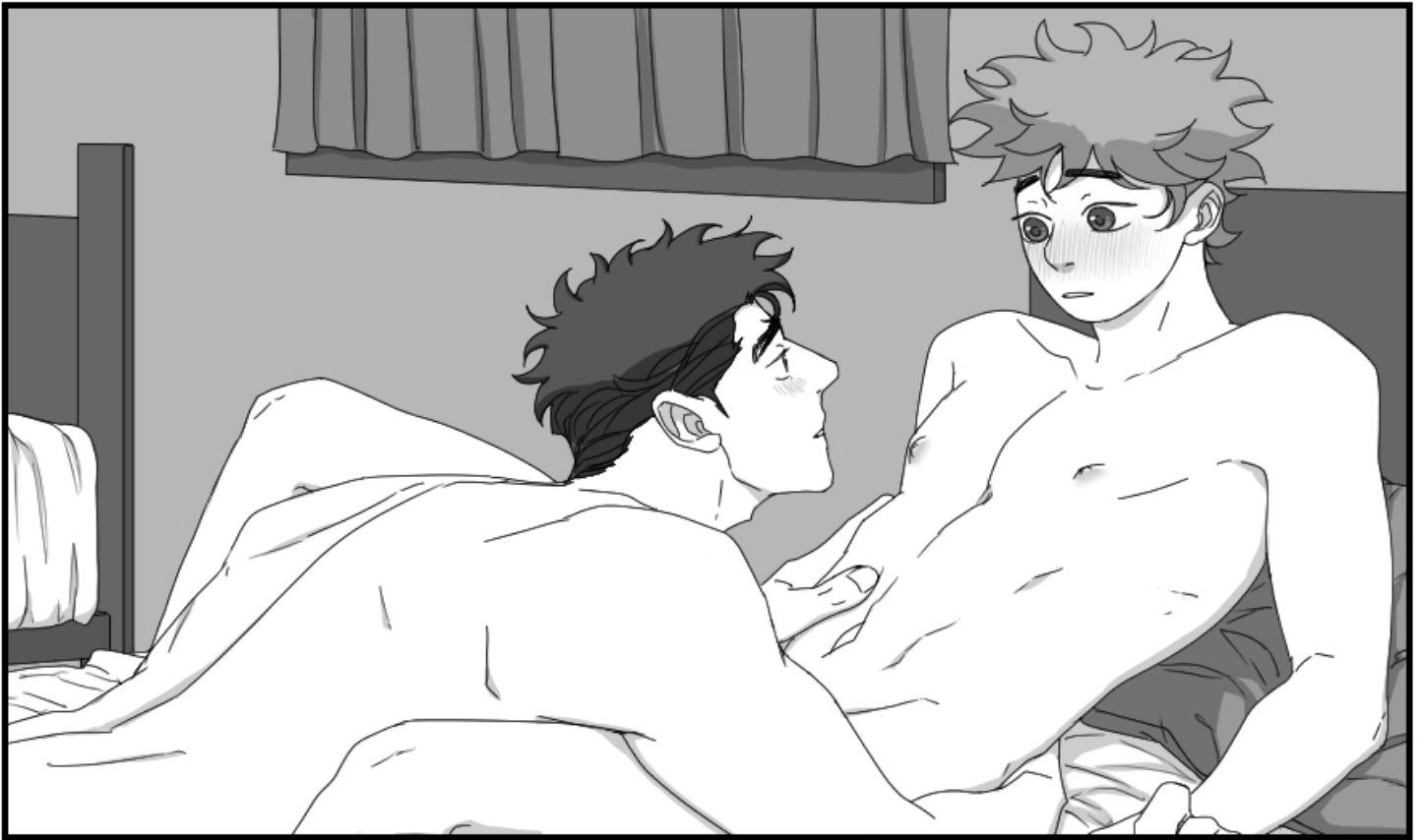


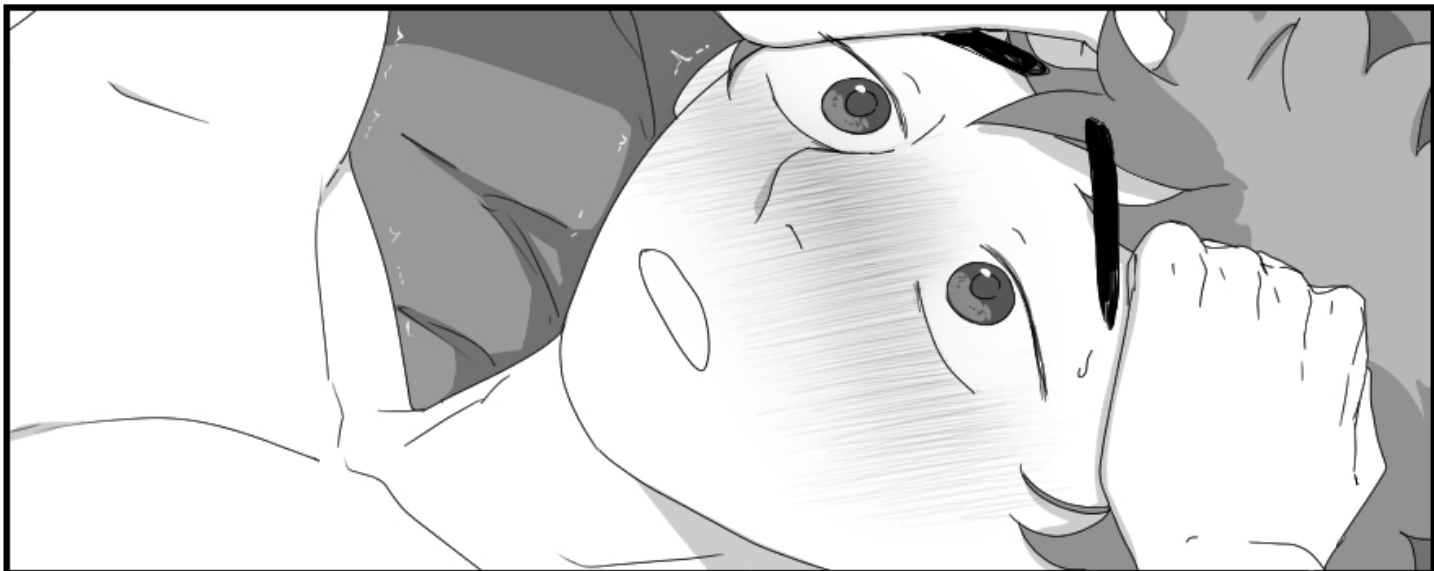
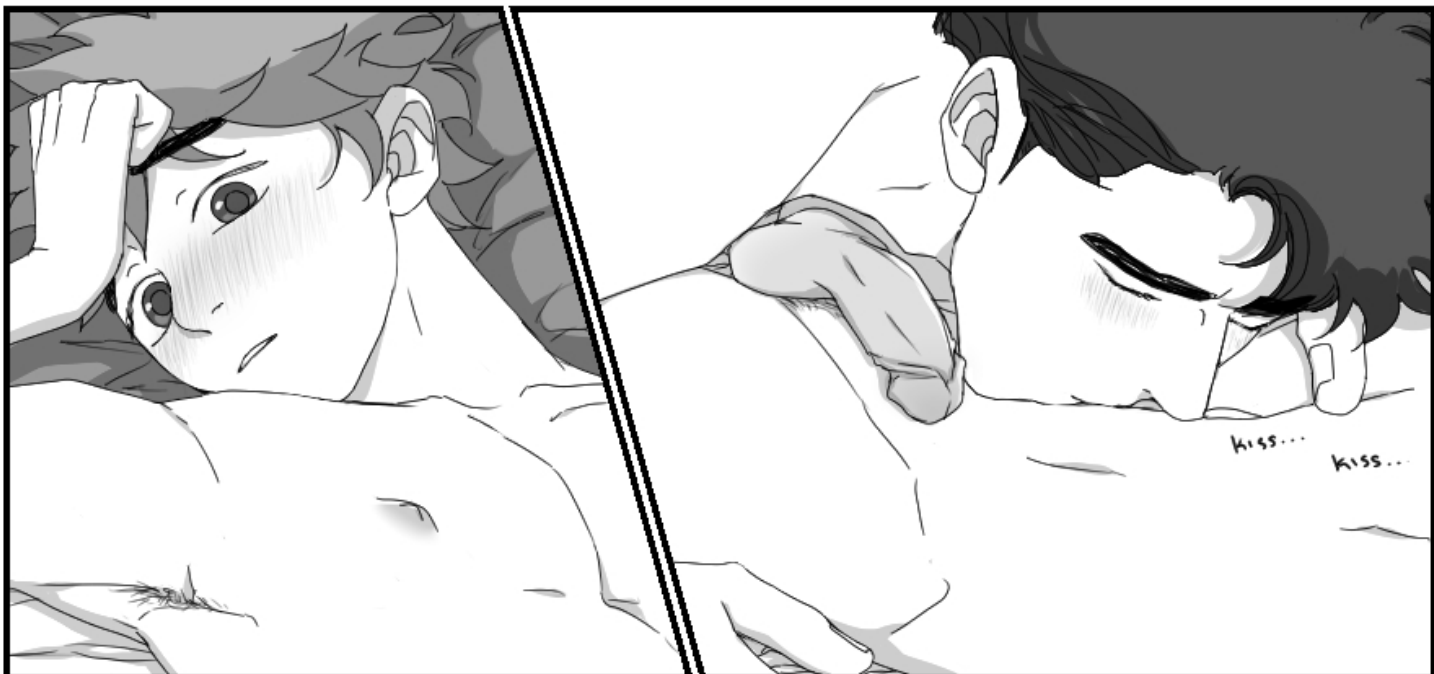


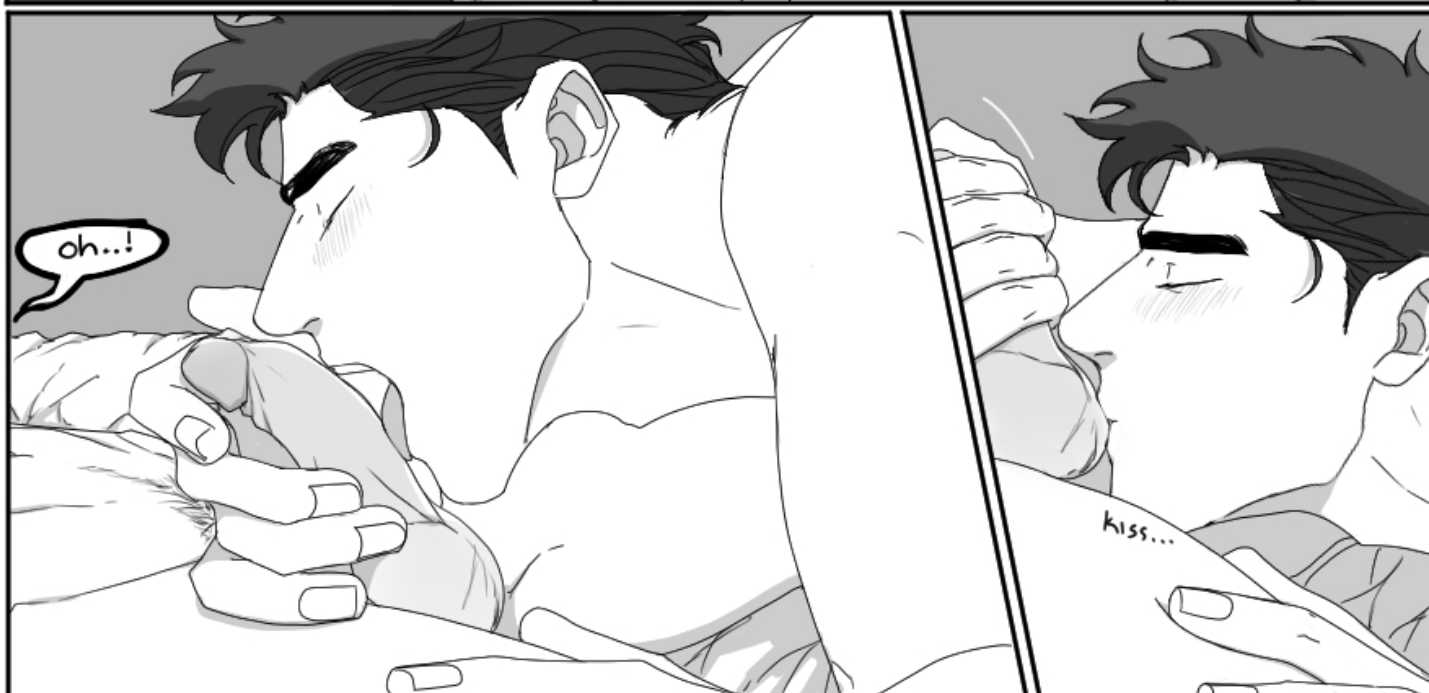
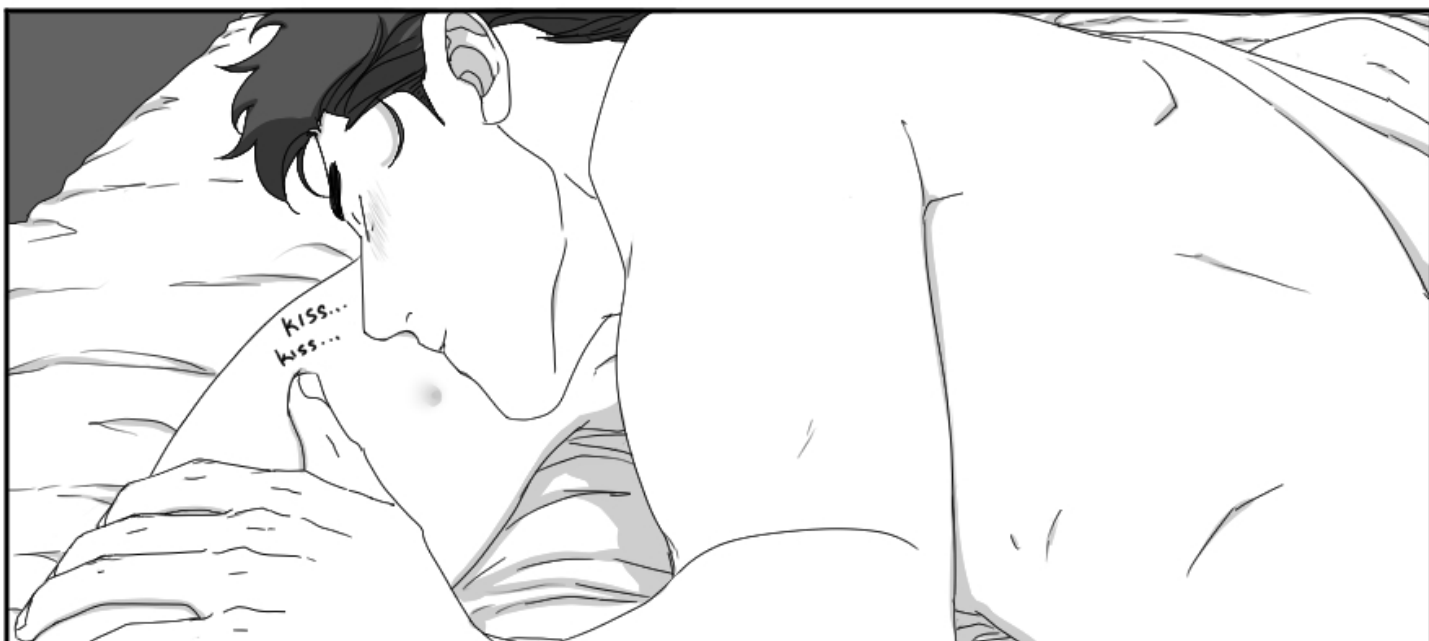




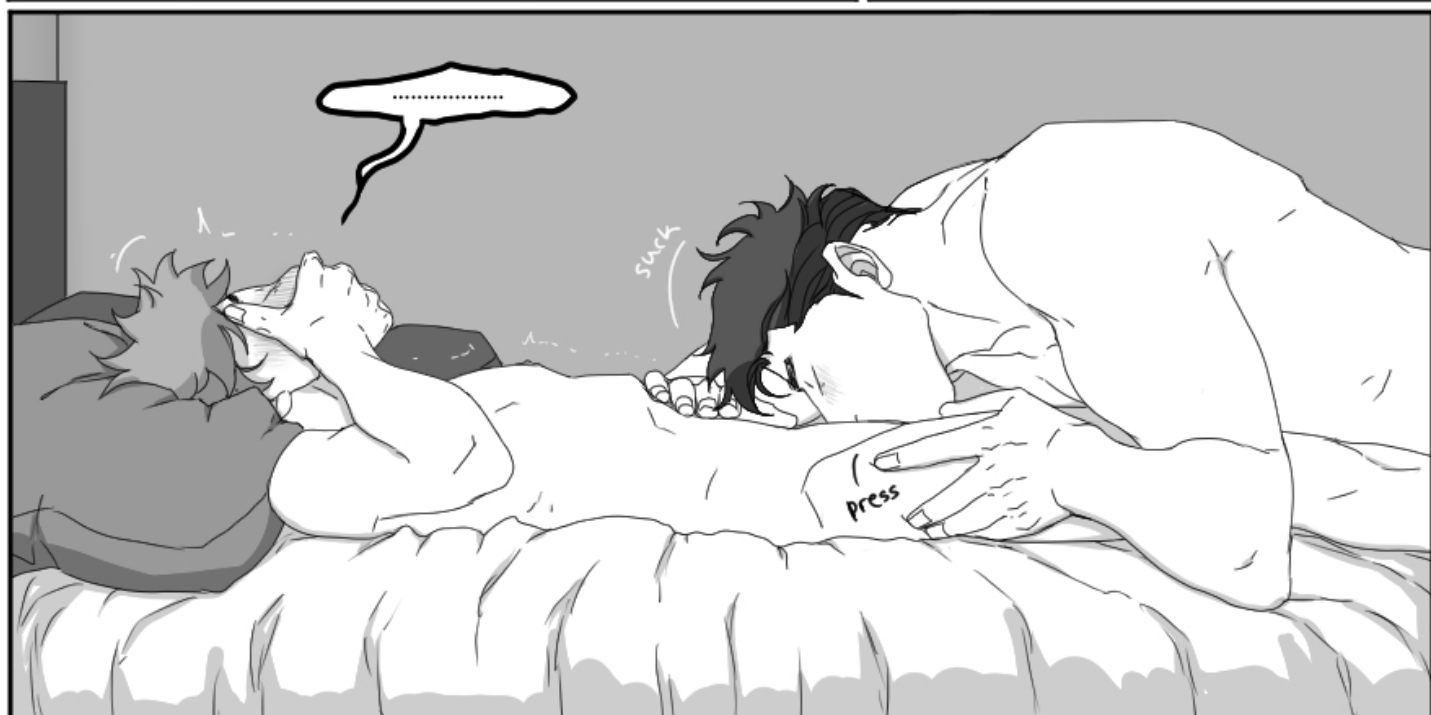


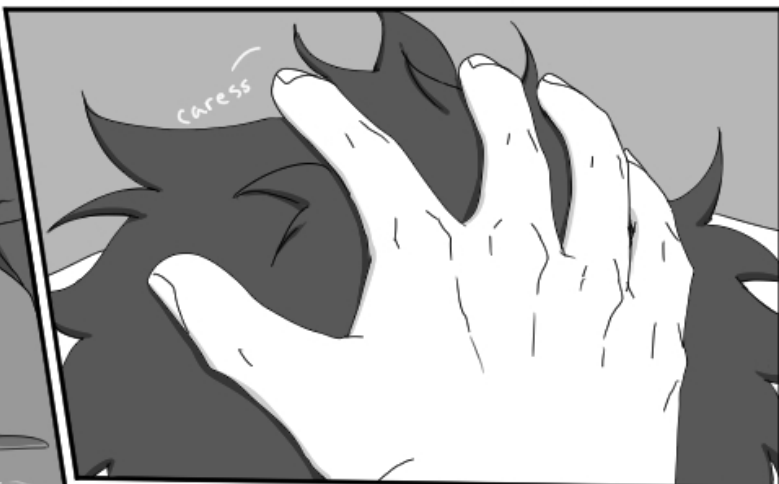






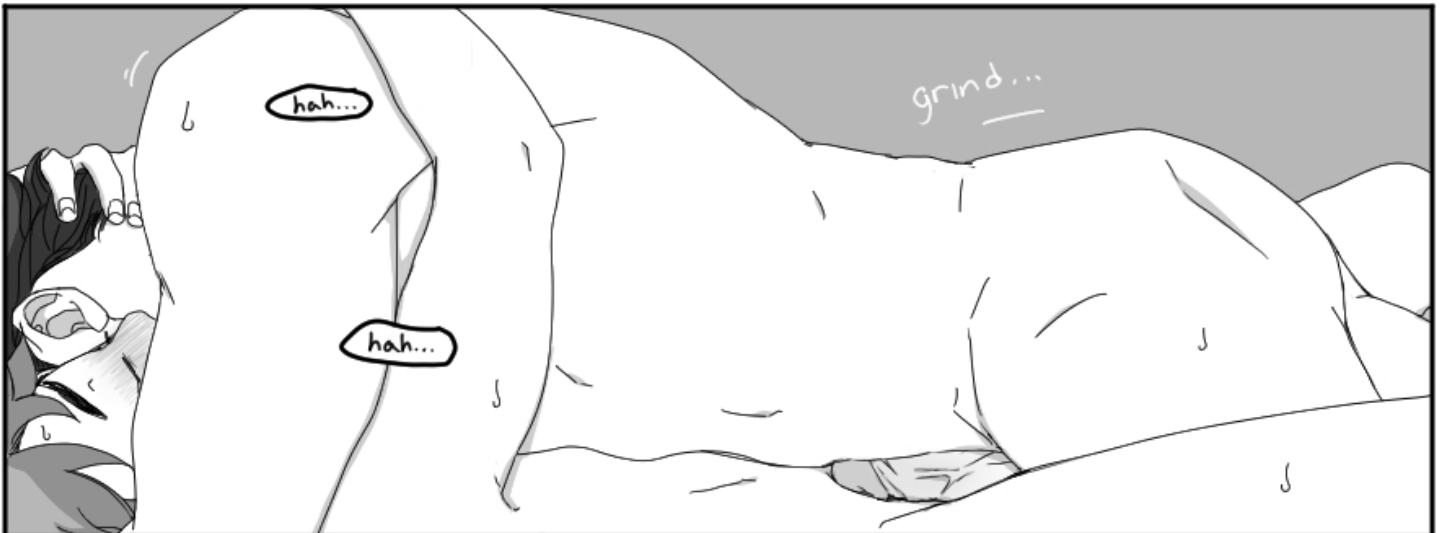


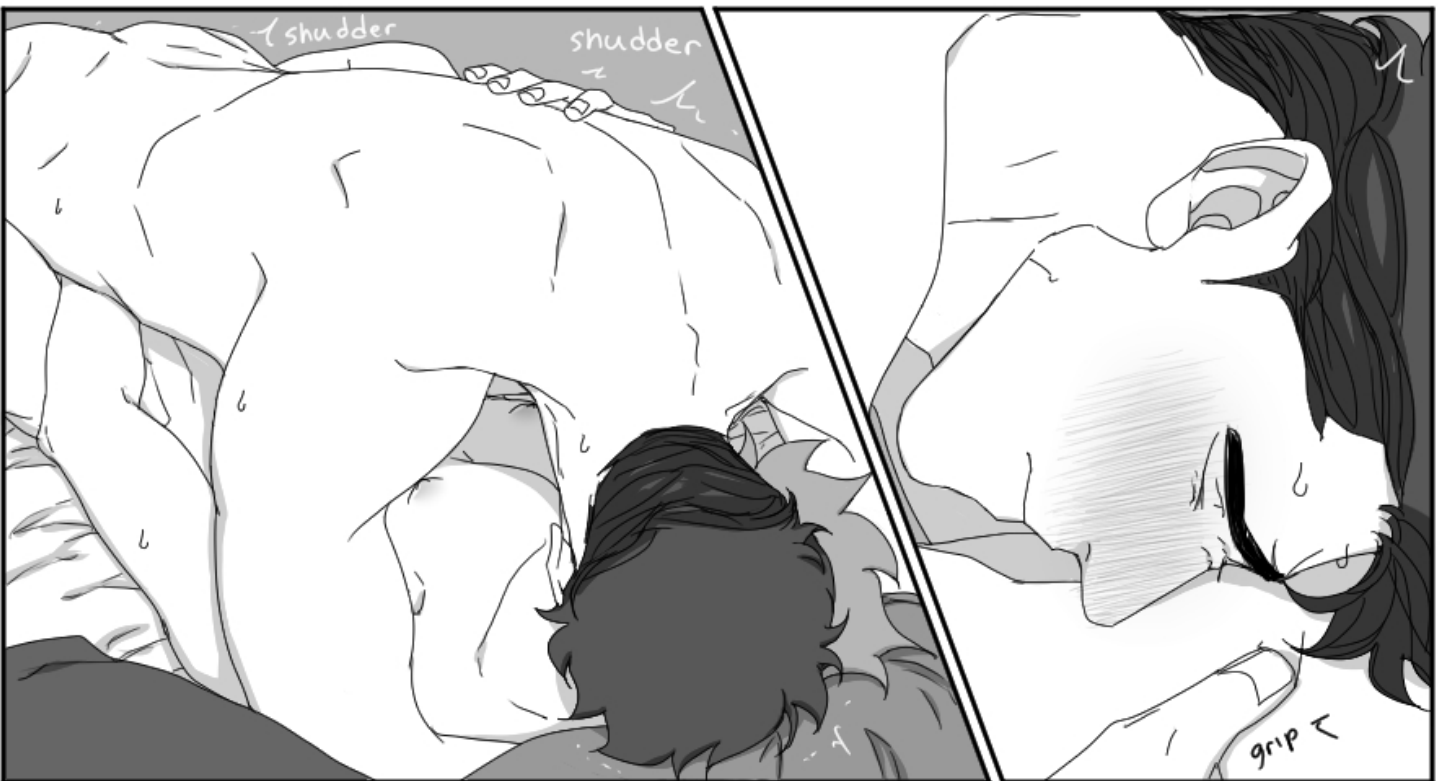
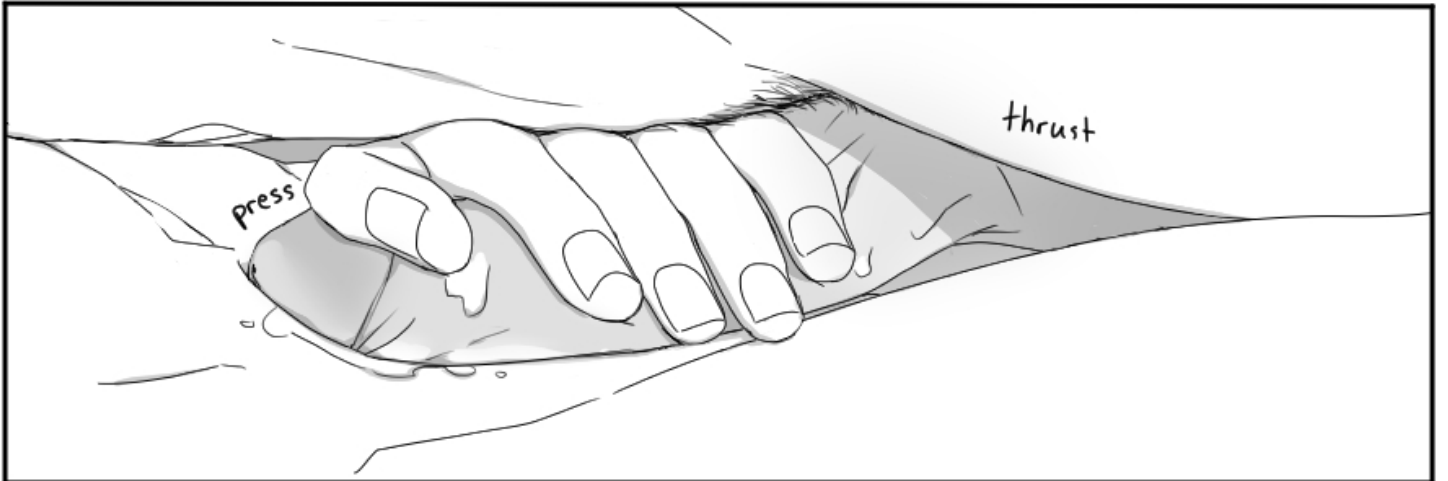
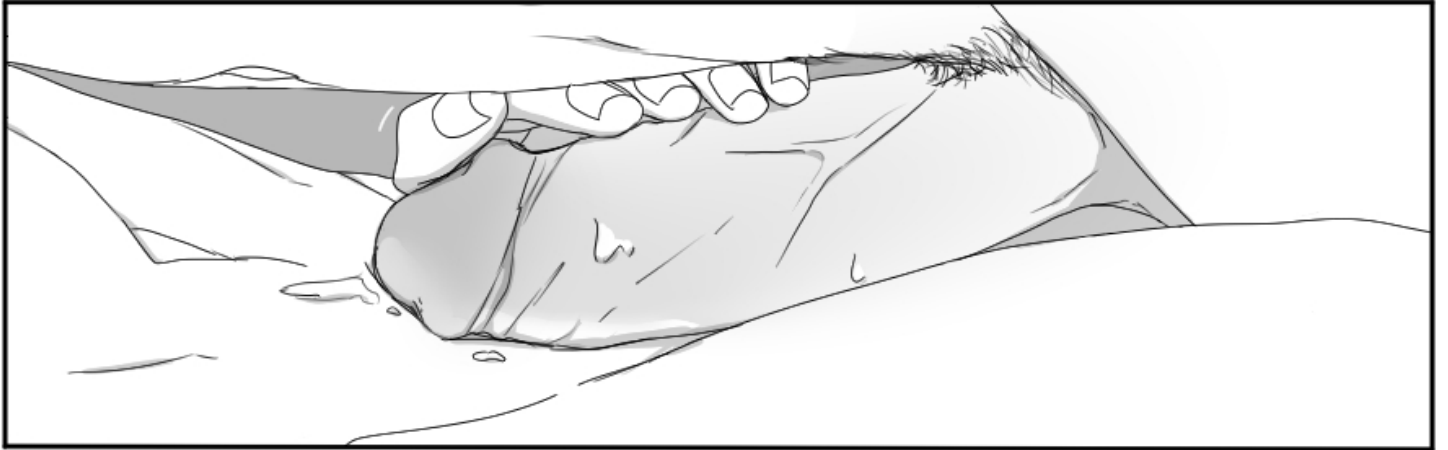












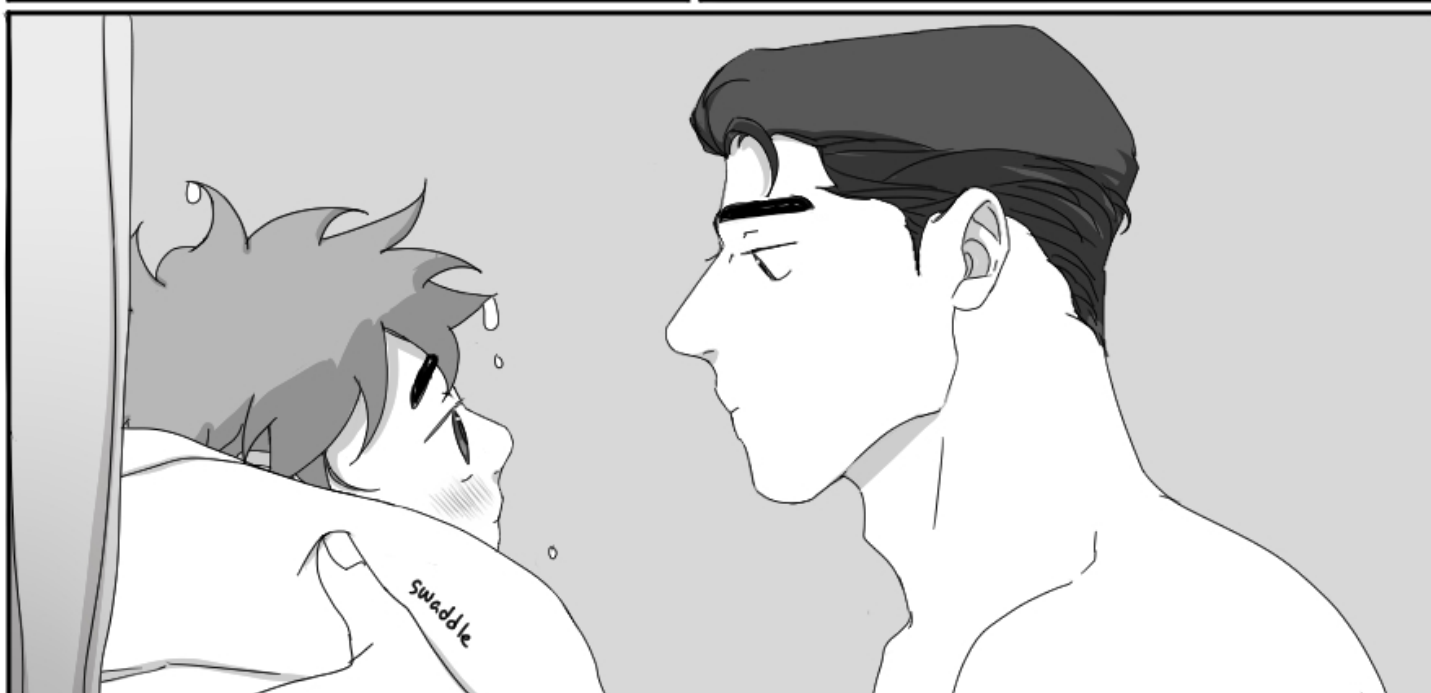






Where did that
come from?

Could you throw
me a towel?

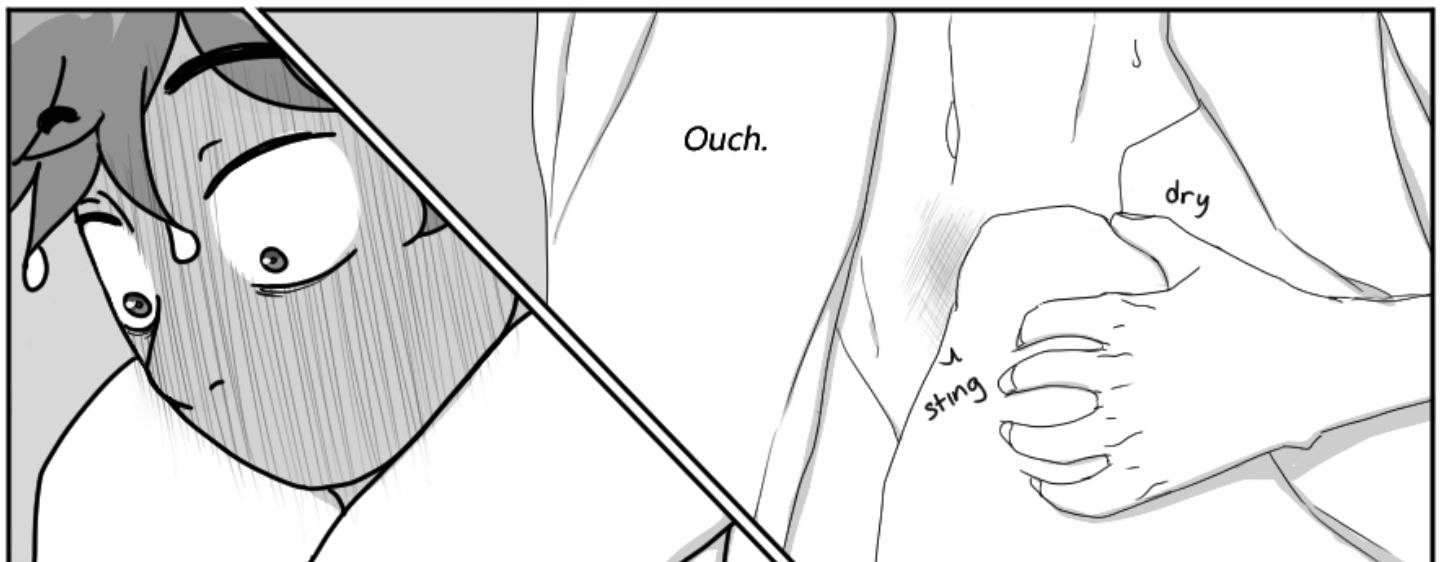
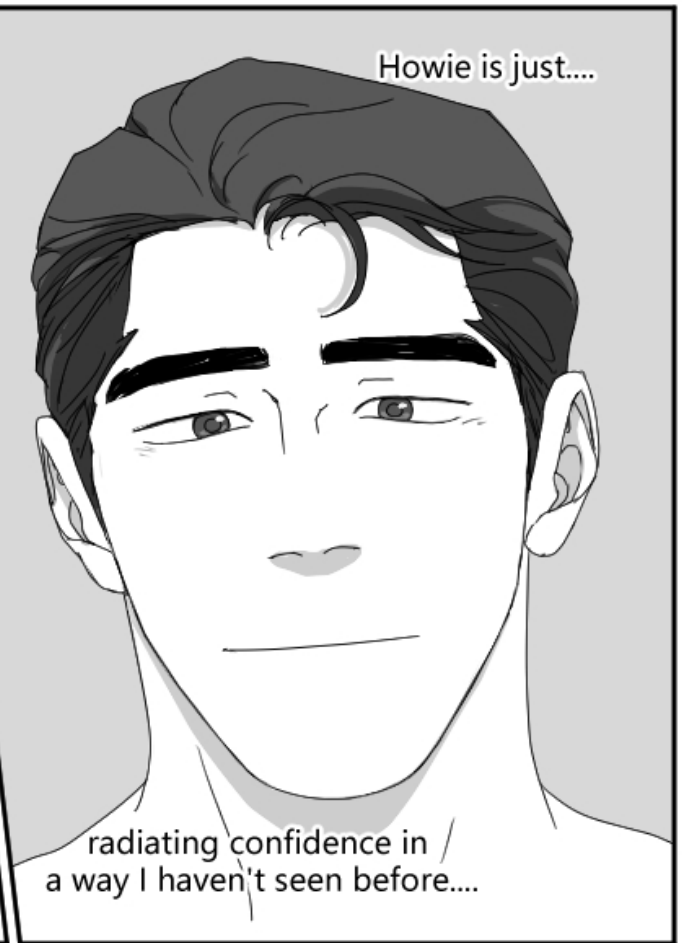


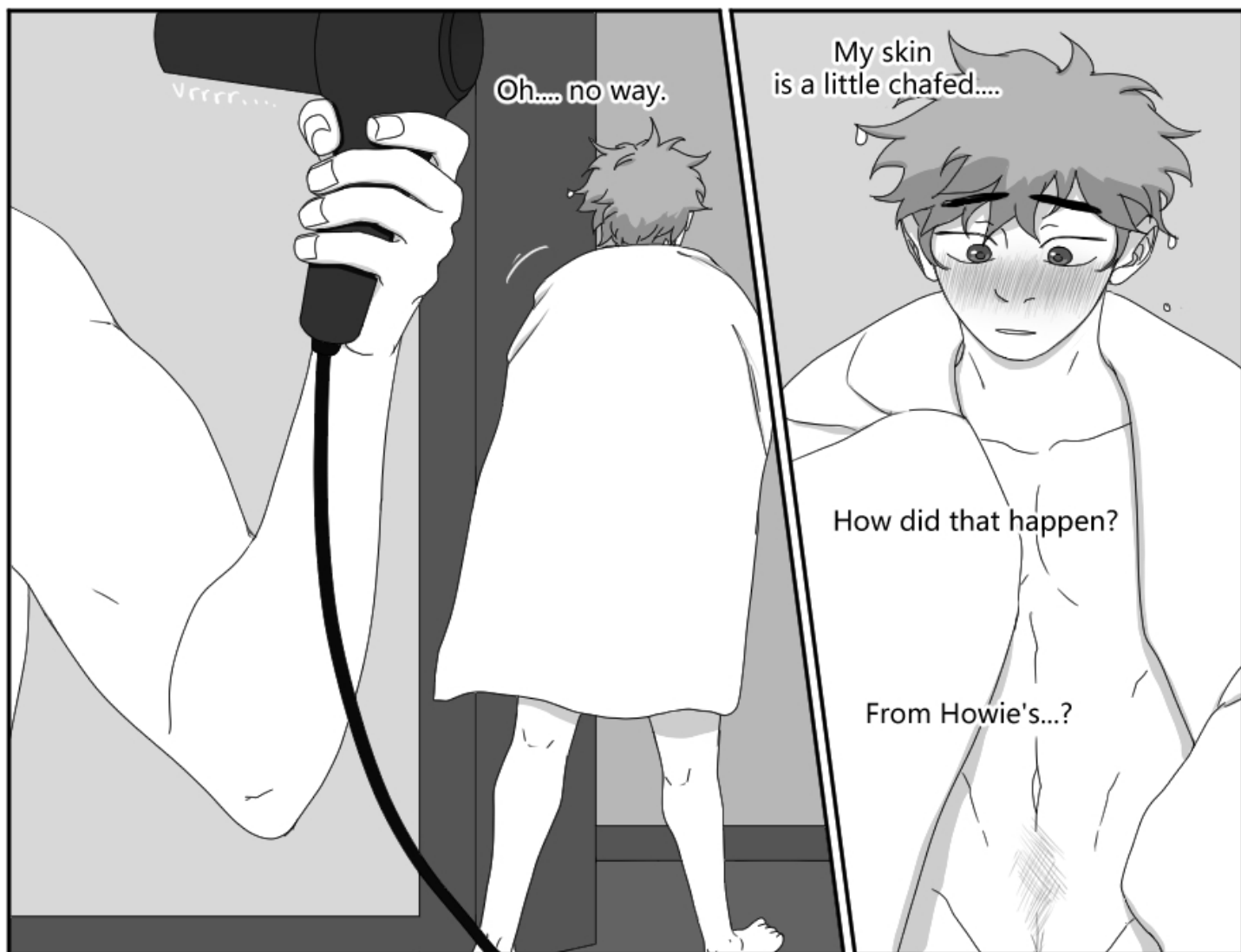
He's usually so reserved,
but this morning he was so....

He was mind-blowing.

He was assertive.
And so confident.

And the spontaneity of it....









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....

