

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

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SISSY

IN PUBLIC AND PARADING IN PUBLIC!

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## Ballbusting The Panty Thief Sissy In Public And Parading Him In Public!

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female domination, pegging 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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I carry another box up the stairs for Daisy. She has more stuff than any of us, even Cynthia rolls her eyes when I walk through the door.

“Put it in my bedroom,” Daisy directs. Like an obedient puppy I do as she says.

Cynthia stands against the doorframe glaring at me. “Are you going to unpack for her too?”

I grin and nod. “Yes, and I’ll place a mint on her pillow too.”

“As if she’d like that. I know you’re into her, but you don’t know her very well. Frilly she’s not.” Cynthia regards me.

I set the box down. “Really, I’m not. Just helping her get moved in,” I say.

“Sure.” Cynthia walks away.

Truth is both Cynthia and Daisy are acquaintances I met when taking an economics class. We got to talking one day and decided splitting rent three ways was better than one or two. While the two women are on the butchy side, I’d do them. Daisy is petite but not into frills.

Daisy comes in after a shower. She’s dressed in a tight tank top and barely there shorts. Her long auburn hair drips on the ends. Her tank is wet at the shoulders. Her long shapely legs are shaved smooth. Scratch the thought that she’s butchy. Of the two women she’s less butchy than Cynthia.

Of the two Daisy is the prettiest. Cynthia isn’t bad but her butch stance makes her less appealing to me. Not that any of us will be hooking up soon. Daisy walks by, oh her scent. My brow lifts when she settles in the seat across from me. Her small tits are pointing right at me through the braless shirt. Swallowing hard I try not to notice but it’s as if the taut little nubs are calling to me. Shit, my cock rises, and I shift uncomfortably on my seat.

“What’s the matter, Oscar? You act like you have ants in your pants.” Leave it to Cynthia to notice the obvious. Thankfully, Daisy doesn’t pay any attention.

I grimace at Cynthia. “Back injury giving me grief,” I lie.

My sentiment doesn’t impress her as she hmphs my lie. I put my hand behind my back for good measure. I don’t give a fuck if she notices my bulge. If she says something, I’ll invite her to suck it.

I wonder what life will be like living with these two women. One who is crass and the other a fucking flaunting show off. My cock throbs so hard I want to crawl to Daisy and suck her little tit into my mouth. Women like her are wild in bed I hear.

Daisy lifts her arms and yawns. Her fucking nipples stand at attention. Did I just witness Cynthia giving her a desirous glance? If she did, Daisy didn't acknowledge it. Fuck, that's hot. What I'd give to see those two go at it. Fuck, I need to rub one out before I suggest such things that could get me thrown out of the apartment.

I reach my room just in time. My damn balls are turning blue. Quickly, I come out of my pants and my cock is so long and hard I can hardly stand it. My fingers squeeze over the head as I lie back on the bed, relaxing on the pillows. I look down at my stiffy and think about Daisy's small tits growing hard under the thin shirt. I imagine her and Cynthia going at it, kissing, and fingering each other until I'm lurching forward with a yelp and squirt the hot cum straight up in the air. I'm always amazed at how high I get it to go and how much there is. I squeeze and rub until I come back down from the euphoria of the powerful orgasm.

I sneak out the door to the bathroom that's mine across the hall. I blush when I realize I must have been loud while masturbating. If either Daisy or Cynthia heard they didn't make it obvious. My heart slows down as I wash up and I began to come up with ways to do things so that no one will hear. Next time, I'll turn my music up and that way I can have a good old time with my hands. Sighing heavily, I smirk at myself in the mirror. My hands are not what I want to use.

I help decorate the apartment the next day, making it look like a home instead a

giant storage shed. I really could care less but I do things to help the girls in hopes of getting along with them.

I do everything I can to play nicely with Cynthia and Daisy. They are women, after all. Their monthly cycles are synced so of course the bad mood ensues at the same time. During that time, I make myself scarce so as not to get a rise out of them. But for the most part, we act like adults and we get along swimmingly.

“Davis, why don't you run to the store and grab some charcoals, and we'll have a cookout,” Cynthia says when I walk in one Saturday morning after I had gone for a jog.

I pause to catch my breath. She is such a butch that she calls me by my last name like she's one of the guys. I've asked her more than once to call me Oscar, but she won't. I nod as I'm still breathing heavily. Daisy comes in wearing her cute little sun dress with her long shapely legs smooth in glowing. She smiles at me and bends over to peer into my face.

“I think you need a drink of water,” she says as she stands up and walks into the kitchen to fetch me water. She such a sweet person always caring and always brooding over Cynthia and me.

“Thank you, Hun, it's just what I need,” I say as I turn the bottle of water up and drink nearly half of it.

Taut little nipples poke out through the thin material of the dress. Damn, Daisy's not wearing a bra again. It's all I can do to keep from gawking at her chest. She made a passing comment one time that she didn't have enough boobs to merit

wearing a bra. Cynthia, of course, told her that was all good. I have often wondered about the two of them, but I've never seen them doing anything or sneaking into each other's rooms at night.

Cynthia glares at me with her hand on her hip. I clear my throat. "Yeah, okay I'll run down to the market and get the charcoals. Do you need anything else?" I ask.

"No, love, just get the charcoals. We're grilling tonight! We already have all the food." At least Daisy knows how to speak to a man.

I return from the market and the ladies grill as I help. Cynthia is very bossy, and it is as if she's the man of the house. I cower down from her because she's so butchy and mean. I don't know that she means to be like that, but she is abrasive to me. I do notice she treats Daisy very nice. I wonder if the woman has a thing for her, but I don't think Daisy reciprocates.

Sitting back and drinking beers helps us to relax and chill. I take my moment when Cynthia excuses herself to go take a shower. Daisy and I are sitting on our back porch enjoying the cool night air while downing our beer.

"Is there anyone special in your life right now?" I ask. I really want to know.

Daisy kind of smirks as she shakes her head. "No, I'm not dating anyone right now. Are you?" she asks brightly.

My heart quickens at her question. Suddenly, I realize I have a thing for this

woman. I smile at her because I realize this is a defining moment. “No, there's no one special in my life right now. But I'm always open to the possibilities,” I say as I look off in the distance dreamily.

Daisy joins me in the moment of contemplation. She sets her focus off in the distance at some unseen thing. We're both smiling slightly as we're thinking and I'm wondering if she's thinking about me like I am about her. I almost get the courage to ask her that question, but I realize that it's a question where there's no turning back. I sit forward but the gall comes up in my throat and stops me with the fear that she will say no. I look at her and smile.

“Were you about to say something? You look like you were,” Daisy says as she regards me.

I open my mouth about to be out with it when Cynthia walks back out. She has such a presence that it completely spoils the moment for me. I just smirk and shake my head.

“Nah, I was just thinking about getting ready and heading to bed,” I say.

Cynthia bites an apple and makes a loud crunching noise as she looks up at me. “What are you a baby? This is the weekend and we don't have work tomorrow. Sit here and enjoy the air with us,” she says.

I sit back down in the rocker and rock as I watch the stars above and see a shooting star shoot across the sky. I lean forward and smile as close my eyes and make a wish. I wish that I had said something before Cynthia walked out.

A little after midnight I stand. "I'm heading to bed. You two can stay out here if that's what you want to do," I say as I yawn and stretch.

Daisy smiles and nods as she also stands. "Good idea. No offense, Cynthia, but I've had a long day today," she says.

After I'm in my room lying in bed thinking about Daisy across the hall from me. I really want to ask her out but I'm not sure she would say yes. My mind struggles with the decision to ask her out or not. I think she and I would be great together we have a lot of fun. If she doesn't want to go out with me, if she's not interested, and I asked her out it would be weird. She's my roommate, and I really don't want it to be weird between us. Maybe I should just let it stand and say nothing.

After a while when I finally to sleep I think the issue of me asking Daisy out is over and done. I hope to let it go, but my mind has other plans. Daisy sneaks into my dreams with her cute little outfits and no bra. My hands explore her body, my fingers grope her taut nipples and she throws her head back and moans. It doesn't take long for her to come out of her clothes and throw me down on the bed as she climbs on top of me and fucks my lights out. I wake up with a raging hard on and my hand goes to my cock. As I keep my eyes closed, I squeeze my fingers over the head imaging that I've planted it between her legs penetrating her sweet muff as it squeezes tightly over me. I groan loudly, not caring because it feels so good. I partially open my eyes to see that it's still the middle of the night. With a great heave, I come, squirting up in the air and it lands on my belly and thighs in great warm plops. I sigh when I'm done, now I must clean myself again.

I can't help but notice how Daisy lights up when I'm around and how she giggles and laughs at every little thing I say or do. Of course, all day I think about the dream I had about her. There are so many times that I want to pause and ask her

if she would go out with me. Every time I muster up the courage to ask her, Cynthia walks up. Of course, Cynthia's always in the way. I wish it were just Daisy and I living in this apartment and Cynthia would go do her own thing elsewhere. She's like a bull in a China shop with the way that she acts like a brute.

I go for several nights dreaming about Daisy and doing nothing about it. I wake up late in the evening on Wednesday night and stew over the fact my cock is hard and I'm horny for Daisy. I stand up in the dark and walk to the door and quietly open it. I listen and tiptoe into the hall. Cynthia has a fan running in her room come thankfully she can't hear anything. Daisy plays music in her room all night, but she keeps it down low so that it doesn't bother anyone else. I'm not sure if she's a heavy sleeper or not so I stole to her door and listen. And hearing nothing I push it an open because she didn't have it closed fully. Her door doesn't squeak it just opens effortlessly for me.

I pause in the door frame and want to say her name. Quietly I clear my throat. "Daisy?" I whisper. I listen and I hear her deep breathing, she didn't hear me. I walk into the room wishing that she would stir and wake up so that I could tell her I have a thing for her, but she doesn't wake up. A pile of dirty clothes sits in the hamper. Something comes over me as I walked to the dirty clothes and right on top is a pair of her silk panties. Grabbing the pair, I'm nearly giddy with excitement as am holding them in my hand. I quickly tiptoe out the door and stole across the hall back to my room with her panties in my hand.

After I shut my door, I lay down on my bed and I place Daisy's panties over my face. I can smell her essence and it makes my cock grow longer and harder. Soon, my hand moves savagely over my hard cock as I breathe in Daisy's muff. The moans escape as I imagine penetrating through the very place that left the scent I'm now breathing. I want her so bad, I groan louder as the cum pools in the base of my cock. As I breathe in deeply, my cock shoots forth. I lurch forward bucking my pelvis up and down wrapping my fingers tightly over the head. I want her so bad, not in my hands but penetrate her pussy and cum into

her sweet hole.

It becomes a habit. I don't do it every night because she would become suspicious of missing panties. I rinse the panties and dry before putting the soiled pair back into the dirty clothes. I'm daring in my venture, but every day she's dresses so teasingly. It's as if she's vying for my attention and Cynthia's. I see the way Cynthia cocks a brow when Daisy walks by her with her taut nipples pointing through the thin shirts she wears. I see the way Daisy acts as if she's clueless that her nipples showing or that Cynthia and I can see it.

The fourth time I sneak into Daisy's room and grab her panties I become more daring. Just grabbing her panties and jacking off my room is no longer satisfying my urge to be with her. I grab her panties and sneak back into my room and slide into the pair. I pause at the door and listen and hearing nothing I sneak across the hall and back into her room wearing nothing but her silk black panties. She is sleeping soundly with her mouth agape her breathing slow and even. I figure she's in deep sleep and what I'm about to do won't wake her up. My hand slides down to my full staff cock. I groan quietly as my hand squeezes over the head with the panties still on. I get my kicks knowing that Daisy's sweet muff was the last things to be on these panties. She doesn't even stir as she breathes deeply, and I rub my hand down the full shaft to my balls. I take a moment to massage my balls and groan again this time a little louder. I am being more daring, and this could very well land me in trouble and at this point I don't care. I only want to get off. I keep rubbing as the cum builds in the base of my cock. My balls empty completely into my cock and as I keep my eyes peeled on Daisy sweet sleeping form, I groan as I keep my eyes on her. My fingers squeeze over the head until I have completely emptied my cock of all the cum. Once I'm done, I remove my hand and grimace at the stickiness I feel. My cum saturates her underwear and is on my hands and all over my body. Now I need a shower.

I quickly tiptoe out of her room and silently pad into the bathroom. A quiet chuckle escapes as I peel out of the dirty panties. After placing it in the sink and running the cold water over it I turn on the shower and wash my body again. Silk

panties dry quickly once I wring out the pair and roll it with a towel. I won't have to worry about anything with her missing the pair. I tiptoe back to Daisy's room with nothing but a towel around my waste. After pitching the silk panties into her hamper, I stole away, and she will be none the wiser as to what I have done. The panties should be dry by morning.

I feel like a boy with a naughty secret as Daisy doesn't act as if she thought anything happened to her panties. She does her laundry and says nothing to me. I have been very daring with what I have been doing and it makes me giddy to think about doing it more. I really enjoyed jacking off in her panties while standing beside her bed. There is something in it with the thrill of being caught all I'm doing something so incredibly naughty. Part of me wishes she would wake up and smile and lift her covers let me slide in beside her warm body in the bed. But for now, doing what I'm doing will have to suffice. I have plans for doing it some more tonight, and my cock swells in anticipation.

I wait patiently for Cynthia and Daisy to stop their massive talking and go to bed. I finally yawn and stretch and stand. "Time for me to hit the hay. See you girls in the morning," I say as I traipse upstairs to the bedroom.

An hour and a half later, everyone's asleep. I've waited a good 45 minutes after their last trips to the bathroom and such. Outside, the moon rises, and a glint of silvery light sheds through the drapes. I love nights when I can see without lights. I wait another half hour for good measure before I dare to make my move. I opened my door and listened. Did I just hear something coming from Cynthia's room? I hold my breath and listen intently. Thankfully, her door is shut. Satisfied it is nothing, I creep out into the hall. Daisy's room has the door ajar and I can hear her music on low. She's making sleeping sounds as I tiptoe across the hall. I need the panties so I can move on with my night. I pause again outside of Daisy's door and listen. I think I hear her moving in her bed, but now I hear nothing. I make my move and tiptoe inside to her hamper. I need a sweet release and can't wait to put her panties on and jack off right beside her sleeping body. A pair of bright pink silk panties are perched on top of her dirty clothes

pile in her hamper. I smile gleefully as I pluck up the pair and tiptoe back into my room to prepare for my night of ecstasy.

These panties fit a little snugger over my body. I don't mind, my cock starts swelling and stretching the fabric. I groan as the head peeks out over the waistband. Like a good boy, I stuff it back and prepare for the trek across the hall to Daisy's room and another night of jacking off beside her sleeping form. How badly I want her to wake up and invite me into her bed before I ejaculate. I'd love to cum inside her sweet pussy instead of inside her panties.

Pausing at my door I listen intently. I swear I think I heard something, not sure what. A faint thump, a floorboard squeaking. I stole down the hall to Cynthia's door and listen. Inside the fan hums and I'm sure she's sound asleep. Good. I quietly stole back to Daisy's ajar door and peek inside. The moonlight filters through her shades around the edges giving it a frame of silvery light. She's breathing content, slow and steady and not stirring. Now it's time to make my move.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I move into the room. Her music filters to my ears, some classical piece. It sounds like she's watching some boring old movie. I step right up to her bed and glance down, mentally willing her to awaken. I toy with the idea of waking her and seeing if she'd be open for some hot fun. My hand slides down and I moan softly as I squeeze my fingers over my cock. Uh, I want to come inside her so badly. My hand moves faster down the shaft. Going slow builds up a better orgasm, so I move my hands over my balls and gently squeeze, building up the anticipation. It feels so good I don't want to stop. I keep my left hand gently massaging my balls while my other hand moves over my cock. The rhythm of squeezing and massaging builds the cum into the base of my hard-long cock.

"Uh, fuck," I whisper as the orgasm builds. This is going to be a big one. I'm so close to moaning as loud as I can to wake up Daisy. Fuck me, I can't take this. I

groan as I massage my balls. My hand rubs faster and faster up and down the shaft, my fingers squeezing over the head. Pre-cum stains the panties and builds a lather before I even get off. Suddenly, my pole explodes, and I can't control my moans. I squeeze the cock, massage the balls all while my hot cum fills Daisy's panties. That's when the light comes on and she sits up. Cynthia barrels forward and my ears hiss, because I'm still mid-orgasm. I keep squeezing and groaning as my vision clouds.

When I regain my vision and hearing, Cynthia charges me, her lips snarl and she growls. I'm taken aback by what I see as I stand there dumbfounded. Daisy sits up fully and pulls the covers up to her chin with her arms out, as if I haven't seen her nips through the thin night shirt she wears. Thwack Cynthia's fist meets with my cum soaked balls and I flail backward, the pain shooting upward into my abdomen. I groan and lurch forward at the same time I'm falling back. Cynthia's fist meets with my balls a second time and this time I screech.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I cry as I tumble to the floor on all fours before I settle back and hold my crotch, my balls aching and the pain shooting through my body, blinding me to the two women who are watching.

When the pain subsides a little, I look up. Both Daisy and Cynthia stand over me. Daisy glares at me, a look of pure disappointment on her face. Cynthia has her hand balled in a fist still and I cower more, protecting my cock and aching balls. I can't help but cry, the pain is bad.

"Why?" I screech as I blink the tears from my lashes.

"Why? You dare to ask why?" Cynthia says as she lurches for me again.

Daisy reaches out and stops her. “Hey, that’s enough. You hit him twice,” she says.

Cynthia’s stern eyes turn to Daisy. She swallows and nods as she takes a step back from me. I breathe a silent sigh of relief, still, I guard my mid-section. The women I live with have turned violent on me much to my great surprise. Well, Cynthia has, and Daisy is okay with it. Thankfully, Daisy wasn’t okay with a third pelt to my bruised balls.

I try to form words but can’t. I look from Daisy to Cynthia, amazed at how much things change in just an instant. “I’m sorry, please don’t hit me again,” I say finally.

“Hit you again? I ought to pummel you until you’re bleeding and begging for mercy,” Cynthia says.

I shrink back. “Please, no,” I say.

Cynthia steps back up to me and tilts her head. “What the fuck were you doing, Oscar?”

“I…” I shake my head.

“Yeah, I’d like to know too,” Daisy says as she folds her arms over her taut nipples. Dammit, I can’t be distracted by her damn nipples right now.

“Please promise no more hitting. I don’t think I’ll bear future children as it is,” I say with a whimper.

“Good, we don’t want more Oscars running around anyway,” Cynthia says with an evil chuckle.

“Okay, I’m sorry, Daisy. I guess I have a thing for you. I didn’t figure you’d go out with me. I don’t know, this is like being caught with my pants down,” I say.

The girls bust out laughing. “Literally,” Daisy says.

“Okay, yeah, literally,” I say as I relax just a little. I’m still guarded with my privates.

“The question is, what do we do. Do we kick your perverted ass out?” Cynthia asks.

“Do we exploit you?” Daisy asks. I’m shocked at her ability to be so cruel. Yeah, what I did was perverted, but I wasn’t in no way cruel about it.

Cynthia steps so close her toes hit my legs. “Or do I continue to beat the shit out of you because that’s what you deserve,” she says as she balls her fist and lifts her hand.

“No!” I cry as I cower at her feet.

Daisy laughs at me. I glance up as they look at each other and laugh.

Thinking fast, I offer a solution. "Please don't hit me again. I'll do anything to make up for this," I say.

"Oh really? Such as?" Cynthia asks.

I breathe a sigh of relief. Maybe they will be nice now. Thinking fast again, I come up with a viable solution. "How about I be your slave for the day?"

Daisy cracks a smile. "Our slave, hmmm as in you'll do anything, we ask of you?"

I nod fast. "Yes, I'll do anything, all day and all night. Whatever you want me to do. Please, give this chance to make amends," I beg.

Cynthia smiles and pulls Daisy out into the hall. I can hear the whispers but not what they are saying. They return still smiling.

"Okay, you can be our slave for the day, and it starts now," Daisy says.

The entire day I cleaned the home, washed their vehicles, and cooked the meals. This being a slave for the day works for me because I don't mind hard work. I

even whistle while I perform the duties. I think it edges on Cynthia's nerve as she scowls at me when I act chipper.

After I clean the dinner dishes, I receive the summons.

"Get up here, slave," Cynthia bellows from the top of the stairs.

Oh boy, I'm hoping the evening ends in me being a sex slave. One can always hope. I take the stairs two at a time and reach Cynthia's room. Daisy has a cosmetics case open and a chair ready. A long red and gold sequined gown hangs from hook on Cynthia's closet door. Beneath are a pair of red spiked heels in an alarmingly large size, like the pair of shoes won't fit the ladies. A bleach blonde wig sits on top of the dresser on a dummy head.

"Now, for the next part in your slave hood you are going to put this dress on along with these," Cynthia says as she shoves a pair of panties and a bra into my hands.

"You seriously want me to dress in that?" I ask.

"You said you'd be our slave for the entire day and night. Put the dress on and come sit down and be the slave you promised you'd be," Daisy says.

"Or I can pummel your scrote sack again if you'd rather," Cynthia says.

Swallowing hard, I grab the dress and walk into the bathroom to change. I don't want to be hit again, and I don't want to lose my place to live. I can do this one thing and it will be over and I've learned my lesson. Daisy paints my face as Cynthia does my hair. Of course, I'm wearing the wig along with the outfit. And lastly, Daisy presses long shiny gleaming nails onto my fingers after which Cynthia adds the finishing touch with bling, rings, clip-on earrings, and bracelets.

The ladies also dress up ready to go clubbing. I walk tripping on the way out the door and we go to a club that features drag queens. Cynthia grins at me as we walk through the doors, the music beating so loud I can barely think. Daisy squeezes my arm and pulls me down to her.

“Act like you're enjoying yourself, and act like you're a woman,” she says and then she giggles as she drags me to a table.

The dress flows over my body, hugging my lack of curves as the draft between my legs keeps me cool. My cock and balls rub against the silk panties and it gives me a stiffy when I don't want one. Both Cynthia and Daisy notices and laughs.

“I see that I didn't ruin you like you thought I did,” Cynthia says.

A big brute of a man comes to me looking me up and down as he lifts his brow. He holds out his hands and smiles. “Dance?” he asks.

Cynthia shoves me to the man and nods. I know I must do this. I smile and take the man's hand as gall comes into my throat. I'm not gay, I'm very straight and

this is very uncomfortable for me. The man takes me out to the dance floor, and we sway to the music with him leading. Having small talk with him is hard because he's asking me how long I've been out. I shake my head and shut my eyes.

“I'm not gay,” I say as I grit my teeth.

The man pulls me to him, and I can feel his hard-on pressing into me. My cock is flaccid by now. He reaches around and squeezes my butt. “I could so tap that if you would let me. I could introduce you to a whole new world,” the man says.

I turn desperately to the ladies because I'm done here. I'm not about to allow them to push me into doing something with a man. After the dance is over, I smile at him and shake my head. “No thanks.”

The ladies are laughing when I return. I stumble to the table and glare at them.

“I draw the line at being gay,” I say. I have a hard time lifting the margarita glass to my lips because of the long nails. How do women do anything in these damned things?

“I think you've learned most of your lesson. Time for the grand finale,” Daisy says as we finally leave the club.

I am thoroughly humiliated as we leave. Cynthia and Daisy keep glancing at me and saying nothing all the way home. I pout in the backseat. I just want to get

home and take off these damn women's things. The wig itches, the dress is uncomfortable, I can't walk in the heels.

"Nope, you're not undressing yet." Cynthia has her phone in her hand while Daisy puts on music.

"Now, I'm a total lesbian tonight. I want to dance with Ossie while Cynthia video's it." Daisy smiles as I step to her and we dance together. At least I'm with a woman now and not some dude who wants to butt fuck me. Daisy makes all the right moves as she wiggles carefree pressing her ass and her sweet front to me. Of course, my cock stands tall, pitching a big tent in the dress. I don't care now, I'm happy for both the women to see it.

When Daisy gives me the come-hither look, I about lose it. Slowly, she undresses right in front of Cynthia's recording phone. I delightfully smile as she wiggles out of her panties and at last, I see her nude body as she slinks up to me and turns me around. She slowly unzips the dress and I gratefully come out of it. Damn binding thing. Her hand slides over my cock through the silk panties.

"You like this, don't you?" she asks in a husky voice.

I'm dumbfounded and nod like a school boy. "Uh-huh." Who the fuck wouldn't like it?

I groan as she pulls me down to the floor. Cynthia positions herself with the phone camera recording every moment. Daisy shoves me down until I'm flat on the floor. I still wear the wig and the makeup. She hoists her petite body over mine.

“Daisy fucks Ossie A.K.A. Oscar. See him on the floor, his face painted, the blonde wig. The man is truly a drag queen who likes to get his jollies at night while wearing women’s underwear. So, Daisy is giving her what she really wants,” Cynthia taunts.

I don’t care. Daisy’s tight little muff comes down on top of me, fully engulfing my massive cock. She groans and leans forward as she moves up and down like an expert little cowgirl. I smile and moan as I reach out and play with her little titties. They have massive nipples and very little flesh, but it’s a great turn on. Her bare muff moves up and down, sliding over my pole. I buck my pelvis up and down meeting with her moves. She leans forward and looks down, watching as she saws her clit vigorously against my stiffy. The cum moves into the base and I groan. Suddenly, she yelps and her pussy squeezes over me while she comes. Her moves are fast and precise.

“That’s it, Daisy, let go and take it,” Cynthia prompts.

I buck up and down, lurching forward as I thrust my cock upward, and groaning, I fill Daisy’s muff full of my hot man sauce. We rock together through the grand pulses of pleasure until I’m done, and she finally lops over on top of me.

“And cut,” Cynthia says as she swipes her phone and laughs.

I wish she’d leave so I could have some alone time with sweet Daisy. The girl that just fucked my brains out lifts and smiles. A big plop of our mixture comes out and lands on my pubic bone just above my messy cock. I grimace as she laughs.

“Next time you want to have fun, just say so,” she says.

“Yeah, and remember a good performance is worthy of capture,” Cynthia says as she wags her phone.

Next time. I smile feeling incredible as I rise and head up to take a shower. Next time. Yeah, this has been a good day.

THE END

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