

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing



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WEARING  
WOMAN  
PANTIES

BY THE GIRL'S VOLLEYBALL TEAM

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## Caught Red-Handed Wearing Women's Panties By The Girl's Volleyball Team

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

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 set the machine pushing my current client to lift more than he did the past two weeks. Elvin huffed and pulled out on the handle, the weights rising effortlessly. It's worth it to see the surprise on his face as he realized how far he's come since he started training. After his set, he smiles at me.

"Damn, Lawson, you sure know your stuff. You worked magic on my muscles," Elvin says.

I laugh. "Nah, you're the one that worked hard. You've always had it in you, I merely directed the way," I say.

"Careful there, you want to keep earning my business. You need to tell me how you are the one that made me into a beefy muscle man," Elvin says.

"Okay, you're right. But the next thing will be free weights and you will need me then." I smile and nod.

Ronald Atkins walks in and nods my way. He's my next client.

"I tell you what, Elvin, take a shower and drink a big protein shake. Keep the protein drinks coming, two or three a day." I know my stuff. Elvin started out as a skinny little wisp of a man who was a nobody in college. His aunt gave him the gift of a personal trainer, me, and he came in eager for a change in his body. First, I walk the talk I give. I have trained for years, starting in high school. Second, I took up training in nutrition and fitness. I believe in working on the inside of the body as well as the outside. Because I'm fit and buff, people trust what I tell them and thus I'm the top requested fitness trainer at the gym. I come at a premium.

Jaimie Henderson calls me when I step into my office. "Hello," I say as I set the phone on loud speaker, so I can change.

"Lawson, I hope you are doing well these days," Jaimie says.

"I am, and likewise," I say and chuckle. Jaimie is the lady's athletic director at the University. They have a lady's volleyball team and need a practice coach. The main coach has a lot going on and it's too much for him to handle. I know what she's going to ask, because back in the day I was a mean volleyball player, taking home state championships for three years in a row.

"As you know we're gearing up for the volleyball season this year. We have a winning team of ladies who are coming in and ready to fight for the titles of champions. Coach Lewis is stretched, as always, and needs some help. We'd like to offer you the position of assistant coach to the lady's volleyball team. This would be on a voluntary basis, but with pay, of course. It would be afternoon practices only. The games are also slated for late afternoon early evenings, so it shouldn't affect your regular job. Coach Lewis wanted to offer the position to you first because you are favored. What do you say?" Jaimie asks.

I smile. I love being in demand. "I would love to help out. I miss the sport. It gives me a chance to keep updated with it. Please tell Coach Lewis, I accept," I say.

"Great! He'll be pleased as we all are. Thank you so much! If you're able, tomorrow afternoon he's having the first meeting with the players and it would be a great time to introduce you to the team if you're available," Jaimie says.

"I am available. I'll mark it on my calendar. I will be there tomorrow afternoon then," I say.

I love working with the college ladies. They give off an energy that makes me thrive. I'm not much older than them anyway, so I can still relate. I'm eager to prove that a man of twenty-eight still has what it takes to be cool with the college-aged chicks. Most of them are twenty to twenty-one years old anyway.

I mark it on the calendar, so Dale won't schedule me for any late afternoon training sessions. Normally he asks me before scheduling me. We have a big calendar in place. He loves it when I do extra volunteer work because it reflects on his gym. I prepare for the meeting and finish with my clients at the gym. I whistle while I grab my duffle bag and fill it with the things I'll need for coaching the lady's volleyball team tomorrow.

"Ladies, this is Coach Lawson from Hanby's Gym. He's the best personal trainer out there and back in the day, he led the high school boys' volleyball team to state championships three years in a row. He knows his stuff. He'll be my right-hand man while I'm unable to coach you daily. Listen to him and he'll lead you into becoming a volleyball force to be reckoned with." Coach Lewis stepped aside and let me take over.

"Hello, ladies. You can call me Coach Lawson, or just coach. I'd like to learn your names, so let's go down the line and stand up and introduce yourself to me," I say as I perch on the desk.

Each lady stands and introduces herself. I pride myself on my excellent memory and especially in remembering names.

One of the ladies stood up and looked me up and down like I'm a piece of meat. Her golden-brown hair is pulled back into a small pony-tail behind her head. She has a rack that won't quit, and I wonder how well she can play with those pillows jutting out in front like that. One thing I've noted over the years is that the flatter-chested girls seem to perform better than the bigger chested ones. But I know Coach Lewis and he holds tryouts for his players. He won't accept a player unless he feels she has the fortitude and stamina to be a winner.

"I'm Edna," she says.

Edna. It's an old-timey name, fitting for the way she looks. I don't know why she makes me feel a bit uncomfortable. She's looking at me like we've just met at a nightclub.

"Okay, nice to meet you all. I'm pretty good with names, but if I miss yours, just correct me and I promise the second time I'll get it right," I say.

When the practices commence, I work the girls first through conditioning. Ally complains. "When are we going to play? I never had to do this in high school,"

she says as I just yelled for them to run down the field.

"And this isn't high school, sweetheart," I say in a mocking tone. "If you don't want to put forth the effort to tone and condition your muscles, I say you need to find another extracurricular activity." I use militant teaching techniques to propel the women forward in their training. Though they look at me like I'm too hard on them, I know they will appreciate it once they win a championship.

"Come on, Edna, lunge," I shout as they are playing their first scrimmage game.

Edna shoots me a look as she wipes the sweat from her brow. Sweat rings form under her ample chest. "I'm doing the best I can," she says.

"The best needs to get better. Chop chop," I shout.

She grimaces and lunges for the ball and misses, falling on her hands instead. She sits up and brushes the grass stains from her palms.

"Lunge and meet with the ball next time," I say.

I work the ladies for another forty-five minutes. They are all sweating and huffing it after I finally blow the whistle and send them to the locker room.

"Tomorrow at four. And it would help if you go for a mile run in the morning too," I say.

The ladies groan and complain. "You're not giving us any downtime," Charlotte says.

"Nope. You're a team member, this is volleyball season. There's work to do to prepare you for a winning season," I say and smile.

Edna sidles up to me. She smells of honeysuckle and sweat. I'm quite used to sweat, but the honeysuckle is a nice change. "Can I have a word with you?" she asks.

"Sure, what's up?" I ask as I stuff the balls into the net bags.

"I just think you're a little tougher on me than the other ladies. I guess I want to know why you're picking on me?" Edna asks.

I grimace. I don't want to tell her the real reason is that I think she has too much of a feminine build to play as well as the others. That would be hurtful. I smile at her. "Because I think you have great potential, but you need a little more training than the others. What seems to come naturally for them seems to make you struggle more. I'm not picking on you per se but more so pushing you to meet your full potential. Trust me, if I didn't think you had that potential, I'd bench you," I say and hope that my words fall on fertile ears, ready and willing to learn.

Edna stares at her feet. It's as if she doesn't fully believe me, but she has no choice. She nods. "Okay, thank you," she says and pivots to head to the locker

room.

I'm true to my word and stay on her to do better. She's slow and clunky and I blame her voluptuous boobs. Of all the girls on the team, she beats them there. And of course, it makes me notice her more, but I can't play favorites, so she gets the brunt of my toughness. Edna beats the girls in the look's category, for sure. I will yet make her into an ace volleyball player.

Over the next week, I practice the ladies hard. They work up a good sweat, even Edna. I pound their self-esteem and push them harder and harder. It's the only way to make the best athletes out of them. I call a Saturday practice in the morning. Tuesday afternoon is their first official game. Coach Lewis asked if I thought they were ready, and I said yes. Now I need to live up to the proclamation.

Saturday morning, we meet at the field. The girls are dressed and ready to practice. I run them through the warmup circuit. A few complain that it takes too much time and we should just jump in with moves and gaming.

"You're talking to a personal trainer here. Warm up and cool down is everything. Without proper beginning and end, the middle is useless. You do your body more harm than good. It's wise to always start anything physical with a good warmup." I smile at the group, trying to be firm but nice.

A girl name Kelly laughs. She talks to the lady standing next to her, Smitty. "Physical. So, foreplay is a good warm up to sex," she says.

Edna hears it and laughs. Her eyes dart to mine and capture me. She's judging

my reaction to Kelly's statement. I act as if I didn't hear it. But Kelly dear has a good point and I'd expand on it except it's probably wrong on many levels. After a strenuous practice with a complete warm up and cool down, I dismiss the ladies for the locker room. I won't see the ladies again until the game. Coach Lewis is taking over the practice the day before the first big game. I spend time going over the playbook preparing it for Coach Lewis, so he'll know where the players stand.

I have a habit of making sure all players have exited the building before I lock up. I'm responsible like that. I think nothing of it as I walk into the ladies' locker room. It's been long enough I figure they left while I was writing the notes to Coach Lewis. I walk right into the central area where the benches are arranged in the middle and lockers line two walls and showers the other two. I stop dead in my tracks when I realize the corner shower is going. My eyes widen as I look around quickly trying to assess who is in there.

I quickly try to figure out who's in the shower without coming out and asking. Whoever it is they are humming and soaping. The air is strong in honeysuckle and jasmine. Honeysuckle. My eyes go to the clothes sitting on the bench. I try to remember what the girls wore when they first arrived. Most already wore their practice uniforms, so this doesn't tell me. I think it's Edna. I toy with the idea to clear my throat, step back around the corner to the door and shouting out asking who is in here. But my eyes keep falling to the pile of clothes sitting on the bench. The sweet hum coming from the shower awakens something within me, and I want to walk over there and pull back the curtain and behold her in all her nudity. I'm shameful right now as my cock thumps within my shorts. I should not be here, because this is so wrong. But I have trouble making myself move from the spot in the middle of the floor.

Then her voice comes out loud and clear as she bursts into a song. I smile frantically and realize it is Edna, the prettiest lady on the team. She has a delightful voice which reverberates well within the shower walls in the locker room. She's singing a pop song I know, and I bite my tongue to keep from

joining in with her. Dammit, I'm stuck to the spot, the urge to see her hits hard. She's so sensitive to my criticism I want to tell her she's everything she needs to be. I hold back because this is wrong, yet the urge to see her is stronger than the will to leave.

My eyes fall on the pile of clothes again. I lift the jeans and a pair of white lacy panties falls silently to the floor. Edna wraps up the song and I hear water being squeezed from her hair. She's nearly done. Without giving it, another thought I grab the pair of panties and take off because the shower shut off. I don't want her catching me in here. Well, I do, but I know it's wrong. I duck out of the ladies' locker room and run into the men's locker room.

My heart races as I grasp the panties. What the fuck am I doing? My cock is so hard I'm afraid I'll allow it to direct my actions. I do the only thing I know to do to quell the horniness, I prepare to get off. After stepping out of my shorts, I grasp my long hard cock and groan. The panties sit on the bench. I grab the pair and thrust my feet through the leg holes. I'm completely out of control. Better this than confronting her.

I walk around, blowing out air and trying to clear my head. I can't believe what I'm doing. the panties feel so good on my man goods. I groan as I run my hand over the outside of the soft lacy fabric. Just knowing that Edna wears these makes me throb with desire. I can't allow this to make me do something I'll regret. My body is completely out of control.

I slide my hand up and down, rubbing over my stiff cock. I'm groaning so loudly by now I'm sure someone outside the locker room can hear me. I pay no attention to the sounds coming from the squeaking ladies' locker room door. It just means that Edna is leaving. It's a good thing I'm in here and not out there making a complete and utter fool of myself. Fuck, this feels good. I rub and rub, I'm on the edge. My cock seizes, the cum filling in the base. Suddenly, it rushes forth, I yelp in ecstasy and slide my hand faster, squeezing over the head as I fill

the lacy panties with my hot man sauce.

Click, click, click. I come down from the orgasm, my ears are ringing. I pull my hand from my crotch and place it on the wall to steady myself. Click... click.

I jerk my head over and see Edna standing near the door, her phone in hand and held up snapping photos of me. Her eyes widen as she takes in what she just witnessed. I blush furiously, ashamed of my horrible actions just now. I jump. "What the...?"

"I suppose I could say the same thing, Coach Lawson. What the hell?" Edna says as she marches into the men's locker room and stands in front of me with her brow cocked.

"Do you mind? You're in the men's locker room," I say trying to save what little dignity I can scrape off the floor.

Edna is cool and collected. She smiles and shakes her head at me. And then she laughs and points. "No, I think I'm right where I need to be. Where is your cock? I thought all this time we were dealing with a man but clearly, you have no dick. You are a dickless sissy! Do my panties fit you well? I'm sure they do! No opening for a cock, but then you don't need one. Only a fucking sissy of a man would wear women's panties. Do you like the lace? I have some black silk ones in my bag. They're dirty, but I'm sure that would thrill you as well. I saw you jacking on your over-sized clit. Nice, sweaty performance. I can see you caused quite a sweat. And to think your mother thought she had given birth to a boy. Turns out she gave birth to an ugly girl," she says as she eyes the soiled panties on my body.

"I think you're not in the right place. Obviously, you're pissed. Please leave and let me dress. You have no right to be in here right now," I say as I point toward the door.

"No, I think I do. And yes, I'm pissed. Um, and you stole my panties right from the bench in the ladies' locker room," she says.

"How the..." I'm stammering for words now.

"I saw you, sweetie," Edna says.

"When? You..."

"I knew you were there while I was singing in the shower. I saw you grab my panties and high tail it out of there," she says and grins.

I truly can't understand why she's being so cool about it. I furrow my brow. I feel like an idiot standing there in her panties. "Why didn't you say something?"

"I think more the question should be why in the hell were you in the ladies' room? Did you know it was me in the shower?" she asks.

I shake my head and sigh. "I always check the locker rooms before I leave. Normally all the ladies have gone and it's not a big deal," I say.

"You mean no one catches you grabbing panties and wearing them while you masturbate?" She stares daggers at me.

"No, I don't do that," I say.

"So, I'm the lucky one then?"

"I have no excuse, Edna. I guess you were putting off pheromones or something," I say as I shake my head.

"Oh, don't give me that bull shit. Her pheromones made me do it. Please, come up with a better excuse. You have a thing for me?" she asks.

I stare at her. "No, I didn't. I don't. I don't know. I need to excuse myself from this situation. I'm sorry. Tell me how much I owe you for the panties," I say.

Edna laughs. "Uh-uh. You're not getting off that easy. Well, a relative term, since you just got off, but you're not getting away with it that easily," she says.

"What do you want? I'm sorry. I had a weak horny moment. Your fragrance drives me wild," I say as I look her over.

She smiles and steps to me. "You mean this fragrance?" She wafts her hands at

me and the honeysuckle penetrates my nose. Even though I just got off my cock starts to stand at attention again.

"Yes," I say through gritted teeth.

Edna giggles. "Funny thing, Coach Lawson, I kind of thought you did," she says.

"Did you set me up?" I ask.

"Just like a man to assume it's not his fault. Blame the pheromones, blame the perfume. Blame the clothes she wears. Whatever, that's all bull shit and you know it. I'm not going to sit back and let you pass the blame on me, asshole," she says.

I wince. Her words pierce through my ego. "Look, I honestly didn't know you were in the dressing room," I say in my defense.

"Well, you know, why didn't you call out when you entered?" She steps to a locker and bangs on it with her fist. "Hello? Is anyone in here? Coach Lawson here, just checking the locker rooms before I leave." She bangs again. "Hello? And then when no one answer, then you can step in and I don't care if you take your tally out and whack off in all the showers. But you don't do it if you hear the fucking shower running. I'm sorry I was lagging. I didn't make it in there before everyone else landed a shower. I was talking to Abby and didn't even get started until they had all left. I didn't realize I only had a set amount of time. And what about you stealing my panties? You are a serious asshole for doing this," she says.

All I can do is blink at her. She's cutting me to the quick with her words, hurtful, dreadful words. Maybe I deserve it, but then maybe she's just pissed. I thought she was into me, and I didn't realize she thought so little of me. I say nothing. I wish she'd just leave instead of standing there and gawking at me. "Edna please step out and let me dress, then we'll talk," I say.

Edna smiled and nodded, not an agreeable nod, but one of mocking. "Oh sure, like you did when you discovered there was a lady in the shower in the ladies' locker room? Oh wait, I forget, you're a lady too. Next time join me for some good ole gal pal fun," she says.

I grab my clothes and shove off into one of the toilet stalls. At least it's a stall. Edna laughs as I pull out of her panties and step back into my jockeys and shorts. Just before I step out of the stall, she leaves. Relief floods me as I gather the dirty panties and walk out of the locker room. I glance toward the lobby and don't see her. When I turn to head back into my office, she's sitting at my desk twirling my truck keys through her fingers. I quietly shut the door and take a seat, so she can have her say.

She looks at the keys, a smile stretching across her face. This feels odd because normally I'm the one in charge. She's too jovial about it, giddy even. I brace for it knowing she holds my future in her hands.

"Are you gay?" she asks as she stops twirling the keys and looks me square in the eye.

I nearly choke on the question. One thing I pride myself on is the ability to conduct myself as straight. I shake my head. "Absolutely not," I say when I stop

coughing.

She laughs. "Then why did you steal my panties and wear them?" It's as if she's some sort of a judge asking questions. I go along with it because I was literally caught with my pants down.

I look down. Time to be a man and tell the truth. "I had a primal urge and I knew it was wrong. Instead of facing you with it, I did a bad thing and took your panties. I could have stepped into the shower with you. Believe me, I wanted to. I quickly looked for a way out and that at the time was it," I say.

"Okay, but still, wearing my panties? Really? It shows how cockless you are, Lawson. I mean, real men don't want to wear a pair of lacy frilly panties," she says. There she goes again with the humiliating remarks about my size, though she's wrong. I'm a man to behold, a big cock and all.

"To me wearing your panties was the replacement of wearing you. I know that sounds crude and I have a need to make it up to you somehow. I'm sorry, Edna. You are a beautiful and desirable woman. You smell good, you're well built. In a way, this was a compliment, albeit sick one," I say. I hope I appeal to her sense of humanity and she'll let me off knowing that I had a human moment, a weak moment.

"Well, your words don't excuse your actions. I think I'm going to have some fun with you. It's what you do when an opportunity arises, you take it by the horns and make it work your way. So that's my plans, Coach Lawson. Are you ready to hear your punishment?" Edna asks.

I pull in a big breath of air and blow it out, puffing my cheeks. "Lay it on me. I figured I'm over in this town anyway," I say as I'm resolved to face the consequences.

"Oh no, I'm not going to ruin you, unless you don't do as I say. You see, I may be a diminutive volleyball player, but I have a wild imagination and love having fun. And now I have the opportunity to have fun at your expense."

"Okay, so we'll have some fun. Like I said, lay it on me, Edna. Out with it. I'm ready to move on," I say.

Edna traces her fingers over the edge of the desk. "Here's the deal. Friday evening, you be ready. I'll come to your place since I live in an apartment with two others unless you don't mind other students seeing you?" she asks.

I nod. "You can come to my place," I say as I jot down my address.

"You will be my bitch for the entire evening. I'll bring everything needed. And trust me, you'll have your fill of wearing women's clothing. We'll explore your feminine side and let your little cock enjoy some dress wearing," she says.

I swallow hard and shake my head. "You want me to dress in drag?"

"And if you don't dress in drag and be my little slut for the evening, I'll share the photos of you with your boss and Coach Lewis and the rest of the team," she says as she rubs her hands together.

I resolve to swallow my medicine. "Okay," I say. If I can save my career and my life, I'll be her bitch for an evening.

Normally when a beautiful woman comes to my place, I'm thrilled about it. But with Edna, I have an immense amount of trepidation. She steps through the door dressed in a pair of leggings and boots and a sweater that falls from her shoulder, revealing her creamy, dewy skin. She smells of honeysuckle and fresh jasmine because she just had a shower.

"Nice place," she says as she sets the bags she brought in on my dining table. I live in a simple townhouse, one I bought after I was hired at Hanby's gym.

I peer at the woman who will no doubt bring me humiliation and to my knees later. "Edna, I'm just curious, are you twenty-one?"

She chuckles. "Worried that when I take you clubbing, I won't be old enough to enjoy a bit of wine?" She lifts her brow.

The truth is if she's under twenty-one, that's a deal breaker. "Well, yeah," I say.

"Relax, I'm twenty-one. Turned it two weeks before we started practicing volleyball," she says as she pulls out the dress. I gulp because it's a teal green long formal looking dress with sequins on top and a flowy chiffon skirt on the bottom, the asymmetric hem coming down in points. I think the dress would look great on her.

"You know, you'd be a killer in that dress," I say as I grin. I'm hoping she'll change her mind and wear it for me and let me be a man.

"No can do. Maybe after. But for tonight you are Lucy and this dress is yours. Now, please put these on and come back so I can style your hair and make up your face," she says.

With great reluctance, I disappear inside my bedroom and step into her clothes. The dress sags a bit in the front because I don't have boobs like she does. I'm surprised she found a pair of strappy sandals in my size.

"I looked at your shoes in your office the other day," she says.

I shake my head and grimace as I sit in the chair and let her make up my face. She even glues on false eyelashes and the works. Not a square inch is left without something smeared, dabbed, or brushed on my face. She draws and brushes and stands back while she makes me into her slut, as she puts it. I endure it because I'm a good guy like that. I'm not thrilled about going into public looking like this, but she assures me I'm unrecognizable as Lucy.

Finally, she places the auburn wig on my shoulders, which puts bouncy curls at my shoulders. It feels nice and soft and hides my normal chocolate brown hair perfectly. The only regret here is how I had to shave my face, which had the starts of a rugged goatee. Oh well.

"Okay, masterpiece is done." Edna steps back with a brilliant smile stretching

across her face. She waves for me to step to the hall where a mirror is mounted on the back of the linen closet door.

I wobble as I walk, the heels a bit higher than is comfortable for me. At first, I thought there was some other woman stepping up the hall as I reach over and turn on the switch to the hall light. The lady in the mirror has on flashy make-up, brightly colored eyes, long lashes that sweep with every blink, bright red lipstick, bouncy curls at her shoulders, and a gorgeous dress that hangs wrong due to a flat chest. Even the shoes showcase the outfit. Not a bit of Lawson Graille peers at me in the mirror, but Lucy, the new creation customized by Edna.

"Wow, damn, I just need a high-pitched voice and maybe a little boob action and no one would know," I say.

Edna throws her head back and laughs. "You got that right. They won't be able to tell you're a man if they looked in your pants," she says. She just had to throw that punch in.

I wince. "Ouch. Point made. Let's go and get this over with please," I say.

"Happily!"

We head by cab to Tropes Night Club, a new trendy place where people from all walks of life come. I spy other tall women and realize it's more of a transgender place. Edna seems in her element as she knows the people and surprises me that she's so outgoing. I'm enjoying watching her as we blend in with the club crowd and me as her bitch.

I step into the role of Lucy as I glide across the dance floor. Even though I'm muscled up and step like a man, I know how to cut a rug. In addition to fitness and volleyball, I'm quite a dancer. Edna and I take turns leading with the songs and I'm enjoying the clothes on me, perhaps too much. While she purposefully teases me by grinding against me, Mr. Cock rises to attention. It pokes out of the top of the tiny panties in the front, the head very visible through the filmy skirts on the dress. I don't care, I'm not recognizable as Lawson at all, but there's no hiding the fact that I'm a man now, not with the chub poking through the material. Even Edna can't deny it any longer. She giggles.

"I see you're proving me wrong about the tiny dick. No hiding the beast, he's out in full staff. What I find funny is you're not even trying to hide it," Edna says.

I pull her to me and squeeze her ass. "I can't. Remember when he's out, I'm at his mercy," I whisper into her ear.

"Would Lawson like to go home now?" she asks.

I nod, ready to blow the club and the women's clothing and be myself for a change.

We grab a cab back to my place. We both drank, and she needs time to sober before she can drive back to her apartment. I offer coffee and she just shakes her head.

"For a man, you are so hard headed," she says as she shuts the door and lands on

me, her arms entwining around my neck. My lips find hers and at first, it's a soft warm kiss that turns up the heat between us. Before I know it, she's on me like white on rice and I'm hoisting her butt and carrying her to my bedroom. Our passion will no longer be denied.

Edna giggles, because I'm still painted and dressed like a woman. I don't care as I lift the dress from my body. The wig snags and comes off and my hair stands up all over. I don't care. My cock extends pointing to her, wanting her. She lies back on the bed and opens her legs as I dive in cock head first. I'm a gentleman despite the false eyelashes, I take hold of my member, the very one she claimed was tiny and rub it through the warm soft folds between her legs. She moans as I focus on her tiny member, the little clit that stiffens giving her immense pleasure.

"Oh, fuck me, Lawson," she cries as she claws my back.

"My pleasure," I grunt and plow into her. Her soft folds squeeze around me, my cock throbbing with extra oomph as I pump into her. I draw her feet to my shoulders, her large boobs bounce. Bending forward, I grasp one and squeeze and then the other, paying extra attention to the taut nipple. She likes it and grinds her ass into the bed and up to me, meeting with my thrusts.

"I'm about to come, Lawson. Come with me," Edna says as she arches her back. My cock saws against her clit and suddenly, her body quakes as she lets loose with a deep groan and blows out her breath. I am so excited by her my cock lengthens and I explode inside her, filling her full as I moan louder and slam into her hole with great force. Together we rock through the waves of pleasure until I'm empty and she's lying back limply against the pillows.

I quickly pull out and collapse beside her, pulling her into my embrace. For a

few mere moments, we just breathe. Finally, she glances up and giggles. "Honey, you need a shower. I'd like to know the next time we fuck, it will be with Lawson and not Lucy," she says.

I follow her like a puppy to the shower. She takes time and removes the make-up and transforms me back into a man. I draw her to me, her wet soapy body slick and warm against me. "You sure know how to tease a man and bring him to his knees," I say.

She smiles. "I hope you learned your lesson. Next time you sneak into the ladies' locker room, disrobe and join me instead of stealing my panties."

THE END