



CLUELESS SISSY IS RIDICULED AND HUMILIATED IN HIS SISSY PANTIES

A TALE OF FORCED FEMINIZATION SISSIFICATION AND CROSSDRESSING

SCARLETT STEELE

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Clueless Sissy Is Ridiculed And Humiliated In His Sissy Panties

A Tale of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

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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.

This e-book should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

***** WALT *****

"Dammit," I say as I pitch the necktie to the bed. After grabbing another I try tying it and this time it works. I have issues with the silk ties, the fabric crawls. My parents gave me six new ties in different colors when the bank hired me. It was a gift of celebration. I interned at the bank for six months and they got to know me first hand.

"Don't be a cocky know-it-all," Dad advised the day I started the internship. I gave him a cocky smile and nodded.

"Who me? Cocky?" I asked.

Point being, I am a cocky dude. I brained my way through college and lived with my parents while I worked on the internship. It helped me focus on my studies while I wooed my way into a great job offer. In my opinion, it worked out well. I lived at home for another three months while saving for the lease deposit on the condo and my car.

Three months later, I'm finally on my own in my own place. I can't call on my father to tie my tie for me. I can't ask my mother to help me decide which suit to wear. I have to be a big boy and do big boy things.

Finally, I secure the sleeves of the button up shirt and pull on the suit coat. I have to remind myself I wanted this kind of job, where I dress to a T every day. I have swagger and I know it. Mr. Cocky is back!

I push through the glass doors at the bank and smile at the receptionists and secretaries that line the lobby. The women glance up and give me big smiles. The single ladies especially pour out the flirt all begging for attention from the stud that I am. I make their day when I smile and make eye contact. Though I'm cocky as fuck, I'm also nice.

I walk by the last secretarial desk of Janice Ainsworth. She's a tough one to crack. A buxom red-head with curves that won't quit. Her nails are impossibly long and always gleaming in a color that matches her impeccable outfits. But she is just a secretary. And yet she doesn't think I'm all that, not like the others and that makes me super-hot for her.

Enough about Janice, I can't let one lone secretary stop me from being a stud at work. I climb the winding staircase to the second floor where the loan officers' offices sit among the board of directors' offices. That's right, I'm a fucking big shot at this posh and polished bank.

Sherri Nolston's office is next to mine. She's a big shot too. Married to a big ad executive and rakes in greater than six figures a year. She grew up with me, we even graduated in the same class, but she's a snob and a half. I think it pissed her off when the bank hired me as they did in giving me a comparable salary. She barely acknowledges me. It's okay. She can go home to her rich husband and be all la-de-da about life. I don't live for her thankfully. I just wish my office wasn't sharing a wall with hers. Ha!

The loan officers share a secretary, dear sweet sexy voluptuous Janice downstairs. She fields the calls, directs the customers, sets the appointments like a good little secretary. I get goose pimples when she speaks to me with her husky sultry voice over the phone. One time, as a joke really, I asked her to talk about something sexy, you know to give me good dreams for the weekend. She hung up on me. How dare she! I'm paying her a big compliment and certainly when my cock is involved, it's doubly big. But she didn't take it as a compliment.

"Your ten-thirty appointment with Mr. Bigfield is here," Janice says into the phone.

"Thanks, hon, send him up," I say.

She absolutely hates it when I call her hon. I have to be careful and not cross the sexual implication line here. We had to attend some big behavior modification seminar upon being hired at the bank. Fuck that shit, we're all sexual beings and it's impossible to hide the fact. I smile and rise as Mr. Bigfield walks through my door. He has a seat and we talk shop about how he wants a business loan to help float expansions at his three bakeries in the city.

I'm feeling my oats as I waltz down the winding staircase to the secretarial pool. Tina giggles when I lean over her desk and ask how her weekend went. She enjoys telling me about a party she attended and

felt sad not to see me there. I scrunch my nose. She and I don't run with the same crowd, so of course, she won't see me at parties she attends.

Bethany lifts her brow as I saunter to her desk. My eyes swing to her swooping low neckline and she sits up and pushes out her chest all the more. "Looking good there, sweetie," I say.

She bats her baby blues at me and licks her lips just so. Yep, maybe, perhaps. I could see tangling with the likes of her, but she is skinny. I much prefer the bodacious curves as found on Janice who is currently sneering at me disapprovingly from her desk.

"Thanks, Walt. Not so bad yourself," Bethany says.

Yep. She's right. I'm a looker and I know it. I point my finger and wink at her while clicking my tongue against my teeth. It's enough to make her day as she craves attention from me. I saunter back up the secretarial line, nodding and saying hello to the married girls before I pause at Janice's desk.

"And how was your weekend, dear?" I ask as I perch my ass on the edge of her desk.

Janice looks up at me with her golden eyes, her painted lids blinking up at me as if she can't believe I'm even talking to her. "Fine, and yours?" she asks without much of a smile.

I lean toward her. "You know, you are so pretty when you smile. It just brightens the room, my heart and makes... well, let's just say it makes my body come to life," I say and wink at her.

"Honestly," she says as she shakes her head and types frantically on her keyboard.

I act like I don't notice her disgust. "Say, it's almost lunchtime. Would you like to grab a bite to eat? My treat," I say as I grin down at her. My eyes fall to the valley below her chin and I make no hidden agenda that I'm looking right there. Why else would she wear such outfits if she didn't want my eyes peeled to it?

"No, thanks. I brought a salad from home," she says.

"A salad? Here in the breakroom?" I make a face. "That's no fun."

Janice picks up her pen and jots something on a document opened. After shutting it she sets the pen down hard and sighs as she looks up at me. "No, I'm not wasting my salad. That's my lunch plan."

"Hey, you can't turn down a sexy handsome man who wants to have lunch with a sexy beautiful woman," I say and wag my brow.

"The salad will go bad if I don't eat it within the next day or so," Janice says. Clearly, she's not impressed with me.

I clap my hands together. "Then I have a solution. Have your salad for dinner later. You cannot resist having lunch with this," I say as I wave my hands down my body. I grin and nod. "Yes, you like? You know you want to." I wink at her.

"Why? You think you're the greatest gift to women. I'm choosing the salad in the breakroom over lunch with your beast," she says as she rises from her desk and walks away.

I'm hard-headed and follow her into the break room. After hitting the vending machine, I sit across from her at the table eating my package of peanut butter and crackers and a bottle of soda. I grin as I nod.

"Mmmm, good," I say.

Janice takes a bite of salad and shakes her head. "What are you doing in here, Walt?" she asks.

"I'm giving you another chance," I say as I pop a cracker into my mouth.

"I didn't ask for another chance," she says.

"No, but I'm giving you one because that's the kind of man I am. I don't allow just any woman to have at this," I say as I again wave my hands down my body.

"Why are you here?" Janice acts as if she doesn't hear me.

"It's the breakroom, for the employees. I can eat my lunch in here if I want," I say as I eat another cracker.

"You never slum it and have lunch in here. You're a big shot who goes out every day," she says.

"You got me. I'm here because you are. I'm trying to figure out why you won't go out with me. I mean, not many women refuse me when I pursue them," I say.

***** JANICE *****

No matter what I do or say the pig won't leave me alone. Walt thinks I should fall all over myself just because he asks me out. I can't stand the man really. He's a pretty boy wearing big man's pants, groomed by all the right schools and patted on the back by all the big shots in the bank. I want to barf. He's cute, I agree there, but he's obnoxious. Silly girls in the secretarial pool swoon every time he marches by. It just fuels his over-stuffed ego even more. Why he sets his eyes on me I don't know. I'm not interested in a pretty-boy who thinks he's every woman's dream. Now he's sitting in front of me slumming it with a package of crackers and a bottle of soda.

"I'm not just any woman. Try barking up another tree," I say as I finish my salad. I have heartburn now that I've eaten my lunch.

"Sweetie, maybe I need to spell it out to you. I could have any other woman in this bank I wanted, even the married ones, and they'd give me more than just the time of day. A woman in your position should consider it an honor that I'm pursuing you like this," Walt says.

I shake my head. Who the fuck is this guy? A woman in my position? What the fuck does that mean? "I'm as smart and valuable employee as you, dickhead," I say as I shove out of my seat.

"No, no, no. You're taking what I said wrong. I never said you aren't as smart and valuable," he says.

"Then what?" I narrow my eyes at the man.

"I mean a girl like you. I'm sure you have your line of men waiting to take you out, but how many hold an executive position? That's what I meant. Like the married men in my area aren't married to mere secretaries. They normally marry women of, well, let's just say certain social stature. You're a hard worker, but a secretary. Our, um, social statuses are different. But I don't let that stop me. I'm into you. And who wouldn't be in this body?"

I grimace and hold up my hand. "Please, do yourself a favor and stop while you're ahead," I say as I exit the breakroom.

"You'll be sorry that you turned me down. You may not have another opportunity like this," he says as I'm walking away.

What a dick. I can't just let him talk to me like that. He needs to be brought down a peg or two. Asshole. I smile as a plan formulates in my mind. Yes, I will set the bastard up and give him a giant dose of his own medicine. Nothing like a little humiliation to put a man back into his place.

When I arrive at home I fish in my drawer for the perfect pair of panties. If Walt is so keen on going out with me maybe he'll do anything to gain my trust and acceptance. How dare he speak to me like he did. Saying how as a secretary I should be honored that the likes of a big shot executive like him would stoop so low as to ask me out. I'll see if he likes me enough to do this and if he does, I'm handing it right back to him in a way that will serve to humiliate the piss right out of him.

The next day I'm sitting at my desk with the special package in my drawer just waiting to see if Mr. Walt comes by with his god-like attitude with me. He steps to my desk and leans over while tapping the top with his finger.

"Have you given my little suggestion a thought or two?" he asks.

I smile sweetly and pull up the package I made just for him. "Yes. I have something for you. Take it home and look at it there," I say and grin.

He takes the bait... er uh, package and smiles with a curt nod. "Thank you," he says and clutches it in his hands while he marches away. Sucker.

***** WALT *****

I whistle as I climb the stairs to my office. Little Ms. Janice seems to have turned a good corner with me. She actually smiled at me when I walked up to her desk just now. It's enough to encourage me to have a good day. Maybe this weekend will be a good one. I throw the package up in the air and catch it. Whatever it is it weighs nothing. It's very squishy too. Mr. Jenkins, my boss, walks into my room and I shove the package into my top desk drawer. Maybe I can peek at it later, but for now, we have a big board meeting and I have clients coming in later. It's going to be a busy day.

When I finally emerge for lunch I'm late as Janice has already skedaddled from her post. I wander back to the break room and find it empty. I'm thankful in a way because I really don't want to eat peanut butter and crackers again. I go to lunch with the vice president as he comes down the stairs and sees me standing by an empty desk.

"Walt, how about we hit Bart's Grill?" Dave asks.

Of course, I can't turn down an opportunity to fraternize with the V.P. I take what I can and find it always works out to my benefit. We talk about boating and playing golf and attending the summer barbecue at the board president's palatial home in August. Before I know it, we are heading back to the bank and my long afternoon of clients. I open the drawer briefly and run my fingers over the package wondering what it is. I suppose I'll wait until I get home to see it.

I come through the door of my condo and first thing's first, I make a drink and pull off my coat, tie and shoes. May as well make myself comfortable in my favorite recliner and carry the package with me after I slide dinner into the oven. Thankfully my mother cooked some homemade meals for me to pull from freezer and pop into the oven, so I have hot food to eat. I raise the glass to my mother who always thinks of me. After a few swallows and a bite of the food, I click the remote. All settled down now, I pick up the package after swallowing the last of the delicious chicken pot pie. The brown paper rustles as I open it and look inside the sack.

The whistle sounds from my lips as I pull out a pair of white lacy panties. Silk and lace, they aren't brand new but appear to be ones she's owned and wore. They are clean as I sniff the fabric and detect the faint scent of laundry detergent. I smile big because she gave me a pair of her panties. And at the bottom of the bag is a little note. I reach in and pull it out.

I dare you.

She dares me to do what? I ponder the note and the panties. She dares me to do what? I conclude after deliberation, she dares me to wear the panties. But when? Tomorrow is Friday. Maybe this is a dare to wear her panties, meaning I'll get into her panties in the real sense as well as into her later. My cock grows just thinking about it. I hold the panties in front of me and imagine her walking around in nothing but the underwear. Now my cock is super hard and rearing to go. Yes, I'll wear the panties to work tomorrow. I'll take her dare.

The next morning I'm about to pull on my slacks and remember the dare. Oh yes, the panties. I grab the bag and have a slight feeling of trepidation as I consider whether to wear the garment. I decide to go for it because I have a thing for Janice. I need to show her I'm a participant in her little fantasy. I step into the cool panties and pull up over my man goods. It fits snug against my cock and balls. I smile as I run my hand over my package and relish in the softness and the air that reaches my goods. I think I'll enjoy this. When I pull on the slacks, I realize the silk panties won't hold my junk as well as my jockeys. It doesn't matter, this is a fun, sexy game for Janice. I have big plans for her.

As I waltz through the front doors of the bank my cheeks heat with a blush over what I'm wearing in my slacks. No one knows, no one can see, yet each step I take I know. The soft silky fabric rubs me just right. I like walking around with this secret. I smile because my cock rises within the panties. Janice isn't at her desk. I frown because I wanted to say to her, "Dare accepted, want to see?" But she's not here. I have work to do so I climb the stairs, feeling my hard cock rubbing against her soft

smooth silk panties. I love the secret I'm carrying and the thrill of the nastiness of a man like me wearing a pair of women's panties.

At lunch, Janice is at her desk, working through the first part and waiting for the other secretaries to return so she can have her lunch. I come down the steps and approach with a big smile on my face. She's on the phone and talking adamantly with a client. She glances up at me and nods with a slight smile. At least I got that much out of her. Normally she scowls at me. I stand by her desk waiting for her to get off the phone. From the sound of it, she'll be on there for a while. When Jerrick comes down the stairs and invites me to lunch with him at the steakhouse on the corner I can't refuse. I follow him out the door and will try to get with Janice when I return.

Janice is out to lunch when I return from the steakhouse with Jerrick. I grab her little notepad and jot a quick note on it.

Come to my office before you go back to work. I have something I want to show you.

It is a short and sweet note. I chuckle as I fold it and write Janice on the outside. I place it on her keyboard so she's sure to see it when she returns. I'm confident after she returns, she will like what she sees and my beast in her silky package will entice her to go out with me. The president has taken off for meetings away from the bank today. I've cleared the afternoon, so we can have some time alone in my office. I adjust the blinds so people on the street can't see what I'm doing.

My phone buzzes. It is Janice calling on my cell. She sent a text.

You want me to come up now??

I text back.

Yes. I have something special to show you. ;)

Within five minutes Janice is at my door with a smirk on her face. I stand and grin big as I walk to the door and pull her inside. "Have a

seat, please," I say as I shut and lock the door. I put the phone to busy, so no one will interrupt us.

Janice has a mischievous smile stretched across her face now. She adjusts her purse which she carried with her. My brow furrows.

"Oh, this? I didn't have time to shove it in the drawer. It's close to time for me to get back to work. I didn't want to waste a second so after reading your note I came up here as fast as I could," she says as she lifts her purse and sets it back on her lap. "Okay, what's up?"

I wag my brow. "Since you asked," I say as I stand. I grin as my hand slithers to my pants. Janice merely lifts a brow as she watches. I can't tell if she's happy to be here or disgusted. Given her track record, she's been disgusted with me. But given the package she gave me yesterday, I'd say she's definitely interested in me. I slowly unbuckle the belt and unbutton the slacks. She nods as if encouraging me to go ahead. Her hand clutches her purse and her eyes stay peeled to my hands. I slowly unzip the zipper and pull the pants down, exposing myself to her, showing her how I took the dare. My cock is stiff within the panties as it's pointing up. Surely this will impress her. She says nothing, so I keep going and pull my pants down until they fall to my feet. I lift the shirt and turn a circle, so she can clearly see I'm wearing her white silk and lace panties.

Janice holds up her purse and suddenly busts out laughing. She's laughing so hard and pointing at me tears spring to her eyes. I'm not sure whether to be hurt or laugh with her. What in the fuck is so funny?

"Really?" I finally ask when she won't say anything.

She keeps laughing and nods. "Oh my, you are so tiny. I've never seen such a small dick. Are you sure you're a man? I mean you look awfully prissy in the panties. In fact, they are a perfect fit," she says and spits while she's talking because she's laughing so hard.

I grimace at her cruel words and hold out my hands. I don't want my neighbor in the office next door to hear her. "Please, shhhh," I say and shake my head vigorously.

"No! I will not shhhh. I should call everyone in here and show them what a dickless man you really are," Janice threatens.

I blanch. I literally feel the blood draining from my body and my peter shrivels too. I look down and don't see that I'm that small. "I'm not..."

"Yes, you are. You are tiny. Minuscule. Tortured micro-dick. How do you even operate with that little thing? I think I made a good call in giving you my panties. I mean, I knew that's what you wanted, to get into my panties, but never in a million years did I think you'd actually wear them to work. Really? You're so small your cock literally disappears behind all that silk and lace. How do you ever use that thing? Are you sure you're not really just a manly woman?" Janice asks.

I'm panicking now. She's not kidding. She's honestly laughing at me and saying such hurtful words. I want to sink into the floor and hide.

"Seriously, Janice, cut it out," I say as I yank up my slacks and sit down to hide from her laughter.

"No! Why should I? Seriously, let's show everyone what kind of man, er, a woman you are," she says and proceeds to stand.

"No! Please stop. What do you want from me?" I ask as I'm desperate for her to shut up.

Janice frowns, her face mean and menacing. She opens her purse and plucks her phone from the side pocket and grins. "See this? I have it all on video, this whole scenario. I have enough on here to get you fired and to ridicule you in front of your peers here," she says as she swipes her thumb across her phone. Sure enough, she recorded the scene of me unbuttoning and shoving down my pants showing her how I'm wearing her panties. My mouth feels like cotton despite the gall that just came up in my throat.

"What do you want from me?"

"And my photos and videos automatically save to the cloud, so don't even think of destroying my phone."

"I wouldn't." I shake my head as my stomach rolls. I'm going to puke, but I hold it down. "What do you want from me to keep it quiet?"

Janice smiles. "I thought you'd play this my way. I did well in setting you up. I thought surely you wouldn't take the bait and just think I gave you the panties as a gag. But nope. Hook, line, and sinker, you grabbed the bite and tried to swim off. You see, Walt, I grow very tired of the way you think you're every woman's dream and how you talk down to me making me think that because you want in my pants that I should be happy about it. I want to punish you by giving you what you deserve, a little humiliation."

"Okay, I'm thoroughly humiliated by your words," I say and try to swallow. I need water, bad.

"I'm as humiliated by how you talk to me each day, how you make me feel that I should be lucky you're even giving me the time of day," Janice says.

"I like you, Janice, in case you didn't realize it. Maybe my delivery is off," I say.

"You think?" She rolls her eyes.

"Yeah, well, this was uncalled for. You didn't have to humiliate me like this," I say.

"Hurtful words speak the truth, you tiny dick," Janice says. "And yes, I did, you said shit and smack to me and this is me getting back at you. So, what's it going to be? Do I announce what a pervert you are, or will you come to my house tomorrow evening and wear the panties like the little cunt that you are?"

I look down. I don't feel like doing a victory dance that she asked me to her house. She wants me to be a woman, so she can humiliate me. But what choice do I have? I can't allow what happened in here today to get out to the rest of my peers. I would be toast if that happened. Janice holds all the cards. "I'll be there," I say flatly.

I drag about my condo all day as Janice wants me at her house at six this evening. I'm sorely disappointed in her reaction to me wearing her panties. I thought we had a thing and I realize I thought wrong, so very wrong. She's not exactly warm to me, never has been. I truly don't know what I saw in her to begin with. Yeah, she's a sexy curvy woman, but so are many others who are probably nicer than the likes of her. In any case, I've stepped in it big time and in order to save my career and reputation, I must endure whatever humiliation she has set for me for this evening.

Janice lives in a quaint little neighborhood with older homes and small but very well-kept lawns. It appears to be older folks and her house is smack in the middle of this. She has a cute fall harvest setting on her big porch, with a haystack and a pumpkin and even a scarecrow holding a basket of apples. She's one of those kinds of people. The wreath of fall colored leaves greets me at her front door. I push the doorbell and hear the chimes within as she comes to let me in.

"Are you wearing the panties?" Janice asks.

I give her a half-grin. "Yes," I say and shake my head.

"Good. I'm taking you out tonight for dinner and dancing. Tonight, I'm the dominant one and you're my bitch, my little girlfriend. You are a sissy and I'm going to make you into one," she says as she leads me to a back room where she has a pink fuzzy sweater and a dark pink skirt laying out on the bed. At the floor are a pair of large pink cowboy boots. I grimace. She wants me to dress in drag in the skimpy outfit.

"I have to wear these?" I ask as I hold up the women's clothes, which are too small for me.

"Yes, clothes off, except for the panties," Janice says and giggles. At least I'm making her smile now, at my great expense and humiliation.

I pull out of my clothes as she covers her mouth and points to my crotch.

"It's so tiny, little man. You'll make a perfect woman," Janice says. "You'll make a fine sissy."

She helps me slide into the skirt and fuzzy sweater. The skirt hits mid-thigh and my hairy legs really show well. The tight sweater stretches over my chest. I grin. "At least I'm flat-chested," I say.

"You have a small dick too," Janice says.

"Okay, okay. I know what you're trying to do," I say as I shake my head. She's calling me small-dicked and a sissy even though I sport a solid eight inches at full staff. It's enough to make her pussy thump with desire. I chuckle inwardly at my thoughts, so run away and full of ego even though I'm standing here in a sissy outfit. She has me sit down and paints my face with her cosmetics.

"Ready my princess?" Janice says. "Wila?"

"Wila?"

"Yep, can't have a dickless sissy named Walt. You are Wila tonight," she says as she throws her head back and laughs at my expense.

She drives us to the outskirts of the city to a place on the lake called The Heart of the Docks. They serve dinner and drinks and have a nice dance floor. I'm pretty sure we may run into people we know here.

People stare at me when we're shown to our table. I have on a silly wig and plenty of makeup to hide my true identity. I try not to make eye contact with anyone while we eat our meal. Janice notices how quiet I'm being and stands.

"I think it's time for a dance," she says and holds out her hand.

I glance up at her as I blush. Any other time I'd love to dance, but I don't want to draw attention to myself. "I'll pass," I say.

"No, you won't. I want to dance with my girlfriend," Janice says and lifts her brow. She means business, so I stand and follow her to the dancefloor. I feel so silly in the short skirt and panties.

Janice tries to take the lead, but I shake my head. "At least give me some dignity and let your girlfriend lead," I say and grin.

She submits to my request and gives me the lead on the dance floor. Even though I'm in a silly short skirt, dressed like a woman, my body responds to holding this curvy beautiful woman in my arms. Mr. Cock rises to the occasion and doesn't go unnoticed by Janice. She smiles as she looks up into my face.

"Well, well, well, it seems there's a dick in there after all," she says with a chuckle.

I grimace and brace for the inevitable talk of how I'm a sissy. But Janice surprises me as she grins and lifts a brow. "Perhaps we should go back to my place for a nightcap? Besides, I want my clothes back," she says and giggles as she turns to leave.

I shrug and follow her out the door and to the car. We race back to her apartment. She's giggling the entire time, chatty even. I can't follow her sudden change, maybe it was the dance?

Janice grabs my hand and pulls me to her bedroom. I follow her, still feeling silly in the feminine outfit. It doesn't change the desire in her eyes. I happily let her pull off the sweater and short skirt. She runs her hand over the bulge in the panties. I want to hear her say I'm not tiny and dickless, but leave it be as long as she seems thrilled about my body now. Slowly she pulls down the panties and I rip off the wig. I know my face still has cosmetics, but I try to forget that part as I sit on the edge of the bed. My cock stands up tall and straight and very long.

"Nice," she says and nods as she pulls her leg up and around me, hoisting over my lap until she's seated. Her lips meet mine and the electric pulses of desire rush through us. I pull her closer to me, her voluptuous boobs smash against my chest. She's soft and smells like cherry blossoms. A groan escapes her lips which part over mine. I ache to enter her, and she lifts her body and pulls her sweet warm slit above my cock. With help, I hold my cock in place as she sits down, engulfing

my cock. This time I groan as her sweet lips squeeze tightly over my shaft and she moves expertly, grinding into me.

“Oh fuck,” I say and groan. Each time she comes down I nearly lose it. Her body gyrates while she glances down into our lap watching as her clit saws against my rigid cock. She shudders as her body succumbs to the ecstasy. I hold her and bounce her heartily over me as my cock lengthens in her pussy. The undulating squeezes cause me to shoot off and I come until nothing more squirts out of me. Both of us moan as we move and enjoy the moments the pleasure rocks through us. Nothing else in the world matters except for the beautiful time we're having while she's on my lap.

Afterward, Janice groans and smiles as she pulls up and leaves a mess on my lap. “Oops, sorry, you're a mess,” she says as she rushes to the bathroom and starts the shower.

“Not so fast, little lady,” I say and hop after her. I don't wait for an invitation, I join her in the shower. It's time I take my masculinity back.

Janice turns into a nice lady as she giggles and allows me to step to her and pull her into my arms again. “I hope all is forgiven now,” I say as I peer into her face.

“Yeah, we're even,” she says and keeps giggling.

“What?” I ask.

“Your face. Here allow me,” she says as she washes the makeup from my face. “Now, better, you are Walt again.”

I laugh. “I hope I was Walt when you fucked me a few minutes ago? I don't see a woman being able to do for you what I just did,” I say and keep grinning.

THE END