

# CROSSDRESSING SISSY

IS PUBLICLY TEASED AND HUMILIATED IN PUBLIC



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# Crossdressing Sissy Is Publicly Teased and Humiliated In Public

## A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

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female domination 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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“Fuck the biscuits. I said two eggs, over easy. I’m on a diet and can’t have carbs. Got it?”

The waitress, Maisy as it says on her nametag, just blinks at me. I gave the order for a number three, only I specifically told her to skip the two biscuits and send it out with two eggs. That makes a platter of ham and eggs. Yeah, like the kids’ book. Whatever.

“I’m so sorry. I guess I didn’t check the platter against the ticket. We’re so busy in here,” she says as she gathers the two biscuits on a napkin.

I narrow my eyes at her. “It would be to your advantage to make sure you know what your customers ordered. Maybe take some sort of memory lessons or something. May I have the fucking eggs?”

“You don’t have to cuss at me,” she snaps.

I tilt my head. “Low blood sugar. New diet plan. I need protein and now. I don’t want just a slab of ham. Please bring the eggs, now.”

I’m such an asshole. That’s what I’m known for, a fucking asshole. I drum my fingers over the tabletop as I wait on the eggs. Two biscuits and a slab of ham. I traded biscuits for eggs. How fucking hard is that? Glancing at my watch, I have a meeting in two hours. Dominique Hudson is known for bringing delight to those who want to make it in the entertainment industry. I open doors for people, those whom I choose to represent. I know the big labels, the big names, many of whom I’ve put there. I don’t take shit off anyone.

Maisy delivers a plate of eggs and a fresh slab of ham. She smiles woefully at me as she sets the new platter in front of me. “I figured you’d want hot ham with your eggs,” she says as she picks up the old platter.

After grabbing my fork, I smile up at her. “You figured right,” I say as I chop a giant piece of the eggs and ham and shove it in my mouth. She nods and leaves, probably afraid I’ll bark at her again. I just might.

The eggs are hard cooked. I fork into the yolks, which should be runny and there's a fucking hard yolk. I grimace, as I hate the taste of hard egg yolk. I like my egg yolk runny. Is that asking too much? With the first egg half eaten, and the ham barely touched my stomach growls wanting more food.

Maisy is busy, smiling and talking to a table on the other side of the café. Try as I might, she won't look my way. I start to get up, but then the ham at least looks good. I gobble it down and eat the egg whites, leaving the hard yolk behind. Fuck this business. After swallowing the water, I slam it on the table and glare towards Maisey. I hold up a finger and she nods at me.

The woman is pure flustered. "Is everything to your satisfaction?" she asks as she hands me the ticket.

"No," I say and shake my head. I point to the platter. "What do you see?"

She blinks and stares at it for a moment. "Um, eggs."

"Specifically."

"Egg yolks."

"And how are they cooked?"

“Hard.” Her hand flutters to her neck.

“Check the ticket, doll. I specifically ordered two eggs over easy. Where I’m from that means runny yolks. Two strikes and you’re out. I won’t be back,” I say as I slam down a five and two ones over the ticket. It leaves her with about twenty-three cents for a tip.

Before she can answer, I rise and storm out of the café. “Fuck me!” I say as I step onto the sidewalk. I look down at my watch and take a few steps and look up just as I run smack dab into a woman. Her purse falls from her shoulders and items scatter.

“Oh, dear,” she says as she bends to pick up the items. She’s having trouble because of her spiked black stilettos and the body-hugging skirt doesn’t give much wiggle room. Normally I’d gripe about being ran into, but something about her makes me pause.

“Here, let me help,” I say as I scoop lipsticks, matchbooks, a perfume spritzer, and a tiny bottle of hand lotion to her.

We stand and she adjusts her big bag and smooths her skirt. Her deep bronzed skin glistens in the sun, her full lips painted a deep red, and her face flawless. “Oh sweetie, I’m sorry. You must be having a bad day to be in such a hurry and cussing so early in the morning.”

I shake away and glare at this stranger. “I wasn’t... who are you to pass judgment on me? Are you the word police?” I ask gruffly.

Amazingly, it doesn't sway her. She smiles concernedly into my face, perhaps even it's a look of empathy. "No, darling. I realize people have bad days. I just hate seeing one start the day out on a rotten foot." Her voice is smooth as silk, not an ounce of distaste in her tone. I merely blink, because normally when I speak like this, I'm greeted with similar tone back. Or like Maisy, the waitress, with fear.

"Come on, darling. You need a cup of coffee and a moment of relaxation and peace," she says as she holds out her beautiful manicured hand.

I bow my head in defeat at the mercy of this beautiful nameless woman. She's an angel come down to save me from myself. We weave through the crowds as she leads us to Mocha Express.

"This is my favorite coffee house. I can't start the day without one of their lattes." She smiles reassuringly as we walk through the door.

Somehow it turns me on not knowing her name and following her like I'm a little boy. We sit at a booth, her beautiful copper eyes stare at me as if she's trying to read me. The waitress appears and I blush because I had been so rough on Maisy just a block up the road.

"I'll have a latte, heavy on the cream." She turns her copper eyes back to me. "What's your pleasure, darling?"

Oh, she just asked what's my pleasure. I'd like to say it would be for her to slide

her deep red lips over my throbbing hard cock. “What do you recommend? What would be good for a man like me who is having a bad day?”

“He’ll have a café macchiato.” She nods at me as if this will change my whole life.

Fuck the diet. I’m sure this concoction has an abundance of sugar. Guess I should have partaken in the fucking biscuits Maisy tried to serve me.

“What’s your name, darling? You don’t say much,” she says.

“My job is in reading people. Guess I’m just gearing up to do that. I’m Dominique Hudson.” I hold out my hand just to be polite.

“Oh, lovely to meet you, Dominique. I’m LaTisha Dyers. I’m so glad to have met you. It seems fate put me in your path,” she says cheerfully.

I smile at the beautiful woman. She totally intrigues me. The hot macchiato burns my lips, but the flavor is wonderful. “Mmmm, good choice,” I say as I set the hot cup down.

“So, Dominique, what is it that put you in such a dither this fine morning?” she asks.

I’m so delighted by her I can’t help but smile. It’s as if she’s syphoning the gruff

out of me. After taking a sip of the coffee, it's cooled, and I take a bigger swallow and hold up the cup. "Until this, I was on a low carb diet. It puts me in a bad mood at first." Who the hell am I kidding? I'm always in a bad mood, it's just a part of my character.

"Oh sweetie, let me get a good look at you. Go ahead, stand up for me," she says as she waves her hand out.

I furrow my brow and shake my head. "What? You don't want to see my flabby body," I say.

"Sweetheart let LaTisha make that determination. Come on, stand up for mama," she says and winks at me.

That did it. I stand and obey the sexy goddess. "Satisfied?" I say as I sit back down.

"Oh, no I'm not. You ain't flabby. You look mighty fit to me. Don't be silly. That ole dieting is for the birds. Keep active and you'll be fine," she says as she pats my hand and winks again. Damn, I'll give her the world.

Exhaling, I stare at the beautiful woman. "LaTisha, what do you do for a living?" I ask.

She pats the back of her brunette hair and smiles. "Isn't it obvious, dear? I own a salon on Eleventh near the library. I worked hard to establish the business and

now I have others working for me and can take off. Lucky for you, I came along at just the right moment. What did you say you do?”

I laugh. “I didn’t. I’m an agent representing up and coming singers in the entertainment industry.”

“Oh, one of those. I see,” she says and laughs. Her perfectly straight pearly teeth glimmer.

Ahem. “Yes, one of those. I guess my reputation doesn’t precede me. That’s okay, perhaps I need to work on it,” I say.

She grabs my hand this time and gently rubs circles across the back of it. “I think you’re a nice man needing encouragement to be the best you can.”

I lean forward. “Glimmer Stars has a new band playing tonight, one I endorse. Would you like to accompany me there for dinner and drinks?”

“No, I would love to accompany you there for dinner, drinks, and dancing. Sweetie, nothing is as good for the soul as moving your body to the beat of the music. I’m sure if you endorse the band, they will be dance worthy.”

Damn. She says all the right words. “You bet.”

LaTisha gives me her scented business card with her address. She lives in a posh

apartment near the business district. I'm impressed with everything about her.

Walking down the street with her on my arm brings a smile to my face. She's one hot lady. The skirt hits above the knee, but the slit in the back is playful as hell. A round butt sways just right as she laughs and talks while we walk toward Glitter Stars. The spiked heels bring her almost to my height and I love having a woman look me in the eye. Her cleavage bounces gleefully as she moves, causing a hard on in my pants that won't quit.

We eat a bite at the grill, filet mignon, baked potato and a salad. She's not afraid of good food and fine wine. We toast the evening over a glass of white wine before we make our way into the club. Music pounds out the beat as my band plays to a packed crowd. They spot me and nod.

"Come on, sweetie, I want to see what you can do," LaTisha says as she pulls me onto the dance floor.

I can cut a rug as well as anyone, but no one can hold a candle to her. She sways her hips and shimmies her body to the beat, pressing her ass against me as she wiggles down and back up. When the song ends and she turns around I grab her to me, right there in the middle of the dance floor and sample her luscious lips.

She groans as her arms entwine my neck and I lean in, pressing her curvy body to mine. Her full lips part as my tongue juts forward and she complies with her tongue, sparking a passion so hot, I can barely contain myself. When she rears back, her brow lifts.

"Looks like you're rearing to go," she says as she glances at my packed crotch.

“Baby, it’s all for you,” I say.

She giggles and grabs my hand as we rush back out into the cool night air. Her apartment is within walking distance, and we skip along because we want to be alone. Once inside, it’s game on. Fuck, she’s hot. She doesn’t waste a moment as she shoves me against a wall with another launch into my lips. While her lips are moving over mine, she’s pulling at my shirt, her fingers swiftly unbuckling the belt and pants. I groan as I pick her up and her legs wrap around my waist. I head to her bedroom, where she yanks off her clothes faster than I can. I stand in front of her gawking at her incredible body. I want to taste every inch of her.

She shoves me onto the bed. A woman in charge is fucking hot. Her lips kiss my neck and chest, trailing down to my belly and then, oh fuck me hard, she grasps my cock. I lurch forward as her lovely lips sink over the tip and pulls me in, sucking vigorously. Oh fuck! I groan and about lose it.

I shove her back. I want her pussy. I want to taste her pussy first. “Wait,” I say breathlessly. Crawling on the bed, I snuggle between her lovely legs and sniff. The musky essence is pure and raw, and I happily run my tongue through her slit. She groans as her fingers lace through my hair. Focusing on her hard knob, I swirl my tongue and dip down for the sweetness forming at the opening. My hands reach up and grab a boob, massaging and squeezing. She’s groaning and grinding her ass into the bed. I stop and grin as I pull up and settle between her legs with my cock in hand.

I sink deep inside her, the lips squeezing around my cock as she throws her head back and groans. Each of her toes receives a kiss as I pull her feet to my shoulders. Thrusting deep and hard, my cock saws against her clit. Soon, the cum settles in the base of my cock. I blow out a deep breath and heave as I explode inside her pussy. At the same time, her pelvis quakes and together we

rock through the waves of pleasure until we're done.

And this is only the beginning. LaTisha loves to cuddle and loves sleeping squeezed up against me all night. She's hot and wild in bed, satisfying all my urges. We even duck inside an alcove on the way home while she sucks me off one night after a stroll on the waterfront. It's all lovely and for a short while I behave.

My old self comes roaring out one evening while we're having sushi at a Japanese Steak House. The server brings the wrong drink and I down it after taking a bite of spicy peppers. I slam the little glass down and glare at her.

"What the fuck is this?" I ask, my face turning beat red from the heat. I realize it's a drink that costs twice what I had ordered.

"I'm so sorry, sir, I misunderstood you," she says as she brings me a glass of water.

"Nope, I can't do this. I want the drink I ordered, and I will not pay a penny more for it." I grab the glass of the wrong drink and pour it into the empty bowl of soup.

"Dominique, is that necessary?" LaTisha glares at me as she places her hand on mine. I yank it away.

"Yes, it is. The old switch-a-roo isn't going to work on me."

“I don’t think she meant to do that. I believe they won’t charge you extra for it. You don’t have to be so rude,” she says.

I shrug. “It is what it is. Sometimes the ole Hudson hammer needs to come out and pound down,” I say.

LaTisha grabs her purse and pulls the strap over her shoulder. “Well, I’m embarrassed. I think we should leave,” she says.

I pay the bill, minus the amount for the drink and only a one-dollar tip. LaTisha shakes her head as we walk out the door. She’s very quiet as we walk home. Yeah, I moved in with her. The sex was too good not to.

“What’s up? Why so pissed off?” I ask as we enter the apartment building.

She says nothing as we take the elevator up to her seventh-floor apartment. “I don’t like you acting like an asshole,” she says. It’s the first time I’ve ever heard her utter a cuss word outside of ecstasy.

I pitch my jacket on the coat tree and take off my shoes before relaxing on the sofa. “That’s who I am. Either you love me, or you don’t,” I say as I look at her.

She’s hurt and I am an asshole. But when I get in one of these moods, I don’t give a fuck. I am who I am. Either like me or don’t. We fall asleep without even a kiss good night. So be it. The next morning, she’s a little sweeter with me.

“Coffee?” she hands the cup to me and smiles.

“Why, thank you, love,” I say as I plant a kiss on her cheek and take the cup.

“Dammit, I’m late. I need to be across town in twenty-five. I better scoot,” I say as I grab my jacket and bag. I’m meeting a potential client at a studio.

“Okay, love. See you later,” LaTisha says as I bend to kiss her lovely lips.

I rush across the avenue to the subway stop and clamor down the steps. Fuck my biscuit. My subway card ran out and I need a new one. I head to the counter and there’s a small line. Tapping my foot might just make the slow pokes move faster, maybe. Finally, it’s my turn and I thrust a one-hundred-dollar bill on the counter to fill my subway card.

“I’m sorry sir, we don’t take hundred-dollar bills. Can you pay with smaller bills or with a credit card?” the lady asks flatly.

“Since when is a hundred-dollar bill not currency?”

“Sir, it’s on the sign right there. Smaller bills or a credit card,” she says as she points to a sign taped under the counter.

“Well, I’m tall and maybe I don’t read signs for midgets.” I glare at her.

She winces. “Sir, that’s a bad word,” she says.

“Fuck is a bad word. What did I say bad?”

“Midget, sir, is a bad slang for a dwarf. Please, smaller bills or a credit card.”

I slam my hand on the counter. “Look, I don’t have smaller bills. I don’t use my card for subway passes. This is the twenty-first century, look at it through the light, mark it with one of those counterfeit markers. Do something. Give me my pass, now!” I boom.

The woman looks as if she’s about to cry. She turns, probably looking for her supervisor.

“Or give me a roll of tokens. You’re choice.”

“Sir, I can’t. We’re not supposed to. I don’t have the proper training for this,” she says.

“You don’t need proper training. Give me my fucking subway pass and change. It’s that simple,” I shout.

I crumble the bill in my hand and turn to leave and nearly run right into LaTisha.

“Here, Dominique,” she says softly and steps to the window. “I’ll take two passes please.” She hands the lady the correct amount of money and then hands one to me.

“Thanks. I’m late now.” I walk away because I’m so mad I want to spit nails.

I am late for my client, but lucky for me he feels having me for an agent is his lucky thing, so yeah, it works out.

I’m a bit more relaxed as I step out into the late afternoon sun. I need to properly thank LaTisha for saving me this morning. She’s been there for me more than anyone else. I’m one lucky son-of-a-bitch to have her in my life. I make a stop at the market and grab a dozen daisies, her favorite flower. I grab a couple of pink and red roses for good measure. She has some gorgeous vases for the bouquet. I can’t wait to hand it to her. I love making her smile. It brightens my life.

When I walk into her apartment, it’s strangely quiet. I see the bags by the hall entrance, but it doesn’t register.

“Oh, LaTisha, my baby, where are you?” I call as I check through the rooms. Finding it empty, I head into the kitchen for a snack. After grabbing an apple, I head into the living room and kick off my shoes while I surf the channels on the TV. Finally, the doorknob jiggles and I glance up in time to see my lovely lady walk through while carrying a bag from the drug store up the road.

“Oh, you’re back,” she says flatly.

“Hey, baby. What’s ya got there?”

“Toothpaste, and a few items for the bathroom. I cleared it out of your things,” she says as she walks out of the room.

My brow furrows as I think I misunderstood her. Before I can rise, she’s back and she pulled one of my bags, obviously heavy, to the front door. I stand.

“What...?”

“Your bags are packed. I want you out, now. If I failed to pack something that’s yours, just message me and I’ll bring it to you. I don’t want you back here,” she says.

“Wait a minute! Whoa!” I say as I step to her.

“Nope. Talk to the hand. I’ve had it with you. No more Mr. Rude will be in my life. I can’t take it. I need my happy space. Now leave,” she says as she points to the door.

“Why? What did I do to you? You’re my love, my apple, my sweet,” I say as I feel my stomach roll.

“You didn’t do anything to me, but you are just plain rude to everyone else. I

don't like it. I'm sorry, Dom, I'm done. You just need to leave now," she says.

I go down on my knees and grab her hand. I can't, I won't lose her. "Please, darling. I love you. I'm sorry, it's who I am," I say.

"And I knew better. I suppose I was one of those who thought she could change you into a better person. That day we met you were an asshole and honestly, I thought you were just having a bad day. I've seen you over and over treat people with extreme rudeness. I don't like it. It's not who I am, and I really don't want to be with a man who is. I'm sorry, Dom. I love you, I do, but I can't take your rude behavior. You are like a steamroller and don't care who gets in your way. That poor woman at the subway booth was just doing her job." She shakes her head. "I just can't be with you anymore."

It takes all I have to muster up what I'm about to promise. LaTisha is the best thing that ever happened to me and I'll stop at nothing to keep her in my life. Tears sting my hardened eyes as I take her hand and peer up at her.

"Please, LaTisha, I'm sorry. I know I'm an asshole. I know I need to change into a better person. I want to change, for you and for myself. Please, I love you and I don't want to lose you. I'll do anything to keep you. Please, tell me what I can do to save us."

She peers down at me as a look of sympathy rides across her face. She has trouble saying no to anyone who wants to better themselves. No smile on her beautiful full lips, but she's not saying no to my begging. I hold onto her hand in hopes of breaking through the sudden ice wall she erected.

Slowly, she nods. “Okay, I tell you what, I’ll give you another chance if you promise me two things.”

Hope bubbles in my heart. “Anything. I promise, just name it.”

“You don’t even know what I’m about to say.”

“I don’t care. I’ll do anything for you. Anything. Just name it.” And I mean it.

“Alright. First, promise you will stop being an asshole. I don’t care if you’re in a bad mood or if you’re late, or whatever. No more asshole behavior.”

“Done. I’ll be an angel. I’ll do my very best to behave.”

“Okay, off to a good start. Next thing, I want you to see what it feels like to be on the ridiculing end of something like you’ve done to others. The only way I can think of is to dress you up and take you out and then a special surprise at the end.” She grins big. I’m intrigued.

“Okay. And?” My brow lifts.

“And, I’ll dress you in full drag, complete with high heels, nails, hair, you get the full works. We’ll go out and you’ll be my girlfriend. See?”

Is she serious? “What? Excuse me? Drag queen? Seriously?”

“So many questions. I thought you said you’d do anything for me, and I only ask two things of you. One, to stop being an asshole. Two, an evening out dressed as a drag queen with a special surprise in the end. That’s it.” Her copper eyes fiercely penetrate through me.

“Um, so if I agree to this, it means I don’t have to move out. We’re still an item?”

“If you do these two things for me. No more asshole and this evening of fun.”

“Okay. I’ll do it.” I am resolute on making amends with this beautiful goddess and if she demands I dress as a trannie, so be it.

After two nights on her sofa I’m sitting in a chair in the master bath while she painstakingly makes up my face. I mean even false eyelashes and fishnet stockings. I step into her body-hugging red dress that fits her better than me. Even the silk things underneath won’t do it justice. I shrug because I’m a manly man and not a woman with the curves in the right places to fill out this dress. The heels are a different story, I stumble around in them but after a few minutes, I get the hang of it. The cake topper is the blonde wig with long wavy tresses. Damn, I’m one hot chick when she finally lets me look at myself in the closet door mirrors.

“I’m telling you, baby, you’re gonna turn heads,” LaTisha says as she prepares for the evening.

We head out to the street and hail a cab. “Where are you taking me?”

“Gaslight Den. That’s where I’m taking you,” she says as we climb into the cab.

The Gaslight Den is known for the extravagance of different lifestyles meshing into one spot. I’m sure I’ll run into people I know. That’s life. I’d rather have this woman by my side than to be embarrassed about my current appearance.

Steams of rainbow-colored beams shoot up from the sides of the club. Inside, the beat pounds out a riveting tune, people move in unison on the dancefloor, where more colored lights brighten the floor. Above, twinkles shine down in an array of colors. The bar, underlit by blue lights, is surrounded by a mass of thirsty patrons. People in all shapes, sizes, cultures, and lifestyles move about with smiles on their faces. I certainly fit in and no one even bothers to give me a second glance. Here I am a white man dressed in drag with a hot woman of color on my arm. You can’t get more diverse than us.

I play the role of Dominique, the she-bitch very well as I strut my stuff, swaying my hips, and looking other men up and down as if I’m interested. LaTisha gets a kick out of by the way she’s giggling and spurring me on to keep up the act. We enjoy a couple of cocktails at our table.

“Time for our illustrious drag queen pageant. If you’ve signed up come backstage for your number sash and let’s get the walk of feminine beauty started!” The DJ receives a round of applause as people scatter from the dance floor which is quickly made into a runway. I chuckle as I sit back and prepare to watch men making asses of themselves.

“Oh, baby, you need to get backstage now. Didn’t I tell you? I signed you up for this!” LaTisha grins at me like the cat that ate the mouse.

“What? Seriously?”

“Oh no, you ain’t backing out of this. You’re my creation, a beauty worth beholding. I think you stand a good chance at winning. Now, get on back there and do me a proud one,” she says.

I sigh as I rise. Another one for the books because I’ll never do this again, I assure you. Back stage fills with men dressed in drag. Some are seriously this way full time; I can tell by the way they act. To do my piping hot girlfriend proud, I act the same way, I’m sure making others think I’m as gay as they are. It’s not hard to act this way when you’re dressed to the tee like I am.

“What’s your name, honey?” a drag queen asks me, as he is handing out the number sashes.

I give him a partial smile. “Just call me Dominique,” I say as I wave my hand flashing the long gleaming nails.

We line up and while the sexy music plays, we prance out one by one, strutting across the stage and down the walk while turning for the roaring crowd. My lady yells and whistles while I do my thing. I smile and wink at her as I turn around and head back to the stage to take my place in the lineup.

“And runner up goes to... Dominique, the beautiful blonde,” the announcer says. I rush forward amid whoops and cries and applause to receive the runner-up sash, which consists of pink silk ribbon with the words Runner-Up in silver glitter. I bow enthusiastically as I step back in line and await the winner of the drag queen pageant. Surprisingly enough the winner is a red-headed drag queen with a ton of make-up. He cries and dabs his eyes with a lacy hankie he pulled from his bosom. The tears are real, and I’m surprised, honestly, that he’d cry over such a thing. Whatever, I’m over this and ready to get back with my lady.

“Oh, darling, you looked like a real pro up there strutting your stuff,” LaTisha says as she grabs my hand. Aw, it feels good to hold her hand again.

“I’m glad it’s over,” I say as I nod and start to remove the pink sash.

“Oh no, you earned that tonight. Leave it, wear it proudly,” she says.

I glance down at my lack-luster body and shrug. “If it makes you happy,” I say and beam at her.

“Oh, this night has truly made me happy. Thank you for agreeing to it. You’re a good sport, my love,” she says as she bats her eyes at me.

Fuck me, my love. My weenie grows exponentially causing a tent to show in the skintight dress. I look down and blush because if I stand everyone else will see it too.

“What is it, darling?” Her hand moves to my arm as she peers at the reason, I’m looking at my lap. “Oh, my.” Now she giggles.

“Yeah, oh my. Seems I can’t quite hide the obvious in this dress. What do you propose we do?” My brow lifts.

“Perhaps it’s time for your surprise. Stand and follow me. Nothing to it but to do it. Wear the, um, tent with pride,” she says smartly as she stands.

“Sure thing.” At this point I don’t give a fuck who sees it. The club is crawling with the most eccentric people in the world. Seriously, this is beyond my reach even. I don’t look down and follow LaTisha out the door. Only when we’re standing on the sidewalk hailing a cab do I thrust my hands in front of me to hide it.

Once at home, LaTisha grins mysteriously as she disappears into the bathroom. “I’m preparing. I want you to take off the dress and stand at the foot of the bed. This is the surprise. And, Dominique, this is the last requirement I have for you.”

It sounds weird, but I do as she says, and she appears holding her giant dildo. She’s slapping it in her hands and coming at me. I shake my head. “Oh no.”

“Oh yes, Mr. Amazing wants a piece of your ass and I’m going to give it to you. A good dose of humiliation ought to teach you a right and proper lesson. Bend slightly and take this and you can stay. Don’t worry, I’ve lubed it well.”

The torture device whirs to life and I quickly think if I really want to stay with her. Looking back, of course I do. She's piping hot and normally such a loving woman. I bend and suck in my breath as she penetrates my virgin asshole.

"Ooof. Fuck." I bear it, but I don't like it.

"Now, I want you to masturbate. I'll remove Mr. Amazing when you come." She squirts a dollop of lube into my palm.

Fuck me. "Uh." My hand grasps my cock, which surprisingly extends, despite my protests. The sensation turns enjoyable as I squeeze my cock and move my hand up and down, rubbing over the head. Pre-cum squirts as I smile and groan. Surprising that I like it, I keep stroking my hand up and down, squeezing the head.

"Uh. I want to fuck you, baby. I want to fuck your ass."

"Only if you fuck me while Mr. Amazing is in your ass."

"Yes! Please!" I'm aching for relief, but not by my hands.

LaTisha bends at the bed, her round ass inviting me to swirl my cock over her soft anus. She groans as I penetrate her lovely ass and thrust forward in quick swift movement. I can't help it. I can't go slow. I want to come. She slides her hand between her legs and tickles her clit so we can have an orgasm storm.

Suddenly, we both explode, my cock fills her ass as she bucks against me while the waves of pleasure rock through us. The vibrating in my ass adds to the pleasure until I'm empty and she slows the grinds against me. I pull out of her at the same time I yank the Mr. Amazing from my ass. After switching it to off, I pitch it to the floor and lop against the bed to catch my breath.

“What the fuck,” I say as I grin at LaTisha.

She giggles. “I figured you'd like a good pegging. Come on, we need a shower after that,” she says as she pulls me to the bathroom.

Once under the steamy hot water I gather the beauty into my arms. Her lovely face shines up at me with a brilliant smile. Her arms wrap around my neck.

“Dominique, I love you.” It's a statement that makes me realize I'm home to stay.

“LaTisha, I love you too.” Simple and sweet.

Our lips meet as we melt together, naked and wet. This woman makes me come alive and I will do anything to keep her in my life, even dressing as a drag queen and allowing her to peg me.

THE END

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