

DRESSED IN PANTIES

HUMILIATED AND PARADED IN PUBLIC



A TALE OF FORCED FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING

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Dressed In Panties, Humiliated and Paraded In Public

A Tale of Forced Feminization, Crossdressing and Sissification

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The construction job ends before I realize I didn't save a dime of my pay. I had rented at one of those rooms by the week motels near the interstate. My old truck barely starts these days too. I figured Mr. Alumbaugh would have more work for me, so I didn't sweat it. Too many nights of partying with Tommy caused me to forget about saving anything for the just in case moments.

"Well, Justin, you're a fine worker, but I'm slowing down on the home remodels. The misses and I are wanting to travel some. This was my last hoorah for a while. I'll give you a good recommendation," Mr. Alumbaugh says as he pats me on the back. As if that will pay my rent which is due in three days. I hardly made enough to pay for another week's rent let alone gas for my truck and food for my belly.

"Do you know of anyone looking for a construction worker?" I ask in hopes of the glowing recommendation right now.

"Well, now I have some connections I'll put in a few phone calls over the next couple of weeks and let you know. I have your number," he says.

My heart sinks. By the end of this week, I'll be living out of my truck. In fact, I may just go ahead and start that now, get back the remainder of the week's rent. That might help tide me over until I can find something else. At twenty-one, you'd think I'd have more sense than this. I wasted two years in community college studying auto body work and found out I hated it. I started doing odd jobs and found out I made more doing that than flipping burgers at the Burger Barn.

"Well, all right. Thank you, sir," I say. I have to bite my tongue because the man is a bit patronizing to me. Patting me on the back like that will be food enough to feed me until he can get back to me.

"Don't you go worrying none about this. Something will come up just when you need it," Mr. Alumbaugh says.

I walk away with the last of my pay and clutch it in my fist. I can't let it go for a week's rent at the motel. On my way back to my room I stop at the office and speak to Mr. Lin, the owner. Within ten minutes I'm walking out with a partial refund and the promise to vacate the premises right now. It doesn't take me long, I'm a man of few means. I have a giant duffle bag stuffed with my jeans and tee shirts, underwear and socks. I carry my work boots and sneakers and the toiletry bag to my truck.

First thing's first, I need some non-perishable food. I figure I'll park at the swim area and use the public showers for a day or two before moving on to somewhere else. I need to purchase another phone card, so I will at least have that luxury item. Living out of my truck won't be fun by any means. Maybe I can find an old tent and sleeping bag at the second-hand store and set up in the free camping zone at the river. They also have public showers and restrooms, although the last time I was there the water was cold, no running hot water. I shrug, beggars can't be choosers. At least it's clean water.

At the dollar discount store, I'm looking for the phone cards. "What are you doing here?" a female voice says around the corner. I take a peek and smile. It's Belle Calhoun, Tommy's gorgeous mother.

"Hiya, Belle. Looking for a phone card. I need to keep my phone going even to the point of not eating so I can hear back from job prospects," I say as I choose the card I need.

"Oh no, you lost your job?" she asks. She's been a great friend since Tommy is my best friend. She's more like one of us due to her young age. She had Tommy when she was only fifteen years old. When Tommy was six she put herself through nursing school and works as the school nurse at the elementary school in town.

"Yeah, Mr. Alumbaugh retired and is hitting the road with his wife. He said he'd refer me to some other job prospects in the next two weeks." I sigh heavily as I shake my head.

"Well, that good, you need work then," she says.

"Yeah, but I was a dope and didn't save my money, living week to week. I left the motel and plan to live out of my truck until I get a job. I have it planned out though. I'll sleep in the parking lot at the swim area for a couple of days, then I'll move down to the free camping spots by the river. I may look for a pup tent at the second-hand store tomorrow. I'm sure I can find some used quilts or maybe even a sleeping bag," I say.

"No, you will not!" Belle shakes her head vigorously at me, her big blue eyes peering up at me. She reaches out and grabs my wrist. "You will come to stay with Tommy and me. We have a den with a hide-a-bed and it's comfortable too. You'll have hot running water, though you will have to share the bathroom with Tommy. And food. We always have plenty of food in the kitchen. I have a good steady job and so does Tommy. We will not stand by while our friend is in need. I won't take no for an answer," Belle says.

She's super convincing. I mean it's not like I was looking forward to living in my truck. This is a welcome relief. "Okay, well, thank you. I can't offer any rent or grocery money until I have a job," I say apologetically.

"As I said, Tommy and I have good jobs. Besides, you will be looking for work, right?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say.

Belle blushes. "Please don't call me ma'am. Makes me feel old," she says. She's only thirty-nine and looks twenty-five.

"Okay, sorry about that, Belle," I say and wink. "And again, thank you. I'll be looking for work immediately and as soon as I have my first paycheck, I'll chip in for the rent and food."

"Well, we'll work out those details later. For now, rest assured in having a roof over your head and food for your belly." Belle winks at me this time. I blush and shift in my shoes.

"I'll purchase this card and will be right over if that's cool?"

"My home is your home," Belle says warmly.

Belle and Tommy live in a nice apartment on the good side of town. She can afford the rent and now that Tommy works, they split the utilities. Tommy has never lived on his own because he feels protective of his mother. When I arrive, Tommy's car is there. He manages one of the taco joints in town. I know as a last resort or perhaps I should make it a first resort, I could always work the taco line for him. He hires mostly high school teens though and the pay is minimum wage. Maybe he'll let me work for him just until I hear back from Mr. Alumbaugh.

"Knock-knock," I say. The door is open, and the screen door is shut. Tommy is sitting in the recliner in the living room. He sits upright and comes to the door to unlock it.

"Justin, come in, man," Tommy says as he opens the door. I have my bags with me. He eyes them and me as confusion rides across his face.

"Yeah, long story. I lost my job today. Well, actually the job ended, Mr. Alumbaugh retired. I ran into your mom at the store and she insisted I come to stay with you guys. I was planning to live out of my truck until I had another job," I say.

"Oh shoot, no! Mom's right. You can stay with us as long as you need. We have a hide-a-bed in the den," Tommy says.

Belle comes in with bags in both hands. I jump up to help her unload her car. She bought groceries. "See, I knew having you around would be handy," she says as she bumps into me at the trunk of her car. I eye the goods and realize she must have purchased more than she normally does just because I'm staying with them now.

"You're a doll and Tommy is a dandy friend," I say as we climb the steps.

"What? Why? Because we offer you a place to stay?" Belle pauses and turns to me. "You're a good friend. This is what friends do for each other."

"Yes, m... Belle." We both laugh.

I settle in the den as Belle shows me where the linens are. "Sheets and blankets are here. Pillows are in a bin under my bed. Help yourself to however many you need." She hands me a small laundry basket. "That's for your dirty clothes. You are on your own to wash, dry, and put away. I'm sorry that I don't have drawers for you, but you can store your bags behind the sofa. You can also neatly fold the linens in the morning and store it behind the sofa as well. I expect the sofa out in the day and you're responsible for pulling out the bed and putting it up in the mornings. I'm kind of a neat freak like that. If you need anything like toiletry items, just ask Tommy. We try to keep a spare of everything. If he doesn't have it, let me know and I'll get it for you."

I'm overwhelmed by her kindness. "I promise to keep the den neat and tidy. I think I have everything I need. I don't expect to be a charity case for too long. I'll be able to pull my own weight soon, I hope," I say.

"Well, I'm sure you will. I want you to have a chance to save for your own place, so we're good with this arrangement if it takes a couple of months. Sometimes that's all people need to get back on their feet again," Belle says.

Over the next couple of weeks, Mr. Alumbaugh is true to his word. He refers me to a man named Jack Jackson who is a sort of construction jack of all trades. He's an older man who knows his stuff. He does a lot of tinkering. The jobs aren't anything consistent, he'll go from one job to the next without knowing if there will be another job the next day. He's very popular and receives a lot of calls and requests, so it works out well. I follow him to job sights and we work together on different projects. He's a talker and I've learned to listen and let him ramble. He pays well, and that makes it worth my time.

Tommy wasn't able to offer me a job because they had the max number of employees. He said the job changes were seasonal and I hit on an offseason. I felt bad having to sit around the apartment for two weeks while Tommy and Belle went to work daily, but during that time I applied for jobs in my area of carpentry and waited to hear back from Mr. Alumbaugh.

The biggest surprise of living with Tommy and Belle is Belle. Like I said before, she's more of a good buddy to Tommy than his authority figure mother. She didn't even start to raise him in earnest until he was ten after she had graduated with her nursing degree. Tommy worked odd hours, being the manager of the taco joint had him opening and closing and running in all through the day. But both Belle and I work similar hours. We often arrived home at the same time. She'd make dinner and we'd enjoy it just the two of us. I got to where I started cooking dinner too if I beat her home. I almost feel like she's some sort of defacto wife. We act like an old married couple, except there is no kissing and no sex. Sadly. I'd sure bang her if I had the chance. She's every bit as sexy as women my age. I find myself fantasizing about the older woman, shamelessly.

Belle walks into the den wearing a nightshirt with no bra and from the looks of it with no shorts underneath. Had I been an eighteen-year-old I would have had an instant woody upon looking at her. But at twenty-five, I'm able to control Mr. Stiffy a little better. I clear my throat and try to look anywhere but at her taut nipples poking through the thin nightshirt at me. "Sorry to bother you, but I wanted you to know we're having flu shot clinic at the school tomorrow for the community. It's free of charge. If you want, you can come by and I'll give you a shot," she says.

I can't think straight. All I'm thinking is how badly I want to bone her. "Um, yeah, sure. I'll try to run by on my lunch break," I say.

"Good. I want you covered. Have a good night," Belle says and walks out of the den. I watch her cute little ass sway under the thin nightshirt. Her coming in here

gives me a fit of dreams all night long.

Tommy has to go off for a week's training out of state leaving Belle and me alone in the apartment. It starts off with us watching a comedy late one evening and her ending up in a fit of giggles. We're both sitting on the sofa, the same one in which I sleep. We have a moment where we're relaxing back and laugh and gaze at each other. I freeze because it would be so natural just to lean in and let her have it right there. All she needs to do is give me a little encouragement. But she doesn't, and she sits up. I stand and stretch and mumble about needing sleep. Again, the dreams about her seize me all night, I want her badly.

When I come home Belle's left a note that she had an in-service out of town and would be home late. Don't wait up for me. It is a short and sweet note. I'm in the apartment alone. I wander around aimlessly, bored and wishing she were here. Why I wander into her room I don't know. She has a simple room with a queen bed and a dresser with mirror. Her closet is neat and filled with scrubs she wears as uniforms at work. She often jokes about working in clothing comfortable enough to sleep in.

I open a drawer and look at her underwear. I don't know why I do it, but I pull out a pair of rose-colored panties and bring them to my face and take a big whiff. They smell like fresh laundry and I wonder what her muff smells like. I grin as I imagine her in the pair and daydream about this pair being on her ass that night she came into the den when she showed me her taut nipples through the shirt.

I don't know what possesses me to pull off my pants and jockeys, but I do. Without a second thought, I pull on Belle's rose-colored panties. I yank off my shirt, so I can see myself better in her mirror. The soft fabric rubs against me so nicely. I can see why women love wearing things like this. My jockeys are thick and not near as soft. I move about the room, enjoying how my cock feels in the binding panties. Binding in a way that's pleasant. I smile when I realize I'm the perfect size to wear these panties. My cock, even at full staff, fits within the

bands nicely.

I take off for the other parts of the apartment. In the kitchen, I pull a beer from the refrigerator, a beer that Belle bought. I grin as I pop the top and silently cheer the sexy woman for having such nice things around. I walk into the living room and by now my cock is throbbing. I think it's the combination of knowing Belle's beautiful muff stays nestled in these panties and the fact that they feel so nice against my raging hard-on. If she'd walk in right now, I'd bend her ass over and take her right then. I want to jack off on her bed. My legs carry me back to her room after I finish the beer. The panties are binding and I'm enjoying it a little too much. My hand rubs over my cock. I bend forward and rest one hand on the dresser and put one on my cock. I enjoy gazing at my reflection in the mirror. I'm a manly man but in a pair of dark pink panties. My stiff cock begs for attention. I want Belle. I wish she were home, I'd literally beg her for a fuck right now.

My fingers brush over the things on her dresser. She has a framed photo of her and Tommy when Tommy was a baby. She looked too tiny, like a little girl holding a doll. She has a collection of tiny alabaster jewelry boxes. A small vase of silk flowers in pinks with greenery sits at the end. She has night tables on both sides of her bed, with a shelf underneath and a drawer. I look there, thinking naughty things are stored within. Do I dare open the treasure drawers and peer at her most personal life? I go to the one on the left. It has some old mail and a catalog with cosmetics in it. There's a packet of tissues and a pen and pad too. Nothing too earth-shattering. Underneath is a ball of purple yarn and a giant crochet hook with a pattern book. I didn't know she liked to crochet.

As I'm rifling through the drawer on the right, I'm delighted to find a vibrator and a small bottle of lube. Bingo. If I hurry, I can get off with it, using the same things Belle uses before she arrives back home. The vibrator is in one hand and the lube in the other. I'm standing there about to sit on the bed while wearing her panties.

"Well, well, well," Belle says from behind me.

I whip around as my eyes widen. Oh, fuck me hard. She's caught me in such a compromising position, in her panties and her playthings in my hands. "I..."

"I see you fit well in my panties. I guess so, with a cock that size. You should buy you some. I mean wearing jockeys for you is a waste," she says.

"Ouch," I say as I glance down. I'm full staff and not that small but contained within the panties.

"Ouch? Can you even feel with that tiny thing? I bet you need help with lube and devices. Do you want to borrow mine? Maybe if you stick it up your ass and lube your hand really well, you can have an orgasm. What? Do you squirt just a teaspoon at a time?" Belle stares at me with a disapproving look.

I'm beyond embarrassed. I replace the vibrator in the drawer and shut it. I feel so incredibly silly in her panties now. She's turned into a cruel person who likes to use her words as a razor. I miss the sweet and caring lady who was so concerned with my well-being a few weeks ago. I heave a deep breath. "Belle, I'm so sorry," I say. I want to crawl under the bed. I figure I have shit in my nest and I'll be heading back to the rent by the week motel on the interstate this evening.

"Sorry? That doesn't cut it. You're a fucking priss. A sissy. I micro-weenie. You aren't man enough to come after me like a man with a real pair of balls. No. You go behind my back, wear my fucking panties. And my vibrator? What the fuck were you about to do there? No, never mind. I've seen enough. Put your wee weenie up. Maybe you should shop in the boys' department for smaller sizes. Or

I can refer you to the sales lady who helps me choose my panties and bras. I bet she could set you up really well. They're having a three pair for ten dollars sale right now on bikini panties. That should give you plenty of room for your wee weenie to grow."

I lower my head. My ego is crushed beyond repair. I just want out of her glare. I pull down the panties and pitch them into the dirty clothes hamper she has in the bedroom. Despite the fact that she's making fun of my penis, I still sport a hard-on. She throws her hand over her face and laughs as she points. "Oh my. It's too tiny. Seriously, do you ever feel anything when you try to fuck women?"

I brush by her. Enough is enough. With a bruised ego, I go straight to the den and remember I left my underwear and shorts on her floor. Screw it. She can have the clothes. I just want to leave with what thread of dignity I have left. I dress and pull out my bags. I have my clothes folded in neat piles on the floor under the bed linens. It won't take long for me to pack and be gone. I'm sure this will cost my friendship with Tommy too.

I'm packing my things into the bags when I hear the feminine clearing of a throat. Belle stands in the entryway, leaning against the frame. She's peering down at me, her eyes narrowed, but has a strange smile on her face. I glance up at her wearily and turn to her. Obviously, she wants to say something. I perch on the sofa and let her have her say.

"Just stop, Justin. I think we can come to some other resolution here," she says slowly, calculating behind those baby blues. I brace for it as I nod. Anything.

"I'm sure you wish to save your relationship with Tommy. I mean you two have been best friends since before you graduated high school. This would surely ruin that friendship if he were to find out what you've done," she says.

“I know. It would.” I look down.

“And you don’t want that to happen, do you?”

I shake my head and look up at her. “What sort of resolution?” I ask. I know it’s going to be a doozy. I’ve never seen Belle so pissed before.

Belle takes a deep breath and lets it out as she regards me. She paces in front of me, thinking. “Okay, I have a plan. I’ll keep quiet about this to Tommy and I’ll let you stay here if you do exactly as I say tomorrow evening. No questions asked. And if you complain, the deal is off, and Tommy will know within a heartbeat,” she says and looks me right in the eyes.

This time I gulp. The contents of my stomach are swirling in my belly and keep trying to rise to my mouth. “Okay, what is it?”

“Well, I need you to promise me you’ll do exactly as I ask for the evening, no questions asked and no complaints. Do you promise?” she asks.

I stare at her. Does she seriously want me to promise something I have no clue what? “I need to know what it is, then I’ll tell you or rather promise you,” I say. I’ve already resigned to defeat. Losing Tommy would be devastating, but if Belle wants me to do something like off someone, or rob a bank, I’ll have to politely decline.

“Fair enough. But I will say, if you don’t do exactly as I say, I will tell Tommy and kick you out on your ear,” she says.

“Fair enough. I’m an idiot. Unless it’s illegal, I’ll probably do it,” I say.

My words bring a smile to Belle’s pretty face. I can’t be too angry with her, I mean I was the one wearing her panties and rifling through her drawers. Had she come in like ten minutes later she would have seen me jacking off on her bed with her vibrator and lube. I’m not sure which way is worse. I’ll take my medicine like a man. She’s already emasculated me by the comments about my small penis. She starts laughing, like almost rolling in the floor in a fit of laughter. She finally stops and stares down at me. She’s foreboding, I don’t like being on this end of her wrath. I shift on the sofa as I wait for her words.

“Okay, sorry about that. Just imagining you doing what I’m about to say brings extreme laughter. You can stay here, and I won’t breathe a word to Tommy if you dress in full drag tomorrow night. I’m talking dress, heels, panties. I’ll let you borrow my clothes, we’ll have to buy you some shoes. Oh, unless it’s true what they say about penis and foot size, in that case with your tiny cock you can probably fit into my shoes too. I’ll get a wig for you to wear to make it authentic. I’ll also do your make-up. Unless you already know how to do that?” She lifts her brow.

“No, I don’t know how,” I say flatly.

“Okay, good. Once you’re dressed in full drag I’m taking you out on the town for an evening of dining and dancing with me. You will be my bitch. I will be your dominating girlfriend. Just for the night,” Belle says. “Well? What’s your answer?”

I have to admit, the thought of her being my girlfriend for the night sounds incredible. In fact, my cock rises again, the familiar throb is back. I grin though I try to contain it. The chance to wear her panties with her by my side sounds excitingly delicious. But then the thought of going out where others might see me sounds incredibly dangerous.

“What if we run into others who may know Tommy?” I ask.

She grins. “Good, it sounds like you’re leaning to a yes. Well, if we do we do. We can tell Tommy it was a costume party and I invited you to come with me dressed as a woman. And unless Tommy is into drag, we won’t be running into anyone that knows him. I’m planning on taking you to the city, so we won’t be in this town anyway,” Belle says.

I sigh heavily. “Okay, I’ll do it,” I say. My cock agrees.

After I come in from a short-day helping Jack I wander about the house hoping something will transpire to stop the inevitable. Belle sends me a text.

I want you to pick out the dress and panties. Look through my closet and drawer. Have fun!

It’s humiliating enough that I’m going out in a dress and full drag, but she wants me to choose it. I guess she wants to see my tastes. I’m not even sure as I browse through her closet. She has some nice dresses, but being a man, I’m not sure which one would look good on me. I almost wish Tommy would come home

early and stop this, but he'll be gone until next Tuesday. I thumb through the dresses, she has all colors from soft pinks to deep blues. I guess I should be happy she's not forcing me to wear the pink dresses. I pluck up a royal blue number. It's a dress I'd love to see on Belle's body. A stretchy sequin tank top that plunges into a deep V neck in the front and the back also has a deeper V. The skirt is made of chiffon in layers and it's longish, so it would cover more on me than most of her other dresses which tend to be on the short side. My cock throbs in anticipation more so with the prospect of being with Belle than in putting on the dress. That's humiliating. Especially if she continues to call my cock tiny. Ouch.

I open her panties drawer and blush. Wearing the royal blue dress, I figure I should wear a pair of royal blue panties to match. Belle has a nice pair with lace on the legs and waist band. I put it with the dress and lay it over her bed. I may look nice in the dress. Another text comes through.

Take a shower and shave everything from the face down.

The smiley face shows how much she's enjoying this. Shave everything. I guess she's right, I can't have my arm pits and legs looking manly in that dress. I submit to my fate and take a shower after I shave my face. I'm sure after shaving my body I'll want to pitch the razor. I've shaved my body before, just to see how it felt. This was back when I was like nineteen. The growth back in was awful, but I enjoyed the smooth skin. I make a striking discovery when I realize how I have feminine tendencies.

Belle comes home with a pair of shoes, strappy sandals with spiked heels in my size. "I looked at your sneakers and got your size," she says as she cocks her brow. She pats the chair she pulled into her bathroom. I take a seat while she transforms my face. She likes my choice of dress and panties. Says they will go with the sandals perfectly. After I'm all dressed and in full drag, she literally drags me out the door to a tranny club in the city.

Peacock Valley has a full parking lot. Men in drag walk to the door, some arm in arm. Others are just alone and still others have a woman with them. Belle wore a tight pair of dress slacks and a dressy blouse. Too bad, I was hoping to see her in a dress too. She pulls into a spot and we get out of the car. The breeze filters up my dress and I nearly stumble walking in the heels.

“Act like a woman,” Belle says as she laces her arm through mine. I sway my hips, wiggling my butt hoping to score points with her.

I garner looks as we are seated at the grill. My cock grows each time I move my legs, the soft material of the panties rubbing nicely against it. I try not to act like I notice I’m sporting a full package, which definitely shows through the dress. Belle notices and cocks her brow again.

“I see we like this,” she says and keeps a grin on her face.

I say nothing and follow her around like a puppy. I’m so afraid of running into someone I know, but so far, we are meeting new people. I’ve become Justine as she introduces me as her Tiny Bitch. Ouch again, but I take it like a man. In drag.

Belle sweeps me off my feet, literally, as we glide across the dance floor. I can’t help but wish we were at a regular club and I was in my manly clothes. Still yet, I’m fascinated by the way I feel in her dress and panties. My cock has more freedom to grow and rub against the luxurious fabric. Ah, I wish Belle would bend over and let me plow into her. I wish we’d end up doing the naked cha cha cha.

My cock grows as she lets me dip her on the dance floor. She keeps rubbing against me, teasing me endlessly. I'll need to have a marathon masturbation session tonight to get over this case of blue balls.

Belle looks up at me as she reaches down and runs her hand over the outside of the dress. I groan and lean forward. "You know, I'm going to come right here in the dress," I say as I press her to me. My hand rubs over her round ass.

"Why don't we leave, like now," she says.

"I thought you'd never ask," I say. I grab her hand and we rush out of the club and to her car. She shoves in the key and guns the engine. Her giggles thrill me, sending a jolt straight to my cock. We drive off as she shoves her hand to my knee, lifting the dress and places her hand right on the panties. She squeezes as she's steering the car through the city streets. She laughs and teases me as she pulls my cock out of the panties. I groan. Hell, if she wants to jack me off while driving, so be it. But she pauses and pulls into a motel, much like the one I used to live in only this one is in the city.

"I'll be right back," she says.

Just breathe. Oh fuck! My heart pounds furiously in my chest. Belle returns with a key to one of the rooms. We park and run to the room. She closes the door and is on me like white on rice. Her lips land on mine as we kiss passionately for the first time. I stop thinking of her as Tommy's mom and think of her as an older woman named, Belle. I pull her shirt up as she helps undress. Her body is perfect, taut breasts and perky nipples stand at attention. Her muff is moist with desire, bare as a baby's ass. I run my fingers over every curve of her body.

She groans as she yanks up my dress. Her fingers slip into the panties and yanks them down. I gladly step out of the pair and she pulls me still dressed in the dress to the bed and lands on her back. I come down on top of her, my cock bobbing at her warm muff. She groans and grabs and pulls me to her. Her feet come up to my shoulders as she helps me pierce through her soft warm folds. I'm in and thrusting hard because I'm losing control. She's so beautiful and desirable. Her ass lifts meeting with each thrust. My cock lengthens as the pleasure builds. It won't be long, I'll lose it. But she's controlling me and bends up, looking down as my cock saws against her clit. She wiggles her hips, for greater penetration. I close my eyes and keep control allowing her time to come first. Suddenly, her body shivers greatly. Her pussy squeezes around my cock and I can't control it any longer. She cries out, her moans are long and loud. I lurch forward and start coming, my cock squirting up in her and filling her pussy full of my manly goodness. Even in a dress I can make a woman happy. Her cries linger for a few moments as we rock through the orgasm together, until I have nothing more to give. I slow my thrusts and end up collapsing on top of her.

"You're heavy, roll a little," Belle says.

"Oh, sorry," I say as I roll to the side.

She gazes at me and laughs as she points. "Your make-up is a mess," she says.

"Yeah, but my lovemaking isn't," I say.

She softens her gaze and yanks the wig off my head and runs her fingers through my hair. "Yes, you're lovemaking is exemplary. You impressed me," she says as she pulls me to her into another passionate kiss.

We fall asleep in each other's arms. We wake up the next morning and have sex again and shower. I have to wear the dress and panties home, but I don't mind. When Tommy returns, she says nothing to him about it. We carry on as we did before she caught me wearing her panties. I am glad she caught me, the memories alone keep me warm for many nights when I take matters into my own hands.

THE END

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