

SCARLETT STEELE

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SISSY

DUE TO HIS INADEQUATE SIZED MANHOOD!



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From Alpha Male to Feminized Sissy

Book 4

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**Feminization From Alpha To Sissy Due To His Inadequate Sized Manhood!**

The beer contest was always won by Brandon. His buddies didn't have a thing over his ability to drink and hold the liquor. They laughed and drink more, and he became inebriated despite his bragging rights of sobriety of drinking nearly a six-pack. He shoved back from the table and belched enthusiastically.

"Oh yeah, listen to this one," Roger said and cut loose with his booming burp.

Ted and Clint had to join in the fun with the table of belching burping idiots. Brandon knew they were idiots too and he still continued making a fool of himself. Of course, when the guys got together it also turned into a bragging pit to see who could out brag the other.

After the belching contest came to an end the group declared Roger the winner. Brandon whooped over his friend's new title and enjoyed being in the presence of his friends.

"Foxes, three o'clock," Clint said.

Brandon spied the two ladies who had just walked into the club. One wore a red miniskirt and a low-cut sweater with knee-high boots over her shapely legs. The other wore a black tank dress, body-hugging and squeezing out every curve possible. The lady in the red skirt had dark blonde hair that bounced off her shoulder in soft waves. The lady in the black dress had short brunette hair, styled in a cute way. Both were eyeing the crowd, both were swaying their hips as if they were ripe and ready to play. He whistled as they stepped to the bar.

"Damn, a couple of hot chicks. I claim one," Brandon said as he slammed his hand down on the table.

"As if you can lay claim. Why not let the ladies choose from among us?" Ted said.

"Nah, I'm laying claim on the cute blonde in the red skirt," Brandon said. He sat back and twitched his mustache and fingered his goatee. His reddish brownish hair was normally neatly styled except that night he had some falling carelessly in his eye.

"You have to let the lady have some say so, man," Ted said. Ted was always the pragmatic one.

"Stop it. This isn't a lady's choice," Brandon said.

"No, seriously. Let's invite them over and see who ends up leaving with one or both?" Clint said.

Brandon took a drink and nodded as he leaned forward. "Okay, how about this, I'll wager a hundred dollars that I can bed the blondie. She'll walk away with me and my cock will sink eight inches inside her before the night's over," he said.

"Fuck you, Brandon. Your cock is barely five inches full staff if that much," Roger said.

"Hey, don't project your size onto me. I have great girth and length. She'll be so into me by evening's end I'll be into her, literally," Brandon said. He sat back, the

cocky grin on his face beaming to his friends.

"You fucking wish. But whatever. You're on. And if you lose, buddy, you'll owe me a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill," Roger said.

The two shook hands. Brandon stood and straightened his shirt.

"What are you doing, man?" Clint asked.

"Watch and learn," Brandon said. He walked to where the two ladies stood near the bar, swaggering his hips as he traipsed across the floor.

"Ladies," Brandon said as he stepped up to the two. On closer inspection, the blonde was definitely the sexiest of the two. He was so glad he verbally staked a claim on her. The brunette was pretty too, she just didn't turn his ticker like the blonde.

"Hello," the blonde said. She had a sweet smile and piercing blue eyes, as she looked him over like he was looking her over.

"I'm Brandon. I wanted to introduce myself to the two lovely ladies who just walked into the club," he said.

"I'm Sara and this is Velma," Sara, the blonde, said.

"My friends and I would like to know if you two would like to join us? We'd keep you supplied in drinks if you'd grace us with your presence," Brandon said as he poured out the charm, thickly.

"We'd love to," Velma said as she laced her arm through Brandon's.

He turned to Sara offering his other, because he sure didn't want her left out. She eagerly took it and he escorted the pair to the table for introductions.

"Clint, Roger, and Ted, this is Sara and Velma," Brandon said.

He encouraged Velma to sit between Clint and Roger and he escorted Sara to the chair beside him. He grinned at the others as she took the seat and smiled at the group.

Everyone chatted on as the men got to know the ladies. The conversation turned to a tricky subject, that of size. Brandon blushed fiercely as he realized his cock wasn't as big as most, though he knew how to please a woman. Still, he had to brag right along with the others about the size.

Ted looked at the ladies after a few minutes of discussion. "Ladies, Sara, Velma, tell me, does size matter to you?"

Velma tilted her head as she plucked up some peanuts. "Oh, I don't know. Take these peanuts for example. They are small but pack great flavor. They work very

well in recipes, making candy, fudge, treats. Take a Brazil nut. It's about four times the size of a peanut, but you don't see Brazil nuts doing as good a job as the peanut. The smaller nut just performs better," she said. She pitched the little nut into her mouth and chewed as she looked at the guys.

Brandon thought more of Velma after that speech. He wanted to say it wasn't the size that matters as much as the action it performs but Sara spoke up.

"Mmmm, I beg to differ. I think size matters a lot. I mean you don't see porn flicks where she exclaims, Oh, I love your tiny cock, it made me all juicy inside. No, you see her get all hot and wet over the massive size of his cock. And for me, it's all visual. If I see a big cock, it makes me horny. Like I want to touch it and feel it inside me. A small dicked guy just wouldn't be able to do that for me," Sara said.

Brandon was quiet for a while, trying to think of a way to impress Sara enough to leave with him. He knew if he could get her alone, he could prove himself with action. But first, he needed to get her attention.

"Excuse me, the toilet calls," he said as he stood and made his way to the restrooms. He passed the kitchen and spied potatoes on the counter right beside the door. He knew the cooks and the workers and walked inside the kitchen.

"Hey Brandon, what's up," Ken, the head cook, said.

Brandon eyed the potatoes. They were long and fairly skinny for a potato, but certainly not as skinny as a hard cock. "Not much, saw you in here and thought I'd drop by and say hey," he said. He picked up a potato right in front of Ken.

"Just cooking. Like my taters?" he asked and chuckled. He turned and grabbed an oven mitt and opened the hot oven door.

Brandon seized the opportunity and thrust the potato under his shirt, shoving it into the waist of his pants. "Lovely taters. Just stopping by to say hey. Better get back to my table. Catch up with you later," he said and ducked out of the kitchen.

Once in the restroom, Brandon arranged the potato in his underwear, so it looked like a hard cock. He fastened his belt and looked down at it. Too obvious, so he rearranged it and then it fit just right. There, he buckled his belt and it worked out great. Luckily, no one was at the sinks, so he could take a good look in the mirror at himself. It didn't stick out too much. He grabbed himself to see if it felt like a hard cock and sure enough it did. Satisfied with the prank, he made his way back through the crowd to the table with the potato firmly in his pants.

When he got back, he made sure to stand long enough for Sara to notice his package without being obvious. "Are we still talking about size? Cause, you know, I could put you boys to shame," Brandon said.

Sara looked over at him and sure enough, her eyes traveled down to the bulge in his pants. He grinned slightly, satisfied that he had her attention now.

"As a matter of a fact, we are," Sara said. Her eyes widened as she noticed the nice big bulge in his pants.

Brandon gave her a satisfied smile and pulled out his chair. He didn't think of the potato in terms of sitting with it stuffed into his pants. He had to straighten his leg, so the potato would stay in place, otherwise, it was about to ride up and out the top of his underwear. He coughed and smiled at Sara as he lifted his brow. He wanted her to want him enough to leave with him.

Sara turned her full attention to Brandon, much to his delight. Her eyes traveled over his body pausing at his bulging trousers. "So, tell me, Brandon, do you work out?" she asked. It sounded so cliché that she laughed. "I mean, seriously, do you have a gym membership? Do you have a personal trainer?"

"As a matter of fact, I do work out. I have a membership down at Fellowes Gym. I do not, however, have a personal trainer. But I follow a regimen for lifting weights," Brandon said.

"I mean, does it help bulk the muscles without steroid use?" Sara asked.

"Of course. Steroids give bigger muscles faster, but at a big cost. Mine are freshly home grown. Organic you could say," Brandon said as he made a fist and flexed his biceps.

Sara reached out and ran her hand over the muscle. "Oh, nice," she said.

"Do you work out? You look, uh, very fit," Brandon said. If Sara was going to play the superficial game, then so was he. She'd be good for a bone at least then she could move on to her next conquest.

"I tackle the community center. I swim three days a week. Did you know swimming is one of the best exercises you can do that uses every single muscle in your body? Even the heart receives a good cardio workout," Sara said.

Velma laughed and butted in. "Says the PT tech," she said.

"Oh? You're a physical therapy tech?" Brandon's eyes widened in surprise. Sara sounded so ditsy with her talk of size, so superficial. He laughed at the irony of it as he had just put a potato down his pants. He had felt a little insecure in her presence. She was very pretty and perhaps it was just an act. He knew going to school to be a PT tech wasn't for dummies. It made him nervous that she wouldn't be as forgiving if she discovered the truth about the package in his pants. He hatched a plan to lure her away, and before they dropped their pants, he'd pitch the potato, so she'd be none the wiser. He imagined them dancing and her feeling his package while she pressed into him. She'd be so impressed she'd want to go off with him.

"I am. I graduated a year ago. What do you do? Something physical I assume, given the state of your muscles," Sara said.

Brandon chuckled. "I manage a convenience store actually. I do lift heavy boxes in the stock room. Lifting weights helps me there," he said.

"There's no lucky girl taking up your time?" Sara asked.

"I could ask the same of you only change the girl to guy. And no, not right now. I'm a free agent on the circuit. Available and ready to party. Have the goods," Brandon said as he wagged his brow.

"Yeah, no Mr. Sara for me. I'm in between I guess you could say. I focused on my studies rather than date much in college. Now, I'm available too. But being that I'm in PT, I place a high value on a person's physical appearance because to me it's a picture of health or a picture of illness. I'd rather not waste my time with someone sickly, with someone who doesn't take proper care of themselves." Wow, she really was superficial.

"What if they couldn't help it? I mean even the strongest and healthiest people get sick or get hurt," Brandon said.

"Of course. But then there are those who don't even try to be healthy in good physical shape. Those are the ones I'm referring to," Sara explained.

"Ah, I see," Brandon said. He stretched, an excuse to lean back in the chair and show Sara his goods. Of course, she noticed as her eyes trailed down his body. "Tell me, Sara, PT tech extraordinaire, do I meet with your approval?" He waved his hands down his body.

Sara smiled as she reached out and touched his hand. "From what I see, you do. This is a visual interpretation though. I'd have to do more of a physical exam to give further analysis," she said.

"Perhaps a dance would give you the physical analysis you need?" Brandon asked as he stood and held out his hand to her.

"Love to," Sara said and took his hand.

He led her to the dance floor. This was the place where Brandon could show Sara just how physically fit he was. He pulled her to him, pressing her body close to his. She lifted an appreciative brow as he pressed the small of her back to his bulging package within his pants.

"Someone's happy," she said delightfully.

"How can you tell?" Brandon pressed her into him again and grinned.

The slow song ended, and everyone paused the dancing to clap for the live band. The next song was a fast one and Sara whooped.

"Oh, one of my favorite songs," she said as she swayed her hips and lifted her hands over her head. Brandon followed suit and danced with her matching her moves.

"Damn, you can move," Brandon said as she gyrated her hips at his bulging package in front.

"Someone's giving me a clear invitation to dance with it," she said and giggled.

"You're calling my mini-me an it?" Brandon asked.

"Does he have a name?"

"Stud."

"Of course," Sara said as she twirled around and laughed. She fell back into his arms and ground into him.

The only problem with sharing the underwear with a potato is when Mr. cock decided to swell, he had competition. And Brandon's cock was swelling into the potato. He tried maneuvering around, hoping his damn cock would behave and go around it, but no, it kept moving until he couldn't take it.

"I'm sorry, excuse me for a moment," Brandon said and made a mad dash to the restroom.

Fucking potato. Fucking Cock. Brandon squirreled around as he quickly unbuckled his pants. The stalls were full, and he hoped he could adjust his goods before someone walked out of the stalls or before someone walked into the restroom. He grabbed the potato and his cock lengthened. Fine, you win, cock, Brandon thought as he quickly peed and adjusted the potato on the other side of his underwear. Doing so, caused the bulge in his pants to grow larger. He chuckled and washed his hands as two men walked into the restroom and one emerged from the toilet stall. Just in the nick of time. He slung his hands because he didn't want to take the time at the blow dryer.

By the time he returned to the dance floor the band had switched back to a slow song. Sara stood at the edge, holding a glass of white wine and swayed to the slow beat. Her eyes were closed and popped open as he approached.

"Are you okay? You rushed off so fast, I was worried," she said.

Brandon smiled. She was worried about him! "I drank too many beers before you came to the table. It all landed in my bladder at the same time. Sorry, nature called, and I had to answer or make a complete fool of myself," he said and saved the day.

"I understand. I don't drink beer for that very reason. White wine is my beverage of choice," Sara said as she held it up and then drank the rest in her glass. "Shall we dance again?"

The slow song ended, and the band picked up the beat with a fast song. Sara grabbed Brandon's hand and pulled him to the center of the dance floor again. She wiggled her hips and tapped her feet, moving about wildly. "Come on, show me what you're made of now that your bladder is empty," she said and laughed.

Brandon joined her, though his hard cock sharing the space in his underwear with the potato made it a little more difficult to move like he knew he could. He had to keep from doing any deep bends at the waist or the potato would move up too high. Damn thing, why did he even put it in there just to impress this chick? Still, she seemed interested and he was ready to jet with her to someplace private. He had the desire to pound her and a one-hundred-dollar wager to win.

After the fast song, a slow song played, and Brandon pulled her backside to him, pressing her ass into his package. He grabbed her hands as they swayed on the dance floor. At one point in the song, he pulled her hand around to his crotch and leaned into her ear. "See how badly I want some alone time with you?" he asked in a whisper.

Sara bent back, her hand was on the potato. She smiled. "Um, yeah. Let's get out of here," she said.

They walked off the dance floor hand-in-hand. Brandon glanced back at the table. Only Ted and Clint were there drinking beers. He grinned and lifted his chin in a nod at them, letting them know he had won the wager. Sara led the way through the crowd to the doors. Once outside, the bouncer looked at them.

"Are you drunk?" he asked gruffly.

"Probably," Sara said and giggled.

"Let me call a cab." The bouncer brought his phone to his ear. The club had a strict policy and rule, no drunk driving when leaving their facility. If a person couldn't afford a cab, the bouncer called the cops who often gave courtesy rides.

"Where should we go?" Brandon asked. He meant to her place or his. But since they just met, Sara provided the voice of reason.

"How about The Vacationeer?" It was a hotel just up the road. The cab fare would be cheap.

Brandon was on it. He pulled out his phone and pulled up his favorite travel app. Within a few swipes in his thumbs, it was a done deal. "Done. Booked us a room at The Vacationeer," Brandon said. The cool air whipped around them and Sara

shivered. He pulled her close as her hand snaked to his crotch.

"I see we're keeping vigil until we get there," she said and winked at him. He only wished she had grabbed his actual cock and squeezed.

The cab pulled up to the curb and they scooted inside. They giggled and acted like silly giddy teens. "To the Vacationeer please," Brandon said.

Once they arrived and checked in, Brandon was thrilled with the room on the eighth floor. On the elevator ride up, Sara leaned in and looked up into his face. "Kiss me. I mean we haven't even done that yet."

She was right and so Brandon leaned in and brushed his lips against hers. The passion heated as they rode the elevator up, each floor dinging. She grabbed his crotch again and moaned as she rubbed her bodacious chest against him.

The eighth-floor ding sounded, and the door slid open. Brandon nervously grabbed her hand as they figured out which direction was their room. He had to come up with a way to ditch the potato without her knowing about it. She'd see it in the trash can and wonder what the hell a potato was doing there. He had to think creatively and fast.

Sara had other ideas. She pulled him into the room and landed on him, jumping up into his arms and wrapping her arms around his neck. He had no choice but to hold her to him. The potato had shifted, and he was so worried she'd find it. Her hands roamed his body as her lips moved over his skin, leaving him breathless and ready to pound into her with his real cock. He reciprocated the groping and grabbed her boobs. She leaned back and pulled off the sweater effortlessly. He

chuckled as she grasped the hem of his tee shirt and yanked. Brandon, buddy, you're about to lose control. He set her down and helped her pull off his shirt. The potato stuck out in front of his trousers like a sore thumb now. He didn't just have a long hard lump, he had a fat lump while his cock pulled up alongside the potato. Not as long, of course, but the head rubbed against the potato. He worried it would create a raw spot. The woman was all over him. Her hand grasped his crotch, touching both the potato and his cock. He had an idea and threw her back on the bed as she came out of her panties, the skirt merely hiked up around her hips.

"Well? What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation? Take off your pants," Sara said.

Brandon grappled with his belt, undoing it and undid his pants. The damn potato shifted again, into his hard cock. He wanted to grimace in pain but kept a straight face. He had to ditch the potato and fast. He dove down onto Sara, his face landing between her legs before she could insist on him removing his pants. He figured he'd have her in the throes of ecstasy and he'd pitch the potato under the bed before she was none the wiser.

Now's my chance, Brandon thought as she relaxed her body, ready to have an orgasm. That will distract her and allow him time to do what he needed to do. The fucking potato needed to go like now. Hoping Sara was like most women and would lie back for a bit allowing him time to work on her he dared to move his hands and aimed for his pants when she fucking sprung up like she was energized. With his efforts thwarted, she came at him with a hungry look in her eye. Dammit, any other time he'd have been all over her before this moment arrived. Fucking potato. Damn thing is going to ruin his night yet.

Sara pounced forward as she cocked her brow. "You're still fucking dressed? Come on, Brando, show me what you've got hidden in there," she said as she grabbed his pants.

Brandon froze. Did she know he had a potato in his pants? Or was that just a statement to get him out of his clothing. Fuck! He was ruined. He thought fast and moved his hand to his pants, but she was on him, sitting up where she could see it all. She laughed wickedly and yanked his pants down revealing the packaged goods hidden within the white tighties. Damn dick always getting him into trouble. She sucked in a breath as she saw the lump, and he was sure at first, she thought it was all him. Fuck.

"Why are you fighting me? Don't you want to have some fun too?" she asked as she pulled him up and reached her hand under the waistband of his underwear. The tips of her fingers brushed against his cock and he groaned. It would probably be the only action his cock would see from her. She firmly gripped the potato. Fucking potato. Her eyes widened in horror as she pulled it out of his pants. She sat back, losing all enthusiasm as she looked at the damn thing like she was trying to figure out exactly what it was. Then, slowly her eyes came up to his with an accusatory expression on her pretty face.

"A potato? Really? You fucking had a potato in your pants this entire time. What kind of joke is this?" she asked. Disappointment dripped in her tone.

Quick, Brandon, think. He grinned figuring he'd go with her summation. "Yeah, funny, huh? The guys dared me to do it," he said coming up with the story on the fly.

"They dared you to put a potato in your pants to what? Impress me with your giant hard package?" She sat back and laughed, a disgusted laugh that made his cock shrink. "Honey, this isn't funny, at all."

The words angered Brandon. "Are you so shallow that you'd not have gone with me if I didn't have the hard package in my pants?" he asked.

Sara winced. She sat back and glared at him while still holding the potato. "Seriously? You thought I was that shallow? You know, maybe I do like a nice big juicy cock. I suppose you're not man enough to have one? You think a potato would satisfy me?" she asked.

"I think my tongue could," Brandon retorted. He felt bad about it and didn't want the potato to ruin his evening. Sara didn't say much as she merely looked at him and at the potato in her hand. Her mind was contemplating something, and he feared it was her walking out the door.

"Hey, look. It's just a joke. Okay? No hard feelings. Thought it was funny is all," Brandon said.

Sara pitched the potato in the air like it was a ball. She smiled, but it wasn't sweet, more so it was menacing. "I think you have such a small cock you can't perform, that's what I think. Are you a Mr. Tiny?" Her words were cruel and made Brandon shrink from her. "Oh, come on, it's just a joke. Right? Like the nice hard long potato. Can't you take the heat? Oh, probably not. A minuscule cock would cause you to act all sissy. Oh, wait, I get it. You're a fucking trannie. You want to pretend you're a man but you're really a woman inside a half male body? Is that it?" She lifted her brow.

"Look, I'm sorry. What can I do to make up for this? Please, Sara. I like you. I'll do anything to make up for it," Brandon begged. His cock was hard, and he wanted action at any cost.

"Anything? Anything I tell you to do you'll do for me? And if you do what I tell you, I'll give you access to my body, if you think your man enough after I'm through with you," she said.

Brandon was eager to please the lady and make amends. His manhood was at stake, he needed to prove it to her. He nodded. "Anything, name it."

"Okay, first, I want you to eat me out. But only after you put on my clothes. I want to see you in my skirt and sweater. Even the underwear. So, go ahead, strip and put on my clothes. I know they will fit," she said as she sat back and laughed hysterically.

To prove to her that he was man enough to do as she asked, Brandon bent down and slipped into her bra and panties. His cock lengthened as the material rubbed against the head. He swayed dizzily as he fastened the skirt to his hips. The sweater fit over the floppy bra because he didn't have the same fleshly mounds Sara did.

"Walk around," she said as she twirled her finger in a circle. Brandon walked around, his thighs rubbing together, his cock bobbing at the skirt and rubbing against the soft silky panties. Why didn't they make men's underwear in silk like this? Sure, they had boxers, but these, these were something else. "Now, look at yourself in the mirror."

He turned to the mirror and frowned. Behind him Sara whistled and told him to smile. He did. His reflection didn't look that bad, but then he was still a little drunk. No, he looked ridiculous and wanted out of the outfit.

"Now, eat me while wearing my clothes. Prove your manhood in a skirt," Sara said.

Brandon swallowed his pride and bent forward, pushing between her legs. Her nakedness drawing him closer. He juted his tongue through her soft warm folds. She moaned as her clit instantly swelled. He loved having the effect on women. He thought to slip his hand down and rub his cock through the skirt and soft panties while his tongue was on her clit. He swirled it expertly, bringing out a deep groan. She must have been horny for she started grinding her pelvis into his face. She wanted him to stay on her. If he came up for a quick breath, she whimpered. She was relentless in her pleasure.

Just when Brandon was about to reach into his pants for a quick rub, Sara opened her eyes and brought her hands to his head. "Uh, fuck," she said and moaned. He had his hands on her hips and adjusted himself, so he could pull one down to do the dirty deed. But she raised her head. "Hey, massage my nipples. Uh, fuck. That brings on the best orgasm."

Oiy. Brandon leaned over more so he could easily reach her sweet fleshy mounds with both hands. He didn't know what he'd do now. His fingers grasped her nipples and tweaked and tugged gently while his tongue swirled on her clit. She was producing essence, so he licked down the slit to clean it, pausing to lap within the hole before coming back to her clit. She liked it because she arched her back when his tongue found her clit again and pulled his head closer to her crotch.

Sara orgasmed as she yelled out and clawed at Brandon's head. He worked hard keeping up with her as she thrashed about, bucking up and down, grinding into the bed and into his face. She pinned him down, so he couldn't move his hands from her nipples. Fuck, his cock was so hard the head poked out of the top of the panties. He wanted relief. He needed her. When he lifted his leg to crawl on the bed, she sat up quickly and wagged her finger in his face.

"Not so fast," she said.

"But it's my turn. I'm about to rub one out in your panties," Brandon said. He knew he looked silly wearing her skirt, the front bulging slightly from his stiff cock.

"Nope. You'll have a turn when I say you can. First, I want to experience being you," she said as she slipped into his underwear, pants, and shirt. The only things they didn't wear of each other were their shoes due to the size of their feet. There was no way Brandon could fit into Sara's shoes. Besides that, he wore his manly flip-flops because though the evening was cool, it had been warm earlier that day. The flip-flops didn't look half bad in the skirt.

"Come on, let's stroll," Sara said as she grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

"I don't think so," Brandon said.

"Then I don't think so for pussy. You can remove my skirt now and don't call me," she said.

Brandon shut his eyes. Damn potato. Damn skirt. He felt like a flitting tinkerbelle in the outfit as he followed Sara out the door and to the sidewalk. The Vacationeer was on the main strip and the city bustled with nightlife as she laced her hand through his arm while they walked up the street. She felt in the back pocket. "Oh, look here, a wallet. Here, you carry the purse, it matches your

skirt," Sara said as she shoved her handbag strap over his shoulder.

Every step caused his cock to shift around in her panties. He lost the hardon when they rode the elevator down to the lobby but stepping outside in public in the fresh air caused it to come back. He walked slowly beside her hoping no one would see him. She giggled and glanced down. Her hand reached over and rubbed the front of the skirt, hitting his cock square. He groaned.

"I see we're enjoying the outfit. Maybe you're a trannie after all, huh?" she asked.

They headed straight for a bar called The Watering Hole. "Perfect. I'm thirsty. Come on, I'll buy you a drink," Sara said as she plucked his wallet from the back pocket of his pants.

He followed her into the bar and they sat at the bar while she took charge. A big burly dude walked up and eyed Brandon. "Is she yours?" he asked Sara.

Sara smiled as she handed Brandon a white wine. "Yes, Brandy is my bitch," she said and grabbed his hand.

"Brandy?" Brandon asked.

"Your name while you're out in drag," Sara said. She introduced him a few more times as her bitch, Brandy. By the time they left, Brandon was okay in the outfit. He enjoyed the attention he got with his stiffy poking a mound in the skirt.

"You know, you wear a skirt and your real thing looks nice and big," Sara said. Brandon glanced down, liking it and liking her. She led him back to the hotel and though the clerk eyeballed him oddly, they busted out laughing in the elevator.

"Okay, now can I come out of this get-up?" Brandon said once the door was shut.

"Only the panties. Allow me," Sara said as she reached under the skirt and pulled her panties off him. His cock bobbed free. She grinned. "You're still my bitch, Brandy." She tore out of his clothing and was, thankfully, once again naked.

Brandon's eyes wandered over her luscious body, her curves, and her tasty muff. His cock squirted precum on the skirt. She yanked it up, hiking it around his waist and climbed on top. He groaned as she hoisted her body over him, fully engulfing his throbbing cock. Finally! He helped her bounce over him, her pussy squeezing around his phallus. He groaned and felt it lengthen significantly. The bunched-up skirt around his waist, ironically, turned him on more. She leaned forward grinding against him. Her body trembled as she neared orgasm again. He felt the urge to take the leap with her as he groaned.

Suddenly, Sara's body rocked, her pussy squeezing his cock in deep pulses as she thrashed about, the orgasm taking full hold of her again. He lurched forward, his cock spewing hot cum right into her quivering middle as she ground over him which arching her back. He held her in place and bucked up and down, meeting with her moves, moaning with her as they rocked through the pulses of pleasure together. At last, the orgasm quieted, and she lopped over onto his chest. Together they breathed through the last remnants of the pleasure until it was completely finished. She lifted and smiled down into his face, her blonde tresses spilling over her shoulder and touching his chest. He gently moved a tendril

from her face.

"Okay, Brandy, time to trade. I need to head home." Sara stood and spilled her juices all over his lap. He grimaced as he sat up, the room still spinning.

They took a shower together, close and personal, man and woman. Brandon was back and yet, he missed being Brandy even though he was also humiliated by all that happened that evening.

"Can I call you?" he asked as hope filled his heart. Sara was a one of a kind woman, he wanted more of her.

"No," Sara said as she put on her shoes again. She looked up and grinned wickedly at him. "But Brandy can."

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