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SCARLETT STEELE

FROM ALPHA HUSBAND TO A
CROSSDRESSING

SISSY

WHO IS LOCKED IN CHASTITY
AND PUBLICLY HUMILIATED

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SISSY

WHO IS LOCKED IN CHASTITY
AND PUBLICLY HUMILIATED

From Alpha Husband To A Crossdressing Sissy Who Is Locked In Chastity and Publicly Humiliated!

Sissy Feminization - From Alpha Male to Feminized Sissy - Part 5

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Home always has a way of making me feel instantly relaxed, but especially true since marrying Dawn. My pretty and sexy petite wife is full of energy, always

willing to please me. Except when it is her time of the month. I learned that calendar early on so that I would give her plenty of room when she was moody and doubled over in pain with cramps. In fact, I learned to be a good husband and go to the store for her, buying what she needed including plenty of chocolate. Score one for the husband.

I stand back and watch as Dawn pulls the laundry from the dryer. She senses my presence and smiles. Good girl. Coming up behind her I press my bulging crotch into her fresh round rump. Anytime I see her rump my cock grows. I have an insatiable need to show her my desire like I don't want her missing out on the opportunity to pet my snake when he's ready to come out and play. We're still in the first year of marriage and in the honeymoon stage. I'm trying to enjoy it and milk it for all I can. She giggles as she straightens up with the basket of laundry in hand.

"Hey baby, how was your day?" I lean in and nibble down her neck, my hands sneaking around for a grope of boobs.

"Easton, good. Sweetie, I need to get the laundry to the bedroom, so I can fold it before it wrinkles," Dawn says as she squirms under my unrelenting kisses.

"Bedroom is good. Yes. Let's get the wrinkles out of the laundry." I step back and wink at her.

She peers up at me. "My handsome husband," she says as she shakes her head.

"How handsome?" I jump along loving to hear her describe me. I'm like a boy who likes to be king of the hill with my subjects admiring everything about me.

"Oh, my prince," she starts to say.

"Prince, I'm the king, remember?" I chuckle as I follow on her heels.

"Yes, sorry, my king. You are my everything. What attracted me to you in the first place still turns my ticker. You're tall and handsome with bulky muscles and a boyish grin. I love your soft hazel eyes and your honey blonde hair that neatly frames your face," she says as she giggles. She said those words to me during our wedding ceremony, surprising me. She exclaimed to me during the reception in front of everyone that she'd repeat the words to me every day. I hold her to it, I think it's funny.

I'm about to take her and she knows it. She knows how I operate. I have an insatiable sexual appetite. My sweet wifey learned early on to keep me satisfied and happy. I dive in because when she set the laundry basket down, she's fair game. I pull her to me.

"Oh sweetie, the clothes. I can't let the clothes stay in the basket, they'll wrinkle," she said as she fights me. She's feisty like that. I cock a brow and give her my best-determined look.

"Here, I'll take care of the clothes," I say and grab the basket and pitch the clothing all over the settee in our room. The outfits land all over spread out. Dawn scowls at me.

"What are you doing? You're such a kid," she says. She's caving.

I grab her to me again. "This kid wants some num-num," I say. I throw her down on the bed and lift the sundress to above her waist. She moans, knowing what's coming.

"I can't deny you," she says. She's learning.

I nose into the soft folds between her legs. Her scent drives me nuts, a cross of her raw feminine essence and the light florals of her bath soap. She keeps herself clean and trimmed, just like I like it. My tongue rolls over her stiff little member. See? She wants me, little Ms. Stiffy proves it. She groans, ah, music to my ears. I inhale deeply as I lap at her juices. My hand comes up and finds her holes. She likes it when I prod fingers within both holes at the same time. A little work on her knob with my tongue and on her holes and she's begging me not to stop. As if I'd stop!

Within two minutes, she's clawing at my head, bucking up and down and has forgotten about the laundry strewn all over the floor. She's done when she shoves at my head and yells, "Stop!" I'm ever the hard-headed one not listening to her. I mean, women are supposed to come multiple times in a row, right? At least that's what I've read. Dawn always tells me her clit becomes too sensitive to come multiple times. Dammit. A guy can dream. I wish I could do as much.

Now that she's panting it's my turn. I do a quick inventory. What do I want? A sucky sucky through those sweet lips? A nice prod through that tight ass? Or a squeezing sink into the soft and tight pussy. Ah, yes, the pussy wins. I love me some soft pussy. I climb up and she assumes the position. I'm already dripping with pre-cum and she's anxious to get it over, so she can fold the damn laundry. I need to make quick work of this. After pulling her feet to my shoulders I dive in cock first sinking deep inside the soft folds between her legs letting her pussy squeeze one out for me. My insatiable sex drive needs a release. Like every

damn day. Even when she's on her cycle, either she's opening her mouth, or her hand or I resort to old school and hand myself off.

"Okay, now that that's over, we need to prepare for the family picnic tomorrow at lunch. I promised them your famous potato salad," she says. Good thing she's perky or else I would have refused. A quick slap across her ass and I rise to help her fold and put away the clothes.

I don't mind going to Dawn's family's picnics. She comes from gorgeous people. Well, let me back up, she comes from people who make gorgeous people. I mean, her mother is in her sixties and she's okay for an almost senior citizen. The one that sticks in my craw is Giselle, Dawn's older sister. Giselle is four years older than Dawn and has yet to marry. She's drop-dead gorgeous. In my secret mind, I would wager that Giselle is prettier than her sister. Don't get me wrong, Dawn is gorgeous and I'm glad she's my wife. But all I'm saying is if there were no Dawn and Easton, I'd be going for Giselle.

Of the genes, Dawn received the short end of the stick, literally. Giselle has long wavy golden-brown hair and the longest most shapely legs I've ever seen. The woman knows how to strut her stuff. She's come to an age where she knows exactly what she likes and wants and goes for it. Dawn, on the other hand, was so timid when we first started dating. She was still timid in bed when we first got married. Even to this day she holds back her full sexual potential. But I'm a patient kind of guy and she lets me diddle her pretty much any time I want, so I won't complain.

I'm a year older than Dawn and feel like a lovesick teen when I'm in the presence of Giselle. "Who all's going to be there?" I casually ask Dawn as we travel to the park.

"My parents, two aunts and their families. I think my dad's brother and his family will be there," Dawn says.

"What about your sister?" I ask.

Dawn casts a look my way. "Why?" she asks, her face scrunched in a scowl.

"Just asking. Is she still dating what's his name?" I ask.

"Kurtis. And yes. Kurtis and Giselle will be there. Just stay away from her," she says.

I grin and grab her hand and bring it to my lips. "You know I love only you, babe. Giselle is just my sister-in-law. I chose you. You're my wife." He throws her scores. Dawn smiles at me. She's actually on to me only because she heard me yacking it up with another of Giselle's boyfriends one time. I had commented that Giselle was a looker, a hot babe. Dawn overheard. That took three weeks of flowers and chocolates and begging to get her to forget she had heard that.

I could, cough, mention the rivalry between her and her sister. There was a time before I came along, back when Dawn was a wee thing of nineteen and Giselle was twenty-three and Giselle had brought home a boyfriend after dating him for a few months to meet the family. Dawn was a naughty little girl and snuck off with the guy. Giselle caught her cozying up to her then boyfriend. After that, the rivalry was on. Dawn had another boyfriend before me and Giselle lured him away from her. He ended up breaking up with her over it thinking he had landed Giselle. Only to discover, Giselle only did it to get back at Dawn. You'd think grown women wouldn't be so petty. I have to walk a fine line here because I so

admire Giselle, but I can't let Dawn ever know my thoughts about her sexy sister.

I've often contemplated if it came down to it and Giselle came at me, like wanting me, would I have what it took to withstand it? I seriously don't know. My cock rules my body more so than my head. I try to work on that, but the cock wants what the cock wants. I have pretended after attending Dawn's family functions that she was Giselle. I draw in a deep breath as we arrive at ground zero. Giselle's little blue sports car sits among the minivans and SUVs. My cock thumps. Mentally, I will it to stop and think about how soft and sexy my wife is.

After all the hellos, hugs, and small chat, I find the ice tub and pluck up a beer. The children running around causes distractions which will make it easy for my eyes to look where I want to look. I grin as I settle the sunglasses on my nose. Perfect. Should Dawn look my way, she won't be able to tell where I'm looking. I'll have to be careful and not keep my head turned toward Giselle. I have a great way of daydreaming and today I'm planning some good ones.

Dawn pays me no mind. I can't even find her, so I grab a lawn chair and sit with my beer in hand. I haven't even said hi to Giselle yet, she wasn't around in the influx of greeters. Doesn't matter, it's probably for the best that I don't see her. That will keep the peace in our home.

Uncle Ralph stops by giving me the details of his favorite football team. I don't have the heart to tell him I could care less about it. I know football is a manly sport, but it has never interested me. I'm more of a tennis guy or a fisherman. I dabble in auto rebuilds when the urge strikes. Polite smile, nod, "Uh, huh," I say in all the appropriate spots. Finally, Uncle Ralph vacates for greener pastures. I peer around looking for Dawn. I'm a sitting target for others to come and distract me from my thoughts. If I have to be distracted, may as well focus on my wife.

A peal of giggles reaches my ear, unmistakably Dawn. I crane my neck to see her standing on the other side of the picnic area alone with Giselle's tall and lanky boyfriend, Kurtis. He focuses on her because she's bubbling with excitement. Her eyes are big and her hands animated as she's telling him about something. A quick glance around and I don't see Giselle, anywhere. Dammit. Why did she leave her pet alone with my wife? Dawn pours out the flirt. I chuckle as I watch her. It's amusing to see it. I would pull out my phone and video record it if her family wasn't crawling all over the place.

I stand and stretch. I do not want to look like the jealous husband. It's more like Dawn is the jealous wife. If only Giselle would make an appearance I'd stick to her like glue. My fear is that Giselle will catch Dawn in mid-flirt and seek revenge. Ahem. Revenge would come colored with me because I would be the target to get back at Dawn. And in the interim, I'd be exposed to Giselle's flirts. Could I resist? I glance at Dawn again. She's doubled over giggling. Kurtis' eyes are stuck to her. I shake my head. Fuck it. I'd risk some sexy fun with Giselle and allow Dawn to flirt. I'm game. Horn dog that I am, my cock swells at the thought of some hanky-panky with the wrong gal.

Dawn's laughter peals through the air. It's undeniable. Like I can't just stand here and act like it doesn't bother me that she's being a silly lovesick teen with Giselle's boyfriend. Where is Giselle? Dammit, I wish she'd come back just so Dawn could move on to her family.

My feet are like lead but I move towards Dawn. I saunter up, hand in pocket, beer in other. "Hey, Kurtis, what's up man?" I ask as if I don't have a care in the world. I smile at my sweet, loving wife. She glares at me for a second, scrutinizing my face.

"Nothing much, man. How are you? Your wife was just telling me about your fishing adventure and that catch," Kurtis says and whistles. Now I glare at Dawn. It's just a typical fishing story. I may have elaborated on the details a bit, you

know, how big the fish really was. Dawn thought it was funny as hell and invited our neighbors over for a massive fish fry, because Easton is providing the fish. When I came home with the measly catch, she's there waiting for the fish and I have egg on my face. Of course, it was all a joke. The neighbors had gotten together with her and bought fish at the fish market and had it ready to go. It's a moment I'll never live down. Now, the sex goddess' boyfriend is privy to my weak fishing moment.

"Yeah, well, we all have our issues. Wifey dear loves laughing at her husband's inability to bring home the bacon, or in this case fish," I say. I laugh. May as well laugh at myself.

I like Kurtis, okay, but Dawn seems to really like him. Kind of like I really like Giselle. Dawn doesn't let my presence stop her endless flirting. The conversation is so two-sided I think I want to hurl. I know when I'm not wanted or included. But I'm an easy-going guy. If the shoe were on the other foot, Dawn would be pissed as hell if I were flirting with Giselle like she is with Kurtis.

"Hey, I'm low on beer. You two want a drink?" I offer. I'm a nice guy that way.

Dawn's eyes dance to mine. "I'm good," she says.

"No, I'm good too. But thanks," Kurtis says.

Here's my cue and excuse to escape. "Alrighty." I scoot away, amidst the peals of laughter coming from Dawn. It reminds me of when we first met she was always giggling at anything and everything I said. At the time, I found it endearing. Now it's annoying. I mean she's nailed me why does she need to flirt with him.

And really, I'm not jealous. I just think it's absurd because if I so much as glance Giselle's way, Dawn will be pissed.

Ah, I hear another peal of laughter, a bit lower in tone, huskier, sexier. Giselle is at ten o'clock, picking up finger foods, talking to her Aunt Edith, Ralph's wife. I grin because Ralph and Edith like me. I think I need to pay Edith some respects. Before I can get there, Giselle moves on through the throng of kids. She's chatting with another cousin and I see her eyes swing to Kurtis and Dawn who are still so obviously engrossed with one another. Oh no! The anger etches on Giselle's pretty face, scowl lines appear. She has a penetrating stare, I've been captivated by it before. She's looking at my wife and her boyfriend. Her fingers flex into a fist. I swear steam rises from her ears. I'm too far away to stop it. She's on a death march straight for the kill. Anger bubbles in her eyes.

"Uh, Giselle, hello," I call and wave. She doesn't hear, nor does she look my way. Dammit. I can't take the repercussions of what will happen should she take it as Dawn flirting with Kurtis. The rivalry is on.

I hang back and watch it unfold. Giselle marches straight for the pair of lovebird wannabes, her fists balled up. Then she stops. She watches from a distance. She's close enough to hear Dawn's continual peal of laughter, see the way Dawn reaches out and touches Kurtis on the arm or shoulder. What in the hell could they be talking about for so long that's so captivating? I'm almost with Giselle here on the jealousy part, but then I remember, I trust Dawn. I'd fall over dead if she ever cheated on me. She's a harmless flirter. But I'm not so sure about Kurtis. And Giselle, perhaps she's not so harmless either. I mean, maybe, just maybe, I might know a little something about that. But that was a long time ago. Water under the bridge. All was forgiven in Dawn's eyes anyway. Whew. That was close. I shake my head back to the here and now.

Giselle's shoulders are lifting up and down, too fast. She might hyperventilate, and I'll have to run for her too, you know, to catch her and keep her from falling

on the ground. We wouldn't want one of her fleshly curves receiving a bruise. I should kick myself, I'm enjoying this too much. Probably because I know what's coming, a massive flirt with me. She'll show Dawn. She'll flirt with me all while I fill my head with memories to pull out and use later, when Dawn's on her rag or when I just want to pretend. It's such a hard life for me.

I wait, with bated breath, to see what Giselle does. If she goes to the flirting couple, I will too. We'll stand in unity together as we fight for attention from our significant others. Or if she doesn't... No, I can't go there, I just can't. Can I? Oh, Giselle stops right in their viewing range. Dawn is giggling, of course, and she turns to see Giselle's go straight to hell stare. Kurtis looks up too, amused by the steamy gaze he's receiving from his drop-dead gorgeous girlfriend. But he doesn't go after her. No, Dawn turns back to Kurtis and says something which draws his attention back to her. It must be an engrossing conversation.

Giselle's shoulders rise as she pulls in a deep breath. She turns away from what must be a horrible scene in her mind and stomps off, madder than a wet hen just before feeding time. I don't blame her though. I look at my wife and Kurtis and they are none the wiser. Too bad, I tried. I shrug and do the only decent thing one can do in this circumstance, I go after Giselle.

She stomps away, heading down to the stream and the footbridge. I quickly rush after her, because Kurtis and Dawn either don't notice or don't care. My blood runs cold. I'm about to throw it all out the window and follow my cock. Come on, man, I'm doing the right thing here, I'm seeking to soothe a damsel in distress. Right?

Giselle sniffs as she is turned to the railing and gazing at the water rushing under the footbridge.

"Giselle, hey girl," I say as I approach.

She turns her reddened eyes to me. "Easton!" She pulls me into an embrace. Uh, that did it. Her soft boobs press into my chest. She pulls back. "I didn't see you here. I thought," she says as she thumbs behind us toward the crowd. She lowers her head. "I thought with the way Dawn was acting with Kurt you weren't here to witness it. Aren't you pissed at her behavior?"

I step onto the bridge. I'm greeted by a waft of her exotic scent, spices and a mixture of floral. She always buys her perfume at the department store counters, I'm sure it's some pricey designer fragrance. Whatever, I like it. It's making my blood heat up in places that make me want to listen to reason and walk away. Too late, the blood has pooled in my pants, making my member throb. I want to sniff her neck, nibble her earlobe.

"I know they are talking. I really don't think it's anything to worry about, I mean come on, this is a family reunion." I try to reason.

"Well, she's up to her old tricks," Giselle says. Then she turns her full focus on me. Oh no! Those penetrating blue eyes, those lips that part just right. She smiles, melting my heart.

"Are you okay?" I ask. She turns fully facing me. Her rack juts forth. It's nice to know that in a few years Dawn will still be perky and full.

"I am now," Giselle says as she brings her hand to my shirt, running her fingers over the collar. "You're looking fit. How are things for you and Dawn?"

"Um, good," I say. I blink fast. My brain just sunk into my pants. Her fingers brushed against my neck.

"Good? Does she give you a reason to think she may ever cheat on you? Or do you guys have an open marriage?" Her face lights up with possibilities.

I swallow hard. Open marriage? Perish the thought. "Um, no, not really. It's not something we've ever discussed," I say. But now that I think about it, perhaps it's something we should discuss. I could scratch these damn itches that keep coming up, pun intended.

"I think that's interesting," she says in her sultry drawl.

"What?" I'm putty in her hands. Did she say something interesting?

"Yeah, an open marriage. That way we don't hurt each other. We're okay with a little extra fun, know what I mean?" Giselle asks. She winks at me. My cock throbs in my pants. I'm busting at the seams. I can't think straight. The only straight thing on me is my massive hard-on.

"I... I really don't know. You and her, you have this rivalry." I shake my head. I have a few brain cells receiving blood trying to reason with this beautiful sexy woman in front of me. But I'm packing a load. What would it hurt if we ducked in the bushes across the footbridge?

"This isn't rivalry. This is me waving the white flag. If she's so interested in Kurtis, then let her have some fun, get it out of her system. But fair is fair. Why can't you and I have some fun also? I can see you're interested." Her eyes sweep to my bulging crotch. Dammit. I can't hide it well when I'm packing a load.

Then Giselle laughs. She throws her head back and roars. I'm looking around like I've been punked. "What?"

"Are you honestly considering it?" she asks.

"What? I..."

"Your crotch gives it away, my friend. Dawn is right," Giselle says.

I look up just in time to see Dawn stepping to the footbridge. Try as I might, I can't turn away quick enough. My crotch gives it away, again. Giselle turned me on to the point of having a raging boner. Dawn's eyes plant right on it, causing me to squirm. She places her hand on her hips and glares at me.

"What?" I ask. I'm aggravated now. She and Giselle baited me. It was all an act.

"Well, if you will excuse me, I need to find Kurtis." Giselle turns to me before walking away. "For the record, Dawn and I weren't in cahoots. But I saw her coming down the path and wanted her to hear your answer. You gave me great satisfaction." Her brow lifts and she pivots, walking away, swaying her hips. Yes, I'm looking.

Dawn punches me in the arm. "Really? Do you care to know what Kurtis and I were talking about? Or do you just assume, just as my sister did, that I was flirting with the man?"

"Maybe. You looked awfully cozy with him when I came up. Then I may as well not have been there because you two were so involved in each other's voices," I say. I sound like a baby.

"For the record, he was telling me about his plans to propose. That's why I clammed up when you showed up because he asked me not to tell anyone. And that's why he didn't run after Giselle. She's always a drama queen," Dawn says.

"And she played you, can't you see that?" I ask.

"Maybe, but your body betrayed you. The boner doesn't lie," Dawn says. She turns and stomps away. Boy, this is getting so familiar. I follow her, trying to get her to talk to me.

She's making her rounds, saying goodbye to everyone. She's pissed. I keep with her and she gets into the vehicle in the driver's seat.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"Home. I need to decide who's going and who's staying. I don't deserve this. I refuse to be with a man who can't control his erections with my sister. You were

honestly thinking of diving in the bushes with her, weren't you?"

Damn, she knows me so well. "Uh-uh. No. I wouldn't do that to you. Honey, please," I say and reach for her hand.

"Don't touch me," she says.

I withdraw. We'll talk at home. I don't want her wrecking the vehicle because she's so pissed so I stay quiet. Once at home, she turns to me.

"I'm done. I want out. You're too wishy-washy. You want sex all the time. Fine, I gave it my best. But my sister, that's always been a sore subject. I'm done. We're finished. I'm leaving," she says.

Dawn packs her bag and leaves. I have no idea to where probably her parents. She ignores my calls. For a week I let this go on, I'm a mess without her. I look at my damn crotch and cuss. Finally, she comes back home. I look at her fearing she's going to ask for a divorce. Instead, she comes in and puts her bags down. That's a good sign, I think.

"I have terms if you want to stay together. You may not like it, but you know, you can take a flying leap if you don't. I need to see that you're willing to work for me, to fight for me. I need to see how far you'll take it. Are you willing to do as I ask?" Her face is set in resolve.

I know better than to say anything but what she wants to hear. "Of course, I want

you back. Name it, I'll do anything short of cutting off my cock," I say.

She smiles wickedly. "Good to know. I brought some things for you to wear. We're going to a wedding out of town, tomorrow. It's a distant cousin. You've never met most of the family. Just Giselle and I are attending. And I'll bring you along. I'll tell you what I want you to do later for it. Just agree with me and it will be good. Agree with me and tomorrow night we'll sleep together again. Tonight, you're in the den," Dawn says.

I agree with it all. It doesn't matter what she wants. I'll swallow it and then our life can be good again. I really didn't know what I was agreeing to and it didn't matter. If this is what it takes, I'm willing to do as Dawn says.

"I have your outfit in the bedroom. I want you to put on everything I've laid out on the bed. I mean everything too. If you don't, have a nice life," Dawn says.

I trudge from my bed on the den sofa to the bedroom with her at my heels. On the bed is one of her dresses, a hot pink formal number that hits the floor when she wears it. Beside it is a pair of silk lacy panties and matching bra in pink. The heels in my size are a white stiletto. I sigh. She wants me to attend in drag. My eyes swing to hers. She stands there with her arms folding in front of her. I don't argue. I divulged to her how one time in college I got super drunk and, on a dare, wore women's clothing to a bar. It's all good, I can do this. I slide into the panties and bra. It actually feels nice next to my skin. To prove what a big boy I am, I give her a big smile. Before I slip the dress over my head she thrusts a chastity belt into my hands. It's made of leather and metal. I gawk at it for a moment.

"Yep, you're going in drag and you're wearing this," she says.

I scowl as I put it on, but I'm not sure how to fasten it.

"Allow me," she says and bends down strapping my cock and balls securely behind the buckles and strap. It's a bit binding, but as long as I don't get hard I'll be fine. The dress hides it well.

Dawn produces a wig and has me sit down for make-up. Damn, she's taking this all the way. I allow her to dress me as her bitch. She grins and gives me a big glass of wine to drink and a blue pill to swallow. I furrow my brow. "Viagra? Really?"

"Honey, after it's all said and done, you're going to need it," she says and thrusts the pill to my mouth. To show her I'm not a coward, I swallow it.

Now I'm dressed in drag, complete with make-up and a red long-haired wig. I don't even look like myself. I look like a ridiculous man trying to be a woman. We head for the door, time for some deep humiliation. I figure I'll play along like it's a big joke. But Dawn stops before we walk out the door.

"By the way, you are no longer Easton, but Everly now. Only answer to that. Tonight, you are my female friend, Everly," she says.

I'm sure I can pull it off. Just one evening in a distant city with people I don't know anyway. It will all be okay, I'm sure.

The wedding is packed full of guests. I sit beside Dawn as her friend Everly and

guess who sits on the other side of Dawn? Her sister. Of all people and of all things they just had to make up. Giselle acts as if she has no clue who I am. She's not her flirty self with me. Maybe she really believes I am a woman, albeit with a pituitary problem. I think that until we hit the reception and then I discover she knows.

"Say, Everly, have you ever had a ménage a trois with two other women? You know, that would be like all kinky with three women on each other," Giselle says as she puts her hand on my shoulder. I glare at her. Her scent reaches my nose and I feel like swooning in my silk panties. Damn, why do I make sure a pretty woman? Seriously, three of Dawn's single male relatives have approached us wanting to meet me. Of course, when they hear my voice they realize I'm a freak in drag. But still, I'm pretty hot if I do say so myself. This gives me ideas to go out with Dawn, maybe as her girlfriend. Dance with her while I'm in drag, minus the chastity belt.

I feel a wave of weirdness hit. Suddenly, my cock throbs, like bad. Giselle laughs when the band strikes up a song. "Come on, Everly, show me how well a drag queen dances," she says as she pulls me to the dance floor. Fuck.

Giselle is the leader. She pulls me to her tight body, I can feel every fucking curve through this thin dress, with exception to the hardware at my crotch. She presses into me, her boobs jiggling as we sway. She reaches around and grabs a hand full of my ass and squeezes. "Nice, firm. I bet you're as tight as me," she whispers. That's all it took, my cock swelled and hit the damn belt. It bunched up with nowhere to go. I squirm uncomfortably. She laughs. "I thought so." She knew.

Dawn taps Giselle on the shoulder. "Everly is my bitch," she says and cuts in. Giselle steps aside and Dawn takes over. She leans in close, as close as she's been since we had separated over a week ago. It feels nice having her in my arms again, except for the pain in my cock. I groan, not from pleasure.

"What's wrong dear?" she asks and giggles.

"As if you didn't know. I'm in some serious discomfort here," I say.

"I'm sure, especially after dancing with my bombshell sister," Dawn says.

"Not fair."

"No, it isn't. And I don't like feeling she's my competition especially with my husband," she says.

"Does that mean you still want me to be your husband?" I ask.

Dawn smiles and nods. She takes my hand and leads me out of the party. I'm nearly doubled over in discomfort. My cock won't go down and it's literally bowed under the damn belt. I want to shoot myself it's that bad. She drives away with a small smile on her face. I sulk in the seat beside her. I can't even talk, I'm that miserable. We pull into a hotel and she grins and nods. Like a silly puppy, I follow her still in full drag through the lobby. She tells the clerk she has a room for her and her girlfriend. I blush.

My body is contorting to accommodate my damn swollen cock. I stand so it's not as painful. Dawn pulls up my dress and smiles as she unlatches the belt. Finally, my cock bobs free. I fall to my knees and take hold of her hands. "Please, baby, forgive me for being such a stupid horny male. I swear on my life I will never

give Giselle another glance again," I say. The words blubber out like I'm a crying fool.

Dawn merely smiles and lifts my chin in her hands. "Baby, I think you've paid the price for your misdeeds.," she says and kneels at my feet while lifting my dress. I chuckle as she pulls off the panties to my ankles. Before I can move she draws my cock through her sweet lips. It's like the world stopped spinning and everything focuses on my phallus. She expertly draws it to the back of her mouth; her soft lips squeeze as she does. I groan and lace my hands through her hair, causing it to fall from the upsweep. Her tongue swirls over my head, jutting into the hole. I groan as everything I have comes to the surface. I can no longer control it. The orgasm grabs me by the short and curlies and I lurch forward, bucking into her mouth, ramming her head into my crotch. I shoot into her more cum than I thought I'd ever shot before. I have a lot, pent-up, backed up and it's spewing forth now. She coughs and gags and swallows until I'm done. She pulls back with cum dripping from her mouth and smiles up at me.

"Better?" she asks.

I pull her to me and kiss her, cum breath and all. "Better," I say. I tell her about my fantasy to go out in drag as Everly minus the chastity belt.

"I'm down for that," she says as she settles on the bed, so I can return the favor.

THE END

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