

A Pervert Is Introduced To The World Of Forced Feminization!

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing bright pink lace underwear. She is standing with her back to the camera, her right hand on her hip and her left hand holding a thin chain with a small pendant. She is wearing several rings on her fingers and a bracelet on her right wrist. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

FROM PANTY SNIFFER TO
CROSSDRESSING

SISSY

SCARLETT STEELE

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From Panty Sniffer To Crossdressing Sissy

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From Alpha Male to Feminized Sissy

Book 2

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female domination, pegging and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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From Panty Sniffer To Crossdressing Sissy

A Pervert Is Introduced To The World Of Feminization!

Jessica slipped into the flat late that night hoping she wouldn't disturb Daryl. The man worked so hard at his job. He was a true lumberjack who worked closely with the most successful tree excavator in the city. Daryl had to be up early in the mornings as they would hit their job sites just as the sun rose. He would come home all sweaty and worn out, smelling much like a lumberjack. The only thing that caused grief for Jessica was his extraordinarily long showers. She seriously wondered what the hell he did that took that long. And why would he choose the shower to jack off in when he had his own bedroom. The flat only had one bathroom in which they shared.

She pressed her head to his door. He was busily snoring within, so she relaxed. Tina and Shari constantly insisted on late night clubbing adventures which had her out at all hours. Her own job as an in-house graphic designer for the city magazine had her working the hours she wanted and from home. She had an office at the magazine and often chose to go in during the afternoons. She didn't like being home when Daryl came in because of his extra-long showers. So, she chose to work later by giving him all the time he wanted.

The man perplexed her. While his muscles had muscles, he sure took on some feminine qualities with his long showers. She came in one evening and discovered he had opted for a bubble bath using her bottle of bubbles. She knew the instant she walked into the flat because the aroma of lavender reached her immediately. He blushed furiously when she confronted him about it. Then she discovered the bottle of bubbles under the bathroom vanity in a lighter plum blossom scent.

"What the hell is this?" she asked Daryl.

He was busy eating a giant sandwich he had made. "Oh, I picked it up for you since I used some of yours," he said like it was nothing.

"But you've already used it? Either that or you need to get your money back because the seal is broken and a good capful or more is missing," she said. He replied with a nod and a shrug.

It was just little things that made Jessica wonder if Daryl swung in the other trees. One time she swore she saw something lacy and silky in his underwear drawer. He was opening it to grab something while she was talking to him. He didn't notice her looking. She could have just gone into his room and look, but she had respect for the man not to go through his things.

Confusion was always in her head when thinking about Daryl's sexuality. She'd gone with him to a work function, a holiday picnic. There were a lot of people there and he introduced her as his friend and roommate. He made it perfectly clear there were no benefits to it. She giggled about it but soon realized he had a thing for a cute little blonde who was the daughter of one of the retired lumberjacks. He didn't play to the men and during the picnic he acted as masculine as any man there, playing the competitive games, flexing his muscles all to impress the petite blondie.

There was the time Jessica needed new clothes. Daryl was all too willing that Saturday morning to tag along. "I have to go to the lingerie shop for underwear. Maybe you could hit the music store or the computer place," she said. But he trailed after her and she caught him running his hands over the silk panties. He

kept looking around to see if anyone was watching, but he definitely looked like he was enjoying himself a little too much.

Yep, Jessica had many reasons for thinking Daryl swung in both trees, though she never saw him with another guy. She asked her besties, Shari and Tina, what they thought.

"No way, he's one hundred percent a manly man," Shari said.

"Yeah. He like pumps iron on the weekends, he's brute. He even flirts with me," Tina said.

"Why do you ask?" Shari asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. You know how I don't have gaydar like you guys do," Jessica said. She didn't want to divulge just yet why she suspected because out of respect. She genuinely liked Daryl and he never did her any harm. Shari and Tina tended to be cruel if something wasn't right.

Jessica did laundry after work and brought the basket to her bedroom to finish folding and putting away. Daryl wasn't home yet so she turned up the volume on the stereo and went to work on the clothing. When she opened the drawer to put away her panties, she furrowed her brow at the scene. Normally she was very OCD about folding each pair and placing in color-coordinated piles neatly in the drawer. One pair, a white pair, was lying haphazardly over the white and the light pink pairs. She set the clean pile on top of the dresser and plucked up the pair. They were dirty and she nearly shrieked when she discovered it. Not only were the panties dirty, they were crusty too. She made a face and pitched it to the

floor, thinking she must have had a brain fart and threw the panties in her drawer instead of the dirty clothes. Normally she didn't have crusty panties, but sometimes, depending on what time of the month or what she was doing, she would. She shook her head and carefully arranged the clean panties into the right piles. She thought nothing of it at all until the next day.

She took a shower two mornings later and wrapped the terry robe around her naked body. Daryl had already left for work, so she didn't have to worry about running into him while she dressed. She allowed the towel on her head to soak up the wetness from the shower on her hair while she ate a muffin and drank coffee. Nothing out of the usual for her. When she opened her panty drawer, she gasped. Again, a pair of panties was shoved on top, the wrong color over the wrong pile. This time it was a pale pink pair lying haphazardly over the black and royal blues. She plucked it up and again it was crusty dirty. Furrowing her brow, she almost pitched the soiled pair to the floor but stopped. She knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that she'd placed her underwear in the dirty clothes hamper the night before. Yesterday morning her drawer was perfectly neat with everything where it should be. But now, this pair, so very soiled, like she'd gone out and had a really good time. It didn't make sense. She pulled the pair closer and upon further inspection realized the soil wasn't from her. A quick sniff and she smelled the distinct odor of cum. Dried, crusty cum covered the inside crotch of her panties.

"What the hell?" Jessica said. Of course, no one was home. The only person it could be was Daryl. But why? Why would he do something so sick? She shook her head and glanced at the time. She had a meeting at work and had to be there early, which was why she woke up early and showered. It had to be Daryl, there was no other explanation. She shook her head and shoved the soiled panties into the hamper in her bedroom. She'd have to deal with Daryl later.

After work, she aimed to confront Daryl. He'd be home later. She'd be nice and give him time to come in and shower before she asked him about it. His red truck was parked in the driveway of the flat which surprised her. Normally he

didn't arrive home until later. Normally she didn't arrive home until much later. She parked and walked in through the garage and didn't see him anywhere. She paused and listened and didn't hear the shower running. Upon further investigation, she didn't find him in his bedroom either. She was about to give up when she walked to her bedroom but paused outside the door and hid in the shadows.

Daryl was in her room, at her dresser with the panty drawer open. Caught red-handed! He had a pair of black panties in his hand, the same pair she had worn the night before and had put them in the dirty clothes hamper along with the cum soiled pale pink pair. She thought about busting in and letting him know he was caught but thought otherwise. She stepped back so he wouldn't see her and watched. He groaned as he brought the pair to his nose and sniffed the crotch of the dirty pair of panties. He rubbed the bulge in his pants as he sniffed and grabbed a clean pair while pulling out his cock. He rubbed one out with her clean underwear in his hand and spewed his cum all over the pair while sniffing the dirty pair.

Jessica quietly backed away from her bedroom door and made a beeline down the hall and out to the kitchen. She walked through the garage door and went back to her car. She didn't want to confront Daryl, not just yet. Shari and Tina would know what to do and pronto. She sent a mad text to both, who would be off their work soon to meet her at the Bay Waters Cafe in thirty. She turned the key and backed out of the driveway, hoping he wasn't anywhere near the front windows to see her driving off. She didn't want him knowing she had caught him.

"He fucking did what?" Tina asked. When she was angry, her face took on the look of a bitch you don't want to mess with.

"Yeah, he did it. I fucking caught him," Jessica said as she leaned forward and spoke softer. She didn't want to air her dirty laundry, pun intended, to the public

around her.

"Well, well, well. I hope this puts to rest how you thought he might be gay. Seems he's sweet on you. And seems he wants you to know it in a roundabout way," Shari said.

"To jack off on my clean panties while sniffing my dirty ones? I mean what about a nice note or steal a kiss while we're watching a movie. Sweet is to kind a word on what he is on me," Jessica said.

"So, what do you want to do here, Jess? Do you want revenge? Humiliation? A reason why he's doing it?" Tina asked.

"Um, I don't know. Maybe a little of all. I mean he jacked off on my panties twice that I know of, replaced the panties in my drawer knowing damn full well I'd discover it. He wants me to know." Jessica fumed over it.

"Okay, then let's plan for some revenge with a side of humiliation. And while we're, ahem, you're at it, get the damn reason out of him," Shari said.

Jessica smiled. "I knew you two could help me with this. I mean it's so weird because Daryl is my flat mate and I really do like him. But gah, this, whatever this is, has to be dealt with," she said.

Shari smiled brightly. "I think you should buy a camera and hide it in your room. Make it easy on him. Stay at work late. Record what he does. Then you will

discover the reason perhaps," she said.

"And then you'll have some blackmail to use to make him do your bidding," Tina smiled.

"Okay, that sounds like a plan. Will you two help me set it up?" Jessica asked.

"Of course, darling," Shari said. "Revenge is my specialty.

"Once I have the footage, what then? What should I do with it?" Jessica asked.

"Use it against him, of course," Tina said. "Whatever you find on the footage, turn the tables on him. Humiliate him with it. Do things to him to torture him."

"I really don't want to hurt the guy," Jessica said.

"Why the fuck not? He's getting his jollies in your panty drawer. He deserves it. Whatever it is, discover it and then put the screws to him. Give him a taste of his own medicine," Shari said.

"Good. I'm glad I have you two on my side. Remind me never to do anything to be on your bad side," Jessica said and they laughed with her.

The next day Jessica met Tina and Shari at the electronics store and purchased a hidden camera. Daryl was at work, so they set up the camera where it took in the

half of the room with her dresser in view. Over the next several days Jessica made sure she worked late giving Daryl plenty of time to do something incriminating.

On the fourth day, Daryl was home when Jessica arrived a little after eight that evening. She was hopeful he had done something. He was still in the shower whistling when she walked into the flat. Things seemed normal enough until she checked her underwear drawer and found a pair of pale blue panties on top, crusty as usual. She smiled wickedly and plucked the thumb drive from her computer and headed to Tina's home to view the video. She phoned Shari on the way.

"Meet me at Tina's. I have the video," she said.

"What did he do?" Shari asked.

"I don't know yet. We'll discover that together," Jessica said.

Tina beat Jessica to Shari's home. The ladies anxiously plugged in the thumb drive to Shari's computer and the image of Jessica's room bloomed on the screen. They had to fast forward through the waiting and finally, Daryl made his appearance. They exchanged glances and leaned in to watch the show take place.

Daryl moved to the clothes hamper sitting next to the dresser. He bent over and dug through the dirty clothes and pulled out a pair of dirty panties. Jessica made a face as he brought it to her dresser and set the pair on top of the dresser. The panty drawer opened, and he plucked up a pair of hot pink panties. What he did next made Jessica gasp. He turned to the closet and rummaged through the

dresses she had hanging. He picked on, the periwinkle blue knit dress. It was like a shirt dress that fits over the head and stretched over the body. He laid the dress on the bed and returned to the dresser. The bra drawer was beside the panty drawer. Jessica's hand covered her mouth.

"What the fuck?" she asked.

Daryl pulled out a lacy bra and pitched it to the bed. His shoes were already off because it looked as if he just had a shower. He wore a tee shirt and a pair of shorts. When his hand slipped off his shirt Jessica shook her head. He pulled down his shorts and his underwear.

"I can't believe I'm looking at a naked Daryl," Tina said flatly.

Jessica turned to her. "Why don't you sound shocked?" she asked.

Tina turned to her. "After the underwear sniffing and spunking off on your panties, do you think this shocks me? Actually, I was kind of expecting it," Tina said. She nodded to the screen.

Daryl, completely naked now, grabbed the pump bottle of body lotion Jessica kept on top of the dresser. It was of a cherry blossom fragrance and very pricey. He pumped it onto his palm and rubbed it all over his body.

"What the fuck? He wants to smell pretty?" Jessica said. "And with my forty dollar bottle lotion at that."

Daryl rubbed the lotion on his arms, legs, and belly. Then he grabbed the hot pink pair of Jessica's panties and slipped his feet through the legs and pulled it up.

"Little bastard," Jessica said.

Daryl adjusted his cock within the panties. He grew a stiffer and kept on moving. Next, he plucked up the bra and put it on, though he didn't fill it out. He chuckled at his reflection in the mirror as he grabbed the cups as if there were boobs within it.

"Yeah, like you have a pair. May as well, the balls aren't doing you much good," Shari said. Jessica and Tina laughed.

Daryl pulled the dress over his head, the skirt coming up way too high, hitting him a little higher than mid-thigh.

"Hmph, I look better in it. Little bastard," Jessica said. She grabbed her keys and stood.

Shari grabbed her hand. "Wait, he's not done."

"I know, I need to confront him about this," Jessica said.

Tina wagged her finger up at Jessica. "No, you don't. We watch it to the end. We plan the revenge, sister dear. Sit and enhance your calm," she said.

Jessica busted out laughing as she sat down. "Better to laugh than to cry over this perv soiling and stretching my clothes."

Daryl's hard cock was very evident in the dress for he pitched a tent even through the panties. It was obvious his cock had pushed out of the top. He walked around acting prissy. The pair of dirty panties were on the dresser and he picked those up and shoved it to his face, crotch on his nose. As he inhaled, his other hand moved to the bulge in the dress and his hand worked heartily over it until he came. The wet spot grew larger and he groaned and bucked about until he finished.

Jessica steamed as she watched him undress and clean his cock with her dress. When he was done, he pitched the soiled clothing into her dirty clothes hamper as if it were nothing. "Little bastard." Jessica shook her head.

Once he left the room, Shari flicked off the screen and turned to Tina and Jessica. "Now we plan what to do about this."

"I want to throw his ass on the street," Jessica said.

"No, don't do that. This is Daryl. Obviously, he is a crossdresser. He has a thing for you. Use this in exacting revenge. I have an idea," Shari said. The ladies leaned in and listened and by the time she was done, and they discussed it at length, Jessica had a solid plan of action in humiliating Daryl.

When Jessica arrived home, Daryl was already in front of the TV like any normal night. He smiled sweetly at her. "I bought pizza and saved you half. It's in the fridge. You had a late one tonight," he said and yawned. She'd better hurry. She curtly thanked the man and grabbed a plate of pizza. She wouldn't put it past him to spunk into her toppings. But she didn't detect any cum while chewing the slice.

Jessica brought her tablet with her and sat down with Daryl in the living room. It was time to bring it to light. She shoved in the thumb drive and pulled up the screen, so he could see. "We need to talk. And then I have some stipulations for you," she said. She allowed the video to play and Daryl stared at it with a blank expression on his face. His lips stretched into a thin line and he merely stared at her, daring her to say or do something about his actions.

"I can see you are speechless, although I'm not sure why. And don't even think about going through my things and finding this thumb drive and erasing it. I have it on cloud and you can't touch that. Now, I'm pissed as hell that you did this and have been doing shit to my clothes for a while it seems," she said.

"Only a couple of weeks, just relax, I won't do it again," Daryl said. He chuckled and tried to brush it off.

"No, not that easy. I have some demands for you. You are a perv and if you want to be a perv then I will treat you as such. I will freaking show this video to your family if you don't do as I say," Jessica said.

Daryl snapped up then. He swallowed hard and blinked fast. "You don't have to bring my family into this. Please. What do you want me to do to keep quiet?"

"Good. I will let you know what I want you to do tomorrow. First, I want you to leave my stuff the fuck alone. Don't spunk on my panties again. And don't wear my shit. It's my shit, not yours. Got it? I'll give you further instructions tomorrow. Until then, maybe if you can come up with a good way to apologize to me and mean it," Jessica said.

Daryl heaved a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Jessica. Really. I guess I'm a sicko perv like you said. I had a desire and well, being alone, fulfilled it," he said.

Jessica smiled. "Okay, good start. Tomorrow we'll move on with this."

Tina and Shari stopped by the following evening. Jessica and Tina had been shopping that day already. Daryl was nervous as he waited for Jessica's proclamations. She excused herself and walked to the back of their flat for a few moments while Shari and Tina sat in the living room with Daryl.

"So, Daryl, how are things going for you?" Tina asked.

"Yeah, what's up?" Shari asked while stifling a giggle.

Daryl merely huffed a laugh but didn't say much. "Yeah, good." Shari and Tina looked at each other.

Jessica came into the room with a satisfied smile on her face. "Hey, what are you guys talking about?" she asked as she sat down.

"Nothing much. Asking Daryl here what's up as of lately," Shari said.

"Yeah, nothing much. Work, rest, rinse, repeat," Daryl said.

Tina giggled. "And boy do we repeat," she said.

Jessica shot her a look to shut up. Ahem. "Daryl, I have my first demand and I want it done right now. Go to your room and put on the outfit on your bed. Come back in here and model it for us," she said.

Daryl scowled and didn't move for a moment. Jessica pulled up her phone and pointed to it. "Remember our agreement."

"Now?" Daryl asked. Jessica nodded. "With them here?"

"Yes, with them here. Time to pay your pittance. Now march," Jessica said.

"This doesn't seem fair, at all," Daryl said with whining inflections to his tone.

"It didn't seem fair either," Jessica said as she pointed to her phone again and shook her head. He stood and slowly walked to his bedroom. He was in there a good long while.

"Come out come out, Daryl dear. Show us the new outfit Jessica bought for you," Tina called.

The clump, clump, clumping sound of shoes on hardwood sounded. Daryl came around the corner of the living room, in full drag. He wore a dress better suited to his size, a red sequined number, complete with a bra for a flat chest, panties that actually fit, and a pair of high heeled pumps in his size. He looked down his face as red as the sequins.

Shari clapped and stood. "Oh darling, or should I call you Darlene? You're simply gorgeous in that get-up. Walk through here and shake those hips, will ya?"

"Fuck you," Daryl snapped at Shari.

Jessica busted out laughing and joined in the fun. She whistled. "Want to show us them ovaries?" she asked.

"How about showing a little more leg. Damn, girl, you need a good waxing," Tina said.

Daryl started to edge back toward the hall. "Not so fast, Darlene. We want you to dance. Get to the middle of the floor and dance, wiggle your hips. That's it, thrust out your chest. Jiggle the knockers," Jessica said. She turned on music and he reluctantly moved to the middle of the living room and danced, doing what she said.

"Damn girl, you're hot. My brother would like to bone you," Tina said.

Daryl stopped and scowled at her. "I'm not a fucking gay," he said with a little bit of a growl.

"Not gay? Could have fooled me. You're a flitting tinker bell," Shari said.

Even Jessica laughed at their comments. Daryl's face reddened even more. "I'm not gay," he said again.

"Honey, if you're not gay, what are you? A trannie? Transgender? Cross-dresser? You're not a fucking male either," Tina said.

The humiliation was strong, the ladies laughed at his expense. He had brought it on himself with his actions. "Why?" he said to Jessica.

"I could ask you that as well. Why did you jack off on my panties? Why did you put the spooge covered undies back in the drawer to dry and crust over? Why did you pull my dirty panties out of the hamper and fucking sniff them? I mean, seriously, Daryl. This is tame over what we could do to you. We could broadcast this to the world on social media where your mom and dad would see what a weirdo they have for a son." Jessica stood her ground with the man.

"Okay, I've paraded around here, danced like a fool. I'm humiliated. Are we done yet?" Daryl asked.

"Done? My hot pink panties are stretched out thanks to your massive cock. My periwinkle dress has cum stains all over it, I can never wear it again. The fact that you soiled your spunk on my clothes over and over means it may never be done. I'm not satisfied you've paid retribution for what you've done. And for the record, if you have a thing for me why not just tell me? Why all the panty sniffing and jacking?" Jessica asked.

"Look, I'm sorry. This is between you and me. Do your rude friends have to be here too? Or is it like some sort of sick thing where you see an accident and you must look, though you know really should look away instead?" Daryl peered at Shari and Tina.

Tina stood and walked up to Daryl. "Rude," she said and lifted her chin and looked down her nose at the man. She pivoted on her heels. "You know where we are if you need us," she said to Jessica.

"Yeah, time to jet. Show's over," Shari said. She stepped to Daryl and ran her finger under his chin. "For now."

Tina and Shari left, and it was just Daryl and Jessica alone. His shoulders sagged, and he turned to the hall once again. "Whoa, where are you going?" Jessica asked.

"To change, if you don't mind," Daryl said.

"In fact, I do mind, Darlene. I paid a pretty penny for your outfit. I think you

need to shine a little more out in your own element. Come with me," she said and led the way to her bedroom. "Sit." She pulled out the stool in front of her desk. After grabbing her make-up bag, she set about dolling up Daryl's face. He was clean shaven and had a great surface for her to paint. "You can't go out in drag without the full effect."

"What? I can't go out," Daryl said.

"Oh yes, darling. You can, and you will. You will step into your own as a cross-dresser drag queen. Don't worry, I'll be right there with you every step of the way. You are my creation. Remember you do what I tell you to do. And don't worry, no one will recognize you once I'm done," she said. She pulled a blonde wig out from under her bed, one with hair fixed high on the head and tendrils of curls cascading down the back.

Daryl smiled at his reflection once Jessica was done. He trembled but looked excited at the same time. "Why are you doing this?" he asked.

"Why are you asking that? Are you asking it as a dreaded thing, or something you're actually excited to try?" Jessica asked.

"Maybe a bit of both. I mean, I'm nervous as hell that I'll run into someone I know. I'm nervous about stepping out in drag for the first time. I'm a little angry you're making me do this," he said.

"Touché," Jessica said and scowled at him.

"I know. I deserve it. I just wondered why with all that in mind," he said.

"Okay, first, it's punishment for what you did to me. Second, I like you and I don't want to lose you as a flat mate, so I figured if I can't beat you why not join you. By join you, I mean help you step into the fullness of what you really are. Drag queen Darlene. Embrace your new self. I plan to display you a lot. I plan to keep blackmail going, so just be aware of that. Pics will be snapped the entire time. And you've been recorded on my hidden camera as we prepared you for the evening. So, don't step a toe out of line and all things will end very well for you," Jessica said.

Daryl was so nervous and unable to walk right in the heels that Jessica drove. She drove him to the neighboring city to a transgender bar where he could fully embrace who he was. He walked in with his head held high and received plenty of compliments. The ones that really bothered him came from other drag queens who asked if he was into being a lesbian. He chuckled nervously and looked at Jessica. She stepped up and laced his arm through hers, showing she was the alpha female. "He is and he's with me. He's my bitch, so hands off," she said to the drag queen named "Alexa."

"No doubt he's an Alexander," she said to Daryl as they walked through the club.

Jessica pulled him to the dance floor where they danced together. He held her close as she peered up at him. "You know, you make me want to become a lesbian," she said, and they laughed. "I do want to see you dance with a real man though. I want you to find out if maybe you have leanings in that direction. Will you do that for me?"

"Are you asking or demanding?" Daryl asked.

"I'm asking," she said. Daryl nodded and walked up to a tall man who was there as himself.

"Care to take me for a spin?" Darlene asked as he batted his eyes.

"Sure, sweetie," the man said. He introduced himself as Peter and Peter took Darlene for a spin on the dance floor.

Jessica took photos, adding to the blackmail pile. But she secretly hoped Daryl wasn't into men. Peter dipped Darlene and he giggled. In the end, Peter planted a kiss on Darlene's cheek and thanked her for the dance. Darlene returned to Jessica flush-faced.

Another slow song played, and Jessica stood by quietly contemplating the state of Daryl's sexuality. He grabbed her hand. "Once a lesbian, always a lesbian. I only do chicks, sweetie," he said and winked.

Jessica breathed a sigh of relief and danced with Darlene again. She pressed into the man and his erection came on strong and obvious through the dress. When she backed away and looked down she snickered. "That's nice. My girlfriend is packing some heat," she said.

Daryl shook his head. "I can't help it. The object of my affection just leaned into me."

"I think we should go home," Jessica said and grabbed his hand as she smiled. They jogged to the car and she sped out of the parking lot and raced back to their flat leaving the city and the trans club behind.

They arrived home and shut the door. Daryl took Jessica into his arms, no longer set on being denied. "I can't resist. It's either this or I'll go rummaging through your dirty clothes hamper," he said.

Jessica grimaced. "Please don't. If you want to sniff my crotch, sniff my crotch, not my dirty panties," she said.

Daryl scooped her up and carried her to his bedroom and set her on his bed. He immediately nosed into her crotch, through her clothes. "For the love of Darlene, let me pull my shit off first, make it worthwhile," Jessica said. She tore out of her clothing and settled back on the bed while Daryl, now fully naked too dove between her legs. He had the hunger of a teen boy ravaging her and lapping at her goodness. She moaned and moved and wondered why this took so long. Her body jumped off the ledge as she moaned while lacing her fingers through his hair. She tore off the wig and pitched it to the floor, wanting to feel manly hair instead. The room swirled dizzily as she growled and bucked her pelvis into his face. Arching her back she came hard while he licked her clit and ran his tongue through her slit.

Daryl was ready for her, his cock standing straight out, precum squirting from the tip. He wanted her bad, but before he could fully crawl on top, she held out her hand stopping him. "You know this doesn't mean I forgive you. This doesn't change our situation at all. You still owe me. I'll still place demands on you. If you're okay and willing, you may proceed," she said.

Daryl's face passed an expression of shock, but then he recovered. "I'm your

bitch. I'll be your bitch for as long as you'll have me," he said and climbed on top of her.

Jessica giggled as he pulled her feet to his shoulders. She laughed harder when he pierced through her hole, as his face skewed in pleasure. "What's so fucking funny?" he asked.

"You. Your makeup is all over the place after eating me out," she said and laughed.

"It's okay. I'm about to prove how manly I really am," he said. He plowed into her fast and hard, grunting and groaning each time he thrust into her.

Jessica stopped laughing and joined him in the groans of ecstasy. Daryl picked up her bottom, pulling her higher, kissing her toes and screwing her fast and hard. His cock sawed against her clit, sparking the heat to flood into her pelvis once again. She groaned and growled as she neared orgasm for the second time. Daryl more than proved his manliness as her pelvis exploded and she bucked up and down, grinding into him with each thrust forward. He lurched again and dumped his load into her. She received it gladly happy it wasn't on her panties. Together they rocked through the undulating waves of pleasure until at last, it slowed and finally stopped except for the minor tremors that cascaded through her pelvis at the end.

Afterward, Daryl collapsed beside her and drew her into his arms. She looked up into his eyes, seeing her friend instead of the pervert she had pegged him to be. She jumped up and grabbed his hand. "Come with me," she said.

"I just did," Daryl said and laughed.

"You need a good scrubbing. Time to wash Darlene down the drain." They climbed into the tub and took a shower together. She taught him the art of make-up removal. When they were done, he wrapped a towel around his waist.

"Welcome back, Daryl," Jessica said.

"Good to be back," he said sheepishly.

"Until next time. And believe me, there will be a next time. When the mood strikes me, we'll bring Darlene back out to play."

"Darlene only has one dress," Daryl said.

"Maybe tomorrow, Jessica needs to take Darlene shopping and let her pick out her dresses," Jessica said as she wagged her brow. "But I must approve because after all, Darlene is my bitch."

Daryl looked down and sighed. "That she is. She owes you big time, huh?"

"You better believe it. She owes me, and I intend to collect. She's my bitch and she's bound to do my bidding, whenever and wherever I deem it so," Jessica said as she stood on her toes and kissed Daryl good night.

THE END

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