

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing



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SISSIFIED
AND HUMILIATED BY KINKY GROUPIE

SCARLETT STEELE

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Lead Singer Is Sissified And Humiliated By Kinky Groupie

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

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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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After we rip through the set of songs, I end with the drum solo. I'm absolutely in my element as I feverishly bang out the final beats of the song we've worked so hard to nail. The boys and I deserve the success we're having, and I feel we owe it to our raw talent. After spending the last three years in high school playing in Kelvin's garage and then two years in college, we're finally making a break onto the rock scene. It's a dream come true, one that's long overdue. I've been pouring myself into beating the drums since I was eight years old when my parents bought me one of those kiddie drum sets. By the time I was eleven, my grandpa bought my first real drum set when he heard me play and saw how serious I was about it

Going Bonkers has booked the next six months solid, so solid, two of our six-member band has made the transition to making this their full-time job. The rest of us muddle through our work, having to work around our tour dates. I'm lucky there because I'm helping a music professor at the University compose pieces, with my focus on the percussion. It's enough of a job that I can relax and pay my bills, eat, and still enjoy being on the road. A lot of the work I can do on the computer as we communicate through messenger and shared files.

We are touring now through the nightclub circuits. Many of the larger nightclubs with bigger stages have booked us in the states surrounding our home state. It makes it easier to drive to these places until we can afford to pay for plane tickets to travel to places farther away. We have a few advance bookings in places that will take us a couple of days of driving. It's coming to the point where all the band members need to commit to the full-time gig or get out.

Going Bonkers released our first single over the music exchange, putting us on the pay per month services and some select radio stations. Our manager suggested we also try out for some of the national talent shows to get our name out there and to give us a national and possibly worldwide audience. It's all happening so fast, it makes my head spin.

I step outside after practice to see some of the groupies huddled together. It's cool because winter is coming on. Brandy and Chelsea turn to me and offer their smiles. I nod as I pull out a cigarette and light it. Brandy wears knee-high spike heeled boots and the tightest jeans imaginable. Her ass sways and wiggles as she walks, I so enjoy watching. Chelsea is on the plump side and bounces with curves that never end. Both ladies have pretty faces. Brandy's long hair flows down her back in ringlets. Chelsea's shoulder-length tresses are neatly styled to bounce carefree. I chuckle because if I weren't a drummer, I'd want to be a hair stylist. I pride myself in my long hair, fitting for a rock drummer. I often pull it back in a ponytail keeping it out of my eyes. I found that letting it loose and free caused more sweat to bead on my forehead and in my eyes while we played.

"Sup?" I ask as I take a drag on the cigarette.

"Hey, beautiful boy," Chelsea says as she steps to me and puts her hand on my shoulder. She's one of the flirtier girls who enjoy bedding down whoever she can. She's yet to catch me though, as I play harder to get than most. Usually, I have a meeting with Derrick, the music professor, and I'm working late into the night helping him and earning the extra income I need.

I blow smoke into her face and nod. I'm not particularly fond of being called beautiful boy, but that's the nickname I've procured since I am always messing with my hair. I give the band members trims when needed. Because we're a rock band, most of us have long hair. Except for Eric, the lead singer. He decided to

go high top on me in honor of his vet brother and sports strips on the side, shaved and angled toward the back. He likes to be different. Kelvin, the lead guitar and Smith, his brother and our bass player, both have long hair in the front than in the back. Kelvin likes hair in his eyes claiming he doesn't need to see to play the guitar.

"And on the drums, Wesley Spar," the announcer exclaims. The crowd goes wild as we step onto the stage and bang out the set of songs. We're opening for a well-known old-time rock band and one that may help to springboard our careers into outer space. I think maybe tonight I may hook up with a groupie for some sexual release.

After we exit the stage, our groupies, ever faithful women, clamor at the back waiting for us. I smile as I'm set to find one to take back to my room tonight. But as I gander at the lot, I realize there's only one I like and that's Brandy. She's the prettiest and seems like she's the sweetest. I know Chelsea is keen on me, but I'm not keen on her. Instead, I grab a beer and saunter over to Brandy and slide my arm around her shoulders.

They are still cheering us on a show well done. She's bouncing and not paying too much attention to me. Instead, when Kelvin walks into the room, she lights up like a torch and leaves my company. I frown as I watch her sidle up to Kelvin, along with his girlfriend, Serena. Brandy isn't beyond being a part of a threesome, or so I've heard. She seems keen on being the three with Kelvin and Serena. My one save is that Serena isn't too keen on sharing Kelvin with anyone else, which is why she makes it her business to be at all the shows, like it or lump it. She designs jewelry for a web business and carries her work with her, so she can travel with the band.

Try as I might, Brandy won't pay me the time of night once Kelvin is in the room. I shake my head and realize the other groupies have moved on and grab myself another beer or two. May as well drink away the loneliness and rub one

out later back at my room. Maybe one of these chicks will give the drummer a hummer and that will have to do. Sometimes I take the action in whatever way I can.

I go back to my room, alone and wonder what Brandy ended up doing. I hope she spent the night alone, that would serve her right. The next day we travel to a twin city where we'll perform a solo concert at the theater for a smaller crowd. I'm okay about it as it helps us to relax more when we play for a smaller audience. But there's nothing compared to a large crowd by the tens of thousands all crammed into a giant arena. Doing those concerts are great too. They all serve a good purpose.

I walk outside from our current motel room, aiming to walk down to the barbecue place on the corner. I spy the lady who's captivated my attention.

"Brandy!" I smile brightly as she turns. She's also headed in that direction, alone.

"Wesley!" she says mocking my enthusiasm.

"Want some company? I'm heading to dinner," I say.

"Sure, why not," she says as she flings her long auburn tresses over her shoulder. I catch up and walk in stride next to her.

"Why does she have to be here?" she asks in reference to Serena.

I smile again. Now's my chance. "You have a thing for Kelvin, don't you?" I ask.

"So, what?" she asks as she scowls.

"Honey, it's obvious. But it's also obvious he only has eyes for Serena. You'd be better off to focus your attention elsewhere," I advise.

"Hmph. Like I care. Really," Brandy says as she shakes her head and rolls her eyes. Then she laughs.

"You okay?" I ask as I shove my hands in my pockets. We're walking slowly.

"I'm pathetic, huh?" she asks.

"No, not pathetic, just a diehard lead guitarist fan," I say.

"I know, I need to move on. I mean I've tried to get his attention. Who's to say he may not like me more if he'd just give me a try?"

"You don't want a guy that dumps his girl so quick and easy like that. Who's to say he wouldn't do the same thing to you?" I lift my brow.

"Wow, I hadn't really thought of it like that. Look at us with you counseling me,"

she says and giggles.

"Yeah, pull up on the sofa, Wesley the relationship counselor is in session," I say.

Brandy laughs. I'm hoping she'll open and listen to me and maybe change her mind about me. I'm an idiot and don't come out and say it. Perhaps it's my pride because I think she should be falling all over me. I mean between Kelvin and me, I'm as good looking and super cool as he is. I don't see why she's so torn up about it.

"You're funny," she says. It's all she says. I shrug and move on with it.

We are seated at a small table amongst the crowd. I fear being recognized as the drummer of Going Bonkers, but no one notices or cares. I realize not everyone is a fan of rock music. I dare to keep talking about the previous subject as I lean toward her over the tiny table while we're waiting for our food.

"You know, for your own happiness, I think you should look elsewhere for a boyfriend," I say and smile. I cock a brow at her and hope she takes the hint.

"Mmmm, yeah, you're probably right. I'm not sure I want a long-term boyfriend or just a fun hookup. I think with Kelvin it's the thrill of the chase. Normally I don't have issues landing a guy, but you know, he's playing very hard to get and that sparks my urge to conquer him," she says and takes a long drink.

She's not getting the point I'm trying to make. "All I'm saying is look around,

there are others who will reciprocate your advances. You can get stuck barking up the wrong tree and life will pass you by because you're trying to attain something that is unattainable, or you can look around and see with fresh eyes that which is better for you," I say. I'm like all philosophical or something right now. I should pull out a pen and paper and write a ballad for the band to do.

A cursory glance at the phone and I bolt upright. "Got to run. The band is wanting a practice before the show. See you on the flip side. I hope you heard me and take my advice to heart," I say as I reach out and touch Brandy on the shoulder. I throw a wad of bills down to cover our meal and I'm out the door and running up the road as fast as I can.

"Dude, we need our drummer," Kelvin says as I run to the drums.

"Sorry, had dinner late, got caught up in talking," I say as I take my place.

After we rip through half of the songs, we exit the stage because the line is building up outside. To the dressing rooms, we go, and I pull out the tight faded jeans that make the girls go wild. I had my say with Brandy and whether she heard me is strictly up to her.

The crowd goes wild as we enter the stage. I raise the drumsticks and take a bow. I spy Brandy on the front row. She changed into a skirt and top with a jean vest and her famous high-heeled boots. She smiles at me, her brow lifts. Hope surges through my body. Kelvin says his hello and as the crowd screams and claps, I lift the drumstick and click them together and we launch into the first song.

We're a hit as we introduce new songs and Brandy stands on her seat. She's

pumping her hand and I grin at her, making her scream. It's as if she's seeing me for the first time and likes me. Suddenly, she bends forward and pulls her panties down, catching a leg hole on her boot heel and then frees the pair. I'm banging along with the beat and she twirls the panties in her hands above her head. In one fell swoop, she slings the pair and they land square in my lap. I can't help but grin as she grins up at me and screams more. What luck! The panties help me to finish the show like a pro as I launch into my drum solo, it's my moment to shine. As I'm banging along, the panties slip from my lap and land on the floor. But I must keep going to finish it. Finally, it's done, and I freeze. The crowd yells and claps and we stand and take a bow right where we are. Before exiting the stage, I reach down and pluck up Brandy's panties and shove them into the front of my pants.

I can't believe my luck. I have Brandy's panties in my pants. The upswing of backstage passes throngs us as we make our way to the conference room in the back. I never understood why it's called a conference room. It should be called a party room or party central. The fans with the passes want us sweaty and in the clothes we wore during the concert, so we always go straight to party central.

I can't find Brandy anywhere. The throng of people are the fans with backstage passes. Our groupies aren't in here because of the fire code. Only Kelvin has Serena because she's the official girlfriend. Maybe next time I can make that claim about Brandy. The party lasts until three in the morning. The keg in the center magically refills and keeps everyone having a good time. I'm tired and ready to hit the hay.

We have another concert in two days. I tucked Brandy's panties away when I came back to my room and had been busy traveling to the next location. She traveled in a different vehicle, so I didn't see her much. I know she's around and I have plans to make her notice me today.

I take a nap before our practice set, I need to refresh so I'll have the energy for

the show and the plans I have for after the show. I will make an appearance to the backstage pass fans at the party room. After that, I will summon a certain young lady for a special night.

The black panties have sat in my duffle bag since the night before last when I stuffed them in there after Brandy threw them at me. I pull out the pair and smile. Bringing it to my nose causes an instant erection. As my cock stiffens, I step out of my underwear. I have plans and need to wear the panties. They are cool and tight as I pull them over my waist. My cock and balls tuck in nicely with the tip of the head poking out of the top. I can't have that, I need to dress and appear in front of thousands for the show. Then I have a special show in mind for a sexy young lady.

I grab my drumsticks and make my way to backstage. We enter from different locations to shake things up a bit. The last time we marched through the crowd and very few saw us until we clambered onto the stage. Our manager says that's risky that a crazed fan could grab us and make it difficult to carry on with the show. Tonight, we're being lifted from the back and my drumsticks are the first to make the appearance. It will drive the crowd wild.

I smile to myself as we walk to the lifting platform. The panties on my ass rub me just right. So, what if I get a stiffy? At least it pops out of the top and I can play through the set without too much worry.

The lift moves up and my sticks appear followed by me and the five others. The crowd screams and yells and our songs commence. We drive home the beat, rocking the arena and driving the ladies nuts with our new ballads. I glance down and see Brandy staring up at Kelvin like he's a god or something. On the side of the stage is Serena and she also is watching and smiling. She doesn't see Brandy. It disappoints me to see how Brandy is reacting like she didn't hear a word I said to her last week. I don't care, I'm wearing her panties and still plan to call her to my dressing room after I make the appearance at the after party.

When the concert ends, we wave and bow to the audience. Already, the backstage pass holders are making their way to party central. I drop my drumsticks by my room and make up the tail of the band entering the yelling, whooping fans. Girls act like they will pass out if we speak to them. I smile and charm the ladies and guys in the room.

One chick is breathing hard like she's about to pass out, literally. I put my hand on her back. "Honey, we're just people like you," I say as I rub her back and help her to calm down.

"Says you," Eric says as he laughs and moves on to another fan.

I spend a few more minutes with the fans and ease my way to the door. I need to connect with Brandy. Again, the groupies aren't in party central due to space. I walk through the back hall to the dressing rooms. I see Angela, another groupie, and she's waiting for our bass player.

"Ang, can you ask Brandy to come to my dressing room, please?" I ask as I offer her a smile.

"Sure," she says and disappears. The groupies are gathered in Amos' room waiting for the backup singer and keyboard player to appear with his latest and greatest fan.

I situate myself on the chair. I have a towel over my lap, I want to show her something. The soft knock helps me rise to the occasion. I pat my stiffening cock

and smile. "Come in," I say and paint the smile on my face.

Brandy opens the door, but her face is turned down the hall. She flashes a smile at me and holds up her finger. "Just a minute," she mouths. I watch as she grins at someone and makes a face. I hear Kelvin laugh and roll my eyes. Dammit, the man is horning in on my fun. I can't seem to get Brandy's attention long enough to make her look at me. I glance down at my lap and suck in a deep breath. I'm going to do this.

"So sorry, you know how it is," she says.

"Kelvin?" I ask flatly.

"Yes, how did you know?" she asks with a broad smile stretched across her face.

"Is Serena with him?" I ask.

"Yes," she says as her smile disappears.

"You know, he's thinking of popping the question," I say as I look at her.

"Really? Does he even know I have a thing for him?" she asks.

Aw, the moment of truth, my chance to pull her away from her obsession with Kelvin. "Yes, and he's clearly only interested in Serena. Like I said before, you need to put your attention on the one who is interested in you," I say.

Brandy shuts the door and steps into the room. "And who would that be?" she asks as she flings herself onto the couch. Is she really that dense?

Ahem. I smile at Brandy. May as well just show her what I mean by drawing her attention on the one who is interested in her. "Brandy, I need to show you something. Perhaps this will help you make some decisions about your life," I say as I place my fingers on the edge of the towel.

She turns her blue eyes to me, those beautiful light blue pools of deep hope. I want to be the object of her desire. "Remember what you threw at me last week?" I ask as I grin.

She looks down as if searching her memory. "At you?" she asks.

Really? I smile and forge ahead anyway. I yank the towel from my lap and stand up, so she can see the panties on my ass. She does a doubletake and furrows her brow. "Are those my panties? On you? You're wearing my panties? The ones I threw at Kelvin?" she asks.

Oh sure, I was set up on the stage directly behind Kelvin. Of course. She overthrew the damn things. I frown. "I thought you threw them at me. I thought that perhaps you were into me now," I say as I stretch my lips thin.

She shakes her head. "No, I did not. You know I have a thing for Kelvin, not you. I never had a thing for you, Wesley. You're dreaming," she says as she keeps shaking her head.

My cock extends anyway. I'm not letting her get away with it this time. Kelvin is a dead end. I'm a live wire, she can spark with me. I advance to her. "Don't shake your head. Brandy, I think you knew exactly who you were throwing your panties at. I sat there playing and watching you the entire time. Doesn't that mean something?" I ask as I step closer.

"No, it doesn't. I didn't throw them at you, it was an accident. What are you doing, Wesley?" Brandy says. She's wide-eyed and grimacing.

I can no longer take it. I've had a thing for this girl for a while. She's a groupie with the intent of bedding down a taken man. She should consider time with me an honor. I walk to her and thrust my pelvis at her. "See what you've done to me," I say. It's more of a tease, but I'm hoping to reach her horny side.

Suddenly, her eyes grow wider and she pummels her fist, smacking it directly at my balls. I'm so shocked by the hit that I don't make a sound except to say, "Oof," and fall over onto my knees. She got in three good smacks to my poor balls before I fell forward. The pain rushes through my body and I'm at a loss for what just happened. I swing my watering eyes at her in disbelief.

Brandy giggles as I llop over and hold myself, crying. The pain had a delayed reaction and now I'm doubled over and can't make it stop. She pulls out her phone and starts snapping pictures of me as I'm sitting in the floor, curled up like a fetus and rocking while I'm literally crying. It's the cruelest behavior and I didn't think she was capable of it.

"What are you doing?" I spit out between sobs.

"I'm taking a photo of a baby wearing my panties. One who was about to try some funny business with me. I stopped you and now I'll keep stopping you. Insurance," she says as she snaps her phone.

"Please, stop," I say as I manage to sit up and hide my crotch.

Brandy throws her head back and roars with laughter. "Stop? Why didn't you stop? I mean, really? You call me into your room and show me your ass in my panties and approach me. What was I supposed to do?" she asks.

"I wasn't going to hurt you. I thought it was funny. I wouldn't have tried anything with you. You could have just left instead of ball busting me as you did," I say. I'm trying very hard to remain calm.

"Nope, you exposed yourself to me. I realize I'm a simple groupie, but that doesn't give you the right to take advantage of me or to assume I'd want you to take advantage of me," she says.

Doesn't it though? I am still reeling in pain and can't think straight. She was beyond cruel. "That was uncalled for, Brandy. You know me better than that. What else am I supposed to think when your panties land in my lap during a concert?" I ask.

"For starters, use your mouth. You can ask me out. Ask me if I'm interested in you," she says.

"I thought all the talks we had I had hinted pretty heavily about my feelings for you," I say.

"No, I commiserated about my feelings towards Kelvin and you tried to talk me out of having feelings toward him."

"Yes, I lent you a shoulder on which to cry. I was kind and bought you dinner even. I kept suggesting you focus on someone else," I say.

"Next time don't be a bonehead and come out with it. I was and still am consumed with Kelvin. I know he has a girlfriend, but as of this evening he's not married to her nor has he proposed yet. Now I'm wondering if you are telling the truth there because you want me for yourself," Brandy says.

"I am telling you the truth. And I'm sorry you think I'm such a dud that you had to bust me in the balls. I never did anything to you to merit this behavior," I say.

"Oh, didn't you? Wearing my panties is bad enough," she says.

"You threw them at me."

"Exposing yourself to me. That caught me off guard. I didn't want you trying

something I didn't want," she says.

"So, you keep saying. And as I said, I wasn't going to force myself on you. I honestly thought you were into me," I say.

"Well, now you know. And now to determine what to do with this," Brandy says as she waves her phone through the air.

"What do you mean, exactly? You just busted me in the balls, I think we're even," I say as I relax a bit because the pain has subsided.

Brandy busts out laughing as she's viewing the video, she made of me. "Look at you, on the floor in my panties, crying like a baby. Boy, did I do well in defending myself," she says.

"You didn't have to defend yourself, I wasn't going to lay a hand on you if you didn't want it," I say.

The laughter echoed into the halls, I'm sure. Finally, she sits down on the couch and tilts her head. "You know, we could have some fun here. I mean, you need to learn a lesson about how to go about asking a girl out."

I sit up and clear my throat. "What do you mean? What do you want to do?" I'm no longer interested in doing anything with the woman who so easily busted my balls.

"Well, I'm sure you don't want your fans to know what you've done. I have an idea. I'm sorry, had you not done this, I wouldn't have the video, so this is your fault. But now I want to have some fun with you. If you don't go out with me and have fun, I will show this video to your fans. I don't think you want them to see you rocking in the floor wearing my panties while you were bawling like a baby, do you?"

"No, of course not. What do you want from me?" I sit up ready to swallow my medicine and get this done.

"Okay, I want you to dress like a woman. I have an outfit in my room at the motel. We can go out and see if anyone recognizes you. I bet they won't. Take one of the wigs you have in the props trunk." When I didn't say anything, she shook her head. "Or I'll just send this out. Going Bonkers drummer, Wesley, in women's panties crying like a baby."

"Okay, I'll do it." I sigh.

Brandy claps her hands. "Goodie! We'll do this tomorrow evening. There's a cool club in town we can hit. Come to my room tomorrow at six. Bring a wig. And oh, bring your tie-up boots, it will be perfect with the outfit I have in mind," she says. She leaves me and I'm still guarding my tender crotch. Now I don't feel like partying. I make my way to the same motel, only thankfully, I'm on the other side from her. After getting a good night's sleep I make my way through the day, keeping to myself. At six I make my way to Brandy's room. Before last night this would have been a wonderful experience. But since I've discovered she has a tremendous cruel side, I approach her room with extreme trepidation. Carrying the long black wig and my boots I knock on her door.

"Perfect. You're right on time," Brandy says.

I step inside and give her myself. She transforms me into a drag queen that looks along the lines of a vampire's wife with the long dark hair. I kind of like the eye makeup, dark eyeliner, and eyeshadow, the almost black lipstick, gives me a punk rocker appearance. But the dress, a black skirt that hits me mid-thigh and the ruffled red blouse only serves to make me look silly. Still, I have on another pair of her panties and this time I'm secretly liking it. We leave the motel and thankfully no one sees us as the cab picked us up in front of her room. She's also wearing a black mini-skirt and a low-cut shirt with her spike-heeled boots. It gives me rise to watch her body wiggle as she walks.

I step into the role of being a woman. Being an entertainer makes it easy. I'm unrecognizable and Brandy promises she won't out me. As Wanda, I walk into the club on Brandy's arm and she gets to pretend she's a lesbian. She laughs about it because she has dabbled in it before telling me she dated a drag queen before meeting up with us and missed the days of going out with her lover dressed as a woman.

We drink, and dance and I flit around like I mean it, wiggling my hips as I walk and batting my eyes, even at other men. Brandy is loving it and for some sick reason, I want to impress her. She pulls into my arms as the DJ plays sexy music. She grinds into me so of course, my cock extends. I can feel the head poking out of the tiny black lacy panties. I mean without a hard on I barely fit. Brandy giggles when she notices, and her hand moves up and squeezes over my hard package. I'm glad to see that I still work and now I'm happy that she is interested.

I pull her to me and squeeze over her ass. "Come on, baby, let's take a trip back to your room," I say and hope that she's nice and receptive.

We hailed a cab and couldn't keep our hands off each other on the ride back.

Brandy became nice and pliable in my hands as she slid her hand up my skirt and grasped my cock, giving it a nice squeeze. I groan for it has been a while since I've come. My hands wander all over her body, her curves soft and warm. When the cab pulls up in front of the motel again, we hesitate to part, we're so into one another. I drop the bills into his hand and bid him farewell as we take off in a run to her door. She fumbles with the keys. I see out of the corner of my eye some of the others coming in and they are looking our way. I can't be seen.

"Hurry," I whisper. Finally, Brandy thrusts open the door and we stumble inside, shutting out the world behind us.

Brandy is all over me. She hops up into my arms, her legs entwining around my waist. Our lips meet and her tongue forces through. She's very turned on by me being in drag. I shrug and lurch forward to the bed. I don't bother with undressing. Brandy shimmies out of her panties and only lifts her skirt, her muff bare. I smile as I lift my skirt, my cock already poking out of the top of the lacy panties. I thrust the pair down and over my boots, tossing it to the floor along with Brandy's pair. We're all over each other as she lifts her legs and pulls me to her. With my cock in hand, I rub the head over her muff, focusing on her stiffening clit. She moans and arches her back. I rub over it and bring a hand to her chest as she lifts her shirt. She's not wearing a bra, to my delight. My fingers brush over her taut nipple and gently squeeze.

"Oh fuck! Fuck me hard! Fuck me, Wesley," Brandy says with enthusiasm.

Her pelvis bucks up and down as she comes, her body seizing. I thrust my cock through her warm moist slit feeling the pulses of pleasure she's experiencing and press inside her all the way. I groan and pull in and out with vigor, no longer denying the action I've so carefully dreamed of having for a long time now, minus the ball busting from last night, of course.

"Uh, fuck!" The cum pools into my cock as I fuck her harder and harder. She claws at my hips and her body seizes a second time, the orgasm taking her by surprise. I lurch forward and dump my load into her bare pussy, squeezing every drop out that I can. We moan and rock through the waves of undulating pleasure until I've squirted the last bit into her. Only then does she release me, and I collapse on the bed beside her. Both of us are on our backs catching our breath.

Brandy rolls to her side and pulls up on her arm, looking down at me. She giggles as she brushes the wig hair from my face. "If you could see how silly you look now, after a good fucking," she says.

I rise and yank the wig from my head. Fucking women's clothing. I know I look ridiculous, but I'm a rock star, a drummer in a semi-famous rock band. I'm sure I rock the look but it's time to go back to being just me.

"Now, before I head back to my room, I'd like a shower and my own clothes, please," I say as I swing my legs down and stand.

"Oh no, you don't!" Brandy jumps up as I turn to her, wide-eyed. She grins. "Not without me. The last one to the shower is a rotten egg." She runs in front of me beating me to it.

"I guess I'm a rotten egg," I say as I pull off the skirt and blouse. She's already naked and starting the shower. I join her as we soap our bodies. She scrubs me, causing my cock to rise again. I groan.

"You know, you really hurt him yesterday," I say as I pull her roughly to me.

"I'm sorry. I needed to make sure you weren't going to try something with me I wasn't ready for," she says.

"Seems like you're ready now," I say as I lower my face to her and kiss her.

"Seems like you learned your lesson. Next time just ask me. And there will be a next time. I kind of like Wanda," she says as she grins.

"As long as Wanda doesn't get a ball busting."

"No, Wanda's safe in my hands now."

THE END