

SCARLETT STEELE



OBNOXIOUS BUSINESSMAN BECOMES A  
CROSSDRESSING

SISSY

MAID

# **Obnoxious Businessman Becomes A Crossdressing Sissy Maid**

By Scarlett Steele

Evan buckled the suitcase shut, the trip looming ahead. He worked as a retail representative for a large manufacturer which had him traveling all over the country, several times a week. The company paid for air and hotel and always gave him top-notch travel details. He flew first class both ways, enabling him room to stretch which helped him do work on his laptop while in the air.

The flight attendant walked by carrying a drink for the passenger behind him. Evan looked up at her. "I'll have one of those too," he said.

He only ordered stuff so he could watch her bend over and he could easily look within the button up shirt at her mountain of cleavage. He didn't try to hide the fact that he looked. She bent over and set the glass of iced water on the tray on the other side of his seat. She saw him gawking at her and squinted at him.

"Like you don't appreciate it," Evan commented.

The flight attendant had already stood up and was walking away. She paused and turned around. "Pardon? Did you say something?" she asked in a dare for him to further comment inappropriately.

"I think you heard me. You women wear your clothing to reveal your goods and you don't expect us to look?" Evan was full of vinegar today.

"I think you, sir, need to cool off. Stop looking at women as your playthings," she spat and turned on her heels walking away.

For the rest of the flight, a male flight attendant took care of Evan with a cool reception. Evan chuckled at how the woman seemed afraid of him. He pulled the male flight attendant closer.

"Say, where'd the looker go? Did I offend her with my compliment? And it was a compliment," Evan said.

"Sir, she wasn't comfortable around you, so we traded stations. You need to get a hold of your senses and stop before it turns into a sexual assault case," the male flight attendant said.

Evan sat back and hmped. "People and their touchy sense of what's right. Shit, just trying to pay a girl a compliment," he said.

The plane landed late, and Evan had to rush right to the first meeting with the store owner. Check in at the hotel would have to wait. The company paid for a fancy meal at a top-rated restaurant for the client. It was a common thing for these types of meetings. Evan expected the best of everything. After the meeting with the client, he was tired and just wanted to check in before the meeting in the evening. The cab pulled up to the 5-star hotel where the bellhop immediately pounced forward to grab his suitcase.

After check-in, the bellhop escorted Evan to his room on the third floor. It pissed Evan off that he wasn't on the higher floors with a better view.

"Sir, business class is on floors three through five," the clerk said. She looked on her computer screen as he signed in.

"Then give me a room on the fifth floor," Evan said gruffly. The man was incorrigible.

"Sir, I'm sorry, we're booked solid. The only other rooms available are on the first and second floor at the economy rate with two double beds. I assure you, your room is spacious and comfortable. You also have free access to the gym and a buffet breakfast in the morning, all on us," she said.

Evan huffed as he turned away. "Thanks," he uttered and followed the bellhop up to the third floor.

The young man set his bags by the luggage rack and stood quietly by the door. Finally, he spoke. "Is there anything else, sir?"

Evan regarded the young man. "Oh yeah, you people always want a tip. Good thing I carry some extra," he grumbled as he thrust his hand in his pocket and produced a five-dollar bill for the bellhop. It was enough to send the young man on his way.

The evening meeting droned on longer than Evan wanted, but he couldn't very well up and leave. After all, it was his job to convince these retailers to buy the goods he peddled. When he wanted to be, Evan was very charming and nice. A big and gruff man, he always put off the air of authority. He knew what he liked and how he liked it.

The fact that he had a company card with an unlimited spending account gave him the freedom to expect only the best from his traveling experiences. When he was charming, women swooned in his presence. He had the charm of an old-world actor in the romance movies of yesteryears. But when he wasn't in a good mood, only his mother could love the man.

The next morning, he laid out the clothing for the day, so he could step fresh from the shower and dress. Shoes were shined to perfection, the shirt nicely pressed, coat and trousers dry-cleaned. Yes, it was all in place just as he expected.

He pitched the wet towels from his shower behind the bathroom door. He didn't like having to step around the filth. He left for the meeting and placed the Requested Maid Services sign on the door. He was very particular about coming back to a spotless room. The meeting was another long one that lasted well through lunch. It was a success too and he celebrated with a stop at the bar on the way back to the hotel. He didn't have any other meetings but couldn't catch a flight out until the next day, so he set out to enjoy his stay.

Evan stopped drinking before he became too inebriated. The female bartender flirted with him. He was used to that because he was a handsome man being tall and fit and early thirties and single. He often joked his looks was a curse because he had to beat the women off with a stick. His handsomeness often caused women to swoon initially, but then they discover his crass nature and gruffness and it turned them off. He really needed to work on that.

The hotel doorman greeted him politely. Evan was tired and ready for some rest and relaxation over the next day and just wanted to relax in his nice clean room. The maid had been by because she left the banner across the toilet. He sighed, contentedly, and shut the bathroom door out of habit. The wet towels he'd laid there this

morning was still there in a wadded pile behind the door and smashed against the wall. He felt the anger building at the sight. He marched out of the room and picked up the phone.

"I want to see the maid that cleaned my room. Room 326," Evan boomed into the phone.

Within ten minutes a young lady knocked on the door. Evan let her in and gave her a fake smile.

"I'm Camille the maid that cleaned your room," she said. She stood a good head and shoulders shorter than him, with auburn hair pulled back into a ponytail. She wore the black maid dress with a white apron and a white bandana tied to her head.

"Come here, I want to show you something," Evan said. He led her into the bathroom and partially shut the door. "See this mess? This filth was here this morning when I left, and it was still here when I returned. What do you have to say for yourself?" Evan's condescending tone took Camille by surprise.

"Oh sir, I'm so sorry. I didn't see it. I cleaned everything else..."

"Not good enough. I don't know what they expect in hiring low lives who probably don't even keep their own homes clean. You can pick up the filth now and re-mop the floor," Evan said gruffly.

Camille frowned and plucked up the pile of wet towels. She stepped out and came back to mop the floor again. Evan stepped in and watched her mop just the area where the wet towels were sitting.

"Nope, not good enough. I want the entire room re-mopped," Evan snapped. He crossed his arms over his chest, towering over her like a hulking bully. She trembled and backed away a step.

"Sir, I already mopped the floor earlier today," Camille said. Her voice wavered as if she were about to cry.

"If you had then you would have discovered the wet towels," he said. He shook his head. He stood in the doorway watching her mop his eyes glaring at her the entire time. Finally, she finished.

"Does this meet with your approval?" she asked.

"Well, this whole scenario doesn't. But the floor is clean now, though it should have been cleaned before," Evan said.

"I'm so sorry, sir. I got too much in a hurry to finish the room. I will do better tomorrow," Camille said and pushed out the door.

Evan walked back into the room mumbling. "Whatever they pay you it's too much. You're worthless." He didn't think she heard that part, but she did.

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Camille couldn't wait to get away from room 326. The bastard had the gall to call her a low life and worthless. She works harder than any maid in the entire hotel. That morning she was late to work because the bald tire on her car finally gave out. The flat tire happened too far from work for her to walk. She had to wait on roadside assistance to come to change it. She was so thankful for adding that rider to her insurance policy last month when she finally received a raise at work. Being late put her behind on cleaning the rooms assigned to her. She figured if she simply worked faster she could catch up. It was a big mistake to do that in room 326. She'd missed things here and there before because, after all, she was only human. Most of the guests at the hotel were nice and courteous. She even made a killing in tips because of her attention to detail. But this one-off day due to a flat tire and a cranky albeit handsome guest set her teeth on edge.

"Oh my, Camille, what's got you so flustered?" Shannon asked. She pushed her cleaning cart to the elevator taking the dirty laundry down.

"Can I add these wet towels to it?" Camille asked. Her voice was so tense even she was surprised at the tone.

"Ride with me," Shannon said. She shoved her cart through the service elevator doors and Camille followed.

"The bastard in room 326. He's such a fucking jerk," Camille said. The heat rose in her face and she was sure steam came out of her ears.

Shannon wiped a hand over her flaxen blonde hair and adjusted the bandana. "Okay, tell me what he did," she said.

"I was late to work this morning, you know flat tire, well I thought I'd just hurry and catch up with work. Of course, I missed something in room 326, the wet towels. I didn't see the towels

shoved behind the door. I just cleaned the room the day before and it was a guest staying so I only cleaned the high points, like they taught us to do.

I mopped around the toilet and tub and didn't swing the door shut. I missed the pile of wet towels he stashed behind the door. He came in this afternoon and was super pissed. He called the front desk and requested the maid who had cleaned his room come by. So, I did. That's why he proceeded to show me the error of my ways. He called me a low life. He said the hotel shouldn't hire low lives who probably couldn't keep their own homes clean," Camille said. The tears escaped as she heaved a deep breath.

"He called you a low life?" Shannon placed her hand on her hip as she scowled.

"Not directly. A reference more to the maids I suppose, but yes, in effect, to me. He stood over me after I apologized for it and while I mopped the entire bathroom floor because just mopping the area where the towels had sat wasn't good enough. He's a damn bully," Camille said.

"You should tell our boss," Shannon said.

"You know what else he said? And I'm not sure if he meant for me to hear it, but as I was walking away he mumbled. He said whatever pay I earn is too much. He said I'm worthless," Camille said.

Shannon shook her head. She was angry on behalf of her friend. "No, telling Mr. Avery about it won't be good enough. Because I know what he'd say, the customer is always right," she said.

"See? That's why I won't tell him. I'll be okay, I just need to get over it," Camille said.

"No, Mr. 326 needs to be taught a lesson. He should not be allowed to get away with belittling you like that," Shannon said.

"Yeah, well, what am I supposed to do? What can I do?" Camille set her eyes on her friend. "It's not like I can punish the man for it. I mean he'd have my job so quickly. He's that type. He'd bring the wrath of the pink slip down on me so fast I'd be in the unemployment line before I could blink."

Shannon's face set into determination. "I have an idea. But it will take two of us and you'd get to take out the revenge on the man," she said.

"I don't want to do anything that could lose my job. He'd go to Mr. Avery so fast..." Camille shook her head vehemently.

Shannon smiled a cruel smile that showed the wheels turning in her head. "No, you won't lose your job. Mr. Room 326 won't tell, not when we're done. In fact, if we play it outright, he'll be begging us to keep quiet."

"How?" Camille's eyes lit up as she watched her friend march to the laundry room. Shannon spun around on her.

"Do you trust me? Are you with me on this?" Shannon asked.

"I trust you, more than I trust that jerk," Camille said.

Shannon grabbed Camille's arm and pulled her deeper into the laundry room. They ended up in the supply closet and Shannon shuffled through the maid outfits. She kept pulling one out and checking the size. "How tall is he? Describe him to me," she asked.

"Um, he's like this tall," Camille said as she stood on her tippy toes and reached above her head to a spot on the wall. "He's handsome, bulky build like he works out, lifts weights. Big feet." She held her hands out showing how long his foot was.

"Good. This one should do," Shannon said as she plucked a dress from the hangers. She smiled wickedly and laid it over a box. Next, she grabbed an apron and a bandana. "We need to make it complete. Find a pair of shoes that might be in his size."

Camille furrowed her brow. "What? Oh. Oh!" Her eyes widened. "Okay, so how will we get him to wear these?"

Shannon laughed. "Fear not, Shannon has some tricks up her sleeves," she said as she unbuttoned the front of her dress. "Do you carry makeup to work?"

"Makeup? I have my purse items like compact, lipstick," Camille said.

Shannon gathered all the items and nodded to the locker room. "I have makeup in my locker. Yes, see, eyeliner, eyeshadow. He'll be so pretty!" She threw her head back and laughed heartily.

"I'm not following. You think he's going to just sit down and let us make up his face and put the dress on?" Camille shook her head.

"You have no faith in me. I told you, I have my ways," Shannon said as she wiggled her chest.

"So, you're going to wiggle your girls in his face and he'll be putty in your hands?" Camille asked.

"Sit. Learn from the master. I'm going to start this thing and you're going to finish it," Shannon said.

"I can't see doing this and keeping my job. Can you just do it without me?" Camille asked.

"Honey, I'm doing this for you. And trust me, I'll be doing a lot in the beginning. But you need to take the middle and finish it. Now, look on the roster and tell me his name," Shannon said.

Camille read through the pages and found room 326. "Evan Parkman."

"Evan. Okay. Is he good looking? You said he was handsome, cause if he is that will make this a ton easier," Shannon said.

"Yes, he's handsome. I mean I was like crushing on the man when I first came to his door. But then his shocking rude behavior totally turned me off," Camille said.

Shannon grimaced. "Okay, when you say totally, does that mean you wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole? Or if he were to, say, apologize for being a jackass, would you let him buy you a drink, maybe a kiss?" She lifted her brow.

"Um, well, maybe if he was extra sweet I might let him. Why? Do you think I should get him to ask me out?" Camille was so confused.

"No silly. I'm just hoping this will be easier if he's handsome and redeemable," Shannon said.

"Not sure he has any redeemability in him." Camille giggled.

"You'll be in a situation where you could totally take advantage of him if you so wish," Shannon said.

"Okay, I'll do it. Tell me exactly the plans," Camille said and leaned in as Shannon spilled the way they would get revenge on Evan.

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Evan balled his fists as the door shut and the stupid maid left. Now that his bathroom was clean, he trudged back inside and took the shower. He enjoyed bathing in a clean room and kept thinking of the inept young lady who didn't have a clue about how to clean anything. He toyed with marching down to the front desk and filing a complaint. Maybe later, he wanted to relax. He slipped into a pair of shorts and left his shirt off. It was cooler that way. With the remote in hand, he settled on the bed and flicked through the many channels. At least the hotel got that part right and offered the full package of cable's best. After settling on a show, he poured himself a drink. Got to love business travel with perks. Small bottles of gin, tequila, whiskey, and white and red wine were in the cooler. At least he had a variety and it might just be enough to help him completely relax.

After plucking up three bottles, he settled on the bed and became engrossed in the television show about a sailor traveling the world in a yacht. It was a dream he had to be able to do that someday. He'd hire a better maid than that inept Camille, that's for sure.

After downing the three bottles of alcohol, he hopped up for a fourth when the knock at the door startled him. When he opened the door a pretty blonde-headed maid smiled up at him, her blue eyes crystal clear. The alcohol made his head swirl and his libido come alive. She was a looker, but he normally didn't do people of her social status. Still, she sure was sexy with the buttons laying open and that mountain of flesh staring up at him. "Can I help you?" he asked.

"I'm Shannon, the head of housecleaning. Camille told me she had forgotten to clean part of your bathroom today. May I come in to inspect?" she said.

Evan smiled and nodded. "Sure, but I've showered since then," he said as he stepped to the side to let the pretty lady inside.

He followed her to the bathroom as the room door swung shut. She looked around and ran her hand over the vanity even. "Okay, it looks like she did her job when she came back," Shannon said. She turned and nearly ran into him because he was gazing at her ass.

"Oops, sorry. It's a bit cozy in here, huh?" she said. Her eyes were mesmerizing.

"Yeah, that's okay, sweetie," Evan said.

Shannon placed her hand on Evan's arm. "Are we okay then? I wanted to make sure you are happy and satisfied with your stay here. We like to go over and above in making sure all our guests' needs are met. Did we meet your needs with your approval and satisfaction?" she asked. Her hand rubbed up against his arm.

"Yes, I'm satisfied," Evan said as he gazed into her eyes.

"My, you sure have a nice physique," Shannon said as she gawked at his naked chest and arms. "May I?"

Evan swallowed hard as Shannon had her hand poised to touch his chest. He nodded eagerly. He wanted her to touch him. She ran her hand up his chest, over his hard nipples and to his shoulders. "My but you are well-built. Do you work out? I'm sorry, I really enjoy works of art," she said as she smiled and blushed. Her hand stayed on his chest.

"Yeah, I work out when I can." He thought about working out today but instead took a shower and drank. He's so glad he chose that route. Shannon was driving him crazy. She stepped closer, close enough he could feel her breath on his chest. He tilted his head and regarded her for a moment. Oh hell, throw caution to the wind and take the lady up on the obvious invitation. He was already half-naked and filled with heated desire for her.

Shannon looked up at him and her lips parted. She leaned in as he leaned in toward her. His lips touched hers and her hands encircled his neck as she pressed her soft curvy body to his rock-solid body. His hand moved over her, touching her, pawing at her. He wanted her and wanted her right at that moment. His hands found her rump and gently squeezed. He bent down and planted his lips on her neck as her head tilted back. She moaned and brought her hand to his head and laced her fingers through his hair. He found her breasts; his hand slid under the buttons and touched the silky fabric of her lacy bra.

Suddenly, the door thrust open and a flash emitted. Shannon shoved on the man hard and screeched. "Stop it! Stop it! I didn't give

you permission, you're raping me!" She backed up a bit, her eyes were wide and wild.

Evan whipped around, his cock was so hard it bulged in front of his shorts. Camille stood there as the door shut behind her, the cart at her heels. She had snapped a photo of him and Shannon. He was confused.

Shannon slapped his face. "You sonofabitch. Trying to take advantage of the hired help. Groping me, trying to rape me," she said as she stepped to Camille.

Evan furrowed his brow and stepped back. "What? Whoa! Little lady I wasn't about to rape you," he said as he shook his head.

"Yes, you were. I came in here to check on Camille's work and you lured me to your bed. You overpowered me and was about to rip my clothes off," Shannon said.

Camille held up her phone. "I have proof, plus I saw it with my own eyes. You were trying to rape her, you pervert. Plus, you were so rude to me earlier today. She told me to come by here for an inspection. Call me a low life. I'll show you low life. I'll call your work place and send this photo to your boss. Maybe then you'll think twice about taking advantage of poor unsuspecting souls," she said.

Evan shook his head. "Wait! I wasn't raping her. I swear," he said. His heart pounded over the thought of losing his job. It was his word against theirs and of course, people would believe the two of them over him.

"You did try to rape me. I think you need to be punished, you asshole," Shannon said.

"Please, what can I do? I swear that was not my intent."

"I think your boss needs to see the photo. Go ahead, Camille, send it to the front desk. This is sexual assault," Shannon said.

"No, please. Let me make it up to you. How much do you want?" Evan grabbed his wallet.

Shannon smiled and shook her head. "No, too easy. I think you need a dose of your own medicine. You do exactly as we say over the next two hours and we'll forget this little event took place," she said.

"Okay, anything. Name it," Evan said. He ran his hand over his head. Sweat beaded at the hairline already.

"Glad you agreed. First, put this on," Camille said as she thrust a bundle of clothing at Evan.

"What the... I'm not wearing a maid's uniform," Evan said.

"Okay." Camille pulled up her phone and started swiping her thumb over the screen.

"No! Wait, I'll put it on," Evan said.

He reluctantly took the bundle and went inside the bathroom. His face was flushed from the excitement and he had a mixture of anger and fear. They could ruin him. They asked for two hours. He resolved to swallow his pride and do as they asked. There was a pair of panties, a bra, a dress, a pair of ladies' socks and a pair of ladies' shoes, a maid full uniform. He swallowed hard as he pulled on the panties and bra. It was humiliating to look in the mirror and see a full-grown buffed man wearing feminine clothes. The dress he pulled over his head and he looked utterly ridiculous in the outfit. When he emerged, Shannon had cosmetics strung out on his bed.

"Have a seat, sweetie. We need to complete your look," she said. Camille had her hand on the SEND button with the photo attached ready to go out to the front desk.

Fuck, he'd have to do it. He perched on the bed and kept his face in a scowl as Shannon painted him with the cosmetics. She smiled, deceptively, at her work.

"There, all ready now," Shannon said as she backed away and admired her work on Evan's face.

"Perfect, I've sent the photo to you," Camille said to Shannon.

"Now, you're good to go. Do as Camille says. Or else, the photo goes," Shannon said.

"As well as our word against yours. And who will people believe? Us with evidence or you with a reputation for being rude?" Camille smirked at Evan.

Evan ground his teeth and stood. "Let's go." He followed the maid out the door and down the hall. She turned the corner and the first room on the right had the Maid Services Requested sign on the door. He followed her inside and she turned to him.

"You do make a right pretty drag queen maid. Shannon did a great job on you. And for the record, we have a photo of the finished work. One hand on me and I'll scream rape too," Camille said.

Evan narrowed his eyes. "What do you want me to do?" He turned and followed her into the bathroom.

Camille smiled up at the man. She did have a pretty face, even if she was vindictive. "Clean it as if it were your room, just the way you had expected me to clean yours," she said.

Evan grabbed the cleaning spray, cloth, mop, and mop bucket. He went to work cleaning the filthy grim left behind by the room occupant. He bent over the tub, scrubbing and shining it.

When Evan stood, he glanced around and saw Camille was busy in another part of the room. He walked to the mirror and felt a strange softness in his pants. The soft panties felt so nice against his cock. He had been turned on to the point of getting blue balls when Camille walked into the room and Shannon yelled rape. His cock swelled and thumped with desire within the panties. The air wafted upward between his legs. In a strange sort of way, he felt good and alive. He even smiled at his reflection and turned to see, with horror, that Camille was standing in the door smiling.

"Well, well, well, does our brute rude Evan feel pretty and prissy in the dress?" she asked.

Evan scowled wanting her to go away. Dammit, she caught him. "No, I think it's disgusting," he said.

"Nope, I don't believe it," she stepped forward, close. Suddenly her scent was in his nose, fresh honeysuckle. Her hair held back in the ponytail had flecks of gold among the auburn strands. Her bosom, not as big as Shannon's, was still nice. Her C-cups hid behind the dress. She must feel the same way he does in it. Free. Crotch nice and aired. Suddenly, he wanted to plant his face between her legs and root. He wanted to lift her on the bed and take her right there, right then.

"Little lady you're wrong," Evan said. His voice wavered because he was unconvincing.

"No, I don't think so. I think I just witnessed the birth of a drag queen. Maybe you suppressed the urges with your brute personality

and rude behavior, but I stood there for several minutes watching you admire yourself in the mirror. It's like you just discovered a brand-new toy that you never thought you'd enjoy playing with. Now I encourage you to embrace this new you. If you feel good and pretty, revel in it," Camille said.

Suddenly, the woman was beautiful, desirable, and probably right. Evan had strange dreams from time to time of him wearing feminine clothing and feeling pretty. He shoved those dreams way back and acted in the opposite direction. A rude brute, as she put it. He'd been an asshole. Now he's the one with egg on his face.

Camille stepped closer and ran her hand over Evan's chest. He tensed when she touched his bare skin where the dress opened. She furrowed her brow. "So, tense. Loosen up. It's okay. Let it out," she said. She walked to his back and grabbed his shoulders and dug her fingers in, rubbing and massaging. He groaned under her touch, he was losing his grip.

"Please, I'm not, I can't," Evan said. He shut his eyes. His cock gave it away.

"Oh, my. Look at the lady's dress. She's packing quite a stiff one in there. You've been to the brink and back today, all because you couldn't help your rude behavior," Camille said.

Evan groaned. Fucking cock, he needed attention. Camille stepped back around, looking up at him with her light brown eyes. She was a forgiving soul to be so kind to him. He couldn't give in, not again, not after what happened with Shannon.

"No," he said weakly.

"Yes. Let me show you what it's like. Come with me," Camille said. She led him like a puppy to the bedroom. The bed was just made by her minutes ago. The guest had gone out for the afternoon. Evan couldn't resist her, he just couldn't.

Camille shoved him over onto the bed. She took charge. Evan was putty in her hands. She had such soft hands. And he was told to do exactly as she said for two hours. Wait! Had it been two hours? He glanced at the clock on the bedside table. It hadn't been an hour yet. Hadn't it? His cock throbbed for attention. His sense dove into

his panties, where the soft silkiness rubbed against him, causing him to get even harder.

Her hand gently pulled up the dress until his pantied ass was in the open. She giggled. "I have to say I've never seen a hard cock in a pair of lacy panties. It's nice," she said as she touched it. He groaned. He had to have her, he wanted her bad.

"Do what you must," he said while biting his tongue. He wanted to tell her to jerk him off, or lick it, or fuck it, whatever. Just make him come. He knew she had to be in charge and he let her.

Camille pulled the panties down and plucked the cock until it was free and standing straight up. Her soft hands caused him to lurch forward. "Oh really? You like this?" She lifted her brow. Evan nodded and whimpered, wanting more, wanting control, but controlling his urges to take it.

She stepped back and came out of her shoes. Hot damn! Wearing a dress makes it so easy to yank down her panties and leave them on the floor. She hiked her dress and climbed on top of him, slowly, but also without an ounce of gentleness. He liked it. He liked seeing the girl who had cowered under his rude behavior earlier take charge.

"Uh, fuck!" Evan said when Camille hoisted her body over her and took hold of his cock in her firm grip. She maneuvered herself until his cock head was square under her soft, wet pussy. She slid down his pole effortlessly and he nearly lost it as he lurched forward with a deep moan.

"You're my bitch and I'll fuck you sideways to silly now," she said with a growl.

Evan's cock grew longer as she moved her little ass up and down over his stiff pole. The dress shifted around him, the bra rubbing against his tiny manly nipples. The panties he wore were wrapped around his ankles now, the lace soft on his feet. She moved like an expert, grinding her little ass each time she came down. When she moved up and nearly allowed his cock to fall from the soft folds between her legs, she came back down again, harder and faster. Soon, Camille's moans were louder than his. She bent forward and lifted her dress to watch his massive cock sawing

against her clit. He could feel her stiff little member rubbing against him every time she came up and down on him. She growled and grew wetter, mixed with his precum. Her face skewed and reddened as she bounced over him harder and harder and wiggled her hips violently, thrashing her upper body as she came. Her pussy squeezed around his cock, each moan she uttered, each growl accompanied the tight pulsating sensations he so enjoyed as she came. Suddenly, his cock grew longer, and he reached up out of sheer animal instinct, and grabbed her hips and thrust her up and down harder over his shooting cock.

"Oh, uh, fuck!" Evan yelled and thrashed his head around as he came, shooting a load of his hot cum straight up into Camille's soft hot pussy. Finally, the pulses of pleasure slowed, the rocking stopped. He was wasted, thoroughly spent. He dropped his hands and she settled right on him, with him still deeply embedded between her legs. She gingerly rose, the hot juices falling from between her legs. She laughed wickedly as she stepped back from him, leaving the mess they had just made all over his limping cock.

"And that's how it feels to be fucked," Camille said as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Evan stood, the dress falling softly around his knees. He yanked up the panties over his cum coated cock and smoothed the bed. Camille had pushed the cart out the door and was gone in a flash. He walked back to his room, thankful no one had seen him. He smiled as he stared at his fucked reflection in the mirror. The dress had a wet patch where his cock was and as he moved, it started stiffening again. Perhaps Camille was right, and he was a drag queen in denial.

THE END