

SISSIFIED

AND FEMINIZED AT THE BEACH HOUSE!



A TALE OF FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING

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Sissified and Feminized At The Beach House!

By Scarlett Steele

I squeeze into the small SUV with Jenny and Jeff. The invitation to go on vacation with them came at the best time for me. I'm about to graduate college and my parents gave me the funds for the vacation, claiming I'll be too busy job searching once I graduate. I have a few prospects out there, a start-up software and app company needs a financial director. A bank in town is looking for a new loan officer. My degree will be in business finance and I'm pumped about the job prospects. Truth be known, I'd rather jump in with the start-up company and grow with them. They have the investors and backing. Plus, I love tinkering with computers and know a little something about creating apps. Maybe they'd give me some freedom to play around with that department too.

Jenny peers around the seat at me and smiles. "Did you bring your Speedos?"

I laugh. It's a running joke that year before last I had forgotten my swim trunks and the only thing I could find in my size was a pair of tight Speedos. They loved teasing me endlessly about it.

"Nah, I have my hand-dandy trunks," I say.

Jenny smells wonderful as always. She keeps flipping her brunette hair over her shoulder. I think it's to tease at me sitting all alone in the backseat. She and Jeff chat about idle stuff while I gaze out the window and daydream. I want this holiday to be a time of relaxation and not of trepidation about the future. I'm pretty solid about the two job prospects though, especially with the start-up company. It takes over three and a half hours to arrive at the beachfront home. I sit up and eagerly look for the tiny sports car that Priscilla Eddings drives.

"Is your mom not here?" I ask.

"No man. You think I'd do this with her here. She's jetted off to Paris for the week, meeting a new lover," Jeff said. Jenny shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

"She has a business meeting in Paris," Jenny says. Priscilla Eddings is the best sales rep for a high-end cosmetics company. She often travels the world for the business. She's also a looker, sexy and fit. I enjoy it when she's around. Though she's very high maintenance, she enjoys showing off her fit body. Eye candy. My cock thumps in my shorts just thinking about her.

"Peter and Jessie will be staying with us too. We're meeting up later. They're flying in from DC." Jeff sets my bag on the driveway.

Peter and Jessie are friends. They both had internships in DC for their political science degree. Jenny will be the only female in a house full of males.

"Pick your room, Cruz," Jenny says to me. She and Jeff have their own rooms. There's another guest room and the den with a hide-a-bed. I sure don't want the den.

"You know, man, you can just stay in mom's room. She won't be back until two days after we leave. You'll have the best en suite bathroom too instead of having to share with the den." Jeff grins and punches Cruz in the arm.

"Okay, sounds good," I say as I pick up my bag.

"You may not find room in the drawers or closet for your things though," Jenny says as we climb the steps to the front door.

"It's all good. I'll just live out of my suitcase," I say.

The room reeks of Priscilla. The bathroom vanity is covered with her perfumes and powders. A silk robe hangs precariously over the hook by the entrance. I smile as I finger the soft silky material. It's cool and flows under my hand. I imagine Priscilla in it, her nipples poking through the thin material while she rushes around preparing for the day.

"Have everything you need?" Jenny asks. I jump back, my heart leaps into my throat. She startles me, and I blanch.

"Um, I guess," I say as I stutter for words.

"Towels? Washcloths? Hand towels?" Jenny's brow lifts. She didn't inherit her mother's golden hair or high cheekbones. She looks more like Edward Eddings with the lower brow and darker features. She's pretty in her own way. She shoves by me and looks under the cabinet. "Yes, you're good for a few days. We'll need to do laundry."

"Okay," I say and get out of her way. She reaches for dirty clothes hamper in the closet and pulls it out.

"A few of my mom's things in there but put your dirty stuff on top. That way you keep it out of the way. Just wash her stuff in the washer separate from yours. That can pay for your stay in her room," Jenny says. She tweaks me on the chin as she walks out the door.

I exhale making my cheeks expand. My heart is racing. Why do I feel like she almost caught me? I wasn't doing anything bad. Just running my fingers over that soft robe. Put it out of your mind, Cruz. I shake my head. The stupidest things distract me now.

We enjoy a couple of days of lazing in the sun and surf. Jenny acts interested in me the way she flirts with me more than with Jessie and Peter. Might be because Peter has a girl back at the University and Jessie just isn't that interesting to her. I chuckle about it. I'm not sure if Jeff would be down for me going for his sister. She's just two years younger, but she's grown, of legal age.

The others took off for the boardwalk to a shrimp shack at the end of the pier. I'm not a fan of shrimp so I opt to stay at the beach house and order pizza. I don't mind the alone time. After I eat the pizza and watch some TV I grow bored. Outside the sun has set and the night is cloudy. Just an inky blackness stares down at me when I walk outside and peer up at the sky.

I meander around the large home, looking at the knickknacks and photos of Priscilla and her kids. I end up back in the bedroom, her bedroom. The pale pink and cream comforter beckons me to lie down. It's a very feminine room with flowers and pretty things. I open the window shutters and enjoy the cool ocean breeze flowing through the window. In the distance, seagulls call as they traipse the beach for last minute crumbs left behind by the day's beach dwellers. Turning back to the room, I spot the robe hanging on the hook just inside the bathroom. Plucking it down I bring it to my face, it smells of a freshly bathed Priscilla. I noticed the same scent left behind on the bed linens. I won't lie, I've jacked off in the bed every night I've been here. Somehow, crawling between the same sheets where a gorgeous woman normally lies gives me a boner.

I open one of the drawers in the dresser because curiosity gets the best of me. If her robe is made out of silk, what about her underthings? The first drawer contains underwear, panties, in every color imaginable. Every pair is silk. My hand delightfully runs over the material. I love the way silk feels. I can't help it, I pull out a pair of pristine white panties. A soft lace lines the leg openings. Too easily, I pull off my shorts and jockeys, kicking the clothes across the floor. I giggle. Yes, masculine me, giggles. The panties slip over my legs and bind my cock and balls to me, but not tightly. Just snug enough I can feel the material slide over my stiffening phallus. A camisole the same color and same lace draws my attention in the second drawer. Yes, a matching set. I smile as I pull off my shirt and slip the luxurious item over my body.

The closet beckons. Priscilla doesn't hurt for evening gowns, that's for sure. I pull out a sequined royal blue number. The shoes don't fit, too bad though. I walk around the house in the blue sequined dress with the underwear underneath. My cock grows, and I walk into the hall bathroom and gaze at my silly reflection. The stiffy wants attention. Always. I try to walk back to the bedroom but my cock won't let me. Literally, it's pulsing against the silk panties, the body-hugging sequined dress presses it against me. Each step makes it grown longer and harder. I gulp because my hand won't listen to my head. It goes to my crotch, right there in the hall, and I rub one out.

A darkness stains the dress. Immediately, I'm embarrassed even though I'm home alone. Dammit, now I've soiled Priscilla's lovely dress.

I'm sure the dress is dry-cleaned only, but still, with hand soap and water, I wash out the evidence of my spooge. Just in the nick of time, I hang it back up in the closet and hope it will dry okay. Jeff, Jenny and the others walk into the house. I shove the soiled panties in the dirty clothes hamper with my clothes and the ones Priscilla left behind. No one will notice. The camisole isn't dirty, so I neatly fold it and slide it back into the drawer. Just in time, again.

"Hey, you, we missed you. What did you do while we were gone?" Jenny asked.

Do I look guilty? I shuffle on my feet, the heat rising in my cheeks. Dammit, does she know? "I ordered pizza and watched some TV. Enjoyed some fresh air. Nothing much else," I say and smile.

"Okay. I'm hitting the hay. Tomorrow's a big day. We have the yacht booked for some deep-sea fishing experience," she says.

"Right, guess I'll hit the hay too," I say.

Whew! That was close. Had they come in a few minutes earlier, she'd have caught me with the dress in hand. After a quick shower, I dress in my jockeys. Scratchy cotton, binding, no fun. The remote doesn't find anything interesting on the flat screen TV Priscilla mounted above the writing desk. I toss it to the night table and roll over.

My eyes wander to the dresser where all those lovely silk panties are resting. Little pieces of pure pleasure. I groan and roll away. Too much temptation. I'm a guy, for all's sake. I'm a manly man, who wears jockeys and farts and works out three times a week. Why in the fuck did I choose to sleep in Priscilla's room?

On my back, I shove my hands behind my head and listen. The muffled laughter coming from the living room indicates Jessie just told a joke to Jeff. Jenny is in her room. Yes, think about her. What's she doing? Probably brushing her teeth. Showering perhaps. Oh no, cock, stay down. I've dealt with you already. Jenny, naked under the pounding water. Hot steam billowing all around. I want to nail her, right there against the shower wall. The groan escapes my lips before I know it's happening. I just need to find a girl and get laid. That would satisfy the extreme itch I have in the sex department. The ceiling looms at me, I can barely make it out under the street lights illuminating the windows. I rise and close the shutters. Nope, too stuffy. I enjoy breathing the fresh salty air. Dammit.

Sleep evades me. The call from the dresser is loud. Finally, I get up and trudge to the drawer. In the dark, I fish around in that top drawer and pull out a pair of fresh clean panties. Ah, yes! Nice and cool and silky. The jockeys are off and pitched into the hamper. I slide my feet inside the panties again. The material is nice and cool. I

squirm as I crawl back in bed. I'm a flitting Tinkerbell. I need a life. I roll over with a smile on my face and fall asleep in the panties.

The shutters didn't hold back the brisk sunlight that pours through the windows. I squint in that direction and stretch. My cock is wood. My hand automatically goes there. Ah yes, the silk panties. No wonder. I relax back and before I piss, I rub one out in the panties. It feels so good with my hand gliding on the outside of the underwear. Oops, another pair of Priscilla undies hit the hamper. I make a mental note to do laundry later.

I rifle through my suitcase for more shorts and a tee shirt. I grab a pair of white jockeys, but my eyes betray me and look at the dresser. I mean, Priscilla has so many pairs, she'd never miss them. Besides, I'll have them washed before she returns. I choose a black pair because black just seems more masculine. I feel so dirty and naughty as I pull my shorts on over the silk lady's panties. As I walk out the door, my cock swells, just from being bound within the super soft material.

"Are we ready for the day?" I ask as I pluck up a donut from the box. Jeff had gone out earlier and brought in breakfast.

"That we are. Let's go, Pierre is waiting at the docks," Jenny says. She's wearing a pair of white shorts and a blouse, cut low. The hat frames her beautiful face and the sunglasses hide her blue eyes. I watch her ass as I follow her out the door.

The yacht sailed along, the current dragging us farther out to sea. The captain and two crew members quickly give us an impromptu lesson on deep sea fishing. We gather around the large poles and dip our lines in the water. Immediately, Jeff catches a red snapper right away. We whoop and congratulate him for catching dinner. Jenny isn't with us, she's disappeared to the back of the yacht. Jessie hollers. With help from the captain and one of the crew members, he brings in a marlin.

"Looks like I beat your scrawny ass," Jessie said to Jeff.

"Fuck you," Jeff said as he threw the line back to the water.

My pole sits silent, not a nibble, not a bite. Sounds like my love life as of recently. Speaking of which, where did Jenny go? Peter hollers he caught something. I turn around in time to see him go into

a cussing fit because whatever it was broke the line. I shake my head and hold up my hand as I walk away, in search of the only female aboard the yacht.

Jenny is lying back on a lounge with a glass of alcohol in her hand. I make a tsk tsk sound when I approach. She looks up and glares at me.

"Aren't we a little underage here?" I ask.

"I'm two months from twenty-one. Fuck you. We're in international waters. I can have a little drink. No one is none the wiser," she says and takes a long sip.

I amble to the cooler perched on the bar and rifle through the ice cubes. A long neck ale is just my style. After I pull off the lid I join her on the deck in the lounge next to hers.

"Whew. Too hot. I need this off," Jenny says. She stands and unbuttons her shorts.

I perk up, watching behind my mirrored sunglasses. If I didn't have these to hide behind, my eyes would have popped right out of my head. Jenny pulls her shorts off, exposing her periwinkle blue bikini bottoms. Oh fuck, my cock moves, gliding within the black silk panties. Black that absorbs the damn heat barreling down on us right now. I shift on the lounge to discreetly adjust my growing weenie. Jenny slowly unbuttons her blouse. Is she teasing me? My cock stands at full staff as I imagine her coming out of the periwinkle blue bikini. She's stacked, nice round, taut tittles that jiggles just right when she moves. She throws a smile my way and resumes sitting on the lounge. Fuck, I'm so hard, I'm hurting.

Jenny has a way of getting under my skin. I've never made the slightest inkling of a move on her though. She's my best friend's sister. She's also the daughter of the woman's panties I'm wearing. Fucking silk panties. I can't stand myself.

"Would you?" Jenny asks.

I shake my head. "What? Did you say something?"

Her laugh rings sweetly in my ears. "Yes, I asked if you'd mind helping me with the suntan oil. Please." She arches her perfectly shaped brow.

"Oh sure," I say and stand up too fast. Damn cock tangles in the silk panties. But Jenny is watching me, and I feign a back issue. "Damn back gets sore."

She either didn't hear me or is ignoring me. Her eyes flit to my crotch. No one can miss the bulge I'm sporting and the panties that won't contain it. I spread the coconut scented oil onto her back onto her soft, creamy skin without a blemish. I'm a master with my hands and rub it in like I'm giving her a massage. She holds her short hair while I dig into her shoulders.

"Mmmm... You're turning this into a sexual experience," Jenny says.

I chuckle. How did she know?

"Seriously, Cruz, just rub it onto the surface, not into the skin. We can play masseuse later," she says and giggles. Is the wink an invitation? I'm so confused, but my cock isn't. He wants her.

"Okay, you're all slathered," I say and pat her back before I stand. I quickly turn because her head is crotch level. I can't let her see the hard-on I'm sporting. The head pokes out the top of the panties. I excuse myself for the restroom. I didn't need to go, but damn, I need to adjust.

By the time we hit land again and process the fish I'm beat. I help with the meal since it's cooked at a picnic area. Too bad Jenny pulls on her shorts and blouse. Understandable because the breeze is cooler than usual. After we eat, my cock decides to grow again. I walk around with a small smile on my face at my naughtiness. I'm not sure how Jeff would react if he ever found out. My urge is to go back to the home before they get home and try on more clothes. I could do it when they're home, but the doors don't have a lock on the knob. It's too risky. I stand and stretch and yawn big.

"I'm heading back and turning in early," I say making a show of how tired I am.

"Alright man," Jeff says. He holds out his fist for me to bump.

Jenny is deep in thought as she rocks on a lounge rocker. I don't want to interrupt her thoughts, so I merely move away back towards the house. Jessie and Peter also stay. Jeff rises and joins them in a game of volleyball on the beach with some others.

I stopped on the way to the yacht today and purchased a pair of tan flip-flops. There were as close to the same kind of shoes a woman would wear as I could find. I'm shameless. I shower first, using Priscilla's delicious smelling shower gel. I even powder my body just so I'll not smell like a man in the dress. The emerald green dress brings out the green in my eyes. I hold it to my chest at the mirror. I'm hopeless.

Before giving it a second thought, I find a pair of pale green silk panties and the matching camisole in the drawer. I eye the bras and pluck up one. Ms. Priscilla is a double D, so it looks ridiculous on me. Just the camisole will have to do. The dress fits well. I grin at the mirror and turn admiring my physique. I think I sport a dress very well. I walk around the room, loving the feeling of the silk against my skin, especially the cock and balls. Dare I step out onto the veranda? The wind beckons me as it streams through the open door. Something about a dress and the breeze makes gooseflesh rise up my legs and to my nethers. Too bad kilts aren't in style here because I'd be the first in line to wear them, sans underwear at all. But the silk panties are so nice and cozy and soft. I look to the left and to the right. No one is about in the neighboring homes. The beach directly behind the house is empty. Jeff and gang are down the way a bit, off the private beach fronts.

I feel so kinky and naughty as I stole down the wooden steps to the beach. My flipflops look good with the dress, but I'd rather feel the soft warm sand between my toes. I glance back at the house and see no one. Leaving the flipflops at the bottom step, I pounce gleefully onto the sand and practically run to the water's edge. Something magical comes over me as I stare out at the dark gray expanse of the ocean. The waves gently lap at my toes, the briny air stings my nose. I hold my hands out and twirl, the air swirling up between my legs, my cock growing within the silk panties. I wish Jenny were here with me, so I could lay her on the sand and fuck her until the sun rises. But she's not, so I make do with myself like I always do.

My hard cock demands attention. My hand obeys and rubs on the outside of the dress. Before I realize it, my body lurches forward

and I come into the silk panties. Ugh, another mess. I look down and see the seepage staining through the gorgeous green dress. Dammit. Why couldn't I just lift it and pull the panties down first?

I turn, and lights flicker from the front of the house. Mother fuck! I make a mad dash to the steps and grab my flipflops. No time to slide into them. If I'm lucky I can get back inside and make a mad dash to my room before they come into the house. Each step is excruciatingly slow to climb. The steps are old and splintered. I have to step gingerly to keep from getting a splinter. And the dress, ugh. It won't let my long legs sprint to the top. Dammit. I hear the peal of laughter from Jenny.

"Oh Cruz, where are you," she calls. Fuck! "Cruz?"

I don't know what to do. Sneak down to the water and pull off the dress and underwear and come back feigning that I just took a skinny dip? Yes! That sounds good. If I can get down there and hide the dress under the steps until later tonight when I can sneak out and retrieve it. Fuck! The back-sliding door opens and Jeff steps out.

"Ah, Cruz, there you are," Jeff says as he steps out fully onto the back deck. Jenny is right at his heels, she has a big grin on her face and a Styrofoam container in her hand.

"There you are. We brought you some of your favorite cheesecake," she says as she steps to Jeff.

Seconds feel like hours. I freeze in place. I'm still down the stairs and out of their full sight if they'd only stop where they are instead of walking to the edge. Fucking stop! I swallow hard, my heart races in my chest. I think I might have a heart attack and die at the ripe old age of twenty-two. Dammit. Maybe it's too dark out here and they can't see.

"Thanks for the dessert. I was just walking the beach. I'll come inside in a minute," I say hoping they'll take a hint and give me time to ditch the clothes. I'd rather them see me naked than in their mother's dress and underwear. Fuck me. Fuck my life. Too late, Jeff steps to the edge along with Jenny. Jeff's eyes widen as he looks like he's trying to figure out what I'm wearing.

"Are you? Is that? Is that my mother's dress?" Jenny asks. Her face settles in a frown. She sets the dessert on the table and steps

closer along with Jeff.

"What the fuck, man?" Jeff asks. He seems calm as he holds out his hand for me. I tentatively take it as he helps me up the last few steps. Relief floods over me. I don't know what to say, but maybe they'll just pretend they don't see me in a dress.

When I step onto the deck I shake my head. Jeff's face flushes a full red. He trembles. "Please, I'm sorry, I couldn't resist," I say.

Jenny glares at me with a shocked expression. I've disappointed her most of all.

"You mother fucker. Wearing my mother's dress. And look, you couldn't control yourself. You fucking pervert. You fucking sissy." Jeff rushes forward at me before I can react. I'm at the edge of the stairs and have nowhere to go. Jeff's hand punches my crotch, landing square on my balls.

I immediately double over as the pain seizes me. The area fades to black and I stumble to a chair and end up on my knees holding my balls through the dress. The pain sears through my body. I don't make a sound until finally, I whimper. "What the fuck, dude? Was that necessary?" I cried.

"Yeah, it was. I had to see if you still had balls in there. Apparently, you have a cock. You ruined my mother's dress. Just what the fuck, man?" Jeff asks. He's so mad his face is beet red.

I deserve it. Jenny just shakes her head as she backs to the door. Her eyes are near tears and she radiates with disappointment. I look at her with wary eyes. My balls still ache but I manage to sit on the chair. "I'm sorry," I manage to say finally. I have nothing else to say. What can I say? That I discovered I like wearing women's clothing?

They'd have a fucking fit for sure if they knew I had on the panties and camisole.

"You're sorry? You fucking sissy. Take off the dress and you're paying for the dry cleaning. Take it off, now, asshole. Sissy asshole," Jeff says as he steps to me again. His fingers flex like he wants to hit me again.

"I'll take it off. I'll take it for dry cleaning in the morning," I say as I stand. The pain in my balls subsides. I turn to make my way for the

door, but Jeff slaps his hand on my shoulder and spins me around again.

"I said take it off now. I want to see what you're fucking wearing underneath," Jeff says.

Jenny folds her arms across her chest and glares at me from the door. I swallow the gall that seeps up into my throat. "Please, you've humiliated me enough. I'll take it off," I say and try to walk away.

"Nope. Off with the dress or I'm pelting you in the scrote this time," Jeff says as he balls his fist for round two.

I want to die. I want to be anywhere but here. I slowly pull up the dress and lift it over my head revealing the pale green silk panties and camisole underneath.

"Oh, my fuck. Not only the dress but the underwear too. What a fucking sissy," Jeff says. His face burns red still. He scares me. I've never seen him so mad. And I can't really blame him.

"That's it. You don't deserve balls," Jeff says as he spins his hand in a circle. He rears back to hit again. I shut my eyes.

"No, wait," Jenny says and steps forward. She peers at me, regarding me, deep in thought. "I think there are better ways to get back." She nods as a wicked smile stretches across her face. "No, we let him be the drag queen. Yes."

"No, really, let's just forget this ever happened," I say and try to walk by her. She shoves her hand at my chest.

"No. I have proof you dressed in my mother's clothing. If you don't listen to me and do exactly as I say, I swear I'll send these pics to my mother. She'll press charges."

"I'll also smear it all over social media. Go ahead, Jenny, I want to hear your idea," Jeff says.

She smiles again. "Yes. Little sissy here wants to be a sissy, then I'll make her one. There's a cool trans bar up the road. I need a girlfriend. Yes. We'll let you pick out another outfit. We'll even get you some matching shoes. I'll let you borrow my make-up. Don't worry, I'm quite the master at it. I'll paint your feminine face. By the time we're through you'll be a Chrissy for sure. You'll be my bitch. I'll be the master of the relationship. You'll do it, or I'll let my brother pelt the

fuck out of you and this time I'll cheer him on until your balls fall off. Plus, a social media blitz. So, what's it going to be, Chrissy?" Jenny had an evil side I'd never seen. Ironically, her take-charge attitude turns me on, tremendously. But I'm wearing these damn silk panties. My cock starts to swell. I quickly place my hand there, acting as if I'm still in pain.

"Can we at least do this tomorrow night after I recover," I say and look at Jeff.

"Sure. We need to accessorize you too. You're coming out as Chrissy. You're stepping into the true you," Jenny says. "And I'm your dominating girlfriend."

I nod, accepting my humiliation and fate. They finally let me go to my room where I collapse on the bed and cry like a baby. I deserve this. I was stupid to try on Priscilla's clothing. I became careless especially tonight. I finally fall asleep. Depression has a way of making me so tired. I sleep late in the morning, not caring they were traipsing over the beach outside. The sun blasts fully beyond the tightly closed shutters. Still, I don't care.

Jenny doesn't knock, she busts in through the door, her eyes wide. "Are you alive, Cruz?" she asks.

I shield my eyes when she opens the shutters. "Now stop this depressed attitude and get up. If you have any balls left, act like a man and man up for your actions. We need to shop for shoes!" She grins at me and slaps my naked ass under the covers. Yes, I slept naked last night, avoiding the soft silky panties that got me into a world of trouble yesterday.

The lady at the shoe shop eyes me suspiciously. Jenny announces we need a good pair of stilettos for me. No explanation from me as the clerk brings out the only pairs she has in a size that will fit my large foot. I try not to flinch when we pay fifty dollars for the shoes I only hope to wear just the one time. Back at the house, Jeff avoids me, making himself scarce. I become Jenny's project. She's giddy as she chooses the dress from her mother's closet. She even shaves my legs. "You have to look the part, if you're going to be a drag queen, you can't have hairy legs," she says.

After enduring the humiliation of having my face made up with cosmetics, a blonde wig set just right with soft waves that reach my shoulder, and the outfit of a red dress with a sequin top and flowy chiffon skirt, I step into the gold patent leather stilettos and stand in front of Priscilla's full-length mirror. At first, I startle, because I don't look like me but like a tall, flat-chested Marilyn Monroe. I smile at the reflection.

"Perfection. Now, we go out," Jenny says and pulls me out of the room.

A fierce blush rides across my face when Jeff, Peter, and Jessie confront me in the entry hall. Jeff is snapping photos with his phone. Jessie and Peter are laughing and jeering. I say nothing and want to guard my cock. It's rubbing against the soft silk but shrinks when I'm near Jeff.

Jeff acts like he's about to hit me. I wince, and he roars with laughter. "Have fun, Chrissy." His peals of laughter continue as we step out and walk to the car.

It takes nearly an hour to drive inland to the club. Club Hawk booms with music as we approach. I see other trannies entering. A few glance my way, lifting their chins as they look me over. I want to crawl under a rock. My balls still ache from the punch yesterday, and that helps me to keep Mr. Cock from growing. In this dress the chiffon flows around my waist and legs, the air reaching my barely covered goods. I'm afraid if I get a stiffy it will come right out of the panties and poke out more than obvious.

Jenny introduces me as Chrissy, her girlfriend. She may as well have a leash on me, I'm her puppet. I transform into Chrissy and sway my hips, talking in a hushed tone, and batting my fake eyelashes at everyone. I come alive in the dress and shoes and the whole garb. Though I'm still humiliated about being caught, especially by Jeff, I feel like I've met a new me. And Jenny, she strokes my new feminine ego and we dance! We glide across the dance floor. I can't help but take on the role of a man when she's in my arms. She presses her sweet body to mine and yep, Mr. Cock stands at attention. The head squirms right out of the top of the panties.

"Oh, someone is happy to see me," she says as her eyes glisten up at me. I smile and nod.

"Perhaps I should go to the restroom and take care of it," I say resolutely. I plan to stand over the toilet and pull the dress up and panties down and masturbate to make my cock relax.

Jenny follows me to the restroom. She walks inside and locks the door. I look under the stalls and no one is there. "You think I'm going to let you waste the opportunity?" she asks. I lift my brow as she pulls up her dress and reveals she's bare under there. I gasp, her pussy beckons to me. She hoists up onto the counter and opens her legs.

"Drop the panties and raise the dress. At least we keep the mess contained in me."

I do as she says and step to her, my cock ready, finally, for some real pussy. With my cock in my hand, I press into her, leaning in and piercing through her soft fleshy folds between her legs. Someone jiggles the doorknob.

"Occupied," I yell and then I groan. Her pussy is so soft and tight. I can't help but ram into her with fury. She digs her nails into my hips, pulling me to her, moaning with me. I saw into her sweet spot, my cock growing longer and harder than ever. Suddenly, her body shudders as she yells out in ecstasy. Her pussy squeezes my penis as the waves of pleasure rush through her pelvis. I join her, lurching forward, I come hard, squirting all I have into her, pumping and groaning until I've shot it all. When it's over, I pull out, leaving a trail of cum on her. She grins and hops off the counter and dives into the restroom.

I clean up too and pull up the panties. We exit the restroom together amidst a fit of giggles from both of us. She leads me to the car and we head home. I'm relaxed and enjoy the ride with my girlfriend by my side.

Jenny glances over at me on the way back to the house. "You're my girlfriend as long as you play the role of Chrissy for me, even when we go back home," she says.

"Does this mean you'll join me in your mother's bed?"

"Ew, no. But you can come to my room and join me in my bed."

"Deal." I say and smile. Perhaps trying on Priscilla's clothes is the best thing I've ever done. Even the ball slap by Jeff is worth it if I end up with Jenny as my prize.

THE END