

A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization

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SCARLETT STEELE

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I enjoy spending time with Sierra. She's beautiful, five feet eight with long golden blond hair that flows like spun gold down her back what I really like is the way sunlight hits it and brings out shiny copper highlights. Her light blue eyes make me weak in my knees. She knows how enamored I am with her and uses it to get her way with me. I don't mind because there are things I enjoy doing with her as well and I feel it makes us even.

We met one evening when I was at the bar and grill where she works as the bartender. I thought I had died and gone to heaven when I walked in. Normally I would sit at a table and wait for some of my guy friends to arrive but that evening I headed for the bar. She smiled at me and made my heart do flipflops.

"Hey, handsome, what can I get you?" She asked in her friendly tone.

"Anything you want, babe. Serve me your favorite," I said without missing a beat.

"Alrighty then." She proceeded to put together a frozen strawberry margarita complete with a ring of salt.

"That will be \$11.50."

Damn! For a man who wanted two beers for less than ten dollars, I just spent a lot just to talk to the pretty bartender. She was easy on the eyes. When I ordered my favorite, a mug of draft, she smiled bigger when I gave her a five-dollar tip on top of it.

"What would it take for me to get you to go out with me on a date?" I asked.

Sierra grinned as she made a Long Island tea for another customer sitting on the other side of the bar. Taking the cloth, she cleaned the surface as she looked at me. I could see her cogs turning. She didn't say no right away, so I had a ton of

hope.

“Well, how about a nice dinner with wine and a piano bar and maybe some dancing. That way it’s quiet enough for us to get to know each other and see if we have chemistry,” she said.

I don’t think the smile left my face until I took her out and we had the best time. We clicked. We took a stroll along the river bank and kissed under the full moon. It ignited a passion that still burns hot today.

“Six months how are we going to celebrate,” Sierra asks as she settles before me. I’m on the sofa and she pulls up an ottoman.

“How about a repeat of our first dates?” I know how to be a romantic.

We head to the same Bar and Grill where we had our first date. I even order her the same glass of red wine and we toast our six months together. In fact, we often laugh about the fact that we jumped right into our relationship the moment I asked her out. I didn't have to date her often before we slept together either. After walk on the river that night, she invited me over to her house and I didn't leave until after breakfast the next morning.

We didn't live in together until three months ago, but we haven't looked back since. I feel, anyway, we are very happy together. I love being with her and I will celebrate every anniversary in any way she wants. Like I said, I let her have her way all the time.

“Since we live together, we can exactly do the same thing we did after the river walk. But we can pretend that you don't live with me and then I'm bringing you home. I would love a repeat of that night, it was mind blowing and wonderful,” Sierra says.

Of course, I agree with her. Thinking back to that first night, it was wild. It was intense as we had started kissing right there on the riverbank. We were so hot for each other we could barely keep her hands off one another as we drove back to her place. It was one of those times where we were slamming each other against the wall while yanking our clothes off and leaving a trail from the front door to her bedroom. I can remember how we were naked, and I was on top of her before I penetrated her the first time, I laughed and asked her last name. We had a good laugh right then and we decided we were made for each other.

The dinner and dancing ignited our passion. I am ready to head back home and take it to the bedroom. Sierra pulls me outside to the river walk. A cool breeze whispers around us, bringing out a chill we didn't have six months ago.

“We should have dressed better,” I say as I chuckle and pull her to me.

“It's okay. We have our love and that's hot enough,” Sierra says as she snuggles into my side.

We pause at the same place we did on that first date, at a little dock that juts out into the flowing water. She turns to me and lifts her chin. I lean in as our lips part and touch. Memories of the night flood in around us as we turn the kiss into heated passion. I'm ready for some action and my hand snakes up her shirt and grabs a fleshy mound. She moans and rears back.

“Hey, you didn’t do this here six months ago,” she says.

I kiss her chin and trail down her neck. “We evolve each time, making a new memory,” I say as I pull up her shirt.

She lets me and I bury my head between her boobs, kissing, while my hand snakes around her back and expertly unhooks the bra. She tugs at my pants and I chuckle, helping her. I don’t need completely undressed, just set Mr. Peter free and I’m good to go to party. I kiss down her belly and yank on her button. She jumps down and quickly discards the offending clothing, tossing it to the doc beside her shirt. I let her keep the bra on but unhooked because it’s chilly out here. No one’s around, we’re being kinky and naughty.

Sierra giggles as I put her back up on the rail with her bare ass. Its wooden, so it shouldn't be too cold. I smile as I nuzzle in between her legs and she widens them for me. I take a deep sniff as my body shudders from the scent of her musky muff. She runs her hands through my hair, she knows what's about to happen. It’s her scent that drives me wild. My cock drips with pre-cum and I can't wait to pierce through these soft warm folds. But first, my tongue needs to do a good job. I lick her slit, lapping up the juices that are forming already. She moans as I find her hard nob and swirl my tongue over it. I know what I'm doing, and I do a good job. Her hands hold me to her as her warm folds turn hot, and the juices flow. She's ready for me, and I focus my tongue on her hard nob.

“Uh, fuck me,” she yells as she comes, grinding her muff to my face. I stay with her, moving my tongue on her until she's done, and then I stand.

After grabbing her hips, I lurch forward, my cock finding the target and slide in, her soft tight pussy squeezing just so around me. I groan as I pump into her. She holds on, for if she flips back, she’ll land in the river and that wouldn’t be good.

I hold onto her as well, pumping fast and hard until I can't hold it any longer.

“Ooooh, fuck!” I ram into her hard as my cock fills her soft tight pussy. Finally, I'm done, and I hold her for a moment while catching my breath. When I pull out, we scramble for her clothing and dress, so we can stroll back up the river walk and to our vehicle still parked at the bar and grill.

On the way home, Sierra regards me. The soft light of the dash creates a sparkle in her eyes. “Why didn't you want to wait until we had gotten home? I mean I had fun and all, but I had a total evening planned for us at home. I guess we can continue this celebration another night,” she says.

“I'm so sorry, why didn't you say something before we started? I thought it would be fun to add another memory to our favorite spot,” I say as I grab her hand and kiss it.

“It's okay. We can resume it later,” she says and grins at me. It's why I love her so. She's easy to get along with and even though I changed course on her, she's still light-hearted about it.

“I'll make it up to you,” I say with a smile.

Two nights later, we resume the celebration. She has candles lit all over the bedroom, romantic music playing in the background, and rose petals scattered all over the bed. A bottle of red wine chills in the ice bucket and two sparkling wine glasses sit by it waiting for the celebration. I grin as I step out of my clothes. She wants it slow and easy this time, not frenzied. I get it.

Sierra looks like an angel wearing the wispy gown that flows softly around her bare curves. My cock rises to immediate attention as she steps to me.

“You’re so incredibly gorgeous. I’m one lucky man,” I say as I scoop down and pick her up as if she weighs no more than a feather. She squeals delightfully as she wraps her arms around my neck. She makes it so easy to make love to her.

After gently setting her on the bed, she scoots back to the pile of pillows and holds out her arms for me. I know what she wants, she wants me on top, making love to her while making eye contact. But I need something first, something that really gets me to going.

She groans as I nuzzle in between her feet. Her long shapely legs are stretched out before her, her left leg crossed over her right. I look up and she’s grimacing.

“What’s wrong, dearest?” I ask as I continue to dig at her, nuzzling ever upward.

“Just come up here. I don’t want oral tonight. I want to try something different,” she says. Fair enough.

“Okay, I won’t lick it, I promise,” I say as I continue nosing her legs apart.

She groans and gives in, allowing her legs to part for me. I groan because my cock just got tremendously hard. I snuggle close to her bare muff and dip my nose into the soft folds and take a deep whiff. Massively hard now, my senses

are filled with her musk. I chuckle lightly as I crawl up to her. She's scowling, but as soon as I plant my lips on the nape of her neck, she forgets why she was unhappy a second ago.

The next weekend, we go out again, this time for fancy Italian food. The tables are covered in quaint green table cloths, with fat pots of fake flickering candles nestled within the greener in the center. The server brings us the best house wine and we order a delicious meal of manicotti with a salad and dessert. The atmosphere here is hushed and dim. Patrons are focused on each other rather than a loud and raunchy place where everyone watches everyone else. I caress her hand with my thumb, her soft skin making my cock grow hard.

I accidentally drop my napkin on the floor. "Oops," I say as I scoot down to retrieve it. After a quick look around, I get on my knees and crawl under the table.

"Andy! What are you doing?" Sierra demands in a whisper.

I say nothing and grin as I crawl to her legs. She's wearing a beautiful dress that hits above her knees, so it's easy to open her legs. I dive in between them and she's fighting me. She needs to know the fighting is making me hornier.

She grunts and tries to push me away, but I'm persistent. My head slides between her legs and when my nose touches her panties, she jumps. I breathe in deeply, enjoying her essence. My cock extends until I need to get out and straighten to help it have the room.

"Please, Andy, stop!" Sierra's voice means business.

I bump my head coming out from under the table. I'm sporting a big grin and she's frowning.

"Honestly," she says as she throws down her napkin on the table and crosses her arms over her chest. Her eyes look off away from me. Uh oh, she's pissed off at me now.

"Don't you like it when I do something spontaneous and kinky?" Her musk lingers in my senses.

"Spontaneous and kinky? You mean crawling under the table and sniffing my crotch is spontaneous and kinky? No, it's not. It's humiliating. Spontaneous and kinky would be you coming over here and landing a passionate kiss on me, one that would make people want to throw water on us. Please stop, it makes me want to break up with you," she says.

Break up? Suddenly, I lose the erection and smile.

"Wait, don't be talking about breaking up over this. Sierra, I love you, honey. Don't you understand why I do it?" I pull her hand from her chest and hold onto it. She lets me, so there's that.

"Andy, it's humiliating. You dive in for my crotch all the time. It's like an addiction." She nails it.

I nod. “Yes, that’s it. I’m so addicted to you.”

“Then sniff my neck. Snort my wrist but stay out of my crotch until it’s appropriate. That’s what I want. Promise me.” Her blue eyes peer at me and cause me to melt in her presence.

“I promise,” I say and smile.

It shakes me to my core that my woman doesn’t like me sniffing her pussy. I know it was a risqué behavior in public, but I made sure no one was around. I really enjoy smelling her pure raw essence. Sure, her neck and wrist smells good, but she has perfume and lotion on it. Those things cover her natural raw scent. I want to breathe in her core fragrance. She doesn’t understand it though.

For several days I don’t approach her crotch with my nose. We have sex, but not oral. I’m pretty good at bringing her to orgasm while I’m fucking her. That’s not an issue. Oral is one of the many things we enjoy doing, but we do it maybe once a week. I’d rather have my face at her bare pussy than to have her sucking me off. Oh, don’t get me wrong, she gives good head, but I’m just saying, her scent drives me wild. I need it. I crave it.

Frustration sets in as I let her take the lead on our sex life. I don’t want to hear anymore threats of her leaving me over something as silly as me sniffing her crotch. I blow off steam and head for the shower. A cold shower will do me a world of good. She’s at work anyway.

When I open the hamper, there it is, her pair of dirty panties. Instead of pitching mine inside, I pluck hers out first. I quiver as I bring the pair to my nose and

sniff. Yes, her scent is all over it. The crotch of the panties is damp with her essence. I inhale deeply and instantly my cock extends and throbs. Before I shower, I relax on the bed. Her panties are on my face, crotch to my nose. I haven't jacked off by myself since Sierra and I have moved in together. Even when I want to come and she can't because of ragtime, she'll take care of me. I feel very naughty for doing this. My hand squeezes over my cock head and down the shaft. Already pre-cum squirts from the tip giving me enough lube that I can do this right. I squeeze up and down, all while I'm breathing deeply. Soon, I'm lurching forward and squirting my load straight up in the air. It lands on my belly while I moan and squeeze out the last bit of sauce.

Damn, that was good. I sit up aiming to take a shower and notice the plops of cum dotted on the covers. Shit! Sierra will notice this and will question why I masturbated without her. Before I hit the shower, I throw the comforter into the washer and hope it's dry before she gets off work. Fuck.

Now comes the challenge, when Sierra wants to have sex or play, I need to make sure I'm on my top stamina and not still reeling from a recent orgasm. It's a close call several times, but I find if I do this about twelve hours earlier, I recover nicely and can perform again.

It becomes a habit. I sniff her dirty panties, jack off, and pitch them into the hamper. Like all things I do, when I'm at my horniest I come up with schemes to make it more exciting. After a deep sniffing, I slip into the panties and walk around the apartment, enjoying wearing the silk against my skin. Soft as her, but binding. It's exciting. I find as I move, my cock rubs the fabric just right and an erection is constantly my friend. At first, I take them off to jack off, then I try it with the panties on. Oh, I find pleasure in ways I didn't think as I rub my hand over my cock while in her panties. After a good soaking with my cum, I wash and dry and she's none the wiser of my shenanigans.

I become careless with my new habit. I stop paying attention to Sierra's work

schedule. She works odd times, mostly evenings at the bar. I don't keep track of how many days she's there. I work long hours too at the construction sites. It means I come home tired and I don't bother. But when I have light work, you can bet I'm wearing her panties and filling it full of my man sauce.

I have her panties on right now, and after walking through the apartment and eating a snack, I take it to the bedroom. Oh, you can bet before I slip into the panties, I take a long sniff of the soiled crotch. Yes! It gives me an instant hard-on and I want to relish in the orgasm with her scent in my senses. After making myself comfortable on the bed I groan as my hand finds the stiff cock nestled within the pair of panties. Sierra won't let me sniff her muff; this is second best.

"Mmmm," I moan as I slowly move my hand over my pole under the silk. It grows longer and harder and my moans grow louder. I want to enjoy this, stretch it out. Slowly my hand squeezes over the head, rubbing down the pole and massages my balls. I lurch forward, it's like an instant prime. I groan as I squeeze back up the pole and rub faster over the head. I squeeze and rub until I can't take it. Suddenly, I yelp out in pleasure as my hand works masterfully over the head while I come. Deep groans emit from my throat as the panties fill to a frothy mess with my cum.

"Well, I'll be fucked. You have been wearing my panties," Sierra says as she walks into the bedroom, her face skewed in anger.

I catch my breath and sit up quickly. The room spins, as I try to regain my equilibrium. "Sierra, you're home?"

"Um yeah, it's my day off. I went grocery shopping, you jerk," she says.

Oh no! She's so pissed her face is red. "Honey, look, let me explain." I swing my feet to the floor.

"Explain? You're wearing my panties and jacking off. I wondered why our love life had slowed. Let me guess, you sniffed the crotch before you slid into them?"

I look down. Guilty. "Look, I guess I'm a sicko when it comes to your scent. You threatened to leave me if I didn't stop sniffing your muff. I stopped. But I craved it. You don't understand, I need it," I say as I stand.

"You don't fucking need to sniff my crotch. Honestly, Andy, this takes the cake. I'm done. D-O-N-E done. I can't handle this," she says as she rushes to the closet and retrieves her suitcase.

NO! "Honey please, don't do this. Don't leave me. Let's talk about it, please. I love you," I say. I'm desperate. I peel out of the panties quickly and wrap a towel around my waist. At least I don't feel as guilty like this.

Sierra holds up her hand. "I can't take this. Stop begging. I need to get away from you for the night. You really disgust me right now," she says.

I step back and say no more as she packs a bag for the evening. After following her to the living room, she turns to me before walking out the door. "I'll be at the Regency if you need me. Please let me think about things," she says and walks out the door.

My heart literally falls into my feet. I don't even have the willpower to shower but I need to get rid of the evidence of my naughtiness. I sit in front of the TV folding laundry in the wee hours of the morning. My emotions are a mess. Maybe I could send her one little text.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

She doesn't answer back, so I send another.

I'm so sorry. I need help. Tell me what I can do to make this up to you.

Sierra's not mean, she sees my message and I know she's thinking about it. I toy with going to the hotel and surprising her with a dozen pink roses, her favorite color. I don't, because it's very late, or early depending on how you look at it. I see that she read my messages the moment I sent it, so I leave it be for now.

After a fitful few hours of sleep, I bolt upright when I hear the front door shut. That means one thing, Sierra is back. I stagger into the living room to find her in the kitchen making coffee. This is a good sign, I hope. I realize I'm buck naked and before she turns around, I rush back into the bedroom for my shorts and shirt. I know it's Sierra and normally I'd be all over her, but now I'm embarrassed.

"Where did you go?" she asks as she pulls down a couple of coffee cups. Another good sign. She's making me coffee.

I smile. “I got dressed. I guess I’m ashamed and didn’t want you to see me naked,” I say.

She offers a sheepish smile. “As long as you weren’t in my panties frothing a mess, I’m okay. I’ve seen you naked plenty of times.”

I take a chance and walk around the bar to her. “Does this mean you forgive me?” I have hope and cross my fingers for extra luck.

The pleasant expression on her face stays. “No, not yet anyway. I did a lot of thinking last night. Let me pour the coffee and we can talk,” she says.

I suck in a deep breath. She said not yet anyway, that’s hopeful, right?

I take the hot cup of coffee from her and follow her to the sofa. For good measure, I sit opposite end of her and turn, facing her. She’s very pleasant, very calm. It scares me on one hand and gives me hope on the other. That’s why I fell in love with her, because of her pleasant personality. It’s why she makes such good tips as a bartender.

“Okay, Andy, here’s the thing. I love you. I enjoy being with you. But there are aspects I don’t like about you. I guess had I known before we got together, I wouldn’t have gone out with you,” she says.

Ice runs down my spine. This is not what I want to hear. I nod and gulp as I hold the cup of hot coffee tightly. I think I might want to puke if she breaks up with

me.

She sips her coffee, looks out the window, gathering her thoughts I assume. Turning back to me, she has a sympathetic expression. I brace myself. “As it is, we did get together. We live together and really I don’t want that to end,” she says.

I exhale and run my hand over my hair. “I don’t either,” I say.

“I want you to stop with crotch obsession and that includes jacking off with my panties.”

I nod enthusiastically. “I’ll only sniff your crotch when I’m performing oral,” I say and wag my brow.

“I don’t want you doing that during public. I want you to learn your lesson. I mean you had quit with the crotch sniffing at inappropriate times but replaced it with sniffing and wearing my panties while masturbating. You traded one for the other. I don’t feel you really learned anything from that. So, I have something in mind that will satisfy me and hopefully teach you a lesson.”

“What? I’ll do it. I’ll do anything to keep you.”

“Okay, I want you to be my bitch for a night.” She grins big.

That's it? I do a doubletake. "You want me to... be your bitch for a night?" Huh?

Sierra laughs at my reaction. "Yes, I'm dressing you to be my bitch and we're going out for dinner and dancing. I want you to feel the humiliation I felt when you sniffed my crotch in public. After that, we'll come back here, and I'll have a final surprise. Then we'll be square," she says as she nods.

"Okay, so when you say you want to dress me as your bitch for the night, what are we talking about exactly?"

"I have my old college cheerleading outfit. I think this will give you a good dose of what it feels like being a woman while men ogle you all night. Or other women," she says and shrugs.

I shake my head. "Drag? You really want me to go out in public dressed as a cheerleader?"

"Honey, if that's too much for you to do to make it up to me, how about I pack the rest of my bags and you won't have to do it." Her eyes bore into me, she means business.

"Okay, I'll do it. I don't want to lose you," I say resolutely.

"Good. We're not sleeping together until we do this. I want you to be horny enough to understand what I go through. I want you to enjoy it too," she says and wags her brow.

I get it. The not sleeping together part. I take the sofa while she is at least under the same roof as me. When Saturday arrives, I submit to her for the punishment. She's giddy with excitement of putting the screws to me.

Saturday rolls around and I keep hoping she'll forget the whole dressing me in her old cheerleading outfit and instead open her arms in forgiveness. I mean she was very sweet with me all week, not even acting like anything was wrong. It was like we were just good friends though and I didn't like it one bit.

"Ready?" Sierra asks me. Her cherry red lips and matching dress make my cock swell. I nod as I submit to her whims. Humiliation is the key word as I pull into her panties and camisole and top it off with the black and gold cheerleading outfit, with a giant W on the front and an emblem of a wolf on the back. The skirt hits high thigh and the bloomers underneath do nothing for my male physique.

"Now, sit while I make your face match your outfit," she says. With my eyes closed, she paints my face. She has hair extensions in my hair color and with the aid of a black silk scarf headband, makes it look like I have a cutesy ponytail.

"Shoes?" I ask flatly.

She smirks. "Just wear your black sneakers, trust me, you'll look the part."

We head to a club in St. Charles, across the river. Young and hip and all lifestyles stroll in ahead of us. A few glance my way, a few even laugh, but I hold my head

high as Sierra marches forth with me on her arm, proud of the masterpiece she made with me. The drag queens are flamboyant and flashy, colorful like a clown. I don't feel too out of place with the company in the club.

When a drag queen dressed in a long golden sequined gown steps to me, his long false eyelashes sweeping every time he blinks and looks me up and down and says, "My, aren't you totally out tonight." I know I am totally rocking the cheerleading outfit well. I can't help but laugh as Sierra lifts her chin to the she-man.

"We're enjoying an evening out with some new experiments," she says.

The drag queen chuckles. "Little advice try a long evening gown next time. Or shave the legs." He tweaks me under the chin and moves on. Sierra turns to me and we bust out laughing.

I lift my brow at my girlfriend as we find a table. "I suppose this should more than teach me a lesson. I knew I should have shaved," I say. Again, we trip up on laughter.

Our song plays and Sierra stands as she wags her brow. "Come on, let's show em how it's done."

I reluctantly stand because I know how ridiculous I look, but I follow her because she asks me to. I focus on her beautiful eyes, her long flowing blonde waves, and lose myself in her embrace. We sway to the beat and I pull her to me, holding her tightly. She giggles as she looks down at my obvious excitement.

“Does this mean you like this?”

I do, but I don't tell her that. I'm enjoying wearing her panties, not the cheerleading outfit, but that's okay. I smile and lift my brow. “Some of it,” I admit.

“Which part,” she asks as she tilts her head.

No way will I admit to enjoying her panties. I fear that will chase her off from me and I can't have that. “I'm enjoying being here with you despite the fact I'm dressed as a silly cheerleader with hairy legs.”

It satisfies her as she nods and lays her head on my shoulder. The song ends and I don't want to part. My cock is causing the skimpy cheerleading outfit to stick out as in pitching a tent.

“Um, maybe this is a sign we should go.”

Yes! I nod and even though it's obvious I have a swollen pole in my panties, I lead the way out of the club and to our car. As we drive home, I reach over and hold her hand. She lets me, she smiles at me. I feel we've turned a corner.

I pull out of the cheerleading outfit and wash the make-up off my face. Sierra giggles as she dabs a soaked cotton ball over my eyes. I'm ready for some hot make-up sex and pull her to the bedroom.

“Not so fast, bud. Last surprise. Lie back with your head at the edge and close your eyes.” Okay, fair enough.

When I settle on the bed, I hear her removing her clothing. Yes! Suddenly, my face is filled with her scent, fast and hard. Before I can react, she sits fully on my mouth and nose grinding into me. I struggle for a breath and bring my hands up.

“Nope! Either I get off while I’m on your face, or I’m out!”

Shit! Okay, let’s do this. When she grinds, she’s lifting and I gulp air quickly, and my tongue is ready. Her hard clit sits right at my lips, perfect. Holding my breath is easy if it means she stays. With precision moves, my tongue licks heartily over her hard knob. When she lifts, I suck in air, her essence fills my senses and my cock drips pre-cum. Soon, she’s thrashing over me, her pussy glistening with excitement on my chin and I keep my tongue going until she’s done. Thankfully, she lifts off me quickly and I take several deep breaths. I’m hot and horny and growl as I sit up quickly.

She smiles at me as I shove her down, it’s my turn now. With her sitting at the edge of the bed, I penetrate her sweet pussy, shoving in fast and hard. She clings to me, groaning with me as I climb the mountain of pleasure. Lurching forward, I dump my load in her as her pussy squeezes my cock and she comes with me. Rocking through the waves of pleasure we gaze into one another’s eyes. When it slows, I bend forward and kiss her, so she can taste her essence that’s all over my face. She doesn’t flinch and we tumble back to the bed in an embrace and there we cuddle in a sweet moment of euphoria.

Sierra lifts and settles on her elbow while she traces circles over my chest. “I

hope you learned your lesson. I figured if you want to sniff my crotch so much a good face sitting session should cure you of it.”

I smile. “Actually, I enjoyed it. But I tell you what, if you do this occasionally, I promise I won’t sniff your crotch, unless you invite me to.”

“That sounds like a good deal to me,” she says and leans in for another long passionate kiss.

“So, all is forgiven, and you’ll remain here with me?”

“That’s a silly question. I love you, Andy. I never wanted to leave you, I just wanted to teach you a valuable lesson.”

“Hmmm, well, I’d say you did. Trust me, I’ll only wear your panties, jack off in your panties, sniff your crotch, when you let me.” I wink at her and we enjoy a nice laugh again.

The hot shower serves as a regeneration and after, we dive into each other, exploring new positions, new possibilities. We laugh and discuss plans. I realize everything has a purpose, and perhaps the dirty deeds I did work in my favor. I couldn’t ask for a better girlfriend.

What I love about this whole thing is that it introduced a new excitement to our love life. We’ve added new tools to the routine so that it will never be routine. Between you and me, you may or may not have seen a man dressed in drag that

looks like me with a beautiful blonde on his arm. It's all good, because we have a ton of fun. And after, it's a hot time of face sitting. I receive a good dose of muff essence, enough to last me until the next time. I think I may ask this beautiful hot lady to marry me. Who knows, maybe she'll wear the tux and I'll dress in a lovely long bridal gown. You never know! Talk about a hot honeymoon.

THE END

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