

SISSY



FEMINIZATION

FROM ALPHA MALE TO FEMINIZED SISSY

5 BOOK BUNDLE - VOLUME 4

SCARLETT STEELE

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5 Book Bundle - Volume 4

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

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Crossdressing Sissy Caught With His Panties Down

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

I secure the backpack and roll up my sleeping bag, attaching it to the top.

Archie laughs. "Why are you doing that, Roman? I mean we're sleeping in cabins not camping in a tent," he says.

"I know. I'm not sure if the cabins come with bed linens though," I say.

"No, that's why I'm bringing sheets and a blanket," Archie says.

I scowl. "Nah, sleeping bag and pillow. No sense in making a bed. This is so much easier. I'm ready," I say as I hoist the bag to my back.

Archie chuckles again. "Okay, let's hike to the truck."

I'm looking forward to some down time with my friends. There are eight of us

meeting at the cabins. Two staying in each cabin and renting four cabins. They are small cabins, more like one room with a bathroom attached, but it's all good. We have the pavilion with a fire pit and a grill for cooking. We'll be roughing it nonetheless.

Tammy Fisher shows up, she has her backpack too. She grimaces when she leaves her car. "I'll be in my cabin alone, Vickie bailed on me," she says as she walks to the truck.

"Ah man, too bad," I say. Tammy is a looker, she has long brunette hair that flows down her back and presently she has it secured in a ponytail. Her cute body wiggles as she walks. I often think about how I could pound her if she'd let me.

"Yeah, well, I'm not letting that stop me. I may be in the cabin alone, but Desiree and Jasmine will be in the cabin next to me," she says as she sets her bag in the back seat of the truck. Originally, she and Vickie were riding up with us. Too bad for Archie, he's kind of sweet on Vickie.

The drive up the mountain is steep and rugged, just like I like it. I enjoy getting back to nature. It's a nice change from my suit and tie job sitting in an office all day every day doing taxes for people. Reggie and Thomas beat us to the cabins and we had to take the only one left, the one on the very end. Desiree and Jasmine arrive and take the other cabin in the middle since Tammy chose the one at the opposite end of ours. She liked the little porch that gives her privacy.

"So, I can drink my coffee in my skivvies in the morning," she says and giggles. I make a mental note to make sure I'm in that general area first thing in the morning, so I can catch a glimpse of her cute naked body. I assume it's cute, it is in my dreams anyway.

Archie and I stake our beds, I have the one closest to the door, which is cool. We are delighted to find a fireplace in the cabin and plan to make use of it.

"I'm heading out to buy some firewood later," Archie says. "You want to come along?"

I guess I need to help my friend even though I'd rather stick around the cabins and grab an opportunity to spend more time with Tammy. "Sure, man. I'll come along and help," I say.

We gather around the fire later that evening and eat grilled burgers and dogs. Tammy sits near me, but not fully beside me. The fire crackles and I stare into it mesmerized by the dancing light. A cool breeze blows and Tammy shivers as she rubs her arms vigorously. I take the opportunity and scoot closer to her. She glances at me and smiles, but keeps her arms crossed. I put my arm around her.

"Don't need you freezing, Tam," I say and rub her arm. She keeps her arms folded and nods. I don't make another move on her because she's become rigid. I rub on her for a few more minutes and then remove my arm from around her but I don't scoot away.

"I have a jacket in my cabin. Just too lazy to get it," she says.

"I'll get it, where is it?" I say as I stand. I want to earn some good points with her.

"Thrown over the chair. Thanks," she says as she looks up at me.

Score one for me. I walk to her cabin and grab the jacket. I don't take a lot of time because she's waiting for me. When I return she's standing by the fire with her palms over the flame.

"Thank you," she says and takes the jacket from me. I help her put it on, but she remains standing.

I resume my original seat. Tammy stands in front of me now. I watch her cute ass as she's warming over the fire. I wish she'd sit back down beside me. I'm thinking about how into her I am. Shamelessly. She's been a good friend for a couple of years. We met in college and have run with the same crowd. Finally, she sighs.

"I'm going to figure out how to start the fire in my fireplace," she says as she turns toward her cabin.

"Hey, I'm a good fire starter. I'll come over to get it going for you," I say as I stand.

"Oh, okay. Thanks," she says. Unenthusiastically.

I catch up to her and walk alongside. The stars blink down at us in the midst of the inky darkness. There are no porch lights or street lamps out here, though the

cabins are supplied with electricity and water. It's very basic. I click on my flashlight to light the path to her cabin on the end.

"I figured you would have chosen the one in the middle," I say as we pass Jasmine and Desiree's cabin.

"Nah, I like my solitude. Though I hate that Vickie couldn't come. It's okay," she says. "You know, I don't think I'll need a fire, it's warm in here already." She stands in the door and I'm at her heels having just stepped inside.

"Oh, come on. It's no big deal to start a fire. You can have the fire while you prepare for bed and let it die as you sleep. At least it will knock the chill off in the air," I say as I push past her. She's stubborn.

"Well, okay, if it's no trouble," she says.

"No trouble." The wood is seasoned and catches easily once the kindling catches around it. I blow on it and grab a magazine she had sitting on the little settee and fan it. Finally, a nice little blaze lights the room better. She stands behind me with her arms crossed waiting for me to finish.

I stand and grin at her. "Better?" I ask.

"Yeah, I suppose. Well, thanks. I don't want to keep you. I'm sure Archie is ready to hit the hay too," she says and walks to the door. Talk about a cold reception.

"Catch ya on the flip side," I say without missing a beat and skedaddle out the door. I don't want her to think I'm trying to wear out my welcome, but she could be a little friendlier.

"Well, damn, that was fast," Archie says. A fire crackles in the fireplace and he's in his sleep shorts, his bed made and ready.

"Fast? I just started a fire for her," I say as I unroll my bag over my bed.

"Started a fire? Huh?" Archie wags his brow at me.

"Nothing like that," I say flatly. I wish.

"Ah man, Tammy's a tough nut to crack," Archie says as he lays on top of his covers.

I grab my shorts and underwear and head to the shower. "Yeah, she is," I say.

"Take a fast one, word of warning, there's not a lot of hot water," Archie says.

He's right, the water didn't stay warm for long. I hurry and finish soaping my body and head and by the time I'm rinsing, the water is blasting out full cold.

"Woo!" I cry as I hurry and finally shut it off. "Shit!"

Archie laughs. "I told you."

The sleeping bag feels good after the brisk shower. I sleep well but I dream of banging Tammy. When I wake up in the morning my thoughts are heavy on the girl staying in the end cabin. Today I aim to break through her crossed arms exterior and melt the middle I know exists. I quickly exit the cabin and make my way down the line acting as if I'm heading to the pavilion. I'm wanting to see if what Tammy says is true, that she drinks her coffee while sitting on her porch in the nude.

Her place is closed up tightly. Nothing comes out of the fireplace and I shiver. It is cold out here. Thomas and Archie come out and head to the pavilion and firepit. I move on toward Tammy's cabin. I'm a man on a mission. She needs my help.

"Roman, what are you doing here?" Tammy says as she opens her door. Her hair is in disarray, sleep all over her face. She yawns and peers at me as she wraps the quilt around her shoulders.

"Aren't you glad I showed up? I noticed no smoking coming from your chimney. I'm here to start the fire for you," I say and grin.

Tammy perches on the settee as I make another fire for her. I glance back and see her annoyed expression. Trying to make light of it, I say, "We really need to stop meeting like this." I laugh.

She smiles, but it's forced. "Yeah," she says.

I stand. "Okay, all done. I'll see you by the fire pit for breakfast," I say and make my way to the door.

"Thanks, Roman. I do appreciate the fire. It feels nice," she says as she's standing in front of it. I smile and nod.

Archie is stirring eggs in a cast iron skillet. "You know, you just need to be out with it how you feel about her. Maybe she's one of those clueless chicks," he says.

One look at my disappointed face and he could tell. I nod and smile but say nothing.

"Okay, who's up for hiking?" Jasmine asks.

Reggie and I lift our hands. I'm disappointed once again by Tammy's lack of interest. The rest go fishing while I trek along the hiking trail with the lovebird wanna-bes. I'm definitely a third wheel as they are cozy and flirty, barely noticing I came along. We come to a bend in the trail that leads down a steep hill into the dense forest.

"Say, guys, I think I'm gonna head back to the cabins. You two go on ahead," I say.

"Are you sure, man?" Reggie asks.

"Yeah, go on, have fun. See you back later," I say and turn to head back down the trail to the cabins. I don't like being a third wheel and the two of them want so badly to be alone. I can take a hint.

It's the perfect setting for a lone tumbleweed to happen by when I return. Not a soul in sight and the only sounds I hear are the rustle of the wind through the trees in the forest, and the occasional bug or birds chirping. It's very peaceful actually. Once at my cabin I open the doors and relax on my bed on top of the sleeping bag and enjoy the solitude. I can only lay here for so long before I become bored. We have limited cell coverage here, so I can't even play games on my phone or cruise the social media sites. I sit up and look around trying to figure out what I can do.

A rock rolls ahead of me as I shuffle my feet along the path that connects the four cabins. I'm not going anywhere in particular, but I end up at Tammy's cabin. She's off on the fishing trip, as far as I know. I step to the door and softly rap on it in case she decided to come back too like me. I hear nothing and turn the knob and enter. The fire long burned out. I step to her bed and reach down to touch what looks like a pair of panties. Ah, yes, silk and light pink. They are cool to the touch.

I glance around and hear no one. I'm horny and I want Tammy, maybe this is the next best thing. My cock thumps in my jeans. I step out of my shoes quickly, then out of my jeans and jockeys. I blush as I pull the panties over my feet and up my legs. What kind of a sicko am I? I can't believe I'm being so naughty. I walk around Tammy's cabin, in her bathroom, and to the door and onto the porch while wearing nothing but the panties. The cool air hits me and it feels refreshing. I step back in and groan as my cock lengthens in the panties.

I grab my crotch and squeeze over the panties. The bed creaks as I lie back onto Tammy's pillow and cover. She slept here last night and left the panties on her bed. Shit, I wish I had sniffed them before I slipped into them. I pause because I thought I heard something. But as I strain, I hear nothing. I resume the rubbing on the outside of the panties because it feels too good not to. I rub down my hard shaft and squeeze over the cock head, the material soft and silky smooth like I imagine Tammy's vagina must feel. I groan as I'm getting closer, my cock grows harder and longer, if that's possible.

"What the fuck are you doing, Roman?" Tammy asks in a shrill shriek as she slams the door behind her.

I'm fucked, I'm boned. I quickly sit up, my head swims dizzily as I was so close to coming. My cock throbs from the sudden lack of attention and yet I'm thoroughly embarrassed beyond anything that has ever embarrassed me before. Tammy's scowl scares me as she steps into the room. Her eyes go to my crotch and widen when realization strikes over what I'm wearing. Fuck!

"I... uh... oh no." I shake my head, the heat of the raging blush rising to my face, covering my chest, all of which she can see.

She steps closer and crosses her arms over her chest while she taps her foot. "I'm waiting for the answer to my question. What are you doing in my cabin, wearing my panties?"

I look down and shrug. "A weak moment. You caught me in a very weak and compromising moment," I say.

"What? Were you hoping to get done jacking off and then leaving me with a soiled pair of panties? Were you hoping to be out of my cabin before I returned?" Her shrill voice sounds loud. I look around hoping no one else is back.

"I don't know what you want me to say. I was bored. I'm interested in you. I found myself walking through the camp and ended up here. Curiosity I guess. I came in the door was unlocked. Here alone, horny, wanted you. Saw your panties on your bed. Did a bad thing here. I'm sorry, Tammy. You caught me in a weak moment. I'm sorry," I say.

"Sorry? That doesn't help. I'm not sure what to do here, Roman," Tammy says as she paces back and forth in front of me.

"I don't know. Accept my apology and I'll leave, and we won't speak about this again," I suggest.

"No. No, no, no! I can't deal with this. I just can't." Tammy is on the verge of tears.

"Hon, please, I didn't mean to upset you like this," I say in desperation.

"Upset me? How the fuck would you feel if you came back and saw me naked and in your underwear on your bed, masturbating?" she asks.

My eyes widen. Oh, to find such things in my cabin. "I think I'd remove my clothes and join you," I say and chuckle.

Tammy pauses and smiles as she nods. "Of course, you would. I would say try to feel like I do, but you can't. Or maybe you can?" she asks as she squints her eyes at me.

"Well, I don't know," I say. I'm trying to be light-hearted, hoping she'll calm down and not be so pissed at my sicko behavior.

"I think I have some choices here," Tammy says as she pulls out her phone. "I could call the police. I could yell for someone to come here and see what you've done. I could do something else." She nods.

"Please don't call the cops on me. And please don't tell the others, unless you want to tell them how you liked it," I say.

She laughs a low grumble wicked laugh. "So, don't call the police. Don't tell the others unless I want to tell them because I'm enjoying seeing you like this," she says.

I nod as I bend forward trying to hide my stiff cock. "Please, what else would you do? I'll take anything else aside from calling the cops, or telling the others because you are pissed," I say.

Tammy walks to her bag which is leaned against her settee and digs through it.

She laughs and nods as she plucks out some of her clothing. Then she turns to me, her brow lifted.

"I tell you what, Roman, I'll not call the cops, nor will I complain to the others if you'll do as I say later. Exactly as I say," she says.

I nod enthusiastically. "Yes, anything. Name it. Let me prove I'm contrite and willing to make amends with you," I say as I straighten. Again, my cock stiffens, but I don't care now that she sees it.

"Good. Now, get up and dress in the bathroom, please. Leave my panties here. Come over later when I say, and you can make amends," Tammy says.

I shuffle into the bathroom and step out of the panties. Damn panties got me into a heap of trouble with Tammy. I feel a little better once I'm dressed and yet I'm still thoroughly embarrassed to face her again. She's cleaning when I step out of the bathroom. I hold up the panties and place the pair back on her bed, saying nothing.

"I'll let you know when I want you to come over," she says in a singsong voice. The wicked smile stretches across her face. I nod and leave without saying another word.

Thomas and Archie are walking up the road carrying fish they caught. "Hey, Roman, want to help us clean these?" Archie asks.

I sigh heavily. May as well since I've fucked up royally today. I'm not sure exactly what Tammy has in mind for later, but it has to be better than calling the police or telling everyone how pissed she is at me. "Sure, man," I say as I prepare a spot on one of the picnic tables for the fish.

I don't particularly enjoy scaling fish, but it will make for a good dinner later. Jasmine comes back proclaiming how she's the best fish fryer in the world. "Good, we'll let you be in charge of it," I say.

She pulls out her seasonings in a zip lock bag. "I came prepared," she says.

I hold my breath all through dinner, my eyes sweeping to Tammy waiting for the other shoe to fall. She seems light-hearted and even giddy tonight, probably because she's looking forward to putting the screws to me. Finally, when we've cleared away the dinner and cleaned the grill and tables, she motions for me to follow her back to her cabin. Thankfully everyone is occupied by talking with each other they don't notice Tammy and I walking away.

Once inside Tammy's cabin, she grins at me. "Since you saw fit to act like me earlier, I thought I'd give you a big dose of what it feels like to be me. So, I want you to dress in the outfit I have in the bathroom, please. Every piece and remove your clothing first, every piece," she says.

I suck in a deep breath and walk into the bathroom. On the side of the sink are the clothes, a pale pair of pink shorts, a matching stretchy tee shirt, and the panties I wore earlier today. I close my eyes and step out of my clothes. She's really going to make me do this.

"Are you okay in there?" Tammy asks through the door.

"Peachy," I say as I pull up the panties. The shorts are tight and barely cover my ass. The tee shirt even tighter and it doesn't help that it's a V-neck, very feminine. After I step out of the bathroom, Tammy jumps up and comes to me, her eyes gazing over my body and the too-tight clothes.

"Oh yes, perfect. Pink is your color," she says and giggles.

"Thanks," I say through clenched teeth.

Tammy stands and walks to the door. "Well? What are you waiting for? Let's walk outside and see if anyone notices," she says and laughs.

"What?" I quickly shake my head. Talk about humiliation.

"Oh yes, you follow me. This is a dare as far as they are concerned. I want you sitting by the fire and prancing around in my outfit, in my panties. I want you to see what it feels like being a woman. Or I'll go out there right now and tell them what you did and that I want to call the police about it," she says.

I exhale. "Lead the way, but I'm sitting by you," I say.

Walking to the group I try to act casual. No one is paying much attention until Tammy clears her throat. "Everybody, doesn't Roman look adorable in pink?"

she asks.

Of course, all eyes fall to me and I blush ten shades of red. I give them a slight grin just enough to let them know I'm okay with it and follow Tammy to the fire.

"What the hell, dude? You want to be a drag queen now?" Archie asks.

"Something like that. He's my little bitch tonight. I made him dress like this. He's a trooper by doing it and liking it. Right, Roman?" Tammy asks.

"Yep," I say.

The gang makes fun of me. My cock shrinks within the tight pink shorts and panties. They keep asking me why and I just shake my head.

"Oh, he's a curious little man," Tammy says. "I found out he likes me. I sort of made him do this to prove it." She winks at me. I merely nod.

"You like her so you're proving it by wearing her clothes. Interesting," Jasmine says as she looks at Reggie.

"Fuck no. I ain't provin' nothing. I'm all man. It takes a big sissy like Roman to dress like a... well, sissy," Reggie says and everyone laughs.

I force a laugh because I don't want to seem like a poor loser here. I'm just thankful Tammy didn't tell them the truth that she walked in on me jacking off in her panties.

"Say, Roman, are you going to dress up and go to the Danger Room Club?" Archie asks.

The Danger Room Club is a known transgender club that features drag queens. I suck in a deep breath. "I might, if Tammy wants to dress me up and come as my date," I say. It's a bold move.

She laughs. "Don't even tempt me," she says.

Oh, but I just may. If it takes me dressing like a sissy to get her attention, then so be it. I kind of like the way my body feels in this outfit, minus the humiliation of my friends poking fun at me.

I stay by Tammy's side and don't get up too much. When I do, Tammy whistles and smacks my ass. "Sexy little sissy you are," she exclaims.

When she's sitting beside me, she bumps me. "You're a trooper, you are. But you're gutsy too, I'll give you that," she says as she looks over my body. My cock grows under her scrutiny and I shift on the rock. Finally, people head to their cabins, it's late and a bit cool. I shiver as I wrap my arms around my body trying to keep warm. I figure our venture is about over. She stands and so do I.

"I guess it's time to head back to the cabin unless you want to stay out here?" Tammy asks. Why is she being so nice?

"Nah, it's a little chilly in this outfit," I say as I grin at her.

"Yeah, I suppose you are cold," she says and glances down at my crotch. Sure enough, my cock had shrunk when we stood, and the cool air hit me. But under her stare, it starts to grow again. I shuffle on my feet and clear my throat, waiting for her to walk away and give me a break. She motions with her head toward her cabin and I'm able to hide the impending erection.

Without saying a word, we walk back to her cabin. I figure I'll change back into my clothes and face the never-ending laughter coming from Archie when I return to my cabin.

"I'll just change," I say as I head to the bathroom.

"No, wait. I want you to change in here, where I can watch. You're still under my commands, or I'll tell them how I found you earlier," Tammy says as she walks to the door.

I nod and pull out of the tee shirt and shorts. With nothing but her panties on, I look around for my clothes. They are still in the bathroom. I start to walk toward the bathroom and Tammy steps in front of me.

"No, I'll get them. Just stay here. In fact, lie on my bed with your head at the

foot. I want to see you like that when I return," she says.

I smile and turn to the bed. If I can get lucky tonight, I'll gladly do as she says. Maybe I'm turning her on by wearing her clothing all evening. Maybe my humiliation has caused her to see me with new desirous eyes. I sure hope so. The thought of getting lucky with her causes my cock to grow exponentially within the panties. I chuckle as the bed creaks when I lie back with my head at the foot. I'm not sure what she has planned, but I'm game for whatever it is. She's rustling around in the bathroom and I'm wondering what's taking so long to grab my clothing.

The door slowly opens, but I can't fully see the bathroom from where I'm lying. She walks to the bed and I gasp. She is completely naked, her lovely body glistening from a quick shower.

"What the?" I half sit up. My cock is at full staff right now. I can't help it as my eyes gaze over her voluptuous body. Perky breasts stand at attention, the nipples little hard knobs. Her body, waxed to perfection, not a hair in sight from the neck down. I reach out and run my hand over her belly and relish in the soft smooth skin.

"Okay, one more thing before I let you go. Lie back and take what I'm about to give you without protest. Oh, tongue out and erect," she says.

I do a doubletake at her request but mind her nonetheless. She's the one in charge. I relax back on the bed and stick out my tongue. I have an idea of what's about to happen. And yep, she promptly straddles the bed and comes down to my face with her muff. I groan as she shoves her pussy right on my tongue and grinds. Nasty girl that she is, my cock grows longer and harder. I absolutely love this though it causes me to squirm a little from fear of suffocating. Precum forms

on the tip. I'm about to lose it as she's giving me a giant dose of her essence.

She leans in and prods her stiff little clit to my tongue. I swirl until she bears down and covers my nose. Instead of panicking, I simply keep my tongue moving and hope that she lifts before I freak out. I mean this is Tammy's bare muff on my face, I'm not about to ruin this beautiful moment we're having.

"Oh, fuck me, Roman. Your tongue feels so good. Yes, like that. Keep it moving, uh. Oh, fuck! I'm about to come," Tammy says.

I'm swirling my tongue as best I can when she bears down and trying not to fight her. I fear if I fight her she'll get up and march to the other cabins and tell them what she caught me doing earlier today. I'm not sure yet if I regret doing it, but if I can get her off by her facesitting on me I'll be one step ahead of the game. And maybe, just maybe, she'll let me enjoy her when she's done. That's my driving force. That she'll want more of me when she gets off. Suddenly, her pussy quivers over me. When she lifts it turns a deep purple and the hole shines with the juices of her extreme excitement. She yelps out in pleasure and bears down as her body seizes on the orgasm. I keep with her knowing there is an end, yet it's very erotic at the same time. Finally, she finishes and lifts quickly and comes down over my midsection, right where I want her. Tammy lops over, her head on my chest and breathes. Of course, she just came hard and needs a breather. I'm a patient man and I give her a minute.

"Thank you, Roman. That was explosive," she says as she lifts.

"Welcome, I think," I say. My cock is so hard it hurts. It throbs from lack of attention. I need relief.

Tammy lifts and sits straight up and rubs her hand over my chest. "You know, you're quite fine looking naked. You still have my panties on," she says as she lifts and looks between her legs. "And they're soaked." She brushes her hand over the outside.

"Well, no wonder. When a beautiful girl places her muff on my face, yeah, precum happens," I say, and I chuckle.

"Aw, so you're so turned on by my muff, huh? You didn't mind the facesitting then?" she asked as her fingers brushed against the head through the silk panties.

I laugh. "Mind? It was a bit unnerving at times, but for the most part I loved it, actually," I say. I'll say anything to get her to do more with me just now.

Tammy smiles. "That's good to know. I like a good facesitting session every so often. I figured since you were so enthused with me earlier today, you'd get off with my pussy in your face," she says.

"Yeah, I just about did," I say and groan as I thrust my pelvis up.

"How about we free willy," Tammy says as she lifts and crawls back and grabs the waistband of her panties and pulls down. I lift my ass, so she can peel them off me and at last my cock bobs free. Precum has oozed all over the tip.

"Uh, fuck me, please," I beg. At this point, I'm not beyond begging.

Tammy giggles. "You want it, bad, huh?" She hoists herself up over my long hard pole. I groan as she grasps it and gingerly comes down on top of it, fulling engulfing me within her wet, warm pussy, sliding my cock up between her soft folds.

"Uh, oh fuck," I say as I turn my head back and forth. It takes great restraint for me to hold back and not reach up and ram my cock up into her while forcing her to move up and down over me. I groan as she moves, slowly, methodically. She has all control. I'm here for the ride. I'll do anything she wants me to do right now. I'll wear a fucking dog collar and crawl on all fours and bark in public if she'll just fuck my brains out.

I thrust my pelvis up meeting with her every time she lifts. She grinds her sweet little ass into me each time she comes down. I groan every time she moves upward, and my stiff pole nearly falls out. She comes back down hard and shimmies her hips. I reach up and help her move until she reaches a nice rhythm and bounces carefree over me. The cum builds in the base of my cock and my groans are louder and louder each time she moves. It I'm about to explode all over her.

"Oh, honey, I'm about to lose it up in you. Fuck me harder, please," I say and groan.

"You got it, babe. I'm about to come again too," Tammy says.

She moves fast and hard and leans forward. Her head lowers as she's watching the action between her legs. I can feel her hard clit scrubbing on my cock with each move. I grab her hips again and ram her hard over me as I growl, the cum building until at last, I explode inside her. I can no longer hold back, everything I have comes spewing out of me, filling her hole and then some. She groans with

me as her pussy squeezes over my hard cock, her body launching into another grinding orgasm. She throws her head back and we're in unison with our moans, each one rocking through the powerful orgasms that have taken hold of us. We move in rhythm as the pleasure washes over us in waves, until it slows and finally, we're done.

Tammy lops over onto me again, this time I'm as satisfied as she. I wrap my arms around her, rubbing her back as we catch our breath. I close my eyes for a moment, relishing the feeling of complete euphoria as it passes through me. The slow pulses of pleasure fade and she finally lifts and giggles as she pulls her leg from my lap. A nice big plop of cum mixed with Tammy's finest lands on my thighs and lap.

"Ugh, really?" I ask as I quickly sit up and look for something to wipe off with.

Tammy's in a fit of giggles as she rushes into the bathroom and shuts the door. I'm left stumbling around her small cabin looking for paper towels. Finally, I spot some on the counter and tear off a few to clean myself. By the time I'm clean, Tammy emerges. She's still naked and laughing at me. I shake my head as I take my turn in the bathroom. After relieving myself and dressing, I come back into the main room. Tammy has slipped into a pair of shorts and tee shirt minus a bra. She's struggling with the fireplace trying to light a fire.

"Here, let me," I say and take over the job. After the fire is roaring she settles on the settee and pats the seat beside her.

"Really? You're letting me stay longer this time?" I ask as I sit beside her.

"Of course, I am. You silly man. After all, we've moved beyond being just friends, right?" she asks.

I put my arm around her, happy to be exactly where I am. "Right. That we are. And what a way to twist your arm and make it so," I say. We giggle about it together.

Tammy lays her head on my shoulder and moans softly. "I'm sorry I've played so hard to get. I guess you deserve a little dating action with me after what I made you do," she says.

"After what I did. I deserved it," I say.

"Think you'll want to do it again?" she asks as she grins.

That is a question I honestly have to consider.

THE END

Sissy Get Caught With His Panty Obsession

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

It started back in high school as a joke. We had a dress opposite day to dress as one of our best friends. Diane was always one of the guys except in one area, she didn't wear cotton fly underwear. I remember being shocked when I discovered what she did wear, silk lacy panties. The opposite day we were to dress as each other, as a lark. Diane came to my house carrying with her one of her long skirts and a button up blouse. She even had the panties and matching chemise.

"I actually wear a real bra, but I figured you're flat chested, so I brought matching panties and chemise," Diane said as she laid the outfit out on the bed.

"But I don't have shoes," I joked.

"It's okay. Just wear your cowboy boots. They go with the skirt," she said and winked at me.

Diane left the room with my button fly jeans and a flannel shirt. She had her own boots, so at least we matched there. I remember looking at her outfit on my bed and having a sense of dread wash over me at wearing her clothing. She wasn't a girl I ever dated or even considered dating. We were good friends since grade school and that's all I ever thought of her as just a friend. But when I picked the panties something washed over me that wasn't dread. It was a sense of wonder. A tingle of excitement rushed through my body ending at the tip of my cock. I sported a stiffy too easily back in those days anyway. I thought that perhaps wearing girl's clothes my peter would shrink up. Because, after all, I was a manly man. I was full of testosterone. I beat my chest and roared like Tarzan. I belched and farted and enjoyed lording over girls and trying to get into their pants for some fun.

I sighed heavily as I pulled my clothes off. I was taking my time for a reason, I didn't want to wear the girl's clothing. I wanted to wear my fly in the front cotton

jockeys, the very ones Diane was sliding over her butt at that same moment. I pulled up the silk lacy panties. They were white as was the matching chemise. I smiled as I peered in the mirror. My man-goods poked out in the front. It would be hard, (pun intended) to hide the fact that I was a man. I stepped into the long skirt and buttoned the blouse. The socks and cowboy boots were the only things on me that I owned and regularly wore.

"Okay, that's nice but the blouse needs tucked in," Diane said as she tromped into my room. The jeans on her were baggy in all the wrong spots and the shirt too big. I'm a tall guy with hulking muscles. She grimaced as she hoisted the pants up. "I need a belt too." She pulled the belt from her jeans and shoved it through the belt loops on my jeans on her ass. I chuckled as I watched her struggle with it.

"It's just for the day," I said as I twirled and felt the air rush up the skirt and hit my man package.

"Okay, good. Come here let me fix this for you," Diane said. She stuffed the blouse into the skirt, her hand coming precariously close to my cock. It caused me to rise and then I wished she had touched it.

I backed away to hide the fact that I had a hard-on in the skirt. Looking down, I could clearly see it through the skirt. But luckily the skirt was flowy, and I could easily hide it. While at first, I didn't like traipsing to school in Diane's outfit, I found that the clothes grew on me through the day. I wasn't the only guy in women's clothes either. I badly wanted to pull them to the side and ask them if they were liking it as much as I was, but out of embarrassment I didn't.

Walking down the hall made my cock rub against the soft silk material. I liked it too much and found reasons to walk more, so I could experience the good

feeling. When the urge to pee hit, I was in the restroom with the other guys wearing drag. They had the skirts and dresses lifted and pissed from the panties pulled to the side or down. I sported a damn erection and chose the stall instead. No one noticed, thankfully. I stayed embarrassed the entire day. Even Jude asked me why I was so red-faced.

"I don't know, man, it's hot outside," I said trying to make an excuse for my flustered appearance.

"After school, we're changing back into our regular clothes. I'll follow you to your house, so I can grab my dress. How have you made it all day in it?" Diane grinned at me.

I just shook my head. Students crowded by me in the hall. I wasn't about to admit the truth to her that I enjoyed it. "I'll be happy to give these back to you," I said.

That day started my obsession with women's underwear. For some time after I gave Diane her clothes back, I wanted to figure out a way to buy women's panties, so I could wear them again. I stopped fretting about it in high school. I was a jock and there were too many opportunities for the guys to see what I was wearing, so I never chanced it. It wasn't until I was attending college that I found myself in a mall surrounded by people I didn't know. I bought a pair of silk lacy panties in a size that fit me. I told the sales clerk I was buying them as a surprise for my girlfriend. The woman fed into my fantasy and told me the store was having a sale, five pairs for twenty dollars, or seven dollars a pair. Damn. I couldn't pass up a good bargain, so I picked out four more pairs and walked out of there with five pairs of panties.

It started as an occasionally dirty secret I kept from everyone. I wore a pair of

women's silk panties once a week for being a good boy at college. I looked at it as a reward. I'd slip into a pair and find a fun party on campus or at the nearby apartments. I loved going to places where I could wear the panties and have access to a private bathroom like in an apartment. It got to where while I was in my own private dorm room I'd walk around in nothing but a tee shirt and the panties. I shared a bathroom with one other person and I kept my door locked. I'd walk around, and my hand would go there, rubbing my cock through the cool outer layer of the panties. I'd sometimes rub one out right through the panties because I loved the feeling of my cock snuggled within the fabric.

Eventually, I wore the panties all the time. I found it strangely erotic to wear a pair under my jeans while going to class. I'd mentally tell others that I was wearing a pink pair of panties, of course, no one was a mind reader. I found it fun to pretend I was advertising the fact I was wearing women's underwear. I wore no other women's clothing, just the panties. It was my own dark secret. When I went out on dates if I thought I'd get lucky, I reluctantly wear the old cotton jockeys. I didn't want a girl to discover my secret obsession with panties.

I carried my dirty little secret with me to the job interview with Hopkins Ad Agency after I graduated college. I wore a pair of brand new black lacy panties that day. I promised myself a shopping spree online if I got the job. I did and instead of going out and celebrating with my college graduate friends, I logged onto my favorite ladies' lingerie website and shopped. I bought panties to go with all my new outfits. I chose loose fitting trousers, so my cock and balls could sufficiently feel air while I moved around. I love having my own dirty little secret when it comes to what I'm wearing under my business attire. I had to stop short of buying matching chemises because the last time I tried it the lace showed through the dress shirt. I had to button up to the top to hide it. I wear the old-fashioned cotton tee shirts under my dress shirts now. Occasionally if I wear a polo shirt I'll wear a silk chemise that matches the panties I'm wearing because I can easily hide it. I realize this is something I want to keep from others, it's my own secret.

The day I started working for Hopkins Ad Agency I wore a new pair of silk leopard print panties. I was very bold in buying something other than solid colors. It made me feel fun and special. The pair fits snugger than most pairs I own and thus my cock was bound to me tighter. I was delighted to find most of my female co-workers are pretty and sweet to boot. They seemed to enjoy having me there. Jerry, one of the other marketing experts, pulled me to the side.

"You're the new toy, dude. They see a new guy who's also good looking and they play with you like you're a mouse and they are going to chase you around," Jerry said.

"All good then. I don't mind being their plaything," I said.

"Just a warning, they are relentless, especially since you are single," Jerry said.

I enjoyed getting to know the ladies in the office, especially one of the graphic designers named Elsa. She's a buxom blonde with perfectly straight teeth and long slender legs. She sort of reminds me of a Barbie doll with her style. Her hair is always perfectly waved and hangs a couple of inches below her shoulders. To say I enjoy my new job is an understatement.

"I'd like to take you out for lunch," Elsa says as she steps into my office. I just hung up from a client and beam a smile up at the beautiful woman.

"Oh yeah?" I ask as I scoot back from my desk. Today I'm wearing a chemise under my shirt, sneaky little shit that I am. It matches the lavender panties that stretch over my cock and balls. Being in the presence of such a beautiful woman makes my mister-mister grow to full staff. I clear my throat unable to stand now,

not until she turns around and I can properly adjust.

"Yeah, for landing the Sims account. Mr. Hopkins is quite proud of you. I'm sure you'll receive a bonus out of it too," Elsa says.

"So that's why? We're celebrating? What do you receive then?" I ask as I perch on the edge of my chair.

"As the designer in charge, I also receive a bonus. I'm only as good as the agent selling my work," Elsa says and lifts her brow. She finally turns and jangles her keys. "I'll drive."

I love a take charge woman. Elsa doesn't take shit off people, she's very cut and dry with everyone and a damn good designer. She's probably two or three years older than me, one of the designers I met when I first started working here.

"How's barbecue sound?" she asks as she steers her little red sports car into traffic.

"Sounds like I'll be coming back with a full stomach after lunch," I say.

I'd eat anything with Elsa. I'd do anything with her too. She's intimidating though, and I don't have the guts to ask out a woman I work with, not right now anyway. There's a fifteen-minute wait at the restaurant. It's a good thing we have the leisure to take longer lunches if needed. Mr. Hopkins gives us great freedom to do the jobs we have without him standing over our shoulders. Lack of work

shows in lack of clientele and that's not an issue with me. I have a great personality and can talk an Eskimo into buying an ice tray if needed.

We are finally seated in a cozy booth along the interior wall. People have crowded around because the place supposedly serves the best barbecue this side of the Mississippi River. After one bite of the brisket sandwich, I must admit I agree with their sentiment. I love barbecue and yet I had never tried this place before. "Mmmm, sure is the best food here," I say with my mouth stuffed full of sandwich.

Elsa laughs. "Yeah, that's why I suggested it. I heard you tell Jerry you're new to the area since being hired. Thought I'd take the time to introduce to some of our finest culture in cuisine," she says.

Does this mean she's into me? I don't ask, but I sure speculate. I wonder what she'd think of me wearing panties she could wear? I wonder if she'd let me borrow hers. Oops, my cock grows so hard it throbs. I choke down the last of the sandwich and spoon in the slaw that fell to the plate. Elsa is in a hurry now as she glances at the watch on her wrist.

I stand and clear my throat and thrust my hands in front of my crotch. My stiffy will show through the trousers if I'm not careful. As we walk I can feel the head poking out of the top of the waistband. Oh shit! This isn't cool at all. I keep clearing my throat to cover my groans. I want some attention badly, but I can't do this. I'm such a bad boy. The car offers some relief, as I sit my trousers looks like a tent is pitched anyway. I put my hands over my crotch in a way that looks like I'm just holding them on my lap. Damn cock, the head is rubbing against my trousers. I don't need a precum stain appearing on the front.

Back at the office, Elsa marches straight into the women's restroom. I don't pay

any mind as I go into the men's restroom. When I come out she emerges and smiles at me before heading back to her office. I'm curious now and want to see what it's like inside the forbidden room. I can't because of other women and coming in from lunch and heading in there.

After we work for half an hour I step into the hall and to the break room. No one comes in there, everyone is on the phone or in meetings or hard at work. I stroll into the ladies' room and the door swishes shut. I'm enchanted by the pretty potted plant that sits on the counter by the sink. They have decor in here, unlike the plain jane men's room. I step inside a stall and pull my trousers down. My cock is still hard from lunch and even more so being in the women's restroom. I rub myself until a spot of precum forms on the outside of the panties. Damn! I shove them down quickly and pluck up toilet paper and dab the spot. I don't need for my trousers to be spotted too. My cock is long and hard in my hands. I can't help but run my hand down the girth, it feels so good I can't resist. I rub and squeeze the head and think about Elsa as I shoot off. Large plops of cum land on the floor. Just as I'm finishing I quiet my groans as someone walks into the restroom. Oh shit! I quickly hide my feet and stay still and quiet while the woman tinkles in the toilet next to me. She coughs and blows her nose. I am very quiet and hope and pray she doesn't start a conversation. I sit on the toilet and tinkle which isn't easy to do after coming, but I need the noise and distraction, so this woman doesn't talk to me.

Finally, she, whoever she is, walks out of the restroom. I promptly clean the area and listen. Stepping out of the stall, I quietly wash my hands. My heart pounds as I approach the door. What if someone is in the break room? I open the door with a story set on my lips to lie about an out of order toilet in the men's restroom. Thankfully, no one is out there, and I quickly steal back to my office before anyone notices.

Sneaking into the women's restroom becomes a habit. Like how many times can I do it without getting caught? And how many women have walked in and tickled, pooped, and changed their sanitary pads and tampons with me in the

stall right next to them? At least one thing about this place, if a woman is in the can, they don't talk to each other, thankfully.

I get bold and Friday I'm working late. I think everyone has left the building except for me. I head to the toilet to tinkle and waltz into the women's restroom, because why not? No one else is here and I can do whatever I fucking want to do. So, what do I do? I let my trousers fall to my ankles and stand in front of the mirrors and watch as I rub my hard cock through the panties. I've gotten off in the women's restroom pretty much every day since I've started coming in here. It's the forbidden fruit that tastes so good. I can jack off in the men's stalls but it's not the same. I like jacking off where I know women congregate. If I can't have them, at least I can come in a room that's meant solely for them.

I'm moaning loud, my hand feels good rubbing over the outside of the silk panties. I'm going to allow myself to come with the panties on because I'll go right home after this. I moan and shut my eyes as my hand rubs over my fat, hard, cock. The telltale squeak of the door sounds and my eyes snap open. I stop rubbing but my hand is on my cock just as Elsa walks into the restroom. She stops dead as the door quietly swooshes shut behind her. Her eyes are wide and wild. My heart is thumping so hard I'm about to pass out. Neither of us says anything for a moment. She furrows her brow and opens the door to read the word LADIES on it and lets it shut again.

"What the fuck are you doing in here, Stefon?" she asks.

What the fuck does it look like? I swallow hard. I'm literally caught with my pants down, hand on cock while wearing ladies' panties. What can I say? I shrug as my face burns with a fierce blush. "I... shit..."

"Yeah, I wish that you were shitting. Even if it's shitting the stall. This... I don't

know what to say," Elsa says as she steps to me. I mean if it were me and I caught someone jacking off in opposite clothes I'd bow out and say nothing. Not Elsa. Her take-charge personality comes in and does just that, takes charge.

"Then how about a little privacy," I say hoping she'll leave.

"Yeah, I don't think so, Stefon. I mean this is a pretty sick maneuver even for you. You're in the ladies' restroom, wearing a pair of silk panties, and jacking off while standing in front of the mirrors, in a public restroom," Elsa says.

I sigh. My cock is raging hard and Elsa isn't moving. "What are you going to do?" I ask. I'm set to go clean out my desk and move on. I'm sure I'll lose my job over this. I contemplate changing my name and moving to a new city. Thankfully I've started a nest egg and might have enough to relocate. All because I'm captivated by a pair of silk panties and couldn't resist the urge to rub one out in the women's restroom.

"I don't know. It seems we're at a crossroads here. I mean, I'm working late at my legitimate job. I need to pee because I drank extra coffee this afternoon. I walk into the public ladies' restroom and there you stand, trousers at your ankles, panties on your ass and hand on your dick rubbing so hard you acted like you were rubbing out a stain instead of making one," she says and laughs. Any other time I love her laugh but right now she has my balls in a vice grip.

I blow out a big breath causing my cheeks to expand. "Let me know so I can clear out my desk and be out of here before you bring the hammer down," I say.

"No. I'm not going to do that to you. I think you're a damn good ad executive.

You don't deserve to lose your job just because you enjoy wearing women's silk panties. Nor do you deserve to lose your job because you're jacking off in the women's restroom. I think you do deserve a little humiliation because this is very humiliating for me to have to stand here and witness this. And to think that I like you. Crazy huh? How about we call a truce? I'll determine what to do to punish you for this ill-gotten behavior. Are you game for that? Or do I call Mr. Hopkins?" Elsa asks.

"Nope, if you can keep from telling Mr. Hopkins and keep me from having to change my name and move to a new city, I'll appreciate it. What do you propose?" I ask.

She smiles. I can see the plan formulating in her mind behind her pretty crystal blue eyes. She nods and lifts a brow as she looks me over. I feel a draft as I wait for her to lower the hammer and let me have it. "I have an idea what I want you to do. But you may not want to do it. In fact, you may rather I tell Mr. Hopkins. But I tell you what, your choice here. You can choose one or the other. I'll be fine either way. Though I really think if you choose my way, my idea, it will be fun. Oh, I'll have so much fun with you," Elsa says as she wags her brow.

"No choice. I want to keep my life here. Besides, you said you like me, so I'm good with that. Lay it on me," I say.

"Okay, I want to dress you in drag, full women's clothing the whole shebang. We'll go out, and show off the new you, Stephanie," she says and laughs.

I feel the energy drain from my body. It's one thing for her to discover a secret I've carried with me since high school, it's quite another for the world to see me. I grimace but I am willing to take my punishment. "Okay, be that as it may. I'll do it," I say in full submission.

Elsa claps her hands. "Goodie! I've always wanted to dress a man as a woman. I promise you won't be recognizable as Stefon. But as Stefanie, yes! Come to my house tomorrow afternoon and we'll do this." She backs to the door, thankfully. She's about to leave and pauses. "By the way, if you don't show up at my house, I will call Mr. Hopkins with the full description about what I walked in and saw in here just now."

"I'll be there, don't worry," I say.

I drag my ass to Elsa's apartment the next night. She's all smiles when I come in. I'm feeling a massive amount of humiliation. Humiliation at being caught by her last night, humiliation at what I'm about to do.

"In here," she sings as I follow her down a hall to one of her bedrooms. Laying across the bed is a red dress with a sweetheart neckline and a long flowy skirt, but the flowy part is lower on the thigh. Above the thigh it's tight and stretchy. I swallow hard as I realize how much of my body this dress may show.

"Put on these under the dress," Elsa says. She hands a pair of black silk panties and a black chemise cut in the same deep V as the dress. Lastly, she holds up a pair of red spike-heeled strappies in my size.

"Where in the hell did you find those?" I ask as I point to the shoes.

"I have my ways and connections for clothing meant for women but fitted for men," she says and winks at me.

I grimace and grab the underwear and head to the bathroom. "Aren't you taking the dress too?" she asks.

"No, I figure you've already seen me in silk panties, there's no mystery here. I'll need help figuring out how to put that thing on," I say as I point to the dress.

When I emerge freshly dressed in the black silk panties and black silk chemise, Elsa whistles loudly. I nearly jump because I don't expect girls to know how to whistle like that. But then Elsa keeps surprising me. She lifts the dress and smiles. "Now you're telling me you've never worn a dress before? A man who wears women's panties under his business attire has never worn a dress before?" she asks.

"I wore a skirt and blouse once in high school. It was on opposite day and one of my friends and I swapped clothes that day," I say.

"Your friend, a girl?"

"Yes."

"So that's when it started?" Elsa asks. Wow, she sure knows how to cut to the quick.

"Yes," I admit and hang my head in shame.

"But you don't dress in drag ever? Just panties?" she asks.

"Just the panties. That started in college. I guess it's a sick obsession I have," I say. I'm wondering if they make a pill I can take to help.

"Ah. Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of," she says.

"Then why this?" I ask as I wave my hand over my dress clad body.

"That is because you were in the women's restroom jacking off. Not because you had on panties," Elsa says.

I look down. She's understanding about my predicament of the obsession. Why did I have to do such a stupid thing as jacking off in the public restroom at work? That was a stupid stupid thing for me to do. My cock gets me into trouble. It's like I can't control myself when it grows hard. It wants what it wants, and my brain shrinks or something when the blood flow goes south.

I stand up in the heels. My legs aren't graceful when it comes to the spiked things. I don't see how women do it. Elsa giggles as I walk to her where she can fix my face and hair. She has an auburn wig that matches my hair color nicely. I was hoping for something totally off the wall different to really change my appearance, but she saw fit to keep that the same. At least it's long glossy hair that will hang down in long ribbons at my back. After Elsa finishes with my face, my eyes stick together from the false eyelashes.

"Keep blinking until the glue dries. Now for the wig," she says as she secures the hair to my head.

I have no clue what I look like now wearing the full drag. She smiles and waves her hand to the full mirror hanging on the back of her door. I stand and wobble and walk to her and behold the image of a tall, albeit masculine looking woman in the mirror. Not too bad, Elsa did a great job on the makeup. Even with my hair color, I'm unrecognizable as Stefon, thankfully.

"Now, we go out. And stick with me, I'm your date," she says and grabs her keys.

I'm not sure I can drive in spiked heels, so I let Elsa do what she does best, take charge. We drive to midtown to Cramers, a transgender and drag bar. I suck in a deep breath as we exit the car. At least I'm not the only one in drag here. Other men dressed in platform and high heels decked out in sequined gowns and flashy make-up march into the club. I'm the new person so eyes fall to me as we enter.

"Act like a lady," Elsa whispers. I had walked along like a man, so I sway my hips and teeter on the heels. "Good." I have please her.

A drag queen walks up to me and holds out his hand, his nails long and gleaming red, sparkly rings on each finger. "Cherise," he says and bats his eyes at me.

I shake his hand like a man, because dammit, I can't let go of all my masculinity. "Stefanie," I say and bat my eyes back at him.

Elsa's eyes grow wide as she watches the exchange. "Must be your first time out, Stefanie. Would you like a dance with a sister?" Cherise asks as he wags his brows.

I furrow mine and I'm about to say no. Elsa squeezes my hand and widens her eyes with a slight nod. I grimace inwardly and know she wants me to accept. "Sure, thanks," I say. Neither of us are hiding the fact that we are indeed men with our deep rumbling voices.

"Good, darling, follow me," Cherise says. I grab his hand and follow him to the dance floor. I've never danced with a man before. I'm not even sure who is supposed to lead since he's dressed as a woman too. He takes control and grabs my hand and puts the other on my shoulder. I follow suit and put my hand on his waist. I guess I'm the woman here.

"So, what you do think of this, Stefanie?" Cherise asks.

I smile at him. We're nearly eye to eye. It's a bit odd and uncomfortable to me, but I'm a good sport. "This is my first time out like this. I'm doing it more for my date though," I say and nod toward the table where Elsa sits watching us.

"Oh, she's your date then. So, you're not gay?" Cherise asks.

"No," I say with a chuckle.

"Bi maybe?" Cherise asks.

"No, straight. But enjoying wearing women's clothing," I say and realize I'm speaking the truth.

"There are straight drag queens here too. That's good, you seem comfortable in your skin. It was nice to meet you, Stefanie. If you ever decide to try the other side, look me up," he says as the song ends.

"Will do," I say and breathe a sigh of relief the song is over and so is the dance with the man.

Elsa smiles big as she approaches me on the dance floor. I forget for a second that I'm in drag until I see how much shorter she is than me because of the spiked heels. I pull her into my arms, this time I'm leading. My cock swells when she presses against me. With the dress on and the panties, there's not much of a barrier between us. She lifts her brow as she glances up at me.

"Seems you're enjoying this," she says softly.

I groan and press her into me. I'm enjoying it too much. I didn't get off yesterday and refrained from it last night in hopes that I'd get lucky tonight. Elsa lifts her chin and I lean in, our lips meeting. "I think we need to go back to my place. I have a special surprise for you," she whispers.

I grin and grab her hand and we practically run to the car. My cock is so hard it's

throbbing in the panties. Elsa glances at me and sees it pitching the tent in the dress. "I have something very special for you once we return," she says.

"I can't wait," I say and smile.

"I want you to keep the dress on. You may remove the panties, though," she says and wags her brow. "I'll be back with something special. And oh, any complaints about this next part and I will go straight to Mr. Hopkins. So, I expect you to take this like a big boy."

I'm not sure what she's referring to, but I obey and remove the panties, gladly. To make it even better I lift the dress and crawl up on the bed, my pole standing straight up and ready for action.

"I want you to stand on the floor and bend over the bed, please," Elsa says as she approaches. She's hiding her hand behind her back. I give her a questioning look. "Just do it. Or I call."

I hesitantly do it and brace myself. I know I won't like this. Sure enough, she pulls a vibrator from behind her back and squirts lube on it. She laughs wickedly. "This is how it feels to be a woman, all the way. Pretend your asshole is a vagina though," she says.

Without a second wait, she shoves the device into my anus and I whimper. The initial shock rushes through my body as I cling to her covers. My world rocks in an odd weird way. She's laughing as she's pegging me and I'm going from not liking it to sort of liking it. I groan out of discomfort and out of an odd sensation of pleasure. She keeps pumping it in and out of my ass, I groan, and my hand

goes to my cock. It's super hard and I move my hand up and down my pole, wanting to come.

"No, wait. Don't do it like that. Here, I'm keeping this in your ass. I want you to peg my ass with your cock while I'm pegging your ass with the vibrator," Elsa says.

She turns around and thrusts her ass out at me. I groan as I move, the vibrator driving me batty. I thrust my cock through her tight anus and groan even louder. It won't take me long to come with this kind of action. Elsa thrusts her hand between her legs and moves her fingers over her clit. Both of us are moaning at the same time. I'm at the sheer edge of a blasting orgasm. She cries out as her hand moves with fury over her clit. I feel her ass tighten around my cock squeezing until the cum flows to the tip. I grab her hips and while the vibrator pegs my ass my cock explodes into Elsa's ass. We rock together through the undulating waves of pleasure that rushes through us. The euphoria nearly causes me to black out. Finally, my cock stops squirting. I reach around and pluck the vibrator from my ass and pull out of Elsa. She lops over onto the bed, catching her breath. I stumble back and lean on the wall and catch my breath.

Finally, Elsa lifts and smiles at me. "Okay, now we're even. I think you've been punished enough. How about joining me in the shower? I need to help scrub your face," Elsa says.

I gladly follow her and relish her aid in helping me undress. I pull out of the clothing and wig and join her in the shower. She sensually scrubs my body with her pouf and I return the favor. Removing the make-up isn't fun. It is all worth it as she invites me to stay the night. The next morning, we have sex again, only this time I'm a rightful man and she offers me her muff. She's super understanding and we shop for more panties for both of us later that day. I promise her I'll never enter the ladies' room again.

THE END

Crossdressing Is Denied Access And Locked In Chastity!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

Winning isn't the issue for my team. We're good at what we do. I pass the ball to Seth and he catches it and runs. I'm the best quarterback they've had in a while. Coach is grooming me for the pick when the season ends if Jeff Cuttfield switches teams. He said I may be a running back and a backup for Jeff if chosen. I have to be on my best game until then.

"Over here, Abe," Seth calls as he's running toward the goal. I throw, and he catches, it's a definite win for us tonight. We're playing the farming team from Baltimore. They don't have a star quarterback like me, as they just formed. I grin as I strut my stuff on the field. The cheerleaders are practicing in the side field. I peer in their direction enjoying the eye candy. Tight little red shorts stretch over their shapely asses, their racks bouncing precariously under the tight tee shirts. I'm grinning and nodding my head.

Coach whistles at me. "Abe, back to earth, please," he says.

I shake my head and run to where he's called the team. "Damn cheerleaders need to practice elsewhere. They are a big distraction to our practices," Coach says.

The team grumbles, each one protesting it. "Come on, coach, they are motivators," Seth says.

"Motivators for what? Making you into a horny lot?" Coach asks.

"Motivating us to play our best," I say.

"Yeah, whatever," Coach says and waves his hand toward the cheerleaders. He's a marshmallow with us, maybe too much so. He'll make threats and not carry through. We all know that. The cheerleaders are safe. I'm grateful.

We head to the locker room. The game is in six hours. Coach wants us to eat a big meal and spend some time in the steam room. He says it helps with relaxation. We make a ruckus as we head, all hot and sweaty, to the steam room. Nothing like the smell of sweat, dirt, and hot testosterone. The steam bath does us good and then we hit the showers. Now its towels snapping and more whooping. We discuss the shape of our cheerleaders. We talk about where to eat.

Callie's All You Can Eat Buffet braces for it as we stomp through the door, hungry and ready to eat. I'm happy to see the buffet steaming and piled high with all our favorites. After we claim our spots, I grab a plate and go to work serving up heaping spoons of pot roast with carrots and potatoes, green beans with pearl onions, hot rolls, and even some greens with salad makings. I finish the plate and go back for seconds. This time I choose the barbecue chicken, potato salad, and corn on the cob. We scarf it down as if we are starving. For dessert, I choose the largest piece of chocolate cake and add a giant scoop of vanilla ice cream on top. The hot fudge sauce tops it nicely and I don't leave out the crushed peanuts. By the time the team finishes, Callie's buffet needs replenishing.

The crowd goes wild cheering as I catch the ball and throw it, nailing the target. We score a touchdown and are ahead. I grin like a silly boy when I run in front of the cheerleaders, who are doing an excellent job keeping the crowd riled for us. The game takes a turn and the opposing team has a quarterback with an arm that throws as well as mine. I am sweating, hoping we'll pull one off. A win on home turf is expected. Coach yells at us, changing plays to give us the advantage. An unexpected kick and a tackle give us the ball. We hit the field goal and the cheerleaders burst out in a victory chant. The crowd stands yelling and cheering. I'm swept up in a mass of players as we meet with the fans who clamor onto the field in celebration of the win.

I shower again for the second time after the game. We head to Arthur's Sports Bar for celebratory beer and wings. Our diehard fans follow along and by 2 am I'm playing pool with two of the guys, still feeling the euphoria of the win and the beers I've consumed.

Sleepily, I call for a cab and head to my apartment. I live in a nice place and I have to be on my best behavior. Coming in so late after a victory win is the norm when we have a home game. It's a rough life. Other people work at jobs they hate. I get paid to play and I love it.

I sleep in the next morning. Most of the people in the apartment complex go to work in the early hours, but not me. I wake up closer to noon and enjoy my day off. Tomorrow we start back with practice again. Contrary to popular belief about jocks, I'm a neat freak. I take pride in the fact that my home is pristine clean at any given moment. After breakfast, I clean up and take out the trash. When I walk to the bin outside and on the side of the building, Emily Rafe comes out of her apartment. She's a cute little tart with striking red hair and a curvy petite body. She regards me with a smirk or is that a smile.

"Morning, Emily," I say in my chirpy voice.

"Um, almost afternoon, dear," she says. She yawns.

"Looks like it's your morning too?" I ask.

Emily grins. "Yes. I worked until past midnight at the hospital," she says. She's a lab technician and works all sorts of crazy hours.

"Well, there you go. I didn't get home until nearly three this morning," I say.

Emily narrows her eyes at me. "The game went on until three?" she asks.

I laugh. "Of course not. But the victory celebration did. We won by a narrow margin. It was a tough win, but a win nonetheless," I say as I puff my chest.

Emily smirks. "So, they hold a gun to your head and tell you to celebrate to all hours of the wee morning or they won't pay you?"

Jealous much? I don't go there with her because I actually like her. "No, but I get paid to play. Isn't that cool?" I ask.

"Yeah, I suppose. Seems like the waste of a perfectly good mind. I mean you're not doing anything to further mankind other than grunting around with a bunch of other males on a muddy field," Emily says.

Ouch. Normally when I talk to a single pretty woman, she's all over me or at least flattered that I take the time to converse with her. Not Emily. She's super judgy and thinks my chosen career is pointless. "I beg to differ. People need entertainment, an outlet to release the stresses of the day, their jobs and life. I do something that provides that entertainment. It's a good time for people to enjoy themselves after a hard day or week," I say. I smile, proud of myself for the explanation.

"Eh, I suppose. I'm not into sports, so it's pointless to me. No offense," she says as she glances up at me.

I walk with her back to our backdoors. She opens her door and a little mutt looking poodle runs out and barks at me while wildly wagging their tail. I smile and bend down to score points. Animals love me.

"Romeo, get back here," Emily says.

Romeo, huh? So, dear, sweet Emily is a romantic at heart. I lift my brow at her as I scratch behind the dog's ear. "Hey, ya, Romeo. How are you doing, fellow?" I ask as the dog happily leans into me loving the attention.

Emily steps up and smiles down at the scene. I make over Romeo hopefully building points with his owner. "Come on, Romeo. Time to go in," she says to the dog, who finally looks at her, wags his tail, and like a good boy, obeys.

"You should bring Romeo to my place to play sometime," I say and grin.

She looks at me and smirks. "Sure, I'll bring him over to play with you after a hard-working day of playing ball," she says. She laughs and shakes her head as she shuts the door.

Thwarted by Emily, I try not to let it ruin my day. Why do I feel the need to conquer the likes of her anyway? She's just a brainiac who thinks I'm a dumb jock. Truth is, I probably make as much money as she does. Who the hell is she to look down her nose at me anyway? I snort as I walk inside my apartment and laugh at myself for being so perplexed by the likes of her. I can do better. I can have my pick of girls anytime I want. I'm a cocky little shit.

When the weather warms, I open my back door more which gives me a direct view of Emily's apartment right across the courtyard from me. She lets Romeo outside and sits on her patio while he walks around sniffing the plants and hiking his leg. If he takes a shit, she has to pick it up as ordered by management. I laugh every time because she's so self-righteous, but so damn cute too. I'm not easily turned away and when I'm able, I go outside too. I have a nice outdoor rocker on my patio and a can of beer in the fridge always ready for such occasions.

Romeo sees me and comes running. Score one for me. I bend down and happily offer my hand to the poodle mutt. He sniffs and wags his entire back end as I scratch behind his ears. When I stop, he barks once at me and backs up a little to chase his tail. He runs in circles and stops to look at me. Soon, a red ball rolls up as Emily is standing at the edge of her patio having just pitched the toy and whistles trying to get Romeo's attention.

The dog is smart and looks up at me as he wags his tail. I look at the ball and grin and nod. "Bring it to me, boy," I say. Romeo happily picks up the ball and brings it to me. Emily is scowling at the edge of her patio. I pretend I don't see her as I hold up the ball and act like I'm about to throw it. Of course, I'm the

expert ball thrower here. The dog barks and madly wags his tail waiting. I finally pitch it across the courtyard and it rolls right by Emily. Romeo takes off in a dead run for the ball.

Emily plucks up the ball and gives me a look that says she's not about to give in to Romeo again. But the little dog is persistent as he wags himself silly and barks at her until she relents and throws it to my patio again. The ball rolls right beside me. "Nice arm," I say.

She grins. "I may not be into sports now, but back in the day I was a mean pitching machine," she admits.

"What?" I ask, surprised by the announcement. She was into sports.

Romeo runs to my patio and picks up the ball. He brings it to my feet and drops it between my toes. "Good boy," I say as I reach down and grab the ball. Instead of throwing it, I pitch it in the air and traipse across the courtyard to find out more about this pitching arm Emily boasted about. When I reach her patio, Romeo jumps up and down wanting me to throw the ball. I smile and pitch it back to my patio. He trots off to retrieve the ball and I turn to Emily, to melt her exterior.

"Tell me about your pitching arm. As a jock, I'm very interested in your story," I say casually as I watch Romeo bite at the ball and bring it back to us.

"Nothing to tell, Abe. I played softball in high school. I was the pitcher. I stopped playing when I went to college," she says as she bends down and plucks up the ball again. She looks at it and pitches it in the air before pitching it across

the courtyard again.

"How come? With a winning arm like that I would have thought you would have had your share of sports scholarships," I say.

"I did but going into the medical field I didn't have time for it. I dropped it and pursued a real career," she says and smirks at me.

"It's okay. I'm fine with your snarky remarks because I earn an income the same as you. I have bills to pay, same as you. We just go about earning it differently. I don't discount what you do or poke fun at your chosen profession, I'd appreciate it if you didn't of mine," I say. I'm proud of the way I'm standing up for what I'm doing.

Emily softens. "I'm sorry, Abe. I shouldn't rattle on you so hard. I guess it's difficult for me, my career is tough and requires a lot of mental fortitude. I get tired and can be crass. Apologies. You seem like a cool dude and you're good with dogs," she says.

I smile and blurt, "Does this mean you'll go out with me?"

Emily frowns. "No, you and I don't mesh well, Abe. Sorry," she says. She reaches down and grabs Romeo and heads to her door. Our visit is over just like that.

I walk away feeling defeated. I'm not used to women turning me down so much.

Her thwarts make me want to go out with her all the more. My neighbor is on my mind so much over the next couple of days I have trouble concentrating. I mean if we aren't matches, that's one thing, but at least give a guy a chance. Just one date wouldn't hurt anything. I have some down time as we are in a mid-season break. Boredom sets in as I peer from my French doors across the courtyard to Emily's patio. I set my coffee cup down and march right over there. She's not going to say no to me this time.

I knock on the door and hear nothing. Romeo comes to the door, wagging his back end while looking at the doorknob. I put my hand on it and it turns. Surprised, I let it swing open. "Emily," I call as I step through. Romeo wants attention. I scoop up the dog and walk into her apartment, calling for her. I hear nothing. I walk through her place and find the place empty. Back in the kitchen, a schedule is stuck to the refrigerator door. I glance at it and see that she's at work right now. In her haste, she forgot to lock the back door.

I notice a basket of laundry sitting beside the dining table. The clothes catch my eyes because it's unmentionables. I put Romeo down and reach for the item on top. It's her panties. As I pick it up a thrill rushes through me. I'm daring and full of myself. Why not? Emily won't be home for hours and she's too cold for me. If she won't go out with me maybe I can be a bad boy for a few minutes and have some fun. That's how I operate I do things on the spur of the moment.

Romeo follows me and watches as I step out of the athletic shorts and jockeys. I don't know why I'm doing this other than I feel it's a way to get back at Emily for saying no to me. No woman says no without giving me a fair chance. I'll get my fair chance like this. I slide my feet into the silk black panties. I feel so dirty and naughty. My cock and balls poking through, the material stretching over snugly. I had tried on a pair of panties like this with an ex-girlfriend. It was as erotic as hell. My cock swells as I think about it.

My hand swings to my crotch. I'm going to leave my mark. My fingers glide

over the soft smooth fabric. I groan as my little man stiffens more until I can't stop myself. I squeeze over the outside of the panties. It helps to know Emily wears them against her muff. Pre-cum squirts out and stains the front of the panties. I don't care as I keep my fingers moving, my groans growing louder. I'm going to mark my territory with a splattering of nice hot cum.

I peel out of the soiled panties while I laugh. I just showed her who's boss. I chuckle as I pitch the dirty pair into the dirty clothes hamper. After I pull on my jockeys and shorts I snort at her bed. I look at it and nod. "It must be a cold lonely place for you every night after being all judgy and in need of rest from your heavily mental job at the hospital. Maybe if you'd learn how to cut loose and relax your bed would see some fun action," I say to the bed. I laugh and leave the room.

Romeo follows me to the door. I reach down and scratch behind his ears before I leave. I chuckle all the way back to my patio. Emily, the little judgy frigid woman can wash her soiled panties again. I laugh as I settle in front of my TV with a big bowl of chili I left cooking in my slow cooker. Look at me, a big dumb jock who knows how to cook. I also know how to have a good time at the lady's home even when she's not there.

The next day I'm minding my own business, going over some plays the coach uploaded for us to study when there's a frantic knock at my back patio door. It's Emily and she's banging on the door even when she sees me coming. Her face is set in a scowl. I open the door expecting her to ask me if I'd seen Romeo or something.

"Can you come over for a few?" she asks. Ah, an invitation, finally. She's not asking it in a friendly way. I nod and shut off my TV and follow her. She stomps across the courtyard and into her apartment.

"Hey ya, Romeo," I say and bend down to pet the dog. I stop short of saying, nice to see you again. Ha-ha! That would be a disaster. Good thing dogs can't talk!

"In here, please," Emily says. She marches to her living room and plops on the sofa. I smile and sit beside her. She thumbs over her phone, casting something on the TV. My eyes adjust to the screen. Her TV is smaller than mine.

I gasp as the screen shows Emily's bedroom and me standing in it. I watch in horror as I slip out of my shorts and jockeys and put on her panties. What the fuck? She recorded the whole thing, including me rubbing one out in her panties and the parting comment I made before I left. My face burns hot as the blush stains my cheeks. Oh fuck, I've been caught, and this isn't good at all. One quick glance at her and I realize how pissed off she is right now. She's not said a word other than asking me to follow her over here. Her face is as red as mine, only she's not embarrassed, she's pissed. I say nothing and merely look down at my feet. What can I say? She apparently had a video camera hidden somewhere in her room.

"Well? Care to explain this?" she asks as she glares at me.

I finally look up at her. "Well?" I shrug. What can I say? I have no excuse. "You heard what I said. I guess you have hidden cameras in your apartment."

Emily laughs bitterly. "Pet nanny cams. Normally I just see Romeo doing his normal milling about the apartment. Imagine my shock when I discovered someone had broken into my apartment," she says.

"I did not break into your apartment. I came over here for a reason, to ask you a question. The door was unlocked. I came in and yelled for you. I looked around for you," I say.

And then you should have left when you discovered I wasn't home. But oh no, you had to pry into my personal things and do a dirty deed in my bedroom while wearing my panties. You are a freaking pervert," she says, her voice on the edge of shrilling.

I huff out a breath. "Okay, you caught me. I'm sorry. I was frustrated with the way you continually turn me down when I ask you out. I guess this was my way of getting back at you for it," I admit.

"Getting back at me for not going out with you? Really? This seems like a very jock thing to do only it's more of a sissy jock thing to do. I tell you what, Mr. Abe, I have plans for you. Since you believe in getting back at me I'm turning the tables on you. How about I get back at you? Oh yes, that's my plans. You come over tomorrow evening and take your medicine like the big strapping jock that you are. If you don't, I will send this recording straight to your coach and every jock on your team. Don't believe me? Try me. I'm mad enough I will ruin you," she says.

I straighten. She has my attention now. She'll ruin me forever if she makes good on the threats. "No..., please... what do you want me to do? I'll do it if you'll make the video go away. I'm sorry. Dammit," I say.

"Like I said, you show up tomorrow at five and do as I say for the evening then we'll call it even, okay?" She stares daggers at me with her brow arched.

I look down and shut my eyes as I nod. "Okay, I'll be here." I shake my head and realize the error of my ways. What a dick I am! "Emily, I am sorry."

I can't believe what I've done. I'm not supposed to act this way. I allowed my testosterone to get to me in a way that has caused a great deal of grief that I brought on myself. Emily means business and I can't let the team know what I did. My entire football career is at stake here. I'm forced to do her bidding, no matter what it is.

I show up early to Emily's house wearing a big dose of contrite spirit. Even Romeo keeps his distance from me as he's gnawing on a big cowhide chew.

"To keep him out of our way. Follow me," Emily says as she walks back to her bedroom. Under normal circumstances, I would be excited to follow her, but now I know better.

On her bed is a silver sequined dress, a pair of black patent leather high heels, women's underwear, and some odd-looking belt. I lift a brow and gaze at my hostess as she grins up at me.

"Yes, dear, put it all on. I'm here to help you. Tonight, you're dressing in full drag with a chastity belt to help you curve the desire caused by your dick. We'll keep it lassoed with the belt. And you'll fulfill your fantasy by appearing in public as a woman, dressed even to the panties in lady's clothes," Emily says.

I heave in a deep breath. Might as well take my medicine like a man and do as she says, or my coach and team will receive the video I starred in unwittingly. At least Mr. cock isn't standing at attention just yet. Oops, pulling out of my

clothing and standing naked in front of Emily helps me rise to the occasion. She gawks at my cock as it lengthens. I can tell she's impressed. This makes it worth it. Maybe later after the humiliation I'm about to endure, she'll want to play with him. I can always hope.

Emily grimaces as she helps me pull up the silk panties over my stiff cock. "You know, there's a way to make it go down," I say with a bit of humor.

"You better get it down now or the belt won't help the situation any," she says.

She's right. When I pull on the chastity belt, I groan and can't. "Let me go to the bathroom and pull it on," I say. I'm aggravated about it, but once I piss and think sweaty jock thoughts, my cock shrinks and I'm able to secure the damn device over my crotch. It's an uncomfortable feeling, but I have to do it or else.

"Better," Emily says as she helps me put on the silver sequin dress.

I feel so silly in the dress and even sillier as she sits me down and spreads makeup on my face and even attaches false eyelashes. At least the wig which is as red as her hair makes us a matched pair. Finally, she's finished and has me walk to her hall where she has a full-length mirror attached to the outside of the linen closet door. There's no hiding the fact that I'm a hulking man, even in a dress and heels. The makeup and wig help hide my identity, but I look awfully silly in the outfit.

"Now, we go out, darling. You make a fine woman," Emily says.

She's dressed in a pair of tight pants in deep red with an off-white sweater in a plunging neckline. She looks fine, her round butt wiggles as she walks. Fuck, my cock tries to stiffen but meets with resistance with the belt. I turn my thoughts to yucky things like little old women with warts on their faces and stubbly chins to make it shrink back again. It works, thankfully, as we drive to the club where men in drag attend. I don't exactly look like a sexy man or woman in this outfit, so I'm confident if I can just get through the night I'll be fine. At least I'm well disguised and unrecognizable at the quarterback star on the team.

Men taller and bulkier than me are dancing, many with other men. Oh shit, will they think of me as gay? I walk close to Emily as she orders two white wines and we mingle in the crowd. At least there are all sorts of people here, not just men in drag. Honestly, I feel better around the straight guys, because some of the ones in drag are eyeing me like I'm a piece of candy.

A tall man who stood shorter than me thanks to the heels comes up to me. He looks me up and down smiling approvingly. Emily stands back and giggles. "You're a fine-looking lady. Might I ask your name?"

I stammer because I don't want to admit who I am. I swing my eyes wildly to Emily and she steps up. "This is Abby. Her first time out in drag. Isn't she lovely?" Emily asks.

"Oh my, yes. Care to dance?" the man asks. "I'm Theo, by the way."

"No thank you. I only dance with women," I say and smile. "Sorry, I'm not gay."

"Oh? Too bad. I would be so interested in you if you were. Toodle-loo," the man

says and moves on.

I exhale. I dodged that one. "You know what? This isn't working. I have another place I'd like to take you," Emily says.

I'm game. We walk out the door and up the road to a gentleman's club called Frankie's Place. I gulp because I've been in here before throwing dollars at the dancers on the stage. Emily grins wickedly as we walk through the booming room to a table front and center at the stage. Three poles face us and currently, a brunette is humping the pole, her long slender legs wrapping around as she slithers upside down. The pasties on her nipples dangle as the flesh jiggles. The thong pants leave nothing to the imagination. My cock bangs ferociously against the chastity belt. I double over and groan as I look at Emily.

She's grinning and saying nothing but enjoying my reaction to the titty bar and the dancing girls before me. Ms. Long Legs comes by and kicks her luscious legs over my head. I catch a glimpse of barely covered muff and feel the urges to dig deep in my pockets for money, only I'm wearing a damn dress and my cock is screaming in the belt wanting loose. Fuck me.

"Say, can we loosen this thing a bit?"

"No, dear. I've paid for a special dance," Emily says.

Just then the stripper hops off the stage and comes to me. Glancing down with sultry eyes, she sways her hips while thrusting into my face. Her crotch is close enough for me to lick. My cock aches and now my balls are joining in the pain. I wiggle, trying to find a comfortable position. Fuck! My cock stiffens anyway

and grows backward into my body. I can't enjoy the stripper who has now turned around and is bumping her ass over my knees. Her round buttocks shimmy in the lights, the skin looks so soft. She backs to me, her ass on my chest. She smells of dollars and floral spray. I groan as I need to double over in pain. My eyes plead with Emily. She merely grins as she watches my reaction to the lap dance.

Finally, the song ends, and the stripper moves on. Emily pitches a twenty at her and laughs unceasingly at me. I'm doubled over, my groin aches beyond words now. The erection causes it to get caught in a way that even if it retreated it was caught.

"Please, Emily," I beg. The words come out strained. I don't care that another sexy damsel took the stage and is twerking her ass at me from the pole. All I can think is uncaging my cock from the binds of this damn chastity belt.

Emily reaches out and caresses my cheeks and looks longingly into my eyes. Oh, what I'd give if she had done this days ago before I put on her panties and made a total ass of myself. "Oh sweetie, would you like to leave now?" she asks. Her voice sultry, her eyes looking at me as if I'm a fresh steak and she's a ravenous wolf.

"Yes," I squeak.

She laughs and grabs my hand. I'm not able to stand because it pulls my cock. I walk out doubled over while she's roaring with laughter. Once we're in the car I'm hoping she'll unlatch the belt.

"Nope. Not until we're home. You need to realize the world does not revolve

around your cock," she says.

"I know. Please, I'm so sorry. Please, forgive me. Please, I'll never do it again. Never," I say and beg.

She looks forward as she steers the car, not saying a word. The satisfied smile on her face speaks volumes. I bend forward and hold myself as I rock, the pain is beyond even whimpering. Finally, we arrive at our apartments and park in front of her place. I walk doubled over and bite my lip because the pain is so bad. The throbbing won't let up despite the fact that it's flaccid right now. I follow her into the apartment.

Once there Emily surprises me. Instead of unlocking me and sending me packing, she steps to me and runs her hands up my sequined chest. "You know, when I saw you naked earlier I thought to myself how sexy you are. Damn, you're a good player, I'm proud of how you did exactly as I said tonight. As a reward for good behavior I want you to stay with me tonight," Emily says.

My heart soars and ouch! My cock extends. I nod frantically and turn so she can unzip the dress. She slowly, painstakingly slowly, unzips the dress. I groan as she runs her hands over my back. Slowly, the dress slips from my body and I quickly turn so she can set the beast free. I smile as she unlocks the damn chastity belt. My cock springs free and my balls bounce out of the contraption, air meets with the skin and I visibly sigh from relief.

Emily smiles up at me as I tug at her sweater. We're not denying anything now, she easily slips out of the clothes and tosses the items to the chair on top of the dress. She melts into my body, her soft embrace pulling me down to her. She walks back to her bed, each deliberate step taking us closer to fate. My balls still ache, but I have a feeling when I come they will feel better. Her lips taste like

white wine. I groan as I pull her to me, our tongues colliding. She falls back onto the bed softly, and pulls me with her. I land on her, as her arms wrap around my neck, her body moving under me, her legs wrapping around my waist. I groan as my cock brushes against her soft warm lips below. I grab hold and rub the head through her slit, focusing on the little member that stiffens greatly causing her to arch her back. She moans softly as she pulls me to her, her feet coming high to my shoulders. She arches her back under the attention and shuddered greatly as her body rushes into a full-blown orgasm. I seize the moment and thrust in through her pussy, her muff glistening with lubrication.

“Oh, fuck, uh, fuck me hard, Abe,” Emily says.

Gladly. My aching cock and sore balls need a release after being pent up like I was. Tight lips grip the head as I slide in and press all the way until I'm tapping my balls on her asshole. I saw back and forth, coming almost out before thrusting back in, enjoying every moment. The cum builds in the base of my cock as I saw faster and faster. Emily's head thrashes back and forth as she bucks her pelvis up and down, meeting with each thrust. She leans up, pulling her ass higher until my cock scrubs against her swollen clit. Again, she moans and arches her back as the second wave of ecstasy hits her. Her pussy quivers and squeezes me as I pound into her harder. I can't hold back any longer and lurch forward, dumping cum into her pussy while I'm groaning much louder than Emily.

Finally, all the cum is out and I'm winded. Emily lies back completely in the throes of euphoria of having had two orgasms. I roll from her and lie beside her on the bed. We both catch our breath while we say nothing. I am relaxed and out of pain feeling the same euphoria from the pleasure that coursed throughout our bodies moments earlier.

Emily lifts on her elbow and peers at me. Her beautiful eyes make my dingle tingle again, even after all the punishment and humiliation she put me through.

She smiles and traces circles on my chest.

"You know, I never saw myself with a jock," she says.

I perk up. "Did you say you never saw yourself with someone like me, yet here we are?" I pull her to me.

"Yeah, funny how life changes when someone breaks into your apartment and tries on your underwear." She giggles, and I join her. Yes, funny, but I'd do it again to have her here in my arms.

THE END

Clueless Sissy Is Ridiculed And Humiliated In His Sissy Panties

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

* * * WALT * * *

"Dammit," I say as I pitch the necktie to the bed. After grabbing another I try tying it and this time it works. I have issues with the silk ties, the fabric crawls. My parents gave me six new ties in different colors when the bank hired me. It was a gift of celebration. I interned at the bank for six months and they got to know me first hand.

"Don't be a cocky know-it-all," Dad advised the day I started the internship. I gave him a cocky smile and nodded.

"Who me? Cocky?" I asked.

Point being, I am a cocky dude. I brained my way through college and lived with my parents while I worked on the internship. It helped me focus on my studies while I wooed my way into a great job offer. In my opinion, it worked out well. I lived at home for another three months while saving for the lease deposit on the condo and my car.

Three months later, I'm finally on my own in my own place. I can't call on my father to tie my tie for me. I can't ask my mother to help me decide which suit to wear. I have to be a big boy and do big boy things.

Finally, I secure the sleeves of the button up shirt and pull on the suit coat. I have to remind myself I wanted this kind of job, where I dress to a T every day. I have swagger and I know it. Mr. Cocky is back!

I push through the glass doors at the bank and smile at the receptionists and secretaries that line the lobby. The women glance up and give me big smiles. The single ladies especially pour out the flirt all begging for attention from the stud that I am. I make their day when I smile and make eye contact. Though I'm cocky as fuck, I'm also nice.

I walk by the last secretarial desk of Janice Ainsworth. She's a tough one to crack. A buxom red-head with curves that won't quit. Her nails are impossibly long and always gleaming in a color that matches her impeccable outfits. But she

is just a secretary. And yet she doesn't think I'm all that, not like the others and that makes me super-hot for her.

Enough about Janice, I can't let one lone secretary stop me from being a stud at work. I climb the winding staircase to the second floor where the loan officers' offices sit among the board of directors' offices. That's right, I'm a fucking big shot at this posh and polished bank.

Sherri Nolston's office is next to mine. She's a big shot too. Married to a big ad executive and rakes in greater than six figures a year. She grew up with me, we even graduated in the same class, but she's a snob and a half. I think it pissed her off when the bank hired me as they did in giving me a comparable salary. She barely acknowledges me. It's okay. She can go home to her rich husband and be all la-de-da about life. I don't live for her thankfully. I just wish my office wasn't sharing a wall with hers. Ha!

The loan officers share a secretary, dear sweet sexy voluptuous Janice downstairs. She fields the calls, directs the customers, sets the appointments like a good little secretary. I get goose pimples when she speaks to me with her husky sultry voice over the phone. One time, as a joke really, I asked her to talk about something sexy, you know to give me good dreams for the weekend. She hung up on me. How dare she! I'm paying her a big compliment and certainly when my cock is involved, it's doubly big. But she didn't take it as a compliment.

"Your ten-thirty appointment with Mr. Bigfield is here," Janice says into the phone.

"Thanks, hon, send him up," I say.

She absolutely hates it when I call her hon. I have to be careful and not cross the sexual implication line here. We had to attend some big behavior modification seminar upon being hired at the bank. Fuck that shit, we're all sexual beings and it's impossible to hide the fact. I smile and rise as Mr. Bigfield walks through my door. He has a seat and we talk shop about how he wants a business loan to help float expansions at his three bakeries in the city.

I'm feeling my oats as I waltz down the winding staircase to the secretarial pool. Tina giggles when I lean over her desk and ask how her weekend went. She enjoys telling me about a party she attended and felt sad not to see me there. I scrunch my nose. She and I don't run with the same crowd, so of course, she won't see me at parties she attends.

Bethany lifts her brow as I saunter to her desk. My eyes swing to her swooping low neckline and she sits up and pushes out her chest all the more. "Looking good there, sweetie," I say.

She bats her baby blues at me and licks her lips just so. Yep, maybe, perhaps. I could see tangling with the likes of her, but she is skinny. I much prefer the bodacious curves as found on Janice who is currently sneering at me disapprovingly from her desk.

"Thanks, Walt. Not so bad yourself," Bethany says.

Yep. She's right. I'm a looker and I know it. I point my finger and wink at her while clicking my tongue against my teeth. It's enough to make her day as she craves attention from me. I saunter back up the secretarial line, nodding and saying hello to the married girls before I pause at Janice's desk.

"And how was your weekend, dear?" I ask as I perch my ass on the edge of her desk.

Janice looks up at me with her golden eyes, her painted lids blinking up at me as if she can't believe I'm even talking to her. "Fine, and yours?" she asks without much of a smile.

I lean toward her. "You know, you are so pretty when you smile. It just brightens the room, my heart and makes... well, let's just say it makes my body come to life," I say and wink at her.

"Honestly," she says as she shakes her head and types frantically on her keyboard.

I act like I don't notice her disgust. "Say, it's almost lunchtime. Would you like to grab a bite to eat? My treat," I say as I grin down at her. My eyes fall to the valley below her chin and I make no hidden agenda that I'm looking right there. Why else would she wear such outfits if she didn't want my eyes peeled to it?

"No, thanks. I brought a salad from home," she says.

"A salad? Here in the breakroom?" I make a face. "That's no fun."

Janice picks up her pen and jots something on a document opened. After shutting it she sets the pen down hard and sighs as she looks up at me. "No, I'm not wasting my salad. That's my lunch plan."

"Hey, you can't turn down a sexy handsome man who wants to have lunch with a sexy beautiful woman," I say and wag my brow.

"The salad will go bad if I don't eat it within the next day or so," Janice says. Clearly, she's not impressed with me.

I clap my hands together. "Then I have a solution. Have your salad for dinner later. You cannot resist having lunch with this," I say as I wave my hands down my body. I grin and nod. "Yes, you like? You know you want to." I wink at her.

"Why? You think you're the greatest gift to women. I'm choosing the salad in the breakroom over lunch with your beast," she says as she rises from her desk and walks away.

I'm hard-headed and follow her into the break room. After hitting the vending machine, I sit across from her at the table eating my package of peanut butter and crackers and a bottle of soda. I grin as I nod. "Mmmm, good," I say.

Janice takes a bite of salad and shakes her head. "What are you doing in here, Walt?" she asks.

"I'm giving you another chance," I say as I pop a cracker into my mouth.

"I didn't ask for another chance," she says.

"No, but I'm giving you one because that's the kind of man I am. I don't allow just any woman to have at this," I say as I again wave my hands down my body.

"Why are you here?" Janice acts as if she doesn't hear me.

"It's the breakroom, for the employees. I can eat my lunch in here if I want," I say as I eat another cracker.

"You never slum it and have lunch in here. You're a big shot who goes out every day," she says.

"You got me. I'm here because you are. I'm trying to figure out why you won't go out with me. I mean, not many women refuse me when I pursue them," I say.

* * * JANICE * * *

No matter what I do or say the pig won't leave me alone. Walt thinks I should fall all over myself just because he asks me out. I can't stand the man really. He's a pretty boy wearing big man's pants, groomed by all the right schools and patted on the back by all the big shots in the bank. I want to barf. He's cute, I agree there, but he's obnoxious. Silly girls in the secretarial pool swoon every time he marches by. It just fuels his over-stuffed ego even more. Why he sets his eyes on me I don't know. I'm not interested in a pretty-boy who thinks he's every woman's dream. Now he's sitting in front of me slumming it with a package of crackers and a bottle of soda.

"I'm not just any woman. Try barking up another tree," I say as I finish my salad. I have heartburn now that I've eaten my lunch.

"Sweetie, maybe I need to spell it out to you. I could have any other woman in this bank I wanted, even the married ones, and they'd give me more than just the time of day. A woman in your position should consider it an honor that I'm pursuing you like this," Walt says.

I shake my head. Who the fuck is this guy? A woman in my position? What the fuck does that mean? "I'm as smart and valuable employee as you, dickhead," I say as I shove out of my seat.

"No, no, no. You're taking what I said wrong. I never said you aren't as smart and valuable," he says.

"Then what?" I narrow my eyes at the man.

"I mean a girl like you. I'm sure you have your line of men waiting to take you out, but how many hold an executive position? That's what I meant. Like the married men in my area aren't married to mere secretaries. They normally marry women of, well, let's just say certain social stature. You're a hard worker, but a secretary. Our, um, social statuses are different. But I don't let that stop me. I'm into you. And who wouldn't be in this body?"

I grimace and hold up my hand. "Please, do yourself a favor and stop while you're ahead," I say as I exit the breakroom.

"You'll be sorry that you turned me down. You may not have another opportunity like this," he says as I'm walking away.

What a dick. I can't just let him talk to me like that. He needs to be brought down a peg or two. Asshole. I smile as a plan formulates in my mind. Yes, I will set the bastard up and give him a giant dose of his own medicine. Nothing like a little humiliation to put a man back into his place.

When I arrive at home I fish in my drawer for the perfect pair of panties. If Walt is so keen on going out with me maybe he'll do anything to gain my trust and acceptance. How dare he speak to me like he did. Saying how as a secretary I should be honored that the likes of a big shot executive like him would stoop so low as to ask me out. I'll see if he likes me enough to do this and if he does, I'm handing it right back to him in a way that will serve to humiliate the piss right out of him.

The next day I'm sitting at my desk with the special package in my drawer just waiting to see if Mr. Walt comes by with his god-like attitude with me. He steps to my desk and leans over while tapping the top with his finger.

"Have you given my little suggestion a thought or two?" he asks.

I smile sweetly and pull up the package I made just for him. "Yes. I have something for you. Take it home and look at it there," I say and grin.

He takes the bait... er uh, package and smiles with a curt nod. "Thank you," he

says and clutches it in his hands while he marches away. Sucker.

* * * WALT * * *

I whistle as I climb the stairs to my office. Little Ms. Janice seems to have turned a good corner with me. She actually smiled at me when I walked up to her desk just now. It's enough to encourage me to have a good day. Maybe this weekend will be a good one. I throw the package up in the air and catch it. Whatever it is it weighs nothing. It's very squishy too. Mr. Jenkins, my boss, walks into my room and I shove the package into my top desk drawer. Maybe I can peek at it later, but for now, we have a big board meeting and I have clients coming in later. It's going to be a busy day.

When I finally emerge for lunch I'm late as Janice has already skedaddled from her post. I wander back to the break room and find it empty. I'm thankful in a way because I really don't want to eat peanut butter and crackers again. I go to lunch with the vice president as he comes down the stairs and sees me standing by an empty desk.

"Walt, how about we hit Bart's Grill?" Dave asks.

Of course, I can't turn down an opportunity to fraternize with the V.P. I take what I can and find it always works out to my benefit. We talk about boating and playing golf and attending the summer barbecue at the board president's palatial home in August. Before I know it, we are heading back to the bank and my long afternoon of clients. I open the drawer briefly and run my fingers over the package wondering what it is. I suppose I'll wait until I get home to see it.

I come through the door of my condo and first thing's first, I make a drink and pull off my coat, tie and shoes. May as well make myself comfortable in my favorite recliner and carry the package with me after I slide dinner into the oven. Thankfully my mother cooked some homemade meals for me to pull from freezer and pop into the oven, so I have hot food to eat. I raise the glass to my mother who always thinks of me. After a few swallows and a bite of the food, I click the remote. All settled down now, I pick up the package after swallowing the last of the delicious chicken pot pie. The brown paper rustles as I open it and look inside the sack.

The whistle sounds from my lips as I pull out a pair of white lacy panties. Silk and lace, they aren't brand new but appear to be ones she's owned and wore. They are clean as I sniff the fabric and detect the faint scent of laundry detergent. I smile big because she gave me a pair of her panties. And at the bottom of the bag is a little note. I reach in and pull it out.

I dare you.

She dares me to do what? I ponder the note and the panties. She dares me to do what? I conclude after deliberation, she dares me to wear the panties. But when? Tomorrow is Friday. Maybe this is a dare to wear her panties, meaning I'll get into her panties in the real sense as well as into her later. My cock grows just thinking about it. I hold the panties in front of me and imagine her walking around in nothing but the underwear. Now my cock is super hard and rearing to go. Yes, I'll wear the panties to work tomorrow. I'll take her dare.

The next morning I'm about to pull on my slacks and remember the dare. Oh yes, the panties. I grab the bag and have a slight feeling of trepidation as I consider whether to wear the garment. I decide to go for it because I have a thing for Janice. I need to show her I'm a participant in her little fantasy. I step into the cool panties and pull up over my man goods. It fits snug against my cock and balls. I smile as I run my hand over my package and relish in the softness and the

air that reaches my goods. I think I'll enjoy this. When I pull on the slacks I realize the silk panties won't hold my junk as well as my jockeys. It doesn't matter, this is a fun, sexy game for Janice. I have big plans for her.

As I waltz through the front doors of the bank my cheeks heat with a blush over what I'm wearing in my slacks. No one knows, no one can see, yet each step I take I know. The soft silky fabric rubs me just right. I like walking around with this secret. I smile because my cock rises within the panties. Janice isn't at her desk. I frown because I wanted to say to her, "Dare accepted, want to see?" But she's not here. I have work to do so I climb the stairs, feeling my hard cock rubbing against her soft smooth silk panties. I love the secret I'm carrying and the thrill of the nastiness of a man like me wearing a pair of women's panties.

At lunch, Janice is at her desk, working through the first part and waiting for the other secretaries to return so she can have her lunch. I come down the steps and approach with a big smile on my face. She's on the phone and talking adamantly with a client. She glances up at me and nods with a slight smile. At least I got that much out of her. Normally she scowls at me. I stand by her desk waiting for her to get off the phone. From the sound of it, she'll be on there for a while. When Jerrick comes down the stairs and invites me to lunch with him at the steakhouse on the corner I can't refuse. I follow him out the door and will try to get with Janice when I return.

Janice is out to lunch when I return from the steakhouse with Jerrick. I grab her little notepad and jot a quick note on it.

Come to my office before you go back to work. I have something I want to show you.

It is a short and sweet note. I chuckle as I fold it and write Janice on the outside.

I place it on her keyboard so she's sure to see it when she returns. I'm confident after she returns she will like what she sees and my beast in her silky package will entice her to go out with me. The president has taken off for meetings away from the bank today. I've cleared the afternoon, so we can have some time alone in my office. I adjust the blinds so people on the street can't see what I'm doing.

My phone buzzes. It is Janice calling on my cell. She sent a text.

You want me to come up now??

I text back.

Yes. I have something special to show you. ;)

Within five minutes Janice is at my door with a smirk on her face. I stand and grin big as I walk to the door and pull her inside. "Have a seat, please," I say as I shut and lock the door. I put the phone to busy, so no one will interrupt us.

Janice has a mischievous smile stretched across her face now. She adjusts her purse which she carried with her. My brow furrows.

"Oh, this? I didn't have time to shove it in the drawer. It's close to time for me to get back to work. I didn't want to waste a second so after reading your note I came up here as fast as I could," she says as she lifts her purse and sets it back on her lap. "Okay, what's up?"

I wag my brow. "Since you asked," I say as I stand. I grin as my hand slithers to my pants. Janice merely lifts a brow as she watches. I can't tell if she's happy to be here or disgusted. Given her track record, she's been disgusted with me. But given the package she gave me yesterday, I'd say she's definitely interested in me. I slowly unbuckle the belt and unbutton the slacks. She nods as if encouraging me to go ahead. Her hand clutches her purse and her eyes stay peeled to my hands. I slowly unzip the zipper and pull the pants down, exposing myself to her, showing her how I took the dare. My cock is stiff within the panties as it's pointing up. Surely this will impress her. She says nothing, so I keep going and pull my pants down until they fall to my feet. I lift the shirt and turn a circle, so she can clearly see I'm wearing her white silk and lace panties.

Janice holds up her purse and suddenly busts out laughing. She's laughing so hard and pointing at me tears spring to her eyes. I'm not sure whether to be hurt or laugh with her. What in the fuck is so funny?

"Really?" I finally ask when she won't say anything.

She keeps laughing and nods. "Oh my, you are so tiny. I've never seen such a small dick. Are you sure you're a man? I mean you look awfully prissy in the panties. In fact, they are a perfect fit," she says and spits while she's talking because she's laughing so hard.

I grimace at her cruel words and hold out my hands. I don't want my neighbor in the office next door to hear her. "Please, shhhh," I say and shake my head vigorously.

"No! I will not shhhh. I should call everyone in here and show them what a dickless man you really are," Janice threatens.

I blanch. I literally feel the blood draining from my body and my peter shrivels too. I look down and don't see that I'm that small. "I'm not..."

"Yes, you are. You are tiny. Minuscule. Tortured micro-dick. How do you even operate with that little thing? I think I made a good call in giving you my panties. I mean, I knew that's what you wanted, to get into my panties, but never in a million years did I think you'd actually wear them to work. Really? You're so small your cock literally disappears behind all that silk and lace. How do you ever use that thing? Are you sure you're not really just a manly woman?" Janice asks.

I'm panicking now. She's not kidding. She's honestly laughing at me and saying such hurtful words. I want to sink into the floor and hide. "Seriously, Janice, cut it out," I say as I yank up my slacks and sit down to hide from her laughter.

"No! Why should I? Seriously, let's show everyone what kind of man, er, a woman you are," she says and proceeds to stand.

"No! Please stop. What do you want from me?" I ask as I'm desperate for her to shut up.

Janice frowns, her face mean and menacing. She opens her purse and plucks her phone from the side pocket and grins. "See this? I have it all on video, this whole scenario. I have enough on here to get you fired and to ridicule you in front of your peers here," she says as she swipes her thumb across her phone. Sure enough, she recorded the scene of me unbuttoning and shoving down my pants showing her how I'm wearing her panties. My mouth feels like cotton despite the gall that just came up in my throat.

"What do you want from me?"

"And my photos and videos automatically save to the cloud, so don't even think of destroying my phone."

"I wouldn't." I shake my head as my stomach rolls. I'm going to puke, but I hold it down. "What do you want from me to keep it quiet?"

Janice smiles. "I thought you'd play this my way. I did well in setting you up. I thought surely you wouldn't take the bait and just think I gave you the panties as a gag. But nope. Hook, line, and sinker, you grabbed the bite and tried to swim off. You see, Walt, I grow very tired of the way you think you're every woman's dream and how you talk down to me making me think that because you want in my pants that I should be happy about it. I want to punish you by giving you what you deserve, a little humiliation."

"Okay, I'm thoroughly humiliated by your words," I say and try to swallow. I need water, bad.

"I'm as humiliated by how you talk to me each day, how you make me feel that I should be lucky you're even giving me the time of day," Janice says.

"I like you, Janice, in case you didn't realize it. Maybe my delivery is off," I say.

"You think?" She rolls her eyes.

"Yeah, well, this was uncalled for. You didn't have to humiliate me like this," I say.

"Hurtful words speak the truth, you tiny dick," Janice says. "And yes, I did, you said shit and smack to me and this is me getting back at you. So, what's it going to be? Do I announce what a pervert you are, or will you come to my house tomorrow evening and wear the panties like the little cunt that you are?"

I look down. I don't feel like doing a victory dance that she asked me to her house. She wants me to be a woman, so she can humiliate me. But what choice do I have? I can't allow what happened in here today to get out to the rest of my peers. I would be toast if that happened. Janice holds all the cards. "I'll be there," I say flatly.

I drag about my condo all day as Janice wants me at her house at six this evening. I'm sorely disappointed in her reaction to me wearing her panties. I thought we had a thing and I realize I thought wrong, so very wrong. She's not exactly warm to me, never has been. I truly don't know what I saw in her to begin with. Yeah, she's a sexy curvy woman, but so are many others who are probably nicer than the likes of her. In any case, I've stepped in it big time and in order to save my career and reputation, I must endure whatever humiliation she has set for me for this evening.

Janice lives in a quaint little neighborhood with older homes and small but very well-kept lawns. It appears to be older folks and her house is smack in the middle of this. She has a cute fall harvest setting on her big porch, with a haystack and a pumpkin and even a scarecrow holding a basket of apples. She's one of those kinds of people. The wreath of fall colored leaves greets me at her front door. I push the doorbell and hear the chimes within as she comes to let me in.

"Are you wearing the panties?" Janice asks.

I give her a half-grin. "Yes," I say and shake my head.

"Good. I'm taking you out tonight for dinner and dancing. Tonight, I'm the dominant one and you're my bitch, my little girlfriend. You are a sissy and I'm going to make you into one," she says as she leads me to a back room where she has a pink fuzzy sweater and a dark pink skirt laying out on the bed. At the floor are a pair of large pink cowboy boots. I grimace. She wants me to dress in drag in the skimpy outfit.

"I have to wear these?" I ask as I hold up the women's clothes, which are too small for me.

"Yes, clothes off, except for the panties," Janice says and giggles. At least I'm making her smile now, at my great expense and humiliation.

I pull out of my clothes as she covers her mouth and points to my crotch.

"It's so tiny, little man. You'll make a perfect woman," Janice says. "You'll make a fine sissy."

She helps me slide into the skirt and fuzzy sweater. The skirt hits mid-thigh and my hairy legs really show well. The tight sweater stretches over my chest. I grin. "At least I'm flat-chested," I say.

"You have a small dick too," Janice says.

"Okay, okay. I know what you're trying to do," I say as I shake my head. She's calling me small-dicked and a sissy even though I sport a solid eight inches at full staff. It's enough to make her pussy thump with desire. I chuckle inwardly at my thoughts, so run away and full of ego even though I'm standing here in a sissy outfit. She has me sit down and paints my face with her cosmetics.

"Ready my princess?" Janice says. "Wila?"

"Wila?"

"Yep, can't have a dickless sissy named Walt. You are Wila tonight," she says as she throws her head back and laughs at my expense.

She drives us to the outskirts of the city to a place on the lake called The Heart of the Docks. They serve dinner and drinks and have a nice dance floor. I'm pretty sure we may run into people we know here.

People stare at me when we're shown to our table. I have on a silly wig and plenty of makeup to hide my true identity. I try not to make eye contact with anyone while we eat our meal. Janice notices how quiet I'm being and stands.

"I think it's time for a dance," she says and holds out her hand.

I glance up at her as I blush. Any other time I'd love to dance, but I don't want to draw attention to myself. "I'll pass," I say.

"No, you won't. I want to dance with my girlfriend," Janice says and lifts her brow. She means business, so I stand and follow her to the dancefloor. I feel so silly in the short skirt and panties.

Janice tries to take the lead, but I shake my head. "At least give me some dignity and let your girlfriend lead," I say and grin.

She submits to my request and gives me the lead on the dance floor. Even though I'm in a silly short skirt, dressed like a woman, my body responds to holding this curvy beautiful woman in my arms. Mr. Cock rises to the occasion and doesn't go unnoticed by Janice. She smiles as she looks up into my face.

"Well, well, well, it seems there's a dick in there after all," she says with a chuckle.

I grimace and brace for the inevitable talk of how I'm a sissy. But Janice surprises me as she grins and lifts a brow. "Perhaps we should go back to my place for a nightcap? Besides, I want my clothes back," she says and giggles as she turns to leave.

I shrug and follow her out the door and to the car. We race back to her apartment. She's giggling the entire time, chatty even. I can't follow her sudden change, maybe it was the dance?

Janice grabs my hand and pulls me to her bedroom. I follow her, still feeling silly in the feminine outfit. It doesn't change the desire in her eyes. I happily let her pull off the sweater and short skirt. She runs her hand over the bulge in the panties. I want to hear her say I'm not tiny and dickless, but leave it be as long as she seems thrilled about my body now. Slowly she pulls down the panties and I rip off the wig. I know my face still has cosmetics, but I try to forget that part as I sit on the edge of the bed. My cock stands up tall and straight and very long.

"Nice," she says and nods as she pulls her leg up and around me, hoisting over my lap until she's seated. Her lips meet mine and the electric pulses of desire rush through us. I pull her closer to me, her voluptuous boobs smash against my chest. She's soft and smells like cherry blossoms. A groan escapes her lips which part over mine. I ache to enter her, and she lifts her body and pulls her sweet warm slit above my cock. With help, I hold my cock in place as she sits down, engulfing my cock. This time I groan as her sweet lips squeeze tightly over my shaft and she moves expertly, grinding into me.

"Oh fuck," I say and groan. Each time she comes down I nearly lose it. Her body gyrates while she glances down into our lap watching as her clit saws against my rigid cock. She shudders as her body succumbs to the ecstasy. I hold her and bounce her heartily over me as my cock lengthens in her pussy. The undulating squeezes cause me to shoot off and I come until nothing more squirts out of me. Both of us moan as we move and enjoy the moments the pleasure rocks through us. Nothing else in the world matters except for the beautiful time we're having while she's on my lap.

Afterward, Janice groans and smiles as she pulls up and leaves a mess on my lap. "Oops, sorry, you're a mess," she says as she rushes to the bathroom and starts the shower.

"Not so fast, little lady," I say and hop after her. I don't wait for an invitation, I join her in the shower. It's time I take my masculinity back.

Janice turns into a nice lady as she giggles and allows me to step to her and pull her into my arms again. "I hope all is forgiven now," I say as I peer into her face.

"Yeah, we're even," she says and keeps giggling.

"What?" I ask.

"Your face. Here allow me," she says as she washes the makeup from my face. "Now, better, you are Walt again."

I laugh. "I hope I was Walt when you fucked me a few minutes ago? I don't see a woman being able to do for you what I just did," I say and keep grinning.

THE END

Crossdressing Sissy Is Punished And Humiliated By His Dominant Roommate

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

The house had enough rooms that each of us could have a room to ourselves. When Beau and Ellie came to my studio apartment with the suggestion of four of us renting a house together I jumped on it. I had no room in the studio apartment

and even the furniture which composed of a daybed, a small dining table and two chairs, and a bookshelf with a closet and a tiny bathroom. The house, an older Victorian style home, has four bedrooms and two bathrooms. Since it's Ellie, Beau, Tammy and me we split off. The men took the two rooms to the right of the stairs which shared a bathroom and the two ladies took the two rooms to the left. The downstairs has ample space with a large eat-in kitchen, a formal dining room, a living room, and a den. Plus, there's a half bath and a laundry room. We're converting the dining room into our media room with desks and computers and a knock-out sound system. Ellie brought a dining table with four chairs, so that's taken care of.

The living room we pitched in and bought furniture from the second-hand furniture store, enough for a sofa, two chairs, three end tables, and a coffee table. The one thing I owned was a kick-ass TV and it we hung on the wall over the fireplace. I also bought bedroom furniture and a new mattress. It will be different sleeping on a queen-sized bed instead of a twin sized daybed for a change. My bedroom is almost as big as the studio apartment and now I have a separate kitchen and living area.

The coolest part of the older home is the large backyard. A rock patio spans the back of the house and a privacy fence frames the entire backyard. We're thinking about getting a house dog for all of us to claim. We plan to head to the animal shelter the next time we are all off at the same time when the shelter is opened to the public. I'm all for getting a lab or a retriever. Ellie and Tammy want a poodle or some other small yappy dog. Beau says we should compromise and get a mid-sized dog.

Tammy comes downstairs carrying a basket of dirty laundry. I jump up and grab it from her, because, after all, I'm a gentleman. She giggles. I love her laughter, it rings high-pitched throughout the house when she's home. She's a dream with large bouncy golden-brown curls, and big round glasses to boot. She looks like a librarian because she is one. We all graduated from college at the same time. Of all of us, she was lucky enough to land a job right away at the public library in

town. My own job is as an apprentice in drafting with a design firm that works closely with a group of architects. My degree is more into building engineering, but the jobs were few, so I took what I could.

I take the laundry basket to the laundry room and set it on the table. She barely has clothes in it, it's more towels and washcloths than anything. I stand in the door and watch her start the laundry as we chat. Tammy's an interesting girl. She's sweet and good with children, but she has a vindictive side if someone crosses her they better watch out. She doesn't take kindly to anyone who does her dirty. That kind of attitude turns me on. I have a big crush on her but have never admitted it to her. Now that we're all housemates, I really don't want to admit it to her. It would seem very odd if I did and she didn't reciprocate the feelings. I suffer in silence and hold a candle to her that no one else knows about.

"We should come up with some guidelines to help conserve energy in the home. I know we're splitting all the bills four ways, but I don't want to pay extra after I've done my part and Beau hasn't. Know what I mean?" she asks as we walk back into the kitchen.

"You mean by the way he leaves lights on everywhere he goes?" I ask. I had noticed that too.

"Yeah. It drives me nuts. I don't like having to go behind him and shutting off the lights," she says.

"Let's have a meeting about it. I have some ideas to save on energy. Like not running water while brushing teeth, things like that," I say.

"Oh, I like how you think," Tammy says.

We call a meeting and the four of us sit in the living room to discuss ways to save energy. Tammy launches into Beau about his waste of electricity.

"Hey, we had every light in the home on when I was growing up," Beau says.

"And your parents paid the bills. Now we're paying the bills. If we can shave some expense off the bill that benefits all of us," Tammy says.

Beau agrees. I mention about the water and teeth brushing and we all agree.

"Okay, since we're discussing this, let's talk about other ways to save energy. Like cooking meals. If we're all eating four different things, that's four times the kitchen is messed up and appliances running. Why don't we treat this as a family and split the chores? Not just cleaning the bathrooms and vacuuming, but all of it," Ellie says.

I nod. "Like taking turns cooking?" I ask. I enjoy cooking, so I don't mind it.

"Yes! That would be perfect, actually," Tammy says as she bounces up and down on her seat. I smile, I like seeing her bounce.

"And someone else to clean up after," Ellie says.

"Sounds good. Put me down and tell me when I'm to do it," Beau says as he munches on a cookie. I have a feeling we'll be getting onto him a lot over our agreements.

"I'll make a schedule," Tammy says.

I have a bright idea after watching Tammy run the washer with her little load earlier. "How about we take turns with laundry duty. I mean you save money on electricity and water by using the washer less. Wash one load of whites and one of colors. Since there's four of us, if we combine our laundry, we can conserve in this way," I say.

Tammy doesn't say anything but only nods.

"I think it's a great idea. I hate doing laundry. If this cuts back to just every four days, I'm game," Ellie says.

"Okay, I'll go for it. But everyone initial with a permanent marker in their tags so we don't mix up stuff. And no folding of other people's stuff. Look at it long enough to pitch into the right laundry basket. No offense, but I prefer to fold my own underwear," Tammy says as she's looking at me.

Honestly, I hadn't thought about that part. It intrigues me though. I smile. "Of course. I don't particularly like folding my own laundry let alone everyone else's," I say. My words elicit a bout of laughter from everyone and agreements.

Starting off the next day, I have laundry duty. Ellie is cooking, and Beau is clean up. Tammy has vacuum and sweeping of the downstairs. We all agreed the downstairs floors need to be cleaned daily. I go to each room and gather the dirty clothes hampers. I sort while upstairs to make it easier, sorting the colors from the whites. I do so quickly and carry the two loads downstairs to the laundry room. First, I wash the whites and while the darks are drying, I sort the whites. I carry the baskets to the living room. Beau went out to see his girl. Ellie is taking a bath and Tammy is working on her computer. I can hear her talking to someone on chat every once in a while, she lets out her shrill laugh. I chuckle as I check the tags and separate into B, E, T, and mine.

I pull up a pair of hot pink, barely-there silk panties. I'm immediately intrigued by the softness of the fabric. My cock suddenly lengthens as I hold the pair in my hands. I look at the tag and see a nice neat T. Aw, it's Tammy's panties. Somehow if I found out the pair belonged to Ellie I could have sat them in the basket and moved on. Knowing the underwear belongs to Tammy gives me immense pleasure and curiosity. Suddenly I'm in a desperate urge to see her wearing the panties. I can imagine the pair stretched across her sweet muff and round beautiful ass. I hold the pair and try to transfer the energy of her into my hands. Suddenly the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs brings me out of the daydream. I smile as Tammy walks into the room and I pitch the pair into her basket and grab another garment.

"How's laundry duty? Still glad you suggested it?" she asks as she pauses at the entry into the dining room.

I chuckle. "I'm okay with it. There, done with this load. Your basket will be at the foot of the stairs. I think each person can carry up their own load, right?" I ask.

I toss and turn and can't sleep. I keep thinking about Tammy's panties. I have a desperate thing for her and it's growing worse by the second, especially ever since I handled her panties. Finally, I get up to take a piss and glance across the hall at Tammy's door which is slightly ajar. Both Ellie and Beau's doors are shut tightly. All the lights are off. Only fans are blowing with the rooms and Ellie is playing soft music while she sleeps. I toy with the idea to go into Tammy's room and tell her the truth, that I have a thing for her. What's the worst that can happen? That she'll say no. It would cause some tense moments after that. But what if she said yes. Maybe she'd lift her covers and invite me into her bed. Then I could turn my daydreams into reality. I go back into my room because I'm not willing to risk it.

I wake up later with another urge to piss. This time I don't go back into my room, but I head to Tammy's instead. I'm feeling daring, led by my stiff cock. She makes it too easy by keeping her door open. I silently step in and shut the door. While I want her to catch me, I don't want Ellie and Beau to know. Tammy's sleeping with her mouth open. I chuckle inwardly and toy with the idea to push my cock through the opening. With my hand on my crotch, I step to her dresser, where the top middle drawer is slightly open. My hand slips inside and fishes out a pair of clean panties, the very pair I had folded earlier that evening. Without hesitation, I pluck the pair from the drawer and within a moment, my jockeys are off and I'm sliding the pair over my body. I feel risqué and adventuresome. If I can't have her in the flesh, I can at least take advantage of the situation and devise a little pleasure while I'm watching her sleep. Right now, I'm thinking with my stiff cock and not my brain. I'm half asleep and horny as heck.

Tammy stirs, and I freeze. I want her to wake up and I want her to stay asleep. Wake up only if she'd have me and stay asleep if not. Though she stirs, she resumes the deep breathing. I groan quietly, wanting to crawl in bed with her. My cock lengthens more as I step to her. My hand reaches down and rubs over the outside of the soft material. I need a release. I can't stop myself from doing this. I back up a bit while she stirs again. She's not as sound asleep as I need her to be to bring myself to completion. Right now, I don't care as I keep my hand on my crotch. I squeeze over the head and draw out pre-cum. It quickly stains the

front of the panties. I moan softly as I feel the cum collecting in the base of my cock. I want to prolong this moment, make it last. My hand slides down to my balls and the fabric is so soft against them. I gently rub and squeeze my hand around the pair, making my moans a little louder. More pre-cum squirts from the tip and I don't care. My mouth opens as the moan turns into a soft groan. I need to keep it quiet or she'll stir awake. But it feels so damn good, I can't help myself. I close my eyes and slowly rub from my balls to the tip of my cock. My fingers rub over the tip, and I want nothing more than to spunk into her panties. I want to soil them with my hot man juice and I want to groan and moan so loudly that Tammy wakes up and watches. I want her to lie back and spread her legs and let me dive nose first into her sweet muff and lick until she arches her back and bucks up and down in a mind-blowing orgasm. I want her to come with me. Do I dare wake her as I'm doing this? I decide to go for it, to let my mouth emit the sounds of pure ecstasy.

I rub and moan as the cum builds under pressure. I lurch forward when my cock explodes, and I squeeze and rub furiously, finishing the job. The moans are loud, I'm not trying to hide it now. I want Tammy to hear, I want her to wake up.

"Oh fuck, uh," I say as I'm squeezing my squirting cock. The panties fill up with my cum and it's making a sloppy sound now, squishing through the fabric. When my cock squirts the last bit and I double over to finish the job, I open my eyes and look at Tammy.

She is wide awake, her eyes bulging as she watches me. Good! Maybe she'll want to join. Maybe my orgasm turned her on to the point she'll lie back and let me at her muff. I open my mouth to invite her to do so when she springs up suddenly. I smile but she's grimacing as she lurches forward, her fists close and she lunges for me. I am caught off guard as she lands her fist square on my balls in a swat. I fall forward and come down to my knees, the pain taking me by surprise. I can't be loud, or I'll wake Ellie who is right next door. Thankfully, her music is playing. I double over with my face on the floor, my hands on my aching balls and rock back and forth. She hit me hard, so hard I saw stars.

Tammy walks back and forth. When I glance up, her fists are still clenched. She stops and glares down at me. "What the mother fuck did you just do? Asshole!" she says in a loud whisper. I'm grateful she's not yelling. She's very controlled with her voice.

"I..." My voice squeaks. I'm still in a great deal of pain I can't talk.

"You what? You mother fucking jerk? Come into my room and wear my damn panties and jerk off beside my bed while you think I'm sleeping? Except you sure got loud. You wanted me to catch you? Well, I caught you all right. Stand up again so I can pummel your balls again, you mother fucking asshole," she says.

I'm crying. My balls have sharp pains still shooting through them. I don't want to stand up or sit up. I'm staying cowered in a ball on the floor now more to protect myself. Tammy throws quite a punch to my utter surprise. I can't believe sweet little Tammy did this to me.

Finally, she's leaned against her bed, her arms crossed, her fingers tapping her upper arms. She still glares down at me but at least she's not in a stance to pummel me again. I glance up at her, my face skewed in pain. "Please don't hit me again," I manage to say. My words are shaky.

She gives a chuckle. "Please don't hit me again," she says in a mocking tone. "Tell me why the fuck you did this?"

I sit up. Sweat has beaded on my forehead. "I like you. I wanted you," I say.

"What?" She shakes her head. "Jason, that's a backward way of doing things. You think that will make me want you to wake up to you jacking off beside my bed in my panties no less? That's a coward's way of doing things. What the fuck, man? You're not man enough to try to court me and entice me the way a normal man would," she says.

I look down, defeated and hurting. Now I don't want to do anything with her. The cruelty with which she pummeled me caught me by surprise. I truly didn't expect her to hit me in the balls. The worse I thought she'd do was to just laugh or refuse me. She didn't have to get so physical. The pain in my balls echoed the pain in my heart and my ego. I grunt as I try to stand and protect myself from this sadist. She squints her eyes at me as I stumble back. I'm still wearing her panties, which are soiled, the wet spot in front is evident of my actions earlier. I hover my hands protectively in front of my body.

Tammy shakes as she watches me. I back away from her and hit the dresser drawer that is still open. It pisses her off as she lurches forward, her fist out. I try to block her and again her knuckles meet with my cock and balls as she punches not once but twice. I wince and double over, this time sliding down the dresser. Why did I allow her to do this again?

"Please, stop," I say as I rock on the floor while holding my man goods once again.

"I can't! You are an idiot. How dare you come in here and go through my drawer. How dare you put on my panties and jack off like that. You probably ruined them," she says. Her voice is getting louder.

I look up desperate for her to shut up and stop. I'm near tears as I hold my balls and hope the pain lets up. "Please, stop. Be quiet. Just stop," I cry.

Tammy lets out a breath and sits hard on her bed. She nods. "Yes, you're right. No need in waking the others. Unless I should. Yeah, I should. We should vote to kick you out on your ass, Jason. You're a perverted mother fucker," she says.

I wince. Ouch. Her words are as hurtful as her fists. I just want her to stop. Stop talking and stop making threats. "Please don't," I say.

Right now, I can't imagine what I'd do if I were kicked out of the house. I had a weak moment, but the pain in my groin clouds my thoughts and my judgment.

"Huh, I should. I really should," she says as she stands again and marches back and forth.

I look up at her. I'm wary of her, very wary. She scares me right now. I can't deal with this. I want to hurl. "Please don't. I'm begging you," I say and continue rocking.

She stops and peers down at me. Was that a bit of sorrow that crossed her face? I can't tell, as I'm both sick to my stomach and unable to make much sense out of anything other than the pain in my balls going away.

"I should wake them up and tell them. I should pummel your stinking balls again

until they flatten," she says. I blanch. I can't handle this.

"Please," I whimper.

Suddenly, she softens. "But I won't, for now. It's the middle of the night. I'm not going to wake them. And dammit, Jason, stop crying. You're a grown man, act like one," she says, and she rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

"A grown man who just had his balls hit three times by you. Maybe you have no clue what that feels like," I say.

"Maybe you have no clue what it feels like to take up and see a grown man standing beside my bed while wearing my panties and jerking off. Did you think that would turn me on?" she asks.

"Maybe I did. It would me, if I rolled over and caught you wearing my jockeys and masturbating," I say.

Tammy smiles and then laughs. Normally I love her laugh but right now everything about her sickens me. "Since you put it that way. I guess men and women are very different," she says as she casually sits on her bed. I sigh now that she's relaxed and jovial.

I sit up tentatively and glance at her. I still want to protect my goods, so I eye her with caution. "Look, Tammy, I'm sorry. I apologize for doing this. I shouldn't have. I have a different sense of what's right and wrong and probably a different

sense of what would turn me on as opposed to what turns you on," I say.

"You think? I think you missed the mark entirely. You must understand, Jason, I may be a diminutive female, but I've learned to take up for myself. I don't let anyone mess with me. I hope I've made that much clear. I'm not sorry for what I did, but I am sorry that you put me in the position to do it in the first place. This hasn't been pleasant," she says.

I readily agree. "I'm sorry, Tammy. What can I do to make it up to you? What can I do to earn your silence? And more importantly, what can I do to keep you from pummeling me again?" I ask.

"Hmph. I should scream and bring them in here. That would be hilarious. You're sitting here on my floor with soiled panties on your ass. I think the humiliation you'd endure would be worth it," she says. She sucks in a deep breath and acts as if she's about to yell.

"Tammy, I'm sorry. What do you want me to do to make up for this? I was sorely mistaken with the way I handled myself here," I say.

"You think? Seriously mistaken, I'd say," she says.

"Misjudged your reaction, that's for sure," I say.

"Let me think about this for a minute. You want me to keep quiet to our housemates about what you've done?"

I nod.

"And what are you willing to do to keep me quiet?" She lifts her brow as she grabs her glasses and slides them over her face and flicks on the lamp. Until then we were operating with just the light pouring in through her window from the street lamp on the street.

I sit back fully and relax a little more since she seems more composed now. "Anything just name it," I say. I no longer even feel like a man. My crotch is numb from the pain, my hopes dashed that Tammy was good for me.

"Hmmm, anything. Yeah, I'd say you owe me big time," she says.

"As I said before, if the shoe were on the other foot I would have been thrilled to find out wearing my underwear while masturbating beside my bed," I say.

"Clearly, I'm not you. I think what you did was disgusting," she says.

"Okay, I know that now. And, again, I'm sorry. Just tell me what to do to make up for this. I don't want this to ruin our friendship," I say. I'm feeling bold now.

"Friendship? I hardly call us friends now."

"I didn't want this to make things weird between us. That's why I didn't say anything," I say.

"Saying something is far better than what you did. You humiliated yourself in front of me. I'd like to think my ball busting would teach you a lesson, but somehow, I don't think it did. I think you need a giant dose of humiliation at my hand," she says.

I sit forward and pull my knees up. My balls need cradling and my feet and legs protect my valued goods from her ball wrecking fists. "Okay, whatever. I'll do it. But I want to know you won't say anything to Beau or Ellie," I say.

"You're really worried I'll spill it about what you've done in here tonight. Unless... unless you've done this to Ellie too?" Tammy lifts a brow.

I grimace. "I may be a sicko, but I'm not that much of one. I only have sicko eyes for you," I say and chuckle. I can hardly believe the words coming out of my mouth. She chuckles too which surprises me even more. How can I even entertain the idea of liking her after her knee-jerk reaction to my presence in her room?

"Okay, fair enough. Be ready to pay up then. We'll prepare at the club tomorrow evening. They have single restrooms there, so it will be easy to go in together and get ready. Unless you won't mind Beau and Ellie seeing what I do to you," Tammy says.

I shake my head. "I'm not even sure what you plan on doing," I say.

Tammy smiles. "Leave it to me, dear," she says. She stands and walks to the door and opens it. "Until then, please leave my room. Keep the panties. I'm sure they are beyond stretched and nasty too. Tomorrow evening we'll go out. Be ready or else."

Her words ring in my head as I stand and want to double over again. My balls are so sore, but I don't let her see my pain. I tiptoe through the dark hall to the sanctuary of my bedroom and shut the door. Only then do I let myself cry over what just happened. After peeling out of the dirty panties, I sleep naked while I let my balls air out in hopes they will recover by tomorrow.

The next day Tammy acts like she always does. Neither one of us let on that we had it out the night before. We carry on through the day as if nothing happened. At six she eyes me with her brow lifted. Ellie has a date and has already left the house. Beau is getting ready to meet some friends out later. No one thinks anything of us leaving together and heading to some club Tammy insists on visiting.

"Vendi-Lou's?" I ask as we pull into the parking lot of a very popular trans club.

"Yes, and tonight's the drag queen runway. You're entered, Jasmine," Tammy says.

I gulp hard. She pulls a dress bag from the back of her car along with a pair of heels that look big enough to fit my feet. I start to shake my head.

"Yes, you said you would. Now come on. I have thirty minutes to prepare the masterpiece," she says. "Grab the duffle bag, please."

I reach inside to pull out the duffle bag which rattles with bottles and things. We march into the club and already I spot men dressed in drag prancing around like sissies. "Come, now," Tammy says as she holds the door to the women's restroom open for me. I'm hesitant, but I go in knowing if I don't she'll have her revenge on me in another way.

I'm shaking as I'm forced out of my clothing and step into the long red sequin dress and the black lacy panties and camisole. The neck plunges low, the heels in my size give me another three inches in height. After Tammy applies cosmetics to my face and the platinum blond wig with soft shoulder-length waves to my head, I'm hardly recognizable. At least there's that. Humiliation doesn't even cut it. I'm beyond that, yet strangely turned on now that I'm in the women's garb. My cock and balls fit snugly in the panties and rub against the soft fabric when I walk.

"They're mine, you know," Tammy says. "The panties."

That does it. My cock rises to the occasion. At least I'm comforted in knowing my cock still works after the ball busting from last night.

"I see that pleases you," Tammy says as she looks at my growing crotch.

I grimace all the same as I follow her out to the club. I wobble on the high heels but maintain my footing. The DJ announces the drag queens must meet at the stage for the runway walk. Tammy pushes me to it and puts her fingers in her

mouth and whistles as I walk up the steps. A tall red-head looks me up and down. He has on false-eyelashes that extend at least an inch. "Honey, this your first time stepping out?" he asks.

"Yes," I say under my breath. I try not to make eye contact but the red-head is persistent.

"It's okay. Just walk like you mean it, honey. And save a dance for me," he says and winks at me.

The DJ calls us to order and sexy music commences. I'm handed a sign with a number on it to hold up as I walk. When I walk to the center of the stage, the man, another in drag, smacks my ass. "Shake it, sweetie. Show 'em what you've got," he says to me.

Tammy is front and center and has her fingers to her mouth whistling than anyone else. I blush because I'm parading around as someone I never dreamed I'd be in a thousand years. I react to her enthusiasm as I sway my ass and put my hand on my hip. I blow her a kiss and the crowd goes wild. My cock comes to life inside the panties. I squirm with delight and turn to give the next queen space to strut his stuff. After we line up, I'm sporting a good stiffy which shows well within the dress. I don't even try to hide it. I feel it's giving me back my masculinity. Besides, Tammy can't take her eyes off me. I receive a runner-up sash as the red-head with the inch-long eyelashes wins. Finally, I resume my place by her side.

She orders drinks and I gladly down the concoction and drink another. I'm feeling the buzz and when the band strikes up and drag queens and their girlfriends and boyfriends take the dance floor I stand and hold out my hand to Tammy.

"Oh? You want to dance with me now? You trust me again?" she asks.

"Yeah, why not? I hope you are done with the ball busting," I say as I pull her to me. She looks up to see my face as I'm three inches taller with the heels. As we sway, she giggles.

"I'm done. I'm sorry, Jason. Your actions caught me by surprise. It was a knee-jerk reaction. I was so pissed at you last night. And now..." She smiles up at me, her brow waggles.

"Now? Anything intriguing you?" I ask as I press her into me. My crotch hits her belly and there's no mistaking my desire for her.

Tammy stops dancing and yawns big. We had danced through five songs already. She grins. "I'm ready for bed," she says and grabs my hand, pulling me along to the door. While I'm still leery of her, I'm also excited to see what will happen. To my dismay, Ellie is home and another truck is parked behind her.

"That's Thom." Tammy walks inside, and the TV isn't on, in fact only one lamp is lit downstairs. Beau is still out. "I guess they are in Ellie's room."

First thing's first, we hit the bathroom, so I can remove the dress. Tammy comes in there with me and helps me out of the dress and helps me remove the makeup from my face. She grins as we step out and follows me into my bedroom this time. "You know, I might want to wear your jockeys," she says.

"Oh, please do," I beg.

She giggles as she steps out of her clothes and all my fantasies come true. She indeed grabs a pair of my jockeys and pulls them over her body. As an act of trust, I come out of the shorts and step to her. She melts in my arms and I gently lead her back to the bed. My cock is so stiff I might come just from kissing her. I nestle in between her thighs as she grabs hold of my head and presses my head to her. Her essence fills my senses as I lap at her hard knob. It doesn't take long for the glisten to appear and I greedily lap up through her slit and enjoy the flavor of her love. She arches her back and cries out, matching the moans we hear coming from Ellie's room. After she comes, she pulls me up to her and I land on her lips giving her a big taste of her muff. She scoots down, and I shake my head.

"Don't you want me to give you head?"

"No, I want to plow you," I say and push her back.

I take my time and enjoy every second as I pull her feet to my shoulder. Each toe receives either a kiss or a lick or a suck. She squirms and giggles and opens her legs wide. Finally, I grab my cock and swirl it through her slit without piercing at first. I find her hard member and roll it over it making her back arch in pleasure again. I can't wait another second and penetrate through her soft warm folds, pressing all the way in until my balls are tapping on her ass. She lifts her pelvis and grinds each time I pull out and thrust back in. My cock is building pressure as I groan. Fucking her feels so good I almost lose it during the first minute. A few more thrusts and I can't contain it. I lurch forward at the same moment that Tammy's back arches again. Her pussy squeezes around my cock and I'm not sure who is louder, me or her. We groan and rock through the pulses of pleasure, until I'm empty and she collapses back onto my pillows.

I fall beside her and pull her into my arms as we catch our breath after the strong bout of sex. The next thing I know the sun is streaming through my window. I'm lying beside Tammy, who now faces away from me and is sleeping peacefully. It's easy to wrap my arms around her and draw her to me. She stirs and smiles as she moans. My cock lengthens again, and with great ease, we do it again, this time I slide into her back door. We're a sappy mess afterwards.

"Let's shower," Tammy says as she hops out of my bed. She grabs one of my tee shirts and shoves it over her body. I follow her out the door as she heads to her bathroom. "Coming?"

I don't let the grass grow under me as I join her in her bathroom and we step into the shower together. While we're washing, she turns to me and peers up into my face. "Does this mean we're more than friends?" I ask.

Tammy busts out laughing. "I sure hope so, after last night and this morning," she says.

THE END