

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing



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## Sissy Get Caught With His Panty Obsession

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

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, pegging and more.....

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.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

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 snuggler 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