



SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

RIDICULED

A TALE OF CROSSDRESSING AND FEMINIZATION



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A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization

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Fucking hot ladies waltz by while I'm weeding the front flower beds. After swiping the sweat from my massive brow, I grin as I watch as a finer than fine ass walks to her car. She's ASS 8B. Fucking hot, did I say that already? Damn!

I rise and stretch. A morning of weeding and killing spiders has made me stiff in more than one area. Shaking my head and chuckling, I head to my apartment, 1A. I absolutely love my job. I live rent free in the apartment. I have eleven units I'm responsible for in my building. And, as luck would have it, all eight are fucking hot single females. It's because we live in a college town and the singles

outnumber the married women by a long shot.

My buddy, Trey, lives in the apartment building adjacent to mine. He's very jealous of my all female unit. A mixture of couples, single men, and single women live in his. We joke about it over beer while sitting at the pool on warm evenings during our time off. I wouldn't trade my job for anything. The sign on my door reads Jasper, Building Superintendent. Basically, it means I'm the maintenance guy for this building. It's a super cushy job most of the time. I'm responsible for cleaning up the front and back yards daily. If there's an issue, I'm the one called to come fix it or schedule a repair. I can do a good many things so it's rare that I need to call for outside help. I even have a toolbelt I wear while I'm out working. I do little maintenance things like painting a wall or two or four when someone moves. Delivering air filters is a fun job every two months. It means I get to go inside the apartments and replace the filters. I'm also supposed to look around and make sure the ladies are keeping it nice and clean, which my occupants do. A couple are messier than others, but nothing report-worthy.

Today, I'm installing new doorknobs on a few units. Plus, it's time for new air filters. I have fun trying to figure out when the occupants are home so I can do the bi-monthly maintenance. It seems the owner bought a batch of cheaply made doorknobs which quit working properly. The three are upstairs and I climb the stairs two at a time. First one, is Nala Edwards. Tall, blonde, impossibly built with a curvy hot body. She smiles at me, her tresses reach below her ample bosom, dripping wet. Damn, she's already wearing a bra. She'd make for a hot wet tee shirt contest. Maybe I'll suggest that the next time we're all enjoying the pool.

Nala stands behind me biting her lower lip. Her long slender legs shift back and forth as she's waiting for me to get done and leave. I take my time though. She's easy on the eyes and one I'd love to spend more time with. I look back at her as I'm unscrewing the grill over the air intake.

“Do I make you nervous, sweetheart?” I ask. The grill comes free and I lay it against the wall.

“Oh no. I just need to get dressed. I need to be at work at two,” she says and lifts her brow.

“Two?” I pull out the old filter and shove it inside a trash bag before it makes a dusty mess.

“Yeah, I work two till eleven,” she says.

“Where do you work again,” I ask as I pull the new filter from the packaging.

“Eleventh Street Bar. I’m the bartender,” she says and smiles.

Note to self, visit the Eleventh Street Bar while she’s working. “Oh yeah, that’s right. I couldn’t remember. I try to respect everyone’s work schedules. I need to change out the doorknob too.” I grin as I replace the grill over the fresh new filter.

“Yeah, I know,” she says flatly. She’ll stand over me until I’m out of her hair. She’s that way. Most are like, oh, go ahead and do what you need to do. I’m a trustworthy guy.

“Sorry, sweetie. I’ll be as swift as possible. Really, if you want, I can come back

later, just name the time,” I say.

“No, it’s okay. I have a little time. Do what you need to do,” she says.

“Bartender, huh? I bet with your looks you make a killing in tips,” I say as I traipse to the front door and open it while squatting.

“Not too shabby. It’s why I stick with it.”

“Don’t they stay open later than eleven?”

“They do. Another barkeep comes in for the overnight shift. The bar closes at three in the morning. Or earlier if the place is empty anytime after midnight,” she says.

“Huh. Interesting. I’ve never drank at a bar all night. Too tired from a full day’s work,” I muse.

“Jasper, really?” Nala places her manicured hand on her hip. “You’ve never stayed at a bar until the wee hours of the morning?” Her brow raises. I smile.

“No. Why would I? I’m an adult, I can drink at home if that’s what I want to do. Nothing but soured folks who hate their lives stay at a bar drinking all night,” I say. I shake my head and chuckle as I press the screwdriver into the hole and crank it.

The old doorknob comes off easily. I fumble with the new one in the box. Finally, it's free from the wrappings and I quickly place it in the hole. After securing it with the new screws I test it. "There, all new and working just fine." I jiggle the knob and lock and unlock several times making sure it's all good.

"Would you be willing to install a deadbolt too for me?"

"I'll need clearance from the owner, but I think it's a great idea. I'll talk to Mr. White about it," I say. My time with Nala is up and I move on to the next two apartments.

The next day I hear distinct giggles and splashing from the pool. Ah, my girls are out there. I've finished my duties and slip into the Speedo I bought from the mall. Nothing to it but to do it and strut my manly body in front of the sexy bikini clad ladies. Fuck yeah! Four of my tenants are out there and I wish I had my phone so I could snap photos. I turn around and wander back to my apartment for my phone. It won't hurt a thing if I snap a few photos while I'm sunbathing.

When I walk through the gate, four beautiful butts are sunning, the ladies are in row on the loungers. I wonder if they'd let me spread sunbathing oil on their bodies.

"Lovely day, ladies," I say as I grin while I set up my lounge.

Nala and a couple others peer up at me, checking me out. I give them a nice

toothy smile while I slowly spread the towel over the lounge. A giggle escapes and Nala sits up. I make myself comfortable while straddling the lounge and ready the phone for pics. Terry and Ashley sit up and start laughing with Nala. I have no clue what's so funny.

Nala whispers something to Ashley, who nods her head emphatically. They bust out laughing. I shake my head. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, that's what," Nala says as she throws her head back and roars.

Since they won't let me in on why they are laughing, I stand. After stretching, and showing the ladies my ripped physique, I make my way to the deep end and the diving board. Might as well give them a show, since they are finding me so funny for some reason.

With hands lifted over my head, I pounce and jump, diving in fingers first, then head and body. I took swim lessons as a child and they taught me how to dive. I was going to be on the swim team, but I went all star track instead. My father told me to pick one and excel at it. I'll admit, swim team was a very close second. It's part of why I enjoy this job so much, access to the pool. Plus, I am responsible along with three other maintenance guys, for cleaning and maintaining the pool. We take turns and have weekly schedules for it.

After I surface, the beauties are walking down the steps into the water at the shallow end. Yes, come play with papa. I swim to them and grin as I shake my head, getting water droplets all over them.

"Jasper, you rat," Ashley says as she dives in and splashes me with a swoop of

her hand.

“I can take it.” I grin and hop up on the ledge and do a belly flop, splashing water everywhere.

We’re having a great time. Nala dives in and I see her looking at me from under the water. She nudges Ashley who does the same. And then they laugh and point at me. Again, the roaring laughter.

“Jasper, do you honestly think wearing Speedos is good for your appearance?”

“Why not? I’m not ashamed of my body. You’re exposing your body in the bikini,” I say.

“Yeah, but we have flesh to fill it out. You on the other hand,” Ashley says and shakes her head.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re wearing a Speedo and you should really wear trunks. Dude, you aren’t packing a load. It’s embarrassing, is it not?” Nala says as she points to my crotch.

I look down, nothing is amiss.

“What’s wrong with speedos? Not packing a load. Would you like for me to let my roaring man loose? He can pack a load, I promise,” I say as I nod confidently.

“You’re missing the point. Even guys with bigger dicks can fill out a Speedo nicely. You like have nothing there. Flat as a pancake. You must have a tiny one?”

I wince at Nala’s words. “Excuse me, I have a big one,” I say as I pull out of the pool and try to make my weenie hard by willing it with my mind.

The ladies are laughing so hard and pointing, he’s scared to come out to play. I can’t get hard with the laughter, knowing they are poking fun of me. Nala and Ashley and the now Sherri and Stacy join in the laughter. They are pointing and laughing so hard, I bet they are pissing themselves in the pool.

“Stop laughing, so juvenile,” I say as I make my way to the lounge. Fucking bitches won’t shut up.

I lie on my belly and pull out my phone. They won’t stop laughing. They’re in the pool, talking about me and laughing and making fun of me.

“Such a big shot strutting around here like he’s something.” Nala jeers at me.

I spy the empty beer bottles and relax. Of course, they’re drunk. They aren’t

being responsible with their words, so I try not to hold it against them.

“Say, Jasper, have you ever fucked a girl before?” Sherri giggles as she’s standing on the steps staring at me.

“What’s it to you? Maybe we can talk when you’re sober,” I say and turn my head.

“That would be a no then,” Nala says as she splashes water at me.

I turn to her and try not to answer in an angry tone. “Yes, I have. I’ve had relationships with women before. I’ve fucked a few in my time,” I say.

“Okay, I would love to talk to her. I mean, physically how could that happen?” Ashley is at the edge in the water. I’m wondering why suddenly, I’m the topic of discussion. I wish I had brought my ear buds.

Nala steps up, dripping wet. She shakes causing her voluptuous boobs to jiggle. I can’t help but watch the flesh moving, I’m mesmerized. I’d like to blow a raspberry in her cleavage. My cock grows. Yes! I flop over, to show the four ladies that I am packing some meat.

“Okay, now, that’s normally what a guy looks like when he’s flaccid. Is this your best shot?” Sherri says.

I chuckle. “Ha-ha, ladies. You’re having a great time at my expense. I’m a big boy and name calling doesn’t affect me. Might as well move on to another topic,” I say smartly.

“But you come out here, strutting like a big shot rooster, crowing and acting like you’re hot or something. We’re just trying to bring you back to reality. The truth is had you just worn swim trunks we wouldn’t have noticed. But Speedos, man there’s nothing left to the imagination in those things. And yet, you dared to wear them anyway. It’s amazing how confident you are,” Nala says.

I tilt my head and pull my hand up to block the sun. She quickly sits on her lounge and helps my vision now that the sun isn’t behind her. “Sorry, is that better?” she asks.

The flopping from being a friend and caring to being an asshole and just plain shitty is giving me whiplash. “Yes, thank you.”

“Anyway, I have to hand it to you, for a guy with a little penis, you have a lot of confidence,” Nala says.

I wince. “I don’t have a little penis. Would you like to see it?” I ask as I put my hand on the waist band of my speedos.

“Yeah, pull em off,” Ashley yells from her lounge.

I look around at the apartments. Some house children and older couples. I can’t

expose myself out here like this. I shake my head.

“There, now see, admitting it is good, it increases your confidence even more,” Nala says.

“I’m not admitting anything. Why are you being so cruel?” I ask.

“See? You’re admitting it. The truth hurts, huh?” Nala says and throws her head back in laughter.

“I mean, seriously, what have I ever done to you?”

“I mean, seriously, you act like you’re something around here. We see you watching us,” she says.

“I can’t help what I see. And yeah, I’m a red-blooded straight male, of course I notice beautiful women.” I hope the compliment will score some points and perhaps soften their kidding of me.

She laughs again. I’m growing tired of it. Ashley comes out of the water and wanders over to me. She sits on the lounge on the other side of me. Great. Hooray, I’m surrounded by so much love. Not.

“Truly, I’m surprised you have enough testosterone in that little pecker to have any urges, either way,” she says and busts out laughing.

“I’m glad I’m your comic relief,” I say and lie back hoping they’ll take a hint. Why I don’t get up and leave I don’t know? I must be stupid.

“Listen, Jasper, you have a tiny dick, admit it,” Nala says as she stands over me. Her curvy body and creamy soft skin are within reach. But I’m torn now because of her horrid behavior.

“I’m not admitting anything. In fact, I’m done here,” I say and stand as I gather my things.

“Oh, what’s wrong, Jas? Why are you leaving? Can’t you take a joke?” Sherri asks.

I turn to her. “Doesn’t sound like joking,” I say.

Nala steps to me. I’m still taller than her. She smiles up into my face and suddenly, her hand grabs my crotch and squeezes. I jump, because I wasn’t expecting it. She shakes her head.

“It’s not a joke, is it, Jasper?” she asks.

I swallow hard. “Then I’m out of here,” I say.

Nala blocks my way and presses her bikini clad body into mine. Damn her, fucking curves, smells delicious. “No, you’re not. You’re not a party pooper. You saw us out here and couldn’t wait to arrive. So have a seat and stay awhile. We love messing with you,” she says.

I back up and sit on the lounge, causing her to smile again. “Only if you are nice to me,” I say with gritted teeth.

“Nice? We’re saying this all nicely,” Nala says as she reaches out and lays her hand on my forearm. I glance at it and then at her.

“It doesn’t feel nice. You’re talking about my cock like I don’t know what size it is. It’s not tiny like you keep claiming. I don’t know what you’re trying to do here with me.”

Sherri laughs as she takes a drink of beer. “Trying to break it to you gently, wee one,” she says.

I flex to stand and Nala presses down. “Don’t leave, sweetie. It’s just that you really shouldn’t wear Speedos. I mean men who have something to show wears them, and even then, it’s like obvious and out there, know what I mean?” she asks.

I shake my head. “No, I don’t. Stop talking about me like I have a wee weenie,” I say.

Ashley busts out laughing. “Dude, you do! That’s what caught our attention when you first came out here. You had on Speedos but looked more like a little boy in the middle. No weenie, or he’s hiding. And then when you claimed a hard-on, it looked, well like a normal flaccid dick on a man in Speedos. Sorry if that hurts you. But damn, dude, you should know already that you aren’t exactly big there,” she says.

“Look, I don’t appreciate this. I like you ladies. I came out here in hopes of some time swimming and having fun with you. Instead you are barraging me with your laughter and making fun of me.”

“You like us?” Nala asks.

I look her in the eyes. “I like you, dear. Well, before the let’s make fun of Jasper fest,” I say.

She smiles and nods. “I tell you what, sweetie. If you want us to stop making fun of you and if you’d like to impress me, would you be willing to do something for me?” She bats her eyes at me.

“Impress you? What would you do if I impress you?” I ask.

She leans in and licks the side of my face. Fuck. Now my cock is rock hard. “And there’s more of that if you do this for me,” she says in a sultry tone.

I grin and nod. “Okay, I’ll do it, whatever it is, as long as it’s legal and won’t get

me fired,” I say. How bad could this be?

Nala keeps the grin on her face as she settles on the lounge, her blue eyes piercing through me. “So, you’ll do whatever I want, no questions asked?”

“As long as you let me prove how manly I am,” I say. This is working in my favor; I just know it.

“Let me confer with Ashly and Sherri,” Nala says as she stands. I watch as her long shapely legs walk to her friends and they follow her to the canopy table on the other side of the pool, out of my hearing range. I merely grin and relax.

As my eyes shut, I can’t hear what the hens are clucking about in the corner of the patio. They look at me and are talking adamantly about something. I don’t care. While the words spoken by Nala especially has hurt my feelings, deep down, I know they are right. I do have a smaller cock. But I’ve never failed at satisfying a woman with it. I always figured it’s the motion that matters, not the size. I stupidly thought the Speedos looked good on me, perhaps its because I didn’t see a giant bulge. I stupidly thought what’s the big deal about the swimwear when I bought it. Oh well. This may work out better for my benefit. Nala sort of played into my hands with this whole thing when she realized I was about to bolt. She felt sorry for me. Yeah, take that! I’ll show her alright. My little man can perform.

My hands rest behind my head as I peek across the pool at the ladies. Nala stands, bent over the edge of the table, resting on her hands as she’s talking to the ladies. I smartly pull my sunglasses out and now they can’t tell what I’m looking at. I rather like checking them out in their bikini clad bodies. Hell, I’d crawl on my belly and hiss like a snake if I could have a foursome with them. And yes, there’s more than enough of me to go around.

Nala's long blonde hair flows down over her shoulder. She has a nice round ass, boy, these bikinis leave nothing to the imagination. Cleavage spills precariously from the barely-there light blue bikini top. She sure knows how to strike my ticker, especially given I'm willing to do anything to impress the beautiful blonde.

I sit up. Ahem. The ladies come back to me, with Nala sitting on the lounge beside me. Ashley and Sherri gage my reaction. "You've come to a conclusion, I presume."

Nala smiles and lifts a brow. "Indeed. Okay, here's how it's going to go. In order for us to stop the ridiculing of your tiny dick, we want you to do something for us for an evening," she says.

"Just one evening," Ashley says.

Hells to the yeah. "Okay." I nod eagerly, the smile stretching across my face.

"Don't smile yet, you don't know what we want you to do," Sherri says.

"Hit me," I say as I thump my fists against my chest.

"Jasper, we'd love it if you'd allow us to dress you in drag and take you out as our bitch," Nala says as she touches my arm again. Her hand lingers there. Dammit, her touch causes me to do things I really don't want to do.

I swallow hard. “Dress me in drag. Take me out. Uh boy,” I say as I scratch my head.

“Come on, be a sport. We promise never to mention your dick again,” Ashley says.

“What an odd thing. I mean I could just go back to my apartment and avoid you for all that’s concerned. It’s not like I’ve done anything wrong,” I say as I feel indignation rising.

Nala pouts and rubs my arm. Damn soft hands. “Please, Jasper. This will be fun,” she says.

“If I agree, I don’t want any mention of my cock during this, you hear?” My brow lifts.

Nala claps. “This mean you’ll do it?”

“This mean you won’t mention my cock, ever again?” I ask.

“Yes,” all three say emphatically.

“Okay, then. I’ll do it.” I only say so because I want to make Nala smile. I’m

hoping she'll be the one making me up into a drag queen. She's the tallest of the three. I'm sure glad Cindy went home before this pool thing went sideways. I sigh as I nod. "When?"

"How about Friday night? Come to my place at say, six." Nala smiles and nods.

"Will do," I say as I rise. I'm tired of the humiliation. I need a beer or six. A six pack in my fridge is calling to me. Fast enough isn't so as I walk on the sidewalk barefooted while carrying my flipflops. Once in my apartment I sigh as I shut the door.

Knocking at Nala's door Friday night sends a flurry of butterflies through my stomach. I'm a manly man and dressing as a woman isn't something I've ever wanted to do. Nala opens the door, all smiles on her and Ashly and Sherri's face. They have set up a make-shift beauty station in the middle of her living room complete with a chair, cosmetics, a wig, and jewelry. "Ugh," I say.

"No, you're going to have a good time," Nala says as she thrusts the garment bag into my hands. "Now, be a good little bitch and change into this. In the bathroom, you'll find panties, bra, and shoes.

"If you want to shave your legs and pits, feel free," Sherri says as she hands me a razor.

I glare at her. "No thank you. If I'm dressing as a woman, I'll do with all my manliness intact."

I shake my head at the reflection in the mirror. The body-hugging red dress would look great on Nala. But on me? It's a tank dress with a cross-over V-neck in the front. The back has a slit, and it hits well above my knees. Underneath I'm wearing black lacy panties and a matching bra that must have been for a flat-chested woman. The black heels are in my size, but I wobble precariously as I walk into the living room for the next humiliation.

"Just relax, will ya?" Ashley says as she does my face.

I can't even see well with the sweeping false eyelashes. Nala presses fake nails to my hands so now I have long gleaming red nails to match the dress. Sherri fixes the blonde wig with soft waves that flow down my back. I look utterly silly.

"Let's go, Jassie," Nala says. Ashley and Sherri giggle as we walk to her car. I keep my head down because I don't want anyone else knowing about this.

Once we're in the car, I ask them, "After I do this, you won't say another word about my size, or this night?"

Sherri reaches over the seat and rubs my shoulder. "Don't worry, sweetie, we'll keep our word. You're keeping yours and providing great entertainment for the evening."

Ashley laughs and agrees.

“Glad I’m making you three so happy,” I say as I stare straight forward. Even Nala is laughing merrily with them.

We make it to Club Parke and make our way to the entrance. People are in line to enter. A few look my way with raised brows and others laugh. Two men who are hand in hand walk up behind us. They give me a curious stare. Great.

The bouncer lets us in, of course. I’m the ticket to a hot hopping time. Once inside, the gold and silver décor greet us with the pounding beat of dance. Couples in all forms are on the dance floor, which has a mirrored ceiling and a reflective floor. Double great, my panties will show. Who gives a fuck?

Nala pulls me to her as her fingers squeeze round my arm. “At least act like you’re having a good time, or else we’ll just keep speaking the truth about your tiny dick every time we see you,” she whispers.

I smile and nod. Sure. The slow song commences, and Sherri steps up with a man who looks me up and down.

“Hello,” he says and holds out his hand like I’m going to kiss it. I shake it instead.

“Yes, hi,” I say.

He winks at me. “Sherri tells me you’re stepping out for the first time in your new skin. I’d like to dance with you.”

I start to say no, but Nala grabs my arm again and shakes her head and nods toward the dance floor. I understand. I muster up a smile at the fairy man. “Sure,” I say as I follow him to the dance floor.

He takes me in his arms and gall floods to my throat. I force a swallow and smile. “What’s your name?” I ask as he’s holding me to him.

“Asher, and you are Jasper. Looks like we’re made for each other, our names rhyme,” he says and laughs.

I couldn’t be more thankful when the song finally ends, and I scamper back to Nala. I laughed and smiled and didn’t say much. Asher obviously had other plans for me. I gulp down a beer quickly.

By the time I’m back, they have Ted lined up to dance with me. He’s polished and taller than me, wearing an abundance of aftershave. But when the song slows, he insists on pulling me to him as we slow dance.

“How long have you been out?” he asks. I can feel his excitement and I grimace.

“I’m not out. I’ve never been out. I’m straight,” I say. I force myself to talk with even nice tones rather than through gritted teeth.

“You are? Could have fooled me,” Ted says with a chuckle.

“I let the girls talk me into doing this. Trust me, this isn’t how I am normally,” I say as I relax because he stopped holding me tightly to him.

“Too bad. I think you’d make a fine boyfriend,” he says and winks at me because the song ended.

Back at the table, I suck down another beer. A beefy burly dude walks up and lifts his brow at me. “Dance, sweetie?” he asks me.

I quickly look at Nala and shake my head. Before she can protest, I hold up my hand. “I’m done. I’d like to go home.” I look up at the man. “No thank you. We’re just leaving.”

I stand. Nala folds her arms over her chest. “What if I refuse to take you home?”

“So be it,” I say and walk to the entrance.

“Call me an Uber, please,” I ask the doorman.

Within moments, one pulls forward and I go home. I don’t care about the odd look the lady gives me as she drops me in front of my apartment building. I pay her and quickly make my way to my apartment, which is the first one I come to, thankfully.

Fuck Nala and her ratty friends. I don't give a flying damn if they make fun of my size or tell the world. I've done nothing wrong and I endured a great deal of humiliation. Fuck the entire lot of them. I tear out of the wig and dress and scrub myself in the shower. I'm done!

The TV show drones on in front of me and I'm not really hearing it. Disappointment in the evening washes over me in waves. I really thought the ladies would make good on their promise. I just couldn't take another minute of it. I'm not gay and dressing me as a woman and compelling me to dance with men who had an eye for me was cruel, not just to me, but to the men who danced with me. I mean, they were out looking for a hook up and I was sheer disappointment. I suppose I should be flattered about it though. Ha!

A soft rap at my door startles me as I jolt up from my daze. I am nearly asleep. Who in the hell would be coming by at this late hour? Nala smiles from the peek hole.

"Please, Jasper, may I come in?" She knows I'm peeking at her. I slowly open the door and nod for her to enter. I don't care that she sees me in shorts with no shirt. Fuck that, I'm going to be me.

"Have a seat," I say flatly. "Drink?" I open the fridge and pluck out two bottles of beer.

She smiles sweetly. "Sure, thank you," she says as she takes the beer. "Listen, come here, have a seat." She pats the seat next to her on the sofa.

I was heading to my recliner. My brow lifts as I obey the beautiful woman, though I am furious with her. I still can't refuse her. "Yes?" I take a long drink of beer before setting the bottle on the coffee table and give her my full attention.

Nala fiddles with the hem of her shirt and the bottle. Her blue eyes look up at me. "I'm so sorry. I came over here to apologize for what we've done to you. While it was all in fun and games, I realize I went over the top with it and hurt you. Jasper, I'm so sorry, can you forgive me?" She reaches over and grabs my hand.

Oh boy. The anger melts as I peer at her hand on mine, so soft. I smile. "Okay, yes," I say. I'm an idiot. I can't think of anything else to say because Nala mesmerizes me.

She smiles and leans close, her face coming to mine. I heave in a deep breath and lean to meet her and our lips touch in a soft feathery kiss. Rearing back, she examines my eyes before she thrusts her arm around my neck. I drop her hand and encircle my arms around her drawing her to me. This time when our lips meet the sparks fly. Her lips part as my tongue enters and explores. Suddenly, I want to taste every inch of her body. She groans as her fingers lift her shirt. Oh yes, her body is gorgeous. The demi bra barely contains her and I delight in her creamy flesh. I reach around and unhook the bra and remove it off effortlessly. My hand slowly grasps one breast, gently massaging and tweaking the nipple while I move in and suckle the other. Her hands rake over my back as her head rolls back. I move up and kiss her neck as my hands seek to free her from her pants. She willingly undresses and as she's naked and beautiful I groan because my cock can't get any harder.

"Off," she says as she tries pulling at my shorts. She doesn't have to ask me twice. I come out of the shorts and underwear so fast. My cock is long and hard and dripping with pre-cum. She smiles as her hand gently touches it and I lurch forward.

I take control and kneel as I shoulder between her legs. She opens wide while

my face dives in and I run my tongue through her slit and focus on her hard knob. She moans as her hands twirl in my hair. I grab a boob with each hand and play with the fleshly mounds while my tongue focuses on her hard clit. I do it just right, as she's bucking, and her juices are flowing. I stop and lean back.

Deep desire floods her eyes as I growl and pull her around until she's lying on the sofa. I come between her legs as she wraps them around my waist. Showing her just how much of a man I am, I pierce through the soft juicy hole and spark the pleasure. We moan together as I pump into her, lifting her ass while she raises. My cock saws vigorously against her clit and her nails dig into me. Suddenly, her pussy squeezes around my cock as she comes. Yelping in pleasure, she claws at me more while I fuck her harder until my cock explodes. Together we enjoy the waves of pleasure as our bodies rock through the ecstasy. Finally, it slows, and we're done.

I roll her to the side as I pull out and we lie there in each other's arms. She falls asleep as I stroke her long beautiful hair. It's not long before I drift off too, feeling content. Hours later she stirs, and I awaken. She smiles into my face as her hand comes up and strokes it softly.

"That was, wow," she says.

I grin. "So, no more talk about how I can't perform as a man?"

Nala giggles as she snuggles into my arms. "No, you've proven yourself."

"Hey, let's take this to the bed, where we can stretch out," I suggest.

“No, I like it right here on the sofa where we have to be close.” Her head relaxes on my shoulder as she pulls her arm over me, rubbing the side of my bicep.

I smile and settle in, happy to have this beautiful naked woman in my arms all night. Who knows what the future holds? At least she knows who I really am as I kiss the top of her head and drift off to sleep again.

THE END

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