



THE SISSY DATE

A Tale Of Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing
SCARLETT STEELE



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"Are you ready to scoot?" Hannah calls to me. I poke my head out the door of my room.

"Give me a second, will ya. I'm still packing," I say. I can't believe I'm finally heading away from the grueling grind of living in this small community and working on the network at the school. We get a spring break, so it fits in with a lot of other places. Hannah moved to the city with her college friend, Fran. I have yet to meet Fran since Hannah attended college in the city and I stayed

behind and took the position with the school after I graduated. Our mother often laughs at how her two kids took off in opposite directions once we graduated high school. I chose the State University down south because they gave me a full ride scholarship. I ended up coming back to our little hometown when my old school offered the position as the head of the computer department. It was a job I couldn't resist.

I am eager to get to the city to see how my big sister lives. She often tells tales of watching live shows, attending the trendy clubs, shopping, and just the sight-seeing. I drive for the first couple hundred miles and we trade off. She wants me to be a passenger, so I can see the city for the first time. A small-town boy entering the big city for the first time sends shivers up my spine. I feel like a teen again gathering the excitement of attending an amusement park. Only I'm not a boy any longer, but a grown man who's open to trying new things. I grin as the lights emanate into the skyline ahead. Behind us, the sun is setting in the west and we're heading into the inky darkness of night.

"The city isn't dark at night. It's fully lit, so bright that even the night sky looks gray," Hannah says excitedly. She's loving my reaction.

Suddenly, the cityscape comes into view. We're pausing at a toll road as I peer over the dash. The tall skyscrapers loom ahead, twinkling with lights where people are still there, at work, or at their homes. I'm not sure which.

"People live in some of the buildings. They have businesses on the lower levels and apartments above. The penthouses are the priciest of all in the city. Fran and I have a brownstone. We're located close to the thriving center of the city, but off on a quaint and quiet street. Low crime in our neighborhood. We even have cobblestones for the road. It's very nice. We have three levels, with the top level being the guest room and bath and an office. It's different from the spacious houses in our small hometown," Hannah explains.

I'm giddy as we drive closer. The skyscrapers are huge, incredible. The closer we get the bigger the buildings look.

"They are big. Twenty, thirty stories high. We'll hit the taller ones. Some charge just to walk through the front doors for tourists. They find a way to make a buck. You won't want to drive yourself anywhere while here. We park out front, parallel. There's just enough space for two vehicles per home. If we have visitors, they have to park at the lot up the road and pay a fee. There's a bus stop at the corner. Or you can walk three blocks to the Subway. It's all right there. You'll take the bus and Subway. I bought you passes to both. If you decide to go to one of the burbs, you'll take the train." Hannah is as excited about my first ventures in the big city as she is to show me around. I love it.

"What about the women? Any good-looking women here?" I ask and grin big.

"Yes, Hunter. Lots of pretty girls here. Fran's not too bad either," she says.

Fran. Her roommate and best friend from college. She's a couple of years older than me and a bonified city slicker. I'm not sure she and I would have anything in common. But it might be fun for the stay. Who knows? I'm reserving my judgment of her until I meet her in person. I'm not sure I want to date my sister's best friend anyway. We drive for another half an hour through the crowded city streets. I'm amazed by the sheer number of people on foot and driving in cars. There are more cabs than anything. Hannah says cabs are expensive and only useful if we need to go someplace fast.

We finally pull off the main drag and onto the quaint residential areas. "Are these yours?" I ask as we drive by connected homes. I know the brownstones are

connected.

"Not yet. These are townhouses. But we're on a cobblestone street, remember. We have old trees and face the harbor across the streets. It's a very nice neighborhood."

Hannah makes good money working for the museum. She's a history major and that's why she lives in the city. The museum was a natural choice given her degree. She loves it and meets all sorts of interesting people. Fran works as a cosmetics department manager at one of the largest retail department stores in the city. She studied fashion and merchandising and was hired around the same time as Hannah.

Finally, we pull onto a cobblestoned street. The car bumps along and she grins at me. "Almost there," she says.

I fill with excitement and anticipation about being here with her. She pulls up and parallel parks perfectly between a blue sedan and a little yellow sports car. I grin as I note the yellow car is parked in front of her brownstone. "Fran's?"

"Oh yes. She's flashy. You'll see," Hannah says as she exits the car. Once we grab my bags I follow her up the sidewalk and the steep steps to the front door. Peering up I see the three stories that make up her home. Across the street is another street and then the harbor beyond. A ferry sounds its horn as it sails by. A larger barge is heading in the opposite direction.

"Wow, that's neat, to hear that," I say.

"Yeah, you'll hear it all through the night too. I was as enthused about it as you are when we first moved in. But it's a sound of prestige. The brownstones don't come cheap and we were so lucky to grab this one. It's a long-term lease," Hannah says.

Hannah thrusts her key into the doorknob and then into the deadbolt. She opens it and steps inside. I'm struck by how homey the place is, how warm and cozy. It's like a craftsman style home. The small entryway cuts off from the main living area. We walk around the wall with decorative scrolled wooden columns. The living room is to the right and the kitchen to the left. Dark wooden panels line the walls in the living room, giving it an older era feel, but their furniture makes it feel light and airy. Cushy chairs and sofa in ivory sit in a conversation style in the middle of the living room. Behind it is a bookshelf filled with books and knick-knacks. The TV is popped into a corner, nondescript as it's not the main focus of the room. The stairs are on the far right and lead up half way. The ceiling reveals the third story stairs are right above it.

A small dining table in dark oak sits in the dining area just in front of the small U-shaped kitchen. Just adjacent to the stairs is a small room, a laundry room, and a small toilet and sink quarter bathroom. Hannah shows me around and we step out from the kitchen, from a French door that leads to the tiny backyard. They have a small picnic table with an umbrella and a grill with a tiny patch of grass. I chuckle.

"Hey, around here this is huge. It's about all we get of true nature along with the giant trees out front too." Hannah laughs with me.

When we head back in, someone is coming down the stairs. Fran appears, her light brown eyes peer over me.

"Fran! This is my baby brother, Hunter. Hunter, Fran," Hannah says.

I step up to the petite young lady. Her brown curls bounce just above her shoulders. "Hello, Hunter. At last. How was your trip?" she asks. She has a husky voice and very inquisitive eyes. She smiles at me, causing me to shift on my feet. Suddenly, I'm very attracted to my sister's roommate.

"We had an uneventful trip," I say.

We end up sitting in the living room after I put my bags in the guest room on the third floor and talk. Fran and I hit it off and long before I'm ready to turn in Hannah yawns big. "Sorry, guys, I need some shut eye. Hunt, you have everything you need?" she asks.

"I think so, sis. Have a good night," I say.

"Would you care for a nightcap? I fancy a small goblet of scotch myself," Fran says. She's so upscale and worldly and I want desperately to impress her.

"Sure," I say. She pours two small goblets of scotch from a bottle that looks like it's been around for years.

"My father enjoyed aged scotch. He had a ton of it at his home. He passed away three years ago and I'm still enjoying his stash. It's one of the finer things he left for me, that and the love for it," she says as she hands me a goblet.

I grimace. "Thank you. I'm so sorry about your father," I say.

Fran waves her hand at me. "Nah, don't be sorry. He had an illness that plagued him for years. It was a welcomed relief when he finally passed on. We all move on with our lives, eh?" she says and smiles at me.

"Yeah, I suppose so," I say though I can't relate because both of my parents are still around. "Is your mother still around?"

"Oh yeah. She took off for Florida, hating the harsh winters up here. That's fine. She's living with some millionaire down there at Sanibel Island. They have a home right on the beach. I rarely see her, so yeah, it's all good though. She and my pops didn't have the best marriage. He was older than her, one who had deep pockets and kept her in the lifestyle she wanted, that is until he died. She sold everything I didn't want and moved so fast my head was spinning. But hey, to mom, may she find happiness in the arms of a millionaire in Florida," she says as she holds up her goblet.

I'm not sure how to take it, she sounds a bit jaded, perhaps miffed. I didn't want to dig so I went along with her toast and held up my glass and gave her a nod. The first swallow of scotch hit me hard. It's a stout drink, nothing like I thought it would be. I try everything I can to keep from making a face.

"Hey, it grows on you. It's an acquired taste. Trust me, ask for scotch when you go out and then compare. You'll appreciate my stash," Fran says as she swirls her glass.

I have never tasted scotch before. Normally my bar or club times I've drunk beer or at the most something fancy like a margarita or sangria. Scotch is something that was over my head. But I'm dealing with a top-notch city gal here who knows her stuff. I find her utterly fascinating. We sip the scotch and talk about life. She lets me know she's single and how the club scene is there in the city. I let her know I'm single partly due to the fact that there are no eligible women in my hometown.

"So, Hannah tells me. I think she's hoping you'll want to pull up your small-town boy roots and make a claim on city life," Fran says.

"Not that I haven't considered it. I don't know, the job opportunity came when I needed it and I took it. I'm able to work in any field of computer networking," I say as I swallow the last of the drink. Admittedly the last swallow tasted better than the first.

"Trust me, the city is live with computer networking positions," Fran says. "Just at my job we have a network person or two and certainly at the other locations. It's a needful position. It's yours for the choosing."

It almost sounded as if she were trying to talk me into it. I smile and nod. "We'll see. I'd like to check out the city more before I come to any life-changing conclusions about it," I say.

Over the next couple of days, Hannah, Fran, and I explore the city. Fran is a delightful and fun lady. I find I'm strangely attracted to her, even to the point of wanting to ask her out on a date, but since she's my sister's best friend I hesitate and don't. I'm hoping she'll suggest an outing with just she and I. So far, nothing though.

On Tuesday evening I find myself in the brownstone alone. Hannah has a cocktail party for work and won't be in until late. Fran is doing inventory at her job and she won't be in until late. At first, I sit in front of the TV and watch the city's news. I toy with the idea of treading to a nightclub and introducing myself to some pretty girls. Instead, I'm roaming the three-story brownstone looking for something to do. I haven't spent much time in the middle level or in the spare office room next to mine on the third floor. I go there first and mill around, nosing through the desk and finding nothing interesting. I end up on the second floor and walk into Hannah's room. It's not much different than her room back at home other than she's a neat freak now. I really don't want to discover anything in her room, but Fran...

I know I shouldn't, but I walk into Fran's room. She has sleek lines and bold colors. A tri mirror sits atop the long maple finish dresser. Her headboard bookcase has a mirror behind it within the bookcase, which I find intriguing. I glance up wishing I'd see a mirror on the ceiling, but there's not one. I chuckle as I open her closet and she has her clothes set in color order making a rainbow. Her shoes underneath is the same way. She and Hannah share a Jack and Jill bathroom, with separate sinks. The shower and toilet are in the middle with its own doors. So, you can take a shit or bathe in privacy.

I don't know what possesses me to do it, but I open a dresser drawer. I find it neatly stacked with nightshirts and gowns. I would love to see her in nothing but a shirt with her C cups poking through. The next drawer is the underwear drawer. I'm amused by the different stacks. She had all cotton granny panties, thongs, and silky lace. I wonder when she chooses to wear the granny panties, but then I shake my head and realize that's probably too much information about Fran.

I grab a pair of silk panties and bring them to my nose for a nice whiff. It smells like dryer sheets and maybe a slight hint of Fran. Oh, I'd love to plant my face between her petite legs and lick her slit until she screams in ecstasy. My cock

stiffens as I finger the material. I look around sheepishly like something is going to pop out or something. I don't know why I'm such an idiot. Idiot for grabbing her panties and an idiot for staying in her room. I pull off my pants and jockeys and slip into Fran's panties. I grin as I look at my reflection in the mirror. My ass looks silly in her pink panties. The package grows as my cock stiffens over the feeling of her panties against my man goods. My hand reaches down, and I groan as I rub against the outside, loving the feeling of my cock nestled within the confines of the silk. Knowing that Fran's muff and lovely ass has personally been in these panties makes me hard as a brickbat.

I pluck up another pair of her panties and head for the bed. I lie back on her sleek bedding and make a mental note to put everything back before I leave. I lay her other pair, a nice pale pink with white lace, over my face. I want to smell something of her as I jack off. I'm rubbing the brickbat in the panties and getting close. Pre-cum soaks through. Too bad, the pair will need a good washing once I'm done. "Uh," I moan as suck in deep breaths through the panties on my face.

"What the mother fucking hell?" Fran says from the door.

I jolt up, stopping mid-stroke, on the verge of coming. I toyed with the thought to go ahead and leap over the throes of ecstasy, but my common sense took hold and I swung my legs over the edge of the bed. The pale pink and white panties fluttered to the floor. My cheeks burn hot, even my chest burns from embarrassment.

"Fran, oh my... I..." I stutter with my words, fumbling uselessly with what to say. What can I say? She caught me jacking off in her panties with her panties on my face.

Fran lurches forward and grabs the panties from the floor. She glares at me

furiously, her nostrils flaring from anger. "Just what the fuck are you doing, Hunter? Just wait until I tell Hannah what a perv her baby brother really is," she says angrily.

I go down on my knees in front of Fran. I think about appealing to her sexuality, but I lose guts and instead resort to begging. I'm not beyond begging, especially where Hannah is concerned. I can't let her find out what I did, especially to her best friend and roommate.

"Please, Fran, don't tell Hannah. I'm sorry I did this. It was a sick thing to do, I admit it. I don't know what came over me, please, I'm sorry," I beg.

Fran laughs, not a sweet amused laugh, but a sarcastic laugh. "I know what almost came over you. By the way, you can keep that pair, I no longer want them," she says as she points to my crotch. I'm still sporting a stiffy and I wish she'd be amused by it.

"I'm attracted to you. I don't know what possessed me to do this," I say.

"So, tell me, Hunter, do you do shit like this often?" Fran asks.

"No, I swear. This is the first time I've ever done anything like this. Please, Fran. I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say or do to make up for it, but don't tell Hannah. I owe you big time if you don't. I'll do anything for you if you won't," I say. My heart is thumping hard in my chest.

"Hmmm, I don't know. I'm not sure what to think of a little small-town pervert like you. I mean why not just make a move on me. Wouldn't fucking me be better than jacking in my panties?" she asks.

"Well, sure it would. I wasn't sure what you thought of me though," I say.

She laughs again. "I think a hell of a lot worse of you now than I did before I walked in her and caught you doing this," Fran says.

I want to cry over those words. I've really fucked up. "Please, I'll do anything for you to keep quiet with Hannah." I stop short of actual crying.

"Anything, huh?" Fran nods as she considers me. I stare at her with begging eyes.

"Anything," I say and nod. "Anything at all."

Fran nods and grins. "Okay, maybe we can come to a solution here. If you do everything I tell you to do for the entire evening Friday, I'll not say a word to Hannah. This evening and what you've done here will go down with me to the grave," Fran says.

I swallow hard. I'm terribly uncomfortable yet extremely turned on by Fran's take-charge attitude with me. I nod. "I'll do it, just name it. What do you want me to do?"

She laughs wickedly. "You'll find out. I'll let her know we're going out. She'll probably make herself scarce since it's a Friday night and we'll be able to do what I'm planning," she says and wags her brow at me.

I nod. "Okay, so it will be a surprise then," I say.

"Yes. You may go now. Oh, wash those and wear them Friday," she says and smiles.

I nod. Hannah showed me how to use the laundry room so I'm at least responsible enough to do my own clothes. I slowly ascend the stairs to the third floor and to my guest room. I shake as I think about what happened tonight. I was caught by the very person I didn't want to catch me. How careless and stupid I was. I go into the bathroom to take a shower and get ready for bed. The panties are still on with a sticky spot in the front where my pre-cum stained it. I grin and shrug as my hand goes there, rubbing over the outside of the soft panties. I may as well make a thorough mess now. My cock lengthens, and I can clearly see the outline of it through the panties. I masturbate while I think about being caught. I wish I had finished while she was standing there glaring at me. I imagine she's at the door glaring at me right now. I groan solidly as I lie back on the bed and rub one out. I lurch forward and squeeze the head as I shoot off in the panties. Then I chuckle because it somehow feels like I just marked my territory.

I peel out of the sticky panties and toss them to my dirty clothes pile in the floor. I'll wash tomorrow but for now, I'm showering and allowing sweet sleep to take me off to dreamland where I'll no doubt be banging Fran all night long.

"Are you sure you don't mind if I go out with Ethan? I mean, you two can come along too," Hannah says as she's waiting for her date to pick her up.

"No, Hannah. Go out with Ethan as planned. I think it's cool he landed those last-minute theater tickets. You've wanted to see the play for a long time," Fran says.

"Maybe you two can get tickets too," Hannah says.

"Are you kidding? Only if we scalp them and I'm not willing to pay three times the amount. They are expensive enough as it is. Just go and have a good evening. I'll take good care of Hunter," Fran says as she grins.

"I am so thrilled about this. I mean I was hoping you two would hit it off," Hannah says as she pushes her arms the sweater jacket.

"Oh, we've hit it off alright. I have big plans for your baby brother tonight. Don't you worry, I'll take real good care of him," Fran says and winks at Hannah.

Outside, a horn sounded. "Okay, love you, Hunt. I'll see you later. Don't wait up," she says and disappears out the door.

It's the words Fran wanted to hear, for me I'm not so sure. Part of me is excited about tonight and part of me dreads whatever she has in store.

I come down the stairs and Fran calls to me. "In here, please."

She has a dress on her bed, it's blue with big gold buttons down the front. "I want you to wear this. Then I'll fix your hair and makeup," she says.

I shrug. If it keeps her from talking to Hannah, I'll do it. I come out of the pants and shirt in front of her and slip the dress over my head. She's pleased to see I'm wearing the panties she gave me. After I dress I sit in a chair she had pulled up to a small desk in her room. She moved her laptop and placed her makeup and hair accessories. I sit still while she paints my face. She pauses and steps back and peers at her handiwork. After a nod, she pulls the blonde wig onto my head and secures it to my normal honey brown locks.

"Okay, ready to see the masterpiece?" she asks.

I step to her tri-mirror and glance at my reflection. I don't recognize myself which is good. I smile as I shake my head. Flaxen blonde tresses bounce over my shoulder.

"Wait, the finishing touch, bend down," Fran says. I do as she commands, and she applies lipstick to my lips. Hot pink, of course. Yep, I've transformed into a drag queen.

"Let's go. There's a place called Flashanies. It's downtown and perfect for you," Fran says.

We take a cab because she doesn't want her masterpiece messed up by getting onto a crowded bus or the Subway. The cab pulls up to a place with multi-colored lights flashing onto the white building. The music pours out into the street and other couples march to the entrance. Many men couples, some dressed

in drag. I swallow hard as I've never been to such a place. "Come on, I'll treat you like a queen," Fran says.

She's dressed in a navy-blue dress that fits her like a glove. She doesn't look butchy at all and is in stark contrast to most of the women in Flashanies. Once inside, Fran orders me a sissy drink, something women enjoy carrying around and sipping. The thump of the music is strong and as soon as I swallow the last of the fruity concoction, Fran grabs my hand and pulls me to the dance floor. She's all over the place, moving and swaying and turning me on. I can't help it. Wearing the dress, the wig, the makeup, the panties all turn me on. She giggles and rears back, looking at a strategically placed golden button right square in the middle of my crotch. We can see my cock outline behind it, the button on the head. I chuckle, not caring who else sees. I don't know these people here and I find it amusing that I sport such a big one for Fran to enjoy.

A slow song commences, and she presses her lovely body against me. I groan as I move, rubbing my cock against the button and against Fran's curves. She giggles, enjoying my angst. Finally, she pulls me to her and whispers, "We should leave."

The words are music to my ears. The fact that Fran has so thoroughly turned me on tonight should count for something. I'm hopeful for some sexy action from her. Once in the cab, Fran is all over me. Her hand keeps rubbing against the dress so much so pre-cum forms a wet spot just under the golden button. I groan quietly as she kisses me, her tongue swirling in my mouth, moving to my neck, nibbling my ears. She's relentless. I keep glancing up at the cab driver and wonder what he must think.

Once we're dropped off I watch the cab drive away. "I bet he needs a cold shower after that," I say.

Fran waves at the car. "Doesn't matter. They see all sorts of things. I know people who have full sex while riding in the back of a cab."

"Now that's interesting. Hmmm," I say as I grin at her. I'd like to try that, but I don't voice it.

We rush up the steps and I hope beyond all hope that Hannah is still out with Ethan. The home is quiet and that's a good sign. Once the door is securely locked, Fran lands on me again, her lips moving over mine. She hoists up into my arms and I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I'm about to take her. We head upstairs to her room. I'm giddy with a hardon that won't stop. I'm just hoping I don't blast off in her the first second, I pass through her tight pussy.

"I want you to lie down on the bed, crossways. You can keep the dress and wig on. I find it kinky," Fran says as she disappears into the bathroom.

I lie down crossways on the bed. I'm not too thrilled with keeping my clothes on, but obviously, she has plans so I bide my time and hope for the best. She returns, and her cute little body is completely naked. My cock grows harder if that's even possible. Her perky breasts are screaming for attention, her bare muff looks soft.

"Since you were on my bed with my panties on your face the other day I thought I'd give you the full effect. One word or action of not doing this and I'll tell Hannah."

I nod and say nothing and brace for it, whatever it is. Fran comes to me and pulls her body up and I see her muff in fullness as she comes down, fully sitting on my face. At first, I struggle because she's covering my mouth and nose. She lifts

and I'm able to gulp in air, but she comes back down, after readjusting until her clit is at my mouth. She has total control and I just have to trust that she doesn't want to actually kill me. While she bears down over my mouth, I move my lips and tongue and swipe it through her slit. She grinds her hard clit on my face and as best I can I keep my tongue out and moving. She seems to like it for she's becoming very juicy at my chin. I feel her essence rolling down my chin and onto my neck. I don't mind, at all. She's rocking over me, her muff occasionally covering my nose. At least I'm not losing consciousness, so as long as I'm able, my tongue is moving all for her pleasure.

"Uh, make me come, Hunter, make me come," Fran chants as she grinds into my face. She goes from giving me enough space to catch a breath, to bearing down with all she has, and I only hope I don't lose consciousness or fight her on it. Luckily, she's a mover and doesn't sit still long enough for me to panic. I keep my tongue firm and wiggle it and allow her to grind her clit into me. Her muff shudders and she cry out as she arches her back over me. I let her ride my face and keep my tongue stiff until she finally stops and for a brief moment, she doesn't move. I count down before panic sets in and I shove her off and thus rendering the whole episode void and she'll tell Hannah about my sick obsession with Fran's panties.

Finally, Fran lifts off me and stumbles to the floor. She's smiling and eyeing me. "Okay, now you can have a turn, Hunter."

I sit up and quickly lift the dress from my head. It snags on the damn wig and I pull, pulling my hair in the hairpins with it. The panties are soaked with precum and I gladly step out of them.

Fran is still catching her breath as she crawls up her bed. She lies back with her legs apart. The very part that sat upon me moments earlier glistens with readiness as she lifts her brow and invites me to plow into her. Finally, I crawl up between her legs and pull her feet to my shoulders. I'm a gentleman and though

my cock is as hard as a solid rock, I take time to kiss her toes and make her squeal with a delightful giggle. I want to savor this moment. I've passed the test, I did what I needed to do to earn her silence. Now I'm going to enjoy fucking her ever-loving brains out.

With my cock in hand, I move forward and rub the head through the soft warm folds between her legs. She moans as I prod through the hole that has begged me to enter. She moans more and claws at my hips as I penetrate through her soft, tight pussy. I groan unable to go slow and let loose. I plow into her with fury, and she loves it. She's clawing at me, slapping my hips.

"Please, fuck me harder, Hunter," she begs.

Can do. I pump harder, the cum building at the base of my cock. I'm huffing it now as beads of sweat break out on my forehead. It has all been worth it. Whoa! Fran leans up, so my cock will saw against her swollen clit better. She greedily reaches for a second orgasm and judging from the expression on her skewed face, she's nearing it. She cries out as her back arches, her body shudders into the second orgasm. Her pussy squeezes around my cock and I can't hold back. I pound her harder until I lurch forward. All the pent-up energy behind my cock spews forth filling her pussy like a baker filling a long john. I heave and blow out as I rock through the waves of pleasure with her, my moans now louder than hers. I don't care who the fuck hears us until I'm finished.

I roll off Fran, I'm thoroughly spent. My body needs a breather. We both lie side by side catching our breath. It's done, it's over. I don't care what happens now, as long as we can bury the events that led up to this forever. Hannah will never find out. And I had a good fuck.

Fran rolls to her side and peers at me. "So, we're even now, my dear. Let that be

a lesson. If I ever catch you in my room uninvited again, I'll do worse next time," she says as she grins.

I roll to my side, why not? "Tell me, Fran, what does all this mean?"

"You mean are we a couple or just fuck buddies while you're here on vacation?"

I shrug. "Maybe. I guess I'd like to know where your head is concerning us," I say. I mean, I like her. She pushes me beyond what I ever dreamed possible.

I sigh and get up. I'm sure there will be no cuddling tonight. It still feels too weird for that. I might want a woman less... in charge. Maybe a small-town girl is more my speed. But one thing is for certain, I will never forget the evening spent with Fran.

"Will you?" she asks as she watches me gather the clothing. I'm not sure if Hannah is home yet or not. I somehow hope not, but I want to at least be dressed properly in case she is.

"Will I what?" I ask as I dress in my pants and shirt.

"Will you wear panties again? A dress perhaps?" she asks.

I stand and head for the door. "I tell you what, Fran, if I ever get the urge to do so, I'll come back here to see you, so we can have a repeat," I say and grin.

"I'd like that," she says as I leave her room.

I don't give her an answer to her reply, but secretly I'm thinking about it too. Maybe on the next trip to the city.

THE END

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