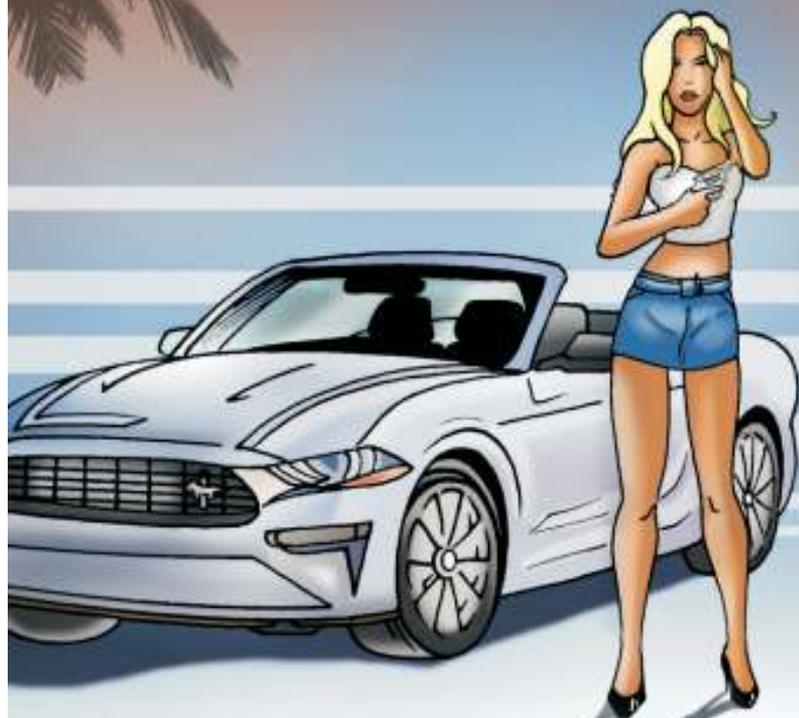


# Danielle Drysdale, PI



Danielle LA





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# Danielle Drysdale, PI

by Danielle LA

## Chapter 1

Let me give you a little background about myself. My name is Danielle Drysdale. College graduate with a degree in Zoo Science with a speciality in exotic animals. Graduated with honors and I planned on working in that field, but I had a big change in my life after I finished college. I am blonde, told I am very attractive, maybe beautiful, nice shapely legs, with a healthy size chest. I am 5 foot 9 inches, slim waist despite weighing 150 (I carry it well), past 30 (I won't say how much past 30). Oh, and one other thing, the big change in my life after college was my transition from male to female.

Playing sports and doing all boy stuff growing up, I was a boy on the outside but always felt even at a young age that I was really a girl. It was pretty much always there growing up, but I didn't really under-

stand it and tried to put it in the back of my mind. Home life was ok growing up, but nothing great. The support system and understanding in this area is very new and pretty much non existent at that time.

I was athletic and did well in that area, that helped me to be accepted and I was always popular and had friends growing up. Despite trying to figure out who I was, I always liked the gym and martial arts and still enjoy them to this day. I'm a little on the muscular side but that's alright, it helps me in my profession.

My life took a dramatic change for the better when I met my freind Samantha. Open minded, with experience in how I was feeling inside. She has helped a lot of people and we hit it off very quickly. I opened up to her and she suggested that I allow her to play a little and let her see how I would look as a woman. I was embarrassed but agreed, sure I would be a terrible looking woman. She said, I think you might be very supriised. Despite being a handsome man on the rugged side, you have very high cheekbones and feminine features.

Anyway, she worked her magic, applying makeup and adding a shoulder length blonde wig (she says I'm a born blonde) and when she was done she asked me to look in the mirror. When I did I was fighting back tearing up and she noticed this and asked if I was ok. I told her that was the first time in my life I ever looked in the mirror and felt like I saw myself looking back. And I was hot! Slender body, natural tight bubble butt, pretty face.

As time went on, we became closer. She said to me, "I see the name Danielle fitting you. Most people I meet try this for a one time thrill, or they are just attracted to the clothes. They're tourists, you are not.

You are a girl." All this was new to me and took time to start to sink in. One day several months later we were talking and she asked me how I was doing. I got choked up, looked at her with tears starting to swell up in my eyes and said, "I don't want to be a boy anymore!" She responded, "Danielle, I think it's time, don't you?"

Waiting a few more months, I wanted to be sure this was genuine and what was really right for me. It felt very right and I took a month long trip to Thailand. Some meds, a boob job and I was on my way. No way however, was I getting snipped. Even as a girl I wanted my cock. You might be thinking why go to Thailand, the USA has better doctors, medical standards and a superior medical field overall. All true, but Thailand is an expert in this area. It's a massive part of their society and they know what they are doing. Lady boys and kathoeyes abound in Thailand.

## Chapter 2

Coming back was not all that easy. Between the issues of getting records changed to the new me, finding work and losing a number of old friends also because of the new me, was definitely an adjustment. I had trouble finding a position in the animal field. Hello! I'm smart, college grad at the top of the class in my field and stronger than most women.

I decided to try the real estate field. My friend Samantha, had told me that I looked like a hot buxom blonde real estate agent, who was nice but doesn't take any crap from anyone. Adding, oh and you like to dress classy but sexy and give oral satisfaction to men and are a good lover to "lipstick lesbians." I don't

know about the last part, but I thought I'd give real estate a try.

Real estate was interesting for awhile, got to dress nicely, wear heels and met a few people that fit the comments about "dressing class but sexy and...". The owner of the real estate firm, Kevin, was a really nice guy and pretty cute. He was seperated from his wife. He would dress in a white shirt and tie, had distinguished graying at the temples hair, a slender athletic physique and a handsome baby face.

After I worked there for a couple of months, we were both working late one night at the office. Everyone else had gone home for the day. He walked over to the front door, locked it and asked me to come into his office. I was wearing a sexy, short, maybe a little too tight blue print dress that showed off my butt and boobs. I had on a pair of four inch stiletto black heels. When I walked in he told me I looked nice and I thanked him. I'm always flattered when a man, or a woman tells me that. I have confidence that I look really good, but no woman ever minds hearing that.

Kevin gently took me in his arms and tried to kiss me. I was shocked at first and hesitated. When he pulled me in closer, I could feel his body next to mine and stopped resisting as I began to melt. I sighed, put my arms around his neck, bent one leg backwards behind me and let him lead as his tongue entered my mouth and kissed me deeply. This went on for a few minutes. When we broke our kiss, I saw his mouth and lips had a healthy supply my pink lipstick smeared around his mouth.

It seemed like the most natural thing in the world to push him into his chair, kneel and pull his dress pants and underwear down to his ankles. I took his balls in

my hands and licked them while stroking his shaft. Never taking my tongue off of him, I moved up to the head of his cock. Tickling the underside of his head for a minute, then moving and engulfing him entirely in my mouth. For the next few minutes I rubbed his hips and thighs and worked on him similar to a piston. It didn't take long before he could not hold back any longer and finished. We were both content and fulfilled and out of breath. I felt very much like the woman I was.

The reality was, Kevin was separated but still married and I'm no homewrecker. I knew my time there was not going to be long term. I encouraged him to try and work things out with his wife. I knew he still cared for her. When it was time to leave real estate, I gave Kevin my notice. He was sorry, but knew it was coming. On my last day I decided to give him a memorable farewell.

When my last day arrived, I stayed late and waited until everyone else was gone. Kevin and I talked about my plans, how we worked well together and he'd miss me. We both knew that real estate was not something I wanted for a career and it was time to move on. He understood that and as I mentioned, I'm no homewrecker. Besides, I genuinely liked his wife and hoped they'd work things out. Obviously he has great taste in women (haha), so how could I not like her!

Kevin stood up and asked me to do the same. He pulled me close, put his arms around me and kissed me as deeply as he ever had. His hands were roaming my body and I felt his hands on my boobs, thighs and butt. I motioned as I felt him pressing against me. I had my arms hugged around his neck as we kissed. When we broke to come up for air, I looked at him and just

said in the most soft, sultry voice I could muster, “take me”.

It was my very first time allowing a man to penetrate my last unexplored area. He generously (thank goodness) lubed himself and my virgin butt. I was bent over the office’s lunch room table in the breakroom, black tasteful mini skirt pulled up with my legs spread apart. My weight was on my arms to support myself and my bare legs while wearing red leather patent 5 inch heels. My tight white tank top and bra now off and my boobs bare.

As he gently entered me, I blurted out, “oh my”, it felt enormous being pushed in. Kevin said, “wow you’re tight, just relax”. I did and after a minute or so I loosened up as he carefully took his time thrusting. He asked me if I was ok and I responded, “don’t...don’t stop”. After only 5 minutes he said I was so tight he was close. As I could feel his spasms, I reached under and played with his balls as he finished.

We recovered after a couple of minutes, straightened up and hugged for what seemed like a brief moment which actually was closer to a half hour. We kissed, said goodbye and I left. I would miss him, but it was time. My future was elsewhere.

### Chapter 3

Leaving Kevin and a comfortable position was not easy, but it was time and had to be done. With a college degree in exotic animals, my first love was working with endangered animals in a natural setting. As I had noted previously, the field is tough to get into. Competition is fierce despite the pay being low. Being a

pretty, busty blonde trans woman probably didn't help to get an opportunity in the field either. I was however, able to get an internship with an animal preserve specializing in endangered animals, mostly exotic animals. The pay was strictly a stipend and would not go far. It was a 60 day opportunity and since my degree was in the field, I figured it would be a great experience.

It did turn out to be a great experience and the 60 days went by quickly. It brought me a tremendous amount of joy to be hands on with these wonderful creatures and work so closely with them. It amazes me how beautiful they are and how anyone could hurt or exploit one of them was unthinkable to me. That was the best part of the internship, the second best part was pretty good too.

After working in khaki colored shorts, button shirt and flat hiking boots all week you don't look or feel all that sexy. On the first Saturday night of the month the interns all get together outside in a recreation area to unwind from the workweek and have a few drinks. No one said to much to me and no one seemed to look at me in an other than business like way. I'm not used to that and like men and women to admire me.

I showed up in nothing fancy, heels, cut off denim shorts, red tank top (ok it was tight) and a jean jacket undone. My boobs quite prominently displayed under my open jean jacket in a push up bra. Small talk followed with several guys seeming to take a bigger than normal interest in me. Some of the girls were quietly observing. One of the guys in particular took a big interest in me. The other guys backed off when it was obvious I took an interest in him also. His name was Steve.

He asked me to go for a walk, I said yes and he took my hand as we walked. We stopped and talked as we could hear soft music playing from the group we had left a short distance away. A slow song came on and he asked me to dance, I said sure and he took me in his arms and we danced close.

As we danced he said, "you're different from other girls I know, but do you have a roll of quarters in your pocket?" I looked at him, smiled and said, "I don't have any pockets." He smiled, apparently having already figured it out. He followed it up by saying that it was fine with him. I said, "are you sure?", he answered by passionately kissing me. I usually don't let guys push me around, but when he pushed down slightly on my shoulders it seemed very natural to drop to my knees and massage his cock while I tried to unbutton his shorts. As I fumbled with the buttons and said, "damn these multi button flys", he chuckled and quickly helped me.

When he pulled his shorts and underwear down he popped out at full attention. Good size, big headed, nice shaped balls, trimmed nicely. I nibbled at the underside of the head and tickled it with my tongue while I held it in place with my hands. He threw his head back when I finally took him into my mouth and sucked and eagerly moved my head like a piston over his shaft. Neither of us could get enough.

It's hard to explain to a guy how doing that, is as sexually satisfying to a woman as it is for the man. Some women go through the motions and do it begrudgingly and complain, what's in it for me? I actually feel sorry for them. It's as hot and romantic to give as well as receive. Maybe guys get used to that attitude.



Anyway, while working it with my hands and mouth I was slurping and drooling all over him and my hands. As he got closer, he said, "Danielle I'm gonna...", I already had my lips on him and took it all the way in my mouth, right down to the pubes as I felt him moan and finish. Completely spent, he relaxed, I kissed the tip and helped him pull up his shorts again. I fumbled with his button fly again, he laughed and said, "I'll do it" and buttoned up his shorts after pulling his underwear back up.

That certainly broke the ice. The following first Saturday of the month get together was interesting also. Steve had evidently shared our experience with some of the other interns. One of the female interns approached me, named Erin. She expressed interest in getting together. I was interested, I love girls, I actually like them as much, or more than guys.

Erin was very attractive, I really like her type of look. Pretty face with shoulder length thick curly dark hair. A slightly thicker body, but a firm, sexy, voluptuous look. My height but weighed a little more, I like that. Male or female I feel secure in the arms of a bigger lover. Small talk, about the internship we were in which led to her inquiring about my transgender journey. She was super attentive to my story and deeply gazed into my hazel eyes as we talked.

At one point she reached over with her hands, put them gently on either side of my cheeks and pulled my face closer to her's. within moments she tilted my head to one side, kissed me and started deep kissing my mouth. I put up no resistance as she took the lead. Kissing a man as opposed to a woman is so dramatically different. The taste, smells, softness are very different. Both are wonderful. As Erin started rubbing

and exploring my body, I was running my fingers through her beautiful thick curly hair as we kissed. At one point we broke, she looked at me, took my hand and led me away.

She brought me into her intern cabin. Everyone else was at the Saturday night get together, so it was quiet and private. Erin looked at me with slightly parted lips and I noticed she had nice straight white teeth with a slight gap between her front two teeth. I found that extremely sexy and was getting more turned on all the time. Reaching over to give me an open wet kiss, she at the same time was fumbling with my dress. I had on a solid blue dress, slightly on the mini side, soft summer material with half sleeves that also tastefully showed off my cleavage. After I let her fumble with my dress for a minute, I stepped back, loosened my dress off of my shoulders and let it fall to the ground leaving me naked in front of her.

Erin looked at me , a pretty blonde, nice sized boobs, female body except for my cock which was now fully aroused. I sat on the bed and she dropped to her knees taking me into her mouth. We were both getting very worked up. Not wanting to explode, I asked her to change places. By this time her tan skirt, shirt, black bra and panties were stripped off. Her tanned body showed no signs of tan lines. She laid back as I enjoyed licking her to a shattering orgasm. I don't do what came next all that often anymore, but I slowly entered her as we both moaned and she gasped in pleasure. It did not take long before I looked in her eyes and softly told her, "I'm gonna cum". At this point we looked at each other, we locked lips and embraced. We stayed in each other's arms and neither of us felt that we ever wanted to let go. That was very nice.

The end of the exotic animal internship ended shortly after that night. On the day we were to get our official certification as certified zookeepers, the program director dropped a bombshell. It seems that there were funds missing from the main office. He wasn't pleased and said there would be no certifications until the guilty party came forward. We all looked at each other and had the same feeling. The interns were all serious about the program, good people and we couldn't believe anyone of us would be guilty of taking the money.

As everyone headed back to their quarters, I thought I would take a look at the office and area around it. Nothing looked unusual to me inside. I went outside hoping to see something that might help. The ground was wet and I noted some footprints around the building near the window in the back. Knowing the no one was ordinarily in this area, I looked at the footprints, smiled to myself, took a picture with my phone and left.

Asking the program director to call together all the interns and staff, he agreed but said this had better be good. When we were all assembled, I spoke. The foot imprint showed a larger boot than any of the interns and showed a completely different impression than our program issued boots had. The director listened, asked all of his staff to show their boot soles. It was not hard to determine by size, impression and boot mud-diness who the culprit was. He confessed and remorselessly apologized saying he was desperate for money. We were officially given our certification certificates and several thanked me for solving the mystery. Someone in the group said, "hey Danielle, you should be a private investigator". I said to myself, hmm, now that you mention it.

## Chapter 4

So now I've gone to college, meet my friend Samantha who helped me see myself, transitioned to to a woman (Thank you Thailand), done real estate, had an exotic animal internship and began the next phase of my life. I did the training, put in the required hours to get licensed and become a private investigator or PI, but don't call me a private dick. That sets me off. Yes I still have one, it works, but I'm a woman.

Picking an area to live was important to me. I chose the Orlando area, not to be closer to the mouse in the nearby kingdom, but this area of Florida is relatively progressive and pretty accepting of trans women. A lot of Florida maybe no, but here there are a lot of transplants from other areas of the country.

Starting out I had to do whatever came along. A lot of missing people, mostly spouses who left and didn't want to be found. Many times with good reason. More than once I'd go back to the person who hired me and tell them, I found your spouse but I'm not telling you where they are. You didn't tell me you were mistreating them. I hate abusers. Always would get paid up front in those cases. Sometimes they would feel ashamed and quietly disappear. Sometimes they would try to lash out at me. Very occasionally one would come at me, they'd usually end up on the ground with a stiletto pointed at their throat.

You've got to be careful mixing it up with guys. Yes I used to be one and I'm stronger than the average genetic woman, but meds, testosterone blockers and now being a lady can put me at a disadvantage. I hate fighting and it's absolutely a last resort. Always be careful with a big burly guy. Not only is he stronger but he doesn't care about a bruise or breaking a nail.

I refuse all divorce cases too, just too negative and profiting over other people's misery. Taking pictures of two people together like that seems sleazy to me. Easy money too, any woman who comes to see me and says, I want to hire you because I think my husband is cheating on me, is almost always right. By the time they decide to hire someone, it's usually always the case. I'll never work one of those.

As time went on and I gained experience, made friends with a couple of local cops I knew from my male days, better opportunities came along. One day I am in my office and this guy walks in. Let me rephrase that, a very attractive guy walks in. Well built, but not overdone, tall enough for me to be slightly shorter than with my pumps on, dark hair, handsome with a devilish smile. An air of smarts yet a boyish innocence in his face. Confident but not cocky. I'm wearing black four inch high heels with a black print sleeveless sundress, cleavage exposed but not too dramatic. It's hot outside the sleeveless dress shows my slightly muscular arms. I'm a little self conscious about that, but my friend Samantha says some guys like that, you have arms and shoulders like a female swimmer or tennis player. Anyway, a black thong and black bra with the straps showing and gold hoop earrings round out my outfit. What did you expect me to wear, a trench coat? As soon as he walked in my door I was glad I wore my pink lipstick and lip gloss that day.

He walks in and asks if I'm Danielle Drysdale the private investigator. I'm trying to act calm and collected so I respond, that's what the door says. I'm cringing insdie on how corny that sounded. He says his name is Shaun Kate and he was refereed to me. I ask by who and he hesitates and says, I saw your ad

and liked the way you looked. Couldn't help it, I blushed like a school girl and he probably noticed it.

Turns out he was a jazz musician and he suspected someone in his group was stealing songs that he and the group wrote. They were not in final form yet, so they were not yet protected by copyright. He asked me to help him find out who. "OK Shaun Kate, jazz musician I'll help you." We agreed on my fee and he asked me to lunch to give me the basic information I needed for the case. I said, "why Mr. Kate, you certainly work fast", he said, "do you blame me". Second time I blushed and I don't blush easily. Again it didn't get by him and he noticed it. Shit, I said to myself, get composed and be professional here, but I could feel a little patter in my chest. He was verifying my first impression of being confident but not cocky.

He took me to a place he frequented quite often he said. At lunch we sat at a booth built for four, but he made sure he was probably closer to me than he needed to be considering the spacious room we had. We discussed his case, the potential people involved, disgruntled employees, artistic differences and jealousies. I couldn't help but notice he looked in my eyes whenever he got the chance and I found myself lightly touching his arm occasionally while we talked.

When the waitress took our order and brought our lunch, me salad with salmon, he turkey club, I observed him with the people in the restaurant. A big rule in my rules for life- watch how someone treats the waiters and waitresses. That's how they are going to treat you in six months. It's usually dead on. Shaun treated them patiently, respectfully and kindly. I thought this guy's got potential. The rest of the lunch went uneventfully, we shook hands and parted.

I kind of regretted driving in separate cars, me with my white pony convertible, he in his neat and clean SUV. As the wind blew my hair driving back to my office, I thought about the case, how to get started on it and about this interesting, handsome man who didn't mind an attractive, blonde, almost completely passable trans woman. A ton of guys want to be with a trans woman sexually, but many fewer want more. This one took me to a place that was one of his regular places to go. That wasn't lost on me, in fact the opposite, I was impressed. OK Danielle talking to myself, "concentrate on the case."

## Chapter 5

Starting a case is sometimes the toughest thing to do, figuring out where to begin. I decided to take a look at the closest people to Shaun- his band mates. I checked out their website and playing schedule and saw they were playing the next night and I went to their concert. They were about a forty five minute drive away in a suburban town of Orlando. It was well worth it.

First of all, Shaun plays jazz-blues guitar and was great, ok I'm already a little biased, but they were really good. I wanted to observe the interaction between Shaun, his band mates and the rest of his crew. Nothing stood out too much at first, but I did notice a band member, and a behind the scenes pit member smiling, but as soon as his back was turned they quickly turned to frowns. Oh yeah and on top of that his lead singer was hot. Blonde past shoulder length hair, big chest obviously fake. OK, I know I've had help in that area too, but everything else on me was real. Except a little

help with my hair color. I disliked her instantly. I'd look into the two people, as well as that bitch, I mean lead singer. Was I jealous already? Get a grip Danielle.

The next day I called Shaun to get some more information. After about two questions, he asked, "why don't I take you to dinner tonight and you can ask me anything you want?" I needed some more background information on him and used that as a mental excuse when I accepted. I said it's strictly about the case and he chuckled slightly and agreed. I gave him my address and even though it was morning I began to figure out what to wear that night.

I called one of my police friends and asked him to run a background check on the two band members and crew I was interested in. "Oh sure Danielle, anything for you, I'll just put aside every other case I'm working on and get right on this for you, the Captain won't mind." It was dripping in sarcasm. I put on my sweetest voice and said, "OK, thanks I appreciate it", and I hung up.

I decided to put on my knockout dress for dinner that night. A form fitting, silky, shade darker than sky blue mini dress cut half way between my butt and knees. Silver hoop earrings and necklace, topped off with sky high five inch pumps. My friend Samantha told me to save this dress for special occasions only when I needed to be a blond bombshell. This was one of those occasions.

When he picked me up promptly at eight, Shaun was wearing a black collared pull over shirt with tan pants. He looked every bit as good as I had hoped. He looked at me, opened his mouth a little and said, wow. Much the same way that Samantha had looked when I

first put on the dress for her opinion. It's difficult to put into words how much that means to a girl, especially a T-girl. I was instantly more relaxed. There seemed to be nothing tense about him and it had a way of helping you relax.

After we drove to dinner, he asked me if I had seen the show the night before. I told him yes, I wanted to observe the interaction of everyone without letting anyone know I was involved in any way. He said, "beautiful and smart, I like that." He put his hand on my bare leg and I fought back a smile as I let him keep it there.

The restaurant was in a local casino. We parked and you have to exit the parking garage on one of the higher floors, walk down stairs, through the casino to the restaurant area. It's hard to explain to a male how vulnerable that is for a woman and especially a trans one. I know I look good, very good maybe, but despite having natural feminine cheekbones and a great body, my feet are ladies size 11 and my hands are a bit large. As Samantha told me I'm 95% passable, if some people looked closely they might say, I think she may be transgender, but I'm not sure. She says screw them, so what, you look great.

As we began to walk down the stairs, I took a deep breath. Were people looking at me, at us because I look hot, or because I was trans. I still get nervous in situations like this, Shaun looked over, took my hand and we finished walking down the stairs, through the casino to the restaurant. It's hard to describe the relief I felt and the secure feeling of him protecting me and walking proudly holding my hand to the restaurant.

When we sat down, I looked at him, put my hand gently on his face and kissed him on the cheek. He

said, you're a beautiful woman, safe with me and hot. I could have melted right on the spot if the air conditioning wasn't so high. Not sure if that was making my nipples so hard.

At dinner we talked about everything, our hopes, dreams, where we've been, where we hope to go and even a little about the case. I have to admit I was more interested in getting to know him, than information about the case he hired me for. Danielle, I said to myself, focus. And I was, but mostly on my date.

After dinner we had a drink, me a mai tai, he a second beer. I'm a cheap drunk so one drink is usually all I can handle. Not that at this point I didn't trust Shaun, but I wanted to be sharp for what I expected could possibly follow. As we talked he placed his hand on my leg and began rubbing my nylon covered leg. I couldn't help it, as soon as he placed it there I did not put up any resistance whatsoever and in fact I parted my legs slightly as he worked his way north.

I knew he was fully aware of my situation down there, but I wanted to be sure he was clear. I said "Shaun before you work your hand any closer there is something I want to tell you." His response was, "I already know what's there, don't worry." OK, I responded, I just wanted to be sure you knew I was "intact." He then said, here's how much I care. He leaned over and kissed me fully on the lips. We were in a private booth so I felt secure in letting his tongue run across my teeth and enter my mouth. I loved it, but put my hand on his chest, took a deep breath and said we better get going before we get into trouble. He smiled at me, paid the check (generous tipper by the way), stood up, took my hand and we walked out.

I had more confidence this time as we walked through the casino and up the stairs to the parking garage. I was a little tipsy from my one drink, it was a mai tai after all, but felt sexy and knew I looked good in my short blue dress and five inch stiletto heels. He opened the door for me and I smoothed my dress underneath me as I sat. When I'm feeling wonderful I like to lean my head back and rotate my head and feel my blonde hair rub on my bare shoulders. I've never felt more like a woman.

We exited and drove back towards my place. Part way there he asked me if I'd like to stop in a nice place to look at the moon before we headed back. We both had an early day tomorrow and unfortunately the night would need to end sooner rather than later. I said, sure as we drove with Shaun still exploring my stocking covered knees, but working his hand higher than ever.

When we stopped I reapplied my peach colored lipstick and gloss. As I was saying what a beautiful spot and how nice the moonlit night looked, he put his hand on my chin, rotated my head towards his, leaned over and kissed me deeply. I moaned as my arms went around his neck. So much for reapplying my lipstick. I felt his hands unzipping my dress in the back. I don't know how he did it but at the same time he unhooked my bra. I was now nude from the waist up with my big C-small D boobs fully exposed. He passionately sucked on each one and playfully massaged, and pinched my hard nipples.

Putting my hand on his chest I pushed him back. He leaned back and allowed me access to his pants. Even before pulling them and his underwear down, as he lifted his hips, his bulge was obvious. It sprang free as I

rubbed it, stroked it and played with his balls. Leaning over, rather than suck it, I took his cock and rubbed it on my bare boobs to arouse him more. After a few minutes his precum left a very light trail on my chest and nipples. I stopped, kissed him and lowered my head in his lap as he spread his legs wider. Licking and stroking the shaft with one hand, I played with his balls with the other. As I lowered my mouth onto his cock, I knew it wouldn't take long. As I worked my head on his cock for maybe five minutes his balls tightened and he told me he was close. I continued to bob my head on his shaft and the head of his cock as he groaned and his balls pulsated and he emptied into my mouth.

After he was spent I kept sucking for a couple of minutes to completely satisfy him and be sure he was completely spent. Actually that satisfied me as much as it did him. One last grope of my breasts as I held my hair up, turned my back to him and asked him to zip me up. I turned back and he kissed me on the lips, not something a lot of guys do afterwards. That impressed me.

He drove back to my place as we were pretty quiet, but both of us with a smile on our face. He walked me to the door, kissed me again as I lifted and bent one of my legs as I returned the kiss and we said goodnight. "Tomorrow back to the case", I said. He waited until I was safely inside, waved and drove off. I returned the wave, rested my back on the door and thought what a great night, and what are you getting yourself into at the same time.

## Chapter 6

Black jean mini skirt, white ribbed tank top, pumps (I love my heels, but I'm working so only three inch heels), in my office with coffee making some calls. I wanted to talk to the two people I noticed when I went to see Shaun's band that seemed less than happy when they thought no one was looking. I didn't want to talk to them over the phone, so I made some calls to check on their schedule and decided to drop in on their next rehearsal.

It was late morning by the time I found out that they were scheduled for rehearsal at 1 pm. I grabbed my jean jacket which for a warm Orlando day I really didn't need, but I needed a place for my snub nose .38. I don't like violence and actually hate guns, but I've gotta have one for protection just in case. A girl has got to be safe and protect herself.

If there is one thing I love, it's driving my white pony car with the top down (the car's, not my top). Although I really should try that), blonde hair blowing in the wind, the occasional whistle from an admiring male. It is one of the things that makes me feel like a sexy woman. I arrived at the studio and went in. I really didn't care who I talked to first, the musician band mate or the pit guy.

Seeing the pit guy first I walked up to him. He saw me approaching from a distance and I did my best wiggle and walk being sure to press my shoulders back and push the girls out. Despite my boobs being strapped in with my white lace bra, the tank top was cut low and showed off my bouncing boobs as I approached him. By the lustful look on his face, he certainly enjoyed the show.