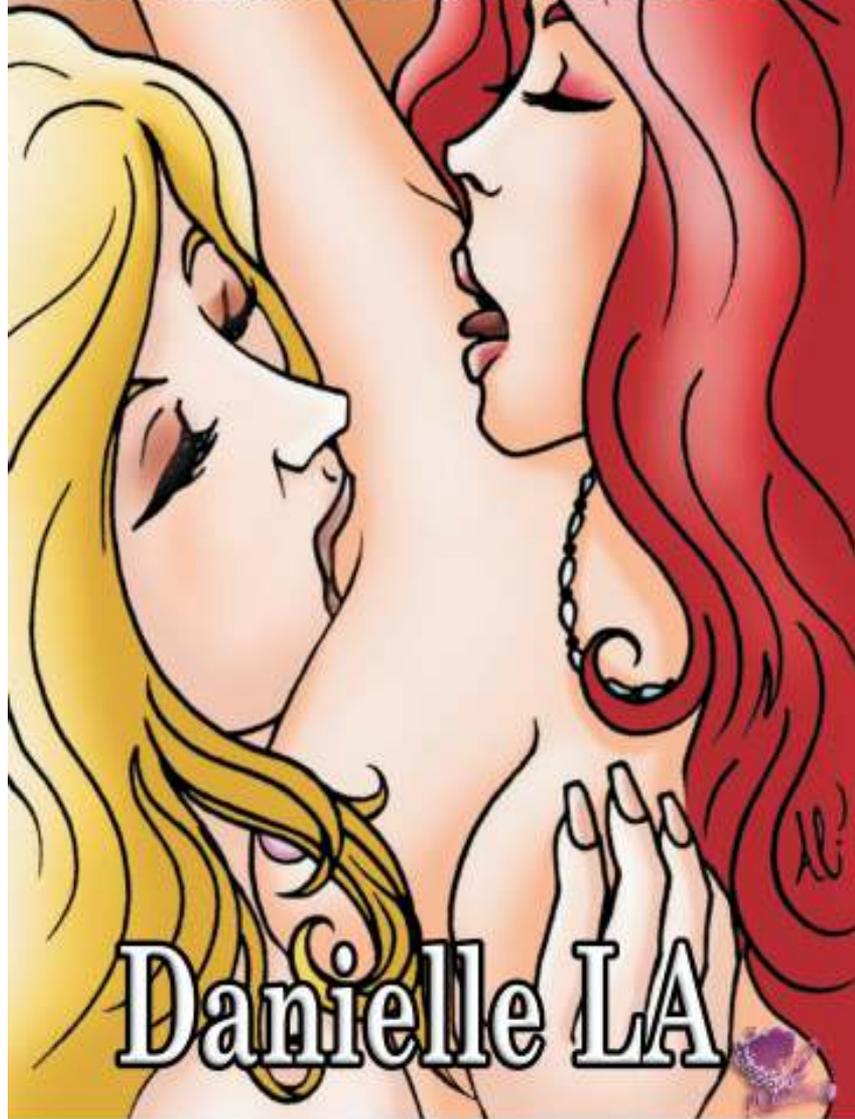


Danielle Drysdale, PI

The Adventure Continues...



Danielle LA



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Danielle Drysdale, PI

The Adventure Continues...

By Danielle LA

Chapter 1

Sitting in my office in Orlando, I had a lot to think about. Between my body being sore from recent activities and so many things running through my mind, I had to fight to not have it be overwhelming.

Add to that, it was a heat wave in Orlando. I like it warm and I love Orlando, but it was hot. I'm not a fan of blasting air conditioning, so my setting at home and in my office is cool, not cold. I just want to take the bite of the heat and humidity out of the air. Besides, I can't stand going from intense heat outside into a meat locker cold air-conditioned building.

I was wearing a red sundress, no bra or hose and red stiletto heels. Probably showing more cleavage than appropriate for work, but too bad. I'm my own boss. Danielle Drysdale, Private Investigator, back in my office, a lot weighing

on my mind and emails, phone calls to return and snail mail to go through.

Being a transgender woman (unsnipped T-girl, I'd never cut off my cock), quite attractive blonde I'm told, has its own challenges. I would not change it for anything however, this is who I am. I got myself a cup of coffee, cream and half a sugar, sat back down and got ready to return phone calls. There was a soft, polite knock on my door. "Come on in, the doors open." Looking in was someone who made me pause for a second as we looked at each other.

"Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged in."

Before me was Shaun Kate. I had not heard from him, or seen him since he called me to end whatever it was we had, as I was wrapping up the animal disappearance case at the Exotic Animal Rescue and Preserve. Which by the way, very soon I would be starting my weekend position as Supervisor, animal caretaker and security head.

"Can I come in?"

"OK" I responded.

He walked in and sat across from me in the chair opposite my desk. I looked at him and knew if I didn't say anything he would eventually talk. "Danielle, I'm sorry about how things worked out. They just sort of happened. I feel really badly about it and I hope we can still be friends, or at least you don't hate me. I know I hurt you deeply and I'm sorry."

I thought and took a deep breath.

"I don't hate you Shaun, I guess I just thought things and us might turn out differently. I appreciate that you didn't dump me by text and at least called me like an adult to tell me. I appreciate that, and you're here today so I know you're sincere. I have to tell you that I really liked you a lot and I was rapidly headed past just liking you a lot. I'd like to think you felt the same way."

"I most certainly did feel the same way. Things just happened and I wanted to be up-front and honest with you. Can we be friends?"

I took a deep breath, “sure” I said. “I think it took a lot to come here today. Friends.” Shaun stood up and I did also. I walked around my desk and we hugged.

As we did, he said, “by the way you look great today. Any chance we might...”

I continued the hug and said, “it’s not gonna happen.” As we hugged, I had to admit, it felt good to be in his arms. I felt myself getting emotional and could tell he was also. I had my head on his chest, I could feel his chin on the top of my head. I was close to losing it. I felt tears building in my eyes.

He softly said, “I’m sorry things didn’t work out.” I lifted my head and looked at him, “me too.”

A brief kiss goodbye and he left. I walked back around to my desk and sat. I took a sip of my coffee, and it was cold. I went over to the sink, dumped it out and poured myself a fresh hot cup to replace it. The metaphor was not lost on me.

Chapter 2

Enough drama for one morning. I finished up my backlog of calls and emails and headed out to lunch. Mid-day in central Florida during a hot spell hit me as I walked out to my white pony convertible. It sounds crazy, but the feeling of my sun dress and the trickle of sweat between my boobs felt good. I drove with the top down to my favorite diner. It had been a while and I was eager to be in comfortable familiar surroundings.

I walked in and Bob did a quick double take. “Hi stranger, welcome back.” The AC hit me and had an immediate reaction to my nipples.

Bob followed up with one of his typical corny comments, “Is it cold in here, or are you just glad to see me?”

“You’re as classy as ever Bob”, I replied as I couldn’t help smiling at him. I missed it.

I sat, and after a couple of minutes my usual was placed in front of me, pasta salad and unsweetened iced tea. “Here you go”, Bob said, “and may I say your breasts look exceptionally nice today.”

I was in one of those moods and as he walked away, I glanced around, and no one was looking in my direction. I said, “hey Bob, how about now?” When he looked, I pulled down a little on my low-cut sun dress and both of my boobs popped out showing my nipples. I thought he was going to drop his tray on the spot.

“Well that certainly made my day!”, he said.

“Glad to help” I responded.

After lunch I headed back to the office. Caught up on my paperwork, I had a few minutes to think. I didn’t have a new case to work on right now and hoped one would come soon. Things were fine money wise, but I still had bills to pay. Plus, within the next week or two I wanted to head to the game preserve to begin that part time position.

Mid-afternoon the phone rang. I picked it up and it was Dana Hannie. She was a retired bodybuilder who now owned the gym I went to in the mornings.

“Hi Dana, how are you? Are you checking up on me because I haven’t been to the gym in a little while? I’ve been away working on a case, but I’ll be there bright and early tomorrow morning.”

She hesitated for a second and said, “Can you be sure to stop and see me after your workout tomorrow morning? I’d like to talk to you about something.” I could tell that there was something weighing on her mind.

“Sure, would you like me to stop by this afternoon?”

“No, it can wait until tomorrow but please stop by to see me.” “I’ll be sure to see you then”, I said.

Dana was what I consider to be a very hot woman. Her days of severe, hard, defined and cut muscles were behind her. Still, her muscles were more than just toned, with bigger thighs and arms that were left over from her competition days. Tall, strong, and blonde any man or woman would feel safe in her arms. We have, shall I say, had a little fun physically together in the past and it was enjoyable for the both of us.

Now it was time to head home. I had a date that night with an older guy I handled an investigation for recently. Cute, put together, classy but not stuffy. Phil Hough. He had asked me to dinner, said he wanted to thank me, but made it clear that it was a date. I wanted to get home, relax a little and figure out what to wear. Tonight should be interesting I thought.

Chapter 3

Getting ready for my date several thoughts came to me. When Phil called me up and asked me out, I wanted to accept. Despite him being older, he was handsome, classy, and appeared to know how to treat a woman right. Having a recent problem going on a date and telling that person I was a T-girl, I wanted to be sure that was not an issue. But more on that later. I'm not offended if it is an issue, a woman, even a pretty woman with an intact cock is not for everyone. He said it was not easy to tell, but he had an idea that I was a T-girl and it was absolutely fine with him.

I decided on a very short, sleeveless, silky dress, backless, black print with a floral design. Classy but extremely sexy. Black five-inch closed toe heels. Hoop silver earrings. Looking in the mirror I was very happy with what looked back at me. Without sounded like a jerk, I thought I looked pretty hot. Maybe even beautiful.

At eight there was a knock on my door. Checking through the peephole to verify it was him, I opened it and invited him in. He had on business casual pants with a soft cotton button up shirt. I told him he looked nice, very handsome. He looked at me and didn't say anything. I asked if he was alright. He said, you look stunning. I think I blushed as I thanked him.

We talked for a minute or two and he said we'd better get going. I took his arm and we headed out the door. He opened the door for me and helped me in. His car was nice, but not overly flashy. Good I like that, not too pretentious.

On the way to the restaurant, we made small talk. No bragging which I also liked. I asked him about his daughter Lucy. He said her wedding to Taylor (who I checked up on at Phil's request) went off great and the newlyweds were happy and doing well. Being his only daughter and a single father, he said he couldn't help being protective of her.

Arriving at the restaurant, I brought a light jacket with me despite it still being quite warm and humid. I was concerned about inside air conditioning blasting.

Getting out of the car, I reached to get my jacket. Phil said, "Please don't bring your jacket, you look so nice I'd hate to see you cover up."

"I get really cold in blasting A/C, I've got to bring it."

"I'll make sure we're seated outside", he said. "OK great", and I tossed my jacket back into the front seat of the car.

He held his arm out, I took it and we walked in. We were greeted, "good evening, do you have a reservation?"

"Yes, under Hough and we'll sit outside." When we were seated, we ordered drinks. He had a vodka on the rocks (ouch, too strong for me) and I ordered a mai tai. It's strong but I'll only have one and felt safe with Phil.

More polite conversation, no bragging about work (another big plus) and our meals came. Just in time too. I realized I had not eaten in about eight hours and the half drink I had so far was hitting me a little. I had pasta with vegetables, he ordered a beef dish. The meal was very good, the company was nice and the evening was comfortable.

As we ate dinner, we finished our drinks and the waiter asked if we wanted another. Before I could answer, another round was ordered.

I said, "I'm not so sure I should have another and you've got to drive."

"No rush", he said, "we'll relax, dance a little if you want to, and won't leave until we feel safe."

"OK with me", I replied.

Danielle Drysdale 2

After dinner we relaxed and listened to the music. After a few minutes he asked me to dance. I got up and we walked to the floor. Soft rock played and we danced slowly and close, it was nice. Feeling tipsy after about a mai tai and a half, I started to feel very comfortable. Oh what the heck, I thought and I put my head on his chest and let him pull me in closer. I could feel there was no doubt that he was aroused despite having a couple of drinks. He, or it felt nice against me.

We headed back to the table; he paid the tab and we left. He opened the door for me again, I got in and we left. We drove to my place. When we got there, he parked, and we both turned towards each other. He looked at me and kissed me. I responded and he got a little more forceful, his tongue found its way into my mouth. Within a few minutes we were both getting worked up and actually panting.

I said, "It's a work night, but do you want to come in for a few minutes?" We smiled at each other, and both got out of the car.

I led him up the walk into my townhouse and we went inside. I don't think there was any doubt what was going to follow. Once inside I put my purse and unused jacket down. We stood in the living room; he pulled me to him, and I could feel his cock stiffen against me. His arms were around my waist as mine were around his neck. I enjoyed his kissing me and his tongue exploring my mouth.

He said "It's getting late, maybe I better get going."

I responded by looking at him, pulling him close and licking the entire side of his face. The look on his face was pure excitement. I thought to myself, you're not going anywhere. I dropped to my knees, started to undo his belt, pulled his pants and underwear off as he removed his shoes. I gently jerked his shaft in one hand, while I played with his nice big balls with the other. He moaned while I held his cock straight up and licked him from his balls to the tip of his rigid cock and flicked my tongue on the sensitive underside of his cock head.

He said, “You’d better stop right now or I’m going to explode.”

I stood up, he lifted me into his arms and as I nodded my head in the direction of my bedroom, he carried me in.

Once inside, he threw me on the bed and took off his remaining clothes, which was pretty much just his shirt. I kicked off my high heels, peeled off my dress and we were now both as nude as the day we were born. I reached into my nightstand and took out some lube. I applied it and Phil was on me kissing me and licking and sucking my boobs. Before I knew it he had me on my back, legs straight up in the air on his shoulders and his cock entered me.

He wasn’t enormous, but big enough. He thrust and gently pounded me. My boobs bounced with every firm thrust. It had been a while and I was thoroughly enjoying this. After a few minutes he said he was close and asked me where he should cum. I said inside me, and I pulled him in by wrapping my legs around him as his balls pulsated his cum into me. After he finished, I was using my hands to pleasure myself and he joined in and helped me.

I looked at him and softly said, “I’m gonna cum”and I finished as well.

We stayed there for a while and both said morning will come quickly, he kissed me and left. It was a great evening. We both knew it would not be a serious relationship, it was two compatible people who like each other, enjoying something we both needed.

Chapter 4

The next morning, I got to the gym early to get my workout in and talk to Dana before heading to my office. A nice morning, not quite as warm as the day before, or as humid either. As I drove to the gym, I thought what a nice evening it was the night before, and how much I needed it. It’s been a while since I was “rode hard and put away wet”, and it felt really good.