

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

A Stolen Key, Broken Entry And A

SISSY CAUGHT

Wearing His Secretary's Underwear!

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A Stolen Key, Broken Entry And A Sissy Caught Wearing His Secretary's Underwear!

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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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I can't help but whistle as I waltzed into the building. I love my job and it bugs my co-workers. They are the grumpy type who talks about the dreaded six a.m. alarm clocks and how work is like prison. Not me, I studied accounting for four years and happily earned the degree in accounting. When the accounting firm hired me, I was over the moon thankful for the opportunity to land a job that could use my degree right away. I'm a nerd of sorts, I love math.

"Good morning, Ginger," I said to the beautiful secretary. She beamed a brilliant smile in my direction, her green eyes sparkling and bright. Whenever she spoke to me or even looked at me, I would blush.

"Good morning, Oscar. We have fresh donuts and coffee in the break room this morning," Ginger said.

"Oh my, you know how to sing the song of my people," I said as I skipped around her desk to the break room.

Ginger followed me, her heels clicking along the floor. "Yeah, it's my turn and I knew you'd enjoy the sour cream donuts," she said.

Her ass wiggled just right when she walked. Of course, the body-hugging skirt she wore left nothing to the imagination. She always looked presentable. She's single and very sexy, very curvy, and sweet. I gazed at her appreciatively. She was the first face I saw when I came in for an interview. She and I hit it off right from the beginning. I noticed, she's as sweet to the others too, so unfortunately, it's not just for me. I wish it were so. I'd love to tap into her curves over some white wine.

"Enjoy, I need to get back to work," Ginger said as the phone on her desk lit up with a ring.

I shook my head as I watched her walk away, her hips swaying. Mr. Johnson stepped in to grab a donut. I glanced at him and realized he saw what I was looking at when Ginger walked away. I shook my head again and whistled just loud enough for him to hear. "Am I right?" I said to Mr. Johnson.

The portly man looked at Ginger and back at me. His expression didn't change and then he smiled slightly. "Yep," he said as he drew out the word. I could tell he really didn't want to talk about the sexy Ginger, so I just smiled and let it go. After pouring a cup of coffee I made my way to my office to stick my nose in my work.

Ginger poked her head in the office. "Your nine o'clock is here," she said with a smile.

I winked at her. "Thanks, dear," I said.

Ginger normally tells me on the phone, unless she had to get up and run an errand up the hall. I was always happy to have a reason to talk to the beautiful secretary. I walked into the lobby and shook the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Sample.

"Right this way," I said and led them back to my office.

Mr. and Mrs. Sample was pleased with their tax return. I try to go over and above for my clients. I want to show the owner of the accounting firm, Mr. Hartman, that I'm the most valuable accountant here, even winning out over the accountants who have seniority over me.

"If you're happy with my services, may I ask you leave me a good review when we send you an email in a couple of days?" I asked the couple.

"Sure, you brought back a much larger tax return than we had when we visited the competition last year," Mrs. Sample said.

I smiled, because last year I was still in the throes of my senior year of college. At twenty-three I was one of the youngest accountants at Hartman Accounting Firm. I walked around like the top rooster after being hired fresh out of college. A few of the senior accountants scowled at Mr. Hartman for taking a chance on a chump like me. I reassured him I would do over and above what his other accountants do.

After the Samples left, I approached Ginger. I was all swagger and smiles. Leaning over her desk, I wagged my brow. "I think I'm the best accountant in the office. Mr. and Mrs. Sample said so," I said and chuckled.

Ginger took it as a joke and giggled. "We have the best accountants here, all of you," she said. I'm sure it was an attempt to make the others feel good too, but I knew I was the best.

The next day I walked into the office and saw ginger sitting at her desk. She was typing away on her computer her long gleaming nails clicking on the keys. Deep in thought, she didn't see me walk in. I sauntered up to the desk and leaned over peering down at her. I couldn't help but look at the valley in the middle of her chest from her unbuttoned low-cut blouse. Nor did I avert my eyes when she looked up, I wanted her to know I was looking at her.

"Hey good looking what are you doing?" I asked, and I chuckled.

I didn't see that Ginger had ear buds in her ears and she put them out and gazed up at me with confusion on her face. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were talking to me. I'm having to get this report done before 9 o'clock this morning." She offered me a smile and I couldn't help but blush thinking that maybe she was looking at me more than just looking at a coworker.

"Ah, I see. I just said hey good looking what are you doing?" I laughed. Ginger giggled nervously.

"I'm hard at work right now, I'm sorry. Did you need something else?" Ginger asked.

“No, sweetie. I just wanted to stop by and say hey to a beautiful woman.” I winked at her and walked away.

The sexy secretary got under my skin. I had a hard time focusing on my work. My thoughts kept going to the curvy lady sitting in the front at her desk. Today she wore a navy outfit one that hugged her body and accentuated her curves just right. I wonder if she would be open to going out with me?

I couldn't help it because I became cocky. I wanted her to know that I was interested, and I didn't know how else to do it except to talk to her about how beautiful she was. Every time I saw her, I gave her a compliment. Maybe it wasn't the best of compliments that I was constantly talking about her curvy body. It seemed like now she was beginning to avoid me that perhaps my cocky nature scared her off.

Ginger popped her head into my office. She had her handbag in her hand. “I'm about to run some errands and go by the post office. Do you need anything while I'm out?” Ginger asked.

I beamed a smile at her and let my eyes travel over her well curved body. “What I need can't be brought back from an errand,” I said. I chuckled as my eyes rolled over her body. I was hoping my body language spoke volumes to her.

Ginger peered at me while squinting her eyes. “What is that supposed to mean?” she asked.

“What I need is a big dose of spending some quality time with you,” I said and laughed.

Ginger didn't find that too funny. Perhaps she was in a bad mood for some reason. Her lips thinned, and she didn't smile. Pleasantries from the secretary weren't on the menu today but I didn't let that stop me.

“Why don't you and I go out to lunch tomorrow? We could find a cozy little spot and have some fun making out in a corner,” I said. I smiled big hoping that she would see it was partially a joke. But really it wasn't a joke. I wanted her to know that I wanted to go out with her.

“I'm sure that's not too appropriate. Oscar, you are a jokester. I need to run to the post office. If you need something send me a text,” she said and pivoted on her heels and left.

I smiled as I pulled up my phone when I knew that she had been gone for about ten minutes. My thumbs swiped over the screen as I typed a message. I typed, missing you hot stuff. I laughed again and put my phone away and she never answered it.

I tried unsuccessfully for a couple of weeks to get Ginger to notice me. It seemed the more I complemented her on her curvy body the more she ignored me. One day after work I decided to take matters into my own hands. I left the office a few minutes before Ginger did and parked around the corner hidden in the shadows against the building across the street. I watched and waited for Ginger to come out of our office and when she got into her car, I tried to stay far enough behind her and followed her to see where she lived.

I had a difficult time staying behind her so that she wouldn't see me. She didn't seem to notice me as she turned into a little shopping center. I turned into it too and pulled to the back of the parking lot where I could still see her car. I felt like such a jerk watching for her like I was, but I needed to know where she lived. She wasn't in the store very long, thankfully. I put on my sunglasses and stayed behind her again as she started off.

I didn't realize Ginger lived so far away from the accounting firm. She turned on to the freeway and we traveled for about five miles before she got off. We were in a suburban area of townhouses and condos. What surprised me even more was to know that she lived close to me. I smiled big as I passed my road where my condo was located. She traveled along and hit the row of townhouses. I watched carefully she turned into number 320.

I quickly went around the block so that I could come back and make sure that that was the unit number she went into. She had bags in her arms and climbed the stairs to the front door of town house number 320. Now I knew for sure that's where she lived.

I was pretty sure Ginger lived by herself. After I discovered where she lived, I spent some time driving around the block. There was a vacant townhouse up the road from hers, so I pulled into the driveway acting as if I were looking at the townhouse. I was careful that no one saw me, and I watched her townhouse to see if she had any man coming or going into it. This became like a game for me as I couldn't get any information out of her at work. I was desperate to get her to go out with me at least once. I think if she went out with me once I could show her that I'm really a good time. I dream about her every night her curvy body pressing into mine as we make love all night long.

One afternoon when we were a little slow and some of the other accountants had gone home early, I moved to the front office and leaned against Ginger's desk. Peering down at her I was going to cut to the chase. "Say, what will it take to get

you to go out with me?" I asked and then grinned big.

Ginger looked up at me and sighed. "Okay Oscar, you're such a kidder. I don't think we should go out. I'm assuming you're joking about it," she said.

"Okay, Ginger, I'm not joking. You're a lovely lady with a body with curves that won't stop. I'm a man with bulging muscles and the need to have some time with a beautiful lady. You and I could make great sparks together," I said and laughed for good measure because if it didn't seem appropriate. I didn't want her to think I was joking.

She kept thwarting my efforts and attempts at asking her out. I'm hard headed enough that I can't take no for an answer especially when my dreams and daydreams surrounded this beautiful woman. Just one date is all it would take, and she and I could make magic together. I just had to convince her.

Funny how desperation makes a man do things he shouldn't. She had gotten up and was in the break room chit chatting with another of the accountant when I came up to the front to check on the schedule. Her keys hung on the hook above the filing cabinet, so easy to find so easy to see. I grabbed the keys before anyone saw me and found the one that looked as if it would go to her townhouse. I quickly pulled it off the clip and returned the keys. I went into the break room and told them I was going to run an errand to the bank. Neither of the women said a word to me and I left with her key in my hand. I felt like such a dirty boy when I walked into the hardware store and asked the clerk to make a key a copy of her townhouse key.

When I got back to work, I blushed heavily because Ginger was sitting at her desk and staring at me. I wondered if she knew what I had done. I had to return the key without her knowing it. I smiled and stepped to her desk. "What's up,

Ginger?" I asked.

Ginger gave me the same sweet smile she gives everyone. "Nothing going on around here. It's been quiet while you were gone. You weren't gone that long," she said.

I was thankful for the slow day because I had to pay attention to when Ginger left her desk, so I could return the key. She didn't make it too easy on me because she was very efficient at her job. The closer it got to quitting time the more nervous I became. I had to put the key on her Keyring before she left. Finally, she got up and went to the restroom. There was someone sitting in the waiting room, but they were reading a magazine while waiting for another accountant. I stepped to the filing cabinet where her keys were hanging from a hook. I rifled around on top and pretended that I dropped the keys on the floor. I bent down to pick them up and quickly shoved the house key back on to the ring and returned it to the hook before she came back. The people sitting in the waiting room were none the wiser to what I had done. I passed her in the hall on my way back to my office.

"Did you need something, Oscar?" Ginger asked.

"No, I was just looking for a file. I found what I needed which was a date." I smiled at her and returned to my office without saying anything more. I had what I needed.

I bide my time during the office hours trying to figure out when I could sneak over to her townhouse. I wanted to find something somehow to get her to go out with me. If she wouldn't go out with me then I would find a way to spend time with her regardless. I had sick thoughts in my head and I knew better but I was led by my cock.

Ginger led a very routine life. On Monday evenings she went to the grocery store and shopped. On Tuesday evening she stopped by the little store in the strip mall, like she did the day I followed her home. On Wednesdays she would go to the gym and work out. She also worked out on Friday afternoons too. I kept a journal in for two weeks while I was sneaking around trying to figure out when I could go into her home. Finally, I had enough to know when I could go over there.

On Friday evening, I slowly drove by the gym which was a few blocks from her townhouse. She had just arrived at the gym and was just leaving her car carrying her bag. She would be in there at least an hour and a half. I took my opportunity and stole over to her home. Luckily for me, a lot of cars parked alongside the road parallel. So, it didn't look too odd that I pulled up just one spot over from her driveway. Carefully I looked around and made sure no one was watching as I made my way up her driveway and up the steps to her front door. As far as I could tell no one had seen me.

The key worked like a charm and I stepped inside her home. I knew it was her home because on the wall in the dining room were letters spelling out her name. I smiled when I saw a photo of her wearing a bikini at the beach. It took all the restraint ahead not to take the picture and steal it from the spot. I wasn't going to do that. I really don't even know why I'm here other than I just wanted to get closer to her. She kept a clean house and that's nice to see. Nothing substantial was sitting out and there was no evidence of her having a man in her life. I walked up the little steps to the second level and found the master bedroom. My heartbeat quickened as I approached her bed with the fluffy pillows and the comfortable covers in pastel pink. A very feminine place just like her. My eyes wandered to the beautiful French provincial dresser. My hands shook as I opened a drawer and beheld the rows of soft velvety silk panties in pastel colors. I thought I heard something in the front and I quickly grabbed a couple of pair from the top of the drawer and shut it before I left the room. Thankfully, all I heard was a car going down the street. She wasn't home yet.

I stuffed the underwear in my hands and walked out of Ginger's townhouse. I smiled as I shut and locked the door knowing that I got away with it. I had in my hand exactly three pairs of her silk panties. A light blue pair, a pale pink pair, and a nice black pair with pink lace. I am beyond thrilled that I had this little bit of her. I can't wait to go home and play around with these.

I became very daring over the next couple of days. On Monday, Ginger wasn't at work. I didn't know what it happened, but she showed up on Tuesday. When I got up that morning, I pulled the black panties with the pink lace over my body instead of my jockeys. I slid into dress slacks and chuckled because the panties so soft on my body. I love the feeling of my cock and balls in her panties as I walked around all day. I've worn her panties over the past couple of days found that I really enjoy it. It's my own dirty secret and no one knows. I'll keep trying to convince her to go out with me. If she ever does go out with me and if we ever get close, I can sneak her panties back into her tour and she'll be none the wiser.

Ginger is not her bubbly smiling self this morning. She glares at me from across the room and yet customers are coming to the door and she must wait on them. Finally, in the middle of the morning the customers clear out and the accountants have time to work on accounts. The other accountants are in their office doing their own work and I'm doing mine. Ginger came to the door and tilted her head as she looked at me.

"Would you mind having lunch with me today in your office? I'll call out for some pizza," Ginger asked.

Of course, I'm thrilled to hear that she wants to have lunch with me. A smile big formed and I nodded. "Sounds like a plan, dear," I said.

When lunch time arrived, the other accounts left the office leaving just Ginger and me behind the locked door. The entire office closes for an hour and a half at lunch time, so customers know not to come by during this time. Ginger brought a fresh hot pepperoni pizza into my office with a couple of sodas. She still wasn't smiling as she sat in front of my desk and glared at me and nodded to the pizza.

"Thank you, dear. What did I do to deserve lunch with you?" I asked as I took a slice of pizza in took a big bite.

"Just eat your pizza right now. I'd like to talk to you about something in a few minutes," Ginger said as she also took a slice of pizza and ate it.

It didn't take long for her to get to the point of why she asked me to have lunch with her. She stood up and shut my door making sure no one else was in the office building.

"What's going on?" I asked as I furrowed my brow. Things were starting to get weird because she wasn't being friendly. She had a scowl on her face not a nice one at all.

"At least I have enough respect for you not to confront you in front of the others. And I wanted to make sure that we were here alone before I showed this to you." She pulled up her phone and swiped her thumb over the screen. After shoving it toward me I watched in horror as I saw the inside of her townhouse. She kept her eyes on me as I watched on the screen and saw myself enter her townhouse. I saw myself sneaking into her bedroom and going through her drawers and pulling out the panties. I saw myself stuff the panties in my hands and leave her house locking the door behind me. What I thought was something I had done without anyone knowing she had videotaped.

“Oh no, what have I done?” I shook my head and trembled because I had been caught. I looked into her eyes and saw the anger that she had for me.

“Exactly, what have you done? Can you imagine my shock and surprise when I came home to view my video feed for the day and saw that someone had broken into my home? But then upon closer inspection I realised that someone didn't break in but had a key and used it. I want to know how you got a key to my place?” Ginger asked

I inhaled deeply and look down at my trembling hands. What could I say to her? Another lie would just build on this and make it worse for me. The best thing I could do at this point was to come clean. I took in another deep breath and screwed up the courage to look at her and speak. “As you know, Ginger, I have been very interested in you. You haven't exactly made it easy on me when I've tried to ask you out.”

“Tried to ask me out? I don't know when that would have happened. I felt it because we work together, we probably should keep our relationship more on a professional level anyway. I know it's not a rule to work here but it was just my own personal feelings. I feel like you have invaded my privacy big time and that's why I wasn't here Monday. I was so mad I wanted to come to you and belt you, but I didn't. You really pissed me off. What you did was uncalled for. Again, how did you get my key?” she asked. Flames of anger burned in her eyes as she stared at me.

“Okay, but please know that I did this because I'm very very interested in you. I guess I am a weak man in that sense that I should have just come out and asked you. I should have just walked away if you said no. Sometimes I'm led by my own desires and I do things that I shouldn't do. I am very sorry. I did swipe your key from your key ring and I made a key, so I could get into your house. What I

was hoping was to find out if you had another man in your life. I wanted to find something that would help me to be able to be closer to you. What I did was wrong, and I fully own it. Please forgive me,” I said.

Ginger shook her head and she clicked off the phone. “My struggle of the past couple of days have been trying to decide how I'm going to deal with this. At first, I thought about calling the police and having you arrested. Then I calmed down. I learned a long time ago not to react on impulse. I sat down for an entire day and thought about my options. Having you arrested would just work to destroy your life and in the end, I didn't want to do that. I like you enough to want to see you succeed in life and be happy. But you violated my privacy. You stole my key and made a copy and you broke into my home. You stole my underwear. So, you have something that belongs to me and I want it back. But I also want to see you pay for what you've done to me and I've thought about this along time. I've come to a decision about what to do and I expect you to respect and do what I tell you to do. If you don't, I will tell Mr. Walton and you will lose your job here. Now Mr. Walton might call the police too. So, if you want to leave Mr. Walton out of this and the police out of this you will do as I say,” Ginger said.

I slowly nodded my head. “Go ahead tell me what I need to do to keep you from telling Mr. Walton.”

A wicked smile stretched across gingers face. “I want you to come over tomorrow night ready for me to dress you up. I want you to wear exactly what I give you to wear. We are going to go out. You are doing this as your punishment and it will avenge me. If you don't do this for me, I will tell Mr. Walton. Since you already know where I live be at my house at 6 o'clock tomorrow night,” Ginger said.

I had no choice but to show up at Ginger's house the following evening at 6 o'clock. I really didn't know what to expect as she said I had to do is she said to

earn her silence. I didn't realize when I first went into this it, I was dealing with a woman of such vengeful means. She greeted me at the door wearing a beautiful long pink flowing dress. Her nails were long and gleaming and her make up done to perfection. She was dressed to go out. She smiled and waved her hand for me to follow her.

“We're going to my room , you know where that is.” She turned and smiled. I followed her in there and on her bed was a long red sequined spaghetti strapped gown. Beneath that on the floor was a pair of black stilettos and a pair of stockings. Beside the dress on the bed was a red silk camisole and matching red silk panties. “I would like for you to dress in the underwear and then I have something else I want to add before we put the dress on.”

“You want me to dress in this?” I waved my hand to the bed.

“Yes, I do. and if you don't, I will tell Mr. Walton. Please put on the panties and the camisole and the stockings. Then come in here and I'm going to dress you in something else before we put the dress on.”

I at least had my dignity and disappeared inside her bathroom to take my clothes off and put on the lady's underwear. This would be an evening of great humiliation, but I was willing to do it in order to earn her silence. I was willing to do it as an act of contrition hoping she would forgive me for breaking into her home and stealing her panties. I had been wearing her panties the past couple of days, anyway, liking how it felt but I would never admit that to her. I smiled when I slid into this red silk panties as it felt so soft against my skin. I liked the look because you could see very well the bulging man that I am.

My eyes nearly bulged when I saw the device Ginger was bringing to me. it was a chastity belt. She chuckled wickedly as she strapped the device to my

midsection. She looked me in the eye and very cruelly said, “You better keep that thing down or you'll be in a lot of pain.”

I accepted my fate even though at times it's very hard to control what my cock wants to do. The humiliation I endured prevented me from having any erection, thankfully. The device was a torture chamber and I could tell that I'd have no room within it. I was confident I'd be able to keep myself from having any erection anyway, though it won't be easy, but I believe I can do it. After the chastity belt was secured in place, she helped me step into the dress. I kept my mouth shut as she painted my face. I suppose this punishment was better than having to go to jail or to pay a big fine at the Police Department with having my photo plastered as a criminal on all the criminal websites. Lastly, she pulled out a blonde wig with shoulder length straight hair straight which brushed against my shoulder. When I stood and saw my reflection in the mirror, I didn't recognize myself. Ginger made a woman out of me.

True to her word, Ginger took me to one of the fancy night clubs in town. The people in this club wear semi-formal evening wear and drink lots of champagne. To my surprise, I saw several drag Queens among the crowd. It helped me to relax just a little to see that I wasn't the only man dressed as a woman. I had to admit, that I felt very feminine in the outfit she put on me. In order to play the role right and in order not to draw attention to myself I had to act the part. If I acted like a man in distress wearing drag people would probably question it. Ginger enjoyed showing me off to the crowd.

After three glasses of champagne the band played music and the dance floor was full of couples swaying to the beat. Ginger tilted her head to the side and smiled endearingly to me as she held out her hand. “Would my beautiful girlfriend love to dance with me?” she asked.

It was at that instant my body reacted to her sweet voice and the way her eyes looked me over. It was at that moment that I realized the chastity belt contained

me too hard and I couldn't grow within it. I swallowed hard as she led me to the dance floor. I tried not to think about what was happening within the panties under the dress.

"I have to say, Oscar, you're very good sport with this. You're taking your punishment like a big boy or a big girl. It shows me that you mean well. Come here, step close to me and don't be afraid to hold me," she said she pressed herself into me. Of course, she met with the chastity belt. Of course, I felt every curve of her sweet body as she pressed against me as we swayed to the music. I couldn't help but think of her as naked with her breast and her beautiful body and curves and me at her disposal. My cock hit the chastity belt hard. I groaned because of the pain shooting through my head when it met with resistance. It was as if Ginger knew what was happening as she pressed herself against me swaying and wiggling and moving. Her body turned me on to the point of screaming in pain. I leaned forward and held her close to me.

"Ginger, I love dancing with you. This is been a dream of mine, but this chastity belt is about to kill me. I don't know how much more I can take this," I said as I stifled a cry that was trying to come out from the pain I felt in my crotch.

She giggled as she continued rubbing herself against me. I began sweating from the pain and the uncomfortable feeling that continued to throb through my body. Finally, she looked at me and realized I meant business because I was in some severe pain. "Perhaps, it's time we go back to my place. I think you've been punished enough," Ginger said.

I was hoping that she would let me take the chastity belt off once we reached her car, but she didn't. Instead I had to sit in the passenger seat and ride in pain as she drove us back to her townhouse. By the time we got there I didn't think I'd be able to do anything with her because I was in such pain. I wondered if my cock would ever work right again. She led me into her home and up the stairs into her bedroom. And slowly, painfully she undressed me all the way down until I wore

nothing but the chastity belt.

Smiling, Ginger slowly pulled the chastity belt off me. Then she crawled up on the bed and slowly pulled her clothes off and relaxed on the pillows. “I think you've paid the price and you're welcome to me if you want me,” she said.

I looked down as my cock lengthened and filled with desire for this woman who so cruelly paraded me around as a woman in a chastity belt earlier. I deserved it. I smiled as I climbed on the bed, I was going to take her, and I was going to take her roughly. She opened her legs to me and I came at her cock first dripping with desire ready to penetrate her. However, I am a gentleman even if she was cruel to me beforehand. I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it through her warm soft folds focusing on her hardening nob until she was arching her back and moaning in pleasure. It was then that I notice the glistening between her soft folds that invited me to penetrate through to bring that sweet release that I so desperately wanted. I lurched forward thrusting within her piercing through her womanhood while she was grinding her hips and pulled her feet up to my shoulders. I pounded into her with fury and rested my hands on her voluptuous breast. She moaned as she arched her back with my cock sawing against her hard nob. She growled as she came her soft warm folds squeezing my cock just right. I lurched forward with the moans coming from my lips louder than hers as I slammed into her emptying everything, I had into her, raw and bare. Together we rocked through the pulses of pleasure until finally, at long last, we were done. Satisfaction poured over me like soft warm water. I collapse beside her and pulled her into my arms. She rested her head on my shoulder and we simply breathed in the afterglow of the lovemaking.

THE END

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