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Trash Talking Colleague To The World Of

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CROSSDRESSING  
AND BALLBUSTING!**

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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 glanced sideways at Lauren and she chopped the vegetables for the salad. She wore the same low-cut blouse that she wore last week the one that got me going. The valley between her breasts snaked down making me want to shove my fingers in there and feel the soft flesh. She had a hot little body and flaunted it like there's no tomorrow.

Lauren looked up at me her face full of uncertainty. It seemed I intimidated the girl and I enjoyed flexing my muscles around her. “Is there something you need?” she asked.

“Yeah, I think you need to put a little more effort into chopping the vegetables, like this,” I said. I grabbed the knife from her hand and started chopping a stalk showing her how I wanted her to do it. I moved my arm making my whole body shake as I did it.

“Like this?” Lauren asked. She took the knife out of my hand and chopped. Her chest jiggled while she chopped the vegetables. When she realized what I was looking at she rolled her eyes and set the knife down and walked away.

“What's wrong, baby?” I laughed as she turned to me and shook her head with a mean expression scrunched over her face.

“ You're such an asshole,” Lauren said.

I shook my head at her and made it tsk sound with my lips. “Language! Watch your language,” I said.

Later, I was in the freezer looking for a cut of meat to cook for the daily special. Lauren walked in and brushed passed me her little hips swaying as she moved. I chuckled. “Shake it, baby, don't break it,” I said and continued laughing.

Lauren whipped around on me glaring at me. “Why must you talk to me that way all the time?” she asked.

“Like what? I just call it as I see it,” I said.

“Oh, you're infuriating!” Lauren rushed passed me walking away as fast as she could.

I swaggered back into the kitchen and worked on cutting on the meat. I would think a woman like Lauren, one who is a lowly sous chef, would be honored that a man of my stature and position would even talk to her. She doesn't even have formal training in the food industry, other than she's worked for a long time in other restaurants. I talked to all women like I talked to Lauren. It's not that I think they are beneath me it's that I know my worth and my value and power. I

am a cocky son of a bitch.

I can't help myself as I cook the food. My body has a mind of its own and sometimes when I'm around beautiful sexy women my cock took charge. I look over at Lauren as she's stirring a pudding on the stove. She worked very hard not to make eye contact with me. I sidled up to her while she is stirring the pot and look down at her as I smiled.

“Would you like to make a little extra money this weekend?” I asked.

She hesitantly looked up at me the weariness in her eyes evident. “What?”

“Perhaps you could come to my place and show me a good time. At least you will if you leave me with a satisfied smile on my face,” I said.

Lauren scowled at me and her fists balled up. I thought for a second she was going to hit me. Her head shook furiously. “I'm not going to dignify that with an answer,” she said.

I chuckled as a walk back to my station and continued working. The truth is I like Lauren and I have trouble letting her know in a nice way. I've always been an asshole to women. But I've never had a problem getting a date or having a good time with one. I think women like this kind of rough treatment and they like conquering a bullshitter like me.

“Come on, baby, you know you want to, ” I said. Lauren blinked hard and

looked over at me.

“In your dreams, buddy,” Lauren said.

“Careful there little girl, I am your boss.” I looked back at her and didn’t smile. I wanted to see her tremble, but she simply glared back at me.

Maybe it's because I don't like being ignored, maybe it's because I truly think she's beneath me, but I can't stop talking trash to Lauren. I don't know what's wrong with me, I like the girl and I'd like to go out with her, but I have a hard time being nice. When I was in culinary school, we were taught that we were superior over anybody else in the kitchen. When we put on our chef jacket, we are the experts and everybody else was beneath us. I suppose this became ingrained in my body and in my mind and that's why I act the way I do. No, I'm just an asshole.

When we have an inspection of the restaurant and when we know about it, we are to dress in our very best. As a chef, the best for me is my chef jacket and a nice pair of slacks. But for the sous chefs and the servers it's a different story. The servers have their own uniforms and they wear those all the time. But the sous chefs wear what they want.

Lauren walked in wearing a dress on the day of our inspection. The skirt hit just above the knees and the front was a scoop neck showing a little cleavage. She put on an apron, but it didn't do a lot to cover her curves. I called her over to me to speak to her.

“Lauren, what are you doing dressed like this?” I asked.

Lauren merely glared at me. “What do you mean? I'm dressed nicely like our boss wants us dressed. Do you have a problem with it?” Lauren squinted her eyes at me daring me to take her on.

Oh, it's on baby. I will not let a young lady speak to me in that tone of voice. The girl doesn't know how to be nice. “I'm just wondering if you're dressing like this to impress the inspector?”

“I suppose were all dressed to impress the inspector. As a sous chef I do not have a uniform like everyone else here. I do the best I can with what I'm paid and wear the best clothes I have for this occasion,” Lauren said curtly.

I grew angry at her tone and grabbed her shoulder pulling her to the side. “Watch your tone with me, young lady. I am one of your bosses. I am concerned that you are dressed a little too revealing for our inspector. You seem to be dressed for a night out on the town. If you were trying to turn on the man it will work very well. It works very well for me,” I said.

“Well, I guess that's your opinion. I'm already dressed and I'm already here, so we may as well get through the inspection,” Lauren said.

I clenched my jaw as I looked at her. “Next time don't dress like a tart,” I said.

Lauren whipped around and looked at me. “I'm not dressed like a tart, you're just a perv for thinking so,” she said.

“Sweetheart, you walk around here shaking your little ass and jiggling your little chest like you own the place. You know what you have, and you know that it bothers me, ” I said.

“Like I said, you're just a perv,” Lauren said.

“You wish, sweetheart,” I said as I grinned at her.

After the inspection and for the days following Lauren did her best to ignore me. I would even compliment her on the way she looked, and she would look right through me or just walk right by me without saying thank you. I whipped around on her one day after telling her she looked mighty fine in her new jeans.

“You know, Lauren, it's polite to say thank you when someone gives you a compliment,” I said.

“I will say thank you when it's an actual compliment,” Lauren said.

“I told you how you look nice in your jeans,” I said.

“No, you said my ass looks mighty fine in these jeans. There's a big difference between an honest compliment and a perverted statement,” Lauren said.

No matter how much I complimented her she just wouldn't pay me any attention. My mind started wandering as I tried to figure out how to get the attention of the beautiful Lauren.

“Oliver Patterson,” Ted Winslow boomed. When the owner of the restaurant showed up everyone stood to attention and listened when he spoke. I walked up front and center because it was my name he bellowed.

“Mr. Winslow, how nice to see you,” I said. I knew how to be cordial when I had to.

“I wanted to stop by to see how my head chef is doing. The customers are talking about the wonderful beef you’re cooking here. You run a tight kitchen in you help our profit line to be big. I just wanted to say thank you,” Mr. Winslow said.

I saw Lauren out of the corner of my eye roll her eyes when Mr. Winslow paid me the compliment. I suppose the nice thing would have been to also thank my sous chefs for their help. But I'm an asshole and I don't do things like that. “Thank you, Sir, ” I said as I smiled. Someone here needs to be the top dog, and everyone here needs to know that the big boss views me as that.

Trying to get Lauren’s attention is nearly impossible these days. I'm starting to think I need to find another way of getting the girl to pay attention to me. Maybe then, she'll see that she's lucky to have my attention. We have a locker room for Mr. Winslow wants the employees to change once they’re at work. He doesn't like for us to wear our uniforms out in public and to only wear them here. Even though the sous chefs don’t have anything but an apron to wear over their regular clothing, each one has their own locker in the locker room. I was in there at the same time Lauren was when it was her time to clock out. I notice that she

grabbed her gym bag and changed clothes into her gym outfit before leaving the restaurant. It caused me to lift my brow because she looked mighty fine in that outfit.

After Lauren left, I couldn't help but go to her locker and look around. No one else was in the locker room. Several outfits including panties were folded in a neat stack at the bottom of the locker. I grabbed a pair of white lacy panties and stuck them in my chef's jacket pocket and walked out quickly. My face stained in a fierce blush as I knew what I had done was naughty. I didn't care though. It was my way of having a piece of Lauren if she wasn't going to pay any attention to me.

That night at home, I pulled the white pair of silk panties out of my pocket. Bringing it to my nose I took a big whiff and could faintly smell Lauren's essence on them. Instantly, my cock grew in my pants. I sat down in my recliner holding the panties and smiling the entire time. Maybe having this piece of her will help me come up with a way to get her to go out with me.

When I woke up the next day I decide to do something very naughty. Instead of sliding into my briefs I pulled on Lauren's white lacy panties. I felt it was a good way to get back at the woman for trying so hard to ignore me. The smile stretched across my face as I pulled on my slacks and pulled the T shirt over my head. When I arrived at work, I sauntered into the locker room and slipped into my chef's jacket. Lauren was already there standing at the prep table chopping the day's salad.

"Lauren, looking good today," I said. She had no clue that I was wearing her panties alongside with her.

Lauren looked up at me with an odd expression on her face. It was as if she were

leery of me. “Thank you,” she said and shook her head and went back to chopping the vegetables.

At the end of the day I hung back long enough to steal another pair of Lauren’s panties. It became a habit and I did it for several days in a row. Perhaps, she thought she were misplacing them herself. Whatever it was, she never said a word to me about it.

I continued wearing Lauren's panties every day. She never said a word to me about it, but I know for a fact that she was noticing that her underwear was missing. I tried to act as if I never saw her being so perplexed about the situation. One afternoon, I overheard her talking to Beverly, one of the servers.

“Beverly, have you noticed anyone going through my locker the past week?” Lauren asked.

Beverly scrunched her face as she thought about it for a second. She shook her head before she spoke. “Not really, people are in and out of the locker room all day. I mean someone could have gone in there and stolen them, I suppose,” she said.

I held my breath as it was obvious Lauren was trying to figure out what was happening to her underwear. I stopped stealing them that day because I'd already had about four pairs of her panties. I wasn't about to admit to her that I was taking them. I figured it was fair play since she was being so cold and ignoring me. But I did hold my breath thinking she was going to tell our boss. Every time he came around, I stood back and waited to see if Lauren was going to say something. She never did.

I had no remorse about what I had done. Lauren's panties fit my body like a glove. Every time I stepped into her underwear, I imagined the very pair sitting very close to her crotch. She wasn't giving me access to her muff, so I was having access to it in another way. After a long day at work and I had walked around in her panties my cock stayed stiff the entire time. I got home and pulled out of my slacks wearing nothing but the panties.

I realized how good it felt with the silky fabric pressing against my cock. My man member lengthened as I walked about the kitchen fixing a bite to eat. I couldn't help it as I paused and rubbed my hand over the outside of the panties. The silk material was so soft and felt so good. I couldn't understand why men's underwear wasn't made of the same silk fabric. Or why, at least, it wasn't as available as a cotton underwear.

I wore fresh clean pair of Lauren's panties to work the next day. As I walked around the kitchen cooking the soft material rubbed against my cock feeling so good. I had a hard time focusing and concentrating on cooking the food because my cock was so stiff. I kept glancing down making sure I wasn't staining a spot in the front of my slacks with precum. Finally, I had a moment when I could take a break and it went into the restroom. I yanked my slacks down and rubbed my hand over the outside of the panties rubbing my cock head and balls. I couldn't control it, I couldn't stop, I didn't want to stop. I kept rubbing vigorously until I came filling the panties with my hot cum. I had to completely take the panties off and go around commando the rest of the day. I kept a small smile on my face for what I had done. I absolutely loved being so naughty.

I grew careless as the days went by while wearing Lauren's underwear. I did something that was probably stupid, but I couldn't help myself. I put the four pair of panties that I've been wearing back to her locker. I wanted fresh pairs that had been on her muff more recently. It was easy to sneak into her locker and replace the panties that I had and steal the pair that she had. It was my lucky day. I found a dirty pair in her gym bag. Lucky me!

I notice that Lauren kept looking at me suspiciously. Or maybe it was me being suspicious. I have since the other day, stolen two more pair of her panties. It's like she can't learn her lesson. She is an avid gym visitor and goes to the gym daily. I acted like nothing was wrong as I worked through the day. I talked to her like I always talked to her and she ignored me like she always ignored me.

I found it very endearing when Lauren purposefully volunteered to stay after on the cleaning crew on the days I had to stay. Our boss had us stay after on certain days to clean up. He didn't hire a separate cleaning crew but those of us who worked at the restaurant were responsible for cleaning it every evening after the restaurant closed. We took turns and often volunteered the days on which we would clean. We were paid for doing so but we volunteered our time as it helped our boss.

Normally, I cleaned with one of the other sous chefs or the servers. Occasionally, I would clean with the bartender, Ken. Never have I cleaned with Lauren staying late. She always chose to stay late when the other servers were staying late. It seemed as if she waited to see when I was going to volunteer my time and then she chose the time that wasn't with me. Now I see that she's on the schedule with me and it makes me happy.

I feel as if Lauren and I have gotten closer all because I wear her panties every day. She still has no clue that it's me who took and returned her underwear. It has become an obsession and I can't help myself. I've tried to go back to wearing my own and it just doesn't feel right. When I wear my own underwear, I'm in a bad mood all day. When I'm wearing hers, I'm feeling frisky and naughty. It is a dirty little secret that only I have. I would love to tell Lauren what I'm doing just to see the look on her face. I chuck that thought as I pull giant beef shoulder from the oven.

After everyone left it was only Lauren and I left in the restaurant. Two other servers were supposed to stay but they had other engagements that night. I didn't

mind because it would be an opportunity to interact with Lauren. She had done her best to ignore me all day and I was hoping this would get her to open and talk to me. We worked side by side cleaning the restaurant occasionally nearly running into one another. Of course, I made sure of those opportunities hoping to have a chance to touch the woman.

Lauren swept the floor while I worked on scrubbing the counter top. Glancing up, she's gliding quickly across the floor, her hips wiggling as she moves. She's not said too much to me, keeping it cool and very straight forward. I tried laughing and joking. She only spoke tersely when I kept at her. When she brought the broom near me, I took the opportunity to offer her a real compliment.

"I may not tell you this enough, but I appreciate how hard a worker you are," I said.

Lauren paused and looked up at me and straightened. For a second, she smiled, her face warm and friendly. "Thank you, I think," she said. Her eyes trailed down my body. I wasn't sure if it was in appreciation, or curiosity. She focused on my crotch, making me shift uneasily. Or should I stand tall and jut it forward? I smiled back.

"It is a compliment. I know I'm short on those when it comes to your work. I was taught to be tough in school," I said in my defense.

"You were taught to be an asshole in school then," Lauren said.

I tilted my head and enjoyed the banter with the sexy sous chef. "Not an asshole,

tough. There is a difference." I nodded.

"Hmmm, I don't know about that." Lauren scooted on pushing the dust on the floor with her broom. After bending over to sweep the remainder of the dust into the pan I stepped up behind her.

"Mmmm-mmm, careful there, you're putting thoughts into my head," I said. I grinned when she straightened. For a split second I thought she was going to throw the dust on me. She narrowed her eyes and shook her head.

"What?" I asked.

"You're so crude. Why can't you just be nice?" Lauren asked.

"That, my dear, was a compliment. Why do you women have such a hard time taking a compliment for your awesome bodies? That's how I roll. You should take it as a compliment because that's how I meant it," I said.

"Well, it's not. Maybe you need to learn how to be nice to women. Or not just mean. We actually have a brain and feelings other than just a physical body for your pleasure," Lauren said.

I chuckled and shook my head as I walked into the freezer carrying a load of boxes that needed to be stored there. I had to bend over in the freezer to rearrange some of the bottom shelves to make room for the boxes. Lauren came in behind me and stood there watching me with a perplexed look on her face.

I turned around while I was still kneeling on the floor and looked up at her. “What?” I asked. I turned back and continued stuffing the boxes into the shelves.

Lauren breathed hard, I could hear her each breath she took. When I turned back around after I was done, I stood up and dusted off my hands. Lauren's nostrils flared, and she glared up at me. She shook her head as it seemed like she was incredibly angry suddenly.

“ I could ...” Lauren’s fist balled as she looked at me. Murder was in her eyes.

“What's the matter? What's wrong?” I asked as I took a step back.

“I wasn't sure. I had my suspicions. Do me a favor, Oliver and pull your pants down,” Lauren said.

I shook my head, I didn't know what to think of what she asked if me. For one, I was wearing her panties and I didn't want her to see that. For another, her angry stance made me tremble just a little because she seemed so incredibly mad.

“Why in the hell would I want to do such a thing?” I asked.

“Because I'm pretty sure you are wearing my panties. I want to see for myself. When you bent down to work on the shelves, I saw my panties clear as day. I kept wondering who had stolen my underwear from the locker. I had suspicions that it might be you because of the way you are so crude and the way you talk to me. I wanted to be sure. And sure enough, it seems I've found the person who has stolen my panties. Be a man and own your crime. Let me see for sure that

you are wearing my panties. Do it, now, or you will be sorry,” Lauren said.

I took another step backward and shook my head. I wasn't about to pull down my pants in front of her not right now. I wished that I only had on my jockeys and not her panties. Because I would have loved to see the look on her face if I did pull my pants down and she saw how big my awesome cock really was. I started to grin and that angered her even more. She growled and before I knew what was happening, she lurched forward.

Lauren's hand connected square on my package in front. My cock thrust upward and my balls right under her knuckles. The sharp pain shot through my body causing me to bend over in pain in complete and utter misery. When I backed up Lauren came at me again her fist meeting with my crotch before I could block her. I couldn't believe what she had just done. Ball busting is so not cool.

I fell to the floor pulling my legs up with my hands covering my crotch. The pain was intense, and I couldn't do anything except breathing close my eyes and rock for a few seconds. Lauren stood over me like a hulking mad woman taking in each breath making sure I knew she was pissed by keeping her fist balled up at her sides. I looked up at her trying to keep from crying but the tears in my eyes blurred my vision of her.

“Why did you do that? Why did you hit me?” I shook my head and stayed down protecting myself from her.

“Because you are wearing my panties. Because you have stolen my panties. And if you can prove otherwise then I will apologize and take the punishment of having hit you for the wrong reason, but the only way is if you stand up pull your pants down and show me, you're not wearing my panties. But I don't think

you can do that. So now the ball is in my court and in deciding what I'll have you do to earn my silence and not tell Mr. Winslow what you have done," Lauren said.

I merely stared at her because I could not refute what she was saying. My eyes squeezed shut and I rocked for my cock and balls throbbed from the pain with which she pelted me. I shook my head and looked up at her. "I can't prove anything," I said.

"I didn't think so. So now we have a conundrum and I need to figure out what to do. Do I tell Mr. Winslow? Do I tell all the others we work with? Or do I do something else to punish you for what you have done?" Lauren glared down at me as a small wicked smile stretched across her face.

"You mean to tell me that busting me in the balls isn't enough punishment for what I've done?" I asked.

"No, that was my initial reaction to finding out it was actually you who has been stealing my panties. And to find out that you've worn them well, that is cause for extra punishment. Let's go back into the kitchen where it's a little warmer and we will discuss what's going to happen next," Lauren said.

I reluctantly got up and followed her into the kitchen. I had no choice as my fate was now and her hands. I didn't blame her for punching me in the balls like she did. I'm a crass piece of shit. I stayed far enough away from her so that I could protect myself should she decide to come at me fist first again.

"Since you are so interested in being a woman by wearing my panties you can

come to my house and I'll make sure you have the full outfit to go with panties. You will come over and you will dress up like I tell you too or I will tell everybody what you have done. Once you're dressed as a woman and can suffer the same fate as I've suffered every day, we will go out and will have a good time. I have just the place I want to take you. And don't say no, you will do this, or you will lose your job and your friends and your reputation," Lauren said.

I swallowed my pride and nodded. I looked up at her with pained eyes. "As you wish," I said in and submitted to my fate.

Lauren said she wanted to meet at her house the next evening when we both had the day off. I showed up with my bruised crotch and ready to swallow my medicine for what I had done. Lauren was very chipper and nice, and I loved that about her, but I hated the fact that she was so cold to me by hitting me in the balls like she did. I suffered through the humiliation of her dressing me in a sparkly silver and blue dress, one with spaghetti straps and a flowing asymmetrical hem. She even found a pair of high heeled sandals in my size. That, according to her, completed the look. After she painted my face with the bright colored makeup, and put a red wig over my head, I wanted to throw up when I looked in the mirror. I look like an ugly woman or a man dressed in drag trying to be somebody he wasn't. This was very humiliating, but I sucked in my breath and followed Lauren at the door so that she could exact punishment on me just as she deemed fit.

"Here?" I asked as she parked at the very busy and bustling mall.

Lauren smiled and nodded. "Yep. Prove to me you're sorry about what you've done and you're willing to do what I ask for me," she said.

"Okay," I said. I smiled and swallowed my pride.

The crowded mall left little space for us as we marched along in the stream of people. The lower level held the food court as well as a couple of bars. Lauren grabbed my hand and pulled me along the corridor past many people. Few looked our way, looking specifically at me. I had to admit I felt transformed while I walked beside her, my heels clicking along keeping time with hers. The draft reached my crotch where my cock swelled at the thought that I was wearing her panties and holding her hand. I worried my head wouldn't think straight, but surely, she expected this to turn me on greatly.

The bar offered a reprieve as we took a seat at the tall table. The stein of beer helped me relax while Lauren flirted endlessly with me. Now I was fully erect and wanting her badly. She glanced down at the dress and saw the tent pitched by my cock, which had sprung free from the panties. I chuckled as she giggled and merely lifted a brow of curiosity.

Lauren looked at me with a gleam in her eyes. I shifted in my seat as the anticipation grew. She wiped her mouth with her napkin and threw it down. Grabbing my hand, she hopped up and pulled me along away from the bar and the food court. The dress shops and clothing stores were on the second level and we took the escalator all the way up. The entire time she turned around looking at me her eyes always going to my crotch and giggling.

When we reached the second level Lauren turned to me and grabbed me and pulled me to her. "I'm feeling so naughty right now. I would like to do something I've never done before," Lauren said. She continued giggling as she pulled me along and we rushed forward.

After we made it to one of the big lingerie shops, she turned to me right there in the entrance and grabbed both of my hands. "I think it's very kinky if I do this right here right now," she said.

Pulling me down, Lauren brought my face to hers and kiss my lips with such fervor I thought I was going to gas and collapse backwards. My body came alive right then and she pushed me back and smiled up in my face.

“Come on,” she said. We walked into the store and I blushed heavily. Surrounded by women’s underwear, lingerie, in all sizes, shapes, and colors, I didn't know where to look. The sales lady walked to us and grinned up at me and she lifted her brow and looked at Lauren, who still had hold of my hand.

“May I help you? the lady asked.

Lauren quickly reached over and grabbed a negligee off the rack, one that perhaps I could wear. “Would like to try this on?” Lauren asked

The lady showed us to a dressing room and didn't think anything as Lauren pulled me in so that I could try on the negligee. In a whirlwind, Lauren had me pinned down in the dressing room and was pulling off my dress before I knew what was happening. She giggled incessantly as she also removed her clothing. By now, my brain was in my pants or rather panties and I didn't care. She yanked the panties off with me and my cock bobbed out long and hard and dripping with precum. Her soft small hands rubbed over the tip causing me too groan and making me want her more. She pressed her naked into mine and I wanted her more than I wanted anything else in the world.

Lauren bent over the bench in the small dressing room offering me her ass. She turned to me looking back at me and said, “Please don't stick it in my ass but you can stick it in my sweet spot, that is if you want to.”

She didn't have to convince me of anything. I grabbed my cock and rubbed it through her soft warm slit. I would have pierced through her ass if she let me but instead, I bent her further over and penetrated her sweet warm pussy. She groaned as she hung onto the wall in front of her as I lurched forward and pumped my cock into her faster and faster. She reached down with her fingers and rubbed on her clit while I was pumping her from behind. She ground her pelvis into me, her soft warm pussy clenching on my cock each time I thrust forward. Arching her back she moaned and clawed the wall as she came. I groaned with her as my cock filled her pussy full of hot cum. We rocked through the orgasm together the pulses of pleasure rushing through our bodies as we moaned and swayed in not caring that other people were walking into the dressing rooms next to us. At least, not until I was done, and I pulled out and sat down hard on the bench to catch my breath.

Lauren sat down beside me and looked over at me and giggled. Both of us laughed as we were naked and covered in what we had just done. She quickly dressed as I slid back in the dress. Turning to me, she looked up at me and she tilted her head.

“You surprise me, Oliver, very much. You are a good sport and I'm so glad that you came to the mall with me dressed like this. I haven't had this much fun in a long time,” she said and grabbed my hand while we left the dressing room.

“Would you like to purchase the negligee?” the clerk asked.

Lauren looked up at me and then up at her and shook her head. “No, the negligee didn't fit but thank you,” Lauren said. We left the store hand in hand and never looked back. We giggled all the way through the mall.

THE END

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