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SCARLETT STEELE

BALLBUSTING THE PANTY STEALING PEVERTED

SISSY

A Short Story of Femdom Training As A Dominant Woman Humiliates Her Submissive Sissy!

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Ballbusting The Panty Stealing Perverted Sissy - A Short Story of Femdom Training As A Dominant Woman Humiliates Her Submissive Sissy!

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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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Allison comes to me, the tray filled with drinks for my friends and I. She's one of us but is working hard at Carson's Grill.

"Maybe next time I can join you," she says to me and winks.

"What time do you get off?" I ask.

"Not until closing, around 11. Then I have to turn in a paper due." She takes courses online to get a business degree.

"Okay, maybe some other time, a night cap or dessert," I say.

We're just friends. She's so busy though she doesn't have a social life.

The next day the manager shows me the apartment. The larger rooms are nice, and sweeping her hands she turns to me. "Will you be by yourself here or will you have a roommate? I ask because these apartments are perfect for things like that, with the two bedrooms and separate bathrooms. Most young people have roommates."

I think for a moment. While I make enough money working as a department store manager for the largest retailer at the mall, it would be nice to have a roomie. "I don't yet, but maybe."

"Okay, if so, the lease is in your name, but you can add another easily, if you wish."

I shrug. "Or I have a nice guest room."

"Yeah, Brickmore Manor offers plenty to do. Sort of like a resort."

"It's why I love this place, the many amenities." It has everything I'd want to do, a gym, a pool, tennis courts, and a conference room should I want to throw a honking large party. There's also a kiddie park with playground equipment and picnic tables and grills scattered throughout the amenities.

You home?

I sent the text to Allison. I have an idea for her. She lives in a tiny broken down quad plex, that smells like old rotten wood and natural gas. She can barely afford the rent and has hinted around about finding a roommate. I'm moving from a shared older house split into four to a self-sustaining apartment.

She waits outside her tiny apartment. "Hey, Taylor, what's up?"

"I want to show you my new pad."

"Oh really? You're moving? Wow, I'm so happy for you!" She bounces up and down from the passenger seat. Her petite body moves enthusiastically as I watch her flesh bounce happily.

Instead of asking her to move in with me, I want to show her the space first. If she sees it and drools over it, maybe she'll say yes. I have ulterior motives, I want to be close to her, to see how she lives every day. To smell her after a shower, to enjoy her cozy presence at the end of the day, snuggled up on the sofa watching some mindless movie together.

"Oh, wow! This is your place?"

"Yes! I sign the papers later today. A full year lease, with the option to renew. There's a pool and an exercise gym, picnic areas with grills, and a conference center."

She nods. “You’re moving up in the world. Congrats!” She smiles.

“Could you see yourself living here?”

“Oh, I can’t afford rent in a place like this. I would if I could,” she says.

“What if you shared the rent with someone?”

She whips around on me. “Even then, I probably couldn’t afford to pay half. I mean the tips are good and all, but nothing I can count on.”

“Hey, listen, what if I charge you rent for your bedroom and bath. You could still live in the whole apartment. I mean, I’m paying for this place regardless. I’m just lonely and would love to have a nice roomie, someone I like and trust.”

Her face stretches into a brilliant smile. “Really? And you’re offering this to me?”

“Yes, 40% of rent, and full use of the entire place. What do you say?”

She shakes her head. “I’m sorry, even that is a bit high. I don’t want to bargain down, just find someone who can pay you the full half. I’ll come visit you.”

My head shakes. Truly, I'd let her live here for free, but she's independent and I don't want to step on that. "25%. If you don't take it, I'll just live here alone. I don't want another roomie."

"Gosh, Tay, you drive a hard bargain. I can't refuse that. I can afford 25%. And I'll do more than my fair share of cooking and cleaning to make up for the deficit."

"You truly don't have to do that, I'd love to split all the duties 50/50 with you."

Her lips landed on my cheek. "No, I insist. And I'm so excited. Thank you for such a golden opportunity!"

The next few days we loaded both of our homes and melted it into the one, with the Thrift Shop picking up the items we no longer needed or wanted. She didn't have a lot of items being that she lived in a studio apartment. I brought the most furniture. But to help make the adjustment easier, I sold my old living room and dining room furniture and loaded Allison in my truck where we shopped for new stuff.

"I mean, it's your money, buy what you like," she says.

"I want your opinion, I don't know what will look good in there. Help me," I coax. I want her opinions and I want her to feel comfortable in our new home. She finally relents and gives me her opinion. I purchase semi-modern rustic pieces, a mix of yesteryear and today. I love it!

Being in the same home with Allinson just intensifies my feelings for her. Exponentially. Her night outfits go along with her fun personality. Thin cotton fabric that leaves nothing to the imagination. She's not fat by any means. In fact, her boobs are a solid C-cup, mostly nipples from what I can tell. She acts like she doesn't notice that I notice when she wears these outfits.

"Hey, it's home. I don't dress formally for bed," she says as she giggles.

"Nor do I," I say as I also wear a tee shirt and a pair of sleep shorts. At night we make ourselves comfortable on the sofa and me in the recliner. I have 2 recliners, but she prefers to stretch out on the sofa with her feet on top of the backrest. I laugh at the way she sits, all slumped over and not looking comfortable.

"It is comfortable," she claims.

We laugh a lot. I love the ease in which she wears her clothes. In uniform by work day, she lounges in simple dresses and tee shirts and jeans. It's the dresses that intrigues me most. I overheard a conversation with her friend, Stacy. Stacy sits on the sofa opposite her and they relax. I'm in my room, folding and putting away my laundry. Allison has no clue that I'm listening, but I am.

"I love the breeze between my legs though," Allison says.

"That's nuts. What if you trip? Then everyone will see your beaver," Stacy says.

Allison laughs. "If I do, then Tay gets a show."

“You have more guts than me.”

“They say wearing no underwear while wearing a dress lets everything breathe. Even the hoo-ha needs air. Besides, it makes me feel fresher,” Allison says.

I hear the words and wonder. What about men? Can't men wear dresses and let their cock and balls breathe? The closest I come to doing that are loose boxers. It's not the same though. I wish kilts were popular in today's American society. I suppose I could claim to want to get in touch with my Scottish blood by wearing one. But where would I buy one? No, it's not feasible here in California. Instead, I sit at my computer, browsing websites that cater to transgender men. Why? Because they sell dresses in larger sizes.

“You know, I still say Taylor is gay,” Stacy says.

This gets my attention. I stand and tip-toe to the door. She thinks I'm gay? That's news to me?

“I don't think so. I think he's just cool in his skin,” Allison says. Smart girl.

“Eh. He hasn't made a move on you ever. That just seems weird. I mean you're a sexy and flirty girl. Hell, if I were a lesbian, I'd be interested in you,” Stacy says.

The girls bust out in a fit of giggles. The thought of those two on each other makes my cock harder than a rock. For two cents, I'd go out there and express it.

But I chicken out.

“No, we’re just friends. And I’m glad you’re not a lesbian. Neither am I.” Allison makes a good point.

“Then he’s attracted to men. I’m telling you, I’ve not seen him with a date, with a woman.” Stacy shakes her head. I squint from around the corner of the hall, wondering if she’d dare to look up and see me.

“I’ve never seen him date a man either.” Allison is always the smart one.

“No, I think he’s still in the closet. Mark my words.” Stacy thinks she’s the smart one. I have no desire to sink my cock in any male but only in females.

“Eh, no.”

I make the appearance.

Stacy’s face instantly blushes, as if she knows I heard her.

I sit in my recliner, I’m all smiles. “I assure you, I’m not gay.

“Oh no. Now I’m embarrassed,” Stacy says.

Allison looks uncomfortable too.

“No, it’s okay. My bedroom is right there. I just stepped out and overheard it. Normally, I don’t eavesdrop, but since it was about me, I figured I’m okay to defend myself.”

“Perfectly understandable,” Stacy says.

I pull up my phone and continue looking at the website where they sell dresses fit for me. While Stacy and Allison chat, I order a couple of cotton nightgowns. I may as well start small and in the safety of my home. I’m sure Allison won’t mind, being we’re open about our comforts. Maybe I’ll take her with me shopping sometime. Maybe I’ll think about wearing a dress out.

“Just because a man may enjoy feminine things, doesn’t mean he’s attracted to men.” I beam at them.

“Embellish please,” Stacy prods.

“For example, I love pastel colors. I think women’s clothing is soft and comfortable. That doesn’t make me gay. It just means I have acquired tastes,” I say.

Allison looks surprised and then nods. “You mentioned one time you love the clothes I wear. I thought you meant you love the way they look on me. But you meant you’d love to wear them too?”

I laugh. “Don’t be silly. You’re so petite, your clothes wouldn’t fit me.”

Stacy’s brow lifts. “So, then you do admit, you want to cross-dress?”

I frown. “I rather think the term cross-dress is derogatory. I’d rather think of it as expanding my wardrobe. Who says women can wear dresses and not men? They don’t call women cross-dressers when they wear pants. Why call a man a cross-dresser if he wants to wear a dress?”

“Wow. Good point, Taylor. I never really thought of it that way. It’s sort of a double standard in the opposite direction, huh?”

I nod as I take a drink of my cola. “They don’t call women who dress in pants transgender. But if a man wears a dress, he’s deemed transgender. If I wore a dress, it’s not because I want to be a woman, it would be because I want to feel good while wearing a dress. Allison, why do you wear dresses?” My brow lifts.

She chuckles. “Touche, Taylor. I feel comfortable in them. Free if you will.” She eyes Stacy and they bust out laughing. Funny thing is I know their little secret, but I keep my face focused and stoic.

Allison and I don’t see each other a lot throughout the week. Our work hours overlap. I’ll be coming home while she left for her evening shift a few hours prior. My gowns arrive while she’s at work. I’m not ready to reveal just how serious I am. I take a hot bath, which I enjoy. Yeah, it makes me feminine. Stupid double standards. I feel for the men who simply enjoy wearing women’s clothing. Or should I say, I feel for men who enjoy wearing dresses. I mean, they don’t call pants, men’s pants. Double standard. Pisses me off. I’ll be kinder to

those who are deemed crossdresser or transgender. Unless it's a man who truly wants to become a woman. I guess they call men who are men who wear dresses drag queens. Still a double standard. Women who wear pants aren't called cross-dressers, or called wearing men's pants, or called transgender, unless they are truly wanting to become a man.

After the bath, my skin is pink from the hot water. The cotton gown slides over my head, my cock and balls wagging in the wind. I can't help but smile as I walk through the apartment, completely free, yet covered. Why don't they make gowns for men? Back in olden times, men for tunics, or dresses. They just didn't call it a dress, they called it a tunic. Same thing.

I relax on the recliner and doze off. Bad thing to do if I don't want Allison to know. I hear the keys jiggling the lock. Before the door opens, I spring up and run to my room, pulling on a pair of shorts and yanking off the gown I replaced with a tee.

"What are you still doing awake?" Allison smiles as she pulls off her shoes.

I yawn. "I dozed off in the recliner and just hopped up before you came in." It's not really a lie. "I was about to turn off everything. I'll leave it to you. I'm heading to bed." I hand her the remote.

"Okay, thanks. Hey, I miss seeing you. Most nights you're asleep when I come home and you've left by the time I get off work," she says.

"Me too! Wish we worked the same schedule." I yawn again. "Good night Ally!"

“Night, Tay,” she says.

“Guess what?” she asks the next day.

“What?”

“I’m getting a raise! I can pay you 40% of the rent!”

I smile. “That’s not necessary. As I said before, I would have gotten this place even if you didn’t move in. So 25% is fine,” I say.

“Are you sure?” She scrunches her face.

“Of course! Hey, since you’re off today and tomorrow, do you have any plans?”

“Not today, why?”

I shrug. “I get bored with the same ole. We should go out, see a movie maybe,” I say.

She makes a curt face. “Like going out?”

“As friends,” I say. Maybe I didn’t really mean it, but okay, so her face had the big old dread look on it.

“Okay, sure,” she says. Her face stretches into a giant smile.

I’m always the one going out as friends. I think it’s because I’m too afraid to try otherwise. Like I’d rather keep a girl as a friend than to lose her altogether. And Allison. Well, she’s my roommate. I certainly don’t want to lose my roomie. I really like her too. As in like her like her. I want to be her. I mean, I want to be close to her, to experience the things she does. I don’t want her skin on me, not like *Silence of the Lambs*. I just want to be close to her. In my fantasy, we’re cuddled up on the sofa, both of us wearing the cotton gowns. Both of us fondling the other, because gleefully, we aren’t wearing underwear. I can’t keep from getting a stiffy anytime she walks into the room wearing a dress or her gowns. Damn. I get a stiffy just thinking about it.

“What?” She sits across the table from me, the giant burger in her hands.

“I didn’t say anything,” I say.

“I thought you did. You made a sound.”

Damn thoughts bouncing about in my head abandons me. I smile. “Probably. I think a thousand things a second,” I say in my defense.

“Yeah, I can see you having ADD.”

“Really?” I think I’m pretty focused. The thousand things are surrounding my crotch and hers. “I don’t think I do. I just think about one thing and it takes over.”

She pops a fry in her mouth followed by a slurp of the soda. “Okay, so then what were you just thinking?”

The moment of truth. “About how I need to be transparent with you. But it’s something I don’t want Stacy or any of our friends knowing,” I say as I lift my brow.

“Oh? Like?”

“Like, I’ll show you later.” I look at my watch. “The movie starts in twenty.”

“We have plenty of time. They do like thirty minutes of ads anyway. So pull up a chair and tell mama Allison all about it.” Her smile entices me.

“I will show you later. Come on, we need a good seat.”

We find the perfect seats in the center of the theater, where the level splits and there’s a rail for our feet. I like relaxing when I watch a movie. During it, she leans over, laying her head on my shoulder. There’s definitely an attraction

between us. But I try hard, pun intended, not to take advantage of the situation. Mr. Cautious here, I simply view it as a friend who is tired and I happen to have the nearest shoulder to rest. I want to reveal my true self to her tonight, but she's tired and heads to bed. I'll have to wait until we're both home and in the living room, late at night.

For four nights I wear the gown to bed, but she's working and never sees me in it. By the time she's off, my gowns are in the dirty clothes. Maybe it's for the best. However, the following night, her second day off, I walk into the living room after my shower wearing one. She notices.

"Oh, look, a true night shirt, like people wore in the old days," she says as she smiles at me.

I shrug. The gown has sleeves like a tee shirt. "Yeah, it's cool and comfortable," I say as I walk to the recliner. My cock and balls are breathing underneath and I need to be careful, because a hard-on will be obvious.

"Men would wear those and night caps to bed. Women wore the gowns that reached the floor," Allison says.

Here we go again with the gender distinctions.

"I find this comfortable and allows my body to breathe," I say as I release the foot rest and my feet come up.

“Yeah, that’s why women enjoy wearing stuff like that too. I love oversized shirts too.”

Presently, she’s wearing a pair of night shorts and a loose tee shirt. Darn. If only both of our genitals were fresh and free. Mine are. My cock grows, pitching a tent. I adjust myself so it’s less obvious. It’s not time to get that friendly, yet.

She goes back to work and while I’m home alone in the evenings I find myself in her bedroom, checking out her clothes. This is why she needs to be home so I won’t do shit like this. But I find being sneaky in her room erotic. Her gowns are folded neatly in the second drawer of her dresser. I pluck one from under the top and carry it to my room. It’s pale pink and made of tee shirt cotton. Very small and soft and I recall her wearing it.

It stretches over my body. I probably shouldn’t, but I like how it feels and looks. Though tight on me, my muscles are bigger than petite Allison, I can’t help it. Knowing Allison wears this with no panties. Her sweet muff and round ass touches this. My cock rises as I walk around the house. The tip of my head nearly pokes through the thin material. I finally pull it up, so my cock is below the hem. It feels good. Before I settle on the recliner, I stretch it over my cock. The obvious tent makes me laugh. I wish Allison would walk in and catch me. When I get this horny, I want her to see. I’ve held back far too long. My hand moves to my cock, rubbing over the soft stretchy material. I groan, the cum settling in the base as my hand moves swiftly up and down. Suddenly, I lurch forward, my cock filling the gown with hot cum, while I groan and come. It’s a mess and by the time I’m done, I need to change my clothes and clean myself.

No matter, I wear my own nightshirt to bed and Allison comes in much later. She has no idea that I wore her pink gown and soiled it. Unless she notices it in the dirty clothes. Somehow that puts a smile on my face, for her to discover what I’ve done.

If she noticed the gown in the laundry, she said nothing. It becomes a habit. When she's at work, I stroll into her bedroom and find a gown to wear. I can't help it. The pleasure from wearing what's hers is worth it. I want her to catch me. But I can't ever hold off until she comes home. The mess I create because I'm always horny for her causes me to change and shower. It's ridiculous.

She frowns as she steps into the living room on her night off. "Have you seen my blue floral nightgown?" she asks.

Yes. In fact I jerked off while wearing it last night. It's in the laundry, dear. Want me to run the load? "Um, no, why would I know where your nightgowns are?" I laugh as if she asked the most absurd question.

"Hmmm, okay. I saw it yesterday morning. I must have worn it recently." Her head shakes as she settles on the sofa with her tablet.

I flip through the TV channels, and land upon a lively realty show. Even Allison puts down her tablet to watch it. And like most times when we see this show, we have a discussion after. I love our talks, she really gets into it. She yawns first.

"Heading to bed. I'm actually getting up early tomorrow like the land of the living." She smiles and waves as she walks away.

Another night off, Allison perches on the sofa wearing a pair of sleep shorts and a tank top. We're playing video games and she jumps, her C-cups jiggle. This is more entertaining than wearing her gowns. I let her win a round so she'll jump

up and dance around the room.

“Boo ya! I won!” Her laughter ignites mine.

“Round two. We should make a wager,” I say.

“Like what? Winner cooks dinner for a month?” She grins.

I nod. It wasn't really what I was thinking, but it will do. “Sure.” I was hoping for a winner will give loser oral or something like that. Too much too soon? I chuckle inwardly at my nasty thoughts and sneaky ways. I'm getting away with it. I will have her sweet lips on my swollen cock soon, I just know it. And I will enjoy the flavor and essence of her sweet muff. We can be friends with benefits, right? I mean, she's female, I'm male, we're straight. We're single and we have needs. Yeah, that's my story! I'll talk her into it.

Every night while Allison is working, I sneak into her bedroom and take a nightgown and wear it for a while. I can't wait as I take matters into my hands, while pitching a tent, and rub out a good soppy orgasm. By the time I shower and go to bed, she's still not home. And she's none the wiser as to what I'm doing with her nightshirts.

I take the baby blue floral gown from her drawer and slide into it. After making a big snack of a sandwich and a beer, I settle on my recliner. A good movie is on, so I turn up the volume and turn out the lights. This time, I'm not so horny that I want to rub one out quickly. The movie keeps my focus. About an hour into it, I recline more, and my hand goes to my cock. I moan as it rises, and the tent pitches perfectly. I am into it, going slow, rubbing and enjoying the building of

the orgasm. So much so, I hear nothing else.

“I knew it!”

I jerk upright, my hand releases my cock, the tent still pitched under the blue floral gown. Allison stands in the kitchen door, her hand on her hip and a scowl on her face.

“Allison! What are you doing home early?” I ask. I struggle to sit up, wishing I had a cover.

“Slow night. They left me off early. I have extra food so came in through the kitchen door.”

“I, um.”

“Yeah, you mother fucker!”

I try to stand before she reaches me. But I don’t make it. She lunges at me, her fist hitting me square in the balls. I lurch forward, the pain piercing through my body.

“What the ever loving fuck?” I cry.

“Exactly. What the ever loving fuck? What the fuck are you doing in my night gown? And you’ve been doing this a while. I’ve noticed my gowns fitting stretched out. What the fuck, Taylor?”

I bend forth, my balls aching. Tears cloud my vision as I keep my head down. I’ll be fucked if I let her see me cry. “Dammit. Did it call for a ball busting?” I ask, my voice squeaking.

It brings a smile to her face. “I hope it hurts. And yes it does. It means I can’t trust you. You mother fucker. You sneak into my drawers and wear my clothes while jacking off. Is that how you treat a friend? Is that how you treat your roommate?” Her hand settles on her hip.

I keep an anxious eye on her. “I’m sorry. Damn. I’m in pain.” I turn away from her wishing she’d go away and stop threatening me. I can’t stand up straight right now for the pain in my balls. She sits on the sofa, leaning toward me, her eyes squinting.

“And you deserve it. I trusted you.”

“I haven’t betrayed any trust.”

“Oh, haven’t you? Stealing my clothes.”

“I didn’t steal. Just borrow.”

“And jack off in it. Ugh.”

“I am so sorry. I know I've disappointed you. Please don't let this Cloud your judgment of me, I am but a man and waking moment,” I say.

Alison is so angry she can't even look at me. She shakes her head and holds her hand up as if to block me. “I've got to get away from you. I don't want to see your face right now. Please take my gown off, wash it and give it back. I don't know what I plan to do. I should just move out. Or at the very least put a key lock on my door to keep you out.” your hand goes to her hip as she looks me in the eye. “I shouldn't have to feel this way about my own home or my roommate. I don't know why you did what you did, if you're just horny and a jackass, or what? But it doesn't matter now, it's done. And you sicken me,” she says.

I watch as she leaves, going into her bedroom and locking her door. I even hear her scooting something sounds like locking the door. I squeezed my eyes shut feeling like I've completely let her down. And really, all I wanted was to be closer to her. Stupid testosterone.

Allison avoids me for the next several days. I'm sure she's listening at her door making sure I'm nowhere around. If I happened to be there when she walks in, she keeps her eyes straight ahead and walks right by without saying a word. By now, the pain in my balls is gone but the ache in my heart is there. I don't want her moving out. It's not that I need the money, but I need her friendship. And perhaps, I've ruined that. But I'm not letting her go without a fight.

She has a day off while I'm at work, and I know she's home. I go to the florist and have them fix a dozen colorful roses in a beautiful vase. I give me a pen and paper so that I can write a note with it.

Allison, please forgive me. I am truly sorry for what I've done, and not just being caught. I will do anything to keep from losing you as a friend and my roommate. I want you to feel safe with me. Let's talk. Taylor.

By the time I come home, the dozen roses sit on top of the bar in the kitchen, she's in the kitchen cleaning and looks up at me. Her eyes are red and swelling as if she'd been crying. She smiles. It's the first time she smiled at me since it happened. Really, since before it happened. She holds her hand out to a bar stool and nods.

I step to her, Contrition on my face as a pull-up bar still out and lock eyes with her.

"First, thank you for the roses. They are very pretty. And my favorite flower too. Second, I have thought and thought about what I want to do here and I almost moved out. You humiliated me when you wore my gown like you did. It was the last thing I expected when I walked into the room to see you jacking off in my gown. I guess I feel violated, even though you didn't touch me," she says. She's keeping calm, at least there's that.

"Thank you you're not moving out. I realize had I not been caught, I may still be doing it. I admit, I am a stupid male at the mercy of my testosterone. But, I also admit I'm very attracted to you. And I guess I must have in this area. I don't consider myself transgender at all, but I would like to wear a dress once in a while. I'll see how to care for you feeling yours and it made me want one. That's why I bought the gowns for me. Then I decided to wear yours. It was a great turn on, well, until you bested me in the balls," I say. I chuckle and she giggles with me.

“Yeah, I suppose I reacted on the spur of the moment. My grandpa used to say it's shooting from the hip. And I saw what you were doing all I wanted to do was inflicting pain on you,” she says.

“Trust me, you inflicted pain. But I'm glad you didn't keep pummeling me. I probably wouldn't be able to have children by now,” I say.

"Well, I'm not sorry that I hit you. You deserve the ballbusting for doing that. But that leaves us, what do we do about it now?"

“Would it help if I said I would never do it again? And then I'm very sorry. I know this makes for an odd moment with us, but I will do anything to keep from losing you as my friend and as my roommate.”

“How about you wear a dress and I take you out? Let me pray to her around so you can truly see what it's like for a man to wear a dress in public. And then after work, I'll see about making up,” she says.

"Anything, and I mean it. Show me the dress you want me to wear,” I say.

After a quick shower, she dresses me and one of her outfits. On her, it's a longer blue skirt and a frilly blouse. On me, it hits just at my knees and the blouse is rather tight.. But I wear it anyway. It actually feels good. I grinned at her. “Do I need to wear panties with this too?”

She pitches a pair of her panties to me. Gleefully, I slide into them realizing this

night is better than I could ever hope.

I do feel silly as we walk out have the car can into the mall. Of all places to go, she takes me to the mall for the crowds rush through. If you look up at me as a stroll along with her, keeping my head held high. I do feel a little silly though, but I understand why she's doing it. She grabbed my hand, holding it which thrills me.

We head into the bar, on the bottom level of the mall. Pete's Pub aptly named offers an Irish atmosphere, that's plenty of ale. The men in there looks up at me all wearing pants and their brows lift. We head to a table, where the server comes with a grin on her face looking at me. I could tell she wants to snicker but she doesn't.

"Two of your best ales please," Allison says.

I look at her, and say nothing. She holds my hand and giggles as she looks around. The server brings us the two mugs of ale, and I pick mine up drinking half of it at once.

"Whoa there. I don't need you to be drunk," she says.

"I'm not drunk on one glass of ale. But I do feel pretty humiliated. You've made your point," I say.

"Then let's head back home. Any time I catch you doing something stupid with

my stuff, I will force you to do this or I'm out of here, we clear?" Her eyes bore a hole through me, as I realize how close I came to losing her.

"Very clear. And I promise I will never do it again. I am attracted to you, though. Just know that."

As soon as we get back home, we go to the door and she should sit hard. She Squints at me, scowling and she comes at me. Had a reaction, I cover my fault that's not look at her.

"Next time you feel attracted to me, let me know. Give me the benefit of the doubt. Maybe I am as attracted to you if you are to me," she says.

She leans into me, her lips finding mine as she pulls me to her. I groan as a sense of relief floods over me. We stumbled backward toward the sofa. She claws at my pants, pulling them down and exposing my cock. Thankfully, I'm able to have a hard-on again. I'm shocked by what she's doing, as she bends down right in front of me and pulls the head through her lips. She sucks hard, as I grow. Precum squirts forth, I'm holding her head to me is I'm bucking my cock in and out of her mouth. It doesn't take long and I blast her and moaning loudly I fill her mouth full of my hot cum.

I growl when I'm done and push her back onto the sofa. In like manner, I pull up her dress and expose her naked muff and dive in nose first. At last, I lick through her soft warm folds and focus on her growing knob. She moans as her back arches and comes hard under the pressure of my tongue.

The ballbusting was worth it to come to this. I am happy we made up, and can't

wait to see what the future holds for my roomie and I.

THE END

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