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# Cheerleader Feminizes and Dresses Her Boyfriend In Her Panties and Cheerleader Outfit! - A Tale of Forced Feminization and Sissification

From Alpha Male to Feminized Sissy

Book 7

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It's not easy for the guys to lift me as we celebrate the win. I gave the winning kick and scored putting our team over the top. A sweaty mass of masculine testosterone, we move through the crowd cheering and whooping with our victory. I'm a jock's jock, the manly man. Other guys only wish they were me. I

know I'm good, athletic and smart to boot. This is the crowning jewel of my college sports career. Now all I have left is to focus on the final studies over the next semester and graduate. I want to thumb my nose at the teachers from my old high school. They thought I couldn't do it. "He's just a dumb ole jock," I overheard my math teacher telling my English teacher. Dumb ole jock. Hmph. If only they could see me now, wearing the victor's crown because of my athletic skills and the fact that I've made the Dean's list straight through college. I will graduate with a science degree and move on to work in the field of bioengineering.

In the locker room, we continue celebrating. It's all towels snapping and slaps on the bare ass. Charles slapped me, and I squeal. It came out before I knew it.

"What the fuck was that, dude? I thought for a second a girl was in here," Charles says.

I laugh it off. My normal brute voice left for a second. What the fuck is my problem?

"Are you boys decent?" Heather asks from the door. She's my honey and the head cheerleader.

"Doesn't matter, sweetheart. Come on in," Boyce says.

Heather waltzes in still wearing her sexy little cheerleading outfit. The dark green and white dress fits tight over her body, the V-neck plunging low. She cocks a brow at me, looking over my body, just a towel around my waste. Too late, my damn cock stiffens, just having her near me like this.

Boyce steps in with just his towel around his waist. I brace for it as he turns back and loses the towel, thus mooning Heather.

"Oops," Boyce says as he fist bumps Thomas.

I turn and make my way around the corner to my locker. Maybe if I stuff my cock into my jockeys it will go down. Just hearing her voice causes me to want her more. She's super sweet and talks with a sweet yet sultry tone. I smile and peek around the corner as I step into the shorts. Her auburn hair is partially pulled back and out of her face, but it hangs in long lengths down the front of her tight-fitting outfit.

"Are we ready?" I ask as I approach the cute cheerleader. She laces her soft hand through my arm and turns to the team.

"Chow, boys," she says with a wave of her hand. I'm proud to have her on my arm. She makes me look good.

"This is a night of celebrations. We should head to Clubtini to celebrate with the team." Clubtini is the club of choice for all of us over twenty-one. Half my team can't come because they won't let them through the door. But I nod and escort my beautiful and sexy girlfriend to my truck.

"Stop by my apartment so I can change," she says.

I wait in the truck. She takes fifteen minutes and returns wearing a cute blue dress and high heeled boots. She knows how to turn my ticker. Her scent wafts in my direction when she slides into the seat.

"Did you shower?" I ask.

She giggles. "Of course, I did. You did, so I did. You're not the only one who gets all sweaty and stinky when at the game," she says.

"But I don't mind your sweat. It turns me on," I say as I grab her hand and kiss her fingers. She squeezes my hand.

"You're sweet. But I'm never going to do that to you. My hair was washed this morning, so I didn't bother with it, but my body is nice and clean," she says.

"The eating surface is ready for a meal?" I ask and wag my brow.

Heather playfully bats at my arm. "You're just a horndog. And yes, the eating surface is ready for you to plow into later, nose first." She giggles and its music to my ears.

We've been dating for the entire year, celebrating our one-year anniversary just shy of Thanksgiving holiday. We're thick and solid, just like I like it. She's the best-looking girl on campus, smart and talented. She's a music major and has the voice of an angel. I'm always proud to attend the concerts she has with the various musical clubs and classes.

The club is hot, and Heather is fanning herself briskly with a menu she stole from the side of the bar. "I'm sweltering in here. Hey, Felix, does Jones use the air conditioner?"

Felix, the bartender, stops what he's doing and smiles at Heather. "Jones does and it's still winter so he thinks we don't need it," he says.

"It's not like it's winter up north. We're in the south. The highs outside are in the upper fifties. It's too hot in here," Heather says.

"I know. We turned it on a while ago, but it takes a long time to cool down once the place is hopping with people. Sorry. May I offer a drink on the house for your sweat?" Felix asks.

"White wine spritzer," Heather says.

"I'll take a draft beer," I say. I don't drink a lot because I'm driving. We stand next to the bar which is closest to the door and the coolest spot in the joint. Heather finishes her drink and patiently waits for me to finish mine.

"Are you ready to jet, my love?" I ask. She nods enthusiastically.

Her small apartment is nice and cozy. She pulls me inside and I know where I'll be sleeping tonight. My boner rises to the occasion without any pretenses. She lands on me immediately, her soft lips locking onto mine. I dive into her with

fury, my cock no longer wants denied what's rightfully his. She scoots back on the bed while discarding her panties. I grin as I watch her pitch the pair to the floor. I come out of my shirt and pants lickety-split. She pulls out of her dress and bra, her delicious body rests on the pillows, her legs spread, the surface ready for my tongue.

"Mmmm," she says as I nestle between her legs and start by running my tongue through her soft silky slit. Her folds open to me, revealing the little woman already swelling. I happily apply pressure to it with my tongue and she grinds into the bed as she laces her fingers through my hair. I love it when she presses me closer to her. I take a big whiff, enveloping myself in her scent. It drives me crazy. I prod my nose through the hole, wishing I could crawl up there and masturbate. But in a few I get to slide my willy through the hole and that's definitely worth the wait.

My hands reach up and rest on her boobs. Perfectly shaped with taut nipples that grow harder under my dancing fingers. She moans more, her pelvis bucks up and down. I return my focus to her clit, swirling my tongue heartily over it and occasionally dipping down into the hole to lap up the lube she's creating. Uh, my cock is so hard I'm about to come just from humping the bed while I'm eating her out.

"Oh, fuck! Ace, I'm coming," Heather cries. Her body explodes, and she thrashes about, her pussy turning a dark purple. I keep up with her like doing neck and head calisthenics. My tongue never leaves the quivering hard member until she shoves me away and announces she's done.

I raise up and smile down at her. She lifts her feet to my shoulders like a good girl. My cock drips with precum. If someone were to put a black light on her bed it would be splattered from all the foreplay. I groan deeply as I sink my cock through her soft folds between her legs. Her pussy squeezes around it perfectly. I press all the way in, groaning and pumping. It feels like she's squeezing my

cock, her body rushes into a second orgasm. Her cries are loud and boisterous as she comes again. My cock lengthens, and I plow on, getting closer and closer... until I burst. Heather's pussy fills with my man-juice as I heave the last of it into her. Finally, I'm spent and so is she. I pull out and collapse beside her on the bed. She snuggles into my side for a few minutes. Then she grimaces, not liking the mess coming out between her legs. I laugh as I rise with her, we both need a shower now.

Lying in bed beside Heather after a good bout of sex is always the best. She sighs contentedly and falls fast asleep. My mind is racing with the day's events, the big win, the club, and fucking Heather. Speaking of Heather, she rolls over and pulls the covers to her head. She resumes the soft breathing of deep sleep. I'm craving her scent. I want to nestle between her legs again. She's all showered and clean down there. But I can't do that. Instead, I get up and walk around her small apartment. I end up in the bathroom to piss and notice the hamper. For whatever reason I'll never understand, I open it and see her cheerleading outfit and panties and bra on top. I had wanted her then, all sweaty after the game. She denies me that. Reaching in I pull out the outfit and panties. What the hell am I doing?

I gaze at my reflection in the mirror. I'm in nothing but a pair of jockeys. I turn and piss and step out of the jockeys. Damn sleeplessness. Damn boredom. My cock rules my head as I pluck up the dirty panties. I peer at them, pale pink with lace around the edges. I can't help it, I pull the pair to my nose and take a deep sniff. Her essence is heavy on the crotch. I love it, sweat and all. My cock just had her and I could go again. I pull the pair of panties over my legs and around my waist. They don't fully fit, but they fit enough to hold my junk well within the silky material. Her scent is heavy in my nose. The panties feel wonderful against my cock and balls. I eye the cheerleading outfit.

No, I can't do this. I won't. I need to pull off the panties and put the outfit back into the hamper. But I don't. Instead, I reach for the outfit and pull it over my head. The buttons barely meet across my chest. I pull on the bloomers causing it

to stretch over my ass. Then I stare at my reflection in the mirror. I'm dressed in Heather's cheerleading outfit. I grin at my reflection. Turn my back and look at my ass. I pretend I'm saying a cheer and kick my leg out. I feel prissy and pretty. The silky panties rub against my cock as it grows.

I leave the bathroom and walk quietly to the bedroom door. Peering within I can barely make out Heather. She's still in the same position she was when I left her. Her breathing is deep and even. I take the chance and stole away to the living room and kitchen. The panties rub me just right as I walk. Damn, why am I doing this?

I stop and listen. Nothing but the humming refrigerator reaches my ears. I listen for the bedroom. My fear is that Heather will awaken and be in here before I can make it back to the bathroom to remove the clothes. I can't let her see me like this. She'd probably leave me, and I don't want that. I want her to stay with me.

I find myself in the living room, remote in my hand. I shrug and turn on the TV and quickly turn down the volume, so it won't wake Heather. I've been known to get up and watch some telly when staying over before, so this isn't anything out of the normal. The outfit on my body is though.

I find a TV show with women modeling clothes. I sit back and rub my cock through the outfit, not to the point of coming, but enough that I'm moaning quietly. I close my eyes and imagine wearing outfits like the models are wearing. The thing that makes me horny is the thought of wearing clothes that Heather already wore. I don't care to wear something new and off the rack. No, I enjoy knowing my cock is rubbing against the same fabric that was nestled against Heather's muff all day. That excites me. Damn cock is full staff now. I can't ignore it. I just came hours ago. I can't help it, I step out of the bloomers and put them back into the hamper. One more peek at Heather and she stirs but resumes her normal deep breathing. I return to the living room and settle on the sofa. I pull up the skirt and pull the panties to just below my cock. It's standing at

attention, tall and thumping hard for the opportunity to squirt off again. Who am I to deny what my cock wants?

As I'm rubbing my cock, I think I hear something. The floorboards in the hall shift. I jerk my head around and see no one. I stop the vigorous rubbing and listen. I don't hear Heather. Besides, I think she'd just come on in here. I wonder what she'd think if she caught me doing this. At this point, I don't care. I just want to come. I want her to catch me with my large phallus in my hand while I'm jacking off while wearing her panties and cheerleading outfit. I groan, louder than I should. My hand is gliding over my cock, feeling mighty good about now. The head reddens deeper, I'm so close. I pause again, letting it build. I love teasing myself like that, take it to the edge, stay on the verge and stopping. It builds into a strong and powerful orgasm. Usually, it's one that has me yelling out as I shoot, so I need to be mindful of Heather sleeping in the room next to the living room. The apartment is so small it wouldn't take much noise for her to hear. We can carry a conversation in the place no matter where we are.

"Uh," I say as I rub vigorously up and down my long pole. The thought of what I'm doing is so kinky and naughty. I'm loving it right now. "Oh, fuck," I say louder than I should have. Suddenly, my pole lengthens, and I lurch forward. The orgasm rushes through my cock, shooting cum straight up in the air. I don't care that it's landing on my legs and on the floor with a plop. I moan and move my hand faster, squeezing over the head, drawing out every last bit of cum that I have. Finally, it stops, and I rest back, breathing hard. What a fucking mess. I'm literally caught with my panties down, cum on the back of my hand, on my legs, and on the carpet. Boy, I'm messy.

I swear I hear something when I finally stand. I reach for the tissues and wipe up the mess. I hear something shift in the bedroom. Oh, fuck! Now that I've come, I'm not too keen on being caught. I sneak into the hall and listen. The bed rustles and then nothing. I peer around the corner and see the lump where Heather is lying. It doesn't appear she'd been up, she's breathing slowly, still in bed. I relax. She didn't catch me.

I go back into the bathroom. The mirror spans the wall with the vanity, and it's large enough I can see all of me. I don't know why I'm enjoying gazing at my reflection, but I am. I turn and make googly eyes at myself. I pose and do the duck face kissy face. I cock my brow, loving the new feminine me. I twirl and stick out my ass, like I've seen the cheerleaders do, well, the female cheerleaders. The male cheerleaders wear athletic pants and don't do the prissy moves. But I'm enjoying being prissy. It's a welcome relief and a stark difference from my normal stance as a jock. Always tough and rough.

A creak by the door causes me to spin around. I was in mid-pose. I freeze and listen. Is that breathing I hear? Did I hear the distinct sound of a phone camera clicking? Surely not. I swallow hard as my heart pounds in my ears. I can't hear anything else over it. I take a step and see no one in the hall. Damn old apartment, too many creaks, and groans within the walls. I never really noticed it before. I strain and listen. I can't even hear the refrigerator running. It's at an off cycle. Nothing but the occasional drip coming from the tub faucet. I slowly, ever so slowly, tip-toe to the bedroom door. Heather is restless, I hear her moving, rolling over. She had rolled heavily and come down hard on the pillow. I pause and catch my breath, I'd been holding it.

Time to take off the outfit and get back in bed. I turn off the TV and lights and head back to the bathroom. I grin as I think about what I had just done. I got away with it and had a second powerful orgasm to boot. My cock thumps again, the beginnings of another hard on pulling up.

"Down boy. Twice in one night is enough," I say to my mister mister. I chuckle. I think of it as an extension of me with a mind of its own. I'm definitely ruled by my damn cock. And of all the stupid things to capture my attention, dressing in women's clothing isn't something I ever dreamed I'd want to do. After pulling up my jockeys I head back to bed and snuggle with Heather. She's still, perhaps in deep sleep. I'm glad. She's none the wiser to my shenanigans.

When we wake up the next morning I've recovered and am feeling amorous again. I pull Heather to me, but she's resistant. She grumbles and moves away. "I didn't sleep well last night," she says grumpily.

That's a shock. I thought she slept like a baby. At least that's what I saw each time I looked at her. "I'm sorry, baby. Did you have a bunch of dreams? A nightmare?" I ask.

"No, one has to sleep better to do that," she says and pulls away and stands opposite side of the bed from me. I watch her as I'm perplexed by her sudden bad mood.

I give Heather a wide berth. She eyes me as if I'm the devil. The kitchen is a nice place, so I make my way there. Maybe if I toast up some bagels she'll find it in her heart to smile. I rack my brain trying to figure out what we last said to each other. We had made love and showered together. We fell asleep with her in my arms. She slept while I was restless. Nothing that I can think of to have made her so pissy this morning. Then it hits me.

"Aw, sweetie, did your ragtime show?" I ask, more as a joke, but it would explain the sudden mood change.

Heather spun on me with the hot coffee pot in her hand. "No," she growls. She shoves the pot back into the coffee maker hard, so hard coffee spills out the top and sputters on the burner. "Why is it if a woman is pissed you men automatically assume it's ragtime?" Her eyes narrow at me. I shrink back. Nothing I say will be right, so I just look at her and shake my head vigorously.

"I'm sorry. It's just that you're in such a foul mood this morning," I say.

"Foul mood. That's putting it nicely. I'm fucking tired, you jerk," she says and takes a long draw of coffee. I'm still at a loss.

"Okay, I give. What did I do?" I ask.

"Good question. I'll show you, pervert," she says and pulls up her phone. She thumbs across the screen and thrusts the phone at me.

I take it and glance down. To say I blanch is an understatement. I go utterly white, my ears hiss. On her phone are images of me from last night. The first five are of me sitting on the sofa jacking off while wearing her outfit. The next ten is of me posing in front of the mirror acting like a sissy. I'm boned. I set the phone down as the blush stains my face. I'm burning hot now. No words come to mind. What can I say?

"Yeah, I snuck up and saw what you were doing. I took the pics. I was so pissed that you did this. I didn't want to confront you because I was so tired. But here we are. You're a fucking pansy." Heather is so disgusted with me and I don't blame her at all.

"I'm sorry," I finally say. I don't know what else to say.

"How do you think I feel to find out my boyfriend is a tranny? I mean you're a

jock. Are you gay too?"

"No!" My answer comes out forceful. "I'm very much straight. And I'm so into you. I wanted you last night after you fell asleep. But you were sleeping so soundly I didn't want to bother you. I don't know why, but I wanted you in such a bad way, I put your panties and outfit on. I'm sorry."

She shakes her head. "I'm trying to decide if we need to end things here or what," she says.

It puts fear in me. I can't lose her. "No, please. Let me make it up to you."

"How?" she asks.

"I don't know. Please, Heather. I love you. I'll do anything you want," I say.

"Let me think about it." She gets up and goes into her bedroom and shuts the door thus shutting me out. I pace the floor as I tremble. What in the fuck have I done? I can't lose her, I just can't. She finally comes out a half an hour later.

"Okay, you're still here. I guess that shows how much you care," she says.

"I do. I love you," I say and go down on my knees. "Please forgive me." I'm normally not one to beg like this, but maybe wearing the panties changed me.

"Okay, I want you to see how it feels. What if I were to suddenly change and be all manly," she says.

I laugh. "No way can you pull off being manly. Even if you wore men's clothing, you'd still be a sexy little number all feminine."

"Even so, I want you in my shoes. You need shock value. So, you're still interested, that's my terms for staying together. A dose of your own medicine," she says.

"Okay. Name it. I'll do it. Gladly." I fold my arms over my chest. I have to show her I mean business.

"Tonight, we're going out but to a new place. You're going in full drag to Smittys and you'll be my girlfriend in a dress and the works. Afterward, well, I have another surprise for you. You'll enjoy it and do as I say." She stares at me, not a semblance of a smile, not even a hint of sweetness on her face.

"Okay," I say. I stare ahead giving in to my fate. I deserve this.

Heather spread the last of the polish on my fake nails. "There. Now don't touch anything and let it dry. I have the dress right here," Heather says. She pulls out a body-hugging red dress with a slit up the side. The neckline plunges in a deep scoop. I put it on over the new silk pink panties and matching camisole in my size. I shaved my legs for the first time ever during the shower. I sit on the bench in the bathroom while Heather paints my face with her cosmetics. I say nothing

and let it happen. The shoes are spiked heels, strappy sandals that match the dress. Lastly, she secures a wig to my head. Long auburn tresses flow down my back.

"Okay, all done! A masterpiece if I say so myself," Heather says as she smiles.

I force a smile, more like half a smile and stand. I'm wobbly at first in the strappy sandals. But after a moment of walking, I get the hang of it. I step to the mirror and can't believe my reflection. I actually make a pretty woman. I smile this time genuinely. "Well done. You turned a jock into a pretty woman."

"I turned a jock into a sissy," Heather says. "Come on."

Stepping out of the apartment for the first time in drag makes my knees weak. What if the team sees me? I voice this to Heather.

"Think of it this way, if they see you at Smittys then they are as sissy as you are," she says. Ouch. It's not doing a lot for my ego, but I shrug, happy to be with Heather at all.

The club looms ahead and my palms grow sweaty. I'm scared of running into someone I know. Of course, I could just embrace my sexuality and be okay with it. Heather wears jeans and hiking boots and a plaid shirt. Sure enough, she's trying to be butch. She smiles and grabs my hand while we walk inside the club. I can't believe my eyes at all the drag queens. Men flitting around, acting prissy, batting their eyes, adjusting their lipstick.

A tall red-head comes my way, a man taller than me and that's saying a lot. "Hello, honeys. Welcome to Smittys." He holds his hands out like a woman would and kisses our cheeks. "I'm Smitty and this is my domain."

"First time out," Heather says as she thumbs at me.

"And a fine queen you make." Smitty looks me up and down as he/she cocks a brow.

"Uh, thank you," I say. I'm blushing but I'm sure the cosmetics on my face hides it well. We meet other drag queens, all act the same. They try to outdo each other in the acting feminine department.

"Put your legs together, you're a lady, remember," Heather says as she slaps my knee. I quickly pull my knees together. At least I still have that by sitting like a man with knees apart.

"Sorry, it's hard getting this down right," I admit.

"Is it hard now?" Heather grins at me.

My cock swells. "It is now," I say.

"Good, let's dance, my drag queen," Heather says and pulls me to the dance floor.

I tower over her, my shoes giving me another four inches of height. She's petite, to begin with, but this makes us look ridiculous. She's barely at my chest, her head looking more at my solar plexus. My cock stiffens even more, and she backs away and obviously looks at it. Yep, it won't be contained within the silk panties on my ass. I can't even adjust it to hide it. It's just out there. Heather seems proud of it as she rubs against me. I groan wanting release.

"Can we leave now?" I ask. Though I'm comfortable in my drag skin, flitting around as well as the other queens here. But I'm horny and need some alone time with my new manly Heather.

"Yes, let's. Time for phase two of the evening. It's not over yet," she says and drags me to the door.

"Where are we going now?" I ask as she drives us away from the club.

"Home, of course," she says as she steers the car to the freeway.

Home. Huh. I wonder what she's up to that requires a phase two.

Once we are back at her apartment, I stumble up the walk and through the door. The sandals are killing my feet. I step out of the shoes and rub my sore toes.

"Phase two. You stay dressed. I'll be right back."

Heather comes to the living room completely naked. She grins and motions for the bedroom. "Lie down with your face at the foot."

I give her a confused look, but do as she says. Once I'm comfortable she steps to me.

"This is what it's like being fucked with by a man. Eat my pussy," she says and sits square on my face. For a split second, I couldn't breathe, but I didn't dare push her off. If she needs me to prove my manhood by her being the dominating one, I'm not going to fight it. She adjusts her ass over me until her clit is at my mouth. Thankfully she lifts enough I can gulp air.

"Eat me, I said," she barks.

I lick as best I can through her lovely smelling slit. She groans and grinds into my face. I find her member blindly and suck it into my mouth. She bends forward and grabs my arms, keeping me from moving too much. At least she's hovering over me more than just sitting straight on me. Her clit swells as my tongue swirls. I run it back dipping into her hole until she grinds it out of my reach. She drops my hands and turns around with her back to my belly. By bending forward, she gives me greater access and more air. My tongue swirls over her. I'm not doing as good a job since I'm not in control. She moves her body, swaying her hips and grinding into my face. I lick as best I can in between her muff covering my nose. I'm pretty good at holding my breath, having held my breath for two full minutes under water last year in swim class. Great training for a Heather facesitting marathon. I gulp air each time she lifts. Her clit swells more, and she bucks over my face faster and faster. I turn my tongue into a tornado, swirling like crazy.

"Oh, oh, oh, keep going, Ace, keep going," Heather says. Her moans are loud and she's bucking up and down over me. Suddenly, she yells out as her body explodes. She grinds into my lips; my tongue can't move as she bears down over me. I gulp air when she lifts, but she comes back down hard onto my face. Her quivering pussy shimmies over me, her juices ooze onto my chin. Finally, she's done and stops thrashing over my mouth. She lifts and moves back to my knees. She's also breathing hard.

"Fuck, Ace," she says as she lifts my dress. My cock is so hard I think I'm going to explode. She grabs my cock and yanks it out of the panties, shoving them down below my balls. I groan as her soft hands move gingerly over my cock. She hoists up over my hard penis and comes down, nailing it just right. "I'm going to fuck you until you scream." She's out of control, wild and crazy.

I groan as she moves, her pussy is slick and squeezing my cock so hard. Her boobs are flopping up and down. I thrust forward meeting with each downward move she makes. I reach up and grab her boobs, pinching her nipples hard.

"Fuck!" I yell. She's going to break off my cock with her wild thrashes.

"Dammit, I'm going to come again. UH." Heather bends forward and watches as she saws against my cock with her stiff little clit. Her pussy squeezes me harder as her body lurches into another pulsating orgasm. I grab hold of her hips and cram her hard over me as I come, my cock lengthens and squirts hot cum straight up filling her full. Together we rock through the pulses of pleasure, moaning and moving in unison. Finally, my cock quiets and she stop moving and collapses on top of me. I rub her back, my long gleaming nails scraping against her skin.

The laughter happens. I can't help it. I look ridiculous with a dripping cock that just came inside my girlfriend. My face is a mess from her pussy smearing all

over it. The panties are at mid-thigh and the dress falls precariously back in place. Heather joins me in laughter as she snaps a photo of me with her phone. Fuck. She lifts it to her.

"This is for blackmail, in case I want Ace the chick to come back out to play," she says. Her laughter is louder than mine, she covers her mouth and points at me like I'm a freak. Yes, I look utterly ridiculous. I've been humiliated, and face fucked tonight. And yes, I brought it all on myself. But if I have to be honest, I enjoyed it.

"Fine," I say. "May I shower now?"

Heather softens her expression. "Yes, only if I can shower with you."

Good! It's a good sign. I learn the fine art of make-up removal. In the shower, I become the jock me again. I've been humiliated and realized something about myself. Though I'm a jock, I also enjoy dressing as a woman. I enjoy wearing silk panties and flitting about like I'm somebody else. It was refreshing being at the trans club with others just like me. Men who were as big and tall as me, dressed to perfection in their gowns and heels, their faces painted, wigs on their heads, acting like women. Not all were gay. It was news to me that straight men could be this way too. I'm not gay, but I did enjoy it.

As Heather and I lay in bed together she snuggles into my side. I rub circles over her shoulders. "May I ask how you plan to blackmail me?" I ask. I had yet to admit to her how much I enjoyed the evening. I figure that's her plans and it really plays into my plans now.

"Well, Ace, since you showed such keen interest in dressing as a woman, I figured I'll give you the opportunity to allow me to play the dominating girlfriend and dress you as Ace the queen when the urge hits. You're not the only one who sometimes fantasizes about being who we're not."

I lift my head. "Are you interested in women?" I had to ask.

Heather busts out laughing. "Not any more so than you're interested in men."

I realize how well we're matched. I smile and say nothing except to relish in the moment of discovery. "So, the blackmail will be you forcing me to dress as a woman and attending the trans club?"

"Yes. When I feel like doing it." She lifts her head and smiles at me.

"And this is the condition for us staying together?" I ask.

She rests her head on my shoulder. "It certainly is, now."

I sigh. "So be it," I say. I don't protest, and I never admit to how happy that makes me. I need her to think she has one on me because if she thought I really did like it, she may come up with something else like parading me around campus in drag. This is a part of myself I want to keep from everyone else. I'll share it with Heather only, and with my new drag queen friends.

THE END

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