

Loner Finds His Comfort Between The Folds Of His Crush's
PINK LACY PANTIES



A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE

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I was perfectly happy with my stein of beer as I sat at the table with my group of friends. We met every Friday night drinking and laughing and having a good time. There were eight of us in the group and we were perfectly matched women to men. Well the three other men in the group had girlfriends and three of the women in the group had boyfriends, I was perfectly okay not having anyone. I was okay around my friends but around other women I was very painfully shy. Okay, don't get me wrong I've had my share of get-togethers with women but primarily if I had drunk enough beers to do so. I just wasn't interested in casual relationships. And I was too shy to dive into a serious conversation and ask a lady out who I could have a serious relationship with. I was okay with it. My friends were not.

I had tried on numerous occasions to muster up the courage to ask a pretty lady out. I end up getting flustered and unable to speak right unless I was talking about financial statistics. I work for one of the biggest finance firms in the country. I sat in the back office and poured over statistics and algorithms after which I bring the information to the financial officers who then present to their clients who make us lots of money. I'm so shy I don't even want to speak to anybody in the public that's why I chose the profession I did. I'm a math genius and I enjoy working with numbers.

“Warren, did you ever ask that art little blonde in your office out on a date?”

Roger asked.

I sucked down the remainder of the beer in my stein and looked up at Roger. I shook my head fast sending him a telepathic message to just shut up about it.

“Oh really? Please tell us what happened? ” Cheryl asked. She was the nosey gal in our group and always in my face about trying to set me up with one of her friends.

“Nothing. absolutely nothing, because I didn't ask her out,” I said. I was hoping that my tone of voice would dissuade them from asking anymore questions, but they were like dogs on a bone and wouldn't let it go.

Cheryl tilted her head and squinted her eyes at me. I knew she wasn't going to let this go. “Come on, Warren. You know we don't believe that for a second. If you have some good dirt dish it out to us because we want to hear it,” she said. The others around the table all looked at me and nodded in agreement.

I exhaled looking defeated. “Okay, I tried to ask her out. She was at the copier, so I got up and tried to make an excuse to be in there with her. I casually stepped up to the copier and looked down at her and smiled. Even wagged my brow to show her that I was playful and not just a math nerd. She giggled and shook her head already making assumptions about me. I invited her out for coffee after work and she just laughed and waved her hand at me and said that she already had plans. She walked away muttering sorry. I felt that that was a big sign that she wasn't interested in me. There you have it now go ahead and laugh at me,” I said.

Cheryl looked like she felt sorry for me after I had spoken. She put her hand out for everyone to stop snickering over my pitiful love life. She lifted her hand and patted mine. "I'm sorry, sweetie. She's not the right one, don't keep barking up that tree. There's a girl out there for you, I just know it. You just have to keep looking," she said.

Thankfully, the conversation moved away from my love life and the sad story of where I keep trying to get a date and it just doesn't happen. That's why I feel like I'm no longer interested in trying to get a woman to say yes to a date with me. I don't think I'm ugly, or anything. I mean, I am kind of cute but I'm also very much a math nerd. Perhaps I need to find the women who are into nerds.

I did notice one of our friends sitting at the table with me, Brittany, kept looking at me and smiling. She wasn't laughing with the others when they were making fun of me. It peaked my interest as I now consider her.

Brittany, or Sassy as everyone called her, was normally outspoken. Instead, she'd been watching me looking as if she's contemplating something to say to me. Everyone called her Sassy except for me, I called her Britany.

"Brittany, what's on your mind?" I asked. She grinned at me and lifted her brow.

"Why do you call me Brittany? " she asked.

"Because that your name, isn't it?"

Britney laughed. "True, but everyone here calls me Sassy. Because that's what I am," she said as she nodded.

"Sassy frassy, she has an opinion about everything," Cheryl said as she widened her eyes.

Brittany turned to her and gave her a silly grin. I only have an opinion if I feel like I need to. Sometimes, you guys rag on poor Warren here until he's frazzled. The boy just needs to be taken by the hand and shown how things are," Brittany said.

I smiled, and I nodded. "Thank you, Britney. I appreciate that," I said.

Brittany turned back to me as she folded her arms over her beautiful chest. I couldn't help but notice she had cleavage that wouldn't quit. But I shook my head because well, I'm not exactly scoring a hundred on getting girls to go out with me. Her fiery red hair swung gracefully at her shoulders and her bangs flowed into her eyes. She kept having to move her head to get her hair out of her eyes.

"So, what will it take to get you to call me Sassy?" Brittany asked.

I chuckled and shook my head. "Maybe if you prove to me just how sassy you are, I can change my name for you. But I have always called you Brittany and it's very hard for me to change my ways," I said.

The others, thankfully, quit talking amongst themselves. Brittany scooted over so

that she was in the seat beside mine. Her eyes trailed down my body as she looked at me like I was a piece of meat. I must admit, it turned me on greatly to have that much attention from this beautiful redhead.

“Dearest, let me give you some advice. If you want the attention of a beautiful young lady, you're going to have to learn to change your ways just a little bit. I think your little too stiff and I don't mean in the fun pleasurable way either. It's like your set in your ways and you're an old man in a young man's body. You're not half bad looking , in fact, you're kind of cute. So, loosen up, sweet pie, and go with the flow. And when a pretty girl asks you to call her something else, you should do so. It might turn into something more,” Brittany said.

My hands trembled as I put them in my lap to stop the shaking. It wasn't too often that a pretty woman paid this much attention to me. I never thought of myself as being particularly attracted to this redhead, but she had my attention. I would like to go home and explore the possibilities before implementing them. However, here she is, telling me to just go with the flow. Perhaps I should ask her out. I wonder if she would even say yes? Or I wonder if she would turn her sharp sass to me and embarrass me further in front of my friends. Brittany is new to our group added on as one of John's friends recently. I like her, but I don't know a lot about her. As she sat so close to me and giving me such advice, I wondered if she had a thing for me? Wouldn't that be a hoot?

Just when I was gathering the courage and the nerve to say something more, Brittany turned to our group and joined in their conversation. She had her opinion and she had to offer it to the group. I sat back and actually breathed a sigh of relief thinking no, she's not for me. I wished women were easier to read. I knew that I was clueless, but I also knew that the older I got the more desperate I felt to want the attention and affection from a woman. Even if it's the affections were from a fiery redhead named Brittany, who wanted me to call her Sassy.

Yes, I must admit to myself first that I did have an attraction to the fiery redhead.

Sassy had my full staffed attention. But I sat back and observed as I often did while all my friends bantered back and forth how her sharp tongue lashed out when she offered her opinion. she kept glancing over to see my reaction to the things that she was saying. She spoke her mind, calling people ugly, or old, or simply not worth the trouble. I didn't like that part about her. However, as I looked at her, I realized I loved her petite body. She had a nice rack that's not too big but enough to make cleavage that snaked down into the shadows under her shirt and made me want to explore. She had hips and an ass that wiggled when she walked and a petite body that made me want to pick her up and shove her over my stiff pole and take her for a spin. I shook my head and pushed those thoughts out of my brain. Sometimes, I allowed my cock to think for me and I didn't need to do that.

Towards the end of our gathering Sassy brightened up and looked at me. "Will you come?" she asked.

I had been deep in thought and shook my head because I didn't hear what they were talking about. I was thinking about how my hard cock was gonna make it tough for me to stand up right now. "I'm sorry, what did you say?" I asked.

"To my apartment for a party, of course," Sassy said she grinned brightly at me.

Of course, I took her up on the invite and found myself in her apartment on Saturday night. It was just our regular group of friends but since she was the newest member, she wanted us to come over and entertain us. She was such a spitfire that I found myself incredibly attracted to the fiery redhead. I wanted to gather the nerve to ask her out but me being me I couldn't find it in me to do so.

Instead, I excused myself to her bathroom because being around her caused me to have an erection that wouldn't quit. I had to work it around so that I could

comfortably stuff it inside my jockeys. Finally, I had myself pieced back together enough that I could join the party. A nice seat in the corner of her living room helped me to sit back and simply observe.

Sassy came over carrying a tall glass of beer and handed it to me. "This is a special brew, a draft made by my brother. Take a drink and tell me what you think," she said.

I took a sip and I liked it. "Mmmm, this is good," I said.

Sassy continued sitting beside me as she placed her hand on the arm at the chair in which I sat. I kept glancing at it looking at her long gleaming nails and her petite slender fingers. She had beautiful skin, flawless, in fact. Her redhead gave her a splattering of freckles across her nose and her face. I wondered what it would be like to taste her red lips and feel her petite body wrapped around mine. I desperately wanted to get to know the girl better. She finally had to get up to take care of her other guests and I got up and refilled my tank last with more of that delicious draft beer.

I drank a third glass of beer and by then my bladder was extremely full. I walked up the hall to the guest bathroom and saw that it was occupied. I didn't think my bladder could take it much longer and in desperation I turned and saw Sassy standing close to the opening of the hall.

"You look like you're in need of a bathroom, am I right?" Sassy asked.

I couldn't help but smile and nod as I said, "Yes, I had too many beers I need to find a bathroom in soon."

“Just go to the last door on the right and you can use the master bathroom,” Sassy said. I marched down the hall and to her bedroom and her bathroom and shut the door quickly before I wet myself.

After I relieved myself, I couldn't help but look around as curiosity got the best of me. I was inside her very private master bathroom.

Her walk-in closet was also held within the master bathroom. I opened the doors and widened my eyes at the size of the closet. Turning on the light and walking in I saw her dresser against one wall and the clothes hanging against another. Curious again, I opened a drawer and saw the stacks of silk and lace underwear.

I quickly shut the door as I blushed heavily. Looking around I'm not sure what I was looking for it was as if someone were watching me or something. I washed my hands with her floral soap and dried them the big fluffy white hand towel. She really knew how to have the best of everything. Turning around I preceded to walk out the door but then I stopped. I don't know why but I turned back to the door that I had just shut. Opening it again I placed my hands over the tops and the silky panties. They were cool and soft, and I felt a tingle all the way down to the tip of my head in my cock. Instantly, my cock swelled, and my heartbeat quickened. I felt dirty doing what I was doing. I didn't let it stop me, though. I picked up a pair of pink silk panties with white lace around the leg openings and the waist line. I grinned as I pictured the fiery redhead wearing this pair of panties over her sweet muff. I wished I could see her in them right now. I wondered what color panties she was wearing under her outfit.

I swallowed hard as I held the pair of panties in my hand. I picked up another pair, a soft ivory colored pair and the lace matched the silk fabric. She was wearing a simple black dress tonight, one that was cut high halfway up her thighs and cut low showing a bit for cleavage. I had her pegged for being a C-

cup, perhaps. She didn't have a huge rack, but she had just enough to make a man happy. It certainly made me happy when I thought about it. I pulled two pairs of panties in my hands to my nose and took a deep breath. They smelled of fresh laundry soap and fabric softener. Of course, they were clean. I turned around as I'm such a dirty minded boy and searched for the dirty clothes hamper. I find it in the corner by the door to the closet. I smiled as my hands trembled as I opened the top. There within at the bottom I see a pair of panties, and a matching bra, and underneath it looked like some sort of a night shirt with blue and white stripes. I turned again and investigated the room as if someone was standing there but I knew that the door was locked, and no one was there. I reached within and plucked up the dirty clothes all three items. I felt like I'm about to pass out because I'm holding something that she's worn against her body that hasn't been washed. I brought the clothes to my face and took a big sniff. I detected her faint perfume and the bath soap that I saw sitting in the bathtub. Ah, her pure essence made my cock throb even more within my pants. Before I knew it, I yanked down my pants. I needed to rub one out before I go back out there, or I would be sporting a raging hard-on and have blue balls by the end of the night. I didn't imagine that I'd be nailing a woman tonight.

I quickly rubbed my hand up and down my cock swirling my fingers over the tip and shut my eyes picturing Sassy doing it for me. With one hand, I lifted or dirty clothes to my face and sniffed her essence as I rubbed one out with my other hand. I lurched forward and groaned as great plops of cum fell all over her floor. Finally, I finished and was breathing hard. The toilet paper worked well to clean up to come that fell to the floor.

After I cleaned the mess I stood over the toilet and tried to spray out more piss after coming. Breathing deeply, I had to calm down after what I have just done. It is somehow more exciting to jack off in Brittany's bathroom than it would be if I was in my own apartment doing it by myself. Somehow, this helped me to feel closer to her.

I finally gathered my nerve and instead of pulling my pants up after I pissed, I

pulled them completely off including my shoes. After yanking my jockeys down, I kicked them away from me. I held the dirty pair of panties, a light blue pair with white lace, and slid my feet do the leg holes. My cheeks heated as I pulled the pair over my body. With my cock and balls relaxed I didn't have a hard on, it was easy to pull up the panties. A surge of energy pulsed through me as I pulled the pair all the way up. Afterward, I dressed in my jeans pulling the pair easily over the panties. I looked down at my jockeys I had kicked across the floor and I wasn't sure what to do with them. I picked them up after putting my shoes on and tried to stuff the pair into my pocket. It produced too big a bulge, so I took them out of the pocket. I pitched the pair into the dirty clothes hamper along with her bra and night shirt. I figured after the party was over, I would escape back into her bathroom and pull my jockeys back out and replace them with her panties. at least for the moment, I wanted to have this little bit of action even if I was the only one that knew about it for the remainder of the party. I was such a dirty boy with a naughty secret.

When I walked out of the master bathroom, I thought I was able to return to the party without anyone noticing but Brittany came up to me with her brow lifted and she took me in with her eyes.

“You were in there quite a while, is everything okay?” she asked.

I had trouble swallowing as I cleared my throat. I knew that I was blushing again, but I had to act as if nothing were going on. “ Yes, I am sorry. Too much cheese dip last night. I wouldn't go in there for a while if I were you,” I said as I waved my hand in front of my face.

Sassy shook her head and laughed. “Okay, I just noticed you were not here for a while and I was hoping everything was okay. Sorry about the bathroom issues,” she said.

I skated by with that one and it was too close. I figured she would stay out of her bathroom if she thought it stunk in there anyway. I walked around during the rest of the party wearing her panties. It was a dirty little secret that only I knew. Every step I took I felt the soft material rubbing up against my cock. It didn't take long for my cock to swell again especially when Sassy walked up to me and tilted her head as she looked up at me.

“Are you having a good time, Warren? ” she asked. She placed her hand on my shoulder and ran her fingers over it. I wanted to growl and pull her into my arms and tell her what I was wearing underneath my jeans, but I didn't.

Instead, I smiled. “Yes, Britt, Sassy, I'm having a great time,” I said.

Every time I walked around, I was keenly aware of the panties on my Butt. It made me feel special and very naughty at the same time. I went back to the keg for more beer. The alcohol helped take the edge off the shame I felt and of my shyness. Maybe if I drank enough beer, I would have the courage to ask Sassy out on a real date. I hoped so. I walked around the party mingling with my friends and noticed Sassy had disappeared for a while. I grew curious as to where she had gone, and I worried that she was inside the bathroom discovering exactly what I had done.

Finally, sassy emerged out of the master bedroom. She narrowed her eyes at me and walked in the living room, but she didn't say anything to me for someone else had stopped her and pulled her away.

I kept my distance from her hoping that I could sneak back into the master bedroom and into the master bath and take her panties off and replace my jockeys back on to my body. I couldn't go in there for others were occupying both bathrooms at the same time. But I noticed that Sassy kept looking at me

kept trying to come over to me like she wanted to say something. I grew very worried about it because she had lost her spark and it was replaced with a little bit of anger.

“Warren, wait up,” Sassy said as she waved at me from across the room.

I had picked up a small sandwich square and stuffed into my mouth quickly. I had just swallowed another gulp of beer when Sassy caught up to me. I smiled at her and lifted my brow acting innocent.

“What's up?” I asked nonchalantly.

“Would you mind following me into my bedroom?” Sassy asked.

Would I mind? My heartbeat wildly in my chest as I contemplated what she was asking. Was she asking me to follow her in her bedroom because she was interested in me? Or did she discover something I really didn't want her to discover? I nodded and smiled as I followed her and her bedroom. No one noticed or said a word as she quietly shut the door.

“In here,” Sassy said as she nodded toward her bathroom.

I was beginning to think that I was in big trouble. I followed her into the bathroom and she walked to her closet and pulled out the hamper. After she opened it, she looked down and plucked up the pair of jockeys from the bottom. Then she looked me in the eye. “Warren are these yours?” she asked.

Suddenly, my mouth went dry. I parted my lips but I'm sure she saw that I blanched to the point that I wanted to pass out. What could I say? Those were indeed my jockeys. But I could lie to her and tell her I had no clue. So, I shrugged.

“Then you wouldn't mind proving to me that these do not belong to you by lowering your pants,” Sassy said.

I blinked hard as I struggled to suck in a breath. She had me that was for sure. “Lower them, or I'm calling the police and telling them you stole my underwear,” she said.

She had me, so I had to do what she requested. I slowly lowered my jeans, so she could see her panties on my ass. I started to say I was sorry, but she looked as if she were about to puke. She kept lurching forward and finally she busted out laughing and pointed at my crotch. I winced.

“I can't believe what I'm looking at. No wonder you wanted to wear my little panties. You don't even have a cock, do you? Are you actually a woman that's trying to dress up as a man?” Sassy laughed so hard she had tears in her eyes. I stepped back reeling from the cruel words and couldn't believe what she was saying to me.

“I... I'm sorry, Brittany I mean Sassy. I don't know what came over me that caused me to do this. I'm so ashamed.” I lowered my head as the heat settled on my cheeks.

Sassy kept laughing and laughing. Her finger jutted at me and she shook her head. "Seriously, do you even have a cock?" she asked. She was laughing so hard she had tears in her eyes.

I looked at her feeling so distressed. By now any erection I had was gone and my cock grew flaccid from her remarks. "Yes, I am a man. It turned me on to put your panties on that's why did it," I said.

"No, you're a woman. You're a woman that has been dressing up as a man all this time. And I tell you what, Warren, if you don't do as I say I will call the police and charge you with stealing my underwear. So, since you want to be a woman so bad you can dress up like one fully right now," Sassy said. She turned around and rifled through her closet until she found a blue dress with the short skirt. After pulling it out she smiled at me as she held it up to me. "Yes, this will do nicely."

"I really don't want to do this. Please, Sassy, don't make me," I said.

"Okay, then I will just call the cops," Sassy said as she pulled her phone up and started to swipe her thumb across it.

"No, please don't. I'll do what you say just please don't call the police." I shut my eyes and took in a shaky breath I had been a bad boy.

"Good, I knew you'd see it my way. Maybe once you have a dress on you realize that you really are a woman," Sassy said.

“I really am sorry, Sassy. I'll even buy you a new pair of panties to make up for it,” I said.

“No, I don't want a new pair of panties. You can make up for it by wearing a dress, right now, right here,” Sassy said.

It pained me to submit to Sassy, but I really had no choice. I didn't want her calling the cops. So, I slipped out of my clothing and let her zip the dress up over my body. It had a sleeveless top and was tight fitting on her but a little baggie in the chest for me. The skirt hit mid-thigh and my hairy legs and knobby knees were showing beneath the hem.

Sassy left. “Just pull off your shoes and socks and you can go barefooted. I'm not gonna have you leave the house.”

I slid out of my shoes and socks and laid them on top of the dresser along with my pants and shirt. Sassy thought it was funny as she had me sit on the edge of her bathtub while she painted her cosmetics on my face. The bright blue eye shadow and deep charcoal eyeliner brought out my blue eyes, according to her. The whole process was incredibly humiliating. But I let her do it.

“Since I don't have a wig, I'll let you borrow one of my best headbands,” she said. She turned to her vanity and opened a drawer and plucked out a black headband. It was wide and lacy and had a crocheted flower on it. She smiled as she fixed my hair and put the headband over my head.

“Yes, that will do nicely. Now you are lovely and showing up exactly what you are. You are a woman,” Sassy said.

Sassy started for the door and I hesitated to follow her. She turned around and looked at me and motioned with her hand for me to follow her. “Wait, please tell me, are you going to tell them that you caught me wearing your panties?” I asked.

Sassy smiled as she stepped back to me. She reached her hand up and caressed my cheek. Her skin was soft and warm, and I wanted to pull her to me except for the humiliation I was feeling now. “No, that can be our little secret. But you can spend the rest of the party out there with me dressed as my girlfriend,” she said.

I literally trembled as I hesitated to follow her out there. The humiliation was almost more than I could take. I looked at her with pleading eyes. “Do I really have to do this in front of our friends?”

“I tell you what, Warren, if you do this, I will let you have a little fun with me later,” Sassy said as she grabbed my hand.

I followed her out of the room and back into the living room where all eyes turned to me. Sassy smiled and held her hands out to me. “Everyone, I want you to meet my girlfriend,” she said and clapped.

That brought on a plethora of questions from all our friends. They kept grabbing me and making fun of me and want to know why I was dressed that way. John kept at me and so did Cheryl wanting to know how in the world Sassy could get me into a dress like this.

“Let's just say Sassy and I had a little bet going and I lost. I'm paying my debt to her by doing this,” I said.

I gratefully took another beer from Sassy and I followed her around as her girlfriend. I stepped into the role and enjoyed wearing the dress. I even sat on a stool and had my legs apart and as the evening wore on and the drunker I became, the more aroused I became as well. Sassy noticing my posture came up to me stepping in between my legs.

“My dear, you're sort of proving me wrong that you're not my girlfriend. In fact, you're showing that you have a little man in there,” she said as she slid her hand up my thigh on my bare skin until it reached her panties and my crotch. She gave my cock a nice squeeze and slid down to the balls and massaged them for second. I groaned and wanted to throw her down and take her right there except for the people walking to us, and I had to pretend that everything was just great.

Sassy winked at me and smiled. We had a little secret between us now. I certainly had the rest of the night to look forward too and I wished that the last person would hurry up and leave so that I could have my time with Sassy alone. Even though it was difficult in arriving at this moment, if it ended up like I hoped it would then I have to say it's worth it wearing the dress.

My cock was so hard I was in pain from the throbbing. Even though it had been a few hours since I had jacked off in Sassy's bathroom earlier, I had recovered nicely from it. Even though Sassy humiliated me with her harsh words by laughing at me and calling me a woman, I had recovered. The humiliation for dressing like a woman in front of my friends was well worth what it was about to get me. The fiery redhead turned my ticker so hard I thought I was going to bust just by being in the same room with her. As our friends filed out one by one, she would press herself against me while giggling and grabbing my crotch and squeezing my cock. It gave her great pleasure to know she was toying with me. I had to stay seated because the hard on was so obvious you could see it very

clearly through the short dress. I feared it would pitch a tent and bring the hem right up to the bottom of the panties that I wore underneath the dress.

Finally, the last person walked out of her apartment. She shut the door and gave me a come-hither look. Licking her lips as she swayed her hips, she walked toward me. I was about to lose it all and groaned just as she approached. She tiptoed up and slipped her hands around my neck and pulled my face down to hers. I launched on her with my lips touching hers as I wanted to taste everything about her. The kiss was deep and long as our tongues met and jabbed at each other. I lifted her to me as she wrapped her legs around me and carried her to the bedroom. I threw her down on the bed and she giggled while she scooted out of her panties.

I quickly came out of her panties too; my cock was so hard it was dripping with precum. She laid back on the bed and giggled. I preceded to lift the dress and she held up her hand and shook her head.

“No, leave the dress on while we do this,” she said.

I didn't care at this point. The only thing I cared about was piercing through her warm soft folds which were lying open to me right now. Her excitement glistened up at me as I took my cock in my hand and swiped it up through her soft warm folds. Her feet wrapped around my waist and I brought my cock head over her hardening nob causing her to moan and arch her back. She pulled up on her dress until her breasts were showing. Just as I thought, C-cups with perky nipples all luscious and beautiful were staring at me. I placed my hand on them and squeezed tweaking her nipples causing her to moan louder. I rubbed my cock hard over her stiff clit and finally shoved my cock piercing through her sweet lips until I was in balls deep. I lurched forward thrusting within her pumping into her with all that I had. She moaned and groaned as she arched her back. Lifting, she watched as my cock sawed against her hard clit. I felt her body give way as she trembled underneath me. Her pussy clinched around my cock

squeezing hard as she came bucking up and down and yelling at in pleasure.

That's all it took for me and I couldn't wait any longer. I lurched forward piercing through her soft warm lips within her deep and hard and bare. I grabbed her legs as I came shooting every ounce of hot cum deep into her pussy. I fucked her hard so that she had no doubt in her mind that I was a man and she was a woman.

THE END

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