

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

PANTY STEALING SISSY

Boss Is Caught In The Shower By His Cruel Secretary!

SCARLETT STEELE

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

PANTY STEALING SISSY

Boss Is Caught In The Shower By His Cruel Secretary!

SCARLETT STEELE

Panty Stealing Sissy Boss Is Caught In The Shower By His Cruel Secretary!

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2019

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, pegging and more.....

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.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>

I run the lint roller over my suit as I have several big clients I need to see today. As I smile into the mirror, I realize I need to brush my teeth, I am very vain, and I know it. I was once told by girlfriend, an ex-girlfriend, that I was a little bit too prissy with the mirror. I'm sure I don't know what she's talking about. I must maintain an excellent appearance for my job. I'm the one person people see and bridge the gap between the client and my company, Brooks Sales and Marketing. We have a big image to maintain as being one of the largest advertising agencies in the city. And I am their top advisor.

I note that I need more toothpaste, I think I'll try the whitening kind. I walk out the door whistling as I walked to my BMW. That's another thing I have that so wonderful about this job, a company car. When I pull up in this nice shiny car, people take notice. I look as good as the car, I smile into the rearview mirror and back out of my driveway. I'm glad I don't live on a busy street and I'm glad I live in the suburbs and not in the city. I don't mind the long drive to the city, as it gives me time to clear my mind and to think. I practice my speech that I'm going to say to the new clients talking them into signing on with my marketing company. I would say I win 90% of the people I see, and my commissions are huge.

As I waltz into the office Myra smiles up at me. "Here you go, Zac, the day's

itinerary.” She has beautiful teeth too. I love a woman with good teeth, but more so I love a woman with good style. She has both going for her and I figure with her looks and personality, she should climb the ladder fast in this company. But she also has a bitchy side, one that she shows when she's in a bad mood. And that's probably what has kept her from climbing the ladder and kept her in the receptionist desk.

As I lean over the counter I grab the list. “Thanks doll,” I say as I flash her my million-dollar smile.

Traipsing to my office I quickly grab the brochures and the contract pad. After shoving it into my briefcase, I'm ready to face the day nailing at least eight sales. Ten places are on the list.

The first place I walk into is a little seamstress establishment. The front of the shop has dresses hanging on racks exclusively made by the seamstress in the back. Mrs. Campbell smiles at me as her face stretches out the wrinkles that are around her eyes. She has black dyed hair stretched tightly from her head and twirled into a little bun in the back of her head. She is it though, she is the one I am to impress. Women like her are easy to impress as I plant a smile on my face and step forward.

“Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Campbell, I won't take much of your time and I'll get right to the point,” I say as I sit down in the chair across the little table from her.

“You'll do well to do that because I'm a busy woman. But I also know that I need help in getting the word out about my dress shop. And that's why I called for you, but please know I'm also talking to three others,” she says.

Oh, I like a challenge. By the time the meeting's over I will have her contract in my briefcase, I know it. I clear my throat as I smile and pour forth with my words of great knowledge about marketing and advertising and her small business. I tell her how our marketing company goes over and above any of the others that she has talked to or will talk to. I give her a deal she can't refuse if she signs now, she will get our unbeatable price and the extra time on the advertising. I throw in internet marketing as well knowing that she probably struggles in this area too.

I go back to the office at the end of the day with Mrs. Campbell's contract in my briefcase, and eight others. Yes, I nailed nine of them. And the tenth one was a small establishment, a dry-cleaning business that could barely make ends meet. They just didn't have the budget for the likes of us, so I had to throw that one back in.

When I walk to the door, I see that Myra's in a bad mood. She glances up at me her brow furrowed and doesn't even give me the time of day. She's busy running her fingers over her calculator as if all life depended on it.

I throw my briefcase on the counter and smile down at her anyway. "I did it! I nailed nine of the ten clients I saw today," I brag to her.

"Good for you. I'm so happy that you had an awesome day. Now if you will excuse me Mr. Brooks is waiting for the reports," she says flatly and turns back to her work.

I lean forward wanting to help her. "You know, Myra, you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar," I say as I grab my briefcase and back away. She glares at me as her sweet self from this morning has made its way out.

“They don't pay me to be sweet as honey,” she says.

Ah, another challenge. I step to her with my smile on my face. I lean forward and look into her eyes. “Honey let me give you some advice. You are the receptionist of this place and if you ever want to climb up any higher, I suggest that you straighten out your attitude a little bit,” I say and then I smile hoping it fuses the tone.

Myra straightens in her chair and puts her hand on her shapely hip. She's a curvy woman, the kind that I really like. She glares up at me with not a hint of sweetness in her face this afternoon. “I'll have you know, I am not a receptionist. I went to business school and received a certification as a secretary. I am the secretary of Brooks Sales and Marketing. And I suggest you get that straight in your little mind too,” she says.

Ouch. I must admit that I winced a little, but I try not to show it too much. After all my main schtick is a calm demeanor and a friendly style. I tilt my head as a smile. “Myra, honey, forgive me for calling you a receptionist. I didn't realize that your official title is secretary. I'm merely stating that sometimes you've lost your sweetness and it really shows. You are a beautiful woman and if you were just a little bit sweeter, you'd be stunning. Beauty is skin deep, yes, but a sweet heart, a true sweet heart, helps a woman glow. I'm just trying to help you in that area,” I say. I pat her desk three times and I pick up my briefcase and go before she has a chance to say anything else to me.

I don't know why I let Myra's sour attitude get to me. I think it's because I am used to getting my way. I mean, my million dollar looks, and my million-dollar smile wins a lot of sales. But Myra, she's one tough nut to crack. I'm not sure that I can help her. She needs to know that I made all A's and speech and personality classes. I learned early on that if you're nice, smiling, and sweet all

the time, you win a lot more than you lose.

It doesn't take me long to forget that I had been figuratively slapped by Myra. I try not to let the secretary of Brooks Sales and Marketing dictate my mood when I'm home. My lovely townhouse situated on top of the hill and overlooks the valley where the city sits. I enjoy operating my barbecue on my deck as a whistle. And I go to bed like I always do, and I wake up the next morning and get ready for work wearing yet another distinctive suit.

Today I plan to try something as I waltz up to the secretary's desk where Myra sits. She doesn't have the sweet smile she had yesterday morning, I guess yesterday afternoon's bitchiness chased it away. She looks up at me and sighs. Maybe I've made her weary.

I plant on my best smile and approach her. "Good morning, beautiful Myra. I have a proposition for you today. Would you like to accompany me to lunch? My treat," I say as I waggle my brow at her.

Myra's expression changes and softens a little. She smiles at me. "Good morning, Zac. Thank you for the compliment. And thank you for asking me out to lunch, but I would like to politely decline. I already have plans," she says.

I smile and nod. "Perhaps another day then. You have a good one," I say as I walk away toward my office.

I have a hard time doing my work. It's because my mind keeps going back to Myra and her rejection. I decide to make it a daily quest to ask her out. Keeping up with my intentions, I approach her the next day with the same smile plastered

across my face.

“Myra, dear, lovely day. Are you free today for lunch?” I ask.

She looks at me like I'm an alien that just landed and I'm dripping green slime all over the floor. Then she straightens her expression and takes a deep breath. “I'm sorry, I'm not free today either. But yes, it's a lovely day and you have a good day too,” she says.

Alrighty then. It's obvious she's not interested in me, but I don't plan to give up that easily. I traipse in the following morning still smiling still hopeful. She must know, she's become a challenge one that I intend to win.

“Good morning, Myra. Are you free today for lunch?” I ask. It's Wednesday, hump day and surely, she doesn't have an excuse for today.

Myra doesn't miss a beat. “Good morning, Zac. No, I'm not free for lunch today. I'm sorry,” she says.

Nope. I'm not going to let this pull me down. I will conquer Myra. I beam my best smile, again. “What about for dinner? I would like to take you out for dinner tonight?”

Myra gives me a sad look, but her eyes are smiling. “I'm sorry, Zac, I'm busy tonight too,” she says.

I bend forward and look at her left hand. There is no ring. “You're not married, maybe perhaps you're seeing someone else?” I ask.

“I really don't think that's any of your business. But if you must know I'm trying to lose weight because I'm in a weight loss challenge. So, what I'm doing in my spare time is getting healthier,” Myra says.

“I would take you out for a salad then. Surely, you don't work out from five to ten,” I say.

“Nice try, big boy. Sometimes it's hard for you to take a hint, huh?” she asks.

“I don't give up that easy. But I'll stop bothering you for now, so have a nice day,” I say as a smile.

Workout, huh? We'll see about that. Our company has a gym in the basement of our building. After work, I make my way downstairs and see that Myra is right and she's working out. I stand back and watch her, she pumps the iron on the machine and she's even sweating. My cock grows hard in my pants as I watch her curves jiggle. I want to plant my cock square between her legs and fuck the ever-living daylights out of her. My cock is a bad boy for he takes over my mind. I wait patiently until she disappears into the shower. No one else is here. I listen outside the door until I hear the shower running and then I sneak inside. I am such a bad boy; my cock is doing my thinking right now. And just as I had thought she left her clothes on the bench. I spy her panties, a pair of silk white panties that are tossed on top of the sweaty clothing. I grab the pair and tiptoe back out and leave. If she won't let me have her, I'll at least have her panties.

I can't say that I don't enjoy it because I do. I slide into the pair of dirty panties the next day and slide my dress slacks over them. I'm wearing the same panties that had touched Myra's muff are now touching my cock. I whistle as I walk to my car and as I go to work. I walk right by her desk and wave hello her way. She looks at me tentatively and says hi and turns back to her work. I want to go to her and say look, I'm wearing your panties, but I don't. Instead, I go to my office and I prepare for the day.

It's easy to walk around her panties on. The silk fabric rubs so nicely against my cock, I keep a stiffy all day long. It's all I can do to keep from jacking off in my pants. But I used the angst of needing relief to propel me on getting more clients for the company. I'm so damn good at what I do, not even a stiff cock can stop me. I feel like I've conquered it all, but I still need to conquer Myra.

I come back to the office at the end of the day with 100% clientele gain. I'm sure my boss will give me a big bonus at the end of this month. I strut through like a rooster who just had his way with all the hens in the hen house. Except that my cock is still as stiff as it can be. Myra is talking to someone as I step through the front lobby. I glance up there and see that she's wearing a low-cut blouse and her abundance of cleavage jiggles just so nicely. What I would give to slide my cock through that valley of flesh. I had taken a big whiff of her panties before I slid the pair over my ass today. Her sweaty muff smells wonderful and I would drag my tongue through it tickling as I licked through to her clit. I could just see her giggling and thrashing about as I made her come. And then I'd climb on top of her as my hands grasp the mountain of flesh on her chest. My cock would thrust through her muff, sweet and wet. And she'd come again because I'm that good a fuck.

After work, I see that Myra heads the gym again. I stand at the edge of the wall and peek in the windows watching her workout waiting patiently as I go into the break room and act like I'm working on something. Three other ladies who follow her into the shower to my disappointment. They are in there talking and laughing and I won't be able to tiptoe in and grab another pair of panties.

Dammit.

I wake up the next day and figure I will try again to grab her panties from the showers. Maybe I could find her gym bag and grab a pair. I found that I enjoy wearing women's panties says I walk around. I'm a manly man, tall and muscular so no one would suspect that underneath it I have a soft pair of panties that normally stays against a muff. Nope, they would never suspect me.

Myra's on the phone when I walk through the door this morning. I walk slowly and she finally hangs up and glances up at me. She's wearing a very tight top, it's as if she wants to tease me. I smile, my million-dollar smile that I know melts the hearts of many, as I approach her. Leaning over the counter, I make sure she notices that I'm looking her over.

"Looking good there, Myra," I say as I wink at her.

She gives me a weird look. "Thank you," she says curtly.

I don't let her curt tone sway me. I tilt my head and look her in the eyes. "It's Friday night. Would you like to go with out with me tonight?" I ask.

Myra simply shakes her head. "Zac, you really don't get the hint, do you? Don't you understand that I don't want to go out with you? I think you're a nice guy and all, but I just don't think you and I would get along together," she says.

"We won't know until we try. We don't know each other outside of this place.

How do you know what kind of woman I like? I like you from what I know of you here. I just like to go out and enjoy a steak and a glass of wine. Maybe even a twirl on the dance floor,” I say as I waggle on my brow at her.

Myra giggles and for a second hope bubbles up in me as I think that maybe just maybe she might say yes. “That sounds nice, but the answer is still no, okay? You have a nice day,” she says. She turns her back to me and puts on the headset as she starts typing on her computer.

Ouch, shot down before I even make it to first base. I guess I'll have to visit the showers again today and get what I want from her, her dirty pair of panties. All day long at work I think about Myra and how she's giving me such a challenge. If she really knew me, she would just go out with me and let me see if we get along or not. She's such a stubborn lady, I guess that I'm hoping my persistence will pay off as I keep asking her out. But if she won't go out with me, at least I can get her panties and have a nice rub off.

Waiting patiently the next day I hope to grab the panties. I hope she works out and showers. Too many women are in there right now, so with slumped shoulders I leave. I absolutely hate being shot down when I'm asking a beautiful woman out on a date. I know Myra can be bitchy at times but maybe that's part of the appeal to me. There's a part of me that has a sick need to want to conquer women who say no to me. I would never go so far as to do anything against their will, but I will go so far as to grab their clothing and wear it and pleasure myself in it. My cock throbs wanting to do so and that's what I plan to do.

I patiently wait out the day as I go through my client list. I do what I do best and today I bring in a 70% success rate. Sometimes I have a down moment and this time, I blame it on my cock. My damn cock always rules me, and this isn't a good time to do so. At the end of the day I stroll downstairs to the gym to see the beautiful Myra working out, alone. Now's my chance to do what I do best and be sneaky and take her panties again. She didn't seem to act too disturbed about it

the last time. I figure the last time I took the clothing she must have thought she lost the pair at the gym. She probably got out of the shower, dried off, and after getting dressed grabbed her dirty clothes without thinking about checking to see if everything was there. That's what I would have done anyway.

I slip around the corner just as Myra finishes with her workout. She heads right to the showers like she always does, she's so predictable. I'm glad no one is with her today, it's my lucky day. I stand outside the door and wait to hear the shower start. She has a habit of turning it on and letting it run for a few minutes before she steps in. Often, she will sing a song while she's showering. That helps me because she's making more noise and she won't hear me slipping in and grabbing her panties.

Finally, she's humming a tune and the water splashing. I open the door just a tad to look through the slit to make sure she's not showering with the curtain open. It's shut but the hot steamy air is blasting it outward. I catch a quick peek of her and she's even dancing as she's humming and then she breaks out and sings. My cock grows long and hard and I know it's emitting precum now. I want to stay in there and watch. Part of me wants to go to the curtain and open it up to take a good long look at her. Another part of me wants to grab my phone and snap pictures of her and then go home and enjoy myself. And yet another part wants to get naked and walk in there with her and see what happens. Worst case, she'd scream, and I'd get in trouble. I can't risk it my job is too important to me.

After I grab her panties, I can hear the squeaking of the shower nozzle turning. Oh no! I rush out the door for the pain is in hand and duck around the break room corner. Listening intently, I can hear her continuing to sing as she dresses. She doesn't gasp at the fact that her panties are no longer on top of her dirty clothes. It takes her few minutes to dress and finally the door opens, and she strolls out. She has a smile on her face and she's happy, and her hair is in a ponytail.

Something comes over me as I watch her walk away. She wiggles her ass so perfectly and instead of following her out of the building, I walk into the lady's locker room. No one else is in the building that I know of. I quickly come out of my pants and slide into her panties. I even take off my shoes so I can walk around on the floor barefoot. The floor still wet where she is showered beckons me as I splash my feet gleefully while her panties rubs my cock. I groan as I step right outside the shower door as my hand goes to my cock and rubs vigorously. It's all I can do to stop myself, so I don't as I step back into the shower with the curtain wide open. I rub my cock as I place my hand to brace myself against the wall. My cock grows longer and pre-cum stains the panties, but it feels too good to stop. I keep going and rubbing and moaning loudly, until finally I lurch forward and my cock spews forth filling the panties full. The lathery sound of soaked panties reaches my ears as my cock continues to squirt. Finally, I stop, and I look up. There stands Myra with her hand reaching for a bag she had left behind on the bench that I didn't see. Her eyes are wide as she takes in what I've just done.

“What in the hell are you doing? So, you're the reason why I'm missing my panties. I left my bag in here and I came back to get it and I find you standing here jacking off in my panties. What kind of sick pervert are you?” Myra asks. Her face turns red as anger steams for her ears.

I swallow hard because I've been caught. There's no way I can lie my way out of this situation. The evidence is all over my hands and lathered up in her panties. I stifle a cry because I honestly don't know what to do. I shake my head, as my face burns as bright as hers. “I don't know what to say. I'm so embarrassed that you caught me. I'm, I'm I'm so sorry,” I say. My words stammer and I don't know what to do about it.

To my horror, Myra walks up to me. My cock is flaccid now with cum all in her panties. In fact, her panties are plastered to me. She looks down at them and she shakes her head. “What shall I do with this information?” she asks. The glint in her eyes shows she's calculating and menacing and not sweet about it.

I'm standing in the cold shower water now. All I can do is shake my head.
“Myra, I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say for myself, but I shouldn't have done this. Please, forgive me,” I say.

“Forgive you? You wouldn't be asking for my forgiveness if I hadn't walked in and caught you. I could tell on you. I could tell our boss what I came in and saw. I wonder what he would do? I wonder if he would send you home on unpaid leave, or even worse I wonder if he would actually fire you?” She paces back and forth as she talks to me.

“I'm sure what you say is true. But you have caught me, and you don't know how sorry I am that you caught me and that I've done this. You see, I have a thing for you, and I can't help it. You keep thwarting my efforts to ask you out and I just want to go out with you. Please, please forgive me,” I beg.

Myra paces back and forth as she regards me. Every time she looks down at my crotch, she shakes her head. “I could totally ruin you, you know? I could totally ruin your reputation and people would think of you as a pervert because you are one. I could probably make you lose your job and then you would have the reputation follow you wherever you went. You seem to think I have a bad reputation because I don't give into your constant asking me out. But you know, I'm not actually that mean a person,” she says.

Hope springs to life within me as I look at her with fresh new eyes. I manage a smile even. “Oh please, I know you're not that mean. I will do anything to make this up to you, anything,” I say.

Myra smiles, a big wicked smile. “Good to know. I'm thinking, perhaps you

could make it up to me. I'm sure I can think of something," she says.

"Please, I will do anything you ask, anything at all, I promise," I beg. I stop short of getting on my knees because the floor is wet and cold and I'm starting to shiver.

Myra thinks this is funny as she laughs. "I tell you what, Friday evening I want you to come to my house. I have some special outfits I want you to wear and we're going to go to a special club. You're going to see what it's like to wear women's clothing completely and fully," she says.

"I'll do anything you ask," I say. I give in to the humiliation that's about to ensue...

I shake my head when I step in front of the mirror and look at my body bedecked like a woman. I don't even look like me. Myra really pushed the screws to me. She smiled as she's waiting for me to come to her.

"Are we ready?" she asks.

I don't want to go where I know she's taking me. But if I don't come, she will tell everybody what I did. I swallow my pride and follow her out the door ready to get this over with and pay my debt.

I stride into the club right beside Myra walking in the high heels like a pro. Other men are dressed in drag, and they act like it's nothing. They also have their

men partners hanging onto them and I know that Myra is immensely enjoying watching my reaction to this.

“I didn't see you as a woman that would come to a club like this,” I say.

“What did I tell you? I told you that you didn't know the real me. I have a lot of things about me that are probably surprising to you. You think you know me just from waltzing by every morning and saying hello. But I also know that I have a reputation about being a bitch. I know how to handle myself in tough situations. But yes, I occasionally come to a club like this with my friends. I have friends that are gay, but I'm not gay myself. Well maybe I am tonight,” Myra says as she runs her finger up my chest over the hem up the dress I'm wearing.

I must admit that this attention from her turns me on. She looks at me with new eyes and she giggles and grabs ahold the center of the dress and yanks me to the dance floor.

“Dance with me, darling,” she says.

I may as well make the most of it. My brow lifts as I tilt my head in a smile. I allow her to pull me into her arms, as she takes the lead. She's a strong woman in this sense, and it surprises me. But yes, we moved to the beat while her curvy body bounces around, my cock grows inside the panties. She glances down and busts out into giggles as she looks at me. I look down and see why. I'm now pitching a tent in the dress.

The slow song saves me as Myra laughs and pulls me to her. I lean in and whisper into her ear. “Saved by the song,” I say.

Mara pulls me closer pushing my midsection into her. I think she's enjoying my hard cock and realizing how much manhood I can pack. "I think someone likes this. I think you've discovered something about yourself, huh?" she asks.

I chuckle because she thinks I'm enjoying this because I'm dressed like a woman, I pull her close again and press my hard cock to her as I lean down again to whisper into her ear. "I'm pitching a tent in this dress because I'm looking at you while you're dancing. You're a very sexy woman and I very much desire you," I say. I know that my words are a big dare on my part, but I'm taking a chance.

She doesn't say anything as she merely smiles. We continue dancing until my feet can't take it. I chuckle as I tell her, "I think I need to give my toes a rest. I don't know how you women were these things. They are torture devices."

Myra stops dancing and throws her head back in laughter. "Well, I think you wanted the whole kit and caboodle. Now you understand that being a woman is a little bit tougher than you thought. Tell me, are you enjoying the panties?" she asks as we walk hand in hand off the dance floor.

I look around to see if anyone's listening to us. No one is and even if they were it wouldn't be a surprise.

"I enjoy wearing your panties not just any panties. I enjoy wearing panties that I know has touched your muff. I have dreamed about your bare muff, you have no idea," I say.

Myra just looks at me and contemplates what I'm saying. We order a drink and watch other people dancing. A man comes up to me asking me for a dance and I shake my head. Myra laughs.

“Her toes are sore in the shoes. Perhaps you should run along and find someone else,” she says.

“Thank you for that. My feet are sore, and I can't wait to get out of these clothes and back into my own,” I say.

Myra stands and holds out her hand. “Perhaps it's time I take you back home. I think I've humiliated you enough tonight, at least here anyway,” she says. She lifts her brow as she grins wickedly at me and I know that the night has just begun.

As if things weren't already confusing for me, Myra acts as if she's excited I'm coming back to her home. We pull up and she gives me that come-hither look, the same look that caused me to want to go out with her in the first place. I really don't know what to expect so I gear up to expect nothing because that is better than being disappointed.

“Sweetheart, you did extremely well tonight. I'm very proud of you. But you can go away now, and I would like to have Zac back, please,” she says.

I grin as I'm glad to bring myself back. I precede towards her bathroom and she stops me. “No, you can undress here, and I want you to remain naked,” she says.

My cock rises as I do as she says. She is, after all, still in charge. She helps me out of the dress and out of the wig. I cringe when I look in the mirror please. “Please let me remove this ridiculous paint from my face,” I say.

I follow her into the bathroom. I'm standing there completely naked as Myra removes the make-up and I wash my face and scrub the paint off. Afterward she directs me back to her bed.

“Lie down with your head here,” she says as she points to the foot of the bed. “I’ll be right back you be ready. Close your eyes and take what I’m about to dish out.”

My eyes are shut and suddenly my senses are filled with Myra. She sits muffled on my face. At first, I want to fight, but as she lifts and moans, I realize what she’s doing. I enjoy the process as my tongue laps her juices and juts at her clit. She moans as she leans forward. When she moves, I gulp in air and soon she’s thrashing about as I make her come on my face. When she lifts off, she gives me the look and lies back on the bed with her legs spread wide.

“Fuck me, boy,” she says.

I come to her, my face wet with her juices, and climb on top of her curvy body. My hard cock thrusts forward and within moments I’m pumping into her fast and hard. She brings her legs up, opening wider and lifting her ass to meet with my thrusts. I groan deeply as the cum starts up my cock. Suddenly, I explode and pound into the beautiful woman with great heaves as I lurch forward. She growls with me and comes a second time, and together we rock through the pulses of pleasure until at last I’m finished.

Myra pulls me down until I'm resting beside her, my arms encircling her. "Zac, you are a good fuck, good for fun too," she says.

I smile as I trace her nipple, causing it to grow taut again. "There's more fun with me if you'd like."

"I definitely like," she says as she rolls on top of me and lands on me with a passionate kiss that's bound to cause a second whirl of pleasurable explosions with us.

THE END

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>