



SCARLETT STEELE

PEGGED

BY THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS



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Pegged By The Woman Of His Dreams - A Crossdressing, Back Door Violation,
Sissy Training Sissification Short Story

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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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She catches my eye when I walk into the nightclub. I frequent here with my friends, but this place is made up of all kinds of people. Anyone who's in any kind of lifestyle can be comfortable here. Fred sits back, drinking his screwdriver and nods towards the drag queens about to take center stage. Every Wednesday night at Beacons Best the drag queens have a fashion show. It's not that all the drag queens are gay, many are straight and just enjoy wearing women's clothing. I look at them and wonder how they can do it.

Long red hair glossy, flows graciously over one shoulder barely covering a plump breast. Not too plump, she looks like she wears about a c-cup or maybe a d-cup. Freckles abound, and she doesn't hide it with her makeup for which I'm glad. But her eyes sparkle with glittery eyeshadow as she peers out into the crowd. I nod towards her.

“Who is she?” I ask.

“I’ve seen her here a few times, she’s always alone. But she ends up blending in with the crowd pretty fast,” Fred says.

I watch her closely, keenly in fact, because I want to get to know her. She’s whooping and yelling as the drag queens take center stage. I really don’t care for the fashion show myself. She stands as they announce the winner. A tall man with hairy legs and his face is made up with red lipstick wins.

She’s swaying to the beat of the music while holding a glass of white wine. I saunter to her like I’m somebody. I wear the latest style of jeans, holes bound everywhere and a deep pink t-shirt that stretches over my muscles. What’s not to like about me?

“Tanner, and you are?”

She stops swaying and regards me. Dark eyeliner circles her eyes as she looks me up and down. “Ash,” she says. But she doesn’t smile and she doesn’t make it easy for me to make conversation with her.

“Would you like to dance with me?” I ask. I don’t take hints too easily.

“Maybe later,” she says as she walks away. She heads towards the group of drag queens, and talks with them laughing. I walk back to Fred feeling defeated.

“Hey Tanner, you just don't have the touch like I do. Do you want me to warm her up for you?” he asks.

I shake my head. “No man. I can get my own woman. She's very intriguing though, I'll break through her tough exterior eventually,” I say.

I keep my eye on her, the beautiful redhead with the long glossy hair. Finally, a song starts and many make their way to the dance floor. I won't take no for an answer this time as I head to her, she's in the midst of the drag queens laughing it up.

“Dance, my lady?” I bow slightly.

She regards me, and realizes it's time for her to step into my arms. A quick smile, and she places her hand in mine as I lead her to the dance floor. She has great moves, her hips sway and wiggle as her body keeps time with the beat. I pull her into my arms, as we dance close even though it's a fast beat. I want to feel her curves next to me. She brings a desire that's hard for me to keep hidden.

“Thank you for dancing with me, finally. I noticed you across the room, that long beautiful red hair, and you know how to cut a red pretty well,” I say.

She giggles. “I have to hand it to you oh, you are persistent.”

“They say persistence pays off,” I say.

“Persistent or pushy, you seem to have a combination of both,” she says.

“You are very intriguing, I would like to get to know you better. There's no other way to get to know a person in a place like this except to buy a drink or to dance.”

"Maybe you should try the buy a drink tactic next time," she says. The song ends and she smiles at me and she turns and walks away. Ouch, that didn't last too long. The comment about buying a drink hits home. I go back to my friends and white, just so I don't seem like a lovesick puppy following her around.

After another song, she's sitting at the bar this time. There's a seat on one side of her, and a lady talking to another man on the other side. Perfect.

I nod at the bartender. “How about another of what the lady's drinking,, but I'll take a scotch on the rocks,” I say.

“A white wine spritzer and scotch on the rocks, coming right up,” the bartender says.

Ash turns to make, with a smile on her face. “Yes, that's better. Thank you,” she says.

The bartender hands her her white wine spritzer as he hands me hit the scotch on the rocks. I take the drink and hold it up to her.

"To making new friends," I say.

She smiles and holds hers up as we clink glasses. Her beautiful lips take a sip of the white wine spritzer while I take a gulp of the scotch.

"I haven't seen you much here. Do you have a significant other?"

Her brow lifts. "If I did, I wouldn't have allowed you to buy me a drink. I don't operate that way," she says.

I smile, knowing that she's free. "Would you like to go out with me?"

She takes a sip of her white wine spritzer in regards to me. "Eh, I don't know you well enough to go out with you. You see, I'm not the type to just jump in and go out with someone without getting to know them better. How about we get to know one another while visiting here, and then I determine if I want to go out with you," she says.

I nod as I sit back on the bar stool. She's a tough nut to crack. But I get it. She wants to take her time with this.

"I would very much like to get to know you better. Will you be here this weekend."

Her face stretches into a smile. "Maybe," she says.

"You're not making this too easy on me," I say.

"I thought you men like a nice chase. How about if you do see me here this weekend, we can sit at a table and visit? I might even let you take me for another spin on the dance floor and buy me another drink," she says.

I nod. "I guess that's the best I can get right now. I'll take it. And I will look for you this weekend," I say.

"Thanks for the drink, Tanner."

I watch her walk away, and out the door if she swings her head back over her shoulder. She is definitely a woman of intrigue, and one my loins aches to get to know better.

I normally don't frequent the club every single weekend, but with the promise of meeting up with Ash again, dress in my best pair of jeans and Polo shirt and head to the club. I immediately look for her in the crowd, and don't see her. I grab a beer from the bar and make my way to the far side and pull up a chair at the table. Watching out over the crowd I finally see a flash of red hair, and a pale pink dress that hugs her body just so, my buddy stands at attention. I smile as I stand and wait for her to look my way. She's too busy talking to others so I grab my beer and walk towards her.

“Ash, at long last,” I say as I hold out my hand to her.

“Tanner, how nice to see you again. How long have you been here?” she asks.

“Less than half an hour. Can I buy you a drink?” I ask.

“I believe you know the answer to that. I'll take a dry martini this time though,” she says.

I come back with a dry martini and a draft beer for me. This time, she's a little more receptive to me, talking to me.

"So, Ash, what do you do for a living?" I ask.

She smiles and takes a sip of her martini. “How about you tell me what you do for a living first,” she says.

“Okay, I'm a machine designer. I work on the computer as a graphics designer, designing the machinery at Wells & Company.”

"Wow, that's interesting. And commendable. I'm actually an ultrasound technician at the hospital,” she says.

“Now, that's commendable too. Very nice that we both have professional positions. I assume you enjoy what you're doing?” I ask.

She giggles as she flips her hair over her left shoulder. “Honestly, I had gone to college for 3 years aiming for a degree in education, Elementary education. I decided I didn't like that and switched gears. I spent another two years going to ultrasound technician school. So here I am. And I make more money working in the hospital than I would for a school system,” she says.

“It's a shame they don't pay teachers better. While I like children okay, I wouldn't want to work with them every day. I like my job, because it's just me and my computer. I enjoy being creative,” I say.

“Yes, I enjoy what I do as well. I get to look inside people's bodies all day long. They beg me to tell them what I'm seeing but I'm bound by privacy and can't make a diagnosis. That's the hard part when I see something that looks nefarious inside someone's body. I have to keep a straight face. But thankfully, I have more to do in finding a kidney and gallstones, and looking at an inflamed appendix than I do in finding cancer. However, I find cancer more than once a week. And I understand an ultrasound is often the first step in that diagnosis. Normally patients are sent for an MRI or a PET scan afterward.”

“But I'm sure the discovery of cancer often helps save their lives as well,” I say.

“I'm sure it is, in probably half the cases. A lot of times though, and sadly, with cancer it isn't discovered until it's too late. I like what I do though, I like working with people and hopefully helping them,” she says.

I have hopes that she is a kind person at all times. A little rough on the exterior although beautiful, I'm thankful she's sitting across from me and talking about her life.

“Do you live near here?” I ask.

“Um yeah, no.”

“Too soon?” I laugh. I thought I'd try.

She holds up her fingers with little space between the thumb and forefinger.
“Just a little.”

To show her I trust her I tell her where I live.

“Nice. And I'm not far from there.”

I ordered another drink, this time a white wine spritzer. Small talk is getting us nowhere so when she sips the last of her wine I make my move.

“Dance?” The music plays a slower beat.

“Sure, why not?” She says as she places her hand in mine. We make our way to

the dance floor where I pull her close. Soft curves press into my hard manliness. If she notices, she doesn't give me any indication. I can't help it, she's so damn sexy.

We sway to the music for a few moments. My hand smooths her long hair, soft and smelling of honeysuckle and mint.

"This is nice," I say.

She lifts back and nods.

After the dance, the drag queens take over with a dance off. Ash excitedly rushes to the side of the dance floor, clapping and cheering. I join her.

"Someone in particular you're cheering for?"

Her green eyes peer at me. "I'm friends with most of them. I work with two. One's an ICU nurse and the other a radiologist. I met their friends, so yeah, I guess you could say I'm cheering for all. I think it's wonderful they can enjoy themselves in their own skin and not live up to stereotypes. Ryan wears women's underwear even."

Ryan, dressed in a red pencil skirt, a black silk blouse, and black heels smiles our way. He makes a right pretty woman.

“Are they gay?”

Oops, a sensitive subject. She turns to me, fire in her eyes and a scowl on her pretty face. “Why does everyone think just because a man enjoys dressing in drag he’s automatically gay?”

“I’m sorry. Just a question.” I turn to the queens, while two are cozy with men, kissing. Justification! I smirk at Ash as she shakes her head.

“Probably some are. Some aren’t. They just enjoy dressing up on occasion. I applaud their guts and ability to shine as they want,” she says. Her brow lifts as she smirks back at me.

“Okay, fair enough,” I say.

When the dance off is over and the queen is crowned dancing queen, Ash rushes forward with her congratulations and a kiss on the cheek. Maybe she’d be warmer to me if I were to dress in drag. I’m not sure I can pull it off. She seems intrigued by Ryan dressing in women’s panties. Perhaps I should give that a go and let her know. Oh, what if that’s what she likes. A man who is feminine. I mean, she’s feminine, dressing in dresses, long hair, make-up on her face, nails done. Makes me wonder though. I smile as I think about trying something naughty.

We headed back to the table, after I too, congratulated Ryan, the panties wearer. He seemed cozy with their co-worker Bill, so I don’t question anything. It seems to piss off Ash when I do.

Before the evening ends, I ask. “Ash, I really enjoy spending time with you. Would you like to go out with me, like on a real date, not just drinks and dancing at the club?”

She giggles. “What’s wrong with drinks and dancing at the club?”

“Oh, don’t get me wrong. I enjoy doing this with you. But there’s more to life than drinking and dancing in the club,” I say as I beam at her.

“Like what?” She tilts her head endearingly. I love it.

I think for a moment. She needs a wow factor. “Like, how about dinner at the Butchforth Dinner Theater, and then after ice skating at the rink, and then after, ice cream. And maybe a good night kiss at the door when I drop you off,” I say, proud of myself for coming up with what I feel is a dream date, especially for girls.

She’s impressed, her brow lifts as she slightly nods and smiles. “Well, that sounds fun. I suppose you’re not a creep or a mass murderer. I had you checked out anyway, to see if you were real.”

“What? You hired a private investigator to spy on me?”

She laughs. “Not really. I have a friend that works at Wellington. He’s a welder. He says you are a nice and upstanding guy and you are one of the best drafting

designers in the company.”

I beam. “Welder, let me guess. Marl?”

The giggles entice me. “Tom. Tom Belter. Know him?”

“Oh, yes, Tom!” Tom is married with two sons and works hard. “Good guy.”

“Yes, and Beth is one of my best friends.” Beth is Tom’s wife.

“Yes, I know Beth. And Amos and Jason.”

“So, see, I feel we have a connection now other than just bumping into one another here.”

“So, the answer is yes?”

“Persistent little devil, aren’t you?”

I smirk.

“Okay, yes, I’ll go out with you. Here’s my address.” She scribbles it on the napkin.

“Well, you do live in my area. I could walk to your condo, in fact,” I say.

“I’d prefer you pick me up in a vehicle, since Butchforth isn’t within walking distance. Besides, I’ll probably wear heels. The dinner theater is a dressy place. But I’ll wear pants so we can ice skate after.” Smart lady. And yes on the heels, it makes her butt look wonderful.

At seven sharp, I pick up Ash from her condo less than a block away. She’s wearing flared black trousers, a matching jacket, and a white silk blouse. I whistle.

“Damn, girl. You are hot,” I say.

“I know,” she says as she flips her hair behind shoulder. Then she turns to me and busts out in giggles. “Thank you, Tanner, you look quite handsome yourself.”

I’m wearing a pair of khakis and a red polo with my cowboy boots. At least, I have dressy casual clothes I wear to work

The dinner theater is packed, as usual. Ash and I are seated near the stage, always a fun spot. Our plates arrive, filled with sirloin tips, mashed potatoes, steamed green beans, and a salad. The dessert cart comes around. Ash chooses a giant piece of coconut cream pie. I pick the chocolate brownie pie with a scoop of ice cream. The production commences and before long, Ash and I are

laughing so hard tears are running down our eyes.

“I haven’t laughed that hard in a long time. The Butchford actors always put on an extraordinary play.”

“I love comedies.”

“Yeah, I don’t care for the tragedies myself.”

“I came to one drama a couple of years ago. It was good, but the comedy ones are so much better,” I say. My hand rests on her shoulders as we walk to the car. Once inside, Ash takes off the jacket and replaces it with a hoodie.

“Nice,” I joke. She’s all dressy from the waist down and super relaxed casual from the waist up.

“I know, right,” she says as she laughs.

After renting the skates, we make our way to the rink. A slight crowd is there skating around and around. Couples mostly, but a few with kids. I don’t mind, as it makes the place happy and light.

Ash takes off, twirling before me. My brow lifts in shock. She does a jump and skates circles around me. I mean, I’m not too shabby on skates, but I’m not a performer.

“Girl, are you secretly a pro with this?” I ask.

Her giggle makes me smile. “Once upon a time, perhaps. I was with the ice skaters team in high school. I went to a school for performing arts in my last two years. My parents thought I’d become a pro. I’m good, but not that good. Besides, at the time, I thought my heart was in elementary ed.” She chuckles. “And then I realized the medical field was where my heart lived. The rest is history.”

She grabs my hand and we skate around the rink, following the crowd. She has a competitive spirit and we skate past a few couples, with her giggling and skating backward, while holding my hand part of the time.

Afterward, we skated to the benches and sat back for a breather. “I’m certainly not as capable as I was back then. I can’t believe it’s been ten years since I graduated high school.” She shakes her head.

“I just turned the big 3-0.”

“Oh, an older man, a silver fox,” she coos.

I laugh. “No, not quite a silver fox. A fox, yes,” I say and wink at her.

We remove the skates and stroll up the road to Kirby’s Ice Cream Parlor. It’s the only ice cream place open late. Once inside, she orders a root beer float and I

order a giant dipped cone.

“You’re such a kid,” she says while giggling.

“And you’re such a.”

“What?” Her eyes narrow playfully at me.

“Beautiful woman.”

“You’re just trying to score points.”

“Is it working?” I ask as I grin.

“Maybe. We’ll see.”

We stroll slowly back to my vehicle. I hate for the evening to end. The promise of a kiss lingers in my mind as she places her arm through mine. She’s certainly different outside the club, more relaxed.

“I hope you’ve had a good time,” I say as I open the car door.

After sliding in, she grins. “I have, surprisingly.”

“Why surprisingly?” I start the car.

She shrugs as I steer the car back to her condo. “I thought you were kind of boring, same ole same ole when we first met.”

“How can you judge a character within the first meeting at a loud club, especially when alcohol’s involved.”

She laughs. “I don’t know. You are so normal. Yawn.”

“Ugh, you think I’m a bore?”

“No, Well, maybe I did for a while. You’re not though. I find you fun and interesting.”

“Would you like to find me more interesting?” I ask. The truth is I’m thinking of dressing in drag, or just wearing women’s under things to turn her on. I wonder if that will work?

“Like to find you more interesting?”

I blush. Probably should just drop it. It's going nowhere fast. "You seem to be very cozy with the drag queens."

"I told you, I work with two of them."

"I know, but like you're so supportive of what they do. I'm just wondering if you're attracted to a man like that?"

"Are you like that?" Her lips stretch into a line.

"Do you want me to be like that? Would it give me brownie points?"

She lets out a sigh. "I'm attracted to men who are comfortable in their skin, who don't need embellishments from others, who will forge ahead and be and do what they want. It feels as if you are looking for permission. If you're a drag queen then come out as one. If not, then be okay with who you are," she says as she rubs my arm.

"Okay." I blow out a breath as I pull into her condo. Set on the goodbye kiss I walked her to her door.

"Would you like to come in? I have something to show you," she says.

I'm flabbergasted. Like a bumbling idiot, I can't speak, so I grin like a fat boy set loose in a candy store and nod enthusiastically.

What does she want to show me?

“Have a seat, be right back,” she says and winks at me.

Oh yes! I sit in the center of the sofa, my arm resting over the back. Should I make myself comfortable? Take off my shoes? Take off my clothes. Yeah, I’m dreaming now. She walks back in with a DVD case in her hand. Oh? Porn?

After shoving it into her game system, she sits beside me and points the remote at the TV. The screen livens with an image of her as a younger lady, ice skating. The little sequined outfit stretches over her curves nicely. I smile.

“This is my last ice skating competition. I won first place. I was 18.”

She skates around the rink, keeping time with the music. Doing spins and jumps, the little outfit doesn’t leave much to the imagination. I’m awed by her athletic ability and the grace and beauty with which she performs. Her hair is tightly pulled into a bun atop her head. When it’s done, she flicks the TV off and smiles at me.

“There you have it, the biggest moment of my ice skating career.”

“And you didn’t want to continue with it?”

“While I enjoyed it, I didn’t want my life consumed with a career that would be over before it barely started. The best ice skaters are teens, and the older you get the more likely you are to become an ice skating coach. I thought about doing that for two seconds. In fact, it was the driving force to my seeking a degree in education. In the end, it just didn’t do it for me. Not my passion. I enjoy ice skating, but I’d much rather do it in my spare time, as a hobby. I quit while I was on top. That’s what matters to me,” she says. She’s very smart with her reasoning.

“You skated with grace and beauty. I enjoyed watching you tonight too. Perhaps we can ice skate more, if you’d like.”

“Mmmm, perhaps.” She smiles at me, sitting right beside me. It’s an uncomfortable silence as she stares at me.

I take my chance and lean in, praying she won’t slap me. My lips brush against hers in a soft and feathery kiss. She groans as I dive in for tongue action. No resistance, my hand slides to her knee, and up her thigh. The pale pink dress is nice, giving me the opportunity to advance more. She moans as my fingers go higher, her legs part. Oh my. When my tips touch the outside of her silky soft panties, I moan and she lifts her ass, pulling them down fast.

Yes! My cock throbs as I slink to the floor, settling between her knees. The fragrance of her lush muff hits my nose, my tongue swiping through her soft warm shaved folds. Dipping between and into the hole, I draw her natural lube and swirl over her swollen clit. Her fingers lace through my hair as she moans and grinds into the sofa. I keep lapping and bearing down on her clit until she releases, coming hard. Her back arches and her lips part, yelling out as the pleasure washes through her body. Oh, this is good. I’m excited for my turn. When she shoves me back, I sit up and smile.

“I’m finished.” She breathes hard, sitting back on the sofa. Her panties are at her feet. I moan, needing release.

Her phone rings and she looks at it, and jumps up fast holding up a finger to me as she rushes to the back of her condo.

I sigh, my cock throbbing with hardness. Her panties sitting at my feet. Pale pink like her dress. I pluck up the pair and shove it into my pants. Maybe I had a premonition. She’s talking on the phone and coming back to the living room. Her dress is smoothed down.

“Oh, Libby, I’m so sorry. Hey, it’s okay. Just a minute,” she says and places the phone in her hand.

“Hey, this is my sister. She and her husband are going through a rough spell. I’m so sorry, I need to talk to her. You understand? Hey, I owe you,” she says as she winks at me. She’s walking to her door.

Damn. I smile and square my shoulders like a big boy and walk to the door. She tiptoes and kisses me. “Next time, your turn,” she says and winks.

I’m out the door in a flash, my cock swollen in my trousers. Shaking my head, I drove the short distance to my townhouse. Once inside, I pull the panties out of my pocket and drop my trousers, kicking the pair to the side. My underwear lies with it. I’m groaning before I even sit back on my chair.

My cock stands up long and hard. Yeah, Ash owes me. Her stinking sister has horrid timing. Not fair. I put the pink pair of panties over my face, breathing in Ash's essence. Memories flood my mind of licking her soft pussy while she writhed in the throes of pleasure. Her scent drives me wild as my hand glides over my cock. I groan, the cum building in the base. My tongue dove into her hole, drawing lube to her stiff clit. Ah, my cock extends. I groan as I lurch forward, hot streams of cum shoot straight up in the air and land in plops on my belly and thighs. I don't care. I moan through the ecstasy, Ash's pussy driving me to finish.

I laugh as I stand, her pair of panties fall to the floor. Making my way to my bathroom, I step in the shower and let the hot steaming water wash the cum from my body. Overall, it's been a good evening. I crawl my naked ass in bed and dream of Ash all night.

I realized the next morning I didn't have her phone number. When I asked her out she gave me her address on the napkin. Dammit. I could drive to her condo and get her number and maybe a little lip service. Leaving the panties on my bed, I take off for her condo. Yes, I need her lips, I mean her phone number.

A great smile stretches across my face as I ring her doorbell. No one answers. I peer around the corner through the garage door and see no vehicle. Aw, she's not home. Besides, she's the type who wouldn't take kindly to me showing up empty handed.

The day goes by slowly, and I trek to the supermarket and pluck up a bundle of pink flowers and a bottle of white wine. Surely, she's home by now. When I come to the garage, I see her vehicle is still gone. Frowning, I set the flowers on her porch with a note.

Thought of you today. - Tanner

Short and simple. I didn't go back hoping she'd try to find me. But, of course, she doesn't have my number either. Friday, I slide into her pale pink silk panties and dress for the club. Surely, she'll be there. And sure enough, upon entering, she's at a table with one of her drag queen co-workers, bouncing to the beat of the music and talking to him. I sidle up to her, blowing a kiss on her neck.

She whips around, all smiles. "Tanner! There you are! You know Ryan?"

I smile and nod at the drag queen. "Hello."

"I was hoping you'd show up tonight. Thank you for the flowers. They are beautiful. Sorry I left. My sister and her husband split up so I had to go to her for a few days. I even took time off from work. But she's good now. She just needed her big sis to help her make sense of it all."

I grin. "Glad to hear it," I say.

"So, what's going on?" she asks as we settle at a table. I ordered drinks for us.

"Nothing much. I realized I didn't have your number and that's why I came by, to get it," I say as I pull out my phone.

She giggles as she grabs my phone and puts her number in. Then she texts

herself so she has my number too. Good, that's out of the way.

"I'm glad to see you," I say as I grab her hand.

"I bet you thought I skipped out on you, didn't you?" Her eyes narrow.

"No, I figured something was up with your sister. I have the bottle of wine I bought at my home though," I say and wink.

"Oh, I love this song, let's dance," she says as she pulls me to the dance floor.

This is so different from before when she was so reserved. I love it as I twirl her around and we move our bodies in unison to the beat. When a slower song comes on I pull her to me. We sway and my cock extends. Her panties keep me bound.

"Hey, I have a surprise for you." I say.

"What?"

I take her hand and shove it into my pants, between us, no one else can see. Her brow furrows.

“What am I feeling aside from your cock?”

I laugh. “I’m wearing your panties,” I admit. Thinking this knowledge will turn her on, I hug her. She throws her hand between us.

“You’re what? Wearing my panties? I wondered what happened to them. You took them and are wearing them? Oh wow,” she says.

“Well, you know, I was so hard on you that night and then it ended abruptly. I thought you wouldn’t mind that I took your panties. And doesn’t it turn your ticker knowing I’m wearing them.”

She nods slowly, a thought crossing her mind. “Hey, let’s go get that bottle of wine and go back to my place,” she says.

She doesn’t have to tell me twice. We make our way out the door. She’s heading to her car. “Bring the wine to my house,” she says.

Hell to the yeah. I rush home and grab the wine. My cock throbs in anticipation. When she opens the door, she’s wearing a cute nightie, all ready for me. Hot fucking yes.

“Wine first,” she says as she pours a glass for each of us. While she’s doing that, I come out of my clothes except for her panties. I want to make her proud. She winces when she sees me but the smile returns as she hands me the glass.

“To new beginnings,” she says.

“Hell, yeah,” I say as we clink the glasses and down the wine.

“Come on, I have a surprise for you in my bedroom,” she says as she gives me the come hither gesture with her finger. I follow her like a hungry puppy. No hand jobs for me tonight.

“Now, since you’re wearing my panties, I want you to be a good little girl and bend over the bed. Play along, and I won’t be mad at you for taking them without asking.”

She’s right. I need to comply. I lean over the bed, wiggling my ass at her. She laughs as her hand pops me on the ass. Oh, some fun times.

I wiggle around, trying to see and she slaps my ass hard this time. “Stay put,” she growls.

I can’t help but chuckle. Suddenly, she yanks the panties to the side and slips a vibrator right into my ass, lubed and ready.

“What the?” I try to squirm around, but she’s put her full body on mine making it difficult.

“You wanted to see what it’s like being a lady, so much so you stole my panties.

I thought I'd give you a big dose of being pegged." She laughs.

I want her out of my ass, but she shoves her hand between me and the bed, her fingers grasping my hardening cock on the outside of her panties. I groan because oddly it feels good. She pumps my cock as I move down, giving her greater access. Her left hand pegs me with the vibrator and her right hand moves over my hard cock. I like it! The room spins as the cum settles in the base of my cock. The buzzing in my ass causes me to grow even harder. Before I know it's happening, my cock explodes in her hand.

"Oh, fuck me!" I buck my ass into the vibrator, my cock moving in and out of her tight grip. "FUCK!"

I finish, and roll over, thus pulling the vibrator from my ass and stopping her hand. I crawl on the bed, catching my breath. Sweet Ash crawls up beside me.

"Now that made me wet," she whispers as she nibbles my ear.

I flip her to her back and dive between her legs, heartily lapping at her juices. She moans as her hands hold me to her. The sticky cum mess rubs within the panties and I don't care. I lick her clit until she growls and grinds into the mattress, coming hard. Her ass bucks up and down as her back arches. She finishes and I lie beside her, pulling her into my arms, sticky mess and all. We cuddled for a few moments.

"Time for a bath," she says as she rises. The sparkle in her eye matches her playfulness. I rise and follow her for fun times yet to come.

THE END

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