



SCARLETT STEELE

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A LESSON IN SISSIFICATION  
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AND FEMINIZATION

A TALE OF FORCED FEMINIZATION AND CROSSDRESSING



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## Secretary Teaches Her Chauvinistic Boss A Lessons In Sissification and Feminization

A Tale of Forced Feminization and Crossdressing

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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.

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I adjust the tie, a new brand-name silk tie that matches my new trousers. That's right, I'm a big shot now that I've finally received the promotion at work. Six years of college and four years of doing grunt work at the bank finally pays off. Mr. Stell sees my extreme potential in financial investments and moved me to my own office complete with a secretary. Now, I'm a big shot at the bank. People will bow to me as I work with their money in making them richer. I may be cocky as shit, but I know my stuff. I've proven my work in the trials they've given me. I have a right to walk with my nose pointed high. I deserve the

pedestal on which I've perched.

The tie completes the outfit. I'm a good-looking man and I know it. I smile at my reflection and point to myself as I make a clicking sound. I'm so cocky I can't stand myself. I laugh as I leave my condo, the big man making his way to work, entering the bank as a big shot.

When I walk into the break room the people there stand and clap. Mr. Stell, my boss and the president of the bank steps forward. "Sheldon Henderson, our newest financial investor officer," he says.

I grin and lift a brow. Maryellen brings a cake, frosted in white with a big Congratulations Sheldon scripted across the top in purple. Ah, the color of royalty.

Kellen Fisher hands me a small cup of obligatory punch. Why is it no matter what's going on, if there are a celebration and cake, there's always this odd punch, made of fruit punch and lemon-lime soda? It's not something I particularly like, but it's like we must drink at least one plastic cup of it or it's just not a true celebration.

"Thanks, man," I say and take the cup and slap Kellen on the back.

"Your office is ready. And so is your newly hired secretary," Mr. Stell says.

"Oh? I get my own secretary?" I ask. This is news to me. I figured I'd be sharing

in the secretarial pool with all the other loan officers.

"Of course. All executives do," Mr. Stell says.

Albert Bennington the only other financial investment officer shares the secretarial pool, so this is perplexing.

"But Albert?"

"Albert is retiring now that we've trained his replacement. He just gave me his resignation of retirement this morning. We're planning a big shindig for him. So, with you, we're starting a whole new chapter. We plan to keep you busy by offering more financial investment opportunities for our customers. You'll need your own secretary," Mr. Stell says.

"I'm excited to meet her then. She is a her, right?" I ask.

Mr. Stell laughs. "Of course. Unless you'd rather have a he?"

"No, a female secretary is just right. Is she pretty?" I ask in a whisper

"Why, Sheldon, you're not sexist about it, are you?" Mr. Stell cocks his head to the side.

"Never. Just that having a pretty secretary is easy on the eyes, know what I mean?" I ask and wink at the man.

He winces and pulls my arm to the side. "Now, Sheldon, don't be too sexist with her. She's an equal employee of the bank," he says.

"Oh, sir, I know. Absolutely. Just yanking your chain," I say. I don't need my boss thinking I'm a male sexist pig, though I've been called that before by women.

After we finish the cake and punch Mr. Stell pulls me to the side again. "Sheldon, I'm escorting to your new office as an official welcome to the executive officers."

Of course, I nod and follow the boss man up the winding stairs to the executive offices on the second level. The marble floors gleam our reflection. I love the look of the bank, posh and polished. My office is the first door on the left. The one with the secretarial alcove and then a door that leads to my office. I grin as I have always loved this room. It's newly decorated in bank colors of navy blue and white and black. My secretary isn't at her post yet. Her desk is front and center, my door which is a full-glass door and the wall is glass plate allowing light from the outside, is right behind her desk. Mr. Stell opens my door and lets me enter ahead of him.

I whistle at the opulence of the place. My desk faces the front, the plate glass wall where my secretary sits. Behind it is the vast expanse of plate glass that overlooks the lovely landscaped parking lot and the street beyond. The glass is reflective to those outside, they only see a mirror image of the outdoors. I like that. No one on the street below can see me standing at my window looking down at the world. Perfect.

My desk is polished to perfection, solid oak and a brand-new computer sits on top. Mr. Stell points to the sticky note on the screen. "This is your temporary passcodes. Change it and keep up with it," he said.

"Yes, sir." I smile as I run my hand over the leather executive chair. Rich leather in deep brown, fitting for an executive like me.

"Ah, here she is." Mr. Stell waves to the pretty blonde who just walked through the door. She sets her purse on the desk and smiles with a perfect row of teeth. Like a breath of fresh air, she waltzes into my office. Wearing a body-hugging red business suit, she's the perfect picture of a secretary. Her jacket is open, the white silk blouse underneath buttoned low enough for me to peek at the ample cleavage she's hiding. The skirt has a slit in the back and might give me a peep show if she bends just right. Her long shapely legs are accentuated by the spiked heels on her black patent leather pumps. She smiles, her beautiful full lips painted the same shade of red as her outfit. Yes, she will do just nicely.

"Cindy Collins, this is Sheldon Henderson, your new boss," Mr. Stell says.

"Hello, Mr. Henderson," Cindy says. She's professional in the way she holds out her hand for me to shake. I take it with a smile on my face and shake it. Her skin is as soft and delicate as she looks.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Collins," I say.

"Please, call me Cindy," she says. She's so delightful.

"Please call me Sheldon," I say. I look at Mr. Stell. "That is if it's okay with you?"

"Sheldon, you can have her call you whatever you want. You younger folks are less formal than the old fogies like me. While I prefer Mr. Stell, I'm perfectly fine with you being called by your first name."

I absolutely love my job. Every day I come to work, and Cindy is there, with coffee in hand and ready to do my bidding. She's a take-charge type, very smart, but she knows her place and that's how I prefer it.

A few weeks in she had taken the liberties to tidy my desk and filed some of my documents. I don't like for anyone to mess with my stuff. "Cindy, where are the files that were on my desk?"

Cindy comes into my office. "You had it in the To Be Filed tray, so I took the liberty of filing it for you," she says and smiles.

"No, you don't do that. From now on you don't touch anything on my desk unless I specifically tell you to," I say. My tone is harsh, and I don't care. She needs to know who's boss here.

"Sir, I placed the tray on your desk just for me to know what needs filing," she says. After sighing heavily, she loses some of the sparkles in her eyes as she speaks. I'm such an asshole, but I can't help it.

"Let me tell you how it's going to be. This is my office. Unless I tell you to file, you don't touch anything on my desk. Got it?" I ask. My brow furrows as I glare at her like she's a twelve-year-old being taught a lesson.

"Yes, sir," Cindy says. She frowns and turns away, her shoulders slump. I watch her shapely ass behind the navy-blue skirt wiggle as she walks out the door. That's one thing that keeps me wanting her around, she's very easy on the eyes.

I need to keep the upper hand on her. I fume over it all morning and come up with a necessary talk with her. I need to exercise my authority.

"Cindy, step in here, please," I bellow.

She comes running like a good girl. "Yes, sir." She's not smiling.

"A little lesson, a smile goes a long way." I smile at her and she forces a smile back at me. "Good girl. Now, every morning, please come in here and ask me if I have any filing you need to do. I'll let you know then if I do. No more of this assuming because I stick it somewhere on my desk. Are we clear?" I ask.

Her jaw flexes. "Yes, sir," she says with no enthusiasm.

"You're dismissed," I say and wave her off.

Cindy works for me for six months and earns a week off. The bank is very generous with time off. After another six months, she'll get two weeks off. Over the time, we've had our moments where I've had to put her in her place. I even let her know I'm the one with the higher education and she just needs to shut up and listen to me. For the most part, though, she's a good secretary.

Imagine my surprise when Cindy comes to me two days before her week vacation with a requested favor. "Sheldon, may I ask a favor while I'm gone?"

My eyes snap up to her, she's wearing her classic pencil black skirt and white blouse. She wears skirts every day with exception to a few times a month she'll dress in dress slacks. I really like it when she wears skirts. Secretly, I crush on her, but only because she's so damn sexy and hot.

"Yes?" I ask as I lift my brow.

"I have a cat, Bebe, and I wasn't able to find a kennel opening for her. I need someone to come by once a day and feed and water her," Cindy says as she scrunches her face when trying to judge my reaction to her request.

"A cat named Bebe. How quaint," I say and laugh. "Yeah, I'd be happy to drop by and take care of her."

Cindy's face relaxes. "Oh, thank you so much. It means a lot to me," she says.

I have ulterior motives for it though. I'd like to know where she lives, you know,

just in case I ever find myself in search of a sexy young woman. "I'm happy to help. I'd also be willing to take her to my condo too," I say.

Cindy frowns. "I'm afraid of what she may do to your furniture. I have a cat tower that she claws. She's used to my townhouse anyway. If it's no trouble. You can drop by on your way to or from work every day," she says.

I nod. "No trouble," I say.

"Okay, today after work you can follow me home and I'll introduce you to her," Cindy says with a sweet smile.

"No problem." Secretly I'm thrilled to discover where she lives. I'm not sure why I feel so giddy about it, but there are thoughts that creep up in my mind, shameful thoughts.

After work, I discover Cindy lives just three blocks from me. We're in the same residential neighborhood. Her townhouse is smaller than my condo, but she's proud that she owns it. Her tastes in decor are nice, sophisticated and tailored. She has formal furnishings, the kind you'd see in a posh older hotel lobby. Her cat Bebe stares up at me with big green orbs. She's an orange cat and very fluffy. Good thing I'm not allergic. As Cindy shows me around the townhouse, Bebe purrs and rubs against my legs, walking back and forth.

"She likes you," Cindy says as she smiles brightly at me. She is so sweet even though I've been a dick to her. But then she's wanting something from me right now, so of course, she's all sweet and nice.

"I have that animal magnitude. Ladies of all sorts like me," I say with a smug smile across my face.

"If you say so," Cindy says as she shows me around. She shows me where she keeps the food and treats. "Give her one treat a day for being a good kitty."

"Will do," I say. My eyes stay glued to the back of her pencil skirt. I have thoughts of pounding it, but I'm not sure how dating fellow employees are taken. I don't want to rock the boat at work. I'd sure ask her out if I thought I could get away with it though.

Cindy shows me all the places Bebe likes to hide and rest. "I want to make sure you actually see her when you come over. You know, pet her, rub her back for a few minutes," she says as she bends down to demonstrate.

"Should I curl up on your sofa, so she could nap beside me for an hour or two each day?" I ask and laugh.

My question amuses Cindy. "If you want to. Make yourself at home. I have a mini bar under the bar in the kitchen. Glasses are to the left of the vent hood. Some food in the fridge, but check the dates, cause I won't be here to make sure," she says. Wow, she's accommodating.

"Maybe I should just pack a bag and stay here and eat your food before it expires. Sleep in your bed," I say and cock a brow.

"Wear my clothes while you're at it," she says.

The conversation takes a silly turn. "Nah, once a day for food and water should be enough," I say to reassure her I won't be going through her things.

I start with the cat feeding and watering on Monday morning. Bebe is there purring and wanting attention. I feel bad for her because all I have time to do is fill her food dish and water bottle. She looks at me woefully as I leave.

"Be a good kitty. I'll see you in the morning," I say to Bebe.

I come back Tuesday morning and repeat the process. This time the cat jumps on me as I'm bent down filling her dish. She does like me, apparently. Again, when I leave, she's meowing at me to stay. I decide that tomorrow I'll stop by in the morning and afternoon to spend a little more time with her.

Wednesday afternoon I come into Cindy's home. Bebe greets me with her massive amount of purrs as I fill her dishes and hand her a treat. The soft sofa is welcoming to my weary body as I had worked hard the past three days training the temp to do Cindy's job. I finally told Mr. Stell to just let me be alone rather than constantly having to train the older lady the temp agency sent. She needed too much hand-holding and I didn't have time for that.

Bebe comes into the room and hops up on the back of the sofa, lying next to me. I reach out and rub her head as she shuts her eyes. Cindy has framed photos sitting on the shelf unit along with books. I spy one of her standing at the beach

wearing a white bikini. It barely covers her bodacious body. Suddenly, my cock rises to the occasion and I wish she were here. Fuck any ethics, I'd take her right here on her sofa. Curious about her personal things, I walk back to her bedroom. She has a nice four poster bed in oak, the room decorated in rose colors. Very feminine. The long dresser is in French provincial colors, antique white lined in gold. I run my fingers over the scrolled edge. Each drawer has a circle dangle handle. I pluck the top center and it glides open so easily. I smile when I see I've just opened the panties drawer.

Some animal urge comes over me as I run my fingers over the neatly folded pairs. The cool silks and satins are soft to my fingertips. A pale pink pair with white lace catches my eye. I lift the pair and bring it to my face and inhale deeply. Nice. Smells of fresh laundry soap and Cindy. She wears a certain fragrance. I can smell her all over the townhouse. I unfold the panties and gaze at them longingly. My cock thumps in my trousers as the bulge builds. Normally I can ignore it, but while holding Cindy's panties, the throbbing grows increasingly. I groan as I imagine the pair on Cindy's ass. I'd like to thrust them to the side and prod her holes, but she's not here.

I gaze at my reflection in the mirror. It's like my hands and body takes over and my reasoning mind is thrust out of the way. I come out of my dress shoes and socks and leave them beside the dresser. The belt slides open and my pants fall to the floor. I gingerly step out of the clothes until nothing, but my bare ass is there. I giggle like a silly girl when I pull the panties over my stiff phallus. It barely contains my cock. The underwear is nice and soft. It binds my cock to me; my balls rub against the soft crotch panel. I like it. Sicko that I am. I don't care. I'm bored and I'm horny.

I throw off the shirt and think twice about pitching it to the floor. It wrinkles easily, so I pluck it up and lay it neatly across the bed. I do the same with my trousers. Bebe comes to the door and looks up at me and bellows a big meow. I smile and pick her up. Her soft fur is nice and warm against my bare chest. She purrs delightfully while I pet her back. I carry her back into the living room. The

panties feel so nice against my cock. I sit on the sofa with my legs apart and look down at my thumping package. The tip of my cock produces precum which stains the panties. Oops. Messy man, I am. I sigh. I keep my hand from going there. My mind is on Cindy's bed. It's nice and high off the floor. Her bed linens are soft and fluffy. She's the type that piles decorative pillows on the bed. Ah hell, I get up and walk back in there.

What am I doing? I have nothing to lose. I'm horny as hell with no hole to put it. My hands have to do, but that's boring. These soft panties though. Yes, I like it. I'm having some very naughty thoughts about what else I can. The bed calls to me. No one will know. Cindy won't be back until Saturday. Bebe stayed in the living room perched on her cat tower. I move my shirt and trousers to the chair shoved against the small desk. The bed is so comfortable and soft. I dig through the pillows until I find the ones on the bottom of the pile, the ones on which Cindy sleeps.

I press the pillow over my body, smelling her drives me nuts. I groan as I stuff the pillow between my legs. I can't help it. I roll over with the pillow under my mid-section and hump it. Each thrust forward my cock rubs against the panties and into the pillow. I hump and build up a sweat on my brow. The groans escape my lips. Before I make a mess on her pillow I think twice and stop and roll over. Just then Bebe hops on the bed observing what I'm doing. Her purrs are loud. Man, the cat likes me. She rubs against my arm. Go away, cat, before I hump you. I bat at her, shoving her toward the edge of the bed. She parks it right there and lifts her leg for a lick. I wish I could do that, I'd be doing it right now if I could.

I groan as my hand grasps my super hard cock. I don't bother pulling it out of the panties, it feels too good just rubbing it through the soft silky material. I lurch forward as my hand glides down my shaft. Bebe regards me and meows before resuming her grooming.

"Oh fuck!" I yell. "I wish you were here, Cindy. I'd pound your ass and leave my hot cum in there for you to enjoy over the next several hours. Instead, I'll leave it in your panties, a treat for you when you return. Fuck, Cindy!" I can't help it, I want her bad. I lurch forward as my cock lengthens and hot cum spews from the tip, filling the panties. I keep going until it stops squirting. It's a sappy mess as I collapse back onto the pillows and catch my breath.

Bebe stops licking and settles around so her soft green orbs focus on me. "Look what you did, kitty," I say in teasing the cat. She regards me and rests her head down, bored with my show and shuts her eyes.

"Yeah, the show's over," I say and stand up. I peel out of the sticky nasty panties. Now I feel remorse at my actions. Poor Cindy didn't deserve this. I laugh as I pitch the soiled pair into the dirty clothes hamper. Too bad it's empty. Probably my spooge will dry on the bottom. No one look at it under a black light. Ewww.

When I come back Thursday morning, I pluck the pair of panties from the hamper and throw it into the washer. Just a pair of panties, but it's the least I can do. When I come back that evening, I throw the pair into the dryer and wait until it stops so I can fold it and replace it in her dresser.

Friday evening I'm horny again and have plans to make myself at home at Cindy's long enough to scratch the itch my cock is giving me. I want to try on the pair of blue lacy panties this time and I'll stay long enough to wash and dry. I figure I owe her that much. When I walk into the home, Cindy is there, holding Bebe, her face is set in a scowl as she peers at me while petting her kitty.

"Cindy! You're home early," I say as I grin. Damn, that was close, too close for comfort.

"Surprised?" she asks. Her lips stretch in a thin line as she narrows her eyes at me. I feel two feet tall in her presence, it's as if Bebe told on me.

"I... uh... thought you weren't coming home until tomorrow. But that's okay. I'm sure Bebe is glad to see you," I say. Cindy is different in her domain. I'm not as able to dominate her as I am at work.

"I have something to show you. Please come in and have a seat," she says. Her clipped tone startles me. I follow her into the living room and have a seat on the sofa. I'm hoping she'll sit beside me, but she perches on the edge of the chair and thrusts the remote at the TV. I watch and wince when I see my image bloom on the screen.

"What the..." I'm on the screen rifling through her drawer in her bedroom. I blanch when I remove my clothing and pull on her panties. The image flicks to me sitting in the living room as I glance down at my hard-on through her panties. I want to crawl under the sofa when it flicks back to the bedroom and the scene of me jacking off in her panties unfolds. What can I say now? My otherwise white skin is burning red now.

"What the fuck, Sheldon? You fucking humped my pillow. You wore my panties. You jacked off in them. I saw that you washed them, so thank you for that. I think. But really? What kind of a perv are you? I have a good mind to call the cops and turn you in for sexual misconduct," Cindy says.

"No! Please, no! I can't... My reputation..."

"You have the reputation of being a male chauvinist pig. You treat me like shit at work. I tried to give you the benefit of the doubt when I asked you to help me here. Truth be known, you were my only hope. All others couldn't or wouldn't or whatever. There you have it. You're a dick. I'm trying to decide how I'm going to handle this," she says.

I eye her TV. "How?" I ask and shake my head.

"Pet cam. You know, so I could watch my sweetie while I was away. It's a safeguard. But I saw so much more. Watching you late Wednesday night made my blood boil and it's why I cut my vacation short. I'm not letting you get away with it," she says defiantly.

"What are you planning?" I ask. I lose all enthusiasm, figuring my life is over. My fate is in the hands of a woman who is thoroughly disgusted with me.

"Hmm. You know, I tossed and turned Wednesday night. I stopped short of calling you and confronting you for fear you'd come over and destroy the cameras and video feed. Don't bother, I've uploaded it all to a cloud for safekeeping. I spent the last day of my vacation fuming about it. I came to some resolutions and yeah, it's what I'm going to do." She nods.

"Do you want a raise? More perks at work?" I ask.

She laughs. "That sounds good but too easy. No, I want to punish you for what you did. We'll start with this. I have the video. If you don't do as I ask I will share the video with Mr. Stell. It's your choice. For a night, you do exactly as I say, and I'll destroy the evidence," she says.

"How do I know you'll destroy it if I do your bidding?" I ask.

"You don't. You have to take me at my word. So, what's it going to be?" she asks.

"I don't even know what... I guess it doesn't matter. I have everything to lose if I don't. So, what is it you want me to do I'll do it, whatever it is," I say.

A wicked smile stretches across Cindy's face. "Friday is the day. Come by my house first thing in the morning. It will start at seven. Then it will end at midnight."

"We work Friday," I say.

"Yes, I know. I'll see you at work Monday morning first. I look forward to it," she says.

All week I walk the straight and narrow with Cindy. At work, she acts like nothing is amiss. Friday morning, I show up at her home and she leads me to her bathroom. "Put on these and wear them all day. I will be doing surprise checks too, and if I find you aren't wearing them, I will go straight to Mr. Stell."

She hands a pair of hot pink thongs to me. "They're made of silk, just like you like." She leaves to give me time to change. The panties are binding, but she bought a bigger size, so my junk barely fits. The thong part goes up my butt and I squirm back into my trousers. This will make for an uncomfortable day,

especially when I attend the board meeting this morning. Cindy checks before I leave making sure the thongs are on.

All day I'm bothered by the panties on my ass. Cindy does three surprise checks, each time looking at my ass. My cock rubs against the soft silky material making me hard at all the wrong times, dammit. I make extra trips to the restroom and adjust as needed. I threaten to jack off for relief, but the room is busy with other men coming in and I can't do that in their presence.

Finally, at the end of the day Cindy summons me to her place. "We'll eat out, don't worry," she says.

A flashy gold sequined gown lays out on her bed with a pair of gold stilettos to match. A blond wig with a flippy shoulder length hair sits on the dresser. I groan when I realize what I'm to do. Cindy is delighted by my reaction as she dresses me in full drag. It's humiliating as she piles on the cosmetics including false eyelashes. When I'm done, she points me at her full-length mirror and giggles. "Yes, you make quite a beautiful Shelly," she says.

"Shelly." I nod at my reflection. I don't even recognize myself as she had me shave before dressing. She steps into a royal blue jumpsuit that stretches over her body, showing off all her sexy curves. She would wear pants when I'm in drag.

"We're going to Mid-Town Club. I hear they serve a mean prime rib," Cindy says.

My hand keeps raising to my hair, the long tresses tickle my shoulders. The dress has spaghetti straps and she even dusted sparkly powder over my shoulders for

good measure. I relax knowing I'm not recognizable. If I do run into anyone I know at Mid-Town at least I'll know another drag queen. Cindy gave me a pair of her underwear to wear under the gown, so I have a little bit more room for my weenie to grow. The club is hopping with drag queens in all shapes and sizes. Women are also there, some as butchy as they can be, and others are along for their queens. Cindy pulls me inside, she's obviously in charge here. I allow it, I just want this night over with.

We sit at a table; other drag queens eye me. "Hey, she's mine," Cindy says to shoo them away. I suppose some are gay and are checking me out.

"I guess others want a piece of Shelly, huh?" I say and laugh.

"Oh, don't worry, Cindy plans to have a piece of Shelly later," she says as she pops a bite of prime rib into her mouth. My cock grows a full seven inches just at her words. Fuck worth ethic, after this I shall have me a piece of Cindy dear.

"Come on, Shelly. Show me what you've got on the dance floor," Cindy says as she pulls me into the club.

I stumble in the heels to the dance floor. There are more men dancing with drag queens than men and women dancing. Shelly is in the minority here, but no one says anything to her about it. She steps into my embrace and runs her hands over my bare shoulders leaving gooseflesh flashing. She cocks a brow at me and presses her curvy body to mine. I groan from the binding in the panties. My cock head pokes out the top. Cindy slides her hand down and brushes against it and giggles. Then she twirls outward, the evidence of my bulge as clear as day to anyone who might look our way. In fact, another drag queen glances down at my package and smiles while lifting his brow.

"Oh darling, I could have some fun with you," he/she says as they run their hand over my cheek. I grind my teeth because I'm not gay, but I'm strangely turned on by how I'm dressed especially being with Cindy.

Cindy giggles as she grinds into me, dirty dancing of the worse kind, turning me on until I have blue balls. She looks at my cock through the dress. "I think it's time to go home now. I have you until midnight and we're not through," she says.

I happily follow her out of the trans club and can't wait to get back to her place and into her pants. Her ass has been wiggling at me all night and my cock has stayed super hard the entire time.

Once we're at her home, Bebe stays on her cat tower, thankfully and lets Cindy and I enjoy time in her bedroom. I'm thinking I'm home free, but Cindy wags her finger in my face when I try to remove the dress. "No, not yet. You may step out of the panties and just lift the dress. I'll take care of things."

I'm out of the panties, my cock sticks out long and hard. I turn to her. She pulls a vibrator out and grins. "When you were fucking my pillow through my panties on my bed, you uttered a few things. I figured I'd hand it back to you. I want you to bend over the bed after you lift the dress, face down," she says. "Or Mr. Stell receives the video."

I swallow hard and do it. Bite my tongue and endure the humiliation I'm about to receive. I cried out about pounding her ass and she heard it. I deserve this. She at least lubes the tip of the vibrator and runs it over my anus. I jump and squeeze her bed linens in my hands. Never has anything entered my ass before. But I sure

love entering women's asses. "Oomph," I cry as she shoves the vibrator in and it's going at full power. At first it feels like it's tearing, but I say nothing. I groan from the discomfort. She shoves it in and out just like a man would if he were fucking me. It starts to feel good in an odd way, but I'll never admit it to her. I'm so humiliated by it I can't even talk.

After ten minutes of pegging my ass, Cindy removes the vibrator and tosses it to the floor. She grins at me as I straighten. My cock is still hard as a rock. She bends over the bed. "It's eleven-forty-five. You have fifteen minutes. You've been a good sport about this entire day, not one complaint. You can now peg my ass."

I didn't waste a moment. I plow into her tight anus with fury, taking out my frustrations all at once. No slow and easy, I was about to lose it while she was pegging me. You bet I'm going to peg the fuck out of her. I cram all the way in and she fingers herself in the process. Her anus squeezes my cock just right. I pump into her for a few moments while she's swirling her fingers over her clit. She suddenly arches her back, her body quivering into an orgasm as she cries out in ecstasy. The squeezing in her ass causes me to take the leap as I shove into her with fury, dumping my load, at long last, into Cindy's delicious ass. We moan through the waves of pleasure together and finally, I'm spent. She's gone limp. We are done. I pull out and step back, my cock dripping with cum, and her ass oozing it.

"Now, it's midnight. The choice is yours if you want to stay or not," she says and disappears into the shower.

I shrug and follow her. I'm not about to give up on a woman like Cindy. If she can bring me to my knees like that, who am I to walk away?

THE END

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