

SCARLETT STEELE

# SISSY

BAR SETS THE SCENE FOR PUBLIC HUMILIATION

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

SCARLETT STEELE

# SISSY

BAR SETS THE SCENE FOR PUBLIC HUMILIATION

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

## Sissy Bar Sets The Scene For Public Humiliation

### A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2020

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 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>

Visit my Smashwords page for more books on Sissy , Feminization, Femdom, Facesitting, Pegging, Ballbusting, Crossdressing and more

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

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

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

No! The damn rains washed out the lovely Praying Hands Hosta. Fussing over the plants, I don't notice the guests strolling through the garden. The wet paths should have been enough to keep the guests indoors, at least until the sun fully dries everything. Mr. Hoffman calls me Fussy Grandpa because I remind him of his grandpa who was a Master Gardener. I wish. I'm learning, slowly but surely. I discovered quite by accident of my horticultural skills when my great aunt and uncle needed help in their gardens when I was a teen. They paid me twenty-five dollars a day to come over and help tend their many landscaping plants and even their vast vegetable garden. Aunt Minnie taught me a lot during that time. I was greatly saddened when Uncle French passed away and Aunt Minnie had a stroke and her children moved her to a nursing home. The home was sold, and the new owners didn't keep up with the gardens. I even offered to come help but they

said they just wanted yard.

My mother told me I had a green thumb and I should put it to use. I studied horticultural and earned a degree two years ago. Allen Winder Resorts hired me as the grounds' keeper, giving me free reign to create a gardening masterpiece. The plot of land includes three acres of which I created the gardens with a winding path showing off the lovely plants of the Northeast. People from all over love walking through and seeing all the beautiful plants and flowers. I even have fall and winter plants, so the garden path is opened year-round. Situated close to the pool, it offers scenic views for the guests. The Winder Bistro has a deck that overlooks the gardens. I had a fountain installed between the deck and the gardens with butterfly plants, plus in the spring and summer we set out the hummingbird feeders. I make sure the little creatures have plenty of colorful flowers for their long beaks to suckle.

I remind myself to pause and smile at the guests, even though I need to concentrate on the task of saving the plants from the deluge. Always, someone has a comment or a suggestion. I must smile and take it and nod like I'm really considering it. I want to stand and ask if they have formal education in horticulture and if they've studied as an apprentice under a professional landscaper.

Glancing toward the pool, Lena serves the people laid out on the loungers. Being cooped up in the resort for two days has people itching for the great outdoors. The resort sits on the edge of beautiful Lake George and brings in all kinds of guests. Many just enjoy the amenities of the resort grounds, which includes the pool, gardens, golf course, giant playground, as well as a marina, a dock for fishing, and a beach. The pool is the size of two Olympic sized pools, with curving edges and a graduated end making it feel as if you're walking into the lake. Lena smiles at me as she shoves her tips into her apron pocket. As a poolside server, she wears a bikini top with a sarong and an apron. The guests enjoy the relaxed atmosphere of the pool, so she gets to dress the part.

I like Lena. Her dark long brunette hair gives her a Pacific Islander feel, her big blue eyes shining and making others drool over her beauty. They don't see the natural beauty like I do. Her splattering of freckles across her face suggests she has naturally pale skin that she's kept bronzed from all the time in the sun. She wears it well. Her skin is soft and smooth. I take any opportunity I can to touch her. She's curvy, but not plump, her curves are in the right spots.

Break time means I head to the bar for a soda water. Lena talks to the tender, Mr. Pelf. He's good-looking and tall and very married, of which I'm glad otherwise I might be a little jealous of the attention he receives from the poolside beauty.

"Hi Garth. Looks like you have your work cut out for you today," Lena says.

I smile and nod. I love that she's observant and knowledgeable about what I do. "Yeah, the rains nearly ruined the new plants," I say.

She smirks. "Yeah, I figured. Spring is beautiful, but the excessive rains are a pain."

"Painful for the young tender plants. My babies," I say and laugh.

Lena shakes her head and laughs with me. "Only you would refer to the plants as your babies," she says.

"What do you mean by that? It's my job. Not everyone has a green thumb," I say as I look down at my thumbs.

“No, you’re right. Not everyone thinks of plants as their babies.”

“Well, someone needs to love and care and provide tenderness to them,” I say.

“Yeah. I bet you have plants in your home too, don’t you?”

“Of course. I have clippings from my great aunt and uncle’s garden before they passed away,” I say and frown. Even now, the memory of losing them is painful.

“Do you have a garden too?”

I love that she’s so interested in me. “I do. I have a small lot, but I make do as best I can with the plot of ground I have. My screened-in back porch has containers with plants too. I’m thinking about purchasing a small green house,” I say.

“Ah, you should own a greenhouse, you know, run it as a business. I’m not talking about a small back-yard one.”

Now she’s talking about my favorite topic. “It’s actually my dream to own several acres and build a greenhouse as a business. I’ve thought about helping set up greenhouses for individuals too. It’s a good market with the way people want to grow their own food these days,” I say.

“I guess. It seems so grandfatherly though,” she says and giggles.

I shake my head. Here we go with the grandpa bit again. I want to shake Mr. Hoffman for doing this to me. “Why is it just because I really enjoy working with plants it makes me grandfatherly?”

“Would you rather I tell you it makes you see sissified?”

I grimace. “What? It doesn’t make me a sissy because I chose a career in horticultural.”

“No, of course not. It’s the whole way you baby the plants. It’s like you’re an eighty-year old woman in the body of a man,” Lena says.

I sigh. I mean, what else can I do? Laughing, I turn away and go back to work. It’s not the first time I’ve been referred to as sissified. Why is it just because I have a green thumb and honestly care about the plants that it makes me feminine?

I admit, I have a thing for sweet Lena. She’s so petite and feminine that I want to touch her soft pale skin. Eerily, I want to wear her clothing, because in a way I want to be like her. It’s an odd thing, something I haven’t fully explored yet. But the more I’m around Lena, the more I want to be like her. I try to squish the feelings down, because it’s just weird.

After work, the mall is busy as I work my way to the escalators. The thrill of the

short ride increases as I spy the lingerie shop at the end of the corridor. Giant pink signs compel ladies to drop by and purchase the silk underthings. I've gone in there before with girlfriends in the past. Now, I'm alone, but it doesn't stop me from shopping. Ladies and even a few guys browse through the racks and tables looking for the perfect unmentionables.

"Can I help you find something," the young salesclerk asks me. Her bubbly smile is infectious. Cindy, by the name on the tag, just wants to help me make the right choice. I play it up.

"Yeah, where are the silk panties? I'm looking for a nice gift for my girlfriend," I say. It's a half-lie in that I don't have a girlfriend. But in imagining what Lena would wear, I go with the rouse that she's my girlfriend. I wish, anyway, and what's the harm in preparing. Right?

The sea of bras isn't where I need to be. Cindy smiles as she leads the way to the panties. "We have silk and cotton in many sizes. What size does she wear?"

I frown, because I have no clue. "Well, she's about your size. I have to admit, I don't know her exact size," I say and laugh nervously.

"I wear a size 6, perhaps that would do. I'll send home a paper cover so she can try it on, and if it doesn't fit, you can return it for the right sizes." Cindy is just perky and full of good advice.

"Thank you, doll. If it's okay, I'd just like to browse. You have a lot of choices here," I say. I'm hoping to explore my options.

“Okay, let me know when you’re ready to check out. If I can’t wait on you, someone else will,” she says.

I touch her arm feeling her soft skin like I imagine Lena’s to be. “I know you work on commission. I’ll try to wait for you if you’re busy.” I wink at her. She blushes as she smiles and nods.

“Thank you,” she says and leaves. I’m not sure, but she may be sweet on me. Maybe if Lena doesn’t return my affections, Cindy would. She could get me a discount on these lovely panties too.

My winger extends as I run my fingers over the cool silk fabric. Now, I’m throbbing as I grab five pairs, because it’s five pair for \$99. I can’t resist a sale, just ask the lady who sells me supplies at the nursery.

The first night, I sleep in the pink pair of panties. The fabric rubs me just right as I roll over in bed and I enjoy rubbing one out when I awaken. The men’s underwear binds me in a way I don’t like. While I love wearing cotton clothing, I’m finding the silk panties are so much nicer, cooler, and less binding. The work I do outside in the heat causes me to sweat, especially under the balls. A decision is made as I wake up the next morning and reach for the pale blue pair of silk panties.

The first day at work, I can’t believe how freeing and kinky it feels knowing I’m wearing ladies’ panties.

Lena and two other servers, Shari and Jayce stroll through the gardens while on their break. I'm too busy working to conversate with the lovely ladies, but standing I stretch and pull off the straw hat to wipe my forehead. The ladies are watching me with mysterious smiles on their faces. I think nothing of it as I smile at them. Perhaps I caught them mid-conversation about something amusing.

"What's up, Grandpa?" Lena asks as she steps to me.

I wince, recover, and smile. "Not much, grannie, how are you?" I ask as I can hand it back as well as take it.

"I'm not a grannie," she says and smirks.

"And I'm not a grandpa," I say. "Ladies." I nod at her friends.

"We've heard all about your nickname," Shari says. Her red hair and green eyes sparkle at me.

"Just because someone calls me that doesn't mean I'll answer to it," I say.

"You just did," Jayce says.

Tough crowd. "I'm Garth, not Grandpa," I say.

“If you say so,” Lena says as they walk away.

I shake my head and go back to what I was doing. Alrighty then. What was that about anyway?

I find it rather humorous that the ladies seem to follow me wherever I happen to be working every day on their break. I mean surely one of them is interested. I can always hope.

I find myself at the mall again, as I was put on the lingerie shop’s mailing list. They are having another sale and this time it’s ten pair for a cool one hundred dollars. I can’t resist a good sale, so I take advantage. Now I have enough panties to wear for over two weeks without having to wash any. Of course, I’m such a perv, I enjoy jacking off in the silk material, so I go through the fifteen pair in about a week. I imagine what it’s like for women to wear the finer fabrics against their delicate lady parts. It gives me a bigger stiffy when I consider it.

Lena and pals stroll by daily and grin at me. One day, I stand when they do because it’s break time, lucky me. They are approaching, and we all walk to the gazebo and enjoy a refreshing cool drink.

“Tell me, Grandpa, where do you shop for clothes?” Lena asks the oddest questions.

“Well, um, the mall,” I say. I’m totally confused.

“Yeah, we like your style, we want to buy the same brand,” Jayce says.

“Same brand?” I look down at the khaki shorts I’m wearing and shrug.

“It’s whatever is on the rack at...”

“No, dear. Not your shorts, your panties,” Lena says as her brow lifts.

Immediately a fierce blush stains my cheeks, the heat so hot I want to fan my face.

Shari giggles. “Guilty look, he’s red as a tomato,” she says.

I shake my head and feel like puking. What do I do? Face the truth? Run?

“You can’t deny it, Grandpa. Or should we call you, Grandma?” Lena says and they burst out laughing.

“Look, it’s really none...”

“Oh, come on, stop stammering,” Lena says.

“What? Where do you get your information?” It’s a pertinent question.

“Your ass,” Jayce says.

I shake my head. Fuck me.

“Why do you think we’ve walked by you every day? I mean you seriously act a little fruity anyway, with the green thumb, the plants are your babies, the whole bit. I thought I saw pink silk on your ass one day. I had to walk by for several days to make sure I was seeing right. Sure enough, every day you’re in panties. Garth, you wear women’s panties,” Lena says.

After blowing out my breath, I don’t know what the women want. “So?” I look them point blank in the face and dare them to do anything else about it.

“So? You’re a freaking sissy, Garth,” Shari says.

“Again, so?”

Lena smirks. “So, you’re good with that? I mean, no protesting it, no denying it?”

“No. Why should I? You three seemed to have figured me out,” I say. I’m

slightly pissed. After checking my watch, I move away from them.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Lena demands.

I twirl around. “Back to work,” I say. I don’t smile, I don’t offer a friendly see ya later. Just my back as I walk away from the giggling ladies. Shaking my head, I mutter, “Juvenile.”

“Um, there’s Grandma,” Lena says the next day when she’s strolling by with Shari.

I do my best to ignore her. They leave me in my work, I’m in the middle of a plot, weeding and fertilizing.

“Say, why don’t you say hello when we walk by?” Shari asks when they come back around.

I don’t bother looking at them, I’m busy. “I’m working,” I say.

“So? That doesn’t mean you can’t be nice and polite. I mean a proper sissy will at least respond,” Lena says, and they giggle.

After blowing out a breath and counting to three, I turn, my face not stretched into a smile like I normally have. I stand. “Hello, Lena,” I say through gritted teeth.

Ahem. Shari glares at me and offers a smile.

“Hello Shari.” I smile and turn back to my work. There, I got it done.

“Hmph,” Lena says, and they walk away. Such rudeness.

And every day it’s a barrage of sissy comments. “Good morning, beautiful. Wearing the pink pair today?” Lena grins as she approaches. Jayce laughs.

I smile. “As a matter of a fact, I am.” My answer takes her by surprise. “What color are you wearing, Lena?”

“Well, what would be funny is if I told you I was wearing whitie tighties. Now wouldn’t that be a hoot?”

I laugh. “You know, Lena, if you were wearing men’s underwear, I’d not poke fun of you for it. That’s your choice and I respect your choice. You see that’s an adult response to such things,” I say.

“Ha. Funny, Garth. What’s funny is a man who claims he’s not sissy to be caught wearing women’s panties. That’s funny. Now, I’m sorry we’re relentless in teasing you but you deserve it,” she says.

My hand goes to my hip. “I don’t deserve it. I deserve respect. What is it to you what kind of underwear I wear?”

“Well, it’s none of my business. But Garth, if you don’t want anyone to know, make sure your shorts cover your ass crack. Sorry, but it was obvious that the silkies are shining when you bend over. It’s just jarring to see it, unless you’re a drag queen?”

“Just because I enjoy silk underwear doesn’t make me a drag queen,” I say.

“You do realize they make men’s underwear in silk?” Jayce’s brow lifts.

“I realize you ladies should mind your own beeswax,” I say. No sense in beating a dead horse. So, they caught me wearing panties, so fucking what? But it doesn’t stop. My nickname Grandma sticks, and the sissy comments are relentless.

“Look at the little lady pruning the flowers,” Lena says as she giggles.

I stand, I’ve had it with the ridiculing. “What can I do to make you stop with the sissy comments?”

“Admit you’re a drag queen,” Lena says.

“That’s a big fat lie,” I say.

“I think you need to admit fully what you are,” she says and smirks.

“Why would I admit to something that isn’t true. You’re just a mean girl,” I say.

Lena giggles. “That’s what I mean, Garth. You act so feminine. Calling me a mean girl. I mean you try to act all tough and manly, but really you’re just a sissy,” she says.

“You are mean.”

“Just admit it, Garth.”

“Admit what? I wear women’s panties, so what?”

“That you are a tranny,” she says.

“I’m not a tranny. I don’t wear women’s clothing except for the underwear. I happen to like the underwear better than the men’s underwear. Why are you so insistent on making fun of me?”

“It’s humorous. You make it so damn easy. We love teasing you,” Lena says and Jayce nods enthusiastically.

“Okay, what can I do to stop the teasing?”

“Teasing doesn’t hurt you, Garth. Why are you so sensitive?” Jayce asks. Lena laughs.

“Because it’s the feminine sissy side. I think he’s more sissy than we are,” Lena says.

“Seriously, what can I do to make you stop?” I stare at Lena hoping she’ll give it a rest.

“You are really willing to do something to make me stop teasing you?” she asks.

“Yes, please,” I say. It’s break time so I make my way to the gazebo and signal for her to follow. Of course, Jayce follows too. I’m hoping it will go for all her little friends to leave me alone.

We settle on a bench and I open the cold bottle of water and take a big gulp. Jayce sits on another bench to watch the show. She’s looking at the pool and the lake, not really focusing on Lena and me.

“Maybe I can be convinced to stop teasing you,” Lena says. She’s toying with the bench, flirting with me. I shake my head and wonder what she’s up to.

“Okay, so what will it be?”

“I want you to admit that you’re a drag queen,” she says.

“How can I admit it when I can’t. I mean, I’m not.” I shrug.

“But I think you are,” Lena says.

“I do to,” Jayce interjects.

“Thank you, Jayce,” I say with a hint of annoyance in my voice.

“Just keeping it real, dude,” Jayce says.

“Okay, that aside, if you’re not willing to admit it, then I want you to explore it,” Lena says. “Explore it and I’ll stop teasing.”

I look at Jayce. “What about your underlings,” I say.

“Ha-ha,” Jayce says as she narrows her eyes at me.

Lean rears back and laughs. “Yes, I’ll call off the dogs,” she says and this time I laugh.

“Hey, thanks,” Jayce says. She stands. “I can tell when my presence isn’t appreciated.”

“Hey, Jayce, we’re just keeping it real,” I say.

“Touché, Garth.” Lena grins and nods. She shrugs at Jayce. “No offense, friendly.”

“Sure, none taken,” Jayce says as she waves to us and walks back to her post at the dining deck.

Good. I don’t like the audience. “Okay, now, where were we?”

“I called off the dogs,” Lena says, and we laugh again.

“Alright. Good. Then what?”

“Okay, looks like you’re being a good sport. You understand I’m doing this out of good friendship, right?”

“No, I don’t see that, but okay,” I say.

“I mean, come on, Garth. You’re a sissy. Are you gay?”

“No, I’m not. In fact, before you relentlessly teased me about being a sissy, I had a thing for you,” I say.

Lena frowns. “Had, as in you don’t any longer?”

“I don’t appreciate being called a sissy.”

“But you are a sissy. You’re so feminine. You even wear women’s panties. I mean, come on. Are you wanting to be a woman? Even deep down, hidden in that psyche of yours, aren’t you curious as to how it feels to be a woman?”

“No.” I grimace.

“Oh, come on. You’re so sissy acting. I would peg you for a sissy so bad,” she says.

“Okay. I’m not.”

“Do you have on a pair of panties right now?”

I blush fiercely.

“Thought so. And yet you deny it. I want you to explore your feminine side. If you want me to stop teasing you about it, I want you to explore this, for at least one evening,” she says.

“And how do you propose I do this?” I ask. Maybe she’ll invite me over and let me try on her clothes. The thought brings a rise in my panties.

“I want you to go out with me after I’ve dressed you in full drag,” she says.

My cock goes flaccid. Truly, I’m not a drag queen. But I want her to stop the incessant teasing. “And if I do this, you’ll stop calling me a sissy?”

She laughs. “You see, you’re whining about just like a sissy would do.”

“Okay. So, I dress in drag, go out with you, and you’ll stop?”

She smiles. “Only if you want me to stop,” she says and winks.

“Trust me, I want you to stop. So, when will this happen?”

“See, I think you’re excited. I have a beautiful dress in mind for the occasion. Come over Saturday night and we’ll go out. You’ll be my girlfriend. I’ll be a lesbian for you,” she says and winks again. Dammit, she’s flirting, but it’s all in

the wrong way.

I nod. “Okay, I’ll come over. You can dress me, whatever,” I say.

“Do you have a wig?”

“No.”

She laughs. “It’s all good. My sister’s bestie owns a salon, I’ll get some hair extensions and we’ll make you look like a beauty queen by the time I’m done,” she says.

She adds her number and address to my phone. She lives close to my townhouse. In an odd way, I’m looking forward to the date, although I never thought I’d agree to dressing in drag. Oh well, if it will help her stop teasing me maybe it will be worth it. I wish it were for a date with me being a man though.

Lena’s face brightens when I step inside her apartment. She lives in a nice gated apartment on the fourth floor. Her apartment opens to a roof deck and expands across the top overlooking the palatial grounds below. The shiny wood floors reflect her expertise in décor of soft whites with an occasional muted yellow and a pop of black. Done just right, she has a showcase of an apartment.

“I think you’ve missed your calling,” I say as she shows me around.

“I’m studying interior design,” she says proudly. “The job at the resort is so I can pay for this place, but in the evenings, I’m studying for classes to make a better career for myself.”

She sounds so mature; unlike the silly girl she is at the resort. I’m in my field career with my degree and I try to act like it. What I wear under my shorts should be my own business. But whatever. I’m here and going on a date with the pretty Lena and that makes me happy.

“In here, doll,” she says and giggles. On her bed is a gorgeous yellow gown, one that would look wonderful on her. She smiles at me as she hands the dress to me along with a white satin chemise. “I trust you’re wearing your panties.”

I grimace and nod. The dress hangs on me, obviously it’s meant for fleshly mounds in the front and a curvy ass in the back. Whatever. I do it to make her stop teasing me. When I appear, she’s all smiles as she does my make-up and dolls up my hair with extensions that match my own color. When I stand before the mirror, I look like a man who is playing dress-up. She claps.

“I’m happy! How do you feel?”

“Humiliated,” I say flatly.

“Oh, stop it. You’re excited about going out as a woman, I can tell. Here, I picked up these, I hope they fit,” she says as she shoves a pair of golden strappy sandals at me. My feet are too big, but I suffer with it anyway, because the alternative are my clunky boots which would really look ridiculous.

“Let’s get this over with,” I say as we head to the club that she claims will help me fit in and be who I want to be.

I shake my head when I spot the drag queens walking in, with their long nails, impossible long lashes, and high heels. Lena keeps gaging my reaction as she pulls me along and we finally enter the club. It’s flashy and bright and loud. Mirrors and gleaming gold reflect the colored lights that flicker with the beat. The bar is back lit with white lights, the bartender is some chick with wild colored hair and gothic make-up. At least I think it’s a chick. Who knows?

“Oh, come on, loosen up and enjoy it. I won’t ask you to do this again, don’t worry. But don’t you feel the least bit happy and in your own element here?” Lena asks.

“Not really. I’m not that much of a sissy, as you say.” I gulp the draft beer and order another.

“I thought you’d enjoy it and discover something about yourself,” she says.

“No. Just because I wear panties doesn’t mean I’m a drag queen,” I say. Two men have asked me to dance and I’ve said no both times. I’ll flat out leave if she insists on me dancing with a man. This is not my element; I feel very uncomfortable and humiliated.

“Just one dance with a man?” Lena asks.

“No. Lena, I’m humiliated. This isn’t me. I know you think I’m a big sissy, and so be it. I’ll take the ridiculing, but I won’t dance with a man,” I say as I set my jaw to saying no to the next man that asks.

“Then dance with me?” She stands and holds out her hand and smiles.

Now I smile as I follow my girlfriend to the dance floor, as her girlfriend. She giggles as she tries to take the lead, pretending she’s a lesbian. I laugh too because we look so ridiculous trying to do this. For one, I’m about a foot taller than her in the golden strappy sandals. For another, she’s so feminine, we look silly being two very feminine looking women.

“Oh, foey, you take the lead,” she says.

Now, that’s more like it. I stumble in the heels. “How do you women wear these things?” I ask.

“About like we do the panties,” she says and winks. I shake my head.

“It’s a joke. Hey, kick off the shoes, it’s okay.”

I do that when the song ends and now, I feel free. My feet, though barefoot, glide across the floor as I impress her with my moves. She giggles and presses her sweet body against mine as we sway to a slower beat.

“Can I let you in on a little secret?” she asks.

“Of course.”

“I have a crush on you. I’m happy to learn you’re not gay, not even a little,” she says.

“Really? You like me. I figured you didn’t with all the teasing,” I say.

“I know. I guess I have a hard time admitting to things sometimes.”

“I guess I’m having a hard time too right now,” I say as I lean in and press my body to hers.

She giggles and stands on her toes as she lifts her chin. Hell yeah, I lean in and our lips meet. Her sweet mouth opening for my tongue, our bodies giving into desires that I never dreamed possible. When we part, I’m breathless.

“Let’s head back to my place, shall we?” she asks as her eyes sparkle.

I smile as she laces her soft arm through mine. The events of the past several weeks have most certainly turned in my favor. Squaring my shoulders, I march through the bustling crowd, looking no different than many others dressed in

drag and make our way to the door. This walking in heels becomes easier with practice. A spark of a thought forms in the back of my mind, perhaps this is something I should visit again later. Maybe I can take my hopeful girlfriend, Lena. Gay, I'm not. Straight I am, but maybe I am a sissy and I should embrace that about me.

"Please stay," Lena says as she pulls my hand and we walk through her door.

Smiling, I nod. "I would love to. But I would also love to remove the make-up and the clothes before we proceed with our date," I say. I want to be a man.

"Except for your panties. Keep those on," she says and leads me to her bathroom.

With extreme gentleness, Lena removes the make-up from my face and the hair extensions from my head. Then, when I step out of the dress, she also removes her clothing, so she's standing in front of me wearing a pair of white lacy panties and a matching bra. Her breasts are plump, and round and I advance on her, and caress each one. Her hands snake around my neck as she hops into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist. Our lips meet, the smooth kiss melting away all anxiety and fear I have about pursuing a relationship with this beautiful lady. Her tongue darts against mine in a fit of pleasure as we press our bodies together.

I carry her to her bed and set her down, where she scrambles to the pillows and opens her arms. Crawling up, I carefully run my hands over the soft skin of her legs, pausing to massage her thighs as she parts for me. Shoving a thumb into the waistband of her lacy panties, I yank it down while she lifts her ass helping me. She unhooks her bra and sets her boobs free and I delight in her naked body.

“Off with yours too, I want to see what’s packing in the silk panties,” she says and giggles.

“See if even a sissy has enough manliness to get the job done?” I wink at her as I rip out of the panties.

“I see that even a sissy man can pack a load,” she says as she gently reaches for me and runs the tips of her fingers over my swollen head. I groan and pull back.

“Ladies first,” I say as I sink between her legs and kiss her inner thighs.

My tongue laps through the soft valley, the warm inner lips opening and exuding her tasty essence. When I hit the hard knob, she gives a little yelp as her fingers lace through my short crop of hair atop my head. Bearing down, my tongue swirls as she bucks. I lap the juices and suckle the little hard member while she’s moaning, her head is lopping back and forth.

“Oh, Garth, I’m going to come. I want you to fuck me hard when I come. You hear?”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” I mumble as I keep my tongue bearing down until she shudders and grinds into the bed, bucking her pussy into my face. Her fingers pull my hair and she’s panting and breathless and shoves me away. Smiling, I lift and pull her feet to my shoulders, taking time to kiss each toe.

“Come on, Garth. I want the sissy to fuck me hard. Give it to me, sweetie,” Lena

says.

I moan as I take my cock in my hand and run it lightly through the soft folds, focusing on her hard knob one more time. She squirms and moans as I swirl it. As she grinds and gets close again, I pierce through into her long tight tunnel, shoving in until my balls lightly tap her ass cheeks. She groans as I pull out and shove back in, the folds squeezing me just right. I moan as I saw into her, moving faster and faster. The cum builds at the base of my cock, my balls emptying and ready to shoot forth. I'll show her how much a sissy can fill her void.

“Oh fuck, Lena, I'm going to fill you to overflowing,” I say as I ram my cock into her hard.

“Please, oh, please, fill me full. Come on my sissy fucker, give it to me.”

Lena grinds her ass into me, meeting with each thrust. Her lips quake around my cock as she comes again, and I let her have it as I slam into her. Lurching forward, I fill her, shooting everything I have into her pussy. Together we rock our pelvises through the pulses of pleasure, nothing else matters in the world. Coming down, I slow, my head is dizzy with lethargy and euphoria. Finally, I stop as she collapses back onto the pillows.

I pull out, leaving a trail of our mixture between her legs. She doesn't seem to care as she pulls me to her, and I relax as I draw her into my arms. Her head rests on my shoulder and we snuggle together in the afterglow of our powerful time together. I kiss the top of her head as her fingers rub circles over my chest.

Lifting her face, Lena smiles at me and our lips meet again. “I think you are a wonderful lover,” she says.

“Even for a sissy?” I ask as I wink at her.

She rests her head on me again. “Even for a sissy. I don’t mind having a sissy for a boyfriend. I find it kinky that you wear silk panties all the time,” she says.

“Good, because I don’t plan to stop.”

We fall asleep, content. Hours later we awaken and do it all again, proving how powerful we are together.

THE END

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

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

Visit my Smashwords page for more books on Sissy , Feminization, Femdom, Facesitting, Pegging, Ballbusting, Crossdressing and more

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

Sign up to the mailing list to  
download the free book below

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