



Sissy

basketball
coach

SCARLETT STEELE



Sissy

basketball
coach

SCARLETT STEELE

Sissy Basketball Coach

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2019

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

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

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

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

female domination, pegging and more.....

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

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

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

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

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

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

Visit my Author Page for more stories on Femdom, Pegging, Sissification, Crossdressing, Facesitting, Ballbusting and more.....

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

I whistle as I stroll up the hall. The bell's about to ring and I want out of here before the onslaught of high school students fill the hall. I love kids and love coaching, but there are times when I don't want to fight for my space. They have no respect when the bell rings as they have one thing on their mind, getting to the next class. I've tried to talk to the administrators about giving them a full ten minutes to have time to go to their lockers and restroom. As it is, five minutes barely gives some time to dash across campus to their next class before the bell rings. Some of my co-workers aren't too forgiving to those with smaller bladders, claiming that five minutes is plenty of time to stop by the restrooms.

I duck inside the break room just as the bell blares and kids fill the hall. Rachelle is there talking adamantly on her phone to someone. She has an endearing way she bats her hand through the air as if the person on the other end can see her yacking and demonstrating with her limbs. She glances at me and momentarily

gives me a warm smile before returning to her lively conversation.

The coffee pot steams with fresh coffee so I grab a cup and fill it with the black liquid. I like my coffee black and strong. Like I like my alcohol straight up and fresh from the shelf. I don't need fancy ice cubes or pieces of fruit floating in my beverage. I don't need it mixed sodas or anything to water it down. Strong and stronger like I like my women. I gaze at Rachelle and believe me, she fits the bill just fine. My mouth waters looking at her petite curvy body. She wears coach's garb, a pair of athletic shorts, a V-neck athletic top with the school emblem on the left breast, and a pair of athletic shoes with her cute matching no-show socks.

I sit down at the table and drink my coffee quickly. My next class is a PE class and I'll have to go down to the gym for that. Rachelle was on her phone and pulled it from her ear as she rushes by me.

"Kellen," she says, and she offers me a smile.

"Rachelle," I say as a smile and nod to. She's a sweetheart and doesn't call me by my last name, Peters. The students all call me Coach Peters, but she calls me by my first name which I'm fine with. Most of the other younger teachers also call me by my first name. Only the older ones insist on being called Mr. or Mrs. and their last name.

"Coach Peters! We want to play dodge ball today," 7th grade Jimmy says as he runs up to me. The 7th graders were already running around waiting for me to enter the gym. I smile at the small group and nod.

"Dodge ball, Jimmy, fetch three balls from the bin," I say.

The group of 7th graders yell and clap. Well, at least the boys do, not the girls. I decide to take matters into my own hands instead of allowing the boys to be against the girls and the boys smashing the girls up.

“Line up here, and I'm going to split the teams into two,” I say.

The kids grumble and moan because they like to choose it for themselves, but I know better. I need to make sure the game is fair, so no one gets hurt. “Put on the protective gear I don't want anybody walking away with a bruise where they shouldn't have one,” I say.

The last class of the day is the basketball team. I coach boys' basketball while Rachelle coaches the girls' team. Our school has a top-notch team and a group of kids who work hard to earn top honors in there playing. I found it a great joy to coach these boys to winning victories every year. I've only been teaching for three years and so far, we've taken home the state top position every year.

After school and after the basketball practices, the head of the athletic department has a meeting with Rachelle and me. We're heading out of town for our first game in a few days and the kids need permission slips signed and we need chauffeurs for the bus. Thankfully, the kids' parents step up and take care of this for us so that Rachelle and I can do what we do best in coach the teams.

My team swept the win by ten points. Rachelle's team lost by two. She walks with her head down carrying a bundle of equipment to the bus after a good chewing on the girls. I sidle up to her and smile while I nudge her shoulder with mine. She glances up at me and offers a warm brief smile.

“Hey, you did well. That was a close game. I mean it shows the girls played hard,” I say hoping to ease her chagrin in losing.

“Aw, it’s okay. Tonya was wide open for a shot and didn’t take it. The no screaming rule really puts a damper in sideline coaching. These girls could have pulled it off,” she says.

My brow furrows as I try to recall the play, but I couldn’t as my boys were messing around the locker room for too long and I was busy disciplining the strays. “I must have missed it. These kids, sometimes they’re like deer in headlights,” I say and chuckle.

We part and I watch her board the girls’ bus. Part of me wishes I could get to know Coach Rachelle better away from school. I’m rather shy in real life and if confronted with the possibility of talking about going on a date, I fumble hard with my words. The best I can do is utter a polite, hello, how are you today, and talk shop. But have me talk anything relationship, I freeze.

I make it a point to hang out in the break room as much as possible because I noticed that Rachelle also hangs out there when she’s not in her coaching office or in class. She is on her phone a lot and she’s friendly as hell, except after a hard game with a loss like Friday night.

I march in and grab a cup; the fresh hot coffee smells wonderful. Too much of a good thing probably as I find myself drinking three or more cups a day. I need the spastic energy it gives me to teach my PE classes and coach the high school basketball team. Taking a seat, I smile because she’s heading right to me, ponytail swinging.

“Kellen, I need your opinion,” she says brightly as she takes a seat at my table.

Everything within me stands on end at her attention. “Okay,” I say. Wise, dude, wise. Like come up with a better answer than that. Anything for you, sweetheart. The words echo in my mind as I clear my throat and with a slight shake of my head, clear out the thoughts.

“How can I convince the girls to show forth a little more effort and not fear the audience? Tonya is an ace at practice. Put her in front of a roaring crowd and she freezes,” Rachelle says.

For a split second, my heart drops. “I suspect she also freezes on tests too. She has performance anxiety it sounds like,” I say.

We only have a scant few minutes; the bell will ring. I summarize as fast as I can any advice I can muster about Tonya. Remind me to thank her someday for giving Rachelle a reason to spend a little extra time with me.

The bell rings and my first hour is prep. Rachelle walks away and waves bye at me, her ponytail swinging in cadence with her swaying hips. Gah! I wish I had suave words to spill forth and convince the lovely lady to accompany me on a date. Instead, all I can talk is basketball. I don’t even know if she’d be interested in a date with me.

Later in the day I’m cruising up the hall for my next class and Rachelle is ahead of me, bee-bopping her way to her next class, no doubt. I smile and grimace

because I want to run ahead and catch up with her. I want to ask her out, but just as I put speed into my step, the damn bell rings and students pour into the hall like water through a holey bucket. I give up because by now she has basketball girls who saw her and are crowding around her.

Why is it I can talk to the boys and motivate them into playing the best game possible, but not to a pretty girl about a date. In college it was easy to say, “Hey, we should hang out sometime.” Normally back then I’d let the beer calm my nerves and score a home run. These days I’ve lost my touch. Adults don’t say, “Hey, we should hang out sometime.” We’re a busy lot, and when we have need for spending time with another it should serve a vital purpose, such as sustenance.

Frustration wears me thin. Every day I try to think of an excuse to talk to Rachelle on break. Our breaks are so fleeting, we have very little time in the break room. I’ll make a cup of coffee and need to jet to my class or else my students will be without a teacher. The frustration grows as I can never catch her alone enough to ask her out. I wish I had her number and I’d just send her a text. I do have her school email, but it’s on the school server and that’s checked often by the head of computer technology and the administration. I can’t risk that.

I become observant of Rachelle during the day and after school when we don’t have ball practice. She takes advantage of the school’s workout gym after hours. Ah! This presents me with a unique opportunity. I decide to also workout at that time but find it doesn’t happen easily. When I have the chance to do so, she’s off in a meeting or not there or there with others working out. When I’m otherwise occupied, she’s in there. Funny how that works out.

One evening she’s in the gym alone working out on the equipment. I’m set to walk in there and do the same and hopefully get around to asking her out on a real date. I stop and watch her, mesmerized by her focus as she lifts the bar. Her biceps fill out and she blows out a deep breath. A sheen of sweat forms on her

face, chest and neck, and arms. The stain of it shows on her tank top, with a line of sweat down the valley on her chest. My cock extends as I stand in the shadows watching her. Oh fuck, this is better than trying to speak when I'm so tongue tied. She's one hot lady, sexy and curvy. I'm having too much fun watching her. When she's done, I duck and run so she won't catch me. How embarrassing that would be.

I'm such a coward as I do this for several days. I have more enjoyment just watching her workout than I would if I strolled in there and worked out with her. I go home and take with me the images in my head and dream of her. Then I have the bright idea to snap pics of her. I mean it's all good, I won't share them on social media or anything. The photos will be my own personal stock.

At night I lie on my bed and jack off while staring at her images on my computer screen. Yes, I uploaded the photos from my phone because I want to see a larger image of her. Damn, I have some good masturbation time while doing this. My private moments overflow into my dreams where she's nude and sitting on top of me, her boobs bouncing as she works over me and on me. I wake up with a raging stiffy and my hand rubbing frantically. It's like I'm going through my second teen years where I'd wake up having wet dreams.

I must be careful because a few times I was nearly caught snapping photos of her. I'd recover quickly and whistle as I marched to my office, or as I'd march into the boys' locker room, claiming I was looking for something. No one seemed caught off-guard by my presence down there because it's where I work too. It's my domain.

Rachelle doesn't understand why my face turns beet red now when she talks to me. I'm remembering all the dreams I've had and all the times I've spent with my hard cock in my hands while gazing at her photo on my large screen PC. It's comical really, I'm such a hopeless case.

Now, the photos and sneaky sessions aren't enough. I'm eager for more, but still not gutsy enough to come out and ask her out. I wish I could get my head out of the sand and act like a real man. It would be wonderful if I could just march up to her and ask her to dinner. I might be pleasantly surprised. But then too, I might be sorely disappointed if she shot me down. Try as I might to gain the courage to talk to her with words that are more than just shop talk, it won't happen. My palms sweat and I can feel the burn in my cheeks. I'm hopeless.

I'm not sure what put the thought in my head but when I saw her leaving the gym one day and go into her office I stuck around for a little while. I hear her private shower running. Both of us have a private shower in our offices so we can shower in private instead of with the students after a long hard game. The thought of her in her office being completely naked turned me on. I stick around outside the door waiting for her to get out because I so desperately want to talk to her. But instead, I deck out of there before she leaves.

As I watch Rachelle work out from the shadows like I always do, I'm keenly aware that her office behind me has the door open. I listen very carefully and hear no one else in the building. I've gone inside her office many times leaving a paper, or a folder, or a letter about a student. I've left many pieces of paper on her desk. I've also gone in there to pick up papers and folders and files so it's not beyond it for me to turn around and say oh I just left some stuff on her desk for her.

She starts a set, so I turn around and quietly walk into her office. The bathroom door is open, the light is even on. I can feel my cheeks burning with a fierce blush as I walk to her bathroom. I open it and gaze at the shower, which is currently dry, but in the floor sits a pile of clothing that looks like it had been left from the previous day. Perched on top I can't help but notice is a pair of red panties. Before I think about it, I reach down and grab the pair and rush out of her room. I can hear the clump ker plank of the equipment in the gym where she is still working out. I rush to my office and grab my keys and leave. I can't

believe how bad a boy I've been.

It's like I've won the lottery. As soon as I enter my home, I quickly lock my door. After retrieving her panties, I go to my room. I know better, as I take my clothes off and lay on my bed. Her panties were sweaty, and I bring the pair gleefully to my nose. Taking a big sniff, I smell her essence while instantly my cock grows ten times harder than it was a moment ago.

Lying back, I put the panties on my pillow so I can turn my head and take a sniff while I'm jacking off. I figured this is the next best thing I could have since I'm not dating her. Knowing what her sweet pussy smells like keeps me going all night. I wake up in the morning after having slept on the panties on the pillow and sport another stiffy again. I've grown quite used to waking up with a raging hard-on and pre-cum all over my sheets. I gather my cock in my hand and start to rub again, this time squirting straight up in the air and groaning loudly and wishing that I was piercing through Rachelle's muff rather than in my hands.

After my shower I waltz into my room like I always do and open my underwear drawer. But my eyes betray me and fall to the pair of panties still resting on my pillow. I shut the drawer and grab the panties and put them on instead. Instantly, I grin because it's so daring and so dirty what I'm doing.

I walk through the school with the panties underneath my athletic pants. No one will know, because I never remove my clothing in front of anybody. But when Rachelle bee-bops to me with her ponytail swinging and her hips swaying, I just about get choked up with embarrassment knowing that I'm wearing panties that had been snuggled up against her pussy just two days prior. She speaks to me about one of her students asking advice and I can't help but think about how I'm wearing her panties the entire time she talks to me. And this starts a nasty habit.

Every day that I can, I steal another pair of her panties. Now to be fair, I do wash them once I soil them after I've gotten off and replace them in her bathroom as if nothing happened with the clothing.

Just like with everything else that I do, the new wears off and I need even more. I walk around in a sweat trying to figure out what more I can do to get Rachelle's attention. And since I can't get her to date me because I'm too shy to ask, I try to figure out what else I can do to keep my life exciting and fulfilled. I have been stealing her panties almost daily and replacing them with a clean pair on top of her clothes. If she noticed anything about it, she hasn't said anything. I'm hoping that she's just too busy to notice and she washes the pair again.

I wait patiently for her to go into the gym at the end of a busy day. All the students are gone, and the staff is cleared out as well. From my office I can see the parking lot and only her car and mine are still there. My heart pounds heavily in my chest as I'm about to do something I've never done before. I'm about to up the excitement factor by tenfold because I need it bad.

Knowing that Rachelle's workouts take at least 45 minutes, I figure I have plenty of time to do what my mind is telling me to do. My dirty dirty mind. Truly, I can't believe I'm about to do this, but I suck in a deep breath and do it anyway. She's settled in the gym with her earbuds in and she's jamming out as she's working out. Did I say she's cute? Trust me, I'd rather be with her in person than doing this, but this is the next best thing. Wearing her panties every day has been great. All day long I'm aware of it and I'm having to stop and think about ugly old men with ear hair and nose hair coming out to make my stiff cock go down. I certainly don't need my students to see that I'm sporting a stiff one all day.

After stepping inside her office, I close the door and sneak into the bathroom. Ah, right there front and center are a pair of bright blue silk panties. I grin as I pluck up the pair and immediately bring it to my nose. I replace it with the pink pair I wore yesterday. After peeling out of my athletic pants and another white

pair of her panties, I gleefully pull into her dirty pair after taking a deep sniff of the crotch first.

I wander into her office while wearing no pants and just her panties. It's a risky move, but I'm horny. Settling into her chair, I relax back as my hand moves to my swollen cock. Her panties are stretched over my body and I've learned from experience it feels good to jack off while wearing the panties. I smile and groan as my hand moves over my cock within the panties. The clank clank of the equipment in the gym reaches my ears and reassures me Rachelle is busy out there and won't be coming into her office anytime soon. I've kept my ear out for anyone else in the building, but experience tells me we're the only ones here this late hour. For good measure, I parked my vehicle on the other side of the school, so it appears she's the only one in the building. I've turned into a sneaky pervert.

My cock extends as the cum builds up in the base. I relax back further, straightening my legs as I'm about to come. It's so kinky while sitting in her chair and wearing her panties in doing this while she's just a room away working out. I'd like to hide in her shower and come out naked with a full staff and take her right there. But that's just my horniness talking, and I know I can do that. The orgasm takes hold and I groan loudly as I swiftly move my hand up and down over the outside of the panties. My cock shoots as I yelp in pleasure when I keep it going as the cum shoots from my cock. The panties become sopping wet and finally I'm done.

I quickly rise and peel out of the dirty panties. They are so filthy I need to take them home and wash them before I put them back into her office. I dress and leave with the soiled panties wrapped in a paper towel. I stopped hearing the equipment move so I quickly grab my keys and exit the building before she's steps out of the gym and sees me.

Things move along swimmingly as I wash the soiled panties. I realize that I don't have a pair of panties to wear today and it saddens me as I dress in my own

jockeys. Heading to school, I have the clean pair of underwear is in my possession and I plan to sneak into her office at some point and deliver them to her dirty clothes pile. I feel like I've gotten away with a lot and I start to think of what else I can do. I hate that I have become such a pervert, but it's giving me a lot of satisfaction.

To my delight, Rachelle sees me in the hall, and she is smiling big like she always does. "Kellen, could you come to my office this afternoon after school there's something I'd like to show you," she says. The smile stretches big on her face. Hope rises in me as I think that maybe this could lead to a date.

"Sure, I'll be happy to," I say as I lift my brow to this beautiful woman. I watch as she walks away, her hips swing in her tight athletic pants. She wears clothing that really strikes my imagination and I love it.

When the bell rings and the students file out in most of the staff has already left, I make my way back to the coaches' offices. I whistle as I stroll along, greatly looking forward to seeing Rachelle.

When around the corner she's already sitting at her desk with a smile on her face. She motions for the sofa in front of her desk. I glance at that sofa as dirty thoughts crop up in the back of my mind about the nasty things we could do on it. I step into the room.

"Hey, this is a private matter so could you shut the door please," she says. Her voice is pleasant, so I really look forward to this talk, whatever it is. I step to the door and shut it and turn and sit back up on the sofa.

“What’s up?” I smile at her and sit back on the sofa relaxing after a day's hard work.

She's clicking away on her laptop and her smile turns into a serious expression. My heart beats hard in my chest but I hold back judgment waiting to see. “I have something I'd like to show you,” she says slowly. Her fingers click on the keyboard and finally, she turns the screen toward me.

I’m horrified as I watch. It’s me walking around in her office yesterday. I go into the bathroom and return a few minutes later wearing nothing but her panties. Gall surfaces in my throat and I swallow hard to keep from throwing up. Heat stains my cheeks as I watch myself jacking off in her panties. The volume is up, and I hear every moan and groan, embarrassingly so.

Finally, it's over. Every stinking second of it. I feel completely deflated, the hopes of ever wanting to date this beautiful woman is now gone. She sees me for the disgusting pervert that I am. My job is now at stake here now that I’ve done a bad thing. With my cheeks burning hot, I lift my eyes to hers. She's exceedingly calm for what she had discovered and I'm not sure what she's going to do. She could march straight to the administrators and have my teaching license revoked and I would be jobless by tomorrow.

“Rachelle, I...” I try to say. She shakes her head and prevents me from speaking any further as she holds upper hand.

“Kellen, I'm very disappointed in you. You are such a wonderful coach and you treat your students with integrity. Your actions here show otherwise and while I'm disgusted by it, I'm also intrigued,” she says.

I'm taken aback by her words. She's intrigued? "I'm so sorry. I know I've been bad and done a bad thing. The truth is, I'm so shy it's ridiculous and I wanted to ask you out for a long time, but I never had the guts to do so. Instead, I'll wait until I'm horny and do things that I know I shouldn't do. I understand if you feel the need to let the administration about this. I'll clean my office out and leave quietly without making a big to do about it," I say.

"No need. I don't operate that way. I do have my conditions though. If you want to keep your job and make it up to me. Please follow me to my house," she says.

"Pardon? You're not going to turn me in? I guess I don't understand."

Rachelle stands and straightens the papers on her desk, and she closes her computer and shoves it into her briefcase. "You should be glad that I am as forgiving as I am. But like I said, if you want to keep your job follow me to my house. Or if you'd rather not, I'll take it to the administrators, and you can be without a teaching position for the rest of your life." She lifts her brow as if this is a foregone conclusion.

I nod and follow her to her house. She lives on a quaint street with big trees on a lot of flowers in her yard. I guess I didn't take her for the type with a green thumb but once inside, she tells me she bought the house from a little old lady who had a gardening hobby going on. That aside, she has me sit in her living room while she disappears around the corner and I assumed to her bedroom. She returns with some items in her hands.

After shoving the clothing to me, she says, "I want you to wear this all week. And then at the end of the week I'll let you know what else you can do to earn my silence," she says.

I find this humorous because I had been wearing her panties all week anyway. I'm not sure she caught on to that or not, she hasn't said. So, I take them as I try to show her, I'm having a little bit of a struggle thinking I may not want to do this. "Okay, is that all? "

"No, this isn't all. But you will find out the rest this weekend. Let's just say if you don't do what I say, I will send the recording I made of you doing what you did in my office to the superintendent, the principle, and the Dean of students. This will end your career. But what I don't understand what I would like for you to explain is, how was doing what you did easier than just coming out and asking me out on a date?" she asks.

By now I was over the extreme shyness by knowing that she'd seen what I had done. I shake my head. "I have a hard time talking to you about anything other than our jobs. I guess I was growing frustrated and I did what I did. I know it was bad and I know it makes me look like an idiot. I own that. And if you don't want to have anything to do with me at school, I understand. I appreciate you offering me a chance to redeem myself," I say.

She gives me a half smirk. "Did you honestly think that I would say no if you asked me out?"

It was a question that shot darts through my heart. Could there have been a chance that she would have said yes? I know that I look like a deer caught in headlights right now because my eyes are wide, and I don't know what to say. Maybe I should try honesty for a change.

"Honestly, I was too shy to talk to you about it. I guess maybe I thought you

wouldn't go out with me or that it would change the way we feel about each other at work. I know, I know, whatever I've done has certainly changed the way you feel about me at work, and I understand. Like I said, I own this. This will be a dark secret between you and I if I do what you say, right?" I managed to look her in the eye.

Rachelle nods. She smiles and nods to the door. "You can go now. Just wear that every day and I might do a check to make sure you are," she says.

Indeed, I wore the camisole and the panties she gave me every single day to work. The camisole was a little hot and sweaty, but I'm quite used to wearing the panties. Little does she know, I didn't mind wearing this at all. She did about three cheeks during the week cornering me in the break room once, and another time in the hall, and the third time she called me into her office and had me undo my pants. And so now I wait to see what the final punishment blow will be.

Friday night basketball games takes my mind off the possibilities of this weekend. I'm not sure when Rachelle will call in the final favor. I can't imagine what it will be since she thought she was punishing me by making me wear her underwear. If she only knew how much I enjoyed it, she'd probably have come up with something different. It's a secret I'll take to my grave though, I'm not about to tell her the truth there.

Once the games end and after the hoopla celebrations of wins across all grades with both the girls' and the boys' teams, Rachelle grabs my arm. I turn to her as the last of the janitors are sweeping through the stands.

"It's time. Follow me," she says matter-of-factly.

I nod and stay on her heels, proving to her I'm taking this like a man. Once inside her office, she shuts and locks the door. I gulp. This could either be very good or very bad.

"I'll be back in a few. Why don't you go shower and meet me back here in say fifteen?" she says.

Lifting my brow, I curtly turn and leave her office to take a quick shower in mine. By now everyone has left the building and it's just she and I left alone. I return to her office and take a seat on her sofa. She opens the door and appears wearing a pair of tight short shorts and a tank top with no bra. Nothing is left to my imagination as I gawk at her. She smiles and comes to me while holding something behind her back.

"I want you to take off your shorts and underwear," she says.

Oh fuck! "Yes, ma'am," I say as I quickly stand and grin like a school boy.

"I hope you keep smiling."

Why would she say that? I slide out of my shorts and face her, my cock standing straight out at attention. She gazes at it.

"Nice."

Oh! She likes it.

“I want you to bend over the desk and don’t fight me,” she says.

I question her with my stare.

“Remember what’s at stake here.”

I do as she says and bend over the desk. Turning, I see her squirting lube onto the tip of a vibrator. Oh no! Suddenly she comes at me with it whirring away and slides it right into my ass! I groan and lurch forward.

“Fuck!”

“Now, don’t complain. Hold out your hand. Now!”

I comply. Fuck! She squirts lube into my palm as I grimace.

“I want you to jack off while I’m pegging you. I’ll only remove the vibrator after you get off. I want you to see what it feels like being screwed. Or I can tell the administration.”

I reluctantly turn and put my hand on my cock, which is waning. I give it a

vigorous rub because she won't stop until I come. Oddly enough, I get into it as my hand slides over the head and down the base. She fucks my ass in rhythm with my hand. It doesn't take long before I'm lurching forward again, this time because I'm coming and shooting off. Cum shoots straight from me hitting the floor in great streams. I don't care, it feels too fucking good to stop. I keep squeezing until I'm done.

"Good boy," Rachelle says as she pulls the device from my ass. "Pegging is over."

She hands me a paper towel as I stumble toward the bathroom. After I've cleaned up and slide back into my shorts, I come back out to find her dressed. She smiles at me.

I nod. "Are we square?"

"Yes, and I will forget this," she says. I believe her. I proceed to the door when she clears her throat.

"Yes?" I say as I hesitantly turn back to her.

"I believe you had something you wanted to ask me? Like weeks ago, you know, before you figured you were too shy to do so. I'd like to be asked now," she says and grins.

I grin and shut the door as I step back to her. "Really? Rachelle, would you like

to go out with me?” I ask.

“I thought you’d never ask, silly boy. I’d love to go out with you!”

THE END

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

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

Visit my Author Page for more stories on Femdom, Pegging, Sissification, Crossdressing, Facesitting, Ballbusting 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>