

SCARLETT STEELE

# SISSY CHASTITY

TRAINING THE BOUNTY HUNTER



A Tale of Feminization and Crossdressing Sissification

SCARLETT STEELE

# SISSY CHASTITY

TRAINING THE BOUNTY HUNTER



A Tale of Feminization and Crossdressing Sissification

## Sissy Chastity Training The Bounty Hunter

### A Tale of Feminization and Crossdressing Sissification

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>

“A nice day for a catch, huh?” I say as I look down at where Lacey is working.

“Um, sure, I guess so.” Lacey is a young, vivacious woman of just twenty-three who has been working for our bail bonds service for about a year. I have tried repeatedly to woo her on several occasions, even offering to take her out to one of the finer dining establishments in the city, but to no avail. She does not see me as a potential date.

“I brought in three today,” I tell her. “Three big fish with large bounties. Do you have any more for me?”

Lacey laughs. “Are you seriously trying to get more work today? Aren’t you finished and ready to go home?”

“Why baby?” I say as I wink at her. “Do you want to go home with me?”

“Oh, geez,” she laughs. “Is the big, macho bounty hunter going to take me home and make me his?” Lacey taunts me as if I am a child as she brushes her long, black hair back behind her shoulders.

“Look, I would like to take you out if you are keen on the idea, that’s all. Why are you always so difficult?”

“I’m not difficult,” she replies. “I just know what I like and you are definitely not what I like.” There is a quiet sass about the young woman that causes me to both detest her attitude and to yearn for more of her bullshit. Maybe that’s why I can’t stand to be away from her whenever I go on bounty hunts. I love the challenge.

“Come have drinks with me and some friends tonight. You will love being out with us.”

Lacey raises an eyebrow as she scoffs at the offer. “You and some other sweaty bounty hunters? No thanks, sweetheart.” She called me sweetheart! Such a sweet sound from the lips of a woman who often scolds me for being who I am.

“Then what would it take to get a date with you? Aren’t you at least interested in what it would be like to go out with me?”

The young bail bondsman looks up at me and smiles. “You know, I don’t think I have ever had that thought at all. You are a little too macho to be believable, Bryce. There are plenty of guys who do what you do but they don’t brag about it. They do their jobs and they quietly go on their way. They are the real men, not some gung-ho man-child who is hiding the fact that he is a closeted gay man.”

The comment shocks me as I swallow hard and shake my head. “I am not gay.”

“Look, you don’t have to try to convince me,” she replies. “Lots of men try to overcompensate to hide who they actually are. You are doing it in spades, Bryce. Go out with your manly friends. I’m sure it makes you hard just to regale them with you stories of conquest over bail jumpers.”

“Are you fucking serious?” My mind goes from shock to anger. How can Lacey believe the shit she is peddling to me right now? Have I not proven that I am man enough to do this job? What else would I have to do to show her that I am the man that she needs; that she wants?

“Here. If you are so consumed with continuing with this rouse, you can have the next one.” Lacey hands me a file folder with the next bounty jumper’s information inside. “You can go catch this guy. He’s gay. It should be a great time for the both of you when you frisk him to make sure he has no weapons on him.”

“Fuck.” I drop the file folder back to the top of the desk. “This is shit and you

know it, Lacey. You want me. I can see it.”

She turns her eyes toward me, their dark brown hue seemingly becoming even darker as she takes me in. There is a quality about her that both intrigues me and scares me a little. Lacey hangs out with some different types, her dark clothing and nose piercing not the typical fare for someone in a nine-to-five profession. Still, the young bail bondsman fits in well here with us and I for one would love to see how this kitty purrs in bed.

“See you later, Romeo.” Lacey smiles snarkily as I pick the folder back up and make my way to the car outside.

“She’s playing with you,” my best friend and bounty hunting buddy Mark Dawson says to me. “Lacey is like that. She doesn’t like to get close to anybody and that includes the likes of us. Honestly, she probably has sex with guys who play Dungeons & Dragons and have a dozen piercings over their nipples and dick. You don’t need her, man.”

“I never said that I need her, Mark,” I retort. “I just want to go out with her. She’s a freaking hot woman and I think she would find me to be pretty damned fun to be with.”

“You suck to be with, Bryce. You are about as boring as any dude I know.”

I reach over and smack my old friend on the shoulder. “You asshole. I’m a ton of fun when I go out with girls. They love me.”

“You take them out, you poke them, you move on. It’s your way of doing things, my friend. I think Lacey is probably not as dedicated to the poke and run as you are.”

“She called me a gay man, Mark.”

“What?” My old friend laughs as he shakes his head. “You? A gay dude?”

“It’s not really funny,” I say as I grimace. “I have never been called gay before by a woman, Mark. This is embarrassing for me.”

“Don’t take it the wrong way, man. Lacey is just out to get you for all the times you have gone to her desk and asked her out. She is probably getting sick of it. Maybe you should back off for a while.”

“Back off? Fuck no. She called me gay. Now I have to prove to her that I am not gay.”

“She is just messing with you, Bryce. Let it drop before Lacey takes you down another notch.”

My face turns red as I consider my old friend’s advice. Do I let this go or do I try to gain back at least a modicum of my maleness. “If I ignore this and don’t do something about it, what she claimed about me will get around. You know how the guys will riff on me for this.”

“Danny is gay,” Mark replies. “He’s a good guy and a great bounty hunter. Don’t let Lacey get under your skin like this. Leave it alone and go on with your life.”

“I can’t.” As we approach the bounty jumper’s last known location, his sister’s house, we draw our weapons and get ready to make contact. This is one guy who will not be getting away from us tonight.

“Got him, huh?” Lacey says to me the next morning as I walk past her desk. I did not plan to say anything to her today since she called me a gay man yesterday afternoon.

“Got all of them yesterday,” I remind her as I walk over to my desk nearby and have a seat. As I begin to fan through the new files of bail jumpers for today, I try to ignore the young woman staring at me. Lacey is used to having me bother her about going out and I have decided to try to do as Mark suggested. I am going to try to simply let things drop and move on with my life. There is plenty of other pussy out there, after all.

“Ah, did I upset you?” Lacey asks with a giggle from her seat.

I sigh and look up at the young bail bondsman. “I’m sorry. What?”

She grins at me as she raises an eyebrow. “Did I make you cry last night? I didn’t mean to make you cry, Bryce. Honestly, I just wanted to point out that you probably have some issues to work out. It’s okay to be who you are. Just embrace it and stop fucking trying to convince us all differently.”

“Fuck me.” I look back down at my desk and try to concentrate on the file in front of me. Though I act as if I am reading it, the brutal truth is that Lacey is getting under my skin. She knows it too as she gets up from her desk and walks over to mine.

“I have friends,” she tells me. “They are nice guys and one of them, Antonio, would love to meet you. He’s six-three, handsome, and a great lay from what another friend of mine told me.”

I look up at Lacey, my cock hard as I think about how badly I want to bend her over the desk and pound her hard to show just how manly I can be. “You know, I don’t even know where to begin with you, Lacey. You call me gay, you insult my strength as a man, and then you try to set me up with a gay dude who happens to be a friend of yours. I’m not gay, Lacey.”

“Okay.” She smiles and turns to go back to her desk as I yearn for her. The way that the young woman talks to me makes me want her more than ever before. Why does she make me so horny for her while she insults and defames me? What is it about her besides Lacey’s dark clothing and sharp attitude that makes me want her to bite my dick off and hand it back to me?

I pick up my cell phone as it vibrates on my desk. It is my sister Darcy, so I pick up and say, “Hello, sis.”

“Hey, big bro.” It is good to hear from someone this morning who rarely looks for a way to make me out to be something I am not. “How are things there at work?”

I look for a moment at Lacey. She is working on files for the bounty hunters and has moved on from the conversation we had. “I guess all things are good, considering.”

“Considering? What does that mean, little bro?” My sister has been a lifelong advocate for me, even when I was being bullied in middle school by a much larger student. As a matter of fact, that experience is probably the biggest reason I work out and catch assholes the way I do today.

“There is this girl at work,” I say quietly as I turn my chair away from Lacey’s direction. “She won’t go out with me and she claims that I am gay.”

Darcy laughs. “Do you want me to come beat her up, Bryce?”

“No,” I chuckle. “She just keeps hammering me. She won’t let it drop now that I have decided to back off and stop asking her.”

“How many times have you asked her?” my sister asks.

“I don’t know. Maybe two dozen times over the last year.”

“So, twice a month average?”

“More like four times a month on average. I let her get settled in the first six months before asking her the first time.” We both laugh as I shake my head.

“What do I do about this? She keeps saying that I am acting macho because I am hiding my true feelings for men.”

“Is that true?”

“You fucking know it’s not true, sis,” I say as I become defensive.

“Oh, wow, you are high strung, little bro. You need to bring it down a little if you want to date her.”

“I don’t think that will work.”

“Then ask her what will.”

“What?”

“Ask the woman what it would take for her to go out with you. Make it about her instead of all about you. I know how you can be when you try to get a date with someone. You are always so intense, flexing your muscles and telling a woman that she needs you. I was there when you asked out Sandy Benton, remember?”

“That was ten years ago for the prom.”

“And you haven’t changed a bit,” Darcy quips. “Just try it my way and see if that works, alright? If it does, you owe me dinner, though. There is a new Italian place on the corner that my husband and I go to.”

“Gary? Do we have to bring him along? He’s a candy-ass.”

“Don’t talk about him that way,” my sister replies. “That’s what is getting you into trouble with the woman you have been asking out at work, Bryce. Change your attitude and maybe you will get somewhere.”

“Yeah, we’ll see.”

“I have got to go, brother dearest. I will see you later, alright? Remember, the new Italian restaurant.”

“Yeah, whatever.” I hang up from my phone call with Darcy and sit for a moment at my desk as I look over at Lacey and consider what she has said. “How can I do it that way? It doesn’t work that way.” Taking a quick breath, I stand to my feet and walk over to the young woman’s desk.

“What, three files are not enough today?” Lacey quips as she looks up at me.

“I want to go out with you,” I begin after swallowing hard. “What would it take for me to get a date with you?”

Lacey's eyebrows rise as she shakes her head. "What sorcery is this?"

"No sorcery," I say quickly. "I just want to go out with you, that's all, and I am willing to do whatever it takes to do it."

"Whatever it takes? Aren't you going to tell me how hard I am going to fall for you when you wear whatever tight shirt you want to wear on our date and flex your muscles?"

"No, I'm not going to say that."

"Or, that you could show me a good time by kissing up and down my body and burying your face into a certain nether region?"

"No, of course not." Suddenly, all of the times I asked Lacey out begin to stream back into my head.

"And what about your sexual dominance? Don't you want to tell me that I will probably fall in love with you so hard after making love you will have to have a restraining order filed against me? The way you had one filed against dozens of other female conquests?" Lacey giggles a little at this one. All I can feel is how red my face is becoming as I realize how stupid my previous attempts at getting a date with the bail bondsman have been.

"Just tell me what I have to do to go out with you," I reply. "I want to know."

“This is that important to you, huh?”

“It’s very important to me.” I watch as Lacey sits back in her chair while she looks me up and down. I have a terribly uneasy feeling as she takes me in and considers what she might ask me to do for her.

“Fine,” she finally says after a minute or so of uncomfortable silence. “Friday afternoon we will get together here at work and go out. But, we will go where I want to go and you will wear what I want you to wear.”

“Wait, I have clothes...”

“No, I will bring some. We will get dressed up for our date here at the office and then leave right after work.” My mind begins to swirl with thoughts of dark black clothes including long leather pants and a leather jacket. I am good with that, even though it is not my usual look. Of course, Lacey might also want to pierce one of my ears with some kind of stud to make me look more like one of the guys she probably hangs around with. I will not mind having a sharp stud forced through my earlobe as long as Lacey goes out with me. Once we are away from the bail bonds office I know I can woo her and make her mine. That kitty will purr when I get her into bed.

“Fine. I can’t wait for this, Lacey.”

“Oh, I can’t wait either.” She offers a sly grin and I go back to my desk to prepare for the day’s hunts.

Friday comes and I am as nervous as I have ever been about a date. “It’s five,” Lacey says as she approaches my desk. “Are you ready for this, Bryce?”

I nod my head. “I am fucking ready.” Standing from my seat, I walk around and begin to follow the young woman to the breakroom. As we walk in, there are two other bounty hunters sitting down and enjoying some coffee before going out tonight on a raid to capture another bail jumper.

“You aren’t coming along?” Mark asks as he looks up from the small table.

“I have a date tonight.” I point over to Lacey as she stands near the bathroom door.

“Oh, yeah. Good luck.” My old friend gives me a strange smile as I walk into the small bathroom with Lacey. She closes the door and I begin to wonder what is about to happen.

“Here they are.” She points toward some clothing items hung on the wall.

“Um, what?” I reach out and feel of the satiny sheerness of a long dress. “Are you wearing this?”

Lacey giggles. “I only wear what I wear, Bryce.”

“Well, then where are the clothes you want me to wear?”

“Here, stupid.” she smiles as she again points toward the lady’s dress.

“Ah, fuck no,” I say as I shake my head. “I told you I am not gay, Lacey.”

“Prove it, then. Put on this dress and the chastity belt to match it.” I look over and see a metal belt hanging on another hook further down the wall. I had at first not really thought about it, assuming that it must be some sort of equipment another bounty hunter had hung inside for later.

“Fuck me.”

“You said you wanted to go on a date. This is what it takes to go on a date with me tonight.”

“But, you are just trying to humiliate me, aren’t you?” I look from the clothes to the young woman standing nearby. “They will see me when I walk out of here.”

“And you can tell them whatever you like. I want you to prove to me just how macho you are, Bryce. Can you wear a dress and a chastity belt to show me that as a man you are not ashamed of who you are?” Lacey’s dark eyes peer deeply into mine as she waits for my response.

“Fine,” I say curtly as I take off my shirt.

“I’ll turn my back. Let me know if you need help.” Lacey giggles a little as she turns her back and I begin to put everything on. As I remove the dress from the hook, a pair of women’s panties fall from behind it.

“Panties too?”

“Of course.” Lacey does not turn around as she nods her head. “You can’t wear a beautiful dress with a pair of boxers on, can you?”

“I wear briefs,” I reply.

“Same difference. We can’t have you wearing something that doesn’t go with the dress, Bryce. Please put them on.” I swallow hard as I pull down my own briefs and then slip on the women’s silk panties. They are smooth and cool as I feel the material against my semi-hard cock. I then reach for the chastity belt and begin to fasten it around me.

“Oh, fuck,” I say as I hear a click.

“You got it on, right?”

“I fucking got it on, but it’s locked.” I begin to panic a little as I think about the metal around me. Having suffered a little from claustrophobia as a child, I wonder whether the confinement of the chastity belt will give me the same concerns.

“I have the key, silly,” Lacey says as she holds it up to show me. “Are you decent? Can I turn around now?” I finish dropping the dress over me as the bail bondsman turns to look me over. “Oh, you look almost too good to be true.” Lacey then reaches for a round cardboard container in the floor beneath the sink and opens it up. Inside is a platinum blonde wig with large curls.

“You have got to be fucking me,” I say to her as she lifts it from the container.

“It’s beautiful, don’t you think?” Lacey replies. She puts it on my head and begins to work my own hair underneath it. “You will be the most beautiful thing in the room tonight.”

“Where are we going?” I ask with some concern.

“Don’t you worry at all, Bryce. I will be taking care of you.” She guides me to the toilet seat and reaches for a small makeup kit. “Close your eyes,” Lacey tells me before applying some makeup to my eyelids. I quietly sit still and just allow her to do whatever she wants to my face as I enjoy the feeling of her hand on my cheeks.

“Shit,” I say as I move around on the toilet lid.

“What’s the matter?” Lacey asks.

“No room,” I mutter as I pull at the chastity belt inside my dress. “I can’t, you know...”

“No, I don’t know. What’s the matter?”

I open my eyes to look at her. “I don’t have room to grow.”

Lacey looks down at the part of the dress where my crotch is hidden. “Oh, really?” She giggles as she shakes her head. “Better save it for the club.”

“Club?”

“Don’t worry. You are going to have a great time.” Lacey finishes decorating my face before putting the makeup kit away. “Alright. Stand up and take a look.”

I get up from the toilet seat and walk over to the mirror. “The guys are going to let me have it,” I tell her. “I don’t want to do this, Lacey.”

She frowns a little. “I thought you were a big, studly man?” I purse my red lips together before reaching for the door knob and opening the bathroom door. Stepping out, I steel myself for what is about to happen.

“Holy motherfucker!” Mark laughs as he sashes some of the coffee out of his cup. “You can’t be serious!”

“What the hell did she do to you?” another bounty hunter, Seth Lawrence,” says

as he shakes his head and turns red in the face while laughing. “You look like a drag queen, Bryce!”

Feeling my face turn hot, I reply, “Lacey has asked me to be in a charity pageant tonight. The pageant includes guys who would normally not dress this way dressing this way to help cure cancer in kids.”

“Bullshit!” Mark nearly falls out of his chair as he laughs.

“No, he’s telling the truth,” my date lies. Lacey told me I could say whatever I wanted about being dressed up as long as I went with her dressed in this way. “Isn’t he beautiful?” This comment, however, doesn’t seem to help.

“Hey, Bryce, how about a nice blow job, buddy?” Seth puts his head down on the table as he continues to laugh.

“Let’s go,” Lacey says to me. I follow her out of the room, intent on getting revenge on my coworkers sometime in the near future.

We travel for about a half-hour through the city and into a part of it where I have rarely gone before except for work. I am more of the suburban type, so I do not feel as much of a connection to the city as some of the others at the bail bonds agency. It is apparent that Lacey has a real tie to this area as she knows exactly where she is going as she pulls the car up to the side of the street at a strip club.

“Manny’s Manlies?” I say with a chuckle. “What the hell is this place?”

Lacey smiles at me. "It's a strip club and bar. You like strip clubs, right?"

"Well, yeah, but I didn't think that would be a romantic place to take a woman," I reply.

"You and I both know that a date with you isn't about romance, right? Let's just cut straight to the sexual stuff."

"Oh, alright." I get a little hard as Lacey takes my hand and suddenly I feel the cold, hard steel of the chastity belt. I wish I could reach in and try to make room for my hardening member, but the fact of the matter is, there is no way for me to do that. Maybe this is part of her plan. Lacey wants me to watch women dancing naked in front of me as the chastity belt keeps me from getting as hard as I would like.

We walk past a man at the door who smiles at Lacey as if he knows her very well. He then turns his eyes at me, looks me up and down, and smiles again. Waving us in through the door, he stands to the side as the loud music of the strip club streams out toward us.

"I know of a great seat," Lacey says as she pulls me along.

"What the hell is this?" I say as she has me sit down near one of the stages. Looking around for a moment, I can tell that this strip club is very similar to ones I have been to before. There is one thing that bothers me, though. A stage nearby is not being occupied by a beautiful woman ripping off her top to reveal

her breasts as she swings around a pole. No, that stage has a naked man, toned and hard, wagging a huge cock around as another man in a seat near the stage tosses money his way.

I take another look around and make a quick observation to my date. "I don't see any girls walking around, Lacey. Where are they?"

She giggles. "This is not a strip club with female strippers, silly." I look up to see a man dancing as he walks out on stage to the music.

"Oh, no," I say quietly as he rips off his shirt and shows off his chest while other men nearby woop and yell.

"How do you feel?" Lacey asks as she pats my knee. "Do you want to throw some money on stage?"

I shake my head. "I'm not gay." She doesn't reply but instead tosses some money onto the stage. Looking back up I see that the man is wearing thong panties with a long pouch for his cock. His eyes catch mine and he winks at me before coming down off the stage to dance with his cock, hard, covered in very thin satin material.

"Oh, fuck," I say as I see his johnson so close to me.

"Take it off," Lacey yells to the man. He nods his head and pulls his thong underwear off and continues to dance in front of me. "How do you feel?" she

asks me.

“I don’t want this,” I tell her as I turn my head. “I’m not gay.” The stripper seems to hear me as he grimaces and moves over to Lacey. She smacks his has as he wags his cock around. Seeing her enjoying this makes me suddenly hard and I moan in pain.

“It hurts,” I tell her. “The key, please.”

Lacey shakes her head. “Why are you hard?”

“You,” I answer. “Watching you enjoying him.” I move around in my seat as the pain of the belt makes my balls ache. I have never felt so much pain in my life with my cock and balls.

“Alright. I’ve seen enough.” Lacey hands the man some money and he goes back to the stage to continue dancing for the men nearby. “Come with me.” The young woman takes my hand and leads me toward the door. As we walk out, the man standing outside reaches out and tugs at my arm. He silently hands me a small card and then releases me before to go.

I look down at it as we walk away. “His fucking phone number!”

Lacey laughs. “I think you found an admirer.” We get into the car and I become very still as the young woman leans toward me. While breathing softly down my neck and into my ear, she asks, “Are you hard now, Bryce?”

“I’m fucking hard,” I moan as she causes my cock to grow even more. “The key. Please give it to me.”

“Not until I get you home, big boy.” Lacey giggles as she starts the car and drives away.

It seems like forever before we get to her apartment on the other side of town. The entire time she is commenting about how hard I must be and how tight the chastity belt must be. Lacey seems to enjoy knowing that I am in pain as my cock and balls run out of room. Why does she taunt me like this? It does not matter. I am willing to do anything, including cutting off blood to my manhood, if it means I can diddle her soon.

“Take off the wig,” she demands as we walk through her front door. Lacey closes the door as I do as she says. She then takes me by the hand to the bathroom where she cleans off my face and helps me take off the dress. All that is left is the chastity belt and the ladies panties underneath.

“This way.” The young bails bondsman takes my hand and leads me to her bedroom, pushing me down onto the bed. Looking me over, Lacey asks, “How badly do you want me, Bryce.”

“Really badly,” I say as the pain continues to increase. I have no more room for my cock to grow so the hard steel is beginning to chafe terribly on the tip of it.

Lacey pulls up on her black tee shirt to reveal a black bra over her round breasts.

She then pulls off the bra so that I can see her lovely tits along with their tight, dark nipples. “You know, I’m not sure I should take it off,” she teases me as she runs her hand over the hard steel of the belt. “Maybe I should just pretend to give you a nice blow job, huh?” Lacey goes down and acts as if she is pulling up on my dick and sucking on it.

“Dammit,” I groan as I feel my manhood crowded inside its hard prison cell. “Fuck, I want you, Lacey.”

“You want me? Or are you just going to teach me how badly I have wanted you, Bryce? Which is it?”

“I want you,” I whine. “Please let me have you. I will do anything.”

Lacey giggles as she pulls the key out of her pocket. She then reaches down and unlocks the chastity belt and removes it from me. Finally, my pecker is able to extend, peeking out from behind the women’s panties I am wearing. “Take them off,” she tells me. I pull down the panties and my cock stands straight into the air. She then gets off the bed and pulls down her pants and thong underwear to reveal her soft, bald muff.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan as she reaches down and takes my cock into her hands. Slowly moving her palms over my meat, I feel as if my balls could explode at any moment.

“You want me because I am me, right? You are not the macho man you think you are, Bryce. You need me and I love it.” Lacey suddenly drops her head down and takes my cock all the way to the back of her throat.

“Shit!” I almost cum as she flicks her tongue over my long shaft. Lacey pulls back a little and kisses the tip of my cock before going back down on me as her hands massage my large balls. The intensity of the experience almost minimizes what I have gone through the last hour or so.

The young woman lifts her head and smiles at me. “Would you prefer me to do this or the guy at the strip club?”

“You,” I say immediately as I watch Lacey straddle me on the bed. Slowly lowering herself, I feel my cock begin to sink into her tight, wet hole. “Lacey,” I moan as I think about the difference in the way her twat feels compared to the way the chastity belt felt on the tip of my dick.

“Oh, Bryce,” she moans as she moves up and down slowly on my cock. I reach up and take each of her tits into my hands and massage them. “You macho little man.” Lacey giggles as she bends down, her black hair covering our faces, and kisses me deeply. “You silly little man.” Her body begins to move faster as she thrusts her pelvis against mine.

“Damn, you are so crazy,” I say with my own laugh as I kiss her back. The girl in black has control now as she moves faster and faster on top of me. This little adventure has been hers from the very beginning, not mine. “Lacey...” I feel my balls ache as I get closer to losing my wad.

“Bryce, oh...” Lacey sits up and leans back as she moves around on my cock. “Oh...oh...ahhhh!!!” She cums hard as her pussy tightly squeezes my manhood. “Ohhhh! FUCK!!”

I begin to shoot my jism into her hole as I feel Lacey's cervix hammer down on my bruised cock. "NAHHHH!!! Uhhhh...ohhhh...uhhhh..." I put my hands on her hips to feel her rock along as we cum with each other, her soft muff holding tightly to my manhood as Lacey draws every last drop of jism out of me. She then collapses on top of me, our bodies tightly entwined as my cock finally softens.

"That was awesome," I say as I run my fingers through her hair.

Lacey lifts her head from my chest and looks at me. "Are you still a macho man?"

I laugh. "I told you that tonight I would be whatever you wanted, didn't I?"

"You did," she agrees. "You even went out in drag, Bryce. I didn't think you had the guts to do it, to be honest. Maybe you are a little bit macho somewhere deep inside."

I smile at the young woman lying on top of me as I rub her back. "I think there is a lot of macho there, but I think there is also something that I didn't realize hiding inside me."

"Are you gay?" she asks with a giggle.

"I have proven I am not, right?" I continue to smile as I say to my lover, "I think

I have shown myself that even though I am a tough guy I can be a little softer when I need to be. You have forced me to see that even though I really didn't want to at first."

Lacey smiles at me. "Well, no matter what you might be, you are a great lover when you let me do all the work."

"The next time you will need to let me be on top, okay?" I reply.

"The next time?" Lacey raises an eyebrow. "I don't recall offering you a next time."

"But we will, right?" I feel my cock becoming a little hard between the young woman's legs again.

"I don't know. I guess we will have to wait and see." Lacey lays her head back down and I think about what she has just said. Will I have to wear a chastity belt again or will she come up with something much worse? Whatever it is, I will do it if I can play with the kitty again.

THE END

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

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

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>