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SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

Employee Is Humiliated In An Afternoon Of
Feminization And Femdom

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

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A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

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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.

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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.

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The house looks like an old woman lived here, because she did. After Granny passed away, I inherited it because I was the one that stuck around longer than the others. She had talked me while she was slipping away in the old bed.

“What do you want, Cliff? I don’t have much, but my car, the bank account can be split three ways, but the old geezers left me. I’m not giving it to them. They can have the bonds, bring in a lawyer and we’ll settle this now,” Granny said.

I called Devin Black, an attorney friend of the family, and he came over and sat down with Granny. He also brought along Marsha Inman, the notary and witness. I didn't need any hassle from the rest of the family. My mother, Granny's second daughter, had me and dumped me on her doorstep so she could follow her dreams and some man who wasn't my father. Granny took custody of me; my mother willingly gave it up. She eventually married and came around every so often. She referred to me as her wild oats uh-oh. Nice, huh? It made Granny so mad.

"Cliff don't let that no-good ma of yours ever tell you you're an uh-oh. You are the best thing that's come along since sweet iced tea," she'd say. Such a sweet lady who truly loved me as if I were her every own son instead of grandson.

Tabitha and Angel are my mother's older and younger sisters. They are decent, or at least I used to think they were decent, until Granny became sick and needed a caretaker. Neither one would step up claiming they had their own lives to live.

"Cliff, you don't have a family, why don't you take care of her," Tabitha said.

Granny shook her fist at Tabitha for that. "You won't inherit a dime," she said.

Tabitha merely rolled her eyes and shook her head. "That's fine, mother. We don't need your money," she said.

"What about Serenity Hills? It's a nice place," Angel said.

“I’m not going in a home when I have a home,” Granny cracked as she struggled for breath. Even Angel couldn’t care less.

Once they left, Granny grabbed my hand. “Cliff, for being there for me, you get it all.”

And so, Mr. Black heard about their disregard. As a precaution, he had sent each one of her daughters an invitation to witness the declaration of her will. Each one declined except for me. I called Aunt Tabitha.

“Really? You don’t want to witness what she’s doing?”

“Listen, Cliff, mother has an old rat-infested house and very little money. I don’t care to inherit her belongings. Go for it. You deserve it since you’ve been with her all these years,” Aunt Tabitha said.

She was wrong on so many levels. Granny’s house is solid, no rats, and no pests. Her bank account is plenty full, she just didn’t tell them. So, when Mr. Black started the will process, he recorded the daughters’ refusal in the attendance of the meeting. It would be helpful should they ever want to contest the will. Which they haven’t, thankfully.

My granny had a love for gardening. She taught me everything she knew, and thus I developed a green thumb. When she was alive and able, we’d enter the county fairs with our plants and we always took home the blue ribbons.

Now that Granny is gone, I'm left with this big old house, though a solid house, but a feminine home. My aunts and their daughters stayed here from time to time and had their own rooms. They left their things behind, long forgotten. When Granny passed, I offered for them to come over and collect anything they wanted out of the house. They said no. And that left me with a wonderment of items to discover.

The guest bathroom, the one I didn't use, had the merriment of feminine products under the sink. I used to get a kick out of making squish out of the pads and watching the tampons expand in water. The commercial that showed a tampon in a curved bottle intrigued me. So, I tried it out with a cola bottle, the old timey glass kinds. Sure enough, those little cotton torpedoes would fill the neck and wick up quite a bit of the water. I grew bored with those items once I was grown. Now they collect dust under the cabinet. I'm going through the house tomorrow and throwing all the feminine products away. I had a girlfriend over once when I was nineteen. She started her period and I showed the things under the cabinet.

"Eww, those are like old. I have a tampon in my purse," she said.

That's when I realized it wasn't something to proudly display to the girlfriends.

The job at the greenhouse is perfect for my skills. I call them life skills because while Granny was ailing, I attended to her and didn't go to college or technical school. She'd grab my hand and look at me with her big watery blue eyes.

"You follow your dreams, you hear. Once I'm gone, you can go to school or go to work wherever you want. Take shit off nobody!"

I loved that woman, and I miss her terribly. It's the way she told me to work wherever I wanted that struck me. I mean, sure, a college degree would go a long way in helping me, but I don't need money. Joke's on my aunts and good-for-nothing mother because Granny was a horder. She hoarded money! And lots of it. Even I was shocked once she passed to find out just how much she left me in her bank account and in her savings. The savings bonds were happy gifts to my aunts and mother, but I never let on to the reserves I inherited. Granny didn't want me to tell them. She wasn't thrilled with the way they abandoned her in her hour of need.

My cousin, Teresa, once told me I acted just like Granny. "You're such an old lady, Cliff. You should wear matching hats with her when you go to the garden club meetings."

"I'm not a sissy," I said trying to defend myself.

"You made a quilt. It's right there," she said and pointed at the chair where Granny proudly displayed my handiwork.

Honestly, I didn't think I was being a sissy by doing all the things with Granny. I even took her to the garden club meetings and to the crafting corner the ladies in the retirement community up the road held. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but looking back, I was surrounded by a bunch of old women all the time.

When Granny died, I kept up with some of the habits she taught me. I can't help it. I enjoy being who I am. Teresa doesn't come around anymore, none of them do. I don't care, I'm glad actually. I can be me and life is good.

When I open my drawer as I prepare for work, I spy the pile of panties I have collected. I have no shame as I reach for a pale blue pair and forego the jockeys. Sometimes it's just nice to wear a cool pair of silk panties on my body. It feels nice as I move about the day. No one has to know, it's none of their business.

The greenhouse sits in a slight valley after a long winding drive through the lovely countryside. Granny used to have me bring her here to purchase plants for her garden. The owners know me very well and when Granny passed away, they offered me a job. Of course, I jumped on it because I inherited Granny's green thumb. It helps me feel close to her as I work in the hot steamy greenhouse. Today I'm repotting marigolds. The farmers around buy these by the truck loads, planting them at the end of their crop rows. I take great pride in my work as I repot two hundred of these puppies before I hop up for a break.

The shed has air conditioning and a bathroom room, just a toilet and a sink, but it's nice. The cool spring water quenches my thirst. Terrence and Flo Bobette step into the shed. Bobette's Greenhouse owners smile at me.

"Hi ya, Mr. and Mrs. Bobette," I say brightly.

"How's it going young man?" Mr. Bobette asks as he ambles through the place to the supply room for tools. He's a largish man who always wears overalls and a straw hat.

"I'm good. Repotted a couple flats of marigolds," I say.

"Good boy. We have some rose clippings that need tending. The Sartin Garden club is coming to pick it up later, I need it ready to go," Mrs. Bobette says. She's

a little plump too, and very bossy. She runs the show, right along with her husband. But I don't mind, I like them plenty and they are super nice to me.

"Yes, ma'am," I say as I stand. "I'll do it right now."

"Then finish the marigolds. We have Kylie coming out to help with that." Mr. Bobette smiles and winks. We all know why because Kylie doesn't care for working in the greenhouse. She thinks it's too hot and humid for her skin and hair.

Presently the fiery red-head steps through the doors. She's nineteen and wearing a pair of flipflops, cut-off shorts and a tank top the same pale blue as my panties. I smile and stand while dusting off my hands.

"Hello, Kylie. Your dad said you'd be joining me in here this morning."

Kylie yawns and pads to the pallets of marigolds. After grabbing a pair of gloves, she turns to me and frowns. "Yeah, lucky me, yippee."

"Oh now, it's not that bad in here," I say as I pull another bucket of rose clippings and attach the water to the ends of the cutting.

"It's hot and humid and I don't like it, frankly. I wish school were in session in the summer," she says as she repots the small plants.

She's a privileged little twit, thinking she's too good to sweat in her family's business. When she's away at school, she's totally engrossed in her sorority and college life. But now that she's home for the summer, her parents expect her to work in the family business. Her lazy attitude about it doesn't swim well with me, but I like her because she's a helluva looker. Her little body is soft and curvy, her hair flows all around her shoulders and down her back.

As if she heard me, she pauses and pulls off the gloves and pulls a ponytail holder from her wrist. Her hands work fast as she twists her long wavy tresses into a ponytail and ends up with a messy bun atop her head.

"Fan, we need a fan out here. Let me go find one," she says and leaves. Ten repotted plants are on the table. She's slow as Christmas too.

After I finish the roses, I come back to the pallets of marigolds. I wish I could light a fire under Kylie to get her to work faster. I pull up a chair across the table from her and start working on the pots.

"Hey, I know, let's race to see who can do the most within half an hour," I say hoping it will encourage her to work faster. I mean, surely, she's competitive.

"No thanks," she says as she piddles along at her own slow pace.

"Ah, come on, where's your sense of adventure?"

"On the river, on a raft," she says and smiles sarcastically at me.

Maybe I should ask her out sometime. That might be fun, get her away from the green house and see if she's a different person.

"Say, I was wondering..." A car drives up and parks. Kylie smiles and squeals as she peels out of the gloves and jumps up.

The little white car bounces as the doors fly open and the two tarts pop out, Erica and Kora. They are pretty, but just as snobby and aloof as Kylie. She's a total ditz when they are around, which is often. Since they don't attend the same college, they stop by as much as they can. They bee bop into the greenhouse and I keep working, realizing I'll be doing this load of marigolds alone. Erica, with her dark auburn curls, spies me and smiles. Oh, she's being friendly. I smile back and nod and focus on the little plants. Kora, with her reddish auburn glossy hair that hangs to her shoulders, smiles and pulls a seat up beside me.

"Hello," I say and barely acknowledge her.

Erica sits across from Kora while, surprise surprise, Kylie pulls up her chair and resumes her slow lazy pace while she chats with the girls. But I'm sitting here and it's hard to ignore me too much.

I take care in my work as I treat the plants like fragile little babies. I smile and talk to it as if it has ears. Granny always said the plants can hear and they have feelings. They know when a person doesn't care for them and when they are young plants, they need extra care. It's just something I do.

“Are you... are you seriously talking to the plants?” Erica asks.

I smile at her, as I was lost in my world. “I do. It’s important to treat all plants with care and respect, love if you will. My granny taught me this when I was growing up. It’s why I have such a green thumb,” I say as I cater to the marigolds.

Erica and Kora stifle a giggle. And Kylie is outright laughing. “Oh hell, he’s his granny reincarnated. I knew the woman, she was a sweetheart and a half,” she says.

Maybe Kylie isn’t half bad. I smile as I stand and stretch. I’ve repotted about two hundred more and I need to take the repotted pallets to the sprinklers. “I’ll take that as a compliment,” I say as I bend down for the heavy pallet. I’ll show these girls how it’s done. They are whispering and giggling behind my back. I don’t care, I’m sure it’s not about me. The topic is normally too self-consumed to be about anything other than their own selves.

Kylie comes to me followed by her tarts. “Cliff are you wearing your granny’s panties?” she asks. Erica busts out laughing.

I stand and peer at her while I adjust my pants. “No. Why would I do that? She was a short woman, her stuff wouldn’t fit me,” I say. It’s more of a joke, but the joke’s on me.

“Um, when you bent over, we saw panties and not men’s underwear,” Kylie says as she places her hand on her hip.

I glare at the three. “You know, Kylie, I think you should get back to work,” I say and move on to pick up the other pallet.

“No denying it, you’re a sissy,” Kora chants.

“Yes, he is. I knew it. I suspected it,” Kylie says.

I shake my head and ignore them, but they keep poking fun of me. Calling me a sissy reminds me of my cousin Teresa. Not too nice to be the center of their ridicule. I know they are right; I mean I am wearing lady’s panties. I can’t deny it.

“Prove it, sissy,” Erica says.

“Prove what?” I ask as I brush by her while carrying the pallet.

“That you’re not wearing panties,” Kylie says.

I shake my head and walk away. I have things to do at the sprinklers and little Ms. I don’t want to get my hair and skin wet, doesn’t follow me. And this starts a war, for every day Kylie wants to know if I’m wearing panties. I stop wearing the panties and one day pulled up the waistband of my jockeys to satisfy little miss nosey. That seemed to do the trick because she stopped harassing me about it.

For two weeks I wear the men's underwear. I don't like it because they are chaffing, especially in the humid environment in which I work. Kylie comes every other day piddle farting around, acting as if she's working. Her parents think they have convinced her to put forth effort for the family business. When they come in, she's all about doing a great job. Little princess doesn't show her distaste for the family business in front of them.

I become slack again about what I wear, growing tired of the men's jockeys. The nice white pair of silk panties feel so good over my body. The smile stays on my face as I work, enjoying the lovely feel of cool panties over my man goods. And to make it double the pleasure, Kylie doesn't work today. Or at least she was in yesterday and I figure she'll be boating on the river with her goofy friends today.

The door opens and I assume it's Mr. or Mrs. Bobette. A box lands on a table with a thud and I turn in time to see Kylie glaring at me as she dirtied her precious hands from the box of bulbs.

"Oh, Kylie, I didn't know you were working today," I say merrily.

"What do you mean by that? I work every day," she says.

Frowning, I turn from her because I know better. She doesn't work every day unless she's compelled to. What? Mommy and daddy aren't giving you the keys to the sports car today unless you put in a proverbial two hours. I chuckle to myself as I continue what I'm doing with watering the plants.

“What’s so funny, Cliff?” she asks as she grabs several pots and a bag of potting soil.

“Oh, nothing, you wouldn’t understand,” I say and keep moving around the pallets of plants. If she made a face, I don’t know because I move on with my back to her.

I try to ignore Kylie, even though I think she’s hot as fuck. I mean I’m only three years older than her, but she has her nose stuck so high in the air half the time, I never feel the go ahead to ask her out. Her aloofness keeps me from it.

The next morning, I pull on a pair of athletic pants, ones that are thin and cooler than the jeans I normally wear. It’s particularly hot in the greenhouse with July beaming down hot sun all day. Kylie is there when I arrive which is a change from the norm. I regard her as I step in and march straight to the watering station, so I can perform the maintenance of the daily waters.

“Cliffy-poo, how are you?” Kylie asks as she’s twirling her hair in her fingers.

I squint at her. “Um, fine I guess,” I say as I’m dumbfounded by the nickname.

She bee bops right to me and sits on a stool and twirls around like she’s a kid and watches while I water the plants. “What’s ya doing later?”

“What?”

“Later, like are you going out or something? What do you do in your spare time?” she asks.

Oh, right, it’s Friday and people like her have an incessant need of weekend entertainment. I don’t want to tell her my favorite reality show is on tonight and I’m going to pop popcorn and watch it while I down a beer. “I don’t know. Go home I guess,” I say. Is she hinting at something?

“Aw. You should go out sometime. There’s a cool club in Denton. I think you’d really like it,” she says.

I smile at her. Maybe. Perhaps. My brow lifts and just as I’m about to ask her if she’d like to go out, she squeals and hops off the stool and runs out the door. Of course, it’s Erica’s little red car. I finish with the watering and the two come back in chatting it up as they laugh. Another chance thwarted by her annoying friend.

“Ugh,” I utter as I lift a heavy bag of potting soil. The hydrangeas are ready for transplant into bigger pots. After hoisting the heavy bag onto the table with a thud, I grab a stack of larger pots and start the process. I’m whistling while Kylie and Erica are in the corner whispering and giggling. My eyes roll while I try to block their presence in the greenhouse. They make me nervous for some reason.

Kylie and Erica walk over and watch me. She’s supposed to be working. I turn to her and search for something that needs done. “Hey, you could prune all the roses,” I say hoping they will leave my area and let me work.

“Hey, prune this,” Kylie says. Before I can react, she steps to me and puts me into a lip lock. As in she’s kissing me, her lips parting over mine, her hands

entwined around my neck, holding me to her. I'm dumbfounded, but my body reacts, and I kiss back.

Erica grabs my pants and yanks them down, while Kylie holds me to her in the kiss. Son-of-a-bitch. I shove her away quickly and grab my pants, yanking them up as fast as I can. I turn angrily to Erica. My face burns with embarrassment.

"I knew it! Women's panties on his ass," Erica says.

Kylie busts out laughing as her hand covers her mouth briefly. I can't tell if she's wiping off our kiss, or if it's just a habit some people have when they laugh. Either way, I'm pissed as I back away while shaking my head.

Kylie shakes her head and folds her arms over her chest. She comes at me, glaring at me. "I knew it. You wear women's panties. You're a sissy," she says.

I say nothing. I mean I'm caught, what can I say except blister from the heat in my cheeks right now.

"I think you're a tranny," Erica says. "I mean, panties. Do you have a cock?" They laugh and still, I say nothing.

"I'm going to tell Daddy you exposed yourself to us and that you wear panties. You'll lose your job," Kylie says.

“Your word against mine,” I say.

“I’m a witness,” Erica says.

I look down and shake my head. “What do you want from me?” I ask.

Kylie’s face beams. “I want you to do my bidding Saturday night. That club I was telling you about, features drag queens. You’d fit right in, you just need the dressing on the outside,” she says.

“No!”

“Okay then, lose your job, suit yourself,” she says and she and Erica pivot and start for the door.

“No, wait! I’ll do it. I don’t want to lose this job,” I say. It’s true. I don’t, except for weirdo Kylie. But she’s right in a way. And besides, it’s playing into my hands. She’s taking me out, how can that be so bad?

“Okay then. I’ll come to your house at six. You be washed and ready, I’m going to transform you into a beautiful sissy. Do you have black panties?”

I bow my head and nod.

“Good, then I’ll see you Saturday night at six,” she says and grabs Erica’s arm to leave.

“You’ll keep quiet about this if I do this?” I ask.

She stops and turns with a wicked smile stretching across her face. “Of course.” With that she leaves me in the dust, and I spend the rest of the afternoon trying to calm my nerves over what happened.

Teresa is right, I am a sissy. Kylie and Erica are right as well. But does that mean I’m a tranny? I only enjoy wearing women’s panties, I don’t dress in full drag, well not in public. There were a few private occasions that I may have tried on a dress or nightie or two. I’m pathetic. I don’t think I’m gay though, but I’m a sissy.

Kylie shows up at my house with her cohorts, Erica and Kora. They are super friendly beaming smiles and being so nice. I gulp when Kylie throws a garment bag onto the dining table and Erica puts a pair of high heeled sandals on the floor. Kora smiles as she holds up a case and has a bag that she shoves at me.

“First things first, dress in this, then come in here and we’ll help you in the dress,” Kylie says.

“You want me to step out here wearing these?” I say as I produce a flat-chested bra, and a pair of stockings.

“Why not? It’s not like we haven’t seen you in panties before,” Kylie says, and they bust out in a fit of giggles.

After rolling my eyes, I take off for my bedroom so I can change. I don’t like this one bit. I mean, sure, I enjoy wearing panties. We’ve established that I’m a sissy, and I’m perfectly fine with the title, but I don’t want to display it in public. The truth is I don’t like clubbing. Honestly, I’ve never really been to many, but the one they want to take me to has drag queens, real ones. Whatever, I slide into my black panties and the bra. I brace for the mad giggles as I approach the front of my house again.

“Okay, good, see? That was easy,” Kylie says. Ironically, they don’t giggle.

Erica unzips the dress and pulls it out. It’s a long black body-hugging dress with red trim. On me, it hangs in all the wrong areas, because it’s meant for a woman. They have a station set up in the dining room, so I have a seat and Kora covers my shoulders with a towel and fastens it with a clip.

“Do me, ladies,” I say as I shut my eyes and smile.

“There you go! That’s the spirit,” Erica says.

I sit still while Kora paints my face. I’m not ashamed to admit that I’ve done this before, myself. Yeah, it was in the summer, while I was in high school. I snuck into Granny’s bathroom and put on her make-up for shits and giggles. I washed it off before leaving. But, ahem, I’ve never dressed in a dress in addition to wearing the make-up.

Erica pulls out hair extensions that match my own brown hair color. I have straight hair that's long enough for a ponytail, so they pin it up and add the extensions. Now I have tendrils of hair flowing down the sides, and my back. Kylie presses fake nails onto my hands and Kora shoves rings and bracelets, and a matching necklace and clip-on earrings.

"Lastly, the shoes. I saw the size of your work boots, so I grabbed a pair at the shoe store in the mall," Kylie says as she slips them onto my manly feet.

At last, we head out the door. Admittedly, I'm transformed and along with the little chained handbag, I look the part of a bonified drag queen. I'm barely recognizable as Cliff. "What do we call me?" I ask as I turn to the ladies in the back seat while Kylie is driving.

"Oh, yeah, you need a stage name. Hmmm, Cliffwena isn't too cool," Kora says.

"I know! Call him Clea." Kylie smiles as she steers her car onto the freeway to head to the city.

"Clea it is. I like it," Erica says as she rubs my shoulders.

I'm okay in this as we walk to the club. I even move in unison to the beat because tonight I'm Clea and not Cliff. I rather like how I feel in the feminine clothing.

Kylie buys us drinks as I left my wallet at home. We sit at a table and I'm acting like one of them. I'm amazed at myself. When a man comes up and asks me to dance, I hold out my hand and allow him to lead me to the dance floor. I do it mainly because it's tickling Kylie so much. I enjoy impressing her.

"Chuck," he says as we hit sway to the beat.

"Clea, darling," I say. Kylie and some other dude are dancing nearby because she's spying on me. I must make it good, so she'll be impressed.

"Well, Clea, are you out?" he asks.

"Pardon?"

Kylie leans in. "He's asking if you're out of the closet, Clea," she says and winks at me.

I immediately blush heavily. "Oh no, I'm straight as an arrow. Sorry, doll. I just enjoy dressing in drag," I say.

Kylie laughs as she dances away and after the song ends, I'm polite and tell Chuck thank you for the dance. He's all too ready to move on to a drag queen who is truly out which is not me.

"Hey, how about dancing with your girlfriend," I say to Kylie as I wink at her.

“Well, I never thought of myself as having a girlfriend, but now that you say it like that, I’m kind of turned on.”

Score! I pull her into my arms as we sway to the music. She’s mesmerized by me because she’s not looking anywhere else but into my eyes. Now this is more like it. If this is what it takes to get her attention, so be it. I’m all about it now.

We dance a few more times and end up back at the table. I’m growing uncomfortable now, as I’m tired of acting like a woman. Too many men drop by wanting to take me for a spin on the dance floor and two more times was all I could take. Kylie insisted and I only did it for her.

“Hon, I think I’ve more than paid for the little shenanigans you and your friends pulled on me,” I say.

“Oh, all right. Let’s go.” Erica and Kora have disappeared with some dudes they met so it’s just Kylie and I. She misses the turn to my road, and I thumb back to my street.

“Don’t worry. Mom and Dad are away at a farmer’s market out of town. I have the house to myself,” she says as she grins.

I’m not too keen on going to the Bobette’s home, but if they’re not home, I’m sure it’ll be fine. Once inside, I step out of the shoes, for they are killing my feet.

“Hey, get comfortable,” Kylie says as she disappears into the kitchen.

“Kind of hard when I don’t have my clothes here,” I say.

“You’re wearing women’s panties. You are in your clothes,” she says with a wink and a giggle. “Go ahead, take off the dress and wig and scrub your face if you wish. Get comfortable.”

“I need to wear something home,” I say disdainfully.

“Oh, fuddy. Just a minute,” she says and disappears into the back of the home. She returns with a pair of jeans and a white tee shirt. “You can wear this. I’m sure the jeans may be a little loose, but it’s better than nothing. It belongs to Hank.”

Hank’s her older brother and lives in Michigan with his wife. I smile as I take the jeans and tee shirt.

“Now, you can just walk around in the underwear and put those on later.”

Alrighty then. I pull out of the dress, wig, nails, and bra. After I make sense of the hair extensions and remove them, Kylie hands me make-up remover and I scrub my face. Finally, I look like me again, and yes, even in the pair of silk panties.

When I step into the living room, Kylie's wearing a tank top with no bra, and a pair of tight booty shorts, probably her sleep clothes. Her eyes twinkle as she hands me a beer. We relax on the sofa and she flips on the television. Nothing transpires and we finish the beer, which leads to another and another. We're just chilling, watching some old movie sitting close on the sofa. I smile as I let my hand touch her leg. That's the signal she needed.

Suddenly, she shoves me down and lays her lips on mine. We fall back onto the sofa, with her on top. I'm dumbfounded, but happy, nonetheless. We've both had a few too many beers and perhaps that lowered our inhibitions. She moans as she sits up and pulls off her shirt and her breasts bounce free. My cock rises above the panty waistband and she giggles as she lifts and pets the fucking head. This time I take charge. I sit up and rip the panties off while she rips off her shorts and panties. She's naked and beautiful and beholding just how much of a man I really am. I gingerly lift her as she folds her legs around me. I carry her to the back of the home and into her bedroom. If we're going to fuck, it's going to be on a bed.

"Come on, big boy, show me what you've got," Kylie says as she scoots back on her bed.

I growl as I come at her, my cock bobbing before me squirting pre-cum. She giggles as I kiss her toes and pull her feet to my shoulders. I'll show her all right just how manly I am. After taking my cock in my hand I swirl it over her moist slit, causing her to groan and buck up and down. Her hard knob needs attention and while I grab a boob with one hand while swirling my stiff cock with the other. She moans and grinds her ass into the bed.

"Oh, fuck, oh, fuck," she chants as her body gives way. Just as she comes, I slide in between her soft wet folds and penetrate all the way through until my balls are tapping her ass.

Her body quivers as I saw back and forth. I lift her feet, so her ass comes off the bed for greater penetration.

“So, fucking tight,” I say and moan as I pound into her. In a blast of overwhelming pleasure, my body gives way to the orgasm as I blast inside her, pumping harder and harder until I’m completely out of cum. Our bodies quake in unison, and as we come down from the ecstasy high, I pull out and collapse beside her. We’re breathing hard and she laces her fingers through mine.

After a few moments of just being, she lifts and looks into my eyes. “So, I guess I owe you an apology,” she says.

“What for?” I ask as I pull a tendril of her red hair from her face.

“For calling you a sissy. You’re very manly, and know how to please a woman,” she says.

I lift my brow. “I know a lot more than just that. I know how to please a woman in many ways,” I say as I grin.

“I’m sure you do. I’m sure I’ll find out,” she says and snuggles into my side.

“Does this mean we’re an item?” I hold my breath.

“Look, I know I seem loose, but I don’t just fuck anybody. Normally I only do it with men I want to stick around,” she says as she smiles.

I nod and hug her. Maybe my sissy ways worked in my favor. I didn’t appreciate the way she snapped my pants down in front of her friends, but since we ended up together and I got at least one good night out of it, I’m okay with the way things worked out.

She rises and pulls me to the shower. Once I’m dry, I reach for the jeans and tee shirt.

“What are you doing? Don’t you want to stay the night? Mom and Dad won’t be home until Monday evening late,” she says as she pulls me back to her bedroom. Of course, I follow her like a puppy with the promise of a fresh bone.

THE END

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