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HUMILIATION

SCARLETT STEELE

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Sissy Humiliation

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“I’ll have a blondie,” I say to the bartender as I smile over at her. This has become my Friday evening ritual to come see Lisa at Pig’s Mouth Tavern in the south of town and I always enjoy seeing her.

“A light beer?” Lisa nods and smiles a little as she reaches behind the counter and retrieves a mug. She pours the beer, a pale ale, before setting it on the bar in front of me. “You could use something a little more stout, you know?” Her blue eyes settle upon me and I feel as if she is burning a hole through me.

“I like lighter beer,” I reply before taking a sip.

“I’ll bet you do.” Lisa turns and goes back to talking to another patron of the tavern nearby. I huff a little as I shake my head.

“Don’t mind her,” an older gentleman sitting to my side says to me. “Lisa is just a tough nut to crack sometimes. She doesn’t like men who show up with business attire on. She is the sort of woman who likes leather and bad attitudes.” The man smiles at me before taking a drink of his own beer.

“But I just like the beer here,” I tell him. “It’s not like I am trying to take her out on a date. She could stand to be a little nicer to me.”

“I have seen you here a lot, young man. I can tell when a man is looking for a date with a woman. A lot of that sort of thing happens here.”

“And just who are you?” I ask.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” The scruffy older man offers his hand to shake. “I’m Bill Waters. I own this place.”

“What?” I shake my head as I look into the other man’s eyes. “You are not the owner.”

“Watch this.” Bill looks at Lisa and says to her, “Hey, how are profits tonight?”

Lisa turns and immediately walks over to Bill. “They are up tonight compared to

last Friday, I think.” She looks at me and then back at the older man. “Do you know David?”

“I do,” he says as he puts an arm around my shoulders. “He gets free drinks tonight, alright?”

Lisa raises an eyebrow. “Alright. I kind of figured he was more your type anyway.” The young bartender turns and walks back over to where she was making a drink for another customer.

“Wait, what did she mean?” I ask.

Bill smiles. “I am bisexual, my young friend, and I could not help but notice that you seem to have a lot of trouble getting Lisa to go out with you.”

I swallow hard. “I am not bisexual or gay, sir. That is just something Lisa likes to claim whenever I come in here. I don’t know why she is so hard on me.”

He laughs as he pulls his arm away from my shoulders. “Look, I get it. You want to date my young bartender. The problem is she doesn’t seem that interested in you. Your build and all...”

“What do you mean my build?”

“Well, you’re a slight man.”

“You are a prissy little guy.” I turn to see Lisa standing nearby again. “Not only that, but you wear those tight little slacks like you are trying to get a man to notice you.”

“These are my dress clothes for work. I’m not prissy.”

“How tall are you?” the bartender asks. “Five-six? Five-seven?”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“You are a small guy with a small dick.” Lisa leans over the bar and looks down at my crotch. “Probably three inches. What do you think, Bill?”

He nods as he smiles at me. “He might pack that much. You can’t fault a guy for a small dick, though, Lisa.”

“I don’t have a small dick.” I put a hand over my crotch to try to stop them looking. There are other men nearby who are probably hearing what is being said to me right now.

“I’m not interested, cowboy,” Lisa laughs as she backs away from the bar.

“I don’t get it,” I say as I look over at her. Though I am a little angry about how

she is treating me, I still want to get to know Lisa better. “I am as good as gold to you in here and each time you shoot me down. Can’t you at least be nice to me about it?”

Lisa chuckles. “I have never made it a habit to date sissies,” she replies. “I like men who are tall and strong, ready to lift me up and throw me around. Those kinds of guys get my attention, David. I’m not interested in a Vienna sausage when I can have summer sausage.” Giving me a wry smile, she turns to go to another tavern patron who is asking for a drink.

“Tough sell, kid,” Bill says with a laugh. “Just find a woman that is less demanding than Lisa. She is great and all, but she has these really high standards you will never fit within.” The older man pats me on the back and gets up with his drink before walking to a nearby restroom door where he disappears. After finishing my own drink I get up and walk out of the tavern. I think I have had enough belittlement for now.

The next morning I decide to get a late start on shopping for a few groceries. As I walk through the store, I stop for a moment to look over at a familiar looking woman. She turns just as I notice her and our eyes meet for a moment. “Hey, David,” Lisa says as she walks over to where I am standing in front of the lettuce.

“Hello.” I smile as I try to hide the disappointment I still feel about last night’s tavern visit. “How are you?”

“I’m good. Funny running into you here.” Lisa’s dark brown hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and her blue eyes are framed by a pair of glasses.

“Yeah, funny.” I look over the lettuce and tomatoes as I consider how to make my hasty retreat. I really do like the young bartender, but having been talked to the way I was last night has caused me to pull back into my shell a little.

“So, what’s good today?” she asks as she also looks at the produce.

“I guess the lettuce looks good,” I tell her. “There is very little brown on any of them.”

Lisa nods her head. “Yeah, they do look good.” She laughs a little before asking me, “Did you really think that Bill was the tavern owner?”

“Isn’t he?” I ask.

“No. He’s an old guy who has hung around that place since before I bought it, though. He’s harmless enough, but not quite all there if you know what I mean.” Lisa uses her fingers to make a circular motion by her head to indicate that the older man has some mental issues. “You still owe me for your drinks and for his.”

“His drinks?” I shake my head. “You let him convince me that he was the owner and I never agreed to pay for his.”

“A real man pays for his drinks, David,” Lisa says with a scowl. “You are a real man, aren’t you?”

“Wow.” I shake my head as I pull out a fifty-dollar bill from my pocket. Pulling out a fifty-dollar bill, I tell her, “This should cover it. You can put the extra on my tab.”

“What tab?” The tavern owner smirks as she puts the money into her pocket.

“What is the deal with you?” I ask as I narrow my eyes at Lisa. “All I have ever wanted to do is to get to know you a little better. Hell, I wanted to date you. But every time I go in there you make me feel like I am some sort of inferior specimen of a man.”

“Well, you are,” she laughs. “David, you really need to hit the gym or something. Maybe if you buff up I could take you more seriously. What do you weigh? One-twenty?”

“One-forty-two,” I say as I shake my head. “I’m a nicely proportioned guy, Lisa.”

“You are a small guy with big goals,” she says with a wicked smile. “It’s not that I don’t appreciate that you want to go after me, but I think you are probably going a little beyond what you are capable of doing.” Sighing, Lisa adds, “You look more like a gay man than a serious straight one with the way you dress.”

“What?” I look down at the slack-shorts I am wearing along with a cardigan top. “This is a nice look.”

“For sissy men,” she replies. “You should try wearing a little leather and maybe

some dark sunglasses.”

“I have dark sunglasses in the car,” I tell her. “Should I go get those to prove to you that I am a serious man?”

Lisa smiles. “Look, I have dinner to make for my boyfriend, so I need to go.”

“Dinner?” I feel my face turn red and burn as I swallow hard. “You have a boyfriend?”

“Well, of course I do. Why wouldn’t I have a boyfriend, David?”

“You could have told me that before you raked me over the coals the way you have, Lisa. That’s pretty cold, you know.”

“Not cold,” she replies. “I am being honest, sweetie. You have to stop looking at the top shelf drinks and settle for the Kool Aid closer to the floor. You are a nice guy, but nice guys finish last. Nice guys just don’t cut it in bed with me.” Allowing one last smirk, Lisa turns and walks away as I feel my heart skip a few beats.

“Dammit,” I mutter to myself as I reach over and pick up a head of lettuce to drop into my shopping cart. Moving on from the produce I wonder what it would be like to actually bed someone like Lisa. “She would probably break your dick off, David,” I say to myself as I push the cart towards the cereal aisle.

That afternoon I go see my friend Zeek in the north of the city. He and I grew up together and attended the same schools, so we understand each other better than anyone else. As he lets me into his home, I can smell the aroma of freshly baked bread in the air.

“Good stuff, huh?” Zeek says with a smile. “Mary is making three homemade loaves for a picnic tomorrow afternoon.

“Picnic?” I shake my head. “You two are always going out to do something with others.”

“And you should come with me,” my old friend says. “You are nearly thirty years old, man. It’s time that you try to find someone to spend your life with.”

“Like another man?” I reply sarcastically.

“What? Are you gay, David?” Zeek asks quietly so as to not alert his wife to our conversation.

“No, dammit. But it seems like I would have better luck if I were.” Looking over at my friend from where I am sitting, I ask him, “Imagine that you and I just now met each other. What would you think of me?”

Zeek shrugs his shoulders. “I don’t know, I guess I would think that you were a nice guy. You seem like a nice guy.”

“Not just that,” I reply. “Tell me what you would think I am.”

“What does that mean?”

I huff before answering him, “Would I look to you like I am a sissified guy?”

“Sissified?” Zeek laughs. “I don’t know. What do you mean by that?”

“The way I dress,” I say as I grimace. “Do I dress too prissily?”

My friend laughs as he shakes his head. “Well, look, you do dress like one of those metrosexuals.”

“What the hell is a metrosexual?”

“I guess it would be a guy who has a really high fashion sense. Not necessarily gay or anything like that, mind you, a guy who dresses himself with a huge thought as to what matches and what others may think of his attire.”

“Lots of men look at what they wear and try to match their outfits, Zeek.”

“Are you sure?” He waves his hands toward what he is wearing and smiles. “I don’t think you are a sissy. I mean, we played on the high school football team

together.”

“Yeah, and I work out some still as well. I run and I do crunches like it’s nobody’s business. I’m a strong guy, but this one woman at the tavern...”

“Are you still trying to get her to go out with you, David?” He raises an eyebrow as he sees the expression on my face. “You are still after her, huh? Man, let her go. She’s a bartender. She doesn’t give a shit about anyone.”

“She can be really nice if she wants to be,” I tell Zeek. “Lisa is the sort of woman that you have to dig a little harder to get to.”

“You need to find a woman who appreciates your refinement, man. Take Mary for instance; she shares a lot of the same interests I have.”

“And how tall are you?” I ask.

“Six-one,” my old friend replies. “Why?”

“Do you think that Mary would have wanted you just as much if you had been five-seven?”

“That doesn’t make sense...”

“Think about it,” I say to him. “One-forty and five-seven; what would your wife have thought about you at first?”

Zeek sighs as he sees what I am getting at. “Dude, you know that I love you, right? So when I say this, take it out of love. You are not me. You will never be me. You are you and you have some characteristics that some women find really alluring. Unfortunately, being tall is not one of them.”

“Lisa has a boyfriend,” I tell him. “All this time she has been letting me come into the tavern and order drinks, knocking me down every time I have tried to make conversation with her or ask her out. Why couldn’t she have just told me she was taken instead of letting me continually step all over myself?”

“That’s the nature of some chicks,” Zeek tells me. “Man, give it up. Go with us to the picnic tomorrow afternoon. It’s my wife’s employer’s picnic but there will be lots of ladies there you could talk to while you are there. You would have a great time. I promise.”

Shaking my head, I tell my friend, “I think I would prefer just to take the rest of the weekend to rethink my life. Apparently I have some really sissy tendencies that I need to work on to get a date with someone like Lisa.”

“Just not Lisa,” Zeek observes.

“No, not her, apparently.” I think of what the bartender and tavern owner said to me at the grocery store earlier in the day. She really seems to have a lot of contempt for a guy like me. Sure, she is just fine with taking my money, but when it comes to being a little compassionate, that’s just not possible for her. “I

need to go.”

“I’ll see you later, man,” Zeek says as we get up from our chairs. “The offer for the picnic stands.”

“Yeah, thanks.” I smile and turn to leave the house. How lucky my old classmate is to have a beautiful and loving wife like Mary. She is everything that he could ever need and I am happy for him. However, I want what I want and I just cannot get Lisa off my mind.

Almost a week goes by before I decide to go back to the tavern. Though I have pretty much given up on dating Lisa, I still enjoy the pale ale I can get here. Sitting down at a table far away from the bar area, I wait for a server to come up to my table.

“Can I get you something?” the young woman asks.

“A light beer, please.” She nods her head and walks away to retrieve my order. I adjust the tee shirt I am wearing as I look down at my blue jeans. “I hate this,” I think as I shake my head. My attempt to become something I am not is difficult as I feel underdressed for being here.

“Here you are,” the server says to me as she puts the beer on the table in front of me. “Your tab paid for it.”

“What?” I look past her to the bar area. Lisa smiles and nods her head in my

direction. “Okay. Thank you.”

“You are very welcome.” The server smiles at me before walking away. I take a drink of the beer and try to keep from looking at Lisa. This is so difficult to do though as I look at my cell phone. It does not take long for the woman at the center of my interest to approach my table.

“You have nineteen dollars left on the tab,” Lisa says as she pulls a chair out from the table and sits down across from me. She has brought her own mug of dark beer and begins to sip it.

“It’s good to know I didn’t lose it,” I say as I nod my head at her. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” Lisa smiles as she looks me over. “Are you going for a different look, David?”

My eyes turn to meet hers. “I thought I would dress down a little tonight, that’s all.”

“Dress down?” Lisa laughs. “Well, that’s a nice pair of jeans and a nice new tee shirt.” She reaches over and touches one of the creases that run across my chest. “Did you just buy this shirt today?”

“I didn’t have time to iron it,” I reply.

“You iron? Geez, David, even I don’t iron clothes. That’s a little sissy, don’t you think?”

“Sissy? To iron my shirt?”

“Yeah, sissy,” Lisa repeats. “It bothers you that you are sitting here with something other than dress pants and a button-up shirt, doesn’t it?”

“Not really,” I reply. “I’m very comfortable.”

Lisa nods her head. “When I was a little girl I liked to play dress up with my mother’s clothes. Sometimes I would even wear her nicest shoes and walk around like that. Did you ever play dress up as a kid, David?”

I shrug my shoulders. “I think I probably put my dad’s shoes on once in a while.”

“And what about your mother’s clothes? Did you ever try those on too?”

“I don’t know.”

“Be honest,” Lisa prods. “Tell me if you ever wore your mommy’s panties.”

Shaking my head, I ask, “What is it that you think of me really, Lisa? You have called me prissy and sissy, but I think you probably have a much deeper thought about what you think of me. What is it?”

Her blue eyes look at me for a moment before she replies, “You look like a guy who wears women’s underwear whenever you can, David. I think you enjoy looking at makeup in department stores and you probably even put a little lipstick on when no one is looking. You like the finer things in life, like tooth whiteners and Brazilian waxings.” Looking hard at me and smiling wickedly, she asks, “Have you ever had a Brazilian before, David?”

“Have you?” I retort as I glare back at her.

“Oh, feisty, aren’t you?” Lisa laughs. “You have had a good waxing there, haven’t you?”

“No,” I tell her. “Not recently.”

“Bingo!” Lisa laughs. “You waxed around your little weiner, didn’t you?”

I sigh as I shake my head. “It was a dare in college in my fraternity. I was drunk and the other guys were as well. Some of us went to a local all-night spa and had it done.” This was a part of my time in college that even my best friend Zeek has never heard about.

“What did you think about it? Was it nice?”

“Was what nice?”

“Feeling smooth down there. Did you like the way it felt? Did you put women’s panties on after you had it done?”

“I don’t know.”

“Which part don’t you know about?” Lisa queries. “The feeling smooth and nice or the part about the panties?”

“No, I didn’t put on women’s panties,” I tell her. “I don’t dress like a woman.”

“But you would like to, wouldn’t you?” The owner of the tavern takes a drink of her beer as she nods her head at me. “You are a freaky little sissy guy, aren’t you, David?”

“I’m not a sissy,” I say as I grit my teeth.

“Are you still interested in me, though?” Lisa asks as she leans forward in her seat. “Do you still feel like you could handle me?”

“I didn’t want to handle you,” I tell her. “I just wanted to go out with you. It doesn’t matter now since you have a boyfriend.”

“That’s a sissy answer, David. Fuck the boyfriend. Either you want to handle me or not. Do you want to handle me?”

“What does that even mean?” I ask as I feel my heart racing inside my chest.

“You know what it means.” Lisa’s eyes again look me over before she says, “I don’t think your balls are big enough to handle me.”

“They’re big enough,” I retort.

“Oh, really?” The young woman looks over at the bar area before telling me, “Stay here. I’ll be off work in an hour and we will see just how ballsy you are, Davey boy.” Lisa gets up from her seat and picks up her mug of beer. She goes back to the bar to leave me alone to my thoughts.

“What the hell is going on now?” I ask myself as I think about how odd our conversation was. “She has a boyfriend and she likes to fuck around with your emotions, man. You should just get up and leave before she can do anything more to put you down.” Though I want to get up and leave the tavern, I feel as if I can’t move right now. There is a part of me that really wants to know what Lisa means by what she said to me. If I stick around and wait to find out, it might be something that I am glad to have done. However, my history with her has been rather rocky. It is more likely that she will once again disappointment me. Still, I wait and I watch. I am in no hurry anyway.

“Ready?” I was lost in thought for a few minutes after finishing my beer.

“Ready?” I say as I look up at Lisa.

“Yeah, I’m off work now. Are you going with me or not, David? I don’t have time to wait on your prissy little self to make up your mind.” I get up from my seat and follow Lisa toward the back door of the tavern. We are soon at her car as she says to me, “I’ll drive. You can pick up your car later.”

“Okay.” I get into the passenger’s side of the car and close the door.

“I forgot the child’s seat, so you will have to just make due with belting yourself down.”

“I’m a little taller than you,” I tell her as I shake my head.

“Oh, really? You look shorter.” Lisa smirks as she starts the engine and pulls out of the back parking lot of the tavern. We are soon on the road heading toward a destination I as of yet have no knowledge of.

“Where are we going?” I ask her as I worry that she might drop me somewhere and leave me for a good laugh.

“To a nice place just off Fairview and Harrington. It’s a little salon. I thought we would do something with your hair.”

“My hair?” I say as I put my hand on top of my head. “I like my hair.”

“Sure you do.” Lisa looks at me only briefly and smiles before turning her attention back to the road in front of us. It takes about ten more minutes to arrive at the destination, Kristie’s Kuts and Kurls.

“I really don’t need a haircut,” I say to her as we get out of the car.

“Just go in. It won’t be as much of a trim as you think.” Lisa guides me to the door and soon we are inside. “Kristie!” she says as she walks up to the one woman in the place.

“Hey, girl. What’s up?”

“You are open a little late on a Thursday night, aren’t you?” I comment as I look around.

“It’s seven in the evening,” Kristie replies. “You would be surprised at the business I sometimes get this time of day.”

“She is one of the best.”

“Speaking of which, are you needing a little trim?” the shop owner asks Lisa.

“Oh, no, not me. I was thinking that David here could get one of your back room specials.”

Kristie raises an eyebrow as she looks from Lisa to me and then back to Lisa. “The back room? Are you sure?”

“Very sure. David likes to get things cleared up whenever he can, so here we are.”

“Okay. Well, you know the way. I’ll get my things and meet you there.” Kristie leaves the room and Lisa turns to face me.

“What is this?” I ask as I watch the other woman leave.

“You are about to get the best personalized service around,” Lisa tells me. “And don’t worry, Kristie is gentle, especially on sissy guys like you.”

I sigh as I shake my head. “I’m not a sissy guy, Lisa.”

“We’ll see, won’t we?” She motions for me to follow as she walks through a door. Though I am aggravated to be called a sissy once again, I follow Lisa because I want her. I don’t care that she has a boyfriend at all as I watch her ass move from side to side. The bartender and owner of the tavern is exactly the sort of woman I want, even if she does not see me as a real man.

“Up here, sweetie,” Kristie says to me with a smile. “Oh, and get those pants off.”

“What?” I look nervously at the two women. “What’s going on?”

“You heard her,” Lisa tells me. “Jeans and panties, sissy man.” They women giggle a little as I look from one to the other. Against my better judgment, I pull off my pants and even drop my briefs as I cover my growing manhood with my hands.

“Huh, you aren’t as small as I thought you would be,” Lisa giggles as Kristie prepares the table with a sheet.

“Up here, please. Face up.” I do as Kristie asks. Lying back I can’t be certain what is about to happen. As the salon owner works on mixing something together, Lisa walks over and looks down at my hard cock.

“That’s not too shabby, David, but a lot of guys like you have surprisingly large penises, right?”

“I’m not a sissy,” I insist as I look at her. “I’m hard because you are staring at it.”

She smiles. “I’ll bet you want me to touch it, don’t you?”

Looking into Lisa’s eyes, I tell her, “I would love it if you did.”

“Well, as impressive as it is for a guy your size, it doesn’t look all the big, David. That’s why Kristie is going to help get rid of some of that dense jungle around it.” Lisa walks away and goes through a small door before closing it behind her.

“What did you do to get her to bring you here?” Kristie asks with a smile.

“I don’t know,” I tell her. “She has a boyfriend.”

“Yes she does. I don’t think she cares.” The woman takes a large wooden popsicle stick and begins to work something warm into the hairs around my manhood.

“What are you doing?” I ask as I watch.

“Taking care of this,” she replies. As Kristie presses a strip of fabric down over the thick substance, I suddenly know what is about to happen.

“FUUCCCKKK!!!” I yell out loudly as she rips the strip away, along with a large amount of my reddish-brown pubic hairs. “Holy shit! What the fuck?”

Lisa walks back into the room and surveys the bald strip in my groin. “Looking much better, Kristie.”

She applies another strip and again I shout out in pain as she rips hairs out by their roots. “DAMMIT! MOTHERFUCKER!!!”

“Holy shit, David,” Lisa laughs as Kristie smears another layer of thick sticky stuff to my pubes. “You really are a sissy guy if you can’t take a little waxing.”

“I didn’t know you were going to do this to me,” I tell her. “I was drunk when I did it the last time.”

“And you had a beer just a while ago,” she observes. “Doesn’t that dull the pain at all?” Kristie pulls another strip of hair from my crotch and I almost yell out, but instead I cover my mouth and try to contain myself. “Better,” Lisa says with a smile. For the next few minutes Kristie applies strip after strip and completely removes any hair I have around my cock and balls. She even has me get on all fours so that she can rip the hairs from around my asshole. Any hardon I had before is gone by now as I ache from the pain of the procedure.

“You are finished,” Kristie says as she nods at me.

“Thanks, girl. I owe you.”

“Anytime.” The salon owner smiles at the two of us before she leaves the room.

I reach for my underwear and Lisa stops me. “These,” she says as she pulls a black pair of lacy panties from her pocket. “I’ve worn them all day, but I think they will do.”

“You took off your panties to give them to me?”

Lisa smiles. “Yep.” She hands me the underwear and I slide them on before putting on my pants. The young bartender then reaches under her shirt and pulls off her bra. Handing it to me, she says, “Put this on to.” I don’t complain as my crotch burns from the Brazilian wax. After taking off my shirt, I put the bra on and then pull the tee shirt back on over it.

“Fuck, that burns,” I say as I put a hand on my crotch.

“Poor baby,” Lisa giggles as she takes me by the hand and leads me to her car. We get inside and leave quickly as I wonder what other tortures await me.

“Where are we?” I ask as we pull up in front of several townhouses.

“We are at my home,” Lisa tells me.

“What about your boyfriend?” I ask.

“He doesn’t live with me, David.” We get out of the car and I follow her inside. As we go in, I look around the small home and how attractive it is.

“Nice place,” I comment as she leads me up the stairs.

“You have been bothering me for too long,” the tavern owner says to me. “I am going to give you exactly what you deserve, David. I hope you can be at least a little manly.” Lisa leads me to the bed and says to me, “Leave the panties and bra on, but take off everything else.” The young woman disappears into a bathroom to leave me alone.

“Shit,” I say to myself as I consider running away from this place. After having my pubic hair ripped out by their roots, I do not want to imagine how much worse it could get for me. However, I do as Lisa says and then lay down on the bed. She soon comes out of the bathroom with nothing on, her nude body shimmering in the dim light of the room.

“You can’t handle me,” she claims as she gets on the bed beside me. “I know that I will break you, David. This is your last chance to get out while you still can.”

I stiffen my resolve, along with my cock, and tell her, “I want you, Lisa. You don’t scare me.” The young woman smiles as she reaches into the leg of the panties and pulls out my cock. She goes down on me and begins to suck hard on it. “Oh, FUCK!” The way Lisa takes me into her mouth is intense as she sucks hard on me. Though I normally enjoy a good blow job, this one is rough and aggressive. I have not experienced anything so primal before.

Her hand moves to my chest and Lisa reaches under the bra to pinch one of my nipples. “SHIT!”

She lifts her head. “Everything okay, David?”

“Yeah, I’m good,” I tell her as she pulls hard on my cock. “You’re just being a little rough, that’s all.”

“Oh, am I being too hard on little Mr. Priss? Would you like me to back off you, Davey Baby?”

“Fuck no,” I reply as I lay back and let Lisa do her worst to me. She smiles and reaches down to my ball sack, cupping my balls before going down on me again. After she leaves hickies all over my shaft, I ask her, “Can I take off the panties? They are so tight.”

Lisa looks at me and says, “No, you have to keep the panties and bra on, David. If you are manly enough you will overcome the uncomfortableness of them.” She smiles wickedly at me before turning around and straddling my hard cock. Lisa allows it to disappear into her wet muff and then begins to ride me hard as I put my hands on her ass.

“Shit, this is nice,” I say as I feel the soft inside of her hole.

“Fuck you,” Lisa replies as she pulls hard at my ball sack.

“Ow!”

“Sissy boy. Pansy guy. You fucking softy.” Her petite body begins to move faster as she pulls the panties over further. She has caught a part of my scrotum in the

material and it hurts, but I don't care as she fucks me.

"Lisa, fuck, I need the panties off," I tell her.

She gets off me and asks, "Do you want to fuck me or not, David?"

I look at the panties and the line they have made on the side of my dick because of how tight they are on me. "Fuck me, Lisa."

"Be a man, then. Stop being so sissified." The tavern owner again gets on me and rides me reverse-cowgirl. I can see her tight, dark asshole as she moves up and down on me and so I lick my thumb so that I can push it in as I spread her ass cheeks apart.

"Dammit, Lisa," I moan as I get closer. "Can I put my thumb in your ass?"

She turns and glares at me momentarily as she replies, "You don't ask a woman what she wants unless you are a prissy sissy."

"Fuck you!" I shove my thumb into her ass and Lisa's body begins to shake as she fucks me harder. "Oh, dammit, I'm going to pop," I tell her.

"Oh...ohhhh..." Lisa's pussy tightens up around my cock as she runs her fingers over my hairless groin. "I like how smooth you are," she tells me just as her body relents and she cums. "Uhhhhh!!! David! FUCK!!!" The young woman's

pelvis rocks hard on top of me as she humps my hard shaft. “You fucking Sissy! Sissy Boy!!!”

“Dammit...uhhhh...” I spurt into her soft, wet hole as I cum inside her.
“Ahhhh...uhhhh...” We become as one as I move my thumb in and out of Lisa’s ass hard and fast. She seems to like the feeling of me inside both of her holes this way. It is a minute or so before she collapses on my legs and I pull out of her ass.

“You little sissy thing. You fucked me pretty good, didn’t you?”

I chuckle. “You still think I’m a sissy, Lisa?”

She rolls off of me and my cock falls out of her. “Well, I don’t know. Are you?”

I stroke my wet cock as I look at her. “I fucked you, didn’t I?”

Lisa laughs. “You didn’t fuck me, big boy; I fucked you.” I have to nod my head in agreement as I look down at her. Though I have no clue what will happen between the two of us now, I know that Lisa will have far less to complain about the next time I see her at the bar. I am not a sissy, and even she will have to admit that at some point.

THE END

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