

SISSY

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the back, sitting on a white rectangular pedestal. She is wearing a bright red bikini bottom and white knee-high socks with two black horizontal stripes at the top. Her hands are on her hips. The background is a solid light pink color.

Is Paraded In His Posh Hotel
And Humiliated By His Cruel Maid

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

Is Paraded In His Posh Hotel
And Humiliated By His Cruel Maid

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

SCARLETT STEELE

Sissy Is Paraded In His Posh Hotel And Humiliated By His Cruel Maid

A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2019

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

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

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

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

female domination 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>

I charge ahead, holding the laundry basket in my arms. I'm a man on a mission. The lady behind the desk files her nails and looks up at me with a smile.

“Wait up, what's the rush?” my sister asks.

“Laundry day,” I say as I open the door and enter the dry cleaners.

“Hello, Mr. Smith. How can I help you today?” the lady behind the counter asks. I forget her name. Vanessa, I think.

I set the basket on the counter. “Laundry day. I’ll pick it up on my way home,” I say.

“Okay, thank you. We’ll have it ready.”

It’s a woman’s job to do the laundry and I’ll be damned if I take on the role of domestic chores. It’s bad enough that I have to put it away once I’m home. My sister, Louise, thinks I’m stupid for spending money on having my laundry done by the dry cleaners. They have the laundry service in addition to the dry-cleaning services.

“Collin, you’d save a ton of money by doing it yourself. You live in an efficient condo. The washer and dryer set just collects dust. Why do you even bother having a laundry room?” she asks.

I raise my brow at my younger sister. Girls, what do they know? Even though at twenty-three she’s not a little girl anymore. “It’s a woman’s job to operate the laundry facility. I have the room in case I bring one home.” I wink at her as she rolls her eyes.

“You’re such a chauvinistic pig.”

“Am not. I don’t cut a woman down for doing laundry. I don’t expect her to cut

me down for doing my job either. I just don't have time," I say.

"You do, you just think laundry is beneath you," she says.

"Cleaning too. Don't forget, Mandi comes over once a week to do a thorough cleaning of my place. I refuse to clean. Why should I?"

"It's good skills to have. You're just lazy," she says.

We turn the corner heading to the little café for coffee like we do every Wednesday morning. She's fresh out of college and works at the bank around the corner from the hotel I manage. It's easy for us to keep in touch and it's our weekly routine.

"I'm not lazy, sis, I'm smart." We take a seat at a little table after grabbing our coffees.

"But it is. You won't do anything. I'm surprised you aren't starving," Louise says.

"No, I order out. I have meals delivered. It's a pain to cook, but I know how to do it all. That's the joy of my job. I make enough money to afford these little amenities. When I find a woman to live with me, then I'll stop with the maid, laundry services, and meal deliveries and let her do it," I say as I take a sip.

“And you’re how old?”

“Twenty-nine. You know that.”

“That’s my point. Twenty-nine and no woman wants you. Step into the twenty-first century and treat women as equals,” she says while shaking her head.

“I am. I treat women as equal. This is just me. I’m not good with laundry, cleaning, and domestic chores. I hire it done. At least I’m honest. And women love me. I’m picky,” I say and drink the coffee. Outside the window, people walk by wide-eyed and looking up at the tall buildings. Tourists. I bet they are walking to my hotel.

“I think you should stop the services now, save your money, and learn how to do these things for yourself.” She won’t let it rest.

“I know how to wash and dry clothes. I’ve used my washer and dryer. I know how to clean the place, been there, done that. I know how to shop for groceries and prepare and cook a meal. But why should I do that if I don’t have to?” I lift my brow at her.

She shakes her head and rolls her eyes and we go our own way to our jobs. Stepping inside the grand hotel, I smile at the reflective shine on the marble floors. Cassie, the beautiful redhead with a curvy body that won’t stop, smiles wearily at me. When I approach the counter, she lifts her perfectly arched brows.

“Good morning, Mr. Smith,” she says and hands me a document containing the overnight tallies.

“Good morning, Cassie. My, you look lovely in that blue outfit. It brings out the blue tones in your eyes,” I say.

“I have green eyes,” she says.

I lean in closer. “Yeah, green with flecks of blue. Very beautiful. Like peacock feathers,” I say and tap the counter.

“Thank you,” she says.

“And,” I say and sniff towards her. “You smell ravishing today.” I wink.

“Should I be worried?” she asks.

“About?”

“Well, that you refer to me as ravishing. Like you want to ravish me,” she says.

I smile. “Of course, I do. You must be producing pheromones. I want to bone you too,” I say and chuckle.

“That could be taken as sexual harassment,” she says.

I pivot and turn back to her. “Sweetie, I’m not harassing you. You’re a woman and I’m a man and clearly, there’s an attraction there. I can’t help that, and neither can you. I didn’t touch you, nor did I suggest anything that will happen as a fact. I merely stated a desire I have. That’s all. And if that offends you, then it’s your problem, not mine,” I say curtly.

I admit it, I have a thing for Cassie. She’s sexy hot and under my skin and I can’t focus when I’m around her. The fragrance she wears drives me batty. I mean, I fight to keep my cock from standing at attention. And should she rise and walk through the lobby, my heart races when I watch her curvy ass sway. I know between those hot thighs is a sweet spot that would sing to my tongue’s direction if she’d just let me.

I find her in the break room at noon, she’s eating a salad and thumbing through an online magazine on her tablet. The pizza I scored is hot, so I set it on the table and open it in front of her. She acknowledges me and keeps reading.

“Hey, sweetie, have some pizza,” I say as I pop the top on the soda and grab a slice myself.

“No, thank you, I’ve got plenty here. Wouldn’t hurt you to try a salad once in a while,” she says.

“Is that a fat joke?” I ask and chuckle.

“Oh no! Not a fat joke, you’re not fat by any means. I meant, salads are healthier than pizza,” she says and beams a genuine smile my way. Yes!

“I’m just teasing you. Believe it or not, I do eat healthy. I just enjoy some fast food at lunch sometimes,” I say as I grab a second slice.

“I see. That’s good to know,” she says.

“I have a meal service that delivers fresh healthy meals every week. I eat out the rest of the time. You know how it is being a bachelor,” I say and lift my brow.

She laughs. I love to hear the soft tones of her voice when she’s friendly. “No, I can’t say that I do. I mean I shop for groceries and cook for myself,” she says. She sounds like my sister. But this is promising. She’s domesticated.

“Do you do laundry too?” I ask.

“What?” Her brow furrows.

“Seriously, my sister thinks I’m terrible for having the dry cleaners do my laundry,” I say.

“That’s, um, wow. I mean, good for you? It’s nice that you can afford such

luxuries,” she says and shakes her head and laughs sarcastically.

“If you play your cards right, I’ll let you do your laundry along with mine at my place. I have a new condo with a laundry closet. My sister laughs that I never use it, but I have. I just don’t care to. I’d rather someone else do it,” I say.

“Play my cards right and I can come over to your place and do your laundry? Is that supposed to entice me or something?”

Why sure. You can do your laundry too,” I say. I think she lives in one of those economic apartments that doesn’t have washer and dryer in the unit. She probably has to carry her loads up or down flights of stairs and then needs quarters. I remember those days, back when I was a young pup fresh out of college. I lived in a place like that for six months until I could afford a better apartment. Then when I turned twenty-eight my dreams came true and I was made manager of the hotel and bought a condo.

She laughs. “No thank you,” she says.

I grab a third slice of pizza. “Oh, come on. You know you’ll be over there a lot anyway, may as well bring your laundry and do it with mine,” I say and wink while I chew.

“Wow, you’re sure assumptive,” she says and chews her salad.

“Eh, yeah, perhaps. I mean who can refuse this physique,” I say as I wave my

hands down my body. I figure I may as well go for it.

“Me.”

“No! I’m a hot guy, you can’t resist,” I say.

She peers at me, her eyes squinting. “Is this your sorry attempt at asking me out?”

I laugh. “Well, since you put it that way, how am I doing?”

“Sucky.”

“I like sucky.”

“Incorrigible.”

“You sound like my sister. So, I need help. What do you say?”

She shakes her head. “You need help? Are you asking me out on a date? Or are you asking me to come over and do your laundry?”

“Yes,” I say and smile.

“What?”

I laugh again and grab her hand. “Yes, to all accounts.”

“It sounds like you want me to blow you while I do your laundry,” she says and lifts a brow.

“That would work,” I say.

“You’re a smart ass.”

“Better than a dumb ass.”

“I mean, that’s not how you entice a lady to go on a date,” she says and rises. After throwing her napkin and empty water bottle in the trash, she washes out the bowl.

“Okay, would you go out with me?”

“What does that have to do with laundry?”

“Everybody needs to do laundry. After a few days, it piles up and well, I have the perfect washer and dryer set.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Go out with me. I promise if you do and if we end up doing the cha-cha-cha, you won’t want to sleep with another man ever again. Especially after you’ve had the best.” There, I said it.

“I can’t... No. I can’t believe you’d say that.”

“Wait!” She’s heading to the door and I rise to stop her. “I’m serious. Do you want to go out?”

“And bring my basket of dirty laundry?”

“Well, sure. After a night of wild sex, I’m sure the sheets will need changed and washed.” I waggle my brow at her.

“I... no,” she says and steps out the door. I lurch forward and grab her arm, spinning her around and back inside the break room. Her skin is so soft. Standing this close to her, I’m wild for her.

“Please, just go out with me. Try me for a spin... cycle. Get it?” I’m laughing at my own jokes now.

Cassie winces at my crude joke. “What if I don’t want to take you for a spin?”

“Then I will be the one to take you for a spin.” I waggle my brow again while I grin.

Shaking her head, Cassie backs away from me. “I don’t think so.” And she pulls away and heads back to the front desk. Okay, maybe I was a little gruff or crude about how I asked her out. She obviously doesn’t get into my type of humor. Perhaps a different approach is needed. After grabbing my keys from my office, I head out the door. I’m a man on a mission.

The daisies are lovely with tiny baby’s breath sprinkled throughout. I can’t help but think this will be a wonderful way of enticing the sexy Cassie into saying yes. Crowds are checking out and checking in and she’s working fast and hard, doing what she does best. I shove the bouquet behind my back and make my way to my office where I can hide the flowers until she’s not busy. Business awaits me as I pull up the laptop and work. When I hear a lull in the lobby, I grab the flowers and head out there again.

Cassie sits on a stool processing the guest entries. She smiles up at me as I approach. I’m her boss so she puts on a good front for me. But also, thankfully, the hotel doesn’t have a policy on dating the employees. I pop the bouquet out from my back and grin as I step around the desk so I can have a seat beside her. The chair is lower, so she towers above me. Her scent fills my senses and I quiver inside with an urge to hold her naked body to me.

She takes the bouquet and smiles. “For me?”

“Yes, aren’t they lovely? Not as lovely as you, mind you.” I am hoping to score some good points.

“Yes, they are. Thank you. What’s the occasion?”

“Would you please go out with me? Just one date. I promise, you’ll have a wonderful time and if I could bet, you’ll go out with me more than just the once,” I say and wink.

A slight smile crosses her face as she nods. “You’re a bit persistent, huh?”

“I am. Will you?” I beam a smile.

A guest approaches the desk. She sets the bouquet on the desk below the counter and turns to take care of business. A new check in takes a few minutes to process. She quickly turns back to me. “I’ll let you know later. Thanks for the flowers,” she says.

I won’t be defeated. Retreating to the back, I find a vase not in use and fill it with water. At least I can show her how much of a gentleman I can be. She’s still processing the guest, so I set the vase on the desk and smile. She acknowledges it and smiles with a curt nod. Not wanting to hover, I retreat to my office to let her take care of work.

My duties include walking around, making sure all the departments are doing okay and taking care of business. I pay special attention to Cassie and when I see her stroll to the break room for her afternoon break, I make my way there as well.

She's biting an apple and nods at me as she chews. I smile as I push coins into the soda machine and grab a drink. Turning to her, I offer one for her. She shakes her head and points to her bottle of water.

I don't barrage her while she's munching the apple. I patiently wait, as I check messages on my phone and give her time. When she's done, she pitches the core into the trash and takes a long drink of water. I set my phone on the table and regard her with a smile.

"I suppose you are wanting an answer, huh?" She's a smart cookie.

"Yes, I am." I lift my brow and hold my breath. Conquering Cassie consumes me.

"Okay, I will on one condition."

"Oh, a condition. This sounds like fun," I say.

"Yeah, well, I think it can be. If you're willing to let me set the tone and do what I want you to do, I'll go out. And as a bonus, if you do this, I just may let you have your way with me at the end," she says.

Oh shit! That did it. My cock swells as I shift on the chair. It's growing in a direction and hitting my leg. A quick adjustment and I'm good. I smile. "As you can see, you have my attention," I say as I pat my crotch.

"You're sure to the point. Okay, if you agree, it's a yes. Do you agree?"

"What am I agreeing to exactly?"

"A fun evening, doing things my way. All I ask is you let me," she says.

Fuck it. "Okay, yes, I'll do whatever you want if you go out with me." My cock throbs with desire.

"Good. I'll come to your condo Saturday at five. I'll come expecting some fun times," she says.

"Exactly what are you planning. I've already said yes, I'd like to know what to expect," I say.

She waggles her brow at me as her beautiful face stretches into a brilliant smile. "I very much want to dress you in drag. I'm talking the whole works. I want to take you out as my bitch. Are you game? And afterwards, we come back to your condo for a final sexy surprise. Trust me, you'll be satisfied after I'm done with you," she says.

Fuck. “A drag queen? I’m not that way,” I say.

“Then it’s a no?”

“It’s a yes. I’ll do it. I will be your bitch for the night, as long as you let me prove to you that I’m the best lay you’ve ever had,” I say.

The breath escapes my lips. I can’t believe what I’ve agreed to do all to get into the pants of the lovely receptionist. I’ll go to great lengths to bone a woman that captures my attention, even to the point of castrating my manhood. Well, not literally, but certainly figuratively.

Saturday afternoon, the doorbell causes my heart to skip a beat. Not only because I’m excited about a date with Cassie with the promise of fun afterwards, but because of what I must do to earn the date.

Cassie’s wearing a lovely pale pink dress, fitted at the bodice with spaghetti straps. A pair of white strappy sandals bring out the gleaming pink toenails. She’s sunny and warm as she steps inside and gives me a brief hug. Okay, we’re off to a good start. Her hands are full of a garment bag, a large tote and her handbag. I shake my head as I know what’s within them.

“Are you ready for this?” she asks as I show her inside. Her giddy tone brings a smile to my face, nonetheless.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” I say as I take the dress she’s pulled from the garment bag.

“It’s one of mine, the longest one I have. I think you and I will look great together,” she says.

I sigh, the navy blue and white sundress hits me at the knees, the flops amazingly fit me. A pair of white lacy panties and an A-cup size 38 bra. I didn’t even know they made 38’s in an A cup. Even so, the bra has room, because my man-tits don’t fill it.

“I bought the shoes this morning. It was the largest women’s size. I hope you like,” she says.

I groan. I look ridiculous, like a kid trying on his mother’s clothes. I’ve never worn a dress except when I was in a play and had to wear a robe which looked like a dress.

“Sit, smile,” Cassie says. She’s truly having a great time making me into a woman. The giggles come forth as she’s painting my face, gluing on false eye lashes, gluing on fake nails, and lastly, help me please, a hair extension that creates a ponytail that hangs down well to my mid-back.

“Give me a kissy face,” she says.

I give her my best duck face and she giggles as she applies the finishing touch,

the lipstick in dark pink.

“Oh, you’re absolutely lovely. No one will know you’re a man,” she says as she stands back admiring her work.

“Except that I’m over six feet tall and muscular, in case you haven’t noticed,” I say.

Cassie runs her hands over my biceps causing me to squirm because of her soft touch. “Oh, trust me, Collin, I’ve noticed,” she says.

“Do tell,” I say as I lift my brow.

“Okay, girlfriend, let’s hit the mall,” she says.

“What?” I stand and look in the mirror in my bathroom at my ridiculous reflection. “I thought we’d be going to a club.”

“A club? Oh, honey, I’m so over clubbing. I want a fun trip to the mall. You know, strolling down the corridor holding hands, shopping or shop looking, having some ice cream, eating at the food court,” she says all bubbly and it’s infectious. I’m looking forward to going. But I wish I were going as me and not as this dolled up version.

“Help me,” I mutter as we walk to the door. She giggles and pulls me along to

her car.

“At least let me drive,” I say hoping to hang onto some control over the situation.

“Nope. My treat. You’re my girlfriend. I’m the dominate one tonight,” she says.

That causes my cock to tingle and grow. Oh shit, without the binding of trousers or jeans, my cock is free to grow and pitch a tent in the sundress. I blush as I move my hands to my lap. She doesn’t notice. Maybe I should let her notice. Maybe it will go down once we’re at the mall. Maybe I won’t run into anyone I know. Maybe I’m screwed and not in a good way.

“Okay, come one, sweetheart,” Cassie says.

I sigh as we walk to the entrance. At a quick glance, I just look like a really tall lady, but on second glance, the hair legs and arm pits show, and if I say anything, the deep voice will be a dead giveaway. I lean close to her.

“I won’t be saying much. I don’t want to be the object of ridicule,” I say.

She playfully punches my arm. “Oh you. You’ll talk to me alright. We’re here to have a good time, so at least act like you’re having one,” she says as she gives me a stern look.

Ouch. Okay then. I smile and walk along with her. Our fingers are laced together and she's swinging my arm freely. We move through the shops, as she squeals, finds bargains, pulls me through women's clothing stores. In one she holds up a red dress and peers up at me.

"No way," I say and back up. She laughs and hangs it back on the rack. As we walk out of the shop, I lean to her. "You know I have ulterior motives for dressing like this. Don't expect it to happen again."

"Oh? We'll see about that, won't we?" she says as she waggles her brow and beams at me.

We end up at the food court. I let her choose the meal and we end up with a delicious plate from the hibachi grill. At least it's worth eating and always one of my choices when I'm here.

"Now, you look like you're having a good time. It's not all an act is it?" she asks as we sip on the milkshakes we bought at the ice-cream counter.

"I am, sort of. Admittedly, this is difficult for me. I'm not a drag queen, yet here I am," I say.

"Here you are. My girlfriend for the night. I'm looking forward to later, sweetie," she says as she pulls my hand to her lips and kisses the top of it. I squirm, my cock rises.

“I want you to do one thing before we leave,” she says.

I agree as we climb the stairs to the top level and stand at the ledge, overlooking a great fountain that sprays high. She pulls me to her, and cups her hands on my face, her lips posing. I lean in, taking over, and kiss her. My cock pokes out of the top of the panties and I don't care. She groans as she wraps her arms around me. I'm so hard I want to scream.

“I see I've gotten to you. Now, tell me, how does it feel to be a woman?” she asks.

I chuckle. “Well, this has been humiliating,” I say.

“How so?”

“Well, I mean being dressed like I am and being paraded around like a spectacle,” I say.

“So, do you feel you've learned a lesson here?”

“This is all about teaching me a lesson?”

“Well, yeah. I mean you're a little demeaning when you talk to me, like you're the best thing since baked bread. And telling me I can do your laundry at your place. Kind of made me feel less than what I should. But you know what? I like

you and that's why I'm doing this for you, to save you from yourself," she says.

"Okay, you got me. I feel the humiliation you must have felt while I was talking to you about domestic duties," I say.

"Good."

"And maybe I should learn how to do my own laundry. Or, rather let me rephrase that, maybe I should do my own laundry, I know how, I just don't," I say.

"Good. I think it's good for the soul to do your own laundry. And if you're ever lucky enough to score a long-term girlfriend, please don't expect her to do it."

"Does this mean you're not a contender?"

"Maybe, maybe not. We'll see what you think after tonight," she says and lifts her brow.

"I'm not sure about later, but now, I'm thinking more of a possibility than not."

"Save the judgment for later. Trust me, the night isn't over, and I'm not done with you yet," she says.

What more could she do? “When will I find out?”

“Getting anxious for the surprise?”

“Tired of wearing the dress and pitching a tent in it,” I say as I step back.

Cassie looks at my predicament and giggles. “I find it super funny, honey.” The laughter rings throughout the upper deck as she catches her breath. I’m still holding her to me and when she stops giggling, I lean in and plant my lips on her again. This time her hands wrap around my neck and we kiss long and passionately.

“Dang, Collin, let me have a breather. You’re passionate. It’s turning me on. People think I’m kissing a woman. I find it kinky.”

My brow lifts. “Oh, do tell. Have you ever?”

She grins and her cheeks pink even more. “There was this one time, in band camp...”

Both of us bust out laughing at the joke. “Please tell me it’s true.”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Honestly, no I haven’t. I mean, I’m straight. I just find it kind of kinky that I’m here with you like this and we’re making out in public. So, to the public it looks like I’m a lesbian. But I assure you, I’m not.”

“Oh, disappointed.” I pretend to pout.

“You’d really like that, huh? Want me to tell a story. Mind you, it would be fiction, but we could pretend,” she says.

I laugh. “Yeah, I mean that sounds enticing, but what I really want is you. Just you. If you had kissed a woman or more, yeah, I’d want to hear ever little detail, but since you haven’t, I don’t need fiction. I can pick up a porn magazine, for the, ahem, stories.”

“Yeah, right.” She laughs and I join her.

Holding her to me doesn’t help the tent in the panties. But if we’re to move on with the date, she’ll need to step away. I lift my brow. “What now, Cassie?”

I love the grin that stays on her face. “While I’m having a delightful time with a feminine Collin, I think we’ve done it all here. Maybe it’s time we head to the front,” she says and waggles her brow.

I do the best I can to hide the tent. My damn cock has pushed the frail panties down, so it’s bundled at my balls. We pause and she helps me hide enough that I can adjust my weenie to stay within the panties, hopefully. For now, it’s working. We walk to the escalators and take it down to the ground level. She’s holding my hand; her soft skin tantalizes me as she smiles at me with desire in her eyes.

By the time we reach the front door, I glance down and chuckle. Mr. Pecker moved again, and the tent is back. I don't give a fuck, because this beautiful lady is coming back to my condo and the evening is young. She giggles as we walk to her car. If anyone saw, I don't know because I was focusing on her and no one else.

The romantic music she plays on the way back to my condo sets the mood even more. I'm mesmerized by the lights reflecting on her face as she steers the car through the city streets. A smile stays etched on her face, making me smile in return. The air is filled with sexy anticipation. Finally, she turns onto my street and pulls up in the driveway, parking beside my car. We can't get to the door fast enough, I'm pre-cumming in the dress, the stain showing up in the front.

"I'm sorry. I'll have it dry cleaned," I say as I grin.

"Silly man. We'll just throw it in your washer, remember, that's why I'm here," she says and winks.

"No, not really. That's the old Collin. I'm new and improved," I say as I unlock the door.

"Good. Now for the next part of the surprise. But first, let's clean you up and turn you back into a man," she says.

We race up the steps the master bedroom and bath, where she painstakingly removes the hair extensions, false eyelashes, fake nails. When she pulls off her dress I gawk at her naked glory. Swallowing hard, I remove my dress and the panties are already rolled down from my stiff cock.

Cassie starts the shower as I lift a brow. “Come here, I’ll apply make-up remover to your face. You can wash it off in the shower,” she says. Her round ass and shapely chest cause my cock to extend more.

“A shower before?” I cock a brow as I step in with her.

“Of course. You’ll see,” she says as she grins.

After I wash my face, she takes the pouf and soaps my body, paying special attention to my cock. I nearly lose it as I stand with my legs apart and brace my hand against the side of the shower. She giggles and shoves me into the streaming water while she soaps the pouf again. This time she hands it to me. With great delight I take it and explore her lovely body, soaping her curves and valleys, and even bending down, I kiss between her legs. She shoves me away suddenly, as she was getting into it.

“Wait. There’s a time for this. Come on, time to dry off,” she says.

Like a puppy being obedient to my master, I follow her lead. My cock dictates it. The thick towels we toss to the floor and she brings me to my bed. Yes! Show time! After rummaging in her bag, she turns to me with a black silk scarf in her hand.

“What’s that for? Oh? Tying me up?” I ask as I grin.

“Not exactly. Blindfold. Here, let me put this on you. I want to surprise you with something,” she says.

I obey and sit on the bed while she ties the scarf over my eyes. I can't see a thing. “Okay, what now?” I ask. My balls are turning blue.

“Lie down, crossways. Put your head here,” she says as she pats the edge of the bed beside me.

Oh boy! Sounds like sexy fun as I lie back just as she requested. I wait while she's in the bathroom.

“Okay, I'm going to do something, do not fight me, and after I do this, you can do whatever you want to me, okay?”

“Fuck yeah. I won't fight.” Hell yeah! I'm ready.

Suddenly, my face fills with the scent of muff as she settles on me. I groan, because she's literally face sitting. I know how to do this; kinkier women have done it with me before. But I need a breath and my hands come up to lift her.

“No!”

“Breaf...”

“I’ll lift, start licking. I’ll get off and then get off,” she says and laughs.

My tongue swirls through her slit. She lifts and realizes I have greater access to her features if she’s not fully sitting. Better for me to breathe too. She grinds into my face as my tongue swirls through her soft warm folds and pushes over her stiff clit. She moans and moves as her slit glistens with her natural lube. She’s hot and ready and I will fuck her brains out as soon as she comes. Finally, she growls as her muff quivers and quakes over my mouth. I keep my tongue moving until she’s had enough, and she rolls off me and onto the bed.

I growl, my cock drips with pre-cum as I crawl to her. She giggles when I pull her feet roughly to my shoulders and lift her ass to my cock. It’s my turn. Before I penetrate through her tight hole, I run my cock up and down and swirl it over her hard knob, causing her to arch her back and yelp. Finally, I pierce through and shove all the way in until my balls slap her ass. Then with vigor, I grunt and groan as I shove into her. She moves her hips, grinding in unison with my thrusts. My cock saws against her clit as she sits up. My hand moves to squeeze her boobs, which bounce freely between us. Suddenly, my cock explodes while her body quakes into another screaming orgasm. For a long moment, we grind and move together as the waves of pleasure crash through us, our bodies rocking hard. Finally, I’m done, and she collapses back. Pulling out, I roll to her side, and we both breathe from the aftermath.

“We’ve already had a shower,” I say as I sit up.

“I know. Aren’t you glad though?”

Laughing, I come down on top her again. My lips meet with hers, my breath still

scented with her muff. Giving her a taste of herself doesn't faze her as she kisses back and throws me back. This time, she slinks down, surprising me again. Her lips cover my cock, freshly coated with our mixture, and she literally sucks me clean. She raises and licks her lips.

"Mmmm, we taste good together," she says as she crawls back to me, this time she's on top.

I smile and pull her to me. Fuck it, she's wild and horny and kinky. I love it. I kiss her and taste it, my cum and her juices intermingled, giving her breath a slight spiciness. If we taste this good together, we must be meant for each other. Ah, well, we'll see about that anyway. It's time to enjoy the moment and this sexy lovely woman who isn't afraid of anything. And she likes me.

As we cuddle and our eyelids droop, sleep is around the corner. She laces her fingers through mine. She lifts her head and smiles at me. "Would you ever do this again? I mean dress in drag?"

I think about it for a moment. "Maybe, if it ends like this, I'm sure I can be talked into it," I say and bring her to my lips. And I mean it too.

THE END

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

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

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

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

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

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