



SCARLETT STEELE

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IS PUNISHED DRESSED IN PINK PANTIES AND SURRENDERS
TO AN EVENING OF BALLBUSTING

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION



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Sissy Is Punished Dressed In Pink Panties And Surrenders To An Evening Of Ballbusting

A Tale of Sissification and Feminization

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Whistling helps me to focus as I run the grill with grace and expertise. The apron says it all, Head Fry Cook. I'm not a chef, not yet anyway. I am taking classes at night, doing the leg work first with books and videos. At some point, I'll need some kitchen time and hands on training. I feel as if I already have it well at hand since I've been a fry cook at the Frazier Family Grill & Café for over five years now. Mr. Frazier hired me when I was just a lad at nineteen. He taught me all I needed to know and two years ago handed the golden spatula and turner over to me. Not real gold, but I did receive a commemorative golden spatula pin that I wear on the apron. It shows his appreciation for the fine specimen of a cook that I am. Not that I'm bragging.

I smile sweetly as Skyla, the hottest of hot servers, steps in and grabs the plates I just filled. “Hi sweetie, how are you this fine morning?” I ask in my sing-song voice. If I’m not whistling, then I’m singing. Again, it’s a focus thing. I dunno why, but it works.

She smiles at me, her dark pink lips and gorgeous golden hair pulled back in a low ponytail today. The outfit fits her curvy body perfectly, the apron, blue like her eyes. Blue like my apron, except hers just has her name embroidered on the front. That’s a token Mr. Frazier gives to servers who last a year. Otherwise they get the simple light blue with the Frazier Grill & Café logo on the front. Not very special or intriguing. I remember when Skyla came to work, she was such a sweetheart. I fell for her then but kept things all professional. I was so glad that she enjoyed working here and stayed. Many pass through, as they attend college, or as they just need temporary jobs. I get it, I do. But I didn’t go to college, and neither did the goddess Skyla. Funny, she attended business school for a year and received a certificate for it. She worked at a bank and said it bored her to tears. Her bestie, Abby worked here. She had her come in and apply because the tips are good. And they are. Lucky servers. I don’t get tips, unless a patron specifically has them pass me one. Occasionally, it’s a nice surprise.

We serve up a mean breakfast crowd before it thins, and we have a chance to take a break. After cleaning the grill, which I like to do while it’s still hot, I hang the apron on the hook and head to the back room for a breather and a break. The lunch crowd will be filtering in within the next hour and we’ll be hopping like mad to keep up with the demands. Ted, my assistant, mans the grill while I take a break. I grab a bottle of soda and a fresh muffin and find a seat at a table. I no longer than take the first bite when beautiful Skyla comes in, her apron coming off and she hangs it over a chair. Good, it’s at my table.

“That was a wild crowd. I think I made over a hundred in tips though so all’s well,” she says as she sits down and peels the top off her yogurt cup.

“Good for you,” I say as I smile and shove the remainder of the muffin in my mouth.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Gosh, I feel bad, you don’t make tips,” she says as she spoons in the pink yogurt.

“Don’t feel bad. I’m salary. And besides, I get a tip occasionally, so it’s all good,” I say reassuringly.

“I bet I make more than you anyhow,” Skyla says and grins.

“Mmmm, maybe on some days. Perhaps,” I say and nod. I’m not sure really and I don’t want to know. I’d probably be pissed.

“Muffins.” I stuff each finger in my mouth to enjoy any last-minute crumbs that didn’t make it between my lips the first time.

Skyla scrapes the yogurt cup and stares at me. “Can I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure.” I furrow my brow but smile. No telling what she’s about to ask, but hey, I’m an open book.

“Are you bi-sexual?”

What kind of question is that? I grimace and glare at her.

“Or maybe are you just fully gay?”

“Really? I act gay?”

“Answering with a question to avoid a straight, ahem, pun intended, answer.”

I shake my head. “Why? Are you bi-sexual?” The idea intrigues me while I picture her with some girl on girl action.

Her giggles are cute, high pitched and tinker-bell like. “No, I’m not. Are you?”

“No, I’m not. Why would you ask such a question?” I take a long swig of my soda and then belch. “Oopsie, excuse me.” I put my hand over my mouth and blush for such a display.

“Well, honestly, West, you act gay sometimes.”

“I do, like how?” That’s news to me. I’ve always felt I’m manly enough.

“Like just now, you burp and said oopsie in a tone I’ve heard gays use,” she says.

“Huh. I didn’t realize there were straight tones and gay tones,” I say and shrug.

Again, she giggles. “Oh, I’m sure you’ve noticed that gay men have a certain lilt in their voice, very feminine. You have that same thing. I mean, maybe it’s not just a gay thing. So, you’re not even bi? Like have you ever dabbled?”

“I’m straight. Straight as an arrow. Nothing gay about me,” I say.

“Eh, you act kind of prissy. I’m sorry, West, I don’t mean to be mean about it. I was just wondering, is all. You’re a sweet guy, and that’s what counts.”

All I can do is smile and nod. Should I be offended? Nah, I decide not to be and get up to face the soon coming lunch crowd.

It bothers me that Skyla honestly thinks I’m gay or bi. I mean, I’m not a gruff man, I enjoy the finer subtle things in life. I shrug into the apron and adjust my golden spatula pin and turn to the grill. Tom is already outside in the back smoking. I wave my hand at the man. He’s not into cooking like I am. To him, this is just a job. Nothing more, nothing less. To me, this is a career.

Skyla smiles endearingly at me when she clips the ticket to the line. “They want it medium rare, please.”

I grab the first lunch ticket and whistle. Sirloin steak, mashed potatoes, white gravy, roll, and a side of green beans. The patron wants the steak medium rare, okay, less for me to do when cooking it. The grill is already hot thanks to the stragglers that came in while I was on break. Tom, of course, didn't clean the grill. That's a pet peeve of mine. I run some water over a hot grill and scrape the excess from it, thus cleaning it before I go on break. It's just courtesy. The only time I don't do this is when there's an order cooking. There wasn't. But now the orders are coming in and I have no time to clean it. I'll speak to Tom about it later.

Serving up the plates, the lunch crowd rushes in. The servers clip tickets as fast as I prepare the last order. It's a cycle, but I thrive on it. Whistling, I do my job and I do it well. Skylar grabs a plate and shakes her head as she smiles. When she comes back, I inquire about it.

"What?" I wipe my hands on a towel.

"You. You're so chipper. We're beyond busy and you don't even look frazzled."

"I love my job," I sing. The burgers sizzle on the grill as I flip each one. Burgers are well done because health code dictates it. We don't serve medium rare burgers, though customers request it.

By the time lunch is over, my shift is almost done as well as Skylar's. The café has another grill master for the night crowd. The largest crowd by far is the breakfast and lunch. Except for the weekends, we stay crowded for all three meals. If Mr. Frazier could have his way, he'd have me coming in and working all three meals. Sometimes, on the weekends, I work the dinner rush. I'm doing

the schooling in the evenings, so it's very helpful to have my mid-afternoon and evenings free on the weekdays.

“Hold up, Skyla,” I say as I run to catch her before she gets into her car. She turns to me as she's ripping her hair from the ponytail. Golden tresses fall into place over her shoulders. She's absolutely gorgeous.

“Yes?” Her brow lifts.

I smile and muster the courage. “Would you like to go out, Friday maybe?”

Now her brow furrows. “Go out? As in on a date?” Her tone is sour.

“Yeah, you know, head to a club, enjoy some drinks, maybe a dance or two. Or we could catch a flick at the movies,” I say.

“Um, no. I don't think so.”

“Aw, are you already seeing someone else?”

“No. I just don't think it would work for us. Hey. Listen, I don't mean to be rude, but I have an appointment I need to go. I don't want to be late. See ya tomorrow.” She flashes me a smile and gets in her car fast.

Alrighty then. I'm a stubborn git and I don't let it stop me. I ask her again the next day except this time we're on break. "Ahem, Skyla, would you like to go out Saturday night perhaps?" I didn't ask for Friday, since she already said no.

"You're persistent. I just don't think you and I are a good match," she says.

"Really? Why not? I'm a likable guy," I say.

"Yes, you are. And I like you just fine. I don't think you and I would be good for dating," she says.

"How do you know? I mean we've never gone out before. Don't make that determination before we go out on a first date." I'm like a dog trying to get a bone.

"It's just that I have very specific expectations when it comes to the men I date. I think you would disappoint me in this area. Don't take it offensively. It doesn't mean I think there's something wrong with you. It just means I don't think you'd fulfill my expectations for what I want in a man that I date. Understand?" She gives me a sweet smile, empathetic even.

"Give me a chance, Skyla. I mean, I think we'd have fun at least. It's just a date, I'm not asking for a long-term commitment or a serious relationship. I'm the type that's a wait and see. If we have fun after the first date and if we want to go out again, then great. If not, that's okay, we can part as friends," I say hoping she'll at least give me a chance.

"Eh, I don't know, West. I really don't think you and I would mesh right. I mean why put us through the awkwardness of going out if we know it's doomed from the start?"

"Oh, come on. Just one little date. If you don't say yes now, I'll keep asking until you do," I say as I waggle my brow.

"You're funny, West. I don't cave that easily. For right now, the answer is no. Respect that, okay?" she asks and rises to leave the break room.

I pout. I mean, I'm bummed. The whistle can't find its way past my lips when I head back to the grill.

"What's the matter, man? You look like you've lost your best friend," Tom says.

"Aw, it's nothing. I will fix it, I assure you," I say. I force a smile, but I don't whistle. I only whistle when I'm happy and right now I'm not. Too bad.

The next day and the next I keep asking Skylia out. Every time she says no. The weekend comes and I'm totally down about having no date with her. Monday morning, I hit it again, asking her out. She's bound to say yes with persistence.

Two days later we're in the break room. Skylia is weary of me as I can tell by the look on her face. She's done with the sweet smiles and the need for chatting with me and I'm sad about it. She grabs a bag from the refrigerator and sits at another table, with her back to me. Shaking my head, I grab my sub and soda and walk

to her table. I beam at her and sit across from her.

“Really? You can’t take a hint?” Her eyes are void of friendliness.

“Hey, aren’t we friends? I mean we used to have a great time visiting while in here,” I say as I pull my sub sandwich from the bag.

“Yeah, until you started badgering me about going out with you,” she says flatly. After taking a bite of the stew in her container, she munches on a biscuit.

“Honey, I’m still the same guy you wanted to be friends with. I’m persistent though, it’s just my character. I don’t like to be told no, especially when it’s such a simple little request,” I say. The sub tastes wonderful, the lettuce crunches just right as I close my eyes and enjoy it. “Mmmm, I love a good sub.”

“Good for you.” Again, a flat tone that breaks my heart.

“Look, why don’t we go out this Friday as friends, my treat,” I say brightly.

She smiles, though it doesn’t reach her eyes. “You see, there’s a problem with that. If it’s your treat then it’s not as friends, it’s a date.”

“Okay, we’ll go Dutch. Say seven?” I’d be a great salesman.

“No, West. I don’t want to go out with you. Do you want to know why?” She bites her lower lip as she tilts her head while regarding me.

“Okay, I give, why?” I ask.

“Because, frankly, I think you’re a sissy. I like to be with manly men, not sissies,” she says.

Ouch. “A sissy? I don’t see myself as a sissy.”

“But you are. Why do you think I asked if you were gay or bi? I mean, do you wear women’s underwear?”

What kind of question is that? My cheeks burn fiercely though, because I have been known to wear a pair on occasion, if the girl I’m dating lets me. “No, I don’t,” I say. It’s a lie, but she’s playing hard ball now and threatening my manhood. I must defend myself.

“Well, that’s how I see you. I’m sorry, I don’t mean to hurt your feelings. I just don’t see me with a man who’s effeminate. Please, West, I’m sorry, but I want nothing to do with you. Just leave me alone.” She stands and marches out of the room, carrying her lunch with her.

Thursday Mr. Frazier scheduled us for dinner. It meant that the crew had to close, because Mr. Frazier was out of town. Skyla is mopping the floor in the dining area while I’m cleaning the kitchen. I told Carol, my grill helper, to leave.

There's not much to do to close, so only two of us are needed. Mr. Frazier specifically asked Skyla and I to close. I take that as a good sign.

Skyla stays busy and doesn't even acknowledge me. I hate that my asking her out ruined our friendly banter. I miss her terribly. She's such a pretty girl. I wish she'd let me make it up to her. I approach her, tentatively, hoping she'll be receptive to a conversation.

She's mopping and just passes through the last corner. Standing, she sees me at the counter staring at her. Not a smile or a word crosses her face. I walk to her anyway, even though there is absolutely no invitation from her to do so.

"Skyla, I'm sorry. Please, can we talk for a moment?" I ask.

She shoves the mop into the bucket and pushes it to the wall. Turning back to me, she tilts her head and squints. "What?"

I sigh. "Please, don't be angry with me," I say.

"I'm not angry. I'm just over it. Can't you understand it? I can't give you an inch, you seem to take that as an open invitation to come at me with the barrage of asking me out when I clearly tell you I don't want to go out with you," she says.

"Because you think I'm a sissy," I say.

“Yes. I think you are a sissy. I’m sorry. I’ll be happy to be your friend, but you’re one of my sissy friends,” she says.

“Will you at least let me make this up to you by allowing me to take you to dinner as a friend. Friends can treat friends. That’s all I’m asking.”

“No. There’s your answer. Not happening,” she says.

“Because I’m a sissy,” I say.

“Because you’re a sissy,” she says as she pushes the mop bucket to the laundry room.

I finish cleaning the kitchen. She thinks I’m a sissy and I’m not. I need to show her in a big way that I’m not. The only way I know is to show her I’m attracted to her and not some man. But how?

She walks into the women’s restroom. An idea crosses my mind. It’s a risky move, but the place is closed, the doors are locked and no one else is in the building with us. I screw up the courage and quietly follow her into the restroom. I give her time to be in the stall. Pushing my ear to the door I hear the stall door shut. It’s squeaky and very noticeable, even to those sitting close to the area in the dining room. Very slowly and as quietly as possible I open the door. My cock swells at the thought of what I’m about to do. I unzip my pants and unbuckle the belt and shove it open. My cock throbs within and I pull it out, so she can see that I’m not a sissy when she emerges from the restroom stall.

She's in the stall for a while. I shake my peter to make him stand tall. Finally, the door opens, and she emerges. I'm smiling as I put my hands on my hips and push my pelvis forward, so she can see there's no sissy in my pants. It's a bold move and I have imagined this moment already. In my daydream, she emerges from the stall and spies my big boy. A smile etches across her lovey face as she steps forward for a closer look. Upon inspection, her soft hand grasps my manhood, making me groan and lurch forward. She pulls me to her, my cock in her hand still and her lips find mind. The kiss sparks incredible heat which ends up with her removing her clothing. We do it right there in the restroom, as I hoist her to the counter and shove my cock between her legs sinking balls deep. I moan as I slip in and out of her wet warm hole. She claws me and together we come, riding through the waves like there is no tomorrow. Afterward, she peers into my eyes and says, "Well, I guess you are right, you aren't a sissy."

Stepping around the corner, her eyes grow exponentially big as she takes me in while I'm standing there, grinning at her.

"What the ever-loving fuck?" A look of pure anger etches her face as she balls her hands into fists, her thumbs tucked under her fingers. She lurches forward, so fast I scarcely know what's happening. My cock is out, bobbing. Her fist meets underneath, busting me in the balls so hard, my ears ring and my eyes grow dim. I stumble back and sink to the floor, the searing, blinding pain encompasses me. I can't see, I can't hear. I whimper, I think. Blinding red hot pain courses through my mid-section. I'm sure I'm damaged beyond repair. I lop over, crying, holding my precious bruised package as I rock in place.

After heaving a few deep breaths, and the crying subsides, I blink and shake my head. Standing above me is Skyla, her face red, and I swear smoke is coming from her ears. She looks like she wants to pound the shit out of me. I cower and block her, at least protecting my man-goods.

"Get up, you stupid son-of-a-bitch," Skyla says as she kicks at my legs.

“Please, stop with the abuse,” I say as I try to get away from her. What a fucking joke this has turned into. I can’t believe Skyla just hit me like she did.

“Get up!” she shouts.

“I can’t,” I cry. “Pain.” I shake my head and lower it as I’m still favoring my man-goods.

“Yes, you can. Fucking priss. What the fuck are you doing? Flashing me? Really? You think that’s going to impress me?”

I glare up at her. She’s a demon. Scooting back, I get out of kicking range. I’m certainly not standing with her fists in view. Fuck that shit.

“Speak!”

“I’m not a fucking dog,” I say angrily.

She chuckles. “Aren’t you?”

“No. Why did you do this? Why?” I ask as I’m still crying.

“Why?” she shrieked. Her eyes took on an odd shade of blue, the veins in her temple stick out. “Why? Because I come out of the stall in the women’s restroom and find you standing here with your dick out. Like that’s supposed to impress me. That’s why. No one gets away with shocking me like that. My older brother taught me self-defense and told me always aim for the balls. So that’s what I did.”

“I wasn’t going to hurt you,” I say disdainfully.

“You weren’t? What were you expecting?”

“I... I guess I was hoping to show you I’m not a sissy. You kept calling me that. I wanted to show you what I have here, which obviously not a sissy. And an erection to prove I’m hot for you,” I say.

A sarcastic chuckle escapes her lips. “I bet you’re not hot for me now,” she says.

“No,” I say without much oomph.

“No? So, my fist to your balls taught you a lesson there?” she asks.

“Sure.” I’m done. I’m over it. I wish she’d just walk away and leave me alone to lick my wounds in private. But then, I am in her restroom. I stagger to my feet, carefully guarding my bruised balls. I turn away and gingerly stuff my flaccid cock back into my underwear. It smarts when I zip my pants, but I need the protection the clothing will provide. My hands stay in front of my throbbing

crotch as I turn back to her.

“I’m sorry I ever came in here,” I say as I take a step to the door.

Skyla laughs and jumps between me and the door. Oh fuck. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Out of here. Away from you,” I say.

“Too bad you didn’t think that way before. It would have saved you some pain and suffering,” she says as she leans against the door with her hands crossed over her chest.

If I weren’t in such pain, she’d be easy to overtake and move her ass out of the way, but as it is, I’m operating on half my senses now, as my body is working to repair the damage her fist gave to me when she busted my balls. “Please, I’ll leave you alone now. You don’t have to worry, you’re not on my radar anymore,” I say.

She squeezes her eyes shut and shakes her head. “You are so fucking hardheaded.”

“I wish.” I say.

This elicits a genuine smile from her face. “Touché,” she says and lifts her brow.

But I'm done with the friendly banter. As far as I'm concerned, I'll only speak to her when we're working together and not anytime else.

"Please let me by," I say.

"Nope. We're not done here," she says.

"Okay, what then? You've punished me. I get it. I'll leave you alone," I say.

"Too late. And punished, yes. You deserved it. But I don't think it's enough, do you?" she asks as she taps her foot.

"Uh, yeah, I do," I say as I favor my throbbing balls.

"Nope. I tried and tried to warn you off, but you didn't listen. You know, I would have just been as happy to let it slide. But coming in here and exposing yourself to me. That takes the cake. You obviously thought it would be a different outcome."

"Obviously." I roll my eyes.

She smiles and gives her head a shake. "Well, okay, busted in the balls is only the beginning. I'm going to harass you like you did me. Let you get a big dose of your own medicine. Let's see, what should I do here?" Her hand comes to her chin as a finger bounces off her cheek.

I blow out a breath. This is getting old. All I can do it is try to relax. I mean, for a man, ball busting is the ultimate punishment.

“Okay, seems I can tell Mr. Frazier what you did here,” she says.

I straighten. “No, please don’t. I never intended to hurt you. I guess I was hoping you’d react differently. You could have just as well say you weren’t interested.”

She laughs sarcastically again. “And all the times I told you I wasn’t interested didn’t sink in. Do you think I felt I had a choice here?”

“I guess not,” I say flatly.

“Okay then, so I could tell on you.”

“And I’d lose my job. My career would be stained. Do you really want to take away a man’s livelihood?”

“Do I? Hmmm, maybe. But let me think about this. How about we reach a compromise,” she says.

I lift my brow. “That sounds good. Please, I will do anything to make this up to you. Just please don’t tell Mr. Frazier about this, or anyone for that matter,” I

say. I'm not beyond begging at this point.

“Okay, I'll give you a lifeline then. How about you meet me tomorrow night and we'll go out like you've always wanted, only you're to do exactly as I ask the entire evening, understand?”

I didn't care what she wanted me to do, I was more than willing. I nod eagerly and even smile despite the achy pain deep in my groin. “Yes, anything. I'll do anything. And after our date, this will never be mentioned again?”

She smiles and nods. “Yes, agreed. But only if you do exactly as I say. If you don't, I'll go straight away to Mr. Frazier. Got it?”

“Got it!” I'm so happy I want to kiss her, but I don't. She lets me leave.

I've learned a valuable lesson one that I will never do again. I nurse my balls with an ice pack and by morning, I'm fine, thankfully. We work the breakfast and lunch crowd, and after work I go home and await her arrival. This time she asks me out and she lets me know she's in charge. Hells to the yeah, baby.

“Where are we going?” I ask as she pulls into a strip mall.

“Toya's salon. She has all the goodies to help me.” She grins as we exit the car. I'm still clueless about what will happen but follow her nonetheless to the salon.

Toya looks me up and down, her dark auburn hair styled perfectly, her nails long and gleaming, her make-up piled on. “Okay, sweetie, step in here,” she says. Only she’s not a she, she’s a he, dressed in drag. I lift my brow to Skyla who just grins at me.

“Yes, Toya is a man-she and she’s able to transform you into what I think you really are,” Skyla says.

Oh dear. I’m doomed. I follow Toya into a back room where he has a gold sequined dress for me, and a matching pair of spiked heels. “Wear these, sweetie,” he says as he hands me a pair of black lacy panties and a matching chemise.

I look like an utter dork in the get-up. Nerves jangle as Toya paints my face and fixes a long blonde wig to my head. I have glued on eyelashes and nails. I’m blinged with jewelry, and lips painted a deep red. I don’t even want to look at myself in the mirror, but both Toya and Skyla urge me to peek. Before me is a woman with all the right looks except for the lack of curves. I cast a glance at Skyla, and she claps.

“You’ve outdone yourself, Toya. Thanks, I owe you,” she says as she skips to the man-she and plants a kiss on his face.

“It’s my pleasure, doll. You know how much I love creating new images. West, you make a lovely woman,” Toya says.

“Uh, thanks,” I say as Skyla pulls me to the door. I stumble, because I’m not used to wearing heels.

Of course, the club Brutally Honest welcomes me with open arms. Inside, other drag queens prance about as I clop along behind Skyla, trying to blend into the blazing décor.

“Hey, at least act like you’re having fun. This is a date,” she says brightly and orders us a Cosmopolitan. Yeah, of course.

I sigh and force a smile. “Is this the kind of place you enjoy frequenting?”

She laughs. “Honey, I enjoy all sorts of places. I told you the kind of man I like to date, and I truly do not find such a man here. But I come here with friends on occasion. I think it’s fitting for you,” she says.

Before the drinks are delivered, a man asks me to dance. I shake my head, because I want to enjoy the drink.

“Come back in a few, she wants to drink first,” Skyla says to him and winks.

Believe me, I take my time drinking because dancing with a man is not my idea of a good time. The man comes back though and Skyla nods to me. I lean forward. “If it’s all the same, I’d rather not,” I say as I shake my head.

“I’d rather. Now go,” she says and shoves me to the man.

I muster up as much pleasantness as I can and smile. The man wants to leave, and it feels awkward. I stumble and flinch in his arms.

“What’s the matter, baby? I’m Billie, by the way. I like em like you. Tall, a bit manly, but also a beauty queen.” He growls as he reaches around and squeezes my ass.

“I... um, I’m West. Nice to meet you,” I say because I don’t know what else to say.

He chuckles. “When did you come out, doll?”

Ahem. “I didn’t. I mean, I’m not out, I’m straight,” I say and offer a shy grin. His hands on my body makes me want to scream.

“Ah, you’re one of those. Thinking transgender then?”

“Absolutely not. I’m doing this for my girlfriend. It’s one of our things, if you know what I mean,” I say as I thumb back to Skylia and wink at the man.

“Ah, gotcha,” Billie says.

The song ends, thankfully. “Thank you for the dance,” I say and quickly retreat to Skylia.

She's laughing. "I'm having a hoot of a time watching you. I guess you really aren't swinging that way, huh?"

I stand and peer down at her. "How about you become a lesbian and dance with me," I say as I lift a brow.

"Hey, sounds good to me. I've never been with a girl before," she says as she runs her hands over my body. I'm tingling where she touches me and as the song turns slow, I grab her and press her to me.

"Oh, someone's happy to be out in a dress," she says and giggles.

I bend forward, breathing in her intoxicating fragrance. My cock throbs this time for her. "I'm happy to be dancing with you," I say.

She smiles sweetly. We sway to the music, staying quiet and just enjoying the moment of closeness. This may be as close as we'll ever be, so I relish the moment, committing it to memory.

When she glances up, my heart skips a beat. Her beautiful full lips part as she gazes into my eyes. Her body signals cause me to take the chance as I lean in and our lips touch. She backs away and smiles after a couple of seconds of a soft kiss.

"Nice. Maybe there's more there that came from?"

“Sweetheart, all I have is yours,” I say, fully giving myself over to her to do as she pleases.

“Let’s go,” she says.

My cock is pitching a tent in the panties, the golden sequins sparkle as we dash across the floor. I’m proud of my manly tent, pitched for the lovely lady and not any man. I don’t care.

Once we’re at her place, she pulls me through the door. I don’t care if this ends up being just one night, I’m going to have fun. Her hands are all over my body and she reaches around to unzip the dress. I pull off her shirt and we leave a trail of clothing from her front door all the way back to her bedroom. She pounces on me as I rip the wig from my head. The false eyelashes are coming unglued, and she gently peels them from my eyes.

I groan as I lay her down, I want to show her just how manly I am. Our lips meet, our bodies react. I move down, kissing her neck, while she’s kissing my head. My cock drips pre-cum. I keep kissing down until I sample her nipples, and she groans as she laces her fingers into my short crop atop my head, pushing me ever downward. Finding her belly especially soft, I lick from her bellybutton to the mound between her legs, which open wide. Settling between her thighs, I reach up and massage a breast in each hand as my magic tongue slides through her soft warm folds and lands on the knob that stiffens greatly under my swirling tongue. I keep going, prompted by her moans and suddenly, she grinds into the bed while yelping out in ecstasy. I keep my tongue on her clit until she shoves me away. Now, it’s my turn.

Growling, I rise and pull her feet to my mouth, kissing each toe. My hard cock penetrates her soft warm hole as she lops her head to the side, while moaning. Her pussy squeezes around my cock as I slide in, but I can't go slow.

“Ugh, fuck me. You're so tight, I can't hold back,” I say as I pull in and out faster.

“Then fuck me hard, like you mean it,” she says as she claws at my side.

I lift her ass and ram into her fast and hard. Just as my cock explodes inside her pussy, she comes again, and the quaking makes me scream and nearly lose my breath as I lurch forward and shoot my wad into her tight pussy.

Afterward, we lie in each other's arms, merely breathing. I stroke her lovely hair while she traces circles over my chest. I haven't felt this fulfilled and happy in a long time. She peers up at me with a sweet smile and our lips meet again. The night is young, and we take advantage again and again.

THE END

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