

A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization

A photograph of a person's torso and arms, wearing pink lace lingerie. The person has their arms crossed and is wearing a multi-strand pearl bracelet on their left wrist and a ring on their left hand. The background is a soft green and yellow gradient.

# SISSY LEASH

SCARLETT STEELE

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

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female domination and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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The teens peer up at me with great anticipation. I smile and launch into my speech. “Good morning. Nice to see your bright and smiling faces. I’m Trip and I’m the camp counselor this summer. I just graduated with my master’s in counseling and psychology. I think it will be helpful that I’m not too much older than you. We’re going to have a great summer. I have the schedule set up for our sessions here.” I hold up a batch of papers. “I’m here for you if you need me more though. Just drop by the counselor’s cabin anytime.”

“Thank you, Trip. Just a warning, I’ll probably be in your office a lot,” Amber says. She’s a sixteen-year-old plump girl who had some brushes with the law while she was in school. As a part of her rehab she agreed to come to camp for the summer.

“Why is that, Amber?” I ask. I know the answer, but partly because the effort of her mental healing is in her admitting it.

“Mmmm, I just need to vent, a lot. Part of my problem is anger. I’ll share it with you. They told me to open up to you.” She grins revealing teeth that could have used braces. Still, she’s a pretty girl despite the crooked teeth.

I pat her on the back. “I look forward to it, Amber. It’s nice to meet you,” I say.

“Oh, we’ll be very close friends by the time I spill all my beans to you,” she says and nods as she walks away.

I need to be on guard with the young ladies. The sessions will be held in the counselor’s cabin. One other camp advisor, one of the females, will be in the front room, within hearing range while I’m counseling. It’s for safeguarding. Plus, we have visible cameras in the counseling room in case things go sideways.

I start the afternoon with two counseling sessions. The first is a young lady whose parents felt she needed a summer of being watched and taught how to behave. She’s a seventeen-year-old going into her senior year. She sits defiantly in front of my desk, glaring at me while examining her nails.

It takes some coaxing, but she comes around and relaxes her defiant stance with me a little. Some teens simply want to stretch their wings beyond their boundaries. I’ll work on the respect your parents angle with her.

Another thing I’m to look for is parents who aren’t doing their kids right. It’s not that we turn the parents over, but we try to work with the entire family to heal the possibilities that it’s the parents’ fault the child is so troubled. Most are troubled teens due to their own actions, and social awkwardness.

The second session is with a fifteen-year-old boy who just doesn’t give a damn.

His type worries me some because of the threat of suicide or of running away. I take a different tactic with him and work on boosting his self-esteem and awareness. It may take all summer, but that's why I'm here.

I'm glad I've gone into counseling. After the summer, I'm considering family counseling so I can continue taking on children and their parents. It brings me joy when I feel like I'm piecing a family back together who felt so hopeless before. I did my internship at a family counseling clinic and thoroughly enjoyed it. When looking for work after graduation, this position came up and I felt it perfect for my experience. Start small and grow slowly.

By the third day of counseling, I've had a session with every teen there, forty-five in all. It's a sense of accomplishment as I am responsible to come up with the schedule, changing it as necessary.

Ms. Thornton, the director of the camp, told me, "Adhere to a schedule, but adjust as necessary. The teens aren't something we can fit into a nice box. We adjust according to their growth in the camp program. It's up to you to figure this part out."

We have several high school grads who are also camp counselors, who live in the cabins with the teens and who look after them when we're not around. We're never far, within hollering distance. The adults like me like to relax in the counselor's cabin, which is basically a big room with a kitchenette at one end, and a bathroom at the other. In the middle are tables and a couple of comfortable chairs and two sofas. It's a place where we come to unwind and relax.

The first night we were all too tuckered to meet. The second night I find the adults act way different while in the counselor's cabin away from the teens. It is refreshing to me because I'm all business and serious when I'm in my

counseling role. But when I can sit back and take a load off, I'm fun-loving and silly even.

There are five of us who act in different roles for the teens. One is an occupational therapist, one is a counselor like me who operates in group counseling sessions, whereas I'm individual counseling sessions. Two are fitness experts, who take the kids on what we like to refer to as adrenalin runs. Ms. Thornton makes herself scarce, only appearing during the days in the counselor's cabin to be my witness and director of the camp. The rest of us are living on the grounds.

Of the two fitness experts, one is male and named Thomas. He has a fiancée in the real world. He's the only male here, the rest are women. None of us are married, because that was a prerequisite of being a counselor. A married person had too much at stake outside of the camp to focus the attention on the trouble teens alone. Next year, Thomas will be out. He's cool with that as he's opening a gym in partnership with his soon-to-be wife.

Nori is the occupational therapist. She's a bubbly person with a lot of experience in this field. She works for her local school system in helping the students who have issues. And lastly, there's Yala. She's the other fitness expert with shoulder length dirty blonde hair, pale blue eyes, and a sweet petite body that strikes a major chord in me.

Her high-pitched giggle makes me smile as she's seated right in front of me. My focus is on her, she's become the target my ever-present pursuit of tail. I admit, I'm the king of testosterone when it comes to being attracted to pretty women. Yala's full lips causes my winger to tingle whenever she opens her lovely mouth to speak. She eyes me, flirting like there ain't no tomorrow. Neither of us are acting like college educated professionals.

“What are your plans for the fall?” I ask as I set my foot on her seat. She’s relaxing back with a leg thrown over the armrest.

“I’ll be starting classes at the community center. I live in a highly retirement age area and the people eat up the chance to exercise in a class. I’m doing low impact aerobics, water aerobics, and small groups of physical fitness training on the equipment. Different things going on different days, not all the same day, thankfully. My hair couldn’t survive the pool daily,” she says as she grabs a handful of her blonde tresses. “What about you, Trip?”

“I’m thinking family counseling. There are several clinics where I live that I’m considering. This summer will give me the experience I need to land a position at one of them,” I say.

“Hmmm. I’m sure that’s deeply satisfying work,” she says dreamily. See? Her words indicate her desire for me.

“I suppose it will be. Passionate is what I am about helping others. I like to think of myself as the glue for families in peril.”

She chuckles. “That’s a neat way of looking at it.”

Nori is the first to stand. “I think we should turn in. We need to set a good example for the kids,” she says. Party pooper.

I rush ahead and follow Yala outside. She pauses and stretches as she peers up at

the sky. “New moon, lots of stars. We should plan some sort of star gazing thing for the kids,” she says as we walk along toward our sleeping cabins.

“Good idea,” I say as I thrust my hands in my pockets. I don’t want to seem too direct. The urge to grab her hand and lay one on her before we part is strong.

“Well, see you tomorrow, Trip,” she says as she waves while she takes the Y in the path to her cabin.

“Keep it tight,” I say and grin. She turns to me, giving me an odd look. I wag my brow. Now she knows I’m interested.

“Um, excuse me,” she says.

Uh oh. Too soon?

“Yeah, good night, you’re right. See you tomorrow,” I say and click my tongue against my teeth while pointing at her. She turns, saying nothing and walks away, her hips wiggling just right.

I cozy up to Yala at the breakfast table, sniffing the air as I approach. “Someone smells delicious,” I say as I slide onto the bench beside her.

She eyes me from the side, her mouth chewing a bite of ham. “What?”

“I said, something smells delicious,” I say. I know better. I can’t help it though. When I like a woman, all I can think about is boning her. She does smell good though, like fresh cherry blossoms.

I lean in and take a whiff of her hair. “Nice,” I say as I nod.

“Did you just sniff my hair?”

“Well, yeah. It smells fresh and clean, like cherry blossoms. Am I right?”

“How...? Never mind. Yeah, you’re right. Bath Shoppee brand,” she says and shrugs.

The teens arrive, and I turn and straighten. Time to be professional. I adjust my all business mask and look at my food while I’m eating. Yala keeps glancing at me.

“Yes? Something wrong?” I ask and offer a tentative smile.

“You’re just, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Strange. The kids arrive and you stiffen like a dead old man.”

Ouch. Now if she said stiffen in another context and not comparing me to a dead

old man, I'd probably be turned on. I gobble down the plate of sausage, eggs, and triangle slices of toast.

“Oop, time to fly. First session starts in five,” I say as I quickly stand. Yala doesn't have time to say anything to me as I rush off to the counseling cabin to start my day with the first of six sessions. It was Mr. Thornton's idea to leave some time space in between for those who might happen by to have a word with me.

Later that evening, I'm in the adult cabin with two others, who are having a pow-wow over some plans they have the next several days. Yala finally walks in and heads to the same chair she's always sat in directly in front of me.

I lift my chin, my nose sniffing the air. “I thought I smelled you coming,” I say and grin.

“Seriously? Do I need a shower?” she asks flatly.

“No, baby, you smell good. Like you smell good enough.” Ahem. I refrain from saying the rest of what's on my mind.

Yala peers at me suspiciously. “Smell good enough for what?”

“You really want me to answer that?” I ask.

She shakes her head. “You know, Trip, I thought you were a nice guy when I first met you. Now you’re just... disgusting.”

I grin. I’ve heard that before. “Your face is so cute when you scrunch it up that way. By the way, the remark about smelling you coming was a compliment, not the contrary.” I sit back, proud of myself for the save.

“Well, okay. Just seems weird to hear it like you’re saying it. You don’t talk this way to the teens, I’ve listened,” she says.

“Well, of course not. They are my patients, for lack of better term,” I say.

She exhales and shakes her head. “Just I don’t know. Stop being gross with me. Like I don’t care to hear that you can smell me coming. It sounds disgusting. You should know better, being a counselor,” she says.

I yawn. “No offense meant by it. Just a compliment. And I wear my counselor’s cap all day. When I walk in here, I’m just Trip, a man who enjoys the company of a pretty lady. Nothing bad meant from it,” I say and stand.

“Okay, if you say so. I’m heading to bed. See you later,” Yala says and marches out the door before I have a chance to bid her good night. It’s okay, there’s always tomorrow.

The first three sessions take place before lunch. In the cafeteria, both the teens and the adults gather, receiving their trays from the line. I smile at Ruthie, one of

the cooks. She delivers the tray to me through the window.

“How’s it going, Trip? Are we settled in with the kids yet?” she asks.

I know she’s making small talk while I gather the silverware and napkins I need. Legally, I can’t discuss anything that goes on in a session except with the other adult counselors. But I smile and nod.

“It’s going fine. They’ve gotten the hang of it, I believe,” I say. I give her no more information. I know she wants to know about this kid or that one because she observes from the window how the teens act. I’m sure she has opinions on several, but I give her nothing to dig on.

“I see. I bet that group is a doozy,” she says and nods towards a rowdy table.

I just smile. “They’re all good kids. I’m having a wonderful time. You have a good day, Ruthie,” I say and pivot on my heels. If I kept standing there, she’d be inquiring into many more. I’ve learned to keep tight-lipped.

There’s room for a me beside Yala at her table. A few others are seated in front of her. I smile as I slide in beside her. She regards me briefly and scoots down a little. She’s talking with Nori. I don’t let it sway me as I prepare to dig into the food. Thomas comes up and slides in beside me giving me an excuse to scoot closer to Yala. Her hair smells wonderful. I’d love to turn and bury my nose in it, but I won’t. She thinks I’m crude enough as it is.

Finally, she turns and acknowledges me with a small smile and a nod.

“Yala, how’s your day going?” I ask before taking a bite of turkey and gravy.

She nods while scooping a forkful of mashed potatoes and gravy. And while she brings it to her mouth, she mutters, “Good.” It’s her way of getting out of having to talk to me. But I won’t leave it alone.

“Mmmm, that’s... You smell good,” I say and take a bite of salad.

The grimace isn’t nice, her eyes swings to me but she doesn’t turn her head. “Thanks,” she says flatly.

I wish she’d take my compliments for what they are. Nothing nefarious about it. I come up with a bright plan.

“Say, you’re planning the star gazing event, aren’t you?” I ask.

Unable to ignore me because we’re surrounded by our peers, she turns to me. “Yes, I am,” she says. I wish she’d bring the chipper back to her voice when talking to me.

“I’d like to offer my services to help,” I say and smile. I turn and smile at Thomas and Nori and both are happy.

“Oh yes, always great to have extra hands with these activities, right Yala?” she asks.

Yala exhales and looks at me dully. Then she paints a fake as shit smile across her face. “Yes. Thank you, Trip. Nice of you to offer. We’re going out Tuesday at nine sharp,” she says.

“Perfect! Count me in,” I say as I clap my hands once.

“May I ask Trip, do you find it helps you to get to know the teens better to participate in some of their activities,” Nori asks.

I smile. Great! It’s nice to be recognized and asked pertinent questions.

“Yes, absolutely it does. If I just stay in the counselor’s office and only see them one-on-one, I feel I’m only getting part of the story. Know what I mean? By being out while they’re having fun, I get to know them better. It’s the main reason I’m volunteering with these activities,” I say as I look at Nori, then Thomas, and lastly I turn to Yala.

“K. Looks like we’ve got it covered now.” She gives me a flat smile and rises to leave the table.

During the star gazing event, Yala is light and chipper towards me. It’s refreshing to say the least. I seriously wonder if she’s that way since I have my

counselor's cap on. I mean I'm with the teens whom I counsel, and I need to maintain a professional appearance. Still, it's nice. We work together corralling the teens along with Thomas and Nori. The stars dot the sky like twinkling diamonds, thanks to the new moon. At the end of the night when we're done, it's too late to hit the adult cabin. Yala makes her way to hers while walking with Nori. I go to mine and plan to make a better connection with her tomorrow night.

Yala is seating in between others at breakfast, so I slide in at the end of the table and have conversation with the other counselor. It's all good, because I don't want to seem too antsy with her. Yet, I really like her.

Finally, evening arrives and we're having a good time in the adult cabin, unwinding. The conversation is lively, and everyone talks with great animation, trying to outdo each other with college days stories. A few leave, and Yala is seated in her chair, she's reading a book and eating microwave popcorn. I grin and make my move.

The popping corn is mouth-watering. My foot taps as I stand and wait for the two seconds between pops. When it dings, I pull out the bag and carefully open it, the steamy, buttery, salty popped corn air wafts around my face. I love smelling things. Walking back to my seat, I set the hot bag beside my chair facing Yala. The colas are cooling in the refrigerator and I grab a can and don't open it, on purpose. Walking back, I grin because I'm about to do something to make a major connection. I pretend my attention is in another area of the cabin and look away as I walk toward my chair and Yala. There's an extension cord lying across the floor and I accidentally trip over it, projecting myself right at Yala. I land, face first, right between her legs.

Yala jumps. "Oh my, Trip, are you okay?"

I laugh and look up at her, from her lap. Inhaling visibly, I moan. “Mmmm, smells good right here. Maybe I should snack on this?”

She laughs nervously and looks around before she places her hands on my shoulders and shoves me back. “I think you should sit in your own seat, please,” she says.

“Aw, what’s wrong, hon? Did that embarrass you? It shouldn’t. I mean it when I say you smell good. You smell very good,” I say as I sit back in my chair and pitch a handful of popcorn into my mouth.

“Would you please? I thought we’d established how that’s wrong,” she says.

“We haven’t established anything. I paid you a compliment. I’m sorry I tripped over the damned extension cord. That was bullshit. I’m okay, you’re okay, I paid you a compliment. End of story,” I say as I shake my head and take a long drink of the cola.

“Ugh! Incurable,” Yala says as she shakes her head and heads for the door.

I sit up, spilling my popcorn. “Wait, where are you going?” I ask.

“What’s it to you?” she asks, her brow furrowed.

I shake my head as I stoop to pick up the spilled popcorn. No sense in trying to

reason with her. It's well after nine-thirty anyway. As I'm scoop up the corn, I bend over her chair reaching for pieces that fell underneath. I smell her still. And my cock rises as I realize her crotch just touched this chair, even though she was dressed. Leaning forward I take a big sniff and faintly smell her musky essence. The cock grows even hard and is now throbbing. Shit.

I stand and look around. The cabin has blinds that we shut so the teens can't see us when we're here. No one is in here, I'm completely alone and horny as hell. After throwing away the popcorn, I settle on Yala's chair, still warm from her ass. I groan as my hand moves over the shorts and grasps my stiff cock. Ah, what the hell. I pull down the shorts, I'm confident no one else will come in here. But just in case, I turn the lights low, so anyone wanting to check for lights on won't notice this. By myself, I can jack off quickly and get it out of my system. Yala ignores my advances. I'll get off in her chair.

My hand moves over the stiffy as I groan. I close my eyes and imagine Yala naked. She has a nice body and I'm sure it's even nicer without all the binding clothes on her body. I groan as the pre-cum squirts from the tip of my dick. It makes for good lube which helps me to stroke it faster and faster. I squeeze and stroke it, my moans louder than normal. What the hell? I'm here alone might as well enjoy the fuck out of myself. I groan as I lurch forward, my cock prepares for blast off. The cum settles in the base as I keep the rhythmic motion of my hand on my cock. Suddenly, it happens, the room swirls dizzily, I lose all sense of wherewithal as I bust off, hot drops of cum fall to the back of my hands and on my thighs. It's probably falling on my shirt and on the floor and chair too, I don't care. I can clean it when I'm done. Finally, the orgasm wanes and I open my eyes, my cock is still in my hand. Yala glares at me from the door.

Apparently, she snuck in while I was in the throes of pleasure. I see and hear nothing when I'm getting off. Oh boy, oh shit. She shakes her head as her hands fold over her chest. Somebody say something, please.

I shake my head, yeah, I fucked up. This will be my job ending. I sit up, my hand still soiled with my jis. "I... Yeah. I'll go pack my shit and leave. Obviously, this little moment in time will cost me this job," I say as I sit up and start to stand. I'm searching frantically for a paper towel. There's a roll on the counter which is across the room. I don't give a fuck anymore. I grab my white tighties and yank them up while also cleaning off my hand. I want a little dignity.

"What do you mean you're leaving? You have a good rapport with the teens. Do you think I'm going to tell on you?" she asks. Her brow lifts.

"Aren't you?" I ask as I stride across the floor to the paper towels.

"Mmmm, I'm not sure. I mean if I did turn you in for indecent exposure, you'd lose your job here for sure, especially being you are working with teens. It might even ruin your career. I mean who would want to use a counselor who had been arrested for indecent exposure, or who lost their first job for it," she says.

I have nothing to lose at this point. "Technically, this wasn't indecent exposure. When I started out, I was the sole person in the cabin. I figured everyone else had already turned in. Even you had left," I say pointedly.

"True. But to be honest, for some very stupid reason I felt bad for leaving you like I did. I was coming here to, well, give you another chance. Silly me," she says.

Oh, my heart. I look down and shake my head, feeling defeated. "I guess I've really screwed up here. I don't know, Yala, I like you. Perhaps too much. I know I have an odd way of showing it. I really didn't mean for anyone to catch me

mid-jack-off,” I say.

“So, I suppose then it’s up to me whether or not your career is a complete loss, or if we can think of something different.” She narrows her eyes at me, her hand on her chin, finger tapping the side of her face.

“Really? You mean there’s a chance for me?” I ask. Hope bubbles up like fragile cheap bubbles in the hands of a kid.

“Yeah, perhaps. I think you need some punishment for what you’ve so carelessly done here. What if a kid popped in? I mean you never know what they may do. That would have been devastating for them and for you,” she says.

I chuckle. Truly, many of those teens could probably teach me a thing or two in the area of sex.

“Okay. So, punish me,” I say and grin.

She laughs too and shakes her head. “I’m being serious here, Trip. For my silence I think you need to experience some true humiliation.”

“Okay, I’m game,” I say as the smile stretches into a giant grin.

“Incorrigible, you’re willing to do this with me? No questions asked. And you’ll be punished for an entire evening. It has two parts,” she says as she laughs and

shakes her head.

“Absolutely. Hook, line, and sinker. When, where, and how?”

“How about on our day off this weekend. You and I will take a trip to the city. I’ll let you know the rest once we’re there,” she says.

“Sounds like a date,” I say.

“Yeah, I suppose it will be a date, but not the kind you’re used to having.”

I am incredibly high on the thought of spending our day off together. Yala thinks she’s punishing me, but I’m pumped. The grin stays on my face, even as I finish the last of the counseling sessions before the day off. The kids are being taken to a rodeo camp to stay over night and work the farm. It’s a way of helping them to work together and learn new skills. Several of the parents are the chaperones as well as the counselors who work the rodeo camp. It’s a nice break for us.

Yala and I check into a hotel. I can’t help but quiver in anticipation because she booked us a single room, meaning nothing but fun will come out of this overnight trip.

“You relax while I run errands. I’ll be back and we’ll start the evening’s plans.” She grins wickedly as she dashes out the door, leaving me alone with my imagination.

It's a nice room on an upper floor with a picture window overlooking the city below. Because we're so high up there are no curtains on the window, which I don't mind. I love the cityscape at night. The urge to masturbate hits hard, but I resist it because I have a feeling that later we'll be banging each other on the bed. I smile as I finger the comforter on the king-size bed. We'll be making a mess between those covers. My cock grows longer and harder, throbbing at the thought.

Yala walks in with several bags. She's fresh and chipper. "You ready for the transformation?"

"Okay, hit me," I say as I rub my hands together.

After reaching inside the bag, she hands me a plaid skirt with suspenders. "Put this on," she says.

"What? Seriously? You want me to wear a skirt?"

"If you want, you can wear panties or your underwear underneath. Wear this tank. If you don't, I'll rat you out and you'll be jobless," she says as she nods to the bathroom.

The skirt barely covers to mid-thigh, the tank is tight. The suspenders keep the skirt in place. Shaking my head, I appear, looking ridiculous. Yala grins as she secures a dog collar to my neck and then a leash to it.

“You’re my bitch tonight. We go out,” she says in a singsong voice. Of course, I follow her as the blush heats my face when we hit the lobby.

Yala smiles at me as she leads me out the door. The club we’re heading to is just up the road within walking distance. She prances in front of me, smiling and walking like she owns the world. I lag, humiliated by the outfit and the show we’re giving.

Once in the club, people cram around the bar, and we barely have room to shoulder in and order drinks. A few look my way, but here is where the weirdos gather, so I don’t stick out too badly.

Yala keeps hold of the leash and sips on her beverage while she laughs at my expense. I grimace when I realize how very little the skirt covers, and I can’t sit like a man.

“Kind of getting a dose of what it feels like being a woman, huh?” she asks.

I gulp down the rest of my beer and order another. When the second and third are gone, I stand feeling my oats and grab her hand.

“Oh, the man just takes what he wants.” Yala giggles as we head to the dance floor.

“Damn straight.” I pull her to me, and we move our bodies to the beat. The DJ plays one fast and one slow song. When it slows, I lean in, taking my chances.

“What’s my bitch trying to do?” she asks.

I don’t answer except to lean in and plant my lips on hers, roughly. She likes it as she giggles and then entwines her arms around my neck. I press her to my middle so she can feel my excitement.

“You see, I like you and you didn’t have to act like such a goob to get my attention,” she says when she pulls back.

“Oh really? I guess I know of no other way to handle myself. I’m serious when I need to be and I’m a playboy at heart when not. Love me or you don’t, that’s who I am.”

“I think with some training, we can tame you,” she says and winks.

I bend to her. “Can we go back to the hotel then, and you can train me,” I say and wink in return.

Yala giggles. “You bet,” she says.

We meander up the street to the hotel. I love our eighth-floor room with the perfect view of the city at night. Twinkling lights spread before us and I wonder how many behind those windows are getting lucky like I’m about to do.

“I’m going to prepare for the next part. I want you naked and lying on the bed with your face down here,” she says as she pats the foot of the bed.

Fuck yeah! I quickly discard the silly outfit, including the dog collar. I’m no longer her bitch. I’m about to become her fuck buddy.

“Close your eyes. Don’t fight me. This is the part two of the punishment. Enjoy it,” she says.

“Okay, eyes closed,” I say and make myself comfortable on the bed.

She walks out, her feet padding across the floor. I grin, I want to see her naked body, but she has some sort of surprise for me. I wait for her to say, open your eyes. Only, she doesn’t. Suddenly, my face fills with the lovely fragrance of musky muff. And bam! She settles on my face, her soft warm slit at my mouth. Ah, face sitting. She thinks this is a punishment? Perhaps I should pretend I’m shocked and struggling to give her satisfaction.

“Uh, mmmfff,” I try to say in pretending for shock value.

Yala giggles. “I’ll lift when I come.”

Perfect. My tongue juts forward, licking through the folds. She adjusts until her clit is at my mouth. Sucking it in gives her pleasure for she moans delightfully. I suck with vigor, licking and lapping and gulping breaths when she lifts. She’s grinding into my face, bucking up and down, fucking my mouth. Her clit grows

harder and I swirl my tongue, holding my breath. Finally, she explodes and smears her muff all over my face as she's rocking through the waves of pleasure produced by my tongue. I'm in utter ecstasy with her, my cock is so hard, it's dripping pre-cum.

"Oh, fuck me hard. Damn, Trip, I thought you'd not like that as much," Yala says as she rolls off me and onto the bed.

I sit up, my face is covered in her glisten. "I have to be honest here, I really enjoyed that. Can't you tell?" I buck my hard cock up and down.

"I guess you can take over now, while I recover," she says and scoots to the pillows.

With great pleasure, I crawl between her legs. Her body is beautiful with taut round tits that jiggle when she giggles, and a nice smooth muff, nice and lubed and ready for me. My cock prods forward, piercing between the soft warm folds and eases into her hot wet hole. I groan, as I go balls deep and pull her beautiful feet to my shoulders. She lifts her ass giving me greater access and I pump into her, pulling in and out, groaning and moaning because her pussy is so tight.

"Uh, fuck me. You're so wet and so tight," I say as the cum pools to the base of my cock.

Yala leans forward, pulling herself into a position where my cock saws against her hard-little clit. Her nails dig into my side as she lops her head back, moaning and grinding into me. I lurch forward just as her pussy quivers and tightens around it. Together we climb the wall of pleasure as the ecstasy washes over us

in wave after wave of undulating pulses. Our moans are loud as I ram into her with vigor and force. Finally, my cock stops squirting, and she collapses back onto the pillows.

I sigh as I roll to the pillow beside her and put my hands under my head. She giggles as she turns to me and lays her hand on my chest, tracing circles with her fingertips.

“You know, Trip, you’re surprising. But stop with the crude behavior. I thought if I stuck my muff in your face that should give you enough of it,” she says as she smiles.

I pull my hands from my head and gather her in my arms. “I think your plan backfired. You started something when you sat on my face. I love the smell of your muff. Mmmm,” I say as I pooch out my upper lip and take a deep breath.

“Oh boy. What am I going to do with you?”

I chuckle. “I have a few ideas. How about we shower and see what else comes up?”

“Mmmm, really? Ready for another round? I’m always up for some down and dirty sex. Maybe next time you can fuck my ass.” She wags her brow and hops up.

I follow her, I’ll follow her anywhere now.

THE END

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