



SISSY

Lingerie Addictions Leads To Unexpected Trouble For
Crossdressing Sissy

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION
SCARLETT STEELE



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It's nice being the boss and not having to take shit off people. I had worked at the power plant for two and a half years when they made me foreman. I paid my dues. I took classes at the community college and learned all about electrical engineering and landed the position with the promise of promotion once I proved myself. Three years into it and I'm happy with my life, except for one thing. I'm still single. Single and twenty-six. I'm not saying I'm lonely necessarily, but I'd like to explore my options. Women dig me, I can tell. After work I head to the gym at work and pump iron, building muscles and rock-solid abs. Normally, I pump iron in the mornings, but I didn't have time today. I look good in my clothes, if I do say so myself.

The ladies on the line all eye me when I come around. I see their brows lift; I hear the whispers. “Donald is fine. Did you see his arms?” It’s enough to give me a huge boost to my ego. Back in high school I was a pipsqueak. I barely had dates because I was a skinny little shit and scared of my own shadow. When I received the certificate in electrical engineering from the community college, I grew a set of balls. Realizing I am in control of my life, I made changes and now I’m happy with the way I look and what I do.

Right now, the ladies on line twelve giggle as I come to them. I’m the boss, I’m the man of the hour. “Ladies,” I say as I nod. They smile and nod. What’s funny is that half of them are married, but they sure do flirt.

“Looking good there, Donald,” Missy Chapwell says.

She’s married so I don’t flirt too hard. I’m not interested in an affair, even if she is drop-dead gorgeous. “Thank you, doll. How’s things going? Did Ted receive that raise?” I ask making sure she knows that I’m aware of her marital status. I make it my business to know what’s going on as it helps keep me out of trouble.

Missy nods. “Yes, he did. Thank you for asking,” she says, obviously pleased that I knew something about her.

Lunch hour comes around and Stan waits for me as we climb the steps to the executive break room. Because we’re foremen, we have the privilege of eating with the other big wigs.

“Becky asked me if you’d be interested in going out with her cousin, Trista,” Stan says as we sit at a table. The other big wigs are being cozy. Really, the

foremen are the grunt workers of the execs. It's okay, I don't mind. The admin is at least thirty-five and I'm nine years from it. My man, Stan, is closer at twenty-nine. He's been married for three years now and his wife just had a baby boy, their first. I envy them in a way.

"Trista, is she pretty?"

When Stan winces, I know the answer. "Um..."

"Is she sexy then? I mean curves and willingness sometimes helps me overlook the butt uglies," I say and laugh.

Stan chuckles. "It's not that she's ugly. I don't know, man. To me she's a bit chunky."

"Hey, chunky gals need love too," I say as I laugh.

"Well, when I say chunky, I mean she really needs to lose some weight. Not just big curvy girl, but obese," he says.

I shake my head. "Not to be discriminatory, but I'm not a chunky gal type of man," I say.

Nessa Williams isn't a skinny gal, but she's curvy in all the right places, and single. I sigh and gloss over that thought, not even my man Stan knows. "Maybe

I could be convinced of a date, you know if you and Becky cook some ribs in the smoker and provide plenty of beer,” I say.

“Dude, you know the rules. Beck will smell the fish a mile away if we try to get you drunk enough to date her cousin,” Stan says.

“Surely Becky can understand the dilemma then,” I say as I wave my hands.

“She’s mistakenly thought you are a decent man.”

I wince. “I am decent,” I say.

“You know what I mean. You’re decent enough, but not decent enough to not want to get drunk to go on a date with Trista,” Stan says.

I shrug. “It is what it is, dude,” I say and grin. Looking at my watch, I stand and stretch. After carrying my trash to the can I head for the door. “Let me know if you change your mind. I need to get back to work.”

I leave with Stan sitting at the table finishing his lunch. I can’t linger, I have a meeting with an employee and our human resource officer. At least, I keep up with my duties.

I think about Stan’s offer to go out with Trista. It’s not that I’m desperate, but maybe I should give her a chance. I’ll toy with it for a few days and see if my

desperation rises once the weekend arrives and I'm dateless, again. It's not that I don't ask women out on dates, I do. I'm just picky. There's a very narrow window of women I like and well, not all are like that. It's to my detriment most of the time. I don't like em too fat or too skinny. I like em just right. There's not too many around that I consider just right. There is one, but well, I turn into a blubbering idiot when I'm around her. Perhaps it's because she pays me no mind. But she's single and all that jazz. She's also what I consider just right. Perhaps I should turn on the old Donald charm and woo her into a date with me.

There she is, working her spot. Her auburn curls poke out from under the paper cap on her head. She's gorgeous in or out of the work uniform.

I walk through doing my observations and she purposefully keeps her eyes on her work, not even giving me a sideways glance. Her round ass moves as she slides back and forth. I can't help but appreciate what a fine specimen she is.

"Nessa, how's it going?" I ask casually as I pause.

She glances up, her lips remaining in a tight line. "Fine," she says and doesn't return the sentiment. Perhaps she has it in for all those in higher positions than hers.

"Keep up the good work," I say and stop short of patting her on the back. It strikes me that she may misconstrue the gesture, so I tread lightly with her.

At lunch I broach the subject with Stan. She's on his line and I see her as I walk through checking on my workers. "What's up with Nessa?" I ask as I munch on my sub sandwich.

“I’m not sure,” Stan says and shrugs. Then he leans forward and grins. “Why? Are you interested?”

I blush, I mean he has a way of hitting the nail squarely on the head. “Maybe. She’s pretty, kind of my type.”

“I guess this means you aren’t interested in a date with Trista?” His brow lifts.

“I’ve never even laid eyes on Trista, much less spoken to her. I have with Nessa. I guess I’d like to maybe explore my options with Nessa first. You know, because I’m curious and all,” I say.

“I really don’t know her personally. I mean, she’s a good worker, Nessa. I know Trista is,” he says and winks.

I shake my head. “Okay, I hear you. I’m just curious about Nessa. I’ll take it upon myself to explore options.”

“Just keep it clean,” Stan says. He takes a long drink of his soda and wads his trash.

“I always keep it clean. I’m not about to jeopardize my position with the company,” I say and do the same with my trash.

Stan isn't much help, so I need to make myself more available to find out if Nessa has a significant other. She's very quiet and private. I watch as she takes her breaks, she heads to the break room and doesn't go outside to the smoking area. Score one for her. I casually waltz into the room and see she's reading a book, her eyes on the pages and not paying attention to anything or anyone else.

I plan it right and when Nessa's break is over, I just happen to be walking through the hall. I smile and match her steps walking with her back to the floor. "How's it going, Nessa?" I ask hoping to make small talk with the elusive woman.

She smiles as she regards me. "Fine," she says. Again, no other reciprocal response.

"Good to hear. You're so quiet," I say and smile at her.

"Yes, that's okay, isn't it?" she says.

Oh! She's shy! At least, that gives me hope. "Why yes, it's good. You aren't a troublemaker," I say and wink. Then I add, "Not that we have troublemakers. Just making small talk." Again, I wink.

She smiles and nods curtly before turning to head back to her line. Not even a response to my musings. I sigh. This is going to be harder than I originally thought. I mean normally when I flirt with the single gals, they at least flirt back. Hell, even the married women will flirt with me. But not Nessa, she's a tough fortune cookie to crack.

Day after day goes by and I try to garner more of a conversation than she's willing to give me. She's tight lipped. I discover something one afternoon that gives me hope and a smile. She works out at the company gym located next to the plant. I usually hit the gym before work, showering and dressing for the workday. I like to take off after work and leave the plant behind. I may need to change my routine if I want to get to know Nessa better.

It takes me a couple of days to get used to working out in the afternoons. I find out Nessa only comes twice a week. I adjust my schedule and only hit the company gym on the days she's there. If she's suspicious of me suddenly being there when she is, she doesn't say. Her earbuds stay in her ears and that's her way of saying leave me alone. I try to respect her, and she makes it impossible to talk to her and get to know her. I hate this as I'm trying so hard to do just that.

Nessa keeps to herself, not wanting to be friendly. I force the conversation as I hop on the treadmill beside her one day, just to find out more. "Hey, you come here often?" I ask in a silly tone.

She's not too amused, though my question elicits a smile. "Twice a week," she says.

"It's a joke. Like a pickup line at a bar." I chuckle.

"Oh." She's short and precise with her answers.

"Are you married?" I ask as I glance at her ring finger. I already know the

answer, but I'm hoping if she thinks I'm interested, she'll be more receptive to me.

Now she laughs. "No, not married, not even a prospect within a hundred miles," she says and shakes her head.

"Aw, pretty lady like yourself, I figured you'd be fighting off the gentlemen," I say hoping to score one.

"Nope. I'm not like most," she says and eyes me. Now we're warming up.

"Yeah, I hear you. Me neither. I'm not like most my age, I suppose. Maybe I'm just too picky," I say. Now I'm hoping this will spark more interest in me knowing that I'm picky and not willing to date just anyone.

She shakes her head. "I'm probably the only single lady out of my group of friends. We no longer get together because they just want to do married things." She rolls her eyes and we chuckle.

Our friendly banter doesn't last long. She's into her music as she shoves the earbuds into her ears and offers me a final smile before starting the treadmill. Okay, that's how she wants to play it, I'll be cool with just being in the same room with her. Biding my time, I learn her routine and she takes a long shower after she exercises. Try as I might, she's not receptive to us getting to know each other better.

For several weeks I try to get to know her, try to talk to her, but she's very closed. Instead, I work at the weights and watch her as she walks on the treadmill or rides the elliptical. One evening, I'm horny as hell and turn to other methods to take control of my urges. Why I don't just ask her out, I don't know. I guess I'm nervous and I can't make my lips move to asking that question when she's so standoffish with me.

On this day, I don't come to the gym, at least I don't let her know I'm there. I patiently wait to hide in the sauna. After her workout, Nessa walks into the showers as I time it. No one else is around. When I hear the shower start, I make my move. My pulse quickens as I advance into the showers. Her clothes are sitting on the bench that lines the lockers. The soft hum coming from her indicates she's clueless to my presence. I smile as I pull the dirty pair of panties to my face and take a sniff. My cock throbs with desire and I quickly pull my shorts down and squeeze the panties over the head. The precum squirts and it doesn't take long while I quietly come, filling the panties with my cum. The sound of water being squeezed from her hair means she's almost done, and I quickly pull up the shorts and leave the locker room, leaving my mess behind on her panties.

Two days later I show up and workout along with Nessa. Her eyes dart around and she steps to the weights area and has a seat on the bench next to mine. "Donald, can I talk with you a minute," she says quietly.

"Sure, what's up?" I smile as I set the weights down and give her my attention. This is a new turn of events.

"Something happened the other day when I was here, it's put me on edge," she says.

My brow furrows. “What happened?”

“Being that you’re a foreman, I figured I need to tell you. While I was showering, well, someone, some man, came into the dressing room and jacked off in my underwear,” she says. Her wide eyes look around and then at me.

I feign shock. “Are you sure?”

“Look, Donald, I know what that looks like. It was all over my underwear. Like who is sick enough to do something like that?”

“Did you hear anyone in there while you were showering?” I ask.

“No. I was in the shower, so all I heard was the water. I’m a little unnerved about it. Like, I don’t want to work out alone anymore.”

“Yeah, I don’t blame you. Oh goodness. I will be vigilant about watching who is coming in and out of here,” I say.

“Could you do one better? Could you possibly sit in the locker room while I shower, just to keep watch for the pervert? I’d feel better and safer knowing you are in there with me,” she says.

I swallow hard. Oh, an invitation to do what I want to do anyway! “Um, sure, Nessa. I’ll be happy to stay in there while you shower.” I can’t help but grin.

This is playing right into my hands. Maybe I can score a date out of it.

“Sit over here, and no peeking,” Nessa says as she chastises me in mock form. I merely laugh.

“No worries,” I say as I take the seat in the plastic chair that’s around the corner from the showers. All too quick, she’s done and pops her head around the corner, a towel wrapped around it.

“No one came in?”

“Not with me sitting here,” I say and grin.

“Okay, you can go now. Thanks for sticking here, though,” she says.

Dammit. I nod and rise, time for me to leave. “Okay. Catch you later,” I say and chuckle.

“You can wait for me outside and walk me to my car though,” she says and bats her eyes.

Well, now things are turning in my favor. “No problem,” I say. I kick myself when I leave the room, no problem. What kind of answer is that? I wait near the entrance and she rushes out, her face freshly flushed from the steamy shower.

“Thank you for waiting. I was really hoping the perv showed up so you can belt him one,” she says.

“Nope. No one showed. But then if they knew I was here, they wouldn’t,” I say.

Nessa hurries to her car as if she’s afraid of me. “K, thanks,” she says as she slides in behind the wheel and starts it before I can say another word.

I luck out though, the next time I’m in there with her.

“Do you mind?” she asks as she nods to the dressing rooms. I smile and follow her.

“Not at all,” I say as I wipe the sweat from my brow.

“I didn’t shower yesterday because you weren’t here. I’m too chicken to shower here alone. I’m glad you’re here, I don’t like driving home all hot and sweaty,” she says and giggles.

Fuck me. She’s such a tease. I’ve tried to talk to her some more over the past couple of days to no avail. But now that we’re alone she’s all about using me. Maybe it’s time I let her in on the little secret. While she’s in the shower and I’m seated on the plastic chair, I stand and come out of my clothes. It’s time she found out the truth.

Her humming shows me she's comfortable with me there. I smile as I walk to her pile of clothes. All she has to do is open the shower curtain and see me standing there completely naked. My cock is long and hard as I gaze at the steam billowing out from under the curtain. The thought of joining her is big in me. I wonder if she'd smile and welcome me, open her arms and draw me to her hot wet naked body?

I pace for a few minutes and quickly grow bored waiting for her. She thinks I'm sitting patiently on the plastic chair around the corner. I'm growing hornier by the minute, especially thinking of her naked body in the shower. Blowing out a deep breath, I spot her dirty clothes on the bench. My face stretches into a big smile as I come up with a plan. Grabbing her panties, I slide my feet through and pull them over my stiff cock. The head pokes out and I chuckle.

"What did you say?" Nessa calls from the showers. She's paused her soaping and is at the edge of the curtain, I can just make out her silhouette.

Quickly, I duck around the corner. Ahem. "Nothing, I was just coughing and clearing my throat," I say and stifle another chuckle.

"Oh, okay. Sorry, I'm trying to hurry," she says.

"No rush, I'm good," I say and laugh. She can't hear me laugh because I'm standing around the corner. I pace again, my cock rubbing against the soft silk fabric stretching over my mid-section. I groan as I move my hand over the girth, wanting relief.

The water stops and I freeze. Nessa squeezes water from her hair and grabs the towel. She'll come out covered in the towel. Yes, I've spied on her before hoping for a peek. I duck around the corner and then decide to stand in front of the bench, to surprise her. Smiling, I wait as she has her back to the curtain and then turns to open it. She's not looking at the bench but is grabbing her toiletries. I wait, patiently.

"You can go. Thanks for waiting," she says thinking I'm still sitting around the corner in the plastic chair. I grin as she steps forward towards me and finally looks up.

"Surprise, baby doll," I say as I wag my brow at her.

Nessa's eyes grow large, a look of pure shock rides across her face. Her hand clutches the towel at her bosom. Water rolls down her legs and drips from her hair. She's not amused.

"What the mother fucking?"

I reel from her reaction and right myself. "Um, surprise. Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything to you. I just wanted to surprise you with this," I say as I wave my hand over my body.

"Surprise? It was you all along?" Her head shakes slowly, the color has drained from her face. Concern grips me as I'm afraid she's going to pass out right here.

“Hey, no harm. This is just my way of letting you know how interested I am in you.” I step away from the bench and keep my eyes on her. “Sit, please. You look pale.”

She stumbles to the bench and braces against the lockers, her weary eyes on me. “Well, no wonder. You’re supposed to be in here protecting me. I’m a dumbass. I mean, I should have figured.”

I shake my head. “You’re not a dumbass. I am. I guess I was misinterpreting you,” I say. Now I wish I wasn’t standing here wearing her panties.

Anger etches over her face. “But you are. This is disappointing, Donald. This is so unprofessional. It’s ashamed too. I mean you may seriously lose your job over this,” she says as she gathers her clothes and turns back to me.

“I’m sorry. I guess I thought this would be a kinky and fun way to let you know how I feel about you. I wasn’t sure if you’d be open to such spontaneity.”

She glares at me. “Being spontaneous is one thing. This is just disgusting. You jacked off in my panties and didn’t confess it when I told you how rattled I was. I’ve asked you to stay in here with me thinking some pervert was out there who had it in for me. Now I discover it was you all along. And here you are wearing my panties. What do you expect? Me to just take this and welcome you with open arms. I’m so over this. I’m turning you in for sexual harassment. Please remove my underwear and get dressed and leave,” she says.

I blanch. “Look Nessa, I didn’t mean this as a bad thing. My bad for thinking it would be taken in a different way. Forgive me. Please, don’t turn me in. I can’t

lose this job,” I say as I plead with my eyes.

“No, what do you expect? I’m done. You’re a pervert and deserve punishment,” she says.

I almost fall to my knees. “Please, Nessa, please don’t. Yes, you can punish me. Just you. Don’t bring anyone else into this, please,” I beg.

“Hmph. You deserve to be fired.”

“I know I do. But I’m asking, no, begging you not to do this. I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you. Just name your price. Anything but turning me in. Please.”

Her cheeks expand as she blows out air. “I don’t know. Please, dress and give me my underwear. Let me think about this,” she says.

I nod and disappear around the corner and pull off her soft panties. Too bad. My cock is flaccid anyway over her reaction. I quickly dress and when I set her panties on the bench, she’s disappeared into the shower and is dressing, I assume. I’m literally shaking.

“I’ll be outside. We can talk,” I say flatly.

“Okay,” she says. She’s super annoyed with me and I don’t blame her. I only hope I can appeal to her kindness and save my job.

I pace the floor outside the locker room, thankful that we're the only ones here. In my experience, most people come to the gym early mornings mainly because they won't want to be at work once the day is over. That's how I've always been, until my obsession with Nessa. I sigh, wishing I had just stuck with my early morning workouts. Then my job would still be intact. My palms grow sweaty.

Finally, she emerges, her hair pulled back in a ponytail. She pauses and regards me while tilting her head, scrutinizing me with her beautiful eyes. All I can do is stare back apologetically.

I sigh, my nerves getting the best of me. After swallowing hard, I can't stand the mysterious smile on her face, the way she's eyeing me. It doesn't seem like a woman who is about to turn me in, but one who has an evil plan. And I welcome the evil plan if it saves my job. "Well?"

"Come, let's talk while we walk to our cars," she says and leads the way out of the building. She glances sideways at me. "I think I have some pity for you. If I tell on you, if I rat you out it only serves to destroy your reputation and livelihood. Am I correct in assuming I'm the first person you've ever done this with?"

I nod eagerly. "Yes. I admit to that freely and fully. I've never been so bold and assumptive with anything before in my life. I'm truly sorry for my misjudged calculation and behavior," I say with a full contrite heart.

"Okay, that's what I thought. I considered all options. Destroying your life by shedding light on this isn't who I am. But if I had thought for a single moment that you've done this before, well, I'd not bat an eye at doing that. Let's be clear

there. You don't deserve utter destruction, but you do deserve punishment," she says and grins.

"Fair enough," I say with a nod of my head. Bracing for her proclamation, I pause and turn to her.

"I want us to go out," she says. That's it? I wince and stare at her in confusion.

"Seriously?"

She laughs. "Yes, seriously. I'm not talking about a simple date. I'm talking about a date with a surprise ending." Her brow lifts.

Fuck yeah! I can't believe my luck. "Um, sure," I say. I'm hesitant but thrilled.

Her laughter rings out as she shakes her head. "That's all I'm going to say. But the date will end just like I want it to end, got it?"

Again, I'm confused. She's being cryptic. "I think so." I draw out my words, waiting for the hammer to fall.

"Okay. Just be aware. We go out, we have a good time, and then at the end of the date I'll exact punishment. Are we clear?"

“Like are you going to tie me up and spank me?” I can only hope.

Her giggle thrills me. “Believe me, I thought about that. No, no spanking. But it’s something that will make you stop and think before you, well, do what you did to me in the dressing room,” she says.

“To be clear, I didn’t do anything to you physically,” I say.

“No, but you got physical on my clothes, you left your DNA evidence behind. Then you were bold by wearing my panties thinking I’d be okay with that. I wasn’t. It was jarring. I didn’t like it. Just so we’re clear about that,” she says. Her voice takes on the tone of a schoolteacher chastising her student.

“Okay. I got it,” I say even though I’m still clueless.

“No, I don’t think you do, but you will,” she says and winks. Fuck.

“Okay. So, when do you want this date to happen?”

“How about Friday?”

“Tomorrow?” Today is Thursday.

“Yeah, that will be Friday. How about you pick me up from my house at seven. We’ll go out for dinner and maybe a movie, if you’re up for it. Then the big surprise ending afterwards.” She smiles at me.

“You keep talking about the surprise ending. You mean the punishment for my perverted behavior?”

“Exactly. You catch on well.”

We head our separate ways and I take time to decompress. The afternoon didn’t turn out as I had planned. It takes time for my heart to stop pounding over my actions. Nessa didn’t react as I had hoped, but it seemed to have worked out better. At least I haven’t lost my job. What does she have planned? Her cryptic words about a surprise ending leaves me unsettled. I’ll take it like a man though. I’d rather receive a private punishment than a public hearing with my dirty details out for all to know. Yeah, I’m good now.

At work I avoid Nessa. She’s not on my line or in my area anyway. Stan is chipper because it’s the weekend.

“Have any plans?” he asks at lunch.

My eyes pop up to his as I try not to choke on my sandwich. “Um, maybe,” I say as I shrug trying to make it seem like it’s nothing.

“Maybe? Do you have a date?” He narrows his eyes at me as a smile stretches

across his face.

“Perhaps. I guess I’ll let you know Monday if it works out. I’d rather not talk about it now, if you don’t mind,” I say and lift my brow as I take another bite.

“Okay, man. I hope it works out. Curious as to who the young lady is,” he says.

I merely smile and nod. I’m not about to tell him I have a date with Nessa in case it ends in disaster. I’d rather go into this knowing she and I are the only ones who know about it. Unless it works out, then I’ll happily share that I had a date with the woman of my daydreams. Thankfully, Stan lets it go.

“Hmmm,” I say as I look at my clothes. I want to look good for the date with Nessa, yet the trepidation of what’s to come also nags at me, spoiling my good mood. I still have no clue of her idea of a punishment. Whatever it is, I need to take it like a man and be done with it.

After choosing a pair of khakis and a blue polo shirt, I head to Nessa’s house. She lives across town from me in a cookie-cutter neighborhood where all the houses look exactly like the other. Each one has a white driveway with a manicured lawn, and a small wood-framed home with a steep pitched roof. Nessa happily opens the door, dressed in a red skirt and cream blouse with high-heeled boots. She cleans up nicely from her usual jeans, tee shirt and smock she wears to work.

“What? Did you think I didn’t own nice clothes?” She grins as we walk to my car. At least she’s allowing me the chance to be the leader of the date, for the most part.

What surprises me the most is how normal our date is going. The Italian restaurant serves a mean pasta with all the trimmings. We even enjoy a glass of white wine. After, the movie sets the mood because it's a romantic comedy. She chose the flick and I enjoyed it. My sweaty palms return as we head back to her place when the movie ends. I'm wishing this were just a date. Maybe if I had asked her out instead of being a pervert it would be just that. But I didn't and here we are. I follow her inside and gulp as I prepare for whatever it is, she's keen on doing to me.

"Beer?" Nessa holds a bottle of brew and of course I take it.

"Thank you," I say.

We relax in her simply decorated living room and chill for a few minutes. The date went well, nothing out of the ordinary. Ordinarily I would have at least made some sort of a move on the lady, but since I'm a bit shaky with her, I haven't tried. She scoots close to me and smiles as she takes the bottle from my hand and sets it on the coffee table.

Before I speak, she smiles as she leans in and her lips meet mine in a kiss. I'm dumbfounded, but my body awakens, and the sparks fly. I pull her to me as we relax on the sofa, just kissing, just making out like we're really dating. It's confusing the hell out of me, but I don't care. My body responds. She stands and pulls me to my feet and leads me to her bedroom. Score!

Smiling, she stands before me and lifts the shirt from my body. I help her by unbuckling my belt and pants. How lucky is this? When she pulls down my pants, her eyes go to my cock and her soft hand gently strokes it, causing me to

groan with deep desire. I pull her around and help her with her shirt. She unbuttons it and pulls down the skirt and she's in her lacy white panties and bra. Backing away, she holds out her finger and wags it.

"Now, I want you to bend over the bed. Nuh-uh, no questions and no running. Or else." Her serious face means business as she gently shoves me over.

"You want me to what?" My eyes widen.

"Yes, you heard me," she says as she pulls out a foot-long vibrator and a tube of lube. Grinning, she spreads a dollop over the tip. "I want you to know what it feels like being humiliated. This is the best way I can think."

Oh no! I tremble as I bend over, knowing if I don't, she'll just turn me over for what I did in the locker room. Squeezing my eyes shut, I take it as she shoves the vibrating device up my ass. At first, the pain tears through me, but then something magical happens. The pain turns into a weird pleasure. My cock extends again as she's pumping the vibrator into me. I try to hide it, but I'm so turned on pre-cum drips.

"Go ahead, sweetie, rub yourself," she encourages. I do it because I'm horny.

Stroking my cock brings more pleasure than I thought as she's fucking my ass with the vibrator. I groan and lurch forward, the cum settling into the base of my cock. Suddenly, Nessa pulls out and pulls my arm. She settles on the bed in front of me and wraps her legs around my waist. When did she remove her panties? Pulling me to her, she grabs my cock and swirls it through her soft wet slit. I groan as I shove in, I need to come. I pound into her as she wiggles her hips, her

body reacting to each thrust. She clenches me tightly with her soft pussy as her body shudders into a full orgasm. The next thrust, I come too, and my cock fills her pussy completely full. Together we moan and move in unison as the waves of pleasure wash over us, tumbling in utter ecstasy. Finally, I'm done, and she lies back, her body limp. I pull out and stagger, trying to catch my breath.

“Okay, now you're paid in full. How about a relaxing cool shower?” She wags her brow and grins.

“Hell yeah,” I say and follow her into her bathroom. Who knows what tomorrow may bring with the corner we've turned? Right now, I'm happy and satisfied and pleasantly surprised by my reaction to being pegged.

THE END

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