

SCARLETT STEELE

A PERVERT BOSS ENTERS A WORLD OF CROSSDRESSING SISSIFICATION AND
FORCED FEMINIZATION AS HE IS TRANSFORMED INTO AN OBLIQUED Sissy!

A person is shown from the waist down, wearing a black and white maid outfit. The outfit consists of a black dress with white lace trim and a white apron. They are holding a long-handled feather duster in their right hand. The background is black.

SISSY MAID

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A PERVERT BOSS ENTERS A WORLD OF CROSSDRESSING SISSIFICATION AND
FORCED FEMINIZATION AS HE IS TRANSFORMED INTO AN OBLIQUINE Sissy!

A person with long dark hair is shown from the waist down, wearing a black and white maid outfit. The outfit consists of a black dress with white lace trim and a white apron. They are holding a long-handled feather duster in their right hand. The background is black.

SISSY MAID

Sissy Maid - A Pervert Boss Enters A World of Crossdressing, Sissification And Forced Feminization As He is Transformed Into An Obedient Sissy!

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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.

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

female domination, sissification 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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Chapter 1

Megan stepped out from the staff changing rooms. James always made a point of going down to the pool when Megan was on shift. Today, he had run out of excuses to tell her he was there, so just loitered around the changing area, pretending to look busy.

“Good morning Megan,” he smiled as she approached him, remembering to look as if he hadn’t been stood there waiting for her for the past few minutes. James couldn’t take his eyes off her body. The way the red elastic swimsuit clung to her every curve. The team were convinced that she deliberately wore a swimsuit two sizes too small, so her breasts were spilling out of the low cut neckline and the material barely covered her ass. In fact, James was convinced that the only reason she became a lifeguard was so she could show off her body and drive men (and women) wild. She pretended not to notice the looks she got, but she knew they followed her where ever she went, she could feel the eyes on her body all day. Since Megan started here, ticket sales for the pool had gone up by 40% on the days she worked.

James followed Megan to the pool, pretending to be inspecting the cleanliness of the floors on his way, but instead, fixing his gaze on the perfect curve of her ass. James was hypnotised by the way it jiggled slightly every time she took a step, and how the stretchy swimsuit material barely protected her modesty.

“Oh James, do me a favour,” Megan asked looking over her shoulder and catching him looking at her. She looked away, pretending she hadn’t noticed.

“Take this back to the changing rooms please.” She asked, handing James her watch , “I forgot I had it on and my shift started two minutes ago”.

“Yeah, no problem” James croaked as he suddenly became aware of his trousers tightening around his now hard cock. He reached quickly for her watch and turned back towards the changing rooms, adjusting his trousers discreetly on the way.

James immediately spotted Megan’s bag in the changing area amongst old towels and swim hats that had been left there and forgotten about for several weeks. ‘Better hide the watch at the bottom’, he thought to himself, unfastening the top of her swim bag, things have been known to go missing from the staff changing room in the past. He buried his hand deep into her bag, making sure to hide the watch under her clothes so that it couldn’t be seen. Suddenly a small black strip of lace caught James’s eye. Her panties, he thought, his cock harder now at the thought of being so close to her delicacies. James reached further into Megan’s bag and slowly took out the lacy panties. The silky material felt soft in his hand. He ran them over the tips of his fingers and was not disappointed in how sexy they were. A tiny black thong with a lacy strip along the top. He closed his eyes for a second and imagined Megan wearing them, he imagined Megan wearing nothing but them. Parading around in them for him, teasing him like she does in her swimsuit.

James knew that what he was doing was wrong, he was her manager for Christ’s sake, not to mention, at 28 years old, he was 6 years older than her. But the pleasure he got from doing something so wrong was overwhelming. His hands took in every inch of the flimsy material, he couldn’t get enough of them. James adjusted his trousers again, his belt cutting into the tip of his cock. Suddenly, they felt too tight, like his erection could split through its restrictive prison at any minute.

James, began to wonder what it would be like to wear sexy underwear. Sure, he'd been bought a pair of christmas comedy underwear by his girlfriend in the past, he'd quite liked giving his ex a 'sexy' dance. He remembered how they giggled together as he shook his butt and ran his fingers over his body for her. Of course it was a joke, but he enjoyed it, he enjoyed her eyes on him. He liked the way her gaze fixed on his junk, barely contained in the tiny briefs. Thinking about it, that night was the best sex they'd ever had.

Suddenly, James realised he had been stood there for several minutes. 'I've got to go,' he thought, the severity of what he was doing suddenly hitting him. He would certainly lose his job for going through someone's bag, let alone if he got caught with someones unmentionables in his hand. Plus, if he desperately needed to get rid of this hard on.

'Click.'

James swallowed hard as the unmistakable sound of a camera flash rung in his ears. His feet suddenly felt like lead weights and he found himself unable to turn around to face whoever had taken the picture. Maybe they haven't seen the panties in my hand he thought, pleadingly. But there they were, held out to the side of him, his fingers still entwined in the delicate fabric. James wracked his brains trying to think of a plausible excuse; maybe the panties could have fallen out while he put the watch in? That's right, he thought, I can just say that I was putting them back. He felt a moment of relief that he'd come up with a decent reason for his predicament, before remembering the throbbing hard on trying to

escape from trousers. There's no hiding that, he thought.

"James" came a sweet but husky female voice.

Shit, it's Megan. James knew that voice, he had fantasied about that voice talking dirty to him ever since he'd first laid eyes on her. Still unable to move, James's heart pounded in his chest as he visualised his career disappearing in front of his eyes. Or, even worse, what if they called the police?

"Ohhh, James" sang Megan, leaning in so close that he could feel her warm breath on his ear. If he didn't know any better, he would think that he could sense enjoyment in her voice.

James quickly dropped the panties in the direction of the swim bag and turned around. Trying desperately to hide his hard on with his hands.

"Hi Me- Megan" he stammered, unable to keep his cool. "I was just..."

"I saw exactly what you were doing" Megan interrupted, taking a step closer towards him. Their eyes met briefly before Megan turned her gaze towards the

panties, now laying half on top of her swim bag. “Do you like my underwear?” she asked, holding them up in front of his face, so close he could smell the sweet scent of them.

“No, of course not” James retorted sharply, trying to sound horrified at the mere suggestion.

“That’s a shame”. Megan shrugged. Because It really looks like you’re enjoying them.” They both looked down at the huge bulge emerging from James ‘s trousers. “ I have an idea!” A smile spread across Megan’s pouty lips as she spoke. James felt a sudden wash of relief, maybe she wasn’t angry, maybe she’d suggest they just forget about the whole thing. “If you like my panties so much, why don’t you try them on?” Megan moved her thong closer, so that the silk grazed his cheek. James let out a shallow groan, suddenly unable to hide his pleasure at feeling the material against his skin, knowing that it had been worn by her only minutes before.

James thought about what Megan had suggested, was she joking? Joke or not, there was no way he would try on her underwear. He had a reputation to uphold, he had worked hard at being a swimming pool manager and was being considered for promotion. He could be running the whole sports centre soon. He couldn’t get himself caught up in anything that would damage his career.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” He exclaimed in the most authoritative voice he could muster.

“Well, I do have this.” Megan held out her other hand to show James the phone she was holding, she moved it closer so he could see the picture she had taken of him. Even though it was taken from behind, there was no mistaking it was him. He was the only one who worked on the ground floor who wore a shirt and suit trousers. Plus, just that morning he’d drawn everyone’s attention to his new haircut. He was particularly proud of the perfect fade that his barber had managed to achieve at the back. And there they were, the black panties in his hand. You could only see a little bit of lace, but there was no hiding what they were.

“Shit.” James’s heart raced. How could he have been so stupid.

“See, someone found this phone and I was going to take it to lost property. I just came in to throw some trousers over my swimsuit and I saw you.” Megan smiled. “let me just...” Megan's voice trailed off as she pressed some buttons on the phone. “There we go, I have deleted it.” Megan held up the phone once more and scrolled through the photo album to show that the photo had gone. James let out a long breath, suddenly aware that he had been holding his breath for a while now.

“But, not before I sent it to myself”. She smiled “I’m guessing you’re not going to want your bosses to see it, are you?” Megan chuckled as she slid the black lace thong into James’s hand. “I haven’t got all day,” she whispered, seductively leaning in closer to reveal more of her soft cleavage.

James went into the cubicle at the end of the changing room and started to undress. What could Megan possibly get out of this, he thought? Somehow the thought of losing his job was terrifying, and yet he was getting off on the danger right now. His cock had never been harder. He slid the silk panties over one foot, and then the other. The smooth material glided over his skin as he brought them over his knees. He let out a soft groan as they brushed against the inside of his thighs and the lace caressed his balls as he tried to contain them as best he could. James looked in the mirror and adjusted himself once more. He thought about the fact that he was now wearing Megan's underwear. His cock throbbed at the thought that the same material had been against Megan's pussy all morning.

He looked down at his impressive bulge, spilling out of the flimsy garment. He couldn't help but feel slightly proud at how fucking huge it looked from this angle.

"Are they on?" Came the husky voice from behind the curtain.

"They're on" James replied, suddenly feeling exposed.

'Click'. The curtain sprang open and James was temporarily blinded by the flash of the phone camera.

“This one is for extra insurance” Megan chuckled, proudly inspecting the shot she’d just taken, this time on her own phone. “Anyway, I’d better get back to work. You have to keep these on all day. You can return them to my house later, after work. Don’t pretend you don’t know where I live.”

Megan was right, James knew exactly where she lived. He had access to all the staff files and he’d looked up her address the first day he met her. She lived just five minutes from his place and he’d often found himself taking a slight detour past her house, hoping he’d catch her on the way to work and maybe offer her a ride. So far, he’d not been lucky enough to bump into her.

Before James could answer, Megan turned and started walking out, James once against transfixed on her ass as she closed the door behind her. James quickly pulled his trousers on over the tiny black thong. The tight material hugging his balls and ass, the soft silk caressing his hard on.

James suddenly caught a glimpse of the clock on the changing room wall. It had been 10 minutes slow for weeks now and was showing 11:05. “Shit, I’m late for my meeting” he said aloud as he stuffed his boxers into his trouser pocket. James looked down at his erection and grabbed an old, forgotten towel hanging to the side of him to cover it. He took a deep breath and headed up to the fourth floor.

James loved how the thong dug into his ass as he walked into the meeting room.

He held the towel in front of him, wondering if people could sense the sexy undies and huge erection he was hiding. He quickly took a seat and sat himself down at the big table set up in the middle of the room.

“Going swimming?” his boss asked, pointing to the towel.

James gulped, “Oh this?” Pretending to look shocked as if he forgot he had it. “I was supposed to drop this off at lost property on my way, I must have forgotten.” James suddenly became aware that he was talking too loud.

“OK.” His boss replied unconcerned, turning away to indicate he wasn’t really interested.

Throughout the meeting James could not take his mind off the dirty little secret he had hidden under his trousers. He suddenly became aware of every movement and the way the material brushed against his manhood.

James could not help but wonder what else Megan had in store for him later. He had dreamed about Megan inviting him over to hers a hundred times, but even his wildest fantasies didn’t involve him going round wearing her underwear. Did she want to punish him? Was she going to get him fired after all? James’s mind raced, but it was hard to stay focussed on one thought when your lacy panties were digging into the tip of your cock all day.

Chapter 2

“Be round in ten minutes” Megan whispered to James when no one was looking. James and Megan walked out to the car park with the other 5 O’clock finishers. James felt the panties tighten just from being in Meghan’s presence again. His eyes took in the sight of her tight jeans that clung to her firm, round ass and her low cut top with thin straps. James suddenly realised that she must have no underwear on under her Jeans; he licked his lips at the thought. He had managed to swap the towel for various different items to hide his erection throughout the day, and was now happy that he could carry his briefcase in front of him without arousing suspicion.

James was the first to get into his car after they had all said their goodbyes for the day. He let out a sigh, unable to believe that he had managed to go the day without getting caught. If anyone had suspected anything, the whole story could have come out. James’s heart raced and he felt the throbbing feeling in his manhood deepen. He couldn’t wait any longer to see Megan. His dick was going to burst out of her panties soon. He caught a glimpse of Megan getting into her car across the car park, her eyes met his and she gave a seductive wink. “Fuck, she’s sexy” He thought, starting the engine.

“I want to see them” Megan grabbed his shirt and pulled him inside the front door. Once inside, James took a step back to admire the view. Megan was now wearing an oversized white t-shirt, her ponytail had been let down and her long brown hair cascaded over the firm mounds of her breasts. James was transfixed by her hard nipples, the outline of them visible through the t-shirt. Her long, smooth legs were bare. Megan turned around to reveal her silky white French knickers. “Come with me,” she commanded, leading him up the stairs and giving him a close up shot of her ass poking through the bottom of her underwear.

James adjusted his growing cock. He had no idea how the delicate material had managed to contain the pressure of his hard on all day.

Megan closed her bedroom door behind her and turned to face James, a wicked, sexy smile spreading across her face. "Let me see them then" she asked. "I didn't have a chance to get a good look earlier".

James was suddenly humiliated by what was about to happen. He was wearing women's underwear for Christ's sake. Now he was going to have to show them off to the girl he was desperate to sleep with.

Megan sensed his hesitation, "come on, I bet you look hot." She added. She reached for his belt buckle and started to unfasten it, James could feel the throbbing in his trousers and knew that there was no way the panties were doing anything to protect his modesty. Pulling his belt free, Megan took a step back. "Now, you do the rest." James loved the way Megan's tongue moved when she spoke, the way it caressed the inside of her mouth as if even her tongue couldn't get enough of her.

James unfastened his trousers and let them fall to the floor. He looked down to see that half of his cock had managed to escape through the sides of the tiny garment. Quickly, he turned around to adjust himself.

“Nice.” Megan giggled as she looked him up and down.

“Now what?” asked James, desperate to be inside her, she’d had her fun. It must be his turn now he thought.

“That’s a very good question,” replied Megan. “I guess I hadn’t really thought that far”. Megan chewed the corner of her lip as she thought of her next move. “My room is a bit of a mess, you could clean it for me.”

“What?” James took a step back, that’s not exactly what he had in mind.

“I need to get you back for touching my panties. My room is a mess, it makes sense.”

James grunted at the utter cheek of her, did he really look like a cleaner?

“Plus, It will give me a good view of you wearing my underwear.” Megan added. “It’s kinda hot don’t you think?” Megan looked James up and down and bit her lip again. “Unless you’re too much of a pussy?” She shrugged.

James stood for a moment unable to answer. As humiliating as it was, he really did like the idea of Megan watching him, checking out his impressive hard on while he parades around for her.

“Ok, I’ll do it.” James’s heart raced as she went to the cupboard at the back of the room and pulled out a long feather duster.

“Make sure you get the tops of the curtains” ordered Megan, as she sat herself down on the bed to get the best view.

James turned to reveal the thong back of the underwear and reached as high as he could with the feather duster, his heart pounded and his cock throbbed knowing that her eyes were watching every inch of his body, and she seemed to be getting off on it. Clearly they both had that in common.

James turned to see Megan with her legs stretched open, her hand now in her panties, not taking her eyes off him.

“Keep going,” She giggled, “you missed a spot.” Megan's breathing got deeper and she thrust her head back as her fingers moved faster around her clit.

James grabbed hold of his manhood though the lacy underwear and started to move towards Megan, this was it, she clearly wanted him.

“No, you have a job to do. Keep cleaning.” Megan ordered.

James did as he was told. He felt like his dick was about to explode but loved Megan watching him as she pleasured herself. He made sure he gave her a show, the whole time keeping one eye on Megan as her groaning got louder and louder until finally she brought herself to orgasm and fell back on the bed.

“You are too fucking hot!” James stopped cleaning and moved towards the bed, his huge erection now more prominent than ever in the tiny underwear.

“You’re not too bad yourself” replied Megan sitting up and catching her breath. “Now, you’re forgetting something.” Megan stood up and walked towards the ensuite bathroom.

“What” called James.

“My underwear, I need them back” Megan shouted from the bathroom.

James felt slightly disappointed that he had to give them up. He took a look down at himself wearing the sexy underwear one last time and slid them off. Does that mean that he and Megan were even now? He wondered. James dressed and walked over to the bathroom door. It was open slightly but he couldn't see Megan.

“Here's your panties” James spoke through the the door.

“Thanks, leave them on the bed” came her husky voice. “Oh, and, you can wear these tomorrow.” Megan held out her hand through the gap in the door, she was holding the white french knickers that she had just been wearing. James took them and quickly placed them in his pocket, his smile growing. “Let yourself out. See you tomorrow” Megan poked her head out briefly and blew him a kiss. Her forehead was slightly sweaty and her cheeks flushed from making herself come. James couldn't help but notice that she looked hotter than ever.

James took the panties out of his pocket as soon as he walked through his front door. He cupped the soft material in his hands, held them to his face and took a deep breath in. The sweet scent of her juices made his cock stiffen even more. He took another breath and went upstairs to the bedroom.

James stood naked in front of the mirror. He slowly glided the panties on, letting them brush his skin and noticing the difference in material to the last pair. These were somehow, softer, silkier. He could feel that they were still wet as he pulled them slowly over his erection, letting out a soft groan as the sticky material squeezed and cupped his manhood. James admired his look in the mirror. There was something naughty and hot about wearing women's underwear; it's a dirty secret, a dirty secret that only him and Megan knew about. James couldn't take anymore. He rubbed his cock through the flimsy material, the soft, wet silk adding to his pleasure as his paced quickened and the panties struggled to contain him. James watched as the underwear soaked up his pre-cum, a growing patch of his man juices as a souvenir for Megan, he thought tightening his grip and picturing Megan pleasuring herself in the same undies not long before. Unable to hold it in any longer, James pulled down the knickers to free the tip of his cock and brought himself to orgasm. He watched himself in the mirror as his hot cum trickled down his cock onto Megan's white panties. He fell to his knees, unable to stand as his legs trembled and his body jolted. After a while he caught his breath, "that was fucking incredible!" he said aloud to his reflection. "Now, how am I going to get through tomorrow without blowing my load at work".

Chapter 3

James woke still wearing the panties from the night before, which would explain his raging hard on. I'm going to have to get rid of this, he thought, especially if I'm going to last the day in Megan's underwear. James reached under the soft material and knocked one out, trying hard this time to move the garment to the side so as not to get anymore of his cum over them.

James showered. Glided the white delicates back on, got dressed and went to work. Even though he'd come this morning it was impossible to keep his hard on at bay. He spent most of his morning behind his desk, resisting the urge to lock the door and satisfy himself. James hadn't seen Megan all day and by lunch time he couldn't take it any longer. He grabbed his clipboard to cover his erection and headed down to the pool. Megan was sat in her lifeguard chair; oblivious to the swarms of teens, and embarrassingly even middle aged men swimming past her, hopelessly trying to catch her eye, acting like they're training for the olympics in a desperate attempt to impress her.

Megan saw James coming and he was relieved to see that she looked pleased to see him. He wandered over to her, not sure what he was going to say.

"Are you wearing them?" asked Megan with a wink. Straight to the point as always.

“Of course” replied James, moving the top of his trousers down just enough that a tiny strip of silky white fabric was revealed underneath.

“Good, I’ve been thinking about you wearing my knickers all day”, she smiled.

“Meet me at mine after work again” Megan leaned back in her chair. Slowly she parted her legs, just enough so that James could make out her slit, only just covered by the overstretched swimsuit. He licked his lips, knowing that Megan was teasing him. He looked around to check no one was looking.

“I’ll be there” he spoke softly back.

“I promise I won’t make you do anymore cleaning.” Megan added as James turned to head back to his office, clipboard firmly in place.

James could not help but wonder what Megan had in store for him. His panties were growing tighter around him, the soft material playing with his cock as it rubbed against him.

He could not stop thinking of the night before. The way she had watched him

wearing her delicates, the way she had the ability to make him do whatever she asked, and the way she looked at him as she pleased herself.

Suddenly there was a knock at his office door. “Shit”, James Muttered. His boss was the only one who knocked on his door unexpectedly, everyone else just calls on the walkie talkie. Up until that point James had been impressed with how he’d managed to stay in his office all day and dodge meetings. He couldn’t walk around with a massive hard on, and no matter how much he tried to take his mind off it, he couldn’t stop thinking about wearing Megan’s cum soaked lingerie.

“Come in” croaked James, taking a deep breath.

“Hi James, I came to see if you’re alright?” James was relieved to see that his boss didn’t wait for James to stand and give him a handshake before pulling up a chair. Formalities were never his strong point. “ I haven’t seen you on the ground floor today. It’s important for staff to see that you’re a constant presence.” His boss looked concerned, annoyed even.

“Yes, I know, I” James couldn’t think of an excuse, suddenly he’d gone completely blank. He definitely couldn’t tell the truth; that he’s wearing Megan's sexy undies and it makes him so hard that he can barely stand.

“ I’d hate to see you become complacent when you’re so close to getting promoted.” His boss added, leaning closer.

“I’m not well!” James answered, a bit too enthusiastically. “I have a migraine coming so it’s best I keep to myself today” James rubbed the side of his head for extra effect.

There was silence. Probably only for a few seconds, but for James it felt like forever. He Swore he saw his boss look down at his crotch hidden under his desk. Did his boss know what he was hiding? Maybe Megan had sent him the pictures? Had he left some silk sticking out over the waistband on his trousers? He resisted the urge to look down and check.

“Well, you take care of yourself Son” His Boss’s face lightened as he stood up and straightened his suit blazer. “You’re a good lad, make sure you’re back to yourself soon, eh.”

James let out a sigh as the door closed. How long would he be able to keep up his saucy little secret?

Chapter 4

He arrived at Megan's house a little after 6:00, he hadn't had chance to see her leave work as he'd been stuck on a call at his desk. James closed his car door behind him, hoping that he hadn't kept her waiting too long and that he would be allowed in. He breathed a sign of relief when Megan opened the door and took his hand. She was wearing the same t-shirt as yesterday, but this time as she guided James upstairs she revealed a black thong with thin straps at the side. James couldn't help but wonder if she'd chosen her sexiest pair to wear for him.

Back in the familiar room, James locked the door and turned to see Megan smiling up at him. Was she waiting for him to make a move, he wondered. He took in every inch of her long legs, her soft caramel skin, the way her T-shirt hung over her breasts and clung to the curve of her hips. James pulled her close and was relieved that she let him. He parted her soft, pouty lips with his tongue and began to kiss her. Megan pressed her body against James as she groaned against the feel of his tongue on hers.

"I want to see your panties" Megan moved away from his lips and looked down at the enormous bulge in his trousers.

Without hesitation, James removed his trousers to showcase his silky white French Knickers. His erection nearly ripping through the seams.

“I like” Megan pulled at the waistband, letting it ping back and slap against James’s hard on. James groaned as his cock tingled with pain.

Megan ran her hands over James’s stomach and settled them on his hips. “Why does this turn me on so much?” She asked bashfully, running her finger up the silk fabric on his French knickers.

James let out a loud groan, he’d waited so long for her to touch him.

“You know this suits you more than I thought it would?” Megan grinned as she yanked the knickers down, exposing James rock hard erection.

“Oh fuck” Jame rested his hands on his hips. He had yearned for this moment for a very long time. yet what he hadn’t been aware of was the inner devilish kink that Megan had held. But he didn’t care, as he looked down on Megan wrapping her warm palms around the base of his cock, he exhaled as she kissed the tip of his sensitive erection. If she gave him everything he had been so eagerly been waiting for, he knew she would continue to tease, humiliate and punish him.

But James didn’t care.

If being close to Megan meant he was going to be her crossdressing pet project. He was willing to play along.....

THE END

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