

# SISSY

PERVERT IS PUNISHED

A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization

SCARLETT STEELE

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I growl at the incompetence of the servers. The tray is not right, they grab the wrong food for the wrong table, and no one checks.

“Business is business. Do not mess up the trays. This is a bar and grill; this is our

business. We thrive on it or we crash if we don't get it right." I lecture the poor young servers who stare at me wide-eyed and lips quivering. I thrust the tray back at one and send them to the patrons.

"Hey, Rob, little hint, maybe if you're nicer the servers won't mess up. They stay in a tizzy hoping they won't mess up and hoping they won't ignite your fury. You keep them walking on eggshells." Mike comes at me toe to toe; it's why I like the man. He's the best bartender around and we keep him busy.

"Fuck you, Mike, I'll slap their asses if I have to keep them in line," I say and offer a chuckle at the end. We have that kind of relationship. He's fifteen years older than me and advised me greatly when I first took ownership of the bar and grill.

"Only saying it for your own good, man," he says as he runs a cloth over the top of the bar.

I shake my head and wave at the man. I know he's right, but I'm not about to admit it. I learned from my dad. He held an iron fist over his workers. They feared him but it meant they did a better job because they didn't want to incur his wrath. I don't know how to be nice about it. From what I've seen in the brief run when we had an interim manager here while I was finishing college, nice didn't cut it. Harvey was nice and the workers literally ran over him. I saw it first hand as I worked all aspects of this place before I took over. The workers would call in at the last minute, always needing a day off here and there. They were lackluster.

When I came in, I tried a different strategy. I ordered raises for everyone across the board. We had a big meeting and I flat out told them what I expected if they wanted to keep their jobs. We also offer benefits, which not many restaurants or

clubs offers health and life insurance and a retirement fund. It's like dangling a carrot before the donkey. If they perform, they get it, just like the donkey at the end of his journey.

Flora glares at me as she pushes by with an order for Pete the cook. She takes a tray of drinks to a new table. I watch each one making sure they do their jobs right. You see, the bigger pay makes them want to work for us over the competition. They receive bigger pay and tips. It's enough for anyone in this industry to want to work here and do a good job. If they don't do a good job, I give them what for over it.

"Sir, you really would do well to offer compliments if we do something right instead of always giving us a rough time when things go sideways," Presley says.

I smile at her. She's tall with golden reddish hair, pulled back into a cascading ponytail down her back. I bet she's drop-dead gorgeous with her hair down. Her curves gather attention because she's stacked in all the right places with a nice round butt to match. "You're cute," I say as I touch the tip of her nose.

She frowns at me. "Rob, I'm being serious here," she says. Oh, she's my age too and one of our oldest servers. She's been with us since I took over. I respect her greatly.

"I know, sweetheart. I appreciate it. You do a divine job. Keep up the good work," I say as I wink at her.

"Stop patronizing me."

“Honey, I just gave you a compliment for a job well done. The proper response is thank you.” I look her in the eye. Not even she will make me tumble from my gruff exterior.

Her hand goes to her hip. Woo, she’s one hot chick. “I want to hear you compliment Flora and Janice. You tore into them earlier. They are shaking in their boots because of you. I believe you have a nice bone in your body somewhere.”

I chuckle and start to say something crude.

“No, don’t go there. You know what I mean. Stop being an asshole,” she says and marches off.

I try to make nice with the others when they do something nice. I only do it when Presley is within hearing range. Yes, I want to impress the lady. Did I say she’s hot? She’s hot, like I could pound that hot. I want her. But I’m trying to keep a professional relationship as per my father’s request. He’s no longer around here, as he retired and he and mom moved to Phoenix, Arizona in a nice retirement gated community. Good for them, they don’t hold sway over me anymore. Lucky I’m an only child and now I have no one to answer to except for me, myself, and I.

“Flora, good job hon, nice way to please the customers,” I say as I nod at her while smiling. Presley is standing behind me filling glasses with sodas and teas.

Flora looks at me with confusion. I walk to her. “Did you hear me?”

“Yes, sir,” she says slowly.

“And...”

“And... thanks,” she says.

I smile. “Good girl. When someone offers you a compliment, the polite thing to say in return is thanks, or thank you,” I say.

Presley shakes her head and rolls her eyes as she waltzes by me with the tray full of drinks. I wait patiently for her to return after she replenishes a few of her tables with hot coffee and drinks from the bar. She walks by me, ignoring me. I reach out and smack her ass in a nice thwack.

She lurches forward and grimaces at me. “What was that for?”

“Just letting you know I’m here. You don’t seem to see me,” I say.

“So, you slap my ass?”

“I have to get your attention.”

She turns with her hand on her hip glaring at me. “You don’t think I see you constantly lurking around and watching and waiting. I do well to ignore your ass,” she spats.

“Shit, honey, you turn me on. You’re so hot when you’re angry. Give me some more of that sass, it pleases me well,” I say as I laugh.

“Grrr. You’re infuriating,” she says as she turns away.

“And you’re gorgeous. Fucking hot when you’re pissed.”

“Crude. Rude. Why can’t you be ugly too?” she asks. I see a hint of a smile on her pretty face.

“Because I’m a hot man and you want me. You know it. You can’t stand this. You strut around here shaking that fine ass of yours. Yum, yum!” I say as I draw out the last yum.

She laughs. “Dammit, Rob, stop it! Shit, I have a job to do,” she says as she grins and shakes her head. Yes! I’m getting to her!

Presley’s not the only one that I talk to and such. Harrah is a pretty girl from the middle east with her dark eyes, long dark hair, and her perfectly tanned skin. She flirts back too, though she’s not the one I want. Still, I enjoy banter with her.

Harrah accidentally bumps into me while she rushes into the kitchen with her ticket. “Oops, sorry, Mr. Rob,” she says as she hurries by me.

On her way out, I reach out and give her a nice slap on the ass. She doesn’t seem phased by me as she turns to me. “What’s that for?” she asks.

“That’s for bumping into me earlier and because you have a nice ass.” I wink at her and smile. She smiles back and doesn’t act as shaken about it as Presley does.

“Aw, I’m hurt. I thought I was the only one you sexually harass here,” Presley says as she beams at me while carrying a tray of food out to a table.

I can’t answer right away because she’s heading to a table with the hot food and that’s my number one concern. But when she returns, I’m ready.

Thwack! “There, that’s for shaking that round ass at me while you acted jealous about Harrah,” I say.

She shakes her head, her eyes narrowed. “You play a dangerous game, boss,” she says.

“I can play a game with you, sweets. How about we meet after work and play?” I say the words, scarcely believing my own ears. It’s a real invitation, but in the tone of joviality, Presley doesn’t take it as serious.

“Yeah, sure, and let me whip you?” She lifts her brow and grins.

“I’m into whippings.”

“You’re incorrigible.” She shakes her head as she strolls away.

“You want me, and you know it,” I say knowing full well she’s heard me.

“Shake it, don’t break it. Damn girl, I’m going to corner you and show you what I can shake,” I say as I whistle at Presley.

“Dude, why? I’m fucking tired of this. Just stop,” she says as she ushes by me toward the restrooms.

I don’t take it nicely. When she returns, I’m waiting at the corner. “What’s wrong, is somebody on the rag?” I ask and make a pouty face.

Presley would have steam coming from her ears if possible. “Why is it jerks think if a woman is pissed, she’s fucking on the rag?”

“Oh, language, little girl. I need to wash your mouth out with soap. Wait, that’s cruel. I’ll wash it with my special sauce,” I say trying to make light of it.

“Argh, no use in talking to you,” Presley says as she stomps off.

“Now wait a minute, Presley. Did I say you could go?”

“Do I have to get permission to do my job or take breaks?” Her hand attaches to her hip again. She’s so sexy when she’s hopping mad.

“Yes, you do. Get over here,” I say as I wave my hand to her.

She steps to me in a threatening pose with her hand on her hip, her lips stretched in a thin line. “First, stop with the frown. You have beautiful full lips and when you frown you turn very ugly with thin lips. Second, you are so damn hot, I’m sporting a stiffy that won’t go down. Now, what am I supposed to do about it?” I ask as I grin, showing my teeth.

“Seriously?” That’s all she can come up with.

“Yeah, toots. You shake your round ass at me all night every night you’re here. Your rack is impossible and thrusting forward teasing me with the whole cleavage thing. And you expect me not to notice. Honey, I’m not blind. I think you’re fucking hot and I’d like to show you just how hot you are,” I say hoping I haven’t crossed a line.

She reaches out and slaps me! Her hand meets with my cheek in a bold move of extreme violence. Well, violent for her. The sting on my face is real. Had it been

anyone else I would have doubled up my fist and pounded her nose. But I rather think her nose is cute, so I refrain from reacting. Instead, I smile and nod.

“Yeah, I knew you had it in you. You do enjoy some foreplay. I like rough. Want to meet me in my office for some naked slap and tickle?” I ask.

Presley’s mouth falls open as she shakes her head. “I cannot believe you. I just slapped you for your mouth and your uncalled-for actions and you invite me for a tryst in your office?” Her voice verges on shrill.

“Calm down, don’t make me pull out my man pole and discipline you with it. It’s all fun and games. Yeah, I like it rough. I’m glad to see you do too. We’d have one hell of a time together,” I say as I wag my brow at her.

“Fuck you, Rob. Take a hint,” Presley says as she pivots on her heels and starts to walk away.

I can’t leave it like this. I lurch forward with my hand and slap across her ass hard. I chuckle as she spins on me, her eyes are fire.

“Fuck you, too, Presley. I am taking a hint. Tit for tat. All’s fair in love and war. This is foreplay,” I say.

She storms into the break room, not saying another word to me. I figure it’s over until I’m wandering down the hall later and hear Presley’s voice. I pause just outside the door out of view and watch the entrance to the hall. Should someone

come along I'll quickly move on to my office, making it look like they merely caught me walking to there instead of eavesdropping.

"He just infuriates me," Presley says.

"Why don't you quit then?" Shanna asks.

"Because I make more here than I could at any other bar or club. He pays very well in wages plus I make tips, good tips. I just have to put up with his ass," Presley says.

"Then what do you plan to do?" Shanna asks.

"Oh, don't you worry. I plan to take matters into my own hands if he pulls this shit with me again. My word against his. He'll think twice if he ogles me or comments on me again," Presley says.

I chuckle quietly as I stroll on to my office. So, she wants a confrontation. She'll take matters into her own hands, huh? Knowing that she won't turn me in for sexual harassment makes me quite happy. She wants to keep her job. See, I know what I'm doing by paying well and giving good benefits. It strikes loyalty. That's good.

She's in a better mood two days later after she has a day off. Perhaps her aunt flo left the building and she's now free of bloody mary. I love it when she smiles. Her full lips shimmer in the light, full of gloss and a pink color that matches the

silk scarf tied around her neck. At least her cleavage is still there for me to enjoy. It jiggles nicely as she walks.

I take my chances while we're crazy busy, and I'm checking up on everyone. Just my presence helps to keep the servers and kitchen workers on their toes. Mike knows his stuff and I don't have to worry about him at the bar.

Presley whizzes by me, she's talking with another server and didn't see me. When she steps back to make drinks, I make my move. My hand hits her nice round ass, not in a hard slap, but more of a playful one.

"Gotcha. One up on that sexy ass for good measure," I say when she whirls around at me. I wink at her and before her razor-sharp tongue can try to cut into me, I pivot and walk into the kitchen to talk to Pete. Inside, I'm laughing non-stop because I feel I've won this round.

Presley is giving me the stink eye. Every time I glance in her direction, she's watching me. I can tell, she has grit in mind for me. I rub my palms together thinking about it. She told Shanna she'd handle things if I ogled her or slapped her ass again. There, I did it and now I await my punishment.

I have daydreams, or night dreams? That doesn't sound right as it's night and I'm not asleep. Anyway, it's daydreams at night. I settle back at my desk and swing my feet to the top while I take a breather. I know how I want the scene to play out.

Lucky for me it's Presley's turn as cleanup crew. If we're lucky, the others will finish, and we'll be the last ones in the bar after it closes. In fact, I make a

mental note to send the others home so that it will work out like this. I can't wait. I close my eyes and consider how I want it to work.

Presley is mopping the floor, she's bent over working furiously because, well, she wants to get out of here. But I think part of her doesn't want to. I take my chance and waltz up to her. She doesn't hear me approach because she's wearing her earbuds while she's working. I rub my hands together and smack her ass. She throws the mop down and spins on me. I'm expecting anger, but instead she rushes into my arms.

"Excuse me, sir, it's time to close," Harrah says. I blink at her, my heart still pounding from my reverie.

After excusing the workers for the evening, I give the night crew workers their duties and tell them once they are done, they are free to go. I purposefully give Presley the toughest and longest job. She doesn't protest. Once everyone leaves, I calculate my moves and watch her. I want her finished and ready to leave, so we can have some fun.

I'm standing near the entrance to the hall, repairing a spot on the wall, or so she thinks. She walks by and glares at me. I quickly hop to her as she's walking and deliver a nice slap to her fine ass.

"Mmmm-mm. That's grade A ass right there," I say as my hand meets with her roundness.

She whips around so fast I'm caught off guard. Her face is skewed in obvious anger. I brace myself. I am ready for another slap across my face. I even grin at

her and lift my chin so she has easy access to my cheek. She brings her hand up all right, but it's not in the position to slap. Instead she rolls her fingers into a fist and lunges forward meeting me square in my balls. Her fist feels like an iron hammer, pelting me right where I never want to be hit. The room spins as I stagger backwards.

Before she can bust me in the balls again, I tumble to the floor, the momentum of her pelt and my pain takes me down fast. "Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Why?" I cry as I peer at her. My legs are drawn up as my hands cover my balls and cock. I writhe in pain for a few moments, all while she's standing over me in the same threatening stance. I cradle myself and take deep breaths blowing out much like I've seen women do who are in labor. I'm not in labor, but the pain pulses through my balls in rhythm with my heartbeat. My pulse is racing so the pain pulses fast.

Presley's breath rushes forth fast and hard. Her fists are still balled at her side as she waits for another opportunity to bust my balls. I have news for her, I'm not giving her another opportunity. Finally, the pain subsides to dull ache. I grimace as I straighten, but I favor my crotch, keeping my legs up and my hands close to protect myself.

"Again, why? Why did you bust me in the balls?" I ask when I know my voice won't squeak.

"Again, you hit me first. Tit for tat, remember?" Her brow arches.

"I didn't bust you in the balls," I say.

“I don’t have balls.”

“I have an ass. I playfully smacked you in the ass. You could have slapped my ass back. Hell, I was giving you my cheek to slap even,” I say.

Presley laughs. “Yeah, I saw that. But if we’re keeping up with how many times you’ve slapped my ass against how many times, I’ve slapped your face, I’d say your ahead by a land slide. I figured my fist to your balls should make up for it. Was my message loud and clear enough?”

“Yes. Presley. You performed a no-no for men. I got your message loud and clear. You can go now. I promise you won’t receive another slap on the ass by me,” I say disdainfully.

“Nope. That’s not good enough. You see, I’ve kept my phone recording when you talk to me. All the instances of sexual harassment are recorded. I realize this may cost me my job, but I want you to get the message loud and clear that you won’t do this shit to others either.”

I slink back. “What do you want from me? If my word’s not enough, I don’t know what else. Oh, money? You want a raise? A bonus?”

Presley laughs again. “While that sounds wonderful, I have something else in mind. But I don’t know. I think maybe I should put you through the wringer. You deserve it. I’d win and I’d sue you for everything you have to top it off.”

“What? Please, Presley, stop toying with me and be out with it,” I beg.

“Like you stopped toying with me? Like every fucking time I come into work?”

“I’m sorry. Look, you’ve hit me where it hurts. You have enough evidence for me to lose the bar and grill. Please, let me know what I can do to earn your forgiveness, what I can do to keep you from going after me for sexual harassment,” I beg.

“Not just me, but all the women who work for you. I want you to stop harassing them too,” she says.

“Okay, done,” I say with a nod.

“I need time. I will think about this. I will give you time to prove it to me. But I will come back for restitution. I need to think about what kind of a deal I can offer you to earn my quiet. Otherwise, I’m phoning an attorney and the labor workforce folks, the equal employment people. I won’t shut up until I’m avenged,” she says.

I nod. I want to get up, but I don’t really trust her not to decide for one last hit to my scrotum. I can’t take another hit. My body is still reeling from the pain, the ache is deep in my pelvis shooting outward to the tip of my cock and in the center of my balls.

I falter through the next couple of days. I remain aloof, I’m sure it’s surprising

the servers as I don't make crass remarks. I run a tight ship though and I bark when I need to bark. She can't fault me for that. If these people want to earn top wages with benefits, she needs to let me run the business with a tight-fisted hand.

"Will it hurt you to be nice?" Presley asks me as she's pulled me to the side.

"Think about this, will you. If you go after me, all these good people will lose their jobs and their benefits if I go under," I say pointedly.

"Not if I make an offer with the attorney to take over should you yourself go under. See, I'm not stupid. I wouldn't sue the bar and grill, I'd sue you personally, should it come to that. So, think before you growl at others," she says.

"I'm running a tight ship. If I am lax, the business suffers. Do what you will, but I'm not changing my business practices," I say.

"One thing at a time," she says and nods.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" I ask.

She smiles. "About there. Meet me in your office after work. I'm not on the cleaning crew, so while they clean you and I can talk," she says.

It's not a request, it's a command. I blink after her and bide my time until the hours click by and it's closing time. I have an idea what she wants since she mentioned how she would come after me personally so the bar and grill wouldn't suffer. I'm not sure what I'll say if she asks for stake in the ownership of the place.

An ice pack sits on my crotch while I'm nursing my bruised balls. The pain is less, but it still throbs. I didn't realize Presley had it in her to do such a thing. She marches into my office and shoves the door shut with a thud. Ahem.

"Okay, here's how this is going to go. You understand why I smacked you in the balls?"

I nod.

"No, I want to hear you say it. I think that's the only way you'll learn." She's a drill sergeant now.

My brow lifts. Ahem. I'm struggling to keep my voice even. "You busted my balls because I slapped your ass," I say.

"No, I busted your balls because you slapped my ass multiple times. Multiple. You slapped several of the other servers' asses too. That's uncalled for. You have us in the short and curly's with the higher pay and benefits. You know people like us if we left, we'd be going for less pay with no benefits. Let me tell you something, Rob, that doesn't give you the right to harass us. It has to stop," she says.

“I only do it for fun. I only slap asses when I think the lady is attractive. It’s all fun and games and you ladies should take it as complimentary instead of being so dammed offended,” I say.

She nods, her face skewed in a thought that doesn’t agree with what I just said. “Again, the pay and benefits does not give you the right to slap our asses. That’s very sexist. That’s sexual harassment. It stops now.” She bangs her fist on my desk and I jump. A small smile etches on her face and then quickly disappears. Nice to know my agony brings her pleasure.

“I heard you loud and clear. Please be on with this and tell me what it is I can do to make this up to you and to the others,” I say.

This time, Presley smiles one that stays on her face. “I’m going to do something that would drive the point home even more than the ballbusting. Don’t worry, I won’t hit you again. But I want you to know what it feels like to be a woman. So, I want you to wear these panties all week. Next Friday, put Mike in charge and come to my house and do exactly as I say until the end of the evening until I say you can go,” Presley says.

I nod. Whatever it is I’ll allow her to do to me, but I will not allow her to bust my balls again. She’s made her point to me loud and clear and I won’t be touching her ass again unless she wants me to. I take the panties. “I’ll wear these all week and Friday night is a go. Let’s get this over with.”

“Good! I will check to see if you’re wearing these all week. And after Friday evening I will forget this ever happened.” The wicked smile on her face speaks volumes as I brace for whatever it is.

I dress in the panties every single day and sure enough, Presley checks me. At first, they were very binding, and I didn't like it. It causes me to be careful in the restroom as I don't want to use a urinal and have another man see I'm wearing women's panties. I choose the stall instead. Every night I wash the pair and put them back on the next day. I find by the end of the week that I'm enjoying it, the silk fabric rubs against my cock causing me to get a stiffy at the most inappropriate times. But it's all good, I'm enjoying it now and I'm looking forward to whatever it is Presley wants to do to me Friday night.

“Are you wearing the panties?” Presley asks. She's right to it when I walk into her condo Friday night.

“Yes, what else do I need to do?”

She reaches for a pair of pants and a shirt and turns to me her face stretched in a big smile. “Put these on after taking your clothes off .”

I chuckle slightly because I figured it would be something utterly ridiculous. I grab the hot pink pair of pants and the fluffy pink sweater and after taking my clothes off in front of her slid into the lady's garb. The pants fit very tightly with an obvious bulge. My cock isn't even a stiff one, yet I know that if I get an erection it will be even tighter.

“Very nice. Do you see what I'm trying to do here? I want you to see what it feels like to be a woman. I've primed you all week by making you wear the silk panties and now I'm going to take you out dressed as a woman so that you can understand how it feels to be ogled and groped. Now sit down and let me finish this,” she says.

I let her paint my face complete with false eyelashes, false nails, a pair of high heeled strappy sandals, and all the bling to make me as feminine as possible. She completes it by placing a pink wig with long pink straight hair on my head. If I'm not at one feminine drag queen, then I don't know who would be.

She takes me to the flashiest club in the city, Flare. It's a place where anything goes and couples can be bisexual, gay, transgender, it didn't matter. We walk in together with me as a transgender drag queen and she as a beautiful girl wearing a pair of jeans and a white crop top that shows a bit of her lovely creamy skin. Her gorgeous hair flows down like I've always wanted to see it and she gets attention from a lot of men. I also get attention, and it's making me uncomfortable.

After drinking a highball while at a bar table we watch the crowd and enjoy ourselves. A man equally dressed in drag comes up to me and looks me up and down. "Oh, darling, you look absolutely hot. I love a pink she man. Come dance with me and let me get to know you," he says.

Presley nods and grins. "You need to learn," she says. I nod and follow the drag queen to the dance floor.

"You can call me Tony. I feel it's a name that can swing either way. What your name, darling?" Tony asks.

"You can call me Robbie," I say and smile.

“Robbie, that's a good neutral name too. So, Robbie, tell me, how long have you been out?”

“This is my first night out as Robbie,” I say.

The music slows and Tony pulls me to him. Even though both of us are in heels, he still towers over me by about two inches. He's also wearing platform shoes which makes it utterly ridiculous. He presses me to him; his excitement is obvious with me in his arms. I grimace and grit my teeth and try to say nothing.

“Is she your girlfriend? Are you bi? Or are you full on gay? Tony asks.

“I'm here with her, yes. For the evening, she is my girlfriend. For the duration, I'm straight I'm just out in drag tonight,” I say flatly.

“Oh, too bad. I'm full on gay but I enjoy bisexual men, too. I have a lot of fun with drag queens. I have lots of fun toys at my house, if you'd ever like to try it,” Tony says.

Again, I grimace. I force a smile because Presley's watching me closely. “Thank you, Tony. You've been a nice partner to dance with. I hope you have a good evening,” I say as I walk away from the man when the song finally ends.

“Don't make me do that again,” I say to Presley.

She throws her head back in laughter. “I think maybe, you've learned your lesson. I saw him squeeze your butt at one point,” she says.

“Yes, and I'm sure you saw me flinch when he did. But I took it like you told me too and I understand what you mean. While I'm having fun here and all, when will this evening end?” I ask.

“Not until you're drunk, and I say,” Presley says. Another round of drinks arrives, and I bottom up because I'm uncomfortable in this outfit. Men ogle me. Tony squeezed my ass and even slapped it when I walked away.

“I'm sorry, Presley. I know how you feel. I'll never playfully hit you again.”

“Apology accepted, Rob. But if you do slap my ass again, your balls will meet my fist.” She's very clear.

We drink another round and I'm feeling drunk. I haven't laid a finger on her, though I've wanted to all evening. She snickers when she sees that I'm struggling with this.

“Okay, I've got to piss like a wild horse. I don't know which bathroom to go into,” I say.

Presley stands and grabs my hand. “Follow me I'll take care of this,” she says.

We walk to the restrooms. “Wait here.” She waves me inside and locks the door. We’re alone with three stalls. I relieve myself with a long piss.

When I come out, Presley is sitting on the countertop with her pants off and her legs open. Her muff glistens with desire as does her eyes.

“Come here, stud. You've learned your lesson and now you get a reward. I want you to fuck my brains out right here right now,” she says.

I don't waste a second as I peel out of the hot pants and the panties. My cock is long and hard and so ready for her. We lock lips, our tongues poking the other as she groans and squeezes me to her. My cock rubs against her slit. She grabs it and helps me slide into her. Groaning loudly, she leans forward as I pump into her. Someone knocks at the door and we just giggle.

“Occupied!” she yells while I'm groaning and fucking her. Her pussy is slick and wet and suddenly it squeezes me as she comes while bucking up and down and moaning loudly. I lurch forward, as I can hold it in anymore. I fill her full of hot cum as she squeezes me. Waves of pleasure wash over us. I don't know if anyone's knocking at the door or not, I don't care at this point. As we're catching our breath someone knocks at the door again. We laugh as I pull out of her and grab a paper towel to clean up. She does the same and we dress quickly.

We open the door and walk out holding hands and laughing. We head to the dance floor and I pull her to me in a slow dance.

“Now, this is more like it,” I say.

“This is how I want it. If you behave at work, I will be your wild cat. Meow, purr.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I say and grin, thankful for a second chance and thrilled to have her in my arms at last. “Does this mean you’re my kitten?”

“As long as you fuck me when I say, yes,” she says.

“Damn girl, you know how to get a guy’s attention. I’m fuck-worthy all the time. You’ll never have to ask me twice.”

“But you will behave, right? You behave and I’ll be extra naughty to you after work.” She winks at me.

“You’re absolutely gorgeous, you know that? I think I could get used to this. Even dressing like a drag queen as long as I can have you.”

“That can be arranged.”

THE END

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