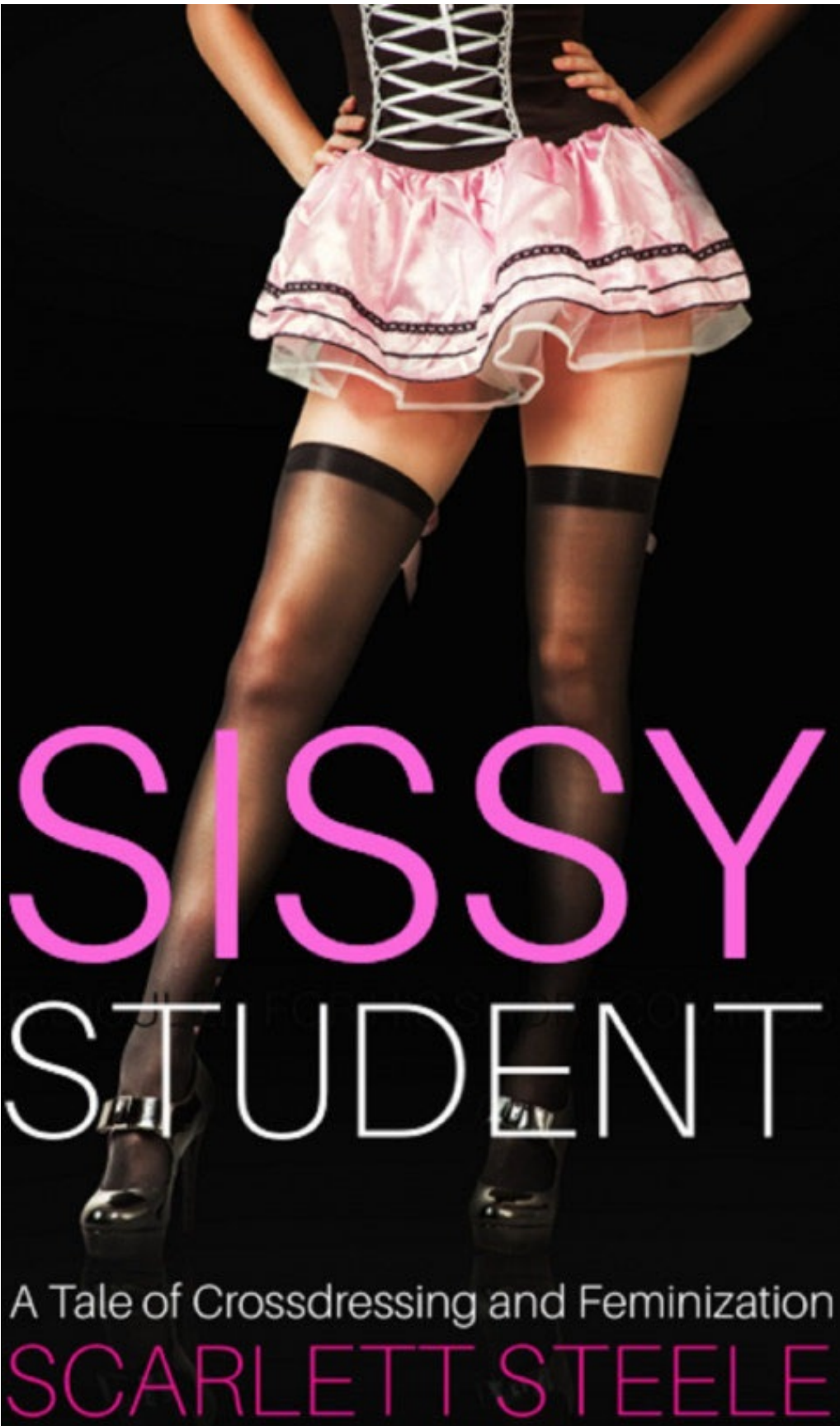


# SISSY STUDENT

A Tale of Crossdressing and Feminization

SCARLETT STEELE



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SCARLETT STEELE

Sissy Student

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I pound my fist on the desk. “We need help. I can’t keep coming in here and doing grunt work,” I say to Jim. He’s my landscaping guy and one of my sounding boards when it comes to decision making.

“Josh, I don’t mean any disrespect, but it’s good for a business owner to know how to perform all the roles of his business,” Jim says.

“I know how to do it all. I’ve been working at this since I was seventeen,” I say.

“You’re missing the point. As it is your business, you shouldn’t feel that any job within it is grunt work. Just trying to keep you in perspective,” Jim says.

“Okay, I got it,” I say and brush the man off because I know what I mean.

The ad for a clerk in the golf shop goes out today on the website. I listed in several places and social media. I love that I don’t have to pay for stuff like this now with smart phones and people’s obsessions with their social media accounts.

She walks through the door, a breath of fresh air. Tall and blonde, her face made to perfection, red lips, and long lashes sweeping every time she blinks. I gulp because for a split second, I feel like a bumbling idiot in front of this beautiful woman. She smiles at me and walks over to the counter where I’m standing.

“Are you the owner, Josh Edwards?” she asks.

“I am,” I say as I smile.

She extends her beautiful hand. Long gleaming nails and soft skin shake mine. “I’m Ellie Smith. I’ve come to apply for the job you’ve advertised.” Her smile lights the store.

“Oh? I just put the ads out,” I say and chuckle.

“You haven’t filled the position yet?”

“No, ma’am,” I say.

“Great. Do I apply with you?”

Since the shop is normally slow during a weekday, I skip formalities. “Follow me to my office. We can launch right into the interview,” I say as I wave her to follow me.

My tiny desk faces the wall. I have a small table with two chairs, so we sit there. The beautiful girl smiles at me expectantly.

“What brings you here for a job?” I ask.

She blinks at me. “Well, for one, I need a job. I mean I like to eat. I just graduated college with a business degree. Finding a job in my area of study will take time. I hope that’s okay, that I’ll be looking for a permanent position which will probably be available in the fall.”

I nod. "I understand. I graduated five years ago with a business degree too. The jobs in the corporate world don't come by too easily. So, it sounds like you have good qualifications. Will you be available to work on weekends too? That's my busiest time," I say.

"Yeah, sure."

"But it won't be two days together, unless you specifically request it. Normally Mondays and Tuesdays are my slowest times. That's when you may have off, or sometimes it might be like a Monday and a Wednesday. Is that okay?"

"Sure," she says and nods. I like her. I like her already and a lot at that. She's easy on the eyes. The old men who come in to play golf may want to spend more time in my shop buying stuff. Yeah, she's hired.

"Okay, hang on," I say as I walk to the filing cabinet and pull out paperwork. I slide it across the table for her. "Fill this out." I smile.

"Am I hired?" she asks brightly.

"Yes. I have a good vibe from you," I say.

"Well good. I like this place, it's nice and clean. I'm glad I saw your ad first and came right over," she says.

“Me too, thanks Ellie. Come in Wednesday and I’ll get you started.”

Wednesday morning Ellie comes to work wearing a pair of shorts and a nice top. I grimace because it’s not what I call work clothes.

“What’s wrong?”

“Shorts? This is a job, not a day at the mall,” I say.

She grimaces. “This is a golf outfit. I saw you sell this brand. I played on the golf team in college. I would think you’d be proud for me to wear the merchandise you sell,” she says.

Nodding, I bow my head. “You’re right. Okay, as long as it’s geared to golf, we’re good,” I say. Honestly, I wasn’t thinking golf when I saw her, I was thinking hot girl in shorts.

I carefully watch as Ellie conducts business. I stay close in case she has a question and she’s had a few questions. She’s smart, but I feel not quite up to speed. She’s not the owner of the place. Quick to jump in, I hover around the counter when the shop is busy. If I make her nervous, she doesn’t show it. I like a confident woman. But she is just a woman and I’m the owner, older, wiser.

At the end of the day she’s two pennies off on the cash drawer. “Okay, sweetcakes, move over and watch a pro do it,” I say as I sidle up to her and grab

the cash drawer.

She steps back and eyes me as I count the drawer and show her how to do it.  
“There, did you learn it?”

Her hand slides to her hip. “It’s not like I don’t have a college education. I know how to count money, Josh. I missed two cents, it’s not like I need to take a math refresher course,” she says as she grabs the drawer back from me.

“Just watch yourself. It’s okay, you’re new and young,” I say as I smile and pat her back.

She glares at me and says nothing. Did I piss her off? Not sure, but oh well. She’ll get it eventually.

The next day she’s helping a man and tells him the wrong thing about a set of golf clubs. I shoulder in and grimace at her.

“What she means is…” I proceed to tell the man what he needs to hear. I turn to Ellie.

“You can go back to the counter,” I say. After turning back to the man, I chuckle. “She’s still learning. You know how women are.” We both have a good laugh.

After we close for the day, she turns to me, her face red and flushed. “Why do

you do that to me?” she asks in a not so grateful tone.

“Do what?” I ask as I back up.

“Talk down to me. Shoo me off like I’m a stupid little kid playing with the wrong things. Make jokes behind my back knowing full well I’m in hearing range?”

“I’m sorry, do you have a burr in your panties? I’m your boss, I think I can do as I please here. Sometimes people need put in their place. Don’t disrespect me when you need discipline,” I say.

“A burr in my panties? You have no respect for women, Josh. That’s on you. Treat me like an equal please,” she says.

“You don’t own the place, I do.”

“Oh yes, you remind me of that every freaking day. I know you own this place. Trust me, if I didn’t need a job so badly, I’d quit,” she says and whips around walking away from me.

“Excuse me. I’ll not have the disrespect. Please apologize or you’re history.”

“I’m sorry,” she says with gritted teeth.

I grin and rub her arm. “Now see, isn’t that better. Treat your superiors right and you’ll rise high.” I cock a brow at her.

“Don’t be condescending,” she says and turns from me. I don’t like her treatment of me. Perhaps she needs to learn a lesson.

I let it go for now. A few days later she’s trotting through the doors a few minutes late. I step in front of the counter and glance at my watch. “You’re late, sweet cakes,” I say.

“No shit, Sherlock. Gridlock traffic on the freeway slowed me. Sorry,” she says as she wipes her shoes on the mat. It’s pouring outside.

“Listen, you want to impress me, be punctual. Do I need to set up your calendar with reminders, so you’ll arrive on time?” I ask as I tap my watch.

“No thank you,” she says flatly.

“Suit yourself,” I say and carry on with my work.

She walks by the office door after a restroom break and I whistle. She doesn’t even giggle or utter a thank you. What kind of employee is she? I walk into the shop and look at her. “I said.” And I whistle again.

“And?” Her brow lifts.

“And, you should thank me. It’s a compliment. It means I think you’re hot.”

“You have a funny way of showing it. Oh, wait, you think I’m hot and a little stupid?”

“I never said you are stupid. Naïve maybe. Young and female and just starting out in the big bad world. Good thing you work for me. I’m helping you prepare for it,” I say as I grin.

“Don’t do me any favors, k? You do your job and I’ll do mine and we’ll not meet in the middle,” she says.

“Oh sweetie, I can’t stand not meeting you in the middle. In fact, we could meet in a big way should you choose.” I wag my brow.

“In your dreams maybe.”

I put my finger on the side of my cheek and look up like I’m thinking. “Yeah, I do believe you are in my dreams, sweet cheeks. And I don’t meet the ones on your face.” Again, I wag my brow at her.

“Oh, you’re incorrigible.”

“My, don’t we know big bad words,” I say as I follow her.

“I am educated, you know,” she says.

“Yes, dearest, I know. But you’re not wise. You need a good teaching. Why don’t you let me teach you the ways of the world? By the time you leave my employment, you’ll be so well-versed you’ll please any man you want,” I say as I waggle my brow again.

“Oh, sick! I should turn you in for sexual harassment,” she says.

“Oh please, that’s what I mean. You’re so naïve you can’t take a joke. Loosen up, girl,” I say as I rub her shoulders. She squirms out of my hands.

“Stop! Idiot,” she says as she turns from me.”

I laugh. “What did you call me?”

She spins around. “You heard me; I know you did.”

“This is all fun and games. I’m glad I can play around with you like this,” I say as I playfully punch her arm.

She shakes her head. “You are so weird.”

“Nah, you’re just not used to being around wiser, older men,” I say as I lift my chin.

“Older? You’re like maybe five years older than me. That doesn’t make you wiser at all.”

“No? I beg to differ. I’ve been around, run the business, gone through ins and outs of building it. You can’t make the same claim,” I say.

She shakes her head and walks into the restroom, thus ending our discussion. Little Miss Ellie needs to realize her being a powerhouse corporate wannabe makes me hot and horny for her. She’s not afraid to stand up to me and I like that. I keep goading her so she will stand up to me. It’s a big turn on.

“Hey, beautiful, want to come by a little bit earlier and we can practice some social skills together,” I say.

She just looks at me and shakes her head. “No.” Her hands ball into fists as she pivots on her heels. Trying to get away from me again, huh?

I laugh as she walks away. I won’t let it go. Maybe I’ll let it go today as there’s always tomorrow.

“Damn, girl. Shake it don’t break it,” I say the next morning as she’s walking through after placing her purse in the break room.

Ellie whirls around. “Excuse me, I’m not shaking anything,” she says defiantly.

I step to her and pull her blonde hair from her face so that it flows gorgeously down her back. “Oh, but you are. The skirt moves perfectly in pace with the swaying of your hips. Poundage is what that is,” I say as I glance behind her.

“Excuse me? Poundage? Are you calling me fat?”

See? I told you she was naïve. “No, darling. Poundage, as in I could pound that,” I say.

“You’re disgusting. Quit being such a perv. I’ll have you know that this is one of your little tennis outfits,” she says as she points to the rack near the side wall.

“Well, it sure is. Hey, I have a batch of bikinis coming in. I guarantee we’d sell out if you’d wear it to work for me. Wear your high heels too, it makes your rack jut out perfectly as well as helping you strut your goods back there,” I say.

“Quit being crude.”

“Hey, seriously, if I order some bikinis, would you do a fashion show. I have some men who would love to buy for their girlfriends and wives. It would be a private show. I’d even split the profits with you,” I say. I don’t crack a smile, though I want to bust out laughing.

“Are you serious?” Her beautiful blue eyes are huge as she waits for my answer.

“Sure I am. Split it fifty-fifty, you and me. Of course, we could arrange a higher cut for you if you give just me a private showing, if you know what I mean.” My brow waggles.

“I... uh...” She shakes her head while glaring at me.

Finally, I bust out laughing. “I’m not serious. But I love the look on your face. I think money talks, because you sure as hell seemed interested when you thought you’d profit, huh?”

“You. Ugh. Infuriating. I can’t figure you out to save my life,” she says and stomps away.

I guess I feel a little bad about what Ellie thinks of me. She’s good with the customers, they all like her. The hard time I’ve given her has made her wary of me as she tries to avoid me. The funny thing is I really like the girl. I’m an asshole though and don’t know how to stop being one. My dad was an asshole to my mother. He lorded over her, often ridiculing her about being inferior. When she turned forty, she’d had enough and asked for a divorce. Since then she’s come into her own without my asshole father. Help me, I’ve turned into him and that’s not who I want to be. Maybe just a little, but only enough to keep me

strong and on top.

Ellie approaches as she's holding a package of golf balls. Her face is void of a nice smile. "Price for this, please. We have a case, I'm creating a display," she says flatly.

I turn to the ledger and give her the price. She turns and leaves the office before I can ask her a very important question. Her silhouette moves gracefully with the golden sunbeams streaming through the window. All I see is her curvy figure in motion creating the display of golf balls. At least she does a good job for me.

I approach and offer a smile, hoping to soften her mood toward me. "This is really nice. Maybe I should give you freedom to create new displays of everything. The shop could use a better creative touch," I say.

She stops and turns to me. "Really?" Her question sounds as if she's hopeful and possibly breaking the ice with me.

"Well, sure. You may have a business degree, but you have a flair for design and décor too. Nice touch. Go ahead, knock yourself out and give the place a nice facelift," I say as I beam at her.

"Thanks," she says with a nod and goes back to the display.

"Say, Ellie, would you like to go out with me? Like perhaps we could have dinner at Pinkers and enjoy some drinks at The Old Railroad."

This causes her to stop and turn back to me slowly. “Did you just ask me out on a date?” Her eyes are wide with surprise, her voice sweet and not flat. I’m hopeful.

“Um, yep. I did. How about it? Say Friday night. Just a casual date, nothing major. They have dancing at The Old Railroad. Unless you’d rather see a movie perhaps?” My brow lifts.

“I don’t know. Let me think about it,” she says abruptly and shakes her head as she turns her back on me.

I smile and nod and say nothing as I go back to my office. Phone calls and bills are waiting for me. I don’t know how to react. Normally, girls say yes to me, so I’m not used to hearing I don’t know. I can’t stand it after I finish the stuff in the office and head back to the front. Ellie is waiting on customers while she’s working on the displays. Perhaps I should have started with a lunch date, or coffee before work, something less serious.

“So? Have an answer for me?” I ask after the customers clear out.

Ellie laughs. “I’ve hardly had time to think about it, Josh.”

I walk over to her and lean against the shelf and watch as she pulls the items down and rearranges things. She’s moving merchandise from one area to another, creating very nice displays. I nod. “I like this. Thank you.”

She peers at me and smiles. “Thank you. I think.”

“It’s a compliment. You do lovely work. So, what about it? I’ve given you time. It’s just an easy yes or no. Preferably yes.” I grin and waggle my brow at her. I do that a lot, but I can’t help it.

She sighs and pauses her work. “It’s just that you’re my boss. Like, do you expect things if we go out? Because if so, then no. I’m not going to go out with you if you expect sexual favors and the like,” she says.

I wince. “I never said that. And if we go out, we’re not boss and employee. We’re man and woman who wants to spend time together, eating at a steak house and having drinks and dancing,” I say.

“Alright, but it’s just a simple friends only date, got it?”

I nod and let her get back to work. Whatever it was she said at the end, I forget. I don’t do friends only when I date. Sorry, but a date has potential to blossom into other things, and it’s the other things I plan to prepare for.

Friday evening, I shower and dress in casual jeans and a red polo shirt. I look good and Ellie is lucky to go out on a date with me. A splash of after shave and a final comb through my hair and I’m ready to pick her up.

She lives on the south side of town in a little apartment village. I call it that

because you enter through a gate and the road winds around to, I'm guessing, about eighty units. When I knock on her door, I hear her rushing around inside and she finally opens it.

“Josh, I thought you'd just text me and I'd pop down to your car. But okay, come in, I need my shoes,” she says.

She's lovely in an emerald green dress that hits above her knees. Her hair is down with exception to the front which is pulled back in a little bun in back. The dangly earrings match the dress with glints of gold, which matches the necklace and bracelet.

“You sure know how to put yourself together,” I say.

“If that's a compliment, thank you,” she says. She's walking and hopping while adjusting the strap of her sandals.

“It's a compliment, you're very lovely,” I say.

“Thank you. Not so bad yourself,” she says with a smile.

I laugh. “If that's a compliment, thank you,” I say and wink.

“Touché.”

“Shall we?” I hold my arm out to her. She reluctantly takes it.

“Remember, this is a friends’ only date,” Ellie says as I steer the car to Pinkers.

Smiling, I nod. “Yes, dear,” I say remembering my mother saying that to my father, well before the divorce. In one ear and out the other.

When we arrive, I skip to her side of the car, but she’s already out and heading for the door. Jogging to catch up with her, I reach the door before her and at least hold it open.

“Oh, thanks,” she says as we step into the entry.

The dinner goes well, she chats about light and easy subjects. Her eyes scan the room and don’t focus on me as much as I’d like for her to. I don’t want to seem pushy or in demand for her attention, so I let it go.

“Are we ready to go to The Old Railroad?”

I blink at her. “Sure,” I say and pay the bill so we can leave. She’s to the point, kind of like she’s trying to get it over with fast.

I drink the sangria while she sips on the margarita. Her foot taps to the beat of

the music, and I find it a good sign. We need to finish the drinks before leaving the table to dance though and she's taking her sweet time sipping here and there. The music is loud and I'm having a hard time hearing, so the conversation is non-existent.

"Come on," I say as I stand and take her hand and pull her to the dance floor when she finally takes the last sip of the drink. I fear she's going to feign being tired and want to go back home. That's not in my plans, and I aim to have some fun with her.

Once on the dance floor she can't escape me. The DJ is playing slow songs tonight. The club has themed nights. Dance off is on Saturday nights. Friday nights are for lovers. It's why I chose to come here tonight.

"Relax, Ellie. Are you having a good time?"

She smiles as she tilts her head to the side. "I am, Josh. I'm relaxed. It's just that I normally don't dance like this with friends only."

"Ah, the crux of the matter. Friends can make the best lovers," I say as I lean in and kiss her neck just below her earlobe. She tenses, but then giggles. Yes, I'm slowly melting her reserves.

"You don't get it. It tickles, stop." She's smiling. She likes it. I like it too. She smells delicious.

“You and I could be so good together. Aren’t you even curious at all?” I lift my brow as I hold her tightly to me.

“Curious about what?” she says, her words slurring. She’s drunk with desire, I can tell.

“About me, baby,” I say, and I dare leaning in and brushing my lips against hers. She kisses back, and yet, she stiffens and puts her hand between us.

“I need air,” she says.

“Let’s take a walk.” The Old Railroad sits right beside a trail that follows an old railroad track winding through the woods and near the river.

“Okay,” Ellie says as she lifts her hair and fans the back of her neck. It’s a warm spring evening.

We meander over the trail, she’s on the other side, walking along and I’m giving her space, for now. The river looms ahead and with it an old trellis bridge. As we approach, I grab her hand and she lets me hold it. A good sign for now. The boards creak beneath our feet. Below, the river lazily flows, sprinkles of moonlight sparkle across the water. An old river walk follows the bank and circles back around to the trellis. We walk along, and I pause and pull her to me.

Ellie fights, her hand coming out to stop me from pulling her into my embrace.

“What are you afraid of?”

“Did I say I was afraid. I’m not. I... just not sure about this, about us...” She turns to face the river, a gentle breeze caresses her face, blowing little wisps of hair back.

“I think if you’d just let me, I can make you a happy woman,” I say as I turn her to me.

She peers at me, waiting.

“I am more man than you give me credit for,” I say as I pull her to me and press my middle into her showing her how happy I am right now.

After clearing her throat, she pulls back and says nothing.

“Come on, Ellie. Let me show you what I have. You’ll want me then, I guarantee it,” I say as my hand goes to my belt.

“Oh really?” She fully gives me attention. Surely, she wants to see it.

“My manhood yearns for you. Let me show you. Just take a gander at it,” I say as I unlatch the belt.

“No, I really don’t want to see it. Josh, no. Stop or else.”

I chuckle. She’s playing hard to get. After unzipping the jeans, I let it fall to my knees and fish out my hard cock.

“I warned you,” Ellie says and lunges at me. I’m against the railing and before I can react, her fist pummels my cock and balls, hard.

I tumble to the walk as red hot pain sears through my body so intense, I black out for a moment. Throbbing, pulsing pain rushes through me and I doubt I’ll ever have children. When my hearing returns, I’m whimpering in a ball on the ground. Ellie stands over me, her hands balled in fists still.

“I warned you, Josh. I didn’t want to see your fucking cock. But you didn’t listen. I know how to defend myself. You’re an asshole for exposing yourself to me. I’m going to turn your ass in for indecent exposure and sexual harassment.”

Double ouch. Not only did she bust my balls, but she’s threatening me with legal action. When did it turn sideways? I hold up my hand.

“Wait, please,” I manage to say in between breaths and pulses of pain.

“Wait for another ball busting from me?”

“No, please don’t. Please,” I beg. I look up at her, my eyes are watering. The

pain is great as I rock on my ass.

“Please don’t what?”

“Don’t hit me again. And please, don’t turn me in. Really, I like you, that’s why I’m doing this. I guess I had my signals mixed from you,” I say.

“Yep. That’s a good way of putting it. You don’t think beyond the tip of your dick. That’s on you,” she says as she shakes her head and turns away.

“Please, wait, Ellie, please. Don’t go. I’m sorry,” I say.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it. You’re a dick.”

“Yes, I am. I’m sorry. Please, I’ll make it up to you. Let me. Tell me how I can. I promise I’ll do anything to make it up to you if you just keep quiet about this and don’t hit me again,” I beg.

She grins, a wicked evil grin. “I kind of like you in a puddle begging for my mercy. It’s nice. Tomorrow night come to my house and I’ll let you make it up to me. But you have to do every single thing I say, or I will rat you out to the cops,” she says.

I nod as I stand. We say nothing all the way back to The Old Railroad. She calls a cab and I go home to nurse my wounds and prepare to make it up to her.

Ellie chuckles as she looks me over. I look utterly ridiculous in the outfit.

“I want you to know what it feels like being a woman. You have little regard for women, and I think you need a good dose of it,” she said when I came over. She handed a garment bag to me and showed me the bathroom where I could change.

The plaid skirt hits mid-thigh with my hairy legs showing. A white blouse opens down my chest revealing a hairy chest. The pleats in the blouse are painfully obvious that I don't have boobs to fill it. Ellie chuckles again as she fixes a giant plaid bow to my hair by using hair glue. My own hair is a short cut close to my scalp. When she has me sit at the vanity, I know I'm doomed. I flinch but say nothing as she paints my face with bright colors. Bright blues on my eyes, rosy pinks on my cheeks and lips. And to top it off perfectly, she affixes fake nails to my hands. All in a gleaming pink to match one of the stripes in the plaid skirt.

“Now, you're done. Now, we go out and this time, we're heading to Caymen's Fun Daze Night Fest.”

I gulp. Caymen's Fun Daze is an amusement park. Once a year, right before summer starts, they hold Night Fest. It's for the older kids and adults to come out and have fun. Why me? I shake my head and blush and realize I have on so much make up I can't even see the blush on my face.

“Let's get this over with,” I say with gritted teeth.

“Now, that's not the spirit. I command you have fun and act like it,” she says as

she grabs my hand. She's driving and I'm wanting to disappear into the seat of her car.

Sounds of cheer and screams of joy reach us as we park in the very crowded parking lot and make our way to the grounds.

"My treat, because a true lady expects her way to be paid for," Ellie says as she buys two tickets. The clerk gives me a strange look and waves us through because people are in line behind us.

Ellie pulls me through the park. I look straight ahead not meeting with anyone's eyes. She drags me to the Ferris wheel. At least on there I will have a little privacy. It's nice when she must sit so close, our legs are touching. She's wearing a pair of shorts and her legs are smooth and soft. Oops, my cock takes notice and rises, causing the skirt to tent in my lap under the belt that holds us in place.

Once the ride is done, we're out of the seat so fast I don't have time to deal with my damn cock. Ellie runs to the next ride and the next. She's having fun and it's contagious. I'm enjoying myself too. No one pays me much attention, or at least I can't tell because I'm not making eye contact. I don't care any longer, as we wait in line for the roller coaster. She grabs my arm, shaking it like an excited kid. On board, she's scared and grabs my hand, holding it tightly. She doesn't let go until we are done.

We slow down and I buy us some cotton candy, foot long corn dogs, and fruity ice. We walk around the park, window shopping in the little stores, watching others being flung around.

“I guess we’d better stop with the rides. I don’t need us vomiting corn dog and cotton candy,” she says as she playfully punches my shoulder. I grin at her as she looks down and back up at me.

I see what she sees, a tent, right here in the open in front of everyone. I’m pitching a big one. I put my hands over it. “I’m sorry. I can’t help it.”

“I see it’s working again. I’m glad I didn’t ruin you for life,” she says.

“Okay. Yes, it’s working. Been working since the Ferris wheel,” I say.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed until now.” She giggles.

“You were too busy running from ride to ride,” I say and laugh with her.

Some kids walk by and point at me. I turn away and want to run. She has mercy on me.

“Come on, Josh. You’ve been a very good boy tonight, doing everything I’ve told you. Let’s get you out of that silly outfit,” she says and leads the way to the parking lot and her car.

When she misses the turn to head back to her apartment, I look at her. “You…”

“Don’t worry about it,” she says and grins. After whipping into the motel by the airport, she leans over, grabbing me to her and we lock lips. As in she’s kissing me for a change.

“Do me one more favor. Get us a room,” she says and waggles her brow.

Fuck yeah! I run to the office and ding the bell three times before someone appears. They give me the look and I don’t give a damn. I rent a room and present the room key to Ellie. Once inside, we’re all over each other. My heart is pounding hard as my cock extends even longer, wanting attention. She throws up my skirt and fishes Mr. Cock from the panties, which are damp with pre-cum. Pulling me to the bed, she’s pulling out of her clothes fast and hard.

I take over, having pent up energy in my body since the day I met the blonde bombshell. She giggles as I throw her down on the bed. She scoots back to the pillows and I crawl up. My cock drips pre-cum as I take it in hand and swirl it through the soft warm slit, focusing on the hardening knob. Her nipples are taut, and I reach for one with my other hand, tweaking and rolling it between my thumb and forefinger. Her moans are coming long and demanding, as she bucks her pelvis up and down, meeting with my cock. When her body doubles over and she yells out in ecstasy, I quickly penetrate through her hole, shoving in balls deep. She grabs hold of me as I pump into her and match her moans with my own. We’re focusing on our pleasure and nothing else. Her beautiful body lies before me, perfect and soft. Suddenly, the cum settles into the base of my cock. I lurch forward with great vigor as I slam into her hard, coming. She yelps out again, as she comes with me for a second time. We rock through the undulating waves of pleasure, until it wanes, and I’m spent. I settle beside her as I allow myself a moment to simply breathe.

The best thing about a cheap motel, the clean up isn’t on us. We laugh as we roll around on the bed, I’m smearing the make-up all over the sheets and she’s oozing the evidence of our wild fucking time. After round two, I raise up on my

elbow and stare at the naked beauty beside me. She looks at me and giggles.

“Tell me, Ellie, will you go out with me now?” I ask as I grin.

She turns fully to me and traces circles on my chest. “Depends. Will you dress as a silly schoolgirl for me again?”

I don’t skip a beat. “Hells to the yeah, if it means you’ll go out with me.”

She laces her hand in mine. “Does this mean we’re steady now?”

“Only if you let me fuck your brains out after our next date,” I say.

“I think that can be arranged. Come on, I can’t change you out of the silly dress, but I can wash the make-up off your face in the shower,” she says.

I follow her like I’m her puppy. I’ll follow her anywhere if it ends up like this, with us naked and doing the cha-cha-cha.

THE END

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