

A Tale Of Transformation And Sissification

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing pink heart-patterned underwear and high-heeled sandals. She is standing with her back to the camera, slightly turned to the right. Her right hand is resting on her right thigh.

SISSY  
TEST

SCARLETT STEELE

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A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing pink heart-patterned underwear and high-heeled sandals. She is standing with her legs slightly apart, and her right hand is resting on her right thigh. The background is plain white.

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It's because I work in an office with a bunch of women that I want to fit in. People just don't get it that I'm all about blending in with my environment. I'm also comfortable in my skin and love that I can express myself in the way I want currently. I'll let you in on a little secret, I have been known to find some of my wardrobe in the women's department stores. I mean, come on, men's fashion is so blasé. Boring. I really enjoy wearing clothing that let's me express my full

inner creativity. I may be a measly accountant but who says I have to wear the same ole style of suit and tie or business casual? Khakis and dress slacks are my choices. Nothing flashy or fancy for men in the business clothing section. Polo shirts or button-ups. It's the same ole same ole as it was yesteryear. I take fashion into my own hands and carve a path that has people questioning my sexuality.

Just because a man enjoys wearing soft feminine clothing does not make him gay. I'm here to bust that myth wide open. Yet, I constantly need to defend it. That's okay, any woman, any time, who is with me in the sack quickly knows I know my way around a woman's awesome body. There's no mistaking what tree I swing in.

I turn once in front of the mirror. The slight lavender color looks great against my complexion. And yes, I found it in the women's department. Luckily, it doesn't have those boob darts, so it looks good. It has ruffles on the collar and at the bottom of the sleeves, but I'm manly enough to pull it off. At least the trousers are men's because below the waist, I'm all male. Well, above the waist too. I don't have man-boobs. My physique is fit, fit enough anyway. Meredith does my hair. I prefer it styled at a salon rather than chopped or shaved at a barber. She says I have honey blonde hair, but to me it looks a little darker. Maybe raw honey is more like it. After wagging my brow, I point to my reflection and leave.

Carol works accounts receivable at the office. She's a little on the butchy side, but she has a boyfriend, so yeah, there you go. A female who enjoys dressing manly, but she's obviously straight. I'm a male who enjoys dressing feminine who is obviously straight. Well, okay, not so obviously now as my last love and I parted company about three months ago. She moved off to another part of the country and didn't want the drag of a long-distance relationship. I don't blame her because I didn't either. It was one of those if it's meant to be, we'll find each other again type of break-ups. I'm not holding my breath.

“Okay, so this is all frills, captain,” Carol says as I walk into the break room. She calls me captain because we had a conversation one day about the military and how they wouldn’t take me because I’m too fruity. I told her I could join and become a Captain as easy as she zips her pants and steps into her boots every day. After that my nickname became Captain with Carol.

“There are some very tastefully done men’s shirts in pastel colors,” Lavelle says as she walks in and regards me.

“Yes, boring. Boring and cookie cutter. Where’s the ruffles? Where’s the nice pearl buttons?” I wave my hand in dismissal.

“On a tux, doofus,” Carol says.

I stop slicing the apple and turn to the ladies. “And who wears a tux to work?”

“A manly man, that’s who,” Carol says as she nods. She laughs and Lavelle giggles at my expense.

“Or you,” I say as I lift my brow to her.

“Touché, dearest,” Carol says. “Think I’ll borrow Tommy’s and wear it tomorrow.” She winks at Lavelle.

“Where did you get this blouse. My mother’s been looking for one to wear with

her black skirt to church,” Carol says.

“Maybe next time I go shopping I’ll come by and take her with me,” I say. I pride myself in the ability to deliver a good comeback. It often takes the sting out of the jokes on me situations. Like I said, I embrace who I am, no shame whatsoever.

“I might have a skirt tucked back in my closet. Would you wear it if I brought it?” Carol asks.

I roll my eyes. If she has a skirt, it still has the tags on it.

Lavelle giggles again. She sure giggles a lot. “Come on, Collin, she’s serious. I bet her skirt would match one of your shirts. Then you can fully express yourself,” she says.

I whip around to her. Normally Lavelle is sweet and only laughs at Carol’s crude jokes with me. “I may enjoy wearing feminine things like this shirt, but I assure you, I don’t intend to wear a skirt,” I say resolutely. My manhood is in question now. Why can’t a manly man wear pretty things? That doesn’t make him gay at all.

“I really think you’re a closet tranny,” she says, her brow lifts.

“No, I’m not. I’m fully out here with what’s in my closet. Care to come by and see? Hey, I’ll even serve drinks if you want?” I smile. I like Lavelle, she’s cute

and sweet, normally.

Another giggle. “Maybe I will. I bet you have some dresses or gowns hidden in your closet,” she says.

“I bet he has girly panties in his drawers. In fact, I bet you’re wearing them now, aren’t you?” Carol lowers her eyes to my crotch.

“Would you like me to show you my undies?” I smile and have my hand on my belt ready to show these ladies just what’s behind the barn door.

“Sure.” Carol folds her arms over her chest as she leans against the counter waiting for me to do something.

I turn my eyes to Lavelle. I mean, if I flash the ladies, I want it to be consensual. I don’t mind a trio here. “And you?”

Lavelle shrugs and giggles more. “Well, um, I guess. I mean, I think you’re a sissy.”

“Or gay,” Carol says and chuckles.

My annoyed smile stretches across my face. Why must I constantly defend the fact that I’m straight? “I’m not gay. I’m not a tranny. I don’t consider myself a sissy,” I say as I unzip my pants.

“Oh my, shocking,” Carol says.

“Wow. Gray jockeys. So boring, Collin. As you say men’s clothing is boring. Why do you wear boring undies?” Lavelle asks.

“Because my undies aren’t on display.”

“Yeah they are, you just showed us,” Carol says.

After I zip my pants, I splay my hands at my side. “Does it lay your questions to rest that I’m not gay and perhaps not a sissy?”

“You’re sure prissy. That’s a woman’s shirt. You wear women’s clothing,” Carol says.

“I wear some women’s clothing. For every piece of women’s clothing I wear, there’s a male counterpart. Instead of buying a men’s button-up shirt, I bought this shirt. I do not, however, own a dress or wear a dress,” I say.

“I find that hard to believe,” Lavelle says.

I smile and step to the pretty lady. Bouncy brunette curls cover her head and nearly touch her shoulders. Her copper eyes and creamy bronze lips make my

toes curl, because I'd like to kiss her. I've never had the guts to ask her out, but here goes nothing.

"Lavelle dear, please pop by my home anytime. I'll show you my closet and my drawers. You may snoop to your heart's content," I say.

"That's just... silly. Why would I just pop by and say, hey Collin, I'm here to snoop. People don't do that," she says.

Carol waves her hand at us. "I'm outta here. You two have some things to work out," she says and laughs as she walks back to her desk.

"Okay. Fair enough. Lavelle, would you like to come over for drinks on Thursday? I would love to visit with you," I say.

She smiles. "That's more like it. A nice invitation for drinks. Sure, I'll be happy to come by Thursday. What time?"

"Say six thirty? I'll have treats too, so fill up with dinner and I'll provide dessert," I say.

"Well, okay. Eat first, come by. That is... okay," she says.

"Well, I mean, I'd fix dinner too, but that just sounds so datey. I mean, we're not dating, this is just a friend coming by for drinks in the evening," I say. Boy, I can

make for some awkward moments.

“Okay. That’s fine. You’re funny. Cute, but funny. I never thought of dinner as a date, but sure,” she says.

“Good. Well, I’m just trying to make us feel comfortable with it,” I say. I’m such a dork.

“Okay, darling. Then while we’re enjoying drinks and dessert, maybe I’ll poke around in your closet and drawers,” she says and winks at me as she walks out of the break room.

My heart pitters fast as I prepare the drinks and the King cake for Lavelle’s arrival. I’m from Louisiana and King cake is my specialty as my grannie taught me how to make it years ago. I could eat it year-round, not just at Mardi Gras.

Lemon-fresh fills the air as I dust all the surfaces with my favorite furniture cleaner. Spray, wipe, repeat. Everything shines, sparkles. The air wafts with sweetness from the cake, the drinks are cooling in the refrigerator. Inside the closet, my clothes neatly hang and within the drawers, military style folding. I beam with pride at my ability to run a ship-shape home which welcomes guests and encourages repeat visits. At least, that’s my hope with dear Lavelle.

The sweet tinkle of the door bell causes me to skip gleefully to open it. Lavelle wears a cute green dress that hits right above her knees. Glossy ringlets frame her beautiful face. She’s applied a spicy red lipstick and I want a taste.

“Hello, my dear, welcome to my abode,” I say as I sweep my hand to the side and bid her entrance.

She hands me a bottle of white wine. “Oh, thank you. I know you said you’re making drinks, but I thought white wine is the base of many delightful drinks. Man, it smells good in here.”

“Thank you, dearest. You didn’t have to do this, but I shall use it well. I have a special dessert surprise for you,” I say as I wave her towards the kitchen.

“Oh, King cake! You know, my sister and I used to go to New Orleans every year and that was one of my favorite sweets. You sure know how to please your guests,” she says.

I cut her a slice of the cake and pour the drinks into tall glasses. “Here you go.”

“Oh, this looks good. What is it?” she asks as she views the pale pink liquid and the cute ice cubes.

“It is a champagne punch, but I’ve made it my own. I call it Champagne Tall Ice,” I say. “It’s cherry juice with a splash of white grape and champagne.”

“Mmmm, this is delicious. Better be careful, I have to drive later,” she says as she sips the glass.

We enjoy the dessert and drinks. I pride myself in the ability to turn cocktails with a twist. After she finishes the slice of King cake, she's to the point.

"Okay, so show me your closet and drawers," she says brightly.

I chuckle as I stand. I'm wearing a lovely white satin blouse with bold jewel toned stripes. Yes, I bought it from the ladies' section. "Right this way," I say and wave her to follow me.

"You have a nice home, Collin." Lavelle's eyes widen as I open my closet. She walks in and shuffles the hangers, gazing at my clothes. "Well, I don't see a dress."

"And here are my drawers. Help yourself," I say and stand back. She opens each one to see that I'm a typical male in the sense of underwear, socks, and tee shirts. "Satisfied?"

She laughs and leans against my tall bed. "Well, not really. I mean, you act so gay. You really do. Are you bi?"

"Would you like me to prove I'm fully straight?" I ask.

"No, I think you should admit what you are though. I mean, maybe a tranny in the making. Certainly sissy, and yes, a little gay."

“How can I prove this to you? I’m a straight male who has a taste for finer clothing, not dresses or skirts, but just like this,” I say as I run my hand down my blouse.

She turns away and thinks. Turning back, I see the lights in her eyes. “I have an idea. Let’s go to Chelsea’s by the Sea and take a poll there. The club has all kinds of people who attend.”

“Take a poll about what?”

“About you, of course. About your sexuality. Just dress exactly like you are tonight, or wear what you normally at work. Just be yourself. Let’s make this a bet. You bet that people won’t see you as a sissy or gay and I bet that they do.”

“Okay, you’re on. So, what’s the wager?”

“If you win, you get to plan an evening with me, and I’ll do whatever you want. If I win, I plan the evening and you do whatever I want. Deal?”

“Deal.” I smile as we shake hands.

It feels as if we’re very good friends teetering on the edge of a budding relationship. She sits in the chair while I sit on the sofa. You can’t say I wasn’t trying. Our idle chat lasts about an hour as we talk about the artwork hanging on my walls. I’m proud of my décor tastes, as I searched for finer things to display. My condo is a mini-paradise for me.

“Come here, let me show you my favorite spot,” I say as I lead her to the back deck. Opening the door reveals the stained wooden deck, the two comfy chairs with the little table between it, and a view to kill.

“Oh, I can see why you’d love this place so much. Look at that view. The city is to the front, the gentle rolling hills and the river off in the distance to the back. I bet you have a heck of an imagination sitting out here.”

“I come out here in the mornings on my days off and enjoy a cup of coffee in the cool breeze. The sun peeks over the hills and lightens the valley. The river looks like a silver cord among all the green. I truly find my Zen out here.” I want to add, perhaps you’d enjoy breakfast with me in the morning if you’d like to stay the night. But I don’t.

Soon after, Lavelle stands and stretches. “I’m tired, thank you for a wonderful evening, Collin. Thank you for allowing me to peek inside your closet too. You’re a good sport,” she says as she touches my arm.

“Tomorrow night, Chelsea’s by the Sea, right?”

“Yes. And may the best man or woman win,” she says as she looks me up and down.

Carol claps her hands after we tell her about our bet the next morning. “I can tell you who will win,” she says.

I narrow my eyes at her. “Don’t be so fast in assuming the winner,” I say.

She grunts a laugh my way and turns to Lavelle. “So, what will you get if you’re the winner?”

Lavelle laughs, a high-pitched sweet sound. “If I win, I get an evening with Collin and he will do whatever I tell him to do.”

Ahem. “And if I win, I get an evening with Lavelle and she’ll do whatever I tell her to do.”

Carol shakes her head and turns back to Lavelle. “So, what will you have him do then?”

Lavelle’s face stretches into a wicked smile, one that sets my toes to curling. “It’s a surprise. A big surprise. I don’t want to ruin it,” she says. Smart woman.

“Oh yeah? We’ll talk later,” Carol says and nods.

“Sure, Carol, I’ll fill you in on the details of what I’ll have Lavelle do should I win,” I say.

“Honey, you and your frilly blouses won’t win. Give it up. Bow to Lavelle.

You'll be her bitch for the evening," Carol says as she flips the ruffle on my mint green blouse.

"I'll have you know that men of very distinguished tastes wore shirts like this. They were manly men and very well respected with wives and children," I say as I stand my ground.

"Yeah, in the eighteenth century maybe," Carol says. She and Lavelle bust out laughing.

"Maybe I'll prompt a comeback. Fashions cycle you know. Men who are sure of themselves can wear ruffles and get away with it," I say.

Carol smirks. "And you can't. Clear as that. You're the loser. Might as well paint bitch across your forehead, because that's what you're about to become," she says.

"I'm not a sore loser, if Lavelle wins fair and square, I'll be her bitch if that's what she wants," I say.

Carol turns to Lavelle. "You heard it from the horse's mouth."

"Ha-ha," I say.

Friday afternoon I head to the mall to buy an outfit just for tonight. I'm feeling

buttercup yellow as I eye a beautiful blouse on a mannequin. It's white with yellow flowers, faint and wispy. I'll need to wear an undershirt with it, so I choose one that shimmies so it will go well with the new blouse. Khakis and a pair of leather boat shoes complete the look. I want to look my best for the action later.

We meet in the parking lot of Chelsea's. Lavelle wears a pair of tight skinny jeans, and a white top with a low-cut V-neck revealing she has a nice little rack under there. She has on a pair of black stilettos which adds a couple of inches to her height and her face is painted darker than her normal business look. I approach her and bend over to kiss her cheek. She doesn't flinch and smiles as she puts her hand on my arm and we go into the club together.

My feet can't help but move to the beat as we walk inside. The brilliant colors change with the music, nothing strobe but rather just twinkling and delightful. I've always felt lighter and happier here, because the atmosphere is charged with people's moods and it's always jovial.

"Come on," Lavelle says as she pulls me to the dance floor.

"Watch out, little girl, I can dance a mean one," I say as I cut loose. Soon the dance floor is clapping while I'm doing my moves and it ends in a dance off between me and another Casanova show-off.

"Woo! Go Collin," Lavelle yells as I swing my body around, giving it my best.

"Clearly, the winner is Collin!" John Baker says as he pulls my hand into the air. He's the DJ and the one who calls for dance-offs when he feels like it. The other

dude comes to me and nods.

“Good job, man,” he says, and we fist bump.

Finally, we make our way to the table for a drink and a breather. After two drinks, I head to the restroom. When I come back, Lavelle has gathered a nice little crowd around our table. Of course, they are interested in her charismatic personality. Who wouldn't be?

“Everyone, this is Collin. Collin, everyone,” she says as she waves her hand to the small crowd.

“Hello,” I say and grin, showing my teeth.

“They are the poll takers, Collin,” Lavelle says.

I smile and straighten. “Very good then. What do you want me to do? I mean you just saw my awesome moves on the dance floor,” I say as I shake like a bobble head.

Lavelle shakes her head. “Just be yourself. Talk to them, walk around a bit,” she says.

I step to the first group and wave. “Okay, what would you like to know?”

They asked me questions like what I did for a living. What was my favorite color? My favorite TV shows? What kind of vehicle I drive? Where I went to college? Some questions I felt were a little too personal and didn't want to reveal such things to strangers. By the end of the little interview time, I had walked around with several groups, and we even danced as a mob on the floor.

The evening is far from over as I act like myself with the people Lavelle gathered for the poll. I'm hoping that some will see me as a manly man with extremely good fashion taste. I'm wearing man's khakis after all. Though the belt is a thin brown leather piece with a golden buckle. One lady took notice.

"This belt is for sale at Ingram's Department Store in the mall in the women's section. How I know is I have one," Sarah says. She's a tall gal with long auburn hair and wears her make-up very dark.

"It's a nice piece, isn't it?" I ask brightly.

She chuckles and glances at Lavelle. "So, you freely admit you bought this from the women's section?"

"Look, I don't shop genders, except for the pants, because well, women's pants are cut differently than men's pants. I look at the colors and fashions of the shirts and blouses. I choose clothes according to my whim at the moment. I do not, however, buy dresses or skirts. I wear men's pants. I wear men's shoes. But I enjoy expressing my creativity through the shirts. Anyway, that's all," I say as I smile. I had to stop short of saying that doesn't make me gay. Lavelle wants an honest poll.

“Now, I will gather a few more that I choose to make the poll fair. I’m hoping you didn’t influence these people, not saying you did. But I’m the brunt of Carol’s jokes and you’re always there laughing,” I say.

“Okay, have at it. I promise, I said nothing to these people either way. I hope you won’t too,” Lavelle says.

I gather a few more and ask them to take the poll once they’ve gotten to know me briefly. Again, I walk around and talk and even dance. People love taking polls. Once I’m satisfied that my group has had enough time to decide about me, we all meet at a table where Lavelle has paper for the poll. I stand back and watch as they take the poll. Lavelle and I choose one person from each of our groups to tally the poll for fairness.

The pair count and look up at us with the results. “It’s unanimous,” Ashley says from Lavelle’s side.

“Collin is clearly a sissy,” Marti says from my side.

“I win! I win!” Lavelle says as she jumps up and down. “Thank you everyone. Collin, let’s go!”

“Where?” I ask. I’m smiling because I enjoy Lavelle’s company so much, I don’t mind. She’s a delight.

“Back to my house. I have some special things I want you to do since I’m the winner.”

Since I drove, we climb back in my VW and head to her place, a little apartment close to our office. She’s a nice decorator, her home is warm and lovely with mauves and creams blending with browns. I’m impressed with her.

“I know it seems pompous that I assumed I’d win, but Collin you realize how easy you make it, right?” Lavelle smiles at me as I follow her through her apartment.

“I’m perfectly good with myself. I know what I look like, but I also know what I am, and how I want to live my life. I guess you could say my self-confidence is on a high level,” I say as I shrug.

“Yes, you are quite comfortable in your skin. That’s what I love about you.”

“Now, you’re the winner fair and square. I’m at your beck and call. Do with me whatever you will,” I say. I’m hopeful for some fun here.

“Okay. Now, I want you to dress in this,” she says as she holds up panties and a chastity belt. A chastity belt.

“Really?” I say as I look at the belt.

“Well, it’s not as a punishment, but more as an experiment. I want to see how you react in it. I won, remember,” she says and thrusts the panties and belt at me.

“Okay.” I remove my clothing in her bathroom and squirrel into the panties and belt. It’s binding and shoves my man junk to me. But I’m good. When I step back into the bedroom, she has a long evening gown, navy blue with sequins at the top. A pair of silver heels in what looks like my size to match. And a platinum blonde wig. I laugh.

“Dress in this and let me complete the look. Then we’re going out to Figgy’s Room.”

I inhale as I pull the dress over the chastity belt and step into the heels. I feel rather pretty in the outfit with exception to the belt. Figgy’s Room is a club where drag queens abound. I’ve been there before though not in drag. This is my first time in drag.

Lavelle’s pretty face is inches from mine as she paints me to look like a woman. The wig brushes my shoulders with straight, shiny platinum blonde hair. After applying fake nails to my hands, she shows me her work in her dresser mirror.

“Oh my.” I’m at a loss for words as I peer at my reflection. Except for the lack of curves in the right places, I actually make a pretty lady. Albeit tall, I wear the gown and heels like a pro. The hair shines along with my smoky eyes and sweeping false eyelashes. Gleaming silvery nails flash glints of light along with the silver heels. “Damn.” I shake my head and grin.

“I know, right? I think you’ve just come into your own,” Lavelle says.

I'm about to agree, except when I move away from the mirror, I'm reminded dreadfully of the chastity belt. "What's the purpose of the chastity belt again?" I ask.

Lavelle giggles. "It's a test. If you get, you know, turned on, over the course of the night, you'll know it fast. I want to see. It's a barometer of sorts."

"It's preventing the barometer from moving," I say as I frown.

"It'll be okay. Trust me. You'll survive. Come, I'll drive this time, since you're er, uh, bound," she says while her laughter lightens the mood as I follow on her heels.

"Figgy's Room, huh?" I ask as I watch the city scape as we approach.

"Sure! You'll love the place. You'll fit right in," she says as she glances at me quickly before resuming her forward watch of the road.

"I've been there before. It is a nice place."

"Oh really?" Her tone indicates she thinks more of it than is true.

"I was there as myself, as you see me every day at the office," I say and laugh.

“Well now you are going as something I think you like,” she says.

“Minus the damn chastity belt. I think it’s chaffing me,” I complain.

“You’ll be fine,” she says and grins as we pull into the parking lot.

I admit, my heart stirs a little faster than normal as we approach the entrance to Figgy’s. Once inside, I’m transformed and step fuller into my role as a drag queen. I mean it’s just for one night, right? Just this once because I lost the bet with Lavelle. She’s beaming with me on her arm and about a foot shorter due to the heels I’m wearing. When another drag queen saunters to us, I take on the role fully.

“Darling, have we met?” the man asked. His deep voice rumbles but his long red nails, overly done face, long red wig, and red gown scream gay. Now I get it.

“Darling, I don’t think so. I’m Collie,” I say as I hold my hand for him to kiss. And kiss he does. Lavelle watches as her eyes widen at the display I’m giving her.

“Rachel, Dean when not in drag,” he says.

“Collin, when not in drag,” I say.

“May I buy you two a drink?” Rachel asks.

“Well, thank you, yes, that would be nice,” Lavelle says.

I clap. “Yes, delightful,” I say. I’m pouring it out thick now. She playfully hits me as we approach the bar. Rachel hands us a glass of champagne.

“Oh! Such a celebratory drink.” I say.

“You’re coming out celebration,” Lavelle says brightly.

My eyes swing to her as I bite my tongue. “Just coming out as a drag queen, dearest,” I say as I rub her shoulder.

After the drink, Rachel grabs my hand and pulls me to the dance floor. My heart sinks, because dancing with another drag queen is not what I consider fun. But I put on a show for Lavelle and twirl with Rachel like a pro. After the song, I’m polite.

“That was lovely, Rachel. Thank you for the dance and the drink. I really should get back to my girlfriend,” I say and hope he takes the hint.

“Collin, you danced like you are very comfortable in the dress and in the man’s arms,” Lavelle says as I pull up a chair at the table beside her.

I laugh. “Truth is, I might like wearing this dress just a smidgen. The make-up even, it’s fun,” I say.

“And what about the chastity belt? Is it uncomfortable now?” she asks.

I think for a moment. “Actually, no. I had forgotten I am wearing one.” Boom. The answer she needs to hear.

“Interesting,” she says as she swirls her drink. I take a swallow of mine and grin.

“Yes, why is that?”

“I just thought. Maybe I’m wrong there. Hey, finish the drink and let’s dance,” she says as she turns up the glass.

I do likewise, because hell yes, I want to dance with her.

I grin down into her pretty face, the lights flashing a mosaic of colors on her face. “So, what are you wrong about, my dear,” I say as I pull her to me. Her soft curves melt into me as she runs her hands over my chest and hugs me in response to the slow song. There it is. Pain from the sudden erection hits with metal. I grimace.

“Yes, I see it now,” Lavelle says as she grins. Cute dimples appear on her face at the corners of her mouth.

“You see my pain now?” I ask as I grimace.

“Well, yes. You are in pain because you’ve run out of room. And you haven’t felt this way until now?”

“Of course not. I had no reason for a stiffy while dancing with flashy McDragqueen earlier,” I say as I roll my eyes and shift on my feet. Nothing I do will help my growing cock as it meets with resistance. “Ugh, I want out of this contraption, now.”

“Come on, let’s go,” Lavelle says, and we head for the exit with me limping precariously behind her.

In the car, I squirm in my seat. My cock throbs. “Ouch, please hurry. Not only does my cock throb from pain, I need to piss,” I say.

Lavelle giggles. “Lift your dress,” she says.

I do so and she unlocks the belt. I yank it off me and quickly exit the car so I can piss. Luckily no one’s around and I take a wiz around the side of her car. She’s laughing up a storm until I finally sit back down.

“Okay, we’re good?”

I nod. “Let’s go.”

We speed home, and she glances at me and giggles again. “You’re pitching a tent.”

I grin. “It’s because I’m here with you.”

Things turn around quickly once we make it back to her apartment. She helps me out of the wig and dress. I’m standing in front of her in only the ladies’ panties on my ass, my cock head poking out the top.

“Oh nice,” she says as her soft hands pet the head. I lurch forward and groan. She’s teased me all night. I grab her and pull her to me for a kiss she’ll never forget. I’m about to show her what a real man can do.

Our lips meet and the passion burns bright. She pulls me to her bedroom and has me sit at the edge of the bed. I’m not sure what she’s wanting exactly, so I let her take the lead. She comes out of her clothes and her petite body causes Mr. Peter to drip with pre-cum. Her lovely curves fit her perfectly as she comes to me, and taking my face in her hands, she leans in for another kiss as she hoists her legs over mine and reaches down to guide my cock in between her soft warm folds.

“Uh, oh, so soft and tight,” I say as I moan. She moves over me, her little body fully sits on my lap, my cock extends inside her. I grab her hips and help her

move, slow at first, but then I can't help it. Her body bounces up and down faster and faster. She looks down as her hard clit rubs against my cock. Soon she's moaning with me, her juices flowing. I buck up and down, as she thrashes about suddenly. Her pussy squeezes me hard, her body quivering.

"Oh fuck! Collin, I'm coming," she yells as she's grinding hard into me.

I take hold and move her faster and harder as my cock creams her pussy good. I lurch forward, my man sauce filling her so full it squeezes out and rolls down her inner thighs onto my lap. Together we rock bare and raw through the pulses of ecstasy until finally, I'm finished. She sits on me, still fully sitting on me with my throbbing cock inside her and relaxes on my chest. I hold her there as long as I possibly can. Finally, she sits up and smiles, a lethargic albeit happy look on her face.

"Time for a quick shower," she says. When she stands, the fullness of her pussy falls onto my lap. I grimace but smile. It's an indication of a good time.

"Come on, you're not sleeping with me all dirty," she says.

Did she say I'm sleeping with her? I follow her like a puppy into the bathroom. There we relish with each other's body under the hot steamy water. I enjoy washing her and she enjoys soaping me. Even my cock stands at attention again when she runs her sudsy hands over it. I just grin.

After, we're clean and relaxed and she pulls me to her bed.

“I just thought...”

“You thought you’d fuck me a leave? Think again mister,” she says.

I crawl in bed with her, leaving my clothes folded on the bench. As I lie back, she snuggles into my side, my arms wrapped around her. We kiss, and she rubs my chest.

“Is there any question now?” I ask.

She gazes into my eyes, a smile on her face as she slowly shakes her head. “No, but I do think you enjoy a bit of drag queen. Admit it,” she says.

“So, what if I do? Does that change your opinion of me?”

“Only if you decide you no longer like women, specifically me,” she says.

“Lavelle, you’re the hottest human I know, trust me, my cock doesn’t rise for just anyone. And he very much likes you,” I say as I grin.

THE END

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