

SISSY THONG

A Tale Of Crossdressing And Feminization
SCARLETT STEELE

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The burn still rides across my cheeks as I secure the bra to my chest. It might not be so if I were wearing a wife-beater or a white tee shirt. Why are there gender differences in men and women clothing anyway? I can't stand wearing the blocky stiff underwear that compose of men's clothes. Women's panties are

delicate, breathable, lovely curves. I prefer that over the slotted, stiff cotton, thick waist bands of jockeys. If I were to admit this to anyone, I'd be called a sissy, a tranny, or gay. I'm none of those things. I like to refer to myself as a man of good tastes, finer things, and I love women. I love to fuck women. I am straight.

The matching panties fit well. It does cause a bit of embarrassment in the restrooms through if a man comes in and sees that I have my pants and panties pulled down to take a piss. Normally, I duck into a stall, unless no one is around, and I can quickly piss in the urinal. I've never understood why society thinks men don't need privacy when we do the most basic of things. I'm used to it by now though as I've been wearing women's clothing since my first year of college.

It started with a girl I was dating. Merri enjoyed seeing me dressed in her clothes. We did it as a lark at first. She was a junior in college, two years older than me and had a thing for men in drag. Of course, she gave me all the sex I wanted, so I did what she wanted in return. She was a curvy gal and her clothes fit me well enough. I'm a muscled man, tall and fit. I workout twice a week and even back then I was a fit track runner for the college.

My major in theater and drama had me wearing women's clothing on occasion, as we did many comedies. For some odd reason, people love seeing men dressed and acting as a woman in a comedy. I always tried out for the female parts first and because I was able to make my voice high-pitched enough to be funny. I got the parts. No one thought anything of me when I came in wearing a bra and panties.

"I'm getting into my part," I would say. A lot of the men who played women parts did this too. And women did it too when playing a man's role.

One play we did in complete reverse. That was my idea, by the way. The women all dressed as the men and played the men's roles and the men dressed as women and played the women's roles.

Ah, I love days off. I am the director of the community theater. While many volunteers their time to be in theater, I'm in a paid position. I run the whole program. No one there knows about my secret obsessions with women's clothing and it needs to stay that way. I'm looked upon as a manly man and that's what I am. I'm not a sissy.

Today I'm free as the theater is closed for cleaning. In my secret closet, I pull out a woman's jumper. It's periwinkle blue with buttons up the front, and spaghetti straps at the shoulders. The pants flare and the bodice is body-hugging. I wear a strapless bra in blue silk under it with matching blue silk panties. I feel pretty as I clean the house, sweeping the feather duster with finesse.

The doorbell rings and I look up, flustered. I'm not expecting anyone, and I make a mad dash to my bedroom and step out of the jumper and slide into a pair of athletic shorts and a tee shirt. The doorbell rings again, as someone is pushing it several times.

"Coming," I call as I rush to the front of the house.

"Ah, Julie, what brings you by? Come in," I say as I step aside.

"No time for a visit, Austin. I'm dropping off the costumes from Mrs. Feltner's alterations. She tried to take it to the theater, but they are closed today. I was in there having her fix one of my dresses," she says and thrusts the garment bags

into my arms. Her straight reddish auburn hair brushes against her shoulders. She's a pretty girl who also volunteers her time at the theater. She's a high school drama teacher, freshly graduated last May.

"Thank you, dear. I'll bring these to the theater tomorrow when opened," I say as I wave good-bye to her. Her hips sway as she quickly walks to her car, her ass nice and round, like I like em.

After shutting the door, I breathe a sigh of relief. I hate that I scramble like I do to hide the fact that I enjoy wearing women's clothing. I don't put the jump suit back on, but I keep the underwear because that's all I have in my drawers.

"Austin's here, finally," Lei says when I walk through the door at the theater.

My arms are loaded with a large box, garment bags, and a stray boa I found in the bottom of my closet. Don't ask.

Claire shows me her phone and a photo of a drag queen. "I ran into this last night at Freakys. Seriously thought he was a she until he spoke. I asked him if he does theater and he sarcastically said he's the best drama queen he knows."

My eyes automatically roll. "I tell you what, this isn't a real man if he has to appear in public like that. Such a sissy. I bet he curls up in a ball and cries like a baby at sappy romance movies," I say and laugh. A few of the guys laugh with me. The girls don't. Claire frowns.

“Why are you so against this poor man?” she asks.

“I’m not against him. I’m just calling a spade a spade. He’s a flitting sissy,” I say and nod.

“He’s comfortable in his skin,” Julie says as she lifts her brow. Her face is skewed in disapproval.

“I’m sorry, but when a man goes out in women’s clothing, blinged out like my old Aunt Molly attending Mass on her ninetieth birthday, then there’s a problem. Men should be men and women should be women,” I say.

“And what about the comedies we do?” Claire asks.

I laugh. “That’s comedy. It’s funny. Which is why I’m laughing at the self-proclaimed drama queen. I don’t care to run into one at the grocery store,” I say.

“You’re a gay phobe.” Julie nods.

“No, I have nothing against a gay man as long as he acts like a man, born with a penis. At least he wears pants.”

“And jockeys.” Julie laughs.

“Well, only until Fred wants a wife, then Jim will wear the tutu,” Claire says.

I clap vigorously. “Okay, enough talk about sissies. Get back to work. We have a production to prepare for and it will be here before we know it,” I yell.

Sometimes it takes the barking to make the cast and crew behave and stop playing around. I square my shoulders and let them know who’s boss here. “Listen to me and do it right the first time. I don’t have time for sissy talk or crybabies.” A couple of the actors struggle with their lines and actions. I can’t help it; they need tough discipline. I run the show like it’s military. That’s the only way to get it done to perfection.

“Casey, if you can’t change the set fast enough, perhaps I should demote you to water boy,” I say to the young man. He’s in college but looks like he’s still in high school with a face full of fresh zits.

“I’m trying,” he says as he hoists the heavy set pieces in place.

“Try harder and faster,” I say and nod. Demand perfection receive perfection.

Sam comes to me with the script in hand. “I beg your pardon,” she asks.

I turn to her. “What now, Sam?” I bark.

She literally flinches when the words tumble out of my mouth. I amaze myself at

how I act so differently when in the director's chair then when I'm at home and comfortable. I'm such a tyrant but I don't allow a single muscle in my face to give in to the upward swing. Sam looks on the verge of tears.

"I just, I need to know how you want me to inflict emotion on this line here. All it says is speak with emotion. Being this is a comedy I wasn't sure what type of emotion we're looking for here," she says quietly.

"Enunciate your words. When speaking to me, when talking to the audience. If you're so quiet do you think I'll keep you in this role?"

She looks down at the script and looks back at me. "Never mind," she says loud and clear. As she walks off, she mumbles, "I'll just say the lines and let you yell at me how you want it at the time."

I feel badly for the way I spoke to her, but the cast is watching me, and I can't back down. I clap my hands. "Okay, people, this play isn't going to practice itself. Places everyone!"

After rehearsal, Julie and Sam come to me, their faces stretched in a scowl. I reach out and brush my hand over Sam's short blonde hair. She looks like a pixie to me, with her petite features and large blue eyes.

"Hey chick, no hard feelings when I wear the director's cap," I say as I pull it from my head. I grin and lean against the counter.

“Well, you’re such a dick when we’re in rehearsal,” Sam says.

I nod. “Okay, I’m a dick. Admittedly, you won’t find the big movie directors any nicer. I’m trying to prepare you for the big time, should you ever want to take it that far,” I say.

“Oh really? Seems you’re just a small community theater director, you should lighten up on us a bit, don’t ya think?” Julie asks.

Tish walks up. She’s our light gal and sits up in the rafters, pointing the large beams on the stage. “What’s up?”

“We’re just trying to get Mr. Dick here to be nice,” Julie says.

“Oh, come on. Look, if I want to pursue a job on Broadway or Hollywood, I would. The point is, I’m perfectly fine with my quiet small-town life right here,” I say.

“Sure, you are,” Tish says as she nods.

“Really, I am. If I wanted to do Broadway or Hollywood, I would have moved there. But it’s my job as a director here to prime you for such dreams should you desire to go that way,” I say.

“I think he talks too much,” Julie says as she turns to Tish and Sam and points

her thumb back at me.

“Besides, you’re so down on gays and transgender. Are you afraid of them?” Sam asks.

“No, not at all. But I think men should act like men when in public. There’s no excuse for it,” I say as I shake my head.

“There is if they are cool with it. I mean I’m cool with it. I just wonder why you’re so angry about it,” Sam asks.

“I’m not angry. But if a man has a penis he needs to act like a man,” I say.

Tish laughs. “He said penis. I can’t believe you used such a scientific term. I’d say, if a man has a dick, he should act like a man,” she says.

“Or cock. Cock’s a good word,” Julie says.

“Yeah, dick, cock, johnson, man-pole, McStiffy, peter, joystick,” Sam says.

“McStiffy? You’re assuming he’s hard. What about a flaccid penis, Sam? McFlaccid?” Tish busts out laughing, and Sam and Julie join her and roar over the joke.

I shake my head and hold up my hand as I walk away. Girls will be girls with their silly laughter.

The closer we get to crunch time, the more I need to hop in and help. Ted struggles with the scenery on the floor. Little waves of corrugated cardboard grass and tulips are supposed to be the backdrop, but the things keep falling over. He looks up at me.

“The adhesive isn’t sticking on the stands,” he says as he’s running adhesive as quickly as he can.

I grab another container of it and bend over helping to apply it to the stands and pressing to the cardboard. Julie walks by and pauses. I peer around at her as she’s staring at me, her eyes squinting.

“Need something?” I strain at her because I’m balanced on my feet while squatting.

“No, I believe I have everything I need,” she says and smiles. She looks down at her phone and walks away while I turn around to finish the set.

I straighten as I have a kink in my knees from bending so much. The entire length of the grass and flowers had to be re-glued. Julie peers at me from the corner of the stage where she is talking with Tish and Sam. All three are looking my way and nodding and talking adamantly.

I waltz to them. “What’s up girls? Seems I’m the topic of your little pow-wow here,” I say.

“What makes you say that?” Tish asks.

“You were looking at me guiltily, all three of you. What gives?” I demand.

“Nothing, sir. We’re just discussing the upcoming performances,” Sam says.

“And keeping our keen eyes on you in case you call us for something. We know how demanding you are when it’s crunch time,” Julie says.

That’s more like it. I nod and let it go as we need to move on with practice.

The show must go on as we make time for the dress rehearsal. I keep focus straight ahead and make sure we pull it off without a hitch. Everything must be perfect. If I pride myself on one thing, it’s that I run a tight ship and our shows are block busters. The community clamors for the tickets and we sell out weeks ahead. It’s because we put on such high-quality performances. And that happens because I snap to it and don’t let anyone slide. I expect professionalism and that’s what I get thanks to a hard-working cast and crew. I’m already thinking ahead to the next performance and will post try outs as soon as the current shows are finished. One thing at a time.

We have the weekend off, thankfully before the first performance. I need the time to myself and make no plans outside of my own special paradise, aka my

home.

I relax that night in the tub, bubbles floating all around. I even have a glass of white wine and candles lit. It helps to bring my inner female out. Afterward, I dress in a cute pale pink nightie and a matching pair of panties. With the remote in hand I flip to an old-fashioned movie and enjoy an evening of frivolity. Something draws my attention to the window, where I have it lifted allowing the cool night air to cleanse the house. I can't shake a strange feeling and I rise to investigate. After turning on the porch light, I step outside and listen. Hearing nothing, I shut and lock the door and then shut and lock the windows for good measure, not that I'm afraid or anything.

Knowing I have a week of performances, I want to look my best for curtain call. The giggle escapes my lips as I pull out the yellow bikini swimsuit I bought at the beginning of summer. It's not like I can wear it to the beach or the public pool. But I can sure wear it while sunbathing in my own back yard. I have a privacy fence all around and the neighbors have one story homes, so no one can peek over the top. Besides, the elderly couples to my left and right aren't the type to be nosy.

The loungeer squeaks as I lie down, first on my belly, sunning my back, and then on my front. I build up a sheen of sweat and finally when the sun has turned my skin a nice bronze I go back inside. The dogs to the back of my yard are barking up a storm anyway and it's getting on my nerves.

I laugh giddily as I behold the bikini marks on my naked body. A manly man with pale white bikini skin stares at me. I laugh at my reflection. If Julie and her friends could see me now, how funny that would be.

Monday evening, we have our first performance. We have another on Tuesday

and then on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. When I arrive, the air is charged with energy unlike any other time. I love the smell of stage fright and anxiety before the first performance. It gets me high on adrenalin.

Sam, Julie, and Tish are in a corner looking at Julie's phone. I need their attention as we have ninety minutes before show time and it's pow wow time now. "Girls, please, pow-wow time, get over here," I say to them.

The cast and crew gather around me as I squat on a crate and go over last-minute instructions and encouragement. Everyone is attentive and nodding. At the end of my pow-wow speech, I clap my hands and beam at my production team. "Are we ready for this?"

Everyone yells a collective, "Yes."

"Great. Now's the time to go over last-minute lines, scenes, and schedule if you need to. I'll be around if you need me," I say. I turn to head to backstage to see about the set changes when Julie hollers at me.

"Austin, come here please."

She's standing at the back corner of the theater with Tish and Sam while everyone else is on stage, backstage, or in the dressing rooms. Now what?

"Yes, girls, what is it?" I say with a hint of annoyance in the tone of my voice. I'm not walking all the way to them, I have too much to do. Why are they

standing in the back of the damn theater anyway?

“Please, come here. We have something very important to show you,” Julie says.

I blow out my breath in a sign of protest and march to the ladies. “Yes?” My brow lifts.

“Better sit down for this,” Julie says as waves to a seat.

“I’ll stand, just tell me or show me or whatever and hurry. I have things to do,” I say impatiently.

Julie lifts her phone so I can see the screen and hits play. The three are watching my reaction. My brow furrows as I try to figure out what I’m looking at. Then, like fingernails on a chalk board, the image becomes clearer. It’s through my front window screen the other night, I’m sitting in my living room wearing the pale pink nightie and panties. Julie focused the camera on her face.

“See, Austin is wearing women’s clothing, proof,” she said.

Then the screen is taken from my back yard, probably between the slats in my privacy fence from the very back. I’m lying on the lounge first on my belly, then I flip over and I’m on my back. Very obviously, the yellow women’s bikini shows up.

A giggling Julie comes back on. “Boom. The man is a tranny, a cross-dresser, a drag queen. No wonder he is so down on them, he’s guilty about his obsession. Boom. Gotcha, Austin.” The screen goes blank.

My hand covers my mouth, I blanch and stagger to the wall behind me.

“I told you to sit down,” Julie says.

“Why? What do you want? You invaded my privacy. I could turn you in for that,” I say.

“And I could just as fast publish it to all social media sites before the cops arrived. Then your little nasty secret will be out, just like you,” she says and chuckles.

“What do you want then?” I ask.

Sam gets in my face. “You’re an asshole, you know that? You made fun of my friend and acted like men don’t do these things and look at you. Seriously, a yellow bikini?”

“How did you...” I shake my head.

“The other day while you were bent down helping with the set, I noticed a pair of black silk thongs on your ass. It was right there, and I have a pic of it too,”

Julie says as she swipes her fingers over the screen and shows it to me.

“A nice tip off, by the way,” Tish says.

“Okay, so you know. Now what?” I can’t seem to catch my breath. My heart is thumping wildly within my chest.

“Now what? I tell you what. You will earn our silence,” Julie says and Sam and Tish nod.

“Okay, what do you want me to do to earn your silence?” I figure they’ll tell me to give them starring roles in the next production or something similar.

“We want you to be our bitch for an evening. You will dress as we tell you and we’re taking you to Freakys so you can be with your kind of people,” Julies says.

I shake my head. “And what if I don’t do that?”

“If you don’t, we’ll be showing the audience tonight the entire video of your misadventures in women’s clothing. So, it’s your choice, Mr. I’m a manly man,” Julie says.

I fight the urge to cry, like big ugly tears, showing these ladies just how much of a sissy I really am.

“Austin, you’re needed backstage,” Luther, our stage manager, calls.

I look at him and nod. “Be there in a minute,” I say. I must pull myself together. I can’t be this flustered and direct a live performance. This is opening night, the most important night of the week. The ladies sure know how to hit me where it hurts the most.

“Can we talk about this after the performance? I really need to focus on the opening night tonight. I can’t be bothered by this right now,” I ask hoping they will have a little mercy on me.

Julie laughs sarcastically. “It’s your choice, Austin. Don’t agree right now, we’ll give the audience a great command performance of a man in his back-yard sunbathing in a yellow bikini. We’ll also explain how you feign hating men who do things like this. Either agree now, or we spill it tonight,” she says.

My cheeks puff out with my breath as I run my hand nervously over my head. Dammit. “Okay, I’ll give in to your demands and be your bitch for an evening as you so eloquently put it,” I say.

“Good choice,” Sam says and smiles.

I’m so shaken I can barely think straight as I bumble through the last-minute goings on of the cast and crew before the opening. Beyond the curtain, people are being seated, the theater filling up like it always does. The lull of the crowd reaches us backstage and adds to the already frazzled nerves of the actors and

me. I avoid Julie, Sam, and Tish as much as I possibly can. Anger stirs within me at their brash invasion of my privacy. I wish there was a way I could stop their social media accounts and turn them in for it. But as it is, I must pay the piper for my misdeeds, even if it was things I did in the privacy of my own property. Perhaps I was too careless with the open window and in displaying myself in my backyard, even though it was supposed to be a very private backyard.

With a great amount of fortitude, I shove the events from earlier to the back of my brain so I can focus on the show. As they say in this business, the show must go on. I can't cancel it because I'm having a private crisis. I must grin and bear it.

"Places everyone," I yell behind stage. The stage crew scrambles to their spots, while the actors who appear first, line up to their spots on stage. The next ones to speak and act line up backstage. I look to Luther to help with the stage crew, as I keep the cast in check. Painting on my best face, I appear for a quick intro of the play and the introduction of the cast. The music starts as I move out of the way as the curtain rises.

With a pounding heart, we make it through the scenes, all done professionally and pleasing to me. Even Julie, Sam, and Tish do their jobs with superiority. I can't complain. My worst fear is that a cast member or a crew member would do something to embarrass me or mess up the play. I mean it was a threat and warning from Julie if I hadn't agreed to do what she says. Thankfully, they took my word. I'd better do what they say or else. I'm sure my little secret would no longer be a secret.

After the play, Julie finds me, of course. "Okay, next Friday you are earning our silence. You better be at my place or I'm spreading the video and pics I have like wildfire, you hear?" she asks.

I wince. “Why do you hate me so much?” It’s a legitimate question.

“We don’t. We just feel you protest too much about men who are different, but we find out you aren’t that different. Do you know what that makes you?”

I shake my head and hold my breath.

“It makes you a hypocrite. And there’s no room for hypocrites in life. A valuable lesson, don’t you think?”

“Yes. Okay. I’ll be there, don’t worry. I really don’t want my life ruined,” I say as I shake my head.

“Good, then keep your word and show up next Friday and your life won’t be ruined,” she says.

“How do I know you or Tish, or Sam won’t go ahead and spread these all-over social media anyway?”

Her brow lifts. “Well, if we do, then you can press charges for invasion of privacy and trespassing. Trust me, we don’t want to alert the masses if you won’t alert the cops. But I do have to admit, they wouldn’t throw us in jail, it would probably just be a fine or something. So, if you don’t show, we’ll display it all over social media. Tit for tat,” she says.

“I’ll be there next Friday, what time?” I ask with gritted teeth.

“Six. See you tomorrow. I think the opening was a smash hit. It should be a good week!” She grins and prances off leaving me in her wake.

After a stiff drink and a good night sleep, I feel better the next day. At least I’m not in shock having palpitations like I did last night. A much calmer Austin makes for an easier time with the cast and crew. More than one comes up to me after the show telling me night two was even better than night one. I smile at the accomplishments of the community theater under my direction. It thrives and the city council takes notice as they are patting me on the back afterward.

The week ends with a blast, the after-performance party on Saturday night has us drinking and partying until the wee hours of the morning. I drank an entire pitcher of beer and a few cocktails. I need it! I fear Julie, or Sam, or Tish will spill the truth about me when they get drunk, but I must hand it to them. They know how to keep a secret.

Friday night at six I show up at Julie’s place. She lives in a duplex in a nice neighborhood. At least I’m feeling okay about everything now. I’m ready to swallow my pride and be their bitch for the evening.

“Great! You’re here. Come in. We have some special things to do before we go out,” Julie says as she opens her door.

I nod a hello to Tish and Sam.

“Really?” I stare at the device before me.

“Or I can just push all videos and pics to social media.” Julie holds up her phone.

“We’re assuming you’re still wearing panties,” Tish says.

“Yeah, this will fit nicely under the panties,” Sam says.

I grab the chastity belt and head to the bedroom with Julie hot on my heels.
“Excuse me?” I ask.

“I will help you into the device and I will lock it securely in place.” Her brow lifts waiting for me to protest.

I shake my head and let her walk into the bedroom ahead of me. I can’t say it embarrasses me for her to see the white silk panties I’m wearing. I mean she knows my secret already. What’s embarrassing is putting on the chastity belt. She locks it in place, and we leave, heading to Freakys.

Sam is the first to bring her drag queen friend to meet me. “Harla, this is Austin. He enjoys many of the finer things like you do,” she says.

Harla eyes me suspiciously. “You’re into just the underthings I presume?” he

asks.

I give the he-she a smile. “I suppose so,” I say.

“That’s the first step, honey. Someday you’ll give in and come out dressed as fabulously as me,” he says.

I just nod and smile because the three ladies are scrutinizing my every reaction.

“Trust me, he’s comfortable in his own skin and in wearing the whole she-bang,” Sam says.

“Say, Sam, would you like to dance?” I ask and don’t wait for her to tell me no. The fast beat song keeps us moving and her mouth shut. I’m hoping she’ll drop it before she breaks our agreement.

“Um, remember your silence for my being your bitch tonight,” I remind her.

“Oh yeah. Damn,” she says and grins at me.

The slow song commences and Tish steps up. “My turn with our bitch,” she says and shoves between Sam and me.

“How’s it going?” She winks at me as she runs her hand over my backside, feeling if the belt is still in place.

“Just hunky-dory,” I say.

“Oh really?” she says and takes my hand and slides it into the valley on her chest. Instant erection and suddenly, I lurch forward because cock meets with metal and it’s not forgiving at all. She throws her head back in laughter. “I see it’s working.”

“Cruel,” I say and finally the song ends.

I march to Julie. “I need to take a piss, please come with me to unlock this torture device,” I say. It’s a partial lie because I just want my cock to have room to grow.

“I don’t think so. Come on, another slow one. You owe me,” she says and wags her brow. Her hand grabs mine and pulls me to the dance floor.

The song commences and Julie easily falls into my arms as we glide across the dance floor. A sweet smile stretches across her face while her hand moves slowly over my chest. I groan and pull her close, enjoying her soft curves. My cock screams to move and I manage to ignore it while I relish in the attention from the beautiful woman.

“You know, Austin, I think you’re sexy, even in a bikini. I hope this is teaching

you a lesson,” she says as her hands curl through my hair. She leans in and lifts her chin as her lips brush against mine. Suddenly, the discomfort grows as I want to pound my cock into her.

“You know, Julie, I think you’re sexy as hell. I’d so pound you if I ever have the chance,” I say, my lips speaking drunken words, but also showing the truth of how I’ve felt about the hot woman in my arms.

She tilts her head as she smiles. “So, maybe we should hook up?”

This time I lean in to give her the answer with my lips touching hers. I taste red wine and peppermint when she opens her mouth, our tongues touch each other, jutting in and out causing my cock to become extremely uncomfortable and painful. The damn chastity belt cock blocks me hard. I groan under duress as I am so fucking horny, I can’t stand it and yet, my cock can’t find relief.

After the song, Julie rushes to the exit. “Let’s ditch the others. They can find their own way home. I think you need a big piss,” she says and giggles.

The moment we stumble through her front door, she kicks it shut with her foot and we launch into each other. Her hands move over my shoulders and around my neck. The passion heats violently as we kiss, and I thrust her backward to her bedroom. She likes it rough as she’s pulling out of her clothes as fast as we walk. I come out of mine and stand before her so she can unlock the chastity belt. She giggles as she tosses it to the side and my cock head peeks out of the top of the white silk panties I’m wearing.

“Nice, you look good in ladies’ panties,” she says as she backs up on her bed to

the pillows.

I growl as I tear out of the panties and fling it across the room. She giggles as I crawl to her, my cock dripping pre-cum and extending even longer. I reach her and pull her legs up, lifting her ass off the bed. With my cock in my hand, I take time to rub it through her soft warm folds and focus extra attention on the growing knob at the top. She moans as I swirl over it, occasionally dipping it within the juicy confines of her lower lips. She grinds into me, her moans louder and pronounced. Suddenly, she bucks hard, and yelps as the pleasure takes her by storm.

That's my cue as I slide through the soft warm folds. Her pussy squeezes my cock as I lurch forward and groan. She yelps as her body quakes and I pound into her fast and hard. I'm so horny it won't take long. She's moaning softly as I saw into her and suddenly again, her pussy quivers as she comes a second time. She raises up, her eyes wild as her body rocks under me. I groan as the cum moves to my cock. One more thrust and I explode into her, my cock filling her sweet pussy full as I moan and move in rhythm with her, until I'm completely spent.

Collapsing beside Julie, I gather her into my arms as she lays her head on my shoulder. Our breathing synchronizes until we've recovered. She lifts and peers at me with dreamy eyes.

"It seems the silk panties doesn't change your ability to make a woman scream. My pelvis is still quivering from what just happened. Damn, Austin, you surprise me. You really do. Fuck, that was good." She lies back, a satisfied smile resting on her face.

"I told you I'm a manly man. Manly men can wear silk underwear and still be

manly when it counts. I love fucking women. Never tried a man, don't care to. And you, this time, fuck me! My mind is still spinning over it.”

She laces her fingers through mine, and we fall asleep like that, sleeping in our mess. I love this! We awaken hours later and take a shower together. The shower was christened with our sexy moves while standing under the hot steamy water.

THE END

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