



SISSY

TRAINING

A TALE OF SISSIFICATION AND FEMINIZATION

SCARLETT STEELE



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Oh, the girl never stops! I sigh heavily as she marches through the house, wearing the bootie shorts and the tight tank that shows off her perfect little body. Etta Marshal has been under my skin since I entered the ninth grade and she was in the eleventh in high school.

Nina steps in front of me as she watches what my eyes see. “Niles stop it!” she says and shakes her head.

“What?” I ask as I hold out my hands.

“Please. Stop being male,” she says.

“I can’t help it if I’m red-blooded male.” I grin.

“You can’t?” Etta says as she returns with a load of laundry from her room.

“No, apparently he can’t. Wipe up the drool, brother dear,” Nina says.

Etta grimaces and walks on through to the laundry room. Ever since we’ve rented the large house on the corner of a sleepy street, my blood’s been anything but sleepy. Etta, the object of a mad crush ever since high school, has no idea. I told Nina when she was a senior and I was a sophomore in high school about the crush. I made her swear to secrecy about it because I’d just die if Etta ever found out about the crush. At the time, and the entire time in high school, she had boyfriends. Normally they were older than her as she’s a very mature girl, or at least I thought so back then.

Since we’ve gone to college, graduated and found ourselves back in our hometown, we decided to rent a house together, at least while starting out. Nina and Etta both have an accounting degree and work at the same firm. I graduated with a degree in food and nutrition and I run the hospital cafeteria meal plans for the patients. I work different days during the week, since the hospital never closes, I do my fair share of weekends too. Since I’m the newest member on the nutritionist team, I do the odd days. When I put a few years in, I’ll have my choice for a Monday through Friday schedule.

“Niles, can you help me hang a poster,” Etta asks.

Nina rolls her eyes at my eagerness. “I wish you were as willing to help me,” she says as I follow Etta like a puppy.

“At your service,” I say to Etta.

She hands me a large poster of an old classic movie in a poster frame. It’s heavier than most frames.

“My brother gave it to me when I graduated from college. It’s a classic.”

I glance at The Godfather poster and smile. “You’re into intrigue?”

“Of course,” Etta says as I step on the stool and find the stud with the stud finder. It beeps and flickers a green light. After marking it with a pencil, I hammer in the nail and repeat the process two more times and hang the framed poster.

I smile as I put the stud finder on my chest and waggle my brow. “Hey, look, it found another stud,” I say.

Etta giggles. “Thanks, Niles,” she says.

“Anytime.” I leave her as she’s hanging more smaller photos and artwork.

Etta, Nina, and I work into a routine of sorts. The ladies work at nine in the morning and are home by five in the evening. I work the odd hours, either at work by four in the morning before the sun even rises, or I go in at eleven to help plan for the dinner menu. Being a hospital means we workday by day according to the patient load. If we have a big patient load, we have a big visitor load. I don't always make it home for dinner or to spend the evening with the ladies. When I do, it's a special occasion. I must hand it to my older sis as she tries to keep the home fires burning for me. She worries over me like a mother hen.

On this day, I'm home with a day off, surprisingly, and I create a grilled masterpiece of angus burgers and roasted fries. When Etta and Nina arrive home, they happily smile at me. Etta's chin lifts.

"Oh, it smells mouthwatering," she says.

I smile. "Burgers and fries."

Etta pulls a chocolate cake out of the freezer. It's one of those pre-packaged kinds. "I slaved over this," she says as she rips into the carton and places it on the cake stand.

We laugh.

"And I slaved over the ice cream," Nina says as she points to the tub in the freezer.

“Hey, I’m game for it,” I say as I flip the burgers onto the platter.

“I need to marry a man like you,” Etta says as she wipes her mouth after popping the last bite of burger into her mouth.

“Because I can cook?” I ask.

“Of course. I can crunch numbers, but cooking isn’t my forte.”

“Well, cooking is mine,” I say as we laugh again.

Nina darts her eyes to me because she knows how I feel about Etta. She thinks Etta eggs it on, even though neither of us has ever admitted to my feelings for her. Etta is footloose and fancy free. She hasn’t had a boyfriend in months. I can’t help but feel a spark of hope, but I’m too chicken to say anything.

“Just feel her out and see if she’d be receptive to going out with me,” I say to Nina.

“No, Niles. If it didn’t work out how would our living arrangement be?”

“If it did, think how improved mine would be,” I say as I widen my eyes.

“You’re hopeless. Just keep your mouth shut and remain friends. Ask her out when we don’t all live together,” Nina says.

“Or if it happens naturally.” I can’t help but have hope.

“If that happens, then by all means, go for it.”

Nina is right, but it’s super hard for me to hold off on my feelings for the sexy vixen that invades my dreams every night.

Etta keeps at it with her sexiness. It takes everything I have not to grab the tart and bend her over with a deep kiss and a lewd suggestion of having fun. She wears the skimpy outfits to bed too, thin satiny tops with her hard nubs shining through. Short shorts that shows her ass cheeks jiggling with every step she takes. Nina tried to suggest she was causing thoughts in my head one time. Etta laughed it off saying she thought of me as a baby brother and she was sure I thought of her as a sister. The things I want to do to Etta I’d never do to my sister.

Etta is impressed with buff dudes. I come in with new weights and the outfits to practice my new fitness rage. The blue tank and tight gray athletic shorts stretch over my body as I pump the iron, working on my muscles. I’m not a bad looking guy and it won’t take a lot of effort to build my muscles. Within a couple of weeks, Nina notices.

“Damn, brother, working on the ripples, are we?” she asks.

“Glad you notice,” I say as I waggle my brow.

“Of course, I have. At this rate, we’ll be beating the women off you,” she says.

I wish. I shrug. “I’m just trying to be healthy, maintain a healthy weight.” It’s not a real lie, because I am trying to be healthier.

“Well, keep at it. You’re doing something right,” she says.

I wear the workout outfits whenever I’m home because I want Etta to notice. In my thinking, I can impress the woman with my hot physique. But she doesn’t ever seem to notice. I finally decide to come out with it with Nina in hopes of figuring out how to get the roomie to notice me.

“Please find out. At this point, if we go out and it crashes, I’m willing to move out to make it easier,” I say.

“Then you aren’t helping us. We need you here splitting the rent and utilities so we can save,” Nina says.

“Okay, okay. I tell you what, if she and I go out and it goes sideways, then I’ll set my schedule to work when I know she’s home, that way we won’t cross paths. If I’m off work and she’s home, I’ll make myself scarce. I’ll do what I can do to make it comfortable for her. Please, sis, I have it bad for her. Just feel her out for me and let me know what you think,” I beg.

“Argh! Okay, Niles, but you will owe me,” Nina says.

A couple of days later, after I’ve worked the odd hours, I finally have a chance to talk to Nina alone. “Well?” I ask.

She hesitates. Uh oh, this isn’t good. I brace for it. “Okay, I asked her what she thought of you. I went about it in a way asking if she knew of someone, we could set you up with, you know to see what she thinks.”

I nod. “Yeah?”

“Well, she thinks you’re a sissy,” she says.

Boom. Ego hit and deflated in five words. “A sissy? Are you shitting me?”

“I’m not shitting you. I’m sorry, Niles. I don’t think you’re a sissy, if that helps,” Nina says.

I shake my head. “Can you ask her why she thinks that?” I can’t figure it out because I don’t think I’m a sissy.

Nina smirks. “She mentioned you wearing these tight outfits all the time, like her gay friends wear, like they want to impress other guys.”

“She wears tight little outfits,” I say.

Nina shrugs. “I know. That’s what she said.”

“Well, you defended me, didn’t you?”

“Of course, I did. She said you’re a closet gay. She’s not willing to set you up with any girlfriends, but she will with a guy,” Nina says. “I’m sorry. You’re barking up the wrong tree with Etta. She’s an odd goose. Go after someone who thinks you’re awesome just as you are.”

“Say, sis, do think I’m a sissy?”

“Niles, I think you’re my baby brother. I don’t think of you in terms like that,” she says.

“Good answer to skate around the question. But seriously, do I act like a sissy?”

“No, not to me. I realize you’re doing this to impress Etta. She’s her own person and she has some odd opinions. Stop trying to impress her and just be yourself. If she likes you, fine, if not, someone better will come along and make you forget Etta Marshall ever existed,” she says.

I nod and remove sis from the equation. She feels trapped between Etta, her best friend, and me, her baby brother. Perhaps if I approach her myself, I can figure out why she feels the way she does.

Etta perches on the sofa, stuffing her face with a bag of chips while she's catching up on her favorite TV series on DVR. She regards me with a smile as I sit opposite her and watch the last of the show with her. Out of respect, I keep quiet until the show is over.

"Man, that's a good ender," she says as she closes the bag and clips it shut.

"I was wondering if I could ask you something," I say.

"Shoot," she says and takes a long drink of her tea.

"Yeah, okay. Can you tell me what you think of me? I mean, like what do you really think of me?"

"Oh, is this about what Nina and I talked about with you the other day?"

I look like a deer caught in headlights. "If you mean when she asked if you had someone in mind for me to date, then yeah," I say.

"Aw, okay. So, what would you like to know exactly?"

“Well, what do you think of me. Not what you think your friends might think of me, but what do you think of me?” I ask.

Etta’s giggles always bring a smile to my face. Now she’s giggling as her face pinkens. “Niles, you’re like a baby brother to me. I can’t really think of you as any other way,” she says.

“Pretend I’m not Nina’s brother. What if we met on the street and I had an eye for you? Would that spark an interest?”

Shock crosses her face. “Oh,” she says as her eyes widen. “I didn’t realize.”

I grin and shake my head. “Didn’t realize that I’ve had a crush on you since the ninth grade?”

“Seriously? Why didn’t you say something way back when?”

“I was a young boy scared of my own shadow. You were my sister’s best friend and always dating someone. I kept it to myself. But you know, the age difference at this point isn’t that great a gap,” I say.

“This means you still have a thing for me?” Her brow lifts.

“Well, not the silly schoolboy crush. I mean we’re all adults here. Nina is worried about this, hoping things won’t get weird. I’m not aiming for weirdness,” I say.

“Oh wow, I’m oblivious. I’m not sure what to say here,” she says.

After lowering my head, I realize it’s a moot point. “It’s okay, Et. You don’t have to say anything,” I say. “I know when I’m defeated.”

“You’re not defeated, darling. You’ve thrown me is all. I guess I never saw this one coming,” she says.

“I don’t want it weird with us. Forget we ever had this conversation,” I say and hope we can go back to our normal friendship.

“Listen, Niles. You asked what I think of you, I’ll be honest. You don’t strike me as a manly man. I’m not trying to sound mean. What I’m saying is you just seem a little feminine. Like a sissy. I guess I’ve wondered about your sexuality,” she says.

My eyes dart to her. “My sexuality is as straight as a ruler. I assure you, I only like women,” I say.

“Okay, okay. I’m not debating it. But you wear these tight outfits and to me you’re just a wee bit sissified,” Etta says.

Ouch. “I work out and relax in the athletic clothes. I wear a uniform to work, I mean, I don’t understand where you are getting this,” I say. I’d really like to know.

“Oh, it’s okay, Niles. Be who you are. Don’t change just because I thought something. I’m an oddball, I’ve been told.”

I smirk. “It’s okay, I like oddballs,” I say. I figure I may as well see where this leads.

“Well, hmmm, so what now?” Her eyes widen.

“Well, hmmm is right. I mean, what the hell. Would you go out with me and explore our options? I’ll do all I can to make it not weird if it doesn’t work out,” I say.

“Go out?” She grimaces.

“Am I really that bad?”

“Not bad, just not my type. I mean, seriously, I thought you were a little, I don’t know, maybe swinging in the other tree. Not even a smidgen?”

“No! Never!”

“Alright, I believe you,” she says and shakes her head while chuckling.

“If you believe me, would you go out with me?”

“Mmmm, I don’t think so,” she says.

“Wait, if you think it will make things weird for us, it won’t, I promise to behave and if it doesn’t work out, then we’ll pretend it never happened,” I say.

“It’s not that, Niles. It’s that I don’t date guys like you,” she says.

“But I’ve told you I’m not like that.”

“But you see, I think you are. Why don’t you at least explore it,” she says.

“How?”

“Be feminine. Go out and explore your options.”

I shake my head. “I really don’t want to do that. Well, too bad...”

“Okay, if you’re not willing to do it, would you do it for me?”

“With you?”

She smiles. Oh, I’ve hit on something. “Sure. But I’d want you to fully immerse yourself into it. Like, I don’t think you’re willing to do it though,” she says.

“What? If you’ll be with me, I’ll do it,” I say resolutely.

She smiles as her brow lifts in amusement. “Well, this might just turn out to be really fun. But I’m warning you, it won’t be easy. I’m a complicated woman,” she says.

“Etta, I’ve known you for almost ten years, your complications have never turned me off,” I say.

“Okay. Well, if you want to do this, let it be between you and me and leave your sister out of it,” she says.

“I’m my own man. I don’t need Nina’s permission to do anything. This weekend she’s heading off on a canoe and camping float trip with our cousin anyway.”

“Good, it’s the perfect time to do this,” Etta says.

“What exactly will you want me to do?”

“Explore your personality. I think you have some tendencies that you need to consider. At least give it a shot. If you do this and you don’t feel you have these tendencies, then we’ll know, right?”

“Sure,” I say and shrug.

“Okay, I want you to dress in drag and go out with me to a club frequented by drag queens.”

Now it’s my turn to be shocked. Honestly, I had no clue what she’d suggest.
“Um, really?”

“Yes, really. Not only that, but to see if you have more attraction to men or women, I want you to wear a chastity belt. The belt won’t lie,” she says.

“A chastity belt?” I can’t believe this

“Yes. It’s simple and it will at least put my mind to rest on the topic of your sexuality. I think you’re cute I just want to see how you do dressed in drag and in a chastity belt,” she says.

“Uh, okay. I think,” I say.

Her face beams. “I think you’ll have a lot of fun and I think you’ll make some really eye-opening discoveries about yourself,” Etta says.

Later, Nina smiles suspiciously at me. “Are you sure you don’t want to come along on the camping trip? I mean there’s a bunch of us going, not just Trixie and me.”

I beam at my sister. May as well be out with it. “I have plans this weekend,” I say.

“Do tell,” she says as her brow lifts.

“It’s just a friendly date, mind you,” I say.

Her hand covers her mouth as she shakes her head. Eyes wide and smiling. “No! Seriously? She agreed?”

I hate that my sister can read me so well. “Yeah, we’re not wanting to make a big deal out of it. You know, so it won’t get weird or anything,” I say.

“But I can tell you are so excited about it. What’s the plans?” Nina sits on her bed and bounces as she waits for me to spill it.

I'm not about to tell her everything. I'm surprised Etta hasn't said anything, but then we agreed not to talk about it to Nina. "It's just a simple date, you know, dinner and maybe dancing. Heading to a club. Nothing too exciting. It's just more of us going out as friends and exploring options," I say. Keep it low just in case it doesn't work out with Etta and me.

"Well, I'm happy for you two," she says.

"Thanks. But please don't make a big deal out of it. We're not. Just a friendly date."

"I know. I won't even say anything to her. She hasn't told me about it, so she's just being private. I respect that. Besides, I won't be here, so what happens here will stay between the walls here," she says and winks at me.

"I highly doubt it will go that far," I say as I shake my head. But I also highly doubt it won't not go that far, given what Etta plans for me to wear. We'll see. I'm not spilling all the sordid little details to my sister. Let her think we're just having a nice sweet little friendly date.

After Nina leaves, it's just Etta and me in the house. She's in and out all day, giving me a knowing smile as she carries items to her bedroom. I say nothing as I know she's preparing for our adventure, for my adventure. I'm both excited and dreading it at the same time. Excited, because it's a date with Etta. Dreading it, because I'm not a drag queen, and yet I'm going to dress the part, with a chastity belt to boot.

“Ready, dearest?” Etta smiles as she stands in the hall, beckoning to me.

I rise from the sofa. I’d been reading an online magazine about food. Ha-ha. Trying to take my mind off the events about to unfold. “I’m all yours,” I say as I enter her room.

A red dress hangs over the closet door, a pair of black heels in a large size sits underneath. On the bed are a bra big enough for me and yet flat, and a pair of silk panties, both in black lace. I shake my head and she grins at me as she holds up the chastity belt and wags her brow. Inhaling deeply, I advance into the room, ready to get it on.

“Come sit in the bathroom. I’m going to fix your face,” Etta says.

“I can’t believe I’ve agreed to this,” I say as Etta paints my face.

“I can. I think you want to explore it,” she says and wags her brow again.

“I’m not sure about that. I’m agreeing to this to impress you,” I admit.

“Well, you have dear. Now, shut your eyes and be still,” she says. When I open my eyes, I have impossibly long lashes she just glued to my lids. My face is unrecognizable. Lastly, she fixes an auburn wig to my head, so now I have soft waves that hit my shoulders and the top is teased high. Ridiculous.

“Do you want me to help you dress, or do you want to put on the underwear in the bathroom?”

“You can help me,” I say. I’m not ashamed of what I have.

“Okay,” she says.

I step out of my clothes and I’m down to my underwear. She turns away as I step out of everything and slide into the panties and bra. She turns back around and helps me with the chastity belt. I groan because my cock is extending.

“Now listen, you want to keep that down for now,” she says as she adjusts the belt.

“I can’t help it. And this should put to rest how I feel about you and women in general,” I say confidently.

The dress stretches over my body, the chastity belt underneath is barely hidden. I stumble in the heels, but with a little practice, I get it right.

“Okay, love, you’re my girlfriend for the night. Niles becomes Nellie,” she says and grins.

“Nellie, huh?” I climb into her car and let her be the dominate one tonight. I’m hoping my willingness will gain points.

“Are you excited?”

“Um, partially.”

“Why partially?”

“I’m in a dress, in a chastity belt. Not really my idea of a date, but hey, I’m hoping to show you I’m willing to do what it takes to show you what kind of many I really am,” I say.

“Good to know. So far, you’re impressing me,” she says as we drive to the city.

Ice Dumplings is a flashy night club, known for the flamboyancy of its patrons. Couples march to the doors and honestly, I can’t tell men from women. Bright and flashy with colorful hair, ridiculous make-up, platform heels, butchy women, normal couples, if there’s such a thing as normal. I really do fit in here as we walk to the door. Etta is wearing a pair of tight capris and a low-cut scoop neck top in violet. Her golden strappy sandals and matching jewelry sparkles in the glimmering and flashing lights.

Etta acts as if we’ve been an item forever. She is also very at home at this club, as the bouncer knows her and so does the bartender, Keith. She brings us a Long Island Tea and to start we sit at the tall table and watch people for a few minutes. I must admit how I’m mesmerized by the drag queens. While drinking, I forget I’m dressed in drag too until a couple of queens come up and smile at us.

“Etta, who’s this lovely lady?” the tall dark-skinned one asks.

“Oh, Hanna, this is Nellie, my girlfriend. Isn’t she lovely? A product of my making. Tonight’s her first time out,” Etta says.

The drag queen bats his eyes at me. “Well, darling, you fit right in. This is my girlfriend, Sharma,” Hanna says and turns to the other queen.

Sharma has pale skin and a little chunky but dressed to the tee none the less. I smile and nod. “Perhaps you’d save a dance for me later?” Hanna asks.

My brow lifts as I dart my eyes to Etta.

“Oh, she’d love too,” Etta says on my behalf.

I resolve to please her, after all I’m here in a dress and a chastity belt. I wouldn’t do this for just anyone. We enjoy another drink, this time a shot of whiskey.

“This will help loosen you,” she says.

Of course, it will. When Hanna returns, he holds out his hand. “Sharm is on the floor in another’s arms. Time for me to take you for a test spin.”

I grin and wince inwardly as I stand while wanting to super impress the lady. I know Etta is wanting to see my reaction via the chastity belt if I become excited while in the man's arms. I have news for her, my weenie has retreated into an innie at this point.

Hanna smiles as he leads, his hands resting on my back. He leans in and takes a deep breath. "Oh, you smell good, sweetie. Sharma should be worried," he says as he rears back and winks.

"Thank you," I say. I'm not sure what else he wants me to say.

Chuckling, he adds, "You're not comfortable, are you?"

I shake my head. "No, this isn't really me. I'm doing this for her," I say as I nod towards Etta. She grins and waves as I peer at her across the dance floor.

"I see. So, you have no interest in exploring other options?"

"I'm sorry, but no. I'm straight all the way. Playing around with cross-dressing to impress the lady," I say and wink at the man. I did it for Etta. Her brow shoots up in shock.

The song ends and Hanna parts from me. "Thanks for the dance, dear. You best pull your lady to the floor and show her what you've got," he says and winks.

I move to Etta and she has a mug of beer waiting. “I figure you needed this,” she says.

“Thanks,” I mutter and take a long drink of the draft. “Now, I’m glad that’s over.”

“How are things?” She glances at my crotch.

I chuckle. “Yeah, I forgot I was wearing the belt,” I say.

“Interesting,” she says. She finishes her beer as do I and this time she stands and pulls me to the dance floor. I don’t care that she’s wanting to flaunt me as a drag queen, I’m still a man and I take the lead.

“Now, I’m growing uncomfortable,” I say as my cock hits metal.

“Interesting,” she says again.

I wince. “Is that all you can say? You wanted to see if I would be more uncomfortable with men or with women, well, honey, my peter hasn’t come out to play until now, and he’s trying. Ouch.”

She laughs. Her arms entwine around my neck and she pulls me to her and

gently blows into my ear. A shiver runs down my spine and I groan as I hold her tight to me, but the pain of not being able to let my little man extend grows intense. “Seems like you’re a bit achy?”

“I am very achy in a blue balls way,” I admit.

“Maybe you’ve satisfied me. I’m convinced of your sexuality,” she says.

“Good, can we remove the belt, please?” I ask. She holds the key.

Grinning, she nods. “Yes, when we get back home.”

“Why?”

“I left the key on my nightstand,” she says.

On the way home, Etta laughs at my discomfort. I’m squirming and adjusting as best I can. The dress and heels and belt have about done me in. While I’m finding it fun to wear the women’s clothing, I’m not with the belt.

“So, are you convinced of my affiliation now?”

“Maybe. I might need some more convincing,” she says as she grins at me.

Dammit. My cock hits metal again, and I groan as I double over. This is almost as bad as being hit square in the balls. Well, maybe not that bad, but bad enough that I never want to wear a damn chastity belt again.

Once we're home, I'm not sure what to expect. I've satisfied Etta's curiosity about my sexual leanings. I'm hoping it opens a door for other options with our friendship. I can't even walk straight, because my cock is literally smooshed against the belt.

"Come on, big boy," Etta says she grabs my hand and we walk to her bedroom. The key is on her nightstand and she grabs it and waggles her brow.

"Okay, please, I need relief," I say as I turn and let her unzip the dress. It falls to the floor like a whisper and she carefully unlocks the belt. I shove the device off and finally, my cock extends. Etta looks at it like she's seeing me for the first time.

I pull her to me, showing her how manly I am. She giggles as she rears back. "I'm sorry, before I can take you seriously, let's remove the make-up."

"Thought you'd never suggest it!"

In the bathroom, Etta gently pulls the eyelashes from my eyes and washes my face. I smile and we dive into each other. Her lips part as I lean in and the heat flashes through us hot and bright. I stand as she wraps her legs around my waist. Instead of carrying her into the bedroom, I set her down while she quickly comes

out of her pants and panties. Once I set her on the counter, I bend down and shoulder between her thighs, her luscious muff glistens with desire.

She moans as I bend forward and kiss her sweet hardening knob. Her fingers lace through my hair, her moans increasing with each swipe of my tongue through the soft warm folds. The lower lips slick nicely while my tongue swirls and bears down over her clit. Lapping through the slit, I moan, the sweet flavor dancing over my tongue causing my cock to stiffen into a brick bat. She pushes in with her hands as her body quakes, the orgasm taking hold, her muff turning a dark purple while she cries out in ecstasy. I keep my tongue moving until she shoves me away.

After I stand, I growl as I gather her into my arms and this time carry her to her bed. She turns on me and leaps into my arms, her wet muff pressing against my belly as her legs wrap around my waist. I want to lay her down and plow into her, but she has other plans. Instead, when I set her on the bed, she hops up and pulls me down, having me land on my back. With a big grin, she climbs on top of me, her round boobs jiggling as she crawls on me and straddles my waist. I groan while she bends over me, her lips moving over my chest, suckling my little nipples, nibbling on my neck. I turn on her and whip around, this time she's on bottom and my lips travel over her face and neck. Her hard nubs turn into steel as I playfully bite each one, not hard, of course. She moans and pulls me to her as our lips meet again in a heated passion that takes us both by surprise. Just as I think I'm going to part her sweet legs again, she shoves me back and pushes me to the pillows, set on riding me instead.

I let her, as I relax, my cock so hard I can't see straight. She hoists her sweet little body over mine and gingerly sits on me, my cock burrowing up into her tight soft pussy. I groan with her body squeezing me just right. Her hips wiggle and bounce over my stiff pole, each time she comes down, I nearly lose it in her. I lurch up, meeting with her moves while she grinds over me. Bending forward, she scrubs her hard clit against my cock, sparking her pleasure all over again. Right before the cum settles into the base of my cock, Etta's pelvis explodes

again. She thrashes over me, her breathing fast and hard.

“Oh, fuck! Again!” she yells as she moans and moves.

Suddenly, the cum in my cock explodes from me and fills her tight tunnel, making it slicker. She shimmies her pelvis as we grind through the waves of pleasure rocking through our bodies at the same time. Coming down, she slows and lops over resting her head on my chest. I wrap my arms around her, while I’m still embedded in her, and we simply breathe in rhythm.

She rises first, leaving a mess on my lap of a mixture of us in a great plop. I wince while she giggles. “The joys of being on bottom,” she says and hops up.

I blow out a breath and thrust my hands behind my head. She turns to me and lifts her brow. “Coming?”

“What?”

“Shower? I mean, I really don’t want that mess leaking on my comforter,” she says.

I’m not sure what to expect with Etta now that we’ve had our date. It certainly turned out better than I had hoped, and yet neither of us has expressed any plans. It’s kind of hard since we already live together.

In the shower, she's friendly, her hands soaping my body and allowing me to soap hers. After we dry off it is late and I don't want to push things between us. We head to our own rooms I suppose to sleep it off. Just as I settle in bed, a soft rap at my door causes a blush to ride across my face. Etta walks in wearing her usual nighttime sleep shirt and settles on my bed, pulling a foot under her.

"Are we good?" she asks.

I smile. "You tell me," I say.

"Well, I mean, obviously, you won't want to tell your sister what we did tonight. I mean, I had a great time."

Here it comes, the I had a great time, but let's just remain friends talk. I nod as the smile vanishes from my face.

"What are you thinking?" She peers into my eyes.

"I'm not sure, honestly."

"Are you interested in me still? Did I disappoint?"

I laugh. "You? Disappoint me? Hardly," I say.

“Good.”

“Did I disappoint you? Are you convinced of my manliness?”

Her hand strokes the side of my face. “Doll, you’re definitely a man. I’m no longer thinking of you as a sissy, if that’s what you mean. It won’t be weird for us, will it?”

“You know, I hope not. I’m not pushing anything though. You had a date with me, and it turned out better than I had hoped,” I say.

“That so?”

“Yeah, and if a certain lady were to want a second date, I’d be willing to do it all again,” I say and grin while she nods, returning the grin.

THE END

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