



SCARLETT STEELE

SISSY

Training The Brute Boyfriend In An Afternoon Of Sissification
Forced Feminization And Facesitting!



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female domination, ballbusting and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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"You should think of yourself as one like a girl for being on my arm," Drew says.

I know he's joking, but the joke still stings. I walk along keeping my mouth shut and he yanks my arm. "What was that for?" I ask.

"Smile, you can't seem to take a joke, can you?" he asks.

I look at him and shrug. "Sometimes it's hard to tell when you're joking with

me," I say.

I say the truth, a lot of times he is joking and I can't tell right off. But on occasion when he doesn't, I never know how he's going to react. He likes to lord over me, taking charge and teaching me a lesson. We move along, and we pause while he looks me in the eye.

"I'm joking with you. I don't think of myself as better than you. I think of myself as lucky to have you on my arm. But I would like it if you would learn how to recognize a joke when I tell one," he says.

I smile with a nod. Of course, I should've known a comment like that isn't one he'd say to inflict harm on me. "I'm sorry, you're right." I smile at him and we move along.

I stroll along and end up at his place. I sigh as I sit on the sofa and wait for him to prepare for bed. When we're at his house it is a foregone conclusion that we will do what he wants. He pokes his head around the corner and he nods for me. I rise to him and walk up the hall and see he's fixed us a bath. I really wasn't in the mood for a bath, but that's okay.

"Women love baths, so I thought we'd take one together," he says.

I smile. Maybe I could rethink this bath thing. I come out of my clothes and sink in with him across from me. It's been a long day, and I work as a pharmaceutical technician standing on my feet all day. He manages a department store in town, so he is pretty much on his feet as well. I slide my foot up his leg and he lifts her brow.

"Oh really?" he asks.

I'm not sure what he means by that. When he says oh really and I just look at him and smile. I'm feeling a little bit nervous because I'm not sure what he wants to do tonight. Who knows? It's always up for grabs.

He pokes his pelvis up and down his cock is long and hard as his head pops out the bubbles. "My mister mister would like a kiss from you," he says.

I don't like this. I don't like giving blow jobs in a bubble bath because I really don't care to taste the bubbles. He's bucking his cock up and down and wants it. I smile as I crawl into him, and act like I want to do this. I try to keep the peace between us, for me to do what he wants me to do. If I say I don't want to do it, it will cause an argument. So, I try to please him.

I reach him and sit with my back against him. "If it's all the same, can we not do this in the bathtub," I say.

He actually pouts. "You're no fun," he says. He reaches down and pulls up the drain stopper. We barely got our bodies wet. I push myself forward and push the stopper back down.

I crawl back to him and smile though it is forced he can't tell. He's only thinking with his cock right now. I bend down to his cock in which is popping out of the water. Stupid me, I could have let the water drain out to anyway so at least I wouldn't have to hold my breath. I bend down and lick over the top of his head,

tasting the bubble bath. Though it says it's cherry blossom, it doesn't taste like cherry blossom. It tastes like soap. Plain and simple, soap. He thrusts his pelvis forward, as I suck on him. It could take so long that he gets weary as I decide to get out. This I could just do it, get it done and I will not have to worry about doing something later. I place myself between his legs and I accidentally kick the stopper from the drain. But I act like I don't notice because I want the water to leave. I bend down and suck his cock into my mouth. I work on him heartily, sucking his head to the back of my throat. His hands come up to my hair and lace through my damp resses. I have to shower off after this, just to rinse my hair. He wears me out, literally. This was supposed to be a relaxing bath and it ends up being a major pain.

I suck him as I run my hand down the shaft and cup his balls with my other hand. The water drains and only the bubbles remain behind. He's groaning and bucking his ass up and down. And suddenly, he lurches forward emptying the cun inside my mouth. I swallow it along with soapy taste, and I want to gag. But I swallow it anyway and I'm finally done.

I sit back, not sure if he wants to give to me just as I gave to him. He smiles as he pitches the towel to me.

"If it's all the same, I'd rather be in bed when I do you," he says.

I nod feeling a bit activated as I look at him. "I thought the same, I need to rinse the soap bubbles out of my hair," I say. I don't give him time to reply as I step in the shower and wash myself off once again rinsing the soap out of my hair.

I come to bed and he's already there, thumbing through one of his hobby magazines. At least he puts it down and smiles when I crawl in. I've already lost the desire to do anything with him and I'd rather just fall asleep.

“Why are you dressed? I haven’t had my midnight snack yet,” he says and smacks his lips.

At least he has that going for him. He’s a gentleman in this regard where he wants to make sure he focuses on me and makes sure I have a good time too. He pulls me down, his fingers digging into my ribs in tickle fashion. I can’t help but giggle and thrash about as he’s pinning me down while I squeal.

“Stop! Okay, okay, I’ll let you have your damn midnight snack,” I say as I lift my ass and yank down my panties.

“Now, that’s more like it. Look at you, pretending you aren’t interested in doing something. My little lady deserves a good orgasm too,” Drew says.

He swipes his tongue through my valley, causing instant pleasure to rush into my body. I moan as I succumb to it as the waves of ecstasy wash over me. His tongue swirls over my clit while his hands come up and grab my nipples, pinching and tugging. I moan from it, my body caving in as suddenly my pelvis explodes. I buck my ass up and down, as I moan through the pulses of pleasure washing through me. Finally, I’m done.

“Stop! Please!” I say as I push him back.

He looks up, his face glistening as he grins and crawls up to me for a big sloppy kiss. I don’t fight it as he won’t let me get away from him.

I'm frustrated because it seems like whenever we're together, it's always what he wants. Try as I might, it just seems like more and more I get aggravated and keep it held within. I mean, don't get me wrong, Drew's a great guy but he's very domineering over me. He's never hit me, or anything, but he dominates me through getting his way. As long as he gets his way, he's happy.

I roll away from him as he falls asleep, he's already had his thrill and I suppose I have to. But it leaves me feeling less than satisfied.

The next day, he wakes up before I do and I walk into my kitchen to find him cooking breakfast for me. See what I mean? He's a great guy, that he'll do things for me that's very sweet and kind on one hand. Then on the other hand he goes in the opposite direction and demands his way. Still, I feel like I can take the good with the bad and the good outshines the bad.

"You like omelettes, with ham and cheddar cheese, right?" he asks as he beams a smile at me.

"Yes, thank you so much. Do you have onions and tomatoes as well?" I ask.

He nods to the little dishes that he's already chopped onions and tomatoes. "Already ahead of you here," he says. He pours the eggs into the pan as it sizzles. And then he adds the ham and the cheddar cheese along with the onions and the tomatoes. He's taken a great deal of care in creating the breakfasts. I walk over to the coffee pot and pour myself with a cup of coffee and I realize I can't be too dissatisfied with the man as he tries so hard to please me in other areas. Plus he is a gentleman, even when he has his way.

"Look, I need to work late over the next couple of days. Let's meet up again on the weekend, if you want," I say.

"Aw, I will miss you," he says as he shoves the plate towards me.

I can't help the smile. "You can always text me," I say.

He grins at me. "You mean sext you?" he asks.

Again, this is an area that I really don't care to participate in, but I do it for him. I smile and nod. "Of course, if I'm able to I will," I say.

We spend a few days apart, and it does the heart good. We end up meeting together again at the mall courtyard where we always stroll to one of our favorite restaurants. The outdoor mall is located in an area that has a lot of businesses we enjoy frequenting along the streets within walking distance. It helps us to be able to park in the mall parking area and then go by foot. I enjoy nights like this, as is clear and the stars are out twinkling above. We walk along, hand-in-hand after having been away from each other for a few days. I admit that I'm even happy to see him as he pulls me into an embrace and lays his lips on mine and spins me around.

I'm feeling a little bit frisky, and I have some things I want to do tonight. I smile up at him as I wag my brow. "Come to my house later, I think I might enjoy taking advantage of you," I say.

He peers at me and shakes his head. Oh no, here it comes. "What if I already have plans for later?" he asks.

"You've not said anything to me about it, if you do," I say as we walk along. I stare straight ahead, not giving him the satisfaction of making eye contact.

"Well, it's not like you let me know what you have planned either. Maybe I have a hankering for something specific. We're at an impasse, what do we do?" he asks.

I pause and look at him. "What would it hurt to let me choose for once what we do at the end of our date?" I ask.

"But you're the lady, you're not allowed to make decisions like that," he says as he chuckles.

Now I'm steaming. And here again, I can't tell if he's joking with me or if he means business. Because when it comes to his cock being hard, it's never a joke. It's always about what he wants to do at that moment. I take the moment and glance down to see if he has a telltale bulge in his pants. I don't see one, so I'm not sure. I allow my eyes to swing back up at him as he is still staring down at me.

I shake my head and walk on, our hands slip out as I march ahead. He can catch up since he's the man with longer legs than me.

He peers at me, his eyes narrowing. I'm about growing tired of it, his brutal way of trying to make me cower to him. He doesn't like it if he doesn't get his way, and when I try to do something that's not in character for what he wants, he tries to lord over me. I don't have to take this, I can let go.

"What? Why are you such a sissy when it comes to me being in charge for once?" I ask.

I am in the mood to dominate him. He never likes that he only likes to be the one who dominates me, all the time.

"It's just that I don't think it's right for a woman to be the one in charge. You women need so much to make love that I think that the men should be the one to decide how it's done," he says.

He's a different man when he's horny. Yet he can be very nice too. He's very polite and respectful to me most of the time. When he gets a hard on he only continues being nice and respectful if he's getting his way. Most of the time, I don't mind. He loves me and we have a great time. Once in a while I'd like to do something a little different and it's not in it for him. I bite back the tears, because I don't want to have to do this again. But I know that if I don't give in to him he'll be grouchy butt to me the rest of the evening.

I let out a breath as I cave into what he wants. He grabs me and smiles as he places his hand on my back.

"Now, that's more like it," he says as he moans. I lie there, and let him drag his cock through my slit. He focuses on my clit and I try to ignore it, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of fucking me. But he's a master at it, as his finger comes up and dances over my taught nipples. I can't help it, as the pleasure floods into my pelvis at the bearing down of his cock it on my clit. I moan, and let it wash over me as my pelvis explodes. He pierces through my slit, pounding into me fast and hard. As I am rocking through the ways of pleasure, he's poking me fast and hard. Finally, he comes just as the orgasm wanes on me. I don't care, as I lie there limply and let him finish. When he gets off her peers into my face. Is that a look of concern or angst? He rises and stands.

"Nice of you to turn into a limp fish afterward," he says as he disappears into the bathroom.

I sit up and pull the covers to me, covering me. I hear the showering running and I hated that it had to turn out this way. Normally we cuddle after sex. Not this time, because I didn't act the way he wanted me to act. And he didn't get his way, so he's punishing me for it by not cuddling.

I get up and dress, and before he's out of the shower I leave. I don't know what this means, are we breaking up? He's such an ass hole at times. But no sooner than I arrive home he's pulling up into my driveway behind me, following me. See? That's what I mean, he can be such a sweet puppy dog when he wants to.

He rushes out of his car and comes to me and pulls me into his arms. He dips me low and kisses me fully on the lips. And then he rears back, peering into my eyes.

"Why did you leave before saying goodbye or giving me a nice goodbye kiss?"

I bite my lower lip as I look at him, and I contemplate breaking up with him right then. But he is so concerned, and he follows me to my porch. I soften my stance as I grab his hand and pull him inside my house. We say nothing as we get ready for bed, and I hop in the shower real quick and crawl in bed beside him and sleep the entire night.

I have time to think about it though because I won't forget what happened the other night. This seems to be a sickening repeating record where he doesn't get his with me. Then when I act like I'm leaving him, he comes up to me after me like a puppy dog. This has to end. But it doesn't have to and if he can just give a little to me. I brew over it for a couple of days, making sure I'm too busy to see him. Of course, he wants to see me. He's a horny man and he's growing even more so. I keep him away though, because I know it's his way or no way at all. I decided to have him come over so we can talk.

When I open the door he smiles sweetly and pulls me to him in a nice passionate kiss. I admit, he turns me on and makes me want to be with him. However, we need to have this talk, I'm getting this off my chest. I push back and smile at him.

"Drew, we've got to talk," I say.

We go into my living room as I sit on the sofa. I sit forward as he sits there, his eyes searching mine, he has a worried look on his face.

"Nicole, what's wrong?" he asks. One time he told me one of his fears is me breaking up with him. Perhaps this is what I need to do, to get him to think and to be nicer to me.

"I'm not so sure it's going to work out between us. I mean, I love you, I really do. Sometimes you can act like such a bear with me and I don't like it. You never let me have my way, ever. Your thoughts on our relationship are for me to cower from you. It's not what you want all the time. Every relationship is both people putting in half with give-and-take. You never let me decide what we can do. I don't want to decide all the time. But I'm tired of your brutish behavior with me. I just know that I don't want to go on in a relationship like this," I say.

I'm truly surprised by the shocked look on his face. Surely, he knew this was coming. He looks as if he's about to cry, and he's such a masculine man, yet a tear threatens to shed. "Nicole, I don't want us to break up. What can I do to stop this from happening?" he asks.

I truly wasn't expecting him to react like this. I can't help but want to do something to help make it okay. "I guess I've tried to be the one in charge a few times and you've always shot me down. I don't know if you are interested or not. To be honest, I've grown very weary of us making love the way we do," I say.

He slides to the floor and actually goes down on his knees. My eyes grow wide as he gathers my hands in his. "Nicole, please, I love you. I know I'm a brute, and I need to work on that. Please, don't throw away what we have. Please, give me a chance," he says.

"You say this now, but I'm afraid that if you get very horny you're not going to be satisfied with it. I don't know, Drew, if you're capable of changing or of letting go of control," I say.

"I am! Please, let me prove it to you. Please, think of something that I can do to

prove it. Think of some way. Let's make love right now and you can have complete charge," he says.

I take a deep breath as I think about it. Too many times he shows me that he can't do this. I think he needs a big dose of his own medicine, something to humiliate him now so he won't do it again. Maybe if he's willing to do something like that, then I can see as having a future.

"Listen, I need to see that you learned your lesson with me. I really don't like the way you've treated me as of recently. It's hard for me to say in words only that it's not okay. Would you be willing to let me have my way in a big way for a date just to show you how it feels?" I ask.

"Anything. I'll do anything, I don't want to lose you," he says.

"Okay, let me prepare for the evening and we'll go out, tomorrow night," I say.

He nods as he stands. "Does this mean you don't want to be with me right now?" he asks.

"Yes, I'm sorry I don't mean to hurt you. But I need to see that you're serious about this before I invest any more time into our relationship. If you show me you can do this without a fight then I'll believe you. So go home and think about it and try to imagine what it would be like in a relationship giving equally the give-and-take instead of you always being in charge of our love life," I say.

"Is my word not good enough?" he asks.

"Words are just words. I need to see action. A good way is to submit yourself to what I want starting right now. I want you to leave and I want you to think about this. If you decide you don't want to pursue a relationship with it being give-and-take equally, 50-50 between the two of us, then don't show up at my house tomorrow night," I say as I lead him to the door.

He pauses at the door and turns to me, taking me into his arms. "Nicole, I love you. I'll prove this to you. You will see me tomorrow night," he says.

I smile. I lift my chin as our lips touch. It's a kiss that he tries to allow us to heat up, but I push back stopping it.

"See you tomorrow night then," I say as a smile.

After he leaves I am thinking about what I can do to really prove my point. I come up with a plan, something that we've never done, something that he would never let me do, I'm pretty sure. But I feel like it's something that can really drive the point home. Maybe after that we can have a fresh start, a better relationship. If he doesn't show up then it isn't meant to be.

He sends me a text before he goes to bed.

I love you, Nicole. I look forward to seeing you tomorrow night.

I sent one back just a quick and sweet reply.

I love you.

I have to move on with this, I need to do this for my own sanity. The next day I awaken, and I clean my house. I decided we should go out, be a couple, go out to eat, dance, maybe see a movie , I don't know. I'll let him decide that. I take my time getting ready, soaking in the tub with my fresh bath beads, and then I dress in a semi-little classic black dress. It's body hugging and hits mid thigh. There's a slit up the back so it will turn his ticker for sure. I wear my spiked heels, and I fix my golden blonde hair just so, with soft curls which frame my face and brush against my shoulders.

At 6 o'clock he rings my doorbell. I just applied my lipstick and I step into the spiked heels. I open the door and greet him with a smile and a kiss.

He whistles, his eyes roaming over my body. "Wow, you look great. Are we going out?" he asks.

I look at him, he's dressed in business casual, wearing a plaid button up shirt and a pair of khaki pants with his dress boots. I grab my bag.

"Sure, I figured we'll grab a steak at the bar and grill and maybe have some dancing. If you want to go to a movie, we can do that too," I say as we walk out the door. He hesitates to walk to his car.

"Don't you want to drive?" he asks.

Again, I laugh. "No, you can drive. I want to show you what it's like to have a completely equal give-and-take relationship. I still enjoy being treated like a woman, I really enjoy you opening the door and such," I say. He certainly knows how to be sweet and respectful when he wants to.

He's fidgety during our steak dinner, and I relax as we eat. After which I drag him across the patio to the dance floor. I step to the bar and order a couple of draft beers. "Here, you need to relax more," I say as I hand him the mug.

"I can't help it, I feel like our relationship is at stake. I don't want to lose you, I do anything," he says.

"You're off to a good start. Come on, treat me like a lady let's dance and have a good time."

"Okay," he says as he sweeps me off my feet in a twirl over the dance floor. I'm delighted by the careful attention he is paying me as we sway to the music. When the beat slows, he pulls me to him in an embrace.

"This is how I love being with you," he says. He leans in and our lips meet. I groan as I wrap my arms around him, holding him tightly to me. I don't want to lose him. I have high hopes it will work out between us. But we'll see.

"Let's head back to my house," I say after three more dances. We've limited the

alcohol consumption since he's driving. I'm not much of a drinker anyway.

When we arrive at my home, he's very prompt in opening the car door for me and escorting me to the front door.

I giggle at the way he's acting, and I hope it holds through. Once at my home I step out of my shoes and go to the kitchen. I will probably make a pot of coffee.

"So we need to be sober for this next part?" he asks.

I look at him, tilting my head to this. "You know, we don't," I say as I shove the coffeepot back into its container and don't make the coffee. Instead, I pull out wine glasses and pour us a glass of white wine. I carry the glasses into the living room as he nervously follows me. Usually, normally, by now he's at me, wanting me to follow him to the bedroom. But he's not this time. He's hanging back and waiting. I rather like this new him. I settle on the sofa and curl my feet up under me. He's looking at me, waiting.

"Relax, Drew, I'm not going to kick you out on your ear. This has been a very good evening so far. Come on, let's enjoy this glass of wine and then we'll move on to the next phase for a date," I say as I hold up my glass to him.

He nods as he takes his seat. I flick the TV on and we watch some mindless show for a few moments. And then I smile at him.

"I'm going to go take a shower. You may head into my bedroom and prepare for

an evening of fun. Relax, and lose the clothing," I say as I smile.

He doesn't argue with me as he follows me back there. I disappear into the shower as I want to wash my body for this next part. What I have in mind may be a little bit on the cruel side, but it's also going to be clean. I shave and wash and dry off and step out into the bedroom. He settled in the bed under the covers, his body naked. His brow lifts as he looks at my naked body.

"I like what I see. This is nice," he says as he lifts the cover for me.

I hold out my finger and shake my head as I wag it, my finger that is. "No, I want you to lie sideways on the bed with your head here," I say as I step up to the edge of the bed.

He crawls out the covers and does just as I ask. I smile at him and bend over and kiss him and massage his shoulders. He's awfully tense, I know he's waiting for the hammer to fall.

"Now listen, you need to take what I'm doing and not complain. This is part of it. And I won't lift myself until I get off, okay?" I say.

His eyes widen as he looks up at me. His cock is already hard, so I feel like he's going to like what I'm doing.

"Okay, aye aye captain.," he says as he laughs.

I lift my ass gingerly and settle over him, my ass covering over his face. He grins as I come down with my muff firmly over his mouth and chin. "Now get me off," I say. I brace myself on the edge of the bed as he groans, his hands come up to help me over him, but he doesn't try to move me.

"It's all the same, keep your hands by your side. If you have to, sit on them. I promise, I will not suffocate you," I say.

He chuckles and says a muffled yes. I continue sitting over him, grinding my pussy into his face. His tongue juts out as he swipes through my soft warm folds and works his way up to my clit. It swells as I lean forward, grinding myself onto him. I move my ass, placing his tongue where I want it. He moans, and enjoys it. I continue grinding over him, lifting every few seconds to give him a chance to breathe. My body is drawing closer to the edge of coming, as I lean forward the pleasure pulses through me. Suddenly, I grind onto him fast and hard as my pelvis explodes. I keep my clit at his mouth and he sucks, sucking and swirling his tongue over it. I come for a few moments, yelling out and groaning and finally, it's done. I lift quickly and sit on the side of the bed beside him.

I look down at him and smile. His face glistens with my lube, his brow lifts. "Thank you, that was nice," I say.

He sits up and rolls to the side facing me. His cock is still standing out long and hard. "Okay, I did good?" he asks.

"Yes, now I want you to lie back and settle on the pillow," I say.

He does as I say and adjusts himself over the pillow. I'm still in charge, I want to

take this as far as I can. I hoist my body over him, as I want top of him. It's my choice. A lot of times he likes me on my back or on my belly but not this time. I laugh as I pull my muff over his long hard cock and I take his cock in my hand as I gently guide him inside of me. I sit down, fully engulfing him within me. He groans as his hands come up and grasps my hips. I let him, as he helped me to move over him. And before he got off, I stopped completely off of him. He groaned, from angst's time. I quickly crawled back on him, this time in reverse cowgirl. I grabbed his cock again and I found my muff over it with me facing away from him. And then I bounce on him fast and hard. His hands come up and help, as he grinds his cock grows longer and harder. I leaned forward, seeing his confidence quit as my body exploded once again. Appended to him fast and hard as he lurches forward, filling my pussy from on top. We walked together through the waves of pleasure and finally, what about done.

I giggle and lift off him and I strain extra hard to leave the mess on him.

"Fuck! You left a mess on me," he says.

I hop up and rush to the bathroom so I can clean myself. "You deserve it," I say as I giggle.

He hops up and rushes into the bathroom on my heels. He grabs me after I rise from the toilet. He looks down into my face as he runs his fingers through my hair. "Are we okay now?" he asks.

"We are if you will let us have an equal time of give-and-take. Because if you don't, I'm calling it off," I say as I shake my head.

"Oh honey, you've taught me a great lesson here. You can face sit anytime you want. And yes, we can take turns choosing how we do things," he says.

"My turn," he says as he pulls me into the shower and starts the water.

I giggle as I let him have his way. He pours the soap in his bare hands and rubs it over my body, taking extra time to clean all my curves and crevices. He focuses extra long on the valley between my legs, bringing me to a third orgasm very quickly. I groan as I settle back against the wall and when I'm done, I shove his hand away and rinse off.

I giggle wickedly as I take the soap into my hand and do the same for him. After I rub it over his entire body I focus on his cock which is hard again.

"I'm not sure I can do this again," he says.

"You will if I tell you to," I say and I keep grinning.

I run my hand over his cock as it grows hard. He closes his eyes and bucks into my hands, and finally, his cock squirts a little bit of cum into my hands as he comes for a second time. When he stands, he gently takes my hands and pushes back and rinses his cock.

I laugh as I entwine my arms around him. "You know, Drew, I love you very much. Thank you for doing this for me. I look forward to the new road our relationship is on," I say.

We relax in bed as he snuggles under the covers with me and he falls fast asleep.
I think for the first time in a couple of days he's actually truly relaxed.

THE END

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