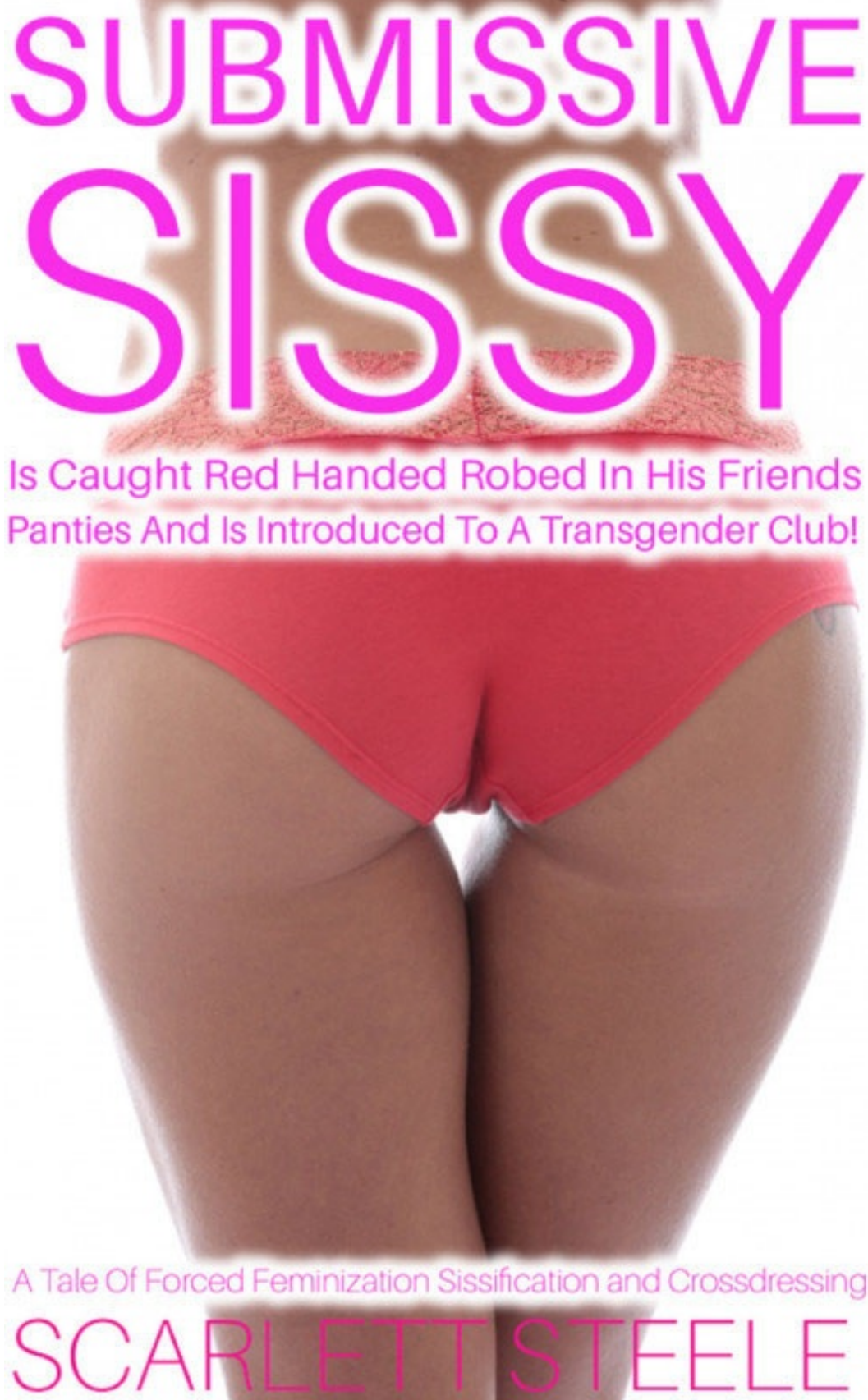


SUBMISSIVE SISSY



Is Caught Red Handed Robed In His Friends
Panties And Is Introduced To A Transgender Club!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE

SUBMISSIVE SISSY

Is Caught Red Handed Robbed In His Friends
Panties And Is Introduced To A Transgender Club!

A Tale Of Forced Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

SCARLETT STEELE

Submissive Sissy Is Caught Red Handed Robed In His Friends Panties And Is Introduced To A Transgender Club!

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2019

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, pegging 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.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

For more stories of Femdom, Sissification, Facesitting, Ballbusting, Pegging and more - check out my Smashwords Author page -

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>

I shook Mr. Walton's hand and did a skip walking out of the office. I'm officially gainfully employed now after a long dry season of pounding the pavement trying to find a job. I wasn't going to take just any job and while I bused tables at the local cafe, I held out for a position fit for my degree in finances. Walton Investments was the perfect choice for me and after three weeks of interviews and phone calls he offered me the position as a junior finance officer working directly under him.

Mack needed to know that I finally landed a job. I'd been crashing at his place off and on in between staying at my parent's cottage while they were away. They were back now, and the tiny two-bedroom cottage didn't have room for the three of us. Mack had told me anytime I needed a place to crash I was welcomed at his home. He and his sister Roxanne rented a house in the Miller subdivision, a street of older homes. They all looked alike, cookie cutter homes. But I knew theirs well. Grateful for a place to crash, I headed over there with my duffel back filled with my stuff, plus the garment bag with my suit and tie for work on Monday.

Ah good, Mack was home when I pulled in and so was Roxanne. I didn't mind Roxanne at all. They were a year apart and really, she was as successful as he as she had a chair at one of the upscale salons in town. Mack managed the steak house across town.

"Dude, that's awesome news!" Mack stood, and fist bumped me when I told him I'd been hired at Walton Investments. I grinned and nodded and sat hard on the old sofa.

"My parents are back," I said and grimaced.

Roxanne walked into the room carrying a bowl of something she was stirring. She glanced at me and lifted her brow. "Congratulations are in order?" she asked.

I nodded. "Yep. Hired and report to work Monday. Now I need to save for my own place," I said.

"Dude, you know you're welcome to crash here until you save up," Mack said. He was so easy going about it.

"Thanks. I was hoping you'd say that," I said.

"Well, we have the hide-a-bed in the den. If you don't mind being in there with the desk and computer," Roxanne said. She walked away, swaying her hips and returned to the kitchen.

"Not at all. It's better than the day bed in my mother's craft room. She's in there at the crack of dawn sewing and humming. Plus, it's the size of a damn walk-in closet," I said.

"You don't have to explain. Our sofa is there for you as long as you need it," Mack said.

"Like a month, two at the longest," Roxanne said from the kitchen. Mack rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"She's into you, believe me. Pay her no mind. She only pays half the rent," Mack said.

"Dominick, come here please," Roxanne barked. I looked at Mack and grinned while I walked into the kitchen. "A few ground rules, K? First, you must taste my cooking and be totally honest with me what you think of it. Second, I and only I will cut your hair. Third, you can use the hall bathroom except when you need to shower, you can shower in either my bath or in Mack's. Fourth, you are to clean up after yourself. I'm not your maid. That includes washing your own clothes. Questions?" Roxanne lifted her perfectly arched brow.

I shook my head. "No, ma'am," I said and chuckled.

"Okay, now, taste this," Roxanne said and handed me a fresh hot cookie. I took a bite and instantly chocolate melted in my mouth followed by the nutty crunch of a walnut.

"Mmmm, good," I said with my mouth full.

She smiled, satisfied with my answer. "Good, you're catching on. I'm trying to

get Mack to sell these at his restaurant. Make it a special thing, limited quantity, and all that jazz," she said.

"I would totally buy a cookie at Mack's steak house. In fact, I'd buy a dozen," I said as I chomped the rest of the cookie.

"Okay, Mack, dear. An unbiased opinion. Offer my cookies at the restaurant," Roxanne said.

"Shit, you think Dominick is offering an unbiased opinion? He'd tell you your shit on a plate tasted good if it scored points for him to stay here," Mack said and laughed.

Monday morning, Roxanne poked her head into the den. "Dominick? Are you awake?" she asked.

I shot up like a cannon. "What? What time is it?" I scrambled for my phone and saw the alarm buzzing, but it was on mute. "Fuck!"

I hopped up and grabbed the suit and tie and shirt and jumped into the hall bathroom. "Thanks, love," I mumbled to Roxanne.

I thought so. Mr. Responsibility, keep up better tomorrow," Roxanne said.

She thinks I'm on the lazy side and this just proved it. I had my alarm set I just

forgot to turn on the sound. Dammit. I dressed in a flash and rushed into the kitchen. Mack had already left for the restaurant to help unload the food delivery. Roxanne came out grinning as she had her purse in her hand. I looked around desperate for something to eat.

"Grab a biscuit and some jam. Next time prepare," she said as she grabbed her coffee cup and shook her head. She wasn't late for work like I was.

"Thanks," I said as I grabbed a biscuit and slathered some jam between the layers before heading out the door. I noted that I needed to pick up some groceries and maybe something easier for me to grab. I also needed a to-go coffee cup, so I could have a nice hot cup of coffee each morning.

As it was, I was five minutes late on my first day. Dammit. Mr. Walton was walking from the break room into his office and looked up as I strode through the door.

"So sorry, sir. I had my alarm set and didn't have it turned up high enough to hear," I said as I didn't want to make excuses for being late.

"It doesn't bode well for you to be late on the first day, Dominick," Mr. Walton said.

I blanched. How could I be so damn stupid? So much on my mind with staying with Mack and Roxanne. I wish my parents had stayed gone in their Fifth Wheel. I'd even considered asking about staying in it, but they left it with the dealer to be detailed and stored until their trip next spring. "I'm so sorry, sir. I assure you it wasn't intentional. I'm staying with a friend until I receive my first

month or two paychecks and can afford a place of my own," I said in my defense.

"See to it that it doesn't happen again. I'm lenient the first time, but shame on you the second," Mr. Walton said.

After work I stopped by the store and bought a separate alarm clock, one I could always keep on , so I'd absolutely get up. I also purchased some food to share with Mack and Roxanne and stuff I could easily grab for breakfast. Lastly, I found an insulated tumbler for coffee. Feeling like a big man I made my way back to Mack's place.

Roxanne smiled from her position on the sofa. Her feet were curled under her and she had the remote in hand, surfing through the channels on the TV. "Mack at work?" I asked seeing that Mack's truck wasn't in the drive way.

"Always," she said and settled on a channel.

I put away the food I bought and wandered back into the living room and took a seat opposite end of Roxanne. "Want a burger from Kingsmen?" I asked absent-mindedly. I asked it because no dinner was cooking in the kitchen. I wasn't sure what to cook and didn't want to dig into their food.

"Um, sure," Roxanne said. She uncurled her feet and grabbed her sneakers that were stashed under the end table.

I shrugged as we loaded in my little car and drove to Kingsmen Burgers. I wasn't sure what was expected on the food front, so I broached the topic while we munched on our food at the booth. "So, what's the deal with the meals? I mean, am I responsible for my own food, because if so, I'm totally cool with that. Or will we take turns cooking or what?" I took a giant bite.

Roxanne watched me and giggled. "Food, the most important subject, huh? You sound like Mack. I say we play it by ear. I had gotten home not too long before you did. I was sitting there thinking about dinner. I mean I love to cook, but many nights I'm too damn tired from being on my feet all day," she said.

"That's okay. I don't mind cooking," I said.

"It's all good, I don't mind cooking for you occasionally," Roxanne said and giggled.

And so, for a couple of weeks, Mack worked late, coming in after Roxanne and I had gone to bed for the night. I rarely saw my best friend and got to know Roxanne very well. She was easy to talk to and easy on the eyes. Her round ass and nice curvy rack often had me daydreaming. I mean if it weren't for the fact that she was my best friend's baby sister, I'd so pound that. But since she's Mack's sister I figure she's off limits to me, which I hate. I'd date her if I could. Maybe when I move out, I can ask her out on a real date.

I'm finding Roxanne more and more irresistible. She haunts my dreams and flirts playfully with me. One Saturday evening we drank a case of beer while watching a movie. She stretched her legs on the sofa and her toes tickled my thighs. I smiled and playfully tickled her feet. Squealing she pulled her feet back.

"No, silly, rub them, not tickle. Pretty please," she asked and gave me a sweet smile. Again, I couldn't resist and pulled her feet onto my lap and massaged her toes and feet. She relaxed back and moaned as she shut her eyes.

"Damn, you're good with your hands," she said and opened her eyes. I lifted a brow.

"So, I've been told," I said and winked at her. I gave her a sensual massage and crept up her leg to her knees. She moaned and didn't thwart my advances, so I kept going.

Suddenly, Roxanne hopped up and grinned at me. "What are we doing?" she asked wild-eyed.

I sat back and stuttered over my words while shaking my head. "I... don't..."

Roxanne giggled and held out her hand. "Silly, come with me," she said.

When a beautiful girl offers me a hand and asks me to come with her, I don't think twice about it. I placed my hand in hers and followed her to her bedroom. How lucky could I get? We stumbled through the door and she landed on me, her lips working over mine. Her arms entwined around my shoulders and I picked her up and carried her to her bed. She lopped backward and giggled while she settled back on her pile of pillows. I followed and crawled up beside her. Again, our lips met, and we kissed, deeply, passionately. She moaned softly under me while her hands explored my chest and biceps. My hands moved over her hips and up to her chest. The first time ever, I groped her fleshly boobs, enjoying the feeling of squeezing them with my hands. I groaned wanting more. Moving over

her, I half laid on top of her, pulling her to me. She moaned and placed her hand between us, gently shoving back.

"What's wrong?" I was so horny I thought I'd pop off right then.

"Hang on," Roxanne said and jumped up rushing into the bathroom.

I sat up and blew out a frustrated breath. She stayed in there for a while. I stood and paced around her room. Her top drawer in her dresser was opened. I noticed her panties in different colors in a neat stack. Beside the stack was a vibrator. My cheeks burned red as I reached out and touched it. The panties were soft and cool to the touch. I cleared my throat as dirty thoughts rushed through my mind as I thought about the things she must do with the vibrator. She opened the door and grinned at me.

"Sorry about that. Nature called."

Down the hall the front door shut. Mack was home. Roxanne's eyes widened. She probably thought the same thing I did that we didn't need for Mack to catch us like this. "Go! Before he comes up the hall," she said as she shooed me out of the room.

I didn't hesitate and left, running my hand over my hair as I walked up the hall to the main rooms. "Dude, pulling a late one again," I said as I walked into the kitchen where Mack was bent over the refrigerator.

"Oh hey," he said and stood up and yawned. "I just want a quick snack before I hit the hay. I didn't eat at the restaurant. There's only so much steak and baked potatoes I can handle."

I shoved a box of toaster pastries at him. "Have one, man," I said.

After the incident with Roxanne, we didn't try for it again. It was as if we had some sort of unspoken agreement not to pursue anything. I didn't want to rock the boat since I'm sleeping on the sofa in the den. But every day that I'm around her, the more interested I grow in her. I cannot wait until I have my own place and can ask her out on a real date.

One evening she's working late, and Mack is at his restaurant. I'm horny and wander through the house. Of course, I end up in Roxanne's room. I can't resist it as I step to her dresser. In the top drawer just as I remembered it, are her panties and the vibrator. I pause and listen intently. Hearing nothing, I grab a pair of her panties. Baby blue and ivory lace. I can see them on her ass and in my head, she looks so mouth-watering good. I reach for the vibrator and pull it out. I feel so naughty standing in her room holding her very personal items. After flipping on the switch, the vibrator hums to life. I crack a smile as I image where she slides the device. Bringing it to my nose, I sniff. It just smells like hand soap. She probably washes it off after use, darn it!

While the blush stained my face, I slipped out of the shorts, underwear, and tee shirt. Somehow standing naked in Roxanne's room turned me on more. Before I could argue with myself, I slipped into the panties, her panties. They felt wonderful on my body. I smiled as I walked about her room, wishing beyond wishing she was here with me. But she wasn't, and I was alone in the house. The vibrator in my hand hummed to life. I gingerly took it and rubbed it over the outside of the panties. Instantly, my cock grew to full seven inches. I groaned and heard nothing but the hum of the vibrator and my own moans. I slid the vibrator between my legs and rubbed it over my balls. Then I shoved it back and

prodded it to my ass, groaning as I imagined the device in Roxanne's ass. I kept the device moving between my legs and over my pouch. I grew so long and hard I moaned from the need for relief. I would see this through. I quickly planned it in my head, that I'd come in the panties and right away wash them and hopefully dry them before she got back home. It felt too good not to keep going. I widened my legs and finally lifted a leg to the bed. Running the vibrator outside the panties caused me to pre-cum. Stains of wetness showed up on the panties, as my cock continued growing.

I lurched forward, the groans coming from my lips loud and obnoxious. Only the hum of the vibrator and my own ecstasy rang in my ears. I nearly lost it and started pumping my cock forward while focusing the vibrator on the front of the panties. That's when I heard the distinct sound of a lady clearing her throat. I nearly vomited when I glanced up and saw Roxanne standing in the doorway with her mouth agape and a look of horror on her face. I quickly pulled the vibrator away and switched it to off. My cock started falling at the sight of her looking so incredibly distressed. How could I do this to her?

"Roxanne! How long have you been standing there?" I asked and gasped as I tried to keep from falling over. All the blood in my body had pooled in my cock and I tried to gain some equilibrium.

"I could ask you the same thing. But from the looks of it you've been in here a while. I've been here long enough to watch you. What the fuck, Dominick? Do you come in my room and grab my panties and my personal items a lot?" Roxanne rushed forward and grabbed the vibrator from my hand. I was so incredibly ashamed of being caught I honestly didn't know what to say to her.

Swallowing hard, I merely blinked at her wishing I could disappear between the floor boards. Her blue eyes bored a hole through me, her expression accusing me of committing disgusting acts with her things. I didn't blame her for being mad, I'd be mad too, I suppose. Why, oh why, couldn't I control myself? I grimaced

and looked down, her panties were on my body stained with pre-cum. I merely shook my head and tried to keep tears from appearing in my eyes. "I... I don't know what to say, Roxanne. I'm sorry," I said.

Roxanne glared at me and stomped into her bathroom where she grabbed her hand soap and turned on the hot water. I stood in the door feeling like an oaf, my face skewed in pain. She vigorously scrubbed the vibrator. It turned me on watching her soapy hands rub against the device and I cleared my throat and turned away. "Don't you leave yet," she said, her teeth clenched. To say she was seething is an understatement.

She stepped out while drying her vibrator. After setting it back in the drawer she turned to me. I'd been standing there in her panties with egg on my face the entire time. "Now, what to do about you. Look at you, Dominick. I just... I just want to know what the fuck ran through your head that would cause you to come in my room and wear my panties and mess around with my vibrator?"

I placed my hands in front of my crotch and blinked fast. "Okay, when we came in here messing around the other night, I saw the vibrator in your panties drawer. I was already turned on, as you know, but seeing the vibrator among your panties, well, that really got me to going. I know we sort of cooled off after that, probably due to Mack and I wasn't going to push the matter. But you are under my skin and I think about you day and night. I guess tonight I got horny and found myself in here, curious about your panties and the vibrator. My dick led me to trying on your underwear and using the vibrator. I figured if I couldn't have you, then I'd get off with you in some fashion," I said. "I know it's not an excuse, but I'm a horny man and that's how it went."

Roxanne shook her head. "You know, I'm twenty-five and never in my life have I run across someone like you. Maybe you need to get laid. Maybe a good fucking will cure you. But that doesn't excuse what you've done here. This is disgusting. Why not try to entice me into your bed? I mean the other day that would have

worked, I'm telling you! But now, I don't know. Should I tell Mack what his best friend did? Should I keep it quiet knowing what a pervert you are?"

"Please, don't tell Mack. Roxanne, I'm sorry. I'm a weak man who got too horny for you and took matters into my hands. I'm sorry. Please, what can I do to make it up to you?" I begged.

"Let me think about this. I mean just to forgive you for this would be too easy. No, I think you need to be taught a lesson. Please leave me be for a while and let me think about this. Take off my panties and wash them before returning them to me. I'll let you know in a bit what I want to do here, how you can make this up to me," Roxanne said. Her lips were stretched into a thin line, she was so unhappy with me.

I rushed to the hall bathroom with my clothes and changed. After I started the wash, I settled in the den and waited for the hammer to come down on me. I was glad Mack stayed at work late, I couldn't face him right now. Finally, Roxanne came into the den and sat on the desk chair. Her gaze was cold and calculated. I wish she'd just forgive me and let this be a lesson to me. She shook her head, disappointment sternly in her eyes.

"I've come to a decision, Dominick. I'm going to have a little fun with you at your expense. Just remember, you brought this on yourself. Now, if you don't do as I ask, I will tell Mack, plain and simple. It's up to you," she said as her brow lifted.

I exhaled, defeated. I'm sure whatever it is I'll be humiliated beyond all reason. "Okay, what?" I asked flatly.

"Tomorrow night Mack will be working late again. I want you to come to my room and let me dress you as a woman. You wanted to wear my panties, I figured I'll go one better and choose a nice dress. I'll even apply make-up, so you'll have the full woman effect," she said.

I sat back and shook my head. "No, I can't do that. I won't do that. I won't dress as a woman and go out in public. I'll do it here for you only, but not out in public," I said.

Roxanne slammed her hands on her thighs. "Well then, okay. I'll just wait up and fill Mack in on what happened here tonight. Oh, wait, I think I hear him coming in right now. Let's get this over with, shall we?" She smiled and stood, set on marching into the living room to tell Mack what I'd done.

"Wait! Don't tell him! I'll do it. I'll dress up and go out with you," I said.

Roxanne smiled. "Good. I'll call you to my room tomorrow evening. Get some sleep, you're going to need it," she said and grinned wickedly at me.

I'm not sure what all I've gotten myself into, but I'm sure I deserve it. Sleep doesn't come easy, because I was worried about what it would be like going out in public as a woman.

I sat on the edge of Roxanne's bed the following evening. The dress hung off my body because I didn't have the right curves to keep it in place. The color went well with my curly blond hair, according to Roxanne anyway. She placed a sparkled clip in the side, making me appear more feminine. I held still while she painted my face.

"Okay, I think my masterpiece is ready. Good thing Dominick is a neutral gender name. Now this lovely lady is all pieced together. We'll just have to go with your dress boots. Good thing the dress hangs long," Roxanne said.

I stood, the dress falling softly around my body and hanging below my knees. When I gazed at my reflection in the mirror I blushed heavily. I looked ridiculous, utterly ridiculous. Roxanne made my face bright in color with the cosmetics. I felt like a complete failure. She smiled up into my face. "Do you like my handiwork?" she asked.

"Do I have a choice?" I didn't smile.

"No, you don't. Let's go. Are you driving, or am I?"

When I didn't answer, she grabbed her keys. "I'll drive."

"Where are we going?" I asked while she steered her car toward the city.

Roxanne turned to me and smile brightly. "Why to Trend Up, of course," she said.

I grimaced. Trend Up was a very popular night club and one that I frequented on occasion. We were bound to run into people we knew. I hunkered down in the seat wishing I could just disappear. She looked over and chuckled.

"Relax. You're doing this you may as well have fun. Mingle, meet some other drag queens. Compare notes," she said, and her laughter rang out as she sped onto the freeway.

"Easy for you to say," I said.

"Look, you did this, remember that. You're doing this now for my silence with my brother," she said.

"What if he finds out what I'm doing right now? What if we run into others who know him and tell him?" I asked.

"Better for him to know you dressed as a drag queen than what you did last night in my bedroom, right?" She looked at me with her brow lifted.

"I suppose," I said as I looked out the opposite window at the scenery. I had to hand it to Roxanne, she seemed happy, bubbly even.

"Lighten up, that's a new requirement," she said.

"Do you want me to pretend I'm having a good time and not thoroughly humiliated?" I asked.

"Yes, as a matter of a fact, I do. Pretend if that's what it will take. You know what they say, if you force a smile, your body will react and eventually you'll feel the happiness. So, force it. And stop with the humiliation, this is the twenty-first century. Everything goes, and all are accepted," she said.

I rather doubted it, but stretched my face in a fake smile, nonetheless. I gripped the door handle when she pulled into Trend Up's parking lot. It was do or die, now or never. She grinned and lifted her brow.

"Ready?"

When I opened the door, I felt like all eyes fell to me, the bulking woman exiting the little car. I stood and smoothed the dress, feeling very self-confident. I wished I had on a wig, but my damn curly hair made it easy for Roxanne to style in a feminine way. Roxanne held onto my arm, as a big woman escorting a petite woman into the club.

The music blared, and I wanted to hide, but when we whooshed through the front doors, no one really paid much attention. I didn't see anyone I knew on first name basis, some familiar faces, but nothing noteworthy. Then a thought hit me, what if I run into someone I work with at the financial firm. Of course, Mr. Walton wasn't the type to come to a club. Some of the others might, but luckily, I didn't see anyone. Roxanne led me through the crowd. I was very aware of how the dress hit my legs as we walked, of the draft between my legs and of my cock rubbing against her panties. That did it. The thought that I was wearing her panties again brought on an erection.

Giggling, Roxanne pointed at my mid-section. "Pretty obvious there, cowboy." I glanced down with horror and saw the outline of my erect cock through the thin material on the dress. Oh shit. She shrugged and pulled me out to the dance

floor. Pressing herself against me didn't help to release the matter any at all.

"You're not helping," I said into her ear as I bent down to her. She was grinding into me to the beat of the music. Turning around, she shoved her ass into my crotch and shimmied up and down, causing my cock to bust through the panties in a raging hard-on. I gulped as desire for her took over.

"Oh baby, go with it. Be proud of who you are and what you have," Roxanne said as she smiled up into my face.

I grabbed her ass and squeezed. I had done that the other night while we were making out in her bedroom. Perhaps if we had gone all the way then I would have satisfied my curiosity and horny nature enough not to do what I did with her panties and vibrator. Still, right now I'd enjoy a nice rub down with the vibrator. Dare I mention that to her? I smiled as I pull her close and placed my lips next to her ear.

"You know, a little fun with the vibrator later might be nice," I said.

She backed up and peered into my face, her eyes calculating if she'd heard right. "That can be arranged," she said and pressed her body into me again.

I felt giddy suddenly, she was open to some vibrator play. I swayed to the beat with her in my arms and we danced to three more songs. The hard on in the panties wouldn't go away, in fact I felt the wetness of the pre-cum staining the front once again. I needed release and needed it soon.

The last song was a fast song. Roxanne giggled as she bounced before me, loving the look in my face and laughing at the bulge sticking out in front of the dress. I was just about to the point of begging her to take us back home. The song ended, and she grabbed my hand and led the way off the dance floor. Before we could reach the door, another couple stopped it. The man dressed in drag including high heels and his boyfriend who clung to him and kept squeezing his ass.

"First time out, dear?" the drag queen asked me.

I shook my head and laughed. I wasn't about to exchange pleasantries with another drag queen, I just wanted out of there.

Roxanne stepped up and nodded. "Yeah, Dom's first time out in drag. She's a beaut," she said.

"I can suggest a store with shoes big enough for your feet to go with dresses, if you want," the drag queen said.

"It's okay, I don't plan to do this again," I said and turned to drag Roxanne out if need be.

"Never say never," Roxanne sang as we hit the parking lot and the fresh cool air blasted our faces. It felt good to me.

I just chuckled when we piled back into her car and she started the engine. I

couldn't wait to get home and get the vibrator out.

We arrive back at the house. I'm excited and run into the empty home and straight to Roxanne's room. I want some vibrator action. I grin as I look at her dresser. She opens the drawer and produces the vibrator as she grins. "You want to play with this?" she asked. I nod eagerly. "Okay, me first," she said.

I start to take off the dress. "Oh no, keep the dress on, it's more fun this way," she said. She pulled off her panties and crawled up on the bed, relaxing back on the pillows. I swallowed hard as she opened her legs and lifted her skirt, her muff bare and beautiful. She flipped on the switch to the vibrator and handed it to me. "Fuck me with this, then I'll do you."

I grabbed it and groaned. "With pleasure," I said. My cock was throbbing in the panties. "But first I want to take off your panties."

"No, do me first, keep your clothes on," she said.

I grinned and took the vibrator and starting at her knees, rubbed it up and down her inner thighs. I had a lot of fun, teasing her by dipping it into her slit and pulling out and rubbing it over her clit. She moaned and arched her back as I kept at it. I continued rubbing her clit and barely dipping it into her pussy, until she growled. She grabbed the device and shoved it through her soft folds and bucked up and down wildly as she came. Her moans were loud as she fell back, her head thrashing back and forth until she's finished. My cock throbbed, and the front of the dress was now wet with pre-cum.

When Roxanne recovered, she stood, and her skirt fell covering her muff. She

nodded. "You can remove the panties but keep the dress on. Do exactly as I say or I'm telling Mack. The night's not over until you've come," she said.

I nodded and yanked the soaked panties off. She grinned and didn't even clean the vibrator which thrilled me. I stood in front of her. It was okay if she wanted to vibrate me off while I was wearing her dress.

"Bend over the bed, lift the dress first. No arguing," she said.

I did as she said and furrowed my brow. She approached me and proceeded to run the vibrator outside my crack. I flinched and stood, my hands going to my ass. "No! I want you to touch it to my penis," I said.

"If you don't do as I say, I will tell Mack. Now, I want you to grab your own cock and rub it and bend over and take it like a lady," she said.

I swallowed hard and did as she asked. I didn't want Mack to know. This last part was cruel on Roxanne's part, but she wanted to have the last word. I cringed as she shoved the vibrator in my ass, pegging me. Nothing had ever gone into my ass before and this was a new experience. I whimpered though as it felt terribly uncomfortable at first.

"Work your cock," Roxanne growled. My hand had paused as I groaned from being pegged. I wanted to whimper. "Or I'll tell Mack." She shoved the vibrator into my ass and back out, as if fucking me.

My hand slid over my cock sliding up and down until it extended to full staff. I moaned as my cock squirted pre-cum. Soon, I moved my hand in unison with Roxanne's hand, the feeling in my ass started to take on a pleasurable sensation. I liked being pegged while rubbing my cock. I'd rather have fucked Roxanne, but this wasn't too bad.

"Oh, fuck me," I said as my cock lengthened and my hand rubbed up and down wildly, squeezing over the head while I spewed hot cum straight up in the air. I groaned and kept my hand moving until I came no more. Then I lurched forward, wanting her to stop when my cock stopped.

"Good," Roxanne said as she pulled the vibrator from my ass and took it straight into the bathroom for a scrubbing.

I followed her, no longer shy about it and used the toilet and cleaned my cock and hands. She smiled at me and nodded.

"Now, we're even, right?" she asked as she returned the vibrator to her drawer.

"Yep. Next time, I'd like to fuck you though," I said and smiled.

"That can be arranged," she said. My heart skipped a beat!

THE END

For more stories of Femdom, Sissification, Facesitting, Ballbusting, Pegging and more - check out my Smashwords Author page -

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>