

HARDCORE SISSEY EROTICA

*Bobbi*  
 *Mare*

Becoming  
DADDY'S  
Sissy Wife

# **Becoming Daddy's Sissy Wife**

Bobbi Mare

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## **Prelude**

I was eighteen when I became Daddy's sissy wife.  
I cried tears of joy when he agreed to let me love him.  
But I'm getting ahead of myself.  
Let's twirl around and mince back a few steps first, shall we?

## Chapter One

I was twelve when my father left.

I cried tears of sorrow over the fact that he didn't take me with him.

We'd always been so close, two peas in a pod he'd tell me. Like father like son. Two souls cast from the same mold. Hearing that always made me smile but, for some reason, he always looked kind of sad when he said it. He loved me, and was proud of me, I always knew that, but I got the sense that he didn't want me to take after him, that he wanted something different for me.

I knew it then and I know it now. Nurture can only do so much. You can't change nature.

Being left with my mother was a nightmare. She was a cruel, selfish woman who never failed to remind me that I was an accident, and it only got worse after my father left. She made sure I knew she'd never wanted me. Repeatedly told me that I had ruined her life. The best I could hope for during those dark years was to be silently dismissed as an inconvenience, except I was very convenient in serving as her personal ATM.

I had started doing odd jobs the day after my father left, hoping I could save enough money to afford a ticket - bus, train, plane, whatever - to wherever he'd gone. I'd been sure he would send for me when he was ready, so I began walking neighborhood dogs, running to the grocery store for the old couples down the block, shoveling driveways, mowing lawns, and even painting fences and sheds as I got older.

My mother stole almost every cent of it. It didn't matter what I did with it, where I tried to hide it, she always managed to find it. She was a professional snoop, not to mention an unrepentant one. I can't count how many times I came home to find my bedroom absolutely trashed, my belongings scattered everywhere. Given how many burnt hoodies and sweatpants I lost to the smoldering cigarette butts she deliberately discarded around my room, I'm honestly shocked she never burned down the house.

It got to the point where I just stopped hiding my money. She was going to take it anyway, and I had a secret I didn't want her uncovering during her snooping, so I paid the price for a little privacy.

Not that it lasted long.

## Chapter Two

I was fourteen when my mother remarried.

Still stinging from my father's abandonment, I cried tears of terror that her new husband wouldn't want me either.

Carl was as different from my father and myself as another human being could possibly be. He was seven feet of thick, solid, black muscle, bald as a bowling ball, but with this super curly black beard. His voice was so thick, so deep, it felt like we had a professional voice actor narrating our life. What I had originally feared would be a horror movie, however, soon proved itself to be more of a dramatic comedy. He was a decent guy. More than that, he was a decent dad, and a champion for me against my mother's spiteful hatred.

Like I said, I was absolutely nothing like him, and we seemed to have nothing in common, but that didn't stop him from taking an interest in my life. He would ask me questions about what I was doing, what I was watching, or what I was reading, and he'd listen. I mean, really listen. In return, I began doing the same, making the effort to learn the rules of whatever sport was in season, and joining him in trying to be more active. My mother lost her mind when he bought me a brand new eighteen-speed hybrid road bike so we could cycle together, but when she looked so smug about selling it out from underneath me, he just quietly went and bought me a new one.

And another one after that. My mother had met her match.

Carl was also the first person to ever discover my secret, the one I'd been so worried about my mother discovering . . . and he was perfectly fine with it. He'd been a little surprised, but instead of yelling at me, calling me names, and telling me how I'd shamed our family - as my mother would have done - he simply sat down and talked to me about it. For the first time in my life, an adult treated me like an equal, not talking at me or down to me, but talking with me.

While he didn't necessarily understand, and couldn't offer me any advice, he gave me something else that was worth so much more. Carl gave me his support, promising that whenever my mother did find out, because we both knew it was inevitable, he'd be there for me. In a way, that shared secret brought us closer than anything and planted the seeds for what was to come later. I was happy.

Not that it lasted long.

## Chapter Three

I was sixteen when my mother left.

I was overjoyed to have her gone, and happy to have been left behind, but I still cried tears of worry, uncertain about my future.

From day one, Carl made sure I knew it was nothing I'd done to drive her away. It had nothing to do with her uncovering my secret, or him encouraging me. Mind you, that secret didn't help matters, but we both knew she'd had one foot out the door already. In fact, I doubted she'd ever intended for things with him to be permanent, and that hurt me more than any sense of abandonment. He was too good for her. She used him, abused him, and discarded him, just like everybody else in her life. He deserved better.

I remember the day I came home from school to find the house torn apart, with everything of portable value - TV, my video game systems, microwave, toaster, her jewelry, Carl's sports memorabilia - taken to fund her flight. It looked like we'd been robbed, and I guess we had, in a way. I knew, without him having to say a word, that she was gone. I looked out the door, to the empty space where her car normally was, and back to Carl, standing so calmly amidst the mess, and I lost it. I broke down sobbing, crying so hard that I began to hyperventilate.

It wasn't that I missed her, but that I was worried Carl would be next to leave. I was so distraught, I couldn't even begin to put that fear into words, but he understood. He crossed the room in two giant steps, moving like a man on a mission, and swept me into his arms. Instead of throwing me out the door, though, he'd carried me over to the couch, where he sat down with me in his lap and told me it would be okay. He wasn't leaving. He wasn't going anywhere.

We were a family, and one that was better off without her. We cleaned up the mess, recovered some of what she'd stolen by staking out pawn shops and sketchy neighbors, and replaced the rest. Aside from the house being happier, quieter, and free from the stench of cigarette smoke without her, we continued as we had for the past two years. For a little while, we were just that, a happy little family.

Not that it lasted long.

## Chapter Four

I was eighteen when I became Daddy's sissy wife.

I cried tears of joy when he agreed to let me love him.

Yeah, that secret I mentioned? The one I'd been so worried about my mother uncovering?

I was a crossdressing sissy and, I'd suspected, although I'd yet to put it to the test, a sissy faggot.

When my secret came out the first time, it had only been a small box of bras and panties, a favorite blouse, two sexy skirts, a gorgeous dress I rarely had the courage to wear, some half-used makeup that I'd scavenged from the bathrooms of friends, and one exquisite pair of heels that I was still learning to walk in. Carl had walked in on me in full sissy mode, the dress swirling around my thighs as I spun on one candy-apple red heel to find him standing in the doorway.

At first, I'd been mortified, and then terrified, but he'd changed my entire life with just three words. "You look pretty."

The second time my secret came out, of course, was much different. My mother had been fired from another dead-end job when she came storming into the house. I'd just finished doing my private laundry, and she caught me crossing the living room with a basket full of bras, panties, and sexy lingerie. The look on her face had, for a moment, been priceless, but then she'd begun cursing me out, calling me such vile, disgusting names that I'd dropped everything and run from the house. She, of course, had taken that opportunity to tear apart my room and throw out everything feminine she could find.

She'd looked so proud that night when she related the story to Carl over dinner. He sat there and listened to it all without saying a word. When she was done, he'd stood up from the table, cleaned his hands on a napkin, and then reached for mine.

Once again, three simple words changed my life. "Come with me."

My mother had looked almost giddy with excitement as he'd half led, half dragged me to the front door, surely thinking that was the last she'd ever see of me, but I knew better. He'd offered me his hand, not seized mine, and looking up I'd seen in his eyes how hurt he'd been that he hadn't been able to protect me.

Maybe this makes me a bad person, I don't know, but my favorite memory of my mother is the shock and fury on her face when we returned home that night. Not only had Carl bought me all new clothes and shoes, but he'd also paid for me to get my ears and belly button pierced, and then took me to the drug store for a makeover, after which he bought every piece of makeup the cosmetician recommended.

Things were never the same after that.

For any of us.

She left.

We stayed.

For two years I'd been the perfect sissy daughter, making sure Carl always came home to something my mother had never provided – a clean house and a warm meal. I'd taken pride in our house and my man, making him the center of my life. It wasn't a sacrifice, and it wasn't insurance against him someday changing his mind about me, it was simply me loving the man who'd earned the name Dad . . . and who I hoped would one day let me call him Daddy.

As my eighteenth birthday came to pass, however, I was ready to step into my big girl heels and become the perfect sissy wife, making sure Carl always came home to something my mother may have provided, when she was in the mood, but certainly not like I would - a clean bed, a pair of warm holes, and all the love and admiration a man could ask for.

## Chapter Five

Anxious and scared and excited all at once, I paced the living room in my shiny, hot pink, square heeled sissy boots. They didn't click as sexily as stiletto heels did, but I felt like I needed a little more stability for what was to come. I'd gone all out for Carl, spending every cent of my allowance on the perfect sissy outfit, not a single piece of which I'd worn before this moment.

It was all for him.

I had on a pair of pink satin pouch panties with thick ruffles in a skirted bloomers style. Inside that pouch, my sissy clit was locked away inside a pink resin chastity birdcage, and my sissy pussy was well-filled with a jeweled pink silicone butt plug. I'd bought a set of four, and over the course of the day I'd graduated from small, to medium, to large, to the extra-large I was wearing now. I had no idea how big Carl really was, but I hoped that would be enough to stretch me and prepare my hole for his cock.

My bra was a pink wet-look, faux leather lace top, wire-free, with a white bowknot between the cups. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever owned. My stockings were thigh-highs, bright pink with white lace around the tops. More than once this afternoon I'd gotten lost in running my fingers up and down my legs, luxuriating in the feel.

Over my lingerie I wore a pink satin baby doll dress, short sleeves with ruffled lace, an elastic square neckline, and cascading pink frills that made it flare wide around me. There was a big white bow in the back that sat just above the crack of my ass, and even though I couldn't see it, it made me happy knowing it was there.

My hair was my own, long enough now that I could put it into loose pigtails, tied with pink bows at the ends, and I'd bleached it blonde that morning. My parents had both been brunettes, so I wanted to distance myself from them as much as I could. I'd been practicing with my makeup - foundation, blush, lipstick, eyeliner, eye shadow, and eyelash extensions - and I knew I looked fabulous. I'd put on fingernail extensions, a bright shiny pink that matched my bra, and I'd even dabbed myself with a vanilla perfume Carl had once mentioned he liked.

The sound of steps on the front porch snapped me out of my anxiety. I ran to the door and hesitated, not sure whether I should stand and curtsy, kneel with my head bowed, or just throw myself at him. I heard the scrape of the key and the squeak of the door handle, which seemed to take forever to turn. I decided to stand and present myself. I took two steps back from the door, crossed one ankle behind the other, and held my hands out to either side of me, my wrists turned in and my fingers dangling. I tried to be calm and collected, but I was bouncing on my heels.

The door opened. Carl stepped inside. For a moment, it was as if he didn't see me, or didn't recognize me, but then a smile spread across his face. "You look pretty," he told me, taking me back to that fateful moment years before. It was almost enough to make me cry, but I couldn't risk ruining my makeup.

"Welcome home, Daddy." I curtsied with a grace that hid the beating of my heart. "How might your sissy please you this afternoon?" With trembling legs, I fell to my knees and licked my lips. "Would Daddy like a blowjob before dinner?"

I watched the emotions flow across his face - surprise, followed by shock, with amusement on the heels of that, before settling on curiosity. Carl looked down at me, and I could see he was taking me seriously. He wasn't just dismissing me, but he also wasn't rushing into things. He started to address me by name but paused, clearly not sure what to call me.

I would have told him the name that I liked, but suddenly my throat was too dry to speak.

"You are a very pretty sissy," he told me, "and I am flattered by the offer, but you know you don't need to do this. You don't owe me anything. You don't owe me . . . well, this."

"I know, Daddy, but I want to give it to you." I crawled toward him. "This is all I've wanted since that day you sat down on the bed beside me and told me I was pretty." I settled back onto my knees before him. "I love you, Daddy, and I want to make you happy." My hand was shaking as I reached up to undo the belt on his pants. It felt weird to be unbuckling it this way, backward from all the movements I was accustomed to.

"Please, Daddy." I freed the end of the belt from the buckle. The merest touch of my hands on the button beneath caused it to snap open, unable to contain the growing pressure inside. "Tell me you'll let me be your sissy." My fingers growing steadier now, I slowly unzipped his jeans, feeling the heat of his manhood against my hand. Unable to resist, I leaned in closer and took a deep breath. I smelled the sweat of a real man, the musk of my Daddy.

As my fingers continued to pull on the zipper, his pants spread wide around the bulge in his briefs. He was only just starting to get hard, and already he was so much bigger than I'd ever dreamed. There was a growing wet spot on his white cotton briefs, just to the right of my hand, and I knew what that meant. I knew what was causing that.

He was getting hard. For me.

He was starting to leak precum. For me.

I tugged his jeans down and pressed my face to those briefs, the wet spot right under my nose. He felt so hard against my face. The smell was almost overpowering, a musk of manhood that had never once graced my panties. "Tell me, Daddy," I begged into those briefs, "tell me that you'll take me as your sissy wife."

His only answer was to raise his hand and place it against the back of my head. It hesitated there for a moment, caught between stroking my hair and grabbing a handful, but then he made up his mind. His hand gripped me tightly and pulled me against him while his pelvis thrust towards me. I squealed with delight, smothered by the evidence of his arousal. I began licking at the briefs, getting my first fresh taste of precum.

I say fresh because I'd been doing his laundry for years and I had my own special trick for pre-treating the stains in his briefs.

His cock throbbed against me, so full of life and power. I began kissing it through the cotton barrier, tracing its length with hungry, frantic kisses. When I reached the top, I took the waistband of his underwear between my teeth and gave it a tug. He didn't stop me, so I kept tugging, wrestling with briefs that were growing ever tighter by second, until I finally tipped the balance and his cock sprang free.

"Oh, Daddy!" His cock was magnificent. It was so big, so long, so thick, and oh so hard. I'd watched more than my share of porn, 'accidentally' walked in on him showering at least once a month, and none of it had prepared me for this. Those were just images, fantasies, fleshy props for my masturbatory fantasies. This was the real deal. This was a living thing, bobbing and weaving hypnotically before my eyes. As much as I wanted to devour it, I couldn't take my eyes off of it. So, instead, I reached up and wrapped both hands around that thick, black shaft. My eyes grew even wider at how they barely touched.

"Well, sissy?" I'd never heard such hunger in his deep, narrator's voice. "Are you going to sit there and look at it, or are you going to give me that blowjob you promised?"

I didn't need to be asked twice. I opened my jaws wide and shoved his cockhead inside.

He hissed in pain. "Teeth," he warned, "watch the teeth."

I immediately backed off, having a hard time believing I finally had a real cock in my mouth. I took a few moments to just suck at the tip. It was soft, kind of spongy between my lips, with a different texture than his shaft. I poked my tongue into his slit and lapped up the steady stream of precum leaking from it, coaxed along by my stroking hands. I was in heaven. This was everything I had ever dreamed of. I never wanted the moment to end, but I wanted more than just precum.

I wanted to make my Daddy cum!

I let the saliva gather in my mouth for lubrication, and then sucked my lips in, covering my teeth. With a deep breath, I pushed forward. I felt inch after inch of cock slide into my mouth. It filled me. It stretched my lips and strained my jaw. The head hit the back of my throat and I gagged, but I refused to let go. Tears were running down my face, and the urge to throw up was almost too much to bear, but I wasn't giving up. This may have been my first blowjob, but I was not about to fail.

“Easy, sissy, easy.” Daddy placed one hand on either side of my head and held me there as he began thrusting in and out of my mouth, fucking my face with slow, shallow strokes. “You don’t need to deepthroat the whole thing the first time. Just make love to it.” As he settled into a rhythm, I matched it. I sucked hard when he pulled out, snatched a quick breath and licked around the head when he paused, and then sucked hard again as he pushed back in.

I knew I must have looked like a fucking mess, with tears and makeup running down my cheeks, and spit drooling down my chin, but I’d never felt sexier than I did at that moment. I grew bolder with each of Daddy’s fucks, straining forward to press more against my throat, no matter how much I gagged. His precum was running fast and thick now, filling my mouth with the taste of sissy submission. His gasps and groans told me he was close to cumming, and that’s when I felt his balls tighten against my hands and his shaft begin to pulse.

I squealed around his cock, ready for my first taste of fresh cum, but Daddy had other plans.

He pulled his cock from my mouth with an audible plop, and then laughed at me as I lunged forward to recapture it. “Hold, sissy.” He moved one hand to the top of my head and held me in place while his other replaced mine around his shaft. “Open your mouth wide, sissy. Tilt your head back and look me in the eyes.” I strained to do as he instructed. I saw a lust in his eyes that would have been frightening if I didn’t know him. “I’m going to feed you, have no worry, but first I want to . . . to . . . mark you . . . as mine!”

The first spurt of cum landed across my cheekbone and nose like a line of fire. It lay hot and heavy and thick against me. The next two, coming in quick succession, shot across my forehead and into my hair, before he adjusted his aim and landed the next spurt directly inside my mouth.

If you’ve never tasted another man’s cum, never felt another man’s cock spurt inside your mouth, then you cannot begin to imagine the taste or the feeling.

I cried tears of ecstasy at that taste. I’d sucked my Daddy’s cock. I’d made my Daddy cum. I was wearing my Daddy’s sperm all over my face, and now my mouth was being filled by Daddy’s semen. Two, three, four, five more spurts landed in my mouth, creating a pool of cum in which my tongue so happily swam. I wanted to swallow, but I wanted to feel how much he could fill me. I loved the weight of all that cum inside me, and I loved how it overflowed my teeth to lap against my cheeks.

The next spurt fell short, glazing my lips instead, and that’s when Daddy brought his cock forward to rest just inside my mouth. I couldn’t see it, because I was still watching his eyes, but I felt the slow movement of his hands stroking out the last drops of cum, forcing them into my mouth.

“Look at you,” he gasped. “What a pretty little sissy cumslut. What a cock-drunk little sissy.” He took his softening cock from my mouth and tapped its head against my

cum-covered nose. “You are the prettiest fucking thing I have ever seen, and I can’t wait to tear your sissy boy cunt wide open.”

I swooned against the guiding presence of his hand. I moved to close my mouth, to swallow his load, but he stopped me.

“Now, my sissy wife, I believe you promised me dinner after my blowjob.” He continued to hold my gaze as he smiled. “I want you to leave that cum on your face, and I want you to hold that cum in your mouth. No wiping. No swallowing. I want you to get so used to the taste, feel, and smell of my cum that you feel naked and empty without it.”

I closed my mouth, but I didn’t swallow. Daddy’s cum sloshed around inside as he helped me to my feet. I already knew he was right. His cum made me feel complete. Now that I’d had it, I never wanted to be without it.

## Chapter Six

Once Daddy got dressed, dinner was a quiet, intimate affair. Nothing too fancy, just a working man's favorite. I'd made broiled pork chops with my homemade sweet BBQ sauce, sweet potato fries, and a small salad. I topped it off with his favorite bottle of root beer chilling at that perfect spot in the back of the fridge. Of course, I'd already eaten the only thing I was hungry for, so I just sat there and watched him with worship and adoration in my eyes, my face cracking under the dried glaze of cum when I smiled. Every once in a while he would meet my eyes, tap his lips, and I would open my mouth to show him the pool of cum still gathered around my tongue.

When Daddy was done, he pushed himself back from the table, brushed his hands on his pants, and reached out his hands to me. "Swallow," he said, and before I was even done he pulled me close and kissed me.

Now, he'd kissed me before. A peck on the cheek to tell me he was proud of me, a kiss goodnight on the forehead, and even a feather-light kiss on the lips when I'd needed soothing. The kisses of a parent, of a caregiver, of someone who loved me, but wasn't in love with me.

This was different. This was a kiss of passion. His strong, weather-roughened lips mashed hard against mine. I felt the wiry bush of his beard scrape across my face. I immediately turned my head to the side, moving my nose out of the way, and he kissed me even harder. Daddy bit down on my bottom lip, not hard enough to draw blood, but enough that I felt it. His tongue penetrated me. I'd say it forced its way inside my mouth, but I welcomed it. This was the kind of kiss a man gave his wife. It was a kiss that said "You're mine" and "I own you" as much as "I love you."

When Daddy was done, he scooped me up in his arms, threw me over his shoulder, and spanked my ass hard. I gasped from the surprise, and then moaned at the feel of the butt plug shifting inside me. His big, strong hand caressed me, slipping under the frills of my dress to slide across my panties instead. He continued to stroke me, one cheek and then the other, as he carried me down the hallway to the master bedroom. When the door refused to open easily, instead of freeing a hand to turn the knob, Daddy raised a foot and kicked it open.

That scared me a little, and excited me a lot!

One inside, I expected him to throw me down on the bed but, instead, he gently lowered me to the floor, keeping me in his arms the whole time. He kissed me again, and it was just as wonderful as the first time.

"Now, my pretty sissy, this has all been fun and all, but if we do this, then there's no going back." Daddy pushed me away, just a bit, and placed his hands on my

shoulders. “You don’t have to do this. I love you and I accept you. You know I always have.” When I opened my mouth to speak, he shook his head and I remained silent. “If you’re worried that eighteen is some magic age where I’m going to throw you out on your ass, you’re wrong.” His hands squeezed tighter. “You’re my sissy son and you will always be welcome in my home.”

I couldn’t help it. I kept the sobs in, but the tears began running freely down my cheeks.

“If you want this,” he told me, “then I would love nothing better to be your first.” Daddy looked me in the eyes and what he said next just melted my heart and branded my soul as his. “But I won’t lie when I say I’d love to be your last, your only, even more.”

I hadn’t been given permission to speak yet, so I nodded as hard and as fast as I could, the biggest smile I’d ever worn shining through the tears.

“Sissy.” He paused, a look of consternation on his face. “I can’t keep calling you that. You need a name, a name I can share with the guys at work when I tell them about my beautiful new bride.”

“Bobbi!” I couldn’t help it. I blurted it out. My hands flew to my face and covered my mouth. “Bobbi,” I repeated, “with a cute little ‘i’ at the end, dotted with a pretty little bow?”

He tilted his head, clearly amused. “I was expecting a Bambi or Crystal, a stripper’s name, I guess. Why Bobbi?”

I lowered my hands from my face and slipped them around his waist. “Because,” I said, hugging him tight, “that’s the first name you ever called me. It was your first date with my mother. You came to pick her up and I answered the door. ‘You must be Bobby’ you said to me, with a ‘y’ of course, and I bristled at the little kid’s name. It was what my mother called me when she wanted to embarrass me or when she wanted to talk shit about me to other people.” I took a step closer, hoping - no, knowing - he wouldn’t push me away. “It didn’t sound cruel coming from you, though. It sounded . . . well, it sounded okay, and I never forgot that moment.”

Daddy raised a hand to wipe the tears from my cheeks. “Are you sure?” he asked. “Can you hear the ‘i’ that you know I love without hearing the ‘y’ that your mother resented?”

“Yes.” I tilted my head into his hand and nuzzled it. “She’s gone. She no longer has any power over me. And, well, I kinda love that you transformed that name. That I get to reclaim it as I take her place.”

“Bobbi.”

There it was! He said it! I heard my new name come from his lips and it was beautiful!

“Bobbi,” he continued, once I focused, “you could never replace your mother.”

My heart instantly crushed. I wanted to cry.

“You could never replace her,” he finished, a smile on his face, “because you’ve already surpassed her. You’ve always been so much better than her.” Daddy picked me up and carried me to the bed. “There’s nobody to replace because you’ve erased her from both our lives, freed us to embrace as husband and wife.” He laid me gently on the bed. “Now,” he told me, “you need to take off that dress and let me have a look at that pretty sissy ass. We can be romantic later, but right now I want to fuck my wife and hear her scream my name.”

I’ve never moved so fast in my life. I wiggled out of that dress so fast I heard it tear. For the longest moment I was trapped inside it, surrounded by lace and satin and silk, and then it came free of my arms and I ripped it off my head to see Daddy gazing longingly at me.

“My God,” he told me, “you get more beautiful by the day.” He reached down to caress my sissy clit. “What’s this?” I could see the curiosity on his face as he took hold of my panties and tore them in two, revealing my pink chastity cage. “Cute, but I want to watch your pretty little cock bounce as you ride my ass.”

He squeezed the cage. I heard the plastic resin crack under the pressure. I felt it pinch my shaft, and then suddenly it was gone. I looked up to see him holding the two broken halves of the cage in his hand. It looked so small, completely dwarfed by his big, meaty, masculine hands.

“You don’t need to hide that away,” he told me. “You don’t need to be ashamed or embarrassed.” That’s when, for the first time in my life, I felt another hand grasp my cock as he gave it a stroke. My hips bucked up against his touch. “My wife has a very pretty little cock, and if I want to touch it,” he rubbed his palm over the head, “or fondle it,” he made it disappear inside his hand, “or even kiss it...”

I wanted to cry out for him to stop. I wanted to beg him not to do it. I watched in horror as his head came down, his mouth opened, and he swallowed my cock and balls like they were nothing. The hot, damp warmth felt amazing, but it was the glint of amusement in his eyes that made me whimper. Daddy liked my cock. He wasn’t ashamed of it. I’d never fuck somebody with it, but if my big, strong husband wanted to lick it like a clit, who was I to stop him?

“Then,” he said, letting it slip from his mouth, “that’s what I’ll do.”

I had no words. I was still quivering from the sensation as much as the knowledge of what he’d done.

“Now, what is this?” He grabbed the jeweled tip of my butt plug and gave it a gentle pull.

I let out a half squeal, half moan. “That’s my butt plug, Daddy. I bought a set of them and worked my way up to the biggest one so you’d be able to fit inside me.”

He nodded. “That’s cute, and very thoughtful, but not something we’re going to need.” Daddy grabbed hold of the plug and pulled, gently but insistently, until I cried out at the feel of it stretching my hole. “I like a tight ass, and loosening you up is

always going to be part of my foreplay.” He gave a final yank and the plug popped free, leaving my pink hole gaping. “From now on, no cages, no plugs, no devices or accessories unless you ask my permission first.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I was still breathing hard, but I nodded. “I understand, Daddy.”

Before I knew what he was going to do, he lowered his head from where it rested atop my cock and dragged his tongue across my gaping asshole. “Oh, Daddy!” That sent electric shocks shooting through my body. I’d played with my ass before, but nothing I’d ever done had felt that good. “Oh, oh, oh, I like that, Daddy.” He kept licking, his tongue scraping my body and my soul. Then, just when I thought it couldn’t get any better, he poked his tongue inside me! “Daddy!” I screamed in joy. “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! That’s so good! So good! Oh my God, so good!”

He pulled out, gave my hole a kiss, and laughed. “Now do you understand why I don’t want some silly plug filling my wife’s hole?”

I nodded, momentarily lost for words.

“Good.” He pushed me backward on the bed, then climbed onto the mattress and knelt between my spread legs. I felt something hard and heavy against my sissy clit and looked down to see his cock covering mine. “My,” he teased, “there does seem to be a bit of a contrast between us, doesn’t there?”

A bit? It was like placing an ebony baseball bat next to a bleached toothpick! His balls alone nearly covered my entire cock. I’d already felt it, fondled it, tasted it, but seeing it next to my sissy appendage really drove home the reality of our roles and our relationship.

“It’s so big, Daddy. So beautiful.” I knew it was going to hurt, but I needed to feel it inside me. “Please fuck me, Daddy. Fill your sissy wife with your massive cock. Breed your sissy bride’s ass with your cum. Please, Daddy.” I bit my lip and gave him a sexy little pout. “I so need it.”

He leaned forward, pressing me to the bed with his muscled torso, and I heard him rummaging through the nightstand. When he raised himself back up, he had a bottle of what looked like gel in his hands. “Best lube money can buy,” he told me. “I go through half a bottle a week masturbating this monster.”

“Went through half a bottle a week,” I cheekily corrected. “My Daddy doesn’t need to masturbate anymore.”

“Maybe not,” he smiled, giving my cheek a playful slap, “but I suspect I’ll be using at least a bottle a week getting inside your ass.”

I watched, breathless with anticipation, as he squeezed lube all over his cock. He stroked himself, spreading the lube, and I swear he got even bigger. Next, he squeezed some into the palm of his hand, then reached down and pressed it against my ass. One finger slipped inside me and I moaned. Two fingers slipped inside me and I gasped. Three fingers slipped inside me, fucking me with rough, short strokes, and I squealed.

“I love you, Bobbi, but this is going to hurt.”

The head of his cock pressed against my ass. He began pushing it inside, gently but with insistent pressure. I felt the ring of my asshole stretch impossibly wide as the thickest part of his head pushed past. I didn't scream, but I bit my lips hard and cried silent tears. It hurt so much! It was like there was a fleshy battering ram of hot fire was forcing its way inside me. I felt the moment the head slipped past my ring, the magic moment when my ass tried to relax but found something even harder blocking the way.

"Breathe, my sissy." He stopped there. "Deep breaths. Push out, push against me like you're having the biggest shit of your life."

It was so hard, so hard to focus, but I knew I had to do what he said. I had to listen to Daddy. I cried silent tears and did it, and I felt the pain begin to recede. It still hurt, but it was more of a burning ache than a sharp tearing.

"That's it, that's my sissy." I flinched when he began stroking my sissy clit again. It felt so good! Between that distraction, the breathing, and the pushing, I began to relax.

"You're so big, Daddy. I never knew I could feel so full." I smiled and giggled at the same time. "I'm full of my Daddy's cock. I'm no longer a virgin."

"No, my pretty little wife, you're not." He gave my slit another tug. "At least, not where it matters."

"This is the only way it matters," I moaned.

"Damn right. You're my pretty little sissy faggot, and this," he stroked and tugged my clit again, "is never going anywhere near a woman's pussy." He began squeezing it hard, crushing it in his hand until I cried out from the pain. "Say it for me, Bobbi. Tell me you'll be Daddy's pussy-free sissy virgin?"

"I'm Daddy's pussy-free sissy virgin!" I screamed it loud. "My sissy clit only exists to amuse you. It will never, ever, ever go near some icky pussy." I bucked against the pain, welcoming it. Were he to completely crush it, to tear it from my body, I wouldn't miss it. "Sissies exist to get fucked, not fuck, Daddy, and sissy brides only belong to one cock."

"And that's mine."

While I resumed breathing and pushing out, he began pushing in, driving inch after inch of cock inside me. It felt so weird, but in a wonderful way. I could feel the pressure inside of me. I could feel every bump and curve of his cock being hugged by my ass. It still hurt, but in a good way. It was giving me a bit of a tummy ache, but I loved it.

"Oh my God, Daddy. You're inside of me. Your cock is in me." My entire body was trembling. "It should be possible, it shouldn't fit, but your cock is inside of me and I love it!" I began wiggling my ass, pushing against him. "I want more, Daddy. Please! I want it all."

He paused with half his length inside me. "Baby, I can't wait until you can take me all, but that's an awful lot of cock for a sissy and I don't want to hurt you." He

leaned forward and kissed me. “You’ve done really good. I’m so proud of you. You’ve made me so happy.” He kissed me again. “I want our first time to be special. I want it to feel really good, for both of us. The day will come, and it will come sooner than you think, where you can safely take me to the root, but you’ve got a lot of stretching and adjusting to do.”

“So you’re not mad?” I knew it, but needed to hear him say it.

“No, no, never.” He lowered his head and bit one of my nipples through the material of my bra. “I could never be mad at such a brave, pretty, loving little sissy.” He shifted over to bite the other one, and then came back up to kiss me again. “We’re getting these pierced,” he told me. “I’m going to have a lot of fun playing with your sissy titties.”

“Pierce me later, Daddy,” I answered cheekily, thrilling to the slap he gave me for being a brat. “I can’t wait but, please, for now, just fuck me, Daddy.” I grinned. “Fuck me with whatever you can, however you can.” I couldn’t stop myself from blushing. “I want to feel you cum inside of me. I really, really want that.”

“Fuck, you’re such a sexy little sissy.” His cock began moving inside me. I felt it, and it felt wonderful! “I’m sorry I’m not going to be able to last long, but you’ve got me so fucking turned on.” The head of his cock stopped just inside the well-stretched hole of my ass. He paused to squeeze more lube along its length, and then squeezed an equal amount in his hand. “I’m going to fuck you sissy, hard and fast, and I want you to cum with me.”

This time, when he sank his cock inside me, it slipped smoothly into my bowels. No sooner had he hit his self-imposed limit and he pulled back, and then forced himself in again. It was heavenly! I moaned and whimpered. I found a rhythm, pushing out to welcome him deeper inside, and then squeezing hard to keep him there. The pain was gone down, and in its place was a pleasure the likes of which I had never felt. It wasn’t just the feeling of being fucked, it was the knowledge of being fucked. I’d given myself wholly into my Daddy’s power, submitted completely to his desires, and now I was being used to give him pleasure.

And then Daddy began stroking my sissy clit. I was harder than ever before, but I still barely filled his hand. He stroked me with quick, warm, slippery strokes. I’d played with myself before, and it had never felt this good.

“Oh, oh, Daddy! I feel so weird, so good!” I was squirming beneath him, overcome with sensations that were as wonderful as they were confusing. “It feels like I’m going to cum inside and out. How are you doing this? How are you making me feel like this?”

“Because,” he grunted, “you’re a fucking sissy.” Suddenly I felt his cock swelling inside me. It was getting even bigger, and it was pulsing so hard I could feel his heartbeat inside me. “Because,” he growled, “you’re my fucking sissy wife and it’s what I was fucking made to do!”

“Daddy!” I locked my stocking-clad legs around him, caressing him with the smoothness while I held him close. “Don’t stop, Daddy! Don’t ever stop!”

That move, the sensation, it pushed him over the edge. He pressed all his weight against me and howled. “Bobbi!”

We came together, and it was magical. I felt him explode inside me. I felt the hot, wet explosion of cum inside my ass, and knew that my Daddy had successfully bred me. At the same time, I felt my sissy clit spurt into his hand. It was a weak little spurt, a gentle little outside orgasm - and it was completely dwarfed by the orgasm spreading from inside me. Daddy’s cock had touched something, rubbed something, and it was making me feel a thousand times better than his hand on my cock.

Although that felt pretty good too.

“Daddy.” I was panting and gasping. “You came inside me. You bred your sissy.” I squealed as I pulled him to me and smothered him with kisses. “You did it, you did it, you made me your wife!” I kept kissing him, tasting the sweat and the musk of his masculinity. “I never knew I could be so happy, Daddy!” My hugs became tighter as my emotions shifted. “Please, Daddy, don’t let me know. Don’t ever let me go.” My arms locked themselves around his back, while my ankles cross behind him, keeping him trapped in the embrace of my legs. I buried my head against his chest and cried. “Please don’t ever leave me.”

“Leave you?” He pushed himself away. He took my chin in his hands and stared me straight in the eyes. “You just became my wife. I am never letting you go.” He kissed me, just as deeply and passionately as he had earlier. “I love you, Bobbi, and one day we’re going to make this official. One day, you have my word on it, we’re going to have a wedding. We’ll invite the world to share in our love.” With a smile, he laid down atop me, crushing me beneath him. He just held me against his rock-hard abs while his cock softened inside of me. “No man has ever been happier or luckier.”

I snuggled into his embrace, made comfortable by the weight of him atop me, the heat of him against me, and the smell of him surrounding me. I let his love fill me and fell asleep in his arms.

No sissy had ever felt so happy or so safe.

And we were just beginning.

**The End**

## About Bobbi Mare

Author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica.

As a mature sissy who grew up with the Nexus, Beeline, and Reluctant Press paperbacks, and who matured through Transformation, Forced Womanhood, and the Visions of Fantasy She-Male magazines, I have a lifelong love of erotic transgender and fetish fiction.

Submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage is my signature theme, but within my fiction you can also expect to find themes of forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

If you are not at least 18 years old, with an open mind and an insatiable sexual curiosity, then you probably shouldn't be reading my bio, much less my stories.

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/bobbimare>

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