



A Feminized
Husband Explores
Her New
Submissive Sexuality
with Dominant
Men and Women

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* This book was originally published under the penname Gretchen Host.

G Host.

GHost.

Ghost.

As in ghost writer.

This book is the work of five ghost writers with me, Kelly Maitland, editing the results. The Gretchen Host name has been changed purely due to a technical publishing issue. I, Kelly Maitland, otherwise do not claim to have written these words.

Contents

[Chapter 1 – Marianne](#)

[Chapter 2 – Marianne](#)

[Chapter 3 – Dominatrix Alisha](#)

[Chapter 4 – Governess Andrea](#)

[Chapter 5 – Marianne](#)

[Chapter 6 – Mistress Barbara](#)

[Chapter 7 – Maîtresse Evelyn](#)

[Chapter 8 – Marianne](#)

[Who is Gretchen Host?](#)

Chapter 1 – Marianne

My husband Steven always had trouble with his performance in bed. That's not to say that the sex itself was bad. It was more or less his own commitment to the act that seemed to leave us both wanting. Every time we made love he acted like his mind was elsewhere; off in a fantasy that didn't include me. In the more recent months it seemed like he had lost interest in any sort of foreplay altogether. He always seemed off in his own world or trapped in his head. He often worked from home and I noticed that his headspace was always in a different place than where his job was at. Whatever it was, it was consuming him, one way or another.

Naturally, I was both curious and concerned about what was going on in my husband's head. I wanted to know what it was he was thinking about during our most intimate moments together. Did his lack of interest stem from it being me? Was I no longer fulfilling his desires in bed? Was he thinking about another woman? Or women? If so, what was it they made him feel that I couldn't give him? It got to the point I couldn't keep myself wondering anymore. What caught me off guard though was my husband's response.

It was late in the evening. I was in bed, waiting for Steven to come out of the bathroom and join me. I was dressed in a new black see-through chemise with nothing under it but a thong. I sat above all the blankets because I wanted Steven to see me when he stepped out. He stepped out, but he didn't see me. I watched him as he looked down at his feet while he shuffled around the bed opposite me. He laid down on his pillow and only then did he see my naked legs and my attempt at being sexy. "You look beautiful tonight, Marianne," he said to me. "But I don't know if I am going to be up for anything tonight."

He noticed my brow twitch, a common facial tic of mine when I'm angry. I quickly curbed my anger. "Why?" I asked him plainly. "What could possibly be on your mind to make you not want any of this?" My voice cracked as I felt myself wanting to cry. I am a strong woman but even I felt like I could break down if he told me he wasn't interested in me anymore. "Steven, just talk to me," I begged of him.

Steven looked at me for a moment like his mind was racing. He knew he couldn't lie to me. I was a great lie detector and he was a terrible liar. "Marianne, I just..." he paused like he didn't know what to say, or how to say it. I leaned closer towards him to let him know I was really hanging on his words. It was what he said then that was beyond all of my expectations. "I just can't stop fantasizing about being a woman."

I reeled back. "A woman? Like a real woman?" I said, exasperated. "You've been neglecting our relationship because you wished you were female?"

Immediately he tried to clarify. "No, Marianne, no, not quite like that," he said nervously. "Like a sissy whore. One that gets dominated by men."

I couldn't even think of a proper response to what he had just said. A sissy whore? My husband? Wait, does that mean he's bisexual? Sure he was a little effeminate, but not in that way. At least that is what I would have thought. I sat back and looked at him for a long time. It was a lot to process. All the while I watched him nervously fidget with his fingers as he waited for my response. "I'm...honestly not sure what to say to that," I finally admitted to him. "Perhaps we should check if this outfit fits you then, huh?"

Steven laughed, albeit a bit awkwardly, at my joke. I was so relieved at that moment to know it wasn't my worst nightmare coming true. I loved my husband,

and I wanted him to be honest and open with me about these types of feelings. “I’m sorry,” he said to me. “I was just feeling ashamed. After I learned about feminization...” He tailed off in embarrassment. He restarted his line of thought. “It was a very compelling fetish. There’s a lot of substance to it. I started to do some research and it was suddenly all I could think about. It’s not you and I don’t want you to ever think that. It’s just that this is something I’ve so desperately wanted to experience. It’s just a fetish. I’m sorry it took me so long to tell you.”

I leaned in and cupped his cheek. A smile spread across my face. I suddenly had an idea, one that would benefit the both of us. “Oh no! I don’t want you to ever feel like you have to hide these feelings from me! Fuck, you had me worried.”

He seemed almost bothered by that. “Worried? Why?”

“Well, what was I supposed to think? That you weren’t attracted to me anymore? That you were seeing someone else?” I explained to him the best I could, but Steven was always a little oblivious to how he acted and came off to people. “You really just don’t know how you come off when your mind is elsewhere.”

“I guess you’re right,” he admitted.

“I’m always right,” I assured him.

“You’re not mad at me? You’re not disgusted by my perversion?”

“I don’t know yet. I’ll have to think about it.” All at once I came up with a great plan that would leave both of us feeling satisfied by the night’s end. Yes, this idea could be fun. “Steven, take off your boy clothes. I have an idea.” He looked at me with what seemed like a mixture of panic and curiosity. I could tell he had no idea what was in store. I removed my chemise and thong. I handed the lingerie to him. “We wear roughly the same size in most things. See if you can put this on.”

I noticed an immediate change in Steven’s demeanor at that moment. It was clear he didn’t expect me to be so accepting of his newfound fetish. Truth be told, I reveled in the thought of transforming him. Little by little. If he wanted to be a sissy whore, I would make him feel like a sissy whore. I watched as he stripped naked out of his bedtime clothes and dropped the fine, soft fabric of the chemise over his body. He didn’t need to be asked twice to dress up in it. I couldn’t help but giggle with delight as he put on my lingerie, for I noticed his erection pointing back at me from over the waistband of my thong. It was the first time in a long time since I’ve seen him get such a hard-on without any sort of physical stimulation. This really was going to work. Perhaps too well. He tucked his penis into the thong to create a tent.

I said, “Baby, we’re going to have to put some work into you.”

His eyes widened as he said, “Work into me? You mean...?”

“You want to be a sissy whore? I can make you a sissy whore,” I explained to him. “I have all the means and know-how to help you achieve your fantasies. And I will do it for you because I love you.”

“Really?” he said to me with a sound of utmost relief.

We shared a passionate kiss as I rubbed back his mess of hair. I wasn't kidding when I said I was going to help him become a sissy whore. My plan was to transform him. If this has been his fantasy for so long, than what he needed was a true metamorphosis. I planned to not only doll him up to look like a slutty whore; I planned to make him actually become a slutty whore. I pushed this crossdressing man, my husband, back on the bed and threw off the pillows. He gasped as he looked up at me, unsure of what I was about to do. He didn't want to admit that I was stronger than him, at least when I really wanted to be. We were both about the same build and roughly the same height depending on whether or not I wore heels. I stretched my long legs over his body and sat myself down on top of him, crotch to crotch.

My intent was still to get pleasure out of this experience, even if it wasn't what I originally expected. I nestled his fully erect cock directly against my clitoris. The only thing between us was the thin layer of fabric that constituted the thong. The chemise was pushed up around his bellybutton. I put my hand inside his thong and pulled out his dick so it was sticking out above the waistband. I pushed my body down against his stomach. I settled myself down comfortably with his penis squished under my weight against both of ours bellies. I crossed my arms against his chest. I looked down at him and smiled. We were less than a few inches away from each other's faces. We started breathing heavier with excitement. He looked at me nervously. "What, um, what exactly is the plan here, Marianne?" he asked.

"I want you to close your eyes, Steven," I told him. "I want you to listen as I help you visualize and become what you have fantasized about."

"You want me to visualize?" he asked.

It was frustrating how thick-headed he often was. "Yes, visualize, use your

imagination,” I clarified. “Derive your pleasure from the experience as I play you through a scenario. If this works for you then I will know it is worth it to help you pursue this fantasy.”

“I don’t know about this. It sounds a bit like something...” He didn’t finish his thought.

“Think of it as listening to an erotic tale,” I told him. “Just close your eyes.”

“Yes, Mistress!” he exclaimed as he shut his eyes on command. “I trust you.”

“You shouldn’t, but it’s good to know I’ve got your trust to abuse. Now listen to my voice. I want you to put yourself in the place of the whore in this story. She is you. She is Stephanie. She’s you in a dress. Got it? You are Stephanie.”

“I get it,” he said. He breathed out with excitement and squinted his eyes hard while still closed. “I am Stephanie.”

“Good. You are Stephanie.”

I began to spin a tale for Steven to experience. It began on a bright early morning as Stephanie rolled out of her bed. It was slated to be a beautiful day outside so she decided to get herself ready for a nice walk around the city. She walked into the bathroom on her dainty toes and cleaned herself up. She was feeling good enough to even apply some make-up. A bit of foundation, a little blush, some fine mascara, and lipstick to make those luscious lips of hers pop.

She dressed in a pair of cute stockings that really showed off her killer legs. She put on a fancy pair of black strappy stiletto heels that exposed her beautiful toes to the world. They matched perfectly with the tight miniskirt and white blouse trimmed to fit her tight, curvy frame. She dressed sexy yet classy, and she knew it; but it was all about the little touches to drive the men wild. Her blouse was unbuttoned just a little too low, making that black lace bra she wore under it stand out. Just because she had a small chest didn't mean she couldn't show some skin. Last but not least, she ensured that her chastity device kept her only claim to masculinity tucked away.

Upon describing Steven as Stephanie, I felt his cock throb against my clit. I could tell he was really experiencing the moment. Getting dressed up and visualizing all the tiny details that he would find sexy in a woman, except on himself, was making his cock stir. His dick felt good against my pussy. I could tell I was starting to get wet just from talking about it. I felt him shift under me and nestle more into me than he had been before.

“That’s good,” I said to him. “You help me, and I will help you. I expect you to actually use this cock of yours. Right? When you get really into it, I expect you to stick it in me and make me come. Like a good girl would.”

He nodded. “Like a good girl would,” he said. “I understand.”

He pushed himself more into me. I felt my clit grow with excitement from the stimulation. It was nice to feel something other than my usual masturbation routine. It made me wonder how often he masturbated to these thoughts and porn when I wasn't paying attention or asleep. I wasn't mad but it was a frustrating thought to have. I breathed out and started to work my pussy against his cock as I re-embellished the details of how he would look once he fully transformed himself from a man into a woman.

I continued with Steven as Stephanie as she walked out of her humble apartment and down a busy city street. She walked with a pep in her step as she knew today was going to be a good day. When she walked, her ass swayed side to side; it was the kind of movement that commanded attention from every passer-by on the street. On this day, Stephanie had no real destination in mind. She was more interested in seeing what sort of surprises the world had in store for her. Surely as fate would have it, she came upon a wonderful sight.

“A wonderful sight?” Steven interrupted. His eyes stayed closed. It was clear he was really envisioning everything I was telling him.

“Shhhhh,” I whispered to him with my finger pressed firmly to his lips.

Stephanie could see the construction workers taking a lunch break from what had been a long, hard morning.

“Ah, the new federal bank down the street,” Steven interrupted again.

“Hush, love, no more interruptions,” I scolded him. His cock pushed upwards against my clit and I shuddered from the hot stimulation. “Now then, where was I?”

Each of the men were shirtless with strong, toned bodies and broad shoulders. They were cooling off from breaking a hard sweat operating their machinery and working to build that new office building for the federal bank. Stephanie caught their attention almost immediately after coming into view. She smiled and waved at them kindly. She knew full well that she caught their attention, and she knew it was because she was a gorgeous sight to behold. Much to her surprise, one of

the men actually hopped off his seat and made his way over to her. Stephanie paused where she was and let the handsome bear of a man approach her. "I've seen you walk by here a couple of times now," the construction worker said to her. "Just thought I'd come say hello. How are you doing?" Steven laughed as I went as far as to change my voice to be deeper and gruffer. I asked him, "And what did Stephanie say in response to this handsome hunk? Go on, tell me. You're Stephanie. Give me your line."

"I'm doing just fine, how about yourself?" he said as I let him role-play Stephanie's voice.

I pushed my cunt harder into his cock. I did all I could to hold back from moaning. I cleared my throat and continued but this time without the gruffer voice. "'Quite fine,'" the construction worker said with a smile. 'Just working hard and finding a moment to talk to such a beautiful lady like yourself. It's such a relief from this long, busy day to talk with someone as cute as you.'"

I watched Steven bite his lip as Stephanie did the same. "I can think of a better way to give you relief," she said.

"Oh?" questioned the construction worker. He looked back at the other men in disbelief. He turned back to Stephanie and asked, "Would this involve us going somewhere?"

"It can be anywhere as long as it's private," Stephanie said. "I'm in a very good mood, and I'd like to share my happiness with you, if possible."

"By all means," said the construction worker. "I know just a place where we can

‘chat’.”

Stephanie smiled big and giggled with delight. She followed the huge hunk of a man out of sight from the other workers. The gentleman opened the door to the trailer of his office. “You have your own office?” Stephanie asked.

“I do,” said the construction worker. “I’m the building manager here. I can take an extended break whenever I want.” As soon as the worker turned the lock on the door, Stephanie got down on her knees. They both knew what was coming next. She bit her lip seductively as she pulled the buckle off the construction worker’s pants. He looked down at her, past his sweaty, muscular body, and smirked with anticipation. Stephanie unbuttoned his fly and reached in to find his large, thick cock. She pulled it out of the man’s boxers and gasped at the very sight of such a member. She knew she was going to enjoy this piece of meat even more than she originally anticipated. His cock throbbed in her hand as she gripped it tightly with both hands on the shaft. “Do you think you can handle that, little lady?” asked the construction worker.

“Watch me,” said Stephanie with a look of defiance on her pretty made-up face.

He did, and his mouth dropped in awe as Stephanie slowly cupped her lips over his throbbing head and gently slid the full length of his cock deep into her mouth. He gasped as she deep-throated his meat like it was nothing. Stephanie tasted his hot, salty manliness as she slowly moved up and down the whole of his cock. Her tongue caressed the rigid shaft. She started to churn her hand around the base of his shaft. She reached between his legs to cup his heavy balls, still inside his boxers, in her other hand. She could smell his testosterone through his clothes as she sucked vigorously on his tasty meat.

“Oh baby, you’re so good at this,” the construction worker moaned as he

complimented Stephanie on her dick sucking skills.

The manly worker flexed as his whole body tensed with adrenaline. Stephanie could feel her own cock trying to grow at the very thought of the naughty actions she was performing. Her masculine shame throbbed with an anxious desire to be touched, but she held strong to keep it a secret. Her body was warm from the blood rushing adrenaline that drove her to continue to suck. She consumed the man's cock vigorously. She focused less on the pain in her panties and more on the pleasure she was giving and receiving. She was getting off on the very sounds of his moans as she stripped away all of his insecurities and vulnerabilities. "Oh sweetheart," the construction worker said. "You're going to drive me crazy with those insane cock sucking skills of yours."

He thrust deeper into Stephanie's mouth, testing the very limits of her ability to take in such a meaty cock. Stephanie knew that she was being tested at this point. She wanted to make a good impression so she pulled out all the stops. She pulled his cock out of her mouth and with both hands she pulled down his boxers. She then generously licked up and down the shaft. She rubbed her tongue down to his balls as she cupped them in her gentle hands. She then returned to deep throating his cock. He groaned in passionate pleasure as he caressed her shoulders. It was a way for him to congratulate her on a job well done.

I watched as Steven kept his eyes closed and moaned along with the story, really into the idea of sucking a stranger's massive cock. I felt him writhe under my body. His erection was seriously hard. He kept pushing upwards against me. I could feel his meat apply delicious pressure against my clit. I tried to keep myself from breathing heavily as I started to actively grind my cunt against his cock. I was so hot and moist down there. It was the best sensation I'd felt in a long time. I couldn't help myself anymore as I started to emit a low, heavy moaning noise. "Just so you know, Steven, this is the best your cock has worked for me in months."

He breathed out and opened his eyes to look at me. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be sorry. Just fuck me better. Now close your eyes and let me continue."

Steven closed his eyes.

The worker let out a heavy, enthusiastic sigh as he felt his whole body quiver in delight from Stephanie's talented lips and tongue. He kept thrusting his hips into Stephanie's mouth as she sucked passionately on his erection. She continued to fondle his balls in her hand. She squeezed lightly as she tightened the skin on his cock with her other hand. The rush of adrenaline was getting to her. She started to moan against his meat. It throbbed in her mouth as he drew closer and closer. His moaning grew heavier to match with Stephanie's. She started to suck faster and faster, practically gagging herself on his member as she vigorously bobbed her head up and down while jerking him off with her hand.

Suddenly she felt him climax in her mouth. He let out a heavy sigh of relief as he poured his warm liquid into her mouth. She tasted the sweet and salty mixture as she swallowed it all down with such delight. The thrill of sexual ecstasy had driven her wild with anticipation for what was to come. "Oh baby, you're so delicious," moaned Stephanie as she looked up at the man.

I could no longer hold it in myself. The story had made me just as excited. I felt my whole body tighten and I orgasmed on top of my husband's thong covered cock. He gasped in pleasure as I rode it out, coming profusely against the thong and down my leg. It was one of the biggest climaxes I'd had in a long time, come to think of it. I hopped off of Steven as he laid there. He had oozed some pre-cum onto his stomach. I smirked at him. "Oh sweetheart," I moaned loudly

to him. I grabbed my breasts and licked my lips seductively. “Look at what your little fantasy made you do.”

“Oh yes, Marianne, I’m so happy you enjoyed it too,” Steven said. “Now is it my turn? I’m so close.”

“Stephanie doesn’t get to come,” I told him. “Not yet anyway.”

“Wait, you’re leaving me on the edge...?!?” Steven gasped in disappointment.

I smirked at him. “You left me on edge too many times to count. I think you owe me some blue balls. Just look at yourself and how aroused you became after I told you a naughty little bedtime story. It’s pathetic. Little submissive bitches like Stephanie need to be broken and humiliated. And lucky for you, I’m the sort of bitch who will break and destroy you. Now I know your secrets, things are never going to be the same for you ever again.”

Chapter 2 – Marianne

I woke up the next morning to the sound of Steven's razor humming into the bedroom. I stretched my body and yawned. The sun was cracking through the blinds of our bedroom window. I stepped my bare feet onto the cold bedroom floor. The buzzing noise continued as I scratched my head and slowly made my way to the bathroom. I cracked open the door and peered inside to see Steven hard at work shaving all of the body hair off his body. I watched with curiosity. He was deep in the process of shaving off his pubic hair. He had his cock in his hand and worked precariously to clean up his nether regions. "Steven," I whispered loudly to him, not wanting to startle him.

He looked up and met my eyes. He set the razor down. "I wanted to get a head start for the day," he said.

I smirked as I opened the door all the way and stepped inside. "Well first off," I told him, "you shouldn't be shaving your crotch with an electric razor. Let me do it."

I walked over and threw off my nightgown, not wanting to get any of his hair on my clothes. I knelt down, completely naked, next to him and smiled as I pulled out my personal razor from the drawer. He looked down at me as I gently took his penis in my hand. I held it down as I proceeded to properly shave the rest of his pubic hair. He watched me, worried I might make a mistake as I confidently shaved the rest of his nether regions without much of a hassle. I observed how my handling and fondling caused him to have quite an erection. I knew he still had blue balls from the night before but I couldn't help myself. I leaned in and lightly kissed his head as he throbbed. "Hey!" he cried. "No teasing."

“Oh, there will be a lot more than teasing,” I told him. “Clean this hair off the floor and start up the shower. I’ll likely have to touch you up a few more times with the razor before you’re done.”

He sighed and nodded as I watched him clean up his mess. I stood there with my arms folded, not intending to let down my dominant persona at any point today. He wasn’t aware of what I had planned and I intended to keep it that way until he was faced with the big reveal. We started up the shower together as I stepped in with him. I made him drop down to his knees while I washed him off in the water with all of my feminine soaps. I wanted him to smell as good, if not better, than I usually do, and I wanted him to feel extra soft and delicate. I took up my cup of apricot body scrub and proceeded to cover his body with it. He winced at the rough textures of the scrubbing beads as I made sure to cover every inch of him, even going as far as to caress his balls and lower shaft. “Oh-oh! Careful!” he jumped.

“If you move like that then I might actually hurt you,” I scolded him. “Now you need to be soft. Baby soft, all over. That includes your junk. You don’t see sissy boys with ugly junk.”

“No, no you don’t,” he said as he breathed out. “Being beautiful hurts.”

“Tell me about it,” I told him. I smirked with delight to hear him finally admit it. “Now you know all the stress I’ve gone through in life to look good for your sorry ass, when all you do to get ready is throw on some pants and a shirt. If you want to be a sissy boy for real, you’ll have to be doing this often. Every day, or at least every other day. Trust me though, if you keep it routine, you will have an easier time getting this shit done.”

“Thank you, Marianne, I wouldn’t be able to do this without you,” he said.

“If only you told me sooner, we wouldn’t have had all those months of awkward, terrible sex.”

“Was it that bad?” he asked.

“You were a great disappointment, now stand up,” I told him. He stood up in the water. It washed off everything I applied to his skin, leaving it to look beautifully smooth and shiny. I smirked with satisfaction as I caressed my hands over his hairless chest. A part of me found his new feminine-looking self to be attractive in the oddest way. “It’s going to be up to you if you want to grow out your real hair, wear a wig, or go with a style like a bob or something. The biggest thing is, your hair right now isn’t super cute.”

“You think I should get it styled while I grow it out?” he asked me.

“I think you should ask what Stephanie wants,” I told him. He nodded. “We don’t have any means of doing anything about this here at the house, but we will want to address it when you’re ready.”

We both finished cleaning up in the shower and stepped out into the warm air of the steamy bathroom. I watched as he stood in front of the mirror and looked at himself for a long time. I could tell he was envisioning Stephanie looking back at him. I smirked with delight as I came over and lightly kissed his shoulders. “Come on, I have some things I want you to try on.”

We were both very similar in size and build, which worked because it meant I knew what he could wear, and I knew what would look good matched with what. I led Steven out the bathroom. Our naked bodies took in the mild chill of our bedroom. I walked over to my dresser as I gestured for him to sit on the bed. I look through all of the clothing options I had, curiously envisioning what sort of slutty sissy I could make my husband. A part of me was still blown away at the mere thought of it. I eventually found everything I thought would make the perfect starter outfit for my soon to be Stephanie. I turned around and held them out to him. "Stockings?" he said, being ever so observant. "And is that the dress I bought you last summer?"

"I've only worn it once," I told him. "And honestly, it's not my color. But I do think it's Stephanie's color. The dress is a soft pink and cotton white, while the stockings are a hot pink and paper-white," I clarified for him. "They're matching but still very different."

He said quietly, "You would know better than I would."

"Now put these on," I said as I handed him the stockings and the dress. I opened up the closet and rummaged around in my extensive shoe collection to find a perfect pair of matching high heels. I toss them to him. "These too."

"Man, I'll have to learn to walk in these," I heard him say to himself as he started to get ready.

"Practice makes perfect," I told him. "You can practice walking back and forth while you wait for me to come back." The next part of my plan was about to unfold. I couldn't wipe the devious smirk off my face.

“Wait, are you going out?” he said to me, oblivious to my intentions.

I proceeded to dress in some simple casual wear that I could just throw on. As I dressed I said, “I have something very important to pick up for what I want to do today,” I told him. “Finish getting dressed and practice walking in those heels. I don’t want you to even think about touching your dick while I’m gone. If you do, I’ll know, and I’ll kick your ass, understand?”

“Uh, yes, Mistress,” he said, clearly understanding my assertion of total dominance over him.

“Good, I’ll be back in less than an hour. And I mean it. No masturbating while I’m gone. Don’t disappoint me,” I told him as I headed to the door. “Be a good girl.”

I smirked as I left him alone in the bedroom to work on his appearance and walk.

I returned with a massive bag in my hand before the forty-five-minute mark. I unlocked the front door as stealthily as possible. I walked up to the bedroom door and listened, hearing Steven speaking in a far more convincingly higher-pitched feminine voice. I opened the door and he turned to look at me. At that moment I realized I was no longer looking at Steven, but I was looking at Stephanie, and Stephanie was really fucking cute. “That didn’t take long,” she said to me in her new feminine voice.

“I told you it wouldn’t be more than an hour, and I made good time,” I told her. “Get on the bed. I have a surprise in store for you.”

She nodded in compliance. She crawled up onto the bed. I could tell her cock was still swollen and untouched as it made its presence known from under the dress when she moved. I walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind me. I listened closely as I could hear Stephanie still working on her voice. “She told you to get on the bed like a good girl and wait for your surprise,” she said. “I wonder what the surprise is.”

I couldn't help but chuckle with delight as I quickly stripped down to my birthday suit. I picked up the special item I purchased and put it on. When I stepped out again, the look in Stephanie's eyes alone was worth every cent I paid. There I stood before her, now with a full strap-on belt around my crotch and ass. Sticking out from the crotch was a large, dark, realistic dildo. The expensive silicone cock was molded from a real penis. It was big but not excessively so. On the inside of the belt, behind the dildo itself, a smaller toy was situated against my cunt in such a way that I could derive extra pleasure for myself. In one of my hands I had a bottle of lubricant.

I approached Stephanie with a smile on my face. She immediately leaned forward on the bed and opened her mouth in anticipation. I put the lube on the floor and reached down and gently pinched her cheeks in my hands. “Oh come on now, sweetheart. You can't just open your mouth and take it. I want you to beg for it.”

“Oh fuck, yes, Mistress. Please may I suck your cock? I'm a good whore. I'll make you feel real good. Please. Just let me suck your penis.”

I rubbed over her soft, smooth cheeks as she closed her eyes and pushed against my hand lovingly. I reached around the back of her head and grabbed hold of a small handful of hair. Stephanie gasped in excitement as she licked her lips. I said, “Now you take it.”

“Yes, Mistress.” She flicked her tongue against the head.

I held it by the shaft and pushed the head into her mouth. She moaned with delight as she started sucking on it. It was really hot to watch her perform so well. If I didn't know any better, I would have assumed she'd been doing a lot of practice leading up to this moment. I couldn't feel anything the same way a man would with a real cock, but every time she bobbed her head, the back end would properly stimulate my clit. I shivered with delight as my pussy was immediately wet from the interaction. I bit my lip and rubbed over my breasts, pushing the cock further into Stephanie's mouth just to see how much she could take. Much to my surprise, she managed to take it all the way to the base, without even gagging. I gasped in excitement, proud to see her so naturally ready to be a whore. I started to thrust against her face, holding down her head and pushing her more onto it.

She grabbed her own cock and started to stroke it under her skirt. I allowed it.

“Mm, mm,” she moaned as she pulled out and wrapped her hands around the base of the shaft. She jerked on the cock and gyrated the toy against my clit. She licked the head and moaned with pleasure just from committing that act. I breathed out heavily as I could feel my own juices flowing from the constant stimulation.

“Oh, Mistress, you're cock... it tastes so good. I want it all!”

“Look at you being a dirty talker,” I laughed. I pulled once again on her hair and thrust the cock into her mouth, this time forcing her to gag. “Let's see just how much of a dirty fucking slut you can be.”

I placed both hands on the back of her head as I proceeded to face fuck her, thrusting my thighs and popping my hips so that I can push the cock as deep into her mouth as I could. Stephanie continued to gag and gasp for air as she drooled saliva all over the cock. We both breathed out in exhilaration as I felt my first miniature orgasm come along from the heavy stimulation. Finally, I pulled her away and let her breathe. Stephanie gasped with delight as she sat back and wiped away her excess spit. I noticed a small puddle of pre-cum on the bedsheets as it overflowed out of her cock.

“Look at you getting all hot and bothered over some good meat, you dirty little slut,” I said to her. “Look at the mess you made, you silly whore.”

“I am so sorry to disappoint you, Mistress,” she said sheepishly.

“That you should be,” I scolded her. “We’re going to have to do something about that.” I thought for a moment and rubbed my chin. “What would the construction worker have thought if he knew the truth about you, girl? After you’ve sucked him off, what would he think if he noticed a pool of pre-cum on the ground under your skirt?”

Stephanie gasped. “Oh no, he will find out?” she said.

“He already has,” I told her.

It was at that moment I brought Stephanie back into the fantasy she had the night before. To that moment when she sucked off the shirtless construction worker

and swallowed his cum. She gasped in horror. “Oh, no, I can explain,” she said. “I may have a cock, but I’m a real woman. It’s just an extra part that makes me special.”

“You’re a woman? Or are you just one of those sissy whores?” the construction worker asked via my voice. Stephanie couldn’t tell if he was irate or not. I grabbed her by the upper arms. “Well? Answer me?”

“I am a sissy whore!” she cried. “I am a sissy whore and all I wanted was a good cock.”

“Oh, I will give you a good cock,” he said to her. “A cock like no other.”

I turned Stephanie around and pushed her face down onto the mattress. She gasped in surprise as I flipped up her dress to expose her open, fresh ass. At this point in time, I was unsure if she had been using toys to masturbate and further prepare herself, or if this was about to be her first anal penetration by a toy.

I smeared lubricant onto my cock from the bottle on the floor. Then I slowly pushed my cock into her anus. Her whole lower body convulsed and clenched at the feeling of me gently pushing it in. I took care not to tear her delicate asshole. I proceeded to pump slowly, feeling the tight rim of her asshole suctioned tight around the cock. I gasped with excitement at the thought of what I was doing to my husband. “Hot damn, you have a wonderfully tight virgin asshole.”

After a while I didn’t even need to thrust as she vigorously moved her body against me and cooed with pleasure. At that moment I didn’t think I would ever want any of this to end. Ravishing her like the full-fledged woman she had

become couldn't have been any more fun. I rubbed my hand over her delicate, soft ass cheeks and I squeezed. I then popped her once on the left cheek. She yelped. "Did you like that, sweetheart?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said. "In fact, I want you to do it harder."

Now that really took me by surprise, because for as long as I had known Stephanie, even before I married her when she was simply Steven, she had absolutely no pain tolerance to speak of. She used to whine about the simplest of things, like getting pinched or being playfully popped on the cheek just a little too hard. Now she is asking for me to hit her harder? It really was a complete turn-around transformation that took place in this bedroom. I proceeded to slap her harder on the bare ass as she requested. "Just like that, you little sissy whore?"

"Just like that, baby, just like that but harder still," she begged. "Oh, I want you to beat me just as good as you fuck me."

I slapped her ass many more times. She moaned with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

It was time to finally give Stephanie what she deserved: an orgasm. I pushed the cock up against her prostate as hard as I could and kept it there. I slowly reached down and took her cock into my hand. I grasped her shaft tightly in my hand. Slowly I stroked gently on her cock. "When you cum, I want you to fucking eat it," I said to her.

"Yes, Mistress."

I continued to stroke gently on her cock for several seconds before I started to really tug on her shaft. She let out another series of dull, uproarious moans as I started jacking her off faster and harder. She was very close to coming.

“Is that what you wanted last night?”

“Yes, thank you, thank you, Mistress Marianne. Thank you.”

My hand was stroking her cock at a fast pace. She couldn't last much longer.

After about a minute she cried with joy, “Oh Marianne, I'm going to come at last!”

I couldn't help but just smirk as I continued to jerk her little cock off. Stephanie screamed as she suddenly ejaculated onto the bed. Her whole body tried to arch and fling itself from my grasp, but I held her firmly in place. She came long and hard as she splattered the bed with her girly jizz.

“You dirty bitch. You clean that up right now.”

“Yes, Mistress Marianne.” While my dick was still up her ass, she reached down and scooped up the cum that had squirted out the end of her dick. She put her cum covered fingers into her mouth and licked them clean.

“Good girl. Good girl.”

Chapter 3 – Dominatrix Alisha

At 3:00pm precisely, Stephanie entered the dungeon, finding herself in my domain.

“You are cutting it close,” I told her. She had been informed of the rules, so she knew that lateness would be punished.

“Yes, Ma’am,” she replied.

I closed and locked the door behind her. “Stand there,” I ordered. “Don’t move.” She was just inside the doorway, but I could see her look at the dungeon and at the various implements and furniture it contained. The dungeon was small, but well-furnished and perfectly suited to my needs.

“You know the rules?” I asked.

“Yes, Ma’am,” she replied again.

“Tell me,” I ordered.

“Do not be late. Do what I’m told. Do not speak until spoken to. Do not make eye contact unless told to.” She recited them quickly, as though she had read over them a few times.

“Safeword?” I asked. I prided myself on taking people to their limits, but sometimes the intensity could be too much.

“Arsenic,” she said.

“Good.” I looked her over. She was dressed in a very short black skirt and a cream colored blouse. Her legs were clad in black stockings. Her high heels, which were also black, rivaled mine. She was nervous, which amused me.

“I am Dominatrix Alisha. That is my name. My title. You will refer to me as Domme Alisha. You will only address me by this name. You have not earned the right to call me anything else. Do you understand?”

She nodded. “Yes, Domme Alisha.”

“Good. Now get undressed.” I watched as her hands trembled at the buttons of her blouse. She fumbled with the bottom two buttons before finally opening it and removing it. She slid the skirt down to the floor, tossing it with her blouse.

Beneath the sophisticated skirt and blouse, she was wearing a simple black bra on her smooth chest and a matching pair of black satin panties that went perfectly with the stockings. “Leave the stockings, sissy.” I did not address her

by name. “And the shoes.”

She removed the bra and panties, adding them to the pile of clothing.

In contrast to her black and white aesthetic, I was clad in scarlet, wearing a bright red corset as well as red stockings. My shoes were black, though with laces of scarlet along the sides. In my dungeon I stood out. My dungeon floors were dark. Tiled. My stride across the floor was confident while hers was hesitant.

I led her to the St. Andrews cross near the center of the room. The cross was X-shaped and very heavy. Sturdy. It was painted black and red, as much of the furniture in my dungeon was. She stared at it, perhaps realizing that this is real. That she was in a dungeon and would be at my mercy.

“Turn around and step toward it,” I instructed. “Face first. Press against it.” She did as told and I secured thick black leather restraints around her wrists. The restraints themselves were built into the cross, trapping her hands in place. I repeated the action with her ankles, securing them in place to the bottom of the cross. Her ass was thrust out at me, a tempting target begging for attention. Her body took on the shape of the X, giving me complete access to the back of her body.

Beside the cross I had a small black table on which I had placed a handful of my favorite implements. I wanted them close so I would not have to break my momentum by fetching items elsewhere in the dungeon. I might choose to grab anything off the walls or from the drawers at the back of the dungeon, but the items in front of me gave me a good place to start.

I chose a flogger to start, smacking it against her back and making my way to her ass. From her ass down to her thighs and back again. Each smack was deliberate, the falls of the flogger spreading out each time it landed on her skin. I was rewarded with pink spots of flesh that became red. “This whole fantasy disgusts me,” I said, smacking her ass harder to emphasize my point.

I did not gag her, but she did not argue with me, perhaps realizing what a bad idea that would be. “I know a sissy can’t really take pain, but I don’t care. You came into my dungeon. You’re getting pain.”

Stephanie whimpered, a high pitched sound that made me laugh. Her ankles were tightly bound so her legs were apart, making her especially vulnerable. To emphasize that point, I picked up my riding crop to slap her between her legs. She let out a loud shriek. “This is ridiculous. You know that, right? You know how ridiculous you look, sissy?”

She still did not respond, facing the back of the cross. I could not tell if her eyes were open or closed. I knew her body jerked when I used the crop. “I asked you a question, sissy. I expect an answer.” I followed with more hard smacks with the riding crop across her ass and down her legs. I slapped her inner thighs, watching as her skin was turning redder.

“Yes, Domme Alisha,” she replied.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I know that I am silly.” Whether she believed it or not, there was a slight tremble in her voice.

“Good, sissy.” Admitting that she looked silly would not spare her from my attention, though. The crop smacked against her flesh harder and her whimpers grew louder. “Repulsive little sissy. This is what you deserve.” Another hard slap between the legs made her loudly cry out. “Tell me.”

“This is what I deserve,” she said. This time there was no hesitation in her response. I focused my attention on her ass, slowly getting it to the shade of red that I desired. She squirmed, barely able to move because of the restraints. Each time she tried to pull away from my crop, I smacked her again, reminding her who was in control. She whimpered, fighting the strict bindings, though her struggle was futile. “You sound absurd,” I told her. “But not as absurd as you look.”

My words caused her to struggle just as much as the crop. The smacks were coming rapidly, as I focused on her reddening flesh. Her whimpers turned to squeals, which really delighted me. “Squeal for me, sissy.” She did so as I smacked her ass, watching her squirm until setting aside the crop and rubbing my hands over her ass. Her skin was warm beneath my touch.

Though I had been content to not look at her face, I decided that I wanted to see her reactions now. I unbuckled the thick restraints on her ankles before moving upward and removing the restraints on her wrists. I grabbed her arm, roughly leading her to a clear spot on the floor, not giving her a chance to hesitate. “Stand right here and do not move,” I ordered her.

I picked up a heavy set of leather restraints, fitting them on her wrists, buckling them tightly to keep them from slipping. I secured them to a bar suspended above her head, raising her hands up. I adjusted the tension so that her arms were pulled taut, but she was still on her heeled feet. I made sure that she knew it would take very little effort for me to force her up on her toes.

Stephanie was clearly aroused, as well as nervous, testing the wrist cuffs, which held tightly. I left her, walking to the back of the dungeon, choosing an item from a drawer in a large dresser along the back wall. I took my time, letting her think about what was going to happen to her. I could see her turn her head toward me. From her position she could not quite tell what I was doing.

I returned to her, standing in front of her. I held the panties to her face so that she could see them. Unlike her satiny black panties, these were pink and frilly. “This is what a sissy should be wearing,” I said. “This should all be covered up.” I vaguely gestured toward her genitals, making it clear I would not be touching her except to cause pain. I could see her blush, though she did not respond.

I bent down, making her lift her right foot so I could slide the panties over the shoe. She then lifted her left foot and I placed the panties over her other shoe. I slid the panties up her stockinged legs, putting them in place. The panties were a bit small, making them tighter against her frilly ass. They were meant to be uncomfortable as well as humiliating. “That suits you, sissy.”

I added restraints to her ankles, attaching each ankle to an O ring on the floor. Her legs were trapped apart with no way for her to close them. “This whole look is repulsive, sissy” I said. I stood in front of her, staring into her face.

She was wearing heavy eye make-up. It had been well-applied. There was a pink shade of blush. She was also wearing a deep red lipstick that rivaled the bright crimson that I favored. She did not respond, though her body was tense as she waited for me to touch her. She did not look me directly in the eyes until I reached out and held her chin, forcing her head up. I could see the carefully applied mascara and dark eyeliner. I released my grip on her, letting her head hang down again, eyes toward the floor.

Now I could walk all the way around her, torturing any spot on her body that I wished. I pinched her nipples, twisting and pulling as she whimpered. “This fantasy you have is nauseating,” I told her. “And now your panties don’t match your stockings.” I had set my sights on her legs, knowing that I would not be satisfied until I shredded those stockings.

“You look even sillier than before,” I said, picking up a single tail whip. “Sissy panties and sissy stockings. Those stockings are fucking ridiculous,” I said, smacking her right thigh. She cried out and I slapped the same spot again and again. She tried pulling away, but she was even more tightly bound now than she had been to the cross.

Her legs would be quite sore, but I wanted the welted thighs to match one another, so I whipped the left thigh just as I had done the right. The single tail required skill, though many hours of practice meant that I was able to narrow the whip in on a specific area. She was trying harder to free herself. Her arms were bound apart enough that she could not reach her restraints no matter how much she tried twisting her wrists and reaching out with her fingers. She could not move her legs at all.

I stopped, running the tip of the whip up and down her thighs, watching as she tensed up. “This is vile, sissy. Your little game of dress up makes me queasy.” I waited, pulling the whip away until her body had relaxed. I then smacked her thigh again. She cried out loudly.

I smacked her thighs again, this time alternating between them, rubbing the whip against her stockings before each smack. She fought the restraints, but with her ankles bound, she could not even lift a foot. She was utterly at my mercy. I continued whipping her thighs and was rewarded with a tear in the right stocking.

“Oh, sissy, your poor little stocking.” I grabbed the stocking, running my long fingernails over the hole, making it bigger. I worked at the other stocking until it also had a hole. I worked my fingernails into it, causing the fabric to shred. I left the bits of black stockings hanging from her legs, just adding to her overall goofy look.

There were welts on her thighs from the single tail. I rubbed my hands against them, enjoying the sensation against my palms. She whimpered, especially when I pressed down on them.

“That’s better, sissy. Now your ass needs to be decorated.” She tensed up again and I moved around to the front of her, wanting to see her face again.

“Beg me to punish you,” I said, holding the whip up to her face. “Beg me to punish you for being a sissy. For your vile little fantasies.”

She stumbled over the words, not quite able to say it. I moved back around her without another word. I chose a spot on her ass and narrowed my whipping to that area. She cried out, trying to pull away, but the restraints held her in place.

“Please, Domme Alisha,” she said, voice shaking as she finally got the words out. “Please punish me.”

“Why?”

“For being a dirty sissy,” she said in a quiet voice. I thought dirty was a good addition.

“Yes, a dirty sissy,” I agreed. “And disgusting.”

“Yes, Domme Alisha,” she replied. Her breath caught in her throat. She squirmed beneath the whip, moving as much as the restraints allowed to try to get away from the relentless whip. There was nowhere for her to go. Nowhere to hide in my dungeon. Nowhere to hide from me.

Her body was coated with sweat from the effort of struggling. Her feet were still clad in the high heels. She was held in place. I whipped her through the pink panties for a few more strokes before deciding that I wanted a clearer target. I tugged the tight sissy panties down to her upper thighs just below her ass. I noticed that her ass, like the rest of her body, was smooth as though freshly waxed. This allowed me to better see the torments I was inflicting upon her flesh.

I smacked her ass a few more times, watching as welts raised up on her flesh. Her cries were growing louder as I whipped her. I stopped beating her. I wanted to see her face. I saw beads of sweat on her forehead, but otherwise her make-up was intact, her face looking as it had when she first arrived.

“Are you going to cry, sissy?”

She shook her head. “No, Domme Alisha.”

“I think you will.”

“I don’t think so,” she replied, tone very serious.

“Challenge accepted, sissy. I’m sure you will. In fact, I’m confident of it.”

Her body tensed again as she steeled herself for more of my whip, though I set it aside for the moment. I left her alone again as I walked over to the pile of clothing she had left on the ground, grabbing her panties and returning to her.

Stephanie’s eyes widened as she looked at the silky black underwear she had been wearing, perhaps worried that they would suffer the same fate as her shredded stockings which still clung to her calves. “Open up,” I said. When her mouth opened, I shoved the underwear inside. “Do not let them fall,” I warned. I tied a red sash around her head, keeping the underwear in place.

I showed her a small red ball. “If you need to use your safeword, drop this,” I told her. “Do you understand?” She nodded. I lowered the bar to which her hands were attached. I placed the ball in her right hand. It fit into her palm. It would fall if she opened her hand. I raised the bar again.

I studied her face. The eye make-up had become another target. I knew that I would not be pleased until it was running down her face. I picked up another implement while standing behind her so she could not see me. “This is going to hurt,” I told her. “Probably a lot.”

There was no way she could properly prepare herself for what I was going to do. I picked up the lightweight cane. It was thin and it made an ominous whoosh through the air. She struggled against her bonds before it even made contact with her skin. The impact was loud, but not as loud as her scream.

“Beg me, sissy. Beg me to hurt you.”

I teased her ass with the cane, rubbing the end of it against the welts that the whip caused. She wasn't making sounds, but I insisted. “Beg me, sissy. I don't care if you're gagged or not.”

She tried making words around the satin wad forced against her tongue, but she couldn't get out more than whimpers.

“I can't understand you, sissy,” I replied, striking her ass again with the cane, causing her to shriek into the panties. “Try again.”

She was trying to make the words, but everything was muffled by satin. She might have been begging me to hurt her. She may have been begging me not to hurt her. The outcome was going to be the same.

“You sound fucking ridiculous,” I told her. The cane whooshed toward her again, cutting into her ass. The whimpers and shrieks continued. “You should be hurt. You look ridiculous.” I smacked the cane against her ass again and again. While the riding crop smacks had been delivered rapidly, the ones with the cane were slower. Each strike with the cane was very deliberate. Each left an angry, thin redness on her flesh.

“If you can’t handle this, tell me now, sissy. Don’t waste my fucking time.”

She shook her head hard, perhaps fearful of displeasing me, just as she should have been. There was a panic to the motion that pleased me. She was trying to add words, but she could not. They were all trapped by the gag. She was helpless.

The cane bit into the left side of her ass. Symmetry matters. The angry red lines were a good start. The sound was intimidating and each time the cane struck, she tried harder to pull away. Her ass was being marked by me. The struggles became more frantic.

“Silly sissy, do you think you can take this pain?”

She nodded, making little sounds into the gag.

“At least you can amuse me a little, sissy. Make it up to me for having to spend time with you.”

I continued caning her. She pulled harder against her restraints, putting more effort into her futile struggle. The struggle did amuse me greatly. She screamed into the gag again and then the frantic movements stopped. I stopped caning her and walked around her.

Her whorish, crimson lipstick was smeared by the gag. There were black streaks down her cheeks from the mascara. Her eyeliner was smeared as well by her tears. I watched as the tears leaked from her eyes. I walked back around her, assessing the marks on her ass and pressing my fingernails into the red and purple marks.

“It’s going to be hard to sit, sissy. You may want to get some padded panties.”

I could see her body shaking more now and when I walked back around her, I could hear the soft sobbing, though she was trying to hide her face. “Don’t turn your head. I want to enjoy your suffering.”

She looked at me, tears running down her face bringing more mascara down her cheeks. She cried as I watched her, letting the sissy tears fall down. I pulled the sissy panties back up over her ass. I removed the gag from her mouth, setting aside the black satin. “You’ll wear the pink panties for the rest of the day,” I informed her. “You need proper sissy panties.”

“Yes, Domme Alisha,” she said. Her sobs were subsiding as I removed the restraints at her ankles and then her wrists. She placed the red ball on the floor. She headed back toward the door where she had left her clothes. She was quiet as she got dressed. She was still wearing the stockings, shredded as they were, and the black panties were tucked into her bra so she did not have to carry them.

She wiped her hands across her face, drying her tears before heading out the door, her legs unsteady and her ass most likely stinging.

Chapter 4 – Governess Andrea

Silence loomed over us as we waited for our client in my living room. The new guy, my fellow performer, was checking out various trinkets that decorated my living room while tapping a random tune on his thick thighs. He looked anxious. Maybe it was his first-time.

“So, you live alone, huh?” I asked the six-and-a-bit foot hunk, sitting across me on the couch, in a tight t-shirt and a pair of tight baseball pants, with an unmistakable bulge near the crotch. A bulge that was not supposed to be there unless he was straight. Why does God keep blessing these perverts when so many straight men walk around with very little between their legs? I don’t understand the world anymore.

He said, “I live with my partner.”

“How long have you been together?”

“Two years. He moved in with me last year. We are going to get married in three months.” Scott looked at me with a smile that lingered on his face longer than necessary, as if waiting for a compliment from me. Fat chance! Another faggot. What a waste of muscles and good looks on a guy who liked to get butt-fucked by another man! And thinking about these degenerates getting married. Aargh. The bile rose from the pits of my underbelly to my mouth just picturing the image of him in a wedding suit walking down the aisle.

Being a dominatrix, humiliating these deviants is a part of what I do for work, which puts food on the table and buys me expensive outfits and dresses. But seeing them in public holding hands is another thing. Two decades before, it was not considered normal to see people starting a relationship out of their perversions. Now they were everywhere; in TV, movies and even in the neighborhood, getting married and adopting babies.

It would have been alright if these queers were not still talking about their rights when they have already got all the rights they need. In my opinion, since we don't stone them to death like the rest of the world, that's more than enough rights for people who have no purpose from an evolutionary point of view. Society might have boarded the new homo-friendly bandwagon, but I was still not convinced.

I asked, "So, are you the butch one in the relationship?"

Blood rushed to his face hearing such an intimate question from a grown woman of thirty-five, dressed in a leather corset and thigh-high boots. Gosh, this is his first time! "Not really. We are both pretty versatile."

What was worse than a man who loved to fuck another man? A man who liked to get fucked by other men. It is not an orientation; it's a perversion.

The session had not yet started, so I had to act polite until the third party arrived. "No offense. I only asked because people who take up this gig tend to be tops rather than... you know."

"That's okay. We get a lot of these types of questions. In fact, I'm bisexual. My

boyfriend is okay with me doing gigs that involve women. We would not have thought about taking the job if the economy was not this bad.”

Great! Not only was this guy gay, but he also wouldn't think twice before spreading his disease to women. “Oh yes. It's scary out there, with the taxes, layoffs and all.”

He kept looking at his feet, nodding his head. “Yeah.”

I despise a man who doesn't look you in the eye while speaking. I wanted to call him out and explain to him what was wrong with him. But it was pointless to waste my energy on humiliating Scott, who is not my client and which won't get me any more money. I remained silent until the doorbell rang.

Excusing myself, I went to open the door, striding with my thigh high boot-clad feet on the carpet in a rather exaggerated fashion. With the handle of the long coiled whip in my hand and a trained stoic face, I opened the door to see the couple, who had made an appointment with me for the evening.

The couple on the other side looked anything but normal. But I was not the very least surprised as those were the kind of clients I got. It was much harder to differentiate between husband and wife than you would expect. Both of them looked pretty.

The prettier one spoke up. “Hello, Governess Andrea. I'm Marianne, we talked over the phone.”

“Of course, I know. We have been waiting for you, and for quite a while, actually.”

“I’m really sorry...I mean Stephanie is sorry to have kept you waiting. It took a lot of time for her to get dressed for the session. I had to drag her in front of the mirror not to miss this appointment. I hope you will see to her lack of discipline.” Marianne pinched Stephanie’s rear, making her jump in the air. “Apologize to your new mistress, Stephanie.”

Stephanie gave the coiled whip in my hand a few furtive glances, before gathering the courage to look me in the face. “I am sorry, Governess Andrea. It won’t happen again.” Stephanie’s voice seemed naturally high. As far as I could tell, she didn’t overexert herself to sound like a girl. Her blonde hair was braided in long strands across her flat chest. No effort had been made to pad her bra.

With my hands on the sides of my hips, I stared into her doe-like eyes and roared. “You slut! How dare you make me wait for you! You have disrespected your governess.”

She quickly looked down, unable to meet my eyes anymore. Dressed in a spaghetti top and tight black leggings, with a visible bulge between her legs, Stephanie looked like my dream client. Humiliating her would require less acting since I was already feeling anger and disgust at this pathetic man dressed in drag.

“Well, what are you waiting for, you little cock hungry bitch? Come in. Your punishment is waiting for you.” Grabbing her by the bulge in her crotch I pulled her into the room. I slammed the door on Marianne who was trying to get a peek into the room behind me. I heard her muffled voice on the other side of the door. She said, “Phone me when it’s over.”

I dragged Stephanie, by the balls, into the living room to meet Scott. Stephanie froze before Scott, who despite his nervousness around me, had regained a sense of natural menace. If I didn't know he was gay, I would have also been intimidated by this brute.

Scott walked up to Stephanie with a wry smile on his face. I let go of her bulge. He said to the cowering whore, "What? Are you afraid of me, sweetie?"

He held her chin in his hand and lifted her face upwards. He forced the bitch to look at his face. Stephanie made a slight nod with her head, which was locked inside the large man's grip. She dropped her eyes back down to the carpeted floor.

I zipped my leather top up to the bottom of my boobs, thus making my cleavage pop out from the opening. I placed myself between the pair, making Scott let go of her chin. My role was to conduct this shameful perversion between these two bisexual deviants. "I think she's shy. That's all. She's too nervous to admit it, but she clearly fancies you. She wants to be your whore and perform wifely-style duties to please you. Wifely duties that involve cock sucking and other dirty things. You want to be Scott's slut for the night? Are you a little slut? Isn't that why you came here? To perform deviant sexual acts upon a gorgeous man. Are you going to be his little cock hungry slut tonight?" Stephanie gave me no answer to my question. I grabbed a fistful of flesh on her butt cheek and twisted it. She hollered in pain. "When I ask you a question, you answer."

"YESSS!" she shouted.

"Yes, what?"

“Yes, Governess Andrea.”

I let go of her rear and with my other hand I grabbed a hold of her nuts. I started to crush them. Years of lifting weights and climbing rocks had given me an impressive death grip.

“Aargh, please don’t mistress, please...”

“Not enough pleading for my liking, honeybun. I can’t hear you. Tell me how you feel towards Scott.”

“I fancy him. I want him to fuck me.”

“Where do you want him to fuck you?”

“In my mouth.”

“And where else?”

“In my ass. Anywhere he wants.”

“Good.” I loosened my grip. She collapsed to the floor out of sheer pain.

“Good. Now you know what happens when you make me angry.”

“Yes, my mistress. I won’t repeat it again.”

“That’s Governess Andrea to you. I won’t have worthless little sluts like you calling me Mistress. I’m not your mistress. The word ‘mistress’ implies we’re sleeping together. The very idea makes my skin crawl in revulsion. I’m your governess. Nod your pretty little head if you understand.’

Stephanie nodded.

“So what are you going to do?”

“Not call you mistress. To call you Governess Andrea at all times.”

“And?”

She didn’t know what to say.

“And you’ll answer me promptly if I speak to you. And not just quickly, but honestly and clearly with no bullshit. Yes, Stephanie?”

“Yes, Governess Andrea.”

“Now get up.”

Stephanie struggled to get back to her feet since she clearly wasn't used to wearing high heels. Once on her feet I said, “Now, let's talk about your punishment.”

Stephanie's made-up face looked lost for a moment. “I'm sorry, Governess Andrea, but what punishment? What did I do wrong?”

“Fucking faggy cum-bitch, you made us wait for you to arrive. You were late. Did you think I would forget that? You will not get away with that kind of behavior under my watch.” I turned to Scott. “Scott, take off your clothes. Let's teach this bitch the importance of being punctual.”

The man stripped off his t-shirt to reveal a hairy sculpted chest. Stephanie ogled at the topless man. Was it sexual anticipation or fear that was causing her to hold her breath?

“You like that, don't you?” I asked her.

Stephanie muttered with a dazed look on her face, “Maybe. I don't know.”

The stupid bitch needed to learn a hard lesson. I grabbed her nuts once more and pulled down on them. This made her sink to her knees on the carpet.

“What did I tell you, sweetie?”

Tears flowed down her heavily made-up face. Black mascara trailed downwards over her cheeks. Stephanie whimpered as she spoke to me. “I should answer promptly and clearly when I’m asked a question.”

“Correct! And what was my question?”

“If I liked his body or not. I do, mistress, I do. I mean, I do, Governess Andrea.”

“Do you think he’s cute? Is he hot?”

“Yes, Governess Andrea. He’s very cute and very attractive.”

“Good, very well.” I relaxed my grip on her balls. If I kept my grip tighter she could have passed out. That would have been no good for either of us. My grip was tight but not excessively so. “Scott is the kind of man your wife lusts after; big and tall, and built like an ox. Not the kind of man, you are. You are a disgrace to men and repulsive to women. You, and all your sissy kind, are pointless. The only way you can find any meaning in life is by serving alpha men like Scott. I am here to teach you how to please a man. You know what I’m

saying?”

“Yes, Governess Andrea, yes. Please stop hurting me.” I completely withdrew my hand. My point had been made.

I said, “Nice thick lips you have got there. Wonder how I could use them. Maybe Scott knows how.”

I nodded at Scott. He kicked off his shoes and socks. He then took off his tight baseball pants and threw them aside. He was now naked. Blood rushed into his mammoth cock as it bulged, elongated and raised up like a helium balloon. It pointed straight at Stephanie’s face. Stephanie stared at it. She was mesmerized by his one-eyed monster.

I said to her, “What? Don’t you know what you’re supposed to do?”

“I’m not sure, Governess Andrea.”

“Quit playing around, you sissy faggot. Open your mouth and please your man.”

“I’ve never done it before, Governess Andrea. This isn’t easy for me. Can I make a phone call to my wife?”

“No. Stop stalling. She told me what to do with you; and in very specific and

very graphic detail. She personally selected Scott for the session. So stop whining and get your mouth to work. You don't want to disappoint your wife, do you?"

I put my hand on the back of her head and pushed it towards Scott's crotch. Stephanie's face was an inch from the of Scott's dick. Scott wasted no time and started whipping her face with it.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Heavy smacks with his shaft made such funny noises on her face.

Stephanie said, "I've never done this before and I'm not comfortable with it."

Scott stopped smacking her on the face with his love stick.

I said, "You're not here to be comfortable. The day you have a comfortable session with a dominatrix is the day you've gone WAY too far into your perversions."

"Please don't force me to do it. What's the safeword?"

I could not help but laugh at her. How much of an idiot could she be? She looked like a bimbo and she was one. "Safeword, huh? You don't have one, you sissy

faggot. Now open your mouth and do what I told you to do.”

Scott chimed in. “Do what she says, honey. Or the next thing that hits your face won’t be my cock.”

Stephanie closed her eyes and mouth with a determined look on her face.

“I am not...going to suck...another man’s...cock.” She said slowly, weighing each of her words. She waited for our reactions.

Faggot! I knew how to break this beta sissy.

“Are you saying that you don’t like sucking cock? Even one as big and as juicy as the one Scott wants to feed you?”

“Yes. I can’t do it. I can’t bring myself to do it. I’m sorry. I just can’t go the last step and actually do it.”

“Marianne told me that you studied in an all-boys’ Catholic school. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s not—”

“How many cocks did you suck during that time?”

“None!”

“So, you never had any fantasies involving men’s cocks. Hmm, that’s not what Marianne said.”

“Well, I did have some fantasies, but it’s just that. I don’t want to act on it in real life.”

“Wasn’t the idea of dressing up and getting flogged by a dominatrix once just another fantasy of yours? Just a mere fantasy?”

“I... Not...”

“And your whore of a wife actually made you do it, didn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“And today, she has decided to make you suck a real man’s cock. Just as you have long fantasized about. And you are going to do just that. Have I made myself clear, Stephanie?”

“Yes, Governess Andrea.”

“Why don’t you take a close look at his cock? Tell me what you feel when you look at it.”

Scott took hold of his erection by the base and brought the purple tip closer to her nose.

“Sniff it. Go on, you know you want to. Sniff his pecker. Breathe in the aroma of a real man. Let the smell of musky manliness enter your feminine mind.’

Stephanie closed her eyes and breathed in the manly scent emanating from his penis. Her ass rose from off her heels as she moved her nostrils down the shaft. The girl was horny.

“How does he smell, Stephanie?”

“He smells like a man, Governess Andrea.”

“How does that make you feel? Does that make your little clit and balls quiver?”

“Yes. I can’t deny it. I’m aroused. My knees are going weak.”

I said, “Then I won’t keep you waiting. Kiss the tip, honey. Hold it by the base to keep it steady.”

She reached out and gingerly put her fingers on his flesh. She held the bottom of the shaft steady with her hands and brought the tip nearer to her mouth. She reluctantly placed a kiss on his head. She kissed the purple glands with a little peck. Then a follow-up peck. Then another one.

Scott put his hand on the back of her head and said, “Open your mouth. I want to fuck your bimbo face and make you drink my jism.”

Despite giving him a look of defiance, Stephanie parted her lips. Scott pressed the head of his penis into her mouth. She let the fat cock inside.

“Suck on it,” he commanded.

The little slut began to suck on the tip.

I watched this disgusting fag show for several minutes. My stomach turned at the sight of it, but I was being paid good money to witness this messed up shit, so I stoically kept watching despite my revulsion.

Scott said, “That feels good. But I think you can take more. Don’t you, Stephanie?”

He pushed his erect dick further into her mouth. Her eyes bulged when the base of his cock touched her lips. She choked on it, but Scott locked her head in place with his hands on the back of her head. He wouldn't allow her to spit out his cock meat from her mouth. Eventually he eased back a few inches so she was now only sucking on about half his dick.

I walked behind her and coiled my whip around her throat as she struggled to breathe through her nose. "Don't try to spit his cock out or you will get your first taste of the bullwhip." With the whip tightening around her throat, and the giant cock stuck in her mouth, she closed her eyes and calmed herself down in an instant. She deliberately took in a few breaths through her nostrils. "Good girl, Stephanie. Keep sucking. Give your man pleasure."

She continued to suck on his erection. She seemed to be more enthusiastic and less cautious than a few minutes ago. She was getting the hang of it. She was a natural cocksucker. No great surprise there.

Scott patted her on the face before stepping backwards, making his large manhood fall out of her mouth. I kept my whip around her throat. "I will choke you with my whip if you displease me. Make no mistake, dear, there is no safeword for this session, you hear that?"

Stephanie nodded her head but before she could speak Scott had already reinserted his cock into her mouth once again. She sucked on his erection. He said, "Fuck me. Of all the holes I've ever put my cock into; her mouth is the softest, tightest, and warmest hole. Are you sure this bitch has never sucked cock before?" His eyes shone as he pushed and pulled his penis in and out of her mouth. Her small head was clutched between his vice-like hands. I feared her head could be crushed if he became too excited.

“Is this really your first time sucking a man’s cock, Stephanie?’ I asked her while pulling the whip handle so the coil tightened around her throat. Her eyes went frantic for a moment, but she still didn’t spit out the delicious man meat inside her mouth. She managed to nod her head. I said to Scott, “She doesn’t even gag that much on it. Can you believe that? She must have blown the whole dormitory when she was young. There’s no other way she could master this much technique without some prior experience.” To Stephanie I said, “Slut, we don’t believe you when you say you’ve never taken a man in your mouth before. But then again, maybe you’re just a born cocksucker with innate dick sucking skills.” I turned to Scott and said, “Keep it going, Scott. Fuck this whore’s face. Look at her slurping on that cock like the slut she is.” I leaned down to put my mouth beside her ear. “You worthless cunt! I am going to run a train on you and your wife in the next session. You’re going to love that, aren’t you?” I straightened upright and once more tightened the whip. This time I made it really tight. Tight enough to close her airways. I watched with sadistic glee as Stephanie struggled to breathe.

Stephanie spat out the cock and started to flap her limbs to attract my attention to her distress. I relaxed the whip and gave her some time to regain her breath. After a few intakes of air Scott got back to work. He took hold of her head and forced his dick back into her mouth. She took it. He fucked her face with long, deep strokes. He immersed himself up to his balls inside her face.

“Oh, yes. It feels so good. This bitch is made for sucking cocks.”

I removed the whip from around her neck and walked to the side. I looked down at her crotch. Her erection was visible through the tight leggings. Confirmation that she was truly enjoying what was being done to her. I let out a cruel chuckle. “Fucking degenerate. What’s with that hardness between your legs? You’re enjoying it, aren’t you? Sucking on a strange man’s cock in front of another stranger. Shameless cunt. You’re totally getting off on this. Tranny slut. Open your legs, sissy.”

She parted her legs. I reached down and felt her erection through her clothes. It was running along her left thigh. I took her little dick between my thumb and index finger and squished it along the length as she moaned with pleasure into Scott's warm, thick cock.

I placed my palm face down on her dick and rubbed it back and forth. "You fucking sissy, you lied to me, didn't you? You lied when you said you never wanted to suck cock for real. It was never just a fantasy. It was always something you've wanted to do for real. And now it's happening, at long last. Can you deny that your silly little clitty is throbbing while you take Scott's cock in your throat?"

She shook her head while keeping the dick in her mouth.

"Keep going, Scott. This bitch seems to love it. Look at what a cock hungry slut she is."

They continued to be degenerate perverts while I watched.

Several minutes passed with only the sounds of sucking and groaning.

Scott's legs started to twitch. "I'm going to nut in her mouth," he said. "I don't think I can hold out. Oh fuck, I'm going to come."

I said to Stephanie, “You’re going to swallow it, aren’t you.” It wasn’t a question. It was an order. No response was required from Stephanie. It was fait accompli. “You’re going to take his load in your mouth and you’re going to eat it, like a proper girl.”

Stephanie tried to resist. She attempted to spit the cock out. She fought him but to no avail. He put his hands on the back of her head and forced her to keep it deep in her mouth.

“Yes, pump it into her throat,” I said from the side-lines.

After a few more strokes and sucks it was all over – apart from the crying and the self-disgust. Scott grunted as he came inside her throat. He bucked his hips with each spurt.

He was spent. The foul deed had been completed. She now had his sperm on her tongue or splashed into the back of her throat.

Scott pulled out his dick and stepped back.

I asked her, “How does it feel to have cum in your mouth? Do you like it? Does it turn you on?”

She gave me a pathetic baleful look. She was not happy, although her erection told a very different story.

“Don’t spit it out. Swallow every single drop of his cum. Do it. Do it now.” For added emphasis I stretched out the whip in my hands.

Stephanie kept her eyes on me as she swallowed. She made a face of disgust. The look was pure show. She loved it. Fucking faggot.

I asked, “How did it taste, my little sissy girl?”

“Salty and thick.”

“Did you like it?”

“No, Governess Andrea. I did not like it. It was horrible.”

“The lady doth protest too much, me thinks. You loved it. I know you did. You... fucking...loved it. Admit it.”

“It was... Yes. I enjoyed it,” he admitted.

“Now pull your dick out and stroke it. You’ve got a second load to eat.”

Chapter 5 – Marianne

“Suck on your boyfriend’s big dick. Show him how much you love him. Make him come.” Those were my words to my husband as he kneeled before his current boyfriend. Terry was a guy from the fetish scene. Governess Andrea recommended him to me as a gentle and considerate first-time anal lover for Stephanie. Apparently Terry had a tender way with anal sex that Andrea appreciated. She practically begged me to use him when I enquired about potential lovers to take Stephanie’s real anal cherry. So here we were in a professional fetish dungeon. Stephanie and me were in matching green latex nurses uniforms with suspenders, black nylon stockings and sexy heels. I was standing to the side while Stephanie was on her knees before Terry. She was sucking him off with vigorous oral devotion.

Her lessons performed on my rubber cock and upon Scott’s real dick had obviously paid off. She was an effective and considerate cocksucker. His six inches were being treated to the most attentive oral. She was not being lazy in her penis pleasuring.

Stephanie’s cock was locked away in a clear plastic chastity device. She was here to give a blowjob and take a dick up her ass. She was not here to have her fun stick played with. The look of immense trepidation and disappointment on her face when I showed her the cage was delightful. If I couldn’t enjoy that moment then I wasn’t cut out to be a dominatrix. Luckily I got great satisfaction from partly ruining her session. I was growing into the sadist role better than I expected.

Terry’s legs started to shake. His increased grunting indicated that he was about to come. He pulled his penis from Stephanie’s mouth and stroked himself a few

times until the end of his prick exploded. The white juice we had all been waiting to see spurting into the air. It landed on Stephanie's forehead, nose, in her open mouth and on her chin. Only a small amount landed on her tongue with the majority of the spunk plastering her face. That boy could sure produce an impressive amount of cum.

After I received humiliating verbal confirmation from Stephanie that she'd enjoyed taking his load on her face, I said, "You've had it easy so far. It's now time for you to take it in the ass. You can use the cum on your face as lube. Go to the bed, lean over it and present your cute little ass to your man."

Without being told to do so, she swallowed the cum in her mouth and said, "Yes, Mistress Marianne."

If she had any misgivings or second thoughts about her first anal experience with a guy, she wasn't showing it. She got to her feet, clacked her sexy heels over to the bed and leaned down so her upper arms, elbows and palms were flat against the mattress.

I said to her, "Wipe the cum off your face and finger fuck yourself with it."

"Yes, Mistress Marianne. As you command."

I pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties to her knees. Staying bent over the bed, she used her right hand to gather up the male jizz that had been so rudely deposited all over her face. She used her left hand to pull her left buttock away from the right. Her asshole was exposed. She rubbed the cum covered finger over her hole. Then she pushed the tip of her index finger inside. The rest

of the digit soon followed. Her middle finger was added to the mix. Her greedy butt sucked up both fingers deep inside. She began to finger fuck herself. I said, “What a pathetic display of slutty behavior. She clearly wants something big and hard up her cunt hole. Stephanie, do you want Terry to insert his big manly dick up your anus?”

“Yes, Mistress Marianne.”

“Really?”

“Yes, Mistress Marianne.”

“Beg for it. Really humiliate yourself by begging to be sodomised by a real man with a real dick.”

“As you wish, Mistress Marianne. Please. I want it. I really want it. I want to be made into a bitch. I want to be Terry’s girl. I’ll do anything for him. I want him to make me into his girl. I want to be his girlfriend. I want to be his bitch. I want. I want. I want so much.”

“This is embarrassing. I feel so embarrassed for you right now. It’s so weak. Why are you so weak and pathetic? Stephanie, are you a weak-willed sissy? Are you a weak-willed sissy who wants men to fuck you in the mouth and in the ass?”

“Yes, Mistress Marianne. I’m a very weak-willed sissy. I want to fuck all the

guys. I want to be their slut. I want to be passed around and used by all the men. Please, let Terry fuck me. Please.”

“Alright, if it shuts you up. All this begging makes me feel so sad for you. That this is what you really want is so pitiful.”

Stephanie removed her fingers from her asshole.

“Terry, come here and teach this bitch how to take a real cock. And you, Stephanie, I hope this is what you truly want to happen because it’s what you’re getting. Six inches of real cock. It’s no rubber pretend dick. It’s the real thing. I don’t know if you’re going to like it. But it’s too late to back out. This is going to happen.” I paused to in fact give her a chance to weasel her way out of the predicament she had got herself into. Instead of chickening out she simply said, “Yes, Mistress Marianne.” I wasn’t surprised. Steven had been fantasizing and masturbating about this for too long. He’d gone through with the real dick sucking. Twice. He did it and didn’t appear to regret it. Now he was ready to go through with actual anal sex with a man. I was impressed by his nerves and commitment. For all his fear and disgust he was committed to it. He really wanted it. The fantasy of being a girl and having full penetrative sex with a man was too intoxicating to stop.

I said to Terry, “Okay then, let the sissy have what she claims to want. Let her feel the delicious sensations of a woman in love with a man. Slide the full length of your penis up her ass and let her feel the true intensity of a dick up the anus.”

Terry advanced upon my husband. His penis had wilted to half its preferred hardness after ejaculating. I reached out and gave him a quick handjob to bring it back to full erect arousal. Once properly hard I bent down and kissed the end of his cock. It was just a quick peck. There was no reason why I couldn’t have a

little penis action of my own. I slapped a condom on his dick. I also took the opportunity to rub a little extra lube onto it. It was Stephanie's first time and I wanted her to like it so I wasn't going to leave the cum as the only lubrication. Pleasure was far more important than rigorous conceptual fidelity to the scenario.

Terry took hold of Stephanie's hips. She visibly shuddered and took a deep breath. Was it fear, revulsion or excited anticipation?

I leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "You might not like it at first. It will probably hurt and feel weird in a bad way. But just go with it. Let it happen and relax as much as you can. The more relaxed you are the less it will hurt. If you tense up, it will hurt. Relax and go with the flow. Eventually it will start to feel better. Then it will feel good. Then it will feel even better. Then it will feel very good. Then it will feel exciting. And then you'll come. It won't be like how you normally come. There won't be a big explosion. You won't get that kind of release. You'll probably just dribble out your front hole. It will be more of an inner-gasm than an outer-gasm. It will be a sissy-gasm. Are you really ready to take a dick in your ass?"

Again I gave her an opportunity to back out of going through with it. Again she didn't take it. My husband truly was a sissy and was about to do the ultimate act. So be it.

I stood back and said, "Terry, put your cock inside Stephanie. Fuck the bitch until you both come."

Terry put the tip of his dick up to her hole. Another man's condom covered penis was touching my husband's asshole. It was surreal. He pushed the head up against the sphincter. It opened up to the pressure and swallowed the head of

Terry's penis. The rest of his shaft was inserted until there was no more dick to see. Six inches was the perfect size. Not too big to be a problem for first-time anal sex but not too small to run the risk of being disappointing. She moaned softly now that her ass was filled with the full length of Terry's erect penis. What physical sensations must she be feeling? What mental gymnastics must she be going through as she realizes that she's now gone all the way with a guy?

My husband, in a green latex nurse's uniform with black stockings and high heels, was being sodomised by another man. Now I'd seen everything. Most marriages would be rocked by this. My reaction? To tell my husband that he should be making more interesting grunting noises as I wanted to hear his pleasure and suffering. Did allowing and arranging for my husband to be sodomised while wearing a latex uniform make me the greatest wife in all the land? Yes. Yes, I think it did.

They fucked. The padlock on the top of the chastity cage clacked loudly against the plastic as they made love. Terry pushed his penis in. Then he pulled it out again. In and out. In and out. He rhythmically fucked the sissy. Stephanie's tight asshole was taking a good pounding. I could see what Governess Andrea meant when she said he was gentle. It was firm and down to business in appearance but there was a sort of graceful and consistent glide to his butt fucking which made it look asshole friendly. There was no juddering and excessive force being used. He wasn't stabbing Stephanie with his erection.

Stephanie's grunts changed perceptibly from distressed to those of pleasure.

I said to her, "You like it, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress Marianne. I really like it."

“Slut. Whore. Sodomite.”

“Yes, Mistress Marianne. I’m a slut. I love his dick.”

“Fucking whore. How does it feel to have a real dick in your ass?”

“It feels...amazing. I really like it. Thank you for this, Mistress Marianne.”

“I hope you like it, because otherwise this is seriously fucked up.”

The conversation drifted to silence as I watched them have perverted carnal relations.

It aroused me almost as much as it aroused her. My pussy was very wet at the sight of Stephanie being reamed in the asshole by Terry’s dick.

As they screwed her panties fell from her knees to lie around her ankles.

They fucked for quite a long time.

Eventually I saw cum oozing out of the cock cage’s pee-hole. Her climactic

heavy breathing and pleased moans indicated that she'd experienced an orgasm.

Terry made no notice of her coming. Instead he just kept pounding her in the ass.

As they continued to fuck I asked her, "Did you enjoy that?"

Between grunts she said, "Yes, Mistress Marianne. I really like it."

"Do you enjoy getting fucked in your asshole?"

"Yes, Mistress Marianne."

"Do you like Terry's dick?"

"I love it. I really love it in me." She turned her head further backwards and said to him, "Terry, thank you for giving me your dick."

Terry asked her, "Who's bitch are you?"

"I'm Terry's bitch. I'm your girl. I love you."

“Clench your ass. Make me feel your flesh around my cock. I’m going to fuck you until I spunk.”

As they fucked I reached down to her penis. Using my upturned palm, I collected the cum dripping from her cage. I made her lick the pool of spunk from my palm. She licked it up and swallowed it. I then gathered, onto my fingers, the cum that had dribbled onto the floor. She sucked on my fingertips and ate the jizz. What a slut.

They fucked for several more minutes until Terry achieved his orgasm inside Stephanie’s butt.

“Fuck, that was tight,” he said as he pulled his penis out of her asshole.

I instructed Stephanie to pull her panties up from around her ankles and to get on her knees before him. “Remove his condom. Clean his penis with your tongue. Now use your mouth. Swallow what he’s given you. Now clean the inside of his condom. Lick inside the rubber. Tip your head back and let gravity help you. Eat it. That’s it. Slurp it all up, you slutty little bitch. Now Terry, turn around and present your ass to her. Pull your butt cheeks apart. Stephanie, I’ve got a treat for you. I want you to bury your head between his hairy buttocks and sniff his asshole. Then I want you to lick it. That’s right. Stick out your tongue and lick around and all over his puckered asshole. Rim it like a good girl. Then stick your tongue inside it.”

I left the dungeon to the perverse sight of Stephanie, my darling husband dressed up as a naughty latex nurse, licking around and inside the asshole of a man she’d just blown and received anal sex from. Was it a traumatic experience for Stephanie? She seemed to genuinely like it at the time. She didn’t back out when given the chance and she didn’t show any signs of being horrified beyond what

you would expect from such a challenging experience. She had an orgasm and kept taking his dick for many more minutes without seeming to crumple into a passive ball of self-loathing. So if you asked me, she didn't merely like it, she thoroughly enjoyed it.

When discussing the session over supper, Steven said, "I loved giving up all my masculinity. I felt so feminine with him. Sex with you as Stephanie is great, obviously, but it's still a man with a woman. With men the fantasy is so much more vivid. We're no longer playing. With a woman it's like the PG-13 training wheels version of sissy sex. With a guy it's NC-17. It's the real deal. It feels so much dirtier, grimmer and serious. It's no longer a game. It's proper kinky sissy sex. I definitely prefer sleeping with men when I'm Stephanie."

A lesser woman could be offended by his words, but I understood his thinking. Being with men just made more sense if you were going to play at being a woman. I didn't begrudge him his kinky fun.

Chapter 6 – Mistress Barbara

I watched out the window, playing with the curtain between my fingers. The hotel room was warm and quiet. The beige walls and muted bedspread meant that it was nothing special to look at, but when I laid out on the bed earlier, feeling how plush it was beneath my body and how easy it was to bounce on, I knew this place would be perfect. I also knew how empty the sixth floor was on Wednesday nights, and how discreet the hotel staff could be, which was exactly what I needed.

Like I said, it was perfect.

I watched taxi after taxi pull up to the front of the hotel, and I watched each person that stepped out closely, but it was clear none of them was the person I was waiting for. Time went on, and my fingers tightened on the windowsill. I didn't like to be kept waiting, and neither did my... co-workers. I could hear them in the room next door, murmuring excitedly to each other. I couldn't hear exactly what they were saying, but I could imagine them whispering their impatient and lustful fantasies to each other, their desire increasing with everything they said to one another.

Finally, a cab stopped and a woman stepped out. She was quite tall. Her curves were subtle and lean in a conservative black dress that skimmed the top of her knees and dipped just below her collarbone. Her hair brushed at her shoulder blades. Even from so many floors up I thought I could see how tense she was.

This had to be Stephanie.

She walked through the hotel's front doors with a polite nod to the doorman, and as she disappeared I let the curtains fall shut. I went to the bed. I smoothed out the outfit I had laid out for her, and smiled to myself. I couldn't wait to see the little whore all dressed up and ready. And I knew that the people in the next room couldn't wait either.

I didn't have to wait long until there was a knock on the door from outside. As I walked towards the door I stopped to tap on the side door, which opened into the adjacent room.

"Ready, boys?" I called through the door, and heard a chorus of grunts and sounds of agreement. I grinned. "Perfect."

I went to the main door and pulled it open. The woman standing outside nervously said, "Oh, um. Hello. I'm looking for... For Barbara."

"Mistress Barbara," I corrected, letting annoyance seep into my voice. "You will refer to me as Mistress Barbara."

"I'm sorry, Mistress Barbara. I'm Stephanie."

"Yes, I know." I ran my eyes up and down her body, keeping my face carefully devoid of expression. "From now on, only speak when spoken to. I am your Mistress, Stephanie, and you will treat me with the respect my position deserves. Do you understand?"

Stephanie immediately lowered her face, her eyes fixed on the floor.

“Yes, Mistress,” she whispered, her voice soft and fairly feminine.

I felt a smile tug at the corner of my lips, and I stepped to the side, holding the door open. “Come on in.”

Stephanie stepped inside. I shut the door with a soft click and led her forward, and pointed to the outfit that was laid out on the bed. “I’m afraid what you’re wearing won’t do. Not for how I want to use you tonight. You’ll have to change. Put that on instead,” I ordered. She quickly set her bag on the dresser and slipped her shoes off and picked up the garments. She turned towards the bathroom, but I quickly stopped her.

“No, Stephanie. Do it here.”

She bit her lip, her hair falling over her face, but she nodded.

She put the clothes back on the bed. She reached behind her and undid the zipper of her dress, pulling it down. Her shoulders were exposed, and then the crease of her chest. She pulled the dress down further. The lines of her ribs came into view, and the jut of her hips. The dress finally fell to her feet, and she kicked it away. She was wearing lacy black panties, the bulge in them already fairly evident. I couldn’t wait to see how it looked once we really got started.

“Now, go ahead,” I encouraged, nodding towards the outfit. Stephanie stepped forward to pick up the first piece. It was a sheer set of black hold-up stockings. I watched the curve of her feet and the stretch of her legs as she slid one long limb in, and then the other.

Behind her, I saw the door to the adjacent room open silently. I might as well let them have their fun and sneak a peek. I was certainly enjoying myself, watching Stephanie get dressed and ready.

Next she grabbed the dress. It was a French maid outfit, made of midnight black latex. It had white piping on the side, which also outlined an attached apron – the extra material would do nothing to hide the bulge between Stephanie’s legs. As she stepped into it and slowly started to work it up her body, it was obvious that not a single curve of her body would go unnoticed. It clung to her tightly and without any mercy, outlining every inch of her. My eyes fell to her groin, and I smiled. It seemed like just wearing the French maid dress was enough to start getting her excited, if the lengthening outline of her shaft was anything to go by. She slipped on the last thing, the black stiletto heels, and the transformation was complete.

I glanced behind her, back at the men that were watching from the ajar door. I caught the eye of one of them, and gave him a firm look, jerking my head slightly to tell them to close the door. He shrugged at me, hardly looking sorry, and closed the door. I looked back at Stephanie. I stepped forward and walked around her in a circle, pretending to inspect her, even though I already knew that I was more than pleased with how she had turned out. She looked like the perfect servant, waiting to be told what to do by her Mistress and Masters, her head lowered as she looked up from beneath her eyelashes. Her red lips and lightly curled hair made her look like a desirable and lustful creature. As I watched her shift on her feet, her entire body attuned to where I was and what I was doing, I knew that I could tell her to do whatever I wanted and she would obey me.

I grinned. I couldn't wait to order her onto her knees like the slut she was. I couldn't wait to see her be used like she was nothing more than two lewd holes made to serve her Mistress and Masters. The maid outfit was certainly a good look for that. I came to a stop in front of her, and carefully laid my hand on the side of her face, thumbing lightly at her lips. I was careful not to mess up her lipstick. "Now, here's what we're going to do," I said, my voice low. I let my hand drift from her cheek and down her chest, all the way to the bulge that was sticking out the latex material of the French maid dress. I pressed down on it lightly with my fingers. "I'm going to call in my boys, one by one, and they're going to take their turn with you. You're going to kneel on the floor like a good little whore with your mouth open and ready, and you're going to let them do whatever they want you to. Do you understand so far?"

She rapidly blinked. Maybe it was a reaction to stress. The mascara that coated her eyelashes made her eyes look big and even more full of expression than they would be otherwise. Then she nodded.

I sighed with irritation. "I said, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," she said quickly, lowering her head. Her voice sounded shaky, and I frowned, wondering if I had to worry about her backing out. But when she glanced back up at me, I could see the excitement, the want, that was filling her eyes. I smiled.

"They might want to come in your mouth, and if they do you will swallow it all. I don't want to see a drop. If they want to come on your face, or on your body, you will let them, and you will like it. If they want to fuck your face, if they want to slap your face with their cocks, you will let them. You will stay still for whatever they want to do. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good.” I looked at her flushed cheeks and bitten red lips. “And your safeword?”

“My safeword is ‘arsenic’, Mistress.”

“Well, let’s get started then, shall we?”

She nodded, her cheeks reddening further with excitement. I stepped around her and went to the room next door, opening the door carefully so that she couldn’t see what was inside. I looked at the five men who were waiting for me, their cocks already half-hard. “Who’s first?” I asked.

The pale man that stepped forward was tall and thin, and his dick was the same. It wasn’t very thick, but it was long. I waved my hand for him to follow me, and went back into the room where Stephanie was waiting for us. Her gaze immediately went to the man’s bobbing dick as he walked in behind me. The little whore licked her lips.

He walked to stand in front of Stephanie, and I lounged across the bed to watch.

“Get on your knees, Stephanie,” I ordered, and she quickly dropped to the floor. Her eyes were still watching the cock waving in front of her face. “Now, open your mouth, like a good little whore, and keep it open.”

Her jaw fell open and her tongue stuck out a little on top of her bottom lip. The man's eyes flicked towards me, looking for permission to begin. I gave him a small nod, letting him know it was alright. He smiled.

“Fuck, you really look like a pathetic dog like that, on your knees with your tongue hanging out,” the man grunted. “I bet you really want my cock, don't you? Let me feel your hand on it.”

Eagerly, Stephanie reached up with her right hand. She drew one finger down the underside of the man's shaft, making it bounce with renewed interest. She wrapped her hand around it, and pumped it carefully, gently, as though she were handling china. Her other hand came up to cup his balls. The man shivered. She leaned forward to let her hot breath fan over his rod. The man groaned. “Fuck, you really want it, don't you? Tell me, girl. Tell me how much you want my dick in your mouth right now.”

“I want it so bad,” Stephanie whined. “Please, let me suck you. I want to so bad.”

I could see the man's cock jump at how eager she had sounded just then.

“Okay, okay, you can have it,” he said.

Almost immediately, Stephanie was flicking her tongue at the slit, licking appreciatively at his engorged head. There was no queasy wariness at what she was doing. She held his cock steady and started to take it in her mouth. She held

it out towards her so that when she sank her mouth down on it, it was capable of going all the way to the back of her throat. The man moaned as Stephanie coated his shaft in her spit. As she moved up and down on his dick, over and over again, each time she was able to go further, until his entire cock gleamed with her spit, and she was pressing her nose against his abdomen.

“God, you’re so fucking hungry for cock, aren’t you?” the man moaned. “You’re shoving my dick down your throat like it’s nothing. I guess you do this a lot, don’t you? You really are a proper whore, swallowing dick and loving it so much.”

Stephanie moaned around his cock. I could see her eyes fluttering as she sank back down on his cock, her lips brushing against the curls of his pubic hair before she moved back again. Her left hand was still holding his balls, squeezing them and rolling them between her fingers.

“That’s right, swallow it just like that,” the man grunted. His hips were starting to thrust forward a little. Stephanie gagged a little as she continued to take in his long cock.

From the bed I said, “You’re doing so good, Stephanie. You’re being such a good little slut for us.”

“I’m going to come,” the man gasped. “Fuck, fuck, I’m coming!”

I watched Stephanie’s throat move as she swallowed his seed in its entirety. I watched her lips carefully. Not a single drop escaped. I smiled. I was pleased.

“Fuck,” the man breathed out lowly as his dick slipped from Stephanie’s wet lips. “Fuck, that was so good.”

“You did very well, Stephanie,” I said with genuine praise. I got up from the bed and placed a hand on the man’s arm, pulling him after me. “Now stay right there on your knees and wait.”

I opened the door again, and the man stepped in ahead of me. I looked at the rest of the four men. “Alright, who’s next?” The man who stepped forward had a fairly normal sized dick, although unlike the man before he had shaved off all his pubic hair. His stomach showed just a hint of abs, his arms toned and his legs had the thin, rosy muscle of a runner. A tattoo of a fern was stenciled onto his hip. A thick vein curled up the underside of his shaft, and I could see it pulsing just a little. This man was certainly keen to fuck the girl waiting on her knees for him in the other room.

I led him out into the other room. Stephanie was still on her knees, her hands twisting in front of her impatiently as she waited for us. She looked up when the door closed with a soft thump behind us, and she gave a small smile to the man before her eyes dropped to his dick. Her gaze stayed there, and I could see the lust building anew in her at the sight of yet another dick ready to be shoved down her waiting throat.

Unlike the previous guy, this man did not bother to check with me for permission to do what he wanted with Stephanie. He strode ahead of me, his hard cock leading the way. He came to a stop in front of Stephanie and immediately ran his hands through her curly hair, wrapping his fingers around her locks and jerking her head back. If it was a wig, then it was attached tightly to her scalp. Her mouth fell open as she blinked up at him with her darkly lined eyes. I sat on the edge of the bed, intrigued.

“God, you look like such a dirty slut, waiting for me on your knees and wearing that latex uniform. I bet you loved having that other man’s cum in your throat, didn’t you? You want more dick and more cum, don’t you?”

Stephanie whimpered a little as the man’s fingers tightened in her hair.

“I’m going to go fuck your throat so hard you won’t be able to say a thing afterwards without everyone knowing exactly what a whore you are. Everyone’s going to know you’ve had a dick in your mouth, and that you liked it. And you are going to like it.” He jostled her head a little. “Come on, bitch. Open your mouth for me.”

Obediently, Stephanie’s mouth fell open. The man wrapped the hand that wasn’t in Stephanie’s hair around the base of his cock and gave it a few pumps. A hint of pre-cum appeared at the pee-hole. He traced the end of his dick around her lips. She shivered as a little pre-cum dripped into her mouth. Her tongue flicked out and pushed against the throbbing vein on the underside of the man’s dick. He moaned, shivering a little, and his head fell forward. “Fuck, I bet you’re going to be so fucking tight,” he whispered. “All wet and hot and hungry. You want my cock, baby? Want me to fuck you so good you won’t be able to talk without everyone knowing what a fucking whore you are?”

Stephanie whimpered. She tilted her head forward, trying to reach out and wrap her lips around the man’s hard, engorged cock with its swollen purple head, but his hand in her hair kept her from reaching it. All she could do was aim kisses into the air a few inches from his purple head.

“Please, please, let me suck you off,” she begged. “I want you to fuck me like

the whore I am. Please, use me. I want your cock so bad.”

“God, you’re so fucking hungry for it, aren’t you?”

The man didn’t wait for her to answer. Instead he pushed his cock between her lips. He shoved it all the way down her throat. Stephanie gagged around it slightly, although she quickly adjusted. The man threw his head back and moaned. “Fuck, I was right,” he gasped. “Your mouth feels so good. So hot and tight. It feels just like a cunt. I bet if I fucked your mouth hard enough, you’d come, just like if I was fucking your cunt.” He lowered his head to look back down at her. “Wouldn’t you?”

Stephanie blinked up at him, and for a moment I thought the look on her face was almost coy as she moaned around his cock. He shuddered, and brought his other hand up to the fist in her hair. He pulled out of her mouth slightly before pushing back in, and then he set up a rhythm, thrusting in and out of her mouth faster and faster and harder and harder. Stephanie only gagged a couple of times as he face fucked her. Spit collected at the corner of her mouth and slicked over the man’s cock.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” the man grunted.

His hands twisted harder into Stephanie’s hair, and her eyes tightened slightly in pain. Her hands came up to grip at his thighs for balance as he thrust deeper into her throat, her fingers digging into his skin.

“God, you feel so good,” the man moaned. “Look how good you are at getting your face fucked. You must fucking love it, huh?” He pulled out of her mouth

and pumped his hand up and down his cock as he looked down at her. “Don’t you love getting your face fucked?”

“So much,” Stephanie gasped. “You taste so good. Please, don’t stop. I want your cock so bad. Please.”

“God, such a good fucking whore,” the man moaned, and then he was shoving his cock back into her throat, his hips moving rapidly back and forth. Stephanie moaned around his cock, and when he came, he left his cock pulsing inside her throat, so that she had to swallow all of it or risk choking.

When he was finished, he pulled out of her with a soft groan. He had a pleased and almost amazed look on his face. “I don’t remember the last time someone sucked my dick so well,” he said. He looked down at Stephanie, who blinked up at him with an almost innocent look on her face that made me bite back my laughter. She licked her lips. “Fuck, such a good slut,” he muttered, running his hands through Stephanie’s sweaty hair. She grinned brightly at him before I pulled him back to the other room and called for the next man.

The next man came to stand before Stephanie. He looked down at her for a long moment, taking in her smeared make-up, spit covered face and wild hair. He gently guided her head down so that her nose was against his balls, and Stephanie inhaled his scent. I sat on the bed and watched her eyes flutter at the thick and heady scent.

“Go on, you can lick them,” the man ordered, and with a soft mewl Stephanie did, letting her tongue drag across the soft skin of his testicles, sucking them into her mouth and letting her tongue and lips drag over them. The man moaned, his hips twitching, and then he was carefully shifting her head so that the head of his cock prodded open her lips. Sucking at the tip, she looked up at the man through

her eyelashes. His eyes were hooded and dark as he looked back down at her.

“This okay?” he checked. His hands looked so soft on her.

“Yes,” Stephanie breathed. “Please.”

He nodded. “Okay, baby, open up for me,” he ordered, before slowly pushing more of his dick between Stephanie’s parted lips.

He moved in and out of her slowly, his hips keeping a steady rhythm that didn’t look at all intense. I blinked at him, surprised, and watched his face. His eyes were closed, his head tilted up. His mouth had fallen open slightly and short puffs of air escaped with every thrust he made. It was weird to see such a change in pace. The previous two men had all enjoyed being so rough with Stephanie, and now there was someone who was using her in a very different way. His hands were gentle and his cock moved smoothly and easily in her, unlike the forceful thrusting of the other men.

“Fuck, your mouth feels incredible, Stephanie,” the man groaned. “I love how much you love this. And you love it, don’t you? Love taking my cock, love letting it slide in and out of your mouth like... I know how much you like it. I love how much you want to be good for me.”

Stephanie was moving slowly and carefully on his cock, her hands coming up to rub at the man’s bare hips. She was looking up at him through her eyelashes. Her cheeks were flushed. Paired with her big, watery eyes, it gave her a strange, almost innocent look, at odds with the way her lips were stretched around the man’s cock, sliding smoothly up and down on it. The man pushed his dick in

further.

“Fuck, Stephanie, you’re amazing,” he moaned. “Fuck, you look so good with your mouth stretched around me like that. You look so fucking hungry for it. You’re making me feel so good. You’re doing such an amazing job.”

Stephanie pulled her mouth off him, and he whimpered as his cock fell near her chin. “Your cock tastes so good,” she whispered. “I love making you feel so good. I want to make you feel so good, so good in a way you never have before.” One of her hands came up to rub gently at his cock, and he shivered at the light touch.

“Stephanie, fuck, don’t tease me,” he breathed, and she giggled.

“I love your cock,” she murmured, her voice low with desire. “It makes me feel so good.” She leaned forward to nibble with her lips at the head of his shaft.

“Stephanie…” he breathed.

She smiled up at him. “Let’s not talk,” she whispered. “Please, can’t you just fuck my mouth? You make me feel so good, and I don’t want you to stop. And I want to make you feel good too. Don’t stop until you come.”

“Fuck,” the man whispered. “Alright.”

He pushed his cock back into her and resumed his slow and steady pace again. Stephanie closed her eyes and sucked, her cheeks hollowing around his length. I could see her tongue move as her lips parted, swirling around his head. His shaft glistened with her spit, and she massaged at his balls with one gentle hand.

When he came, it was with a low moan and one final thrust. Stephanie swallowed his cum easily, her throat moving rapidly and her tongue lapping up the last drops of it from his slit as he pulled out of her.

“Fuck, Stephanie,” he breathed, and she smiled kindly at him. I stood and led him away.

The next man came out the other room fast and with a purpose. He walked right up to Stephanie, who was waiting on her knees for him, and without warning he was pushing her face down to his cock, and she had no choice but to open for him. He fucked into her mouth hard and fast, his hand in her hair holding her steady.

Stephanie whimpered as her body jerked back and forth with the force of his thrusts, her body swaying. I watched her carefully, worried for a moment that everything had been too much for her, but when the man pulled out of her mouth she was instantly begging for him to put his cock back in.

“Please,” she gasped. “Please, I want it so bad.” She shifted on her knees, her hips moving forward a little. I realized what she was doing—she was trying to find friction against the tight material of the latex maid outfit. I didn’t even know if she was doing it consciously. I opened my mouth to warn her not to move, but before I could say anything the man was doing it himself. “You’re not allowed to come until all of us have already shot our load down your throat, or painted your face with our cum,” he growled. “So don’t you dare fucking even try and come.

Keep still, you little slut. You're here for us to use, to be a hole for us. So be good."

Stephanie whimpered but she stilled her movements. Sweat beaded on her forehead. She shivered with her suppressed desire.

He pushed his cock back into her mouth and began moving his hips in wild abandon. He wasn't even pushing his cock all the way into her, he was so caught up in his own pleasure. I rolled my eyes at his sloppy technique as his loud moans filled the room. He rubbed furiously at the base of his dick, where Stephanie didn't reach, and then the man was coming with a groan. His cum shot into the back of Stephanie's throat. It made her gag. He pulled out so that he could paint strips of white all over her face.

She closed her eyes and took it without complaint. Cum dripped slowly down her cheeks and onto her lips. Once the man had given his last spurt, Stephanie waited a moment before opening her eyes. She blinked a couple of times, then opened her mouth and licked at the cum that had landed on her lips.

I went to get the next man.

This was the last of the five men. He had an absolutely massive cock. When he walked into the room, Stephanie's eyes widened at the sight of it, and she actually leaned away when he came near. I considered punishing her, but the man was taking over before I had to do anything. "Look at the little whore, all afraid of my cock," he murmured. He raised a hand to brush his knuckles against her cheek. "What's wrong, Stephanie? I thought you wanted my cock?"

“I do, I do,” Stephanie whispered. “I want it so bad. It’s just...”

“It’s just what?”

“It’s so big. I’m scared. It makes me nervous. It’s maybe too big.”

“Nothing’s too big for a filthy slut like you. Just do what comes naturally to you and suck on it. Take it a little bit at a time.” He wrapped his hand around his cock and slapped his shaft against her face. “Are you excited for this big dick? I bet you’ve been waiting for one this big. I bet you’re hungry as hell for it.”

“I am,” she gasped. “I want it so bad.”

“Open,” the man ordered. Stephanie let her jaw drop and a heartbeat later his cock was filling her mouth, pushing into her and making her gag as she struggled with his huge shaft. He didn’t give her a chance to adjust, fucking into her face as her throat convulsed around him. Spit dripped from the edges of her mouth and her eyes leaked tears.

“Fuck, your mouth feels so good,” he groaned. “I bet you love this, don’t you? You’re such a fucking slut, so hungry for my cock. Suck it harder. I know how much you like it.”

Stephanie whimpered around his cock, her mouth stretched and her jaw aching with how wide she had to open it. The man pushed his dick in further, but instead of pulling it out again to fuck into her, he left it in her throat. I could see

Stephanie's throat convulse around it, her tongue pressed hard to the underside of his shaft. The man's hand tightened in her hair, keeping her still as she instinctively tried to pull away.

"Choke on it, slut," he moaned. "Fuck, you look so good with my cock down your throat. You look so fucking hungry for it. I bet you want to stroke yourself to orgasm while my dick is in your throat, huh?" Her mouth was filled with his shaft, so she couldn't respond.

He began to push his dick in and out of her mouth.

"Your mouth was made to be fucked," The man continued. "Wasn't it, whore? So tight and hot." His hand stiffened in her hair, and the movement of his hips began to stutter and lose rhythm. He moaned, loud and desperate, and Stephanie closed her eyes.

"Focus, Stephanie," I said quickly, not wanting her to lose herself now. "Keep sucking him. You've been such a good little whore, keep being good for us, Stephanie. Keep being a good little cocksucker."

The man released his load with a loud groan, shooting his seed into the back of Stephanie's throat with one final thrust. Stephanie swallowed, and while I could tell that she got most of it, some cum trickled out from the corners of her mouth to fall on her heaving chest. I frowned, displeased. The man left his dick hot and throbbing in Stephanie's mouth for a long moment, before finally letting it slip out from her lips. Stephanie gasped for breath, and the man left his dick lying against her cheek. It smeared cum and spit over her face.

I stepped forward and placed a hand on his shoulder. “Let’s go,” I said. I walked with him back to the other room.

I left the men waiting and walked back to Stephanie, who looked exhausted. Her make-up was smeared and there was cum and spit on her lips and cheeks. Her hair was in disarray. “Are you alright?” I asked. She looked a mess, but in the best way – she looked like a well fucked mess.

“I’m okay, Mistress Barbara,” she said with a roughness due to her well-fucked throat.

I nodded, pleased. “Are you ready for the next part?”

Her eyes widened. I wondered for a moment if she was going to say no, but before I could get too concerned she was nodding. “Yes,” she croaked. “Yes, Mistress. I’m ready for it.”

“Okay. Good. So, here’s what you’re going to do. You’re going to pick two of those men to come back in here. I don’t care which ones you pick, or why you pick them. But they’re going to come back here, and they’re going to fuck you. Is that alright?”

Stephanie’s eyes were bright with aroused excitement. “Yes, Mistress Barbara.”

“Which two would you like me to bring back in?”

She looked thoughtful for a moment. I realized that she'd been kneeling for a long time so I took pity on her. "Stand up." She quickly did so, her legs buckling a little after being in their position for so long. "Get on the bed."

She sat on the bed. The French maid dress hiked up on her thighs. Under the black nylons I could see that her knees were bright red. Her gaze was still far away as she pondered my question. I sat back and let her think, not really in any particular rush.

"I think..." she started, finally. "I think I want that last man. The one with the absolutely massive cock. And then the man that had the plant tattoo on his hip."

"Are you sure?"

She thought for a moment, then nodded.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm sure."

"Very well." I stood and crossed the room to the door. I opened it. I picked out the chosen men. The two men walked into the room. I closed the door after them, and then turned to watch the fuck session.

Stephanie, from the bed, was looking at them both with eager eyes.

Massive Cock reached out to run his hand down Stephanie's side, squeezing at her curves and rubbing at her stocking covered knee. She shivered under his touch as he sat on the bed beside her. He moved his hand from her knee to the bare flesh above her stocking. She whimpered with want, squirming against his touch. He lifted the hem of her latex skirt to expose her lacy panties and hard cock.

Massive Cock pressed his mouth to her throat and kissed and licked at her neck.

Tattoo said, "You don't get to feel good. Not until we've used your two holes to feel good ourselves. You're here to serve us, remember that." He got on the bed. He moved to kneel near the headboard. "You're our whore right now. A slut that's just begging to be fucked. Aren't you?"

Stephanie was shaking. Massive Cock's hand was on her inner thigh, rubbing at the sensitive skin, and it looked like he was moving up, getting closer and closer to her twitching dick.

Suddenly Massive Cock got up and violently moved Stephanie so she was on all fours on the bed. She was facing Tattoo at the headboard.

Tattoo was holding his cock at its base with one hand and holding onto Stephanie's hair with the other, so that when he slapped his dick across her face there was no way for her to turn away. He did it over and over again, laughing to himself. He pushed his dick into Stephanie's mouth. I heard her gag before she quickly recovered. "Such a good little whore," he cooed mockingly.

Massive Cock pulled her panties down. I handed him a bottle of lubrication and a condom. He put on the rubber and oiled up his dick. It was now slick enough that even something as substantial as his penis could penetrate the sissy's asshole without too much resistance. He leaned around Stephanie to watch Tattoo's length push in and out of her mouth. He snorted and said, "You're very good at sucking dick, aren't you, you little slut? I don't think I've ever seen anyone love the taste of cock as much as you." He raised a hand and slapped her ass. "You're such a dirty little slut. Keep choking on his dick. Don't stop, not even when I'm ramming into you."

Stephanie whimpered at his words, her hips shifting eagerly, but she didn't move her mouth away from Tattoo's cock. Even I was a little impressed. Tattoo was starting to fuck into her mouth harder, his dick pushing past her lips and over her tongue to go down her throat. She gagged around it, and he pulled out, but only for a brief moment. Before she could adjust, he was shoving his cock back in, even deeper this time. "Fuck, your mouth is so tight," he moaned. "So fucking hot." Stephanie gagged around him.

Finally, Massive Cock slid himself into her. His slick cock pushed against the sides of her hole. The two of them moaned as finally his cock was surrounded by the heat inside Stephanie's tight asshole. Stephanie shuddered and pushed her hips back, impaling herself further on Massive Cock's mighty erection. She seemed to enjoy having her anus stretched by Massive Cock's hard length.

She kept sucking Tattoo's dick at the same time.

She rammed herself hard on Massive Cock's shaft.

Desperate pre-orgasmic moans filled the hotel room.

As Stephanie's hole clenched tight around Massive Cock's dick, he could do nothing but let his hands fall on Stephanie's ass cheeks and squeeze them. He grunted, "Fuck, fuck, you're so fucking tight. Fuck, you're such a tight little slut. That's right, keep choking on his cock, baby. I want to see you take it all in your mouth and ass."

Suddenly, Tattoo was coming. He pulled out of her mouth and sprayed her face with his cum. Her mouth was open so some landed on her tongue. She quickly swallowed it.

Massive Cock thrust into her a few more times before he was coming too. He rode it out inside her asshole as he moaned in fevered pleasure, throwing his head back and closing his eyes as his hips thrust forward. He ejaculated into his condom. As he pulsed inside her anus, Stephanie begged to be stroked. Massive Cock, with his dick still deep inside her anus, reached down and began tugging on her dangling penis.

She soon came. Her tired body went limp in Massive Cock's hands as she shuddered with pleasure. Cum spurted onto the bedspread before she collapsed.

She was one well-fucked sissy. She took five cocks in her mouth and she swallowed everything they gave her. Then she took it up the ass. She fucked them and they fucked her. She came like a well-mannered girl. She was a good latex maid. I was satisfied with her performance.

Chapter 7 – Maîtresse Evelyn

They'll be late if they don't show soon, I said to myself as I tapped the leather crop against my thigh. I despise when clients don't respect my time.

I drew my legs up to my chest, the leather of my high-backed chair groaning as I adjusted the buckles of my boots. The metal felt cool between my fingertips. I leaned back in the chair, the silence deafening as I looked up at the wall clock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock

“They'll need to know that making me wait is unacceptable,” I said out loud, cracking the crop against the leather of the chair. That's when I heard three sheepish knocks echo in the room. Finally, I thought to myself, as I stood, smoothing down my corset and skirt. I walked across the hardwood floor, the heels of my boots echoing off the pristine light grey walls of the room. I opened the door. The two girls looked at me, meek and unsure of themselves. “You're late,” I told them.

“Oh, we, uh, sorry, we're sorry Maîtresse Evelyn, the traffic was heavy, and our cab driver was late,” Marianne said, her voice soft as she stammered.

I looked down at the shaking couple, a scowl on my face to further cement the disappointment they caused me. “Follow me.” I turned, the door falling from my hand as I stepped back into the main room. I heard them behind me catch the

door, the abrupt stop of the door sounding off against their palms. “Rude,” I heard one of them say softly behind me. I stopped, turning in place slowly.

“Who said that?” My tone was stern as I took confident steps toward them.

“Who. Said. That,” I repeated slowly, venom dripping from my words.

Sweet little Marianne raised her shaking hand, the color draining from her face as I started to circle her.

“You have come to me and have set foot in my territory, and you dare tell me that I’m rude? Have you already forgotten what you’re here for? Did you expect me to be a nice person? Perhaps you thought you were visiting for tea and a nice little catch-up session where we can discuss the latest gossip and talk about fashion.” I ran the crop down the center of her back. Marianne’s body shook, the severity of the situation overwhelming her. Her counterpart however stood quietly, like a statue with an unbroken forward gaze. “Maybe you should take a page out of this one’s book. Would you like to leave if I’m so mean?”

“I’m sorry, Maîtresse Evelyn. It won’t happen again. It’s just been a long...” Marianne stopped speaking as I cracked the crop against the back of her thigh.

“I care not about the troubles of your life, or how long your day has been. Your excuses mean nothing here. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn. I’m sorry,” Marianne said, her voice cracking as if her

tongue and throat were as dry as a desert.

“Will I have any further issues of disrespect?”

“No,” Marianne replied, her cheeks flushing several shades of red from embarrassment.

“Good.” I cracked the crop against her left buttock, causing her to yelp and her body to jolt forward.

I walked behind Marianne’s counterpart. “I take it that you’re the sissy I’ve been told about. Stephanie, remove your coat.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie said, removing her long full-length coat to reveal a bright fire engine red romper, black thigh high stockings with intricate lace at the tops, and black stiletto heels with bright silver buckles. I tossed her coat to the floor.

“Are you excited, sissy?” I asked as I ran the end of my crop against the bulge of her romper.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie said, her bulge twitching against the thin fabric as I lightly tapped my crop against her cock.

“Fetch us some water from the kitchen,” I said, thwacking the crop against her buttocks.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, right away,” Stephanie replied, slowly walking toward the kitchen after the shock of the crop jolted her body.

I stepped in front of Marianne and tapped the crop against my palm as I said, “And you, Marianne. Remove your coat. Hand it to me and get down on your knees.” Marianne took off her coat to reveal a black and gold teddy with black holdup stockings. She held the coat out to me. I pretended to grab it. She let go, thinking that I was holding it. The coat crumpled to the floor. Marianne held her tongue as she dropped to her knees. I circled around her, watching as Stephanie returned with a tray of three glasses of water. She stood, waiting for the next order to be uttered from my lips.

I told Marianne, “On your elbows, face to the floor with your ass in the air.” My tone was demanding and demeaning.

Marianne complied, lifting her ass in the air. Her hair was tied back in a simple ponytail that fell to the right side of her face. I smirked as I placed the toe of my boot on Marianne’s locks. I heard her inhale sharply as I ground the toe of my boot against her hair, satisfied with the wince from the minor pain I was causing her.

Thwack!

Marianne’s body lurched forward, letting out a loud, sharp yelp as my crop met her buttocks.

“Tell me that you like it. Say ‘thank you’,” I spat, the sound of another crack of the crop filling the room.

“Thank you, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne squeaked, her voice high and cracking as if she was trying to hold back tears.

Crack! Crack!

“Thank you, Maîtresse Evelyn. Thank you,” she said, her tone still high pitched.

I knelt slightly, running my hand down the small of her back and over the warmth of her pussy through her black thong. I smiled and looked up at Stephanie as she stood with the tray, her arms starting to shake from the weight.

“You enjoy this, don’t you, Marianne?” I cooed, lightly slapping my fingers against the crotch of her thong.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, I do,” she replied.

“Of course you do. You wouldn’t have come here otherwise.” As I unbent my knees I said to Stephanie, “You, come over here,” Stephanie moved closer with the tray of drinks still in her hands. I lightly pinched at her bulge. I watched the fabric throb for a moment before I took the tray from her. “You are excited, aren’t you? Is your sissy clit getting hard at the thought of what I might do to it?”

Down on your hands and knees, back straight,” I ordered.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied, capitulating to my demand.

I carefully placed the tray on Stephanie’s straight back. She struggled to find the balance before the ripples of the water in the glasses calmed.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The sound of the leather connecting with Stephanie’s ass rang out like a symphony to my ears. My eyes focused on the glasses, watching as the two outer glasses slid about an inch. A small amount of water jumped over the rims.

“Better not let those glasses fall, my sweet,” I scolded, stepping off of Marianne’s hair and dipping my fingers into the little puddle of spilled water on the tray.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie replied, stiffening her back as I wiped the water on her face, pressing my fingers hard against her cheek.

I walked back over to Marianne who had lifted her face from the floor, “Did I tell you to move?”

“No, Maîtresse Evelyn. I’m sorry,” she replied, pressing her face back down

against the floor.

Crack!

I snapped the crop hard against her ass, causing her body to shudder from the searing hot pain. I could see the redness of the welt spreading under her right ass cheek. I ground my knuckle against the wound, watching her body shiver as goosebumps dotted her skin.

“Does this excite you?” I asked as I twisted my knuckle.

“Yes, it does, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied, a small moan escaping from her lips.

Thwack!

The sound of my palm rang out through the room as a tingle of pain crept across my palm. I rubbed my hand against her warmth. I couldn't help noticing that the crotch of her thong was wet.

“Clearly it does,” I replied, rubbing my fingers against her labia under the fabric.

Crack!

“Another, just because I like to watch you flinch,” I said, watching her breathe heavily.

I walked across the room and put down the crop. I walked back to Stephanie and lifted the one remaining full glass of water to my lips. I took some much-needed sips of water before setting the glass back down on the tray. I lifted the tray from Stephanie’s back. I turned and walked across the room and set the tray down with a heavy clang that made Marianne jump.

“Are you okay, love?” I asked, my tone condescending.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied.

“How about you, Stephanie?” I asked as I picked up a matte black paddle. She replied, “I’m fine, Maîtresse Evelyn. Thank you.” I walked over to her and patted the bulge of her cock with my hand.

“Up on your knees, Stephanie,” I said as I rubbed the paddle against her ass.

Stephanie complied, her cock throbbing against the thin red fabric. I rubbed the edge of the paddle against her dick, pressing in lightly here and there to get her cock to react. “Pull your cock out of your cute little romper,” I said while giving her a light pat on the ass.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied. She pulled the crotch to the side and let her cock spring out. It stuck out fully erect from her feminized body, throbbing in the chilled air of the room.

Thwack!

The sound of the paddle smacking against her ass reverberated around the room as she lurched forward, her hard cock jabbing into the air before it.

“Finally, some life from this sissy,” I said, patting her on the ass in a “good job” gesture.

“Thank you, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied.

“Marianne, up on your knees,” I said, turning to face her.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied. She complied with my demand. The couple were now on their knees facing each other.

I asked Marianne, “What do you think about Stephanie’s cock?” I walked over to her and stood beside her.

“It excites me,” Marianne replied, her eyes looking down at the cock in question.

“How much does it excite you?” I asked, rubbing the edge of my paddle against her pussy, watching as her body quivered.

“Very much,” she replied, letting out a moan as I pressed the paddle against her vaginal opening.

“Both of you, off with the lingerie,” I said, patting Marianne on the ass as the couple slipped out of their clothing.

I watched as they undressed, unsure if I was going to paddle their behinds at any moment.

“Come on, get on with it,” I said, walking over to the chair. I took a few sips of water from the tray of glasses. “Leave the shoes and stockings on.” I sat on the chair with my left leg resting on my right thigh. A few moments later they were undressed and back on their knees.

“Finally,” I spat, tapping the paddle on the heel of my boot. “Marianne, I want you to lie on your back with your legs spread wide. And Stephanie, I want you to stand over Marianne.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied as she got face up on the floor. Her naked breasts bounced as she got comfortable and spread her legs, bending them at the knees. Stephanie waited for Marianne to finish getting into position before placing one foot on either side of her hips.

“Wonderful. Marianne, I want you to tug at Stephanie’s scrotum while you masturbate. Stephanie, I want you to masturbate while you pinch and tug at your nipples.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” they replied in unison.

Stephanie let out a moan as she grabbed her shaft at the base and slowly stroked her length, her other hand grasping and tugging at her nipples in random intervals. Marianne’s movements stuttered for a moment. The sound of my paddle cracking against the chair got her back on track. She raised her hand and pinched Stephanie’s scrotum between her fingertips, tugging slightly.

“Good, now masturbate, Marianne,” I cooed, standing and walking over to them.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied, slowly sliding her hand down her torso and between her open legs.

Marianne let out a moan as she circled her finger around her sensitive and swollen clitoris, her legs slightly jolting as waves of pleasure crashed over her. I circled them, watching as they pleased themselves before me. I raised my paddle, cracking it against Stephanie’s bare ass, eliciting a heavy moan.

I leaned down behind them, rubbing the edge of my paddle against Marianne’s pussy as she rocked her hips against it, letting herself get lost in the pleasure. I drew the paddle back, patting it against her labia softly.

“Did that feel good, Marianne?”

“Yes, very good,” she replied, rubbing at her labia and pressing a single finger slowly inside her cunt.

I smiled, watching as Marianne continued to finger herself for a moment before pressing the edge of my paddle against Stephanie’s ass, parting her cheeks and pressing the smoothed paddle against her hole. “I bet you’d love to have something stuck up your ass, wouldn’t you, sissy?” I teased, pressing the paddle harder against her sphincter.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn. I would,” she replied, moaning as I snapped the band of her stockings.

“Stop stroking,” I spat. I moved my paddle abruptly and placing it under her cock, watching it throb and jerk on the makeshift surface. “Marianne, I want you to stimulate Stephanie’s anus. I want you to penetrate her.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied, removing her finger from her pussy and moving her hand to press her wet finger against Stephanie’s anus, causing her cock to throb and twitch against the smooth cherry oak of the paddle.

I watched as Marianne pushed her finger into Stephanie’s sphincter. Stephanie’s greedy ass swallowed the finger. Marianne pushed a second finger into the hole. She began to finger fuck the sissy.

Stephanie's legs began to shake and she was moaning louder. She was getting close.

She fucked Stephanie until she had a sissy-gasm via her prostate. This meant instead of a conventional explosion of cum at the end, there was a more subtle and longer lasting dripping of cum from her cock.

She dribbled her sissy juice onto the paddle. Her cum coated the entire surface of the matt black paddle.

I told them to get back onto their knees beside each other.

While holding the paddle out in front of them I said, "Stephanie, you're going to lap up half the puddle of your sissy cum. Marianne, you're going to lap up the other half when she finishes. Understand?"

They both said, "Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn."

Stephanie took the paddle and lifted it up to her lips, her cock throbbing and glistening with intense excitement.

"You're going to lap up the puddle, and you're going to tell me how good it tastes and feels to eat your own cum," I said, flicking a nail over her nipple and hearing her inhale sharply.

“Yes, of course, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie replied. She pressed her tongue against the cool, sticky puddle and flicked her tongue forward to collect her own cum on her tongue. She sucked it up into her mouth.

“Don’t swallow, Stephanie, keep it on your tongue,” I said. “Is that about half of it in your mouth?” She nodded. I took the paddle from her. I handed it over to Marianne. “Lick it up.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied, capitulating with my demand and lifting the paddle to her lips.

“Keep the sissy cum on your tongue as well,” I said while flicking a nail across her nipple.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied before lapping up Stephanie’s cum onto her tongue.

I waited until there was very little semen left on the paddle.

“Good. You two are so obedient. I love that so much.” I grabbed one of their nipples in each hand and twisting lightly.

Marianne and Stephanie moaned, their tongues still with the cum on them.

“Now kiss,” I demanded as I pushed their heads together.

Marianne pressed her tongue against Stephanie’s. Their saliva and cum puddles intermingling as their tongues danced with one another.

“Now swallow,” I said while taking the paddle from Marianne. Marianne and Stephanie drew their tongues into their mouths and audibly swallowed.

“How does your sissy cum taste, Stephanie?” I asked.

“It tastes delicious, Maîtresse Evelyn. Thank you.” Her cock throbbed.

“You want to eat more cum so bad, don’t you, sissy?” I teased, running my fingers through Stephanie’s hair, tilting her head back slightly.

“Yes, so badly,” Stephanie replied, her tone high pitched as she panted.

“Not yet,” I replied as I held her hair tighter. I then spat into her mouth.

Stephanie swallowed my spit hungrily, her cock throbbing hard in the air.

“How are you doing over there, Marianne? Are you about ready to burst?” I teased, letting go of Stephanie’s hair and walking in front of Marianne.

“I’m fine, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied as I looked down her body and noticed the inside of her thighs glistening.

“Indeed, you are,” I replied, rubbing the paddle between her thighs. I decided to penetrate her with the handle. I put the tip of the handle up to her pussy and began to insert it. This caused her to let out a long, heavy moan. “Care to hold this for me,” I said, pushing the handle inside her. I left the paddle hanging between her legs. “Y... yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, of course,” she replied, barely able to contain herself as she squirmed in place with the handle of the paddle filling her.

“Good, I’ll be quick. I’m quite parched, hang tight,” I said, tapping the paddle with my hand and causing her to moan once more. “Stephanie, while I am quenching my thirst, I am going to have you suck on her nipples. Don’t be shy, and make sure you play around with her sensitive little clit too,” I said, giving the paddle one more tap before walking over to the chair and sitting back down.

I reached my hand over to the tray. I lifted the almost empty glass to my lips and finished it before setting the glass down with a clinking sound. I picked up another glass to watch the couple.

I watched as Stephanie repositioned herself to be in front of her wife. She bent at the waist so her face was level with Marianne’s breasts. She took her wife’s left nipple into her mouth to suck and lick. Marianne bucked against the paddle; trying to hold it with her thighs so she could attempt to ride the handle. Stephanie took one of her hands and slowly slid it down Marianne’s torso, stopping on her pubic mound. Marianne let out a loud moan, the paddle slowly

becoming covered in her slick juices.

“Stephanie,” I said, picking up my crop and tapping it against the smooth black leather of my boot.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn?” Stephanie replied, her thumb pressing against Marianne’s sensitive and swollen clitoris.

“I want you to tilt her backward and then fuck her with the handle of that paddle until she is about to come. Do not let her orgasm,” I barked as I leaned forward to watch the show they were about to put on for me.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn. As you wish,” Stephanie replied.

Stephanie tilted Marianne back; drawing another long moan from her wife as her body moved. Stephanie grasped the paddle and began to fuck Marianne’s pussy with it. She pulled the handle in and out of Marianne, causing her body to shake and shiver as the pleasure overwhelmed her.

“Wonderful, what a show,” I said, clapping my hands in a teasing manner as I stood, walking over to them.

“Thank you, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie replied while thrusting the paddle harder and faster.

“Oh my god, yes, this feels so good,” Marianne moaned, her breaths heavy.

“I bet,” I said, extending my arm to rub the leather tongue of the crop against her now extremely sensitive clitoris. She moaned and bucked as she started to lose control of her actions.

“Yes! Yes! Like that, thank you!” Marianne cried out, her cheeks flushing pink. She was close to the peak of orgasm.

I lightly tapped my crop against her clit, her bucking becoming wild. I said, “Stephanie, take the paddle out of her pussy and deny her the orgasm she so desperately wants.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Stephanie replied as she pulled the handle of the paddle from Marianne’s slick, quivering pussy.

“How are you feeling, love?” I asked Marianne who was still leaning back and exhaling long, heavy breaths.

“I’m... I’m doing good, Maîtresse Evelyn. Thank... thank you,” she replied in between her pants.

“You’re quite welcome,” I replied as I ran the leather tongue of the crop up the center of her stomach. I gave her breasts a light thwack of the crop. “Now, I want you to take that paddle, all beautifully covered in your sticky sweet juices, and slowly insert it into Stephanie’s ass.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied, moving herself into position and picking up the slippery paddle. Marianne tilted Stephanie forward and spread her legs a little farther apart. Stephanie’s cock throbbed hard in the air as Marianne slowly pushed the handle of the paddle into her ass. Stephanie moaned loudly, the feeling of every inch sliding into her tight little sissy ass almost making her spurt cum on the spot. Eventually it was all in. Marianne started to slowly thrust the handle of the paddle in and out of her anus.

“Go ahead, Marianne, start stroking her swollen, thick cock that is begging to be milked,” I said, a wide salacious smile creeping across my lips.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn. As you desire,” sweet little Marianne replied. Marianne wrapped her hand around Stephanie’s cock and began stroking lightly.

“Faster,” I said, cracking the crop against Marianne’s ass as she let out a yelp that turned into a moan.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied, stroking Stephanie’s length faster as Stephanie started to buck her hips.

Stephanie let out a long guttural moan, trying with all her might not to reach the peak of orgasm.

“Stephanie, love, how would you feel about being really fucked in your sissy ass by your pretty little wife?” I asked, thwacking the rod against her thigh once more.

“Yes, please, Maîtresse Evelyn. That sounds very nice.”

“Marianne, change of plans. You’re going to fuck your sissy in the ass. Take the paddle out of her ass and have her bite down on the handle while you bend her over and spread her pretty little ass cheeks.”

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn,” Marianne replied as she withdrew the paddle handle from Stephanie’s anus with a little lewd pop. Stephanie moaned, her asshole quivering with the overload of pleasure she was feeling.

I presented the panting and tired couple with a seven inch strapless dildo.

“Marianne, I am going to insert this into your drenched pussy. And then you’re going to fuck Stephanie’s pretty little ass while trying not to come from the vibrations inside your pussy, and from the little rabbit that’ll be vibrating on your swollen little clit.” I gestured for her to spread her legs.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, I’ll try not to disappoint you,” she replied, her breasts heaving with each breath as I dropped down and turned on the toy. The mere sound of the vibrations caused her to moan. “Good,” I said while pressing the end of the toy just inside of her and pulling it back out. I moved the toy to her face and pressed it against her lips, parting them as she tasted herself. She lapped and licked at the head of the toy with pure joy and satisfaction before I pulled it away. I pressed the end that would be used inside Stephanie’s ass directly into Marianne’s pussy as she let out a loud moan. “Sorry about that, just needed some lubrication and I figured your pussy juice would be perfect for the job,” I said, pulling the toy back out from Marianne as she whimpered. She clearly wanted me to continue fucking her with it.

“What do you think, Stephanie? Are you more than pleased to have your wife’s pussy juice inside your ass?” I asked, pressing the head of the toy against her asshole.

“Yes, please, Maîtresse Evelyn, that sounds divine,” Stephanie replied, wiggling her sissy ass against the toy, as if begging for me to stick it inside of her.

I snapped the band of Stephanie’s stocking, causing her to arch her back and let out a small moan. I turned back to Marianne. I waved the toy in her face, watching her eyes track it like a hungry dog before rubbing the head of the rabbit end around her clit. Marianne moaned loudly, lightly rocking her hips to take advantage of the pleasure. I ran the tip of the toy down Marianne’s slick labia, parting them to tease her before stuffing her dripping pussy with the strapless dildo and setting the vibration to its maximum setting.

“Oh fuck, this feels so good,” Marianne moaned, her cheeks and skin flushing a light pink.

“Whatever,” I said with a tone of disregard, “now fuck Stephanie’s ass.”

“Y... yes, Maîtresse Evelyn. As... as you wish,” Marianne replied through heavy breaths as she positioned herself behind Stephanie.

“Spank her as you stuff her ass,” I barked while cracking the crop against her ass, causing her to jolt forward. The toy was spreading Stephanie’s sissy ass cheeks apart as it vibrated between them. Marianne raised her hand and brought it down against the skin of Stephanie’s ass. The sound of the buttock slap echoed around the room.

Marianne held the base of the strapless dildo, her own juices wetting the tips of her fingers as she pressed the tip of the toy against Stephanie's sphincter. Stephanie pressed backward, the tip of the toy barely penetrating her.

"Please, Marianne, stick it in me, I can't wait," Stephanie said with a begging tone.

"Proceed, Marianne," I told her as she looked over at me for permission.

"Thank you, Maîtresse Evelyn," she said. She pushed the whole seven inches slowly inside Stephanie.

"Yes! Yes, like that!" Stephanie moaned out loudly, her tone high pitched.

I cracked the whip against Marianne's thighs, the surprise and unexpected pain causing her body and hips to lurch forward. Marianne thrust heavily in and out of Stephanie's ass, the vibrations and each swipe of the rabbit across her clit causing her to moan out loudly. Marianne gripped Stephanie's hips, using them for even more leverage to fuck Stephanie's sissy ass.

"Yes, Marianne, yes, like that, don't stop, you're going to make me come!" Stephanie yelled out as her cock twitched and throbbed.

I pulled them apart, quickly flipping Stephanie on her back, "fuck her, Marianne,

fuck her and stroke her cock at the same time!”

“Yes! Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn! As... as you wish,” Marianne yelled, stuffing the toy back into Stephanie’s anus.

I cracked my crop against Marianne’s ass, causing her to thrust deep into Stephanie. Stephanie’s cock was twitching uncontrollably.

“Stroke her,” I yelled, cracking the crop again. Marianne grabbed Stephanie’s cock and began stroking with a tight grip.

“Try to aim for her sissy face and hair,” I said, guiding Marianne’s arm.

“As you wish, Maîtresse Evelyn,” she replied, complying with my demand.

“I... I’m going to come,” Stephanie yelled, pulling her knees tightly to her chest to allow Marianne deeper penetration.

Stephanie’s cock suddenly released spurts of warm white cum into the air from the combination of having her ass fucked and her cock stroked. “Oh fuck! Yes! Yes!” Stephanie cried as her cock twitched and throbbed with each spurt of cum.

There was no time for post-orgasm rest. Marianne still had to come. “Take the toy out of her ass and lay back!” I barked, gesturing to Marianne to hurry up.

Marianne withdrew the toy with another obscene pop before laying back on the floor.

“Stephanie, fuck her with the toy until she comes, I can tell she’s very close,” I said, cracking the crop against her thighs as she started to turn and face Marianne.

“Yes! Maîtresse Evelyn, as you wish,” Stephanie replied, turning toward Marianne in a hurry and grasping the strapless dildo, feeling her left-over warmth mixed with Marianne’s pussy juices. What was once inside her was now the handle.

Marianne moaned, the feeling of Stephanie thrusting the toy in and out of her pussy brought her back to the brink of orgasm very quickly.

“Harder!” I spat, cracking the crop against Stephanie’s ass.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, thank you,” Stephanie said through her teeth, still reeling from the pleasure.

Stephanie continued to pump the strapless dildo in and out of Marianne’s pussy. Marianne jerked and quivered on the floor beneath her.

“Stephanie, I’m going to come, I’m going to fucking come,” Marianne yelled,

her face and skin flushed as her muscles began to tense.

I cracked the crop against Marianne's breasts, causing her to yelp. The yelp turned into a loud, long and heavy moan, broken with each thrust of Stephanie.

"Take the toy out of her and stick your sissy cock into your wife as you lay on top of her!" I ordered, cracking the crop against Stephanie's ass.

"Y... yes, Maîtresse Evelyn," Stephanie said, pulling the toy quickly out of Marianne's pussy and replacing it with her own half-erect cock. She thrust it in and out as Marianne's pussy tightened around her.

"Keep thrusting until I tell you to fucking stop," I said while standing over them.

"Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn," they said in unison, breathing heavily as they fucked each other.

"I'm going to piss on you filthy whores." I put pressure against my bladder. "It's coming." I felt warm liquid trickle from me. The urine began to cascade from my urethra. I covered Stephanie's back in piss and watched as it dripped down her sides and down onto Marianne as they both continued to fuck and moan.

The stream of piss dried up. "Tell me you love it when I piss on you," I ordered, stepping back to the side.

“I love it when you piss on me, Maîtresse Evelyn!” Stephanie moaned loudly, thrusting even harder.

“Yes, Maîtresse Evelyn, I love the feeling of your piss on my body!” Marianne yelled, her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

“Quit fucking, you’ve both had enough,” I spat, thwacking them both with the crop.

Stephanie fell to the floor beside Marianne. They were both breathing and panting heavily.

“You people disgust me. I’ve never met two bigger perverts in all my days. And I work as a professional dominatrix, so that’s saying something.”

Chapter 8 – Marianne

As we were making our bed I asked my husband if being a girl satisfied him. He said, “I think so.”

“You only think so?” I prodded.

“Let me rephrase that: Yes.”

“Do you want to continue playing at being a girl?”

“Does that bother you?” He ceased stuffing his corner of the duvet into the bedsheet as he waited for my answer.

I stilled my hands and took a moment to consider if having a sissy for a husband bothered me. Honestly: no ill feelings surfaced. It was okay with me. I felt no jealousy, anger, disappointment, disgust, frustration, betrayal, or any other emotion you might expect me to feel. It seemed I truly was okay for this perversion to continue. Actually, I had more things I wanted to do. I wasn't finished exploring this fascinating fetish. I was into it almost as much as he was. Eventually I said, “I'm enjoying it. I like dressing you up and humiliating you. As much as I liked what Maîtresse Evelyn did to us, it feels more natural for me to be above you instead of deep down in the depravity with you. I'd like to continue exploring this with you. I want this too. If that makes me kinky, then so be it. It's fun.”

He visibly relaxed. “Truthfully though, are you okay with me being bisexual?”

In a show of nonchalance I resumed making the bed as I said, “You are who you are. I’m not convinced you really are bisexual. Not really. I mean obviously you are. You like fucking men. But it’s clear you like it because you’re being Stephanie. I can’t imagine you naked taking a dick up your ass. It’s just not you. You need to be in a dress and treated like a girl to get any arousal out of it.”

He nodded in agreement and began making the bed again. “I’m not attracted to men. It’s Stephanie who’s into men. Not me. It’s definitely more of a fetish than a sexual orientation. A preference for sleeping with men while pretending to be a girl is not the same as actually being a guy with a man.”

“I get it. You’re just a cocksucker some of the time.”

We stood looking at each other over the finished bed.

There was a silence between us.

Steven broke the silence. “So you’re okay with me seeing more mistresses and sleeping with more men?”

“I’d be disappointed if you didn’t keep at it. I’ve got many more perverted ideas I want to act out with you. I’ve got a new latex dress for you in the closet.

Stephanie, I'd love to see you in it. Why don't you put it on? And I'll slip into my strap-on. Then...in this bedroom...on our freshly made bed...I'm going to make you suffer like you've never suffered before."

Who is Gretchen Host?

Gretchen Host.

G Host.

GHost.

Ghost.

As in ghost writer.

This book is the work of five ghost writers with me, Kelly Maitland, editing the results. The changing points of view structure was an attempt to, if not use multiple writers as a strength, then to at least not make it a weakness.

The work broke down like this:

Chapter 1 – Marianne

Chapter 2 – Marianne

First American female writer.

Chapter 3 – Dominatrix Alisha

Second American female writer.

Chapter 4 – Governess Andrea

First and only Indian female writer.

Chapter 5 – Marianne

Kelly Maitland.

Chapter 6 – Mistress Barbara

Third American female writer.

Chapter 7 – Maîtresse Evelyn

Fourth American female writer.

Chapter 8 – Marianne

Kelly Maitland.

The following is the story outline I gave the writers (initially it was bit more skeletal than this):

Tone: Serious. Realistic. Grounded with a connection to how the real world actually works. Not the nympho porn world where every woman is permanently horny and ludicrously promiscuous. Condoms and lube are used when appropriate etc.

Point of view: It is in the first person past tense as recounted from the female dominant in the chapter.

Graphic level: 10 out of 10 for explicit content.

Location: Generic and unspecific American suburbs or city.

Note: Once Steven is dressed up as Stephanie that character should be referred to as she instead of he. Stephanie always wears stockings or tights/pantyhose – she never wears trousers/pants.

It would be good if female writers who know a lot about clothes and make-up use that knowledge to detail how Steven is transformed into Stephanie.

Chapter 1

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Marianne in the past tense.

In bed [can be changed] Steven tells his wife, Marianne, his sissy fantasy.

She lies on top of him, crotch to crotch with her arms folded on his chest, and talks dirty to him about dressing up like a girl and sucking cock. She renames him as Stephanie. She tells him a story about dressing him up as Stephanie and Stephanie watching a topless builder. Stephanie ends up sucking off the builder in the story. She comments on how hard his erection is against her cunt while telling him this story. It is up to the writer of this chapter to decide if Steven is given any sexual relief (self-administered or performed by his wife) or is not given permission and has to go without. Or the scene could end very abruptly without a conventional climax after a taunting comment from Marianne about how aroused Steven has become.

Chapter 2

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Marianne in the past tense.

Marianne dresses Steven up as Stephanie (in stockings, high heels and a dress) and makes him suck her strap-on. She then anally violates him. She masturbates Stephanie until she comes. She makes Stephanie eat the cum.

Since chapter one Steven has shaved off his body hair to become more feminine on the instruction of his wife.

Chapter 3

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Dominatrix Alisha in the past tense.

Stephanie goes to Dominatrix Alisha. She ties Stephanie in bondage to the ceiling (or to a wall or to a St. Andrews cross etc.) and spansks, flogs, whips and canes her while verbally degrading her about her disgusting sissy fantasies.

Chapter 4

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Governess Andrea in the past tense.

Stephanie goes to Governess Andrea. She makes Stephanie suck off a real penis belonging to Scott. This is obviously the first time Stephanie has put a real penis in her mouth. Scott ejaculates in Stephanie's mouth. Governess Andrea instructs Stephanie to swallow the cum.

Stephanie is then fucked anally with Scott's real penis. Stephanie drips pre-cum while being butt fucked and is made to eat it from Governess Andrea's hand.

Governess Andrea is prejudiced against queers and so her inner thoughts reflect her genuine distaste for the work she is doing with Stephanie. A man in drag getting turned on by sex with men is repugnant to her and she is not denying her disgust to herself. She channels that dislike into her work and uses it to verbally abuse Stephanie in this session.

Chapter 5

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Mistress Barbara in the past tense.

Stephanie goes to Mistress Barbara in a hotel room. She makes Stephanie put on a black latex French maid's uniform with suspenders, nylon stockings and heels. Stephanie is made to kneel and suck off ten men, one at a time, in the hotel room. The men come into the room in turns to receive their blow job.

After all ten men have been serviced, Stephanie is asked to name the two men she would like to have sex with. She reluctantly picks two of the men. Mistress Barbara brings the two men back into the room. Stephanie is spit roasted by the two men.

Chapter 6

This chapter is told from the first person point of view of Maîtresse Evelyn in the past tense.

Stephanie goes to Maîtresse Evelyn with her wife, Marianne. They both submit as a couple to the cruel tyranny of Maîtresse Evelyn. She spanks them, makes them masturbate and then makes the two of them fuck before her. Maîtresse Evelyn then pisses on both of them.

Chapter 7

It's a structural cliché to start with Marianne and then circle back around to ending with that character, but it will give the overall story an inbuilt satisfying circular logic. So a final chapter from Marianne's point of view is the obvious idea.

Books authored by Kelly Maitland:

An Office Overrun with Perverts [Novella]

A new office employee discovers his place of work is under the control of a perverted cabal of women. They want him to do unsavoury things of a sexual nature.

Chapter headings:

Introduction

Handjob at the Window

Maxine's Going to Fuck You

Lying, Kissing and Spitting

Gloryhole

Office Orgy

Telling My Wife

Charlotte Eats Cum

Natalie with Two Cocks

Pissing in the Garden

Anal with Brianna

The Therapeutic Benefits of Sadomasochism [Novella]

A female psychology student undergoes training at the hands of a controversial psychiatrist who uses sadomasochism as part of her methodology.

Chapter headings:

Dr Janine and Helen Urinate on a Patient

Spanking Helen

Helen Tied Down in Latex

Cunnilingus in Bondage

Helen's Arse Gets Caned

A Succession of Men Piss in Dr Janine's Mouth

Caned for Causing Fifteen Orgasms

Humiliating Sex in Public

Fetish Sex Role-Playing with Hannah [Novella]

A woman indulges in her kinky sexual fantasies and tries to introduce a reluctant man to the pleasures of BDSM.

Chapter headings:

Introducing Kathleen/Hannah

Explaining the Birds and the Bees

The Sissy with a Clit for a Dick

A Mother Pisses on Her Son

A Romantic Date

Rubber Nurse Performs a Handjob

Learning How to Do Anal

Fucking in the Office Stationery Cupboard

Spanking, Caning and Anal in the Dungeon

Student Sasha Has Kinky Sex for Money [Novella]

Sasha French is the archetypal 'girl next door' with good bourgeois standards of conformist moral behaviour. Her student debts are piling up when she is offered money in exchange for kinky sex. Those morals don't last long and she agrees to participate in a foursome with two guys and another woman.

Chapter headings:

Setting Up the Foursome

Foursome In the Living Room

Masturbating In Front of Jacqueline

Spellbound Into Further Prostitution

Threesome with the Bisexual Bitches

Breaking Up with the Long Distance Boyfriend

Bondage Sex for Money

Giving Up The Game

Pissing On Each Other in the Park

Cruel Sabrina Wants to Piss On My Face [Novella]

An office worker with a fetish for stockings thinks he's got lucky with a pretty co-worker, but events take a weird turn after she's handcuffed him to the hotel bed.

Chapter headings:

Girls in Tights

Maurice Alan Maybury Drinks Mistress X's Piss in Kinky Bondage Scene

Sabrina Uses Her Piss Slave in the Office

Now Angela Wants to Piss in My Mouth

Confronting Sabrina

Never Apologise, Never Explain

Angela Apologises on Behalf of Sabrina

Teaching the Latex Sissy Maid to Be Obedient [Novella]

A man joins a strict household as a latex maid and is given the feminine identity of Samantha by his cruel mistress.

Chapter headings:

The Rules of the Household

Meeting Princess Celeste

Samantha Sucks Her First Dick

Tied Up In Bed

The Line of Suckage

Days of Duty and Debauchery

The Blushing Bride

Fucking the Mistress of the House

Dismissal

The New Mistress

Sold at Auction to Deviant S&M Perverts [Novel]

A brothel madam auctions Erica's sexually inexperienced mind and body to the five highest bidders.

Chapter headings:

Please, Mrs Benson, Can I Be a Prostitute?

Charming and Arousing the Ten Men Bidding for My Five Sessions

First Session: Mr Brooks and His Fantasy Handjob by Mistress Lesley

Mistress Lesley and Her Polite Coldness

Masturbating Mario

Second Session: Blindfolded Anonymous Sex with Mr X

Third Session: Eating Cum from the Vagina of Mr Gibson's Secretary

Fourth Session: Public Masturbation in Latex Leggings to Please Mr Grisham

Fifth Session: Pegging the Rubber Gimp (AKA Mr Henderson)

Introducing My Boyfriend to My Perverse Imagination

Transvestite Slut Caught and Punished [Novella]

Holly accidentally catches her boyfriend wearing one of her dresses and takes cruel advantage of his weakness for her clothing.

Chapter headings:

My Mother's Shoes

Caught Wearing Holly's Yellow Dress

Holly Dresses Me Up for Her Amusement

Spit Roasting Rebecca

Holly and Sophie Urinate On Rebecca

Turned Into a Bisexual Porn Star by a Dominatrix [Novel]

A seemingly heterosexual chambermaid stumbles upon a professional dominatrix working in her hotel. The dominatrix cruelly enslaves the chambermaid and turns her into a bisexual porn actress.

Chapter headings:

Debra's 4pm Appointment to Lick Pussy

Daughter Spanks Mother

Dirty Talk

Threesome Fucking On Four Cameras

Debra's Girlfriend Whips Debra's Boyfriend

Unrelenting Sadomasochistic Feminisation: Transforming My Husband Into a Pathetic Crossdressing Sissy [Novel]

Sarah's husband talks her into trying sadomasochism to spice up their sex life. He quickly loses control of the games they play when she develops into a far more inventive and malicious dominatrix than he expected. Finding himself in a dress kneeling before a group of strange men was not what he had in mind.

Chapter headings:

My Husband Introduces Sadomasochism Into Our Marriage: ‘You’d eat your own cum?’

My Husband Is a Sissy and Needs to Be Spanked: ‘Really, you stroke your dick while wearing your wife’s panties?’

My Husband Sucks Off Three Gentlemen While I Watch: ‘It’s what a sissy tramp like you is designed to do.’

My Husband Makes Love to Tanya’s Arsehole: ‘The shocking trouble a girl can get up to in a suburban bedroom.’

Drinking Kate’s Pee from a Dog Bowl [Novella]

Keith has a sexual fantasy of a depraved dominatrix making him drink her freshly urinated piss from a stainless steel dog bowl. Five experts in femdom humiliation have already played out his perverted dream but none as inventively as his next hire: Mistress Judy AKA Kate, his very angry wife who has just discovered that he’s been sleeping with her sister.

Chapter headings:

Beating a Worthless Slave

Arranging to Drink My Piss

Drinking My Piss from a Dog Bowl

After Drinking My Piss

Angie Drinks My Piss

Mistress Mia's Femdom Sissy Sessions: Turning James Into Transvestite Latex Slut Natalie [Novella]

James soon learns to regret picking up Mia from a bar when she enslaves him as her submissive plaything. From there things go from bad to worse as she takes a fancy to the idea of feminising him. She doesn't want to stop at dressing him up, she wants her girl to be a real heterosexual cocksucker.

Chapter headings:

The Complete and Total Subjugation of James to Mistress Mia

A Mouthful of Piss and Thirty-Five Strokes of the Cane

Reluctant Latex Crossdresser Taken to the Gloryhole

Natalie Becomes a True Sissy and Loses Her Anal Virginity to a Man

Headmistress Miss Gulliver Uses Her Cane to Teach and Punish a Perverted Schoolboy [Short Story]

Head teacher Miss Gulliver uses corporal punishment to educate Alan to respect his female classmates after he is caught looking up their skirts during English class. [Published as Three Kinky Tales of Mature Femdom Perversion]

Your Wishes and Desires are Less than Nothing: A Latex Handjob Session [Short Story]

A man in a gimp suit hires a fifty-six-year-old prostitute to dress up in latex and perform a handjob on his disappointingly small penis. [Published as Three Kinky Tales of Mature Femdom Perversion]

Weak Men are Such Easy Prey for Debauched Psychiatrist Dr Chloe Richardson [Short Story]

A psychiatrist abuses her position of trust and power over a weak-willed patient to fulfil her heartless sadomasochistic desires. [Published as Three Kinky Tales

of Mature Femdom Perversion]

Plugged Lingerie Sissy Locked in Chastity at the Photo Shoot [Novella]

A transvestite arranges a fetish photo shoot in a hotel room and tries to seduce the straight male photographer.

Chapter headings:

You are a sissy boy who likes to dress up in girl's clothes for sexual gratification

'Stunning,' is his one-word answer.

'I know what you want.'

'Do you love getting your cock sucked by a girl like me?'

Instructed to Jerk Off: Bianca's New Sissy Maid

**Reluctant Sissy Audrey Made to Pleasure Men for the First Time
[Novelette]**

A heterosexual man is made to service two gentlemen while wearing a dress, stockings and high heels after unintentionally initiating a feminisation session with a dominatrix.

Chapter headings:

Putting the Cocksucker-To-Be in a Dress

Audrey Sucks Her First Dick (and Her Second)

Butt Fucked by Gerry

Anal with Kevin

The Cocksucker Eats Her First Creamy Load (and Her Second)

Old Lovers Reunited

Instructed to Jerk Off by Cruel Natalia Forrest: Humiliating Her New Reluctant Latex Sissy Maid [Screenplay and Video]

Natalia Forrest's boyfriend disappointed her for the last time. So she put him in a latex dress and changed his name to Miranda. Then she explained that Miranda was going to get intimate with her other boyfriend. The 22 minute movie was based upon the chapter Instructed to Jerk Off: Bianca's New Sissy Maid from the book Plugged Lingerie Sissy Locked in Chastity at the Photo Shoot.

Natalia Forrest's First-Time Kinky BDSM Lesbian Experience [Screenplay and Video]

Natalia Forrest graphically recounts the kinky tale behind how she acquired her sexy black patent leather boots. Her perverted story involves boot licking, pee drinking, bondage and first-time lesbian sex. She becomes so turned on describing her degradation under the cruel but sensual tyranny of Mistress Molly that she has to retire to the bedroom to masturbate. The 38 minute movie was written by Kelly Maitland.

Natalia Forrest Graphically Describes Her Imminent Triple Penetration to Her Soon to be Cuckolded Husband [Screenplay and Video]

Kinky Natalia Forrest explains to her husband that he is going to have to impotently watch her have group sex with his despised boss, his best friend, and his brother. The 36 minute movie was written by Kelly Maitland.

A Feminized Husband Explores Her New Submissive Sexuality with Dominant Men and Women [Novella Written by Gretchen Host AKA Five Ghostwriters and Edited by Kelly Maitland]

*A husband reveals to his wife that he's been harboring fantasies of being feminized and made to pleasure men while pretending to be a woman. Instead of being appalled by his confession, his wife agrees to help him make his perverted fantasy a reality. She sets in motion a course of crossdressing, d**k sucking and anal for Stephanie AKA Steven.*

Natalia Forrest Wants to Share a Ten Man Blowjob with a Sissy [Screenplay and Video]

Natalia Forrest has a flash of kinky inspiration when she is offered the chance to film a ten man oral orgy. She compels a man with no history of feminisation to put on a dress and get on his knees to share the experience alongside her. The 38 minute movie was written by Kelly Maitland.

On the Orders of Sister Bernadette: Natalia Forrest Suffers Bondage and Anal [Screenplay and Video]

Natalia Forrest complains bitterly about a domination session with Sister Bernadette that was more extreme than she anticipated. Being tied to a bed and abused by a latex nun was one thing, but to be used anally by four male strangers was not what she had expected. The 37 minute movie was written by Kelly Maitland.

A Girly Chat with Heartless Natalia Forrest [Screenplay and Video]

A woman finds ample reason to regret booking Natalia Forrest for a BDSM couples session with her husband. The 54 minute movie was written by Kelly Maitland.

Contact address:

kellymaitlanderotica@gmail.com