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Liptsick and Lace: The Fortune Five Hundred Fucktoy

David is the type of guy no one would ever imagine is a total sissy behind closed doors. They see him in his business suits or at the gym, and never in a thousand years would they believe you if you told them he wears pink Victoria's Secret panties for me, and occasionally adds a bra when I call him up and tell him to close his door.

I turned David into a sissy for me. When we met online and he told me he wanted to be forced to submit, I had it in my mind that such a macho type would do well if forced to endure months of sissification and humiliation training. I thought he would go running from the prospect and stop emailing me, come up with some lame excuse that he was too busy.

But David kept coming back. I'll share just a few of the things I have made "Danielle" - as I like to call him - do for me. Things he did just because I ordered him to do it, because I told him it would make me wet. I told him it would turn me on to have him suffer these humiliations for me, to be turned from a tough guy into a slutty sissy girl at my hands.

I made David go out and buy panties for every day of the week. The first time I sent him to Victoria's Secret, just the thought of being in the store made him terrified. I could picture him in there sorting uncomfortably through the stacks of soft, silky panties, praying that one of the pretty petite lovely sales ladies would ask him the terrible question.

"Are you finding everything ok?"

Later, I came up with a great slut task for David for his shopping trips to Victoria's Secret. You see, I am a big fan of the store, and I shop there quite a bit. I have learned all the phrases the sales girls use. I listed them for my slut:

"Do you need help finding anything?"

"How are you doing today?"

"Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"Can I help you find something?"

Stuffed in David's pocket was a list of responses for each of those lines. Depending on what he was asked first, he would have to endure an immediate and humiliating fate. Some required that he responded with a humiliating answer that made the woman give him a double look, some required that he find the nearest men's room to endure a self inflicted

finger fucking.

Soon, I had David wearing panties every single day. But that wasn't enough. I had him mail me all of his man underwear and I cut it up into strips and sent it back to him, along with a pair of my wet panties and a brand new outfit for him - thigh high stockings, a bra, matching panties and red lipstick.

David was terrified. I got him on his web cam in the office and made him strip out of his business suit and put on the entire outfit, piece by piece, making him bend over and show me his ass, squeeze his balls for me, stroke his dick, put a plug in his ass, and more. I didn't tell him, until the end, that I had a girlfriend over here for lunch. She watched the entire thing with me, not believing her eyes! She thought he was some paid guy on a porn site and that I was not the one commanding him. I had to prove her wrong.

Soon, she was daring me to make David do more and more humiliating things. She was really getting into it, and I joked with her, "I think you're starting to get off on this!". Jessica was, indeed. She had the keyboard in her lap in no time, and was typing commands away. She made "Danielle" get on all fours on the floor in stockings, bra and panties and suck a dildo that was suction cupped to the wall. He was bouncing back and forth toward it like such an eager slut!

She could not believe that I had taken this gorgeous, strong, self assured business man (as he appeared when we first got on cam) and turned him into a prissy girl wearing a red lingerie outfit, red lipstick, and sucking dildos on camera.

Eager to push my slut's humiliation to the next level, I sent David one day to Victoria's Secret again, this time making him bring his cell phone. He was wearing tight black panties under his business suit and tie, and had to tell me who was in the store when he went in. It was lunchtime during the holiday season, so the store was packed.

"How many men are in the store with you?" I asked him.

Nervous, he said, "Uh, two. A guy and his girlfriend. Oh, wait. Make that one, just me. They just left."

"And how many women are in there with you?"

"About twenty."

Poor David. His voice was shaking. Then I heard the voice of a salesgirl. "Need help finding anything?"

He stammered. "I, Uh, no tha---"

"Give her the phone." I ordered.

"What??" he asked, shocked.

"Give your phone to the sales girl. Now."

I heard him pull away from the phone, I could hear his voice

shaking a little. "Miss, I'm sorry. Can you, uhm, my..., uh, here - please?"

There was a soft laugh. I could hear lots of female voice in the background. Finally a female voice was on the phone with me. "Hello?" she asked curiously.

"Hello," I said. "My boyfriend is really in a tight spot, as you can tell. He's probably about to die of embarrassment."

She laughed. "You could say that!?"

I prodded a little, trying to get a sense of her personality. "You get that a lot though, probably, men in there who are totally nervous and uncomfortable. I bet that's kind of fun!"

Again, she laughed. I could picture her - a college-aged beautiful perky blonde with a perfect body. "Oh yeah, it's one of the best parts of the job!"

Bingo. I grinned. She was going to be game, I could tell. "Well, I am hoping you can help me, and he's about to buy a lot of lingerie. The thing is, he lost a bet and the lingerie is for him..."

"Oh my!" she laughed, and I could see her turning her head, hear it in her voice. I knew she was probably staring at David.

"You can see it might be a problem with his body..." I laughed. "He's not a small guy."

"No, he's not..." she agreed. I could picture poor slutty David, looking meek in front of her, knowing we were talking about him but not knowing about what. He knew I was talking to this beautiful woman who was staring at him, in the middle of a lingerie store. Other women were probably starting to pause as they walked by.

I asked the helpful saleswoman to direct my slut to the babydoll nighties and other lingerie to find something that would fit him, and to have no problem embarrassing the hell out of him. I told her it would be GOOD for him. She laughed hard. I could tell she was into it. For future reference, I got her name and the hours she worked. I had a feeling that she and I could be dangerous together in David's continuing sissification.

I finally got him out of that store and made him take pictures of the outfits he got and write a detailed report of his humiliation in the store. Part of David's training was to digest everything that was happening by writing in a Mistress journal, a journal he would send to me once a month for me to review. Sometimes I made him also write email reports for me.

Another thing I made David do it risk public embarrassment and humiliation regularly to keep his ego in check. If he was starting to get cocky, I would immediately cut him down by making him do something like wearing a black thong panty under light colored pants, a trace bit of lip gloss and a plug

in his ass. Off he would go to the mall to stroll the womens' stores, hoping no one would notice.

Sometimes I would send him to the grocery store where he had mentioned a hot woman worked - in her 30s, he got a sense she was a part time aerobics instructor. I once made him go buy a hole slew of embarrassing items and get in her aisle. He got tampons, pads, KY, a cucumber, three kinds of lipstick, and a Glamour magazine. He said he was about to DIE when she started wringing it up, as through small talk she knew he was a single man. He said the looks she gave him were as if she wanted to ask, but had no idea how. That kept him humble for a little while.

Sometimes, the tasks I would give him were simply about physical degradation and using him like a sex toy. I affectionately labeled him "my personal fucktoy" and would spend plenty afternoons on the web cam making him fuck himself in the ass while wearing lipstick and preening for the camera. I made him do it in all sorts of positions, like on his back with his legs up, on his side, etc. I was like a porn star director and he was my superstar tart, ready to do anything for a buck.

Speaking of buck, one time I mailed him a simple envelop with no note inside. Just a single one dollar bill. When he got it, he immediately emailed me and asked me why I sent him a dollar.

"Oh!" I wrote back, "That's the payment for the cocksucking you are about to do! Every time I send you a dollar, you have to suck cock for a half hour and then cum on your own face."

This became a great ongoing torture. One time, I send him an envelope full of one dollar bills and wrote, "You're going to have a sore jaw."

The tortures continue, of course. We also often share very normal, personable emails, and I do consider David a dear friend. He has been a listening ear for me many times and continues to show his devotion that way.

One thing that brings a femdom/sub relationship to a new level is the ability to communicate on all levels, and I cherish a sub that can see me as more than just a femdom. I know that he sits impatiently waiting for my emails to arrive, hitting refresh over and over again, pining when I am away. But, I look forward to his emails as well. The difference is, he gets an ache in his belly and an overwhelming sense of fear when my emails arrive in his mailbox!

I have more plans for David, including making him go out wearing more feminine items and training him to deep throat an 8 inch dildo. David will be very busy practicing, but he always finds time away from his high powered job to submit to me.

And that makes him special.

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