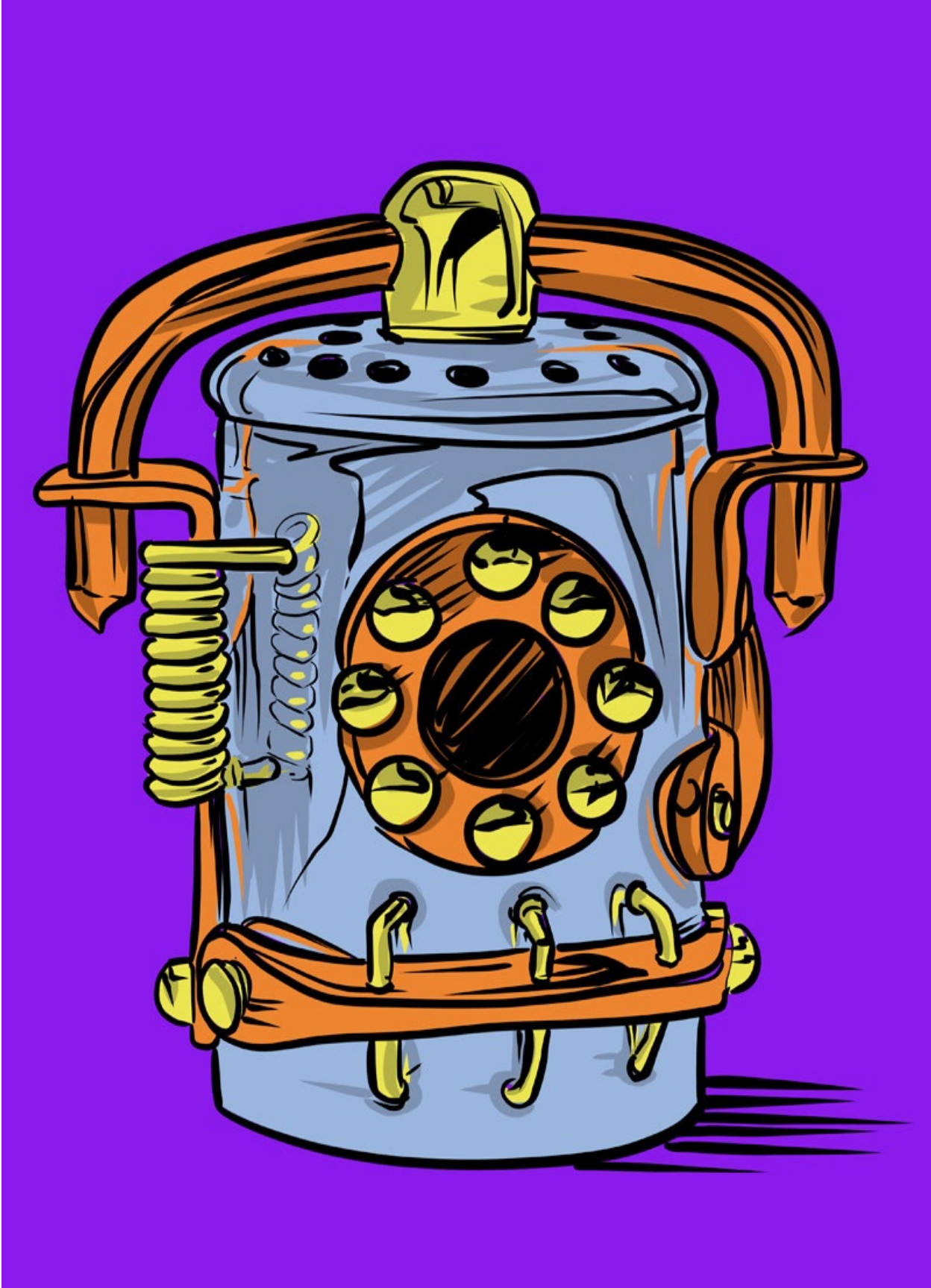


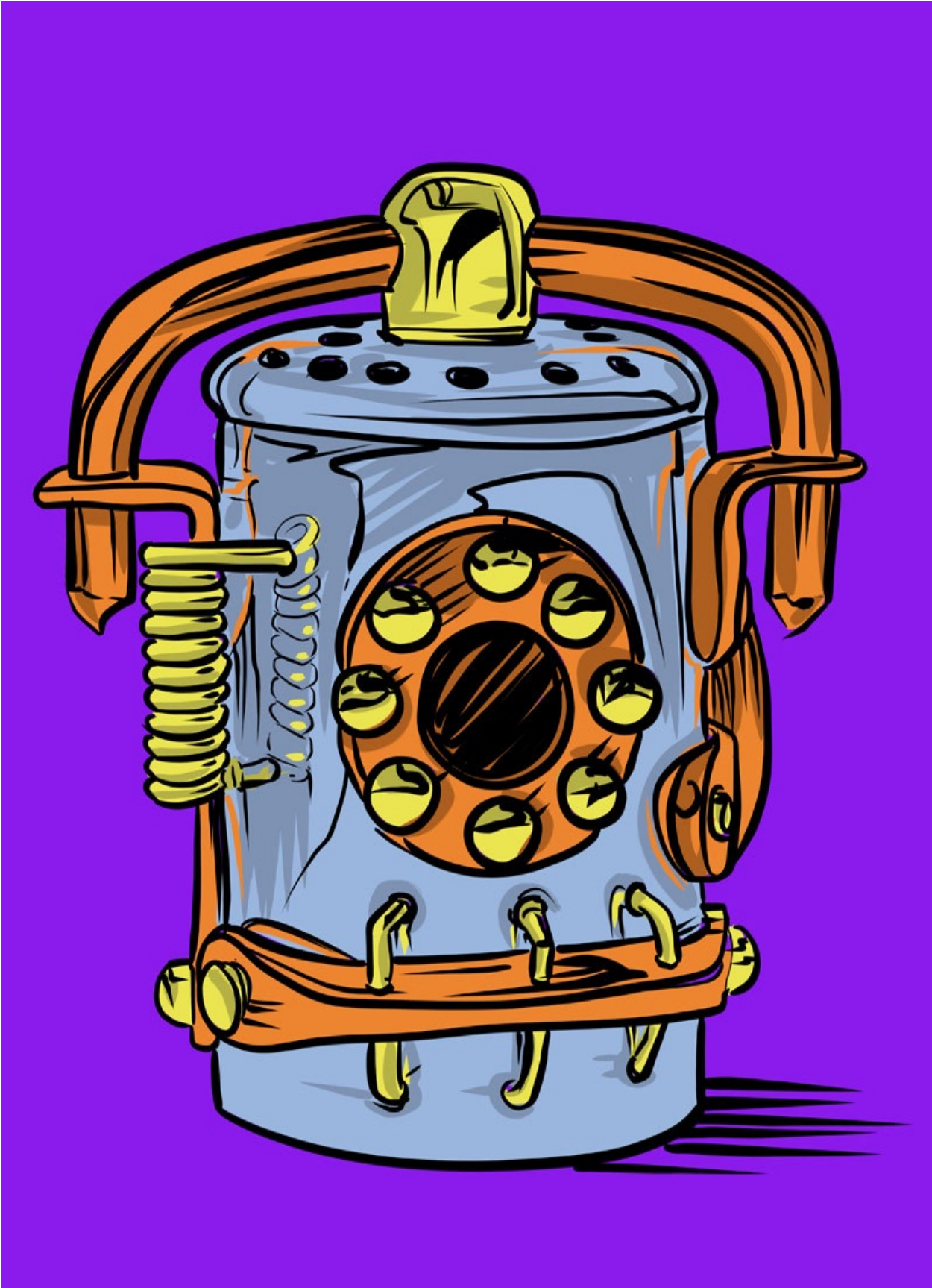


Be Careful What You Wish For - Part 1

Cock-Caged Sissy

Thimble

Boy Howdy Productions



Copyright © 2023 Thimble and Boy Howdy Productions

Be Careful What You Wish For - Part 1

Cock-Caged Sissy

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

The information in this book is provided for entertainment purposes. Neither the publisher nor the author shall be liable for any physical, psychological, emotional, financial or commercial damages, including but not limited to special, incidental, consequential or other damages caused or allegedly caused, directly or indirectly, by the story in this book.

The author and publisher specifically disclaim any liability incurred from the use or application of the contents of this book.

All characters are fictional and any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental.

Published by Boy Howdy Publications

To my Mistress Anna, who I love with all my heart

Other Books by Thimble

Books

When Femdom Dreams Come True

Training My Professor

Learning to Serve and Obey

My Boyfriend, My Sissy

Slave Training with Ms. Elsa

Femdom Toilet Slave

My Femdom Savior

Finding My Femdom Fantasy – Part 1

Finding My Femdom Fantasy – Part 2

Short Stories

The Principal's Office: Boarding School Slavery - Volume I

The Principal's Pet: Boarding School Slavery - Volume II

The Principal's Discipline: Boarding School Slavery - Volume III

German Translations

Wenn Femdomtraume Wahr Werden

Die Ausbildung meines Professors

Mein Freund, mein Sissy

Femdom Toilettensklave

Meine Femdom-Fantasie wird Wahr: Teil 1

Meine Femdom-Fantasie wird Wahr: Teil 2

About the Author

Thimble has been interested in femdom since before he knew what sex was. His hope is to create stories with full, rounded characters and mostly believable plots that are sexy and fun. He has written nine novels and three short stories. Look for his titles on Amazon.

Chapter 1

“Harder.”

I was licking as hard as I could. My wife was putting on her makeup in the bathroom, leaning toward the mirror. I knelt behind her, my tongue deep in her asshole.

“If I come, you come. If not...”

She didn’t need to finish: I knew the rule. It was difficult to get my wife to orgasm just by licking her ass, though I’d managed it a few times. Today I was determined. I needed to come.

“That feels good, darling. Keep doing that.”

She pushed back against me. I put my hands on her thick hips and tried to keep up my pace.

“Oh baby! I’m getting close.”

My knees hurt. My wife had replaced our regular, cushy bathroom mat with a thinner one specifically to torture me. I could feel my cock swelling in my chastity cage. Mistress Anna mixes up the time between my orgasms. It’s either three days, a week, or two weeks. There are adjustments for good and bad behavior, for gifts, and just because. And every orgasm comes with a price, either pain, humiliation, or giving up another one of the few rights I have left. It’d been a week since my last orgasm, and if she didn’t grant me one today, I’d wait another week.

“Oh!”

She leaned forward and rested her hands on the counter. I couldn’t see her, but I hoped she was making her about-to-orgasm face. She snaked her hand down to her sex. After a moment, she started breathing heavily.

“You’re my fucking slut! Oh my God! You’re my fucking slave!”

I closed my eyes and ignored the pain in my tongue. Just a little more...

“Oh Yes! Oh fuck!”

Her body started to shake.

“Oh God, Trevor!”

She screamed, her body jerking forward and back. I kept licking. I’d learned the hard way that oral sex didn’t end until she said so. Her scream turned to a long, low moan. She was silent for a moment, then gave a final shake.

“Enough.”

She reached back and pushed me away. I knelt, hands palm up on my knees and eyes down. After a moment she patted my head.

“Good job. Good job.”

She ran her hands through her long, curly red hair and stretched both arms toward the ceiling. I tried to keep my expression neutral, hiding any show of expectation or urgency. I’d lost my right to orgasm in the past for “looking entitled.” Mistress Anna also delighted in denying me when I was at my most desperate. That was certainly today. She’d teased me every day this week, bringing me to the edge over and over again before denying me and putting me back in chastity. The crazy thing was the worse she treated me, the more I wanted her, the more I fell under her spell.

“Come. Bedroom. Crawl after me.”

I stared at her ass as it swayed seductively, my cock pushing against its confines.

“You can’t be naked all night, can you Trevor?”

“No Ma’am.”

“But what should you wear? Is it a fancy night or a relaxed one?”

She held her chin as she thought about it. This wasn’t a question for me, so I

remained silent.

“It’s a relaxed night. Definitely.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

I put on a pair of pink panties and my pink, Juicy Couture tracksuit.

“Turn around.”

She ran her hand over my ass, where it said JUICY in silver lettering.

“Whose ass is this?”

“It’s yours, Ma’am.”

“Turn back.”

She looked at my chest and frowned.

“Hmm...”

She didn’t say anything else. I forced myself not to look at the lockbox on top of her dresser, where she kept my chastity key.

“Pull down your pants.”

She studied my cock for a moment, then reached forward and cupped my balls.

“You’ve been very good this week, haven’t you?”

“I hope so, Ma’am.”

“I know how hard you’ve worked to please me. You’re becoming a much better slave.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

She stroked my balls with her thumb.

“Are you ready to come?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

She stood and pressed her full breasts against me. Her hair fell over my neck and shoulder. I could feel her breath on my neck and her lips almost touching me. She continued rubbing my balls. I took a deep breath. If I got too excited now, the cage would feel like it was crushing my dick. Mistress Anna brought the index finger of her other hand to my asshole.

“Do you like this, princess?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“I know you do. Princess loves having her pussy rubbed.”

I closed my eyes as my cock throbbed. I took another deep breath.

“Yes Ma’am!”

“That looks like it hurts. Let’s get that cage off.”

I breathed a sigh of relief as she walked to her dresser and unlocked the box that held my key.

“Wait. What time is it?”

She looked at her phone.

“Oh no! Honey I’m late to meet the girls. I have to run.”

She closed the box, then put her phone in her purse. She looked at me and sadly shook her head.

“I’m sorry, princess. Next week, though, ok?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

She cupped my chin.

“Come. Let’s put on my shoes.”

I followed her to the front door, hoping this was another test. Maybe when we

got downstairs, if I didn't complain, she'd smile and lead me back to the bedroom. I helped her slip into her shoes, then knelt and kissed each foot.

"Be a good girl and clean the upstairs bathroom tonight. Tomorrow, I'll make up for you not getting to orgasm by playing with your pussy."

"Yes Ma'am."

She gave me a pat on the head and left. I went to the closet and got the cleaning supplies.

It wasn't always this way. We used to be a normal, kinky couple who played normal, kinky sex games. And when the sex ended, I put on men's clothes and wasn't locked in chastity.

Chapter 2

“Stop. Yellow.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes! Yellow.”

“God damn it!”

She tossed her paddle across the room and climbed off of me. She stomped to her dresser, then back to the bed. I could feel her staring down at me.

“Will you untie me?”

“Will you relax?”

Anna walked to the bathroom. She was going into bitch mode, which happened when she didn't get her way. I heard water running and her brushing her teeth. She took her time, punishing me for ruining her fun. I was tied face down on the bed. She'd been spanking me with her leather paddle. She'd started hitting me too hard, though, and talking about turning me into her slut. I'd told her I don't like slut talk. I don't want to hear that she's going to dress me like a girl and make me suck some guy's dick. That's never going to happen, and it takes me out of the scene.

She left me tied to the bed for 10 minutes. I was furious when she untied me, and we got into a screaming argument. Later that night, after we'd cooled down a little, we talked about it at the kitchen table.

“You told me you wanted to explore femdom, but you don't!”

“Yes, I do.”

“Trevor, we’ve been playing for months, and you still freak out if I don’t follow your script.”

“I don’t like being told I’m going to be your slut. That’s not a fantasy for me. How many times do I have to tell you that?”

“You don’t want to be called a slut. You don’t want me to dress you like a girl. You don’t want to be hit hard.”

She looked at me like she’d just proven some point.

“What?”

“You understand what femdom means, right?”

“Of course, but I need to be in the right mindset, and that can’t happen when you push me to do things I don’t like.”

“You don’t like anything that’s not your idea! The second I talk about my fantasies, you shut down.”

“What are you talking about? You always choose what we do.”

“From the tiny list of things you’ll allow!”

“If I were the top, I wouldn’t make you do things you didn’t want to do.”

“If you were the top, you’d do the same five things over and over until I died of boredom.”

“Does that make you happy? Being a bitch?”

“Fine. We’re done with femdom. You can go back to jerking off to femdom porn.”

Here we go again. Anna had gone into my search history three months ago and found a bunch of femdom sites I’d visited and clips I’d watched. At first, she was pissed. We talked about it, though, and I asked if she’d try dominating me. She agreed to give a shot. She was enthusiastic, but her dominance didn’t work for me. She was hesitant when I wanted her to push and too pushy when I

wanted her to slow it down. We also have different kinks. I suddenly realized she was still talking to me.

“Are you even listening?”

“Of course.”

“What did I just say?”

She waited for a second, then stood.

“I thought so. Good night, Trevor. You can sleep in the guest room tonight.”

Anna was still pissed the next day, and the next, and the next. She cut me off from sex, too. All my advances were shot down. She even slapped my hand once when I grabbed her butt. At the same time, she went out of her way to tease me. She wore yoga pants and low-cut shirts that showed off her phenomenal body. After a week I was going crazy, even with masturbation.

I know a week isn't that long to go without sex, but it was for us. My wife and I have insane sexual chemistry. When we were first dating, I got hard every time I got close to her. We used to joke and call it her boner field. We had sex all the time. Even after six years of marriage, we still had a lot. It'd changed, of course. We had less tear-each-other's-clothes-off-as-soon-as-we're-through-the-door sex and more let-me-brush-my-teeth-and-put-the-clothes-in-the-dryer-first sex. But it was still great, and I still wanted her, which made the sex moratorium excruciating.

I thought Anna would forgive me after a week, but she didn't. I tried to make it up to her. I even bought her a necklace, but she wouldn't touch me or let me touch her. She was emotionally distant, too, not talking much and spending a lot of time alone in her office. I had friends who never had sex anymore, and I knew how unhappy they were. Was this how it started?

After three weeks, I'd had enough. I loved my wife dearly, even when she was being ridiculous. I had to do something, so I bought a nice bottle of wine and

cooked her favorite meal. She came home to find the table set and a vase full of dahlias as the centerpiece.

“What is this?”

“A peace offering.”

She eyed me wearily. I’d planned what I would say. I was going to keep it positive.

“Anna, I love you. And I think-”

“Stop.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to hear how you care for me. I know you love me, and you know I love you. But I’m frustrated.”

“Honey-”

“Let me finish. I didn’t judge you when you said you wanted to try femdom; a lot of women would have. I learned about it and worked at it so you’d get to live your fantasy. And you don’t even appreciate it! All you do is complain that I’m not doing it right!”

She was on the verge of tears, and I realized then that she wasn’t just angry, she was hurt. I tried to take her hand, but she pulled away.

“Anna. I’m sorry. This was supposed to be fun, but clearly it’s not. Maybe femdom is a fantasy I like to think about but not do for real. So let’s stop and go back to the way it was before.”

She was silent for a moment, then squared her shoulders and looked at me.

“No.”

“No?”

“We’re not going back to you masturbating to femdom porn behind my back and not going down on me enough.”

“Not going-I go down on you almost every time we have sex!”

“I want more than that.”

“So ask.”

“I am!”

I swallowed my next comment. If we started yelling, we’d keep fighting for another week.

“I want us to try femdom again. For real this time. That means you don’t use your safeword every time something doesn’t go exactly the way you want.”

“Fine.”

“Don’t say it if you don’t mean it.”

“I do!”

She stared at me for a moment as if she didn’t believe me, then walked to the bedroom. When she came back, she dropped a small cloth bag on the table.

“What is it?”

“Open it and look.”

I pulled out a metal tube, then a ring, a lock, and a small set of keys. I raised my eyebrows.

“Don’t pretend you don’t know what it is.”

“You want me to wear a chastity cage?”

“Yes.”

“How often?”

“All the time, of course.”

“Seriously?”

“It doesn’t make sense any other way.”

The idea of her controlling my cock was hot. Just the fact that she asked turned me on. But it couldn’t work long term. We could have that discussion later, however.

“There’s more.”

“Locking my cock up isn’t enough?”

“I want to train with a dominatrix.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean, why? Clearly I’m no good at it.”

“That’s not true.”

“Trevor, if I were good, you’d be into it. You wouldn’t use your safeword and then go masturbate to Spit-Roasted by Two Mistresses behind my back.”

She looked sad, and it hit me what it must feel like for her when I constantly stopped things. I took her hand. This time, she didn’t pull away.

“I do love you. You know that, right? And I think you’re the sexiest woman in the world.”

“Then let’s try this for real! Promise me you’ll try it for three months to see if it’s right for us.”

“Three months?!”

“Yes. And promise you’ll push through difficulty. If something hurts too much, fine. But be open to new things. For me. You care about me enough to do that, don’t you?”

Three months was too long. I didn’t feel like I had a choice, though, and I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t kind of excited, too.

“Who would you train with?”

“A dominatrix named Mistress An-Li. She trains women to dominate their husbands. Do you want to see?”

Without waiting for a response, she jumped up and grabbed her laptop.

“Look.”

An-Li’s website was well done. On the homepage was a picture of her in a white, button-down shirt and jodhpurs, holding a crop. She had short, dark hair and bright red lipstick. The website talked about how domination could open up couples’ sex lives and take them to new heights of pleasure. There was nothing about beatings or slavery or men being beneath women. I was happy Anna hadn’t chosen some man-hater who’d try to convince her I should never orgasm. There were a bunch of testimonials, some from men, talking about how great it was. Anna watched me nervously.

“It certainly looks...”

“Fun?”

“Yeah, fun. Ok. I think you should go for it.”

“Great! I’ll send an email later tonight.”

She came over and sat on my lap facing me. She put her arms around my shoulders.

“I really want this. You told me you wanted femdom, and once I started learning about it, I wanted it, too. Please be open to it! It’s important for us. It really is.”

She stroked the back of my neck. This was the most touch I’d gotten in three weeks. I really loved her, and it upset me to know I’d hurt her.

“Ok. Let’s do it.”

She kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. I got hard, and she ground her sex against me.

“I want to put you in chastity, but you’re too turned on right now.” She ran her hand down my chest and stomach to my crotch. “Whatever should we do?”

She slid down between my legs and put her hands on my thighs. She looked up at me.

“I’ve seen the way you’ve looked at me these last few weeks. I know this has been difficult for you.”

I leaned forward and kissed her, feeling her full lips against mine. She stroked me over my pants, then undid my belt. I was so hard I thought I’d burst through my jeans.

“Honey?”

“Yes Trevor?”

“You said I don’t go down on you enough. Maybe I can make up for it now?”

“No. Not yet.”

She unbuttoned my pants.

“It’ll be hot to see you go down on me locked in chastity. Lift your hips.”

She pulled my pants and underwear down to my ankles.

“I’ve missed this cock.”

She ran her fingertip up and down my shaft. I moaned. She leaned forward and gave it a slow kiss, just below the head.

“Have you missed touching me?”

“Oh my God, yes!”

She kissed me again, this time opening her lips slightly and pressing her tongue against me.

“I love sucking your cock.”

She kissed down to my balls, then licked them. She licked slowly up my shaft, then took me in her mouth. It was heavenly. Her tongue swirled as she moved up and down. I ran my hand through her curls as I leaned back and closed my eyes.

When I was getting close, she stopped. She took me in her hand and slowly stroked me.

“Tell me you want to submit to me.”

“Oh my God! I want to submit to you!”

She looked at me without smiling. Her hand moved up over the head of my penis, then back down achingly slowly.

“When you get close, ask me to come.”

“You’re so fucking hot!”

She took me back in her mouth, and her tongue danced around my cock until the feelings in my balls grew and grew and I couldn’t take it anymore.

“Can I come? CAN I COME?!”

She kept sucking. I lifted my hips and screamed, my pelvis spasming. Anna kept going, swallowing all of me. She gave my balls a slow lick, then looked up at me and smiled.

“Now let’s get you in chastity!”

Chapter 3

The next morning, Anna found me at the breakfast table. She looked radiant: the exact opposite of how I felt.

“Good morning dear!”

I grunted.

“What’s wrong?”

“This cage tortures me in my sleep! I can’t wear it at night!”

“How does it torture you?”

“Men get boners in the middle of the night. I got woken up three times because it was crushing my cock!”

“Oh no! Let me see!”

I stood and lowered my pajamas. She knelt and examined my cock, lifting and moving it around to see all sides. The sight of her on her knees holding my cock got me excited, and my dick tried to get hard.

“Ow! Anna. Please!”

“I want to see if you’re hurt.”

“It’s not broken, but I got a shit night’s sleep. Can I get out of this cage?”

“What? No! You promised you’d give femdom a chance!”

“I didn’t know I’d be in chastity all the time.”

“Yes you did! You saw the chastity cage before you agreed.”

“I didn’t think I was signing up for stabbing dick pain all night!”

“Darling, please give it a chance. I read that the boners eventually stop at night if you keep wearing the cage.”

“I don’t want them to stop!”

“Why? Why do you need boners in your sleep?”

“It’s normal male functioning...it’s just...I don’t know! Maybe boners in your sleep are essential for boners when you’re awake.”

“I doubt that. Let’s Google it.”

We read a few articles on nighttime erections, one of which said that keeping the penis caged at night could cause a decrease in the size of your erect penis.

“I’m not wearing it at night.”

“Hold on. Here. Read this one. It says that if you get out of your chastity cage once a day and maintain an erection for at least 15 minutes, your dick won’t shrink. And it says that after a little while, your dick learns that it can’t get erect at night and stops trying, so no more pain. Here, read. It’s written by a urologist.”

She turned her laptop toward me and I read the article. It wasn’t pro-chastity, but it did say there was no lasting harm as long as there were periods of freedom during the day.

“Fine. I’ll try it for a few more nights. But if I keep getting woken up, it’s coming off.”

“Of course, dear. And thank you for pushing through.”

When I got home from work that night, Anna was in a great mood.

“Guess who emailed me back?”

“Your sister?”

“No. Guess again.”

“Your sister?”

She laughed.

“Mistress An-Li! She sent me her number and we talked on the phone. She’s amazing!”

“Um, that’s great.”

“Don’t look so nervous. We’re not plotting your enslavement.”

“What’d you talk about?”

“About us, duh. How I can do a better job so you like femdom.”

“Honey.”

“She was really encouraging and told me what’s going on with us is normal. She sees it a lot. She asked if maybe I was pushing you away with my own expectations.”

“Really?”

I made a mental note to send An-Li some flowers.

“She agreed to train me and we’re meeting tomorrow. She asked if you were free, too. She likes to meet couples together the first time.”

“Where?”

“At her studio in the city. I thought we could visit her and have dinner afterward.”

“Visit her...like a session?”

“No. Just talking. And you can just be you. You don’t have to sit on the floor or bow to her or anything.”

“Great! Let’s do it.”

Anna hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you for this, Trevor. I really appreciate it. And I think you will, too.”

She gave me a dirty smile.

“I believe you need your daily erection.”

“I do.”

I’d been horny all day. I followed her to the bedroom, my cock swelling in anticipation.

“Take off your clothes and lay on the bed.”

She walked to her dresser and picked up a small, pink box.

“Look! I got a lockbox for your chastity key. Isn’t she cute?”

“Where’d you get a pink lockbox?”

“From a fetish store in Chelsea. And look!”

She held up a pair of pink, fur-lined handcuffs.

“Hands above your head!”

I reached my hands through the slats on the headboard, and she locked the handcuffs around them. She looked down at me.

“You’re sexy!”

She trailed her finger down my chest.

“Ow! Please honey! It hurts when I try to get hard in the cage!”

“I can see that!”

My dick had filled the entire cage and was pressing through the metal slats on the sides.

“It hurts a lot, huh?”

She was trying to hold back her smile, but not doing a very good job.

“Ok, ok. I’ll take it off. But close your eyes first. I bought something else I want to show you.”

I heard her moving around and taking off her clothes.

“Ok. Open.”

She had on lingerie, or half lingerie. She was only wearing the top, which was red and lacy and made her full breasts look insanely sexy.

“Oh my God you’re so beautiful!”

She smiled, then leaned over gave me a slow kiss. My dick tried to get hard.

“Ow! Honey, it really hurts.”

“Wait here.”

She retrieved the lockbox, then turned her back as she entered the combination, as if I could read it from where I was. When she removed the metal tube, I sighed.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Oh, look! It’s coming to life!”

My cock was half hard and twitching. Anna lay down, her head on my chest, her long, red curls spilling over my neck and face. She rubbed my hip and my cock jumped. She ran a fingertip around my thighs, coming close to my dick without touching it. Soon I was rock hard. Anna got to her hands and knees and leaned over my cock. She blew softly.

“Look how turned on you are!”

“Oh my God, Anna! You're so sexy!”

“I want your tongue on me!”

She moved back and straddled my head, then looked into my eyes.

“Taste me.”

She lowered herself and I licked her, giving her lips long, slow strokes. She was really wet. Apparently, I wasn't the only one turned on by me in chastity.

“Oh yes!”

She pressed down with more weight, and soon my face was coated in her. When I moved to her clit, she dug her nails into my chest.

“Oh yes! Oh my God!”

When she pressed into me, I licked harder. She started shaking.

“Oh my God Trevor! I'm coming I'm coming!”

She screamed as she came, rocking her hips forward and back.

“Keep licking!”

When she calmed down, she lay next to me, smiling as she caught her breath. She kissed me.

“Mmmm! I taste so good!”

“Egomaniac.”

She laughed.

“Now let's work on you!”

She squirted lube on my cock, then trailed her finger around my hips again. I was instantly hard. She lay her head on my stomach and stroked me with just her fingertip.

“Oh, sweetie, please!”

“Please what, Trevor?”

“Please stroke me!”

“I am.”

“With your full hand. Please!”

She held me, but her grip was so loose she was barely touching me.

“Like that?”

“A harder grip please...but not too hard!”

“Hmm...”

She tightened her grip just a little, pressing her fingertips on the vein that ran up the underside of my dick.

“How’s that?”

“Amazing!”

“Tell me when you’re getting close, ok?”

“Ok.”

She gave me hard, fast strokes. In a minute I was panting and grunting.

“Close!”

She let go. I lifted my hips, trying to get my cock back in her hand. She laughed and held her hand just out of reach.

“How close were you on a scale of one-to-ten?”

“If ten is coming, I was an eight.”

“What are you now?”

“I’m back down to a five.”

She lightly stroked me. With her other hand, she rubbed my balls. I closed my

eyes and sank back to the bed.

“Close! Close!”

She let go, then blew on my cock as I squirmed.

“Again.”

She brought me to the edge over and over, until I was drooling and begging her to let me come.

“Please Anna! Oh God, I need to come!”

“No. You just came yesterday, and tomorrow we meet Mistress An-Li.”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

She was lying on her side next to me.

“I don’t want you to come before seeing her. Your mood changes after you come and you’re not as open to things.”

“Please?”

“No Trevor. This is a core concept of domination, you don’t get to come every day.”

“But it’s important for prostate health.”

She looked deep into my eyes as she took two deep breaths. She stroked my cheek.

“No Trevor. You don’t need to come every day. Men your age only need to come once a week, twice at most.”

“How do you know?”

“I read it in an article by a urologist.”

“I can’t go from coming every day to once a week! I’ll get the bends.”

“Oh really?”

“Yes, it was in that same article by that urologist. You just didn’t read far enough.”

She laughed.

“Maybe I’ll let you come every other day. How’s that?”

“I don’t know, Anna.”

“Isn’t it sexy not knowing if you’ll get to come? Having someone else in control? You said you wanted this.” She started stroking me again. “Your cock is so hard right now. You can’t tell me this isn’t turning you on.”

She was right. Her teasing me was insanely sexy. My dick felt like it could split wood.

“I just...”

“I know. You just really want to come. But think how amazing your orgasm will be tomorrow.” She ran her finger up my shaft. “Can you wait for that?”

I liked this teasing, controlling side of Anna. I liked her confidence.

“Ok.”

“Good boy.”

She brought me to the edge five more times, until I was begging her for mercy. After, we had to wait 20 minutes for my erection to go down.

As we were getting ready for bed, she handed me a small spray bottle.

“I got you melatonin spray. It’ll help you sleep. Two sprays on your tongue and you should be able to sleep through the night.”

I was pretty wiped out, and I was sure I'd fall asleep in seconds even without the spray. I was just afraid of my dick waking me up in the middle of the night. I took the melatonin and got into bed. The next thing I knew it was 3am and my cock was hurting, trying and failing to get erect in its cage. After about 10 minutes, though, I fell back asleep. I woke up briefly at five and then again at seven, when I got out of bed. I felt much better than the day before.

Chapter 4

We showed up at An-Li's studio at 6pm. I thought it would be a dungeon with bare floors and cinderblock walls, but it was comfortable and kind of stylish. The walls were red, and there was a modern-looking couch and rugs on the floor. There was a lot of BDSM equipment and gear, but it felt more like a chic, kinky sex room than a dungeon. An-Li gave Anna a big hug.

"It's so nice to meet you."

I could tell Anna was crushed out on her already. She stared at An-Li without speaking for a moment, as if not totally sure she was real.

"I assume this is Trevor. Do you mind if I talk to him?"

"Of course. Yes. Go ahead."

An-Li turned to me and smiled.

"Hi Trevor. I've heard such nice things about you! Please, both of you, sit."

I figured there'd be some female supremacy shit, so I just smiled and told An-Li it was nice to meet her, too. Anna and I sat on the couch, our thighs touching. An-Li sat across from us.

"I like to start off a session having a couple do eye gazing for five minutes. Have you ever done that?"

She was addressing Anna, but I said no. Anna shook her head, and An-Li explained that it was a way to build connection and intimacy.

"It's especially useful before discussions that might be difficult. Not that this conversation has to be difficult, but I've found that grounding a couple beforehand is really helpful."

Anna sat on my lap facing me, her hands around the back of my neck. I held her hips, and we stared into each other's eyes without speaking. It was really intimate and kind of uncomfortable in front of someone else. I had the urge to make a dumb joke, but I knew that was just my nerves. After a minute or two, our breathing synched up, and I felt myself relax and connect with her. Anna softened, as well. I lost track of time at one point, unsure if we'd been eye gazing for five minutes or 50.

"That was really great! I can feel the love you two have for each other."

We sat side-by-side again, holding hands as An-Li opened her laptop.

"Anna, are you ok with me asking Trevor some questions?"

"Of course."

She turned to me.

"Trevor, I've heard from Mistress Anna. Now I'd like to hear about your experience and your desires. Are you open to sharing?"

"Sure."

Anna put her hand on my knee.

"Mistress An-Li, how would you like Trevor to address you?"

"Mistress or Goddess is fine."

Fine. I'd play along.

"Sure, Mistress."

"Wonderful." She turned to Anna. "I'd like this to be a safe space. A lot of men are ashamed of their desires. They think if they get turned on by something, or masturbate to it, that it means they want to do it. But that's not always true. Some fantasies are just fantasies." She turned to me. "So Trevor, why don't you tell me some of your fantasies, including what your ideal femdom relationship looks like. You don't have to be embarrassed about anything. Ok?"

An-Li took notes as I talked. She asked follow-up questions about my experience and masturbation habits. Normally, I'd never share that information with someone I just met, but it didn't feel weird. I guess the eye gazing put me in an open mood. Also, I really did want this to work for Anna. When I was done, An-Li tiptoed into our current problems.

“The most important aspect in any relationship is communication. It's up to both of you to create a space where the other person feels comfortable not just expressing their wants and needs, but hearing your wants and needs, too. You do that by active listening and non-violent communication.”

She taught us how to express ourselves without accusations, so instead of ‘you make me feel like I'm not a good domme,’ she had Anna say ‘when you seem disinterested, I feel like I'm not a good domme.’

I could see the effect it had on my wife when I expressed things that way, and when she shared her own feelings with me. I was really surprised how fair An-Li was. I thought she'd just take Anna's side on everything, but she didn't. Also, on her website she looked serious, but in person she smiled a lot, and I got the impression she liked her work. After a while, she asked if we had any questions of our own.

“Trevor was concerned about chastity, especially sleeping in his cage.”

I relayed how much it hurt to wake up in the middle of the night with stabbing pains in my cock.

“That is, unfortunately, a side effect at the beginning for some men. From what my slaves tell me, it goes away within a week.”

“Isn't it important to be able to get hard? One article said my penis would shrink if it was locked up all the time.”

“I've talked to a number of specialists about this. It's not necessary to get an erection at night. As long as your penis gets fully erect at least once or twice a week, your penis will retain its size.”

“What about function?”

“Functionality won't be affected.”

My wife quickly put her hand on my knee.

“But we’ll be freeing Little Trevor once a day, just to be safe.”

An-Li nodded.

“What if I can’t sleep in it?”

“Then you’ll have to take it off at night. This is supposed to be fun for both of you: it can’t interfere with your everyday life to that degree.”

I liked hearing that. Anna wasn’t thrilled.

“I’m worried that if we take it off at night, he’s going to sneak off and masturbate.”

“That is a possibility. And to be honest, it does happen with men who aren’t caged at night.”

“What about securing his wrists?”

I opened my mouth to protest, but An-Li held up her hand.

"Anna, you're going to have to trust him."

Anna turned to me.

“You said you’d give it time to get used to it!”

“I will. I’m just asking what happens if I don’t.”

An-Li cut in.

“I don’t think we need to catastrophize. If Trevor’s still having trouble sleeping after a week, you can come up with a different solution.”

Anna nodded.

“Now Trevor, Mistress Anna has told me you’re not enjoying your femdom sessions with her. Are you open to discussing why?”

That put me on the spot, and I wasn't sure how to respond. I didn't want to hurt Anna's feelings or embarrass her. It wasn't like I had horrible things to say about her domination style. I just...wasn't into it.

"I'm not sure I totally understand it, to be honest. When I think about femdom with Anna, it's really hot...but in the moment..."

My speech was halting, and I was making too many hand gestures. I looked at An-Li and shrugged.

"Trevor, do you mind if I take a guess at what's going on?"

"Go ahead."

"I think you may have a narrow expectation of what should happen during play. Your expectations are like this."

She held her palms close together.

"When your expectations are narrow, there's a narrow chance of success. Does that make sense?"

"Sure."

"There's always going to be a difference between expectation and reality, and the success of any play, for both dominant and submissive, is to be in the moment of what's happening and not trapped thinking of what should be happening."

It surprised me that she figured that out from just this conversation, until it hit me that this was probably every dude's problem. She continued.

"Femdom is like sex. Or more accurately, it is sex. There are couples who need everything to be perfect to enjoy sex, and they end up not having a lot of sex for that reason. The same happens with femdom: the couples who need everything to be perfect don't enjoy it, and they give up."

"I don't need things to be perfect."

"I'm not saying that." An-Li held up her hands with her palms facing me. "I apologize if it came across that way."

She typed something on her laptop, then looked at both of us.

“This may be difficult for both of you, but Trevor, will you talk about where you think Mistress Anna could improve?”

I thought about sugarcoating it, but it was better to be honest. And we agreed this was a safe space.

“Sometimes when we play, I can feel she’s not confident, and it takes me out of the scene.”

“Are you serious?”

“Anna,” An-Li held up her palm, I guess that was her go-to move. “He’s telling you his experience, and you need to be open to it.”

I turned to Anna. I could see her threatening to shut down.

“Honey, I’m not saying it’s easy. You’re just starting. I just wish you were more dominant.”

An-Li spoke.

“I remember when I first started domming, I was filled with self-doubt. It’s difficult learning on your own, especially when you’re comparing yourself and getting compared to professionals.”

She put her hand on Anna’s knee.

“We’re all nervous at first.” Then to me, “Trevor, do you think you could help your Mistress? It helps bring out a woman’s dominance when her husband leads with his submission. Can you do that for her?”

“I can do that, definitely.”

“Excellent.”

“Anna, from what you told me on the phone, and from what Trevor is saying now, it sounds like you could push a little more. Trevor, would you be ok if Mistress Anna was more insistent?”

“Yes. Definitely.”

“Anna, can you push Trevor when he seems hesitant?”

“Absolutely.” She turned to me. “You’re ok with that? You won’t immediately use your safeword?”

I nodded. An-Li smiled.

“I’m really impressed by your communication! You’ve clearly both done personal growth-work.”

An-Li gave us a tour of her studio. She showed us her toys and furniture and bondage gear. We looked through her collection of over 100 spanking implements. She suggested a few we might want to add to our collection

She also had a full wardrobe of frilly dresses, stockings and wigs. Anna looked through the poofy skirts and man-sized lingerie, but she didn’t seem that interested, thankfully. An-Li sat us down near the end.

“I think you two have a lot of potential. You just need to be more patient with each other. Trevor,” she turned to me. “give Mistress Anna space to find and develop her dominant voice. She’s just starting. The women you watch online have been doing it for years. Also, give yourself space to grow. Some activities you find challenging now will become your favorites. I see it all the time.”

I nodded.

“May I make a suggestion, something that works for my alpha slave?”

“Sure.”

“He’s the toughest person I’ve ever met, and he uses this when we’re doing heavy corporal. When you feel you’re at your limit, see if you can take one deep breath. Just one. If you can, try another. Think only of the present moment, not about whether you like an activity or can take five more strokes with the cane, just right now.”

She turned.

“And Anna. Believe in yourself. If something isn’t working, don’t give up or get frustrated. Try a different approach. You’re a dominant woman. Be dominant.”

I looked away so my wife didn’t see my smile.

“Ok.”

“Great.” An-Li put her hands over her heart. “I’m so excited for both of you! I hear you’re going to dinner now. It was wonderful meeting you both. Trevor, Mistress Anna told me nice things about you and I see why.”

She gave a short bow, and I did the same.

“And darling Anna.” She opened her arms and they hugged. “You have amazing potential. I can’t wait to start working with you.”

We walked to the door together. An-Li smiled as she waved goodbye.

“I’ll see you in two days, Anna.”

As we walked to the car, we could barely keep our hands off each other. My dick was swelling in its cage, and I fought to keep from pulsing it. My wife turned to me, her hand moved down my back over my butt.

“Interested in dinner?”

“Not at all. You?”

“No. Let’s go home and fuck.”

That night we had crazy, circus sex. We fucked until we were panting and out of breath and the sheets were soaked with sweat. Anna had half-a-dozen orgasms. The last one was so intense that I thought she might pass out.

Chapter 5

Three days later, Anna and I were in our bedroom. She'd trained with An-Li the night before and wanted to try what she learned. We started with a foot massage: I knelt in front of her and rubbed her feet with her favorite lotion. After, I stood with my palms on the wall. Anna pressed her body against me and rubbed her hands over my chest. She stroked my nipples, then moved her hands down to my stomach and groin.

"Ow!"

"Oh no! Is your little clit trying to get hard?"

I didn't like her calling my dick my clit, but I took a deep breath and went with it.

"It is."

She rubbed my lower back.

"It turns me on when you call me Ma'am during play." She moved her hand around to my stomach, then down to my thigh. "Will you do that for me, Trevor?"

"Of course, Ma'am."

"Excellent. Maybe we should take that cage off? Would you like that?"

"Most definitely, Ma'am."

"Good girl. I'd like that, too."

She stroked my thighs.

"But first, what are you going to give me?"

“What do you mean, Ma’am?”

“To unlock your cage. What are you going to give me?”

She took my balls in her hand and rubbed them with her thumb. I struggled not to pulse my cock.

“What would you like, Ma’am?”

“Two things. I want to beat you with my new paddle. Mistress An-Li gave it to me as a symbol of a new start for me as a dominant. I want to christen it with your ass.”

“Yes. Definitely.”

“Then I want to dress you as a woman.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Her thumb kept rubbing me. I wasn’t into crossdressing. I don’t judge anyone else for it, but it’s not my thing. That said, this was our first time playing after we visited An-Li, and I’d promised to be more open.

“Ok. I’ll do it.”

“Wonderful!”

She kissed me on the back of the neck, then bit my shoulder.

“Let’s free your little clitty.”

She took off my cage and stroked me until I was fully erect.

“It still works.”

“Good to know, Ma’am.”

I felt her full breasts against my back, her breath against my shoulder.

“You’re so sexy!”

“Oh fuck! You too, Ma’am.”

She pressed her sex against me. After a moment, she pushed away.

“Whoa! I’m about to lose it and just throw you on the bed and ride you.”

“Would that be so bad, Ma’am?”

“Yes. We’re doing femdom. I’m going to hit you 20 times with my paddle. Then I’m going to put you in a dress and stockings and maybe a wig. If you can get through all of that without complaining, I’ll tie you face up to the bed and ride you until you come inside me. How does that sound?”

“Awesome, Ma’am!”

“I thought so. Stay right where you are. God, you’re hot!”

She rubbed my ass, letting her fingertips trail over my asshole. My cock was ramrod straight. Holy fuck was I turned on! She grabbed the paddle.

“Eyes front.”

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

She rubbed my ass.

“That was perfect, Ma’am.”

“Good. I’m going to hit you a little harder.”

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

It hurt, but it wasn’t too much, and she kept pausing to rub my butt and stroke my cock. The last five were the hardest, but I was so turned on I barely felt them. She put her paddle on the dresser and hugged me from behind.

“You did very well, darling. You’re on your way to an orgasm.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

She reached down and held my dick.

“Let’s get you into some pretty clothes!”

She released me and pulled a shopping bag out of the closet.

“Mistress An-Li helped me pick out some beautiful clothes for you. You should be very grateful. Not all sissies get such nice gifts.”

I almost asked her not to call me a sissy, but I resisted and took another deep breath. Anna pulled out a pair of dark brown stockings.

“We need to hide the hair on your legs, at least until you start shaving.”

I just nodded. Funny joke. She took out a pair of purple panties and a dark blue dress. I’d thought she’d make me wear something ridiculous, like the poofy dresses we saw at An-Li’s. But this was just a regular, sleeveless dress with a scoop neck. I put on the panties and stockings.

“Wait, before you put the dress on. Turn around...You’re butt looks so good! Oh, God! Come here, feel how wet I am!”

She was literally panting. I took a step toward her but she held up her hand.

“Wait! Finish getting dressed first, or we’ll never get there.”

She fanned herself with her hand as I slipped into the dress.

“And one more thing to complete the look.”

She pulled out a wavy, blondish-brown wig. She put it on my head and adjusted it, then took a step back.

“Just gorgeous. Come.”

She led me to the mirror.

“See how pretty my sissy girl looks?”

“Yes. Very feminine.”

“Is that sarcasm?”

“You know I look like dude in a dress.”

“Don’t spoil my fun.”

I took a deep breath. She was being too sensitive, but there was nothing good that could come out of saying so. I looked ridiculous, though, with my five o’clock shadow and broad shoulders and man face. Anna moved behind me.

“Wow! Your dick's so hard!”

“You’re very sexy, Ma’am.”

“Is that it? Or are you turned on wearing women’s clothing and just don’t want to admit it?”

I turned to face her.

“You’re being really dominant, and it’s turning me on so fucking much I can barely stand it.”

“Get on the bed, face up.”

At An-Li’s suggestion, we’d bought restraints that ran underneath the mattress to each corner of the bed. I pulled them out and lay on my back. Anna quickly cinched them around my wrists and ankles. She straddled my face.

“Taste me.”

She lowered herself and I licked her passionately. She was really wet, and she started moaning almost right away. I felt the weight of her on my face and smelled her scent. All of my senses were heightened. I could feel the air on my skin and hear the sound of her breath. She leaned forward and her hair fell onto my chest.

“Oh fuck that feels good!”

I was rock hard. Her juices flowed over my chin and down onto my neck.

“Oh fuck!”

She pushed herself off me and sank onto my dick, reverse cowgirl style.

“Oh, yes! Just like that.”

Her back was to me, and I stared at her reddish-brown curls falling down her back. She rolled her hips. Her muscles massaged me. It felt like every part of my cock was being stroked.

“Oh God, Anna!”

“Wait.”

She pulled off and turned around, then sank down onto me again.

“I want to look at you as we come.”

We stared into each other’s eyes as she started moving again. The sensations built and built until it felt like we were going to explode.

“I love you, Trevor.”

“I love you so much, Anna!”

She closed her eyes and scrunched up her face as she ground hard against me.

“Oh, God. I’m going to come! Oh God Trevor, come with me!”

We came together, screaming. Then we looked at each other and started laughing. The tension we’d been feeling for a month dissipated, and I felt light and happy.

“Will you untie me, dear?”

“Let’s put your chastity back on, first.”

“Seriously?”

“Trevor.”

She stared deep into my eyes, not smiling. She matched her breath with my own. I nodded. I said I’d give it three months. Anna wiped off my cock with a washcloth, then locked me in chastity.

“Sorry, honey. I just feel a little different after I come.”

“I know, darling. And I’ll take that into account later when I punish you.”

She snuggled against me and put her hand over my heart. The air smelled like sex.

“I love you, Trevor.”

“I love you, too, Anna.”

Later that night, Anna and I did five minutes of eye gazing, then talked about the session. An-Li had suggested that we talk after play sessions and discuss what worked and what didn't, at least at the beginning. Anna was positively bubbly, so I asked her to go first.

"I really had fun tonight!"

"Me too! What do you think made the difference?"

"Hearing that a lot of women struggle at the beginning. It made my issues seem normal instead of making me feel deficient or not dominant enough. Also, I'd forgotten that this was supposed to be fun for me, too. I was only focused on making you happy. Does that make sense?"

"I don't think there's anything wrong with us both being happy."

"I'm not saying that."

"We were doing things you wanted, too!"

She put her hand on mine, and we intertwined our fingers.

"Darling, all I'm saying is that I wasn't fully enjoying myself, and now I've found a way to do that. Ok?"

"You're right. Sorry. I was getting defensive. Go on."

"I want us both to love what we do. Or I guess I want us to do some things that you love and some things that I love and a lot of things that we both love. How does that sound?"

"Perfect."

"Good. And I want to explore some new kinks. Are you open to that?"

"Like what?"

"Like what we did tonight, dressing you as a slutty girl."

I smiled.

“You think that dress was slutty, Ma’am?”

“No. I don’t. I was worried you wouldn’t wear a dress if it was too girly. I thought you’d laugh at me.”

She looked down. I rubbed her thumb with mine.

“Honey?”

“What?”

“You can dress me as a slutty girl.”

She smiled, then leaned over and kissed my cheek.

“I can get you a shiny pink dress and you won’t complain?”

"I won't complain. It's just play."

“I’m not going to turn you into a slut for real. It’s just fantasy. You know that.”

We hugged, and I felt her heart beating in her chest. So I’d dress as a slut to make my wife happy. It wasn’t a big deal. What’s the worst that could happen?

Chapter 6

“Turn around and let me see...good. Now do a little twirl.”

My short skirt lifted as I turned, showing my pink panties and the outline of my chastity cage.

“Today, D cups.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

I got my D-cup, silicone breast plate from the dresser and slipped it over my head, then put on my bra. Anna stood in front of me and squeezed my breasts.

“My slutty little cheerleader is going to tease all the boys today, isn’t she?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

I pulled on my pink, V-neck cheerleader top. It said SLUT across the chest.

“Blonde hair. Curls.”

I put on my wig. Blonde curls fell to my shoulders.

“What makeup do you suggest, darling?”

This was a test Anna gave me. Initially, she did my makeup. Then she had me put on my own makeup under her direction. Lately, however, I’ve been in charge of my makeup, with punishments if I choose an inappropriate look.

“Pink lipstick to match my outfit, Ma’am. Mascara, a touch of eyeliner, blush, light blue eyeshadow.”

She nodded.

“Get to it.”

I switched on the mirror lights at my makeup table. I applied foundation, rouge to highlight my cheekbones, then eyeshadow. Eyeliner was always the hardest for me, but I did it. Then mascara and finally lipstick.

“Come, let me look at you.”

I stood before my wife. She held my hands out to the sides.

“Beautiful.”

She twirled her finger and I turned around.

“Bend over.”

She rubbed my ass with her hand, pressing her fingers against my asshole.

“Mmmm, you’re so sexy! Show me a cheer.”

I knew better than to hesitate. I stood with my feet hip-distance apart and put my fists on my hips.

“O-K! Be Aggressive! Be Aggressive! B-E-A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E, aggressive. Be, be, aggressive!”

I bent my knees and lifted my arms up and to the sides as I cheered.

“Good girl. Now let’s see one a little sexier.”

I returned to starting position with my fists on my hips.

“Get up. Get on your feet and move to the Eagles’ beat, c’mon!”

I did a jump turn, then rotated my hips in a slow circle.

“Get up. Get on your feet and move to the Eagles’ beat, c’mon!”

I shook my butt back and forth. Anna clapped.

“You’re one sexy cheerleader! If you play your cards right, you might get fucked during your game today. Won’t that be fun?”

I opened my eyes wide and forced a big smile.

“Yes Ma’am!”

I was allowed to watch football, but how I watched was Anna’s decision, and that usually meant I was a cheerleader. It did today. I stood in front of the tv in my cheer pose as the Eagles kicked off. The 49ers’ kick returner made it to the 20 before getting absolutely leveled.

“Yaaayyyyy!!”

I jumped up and down, clapping my hands in front of my bouncing chest. Cheering is exhausting. I’m in good shape, but I was always spent by halftime. It was emotionally tiring as well. I’m not naturally peppy, and acting peppy is draining. Anna watched me for a while, then went upstairs; she wasn’t a huge football fan. I kept cheering, though. Watching football without cheering is a serious offense. The game would be shut off and I’d be punished severely. I wasn’t anxious to experience that again. At halftime, Anna came back down, dressed in khaki pants, one of my blue button-down shirts and a baseball cap.

“Yo! Tanya!”

Tanya was my cheerleader name.

“C’mere, gorgeous.”

She waved me behind the couch.

“How long until you have to be back on the sidelines, baby?”

She cupped my cheek, then ran her hand over my breasts.

“Not too long, Bobby. 20 minutes at most.”

Bobby was Tanya’s boyfriend. He doesn’t treat her very well.

“That’s more than enough time. Let’s go behind the dumpster.”

“I don’t know, Bobby. I feel like you’re only nice to me when you want sex.”

“It’s not like that at all, baby. You know I love you, don’t you?”

“I guess. Will you take me to dinner tonight?”

“We’ll see.”

“Ok.”

This was the drill. I would protest mildly, then give in. She led me behind the couch.

“Knees.”

I could see the outline of her strapon dildo through her pants. Bobby had a big dick. I undid her belt and pulled down her zipper. She put her hand on the back of my head.

“Give it a kiss.”

She guided my head to her cock. I kissed the tip slowly, then kissed down the shaft.

“Ohhh, that’s right. Lick it.”

I licked up and down the shaft, then lifted her cock up against her stomach and sucked on her balls. Bobby likes having his balls sucked.

“Good girl. Now suck my dick.”

Anna gripped the back of my head and thrust her hips forward. I felt her dildo deep in my throat and gagged. I pulled back.

“That’s so hot!”

I took her deep again, until I gagged and my eyes teared.

“Just like that. You’re my sweet girl, you know that, right?”

She ran her hand down my cheek, then held the sides of my head.

“Stay still while I fuck that pretty mouth.”

She moved her hips in and out, choking me with her big fat cock. She started moaning.

“Oh you feel so good.”

She sped up, and I prayed it would end soon. I could feel my tears and makeup running down my face.

“Oh God! Are you ready bitch? Here it comes!”

She was wearing her squirting strapon, filled with the ‘come’ she'd had me make: a mixture of fish oil, corn starch and goat's milk yogurt. She exploded in my mouth, filling it with her fake semen. It tasted like rancid, oily slime.

“Open and let me see.”

A little come ran down to my chin as I opened my mouth. Anna laughed as she scooped it up with her finger and wiped it on my lips.

“Swallow...good girl.”

She zipped up her pants.

“I gotta go. My boys are waiting. I'm not going to be able to make dinner tonight. Sorry. Big plans. But maybe I'll see you later. You should touch up your makeup before you go back out there. You look like shit.”

She gave me a pat on the cheek and walked away. I went to the bathroom. My mascara had run and my lipstick was smeared. I cleaned up quickly, wiping away the dark tear stains on my cheeks, then reapplying my mascara and lipstick. My phone buzzed with a text from my Mistress.

Buttplug. Large.

I hustled to the bedroom and put a towel down on the bed. I lubed up the large buttplug, then my butt. I brought the tip to my asshole, exhaled and pushed it

inside me. I was in front of the television in cheer position in time for kickoff.

“Here we go Eagles, here we go!”

At the start of the fourth quarter, Anna came into the room, dressed as Bobby still. She inspected my makeup, then reached her hand underneath my skirt and grabbed my cock. I swelled in my cage.

“Let’s get that chastity off you, ok princess?”

“Yes Ma’am!”

“Good girl. Lift up your skirt for me.”

She took off her necklace and unlocked me. My penis hesitated for a moment, then grew.

“Bathroom. Take out your plug and come right back.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Mistress stood behind me. She reached around and squeezed my huge tits, then grabbed the back of my neck.

“Who’s my sexy cheerleader?”

“I am, Ma’am!”

She lifted my skirt and bent me over the couch. My breasts pressed against the cushions as I steadied myself with my hands.

“Can you still see the game?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Good. I promised you’d get to watch football. A little buttfucking shouldn’t change that.”

She pulled my panties down around my knees and brought the tip of her lubed

dildo to my opening.

“Does my slutty little cheerleader like the feel of my cock?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

She guided the tip of her dildo inside me.

“Press back onto me.”

I felt my asshole spread to engulf her.

“That’s right. Good girl.”

She put her hands on my shoulders and pulled me closer, stretching me with her thick cock. I looked up at the tv. The Eagles were driving. Mistress Anna pulled almost all the way out, then slowly pushed back in.

“Ohh, Ma’am. Your dick is so big!”

“My little slut loves my big dick, doesn’t she?”

“Yes Ma’am!”

She moved slowly in and out of me, waiting for me to relax before she sped up her strokes. When I looked up, the 49ers had the ball. What had happened? The Eagles had scored. I’d been so distracted I’d missed a chunk of the game.

“Tell me how you like it, slut.”

“Deeper Ma’am! Please!”

She pushed farther into me, until I felt her hips against my butt.

“Ohhh, Ma’am. It’s so deep!”

“Good girl! Tell me you love my big cock.”

“I love your big cock, Ma’am!”

“I know you do, you whore. You’re addicted to big dicks.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

She started moving again, pulling out and thrusting into me. Jalen Hurts faked a handoff to Miles Sanders and hit Devonte Smith cutting across the middle for a touchdown. Mistress Anna’s hips slammed against my ass. She dug her nails into my hips as she pounded me into the couch. I watched as the Eagles celebrated in the endzone.

“Whose pussy is this?!”

“It’s your pussy, Ma’am!”

Chapter 7

The morning after our first, post-An-Li session, we smiled at each other across the breakfast table. Our femdom play had gone well. Anna was more dominant than ever before and sexy as hell. I'd done well, myself, wearing her blue dress and a wig without complaining.

Anna was beaming. It seemed like she'd turned a corner in her approach to domination, like she'd discovered what was holding her back and moved past it. I thought for a moment about all the kinky sex we'd have, of her in a corset and big leather boots, her muscles massaging my cock while I fucked her. This was going to fun.

END PART 1