Can Chastity help turn a Crossdresser into a Sissy?

Allyson Medway

Can Chastity help turn a Crossdresser into a Sissy?

By Allyson Medway

© 2018 Allyson Medway

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means whatsoever without express written permission from the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews

You can keep up to date on all the latest news and book releases at http://www.sissystories.co.uk and follow Allyson Medway on Twitter

For synopses of some of Allyson Medway's other books then please read on at the end of the story

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7

Chapter 1

Ewan's heart was thumping as he closed his car door and started to make his way towards what part of him felt was his destiny. For years his crossdressing fetishes had become darker and seedier. The feeling of wearing a dress and sexy lingerie wasn't enough for him anymore. It hadn't been in quite some time.

The addiction to sexy movies on the internet had become more entrenched in his mind. The sight of seeing a young lady on her knees servicing a man had long been a turn on yet back in his teenage years, the fantasy was that he was the one getting pleasure. Now it was firmly the other way round.

Several times he'd stepped towards the abyss but pulled back at the last moment. The prospect of actually getting on his knees and sucking a man dry was one that both repulsed and intrigued him. It was like the ultimate Rubicon that once crossed could never be undone.

Once Ewan had even arranged a meeting with a stranger that he'd found on craigslist.

The 29 year-old had never been so horny knowing that in a couple of hours in a hotel room down town, he'd be on his knees and finding out exactly what it was like. The fascination with becoming a cock sucker was one that overwhelmed him at moments like a runaway freight train.

As Ewan prepared himself however things started to go awry. It wasn't the fear of the unknown that was troubling him. It was the fact that his dick was just so hard, it was a struggle to control himself.

Pulling his knickers up his legs, Ewan started to feel extremely giddy. The soft sensual feeling of women's undergarments were a mile

away from boring cotton briefs. Just the sensation of them being pulled up against his soft skin was enough to get his blood pumping.

He'd been told by the stranger that he liked the look of a classy transvestite. Ewan always saw himself as rather slutty when dressed but found a nice black pencil skirt with a white blouse that would make him look like a secretary. His fake tits were put on and once his wig was put up in a bun, the look was completed with some nice subtle make-up.

For a good year or so Ewan had become skilled enough that he was very much passable as a woman. Those first few years crossdressing he'd been anything but.

Every time he'd passed himself in the mirror, all Ewan could see was a man dressed up as a woman. It was still sexy in his mind but it was tough to think that he'd ever go out in public like it. Not because he was humiliated or worried about what might happen but because he struggled to think that he was good enough to be seen.

Slowly over time however Ewan had learned a few tricks of the trade. Getting a good quality wig had really been the first step. All he had originally was a cheap one from the local charity shop. Once he invested in a proper brunette wig that he'd found on eBay, the start of the process was clear to see.

Wearing a good quality hair piece seemed to alter the shape of his face. Immediately this started to give Ewan a semblance of confidence and femininity.

Learning how to apply make-up correctly was another key component to creating the illusion that he was looking for. This wasn't as simple as just plonking a wig on top of his head. It didn't take long for Ewan to forgive all his past partners for seemingly taking an age to get ready. Putting on a face was a time-consuming and laborious task. Finding out what worked and what didn't was

another big adventure. After prolonged self-help tutorials on the internet however, this was something he rarely worried about.

Staring at his reflection in the mirror, Ewan was extremely turned on by what he saw. So much so that he was fighting with himself about what to do with his hard-on. He was sure that ejaculation would follow soon and wasn't sure that holding off until meeting was possible.

Being overpowered by his own feelings of lust towards what he looked like, Ewan went to the mirror was tossed himself off. The emotional high dissipated rapidly and suddenly all he could see was a man in drag. The feelings of guilt and shame came to the fore and now sucking off a stranger in a hotel room felt like the worst possible idea.

Quickly Ewan stripped and returned to boy mode, ran to his laptop and deleted his made-up e-mail address for craigslist so that the stranger wouldn't be able to contact him.

Fortunately for Ewan, he'd not put any other personal information out there and hadn't sent any pictures.

That afternoon he sat in his room crying wondering how on Earth he'd ever get over the emotional turmoil of desperately wanting to take the plunge and become a true submissive. Ewan knew that in town, a man was waiting in a hotel room for a crossdresser to come and suck him off, yet he would end up being disappointed. This caused great remorse within his mind but once more it showed him just how vulnerable he was.

Had Ewan not lost his horn by having a wank, there was little doubt that he'd have at least gone to the hotel. In all likelihood he'd have gone through with it. Still in that post-orgasm lull, this sickened him to his core.

This led to one of his periodic purging of all his female clothing but instead of chucking it all out and starting again, Ewan would box it all up and take it down to his lock-up. Weeks later he'd pick it all up and start once again. It was a cruel addiction that Ewan had no idea how to shake.

One day Ewan knew that he'd cross that line and that both thrilled and disgusted him in equal measure. Living like this wasn't the life that he'd wanted when growing up. There all he had hoped for was a wife and two kids along with a house in the suburbs. The white picket fence, children playing on the pavement, the garden parties with friends, the type of life that would make his parents proud.

Rather than living that life though, Ewan had found himself struggling to keep a girlfriend, mostly because of his crossdressing desires and living in a rented flat in a bad area of town. Fortunately, his job wasn't bad and money wasn't really a problem but his motivation to do better for himself was lacking and that led to him spending the vast majority of his time out of the office lusting over porn.

Those deep-rooted desires weren't going to go away by themselves and he believed that finding a way to go through with it at least once would solve everything. If it wasn't for him then he'd be able to put it to one side and concentrate on following his goals, both personal and career wise. If he found out that the turn on was as good as hoped, then a life of being a submissive sissy awaited.

Ewan knew that he couldn't trust himself to go through with it. He'd chickened out before and would do so again. Someone had to take the reins and control away from him. Giving consent to another to push him into something that festered in the dark recesses of his mind was the only way that he'd ever achieve his goals of taking a cock one way or another.

Chapter 2

A few weeks after his latest short-term purge, Ewan stumbled across a surprising discovery. A girl he knew from his school days was now working as a professional dominatrix in the town.

It was a real stunner as the last he'd heard of her was that she'd gone off to university to study drama. The fact that just over a decade later she was back and working in a very different industry made him wonder what on Earth had happened.

Her name was Stephanie and at school she'd always been a really shy kid except for when performing in the plays. Being someone that she wasn't seemed to give her that lift. In a way that it was what Ewan was always trying to do, be a woman when he was in fact a man.

Ewan made the discovery when he was Googling for a local Mistress. He'd done it multiple times before but had always resisted from actually getting in contact. Having seen how many of them act on social media and in forums, he'd always felt that coldness was never going to help him.

Seeing Stephanie's brand-new website signalled that either she'd just moved back or her internet presence was starting to grow. The two of them weren't close friends back in school but they were friendly enough and shared a couple of classes.

Seeing the photographs on her website brought up an intense response from Ewan. The young woman he remembered was nerdy with spots and hadn't fully developed, even by the time she was 16. What he now saw what a woman with more than ample breasts, pure skin and a look that could freeze a man in stone. It was like she'd broken out of her teenage shackles and blossomed into something quite special.

Why she wasn't using a fake name Ewan had no idea. He was sure that if he could find the website then others would as well and that she'd be ashamed if all her friends found out.

After an hour of just staring at the screen, Ewan reached out to another school friend, Lara who had been closer to Stephanie than he had. Picking up his phone, he sent across a quick text.

'Lara, you know that girl Stephanie you used to hang around with at school, I just saw her in town and she looks completely different. I thought she was an actress or something, has she moved back home?'

Ewan thought that this seemed an innocent enough message and that he'd get back some of the information that he hoped. What Lara responded with was more than he could've imagined.

'Yeah Ewan, she moved back a few months ago. I even saw her the other day. The acting was ok but she missed home so came back here. You'll never know what she does for money now though, she whips men and such and gets paid an insane amount for it. I'm thinking of quitting my job and doing it as well. On a good day she can make nearly a thousand pounds. Nuts eh?'

Trying to act dumb like he had no idea, Ewan tried to act cool in responding.

'You mean like dressing up in like rubber, latex and stuff like that? I always thought she was pretty shy but I can't believe people pay that type of money for things like that.'

'Nor did I but she loves it. Apparently she feels it is like acting but much better paid and she can work her own hours. I'm well jealous. Why do you ask anyway, didn't think you knew her that well at school?'

Thinking on his feet, Ewan quickly made up an excuse.

‘No reason, it was just I saw her in town and thought she looked well different and wondered.’

‘Yeah right, bet you fancy her or something. Anyway, she is single and told me the other day she wasn’t looking for anyone. Sorry Ewan, better luck next time.’

‘Ah you saw right through me. Am I that predictable?’

‘When a guy messages another girl about a mutual female friend, it is nearly always to find out if they are single. You’ll find someone. Anyway, am quite busy at work so catch up with you later mate.’

With that Lara left Ewan alone and trying to fathom out what his next step was. Messaging her straight through with her work e-mail address would out him immediately. He needed to find something subtler.

Finding her on social media was easy. They had several friends in common but her Facebook profile was locked down pretty tight. Ewan couldn’t see too much. Her twitter and Instagram posts however were public and he could see that she didn’t broadcast what she did all over them. What he did find however was she had separate business profiles across all three networks.

For a few minutes Ewan creeped over them before catching himself. It was all too weird what he was doing. It didn’t take him long to fathom that out and he had to contact her directly instead of just watching from afar.

Sending her a private message outside of her work account however he decided would be just a touch too disturbing. They weren’t really friends at school and to just send a random message about catching up would probably be ignored. Getting in touch professionally would be better but he didn’t want to out himself just yet.

Therefore he quickly setup a new e-mail address. For a while he'd been toying with a female name but this was the time to actually stick with one. After scouring the internet for suggestions, Ewan decided that he'd be called Chelsea when dressed up. Creating an e-mail with that name, he started to type out an e-mail to Stephanie.

'Good Afternoon Mistress Stephanie,

'My name is Chelsea and I've been a closet crossdresser for several years. I'm 29 years-old and live in the town. For a while I've wanted to take things further and submit to a woman and be forced to suck a cock but something always stops me going through with it. Can you please help me with this?

'Chelsea xoxo'

Knowing it was a burner e-mail account meant that Ewan felt a little bit safer. Once more if he changed his mind, all he had to do was delete the account and nothing would ever happen. All this excitement had led to him getting excited once more but he hadn't been dressed up all day.

Instead of doing what his penis was yearning for, Ewan chose to try and take his mind off it. If he tossed himself off so quickly, he knew that part of him would regret even floating the idea of sucking off another man to a third party, even if she was a professional.

Why he felt Stephanie was the person to tell instead of all the other Dominatrix in the area was something he couldn't quite put his finger on. Maybe because he at least knew of them was one factor but another was the potential humiliation was possibly turning him on. No-one had ever seen him dressed up in women's clothing but part of him felt like if another person knew then it'd be easier to let everything play out.

The next morning Ewan woke up to a reply from Mistress Stephanie.

‘Good Morning Chelsea,

‘Oh yes I can help you with that. Many men love the idea of being a little sissy slut but never go through with it. If you’d like to arrange a session with me then please let me know. I’m happy to have a half hour first-time talk through for free with any new clients to see if this is really what they want. After that I charge between £80 and £150 per hour depending on their fantasies.

‘My chambers are located just off the high street. The address is on my website. You can book sessions online as well.

‘I would love to take you on that journey to where you want to go.

‘Mistress Stephanie.’

All of a sudden the fear of going through with his fantasy started to rear its ugly head once more. The excitement was very much secondary to that sense of foreboding of both being found out and actually doing it.

Ewan had been dealing with these complex emotions for as long as he could remember. Having such a taboo fantasy that partly disgusted him wasn’t easy. It was internal torture that never seemed to dissipate.

He’d read plenty of thoughts from those in similar positions online. Some felt that doing the deed was a beautiful release that led them to knowing what it was they were destined for. Just as many however seemed to think that nothing was ever the same again and regretted everything. How could he know which way it would go for him?

For the rest of the day, all Ewan did was try to act normally. Watching TV and making dinner along with playing some computer games

against mates online. All the while though he was contemplating what to do.

Going to bed that night, he was sure that if he was ever going to push through then this was his best opportunity. If things didn’t feel right then he could always pull out like Ewan had done on oh so many previous occasions.

The next morning, he booked a session with Mistress Stephanie. Luckily, she had a lunchtime slot available, so he’d just visit in his lunch hour. Knowing that she would in all likelihood recognise him, this would be rather awkward but Ewan knew that he had to just take a deep breath and go for it.

Chapter 3

Closing that car door, this was the first point of no return. Should he ring that doorbell, at least one person would know of his sissy fantasy. He kept telling himself that she was a professional and wouldn't say anything to anyone that he knew.

Walking up those steps to her front door, Ewan struggled to notice anything that was going on around him. It was an abnormally warm autumn day and people were walking past getting on with their day-to-day business. Plenty were using the sunshine to nip to the park over the road from Mistress Stephanie's chambers, which looked like any sort of regular home along this tree-lined street.

With his heart beating at an ever-increasing rate, it was time to ring the doorbell and await whatever would happen next.

The door was opened almost instantaneously and Mistress Stephanie was there in a long latex corset style dress and signalled for Ewan to come in.

As he did so, she pushed the door shut and turned to Ewan and smiled.

'Well well well, my first client who I've actually known. This is rather fun isn't it? Ewan or do you prefer to be called Chelsea?' she said with a wicked smile that was stretching across her face.

Ewan struggled to get any words out as Mistress Stephanie indicated that he should follow her.

Sitting down in a chair in what looked like her kitchen table, Ewan tried to work out whether this was her home or not.

‘I know this is a big step Ewan but don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. Now just relax and tell me all about what you are into and how I can help you.’

It took him a few moments to gather his composure. Deciding it was time to let everything out, Ewan just went for it.

‘For years I’ve crossdressed and it has slowly evolved into something more. I’ve watched so much pornography of women sucking cocks that I’ve started daydreaming about being them and not the guy getting blown. A few times I’ve been close to trying but each time I’ve pulled away at the last moment. I suppose I’m just looking for someone who can help set up a sexual encounter that would allow me to find out if the fantasy is anything like the reality.’

‘Do you need any help with make-up or anything like that?’

‘Not really. I’ve become a dab hand at passing and even if I say so myself, I can look quite nice.’

‘You got a picture?’

Ewan went to his pocket and brought out his mobile phone. He had taken many selfies when dressed up and proceeded to show Mistress Stephanie.

‘Wow, you aren’t kidding. Most men I have come in really need a lot of work to pass but clearly you have the knack. I’m very confident guys would be lining up around the block for you.’

With that Ewan’s cock twitched and that didn’t go unnoticed.

‘I can see you like that idea. You are definitely a closet sissy who needs to come out. I’m sure we could do something. What is it you think stops you from doing this yourself?’

‘I just get so horny that once I have that post-orgasm lull, I just hate myself.’

‘That is perfectly normal. I’ve been doing this for a while now and you’ll be stunned about just how many people lose their fantasy once the pent up sexual frustration has gone. What we need to do is stop you losing that isn’t it?’

‘How can we do that?’

‘Surely Ewan you’ve heard of chastity?’

Ewan looked blankly.

‘Well it is quite simple. We lock up your cock so it can’t get hard. Then your horn will just build and build.’

‘But what if I meet a girl, surely they won’t like that?’

‘You can be a sissy and have a normal sex life. Many go both ways depending on their mood but you are clearly conflicted to what you actually want at the moment. It might be best to just concentrate on this side for a few days. I could lock you up today and set up a blowjob encounter for the weekend if you like?’

All this seemed very fast to Ewan. Caging his cock was not something he’d ever envisioned. Despite him feigning ignorance about what it was, he knew exactly what chastity was. For him though it seemed to be a pointless exercise as the masturbation was the high point that made the crossdressing worth it. Without that then it would be a wholly unappetising situation.

Still he wasn’t looking to let anyone down and Mistress Stephanie seemed sincere in helping him achieve his sissy aspirations.

‘If I change my mind then will you release me?’

‘Sure but it will cost you, I don’t do this type of thing for free you know.’

‘How much?’

‘Well as it is your first time and we do kind of know each other, I’ll lock you up for free but it will cost you £100 to get released after you suck off a guy. If you don’t go through with it then I’ll let you out for £200, how does that sound?’

‘Awfully expensive,’ Ewan replied as he was quite taken aback by the prices being quoted.

‘I’m not a charity service,’ Mistress Stephanie said in a rather irritated tone, ‘that is rather cheap and I feel like I’m doing you a bit of a favour to be honest Ewan. If you want to suck a guy off then you can go find a man on craigslist or even work the streets but you can’t do that as you are such a wuss. This way gives you motivation to actually do it. It is up to you.’

Seeing the enraged look in Mistress Stephanie’s face took startled Ewan somewhat. Knowing that he had to get back to the office soon, his time to think was limited but despite his misgivings, the idea of actually finally going through with the ultimate submission excited him greatly. His dick was rock hard and this didn’t go unnoticed.

‘Clearly your cock likes the idea,’ Mistress Stephanie said tersely as she briefly left the room.

Within a few seconds she returned with what was a clear plastic chastity cage.

‘Why don’t we just put it on and see how you feel eh?’

Ewan nodded as Mistress Stephanie went to the freezer and picked up a bagged of frozen veg.

After getting Ewan to stand up, she pulled down his trousers and boxer shorts before icing down his erect penis. The sensation was strange but it didn't take long for the erection to disappear as the numbness enveloped his privates.

Expertly the cage was placed around his balls and before Ewan knew it, his penis was trapped in a plastic prison.

Mistress Stephanie smiled as she grabbed a small padlock from the table and put it through the holes.

'It is up to you if I lock it Ewan, if this is what you truly want then lock the padlock and go back to work or whatever it is you'll do this afternoon. What I'll do is find a man for you and get in touch later in the week. When would be better for you?'

'Erm,' Ewan stuttered, 'Friday?'

'Friday night, nice. Now lock your dick up and get out of here. Your horn should only increase through the week and maybe this time you'll actually become the sissy of your innermost desires. I can't wait to see you dressed up!'

In a daze Ewan did as instructed and the instant that padlock shut, it was like a wave of uncertainty flooded his body. For the first time in his life, he wasn't in charge of his own orgasms and that was a scary proposition. Yet for all the worry he had about this, part of him felt liberated that someone else had taken control.

For years he'd wondered whether he was a crossdresser or a submissive. He'd always liked to be in charge of all facets of his life, even in the bedroom. The fantasies that routinely came into his thoughts were often cast to one side as they would lead him down a road to somewhere he didn't know.

Passing that power and control to another was even a bigger step than telling somebody else about what truly got him going.

Walking out of Mistress Stephanie's place, the world seemed exactly the same as it had when he'd gone in less than half an hour before. Workmen were busy fixing some potholes and a couple of joggers went past. People were still sunbathing in the park and that cooling autumn breeze still hung in the air. The only difference was with every step he took, Ewan was positive that the sound of his padlock banging against his plastic cock cage was drawing attention from everyone that passed.

That afternoon at work was the longest that he'd ever experienced but that was nothing compared to the realisation that standing up to go to the toilet was impossible. The humiliation of needing to use a stall was causing Ewan an identity crisis. Sitting there staring at his poor penis being unable to perform as nature had intended brought up a shame from deep within.

When Ewan got home the reason for Mistress Stephanie caging his privates quickly became obvious. Before even making dinner, he was on his laptop watching sissy porn and getting extremely het up. Yet that inability to let that horn escape kept him in a state of mind that brought out that submissive side that he'd been battling with for so long.

Over the course of the week, that feeling rarely went away. Even at night the uncomfortable sensation of having a locked up penis didn't dampen his spirits although they didn't lead to a good night's sleep.

By Thursday Ewan was more excited sexually than he'd been in his life. He couldn't remember going more than 48 hours without ejaculating and now it had been 72 with at least another day to go.

Ewan had read about things such as subspace online but this was the first time he'd personally experienced anything of the sort.

Reflecting on who he was and what it was he wanted, Ewan started to feel the pieces falling into place. With every porn video he

watched, it started to feel slightly less surreal that on Friday night, he would be the one on his knees servicing a dick like the stars of those videos had done so many times before.

On Thursday evening Mistress Stephanie sent a text.

‘Dearest Chelsea, your services are required at my chambers at 8PM sharp. Please arrive dressed as I have another client before so you won’t have time to get ready here. I hope you enjoy.’

Just reading those words made Ewan’s member try to burst out of its confines. The cage was on pretty tight however and it wasn’t going to budge. For the rest of the night, he kept reading that message over and over again. Each time the realisation sunk in that little bit more and his excitement levels rose.

Getting any quality sleep on Thursday night was nearly impossible and the workday dragged. By the time Ewan got home it was just gone 6PM leaving him just over an hour and a half to get ready.

The first thing he did was to have a quick bath and shave his body hair. Ewan had been doing this on and off for a while so he knew exactly what he was doing. After drying himself, it was time to choose an outfit and even though he’d daydreamed about this moment for what seemed like most of his adult life, the actual final decision of what to wear was something he was grappling with.

After two or three quick changes, time was starting to run out and Ewan decided to just go with his most slutty outfit. From the back of his closet he pulled out a short black latex dress that hardly covered his chastity belt.

Pulling it over his fake tits that were already attached to his chest, Ewan had to suck in as he realised that his belly wasn’t as small as it used to be.

Still the tightness made it feel all the more sexy and after donning his wig and putting on his make-up, Ewan was ready to roll. It was only just gone 7PM so he had time to just admire himself in the mirror. He knew that if he saw someone who looked like that when out and about, then he'd definitely be sexually interested. The allure that he was exuding was palpable.

Grabbing a pair of high heels, Ewan walked to the front door and put on a pair of sensible trainers as he'd never driven in heels and didn't think this was the right time to start.

Making that short drive across town to Mistress Stephanie's was one of the most thrilling experiences of Ewan's life. At every red light he would look over to the other car and often got just an interested look back from men. That feeling of being ogled was demeaning yet intoxicating.

To get to where he was heading, Ewan had to drive through the town's red light district and in doing so, he couldn't help but imagine this being his life. He could feel his cock against the cage bobbing up and down trying to get his attention.

It was still relatively early in the evening but he spotted a couple of prostitutes standing around waiting to entice clients with their ways. Both of them looked like they had been around the block and Ewan thought to himself that he'd be able to get way more business than them.

That thought entering his mind was like nothing else he'd ever contemplated. It was evident that the inability to cum had led him to think differently.

Upon arriving outside Mistress Stephanie's place, Ewan realised that he was 20 minutes early so decided to just try to regain his composure. His brain was racing even faster than his pulse. Looking around, dusk was starting to set in and the sun had gone down behind the trees in the park opposite.

Groups of young people were walking by on their way out to hit the city centre. Ewan remembered when he was one of them. Going out and trying to pull women was part of his weekend ritual in his late teenage and early 20s. If his friends could only see him now he thought to himself.

Eventually it was time to face his fantasy head on. Getting out of the car when the coast was clear, he put his car keys in his bra and walked up to the front door. Standing there as the world went by dressed up looking like he did made Ewan feel distinctly uncomfortable. Luckily it didn't take long for Mistress Stephanie to welcome him in.

'Wow Ewan, or should I call you Chelsea tonight? Either way you weren't lying when you said you scrubbed up well. I genuinely wouldn't recognise you and that might be a good thing.'

'What do you mean by that?' Ewan blurted out with a sense of concern.

'You'll find out soon enough, anyway is it Ewan or Chelsea tonight?'

After a brief moments thought, Ewan responded that for tonight he'd prefer to be called Chelsea.

'Good girl, now go down the stairs into the basement and wait for me and your man.'

With a feeling of apprehension, Chelsea made her way down the stairs and into what can only be described as a classic dungeon, the likes of which she'd seen in so many pornographic movies.

Standing there Chelsea found herself in awe at all the items that were available to play with. It was the amount of whips and chains that first caught her eye, clearly this was a very serious business.

When she noticed the shelf full of dildos of various lengths and girths, her muscles clenched in fear.

Wandering around this dungeon was like a fantasy in itself. Chelsea had bought a set of handcuffs before but the amount of sex toys just lying around was like wonderland. For a few moments what she was there to do slipped from her mind as she picked up and looked at all the objects at Mistress Stephanie's disposal.

Chelsea started daydreaming about all the things that people had done in this room. Her cock strained feverishly against her chastity cage. The excitement was evident as the lust grew strong.

Just as she was starting to drift off into another fantasy, footsteps were heard coming down the stairs. It wasn't just Mistress Stephanie's heels that Chelsea could hear though, the loud thump of what sounded like heavy work shoes were also echoing around the room. It was time to become a true sissy.

Chapter 4

As Mistress Stephanie entered the room followed by the man she'd called in to help Chelsea achieve her fantasy, the crossdresser's face fell.

The man standing there was no other than Roy Livingstone. This was the man who was the bully back in high school who used to pick on Ewan and his mates. Just the sight of him for the first time in over a decade was enough to make Chelsea go white as a sheet.

Roy stood there looking like the cat who had got the cream. At well over six feet he towered over Chelsea, even in her high heels. Immediately Chelsea was recalling all of Ewan's memories about the dark days of school when he was the ringleader that picked on anyone who wasn't in his social group.

Wearing a red and black checked shirt and some very tatty jeans, he seemed very relaxed as he stood there stroking his cock through on of his pockets. His white teeth glistened against the dark tone of his skin. The smile was as wide as it was wicked. A necklace dropped low around his neck spelling out, 'The Daddy.'

'Chelsea this is Roy, I've known him since high school. He was a bit of a bad boy back then but now he stays on the straight and narrow because he gets his kicks from sex with stupid little sissy girls like yourself. Now I hope you give him a good time because I've promised him you are a very eager young lady.'

For Chelsea this was a fantasy that hadn't taken long to because a nightmare. All that pent up horniness had been discarded by his brain. The idea of being used sexually by someone that had beat him up at school was frankly more than Ewan could bare.

The submissiveness of Chelsea was fighting to keep Ewan's memories from overpowering her but it was a battle.

'I'm not sure I can do this,' Chelsea stammered.

'Oh don't worry baby girl, I'll be gentle, I always am aren't I Steph?'

Mistress Stephanie smiled and agreed.

'No, I really don't think I can do this. Sorry Mistress Stephanie, sorry Roy but I can't do this.'

Chelsea began to cry and Mistress Stephanie asked Roy to go upstairs for a few minutes.

'What is wrong Chelsea, this is the ultimate submission. If you can suck the cock of someone you know then everyone else will be easy. It is always best to jump in at the deep end.'

'But why him?' Chelsea asked through the blubber.

'He's one of my regulars and I thought he'd be perfect.'

'I just can't. I really don't want to. Please don't make me.'

By now Chelsea had gone to pieces. Tears were flooded out and her words were starting to get incoherent. This was all too much and the panic had set in. She felt like the walls were closing in and she had no say over her own life. Passing over some sort of control was what she'd always wanted but this was just too much. Escape was all that was on her mind.

Mistress Stephanie handed her a piece of toilet tissue and told her that everything would be ok.

'Remember I told you that you wouldn't be forced to do anything you didn't want to and I stand by that. However there will be a forfeit to

pay. Now clean yourself up and calm down. When you are ready then please go upstairs where I'll be waiting.'

With that Mistress Stephanie left Chelsea alone and the impending panic attack started to dissolve. She could feel her breathing starting to get back under control even if her pulse was still racing.

Finding a mirror, Chelsea started the process of cleaning herself up. Having done her make-up so expertly earlier that evening, to see it all smudged and running down her face was soul-destroying. She had hoped the smudges would be thanks to a cock not because of tears.

It took a few minutes for Chelsea to gather herself together as her mind started to drift towards what the forfeit might be. Knowing that the penalty for not sucking a cock was going to be £200 to get the chastity device off, she hoped that would be it. Fortunately she had planned for this circumstance by having the cash in her car outside.

Walking up those stairs with a mix of relief and trepidation, Chelsea saw Mistress Stephanie and Roy sharing a drink in the kitchen. The shame that she felt was crushing. Even if she couldn't bring herself to doing the deed, to see someone who she should have given a happy ending to not getting what they expected was still a feeling that made her feel extremely uneasy.

'Ah Chelsea, you've wasted Roy's evening and that isn't what either of us expect. However we both respect your decision. You'll pay Roy £100 for wasting his time and give me my £200 as previously agreed. Failure to pay in full means your chastity device will not be removed. Do you understand?'

'But I only have £200 on me,' Chelsea said.

'Best go to the cashpoint then you little bitch,' Roy interjected.

Looking over to Mistress Stephanie for some guidance, she seemed to nod along to Roy's suggestion.

Despite being apprehensive about going out looking like a hooker with less than perfect make-up. Chelsea actually felt a sense of freedom walking out that door. Town was only a few minutes walk away and after grabbing her cash card from the car, she decided to take a stroll feeling that the time would help her to calm down.

By now it was around half past eight in the evening and the pavements were very busy with people heading towards the pubs. No-one really batted an eyelid at Chelsea and with every person she walked past ignoring her, the confidence started to grow.

This was what had turned Ewan on when he first started crossdressing. The notion that one day he could walk around outside dressed up and no-one would care. Now he was walking into town on a Friday night with his heels clicking with every step and groups of people weren't paying a blind bit of notice. They couldn't see Ewan, a 29 year-old man. Instead all they saw a slightly trashy looking woman and that wasn't abnormal for around these parts.

It was at this point that Chelsea started to feel good about herself again. The very idea of sucking Roy off had freaked her out but being able to mingle in public as a woman without being laughed or pointed at was a blessing.

Part of her wondered if she could go back and go through with it but every time that thought entered her mind, all she could see is what Roy had done to Ewan as a teenager. The feeling would pass and after taking out the required amount of cash, she headed back and along with the money from her car, it was time to settle up her final bill.

Upon her return to the house, Chelsea passed Roy his money and gave Mistress Stephanie's hers.

‘Good girl, now only if you hadn’t of balked at his cock. You would be £200 richer and you’d have a wonderful memory but your loss,’ Mistress Stephanie said to Chelsea as she turned her attention to Roy.

‘As for you, sorry Roy about the wasted hour. I hope you’ll be able to get a good whore for the £100 and have money for a few beers and a kebab later tonight.’

Roy cheerily smiled, scrunched the cash up in his pocket and headed for the door.

‘I’ll be ready if you change your mind,’ Roy hissed into Chelsea’s ear before he picked up his coat and headed out the door.

Chelsea just stood there emotionless in Mistress Stephanie’s kitchen.

‘Why him?’ was all she could ask.

‘I told you, face your biggest fear. You want to know what it feels like to be a submissive sissy, well in that case you don’t get to choose who you submit to. You are meant to make yourself available to all. You’ve really displeased me tonight as you talked a real good game. I thought the chastity would keep you horny enough but clearly you are still a ways away from being truly ready.’

With that, Mistress Stephanie grabbed the chastity cage, plunged the key in the padlock and freed the cock. It didn’t stand to attention as the feeling of disappointment was hanging in the air like a bad smell.

‘Best for you to go home now Chelsea and decide what it is you want. If you ever come back to me and ask for this again, you’ll need to give me complete power to ensure you go through with it. Now be off with you, I’m going to hit the clubs.’

Chelsea walked outside feeling incredibly low. How she wished that she'd just gone through with it. Seeing the fact Mistress Stephanie felt so let down by her actions made her want to cry all over again. Sitting in the car she started to question everything.

Maybe this was the near miss that Chelsea needed to prove that this wasn't what she wanted deep down. If it was then surely she would've happily got on her knees and sucked Roy off.

Making her way home it was like everything the night had been building up to just evaporated and instead of having answers to all her questions, all that happened was more questions were left unanswered.

Chapter 5

It took Ewan a few weeks to even contemplate crossdressing again. He'd gone through his usual purge of clothing and had even been on a couple of reasonably good dates with women but one rainy Saturday morning, once more he found himself at his storage locker picking up all his bits.

The one good thing from that night was just how good he felt walking around in town. That sense of apprehension that seemed to go up in smoke as his confidence levels grew was a sensation that he wanted to recreate.

That night he dressed himself up and just walked around town. He didn't stop off at any bars or pubs but just went out for a wander. For over two hours he just strolled around before even taking the plunge and walking along the red light district. The thrill was electrifying. He even had a couple of cars slow down as they went past like he was on the job. Suddenly that desire to be a hooker was instilled in him once again.

Upon returning home he sent Mistress Stephanie an email saying that he needed to know what it felt like to be on his knees and that he'd not wuss out again.

The following morning, she replied and told him that he had to be sure this time.

'Take your time and don't rush into things based on what your libido is telling you. I can create a scenario where you will suck cock or suffer real consequences but it is only for those who was genuinely ready to submit sexually.'

Ewan took his time but responded in the week to tell her that he was positive this is what he wanted. Her text message response was

simple.

‘Ok, be at mine for 8PM this Friday. Ensure your Saturday is cleared as this may take up to 24 hours. Bring £200.’

This brought him to climax but his horn didn’t disappear. This time he was positive that he’d find out what it was like to be on the giving end of a blowjob.

By Friday, Ewan found himself in a state of perpetual excitement. He’d even gone and purchased himself a school girl’s uniform thinking that it would be a turn on to look like one. Once more he expertly applied a trashy layer of make-up to his face and once more, Ewan was ready to be Chelsea.

Upon arriving at Mistress Stephanie’s, the first thing he noticed was a video camera mounted to a tripod.

‘Read this contract and if you agree with it, then say it out loud and into the camera. Should you not be willing to do it then you are just wasting my time again,’ she said in a manner of fact tone.

What was written on the paper was short but chilling. Chelsea was ready to go through with it so went to stand in front of the camera and read out the words.

‘I, Ewan Stannard am a crossdresser who has entrusted Mistress Stephanie to turn me into a sissy tonight, Friday 28th October 2017. For this purpose I will allow her to do what it is necessary for me to accomplish my goal. Should I not have sucked off at least one man by 8PM tomorrow evening, then I accept the consequences of not doing so.’

Mistress Stephanie stopped the camera and told him that this was for her benefit in case she was sued.

Chelsea was starting to wonder just how far this would go. Turning around she saw a strange belt type contraption on the table.

‘Ok please step into this,’ Mistress Stephanie ordered.

Without hesitation Chelsea obliged and it felt like a set of metal underwear.

Once it was pulled and the metal strap put in place between her legs, Mistress Stephanie told Chelsea what this was.

‘So Chelsea, this is a state of the art metal chastity belt for men, only this has an added bonus. Instead of being locked by a padlock, it has a timer. I can set it one of two ways, the most common is that it’ll countdown to a time when it is automatically unlocked. This isn’t exactly what I’m going to do with you.’

Straight away the butterflies started to flutter in Chelsea’s stomach.

‘For you I’m going to add this device to the back. It is a battery that emits an electric pulse at various levels that will automatically get higher the longer you haven’t gobbled down hot semen from a penis. Should you get to 24 hours without doing so, the electric pulse will be so high that it will short out the timer meaning it will be permanently locked on. So it your choice, suck a dick in the next day or lose your ability to ever get hard again. Simple.’

Chelsea was aghast at such a possibility but before she could do anything about it, Mistress Stephanie clicked the battery back to her chastity belt and started the timer.

‘Ok you have 24 hours. Good luck. Now go out there and find someone to suck off.’

‘I thought you’d have someone here for me,’ Chelsea pleaded with both her voice and her eyes.

‘After last time you need to learn the hard way. You know where the red light district is and town will be full of drunk guys looking for some action. You have plenty of options, now hurry up, time is ticking.’

‘But how will you know I’ve done it?’ Chelsea asked.

‘Come back here at any time before midnight or after 9AM in the morning and I’ll give you a breath test to see if there are traces of jizz. Success and I’ll turn off the timer. Failure and you’ll be out there again. Now hurry up get out of here.’

Feeling completely out of control, Chelsea made her way to the front door before being seemingly shoved out of it.

‘You’ve chosen something very enticing Chelsea, you’ll do well as a hooker tonight, now give me my £200 and piss off.’

Getting the cash out of her cleavage, she handed it to Mistress Stephanie before having the door slammed in her face. This was all terrifyingly real and the consequences were dire. The aphrodisiac that had been building now made way to consternation and concern about what the night would entail.

Chapter 6

The first thing Chelsea knew was that she had to make some sort of plan. She still had her car and could go home but that wouldn't help get her any semen. She couldn't even toss herself off and gobble down the cum because her cock was well and truly locked up.

Standing on the steps in a school uniform and looking like someone who very much was up for some fun, Chelsea realised that she had every chance of being successful. That sense gave her hope and the biggest question facing her was whether to hit the clubs or try and get a punter on the streets.

The former would probably take longer but would be safer. Working as a prostitute was dangerous and also illegal. It would however potentially be over in an hour or so. The risk was worth it and Chelsea made her way up to the red light district.

It was Friday night and several women were already hanging around looking to pick up punters for the night. Chelsea had no idea what to do but slowly sauntered up and down the road trying to look enticing. One of the girls came up and asked her what she was doing and Chelsea decided to be honest.

'I'm a crossdresser who desperately wants to suck a cock,' she said pleadingly.

The woman laughed.

'We do it to survive and you are doing it for a cheap thrill. Still your funeral. Stay with me babe and I'll get you some cock. My name is Kerry by the way.'

Taking Chelsea back to a doorway along the road, Kerry told her that the locals knew most of the girls by name but always liked some

fresh meat.

Chelsea couldn’t believe that she was doing this. Standing in a doorway along the red light district hoping to get a punter. It was all so seedy yet incredibly rousing. All of a sudden a pulse of electricity surged through her chastity device. It was very mild but certainly enough to focus her attention. It was only going to get worse from here.

The two women started chatting about each other's lives whilst they waited for some action. Chelsea was surprised to know Kerry was a reformed drug addict but couldn’t get a proper job so still worked the streets.

‘Don’t you worry about being arrested?’ Chelsea asked.

‘Not really, it is no biggie, you get used to it. Far worse is when you have aggressive customers who don’t pay or hit you. A night in the cells isn’t anything to be afraid of once you’ve experienced the reality of working the streets. I bet after this cheap thrill you’ll never come back here again.’

For a moment Chelsea wondered what on Earth she was doing. This was extremely dangerous. Just as she was about to change tack and go hit the clubs trying to get a drunk guy, a car pulled up and Kerry yanked her by the arm towards the curb.

‘Oh hey Terry, got a new girl here who’ll suck you off for just a tenner, fancy it?’

The man in the car locked Chelsea up and down like she was a cheap piece of meat. It was humiliating watching someone decide whether she was worth the money to engage in such a sexual act.

‘Yeah why not, she looks young and desperate. Cheers Kerry, if she’s crap and I need an experienced mouth I’ll swing by again later ok?’

‘Of course babe.’

Kerry turned to Chelsea and told her to get in the car.

Even if Mistress Stephanie had taken away Chelsea’s control, now things were very much out of her hands. Here she was getting in a car with a total stranger and it was like something out of a pornographic film, yet it was all so very real.

‘We’ll go in the car park behind the supermarket, there you’ll get out and blow me yes girl?’

‘Yes Sir,’ Chelsea stumbled out.

‘First time on the streets eh?’

‘Yes.’

‘Well I’ll be gentle, do a good job and I might just give you a tip.’

As they got to the car park, there were a few cars that had clearly been left overnight. Terry went and parked in the far corner by the bins and ordered Chelsea out.

It was like an autopilot instinct that took over. Numbed by the options available to her, Chelsea opened her car door and walked around to the driver’s side. Getting to her knees, she saw Terry open his flies and pull out his semi-erect dick.

Having watched numerous adult films, Chelsea knew exactly what to do. She started licking and stroking his penis whilst he showered her with demeaning language. Weirdly as every foul depraved word slipped from his mouth, it triggered a positive response.

Maybe Chelsea was enjoying this a little bit more than expected. As she started to caress his balls and lick all the way along his shaft,

Terry's erection started to grow and it wasn't long before it was ready for the main event.

Pushing out all other thoughts from her mind, Chelsea licked the tip and started to work her mouth onto the cock. It was a bit uncomfortable having her mouth forced so wide open but it didn't hurt.

Thinking back to the days when she would pretend to be straight and get blowjobs off women, Chelsea remembered the types of things Ewan enjoyed when getting sucked off and tried to recreate them.

The slurping noises were also a big turn on and it turned out Terry liked them too. Every time she pulled his cock out, Chelsea was sure it would make a nice popping sound. Her punter seemed to be enjoying what he was receiving.

Unexpectedly a pulse of electricity once more flowed through her metal chastity belt causing her bite down hard on Terry's penis.

'What the fuck do you think you are doing you little whore?' Terry yelled and he slapped Chelsea across the face.

'I'm sorry, it just happened,' Chelsea tried to say before he pushed her to the floor and jumped in his car.

'You'll pay for this you little bitch,' Terry yelled as he sped away.

All Chelsea could do was lay there on the ground and sob. She was starting to enjoy it in an unnatural way. That electric burst was certainly more powerful than the last and if they were only going to get more intense, she needed to get it off sooner rather than later. Being freed before midnight suddenly became a priority.

After a couple of minutes composing herself, Chelsea got up off the floor and dusted herself off. The red-light district was 15 minutes away and that would be quicker than hitting the clubs. Slowly she

started to walk back there before she was greeted with a flashing blue light coming round the corner.

Startled she just stood there as two officers got out of a police van.

‘Well well well, what is a girl like you doing in a place like this?’ One of the officers said in a stereotypically English manner.

‘Nothing officer.’

‘Well we just got a report of a prostitute matching your description working around here, what do you have to say about that?’

‘It’s not true,’ Chelsea responded as she started to get panicked.

‘Well why don’t we sort this out of the station?’

‘I’d prefer to just go if possible,’ Chelsea said as her fears were starting to get realised.

The female officer asked if she’d ever been in trouble before or if she had a pimp.

‘No mam.’

‘I don’t believe you, now put your hands behind your back.’

Chelsea didn’t know what to do but she knew she couldn’t run. The best thing was to comply for now and hopefully get things sorted.

The female officer walked up to her and handcuffed her tightly before feeling the chastity belt and asking what the hell that was.

‘It is a chastity belt, this is just a kinky game I’m playing, I’m not a real hooker,’ Chelsea exclaimed feeling that honesty might be the best policy in such a situation.

Once more it was the female officer, a short Scottish lady that took the lead and lifted Chelsea's skirt to reveal the device.

'So are you a man or a woman?' she asked.

'A man,' Chelsea responded.

'Well this isn't something we see every day is it Frank?'

'Sure isn't.'

'Well let's back you into the back of the van and we'll work out what to do next.'

Chelsea could feel the tears welling up and streaming down her cheeks as she was helped into the back of the prison van.

The two police officers had a chat outside and the short Scottish woman opened the door.

'Ok, tell me from the beginning, what are you doing here?'

'I have been sexually curious for a while and a local dominatrix has locked me into this chastity device until I've given a blowjob. It is all consensual but it is just a kinky game I promise.'

'Well if you are telling the truth we'll release you in the morning but for now we have to bring you in. If you give us the contact details of your dominatrix then we'll speak to her but until she verifies your story, you'll have to stay in the cells. We can only imagine how embarrassing this is for you but you have to understand you've been reported to us as a prostitute and we have to deal with you as such.'

Nodding through the stream of tears, Chelsea understood as the door was closed and locked once more. The journey in the back of a police van was a lonely and distressing one. All she could cling onto

was that Mistress Stephanie would confirm the story and she'd be freed in the morning.

Upon arriving at the local station, it was full of drunks who'd been out fighting. So Chelsea was sat down still handcuffed waiting to be booked in.

Looking around at the room with several other people there made her feel the lowest she's ever felt. Having never been in trouble with the law, this was an awful experience. Chelsea hoped her parents would never have to read about any of this.

The smell of a police station booking room on a Friday evening was one of stagnant puke but the stench of shame was ever more present. A couple of the guys who were worse for wear would yell out asking if Chelsea was up for some fun. Considering everyone in that room was handcuffed behind their backs, it would be quite something for them to get their cocks out but that didn't stop them from talking a good game.

Eventually Chelsea was called up to the front where the short Scottish officer told the desk clerk everything.

'Well then young lady that is quite the tale but so surreal I suspect it must be true. We have to book you in for security reasons and please use your real name and address. If everything checks out we will delete this record from our database but if you lie to us once, it will stay on file. Do you understand?'

Chelsea nodded and proceeded to answer every question honestly. She was then taken for her mugshot and finally her hands were freed to allow them to take her fingerprints.

After being put in a cell, Chelsea bawled her eyes out as the electric pulses got ever more intense as the night wore on. By the time morning came, every half an hour she was on the floor in agony for

several seconds as the chastity belt reminded her of her predicament.

When the cell door was opened and Mistress Stephanie was standing there with an officer, Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. All night she'd feared that this nightmare wouldn't end but with that one moment, light was at the end of the tunnel.

'Oh Chelsea, what have you done?' Mistress Stephanie said to Chelsea as she turned her attention back to the officer, 'Yes it was just a consensual kinky game that got a bit out of hand. I'll take care of her if you'd like.'

'No worries, you know why we had to bring her in though.'

'Of course.'

The officer instructed Chelsea to get up and follow him as he released her into the custody of Mistress Stephanie.

Walking out of the station Chelsea was waiting for Mistress Stephanie to get angry but instead of that, she just burst out laughing.

'Oh Chelsea, I can't believe that happened to you. I'm so sorry but now you know what being on the game is really like. What happened out there?'

'Well I got a punter but the electricity pulse stunned me and made me bite on his penis. He then drove away. I suspect it was him who called the cops.'

'It wouldn't surprise me, now did you give him good head?'

'Well we didn't get to the finishing point but he seemed to be enjoying it up until that point.'

‘So you still haven’t sucked a cock off to completion?’

‘No…’

‘Well you got close and after the night you’ve had then maybe I should be kind and free you from your electric belt. What do you think?’

‘I’m so horny I still want to do it,’ Chelsea surprised Mistress Stephanie with her answer.

‘You know, I’m sure Roy would like his cock sucked if you wanted,’ Mistress Stephanie mused.

Chelsea nodded and after driving them both back to her place, she sent Roy a text and went down to the dungeon with Chelsea.

‘Well you’ve spent a good part of last night in handcuffs so let’s recreate that. It’ll mean you have to work all the more hard to get his jizz out, ok by you?’

Once more Chelsea nodded in the affirmative as the whole experience of last night had turned her on more than she could ever have imagined. Being arrested for prostitution was embarrassing but the fact she got off with it made her feel invigorated.

Waiting in the dungeon with her hands cuffed behind her back, Chelsea felt like trash and was ready to very much get off on it. Her clothes stank following her experience in the police station and she could see her reflection in one of the mirrors and the only thing being reflected was the look of a stank.

Knowing what happened last time she was confronted with Roy, it was paramount for Chelsea to push down all those memories. They were in the past and now she wasn’t a scrawny little boy, instead she was a sexy woman.

Chapter 7

A few minutes passed until the familiar footsteps came down those stairs once more.

‘I knew you’d be back,’ said Roy in that south London accent of his, ‘I can see you are very much ready this time.’

Mistress Stephanie looked at Chelsea and the two gave each other a nod before she left the room.

Roy made his way towards Chelsea, gently pushing her head, forcing the extremely tired and scatter-brained woman to her knees. This felt even more intense than it had done the previous evening with Terry. This was safer but it felt even more thrilling.

He was already hard just at the sight and no wonder why. Chelsea looked like a tart ready for action. The school uniform was hugging her skin tightly and her cuffed hands meant that she was helpless.

Roy pulled his trousers down and the stink coming from his privates was overpowering. Chelsea was in such a place that nothing was going to stop her from completing her mission to suck off a man.

Powering past the smell, she shimmied forwards on her knees to get to the cock that was standing proudly. Chelsea’s brain was full of an awful lot of nothing as her mouth opened, taking Roy’s member in her mouth for the first time. It was blissful and even though she was unable to do much apart from be his cum receptacle, the crossdresser knew that she was being turned into a sissy.

The first time is rarely beautiful for anyone and this was no exception. Roy just put his hand on the back of Chelsea’s neck and started to pound in and out of her mouth. This is exactly how she

fantasised it would be. Being used and feeling incapable of stopping the inevitable. That power exchange was very much complete.

Opening her eyes as wide as they would go, Chelsea watched as her former school bully lunged at her with an ever-frantic look in his eye. This was completing the circle from having self-respect to allowing someone who repulsed her to use her in such a way.

Just kneeling there taking the meat as it pounded the back of her throat in an ever-increasing furious manner was the type of release Chelsea had never experienced as Ewan. This wasn't about the sex but about the freedom that being used was providing. Being so low of the totem pole was a freeing experience.

By the time Roy had worked himself up to spurt, Chelsea had freed her mind of anything but the enjoyment and fulfilment that this was providing. She had been so concerned that the taste would be foul or that it would be too demeaning for years. Yet now the time had come, it just felt right.

The first coats of jizz hit the back of her throat and over the next few seconds several more followed. Roy was spent and was trying to catch his breath whereas Chelsea was busy swirling the cum around her mouth before swallowing it in one big gulp.

'Bloody hell Chelsea, considering the last time how frigid you were, now you seem like a pro,' Roy commentated as he pulled his trousers up and turned around to leave the room.

'I still have another hole needing to be used for the first time,' Chelsea said without even thinking.

Turning around Roy chuckled and said that could be arranged.

Roy left and Chelsea heard the front door go a minute or so later. Mistress Stephanie came down proudly holding a key to unlocking the electric part of Chelsea's chastity belt. Just as she did so,

another shock flooded through and left her prostrate on the floor for nearly a minute.

‘No-one has ever worn this belt for so long,’ Mistress Stephanie said, ‘I can’t believe you stuck it out for so long. You must be in agony.’

Chelsea struggled to comprehend what Mistress Stephanie had just said as the mix of sissy bliss of electricity was playing havoc with her mind.

Unlocking the electric enhancement and turning off the timer, the belt released from Chelsea’s waist and Mistress Stephanie helped pull it completely off.

All Chelsea could do was lay on the floor trying to gather her thoughts.

Mistress Stephanie went to leave and Chelsea looked at her.

‘Can we do that again but only next time for my anal virginity?’

Mistress Stephanie smiled and said they could but she needed to work up to that.

As she said that, she picked up one of her strap-ons and said that sessions were £100 an hour.

They both smiled.

‘I’ll let you recover but you Chelsea are my new favourite client. Trust me, we could have a lot of fun over the next few months.’

Chelsea lay on the floor and started to see that the future would never be the same again.

If you have enjoyed this book then please consider leaving a review so that others may discover this book.

For those interested in reading more from Allyson Medway then please read below for titles and synopses from some of her other books available for sale on Amazon.

You can keep up to date with any news and new releases at http://www.sissystories.co.uk and follow on Twitter @AllysonMedway

If you spot any errors, corrections or have any feedback in general then please drop me an e-mail at allyson@sissystories.co.uk

Training Sissy Boys with the help of Chastity

Graham had never felt complete. Something in his life was always missing but he struggled to find out just what it was. One night he crossdressed for a night out and all of a sudden something clicked in his mind. The feeling of that night was one he couldn't shake.

Eventually he plucked up the courage to go and see a dominatrix to help him get to the bottom of it all. That decision started him on a journey that Mistress Penny had seen all too often, one of a young man who yearned to be something very different indeed.

With the help of chastity and time, she opened his mind to the idea that maybe he wasn't that into women, it was more that he wanted to be one. This led to her showing Graham that happiness was not the same for everyone and he might be a lot happier as a she in the bedroom department.

This 9,000+ word story contain sissy and feminization scenes.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

Rude Doctor downgraded to Nurse by Alpha Male

Stacy was a very accomplished and dedicated young doctor but boy did she know it. She would constantly talk down to junior members of staff and belittle nurses who weren't as educated as her.

When someone put up a wanted poster of her in the break room saying that the police were after her for turning tricks, instead of tearing it down and shouting at whoever played such a juvenile prank, Stacy found herself getting excited by the prospect.

The person behind it noticed and decided to turn things up a notch, leading the 29 year-old down a path to discovering that deep down, she was like so many others, ruled by what goes on in between her legs.

This 7,700 word story is about what happens when an alpha male gets hold of an alpha woman and shows her just what she really wants.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

Initiation to the Game

Henry was always happier when he was dressed up and living his life as Sophie. For years he'd wondered how he could live as a woman full-time but it was always one step too far.

Then one night he bumped into a transvestite called Megan at a club who had made her kink, her living. Taking Sophie under her wing, she instinctively knew that deep down, a sissy prostitute was eager to break the shackles of a drab male life.

Megan had to be sure that Sophie was ready for such a drastic lifestyle change. So she decided to setup an extreme first night for Sophie to ensure her new partner could handle it. This story is all about her first night working and became her Initiation to the Game…

This 5,200 word story covers crossdressing, sissy and prostitution themes and is intended for adult audiences only.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

First Time Sissy Maid - A Descent into Total Submission

Growing up with strong and dominant female role models, Winston knew no different but to defer to women. When one day he finds out that his new next door neighbour works as a professional dominatrix, his mind is consumed by the thought of submitting to her and wearing women's clothing.

She quickly spots his weakness and encourages him to explore his crossdressing dreams. Little did Winston know that she had plans for him to join her stable of sissy girls working the area to fund her lavish lifestyle.

Before he knew what was going he, Winston finds himself submitting not only to his new Mistress but also to a man, who was paying her for his time…and services.

This 10,000 word story concentrates on sissy submission and crossdressing themes and is intended for adult audiences only.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

Sissy Boy Humiliation…and loving it!

Liam had been a closet crossdresser ever since his teenage years but it wasn't until Camille walked into his life that he truly embraced his private fetish.

As the relationship got deeper, his bisexual partner could clearly tell that it wasn't just a fantasy to dress up as a woman, he wanted a far more deeper and intimate experience.

Luckily for him, Camille had an idea that would see him push his boundaries and become engulfed in sissy humiliation. What happened next was beyond his wildest fantasies and for the first time he truly understood what made him tick.

This 5,500 word story surrounds sissy humiliation and submission themes. It is a work of fiction and is intended for adult audiences only.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

First Time T-Girl Adventure

When Ezra struck up a friendship with a new girl at his acting group, little did he know the truth behind her or what their relationship would morph into.

Flirting ensued and then he found out about a big surprise she had hiding in between her legs. Rather than being put off, all it did was engross him all the more.

Brooklyn could see just was Ezra needed and allowed her dominant side to takeover to help him discover just how submissive he was.

This 8.5k word story is a work of erotic fiction involving consenting adults only. It contains scenes of female domination and D/s relations.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

From Chastity to FemDom Cuckold: Trying to save a Marriage

When Calvin managed to tie down the girl of his dreams, he thought that life couldn't get any better. She may have been a good time girl but his belief was that once he put a ring on it, those days would be in the rear view mirror

He couldn't have been more wrong however. His lack of fire or imagination in the bedroom led to his wife stepping in and telling him he had to do things her way if the marriage was to be saved.

Some of the things she wanted him to try repulsed him but his love for her was strong. For that reason he agreed to try some of her fantasies, little did Calvin know that his wife had way more plans for him than he could have ever fathomed.

This 11,500 word story involves female domination, chastity and cuckold scenes.

You can buy/read the story by clicking here

Dixie Becomes the Sissy Maid

After years of searching for a partner who understood his desire to crossdress, Dexter finds Poppy who doesn't just understand but is willing to play an active role in helping him find his female side.

Quickly they establish a hierarchy in the bedroom where Poppy blossoms in a dominant role. It doesn't take long for her to ascertain that Dexter is extremely submissive.

Having enjoyed the delights of both Dexter and his femme persona Dixie, Poppy thinks it is time for Dixie to come out from the shadows.

Once out in the open, all bets are off about just how far Poppy can push Dixie down the road of ultimate submission…

Coming in at just over 10,500 words, this story explores sissy maid, humiliation and submissive themes.

You can buy/read this book by clicking here

Candy's First Craigslist Encounter

Terry had been leading a double life for most of his time on this Earth. To most people he was a regular guy with a doting wife. One person knew that he was different and as she continued to push the boundaries, a cover was blown. Life would never be the same again.

In an attempt to make something of his two world's colliding, Terry decided to fully embrace his female persona he'd named Candy. At the time it wasn't clear just how far things would go but buoyed by the support of another in a similar position, the wheels were set in motion.

Momentum is tough to stop as he would find out. In a seedy hotel room one Friday evening, it was clear where everything was heading and that Candy was very much part of his personality.

This 7,500 word story tackles the journey from a sissy's fantasy and seeing it all the way to a very steamy reality.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Biker Gang Alpha turned Biker Girl Bimbo

Getting out and having a good time with the ladies was all Darren lived for. Every summer he'd join his dad's biker gang and hit up all the hot spots along the British coast line.

Worried that his son was going to end up lonely like he had, Darren's father took it upon himself to intervene and try to mend his offspring's wayward ways.

At the end of his tether, he turns to witchcraft to teach his son a lesson. It leaves Darren's mind in tact but his body was not his any more and he'd find out first hand just what life was like for women.

Instead of fixing the problem, it creates many more as things don't go exactly as planned…

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Caught Crossdressing by the Neighbour

Julian had dabbled in crossdressing but only in private. He was too scared that any public exposure would lead to ridicule amongst his university friends. His fantasies though were starting to become ever deeper and darker.

With his parents away for a week, it was the perfect chance to really go to town and explore his crossdressing habit. What he didn't bank on was that someone would discover his little secret.

Instead of being shamed, his neighbour took him under her wing and allowed Julian to fully experience what it was to be a young girl. The only question is did she understand where his limits were…?

This 15,000 word short story explores crossdressing, feminization, humiliation and first time gay themes.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

A very public day locked in a Sissy Maid's Uniform

Under the tutelage of Mistress Jasmine, Noah has been slowly going the road of submission and sissification.

When he decides he wants to up the ante and be seen in public wearing his Sissy Maid's uniform, it starts a chain of events that leads to several life changing experiences.

Scared of bottling it like he has done in the past, he gives Mistress Jasmine all the ammunition she needs to ensure he goes through with his fantasy. The big question is does it live up to the reality of living and working as a Sissy Maid?

This story is just over 10,000 words, which that follows one man's journey from curious about crossdressing all the way through to becoming a fully fledged Sissy Maid in Brighton.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Transgender Fantasy Turned Reality

Eli was a very confused young man. Unable to be honest with himself, he continued to live a lie and pretended he was straight despite his love of transgendered women.

One of those he'd had a relationship with offered him the chance to finally find out exactly what he was looking for from a partner. It would involve being her live in sissy as she expanded her dominatrix business, The opportunity was one that wouldn't come around again and Eli felt like he needed to fully immerse himself in a world where he wouldn't feel judged to find himself.

Packing up his bags and moving north away from his friends and family, Eli looked forward to being under the ownership of Mistress Leah. The one thing he didn't know was what was in it for her, something he'd only find out in time…

This 16,000 novella explores transgender, crossdressing and sissifiction themes.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Sissy Slut School: Where Fantasy meets Reality

After yet another unsuccessful date, Gary hits the alcohol and retreats into his happy place. This leads him to another night of dressing up as a woman. Instead of just doing this privately, the beer lowers his inhibitions, leading him to go one step further.

Once he wakes up he finds that he's potentially exposed himself online. The fear is real but the rush is nearly as intense. Before his brain clicks into gear about the potential pit falls, he finds himself signing up to enrol in a Sissy Slut School halfway across the country.

Gary does this without fully realising what that would entail. Is he really ready for everything the Mistresses are going to throw at him along with his class mates?

A 23,000 word novella about Gary and his adventures at the Sissy Slut School where his fantasy does indeed become reality. The only question is does the reality live up to his fantasy?

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Hunted: Moon Creek

Alan's life was coming apart at the seems. Having lost his well-paid job, he spiralled out of control not knowing what to do next. His marriage to his college sweetheart was becoming evermore of a loveless sham and his own sense of self-worth had all but disappeared.

Then one day his wife told him about a TV show that was about to launch, **Hunted: Moon Creek**. The premise was simple, all he had to do was escape capture from the local police force for a month and not only would he win a share of $100,000 but also they would offer all those who won a job on the force.

One thing troubled him though and that was if he was captured, he would spend the rest of the month doing time in a real prison. It was the ultimate gamble with his freedom.

With a supportive wife by his side, it gave him every opportunity to be successful. The woman who he'd been married to for over 20 years had a plan that she felt was foolproof. It would require a lot of faith but also send Alan on a journey of self-discovery and new experiences.

This 27,000 word psychological thriller novella follows his journey on the run along with finding out all about the people who help and hinder him along the way...

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Locked up by Lust: A first time Lesbian Romance Prison Fiction Story

Being beautiful and popular was the dream of any young woman going through high school. Instead of enjoying the attention from all her classmates however, Donna struggled finding happiness and always wondered if there was something wrong with her.

After getting a full ride to study at UCLA, Donna was determined to take up the opportunity to meet people from all different walks of life. She left her small town in the deep south looking for adventure and to find herself.

What Donna could never have imagined is what was out there that truly made her happy and that was being told what to do by other women.

This is a 13,000 word short story that includes lesbian themes and steamy hot prison scenes.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Feminized into a Sissy by his crush

Simon has a crush on the woman who delivers his post. Instead of plucking up the courage to just ask her out, he develops an elaborate plot to show her his true crossdressing self in the hopes that she'll reciprocate his strange advance.

Instead of it working and asking her out on a date, Simon finds himself at the mercy of a woman who knows exactly what she wants and it isn't being wined and dined in any convention manner.

A 12,500 word short story about feminization and how with just a little bit of encouragement, someone's eyes can be opened to a world that they had never even contemplated before.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Sissy Secretary Payback: An Alpha Male Gets Feminized

Steven had it all. The good job, the high income, the fast car and the beautiful home. He did it all in a manner that meant he didn't care much about anyone else or how he treated women.

When his secretary stands up to him though, Steven realises that to escape police charges he would have to give over control. Swiftly she makes sure he understands that the way he treated women who worked for him wasn't on, by transforming him into her very own Sissy Secretary. In doing so, Steven finds out just what it is like to live as a woman in a male dominated world.

The problem he has though is that his former secretary doesn't seem to be all that she first appeared and maybe him becoming a better man isn't her primary objective.

This 18,000 word novella follows Steven's adventure from alpha male to being a menial wage worker under the iron like grip of his former employee. Does Steven learn the error of his ways or does he learn to embrace and love his new position?

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

The Sissy Bride and her Transgender Groom: A Sissy Wedding Story

Keeping his crossdressing private was important to Jerry as he had no idea how it would play out in his community. Seeing his employee Gemma walking down the aisle though led him to be full of jealousy. He wanted all eyes upon him for once.

Luckily for him someone would walk into his life that would help him discover that he could have such a special day. It had everything he ever wanted, a chance to dress as a woman and to have a proper wedding day how he dreamt of it.

The only problem was if he was to be a sissy bride, someone had to be the groom. Would they would want all the perks of a wedding day…and a wedding night?

Jerry would discover all that and more as his adventures turn from fantasy to a very real reality in this 11,000 word short story.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Mistress Kamila Takes Control: Sissy Slave's first time in the Pillory Stocks

Gabriel becomes entranced by Mistress Kamila as she takes him down the road of sissification. The latex catsuit wearing woman of his dreams trains him up to become one of her best girls.

The one thing she does let her slaves control though is how they go about losing their sissy virginity. Gabriel chooses to lose his in the Pillory. Mistress Kamila sets him up for a wild night of passion.

A hot and steamy in your face 11,000 word short story that details Gabriel's transition from regular man to sissy slave to a very dominant and powerful Mistress.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Carl's Arrest Fantasy Gets All Too Real

Carl and Karen have an extremely spicy private life and are always trying to explore new ways to give them their next thrill.

One day Carl tells his wife about how he's always liked the idea of being arrested as a woman and spending a couple of days locked up. Karen's eyes light up and before he can stop her, Carl finds himself on the streets waiting for a police van to come around the corner and take him to jail.

Crossdressing adventure as Carl faces up to the reality of his situation but Karen has one or two surprises in store…

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Sissy Maid at a sleazy motel

Johnny is offered the chance to fully fulfil his sissy crossdressing fantasies by his good friend Gloria. Little does Johnny know that she has big plans for him that involve far more than he could ever have bargained for.

After spending a day working as a real life chambermaid in a very low budget motel, he finds out what working at a place like this really entails.

A first person sissy maid short story about how a throw away confession can lead someone to a world that they could only dream about…or maybe it is a nightmare…

This story continues with a sequel **Sissy Maid joined by Female Slave at a sleazy motel** which is out now in the Kindle Store.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

Sissy Maid joined by Female Slave at a sleazy motel

Johnny had been turned into Olivia by his good friend Gloria and put to work in a sleazy motel on the edge of town.

When Gloria saw what Olivia had to go through, she felt an overwhelming dose of jealously. This led to her deciding to join in with the fun and games. The two of them embark on a new life working as Maids at this motel who offer very special extra services.

This 15,000 word short story revolves around gay and lesbian submission themes. It follows both Gloria and Olivia as they get used to their new surroundings, coupled with the demands of a very strict boss…

Sissy Maid joined by Female Slave at a sleazy motel builds on the characters and story in ***Sissy Maid at a sleazy motel***. That title is available in the Kindle store but this book can be read as a standalone story.

You can buy/read this story by clicking here

From Crossdresser to the Cosplay Café: A Crossdressing Journey

When one of David's university housemates comes home early from class only to find him cleaning the kitchen wearing a French Maid's uniform, he is confronted with the realisation his crossdressing secret is no longer just that.

With trepidation he allows himself to be helped along in his journey down the road of wearing women's clothing. With support and love, he finds a happiness that he's been longing for along with way.

An uplifting first person short story about how David finds acceptance amongst his friends but also how he manages to keep both his male and female personas flourishing. We follow his growth from shy crossdresser into confident maid and into the big wide world as a happy adult, just one with two very distinct lives...

This book is suitable for everyone who is interested in understanding how having interest in wearing women's clothing is perfectly normal and acceptable in the world today. It is also one for those who enjoy the idea of wearing a French Maid's uniform in public.

You buy buy/read this story by clicking here