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Now sit back, relax, and enjoy your book.

From the author.

I began making notes for this book while on a cruise in 2013.

I was on the Lido deck, enjoying my cocktail, and having the most lovely and wicked, what-if thoughts.

So I started jotting down notes for characters and scenes.

For those of you that enjoy cruising, you may recognize instances where one might say,

that's not how things work on a cruise.

The luggage isn't always delivered to the rooms before the ship sails.

Yes, my darlings, I know, but for this work we are employing a literary device known as

suspension of disbelief, and we are going to have to imagine a different cruise.

As the chorus says in Henry V, play your fantasies, and in them behold work your thoughts, and therein see.

No doubt some of my readers would love a cruise such as this.

Enjoy Constance Pennington-Smyth 2017.

Chapter 1.

Bonne Boyage.

The blast of a ship's horn momentarily drowned out the commotion and conversation on deck.

Emily Barnes stood at the railing with her mother Monique, watching the pelicans swoop in and

land clumsily on the water or perch on weathered pilings.

Beyond a crowd of well-wishers cheered their bonne boyage.

Isn't this exciting?

Emily clutched at her wide-brimmed hat as the breeze nearly took it from her head.

She removed it and thrust it behind her.

Take this.

Her husband, Michael, stepped forward, took the hat from her, and stepped quietly back in line with the other husbands.

It was an odd-looking mix to those who did not grasp the nature of this most special and unique of cruises.

The 2013 cuckold cruise.

The women chatted, sipped a champagne, and enjoyed the view of the people on the dock.

The passengers represented a cross-section of the female population.

Old and young, pretty and plain, rich and working-class, supermodel thin and curvy,

rubinessque and of multiple ethnicities.

All were in the company of a man.

Some of the men were older and some were younger than the woman.

The husbands stood quietly in line, well back from the women and their male pyramores.

They all wore white slacks and pink t-shirts, emblazoned with cuckold cruise 2013.

Their eyes were downcast, their hands folded demurely in front of them.

Many held hats, bags, sweaters, and other items of their wives and their wives' lovers.

Stewards, male and female, roamed through the crowd offering drinks and appetizers from silver trays.

The wives and lovers helped themselves.

The cuckold husbands were not allowed such pleasures.

Mimi, Emily yelled, come up here.

Michael, known as Mimi, his submissive cuckold sissy name, walked to Emily's side.

Look! Emily pointed to the crowd on the dock. There's Sarah!

He followed the line of his wife's perfectly manicured nail to their 19-year-old daughter,

who was waving to them from the crowd below.

Wave to your daughter, Mimi! Emily ordered.

Michael waved to the young woman in the white short shorts, halter top and long red hair and a ponytail.

Sarah's 40-year-old lover, known as Master Stephen to Michael, had his arm around Sarah's trim waist.

In her four-inch healed sandals, Sarah only came up to Master Stephen's shoulders.

Michael saw the sun glint from Sarah's bracelet.

It contained the key to his chastity device. Yet another humiliation visited upon the submissive

sissy male husband father of the family.

Sarah can look after your key while we're on the cruise, Emily had told him.

We don't want to take a chance on losing it. And besides, why should you be released?

Michael continued to wave, half-heartedly, as he watched Sarah move closer to Stephen and saw the alpha male's hand move down to cup the young woman's round bottom.

Michael was submissive and deferential to all the men who visited the household. And since his wife, daughter, and mother-in-law enjoyed many lovers, he was constantly being reminded of his submissive status.

Return to your place, Emily ordered. No one batted an eye when the male in the pink shirt bobbed a quick curtsy to his mistress wife and resumed his place in line with the other husbands.

A couple of women did mention Michael's painted toenails as they walked past, commenting on how cute the pink toenails looked with his gold thong sandals. Many of the other husbands also sported various shades of toenail polish and cute feminine sandals.

Unfortunately for all the husbands, the humiliation, torment, and degradation was only just beginning.

An announcement came over the ship's PA system.

Luggage has now been delivered to all cabins.

Master Dwight, Emily's lover, turned and snapped his fingers. Go.

Mimi curtsied and followed his father-in-law as both cuckles left the line of waiting husbands and headed to their respective adjoining cabins to put away the lovers' personal items.

Many of the other husbands were also sent scurrying away to perform similar duties.

Michael stopped at the cabin door and removed the paperwork that had been placed there.

Inside the cabin he put all the paperwork on the desk except for an envelope addressed to him, cuckolded.

Inside the envelope was his schedule of briefings he must attend.

The first one was in forty-five minutes, so he hurried to unpack and put away Mistress and Master's things.

The cabin was well appointed. Mimi had worked extra hours all year to earn money to pay for this cruise and the deluxe upgraded cabin for Mistress and Master.

The large bed would accommodate the lovers, while a simple foam mat would be unrolled and placed at the foot of the bed for the cuckolded to get his nighttime rest.

A glass door opened onto an outside balcony with two chairs and a small table.

Michael watched from the balcony as the ship began to move away from the dock.

He could well imagine kneeling on the balcony as the lovers relaxed in their chairs.

He could even see himself being used as a footstool.
He sighed and went back into the cabin to finish unpacking.
He was putting the empty suitcases in the closet when there was a knock on the door.
It was his father-in-law, Paul, a tall, lean man with thinning gray hair.
"'Come on,' Paul said, looking at a map of the ship.
We have a briefing in the casino in five minutes."
The two cuckles began walking down the passageway.
A heavy-set woman with big, blonde hair approached them, a young, tall black man on her arm.
Michael and Paul moved to the side, their backs against the wall, their eyes cast to the floor.
Still, they couldn't miss the look of derision on her face or the sneer on his face.
The cuckles resumed their trek to the casino in silence.
Nothing needed to be said.
For the next five days, they were the lowest of the low on the ship.
The humiliations and torments would get worse.
Much worse.
Normally, everyone would be milling around, talking, and we'd have to get their attention.
Sonya Delgado waved a hand at the men in pink shirts, who stood in perfect, silent lines in the casino.
But these...me...these creatures...wanda nodded.
Yeah, I know, I love these cruises.
Sonya and Wanda, while dressed in the same crisp, white, a-line dress and black pumps, were very different.
In contrast to the white uniform, a wicked-looking black leather-writing crop was fastened to a loop at the waist of each of the women.
Sonya was short and full-figured.
Her ample breasts and bottom, creating full and pleasing lines in her uniform.
Her black hair was pulled back into a bun.
Her brown eyes scanned the quiet cuckles.
If any of the assembled men took the time to study the women, most avoided eye contact.
Wanda Simmons was the one who would strike fear into their hearts.
She was supermodel tall and thin, with coffee-colored skin, alluring almond-shaped eyes, and jet black hair to her shoulders.
Despite her beauty, she had an austere and commanding presence.
She stepped forward, closing in on the men, and addressed them.
Welcome to Ultimate Experience Cruises, she chuckled.
It's the ultimate humiliation for submissive cuckles, while your wives and girlfriends will get the sexual experience of their lives.
I am the ship's entertainment director, Wanda Simmons.
This, she nodded to Sonya, is Sonya Delgado.
The ship's housekeeping director.
While your wives and girlfriends enjoy five days of fun, relaxation, parties, and great sex, you will work for us.
Wanda walked up and down the line of cuckles, looking them over.
Show of hands!
How many on this cruise for the first time?
She watched about one-third of the hands go up, including those of Michael and Paul.
You newbies would be well advised to watch your more experienced cuckolded sisters at work learn from them.
We have high standards aboard this ship, and expect you to serve, work hard, and obey.
All your owners have signed consent forms for your punishment.
We do not tolerate mistakes in poor performance.
She stopped in front of an older man.
I know you.
He bobbed a slight curtsy and kept his eyes glued to the floor.
Yes, Miss Wanda, this is my fourth cruise.
My owner is Mr. Steyan, and she is on this cruise with Master Blake.

A good example, Wanda said, of how to address a superior on this ship, polite and direct.

You would all do well to follow this cuckold's example.

She turned back to the older cuckold.

What is your name?

I am Sissy Tammy.

She reached out to caress his cheek.

Tammy, would you like to show the others the penalty for disobedience?

I would be honored, Miss Wanda.

Miss Delgado will demonstrate a typical punishment.

She turned to Tammy.

You know what to do.

Thank you, Miss Wanda.

Sissy Tammy stepped from the line, walked in small, mincing steps to Sonia, curtsy,

turned and pulled down his slacks and shorts, exposing his chastity device.

Sonia stepped forward, circling the sissy and running her hand over his bare bottom.

We have two dungeon playrooms on this ship.

You may find yourself in one of those, either to be punished for any number of offenses or simply as entertainment.

Many infractions are dealt with on the spot, with a crop, a cane or a paddle.

Punishments are meted out in the English manner in sets of six.

She turned to Sonia and nodded.

Sonia delivered a stinging blow with the crop, raising a red welt to cross Tammy's buttocks.

Each cabin is equipped with a hairbrush, cane, crop and wooden paddle, Wanda explained.

Although I'm sure many of your wives and girlfriends brought their own favorite implements,

the crop switched through the air a second time, painting another welt parallel to the first on Tammy's bottom.

The sissy cuckolded flinched but held position.

Sonia patted Tammy's head, good girl.

Cuckolds, Wanda continued, may be punished by anyone and need to accept their fate with grace and humility.

The third blow with the crop fell on the back of Tammy's thigh.

A young cuckold in the crowd shook with each blow, seeming to feel it more than Tammy.

Don't fidget an older cuckold whispered, get hold of yourself.

Each cuckold will be assigned to clean the lovers cabin each day and keep it clean.

Assistant housekeeping stewards will familiarize you with the process.

They will also inspect the work and those failing to meet our stringent standards,

Wanda turned to caress Tammy's cheek as the fourth blow with the crop painted a welt on the opposite thigh.

We'll be punished.

She bent down to whisper in Tammy's ear.

Two more darling, you're doing very well.

You will also be assigned other tasks and be used for various entertainments, and I have some wonderful things planned.

Well, perhaps not wonderful for you.

Wanda nodded to Sonia, who smiled and delivered the hardest blow yet, making Tammy yelp.

No doubt you will all receive punishment during our voyage.

Resign yourself to your fate.

You are less than men.

The real men will be betting your wives and girlfriends.

You will suffer.

Physically and emotionally on this cruise.

The final strike of the crop fell on Tammy's welted bottom.

There is no escape.

The shaken cuckles watched as Sissy Tammy fell to his knees, shuffled around and

bent forward to place loving kisses on Miss Sonia's conservative black pumps. Sonia looked at the assembled cuckles. You will be expected to show sincere appreciation for all punishments. Now, concerning uniforms and dress, how many Sissy cucks do we have? Wanda asked. Over half the cucks raised their hands. Sonia's eyes twinkled. I like Sissy's. They don't give you any trouble, and you can work their ruffled, pantied asses off. Give me a staff of nothing but Sissy's, and I'll give you the cleanest cruise ship ever. And most of them are cute as hell when they get all dressed up, Wanda said, as an aside to Sonia. She returned her attention to the group. Your owners have informed us of your uniform requirements for the voyage. Most of the time you will be in that mode. We have the Sissy's in darling, girly uniforms. Some of you will be in shorts and white t-shirts, and a few of you will be naked with only wrist and ankle cuffs and a collar. Where your uniforms, whatever they may be with pride, sloppy uniforms will result in punishment. Sonia stepped forward. You will find a briefing book when you return to your cabin. It is more information. Study it carefully. In case you're wondering, Wanda said, there are more cuckles on the ship. This is the briefing for those with cabins on the port side. The cocks on the starboard side are receiving their safety and security briefing, and you will have your safety briefing when Miss Delgado and I go talk to the other group. Remember, be polite, obey. She smiled. Serve and suffer. Chapter 2. Promenade Emily Barnes pulled her long red hair through the scrunchie, slipped her sunglasses back on over her emerald green eyes, and reclined in the lounge chair. Her long-intoned legs glistened with the suntan oil, her lover Dwight, recently applied. She reached out her right hand and grasped Dwight's hand. Hmmm, this is heaven. I don't know why we didn't do this sooner. Let's start a tradition, Dwight said. He stretched, relaxed, and crossed his muscled legs. An annual getaway. Emily watched the people pass by. Even without their telltale pink shirts, it was always easy to spot the cuckles in a group like this. Yes, she sighed. I'd like that. She turned to look at her mother Monique, who was perusing the many planned events on the cruise itinerary with her lover Aaron. What do you think, Mom, make this a yearly thing? It's certainly an entertaining thought, Monique said. We'll have to see how this one goes, but yes, it could be fun. And let's make sure Sarah comes with us. Three generations of barns women, their lovers and their cuckles. The pride was evident on her face, as she imagined what their cuckolded husbands were doing. She smiled, thinking of how Paul and Michael had been convinced to take their wives' last names when they married. Should it been your first clue, Monique mused?

Oh, that would be fun, Emily giggled.

I wonder how our girls are doing.

The girls, Paul, Polly, and Michael, Mimi were in Monique's cabin, helping each other get dressed.

Michael was on his back on the bed, allowing the adhesive on his enormous fake breasts to dry.

Paul was already fastening his bra.

Michael had helped him with his tits first.

Five more minutes, Paul said, and you can start dressing.

Monique's husband was medium-height, five-nine, with a slight frame and thinning gray hair.

His lean body was the result of a stringent diet and exercise regimen demanded by his goddess wife Monique.

He rolled stockings up his legs and fastened them to an eight-strap black satin garter belt.

Any woman would have been impressed with the practiced, efficient manner in which he performed the task.

We're in the show on Tuesday. It's on the schedule.

I didn't see that, Michael's fingers brushed delicately over his faux breasts.

He lightly stroked the nipples, and swore he could feel the sensation in his chastised sissy-clitty.

Of course he couldn't, but he'd been trained and conditioned to react when anyone, master or mistress, fondled his titties.

You need to read the schedule, Paul admonished. They'll be held to pay if we miss anything or fail to perform a task.

I will.

You probably also need to know that Mistress Monique and Mistress Emily will be redoing their wedding vows.

Oh! a pained look flashed across Michael's face.

Emily had been excited about that when she originally looked at the activities available on the cruise.

Oh, look, Mimi! The captain of the ship will be performing special cuckolded wedding vows during the cruise.

Mother and I can get married to Dwight and Aaron.

Sort of.

Mother says you and Polly can be our bridesmaids. Won't that be fun?

Paul pulled a pink dress over his head.

You can start dressing now, he told Michael.

When Michael rose, he felt the weight of the breasts and cradled them under his left arm as he grabbed his bra with his right.

On Michael's small five-seven frame, the thirty-eight double G. behemoths stood out like a mountain range.

He caught a glimpse of himself as he fastened the black lacy bra.

His brown hair was cut short.

Mistress Emily had decided against growing his hair and making him style it.

Instead, her sissy cuckold had a number of wigs suitable for whatever occasion she required.

For the cruise, Paul and Michael were to wear matching pink dresses and cute, strawberry blond, bobbed wigs.

Due to luggage and travel restrictions, the sissy cuckles were traveling light.

They each had a basic, short sleeve, pink, microfiber, travel dress, an outfit that could be washed by hand every evening and ready to go the next day.

Before leaving for the cruise, the sissy cucks had been instructed to shorten the hemlines,

sewing being one of the skills they acquired as sissymaids.

So the dresses were now scandalously short and revealed stocking tops and garter straps,

and often a glimpse of chastity devices.

Their primary shoes for the cruise were black, patent, peep-toe pumps with substantial five-and-a-half-inch heels.

Rather than a spindly stiletto, a style they commonly wore, these shoes had a heel strike about the size of a quarter.

Monique and Emily decided these shoes would be better on a ship that might pitch

and roll,
giving the girls better footing, albeit still in high heels.
The girls each took a mirror, Paul in the tiny bathroom, and Michael at the one over the small desk.
They began applying their makeup.
As cuckles would be on public display, their wives decided they wanted their girls to show a bit more glam on this trip.
So lots of dark eyeliner drawn to a sexy cat eye, metallic blue eyeshadow, and long false lashes gave the sissy cucks true fuck me eyes.
Blush and pink lip gloss finished off their look.
The girls each dropped mascara and lip gloss into the pockets of the delicate white aprons they tied around their wastes.
"Our callers," Paul said, in their haste they had forgotten to put on their callers.
They quickly fastened the pink patent leather callers around their necks and pinned their name tags on the dresses.
"You look very pretty," Paul said to Michael.
"Thank you," Michael reflexively bent one knee and bobbed a curtsy of acknowledgment, a behavior that had been trained into him.
The two sissy cucks moved closer to one another, their lips meeting in a tender kiss.
Michael's lips parted slightly as Paul's tongue probed and met his own.
White-clubbed hands roamed up the sissy's dresses, finding each other's breasts. Soft moans filled the cabin as the sissy cucks shared a tender and intimate moment.
Monique and Emily encouraged such sissy intimacies as long as the kissy kiss playtime never interfered with their duties.
"Let the little darlings have some kissy face and a little petting," Monique joked.
"They certainly won't get any real sex ever."
"Such she-mail romantics actually proved entertaining and amusing to the mistresses, masters and guests, and proved to be quite humiliating for the cuckles to be put on such public display.
"All in all," Emily surmised, "a win win."
The sissy cuckles ended their kiss and then touched up their lips before mincing out of the cabin to join the other cuckles for further training and in processing.
The initial boarding uniforms of white slacks and pink t-shirts were now being replaced with the various clothing requirements for the crews as dictated by the wives and girlfriends.
The paul and michael marveled at the diverse looks sported by the assembled cuckles.
As expected, there was a number of pink satin and black and white French maids. A few slaves were naked, save for a collar, an ankle and wrist cuffs.
There were one or two formal butlers, a naughty schoolgirl, a 1950s secretary, and a poodle.
Some hapless cuckled was going to spend the crews on his hands and knees, with his hands locked into white paws.
His three puff-poodle tail was held in place by a large pink butt-plug.
A crystal-studded pink collar went around his neck, and elaborate head-harners contained a snout and ears.
At least we're not a dog, Paul whispered. He'll probably get nothing but dog-food or table scraps.
Michael's eyes widened. You think so? I've seen worse.
A female member of the crew, in the standard white uniform dress in black pumps, walked along the side the line of cuckles.
This is your coming-out party. All of you sweet cuckolds will be paraded twice around the promenade deck,
and then twice around the upper deck so everyone can get a good look at you.
You will exhibit whatever behaviors your owners have trained you to do at home. Swish, crawl, mince, walk, whatever. The idea is to display the many ways a man, if you can still call yourself that, can be made into a cuckold.
Paul and Michael turned to look at each other, making sure their dainty aprons

were centered, and the lines of their pink dresses were smooth. Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the 2000 Ultimate Experience Cuckold Crews. Paul and Michael shared a wide-eyed look as Crews' entertainment director Wanda's voice came over the ship's public address system. We hope everyone is getting settled in. We are looking forward to a great time. Our crew and staff are here to serve you and answer any questions. Also, here to serve you are this year's cuckolds. Are you ready to get a look at them?

Applause, cheers, and laughter was the response heard throughout the ship. Then let's get ready to party.

Here are your 2013 Crews Cuckolds.

Female crew members holding black leather crops were positioned and spaced evenly along the line of cuckolds.

They started the cucks on their parade route, using slaps of their crops and verbal taunts.

Let's go, cuckolds. Everyone wants to get a good look at you.

I want to see enthusiasm sluts. You should be happy your wife or girlfriend is getting some real cuck.

Come on, sissies. Work at girls. Paul and Michael fell into their walk, a well-rehearsed posture that was now natural for them.

Their left hands were placed sexually on their hips. Their upper right arms were held close to their bodies, and their elbows were bent, so the right forearms were held at a 45-degree angle.

Their right wrists were limp. They strutted forward in their sissy posture, placing one high-heeled foot in front of the other in an exaggerated catwalk strut that added a sensuous roll to their hips.

The cuckolds were paraded around the ship. Lovers everywhere enjoyed the spectacle. Many couples called out to their cuckold as he passed by, drawing even more attention to the humiliated male.

Oh, look! a middle-aged woman with her Hispanic lover said. There's Jenny. Skip, sweetie!

The woman pointed to her cuckold husband in a pretty pink party dress with his hair and pigtails. The cissified male skipped and blew sissy kisses to the crowd.

Here they come, Monique tapped Emily's shoulder. Mother and daughter and their lovers watched the cuckold parade approach.

It's incredible to see all the forms a cuckold can take. Monique marveled as she watched the diverse group begin to pass by.

I suppose it's mostly about what the wife or girlfriend wants in the relationship, Emily responded, but I do notice most of the cuckolds are either cissified or very slave-like.

Monique seemed to consider this. Yes, I guess that's to be expected. Perhaps it is difficult for a woman to balance something other than two men in her life.

Obviously her lover, the man she goes to for cuck, she padded Erin's thigh affectionately, represents the man, the alpha male, in her life.

It's probably easier to maintain a man and slave, or man and sissy relationship rather than a relationship with two men, even if one of the men is submissive.

I think the demarcation between alpha males and sissy is easier to maintain.

Oh, look, here come our girls. Emily raised her sunglasses to watch Paul and Michael strut by. Their sissy arms held just so, and their hips swaying with every step of their high heel.

They do look lovely. I think those pink dresses are going to work well for them, mother, although they are quite short.

The lady's lovers smiled at the side of the cissified husbands.

So many well-behaved cuckolds, Erin noted. Have you ever seen so many sissies in one place?

Too bad Sarah and Stephen had to miss this cruise, Dwight said. I know Sarah would have liked it.

Yes, Emily's hand stroked up and down to Dwight's muscled thigh, coming to land on his crotch.

Her fingers tracing the bulge of his massive cuck, residing beneath the fabric. A smile turned up at the corners of her mouth. Yes, she would have, wouldn't she?

Emily squeezed the cuck, taking in its strength and firmness, and thought back

to the day she and Michael first brought baby Sarah home.

Chapter 3. Induction

Emily sat in the rocking chair with Sarah swaddled in her arms. Mother and daughter rocked back and forth.

She was tired from the hospital's stay. It showed in her face. But her eyes held warmth and excitement as she rocked slowly holding daughter Sarah close.

The nursery was perfect. Michael had labored hard to make it conform to Emily's exact specifications.

The room was dark, the only illumination coming from the bathroom, where Emily could see Michael on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor with disinfectant. She took Sarah's tiny hand and hers. Wave to Daddy, she whispered. See him cleaning your bathroom floor? That's what cuckolded fathers do.

Your daddy loves us very much. He is devoted to us and will do whatever he can to make us happy.

Emily smiled as Sarah crinkled her nose and made a face. My daughter will grow up to be a strong and beautiful woman.

You are a barn and barns women are strong willed and highly sexual. But you needn't worry about that for several years.

Mommy will teach you, just like my mother taught me.

Emily looked up to see Michael still on his hands and knees, now cleaning the toilet.

You'll need to find a husband like Daddy, someone who will make his whole world about you. Provide for you. There are men like that.

Men who will do anything for your happiness. Mommy and Grandma will teach you how to find them.

They did teach Sarah, by example. The child grew up in a loving home and although the day-to-day running of the household might have been different from that of Sarah's friends, the young girl took it for granted that what she experienced was normal.

Indeed, she saw little difference in the way that Grandpa and Grandma lived.

There was affection shown in both homes, and Grandpa and her father were devoted to their wives and to her.

There were differences in what she saw when she visited the homes of her friends and schoolmates, but those differences seemed to be for the positive.

No one ever argued in a barn's home. There were no divorces, no squabbles over money and spending. A barn's house was always clean and well ordered.

Sarah did notice as she grew older that father and Grandpa did more housework than other fathers she saw. In fact, Sarah rarely saw her mother or grandma do any housework.

When Sarah would ask about that, she would always be greeted with a smile and mother or grandma would say, they simply love to pitch in and help. Maybe you'll find a man like that someday.

While Sarah saw affection displayed in both households, it was muted. She rarely saw grandma or mother kiss their husbands on the lips. Normally it was a peck on the cheek, accompanied by, you're such a good husband. Or, that was sweet of you dear.

Neither grandma nor mother was bossy, yet they clearly ran things, and the men in the family quickly performed whatever tasks they were given.

Since all of this occurred in loving households, Sarah grew up thinking it was the natural and correct way to live.

As might be expected, given these real-life examples, Sarah grew up emulating the behaviors of the strong women in her life. Mother and grandmother took pains to ensure she wasn't a spoiled brat. But the de facto result was that she did grow up, seeing the men in her immediate family in a servile capacity.

Yes, there were father and grandfather, but they served the women in the family and served them cheerfully, efficiently, and with seeming enjoyment in the act. To Sarah, it was the way the world worked, and mother and grandmother couldn't be happier.

Growing up it was completely natural for Sarah to hold up her glass as Michael walked by and say,

I want more ice tea, and the dutiful father would smile and bring his precious daughter her tea.

Or, for Sarah to say, Daddy, I'll need my denim skirt and peasant blouse for tomorrow, and Michael would have it washed, ironed, and hung in her room.

Her female mentors taught her manners and grace when in public how to be charming to say please and thank you.

But within the barn's household the women were served by the men. It was the natural order of things.

There was always a veneer of affection, politeness, and respect, but the men served.

The women were served.

The reveal came a few months after Sarah's 19th birthday. She was summoned to the morning room where she found mother and grandmother, sitting regally in wingback chairs with father and grandfather standing beside their wives.

It struck her as a bit formal, but she shrugged it off. There were no problems she was aware of.

Sarah, my darling, Monique rose to embrace her granddaughter and offer her a seat in a nearby chair.

Grandmother, Sarah turned to her mother. Mother, Monique, the matriarch of the family, took control of the proceedings.

You've grown into a beautiful young woman.

She was beautiful. She had the same flaming red hair and blazing green eyes as her mother.

At five ten she was even taller than her mother, and an active and athletic lifestyle encouraged by her mentors had given her a firm and toned body.

Sarah blushed. She thought her mother and grandmother were beautiful. Her mother never failed to attract looks from men, young and old. To the young baggers at the local market she was the ultimate milk.

Grandmother was statuesque, taller than Sarah, with a sleek body honed by daily yoga and pilates.

She wore her salt and pepper hair in a shorter bob, refusing to color it and reveling in how good she looked at her age.

Her black eyes now fixed on Sarah.

There's no doubt you are a barn's woman, Monique said, and your mother and I are quite proud of the woman you've become.

Grandmother, what is this Monique held up her hand? Please, allow me to continue.

Sarah cast furtive glances to her mother and grandmother, bit her lower lip and nodded.

Monique relaxed and sat back in her chair, crossing her legs, the rustle of expensive stockings catching Sarah's ear.

It was only last year on Sarah's eighteenth birthday that her mother took her shopping for new lingerie at an expensive boutique.

Emily introduced her daughter to garter belts, stockings, and expensive and very sensual bras and panties.

You wear this stuff, Mom? Sarah held up a sexy, sick-strapped satin garter belt. I do, Emily said.

So does your grandmother. It makes a woman feel sexy, sensual, pretty, and powerful.

Even when men cannot see the items, they see the effect it has on you.

How you act, react, and carry yourself.

And when they do catch a glimpse of stocking-top, well,

Sarah reached up and caressed as she was stocking on a mannequin's leg.

And you wear this stuff for Dad?

Emily thought for a moment, a coy smile on her lips.

Your father knows when I go out in something like this, it will be a special evening, indeed.

She reached out and caressed Sarah's cheek.

Someday you will wear something like this for a special someone.

Now let's pick out something to make you feel pretty and sexy.

Monique's voice brought Sarah back to the present.

You've noticed that our households are different from those of your friends, I'm sure.

Sarah nodded slowly.

You and Mother seem to be in charge more than what I've seen in my friends' houses.

I mean, it's not weird. Everybody gets along.

You and Grandpa, mom and dad.

We love our husbands, and they cherish and love us.
Monique reached out and Paul placed his hand in hers.
Anything else? You mean like Dad and Grandpa do all the housework?
She shrugged.
It's not something I've seen anywhere else, but like I said, everybody always seemed happy and in love.
I admit we aren't like other families. Monique smiled at Emily.
But there are reasons for that, and today everything will be revealed to you.
Sarah tried to make light of the situation to hide her nervousness.
We're not like aliens or something, are we?
Monique chuckled and cocked her head.
To many people what we do and how we live may seem alien, but it's simply different.
Okay, Sarah let out a breath and rubbed her hands on her skirt.
Is there something our husbands are submissive, sissy cuckles?
Monique watched Sarah's reaction.
Submissive, sissy, Sarah scrunched her eyebrows.
Cuckles? Sarah looked at her father and grandfather.
Both of their faces were red with shame.
Sissy? Like in a girly boy?
In essence, Monique explained, more feminine, softer, sweeter, more demure and compliant.
Sarah's eyes went wide, trying to comprehend it all.
Sissy's? Sissy's? How?
Do they wear dresses and stuff?
Sarah, let me explain a bit more and then your mother and I will answer all your questions.
Monique looked up at Paul.
Paulie, why don't you bring us some wine?
Sarah watched as her grandfather actually bent his knee in a curtsy and whispered,
yes, misters.
She turned and watched as he walked to the kitchen.
His steps now more dainty and feminine.
Paulie? Sarah looked at her grandmother.
Paulie?
Paulie is his sissy name, Monique explained.
We give our sissy husbands sissy names, often feminizing their male name.
So Paul, Paulie?
Sarah looked at her mother.
Does dad have one? I mean a sissy name?
His name is Mimi.
Please, Sarah, Emily leaned forward.
Listen to your grandmother with an open mind.
I will, Mom.
Sarah turned to Monique.
I'm listening.
The barns women have always been strong-willed.
We would not be tamed by the conventions of marriage,
although we value the institution for its multiple advantages.
Therefore, we select certain types of men as mates and marriage partners.
Your father and grandfather exhibited such husband material.
They were chosen for their ability as earners to provide for their families,
for their loyalty and devotion to their wives, and for their behavioral and sexual proclivities.
The barns women prefer sissies as husbands.
As you have seen while you were growing up, your father is quite skilled at cooking,
cleaning, doing laundry, and taking care of the house.
Such men are easy to train.
They possess a genuine willingness to perform, to submit, and to obey.
Monique paused.
Do you have any questions before I continue?
Dad?

Sarah looked at her father.
Is this true?
Are you a sissy?
Michael took a deep breath to quell the nervousness in his stomach.
He had known this day was coming, and now...
Yes, Miss Sarah, I am a sissy.
There I said it.
It's out.
He felt his cock stirring in his chastity cage.
Despite the shame and humiliation, the situation excited him more than he had expected.
Polly entered the room and bent at the waist, and extended the tray to each of the women,
who took a glass of wine.
He set the tray on the sideboard and resumed his place, standing by Monique's chair.
Sarah was glad of the small break.
She took a drink of wine and fixed her gaze on her mother.
Mom?
So you knew?
You knew Dad was a sissy when you married him?
Yes, baby.
We look for them.
Call them out from the herd of males.
Sejuice them and marry them.
But why?
Sarah looked in turn at her grandfather, father, and back to her grandmother.
To have the best of all that life can offer, Monique said, a nice home and security,
a devoted and loyal husband, who is also a housekeeper.
Think of them as sissy wives, and the ability to enjoy lovers in our beds.
Sarah nearly spit up her wine.
Lovers.
Other men?
You sleep with other men?
She stared at her mother.
Mother?
You've had a fierce?
Well, married to Dad?
Remember, Emily said, when we told you that your father is a submissive sissy cuckold?
That's the cuckold part.
Sarah silently mouthed the word cuckold.
A cuckold is a husband whose wife is unfaithful to him, with his knowledge.
Emily paused to let that sink in.
Dad, you know about this?
About mom having men and affairs?
Yes, Miss Sarah.
Mistress Emily needs to have lovers in her life.
Sarah noticed how the men, sissies, their sissies, were so formal, calling her miss, and mother,
and grandmother mistress, and those little curtsies.
They are acting like sissies, just standing there all the words sweet and demure, popped
into her mind.
What was it, grandma said?
A feminine, softer, sweet, demure, compliant?
She looked again to her grandmother, hoping for something that would bring all this into focus.
Lovers?
Other men?
Why?
Monique gave a small chuckle.
Cocks?

Grandma, Sarah's hand flew to cover her open mouth.
This was all too bizarre.
She had always known her family was different, but this was beyond which she could have imagined.
Sarah downed the rest of her wine.
Let me simplify it for you, and then we can go into the details.
Monique snapped her fingers.
Polly, your granddaughter needs more wine.
Polly retrieved the wine bottle from the tray, and stepped forward in his feminine walk.
Miss Sarah, he poured more wine and returned to his place.
Sarah eyed him over the rim of her glass as she took a sip.
Are these, um, sissies always so polite and formal?
They can be trained that way, Monique said, which is what your mother and I have done.
It's the standard of service we prefer from our sissy husbands.
Sarah giggled, perhaps the wine.
Cocks?
Really, grandma, cocks?
Monique's face became serene and blissful.
Oh, yes, a cock, a real cock, is a wonderful thing to be enjoyed by a woman.
Sarah scrunched her eyebrows once more.
She pointed to her father.
Don't they, don't sissies have cocks?
Emily sighed.
Really, no, sweetheart.
That's one reason they are submissive sissy cock-olds.
Their cocks cannot really please a woman.
We actually call their things clitties.
Sissies have sissy clitties.
Barns of women are sexual.
It is our nature to want to enjoy superior alpha males and their cocks.
Monique waved a dismissive hand, which is why we lock up sissy cocks.
She noted Sarah's shocked expression.
Yes, our ciccisies are in chastity devices, denied access to their clitties, and denied
the normal sexual release available to a man.
Barns women need real men for cocks.
They need to be filled with a cock, Emily joined the conversation.
Therefore, we need lovers.
The sissies provide a stable home life, meet societal conventions of marriage, take care
of the home and children, and provide their own kind of love.
Own kind of love?
Sarah brushed a lock of hair away from her face.
Yes, sweetheart, Emily continued,
A sissy makes love like a woman, sweet, gentle, loving with their mouth and lips and tongue.
We'd like that, too.
Emily sat back.
So, for several generations, Barns women have sought out and married sissies who were good
providers.
We have given ourselves the freedom to take other lovers.
We love our husbands, and know they love us, but they can't be the men in our lives.
Whoa, Sarah finished the last of the wine in her glass.
This is some heavy shit.
In G. Darling, Monique smiled, heavy shit.
For a few moments the room was silent, save for the ticking of a mantel clock.
So, Sarah collected her thoughts.
You said your husbands are sissies, and you said they even dress that way sometimes, and
they don't have sex, because they're in chastity, and you have sex with lovers,

and this has
been going on.
How long?
Since before you were born, Emily said, we've obviously been discreet.
But believe me, it has been going on all the time.
Mimi stripped.
Sarah saw the flushed face of her father, and the pained look on his face, but
noted how
he obeyed.
Sissies obeyed and served, and started to remove his clothing.
Sarah's eyes went wide when he stood before her in a white bra and full-cut
white-laced
panties.
Show her the device, Mimi, Emily ordered.
Mimi slipped the women's panties down to reveal a clear acrylic chastity device.
Oh, my God!
Sarah pointed a finger at the chastity device.
His cock is in there.
His clitty, Monique reminded, men have cocks.
Sissies have clitties, and yes, they fit into something that small.
She shrugged.
So you can see why we need lovers.
Real men to pleasure us.
And he's wearing panties in a bra?
Sarah shook her head.
You said he wears a dress, too?
He has a full sissy wardrobe of dresses, lingerie, shoes, and a maid's uniform,
Emily said.
When you're not at home, he usually dresses as a woman, it fits his sissy self
better,
and now that you know about all this, he'll be dressing in femme even more.
And these lovers?
Sarah exchanged glances with her mother and grandmother.
Again, discreet, Monique said, although now we will be more open with it in the
home.
You know those evenings every week when your mother and I would go to our social
group?
We were seeing lovers.
Some of the vacations we went on were taken with our lovers and our sissies.
Dad is, or was sometimes there?
When you were with your lover?
As is sissy, your father is very helpful.
Sometimes he helps me bathe and dress and get ready to meet my lover.
Sometimes he will make our date reservations, or sometimes he will be our
chauffeur, and there are even more personal duties.
Sarah narrowed her eyes.
Personal duties?
If my lover is amenable, your father might suck his cock to get him hard from my
pleasure, or he might perform clean-up duties.
Licking me in my lover clean.
No way! Dad's a fluffer?
Monique nodded.
I believe that is the adult industry term.
Sarah shot her father in angry look.
You do that. You've done that. You've sucked the cocks of men that mom is
cheating on you with?
Answer her, Mimi. Emily commanded. Mimi's voice was soft.
Yes, Miss Sarah, I do that.
It brings your mother and her lovers great pleasure for me to participate in
that way.
And her mother is not cheating. She has lovers with my full blessing and
cooperation.
She needs them for her pleasures. Pleasures that a sissy cannot provide.
Sarah looked at the empty wine glass in her hand and placed it on the table. She

held up her hands.

Okay, this is obviously a lot to take in. I always knew our families were different, but...

So now what? You've told me what's been going on and that you all are going to do it more openly now.

I guess she shrugged. Hey, if it makes you happy.

Monique rose from her chair and walked to Sarah, putting a loving hand on her shoulder.

It's your turn now, my dear. You are the next generation of barns of women.

Monique pointed to the two males.

These sissies must now serve and obey you as well, more than they ever did before.

Emily joined them, sitting on the arm of the chair. She took Sarah's hand in hers.

It's time for you to find your true, strong inner woman. Grandmother and I will help you as those before helped us.

We will teach you and mentor you so you may find your own sissy husband and enjoy lovers and the complete freedom and lifestyle of being a barns of woman.

They each took a hand and pulled Sarah from the chair. It's your time, Monique said. Let us help you, Emily said.

Sarah looked at her mother and grandmother. Really big cocks? Emily hugged her daughter.

Baby, you have no idea.

Chapter 4, Exploring.

Would you like another glass of wine? What? Dwight's question brought Emily's attention back to the here and now.

Yes, another glass of wine would be lovely. Thank you. Sorry, my mind was somewhere else.

Monique reached out and patted Emily's leg. Relaxed dear, this is a vacation.

It's okay to let your mind wander.

She sat back in her chair and resumed her perusal of activities for the next few days.

It's our darling cuckolded husbands who need to keep their minds focused this week.

She glanced at her watch. The shops will open in another hour. I'd like to see what they are offering before we dress for the show and dinner.

The ship seemed to increase in size as Paul and Michael and the other cuckles began their second lap around the deck.

Wearing heels and taking tiny sissy steps was making the cuckolded parade take forever.

Michael watched one of the uniformed crew members, a tall Eastern European woman with her blonde hair pulled back in a bun,

attacked the skipping sissy cuckolded with her crop. It's obvious the cuckolded was tiring out, but the evil bitch with the crop was having none of it.

Skip, show me sissy arms. You are pathetic. You embarrass wife and lover. She continued to berate him in her thick accent as she landed blows on his thighs and buttocks with her crop.

I'm not tired. I beat you all day sissy. She hit him again. Michael saw another crew member approaching.

She was watching the prancing cuckles and lightly tapping a crop in her hand.

Michael put an extra swish in his hips and let his wrists dangle even looser. He was determined to make mistress Emily and master Dwight proud of him on this cruise,

and he desperately wanted to avoid trouble. The cuckolded parade wound through the buffet dining area to the hoots and haulers from the passengers,

enjoying a light snack. More than once a hand reached out to Pat Michael's bottom or stroke his stocking to leg. He was used to being groped.

Mistress Emily always allowed her guests and lovers to take liberties with her sissy cuck. She knew he basked in such attention.

The cuck parade was a humiliating experience for many of the cuckles, who lived alternative lives behind closed doors, confronted only by their wife girlfriend and her lovers. Now, here they were in their cuck uniforms, on display to a boatload of what they could only consider superior males and females.

On this voyage, the cuckles were the lowest of the low. The shame was obvious on

many of their faces, the way they looked away, or at the deck as they were being led around the ship. Many physically winced when mistress and master called out to them. One of the more familiar taunts from the crowd dealt with the many chastity devices on view. All the cuckles were painfully aware of their shortcomings as lovers, as men, yet the abuse heaped on today took it to new levels.

Listen up, cookies! One of the crew members said as they led the cuckles around the final lap. As you pass your owners, you will fall out of line and join them. Those that don't see their owners will return to their cabins when we are through.

There over by the pool, Paul said, his voice hushed. Mistress Monique and Emily. Yes, I saw, Michael replied. The two cuckles fell out of line gracefully when they approached their wives, each minced forward and curtseid.

You two looked very pretty out there. You did well, Mistress Monique said. The girls, in identical pink dresses and blonde bob wigs, executed synchronous curtsies.

Thank you, Mistress.

Mimi rubbed my feet, Emily ordered. Michael fell gracefully to his knees, planted a reverent kiss on each foot, and then began his foot massage. You, Monique Commanded Polly, can fetch another round of beers for our lovers. Paul glanced to the table to see what the men had been drinking, curtsied and wiggled away.

Around the deck, cuckles were engaged in any number of activities, foot worship, neck rubs, serving as a footstool, fetching drinks or food, or simply waiting patiently to serve.

Overt sexual acts would be kept behind closed doors, or confined to special playrooms. However, one could look around the milling people and see hookups already being made for the orgy rooms later in the evening.

Upon Paul's return with the beers for the lovers, he was ordered to kneel at Monique's feet and put into footstool duty as the lovers chatted.

The crews had gotten off with a good start, and everyone knew the role they would play in the coming days and nights.

An hour later, the group left to visit the shops before returning to their cabins. Monique and Emily walked arm in arm with their lovers as their pink, frocked, cuckled husbands teetered silently behind on their heels.

They took the stairs rather than the elevator, passing and greeting other lovers with their cuckles obediently in tow.

Paul and Michael were essentially ignored by their wives and lovers until being ordered to do something.

They were simply there—things, service objects to be used and then put away again until needed.

Indeed, some of the hardest disciplines for a submissive to master were patience, stillness, and silence.

They stopped their downward passage when they reached the main deck and moved into the shop area.

There was the usual collection of duty-free liquor, jewelry, souvenirs, and sundries available.

But this cruise featured a selection of unique pop-up shops catering to those who enjoyed alternative lifestyles.

Standing at the entrance, perched atop gleaming six-inch patent stilettos was an explosion of pink satin and white lace.

The creature was stunning, albeit in a decidedly over-the-top, cicified style.

His white opera-length hand swept demurely toward the interior of Miss Margaret's sissy fashions,

made to order outfits available in a wide variety of styles, colors, and materials.

His other hand held a white basket lined in pink satin full of business cards and brochures.

Mistress Monique stopped to look the sissy over. Her hands traced the hem of his dress.

Oh, this is lovely! Do we need an appointment?

The living man can bob to curtsy.

It is best my lady, Miss Margaret works personally with each client to design to

their specifications and exact measurements to ensure a custom fit. The process takes approximately one hour. Mimi, Emily did not even look at her cuckold, knowing he would be there, waiting ready to serve and obey. Take the information. Yes, Monique said. We can check our schedule at dinner and see when we can set up appointments. Please enjoy your cruise. The sissy curtsy again, and blue kisses to Paul and Michael, as Mimi took two brochures and two business cards from the basket. Monique and Emily chatted about the possible new custom outfits from Miss Margaret's sissy fashions as they continued to move through the shops. We could do complete matching or simply complementary colors, one in black with pink trim, and one in pink with black trim, Emily said. Monique nodded. Exactly, and I'm sure since the outfits are custom made, there will be options. Maybe to have the ability to lock the outfits on and coordinating gloves, this should be fun. The white turned to flash a smile at the cuckolds. You girls would look very pretty, I'll dress up like that. Both cuckolds bowed their head in whispered, Thank you, master. A submissive sissy cuckold always acknowledges a compliment, Michael thought. Neither Paul nor Michael was a cross dresser when they married Monique and Emily. Feminization, however, was part of the barn's protocol for their cuckolds. As a barn's woman stalked and selected her mate, she looked for traits that would enable feminization, in addition to the traits of loyalty, devotion, and being a good provider. A man who was well groomed, a man who noticed her clothing, or a man who would readily go shopping with her was the type of man who would adapt more easily to becoming a feminized sissy. Many men are sissies deep inside. They simply require a dominant female to unleash and dress their inner sissy. In addition, barns women believed their alpha lovers are more comfortable in a house where there's only one male presence. Raven's realm was the next shop that drew their attention. Emily was drawn to a half-mannequin torso on a display table. Thick black leather straps and gleaming chrome made up in elaborate upper body harness. What she focused on, however, was the strap-on in large cock jutting out from the loins of the mannequin. Her hand caressed the leather of the strap-on harness. This is so smooth, most exquisite. She turned a smile at the white as her finger traced a line along the large faux cock. Darling, it's as if they made it to your image. Only, not quite as large. She turned her gaze to Mimi and smiled when he looked away embarrassed. Michael felt the flush of humiliation red in his face. Master Dwight's cock is bigger. That is why Mistress Emily needs lovers. A barn's woman needed cock, man-sized cock, and he knew Master Dwight's cock well. Only that morning at their hotel he had sucked Master's cock lovingly while Mistress Emily showered. Later that morning, when room service brought the lovers' breakfasts, he crawled beneath the table and sucked and licked Master's balls while the lovers chatted about the upcoming cruise. Pleased with their cuckold's morning services, they allowed him his own breakfast from the table scraps. He had long ago acknowledged his shortcomings and accepted his status as Emily's cuckold husband.

We'll have to come back and check this out, Emily said to her mother. I could use a new strap-on.

A boutique named Forbidden Kingdom was next.

Oh, my! Monique said. This looks interesting.

Monique and Emily gathered around a table with an incredible array of chastity devices.

Ladies, a woman in goth dress and makeup full of piercings greeted them. This cruise we are offering the best in custom-fitted chastity. Get your husband measured for a device that will provide complete denial. She pointed to the shop's sign. The forbidden refers to erections and ejaculations. They become a thing of the past. A denied husband or boyfriend is a docile and obedient one. Emily fingered a belt of stainless steel and silicon. The workmanship is impeccable. We provide everything from geo-tracking to remote shock capability,

the woman said. We have a selection of cock attachments, so you can still have penetrative sex with your husband, although he won't feel anything.

Anal accessories are also available in a wide variety of options.

They are nice, Monique observed, but they don't look airport friendly. No. For that, we recommend one of the commercially available acrylic or silicone devices.

The tattooed woman looked over the two sissy cuckles, but really, how often do you travel with a cuckolded? My own is nearly always at home, a happy domesticated sissy.

Emily turned to Monique. These are a definite upgrade from what our girls wear at home, and the options, she picked up a large butt plug attachment. Monique turned to her cuckolded.

Make appointments for you and Mimi to get fitted. Emily and I will consider what options we want. Paul Kurtzied. Yes, Mistress. Can you imagine never holding your cock in your hands, ever again? Dwight said, or ever having your cock in your wife, forever denied marital relations, or to never have an erection or ejaculate, Erin added, I'd go crazy.

Monique turned and playfully slapped her lover, Erin. You are embarrassing the girls.

I think our cuckolded girls are quite comfortable with the fates they've been consigned to.

Inty, both Paul and Michael were blushing with shame at Dwight and Erin's goading.

Both cuckles had long ago accepted their fates, but it was still humiliating to be reminded they were less than men, especially by their wife's lovers. Emily pulled Dwight's arm around her waist as they continued to stroll among the shops. This is going to be such a lovely lovely cruise. She turned to blow her cuckolded Mimi a kiss.

Chapter 5. Memories. Mimi knelt before Emily. His gloved hands carefully fastening the garter strap to the sheer seemed stocking. Mistress was getting ready for dinner and an evening of fun and entertainment.

Now the panties, she said, she watched as Mimi held out the exquisite and sexy panties.

Her cuckolded, sissy-made husband pulled the panties up and gently over the stockings and garter belt. She looked it down on her husband and stroked the blonde hair of his wig.

Do you remember the first time you performed this service? When I told you I always wear my panties over my garter belt and stockings for the men in my life? He nuzzled her stockings leg with his cheek and whispered, I do, goddess. Hmm. She let her head fall back and closed eyes. I like goddess. They basked in the silent intimacy for a few moments. Finally, she spoke. I do love you, really. He bent lower, planting a reverent kiss on her foot. I love you, Mistress. She backed away and sat on the edge of the bed, beckoning him forward. Her husband crawled to kiss her feet once more. Come here, she spoke softly, allowing him to rest his head on her thigh as she stroked his hair. Your love for me is pure and unconditional, and that is why I love you so much. No man could ever offer me such a love. He sighed, catching a hint of her musky and sensual scent. She didn't say another man. She said, man, I am not a man to her. I am her sissy. I do love you, Mistress, with all my heart. I know. I will never leave you, Mistress. I would never allow it. The voice hardened just a bit. You are mine, now and always. There is nowhere else I want to be. His voice almost broke with a sob. No one else I want to serve. Yet I take other lovers, deny you sex, punish and humiliate you, and your love persists. In fact, it grows. No man could give me such a love so pure or so strong. No man could ever show such complete devotion. You are my special one, my true love. He nodded his cheek against her thigh. I know. But I am still not a man to her. She stroked his cheek. Yes, I remember the first time you dressed me for a date. We weren't even married. She chuckled. He was so precious that night, so nervous, but so excited. I remember, Mistress, it was Master Richard, and I still get excited helping Mistress prepare for her lovers. I know, sissy. That's why we'll always be together. They became silent. The only sound came from the open balcony door. It was the ship moving through the water. Together they remembered how it all began. Do you really have to do this? His voice was cracking and his hands shook as he attempted to fasten the garter to her stocking. Emily did not look down at him. She simply patted the head of her kneeling boyfriend, Michael. Yes, and you know why, don't you? Do we need to discuss it again? I do understand, Emily, but I'm your boyfriend. I should be the one that, you know, makes love to you. Emily took a deep breath. Mother said he would act this way, even when a sissy initially accepts he is a sissy. A part of him still wants to be the man in my life, as well as an alpha male. Be firm, but proceed slowly, when he cut advised. You do make love to me, baby. You make me feel special like no one else can, but not with your clitty. He winced at the word, at all the new words in their relationship. Sissy, clitty, cuckold. Now the panties, she said. I wear my panties over my garter belt and stockings. Most men like a woman to keep her garter belt and stockings on when they fuck. Her words hit him again. Most men, not other men, because she doesn't see me as a man. He held out the black lace panties and watched as her stockings legs stepped into them. The panties matched the wispy garter belt and sexy bra. He held his breath. God, she's beautiful. He had never seen her in such erotic lingerie, and now

she's wearing it to entice and seduce another man.
Michael was swept off his feet when Emily came into his life. As a shy and timid, yet up-and-coming software designer, he was never a hit with the women. When Emily spent a few moments talking to him in a coffee shop, he asked her out and was stunned when she accepted.
No woman so beautiful, so stylish, so sophisticated, had ever given him the time of day.
Michael received his second surprise when he picked her up for their date. She wore a little black dress that hugged every curve and showed off her long legs. Five-inch heels made her tower over him, something he hadn't noticed in the coffee shop as they sat and talked.
Yet she hung on his every word that night. She even wrapped her hand around his waist as they strolled through an art exhibit after supper.
Michael was smitten. The woman was a goddess, and he noticed many men that night watching the two of them. He couldn't believe it was all happening.
When he dropped her off at her apartment, he timidly looked up for a quick good night kiss. He was surprised when she kissed him with a ferocity and passion he had never known.
His head was still reeling when she bent down again and whispered into his ear, and she was
called to call me. Then she disappeared inside her apartment. The last image of Emily burned into his mind was that dress over her tight bottom, those delectable legs ending in the sexy high heels, and the smile on her face as she turned and blew him a kiss. He rushed back to his car, hoping no one noticed the damp spot,
forming on the crotch of his gray slacks. Inside her apartment, Emily poured herself a glass of wine and called her mother.
How did it go? Monique motioned for her husband, Paul, to continue with her foot-rub.
Very well, mother. Michael was the perfect gentleman, very attentive and polite. She chuckled.
He did seem a bit surprised when I returned his cute good night kiss with something more dramatic.
Monique laughed.
Don't scare the poor thing off.
No, no, I won't. Emily paused for several seconds. Mother, he could be... could be the one.
Patient's baby, Monique advised. Remember what your grandmother and I taught you.
Follow the protocols.
Choosing a husband a life-mate is serious business.
I know, mother, and I will. It's just that... this... seemed so right.
And it may be, but stay with the program.
Test him. You know what to do.
Monique smiled, down at her husband, Paul, as he massaged, peppermint-infused moisturizer into her feet.
Paul listened as his wife and daughter discussed, bringing another male under the loving female authority of a barn's woman.
Remember, Monique advised, it has to come from love.
Only true love on both your parts will be able to forge a unique relationship such as ours.
I know, mother, I want what you and daddy have. I really do.
If he is a true sissy, he will need your undying love to sustain him in his submission, humiliation and cuckolding.
If you give him that, he will return your love tenfold.
Sissy's can provide extreme love and devotion. She smiled, down at her husband, who blushed.
But they require your love in return.
And so it began, the seduction of Michael.
They slept together on their third date. It was at Emily's apartment, on her territory.
The scene carefully staged, in orchestrated. Emily cooked dinner, and they cuddled on the couch watching a movie.
Emily snuggled close to Michael, her hand wrapped around his neck.

Her index finger tracing soft, lazy circles on the skin of his neck.
His skin is so soft. What will it look like hairless?
She nibbled on his ear lobe, her tongue flicking along the inside of his ear.
Take me to bed, she whispered. He actually stiffened at her suggestion, and she fought to suppress a chuckle.
He'd still precious.
When he turned his head, her lips captured his. Her free hand traced a line down his chest to his crotch.
Emily was a gentle aggressor, and she felt his growing erection.
Please, she whispered, her lips brushing his as she spoke. Make love to me.
He was shaking as he merely nodded.
Emily rose, extended her hand, and led him to her bedroom.
Undress and wait for me on the bed. Her voice was seductive and commanding.
It was exciting that Michael didn't know he was being tested.
Let's see how you follow orders and respond to commands.
I'll be right back. Emily whispered as she walked to her bathroom and closed the door.
In his haze to undress, Michael's shaky hands popped a button off his shirt.
He just robed quickly, neatly folded his clothes and placed them on a chair in the corner of Emily's bedroom.
He pulled the bed linens back, folding them over into an angle, something he had seen in a decorator magazine.
He saw candles and a lighter on her dresser, and put flame to them.
These domestic tasks seemed to help calm him.
Finally, he clamored onto her bed and tried different greeting poses for when his love returned.
Michael was nervous. His previous sexual encounters were limited and to be truthful, not always completely satisfying for the woman.
He realized his shortcomings, his smaller than average penis size, and his tendency to get off too quickly.
In his few encounters, he had eventually satisfied his lovers orally.
But none of his previous lovers was the woman that Emily Barnes was.
She was sexy, confident, and breathtakingly beautiful, and he was scared he would disappoint her as a lover.
He shifted again on the bed and looked up when he heard the door open.
His eyes went wide at the side of her silhouetted in the doorway.
The flicker of a bathroom candle outlined her gorgeous form.
Emily paused, allowing Michael to get the full measure of her.
She wore a lilac colored lace teddy that stopped well above mid-thigh.
A long black gown with very sheer sleeve cuffs and a hem trimmed in black maribou feathers gave her a 40's film star look.
Her eyes surveyed the room quickly, taking in and evaluating details in a manner of befitting a sexy Sherlock Holmes.
Candles lit, romantic, clothes neatly folded, good domestic skills, waiting on the bed, patient and obedient.
Excellent, sissy husband material.
He started to rise from the bed, but she shook her head.
No.
She said in a firm voice that kept him rooted in his spot.
Then her voice softened.
I want my little man right where he is.
He was so entranced by her alluring beauty that if the phrase, little man, caused him any concern, he never indicated such.
It was an epitaph he would grow used to.
Emily slinked across the room.
Her costume of seduction was enhanced by sheer black thigh-high stockings, long black gloves, and clear platform fuck me bedroom slippers, with six inch heels and more black maribou feathers.
She stood over him and with one smooth gesture of her shoulders, the black gown slipped sensuously down her body to pull on the floor at her feet.
She slid next to him on the bed, her lips brushing his cheeks.
I like the candles, she whispered.
Very romantic.
My little man is eager, aren't you?

Her little man, comment, did not go unheated this time.
For the briefest moment, he considered her use of the phrase.
Does she mean my stature?
She's certainly taller than me, especially in those heels.
Or is she referring to my penis?
His reflection was interrupted by her gloved hand, toying with his nipple.
Oh, he moaned.
His hand reached out to caress her breast, and she allowed it.
She enjoyed it.
She liked being touched and kissed by men.
She reveled in the feeling of being filled with a large cock.
Barn's women were sexual, predatory creatures, capable of giving and receiving great love and passion.
She did have feelings for Michael.
She felt a growing love for the man she had chosen.
He would be a good mate.
They would grow old together and remain in love, but she would require other lovers in her life, men with cocks.
It was the way of a barn's woman.
They kissed, gently at first, their lips brushing, feeling the fleeting electricity of lust that passed between them.
The kiss grew deeper.
Michael's hand on the back of her head, holding her as his tongue pushed its way past her lips.
They tasted each other, and she allowed Michael to lay her back on the bed.
Their lips still locked, tongues entwined.
He broke the kiss and trailed a line of smaller kisses down her neck, and then into the cleft between her breasts, inhaling the heady scent of her perfume.
You're so beautiful, he sighed.
Make love to me, she whispered, running her gloved hand, up his back and feeling him shiver at her touch.
He moved between her legs. His cock was hard as he probed at her slick opening.
Michael held himself above her as he began to pump and thrust.
Yes, baby, that's my little man. Make love to me.
She reached up and pinched his nipples, rolling and twisting the sensitive buds between her gloved fingers.
Yes, yes, I need cock.
He was too lost in the experience to process the little man, and I need cock.
Two mantras that would come to rule his existence as a devoted cuckolded sissy-made husband.
His body began to shake, shudder, and then stiffen as he ejaculated after the first few thrusts.
Oh, no, please, oh, God, please, no.
He clenched his buttocks as he spent his final offering into Emily's fiery slit.
Michael collapsed on top of her, his hands clutching the sheets in frustration.
I'm sorry, please. I didn't mean to, I mean so quickly, I...
Shhh, she whispered.
It's okay. She stroked his hair, consoling him.
Sometimes men get excited. They can't help it. She kissed his cheek.
I'm flattered, in a way, by how excited my little man gets.
I'm sorry. His voice was almost a sob.
You're so beautiful, and I... I just want it to... I know, baby, I know.
He pushed himself up on his arms, looking into her eyes.
But you... I mean, I didn't please you.
It was a little quick.
He turned his face away, the red flush of shame visible, even in the flickering candlelight.
She will never want to do this again, not with me, not with a man who can't pleasure her.
She nudged him over, until they were on their sides, facing one another.
You can still please me. Her hands slipped under the pillow, and pulled forth a large gold vibrator.
He eyed the toy.

You want me to... She took his head and guided it to her breast.
I want you to kiss me. Pleasure me here with your mouth.
His lips grazed her nipple, and she mewed.
That's it. Oh, yes, baby. Do that.
She held his head to her breast, and closed her eyes as he sucked.
Her other hand slipped the vibrator into her sex.
He moved his mouth to her other breast, kissing and sucking it while his hand, now played with her slick and moistened nipple.
Oh, that feels so good.
She paced herself, loving that the focus was on her. It was all about her pleasure.
Emily luxuriated into throbbing toy in her fiery slit, and the devoted attention's Michael lavished on her breasts with his lips and fingers.
She finally allowed herself the shuddering orgasm she sought.
Oh, yes. Yes, Michael. Oh, yes.
She pushed away from him to lie on her back, her breathing ragged.
When he went to touch her, she held up her hand. No, no, not yet. No.
Emily shook once more, a last visage rippling through her.
Michael gazed at her. I'm sorry, really, I didn't. She reached over to touch his cheek.
Oh, baby, you did. You did. That was wonderful.
But not with my cock, I... Shhh. She put her fingers to his lips.
My little man did satisfy me. I loved the way you kissed and licked at me, Michael.
Yeah, but... little man, she said it again. What does she mean? I'm supposed to please her with my cock.
She turned over on her side away from him. Cuddle with me, Michael. Hold me.
They drifted off to sleep. One of them sexually, satiated, the other confused and conflicted.
Two more dates and two more attempts at love-making produced the same results. She excited him too much.
He could not contain his passion and erupted almost upon entering her.
Out came her trusty toy, and Michael pleased her the way a woman would, with another woman.
There was never any recrimination on Emily's part. She returned his love, never chiding him about the small size of his penis, or his premature ejaculation. She read the frustration in his face and body language, at not being able to pleasure her with his penis.
She vowed never to refer to what he had as a cock. Men had cocks.
On the third date, Michael did not attempt to penetrate her, simply turning his affection to kissing and caressing her as she took her pleasure with her toy. This time the toy was different, not the gold plastic vibrator as before, but a life-like cock-shaped dildo with veins along its surface.
She saw he was intimidated by the new intruder into their love-making, but made no mention of it.
He offered no response when she gasped near her orgasm.
Oh shit, feels good to have a big cock in me.
She felt him hesitate and flinch at the statement, but he continued to make love to her breasts with his lips and fingers.
They lay in each other's arms when Emily was finished. She stroked his nipple, lightly brushing her nail over the peaked buds.
You have the cutest nipples, little girly nipples. I love the way they stick out. She pinched one and he stiffened.
My little man didn't get to come tonight. Don't you want to?
Yes, I do, but she spread her legs and watched him scramble into position. She held up her hand.
Not in me, baby. I want you to pleasure yourself on me.
He scrunched his eyebrows in confusion. Play with yourself, she teased. I'd like to see that. It's sexy, and then you can come on my pussy.
You want me to masturbate and then come on your pussy? Don't you want to?
Sure, he assumed a kneeling position between her legs and began to stroke his penis.
She smiled and ran her stocking-clad foot along his thigh. I like to watch my little man play with himself.

Little man play? She's making it sound childish, but he couldn't deny the scene excited him. Turned him on.
His penis soon swelled into its full size, little more than a handful for him. Come on, baby. Stroke it for me. Yes, come for me. Come on me. Oh, oh, shit. He spurred his come on to her belly and into her hairy mound. That is so hot, she purred.
Did you like it? He nodded, too spent to make a reply.
Her hands found her breasts and her fingers traced delicate circles around her nipples.
She flexed her pelvis beckoning to him. Kiss me. Kiss me there, baby.
Michael bent his head and kissed her furry mound, now slick with his come.
He heard her moan and arch her back, driving her slick sex into his face.
Oh, yes, yes, she panted. Mm-hmm. I love the way you make love to me. Lick it all up.
Her teasing words and sexy voice sent him over the edge, and he went down on her as never before.
His tongue sought the pearly strands of cum, lapping up and swallowing as the love of his life
wryhed on the bed, bringing herself to a second release.
I can't please you. She was putting on her bra and turned to see him sitting on the edge of the bed, his eyes downcast.
Sweetheart, of course you please me. Did I have a marvelous orgasm tonight when my little man was licking me?
She chuckled. You were there. I do remember that. That's just it.
He fought for the words. Little man, little man, you are a little man. A sissy. I don't please you with my cock. She moved and sat beside him on the bed.
Her mother told her this time would come. Emily put her arm around Michael, kissed his cheek and held him close.
Darling, you do please me. No man has ever made me feel that way, or made love to me the way you did. He was silent.
No man? None. She stroked his hair. I love the tender and gentle way you make love to me. It's so special.
No man? Sweetheart? You said no man, not no other man. You let out a deep breath. You don't think I'm a man.
Of course you're a male. You have a penis. See? His voice cracked. What you just said. Male. Penis. Not a man with a cock.
Emily pulled him closer. He would need to believe she really loved him, and she did, for her to guide him to the coming realizations.
Darling, I love you, only you. And you bring me great pleasure. I... but I don't... you do please me, Michael. Her voice was firm. You do!
But not with my cock. I don't pleasure you like... like a man. Let them say it, her mother Monique had advised. They need to realize and accept who and what they are.
I do love you, and you do pleasure me. Emily's voice was loving, yet firm. But not like a man. He spoke it as a statement of fact. No longer a question to debate.
No, Emily said. Not like a man. Oh, something softer.
Gentleer. She felt him shake and held him closer. I love you, Michael. I want you.
I'm not a man to you. His hand brushed against his tiny penis. I'm not a woman. I must be a...
He searched for the words. What? A sissy? Emily was silent, allowing the word to sink in. There he said it.
Yes, Michael. A sissy. But that is who I love. I love you, Michael. You! I'm a sissy.
Images of his earlier life flashed before him. Glimpses of his mother and ants in the girdles,
stockings and heels, helping in the kitchen, watching old movies instead of football games on television.
How can you love a sissy? His voice was almost a sob. Because I love you, Michael. No matter who or what you are, you'll be a wonderful husband.
She kissed him deeply, putting all her love and understanding into the kiss.
Let's get dressed.
We can talk more about this later, okay?

Come on, sissy. Hurry and finish. Mother and the men will be waiting.
Emily's voice brought Michael back to the here and now. He was on a cruise ship.
A special cuckolded cruise. Yes, mistress.
Were you daydreaming? Yes, mistress. I was thinking of how it all began.
Emily bent down and kissed him gently on the lips. And... I wouldn't change anything. I love you, mistress.

Chapter 6. Elegant Dining

It wasn't a designated formal evening, but unlike other cruises, the dress was more stylish.

Emily wore a stunning little black dress, while Monique wore a purple dress that clung to every curve.

Their lovers, Dwight and Aaron looked resplendent in well-cut suits and expensive silk ties.

The cuckolded husbands had washed out their pink dresses and had them drying overnight, so they would be ready for another day of sissy service tomorrow. Tonight, they wore peach-colored sheath dresses with sweetheart necklines and scandalously short hemlines, again showing a glimpse of stocking tops and garters.

Tiny white aprons encircled their wastes, and their hands were sheathed in bracelet-length white lace gloves.

They wore the same black patent heels they wore earlier in the day. Both sissy males were consigned to wear only heels for the duration of the cruise.

Pink leather collars encircled their necks, and each mistress' wife was leading her sissy cuckold with a pink leather leash.

Indeed, as they strolled down the passageway, they passed another couple with a sissy cuckold and toe on a leash.

The couple's exchanged pleasantries. The cuckles simply averted their eyes and remained silent.

You girls look very pretty, Monique said over her shoulder.

Thank you, mistress. The sissies replied in unison.

The romantic forsome and their two cuckles joined other couples queuing up outside the main dining room.

Monique turned to look at the two sissy husbands.

Cuddle girls, she ordered and turned back to her lover.

Mimi and Polly backed up to the wall and stood side by side.

Their arms went behind the other sissy encircling the waist, while the outside arms went across the front of the body to hold hands.

The girls stood, obediently, quietly as couples strolled past.

An older woman with full hips and a curvy figure approached with her young lover and their own sissy cuckold in toe on a leash and collar.

Oh, my, aren't these two just so precious? Her eyes followed Mimi and Polly's leashes to Monique and Emily.

Yes, Monique said. It's our first cruise.

Well, the woman smiled at the cuddling sissies. They certainly look ready.

They've been well trained, Emily added.

No doubt. The woman extended her hand.

I'm Margaret Dumont. She nodded to her lover.

This is Thomas. She jerked on the leash, pulling her sissy forward.

And this is Susie.

Susie curtsyed a greeting and whispered, mistress, to Emily and Monique.

Monique made the introductions of her party.

Margaret's gloved hand fondled Mimi's breasts.

Real? No, Emily said. We haven't done implants. Margaret smiled.

Pity! Big titties enhance some sissies.

She cupped Mimi's breasts.

Yes, you'd look lovely with big kits. Mimi bobbed a curtsy.

Thank you, Miss Margaret. Margaret turned to Emily.

They are father-in-law and son-in-law, Emily said.

Her lips formed a cruel, thin smile. Kiss, kiss.

Still holding hands, Mimi and Polly turned to each other and kissed, gently at first, and then their lips slowly parted, and they brought their tongues into play.

Margaret clapped her hands.

So wickedly delightful.

She and Thomas turned to leave. I do hope we see more of each other.
I'd love to have a go at those two in the dungeon.
Emily allowed the girls to kiss a bit longer,
providing entertainment for the couples who was strolled by
until it was time to enter the dining room.
As the line began to move, Emily and Monique jerked on the leashes,
pulling their cificied husbands behind them into the dining room.
A Philippine waiter in a maroon tuxedo ushered the group to their reserved
table.
The forsum was seated, and the husbands stood behind and between each couple
waiting to serve.
The scene was repeated with clever variations throughout the room.
Some cuckolds knelt, some stood, and a few stood on small raised platforms,
the better to be seen and put on display.
In the center of the room, two cicies in pink velvet gowns played a harp and
cello.
This is really something, Emily exclaimed.
It's wonderful to see so many powerful and independent women
taking control of their lives, and to see so many beta males accepting their
fate
as submissive cuckolds added Monique.
A waiter poured champagne, and the forsum raised their glasses in a toast to
female authority
and its many advantages.
They perused the menus and mastered white, selected a wine, while a waiter
demonstrated
to Mimi and Polly when and how to keep the wine and water glasses full.
The dining room was filled with conversation and laughter, as women and their
lovers enjoyed
an evening of elegant dining, while the cuckolds served or knelt and begged for
bits of food.
Mimi and Polly honed their serving skills, filling wine and water glasses and
removing
plates under the watchful eyes of their waiter trainer.
They were allowed to scrape leftovers into a plastic bag for them to eat later
after they
returned to the cabins to perform nightly bed turndowns.
As the forsum enjoyed their coffee, the girls stood quietly, holding hands.
Finally, the group rose and left the dining room, the sissies being led on their
leashes
by their mistress wives.
Monique and Emily turned and handed their husbands their leashes.
"We're going up to the ocean lounge for drinks," Emily said.
"Go back to the cabins."
"You'll be instructed in your nightly duties."
The sissies curtsy'd as their wives and lovers turned and walked away.
The girls made their way back to the adjoining cabins and stood, waiting quietly
outside the doors.
Within minutes, a uniformed estate room attendant walked up.
"I will show you what to do each evening," he said as he unlocked Emily's cabin
and entered.
For the next several minutes, he gave the sissies a crash course in checking
towels, turning
down the bed and seeing to other guest amenities.
"Now morning, after the guests go for breakfast, I will instruct you on the
morning duties."
Mimi and Polly curtsy'd their acknowledgement and the attendant chuckled and
left.
The two girls then went next door to prepare Monique's cabin.
Mimi sighed and his shoulders fell.
"There's a lot to know," Polly nodded.
"Yes, but if we work together, hopefully one of us will catch something the
other missed.
"Remember, pay attention and obey.

"'It's only a few days.'"

Mimi held up the plastic bag of leftovers and the two cicified males went on to the small outside balcony and ate their supper as they watched the luminescent wake of the ship in the night.

"'Several decks above, Emily, Monique and their paramores were enjoying drinks in a cozy booth in the back of the lounge that looked out over the room to the dark ocean beyond.

"'A small dance floor occupied the center of the room, and several couples gathered around to watch a sissy cuckold entertain in a belly dance outfit.' Mimi lifted her cocktail in the direction of the sissy, who was gyrating his hips, sending his waist belt with gold coins into a frenzy of motion and sound. "'That's quite a talented sissy. I wonder if our girls could learn to do something like that,' Emily cocked her head.

"'I suppose it's a skill, something that could be learned like any other,' she smiled, "'and think of the cute costumes,' mother and daughter shared a wicked smile.'

"'Master Aaron snapped his fingers at a feminized male dressed as a Las Vegas cocktail waitress.'

"'The sissy wiggled over in his six-inch stilettos and bobbed a curtsy. Another round of drinks, sir,' their cocktail server was dressed in seamed fishnet pantyhose and a tight one-piece outfit that revealed the bulge of his chastity device.

"'It was cut low to show off an impressive bosom. Long black gloves with fringe snaked up the sissy's arms. Even in the dim light of the lounge, his makeup with smoky eyes and long lashes was clearly visible.'

"'Master Aaron reached up to fondle the sissy's breasts.'

"'They're real,' he said to the others.

"'Yes, sir,' the sissy nodded his head, his long, blonde locks waving as he did. They are a gift from my mistress and master.'

"'Aaron nodded. I approve.'

"'He gave the order as the sissy waitress collected the used glasses onto his tray. With another curtsy, he wiggled off.'

"'Aaron chuckled as he perused the room, the mix of women, their lovers and their cuckolded husbands.'

"'I've been around this scene for quite some time, have met several cuckles and their beautiful wives.'

"'He put his arm around Monique. But even I'm rather surprised and impressed by all of this.'

"'Master Dwight watched the belly dancer end his performance to cheers from the crowd. It's amazing to see all the ways husbands can be turned into feminized sissy's, slaves and cuckles.

"'The imagination and creativity of the female mind is seemingly limitless. No doubt by the end of the cruise, mother and I will have several new ideas,' Emily said.

"'Back in the cabins, Polly and Mimi prepared for the lovers' return and studied the cuckolded cruise handbook, and the schedule for the rest of the cruise. Their days and nights would be filled with work and service, broken only by events called free time, which they knew did not exist.

"'They dreaded what may occur during free time. Outside the cabins they heard their mistresses and masters bidding each other good night. Each male sank gracefully to his knees, ready to greet mistress and her lover when they entered the cabin.

"'Emily walked in and stepped around Mimi. He caught a whiff of her perfume and a glimpse of her high heel as she walked by.

"'This looks very nice,' she eyed the turn-down bed and the chocolate on the pillow. "'Are you enjoying the cruise?' "'Yes, mistress.'

"'She dropped her beaded clutch on the small desk. You may begin undressing us.' She turned her back to her kneeling husband, knowing he would rise gracefully from his position and unzip her dress.

"'Master Dwight took a seat in a chair by the bed to watch the submissive cuckolded husband undress his wife and prepare her for him. Mimi held the dress as Emily stepped out. He gave a curtsy and backed away to carefully hang the dress in the closet. He returned and assisted Emily with her bra and panty.

"'No,' Master Dwight said when Mimi started to unsnap the garter straps from the stockings. "'Leave those on,' Mimi nodded his head and whispered. "'Yes, Master.'

"'He rose and offered Emily the nightgown she had chosen earlier in the evening. His final act was to kneel, slip the Maraboo high-heeled bedroom slippers on Emily's feet and give each foot a little more.

"'She was a reverent kiss. She stepped away and snapped her fingers. "'Service my lover,' Mimi backed away, still on his hands and knees, and crawled to Master Dwight, removing his shoes and socks and kissing his feet.

"'Mimi stepped on his knees and unbuckled and unzipped, Master's slacks. He held the slacks for Master Dwight to step out of them. Mimi rose and hung up the slacks. Masters coat, shirt and tie followed next.

"'Mimi's now seated and enjoying the show of her cuckolded husband preparing her lover. Her hands lightly stroked her thighs as she blew Dwight a kiss. Mimi was now back down on his knees, sliding Master's silky underwear down over his muscle thighs.

"'Master Dwight was now naked. His thick cock only inches from Mimi's face. Emily moved to the bed. Be a good girl, Mimi, and prepare my cock.' Mimi bowed his head and nodded.

"'Yes, Mistress.' He took Master Dwight's cock in his hands, feeling the heat of it, the veins and the coarse curly hair. He kissed the head gently, as one of his hands went to caress Master's balls.

"'Please, sir,' Mimi's tongue flicked at the tip, gently at first, then quicker and quicker. Please use your superior and manly cock to please my wife. Women need cock.

"'Taking more of the cock into his mouth, Mimi began to kiss Master's cock, each kiss more passionate than the last. This cuckolded sissy bagged Master to pleasure Mistress. Mimi licked up and down the length of the cock, and then licked his own lips before sliding as much of the cock as he could into his mouth. He felt it grow even larger and begin to throb.

Master Dwight's hand pulled Mimi's head forward and held it there for a brief few seconds. Mimi fought the urge to gag. To do so would ruin the moment for Mistress and Master.

"'My balls slat worship my balls,' Master ordered as he pulled Mimi from his cock.

"'Mimi moaned as his head went lower and his tongue lapped at the large hairy balls. Master's balls are so sexy, so powerful,' Mimi opened his mouth wide and somehow managed to enclose both balls.

Master's three back his head and moaned. Emily was now stroking her fiery slit. She never tired of watching her submissive cockled, service her lovers. She loved to hear her sissy husband vocalize his own submission.

Once more Dwight pulled the sissy from his oral worship. He took his massive cock and began to slap Mimi's face back and forth.

"'Time your wife had some cock, don't you think, sissy?'

"'Yes, sir, please, sir. She needs your cock.'

Dwight's cock was now fully erect. Crawl into the corner sissy and listen how a woman takes her pleasure.

Mimi quickly kissed Master's feet and shuffled on his hands and knees to the corner.

Chapter 7 First Day

The alarm vibrated beneath Mimi's pillow and he slid his hand silently under to turn it off.

He moved quietly from his foam mat at the foot of the bed and rolled it up, placing it in the corner with his neatly folded blanket and pillow on top. Emily and Master Dwight still slept. Mimi straightened out his short pink nighty, short enough to put his chastised penis on display and removed his wig from the stand and placed it on his head.

With nothing else to do until Mistress and Master arose, he scooted into the corner and knelt, waiting quietly until time to serve his wife and her lover. In the adjoining cabin, the protocol was being repeated, where Polly was kneeling, waiting for Mistress Monique and Master Aaron to arise.

Both women had enjoyed their sexual couplings the night before.

Both cicified males had been required to crawl upon the bed and lick the lovers clean before being dismissed to their own spot on the floor at the foot of the

bed.

Mimi's face was coated with the sexual juices of Mistress and Master and he could still taste the salty and pungent remnants in his mouth.

He felt the ship move in the water and remembered today was a day at sea. They would make their first port early tomorrow morning.

In the adjoining cabin, Polly was already up and serving Mistress Monique and Master Aaron. He too wore the same short pink nighty and blonde wig.

Mimi continued his kneeling, waiting position when he heard Master stirring. Then he heard a few moments of cuddling on the bed as the lovers bid each other good morning in an intimate fashion.

Finally, Emily arose from the bed and pulled on a short robe. She walked to her kneeling husband and stroked his hair.

Did my sissy sleep well? Not bad, Mistress, thank you.

She held out her hand and Mimi kissed it. Good girl. I'm going to shower.

She turned and walked away, stopping to kiss her lover before she disappeared into the bathroom.

Master remained on the bed, sitting up, his back against the pillows and his legs spread. He snapped his fingers.

Girl, Mimi crawled to the bed and slithered on top in between Master's outstretched legs.

As the sound of the shower echoed from the bathroom, it was joined by Master Dwight's contented size and the slurping of Mimi's lips over Master's cock.

When Emily emerged from the shower, she found her husband kneeling, his outstretched arms, holding a towel, and his mouth open to display Master Dwight's creamy calm.

Emily leaned forward to get a good look. Satisfied, she nodded. You may swallow.

Mimi swallowed the mouthful of man's spunk as he dried his Mr. Swife.

You may get a drink from the toilet and then come help me dress, she said.

Mimi slurped handfuls of water from the toilet as Emily went out to choose her clothes for the day.

As Master showered, Mimi assisted Emily with dressing.

Today was a casual day at sea and Emily looked crews ready, in capri pants, and a sexy peach sleeveless top.

Low-heeled sandals with a bit of bling, a snake skin print cross body bag, and a stylish hat completed the look.

Go assist Dwight, Emily said as she selected earrings and several colorful bangle bracelets from her jewelry bag.

Mimi curtseed and went to assist Master. He knelt with a towel for Master when he exited the shower.

The loving slave husband tolled Emily's lover dry, stopping to place reverent kisses to the cock that had pleased his wife.

Thank you, sir, for using your superior man cock to pleasure my wife, Mimi whispered.

Emily walked over, stood on her chiptoes, and kissed Dwight's cheek.

It is a lovely cock.

Mimi helped Master finish dressing and then kissed the lover's feet before they joined Monique and Aaron for breakfast.

Polly came in through the adjoining cabin door. We're supposed to wait here for instructions.

The two sissies stood silently, wearing only their short pink nighties, wigs, and chastity devices.

Both had learned the art of waiting, silent, patient, and without fidgeting.

This morning the waiting vigil was brief. Within minutes, Mistress Sonja, the ship's housekeeping director, stood in the doorway.

At her side was an attractive young woman with dark eyes and black hair, in a weave falling halfway down her back.

She wore the uniform of a ship's room attendant. Both women carried leather riding crops.

Polly and Mimi delicately grabbed the hems of their two short nighties and bobbed curtsies.

Miss Sonja, the young woman laughed. They are so cute, so precious.

Sonja joined in her colleague's laughter. Yes, sissies are precious.

She turned her attention to the feminized males. This is Miss Maria. This is her first cuckolded cruise.

And she will be overseeing your cabin duties. In addition to cleaning the cabins of your wives and lovers, you will also clean four other cabins each day. The cuckolds in those cabins are not sissies. The sissies bobbed another curtsy. Yes, ma'am.

Turn around and bend over, Mistress Sonja commanded. The sissies knew what was coming.

They turned around, bent demurely at the waist, and placed their hands on their knees and stuck out their bottoms.

Mistress Sonja used her crop to paint a well-to-crossed Polly's bottom. Don't be afraid to discipline them. She explained as she hit the sissy once more.

Be firm and demanding, as I'm sure their wives are. She nodded to Maria to hit Mimi.

The young woman smiled and lashed out with her crop. All new crew members who had never worked one of the cuckolded cruises had to attend a three-day introductory workshop on the lifestyle before being assigned to the cruise. Maria had been fascinated by the lectures and various hands-on demos, but the reality was so much more.

Mimi winced at Maria's attack. The young woman was obviously enjoying herself and would be a formidable tormentress for the remainder of the cruise.

Enough, Sonja ordered. Turn around. The sissies turned, curtsy'd and whispered their thanks to the two dominant women.

I have other cuckles to attend to. Sonja glared at the two sissies. I'll leave you in Maria's hands. Obey her.

A final curtsy by the feminized males accompanied Mistress Sonja's exit.

With her riding crop, Maria slapped at Mimi's chastised sissy-clitty.

So pathetic. She remembered the verbal humiliation lecture from the workshop. No wonder your wife made you into a sissy and took a lover. She shrugged.

Maybe I will marry a sissy and have someone to do my bidding while I take a lover.

Okay, slots. She pointed with her crop to the door. Let me show you the housekeeping cart and what you will do each morning in the cabins you are assigned.

Several decks above, the happy forsoms, enjoyed breakfast as they looked out over the ocean.

In addition to the usual stewards and attendants, one could notice cuckles in attendance, some as serving girls, and some as butlers.

Here and there, a cuckold could be seen standing or kneeling quietly beside a Mistress and Master as they lingered over breakfast or coffee.

The sissy from Miss Margaret's sissy fashions strolled among the crowd. He wore a very strict long calf-length hobble skirt, which, when combined with his six-inch stilettos, gave him tiny, mincing steps.

His enormous bosom was evident under his sleeveless leopard print top.

Seemed stockings and black opera-length gloves completed the outfit.

The huge blonde wig and extreme eye makeup were not something any fashionable woman would wear for the morning, but it fit the sissy.

In one gloved hand, he carried a pink basket, from which he handed out brochures and business cards.

Master Aaron patted the sissy's bottom as he strutted by, and the sissy giggled and batted his eyelashes. He turned to Monique.

I think our poly would look cute in one of those hobble skirts.

Monique sipped her coffee and watched the taut fabric undulate over the sissy's bottom as he minced away.

Yes, we will definitely pay a visit to Miss Margaret. She narrowed her eyes at her young lover. You'd like our sissy to be a bit more slutty?

Aaron flashed his charming smile. At times, yes.

Monique nibbled a bit of croissant. It's not enough that you make my husband base himself by crawling to you and sucking your calk.

Or by making him slurp down the results of our coupling as our sissy cleaner, a wicked smile turned up the corners of her mouth. You also want to turn him into a slutty drag queen.

Her eyes turned to follow the sissy among the crowd. Monique let her hand fall to Aaron's crotch as she stroked his manhood beneath.

I do spoil you.

Mr. Maria proved a demanding task, Mistress, marking out orders and using her crop liberally. She instructed her charges how to make beds, change linens and towels, clean the bathrooms, and see to all the needs of Mistress and Master. This is what you will do every morning for your assigned cabins. She poked at Polly's chastity device as she spoke. Work quickly, quietly, and efficiently. She shook her head in disgust as she slapped Polly's caged sissy-quitty with her crop. So useless and disgusting.

Maria pulled a small notebook from her uniform pocket and thumbed through the pages.

You too are in the stage, show tomorrow evening. Get cleaned up and dressed, and report to the surf lounge at 11.30. She lashed out with her crop at each sissy, leaving a well on both of their thighs. Leave the room's clean, spotless.

Understand?

Yes, Miss Maria. Both sissies curtsewed.

Polly closed at the door, leaving the sissies alone.

So much for getting off easy, he said. We'll have to try and keep off her bad side for the next four days, Mimi added.

We need to hurry, Polly said, but it will be better if we only use one shower, one less to clean up after.

Good idea, Mimi nodded. I'll lay out our clothes while you shower, and I'll shower while you dress.

Polly listened to his stomach grumble. I hope they feed us soon.

Chapter 8. Kick Turn

The cuckold breakfast was a granola energy bar and a bottle of water.

A room full of sissified males stood on their high heels and ate their food and sipped their water as others joined them.

For the most part, they were quiet. A few whispered comments here and there. All knew it was best to be still and avoid standing out. An invisible sissy invoked no trouble.

All talking in movement ceased, and each submissive cuckold assumed his trained waiting position as Mistress Wanda, the ship's entertainment director, entered the room.

Hello, girls! She teased. A mass curtsy and, hello Miss Wanda, greeted her.

Wanda turned to the woman beside her and smiled.

You have to love these sissies. The woman nodded as her eyes perused the assembled feminized males.

She was tall and lean with a dancer's physique. She wore no makeup but was still quite beautiful and her blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

She wore gold dance shoes and the flesh-colored fishnet dance tights enhanced her already-shapely legs.

She waved the riding-crop in her hand. Line up one single line facing me, hurry! Wanda stood back, slowly rocking her right foot back and forth on its wicked stiletto heel.

Girls, this is Miss Christine. She is part of a regular dance troupe and will be choreographing you for your number in tomorrow night's show.

Again, there was a mass curtsy and, hello Miss Christine.

Their new tormentress walked up and down the line of feminized males, scrutinizing each one.

She turned to Wanda. They shouldn't have any trouble with the dance shoes, she laughed.

Other heels are higher than mine. There was a giggling and twitter from the assembled sissies, but Wanda and Christine, who were all the men.

They didn't let it pass. Christine stepped back beside Wanda to observe them as a group.

Any of you have any dance experience? Several hands shot up, most in some combination of gloves, bracelets, and painted fingernails.

Christine raised her eyebrows. It's a start. She pointed her crop at one sissy. You?

The sissy curtsy. Mistress makes me take belly dance lessons and perform for her friends. You? Christine pointed to the next.

Ballroom, both smooth and rhythm mistress, the sissy curtsy. Any other ballroom? Christine asked. If so, put your hands down.

She noted three other ballroom dancers. Okay, okay. She walked along the line to the next sissy. You?

Mistress made me learn to pole dance, Miss Christine. Christine and Wanda shared a look, smiled, and both said, the cock in ball lounge.

Well, girls, Christine said, we have a lot to do to get ready for the show. I'm sure you want to make your wives and girlfriends proud, don't you?

Yes, Mistress came the chorus replies. Christine pointed to another dancer who stood behind a long table.

Okay, my darling, so get over and see my colleague. Diane, she will issue your tights and dance shoes. You should all know your girl sizes.

The tights are yours to keep, but the shoes and show costumes are just loners. Wanda and Christine laughed as the line of feminized males queued up to receive their dance wear.

The sissy's giggled and hooped and a-ha-ed over their new-seamed fishnet tights. My God, Christine chuckled. They're absolutely precious.

It's always a good show, Wanda said. Lots of fun for all. She eyed the sissy who had taken pole dance lessons and snapped her fingers. You, come here.

The sissy minced forward. He wore a peach-colored dress, fawn-colored platform pumps, and white bracelet length of gloves. His shoulder-length blonde hair swayed as he curtsewed. Miss Wanda?

Wanda eyed the creature before her. You can pole dance? Yes, Miss Wanda. My mistress wife paid for private lessons from a local erotic dancer.

I have been made to entertain for mistress and master and their friends. They seem to enjoy it. What's your name? The sissy blushed. My mistress gave me the dance name Lola Lavender.

Wanda chuckled and motioned over another of her colleagues. Sasha, why don't you take Lola Lavender up to the cock and ball lounge? See if this sissy slut can really dance. If she can, then get her a couple of costumes, arrange her showtimes, and we'll get it posted for all of our passengers.

She turned to gaze at Sissy Lola. Well... Oh, thank you, Miss Wanda. I am sure mistress and master will be quite pleased to have me perform for your guests.

Sasha produced a collar and leash and led a mincing Lola Lavender away.

Hell, Christine said, I'll probably stop by the lounge to check out her act. Did you see the belly dancing sissy last night? Wanda asked. Not bad. It's amazing the talents some of our girls have.

Two women watched at the sissies with their tights and shoes in hand, line up for their costumes. Christine clapped her hands. Go ahead and change into your shoes, tights and costumes,

paying what you take off on an empty rack. Within minutes, the line of sissified males was transformed into a line of sissy showgirls.

Diane walked up the line of showgirls, passing out white spandex opera gloves to all. Each girl rolled the gloves up her arms.

Several held out their arms and lifted their feet to get a good view in the mirror of their newfound sissy femininity.

You will wear whatever wigs you brought with you, Christine explained. Three of the dancers from a regular dance company will be on hand to help you with your makeup on the night of the show. She held up a pair of false eyelashes. Ever see any this big?

Several of the girls giggled as they all curtied. Oh, no, Miss Christine.

Christine put the girls into a line, the tallest in the center, and then proceeding by height, with the tights and the tights.

The shortest girls on each end. They were a diverse lot of sissy cuckles. Old, young, thin, portly. Their show outfits were essentially gold spandex, one-piece swimming suits, bedecked with sequins and fringe.

Christine walked at the line, examining each of her dancers, tugging on a costume here and there, and spinning a girl around to check her seams.

Work with each other, she said. Help each other with costumes, especially the seams of your tights. She reached over and felt a sissy's flat bosom. If your owner sent you on the cruise with titties, she turned and caressed Mimi's ample breasts and knotted with approval. Like this sissy, you will wear them. If not, we will provide you with what you need for the show to fill out your costume.

She reached the last girl and sighted down the line of sissies. Straighten up that line sluts. Now turn 45 degrees to the right and wrap your arms around the waist of the sluts next to you. She walked back down the line making adjustments.

Kick out your left leg, head up, smile. Ship's photographer snapped a series of

quick pictures. I'll leave them in your most capable hands. Wanda whispered to Christine.

All right ladies, Christine clapped her hands. Pay attention. We have a lot to get through.

Christine worked them hard for two hours, providing them with one short break to sit for a few minutes and have some water.

Her choreographed routine was rather basic. Those girls with dance skills would be given parts that showed off their talents, and those who seemingly had no ear for music or time would be posed in some comedic or humiliating tableau, highlighting the theme of the dance or lyrics. Mimi and Polly demonstrated basic skills and the ability to learn quickly. Each was paired with one of the more accomplished ballroom dancers who helped them get through the routine.

The belly dancing sissy received a short spotlight solo as did the other sissy who demonstrated an erotic dance that found favor with Miss Christine.

After the break, Christine handed out the lyrics for the song her girls would sing. Yes, she laughed. You will have to sing this out loud.

Trust me, it doesn't matter if you can't sing. The audience is going to love it.

She glanced around her sissy dance troupe. Was anyone here three years ago?

Four gloved hands shot up from her chorus line. Christine held up the lyrics.

Remember this? Two of the sissies curtied. Yes, Miss Christine.

She motioned them forward. Come up here and sing for the rest of the girls so they know how it's supposed to go.

The sissies minced forward. Their right hand on their hip and their left hand held out. Very sissy show girly. Christine nodded her approval.

The sissies took the lyrics, turned to face the rest of their sissy dance troupe, and sang the sissy cuckold song.

We're girly and in pink, and we try not to think. We're just two bubble-headed sissy whores, and if you fuck our mouth or somewhere further south, we'll giggle, swoon, and only beg for more.

We love to wear high heels, and the way a corset feels. Frilly things and make up our divine. We're locked in chastity for all eternity, which master and mistress think is fine. Chorus.

We are sluts, we are whores, and ever so much more. Cocksucking high-heeled sissy maids. We cook, we clean, we primp, and we preen, and we're never, ever, ever getting laid.

Erections are forgotten, and coming is verboten. The sissy clitty safely locked away.

While mistress enjoys lovers one after the other, and pleasures herself in every way.

We sissies are so grateful, and never, ever hateful, to mistress, master, and their friends.

A sissy serves and slaves, dominant, she craves, to be a sissy maid until the end.

Okay, girls, Christine said, as the sissy's finished their song and curt seed. I want you all to memorize this before the show tomorrow night.

She walked among the sissy's, handing out a lyric sheet to each.

Tomorrow night you are performing the early show, and then next to the last night of the cruise you will be doing the late show.

There will be two performances, so everyone on the ship will have a chance to see you perform.

Rehearsals, same time tomorrow. Be here, and in costume ready to work.

She nodded to the clothes rack. Change back into your clothes and go back to whatever is on your individual schedules.

Chapter 9. Sissy's On Deck

While Polly and Mimi labored with cleaning cabins and dance rehearsals, the loving for some of Aaron and Monique and Emily and Dwight enjoyed breakfast, and then found comfortable recliners on one of the upper decks.

They chatted for a while, watching the people stroll by, some couples with their cuckold in tow, and at times simply a single cuckold scurrying somewhere on an errand.

Monique accepted a mimosa from a silver tray. The server was obviously a sissy cuckold in a pink dress.

The creature curtseed and licked a quiet myth-lith as Monique took her drink.

The sissy then turned and repeated the action, offering Emily her bloody Mary. The uniformed attendant standing behind the sissy laughed. They are quite easily trained, she said. It must be nice to have something like this. She gave the sissy a light swap with her writing crop to wait on you at home.

Oh, it is, Monique said. I don't know what we'd do without our sissy's. She patted Aaron's muscular thigh.

Or our lovers. The attendant hit the sissy again. Come on, sissy, there are more people to serve.

She watched the sissy teeter away on his stilettos before she turned back to Monique, and they do it all day in high heels.

She shook her head in wonder as she trailed after the sissy, prodding him back to the bar with slaps of her crop.

Emily stirred her drink with a stalk of salary.

I'm sure our girls will be doing their share of cocktail duties.

Oh, yes, Monique nodded. I signed them up for a full slate of activities.

This is a working cruise for our sissy sluts. They'll be cleaning cabins, wiping down decks and polishing brass, serving drinks, dancing in shows, providing those wonderful personal services, she sighed, not a minute wasted.

Aaron and Dwight stood. We'll be leaving your ladies for a while for some skeet shooting at the stern, Dwight said.

Each man gave his woman a deep, sensuous kiss. Have a good time. Emily waved as the men walked off.

The two women settled back in their chairs and opened up their e-readers.

They chuckled and exchanged halos as a woman with her puppy husband stole by.

The hapless husband crawled behind her on his hands and knees, his bottom again filled with his tail plug.

His mistress wife led him on a gleaming chrome chain with a pink leather handle that matched his crystal studded pink leather dog collar.

Emily watched them walk away. I wonder if she keeps him like that all the time.

It's cute and diabolical to be sure, but certainly not very useful.

I prefer a sissified husband, a full-time domesticated servant.

I agree," Monique replied. Then again, perhaps, she has a sissy at home.

Lord knows there are enough males willing to put themselves in that state of service.

And now her husband is, she shrugged.

Her pet.

Yes, Emily watched the lady and her pet stop to talk to another passenger.

The woman jerked on the chain and her pet began to kiss her feet as she exchanged pleasantries with another guest.

She watched the woman issue some inaudible command and her pet turned his attentions to the other woman's feet.

Well, the creature is well-trained, but I wonder what it did to deserve that kind of life.

Aaron and Dwight paid with their cruise cards and received the basic briefing and training for the skeet shooting, although both were avid shooters.

Two more sissies in pink, scampered back and forth, serving refreshments to the men shooting.

One sissy was dressed in a skimpy cocktail-server costume with seamed fishnet tights and high stiletto heels.

He wore a tray around his neck as the classic cigarette girl, offering the men cigars, cutting and lighting them as required with his black-gloved hands.

A man reached out and put his hands on the cigarette's sissy's breast.

This one's got real tits, don't you, slut? The sissy bobbed a curtsy. Yes, master. The man laughed. Master, I like that.

Dwight reached out to feel the sissy's bosom. Yes, very nice.

Again, the sissy curtsy'd. Thank you, master. They were a gift from my mistress and master.

Aaron reached over and sled his fingers inside the sissy's low-cut top. He found the nipple and rolled it between his fingers. The sissy moaned. Thank you, master.

Aaron laughed, sensitive. An attendant broke the weapon at the breach and held out the shotgun to Dwight.

You next, sir? A sissy stepped forward, holding a basket delicately in his white-gloved hands. Dwight smiled and removed two shells from the basket. The sissy curtsy'd and a murally stepped back.

Polly and Mimi returned to their cabins. They did a quick inspection to make sure everything was in order and then consulted their schedules. Their next task was deck cleaning. And the work uniforms would be their cute, pink, short shorts and crop tops. Their feet were sharp, and the plastic thong would be shot in the plastic thong flip-flops they brought, these having a two-and-a-half-inch heel. They changed clothes, checked their wigs, touched up their makeup, and hurried to their next workstation. Normally, this task was performed mainly at night to avoid inconveniencing passengers. But there was a display and public humiliation factor in this endeavor.

At the time they all assembled at their workstation, there were five sissies present and two attendants to monitor their work. Polly noticed the other sissies wore the same shorts, crop top, and healed thongs. There must have been some kind of uniformed dress code sent out to the passengers before the cruise. The two male crew members set out orange, danger-wet cones to isolate part of the deck, leaving room for passengers to walk by and enjoy the spectacle.

Each sissy was given a stiff, bristled brush and a bucket of water. A crew member spaced the girls out along the area. On your knees sissies, get this deck clean. All five sissies gave a curtsy and fell to their knees. They dipped their brushes in their buckets and began to scrub the deck. A crew member used his crop to swat a sissy's thighs.

Stretch those arms all the way out slots, put a bend in your back, get your tummy close to the deck, wiggle your ass. The two crew members shared a smile and watched the five sissies elongate their frames and wiggle their asses as they scrubbed the deck.

That's right ladies, a crew member mocked. Get these decks clean and give our passengers a show. Another sissy felt the sting of the crop on his pink panty bottom. Wiggle that ass more sissy, make it sexy, or I'll tie that brush to your mouth and make you clean with your hands behind your back. The sissy gave a whispered, yes master, and wiggled his bottom.

The crew members continued to monitor the sissy's performance and gradually moved them around the promenade deck.

Well, well, well. Master Dwight's voice came from above. Enjoying your crew sissy? Sissy Mimi nodded. Yes, thank you master.

Mimi, Polly, look up, smile. Master Aaron commanded. The sissies looked up and smiled as Master Aaron took their picture.

This is going to be one scrapbook to remember Aaron laughed as he and Dwight walked away.

The sissies cleaned for two more hours before they were dismissed. Mimi and Polly went back to check on their assigned cabins in case the passengers had used any items or left any messes.

They consulted their schedules and changed into their pink dresses with matching accessories, did their makeup, and readied themselves to report for poolside towel service.

At poolside, Mimi stepped forward with a towel in his outstretched hand as a large woman in a teal, one-piece bathing suit stepped from the pool. She smirked at the sissy, followed me dairy, and walked to a lounge chair. She glanced at Mimi, dry my bottom sissy. Mimi knelt as he whispered, yes, mistress, and began padding the woman's expansive bottom dry.

She turned and settled into the lounge, her, dry my feet. Of course, mistress, Mimi shuffled into place on his knees at her feet.

The woman took a drink from a sissy cocktail waitress who curtied and backed away. She returned her gaze to Mimi.

My, my, you are quite a little treasure. Thank you, mistress. Can you rob a lady's feet?

Of course, my lady. It would be this sissy's privilege to do so.

The older woman simply smiled and nodded to her feet. Mimi began to provide a foot-rub. He brought his lips near to her feet, and then paused, looking up demurely.

The older woman nodded her approval. You may. Mimi continued with his sensual

foot-rub, now adding licks to the soul in between the toes and sucking the toes. So well trained and mannered, the woman said, perhaps I should meet with your owner to see about buying you. Mimi continued the foot-rub while trying to stifle his concerns, which she ruined.

The woman in the next lounge looked over. That looks delightful when the sissy is finished.

Of course, the older woman looked down at Mimi. Mimi looked to the next woman and gave a polite nod of acknowledgement. Mimi and Polly labored at their poolside duties the rest of the afternoon.

They handed out towels, dried mistresses and masters, performed foot-rubs, handed out bottled water, and picked up empty bottles and glasses.

They saw their wives with masters to whiten, Aaron, pass by, going to the buffet. Mimi and master ignored their sissy cuckles.

Some of the passengers enjoyed teasing the sissy cucks, and a few had the girls lift their dresses so they could inspect their chastity devices.

One attendant made Mimi bend over for six with a riding-crop when the attendant felt Mimi's curtsy was not gracious enough.

The offended passenger laughed, and Mimi had to do ten more curtsies. Finally, as the sun was setting, an attendant released Mimi and Polly back to their cabins to help their Mr. Swive's dress for dinner and an evening with their lovers.

After assisting their mistresses with dressing for the evening, Sissy's Polly and Mimi would be allowed a bit of glam.

The Sissy's wore their pink dresses, blonde wigs and black heels, but were also allowed fishnet stockings, black opera-length gloves, rhinestone shoulder-length earrings, and rhinestone bracelets.

Each sissy wore a pink and black posture collar with her name in sparkling crystals. As the sissy's stood side-by-side holding hands, Moneek and Emily placed cute rhinestone tearas on each blonde head.

The dominant wives stepped back to look over their sissified husbands, and the sissies performed a synchronous curtsy.

A few girls looked so precious, Moneek said.

Thank you, Mistress. They performed another curtsy.

Dwight and Aaron entered the cabin, and the sissies performed yet another curtsy to acknowledge the presence of the alpha males.

Polly and Mimi had been rigorously trained over the years to curtsy to dominant males and females as a sign of respect, and now with Sarah initiated as the newest dominant barns woman, the curtsies increased.

Poor the wine, Emily ordered Mimi. Mimi curtsy'd and poured the wine into the glasses on the tray now held by Polly.

Most sissies watched as Moneek walked over and settled herself onto Dwight's lap as Emily stood by Aaron. The sissies shared a fleeting glance.

Tonight would be a switch-up. Emily and Moneek were monogamous in that they had only one sissy wife husband, but both women enjoyed multiple lovers, often sharing the affections of Dwight and Aaron, among others. Neither man minded, and in fact, they each enjoyed other lovers as well.

Dwight accepted his wine and nodded to Moneek. Your ladies looked stunning tonight. Moneek ran her fingers over his chest. Thank you, darling.

The foursome chatted and finished their wine. Polly and Mimi stood to the side, silent, gloved hands folded, demurely in front of them, and eyes downcast.

The evening meal followed the protocol of the previous evening. The waiters taking the orders and delivering the food, while Mimi and Polly stood quietly back, venturing forth to refill water and wine glasses.

As before, leftovers were placed into bags for the sissies to consume later.

After a leisurely meal, the foursome went to the showroom to watch the evening stage production.

As the foursome walked through the ship, Mimi and Polly followed behind. Their posture collars tethered to leashes held by Moneek and Emily.

The sissies gloved hands clutched their food bags. They were left kneeling with a line of sissies outside the showroom.

A crew attendant, the tall blond European from the day before, walked among them, slapping her crop on the tight white skirt that clung to her hips.

You eat now, she poked her crop against the food bags held by many sissies.

Owners enjoy show how drinks good time, while sissies kneel and eat scraps. She

laughed. Ha ha, good life, yes? Maybe not for you.

The sissies with food bags opened them, and using the plastic spoons within began to eat.

In the spirit of submissive solidarity, the sissies with food shared with those that had no bags. They all remained kneeling, quietly eating.

Chapter 10. Showtime. Day two began with a port call. As with the day before, Mimi and Polly arose early to prepare to serve Mr. Sin Master.

As expected, the women had switched lovers the previous night. Mimi had knelt before Mr. Aaron and sucked him to hardness, as Emily enjoyed the display of male dominance and sissy submission.

While Emily and Aaron enjoyed a heated coupling in bed, Mimi crawled to the corner to listen and wait. He was summoned eventually to bring the lovers' ice water and clean them with his tongue. They drifted off to a blissful sleep as Mimi curled up with his pad, blanket and pillow at the foot of their bed.

Now, this morning, as Mr. S. Emily showered and Master reposed in bed, Mimi served Master Aaron a glass of water. Mimi was dressed in his bra, thigh-high stockings, heels and blonde wig. Both Master Aaron and Master Dwight, as well as many of Emily's and Monique's other lovers, stipulated that Polly and Mimi were seldom to present them.

They sent themselves in male clothing. Master Aaron looked at Mimi's tiny caged sissy-clit and chuckled. If you only had a cock, then maybe Mimi curtseed. Yes, Master?

Master sipped his water, put on your gloves and earrings, and then show me what a good sissy-slut you are. Of course, Master, Mimi bobbed a curtse and wiggled on his heels as he put on his long black gloves and long earrings.

He minced back to the bedside and curtseed, offering himself for Master's approval. Master Aaron nodded. Very nice, sissy. You know what to do.

Mimi crawled onto the bed and nestled between Master Aaron's muscled and hairy thighs. He nuzzled Master's balls with his nose as his gloved hands stroked the cock, the pleasureed Mistress Emily, so many times the night before.

Master's cock is so powerful, Mimi whispered. He knew Master enjoyed such verbal sex play. Emily and Monique seemed to enjoy it, Master chuckled, and so do sissies like you and Polly, yes? Mimi licked up and down the cock's length. Mimi loves Master's cock.

The sissies tongue circled the head of the cock and then his lips slowly closed over it and he took it into his mouth.

Yeah, Master Aaron sighed and leaned back, closing his eyes. As Mimi continued giving Master Aaron his morning blowjob, Emily walked from the bathroom. One towel wrapped around her torso and another in a turban fashion on her head. She smiled at the scene unfolding before her. Her sissy husband sucking the cock of her last night's lover. She blew a kiss to Aaron, getting an early start to the day, sweetheart. Master reached down to stroke Mimi's hair.

Well, it wouldn't be in good taste to take Monique on the beach at the picnic. He chuckled, yes, it is a cuckolded cruise with dominance and submissives, but there are protocols to observe. He sighed. But I think our little sissy here should be able to keep me satisfied until we return on the ship after our excursion.

Hmm, Emily rubbed lotion on her arms. It does offer an intriguing idea. She purged her lips and thought. A nice tent or cabana on shore, staffed with three or four sissies to provide those services that men need.

She walked to the glass door that led to the veranda and looked out at the blue water and the shore was swaying palm trees. I wonder if this ship has a suggestion or comment box.

In the next cabin, mastered white with sipping coffee brought by room service, a French sissy maid, while Polly knelt to suck his cock.

Emily's and Monique's many lovers quickly learned the advantages of a sissy cuckolded husband. After a night's sleepover, their clothes were always pressed and their shoes always shined.

Morning coffee was served in bed, and then there were the unlimited blowjobs, pock-sucking on demand.

What man with sexual urges wouldn't appreciate that. In their separate cabins, the dominant couples dressed per day ashore, relaxing on the beach, a picnic, and horseback riding.

The sissies knelt and kissed the feet of their superiors goodbye as the couples

left for a leisurely breakfast and their shore excursions. For Mimi and Polly, it would be a day of work, beginning with cabin cleanings. Their dress for the day would be garter belts, stockings, bras, their pink dresses, black heels, white aprons, and blonde wigs. To most casual onlookers, they would appear to be a typical female domestic cleaning crew, although maids in hotels seldom wore five-inch heels. Mimi cupped the large breasts that filled his bra. Are these going to stay on the entire cruise?

Polly shook his head, fingering his own large baked breasts. I don't know. I know I packed for Mr. Smoney and didn't pack any adhesive remover, did you? Mimi shook his head no, realizing he hadn't seen any of the solvent in Emily's suitcases either.

Oh my God. Are they going to make us go through customs as big-titted sissies on our return?

Both sissies turned as they heard the doorknob. Miss Maria stood in the doorway, a leather riding crop dangled from her wrist. She wore her crew uniform of black skirt and white blouse, her black hair in a bun. She chuckled as she smiled, her dark eyes flashed with mischief. Come on, sissies. Finish dressing. You have cabins to clean. It's a vacation and sex for wifey and her lover and only work for sissies. She laughed again. Polly and Mimi performed curtsies. Yes, Miss Maria. Maria shook her head. Hair is so pathetic and so cute. I can't wait for next year's cruise. The two sissies finished dressing and began their cabin cleaning duties under the watchful eyes of Miss Maria. Throughout the ship, Maria's colleagues directed other sissies as cabin stewards and other sissies underwent basic cocktail waitress training.

For the regular crew members, it was a bit of a break from their usual duties and also a bit of kinky fun. Maria proved to be a cruel and unyielding taskmistress, using her riding crop to deliver punitive strokes as she pointed out shortcomings in the sissies cleaning. She swatted Mimi on the thigh and made him remake the bed. Polly received swats for a bathroom mirror with streaks. She shook her head in mock sympathy. This is only first cabin. You have more to clean. She waved the crop in the air and laughed. More mistakes means more stroke sissies work work. When the last cabin was cleaned, she made the sissies face away from her bed and bend at the waist. Bend down, lift dress. She swatted the insides of their thighs with her crop. Spread legs more. You think about this, do better tomorrow. Maria gave Polly and Mimi each 12 strokes, six on each buttocks. She occasionally paused and leaned forward to look at the red welts she'd left, sometimes running her hand over it. When she finished the 12 strokes on their bottoms, she delivered three swats on each set of sissy balls, laughing as Mimi and Polly yelped and flinched, but kept their positions. She nodded her approval. Okay, we finished. Both Polly and Mimi rose up, turned, smoothed their dresses back over their reddened bottoms, and then both curt seed. Dropping to their hands and knees at the bottom of the curt seed. The sissies crawled forth and in unison bent their heads to kiss the toes of Miss Maria's black pumps. Thank you for training these worthless sissies, they said as one. Maria looked down at the blond heads, kissing her feet. I need my own sissy, she giggled. Maybe two. The afternoon found Mimi and Polly back at rehearsal for the dance show. They stood in the corner with the other dancers, all enjoying their lunch of a meager granola bar and a bottle of water. They all wore their show costumes, glittery sleeveless leotards, fishnut tights, and long black gloves. All the dancers were issued long rhinestone earrings, a rhinestone choker, and big rhinestone bracelets for each wrist, which were dazzling against the black gloves. Okay girls, Christine the choreographer clapped her hands. Line up, we've got work to do. She made the girls walk through the number twice before running it with music.

The routine was simple enough for the sissies to master. It wasn't a complicated, intricate dance number the passengers wanted to see, but rather a display of public sissy humiliation and ridicule. The event would be recorded, and the passengers would be able to buy DVDs at the end of the cruise, so the humiliation could be further shared with the sissies' family, friends, and co-workers, if the dominant wife's and girlfriend's chose to do so.

Christine worked her girls for two hours, with only one ten-minute break for another bottle of water.

She walked down the line of sissies. Okay girls, be it the showroom entrance tonight at six, and someone will meet you there and take you backstage, where you will find your outfits and you can dress for the show.

You will be doing both the early and the late shows. In between shows, you will all assemble in the lobby outside the showroom, in case anyone wants to take pictures of you.

Understand? Any questions? She waited, but there were no questions. Okay, see you this evening. Go ahead and change and resume the duties on your schedule. The line of sissies curtseed. Yes, Miss Christine.

Those next duties for Polly found her on the pool deck in cocktail waitress training. He wore his pink dress in white apron and teetered from table to table in his black heels, taking orders.

A ship's crew member, a young Eastern European woman, supervised him. Then, the more at waste, tarantula garters and stocking tops is very sexy. Wiggle-bottom when you walk.

She pointed with her writing crop to a distant table. New couple sit down, go now. She gave Polly a slap with her crop and laughed as Polly did his best to do a sexy wiggle walk to the table.

Mimi's next duties were in the gift shop as a living mannequin. He was made to stand on a small, raised, circular platform and placed in a sexy pose. One hand was holding a beach, tote bag, available in the gift shop, and the other hand was placed sexily on his hip. He also wore sunglasses and a big floppy hat, both items for sale in the gift shop.

Many customers stopped to look at the living mannequin, not interested so much in the items being displayed for sale, but in the idea of the living model itself.

More than once, Mimi's dress was lifted so someone could look at his chastised clitty, usually followed by some remark.

Sissies always have such tiny cocks, no wonder they're sissies. Hmm, I'll bet I could get that in an even smaller chastity device.

I've heard after a few years the poor things fail to function as males, even if they are released. I suppose it's for the best.

Oh, I've seen this one about the ship. Part of a mother-daughter thing, absolutely wicked.

Oh, yes, I've seen them, the beautiful women, and of course their lovers, real mancandy's. Yes, I can see why they have cicified and cuckolded their husbands. Sissies always look better hairless and smooth, and in guard about in stockings. Mimi was glad for the big hat and sunglasses. It was the best refuge he could find at the time from the constant humiliation and ridicule.

His face blushed from the verbal humiliations and the constant groping. Oddly enough, no one really talked to or questioned him.

Rather, he was accepted as and treated as a thing, a living mannequin.

I am whatever mistress Emily wants me to be. Her maid, a cocksucker, a mannequin.

At five thirty, Mimi and Polly were released from their duties, leaving them barely enough time for a quick bathroom break before they had to leave for the showroom.

When they arrived at the showroom, another crew member, an American woman whose name tag read Pam, was there. She was a tall woman and wore her hair in a bun. She herded the sissies with the ever-present riding crop, making them line up against the wall, and wait quietly until all the show's dancers were assembled. Pam walked along the line of sissies, giving each of them a good look.

Hold hands, she commanded and smiled when the sissies clutched each other's hand. Not men, not women. Even though they dress in women's clothes, they really are sissies. Rather adorable, though.

She counted the sissies and looked at her list. When the last two arrived, she would take them backstage so they could get ready for the evening's entertainment.

The sissies stood in their heels, clutching each other's hands and avoiding any eye contact with a superior female, which was virtually every woman on the ship. Miss Pam closed in on Mimi, her hands cupping the sissies' large fake breasts. This is a good look for you, Sissy. Big kits. Is your owner going to get you in plans?

Mimi bobbed a curtsy, still holding the hand of each sissy at his sides. No, mister, I don't believe so.

Pity, Pam chuckled. I would think men would enjoy a big-kitted sissy. What about you, hmm? Would you like to have big kits? Mimi swallowed and his face flushed crimson. Yes, misterous. Really, big kitties? Bigger than these? Her hands squeezed Mimi's breasts. Yes, misterous. It's true. Sometimes I do imagine big kitties and misterous Emily's lovers.

I was feeling me up, wearing sexy clothes to show off my big kits.

Ha! Pam backed away, watching the line of sissies avoid eye contact with her. That, my darling girls, is a real slut.

The final two sissy dancers made their appearance, and Pam led the group backstage to prepare for their evening's performance.

Pam handed one of the sissies a bottle of lotion. I want those little cockets pulled back between your legs, ladies. I want a nice, sexy, and feminine line on your dance costumes.

To try and convince the audience, you actually have little sissy pussies. She laughed. So, my advice is to lube yourself up good, or you'll rub that little thing raw.

She watched the sissy rub a handful of lotion onto his chastity device in between his legs.

That's my good girl, she teased. We wouldn't want to damage it, and have to take you to the ship's infirmary and have it removed, would we?

She laughed again. Although a sissy-clitty and a jar of formaldehyde would make the most unique, crude souvenir for your wife and her lover.

The sissy dance troupe was wiggling into their fishnet tights and dance costumes, some of them giggling at the excitement of the show and their public humiliation.

Although many of the sissies were adept at their own makeup skills, several women crew members had gladly volunteered to do makeup.

The sissies received dark, smoky eye makeup and lashes so long they would be seen even in the back row.

"'Look up,' said one woman crew member as she applied dark liner to the sissies' lower lid.

With their makeup done and their wigs in place, the sissies finished with their shoes, gloves, and their large gaudy rhinestone jewelry.

Pam clapped her hands. "'Okay, girls, line up,' she walked down the line of sissy showgirls, unable to suppress her smile, at how precious they all were. She tugged on a costume here and there, making final adjustments. She stepped back and nodded her approval.

Let's walk through it slowly.' She took her girls through the routine one more time.

It was a simple enough routine, mostly formation things and a few poses.

Remember to sing out when you do your song. If you forget the words, just mouth something so it looks like you're singing, and make it big, all your moves.

It has to read to someone in the back row.

In between shows you will be on display outside the showroom.

Passengers may want pictures or to observe you close up. I needn't remind you to be on your best sissy behavior.

We do have two dungeons on this ship, and you may find yourself in one with any passenger you displease."

She pointed to a line of folding chairs. Sit. Be. Quiet.

Monique and Erin and Emily and Dwight were in the line outside the showroom. The men wore suits and ties, and the women short cocktail dresses. They chatted with other couples in line.

We're doing the early show and then going to dinner. Monique said to a short and curvy woman in a tight leopard print dress and black platforms to letos. She

pointed to Emily. Our sissies are in the show.
The woman jerked on the leash in her hand, which brought her crawling husband to heel next to her feet.
I'm sending this one to dance classes when we get back. The woman said, I want to see it in the show next year, don't you, baby? A tall black man pulled the woman close. Yeah, I'd like to see that. I'd like to see it learn some sexy dances too. He laughed.
The doors opened and the line moved into the theater. All the cuckolds were left kneeling in the passageway by their owners and would be picked up by their owners when the show was over. After all, the fun and entertainment were for the women and their alpha males, not for submissives.
Backstage, the sissy dance troupe watched the show go on. Mistress Wanda, the ship's entertainment director, was the show's MC. She was beautiful in a red, low-cut, beaded gown that clung to her every curve. She welcomed the crowd and promised them an evening of fun and entertainment.
The show opened with a grand musical production. The ship's singers and dancers gave a Broadway worthy performance. Next up was a female singer and then a magician. The sissies watched it all on a monitor backstage, some of them holding each other's gloved hand for support as the butterflies rose in their stomach.
Christine appeared before them. Okay girls, two more numbers and then you're on. She ushered them into the wings just off stage. The sissies hardly noticed the acts preceding their performance. They were all visualizing their routine and steps. Mistress took the stage.
Have you enjoyed the show? The crowd gave a rousing applaud and cheers.
I think this next act is what you've been waiting for, our very own sissy review. The crowd cheered once more.
The girls have been working very hard and I think they are just as excited as you are. We will have them available in the lobby for pictures between shows. She started to back off the stage. Let's bring them on!
Now that the show is over, the assembled sissy review stood in the lobby, arm and arm in a line as passengers took pictures.
Sometimes sissies were paired off for pictures or simply posed for solo shots. For most of them, the stage number seemed a blur. They were on and off before they knew it. With the lights in their eyes they couldn't really see the audience.
They simply concentrated on their routine, desperately hoping not to fuck up. Mimi had caught a glimpse of a ship's photographer and video technician recording their performance.
I'm sure Emily will delight in showing it to all her friends.
So wait hard! Emily walked up to Mimi.
You looked so precious out there.
Thank you, Mistress.
Maybe we should send her to dance class. She can perform at some of your parties.
Master Dwight wrapped his arm around Emily's waist.
It is something to consider, Monique said. We could send them bows.
Hmm, Emily looked at Mimi and his dance outfit.
Belly dance would be nice. Think of the costumes they could wear.
We're going to dinner. Monique adjusted a lock of hair on Polly's wig.
You girls enjoy your little break. Give another good show for the next group.
Return to the cabin when you are released. Wait up for us.
Both sissy husbands curtied. Yes, Mistress?
The sissies endured another forty-five minutes in the lobby, being observed and photographed.
Some were made to kiss or hold hands while being photographed.
Finally, they were led backstage once more for the late show performance.
The second show had gone a bit better. Some of the girls' jitters somewhat abated.
Mistress Pam was pleased and said they would again be performing the routine on the last show of the cruise.
They were given the date and time of their next rehearsal and dismissed.
Back in their cabins, the sissies knelt quietly, awaiting the return of Mistress and Master.

They didn't know when that would be, didn't need to know. A proper sissy waits, quiet and still, to serve at the pleasure of Mistress and Master. The girls were now dressed in their evening service attire, short pink, nighty and blonde wig. They turned down the bed and laid out mistresses and masters bedclothes. Nimi glanced down at the fake tits in his bra that made the nighty protrude. I've never worn them this long. He found trying to find a comfortable sleeping position with his large breasts was difficult. Master and Mistress do like the look, so I must obey. Mistress Pam said they look good on me. He sighed and tried to clear his mind, to wait, to be available, to serve. When Mimi heard the door, he shuffled from his position in the corner toward the door, his arms outstretched and his eyes downcast. Emily walked in and placed her black beaded clutch in Mimi's open palms. It was a move performed thousands of times before, as Emily returned from night's out with her lovers. Routine was a hallmark of the sissy cuckolded life. Mimi accepted the handbag and whispered, Mistress. He turned on his knees to shuffle to the small desk where he placed the clutch. When he turned, Mistress and Master were sitting on the bed kissing. Mimi crawled forward on hands and knees, and as he neared Emily, she raised her feet. Mimi gave the toe of each shoe of a reverent kiss before removing the shoes. Emily wiggled her feet, the sign for a quick foot rub. She broke the kiss with the white and looked it down at her cuckolded. Mm, that feels good. Do the toes. Mimi sucked each toe, licking between them. Emily sighed. A woman who doesn't have a sissy is a fool. If only they realized how much better their lives could be. The white chuckled and think of all the sissies out there, with no one to serve and worship. Emily nodded. That is sad. How desperate they must be. Back, Emily commanded. She stood as Mimi shuffled back. I'll return shortly. She turned and walked to the bathroom. Without being told, Mimi crawled before mastered white to remove his shoes and socks. When Master stood, Mimi unbuckled his belt and removed Master slacks, neatly hanging them up and then taking Master's shirt and jacket and hanging them up as well. Mimi returned to Master, kneeling before him and then slowly pulling down Master's sexy black underwear. This superior alpha male cuck now loomed before Mimi. Master pulled on his short black robe as he snapped his fingers. No other command was necessary. Mimi leaned forward to lick and kiss the head of the cuck that would pleasure his wife. Master Dwight looked down at the blonde wig to Sissy as the slut's lips slid over his cuck. That's right, Sissy. Better you than me.

Chapter 11.
Big Tits.

Day 3 of the five-day cruise began as the previous. Mimi's phone vibrating under his pillow silently awaking him. He put his bedding away and crawled to the desk to retrieve his wig and put it on.

Although submissives were expected to always submit and obey, whatever the task or duty routines provided them with a comfort zone of sorts.
Mr. and Master continued to sleep.
The night before, their Sissy cuck had sucked Master to hardness and then crawled to kneel in the corner as the lovers enjoyed an enthusiastic love-making session.
When they were finished, Mimi had been invited up onto the bed to lick Master's cuck clean.
Afterwards, he nestled between Emily's thighs, inhaling the essence of her and Master's coupling as he licked her clean as well.
Emily had stroked his blonde wig and called him my sweet Sissy as he licked the superior man come from her.
Now he knelt in the corner, waiting to be called upon once again to serve.
There was a soft knock on the door and Mimi rose and walked to answer.
It was the morning room service coffee for the lovers.
Mimi took the tray from the French Sissy maid who smiled and curtseed and then wiggled his way back down the passageway.
Emily and Dwight were stirring as Mimi placed the tray on the small table in the cabin.
Emily yawned and snuggled into Master Dwight's muscular arms as the couple reclined on a mass of pillows.
You may serve us, Mimi said.
Mimi curtseed, holding out the hem of his short pink nighty with his fingers. His little fingers pointed daintily out.
Yes, Mistress.
Mimi prepared the coffee for each, knowing how Mistress and her many lovers liked their coffee, tea, and other drinks was essential.
Mimi tip-toed forward, bobbed a curtsy, and handed each their coffee.
Emily kicked her feet out from under the sheets, a non-verbal command for Mimi to worship them.
Mm, that's nice.
She sipped her coffee as Mimi gave long, loving licks to her feet from heel to toe.
She turned to enjoy a momentary kiss with her lover.
Are you enjoying the cruise?
Most excellent, Dwight said.
The amenities are quite different from your typical cruise.
It's given mother and me some new ideas, Emily said.
I love the belly and pole dancing sissies up in the lounge.
She glanced at the cicified male, worshipping her feet.
Would Mimi like to learn to dance, to entertain me, my lovers and guests?
Mimi paused long enough to bow his head in whisper.
If that would please, Mistress, before returning to his foot-worship.
Emily chuckled.
A hallways a good answer.
More coffee sissy, mastered Dwight commanded.
Mimi rose gracefully, tip-toed forward with the small coffee pot and bent at the waist
to top off Master's coffee.
Dwight reached out to stroke Mimi's bra, full with the fake breasts.
His strong masculine hand traced the outlines of Mimi's full cups.
This is a good look for you, Sissy, the big tits.
Mimi bowed his head.
Thank you, Master.
Sissy Mimi's glad master is pleased.
And he genuinely was.
Both Mimi and Polly had long ago come to the realization theirs was a life of service,
to provide pleasures for their wives and their wife's lovers.
Master fondled Mimi's breasts as the sissy side.
Ever think about getting her implants?
Master Dwight asked Emily.
Emily cocked her head.
Oh, Mother and I had considered it at various times over the years, but it

really limits
their exposure in public.
At that point, they can no longer have a male persona.
Dwight nodded.
Yes, but with Sarah now in the game, is there really any reason for them to have a male
persona?
Why not go full sissy?
Have you seen Deborah's sissy?
Emily pictured Deborah Collins' sissy husband, Fifi.
The creature had undergone total body hair removal, save for his eyelashes and
eyebrows,
and the hair on his head, which had grown out, had been colored blonde with pink
and purple highlights.
But Deborah had given her sissy husband 44 double D implants and had him
castrated.
His balls were now displayed in a jar adorned with a pink ribbon on a bookcase
in Deborah's
office.
The creature was completely feminized.
Emily had never seen him without full makeup, corseted, and in heels, along with
all his
other feminine finery.
He had been outed to family and friends.
Some shunned him, and others embraced his change, and enjoyed what a submissive
sissy had to
offer.
Emily arched her eyebrows.
Deborah did go all the way.
Really got it all out there.
She paused, looking at her own sissy.
I suppose there is something to be said for that.
Master Dwight squeezed one of Mimi's titties.
The sissy stayed bent at the waist, silently allowing himself to be pawed by the
alpha
male.
Although, Master Dwight chuckled, I think I'd prefer our little slut with even
bigger tits.
Mimi felt the clutch of fear in his throat.
These tits are big already.
I have to wear this heavy underwire bra just to hold them in place, and now
bigger?
Emily chuckled and rolled her eyes.
Then, and their fascination with breasts.
Dwight bent his head to kiss Emily's bare shoulder.
Baby, your breasts are perfect, but a slut?
He leered at Mimi.
A slut like this is made for big tits.
Emily smiled inside.
She looked at Dwight's large hand on Mimi's faux breasts.
Sissy, I want you to go see Tiffany when we return.
Ask her if you can borrow some bigger tits for us to try out.
She looked at Dwight and shrugged.
Might as well try before we buy.
Dwight pulled his hand away.
You heard her slut, bigger than what you have now.
Mimi bowed.
Yes, of course, Master.
Mimi cringed inside.
Miss Tiffany managed the local fetish boutique and cross-dressing shop.
She would, of course, loan Mimi some bigger tits to try out at home, but would,
as always,
exact her own price.
Mimi imagined himself dressed as a French maid, cleaning and dusting in the shop

as customers
gawked at the cicified mail.
Or perhaps Miss Tiffany would borrow Mimi one night to serve at one of her parties.
Whatever the price, Mimi would serve faithfully and cheerfully.
There was simply no other option for a submissive Sissy cuckolded.
In each cabin the dominant couples prepared themselves for a day at sea.
Monique and Emily wore cute sundresses and hats while their men dressed in shorts and polo shirts.
Both Polly and Mimi had to admit their wives and the alpha males made striking couples.
As usual, Polly and Mimi knelt to kiss the superiors' feet could buy and wish them a pleasant day.
With the morning personal services finished, the Sissy slaves could now dress and prepare
for their cabin cleaning duties.
No sooner had the Sissy's applied their last coat of mascara than Mistress Maria appeared.
She slapped her riding crop lazily against her leg.
Come on Sissy's, you have cabins to clean.
Passengers play and relax. Sissy's work and serve.
She laughed as Polly and Mimi set about cleaning their respective cabins.
Maria sat in a chair and watched Mimi make up the bed.
She glanced over at the foam pad and blanket folded in the corner.
Maria shook her head.
So pathetic. Such weak males.
They sleep on the floor while their wife sleeps in bed with her lover.
She snapped her fingers.
Sissy, she flexed her foot, exposing the soul of a conservative black-eye heel pump.
You lick my shoe and lick the soul.
Mimi wiggled forth in his Sissy walk, curt seed, and knelt at Maria's feet.
He began running his tongue over the soul of her shoe.
Maria laughed and looked at her watch.
There was time she would indulge herself with some shoe worship from this submissive Sissy.
Mimi and Polly worked until lunchtime, cleaning cabins and doing whatever else Maria ordered.
They were allowed a bottle of water and a banana for lunch, and a bathroom break before being dismissed by Maria.
Polly consulted his schedule.
We have an appointment at Forbidden Kingdom at 1.30.
Both Polly and Mimi lifted their dresses to look at their chastity devices.
Both had made the plane trip to Fort Lauderdale with their chastity devices removed,
but once at the hotel they were made to put them back on.
Mimi remembered how Emily had held the open lock in her hand.
Sarah has the key, Emily said as she closed the lock with a snap of finality.
Polly shook his head as he looked at his caged clitty.
No one had called it a clock for years.
It was now a clitty, a sissy clit, a diclet or any other term, but never a cock.
Like Mimi, he had been through a succession of cock cages over the years,
increasingly smaller,
as his clitty seemed to waste away before his eyes.
Mimi looked down at his caged sissy clit.
Do you think they'll go for something even smaller?
Polly simply shook his head.
That's not for us to decide.
The girls touched up their makeup, checked the seams on each other's stockings, and minced hand in hand to meet their owners at Forbidden Kingdom.
They were fifteen minutes early, so they stood quietly outside Forbidden Kingdom, waiting for their mistresses and masters to arrive.
Passengers walking by would often stop to look at the two sissies in pink

dresses and blond wigs.

Mimi and Polly would always politely curtsy and acknowledge any comment with a whispered and polite reply.

An older curvy woman, her tall black lover and her sissy and a leash, stopped. Aren't these too cute?

The woman reached out to lift Mimi's dress.

She shook her head.

So tiny.

Size does matter.

Getting measured for new devices?

Polly and Mimi continued to hold hands as they bobbed a curtsy and said,

We believe so, mistress.

The woman laughed.

He too are absolutely precious.

She walked on with her black lover and her sissy cuck following behind on his tether.

Mimi and Polly endured more such ameliations before Monique and Emily appeared with their lovers.

Excited?

Emily asked Mimi.

Want to get a new chastity device?

Oh yes, Mimi replied.

If it pleases Mr. Simaster, it was a stock answer but a true one.

Barnes women trained their mates to serve and exist for their pleasure, and in doing so,

it eventually came to pass that such service also pleased this emissive.

Polly and Mimi truly existed to serve.

Such was their pleasure.

Despite Madame Zorka's dark goth appearance, her chastity shop was well lit and modern in its design.

She walked over to the for some, standing in her six-inch healed boots, eye to eye with Erin and Dwight.

I am Madame Zorka.

Her voice held an Eastern European accent.

She extended her hand and smiled with approval when both Dwight and Erin took it in theirs

for a courtly kiss.

After the introductions were made, Madame Zorka turned her attention to the two sissies.

Her dark rimmed eyes looked over the sissies, and this must be Mimi and Polly.

She turned to Emily and Monique.

Are they in chastity now?

Oh yes, Monique said for years, decades.

Madame Zorka nodded her approval.

Releases, erections, ejaculations.

Not for years, Monique said.

We simply find them unnecessary.

They are regularly milked, Emily offered.

Sometimes we do it, but most often we make them milk each other or invite someone else to do it.

We usually combine it with some social event.

Madame laughed.

Yes, very good.

Pleasure combined with humiliation.

They desperately want the pleasure of the milking, but must suffer shame and humiliation in the process.

She looked at Polly and then pointed to a medical-style examination table.

Up on table, kneel up, lift a dress.

Polly curtsied, yes, Madame, and scampered up on the table, assuming a kneeling position and lifting his dress.

Madame pulled on latex exam clothes and began to inspect Polly's chastity device.

Yes, I know this model very nice.

Accident craftsmanship has been on for a while, yes?

Monique nodded.
Probably three years.
Madame produced a stainless steel probe and used it to push back Polly's tiny penis.
She nodded.
Yes, yes, we can go smaller.
More restrictive, less visible under clothes.
Smaller, Monique chuckled, and I thought it couldn't get any smaller.
Oh, yes.
Madame said as she turned Polly's clitty in her hand, studying it.
Smaller, smaller, smaller.
Caged for years, no use.
No erection, organs atrophy.
Get smaller, useless.
Mimi felt a chill go up his spine, and actually shuttered at the cold and clinical way Madame Zorka discussed what had once been Paul's manhood.
Madame, still holding Polly's caged, clitty in her gloved hand, turned her gaze to Monique.
You are interested in new, smaller device?
A cruel smile split Monique slips.
I am.
Me too, Emily said.
But we don't have the keys to release them.
They are locked on for the trip.
Madame Zorka gave a dismissive wave of her hand.
There is no problem.
I measure hundreds, thousands of sissies.
She turned to the elaborate French sissie maid, who had been standing immurely in the corner.
Madame 900 Michels.
Let's go on to616.
Look at the
Presents!
Mr. & Mrs.
Cirelly....
How did Mclete know?
This isn't even quite complying.
To begin immediately, Madame Zorka's collection should change later.
Alright, now context the exact threefold element can figure it out.
then began using the knotted string to measure Polly's chastity, calling out a flurry of
numbers that Giselle dutifully entered into the form. When she finished, she pushed on
Polly's back, putting him into a hand's knees position on the exam table and pinning his
dress up to expose his bottom. He smiled when Polly flinched as her gloved, finger stroked
his ass crack. I offer unique milking option," Madame said, smiling as Polly shivered when
her finger traced around his pucker to opening. He would like a demonstration.
Emily and Monique's eyes widened. Most certainly, Monique said,
Madame held up something that looked like an elongated stainless steel kidney-beam.
He had vibrates and also electrically stimulates prostate.
Rechargeable battery, unremote control, wireless operation.
And it milks them, Emily asked.
Oh, yes, Madame Zorka laughed. You can put glitty condom over chastity cage, insert the
vice into a sissy pussy, and automation does the rest. Many settings available.
Customers say, on random setting, battery would last for eight hours.
Imagine sissy working all day, being randomly stimulated and leaking into clitty condom all day. I show you, yes?
Definitely, Monique said. Giselle stepped forward and placed a black saucer under Polly's chastity

device. Madame lubed up her glubbed hand. We have seven different versions. After so many years, I can tell you what works best. She slipped her fingers into Polly's bottom and began probing. Emily and Monique laughed when Polly shivered and mewed at the anal intrusion. Finally, Madame Zorka removed her fingers and turned to Giselle. This one is a seven-sea. Emily furrowed her brows. A seven-sea? Madame shrugged. He's my own shorthand terminology. Giselle handed Madame a similar but slightly different device, a bit longer and thicker on one end, which Madame lubed up and began to insert into Polly's bottom. Polly shivered and groaned, but held his position. Madame stripped off her gloves, picked up a remote and pushed several buttons. Immediately Polly shook. A shiver ran the length of his body and he whimpered. The device is vibrating. Madame held up the remote to show a blinking light and exposed electrodes are stimulating prostate. Polly moaned as he felt the stimulation on his prostate and his clitty began to leak. Look! Emily pointed. Mimi cringed to see Sisigou begin to leak from Polly's chastity cage onto the black saucer. Oh, God! They could make that happen to us all day at random. Polly continued to moan and shiver. Giselle walked to the Sissi's side and stroked Polly's face. Just let it go, sweetheart. Don't fight it. It feels good, doesn't it? Polly nodded, yes. Madame handed the remote control to Monique, who pushed the vibrate button and watched the light blink faster as Polly shook with the new sensation. Customer say remote range is sufficient in typical two-story house with a basement, Madame said. Oh, yes, Monique said I definitely want all of it, the complete setup. Madame took the control and turned the device off. Giselle picked up the plate of Sissi Kummies and held it before Polly's lips. The Sissi cup didn't have to be told what to do. He began licking up his own goo. Mimi, Emily snapped her fingers. Clean Polly's device. Mimi curtseed, yes, mistress, and minced over to Polly, who knelt up on the table. Mimi bent down and took Polly's chastity device into his mouth, sucking on it and running his tongue in and out of the steel bars on the device, giving it a good Sissi cleaning. Madame looked at Emily and pointed to Mimi. A demonstration on this one. Emily smiled her eyes sparkling. Oh, yes.

Chapter 13. Borrowed Sissi. After ordering new chastity devices for their husbands, Monique and Emily and their lovers left for leisurely lunch. Mimi and Polly were sent off to their next set of duties. Those duties found them both serving as cocktail waitresses on the upper pool deck. They took drink orders and cleaned tables. They found themselves constantly being groped with hands on their bottoms or having their garter straps snapped or having men caress their seemed stockings. To all these attentions, they would giggle or swoon to show how much a submissive Sissi appreciated attention from a superior. They

wiggled from
table to table, taking mandated mincing Sissi steps and shaking their bottoms.
They bent at
the waist and their short dresses displayed stocking tops, garter straps, and
chastity devices.
A middle-aged woman lifted Mimi's dress as the Sissi made placed the drinks on
the table.
The woman shook her head. Another tiny, dicked white male turned into a Sissi.
She smiled at
her black lover. I suppose it's for the best. This is really the only kind of
life these
pathetic creatures can expect. She looked over at her own Sissi husband on his
hands and knees,
serving as a footstool for the alpha male.
See, sweetie? You're not alone. We're going to meet lots of new people. She blew
her kneeling
husband to kiss. I've got so many new ideas from this cruise. The woman gave
Mimi's butt a resounding
slap. Get about your duty, Sissi. Mimi curtsy. Yes, mistress, and teetered off.
Pauline Mimi watched Emily Monique and their men leave the buffet and walk past
them.
The loving quartet ignored the two Sissis, who were now simply submissive
drones, working to serve
the dominant males and females enjoying the cruise. After four hours of cocktail
waitress duty,
Pauline was sent to inspect their assigned cabins and do any needed cleaning.
Mimi would endure another round of being alive mannequin. He and two other
cuckled Sissis were
taken to a back room in the gift shop and made to strip. Hurry up, a woman said,
waving her crop,
hang your clothes on that rack. While the Sissis stripped and hung up their
dresses,
the woman placed three vibrating eggs in three lubricated condoms.
She held them out to the Sissis. Come on, slats, surely you know where these go.
The Sissis read faced, accepted the condoms, and inserted them in their Sissi
boy pussies.
Mimi was given a cute black and white bikini to model. Its bottom barely covered
his chastity
device. The other Sissis wore a one-piece bathing suit and a sundress. The
Sissis were also given
hats, sunglasses, and beach totes, all items available in the gift shop. The
woman gave a wicked smile
and pressed a remote in her hand. Instantly, the vibrating eggs in each of the
Sissis came to
life. This is how it works, my little slats. The vibrators are on a random mode.
It will come on
for five seconds and then go off. Each time it goes off, you will assume and
hold a sexy girly
pose. When it goes off again, you will change to a different pose. She pointed
with her crop to
the door. Go on, get out there. The Sissis each assumed a position on a raised
pedestal and struck
a sexy pose. Men and women in the gift shop stopped to watch and laugh. Each
Sissis vibrator had a
different program, so the Sissis were all changing poses at different times. The
next three hours
passed agonizingly slow for the Sissis as they posed, held it, struck a
different pose,
held it, and so on. The gift shop manager made the rounds and used her crop on
each Sissi to
encourage even more girly, sluttier poses. Bend over sluts, show those titties.
Stick that ass out
of the hole. Make those wrists limp. Everyone wants to see what a faggot you
are. Open that

slutt mouth, lick those lips. The gift shop crowds enjoyed the living Sissi mannequins and the verbal and physical humiliations visited upon them. Some passengers even took part in the humiliations, mocking the Sissis, and saying it was no wonder their wives had found real men. The manager finally gathered up her living mannequins and took them into the back room again, where they changed into their Sissi clothes. Once back into their own clothes, they were released to their owners. The Sissis all wondered what other torments and humiliations may lie ahead.

Back in his cabin, Mimi opened the adjoining door to find Polly arranging things on a table, making sure the cabin was perfect for Mistress Monique and her lover. We're supposed to dress in a company our Mistress is to dinner this evening, Polly glanced at a clock. We have time for a quick shower. Best to do it together so we don't have to clean two showers. The two Sissis showered together, soaping each other up like giddy school girls with their first, sapphic experience. The Sissi cucks helped each other dress. They made sure they're seemed a stocking straight and helped each other with the long false eyelashes they were told to wear that night. Polly held out a paper to Mimi. They want sexy fuck me eyes tonight so long lashes and lots of liner and shadow. Mimi read the instructions left by Mistress Monique. Seemed stockings and ten strap garter belt, pink jeweled butt plug, pink dress, black gloves, pink patent leather Sissi collar, black gloves and rhinestone bracelets, earrings and tearus. With all that and their sexy makeup, the girls would make quite an impression tonight.

Mimi sighed. Mistress must be planning on showing us off tonight. Having cleaned up after themselves in the bathroom, the Sissis finished dressing. Polly gathered up the used towels. I'll go exchange these for clean towels. You make another check of the rooms to be sure everything is okay. Mimi nodded and went about the two cabins, straightening the bed linens and arranging things just so on the small coffee table and in the bathroom, turning various bottles and jars so the labels were visible. Long ago, both he and Polly had been trained to exacting standards of service to their mistresses and their varied lovers. Polly was walking down the passageway with clean towels in his arms when he saw a couple approach. She was an older curvy woman with a tall black lover. He had seen them before. Her cuckolded husband had been on a leash, but the cuck was nowhere to be seen now. Polly backed up against the wall and averted his eyes, bobbed a curtsy and whispered, Mistress, as the couple approached. He waited for them to pass, but they stopped. He felt the woman's eyes on him. You are with that mother and daughter couple, aren't you? The woman leaned forward to get a good look at Polly's face. Well, yes, Mistress. I am Sissy Polly and Sissy Mimi is my Sissy Sun-law. The woman gave a deep chuckle. The hat must make for some interesting family get-togethers.

Polly felt the man's finger under his chin as the alpha male raised up Polly's face to get a good look. Lookin' mighty sexy there, Sissy. Big night to night. The man's voice held the

authority of a bull, obviously used to dealing with Sissy cucks. Polly bobbed a curtsy. It is my duty to accompany Mistress in mastered white and serve as they desire. The black man nodded. He well understood the relationship dynamic between a hot wife, her lover, and a cuckold. Ever service a black master? Polly shivered as he answered.

Yes, sir. Mistress has enjoyed black lovers, and it has been this Sissy's privilege to serve them.

The man took a business card from his pocket and slipped it into Polly's cleavage.

Give this to your Mistress. He nodded to the woman next to him.

Perhaps we could pay you into our Mistress to visit sometime. Would you like that?

Polly's reply was a breathless yes, master. The woman grabbed Polly by his shoulders, pointed him down the corridor, and gave his bottom a swat. Get on about your chores, dearie, like a good slut.

Sissy's me, me, and Polly accompanied their wives and the lovers to dinner. Emily and Monique looked stunning in cocktail dresses, and the alpha males were expensive suits.

Me, me, and Polly looked very sissy in their pink dresses, heavy eye makeup, long gloves, and rhinestone jewelry to include cute tiaras. The Sissy's mends to behind the dominant couples as they entered the dining room. Emily and Monique walked arm and arm with their lovers, and their other hand held the leash to their collared sissy.

The lovers were seated at a table, while Polly and Mimi stood further back. Their stomachs growled, and their pangs of hunger only worsened as they watched. The many passengers perused the menu. They could only hope for another bag of leftovers scraps to eat later. May we join you? Polly lifted his eyes at the woman's voice, and saw the blonde woman and her black lover who had confronted him earlier. He quickly averted his eyes when the woman turned to look at him. Of course, mastered Dwight's stood and pulled out a chair for the woman.

The table now held the three couples, and they made their introductions. Standing behind were the three cuckles. Polly and Mimi were dressed as their sissy personas, and the other cuckold wore black slacks and the cuckolded cruise t-shirt.

Master Aaron ordered wine for the group as they chatted and discussed the menu and the cruise.

The woman had introduced herself as Anne. Her lover was Matthew, and her cock husband was David.

Anne turned her head and nodded at Polly, then turned to Monique.

That one is yours? It is, Monique said, and the other is my son-in-law, or rather, sissy-in-law. Yes, Anne's eyes narrowed. That must make for an interesting household, yes?

Emily smiled. It does, even more so, as my daughter has now come of age, and is searching for her own sissy cock and alpha male.

Is this your first, as such, cruise? Anne asked.

It is, Monique replied, although we've lived to the lifestyle, well, forever. It's only been a couple of years for us, Anne looked at her husband. He was naturally submissive and fascinated by the lifestyle, and I must say I was intrigued. I mean, sex completely on my terms. Yes, Monique said it can come with some advantages. She glanced at David.

Is he in chastity?

The last year or so, Anne chuckled, it still boggles my mind that a healthy male

would willingly

deny their sexual releases, but he does, and it does seem to make him more docile and submissive, and yours?

In chastity for decades, Monique said. Emily nodded her agreement. Anne was silent for a moment, then asked. I'm intrigued about their, um, feminine, their sissies, yes? Emily chuckled.

It's how we prefer husbands in our family. We do love them, dearly, but we prefer their love, as returned, in a sweet and feminine manner, and that they live in service sissies.

Most of our lovers prefer that as well, Monique added.

A sissified male is no threat to a man in the house. Even a homophobic man will allow his cock to be sucked by another male when that male is sissified and feminine in all

regards. She turned to look at David. Are you going to feminize him? I think she'd look quite

darling and address in heels. David shivered and blushed when Monique referred to him as she and

darling. I've not thought about it that much, Anne said, until this cruise, and having seen all

the sissies up close and personal as it were, she turned to smile at Polly and Mimi,

and these two are absolutely precious. Monique studied Anne and Matthew for a moment.

Why don't you take my Polly for the evening? It will give you a good chance to see how a sissy

might work into your relationship. She snapped her fingers and Polly curtsied, stepped forward,

and curtsied again. Show them your card, Monique ordered. All the passengers submitted to tests

before the cruise. Shipboard IDs were marked with a code that indicated the bearer was free of any

STDs. A quick inspection of everyone's card indicated everyone was clean.

Monique took Polly's

leash and held it out to Anne. If you'd like, that's very gracious. Anne took the leash.

I'll take good care of her. Anne jerked on the leash. Go stand with my cuckolded sissy.

Polly curtsied, yes, Miss Anne, and backed away to stand next to David. Anne laughed. That's so cute.

The curtsy and the sweet Miss Anne, I do like that. Monique accepted more wine from Dwight.

She turned to Anne. Has your submissive ever played with others?

No, Anne Shucker had not really. You may want to try that. Many dominant couples enjoy making their

sissy or submissive kiss, cuddle, and make out with other sissies.

I like to make them get into a 69 position, Emily said, and suck each other's caged sissy clips.

Oh my, Anne grabbed her lover's hand. That does sound absolutely wicked. Would you like to see

that baby? A big grin split Matthew's lips. I would very much. Polly moved his gloved hand

over to take David's hand. He whispered, don't worry, sweetie.

Chapter 14 Sissy Prepare My Lover

Anne and her lover Matthew walked back to the cabin. Polly followed his leash held in Mistress Anne's

hand and Anne's cuckolded David took his place behind Master Matthew. Mistress and Master were

greeted with smiles and comments as they made their way through the gift shop.

Looks as if you two

are going to have a good evening. Isn't that a pretty picture? A sissy and a cookie with every

happy couple needs. In the cabin Anne turned to her husband and commanded. Strip, go stand in the corner and watch. This might be educational for you. Perhaps we need to take your submission and training to the next level. She turned to Polly. Take your dress off. Polly curtsy

yes, Mistress Anne giggled. I do like that the little curtsy and all. I believe it's something I could get quite used to. Polly removed his dress and hung it from a hook on the wall.

Matthew twirled his finger and Polly gave a short bob curtsy to the master. Polly put his hands sexily on his hips and modeled for master. Doing quarter turns with a pause between each to give the black master a good look. She's cel obedient and gushed. Leave the rest on, Matthew ordered. I like the guard about in stockings. Polly gave a slight nod of his head as Master wishes. Matthew approached the sissy and placed his large black hands on Polly's fake tits. Too bad these aren't real. Would you like to have real tits? This sissy's only desires are to pleasure Mistress and Master, Polly whispered. Service is this sissy's pleasure.

Well said Anne took a seat and turned to look at her naked husband in the corner.

Are you getting all this? This is what happens after years of training and service.

David nodded. Yes ma'am. Anne turned her attention back to Polly and Matthew. Sissy prepared my lover. Polly performed another curtsy holding his arms out in a sissy faggot arms position. Anne turned again to her husband. Let's see you do that, a curtsy.

David did his best to duplicate Polly's curtsy but it was a clumsy attempt. Anne crinkled her nose. Obviously some intense practices in order. Mistress watched Polly drop to his knees and begin to remove Master's shoes and socks.

She's so quiet, so graceful, and so submissive. She glanced up to look at Matthew's face.

And I think my man likes being serviced by a sissy boy. She turned back to her husband, a wicked smile on her face. Yes, I think things are going to change. Get up on your tip toes, up up, like you're wearing high heels. That's right, hands on your hips.

Good. Just stay like that and watch.

Well trained in the art of undressing and preparing lovers for his wife, Polly removed Master Matthew's clothes in a submissive yet feminine and sensuous manner. Anne smiled, enjoying the show, the bit of tease and dominance and submission involved. Yes, I want this. She turned to glare at her husband on his tip toes. And you are going to give it to me.

Polly finished undressing Master, carefully hanging up his clothes. Back home the Master would have had his clothes delivered the next morning, pressed and ready for wear, and with shined shoes.

Polly turned and curtseed to Anne. Mistress, nicely done sissy, Anne said, you may now undress me. Master reclined on the bed. I'll just enjoy the show. Anne blew him a kiss. I enjoyed yours.

David watched from the corner, pain creeping into his feet and calves. Is this what it's like to wear heels all the time? He watched, shaking and helpless, as his mistress wife allowed this new person, this sissy, to undress her. For her part Anne felt no shame about her impending nudity in front of this new person. After all, it was simply a sissy, a servant, a thing. Anne made a show of it,

turning and printing and posing her voluptuous curvy figure, all to the delight of her lover on the bed. Polly had to admit Mistress Anne was quite sexy and alluring. As he slid her panties down, the sissy was surprised at the bushy mound of hair between Mistress Anne's thighs. Go on sissy, Anne teased, and get close and inhale. Polly did and swooned. Anne chuckled. Like that, do you? Some women keep it hairless. Not me. I find many of my lovers enjoy this. Do you? Polly nodded. It's very sexy, Mistress. Anne turned, her large bottom now facing Polly. Anne does sissy like asses as well, hmm? Oh yes, very much, Mistress, yes. Anne wiggled her bottom in Polly's face. Give it a kiss, then. Polly leaned forward and planted loving kisses on Anne's bottom. Anne looked at Matthew's cock. Like that, baby, this little sissy slut turning you on. Anne, I do, Master replied, and you both are. Anne pushed backwards with her bottom. Get up on that bed, sissy. Let's see what you can do with a black cock. Mistress Polly acknowledged. He shuffled on his hands and knees onto the bed, and nestled between Matthew's strong black hairy thighs. The submissive David watched, wishing he could take part, jealous of this sissy interloper. Yet he had to admit Polly was quite skilled in his submission, and Master and Mistress seemed to enjoy the addition of a sissy to their lovemaking. Is my future as a sissy in a dress in high heels? Mistress and Master snuggled on the bed, looking down as Polly's loved hands, caressed Master's cock. Polly's tongue flicked across Master's cock. Master has a most impressive cock. His hands cupped Master's balls. May this sissy lick Master's superior black balls. Anne giggled. Oh my God, she is so precious. I love the way she worships your cock and balls. She turned to her husband. You better be paying attention. This is the way you show respect to an alpha male." David nodded. Yes, ma'am. Anne glared at him. curtsy when you say that. David attempted another curtsy. Yes, ma'am. Anne smiled at her husband's submission, and turned her attention back to the sissy, servicing her lover's cock. That's right, sissy. Prepare that cock for me, get it nice and hard and wet. Polly was now taking the cock deep into his mouth, using all his skills to pleasure Master and entertain Mistress. Master Mass, you looked to the corner, and saw a cuckolded David, struggling to stay up on his tiptoes. I think I would like to see our little cuckolded all sissified. He smiled at David. Can you see yourself like this in stockings, high heels, and a wig? Mistress Anne's fingers stroked Master's muscle to chest as she turned a smile at her husband, and then back to watch Polly suck Master's cock. Want me to take hubby's shopping when we get back, baby? Want to turn him into a sissy cock sucker like this one? Master nodded. Well, if he's going to suck cock like a bitch and wait on us and serve us like a maid, Master shrugs, hide his well dressed apart. Master tense. Mistress knew the signs and slapped Polly's shoulder. That's enough, slut. Don't want to waste a good erection on

the likes of you.
Polly pulled back, a thin line of drool linking his chin and Master Mass, you swollen cock,
and nodded her approval. Nicely done. You really are a little sissy slut.
Polly bowed his head and batted his long lashes as he whispered, thank you Mistress. Master has
a wonderful cock. Mistress laughed as she looked at her husband. Hear that. Hear how the slut is
grateful and praises my lover's cock. David merely nodded in reply. Mistress Anne moved over Matthew
preparing to mount his cock. Wiggle over to the corner, she commanded Polly. I want you two love
birds to make out, play kissy face while I make love to my man. Polly curtsied and wiggled his
way to the corner, facing the nervous David. Anne moaned as she lowered herself onto the cock.
She never saw Polly and her husband kiss, or Polly take David's hand and place them on his
large fake breasts while Polly's gloved hands caressed David's nipples. Master and Mistress
enjoyed an enthusiastic coupling while the two submissives stood in the corner in a torrid sissy
make-out session. When Mistress and Master were done, the submissives were commanded to lick them
clean. David cleaning Mistress Anne and Polly using his lips and tongue to give Master's cock
a sensuous cleaning. Afterwards, the sissies knelt at the foot of the bed and kissed, sharing the
sexual juices of Mistress and Master. Before Polly was released for the evening, Mistress Anne took
Emily's advice and made the submissives lie on the floor in a 69 position and suck each other's
caged sissy quits. Both Mistress and Master found this most entertaining, especially the shame and
humiliation on David's face as his mouth was filled with Polly's chastity device and snuggled closer
to Matthew. Hmm, maybe. This cruise has been a real eye-opener. I think life for my little cuck-slut is about to change.
Chapter 15. I shall never let you go. One of the hallmarks of a well-trained sissy was adapting to
change or quickly assuming new routines. On day four of the cruise, both Polly and Mimi were up and
dressed in skimpy morning service apparel and were kneeling in the corner, waiting to serve when
Mistress and Master arose. With Polly loaned out the previous night, Mimi was left to service the
For some of Mistress's Monique, Emily, and their lovers. The For some went to a couple of the lounges
on the ship, drinking, dancing, and listening to the music. In each instance, Mimi was left standing at
the back in a line with other couples. When the group finally retired to their cabins, Mimi efficiently
assisted the women in undressing and putting on something sexy for their lovers. The sissy
cuck then turned his attention to the males, kneeling to suck the alpha males' cocks as the
women enjoyed a glass of wine and the impromptu sex shell. Now, in their respective cabins,
both sissy slaves awaited the start of their day of service and submission. Master Dwight was the first to stir, rising to shower as Emily snuggled under the covers.
Today was a day ashore. Masters Dwight and Aaron had a golf for some with two other alpha males,
and Mistress's Emily and Mimi would enjoy lunch and duty-free shopping at the

island's shops.

For sissy cuckolds, it would be a morning of cabin cleaning and another round of deck cleaning

on their hands and knees. In the late afternoon, after the ship was underway, Mimi and Polly were

to accompany their Mistress's to Miss Margaret's sissy fashions to be measured for new outfits.

Mimi waited on his knees, a towel in his outstretched arms, ready to service Master Dwight

as he emerged from the shower. Mimi wore his wig, pink nighty, and gloves.

Master preferred the submissive to be and femme at all times in his presence. While the particular mode of clothing

didn't matter, Master Dwight was insistent that Mimi always present himself in a feminine manner,

never in male clothes. Mimi accepted this. It was the natural right of the alpha male. Indeed,

some of Mistress Emily's other lovers had their own requirements for the house sissy.

Master Carl liked his slut dressed as a frilly French maid who spoke with a sweet French accent.

Master Stephen preferred a sexy and naughty 1950s housewife in girdle, seemed stockings, and dress an outfit Mimi especially adored. Master DeMalle required Mimi to present

as a sexy schoolgirl in a scandalously short-plaid skirt and low-cut white top, with white knee socks and black high-heeled Mary James. As such, Mimi was

required to carry a teddy

bear with a huge black dildo protruding from its loins, suck his thumb, and call Master DeMalle

Daddy. For her part, Emily indulged her lover's wishes, but she enjoyed Mimi's costumes and

behaviors that went with servicing each lover. In his nightstand, Mimi had a book with notes for

each of Mistress Emily's lovers, detailing the type of stockings and heels each man preferred,

how they liked to be called, their favorite earrings, gloves, and other accessories.

As a submissive sissy cuckold, it was important for Mimi to enable Mistress Emily to fully enjoy

and entertain her many lovers, to make each man feel welcome and relaxed in Mistress Emily's home.

And now he knelt and dried Master DeWight's muscled legs and gave his cock a respectful

good morning kiss before the alpha male turned and walked away to dress. Mimi quickly straightened

up the bathroom, getting it ready for Mistress Emily. In the adjoining cabin, a similar scene

was unfolding, as Sissy Polly attended to Master Aaron. When a knock on the door came,

Mimi answered and curtseed to the room service Sissy, who handed Mimi the coffee service.

The room service Sissy curtseed and then minced down the passageway.

Mimi watched the Sissy wiggle away on his stilettos, the short black and white French-made uniform,

clearly displaying the Sissy's bottom, garter straps, and stocking tops. Mimi sighed.

I wonder why I haven't been tasked for that duty, and closed the door with his bottom.

He took the coffee service in and prepared coffee for Mistress and Master. They accepted the coffee

when it was offered to them, barely acknowledging Mimi's existence. Then again, Mimi was a servant.

Emily walked to the veranda door. Be sure and wear a hat today, darling. There's not a cloud in the

sky and sunscreen. DeWight walked up behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders and nuzzling her neck. I will, baby. You take care, too. Stay on the main streets. I've got to run.

The bus will be picking us up soon. Mistress and Master shared a torrid kiss, and then he turned to leave. Mimi curtseed and held the door open for the dominant alpha male as he exited the cabin. Emily donned a short robe and went out to sit on the veranda and enjoy her coffee. Mimi walked forward, holding the pot. More coffee, Mistress. She held out her cup. A bit. You did well last night, servicing both men while Polly was loaned out. Thank you, Mistress. Always a nod to compliment, which that was.

She sighed and watched a pelican. Are you enjoying your cruise? His sissy's joy comes from her service to Mistress and Master. Their pleasure is mine.

Emily reached out and stroked Mimi's arm, a tender and intimate gesture. You are a treasure. I shall never let you go. You are mine forever. Mimi felt a warmth in his chest as he curtseed. Mistress.

You want jobs? I have cousin in HR. Get you applications, Maria laughed, but you need different uniforms to look like real cleaning girl. Polly and Mimi had been performing their morning cabin cleaning duties under the supervision of Maria. Even though by this fourth day their skills had improved, Maria still found reasons to use her crop. Sissy's make good workers do as told, take no breaks. She waved her crop and get punished.

She followed Polly and Mimi to their next cabin. Maybe I go to America, get me USA sissy husband, do whatever I say. Mimi curtseed to Miss Maria. A sissy would be proud to serve at the feet of Mistress Maria. Maria laughed and glanced out the cabin door. She waved to her colleague, I remone. She gestured him forward and took her phone from her pocket. Take some pictures, OK?

Ramone laughed. Sure, Maria, no problem. Maria handed Ramone her phone. I want pictures with these sissy's. She motioned for Mimi and Polly to take their place on each side of her. Curtsy, smile, look at camera, be sweet sissy. Ramone shook his head and chuckled as Mimi and Polly executed deep curtsies, tilted their heads just so, and gave sweet smiles. He twirled his finger, turn around, lift, dress, show bottom. The two sissy's obeyed the command and displayed their bottoms. Garter straps, stockings, and heels, as Maria struck a sexy pose between them.

Ramone showed the picture to Maria. Mice, Maria said, do one of Sissy's kissing my feet. Mimi and Polly heard. They didn't need to be told what to do. They assumed a kneeling position in front of Maria, pulled up their dresses again to display garters and stocking tops, and then brought their lips gently to Miss Maria's black pumps. Maria smiled and flexed the crop in her hand, as Ramone took two more pictures. Maria waved her crop, kneel up, fold hands like praying and look at me. Like you worship her, Ramone said. Mimi and Polly assumed positions of worship and adoration, folding their hands and gazing up at goddess Maria, as Ramone took more pictures. Kissed my feet, Maria ordered as she and Ramone took a few moments to view all the pictures. Mimi and Polly continued to kneel quietly on the floor, paying homage to Miss

Maria's feet.

Maria laughed, even if I marry real men, maybe I get Sissy to clean house be my slave.

She glanced down at the two feminized males kissing her feet. Every woman should have Sissy. I know that now.

While the Sissy's cleaned and Master's Dwight and Aaron played golf, Emily and Monique enjoyed a leisurely brunch.

May I join you? Anne approached the table. Please, Monique gave a warm and inviting smile and wave

to an empty chair. Where's Matthew? Emily asked. A deep sea fishing excursion, Anne replied.

A Sissy French maid approached to pour more coffee for the women. Anne watched the Sissy

maid wiggle away to the next table. I do appreciate that, she said. The Sissy maid thing.

I cannot thank you enough for loaning your Sissy Polly to us last night. It was quite the eye

opener. Monique nodded. Well, it's one thing to discuss it, to read about it, but actual first

hand experience. Anne added sweetener to her coffee. Exactly. It's really making me reconsider the whole

Sissy cross-dressed thing. Emily spoke up. I assumed the dominant submissive and cuckold thing

was David's idea. Yes, Anne said, and he never mentioned cross-dressing or being your Sissy maid.

Emily asked, no, Anne replied. It never came up.

Well, Monique said, just because he never brought it up doesn't mean you can't.

If it's an aspect of the dominant submissive dynamic that you find enjoyable, then I suggest

you experiment a bit. You've already broken the eyes last night by introducing a Sissy into the mix.

Yes, Anne's eyes sparkled. My little cuckie David got an eyeful last night.

Oh, and a mouthful, too. She giggled. I took your advice and had the two little darlings,

sixty-nine, and suck each other's chastity device. David found it quite humiliating,

but Matthew and I found it most erotic. Then I suggest you begin to introduce a bit of

feminizing into your relationship, Emily said. Some submissives take to it quite readily.

They can't wait for a woman to subjugate and feminize them. Others take a bit more effort,

she smiled, but breaking them can be most enjoyable.

And yours, Anne asked. Monique gave a wicked chuckle. A barn's woman stalks her prey,

selects one with all the desired qualities, and then grooves them for her pleasures and uses.

We do love our husbands, Emily added. They are loyal and affectionate, but a barn's woman needs

more, expects more, and demands more, so we find those mates who meet our criteria.

Diddy, Monique said, that would be a good name for your David. We try and find something close to

their name, but with a girly, sissy quality. Diddy, Anne laughed, I'd like that. We're going

ashore to the duty-free shops, Emily said. Would you care to join us? Love, too, Anne signaled a

sissy for more coffee.

After their cabin cleaning duties were finished, Pauline Mimi were sent to work on polishing the

brass and chrome around the ship. Theirs was a cruise of labor and work,

not relaxation and entertainment. They had been showgirls, waitresses, deck scrubbers,

mannequins, cabin maids, towel girls, foot massagers, and who knew what else was

to come,
but they didn't complain. None of the cuckles did, at least none that anyone had seen.

The ship's submissives had all been meek and obedient. Mimi and Polly had seen lots of other

cucks, many of them sissies, but other sorts as well. Many were leashed and collared and followed

meekly behind the wife and her lover. Clearly, all the ship's passengers shared a common bond

of dominance and submission. Some passengers ignored Polly and Mimi as they polished and wiped,

making the ship's metal gleam. Others stopped to comment, which always enlisted a curtsy

and polite acknowledgment from the sissy.

Oh, look, baby! This one was in the show. Were you one of the dancing sissies?

Mimi curtsy'd. Yes, mister's. Do you dance for your wife and her lovers?

Mimi blushed. No, not really, mister's. You should. I think it would be cute for you to do a sexy dance,

for wifey's man. Yes, mister's. Mimi resumed his polishing and the woman's laughter,

trailed off as she walked away. I think they are going to do that, Polly whispered. What,

Mimi turned to Polly? Make us take dancing lessons, Polly said. I heard mister's no

neat talking. Maybe belly dancing or some kind of erotic dancing or stripping, so we can perform

for their men or guests at parties. There was nothing more sad about the matter. There was no need if mister's wanted a sexy dancing sissy. She would have one.

For a sissy,

the only option was to learn to be the best dancer he could be.

Chapter 16. 2 In 1

Polly and Mimi stood outside Miss Margaret's sissy fashions, feeling the movement of the ship

making its way out to sea away from the island. They stood silent, aware of the passengers who

strolled by, but kept their eyes downcast. Submissives do not make eye contact. They would

bob a delicate curtsy and offer a whispered, yes, mister's, or thank you, mister's, when spoken

to. The girls were to be fitted for new outfits today. They would not be consulted. Their opinion

would not be solicited. Mister's Emily and Monique would choose what pleased them,

and they would decide on how they wanted their cissified and submissive husbands to dress.

The voices of Monique and Emily heralded their arrival along with that of mister's aunt. The

sissy's curtsy'd at the approach of the dominant women. Both girls noticed cuckolded David, followed

his mister's wife Anne. His collar toathered to a leash held in her hand. Did you have a nice day? Emily stroked Mimi's cheek in a show of dominant affection.

Mimi curtsy'd. It was very productive, mister's. Emily chuckled, excellent. A busy sissy is one

that stays out of trouble. The noise of a lock drew everyone's attention as the door to Miss

Margaret's sissy fashions opened. A sissy maid, in an explosion of pink satin and white lace,

greeted them with a curtsy. Welcome to Miss Margaret's. The three dominant women entered the shop,

followed by their submissive husbands. Miss Margaret approached. She was a middle-aged woman with a

curvy and voluptuous figure. She wore a leopard print figure-hugging dress that extended a bit

past her knees and seemed stockings and wood-platform mules with gold-metal heels. Her hair was up, and she wore large earrings and bracelets on each wrist. The look was very sexy, erotic 1950s sex kitten. She extended her hand. I'm Margaret, she said warmly. Welcome. Did you enjoy your day on the island? The two sissies and the submissive males stood silent as the ladies made their introductions in small talk. The shop was filled with mannequins and displays. Margaret led the group to a large couch where they sat and were served a champagne by another sissy, this one in full French-made regalia. Margaret accepted her drink from the sissy maid and nodded to Polly and Mimi. Your girls are most delightful, sale-obedient and feminine. Thank you, Monique said. We search out and hunt for a particular type of mail to train, and when we find one, we acquire and develop it. Margaret raised her glass in a mock toast. Kudos, and my compliments well done. Monique and Emily turned in return, raising their glasses. So, Margaret smoothed her dress over her legs. Did you look at the catalog? See anything that interests you? The two in one, Emily said. I've never seen anything like it. Ah, yes. Margaret's eyes twinkled. She turned to Anne. And you? Well, Anne said. Although we've had a dominant submissive, cuckolding relationship, the whole feminine sissy thing was never a component. She looked at Mimi and Polly. Although this cruise has certainly been an eye-opener, and perhaps it's time I did have a sissy maid. Margaret smiled. Of course. She placed her drink on a table, rose and walked to David, observing him. Hmm, yes. She turned to her pink-clad sissy attendant. Francine, take this one in the back and put it in something. She turned to look at Anne. Hank? Anne chuckled. Why not? Margaret took David's leash and handed it to Francine. She stroked David's cheek. You go along with Francine, sweetie. Be a good girl and do what she says. The women chuckled as David's cheeks flushed when he was called a good girl. Margaret resumed her seat. It will take Francine a bit. She smiled at Anne. But I think you'll be pleased. She turned to Emily. The two in one, my own special creation, delightfully wicked. She picked up a remote control and turned on a television. Best to watch it in action. The television came to life, and Margaret selected one of the videos from the on-screen menu. The scene opened with two white sissies. Both were naked, but looked identical. Small clitties, in chastity devices, rather large breast implants, and the same blonde hair. Identical twins, Margaret explained. Sissy's step-sends raised by their step-mother after the father died. Of course, she sold them and kept their inheritance. They were purchased by a rich black family. Identical white sissy males are a rather rare item and can fetch quite a good price. The group watched as the sissies put on their bras and thigh-high stockings. After that, they sat side by side, each of their movements in perfect unison. They reached down and pulled a single spandex sleeve up each inside leg, cocooning both inside legs into one. They stood, once again, in a single, fluid,

and feminine motion.

Two young black women entered the room. These are the daughters of the owners, Margaret explained. The sissies put their inside arms around one another's waist,

as the young black women attached a bondage-mitten to that hand.

The bondage-mittens were then secured, one to the other, in front of the sissies' bodies.

The feminized males were now locked in an arm around the other's waist position, with the outside arms remaining free. Monique sipped her champagne.

My god, how devious! She raised her glass to Margaret, kudos to you!

One of the women reached to the side and pulled forth a black spandex garment.

The two in one, Margaret said proudly. The sissies once again sat on the couch and raised their

legs. Monique Emily and Anne watched as the tight ankle length garment was pulled over the legs of

the sissies, over the two free outside legs, and over the bound center legs. The sissies stood,

and the young women jerked, pulled, and smoothed the skin-tight garment up and over their legs,

torsos, and upper bodies. The sissies put their free outside arms through the holes in the bondage

dress. It's a skin-tight bondage dress, Margaret said. The young women turned the sissies around,

so their backs were to the camera. They zipped up the bottom and top of the dress,

encasing the two bodies as one in the dress. One of the young women snapped her fingers

and made a twirling motion, and the two sissies, now moving as one, turned 360 to model the dress

for the camera. Diet Boleco, Emily whispered. The young black women finished dressing the sissies

with long gloves, long earrings, leather collars, and six-inch heels. The front of the bondage dress

had two holes, trimmed in white lace. Each of the young women reached in through the hole,

and fished out the sissies' chastity device.

That's an option, Margaret explained, and a last-assized and lace-trimmed hole. If you want to display

their chastised sissy clit. The video dissolved into a scene at a party. The sissies moved about,

each of their outside arms holding one end of a serving-tray, serving drinks to the guests.

It's amazing, and said, how they move, how they seem to glide as some three-legged creature in

six-inch heels. Yes, well, Margaret chuckled. The owners told me it took some time in training,

but yes, it is amazing. They are quite popular at parties. Watch this.

The group watched as the sissies placed a tray on a table, and then walked to the center of the

room and fell gracefully to their knees. Four black men approached, their pants open and their

large cocks in hand. As they approached, the twins' sissies opened their mouths and extended their

free-gloved hands. The women watched as the sissies each sucked a cock and jerked off another with

their free hand.

We'll take one of your two-in-ones, Monique said. No, make that two, one in black and one in pink.

And with the front lacy sissy-clit holes, Emily added.

Excellent, Margaret said. We simply need to get some measurements and take some photographs.

Polly and Mimi remained quiet and in position, but both shuttered at the new humiliation to befall

them. The sound of tinkling bells captured everyone's attention, and they all

turned to see Francine
lead sissy-diddy into the room.
Oh, my God! Anne's mouth opened in amazement and her eyes went wide.
Francine curtsy'd. Ladies, I present sissy-diddy. She jerked on the leash,
pulling-diddy before
the assembled women. David, now-diddy, his cheeks red with shame, lurched
forward on his pink
four-inch heels. His waist was nipped in by a corset, whose eight garter straps
held up
pink-seamed stockings. His pink satin dress, with billowy petticoats, was
hideously short,
clearly revealing his stocking tops and chastity device.
Long-pink gloves, a blonde wig, and big earrings completed the look.
He had been given pink lips and brown eyeshadow and long false eyelashes.
Sissy Francine unclipped the leash from Diddy's collar.
Turned, sweetie, like we practiced, modeled for the ladies.
Diddy gave a clumsy curtsy in his heels, held up his arms with wrists, limb, and
made quarter
turns, giving everyone a look.
The heels take a bit of time, Margaret said, but most sissies come to love their
heels,
the higher the better. The alpha males and bulls like their sissies in Fuck Me
Heels.
And fished in her purse for her phone. Keep turning, darling. I want to get some
video and pictures.
I can't wait to show this to Matthew. Margaret smiled her approval to Francine,
and then turned to Anne. This look is a bit over the top sissy. You can always
tone it down.
Anne laughed as she took pictures and video. Yes, I suppose so, but I rather
like it.
I'll definitely take it. The entire ensemble dress and accessories all of it.
She stopped to look at Margaret. Would it be possible to see her as a maid?
Margaret nodded to Francine.
But of course, something for daytime work or something frilly and girly for
evening. Perhaps
when you have a lover over? Anne gave Dee Dee a wicked smile of foreboding. Oh,
something erotic
and girly, something a man would like.
Chapter 17. Dungeon. While the lovers enjoyed a gourmet meal,
Polly and Dee Dee dressed as sissy brides, circulated the dining room. They
modeled their
white bridal outfits and handed out flyers for tomorrow's renewal of cuckoo
vows.
Polly wore a classic dress with fetish enhancements. A tight calf length, white
satin dress,
a hobble dress, and six inch white satin heels made him mince about the dining
room.
White gloves snaked up his arms and long dark false eyelashes were clearly
visible behind his
veil. Mimi was very much the sissy-slapped bride wearing a short white satin
number trimmed in pink.
His white stockings had a pink seam and his white platform shoes had a high and
thin metal heel.
They also wore long white gloves and a veil. Unlike Polly, Mimi was gagged with
a white patent leather
gag. Both sissies circulated the dining room along with two other sissy brides.
Diners looked,
touched, and sometimes questioned those sissy brides not gagged. The diners
enjoyed the sissy
bride fashion show and couldn't help taking advantage of the sissies, groping
them in offering comments.
A man ran his hand up Mimi's stocking to thigh. Looking forward to your wedding
night sissy?
Gagged, Mimi could only bob a curtsy and nod. The crowd at the table laughed and

a woman said,
John, stop it, you'll frighten the poor thing. Perhaps she's never had a car.
Those at the table
laughed once more. Polly felt a hand on his bottom and a male voice asked,
are you going to be an obedient and submissive sissy wife or your owners? Polly
curtsy. Oh,
yes, master. The man patted Polly's bottom again. Good answer.
An older gray-haired woman in a red beaded gown lifted up Mimi's dress to look
at the chastity
device decorated with a pink satin bow. She turned to her young lover. That,
darling,
his white man becomes sissies. Her other hand rubbed the young man's crotch.
Thank the gods, they blessed you with a cock. She looked again at the tiny
chastised sissy
clit, crinkled her nose and shook her head. She dropped Mimi's dress and sent
the sissy away
with a dismissive wave of her hand. The sissy brides circulated a dining room
for two more hours
until the last diners were gone. They were then dismissed to their next duties.
Her Polly and Mimi, that meant meeting Mr. Sismoneek and Emily and their lovers
at the ship's dungeon.
They stood outside the dungeon. Both sissies were still wearing their white
sissy-bride outfits,
a stark contrast to the all-black leather and latex going in and out of the
dungeon.
A lounge on a lower deck had been converted into a dungeon for the crews. Two
well-known
dominatrices had been hired as dungeon mistresses. When not overseeing the
dungeon,
they offered various workshops using unlucky cuckles drafted to serve as
whipping or footworship
dummies. Polly and Mimi waited, as good submissives do, watching as their
mistresses and masters
led their submissives into the dungeon. A tall, well-muscled man in leather
pants and vest
stopped to stroke Mimi's gag. Here a cute one, want to come in and get a
spanking.
Mimi mumbled something unintelligible into his gag and curtsy.
Stephen set a woman in a tight, short spandex dress in knee-high boots.
Those two sluts are obviously waiting for their owners.
She jerked on the leash she held in her leather-gloved hands and her husband
stumbled forward.
The submissive was naked except for a leather collar and a pair of leather
shorts. I'm sure
there will be plenty of sluts inside for you to play with. Man smiled at Mimi.
Hitty, perhaps else in you inside. Mimi breathed a sigh of relief when the man,
woman, and her slave husband entered the dungeon.
While Monique and Emily enforced a total female domination lifestyle in their
homes and lives,
they didn't go so much for the leather and fetish thing. There were no formal
dungeons.
Their entire homes were dungeons of sorts.
With Sarah, now in on the lifestyle and searching for her own Sissy Cuck
husband,
each room in the house now displayed a crop, cane, or paddle to address
immediate performance
and behavior in fractions. Weekly discipline and maintenance sessions were held
in the drawing
room, where cabinet held an assortment of items to make any submissive week in
the knees.
Depending on schedules and commitments, a weekly session was usually conducted
on a Friday or
Saturday afternoon. Polly or Mimi, or both, would report to the drawing room,
curtsy, and listen

as Monique or Emily, or both, Mr. Siz, would read the various infractions from a book and assign the corrective punishments. And now they stood outside the ship's dungeon, listening to the slap of leather straps and the wax of canes. They saw Monique and Emily making their way down the passageway, their lovers' strong arms around the ladies' wastes.

Polly and Mimi curtsy'd and whispered, mistress in unison. Monique's hand went out to cup Polly's breast. I do like this. She stroked the full but fake breast, seeing you like this the last few days, totally feminized with these lovely tits. It's a good look, Master Aaron added. He nodded to Mimi, for both of them. Yes, Emily Cockter had studying the two sissies and their round full breasts. Since Sarah has come of age, there's no reason now to conceal their sissiness and femininity in the house. They should be in sissy mode all the time. Men do enjoy a sissy girl with tits, a male voice came from behind Emily and Monique and they turned. The man was short with gray thinning hair. His wife was taller and both were dressed in leather. The woman held the leash to a sissy, dressed in a satin, purple and white lace dress. The man handed Monique a card. Monique read, Paul Goodwine, M.D., plastic surgeon. Dr. Goodwine nodded at the sissies. My special cheese, a small part of my practice, but it has a rather enthusiastic following. T.S., T.G., sissies. I have turned many a submissive husbands into big titted sissy she-mails for wives and girlfriends. My wife and I own three sissies. We bought this one on the cruise. Check out my website, my references. He smiled at Master's Aaron and Dwight as he pointed to Mimi and Holly. I'm sure you'd enjoy my work on these two. He leaned in to give Mimi and Polly a cursory look. Yes, excellent candidates. Well, enjoy your evening. He and his wife and their sissy and toe on a leash entered the dungeon. Monique arched her eyebrows as she gave the card another look and dropped it in her purse. Well, that was interesting. Her hands, purred Polly's breast once again. Most interesting. Emily held up a shopping bag in Mimi's view. We stopped at Raven's realm. Remember that lovely strap-on we saw the first day? She smiled and pulled it from the bag. I bought it. Are you excited? Mimi curtsy'd. Yes, mr. How wonderful. Yes, I can't wait to put it to use, Emily chuckled. After all, a husband and a wife or a sissy and a wife should fuck. Don't you agree? Yes, mr. It's very considerate of you. Emily laughed out loud. Considerate. Perhaps we'll see how considerate you find it when you're bent over and being my bitch. Emily stroked the large black cock. Dwight has a niece with a lesbian lover. They're not necessarily man haters, but they also don't have much use for men, not in the typical relationship. Still, they've often wondered what it would be like to take a man, to actually fuck a male. Polly could only curtsy and reply. Emily laughed and returned the strap-on to the bag. And mother got this lovely toss. She held up the leather device and ran her hands along the split leather tails.

Such exquisite workmanship made in Scotland. She pointed to the dungeon entrance. Shall we go in and try it out? The dungeon was well appointed, with expensive, high-quality dungeon furniture. The lighting was subdued, but not so dark as to obscure what was going on. In their white wedding dresses, Polly and Mimi stood out like beacons among the mostly black attire. There were naked slaves on crosses and spanking benches, and an assortment of pink and purple-clad sissies being spanked, whipped or put on their knees for boot worship. Polly and Mimi were not unaccustomed to dungeons. Monique and Emily numbered several fetish-minded people in their circle of friends. The ladies, with their submissive sissy husbands in tow, would sometimes visit dominant friends. While neither Polly nor Mimi could be considered true pain-slots, they both came to experience and even look forward to the endorphin-releasing euphoric flight that often came from bondage and pain. They emerged from these sessions beaten and humiliated, but also somehow cleansed and purged, ready again to serve and submit anew. But tonight would be more for play and show, rather than a cathartic release for Mistress and Slave. Mistress's Monique and Emily would show off their dominance and the submission of their cuckolded husbands. Emily pointed to a wooden stool. Mimi needed no other command. Mistress Emily's silent gesture of authority was all that was needed. Mimi bent over the stool and his gloved hands grasped its legs. Emily bent down to whisper into his ears, I don't need to restrain you, do I? You're going to be good, yes? Yes, Mistress. She patted his cheek. Good girl. Emily smiled and blew a kiss to her lover, Dwight, who watched it all with bemused interest. Emily lifted up Mimi's short white wedding dress in petticoats, exposing his bare bottom, which was framed nicely by his garter belt and stockings. Should I dress you as my sissy bride tomorrow when we renew our vows? Mimi shook his head, if that is what pleases Mistress. She took the tos from her bag, drawing the leather tails softly over Mimi's bottom. She laughed when he flinched. My pleasure, I like that answer. It's always a good one. She gave a playful slap with her new toy, and now it pleases me to play with my new toy and my sissy. She delivered a harder blow, a resounding slap that drew curious looks from nearby fetish enthusiasts. Mimi lurched as the leather tails stung his flesh. She's just getting warmed up. She can hit much harder than that. Hold your position, Emily warned, remain still and silent. I want you to suffer with the quiet grace and dignity that befits my sissy. Yes, Mistress. Mimi took a deep breath, tried to control his breathing. Relax, focus, let it come, accept, endure, it will please Mistress. Emily ran the tails through her hands, such an exquisite instrument, so simple, yet so wicked. She delivered four more blows, each harder than the last. Mimi gripped the stool so hard he thought he might cut the circulation to his hands. Even so, he willed himself to stay relaxed. He smelled Emily's perfume and felt her

warm breath when she whispered in his ear. Does Mimi like my new toy? How does it feel? Tell me.

Mimi gasped out of breath, its tings, quick like fire. She chuckled, and what does my sissy cuckoo want?

Mm-hmm. What would please sissy Mimi? More, Mistress. Please let your sleigh feel more for Mistress.

Well, she stroked his hair. Since you bade for more, she moved behind him, selecting her spot.

How could I refuse such a heartfelt request? She delivered ten more hard blows, spacing their timing and place of delivery on Mimi's buttocks and thighs. She paused and offered

the toss to Dwight, who merely smiled and shook his head, no. Tonight, mastered Dwight was merely

an interested observer, a foyer. But Mimi knew Master could deliver a punishing over the knee

spanking. His large hand would leave large red hand prints on a sissy bottom.

Emily gave her

alpha male lover a passionate kiss and returned her attention to reddening

Mimi's bottom with her

new toss. Across the room, Monique had Polly bent over, and both Mistress and another woman were

giving Polly a spanking with wooden paddles. They alternated the blows, one after the other.

The satin wedding dress offered no protection from the wooden onslaught. Polly was denied the

luxury of a spanking bench or stool. Instead, he was simply bent over and made to balance on his

fuck-me heels. Much to the delight of his tormentors, the blows from the paddles made him

keeter on his stilettos. What seemed like hours of punishment for Mimi and Polly turned out to be

only 45 minutes. Satisfied with their dungeon play, the mistresses dismissed their sissy slaves to

return the wedding dresses, change into a new sissy outfit, and then meet their mistresses in

the ocean bar. As submissive sissy cuckles, their evening of service was not yet over.

Chapter 18 I Do

Mimi turned and looked over his shoulder at the image of his abused bottom in the mirror.

Mistress Emily's toss whipping from last night left its telltale signs. The red marks painted a

pattern of pain over his posterior, and even though it pained him, his suffering and torment

had been his gift to her, and he felt some solace in that. He shrugged. She did seem to enjoy it.

He tip-toed it to the veranda door, careful not to disturb a sleeping mistress and master.

He pulled back the curtain a tiny bit and peeked out to look at the expanse of blue ocean.

It was a day at sea, and the ship was returning to port.

Tomorrow morning they would disembark.

Mimi crept back to roll up his pad, fold up his blanket, and put on his bra and wig

to be ready to serve mistress and master when they arose. He knelt quietly in the corner and waited.

In the adjoining cabin, the scene was much the same as Polly waited in his corner.

The sissies knelt and waited quietly in their respective cabins, ready to begin their service

whenever mistress or master arose.

Master Aaron was the first to arise, and Polly quietly bowed his head to the floor to acknowledge

master's presence as the alpha male walked by on the way to the bathroom.

One by one, as mistresses and masters arose, each sissy would kiss their feet in greeting.
After the dominance had showered and dressed, they left for a leisurely breakfast. Their sissy cuckoles would face another morning of cabin cleaning under the watchful eye of mistress Maria.
Last day, huh, sissies? Maria said.
Too bad sissies make good workers.
Maybe I see you on cruise next year?
She smiled as Polly and Mimi turned and curtseyed in unison.
Yes, Miss Maria, Polly said.
It would be an honor to serve you, Mimi said. Maria snapped her fingers on your knees.
Come! She motioned them forward with her finger.
Polly and Mimi dropped to their knees and crawled across the cabin.
They stopped before Maria to kiss her black pumps.
She laughed and shook her head. You put static as men, but make good sissies. Better this way for you, better that wife have men with cocks.
She lifted her dress, exposing sheer white panties.
Here you kiss me goodbye and always remember Mistress Maria.
The sissies rose up on their knees, leaned forward, and inhaled the musky scent of Maria's sex.
It was a heady fragrance, and her mound of black curly hair was visible under the sheer panties.
She chuckled as she thrust her hips forward, smelted sissies, give it a kiss. She watched as Mimi and Polly leaned in to snip at her pussy and plant soft, loving kisses on her panties.
Sissies like, very beautiful Mistress, Polly said.
Mistress is very sexy, Mimi said.
One at a time she pulled each sissy into her crotch, grinding her panty-clad sex into the sissies face. Now you smell me all day, smell Mistress Maria.
She liked being called Mistress.
Polly and Mimi both bowed their heads to the floor, once again kissing Maria's feet.
Until next year's sissies, the shoes disappeared from their view, as Maria walked from the cabin and closed the door behind her.
Mimi and Polly quickly returned to their cabins to check their hair and makeup. They had dance rehearsal in 30 minutes.
Okay girls, listen up! Christine clapped her hands, and the sissies obediently lined up.
Their hands folded demurely in front of them. She gave a silent laugh.
A bunch of fucking sheep, timidly doing whatever their Mistresses or Masters say.
They deserve what they get.
Tonight you are doing an encore performance of your dance number from the first show.
After that, you will be released to your owners for whatever they want to do with you on this final night of the cruise.
She led her sissy dance troupe through two performances without music.
Okay, okay. She nodded, not bad. Let's try it with music.
Christine rehearsed the sissies for nearly 90 minutes before pronouncing them ready for the last show.
Be lined up outside the showroom like last time.
Remember to turn in your costumes, shoes, and the rest of your dance accessories after the number.
The fishnut tights are yours to keep.
She laughed. Maybe your owners will want you to start dancing for them.
She could tell by the expression on some of the sissy's faces.
This was already happening.
She saw it in her mind, a sissy dressed in some costume dancing for his wife and her lover or friends at a party.
Hell, if I was home more, not working on this ship all the time, I might have a

sissy of my own.
You're dismissed.

The

Pauline Mimi had cocktail waitress duty on the pool deck until 3 p.m.
They wore their pink dresses, heels and wigs, and moved from table to table,
collecting used

glassware and delivering new drinks. At one point Mimi had to serve Emily,
Monique, and their lovers.

The For some treated Mimi as an unknown cocktail waitress, ignoring the fact
Mimi was Emily's

sissy husband. As Mimi walked away, Monique gave a chuckle.

They're actually quite good at being submissive waitresses.

Perhaps we need to find them a part-time job.

Master Aaron looked up from his book. What about the enchanted whip?

Emily's eyes twinkled.

That bears consideration.

The enchanted whip was a members-only fetish club that met twice a month in a
rented facility.

The barn's women were true lifestyle doms. It was the way they lived and defined
their marital

relationships. Although they occasionally attended local fetish gatherings, they
weren't regular

scene players. I know the man who does the catering for their gatherings, Aaron
said.

He occasionally hires extra help for serving and cleaning up whatever.

He looked across the deck at Pauline bending over. The sissies, stocking tops
and garter straps,

on full display. He could probably use something like your sissy sluts.

Monique leaned over to kiss her younger lover.

Do be a darling and talk to him about it. She sat back in her chair. Yes, that's
a wonderful idea.

Emily gave a little laugh. They could wear the new hobble outfits we bought
them,

with the holes to display their chastised clitties.

Monique closed her eyes, picturing Polly and Mimi teetering around a makeshift
dungeon

in the stilettos and ankle-length hobble skirts. Their pathetic sissy clits
pulled through the

lace-lined hole on full display. A smile played across her lips.

And perhaps a pair of nice new and large tits from Dr. Goodwine. Scandalous.

It was a perfect afternoon. The sea was calm, the sky was blue. There was just
enough of a breeze

to keep everyone cool in the Caribbean sun. The wedding vow renewal ceremony
would take place

on the aft pool deck. Chairs had been set up for those who wished to watch, and
a red carpet runner

had been placed down the center aisle. The captain stood on a small stage in
front of an arch decorated

with flowers. He was resplendent in his white dress uniform and was accompanied
by some of the

other ship's officers, both male and female. Polly and Mimi stood behind their
wives, Miss Emily,

and Master Dwight to the right, and Miss Monique and Master Aaron to the left.

The men wore dark

suits with vests, white shirts, and taunts. Monique wore stunning lilac colored
sheath dress,

and Emily wore a peach colored wrap dress. The two mistresses and their lovers
made a stunning

and elegant for some, but most of the attention was focused on the two sissies
behind their

mistresses. Mimi and Polly wore white matching sissy bride dresses, courtesy of
Miss Margaret,

who was combining the wedding vow renewal with a bit of a sissy fashion show.

All the sissy

brides would wear Miss Margaret's fashions. The sissies wore matching outfits that branded them as feminized sissy males, and, because of their identical nature, stripped the sissies of any uniqueness or individuality. They were things, pretty, submissive, feminized things. Each sissy wore a long, ankle-length, sleeveless white spandex hobble dress. The dress clung to their body, and the outline of the corset and garter's beneath, was clearly visible. While the dress fabric continued to the ankle, effectively hobbling each sissy, below the knee, the material was covered with a series of ruffles that expanded into a fishtail bottom. The look was rather forties glamour with a fetish sissy twist. Long, elbow-length white gloves came up the sissy's arms, and each wore a veil and acute pink crystal tiara. The dominant forsome and the two sissies waited at the rear as a woman and her black lover and her own sissy hubby recited the renewal of their wedding vows. Paulie and Mimi balanced on six-inch white satin stiletto heels under their long dresses. The heels also from Miss Margaret's sissy fashions. They cast furtive glances around the crowd. It was a large turnout, obviously, this was a popular event on the cruise. Each couple had been given the option of reciting their own vows or using those from a list of vows provided. Monique and Emily decided on some written vows but planned to develop their own over the coming year for use on next year's cuckolded cruise. The man and woman at the front kissed when the captain said, you may now kiss the bride. The bride's sissy cuckold knelt and kissed the bride's feet. Everyone clapped and wished the trio well as they walked off to the right. There was a moment pause, as Miss Wanda, the ship's entertainment director, dazzling in her own white uniform, read from a card. Please give a warm welcome to Monique Barnes and her lover, Master Aaron. She is accompanied by her sissy cuckold, Paulie. And Emily Barnes and her lover, Master Dwight, accompanied by her sissy cuckold, Mimi. And Paulie and Mimi will be performing in tonight's sissy review at the first show. There was polite applause as the music played and the sex-tat walked down the aisle. Monique and Emily walked arm in arm with their lovers as their sissy's minced behind, effectively hobbled in their spandex ankle-length dresses and six-inch stilettos. The sissies heard the comments as they walked down the aisle behind their wives and wives lovers. Oh my God, they're so precious. Such sweet sissy brides. It's no wonder their wives have lovers they're not male at all. Feminization does become a cockle, especially those two. There's something so vulnerable about a sissy and heels and a hobble dress. Smile, dearie, it's your wife's big day. The sissies' faces blushed under the cheesing. While the veils didn't really hide their faces, they were still glad to have them. With each step down the aisle and their hobble dresses and fuck me heels, the plugs in their bottoms stimulated them. Monique and Emily made the sissies plug each other with

large, cock-shaped plugs before dressing in their sissy-bride dresses. Finally, they stood before the ship's captain. The sissies moved from behind to kneel, not an easy task in their bondage, dress, and heels beside their wives. The captain began. We are gathered today to witness the re-affirmation of vows between wife, lover, and cuckold. He looked at Monique and then Emily. Do you Monique and Emily vouch to love and cherish your cuckles, Polly and Mimi? Monique and Emily smiled down at their kneeling sissified brides. We do, they said in unison. The captain continued. And do you vow to take other lovers as you see fit to enjoy the sexual rights of dominant women? This time the women smiled at their lovers to whiten Aaron. We do. Polly and Mimi clutched the bouquets in their gloved hands. They were humiliated by the experience. On display is sissy cuckles before everyone. Yet both also felt a shiver of excitement. This time the captain looked at the alpha males. Do you, Aaron and Dwight, vow to be the men the women need in their lives to provide companionship and sex? Dwight and Aaron both said, I do, as they turn to take Monique's and Emily's hands in their own. The captain's eyes, as well as those of the audience, now turned to the kneeling sissified cuckles. Do you, Mimi and Polly, vow to forsake all maleness and all normal sexual release to live your lives devoted to your wives and their lovers? To be faithful, loving, loyal, obedient, meek and feminine, do you commit yourselves to lives of chastity and obedience to the dominant and superior females? We do, assistance said in whispered feminine voices. The captain nodded his approval. By the authority vested in me as captain of this vessel, I now pronounce you wives, lovers and cuckles. You may kiss the brides. There was polite applause and cheers as Mimi and Aaron and Dwight and Emily kissed. At the dominant couple's feet, their cuckles leaned down to kiss the shoes of their mistress wives. Polly and Mimi rose after their kisses, took their place behind their wives and exited as another couple began their way down the aisle. Off to the side, the newly bowed sex-tet posed for pictures taken by the ship's photographer, as Polly and Mimi assumed their many submissive poses. They knew in the coming days they would each assemble a photo album of the crews, pictures of mistress and her lover dancing, dining in horseback riding, pictures of the sissy cocks waving tables, cleaning decks and dancing. Book shelves at each mistress's home held many such albums of special family vacations.

Chapter 19 Next Year For the final time, Mimi and Polly stood in a line with the other sissy showgirls outside the theater. They were watched over this time by a different crew member, an American woman named Patricia. Mistress Patricia struck a sissy at the end of the line with her crop. Straighten up that line, hold hands, smile. I thought, oh, you like this, dressing up like little sissy faggots. The sissies all blushed under Patricia's verbal assault. The truth was, they did enjoy dressing and behaving as sissies, and Mistress Patricia's

humiliation excited many of them. She walked down the line, looking at each sissy. My boyfriend would get a kick out of useless, and I'm sure many of you would enjoy his cock, but a bunch of pretty pansies you are. She used her crop to lift one sissy's dress, laughing when she saw the chastity device.

Huh, my man couldn't even get the head of his cock in that thing. She pushed the chastity cage around with her crop. No wonder your wife is on this crease with her lover. Do you suck his cock? Hmm, are you a sissy cock sucker? Sissy nodded and robbed a curtsy, while still holding hands with the sissies on each side of him. Yes, Mistress, the sissy is a cock sucker and a fluffer. Patricia laughed. Well, it's good your wife found some use for you. A crew member opened the door. They're ready for them patch. You can bring them in.

Okay, sluts. Mistress pointed with her crop to the door. In you go. Change into your costumes. This is the last night of the cruise, so give our passengers a good show. The end of the show saw the sissy chorus girls once again. In costume outside the theater, posing for pictures. They prumped and posed with the other showgirls as their mistresses and masters, along with other passengers, took pictures. Finally, the sissy showgirls were dismissed to go backstage and turn in their costumes and change into their clothes. They all walked from the theater, clutching their showgirl fishnet tights, their own souvenir from the trip. That was delightful, Monique said over her shoulder, as she led Polly, who trailed behind. His collar tuthered to the leash Monique held in her hand.

I can't wait to show the video to family and friends. Mimi was also leashed and trailed behind Mistress Emily. Yes, Emily added, you girls will have to work out a dance routine to entertain at our parties. Mimi and Polly mince to long behind their wives and the alpha male lovers. Yes, Mistress, they whispered in unison. They walked in their heels, taking their trademark tiny sissy steps, and holding their arms just so in sissy arm limp wrist posture. It was natural for them to walk this way, and they had to fight against adopting such a ridiculous posture when they were in public, so ingrained was their sissy locomotion.

We're going to one of the lounges, Monique said, without looking back at Polly. A last evening out, Emily added. They entered a ship's elevator, and a white and errand spun the sissies around and pushed to them face first into the back corners of the elevator. The sissies remained in the corners as other passengers boarded and made laughing comments. Looks like someone's been bad. The corner is a good place for a sissy. I often park mine there. They're so docile and feminine, hard to believe they were once men, then again, maybe they never were. The elevator ride, though brief, seemed to take forever to the two hapless sissies. There was something about public humiliation that always struck at their very core.

When the elevator stopped at deck ten, they all exited. It seemed as if everyone was going to the Wayfarers' lounge. They heard the thump thump of the disco base before ever getting to the lounge. The party was in full swing with a DJ, a full dance floor,

and a mesmerizing light show. Dwight found an empty booth and they snuggled in, with the exception of Polly and Mimi, who had to remain standing on either side of the booth.

A sissy cocktail waitress came and took their drink orders, adult mixed drinks for Mr. Sizz and Masters, and surely temples for their sissies. Polly and Mimi stood near the booth, facing the dance floor. They knew behind them their wives were snuggling with their lovers, kissing, cuddling, and fondling. At home, sometimes the sissies were made to watch such displays of affection.

At other times, they were made to kneel outside the bedroom door, or in the bedroom corner, and listen, as Mistress took pleasure from her lover, the superior male. The DJ played a slow song, and the Masters and Mistress's rose to dance. Monique turned to the sissies. You too dance as well, make it sexy. Polly and Mimi gave a short curtsy of acknowledgement, and a hushed, yes, Mistress. They grabbed each other's hands and walked to the dance floor.

The sissies danced so close, their fake titties rubbed together, and their crotches ground against one another. They could feel their chastity devices come together. As in the elevator, their display of sensuous submission drew comments from the other dancers. Isn't that sweet? I wonder if those titties are real. They would be if they were my sissies. Ha! That's probably as close as they get to sex, doing their little sissy faggot thing. When the song ended, Mimi and Polly followed their superiors back to the booth, and took up their places, standing on each side. By putting them on display, Monique and Emily were letting everyone know the sissies' stations in life were to serve obey and submit. They were not even good enough to be allowed to sit. They were just things, ornamentations. The evening wore on as the party continued unabated, and in Matthew showed up with sissy David and Toh on a leash. The Forza made room for their guests as David stood near Polly.

At one point, during another slow song, Matthew, with Emily's permission, took Mimi onto the dance floor. The black master pulled Mimi close to him, the sissies' faux breasts, crushing against master's chest. Even in his heels, Mimi was a head shorter than master Matthew. Mimi felt the large masculine hands on his bottom as master pulled up Mimi's dress and cuffed the sissies' buttocks in his strong hands. Mimi blushed being in the arms of a black master and having his bottom exposed on the dance floor. Emily chuckled at the scene, snapping a picture with her phone. As your sissy been with a black man before, Anne asked, Emily smiled, oh yes, my darling sissy has serviced many men of all types. She reached over to Pat White's hand.

A variety of lovers is the right of every dominant woman. Anne looked at her lover, Matthew dancing with sissy Mimi. Yes, it is, isn't it? One's more comments from the other passengers filled Mimi's ears and caused him to blush. Sissies always look sweet with a black master. Nothing brings out true sissy like a black cough. I'd like to see the slut on her knees taking his cough right now on his dance floor. Some males are simply destined to be cicified and cuckolded.

When the song ended, Matthew pulled down Mimi's dress and gave the sissy a hard spank as they walked off the floor, a blow that sent Mimi stumbling on his heels back to his position.

Matthew and Anne shared a kiss as Matthew slipped back into the booth. That was delightful, Anne said to her lover. I think everyone enjoyed it. She turned to Monique and Emily. We're definitely coming back next year. We've already signed up. Excellent, Monique said. We look forward to seeing you again. Mimi cast a sideways glance at Paulie, who returned the look. We're coming back next year. Yes, Emily said. We've signed up as well, and we've even signed up my daughter. It's quite likely she'll have her own sissy by then. Anne laughed. How absurdly wicked. Grandmother, daughter, and granddaughter, all with their own sissies and lovers, you'll be the talk of the ship. Monique gave a slight nod. It is the way of the barns of women. It's how we live our lives.

Back in their cabins, Mimi and Paulie each prepared their mistress and master for a final night on the ship. They helped the dominant couples dress for bed, and then each sissy fell to his knees to fluff his master as his mistress watched. I never tire of watching you suck my lover's cock, Emily stroked Mimi's hair as the sissy lavished his love on master's cock. It shows your commitment and devotion to me. I do value that.

Mimi basked in Mistress Emily's praise as master Dwight's cock stiffened in the sissy's mouth. Is he ready? Emily asked. Mimi looked up and batted his eyelashes. Emily padded her sissy cuckolded on the head. That's my good girl, my sweet sissy. She pulled Mimi away from Dwight's cock and nodded with approval at the long, thick, and slick cock, poised inches from her husband's mouth. Yes, that's what I need. What all women need, isn't it?

Mimi nodded. Yes, Mistress. Well, she waited. Mimi knew what was expected. He leaned forward to plant a gentle kiss on the head of Master Dwight's cock. Please, Master, please use your superior and magnificent cock to pleasure Mistress.

This sissy has only a worthless and useless sissy-clit, and Mistress needs a man's cock.

Mimi kissed the cock again and looked with pleading eyes up to Master. Please, Master looked down at Mimi. I will, slut. Master Dwight shoved Mimi aside and turned his attention to Emily, who is now on the bed waiting for his ready cock.

Oh, and by the way, Master said, the solvent for your tits is in the bathroom. Go take them off and clean them up. Then kneel at the foot of the bed and listen to how a man pleasures a woman.

Mimi bowed his head to the floor and kissed each of Master's feet. Yes, Master. He crawled into the bathroom, only standing when he was out of sight of Mistress and Master. As Master had said, there was a bottle of solvent, so they did have it. He was glad.

He dreaded the thought of going through customs with tits. He removed the fake breasts, noting how it felt when the heavy, ponderous tits were removed. Are they really thinking of getting me implants? He howled the breasts back up to his chest and looked at himself in the mirror, turning to get the view from different angles. I suppose if that's what they want.

He quietly crawled back in and knelt at the foot of the bed with his head to the floor and listened.

Emily and Dwight were engaged in their usual furious and torrid love-making. Yes, this is what a woman needs, a man with a cock. He was finally summoned by a snap of Master Dwight's fingers. Slut. Mimi whispered, Master, inclined gently onto the bed, careful not to disturb the lover's coital bliss. He nestled between Master's hairy muscled thighs and licked the alpha male clean. When Master Dwight slapped Mimi on the head, the sissy knew it was time to finish his cuckold duties and clean Mistress. It had been a messy coupling. Master pulled out and finished his usual massive ejaculation on Mistress Emily's furry mount.

Mimi, ever the faithful sissy, set to his task, licking and slurping as Emily reached down to stroke his hair. That's my good girl, she could. My good sweet sissy, lick me clean. Get all of that mad come. I do love you, juggling. Just the way you are, my sissy cuckold. She sighed.

Mm, I can't wait for next year's cruise. The end.

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