



Kylie Cooper

Fisted Sissies: Femdom Fisting Stories for Feminized Sluts

FISTED SISSIES

Forced Femme Fisting Stories

EDITED BY Kylie Cooper & N.T. Morley

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Ready for Her Date by Kylie Cooper

As Sofia twisted her fingers deeper into my asshole, I bleated:

"Mistress! Please! I'm not ready!"

Sofia *tsked* and continued pushing, twisting her hand and forcing her well-lubed fingers more deeply.

"Don't be silly, darling. You've been ready for a very long time...you just won't admit it." She laughed as I groaned in desperate fear, feeling my asshole stretch with every thrust of her fingers. She went on: "Your little butthole just won't admit it, darling...but it knows you're ready for my fist. Or it's *going* to know you're ready for my fist. And if you're ready for my fist, then you know what else you're erady for, don't you, darling?"

I whined, "M-M-M-Mistress, no! I can't take his cock! Your boyfriend's too big...."

"Eduardo, darling. His name's Eduardo. But tonight you can call him 'Master.' I know I haven't been dating him too long, baby, but...I really think he's the one."

"The one?" I whimpered as she pushed. A gasp escaped my red-painted lips as she pushed still harder, twisting her hand well into my butt -- up to the widest point of her knuckles.

"The one who should fuck you in the ass, darling. I mean...it's been a whole year since you begged me to cuckold you. Did you really think it wouldn't come to this point? Once I got a taste of a real man's cock, baby, well..." She laughed as she pushed in harder, eliciting a cry of surprise from me. "Well, then, darling, it was all downhill for your sweet little cock."

Sofia only had one hand gloved -- her right hand, which she was driving deeper into my ass with every twist and push. Any moment, I knew, my

asshole would breach -- and no amount of protest could stop it. Sofia isn't the kind of wife who takes "no" for an answer," even from my asshole.

I mewled: "But M-M-Mistress, he's so...he's so huge..."

Sofia's eyes flashed with fire. "I know darling. The second I felt him inside of me, I knew he was the one to finally give you the ultimate experience you've been wanting."

I protested: "Mistress! I haven't been wanting it--uhh!"

Sofia laughed louder than ever. "Don't give me that, you silly little sissy. What about all those stories you gave me to read, darling?"

"Those were just fantasies!" I protested, wriggling in the sling as I fought against the padded leather restraints. The swing jiggled back and forth as I struggled to accept Sofia's fist inside me. "Fantasies, Mistress! I know I begged you to do it for real, but -- uhhhh! Mistress, I didn't know -- oh, God, oh God -- I didn't know you'd take it this far -- oh fuck, oh fuck -- so far as to -- oh, Mistress, oh fuck, it's too big, it's way too big--"

"What's too big, darling? Eduardo's cock?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress, and--"

"You should know, baby. You really chowed down on it when he was over last weekend. Who would have guessed you'd be such a little cocksucker? Drooling and gulping like that...you said you could never deep-throat it, remember? But all it took was a little hair-pulling, some spanking, a few slaps across the face...you swallowed it *all*, darling, didn't you?"

She continued to rotate her hand back and forth, gaining a little ground with each twist. I could feel my asshole stretching wider than ever, ready to open for my wife's fist whether I liked it or not. My eyes rolled back in my head.

"Didn't you, *bitch*?" hissed Sofia, her voice suddenly harsh. She grabbed my balls to get my attention, pulling down so hard that she set the leather sling to swinging. Buckled into it by restraints around my ankles and wrists, not to mention a bondage belt, I couldn't stop the motion from shoving my asshole more tightly against her hand -- and stretching my asshole against her knuckles, almost forcing the final insertion. My ankles were strapped up high in the air above Sofia's shoulders, fastened to the chains that suspended the sling from the ceiling. My wrist restraints were buckled but not padlocked and attached by spring clip to my bondage belt.

I cried out. "Yes, Mistress!" I gasped. "I swallowed it all. I swallowed your boyfriend's whole cock--"

"Eduardo," she said bitterly. "His name is Eduardo. And tonight, when he gets here, you're going to call him Master. Aren't you, *bitch*?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress!" I cried.

"Let me hear you say it!" she snapped. "Let me hear you tell me who your Maser is tonight!"

"Your boyfriend!" I cried.

"What's his name?" she snapped, and pulled my balls harder, making me groan in pain.

"Eduardo!" I cried. "Your boyfriend Eduardo is my Master tonight!"

Sofia's manner changed in an instant. She became suddenly gentle. She withdrew her hand, never having reached the point of fully violating my ass with her fist. She pumped out more lube onto her hand and smeared it all over my fucked-open asshole. Then she lubed up her right hand and looked deep into my eyes as she placed the tips of her fingers inside me again.

"Time's running short, darling. I'm meeting Eduardo at 8:00. He and I are going to have a nice romantic dinner...some wine...a few drinks, maybe,

after...and then we'll come home to fuck. Only when he's done fucking me, baby, he's going to give you what you've been craving. His cock is going to fit *right* in this tight little hole, once I'm done with it, darling. Isn't it?"

I whimpered, "No, Mistress...please, it's too big!"

"No it's not, darling! That's why I'm fisting your asshole, don't you see? Once I've got my hand up there....oh, I know Eduardo's cock is a little bit bigger than my hand, darling, but not by much! And you've only got yourself to blame, darling... back when you begged me to try it just once -- you know, fucking another guy -- you asked me to make fun of you for this sad little thing and to get a guy much better-hung, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said miserably, as Sofia flicked her fingers against the hard plastic surface of my padlocked chastity tube. It was cinched tight around the base of my cock. It also went around my swollen balls, but allowed them to hang free -- although "hang" is not what they did anymore. They were always full and swollen and hard and blue from Sofia's constant teasing and denial. When she grabbed them and pulled, like she'd been doing, or even just swatted them, the pain was excruciating. I could feel it in my throat.

She continued to torture my balls and corkscrew her hand, pushing harder into me each time...slowly expanding my asshole to take her fist.

"So it was *your* fetish for big-cocked men, baby. That's why I did it. That's why I learned how much size matters. That's why I finally found a man like Eduardo. He's got the biggest cock I've ever seen, baby. Oh, the first time he fucked me I thought he would split me in two, baby." Her smile was wicked. "But I *liked* it. It hurt a little, baby...but it felt good, too...a *lot*. Don't you want that, darling?"

"I--I don't know, Mistress..."

"You need this, baby. Admit it. Your *asshole* is going to admit it, darling...I can feel it, ready to give up its fight. You *will* stop resisting me, darling. Your butthole's about to stop fighting. Can you feel it? Can you feel

how it's ready to give? Can you feel your tight little asshole surrendering to me, so my big hard boyfriend can fuck it?"

I let out a keening wail as I felt my hole stretching the final amount. Sofia worked her fingers back and forth in a forward-reverse half-circle. With her left hand, she picked up the bottle of lube and slicked it all up again. I felt a shudder go through my naked body.

Every few half-circles, Sofia would squeeze my denial-swollen balls, sometimes just a little...other times, hard enough to make me squeal. When I *did* squeal, she used the distracting force of the pain to push harder into my asshole. A few times during the ordeal, my dick had started to soften, letting up on the agonizing pressure I felt inside the spiked chastity tube as the sharp metal prongs dug into my cockhead. But Sofia, observing my relief, had hardened it again, quickly by backing off, stroking my balls tenderly, and caressing the outside of my sensitive asshole with lube for just long enough to get me erect again.

"Almost there!" she purred.

Then my wife finally asked me nicely: "Please, baby? Please open up for me? Please open up for my fist so my boyfriend can fuck you tonight without ripping you in two?"

She pouted. Sofia has a very pretty pout. I'm such a goddamn sucker for my gorgeous wife's pout.

But then, I'm a sucker for her in every way -- that's how I got into this mess. Tonight, she was particularly gorgeous in a tight little fuck-me dress, her face done up with plenty of lipstick, eyeshadow, mascara. Her blonde hair was fresh from the salon in a sexy new bob. Her fuck-me dress was short; I knew that underneath it there wasn't any underwear. She did wear a bra, though -- a push-up style that gave her a whole lot of cleavage in the low-cut black dress. Her stockings were stay-ups, black fishnet, the lace-tops just below the hem of her dress. Her black pumps bore stiletto heels.

The whole package said "fuck me." And over it all, she wore a clear plastic butcher's apron to keep her from messing her date clothes with the lube she so liberally applied to my asshole as she prepared to thoroughly violate it with her fist.

When I didn't respond, Sofia pushed harder and dug her fingers deep into my balls. She yanked on my tortured blue orbs, causing a cry of pain to erupt from my red-painted mouth.

She no longer played at being tender. Her voice grew increasingly harsh.

"Come on, now, sissy! Stop being a bad little girl! Give it up for me, *now*. Let your asshole surrender. Javier's expecting me. I'm tired of waiting. He's probably already got a boner, knowing him." She laughed. "He'll probably try to fuck me in the restaurant bathroom, like last time. That guy can fuck half a dozen times a night and still want more! You're going to get it so good, baby...and you've seen how hard he fucks me. He's going to fuck you even harder. He'll rip you in two if you're not prepared. You're going to thank me for this later, darling, if you'll just *open the fuck up!*"

I struggled to relax my asshole as Sofia pushed.

I whined, "Yes, Mistress...I'm trying..."

Sofia's voice tone grew cajoling again.

"That's it, honey. Come on, give it up. Just give it up. Don't fight it. Just let it happen."

I squealed as I felt her twisting her hand in.

And then suddenly, it was moving...*deeper*. Past her well-lubed knuckles.

I felt a desperate fullness, followed by a sense of panic.

Sofia was in. I'd taken her fist. I'd taken my Mistress's whole fist. Her hand worked deeper into me, up to the limit of her white rubber glove.

My eyes popped open wide; they roved crazily. I couldn't believe she was in me -- but there was the evidence, right before my eyes and deep in my ass, the undeniable feeling of total fullness.

"Oh God! Oh fuck! Oh motherfuck!" My eyes rolled back in my head; I cried out even louder, squealing an embarrassingly girly squeal.

Sofia said, "That's it, sissy. Good girl. You've been such a good girl..."

"Mistress -- oh fuck! It's too big, Mistress! Please...take it out!"

"No, darling. I won't. Not till I'm finished, sissy. You think Javier's going to just put it in and take it right you? No, darling. He's going to put it in and fuck your fucking brains out...just like he does to me. Only--" she giggled. "He'll be fucking you in the ass. And believe me, baby, when he fucks you tonight...you'll be glad I did this." She laughed and gave a little wriggle of her hips, "I've had that monster inside me. You're going to be so glad I got you *ready*. Isn't this nice of me?"

"Yes, Mistress, yes, Mistress, yes, Mistress," I moaned as she worked her fist back and forth in my body, rocking me in the sling.

I moaned as Sofia tugged at my balls and fist-fucked me slowly at first, then a little bit faster with each deep thrust. She was gentle at first, but her thrusts grew much harder as my wails turned to pleased howls. I stopped worrying about the drool leaking out of my lipsticked mouth. I was far more concerned with how wide open my asshole felt...and how painful my cock was as it tried to swell against the tight prison of my chastity tube and the sharp spikes inside that held my shaft and my cockhead in place and prevented a full erection -- or even a partial erection without pain.

"Such a good girl," said Sofia. "You bitched a little, but you ended up taking my hand like a champ. Are you going to do the same thing for Eduardo's cock later, baby?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whined miserably as she rocked me in the sling, fucking her fist deep into me.

"You can even bitch," she laughed. "Eduardo *loves* to slap little sluts like you around. I'll help him bend you over if it comes to that." Breathelssly, she added, "I think you'll *like* that, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimpered.

"Good girl," she said. "Then here's your reward."

Sofia dug her teeth into the bottom of the glove on her left hand. She pulled the lube-covered glove off and tossed it over her shoulder; it stuck to the dungeon wall behind her.

Then she took hold of the key that dangled on a silver chain between her tits.

I moaned, unable to take my eyes off her beautiful cleavage as she lifted the chain over her head and lowered it between my legs. Working gingerly so as not to get lube on her now-clean hand, she fitted the key in the padlock of my chastity tube. It popped; she opened the tube, took it off me, and tossed it over her shoulder, too. It *didn't* stick to the wall; it just bounced off and rolled across the dungeon floor.

"Oh, Mistress..." I moaned.

Sofia then reached down and undid the buckle that held my right wrist to the bondage belt. She freed my right hand and smiled at me as she began to fuck her fist more energetically back and forth in my hole.

"Go ahead, sissy. It's time. Knock yourself out. I trust you still remember how it works?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped, almost not believing what had just occurred.

I remembered how it worked, all right! It might have been months -- and I mean *months* -- since my wife let me jerk off. But that's not a thing that a man -- or a sissy -- forgets.

Freed from my chastity tube, my cock was fully erect in mere *seconds*. I wrapped my hand tight around the shaft and squeezed. Pleasure flowed through me. I moaned as I started to pump, desperately trying to go slow. I knew from experience that I needed to make this last -- it might be my last orgasm for a while.

But my wife was not cooperating. She began to fistfuck me hard, slamming her hand up inside me and setting the sling to a wild gyration.

"Come on, sissy. I don't have all night. Don't make me keep Eduardo waiting."

I moaned crazily. I didn't *want* to make Eduardo wait -- but I did want to enjoy this rare wank to the fullest. Nonetheless, I was incapable of doing so. Even with me trying to make it last as long as possible, it took no more than ten strokes to make me expend my load. It had been so many months since I'd been allowed to cum that I was ready to explode the moment I got hard.

Cum erupted from the end of my little dick. I felt my asshole spasm around my wife's thrusting fist. The hot wetness blasted all over my shaved chest. I squirted out so much cum that one stream hit my cheek and ran down over my lipstick-painted mouth.

"Good girl," purred Sofia. "Now relax." She tugged her gloved hand back, relaxing the muscles. I cried out as I felt my asshole spreading for the heel of her hand, then the knuckles.

Her hand came out with a wet, slurping sound. I was left moaning and twitching, covered in lube.

Sofia snapped off the glove. She unfastened the buckles that secured my bondage belt to the sling, my left wrist to the bondage belt, and my ankles

to the suspensory chains. She untied her clear plastic shop apron, pulled it off and tossed it in the corner.

She snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor.

"Crawl, sissy."

Painfully, I slipped out of the sling and got down on my hands and knees. Sofia led me across the hard cement floor of the dungeon, her stiletto heels clicking as she walked.

She led me to the dog cage in the corner. She opened the door. A padlock hung, open, from the cage door's hasp, its silver key inserted in the lock.

"I'll expect you to be here when I bring Eduardo home." She pointed at the ceiling; there was an airshaft from the dungeon -- in the basement -- to the master bedroom. It was right above the cage. I knew from experience that I could hear *everything* that happened in the bedroom. When the two of them got back from their date, I'd hear it *all* as they fucked in our bed.

"You know the procedure," Sofia said. "I'll drop the key down this shaft, and you can let yourself up. Hose yourself off in the dungeon shower and fix your makeup before you come up to join us." She smiled. "I'll leave something sexy for you to put on at the base of the stairs. I hope for your sake that tight sissy asshole is still soft, wet and open for Eduardo's cock."

I whimpered, "It will be, Mistress."

Sophia clicked the padlock shut, took the key, and put it in her cleavage.

Then she leaned down and blew me a kiss.

"See you when it's time," she told me.

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

I watched her perfect ass swaying back and forth as my wife left the
dungeon.

Open Wide by Josie Blackwell

"Just a little further, Josie, baby. Just a little bit more, and then you'll be ready to take my whole fist. You can take my hand all the way, sissy...you can do it. Just let it happen. Just relax, good girl...try and relax. Be a good girl and relax your tight little sissy ass...it's time to finally open up for me...I mean *really* open up, Josie... really open up that tight fucking sissy cunt of yours..."

I groaned as my wife inserted a fourth finger -- her pinky. She started working all four fingers in a corkscrew motion, pushing in until the widest part of her knuckles stretched my hole. I pulled against the restraints, my body instinctively trying to surge forward to avoid the insertion. But Kirstin had secured me tightly -- as usual. Both my wrists and ankles were circled with padded restraints at the four corners of the bondage table. There was also a heavy posture collar around my throat, also padded and keeping my face forced up so I had to look at myself in the mirror Kirstin had put on the wall in front of the table. She wanted it there so I had no choice but to look at my sissified face and see the strain on it, marring the girly features of my full, red lips, my rouged cheeks, my heavy, mascara-laden eyes. My makeup was running, and my long blonde hair, fluffed so prettily not that long ago, hung sweaty and soaked like a wet mass of tentacles.

A bondage belt was also secured around my waist, cinched tight so that it gripped my belly tightly between my ribcage and my softly-swelling hips. I had more hips than I'd ever had before; I was developing quickly into the kind of girl that a man would want to fuck. That's why Mistress had deemed it time to finally fist me.

If my hips hadn't been so full, the bondage belt wouldn't have held me so tightly...but I also wouldn't have been so pretty. I hated the sight of myself in that mirror, pretty and girly, straining to take Kirstin's hand in my ass...but even though it humiliated me deeply, I felt a tactile sexual thrill whenever I looked at myself as a girl.

Feeling more pressure against my unwilling asshole as Kirstin corkscrewed her lubed-up hand in harder, I let out a girlish squeal and whined, "Mistress, your hand's too big! Please, Mistress, no, not yet -- I'm not ready!"

Kirstin laughed her cruel laugh and took a swat at my balls. I gulped in pain. My balls were full and swollen from weeks of denial. She grabbed my cock; it was hard and drooling pre-cum. She dropped my cock like it was a hot potato. If Kirstin hadn't been wearing a glove on her left hand, I guess she would have dug her fingernails in, like she usually did when she tortured me in this doggy-style position. She would have raked her fingernails down my shaft, and probably made me squeal like a girl.

But she *did* wear a glove on her left hand, so her fingernails couldn't do the damage they normally would. I was spared that particular indignity.

"Too big? Not ready?" Kirstin laughed louder than ever. "That's ridiculous. Hush now, sissy. You know you want it. You know you need it! What's more, tonight's the night I've decided to give it to you. It's time to open *wide*. Just try and relax...."

I squealed as she twisted her hand in a corkscrew again, her fingers pressed together in classic "duck position" to achieve insertion. I surged forward against the tight bonds, feeling once again the terrifying thrill that told me I was far too tightly bound to escape from my Mistress's stroking fist. I was going to take her hand in my ass, and soon, very soon -- that much was clear.

But my asshole had other ideas.

Some tone in my series of girlish squeals made Kirstin back off for now. She sighed disappointedly. I heard a discontented murmur as she pumped out more thick lube onto her gloved hand. Was she cursing me? Cursing my asshole? Cursing the lube bottle?

I burbled: "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you for going slow, Mistress. Thank you for slowing down."

"Oh, I'm not slowing down," she said. "I'm getting more lube...so I can speed up. I don't have much time."

I cried out as Kirstin re-inserted her fingers, this time twisting faster and pushing harder. I shuddered all over and again instinctively tried to pull away from her; the bondage belt, posture collar and wrist and ankle restraints held me firm. Kirstin kept twisting as she pumped in and out, stretching me more with every thrust. Each time the widest point of her knuckles reached my tight little sphincter of my asshole, I would squeal in a higher register -- more like a girl with every hard, twisting stroke that my Mistress gave me.

I looked in the mirror, secretly thrilling to the sight of my girly face twisted in distress -- but hating myself for loving it like that. I could not get away; I would have to take it. Might I not at least *try* and look good while I was doing it?

Kirstin sighed and backed off again. She leaned forward, reaching under me. I could not turn and look at her, because of the posture collar; I couldn't even look down to see what she was doing. The position of my body blocked even the view that the mirror might have given me. I didn't know what she was doing until I felt the sharp, hard pinch on my left nip that told me Kirstin had attached a nipple clamp. The pain increased as Kirstin attached a cord from the clamp to the ring on the side of the table. I instinctively tried to get away, and found that I could pull against it just enough to tell me that this was a clover clamp -- it got tighter with every little bit that I pulled. So was the clamp that she placed on my other nipple an instant later. With both cords attached to the eyelets on the sides of the table, even the tiny forward motion I was allowed in this tight bondage became an agonizing prospect. I whimpered in pain.

"There," said Kirstin. "Maybe that'll help you remember who owns your asshole. I knew those new titties of yours would be of some use, eventually. Now *open wide*, sissy. I'm not taking no for an answer!"

My tits were indeed "new" -- they'd been swelling steadily ever since Kirstin started me on the higher dose of hormones. They were full enough, now, to be "useful" for a wide range of tortures. This was merely the latest - - and not an uncommon one. I was more than familiar with the clover clamps; Kirstin adored putting them on my full, sensitive nipples, tugging and pulling till I screamed like a girl and sometimes cried.

Now, when I pulled forward even just a little bit to try to get away from the twisting thrusts of Kirstin's hand, my efforts seemed even more fruitless. Still, I could not stop myself from trying. All I had done was remind myself how tightly I was bound by my neck, my wrists, my ankles, and my waist, and now I also caused explosive, searing pain to bite through my tits as the clover clamps tightened. I could not move more forward more than a couple of inches, but it was enough to cause excruciating pain in my clamped nipples. Worse, with the growing pressure of Kirstin's knuckles against my forcibly stretching asshole, I could not prevent my naked, bound body from surging forward whenever she tried to gain more ground in my back entrance and finally achieve the insertion of her entire hand.

The higher dose hormones hadn't just grown my tits in recent weeks; they'd also made my nips even more sensitive than before. After months of almost daily torture by Kristin, their sensitivity was unquestioned; nonetheless, now they were far more responsive to any kind of touch. Pleasure and pain were both dished up in equal measure to my nipples, since Kirstin knew that my titties were now part of what defined me as a girl. Or what passed for a girl, if you didn't allow for that sad little piece of meat that dangled, weak and helpless, between my legs.

"Sissy! Did I or did I not just tell you to *open the fuck up*?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress, you did, but--"

"Then open up, bitch! Do as I say and open your ass the fuck up!"

"B-b-but Mistress," I whined. "It's too big...your hand is too big..."

Kirstin withdrew; I breathed easily, but only for a moment. With a further addition of lube and some water from a spray bottle to slick up what was already there, Kirsten got back to work.

Kirstin twisted her hand in again, working the knuckles back and forth against my sphincter. I cried out and shuddered all over, my cry dwindling to a moan and thereafter to a long, low series of gasps and groans as Kirstin continued to push, stretching my asshole closer to the breaking point with every twisting thrust of her fist.

"It's going to happen, sissy. The faster you accept it, the faster you'll be able to claim your reward."

"Y-yes, Mistress," I whined miserably.

"Now, tell me you want it."

"N-n-no, Mistress," I whimpered. "Your hand is too big--"

"Sissy!" Kirstin's sharp word froze me; her fingers were planted firmly inside me, but only up to the knuckles. Her voice became cold. "Sissy, did you just say no to me?"

"I-I-I-I--I don't--" It was a soft, stammering moan, incoherent and pointless.

"I gave you an order," she said, her voice tight as her hand continued to rotate against my tight sphincter. "Tell me you want it, sissy. Tell me you need my fist up your ass, *now*. Beg me to put it there, sissy, or I'll make you very, very, *very* sorry."

"Y-y-yes, Mistress," I whimpered. "Y-y-you don't think it's too big?"

"I gave you an order, sissy. Do as you're told, or you'll have to face the consequences."

Kirstin's voice had become more suggestive, more sensuous, almost flirty. I knew her well enough to understand that she was close to the breaking point herself. She was getting bored with trying to fist my asshole.

And that was a very dangerous thing. If Kirstin tired of playing with me this way...the consequences would not be good for me.

Kirstin had every right to expect me to open wide for her, of course. AS per our contract, she owns all of me -- inside and out. She owns the depths of my insides as much as she owns my pretty little strap-on sucking mouth and my clit-licking tongue. She owns my asshole -- of course! -- she has since before she decided to feminize me. I'd been trained for her strap-on a long time ago, of course -- but this was another matter entirely.

If I proved too tight to fist-fuck, I knew my wife would likely abandon her efforts in favor of some other torture.

And following this long a period of trying and failing to make me open for her fist, if she had to move on she would find herself...*perturbed*.

She would move on to that next round of tortures with, so to speak, a bone to pick.

If you know my wife, you would know that it's not a good idea to give her a bone to pick. Nothing good ever comes of that.

That's why her voice had grown more seductive, more cajoling. For a moment, Kirstin sounded almost *seductive*. Maybe she was already thinking up the torment that could be worse than this. Maybe she *wanted* to see me fail at this task she'd assigned me, so that she could feel more than justified in doing something horribly inventive to my balls. It certainly wouldn't be the first time.

Mind you, my wife doesn't *need* to be justified in doing something nasty to my balls. That's the way our relationship works; she gets to do whatever she wants to me. But the most awful and wonderful thing about Kirstin is that she plays games with my mind. When she does something very, very

bad to me, she always makes me "earn" it. How I had earned my first fisting, I didn't really know...but I knew that once it was accomplished -- *if* it was accomplished -- it would become clear to me *why* I was being fisted tonight.

And if my wife *wasn't* successful in making me open wide for her fist, then whatever agony I suffered would have been earned by my willful, resistant, uncooperative little asshole. I'd deserve everything she did, for letting my asshole rebel against Kirstin's ownership.

I knew then, and I know now, that's why her voice had become sensuous and seductive. She was ready to think up new ways for me to suffer.

But it was only an instant later that Kirstin's "bitch voice" returned. She gave me another chance to obey her...by being the perfect dominant bitch, forcing me to comply with her command.

#

"I'm waiting, sissy!" she hissed. "I gave you an order!"

"Y-yes, Mistress," I bleated. "It's just, I--"

Kirstin's voice rose to a howl. "Beg for my fist, *bitch*. *Beg for it!* Beg for it *now!*"

Now I knew why Kirstin had left me without a gag. She'd long planned to fist me; why it had to be tonight, I didn't know -- *couldn't* know. My wife is often too mercurial to predict, except in a few simple matters like whether it's ever a good idea to cross her. (It's not.) Most nights, when she tortured me in this humiliating doggy-style position, I was bound tightly to the table, though not usually in what she calls "eight-point bondage" (collar, wrists, ankles, waist and titties). Kirstin *likes* me to move around a little when she tortures my supple and sissified body. She's given me a nice round ass to beat and smooth shaved legs to caress and a shapely girly back with that obscene tramp stamp (INSERT DICK HERE in stylized script, with a decorative arrow). My wife likes to see it all undulating and squirming

around while she flogs my thighs or canes my ass or clamps, shocks, prods and pierces my little dick and balls. The more she sees my smooth little sissy body wriggle as she hurts me, the wetter Kirstin gets. The more energetically I dance, the more aroused she becomes. The more aroused she becomes, the harder Kirstin cums when she finally climbs into her harness and straps on her dick and turns on the integral vibrator that sits firmly against her clitoris.

But in my nightly torture sessions, Kirstin usually gagged me. She likes her running monologue to be all she hears, other than the sound of my body surging and shuddering in the restraints and the sound of my muffled groans through a thick, dick-shaped gag.

It wasn't necessary, of course -- not, at least, on most nights. Any given night she wouldn't have heard me protest the way I'd been doing. My repeated and desperate pleas to my Mistress were out of the ordinary, not just because I was so often gagged but because, when I wasn't, my mouth was so well-trained.

I don't just mean I knew that it's there to lick pussy, primarily, and say "Yes, Mistress." I mean that even when I'm in the throes of the most excruciating pain that a cattle prod or a rubber mallet or a set of needles or a dozen clothespins -- or all of those at once -- can deliver, I was unlikely to mouth off to my wife. Having done it a few times very early in my career as a sissy-bitch husband, I knew what was likely to happen if I did.

Tonight, though -- this was something different. I was out of my mind with fear as I felt Kirstin's hand pushing deeper. I felt my asshole stretching around the widest point of her knuckles. I knew -- *knew* -- I couldn't take it...I could *never* take it.

And yet I knew that I *would* take it, because Kirstin knows best. She will not be denied.

Most nights, whether she was merely slapping and clamping and hammering my balls a little, or whether she broke out the needles and cattle prod, the *last* thing she wanted to waste her time doing was chiding me for

begging her for mercy. But tonight, as she prepared to take my asshole to its most extreme level of submission... she *wanted* to hear it. She wanted to hear me plead with her her not to force me to take her fist in my ass...and then she wanted to hear me *ask for it*. She wanted to hear me *beg* her to fill my ass with her fist. And she knew that I would....because I knew the consequences of disobeying an order from my wife.

#

So I begged. At first, it came out in a soft whine.

"Mistress, please shove your fist in my ass?"

Kirstin's fist twisted. She pushed in firmly against my sphincter, but not even as firmly as before.

She said coldly, "You don't sound convinced. Should I give up, sissy? Would you rather I think up some other fun to do to you?"

"No, no, n-n-n-no, Mistress," I bleated. I cried out with more enthusiasm: "Mistress, please fist my ass?"

Kirstin's "ducked" fingers started thrusting again, somewhat tentatively, almost gently. Her knuckles rotated against my tight sphincter with each inward stroke.

"You still don't sound convinced," she said. "I don't think you want it, sissy."

I cried out: "I do, Mistress! Please, Mistress, I-I-I--" I took a great heaving breath as Kirstin spanked my left ass-cheek with her free hand. The stroke felt strange against my shaved butt -- muted by the lube-slick rubber glove. Still, it got my attention.

"Louder!" she shouted. She spanked me again and again as I answered her order.

"Please, Mistress, please fuck my ass with your fist! Fist-fuck my ass, mistress! Please, Mistress, please rape my ass with your fist!"

I heard a soft laugh from behind me. The spanking ceased, and Kirstin's fingers paused at my entrance, just the tips in my stretched-out back hole.

"*Rape*," she said with pleasure. Her voice was like rich pleasure. "I like that. Please rape my ass, Mistress. That's very sexy, sissy. Maybe you'll open wide now that you've finally admitted what you want?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress," I whimpered. "I'm trying. I'm trying to open for your ass, Mistress. But please, Mistress, you might--you might have to--oh God..." I gulped. "Oh Goddess!" I corrected myself. "You might have to *force it*."

"Beg me some more, sissy," Kirstin purred. "Maybe I will force my hand up your ass" She chuckled. "It's so sexy when you admit that you want it that way."

I answered: "Please, Mistress, please rape my ass with your fist. Please, Mistress, give it to me hard, Mistress, please rape my ass, Mistress, fist-fuck me--oh, Goddess, oh Goddess, oh Goddess--"

Her had had started moving again, more aggressively than ever. Kirstin rewarded me for begging by shoving her knuckles more firmly up against my sphincter, almost successfully violating me. I came out with a wail, my voice thin and girly as I shivered and wordlessly begged, uttering fragmentary obscenities as my asshole stretched around her knuckles.

My eyes rolled back in my head as I felt my ass stretching. I grunted and gasped out: "Rape me, Mistress, rape my asshole with your fist--p-please, Mistress, take me, rape me, rape my tight ass with your fist--oh, Goddess, oh Goddess, oh Goddess--"

I heard Kirstin's voice growing firm yet seductive again, joining with me as she coaxed me through the final surrender.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, sissy. Give your ass up. Just surrender that tight little hole, sissy. You know you want to. You know you really wanna give it to me. You've been begging for this since the first time I pounded your tight little ass. Since before then. Come on, sissy, open up *wide*. Give your ass up. Give me the ultimate access, baby. Give me your hole. Give it up, darling. Give up your hole. *Give it to me!*"

I was startled by the harshness of her finally hissed command. Maybe that's why she chose that moment to make the final insertion. I felt the agonized stretching of my hole, Kirstin's well-lubed knuckles pressed up firmly against my tightest point.

Then there was movement -- impossible, incomprehensible movement.

In front of me, I saw my painted sissy face, my makeup ruined with sweat and drool. Surrounded by a mop of bleach-blonde hair -- blonde, even though I'd begged Mistress to make me a redhead -- my face looked girlier and more submissive than ever. I loved it. I loved that ruined, tearstained, smeared-lipstick girl face. I loved it so much I wanted to give its other end to my Mistress. I wanted her to finally take my asshole -- really *take it*.

Then that beautiful vision blurred as tears filled my eyes; an instant later, it went double as my eyes crossed, and then all was dark as they rolled back deep in my head.

"Take my ass, Mistress--please, take my ass--uhhhhh! Oh Goddess--"

Then there was movement -- slick, glorious, sacred, beautiful movement - - as my asshole finally opened for her, and her hand slid in.

I felt sudden panic. My eyes came back into focus and I saw the terror on my pretty sissy face as I felt the impossible sensation of my wife's hand in my ass.

I shrieked out, "Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God--"

"Sissy!" she hissed. "Language! You're a very bad girl. What do we say?"

The single, nearly irrelevant item of protocol brought me back from the edge of panic; it focused me. I looked in the mirror, seeing the sensation-dulled submission in my own eyes. Beyond the mop of blonde hair, I could just see the curve of my back and the upthrust half-moons of my ass. Beyond that, blurry, I could see my wife's gorgeous body, naked, her tattooed arm thrust down and disappearing between my cheeks. Her long, dark hair fell in a curtain around it, obscuring the sight of her breasts.

I said, "We say *Goddess*, Mistress. I'm sorry. *Oh, Goddess. Oh, Goddess. Oh, Goddess....*"

Unlike that other guy, Kirstin's theoretically Goddess doesn't mind having her name taken in vain -- especially, I guess, when such a curse comes from a subby little sissy taking her Mistress's fist up her asshole. But mentioning the other guy in Kirstin's dungeon can get one a beating, or worse.

"Good girl," said Kirstin. "Good little sissy. Remember who owns you. Remember whom you worship."

"You do," Mistress," I whined. "You own me. I worship you. You own my asshole, Mistress--oh Goddess, oh Goddess..."

"Oh, yeah, that's right," said Kirstin, working her hand even deeper. Her other hand came up and took hold of my balls. They were several weeks out from my last orgasm; they'd become swollen and full.

Kirstin pulled on my balls, and I gasped at the stretching sensation that seemed to run up through my insides and join with the feeling of being stretched by her fist.

"Now tell me how good it feels to have my hand up your ass," sissy. Kirstin started to move her hand in and out, pressing in deeper as she fist-fucked me. I could not see her arm very well, but the depth of the stretching sensation told me that she'd now shoved her hand up my ass well beyond the wrist. She started to fuck it back and forth, slowly and gently at first, building speed as I obeyed her order.

"I love having your fist up my ass, Mistress," I groaned. "It's so fucking big. I deserve it. I need it. I've always needed it. You were right to force it, Mistress." My voice grew raspier, my breath coming more labored as Kirstin started fucking my asshole harder, thrusting what almost felt like the full length of her forearm into me. It couldn't be *quite* that deep, but it sure as hell was shoved well inside me! She kept pumping, picking up speed as I kept telling her how much I loved it.

"I'm your fist-bitch," I moaned. "I'm your little sissy fist-bitch. You made me take it, Mistress, thank you for making me take it. Thank you for raping my ass with your fist, Mistress, thank you for -- oh Goddess, oh, fucking Goddess Goddess Goddess!"

My words became an incoherent, drooling string of wet moans as spittle ran out my painted red mouth and down my chin. I had shrieked so loud there at the end because Kirstin always loves to hear the word *rape* in regard to my asshole. Something about it is so hard, so violent, so cruel, so nasty, that it always gets her good and wet. And while she was already *plenty* wet, she knew that my use of it signaled a deeper and far more powerful surrender to her dominance.

She could hear the honesty in my voice. She could hear how deeply submissive I felt. I'd accepted that I needed this...that I'd *always* needed it. It happened tonight because it pleased my Mistress to finally give me what I'd been wanting, secretly wanting...maybe so secretly that I hadn't even known it myself. That's Kirstin's genius. That's why I love my wife so very much.

She makes me take it even when I protest. She does what she wants...and what she knows I need.

And she loves to hear that filthy word, "rape," when I'm talking about my asshole. So when I used it -- unprompted -- she gave me just the reward I'd been needing.

It had been *weeks* since she'd let me have an orgasm. Even then, it had been a one-minute jerkoff -- a game she plays where she unlocks my

chastity tube, and if I can't get hard and cum in under sixty seconds, the tube goes back on whether or not she gets me soft first. The results, when I'm unsuccessful, are agony. This time, I'd been successful -- I'd squirted all over my hand in just under fifty-five seconds.

But that had been weeks ago. I was desperate. My little cock was hard as a rock; it had been through the whole humiliating affair. I could even feel it drooling pre-cum in long sticky strings down onto the bondage table. I knew Kirstin would not brook a simple cleanup of my precious sissy-cum. She'd taught me that all cum is precious, even that of panty sluts like me. I knew I'd be expected to "clean up" that drizzle of pre-cum from the bondage table by licking it up after Kirstin untied me -- regardless of whether there was lube there, too.

I'd drooled so much pre-cum, in fact, that I could feel the strings snapping between my belly and my cockhead, now, rhythmically with each stroke of Kirstin's arm. With each thrust of her hand, my little cock slapped against my belly, hard. Stringy pre-cum ran in slimy rivulets all over my belly, my thighs, and down onto my shaved, swollen balls.

I needed to cum...and *bad*.

As Kirstin's increasingly vigorous fist-thrusts pumped deep into my bodily cavity, even the tight restraints couldn't fully contain the motion. Her fist-pumps made the whole table shudder and grind against the concrete floor of the dungeon. My howling grew louder with every pounding thrust...and louder still when Kirstin smeared lube all over my cock with her already slippery left hand. She wrapped her rubber-gloved hand around my dick and started to stroke. The diffuse sensation of a lube-slick handjob made me cry out; she never lets me use lube on the infrequent occasions when she gives me permission to jerk it in front of her. I just grab and pump, and without lube I usually squirt in just seconds.

But Kirstin wouldn't let me off that easily. She tightened her slippery, gloved hand around my shaft and my cockhead to get a sense of my response -- but then she backed off, touching it much more lightly to torture me as she forced her hand deeper and deeper into my ass, fist-fucking me

savagely. Sensations of deep, deep surrender roiled through my body as she continued to bugger me hard with her fist. She purred out praise to me with every further inch she inserted her hand.

"That's a good sissy," she sighed. "Such a good little sissy. A good fucking fist-whore. You love to be fisted, don't you, little sissy? Such a tight ass, but you love it filled all the way, don't you? You love to feel that tight little fucking sissy ass *filled* with my hand. You want more, sissy, don't you, sissy? Even more fist? You want both fists, sissy, don't you? You want both fists someday, both of my fists shoved deep in your asshole...you're going to beg for that, aren't you, sissy, when the time comes? Aren't you going to beg for both fists in your hole, sissy..."

I was so overwhelmed that I was almost beyond conscious thought. All I could do was moan, "Yes, Mistress, Yes, Mistress, thank you, Mistress, oh Goddess, thank you, Mistress," over and over again as she fisted my ass. When she told me I wanted two fists up my hole, I felt a cold, shivering wave of panic going through me -- but then I heard her say "someday," and relief flooded me like a cloudburst. *Not tonight*, I thought. *Tonight, one fist is enough*.

Then I moaned, "Yes, Mistress, yes, yes, I'll beg for it...when the time comes, Mistress, I'll beg for both fists--"

Kirstin tightened her hand around my shaft. She started to stroke my cock faster, harder, working her fist in a matching rhythm, giving me hard thrusts deep in my ass as she stroked me off.

I got one last look at my pretty sissy face, ruined by sweat, drool and tears -- but still *gorgeous*.

Then my eyes rolled back and I howled in orgasm. My little cock spurted stream after stream of thin, wet jism, built up over torturous weeks of agonizing tease-and-denial.

"Oh, thank you, Mistress, thank you, Mistress...thank you, oh Goddess, oh Goddess..."

"You're welcome, sissy," said Kirstin, sighing as she let her fist come to a rest deep inside me.

She bent down and looked in the mirror, getting a beautiful look at the two of us together, with her buried deep inside me -- deeper than she'd ever been.

Then, to my surprise, my wife bent down further and planted a kiss on my smooth-shaved ass.

I didn't know what to say about that; I just watched her and moaned in pleasure. As she started working her arm back out of me, I knew my very first fisting was over.

It took a while before Kirstin's hand finally slid out of my fucked-open ass. I let out a cry as it left me. I felt empty inside, horribly empty.

Kirstin began to unfasten my buckles.

"Time to clean up, sissy. Hope you're hungry."

"Yes, Mistress," I said breathlessly. "Starving."

Kirstin is meticulous about always making me clean up right after every session of play. I'd left puddles of jizz on the table; I lube and run down all over its edge. I knew I'd be licking for a very long time.

And then I'd get my mouth cleaned out, with soap or mouthwash or bourbon, if I was lucky.

Then it would be Kirstin's turn to be "seen to." I knew how aroused my wife was. After making me surrender like that, she was going to need plenty of attention.

I'd spend the whole night licking, that much was obvious. Licking my cum and the lube off the bondage table -- that was only the beginning.

I got to work. I planted my mouth on the smooth vinyl of the table and licked up my cum, trying not to leave a lipstick ring. As I moved on to the lube-covered edge and legs of the bondage table, I heard the snap of Kirstin's gloves coming off.

She headed for the shower.

"Get it nice and clean for me, sissy. I'm going to want to use that table *lots* now that I know your asshole really is mine."

I shivered. "Yes, Mistress."

I heard the shower running. Feeling the throb of my pulse in the soft, open slickness of my asshole, I kept licking eagerly, smelling the succulent steam that meant a nice, clean Mistress preparing herself for my worship.

Soon I'd be busy licking her...saying *thank you* for what she did.

Thank you for fisting me, I would say with my tongue on her clit.

When I was done cleaning up. For now, there was cum and lube to lick up, so I kept at it, moaning softly as the aftereffects of my fisting and my orgasm rippled through my body.

My asshole felt stretched and helpless and vulnerable, in the most beautiful possible way. I felt open wide.

And I knew Kirstin would make me open again and again for her, in new ways every time, from now until forever.

Thank the Goddess.

More than Enough by Sonia Palmer

I've been making you wait for your orgasm, baby. I've really been making you suffer. Ever since you let me lock your little clitty up, I've been milking you monthly, draining the cum that builds up inside your swollen balls. If I don't, it'll back all the way up your spine and drown your little brain.

And let's face it, baby, you and I both know that you don't have a lot of brain cells left to lose, sweetie...not since I took control and turned you into a bimbo.

That's why I was milking your balls every month, so your little brain wouldn't get choked on your jizz. But the last three months, you've been such a bad little girl that I've had to cancel your milking. Remember? The first month it was because you choked and gagged my strap-on when I shoved it down your throat. Didn't I teach you that you're not allowed to have a gag reflex, baby? Then last month, it was because you'd forgotten to polish the silverware. And now, here we are at the time for your next monthly milking...and it's been three full months since you came. The truth is, you're going crazy with need. I know it was kind of mean of me to keep putting it off, but what could I do? You've got to learn, baby. I can't just let you do whatever you want, now can I?

Of course, when you get all desperate to cum like that, it makes you even more submissive. It makes you obedient. And I like that.

That's why I know it'll work out just fine when I tell you it's time to try something new instead of this month's milking.

"Tonight," I tell you, "You're not just going to take my strap-on. You're gonna take my *fist*."

You get a scared you look. You can't believe I'm serious. But you know I never joke about something as important as this.

I caress your face. "If you love me, you'll beg for it," I say. "And if you take it all like a good little bitch, then I won't just milk you. I'll let you actually *cum*. I'll even jerk you off myself, baby."

I can see how terrified you are.

"So go ahead, slut. Beg me to fist your hole. Don't you want to cum?"

"Yes, Mistress," you whine. "But--"

"Don't you love me?"

"I do love you, Mistress," you murmur. "But I can't take your fist, can I? It's too big. I'm too tight. You know how it hurts when you really ream me..."

I laugh hysterically.

"With my cock?"

"Y-yes, Mistress."

"That little thing? Oh, please! It's hardly as big as a pencil! I know it's a lot bigger than your little thing, baby, but...it's hardly big enough to *hurt*. That doesn't hurt." I hold up my hand and show it to you. "Maybe this will...but you're still going to beg for it, bitch. Because you really need to cum, don't you?"

You whimper in fear.

I love that you talked about how I "ream" you. "Ream" is one of my favorite words. It's the best word for what I do to you with my massive strap-on. I've always hated that soft, simple, sweet, romantic word "fuck." Even the nastier word "buttfuck" doesn't fit the bill when I strap on my cock and give it to you good and hard from behind. "Buttfuck" just doesn't adequately describe what I do to that tight little asshole of yours, baby. I'm glad that you've learned to call what I give you a "reaming."

I smack you on that pretty, shaved ass.

"Come on, slut," I order you. "Show me how much you love me. Tell me you want this." I hold up my fist. "Beg for it, bitch.

You're so scared of my fist going in you, all you can do is whimper and tremble. I like to see you tremble. I like to see you scared. It gets me nice and wet. It makes me feel like I've got a boner...and I guess I do; my clit is hard -- my nipples, too. My pussy is dripping. I seriously want to fuck you *hard*. With something really big...and a strap-on just won't do, tonight. It's going to be my fist, *period*.

"B-but Mistress," you say. "I'm too tight..."

I laugh and reach down to grab your balls. I squeeze them. I get in your face.

"Don't you dare and be willful tonight!" I hiss. "Of all nights, this is the most important night of our marriage. It's the night you take *all of me* into your snug little sissy hole...and if you love me, you won't resist. It's important to me."

"I know that, Mistress, but--"

I've had it with you. I lean down close and spit in your face.

It catches you off guard, but you get the message. Obediently, you sit on the gynecological exam table in our dungeon and lean back, putting your feet in the stirrups.

You look so pretty; I love you in those cute black pumps with the six-inch heels and those sexy black stay-up fishnets. Your panties are long gone, of course, and your little cock is trying to get hard in its little plastic cage. It's trying to standing out straight, but all it gets is a sharp jab with the spikes on the inside as the cage keeps it pointing painfully down.

You've still got your bra on, too. I left it on you because I like the way it looks. It cups your little tiny tits in a death-grip, pushing them up and together so you've got some cleavage. I love the way you look with that dog collar on, too. And your blonde hair is so fucking *hot*, baby. It spills out across the vinyl-covered cushion as you stretch yourself back on the gyno table, gripping the sides of the table in terror.

This is the place where I usually fuck your brains out, with a big fat strap-on and as little lube as I can get away with. It gets me good and hot to see you there, ready to be strapped down.

You're already wearing restraints on your wrists and your ankles. I padlock your wrists to the D-rings on the side of the table. Then I lock your ankle restraints to the stirrups that hold your smooth-shaved, fishnet-clad legs up high and show me your tight little pink sissy pussy, inviting and yummy between those shaved cheeks.

The stirrups are adjustable, and tonight I've got them way the fuck up, so your ass is forced right to the edge of the table. I want lots of room to work with when I fist your ass. It's going to be real easy for me to get up close and personal with your sissy cunt, baby.

I get two rubber gloves out of the box on the nearby play table -- not the usual white ones that only go to the wrist. These are *long* ones, made by a specialty house. They're black latex, strong but thin enough that I'll still have plenty of sensation. And they're so long that they go most of the way up to my elbow. There'll be no stopping when I get to the end of the glove -- not for a very long time. You're going to take as much of my fist as I can make you take, baby. And it's going to be a *lot*.

I snap both gloves on. Then I grease up my dominant hand with the thick anal lube from the pump bottle on my right side. It's a huge bottle -- which is a good thing. I'm going to need a lot of lube. You're gonna be so tight, baby....

You squirm a little on the table. I watch as your wrists and your ankles rattle against the locked restraints.

I look at you with pleasure. My smile broadens.

I say, "You've been a bad girl. I told you to beg for my fist, bitch. Why aren't you begging?"

Your voice breaks as you say, "Please, mistress."

I say: "Please what, bitch?"

"Please fist my ass?" you whimper pathetically.

I answer with a hard slap to your swollen balls. They're big and blue after such a long period of teasing and denial. The chastity tube you're wearing doesn't protect them. If things get serious, maybe I'll even take the key from its chain around my neck and take that tube off so I can torture your cock. And if things get *really* serious -- if you beg like a good little bitch and take my fist like I want you to, maybe I'll even unlock that tube and jack your sad little cock the fuck off.

"Louder!" I hiss.

"Please, Mistress," you whine. "Please put your fist in my ass?"

I slap your nuts harder.

You groan in pain.

"Please, Mistress, please shove your big fist up my tight sissy ass?"

"Louder!" I ball up my left hand and *punch* your nuts. You shriek like a girl. I laugh as you shudder all over, your sexy feminized body reacting to the agonizing pain.

"Please! Mistress!" you gasp. You choke out something that sounds like an extended sob, the words breaking through only intermittently: "Please

fuck -- my --uh -- tight bitch ass -- my sissy ass, Mistress -- with your big -- fucking -- uh -- fist, Mistress? Please, Mistress? Please fuck my sissy hole?"

I shove a lubed-up finger into you, without warming you up first at all. You make a strangled sound as I start to fingerfuck your sissy cunt.

"That sounded like a question," I say. I continue to fingerfuck your butt. With my other hand, I take hold of your balls and squeeze *hard*. "Rephrase it, slut."

"Please fist my ass, Mistress!" you whine. "I want you to fist my ass, Mistress!"

"Louder!" I howl. I squeeze your nuts harder.

"Please, Mistress! Please will you fist-fuck my ass, Mistress? I want you to fist-fuck my ass, Mistress! Please, Mistress!"

I make you say it a dozen times, with increasing volume, each time sounding hungrier, more convinced that you really do want it. I can almost feel your brain melting and flowing under the strain as I fingerfuck your hole.

Finally I shove a second finger into you. I add some lube between thrusts, greasing you up good and slick, making your sissy cunt wet. I'm usually pretty economical with the lube, even if it hurts you; that stuff's expensive. My philosophy has always been that there's no reason to waste an expensive commodity just because it might make you a little more comfortable when I buttfuck your ass. But When I bend you over for my strap-on, your comfort is the least of my concerns. I'm far more interested in how hot it is for me to ream you it until you cry.

But this is a whole different thing. You're not going to take my cock tonight; you're gonna take my fist. So, contrary to my usual practice, I'm extremely liberal with the lube.

In fact, I probably shouldn't be, sissy -- you hardly deserve it, you know. I already went one step further by getting a new kind of lube for tonight. It's actually a lube that veterinarians use on horses and dogs the like. Which fits, baby...you're just my little bitch, aren't you? It's really expensive lube, baby...I hope that shows you just how much I love you. Next time you get fucked, we'll go back to the old, thinner, cheaper lube, and my strap-on, and maybe you'll be a bad girl this coming month and then you'll be lucky if you get so much as a glob of spit on the tip of my dick when I ream you.

But for now, I'm slicking you up good and wet for my fist.

Your asshole feels tighter than usual, even when I've just got two fingers in there. It's no surprise. I think it's the fear. It really does scare you knowing you're about to be opened up like a spitted pig, doesn't it?

I quickly move up to three fingers, shoving them deep inside your asshole as I squeeze and manipulate your balls. I tug on them hard, pulling your ligament firmly, making you gasp and gulp in surprise and pain as I tighten the pressure with my left hand. I keep shoving my slippery three fingers into you, harder each time, making sure I hold your distended, painfully full nutsac in place so that I can jam the thumb of my right hand into it as I thrust. Your balls are so swollen they're extra-sensitive, and you yelp each time I jab my thumb in.

I pull your nuts harder as I get ready to give you another finger.

I make eye contact first, though. I want to see the fear in your pretty blue eyes. And there it is, baby...more than just fear. It's terror. That gets me hot, sissy. You're really a mess, and it's only going to get worse. Your blonde hair's becoming *very* messy as you shake your head violently around, struggling to accept my fingers in your asshole even as I punish your swollen balls. Even worse, your little cock is stiffening in its tight cage, and I know the spikes are grabbing it.

I withdraw my hand from your asshole and fit my thumb onto the top of the lube pump. I squirt out some more lube and slick up my fingers. I hold

up four fingers so you can see them glistening before I shove them in. You moan and whimper in fear.

I curl them up and shove them all in with a single thrust.

A squeal escapes your pretty red lips. You draw a deep, labored breath. Your little titties heave as I start to pumpfuck your hole with my four fingers. I don't let up on your swollen, blue, sensitive balls, pulling them down hard with my left hand and jabbing them with the thumb of my right as I finger you. Each stroke brings a cry of pain to your pretty and oh-so-fuckable mouth.

Your red mouth hangs open; I see spittle forming at the corners. Some of it leaks out and runs down onto your pretty titties. They're really getting big, baby; pretty soon, you'll be up to B-cups. I love the way your push-up bra holds them together tightly and lifts them and gives you this real sexy cleavage. I love to see your hard little nips standing straight out through the thin material of your bra.

I can't resist them, baby. Your pretty titties are so fucking cute I just have to abuse them a little. Don't I deserve it? I've put so much work into building them. I've gone through all that trouble every week, making you bend over for that big scary needle in the muscular part of your ass. It's got to go into muscle, baby, that's what the doctor ordered. But I *like* sticking that needle into your muscles, because that's how it hurts the most. It gets me wet to give you those painful fucking shots with that huge needle, right in your cute little butt. It's my favorite part of the fun you and I share. I look forward to it all week. It's been getting harder to hit the right spot as your fat deposits shift every week. There's less muscle to hit and more cute little round perky curves, so I've really gotta work to get the needle inserted properly, baby. Don't I deserve to play with the fruits of my labor?

I let go of your balls. I keep jabbing my thumb into them, though, as I slam my fingers into your hole. I bring my left hand up to my mouth and dig my teeth into the end of the glove. I invert it and pull it off my hand. Then I reach up and pull down your bra.

You know what's coming, baby. You know I'm going to hurt your tits before I fist-fuck you. You can see the shiny silver clips on the table right next to me, and the other fun toys for your cute little growing sissy titties. You know what's coming...you know I'm going to hurt you. And I see your little dick trying to struggle to erection in the tight, clear-plastic prison. Those spikes really hurt, baby, don't they? Well, they're going to hurt even more once I play with your titties a little.

I give you my four fingers rhythmically, deep and hard, ready to tuck my thumb when the time comes. But for now I just jam them in deep and twist them around, opening you and stretching you out. Meanwhile, I lean over to the table and pick up a handful of tight little metal clamps. Your pretty blue eyes go wild as you look at them. You know they're really going to be painful. They're little ones -- little and wicked. They're going to grab your tittiflesh so hard you're going to squeal, and that makes me wet.

I start with your nips, because they're standing out so hard and so ready that I can't resist them. Plus, this way I can easily unload the handful of clips that I've got. I don't give each nipple just one clamp, either. I put three on the left and *four* on the right, jutting out in a pretty little radiating half-circle. I hear your squeals growing in pitch and volume as the pain builds. When I've got your nips encircled and my hand empty of the cute little clamps, I go to work on the rest of your titflesh. I can only do one clamp at a time, because your titties aren't that big and the skin isn't really all that loose. I've got to pinch with my pinkie and ring finger to get a little fold of sensitive titflesh while I put on the clamp with my thumb and forefinger. It isn't easy -- but Goddess knows I've had a whole lot of practice. And it's worth the effort to hear you shriek like a girl.

I keep fucking your butt with my four fingers as I clamp each of your poor little tits in a widening spiral, until I've got maybe twenty little clamps on your two cute little mounds. By that time you're whimpering and your eyes are shining with tears. When I start to flick the ends of the clamps with my fingers, you utter a sad little groan, and the shining tears spill out. As they pour down your smooth pink cheeks, they aren't shining anymore; they're black with mascara, black and thick and sluggish. The more I flick the ends of the clamps, the more you shriek and shudder and whimper. The

more you cry. Soon the black tears are running in rivers down your cheeks and off of your face. They drip onto your titties, which gives me a great idea about what to do next.

I grab one of the white candles from the box; I set it on the edge of the play table so the end is hanging over, with the wick exposed. I pick up the lighter. You moan uncontrollably as you see me sparking the candle to life. You know what's coming. You almost can't handle the knowledge.

"Please, Mistress," you say. "Please don't--please--please don't hurt me anymore..."

"Awww," I sigh as I pick the candle up. "I love it when you beg for mercy. Feel free to keep doing it." I laugh. "It makes me wet."

Your eyes are crossed as you try to look at the flickering flame of the candle; you can't focus because you're so overwhelmed with pain. Your weak little sissy-bimbo brain reverts to its last order, I think, and that's probably why you start moaning and begging like you do.

"Please, Mistress," you gasp. "Please fist my sissy bitch ass! Please, Mistress, please shove your hand up my asshole! Please, Mistress--" you sob as the first dribble of hot wax spills from the candle and burns your titties "--please fist-fuck my tight sissy bitch cunt--oh fuck, oh fuck!"

I tip the candle at a very tight angle, sending the flame up the side, almost burning my fingers as the wax melts unevenly. Wax pours in a drizzle and then in a river as I slowly turn the candle to get more wax on you. I feel the bite of the flame on my fingers -- but, oh, it's so worth it. I hear you crying out, your yowls of pain mingling with sobs as you try to assimilate this new sensation of pain.

I tuck my thumb. I start to work my hand back and forth, in and out, pumping and turning in a semicircle as I make you open up for me. You cry out again as your butthole begins to stretch for me.

"Oh, yeah, sissy...oh, yeah, that hurts, doesn't it? Doesn't that hurt, little bitch? Doesn't it hurt to be my fist-bitch, baby?"

You whimper and sob, accepting my compassion only because it's the closest to mercy you'll get. You nod emphatically, sobbing.

"Yes, Mistress, yes, oh, it hurts...oh, it fucking hurts..."

I sigh, "Don't worry, baby...I hear it only hurts the first time." I laugh. "Besides, in the meantime I can do something to take your mind off that stretched little butthole of yours..."

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," you moan. You don't know what's coming, but you know it's something bad. Fear makes your eyes roll. You're really getting terrified. That's how I like you.

I lower the candle. I don't think you see it, because the tears are blurring your vision, and anyway, I think your eyes are rolling back in your head from the effort of trying to take my fist up your butt.

But the second that first drizzle of hotter wax hits your titties, you know it. Your eyes pop open wide and you gasp and then groan. You wriggle your body, fighting against the restraints. I love to see you fight, baby. That's why I lower the candle even *more*.

You shriek in pain as the still-hotter wax dribbles onto your cute little sissy tits. You keep begging, insanely, delirious with fear and pain: "Please, Mistress, please fist my ass, Mistress, please fuck my fucking sissy ass with your fist, Mistress--"

The pitch of your voice rises more and more with every repeated plea. You're getting more girly with every second, darling...see? Don't I know best? I know how to make you a girl, and this is the best way I know. The harder and deeper and wider your bitch cunt gets fucked, the faster you're going to feminize. That's why I'm making you open for my fist, even though I know it scares you.

I twist my hand, pushing in harder. I'm almost inside you. I'm just about to take you all the way. In another moment, I'm going to fist your ass.

It's a good thing, too, because there's not much bare flesh left on your upper body. I've already caked your titties in white wax. The white stuff is all over your belly, even on your shoulders and neck and arms. The little flesh I can see is an angry red from the torture. The hardened wax on your tits surrounds the clamps; it's going to make them even more painful to take off, baby, and you know it.

But there's one exposed part of your body that doesn't have any wax on it yet, baby. It's that perfect, yummy, smooth space between the lacy tops of your stay-up fishnets and your shaved crotch. I bring the candle down and tip it up tight again, letting the flame dislodge flowing rivulets of white wax even though it burns my fingers.

When the wax hits your thighs, you cry louder than ever. More tears form in your eyes, shining bright and beautiful in your perfect blue orbs. AS I dribble more wax on your sensitive flesh, those tears start to flow freely out of your eyes, picking up beautiful black globs of mascara along the way. They pour down your cheeks and run onto your white-caked titties. My only regret is that your tits are so covered in wax, now, that you can't feel your tears dripping down. But you know they're there, baby...your sobs wrack your body.

All the while, as I torture your upper thighs, I twist my hand into your asshole, stretching it wider -- until I really am ready to take you all the way.

I blow out the candle and touch it to my tongue. The still-hot wick sizzles. I set the candle down as I twist my hand into you.

"It's time, baby. It's time. Do you want it, baby? Open up and say ahhhhh..."

Fear seizes your ravished face again. I can tell you want to beg for mercy; you want to plead for a reprieve from having your asshole fisted. But you know better than to defy me.

So you whimper out the same thing you've been whining all along.

"Yes, Mistress...I want it, Mistress. Please, Mistress, please fist-fuck my fucking sissy ass..."

I reach over for the smallest of the several lube bottles on the table next to us. I pull my hand back just enough to drizzle more lube around my knuckles. It's a thinner lube, with more water in it; I know it'll help keep the thicker, veterinary lube from getting too tacky. Once I've got my hand freshly slicked up, I push back inside, harder this time, twisting my hand and working my finger in deeper.

I feel your hole stretching tight against my knuckles. I push as I work it back and forth. It's about to go. Your asshole's about to open for me. I see your little cock struggling against the tightness of the clear plastic tube, with the spikes jabbing deep into your flesh. I can feel the rhythm of your racing heart against my hand. The tautness of your opening gives me the perfect feel for your pulse. You must be feeling it, too, not just in your ass but there in your poor, tortured dick, as it surges against its tight prison with every single heartbeat, more every second as I push my whole hand inside you.

It pops in. I hear your cry of surprise as your asshole finally takes my hand. Your eyes clear and focus, all of a sudden, the shining tears no longer filling them. Your pretty red mouth is opened wide; I love the way it looks when you're really surprised that I've gone ahead and done something to you I promised I would. You can be such a naïve little bimbo, baby. That's what I love about you.

We make eye contact, and I hold your eyes in mine, caressing them with my cruelty. I let my hand rest in your ass, just inside, the heel of it spreading and stretching the entrance for a few long agonizing moments. Agonizing for you, at least. For me, it's making me wetter than ever.

Then I let my hand settle into your tight channel, feeling the delicious snugness of your wet hole getting tight around my wrist bones. I work back

and forth, alternately pushing deeper and pulling back to put pressure on your entrance. Each time I do that, your eyes go crazy again, swirling and roving and crossing. Then, as I find myself naturally into a rhythm, I see your eyes rolling back deep in your head. Your tongue comes out to play, sticking well out between your red-painted lips. A series of strained inhalations and squealing exhalations follow, while you shudder all over with each building thrust. I fuck your ass deeper, rocking your body back and forth on the gyno table. I start to give it to you harder -- so hard that the whole metal table groans and shudders. I smile.

"How does it feel to be my fisting-bitch, darling?"

You're so lost in sensation that you have to shake your head to get yourself to respond. I like that; it makes your pretty blonde hair go scattering everywhere. Some of it sticks to the backs of the clamps on your tits.

"I love it, Mistress," you say. "Thank you for fist-fucking me. Thank you for fist-fucking my sissy bitch ass, Mistress...thank you...."

"Open wider, baby," I tell you. "I'm going deeper." You moan as I push my fist into you deeper, fucking my arm back and forth energetically as I take more and more of your asshole.

When your asshole proves too tight to take much more of me, I decide to distract you...with a sweet little dose of agonizing pain.

What makes it even sweeter is that your eyes are rolled way back in your head; you're utterly focused on the sensation of my hand up your ass. I know you won't see what I'm up to until the first painful sensation hits you. This is going to be extra-fun.

I reach up and pluck a couple of the clamps off your little titties. The first ones I take are the clamps in the soft flesh of the underside of your breasts. You're very sensitive down there. Maybe not as sensitive as your nipples are, but deliciously tender nonetheless. A shriek escapes your red-painted mouth. I laugh and pluck off a couple more. I have to dislodge the caked-on

pieces of wax to do so, and that rips your flesh even more. You don't have any hair, of course -- razors and waxing make sure to that; you've got no hair on your body anywhere beneath your neck, and precious little on your face after all that hair-removal I paid for. But even a nice smooth set of titties hurts when you peel thick wax off of them.

So you shriek and shudder as I crack the hardened wax and scratch it away with my short but sharp red-painted fingernails.

I start snapping some more of the clamps off your tits. I don't pluck them; I just start whipping my hand down to knock them away. I'm doing it the way I would if I was using a flogger or a single-tail to knock them off of you. The only difference is that it hurts the tips of my fingers -- but I don't care. I know the result is agonizing painful for you -- much more so than if I just unfastened the clamps. It hurts even more as blood rushes back into your squeezed little titflesh. It makes me so fucking hot to hear your girly little shrieks as the clamps go flying and skittering across the dungeon floor.

Hell, it almost makes me feel bad for you, darling. I feel so intimate with you, now that my fist is up deep inside of you. I guess I'm getting kind of...I don't know, *compassionate*?

But that doesn't stop me from smacking your tits, cracking the wax, and slapping away the clamps viciously, getting more and more turned on by your cries of agony.

The pain rises inside you; it twists up your face. I see the tears start to flow again. They pour all the way down your cheeks and onto your white-painted tits.

Soon the clamps are gone -- except for the ones on your nips, which remain in delicious radiating circles like the halo on a Virgin Mary painting. The coating of wax is cracked and broken all over your tits. There's just a few more clamps on those pretty pink nipples. But your nips aren't pink anymore; they're an angry red.

Feeling the heat rise in me as I indulge my cruelty, I grab all four of the tiny clamps on your left nipple at once. I pluck them away and throw them; they skid across the floor.

I grab that nip and massage the blood back into the tortured flesh. I know this hurts far worse than having the clamp go on; it hurts even more than having the clamp come *off*. I love that.

You scream at the top of your lungs, howling so loudly it almost sounds like you really are shouting for help. You know that no help is going to come, don't you, baby? The he dungeon is very well soundproofed; hell, I made you put the soundproofing in yourself, back when you were sort of a boy, before I decided to feminize you and make you a bimbo who could never do things like put insulation in walls. So I have to assume your screaming at the top of your lungs like the little bitch you are is nothing more than pillow talk; you're *trying* to turn me on.

And as pillow talk, it works *very* well, darling...so, thank you for that. I'm getting really, really hot. When this is all over, I'm going to let you give me a nice long sensuous pussy licking, just the way I like it. Two or three hours should wear me out. I hope you don't tire out that tongue by whipping it back and forth as you scream, struggling to accommodate the pain....

Torturing your tits some more accomplishes exactly what I had in mind; it distracts you from the hand in your ass and makes you involuntarily relax. That way, I can get my fist up deeper into your tight little sissy hole. You grunt and groan as I insert each inch, but the pain in your titties is so distracting that you don't tighten up -- or, rather, you *do* tighten up with each spasm of pain, but then there's a matching relaxation as I push up inside you.

Having tortured your right nipple to within an inch of its life, I give your other nipple the same treatment. I pull all the clamps off at once and then I pinch your nip hard, massaging blood back into the firm, hard nub as you scream. In between pinches, I slap your tits hard and then, just for fun, I slap your tearstained face. White chunks of wax flake off as I slap. They

scatters everywhere -- in your hair, on your stomach, even across your chastity tube. I hear the pieces of wax rattling on the concrete floor.

I grab your tits harder and dig my fingers into your titflesh, using your cute little knockers as handholds to force your body harder onto my fist. You howl as I do.

Soon I'm in so deep that your tight asshole is right at the edge of my extra-long black latex glove.

"What a good little bitch," I tell you. "Are you ready for your reward?"

You're well beyond words; you can't even comprehend what I'm asking, let alone what's about to happen to you. Or maybe you just don't want to think about it. How can I blame you? In our house, "reward" could mean a swift punch to the nuts...it has, many times.

But I'm not *that* much of a bitch, honey. I've already tortured your balls enough for one night, baby...and I've tortured the rest of you enough that I think you've earned a real reward, darling. You've been a good little bitch tonight. You've been my good little fisting bitch. You didn't just let me fist your ass; you actually begged for it. That's why I'm going to give you something you've been wanting for *months*.

My hand comes down and seizes the key on the chain around my neck. I bend down and put the key in the padlock. You hear it pop and you moan as you feel the chastity tube coming off your dick. I grab the smaller bottle of lube again. This is the thinner lube, and it's perfect for handjobs. I drizzle it all over your junk. I let some of it run down onto my hand as I fist-fuck you in long, slow in-and-out strokes with a twisting motion. But most of it goes all over your cock. You quickly stiffen under my strokes. I grip your growing shaft tightly and start to stroke you off.

Your eyes roll back again in pleasure. I stop stroking.

"Look at me, bitch," I say. "Look at your Mistress when she's fisting your ass and beating you off, you fucking sissy cunt. Show your Mistress

some respect."

"Yes, Mistress...thank you, Mistress."

Your eyes clear and you struggle to keep them from crossing or rolling back in your head as you find yourself subsumed into pleasure. I begin stroking your cock again. Drool runs out of your red mouth onto your white-flecked tits. In the gaps in the white wax, your pale flesh is an angry red is spotted with angry red. I love to see that. I love it even more when I see you struggling to keep eye contact with me. It can't be easy; you're really going wild. You haven't had a handjob in ages. Hell, it's been three months, now, since I even milked you, and longer than that since I let you jerk off while I watched. You're really hurting for an orgasm. You've been denied so long that your body doesn't even know how to assimilate the sensations of having your cock stroked with lube.

I squeeze your shaft tightly and work my hand up and down faster. Your cock is so slippery; maybe I used too much lube.

But then I feel your cock start to squirt out its first warm stream of precum and I realize you're going to cum already.

"Poor baby. Can't even last *now*, can you? You're still a minuteman, aren't you? See why I had to make you a sissy?"

"Y-y-y-yes, Mistress," you groan.

You struggle to keep eye contact with me, but your eyes won't stay in one place. They rove crazily as I pump your cock and your ass at the same time. A moment later, semen is blasting out of you in firehose streams, hot blasts of cum shooting all the way up to spatter across the wax still caked to your tits.

Your legs and arms flap wildly in the restraints, held in place only by the tight ankle and wrist straps.

I laugh at what a silly little sissy you are.

I squeeze the last drop of seed from your soft sissy cock and start to work my hand back out of your hole. I'm finished fisting you...for now.

You return to making eye contact with me, struggling to keep your eyes open as the heel of my hand spreads your entrance.

I hear a soft, wet slurping sound. ...and then I'm out.

I snap off my glove and wipe my cummy, lube-covered hand on a white hand towel. Then I step over behind you, where you can't see me.

You moan and shiver in the restraints as you recover from having your ass fisted and being subjected to your first orgasm in months.

I find the right drawer in the dresser behind the gyno table. I take out my harness.

I select the very biggest dildo I've got -- a real monster, with sculpted veins, a wicked curve and a big, bulbous head. It's huge, but it's nowhere near as big as my fist.

I fit the big cock into the harness and buckle the harness on tight.

This model has an egg-shaped vibrator tucked up against my clit. The vibrator nestles against my most sensitive spot; the control box sits at my hip, clipped to the harness. I'm going to cum as I fuck you.

I smile as I come around and show you the huge cock I'm about to fuck you with.

You moan in fear as you see it. It can't be that impressive, can you? After all, you just took my fist up your ass, didn't you?

Of course you did, sissy. But you know how I roll. You know how I fuck. And you know I'm gonna be fucking your little ass *hard*. I don't care how wide I've just fucked it with my fist. When I strap a dick on, I'm always

ready to plow your tight hole like you're my bitch...'cause you are, sissy, you are.

"I'll tell you what, darling," I say. "I'm gonna fuck you in the ass...and you can tell me if it still feels big."

"Y-y-yes, Mistress," you whimper obediently.

"Just *scream* if it feels big when I ram it into you, baby, okay? Scream loud enough, and maybe I'll decide that this big cock will be more than enough for a while. Maybe I *won't* have to fist you every night like I've been planning to."

I see the fear on your face as your eyes roll back in your head again. You shiver all over, terror overtaking you. I love that. It makes me hot.

I reach down and switch on the vibrator. The intense buzzing sensation right against my clit makes me gasp. Pleasure flows through my body.

I wrap my hand around my big cock. I start to jerk it off, looking at your big, open, wide-fucked pink hole.

"Oh, yeah. Open wide, sissy. This is gonna be more than enough."

I pump lube onto the tip and fit it to your open entrance. It's my very largest cock, but it slides right into your sissy pussy, nice and easy. Even better, your soft little cock is starting to get hard again. I grab your balls and pull, listening to your pretty moans of pain as I squeeze and dig my fingers in deep.

Then I shove my cock in harder, and you scream like a girl.

When you scream like that, baby, I get so *hot*. I feel a surge of pleasure as the vibrator rides my clit. I ram my cock faster and faster into you and moan as I near my own orgasm.

"Yeah, baby," I sigh. "This cock is going to be more than enough....at least for a while, baby. This'll keep you stuffed full every night. Oh fuck, sissy, I'm gonna cum..."

When I do, I'm the one who screams like a girl...and you seem to like it almost as much as I do.

What a good little sissy you are!

Four Fingers and a Thumb by Corey Sawyer

"What's the big deal, slave?" Mistress Aveline laughed. She wiggled her fingers in front of my face and let her thumb do an extra little circuit before my frightened eyes. "It's only five fingers and a thumb!"

I trembled all over. Bound into the "fuckslings" in Mistress Aveline's dungeon, I would be helpless to stop her if she decided it was time to fist-fuck my ass. In fact, I would be helpless to do anything but whine and beg and plead. Ultimately, I would be forced to accede to whatever demand my Mistress placed on me...including shoving her hand in my ass if it should amuse her.

She took great sadistic pleasure in this knowledge, clearly. She liked it even better that I knew how helpless I was...and that even if I had been untied, I would have been just as helpless.

But she preferred me tied up...as did I. That way, I couldn't humiliate myself any more than I already was. I couldn't throw myself on the floor and kiss her boots and lick them in hopes of incurring her mercy. If she desired to possess my asshole with her fist, all I could do was whine.

And I *did* whine.

"It's your fist, Mistress," I whimpered, trembling.

"What about it?" asked Mistress Aveline, caressing my face with her balled-up fist. "What about my fist, little sissy?" Right next to my face, she made a hard, short upward-thrust gesture with her fist, issuing a scary-sounding grunt of exertion as she did. She was watching in pleasure as the violent gesture sent a shiver of fear through my body.

My breath came short. My nipples throbbed with the jagged teeth of the clamps Mistress Aveline had placed on them just moments before. They were tighter clamps than what I was used to -- much tighter. I could feel the sharp bite of those metal teeth in my sensitive nips. Those little pink nubs

on my growing snow-white orbs had become so much more sensitive in recent weeks. Mistress Aveline had begun growing my titties with hormones, and the cup size I had gained made my nips feel that much more sensitive. But she'd also been using the suction cups every night for an hour or more, making me suffer under the agonizing pressure of the suction tubes that, she said, would make my nipples not only more sensitive, but actually *bigger*.

And they did seem to be growing. I didn't know if the hormones or the suction had done the bulk of the heavy lifting...but in just a few weeks I'd gained a substantial amount of both girth and length to my swelling nipples. They got hard at the drop of a hat, now. And they were so fucking sensitive that, when they *did* get hard, it made the agony of denial even worse. I got turned on so much more often than I did in the days before she started feminizing me. Wasn't this exactly the *opposite* of what was supposed to happen? Weren't the female hormones supposed to make me *less* horny, not more of a slut?

I had asked Mistress Aveline about that, just a few days into my first round of dosing. She had smiled and told me she was very proud of me for admitting I was a slut. Then she told me that I could expect my sex drive to skyrocket, "Because you've always wanted to be a little cocksucking bitch," as she put it. "You've *always* wanted to be a whore, little girl. Now that your titties and sissy puss are finally starting to come into line with your secret hungers, you won't be able to stop yourself. I'll have you begging for big biker gangbangs before you know it."

I should know better than to ask serious questions of Mistress Aveline. She knows how to twist everything I say into an admission that I love big hard cocks and need lots of them. She did that now, as it turned out.

"It's too...*big*, Mistress. I know you've fucked me--"

"Lots of times, sissy. You seemed to like it...or at least you *pretended* to like it." Mistress Aveline made a show of pouting demonstrably. "Please don't tell me you were faking your orgasms, sissy....?"

I could feel my face going red, heat suffusing it. She knew the answer; of course I wasn't faking my orgasms. When Mistress Aveline fucked me in the ass, she often started me bent-over, ass in the air, taking it doggy style. But when she finished, she liked to finish with my legs up over her shoulders, fucking me "missionary position" so she could look into my eyes and jack me off. "It's more romantic that way," she was fond of saying. When my little sissy stick spewed its humiliating white cream, Mistress Aveline had incontrovertible proof that I really was a horny little butt slut. With my cum sprayed across my belly and my eager sissy mouth obediently licking it off her hand, Mistress Aveline proved, every time, that I *loved* big cocks in my ass. Oh, the first few times, I protested wildly -- and screamed to high heaven when she first stuck me. But even then, when she rolled me over and made me look in her eyes as she boned me, I fell into line and started moaning in pleasure. My little cock stiffened, and when Mistress Aveline put her expert hand to work, I always gave her the "slut-proof" she craved, in the form of hot cream on her hand.

Despite all of my protests, even I had to admit that those orgasms were obviously *real*.

"N-n-n-no," I stammered. "I wasn't faking, Mistress." Tears of humiliation filled my eyes. "I guess I've learned to like it when you fuck me in the ass, Mistress. But it's just...your hand, it's so...so..." She caressed my cheek with the back of her fist, taking obvious pleasure in the way I recoiled from it. "It's just so *big*, Mistress..."

Aveline laughed. "This little thing?" She mock-punched my made-up sissy face, coming away with rouge and a whisper of lipstick on her knuckles. "It's not big, baby, not at all. It's nothing, really...compared to some of the cocks I've made you suck!"

I gulped. "Yes, Mistress, um...I guess that's true." I wasn't sure it was *literally* true...but some of the cocks I'd had shoved in my face recently certainly did approach Aveline's fist in size. For as long as I had known her, Mistress Aveline had always had a thing for very large men. She tended to "date" a half-dozen or more men at a time. And since I was a slave, not a person, she thought nothing of fucking in front of me. In fact, I think she

liked to fuck in front of me, because it reaffirmed my place in the pecking order. What's more, she'd often ordered me to "fluff" her big boyfriends, particularly the very biggest ones. As I've become more feminine, more of them accept her offer of a BJ from me, sometimes "just to see what it's like." To a man, they've declared that I suck cock just like a girl...but they don't treat me like a girl. I'm a slave...I'm a *thing*. As a feminized slut, they can be as rough as they want with me...and Aveline likes it rough to begin with. Charged up and testosterone-addled by sex with her, Aveline's boyfriends love to slap me and choke me and face-fuck me hard. Even though Aveline trained me on her largest strap-ons, it took me a very long time to not gag when her big boyfriends shove their huge cocks down my throat.

But I learned. I really did learn. Now I don't try to "give head" when I'm ordered to fluff or suck cock. I just get on my hands and my knees and open wide and make my sissy face a smooth, pretty cunt for my Mistress's boyfriends. Rather than "deep-throating," I try to relax and just let them have my face like another wet, dripping, horny sissy hole. Since I accepted this, I've been much happier.

But Mistress Aveline had not let any of her male friends use my other end -- that is, none of them had fucked me in the ass....*yet*. So what did it matter how big the biggest cock I'd ever had down my throat was? (I'd wager it was her fuckbuddy Leonard...twelve-and-a-half inches, and *thick*.) My ass had never been used by something that huge... and yet I could see in Mistress Aveline's eyes that it was about to be.

"But Mistress," I whimpered, tears spilling out of my eyes. "I don't think my sissy ass can take your whole fist. If you'd let a few of your boyfriends fuck me first, maybe..."

I couldn't believe I was saying it! When I'd come here to serve Mistress Aveline, I'd informed her that I was avowedly straight and planned to remain that way. But Mistress Aveline had other ideas...and once I'd signed on the dotted line, my "limits" were, at best, suggestions. Between the frequent male visitors at Mistress Aveline's house and her decision to

feminize me, I'd become more acquainted with serving cock in the last few months than I'd ever been with serving pussy.

Mistress Aveline was pleased by my suggestion. She caressed my face and said: "It's delightful that you suggest that, sissy...but I'm fucking horny. I want your ass...I want *all of it*. You're going to take my fist tonight, and that's final." She gave me a gentle kiss on each of my cheeks, letting the tip of her tongue trace the path of the salty black tears I was crying.

With sadistic pleasure, she asked me:

"Any last words?"

I whimpered, "M-M-M-Mistress...please don't..."

Mistress Aveline's smile made her even more beautiful.

"I love it when you say that," she purred. "Say it as much as you like, sissy. I want to hear you beg for mercy. While you give me your *ass*."

I looked at my beautiful Mistress and heard myself moaning softly, "Yes, Mistress.

Mistress Aveline was naked except for her boots. She wore a collar herself -- but it did not make her submissive to any man or any woman. The collar she wore was a mark of her submission to the Goddess...and when I was in this dungeon, I was the Goddess's plaything. She was a far more powerful force than even Aveline. She was Mistress Aveline's Mistress. As obsessed as Mistress Aveline was with fucking big cocks, she was equally devoted to the worship of the Goddess. The rituals of that worship took place in her bed, when her girlfriends came over; their chanting and squealing and moaning mingled with the slapping and whipping sounds. I was not allowed to watch.

But as submissive as Mistress was to the Goddess, she was utterly dominant where I was concerned. I was not a person; I was her possession.

She was the Goddess's toy, but I was Hers. And sometimes one toy can be very cruel with another.

Mistress Aveline loved to be cruel with me...and so help me, I loved and hated her for it.

Mistress Aveline brought her right hand to my mouth.

"Kiss the fingers that are about to invade you," she said, with a sense of ritual finality.

I obeyed her, kissing each of her four fingers in turn. I left faint red lipstick kisses across each of those four fingers. When she finally put the thumb in my mouth, she forced my mouth open, pushing my jaw down. Forced to hold my mouth open, I was helpless to keep her from spitting in my mouth.

The hot glob of spit landed on my tongue. She released her grip on my mouth. I obediently swallowed her spit.

"I've decided to possess your ass," she said. "What do we say?"

"If it please you, Mistress?" I whimpered.

"Not good enough," she said, caressing my throat.

I gulped.

"Please, Mistress, please fist my ass?"

Mistress Aveline smiled.

"That's better. And the sweetest thing you'll say tonight...at least, until after I'm finished" She stalked naked over to the wall of toys and plucked down a giant black cock-gag. It was thicker but shorter than any cock I'd ever choked down in Aveline's house. She came back and forced my mouth

open. She shoved the cock in and pulled the strap around my head. She buckled it tight, under my long, blonde hair.

Then she leaned in and spat again -- this time not in my mouth but on my face. My cheeks grew still hotter from humiliation as rivulets of Mistress Aveline's spit ran down over my cheekbones onto my chin.

As she withdrew, she left me swinging gently back and forth in the "fucksling." Gagged, spread and restrained, about to be fisted, I felt more helpless than I ever had.

Just the way Mistress Aveline liked me.*

Mistress Aveline positioned herself between my shackled, spread legs. They were cuffed at the ankle and lifted up high, leaving my panty-clad ass exposed. She ran her hand down my smooth legs. She reached down to her boot and took out a knife. She held it up for me to see. It was a wicked implement. She loved the way my eyes went wide when I saw a silvered blade in front of me; with Mistress Aveline, I never knew what nasty thing she might do to me with a knife. She'd done some truly cruel things; I bore the scars on my back, in the form of her initials. Sometimes if I turn my body just right, I can reach back and feel the texture of the scars. It makes my little sissy clit hard when I feel them.

But she didn't cut me this time. Instead, she slid the blade up and down on my thighs and started caressing my balls through my panties. I trembled in fear. She worked the blade under my panties. She slit them at the crotch, just under my balls. Then she slit each side. She swept my panties away and threw them on my face. I could smell them. They smelled like my balls...an almost feminine smell, musky and floral. Even my balls almost smelled like a woman.

Mistress Aveline took a long slow time to caress my balls with her knife, laughing when I trembled in fear. She squeezed my nutsac and crushed my balls agonizingly between her thumb and forefinger while she pulled them down far and teased the blade across them.

"Do you think I'd regret it if I sliced these little darlings off right now?" she taunted as she caressed me with the sharp edge of the blade. "Or perhaps you'd rather I shove my fist up your ass?"

I nodded fervently. I tried to say "Yes, Mistress," but the thick cock-gag prevented me. I realized that it tasted like pussy and maybe even ass; Mistress Aveline had probably spent some "personal time" with the cock plug before she put it in my mouth. She loved to do that. She liked to make me taste her holes when she gagged my sissy bitch face.

She returned the knife to her boot. She reached out to the play table and picked up a glove. She snapped it on her hand and hoisted the bottle of lube marked ANAL-DEEP. She gurgled out a healthy amount and rubbed it all over her fingers.

She smiled at me as she lowered her gloved hand between my thighs. She touched my hole. I whimpered in fear and excitement. I felt her drawing gentle circles around my asshole -- gentle at first. Gentle, *for now*.

She made eye contact with me. Her gaze was stern and uncompromising. She wanted to make sure I knew how serious she was. She made sure I knew that I wasn't to look away as she prepared to violate my asshole with her fist.

She gave a sharp jab as she pushed one finger in.

It wasn't very much, compared to the cocks I had already taken. But I was hyped up by fear and arousal, and I squealed like a girl. My eyes went wide.

She laughed at me. She blew me a kiss.

She gave me a second finger, working it in deep while she used her other hand to claw at my balls, reminding me of the terrifying threat she had made about my nuts. She took pleasure in looking into my eyes as I tried to relax and surrender to her.

Mistress Aveline pushed in three fingers. I squirmed against her thrusts.

*She reached up and tugged at my *nipple clamps. I cried out as she pulled hard. She added a fourth finger. I groaned. Her right hand was trimmed down close, but her left hand had long, sharp nails, painted black. She dug those fingernails into my chest and dragged them down, raking my smooth flesh and leaving deep furrows of agony. * I howled in pain. She pushed harder into my asshole, giving me her fourth finger and pushing right up to the heel of her hand, with her thumb tucked into the proper place to achieve full penetration.

"I had this one slave," she taunted me. "I actually *split her in two* by fisting her tight little asshole. You believe that? It was beautiful."

I knew she had to be joking, right? Her expression told me she wasn't. But Mistress Aveline has a very good poker face. She would never *actually* split me in two, would she? I mean, she *couldn't*...could she?

She just liked to terrorize me. It made her wet.

I moaned as Mistress Aveline slowly stretched my asshole open even further. She had all four fingers in, now, and most of her thumb. The heel of her hand pressed up against my entrance. She looked into my eyes. She tucked her thumb tighter as she pulled at my balls and stroked my hard cock. She teased the ring she'd placed through the tip. She jacked me off, right to the edge of orgasm, making me linger there until my asshole tightening with the imminent climax.

I whimpered and rocked back and forth. Cum leaked out of the pierced tip of my cock. Mistress Aveline dabbed it onto her thumb and licked it off.

"Yummy! It tastes almost as good as blood," she teased me. "Why is it sissy's cum always tastes so sweet?"

I tried to shrug, but she chose that moment to push the heel of her hand up hard against my sphincter, stretching me. I groaned with the effort of taking it.

"Clench your muscles, sissy. It's time."

I did clench my muscles, tightening up firmly against the heel of her hand. She pulled back and pushed in, twisting her hand as she did. I felt tighter than ever.

"Now *relax*," she breathed.

I did...and her whole fist popped in. I felt myself opened wider than ever. My eyes were wide, too, staring up into the bright lights above the fuckslings. I grunted into the cock gag, tasting her ass and smelling my own balls.

She was in me, deep -- all the way. I panicked. I trembled all over. I dug my teeth into the hard silicone of the dick gag. Mistress Aveline watched me with pleasure as I uttered muffled groans of terror and tried to assimilate the sensation. I felt as if I couldn't remain this way for another second...but I couldn't even beg her to take it out.

So I was forced to just stay there, spread and stretched, split open around Mistress Aveline's hand, open wide for her fist.

The wicked look on her face told me how happy it made her.

Mistress Aveline has very large hands.

"Good sissy," she told me. "Relax. Just relax. You're through the hardest part, slave. Now the fun begins."

She started working her fist in deeper, caressing my dick as she went. Again she brought me close to a good hard cum, but she didn't let me get there. Instead, she went back to caressing my balls for a time as she forced her fist into me deeper. When my asshole tightened slightly as a spasm of sensation went through me, she punished me by squeezing my tortured nuts hard, digging her fingernails in.

I squealed behind the cock gag and squirmed against the restraints.

Without realizing I was doing it at first, I pushed myself forward in the sling.

I fucked myself onto Mistress Aveline's fist.

I realized what I was doing, but not before she'd taken note of it. She smiled.

"I guess you like it," she said.

I felt my face getting hot.

"Such a pretty girl when you blush," she taunted me.

She reached up again and pulled at the chain between my nipple clamps.

"I think these have been on long enough," she said. "Brace yourself, slave. This is going to hurt."

She jerked the chain. It went taut and the clamps came free with a pair of awful snapping sounds.

I felt agony pouring through my nipples. As I writhed in pain, Mistress Aveline took the opportunity to work her hand still deeper inside me. This time, I did not tighten up.

She pushed herself into me, almost up to the elbow.

"Feel me inside you, slave?"

I nodded, whimpering.

"Do you want to cum?"

I nodded fervently, again, trying to say "Yes, Mistress," around the dick gag...but, of course, all that came out was a grunt. I lapped at the gag's surface, tasting my Mistress's cunt and ass. I loved to taste Mistress

Aveline's body....especially when she hurt me and made me take things in my ass.

She wrapped her fingers around my hard cock. She dug her nails in and squeezed. The pain mounted as she started jacking me off with her fingernails. It had been so long since I'd cum...and nothing could keep me from exploding in pleasure.

How could I help myself? I was so fucking sensitive whenever that damned chastity tube came off of my cock. She could not edge me any further...I was so close to cumming that even the painful sensation of her fingernails digging into my cock would make me cum -- and fast.

And it did. As her fingernails raked my shaft, my cum exploded out of me. I felt Madame Aveline pumping her fist inside me as jizz blasted out so hard that it sprayed all over my gagged face.

Smelling my cum, I breathed slow and deep as she continued to torture my cock with her fingernails until she'd milked out every last drop of cum. I felt my asshole opening wide around the heel of her hand as she tugged back. I felt wide and helpless. Her heel made it through; then her knuckles stretched me. I yowled behind the gag.

Finally, her hand slid out of me with a sloppy, wet sound.

She showed me her glistening hand, clean and wet, smiling as she snapped off her glove. She came around and unfastened the straps of my gag, pulling it out of my mouth. The taste of her pussy and ass lingered. She dropped the gag on the floor, probably for me to clean up later.

She bent down and draped her tits in my face, caressing the angry red furrows she'd left down my smooth chest.

"You were such a good girl," she said. "And now you're part of the fisting sorority. I can fist you *every night* if I feel like it, can't I, sissy?"

Fearfully, I whimpered, "Yes, Mistress." She kissed me, shoving her tongue into me.

When her tongue slid out of my mouth, she licked a dollop of cum off my chin.

"Don't look so scared, slave. Was it really that bad? It's just four fingers and a thumb...."

My cheeks turned hot as she caressed them with the fingers that had just violated me. She dug the nails of her other hand into my chest and raked them down, making me whimper in pain.

"Just four fingers and a thumb," she repeated, her voice rich with pleasure.

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

Fisted Sissy by Meredith Marshall

It wasn't until we got home that I realized the little pink panties I made you wore to the bondage shop -- well, you disgusting pig, they were positively *soaked*. It shouldn't surprise me, since I was taking you there to buy you a chastity tube. This is why you *need* a chastity tube, you disgusting little sissy. No wonder I whip you; no wonder I stick my dick up your ass on a regular basis to punish you for being a nasty little horny slut. All it takes is a bunch of lesbians laughing at your humiliating boner, and your little sissy stick starts drooling, doesn't it?

You'd been a very, very bad sissy. You were already destined for long-term chastity, baby, but now I knew I was going to have to lock up your sissy clit for a very long time. I told you, *I hope you're ready to suffer; because if you don't get soft by the time I'm ready to padlock your tube, I'm going to take a good long time torturing you to make sure you know what a bad thing you did by drooling your slime in your panties.*

I know you thought I was overreacting, sissy...but luckily, you didn't get to make that call. I'm the Mommy here, remember? And I told you that what you did to your panties proved that you're a dirty, dirty, dirty, dirty slut.

And dirty sluts get *fucked*. But you knew that. I just don't know if you realized that there were new ways I could fuck you if you didn't watch out. Maybe you thought that making you take taking my strap-on was the worst I could do to your ass, sissy. But I knew -- and I planned on showing you -- that tight little hole of yours could take a lot more than just my dick. In fact, part of me had already decided you wanted it. I thought maybe taking my fist would finally teach you a lesson about who wears the pants in our house, baby. Otherwise, why would your sissy stick slime your panties like that?

Sissy, you were positively *begging* for my fist, and that's a fact.

At the bondage store, you hadn't quite cum, but you'd been drooling your vile, disgusting pre-cum everywhere, probably ever since we left the house, knowing where I was taking you. That whole time at the chastity counter at the bondage shop, with those nice lesbian shop girls flirting with me, and you were standing there with a boner. We all knew, of course, because I made you wear those hot-pink stretch jeans, placing your junk on display. For some of the shorter women working there, it was right about at eye level, too, since I'd ordered you into those matching hot pink eight-inch heels with the clear plastic platforms. You could barely walk in them. They made you so tall there was no way anyone could miss your humiliating display. Your pathetic dick bulged out right where they could see it -- and there your little panties were getting soaked right under your hot pink stretch jeans. Funny, isn't it? If I'd known how close you were to soaking through your panties and showing the whole world a wet spot, I never would have let you wear that outfit. What if you'd cum? Right there in the store, baby? You weren't that far from it. Seriously...that would have been a disaster. Cumming without permission, and in public? Blowing your load right there in your panties, wetting your undies so thoroughly that it soaked right through and showed your revolting jizz to a bunch of lesbians working in a bondage store?

That would have been disgusting, honey. I don't even what to *think* about what extreme punishments I would have had to come up with to punish you for that one. You really dodged a bullet that day, darling. All you did was show your junk to the shop clerks. I guarantee they had a really good laugh about it later.

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All of the clerks were used to me bringing in sissied-up men with teeny tiny bulges on display, of course. Before we even got married, I used to take clients there, and I cleared it with the shop clerks in advance -- just like I did that day. You didn't know that, of course, so you probably got off on thinking you were displaying your pathetic hard-on to lesbians who weren't expecting it.

You see, darling? *That's* why you're a pervert. That's why I keep you in chastity. That's why you kneel and you suck, instead of putting your "dick" where a *real* dick belongs. You're not my chastity bitch just because you're

so under-endowed, darling. You're my little sissy chastity slave because even though you've got next to nothing in your pants, like all men you're still pathetically *proud of it*.

At the bondage shop that day, I learned a lot about just how far I could take your submission, darling. Everyone there basically ignored you. But I never realized how aroused you got by being totally humiliated. And here, I thought you were a medium-to-mild humiliation slut. That day after the bondage shop, I started to realize you were a total piggy bottom for emotionally brutal public humiliation.

I think that's when it started to dawn on you just how fucked you were.

I wanted to get you locked up in your new chastity tube right away, of course, darling. I wanted to get your nasty thing locked away so I'd never have to see it again, except in a tight little tube that kept it nice and soft.

But I couldn't. I couldn't get it *in*, darling. You had such a huge, drooly boner that the tube wouldn't fit.

I tried to get you soft by twisting and turning your balls, slapping them, hurting your nipples, spitting on your face. I screamed at you to lose your boner or I'd make you sorry. I raked my fingernails down your chest. I threatened to make you bring me the cattle prod.

Nothing worked; you were still erect. Since you'd ruined your panties, I sent you to your lingerie drawer and made you get another pair. I made you strip naked. I made you wipe up in front of me, meticulously cleaning all the cum off your cock and making sure none had run down into your balls. I made you put on a fresh pair of panties. Then I ordered you into your high-heeled hot-pink shoes again, and I told you to sit down and spread your legs.

I gave you one last chance to get soft -- but you weren't interested, baby. I don't know if you were just being willful or you still haven't learned to control your erections. Probably a little of both.

I made you pull down your pink panties, take out your balls, and present them to me.

Then I balled up my fist and gave it to, hard and fast, enough strokes to bring you to tears.

I loved that. It made me feel a little sorry for you. It feels *so* good to punch a man's balls, darling -- I'm sorry, can' you believe that? I called you a man. Well, it feels *very* good to punch a man's balls, darling, far better than to punch a sissy's. But real men usually don't allow that kind of play. I've known a few who could take that level of pain and not cry -- and they're the ones I gave myself too, darling. Real men can hold their tears back. Sissies lose it, like you did.

And that's why I laughed. No matter how many times I punished your balls -- not just with my fist, but with the whip and then the cane -- you wouldn't lose your boner. You are such a willful brat!

So I did what I had to, darling. It was disgusting, but it simply had to be done. In order to start out your new life in chastity, I had to get you off.

I made you get up and get two rubber gloves and a bottle of lube. I laughed as you limped, darling. I laughed and laughed. Your cute ass looked so nice in those panties -- especially with the way I've been making you get your ass waxed. Tottering on those high heels, with your balls in such pain, you really looked adorable. High from the exhilaration of inflicting such pain, I felt very much in love with you at that moment. I swear, darling, half of me wanted to tell you I love you and throw you on the bed, and ride that sick little hard-on like it belonged to a real man. But, of course, I knew better than to seriously consider such a thing. I mean, what would the point be? You'd get your slime all over my slit, probably -- you'd almost certainly spray before I even got it in me. And if you *did* manage to hold back your cum, would you even *be able* to get it in me? I mean...I know I'm tight, darling, but I'm not *that* tight. Your tiny little nub would probably just sort of bob around the surface of my cunt, don't you think? If I managed to get a little bit of it inside me, I probably wouldn't even know it. Not until you slimed me, and then...ugh, darling. I'd probably throw up right in your face.

You're lucky I didn't fuck you that day, darling. It would have been such a nasty little effort.

But I loved you so much I almost wanted to do it anyway. As I watched you limping with your punished balls and your high heels, I loved you more than I've ever loved you. Even when you first told me you wanted me to sissify you and put you in chastity and start fucking other guys.

You never knew how close you were to finally getting laid that day, did you? Well, I do hope that hearing about it now makes you realize that I'm not a *total* bitch. After all, I do have pity for you sometimes.

You brought me back the rubber gloves and lube. I told you to pull down your panties -- right to your ankles, since of *course* I never let you take them off -- and spread your legs very wide. Your balls were in lots of pain, darling, and my pussy was very wet from punching them. Before I put on the gloves, I slid my hand down into my smooth, shaved slit and felt myself up a little. Then I showed you how wet I was, sliding my pussy-wet fingers into your lipstick-covered mouth. You lapped at them eagerly. Such a little cunt slut.

I snapped on both gloves.

I lubed up my right hand. My left hand stayed dry.

I seized the shaft of your little cock in my left hand. I squeezed it in a brutally tight embrace, and shoved three fingers into your ass.

I guess I hadn't lubed my hand up enough, darling. You let out a shriek as I violated your asshole. Just like you used to do when I first started plowing your little sissy ass, remember? You screamed like a girl -- well, you *are* a girl, sort of. I rammed those three fingers home while you yowled and whimpered and finally opened up for me. I gripped your cock and twisted and turned it painfully, never letting you get enough traction to really enjoy yourself.

You squirmed under my assault.

I laughed at you.

"Such a little crybaby," I laughed. "Such a little whiner. If you hate it so much, why don't you lose your boner? We can end this all as soon as *this* goes away."

I twisted your cock savagely in my dry rubber-gloved hand, and you gave another shriek. I took the opportunity to force a fourth finger home. You were really opening up by then, darling...humping yourself against the strokes of my fingers. You were seriously *begging* for it. Worse, I could tell that you were feeling very pleased with yourself. After all, even with the condom unrolled an inch down your cock, there was room on your dick shaft for me to fit my whole hand. Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to twist and turn it so easily, causing so much pain.

I could tell what you were thinking. You were thinking your sissy stick really wasn't *all* that small. I knew it, and I knew you would deny it if I accused you of thinking that.

So I decided to teach you a lesson.

And with a rebellious, willful little sissy like you, there was really only one lesson I wanted to teach you.

That's why I gave you my hand that day. That's why I gripped your cock tighter and twisted it harder and screamed at you:

"Look at me! Sissy, baby, look at me! Look the fuck into my eyes, you fucking little cunt. I want this boner gone by the count of ten, or my fist is going inside you. Do you fucking understand what I want?"

I couldn't tell if you did or you didn't; you were humping yourself against my hands hard I didn't know if you liked the pain or the pleasure more. You're such a fucking piggy whore. You really need it bad, sissy, don't you?

Your eyes rolled back in your head.

I screamed, "Do you understand?"

You nodded furiously, still fucking yourself onto my hand, like you were begging for it. Every time you tried to push yourself harder onto my fingers, I would twist your dicklet with my dry rubber-sheathed hand.

Needless to say, I knew which option you'd choose.

I didn't feel like lubing you up any more, but I needed some wet to get me in there. So I screamed at you to hold still and then I leaned down and hawked and spat on my hand as my fingers went savagely in and out.

I spat all over my hand -- my right hand of course; I was very careful to make sure my left hand stayed dry, or otherwise how would I hurt you with it?

I got my right hand good and wet with my spit, adding to the lube already there.

Then I screamed at you to stop rolling your eyes back in pleasure, you disgusting little piggy.

I screamed at you to look me in the eyes.

You did, with difficulty, while I worked all four fingers in tight, right up to the heel of my hand. I didn't tuck my thumb yet. But you had to know it was coming. I'd never, ever fisted you before, but you'd seen videos of it being done. I'd made you jack off to them, even -- back when I let you jack off. Before we married, darling. Back before we married...I'm sure you remember.

You looked deep in my eyes, and this time I didn't laugh at you.

I stared. I scowled. I made sure I had your attention. Then I told you:

"I want this worthless piece of shit--" I squeezed and twisted your dicklet for emphasis "-- soft as old chewing gum by the time I reach the count of ten. Or *this* worthless piece of ass --" I shoved my hand up harder, rough and cruel up into your asshole "--gets opened wide for my fist. Do you understand?"

You shuddered. You nodded. Your cock was so close to spewing, baby, but you had to earn it first. I fully intended to make sure this was a ruined orgasm of the highest order. I swore that you'd feel no pleasure when you blew your load, darling. The last load I'd ever let you blow -- because once your little sissy stick was soft, it was going in lockup.

But you would have one last orgasm, darling. And when you had it, I wanted you to know how completely I controlled whatever was left of your pleasure.

So I twisted and counted.

"One," I said. Your eyes went wide. They hovered before me as your head bobbed back and forth as I fingerfucked your ass. You moaned wildly. "Two," I said. I twisted and rope-burned your dicklet much harder, bringing a shriek from your little red sissy lips. I said, "Three," and tucked my thumb under, listening with pleasure to the desperation in your voice as you panted.

"No," you gasped. "No. Nuh-nuh-no!"

I looked in your eyes. I said, "You can stop this any time," sissy. Just lose your boner.

"No," you bleated. "No, nuh-nuh-nuh--

"Four!" I said, much louder, squeezing your dicklet. I pushed my thumb up in you, stretching your ass and feeling how ripe and ready to give it was. I could feel the fear and exhilaration in your body. You fucked yourself onto

me. You really *wanted* this. You wanted my hand up inside you -- my *whole* hand.

Well, you were going to get it.

"Five," I said, looking in your eyes. I took my hand off your dick and gave your swollen balls a punch. You squealed. I gave you three more blows to your blue balls, careful to keep my fist closed tight so I only got the leaking lube there on my knuckles, not on the outside. Otherwise you might feel pleasure when I twisted your sissy stick.

"Six," I said, and returned my hand to your thingie. I squeezed it and twisted it, working my thumb up deeper into you. Your asshole was stretching, surrendering to me. You were good and relaxed. Your little sissy butt was begging for my hand. Your asshole opened up wide, surrendering itself to me even though you still moaned, "No, no, no, no--"

I said, "Seven, eight," and looked deep into your eyes. I twisted your cocklette so hard you screamed. Your red, lipsticked mouth hung open. A string of drool leaked out.

I looked in your eyes. I could feel your asshole open, ready to give. The widest point of my hand was gradually stretching your hole, ready to violate you. Ready to give you what you wanted. What you needed. What you deserved, for disobeying me.

"Nine," I said, my voice becoming a sonorous purr. "Last chance, darling. Lose your little stiffy, and I'll let you keep your anal cherry -- for now."

But you were moaning, gasping, shuddering in pleasure.

I could tell you were close. If I twisted your dicklet just a little bit...

So I gave it to you. I gave you what you wanted.

I gave you my fist.

"Ten," I sighed, and your asshole opened up for me. Your whole body spasmed and stiffened as it went in; your sissy butt opened up wide and took my fist.

Once my hand was past the widest point, your asshole was easy. After all, I'd trained you well, with bigger and bigger strap-on dildos. None were anywhere near as big as my fist. But once my fist was past your entrance, sliding my hand deeper into your body was no more difficult than putting in a strap-on cock.

I slid it in *deep*. I worked my hand up in your hole, baby, looking in your disbelieving eyes the whole time.

I fucked my hand into you, halfway up to my elbow. I gave it to you slowly, punishing your cock with my dry rubber twists and my squeezes, until your asshole was stretched good and tight around my arm, deeper than I ever thought I'd go.

Your eyes rolled back. You humped yourself onto my arm, baby. You fucked yourself good. If I had thought you didn't want this, then I revised my thinking as soon as I saw the ecstasy on your face.

You were pretty like that, baby, Your face overcome with the pleasure -- so much you couldn't stand it.

I twisted your cock, but I lightened my grasp.

It's true, baby. I had pity on you.

I actually wanted you to *cum*, darling. To really, really cum. To feel pleasure. Not a ruined orgasm, not a humiliated squirt. But a real cum. A real jizz fountain.

That's what you gave me, baby. Your dicklet erupted like Mount Vesuvius.

You spewed your jizz everywhere. Hot wet streams of it shot all over my face, all over my tits. You covered yourself. You covered me. I think you almost hit the ceiling, baby.

When I finally eased my hand out of your ravished sissy asshole, you were shivering all over.

"Thank you, Mistress, thank you. Thank you." You writhed and twisted and shivered and shuddered on the bed. You'd had more than you could handle, hadn't you? You wimpy little sissy. The piggy slut got all she could take, and now she was begging for mercy.

I knew you wouldn't be walking on those heels for at least a few minutes. So I snapped off my gloves and tossed them in the bedside garbage, and I crawled on top of you and kissed you.

I said, "Good little piggy sissy. Good little ass slut. Good little fisting bitch."

"Thank you," you kept moaning. "Thank you, Mistress."

I kissed you and caressed you for a little while, teasing my fingertips over the place where my fingernails had left welts down your chest earlier.

Then I got up and went into the bathroom. I got the wet-wipes.

I popped them in the microwave, just so they'd be nice and soothingly warm. I brought back a towel and the warm, gentle wipes.

I cleaned you up. I wiped the jizz and the lube from your dicklet. I cleaned the lube from your balls.

The chastity tube was still on the table. I didn't even bother to show it to you. I didn't need to savor this moment. I'd be savoring every single moment of our sissy marriage from now on...because I would finally have you locked in chastity.

I slid your soft, clean dick into the chastity tube and nestled it in there tight. I threaded the strap, closed the mechanism.

You murmured in surprise as I closed the padlock.

I sighed and stretched out on the bed next to you, my cummy, lube-y sissy.

I reached down and patted your chasty-locked dicklet.

I smiled. I breathed warmly into your ear. It was time for me to give my first order as the Mistress of a chasty-locked sissy husband.

It gave me a powerful charge to know that.

I positively *purred* as I said it.

"Pull up your panties, sissy," I told you. "You've got some pussy to eat."

Your hands were still trembling as you tried to move down my body. But you were too sore, from having your swollen nuts punished, your mini-dick hurt, your asshole fisted open wide. You could barely move; I knew if I made you kneel I wouldn't get a decent lick-job.

So I wrestled you back down onto the bed....and sat down hard on your pretty little face.

I sat on your face all night, sissy, because that's how much I love you.

I felt your tongue wriggling up between the smooth, shaved lips of my sex. I felt you working on my clit, like a good sissy should. My *real* clit. Not a fake one like the boy-clit I just locked up, sissy.

I wanted you to lick me good, because I was nice and horny. I wanted to cum good and loud. So I sat on you *hard* sissy.

I sat down and I smothered you, baby. I just about knocked you out with how tight I clamped my thighs around your sissy face.

I could tell you were going to lick for dear life, baby. Now that your thing was locked up, it was obvious you'd finally gotten the memo. You finally knew who's in charge.

You wouldn't be asking for blowjobs anymore. You wouldn't be whining and begging me to let you jerk it. You'd be *giving* the blowjobs, and jacking men off. Jacking them off on your face, baby.

I loved knowing that, baby. I loved feeling all that energy in my sadistic soul. I knew that I'd won...I'd finally locked up your thing, and it would never trouble me again. I was the Mommy now...and you were my chasty-locked little bitch.

I made you pleasure me hard that night, because I could. I knew you'd finally learned your lesson; I wanted to take you so hard you would never forget it again.

I rode your face like you were a pony and I was the happiest girl on earth. Because I was.

Sissy, that night I got the best head of my life.

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