

STRAP-ON SISSIES

**Forced Femme
Stories of
Strap-on
Submission**

Deception
Press



STRAP-ON SISSIES

Forced Femme Stories of Strap-on Submission

Edited by Mari Trompé

Published by Deception Press

FIRST EDITION - PUBLISHED 11/15/2013

For more hot erotic fiction written or edited by N.T. Morley, visit DeceptionPress.com.

If you enjoyed this book, [please "like" N.T. Morley on Facebook](#) or [follow Deception Press on Twitter!](#)

Strap-on Sissies is an explicit erotic anthology intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior. It features explicit sexual action and includes forced feminization, female domination, group sex, gangbangs, male and female bisexuality, bondage, pain, erotic humiliation, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Strap-on Sissies © 2013 by the editor.

Strap-on Sissies is published by arrangement with the editors. All Rights Reserved. No part of this ebook may be transmitted, transferred or duplicated except as permitted by the retailer's terms of service and in the case of excerpts 300 words or less published as part of an editorial review.

Cover and interior layout by Aisha Trance. Photo: Fotolia.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Reacharound by Meredith Marshall](#)

[What Makes a Slut a Slut by Erica K.](#)

[Close-Ups by Elizabeth Colvin](#)

[Monthly Milking by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Midnight Ride by Kendra Jarry](#)

[Girls' Night Out by Giselle Parker](#)

[More than Enough by Sonia Palmer](#)

[My Date with Two Dommies by Shauna Cross](#)

[Copyright Information](#)

[More Femdom Stories from Deception Press](#)

Reacharound by Meredith Marshall

You're tied to the bed, baby, and I've been teasing you for you hours. I've been teasing you with my body, with my words, with my breath against your sensitive skin. I've been teasing you by pushing my naked body up against your spread eagled self and caressing every part of you I can reach with every part of me I can put into contact with it. You moan into the ball gag. I rub my tits against your face. I run my fingers up the insides of your thighs. I dangle my hair against your balls. I ride your face. With the ball gag in, you can't lick me suck me, but it still feels good to rub my pussy all over your face. It feels good to make you choke on my smell while I tease your cock and balls mercilessly.

I climb off of your face and mount you backward, riding you reverse-cowgirl style but not letting you penetrate me. Instead, I my ass cheeks up and down over your cock, teasing it up against my butt cheeks close to my crack. I know how bad you wanna fuck me there, baby...hell, after all this teasing, I know you wanna fuck me *anywhere*. My pussy, my mouth...you'd even take a handjob, wouldn't you. You'll get all of those things, someday, baby...but on *my schedule*. For tonight, it's no dice.

I move up a little and guide the head of your cock to my slit, rubbing it up and down in the wetness all this naughtiness has teased out of me. I get your cockhead right up against my entry, letting you think maybe I'm going to mount you. I even poise myself to do it. Then at the very last instant, I pull away. I press your cockhead to my clit, caressing your shaft and balls with my pussy-wet fingers.

Then I get a dildo and plant it against your thigh. Laughing happily, I work it into my cunt and begin to fuck myself on top of you.

At first, I spread out wide in the reverse-cowgirl position so I can fuck myself with the dildo rubbing up against your cock, wetter and wetter as it goes into me thrust after thrust. I love to make you feel the big silicone dick jiggling against your little one as I work my hips to slide my pussy up and

down on the shaft and plant my ass against your pubic bone so I can use my hand to fuck the big dildo into me. The base has sculpted balls that are soft to the touch. I make sure they press against your own swollen nuts as I fuck myself onto it.

Rubbing against your shaft, making my pussy drip on your denied cock, it's almost as if the giant dildo is making a comment on its own superiority...which should be obvious, shouldn't it, baby?

But then I start to worry that I'm stimulating you too much. I don't want you to get off. I can feel you squirming underneath me, your hips working as you push your cock up against me. Maybe you're getting too close to an orgasm. That's the *last* thing I want. All these weeks of chastity, and I'm going to let you spooge all over my pussy just because I got carried away when I fucked myself on you? I don't think so, baby. Not a chance.

I reverse my stance so I can have more control. I crawl up on your body till I straddle your shoulders. I lean forward and sit on your face. But you're gagged; I bet you think maybe I'm going to unfasten the gag and let you taste my pussy, don't you? Wrong! Why would I want your little tongue when I can have this great big cock I like so much better than any part of you?

Instead, I plant the base of the dildo against the front of your gagged mouth. I spread my lips and push down onto the cock so that you can see and feel and smell the penetration in excruciating, intimate detail.

I moan as I ride your face...but I'm getting close, too. Unlike you, I can have as many orgasms as I want, whenever I want...but getting off now would just be too soon. So I slip the dildo out of my pussy and rub it all over your face, smearing my juices everywhere. You may not be able to taste my cunt as I ride your face -- the gag sees to that -- but you can smell it and feel it, and feel my juices slick and drying on your cheeks.

But then I decide your face is just so cute with that gag stuffed in it...I can't resist seeing more of it...and maybe making you work a little for

whatever reward I decide to give you. More importantly, I want to kiss you. I know it'll drive you *crazy*.

I unfasten your gag. I pull it out of your mouth. It drizzles spit on your face. I move down and press my naked body lengthwise up against yours. I kiss you. I stick my tongue into your mouth, hard and deep, and put my hand on your throat.

When I withdraw my tongue, I squeeze a little.

"Open your mouth," I order you.

You obey me.

"Good boy," I say. "Wider...wider." You obey. I smile at you flirtatiously. Then I hawk and spit in your mouth. You accept the drizzle of my spit obediently, even gratefully.

I look into your eyes and repeat, "Good boy. Are you enjoying yourself?"

You're probably afraid of what I'll do if you say "No." But honestly, darling, you should be more afraid of what I'll do if you say "Yes."

In any event, you're a good little boy. You nod fervently and make an "Mmm-hmmm!" sound from behind the gag.

I say, "This dick feels so good up inside me, baby. Does it make you happy to see me enjoying myself?"

You nod.

"Well, I'm really enjoying myself," I purr, "because this cock is *so* good. It feels *really* good up inside me, baby." I laugh. "Wanna feel *how* good?"

You moan. Your eyes go wide. You shake your head. I laugh.

"No, baby? You don't wanna feel my favorite dick up inside you?"

Again, you shake your head.

I laugh. "How are you going to stop me?"

A tremble goes through your body. You moan. You pull at the ropes that hold you tightly to the bedframe. You're bound too tightly to do anything more than struggle helplessly. There's not much you could do if I decide to stick this thing up your ass. But that's not how I operate. We're going to take this slowly.

As I rub my body against you, I say, "Tell you what, baby. If you ask for it, maybe I'll give you the world's greatest handjob. Will you, baby? Will you ask me to fuck you in the ass? Will you *beg* me"

You moan. You squirm. You pull against your bonds.

You nod. "Yes, Mistress," you whimper.

I grab your jaw and pinch, making you open your mouth. I spit again, right into your mouth. You catch it on your tongue and swallow.

"Well?" I say. "Let's hear it, honey."

Your voice trembling, you say it. "Please fuck my ass, Mistress."

I smile. "Not good enough, baby. That's not much of a beg. Try again. This time, say please fuck my ass with your big hard cock, Mistress."

You say it. I'm still not satisfied.

"Louder, baby. This time, try saying 'My filthy bitch boy poop chute' instead of ass."

You obey.

"No, still not doing it for me," I muse. "Try 'tight little sissy pussy cunthole,' okay? And say it louder. Much louder!"

Your voice trembles as you repeat the words, taking on an air of drama as you see the determination on my face. I make you beg me to give it to you in every filthy way I can think of, making you beg me louder and louder to use you, to fuck you, to stretch your tight hole. It takes a long time to get you to say it with feeling, but soon you're really begging for it...and I'm finally satisfied.

I laugh a little, give you a long, lingering kiss, and shove the ball gag back in your mouth. I get off the bed; I retrieve my harness. I slip the dildo through the ring and strap the harness on. I buckle it tight so it sits right on my pubic bone. I don't know yet if I'll be able to cum just from that pressure on this particular night -- sometimes I can, sometimes I can't. But the weight of the dildo presses hard against my clit, and it feels *good*.

It feels especially good when I jack it off like a real cock. Even better, it makes your eyes widen because it's such a grotesque and lascivious act.

I purr, "Don't try to get away, baby. I'm going to turn you over and fuck your tight butt. If you try to get away, I'll make you sorry. Understand?"

Your mouth is gagged, but your eyes say "*Yes, Mistress.*"

I unlock your right wrist restraint and pull your wrist over to the opposite side. I lock it to the left side. Then I do it again, reversing the procedure until I have you rolled over and pulled up on your hands and your knees, your ass high in the air.

I snap on a latex glove from the nightstand and retrieve a bottle of lube. I get behind you, caressing your cock. I smear the dildo with the lube. It's a thick lube, specially made for first-time anal adventurers...it's water-based but it feels greasy and slick. I like it. I put some on your asshole, too, and force one finger in.

I'm probably rougher than I need to be. You gasp a little.

"One little finger, baby. That's all it is. Don't start crying now!"

I open you up with that one finger...then, with two. You gasp and shy away when I force the two fingers in. I tell you to man up and take it like a bitch. You moan and obediently push yourself back against my grasp, groaning with the effort of taking it.

I give you a third finger, working you open wide. I think you're ready. And even if you're not, well...I sure as hell am.

I give you my cockhead. I work it up to your asshole and start to push.

At first, it won't go in. It's a very big dick, no about that. I've just had it up inside me, so I know that first hand. It's mammoth at the head, stretched and spread. It stretches and spreads you painfully; I can tell when spasms go through your naked body and you have to work to relax and accept it in you. I pull back and give you some mercy. I work you open more slowly. I add a little more lube. I spank your ass a little. I reach down and caress your balls and your cock.

I've got you right on the brink of an orgasm. when I finally push in.

Even with the ball gag stuffed in your mouth, you squeal like a girl when I take you. I tell you as much, laughing sadistically as your face reddens. I watch the tightening of your back muscles as you're forced to accommodate my dick. Then I see the slow relaxation through your body as you accept that my cock is really going inside you. It slides deeper and deeper as I work my hips back and forth. It's long as well as thick, and it wider as it reaches toward the base. I stretch and spread you slowly, feeling your body surge and buck underneath me as you struggle to accept what's being done to you.

I fuck my cock into you slowly, feeling the pressure of the heavy base against my clit. I'm so turned on by the sight of you bent over and spread with your ass in the air, taking my dick for the very first time, that I think I really might cum.

But it takes me a very long time to cum, and I intend to enjoy every minute of it.

I fuck you gradually deeper, then harder, then faster, hearing you squeal into the ball gag. I fuck your tight ass loose, enjoying the feel of it giving more easily with each thrust. I must be inside you for twenty minutes when I realize that I've gotten there without even knowing it. The pressure of the dildo against my clit is going to make me cum.

I tell you I'm going to shoot my load inside you. "Oh, yeah....get ready to feel that hot cum jetting up inside you, baby. Fuck, I'm gonna cum so much I think I'll make your bitch ass pregnant..."

You've stopped squealing; instead, you're moaning in pleasure into the ball gag. You shudder all over and buck against my cock as I fuck you faster. I know why you're pumping yourself onto me, baby. You've been broken. You want it, now. You've been broken to the cock, and now you're forever changed. Now that you've had it, you can't help but want it. You want it harder, deeper; you want it pushed up inside you. You fuck yourself onto my cock. You shudder all over; you're really taking it hard...and that alone is enough to make me finally cum.

I let out a wail of pleasure. I'm a little embarrassed at how girlish it sounds after putting all that work into dominating the hell out of you. It's not the cry of a big bad nasty Daddy cumming inside you.

But I don't care; pleasure explodes through my body, and I'm lost in my sensations. My orgasm is intense. I see stars. My head spins. My hips jerk and spasm and pump uncontrollably as I pound your ass, propelling myself through the blazing sensations of orgasm.

When I'm finished cumming, I'm out of breath.

I lean hard into you and pant against the back of your neck as I tell you:

"Oh, yeah, that's right...I promised you a reacharound, baby, didn't I? If you were good...if you begged for it like a little bitch...and you did, baby. Didn't you ask for my cock?"

You whimper "Mm-hmmm," a kind of affirmative bleat behind the gag. You push yourself against me.

It's been weeks since I let you cum, and I've been teasing you mercilessly. Tonight alone, I've been going at you for *hours*. You need it *bad*. And you've been such a good little bitch that you really deserve it. You're going to get it, baby...but not the way you think.

"Here it comes, baby. Here's your reacharound." I push myself up halfway onto my feet and lean hard onto you so I can fuck your ass harder than ever. But I've lost my strength. I'm breathless as I ride you. All the energy has gone out of my tortured hips.

But I find new strength and fuck you anyway, harder, hearing you groan with the effort of taking me faster and deeper and harder than ever.

As I pound you, I reach around under you. I glide my hand up and down your tortured cock. There's lube everywhere, and I smear you some on your *glans* so I can tease you with my thumb.

You're so close, you don't take long at all. You make a muffled choking sound into the ball gag. Your cock jerks. Slimy jizz explodes all over my hand. You cum hard, shooting jizz all over the bedspread.

I give it to you up the ass for a few more strokes. Then I'm spent.

It doesn't take me long to get your restraints off. You're spent, too. Your naked body twitches as I unbuckle your gag and remove it. I roll you onto your back. I squirm out of my harness. I toss it on the hardwood floor.

I climb on top of you. I kiss your nipples, swirling my tongue around them. Even they're too sensitive for you to handle. I try to touch your soft,

slimy cock. You jerk all over in response. You can't handle the slightest genital touch right now.

Part of me loves that...I'm like a predator scenting blood. That part of me wants to torment you more...to be merciless, and make you squeal and cry and shiver while you're at your most vulnerable.

But I show a little mercy...for now.

I just kiss your neck, as we lay there and bask in the afterglow.

"Hope you enjoyed your reacharound," I sigh. "It's the last one you'll get for a while. From now on, when you take my dick, I'm the only one who cums."

You just pull me close to you and sigh in pleasure. "Yes, Mistress."

As I cuddle me you to an exhausted sleep, I decide I like having a dick.

As for giving you a reacharound now and then, well, I don't think I'll tell you know much I like that. If I did, you might get cocky. In fact, with that soft sleepy smile on your face, you seem to be getting a little cocky already. Luckily, there's a very easy cure for the cocky male...and it's dripping on the hardwood floor in a tangle of straps. Maybe when we get up I'll strap it back on and teach your ass another lesson.

What Makes a Slut a Slut by Erica K.

"You're quite a little cocksucker," she said. "But you know what makes a slut a *real* slut?"

The first was a reasonable comment, since I had her cock down my throat at the time. My answer was, therefore, slow in coming. I eased myself back, opening up wide, letting my ravaged throat give up the feel of the cock it so loved. The slim, arrow shaped head popped out of the back of my throat and I gave a little shudder as I came up, gasping for air. A string of saliva popped and glistened between my lips, painted bright red with a thick coating of lipstick.

I slurped.

"No, Mistress," I told her, even though I already knew.

"A real slut takes it in the ass," she told me, caressing my moist lips, smearing my lipstick further. "You know that, don't you Kerry?"

I should tell you one thing before this goes any further: I love my ass. I *love* my tight little ass. It's the most feminine thing about me; it always was, even before I started tucking it into panties and zipping it into skintight latex. All my old girlfriends used to comment on it: masculine chest, feminine ass and legs. Except, of course, for the cock between those legs -- but, then, a good enough tuck job can hide even that. Until, of course, I get hard.

I was very hard now, my panties distended with the thick bulge of my erection. Sucking cock always makes me hard, especially when it's a cock strapped to Juliette. I know from experience that nothing gets my Mistress wetter than having me suck her cock like it's a real one, a flesh-and-blood cock, and more than once I've made her cum with the proper movements of my mouth and throat, pressing the base of her dildo against her clit and, if

she's wearing the *right* kind of rig, thrusting the plug deep inside her, a place I would never, without permission, even think of going myself.

But she knows that nothing makes me hotter than having my ass looked at, admired, lusted after. Men or women -- it doesn't matter. A pair of eyes lingering on my ass, whether it's in skimpy white panties under a lifted schoolgirl's skirt or crammed into skintight PVC hip-huggers, will ruin even the best tuck job.

Now, my tuck job was hopeless, given that my ass was exposed in a black pair of French-cut lace panties, underneath a tight spandex skirt that, as I'd begun to suck her, Mistress had instructed me to lift. And a small crowd had formed around us while I serviced her cock; a dozen, perhaps two dozen people, men and women and others, looked on hungrily, no doubt some admiring the way I took Mistress's large cock down my throat - - but many of them, I knew -- or imagined, which was just as good -- lusting after my ass.

Mistress didn't have to lust -- she could take what she wanted, and she hadn't taken me yet.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, looking up at her through eyelashes painted heavy and black. "A real slut takes it in the ass."

"Would you like to be a slut for me, Kerry? Would you like to be my *real* slut?"

I was so hard and hungry and blissed-out in sub space that I would have said yes to anything she wanted -- *anything*. But the thought of having my ass taken, the very first time, by Mistress Juliette while all these people watched, caused a turbulent swirl of emotion deep in my belly.

"Here, Mistress?"

"Of course *here*," she said, petulantly, the hint of irritation making my cock ache even more than it already did. "Bent over that table. Spread wide,

and impaled on my fucking cock, Kerry. Isn't that what you want? You said you wanted to be a real slut."

She indicated the nearby table with just the motion of her eyes. The big platform, sturdy and padded in black leather, had just been cleared of its writhing, nude female submissive; it still glistened from the wipe-down. Mistress Juliette knew full well that I wanted nothing more than to be a real slut -- but she also knew I'd never been fucked there, never used by a cock or a woman's dildo. I had fucked myself, of course -- *of course!* -- but only in private, legs spread, ass pointed at the mirror near my bed, watching my tender ass stretched open by a dildo in my hand.

So I knew I could take her -- physically. But on an emotional, sexual level, it really wasn't quite the same thing.

But Mistress Juliette had made promises, you might even call them guarantees -- "Stick with me, Kerry, and you'll be a slut. I'll make you a real slut whether you like it or not."

And I liked it, I liked it very much -- so I quelled my fear and nodded.

"Yes, Mistress," I said. "If it pleases you, nothing would make me happier. Please fuck my ass."

Mistress Juliette gave a musical laugh, almost a giggle -- if that girlish word can be applied to her statuesque, imposing figure, five-ten in her stockinged feet, six-two in heels (on which she moved as gracefully as a sleazy ballerina, an expert in the use of fuck-me-pumps if ever there was one).

"Can someone volunteer to get this slut tied to that table?" she called to the crowd. "Ass up, of course."

This was our agreement, it almost goes without saying -- anyone could play with me, given Mistress Juliette's permission. Of course, she was a possessive bitch -- meaning no disrespect -- and the pleasure of tying me to

a table was, doubtless, the most she would allow any of the revelers to do to me.

But for the two men in leather pants and vests who stepped forward, that was plenty.

"Would you like her tied tight or loose?" one of them asked.

"Oh, as tight as you possibly can," said Mistress Juliette with a wink. "Let's make sure the slut can't get away. Not that she'd dream of such a thing."

"As you wish, Mistress."

Though these two hunky leathermen were plainly tops themselves, they offered the scene's top the customary deference. It gave me a thrill of fear and arousal to feel them seize my arms and all but lift me in the air. With barely a squirm, just the hint of a struggle, I was thrust across the padded table. One of the men went to work on my wrists, while the other stood behind me and forcibly kicked my legs apart.

It was an expert move, one that Mistress Juliette no doubt appreciated. In a few moments I had secure rope cuffs circling my wrists, and the cuffs were bound to the D-rings at the far corners of the wide, padded table. My ankles, similarly, were bound to the legs of the table, high six-inch fuck-me-pumps and all, spread so wide that I felt suspended in space, my ass raised high, exposed and vulnerable.

"Anyone have a knife?" I heard Mistress Juliette ask behind me, and my flesh goosebumped head to toe in an instant. I moaned softly.

Behind me was the telltale click of a switchblade, and I shut my eyes very tight. I've always had a ghastly fear of knives.

"You may remove the slut's panties if you like," said Mistress Juliette, her voice as rich as chocolate.

I have no idea which of the hunks did the slicing; my eyes were shut tight, and all I could feel was his hand on my stretchy skirt, pulling it up further, the cold steel of the blade as he slid it gently under the straps, the minimal pull of the fabric in my ass as he slit first one side and then the other. It was a very sharp knife.

He swept my panties away and must have presented them to Mistress Juliette.

"Stuff them in the slut's mouth," she said.

I opened my mouth obediently and one of the hunks -- I was only able to see their bulging crotches, now, without raising my eyes in what would have been a far-from-deferent gesture -- inserted my panties, which smelled and tasted like me. I felt a curious mix of humiliation and arousal, made more intense with the snap of a latex glove just behind me.

Though she's quite femme, Mistress Juliette always keeps the fingernails of her right hand trimmed short -- as if that strange variation between right and left hands flags to anyone smart enough to pick up on it. I'm sure more than a few girls -- and boys, as well -- had felt a quiver in their loins when they noticed the difference between Mistress Juliette's fingernails.

I had felt those fingers inside me, two of them at a time. That's how she started me off -- two fingers, thickly coated with lube. I moaned and surged forward, rattling even this heavy table, a table built for the debauchment of sluts just like me. I felt my cock pressing against the cold vinyl. Mistress Juliette sank her two fingers into me and gently caressed my balls with her other hand.

"This will be a stretch for her," said Mistress Juliette in a sensual stage voice. "She's never been fucked before." She was basking in the attention of the crowd, which would have made me admire fondly how much of an exhibitionist slut my Mistress was -- which, most certainly, I would do later. But at the time I was occupied with the feeling of her third finger joining the first two, opening me up. It made my eyes go wide, and a muffled moan came out of my panty-stuffed mouth.

"Have you ever seen such a hungry little slut?" said the Mistress, and her fingers, having done their duty, slid out of me. She was eager to see me take her cock, to feel me stretched and savaged around her. She stood graceful and delicate against me, her high heels giving her just the right altitude to guide her cock into my upthrust ass.

The first pressure of her cockhead made me gasp; what had felt small and arrow shaped in my mouth and down my throat now felt enormous and powerful. She worked the head in a circle, letting my ass get used to the idea...and then she thrust, gently at first, more firmly as I opened up for her.

I squealed, which made her thrust deeper, lean forward, and purr into my ear: "Like a pig, Kerry. Squeal like a little slut pig."

Her hips completed the thrust, driving her cock deep into me. Though the first stroke of her dildo had made me tense, I now relaxed -- from tingling toe to wide-apart lips. Pleasure pulsed through me as her cock filled me up. I was stretched, opened around her shaft, *fucked*. My eyes rolled back in my head. My panties fell, dank and spit-soaked, out of my mouth to glisten on the dungeon floor.

She began to fuck me, long even strokes going as deep into me as had ever been gone. I pulled against my ropes -- not trying to get away, but endeavoring to shove myself back onto her cock. Mistress Juliette approved, and she pinned my shoulders to the table so I would have to use my hips. *That is one thing a slut knows how to do*, she'd told me. *Use her fucking hips*.

Then I was moaning, my thrusts a shuddering arrhythmic dance as my cock rubbed against the table. When I came I screamed louder than I believe I have ever screamed in my life. Mistress Juliette met my orgasm with a shove of her dildo as deep as it would go, and a gentle caress on the back of my neck -- with the long-nailed hand. I think she would have grabbed my hair, but of course that would have made it come off.

I was lost in the pleasure, hungry for her cock. I barely even felt the hunks returning alongside me, quickly opening my bonds, setting me free from the table. But I *definitely* felt Mistress Juliette's cock, sliding out of me, leaving me dripping and gasping in pleasure.

She guided me to my knees, and I obediently licked the vinyl table, cleaning it of my own come. The taste, tart and pungent, filled my mouth and opened my throat. I swallowed myself eagerly, and begged for more with my eyes when I turned my head to see Mistress Juliette watching me, pleased by my lapping.

"What do you think?" she asked a few of the revelers watching us, some of them engaging in their own grope sessions, plainly aroused by our display. "Is Kerry a real slut?"

They answered with applause, and I felt my face growing hot as I basked in their approval. Like Mistress Juliette, I was an exhibitionist slut -- or, rather, I was becoming one.

And, like her, I knew that this was far from what makes a slut a *real* slut. What makes her a real slut is -- well, it's whatever makes her one in the moment. And I was quite sure that by the time the evening was over, Mistress Juliette would find a few more ways for me to become one.

Close-Ups by Elizabeth Colvin

"Come over here, baby," I say. "Let Daddy get some close-ups."

I brandish the camera and smile. I've been taking pictures already, while my little girl poses for me. She likes it so much that her little pink panties are bulging.

Sissy looks shyly at me from under her pretty blonde pigtailed wig. I'm my little girl's Daddy tonight, and she's my slut. She looks eminently fuckable, because tonight she knows that Daddy's going to molest her. She gets to play as reluctant as she wants, because she knows Daddy won't take no for an answer. But Daddy knows he won't have to, because his little girl loves him....and wants this more than I do.

Sissy isn't sweet an innocent like a real little girl. She's got a big girl's sex drive. Or, actually, more like a boy's. She's about as innocent as a 35-year-old computer programmer pervert. With all her makeup and the blonde pigtailed wig and the pretty pink baby doll nightie, she looks like a big girl. The kind of big girl who walks on the street and "makes friends" with men she doesn't know for twenty dollars. Actually, the heavy makeup, bright blue contacts and unnaturally blonde hair make my little girl look more like a sex doll than a big girl. And even a big girl doesn't have knockers like that, or wear a pale pink bra under a baby-girl's sexy shortie nightgown.

But she certainly is *big* for her age. She's also built like a boy, with big broad shoulders we had to swathe in a lacy little marabou shrug that a girl her age shouldn't be wearing...unless she's playing dress-up.

And what kind of Daddy would let his daughter dress up like *this*? With lipstick and rouge and eye-shadow and her brother's favorite high heels, while Daddy takes pictures? What kind of Daddy would let his little girl do that?

I'll tell you what kind of Daddy. It's kind with a hard-on for his little girl, in more ways than one. In fact, Daddy's got two hard-ons. The first is

Daddy's big silicone cock stuffed into his tight leather pants, waiting for his little girl's mouth. And the second hard-on just under that, nestled under the base of the strap-on, where the harness presses the sculpted silicone ridges tight against my clit so that even if I just shift a little bit, it feels *good*. I'm so turned on from taking pictures of my girl that I almost feel like I really am going to do something I shouldn't. But in our world, the little world Sissy and I play in, Daddies like me love their baby girls way more than normal Daddies. We get to love them in ways they're not supposed to anywhere else.

And Sissy likes that. I like it, too. I like it so much I think I'd have a hard-on even if Daddy's big cock wasn't silicone and permanently erect.

Daddy's nipples are hard, too. My tits are strapped down by a tight ace bandage, and it hurts a little. I should have gone with a sports bra instead, but I really like the bandage. It makes me look way more like a Daddy.

Sissy's got really nice tits, too, unlike the pretty, innocent little girl she's pretending to be. My little Sissy's tits look fuckable, just like her mouth...so fuckable that I wish I could touch them. But I know if I do, I'll be disappointed. They don't quite feel like big-girl tits. The weight's all wrong. They're made out of rubber. It's expensive rubber, make no mistake. But it doesn't feel a thing like her Mommy's tits, which I feel up every chance I get. I wish I could feel them up now. She wants her nipples pinched. They're tingling under the ace bandage.

But tonight, I'm not Mommy; I'm Daddy. And Daddy's tits are off limits. I read somewhere it's a stone butch thing. Like not having orgasms. I'm not going to be very good at that part, because the base of the dildo rubs against my clit hard enough that I know if my Sissy does things just right, I'll cum. And if there's one thing my innocent little girl has learned from her pervert computer programmer brother, it's how to give a decent blowjob.

At six feet and change, skinny Sissy is many inches taller than me. And she's got a tiny hint of a five o'clock shadow under all that foundation. That's all right. The photos won't show it.

I never would have dreamed I wanted to do this. But here I am, playing Daddy, with a strap-on cock in my leather pants, a cigar in my mouth and a camera on the side table next to me, and my slutty, tarted-up little sissy crawling over to do what a girl like her wants to do most.

Sissy asks: "What do you mean by close-ups, Daddy?"

"Just some pictures of you with Daddy's cock in your mouth," I tell her, aiming the camera at her and snapping the shutter. I get a great picture of her pretty, surprised face.

"I'd like that, Daddy." Sissy comes toward me,

With my legs spread out to the edge of the cushy armchair, I reach down and unzip my leather pants. I pull out my cock and start stroking it. My girl looks at the big, thick shaft of my cock and licks her lips.

Then she goes down on her knees and plants her mouth on the head of my cock. She takes my shaft into her mouth until the head nudges the top of her throat. Then, without hesitating, she swallows, forcing the shaft down her throat without even a hint of a gag reflex. That sends a shudder through my body; I can feel my pussy aching. She starts working on my cock, sucking it like an expert.

I don't look much like any daddy I've ever known. The tight leather pants, big black boots and Harley Davidson T-shirt could belong to a daddy, sure. But there's no disguising my broad hips or the way the pants hang so low on them, revealing my flowery tattoos and my navel ring. And I haven't strapped down my tits, which are big enough to stretch the T-shirt and, even with a sports bra underneath, show my nipples as they get hard in response to the sight and feel of my little girl's mouth on my cock.

But it doesn't matter, because I'm a daddy; I've got the big, thick cock to prove it. Silicone, yes; maybe not as sensitive as a real daddy's cock. With this daddy's cock, it's not just a matter of licking and sucking around the head or teasing the underside of the shaft. Sucking this cock is a lot more work. My girl has to push and work her head around and suck my cock

harder, pushing the base of the dildo against my clit to make my pussy throb in response. But I don't care and my girl doesn't care, either, because my girl knows I'm her Daddy. I've got the cock to prove it -- and the armchair.

And a girl is exactly what she is, tonight. Torn jeans, so faded they're almost white, hug her lithe body, showing off the big bulge in her pants, swept to the right and getting bigger as she sucks me. Her tight white T-shirt, so tight it's almost see-through, shows off her perfect chest. She looks like some girl hustler I picked up on the street, offered a place to stay in return for a blowjob. The big white athletic shoes are a decidedly adolescent touch.

The whole package makes my pussy so wet I can hardly stand it.

And when she looks up at me with her mouth around my cock, there's no question that this is my girl, servicing me.

"Come on, girl, suck it better than that. Earn your keep."

He launches more eagerly into it, her mouth pumping down on my cock and forcing it deeper into her throat. He's obviously a skilled cocksucker; she doesn't even hesitate when the head of my cock presses against her throat. She just swallows, knowing that's what I want. I want to feel him take it all the way, feeling it in her belly, just like she will when I put it up her ass.

His eyes turn back up to me and I grin down at him, flicking ash off the end of the cigar. "I think it's time you sucked a little ass, girl."

I pull him off of my cock and turn around on the armchair, pulling my leather pants down over my hips. When I've got them down around my knees, I bend over, pushing my ass out for him. She leans in and obediently presses her face between my cheeks, her tongue sliding into my ass. I have to stifle a gasp that I know will sound way too feminine, and I barely manage to replace it with a manly grunt as I reach back behind me to grab her hair and push her face more firmly into my ass. Her tongue works its way deeper into my asshole. She alternates between teasing the entrance

with big long swirls of her tongue and pushing hard into it like he's fucking me with that limber little organ. I want to reach down and rub my clit; I want to come so bad it's driving me crazy. But instead of rubbing my clit I reach down and begin to jerk off, stroking my cock, pumping it hard up and down, and that only makes me want to come even more. When I push the dildo down I can feel the base against my clit, almost direct enough to make me come, but not quite. God, I want to fuck him so bad.

I'm so turned on I can hardly speak. But I manage it, barely, working hard to maintain a gruff rumble in my voice instead of a girly squeak. I turn my head and look down at him over my shoulder. He's beautiful, her mouth planted between my cheeks, licking me. Her eyes are turned up toward me, and I look into them as I growl at him.

"You take it up the ass, little girl?"

His mouth comes away from my ass and she says, "If I have to, Daddy."

"You have to, girl," I tell him.

He moves back and I get off the armchair, still stroking my cock. I watch as she shucks her white T-shirt, showing off her beautiful chest. I run my hand down it, working my cock faster. She unzips her jeans and peels them off, kicking her way out of her white athletic shoes. He's not wearing socks. I look at her gorgeous cock, standing there hard, the tip glistening.

"You can suck it if you want," she says weakly, not meeting my eyes.

I grab her hair and pull her face close to mine.

"No kissing," she says, sounding petulant and whiny. "I don't do that. I'm not a faggot."

The sound of that helpless plea sends a new surge of arousal through my pussy and into my cock. I've got him right where I want him.

Ignoring him, I press my lips to her and thrust my tongue into her mouth. She lets me for a moment, then begins to respond with her own tongue against mine. I kiss him deeper, then spin him around and shove him against the armchair. She climbs onto it, knees pressed to the thick, padded arms, legs spread, ass in the air. She reaches back and parts her cheeks as I grab the bottle of lube on the end table.

I pour lube between her cheeks and work two fingers into her cock -- not even bothering to start with one. She gasps as I penetrate him, and I reach between her legs to feel her cock pulsing with excitement.

"You like that, little girl? You like taking it up the ass?"

"If I have to, Daddy," she says nervously.

"You have to, girl," I tell him. "You have to like it. And I know you're going to."

I add some lube to the head of my cock and push her back down till he's crouched down low and her ass is in the right position. I nuzzle the head of my cock against her tight entrance. Her ass opens right up as I thrust into it; she lets out a shuddering gasp as I drive it in to the hilt.

I start to fuck him; for some reason, this position pushes the base of the dildo against my clit at just the right angle. Or maybe fucking my girl in the ass just turns me on more than anything. I reach up and grab her hair, listening to him moan as I shove my cock roughly into her ass, each thrust harder, building up speed.

His hand is underneath him, pumping her cock. Her hips start to work, pushing him onto my cock. Like he's trying to get it over with at first -- then, as her hand quickens on her cock, like she wants it. She shoves hard onto me, her ass opening wider as it engulfs my cock. I pull her hair, making him squeal. At one point I reach down and spank her ass, which makes him fuck back onto me with even more urgency.

I don't even feel it coming, really. I've been working the dildo into him, pressing the base against my clit for so long that when I finally reach the breaking point I barely know it. It happens when she lets out a little whimper and I feel her body shaking -- he's coming, shooting her load all over Daddy's armchair. I start to fuck him harder, faster, as her lips go slack and she leans hard against the back of the chair. I pound into him and that drives me over the top, my own orgasm sending my pussy and clit into tight spasms, my ass tightening as I feel the cooling moisture of my little girl's spittle from where she tongued me. I collapse onto the chair on top of him and it groans under our combined weight as my body surges with pleasure, my high-pitched moans as feminine as it gets -- but my girl doesn't seem to care.

He reaches back and strokes my hand where it still grips her hair. "Did my tight ass get you off real good, Daddy?"

"You have no idea," I said, still panting hard.

"Oh, I think I have some idea," she smiled, and squirmed around under me to hold me in her arms. She began to stroke my long hair gently and whispered, "Thank you, Daddy. Thanks for fucking me so good."

I curled up in my little girl's embrace, sighing contentedly.

Monthly Milking by Kylie Cooper

It's almost time for my monthly milking. I desperately need it this time. My balls have been swelling huge and painfully full. Rory has been fucking around a lot lately, not just with her boyfriend Mikal but with all sorts of other guys, too. When she does that, she makes me fluff her beforehand, and sometimes fluff her boyfriends. Then, after, she makes me eat cum from her snatch, which always makes my little clitty try to get hard. And with this padlocked chastity tube on, when my sissy clit tries to get hard...Ow. It hurts. It hurts a lot. Which only makes me hotter and hornier, Rory says, because I'm a masochistic little bitch slave. It gets me so turned on that it makes my balls produce even more jizz. All the cum makes my sissy nuts swell up huge and hard till they're big and blue in my pretty pink panties. Rory says I produce way more cum than my balls can contain...so she says it even backs up into my brain. She says that's the point.

I don't know about that. Can jizz really back up from your balls to your brain? I guess I don't know. I used to be good at biology and stuff now all I can think about is sex and cock and boys. Which is kind of embarrassing, since, duh, I'm totally straight. Rory knows that, but she also knows that I'll do anything she says. And what she says to do is to let her padlock this stainless steel tube on my dick every month, to make sure I can never get hard and never jack off.

And Rory teases me all month long -- making me watch her with guys, with her girlfriends, even by herself. She shows herself off to me shamelessly...and why *should* she be ashamed? She's gorgeous. She wears sexy, slutty lingerie around the house, or sometimes goes naked. She wears high-heeled boots. And she does things to tease me all day long, and all night. She leans in close while I'm doing the dishes and lets me smell her perfume. She sneaks up and whispers in my ear dirty things she's going to do with Mikal the next time she sees him -- or nasty things she's going to do to me. Painful things...humiliating things. Things that really turn me on.

When she lets me sleep with her, in her bed, she runs her fingers over my nipples and caresses my ear with her tongue while I'm dead asleep, exhausted from doing my chores. Sometimes, if I'm sleeping on my belly, she'll caress the small of my back, and if that doesn't wake me up, she'll slide her fingers up my crack and caress my sensitive asshole. Then I wake up with a night erection sprouting painfully inside my chastity tube...or *trying* to sprout.

Rory says she's *got* to tease me all month long. Otherwise, she says, milking me is wasted. Rory says she has to make me produce as much cum as possible. That way, she says, she's helping me drown part of my brain in cum. She says it's toxic, and for little sluts like me, that's a good thing.

But she needs to keep my jizz circulating. I have to keep producing and consuming it. She has to milk me and feed it back to me. Otherwise, she says, my balls will get so big they'll *explode*.

I don't know about that...but I know that they sure do hurt.

#

Rory teased me so cruelly and so effectively this month that she really drove me wild. She got me so hot and horny all month long that for weeks now, I've been begging her for an early milking. Once you hear about *last* month, you'll understand how insane that is. At the end of last month's milking, I thought I would never beg to be milked again...even if Rory *ordered* me to beg.

But Rory's been merciless this month. She's been working out every day. Her body is toned and tanned and athletic. She's been eating right. She does yoga, naked or wearing a hot little leotard, and sometimes she makes me kneel and watch. She plays her favorite techno music loud. She uses the stereo that used to be my pride and joy, back when I was an actual guy, instead of what I am. She plays the rhythmic music loud, and she dances, almost like she's in a dance club. She looks *hot*. It's so fucking *sensuous*. It's almost like watching a stripper, but somehow it's even sexier. When she lets me watch her...I can't go even one minute without feeling that painful throb

in my caged dick. She loves to see the mascara tears pouring down my face as the pain mounts.

I swear, it must have only been Week 2 before I started begging Rory for an early milking.

She just laughed and told me to nut up and stop being such a big baby.

"You'll get your milking when it's time for it, darling. And that's when I say it's time. Not one moment before." Then she smiled and told me, "But feel free to keep begging. I find it so fucking *sexy*..."

#

But I didn't just *beg* for an early milking. I did things to try to earn it. Filthy things. Humiliating things. Degrading things. Things that made my little sissy clit swell even harder and made my balls swell. Things I didn't want to do...but I couldn't help asking for the privilege of doing them, because I wanted an early milking so bad.

To start with, I asked Mikal if I could suck his dick, when Rory wasn't even around. I just crawled over to him and said, "Daddy, may I suck your big Daddy cock?"

He liked that. Mikal is totally straight-- duh! -- I mean, *way* straighter than I am. But he says he likes fucking sissy bitch face, and he says I'm not really a guy anymore, anyway.

So he let me do it...and he was *rough*.

Rory came home in the middle of it, after Mikal had ripped off my little peignoir and my panties and flipped me over and stretched me out on the coffee table butt-naked except for my collar and heels and chastity tube. My lipstick was ruined and my hair was a mess and I was trailing strings of spit everywhere, choking as Mikal face-fucked me roughly and, every time he pulled his dick out to slap me in the face with it, I moaned in my girliest voice: "Thank you, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy."

Rory approved. She watched and loved it. After he came on my face, she made me get Mikal hard again, and then he fucked her brains out on the couch while I watched. Needless to say, all of that only made the I Need a Milking Situation way worse.

But that was just the start. A few days later, I even begged to lick Mikal's asshole. He let me. It was humiliating, but it still made my little sissy stick swell painfully in its tight cage. I also worshipped Mikal's boots and begged him to spank me. All to try to earn an early milking.

Sure, Rory liked all that. She appreciated my effort. But it wasn't enough.

Of course, I licked her asshole, too, and her boots, and I constantly beg her to spank me...but I do that all the time, and she doesn't give me any special rewards for it. But this time I worshipped her boots in front of her girlfriends to try to show her just how humble and submissive and feminine I'd become, so hopefully she'd have some mercy.

But she didn't. Rory let me do all those things, to her and her girlfriends and her boyfriend. She let me beg for an orgasm till I'd completely humiliated myself. Then she laughed at me and said I could wait.

There were times when I thought for sure I would die if I didn't get an orgasm soon. I thought I would catch fire, or simply disintegrate or something. But against all odds, I've survived to reach the date of my monthly milking...and I'm almost in tears, I'm so happy.

But I *shouldn't* be happy. I know from experience that my monthly milkings are always an agonizing experience. I might get some relief, but Rory will make sure by the time she's finished with me, I wish I *didn't* have relief.

#

In the past, Rory has used a variety of means to milk me. All of them are designed to hurt and humiliate me, and -- most importantly -- deny me

pleasure. Just as importantly, Rory selects all her methods to get the maximum amount of jizz out of my swollen balls without giving me any real feeling of release.

Oh, my balls may shrink down after a good long milking. But no matter how long it goes on, and no matter how empty she drains my balls, my desire doesn't lessen. I still want sex like a starving man. I think about it all the time.

In fact, sometimes when Rory finishes a long and painful milking, I'm in tears from desperate sexual hunger despite the fact that I'm begging her to stop. Sometimes I want to beg her *not* to stop. I want to beg her to fuck me again with her hand or her dildo, because I need it even more than when she started. I need it bad.

But Rory has a way of making me "learn my lesson" with every milking. I don't dare beg for more...because by the time Rory's finished milking me each month, I can't *take* any more.

Each month, Rory pays attention to the output and estimates just how much it is. She wants to determine just how much cum she's extracted. The more she gets, the more effective the "draining" was, in her view, and the better job she feels she's done with teasing me over the course of the previous month. The more jizz she milks from my sad little dingus without giving me any pleasure, the more submissive she makes me. Since a normal cumshot is anywhere between three and five milliliters, I guess I should normally expect to produce roughly that amount...although Rory says my "production" is weak and thin and pathetic and probably has a low sperm count. Mind you, three to five milliliters is just an average. So even if I was going to putting out that much per cumshot, I wouldn't be even remotely close to the guys that Rory brings home. She likes virile men, manly men, potent men...*fertile* men. She likes guys with big balls who produce a giant cumshot each time and can cum three or four times in the course of a one night stand. Her boyfriend Mikal pumps out *massive* loads of cum every time...and I know because I've lapped it out of Rory's holes many times. I've even taken loads from Mikal in my mouth after sucking his cock, to show how submissive I am. If I had to guess, I'd say Mikal is putting out two or

three times what a normal guy puts out, and normally, I couldn't hope to achieve that.

But the kind of extended teasing that Rory subjects me to changes the playing field entirely. Over the course of a month while I'm locked in my chastity tube, my swollen blue balls grow bigger and more pained every day. What's more, with each passing month my ending volume is greater.

But last month...it was out of control, all because of Jason's milking machine. See, last month, one of Rory's old boyfriends, Jason, gave her this *gift*. As you'd guess from the name, it's a *milker*...a suction machine that she can attach to my sissy clit to suck me dry when she milks my balls every month.

Jason was this guy Rory fucked in college, and they broke up a long time ago. But Rory called him up as soon as she started to cuckold me and told him all about everything she was doing to me and how he should come over and fuck her. He did, and in fact did it right in front of me. They've stayed fuckbuddies ever since.

In fact, I guess you could say that Jason and *I* are fuckbuddies, since I'm always there to fluff and to clean up. Mikal can be a little possessive, but he knows better than to ask questions he doesn't want to know the answer to. That means Rory can fuck whoever she wants, as long as it's just an occasional thing. And as long, of course, as it's not me. Jason doesn't mind a friendly fuckbuddy relationship with no strings attached, lucky for Rory.

And lucky for me. Jason likes his blowjobs just as much as Mikal does, but at least he isn't hung like a horse and he doesn't like to fuck face with quite such ferocious intensity.

But he did design this *milker*. I guess I should "thank" him next time I see him. I know how Rory will want me to thank him. In case you're wondering...it involves his dick in my mouth. That's how she wants me to thank everyone for everything...no matter who it is. Even people without dicks...her girlfriends. When I need to say "thank you," they're happy to

strap one on for the occasion and slap me in the face with it and stick it down my throat and chokefuck me.

Anyway, Jason's "milker" is rigged from one of those maternity pumps mothers use to milk their boobies. It's not just a regular store-bought variety. It's one of the medical kind, so it's got a really big reservoir and different settings for different levels of suction.

The way it worked last month is that Rory positions me on the bed that I sleep in -- it's not the big bed in the master bedroom, of course; Rory sleeps there without me, either alone or with Mikal or with one of her fuckbuddies or sometimes with some of her girlfriends. The bed I sleep in is a day bed in the guest room, with a girly pink bedspread to match the little pink nightie I wear when she milks me. The day bed has a metal frame that Jason secured with extra screws and struts. That way, Rory can tie me to it when she needs to, and I can struggle all I want...I'm not going anywhere.

The guest room isn't really the guest room anymore; now it's *my room*. And by my room, I mean it's "Kylie's Room."

Rory's the one who decides who Kylie is, and so Rory's the one who decided how Kylie's room would be decorated. In addition to the day bed, it's got really girly furnishings in pink and white. It's got posters on the walls with sexy teen idols with their shirts off and really tight pants on. She makes me masturbate to them nightly...or I guess maybe I should say "masturbate, since I can't even get hard. But Kylie says any bratty little slut likes me should learn how to please herself or she'll never be able to please her boyfriends. That means I masturbate like a girl, with the door open, so Rory can check in on me. She makes me use a vibrator -- one of those big, powerful, plug-in kinds -- on my sissy clit, even though it's locked up in chastity and can't get hard. But Rory always has one eye on my open door -- one eye and one ear. So if the buzzing of that vibrator stops for an instant, Rory is all over me...and I'm in trouble. What's more, she can even tell when the telltale buzz changes, like if I move it off of my chastity tube. Then, she comes in and checks that I've put it somewhere it's allowed to be, like my nipples or my balls. If I haven't...if I'm trying to fake her out and

put the vibrator on the bed next to me while I drop off to sleep -- well, then I'm *really* in trouble.

Rory insists that I look at the pictures and think about guys and think about making out and doing other things -- nasty things -- with all those shirtless teen idols, sometimes a couple of them at once...or more. To make sure I'm thinking about the "right" things, every now and then, Rory sticks her head in the door and surprises me by demanding details of what I'm fantasizing about. And if I don't have them to give her, I'm in trouble!

So I *have* to fantasize the way Rory wants me to...or I pay for it. And now that I've accepted that I *have* to think about all those nasty boys doing things to me, and me doing things to them, it's actually kind of relaxing to just lose myself in a fantasy, even though I swear I don't find it all that sexy. It's almost like meditating, watching a movie in my head...but it's not like it brings me sexual pleasure or turns me on. Hell, if it did, I'd be in total pain, because my sissy clit would probably get hard! But Rory says that's not true. She says she makes me do it because I have to learn to be "more of a woman" in bed -- to incorporate other kinds of sensuality into my play rather than just getting a boner. She says when I start to be more of a real girl, it'll be nice to feel vibrations on my sissy clit even if it can't get hard. She also says that when I get more feminine, I won't always jump to my fantasies of having a bunch of those hot teen idols bang me in a bus, or make out with a bunch of my girlfriends while they watch. She says I'll think about girly things like kissing and making out with them, and just looking into their eyes. She says I'm probably going there already, but I just won't admit it. So I tried that, just to prove to myself that she was wrong. I thought about looking into this one hot boy's eyes and having him tell me he loved me while he caressed my face, and you know what? It was scary. It was scary because it felt kind of affirming. It was almost like the time Malik made me give him a really rough blowjob, choking and slapping me and cumming all over my face, and at the end he called me his "favorite little sissy." I didn't exactly *like* it, but it did make me feel kind of warm inside. It felt good in a way that a hard dick wouldn't. Thinking about It does make me feel real mellow, and almost like I wanted to cry a little, in a good way.

But it's not like I really *wanted* to think about a hot guy kissing me. I was just making a point to myself, you know...in my own head. And I guess I liked it a little, but I'm a long way from actually *wanting* that, in real life. I mean, maybe not a *long* long way, but...not as close as Rory thinks I am.

But then again, one thing's for sure...the more I accept that I have to think about what Rory tells me to think about, and do what Rory tells me to do, the more feminine I feel. And the happier I am.

#

My room also has my little makeup table made out of modular pink laminate, with pictures of boys taped up on the edges of the mirror -- boys that Rory says I think are hot.

I *don't*...I really *don't*. I mean, Jason's okay, and Mikal has a certain manly charm that kind of scares me but makes me want to please him, even if it means, like, sucking his cock and licking his ass and making love to his boots while Rory rides him cowgirl-style. But it's not like I actually look at pictures in magazines of fashion models and pop singers with their shirts off and get turned on by them, or get all dreamy and think what it would be like to have a rockstar boyfriend and kiss him and hug him and love him and have him buy me things and take me on tour with him and go down on their friends if he's into that, you know, I mean, if he wants to watch me the way Mikal always wants to watch Rory with her girlfriends. I mean, if I *did* have a rockstar boyfriend, I'd totally do it, if he was into it, if he wanted me to. Because that's, like, how it is if you're going to be a rockstar's boyfriend, right?

And, like, not that I think about it, but if I did have a rockstar boyfriend and he wanted me to, you know, make out with my girlfriends so he and his friends could watch, well, *of course*, because, *duh*, I'm straight, remember? All this girly stuff and this "You love cum" is just me making Rory happy, right? Because when she's not happy, she does nasty things to me.

But I guess Rory knows I don't ever *really* think about that stuff the way a *real* slutty teenage girl probably would, even if she was a virgin the way I

am. I don't think about boys like that, except that Rory *makes* me. She makes me go through the motions of thinking about guys the way a real girl would. And she makes me describe it all to her in such vivid detail, I can't help but think about it. So, yeah, I guess I *do* think about guys "that way," but it's not like it's my fault.

In the drawers of my vanity, I keep my makeup, which -- naturally -- Rory picked out for me. She likes me in really dark mascara and really bright lipstick that gives me "cocksucking lips," as she likes to put it. I always put my makeup on extra heavy for my monthly milkings, because Rory likes to see my eyes running with black tears when she fucks me extra hard. She likes to see my lipstick all smeared across my face when I give her a blowjob as "foreplay" for my milking. Since my "giving" Rory a "blowjob" always seems to turn in to my "taking" a seriously rough, nasty, drooly, face-slapping, hair-pulling deep-throating chokefuck, my lipstick and mascara always ends up *just* the way Mistress Rory likes it.

Anyway, so Rory positions me on my day bed and secures my ankles to the frame with heavy leather restraints. She does the same with my wrists, but leaves me a little bit of slack because she likes to leave me a little slack so she can see me kind of flailing around pathetically when she gives it to me really hard. All I'm wearing is a sexy pink nightie -- a different one every month, for reasons that should become evident -- and high heeled shoes. She doesn't let me wear stockings for milkings. She says they just get in the way.

Before, Rory used to "drain" me into a condom so she can feed it to me afterwards -- since, she says, to a sissy like me, all cum is precious.

But last month was my first month with Jason's milking machine, and it was a very different experience.

Once Rory had me secured as usual, doggy-style with my knees spread wide and my face down in a pillow and my ass up high in the air, she fit the little plastic cup over the end of my sissy stick.

She turned the machine on. It made a slurping sound as it molded to my dickhead.

I yelped. The suction was a little painful, but I could just barely stand it. Little did I know what Rory had in store for me.

Sometimes Rory milks me with her hand, or with a handheld dildo. Sometimes she straps one on...but she has about a dozen of them, in varying sizes and shapes. They all tend to be, um...pretty big. But there's quite a range. She could give it to me with anywhere between, say, eight inches and fourteen inches. I never know what she's going to do until she lubes me up and puts it in me. Sometimes she doesn't even show it to me first.

But this time, she did. Once she had me restrained, Rory took pleasure in preparing herself for me. She was naked except for her pointy-toed, high-heeled boots. She made me watch as she slid her harness on. Then she turned away and retrieved her cock from her play bag. I knew I was in store of for a whomping, from how long it took her.

When she turned around, my eyes widened. Rory's smile widened right along with them. She liked to see me squirm and whimper in fear as my gaze roved up and down the length of it. It was her biggest strap-on...thick as well as long, with a big, bulbous head.

"Want some foreplay?" asked Rory, caressing my face.

I said miserably: "yes, Mistress. May I suck your cock?"

She slapped my face.

"No, sissy. This time, you get it raw. I'm done warming you up. I've spent the whole month teasing you. If you're not ready by now, then *fuck you*.

I whimpered in fear.

Rory mounted the bed. She pumped out lube from the dispenser she keeps next to my day bed. She greased it all over the head of her huge cock.

Then she shoved it up my ass.

I howled as the giant cockhead violated my tight little asshole. I felt the shaft being forced up my hole. Rory spanked me and laughed as she rammed it in.

"Come on, sissy. Don't be a baby! This isn't any worse than my fist, is it?"

"But Mistress," I whined. "I've never taken your fist!"

Rory laughed and snapped her fingers. "That's right!" She said. "Thanks for reminding me, darling! That'll have to be on the menu soon...uh! Ohhhh, yeah...!"

I whimpered in fear as Rory began to fuck me deeply and rhythmically. She tilted her cock at just the right angle to hit my prostate *hard*. That's when I cried out in pain, and the first tears started rolling down my cheeks, thick and gloppy with my heavy black mascara.

Rory started fucking my brains out, grabbing my hair and leaning over to slap my face whenever I stopped crying. Hot humiliation washed through me. She seemed to fuck me harder with every stroke, pounding me deep and slapping my ass. She raked the flesh of my back with her fingernails. She angled her cock so the base of the dildo rubbed against her cunt and her clit. She can cum that way...and she did. But in order to cum, Rory has to fuck really hard into my asshole...I mean *really* hard...so hard it hurts. But she knows how to do it, and she isn't shy about doing my butt in exactly the way that feels good to her, not caring if it feels good to me. I think I heard Rory climax four or five times while she pounded my ass last month. But I'm not really sure, because most of the time I was moaning and gasping at the top of my lungs as she violated my ass with her huge cock. My eyes were rolled way back in my head and my mouth was open. My face was ruined, pouring with tears. Sometimes I begged her to stop....but an hour of that, I was *really* desperate. I couldn't take anymore, I was sure of it.

Rory pulled her greasy cock out of me and slapped it against my ass-cheeks. She asked me if I wanted more.

I wept as I begged her: "N-n-no, Mistress! Please don't! Please, no more, Mistress...I'm empty, Mistress..."

Rory laughed, tapping the reservoir of the milking machine. I could just barely see it. My eyes boggled at the height my watery jism had reached in the reservoir. I couldn't see the numbers, though, because my eyes were so blurry from tears and mascara. But while Rory seemed pleased by the quantity, she wasn't nearly satisfied.

"I really don't think so, slave," she said. She reached down to massage my still-swollen balls, working her cock back into my asshole. "These balls aren't empty. Hell, we're just getting started. You'd better get comfortable..."

I cried out as Rory began to buttfuck me even harder. I clawed at the bed and begged her to stop...but that only makes Rory like it more.

I don't know how long Rory fucked me for that second round. She later bragged that it was another hour, but I don't know about that. Sometimes Mistress tells me nastier things than what really happened, because she knows all the jizz I eat from her holes makes me kind of a bubblehead. At least, that's what she always says. I mean, she always says "normal" girls don't go bubbleheaded from eating cum. Neither to bona-fide gay men. Even bi men are okay no matter how much jizz they eat. But she says that I'm a little cum-lapping bimbo inside, a cocksucking whore, and I can't admit it. That's why I need Mistress Rory to hurt me and humiliate me and blackmail me into doing all this filthy stuff for her and her boyfriends and girlfriends. That's why I love Mistress Rory even though she does awful things to me. She says the reason I love her is because I can't admit what I am, so I need her to tell me.

I don't know about that...I never felt female before. But I guess I was a little submissive...and sometimes I did look at other guys in the locker room. But I really wasn't gay or anything. I guess that's why Rory says she became necessary in my life, to "cure" the need inside me that I can't admit

to. That's why Rory teases me, taunts me, milks me. That's why she makes me lap it out of her holes. She says jism is poison to me, slowly killing my male self and letting my slutty little butt bitch out to play. She says if I feel pleasure when my balls are drained, I'll get "cocky" again and maybe even turn male again. She says the longer I go without cumming, the more female I become. She says the more jizz my swollen nuts produce and store for the month, the more backed-up jizz I'm drowning in. The more cum I eat, the more I learn to want it. She says I'll reach a point someday where "the levee bursts." She says if she makes me eat enough cum, I'm going to start to like it.

"And then, little bitch, no one is ever going to stop you. You'll be hungry for cum 24/7. Once you feel yourself starting to like it, darling...well, then...there's no going back."

She says all cum is precious to a boy like me who needs his male self to be poisoned so his girly self can come out and please his Mistress. That's why every month, when she's finished milking me, she makes me gobble it down.

I knew that was coming, and I always kind of dreaded it. But to tell you the truth...it didn't sound that bad. In fact, Rory was butt-fucking me so hard and so painfully, taking such pleasure in it, that I finally started to beg for it.

"Please, Mistress," I wept. "Please, Mistress, please, I need it. Feed me my cum, Mistress. Mistress, I want it."

She laughed and slapped my ass. "What's that, baby? You like cum, now?" She gave me a particularly hard and deep thrust as I opened my red-painted mouth to answer.

"I love it," I whined. "I love it, Mistress. I love cum. Please feed me my cum!"

"I'm sorry, slave, I can't hear you. What do you want?"

"I want my cum, Mistress! Please, Mistress, feed me my own cum?"

She leaned down and put her arm around my throat, cinching my head in a choke hold. My eyes went wide in fear. Mistress Rory had never choked me out, but I was pretty sure she knew how. It was an omnipresent threat, because Rory was known for doing really nasty things to me when I was asleep...and that was just *normal* sleep. You should see what she does when she gets me stoned!

But she *didn't* choke me out...she was having way to much fun with me now. She just held my head tightly, so I knew she was in control. I was on my hands and knees, but I didn't dare try to pull her arm away from my throat. Like everything else Rory does to me, I just took it. That was my lot in life, now. Whatever it amused Mistress Rory to do to me, I was expected not just to take it...but to take it and like it...and thank her. But everything she did was calculated to go one step further than I could *ever* learn to like. That's why I was learning to like it all...that's why I was begging for cum, something I never thought I would do.

Rory growled: "I don't know, slave. I'm not sure you want it. How much do you love cum?"

My voice was hoarse as I cried: "I love it more than anything, Mistress! I love cum more than anything else in the world, I love it I love it I love it --um--" I quivered in fear as I realized what I was saying. "More than anything except Mistress's pussy, of course--"

"Bullshit!" she howled. She released my throat and surged forward on me, dripping sweat from the exertion of violating my asshole. She rode me from a fresh angle, pounding me hard. "You love my pussy much more when it's filled up with cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped. "Cummy pussy. Love it!"

"You love my asshole, too, baby, don't you? When Mikal shoots his load up there? That's when you really love to rim me, don't you?"

A shriek escaped my smeary, lipsticked mouth. "I love to rim Mistress *always*," I corrected her. "But yes, when Mikal shoots his yummy thick jizz up your--"

Mistress pulled my hair, slapped my face, spanked my ass.

"Don't bullshit me! You love cum, don't you? All I am to you is a dump for cum and a mannequin to wear big fat cocks and milk your little bitch balls every month, aren't I? *Aren't I?*"

My head spun. Mistress was the master of the mindfuck...but I was no longer even able to compete. All the cum, like I said, had made me a bubblehead. So all I could do was sob:

"Mistress, no, you're so much more than that!" I could hear her bestial growl of rage beginning in her throat, so I blurted out: "You're my sacred path to cock! You taught me to love it! You taught me to love cock and cum. You made me a cumslave, Mistress!" I was improvising, my voice cracking with the effort of not weeping uncontrollably in humiliation and pain. "You made me your strap-on bitch and you made me your cunt-lapping cumslave. You made me a horny little cocksucker. I love you for that...thank you, Mistress, thank you, Mistress, thank you, Mistress..."

The deep, rhythmic motion of Rory's hips suddenly stopped altogether. She held her cock deep inside me, as if savoring my tightness.

Then she pulled back. I felt my asshole stretching around the bulbous cockhead of her dildo. As her cock popped out of me, I let out a gasp of pain.

Her long shaft rested in my crack, slimy with lube. She rubbed it up and down on my sensitive asshole.

When she spoke again, Rory's voice sounded slightly softer than before. There was a hint of laughter to it... even joy.

She asked: "Sissy? Are you telling Mistress the truth?"

I breathed out, "Yes, Rory. I love you. I love you for making me into a cumslave, a cock-worshipping cumslave..."

Rory paused, panting and dripping on me. She had really worked up a sweat. So had I. The bed was soaked.

The next words she said had a different tone. In them, I heard a whisper of the old Rory...the one who had once been kind to me, girlfriend to me, then fiancée.

Before she called off the wedding and told me to marry her strap-on.

I'd last heard that voice back before she'd realized what I was deep inside, even though I didn't know it, even though I didn't understand it. I'd last heard that voice in the days when, even if I'd been able to understand what I was, I wouldn't have been able to admit it.

The way she talked now reminded me of the old Rory, the one I made love to when she used to pretend my tiny little cock was adequate for her pleasure, and the fifteen to twenty seconds I lasted inside her was enough to make her happy. Back when she used to fake screaming orgasms just to spare my feelings. That was back when she loved me enough to hide her infidelities with men like Mikal. She didn't hide them very well, but the fact that she tried at all was deeply moving to me.

That was back before Rory decided I was never going to measure up, because of what I was inside. It was back before she realized I should be *changed*...and set out to do it.

It was a *very* long time ago. The "old Rory," or was it the "new Rory," had a *very* unfamiliar voice.

She said, "Darling, that's nice. It's *so* nice, baby. It makes me want to love you back."

She reached down and gently caressed my aching, still-swollen balls. They felt drained...utterly spent. But they were still big and hard and swollen. I also knew if I looked down there, I'd find they were a faintly blue color, hanging like ripe fruit between my shaved thighs.

My balls might have felt empty, but the milking machine was still chugging away, sucking painfully at the tip of my sissy stick. I could feel occasional spasms running up my shaft from the base to the milker. They weren't really pleasurable. Sometimes the sensations were more or less neutral. Other times they were out-and-out painful.

Sometimes, I could feel the flow surging, as a thin drizzle of semen was sucked up my tiny shaft and into the machine.

As Rory stroked my balls, I relaxed. I felt the flow through my cock beginning again. I felt cum leaking from my overfilled balls, up my cock, to the milker. I relaxed. I won't say I exactly felt pleasure...but the caress that Rory gave my tortured little orbs was pleasant. It made my sissy thingie feel like something other than a liability.

Her touch seemed almost loving....for a minute or two.

Then she seized them with her taloned right hand. She dug her nails into my nutsac and *pulled*.

Her left hand whipped down from its place in my hair, as Rory leaned back. Her big cock bounced against my asshole as she moved aside to give herself a little swing space.

Then she used it, slapping my balls so fast that she'd hit me six times with her open left hand before my cum-choked brain registered anything other than shock.

The pain rolled through me. A strangled yell erupted from my lipstick-painted mouth. Rory released my balls, surged forward and worked her hips forward. She didn't reach down to guide her cock in my ass with her hand...instead, she just blindly jammed it, giving me three or four agonizing

thrusts into my nuts with her slimy cockhead before she finally found my hole.

"Except you just used my name, *sissy*. You know only real men get to call me Rory. It's Mistress or Goddess to cocksucking cumslaves like you. I know you're trying to appease me, darling, with your sweet little rant about loving cum. You want me to stop, don't you? You want me to believe those rotten eggs between your legs are empty, don't you? But I've gone and started the flow again? You've got *hours* of milking ahead of you, baby. And don't worry about learning to love cum. The day is coming when you'll finally *really* love it. And when it comes, bitch, you won't be able to tell me how much you love to eat cum...*because your mouth will be full of it*. Now *take my dick, bitch!* Your pathetic balls are empty when I say they're empty!"

I didn't answer any of her accusations -- because I was occupied with uttering a long, tortured moan of pain and helpless terror. It came out more girly than I'd ever heard myself sound.

Maybe there was something to this, after all. Maybe Rory really was killing my male self...drowning it in cum.

Rory raised herself above me. She got up on her high heeled boots and fucked down into my asshole with an even more brutal angle. She pulled my hair, tipped my head back, and slapped my face. She spanked me. She raked her nails down my back, leaving deep furrows of red down my back as she started pounding me anew.

All I could do was remain there, face-down, ass-up, helpless, clawing the sweat-soaked sheets as my Mistress began to give me a new round of deep, hard thrusts in my ass.

I heard gurgling sounds as the flow of my milking increased. The river of cum came so quickly that I felt my cock swelling up with the pressure. But I could not stop it.

My eyes rolled back in my head. My lipstick-sticky mouth opened wide, and I wailed uncontrollably.

I clawed at the ruined sheets till they ripped and came off the mattress. Then I gripped to the mattress itself, digging my long, painted fingernails into the heavy fabric

I held on for dear life as Rory gave it to me harder than ever.

#

I have no idea how long it was before Rory finally removed her dick from my ass. But it was long enough that I felt like my mind was very much ruined by the ordeal. All I could do was murmur helplessly. "Cum, Mistress. Cum. Feed me cum. I want cum. Please, Mistress, more cum...."

Whether I was trying to appease her or not, I don't even know. I just know that Rory didn't care just now whether I really wanted cum. Sure, I might want it a little bit...maybe even a lot. But as far as she was concerned, I couldn't possibly love cum *enough*. Not yet.

But I would. She'd make damn sure of it.

Rory unfastened her harness. She tossed it on the bare mattress of my bed between my splayed legs. It landed with a wet sound. The mattress was already filthy and wet. The sweat-and-lube-soaked sheets were a tangled ball on the floor. So was the sexy pink nightie I'd worn for my Mistress. At one point during her hard fucking, Rory had ripped it off of me. The filmy fabric had torn easily, and now it was nothing but shreds on the floor with the sheets.

Rory stretched her naked body. She yawned. Then she took the reservoir out of the milking machine.

"Wow," she said. "You really gave up a lot this time. This is going to make your transition so much easier, baby. You're really making progress."

I whimpered, "Yes, Mistress."

Rory guided me off the bed and forced me onto my knees. My thighs trembled with exhaustion, but I was used to kneeling. She tipped my head back and forced a ring gag into my mouth. She buckled it around my head.

Next came the *funnel*.

The funnel went into the gag. It locked in place. Grabbing my hair, Rory tipped my head back and showed me the reservoir.

I still couldn't read the numbers; my eyes were too blurry with sweat and tears and running mascara and eyeliner. They stung. But I did see what looked like a huge plastic jug of thin, milky fluid. It wasn't nearly as thick or as white or as creamy as Mikal's or any of her other boyfriends' cum.

But there certainly was a lot of it.

"Almost a gallon," Rory purred happily, swishing the clear plastic reservoir around. "I'm very proud of you, sissy."

Rory has to have known that I wouldn't believe it was really a gallon. Hell, I was pretty sure the reservoir wasn't nearly that big. But then again, maybe all that cum I'd been lapping out of her pussy had started to ruin my skill with numbers. I certainly couldn't tell the difference between three inches and ten inches anymore... but that's because my sissy stick was never allowed to reach its full three-inch erect state, except during my agonizing milkings. Month after month, it was kept locked away in my chastity tube in its soft, sad little unloved one-inch soft condition.

Rory upended the reservoir and started pouring jizz down my throat, via the funnel.

The load's enormous volume made it even thinner than usual. But it still tasted ripe and strong -- almost as strong and as pungent as Mikal's. I gagged a little...but I managed to swallow. Gulp after gulp poured down my throat. Every time I thought I was finished having to swallow my own cum,

Rory would rotate and jiggle the plastic container, and more cum would gurgle down into the funnel, my mouth, my throat. I felt my stomach filling with it, seemingly past its capacity. I felt nauseous.

With her free hand, Rory reached down and caressed my smooth-shaved belly.

"Look at that, darling. There's so much of it that you almost look pregnant. We should take some of those dirty pregnant girl pictures you used to jerk off to." She laughed cruelly, but with genuine joy in her voice. "Too bad this is the closest you'll ever get to really being pregnant, huh? If you were a *real* girl, I could let Mikal knock you up, and then you'd be happier than ever, wouldn't you?" She said warningly, "*If* you're telling the truth about how much you love cum, that is."

Fearing what might happen if I failed to agree, I tried to say, "Yes, Mistress," but wasn't every successful. I succeeded only in causing a gurgling sound to erupt from the funnel.

But I didn't *dare* try to nod. If I did, I might spill some of my precious cum.

And Mistress Rory knows how much I love cum. My own and her boyfriend's. And everyone's.

When the detached reservoir was almost empty, Rory balanced it open-end down in my funnel.

"Don't you dare lose your balance," she said. "Don't you dare spill it! Hold still..."

Indeed, I held as still as I could. The reservoir continued to drain, producing a drippy processional of gum droplets down my throat. I swallowed them all, drunk on the smell and the taste of it.

Part of me I thought I really could feel my male self being drowned in cum with every swallow. And I think I wanted it to go.

Then again, maybe that was just my male pride...what was left of it. The only pride I felt now was because I'd earned a few kind caresses, a few words of pleasure, from my Mistress. But what pride I'd lost had been replaced...with glorious *relief*.

I had survived the milking ordeal for another month.

As the plastic container continued to drain into my funnel, Rory retrieved my locking stainless-steel chastity tube from the table by the bed.

She returned to me with a smile of sadistic pleasure. She dropped to her knees before me...the only time she does that. She grabbed my balls. My thoroughly milked sissy stick had gone soft. Around it, I felt the tight embrace of Rory's hands for a moment. It was quickly replaced by the still tighter embrace of the tube.

I let out a sad little gurgling whimper of girly surrender as I heard the ominous quick of the padlock. My tube was back on.

Rory stood. She removed the milking reservoir and the funnel. She unbuckled my ring gag. She tossed it all on my bed, leaving it for me to clean up later.

Rory was gorgeous, her makeup and long dark hair positively ruined. Sweat glistened all over her. I smelled her body, close and ripe and musky.

Her slim fingers were slick with lube, spilled cum and her own juices. I smelled them and felt how sticky they were as she caressed my face. She looked in my eyes for a very long time.

When she spoke next, her voice had a hint of the kind quality that it had displayed before. It was the "old Rory." Or was it the "new Rory"?

But even if her tone of voice was tender, what she said was so cruel it made my head spin.

She said, "I'll tell you what, slave. After an ordeal like that, you deserve a reward. I'll take a nice, long, relaxing hot shower. While I do, you can change the sheets in the master bedroom...they're still pretty ripe from when Mikal stayed over." Her lips twisted in a savage smile. "Then we'll go out in the back yard and I'll spray you down with the power washer."

My eyes widened. I already had goosebumps; my skin already burned from the pressure.

I let out a sad little bleating sound.

Rory ignored me, smiling. "And then I'll take you to bed, baby."

Her hand travelled down the front of her body and rested in her sex. Her fingers caressed her slit. She bit her lip as she pushed two of them in.

"I know I won't be able to cum, baby. But it's not all about orgasm, is it?" Her nostrils flared as she laughed. "You know that, don't you? You know that most of all. It really isn't all about orgasm. Is it?"

I whimpered, "No, Mistress. It's not all about orgasm."

"I know I won't cum," she smiled. "But I think a couple of hours of head would really help me get a good night's sleep. How's that for a reward, baby? Eating me out when I'm not filled with someone else's cum?" She laughed. "You've already had plenty of your own for one day..."

My head swam. My eyes crossed. Exhausted, I let out a soft, incoherent moan of desperation and despair.

I whimpered, "A...couple...of...hours?"

Rory's fingers found my nipples. She pinched hard and twisted. I cried out.

"Oh, you want *more*, baby? I'll try to last for three or even four. But I don't know...I'm pretty tired. I just had a hell of a workout...didn't I? Don't I

deserve a rest?" She twisted my nipples harder.

"Yes, Mistress," I squealed.

She leaned down and whispered warmly in my ear. "I'll rest with your tongue up my slit." She gave my nipples one last agonizing twist and told me: "Now go change the sheets, sissy. *Crawl*."

"Yes, Mistress."

I unzipped her boots for her, kissing each one as I did. I helped her remove them. Then I watched longingly as she padded barefoot out of the room for her shower.

I knelt there, panting, for a minute. I wiped the congealed mascara tears from my cheeks. I licked them off my fingers, loving the salt and the bitter chemical taste. Maybe I really was changing.

Soon, I heard the water running as Rory stepped into the shower. I heard her singing one of her cheesy, girly dance songs, at the top of her lungs, her voice rich with joy.

I dropped to all fours and crawled down the hallway to serve her.

Midnight Ride by Kendra Jarry

She's angry and horny tonight. She's really going to make you work to please her and you know, as usual, you'll *still* be found lacking. You're down on your knees, sucking Mistress's cock. You love the way she chokes you with it, slaps you with it, humiliates you with her dick. You love the way Mistress rides you at midnight. You love the way she can make you suck her cock for hours...and still want to hurt you more.

You're dressed in the way she's decided will most humiliate you. Your pink tube top is a forgotten ball under your Mistress's messy bed. Mistress's collar feels snug and comforting around your throat. Your tits hang heavy in the strapless bra. Your feet ache from your pink high heels. Your little silver sequined skirt is pulled up to your waist -- and that's where it will stay until she's done with you. Your stay-up white stockings are already bagged at the keys, and sport several rips. You know those stockings will only get worse before the end of the night. Your filmy pink panties stretch tight across your swollen cock. Your hair has grown long enough that she doesn't have to make you wear a wig; that's nice for her, because now she can pull your hair as she makes you suck her cock. Your hair is messed up, now, because she's been pulling it for a long time -- pulling it, slapping your face, berating you for not sucking her deep enough. Your makeup is ruined. You're a mess, but then, you always were.

You and the bed aren't the only things messy in the one-bedroom loft. Mistress greeted you for your eleven-thirty appointment with that "freshly fucked" look she knows you love. It humiliates you, and that's what she likes. She was wearing nothing but a skimpy pink silk robe and her cock -- the big one, the one that always makes you choke. She met you at the door.

"Skirt up," she ordered you. "Panties down."

You obeyed, lifting your skirt and dropping your pink panties to your knees. You showed her your humiliatingly locked-up cock. She took the key from the chain around her neck. She fitted it into the padlock. She unlocked it. She took off the chastity tube and sniffed it.

She said: "Nice and ripe this week, slave. Lick it clean as you crawl to the throne."

You dropped to your knees and obeyed, crawling awkwardly on your knees and one hand while, with the other hand, you held the ripe chastity tube to your face. You wash meticulously, but it's always a little bit dirty by the time you see your Mistress. You crawled after her as she sat in her favorite chair -- her "throne" -- and watched you with contempt.

When you reached your place on your knees before her, you meekly handed her the chastity tube.

She took it, sniffed it, said, "Good slave. Now...what would you like to do tonight?"

"Suck your cock, Mistress."

"That can be arranged. But that's just the start...you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

You could smell her. Her odor was intense; she smelled *good*, but powerful. Sweat, musk, pussy, cock, cum. She's more than just aromatic; she's positively ripe.

Mistress opened her pink robe, grabbed the back of your head and shoved your face into her crotch. You took her silicone cock in your mouth, tasting how dirty it was.

Once you started sucking, you could really smell the scent of sex all over her. Mistress has clearly been "used" tonight, by some other man, or maybe even more than one.

That makes you even more eager to please her.

You know she fucks other men..."real" men, who only pay women for sex, not for pain. You've seen her ads under the "escorts" section in the same weekly paper where you found her under "alternative services." You know that you'll never get the former from her, just as "real" men who pay to fuck her would never even dream of paying her for this kind of treatment. A real man doesn't need to be forced to wear panties and makeup and ordered to his knees to suck a woman's filthy strap-on cock.

But you're not a real man, are you? This is what you need; this is what you deserve; this is what she gives you. This is all you'll ever get from her, for money, and you're lucky she even gives you this.

Mistress's stink is all over you. This week it's a serious musky ripe smell, not the usually mild smell of her body and her perfume and her pussy. No question about it; it's a sex-smell. You can smell other men on her, other men's sweat all over her. Sometimes she lets her regular clients do her bareback for extra money, so there may even be a load of cum down beneath her harness, percolating in her cunt and making her wet. The scent is all over you: Her stink, and another man's smell. Your face reddens as you suck her dirty cock. It tasted filthy when you started -- musky, unwashed, soiled. Where did she put it before you showed up? You're just glad she didn't fuck you in the ass before making you suck it; she does that sometimes. She loves to humiliate you in every way...and that's what you're here for.

That's what the \$2,000 on her nightstand is for...because this is the eleventh session since she collared you as her money slave. You pay ten weeks in advance. The first ten weeks were \$1,500. Now, Mistress has raised her price. This round of "training" is \$200 a week, and you know you *still* won't get so much as a handjob.

Time passes slowly and agonizingly as she roughly fucks your face. You're not in the habit of glancing at the clock during your sessions, but you know it must have been over half an hour, now, deep into the usual fifty-minute length of your sessions. But her sessions, lately, don't last fifty minutes or even an hour. You're her money slave, now, not just her client, and she takes you as long as she wants you. She loves degrading you as

much as you love being degraded. You love everything about the way Mistress hurts and humiliates you with her cock and her cunt. You love the way she forces it down your throat, screaming at you to take it like her little bitch. You almost shoot your load in your panties, you're so turned on. You manage to keep your hips from moving so the head of your dick doesn't rub against the soft satin fabric. You know if it does, you'll squirt. You've been ordered not to cum, and you know if you do, she'll make you sorry. You barely manage to hold off; you're right on the edge, this turns you on so much. You love the humiliation, the pain...you love all of it, almost as much as you hate it. And hating it makes you love it that much more.

Your throat is aching and raw. You work it up and down desperately. You try to press the base of the dildo against her pubic bone, forcing it against her clit. You want to get her off so you can get some breathing room.

That makes her very unhappy with you. She hates it when you try to make her cum, like you're trying to end her little game. Mistress screams and sends a new volley of leather down against your ass. Her whip sizzles on your skin. "In and out," she tells you. "In and out. I'm fucking your face, not being made love to, whore. You're my cocksucking bitch, not my boyfriend."

You go back to sucking it in and out, your head working up and down violently. You know she can't possibly be feeling any physical pleasure from this. Sometimes she wears a second dildo in her harness, but she isn't wearing it tonight. Sometimes she wears an egg-shaped vibrator, the controller-power pack tucked into the waist strap of the harness. Sometimes she keeps a big, plug-in vibrator nearby, so she can grab it when she's ready to cum. But she doesn't have either dildo or vibrator today. That makes you wary. She doesn't want to cum. She just likes watching you suck cock. And you know she can last forever before she gets tired of seeing you gag yourself on her strap-on.

It wasn't as big a deal when she only let you stay for fifty minutes. But now, you're not just a client. You're her money slave. She makes you stay for as long as she wants you. That's why she makes you come late -- ten p.m., usually. She's a night person, and she gets horny after midnight. A few

weeks ago, she kept you here all night. It wasn't till the sun came up that you stumbled out of the warehouse building with your asshole aching and your buttocks stinging, tottering in your high heels. You had to race past your landlady so as not to let her recognize you; nobody knows you cross-dress. If they did, you'd be mortified.

But it's not morning yet, and it won't be any time soon. Tonight, she wanted to see you at 11:30, and Mistress seems eager to keep you here for a long, long time. You don't have anything to say about it. You're her money slave. You're her cumslave. You're her bitch slave. You're her late-night back-door "regular." You stay till she's done with you, and that's that.

The big grandfather clock in her living room chimes midnight. Each chime sounds like a death bell.

Mistress grabs your long hair and pulls your face off her cock. Slap, slap, hard, more bells ringing in your head. Drool runs all over your chin; you can feel the sticky lipstick and mascara as it mingles with your tears. Then she forces you down on the bed with your arms spread behind you. She pulls the strap of her harness to the side, so her cunt is exposed. You see it glistening; you smell the sharp musky odor of cum. You realize she's seen one of her "boyfriends" today -- maybe just before you left. She does that sometimes, scheduling a sex session with one of her boyfriends, or even a \$300 "date" with one of her "clients" -- the ones who want sex instead of degradation, like you do. Or maybe they're just the ones who can afford \$300 instead of the \$150 she charges to beat the shit out of you and humiliate you. Both things are true; you only pay Mistress what you can afford. She takes what she gets and dishes love and hate out accordingly. You pay little enough to get hate, pain, degradation, abuse, rather than sex. But the truth is, that's what you want. And the truth is, that's what she really wants to give you. Mistress is, after all, a rampant bitch. You're pretty sure she likes this much more than she likes "regular" sex. Otherwise, why charge you less?

Of course, she'd never admit she likes this more than sex. As she rides your face with her cummy snatch, she laughs.

"Ready to find out what a *real* man does to a woman?" she purrs.

You whimper, "Yes, Mistress." Your voice is hoarse and thick from having cock shoved down your throat.

She dips her pussy down and forces it all over your mouth, your chin, your nose, your cheeks, your forehead. She takes it nice and slow, laughing at your distress as you squirm underneath her. She enjoys herself, painting your face with her cunt and with her boyfriend's cum.

"You like that?" she sneers. "Wanna guess how many men had me today, slave? I'll give you a hint: it's probably more men than you've *ever* had women. Or ever *will* have them. What woman would actually want to fuck a loser like you?"

That can't be true, you think. You've been to bed with seven women, and Mistress knows that. This feels like a lot of cum pouring out of her snatch -- but it can't possibly be cumloads from seven men. Besides, don't prostitutes usually use condoms? You chide yourself internally as you choke on the taste of the strangers' cum and of Mistress's rank, unwashed cunt. You're not supposed to think of your Mistress as a prostitute. A whore, maybe, but even that seems irreverent. What she is, you tell yourself as she forcibly rides your face, is a Goddess. She deserves to get all the cock she desires, and then some. She deserves whatever she wants. If that makes her a whore, or if she's a whore because she takes money for sex, well...so be it. You're far lower, and that's why you get to clean her up afterwards.

Seven men it is, then...you decide to believe it. Seven men's cum is pouring all over your face, into your forced-open mouth, while you try to lick. She doesn't let you get a tongue-hold, though; she just rubs her pussy all over and grabs your hair again to make you hold still. She squeezes your jaw and forces your mouth open, squeezes her pussy. *Seven men*, you decide. There are seven loads of cum pouring you're your tongue. That's more men than women you've fucked. More men have had Mistress today than you've ever had women.

You've been with seven women, a pathetic total for a man your age. You've fucked seven women, and you've also been with six dominatrixes. Mistress is only the latest of the latter category. She's the latest, and by far the best. You've never been as hard in your panties as you are right now. You've never wanted sex with a woman as much as you want it with her. But you know she'll never give it to you, which might be why you want it so bad. Hell, she never gives you handjobs anymore. You have an orgasm once a week, like clockwork, but not till the end of a session -- and then, it's done with your own hand. In the beginning, you got a tug job at the end of each session, provided that you tipped her properly. When she informed you that she was going to collar you as her money slave, the tug jobs stopped. The price rose from \$100 to \$150 an hour -- fifty minutes in an hour, just like a therapist. She ordered you to pay her for ten weeks in advance if you didn't want to be banished from her dungeon.

You came up with the money. On that day that you handed over 15 \$100 bills, Mistress padlocked her collar around your throat and her chastity tube around your dick. That was ten weeks ago, and this is your eleventh paid-for session. That's why there's \$2,000 instead of \$1,500 in an envelope on her nightstand; Mistress upped the price for the next ten sessions.

But the rules remain the same.

She owns you. You're her money slave. Her little feminized bitch money slave. You pay for the privilege of being her pain whore, her camwhore, her humiliation whore, wearing panties and makeup on your knees. The collar comes off when you leave her dungeon. The chastity tube comes off when you enter it.

You see her once a week...and if you're very, very good, she'll let you jack it at the end. But when you're *not* with her, you can't jerk off. You can't even get hard -- not without pain.

Each week, you prepare for your session with Mistress by dressing up the way she insists. You wear panties and stockings and a skirt and high heels. You wear a tight strapless bra stuffed with two bags of rice, with rubber-bands forcing the tips into nipples. Over it, you wear a tube top. Tonight,

your skirt was shiny silver sequins -- it's now a little circlet around your waist, tight at the belly she's been making you trim down and tone at the gym. Your tube top tonight is baby pink, so you almost looked naked from the waist up. It was skimpy you had to keep pulling it up as you walked the several blocks through the respectable suburban neighborhood from your apartment to your car, as you drove the ten minutes to Mistress's loft in the warehouse district, as you circled the block seven times before parking your car in a distant space, as you walked the several blocks from the nearest parking space, dodging the interested looks of gay guys out for drinks, who would never have wanted to fuck you if you were dressed like this, but were clearly interested in seeing you *undressed*. It was humiliating.

Now, you're eating another man's cum -- seven men, maybe, seven guys who have fucked Mistress today. She takes a leisurely circuit all over your face, dripping, the semen mingling with the spit and ruined lipstick and mascara that already smears it. Your tongue flails up helplessly, seeking her hole, dislodging new rivers of strangers' cum. It's not enough for your Mistress.

She slams her body forward and forces your head hard into the mattress.

She screams at you: "Lick *deeper*, camwhore! Lick out my cunt! Don't you want that yummy cum?"

You try to say, "Yes, Mistress," but you can't even get a sound out. She's crushing your face.

She yells: "If my cunt isn't good enough for you, bitch, I've got more loads waiting in back!" She laughs. "Just as many guys fucked me there as did me in front. That cum is really deep, though. I'll have to really work to get it out for you..."

Your head reels. She can't be serious. She had seven men in her pussy, and *more* in her ass? She says it's more men that you've ever had women -- and she knows that you've been with seven women, so that's at least eight men, actually, eight in each hole, or is it the same eight, back for a second round to fuck her ass?

Even as the Cum Mistress for a slutty little cumslave, she wouldn't really expect you to believe that sixteen men fucked her today, eight in front and eight in back...would she? She's just talking dirty, right?

But it doesn't matter to you...she's pushing your buttons, and it makes your cock throb in your little pink panties. You feel the head of your dick grinding against the soft satin material as you work your hips. If you cum in your panties, she'll hurt you, you know. But you can't stop your hips from grinding as she rides your face and brags that she's got more loads up her ass.

"I said *lick!*" she screams, and leans down hard, fucking your face and smothering you with her cummy snatch. She pushes down so firmly that you feel like your skull is going to crack. She grabs the back of your head and forces it up so she can bring her knees together and pin your face between her legs. Her thighs work like a nutcracker, ready to pop you. It's the most uncomfortable position possible.

You lick deeper, desperate, trying to satisfy her.

Her voice turns affectionate, even caring. "That's good, baby. Eat out that pussy. Lick all those other guys cum out of my slit." She sighs softly, then, for a while. You work your tongue up into her and lick her out like she told you. You drink her...or, rather, you drink the other men, swallowing cum with a pussy chaser.

Tiny moans start to come out of her painted red lips. But they're not the right noises -- they're not the ones you want to hear. She's getting angry. She crushes your head between her thighs.

You squeal, afraid she's really going to pop your head. As you squirm, your teeth graze her flesh. Without meaning to, you actually bite her. You can't help it, she's pressing so hard. Cunt, hair, flesh, juice, you breathe it into your lungs. You cannot cough. You cannot breathe. As you feel your teeth being forced against her clit, she utters a howl of pain and anger -- but she doesn't let up the pressure. She seems to like the pain; she seems to like

the struggle. She's going to hurt you. She *wants* to hurt you. Your cock throbs in your panties; you're utterly at her mercy.

You want to reach down and stroke your cock through your panties...one last squirt in pink satin, before she ends you. *No*, you decide. *That's ridiculous. She won't really hurt me. I just need to surrender. I'm a willful little bitch, like she always says. I just need to lick her pussy better.*

But you *can't* lick her pussy better, because her thighs are crushing your face, your head; she's smothering you, and all you can do is squirm and wriggle and try to lick -- but you just end up biting, harder, which makes her give an exultant cry of pain as she squeezes you tighter.

"That's the spirit, slave! Who know you had a little struggle in you? Hurt me, bitch...oh, yeah, this is the fun part..."

She squeezes her thighs tighter. You see stars. More stars. Desperate for air, you try to breathe and end up biting into the flesh of her cunt even harder. Instead of air, you get a mouthful of cum and nostrils stuffed with her wiry pubic hair. You need to sneeze. You need to cough. Her thighs and her cum-filled cunt won't let you; they smother you.

Now she's riding your face, violently, ramming her clit against your nose and your chin; you manage to catch a little air between strokes -- but it isn't enough. You're still seeing stars. She cries out, louder, loving the pain of your teeth and the exultation of facefucking you. She's really giving it to you hard. You try to lick, aiming for her clit, but she's more interested in smacking your chin with her pubic bone. Then she pushes down hard again, smothering you, cutting off air through both your mouth and your nose. You try to lick, but there's not much you can do. The best you can manage is to wriggle your tongue up into her cunt....

Her moans come rhythmically as she rocks atop you. She sounds like she's feeling *good*. If you can hold out only a second longer...she sounds ready to climax...maybe then she'll ease up....

Your whole world is cunt. Just a second longer, and she'll cum. *Then* you can breathe. That's when you deserve to breathe. *After* you've serviced her.

Far above you, she moans. You hear her gasping, breathlessly, clearly close to orgasm:

"What's the matter, slave? I thought my cunt provided all the nourishment you would ever need?"

Then she bears down harder on your face, completely smothering you.

You squeal and wrench as she rides you tight. Your eyes roll back.

Everything goes black.

#

As you come to your senses, you realize she's dragged you over into what serves as the "living room" area -- the one armchair in front of her wide-screen TV. On the TV is a freeze-frame image of Mistress standing in front of her bondage bed in this very loft, nude except for high-heels and stay-up fishnet stockings.

Mistress sits in the armchair beside you. You're curled up on the concrete floor of the converted loft. You've been placed in this position before, when she's plugged her laptop in and shown you pictures of herself fucking other guys. She's even played them as a slideshow while she fucked you in the ass with her strap-on.

But now, she's taken her strap-on off. She's naked except for her knee-high leather boots. Her arms are crossed. Seated in the chair next to you, she sees you're awake.

"Good slave. Get on your knees."

You struggle to your knees. Your stockings are ruined, with big rips in the knees running up the thighs and down the calves. Your tits hang cockeyed

in the strapless bra, the pink tube top hanging off. Your dick has left a dark stain on the front of your panties; you hope it's just from going soft when you lost consciousness. You hope she didn't jerk you off while you were out. You very badly need to cum.

Mistress leans over and puts her arm around you. She holds the remote. She points it at the TV and clicks.

The footage starts playing.

"I don't think you believed me when I told you how many guys I had fucked today," she said. "But lucky for you, I've got the rushes right here. Raw footage, slave. It's even got the time stamp. I've got a guy in Santa Barbara who's going to edit it into some footage for Hot Clips -- my girlfriend Sadie tells me I can make a fortune with all-black amateur gangbang clips. But since I already had you scheduled, I figured I should have some fun with it first, right?"

You watch in alternating pleasure and horror as your beautiful Mistress drops to her knees. You see men crowding in -- men with dark skin, bodies ranging from sepia to dark chocolate. There are *lots* of them. You count four to begin with, as Mistress takes their black dicks in her mouth and sucks them. They're quickly hard. But there are others, off-screen, whenever the camera shakes and moves around to get a better angle.

\

You can't count them. There must be at least a dozen. So she *was* telling the truth about how many men had her...and she's going to make you eat their jism from her ass, now that you've cleaned out her cunt.

"It was a *bitch* fitting all those guys in here. I mean, look at this place! It's *trashed*. But it was worth it. I've gone *weeks* without cock, slave. I really needed to get fucked." She caresses your shoulder as you watch her taking each dick in turn into her mouth. "Don't worry," she says. "They've all been tested. So have I. This cum is certified safe. Sadie says that black-on-white creampie gangbangs are the best-selling clips she does. And you know me, slave. I'm *very* anal. So I figured, why not? Double-penetration interracial

creampies. Why not?" She laughs happily. "Especially since I've got a little cumslave who loves to clean up. Do you want my ass now, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," you say as she climbs onto the bed, straddling a big black man lying there. She mounts him, his huge cock sliding into her pussy; another man comes in behind and starts to penetrate her ass.

"You *really* want to lick my ass, now, slave? *Really*?"

You nod fervently. What can you say? You've fantasized about this your whole life. It makes your stomach turn and you want to puke to think about actually doing it now, but you can't stop your cock from hardening. More importantly, even if you didn't want it, Mistress would be *very* displeased. When she asks you if you want something, the *only* permitted answer is "Yes, Mistress."

"Too bad for you," she says happily, "That you're a very bad slave. Passing out without permission. I don't think I *want* your disobedient tongue up my ass."

You whimper, "Please, Mistress?"

She lets the footage play for a while.

"No," she sneers. "I don't think so. I've got a better way for you to have a midnight snack."

She gets up from her throne. She leaves you and stalks into the kitchen. You watch the footage as you hear her rummaging in the kitchen cabinets. The action moves quickly. She rides the guy underneath her while the guy atop her fucks her anally. They switch with two other men. By the time Mistress comes back from the kitchen, the video Mistress is on her third pair...six cocks up inside her.

You see she's gotten a silver plate from the kitchen. She holds it up and shows it to you, laughing. You can see your ruined face reflected in it. Your

chin glistens with cum and pussy juices. Your lipstick is smeared. Your mascara runs. You look a mess.

"This is a family heirloom," she laughs. "We used to use it for the bread at Sunday dinner. I think it's appropriate way to worship your Goddess, don't you think?"

Miserably, you whimper, "Yes, Mistress."

She stands in front of the TV and sets the silver plate on the floor. You can see most of the screen through her spread legs. On the screen, she takes on her fourth pair of big black men, fluffing one in each hand and one in her mouth as the men cycle through quickly.

Mistress crouches over the silver plate, blocking the TV.

She leans over in front of you. She peels back your eyelids and looks into your eyes. A cruel kind of smile plays across her face. She crouches over the silver, lowering her ass almost to the floor. The muscles of her face tense, then relax. Then again.

"Oooh, there's a lot of it up there," she laughs. "She glances over her shoulders. I think you'll like it when they take their turns filling me up. It's *hot*. I came. I'm not kidding...it was something about having their cum up inside me. It made me orgasm. Don't you think that's funny?"

She takes a long time squeezing her anal muscles and letting cum run from her ass onto the plate. The scent of the cum from her ass is riper, fuller, more humiliating.

She kisses you as the last of the cum runs out of her ass. Then she stands, gets behind you, and shoves you forward with your face in the plate.

She's all over you before she even knows if you're going to eat it like you've been ordered to. She loves abusing you, so that's what she does. She grabs your hair and forces your face down.

"Open your mouth," she orders you. "Open your fucking mouth. Now!" She slaps your face, spansks your ass. Her thumb pries open your lips.

You give in to the pressure and open your mouth. You start to lap the cum off the silver plate. You taste the musky ripeness. It tastes dirtier than the jism from her cunt. She sees your eyes flickering up toward the screen. Mistress steps aside and knees beside you, so she can pull your face up and make you watch as the first man unloads in her ass.

"Oh, yeah, that's it," she says. "Look at the time stamp! Less than two hours ago." She laughs. "This stuff is nice and *fresh*. Wait till you see the *final* time stamp on the very last cumshot. Then you'll know it's *really* fresh."

Her fingers are ice cold as she forces your mouth open and shoves you back down onto the silver plate. You gag, but manage to start licking, lapping up the cum. There certainly is a lot of it.

She rubs her fingers over your lips. The slimy texture and musky taste is overwhelming. Your nostrils are full of her cunt, her ass, her pay-for-play lovers' cum.

"You're not getting it all," she says. "Bad slave!" She runs her fingers over the plate and works them into your mouth, leaving drippings on your lips. She smears these in, like lipstick. She laughs.

You choke again as you swallow more cum.

"You need something to wash that down with?" she sneers.

"Yes, Mistress," you say miserably, knowing there can always only be one answer to that question from her.

She rolls you onto your back. She crouches over you, and you think she's going to ride your face again...which you know would be unsanitary; her glorious cunt -- the cunt you'll never have -- could get an infection if she lets you eat her cunt now. But she doesn't. Instead, she places her cunt just

above you, spreads her lips with her fingers, and relaxes her bladder. The hot trickle shoots into your mouth. Quickly, it becomes a stream. She shoots it deeper into your mouth. She strokes your throat like she's pilling a cat. You swallow. You gulp. You gulp more. She brings

She pulls you back up to your knees. Piss and cum dribble down your chin.

"You shouldn't eat lying down," she says. "It's bad for the digestion." She rubs her fingers all over the slimy plate, which still has some cum on it. She pushes her fingers into your mouth. You lick them clean. Then she shoves you forward and drags you down by the hair. Eating it from the plate directly is more humiliating than eating it from her cunt, or even than eating it from her ass would be. It's far worse than just licking it off her fingers. Having to taste the musky, ass-flavored cum mingled with the sharp salty taste of her piss is the worst of all...but you do it. You kneel, knees spread wide for balance. As you eat up the rest of the cum and lick the plate clean, she kneads your swollen balls gently.

"Eat slowly," she orders you. "Make sure you enjoy your food."

Soon, the plate is licked clean. She rolls you over onto your back again, and gives you another drink -- a hot stream of piss in your open mouth. Much of it runs over your face...but that's why Mistress's loft has a concrete floor, right?

You swallow. The taste of cunt, cum and piss is all over you.

Your nuts still ache and your eyes are dim when she pulls you back up to your knees.

Then she turns around and parts the white cheeks of her ass.

"I guess you've earned a little taste," she says. "Besides, I'm out of toilet paper, so I'll have to use the cheap stuff. Isn't that what you want, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," you say pathetically.

You lower your face to her crack. Your tongue slips into her. You lick deeply, cleaning her off. The taste of cum and ass are stronger here. You suck the last drops of cum out of her smooth, wide-opened asshole. You can see the screen from the corner of your eye. Men are lining up to fill Mistress's holes up with cum. She's on the bed, bent over doggy-style, as they alternate filling pussy and ass. Then the camera zooms in to show her twin holes filled with cream.

You hear the raw sound of Mistress's voice from the TV speakers: "Guess I'll have to make my boyfriend lick me clean when he gets here!" The time stamp at the moment she says that is 11:05...less than a half an hour before you knocked on her door.

She lets you rim her deep for a while you watch the video footage. You taste still more cum. Her asshole is slimy deep inside. There's also the sharp, sickly-sweet taste of lube...lots of lube. The smell of her piss is all over you as you eat out her ass. She moans softly in pleasure and giggles a little bit when it tickles.

Then, your heart pounds as you hear her phone ringing.

She leans over, reaches out and grabs it. "Did I tell you to stop?" she hisses? You keep licking as she reads the text. Then she laughs.

"One of my booty calls," she says. "I think I might be done with you, slave. Unless you want to stay, of course." She laughs. "It wouldn't

You gulp. You can't believe what you say next...but you haven't had your "release" yet. You're hungry for sex, still...driven mad with lust by the intense humiliation.

So you say, "If it please you, Mistress...I'll stay."

She laughs. "To watch, or to show me how much you love me?"

Your heart quickens. You know what she means. "Show me how much you love me" means something you've always dreaded doing. But you've always known the day would come.

"If it please you, Mistress...please let me show you how much I love you."

Her eyes widen. You can tell you've pleased her.

"That sounds like sex," she tells you with a sneer. "What if I make you pay for another full session?"

You nod. "Of--of course, Mistress. Whatever you desire."

"Another sex session, slave. Not this discount rate I give you for abuse. I mean \$300, same as my daytime clients pay. Only they pay to fuck my pussy." She laughs. "If you stick around, you'll be the one getting fucked. Is that what you want, slave?"

You feel like you're in a trance. You can't believe you're doing it, but you nod. You know there's only one answer to that question from your Mistress.

You say, "Yes, Mistress."

"Well...that can be arranged," she says.

Your glassy eyes follow Mistress as she walks over and sits in her throne.

She snaps her fingers at you, and points across the apartment.

"You know where the shower is. Get your filthy whore body cleaned up and come back here for further abuse, slave. There's a new toothbrush on the counter. Make sure you use lots of mouthwash. The last thing I want is your cum-eating, ass-eating mouth anywhere near my cunt...or my boyfriend's cock. Hell," she adds with a laugh. "I think this guy might be bi. He may even want to kiss you!"

You tremble.

"Would you like that, you little slut?"

As with everything from Mistress's lips, there's only one answer.

"Yes, Mistress," you say.

"Then get your filthy whore mouth cleaned up, cumslave."

You know better than to stand up. You crawl.

"Oh, and...slave?"

"Yes, Mistress?"

"I put out some fresh mascara and lipstick for you." She laughs. "There are fresh stockings in the top drawer. And when you put that bra back on, don't forget your titties."

"Of course, Mistress. Thank you."

When you glance back at her from the door of the bathroom, you see that she's restarted the raw footage of her gangbang. She's watching it. Her legs are spread. In her hand, she holds the dildo you were sucking earlier. She puts it up to her snatch and shoves it in. With one hand she works it in and out of her cunt while she watches the footage. With her other hand, she rubs her clit frenetically. She moans.

You crawl to the shower. It's going to be a very long night.

Girls' Night Out by Giselle Parker

You've been lying to me. When I asked you whether you had gone in my underwear drawer, you said you hadn't. You told me you had no idea why some of my sweet nothings might have been in the wrong place, folded incorrectly. You even told me you didn't know why my panties might have smelled funny. You think you fooled me, but I saw your face reddening, noticed the sense of indignation in your voice when I suggested that maybe you were just looking around in there, out of curiosity. You told me you didn't know what I was talking about.

That was your second mistake, lying to me. Your first was assuming I didn't know what to do with a boyfriend who likes to wear my lingerie. I know exactly what to do with you, and you're about to find that out.

Of course, I lied to you, too. I smiled sweetly and told you of course you hadn't been in my underwear drawer. I must have been mistaken; I was in such a rush that morning to pick out my clothes for work that I didn't notice I was putting things in the wrong order. Silly me!

But you believed me, even if I didn't believe you. You didn't think anything was unusual when I pushed you down on the bed and pulled your pants open, caressed your cock, molded my mouth around it and sucked you until you were moaning. You didn't think twice about how wet I was when I climbed on top of you and pushed your cock into my pussy; I was dripping, gushing, and I came almost the second your cock was inside me. You didn't think anything of it -- of course, I was just turned on because you're so devilishly sexy.

But you were wrong. I was so turned on because I was thinking about what I'm going to do to you, now -- tonight.

I lied to you again. Earlier, I told you I was going out with some girlfriends, that we'd be going dancing in clubs. That wasn't a lie; we went to a strip club and got in the mood for what we're going to do to you later. Strippers always love it when other women come in, especially when

they're all tarted-up like me and my friends, wearing tight sexy clubwear and hip fetish outfits. From the moment we entered the strip club, the sexy young women were all over us; guys couldn't get a lap dance to save their lives. Feeling their pussies rubbing against our thighs, wet through their G-strings, made my friends and I horny for what we had in store for you. The strippers got us good and wet so we'd have more energy to do what we'd planned.

You told me you were going to stay at home and work on our taxes. That wasn't a lie; I saw you working on the taxes as I left, and I'm sure you worked hard for a good five minutes, until you were sure I was gone.

The lie I told you tonight was a simple one: I said we'd be out late.

#

I selected this group of four friends carefully; I know they're all women who can appreciate the pleasure of putting a man in his place. You know them all; two of them, Julia and CJ, work in your office with you. They're your supervisees; you spend your days telling them what to do. That's about to end. Pandora lives next door to us with her husband Dan; I know from experience that Dan's already found out what you're about to discover, that a man's place is on his knees. Tracie, the last woman in our group, is your ex-girlfriend. You were a little dismayed when you discovered she and I forming a friendship -- as you should have been. Tonight, you're going to find out how dangerous it is to let your women talk.

#

We're very quiet as we sneak in the sliding glass door; you've got the music on loud, dance-electronica like you might hear at a rave or a hip dance club. You've left the door to the bedroom open. You're standing in front of the big mirror at the foot of the bed, the one you like to watch yourself in when you're fucking me. Except now you're not fucking me. You're standing there, swaying in time with the music, a bottle of cognac on

the end table. Good: I like the idea of having you drunk for what's about to happen. Drunk and helpless.

You don't notice me standing there at first. I just watch you as you watch yourself, dancing with the music. You're only a little bigger than me; that's why you can squeeze in to my white lace G-string and you can fit my white garter belt around your waist. The garters descend to the white lace tops of my favorite fishnet stockings. Your feet are bigger than mine, though, which is probably why your feet look a little uncomfortable crammed into my white six-inch heels. You're also wearing my favorite wig, the black bob I put on when I'm going clubbing. Your face is painted thick with my makeup, your lips cocksucker red, the pancake on thick to hide your five-o'clock shadow. You're wearing my white push-up bra, the D-cups stuffed with extra pairs of my panties. Your cock hangs out of the G-string, hard and drooling.

CJ kills the music like I told her to. You look away from the mirror, eyes wide, terror overcoming your whore's painted face.

I cross my arms in front of my D-cup breasts.

"What have we here?" I snap.

You begin to make up some lame excuse, but then you see my friends crowding in behind me, laughing as they see how ridiculous you look dressed up like a little teenage tart. Who is the most humiliating for you? Who are you most embarrassed to see you degrading yourself, dressing up like a cheap street hooker on the prowl for a \$20 date? Is it Tracie, who caught you once before? Or is it CJ and Julia, because usually you're the one in the position of power, patting their butts and feeling them up as they bend over near your desk? Or is it Pandora, because she lives next door and you have to see her every morning as you back the car out of the garage?

Or is it me, because I'm your wife and you know, now, that there's no more hiding it?

"Don't bother making up excuses," I growl at you. "Just admit it. You've been wearing my clothes since before we got married, haven't you?"

Your face is beet red. You turn and start to move toward the bathroom, which is when Julia and Pandora dash into the room and grab you, holding you, turning you toward the rest of us so we can see you in your pretty lace panties.

"Admit it," I tell you.

Looking down, too humiliated to speak, you nod. I see tears glistening on your cheeks. Sobbing just like a teenage whore.

"Do you know what happens to boys who wear girls' clothing without permission? Tracie already did it to you once. Didn't she?"

Still sobbing, you nod. Maybe you've noticed that behind me, CJ's got our camcorder out, ready to videotape everything we do to you so I can remind you of what's waiting if you're not an obedient husband, so that she and Julia can remind you of what the board of directors will see if you don't give them their promotion. Not that it matters -- I already discovered the cache of videotapes you hid under the floor of the garage. No wonder you were so insistent on buying a high-end camcorder instead of a car stereo.

Julia and Pandora drag you toward the bed. Your ass looks so good in my little white thong, the crotch cradling your balls and your distended cock. Julia is wearing a tiny little spandex skirt and a halter top; Pandora's got a pair of tight leather pants on, and maybe you've noticed the bulge in them. The strippers in the club loved it; they whispered to her how much they love it when their girlfriends fuck them with their strap-ons. You're about to find out how good it feels.

Julia's not wearing panties; when she hikes up her spandex miniskirt, her bare, shaved pussy is ready for you to service. She drags you onto the bed as Pandora bends you over the edge. Julia tangles her hand in your hair and shoves your face between her spread thighs. You begin to work your tongue, servicing Julia as Pandora unzips her leather pants and takes out her

big, flesh-colored rubber cock. CJ comes around the side of the bed, running the camcorder from Pandora's cock to Julia's pussy like she can't decide which is hotter. Pandora produces a tiny packet of lube from her pocket and drizzles it on the head of her cock before pulling the thong out of the way and guiding her cockhead between your spread, hairy cheeks.

You yowl as Pandora pushes her cock into you; I know for a fact you've taken it this way before, years ago when Tracie caught you in her lingerie. But it's obviously been a long time, and Pandora's cock is much bigger than you're expecting. Your whole body shudders as she pushes the strap-on dildo deep into your ass, shoving you hard against Julia so she can grind your face mercilessly against her shaved pussy. I can tell from the look on her face that you're doing a good job; you eat great pussy when you do it, which isn't nearly often enough. That's just one of many things that's going to change -- you'll be eating my pussy every night from now on.

Pandora keeps reaming your ass good, her body pumping furiously as you open up for it against your will. Julia grabs your hair and wrenches your head up so that CJ can bend down and get a close-up of the humiliation on your face, careful to focus on the way your mouth and chin glisten with the juice of Julia's sopping-wet pussy. Then Julia shoves your face back between her thighs, where it belongs, as Tracie helps me strip off my tight little cocktail dress and buckle in to my own harness.

Julia comes with a shudder, moaning and gripping your head to make sure you don't back off at the last minute. When she's done coming, she and CJ kiss, hungrily, their tongues intertwining as you continue your oral service until Julia's good and ready for you to stop. Then, she pulls your head away and gets up off the bed, handing you over to Tracie.

Tracie's wearing a little cocktail dress like mine, and she doesn't have to pull it up very far to expose her bare pussy. But she takes her time, bending over and pushing your head back so she can talk to you.

"Remember what I told you when this happened before?" she growls. "If I ever catch you in lingerie again, you'll get the same treatment. You

thought when we broke up that you didn't have to worry about that, didn't you?"

You nod, your face still dripping with Julia's pussy juice.

"You were wrong," says Tracie, and crawls under you, spreading her legs wide and shoving your head down, forcing your mouth onto her pussy.

Your tongue starts working as Pandora fucks you harder, the base of the dildo rubbing her clit so she can take her pleasure with your pussy. She fucks you faster and faster as you go right to Tracie's clit, knowing from many years of experience exactly what you need to do to make your ex-girlfriend come. Soon Tracie is moaning as Pandora plows your ass viciously, working toward her own orgasm. But you're a talented pussy-licker, so by the time Pandora throws back her head and lets out a moan of orgasm, Tracie's coming, too. They both come for long minutes as they hold you down and use your body; when they both collapse, panting from their pleasure, you know what's coming next.

CJ gets a good shot of your face as the terror registers on it. Tracie gets off the bed and Pandora pulls her huge cock out of your ass, glistening with your lube. You look over at me and see me there, ready to teach you what you'll be doing every night for the rest of your life, or until I get tired of you. I've taken off all my clothes and I stand there wearing nothing but my high heeled boots and the leather harness that holds the biggest dildo you have ever seen, several inches longer and thicker than Pandora's. You look at my D-cup breasts and I know you're wishing you could suck them like I was your mommy. But I have other plans for you.

CJ giggles as she catches you sobbing in fear. A surge goes through my pussy as I realize that terror has really begun to set in. What am I going to do to you? I think you know, and that's what has you so frightened.

I climb onto the bed, pulling your face close so you can get a good look at my flesh-colored rubber cock. Your tear-shiny eyes look up at me, wide.

"Suck it, bitch," I tell you. "Show me what a little cross-dressing whore does when a big cock's in her face."

You do it so good, I think maybe you've sucked real cock before. You take the thick head of my cock in your mouth, having to stretch your lips around it, it's so wide across. I've got your hair so you know you'll be expected to swallow it all, or I'll hold you down until you do. You begin to suck my cock.

When I wrestle it against the back of your throat, you gag. I have to try three more times before you take a deep breath and let me push the shaft of my cock down your throat. CJ, Pandora and Julia utter a cheer and say "Show 'im, girl!" Tracie's too distracted playing with your balls, crouching behind you so she can watch as she swats them with her hand. Every time she does, your body jerks and you try to gasp, but your throat is filled with my cock. When I let you come up for air, you're gasping. That's when Tracie balls up your fist and gives it to you once, hard, in the balls. You stifle a sob, and I laugh.

"What do you want?" I ask you.

"I...I don't know. Please let me go!"

"I don't think that's it. You know what you want. Now tell me."

CJ's close with the camcorder, recording the color of your face as it goes deep, deep red, taping your humiliation so I can enjoy it later.

"Your cock," you say.

"Ask me for it."

"Please give me your cock."

"Where?"

"Up...up my ass."

"Think you can take it, little bitch?"

You know better than to say you can't. You nod, your face wet with tears, with your spit, and with the juice of Julia's and Tracie's pussies.

I come around behind you as CJ settles down on the bed, pushing your face between her spread thighs and videotaping you as you eat her pussy. Tracie takes over the camera so she can get a good close-up of your ass as I violate it. Your hole is already wide open and slick with lube from Pandora's bugging, but my cock's much bigger so it's still going to hurt. I fit the head into your asshole and push. You groan into CJ's pussy as the head pops in.

I push hard, violating you in one stroke. You have to struggle to take it all, but I offer plenty of help, holding your hips firmly as I shove my cock deep into you. Your body spasms with each stroke deep into your back door; soon you're panting and whimpering into CJ's shaved pussy. She growls at you to keep eating, and you follow her instructions, burying your tongue deep between her folds. She's going to come soon, and so am I. My harness holds a second dildo, thrust deep into my pussy, and the ridge of the one in your ass rubs against my clit as I fuck you. I pound your ass faster and faster as CJ grips your hair, warning you against slowing down now. When she comes, she looks at me, her mouth wide open in a smile, and my orgasm follows moments later. Tracie focuses the camcorder on your face as CJ pulls it out from between her thighs, showing everyone how juicy her pussy was.

I pull my cock out of your ass and present it to you for cleaning. When you've licked the strap-on dildo clean, you look up at me in terror, not knowing what's coming next.

Tracie hands me the camcorder. I take out the cassette and hand it to Julia. "If my husband acts up at work, be sure to show this to the board of directors," I tell her. "I'm sure they'll find it very interesting."

"I'm sure they will," says Julia.

I smile down at your tearstained face.

"Especially since he'll be wearing panties to work," I say. "Panties and a garter belt under that suit, every single day. You'll take him shopping tomorrow, won't you, girls?"

"Definitely," says CJ, giggling.

"Buy him some really sexy outfits. Oh, and Pandora, bring Dan over -- I'm sure he'd like to see my husband getting the same treatment he does."

"Yeah," says Pandora. "I'm sure he would."

"From now on," I tell you, "I'm in charge. Me and my friends are going to do whatever we want to you, and you're not going to complain one little bit. You know what happens if you do?"

You nod, miserably, the humiliation evident on your face.

I sigh and smile, my pussy throbbing with anticipation of the many long nights ahead.

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 on 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!

My Date with Two Dommies by Shauna Cross

When Daphne and Yolanda make me their whore, Yolanda insists that I dress for the part.

That's why we have to do it at a motel, rather than on our bed. I know if we just get busy one Saturday and I let her do it, I won't be worked up the way I need to be to really let her take my ass. I want to be a girl, and I want Yolanda to be the sleaziest, nastiest biker son of a bitch who ever bent a poor little slut over and did her hard.

I want to be the kind of girl who *wants* that kind of guy -- even though she's a virgin. And tonight, I am very much a virgin.

Yolanda helped me a lot, but I had to do it on my own. She's got her own part to play, so she's already scouted out a sleazy motel. I don't know where it is or what it's going to be like. All I know is that she'll be there; she'll text me at ten o'clock with the location. I'll drive there, probably with my heart pounding, driving exactly the speed limit and praying I don't have a busted taillight.

Because I'll be dressed like a girl -- and not just a girl. I'll be dressed like the girl of my dreams...a horny little slut, going to some sleazebag motel to get it on with an older, nasty man.

I start with a long, relaxing shower. I already shaved my legs a few days ago -- but I do a little touch-up. Then I shave my balls. Yolanda insisted on this, because she knows what my fantasies are like. She sees what I download from the internet; she knows what stories and comics and scenes turn me on. "A horny little whore always has her pussy shaved," she told me. "I want yours shaved, too."

So I shave them, my hand exceedingly steady more out of fear that I'll cut myself than out of confidence. I still can't believe I'm doing this. I can't believe I've got a girlfriend who will do this.

When my balls are nice and smooth, I do my chest. I don't have a whole lot of hair there to begin with, and of course I'll be wearing a bra. But again, Yolanda insisted. She wants me shaved all over.

I get out of the shower. I take a few minutes to relax. I enjoy a glass of wine, knowing I can only have one. I'll be driving, after all.

Then I start getting dressed.

The stockings go first, maybe because they get me turned on the most. Then I put on a black lace garter belt to match the black stockings with the seams up the back. My black lace panties go on over the garters, so my "client" can pull them down if he wants to. They're tight, and a little fuller than what I would consider sexiest -- because I'm going to have to have room in them to tuck my cock away. But I don't bother to tuck just yet. Instead, I step into the black high heels that Yolanda helped me pick out. I put them on this early in the game because it turns me on to walk around on them -- even though I totter and sway, and even though they make me so tall that I would never pass as genetically female. But there's something so hot about walking around on such a high set of heels, and I *love* the way they make my freshly-shaved legs look, especially in these seamed stockings.

I know it's going to be hot to wear breast forms this time of year, but I don't care. I spend some time with spirit gum and the forms that Yolanda and I bought at the drag queen store in the Mission. They're surprisingly convincing; I'm glad we went for the more expensive model. I'm also glad we went for the D-cups; my shoulders are too broad for any size smaller to give me anything like a feminine shape.

With the black lace bra on, I look remarkably feminine from the waist down. My cock gives a little tingle, but I don't let it stiffen. The black lace bra is mostly mesh in the front -- it really shows off my tits, complete with their sculpted nipples. Topless, from the waist down, I think I could almost pass at a distance.

If my damned cock doesn't get hard.

I stuff it back into place -- not a serious tuck job, just yet...just aiming it down so it won't be as likely to get troublesome if I start to get partially hard while I do my makeup.

This is my favorite part.

I take a good long hour doing my makeup, feeling more and more turned on as I gradually transform myself. I use foundation, because even with as carefully as I shaved I've still got a tiny whisper of a shadow. The heavy foundation takes care of that, even if it makes me look like a whorish, painted slut. But that's sort of a good thing. I layer on eye shadow -- bright blue. I put on lots of eyeliner and mascara. I put blush on, till it looks like I'm a blow-up doll. I feel like the make-up is necessary to make me look female enough to convince myself. And I'm more than satisfied with the result; I still don't know if I could pass, but once I'm on my knees in that sleazy motel room, it won't matter. It's all about creating the illusion for me...and for Yolanda.

I leave the lipstick for last, because that makes me hardest. My cock actually stiffens in my panties as I slather and blot and reapply and fix up my lips until they look like a swollen, pouty invitation for cock.

I put on my wig and take a while to get it situated. It isn't easy...but I finally get it teased into that freshly-fucked and freshly-fuckable look. I know I won't look like the girls Yolanda has been with -- the skinny, nasty dykes she used to date before she and I met. But I hope that I'll at least look fuckable for her. I know she'll fuck me no matter how I look -- she does that sort of thing; she's my girlfriend. But it'll be so much hotter for me if I see the lust in her eyes...and can feel the lust in mine.

I get my cell phone and take a few snaps, standing in the bright light of the bathroom and throwing a My Space Face at the phone. I blink into the flash and end up with four or five picks that I would want to fuck if I saw them online.

I text them to Yolanda with a message: "cheap - \$50 - white meat."

No answer, at least not right away. I put down the phone and go back to the bedroom. I struggle into my dress, a little black one to match my little black lingerie. I have to contort my body get it zipped in back.

But I finally get it on, and adjusted.

Only *then* do I tuck -- tight and firm. It isn't easy, but it's worth it.

Then I look in the mirror.

The dress is revealing, but its high waist and flaring hips seems to accentuate the hips that aren't there. Depending on how I stand, I look like I *might* have hips. And let me tell you, it doesn't matter how I stand; from any angle, I look like I *definitely* have tits.

Yeah, I look fuckable enough. More than fuckable enough. Half of me wants to drop by some singles' bar and see if I can show up at whatever sleazy motel Yolanda picked out with some hot half-drunk pickup in tow.

Knowing Yolanda, I can't even *imagine* how unbelievably hot she would get seeing me drop to my knees and suck dick. *Especially* if it was my idea. I'm pretty sure she'd get over the idea of not being my "first" in order to see me do it to a real dick. Yolanda's something of a fag hag, you see.

But that would be wrong, right? I mean, if I'm going to involve a third party, I should check it with her first....right?

Then again, Yolanda would forgive just about any transgression for the price of seeing my lips wrapped around a cock. And the idea is getting me pretty hot.

It always disturbs me a little how un-straight I feel once I pour myself into a little fuck-me dress and some high heeled shoes, and paint a cocksucker's mouth on my face. But that's what Yolanda is for, right? She'll do me right. I'm damned sure of that. However I need to be done, she's definitely up for it.

My cell phone buzzes. I open the text.

It's Yolanda, of course. "I'd fuck that." Then she gives me the address of a motel. The Cloud Palace, out by the airport. And a room number.

Good.

I snap one last pic in the light of the bathroom -- or, more accurately, I snap ten pics and settle on the one where I look hottest. I send it to Yolanda with a text: "We'll send Shauna out right away, Sir."

No response.

I get my purse and make sure there are condoms and lube in it.

There's something that's always been so hot to me about bringing condoms on a date.

I go downstairs, nervously looking around to see if any of my neighbors spot me. Not that I'd care, in our neighborhood...but for some reason, it feels more real if they don't clock me.

My car is parked a block away. Walking to it, I see a guy who lives upstairs -- I've never known his name. He's older and single. He gives me a double take, up and down, and when we pass and I glance over my shoulder, he's *staring* over his. The expression on his face says it all. He's not looking to see if that hot chick is his neighbor; he's getting a better look at my ass.

I passed, and he wants me. It feels good.

I get in the car and drive.

#

The Cloud Palace is one seriously sleazy motel. Yolanda and I have driven by it and we always make fun of it. The sign itself must be sixty years old. From the pictures online, the décor is, too. And it's not the kind of place where any "respectable" people would spend the night, whether they were stranded overnight due to a cancelled flight or just needed a place to crash. On the contrary, people went to places like the Cloud Palace to fuck whores, score drugs and swill liquor.

It's perfect. I don't need to check in, of course. I just park the car, and put the Boot across the steering wheel like some paranoid suburbanite out for a walk on the wild side -- which I am. I check my phone for the room number she gave me -- 235. I have to go upstairs. My high heels make clicking sounds as I walk across the parking lot. In the distance, some guys are drinking malt liquor. They make catcalls and shout at me. "Hey!" they call me. I click-clack for the stairs as fast as I can, acutely feeling the swing of my hips in these high heels. Someone on the bottom floor looks out the windows. It's an older man; he gives me a double-take, too.

I make it up the stairs without further incident. Only then does my pounding heart give a flutter of pleasure from the catcalls of the strangers across the parking lot.

I knock three times on Room 235.

#

Even though Yolanda and I discussed and negotiated all this extensively, I don't know what to expect when I open the door. Will she be fully dressed? Half undressed? Will she be ready to fuck, or will she want to romance me, first -- get me drunk, maybe abuse me a little? Make me beg for the money?

All those things rush through my brain as the door swings open.

Then conscious thought is obliterated -- because my kinky girlfriend has succeeded in totally flabbergasting me.

There's someone else in the room with her.

#

Don't get me wrong -- it's weird to begin with. My girlfriend's black hair is ratted out so it looks like some sleazy biker guy's. When she's dressed like a guy before, she's had a big fat dark caterpillar of a mustache sitting on her upper lip, along with what looks to be an eleven o'clock shadow -- eleven o'clock on the third day, that is. I told her that part was "optional" this time. To my relief, she's all woman. The cigar she's chewing on is no more manly than the ones I've seen her smoke at parties. She's got a fondness for Cubans. Despite it, she looks remarkably feminine. She hasn't even strapped down her tits. They fill out her white undershirt nicely, the nipples showing through.

But the jockey shorts she's wearing are another matter entirely. There, she's all man. Her cock, silicone-stiff, tents the white cotton, as if she's already got an obscene hard-on.

That thing looks damned *big*, big enough to give me pause. She and the room smell like liquor and cigars. Perched on these heels, I'm still a lot taller than her, but her confidence spills out and makes me feel intimidated.

Some might even say...*submissive*.

As for the other person in the room, well...that panics me a little bit. But all I can see of him is a huge pair of boots, crossed at the foot of the bed. I can also hear the grotesque sounds of hotel-room porn playing...female moans, slapping sounds and bad, bad '80s music.

What the fuck? I've gone this far.

I've already rehearsed my opening lines -- so I just let them spill out naturally, despite being more scared than ever.

"Hi, I'm Shauna from the agency....you called for some company?"

Yolanda looks me up and down, sneers at me.

"Yeah," she says. "You'll do. I'm Joe. Get in here. Hope you don't mind, a friend dropped by. I figured he can watch." Yolanda jerks her thumb behind her and steps aside.

"Um," I said, craning my head to look past her. I can't really get a good look at the person.

Yolanda grabs my arm and drags me in, slamming the door behind me.

I don't play reluctant any longer. I figure, in for a penny, in for a pound.

There on the bed is a blonde woman, also wearing men's underwear and with filled-out jockeys. It takes me a minute to recognize her; it's our friend Daphne, and the look on her face tells me she could eat me up with a spoon.

"What have we here?" she grins. "I thought you said you were only hiring one whore. This looks like enough woman for two."

Both Yolanda and Deirdre have remarkably feminine faces -- but their energy is about as male as I've ever seen. Way more male for me to handle without positively *melting* under my previous fantasy of picking up a guy to bring along. Yolanda -- Joe -- seems to have done it for me.

And with that cigar in her mouth, she really does look like a Joe.

"Yum," I say, looking Daphne up and down. "Who's this?"

Yolanda's is already up behind me, putting her hands all over my ass. "You can call him Daddy," she says. "I told him he could watch, but if you're up for earning another fifty bucks..."

I laugh lightly and push Joe's hand away from my ass. "Money up front?"

Yolanda's hand comes around. A \$100 bill appears in front of me. I take it and stuff it in my bra...

....and Yolanda's hands, both of them, return to my ass. Her lips find the back of my neck and she starts kissing me wetly. A shiver goes through me. Yolanda gropes and feels me up as Daphne gets off the bed and comes toward me. With her big boots, Yolanda kicks my feet apart and tips me forward, and Daphne is there to catch me. I'm a lot bigger than either of these women, but Daphne is a tightly-built, muscled little dyke, with short hair and plenty of tattoos. She grabs me and kisses me. Her mouth tastes like cigars and liquor. Her tongue works deep into my mouth and she holds me up as Yolanda feels me up.

"This is a piece of ass I could fuck all night," Yolanda says. Daphne kisses me deeply as she feels up my tits. Behind me, Yolanda is reaching up my dress and fingering my panties, caressing my tucked cock and balls. It almost feels and looks like a camel toe -- until my dick starts to stiffen under her caress, and I feel her pushing me forward, onto the bed.

Daphne spills back under me and drags me onto her, pushing my face down into her crotch.

Yolanda gets on the bed behind me. "You take it bareback?" she grunts.

I think fast -- because I know how she thinks.

"Sorry," I say. "I'm not on the pill."

Yolanda laughs, reaching up my skirt to pull down my panties.

She says, "I promise I'll pull out. Of course, if you'd rather be safe, there's always someplace else I can put it--"

I let out a squeal as Yolanda bends down and puts her mouth between my freshly shaved cheeks. Her tongue works insistently into me, and I squirm as Daphne aims my face at her cock.

Yolanda rims me deeply and pulls my panties all the way down to my spread knees. My cock has come out to play, stiffening fully and sticking up toward my lower belly -- but, remarkably, I feel no less feminine. Yolanda's tongue works deep into my asshole while she spits on her hand and starts caressing my balls. "Such a sweet little pussy," she purrs during a break between her deep licks into my asshole.

She's rimmed me before -- but never like this. She's also put her finger in there -- but never her cock. She's got enough of them, but the most she's ever done is make me suck them. It was a turn-on then, but it's ten times more so when Daphne growls, "Come on, Shauna. Get that mouth working."

I leave a big red kiss on the front of her jockey shorts. I look up at "Daddy" shyly and then pull her shorts down over her strap-on.

I plant my lipstick-covered mouth on her cockhead. Then I take her into my mouth.

Yolanda had lube ready, apparently; when her fingers start to work into my asshole, they're slippery with gel. She puts in one of them at first, going nice and slow while I start sucking Daphne's cock in earnest. It was a turn-on the few times Yolanda made me do this at home, but it's ten times more so now that I've got the smell of cigars and pussy and cologne and filthy motel room all around, all over me, and Yolanda's tongue and fingers in my asshole. I've never felt so submissive. Yolanda leaves my panties stretched between my knees -- because she knows I think it's hot to look down and see them.

She works a second finger into my asshole, caressing my balls and occasionally letting her hand reach up to stroke my cock. I'm very turned on, and she could jerk me off if she wanted. But there's no way Yolanda will let me cum until I've earned it -- by taking her cock in my ass, the way I promised.

Meanwhile, I'm really going to town on Daphne's cock....to my surprise. It's really getting me hot to bob up and down on her huge dick. It isn't until I

hear the faint buzzing from below that I realize that she's got a set of wires coming out of her jockeys, out of the harness underneath. The control box is clipped to the harness's belt at the back of her hip -- sort of like where a cop would carry a concealed pistol.

She's just turned up the dial, and she utters a remarkably girlish squeal as the vibrations surge through her clit.

I feel the throb of the vibrator through my teeth -- and, gradually, through the back of my throat as I work Daphne's cock into it. This, I've never even done with Yolanda -- I've only ever deep-throated dildos by myself, using one with a very wide flange. It was a remarkably easy way to learn...and, at least while I was cross-dressed, it was a huge fucking turn-on.

It's a bigger turn-on now, because I hear Daphne letting out masculine grunts and moans of pleasure, saying, "Oh, yeah, baby, suck that dick," calling me Shauna and telling 'em what a pretty little cocksucker I am. I think I'm blushing under the makeup. My dick is definitely hard all the way; just the gentle grazing touches that Yolanda gives it are making me crazy. And every time my head bobs down, Daphne's moans rise louder.

I know what's happening; Yolanda's described this phenomenon to me. Positioned just right, the base of a properly-fitted harness can sometimes hit the clitoris. Add a vibrator, if you're into that, and a girl can cum for real. What's even better, she told me, the motions of a cocksucker's mouth and lips and throat and tongue work the base against the clit and actually make a difference -- not exactly like giving a real blowjob, but damned close, if you do it right.

Well, apparently, I was doing it right. Daphne was moaning like crazy.

She pulls me off of her, almost dislodging my wig. She turns off the vibe and holds me back; she wants to be present for the ritual violation of my asshole.

I'm on the cheap sleazy bed, now, the feel of the plastic-y bedspread rubbing my knees through my black stockings. I'm stretched between them Yolanda and Daphne, with Daphne's cock up against my face, smearing spit

everywhere. I feel Yolanda slicking up my asshole and her cock with lube. Then I feel her dickhead up against my entrance, and I feel her working it in.

It takes a long time, and she doesn't rush me. She has to really work me open; after all, I'm a virgin. I don't tell them that, of course...there's no time, since before long Daphne grabs me and shoves her dick back in my mouth. But in my mind, I'm Shauna, the horny little whore who's never had a boyfriend, but here she is turning her first trick in a sleazy motel, getting fucked in the ass by a stranger while she sucks off another.

My red lips are well down on Daphne's cock when Yolanda's dickhead finally violates me. My entrance stretches wide and a jolt goes through my whole body. Yolanda stops, her cockhead just barely inside me. Daphne stops, too -- stops working her hips and clutching her hand at the back of my head to force my face up and down on her cock.

Neither woman moves for a few moments, while I moan around Daphne's cock. I'm afraid they're going to ask me if I'm okay -- when, in fact, I don't know. The sensation of having my asshole stretched by cock is enough to completely overwhelm me.

But it isn't long before I'm over it; the fear has passed, and it just feels *good*.

That's when I start to push myself backwards. I fuck myself onto Yolanda's dick -- and she begins to meet my thrusts, building gradually.

She works her cock in deeper, stretching me open. Soon she's fucking me in big long strokes, while I chow down on Daphne's slippery cock. It's slippery because I've been drooling on it for thirty minutes now, and she's been holding back her orgasm. I wish she could cum in my mouth -- meaning cum, meaning jizz, meaning I wish she could shoot it down my throat. But in the absence of that, I've got something just as good, and I can tell she's right on the brink.

I look up at her and say it, loudly enough that Yolanda can hear:

"Cum in my mouth, Mister?"

She doesn't even care that I should be calling her "Daddy," per her earlier instructions; in the heat of the moment, "Mister" just seemed hotter and more anonymous. And she likes that. She cranks the dial on her vibrator, and gives out a loud yell as the vibrations mount. Pleasure flashes through her. I know Daphne has to fuck me harder with deeper strokes to really get the pressure against her clit -- just like Yolanda is doing to my ass. Luckily for both of us, it's still very tight, and each stroke provides her plenty of traction.

Daphne grips the back of my head and fucks my face, lifting her hips in aggressive strokes. Yolanda fucks my ass.

They cum about a minute apart. That's what I really wanted from the moment I realized the two of them were both there -- not to have them get me off, but to get *them* off. Preferably while they were fucking me the way I really wanted to be fucked -- like this, pinned between them, spit-roasted by two strangers' cocks.

I can feel the trembling of Yolanda's body as she shoves her cock up in me for the final stroke and leaves it buried deep. She reaches under me and grabs my cock. Her hand is shaking, too. There's lube everywhere -- lube and spit. Yolanda knows just how to get me off. With a long quick series of strokes, she brings me to the edge, and then I look up into Daphne's pretty brown eyes and howl, "I'm cumming! I'm cumming, Daddy!"

She really, really likes that. She grins and rubs her lipstick-covered cock all over my face.

I shoot my load in huge sticky streams on the filthy comforter. Yolanda gives me a few more strokes to propel my orgasm to the stratosphere. When she finally tugs her cock back and eases it out of me, the head stretches me painfully and I yelp. But then it's out, and I feel nothing but open and easy - - utterly spent.

"What do you say we watch a little porno?" asks Daphne while Yolanda hits the bathroom for some towels and tissues?

"Daddy" pulls me up on the bed and plants my painted face between her tits.

"Hell yeah," says Daphne. "That's one fine piece of ass."

Copyright Information

This anthology is copyright © 2013 by the editor. No part of this anthology may be duplicated without the consent of the publisher. All stories are copyrighted to their individual creators.

"Reacharound" first appeared in *Cock Lock*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"What Makes a Slut a Slut" first appeared in *Packing Heat: Femdom Strap-On Stories*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used with permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"Close-Ups" is previously unpublished. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"Monthly Milking" was first published by Deception Press in 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"Midnight Ride" was first published by Deception Press in 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"Girl's Night Out" first appeared in *Sweet Life 2: Erotic Fantasies for Couples*, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2003. Copyright © 2003 by the author. Used with permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"More than Enough" first appeared in *Fisted Sissies*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

"My Date with Two Dommies" first appeared in *Femdom Threesomes*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

More Femdom Stories from Deception Press

Deception Press is a small collective of artists that publishes erotic books about bondage, domination, BDSM, D/s, fetish, sex work, bisexuality, threesomes, alternative lifestyles and more. Check out these hot stories or see all our stories and anthologies by visiting www.deceptionpress.com!

FORCED FEMINIZATION STORIES:

[Fisted Sissy by Meredith Marshall](#)

[Hipster Boy, Hipster Girl, and the sissy by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Glory Hole Sissy by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Heather's Hole by Britney Hansen](#)

[The Next Lesson by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Personally Trained by Antoinette Little](#)

FORCED BI FEMDOM STORIES:

[Glory Hole Dominatrix by Brett Olsen](#)

[Gay Bar Gangbang by Meredith Marshall](#)

[Mistress Mia's New Boyfriend by N.T. Morley](#)

[Just Like Magic by Keri Carver](#)

[Room 2201 by N.T. Morley](#)

FORCED BISEXUAL CUCKOLD STORIES:

[Third Time's a Charm by Heather Stevens](#)

[All the Way by Heather Stevens](#)

[Pierced by Meredith Marshall](#)

[Honeymoons a Specialty by Audrey Bouchard](#)

[Husband and Wife Gangbang by Heather Stevens](#)

CHASTITY & DENIAL STORIES:

[Strokes by Jodi Fowler](#)

[Monthly Milking by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Chastity Mistresses by Brett Olsen](#)

[Cuckold Husband's Sissy Lockdown by Kendra Jarry](#)

[My So-Called Rockstar Boyfriend by Jodi Fowler](#)

[Painful Monthly Handjob by Josie Blackwell](#)

FEMDOM STRAP-ON STORIES:

[Noise Complaint by N.T. Morley](#)

[The Fetish Ball by N.T. Morley](#)

[First Date, With Strap-On by Kelly Shaw](#)

[Old Friends by Dexter Cunningham](#)

[Tahoe Tease by N.T. Morley](#)

[Strap-On Morning by Dexter Cunningham](#)

[Starting Small by Brett Olsen](#)

ANIMAL ROLE PLAY STORIES:

[Pepper by N.T. Morley](#)

[Crystal's New Pet by N.T. Morley](#)

[My Dairy Cow Fantasy by Erica Snow](#)

[Breeder's Choice by N.T. Morley](#)

CHEATING WIFE AND CUCKOLD STORIES:

[The Bride's Free Pass by N.T. Morley](#)

[The Panties, the jackoff, his Wife, and Her Lover by Kenneth Jarry](#)

[Afternoon Date by Amy Dillon](#)

[Pearl Necklace by Jolie Joss](#)

[It's Not Cheating If He's Famous by Heather McKinney](#)

[In-Flight Cuckold by André Schmidt](#)

[Cheating on My Husband by Heather McKinney](#)

[Massage and Release by Heather McKinney](#)

[Her Husband's Boss by Audrey Bouchard](#)

[How I Lost My Wedding Ring by Sherri Sweeney](#)

[Back Door Bride by Heather Stevens](#)

[The Taproom by Amber Hunter](#)

GLORY HOLE STORIES:

[Glory Hole Wife by Audrey Bouchard](#)

[Glory Hole Night by Mackenna Hart](#)

[Glory Hole Birthday by Mindy McCoy](#)

[A Little Domination Between Friends by Zach Addams](#)

FEMDOM FACESITTING STORIES:

[Goddess Worship by Maria Bryant](#)

[Midnight Ride by Kendra Jarry](#)