

**A Forced Femme Story of
Femdom Forced Bisexual
Interracial Submission**



VIRGIN SISY

**Deception
Press**



VIRGIN SISSY

A Forced Femme Story of Femdom Forced Bisexual Interracial Submission

By Josie Blackwell

Series Editor: N.T. Morley

First Edition -- Published 06 23 2014

Published by Deception Press

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

"Virgin Sissy" is Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

This edition is Copyright © 2014 by N.T. Morley.

Virgin Sissy is an explicit 6,600-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female domination, male/sissy submission, forced feminization, male domination, interracial submission, erotic humiliation, forced exhibitionism, on-camera sex, cheating, infidelity and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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

Book Description for Virgin Sissy: A Forced Femme Story of Femdom Forced Bisexual Interracial Submission

A couple of years ago, Amber left her successful career as an independent porn star specializing in Femdom, forced femme and hardcore interracial cuckolding action, she thought she would get herself a "nice guy" boyfriend.

Joe seemed the perfect candidate... until Amber discovered that Joe had tracked down her former career and was secretly beating off to her old videos. It seems Amber's "normal" boyfriend is even more submissive than all of the sissies she used to cuckold and humiliate on-camera!

So Amber is giving her boyfriend just what he wants. She's gotten back into the industry, restarting the successful website she ran with her best friend and co-star, Cheyenne. Together, she and Cheyenne have turned Joe into something quite unlike a "normal" boyfriend... he's now a she, he's now "Josie," and he's now their *slave*.

What's more, every step of Josie's feminization had enriched the bottom line of Amber and Cheyenne's website. Every time Josie gets abused and feminized on camera, the fans eat it up. It's been so successful that Josie's almost totally female now... she's just got one little difference between her and a "real girl."

But that doesn't stop Amber from making her best sissy star take the next logical step -- on-camera, for her loyal fans to see and jerk off to. Amber has decided to give her sissy slave's virginity to the little pervert's favorite porn star, Blake Beckett.

Blake's so hung he makes even industry veterans like Amber squeal like a pig and cum like crazy. What's more, Blake has a hard-earned reputation for being extra-rough with the girls he fucks on camera. That's why the Amber loves him so much. When she spreads her legs for black cock, Amber wants

to get dominated hard. She wants to be fucked so hard she screams and squirts like crazy. Amber knows from extensive experience that Blake's huge dick and hard hands are more than up to the task of satisfying her. Amber thinks he sounds like just the ticket for Josie's first time!

But if Blake's famous cock can make Amber squeal, what will it do to virgin-assed Josie's tight little cherry?

The sissy slave is about to find out... along with all of her loyal fans. Josie's about to lose her virginity with the cameras rolling and the virtual cash registers ringing! Josie's defloration may prove to be their most profitable scene yet...

Virgin Sissy is an explicit 6,600-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female domination, male/sissy submission, forced feminization, male domination, interracial submission, erotic humiliation, forced exhibitionism, on-camera sex, cheating, infidelity and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Virgin Sissy by Josie Blackwell

It's kind of funny, but you know what? I think all those hormones Amber pumped into me made me *different*. I don't just mean physically different, silly; that part's obvious. And I don't just mean they made me all soft and compliant and obedient and all that, the way that Amber's always telling me they did. I mean they actually made me *emotionally* different. I mean, I totally feel like a woman. I'm not like I was in the old days. I can't put my finger on it, but I think maybe now when I, like, you know, when I *get* with a guy, I guess I need something more than just hard cock now. I guess I need *romance*.

So that's why it hurts my feelings that I don't even know it's Blake Beckett who's going to pop my cherry until right before it happens. And I don't get to meet him until just a few minutes before his dick violates my tight sissy ass. Is that totally rude of my girlfriend, or what?

I mean, at least she got me the best in the business, right? Blake is a legend. And it's not like I want to go out on a date with him, or back to his place to get seduced and stuff, you know, to have him tell me I'm pretty and all that.... but at least getting introduced would have been nice. I mean, his dick is going in me, right? He's going to be my first! So... couldn't we have had, like, a drink, first?

But Amber's the director, and she always says I don't need that kind of "handholding." My job's to kneel and take dick in my mouth, she says. My job's to bend over and take it and like it... or if I don't like it, then I at least have to cry real pretty.

So that's why I don't meet Blake until right before he pops my cherry. My girl-cherry, I mean. No, not my *real* girl cherry... I don't know if I'll ever have one of those, I don't think they give you one when they put you through surgery. And anyway, I don't know if Amber's ever going to make me do that. If she does, of course, I'll say "yes." I mean, I don't know if I want it, but what does it matter? I can't go back *now*. I'm too far along.

But anyway, I don't mean he's popping my *cherry* cherry... not, like my pussy-cherry. Just that Blake Beckett is going to be the first man fuck me the way a girl like me can get fucked.

He's going to fuck my ass.

I mean, since I don't have a pussy and stuff, you know, that makes the whole taking dick in my ass thing, like.... sacred. The way it would be if I was a real girl, doesn't it?

And Amber doesn't even bother to introduce me to Blake herself!

I mean, doesn't that seem a little rude of her?

I mean, she and I aren't exactly, you know, like, a *couple* anymore, in the traditional sense. I mean, she's not my girlfriend anymore; she's my Mistress. And I'm not her boyfriend, now; I'm her *slave*, and I'm not even a *boy* anymore. Amber made sure of that. But I guess maybe I did kind of hope that Amber would give me a little attention today, because of how she and I used to be. I guess I thought maybe she would take care of me, kinda, on my "special day."

Nope! Amber's far too busy. I guess I understand that part. She's the director of a major porn video, right? She's got things to do. She's busy working with camera people, set people, lighting people, people I don't even know, and have no idea what they do.

So she fobs the "introductions" off on Cheyenne. I guess that's okay, really; I mean, I like Cheyenne. She's assistant director. She and Amber go way further back than that, though. Amber and Cheyenne are best friends. She and Amber started in the industry together, working in the dame dungeon over in El Cerrito, beating up businessmen for money.

That was before they found out they could make more money by starting their own production company and doing it on camera. They operated the web's only combined Femdom-interracial site, with Amber and Cheyenne

both fucking and sucking black men on camera, while abusing white guys and feminized sissies. It proved an explosive combination. And a profitable one.

So profitable, in fact, that after a few years Amber decided to have a go at a "normal" life by leaving the site and finding a "nice guy" to date, like yours truly. I met her through a personal ad, and I had no idea who she was. Not until I happened to run across an old scene of hers when cruising for porn online, and I learned just how big a slut my girlfriend really was....

When Amber caught me jerking off to her porn scenes, she found out that old habits die hard. That was the start of her journey back into porn... and my journey into submission and feminization.

Even while Amber was out of the industry, Cheyenne and Amber stayed friends. I didn't know it at the time, but they were also casual bed partners. They have been for many years. Yes, Amber cheated on me with Cheyenne... but I wouldn't have minded if I'd known. The first threesome Amber and I ever had was with Cheyenne. Oh, I thought I was in heaven. I thought I'd hit the girlfriend jackpot. Little did I know what Amber had in store for me once I found out about her previous career and she caught me jerking off to her old porn videos! Needless to say, the wedding was off... and there were no more "normal" threesomes with Cheyenne, Amber and me. Amber got back in the biz. And me? Well... thousands of porn-loving jerkoffs are going to see the evidence of what Amber and Cheyenne did to me.

By the time she and Cheyenne started my feminization, Amber had already laid the groundwork, I guess, by topping me a little bit in bed, after it turned out I couldn't top *her* the way she'd craved. I guess that was the whole reason she wanted to be with a guy, rather than going full-on lesbo. And of course, I'd looked at a *lot* of her porn, which was the whole reason Amber was so fucking pissed at me. That's why she really gave it to me hard... and I guess it would have been okay if her customers hadn't loved it so much.

Once Amber got back in the biz, she did it with a vengeance. Cheyenne had kept their site going in Amber's absence, and she was more than happy to welcome her partner back with fanfare. Amber dragged me along with her. She and Cheyenne started fucking on-camera, but they also started topping men together. I was first on their list.

They've both worked *me* over on camera, plenty, at every step of my "process." I started out as a hooded slave. Then my Mistress took away my hood and humiliated me by showing the pain in my face and the tears on my cheeks as she and Cheyenne fucked me and hurt me and all sorts of stuff. Her customers loved it, so I was guaranteed a return ticket. I guess Amber originally planned to just break up with me after she'd had "revenge" on me for my being a snoopy little bastard. But her customers liked me too much. In fact, they flat-out loved me. After Amber started me on the hormones, I guess they liked me even better. I mean, they're all straight, right? They want to see a hot little slut getting hurt and fucked onscreen, a *girl*. Even if she's got a hard little clitty and two big fat swollen blue balls that Mistress can kick when I'm bad. The fans *love* that.

Cheyenne comes and gets me, holding her clipboard like it's a weapon. She's wearing a skintight white T-shirt and skintight black shorts and not a damn thing under either of them, it's pretty obvious. When you've spent your twenties taking your clothes off for money like Cheyenne has, there's no need to be shy. Besides, Cheyenne's a blatant exhibitionist. It's obvious she likes the way the male crew members check her out. They've got extra crew on set for today, because it's going to be a big production, "Sissy Slave Josie's Cherry Popped on Camera!" Some of the new crew members know Cheyenne personally, but others don't. Some are just out of the recent layoffs in the TV industry. If I know Cheyenne, she'll cherry-pick the most naïve men among them and fuck their brains out. She'll really blow their minds.

"Come with me, Amber," Cheyenne says brightly. "It's time for you to meet your co-star."

Cheyenne leads me into Dressing Room 2. I recognize him instantly and get completely star-struck and flustered and red-faced and overwhelmed.

He's Blake fucking Beckett.

Blake Beckett is a huge and hard and gorgeous and black. He's kicking back in his underwear in Dressing Room 2. He's been in the industry forever, and his confidence shows it. He's tall, broad, and handsome, with huge shoulders and a very muscular body. His abs are so ripped I can see them right through his tight white cotton T-shirt. He's so muscular he doesn't just have a six-pack; he's got a *twelve-pack*.

Cheyenne tells me: "Say hello to Blake Beckett, Josie. Blake, this is Josie Blackwell."

"Damn," says Blake, looking me over. "Blackwell. I can see that!"

I giggle and blush, all bashful, even though It's a silly joke. It's the same last name that Amber uses; Blake already knows it. Amber gave it to me because, like, I'm kind of her wife, I mean, even if I'm really her slave. It's more appropriate that I take her last name, right? The customers know me as Amber's property, so of course it's the same last name.

But Blake Beckett never passes up a chance to flirt with a girl he's about to deflower... even when she's a girl like me.

I'm completely star-struck. I mean, this is Blake Beckett! Amber knows he's my favorite! But I had no idea that she'd made arrangements for Blake to be my first! Maybe she does love me after all, huh?

I've jerked off to Blake's scenes a hundred times... I mean, back when Amber allowed me to jerk off, I mean... I guess before she *knew* I was jerking off to interracial porn, right? Let alone porn starring *her*. I mean, Blake is one of the few male stars that Amber would go full-on "bottom" with,, letting him fuck her hard and rough and totally choke her and slap her and pull her hair and fuck her so hard she'd just cum, screaming, on camera. She'd totally squirt when he was in her. They did like eight scenes together, and every last time, Amber had multiples and squirted.

I mean, how can I not feel honored about that, huh? That huge dick violated my girlfriend, and now it's going to violate me! Blake Beckett is going to be my first!

But then I start to feel sick, a little... because Blake Beckett is *huge*. I've seen his massive cock wrecking countless holes in countless porn videos. It made me blow my load zillions of times.

But there's a funny thing about porn stars; sometimes they're smaller in person. I mean, they use all sorts of angles to make dicks look bigger. So when I see Blake's cock through his briefs and notice it's stretching their capacity already, I think, "Oh, that's not too bad. I can probably take that, I guess, with a little work... maybe a lot."

That's because I think he's got to be hard, with how huge he is.

But then I realize that his dick is pointing down. The way it moves when he gets up to shake my hand... holy fuck, that thing is *soft*. He's not even erect yet.

I stare at Blake's cock, gape-mouthed. He's *enormous*. His dick is so huge I can't believe Amber expects him to be able to pop my cherry without breaking me in two!

But this is a whole other thing. Not just because it's a real cock, but because I've never seen Blake's dick in person. If that's how big it is soft, then when it gets hard it's gonna be...

Holy fuck! How is that even possible?

After Blake shakes my hand, he sits down again and puts his big booted feet up on a table. He's wearing big black leather lace-up boots. He looks good in that tight white cotton shirt and white briefs, with those boots on. He looks even hotter in person than he does on screen.

But I can't believe that enormous dick is going to pop my sissy cherry.

I'm not wearing anything but this skimpy little white robe. I'm totally naked under it, and there's not much to the robe. Blake can see most of my slim, feminized sissy body. Especially since my new huge fake knockers make me too big for the robe, and it hangs off of me, with plenty of cleavage showing.

Blake likes that. He seems to like what he sees in general. He seems to think I'm fuckable, which completely makes me want to squeal. I'm so embarrassed; I'm totally having a *fangasm*.

Blake looks me over with a grin on his face, and I just keep blushing. I'm totally naked,

Cheyenne can't resist fucking with me a little. She spansks my ass. I squeal like a girl. I guess because I *am* a girl now.

"You're going to fuck her real hard for us, aren't you, Blake?" Cheyenne asks him.

Blake grins. "It'll be my pleasure, Josie. I'll pop that cherry real good."

"Thank you, Sir," I say, my breath coming short as I stare at his dick.

Cheyenne wiggles her butt at him as she leads me back to the main set.

Everything's ready. The lights are blazing hot, and the cameras are running.

I hear Amber is screaming, "Where's our sissy?"

"Right here," says Cheyenne.

My girlfriend -- well, ex-girlfriend, now my Mistress -- doesn't even say hello to me. She doesn't even look at me. She just glares at Cheyenne, snaps her fingers and points.

Cheyenne follows orders, smiling. She loves it when Amber's a total bitch to her.

"Yes, Ma'am," she says as she pushes me toward the big bed where I'm about to lose my virginity.

I feel the lights, hot and comforting on my naked skin. I climb onto the big King-sized bed and sit with my high-heeled shoes tucked under me.

"And... *Action!*" Amber shouts.

The cameras start rolling.

Amber is going to interview me first, before I get fucked. That's why, when she speaks next, her voice is the patented sex-kitten purr that she uses when she's on camera. She sounds like a different woman. The sound of it makes my little dick twitch.

"We're here with Josie Blackwell," Amber says, emphasizing my name with pleasure. "As my fans will know, Josie was once my boyfriend... but I got over that pretty quickly. I caught her jerking off to my porn, and I guess I was pretty mad." Amber laughed good-naturedly as I shivered, remembering that fateful day. "So I feminized the little cunt, didn't I, Josie?"

I gulp and nod. I say, "Yes, Mistress."

Amber continues: "So it all worked out well for you, fans, didn't it? Many of you have been watching Josie's progress as Cheyenne and I work her over... feminize her... teach her to be a real slut... and now she's reached a very important milestone. I'm going to let her tell you what that milestone is. Why are you here today, Josie?"

My heart pounds. My breath comes short. My chest feels tight... and not just because it's got those massive knockers bulging from it. They still feel new to me... heavy and awkward. But that's not why my chest is tight. It's tight for the same reason I'm dizzy. I'm thinking about that giant tool that

Blake Beckett is going to ram up my ass in a minute. No, no, not up my ass... up my *boy-pussy*. That's what it's called now.

I take a deep breath and regain my composure for the fans. I smile at the camera.

I brush my long, blonde hair out of my face.

I say flirtatiously, "I'm here to get some big black cock."

"And where do you want it, Amber?"

"In my face...in my mouth... down my throat..." Moaning, I push my tits together, trying to be a good little slut for my Mistress. I act just like Amber and Cheyenne have trained me to act. I push my huge tits up hard toward my face, creating a deep valley of cleavage; I look down and let my tongue flicker out to tickle the tip of one nipple.

"And I want big black dick between my tits, too," I moan. "Cumming all over my face..."

"But you want it somewhere else, Josie, don't you? Somewhere you've never had real black dick before?"

I nod. "Yes, Mistress," I say. "I've never had dick in my ass. I mean... in my pussy. My *boy-pussy*." I tip my body to the side, lift one leg, and show my smooth, shaved, clean ass to the camera.

Amber smiled from behind the camera. "Have you ever had dick in your ass, Josie?."

I shake my head. "No, Mistress."

"Why are you starting with black cock, like I did, Josie?"

The real answer is that Amber insisted. It was part of Amber's mythology that she'd made her hardcore boy-on-girl porn debut with a black man, and

fans of her Femdom site expected her to harp on that fact every chance she gets. It always results in greater profits and more positive comments from users.

For my part, I've always loved interracial porn. I guess after Amber started to feminize me, I finally admitted that I'm only really attracted to black men. I mean, I didn't think I was attracted to men at all. But Amber didn't let that be an option. Besides, she had some pretty good reasoning. I mean, I'd jerked off for years watching big black dicks slide into tiny, tight white pussies. How was that not basically gay to begin with? And once Amber gave me a hot pair of tits, and some big, full, collagen-plumped, fuckable dicksucking lips, and a cute little ripe bubble butt and a smooth body with curvy little hips... I could finally admit what I'd probably always wanted.

But the real reason that I was about to get broken in by Blake Beckett is that Amber's customers are exactly the same way. When they see a petite little feminized sissy like me taking dick for the first time... they want the dick to be big and black, and attached to a huge, handsome muscled stud like Blake Beckett.

I say, "I don't know, Mistress... I just know I'll like black dick. Something tells me. It's... *instinct*, I guess. Something tells me that's what I need. I think it's what all sissies need. All horny little virgin sissies like me need to lose it to a really big black dick, Mistress, don't you think?"

Amber smiles. I've pleased her.

Amber says, "Yes, Josie, that's *exactly* what I believe. You're being a very good girl today, Josie."

My heart soars. I guess I've learned my lessons well.

More importantly, I guess I sound like I really believe it... because I do.

Amber asks me more questions. They get progressively dirtier, requiring me to detail exactly what I want to do with black dick when I get my hands

on some. Let's be honest, there's no way I can do everything I talk about with Blake today... there won't be time.

But I deliver my backstory just like Amber taught it to me. I was a secret sissy for years. I was her boyfriend because I recognized her in her personal ad picture, but I pretended secretly that I didn't know who she was, while jerking off to her interracial scenes behind her back. I told the whole story, with lots of embellishment. It was basically what had really happened... except that I first simplified it, and then expanded the dirtiest and most humiliating parts.

I guess I was a little embarrassed that it made my little dick rock-hard to tell the story on camera. But what could I do? I couldn't stop my thing from getting erect any more than I could stop my long-denied balls from swelling up blue and hard with cum. I could only hope Blake would help me drain them today... by ramming his dick up my ass on camera.

And I could only hope that my Mistress, the director, would give me permission to squirt my hot sissy load for once. Such permission was rare, but on-camera solo shows always did better with the members if I was allowed to squirt (and, naturally, to lick it up). Amber's fans love to see sissy cumshots.

Finally, after I'd given almost fifteen minutes of filthy backstory, it was time.

Amber said gleefully, "Well, Josie, today we're going to help you out." We have someone here who thinks you're really hot."

"Really?" I ask brightly. "He thinks I'm hot?"

"Oh, yes, Josie. My friend thinks you're absolutely fuckable. He knows you like black dick, and he knows you like it hard and rough and nasty. But before I bring him out for you, why don't you tell our fans... and my friend... how nasty do you like it, Amber? How nasty do you want it to be when you take big black dick up your ass for the very first time?"

I get flushed. My huge, fake tits heave as I breathe hard.

I tell my Mistress: "I like it really nasty, Mistress. Really fuckin' hard and fuckin' nasty. I want your friend to really rough me up. Give it to me hard. Give it to me so hard and deep that I cry, Mistress. That's what a bitch like me needs."

"Why don't you tell the fans what else you like besides fucking and sucking, Josie? Do you like to be spanked, Josie? Slapped? My friend really loves to do that to hot slutty cunts like you, so I hope you do, Josie... for your own good..."

A shiver goes through my naked body as I whimper:

"Yes, Mistress, please, Mistress, please let him slap me and fuck me and spank me hard. I want to be spanked, Mistress. Please let your friend spank my ass. I want to be spanked and slapped in the face and..." I breathe hard as I run my hand up over my tits to my throat and choke myself a little. "I want to be choked... choked with dick, choked with his hands... choked and slapped in the face with his dick, bent over and fucked and spanked so hard that I cry, Mistress..."

"Oh, you'll cry, Josie. You're going to cry real hard for my fans. They always love that, when hot little fuckwhores like you get slamfucked and slapped and spanked and choked till they cry. Promise my friend that you'll cry for him, Josie? Then I think I can convince him to give it to you... to give you what you need..."

"Yes, Mistress," I whimper. "Please, Mistress... please, Mistress, I promise I'll cry for him... I'll be such a good little bitch for your friend..."

Out of the glare of the spotlights comes Blake, his black body shining beautifully. His huge cock is fully erect. It glistens in the lights. I catch a glimpse of Cheyenne back behind the camera, wiping her mouth and smiling. Her lipstick's messed up and her hair is all ruffled. I guess she was lucky enough to pull fluffing duty. Lucky little bitch!

Blake's body is gorgeous. He's lost the white briefs and the T-shirt. Now, he wears nothing but his boots. They're big, black lace-up combat boots.

He climbs on the bed and takes me in his arms.

He pins me down and kisses me hard, shoving his tongue into my mouth.

He says: "I hear you like it rough, Josie."

I say, "Yes, Master."

"Good," he snarls, grinning cruelly. He reaches out, grabs my long blonde hair, and pulls it.

Then he slaps me across the face. Not once, but five times in rapid succession. I moan each time, going limp underneath Blake as he towers over me, on his knees, his legs spread and his dick thrust up against my tits. I would bend down and suck it, if he wasn't pulling my hair and holding my face in position to get slapped over and over again.

My little dick stiffens to full erection. My balls throb with weeks of unspent jizz. My nipples feel painfully erect, I'm so turned on. I moan like crazy for the camera as Blake slaps my face.

"I'll give you *rough*, Josie. Hot little virgin."

Blake sits down on the bed, dragging me by my hair. Next thing I know, I'm over his knee.

Blake's huge and powerful hand rises and falls on my shaved, curvy sissy ass. He spansks me harder with every blow. I squeal. I squirm in his lap, feeling his huge, hard cock rubbing up between my tits as I struggle. I'm not fighting to get away; I just want to be able to reach his cock to suck it.

But Blake won't let me get proper purchase. Instead, he keeps spanking me. I moan and writhe. I reach down and grab his cock; I hang on and rub it between my huge, fake tits.

Blake keeps on spanking me and pulling my hair while I rub my tits over his cock and moan in pain and pleasure. Soon, my butt is hot and red. He turns it toward the camera, forcibly repositioning me as he guides me onto my hands and knees and shoves my face toward his crotch.

He reaches down and holds my ass-cheeks open with his big hands, so the customers can see the tight little virgin hole that he's going to stretch with his cock.

I open wide and swallow Blake's cock. I choke on it, feeling the huge head stretching my throat. I force myself down, gagging and drooling. I gulp and whimper and spit all over it, lubing it up. But I still can't get it down my throat. It's too huge.

After I try a bunch of times to deep-throat him and fail, Blake takes matters into his own hands. He grabs my hair, forces my head back, and slaps his dick across my face a dozen times. It's so huge that it stuns me.

He gives me one last chance. I open wide and shove my face onto his cock. I relax my throat muscles. I gag violently as I force his dick down my throat... but I do it. I feel a rush of excitement as my red lips wrap around the base of his huge dick.

"Oh, yeah, look at that. All the way down, sissy. Suck that cock down." Blake holds my long blonde hair out of the way as one of the cameras zooms in and gets a close-up of me with his dick all the way down my throat.

Blake holds me down on him for a long time, until my head throbs. Then he lets me up for air, and I cough, and thick drool runs everywhere. I'm shivering all over, but I don't pause. I just open wide again and thrust myself onto his dick. This time I swallow it more easily, only gagging a little bit. Just enough for the cameras to capture my struggle.

I suck him for the cameras while he pulls my hair. I deep-throat him again and again. I alternate gulping his dick down my throat and coming up to worship the top half. Then I lick my way down the shaft and make love

to Blake's balls while he reaches down and smacks my ass again, harder than ever as I kiss and suck his nuts. I drool on his balls. He pushes my face down even further, forces it into his crotch. Then he lifts one muscular leg up as high as he can, pushing his perfect, hard ass up just high enough in the air that he can force my mouth against it.

Obediently, I start to rim Blake's asshole. I accept the musky flavor of his asshole and pleasure him with my tongue. I feel so deeply submissive, so totally horny for Blake's big, black cock that it only seems right that I worship his asshole first. I should perform the most humiliating acts of abasement. I want Blake to use me as hard as a girl can be used.

When I've eaten out Blake's ass to his satisfaction -- and the fans -- he drags me by the hair again, grabbing my huge face silicone tits and shoving them together. He forces them tight around his spit-slimy cock and starts to titfuck me. His cock is so big that the tip smacks me in the face on every thrust.

I obediently push my tits together and let him tit-fuck me for the cameras. When he finally grabs my hair and shoves my face down again so my mouth meets his cock, I go crazy. I take his huge dick in my mouth and worship every inch of it with my mouth and my throat. As I choke on his cock again and again, Blake spits on his hand and reaches down my slim sissy body to shove a finger up my butt.

Holy fuck! Even his finger seems huge. But he gets it in easily. He spits more. He gives me two fingers... then three. Soon I'm getting stretched open for Blake Beckett's cock... and I know the moment is nearing when he'll take my cherry.

But first, he grabs me again and turns me around to face the camera.

He pins both my wrists together in the small of my back with one hand, while his other hand pulls my hair tight and forces my back into an arch. He points me toward the camera.

"Open your legs," he growls at me, his lips against my ear. His voice is a vicious, cruel, dominant growl. It scares me. It makes me want to please him. I obey him.

"Wider!" He screams. I spread my legs wider, opening my lean, smooth sissy legs so that the camera can zoom in on my humiliatingly small and embarrassingly hard little cock.

"What is that?" he hisses into my ear. "What is that *thing* down there?"

"That's my clit, Master. That's my hard, sad little clit!"

"Good girl," he says. Then he lets go of my hair and reaches down between my legs, deeper, so that his fingers push up between my cheeks and force their way into my asshole.

"Put your legs up! Show the fans what you've got!"

I obey. I lift my legs up till my knees press against my shoulders. Blake lets go of my wrists and clutches me to his huge, hard body.

"What's *that*?" he snarls, shoving his fingers up into my ass.

"That's my pussy, Master," I moan. "That's my tight little virgin sissy cunt, waiting for your huge, hard dick!"

"What a good little girl," he says. "Now you can have your reward."

Blake flips me over, shoves me into a hands-and-knees position. Cameras zoom in. I hear gurgling as assistants drizzle lube onto his dick. I glimpse Cheyenne... she's the one doing it, her eyes bright with sadistic fire. It doesn't surprise me she wanted to be the one to lube up Blake's dick for my tight virgin sissy ass.

Blake starts to push his cock into me. My eyes roll back. I howl and moan. I wiggle my butt back and forth, trying to push myself onto him. He's

fucking huge. Even bigger than I would have guessed from his videos. Oh! Yes, oh yes, I'm so fucking tight... I really have to work at it... I have to fight to be able to take it... and I still can't get it in!

Blake likes feeling how tight I am.

He chuckles, turning my body to the camera to make sure it captures every second of the stretching pain I'm experiencing.

"That's one tight ass," he says. "I can tell you're a virgin, sissy. Your Mistress has been saving you for me, hasn't she?"

"Yes, Sir," I whimper, picking up on his kinky cues. "She saved my tight cherry for you, Master. She knew only you could break me in properly."

"You got that right, slut," says Blake.

I groan and struggle to force myself onto him. It isn't easy. He goes on talking about how tight I am, how he can feel my cherry "popping."

I'll admit, that turns me on so much I shove harder than I could have dreamed. When I feel his huge cockhead finally violating me, it really does feel like something in me has popped.

I moan like crazy as I feel my tight virgin asshole stretching to accommodate his huge girth... and that's just the head. There's plenty of dick left to go up my ass.

Once I've forced the head in, Blake starts to fuck his dick into me harder. He pushes it up into me while he grabs my hair and starts to pull me onto him. My eyes are simultaneously rolling back in my head with pain and pleasure, and running with tears. My tears stream, black with mascara, down my face. I feel them, all sticky and thick.

Blake pins my wrists together behind my back again, forcing me off of my hands and knees, out of doggy style position and into a truly submissive, "face-down, ass-up" position.

Blake starts pumping me onto him, using my hair and my wrists as handholds.

He moves my small, slim sissy body like I'm a rag doll.

He gets all of it in me, somehow. I can't believe it, but I can feel his big, powerful nuts slamming against my swollen, hard, blue sissy balls as he shoves me back onto him. He starts to fuck me. I shiver all over as he forces me hard against the bed, pulling my hair and pinning my face to the bed. With his other hand, he keeps my wrists crossed in the small of my back. I feel helpless.. totally helpless. More helpless than I ever felt with Amber or Cheyenne, or even both of them.

Blake Beckett has taken me utterly. He's fucked me through to my core. He's impaled me. He's used me as thoroughly as a girl can be used.

And there's more to come.

Blake pulls my hair hard, forcibly turning my face to make sure that the cameras can get plenty of close-ups of my face as I moan in ecstasy. There's a puddle of drool under my open mouth, shot through with smears of mascara and lipstick and eyeliner. My face must be ruined. I know how the fans out there love that. I know how *I* used to love it, watching girls like Amber and her sissies get plowed hard on camera. I used to jerk off to it. I never dreamed I would be here someday, the same kind of girl I used to watch getting fucked by real cock after Amber and Cheyenne had "trained" them. I never dreamed I would be impaled on my favorite porn star's cock... with a pretty, girly face turned toward the camera, ruined like the hot face-fucked sissy sluts I always used to jerk off to.

I never dreamed it was possible... but here I am, face-down, ass-up, with Blake Beckett's huge dick rammed up my ass.

Blake gives Amber plenty of footage of me getting fucked in a number of different positions. When he's finally ready to cum, he lays me down and makes me suck him for a minute, gagging on his slimy, ass-tasting cock as

he tips my head over the edge of the bed. I take him obediently down my throat, letting him fuck my face.

Then he shoves my tits together fucks my tits some more while he sits down hard and makes me eat out his asshole again.

After that, it takes just a few easy strokes of his huge, hard black dick in my face...

It pumps out steaming streams of white jizz... it feels like gallons of it.

It goes all over my sissy face.... all over my huge, firm fake tits, too.

I blush red as the camera zooms in.

I obediently lick Blake's cum off my fingers. I push my tits up and lick them like I did at the start, but this time I lap at them, trying to get beads of Blake's cum off of my titties. When that doesn't get me enough of it, I wipe it off with my fingers and lick it off of them, sliding my fingers deep into my sissy mouth.

He really came a lot. I mean... I'm *covered*.

"What do you think, fans? Was Josie a good girl?" Amber is laughing. "Of course she was. Who wouldn't be, for a dick like Blake Beckett's? So here's your reward, Josie..."

I moan uncontrollably as I feel a hand closing tight around my small, erect cock. I look down, half-hoping to see Amber... but of course, it's not. No, it's Cheyenne. Amber's even fobbed off handjob duties to her assistant director. Finishing me off falls to Cheyenne, because Amber would never disgrace herself like that.

But Cheyenne's the slut of the two.

She jerks me off easily. It takes maybe five strokes... and then streams of cum blast from my little dick, all over my belly. Off camera, Cheyenne

laughs joyfully. She knows why there's so much. It's been *weeks* since they let me cum.

Amber comes in for one more close-up on my face. I stare up blankly at the lens, my ruined face dull with pleasure.

"And... *Cut!*" Amber says.

Immediately, she snaps her fingers.

"Chastity tube," she says.

"Already got it," says Cheyenne. Damn, she's efficient. She's got the tube on me already, before I even realize it.

I feel the padlock clicking shut.

Blake leans down, giving me one hard, deep kiss on my lips. His tongue shoves its way into my mouth.

I feel my heart soaring as Blake kisses me. I mean... what girl could ask for a better first time? If that isn't romance... what is?

But then Blake doesn't even say goodbye. He just finishes the kiss, pulls back and leaves me there, twitching and quivering naked on the bed. I feel a chill seeping through me. Tears form in my eyes. I've never felt more used and discarded.

Amber says sharply, "Get her cleaned up."

Then my girlfriend -- sorry, my *ex-girlfriend*, now my Mistress -- is gone, and assistants I don't even know are helping me off of the bed and pointing me toward the showers, without a word of comfort.

I moan softly as the warm water hits me, washing Blake's precious cum down the drain.

