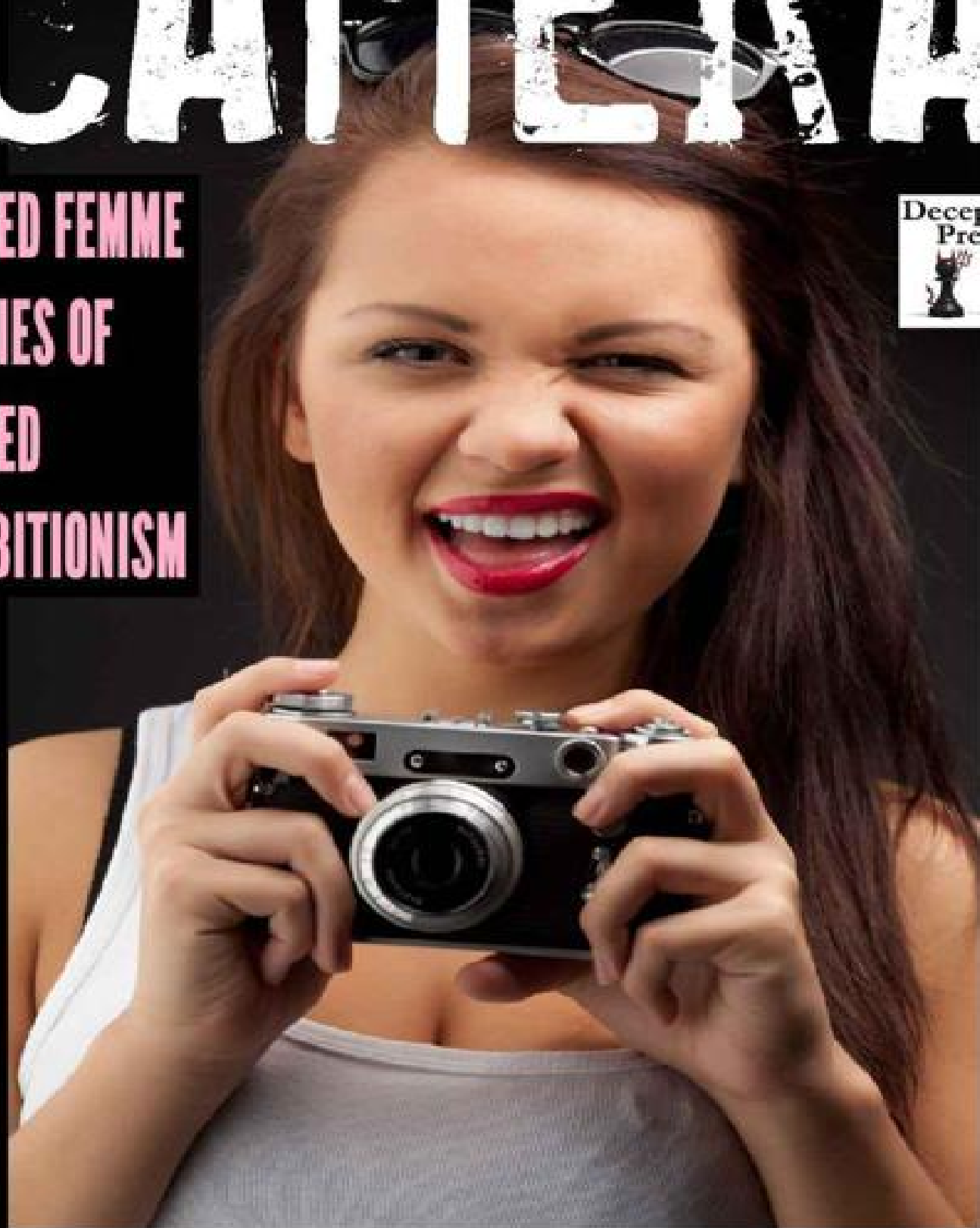


# SISSIES ON CAMERA

FORCED FEMME  
STORIES OF  
FORCED  
EXHIBITIONISM



# **SISSIES ON CAMERA**

## **Forced Femme Stories of Forced Exhibitionism**

**Edited by Kylie Cooper and N.T. Morley**

Published by Deception Press

FIRST EDITION - PUBLISHED 04 18 2014

For more hot erotic fiction written or edited by N.T. Morley, visit [DeceptionPress.com](http://DeceptionPress.com).

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

*Sissies on Camera* is an explicit erotic collection intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

This collection is Copyright © 2014 by Kylie Cooper and N.T. Morley. Published by arrangement with the authors and the editor. All rights reserved.

*Sissies on Camera* is published by arrangement with the authors and 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.

## **Book Description for Sissies on Camera: Forced Femme Stories of Forced Exhibitionism:**

When cuckolded husbands and feminized sluts alike find themselves faced with a camera, what do they do? Oh, they might blush and whine and whimper in humiliation...but that's just an act they play, trying to be "good girls." Their little cocks will swell, their panties will stretch, and everyone in the world will know what horny little whores they really are. Once their smooth little butts are reddened for being such bad girls, they'll start to show their true colors. They'll preen, they'll pout, they'll wiggle and jiggle for the camera, becoming ever more humiliatingly aroused as they're ordered to perform ever more degrading acts on camera...and maybe coming up with a few yummy ideas of their own!

Featuring eleven stories, each hotter than a flash bulb, "Sissies on Camera" contains more than 40,000 words of explicit forced femme erotica. These tales of dominated sissies and forced exhibitionism will have you wiggling your butt and practicing your duck face -- maybe even faster than you can soak your panties!

*"Sissies on Camera"* is an anthology of literary erotic stories intended for an adult audience. It includes explicit depictions of panty fetish topics including female domination, male submission, forced feminization, erotic humiliation, bisexuality, cross-dressing and more. Please do not sample, buy or read this anthology if you might find such themes or descriptions offensive.

## ***TABLE OF CONTENTS***

[Close-Ups by Elizabeth Colvin](#)

[Handjob from Hell by Kylie Cooper](#)

[Two-Day Air by Meredith Marshall](#)

[That Kind of Girl by Corey Sawyer](#)

[The Man Parade by Nova Thorne](#)

[She Calls Me at Work by Julian Booth](#)

[Rosita's Fluffer by Derek McDaniel](#)

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

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

[Dressing for Business by Gina Hancock](#)

[Wedding Night Reward by Sonia Palmer](#)

"Close-Ups" first appeared in *Strap-on Sissies*. Deception Press, 2013.  
Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All  
rights reserved.

## 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.

"Handjob from Hell" first appeared in *Handjobs that Hurt*. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

# **Handjob from Hell by Kylie Cooper**

The video opens with the logo and name of the production company: "Agony Enterprises." Its tagline follows: "Providing Painwhore Entertainment and Femdom Instruction since 2013."

There's no introductory footage after that -- just the title:

## ***HANDJOBS FROM HELL***

### ***How to Give Them***

### ***How to Make the Bitch Thank You for Them***

### ***Instructor: Mistress Michonne***

The image quickly fades into a close up shot of a beautiful woman in a skintight PVC top that shows off an ample pair of tits. It zips down the front; the zipper's half open, displaying her cleavage. She's blonde, this woman, with finely-tuned features: a small button nose with a septum ring dangling from it, silver and exotic; full lips plumped by makeup and possibly surgery, painted cocksucker red; bright, eyes painted heavy with mascara that radiate sadism; high cheekbones and a cascade of messy blonde hair flying everywhere, forming tendrils that scatter across her shoulders, her neck, her upper arms. She's smoking; more tendrils coil about her as she places the butt of her cigarette between her red lips and purses them. She draws deep and blows smoke at the camera. She regard you for a time, letting the coils of smoke from her cigarette form intricate patterns around her in the air.

At the bottom of the screen is your instructor's name, in bold letters:

**MISTRESS MICHONNE  
LIFESTYLE DOMINANT**

A viewer inclined to make snarky comments might wonder how much of a "lifestyle" Mistress Michonne has had a chance to live, since she can't be much older than twenty-three or twenty-four, maybe twenty-five. But one thing's for sure; the ferocity of her gaze makes it clear that she's not taking your shit.

The close-up shot gradually draws back, widens.

"That's it, back up. Back up, slave. Back away from me. Keep your fucking distance before I punch you in the balls."

From somewhere there's a murmured, "Yes Mistress."

Seated on a stool, Mistress Michonne comes more fully into frame. She's wearing shorts, tight ones, of PVC and laced up the sides. Her shapely legs are on display down to the top of her shiny, high, PVC boots. Those are lace-ups, too, big and heavy ones, not the high-heeled types that some Dommies wear. The resulting look is not that of some here-to-please sex kitten, but of a punk-rock tomboy, possibly dangerous.

Her words bear this out. "Further! Sit down, slave, shut up and listen. This isn't for you, slave. This is for your Mistress, whoever she is. You will stop watching *now*, or you'll be in big fucking trouble. Stop watching now or I'll punch you in the balls. Stop watching now, and give this video to your Mistress, so she can learn how to give you a proper handjob. Is that understood? Good. Now *get*."

Mistress Michonne takes a relaxed breath and pretends to wait for whatever slave pays to download this to stop watching and give the video to his Mistress. She's nowhere near naïve enough to believe anyone actually does that, but she appreciates the fiction. It allows her to be truly brutal to the cameraman's junk, and this leads her male worshippers to believe she's teaching other women to do the same. Maybe that's why every painwhore and pigslave in town knows she's the hottest thing going in Femdom entertainment. In any event, she's what you deserve. That's why you want her.

Mistress Machine's face is perky. She says brightly: "Hello, there, fellow man-haters. Thank you for letting your pathetic jerkoff-slave buy you my video. I hope you'll find it quite useful in giving him just what he needs. Now, by now I do hope you've stopped fucking your slave, no matter how badly he begs and pleads, no matter how much he cries like a little bitch. Maybe you've locked him in chastity; I hope if you haven't yet taken that step, you'll instruct your slave to buy you my video *Locking It Away: Why to Do It and How to Make It Fun For You*. Maybe you're fucking other guys -- I sure hope so -- or maybe you're just doing strap-on sex, and maybe that's enough for you. Or maybe -- and I'm sure that plenty of you out there are thinking about this -- maybe you've found yourself a hot girlfriend, and maybe you *both* want to abuse that sick, pathetic husband or boyfriend of yours. I mean...just because your disgusting worm of a husband or boyfriend or sissy or slave or boss or professor or whatever turned you into a lesbian -- that doesn't mean you can't still find it hot, fun, and sexy to abuse male genitalia. They're *made* for it. So-called male, I should say, because I do hope if you find this video useful, you'll instruct your slave to purchase my later series, *Sissifying Him: Why, How and When*. The answer that last question is *now*, but we'll get to that."

Mistress Michonne puts her cigarette between her red lips. She stands up and comes toward the camera, which shakes a bit. Mistress Michonne leaves an ominous trail of smoke behind her.

She says sharply: "Bambi, give me the camera." She seizes it from him; the scene pitches and yaws and twirls until the screen is filled by the image of a naked man, shaved from head to toe, wearing black panties, a black garter belt, black fishnet stockings and black high heels. The panties bulge in an improbable way. They're almost see-through. Beneath the thin front can be discerned the telltale outline of a chastity tube.

The sissy's face is not visible. She's wearing a black leather hood, with an integrated slave collar padlocked at the neck. Where her mouth should be, there's a bright silver ring partially embedded into the hood, with an integral strap. It's cinched tight. The sissy has no mouth at all -- just a fuckhole. That's how Mistress Michonne likes her.



From the top of the black leather hood juts a great mass of blonde hair. Bambi's eyes, complete with their heavy load of makeup and false eyelashes, are visible through the wide-open eyeholes. Mistress Michonne works the camera down the lean, skinny male body, feminized (thus far) only by shaving and slimming down and being placed in lingerie.

"This is Bambi, one of my sissy slaves," says Mistress Michonne, off-camera, as the sissy stands awkwardly on display. "Show them your butt, Bambi." Bambi obeys, spinning and bending over at Mistress Machine's command. "Bambi thought she could be my boyfriend, because she has a relatively large cock. By the time she realized how wrong she was, I already her worshipping me and wearing panties every day. As you can see, she's in chastity--pull down your panties, Bambi--" The sissy does so, lowering her see-through black panties to mid-thigh and placing a sizeable clear-plastic chastity tube on display. The padlock dangles at the center, between her legs, up in the thigh-gap Mistress Michonne has built with a brutal regime of forced exercise. "I've got the key--" the camera spins around again, pointing directly at Mistress Machine's ample cleavage. The key dangles on the silver chain around her neck, along with five other keys.

"Here, Bambi," Mistress Michonne says. "Take the camera. Point it *down there*. I'm going to abuse you to teach these hot bitches a few things. Keep it in focus, Bambi, or there'll be hell to pay."

The camera drops down to Bambi's long legs. She sits on a cushy black sofa.

Mistress Michonne reaches over and grabs her pack of smokes from the side table. The brand name is hidden by a white shroud of paper. Mistress Michonne drops to her knees in front of her sissy. She shakes out a cigarette and takes it between her red lips. Bambi's lace-gloved hand can be seen just in-frame, holding a pink butane lighter. Mistress Michonne fixes the camera and her slave with a vicious stare. The lighter springs to life in Bambi's hand. Mistress Michonne leans forward and touches the tip of her cig to the flame. She inhales. The cherry glows to life. She never takes her eyes off of you, the viewer, her eyes fired with contempt as she sucks down the smoke.

"Let's see your fucking disgusting little sissy thing, Bambi."

Her cigarette in her mouth, Mistress Michonne pulls the sissy's panties down her smooth white legs. They come off over the black high heels.

"Spread your legs, Bambi," Mistress Michonne says. Bambi obeys. Her thighs are smooth and pale. The camera stays focused "down there" as Mistress Michonne bends forward and fits Bambi's key into the chastity tube.

The tube comes away and Mistress Michonne places it out of frame. She starts stroking and rubbing Bambi's cock and balls, a beatific smile on her face.

"Now, get ready to listen, wives, girlfriends, Mistresses." Mistress Michonne takes her cigarette out of her mouth. "For this first lesson, we're going to use just our hands...and maybe my cigarette, if you're really lucky." She laughs at the tremble of the camera that signifies Bambi's fear. She lowers her cig to Bambi's balls. The whole frame trembles as Mistress Michonne draws the hot cherry of her cigarette down and then up the equator of Bambi's swollen nuts. The sissy squirms. Mistress Michonne continues up the sissy's shaft, skipping over it like a stone skipping on smooth water. It makes Bambi squirm. Mistress Michonne takes a moment to burn the sensitive underside of her sissy's dick in a series of gentle kisses. Then she snubs out the cigarette on Bambi's smooth-shaved balls. The slave howls and the camera tips as she wriggles in agony.

"Bambi!" hisses Mistress Michonne. "Look at me. Bambi. Did I tell you that you could feel pain?" The camera sways back and forth; Bambi's saying "no." "Then I want you to sit still and watch me. That wasn't the handjob. That wasn't the lesson. That was just fun, you little cunt. These women have pigslaves who paid me to educate them. If you can't sit still while you suffer, I'll get another sissy who can. Understood?"

The frame bobs up and down -- Bambi nods.

Mistress Michonne holds the snubbed-out sig up to the camera.

"Eat this," she says.

Bambi's lace-gloved hand enters the frame, trembling. She reluctantly takes the butt from her Mistress's hand. It disappears off frame.

"That's it, Bambi," says Mistress Michonne. Just open wide. Put it on your tongue. Like you're accepting the Eucharist, schoolgirl. That's it. Just put it on your tongue, and....oh, yes. That tastes good, doesn't it?" Back and forth. "It does, Bambi, you just don't know it yet. We'll have to work on that. Some future lesson." Mistress Michonne laughs. "Anyway, where were we? Oh, yes. This is just lesson one, so you're going to use your hands, mostly. But you will need a glove. Get me one, Bambi." The camera only sways slightly as Bambi hands Mistress Michonne a rubber glove. She snaps it on easily. "And some lube, Bambi." Mistress Michonne holds her hand out; the camera tips as Bambi seizes the lube and struggles to keep Mistress Machine's hand on-frame as she drizzles it from a bottle into her cupped hand. The label has been blacked out with electrical tape.

Mistress Michonne returns her attention to Bambi's genitals. Bambi's big dick is growing. Her balls are enormous. They're swollen and blue. Mistress Michonne begins kneading them with her rubber-gloved right hand, her left hand stroking the sissy's big shaft gently up and down, slicking it up with lube.

"Now," she says, "First, one thing. You'll see that I'm down on my knees. Is that a submissive position, Bambi?" The camera shakes back and forth. Mistress Michonne isn't satisfied. She repeats with more force: "Am I in a submissive position, Bambi?" and the sissy's "shaking-head" camera movie is punctuated with a violent yank to her overfull balls and a savage raking of her big shaft with Mistress Machine's painted black fingernails. Bambi lets out a squeal of agony so loud it makes the onboard microphone pop.

Mistress Michonne smiles with pleasure.

"That's more like it, Bambi. What you students need to know is that kneeling is fine, as long as your little pet knows who's in charge. Do you know who's in charge, Bambi?" Again, the squeeze and the yank to the balls, the digging of fingernails into the shaft. Bambi's squeal is deafening this time.

Mistress Michonne laughs happily.

"Now, I'm assuming you've already started to use your husband's ass regularly. If not, I recommend my video *Strap-On Training: How to Provide It, How to Overcome His Resistance to It*. Whether or not you take pleasure in using your slave's asshole, I'm going to show you some moves that will guarantee that every handjob is one he remembers. And one he'll *beg* never to repeat. Now, this first time, we won't use equipment...but don't worry, Bambi. It's coming. That day is coming. I've got lots of fun toys for your big dick here. But right now, we're using our hands...."

Mistress Michonne runs through a dozen raking motions, a twisting motion, and shoves two and then three fingers up Bambi's ass. Bambi holds onto the camera, pointing it with increasing unsteadiness as the fury of Mistress Machine's assault continues. Soon she is drawing back and punching the sissy's overfilled balls. Squeals erupt from behind the camera. The microphone pops out again and again.

"Hold the camera, sissy. Drop it and I'll make you pay for it. Every last cent." She delivers a punch to the balls that makes Bambi squeal louder than ever before. She returns her hand to her asshole and forces in four fingers, pulling Bambi's ass forward and forcing her legs up over her shoulders so that the viewer can see. With four fingers in her ass, Bambi can't hold the camera steady at all. The frame shakes with each hard punch, each deep gouge Mistress Michonne digs into Bambi's shaft. When Mistress Michonne first inserts her left thumbnail -- not into her sissy's asshole, but into her *pisshole*, Bambi drops everything."

Mistress Michonne deftly captures the camera; she points it at Bambi with one hand while, with her other -- the gloved hand still wet with ass-lube-- she slaps her across the face and then shoves three shiny fingers past

the ring-gag. Bambi gags. Mistress Michonne howls from off-camera: "Are you going to hold it steady, bitch? Are you going to be good so these women can learn?"

Desperately, Bambi nods. She gags on the taste of her ass. Mistress Michonne gives her back the camera and the frame zeroes in on Bambi's big cock.

Once Bambi's junk is properly in frame, Mistress Michonne really lays into it.

She digs her nails deep into the shaft. She jacks Bambi off as she swats at the head, making the sissy squeal and the camera shake. "Open your legs, Bambi!" Mistress Michonne has to scream when her sissy's reflexes take over in response to the pain. Bambi manages to obey, but her pathetic whimpering can be heard over the onboard microphone. Mistress Michonne does not reward Bambi for obeying her, and she doesn't ease up on her sissy's junk. She stops jacking Bambi off, balls up her fist and punches the sissy's balls, hard.

A squeal erupts from Bambi's hidden face. Mistress Michonne laughs.

"What's the matter, sissy? I thought you'd been begging for a handjob. Am I not remembering right? It's going to get worse from here, Bambi, but it's worth it, 'cause you need a handjob so bad! What's the matter, don't you want one?"

The camera sways deliriously back and forth, an approximation of Bambi shaking her head.

"If you don't want one, you can go back into your cage, bitch. Do you want that?"

This time, the camera simply tips. Bambi's head sways, and so does the camera. Bambi whines noncommittally. Mistress Michonne stares right into the camera and says:

"That's what I thought, bitch. Brace yourself. And you ladies at home...pay attention. This is very important. You'll need to learn how to do this to your man, or you'll never truly feminize and dominate him."

Mistress Michonne punches her sissy's denial-swollen balls.

Again, the sissy's long, smooth, stockinged legs try to close. Mistress Michonne doesn't chastise Bambi verbally this time. Instead, she just pins her legs open with her elbows, then punches the sissy's balls again. When the legs butterfly closed once more, Mistress Michonne gets up on one booted foot so she can ram her knee into Bambi's thighs and hold the slave's legs wide open. Her fist rises and falls, viciously pummeling Bambi's swollen balls. Wails of agony can be heard over the microphone, as the camera pirouettes and shudders in response to the building pain.

"That's a good girl," Mistress Michonne purrs, gradually lightening up on the punches and returning to the painful jacking as she rakes Bambi's shaft up and down with her fingernails. She uses both hands, hawking and spitting to increase the slipperiness, lubing Bambi up with her spit. Bambi's cock shudders and drools with the increase in pleasure. Mistress Michonne rubs the heel of her hand against Bambi's *glans*, and sissy-moans can be heard just off camera. The frame has straightened and steadied, now focused in tight on Michonne's pretty face.

"Is that good, sissy?"

The camera sways up and down as Bambi nods.

Mistress Michonne says tenderly, "Good."

Then she balls up her fist again and delivers a hard punch to Bambi's nuts. Immediately after, she seizes her sissy's balls and caresses them gently.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sissy, I didn't mean to actually *ruin* them...yet. They're giving me too much fun. If you're not always crawling around behind me begging to lick my ass if I just let you jack off, what will I do with my

time? Do you think you can still cum, sweetie? I know you want to. Can you?"

Bambi nods.

"Good. Because if you don't, you'll be sorry. I sure hope they're not too damaged to squirt, Bambi. You don't want to find out what happens if they are, do you?"

Bambi shakes her head wildly.

"Good. Then get ready to spill it for Mistress." Michonne turns her attention to the camera again, as if she's remembering that she's supposed to be teaching a "class."

She says: "Now, those of you watching...when you want her to cum, be extra careful. Or him, or whatever you decide your pathetic worm-slave is allowed to call itself. Anyway, careful is the keyword here. You don't want to waste all your efforts by letting your disgusting thing feel pleasure, do you? You're going to need to induce a 'ruined orgasm,' which we've already covered in my series on chastity...but I'll briefly review it here."

Mistress Michonne continues: "There are many ways to do it, but I'm going to show you my favorites. There are two main ways I really like to ruin a handjob. First, there's excruciating pain applied just at the moment of orgasm--" She punches Bambi in the balls again to demonstrate. There are more squeals.

"That works well, but it's not my *real* favorite. The one I really like is this. It's as simple as can be. It takes some getting used to, but pretty soon you can do it without working up a sweat. Mistress Michonne looks into the camera and laughs. "And I have worked up a sweat. This is simpler. Ready to cum, baby?"

The camera bobs up and down as Bambi nods.

Mistress Michonne's hands work up and down on Bambi's shaft as she seduces the camera with her eyes and her full, kissable lips.

She says: "Get ready, baby. You're going to feel it. You're going to feel all the pleasure you've been craving. All the satisfaction I've been denying you." Her manner completely transforms; she seems suddenly innocent, young, carelessly seductive. "It's going to feel so good to cum, isn't it, darling?" Bambi nods again. Mistress Michonne keeps jacking Bambi off, looking up at the camera and at her sissy.

"Come on, baby. Just let it happen. I love you, sissy. I really do love you. I want you to feel good. I want you to feel pleasure."

The camera gives a telltale shudder as Bambi reaches the point of no return. But Mistress Michonne is one step ahead of her -- and an instant before the sissy can cum, she takes a viciously tight hold of the sissy's spit-covered shaft -- and jams her thumb roughly into the sissy's asshole.

The shriek that erupts from Bambi's mouth is epic. So is the laughter that blasts from Mistress Michonne's pretty face. The camera doesn't just shudder; it pivots and swings. It better be shock-proof. It hits the sofa and rolls from the back to the seat, spinning sickeningly. The frame shimmies and shakes as the camera dangles on the precipice at the edge of the sofa; Bambi can be seen, pinned tight and spread beneath Mistress Michonne's powerful body. The Mistress's thumb is fully inserted in the sissy's tight asshole. The sissy's fingers dig into the sofa. Howls of pain are coming out of her.

The camera spins again. Now it *really* better be shock-proof. It ends up pointed at Mistress Michonne's shiny boots, with nothing else visible in frame. In the distance, Bambi's groans of agony can be heard for a minute, then two, while the camera just points at Mistress Michonne's boots.

Then, "Go get my strap-on, bitch. It's time for your ass-reaming. Get me the *big* one. You know which one. And don't you dare lube it. This time you take it like the Goddess meant all sissy cunts to take really big



dicks...*bareback*. Who cares if it hurts, sissy? You're only here to suffer for me. *Git!*"

Bambi's feet can be seen scurrying past the frame. Mistress Michonne tips the camera onto its end, pointing it up at her. She bends over. She looks into it from close, her blonde hair hanging out everywhere like Medusa's snakes. The result is a bit of a fish-eye effect.

"I said she would pay for this camera if she dropped it. Didn't I?" She laughs. "And she will. That's the funny part, pigslaves. She already has. She pays for everything. That's how it works around here, fuckers."

Mistress Michonne picks the camera up. She points it at herself. She smiles and fluffs her hair for the camera. She puckers. She duck-faces. She blows it a kiss.

She sits on the sofa. She gets her cigarettes from the side table. One-handed, she gets out a cigarette and lights it. The package is shrouded in a white wrapper to hide the brand name. Mistress Michonne doesn't need any cease-and-desist letters from pigslave lawyers.

She blows smoke at the camera.

"That's what my slaves get, and that's what *you* get. No cummies for you, bitches. Oh, did you think I'm really dumb enough to believe you would ever pass this video on to your wife or your girlfriend? You think I'm a dumb enough cunt to believe you would give this to your Mistress? You think I would ever going to trust you to give my videos to that cuckolding whore of a slutwife who fucks around on you all the time? No, painwhore cunts. I know you all too well. I know even you aren't that stupid. The only way your slut of a wife is going to find out what a sick pervert weirdo she has for a husband is when you walk in on her getting fucked by her big, black boyfriend. The day is coming, slave...you know it and I know it. Most importantly, *she* knows it -- whatever dumb slut was drunk enough or dumb enough or sexually naïve enough to actually marry your piece of shit ass. But don't you worry, painwhore. Your slut wife is cheating on you, definitely. We all do...every last one of us. We know what real cock is like,

and I guarantee you, she's out there fucking around on you right now. Someday you'll 'accidentally' stumble on her getting fucked by her *real* lover, and then this pathetic masquerade will all be over. On that day, pigslave, you're going to finally get what you want...a big, black dick up your ass, like a good little faggot. Maybe then you'll be able to blow your load for real."

Mistress Michonne laughs. "Someday," she says. "But that day's not today, pigwhore. There's no pleasure for you yet, no cock in your ass, no hot cum blasting down your throat...because you're not worthy. You can't even give this video to your wife. You pathetic little fucker. You just sit there watching it yourself....and jerking your tiny little cock."

She puffs, blows more smoke. She says: "I know that's what you're doing, pigslave. Your wife knows it, too...she just doesn't care, because she's too busy taking her boyfriend's dick. But *you* care, don't you. And *I* care. Because I'm *paid* to care about your tiny little dick. It's the only way any woman ever really would, pigslave...do you know that?"

Subtly, gently, the camera sways up and down -- almost too faintly to notice. It's almost like you are nodding.

Mistress Michonne sucks at her cigarette. She lets it escape, tendrils of grey coiling around her as she laughs at you.

She says: "Of course you're there, now, sitting there someplace you're supposed to be working or sleeping or whatever, and you're jacking your sad little wiener. Of course you are, because that's all you ever do. If you didn't cum yet, don't. Then, I'll have mercy. You can tuck your disgusting little cock back in your panties and zip up your pants and just *go*. Come back when you're ready to learn about how I can put my whole fist up your ass, whether you like it or not."

She laughs and blows smoke.

"But if you did cum already..." Her voice is rich with seduction, sharp with the hunger to chastise. She smiles and laughs. "Then things are about

to get very, very interesting."

She blows more smoke. She says: "Slave, if you shot your weak, watery load on your hand already, then you need to go to my sales page *right now* and purchase my video number three-five-seven, *Unauthorized O's: What to do when your little bitch has them.*"

Mistress Michonne cackles savagely, bordering on the hysterical.

"Then give it to your Mistress," she says with a wink, "and tell her you were very bad."

Mistress Michonne makes love to the camera with an innocent pout, close-in at the lens, like she's going to kiss it. It's a sign of mock credulity.

She blows smoke at the camera, turns it toward the plain white industrial wall beside her.

As the screen fades to black, Bambi's high-heeled footsteps can be heard coming nearer.

Your fingers trembling on your mouse, you click through to the sales page.

"Two-Day Air" first appeared in *Morning Sissies*. Deception Press, 2014.  
Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All  
rights reserved.

## Two-Day Air by Meredith Marshall

Ben got the package from Baroness Jasmine by two-day air, signature required. It's a good thing he was there to receive it. Ben worked at home as a freelance coder, so he was usually around. But he might not have been. If he'd stepped out to go to the gym or the coffee shop or the laundromat or the grocery store, he might have missed it. He might have had to wait until tomorrow. That would most certainly not have pleased his Mistress.

It was a medium-sized box with TEXT ME BEFORE OPENING written in permanent marker across the top, just above the label that bore the return address of Baroness Jasmine's mail drop; the sender's phone number was the Baroness's cell phone.

It was a standard stipulation of their contract that Ben must wear panties whenever he talked or texted with Baroness Jasmine. When he cammed for her, he must go even further. Ben was already wearing panties; he was usually wearing panties lately, except when he was nude. He had answered the door wearing sweats and a tank top, which is how he dressed when he was working. Underneath the sweats, though, he wore a cute little hot-pink thong, fringed with lace, clingy in front, where it molded to his quickly stiffening cock. Just holding the package got him erect. He reached down past the waistband of his grey sweats and into his panties and shifted his cock. He felt mildly guilty at touching it; it was another of Mistress's provisions that he never touch his cock without asking her first, not even to piss. He decided maybe he would keep this transgression to himself. What Baroness Jasmine didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

Ben went back to his computer and "sat" in the ergonomic kneeling chair that Baroness Jasmine "strongly suggested" he purchase, so he could kneel all day long for her, while working to earn money so he could pay her to hurt him. She was two thousand miles away, but that didn't stop Ben from feeling the tight leash of Baroness Jasmine on his balls. His nuts felt

swollen and full. They had spoken by phone twice this week and he had cummed for her three times. Every time, she made him "edge" himself almost to the "point of no return," but she'd made him pull back every time. Not once had she let him cum. In fact, it had been more than three weeks since Ben drained his balls. He had a case of blue balls that made him feel crazy.

He "sat" in his kneeling chair, wiggling his shaved butt against the seat and savoring the feel of the padding against his knees. His cell phone was plugged into his desktop computer, charging and transferring files. He'd been moving over some of the hard-pounding, rhythmic dance music, laced through with mind-control memes, that Baroness Jasmine had "strongly suggested" he listen to when he exercised. He was in the process of obeying, transferring the files to his smartphone, even though he preferred rock 'n' roll. What he preferred was not at issue. What mattered was what his Mistress decreed.

It was just after ten in the morning. Baroness Jasmine was three hours ahead of Ben. She was a late riser, but this was late enough. It would be okay to text her now.

Ben cancelled the MP3 transfer and picked up his smartphone. On his computer, he went to her website and double-checked the fee for a text message. The "tribute" page listed:

"Text message (pigslave to Mistress) \$10. Up to 500 characters."

Ben switched to the "tributes" page and entered \$10 into the box. He was already logged in; his account information was hers to control. Ben clicked the PAY TRIBUTE button. Only when he got a CONFIRM message did he text Baroness Jasmine.

He texted her: "this one received Your package, Mistress. this one thanks You."

Ben tried to go back to working, but he couldn't concentrate. His denied cock kept swelling and shrinking, swelling and shrinking, seemingly on a

one-or-two-minute cycle. When it softened, it would drizzle pre-cum into his panties. It itched. He wanted to scratch it. He wanted to stroke it. He wanted to jerk it off, blowing his load all over himself. He'd been denied so long, he would probably blast cum all over his face.

Ben's cock was in its fully-soft mode when he got the text back from Baroness Jasmine.

It went quickly hard as he read: "30-minute Audience in 10 minutes. Prepare fully."

Ben did not respond by text; if he had, naturally, he would have owed Baroness Jasmine another \$10. Instead, he quickly switched to the Rates page on her website and found the listing: "30-minute audience, Owner initiated, \$50." He switched to the Tributes page and entered \$60. Then he paused, his cursor hovering over the "PAY TRIBUTE" button. A \$10 tip might insult her. Ben backed up and entered \$80. Perhaps a \$30 tip would inspire his Mistress to give him permission to cum on camera for him.

He clicked "PAY TRIBUTE." As soon as he got the "CONFIRM" message, he sprang into action. "Preparing fully" for an Audience with Baroness Jasmine was quite an undertaking; he'd really have to wiggle his ass to get ready in half an hour. He took off his tank top and sweats. He ran his hand down his thighs and his calves. He was slightly prickly -- just slightly, but that was enough. He put his hand in his panties, careful not to touch his cock, and caressed his balls. They were slightly prickly too. Ben took off his panties and hurried, naked, into the bathroom.

He turned on the shower, hot. As hot as he could stand. While the water warmed up, he went to the sink and checked his face, close-up in the mirror. He had just shaved at 7 a.m., but he gave his cheeks and chin a quick once-over with his electric razor just to make sure. Afterwards, his face felt even more baby-smooth than before.

He climbed into the shower and lathered up -- legs, butt, and balls. He shaved as quickly as he dared. It was easier shaving his nuts when they were all full and hard like that; it was considerably easier, also, when he

was rock-hard like this. His shaft didn't have any hair, which was good, since he wasn't permitted to touch it.

Ben checked his chest, too, but he'd run a razor over that at 7 a.m. when he'd gotten up and started work. His "titties" were nice and smooth, the thick silver rings through them standing out straight and hard with arousal.

Ben got out of the shower, toweled dry, and checked the time. He had to rush. He went to his vanity -- another piece of furniture that Baroness Jasmine had "strongly suggested" he buy -- and sat down to do his makeup.

He did his makeup as quickly as he could, layering on rouge and eyeliner, mascara and lipstick. He hoped he wouldn't have to go out later; this much makeup could be a real bitch to get off. He also teased out his hair; it was getting long. With just a little spritz, it looked girly.

Ben checked the time again, feeling his heart race as the appointed moment approached. He put his garter belt on, the cherry-red one, and slid matching red stockings up his legs. They had sexy seams up the back. He put his red panties on over his garters. He had to wiggle to get them on, his cock was so hard and the panties were so tight. The T-back crawled right up his ass, tugging between his shaved ass cheeks and rubbing against his sensitive butthole. It was so much more sensitive now than it used to be, with all Baroness Jasmine had made him do for her.

Ben put his red peek-a-boo bra on, A-cup, not bothering to stuff it. It wasn't required even for a "full preparation." In fact, Baroness Jasmine preferred to be able to see the bright silver rings that she'd had her slave put in his nipples; they would be fully visible through the peek-a-boo openings in the front of the bra cups.

Ben stepped into his red pumps with six-inch stilettos. He still hadn't learned to walk in them very well; he tottered as he walked.

The last thing Ben put on was his collar -- the red one. He buckled it around his neck and went into his office to meet Baroness Jasmine.



Ben's office was the second bedroom of his little apartment. In the back, there was a small, curtained area he and Baroness Jasmine called the Chapel. It was curtained so he could keep the area hidden from anyone who visited, if anyone did. The curtain was black and the area was dark. It was about six feet by six feet, the dimensions of a cage or a glory hole booth or something.

Ben grabbed the package from his desk and his laptop from a nearby shelf. He took his phone with him, just to make sure he received any texts Baroness Jasmine sent. The laptop was already running. Inside the Chapel, he set his laptop on the Altar, which had started life as a little black Ikea table at crotch-height. It was empty except for an Ethernet cable and a plug that led to the large speakers under the Altar. Ben plugged his laptop in to ensure an uninterrupted signal for his Mistress and crystal-clear audio for him. He knelt on the red, silk-cased pillow he kept in front of the Altar.

Ben was already logged into Baroness Jasmine's website on his laptop as well as his desktop. He only had to type in his tribute ID and enter the "cumslave" room.

Ben breathed a sigh of relief. His phone said that Mistress's text had come in just 29 minutes earlier. He had really moved his ass. He felt proud.

He checked that the laptop's onboard webcam provided a good view for Baroness Jasmine. He angled his laptop just so. He spread his legs wide and put his hands on his thighs, right where the red lace tops of his stockings were gripped by his hastily-clasped garters. Ben breathed deeply and evenly, waiting.

He waited a minute...another. Another. Another. His eyes drifted around the Altar, taking nervous stock of the items that Mistress required him to keep there for use whenever she required it. There were tit clamps. Clothespins. A twelve-inch ruler. A short, heavy plastic rod. A red paddle. A bottle of lube. A "pocket pussy," in a flashlight-style case. A bottle of hot sauce. Two butt plugs and several dildos, of increasing size from Damned Big to Fucking Enormous. The butt plugs were pink and huge. The dildos were all brown, the smallest of them -- nine inches and thick -- the lightest-

brown in color. The largest -- fourteen and even thicker -- was a much deeper brown. All three of them were exquisitely realistic, with fully articulated balls, sculpted cockheads and visible ridges formed by convincingly anatomical veins.

There was also a very large and very sharp combat knife. It was this that Ben planned to use to open the package when he was given permission to do so. But his Mistress had made him do other things with it -- scary things. Things that made his hard dick throb in his panties.

He was already forming a wet spot at the tip. Ben continued to wait. As he did, his dick softened. Precum leaked out and drizzled into his red panties. He waited some more. He thought about work he had to get done by the end of the day. But it wasn't his place to worry about anything other than worshipping his Mistress, when he was in The Chapel.

Ben waited and waited. A whole seventeen minutes passed before his Mistress's webcam flared to life.

Ben's heart quickened as he saw that the beautiful Baroness Jasmine was naked except for her boots. Knee-high black ones, shiny and beautiful. She sat in her "camthrone," legs spread and pussy on display. Ben stared at the smooth-shaved pink slit of her pussy and *drooled*. But he *really* drooled when he looked at her boots: they were brand new. *Brand* new. He'd never seen her in such shiny boots. They were glorious. They had perhaps three-inch heels. They zipped up the sides. They looked relatively comfortable. They were considerably more feminine and elegant than the ones she'd usually worn for their Audiences.

Ben was overcome by the sight of her in those boots. His eyes could not decide if they wanted to drink in the sight of her body or of those gorgeous new boots. He saw his Mistress fully naked. Her body was gorgeous. *She* was gorgeous. She was nothing that he could ever hope to be or hope to fuck. She was nothing he could even hope to worship without having to pay for the privilege. Ben's eyes flickered over her full, beautiful tits, her slender hips, the glittering rings in her navel and clit and pussy, the tattoos on her belly and thighs.

"Hello, pig," she purred. Her low, sensuous voice crackled through the speakers. "Do you like my new boots?"

"Yes, Mistress." said Ben breathlessly, in his girliest voice. "They're gorgeous. I love them. I'd worship them, Mistress, if I were there with you."

Baroness Jasmine sneered. "You think I would *let you*?" she asked. "You'd have to *beg*. Would you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said. His cock had grown fully hard again. It stretched through his panties, the head almost peeking out over the waistband. The tip was wet with pre-cum. It left a wet streak down the front of his panties. "Yes, Mistress, yes, i would beg you to worship your new boots."

"How *much* would you beg, pig?"

Ben's heart raced. He knew what that meant. He did a quick calculation in his mind. How much had he gotten for this last coding job? He parsed numbers. He added them up. He subtracted. He thought about rent, food, utilities.

"If i may, Mistress?" asked Ben. In his mind, the "i" was always small.

"You may," said Baroness Jasmine.

Ben might have thought bitterly about how he was spending time from his half-hour to perform administrative tasks related to payment. Wouldn't it have been easier if Baroness Jasmine had just quoted him a price and then let him pay it all at once? He'd already paid the Audience Tribute, and tipped her an extra \$30! How the hell much should he give her *now*, for the privilege of *not* being able to lick her boots, because she was two thousand miles away?

Ben leaned over, minimized the cam window, switched to the Tributes page on Baroness Jasmine's website. He typed \$50 in. His cock throbbed.

He did some quick calculations. No, no...he could afford it. And he really, really, *really* needed to cum.

He typed in \$100. He hit PAY TRIBUTE. He returned to the cam window, slid back into a kneeling position, legs spread, hands flat on his thighs.

On Baroness Jasmine's end, something chimed. She had a wireless mouse on the arm of her camthrone. She clicked it and checked something, apparently on a screen just off camera.

"Awwww," said Baroness Jasmine. "What a sweet little cocksucker you are. Yes, you can lick them, slave."

On her end, the camera was placed very low, so that Ben's view was even more angled than it would have been if he'd been kneeling before her in the flesh. After all, Ben was on the tall side. Even when he was kneeling, his eyes were far higher than the camera. The psychological effect was considerable; it made this physically very tall man feel like a much shorter one -- like a petite little slut. Like a girl.

The camera's low placement made it easy for Baroness Jasmine to do what she did. She crossed her legs, hiding her pussy from Ben's ravenous eyes -- but bringing one of her gorgeous boots closer to the camera -- closer, closer.

Then everything vanished. It all went dark. Ben knew what had happened. She had done this before. Baroness Jasmine had pushed the sole of her boot up against her cam. But Ben knew that she could still see him, through *his* cam, right there in the center at the top of his laptop screen.

She required his *tribute*. He fumed, bitterly, thinking about how this wasn't what he had in mind when he said he would worship her boots. It was like getting a starving man to pay you for a seven-course meal, then *showing* him a picture of a hamburger and six moldy French fries.

Worse, these boots were fresh and new. With the bottom of one pressed up close to the cam, Ben's screen was filled with nothing but the faint ridges that formed the Vibram sole. He didn't even get the benefit he'd gotten with Baroness Jasmine's *old* boots, those filthy black leather ones with the lower heels, where he'd been able to see the worn-away patches, the many variations in texture that had resulted from wear. More importantly, when she pulled this trick -- money for "boot worship" -- he'd been able to see the filth that accumulated in the cracks, since Baroness Jasmine's old boots were her favorites, and she often wore them out of the house. Sometimes she even went so far as to tell Ben about all the nasty things she'd done while wearing them. How she went into porn shops and entered the porn booths and sucked giant black cocks in glory holes. How she stood there in puddles of cum. Sometimes, when Baroness Jasmine was in a nasty mood, she would tell him some truly filthy things about what she did in her boots to make them so filthy.

Now, there was nothing but darkness and faintly-ridged Vibram. Nonetheless, Ben knew the boot worship wasn't optional.

He bent forward over the Altar and started licking his laptop screen.

To his further shame, the humiliating ritual was almost as hot for him as it would have been to worship his Mistress's boots in person. Something about the degrading ritual of having to cough up his money to lick his own laptop screen was so intensely dehumanizing that Ben felt his cock throb in response to the taste and the feel of the screen against his wet tongue. He would never have thought that a laptop screen would have a taste to it -- but it did.

He licked Baroness Jasmine's boots in long, humiliating strokes over his laptop screen. With the placement of the webcam, he knew she could not see anything more than the scattered curtain of his hair, teased-out into something that looked like a brushfire. That didn't stop him from putting his all into the "worship," swirling his tongue around and alternating short-long and soft-heavy strokes, almost as if he were kissing a pair of bare feet -- or her pussy.

Someday, Ben thought, maybe Mistress would let him do that. She would point the camera between her legs and...how much, he wondered bitterly, would she expect him to pay her for that?

Ben's laptop was expensive, of course -- he always bought expensive computer equipment. That's why he always used screen protectors -- thin plastic sheets of adhesive that went over the place where he kissed, licked and suckled. . He'd definitely have to change this one. His heavy coat of lipstick left hot red kisses in multiple places on his screen. He drooled so much it ran everywhere. When he saw rivulets starting to head down the screen for the keyboard, Ben quickly lowered his face and dabbed them up with his cheeks. That left a faint, grimy smear of rouge across the lower part of the screen -- but his keyboard stayed more or less pristine.

After three or four minutes of "worship," Baroness Jasmine laughed and said: "Good, cocksucker. Here, have some more." She swapped her boots out, moving one foot -- the left, he thought, though he always felt mildly dyslexic when watching someone on webcam who was watching him on webcam -- aside and replacing it with the other. As she did, Ben got an exquisite glimpse of his Mistress's body. She had one hand down between her legs, one finger working up and down in her slit. Ben realized his Mistress was rubbing herself as he worshipped her boots.

Ben felt a faint surge of pride and pleasure at that, thinking he'd pleased his Mistress enough with his worship that she had to touch her wet pussy. Then he saw that she had a tablet computer in her left hand. She was reading something, or looking at pictures. She completely ignored him. She wouldn't even have noticed if he hadn't been licking her at all.

But Ben only got a quick glimpse of Baroness Jasmine's naked body and her complete disinterest as she masturbated to dirty pictures or whatever. Then the sole of her other boot was up against the cam, and Ben leaned forward to worship again.

This time he did it even better. Some tripwire had been tugged in his brain, and he felt more deeply submissive than ever. It had hurt him deeply, seeing that Baroness Jasmine didn't even give a fuck about him enough to

watch him worship her boots. It sent a throbbing pain through his guts and deep into his balls. He felt tears in his makeup-heavy eyes.

He worshipped this boot with a new kind of fervor. Some part of his crazy brain thought if he did a good enough job, well, perhaps she would favor him. She might know. She would know he'd done better than before. She would know that Ben had really put his all into worshipping the soles of her gorgeous new boots.

But *how* would she know? She wasn't even watching. Ben supposed she might have been capturing the footage for later playback, as he often did when she gave him permission; it pleased Baroness Jasmine to let him jack off to footage of their previous sessions, or of the semi-nude pictures of her that he'd purchased, or to her voice in her more explicit MP3s, as long as he swore not to cum. Naturally, if he wanted to "edge" himself, he had to send a \$10 tribute every time he did, and to ask permission by text message first. Which made \$20 total, because even that text message cost him money, like every text he sent his Mistress.

Yeah, Baroness Jasmine *might* be capturing this footage and playing it back later... but Ben sincerely doubted it. And why would it matter? The camera was too close. She couldn't see what he was doing. She certainly couldn't know how elegantly his tongue was swirling around the ridged surface of her shiny new Vibram soles. She'd never know it, and probably wouldn't have cared if she did. She didn't *want* his tongue on her in person. He'd offered her numerous times to fly out to see her so he could pay her an exorbitant fee -- everything he could afford -- for in-person domination. She'd just laughed and told him to punch his balls for presuming she *wanted* his in-person domination.

*This* was what she wanted from him. This was *all* she wanted from him. And Ben gave it to her, because...he didn't know why. He just did.

"That's enough, slave," Baroness Jasmine said. She removed her foot from the cam. Ben hoped she had a lens-protector up on her side, like he had a screen-protector. He was sure that she did. Nonetheless, the thin plastic film that covered his film was now soiled, marred with the red

lipstick-marks, smeared rouge and mascara and eyeliner, and his spittle. There was a lot of the latter. Ben felt a soft, deep sense of panic as he wondered if he might have drooled enough to actually damage the screen. He didn't know how much drooling that would have to be. His heart raced. He'd really gotten into it -- even more than last time. And why not? These were *glorious* boots. He wished he could see his spit on them, see how shiny he'd made them, but he couldn't. Instead, his reward for long and humiliating minutes of boot-worship was nothing more than a fudged-up screen, and the attendant blur that now covered his view of his Mistress's naked body.

Still, she was gorgeous. In some ways even *more* beautiful than she'd been before he had slimed up his screen. There was something deliciously wrong about viewing his Mistress, naked, through the film of his spit and his makeup. Maybe some tears in there, too; his eyes were sure watering. He could feel the mascara, all gloppy. Surely it was just because he was bent so far over. Surely. He wished he'd been able to show her how high in the air he'd thrust his butt up there, how cute it was, now, with its super-smooth shave job and the hot cherry-red thong tugging up into his asshole.

Ben checked the clock. They were twenty-nine minutes into their session. If Baroness Jasmine had chosen to be a *real* bitch, she would have cut the feed in one minute, even though *she* was the one who'd arrived seventeen minutes late.

But she did not. Instead, she leaned back in her throne so she could spread her legs wider. She reached down with one booted foot and nudged the cam slightly, giving Ben an even more exquisite view of her shaved and pierced sex.

"Do you want your reward, slave?" asked Baroness Jasmine. "For worshipping my boots so humbly?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said, voice low and husky but soft, sexy, girly. "Please, Mistress. If it should please You...."

"You've already got it, dumbshit. Open it."



Ben bristled slightly at hearing himself called a "dumbshit." He could handle her calling him "cocksucker," because he found that so much hotter than "sissy," which seemed to be Baroness Jasmine's default. Somehow, she'd picked up on that, and altered her behavior. In Jasmine's Barony, only the insults were customized. But "dumbshit" implied he was stupid. "Cocksucker" was hotter than "sissy" for some reason, because it was so much nastier. He liked it even though he had less than no interest in cock -- unless you counted Baroness Jasmine's. But Ben was a very smart guy. It always hurt to be called stupid, no matter who called him that.

Then again, wasn't that the point? And it *had* been pretty stupid to space on the package. He'd been so wrapped up in worshipping his Mistress's boots that he'd forgotten all about it.

"Yes, Mistress," said Ben. "May I use Your knife?" Everything in The Chapel was Jasmine's. Each of the three dildos were "Your cock," or "Your Cock" in chat or text. The punishment tools were Hers, as well; it was always Jasmine punishing Ben, in theory, even though she just made him punish himself.

"I don't care what you use, slave. Just open it."

Ben seized the big combat knife and cut into the cardboard shell of the package. It wasn't easy with the giant knife; a razor would have been simpler. But the knife was very sharp -- Baroness Jasmine made him sharpen it regularly -- and soon he had the package open.

Ben's makeup-rimmed eyes widened. His messy-lipsticked mouth opened wide in an "O" of surprise. He gasped. He gulped.

Inside the package were a pair of black boots. He recognized them instantly. They were Baroness Jasmine's old boots...her *old* ones. They were the boots she'd worn in their first session, all those many months ago, and many times since then. They were the boots she sometimes told him she wore to suck black dick in glory holes. They were the boots she walked the

street in. They were the boots her other slaves worshipped. "And the *good* slaves," Baroness Jasmine had told Ben once, "get to fuck them."

When Ben was allowed to orgasm, he never got to do anything *like* "fuck" her "boots." That would have entailed humping his webcam, he guessed. He'd always supposed that Baroness Jasmine's "good slaves" were the ones she saw in person -- although Jasmine had always been very vague about that. She'd told him she worked in a dungeon. She told him she did see in-person clients. But just who and where and for how much, and what exactly she let them do to her boots or the rest of her -- Baroness Jasmine had always either skillfully dodged those questions, or told Ben to beat his butt or balls just for asking.

He had previously received well-used pairs of Baroness Jasmine's panties, but he'd never dreamed in a million years she would send him her favorite boots. These were *precious*.

The boots were zipped in an industrial-strength plastic bag. Ben couldn't smell them -- not yet -- though he badly wanted to. Ben knew from Baroness Jasmine's "Alternate Tributes" page on her website that she wore a size 5. The boots were, therefore, narrow and rather petite. They had pointy toes with silver tips, and diamond-shaped heels of three or perhaps almost four inches. They had elegant soles, with the arches smooth and pristine since only the balls and toes touched the ground when she walked.

They were nearly knee-high on Baroness Jasmine. They felt heavy in his hands despite their relative small size. He could feel even through the heavy plastic bag that the leather was brittle with age.

"What do you think of them?" Baroness Jasmine asked, her voice crackling through the subwoofer. Ben could see that she'd leaned way forward, putting her red-painted mouth right up against the microphone. The smile on her face was infectious.

Ben couldn't help smiling, too.

"This one loves them, Mistress," he said. "They're gorgeous."

"Stop that!" she snapped. "I hate that 'this one' shit. You're a person, not a thing. You're my *property*, cocksucker, but you're still a person. That's why it's such wicked fun to degrade you. You need it, you know."

"Yes, I do, Mistress."

"You *want* it, not that it matters. What you want *doesn't* matter."

"No, Mistress."

"What I want *does*, cocksucker, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress." Ben's eyes kept flickering from the sight of his Mistress, booted and nude on the screen, legs spread and pussy-lips parted, sex pink and red from how hard she'd been rubbing herself. With her leaning forward like that, Ben could see that her pussy was slightly open -- she'd had her fingers inside of her. She'd been fucking herself while he worshipped her boots.

He knew she was undoubtedly turned on not by his worship, but by whatever she'd been reading on her tablet. Dirty pictures? Filthy stories? Emails from slaves? Ben didn't know, and he didn't dare ask. Baroness Jasmine assuredly wouldn't have told him if he *had* dared.

"What I want, *now*," said Baroness Jasmine. "What I demand...is for you to unzip those boots and worship them. Right here, right now. And our half-hour's almost up, slave. Pay me before you continue."

Ben felt so drunk from the feeling of Jasmine's boots in his hands that he didn't even think twice. There were no more calculations, other than the quick one that told him that yes, he still had money in his account. If required, he probably would have emptied it. With a murmured, "Yes, Mistress," in his girliest voice, he switched over to Jasmine's "Tributes" page. Another half-hour? Ben didn't even ask. Was this one initiated by her, or by him? He typed in \$50, then thought better of it. His balls throbbed with pain and denial. He gave her a \$30 tip. Another \$80. How much had he

given his Mistress today -- on a *work day*? When he hadn't planned for it? His brain was so fried from erotic excitement and sexual need that he couldn't possibly add up a damned thing. But he did know it was something approaching \$300.

Ben didn't care. He had Baroness Jasmine's boots -- her real boots -- right there, right in front of him. He was thrilled. He knew they were real, too; he had seen these boots so many times, right up against the cam, while he worshipped them, or further away, planted firm on the floor while she masturbated to visions of Ben hurting himself for her. If she came, there was always a "surcharge." His cums were free...if she ever allowed them.

Ben clicked "PAY TRIBUTE." Baroness Jasmine put her slim hand on her wireless mouse. She clicked. She peered off to the side, checking her balance. She smiled when she saw it.

"That's why I love you, cocksucker," Baroness Jasmine said. "Such a big tipper. That's why you got them first. Open that bag, cocksucker, and worship my boots. Get up close, here...let me see every lick. Don't forget to smell them."

*Love*. The word sent a lightning bolt through Ben's body, straight from the back of his throat -- where she sometimes made him choke down the smallest of the brown cocks that he "served" for her -- to his balls, which were swollen and blue, and his asshole, which she so often made him stretch wide on cam for her, around the exquisitely anatomical shafts that she "raped" him with. It was all fun and games; Jasmine didn't "rape" him -- how could she? -- any more than she "loved" him -- how could she do that, either?

But the word still made Ben feel drunk.

He said, "Yes, Mistress." His voice sounded girlier than ever. "I love you, too, Mistress."

Jasmine let out a guttural laugh.

"Whatever, fag. You think I care?"

Ben's face grew hot. "No, Mistress." Tears formed in his eyes.

Jasmine snapped impatiently: "Holy fuck! What's the holdup? Get a move on, cocksucker!"

Spurred into action, Ben still moved slowly, reverently, as he unzipped the heavy plastic. He took out the boots.

He placed them on the altar, in front of his laptop. He made sure they were just far enough apart that the cam on his laptop could see between them.

"Down," Baroness Jasmine said. "Move it down." He knew that she meant the webcam. He tipped his laptop screen forward, angling the onboard cam down at the boots. That also gave him a better view of her as he lowered himself to the altar, parting his messy red lips as he pressed his face up to the cracked leather surface of one of the boots.

He *wanted* a good view, because Baroness Jasmine had brought out some toys. She had her vibrator in her hand -- the big plug-in model that almost always got her off. And that wasn't all. Tucked against her hip was a *cock*. She'd slipped it behind her spread thigh to wait for its chance to fuck her. She lifted her knees over the arms of her camthrone and started to rub her cunt, holding her vibe in reserve. Baroness Jasmine moaned. She hadn't even bothered to switch her vibe on, but she already sounded like she was going to cum. And Ben knew from extensive experience that the big high-powered vibrating monster Baroness Jasmine held in her hand would *always* make her cum.

Ben felt a quick sense of panic; he'd really been blowing his wad for her today! The thought of an orgasm "surcharge" on top of the rest of it scared him a little. But he knew he shouldn't let himself pull back now, when Baroness Jasmine had chosen to grant him such an honor.

He rubbed his face against the dry, cracked leather boot. He started by kissing them reverently. He took deep breaths as he kissed them. Oh, lord, he could *smell* her. He moaned softly. He started licking. The leather felt rough beneath his wet licks. He pushed down the tongue of the boot and buried his face inside it. He drew a deep breath. He felt high. The leather mingled with the scent of Baroness Jasmine's feet. There was something more in there, though -- deeper, muskier.

As he worshipped, Baroness Jasmine's sensuous voice purred its way out of Ben's speakers and into his hungry ears.

"I *slept in them* for you," she said. "I wore them all day and all night. I wore those fucking things for a whole week, cocksucker. Does that make your dick hard?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Ben, breathing deep of her foot-scent and licking the leather. It tasted dirty all over, tangy in places, musky and moldy in others. He licked and sucked against the leather, leaving lipstick kisses on it as his Mistress moaned louder.

"Then pull it out, cocksucker. Pull that sick little cocksucker-stick out of your panties." She liked to call it a "cocksucker-stick" because she'd originally called it a "sissy-stick," -- but "cocksucker" always got a more humiliated reaction out of Ben. "Jack it off for me cocksucker. No! Show it to me first."

Ben did as Baroness Jasmine said, raising himself into an upright position and pulling his red panties down. He started to jack his cock slowly, agonizingly, gripping it hard but trying desperately not to pump too quickly. If he did, he would squirt -- and then there would be hell to pay. "Unlawful discharge" carried with it an enormous "surcharge." He would empty his bank account if that happened. He'd made it this far without ever squirting a load out contrary to Baroness Jasmine's orders -- at least, not when she could see it. He didn't want to lose it now.

Baroness jasmine switched on her vibe and let it replace her hand on her clit. That hand, now glistening visibly pussy-wet on Ben's screen, dug into

the arm of Jasmine's camthrone as she pushed the vibrator up to her clit.

"Good girl," she purred. "Good cocksucker. Just keep on jerking it while you worship my boots. Show me how much you love me."

*Love.* Again, Ben felt his skin goose-bumping at the word.

Pins and needles seemed to ripple down his body. He bent down low and worshipped his Mistress's boots, smelling them in deep, intimate slurps of air as he lapped at the boots from toe to heel and then under the arches. He felt the granular filth that always accumulated on Baroness Jasmine's soles. Would she tell him, today, about how she had worn them to crouch in a porn shop video booth, sucking black cocks that some strangers shoved through a glory hole?

No. There was no story -- nothing but moans from his Mistress. Jasmine's cries rose to a high pitch, and she screamed out, "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Show me your dick, cocksucker! Show me your dick, show me how your fag dick is drooling..."

Ben obeyed, getting upright and bringing one of Jasmine's old boots with him so he could shove it in his face and worship it while he showed her the glistening tip of his cock. He squeezed and stroked it. More cum leaked out. He felt like he could cum any second. He was very close.

"Edge yourself, cocksucker. Right to the edge. Get your little bitch cock to the edge, and then tell me. *Quickly*. I wanna cum when you get there. Right when you get there. Don't you dare cum. I won't tell you what shit I'll do to you if you cum, cocksucker...do it! Edge yourself!"

"Yes, Mistress! I'm doing it, Mistress!" Ben squealed like a girl as he pumped his hard cock, pumping his hips as if he were fucking an imaginary hole -- or as if, transformed into a girl, he was fucking *himself* onto an imaginary cock. He felt himself mounting closer and closer to orgasm, quickly.

"How long, you bitch? Get there *now*! I'm tired of waiting!" Jasmine's voice was husky, her abusive words sounding all the more forceful because she was serious. Ben could tell that his Mistress needed and, more importantly, *wanted* her orgasm. This spurred him to pump his cock faster.

"Just a few seconds, Mistress. Just a few seconds -- oh, fuck, almost there--!"

"Rub it on my boot, cocksucker. When you get there, milk it out. Milk it out and rub it on my boot."

"Yes, Mistress." Ben clutched the boot to his cock. His eyes rolled back. He was almost there...right on the edge.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," he said, his moans progressively turning to sobs. He had stopped moving. He gripped his cock tightly. "There!" he cried out. His balls spasmed painfully. The muscles inside his pubic sling contracted. He squeezed his dick. Milky droplets of his cum leaked out; there was even a tiny spurt. He smeared it across the front of his



Mistress's boot, turning his body slightly to the side so she could see his dick dribbling.

"That's it, cocksucker. Rub it all over my boot. Just rub it in. Don't you dare lick it...."

The pain pulsed through Ben's balls. He swayed. He felt dizzy. He could barely stay on his knees. He rubbed his dickhead against the cracked leather.

He heard her moaning wildly. "Cumming--!" That was all she said; then she howled out a series of wild screams as her orgasm ripped through her naked body.

Ben rubbed the drooling tip of his cock against the old leather boot as he watched his Mistress cum. She came hard, screaming at the top of her lungs as she pumped her hips rhythmically against her vibrator. It must have taken her two long minutes to climax.

But she wasn't finished.

"Again!" she snapped. "The other boot! Again!" Without even taking a break, Jasmine pressed the vibe harder to her clit and began to pump her hips.

Groaning, Ben began stroking his cock with excruciating slowness. He returned the first boot -- right or left? He didn't even know -- to the Altar, and seized the other. He pressed it against his dickhead and stroked his cock slowly, making sure Baroness Jasmine could see it. Every few strokes, he had to reach down and pull hard on his balls to keep himself from cumming. His swollen, denied blue balls hurt like *hell*. It hurt even worse when he got the bright idea to jam the sharp heel of his Mistress's boot into his nuts to forcibly stretch them down. The pain was excruciating, but Jasmine liked it.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, cocksucker. Shove it in. Just like I'm standing on your nuts, cocksucker. Dig in that heel. Make it hurt, bitch. Oh, I love when

it hurts..."

Jasmine's eyes remained wide on the screen, which created a slightly eerie experience since she wasn't looking at Ben -- that is, she wasn't looking at the webcam, but at Ben's image on her screen. Still, he knew she was watching him, and he knew that it pleased her. She switched off her vibrator, set it aside. She fumbled for the huge cock tucked into a corner of the camthrone just behind her naked hip. Her hand trembled as she lifted her shiny new boots onto the seat of the camthrone and fumbled the cock into place. Ben saw that it was a deep chocolate color, but not quite as long as the smallest dick she made him fuck -- the lighter-brown one, sort of a café-au-lait color. But then, Baroness Jasmine was a much smaller person than Ben. The nine-inch dick looked *enormous*.

She sat down on it urgently, jerking and swaying as the giant shaft stretched her cunt. Jasmine crouched on the camthrone, bracing herself on the arms. She tucked the heels of her new boots against the flared base of the giant cock and started to fuck herself up and down on it violently. She cried out as she mounted closer. Ben could hear her cries growing louder. His Mistress was about to orgasm for a second time.

He groaned, desperately tensing his muscles all over -- his arm so he could keep pumping his cock but do it as slowly as possible, his asshole and pubic sling so he could fight off the onrushing orgasm, his throat because that was his natural response when tightening his asshole, his mouth because he had it open wide in an "O" of distress and dismay, small pathetic squeals of girly pleasure and pain -- he couldn't even tell the difference anymore -- eeeeeek-ing their way out of him while he struggled to hold himself back from the brink of an orgasm.

He'd wanted to cum for *weeks*. Baroness Jasmine had teased him, taunted him, made him wait. Ben felt desperate. He realized with humiliated horror that his eyes were running. Tears? He didn't even know anymore. He could feel the mascara-thick rivers forming on his cheeks. He could taste the salt of his tears and the bitter of the mascara. A sob wracked his body.

"You wanna cum, cocksucker? Huh? You wanna cum when I do?"

Ben didn't know how to answer. This could be a trap. He cried, "If it please you, Mistress!" He realized he sounded just like a girl: like a wussy little girl. Like a deeply submissive girly-girl, eager to please...

"Then you fuck my boot, cocksucker. Shove your dick in that thing, just like a pocket pussy. I don't care which one, cocksucker. *Do it!* Cum for me, bitch!"

Ben couldn't believe what he'd heard. His Mistress had given him permission to cum. He reversed the position of Jasmine's boot. He took a brief break to kiss it before he lowered it back down to his cock. He'd been rubbing his dickhead against the toe, drooling pre-cum all over it. It was shiny. He smelled his pre-cum and Jasmine's boot. Musky, sweaty, filthy. The smell of her foot-sweat, the smell of the street. The smell of whatever cum-spattered fuck-booth she'd worn these boots in when she'd crouched down and sucked big black dicks through a glory hole...

*If* she had. Ben knew she could have been lying. Telling him stories to get him to fork over cash. But then again, did it really matter? Her stories were as real as they needed to be, and Ben was holding her boot in his face, kissing it.

"I said fuck it, cocksucker! I said fuck my boot! Do it!" Jasmine had retrieved her vibe and kept fucking herself on the giant dildo while she pressed the head of the buzzing vibrator to her clit.

"Yes, Mistress," Ben gasped. He lowered the boot and shoved his dick into it -- almost like it was a pocket pussy, just like his Mistress said. The dry leather rubbed his dick raw as he squeezed it tight and started to jerk it.

It didn't take long. Ben was *so* ready. He'd needed this cum for too long. His eyes rolled back in his head. He squealed like a girl as his dick erupted, pouring jizz into Jasmine's boot. He kept pumping it. She didn't order him to pull back. She didn't try to ruin his orgasm. She just let him cum.

And then she came. She howled like a banshee. She screamed at the top of her lungs. She came *hard*. Ben only saw a little of it, because he was seeing stars and then his eyes were all blurry from mascara tears. His eyes stung. The little he did see, though, was a glorious sight. Jasmine was poised there, her boots on the throne, the heels holding the flange of the dildo down flat so she could fuck herself onto it. Fuckin' A, what kind of *yoga* did this woman do?

When she finished cumming, Jasmine slumped into the camthrone with her legs spread wide. The giant dildo slid out of her, leaving a wet trail. It oozed its way to the edge of the camthrone's leather seat...and disappeared off-camera. Ben heard a wet thunk.

"Show me," she said.

Ben held the boot up to show Jasmine the huge load of slime he'd just blasted down into it.

"Mmmmm," he said. "I know a cocksucker who's really going to love that. He doesn't live far from you. You'd better do a very good job of mucking up those boots this week, slave...or I'm going to introduce you two. Make those boots real dirty for him, or I'll make you shoot your load for him in person. Maybe I'll even make you two cocksuckers fuck each other." She beamed. "After all," Baroness Jasmine said, "Haven't you begged me to let you come see me? This would be the next best thing. If you don't get those boots *really* filthy for me."

Ben blinked. He drew the boot back. "Wait....Mistress, *what?*"

Jasmine's face and tits were flushed with orgasmic pleasure. She leaned forward and smiled at the camera.

"Check the box, slave. It's got a packing label. He doesn't live far from you -- well, you'll find out." She laughed and slumped back in the camthrone, cackling wickedly.

Ben grabbed the box and tipped it upwards. A packing slip fell out.

The return address was his. It was pre-addressed to a mail drop in Greenville, just a few towns over from Ben. The recipient's name was "Jason Fields." Ben didn't recognize it, nor did he know anyone in Greenville.

"Did you really think that I love you so much I would give you my boots without charging you?" Jasmine laughed. "There'll be a rental fee, of course. We can negotiate that later."

*Negotiate*, thought Ben with a hint of bitterness.

"We'll talk rental price *after* you give me what I really want. You see, Jason -- or *Jessica*, as I like to call her when she gets all dressed up and cams for me -- is a *serious* foot freak. Not like you, bitch. You need your boots dirty, but he needs them *really* dirty. And I think it's time he learned to worship when they're not just *dirty* dirty, but when they've been *made* dirty by my other fuckslaves. Slaves like you, *bitch*."

Ben blinked at the screen. Jasmine laughed happily.

"It's going to be a long week for you, cocksucker. You're going to fuck those boots *plenty*. You get to plan on having a *lot* of orgasms this week. I want every last one squirted *in* or *on* my old boots. And then you'll send them on to Jessica. Understand?"

Ben gulped said, "Yes, Mistress."

"This week," Jasmine reiterated, "*Every* load goes where it belongs. Right where I want it. Right in my boots."

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said. "I promise -- *every* load."

"Good girl." Jasmine blew Ben a kiss. "See you tonight, then? Jessica really needs a *filthy* pair, so there's no time to waste. Let's say...six o'clock?"

Ben said miserably, "I'm sorry, Mistress. This slave doesn't have any more money."

Jasmine sounded like she thought that was the funniest thing she'd ever heard.

"Tell you what," she purred happily. "I'll give you a credit line. There'll be interest, of course, but...for now, you just sign on when I tell you to sign on. We'll talk tribute later."

Ben felt light-headed. "Yes, Mistress," he said.

"See you tonight," Jasmine said. "For another foot-fuck. This time, I'll make you spit on them, too. Really spit. It makes cum smell that much stronger."

Ben just stared at the slimy, aromatic boots.

Jasmine said brightly, "Au revoir, slave! See you at six."

"Yes, Mistress."

Jasmine blew Ben a kiss, and the screen went dark.

Ben went back to work with his panties on.

"That Kind of Girl" first appeared in *Gangbanged Sissies*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## That Kind of Girl by Corey Sawyer

I had already draped myself sensuously across the motel bed by the time I heard Hank's footsteps in the hall outside.

At least, I'd done it as sensuously possible -- it wasn't easy with this cheap polyester bedcover, the garish furnishings, and the smell of stale cigarette smoke that permeated everything in the cheap motel room. Even the musky, spicy, flirty and impossibly girly perfume I'd doused myself in for Hank couldn't drown out the stink of the cheap motel room. If I'd been a different girl -- a different *kind* of girl, I guess -- maybe Hank would have romanced me in a high-class hotel room, and I would have been smelling lilacs and roses instead. But I'm not that kind of girl; I would *never* be that kind of girl.

No, I'm the kind of girl who gets instructions by mobile chat like, "Get a room at the Sleep Tight Lodge on West Airport Boulevard and text me the room number. Wear something sexy, bitch. Tonight, you're getting the living shit fucked out of you."

And I'm the kind of girl who does what she's told, if it's something nasty like that. Even when it's from a guy like Hank -- a guy I don't know, a guy who comes across as slightly deranged and a little bit dangerous, who wants nothing more than to get his hands on a girl like me and hurt her and fuck her and slap her around till she cries and have her thank him for degrading her by giving him the best blowjob of his life. And then a guy like Hank likes to say, "Shut the fuck up, bitch," and leave me with cum on my face and running down my tits.

I'm the kind of girl who does what she's told, *especially* if it's from a guy like Hank. He's the kind of guy I want...I *need*...I seem to go looking for. I know I shouldn't; I know I'm a bad girl for doing it. He knows it, too. He knows I don't want to say "Yes, Master," when he tells me to dress up and meet him, knowing I'm going to face hours of hard degradation with no backing out. He knows I don't *want* to say "Yes, Master"...but he knows that I *will*.



And I *had* done just as he asked. I'd worn something sexy, all right -- a sexy pink babydoll nighty that tied loosely in front of my tits and was practically see-through. My tits were pretty new; I was seriously proud of them. Every week I got more and more of them; I wanted to show them off to my Master. I hoped they would please him, and maybe if my new titties pleased him enough, he might want to abuse them a little. Just a little, though...not a lot. If he abused them too much, I might cry, and then I'd beg him to stop.

When I heard Hank's footsteps outside the motel room door, I pressed my thighs together, feeling the tension deep in my panties that told me I was getting too excited already. If I let myself get anywhere near as excited as last time, I'd never control myself. And then, I might let my Master do *anything* to me. Of course, that was his right. But if I let myself get worked up the way I was feeling I might, then I might not even *resist* when Hank did something hard and nasty to me. Maybe way, way harder and nastier than he'd ever done before. Maybe nastier than I wanted. Maybe nastier than I could handle.

Hank didn't have to knock. I'd propped the door open on the deadbolt. He just pushed it open, and there I was, stretched out for him with my pretty titties on display and my thighs pressed tight together and my platinum-blond hair spread across the bed and draping over the side.

I saw his big, dark form in the doorway and wriggled my body back and forth in a kind of invitation.

Then I heard more footsteps. I felt a rushing sense of panic...as I realized my Master wasn't alone.

Hank came in and held the door open as two, three, four...*five* big black men crowded in. My eyes, I think, widened progressively with each one that showed up. By the fourth, my jaw dropped, my lips feeling sticky and soft from the heavy coating of lipstick I'd layered on there.

I got up from my "sensuously draped" position. Disbelief raged through me. I couldn't comprehend what was happening. I knelt on the bed, my knees instinctively apart in an automatic posture of submission that Hank, and many other men, had taught me over the years. I felt suddenly shy. I felt my face getting hot. I crossed my arms over my little B-cup titties, hiding them from the six men who now stood in the motel room, crowded in and looking me over with animal lust on their faces.

Correction...I was hiding my titties from *five* men. I didn't mind if Master saw them. Hank owned me; he owned my tits as much as he owned any part of me. I was proud and happy to show off my tits to my Master. After all, he'd given them to me. It was Hank's counterfeit prescription that had gotten me the pills that had started to feminize me. It was his order that had forced me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue to receive the Communion I feared, even while I protested, whined, refused and let tears run down my cheeks. And it was Hank's soft, supple belt that had whipped me across the back of my thighs to punish me for crying when he made me take my medicine.

I and cried like the dickens the first time -- *months* ago, now. The second, the third, the fourth time, the fifth...even the sixth, I'd cried, too, and Hank had whipped me for crying and forced me to swallow the pills. It was only as my titties came in and I started to feel more deeply submissive that I'd realized Master was right to feminize me. He'd heard all my confessions, and given me absolution...by forcing me to accept feminization.

So I could serve him...and serve other men. I had served so many over the years, but never the way I'd served Hank. How could I? The random men I'd met on the internet couldn't torment and hurt me and punish and degrade me the way that Master Hank could. They could only slap me around, spank me, whip me, put clamps on my flat, gross, shaved little male titties.

Only Hank was brutal enough to force me to feminize myself.

And only Hank was brutal enough to share me with a group of his "friends." Who were they, really? Old prison buddies? Gang members?

Guys he'd met in a bar? Guys he'd recruited from the internet?

I didn't know...I'd probably *never* know. What I *did* know is that Master planned to give me to them. The fear raged through me, pulsing harder till it verged on panic.

And then I felt a curious calm settling over me. *Of course* Master was going to have me gangbanged. Why shouldn't I? How better to feminize a reluctant little sissy bitch like me? How better to teach me that I live to serve cock...not just Master Hank's cock, but *all* cock.

Still, I trembled with fear as the men looked at me. I felt my hard titties heaving as I breathed quickly and heavily in fear. I felt my nips stiffening against my palms. I wanted to pinch them. I wanted to twist them.

Most of all, I wanted to reach down and tuck my little cock back in between my legs. But I had instinctively spread my legs, placing myself on display. And now, my little cock popped free and stood there, short but very hard, my arousal obvious to every one of the five men Master had brought in to ravish me.

I realized that Master had a camera in his hand. It was just a little camcorder -- but I know what he's going to do with it. Master has documented phases of my training before...*important* phases.

That's how I knew how important it was that I do everything my Master ordered me to do tonight. And I mean *everything*.

Master turned on the camera and pointed it at me, putting his eye to the viewfinder. The light went on; he was now videotaping me.

"Boys, this is Kylie," he said. "She's been under my tutoring." The guys chuckled cruelly; they seemed to know what that meant. "I said tonight she'd get the living shit fucked out of her. What do you say boys, think you can oblige?"

There was a murmur of affirmation.

"What about you Kylie?" asked Master. "You gonna be a good girl? You gonna be a good little sissy fuckslut for my friends? Or you gonna get all shy and make us tie you down face-down and ass-up to get this week's dose of your 'medicine'?"

I felt my face getting hotter. "Medicine" was a bit of a double-entendre. Hank referred not only to the pills he made me take every week when he met me in cheap and sleazy motels -- a new one every time. He referred to the cum that he made me eat or shot up my ass. Hank cums more than any man I've ever known... more than I could ever even *dream* of cumming, even before I started taking Hank's "medicine." He feeds me three or four cumshots on average, every time we meet, pumping them up both ends of me or spraying them across my face -- and, in recent weeks, across my titties.

He blasts more cum in one load than I would probably put out in a year. That just goes to show how much more of a man than me he is...which is why he insisted on feminizing me like this. When Master allows it, my little cock puts out nothing more than a drizzle.

Now that I'm on both forms of "medicine, sexuality is about my whole body. It's not just about my little cock, the way it was when I would furtively jerk it to interracial gangbang porno, back when I never thought I'd have the guts to become a real sissy. Correction...I *still* don't have the guts to do it. That's why Master has to force me.

And I love him for it.

That's why Master has to *make* me take my medicine -- both kinds of it -- and to let myself change, into something new. I'm not a real girl, I guess...not yet. Maybe I never will be. But at least I'm something that gives pleasure to real men's cocks, something that isn't defined by the sad little nub that throbs between my shaved legs, begging for attention.

Now that Hank has changed me, *all* of me begs for attention.

That's why he'd brought along five guys to skullfuck and assfuck me, right here, while Master captured it on camera.

I looked at the camera and took down my hands, showing my new titties to the world. I felt a chill as Master's camera worked over them, zooming in on my titties, ignoring my face for a moment. Then he raised the camera a little and pointed the camera right at my face.

"What was that, Kylie? What did you say? Are you gonna make us slap you around and tie you down for your gangfuck?"

My voice was small and girly as I answered.

"No, Master," I whimpered, crawling for the edge of the bed. "I won't make you and your friends tie me down, Master. I'll be good and do what you want." Then, more breathlessly, I added: "I'll do *everything* you want."

I got down off the bed, breathing in deep to smell the rising scent of maleness in the cheap little room. It no longer smelled like cigarettes. The scent made my little cock harden even more.

I started to crawl across the floor, feeling the plastic scrape of the cheap carpet through my stockings. I crawled slowly, savoring the mounting feeling of fear and arousal that mingled inside me.

"I'll do everything they want me to do, Master. I'll suck their cocks. I'll let them feel up my titties. I'll let them bend me over and--uhhhhh...."

I reached the first man and, without a word of introduction, I reached for his belt buckle. I unfastened it as I spoke, then unzipped his pants and reached in for his cock.

"...I'll let them bend me over and shove their big dicks up my ass, Master. I'll let them fuck my hot little titties, Master...my *new* little titties...the titties you gave me, Master...."

I took the first man's cock in my mouth and started sucking. Master gave a chuckle of pride and zoomed the camera in close on my face as I started to suck. I turned my bright eyes up toward the stranger, watching his cruel sneer as he leaned back and let me service his cock.

The other men were coming around me, reaching down to grab at my body. They groped my ass, my thighs, my tits. They even put their fingers up in my crack, with nothing more than a quick hawk-and-spit for lube.

Hank settled in above the shoulder of one of the three guys I was sucking -- well, I sucked one at a time, trading off while working the others with my hands. I saw the black eye of Hank's camera, and Hank's cruel grin. Yes, Hank was my Master...but tonight he was teaching me an important lesson. All men were my Master. I don't just serve Hank's cock...I serve *all* cock. These men were my Masters tonight.

They took me with gusto, grabbing and slapping and pulling my hair. Cocks were out all around me; I felt drunk on the smell and the taste of them. I wanted more.

The cute little pink babydoll nightie didn't last long; it was a shredded mess on the floor before the first guy to fuck me even had his cock working up and down in my spit-lubed crack. By the time I cried out with the pain of first entry, my panties were gone, too. All that remained were my stockings, my sexy high heels...and my tits.

As the first huge cock stretched its way up deep in my asshole as I choked on another dick, I felt hands all over my new titties, pinching my nipples, twisting and slapping them.

I was so proud of my new titties. I hoped my Masters liked them.

"The Man Parade" first appeared in *Easy as Pie*. Deception Press, 2014.  
Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All  
rights reserved.

## The Man Parade by Nova Thorne

Stu is the ninth one to worship me, and I just can't resist touching myself as he does. With nine eager mouths on my boots and legs in the space of an hour, nine naked men kneeling before me, I've had a lot of time to get very worked up. I'm dripping, just about soaking the seat of my Throne, long ago having soaked my dress. It feels sticky and clammy underneath me.

I pull my dress up over my pussy as Stu takes his place in front of me. He drops to his knees and lowers his face reverently to *my* knees. My legs are spread now, and he tries not to show how excited he is that I've lifted my skirt. I can tell, though, and it gets me still hotter. I lift my dress higher, almost to my waist. I look into Stu's eyes and let my hand drift to my slit. I press three fingers gently to my clit, crowding them together to contact my firm little nub with the maximum surface area. My piercing makes me more sensitive; I'm still getting used to it. I like it *lots*.

Stu wears a jock strap, black boots and knee pads. The latter two are leather, soft and supple and worn. They've both gotten a lot of wear. Stu's big dick stretches the jock-strap, from the looks of it about three-quarters hard already, about three-quarters hard already, and outlined against the smooth surface of his shaved balls. He looks hot. I've always thought he is cute, but he's way more than cute right now. He looks positively fuckable.

Stu's the ninth man to kneel before me tonight, the ninth man to worship my feet and legs. Gradually, as my boots have become filthy, soiled and gooey, I've let each gentleman lick me higher. While I rub my clit with my right hand, I reach out with my left and caress Stu's handsome face. I look deep into his icy blue eyes and smile as I see in his gaze that he desperate hopes I will let him eat me out.

"What do you want, slave?" I've asked each man the same thing. Here in the Dark Castle, men only speak when they're spoken to. Even a man who's called up to kneel before me is left there to wait until I ask him questions. The same question, every time: *What do you want?*



Before Stu can answer, Chris gives a loud groan of pain or pleasure -- I can't even tell the difference anymore with my sweet little sissy. It's been a long time since I heard anything out of him other than gulping and choking noises. My husband is bound to the Fuck Table next to my throne, and Goddess Giamanda is giving it to him hard with her strap-on. With his body bent over, his ass in the air, he's quite helpless to stop the deep penetration. But his neck and wrists are secured into the stocks at the front of the Fuck Table, so Baroness Bria -- who has Chris's front side -- can easily shove her cock into his lipsticked mouth and down his throat. From the looks of the cascade of spittle running down poor Chris's chin, she's been doing just that.

Chris's groan of pain, this time, comes from Goddess Giamanda getting some kind of second wind, I guess; she's leaned up hard and shoved her dick deep, putting her high-heeled boot on the corner of the Fuck Table to give herself plenty of leverage inside my husband. She laughs as she hears Chris exclaiming. Giamanda glances over at me, and we share the laugh. I smile excitedly at her. Other than the boots and the strap-on harness, Giamanda is nude. Her gorgeous brown body shimmers with sweat. She's dripping on Chris just as surely as I'm dripping on the Throne -- and in a moment, I'm going to be dripping on Stu.

And best of all, it's being captured on camera, not just from one end but from both. Giamanda and Bria have headbands with cameras circling their foreheads. I've got one too, in addition to the camera just over my head, showing the view from The Throne. What the camera on my headband means is that the pornographic internet gets a lovely sight of Goddess Giamanda giving it hard to my husband while she smiles at me and laughs at my husband's distress. Simultaneously, the customers choose between Baroness Bria's view (of Chris's spit-pouring face, ruined with lipstick and eyeliner, mascara running as she fucks his face), of Goddess Giamanda's (of Chris's shaved ass tipped up high at exactly the angle she needs to violate it properly), of Chris's view (of Baroness Bria's strap-on-clad crotch slamming into his face at great speed) or of Stu's view -- since before he stepped up here, he put on the headband he was handed by Aaron, the last man to worship me.

It's a live show on the Dark Castle website. We're guests, paid guests, but the experts here know just what they're doing. Out there on a thousand screens, maybe more, everything's being watched in real-time, with the customers choosing from any one of five points-of-view to experience the proceedings. Just which point-of-view proves most popular will be very telling. Part of me likes to believe it'll be the POV provided by Stu's camera -- formerly worn by Aaron, and Carl before him and Kurt and Paul and Zach and Jonathan and Nate and Eric before him. Part of me likes to think that my hotness and my status as "fresh meat" -- a newcomer to the world of Femdom -- will overcome Goddess Giamanda's and Baroness Bria's obvious star power. But it probably won't.

And I'm only very slightly disappointed by that. After all, I'm getting plenty of pleasure as payment for my co-starring role in the live show -- not to mention the \$1200 I'll get paid, or the insultingly low \$200 they're going to pay Chris. (Naturally, I'll take control of that, just like I handle all of our finances.) Sissies don't get paid well at the Dark Castle, whereas women like me do. And even more importantly, we get treated to hot studs like Stu down before us, begging to eat us out.

For the last half-hour, I've been over here in my Throne, distracted, letting eight men kiss my boots and my legs and especially, with the more recent boys, my *thighs*. That's why my pussy's so wet. Stu and I both know I can't wait much longer. He can tell how hot I am.

"May I worship your boots, Mistress?" Stu asks me submissively in response to my question.

My legs are spread wide, my pussy exposed. I bring them together so I can look down at my boots and inspect the wet, gooey, shiny surfaces. I bend down to get a closer look. I know the camera is capturing every bizarre detail of my cum-covered boots. There are eight loads there, glistening in the hot lights, running all over them.

"No, I don't think so," I tell him. "They're getting so *gooey*. I'd much rather have you worship *this*."

With a flourish, I spread my legs, cocking my knees over the arms of the Throne. As my gooey boots drip on the floor, I scoot my butt forward and point it at Stu. He nods and bends forward, reverently kissing my knees.

Stu's tongue is as skilled as Aaron's was before him. It feels good on my knees. His kisses feel good on my thighs, too, as he works his way toward my pussy. But I'm so damned hot that I don't want to wait.

I reach down and grab his head, shove it between my legs. I grind my crotch up against him, practically smothering him.

"Don't be shy, slave," I tell him. "Go right to the clit. And take out your cock and stroke it for me. You're going to cum on my boots so that my husband can lick it off. But you'll cum when you're finished making *me* cum. Not before, understand?"

He tries to say "Yes, Mistress," but nothing comes out but a grunt and a groan. I push down on his head, thrusting up against his face ever more roughly as I get hotter and hotter. I did not let Aaron -- or any of the others -- eat my pussy, but each of them got to kiss higher on my legs. Aaron was right there against my cunt. He could smell it. I could tell. When I tired of him and told him to jerk himself off on my boots, I knew he was disappointed.

Stu obeys my order to take out his cock as he eats me out. He pulls down his jock strap and starts to stroke. HE goes cautiously, not wanting to cum before I do. Unlike Chris, Stu is a seasoned porn star; he knows how to hold back. Part of me thinks that he's exceptionally turned on right now and that's why he jerks off so damned gently at first. Maybe I'm getting through to him, exciting him.

One thing's for sure; he's definitely getting through to me. He's more than just exciting me; he's going to make me cum.

"Stop!" I snap. "Show me, slave. *Show me.*" I push him back, out of my crotch, forcing him into an upright kneel with his legs spread. Unlike Chris's smooth legs, Stu's are softly furred. Unlike Chris's, they're muscular;

Stu is a musclebound beauty. He holds his cock up for my inspection; he strokes it. He never breaks eye contact with me, except when I look down to admire the bigness and fullness and hardness of his pumping cock. I also admire the beauty of his face; he's handsome. I love how his chin glistens with my juices. When I lean forward on him, I can smell myself on him.

I look from his face to his cock. I see the tension building in his body. When he slows, I snap my finger. "Don't stop," I hiss at him cruelly. I see Stu gulp. I see him tremble. I know he's struggling to hold back.

I push my cum-gooey boot in his face. "Do you want to lick these?" I ask him.

"No, Mistress," he says. "But if it please you--"

"Then don't slow your hand down, and don't cum!" I slap his face lightly; I don't know Stu quite as well as some of the others, so I don't hit him quite as hard. I can tell the scent of other men's cum has had the desired effect; even though Stu pumps his cock faster than ever, the tension is gone. He's not going to cum -- yet.

When I've cooled down a little, I try to act nonchalant. I reach out and grab Stu's head. I pull him forward and shove his face once more between my legs.

"All right, *more*," I tell him. "*Lots* more. And don't let me catch you cumming, slave, or you'll be the next one bent over the Fuck Table."

He says, "Yes, Mistress," less muffled this time, as he goes to work on my pussy. Beside me, I hear Chris groaning and howling. Baroness Bria and Goddess Giamanda have swapped places. That would mean my husband would soon be sucking a giant cock fresh from his ass -- except that Goddess Giamanda has dropped her harness and now stands, naked except for her boots, in front of the Fuck Table. Her hands are in Chris's hair and she's shoving his mouth to his pussy. He gags and chokes. She makes him eat her. I see her climb on the table urgently, locking her thighs around

Chris's face and humping his head almost violently. Chris goes silent, his groans and slurps smothered by Goddess Giamanda's pussy. He licks her.

She's gorgeous. It's an athletic move that excites me to see, even more so because it's directed at my sissy husband. Even more erotic, Baroness Bria is pounding Chris's ass hard from behind. Watching Giamanda and Bria work over my sissy slut pushes me harder toward orgasm.

And Stu is no slouch, either. He's goddamned gorgeous; just looking at him down there between my legs would be enough to get me pretty turned on. I can feel the rhythmic rocking of his body as he jerks off for me. And his tongue is exquisitely trained. He knows just how to suck, just enough to give me a little pressure, a hard enough pleasure to push me over the edge.

Stu's lips and tongue do beautiful things to my clit -- he's an expert. But I want more.

"Fingers," I tell him. "Give me two fingers--oh, yes, oh, yes, oh fuck, oh yes..."

Two of Stu's big, meaty fingers push their way up inside me, stretching me, opening me up. He asks "May I add a third, Mistress? Only to please you?" I know that I should say no and spank him or something, but his fingers feel too fucking good. I can't resist.

"Yes, slave," I gasp. "Give me three--oh, fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck--"

I look in the camera again, thinking about how many customers are out there, jerking off to this footage, and how many will jerk off to it once it's all edited down. To my side, I catch a glimpse of Bria working on the straps securing Chris's ankles, legs and waist to the Fuck Table. Goddess Giamanda unlocks the stocks. They've both been watching. They're ready to bring Chris over.

Stu's skilled fingers reach deep inside me, then curve around to press against my G-spot. His tongue keeps seething against my clit. IT's too much to resist, not that I want to. I'm going to cum.

I throw back my head, turning my face toward the overhead camera in the back of the Throne. I look up into it, thinking about how a thousand guys will jerk off to this footage...and how many more will jerk off to the footage about to cum.

Soon, the blast of pleasure has worked its way through me. I quiver from the afterglow. I shimmer all over with sweat.

And my boots shimmer, too. Eight men have jerked off on them; their semen is partially congealed, now, making my boots look grotesquely filthy.

I bring my boots together and push them hard, toe-first, into Stu's swollen balls.

"Cum on them, slave. Jerk off for me. Jerk off on my boots."

Stu doesn't take long. He obeys me immediately, the pumping motion of his hand quickening as he throws his own head back. Behind him, three of the cameras are pointed at him: Bria's, Giamanda's, and Chris's. My husband is down on his knees behind Stu, watching him jerk off on my boots. Bria and Giamanda tower over him, the former holding his leash, the latter his hair.

Stu erupts with a groan. His huge cock shoots cum on my boots. He's got good aim, but he's also powerful. Some of his first couple squirts cling wetly to my knees.

When Stu comes to his senses, I caress his face and look into his pretty blue eyes.

"Thank you, Mistress," he pants.

I don't say "You're welcome." Instead, I snap: "Go." Stu pulls up his jock strap, struggles to his feet, and clomps away, looking hot in his boots.

But not as hot as I look. My boots glisten freshly with cum as Bria and Giamanda push Chris down toward them. Giamanda is good with her own boots; she knows how to use them as tools. She plants one atop Chris's head while she leans down to kiss me.

"*Worship*," she snaps at Chris just before our lips meet.

Chris obeys her, but I'm slightly distracted. I get goosebumps as Goddess Giamanda kisses me deeply. Her tongue wriggles into my mouth. Her long-nailed hands caress my tits. I hear Chris slurping as Baroness Bria leans down close to him, watching and letting her own headband camera get a nice close shot of his face as he laps up the cum from my boots.

"Good slave," she says as Chris trembles and retches a little. Stu's cum is fresh, running everywhere. But beneath the warm new load is something far more disgusting, far more humiliating to a resistant little sissy slave like my husband. Ropes of congealed jism are stuck to my boots, no longer glistening wetly on the patent leather. They look like white slime, and Chris recoils when he licks at the gloppy white substance.

Giamanda says: "Oh, What's the matter, slave? Isn't it fresh enough for you?" She makes quick eye contact with me. She asks me: "May your slave cum, Mistress? May she jerk her pathetic little worm for you? May she milk out some fresh slime for her to lick up, Mistress?"

Something about being called Mistress by the legendary Goddess Giamanda is seriously hot -- even hotter than what's gone before it. Even the slightly mocking tone in her voice doesn't bother me; it's directed at Chris, really, not at me. Well...Chris and her viewers. Hundreds or thousands of viewers...

I say, "Yes, of course, Goddess." I bring my slimy boots together around Chris's cock. He squeals as Baroness Bria makes him straighten. Goddess Giamanda kicks his knees unceremoniously, forcing them wider apart. I adjust my stance around Chris's cock, pressing the arches of my boots together so my high heels jam firmly and painfully into his balls.

"Go ahead slave," I tell him. "Jerk off for me. Make your clit squirt."

I see pain on Chris's pretty, painted face. I wiggle my feet, pushing the stiletto heels in deeper. Chris squirms and tries to pull away, but it's hopeless. Not only do I have a very tight grip on his cock, but Baroness Bria is right behind him, holding him by the hair, forcing him to look up so the Thronecam can capture his face as he cums.

Chris reaches down, takes hold of his cock, and begins to jerk.

"It won't take long, will it?" asks Goddess Giamanda.

"Of course not," I laugh. "He never lasts long. Our wedding night must have been over in...what was it, darling? A minute? Maybe thirty seconds? He was on me and off me before I knew it. Thank God I wasn't a virgin, or I would have thought sex was disgusting. But I'd already fucked all his friends, so I knew how good it can be. Isn't that right, darling?"

That does it. Chris is already there. The humiliating story about our wedding night hits him right where he lives.

"Y-yes, Mistress," he groans, and his cock starts to spurt. He's got plenty of slime for me; I've been teasing my husband for weeks in anticipation of our big couples' porn debut. He hasn't been allowed to jerk off, and he hasn't fucked me in months.

He blasts his cum all over my boots. His hand is trembling, and his aim isn't great -- but Baroness Bria is there to assist. From somewhere, she's grabbed a pair of rubber gloves and snapped both of them on. She's got a firm hold on my husband's dick while it spurts, and she ensures almost every squirt goes right on my boots.

When he's done, Chris finds himself bent over again, his face shoved right up to my boots to confront his fresh, slimy semen.

Maybe it makes it easier for Chris to lick it all up since it's his cum on top. Or maybe, having just blow his load after weeks of teasing, he's still



stunned. Who knows? Maybe he's grateful.

For whatever reason, he really goes wild now. Chris licks my boots like he really means it. I don't even mind that he leaves smears of lipstick up and down the shiny patent leather. I mind even less that he leaves them wet with his spit once he's lapped every last drop of cum from my boots.

Other men's cum. Plenty of other men's cum. Men I would fuck if I could. Guys I would spread for -- if this was that kind of site.

But it's not. This is a Femdom site, and Goddess Giamanda enforces the "no sex" site limits strictly.

Just like she does on her Cuckolding site, where I'm going to appear a week from Thursday. Only ten days from now. If I really want Chris to be desperate -- like he was today -- I'm going to have to keep him in very tight lockdown, and tease him a *lot*.

I can't wait. It's going to be a long ten days. And at the end of it? I've decided I want Stu to be the one to take my "cuckwife virginity."

As I watch my husband's pretty sissy face worshiping my boots, I wonder if he'll show such enthusiasm when it's my pussy that's dripping and pouring cum...

I can't wait to find out. Ten days seems like a long time. But I'll have plenty of opportunities to tease and torment Chris before then. I'll make the ten days count.

And that's just the way Chris wants it.

"She Calls Me at Work" first appeared in *Hotter Pink*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## **She Calls Me at Work by Julian Booth**

Angela calls me at work to ask if I've been a good little slut so far today. She asks me, "Are you still wearing your panties for me?"

My heart quickens to hear her talking like that to me.

Lowering my voice so no one will hear me through the open door of my office, I speak in my girliest tones. "Yes," I tell her. "That's exactly right."

"Are you afraid to say it out loud?" she croons. "Or is someone there in your office with you?"

"My door is open," I say breathlessly.

"What a naughty little whore," says Angela. "Talking to her Mistress with her office door open."

"Yes," I tell her, my voice trembling. "She certainly is."

"Such an exhibitionist slut," she laughs lightly. "Does that make your horny little sissy clit hard, Julie?"

My dick's getting stiff, all right; in fact, it's almost risen to full erection, tenting my plain grey pleated slacks. Angela can always do that to me--zero to boner in nothing flat.

"Yes it is," I tell her. "That's exactly how it is."

"Then why don't you open your pants and touch it a little?" she purrs.

I look nervously at the open door. It's near lunchtime, and many of my coworkers are gone. The outside office is nearly empty. I always eat lunch at my desk, of course, since Angela always packs it for me.

I could lie and tell her I'm busy. I could claim that I've got a meeting, or that there's someone in my office. But Angela always seems to know when I'm lying to her. She usually takes it out on me later.

Besides, I don't *want* to lie to her. I want to be a good little girl for my wife. I want her to tell me exactly what to do. If she decides to make me take my cock out right here in my office, with the door open, well, then, Mistress knows best.

I know Angela won't say that. The last thing my wife wants is to jeopardize that fat income that allows her to buy all the fun toys she uses on me every night. She would never tell me to jack off at work with my office door open. Probably.

But it makes my sissy stick get even harder in my panties and my dress slacks to know that she *could*.

So I say, "May I close the door to my office, Mistress?"

"If you must," she says irritably. "But do it quickly. Your Mistress is horny."

"Yes, Mistress," I say. I get up and kick the door closed. There's no lock.

I sit back down at my desk. I unbuckle my belt; I unzip my pants. I pull down my pink panties and take out my cock. It's hard as a rock. My balls feel swollen and tight from the weeks of tease and denial my wife has been subjecting me to.

"Is it out yet, Julie?" Angela asks impatiently.

"Yes, Mistress," I tell her, wrapping my hand around my cock. "This slave's little cock is out. It's in my hand, Mistress."

"Oh," laughs Angela. "Is *that* what it is? I always thought it was a clit! If it *is* a cock, we'd better call Guinness!"

Her sarcastic voice, rich and sonorous, caresses my ear drums through the tiny buds of my headset. I was listening to rhythmic, sensuous music on my cell phone. It only seems right to have it replaced by Angela's voice.

"Yes, of course," I say. "Absolutely."

"Come on," she mocks. "Don't play that game. I want to hear you talk dirty, Julie. I heard you close your door. I know you can talk. So say it for me, you little sick little pervert. Say, 'Yes, Mistress, I am wearing panties for you, and it makes my little sissy clit very hard.'"

I whimper a little into the phone as I stroke my cock underneath my desk. Pleasure pulses through me. I moan softly.

Angela's voice turns from flirty to vicious.

"That's an order, Julie! Say it! Or else! And no whispering." Her voice grows rich and seductive as she adds, "Say it just like a girl would."

"I can't," I tell her. "People might hear."

"Didn't you close your door?" she laughs. "Don't you already have your cock in your hand?"

"That's one thing," I say. "I've got the door closed. Even if someone came in, my hand is under the desk. No one can see it from the doorway. But my walls are so...thin. Natalie next door can hear *everything*. And Kurt one office over..."

"Then you'll just have to send me a picture, won't you?"

I gulp. "M-M-M-Mistress," I stammer. "A picture? I can't send you a picture."

"Oh, yes, you can," she says. "Come on, Julie, send me a picture of your wee-wee in the panties your big bad bitch of a wife made you wear to work today. "

I'm breathing hard because I'm very turned on. I'm getting more and more aroused, stroking my cock under the desk. The soft, silky caress of the panties has been a burden throughout the morning. I've popped numerous boners, and my panties are soaked. It turns me on to feel how wet they are against my palm as more precum leaks from my cock. After weeks of torturous tease and denial, my cock tends to leak a much greater volume of precum than it ever has before. It turns me on so much to have wet little slut panties.

"I want a picture of your sissy boner," purrs Angela. "Or I swear, Julie, tonight I'll whip your nuts so hard you'll be singing soprano."

I whimper. I struggle and squirm in my office chair. I try to think of an excuse, but my mind's not really functioning. I stammer over a few half-excuses:

"What if I send it to the wrong person? I hate having pictures of myself flying around in email."

Angela answers with a peal of laughter.

"Don't give me that," she says. "Since when is any of that your decision? Besides, you're just dying to unzip those pants and show off your little hard-on. You still don't believe it's as small as all that, do you?"

I moan softly, "Mistress, this slave knows her sissy stick is very, very small. That's why she needs to be feminized."

"Oh, so now you can talk dirty, Julie?"

"Yes, Mistress," I answer, hoping I've distracted her from the idea of the photo.

"Then say something dirty for me," says Angela. "Nice and loud, in your girl voice. Don't whisper. Then we'll see whether I still want a picture."

Trembling, I try to make my voice as feminine as I can. I have to lower it and make it all breathy to do so. But I try to give it as much volume as I can--enough to make it quake a bit. The walls are thin around here, but I think maybe with everyone out at lunch, I'm safe. Or am I?

Not knowing makes my little cock throb in my hand. It drools on my fingers.

I say in a girly voice, but with normal volume, "This little slut is sorry, Mistress. This horny whore forgot herself. This little thing in her hand is not a cock at all. It's a sissy clit."

"And what does she do with it?" sighed Angela happily.

I say, "This slave keeps her sissy stick tucked away in her panties until her Mistress tells her to take it out and rub it."

"Very good, Julie. I'm very impressed. Now send me that picture I asked for." She laughed nastily. "I wasn't really asking, but you know that."

"Mistress, *please*," I whimper. "I talked dirty for you, just like you asked."

"But you pissed me off first, Julie. Now I want a picture. Come on, Julie, don't pretend you don't like being on camera. Remember how hot you got when I made you dress up and pose for me a few weekends ago? That little sissy thing got nice and hard the moment I pointed that camera at you. You remember that, don't you?"

Her mocking, teasing voice always gets me going. I can't stop my hand from working up and down on my cock. She's really getting off on torturing me here at work. She's always loved to expose me in public--or threaten to expose me in public.

And, being trapped at my desk, I can't really do anything about it. Or maybe I could, but maybe I don't want to.

"Do you remember what a hot little porn model you made for me, Julie? With your lipstick and that hot blonde wig and that lingerie? We got some really hot pictures. Maybe if I messaged you a few of them?"

A second passes, with me breathing hard in the headset while I hear Angela punching buttons. An instant later, my phone beeps. I've got a text message. I switch screens. Two attached photos. The first one has me in panties, a garter belt and a sexy, slutty peignoir--all of it pink. My face is framed with a cute little platinum-blond pageboy wig, and my face is caked in makeup. My lips are formed into the kind of pucker that says "stick a dick in my mouth."

In the second picture, I *do* have a dick in my mouth. Angela's dick, strapped to her naked body with a black leather harness. It's huge and mocha-colored and very realistic.

"I remember," I say as she laughs at me.

"Do you like those pictures?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Do you like them so much you'd like me to post them online?" she asks.

"N-no," I beg.

"Then you'd better send me some more," she says. "Let's say...two of them. Send me one with your clit bulging out of your panties. And send me one with your sissy stick in your panties...but with your hand wrapped around it. Or should I go ahead and share these pictures with all my friends...and maybe with the whole wide world?"

I tremble, "No, please, Mistress. I'll show you. But...I'm going to go to the men's room first, to get some privacy." I stammer: "Is--is that all right?"

"No, Julie," she says. "I want you sitting at your desk, just like I ordered. Show me your clit in your panties...then show me how good you look



jerk off. Do it *now*."

"Yes, Mistress," I breathe. I tuck my cock back into my panties. Holding my cell phone in both hands, switch from the photo viewer to the camera. I snap a photograph of my cock bulging through my panties. In front, they're soaked with pre-cum and almost see-through. I send the first picture to Angela. Then I wrap my right hand around my cock. It's easy with the thin and moist fabric of the panties. It's clingy. It sticks to my flesh. It's easy to pull down my cock so that it shows even more clearly through the see-through material. And it's easy to wrap my hand around my dick.

Working the cell phone camera with my left, I take another pic and send it away to my wife. A few seconds later, she makes an approving sound.

"These are very nice, Julie. You've got a very nice little sissy clit. You're lucky it's not any bigger. If it was, then it would be a very small cock. But as it is, we're talking Clitty City. Otherwise, how could I feminize you so easily?"

"Yes, Mistress," I pant.

"You're really turned on, aren't you? Your sissy clit is very, very hard?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say. "My sissy clit is hard. It's very hard for you, in my panties. My slutty pink sissy whore panties..."

I stroke my cock, quickly. I'm aroused to the point of completely losing control. I'm not sure I'm going to be able to stop myself in time if I keep stroking my cock. But I *can't* stop. In the phone, I hear Angela moaning loudly in pleasure herself. In the background is the familiar buzzing sound of Angela's favorite vibrator.

"Are you rubbing your clit?" she asks breathlessly.

"Yes, Mistress," I whimper.

"Don't let your thing squirt," she says. "If you do, I'll make those little nuts of yours *scream* tonight..."

Angela cums before I do. She moans louder than ever. Her moan turns into a shriek as the buzzy humming sound of her vibrator becomes suddenly muted. She's probably closing her thighs tight around the tennis-ball head of the vibe as she cums. She does the same thing to my head when I'm eating her out. She especially likes to ride my face hard when I'm "dressed." She always gets so rough and so dominant when I'm being a girl for her.

I intend to stop stroking my cock before it shoots--really, I do. But hearing my wife cum so hard and so loud and so long is more than I can handle. I just can't stop myself.

My panties are still pulled over the head of my dick, with my hand wrapped around it. White-hot pleasure starts to pulse through my body. I see stars. I moan. I try to hold back, but I can't.

My cry of pleasure sounds girly. It's loud--humiliatingly loud. For an instant, I don't care who hears me. But then, I realize what I've done, and I pull my hand away at the very last minute.

It's too late to do anything except spoil my illicit orgasm. Cum explodes from my cock, even as the pleasure dissipates. The front of my panties are soaked.

The white-hot pleasure only lasted a moment, but the spasms seem to go on for a good long time. There's so much cum! My panties seem to turn into a sodden rag.

"Poor baby," sighs Angela. "You just squirted, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I tell her, shame in my voice. "But I pulled back at the last second." I blurt, "I still...*squirted*, Mistress. But I didn't really cum."

Angela laughs sadistically, "You ruined your own orgasm?"

"Kinda," I tell her. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Sorry for cumming or sorry for spoiling it?"

I don't yet know if Angela will really punish me for cumming. She sounds warm and sleepy with the afterglow of her own powerful orgasm. Maybe she'll show a little mercy?

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

She laughs. "It's your balls you should be sorry for," she tells me. "They're going to get a beating tonight. Next time, you'll think twice about milking that clit to a creamy finish, won't you?"

I'm well acquainted with Angela's ball-beatings. I tremble to anticipate it.

I say, "Yes, Mistress. This slave will think twice next time she considers milking her sissy clit."

Angela yawns. "Time for my afternoon nap," she says. "I wanna be nice and rested for my workout tonight. I bet it'll be just like working out on the speed bag!"

I whimper in fear. Angela cackles viciously.

She disconnects.

I tuck my spent cock away in my very wet panties. I stuff tissues down the front of it to keep the wetness from soaking through. I zip up. I hear people coming back from lunch.

I get up from my chair, and limp awkwardly across the office. I open my office door, thinking about what a long night I'll have when I go home. Knowing Angela, I'll be squirming all night.

I go back to my desk and start working.



"Rosita's Fluffer" first appeared in *Working Wives*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## **Rosita's Fluffer by Derek McDaniel**

I don't feel bad for Toni -- not one bit. He's down on his knees at the door to the bedroom, with a line of guys stretching down the hall and into the living room. The bedroom smells like sex, because Rosita is getting fucked on the bed, and I'm capturing it all on camera. The sound of fucking and slapping is all over. The scent of male sweat, female pussy, cum, lube, balls, and cologne is overwhelming; it chokes me, but I kinda like it.

It's a pretty big bedroom, but no bedroom is big enough when you've got five guys on a bed giving it hard to one woman -- three of them in her at once, and two leaning in to get handjobs -- and a line of twenty or thirty more going all the way down the hall. And her husband, Toni, cute little Toni, shaved smooth and girled up and wearing nothing but a garter belt and stockings and a G-string and high heels, down on his knees fluffing at the front of the line.

Rosita's covered in cum. The bed is wet with it. She's spread out on the sodden sheets, slimy from head to toe. It almost looks like this is supposed to be a Bukkake scene or something. But this isn't Bukkake -- at least, it's not supposed to be. It's just that Rosita is Catholic, you see. She doesn't believe in birth control, so she makes all the guys pull out before they shoot their loads. Oh, don't get me wrong...sometimes, she swallows. Sometimes she takes their cumshots in her ass. But mostly she jacks them off on her face and her tits and her stomach...and into her hair, and all over her arms and her hands, licking up as she goes, but not very effectively.

Whenever she does it -- whenever jacks a guy off or takes cum in her hole or on her face or whenever she laps it off her own hands or her own tits -- I'm there, zooming in close and filming it, while her husband makes slurping sounds in the doorway, preparing the next guy to take the expended man's place, either inside Rosita or shoving his cock in her face or her hand.

Let me tell you, Rosita's aversion to birth control has been absolute gold in the porn market, because there's nothing her online customers love more

than a sissified cuckold whose wife won't go on the pill but doesn't believe in using condoms when she fucks.

And Rosita loves to fuck. Even if she always gets facials or tits shots or belly shots, she *really* loves those big hard cocks up her pussy. Even better, she loves it so much that sometimes she fucks like a crazed beast, and things get away from her. Her costar can't pull out in time -- or, sometimes, she even gets so turned on that she won't let him. She's wrapped her legs around his back and held him in, begging for cum in her pussy, even though she's not protected. The times she's done that, I got it all on camera. Subscriptions went through the *roof*.

Right now, Toni is kneeling in the doorway, the knees of his stockings bagged. He's slurping down a nameless black man's cock something fierce. I watch the strings of spit running out of Toni's mouth and down his chin, drizzling all over the guy's expensive sneakers. Pissed off, the guy pushes Toni down and makes him lick his own spit off the stranger's athletic shoes. It's pointless; the guy is sure as hell going to have some drooly feet one way or another he fucks that hot mess of a cumslave on the bed.

But what does it matter? The point is made. He's enforced his dominion over Toni, the sissy husband, the feminized cuckold, who seems to like it. His little dick is swelling hard in his panties. That's what happens when you brutalize a sissy. His little clitty gets hard.

Of course, it isn't easy to tell if Toni is really that turned on by being forced to lick a stranger's feet just before the guy fucks his wife. I mean, after all those days of chastity, Toni's dick gets hard at the drop of a hat whenever Rosita lets him out of lockup. Padlock a chastity tube on a horny slut sissy's dick for six days, and on the seventh, when you take it off he'll pop a boner faster than you can say "lick my boots, sissy!"

That's not the *only* reason Rosita keeps her hubby locked up...but it's one of the most important ones. When I show up at their house to shoot another scene and Rosita unlocks Toni's little thing and lets it out so the bitch can "perform," it's ready for action faster than ever.

And I get it all on camera. I take a moment away from Rosita's cumslave gangbang on the bed, and zoom my camera in on Toni's little dick as he laps his own spit off the guy's speakers. Toni's panties are thong-back, and I can see his smooth-shaved little ass working back and forth in growing arousal as he licks feet with the taste of hard cock still in his mouth. The guy above him puts one sneaker atop Toni's long, messy blonde hair and holds him down there while the guy jacks his big black cock, keeping it hard. From my vantage point, I get lots of great footage of Toni's huge, swollen blue balls hanging out of his G-string, his little dick so rock-hard that it's popped out the barely-there lace garment.

His hand slides up and down his spit-covered thigh, right at the edge of his stockings. I can tell the little sissy wants to reach down and jack his tiny cock. He's moments from actually doing it...but he knows what will happen if I catch him doing it. I know if that happens, I'm going to have to hoist Toni up on the bed and give him a really hard seeing-to right then and there, even if it distracts from getting important footage of Rosita getting groupfucked. I mean, I've got to enforce sissy discipline. That's how it works. Otherwise, sissies go wild.

Believe me, I know. I'm well acquainted with how critical it is to keep a sissy under your thumb. Long before hot little baby-loving, birth-control-hating Rosita spawned this idea to start a pregnancy risk cuckoldry site, I was her lover. Hell, I was the first guy to really fuck the shit out of her -- she'd *never* been seriously fucked until I gave it to her bareback while Toni knelt and watched. He was "Tony," then, or sometimes "Anthony," before I decided he ought to be feminized. That first time I fucked Tony's wife, he was wearing panties and he didn't want to fluff me. But oh, I know how this works. I grabbed his hair and slapped his face with my dick and rammed it into his mouth. He fluffed me, all right. I plowed his face good. And then I climbed onto Rosita and gave her the fucking she'd been dreaming of.

After that, Tony got real submissive...and real feminine. He never said "no" to a fluff job again. Rosita and I saw a lot of each other in those months. She and I used fuck for hours and hours, sometimes letting Tony watch -- other times, locking him up in the cage I insisted they buy for his training. Rosita was pretty much into anything I told her to do...I guess you



could say she was real submissive, even more submissive than her silly, argumentative husband. Sometimes I had to slap Tony around to get him to comply with my training demands, but the worst I ever had to do to Rosita was take her over my knee and spank the shit out of her. When I found out how much she loved that, it was smooth sailing forever after.

In those days, Tony was not the exotic creature our customers have come to love. He was just a silly little cuckold husband who shaved his body and wore panties while he watched me fuck his wife. He was nothing more than an excruciatingly sad and typical male specimen -- maybe skinnier than most, a little younger, with delicate bone structure and the kind of longish hair that just begged to get bleached blonde so it could be grabbed when I fucked his face or slapped him around. I mean, I'd already laid a long string of married women starting long before Rosita, so I was familiar with Tony's "type." I figured was basically the submissive cuckold husband who didn't have the balls to let his wife really take control...or who'd been unlucky enough to marry a woman who didn't *want* to take control. And I was right, partially. But as I discovered, it was just that Rosita didn't know *how* to take control.

That's where I came in. I taught her. I gave it to her good and hard, dominating her in the bedroom and out. I have less than no interest in cock...I mean, other guy's cocks...except as an object of abuse. Tony's little number was the perfect target for that abuse. I tortured it hard myself, along with his balls, and I locked his little thing up. I taught Rosita to do the same. I taught her to feel the same contempt for her husband's little dick that I did. I taught her to strap on a big fat cock and buttfuck the little sissy hubby with the same cruelty that I did.

It's not like it was hard. It turned out Rosita really *did* have the instinct to dominate Tony...she just hadn't learned how to do it and feel okay about it. I taught her how, and I *showed* her how. And then somewhere in the middle of all that, Rosita got tired of working an office job. She preferred to spend her time with me -- as much of it as possible. Then, pretty quick, she got tired of getting by on Tony's pathetic salary.

That's when I talked her into starting a porn site. But making it an all-bareback, all-black, pregnancy-risk fetishism site? That was all Rosita. That shit was *her* idea.

And it's been a gold mine.

Toni's finished fluffing the foot freak. He's lapped up all the spit from the guy's sneakers and given his hard black dick a few more wet misses and worshipped his balls a little. As the sneaker-wearing guy approaches the bed, one guy getting a jack job from Rosita grunts and squirts his load all over Rosita's face.

Rosita looks up at him, says, "Thank you, Papi." Then, more eagerly, "Thank you, *Sir*."

I smirk. The "Papi" crap is kinda racist, but then...that's the market, right? And that dominant-submissive stuff is priceless to the customers. Every time my hot little Latina piece of ass calls a black guy "Sir" or "Master," I can use the clip a dozen times in promo materials, and subscriptions shoot up. She's a good little girl, my Rosita. She knows how to earn.

I mean, she knows how we sell the site, right? Rosita is a hot and spicy Latina slutwife with a weak white skinny feminized sissy husband. Rosita loves to spread her legs for any black guy who comes around...or, I guess, any black guy we can hire, but the customers don't think of it that way. Rosita doesn't believe in condoms and she isn't on the pill...and we have lots of interview footage to emphasize that fact. We're the only ones out there doing it for real. I think Rosita is crazy for taking the risk, but we plot her cycle very carefully, so that it's pretty unlikely she's gonna have an unwanted kid. If she does? Well, that's the price of doing business. But I don't think it'll happen.

When it's time to knock my baby-loving slut slave up, I'm going to do it myself. I'm going to make Toni watch as I pin Rosita down and give it to her good and shoot my baby batter so deep inside her that she can't help but end up swelling with child. And then we'll get some *really* hot footage, the hot pregnant wife being fucked in front of her husband, ripe and full with

another man's child. And when the baby comes? That's going to be one of the most beloved babies ever. Rosita and I are going to raise him or her with all the love we've got. And even better, the little tyke will already have a guaranteed nanny.

I've got to tell you, I was skeptical about this site idea at first; I thought there would be a backlash. But no, it's been resoundingly popular. That's because Rosita really sells it. I have her do all these interview segments in which she talks about the sanctity of life and God's plan for her uterus. To be frank, I think it's a little wacky. But I gotta say, there's something fuckin' hot about a Catholic girl so obsessed with God and with making babies that she gets seriously wet knowing that God controls her cycle, her fertility, her impregnation. She loves to tell the audience she finds it deeply erotic to know that God is in charge...her ultimate top, in some ways. She gets hot and wet knowing that if God wills it, maybe her lover won't be able to pull out on a day when she's really fertile.

That always makes my dick good and hard. It's not like the audience knows this shit, but it's a deeply intimate moment between us when she says those sort of things on camera. Because I'm the only one who fucks her on days when she's really fertile.

And so I'm going to be the one to impregnate her...when the time comes. Call it God or call it Me, I'm her Master and I'm going to spread her wide and knock her up. And cute little Toni right there is going to fluff me on the Sacred Day when I decide to finally make it happen.

The guy fucking Rosita's pussy on the bed barely manages to pull out before he blows his load all over her thigh and the outside of her pussy. She rubs her hand all over it and licks the cum off her fingers. The guy she's riding cums in her ass, and Rosita moans in pleasure. At almost the same time, the guys in her hands and the one crouched above her getting a BJ all seem to cum at once. Cum blasts all over Rosita's pretty face and her tits.

I get some tight shots of the cum leaking out of her ass and dribbling all over the outside of her pussy. Then there's a wholesale rearrangement of male "talent" as Toni desperately tries to send enough guys through the

fluffing station. That poor little sissy bitch is really messed up, his makeup ruined, his hair soaked with pre-cum and spittle. He's got five guys shoving dicks in her face, trying to get fluffed in time to be next to mount Rosita.

As the director, it's my job to break things up. "Hold on! Hold on!" I say. "Give the little cunt a break!"

The guys know which side their bread is buttered on. They listen to me. They back away. I reach out and grab Toni's leash, which has been hanging down between his smooth little tits. I lead Toni over to the bed.

Rosita is glazed with cum. Her eyes are wild. She never looks happier -- or hornier.

I train the camera on Toni as I force him up onto the bed and shove his face between Rosita's legs.

"Lick her clean," I order. "Then we'll start again."

Rosita looks up at me happily as Toni begins to obediently lap the cum from pussy and thighs. Toni licks eagerly as I lean down and train the camera on Rosita's pretty face, letting our viewers look deep into Rosita's eyes.

"Thank you, Papi," she purrs.

I wink at her, and then pan the camera down her naked, cum-covered body to her little sissy husband. He's licking desperately at her cummy pussy, lapping the cum from her vulva. Some of it is dripping out from inside her; fuck, did I miss an internal cumshot? That shit is gold; I wish I'd gotten it on camera. No matter...there'll be plenty more before the end of the day. There are still a *lot* of guys in the hallway. Toni's going to fuck every last damned one of them, right before they fuck his wife.

"That's a good little bitch," I tell Toni.

"Thank you, Master," he whimpers, his face still pushed up into his wife's cummy pussy.

I come in close and get some really sweet shots of Rosita's cum-glazed thighs and little sissy Toni, lapping between them. Pretty soon Toni's makeup is even more ruined than ever, lipstick smeared all over his husband's puss and thighs. Cum runs down his chin and dribbles onto his tits. I plant the camera in just the right place so that I can lean in and kiss Rosita deeply, not even caring that I taste cock and cum. Her sweet little tongue is so hot and so wet that it makes me forget I'm going where other men have just gone.

Hell, I don't even really mind. I didn't at the beginning, and I don't mind it now. I like making money, and I like fucking Rosita's brains out. But I like one thing best of all, and that's pimping Rosita while her sissy cunt husband's forced to watch.

So I guess it's all about Toni, isn't it? The narcissistic little sissy whore would probably get a little boner if he knew that. But he's already got one, his tiny cock hanging rock-hard between his legs from the swollen mass of his long-denied blue balls. I can see it bouncing pathetically as Toni undulates, working his hips up and down as while he licks up the cum.

I kiss Rosita one last time, deeply, then come around the back of the bed to get a nice tight shot of Toni's hard little sissy dick, hanging out of his panties.

Then I snap my fingers and shout:

"All right! Come on, next five guys. Now! Move it! Move it! Toni, back off! Get back to fluffing!"

They don't answer, but they all obey me like I'm a drill sergeant.

Only Toni murmurs, "Yes, Master," as he slides off the bed and crawls, cummy, over to the doorway.

Five more guys mount the bed, and Rosita moans as they start pushing into her. In the doorway, Toni goes back to fluffing, taking the first hard black cock into his mouth.

Grinning, I train the camera on Rosita and make sure to catch every moment of her pleasure.

"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.

## 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 about? Who does it humiliate you the most when she sees 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 her 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 buggering, 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.



"My So-Called Rockstar Boyfriend" first appeared in *Chastity in Lace*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## **My So-Called Rockstar Boyfriend by Jodi Fowler**

In the middle of the night, I awakened to music. It was the harsh viola screech of the Velvet Underground's "Venus in Furs." They were playing my song. It was my ring tone.

I picked up my cell phone and silenced it. I looked at the screen. It was Zach, of course. It was almost 3 a.m.

I let it ring as I found my headset, put the buds in my ears and plugged it in. I got out of bed gingerly, so as not to wake André. I was naked.

I didn't want to talk where I might disturb André, so I went out onto the deck. I didn't bother to put anything on; it was a warm night, and our house faces a canyon; the nearest houses directly in front of the deck are the better part of a mile away. The neighbors on either side are considerably closer, but if any of them wanted to look, let them look.

The call rolled over to voice mail before I got to it. I knew Zach would call back momentarily, and I wasn't about to call him. I propped my arms on the deck railing and did a few stretches, yawning. When Zach didn't call back instantly, I took a moment to point the cell phone camera at my ass and turn the flash on. The bright light blasted the night. It took me about six tries to get an ass shot I was happy with, and then I took one of my boobs, with my face just visible. That one, I got on the first try. A girl's got to know her assets.

When Zach called back, I let it ring five times -- almost my voice mail's roll-over point -- before I answered it.

"Yes," I said flatly.

Zach sounded desperate.

He said, "Baby, I need your help."

I used a mock soothing tone as I asked him, "What do you need, baby? Tell Mama all about it."

Zach could tell I was mad. He gulped. "I'm sorry, darling, did I wake you up?"

I laughed. "No, baby, I was just kicking back at 3 a.m. What time is it for you?"

There was a little bit of a time lag. It gave Zach's pathetic voice a funny warble as he bleated, "It's morning, baby. It's 6 a.m."

Zach was on tour in Georgia, and I was in California -- where we live. My loser boyfriend has a band. You could maybe even say that he's a so-called rockstar. I mean, he's not much to speak of, but his lame little band was moderately famous, and they made enough from their three-record deal and from touring to support it that he could buy this cute little bungalow in the Hollywood Hills.

That's nothing to sneeze at. I really appreciated it when he signed it over to me. No marriage needed. There had been no marriage, no pre-nup, no nothing. There was just Zach's signature on some papers, and his bank accounts and the deed to our house -- *my* house, now -- were all my hot little hand.

Of course, it wasn't quite that simple. But I'll get to that. What's important now is that Zach would not have called me unless he needed something special -- something very, very special.

And even at three in the morning, I was here to provide it.

After all, Zach was my boyfriend. My *loser* boyfriend.

Zach said: "I'm sorry, darling, I wouldn't have called if I didn't really need your help--"

"I know, I said. "And you know better than to call me darling right now."

Zach took a deep breath. He whimpered slightly.

"Yes, Ma'am, of course. Of course. I'm sorry, Ma'am."

"No," I said. "That's not good enough tonight. The other will do nicely."

Zach emitted a pathetic little squeal.

"Mistress," he said. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

I sat down on the chaise lounge.

"That will do, for now. Tell me what's happening."

Zach spilled it. "There's this groupie, see? She's been hanging around the last couple of shows, and...well, see, baby, I invited her back to my hotel room." Zach sounded ready to cry. "Please, Mistress? May I?"

"Please *what*?" I said.

"Please, can I--Mistress, can I--" I could almost *hear* the tears spilling out of his eyes. It made me *hot*.

I spread my legs on the chaise lounge and slid my hand between them. I was still wet from André. It felt *good*.

I fingered my pussy and tasted my fingers. I let Zach hear me, making smacking sounds.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I shouldn't even ask."

"No," I said. "You shouldn't. But now, I want you to. What would you like, Zach?"

"Please, Mistress," Zach said. "May I have sex with this groupie?"

I put my hand back down between my legs and absently fingered myself as I laughed at him.

"You wouldn't be asking," I said, "Unless you already did."

"But Mistress," said Zach. "You know that's impossible."

I laughed at him. "Impossible that you could *properly* fuck her? Yes, of course...and it always was. Even before we started having our little fun."

"It's not fun," Zach said, only remembering himself at the very last moment and blurting out, "Mistress!" just an instant before I chewed his head off.

I decided to let it pass. Zach always hates it when I call what we do "fun." It isn't that he doesn't like it. It's that he doesn't like to *admit* that he likes it.

"It's *lots* of fun for me," I said. "And I'm the one who matters, Zach, remember?"

Zach said miserably, "Yes, Mistress."

"Where is this dumb slut now?"

I could tell Zach bristled from my calling her that. Hell, maybe the loser really had feelings for her!

That made what I was going to do that much sweeter.

"I asked you a question," I said.

"She's sleeping in my bed," he told me. "I'm in my hotel room."

"Then where are you?"

"I'm in the bathroom."

"Send me a picture of her," I told him.

Zach hemmed and hawed a little -- but only a little. A moment later, my phone beeped and I called up the picture.

The photo was taken in a bar -- or maybe the bar of whatever shit club my loser boyfriend's shitty band had played last night. It was a young woman sitting on a barstool. She had a black bob, delicate features, and a slightly upturned nose. She was pale and skinny. She had hoop earrings and a dog collar, a skimpy little tank top and skintight leather pants. She wore boots, but I couldn't really get much of a look at them, since the shot was aimed down from above. The picture was time-stamped last night, about eleven o'clock.

She was cute. She wasn't really that unlike me -- the ten-years-younger model. I felt a sudden rise of my urge to do Zach harm in her eyes. It's never the hot little groupies I hate; I identify with them way too much. It's Zach who gets my anger. He's the one who cheated.

She was hot enough that I wouldn't mind taking her home myself after a night out drinking on Hollywood Boulevard. She was slim and white, the way I like them -- and more importantly, the way Zach likes them. She had a slightly upturned nose and full lips and her eyes were made to look improbably large with the use of dark eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. If you could send her through time and put her in a lineup with me when I first met Zach, I bet you couldn't pick us out of that lineup. Because I would have grabbed her, shoved her against the wall and stuck my tongue down her throat. And judging from the flirty look on her sexy little face, she'd probably be all over that.

"That's not good enough," I said. "I want a picture of her now, and I want it time-stamped."

"Right now? But she's sleeping."

"I know," I said. "And pull the covers down. But don't wake her up if you can help it. Not yet."

I could tell Zach was thinking about arguing, but he didn't. I listened to him breathing quickly as he nervously went out and snapped a picture of the sleeping girl. He texted it to me.

Yes, she looked hot. She looked *hotter* than she had the night before. She was right where I like women to be: in a hotel room bed, with her head on a pillow. Her makeup was a mess and her earrings were gone, probably on the nightstand. She looked naked under that sheet, which I liked. From the picture, she looked like she was dead asleep. The picture was time stamped just after six in the morning; his phone apparently reset itself to East Coast time.

"I told you to pull the covers down," I said.

"I did," whined Zach in a whisper.

"Sheet, too," I said.

Zach whined a little, but he knew better than to fight me. I heard the soft swishing sound as the sheet came away.

The next picture he sent me was of a very naked girl with her legs slightly apart, rubbing sleep out of her eyes and yawning.

She had a seriously hot body. Some really nice tattoos. Her nipples were pierced, and so were her clit and her labia and her navel. It all came together in a very hot package -- much hotter to me in the pictures from this morning than last night...because last night, she didn't know what she was in for.

Now she did.

I heard the slam of a door on the other side of the line.

I laughed at Zach.

Did she catch you and run away?

Zach said nervously, "She saw me, but I don't think she cared. She didn't try to cover herself. Baby, why did you make me do that?"

"Baby/" I asked.

"Mistress," he corrected. "I'm sorry."

"That's why I made you do it," I said. "Because you don't remember your place. And this girl is going to help you remember it. What's her name?"

Zach gulped. "Zephyr," he said.

Yummy. I love pretentious Goth girls.

"What are you wearing now, Zach?"

"Just my jeans and a T-shirt."

"No panties?" I asked him warningly.

"Of course," He said. "Of course I'm wearing panties."

"Send me a picture, and be quick about it," I told him. "And if it's not time-stamped..."

It was. The picture came fast -- Zach's jeans with their telltale bulge, and the edge of his lace panties pulled up past the blue jean waistband.

*Damn*, I loved seeing that.

"Open them up," I ordered him. "Unbutton, unzip. Give me a better shot."



Zach obediently unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, then sent me a picture of his bulging panties in the deep V of his blue jeans. They were the very same style of skintight bluejeans he wore on stage. He wore them on his album covers. He wore them in every promotional picture. He wore them to television interviews. And that *bulge* was commented on, famously, in every venue. It had helped make Zach a sex symbol.

In his early career, that bulge was what people thought it was.

For several years now...it's been something else entirely.

"Show me your tube," I said.

"Mistress, please," whined Zach miserably.

"Show me," I ordered him.

Zach pulled his panties down and sent me a picture.

There it was: the device I loved so much. The simple device that had let me take a rockstar's pride, his masculinity, his power, his manhood....

...all because he had called me a groupie.

They called it The Secure Lock™. Built by an outfit in St. Louis, the device was the state of the art for girlfriends like me with cheating loser men in their lives. The device was made of clear plastic, with a few metal fixtures and titanium bands running underneath. It fitted around his cock and balls, secured by a high-tech lock that looked like the thumbprint trigger lock on a handgun.

But this wasn't your typical lock that fastened the Secure Lock. It was remote-activated, with a tiny wireless transceiver deep in the core of the tube. In constant contact with the Secure Lock wireless network, it sent me comforting pings once per minute, informing me that my boyfriend was safe. They all piled up in the Secure Lock app on my phone, and every

deviation was logged. When Zach's tour bus went through a tunnel? I knew about it, if I was paying attention, and if I wanted, I could call him and ask him if there were any groupies on the tour bus with him. Sometimes I did that, just to keep him guessing.

On the other hand, when I wanted to forget about Zach, I just quit the app and knew that the Secure Lock system would robo-dial me with an urgent alert if more than three consecutive pings were missed.

You see, a typical chastity tube would have had a standard-issue padlock and a key that I wore around my neck. With the Secure Lock, that was no longer necessary. If I ever decided to give Zach a break, all I had to do was call the Secure Lock 800 number and punch in a code that only I knew. The device would remotely unlock, and Zach could do whatever he wanted with his sad little wiener.

All it would take was a call from me.

Yeah. Like *that* was going to happen.

In the meantime, Zach wasn't just prevented from fucking...he couldn't even get a hard-on.

If he did, he suffered humiliating pain.

Now, the basic design of the male chastity device has been around a while. Worried wives, suspicious girlfriends and even pay-for-play female Dominants keen on securing the absolute devotion of a money slave have been using these devices for years. It ensures that the masculine organ will stay how and where it belongs -- in his panties, pointing down, soft as his tongue but way less pleasurable to a woman.

Of course, I'm talking about guys like my loser so-called rockstar boyfriend. André, my other boyfriend -- my real lover -- is another matter entirely. Locking André's huge cock up in chastity would be some sort of crime. Zach's, on the other hand...we're all better off without it.

Or, rather, with using his cock as a tool for my amusement, and not in the usual way. I love knowing I have total control over Zach. If you've never realized how much power you have when you control a man's penis...well, let me tell you, its intoxicating.

Absolute power corrupts. And I was already corrupted, so now I'm *really* bad.

Sorry, Zach. Mercy is out of the question. But keep begging. I love to see you humiliate yourself.

#

"How far did you go with Zephyr last night?" I asked him.

Zach admitted miserably, "I ate her out."

"Did she find out about your chastity lock?"

"No," said Zach.

"She didn't try to get you to fuck her? Not even a blowjob?"

"She did," said Zach.

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her that I wanted to be more intimate with her before we took that step," Zach said unhappily. He had used the same line on me, years ago -- only, then, it had been a line. And it had worked; he got me into bed. Now, it was an excuse. It was a smokescreen, so that his little groupie wouldn't know that he was a chastity-locked slave.

"Did you make the girl cum?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. "Twice."

I laughed.

"She must think you're a pretty big stud, then," I said. "Little does she know."

Zach said proudly, "Well, she thinks I give good head." Then, weakly, he added, "I had a very good teacher."

Zach was trying to flatter me, which only made me laugh.

"Put her on the phone," I told him.

"What?" Zach hissed. His voice was filled with horror.

"I said put her on the phone. Let me talk to her."

"She's sleeping!"

"Wake her up!"

"Baby, don't do this, please?"

"That's 'Mistress' don't do this, and maybe you'd prefer it if I sent those hot little pictures I took to the press. I mean, your lame little band isn't much as far as I'm concerned, but I think Rolling Stone would like those pictures."

On the other end of the line, Zach made a strangled squeaking sound.

I twisted the knife: "It might be good for your record sales, don't you think? I really would like a new car -- the new Corvettes are *sweet* this year. I'm so tired of driving last year's model..."

"Please, baby, don't even talk like that--please Mistress!" He added the last part just before I screamed at him, which would have been tragic -- I would have awakened André.

I continued: "And when you get home, we're going to have a very personal talk about what happens when you argue with me. You aren't going to like it very much. Understand?"

I felt the intoxicating thrill of power as I heard the softness in Zach's voice. The wind had gone out of his sails.

He gave an incoherent whine of surrender.

"Now wake your little girlfriend up. I want to talk to her."

Zach said, "Yes, Mistress."

"And no, you may *not* put your cock back in your pants. In fact, leave them open, so she can see your panties *and* your chastity tube."

Zach made a whining sound, but he heard my sharp intake of breath, and said softly, "Yes, Mistress."

There was a minute while Zach whispered in the groupie's ear. He still had his headset on, so I heard everything. He called her "Baby." He called her "Honey." He told her someone wanted to talk to her.

He passed the phone over.

"Hello?" a sleepy voice said.

"Is your name Zephyr?" I asked, my voice friendly.

The girl sounded confused, but then she said "Yes." It sounded like a recent nom-de-guerre, from the way she had to think to remember it when she was sleepy. That was okay...in the world of rock 'n' roll, no one was who they said they were.

"Who is this?" she asked.

I told her who I was, with a bright step to my voice. I wanted to sound friendly, because I had nothing against this girl. On the contrary, I already liked her. I wanted to be her friend, in fact.

Her *close* friend.

I heard her say in a hushed tone, to Zach and not to me, "What the fuck is *that*?"

I laughed. "It sounds like you just saw my boyfriend's chastity tube."

"His *what*?"

I said, "I'm Zach's long-time girlfriend...basically his wife." I said it ruefully, with an apologetic laugh.

"Oh, shit," she said. "Um, listen, I didn't know. He said he was single."

That was a laugh. Did this girl not even read the gossip blogs? He and I had been photographed together in public, numerous times, though I certainly wasn't famous so nobody ever seemed to give a damn. Anyway...I'd already decided not to blame Zephyr.

"Don't worry...I'm not mad, you haven't done anything wrong. He and I have an arrangement, you see...for when he's on the road."

"Okay," said Zephyr.

"Unfortunately, he didn't follow it," I said. "See, he's not even supposed to pleasure girls like you. He enjoys it too much. That device keeps his dick from getting hard, but he still feels good about himself when he eats pussy. He's pretty good at it, isn't he?"

"Listen," said Zephyr testily. "I really didn't know. This is all weird--"

I said, "Look, just bear with me for a few more minutes? I promise, I'll make it worth your while."

"Okay," said the groupie impatiently.

I asked her, "Are you in the market for a job?"

She said, "What the fuck?"

I said, "Let me put it another way. Would you like \$5,000?"

She gave a shocked gasp.

I said, "Zephyr, if you'll give me your email address, I'm going to Paypal you that amount right now. But you have to promise to do something for me. Will you do that?"

I could still hear Zephyr's jaw dropping. From her tone of voice, \$5,000 was all the money in the world to her.

When she didn't answer right away, I said, "And there's lots more where that came from if you decide you like what I ask you to do. Will you do it?"

She said, "It depends what it is," but her tone of voice made it clear that she had already decided she'd do just about anything for that kind of money.

I said, "My husband should have three black suitcases. The smallest one has a top panel. There's something in there I'd like you to get. Can you do that, Zephyr?"

"Is it something illegal?" she asked nervously.

"Not even remotely," I said. "In fact, I bet Zach and you did much more illegal substances last night when he invited you back to his hotel room. But let's not talk about that...just please go and get it, Zephyr?"

"That's all I have to do? For the \$5,000?"

"No, that's just the first step."

She said, "Okay. I'm...um, I'm going to put on the headset, okay?"

"Sure," I said.

"I'm going over to the closet now. Yeah, they're there. The smallest one?"

"Yes. In the top panel. I can tell you and I are going to like each other."

"Okay," said Zephyr nervously.

I heard the sound of a suitcase zipper...and then a shocked gasp.

"Did you find it?"

"It's one of those...strap-on dildo things."

"That's right. Have you used one?"

"I've *seen* them used," said Zephyr. "I've never worn one." She said nervously, "I've had one used...*on* me."

"Yum," I said, smile in my voice. "Where?"

"I work in a...peepshow. In Travis City. We do...you know, sex shows there sometimes." She sounded embarrassed.

"You still work there?" I asked.

She said apologetically, "I'm taking some time off."

"So you probably want that \$5,000, then."

"Yeah," she said. "It would really help." She was starting to get the picture. "What do I have to do for it?" she asked me.



"Not much," I said. "Just fuck my husband in the ass. Have you ever done that to a guy?"

"Um," she said. "Not really. With my, um, with my finger. Just with boyfriends and stuff.

"Well," I said. "This is like that. Only it's strapped to your body. He should take it nice and easy. It's not that big a dildo."

"*Excuse me?*" She sounded stunned, filled with disbelief.

"Believe me," I laughed. "I've used much bigger. I've trained him *hard*. You're just going to give him a gentle little I-love-you-fuck."

Zephyr laughed. "What's that?"

I said, "It means you grudgefuck him hard in the ass. Can you do that?"

"For five thousand dollars?" she asked. I could hear Zach trying to talk to her. She spoke right over him. "Yeah, I think so," she said.

"Good. Can I sweeten the pot a little?" I asked her.

"What, like a tip?" I asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'll Paypal you another five thousand if you put me on speakerphone and take me some pictures on your cell phone of my boyfriend taking it."

Zephyr didn't hear a word of what I said about what she'd had to do. She just heard "Another \$5,000," and that was it.

She sounded like a girl on Christmas. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"You want the money on the table, first?"

"Um," she said, "No, that's okay, I mean...do you want me to hurt him or something?"

"If you want to," I said. "Let's say this. How does an extra thousand for every time you make my boyfriend cry while you're doing it. Up to another five thousand, if you can make him cry five different times."

Now she sounded like she didn't believe me.

"You're *serious*? You want me to hurt him?"

"Pinching his nipples is good for straight-out pain," I said. "Do a lot of that. But when you want to make him cry, just slap him across the face about ten times. It works like a charm."

"I don't believe this," said Zephyr. "You're serious?"

"Give me your address, and I'll send you the money right now. Send me video of him crying, and you'll get your tips."

"And I do it right now," I said.

"That's right. While I'm on speaker phone."

"How do I do speaker phone?"

She was on Zach's phone. "There's a button on his home screen. Can you take the stills on your phone?"

"Sure," she said proudly. "I've got a smartphone."

I gave her my phone number. She sounded like she was jotting it down.

Zephyr sounded like she couldn't believe it. "Whew. Okay!" She gave me her email address. Then she laughed.

"I need to show you something. Can I text you a picture on this thing now?"

I said, "Yes, Ma'am. Please."

She laughed as she took the picture. A moment later, my phone beeped.

Still on the phone with her, I opened the pic and felt my heart soar.

Zach was crying already. He always did that -- crocodile tears were his favorite way to try to get out of a fucking he so richly deserved.

But it wasn't going to work, and he already knew it.

Zephyr was a broke-ass part-time stripper...just like I was. She might or might not like fucking my boyfriend in the ass, but for \$10,000, she'd learn. And once she got a taste of it, Zach would have his road wife. But that would come in a few hours, once she'd humiliated my loser boyfriend.

Correction...for \$11,000. She'd already made him cry once.

Then I'd make my long-term proposal...that, if she needed a job, she travel with him for the rest of the tour. She could name her price...whatever it was, I bet I'd have to double it just to know she wouldn't puss out on me.

I liked that much, much better than going with him myself. I'd rather get my loser boyfriend a road wife than waste my time with those sleazy fucks he plays with.

And when she was finished with the tour? If she played her cards right and made me very, very happy...and Zach very, very, *very* unhappy, then she'd get herself an invitation to come back to California with him and stay a while.

I'd been needing a girlfriend, and Zephyr was *hot*.

Zach would watch me take what he was denied.

I'd make him watch me fuck the girl he couldn't have...night after night for as long as she wanted to stay. And from how interested she sounded on the phone, I bet I wouldn't have to pay her \$5,000 a night to fuck Zach in the ass while she was here.

Zephyr put me on speaker phone and texted me some pictures of her in the strap-on harness. She wore it well. I'd just started to hear the gulping sounds -- Zach sucking Zephyr's strap-on cock -- when André opened the sliding glass door to the patio.

He was standing there, naked, his huge, dark body gorgeous in the moonlight, his glorious cock soft...but not for long.

I was horny. I very badly needed to fuck André's brains out.

His deep voice was sleepy. "Baby, it's almost four. What are you doing out here?"

I looked him up and down. "Getting horny. You up for another round, lover?"

He grinned. He came for me. He put his mouth on mine and his hand down my front. His big fingers caressed my breasts and gently pinched my nipples...and traveled down further, bypassing the wires of the headset to work up into my very wet slit.

By then, Zephyr had started slapping Zach across the face with her cock. Then there was more gulping...on her end and mine. I took André's big dick into my mouth and started sucking him, thrilling to the feel of his huge dick growing stiff in my mouth.

"Who's on the phone?" André asked.

I took his dick out of my mouth. As my tongue still lavishing affection on his cockhead, I looked up and answered him.

"My loser boyfriend," I said. "Mind if I put it on speakerphone?"

Far above me, André grinned.

"Whatever gets you wet, baby."

"You're such a good boyfriend," I said. I opened wide and took his dick down my throat, thrilling to the sound of Zach gulping as I pulled the headset out and hit the speakerphone button. Right there on the balcony.

Zach's moaning sobs echoed over the canyon. I wondered if the neighbors could hear.

I sucked André's cock to the music of my loser so-called rockstar boyfriend moaning and sobbing as my new girlfriend abused him.

I looked up at André as I rubbed his cock all over my face.

I said, "Take me inside and fuck me silly, baby?"

I plugged my phone into the bedroom stereo system and played the call *loud*.

"Dressing for Business" first appeared in *Hot Lines*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the authors. All rights reserved.

## Dressing for Business by Gina Hancock

When I get back to my hotel room after spending the whole day on the convention floor, I don't take my clothes off. I need to have all my clothes on when I call my wife. All my dirty, slutty clothes. All my *women's* clothes.

First, though, I want to send her pictures.

I sent her a batch this morning. But I want my wife to see me after I've spent the whole day out. I want her to see the tiredness in my eyes. I want her to see my smudged lipstick and eyeliner. I want her to see my rumpled blouse with my pushed-up new tits half hanging out, where every guy at the convention could see them. I want her to see my hormone-swollen nipples, stiff from arousal, pushing through my silky red blouse.

I take out my cell phone and pose for Tanya in the bright light of the hotel bathroom.

I purse my lips and fluff my hair. I give the camera the half-puckered "blowjob smile" that my wife taught me to make. I get some really sexy shots of myself, with my cell phone held up and aimed down at me, making me look even younger.

I feel my heart soar as I see how sexy and feminine I still look, after a whole day on the convention floor. I don't look as fresh as I did when I left my hotel room at eight in the morning, but I find my rumpled appearance kind of hot...it's sort of the "freshly fucked" look. My blonde hair is a little messed up. My erect nipples tent my red blouse. I've got a run in my nude-colored nylons. My lipstick is a little smudged, and there are faint dark lines around my eyes where my heavy mascara has run.

But I look like a woman...*exactly* like a woman. And even better, with the surgeries Tanya has prescribed for me, I could probably pass for twenty-

two or twenty-three years old. I look like a young, sexy slut. Even down to my hair, which Tanya's been making me grow. It's barely past my collar -- not nearly as long as she would like. Tanya has already told me that she wants her little slave to have hair down to my ass one day. But since I bleached it corn-husk blonde, if I tease it out aggressively, it does look *very* feminine. Much more feminine than wearing a wig.

Part of me still hates that these clothes make me feel sexy, but there's no escaping it, now. A full year into my feminization, these clothes feel far more natural than the men's clothes I wear to work every day. We've kept my feminization secret from my coworkers up until now, but that's going to change once she finds out how well I did today. Knowing I'm going to have to "come out" soon makes me feel overwhelmingly, impossibly sexy. I'll be a woman full-time. Will Tanya even make me date a man? Maybe even get a boyfriend?

I take a long time getting just the right shots of me. I want to be sure to please my Mistress with my photos.

I shoot pics for Tanya of every inch of my outfit. I shoot my skirt hem, I shoot the deep "V" of my cleavage, and I bend over, reach back, and shoot my butt in my snug little skirt. I even spread my legs, put the camera on the ground with the timer, and give my wife a couple of upskirt shots, just for fun. She can see my pink panties with my growing bulge -- tiny for a man, but humiliatingly unfeminine for what I'm becoming.

Even so, I feel intensely sexual. The black skirt is tight and short, high on my thighs. My tomato-red blouse buttons only up to the level of my erect nipples, and shows off the new, swelling tits that are almost B-cups. It excites me and humiliates me to have them out to play; for months, I've been strapping them down for work, a task that gets harder and harder as they grow with each dose of the hormones my wife makes me take.

It thrills me to feel them stretching the fabric of my pink push-up bra. Designed to augment my cleavage, the bra makes me look like I've got B-cups. I remember what my wife promised: If I'm a good girl and show



myself off at this convention like she ordered me to, she's going to up my dose. I should have C-cups by Christmas.

"Then Santa can tit-fuck you," Tanya teased me when she said that.

Running my hand over my new tits and feeling them through the silk of my red blouse, I can imagine why Santa would want to. They're perfect and firm, the breasts of a teenager even though I'm almost twenty-eight. My nipples, hard from arousal, poke through the cups of my bra and show plainly through the red material of my blouse. When I touch them, I feel a soft thrumming sensation of pleasure, and they stiffen further. I feel myself stiffening elsewhere, too, under my skirt, right there in my pink, silky panties.

My tiny dick feels incredible as it tents the front of my straight black skirt.

I dial my wife's number, excited.

#

For the first five days of the National Tool & Die Sales convention, I've been attending in my "normal" persona....dressed as a man. I'm a salesman for a small, boutique manufacturer that provides specialized parts for several industries. I make okay commissions, though they've been falling in recent months. I just don't seem to be as aggressive as I used to be.

Nonetheless, this convention has been highly fruitful. I've made a lot of contacts, and I'm sure there will be some lucrative business coming through. But it's a six-day convention, and really only four days is needed for my business. So today, I showed up at the convention again -- as a woman. I was thrilled to discover that not a single person recognized me.

I did it because Tanya ordered me to. She knew that all of my coworkers had already left the convention, since they don't really need to be here for the last few days. Tanya made me arrange to take a few days off, so I could

work the last two days of the convention. "Work" them in an entirely new way.

There are twenty thousand people at this convention. Even though my industry is dominated by males, a female sales rep isn't so out of the ordinary that it would surprise people. But it would get the female sales rep in question -- in this case, me -- a lot of attention from men.

And it's no wonder! These are my "business" clothes, and they're businesslike, all right...if my business were conducted in a brothel. On the sales floor on the sixth and last day of the National Tool Manufacturer's convention, they made me look like a call girl trying to work the hotel. And that wasn't that far from the truth. I had collected many business cards from men who checked me out and chatted me up today, flirting with the men and tucking their cards into my bra.

I gave them my card, too. The web address went to a fake, mocked-up website, and the email forwarded to my personal email. The company I claimed to be from -- C.C. Manufacturing -- did not exist. The cell phone number, however, was real. It was the very number on which I was about to call my wife.

I have no intention of following up with the men on business matters....but if I knew my wife, I might be calling them for other reasons.

So in many ways, I'm closer to being a convention whore, now, than I am to a being a tool & die salesman.

And that's just fine with my wife...and her boyfriend, Darius.

#

She answers quickly, with her lilting, flirtatious tone. A shiver goes through me.

"Hi, honey," I say. "'I'm back in my hotel room. Is now a good time to talk?"

If we were together, I would call her "Mistress" or "Ma'am," of course. But on the phone, I call her "honey" to begin with.

I know if it wasn't a good time, she would just hang up on me. Or she might, if she was feeling kind, make a polite excuse and be gone.

But when I hear the telltale laugh that Tanya gives me, I know it's more than just a good time...it's the *perfect* time.

"It's a great time, Gina. You don't mind if -- mmmmm -- " I hear a slurping sound. "--if I keep doing something?"

I hear the rhythmic sucking sound, more slurping, and a gulping. My little dick stiffens all the way. I whimper in soft humiliation. My nipples ache with arousal.

I know that sound. Tanya's with Darius. She's going down on him. She's giving him a blowjob.

Tanya *loves* to give blowjobs.

I listen to my wife giving her boyfriend sloppy head for about a minute. She doesn't hurry up, and she certainly doesn't try to hide what she's doing.

She doesn't try to be quiet; in fact, she seems to be trying to be extra loud. She must have put her cell phone on speaker, because I can hear the smacking sounds as she slaps his cock against her cheek.

They sound so different than any other sound, and it makes my little dick throb.

Then I hear gulping for a while -- I know that my wife is deep-throating her boyfriend. She's throat-fucking herself onto his cock.

She's still got her mouth against his cock when she finally takes a break from sucking him so she can answer me. I can tell, because I hear the wet slapping of her tongue against the underside of his shaft.

"Go ahead, Gina," she finally says. "How was your day at the convention?"

Then the sucking and smacking sounds start again. She's going to keep going on, giving Darius head, while I tell her all about what I did today at the convention.

But this is as it should be -- because this is what amuses my Mistress.

"It was wonderful, Ma'am," I say, not even trying to hide either my excitement or my humiliation. Then, my voice rich with promise, I practically purr at her: "I did what you said."

"I know you did," she says, her tongue making slurping sounds against what must be Darius's balls...unless he's actually started *rimming* him. I know each sound intimately, but this sounds like she's licking his balls. "You do everything I say, don't you, Gina?"

"Yes, Mistress."

*Gina.* It still makes me blush to hear that name. She's used it in private for so long, but it still feels like a tiny hint of deliberate humiliation, the way it did when she started using it. My given name is Gene, and that's what people call me at work. In private, though, I've been "Gina" since the first time my wife humiliated me...when she caught me beating off into her panties. What was I supposed to do? It had been months since she'd deigned to fuck me at that point.

When she takes a break from sucking Darius's cock again, my wife asks me, "Did you pass?"

I say proudly, "Yes, Mistress."

"You're sure?"

"Yes," I say. "Yes, Mistress. I have a whole valise full of phone numbers." I

Tanya murmurs wetly and happily, lapping at Darius's cock.

"There's a good slut," she says. "How did you like flirting with all those hot men? How did you like being a girl?"

I can't lie to my wife...because she won't believe me, anyway.

I tell her, "I have to tell you the truth, Mistress. It was very *humiliating*."

"Did it make your little clitty hard?" she asks me with amusement.

"No, Mistress. I was good. I made it stay soft."

She laughs softly. "That's just the hormones. You probably *can't* get hard if you want to anymore. Not that you ever really could. You were always so much softer than a real man like Darius."

"I--I'm hard now, Mistress."

"You don't say," she laughs. "Why don't you touch it a little while you tell me what was so humiliating about being dressed as a hot girl that every guy wanted to fuck?"

I moan softly as I reach under my skirt and put my hand into my panties. To my surprise, it's only about half-hard. I feel incredibly turned on...but I guess the hormones have had their effect. Nonetheless, it feels incredible to finally be able to stroke it. I moan.

Tanya says testily, "I asked you a question, Gina. Why is it humiliating to be a hot slut that every guy wants to fuck?"

I tell my wife, "It was humiliating because they were treating me like a sex object. I was nothing but three holes and a pretty pair of tits to them."

I don't even realize what I've said -- until I hear my wife laughing wickedly,

"Three holes," she says. "Little do they know, you've only got two!"

I feel my face getting hot.

She adds with a rueful laugh, "*So far*, that is. These men want to fuck you because they think you've got a pussy already?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say, wincing at the *already*. It's Tanya's choice, of course, whether to have me cut or not. I know that Andrew would like it if I was. But I can't help but feel some trepidation toward taking that final step.

"Yes," I say nervously. "That's exactly it. They think I've got a pussy, and they..." I shiver. "They want it." I felt a soft glow of pride.

Tanya growls at me sternly, "And that's humiliating?"

"Y--yes," I stammer. "Yes, Mistress."

Now she's openly angry. "What's humiliating about having a pussy, Gina? I've got one, and I'm perfectly proud of it." To Darius, she says flirtatiously, "You like it, too, don't you, baby?" He grunts an affirmative.

"I--I'm sorry, Mistress. It's not humiliating to have a pussy. It just makes me feel...vulnerable."

"That's the point, Gina. You *are* vulnerable. Because all they'd have to do is get you alone, and you'd have their dicks in your mouth inside five minutes, isn't that right?"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

"I do," says Tanya. "And five minutes after that, you'd be begging them to fuck you. Just like you do to Darius."

"But I'm not a real girl," I whine. "I can't get fucked by a stranger. He'd find out that..."

"He'd find out what you are?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Gina laughed. "Is it that you *should* or *shouldn't* have a cock?"

Darius chimed in, giving his opinion in his basso profundo.

"That fine piece of ass should *not* have a cock."

I say, "I -- I guess I shouldn't have one, Mistress."

"Of course you shouldn't," Tanya says. "Darius is always right. Aren't you, dear?"

"Damn straight," growls Darius. "Anyone who sucks my cock as good as Gina does has *got* to be a born sissy."

Tanya adds, "Maybe if you're a good girl, we'll take care of that little problem after you get your year-end bonus."

I gulp. "Yes, Mistress."

"Then you can spread your legs for all sorts of strange men, and they'll never know they just fucked someone who used to be a man. Until then, you'd better remember that it's your job to be *proud* of being a horny little slut. Pussy or no pussy, I want you happy and horny."

I say, "Yes, Mistress."

"Did any of them try to pick you up?" she asks me.

I say proudly, "Almost every man I talked to."

Tanya murmurs her approval.

"I took pictures of each one I met, Mistress. I have their business cards in my valise. And I sent you the pictures."

"Did you?" she says, obviously pleased.

I can feel myself blushing as I say, "I was hoping you could help me decide which one to call."

Tanya says sternly, "Which *one*?"

I gulp.

"Sorry, Mistress. Which, um...which ones?"

"How many cards did you get?"

"Thirty-six," I say.

"All of them staying in town tonight?"

"Most of them," I say nervously. I squeeze my cock firmly and bounce it up and down. It feels amazing, but I already know there's no way I'll be able to cum.

On the other end of the phone, I hear wet noises.

Tanya is going down on Darius again.

I rub my half-soft cock more quickly as I hear him moaning.

Distantly, I hear him say, "Yeah, right there, right there...oh yeah...take it down your throat...all the way down, baby...." Deeper gulping sounds accompany his moans.



Tanya finally comes up for air, and tells me rapturously, "Then call all of them," she says. "Until you get one who can meet you right away."

My eyes go wide. "But -- but Mistress..."

Tanya laughs. "I don't have time to be your dating consultant, Gina. Besides, you should be sucking every cock you meet. You certainly need the practice."

I blurt, "But Darius just said--"

"Forget what he said," Tanya told me. "Darius wouldn't know a good blowjob if it bit him on the ass. Isn't that right, darling?"

Angrily, Darius grunted, "Whatever you say, baby. Just put your mouth on it, baby..."

Tanya hissed, "In a minute." Then, to me, she said, "Gina, start calling. I want you down on your knees with a cock in your mouth, inside an hour. And I want pictures. Text it to me real-time, or I'll know you're being naughty and not getting laid."

"But Mistress, I--"

"Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Bonus points if he's twice your age," says Tanya with amusement. "Double bonus points if he's twice your age and ugly."

I bristle.

I listen to the loud wet noises of my wife sucking her boyfriend's cock. There are slaps as she smacks his cock against her cheek...slurps as he sucks him up and down, gulps as she takes him down her throat again. Then

I hear the telltale swishing sound of her pushing her tits together and sliding his cock between them.

My little cock gets stiffer. It's almost all the way hard, now...which is how I know that, despite my fear, my wife is absolutely right.

I want to meet one of these men. Maybe more than one of them.

Hell, maybe *all* of them.

Darius's blowjob continues for a long time, and I rub my half-hard dick listening to my wife sucking off her boyfriend...the real man who took my place as her lover.

There's another ten minutes of eager sucking sounds and Darius moaning before Tanya says, "Gina? Are you still there?"

Nervously, I say, "Yes, Ma'am."

Tanya says, "What are you waiting for? You've got calls to make."

I take a deep breath. "Yes, Mistress. Thank you Mistress. Good night, Mistress."

Tanya's only answer is a harsh order: "Don't forget to send me the picture, real time, or I'll make you sorry."

Then Tanya moans. I know what's happening; she's mounting Darius, pushing his cock into her.

She ignores my farewell...and someone, probably Darius, kills the connection.

I tuck my half-hard cock back into my panties. I pull down my skirt.

I go to my valise and take out the stack of business cards. Then I go to my laptop and open the folder of pictures.

*Bonus points.* I want them.

I decide I'll start with the *oldest*.

His name is Russell. I open his picture and dial his number.

"Wedding Night Reward" first appeared in *Handjobs that Hurt*. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## Wedding Night Reward by Sonia Palmer

Evan says he's been a "good little girl" for me, all month long. I've said that I believe him, and that he's going to get his reward. Only that last part is true, though. Only the part about Evan getting what he deserves. He's going to get it, all right. But it won't be what he expects.

He's expecting me to fuck him -- something I haven't done, and won't do unless he goes a whole month without jerking off.

He says that he did. He said he was good this month. And I've said I believe him, but I know better. He's pretending to be my innocent little virgin bride, but he's really a slut.

That's why I'm not going to fuck him tonight. Instead, he'll have to bleed for me. I'm going to teach him what happens to sluts who pretend to be virgins. And he'll learn to thank me for teaching him things like I'll teach him tonight.

When I deny Evan, it's not because I hate him. And when I finally decide to fuck him again, it won't be because I love him and want him to be happy. I know that being happy, for Evan, requires the very stern hand of a Goddess like me. He *needs* to be denied. And he's shown that he needs it more than ever. I wanted to find out how far he could be trusted.

Not very far, as it turns out. Tonight, it's time for Evan to get his reward for being a little lying sissy. He's going to find out what happens to whores who lie to their Daddies and tell them they're still virgins. Evan isn't innocent. He just pretends to be.

That's why I tell him that tonight, I want him in white. I've got it all picked out for him, and I show him the lingerie: white G-string, white garter belt, white stockings with lace-tops and seams up the back. I've even got a white push-up bra for him, made to turn A-cups into B-cups, though Evan doesn't have anything like A-cups...yet.

"You're going to be just like a bride for me," I tell him. "I even got you a garter and veil." Evan's eyes widen when he sees the veil. It's like a translucent white invitation for the groom to pull it aside and have his way with his pretty bride's face. "You've been such a good girl all month, I'm going to treat you just like an innocent little virgin, I tell him." Evan likes that; he loves the idea of being an innocent little virgin, horny to experience sex for the first time and get her cherry popped. I tease him mercilessly as I dress him for his "wedding night."

"I'm going to break you in right, Yvonne," I tell him, using the name I sometimes tease him with when I feminize him. "I'm going to pop your cherry so good, you'll never feel innocent again..."

His cock is already hard, ready for the handjob I've promised him if he's a "good girl" all month. His cock is prepared for it, that much is obvious; the tip already glistens with pre-cum. I tease his balls, feeling how swollen and hard they are. But they aren't as big as I'd expect if he really had been a good girl.

I hold up a bright silver cock ring and smile at my husband.

"Here, darling. This is your wedding ring. To have and to hold. I may now kiss the bride."

As I slide the cock ring down his shaft, I give him a taste of what he thinks is to come. I let my tongue flicker across his *glans* -- just enough to tease him and make him go wild. When the silver cock-ring is down at the bottom of his shaft, I force his balls through it, taking pleasure in how he shudders with pain when each ball pops through. The ring's settled on his body, now, clutching him tight at the base of his cock with his swollen balls hanging free.

I smile up at him. "With this ring, I thee wed," I tell him. Evan's cock throbs. It drools pre-cum.

I dress Evan up in the stockings and G-string and garter belt. His cock is harder than ever before. It bulges the G-string. He's going to get his reward, all right. He'll get a wedding night reward, and he'll never know what hit him.

I do his hair, teasing his blonde mane out until it looks nothing like a virgin's. Evan is going to be the sluttiest bride on the planet -- but isn't that appropriate, with what a "good girl" he's been all month for me?

I make up his face, painting his eyes with "something blue," his lashes with heavy black mascara. I want them to run when I make him cry. I tease him the whole time as I paint his eyes and his cheeks, telling him what a hot slut he's going to be once I've "broken him in." "I'm going to pop you right, baby. You'll be the perfect whore once I take your virginity.

I plump his lips with dark liner and paint them bright with moist red lipstick. I put a layer of gloss just to make them shiny. He doesn't look like a virgin anymore. On the contrary, his mouth looks positively fuckable. If there's ever been an invitation for cock, it's Evan's mouth with that lipstick on. Any bride who wore a pout like that would get herself blow-banged at the reception before her hubby even got a chance at her.

But then, that's the kind of "bride" Evan is. He's a big slut inside. Just like he's that kind of "good girl" for me. He just thinks I don't know.

Only when I've got his face pretty and painted, his blonde hair done perfectly, do I put on his veil. Evan looks gorgeous behind the ephemeral fabric.

I tell him: "You know what this veil represents, Yvonne?" I can see in his bright eyes that he doesn't know. In a few things, I guess, Evan really is innocent.

I lean in close and breathe warmly in his ear as I tell him: "Your *hymen*. I'm going to pop it, baby. I'm going to pop your cherry and make you bleed, my sweet little innocent virgin. You'll never be innocent again. Daddy's going to pop your cherry on our wedding bed. I'll rip this veil open and

make you a woman. I'll make you a slut. You're going to be *my* slut, Yvonne. Happy wedding night."

Evan shivers to hear that. He loves this hit. My pervert husband really loves to hear all about what an innocent little virgin he is. He loves even more hearing how hard I'm going to be on him. But he still thinks I'm a fool. He still thinks I believe that he was a good girl for me. He's going to find out what it really means to have your cherry popped. He's going to know what it's like to really shed blood for your "Daddy."

I drop down to my knees and put on Evan's shoes -- white high-heeled pumps. As he totters on them, I slide his traditional garter up his long, smooth, shapely leg. It's white and red. I tell him: "These are your colors tonight, baby. White for your innocence. Red for the blood you'll shed when I pop your little cherry. Are you ready for it, baby?"

"Yes, Mistress," Evan purrs hungrily. "Yes, Daddy," he adds, more breathlessly.

I stand up and walk to the nightstand. "Then come here and get the most important part of your ensemble," I tell him. I hold up a dog collar. Evan's eyes widen. His lips tremble. He drops to his knees and crawls to me. He's probably bagging his brand-new stockings. I don't care. He looks so hot crawling across the floor to me, veiled and done up in hot white wedding-night lingerie. I'm so wet I can hardly stand it.

I lift the veil just enough to buckle the slave collar around Evan's throat. Then I buckle a leash on him and lead him to the "wedding bed."

In reality, it's just our bed, our regular bed, except that almost a year ago we sprang for a new frame -- a "special" frame. It's a bondage bed, its four heavy posts featuring tie-downs and its overhead beams strong enough to support a man's weight. That'll come in handy later, when Evan realizes I know all about what a "good girl" he's been.

I don't bother to dress up, myself. There's no tuxedo for me. All I want are my favorite boots -- knee-high and pointy, with medium heels, pointy



enough to jab into Evan's balls if I feel like it, but low enough that I feel sturdy when I stand. I'm otherwise naked. I spread Evan out on our "wedding bed" and hook his leash to the bedframe. I tie him spread-eagle, padded restraints securing his wrists to the headboard and his ankles to the foot posts. What he doesn't realize is that I've got a plan for how to adjust them later, when it's time for my naughty hubby to lose his virginity; that's why I run ropes through the D-rings of his ankle restraints. Evan is too busy squirming and struggling, delighting at his "innocence" as I prepare him to be taken for the first time.

I lift the veil further this time. I force Evan's painted mouth open and shove in a ball gag. I secure the strap tightly around his head. I takes some time crawling all over him, teasing him with my body and testing how securely he's tied.

Once I'm satisfied with the shackles, I get up. I leave him there, squirming, and take my time doing what I've been planning all along. I can tell Evan's starting to worry. That's why I gagged him.

I round the bed and go to the cabinet where we keep our bedroom TV. It's a big one, sixty inches -- all the better to watch porn on, right? Its video inputs are wirelessly connected to the laptop I've left hibernating beside the vanity table.

I wake it up. I call up the video file I edited earlier, from the footage I gathered all month while my husband was being a "good girl."

I start the file. I get the TV remote and join my husband on the bed. I can tell Evan's realized something's amiss. His "wedding night" isn't going to go as planned.

The fear in his eyes makes me wet.

"Don't worry, darling," I tell him with unreserved sadism. "You can still be my bride. And you really are blushing. You just shouldn't pretend to be innocent."

I point the remote and hit the ON button.

The video file is already going. There's no soundtrack, and only a dull buzzing leaks out of the stereo speakers behind the bed. I thought about editing in some music or sounds of heavy breathing or something, but I think it's better to give Evan the full impact of the visuals.

His pretty eyes widen.

The footage on the TV screen is of him. It's low-quality, slightly blurry, occasionally pixelated. But there's no question that it's him, in our downstairs bathroom. He's on the toilet, but he's not doing that kind of "business." He's doing another kind --one more urgent for an "innocent" husband who's pledged fidelity and chastity to his wife.

Evan has his pants down, his legs spread. He's jerking off. He does it furtively, glancing at the door every few seconds, as if he's afraid I'll arrive and catch him. Almost as if he *wants* me to catch him.

"What have you got to say for yourself, darling?"

Behind the ball gag, Evan just whimpers.

"There are six more of these," I tell him. "One from the garage, one from the car. I've gotten quite good with these hidden cameras. They're so simple to install. And look at the quality!"

Evan squirms against his bonds. He watches himself jerking off. On the screen, his cock shoots its creamy load all over his hand. Nervously, he wipes it up with his fingers and licks his hand clean.

My bride blushes as he sees himself doing that.

"I guess I trained you right, didn't I, Yvonne?" I tease my husband. "Even so, you know I'm very disappointed. I thought you were my good little virgin. I thought you'd been good for me all month, darling. You made a

promise. I'm like a groom who finds out on his wedding night that his new wife has been had by every cock in town."

I climb atop Evan and nuzzle myself down onto his hard, throbbing cock. The feel of his silky G-string is delicious against my pussy. I was really looking forward to fucking him. Too bad it'll have to wait.

Besides, what I'm going to do will be so much more fun.

"So, Yvonne. Have you got any excuse?"

Evan shook his head.

"I guess I can't take your virginity, can I?" I grind my pussy against his cock. Part me wants to say "fuck it" and put it inside me. But would that be right? Of course not.

So I'm strong. I'm strong, the way Evan was weak.

I say: "At least, I can't pop your cherry in the usual manner." To punctuate his need, I grind my wet slit up and down on his bulging panties. His back arches. He moans behind the gag.

I lean forward. I sweep the veil aside. I whisper in his ear:

"But fucking your ass isn't going to be enough to make up for what a bad girl you've been, Yvonne. You've got to bleed like a virgin, but you're not a virgin, are you?"

Evan shakes his head. The veil brushes my face as he moves.

I say: "So I'm going to make you bleed another way. You want to bleed for me, don't you, Yvonne? You want to bleed for your new Daddy, don't you?"

Miserable, red-faced, Evan nods.

I leave the footage running silently on the TV. I've got more than two hours of it.

I get up from the bed. I go to the pulley assembly that makes it so easy to lift Evan up into the air if I want to. But I don't want him lifted tonight. Tonight, I only want his ass up.

I adjust the ropes and work the pulleys. Evan grunts behind the ball gag as his ankles are drawn up high overhead, so his smooth-shaved, white-stockinged legs form a "Y." His shaved ass is lifted a little off the bed, exposed for me.

I go to our toy drawer. It's right next to the bed, so Evan has to turn his head awkwardly to watch me. He really can't see what I'm getting out. Some of it, I show to him. Other stuff, I keep to the side...and let him wonder.

The first thing I show him is Daddy's big cock. It's eight inches long, with a swollen head. It's almost the same color as my skin, so it looks very realistic jutting out of me. It's got veins and ripples all down the shaft. It's very stiff. That makes it easier to control.

Next, of course, is the harness. It's black leather, a two-strap model for added stability. I step into it and fit the dildo through the ring. My new cock juts out, ready to take my new bride's sweet virginity.

But that won't make Evan -- or "Yvonne" -- bleed. Not the way I want her to.

So I take out some lube, and a pair of rubber gloves. I take out a bottle of antiseptic and a clean white cotton hand towel.

That confuses Evan. But he gets the point a second later, when I show him something that makes his eyes go wider than I've ever seen them. Wider, even, than the big, thick cock did.

It's a packet of needles.

"You want to bleed for me, don't you, baby?"

Evan looks at the needles with fear and excitement. His cock still throbs hard in his G-string. On the TV screen, he's still going at it, pumping his cock with his hand. The Evan on the bed -- "Yvonne" -- looks at me desperately.

Then he nods.

"Good girl," I tell him. "I'll break you in right, baby."

#

I lube up my cock and mount Evan. I pull his white G-string aside and push into him with ease even though he feels tight. It's all in the thrust. With his ass in the air, Evan squeals as I impale him on my cock.

Soon, Evan's starting to relax around my shaft. My easy thrusts make him give it up sweet, as if he really were my blushing bride. His cock throbs and soaks the front of his G-string with pre-cum. The little virgin whore is *leaking*.

I let Evan get nice and comfortable, fucking him smoothly and waiting for the right moment to break out the needles. It comes a moment later, when I feel Evan starting to rock his hips in time with my thrusts. He's really starting to surrender to the feel of my cock in his ass.

That's why I break out the needles. I snap on my rubber gloves. I pull down his white bridal G-string and dab antiseptic on Evan's cock.

"Time to bleed, virgin," I tease him. "Why don't you beg me for it with your eyes?"

So help me, he does. Evan's big bright eyes are watering, probably from the intense sensation of being fucked so deep. But he's also emotionally overcome -- just like a real bride.

I can see the hunger in there. He *wants* to submit all the way. He wants to bleed for me.

I position the first needle, right at his *glans*, where he'll be the most sensitive. Evan's eyes scrunch closed.

"Look at me, baby! Look at your new Daddy."

Frightened but obedient, Evan opens his eyes. He blinks wildly at me, desperately. I keep thrusting with my hips, then finally shove my dick all the way into him before I do it.

I'm deep inside him when I drive the first needle home. He howls behind the gag. The sound is muffled, but it's still music to my ears. I position the needle properly, taking pleasure in the sight of his flesh distended by the thin slice of silver. It's not a permanent piercing; it's just for tonight. But the pain will stay with him forever.

"I think three should do it," I tell him. "Three little pricks for a blushing virgin who isn't a virgin after all..." I glance over my shoulder at the TV screen, as if to drive home how much I know about Evan's filthy habits.

I give him another needle, just through the surface, about halfway down his cock. I position it carefully, watching him squirm with the pain.

"One more," I tell him.

I give him a final needle, down near the base, where he's slightly less sensitive -- so I go slightly deeper. Behind the ball gag, Evan squeals.

"Good girl, Yvonne," I tell him. "You've been a very good girl tonight. You may not have had your virginity to give me, but you bled like a pro. I'm still going to let you cum, baby. But I'm going to make it hurt."

Evan's eyes are moist. Tears of black run down his cheeks.

I take his cock gingerly in one of my gloved hands. I position my thumb between piercings number one and number two, pressing firmly against his most sensitive spot.

I start to jerk him off.

As I do, I thrust my hips back and forth. I fuck his ass deeply, in harder thrusts as I force my new "bride" toward an explosion of pleasure. I'm being gentle, but I know every stroke still hurts Evan's cock like hell. He's got needles through it, for God's sake!

So I give him just what he needs to get off. I don't squeeze any harder than I have to. I might even go so far as to say that I'm gentle.

But jacking him gingerly hardly counts as gentle, given what else I'd just done.

It doesn't matter. Even if Evan wasn't a good girl like he told me he was, he still wants and needs that orgasm. It comes quickly, despite -- or maybe because of -- the 0pain. Evan always was a little piggy, and he really does want to bleed.

Evan's moans of agony shifting quickly into high-pitched wails of pleasure as he reaches his release. Hot jism shoots out, all over his belly and chest.

He whimpers in pain and surrender as I let go of his cock. As it softens, the needles shift.

That's why I pluck them out before he can get all the way soft. Each removal is a hot rush of pain and its attendant chaser, endorphins.

By the time I remove Evan's temporary piercings, I can tell my blushing bride is positively *high*. His whole body feels soft and relaxed underneath me....*receptive*.

I shove my cock into him. I wrap one arm around his smooth, upthrust, stocking-clad thigh.

I reach down in my harness and press my fingers to my clit as I start to thrust rhythmically into him.

I don't take much longer to cum than Evan did. I feel his hips working fervently, meeting my every thrust as if he knows how much I want him to want this.

And he does. He wants me to "cum inside him." I look down into Evan's eyes. I let out a long, low moan of satisfaction as I cum, fingers pressed to my clit.

When I'm finished cumming, I look at my husband -- my "bride" -- with love. She's certainly blushing, but not from innocence. She's red-faced from the exertion and the pain and the pleasure.

But even all that jacking off and lying about it can't stop me from loving my hot little virgin slut bride. In fact, knowing what a pervert she is just makes me love my bride more.

She may not be innocent, but that's okay. If she had been, would she have stayed that way for long?

Not with a wife like me, that's for sure. I would have corrupted that little slut anyway.

I pull my cock out of my husband. I sweep that veil out of the way once and for all.

Then I unfasten his restraints and let Evan show me how much he wants to bleed for me.

This time, he doesn't even try to be a good girl.