

ZAZEFINA



**A SISSY SLAVE
STORY OF MALE-
ON-MALE FORCED
FEMINIZATION**

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A Sissy Slave Story of Male-on-Male Forced Feminization

By Josie Blackwell

Series Editor: N.T. Morley

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Zazefina is an explicit 4,400-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank depictions of sexual behavior which may include domination, submission, bisexuality, forced feminization, male-on-male sexual contact, erotic humiliation, oral sex, anal sex, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Zazefina: A Sissy Slave Story of Male-on-Male Forced Feminization

When a skinny twink named Joe arrives at Woodward Supermax as a new prisoner, he knows he's fresh meat. He also knows that his new cellmate, Aleksei Zyuganov, is a man to be feared -- the legendary "Monster of Merced." Aleksei is a huge, muscled beast, and when he orders Joe to put on the hot little baby doll nightie in the corner, Joe knows better than to argue. When Aleksei tells him to use that contraband makeup kit to paint his face, Joe does it. And when Aleksei renames him "Zazefina" -- Russian for "Josephine" -- Joe has little choice but to accept his new identity.

And, of course, when Aleksei grabs his new plaything and drags her to bed, "Zazefina" knows what's expected of her. She struggles to perform like a real sex slave... and Aleksei delights in spanking her for every squirm and wiggle.

But all is not as it seems at Woodward Supermax. Because Joe's heard the stories about what happened to Aleksei's last cellmate, Nadyenka. Did Aleksei bribe the prison officials to get this hot piece of fresh meat... or did Zazefina bribe her way into Aleksei's bed?

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Zazefina by Josie Blackwell

I arrived at Woodward Supermax Penitentiary's infamous B-block well after lights-out. That was done on purpose, of course, like everything about this. That's just how these things get done. It's not like I had a choice, after all, in any of it. I am a prisoner of my past misdeeds, a guest of the state. I do what I'm told. When I argue, someone big and strong makes me sorry.

The hacks aren't that big and strong at Woodward, compared to the inmates. But I did what they said anyway. They all had a whole lot of inches on me, and plenty of pounds, plus the batons and Tasers. I knew better than to argue.

They walked me out of the showers and told me to get dressed, but they didn't give me any clothes. Not real ones, anyway. Not even prison scrubs. Just underwear. That was as far as they'd let me get dressed. This was all of the dignity I had left: not much.

The hacks French-walked me to my new cell, parading me down the security-lit corridors where everyone in B-Block could see me. Wearing nothing but tight regulation jockeys, tight white T-shirt and slippers, I must have presented a package to comment on, because plenty of men did just that as I passed.

I was force-marched past barred door after barred door. My hands were cuffed behind me. One of the cops held my wrists up in the small of my back. He brandished his baton... *both* batons, if you know what I mean. I could feel the guard's boner poking into my ass. The perv was enjoying this.

From the shadows of the cells of B-Block, I heard whistling and catcalls and kissing noises. There were obscene licking sounds, heavy breathing and even more disgusting noises.

"I'd fuck that!" someone hissed from the blackness as I passed one of the cells.

"Maybe from one end," said someone else. "Not the other."

"Hell, yeah," someone agreed. "Nice ass, but that face--"

"Get some makeup on it," someone else said. "Pretty girl, with that hair."

"Pipe down!" barked the hack who wasn't frog-walking me. He slammed his baton on the bars of the cell. The clanging sound echoed down the hall. The hack grinned. "She's spoken for."

He said it in a real loud voice. Murmurs went through the cell block. Everyone knew what that meant.

Aleksei Zyuganov's cell was down at the end of B-Block.

The legendary "Monster of Merced" had a corner cell with more space than any of the other prisoners. He also got his pick of the "fresh meat" that came in from upstage.

He was waiting for me.

###

The hacks didn't even pretend to follow the usual procedure for admitting a new "guest" to a maximum-security cell. Normally, the lights would go on, and the occupant would have to get up and stand with his hands in plain view. But Aleksei Zyuganov was special. Everyone knew he'd bought me and paid for me. Everyone knew that the hacks treated him real special.

They just unlocked my cuffs, opened the cell, and shoved me in.

One of them said, "Fresh meat, Aleksei."

That's just what I was. Aleksei's meat. I was his next meal.

In the darkness, I shivered.

###

The interior of the cell was dark, but light came in from the hallway, slanted. Aleksei was sacked out on the bottom bunk. He had one sheet covering the lower half of his body, with one big hairy leg hanging out. His huge, muscled chest was illuminated by the light from the hall. I could not see his face; it was shrouded in the shadow from the top bunk.

I could see that lump in the sheet, though. Aleksei was hard.

His chest, shoulders and arms were knotted with muscle and crisscrossed with tattoos. Rumors were that the guy weighed in at six-six, nearly three hundred, and knew how to use every ounce of it. They didn't let inmates pump iron in Woodward anymore, but that didn't matter. Somehow, Aleksei kept fit. Maybe he did calisthenics. Maybe he did a few pushups each night.

A rough murmur of approval, almost a growl, came out of the shadows.

It sounded like he wanted to do some push-ups on *me*.

###

I heard his voice.

"You are cell mate. New."

"Yes," I said.

Aleksei said, "You know what happened to last one?"

I shivered. I'd heard. I pretended I hadn't.

"No, Sir," I said.

Aleksei's chuckle sounded like broken glass grating in a tumbler.

"Sir," he said. "I like. Off your clothes. Take." He waved his hand, as if struggling with the language, but his meaning was already known. "Take off your clothes," he repeated, as I dropped my jockeys and pulled off my shirt, tossing it on the floor behind me. I even kicked off my prison-issue slippers.

"Nice," said Aleksei, his eyes roving over my skinny, shaved body. "You shave for me."

"Yes, Sir," I said. "They--the hacks--told me it would go easier if I did."

"You like it? to shave?"

I ran my fingertips provocatively up my shaved thighs, over my shaved balls, then to my silky-smooth belly and chest, ignoring my hard little dick. It stood out, straight and firm, but I didn't want to draw attention to it. Instead, I pinched my nipples for Aleksei.

"Yes, Sir," I told him. "If you like it, I like it."

I brushed my fingers through my long, blonde hair.

It had been long when I came to the prison, and it had gotten longer. My hair was naturally blonde and fine.

Aleksei said, "You talk good. You call me 'Sir.' You know how to do this."

I gulped. "Um, no," I said. "I mean, Sir, I never... Not yet. I mean, never before. Not with a..."

"What? With a man?" His huge hand slid up to his crotch, and he groped it through the sheet. He didn't pull the sheet away, but he grabbed his cock through it firmly enough that the sheet wrapped around it. With the white sheet, the big thing was illuminated in the slanted light from the hallway.

It was enormous. Even bigger than I'd heard.

Even in shadow, Aleksei's grin flashed. I saw the flicker of light from his white teeth. I'd hear things about what he did with that dental work. Nasty things. Dirty things.

"What would matter if you had?" Aleksei laughed, stroking his cock through the sheet. "Be with me, is like being with new species. I'm not a man, I'm a beast. Ask them, anyone. They tell you. I'm not a man. I'm a monster. You like monsters?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, my voice shaking.

"You ask for me?" he asked. "The hacks. You ask them to put you with me? You want dick like this... Man like this? You want me? You ask for me?"

"I was... *given* to you, Sir," I said.

Again, that cruel chuckle.

"No, you lie. You ask for me. Beg for me. You need man like me... animal, monster. You need it this way. You need the way that I give it to you. You ask for me with your *eyes*, little bird. They blue. They pretty. They say thing. They say *fuck me*. They say *fuck my face, fuck my ass, fuck me everywhere*. They say *make me your bitch*. They say *use me*. They say it louder in one minute, slave, won't they?

I whimpered. "Um," I said. "What do you mean, Sir?"

Aleksei laughed again. "Sir," he grunted. "I like that. But not too much. Not as much as I like... *Master*."

I shivered. "Um, okay." I tried to smile, toss my long hair, and flirt with him. "I'll call you Master."

"You like?" he asked.

"Wh-what, Sir? Like what, Sir? I mean, M-Master?"

"You like calling me that?"

"Um," I said, "I've never... Sir, like I said, I mean, Master... I've never... Been with a man."

"I tell you, slave, I am not man. I'm monster. They all say it. Listen to judges, newspaper reporters. I am a monster. You like a monster. You want a monster. You *need* a monster.

"Yes, Master," I said. "I do need a monster. Will you protect me in here?"

Aleksei laughed. This time it wasn't the threatening broken-glass chuckle; it was an actual laugh, finding mirth in my naïve question.

"No," he said. "Not at all."

I took a deep breath, crestfallen.

Aleksei went on: "You with me, no protect. No *need* to protect." He groped his dick through the sheet and said, "You take this up you, slave, you worship this, *everyone* know it. Then, no *need* for protect you. Everyone know you. They see it in how you walk. Word get around. Nobody touch you -- hacks, warden, prisoners, nobody. I no revenge, because everyone know that I *will* do if anyone touch."

Aleksei leaned into the light, and I got my first look at his hard-edged face. He was handsome, in a scary kind of way. In a strong way. In a manly way.

He grinned wolfishly. "You want this?" He stroked his cock through the sheet.

I breathed deeply.

"Yes, Master. I want it badly."

Aleksei took his hand off his cock and pointed over the corner of the cell, in the darkness just beyond the foot of the bunk.

He said, "Then go there, and do that. You see what I mean, little bird. You be my slave. Not just now, but until I get tired of you. How pretty you are, may be a long time!" He laughed. He pointed more emphatically to the corner. "Go! Do! Your Master horny, slave. Make yourself ready."

"Yes, Sir," I mumbled as I walked, naked, to the shadowed corner.

###

There in the corner, I found a makeshift stainless steel vanity that had been welded to the wall of the prison. Atop the vanity was a little makeup kit, cheap but brand-new, topped with a pink bow. Beside the makeup kit was a hairbrush, a bottle of hairspray, a new pair of white seamed stay-up stockings and a pair of never-worn white patent-leather pumps with six-inch stilettos. Hanging from a hook beside the metal vanity, there was a skimpy little baby doll nightie. Even in the faint light from the hallway, I could tell that the nightie was not just skimpy, but made of ephemeral material. It was practically see-through.

Needless to say, the vanity itself wasn't a regulation fixture for a men's prison, especially not with its highly-polished metal mirror and the chaser lights around the outside. It probably violated about a hundred rules as to what prisoners could have in their cells.

But I guess it helps to be Aleksei Zyuganov, "The Monster of Merced."

Though the corner was shadowy, Aleksei could still see me from his comfortable place on his bottom bunk. He watched me with eager fascination.

I made sure to show him my pearly-whites. Government-provided dental care, that.

I saw Aleksei grin wolfishly at me from the shadows.

"You like?" he asked me.

I pretended shyness. I played with my hair, twisting one long strand of blonde around my index finger.

I flirted with him, my voice high and feminine as I said:

"For me?"

Aleksei guffawed.

"Of course for you, little bird. How you think? I am to put on the dress? You like me in some lipstick?" More laughter, harder and a little scarier. "Don't you worry, bird. You get to lez it up. Not with me, though. Make you a deal, right now, little bird. I be the man in the relationship. You take care of other part."

His voice hardened. I could see his eyes flashing as he leaned in from the darkness of the bunk.

He reached out from the bunk and grabbed my wrist. His hands were huge. His grip could break bones.

He said, "Understand?"

He was taken aback by my girlish giggle.

"Of course, Master. I'm just so... Flattered! I mean... I've never been with a man! I mean, I've never even had, like, a... Boyfriend before!"

Aleksei's grip tightened. His face grew hard. "Boyfriend? You think I be *boyfriend* for you, little bird?"

I murmured in pain as he squeezed

I whimpered, "No, Master, of course not."

Aleksei kept glaring. His grip didn't ease up.

I blurted urgently, "You'll be much more than that, Master. I w-w-want you to be."

Aleksei's glare finally softened. So did his grip.

He grinned at me. His right hand still held my wrist for a moment longer... But his left hand reached up to caress my arm.

"For now, we start with the boyfriend. Your first time, tonight, baby. Make yourself pretty for me."

Aleksei disappeared back in the shadows of the bunk.

Breathing hard, I stared numbly at the vanity. How was I supposed to put makeup on after lights-out?

Aleksei's huge arm snaked out again; his huge hand hit a switch at the back of the vanity.

The chaser lights around the vanity exploded into bright white light. I squinted.

Aleksei returned to his hole.

He told me, from the darkness:

"Don't worry, birdie. The hacks not give problem. No one give problem. Ever. You do it, now. Make yourself pretty for me."

Then, with gruffness that shocked me and scared me a little, he added:

"Make yourself *girl* for your Master."

So I did.

###

Naked, I sat at the vanity. I got to work.

I started teasing my hair out. The hairspray worked wonders. Without too much trouble, I turned my long, thin surfer hair into a full mane of gold.

I put on foundation. I dusted on blush. I painted my eyes in a garish blue that looked like some Ukrainian whore had dropped by Chernobyl to buy her cosmetics. The mascara went on thick, too; it was all cheap stuff, but I knew how to work with it.

Aleksei watched the whole time, stroking his cock through the sheet.

"Good," he said. "Now the face, slave. You call yourself what?"

I said, "My name is Joe, Master."

"Joe?" he said, with obvious disgust. "No more. I call you... Zazefina."

"For Josephine," he said. "Only Russian, so... Better. You like?"

I gulped and pronounced it: "Zazefina?"

"Everyone call you that, now," he growled. "You like."

I trembled as I finished putting my lipstick on.

"Yes, Master," I said, after I'd puckered and blotted. "I like it. I mean, I... Love it. Thank you, Master."

"Perfume," Aleksei growled.

I found it, a little bottle of it in the makeup case.

It was a Russian brand, with Cyrillic lettering. I broke the seal and sprayed some onto me.

"Yes, Zazefina," said Aleksei. "You drive me crazy, now. Smell good, look good... Pretty mouth and butt going to feel good, too. Come here. Stand. Show me. Walk. Dance for me."

Nervously, I did a quick trot across the cell. There wasn't much room, but I could sashay a bit, swinging my hips and grinding my ass.

"Turn your back," Aleksei ordered me. "Show your butt. Bend over."

I did, wiggling my butt for him. He reached out and spanked it. The panties he'd given me had a thong-back, and my smooth-shaved butt was entirely exposed.

Maybe he liked the way that I wiggled when he spanked my ass. Or maybe it had just been one minute too long since he'd had a "woman."

Next thing I knew, Aleksei had gotten up, grabbed my hair, spun me around...

...and taken me straight to bed.

###

He was on me, all over me, kissing my neck, then my face, then my mouth.

From the instant his strong tongue forced my mouth wide open, I melted beneath him. He held me down, pulling my hair and shoving his hands up my nightie to pinch my nipples. I squealed and squirmed as he twisted them sadistically.

Aleksei liked that. The more I squirmed, the harder he twisted.

"Make all the noise you like, Zazefina. Hacks no bother. We leave the lights on. I want to see you."

"Yes, Master," I whimpered, and started to kiss my way down Aleksei's body. He was huge and hard-chiseled, with hair in the places a man has hair. I buried my face in him, smelling him. He was ripe and musky.

I kissed my way down to his cock. The sheet came away. At long last, I saw it.

I moaned. I couldn't believe how big it seemed now that I was up close and personal with it. A little bit narrower than I expected, but much, much longer.

I still had to open my lipstick-coated mouth very wide to start sucking it. But once I began to drool, gag and fuck my pretty face onto Aleksei's cock, the going got easier.

I worked my way down as far as I could on the thick shaft and started to force it into my throat. It wouldn't go. I backed up a bit, took a breath, pushed down and swallowed. I gagged some more, choked. I got part of the way down, taking perhaps half of Aleksei's cock before I had to come up for air. I choked and coughed. Drool ran out everywhere.

When I came up, Aleksei grabbed my hair and spanked me hard in the face with his cock.

"You lie to your Master," he said playfully. He smacked me again. His dick was so big it was like being hit with a blackjack.

Except being hit with a blackjack didn't make my little dick stiffen hard and poke right through my panties.

"No, Master, I wouldn't lie to you--oh!"

He slapped me again, first with his dick, then with his huge hand.

"You did this before," he said. "Many times. No girl like you sucks the dick like that without the practice."

I blushed fiercely.

"Yes, Master," I said. "I guess that was kind of a little white lie."

Aleksei shoved me back down on his cock.

I started sucking it, bobbing furiously like there was no tomorrow.

This time, when I opened my throat for him, I made it down all the way. He was so big I could feel the tip of his cock deep in my chest... Right between where I hoped he'd put those big titties, like he put on Nadyenka, his last cellmate...

"How many jobs you give, getting you in here? How many hacks you beg chance to see warden? How many times you suck fat warden's cock to get room with Aleksei the Monster?"

I came up for air, panting.

"Lots," I said.

"You want me that bad?"

"Yes, Master," I said. I licked my way down to his balls and started to worship those. Aleksei let me do that for a while, chuckling softly."

Then he grabbed my hair and pulled me up so fast that I squealed. He pushed me onto my belly and pinned me under his huge body.

He reached underneath me and grabbed my nipples through the ephemeral fabric of my nightie.

"You know what goes here, slave?"

"Yes, Master," I said.

"What goes on your chest, Zazefina?"

"Tits, Master," I whimpered. "Big, full, fake titties."

Aleksei twisted both my nipples at once. I cried out.

He growled in my ear: "That's right. On the taxpayer dime. I pull the strings, you get the needle. We start tomorrow at medication. You start to grow those fast, Zazefina. Then we see about getting the doctor to approve a pair under, what you call, gender dysphoria something, I don't know. I don't care. Only if you are good girl, Zazefina."

I moaned softly, "Yes, Master. I'll be a good girl."

Aleksei pushed my face into the pillow. It smelled like him. He forced my knees wide. He grabbed my hips and pulled my little ass up high in the air.

He reached around me and into my panties.

His giant hand molded around my cock and balls.

"And then? If you're *really* good girl, Zazefina?"

"Ohhh," I moaned. "Yes, Master. I'll be a good girl, Master..."

"You get what Nadyenka got. She came in here telling me her name Nate, just like you, 'Joe.' I tell him otherwise. Now, he is her. You are too. You be good girl for me?"

"Yes, Master," I moaned as he kissed his way down my back, his powerful tongue teasing the laces of my baby doll nightie out of the way.

I shivered as he licked the small of my back. I've always been sensitive there. My first girlfriend used to rim me, and... I guess she was the

adventurous type. That's where I learned how good it can feel. I guess maybe she spoiled me for other girls.

Aleksei's teeth grazed my tailbone. He bit his way down my ass. Shivers went through me. I'd heard about what those teeth of his did. To girls who liked to get their smooth sissy asses bitten.

Aleksei pulled my thong out of the way.

Then his tongue burrowed into my ass.

I grabbed the metal frame of the bunk and cried out as I bucked and squirmed. Every time I moved some way Aleksei didn't like, he would smack my ass-cheeks and growl warningly, and my little dick would give a throb and drool some more into my panties.

The Monster of Merced didn't stop eating my ass for a long time. It felt like he ate me alive.

In the middle there, when I shivered and shook all over from how deep his tongue had been up in me, he came out for a bit and surveyed his conquered land, kissing my buttocks.

His hand made some quick move up toward my cock; I heard fabric ripping.

My panties were gone, just like that. Aleksei's hand covered my cock and balls.

He squeezed.

"You be good girl," he said, "we have this gone, just like Nadyenka's. After the surgery, I tire of having her be roommate, she get herself reassigned to Sesenta." He chuckled. "Get to have lezzie action twenty-four seven, little bird."

Sesenta Nueve was the women's penitentiary nearest to Woodward. Duty there was said to be soft. The hacks were mostly dykes who made it real easy to get on their good sides, if you know what I mean. And the inmates? Said to be some of the hottest bitches in prison. Given free rein to chow down on poontang day-in, day-out.

It sounded like heaven...especially if I showed up there in a year or so with a surgically-crafted pussy and clit, and some titties to die for -- all bought and paid for by tax money, as "earned" by me and my legendary cocksucking skills... and, of course, Aleksei's "juice" with the prisoners and staff alike.

Aleksei said, "Don't get me wrong, I like the pussy. Surgeon did great job. Tax money buy her best cunt I ever have. Tightest. I ask him make it real nice and deep. Only woman I ever bury in cunt up to balls. Most not deep enough. Why you think I like ass so much? But still soft spot in heart for Nadyenka. One night a month, she and I still have conjugal. Trailer like palace! Sesenta have best conjugal trailer in whole system. Don't matter, State, Federal... Sesenta trailer like fucking in suite at Bellagio. This month, you join us. Nadyenka like you. She suck your dick. I tell her to suck. She do what I say, just like you do now. Right, Zazefina?"

"Yes, Master," I sighed.

Aleksei said, "You be a good girl, spend your year taking it up the ass from me... grow you some boobs... we get you soft duty just like Nadyenka got."

Aleksei placed a surprisingly reverent kiss on my shaved balls.

He said, "These be gone, this be gone--" --he stroked my cock-- "it all be gone. You have two holes down here for Aleksei. I send you to the lesbian prison and I get some new piece of meat to convert. You like?"

"Uhhh, yes, Master!" Aleksei's hand had started jerked my cock so hard, so fast that I was bearing down an orgasm fast.

I started cumming before I even realized it. Hot jizz blasted all over the bed, spurt after spurt -- or so I thought.

I was wrong. Aleksei had caught my load in his cupped hand.

He smeared it all over his cock as he mounted me.

"Yes, Master, yes, Master, yes, Master," I moaned as Aleksei stretched out my virgin hole with his huge, hard, cum-lubed cock. I felt my ass muscles struggling to open wide enough to take him... And my insides readjusting to accommodate his length as he buried his whole cock inside me.

It was just first of man "adjustments" Aleksei would make to me.

My eyes rolled back in my head as Aleksei pinned me to the bunk and started to slamfuck me.

My screams of pleasure echoed throughout the prison, matched to the tortured metal-on-metal sounds of the rhythmically squeaking bunk.

"Make all noise you like," said Aleksei, his teeth grazing the back of my neck as he thrust into me. "No one complain. No prisoner, no hack. Hacks probably jerking off to it. Make pretty sounds for me, Zazefina..."

"Yes, Master!" I cried.

Then I started moaning at the top of my lungs as Aleksei's huge cock pumped my ass deep.

Aleksei rammed his huge cock into me in a quickening rhythm. He stretched me from my entrance to deep in my body, pounding me, pulling my hair, making the metal bunk scream in protest.

And I screamed louder, in ecstasy and surrender.

I made all the noise that I wanted, all right.

From now on, when Aleksei used me, I'd make as much noise as I felt like making. I'd moan, scream and wail in pleasure for as long as it took for Aleksei to own me completely -- body and soul.

I'd wanted it ever since I heard his nickname. "The Monster of Merced."

What girl like me doesn't crave a man who's at least a little bit monster inside?