

Forced Fem by His Wicked Stepmother



Jenna
Masters

All 12 Parts of the Series

OMNIBUS
Edition

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Stepmother
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2019

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Mother's New Pet

Diana glanced out the window of her new house, watching the driveway. It was a cold, mid-September morning and the air outside looked fresh and chilled. Inside it was deliciously warm, and she sat at her makeup table in just her red lace bra and panties.

Diana was bored. The thirty-six-year-old former model finally had the life she dreamed of: luxurious house and all the designer clothes and jewelry she could desire, but something was still missing. Diana loved being a trophy wife, and she loved cheating on the wealthy man she had married, but lately, even the thrill of cheating wasn't enough. Her husband was forty-five, overweight and desperate enough to shower her with gifts, but she was getting tired of gifts. Perhaps she just needed a new kinky thrill to distract her.

In the mirror, she saw herself: a still gorgeous blonde that young studs drooled over. She had done some lingerie modelling in her twenties and still kept her luscious body perfectly fit. She had nice, voluptuous breasts, a tight, round ass and slim, tapered waist.

She glanced out the window again, waiting for the cab to arrive. When she had heard that Burt's son was going to be visiting from college, she got a nasty rush. How filthy and hot would it be to let some young college-age stud fuck her right under his daddy's nose? Perhaps that could end up being the new thrill she was craving.

When the cab pulled up from the airport and someone got out, her first thought was that Tony had brought his girlfriend. The figure wore a heavy coat and a woolen cap but was unmistakably long and willowy; a slinky gazelle stepping out into the cold night air. The figure had pale skin and shoulder length brown hair jutting out from the wool cap. The hair looked soft but poorly cared for, the face pretty but lacking any makeup. The creature's limbs were long and slender, her movements feminine but without grace. When the cab started to pull away and the figure moved closer, Diana realized this was not Tony's girlfriend, but Tony himself. The

awkward nineteen-year old boy turned to face the house and Diana started laughing.

Had she really expected a man like Burt to have an impressive young stud for a son? Still, there was something wispy and compelling about the boy as he daintily walked through the cold wind to the large front doors of the new house. Diana stood up, wrapped herself in a black silk robe that draped over her cleavage and barely covered the cleft of her soft, round ass, then she walked downstairs to meet her new stepson.

She met him at the door, pulling it open and greeting him with a smile, her back arched and her chest high. The boy glanced at her, then he froze. His eyes went wide as they passed over her luscious frame and skimpy outfit. His breathing deepened.

“I ummm... hi,” Tony said.

Diana wanted to laugh at the look of sheer terror on the boy’s face, his eyes glued to her magnificent curves wrapped in the thin sheen of her robe, blonde hair tracing the soft skin of her shoulders and face. This boy had “virgin” painted all over him. He was the kind of boy she had doing her homework when she was in school. The kind of boy that followed and obeyed her like a puppy, while she would go out and hook up with hot, older guys. She was older now, and as she appraised this needy young thing, she felt strangely different about him than she had about all those doting losers from before. There was something delicious and compelling about those nervous, needy eyes.

“Hi, Mother,” Diana corrected.

Tony swallowed hard, his voice broken and trailing. “Hi, Mother.”

She motioned him inside, not moving to give him space, enjoying his weak discomfort and terrified desire as he squeezed passed her, careful not to brush against her soft, tantalizing skin.

Diana closed the door and turned to face her new stepson. He was shifting his weight from foot to foot, his eyes turned down. “It’s nice to finally meet you,” she purred.

“I... umm... thanks... Where’s Dad?”

“Working till late, Sweetie. We won’t see him for many, many hours.” She stepped closer and he almost jumped with the shock of her presence, the heat of his wiry, nervous little body radiating. “Don’t slouch,” she told him. “Chin up, please.”

He obeyed her instantly, his eyes darting around, trying not to look down the front of her robe.

She smiled wickedly. Perhaps this little man was going to be more fun than she had realized. Everything about him screamed desperation and obedience. Just how desperate could she make him? Just how obedient could he become? She could see the impression of a small but very hard erection pushing against the crotch of his jeans.

She pulled off his wool cap and ruffled his soft, dark hair. It was very full and thick. “That’s better,” she purred. “You should show off your pretty hair, Sweetheart.”

He turned beet red, squirming at the use of the word ‘pretty’ but only saying, “Thank you,” in his timid little voice.

“Thank you, mom,” she corrected.

He swallowed, trying not to stare at her fantastic cleavage. “Thank you, mom,” he squeaked.

She smiled teasingly, moving even closer, her tits centimeters from pressing against his thin chest. “With your dad working late, I guess we’ll just have to find ways to entertain each other.”

He looked like he was about to pass out from terror. She laughed and purred. “Come on. I’ll show you to your new room.” She moved ahead of him, her lush ass swaying hypnotically as she led him up the stairs. She could feel his arousal and discomfort radiating off him and filling the hallway. She loved the feeling and rush of power. Why hadn’t she ever played with weak boys like this? After getting what she wanted, she had always ignored their hungry, pathetic, worship-filled eyes. But now she was basking in it. The boy’s desperation was like a pool of needy potential, begging to be exploited.

She stopped and looked back at him, staring into his nervous eyes with her radiant blues. “You have any ideas? On what you can do to

entertain me?”

He squeaked and shook his head.

“It doesn’t matter,” she said, walking once more. “I’ll think of something.”

She led him to his room, then gave him a little wave and slithered away, leaving him to think about her in tortured isolation while she decided what she was going to do with her new, little pet.

Diane went back to her room. The nervous young boy had brought up memories from her own youth. She remembered having needy young boys like him hanging on her every word, ready to do anything for her. She could feel the power of his nervous desperation pulsating in her cunt like a tiny, vibrating bead.

She ran her fingers down the front of her panties and confirmed that the soft petals of her pussy-lips were dripping wet. Back when she was around boys like this, she only laughed at their devotion, using them to get what she wanted while she hooked up with bigger, better, more confident men. But what had she been missing? Just how far could this pathetic little virgin’s desperation be taken? What could she make him do? What could she turn him into?

She touched the swollen bead of her clit, rubbing it gently as she imagined, not just using the sweet, pathetic boy, but utterly breaking him. As she rubbed the tingling flesh of her clit, she imagined all the ways she could bend this desperate loser, and was surprised by a sudden, unexpected flash of thrilling pleasure. She shivered and tingled with a tiny orgasm as her legs quivered. When she recovered from her tiny climax, she knew exactly what she was going to do with her pretty, little stepson.

She squirmed into a tight white t-shirt and form fitting black skirt then rushed to the store to pick up some supplies.

Tony sat on the edge of the bed in his new room. He felt ridiculous. Had he made a fool of himself? Could his luscious new stepmother tell what was going through his filthy mind?

He felt so stupid and perverted. When he had first seen a picture of his dad's new wife he had been shocked by her beauty. Then, when he had heard that she had been a lingerie model, he couldn't resist looking her up online. It had been a huge mistake finding that luscious blonde's pictures online. How many times had he jacked-off to pictures of her in skimpy lingerie? He was sure, that when the woman looked at him, she could tell. She was probably horrified by what a filthy little deviant her new stepson was. How was he ever going to be able to look the woman in the eye?

Not that he'd ever been able to look a woman like that in the eye. Diane was even more stunning in person than in her arousing photos. She still had the body of a lingerie model, and the face of an angel, but she also had cold blue eyes that seemed to have seen everything. She seemed indifferent and unimpressed by everything she saw, except when she flashed that devious, unsettling smile.

It was difficult enough for him to be in the same room with a woman that beautiful in the first place, without stammering and stumbling all over himself. But now, picturing the gorgeous older blonde nearly naked, and remembering all the times he had shamefully touched himself while imagining her touching him, he couldn't stand it.

His room in the new house was plain but comfortable. He laid back in the bed and tried to stop himself from imagining his stunning, blonde stepmother laying down beside him. He drifted off to sleep for a moment and was a little confused when he awoke to a voice.

"Sweetie," the voice of his hot, new stepmother purred. "Get up Sweetie. You can't sleep the day away."

He sat up. "Hi, ma'am," he said.

"Mom," she corrected.

He turned red. It felt so strange calling the luscious blonde 'mother', especially when his dick was already starting to bulge, seeing her in that short skirt, her shapely thighs perfectly tanned and deliciously smooth.

"I went shopping for you," the older blonde purred, setting a shopping bag beside him on the bed. "I can't wait to give you a complete

makeover.”

She seemed oblivious to his tortuously aroused state, his erection throbbing in his jeans as she hovered over him, all lush curves and luscious hair.

“Okay,” he said nervously.

“I’ve got so many super-cute things for you to try on,” she said, pulling panties and skirts from the bag and waving them in front of his nose. “I had to guess at your sizes, but I think we can squeeze you into most of them.”

“But...” he stumbled his words, his mind reeling with confusion. “Those are... those are girl’s clothes.”

She laughed. “Of course, Sweetie. Why would I dress you up in boring old boy clothes? You already have those. Trust me. These will suit you much, much better.” She held a little lace teddy in front of the boy’s slinky frame. “This is perfect for you.” She stared into his eyes, then her excited glow disappeared, and she showed a hint of disappointment. “Don’t be a prude. It’s just a game. You did say you wanted to entertain me. Right?”

“I do,” he said his heart aching to make her smile again. “I do want to entertain you. I just... You want to dress me in girl’s clothes?” This had to be a trick or some kind of test.

She grabbed his t-shirt and began pulling it up, not waiting for permission. He tried to squirm away, ashamed of his pale, skinny frame, but she was embarrassingly stronger than him, and continued to peel his shirt up to his shoulders. “Listen to Mother,” she ordered.

He continued to fight her, and she finally released him. “What is it?” she demanded sharply. “What’s the problem?”

“I can’t do it,” he whimpered. “I just... It’s just... It’s so humiliating...”

“So?” Diane snapped. “You must be used to being humiliated by now? A little sissy like you. You must be getting humiliated all the time.” She looked at his broken expression as he fought back a sudden wave of

shame and she smiled, her face suddenly kind and almost angelic. She moved closer, pulled his head till it was resting on the luscious softness of her magnificent chest. She caressed his hair as she spoke in soft, soothing tones. "It's okay, Sweetie. I'm just playing with you. It's just a game."

"Just a game?" he whimpered.

She continued speaking in a soft, soothing voice. "Of course, Sweetie. Just a fun little game. It doesn't mean anything. But even if it did mean something... even if isn't a game, if it is absolutely true that you are a weak, soft little sissy that deserves to be humiliated and abused: why fight it? Why not just enjoy it? Embrace the weak little sissy inside you and come play dress-up with me. You don't have to want it, or like it. I want it, and I'll like it. So just do it for me. It can be our naughty little secret."

He swallowed hard and didn't speak, lost in the comforting warmth of her voice and the thrilling softness of her breasts, his erection surging uncomfortably in his jeans.

"Tell you what," Diane said. "You do this little thing for me, then I'll do a little thing for you."

"Li... li... like what," Tony stuttered.

She moved back and looked him in the eyes. "Why even ask, Sweetie?" she asked innocently. "You know, whatever it is... whatever tiny little pleasure I offer you, you will be completely powerless to resist. Just stop pretending that you're not going to do whatever I want, so we can get started on all the wicked games I want to play."

His face was bright red. He mouthed words but didn't speak as her powerful, magnetic presence hovered inches away from him. She seemed to savor his weak attempt to preserve a fragment of his manhood, before she smiled and began to make a tantalizing offer.

"I suppose if you look really, really pretty for me... I could let you eat my..."

His eyes rose to her lap; his mind filling with images of hot, wet pussy pressing against his mouth.

“I could let you eat my... asshole.” The words hit him like a punch, locking him in a daze. He didn’t dare breathe, as if the faintest tremble could reveal his inner, desperate longings.

She turned slowly away from him; his eyes glued to her perfect ass. She looked over her shoulder at his conflicted face and smiled wickedly. She pulled up her skirt, wiggling her hips as she peeled it past the curves of her luscious ass. She ran both hands down the silky fabric of her panties, then used two fingers to adjusted them, pulling so they stretched across the perfect curves of her gorgeous ass-cheeks and tucked deeper into the narrow slit of her crack.

His eyes never strayed from her small, plump ass, his body begging to touch it any way he could. She ran her hands over her tight curves, arching her back as she purred, “If you’re an extra good little doll for me, I’ll let you drive that tongue right up my asshole. I’ll let you taste and tease my beautiful ass with that pretty, little mouth. You can even touch yourself while you do it. Jack that tiny, little, loser dick while you kiss my beautiful ass. What do you say, Sweetie? You want to dress up for mommy and get your special reward.”

He didn’t care what it cost him. He wanted to touch her any way he could. He wanted to kiss any part of her flawless body that he was allowed. “Yes,” he said, his voice soft with shame. “Okay.”

“Say please,” she said. “And don’t forget to call me mom.”

“Please mom. Dress me up pretty and let me kiss your beautiful ass.”

“Good boy,” she laughed with delight. “It’s simply delicious what a weak-willed little bitch you are, Sweetie. Of course I’ll dress you up pretty and let you eat my perfect asshole.” She spun, smiling triumphantly as she shimmied her body and covered her sexy panties once more with the fabric of her slinky little skirt. She held out her hand. “Come with me, little dolly.”

Tony’s face was bright red with shame as he reached up and took Diana’s hand. Diana turned and led him behind her, her gorgeous ass swaying like a hypnotist’s medallion.

Tony was in a daze as he followed his gorgeous, blonde stepmother. She gave him that shockingly wicked smile one more time before turning and leading him down the corridor. His eyes instantly dropped down to the amazing curve of her flawless ass. Somehow the idea of even touching a perfect ass like that seemed too good to be true. The idea of kissing it was both shocking and overpowering. He imagined pressing his face between those two, soft, firm ass-cheeks and pushing his tongue to the quivering brown hole, as a confused, horrified thrill pulsed threw him. He had never imagined doing something so degrading and humiliating, but now he couldn't get the thought out of his mind. Didn't a perfect ass like that deserve to be kissed?

She led him into the lush bedroom she shared with his dad, then guided him farther, leading him into the master bathroom. She then turned to face him once more, her gorgeous body looking flawless in the bright light. She smiled deviously at him, luscious blonde hair framing her beautiful, older face. She held out the underwear, pink lace panties, still in their package. "Take off those ridiculous boy clothes," Diana purred. "These will fit you so much better."

Tony just stood there trembling, unable to move. His erection suddenly disappeared under the cold blue eyes of the gorgeous woman. He felt completely powerless as he stood like a deer in headlights.

"Don't be shy," she said. "It's just a little game. I get to make all the rules, and I always win, but it's still just a game."

Tony swallowed and began to undress, his face red as he revealed his long, skinny body. He kept his eyes to the floor, shaking as he stripped, unable to look at the gorgeous older woman. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes before he finally peeled off his underwear.

Diana giggled. "What an adorable little dick you have. It's just begging to be tucked into a pair of pretty, pink panties."

Tony was shaking, his heart quivering with shame as he hurried to cover himself up with his hands.

Diana laughed again. "It's okay, Sweetie. It makes you even cuter. Now quit stalling." She pushed the package towards his long, slinky frame.

He kept himself covered with one hand as he reached forward and took the panties from her hand. He ripped open the package with his teeth and pulled the pink thong free. He was shaking like a leaf as he uncovered himself and began to slide the women's underwear on, squirming his way into the tight lace. As the panties slipped up his legs, he could feel the silk and lace teasing his flesh, but it wasn't until the fabric began to squeeze against his delicate balls and tease the skin of his sensitive prick that he began to tingle. The sexy panties felt amazing against his balls, as the elastic of the thong burrowed between his ass-cheeks and tickled the tender skin of his quivering asshole.

"Adorable," Diana purred. "The perfect size for a perfect little slut."

Tony blushed, his confused brain spinning as if he was being praised, while his dick tingled, and his heart ached. Would he ever be able to think of himself as a man again? He looked at the stunning blonde. Didn't just being with her make him a man? She had her wicked, devilish smile once more, as she looked him up and down. Without warning, the luscious blonde slithered out of her top, letting it fall to the floor. She then reached up and pulled down the cups of her bra, revealing her luscious round breasts.

Diana stepped closer, the electricity of her presence seeming to touch him, even though her skin was still inches away. She leaned even closer, her lips hovering next to his ear, her breath tingling down his spine as she whispered, "It looks like someone likes her new panties."

Tony quivered as if he'd been struck, his dick was hard once more, pink tip poking out the top of his panties.

"Is that true Princess?" Diana purred. "Does my pretty little bitch like her pretty new panties?"

He swallowed hard, his skinny body shaking.

"It's okay if you don't know what to say. From now on, whenever you don't know what to say, just say, 'Yes, Mother.'"

"Yes, Mother," he said.

She leaned even closer, most of her body still not touching him, except for one, hard pink nipple, pressing against the side of his arm. The hard bead of that one point of connection seemed to crackle with electricity, as Tony felt dizzy with need. Diana reached behind him and pulled her make-up kit from the sink. Her hair tickled his face and shoulders as she took out her brushes and creams and began painting his face.

He was achingly hard, his body begging to be touched, his hands begging to touch, his mouth begging to taste, but he stood in patient, torturous silence as she covered his face in makeup. When she was done, she turned him to the mirror.

He was surprised. He didn't look like he had imagined. He had imaged a careless tranny; something obvious and strange. But instead, he looked kind of pretty. Slutty, certainly, and there was something slightly off about his face, but not because it wasn't feminine. It was amazing, really. If he met himself at a party looking like this, he wouldn't hesitate to... he stopped himself and shuddered at the direction his thoughts almost went.

Diana purred beside him, laughing at his expression. "You're welcome," she said.

He looked away from his reflection, face burning with shame.

Diana smiled and slithered the rest of the way out of her bra.

Tony stared at her gorgeous tits, swaying slightly, the tips of her blonde hair brushing her pink nipples. He tried to speak, but he only let out a low, desperate groan.

Diana laughed and pressed closer, the soft mounds of her fantastic breasts finally mashing against his flesh, pink nipples poking his skinny chest. She reached down with one finger extended, as if pointing at the bulge in his new panties. But her finger didn't stop, and for the first time in his life, Tony felt his dick being touched by another, actual human being.

He whimpered as she caressed his swelling prick with the soft pad of one finger, smiling at him with a cruel, teasing smile. "Is this it? Is this as big as it gets?"

His dick was hard and throbbing, as big as it had ever been, poking out the top of his slutty little thong. The gorgeous older woman teased it

with her finger, rubbing the swollen pink tip as if it was an insignificant curiosity.

He nodded. “Yes.”

She gave him a sharp look. Then took her finger from the surface of his prick and flicked him across the tip. “Yes, what?” she breathed.

Tony winced and shuddered at the sudden sharp impact, but his dick continued to swell. “Yes, Mother,” he said.

She laughed. “That’s better.” Then she kissed her fingertip, pressed it to the spot she had just abused with a gentle, loving shadow of a kiss. He could feel the wetness from her mouth on her fingertip, but it only lasted a moment before she withdrew her hand and turned away from him. She grabbed the waist of her skirt, unzipped the side and let it fall to the floor. She kicked the skirt aside then took the waistband of her panties into her fingers and shimmied her gorgeous, curving body free. She let her sexy panties drop around her heels, then kicked them aside as well.

Tony stared at the older woman’s perfect ass. How could something be so gorgeous? How could he need something so badly? His whole body ached for this woman. Anything he could do to be closer or to touch her... He couldn’t think of anything he wouldn’t do for her. How many times had he sat in his dorm room or his bedroom before that, imagining he could someday have a chance with a woman as tantalizing as this, only to know, deep down, that it was never going to happen? Was this real? Was this actually happening now?

“Get on your knees, Little bitch,” his gorgeous stepmother purred sweetly. “Get on your knees where you belong and worship my ass.”

He was salivating like a dog as he dropped to his knees.

Diana bent slightly forward, her long legs slightly spread, her slender back arching gracefully, blonde hair tickling her delicate shoulder blades.

Tony leaned closer, still afraid to touch the flawless blonde. His heart was pounding, his cock was throbbing. The elastic of the thong pressing against his own asshole and the lace pressing tight against his balls

made him feel deliciously, uncharacteristically sexy. He took another deep breath. Was he ready for this? Was this actually going to happen?

“Kiss it, Bitch,” Diana ordered in a harsh, scolding tone.

Suddenly Tony built up the nerve to touch her flawless ass. He cupped an ass-cheek in each palm and pulled them apart, his dick leaking precum as he pressed his face into her crack. He pushed his lips to the incredibly soft flesh of her pristine asshole, then gave the rim a testing flick with his tongue. Her skin was warm and tantalizing.

He felt a tingle of electricity as she made a soft, whimpering sound that hinted at pleasure. He felt a surge of pleasure and hunger and drove his tongue deep inside her tight, brown hole. He licked deep and hard, wiggling his tongue in her colon as his dick throbbed in his slutty panties.

“Keep licking, Little Bitch,” she purred with pleasure. “Show Momma what a good little toy you’re going to make.”

He lapped at her asshole with a desperate need to please, the excitement in her voice making him even more desperate, as his cock throbbed beneath him.

She grabbed the back of his hair, holding him in as she began to press back against his face. She brought her other hand to her own flat tummy and pressed a finger to her clit. She began to rub herself, moaning as she worked her hips, grinding her ass against his mouth. “Lick it, Bitch,” she whimpered. “Lick Momma’s hole like the good, little pet you were born to be.”

Drool was smeared across his face as he licked up and down and side to side, lapping at every corner of her tight asshole. He imagined how incredible those tight depths would feel against his cock as he pulsated against the tight confines of his sexy new panties.

She tightened her grip on his hair and began to jerk him back and forth, guiding him to tongue fuck her tight, spit-wet sphincter. “Harder,” she moaned. “Lick harder, Puppy.”

He bobbed his head gratefully, wiggling his tongue as it drove in and out of her tender depths.

“Yes, Bitch,” she moaned. “Good Bitch. Eat it. Eat that ass, Little Whore.”

He felt like he was going to explode with need, squirming in his panties as he licked and sucked the gorgeous older woman’s perfect asshole.

“Good boy,” she whimpered. “Good pet. You can touch yourself if you want. You have my permission to play with that weak little dick.”

He didn’t hesitate, pulling down the little triangle of lace just enough to get ahold of his pulsating erection. He continued driving his tongue back and forth in her soft ass as he began to jerk his dick between two tight fingers.

She laughed, writhing between his tongue and her own fingers as she rocked against his face.

“Yes Bitch,” she whimpered. “Oh, fuck yes. I’m going to cum. I’m going to cum with your sweet little tongue buried in my asshole.” Her voice was high and quivering with ecstasy, making Tony’s spine tingle. He jerked himself faster as he bobbed his head with desperate intensity.

“Yes,” she cried. “Oh yes. That’s it. That’s my bitch. That’s my little slut.” Her whole body began to tremble as her fingers brought her to orgasm, his tongue twisting inside her rectum. The hand that held his hair suddenly pushed harder, pinning his face in her crack.

The intensity of the gorgeous older woman’s climax made Tony’s whole body react with tingling ecstasy. His hand jerked faster as his lipstick covered mouth stayed pressed against her spit-wet asshole, his tongue writhing inside her. His whole world seemed to fade in and out, flashes of electric sensation surged through him. His balls tightened, his dick twitched, and he began to shoot his wad across the bathroom floor.

Diana laughed with delight as she shuddered with the final waves of her own climax, watching as Tony spurted semen across the floor. Finally, she sighed with contentment and released the back of Tony’s head.

Tony let his head fall back, gasping for air as he quivered, continuing to beat his pulsating prick. He sighed as the feeling of blissful relief passed. His attention dropped to Diana’s sexy feet as she turned and

stepped forward. Each gorgeous foot was strapped into a slutty, designer stiletto and balanced to either side of his own humiliating puddle of sperm.

She seemed to look down between her graceful feet for a moment, then she stepped indifferently away. “Clean up your mess, Sweetie. Your Dad will be home soon.”

His father was already home when Tony scampered out of his room for dinner, his face raw from scrubbing the makeup away. His Dad didn’t seem to notice or care, and barely even acknowledged he was home. Tony spent the rest of the weekend in awkward silence, but Diana seemed completely at ease and even amused by his trembling nerves. She seemed so calm and natural that Tony began to question his sanity. He had practically had sex with that woman. Hadn’t he? Had it all been some crazy delusion? Had none of that actually happened?

But as he was finally leaving, saying his awkward goodbyes as he stepped out the door, Diana suddenly grabbed him. She gave him an enthusiastic hug, her full round tits pressing against his narrow chest. She pushed a small backpack into his hands. He’d never seen the bag before, but he didn’t correct her when she purred, “Don’t forget your special bag, Sweetie.”

Once he was in the cab, headed back to the airport, he opened the bag and saw the panties and bra she had gotten him, along with an assortment of slutty little skirts and tops. There was also a pair of stiletto heels, a makeup kit and a small, handwritten note. The note said, “For my special little Bitch, to tide you over until we meet again.”

The note was ended with the prints of a red lipstick kiss, which Tony traced with his finger, imagining the flawless full lips that had made them, someday touching his own.

Panties, Pills and Pretty Dreams

When Tony got back to his dorm, the 19-year-old freshman took the bag his gorgeous stepmother had given him and stuffed it in the back of his closet. He spent the next day at his dorm in a state of shock. He still couldn't believe what he'd done with his stepmother. Had he really let her dress him in panties and makeup? Still, the memory of that luscious blonde, and of burying his face between those two, perfect ass-cheeks still made his dick swell. The bag she'd given him, with the girl's clothes, panties and makeup, still seemed to have a strange, compelling power, even sitting in the back of his closet.

The panties the beautiful older woman had made him wear especially seemed to vibrate with captivating power. Every time he closed his eyes, he imagined the tight lace of the panties pressing against his balls; and he pictured his stepmother's perfect ass, pushing back towards his face. Every time he started to get excited, he imagined he could still feel the tickle of the elastic thong rubbing against his asshole. Still, he kept the underwear out of sight and tried to pretend they had no power over his imagination.

Tony technically had a roommate, but the popular jock basically lived with his cheerleader girlfriend, only stopping by the room rarely between classes, so Tony always had the place to himself. In the evenings Tony would always be studying or watching porn. Now he couldn't do anything but think about that powerful, electrifying woman who had become his stepmother. Had he become a freak now?

To clear his mind and feel normal again, he sat down at his computer and started looking at porn. Without even thinking about it, he began clicking on images that involved older blondes. Before he realized it, he was looking at a video of a woman who looked remarkably like his stepmom. He was hard as a rock, watching the gorgeous older blonde get fucked. He clutched his cock and began stroking, trying to imagine himself as the porn-star, railing the gorgeous older blonde with powerful thrusts. But his imagination kept drifting back to the time he spent on his knees

beneath her. He could still feel the heat of Diana's tight, tender asshole against his tongue. In the end, it was the image of her wicked smile, laughing at him as he tongue-fucked her ass that made him explode with orgasm.

Tony felt ashamed. He tried to get the images of the luscious blonde out of his mind, but the more he tried, the more obsessed he became, his entire being longing to make contact with the gorgeous older woman again. The next two days he couldn't sleep or think straight. Every moment of silence was filled with images of Diana, and he was almost always hard.

Two days later, he got a package. The label said it was, "From mother." He opened it eagerly and the first thing he saw was a picture of his gorgeous stepmother. It looked somewhat innocent, her standing next to the fireplace in a warm red sweater that exaggerated her already impressive chest. It seemed like a normal holiday photo from a very beautiful woman. She wore long black winter boots that highlighted the slender curves of her long legs. Her ass looked delicious wrapped in tight black yoga pants and she was smiling angelically. But in one of her graceful hands she held a pair of pretty pink panties, sexy with lace and silk, held up as if offering them to him.

Tony's dick pulsed with tingling need, and he instantly thought of the panties shoved in his closet but resisted the urge to pull them out. Instead he looked in the box. She had written him a letter.

"Dear Pet," It read. "Congratulations. I've decided to claim you as my property. You now belong to me. You must do everything I tell you to, at all times. Please understand, I have no patience for disobedient pets. In the box you will find an unmarked bottle of pills. These are your new vitamins. Take one in the morning and one before bed, and don't ever ask me what they do. You will also find a drive full of music files. Listen to these as you go to sleep. They have powerful hypnotic suggestions in them that will make you better. If you fail to listen to them every night, I will be able to tell. But I know you will listen to them. You are a good boy and the music is very relaxing. Make me proud, Pet. Love, Mom."

Tony grabbed the pill-bottle and downed one of the little pink pills without question. Next to the pills was a drive with the music files on it. He

instantly put the drive in his computer and picked a file.

He sat excitedly, waiting to hear what messages would be in the music, but the excitement turned to a deep sense of relaxation as the soft, droning music began to play. He felt himself grow deeply relaxed, as the sound of a woman's sensual voice, too quiet to make out, but both comforting and tantalizing began to whisper in the background. Before he realized what was happening, he had fallen asleep.

As he slept, the voice of a professional hypnotist and dominatrix, purred into his subconscious.

"Embrace your inner sissy," the intoxicating voice whispered into his dreams. "Become the kind of woman you could never ever have." She whispered his imagination into a long, pink corridor, where all the sexy things he dreamed of women wearing for him, were all laid out for him to wear. He walked down the hallway, touching all the lace, satin and silk with his long, curious fingers.

He was guided to a mirror where the few masculine details he'd once had were erased and replaced with sensual, feminine perfection. And the voice told him how pretty he was, as he slowly tried on every sexy little outfit he could find.

When he woke up, he couldn't quite remember his dream, but he had a warm feeling of having visited a safe and alluring place. For the next week he never failed to take his pills or listen to his music. In the evenings, when he was sitting alone in his dorm-room, he would find himself clicking away from his usual porn to watch makeup tutorials, and they were making him just as hard.

Finally, he surrendered to the thrill of them and got out his bag. He put his panties on and began to experiment with the techniques, applying the foundation and lip-gloss, playing with blush and eyeliner. He found himself doing this every night for the next week, and every morning he would compulsively wake up and shave his body till it was soft and smooth. He began to use conditioner on his already long, brown hair. Each night he would brush it a hundred times as he listened to his powerfully addictive music files, before finally falling asleep and having that soft, tantalizing voice whispering into his subconscious.

It had been weeks since his visit home, and he was alone in his dorm-room. His internet browser had two windows open. One was a video of an older blonde with fantastic tits letting some sniveling boy lick her boots, the other was a thin, dark haired girl with smooth pale skin, demonstrating how to highlight her large, dark eyes.

Tony was surprised when he received a message from a name he'd never seen before, but instantly recognized. *Mother Diana* sent him a message that read, "Make yourself nice and pretty and click here for a video chat in two hours." The message was followed by a little blue link. The link said, "What I like to do while your Daddy's at work."

Tony didn't need two hours to get pretty. He was already dolled up and stroking. He tucked his erection back into his panties and used the time to go the extra mile, plucking his eyebrows and adding more lip-gloss. He did his dark hair in twin ponytails, then highlighted his eyes like the girl in the video.

He opened the link and it took him to a video chat.

He saw his stepmom sitting next to the camera of her pc. She smiled wickedly when she saw him. "Look at you, little bitch. You look adorable. I'm so proud of you."

Tony blushed bright red. "Thank you," he whispered.

"Are you wearing your panties?"

"Yes," he said with a shy nod.

"Show me, Pet," his gorgeous stepmom commanded.

Tony moved back and stood up, allowing the camera to show his pink lace panties, packed tight against his small, shaved balls and thin erection. Diana nodded in approval and Tony quickly sat back down, moving so only his pretty, makeup covered face was in view.

Diana moved back so he could see her luscious, curved body. She was wearing sexy red lingerie. Her gorgeous curves were squeezed by the lace. She had long, tapered heels and dark stockings that went up to red garters halfway up her shapely thighs.

His dick throbbed in his own panties, seeing the gorgeous older blonde in the sexy lingerie once more.

“Ready to see what I do for fun?” she asked.

“Yes,” he nodded, his body surging with adrenaline. She stood up and stepped back to the computer. Her luscious body was bent in front of his screen as she adjusted the camera, turning it for a perfect view of the luxurious king bed behind her. She nodded at the placement, then gave him a flirty wave, turning off the monitor but keeping the camera rolling.

Tony’s erection was poking out the top of his panties as he watched the gorgeous older woman sway deliciously back to the bed. She got on all fours on the bed, then moaned in a luscious, tantalizing voice, “Tom... I’m ready for you baby.”

Tony’s heart froze. Who was Tom?

A moment later the teenager’s fears were validated as a strong, powerful looking man walked into view. The man looked to be in his early thirties, much older than Tony, but younger than his dad and even younger than the gorgeous, model-like blonde who was staring up at him with undisguised lust.

Diana smiled wickedly up at the rugged looking stud as she knelt on the bed she shared with Tony’s dad. The beautiful trophy-wife slithered closer to the man, her lush curves swaying as her body moved with sensual need. The man was wearing casual slacks and a t-shirt, the muscles of his ripped arms looking powerful and frightening as he reached out and caressed Diana’s slender back. His big hand continued to trace down her spine as she crawled closer. As she rose up to her knees to meet him face to face, the man cupped the lush curve of her small ass in his powerful grip.

She kissed the man passionately, pressing her luscious tits to his chiseled torso. Their mouths were both open, tongues slipping back and forth, man’s hand squeezing the ass that Tony could still vividly remember eating. When the kiss stopped, the man asked, “So what were you doing in here, while you had me waiting?”

“I was just talking to a friend,” Diana purred.

Tony felt his heart racing as the man looked around the room.

“On the computer, Silly,” Diana purred. “You want to meet her?”

Tony almost reached up and turned his computer off, or covered his camera, but instead he brought up his own image in the corner of the screen, and frantically checked his makeup, verifying the camera only showed his feminized face. He was trembling and his brown eyes were quivering in their sockets, but he looked unmistakably adorable in his ruby red lipstick and dark mascara.

Diana moved to her chair, knees on the seat, bent over to turn on the computer monitor. Tom stood next to her, his big hand resting possessively on her ass.

“She won’t be able to talk to us,” Diana purred. “Mic problems. But she can hear us.”

Tony felt a hint of relief that he wouldn’t have to speak, even as his nerves rushed with frenzied anticipation. He flicked off his microphone then looked at Diana for comfort. He looked at her gorgeous face, her supple skin and amazing body, her cleavage on display as she leaned toward the computer, her smile full of lust and wicked delight.

“Hi Sweetie,” Diana purred.

Tony swallowed hard, smiled pretty, and waved with a delicate, trembling hand.

The man looked at the monitor, staring at Tony’s makeup covered face framed in soft, brown hair. “You are a young little thing,” he said. Then the man turned to Diana and asked, “So what’s her deal? Does she like to watch?”

“I don’t know,” Diana purred, smiling wickedly into the camera, her luscious tits framed by her biceps as she leaned even closer. “Do you like to watch, Sweetie?”

Tony swallowed hard. He wished he could change places with this man, and somehow become him for the next few hours. But looking at the powerful, older stud, he knew it was a ridiculous and impossible dream. He would never be a man like that. Tony felt his heart fluttering. He should be strong enough to say that he wouldn’t share this woman, that he was man enough to claim her, but his dick was throbbing helplessly in his panties at

the mere idea of being allowed to watch her with this obviously superior man.

Tony swallowed hard and nodded his head ‘yes.’ Yes. Yes. Yes. He wanted to watch her be touched almost as much as he wanted to touch her. Yes. Yes. Yes.

“Naughty girl,” Diana purred. “Enjoy the show.” She slipped off the chair and slithered back onto the bed, purring on all fours. The man followed behind her, stripping off his t-shirt and tearing off his slacks. He was athletic, lean and hairy. He was built like an old-fashioned athlete or like a movie spartan, lean and powerful, hairy and masculine. As he stripped off his boxers, he revealed a huge, throbbing erection.

Tony was stunned by the size of the older man’s pulsating meat. It was purple tipped and bulging with veins, radiating monstrous power. Tony’s own slim erection seemed cute and pink by comparison, and he instinctively covered it with the palm of his soft little hand, making it twitch against his skin.

Diana rose to her knees and slipped off her bra, revealing her gorgeously rounded tits. They were full and proud and completely breathtaking. Tony had no idea if the former model was born with those breasts, or if they had been purchased to decorate her slender, curving frame, but Tony ached to touch them. The man stepped to the edge of the bed and cupped his massive hands over the married blonde’s delicious-looking tits, squeezing them possessively, her silky soft skin bending between his thick, meaty fingers.

Diana’s eyes were glued to the man’s big cock, and as he began to fondle her tits, she moaned and reached forward, wrapping both hands around his fat, throbbing staff.

Tony moaned as well, watching his stepmother’s graceful hands begin to slide up and down that monstrous cock. He pressed his palm harder against his own erection, rubbing gently. He trailed two fingers down and pressed them against the silky cloth that covered his balls, caressing gently as he watched the gorgeous older woman licking her lips and leaning closer to the stud’s massive dick.

Diana pursed her lips and pressed them to the bulging purple tip of the terrifying cock, kissing it as both hands worked slowly up and down its length. Tony could see the massive diamond his father had bought her, catching the light as she began to stroke the powerful stud with enthusiastic hunger. She spread her lips and pulled the fat tip into her wet mouth, slurping on it like it was candy.

“Mmmmm,” Diana purred.

The man moaned. His hands moved around her fit body, caressing her every curve as she took his massive girth deeper into her mouth.

“That’s it,” the man moaned. “Oh, fuck yes. You always know how to get me started.”

Tony was whimpering softly as he smashed his palm against his dick, rubbing it as his fingertips tickled his tender balls through his silky panties. Diana’s lush, pouting lips slid farther down the man’s engorged rod, slurping him hungrily as he began to disappear down her throat.

Tony couldn’t believe such a huge dick could be consumed by such a pretty, doll-like face, but Diana just kept taking the bulging shaft deeper and deeper into her mouth.

The man was moaning, his big, meaty hand caressing the older blonde’s lustrous hair. He turned and looked at the monitor, staring across the distance into Tony’s timid, brown eyes. “Watch carefully, Doll,” he said. “She can teach you everything there is to know about sucking a cock.”

Tony was blushing red, but unable to look away from the filthy scene. He was rubbing his pulsating little erection harder, fingers pressing against his tingling balls as he watched the lovely older blonde swallow the man’s monstrous snake to the base.

Diana held the bulging tool in her throat, seeming to savor it for a moment before she began sliding her luscious lips back the way they came, leaving a path of drool glistening on his vein-crossed flesh. She brought her lips all the way to his tip then opened her mouth once more. She slurped up the lines of drool that connected his rod to her lush red lips, then she tongued the underside of his prick to slurp up another strand of fresh saliva. She looked up at the powerful man and purred, “You have the most

delicious cock I've ever tasted, Tom, but I've been waiting all week for you to fuck me. Please don't make me wait any longer. I need a real man's cock inside me."

"Turn around," the chiseled stud gently ordered. "Show me that hot ass I love."

Diana slithered out of her panties and got on all fours on the bed. She turned to face the computer, smiling at Tony as she lowered her face to the mattress, her long back arching upwards, displaying her perfect, lingerie-model ass. Tom moved onto the bed behind her, his big cock wet with her spit as he knelt behind her. He reached up and touched her pussy. He brought two fingers up and showed them to the camera. Even from this distance Tony could see how wet the man had made her, juices glistening on his thick fingers.

"Fuck me," Diana whimpered. "Fuck me right on my husband's bed while his... while my friend watches."

The man put his big hands on the gorgeous blonde's tapered waist as he leaned forward, pushing his engorged tool towards her slick, wet opening. Tony watched the woman's expression change to one of pained intensity as the man began to penetrate her with his bulging meat.

"Yes," Diana whimpered, her voice thrilling as it crackled through Tony's PC speakers. "Oh, fuck yes. That cock. No matter how many times its inside me, it's still like the first fucking time. I love it. I love your cock."

The man groaned as he rolled forward, pressing his immense rod into the married blonde's tight, wet cunt.

She groaned in both pain and ecstasy as her womb was filled with hot, throbbing cock.

Tony rubbed his hand against his own throbbing prick, his fingers pressing against his tender balls. He couldn't imagine how it must feel to be the kind of man that could make a woman's face look like that, to have the kind of dick that made her whimper in that thrilling, electrifying voice.

"Yes," Diana whimpered. "Oh, fuck yes. Harder. Fuck me harder. I'm ready."

The man began to pump his hips, jerking Diana's lustrous frame back with each thrust, her blonde hair and beautiful tits waving gracefully beneath her.

"Yes," Diana cried as the man began to pump himself deep inside her.

Tony rubbed himself faster, whimpering as he watched the huge rod penetrating the luscious blonde repeatedly. Each of the man's thrusts was matched by a thrilling, high-pitched whimper as Diana rocked closer and closer to orgasm. Tony felt heart-broken but couldn't look away as his gorgeous stepmother's luscious curves jiggled with the rough impacts of the stud's body. He could hear the wet sounds of the two bodies slapping together, as his stepmother cried out higher and higher.

Tony rubbed his thin erection frantically with his palm, licking his glossy red lips as he salivated uncontrollably. The stud hammered the flawless older blonde harder and harder, grunting like an animal. Tony gazed at his stepmother's face, watching as her expression turned from one of frantic lust to one of total, blissful explosion.

Diana's ecstasy filled voice cried out with orgasm as she continued to get nailed by the man's massive, throbbing erection. It was too, much for Tony. He whimpered, hand pressing harder against his prick as it throbbed between his palm and his belly, the waistband of his panties tight and tickling. He whimpered, Diana's voice tingling up and down his spine. His legs began to pump, and his toes began to curl as he felt his own climax nearing.

"Yes!" Diana cried out. "Oh, fuck yes! I love your big, fucking cock!"

Tony suddenly noticed the man was looking at the monitor, staring into Tony's makeup covered face. The man began to shiver with orgasm, shooting hot wads of jizz into Diana's hot, wet, unprotected womb. The man's strong, steady gaze filled Tony with a confusing, thrilling feeling of inclusion, as if he really was in the room with them, and it was the last thing he noticed before his dick began erupting into his palm.

Diana was panting as she rocked back and forth, her model perfect body being hammered passionately. “Oh yes. Cum inside me. Oh yes. I love the feeling of your thick, hot jizz filling my cunt.”

The man moaned, eyes still on Tony as he filled the gorgeous blonde’s womb and Tony filled his palm. Tony shivered with aftershocks of intense orgasm, as Diana, purring on his computer screen, did the same.

“Oh fuck,” Diana finally sighed with satisfaction. “You made me cum so fucking hard.”

The man laughed now, his deep, powerful voice seeming to find the weakness in Tony’s soul as he spoke. “It looks like your little friend made herself cum to.”

Tony bit his lower lip, fighting the urge to cry with shame, his semen splattered hand pressed against his tummy and against his sticky pink panties, his little dick spent and shriveling.

Diana laughed now too, smiling up at the monitor. “Mmmmm. I knew you’d love it, Tony. Such a naughty girl.”

She got up and swayed gracefully back to the computer as her lover stretched out on the bed behind her. She leaned close to the camera and blew him a kiss. “Good night, little bitch. Don’t forget to take your pills.” Then she turned off her PC, making his screen go dark.

Tony turned off his computer, took one of his pink pills, turned on one of his music files, and fell asleep in his sticky pink panties.

Who Wears it Best?

A week passed before Tony found another package. A small box wrapped in brown paper and sealed with purple string was waiting in his mailbox. The return address was his father's house, but the 19-year-old college student knew instantly who it was from. His father would never send him anything, especially anything wrapped with such a careful, loving hand. He grabbed the box and scurried up to his room, bubbling with excitement.

In the box was a razor and a pink can of shaving gel. There was also a collection of scented oils, and moisturizers. Next to them was some slinky black lingerie; a corseted bodice built for a flat chested woman, g string panties, and black nylon stockings. There was an adorable and tight-fitting black lace nightie to wear over everything. Beneath the lingerie was a picture. He couldn't see her face, but he knew exactly who it was. Diana was wearing a set of lingerie that almost perfectly matched the one in the box. Her back was to the camera, her delicious ass split by the black lace thong running down her crack. Her blonde hair hung halfway down her slender back.

On the bottom of the picture was the caption, "Who will wear it better?"

In the box was also a short note. It read, "I'll be there Friday night for a friendly competition. I expect you to be perfectly groomed and utterly flawless. Do not disappoint me. Love, Mom."

Tony was terrified... but the idea of his intoxicating stepmother coming here, to his room, wearing that sexy lingerie... He didn't hesitate to get to work. He blew off his classes for the next few days and instead studied online makeup tutorials. He shaved every inch of his body and rubbed himself with scented moisturizing oils every two hours. He practiced walking in the slutty heels she'd given him. He was determined not to disappoint her.

Sometimes, in the course of those days, he would pause with hesitation. What was he doing? What was he allowing himself to become?

But then he would be overwhelmed with the thought, that SHE was coming here. She would come and wear that sexy lingerie for him. The thought filled him with burning excitement, and he'd get right back to work.

When he wasn't working on being flawless, he sat and looked at the letter, studying the word she had written at the bottom. "Love." He took turns touching the letters of the note, then touching the lipstick marks on the note she had given him before. Everything turned him on, and he was always hard, but he was determined to save all his power for when the gorgeous older woman finally would arrive at his dorm.

Finally, Friday came. Tony woke up early and couldn't eat because of his nerves. He took a shower, carefully scraping away every delicate hint of hair from his thin, young body. He oiled his pale skin, massaging his already delicate flesh until it was petal-soft to the touch. He already felt intensely sensual when he finally began to slide on the lingerie. He couldn't help but feel sexy and feminine as his skinny frame wiggled into the smooth silk and tantalizing lace. He pulled up the dark stockings and slipped his slender feet into the heels, reveling in the luxurious softness of his own thin legs. Then he did his makeup.

He focused on the details of his eyes, cheek and lips, working with practiced determination on each point. When he finally sat back and looked at his entire face, he was stunned. He looked even more feminine than he had before. The hours he'd spent on every detail had left him with an almost flawlessly pretty face. His big, dark eyes looked piercing, traced in dark mascara and eyeliner. His lips looked full and pouty with the dark red gloss that coated the surface and the dark red lines that traced the outlines. His face was powdered to a ghostly paleness, then brought back to life with blush. His unpracticed hands had left him looking a little doll-like, but he liked it. He looked like a slutty, dark haired Raggedy-Anne. He turned his face side to side, inspecting himself from every angle, but there was no question of the femininity of that face. Even him, knowing what he was, couldn't quite believe it wasn't a deliciously slutty young girl staring back at him in the mirror.

Beneath him, in his lap, squished in the lace of his tight panties, his erection began to throb. He looked at the clock. It was almost time.

He waited, watching the clock as the time of her arrival finally came. But she didn't arrive. He waited. One hour. Two hours. His heart sank. He curled up in a little ball on his dorm-room couch and turned on the tv. What was he thinking? Of course she wasn't going to show. She was just playing a joke on him.

It was almost three hours later when the doorbell rang. He looked up, studying the door with nervous apprehension. Part of him had been so sure she wouldn't show up, that he had no idea what to do now. Was it even her? How could he possibly open the door looking like this? He suddenly felt terrifyingly naked in his sexy lingerie and makeup, brown hair hanging past his shoulders, soft and luminescent.

"Sweetie," Diana called from the hallway. "I know you're in there. Come let me in."

He scampered to his bare, stocking-covered feet and rushed to the door. He threw it open and there she was. She looked tall and radiant. Even with the black raincoat she was wearing, the power of her magnificently curved frame was evident. She smiled angelically.

"I..." his voice was timid and breaking. "I was worried you weren't going to show."

She laughed lightly. "I knew you'd wait, like a good little pet," she purred as she floated into the room. He closed the door and began to follow her. He caught a glimpse of his reflection and was reminded of the long, dark woman he resembled. He could imagine himself as an anorexic super-model, slithering down the catwalk. He unconsciously began to sway, mimicking the sensuous movements of the breathtaking blonde in front of him.

She walked to his side of the dorm-room and turned to face him. She seemed to be inspecting him, her cold blue eyes showing no sign of what she thought or felt, her angelic face looking flawless and heart-breaking.

His eyes dropped from hers and he stood awkwardly, head down. "What do you think?" he asked shyly.

"Heels?" she asked.

“Yes,” he stammered, rushing past her to his bed, where he left the slutty stilettos. He slipped his small feet into the delicate shoes and bent over to buckle the straps. The skinny little ass he’d always been so embarrassed of felt sexy against the lace of his panties, and he felt his little dick tingling. He straightened back up and gave Diana the pretty smile he’d been practicing for days.

She smiled back and gave him a tiny, slightly approving nod. “Show mother how you walk in those trashy heels. Be a pretty little model for me.”

Tony swallowed hard and walked back and forth. He’d been practicing, and he’d thought he’d gotten the hang of it, but his heart was racing, and his skinny ankles kept buckling with every couple steps.

Diana laughed with every wavering step. “Oh Sweetie. You look like a stoned schoolgirl, stumbling to her first gangbang. I thought you’d been practicing?”

He stopped walking, but he was still struggling to stay standing in the massive heels as he looked at the beautiful older woman sheepishly.

“Oh well,” the radiant older blonde purred. “I suppose it’s time to judge.” She opened her raincoat and let it fall to the floor, revealing her magnificent body in the matching lingerie. “Who wears it better?” she asked.

Tony felt the blood rush to his cock, a bulge forming in the lace v of his panties. It was amazing to have this flawless, former lingerie model posing before him, but there was more than that. There was a thrilling tingle rushing through his skinny, feminized frame to be dressed the same as her. He felt a powerful, intimate connection to the breathtaking blonde, as they both stood in their matching lingerie. “You do,” he said. “You wear it, so much better.”

“Of course,” Diana purred. “But you do look adorable. You have a great deal of potential. But, if you want to continue being my bitch, you can’t be lazy. You do still want to be my bitch, don’t you Sweetie?”

Tony nodded. He could barely understand her words. He was lost in the shapes her luscious lips made as she spoke. His cock pulsated in the lace

of his panties as he stared from the woman's beautiful face to her hypnotic cleavage. "Yes, ma'am. Yes mother. I want to be anything you want."

"I want you to be my bitch. Say it. Tell me you're Mother's bitch."

"I'm your bitch. I'm Mother's bitch."

"Have you been taking your pills, little bitch?"

He nodded. "Yes Mother."

"Yes," she purred, slowly circling him. "Yes. I think I can see it. I think there's already an effect." She touched him, just barely, one fingertip brushing his bare shoulder, but it made him shudder with sudden almost overwhelming pleasure. She continued to circle him, eyeing him up and down. "Your hair seems softer. Your skin, glowing. I think your even skinnier. Yes. Those pills are definitely helping."

He didn't know what she was talking about, but she had told him never to ask what the pills did, so he didn't speak. He tried to smile pretty, hiding his nerves as he basked in her attention.

"Good boy," she purred. "I love your pathetic, malleable little mind. Come with me, Princess." She took him by the hand and began to guide him to the bed. He struggled to keep up in his awkward, slutty heels.

"It's time for your reward, my little bitch," the luscious older blonde purred as she crawled onto the bed.

Tony just stood at the foot of his dorm-room bed, watching as the stunning blonde slithered onto it like a sensual cat. His mind was swimming with confusion. Was he really pathetic and malleable? Was he really a bitch? He didn't know. He wasn't sure he cared. All he wanted to do was jump on the bed so he could touch and kiss the stunning blonde. But part of him also wanted to run out of the room screaming. This woman was everything he ever dreamed of, and more than he ever imagined he could get. He was shaking, but his cock was hard and throbbing, its pink tip poking out the top of his panties.

She was on all fours, looking up at him with that wicked, devious smile of hers. She pat the bed beside her. "Get up here, dolly. Lay on your back and give me that pretty smile again."

Tony forced his smile as he slipped onto the bed, trembling like a leaf. The sheets felt amazing against his soft, smooth skin, and against the lace and silk of his lingerie. He felt like he'd never touched anything before, his dick already dribbling precum as he slithered closer to the commanding presence and the soft heat of the gorgeous older woman.

"My adorable little loser," Diana purred. She brought her fingertip to his chest, tracing the outline of his top.

Tony swallowed and shivered with pleasure as the woman's fingertip brushed against his flesh once more.

"My sweet, desperate little bitch," the blonde continued. "Have you ever tasted pussy before?"

He licked his lips unconsciously, tasting the cherry lip-gloss smeared across it. "No, Mother," he whispered.

"Would you like to?" the woman teased. "Would you like to taste my hot, wet pussy?"

He swallowed again, his mouth saturated with drool, he whispered, "Yes, please."

She stared into his face, smiling deviously at his desperation as she brought her hand down to the hem of her nightie. She pulled up the lace and exposed her panties. She traced the edge of the panties, peeling the lace v-that covered her pubis to the side, revealing a thin line of tightly cropped pubic hair, pointing down at the soft pink lips of her pussy.

Tony was too aroused to keep from staring, his make-up traced eyes going wide as he gazed at the tantalizing peek between her legs.

"Poor, desperate little thing," the older woman teased as one finger traced down the lace of his top and another finger caressed the soft pink flesh of her opening. "Poor, pathetic little bitch. I want you to beg for it."

"Please," he whimpered, his broken voice sounding feminine without effort. "Please. Let me taste your pussy. Let me taste your delicious pussy, Mother. Please. I need it so bad."

Tony's stepmother laughed with delight. She leaned in and kissed his cheek, her soft, wet mouth making him tremble as it touched his

smooth, softened flesh. “Good bitch,” she purred. She rose up to her knees, then spun as she threw one leg over him, straddling his head and hovering over his face as she knelt facing his feet.

Tony inhaled the intense, tangy scent of the woman, staring up at her delicate pink slit. He felt like his dick was going to explode with frustrated need as his mouth continued to flood with drool. She purred as she slowly lowered herself down, pressing her pussy towards his sweet, young, make-up covered face.

He opened his lipstick covered lips and extended his little pink tongue, stretching it upward as her gorgeous pussy slowly lowered down. The tip of his tongue made contact with the silky pink flesh of her pussy and he felt a wave of grateful hunger surge through him. There was something overwhelming and intense about the taste of the woman. He lapped eagerly at her opening as it continued lowering down. He pushed his tongue past her pussy lips, wiggling it into her soft, warm cunt. He slurped up the flavor of the gorgeous older woman as his tongue stretched inside her.

His smooth, skinny, lingerie covered body writhed with hunger and need as he lapped at his stepmother’s pussy. He could feel the lace of his panties digging into the flesh of his erection just enough to tease him, and make him pump his hips desperately, his body screaming for release.

“MMMMM,” the older woman purred. “Good bitch. That’s my good, desperate little pet.” She continued driving her weight down, until she was sitting on Tony’s face, working her hips slowly back and forth.

Tony was drinking up the juices of the beautiful older woman, his head dizzy as he began to be smothered with hot, wet pussy. Diana’s cunt was grinding down hard on his face, smearing his lipstick and twisting his neck and jaw. He didn’t complain. He continued to pump his hips against the air, desperately trying to fuck the waistband of his panties as the luscious older blonde rocked her delicious cunt against his face.

“Oh yes,” Diana moaned, grinding on his face. “You are a natural little pussy eater. So eager and desperate. I love your little sissy mouth.”

Tony stole gulps of air whenever the woman's pussy moved to an angle that allowed him a moments breath. He was lightheaded, his tongue was aching, and his jaw was on fire, but he didn't care. He wanted to worship this pussy forever. He wanted to drink every drop of the flawless older woman's juices until her flavor could be imprinted in his memory forever.

"Yes," Diana moaned. "Oh yes, Bitch. My good little bitch." Her body began to pump harder, grinding painfully against his face as she her voice rose higher. "Yes. Eat that pussy like a good little sissy whore."

Tony licked frantically as the gorgeous blonde quivered above him. He lapped like an eager dog, desperate to please her as he sensed her edging closer and closer to orgasm. She rocked hard and fast against him, slamming her weight back and forth mercilessly as he struggled to breath.

"Worship it, Bitch," she cried out in ecstasy. "Worship that cunt like the weak little sissy you are."

Tony worshiped her cunt with desperation, lapping at her cunt like an eager pet.

Diana froze, her body quivering, her weight smashing down on Tony's lipstick smeared mouth.

"Yes," Diana whimpered softly. "Oh yes. Good bitch. Good little bitch." She whimpered adorably as she shivered with orgasm. Then relaxed slightly, releasing the downward pressure on Tony's face.

Tony kept his lips locked to Diana's pussy as she rose. He sucked up another mouth full of the beautiful older woman's juices, then let his head relax against the mattress, panting for air and beaming with accomplishment. Whatever it cost him, whatever he had to become, it was worth it to know he'd given this goddess an orgasm.

"Good girl," Diana purred. She shivered with one more aftershock of pleasure, then she took her index finger and licked it. She pulled up the hem of Tony's little negligee then lightly touched the bulging pink tip of Tony's small erection as it throbbed at the waistband of his panties. She began the to tease the spongy little cockhead with her spit-slickened finger,

making little circles from the crown to the spot where it poked out of his panties.

Tony whimpered; his whole body electrified with sudden, shocking pleasure at her slightest touch.

Diana laughed and sat back down on his face. She pressed her weight down on him even harder than before, cutting off his oxygen as she began to tease her spit-wet fingertip up and down his quivering pole. She was barely touching his dick, but every movement of her finger made him writhe with desperate ecstasy. Every orgasm he'd ever had, his cock clenched in his fist as he jerked to porn, didn't come close to the sensation of this gorgeous woman barely stroking his throbbing hard-on with the tip of her finger.

"Good girl," Diana purred. "Do you like when I play with your little clitty?" She worked her hips, grinding down on him hard, as she slowly rubbed her finger up and down his twitching erection, just barely reaching beneath the waistband of his tight, black panties.

Tony struggled to breathe as his toes began to curl. His consciousness felt fragile as blood pumped to his throbbing cock and his lungs heaved. His mouth opened for air but found only hot, wet flesh pressing down into his mouth.

"You've been such a good, good little bitch," Diana teased, grinding hard on his face, rubbing soft on his prick. "Such a good, obedient little bitch for me..."

Tony felt his eyelids fluttering, his hands forming fists into the sheets at his sides as his dick quivered and jerked against the light pressure of his stepmother's fingertip.

Diana laughed gently as her fingertip continued to move up and down his quivering dick, and her hot wet body continued to smother him. "My adorable little bitch. Who knows...? If you always do everything I tell you to, without any questions or complaints, I might think about giving you one, little pity-fuck someday. How's that sound?"

Her words were only coming in waves, all sound seeming to buzz in and out as he became more and more desperate for oxygen, his body

writhing with need.

His brain was light and spinning as tiny black dots of intensity seemed to fire off in his brain. His dick began to sputter, shooting wads of creamy filth onto his flat little tummy. Intense pleasure radiated with every wavering flash of his consciousness. His fists opened, his legs went limp, and he passed out beneath the weight of the beautiful older blonde.

When Tony came back to consciousness, he felt blissfully relaxed and deeply satisfied. He sat up.

Diana was in the middle of the room, slithering her gorgeously curved body back into her overcoat. Tony didn't know if he wanted to cower in shame or scream to the world what he'd just done with this flawless blonde. Instead sat quietly, watching her slip her delicate feet into her sexy heels, her overcoat hanging open, displaying her flawless curves.

He glanced at the mirror on the wall. His makeup was utterly destroyed, but it didn't make him look any less feminine. His face was glistening with pussy-juice and lipstick. He looked back at Diana. She was walking towards the door.

Tony's jaw was aching as he opened his mouth and whispered, "Can you... can you stay a while?"

"Got to go, Sweetie. But you'll be home for winter break, right?"

"Yes, ma'am." He scooted to the edge of the bed, his own semen dripping down his belly and staining his panties. "I um... I just... I'm feeling kind of insecure or something."

"What do you mean?" Diana asked.

"Like, I don't know. I mean, I'm still a man, right?"

Diana stopped and turned toward him. "Oh, Sweetie," she said with sympathy in her sensual voice. She moved up to him and stood close. She pulled his face, with its ruined makeup into her cleavage and pet his soft hair. "You were never a man, Sweetie." She spoke her words with such a soft, motherly tone that they felt comforting, as Tony basked in her luxuriously soft chest. "You've always been a weak little bitch. You feel

ashamed, because you should feel ashamed, but that's okay, because that's the way I like you. I like you ashamed and desperate and completely obedient. That's what you are, and that's what I want you to stay. You're mine now. I own you."

Tony sobbed a little, but it felt good to hear everything he secretly believed finally be spoken aloud. It felt good to have someone finally see him for what he was, and actually still want him. It felt good to belong to someone. "Thank you," he cried.

She pet his hair and his smooth, skinny shoulders. "Be good with your grooming, be consistent using the files I sent you, and keep taking your pills. I've got big plans for my sweet, sweet little bitch."

"Thank you," Tony cried again. "Thank you, Mother."

"Good boy," she said, giving him a kiss on the cheek before she stepped back and closed her overcoat over her luscious curves. She turned and walked out the door without another word. She left the door open behind her as she began swaying down the hallway of his dorm. He rushed up to close the door, terrified the other boys in the dorm would look in and see him crossdressing, but every boy in the corridor had his eyes glued to the lush body of the graceful, mysterious blonde.

Tony closed the door and watched her through the peephole, studying her every luscious sway, unsure if he wanted to fuck her or become her, but knowing he couldn't wait to see her again.

Face Time

Tony sat at his computer, tingling with nervous energy. He couldn't wait to see his gorgeous, former-model stepmother once more. He stared at the screen, waiting for her video-call. For now, that screen was black, but at the top right-hand corner was the image of another girl. This dark-haired, slender beauty was also way out of his league, with a thin, pretty face, soft, glowing skin glistening red lips, dark shaded eyes and lustrous shimmering hair. It was terrifying and strangely intoxicating to know that the slender, sexy visage staring down at him was his own made-up face, projected from his laptop's camera.

He was getting better and better at using makeup and at working the expression of his young, pretty face. He batt his long, darkened eyelashes over his big, smoldering brown eyes and pursed his glossy lips. He gave himself a pouty, teasing stare, which made his tiny, perfectly smooth balls quiver and his little dick squirm in his panties.

He had only started dressing up at the insistence of the gorgeous older blonde his dad had married, but more and more, it was becoming an addiction. He no longer hid from the fact that he loved lace and satin pressing against his smooth, silky flesh. Today he was wearing one of his favorite outfits from the boxes of sexy clothes his stepmother had been sending. He wore long, tapering stripper heels that gave his tiny ass an increasingly feminine curve. He wore a tiny, schoolgirl-style pleated skirt that showed off his extremely long, completely smooth and remarkably thin legs. He wore a tight lace tube-top that hugged his narrow frame, highlighting his feminine build, and showing off his delicate ribcage and the pink nipples that poked out from his flat, girlish chest.

It still took his breath away to see himself like this, as if there were an alluring stranger waiting for him in his room. Like it usually did, the sight of his sexy, slutty face began making him hard.

Lately, he didn't even bother using porn to get himself off. Instead, he would dress up and stare into the mirror, reaching into his panties and rubbing himself as he stuck sexy poses and made teasing faces. He would

fantasize about the slinky brunette in the mirror getting fucked, but whether he was fantasizing about being the one fucking her, or being her as she was getting fucked, was a line that was losing distinction.

Every night he would fall asleep in his panties, listening to the tantalizing hypnotic music files his stepmother had sent him, and every morning he would wake up and take one of the mysterious pink pills from the unmarked bottle she had also sent. He wasn't sure what these things did, or if they had any influence on his strange, suddenly fluid fantasies, but he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't help but obey the lovely older woman. It was like every act of unquestioning obedience brought him one step closer to the mesmerizing blonde. As a man, the radiant blonde was impossibly far out of his league; but, as a simpering pet, he squirmed closer to her with each act of surrender.

Suddenly Tony's screen flashed with the message, "Incoming call-Mother Diana."

Tony's body flushed with excitement and he felt a little dizzy as he answered the call. His screen lit up with the radiant image of the breathtaking blonde. His heart ached for the gorgeous older woman, with her beautiful angelic face and wicked, tantalizing smile.

"Hello there, Pet," Diana purred.

Tony swallowed and found his voice. "Hi mom," he purred, unconsciously mimicking his stepmother's sultry tone.

Diana was leaning towards the camera, her full, firm tits braced on either side by her shapely arms, her cleavage framed by the plunging neckline of a silken blouse. Tony was already rock-hard in his pink, lace panties, his whole body aching for the luscious former lingerie-model.

Diana purred. "You look adorable tonight, Sweetie."

"Thank you," Tony squeaked.

"My adorable little bitch. Stand up. I want to see what my pet is wearing."

Tony took a deep breath as he stood. He always loved to have the older woman's eyes passing over him. He loved it when she praised the

thin, weak body other girls seemed to find so unappealing. He felt ashamed, in his tiny, pleated skirt, stripper heels, stockings and lace tube-top that clung to his narrow chest, but he also felt the rush of excitement, knowing this was the woman who sent the intoxicating wardrobe to him. This was a woman who he couldn't ever hope to impress as a man, but she seemed to enjoy him like this.

He arched his back and slowly twirled for the camera, actively exaggerating the curve his long, stripper heels already gave to his small, tight ass.

"Delicious," Diana sighed. "My little sissy is turning into a sexy little slut. Show me your panties, Sweetie."

Tony tingled with nervous pride and thrilling shame as he pulled up the fabric of the tiny skirt to reveal the lace of his favorite pink thong.

Diana laughed. "Oh, how sweet. Your cute little clitty is already hard. You're such a naughty girl, Tony."

Tony was blushing. He wasn't sure if he could tell the difference between humiliation and praise anymore, but he loved the sound of the gorgeous older woman's voice humming in his speakers, the vibrations seeming to tickle his spine. "Thank you, Mother," he said.

"Pull it out," Diana purred. "Pull out your little clitty and play with it for me."

Tony glanced at the brunette in the corner of his screen as the slinky young thing obeyed the older blonde's command. He watched the brunette reach into the panties, pull out her hard, little cock and began to tease it with long fingers, the painted fingernails tickling his flesh. He bit his lower lip as pleasure rushed through his frame. His gaze shifted from his own image to the breathtaking image of his gorgeous stepmother.

"Oh yes," Diana moaned. "Stroke it. Stroke it for me, bitch. Stroke that pathetic, little thing."

Tony obeyed, pinching his throbbing erection between his forefinger and thumb as he began to stroke slowly up and down its length, the lace of his panties tight against his smooth little balls.

Diana moaned. “Stroke that cute little thing. Did you ever imagine that your pathetic, worthless little cock would make such an adorable clit? Did you ever imagine that you could go from being a weak, joke of a boy to such a slinky, sexy girl?”

Tony continued to stroke his two fingers up and down his thin dick, his body tingling with pleasure. The sensuous voice of his gorgeous, older stepmom filled him with an intoxicating thrill, even as her words cut into the tiny scraps of his ego.

“Did you Princess?” Diana asked. “Did you ever imagine a loser like you’d get to become a pet for a woman like me?”

He hadn’t imagined it. Not seriously. He’d never dared. He bit his lip harder now, tasting lipstick, his balls tingling as his dick throbbed between the pads of his pumping fingertips. “No, Mother,” he whimpered. “I never imagined it.”

“Of course you didn’t. You couldn’t imagine it. You had everyone telling you that you had to pretend to be a man. You had them telling you that it was wrong to admit what a pathetic loser you really are. But you don’t have to pretend anymore. I love you weak-willed and desperate. I love you broken and groveling. You can release the weak, needy little bitch crying inside you. Let that sissy come out and play. Let her grovel and beg for attention.”

Tony whimpered, stroking himself faster, watching the beautiful blonde’s full red lips move with tantalizing precision as she spoke her words. The words she spoke were his worst nightmares about himself being confirmed, but still his dick throbbed and pulsed with thrill to hear her sensual voice speak them.

“I will,” Tony whimpered, stroking himself and nodding as he stared at the stunning older blonde. “I am.”

“I know you are. Every day that hungry little sissy takes over more and more.”

Tony’s fingers continued sliding up and down his own thin prick, as he shivered with desperate need.

“Do you want to see my tits, Sweetie?” Diana suddenly asked. “Do you want to stare at my tits while you show me what a desperate, groveling little slave you can be?”

Tony nodded, licking his glossy red lips. “Yes mother.”

“Do you want to?” his stepmother asked as she touched her blouse cupping her full, perfectly formed breasts. “Do you want to look at my tits while you bow to my every whim and command? Do you want to worship my perfect body like the hungry, desperate little bitch you are?”

He nodded. “Yes mother. Yes please.”

“Do you want to be my slave, my pet, my pretty little bimbo doll?”

Tony was whimpering, his body writhing with need that was barely touched by the fingers on his dick. “Yes. Yes. I need it. I need to be your pet.”

“You are my pet,” Diana spoke. “I claim you, body and soul. I own you from your pretty, painted toes, to your silky, hormone softened hair. I own you from your desperate, needy heart to your pathetic, sissy soul.” She then pulled her blouse open, letting the buttons pop off as she revealed her magnificent rack.

Tony swallowed hard, pumping himself as he stared at the gorgeous former model’s perfect tits. Her pink nipples were hard, and he could imagine their texture, as he pictured them slipping between his lipstick covered lips.

Diana held her breasts in both hands, playing with them and smiling her wicked, teasing smile. “Do you like them? Do you like my tits, little slave?”

“Yes, Mother,” Tony whimpered. “Oh yes. I love your tits. I love everything about you.”

Diana lowered her lips and sucked on the index finger of each hand, then looked back at Tony, still cupping her breasts. “I know you do,” she purred, as she began to tease her nipples with spit-wet fingertips. “I know you love me with more desperation than any real man could ever be

capable of. Only a needy little pet like you could ever love me so deeply and utterly without condition.”

Tony was nodding, whimpering, watching the older blonde’s gorgeous tits, salivating at the thought of her hard, wet nipples. “Yes, Mother. I love you. I love you.”

“Good pet,” his stepmother said. “You deserve another reward. If you smile, super, super pretty for me, I’ll watch you cum for me. Do you want to cum for me, Bimbo?”

He nodded, whimpering, fighting back the increasingly intense impulse to explode.

Diana bit her own lower lip, her breathing was getting harder, making her magnificent tits expand beautifully. She rolled each of her nipples between fingers and thumbs. “Show me that smile.”

Tony gave her his perfect, practiced smile. He’d been perfecting it for weeks, smiling in front of the mirrors in full makeup and dress.

“Mmmmm,” Diana moaned. She released her right breast and let that hand slide down towards her lap, out of the view of the camera. “But there’s one more condition, one more little rule. If I let you cum for me, you’re going to have to eat it. Are you ready to be a filthy little cum-slut and eat it for me?”

The image of that sexy little brunette on the corner of his screen, getting a mouth full of hot, salty jizz filled his imagination. It would be like all those porn scenes he’d spanked to but had always known he’d never be part of. Only now he would be part of it. Both parts of it.

He nodded eagerly. “Yes, mother. Yes. Yes.”

“Good slut,” Diana moaned. “Catch it in your palm and lick it up like a kitten.”

“Yes, Mother. Yes.”

“Do it,” Diana said, her voice full of thrilling intensity, as if she too were touching herself with the hand he couldn’t see. “Be my cumslut. Do it.”

Tony barely got his free hand to his cock before it began to explode. Hot cum spurted across his palm, streaking across his soft, tender flesh. He cupped his hand over his tip, but already a huge streak of filth had been splattered across his desk. His hard, pink nipples tingled almost as much as his balls as he shivered with orgasm, whimpering in a weak, feminine voice.

“Oh yes,” Diana moaned as he writhed with orgasm. “Fill that fist with nasty cream. Squeeze out your meal, slut.”

Tony felt dizzy as the last spurts of cum shot into his palm. The intensity of all that teasing had exploded in one powerful, twitching moment and he was left suddenly relaxed and calm.

“Okay, Doll,” Diana purred. “Now it’s time to eat it.”

As the madness of orgasm passed, the reality of his situation hit him like a slap across the face. He was in women’s clothes at his computer with his own semen smeared against his hand and splattered across his desk. This couldn’t be real. He couldn’t be doing this. What had he agreed to?

He started to speak in a careful voice, “I don’t think...”

“Shhhh,” Diana purred. “No one cares what you think. No one cares what you feel or what you want. You are a toy. You are my toy. I want to watch you eat that filthy spunk like the dirty little whore you were always destined to be. You knew the price of looking at these, gorgeous, perfect tits.” She shook her torso slightly, making her tits sway tantalizingly.

Tony stared at his stepmother’s breasts, trembling with indecision, a warm puddle of cum pooled in his palm.

Diana’s sensuous purr had a hint of warning as she said, “Don’t make me ask again, Pet.”

Tony sneaked a glance at his own image in the corner of the screen. Even after the passion had passed, he still looked like a sexy little model. He brought his hand up, extended his little pink tongue, and dipped it into the pool of filth. It was hard to distinguish the overwhelming scent from the shocking flavor. He had always heard it described as salty, and it was, but there was a deep, meaty flavor to it as well. It had a scent and flavor that

could not be confused with anything else. As he brought his tongue back into his mouth and swallowed a down a creamy glob, there was no hope pretending he was eating anything but his own fresh jizz.

He looked back at the beautiful older woman on his computer screen. She looked at him with a thrill in her eyes that thrilled him as well, her body moving slightly, rocking with a slow rhythm, her hand out of view. He bat his long eyelashes, his thick mascara and lip-gloss reminding him of all those filthy pictures of girls eating cum on the internet. He channeled those beautiful sluts now, feeling a little tingle as he began to lap up his semen like a kitten eating milk.

“Oh yes, Princess,” Diana moaned. From the movement of the woman’s slender arm it became undeniable that she was rubbing herself. She licked her lush, red lips, her back arching slightly, her magnificent breasts jiggling as her hand worked out of view. “That’s my Pet. That’s my obedient little pet. Eat it up. Feed that dirty sissy whore. Feed her.”

Tony lapped obediently, loving the attention, loving the praise. Tony’s eyes went from the gorgeous blonde on his computer to the slinky brunette who mirrored his every action. As he lapped up the sperm and swallowed it, he wasn’t even sure who he was. Was he the desperate virgin boy having his cum eaten, or was he a hot, dirty slut, desperate to devour a man’s creamy spunk? He ran the fingers of his free hand across the jets of spunk he’d splattered across the desk, scooping them up as he continued to lick his creamy palm. He shimmied his long, slinky body like stripper, gyrating as he lapped up the last drops of cum from his hand, the image in the corner of the screen moving like a slinky sex-kitten.

Diana was moaning, rubbing herself, perfect tits bouncing as she writhed against her hand. “Oh yes. My little cumslut. My weak-willed little fuckdoll. Eat it up. Eat it all up, Bitch.”

The male version of Tony seemed distant and far away as this new, sexy feminized version continued to devour the musky cream on his little pink tongue. The taste was more intense than he had ever imagined. It was not exactly a good taste, but it was thrilling, the warmth and texture was comforting as he gulped it down his throat in thick globs of musky filth.

He felt high, surrendering all sense of the boy who just orgasmed for the intense hunger of the needy cumslut, lapping up her deliciously fulfilling reward.

His palm licked clean; he brought the dripping fingers of his free hand to his glossy red lips. He caught a long dribble of semen with his tongue then slipped the glistening finger into his mouth, sucking it clean. In the waistband of his pink-lace panties, he could feel his dick getting hard again.

“Yes,” Diana moaned as she began to quiver with orgasm. “My beautiful little pet. My pathetic little sissy toy. Eat every filthy drop.”

He stared at Diana with a confidence he’d never felt before, his eyes smoldering with the heat of a sexy vixen as he sucked each semen covered finger one by one.

Diana gasped as her orgasm passed and her shaking subsided.

Tony watched her, loving her every twitch and tremble as he sucked every drop of salty slime from his fingers.

“Good girl,” Diana sighed. “Good little pet. I have so many filthy plans for my pathetic, desperate little slave. Come home soon, Sweetheart.”

“Thank you, Mother,” Tony purred, but his stepmother had already turned off her computer and disappeared into darkness. He instead looked up at the corner, staring at the incredibly sexy, skinny brunette cumslut he’d become. He smiled at himself. “Sweet dreams, Lover,” he spoke with a feminine purr, tingling with a confused thrill as he stared into his own, beautiful, flawlessly made-up face.

A Sucker for Attention

Tony woke up that morning to the beep of his phone's text messenger. He felt a little tingle in his panties as he rolled over and snatched the phone off the nightstand.

"Good morning, Little Pet," the message from his stepmother read. His heart fluttered.

"Good morning mother," he texted back.

"Send lots of pictures today," was the next message.

Tony hopped out of his dorm-room bed and moved to the mirror. It was mid-November, almost time for winter break. He looked forward to his trip home with both nervous hesitation, and unrestrained excitement. The most important thing, he would be home for almost a month, able to see his gorgeous, ex-lingerie model stepmother every day. On the other hand, he would have to figure out how to hide his increasingly feminine appearance from his dad.

There were the things he was actively doing: his eyebrows were carefully and meticulously shaped, his long brown hair lavishly combed and glistening with special oils. But there were also changes he couldn't explain. The features of his face seemed naturally softened. His body was skinnier than it had ever been, yet he had strange accumulations of shapely fat forming at his hips and ass. His pale skin was soft and luminous. He was even beginning to suspect that he was forming tiny mounds that resembled breasts on his normally concave chest. It was both disturbing and intoxicating.

He took one of the little pink pills from the unmarked bottle his stepmother had sent and downed it with half a can diet-sprite. His dark hair hung to his shoulder blades, but he wrapped it up, tucked it under a ball cap, and proceeded to try and dress like a boy.

Anytime he felt more convincing when he was cross-dressed than when he was wearing his "normal" clothes, but he still couldn't bring

himself to go out in public any other way. Lately, he wasn't sure why he bothered going to class at all. Most of his study-time had been spent learning about makeup and fashion instead of his classwork. His grades had dropped from A's to C's, but it was worth it when he'd send a picture of himself all dressed up to his stepmother and get a little winking smiley-face in reply.

After dressing as a boy, and staring in the mirror with bored disappointment, he changed his mind and decided not to go to class. He stripped back down to his panties, put his headphones on and listened to the hypnotic music files his stepmom had sent, falling asleep again listening to the tantalizing whispers of a sensual, feminine voice, guiding his subconscious mind through feminizing affirmations and erotic, emasculating dreams.

He woke up again late that afternoon and couldn't wait to start getting ready. He took a long shower. He was having to shave less and less now, but he scraped off what few thin hairs did show up on his pale, petal-soft skin. He rubbed his body with moisturizer and brushed his long, dark hair. Classes were done for the day, so he knew his roommate wouldn't be here. The popular jock always spent his nights at his cheerleader girlfriend's apartment. In fact, Tony hadn't even seen Kevin for nearly three months.

The room to himself, Tony got ready to make a little photo shoot for his stepmother. First, he spent over an hour doing his makeup, carefully painting his face till he looked like a slutty doll. Then, he began looking through the sexy outfits his stepmother had sent over the last two months. He selected his favorite little pink thong and slipped it on. He paired it with some pink stockings that wrapped his long, skinny legs, ending in the middle of his tiny pale thigh. Tony stepped into a pair of pink, high heeled platform shoes. They looked like the type of shoes only a stripper would wear, but standing in them made the tall, thin boy feel even slinkier. They also made his small, tight ass look rounded and luscious.

He turned in front of the mirror, examining his thin, feminine body. The little bump in his panties was barely noticeable, and his flat chest looked more waifish than boyish, his hard, pink nipples standing tall. The image of himself made his little shaved balls tingle and his dick twitch. He

took out his phone and snapped a few pictures before his dick could swell enough to ruin the perfect illusion of femininity. He only got a few shots off before he was completely hard.

Tony put his cellphone on his desk and slithered into a tight pink top. The top highlighted his slender frame, accentuating his low bodyfat, its tight cotton, spandex blend clinging to his pronounced ribcage. Tony got out a pair of faded, skintight denim micro-shorts and stepped into them. He shimmied his tight little body, working the shorts a little higher with each wiggle until he finally he got them zipped on. They hugged his tight ass, showing every contour, and pressed down on his small cock and balls, hiding his little erection behind the extra fabric of the zipper. Tony got out his cellphone and took more pictures, then sent them to his stepmother with the caption, "Your pet misses you."

Tony began looking through the rest of his girl clothes, setting aside outfits to try on for his stepmother. He sorted clothes, and caressed each piece of lace and silk, lining up his outfits for more pictures. He got so absorbed in this exhilarating process of planning out his photo-shoot, that he didn't notice, thirty minutes later, the door to the dorm-room being unlocked, then slowly opened.

Tony froze when he heard the voice, deep and booming with intense, masculine power. It was the voice of a boy who could smash a skinny teen like Tony with one hand. It was the voice of his roommate, Kevin.

"Well, hello there," Kevin said, his voice a little slurred.

Tony turned, petrified as he looked up at the bigger, stronger boy. He swallowed hard, eyes wide, mouth dry. He didn't speak. He thought about running, but where would he go? Besides, how could he run in these massive, teetering heels?

Kevin stepped closer, looking at Tony with a strange, animalistic look in his eyes. Tony had never been looked at like that before and he felt his knees threatening to buckle. His heart thumped and his tummy turned.

The larger boy moved into Tony's space, leering at him, dominating the space between them. Kevin seemed a little unsteady, his solid, muscle-

packed body rocking slightly side to side.

“Shit,” Kevin said. “Tony didn’t tell me he had a sister.” Kevin bent forward, giving Tony a closer inspection. A blast of alcohol infused breath washed over Tony as he trembled before the towering stature of the more powerful boy. Kevin seemed drunk, but stood solid and menacing, even as his voice slurred every other word. “You have to be his sister. That’s the only way he could get a girl as hot as you into his room.”

Tony was shaking as Kevin inspected him. He felt like he was going to die from terror, even as he tingled inside. Did one of the most powerful and popular guys at school just call him hot? The thought made him feel strangely intoxicated, even as he trembled with the thought that the huge, drunk jock would recognize him any moment.

“I can see it,” Kevin finally said. “I see the resemblance. Definitely his sister.”

Tony didn’t speak, afraid that uttering the tiniest sound would give him away, but the larger, stronger boy didn’t seem to notice his silence.

“That’s a sexy little outfit. You go walking around in that, you’re bound to get a lot of attention.” One of the boy’s muscular arms extended, his fat finger gently caressing the band of pale flesh between the waistband of Tony’s tiny shorts and the bottom of his skin-tight top.

Tony swallowed, trying to repress the strange electric tingle he felt as the more powerful boy’s callused finger passed over his delicate flesh. Tony smiled, like he always did when he was nervous, his long eyelashes batting over his dark eyes. How was he going to get out of here? What was this monster of a boy going to do when he finally realized what was happening?

Kevin laughed, teetering slightly, leering at Tony’s long, slinky frame. “Do I make you nervous?”

Tony nodded his head, trying not to blush, trying not to flirt as strange energy surged through him. He was terrified, but he felt sexy and alive, his skin humming.

The larger, more powerful boy touched Tony’s small, soft face with a huge, coarse hand. His touch was warm and unyielding, but surprisingly

gentle. “Don’t be nervous. It’s your lucky night. I got in a fight with my girlfriend. Otherwise, I wouldn’t even be here. It’s like, fate, or destiny or something. Right?”

Tony was too terrified to disagree. He nodded his head. His heart was pounding, and his palms were sweating, but he couldn’t stop his skin from tingling with little electric bursts of pleasure every time the stronger boy touched him. Why were his little, shaved balls tingling each time the popular jocks eyes moved across his slim, feminized frame?

“I think you’re pretty,” Kevin said with a drunken slur. “I don’t even mind the flat chested thing. I heard flat-chested girls give the best blowjobs. That true?”

Tony swallowed hard again. What would it feel like to be strong and handsome enough to say something like that to a girl? How would it feel to be so confident you could say something so offensive and ridiculous without any hesitation? What kind of power must a man have to be able to speak like that?

Tony couldn’t imagine it. It was easier to imagine the girl, frozen with tantalized shock, both offended and titillated. He wanted desperately to escape, to run away before this thing got out of control, but he felt glued in place by terror. By terror and by the strange magnetic power of the popular athlete’s touch. His hand was moving down Tony’s slim neck to his bony shoulder, the grip firm and commanding, but warm and gentle.

“Don’t be offended,” Kevin said with a laugh. “I don’t mean it to be rude. It’s just, my girlfriend has the nicest tits you ever saw, but she sucks cock like it’s a chore... There’s something about you, though. I bet you just love sucking cock, don’t you, Babe.” His fat thumb was possessively caressing the contours of Tony’s long, feminine neck.

Tony’s mouth wasn’t dry anymore, it was flooding with saliva. He remembered the image of his stepmother, sucking a huge, alpha-male cock. She had looked so gorgeous with her lush lips sliding up and down a real man’s thick, bulging rod. Would he look like that, his lips glossy red, his hair pulled back to show his pretty, makeup covered face? Would he look as delicious as his stepmother with a real man’s cock sliding back and forth

between his wet lips? He unconsciously licked those lips now, tasting cherry lipstick and making them shine with saliva.

Kevin, watching the gesture of Tony's nervous little tongue, smiled and nodded as if in triumph. He began to push gently but firmly on Tony's shoulder, guiding the feminized boy down to his skinny, trembling knees. Once Tony was in place, kneeling at the bigger, stronger boy's feet, Keven released the grip on his slim shoulder. Kevin brought both hands to the front of his slacks then unsnapped and unzipped himself. He smiled his cocky, drunken smile as he pulled his slacks and underwear down, exposing his massive cock.

Tony had never really drank alcohol, but he had heard of a thing called drunk-dick, where being hammered made it hard to get erect... but the huge, pulsating meat being pushed towards him was the biggest, hardest cock he'd ever seen in real life. His own comparatively delicate penis seemed to wilt by the comparison, sinking into the silky hiding place of Tony's pink panties as if in compliance to the superior meat.

The more powerful boy put his hand on the top of Tony's head, feeling the sissy's dark, silky hair and small, well-shaped skull. Part of Tony still wondered how he was going to get out of this; but the other part, the part that had been listening to hypnotic files hidden in music, and dreaming strange, erotic dreams he couldn't quite remember; that part of Tony was aching to surrender. Tony inhaled the musky scent of sweat and testosterone as the big, throbbing cock inched closer to his face. He began to feel his own little cock swelling again as his balls tingled and his mouth watered. He inhaled once more, breathing in the intense, overwhelming scent of superior manhood. He felt dizzy and confused as he licked his ruby red lips once more and slowly began to open his mouth.

Tony trembled with panic. What the hell was he doing? He had been moving as though on autopilot. He thought about backing out, moving away, speaking up in his squeaky voice and hoping it was feminine enough to keep his identity hidden as he told the bigger, stronger boy that he couldn't actually go through with this...

But then the bulging tip of the fat cock was almost touching the glossy surface of his pretty, red lips, and Tony's hesitation melted. He

leaned forward to greet the hard, hot prick, wrapping his lips around the spongy mushroom head.

The boy moaned approvingly as he squeezed his hand possessively on the top of Tony's skull.

Tony tingled with forbidden excitement as he let his lips begin to slide past the tip and onto the throbbing, vein-crossed shaft. Tony's lips stretched around the pole as his mouth was filled with heat and hardness.

"Yes," Kevin moaned. "Such a nice, wet little mouth."

Tony looked up at the boy's face, searching for some clue as to what to do next as he knelt on the floor with half a dick in his mouth. The boy had his eyes closed, head tilted back as if lost in the sensation and the promise of more sensation to come.

Tony trembled in primal panic. He didn't know what to do. The heat of the fat dick radiated in his mouth, the meaty flavor of cock pressing against his tongue. The boy would realize any moment that Tony didn't know what he was doing. Tony trembled. The boy would discover he was an imposter and be angry.

"Yes," the boy said. "Yes. Suck it, girl."

The dick throbbed in his mouth and he suddenly felt calm. He knew what to do. He'd seen a million porn clips in his life. He'd fantasized about being on the other side of this blowjob a million times. He knew, if he was the kind of boy who got to have his cock sucked, he knew just how he'd want it.

Tony brought one hand up to the boy's thick shaft, gently squeezing the rigid tool as he began to work his wet lips back towards the tip. The boy looked down at him and he looked back up, for the first time ever making eye-contact with his powerful, popular roommate.

"Yes," Kevin moaned. "That's it. I knew you were a good little cocksucker."

Tony continued to gaze up into the alpha-male's eyes, feeling strangely confident and relaxed now that he was in his proper place. He

began to slowly bob his head, working his lips back and forth along the bulging, glistening prick.

Kevin moaned, his deep, powerful voice making Tony's thin, sissy frame tremble. He could feel the boy's power and command deep in the pit of his nervous little stomach, as he began to gratefully bob his head faster.

"That's it," Kevin moaned. "That's a good cocksucker. I never dreamed your dorky brother could have such a sexy, naughty sister."

Slurping noises filled the room as Tony continued to work his wet mouth up and down the fat tool. His already narrow cheeks were pulled in with suction and he continued to gaze up at the superior boy's pleasure filled face. He tightened his fingers around the base of the amazing cock, stroking it faster as he continued to suck.

"Oh yes," Kevin moaned. "Oh fuck. You're like a hungry little vacuum. Oh shit. You are going to make me cum."

Tony felt a tingle of anticipation and began to suck and stroke faster, suddenly hungering for that thick, potent seed.

"Oh yeah," the popular jock moaned. "Oh, fuck yes. Get ready, girl. I'm going to cum so hard in your slutty little mouth."

Tony suddenly froze. Once again, he was struck with the reality of what he was doing. He was crossing another line. If he actually tasted this guy's sperm, what would that make him? It was one thing to taste his own semen. That was just a kinky game he played with his girlfriend. This was something else. This was... What the fuck was he doing? He was literally sucking a guy's dick because he called him pretty. What the fuck was wrong with him?

Tony's heart pounded as he jerked his face back, his lips slipping off the massive, pulsating cock. Tony sealed his lips shut, just as the huge dick began to spew. Hot wads of thick, creamy sperm began to shower across Tony's pretty face, and jet, thick and warm into his shiny dark hair. Tony was stunned by the power and intensity of the boy's orgasm as it rained down on his pretty, makeup covered face. He felt both ashamed and aroused. He wanted to slink away in disgrace, but his dick twitched with thrilling excitement each time another hot jet of sticky cum splattered

against his skin. Even though Tony had stopped sucking the big, pulsating cock, he hadn't been able to stop touching it. His hand was still wrapped around the thick, vein-crossed shaft, stroking it diligently as it erupted down on him.

The powerful jock groaned with ecstatic release, then sighed with satisfaction. Tony opened his eyes when he was sure they weren't covered in semen and he looked up at the muscular boy once more, desperate for reassurance. Kevin looked down at Tony and seemed surprised to see the tall, slinky brunette's face completely splattered with his cum.

"Fuck yeah," Kevin said. "A little slut who loves facials. I can't wait to tell your little bitch brother how nasty his sister is."

Tony continued to stroke the more powerful boy's softening cock, looking up at him with big, brown eyes, his face was dripping with potent, pungent semen. His own little dick was so hard it was painful, pressing against the lace of his panties at a weird, uncomfortable angle. Was that the approval he was looking for? Why did it feel so good to hear?

Kevin pat Tony's head drunkenly, the force making Tony a little dizzy. "I'm just kidding, babe. You keep sucking all the cocks you want. Your secrets safe with me." He then stumbled back to his bed, collapsed onto his belly and passed out with his pants still down around his ankles and his big limp dick still smeared with saliva and lip-gloss.

Tony stood up, face still splattered with warm spunk, and walked to the washroom. He stood in front of the mirror and gazed at his beautiful, ruined face.

He looked like a girl from one of the nasty websites he liked to jack-off to. The cum glistened in the bright electric lights as it ran down the soft flesh of his pale face. He ran his finger through a line of it, smearing the tip. He looked at the cum, globed on his fingertip and dripping towards the counter. He studied how it glistened and oozed. His own dick still throbbed in his tight panties and he could still taste cock all over his tongue.

He looked at his reflection again. How he wished a girl that looked like the slinky brunette in the mirror would do to him what he just did to the drunk boy passed out on the bed. How he wished, just once he could feel a

pair of lips as luscious and appealing as his own, sliding up and down his own, pulsating rod. Before he realized he was doing it, he had opened his shorts and shoved his other hand down his panties. He began stroking himself slowly as he stared at his cum splattered face. He touched his face with his free hand and smeared his palm with more hot sperm, then slid that hand down his panties too. Her gripped his thin, pulsating rod in a tight grip, as he smeared the more powerful boys potent seed all over his own smooth, shaved balls. He pursed out his lips, directing the whore in the mirror to make an alluring sexy kissy face as sperm dribbled down her skin.

A bead of warm cum ran towards the glossy red line of his upper lip. He stuck out his tongue, waiting for the tantalizing looking morsel to drop as he yanked his pulsating erection hard, stretching the lace of his panties with his desperate fist.

The cum dripped closer to his lip as his toes began to curl. He began to whimper, pumping himself faster, gripping his small, silky balls with his semen covered fingers. “Yes,” the tall, slinky slut in the mirror purred, as her face distorted with ecstasy as the cum dripped closer to her waiting tongue.

The salty musky flavor of another boy’s sperm suddenly dropped onto his waiting tongue. It tasted different then his own, somehow more powerful and potent. The taste filled his consciousness as his dick exploded with orgasm. A high and feminine voice filled the bathroom as Tony cried out in ecstasy, filling his panties with his own hot, sticky cum.

Tony licked his lips, lapping up more of Kevin’s jizz as he shivered with the final shudders of orgasm. He sighed with satisfaction as he pulled his hand from his panties, sticky with his own cum mixed with the other boys. He looked at his hand for a moment, then looked at his ruined, slutty reflection before he eagerly began to lick and suck his hand clean.

After he finished his sticky meal, he grabbed a towel and wiped himself clean.

Most of his makeup came off with the cum, but when he looked at his face, he still didn’t look like a boy. He couldn’t even imagine the face as a boy’s face, not with its soft features and smooth contours, not with

perfectly manicured eyebrows and luscious skin. He touched up his makeup and walked back into the room.

Kevin was still passed out, snoring with his pants down.

Tony grabbed his suitcase and threw a few things into it, grabbing mostly girl clothes without thinking. He didn't bother changing back into a boy as he slipped out of his dorm-room. He went to the street and hailed a cab to take him to the bus station. Fuck finishing the semester. He was going home. He was going to be with his stepmother.

Mother's Toys

Tony waited nervously at the train station. He'd never been to this side of town and would feel vulnerable no matter how he looked; but standing here, in full feminine attire, makeup, slinky little skirt and stripper heels, he was near panic. He'd never even been in public dressed up before tonight, but he had been in such a hurry to leave his dorm that he hadn't changed. Then, once he was out as a girl, what was he going to do, duck into the bathroom as a girl and come out as a boy? Instead, he just fixed his makeup, slipped a blouse over his tight tube top and changed his cum-filled panties and shorts. Now he kept fidgeting with the hem of his tiny skirt as all the greasy men around the bus station stared. He knew he looked like a slut, or perhaps even a whore with his tiny skirt, long heels and sheer, pink tinged nylon stockings.

All those eyes passing over him were full of many things; judgement, lust, menace; but one thing that none of them contained was doubt. No one seemed to have the slightest doubt that this long legged, flat-chested brunette was actually a girl.

Finally, a familiar BMW pulled up to the curb and he hurried up to the door. His stepmother was behind the wheel, looking at him as he yanked open the door. She looked delicious and radiant, in a conservative blouse that hugged her magnificent rack, and a tight black pencil skirt that accented her lush curves. She laughed at Tony's nervous, jerking movement as he rushed into the passenger seat, eyes darting around.

"You don't have to be scared, Sweetie," his stepmother purred. "Mother's here now. Well... you don't have to be scared of anyone else, anyway."

Tony laughed, but he wasn't sure if she was joking. The truth was, as much as he had fallen in love with the gorgeous former model, he was definitely, completely terrified of her. "Thanks for picking me up," he said.

"I was bored," Diana said with a shrug as she stepped on the gas. The car jerked forward and they sped down the street.

Ten minutes later Diana was guiding him into the bedroom she shared with his Dad. The stern, disinterested man wouldn't be home from his executive sales job for hours, and they were alone in the huge, beautiful house. He watched the gorgeous blonde swaying in front of him, looking like a dream. Looking so impossibly beautiful that it made his heart hurt. How could he ever deserve a woman that beautiful?

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and saw another woman too beautiful for him to deserve. Long-legged and princess-slender with long, dark hair teasing his pretty, heavily made-up face. He cleared his throat and spoke, his voice still soft and breaking. "How are we going to... What are we going to do, about us?"

Diana turned and looked at him, nothing in her eyes but a mild, almost hostile curiosity. "Take off your top," his stepmother ordered.

Tony began to obey, his fingers shaking as they worked the buttons of his pretty, pink blouse. He pulled it off, then slipped out of the tight top he wore beneath it. He swallowed hard, feeling the older woman's eyes on him, as he trembled, terrified of her reaction to the strange changes going on with his long, slinky body.

Diana hummed with delight. "Look at those cute little titties your growing, Sweetheart."

Tony wanted to slink away and hide, even as he basked in the gorgeous older blonde's attention. He had almost convinced himself the tiny mounds forming on his chest were just his imagination. "I've been... I've been changing. I don't know why."

Diana Laughed. "You've been changing because of the hormones," she said. She looked at him curiously for a moment. "I've been having you take hormones for two months. You seriously didn't know?" She studied his face as if confirming his ignorance, then she laughed even harder, her voice turning into a shrill cackle that still radiated with alluring sensual power. "Oh, you stupid Bimbo. You are adorable."

Tony's mind was in shock, but his body still reacted to the stunning older woman's intoxicating presence with complete obedience. His cock

pulsated in his panties and the pink nipples that topped his tiny, budding breasts were hard as engagement diamonds.

“I didn’t, I didn’t know,” he whimpered.

Diana giggled as she prowled closer, “But you like it, don’t you, Little Whore?”

Tony swallowed. Did he like it? He felt high with attention and sensual intensity; but was that just the drugs? Was this all hormone-fueled madness? He shivered with shame and frustration even as he continued to be drawn to the gorgeous, older blonde. “I don’t know,” he said.

Her expression grew suddenly serious. “No,” she said sharply. “That’s not an acceptable answer. When I ask you if you like something, or if you want it, or if you need it, the only word I want to hear come out of that stupid, worthless little mouth is, Yes. If you can’t follow my rules, then get the fuck out of my room.” She pointed at the door with such a gesture of finality that Tony surged with panic.

“Yes,” he blurted. “Yes mother. I like it. I’m a little whore and I like it.”

Diana’s demeanor softened even as her eyes remained cruel. “Good girl,” she purred as she pressed a cool, soft palm to Tony’s makeup covered cheek. “Take off your skirt.”

Tony rushed to obey, peeling off the tiny skirt and casting it aside, standing in just his panties, stockings and heels.

“Now, take off my skirt, Bitch.”

“Yes mother,” Tony said, dropping to his knees. The carpet felt good against his smooth, nylon covered legs as he knelt on the floor, looking up at his beautiful stepmother. He felt more comfortable down here, on his knees, but his fingers were still trembling as he began to unzip the zipper at the side of her elegant black skirt. He watched with anticipation as the skirt dropped to the floor, revealing the tantalizing flesh of the woman’s deliciously curved body. She wore white satin panties that clung to her curves like they were cut for her perfect frame.

She seemed indifferent to his drooling daze. She pressed one hand to the top of his skull, using him for balance like he was an inanimate object as she stepped out of the skirt and kicked off her designer heels. She then turned and walked, swaying with alluring grace as she moved towards the bed.

Diana slithered onto the bed, her beautiful, rounded ass intoxicating. “I want to get fucked tonight,” she purred.

Tony swallowed hard, his dick poking out the top of his panties as his erection ached with need. “I can... I can do it.”

Diana looked back at him and laughed. “Yes, but not with that little thing.” She studied him a moment, seeming to let the rebuke sink in before she commanded. “Get in the top drawer of my dresser. Under all those sexy, sexy panties, you’ll find a little toy.” She slithered onto her back, watching his every move.

Tony turned to the dresser. He opened the top drawer with reverence and anticipation, salivating to see more of the gorgeous older woman’s sexy underwear. His entire body hummed with pleasure as he opened the drawer and inhaled the clean smell of lace and linen. He slid his hands across the silky surfaces of all those delicate lace bikinis and slutty G-strings. Finally, his trembling hand reached beneath the pile and made contact with the cool, rigid surface of a thick cylinder. He pulled it out and stared.

This was no “little” toy. The realistic looking, flesh colored dong was huge and bulging with artificial veins. It had a massive mushroom tip that tapered down into a thick, rippled surface. His roommates massive dick shot into his mind. That boy’s big cock had literally brought Tony to his knees in awe, but this thing was even bigger. He looked at Diana and she smiled wickedly at the shock in his eyes.

“Yes,” Diana purred. “That’s what a real cock is like. That’s why I always laugh at your cute, little clitty. If you really want to fuck me, fuck me so I feel it deep inside me, you’re going to have to use that.”

She leaned back and spread her lovely long legs, exposing the slight camel-toe that sat in the center of her satin panties. She pulled off her

top with one swift, graceful motion. She had no bra and her perfect tits stood full and proud. She ran her hand down the center of her torso, caressing her tiny tummy and pelvis. She ran her fingertips over her panties, teasing her pussy and making her camel-toe more defined.

“Come on, Pet,” she said. “Come take off these panties for me so we can have fun.”

Tony moved forward and began to crawl onto the bed.

“I tell you want,” Diana purred. “If you fuck me really good with that toy and eat my pussy like a good sissy slave, I’ll even suck your little dick. Would you like that Sissy?”

Tony almost collapsed, his dick dribbling precum. There wasn’t any part of that he wasn’t desperate to do, but the very thought of his unworthy cock being between those lovely, lush lips made him want to explode. “Yes Mother,” he said, crawling quickly forward. He moved between her legs. He wasn’t sure if he should set the dildo on the mattress, so he wedged it between his own smooth, thin thighs and reached up with both hands. He shuddered with anticipation as he took hold of his stepmother’s panties. He clenched the rock-hard dildo between his delicate legs, beginning to peel the older woman’s panties down. He could still remember the intoxicating taste of her pussy, and his mouth watered at the thought of tasting her once more.

Diana shimmied her body, helping Tony peel the panties past her lushly curved ass. He pulled the lace down easily now, sliding it across the silky flesh of her long, tan legs. He took the gorgeous model’s panties off and clenched them in his fist, unwilling to part with the magic of the delicate underwear. With his other hand he grabbed the base of the thick dildo and pulled it from between his thighs.

He leaned closer, lowering his pretty, heavily made-up, hormone softened face between the luscious blonde’s shapely tan thighs. She spread her legs wider, arching her back in anticipation, the hard, pink nipples that capped her gorgeous breasts pointing up at the ceiling.

“Come on,” Diana purred. “Show me what a good little bitch you can be.”

Tony didn't hesitate. At this moment, he wanted nothing more than to be her perfect little bitch. He pressed his lips to the soft petals of his stepmother's opening, flicking his tongue across the delicate flesh. He tasted her tangy warmth and felt a shiver of need pulsate through him. He dipped his tongue inside her and savored the flavor. He lost himself in the act of licking, drinking in the taste of pussy and his own lipstick.

His cock ached in his panties as he finally slipped his tongue from inside her and brought his glossy red lips up to meet the bead of her clit. He flicked the bead with his tongue, probing it gently, then he closed his lips around it and began to suck.

Diana moaned with thrilling pleasure that made Tony shiver with excitement. He pressed the immense tip of the massive dildo to the older woman's opening and began to twirl it slowly. He felt the fat dildo working, slipping past the woman's pussy-lips and dipping into the wetness of her delicious cunt. Tony gently sucked the older woman's clit as he gently drove the toy deeper, listening to his stepmother's moans to guide his pressure and speed.

"That's it," Diana moaned. "That's a good little bitch. Keep it up. A little faster. A little harder. Yes. Just like that. Good bitch."

The model-like blonde's body rocked against his mouth and against the toy he worked inside her. Her every moan and whimper filled him with thrilling electricity. He thought of all the girl-on-girl scenes he'd seen in porn and imagined that he was in one now. The younger, skinnier brunette, the older, luscious and voluptuous blonde. How easy it would be to jack off to this scene, never knowing what the brunette hid inside her sexy, little panties.

"That's it Bitch," Diana moaned. "Yes. Almost there. Don't stop. Don't stop little slave. Don't stop little sissy bitch. Make mother cum."

Tony didn't stop. He kept eagerly sucking his stepmother's clit, lapping it with his tongue as he drove the toy back and forth at the angle the beautiful older blonde seemed to like best. Soon his forearms and neck were aching. He didn't know how long he'd been doing this, but he didn't dare stop. In fact, he didn't ever want it to end. He inhaled her scent, and

devoured her flavor, all while feeling sexy and slutty in his tantalizing lingerie.

“Yes,” Diana moaned gently as her body began to quiver. “Yes, Bitch. Good bitch. Oh yes.”

Tony lapped and sucked harder, keeping the speed and pressure consistent on the dildo as he drove it back and forth in the woman’s hot, wet pussy.

Diana’s quivers increased until she suddenly went rigid. She let out a long, deep sigh, then her body relaxed.

“Good pet,” Diana purred. “That was nice. Now get on your back.”

Tony pulled away from the warm, wet pussy and dropped the dildo onto the mattress. He couldn’t believe this was truly happening. His dick already felt ready to explode, his heart pounding as he flipped onto his back. He still clutched his stepmother’s panties in his fist for comfort. He was about to get his first blowjob. Well... his first blowjob on the receiving end. He tried not to think of the thrilling pleasure he got from dropping to his knees for a superior boy. He looked down at his own slinky body, clad in lingerie, stockings hugging his long, smooth legs. His dick throbbed, poking out the top of his sexy panties.

Diana moved above him, positioning herself kneeling between his legs, purring as she teased her fingertips along the silky surface of his stockings. She brought her fingertips to the top of his stockings, midway up the thigh where his tender young flesh began, but she didn’t touch him, she let her hands hesitate for an extended moment, eyeing him cryptically.

“Take off your panties,” she ordered.

Tony squirmed quickly out of his slutty underwear and tossed them aside. Diana moved lower and closer, pinning his legs up with her slender shoulders as her beautiful face hovered over his prick, her blonde hair teasing his thighs, balls and ass. His dick ached to be touched, inches from her beautiful mouth.

But instead of touching his flesh, his stepmother sat a little higher, picked up the dildo from the bed and teased the pussy-wet tip across the tender skin of his inner thigh. His dick throbbed beneath her, begging to be

sucked, but she seemed to ignore it, choosing instead to glide the dripping dildo down across his tiny, tender balls. She brought the dildo up beside his own prick, dwarfing him with its girth and length as she smiled wickedly down at him.

She lowered her plump red lips down towards his lap, but instead of pressing them to his meat, she stopped at the tip of the towering dildo and sucked that instead.

Tony groaned with frustration as the gorgeous blonde's lips drifted down the toy instead of his desperate cock. She sucked up and down the dildo twice then slipped her lips off, smiling at him with wicked cruelty.

"Please," he whimpered. "Please."

"First things first," Diana said with a wicked smile. "Let's get this big, fat cock into your tight, little ass."

Tony felt his bowels quiver with fear at the thought of the thick tool. He swallowed hard. "But my... my dick."

"Don't worry, Pet," Diana purred. "I'll get around to that little thing eventually. But first, I want to have a little fun. You want me to have fun with you, don't you?"

Tony looked at the radiant blonde kneeling between his long, smooth, stocking clad legs, her gorgeous face hovering inches over his throbbing erection. He had already surrendered so much. What was one more little thing? "Yes," he said. "Of course, Mother. Anything."

Diana laughed wickedly and pressed the spit-wet tip of the massive dildo to the tight little opening of his virgin asshole.

Tony shuddered, his asshole twitching as the cold, wet tip pressed against his tender brown skin.

"Sweet little Pet," Diana purred. "Sweet little pathetic Pet. I'm going to enjoy deflowering your tight, sissy cunt."

Tony whimpered. He thought about begging her to stop, as the pressure against his quivering opening increased, but he looked at the beautiful woman's face, lips hovering just above his thin, throbbing prick and he said nothing.

“Beg me to fuck you,” she said, the tip of her toy barely poking the tender flesh of his hole. “Beg me to fuck you with this big, hard dildo.”

Tony swallowed, his body quaking with tiny trembles.

Diana suddenly flicked out her tongue, giving the pink tip of his dick a tiny, wet lick.

Tony shivered with pleasure. He couldn't believe what had just happened. The spongy surface of the beautiful blonde's tongue was amazing, but the image of her licking him would be locked in his brain forever. His toes flexed, his balls tingling as he whimpered.

Diana smiled wickedly. “Beg,” she said.

“Please suck me,” he begged.

She shook her head, smiling mercilessly. “Beg me to fuck you in your tight, sissy ass with this big, hard dildo.”

“Please fuck me, Mother,” he begged his stepmom. “Please fuck me in my sissy asshole with your dildo.”

She plunged it in, and Tony gasped with sudden, shocking pain as his tight rectum was violated with thick, rippled synthetic flesh.

“It hurts,” Tony whined.

“Mmmmm,” Diana purred, twisting the toy slightly, deep in his bowels. “It hurts but you love it, don't you slut?”

“I don't know,” Tony squeaked. “I feel...”

“Uh uh uh,” Diana reminded him. “I don't care about your feelings, Sweetie. Don't forget the rules. Tell me you like my toy in your ass. Tell me you want me to fuck you harder.”

“I like it,” Tony cried. “Harder please.”

Diana laughed. “Filthy little sissy bitch.” She began to work the toy slowly back and forth, grinding and rotating it through the soft flesh of Tony's inner rectum.

Tony's legs trembled and he bit his lower lip, tasting his own cherry-flavored lipstick. He felt his insides shifting and distorting to make room for the oversized toy, as aching pain radiated through his core. His

dick started to wilt slightly, but Diana gave it another quick, teasing lick, causing it to shoot back to throbbing desperation.

“Please,” Tony begged. “Please. You said you’d suck it.”

Diana suddenly took him into her mouth, making him shudder with ecstasy, but it only lasted a moment. As soon as her incredibly soft, heavenly wet mouth had enveloped him, she was spitting him back out. She laughed at his squirming desperation as she continued to press the dildo back and forth in his tender, aching hole. “That’s all you get,” she teased. “How did you like it?”

It had been heaven, even as pain echoed through his bowels. But having it end so fast made him throb with torturous need. He whimpered pleadingly as the fat dildo continued to move through the soft flesh of his teen rectum.

She stared at him, watching his expression with a curious, thrilled look on her beautiful face. “I could suck you,” she said as she continued to slowly grind her toy inside him. “It would be so easy. It would be so easy for me to just open my mouth, press my lips to your dick and suck that little thing till you exploded with orgasm. It would really cost me nothing. I’d barely even notice it was happening. But I’m still not going to do it. I’m not going to do it because I love watching the way you squirm when you’re desperate and denied. I love knowing that I can do almost nothing for you, and you will still worship me like a little doggie.”

The dildo slid back and forth; his asshole raw and his bowels screaming.

“Bark for me Doggie,” she said.

Tony barked without hesitation and Diana erupted in beautiful, thrilling laughter.

The thick ridges of the toy moved back and forth inside him; his asshole stretched around the thick, contoured shaft. The pain was intense, and the desperation of his neglected erection was maddening... but something strange was happening. The two sensations, once separate throbbing pulses of need and suffering seemed to start to pulse and throb together. The dildo worked back and forth inside him, Diana watching his

confused, pain filled expression as she twirled it in spirals; and he began to feel little tingles up his spine, and jolts of sensation across the surface of his prick.

“There it is,” Diana purred. “There’s my little sissy.”

He whimpered as each movement of the dildo seemed to echo up his taint and vibrate into his cock. The pain of the thick tool violating his virgin depths continued to rack his core, but his dick pulsed with strange pleasure. He felt as if invisible fingers were stroking him, perhaps even massaging his cock from the inside. He turned his face and noticed his reflection in the dresser mirror; a long, slinky brunette in slutty lingerie, stocking clad legs folded over, thick tool sliding back and forth through the taught flesh of his puckered asshole, his erection hard and dribbling with precum, the gorgeous form of the world’s most perfect blonde hovering over him laughing at his pain and confusing pleasure.

“Do you like it, whore?” Diana asked.

“Yes,” Tony whimpered. “Yes, mother.”

“That’s my bitch,” Diana purred, driving the dildo back and forth with more speed and pressure. “That’s my slutty little bimbo.”

Tony could feel the toy rubbing against unknown tender places deep inside his rectum, and although he continued to ache with pain, he also tingled and shivered with strange new sensations. Suddenly the head of the dildo scraped against something inside him that made his whole-body quiver, as vibrations of ecstasy began to throb inside him.

Diana was studying his face as she fucked him, and now she laughed. “There it is. I found your sissy g-spot.” She then began to relentlessly attack it, pounding the tender place with steady pulsing force.

Tony’s body began to twitch and thrash with each movement of the toy. He felt like his stepmother was touching a million places inside him at once as his nerves all began to come alive with sensation.

Suddenly, Diana took her free hand and grabbed Tony’s erection. The sensation of that cool, soft skin closing around his rod made him gasp as she began to squeeze him. Orgasm exploded deep inside him. He wasn’t sure if he was cumming because of his cock, or because of the toy still

plunging back and forth in his bowels, but he began to erupt. He shot hot jets of sperm, slashing across the hormone-softened skin of his tummy, and splashing the hard, pink flesh of his nipples.

“That’s my whore,” Diana said soothingly as he writhed and thrashed with an orgasm more powerful than any he’d ever known. “That’s my good little sissy whore.” She gripped his dick firmly, directing his spray away from her and onto his own slinky, squirming frame. “Cum for me whore. Cum while I fuck your sissy ass. Cum for Mother.”

Tony twitched and jerked as cum rained down on his sexy, feminized frame. The intensity made him light-headed as his dick pulsed and his sphincter clung to the toy in twitching spasms. He lost all sense of place, and just radiated in a sense of blissful release as his silky-smooth skin rubbed against the mattress, the gorgeous blonde above him, and his own, luxuriously sexy stockings.

When the intensity finally passed, Tony gasped, “Oh god. I’ve never had an orgasm like that before.”

His stepmother pulled the dildo from his ass and dropped it into the puddle of sperm on his concave tummy. “It’s Goddess,” she said. “And you can thank me later.”

The luscious blonde then slid out of the bed, slithered back into her clothes and walked to the door. Diana stopped at the door and looked back at him. “Get cleaned up and disguise yourself as a boy for a while. Your dad will be joining us for dinner tonight.”

Dirty Day in With Mother

Tony tingled in his pink cotton panties as his beautiful blonde stepmother finished his makeup. He had gotten very good at putting it on himself, but there was something especially exciting about having the flawless older woman dote on him. It was like a wonderful, but torturous treat, being able to stare at the gorgeous curves and flawless skin of the woman as she worked. The former lingerie-model was wearing something worthy of a photo shoot today. She wore a white lace corset top that squeezed her luscious breast tight, highlighting her already dizzying cleavage. She wore sheer white nylon stockings that came halfway up her smooth, creamy thighs and white-lace panties that looked like they belonged on a bride.

She wore this stunning outfit without the slightest acknowledgment of how torturous it was for him, and without the slightest hint that he'd be allowed to even touch her hypnotic curves.

Diana had spent all morning, fixing Tony's hair, and painting his face, treating him like he was one of the girls, the scent of her hovering in the air all around him, the softness of her skin brushing against him as she worked. Tony was wearing only his pink cotton panties. He had a silky pink robe, but that was thrown over the dressing table as he sat shivering beneath the radiant blonde.

"There we go," Diana purred in her lustrous yet commanding voice. "Just right."

She turned Tony's stool towards the mirror and hovered over him as he looked at his own reflection. Tony was always stunned to look in the mirror. Between his naturally fine and feminine face, and the impact of the hormones his stepmother had been giving him, he looked like an adorable princess, even without makeup. With makeup, he looked anywhere from a blushing debutante to a barely legal porn-star, depending on his stepmother's mood. Today he was much closer to porn-star than prom-queen. "Thank you," he said. "I look..."

“Sexy?” Diana asked.

Tony nodded.

She knelt behind him, her magnificent tits pressing against his back as her beautiful face peered over his shoulder at the cute young slut’s reflection. “I bet the boy in you dreams of getting a girl like that. I bet in your whole life, you would have done anything for a girl like that.”

Tony nodded. He would have worshiped that young brunette in the mirror almost as much as he worshiped the gorgeous blonde beside him. “Yes, Mother. I would have done anything.”

“And she would have let you do it. Except it wouldn’t have meant anything to her. She would never have let you touch her. You would have been her slave and she would laugh about it to her boyfriends as they fucked her with their big, hard cocks.”

Tony swallowed. It was true. It had happened to him time and time again.

Diana was smiling wickedly, her hands moving around the front of his body. She touched the tiny mound of one of his budding breasts, as her other hand reached down and gently cupped his tiny erection through the soft cotton of his little pink panties. Tony ached with frustrated need. When was the last time he’d even gotten to have an orgasm?

“Can we... can I...”

“Get off? No. Not right now, Princess.”

“Please,” Tony begged. “It hurts.”

Diana laughed. “It’s only the boy that hurts. The girl in you is having a great time, teasing her little slave. Look in the mirror. Doesn’t that sexy little slut look like she’s having fun, torturing you?”

He looked at his own face in the mirror and couldn’t help but purse his lips, giving himself a torturously teasing look. Diana giggled, gently squeezed his panties, fingers pressing the cotton into his balls and thin erection. Tony whimpered with need.

Diana brought her lush lips to his ear and was about to whisper something, when they both heard the front door open downstairs. Who else

could it be but Tony's Dad? Tony jumped out of the vanity stool, grabbed his robe and scurried out of the room. He rushed down the hallway, not looking back as he slipped off to hide in his own room. He locked the door and sat on his bed as he heard his dad's voice calling through the house.

"Honey, my lunch meeting was cancelled."

Tony heard the man's steps moving up the stairs, into the upstairs hallway, up to the bedroom door he shared with his beautiful trophy-wife. "Thought I'd come home and..."

Tony could imagine his dad opening the door and finding the gorgeous blonde in her intoxicating lingerie. The older man was silent.

Diana purred, "You're just in time." Then the bedroom door closed, and Tony couldn't hear another sound.

Tony thought about creeping out and listening at the door, but he couldn't risk his father finding him like this; fully dressed and groomed to feminine perfection. It wasn't just the idea of getting caught dressed to the nines in full sissy splendor that made Tony hide from his dad. He had hidden from the man almost out of habit. He had shrunk from the man's disapproving eyes for as long as he could remember. But if his father had thought he was weak and feminine before, that all had been multiplied now. Now that Tony's beautiful stepmother had the nineteen-year-old boy on hormones and hypnosis, a strict diet and a careful grooming regiment, he looked like the older man's worst nightmare.

When Tony dressed as a boy, he did it in baggy clothes that hid his tight little body and budding curves, and he tried to subdue the feminine grace that he instinctively moved with now, but he still looked more like a girl than a boy. He still drew glances from men when he walked down the street, and his father was very much aware.

Tony could still remember that night a week ago when it had finally blown up. He had been home a few days of his holiday break and his dad had yet to say two words to him. Diana, his father and him all sat at the dining room table, enjoying a gourmet meal that had been delivered just a few minutes earlier. His father suddenly set down his fork, staring at Tony with sudden rage.

“What the fuck is going on with you, Boy?” he demanded. “What the hell are they doing to you at that college that I’m paying so much to send you to?”

Tony swallowed hard and couldn’t speak. His whole body began to shake. He never could stand up to his dad. He was about to cry. He could feel the verbal onslaught was about to begin, when suddenly they were both stunned by Diana’s beautiful, intoxicating laugh.

“I know,” she said. “It’s like he’s not even a man. It’s like he’s a freaky and pathetic little thing.” Her voice made the words “freaky” and “Pathetic” sound especially sensual. “Look at those perfectly sculpted eyebrows and those beautifully full lips. Look at that slender profile and that long, lustrous hair. Your son is a little bitch.”

Tony’s dad stared at Diana with shock, but Tony felt suddenly alive. His dick tingled to hear the beautiful blonde describe him that way. He wanted to be those things for her. He wanted to be anything she wanted, no matter what the cost.

“I blame the schools,” Diana said. “So many bad influences. Perhaps if you kept him home, let him stay here with me. I could help guide him. He could help with my charity work and learn what it means to be... useful.”

His father had reluctantly agreed to Diana’s plan, and now here Tony was; a college dropout and nearly full-time sissy. But he got to be around her every day. The woman of his dreams spoke to him, guided him... commanded him... every day. She teased, tormented and taunted him, but he was near her. He wasn’t allowed to touch her, or touch himself without permission and supervision, and he hadn’t cum in weeks; But he was with her. He was with the most beautiful woman he’d ever laid eyes on.

So why did he feel so jealous now, hiding in his room wondering what his father was doing to the woman he loved? He knew Diana had many lovers. He had seen pictures and videos. He had been subjected to graphic descriptions of their huge, powerful cocks. That didn’t make him jealous like this. A man like that deserved Diana... but his dad?

But Tony just hid in his room, waiting breathlessly, aching, wondering what was happening in that room just a few doors down. Finally, he heard the front door. When he was sure his father had finally left, he cracked open his door and peeked into the hallway. In the thin space between the door and the frame he could see an enticing sliver of radiance; the beautiful, breathtaking woman his father had married. The beautiful, blonde, former lingerie model Diana. He swallowed hard. He had a view of her back. She was wearing a transparent silk shawl over those sexy white panties. She still wore her nylon stockings, but her top was gone.

Tony let his eyes study the gorgeous older woman. The curve of her tight, but deliciously lush ass was mesmerizing. The woman had the most tall, proud and elegant stance, her ass thrust out like an enticing fruit. His gaze traveled up her long, slender back to her gorgeous blonde hair, which had been ruffled out of the perfect order it had been in before. He loved seeing her like this, but part of him shuddered at what it meant.

“Did he... Did you guys...” Tony couldn’t bring himself to ask as he slipped sheepishly out of his room.

“He fucked me,” Diana said, smiling as she turned towards the nineteen-year-old boy. “If you could call it that. He actually just kind of flopped around on top of me grunting while his laughable little dick poked in and out of me.”

“Then why do you let him... do that?” He wasn’t sure if he was asking why she let his father do that, or why she didn’t let him do it.

“He’s a loser,” Diana said. But then she raised her arms, gesturing like a spokesmodel at the gorgeous house surrounding her. “But he’s a rich loser.”

“Do you... do you ever... enjoy it? I mean... would you ever enjoy it if I...”

Diana laughed. She moved closer suddenly, intoxicating him with the scent and heat of her body. Was that a hint of his father’s cologne? She purred as she pressed a hand to his side, squeezing his bare waist. “If you what? Tried to fuck me like a boy? First of all, Sweetie, you’re even smaller and more pathetic than your loser dad. No one will ever enjoy fucking you

as a boy. Luckily, you don't have to be a boy anymore. You get to be something else." Her fingers teased across his lower back, making his body shiver as her nails traced up his spine. "You get to be something beautiful."

Tony swayed on his feet, his brain tingling with dizzy pleasure, his dick beginning to swell again in his soft, cotton panties.

"Thank me for making you into something beautiful," Diana purred.

"Thank you," Tony whimpered.

"Good girl," Diana purred. "Now show me that pretty, bimbo smile."

Tony smiled as big and pretty as he could.

"That's my adorable little bitch," she said with a small, but painfully beautiful smile. "Come back to my room, Sweetie. I want to play with my pretty little doll."

She took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom his father had just surrendered. He watched her beautiful, curving form as she guided him across the floor to the bed. She turned and faced him. She smiled with angelic radiance as she cupped his cheeks and kissed him lovingly on his glossy red lips. She turned him and shoved him roughly onto the bed.

He noticed the disarray of the bed, covers pushed aside, pillows on the floor.

He opened his mouth and his squeaky little voice asked, "Did you guys just..."

"Shhhh," his stepmother ordered in her purring, electric tone. "No more questions." She looked at him as she pinched the waistband of her panties. She swayed her lustrous frame as she peeled the lace down past her full hips to her gorgeous, slender thighs, then let them drop to the floor.

Tony stared at that space between the older woman's beautiful legs. His dick was so hard it hurt, and his mouth was salivating uncontrollably.

She looked down at her own cunt and began teasing the silky pink flesh with her fingertip. "When was the last time I let you eat this pussy?" she asked casually without looking at him.

It had been weeks since he'd tasted her creamy, warm cunt in person, but he dreamed about it every night, after the hypnosis dreams passed and his own dreams took over, he was always on his knees worshipping his stepmother's sweet pussy and gorgeous ass. "It's been so long," he whimpered.

She laughed. "Poor, deprived little sissy." Her finger stroked up and down her long, wet slit. "Poor, pathetic little toy. Maybe you just haven't begged enough for it?"

"Please," he begged. "Please. Please let me eat your pussy. I want it so bad. I need it so bad. Please mother. Feed me your hot, wet pussy."

"Mmmmm," his stepmother purred, rubbing wetness across her pink lips with her long, graceful finger. "It's especially wet today. Warm, wet and sticky. I can't wait to feed it to you, little bitch."

"I want it," Tony begged. "Please feed it to me."

She moved forward and slithered onto the bed. She crawled over him. She gave his cheek a little kiss then sat up kneeling over him. Each of her knees were besides his ears, the instep of her lovely feet hooked under his armpit, pinning his arms as her glistening wet pussy hovered over him. He could see past her gorgeous, glistening pussy, passed her full, curving breasts, to her beautiful face as she smiled down at him wickedly, her cunt hovering just beyond his reach.

"Please," Tony continued to beg. "Please. Let me eat your pussy. Feed your little sissy."

She lowered her body, pressing her pussy down till it was grinding against his mouth. Tony opened his mouth and pushed his tongue up and into the beautiful older blonde.

She moaned as his tongue began to press inside her, wiggling in the soft, wet flesh of her cunt.

"Eat it," Diana whimpered, grinding her pussy against Tony's pretty, make-up covered face. "Eat it, you hungry little bitch."

Tony couldn't speak with the older woman's pussy pressing against his mouth, so he couldn't ask permission to touch her. He took a risk,

unable to resist reaching up with the free part of his arms and taking hold of the former model's luscious ass with both hands. She didn't seem to notice, or perhaps she even liked it, moaning softly as she rocked her hips.

Her pussy was especially wet today. Tony lapped up that extra wetness, tasting the hint of salt as she ground down on him.

"That's it," Diana moaned. "That's my girl. That's my filthy little slave-girl." Her gorgeous ass pressed back and forth, lush and soft in his hands. He kept squeezing it gently, basking in the smooth, firmness of her perfect ass as he drove his tongue deep inside her. His tongue wiggled through the juices inside her as she whimpered above him. She rode his face forcefully, twisting his nose painfully as she ground her pelvis down into his face.

"Eat it bitch," the gorgeous former model commanded, her voice electrified with kinky passion. "Eat it all up my little sissy doll."

Tony lapped and sucked eagerly at his stepmother's pussy, gulping down all the juices that flowed from her luxuriously soft cunt.

She leaned forward and one of her hands grasped his hair, yanking it hard as she continued to hump his face. The pain in his scalp was both shocking and exhilarating. The woman's other hand pressed to her own pelvis, as her fingertips began to tease her own swollen clit.

"Get that tongue deep," she moaned, her hips beginning to work harder, jarring Tony's head back with every thrust. "Lick it clean."

He continued to extend his tongue as far as he could, the muscles strained and stretching as he wiggled and writhed his tongue inside his stepmother's hot, wet cunt.

"Yes," Diana moaned. "Tongue fuck me. Eat me. Taste it. Drink it in."

Her fingers worked harder and faster on her clit, as her weight smashed down on the slender teen sissy with every thrust of her hips.

Tony slurped and sucked with desperate frenzied need. He was overwhelmed by pain that felt like pleasure: the pain of his hair being tugged hard in the former model's grip; the pain of his neck getting

slammed back into the mattress with every grinding thrust; the pain of his jaw getting stretched open hard by the older woman's gorgeous, curving body resting on his face; the pain of his own desperate little dick, hard and aching, precum staining his pink cotton panties. He never imagined he could want so much pain, that he could crave it and dream about it and beg for it; but he didn't want it to stop. He wanted to exist in this hot, sweaty and torturously erotic moment for the rest of his life. He swallowed down another mouthful of his beautiful stepmother's pussy juices as she rubbed her clit, rode his face and moaned with growing ecstasy.

"Oh yes," Diana moaned. "You're about to do it, Bitch. You're about to do what your Daddy never dreamed of doing. You're about to make me cum."

Tony tongued her even faster and harder, driving his tongue back and forth inside her as her pussy ground back and forth across his face. He squeezed her luscious ass cheeks, savoring the firm, silky flesh in his hands.

"Yes, Bitch. Yes, my little Sissy Bitch. Yes! Yes!"

The gorgeous blonde then began to shudder, her smooth thighs pressing against the sides of his smooth face as she writhed in orgasm. "My dumb little sissy bimbo!" she cried out, grinding down on his mouth as her wet pussy flowed between his glossy red lips. "My weak, twisted little slave!"

As she jerked and spasmed, his scalp burned where she continued to yank his silky brown hair, his jaw ached where she pressed down on his open mouth, his makeup covered face was raw and red and dripping wet and he wanted more. He lapped and sucked and savored every ounce of her, his hands squeezing her full, flawless ass.

Finally, her gyrations stopped, and she sighed deeply. She released her grip on his hair and just rested on his face like it was her throne. The weight of her luscious, curved body resting on him made him struggle to breathe, but she seemed relaxed and calm, ignoring his struggle. "Mmmmm," she purred. "You are so much more fun than your daddy." She smiled down at him, smothered and pinned beneath her, his erection throbbing painfully in his panties. "You are so lucky I am here to train you,"

she said. “To release this beautiful slutty girl that was hiding inside the weak, worthless boy.”

She finally raised her weight off him, and he gasped for air frantically. She slithered down his long, slinky frame, her luscious curves rubbing against him till they were face to face. She extended her tongue and licked some of her own glistening juices off his chin, then rose to her feet, ignoring his painfully engorged prick.

“Let’s get you dressed up nice and slutty,” she said as she glided gracefully to her dresser. “I have a date with a real man, and I want you to come watch.”

Mother's Little Helper Loves to Watch

Tony was trembling as he finished pulling up his tight little skirt. What did his stepmother mean when she said he could “Watch” her on her date with a real man? Was he going to be in the room with them? Being in the same room with the kind of powerful, dominant men that Diana liked was terrifying enough. He had always shuffled and squirmed around men like that. But the idea of being there, dressed like this, his needy, pathetic nature revealed.... His helpless weakness fully and completely exposed... What was going to happen to him?

“Come pet,” his stepmother called from the other room. “I need your help.” Tony slipped his feet into the stiletto heels that had been chosen for him and he rushed into his stepmother’s bedroom. The lush, older blonde had slithered into a tight black dress that showed off her fit body and full curves deliciously. She had her back turned to the door. The zipper at the back of the strapless dress was down, back open, revealing the top of those sexy white panties and her long, elegant back.

“Zip me up,” the gorgeous blonde commanded.

Tony rushed forward to obey, taking hold of the little silver zipper. He stared at the smooth flesh of her back as he carefully began zipping her up. He breathed in the scent and the warmth of her body. With a trembling hand he took hold of her lustrous blonde hair and moved it to keep it free of the zipper as he fully closed it. She turned to face him.

She smiled, arched her back and wiggled her body, teasing him with her tantalizing curves. “How do I look?”

She looked amazing. Her big, perfect tits were cupped by the bodice of the strapless dress, the fabric barely covering her nipples. It looked like the slightest movement might cause them to slip free. Tony ached to touch those gorgeous breasts, to kiss them, to nibble at the pink nipples that capped them. His dick was hard and throbbing in his panties. “You look beautiful,” he said.

“You’re sweet. And you look positively slutty, little pet.” She began walking to the door. “Come along.”

Tony followed the luscious blonde, watching the graceful way her curves swayed as she led him to the car. A few minutes later they were pulling into the parking lot of an apartment complex. The place seemed too ominous and seedy for the sophisticated older woman. The rough looking neighborhood made Tony feel even more nervous. “Here?” he asked his stepmother. Scary looking men seemed to be hanging out in the parking lot or lingering in front of apartment doors.

“Don’t worry, Sweetie,” she said, laughing at his nervous face. “None of the big strong men around here will hurt you unless I want them to.”

Tony wasn’t sure if that made him feel less nervous or more. “Okay Mother,” he said.

She got out of the car and he did the same. She met him around the side and took him by the hand. “Come along, Doll.”

Tony followed the woman. He caught the eyes of a large black man and quickly dropped his gaze down to his feet, studying his pretty painted toenails as he stepped down the sidewalk. He could feel all the scary neighborhood men’s eyes moving across both him and his stepmother. He felt a strange little tingle when he realized that he was getting just as much attention as the luscious and graceful blonde. She led him to an apartment and opened the door without knocking.

“Jay,” Diana purred. “I’m here.”

Tony looked around the cheap little kitchen. It was all Formica and laminate that looked like it belonged to the cafeteria of some grungy school he only saw on tv. His eyes continued to scan until they came to something that made him freeze.

A massive, muscular black man stood in the doorway between the tiny kitchen and the cramped living room. The man’s shoulders seemed to fill the entire gap, his chest huge and powerful; his arms muscle-bound and vein-crossed. He wore a tight white t shirt and gym shorts. He had short, cropped hair and a powerful, masculine face. He looked to be in his mid-

twenties, but had the raw, overwhelming confidence of a man who had no doubt about his tremendous power and magnetic masculinity.

The man spoke in a deep, commanding voice. “Who’s your little friend, Dee?”

Diana giggled like she was a teen herself as she moved towards the powerful younger black man. “That’s my stepdaughter,” she said. “Don’t mind her. She’s mute, and kind of stupid. Just ignore her.”

Tony was beginning to visibly shake. What if this powerful black man realized the truth of his stepmother’s lie? What if he was exposed as a little sissy? Would the man become enraged? Violent? How easily could a man like that crush a weak little thing like him? Tony kept his mouth shut and tried not to stare at the man’s rippled ab muscles, visible through the thin fabric of his tight t-shirt.

Jay laughed. “Just when I thought you couldn’t get any freakier.” Then he looked directly at Tony and spoke. “What’s really going on here? She really your stepmother? Or is this one of her games?”

Tony bit his lip, his shaking was intensifying. What was he doing here? Should he run? He swallowed hard and fought back the urge to cry and beg for mercy.

Diana pressed her lush body against the sturdy frame of the muscular black man. “I said ignore her,” Diana purred. “She’s mine.”

Jay let the luscious blonde push him back into the tiny living room as she rubbed her body against his. Her head turned up and they began to kiss, his big, black hands cupping her lush, curving ass. Diana gyrated against the man; her skin pricked with goosebumps as his tongue explored her wet mouth.

Diana’s hands were all over the black stud’s muscular frame, caressing his dark muscles as she purred against him, kissing him frantically.

Tony was no longer shaking. He stood in the kitchen watching the scene, his body tingling with intensity, his erection twisted in his panties.

Diana pushed on Jay's chest and he let himself collapse to sitting on the couch. Diana looked back over her shoulder with a tantalizing smile. "Tony, Doll. Be a good girl and unzip me."

Jay didn't seem to pay attention to Tony, as he sat on the couch. Instead, he leaned forward and peeled off his tight t shirt, revealing his powerful, chiseled torso.

Tony was moving before he even had time to think, instantly obeying the older woman. He was behind her a moment later. He clasped the silver tab of her zipper and pulled it down. Diana let the expensive, designer dress slip from her body and fall to the dirty floor like trash. Tony slunk back to the living room wall, watching as the gorgeous blonde stepped out of her dress, high heels pressing into the carpet. Diana wore nothing but her panties, her perfect tits firm and free. She wiggled for a moment, displaying the magnificent curves of her flawless body, then she dropped to her knees at the large black man's feet.

Jay reached out and touched the older woman's beautiful face.

"Damn," he said. "You are a crazy bitch, but you're hot as hell, you know that?"

She smiled up at him and wiggled again, making her luscious tits sway. "Thank you, baby," she purred. She bit her lip and looked at his lap. Tony looked too. He could see the imprint on the loose-fitting gym shorts, how the cloth fell across an alarming bulge that looked like a beer can.

Diana purred, "Can I play with my favorite toy now?"

Jay nodded and Diana took hold of the waistband of his shorts. She tugged them down, revealing the man's dark skin and fat cock. To Tony's surprise, the massive dick was still limp. Tony felt a weak flutter in his tummy. The man's limp cock was five times as big as Tony hard.

Diana took the thick, black snake in her small, pale hand and began to caress it. It began to grow even larger. She leaned forward and began gently kissing and licking the purple tip, until the dick tripled in length. The black cock was monstrous and terrifying, huge and bulging with fat contours and purple veins.

Tony was rock hard, his tummy twisting as he watched the woman he loved and worshiped kissing the enormous black cock. It was thicker than Tony's wrists and longer than anything he'd ever seen. Tony's own insignificant erection throbbed in his panties, reminding him why it was his destiny to be a little sissy bitch.

He glanced at a mirror, double-checking his flawless makeup. He was caught by surprise once more by his own seductive face. He looked like an inexperienced young slut, desperate for attention and ready to do anything.

Jay moaned with pleasure and Tony's attention was drawn back to the black man's lap. Diana had somehow wrapped her lips around the thick, bulging shaft and was driving it towards her throat. The blonde trophy-wife wrapped her hand around the base of the thick, black tool, stroking it carefully as her lips began to draw up and down the other half of its massive girth. Jay placed his powerful grip on the top of the older woman's head, caressing her lustrous hair with his thick fingers as she began to bob her head.

"That's it," Jay moaned. "Oh yes. Fuck yes. You suck cock just right."

Diana looked up at the black stud, gazing at him with her luminous eyes as her lips slid up and down his enormous cock and her hand squeezed his thick, rippled shaft. Tony could see trails of drool, running down the man's prick to the woman's graceful hand. Diana seemed lost in the power of her lover, her mouth bulging with his immensity.

Tony imagined those beautiful lips on his own little dick as it throbbed desperately in his panties. He had felt her mouth on him before, for only a fraction of a second, but it had been euphoric. He pressed his palm to his lap, whimpering as his stepmother's lush lips caressed Jay's massive black cock.

Finally, Diana raised her wet mouth from the hot, black tool. Stands of saliva ran from her lips to the bulging tip as she pulled away. The massive erection stood tall and hard, pulsating and glistening with drool as Diana rose to her feet.

“Tony, Sweetheart,” Diana purred. “Come help me take these panties off.”

Once again Tony jumped to obey her softly spoken command. He rushed up to her and dropped to his knees behind her. He took hold of the lace waistband of her panties and began to peel them down. As he peeled the panties down to her thighs, Diana leaned forward, pushing her lush ass back towards Tony’s face. Tony’s mouth watered as he looked at her perfect ass, her pussy wet and glistening between her smooth, shapely thighs. He continued to peel the panties down her legs till he got them to her ankles. She straightened back up and placed her hand on his head for balance as she lifted one tapered heel and stepped out of her underwear.

Tony shivered with thrill as the woman’s grip closed on his scalp, her soft palm pressing on his silky, feminine hair. She lifted her other foot then flung the panties aside with a flick of her ankle. Tony stayed there, kneeling on the floor, watching as his gorgeous stepmother stepped up to the couch, then straddled the young stud’s powerful legs. Tony felt hidden behind the lush body of his stepmom, her frame blocking him from view of the black man as she pressed her magnificent tits into his face. The man buried his head in the blonde’s perfect rack as she hovered over his hard, throbbing cock.

His thick, bulging tip just barely touched the soft, wet flesh of Diana’s pussy-lips. She worked her hips back and forth, caressing the man’s tip with her silky flesh, as she hugged the man’s head to her chest. Diana turned her face and looked over her shoulder at Tony, her eyes full of cruel joy.

“Tony,” she purred. “Be a good girl and help guide him in. He’s so big, it’s always a struggle to make him fit.”

Tony didn’t know what to do, or how to help, but he didn’t dare speak up. Instead, he looked into the blonde’s eyes pleadingly.

“Come on, Tony,” Diana purred, her voice alive with hunger for the gorgeous black man beneath her and with vicious ridicule for him. “Show me what a good pet you can be. Grab that big cock and guide it into me.” Diana reached between her own legs and used her fingers to spread her silky soft pussy-lips apart.

Tony swallowed hard and scooted forward on his knees. He reached out and wrapped his trembling fingers around the thick, black shaft. He could feel the intense heat and the pumping of blood beneath the rigid flesh. He felt a tingle in his panties as he took control of the impressive cock, pointing the tip at his stepmother's slick opening. Diana moaned as she began to lower herself, her pussy stretching around the bulging cock.

"Yes," Diana whimpered. "Good girl." She began to slide down the fat, black pole, filling herself with his powerful meat. Tony held the base of Jay's shaft till the last possible moment, releasing his comforting grip on manhood only when Diana's wet pussy slid down to take its place. Diana shuddered and moaned as she was completely filled with throbbing, black cock.

Tony stared at the luscious blonde's tight, curving ass as she began to ride back up the cock. He could see the slickness of her cunt glistening on the man's dick like a sheen of lacquer over a thick, ebony pillar. Diana whimpered with ecstasy and pain as she rocked up and down slowly, pressing the amazing prick in and out of her tight, wet pussy.

Tony bit his lower lip, tasting his own cherry lip-gloss as he pressed his palm to his skirt once more, feeling his erection through the fabric of both skirt and panties. His eyes kept drifting from the black man's terrifyingly powerful cock, to his stepmother's torturously perfect ass and deliciously wet pussy.

The man continued to kiss and fondle and suck Diana's generous tits as she wiggled on his lap, moving up and down his powerful tool. Diana looked back at Tony again, smiling wickedly. "Be a good pet and kiss my ass," she purred. "I want to feel your devotion as this big, hard cock slides in and out of my womb."

Tony's erection throbbed, precum staining his panties as he leaned forward. He took his hand from his lap so he could touch Diana's gorgeous ass-cheeks with both hands. He gripped her cheeks and peeled them open as the gorgeous woman continued to ride her way up and down the huge, black cock. Tony pressed his pretty, makeup covered face between the older woman's perfect cheeks. He pressed his glossy red lips to her tight, brown hole. He puckered his lips and pressed them to the tender flesh of the

woman's opening. He bent at the waist, moving up and down to match the motion of his stepmom's body as she rode her lover's cock. Tony extended his tongue and pressed it inside her warm little hole.

Tony's hardon throbbed in his panties as his tongue wiggled in his stepmom's ass and the huge black cock moved back and forth in her wet cunt. Tony could feel the inside of one of the man's muscular legs pressing against his own smooth, soft thigh as he leaned closer to drive his tongue deeper into his stepmom's ass.

Diana purred, "Oh fuck Jay, your cock is so good. And Tony, Sweetie, I love it when you kiss my ass, like the dumb little whore you are."

Tony drove his tongue deeper and more enthusiastically into the beautiful blonde's asshole. Why did it feel like a compliment to be called names by the radiant older woman? Why did he desire nothing more than to be her dumb little whore? His hardon was aching in his panties as his drool ran down Diana's crack and dripped down to her cunt, joining the juices that coated the black man's massive, bulging shaft.

"Oh yes," Diana moaned. "Oh fuck, Jay. I love your cock. I love your big, fucking cock and beautiful balls." She was riding him faster as Tony struggled to keep up, lapping at her ass like a hungry puppy. "Tony," Diana purred. "Show Jay how much I love his balls. Get down there and kiss his big, beautiful black balls for me."

Tony sat back, sliding his mouth away from his stepmother's ass and he looked at the big dick she was riding. Her pussy was stretched around the massive shaft, her juices running down it and dribbling onto his big, ebony balls. Tony was already used to the knowledge that he would obey his beautiful former-model stepmother in whatever she commanded, but he was stunned to realize, he wanted to kiss those balls. He ached to press his painted red lips to them and lick their surface. He needed to show his subservience to the more powerful man. He craved a chance to worship those huge, black balls.

Tony leaned forward and pressed his moist lips to the dark sack. He gave them a sweet little kiss, feeling the rough texture of his flesh as his tongue darted across the skin to lap up his stepmother's juices.

“Oh shit,” Jay laughed. “That feels pretty fucking good. Your dumb little whore stepdaughter is alright.”

Tony blushed with pride and rewarded the man’s praise by lapping at his balls with even more enthusiasm, worshiping his dark, musky flesh with hungry need. Right in front of Tony’s face, Diana’s pussy rose and fell as she rode the fat black dick. Tony could feel the blood pumping in that cock, pulsating inches from his nose. Tony sucked each ball, tasting the musk of Jay’s sweat and testosterone, then he braved a little lick of his shaft, tasting Diana’s tangy juices.

Tony pressed his palm to his skirt, feeling his own erection still throbbing in his panties as he continued to eagerly lap at the black man’s balls and shaft, his tongue brushing the soft lips of Diana’s pussy as it rode the massive black cock.

“Yes,” Diana whimpered. “Oh, fuck yes. I love your cock. I love your fucking cock.”

“Oh shit,” Jay moaned. “You ready for this. You ready for me to cum inside you? You ready for my jizz?”

“Oh fuck,” Diana moaned. “Wait. Give it to my stepdaughter. She’s been such a good girl and she’s such a hungry slut. Give it to her.”

Diana lifted her body off the glistening ebony shaft. She reached behind her and grabbed a handful of Tony’s dark, silky hair. She pulled him toward the massive pulsating cock as it was already beginning to explode. Tony instinctively opened his mouth as his lips moved over the bulging purple tip. Hot cum sprayed across his pretty, makeup-covered face and into his wet, little mouth.

Tony whimpered and began to fill his own panties with cum as hot jizz slashed across his cheek and his lips. He tasted the intense, musky flavor of the superior man’s cream as his own weak, sissy brain exploded with orgasm. He gulped it down, savoring the flavor of real manhood as his own dick continued to twitch and spurt within his silky-smooth panties.

Finally, both him and the powerful black man stopped cumming. Tony sank back onto his ass, stunned and feeling satisfied for the first time

in weeks. He looked at his lap and adjusted his skirt, trying to hide the wet spot, as another man's cum tingled warm and sticky on his face.

Diana and Jay were kissing again, not paying him any attention, so he ran into the bathroom to dry off his skirt and to clean his face and panties. As he freshened up his cute young, makeup-covered face, he eyed a bottle of mouthwash beside the sink. He started to reach for the bottle but stopped himself. He wanted to savor the flavor of Jays sperm for as long as he possibly could.

Girl's Day Out. Shopping, Teasing and Pleasing

Diana watched her pet. Tony was gliding slowly along, eyeing the rack of clothes, touching every silky top and slinky dress with reverence. He looked lovely and graceful; his eyes wide with wonder as he touched the soft fabric. Perhaps he had always been tantalized and consumed by the power of feminine clothes, or perhaps it was because of the hypnosis and the hormones and good old-fashioned manipulation. But now that the boy looked completely and unmistakably feminine, he could indulge his infatuation without restraint.

And he did look undeniably feminine. Anyone watching him couldn't possibly see anything but a tall, waifish and cute young girl who was obsessed with clothes. Several eyes were on Tony even now, looking at the small but striking curves of his tight little body.

Diana had seen the boy's feminine potential the moment she'd laid eyes on him, but even she was surprised by the degree he had changed. The hormones had softened his angular face and curved his tight frame in just the right places. He moved with graceful, feminine nervousness. He looked like a shy, anorexic fashion model before she was discovered and became famous. Everywhere they went boys and men snuck looks at the slinky, small chested brunette.

Diana was used to being stared at by men, but Tony was still bewildered and exhilarated by it. The pathetic little thing had struggled his whole life for daddy's attention, and now he was confused and tantalized by all the strange older men that were salivating with interest for him.

Diana pulled a tiny skirt off the rack, adding it to the clothes for the boy to try on, then she brushed a strand of dark hair out of his pretty face. "Let's go buy ourselves some sexy underwear," she invited.

Tony's expression lit up with joyful need. "Okay," he whispered. He was still afraid to speak in public when he was all dressed up, even

though Diana continually assured him there was nothing remotely masculine about his weak, little voice.

Diana took the sissy by the hand and led him to the lingerie department. She could feel his pulse quickening with every stiletto step closer to all those nighties, teddies and thongs. She led him to his size and allowed him to look and touch all the sexy and frilly little things, while she picked out something for him and then something for herself. As Diana looked for more options, she noticed a particularly remarkable store associate who kept stealing glances in their direction.

The clerk was a handsome young man in his early twenties with an athletic build, and a classically handsome face. He looked like a young version of an old-fashioned Hollywood movie star; tall, dark and dangerously handsome. He moved with confidence and raw physical power, but he also seemed a little shy, his furtive glances shifting from Diana's luscious tits to Tony's tight little ass and long smooth legs.

Diana grabbed Tony by the wrist and led him off to the handsome young man. Tony saw the boy and instantly turned red, his body hot with nervous tension.

Diana looked at the young man's nametag as she approached him with the slinky teen trailing nervously behind. "Jim," Diana purred. "Can you lead my stepdaughter and I to the dressing room?"

Jim nodded, now making eye contact with her. His gaze was strong but inexperienced. "Yes, Ma'am," he said. "Right this way." Jim led them to a dressing room and then he opened it with his key.

Diana brushed against the sturdy frame of the broad young man as she pushed Tony into the small room. She gave the associate a wicked, teasing smile as she squeezed into the cramped dressing room with the adorable young teen.

Diana closed the door, then turned and handed Tony his first outfit. She softly ordered him to change and he instantly began to obey. She could feel the heat and desperation of his soft little body as he brushed against her. He stripped to his underwear and began shimmying his way into the slutty little skirt.

A moment later Tony was wearing a light sweater that added bulk to his tiny, hormone induced breasts and hugged his tight little frame, accenting his tiny waist and delicate features. He also wore a tiny, pleated skirt that barely covered his little pink panties and seemed to exaggerate the smooth lines of his long, thin legs.

“How do I Look?” he asked.

“Like a filthy little slut,” Diana purred.

Tony smiled big and swallowed hard. He seemed unable to speak. Their bodies were inches apart, him gaping at her cleavage, Diana’s words tingling in his brain. She raised one knee and pressed it gently to his crotch, using her stockings to feel the little bump of his desperate erection beneath the pleats of the tiny skirt.

“I think my filthy little slut loves her outfit. Should we get your daddy’s credit card out and buy it?”

Tony nodded eagerly. “Yes, please.” His eyes moved up and down her curving frame. “If... if you like it?”

“Maybe,” she said. “Come with me. The mirrors outside are nicer.”

Diana led the tall, thin brunette out of the dressing room and stood behind him as she presented him with his striking, feminine refection. Tony seemed lost in dreamy-eyed lust as he stared at his own, doll-like form. Diana glanced around. Just as she suspected, Jim was nearby, lingering in the area, enticed by Tony’s tight little frame and Diana’s wicked, teasing smile. She pretended not to notice him looking as she moved to give the young man a good view of Tony’s ripe little ass.

Diana pulled up Tony’s skirt, exposing his tight, hormone enhanced little rump. She put her fingers under the edge of his little pink panties and adjusted their fit as the man watched from nearby. She then gave Tony’s small, curved ass an affectionate pat. It was smooth and firm, but just soft enough to jiggle slightly against Diana’s palm. She could feel the heat of the other boy’s lust radiating from across the room. Diana adjusted the slender teen’s skirt, then smoothed it over the curve of his ass with the flat of her hand. Tony whimpered with every touch, his pathetic little hardon hugged by his tight satin panties.

“Twirl for me,” Diana said. “Show me every angle.”

Tony obeyed, turning and posing for her and, without knowing it, posing for Jim as well.

“Good girl,” Diana said. She stopped the slinky teen while he was facing the direction of the other boy. Diana gripped the tiny mounds of the sissy’s developing breasts and squeezed them, adjusting their fit in his padded bra. Tony moaned and almost buckled at the knees as she played with his tender new breasts. “There we go,” she purred. “Got to always have your girls looking their best.”

“Thank you, Mother,” Diana’s sissy stepson moaned.

Diana put her hand on the fem-boy’s ass and pushed him back into the dressing room. As she slipped in behind Tony, she flashed a wicked smile once more in the direction of the other boy.

She closed the door and turned to face her simpering little pet. He looked at her with needy hunger and desperate, pleading puppy-dog eyes. She pat him on the head and handed him the lingerie she’d chosen for him. “I love the outfit. Now try this.”

His erection ignored, Tony swallowed back his need. He was too well trained to begin groveling or begging when Diana didn’t command it. He quietly accepted that he would have to endure his torturous state and obediently stripped. As he began to change, Diana too began to strip, slipping her luscious body into her own new set of lingerie.

After she was changed, she turned and looked at her pet. He was in a black lace thong and negligee. The negligee firm and padded at the chest, giving his small, budding breasts enhanced fullness. The thin lace that trailed down his slinky body was transparent enough to show off his delicate little frame, but dark enough to conceal the inevitable bump that strained his panties.

For herself she picked out a black lace corset set with garter, stockings and thong. The corset squeezed and lifted her already magnificent breasts, making her feel like a Lustrous Victorian Jezebel. “You look adorable,” Diana purred at the nervous teen. “You make me so proud.”

“Thank you,” Tony whimpered.

Diana picked up her long jacket and slipped it on over her lingerie. She closed the jacket over her like she was a neighborhood flasher. It hugged her curves enticingly as she turned and opened the dressing room door. “Wait right here, Sweetie. There’s one more thing I need to see.”

She slipped out of the dressing room and walked across the isle to the rack of clothes where Jim was lingering, waiting for another show. “Can I get your opinion on something?” she asked.

“I um... sure.”

“Come with me,” she purred. She turned and began to lead him to the dressing rooms. She could feel his eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her hips and the lush curve of her ass, resting beneath the fold of her light jacket as he followed behind her. When they got to the dressing rooms and she opened the door he started to speak.

“I’m not really supposed to...”

She interrupted him with a purring whisper. “I won’t tell your boss if you don’t tell my husband.”

She saw his shyness disappear and the raw hunger in his eyes awaken. She grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him into the dressing room behind her.

Tony had moved into the corner of the room. His hand was over the little bulge in his panties as if it was even noticeable, his face beet red as he looked at the stronger, fitter, older boy. Jim followed Diana into the cramped little space. His eyes went to the long slinky body of the young brunette, then back to Diana as she threw off her jacket and revealed her lush, curved body.

Diana could see the young man’s big cock, already hard in his slacks, forming a massive bulge in the fabric. Diana leaned close to Jim, pressing her cleavage to his side as she whispered in his ear, “My stepdaughter’s never sucked a cock before. Do you think you can help with that?” She placed her palm lightly against his crotch, barely caressing the massive bulge.

“Yes,” he said, his eyes going back to the little brunette as Diana’s tongue began to tease his earlobe. “Definitely.”

“She’s shy,” Diana purred. “But she needs it. Don’t be afraid to get rough with her if she doesn’t behave.” Her tongue pushed into his ear and he moaned.

Jim looked at Tony, taking in the teen’s long, trembling body and nervous, pretty face. “Get over here,” he told the brunette, his voice firm but not cruel. He was obviously used to handling nervous young girls, although perhaps not ones as tight and pretty as Tony.

Tony obeyed faster than even Diana expected, and she almost laughed. Was that enthusiasm she saw in his sudden drop to his knees? Was that eagerness she saw in the young boy’s makeup covered face?

Diana began undoing Jim’s belt as she continued to nibble at his ear. “My stepdaughter was born to be a slut,” Diana whispered. “Will you help me teach her to become the filthy little whore she was meant to be?” Her hand found its way down his slacks and she gripped his fat cock, stroking him loosely. He reached around behind her and cupped one of her lush ass-cheeks, moaning.

“Yes,” he moaned. “Oh, fuck yes.”

Tony was on his knees. He was looking up at them both. He seemed nervous but eager, licking his glossy red lips with an extremely wet tongue, drool glistening in the electric lights.

Diana pushed the boy’s slacks and underwear down as she kissed his neck, purring. She gently stroked his big cock, as his hand squeezed the curve of her ass and her stepson knelt at his feet. She pointed the big, throbbing cock at the gorgeously cross-dressed, hormone-altered teen. “Tell her to suck it,” Diana whispered. “Order her to make you cum.”

Jim was breathing hard, his muscular frame expanding with every breath as she kissed his neck and nibbled his ear. He placed his free hand on the top of Tony’s small skull, feeling the sissy’s silky brown hair. “Suck my cock,” he told the nervous teen. “Suck my dick till I cum in your wet, little mouth.”

Tony’s eyelashes fluttered as a visible shudder of excitement moved through his tight little frame. Diana was impressed. He was more ready for this than she realized. Perhaps she should have done this a long time ago.

She continued stroking the athletic young man's big dick as Tony opened his mouth and leaned forward. The adorable sissy looked up, gazing into the eyes of the superior boy as he wrapped his lips around the crown of the hot, bulging cock. Tony sucked on the cockhead, his lightly rouged cheeks pulling in as he slurped spit across the tip. His gaze shifted from Jim to her, gazing up at his stepmother with complete and unconditional obedience.

"Good girl," Diana purred down at her pet. "Suck that cock. Suck that big cock for Mother."

Tony's lips glistened red as he began to trace them up the contoured surface of the young stud's throbbing, vein-crossed meat. He looked adorable and broken, hungry for attention and desperate to please as he filled his little mouth with hard, throbbing cock.

"That's it," Diana purred at her desperate little slave. "That's my good girl. That's a natural little cocksucker."

Tony swallowed more of the cock, his mouth moving almost to Diana's hand, then he began to slide his lips back, looking up at her with devotion. Jim squeezed Diana's ass as he moaned with pleasure. Diana returned her tongue to his ear.

"Isn't my stepdaughter the most adorable little slut?" she whispered. "Isn't she a good little cocksucker?"

Tony's lips were slipping across the bulging, spit covered rod as Diana gently stroked it. Tony's dark hair shimmered in the light as his head bobbed back and forth, little mouth slurping loudly. Jim's hand traced down the curve of Diana's ass, fingers touching the fabric of her thong till they could reach between her thighs and touch the triangle of cloth that covered her hot, wet pussy.

The boy moaned, "Your stepdaughters a good little slut, but you're amazing."

Diana purred as the young stud began to caress her through her panties. She stroked the base of his big, beautiful cock as Tony slurped his lips up and down the rest of it. Diana reached down and caressed Tony's dark hair, her legs parting unconsciously, letting Jim's hand sink between her thighs, giving the young stud more access.

Jim's fingers worked under her panties and began to tease her wet cunt as she drove her tongue in his ear, and as Tony drove the boy's cock in his little sissy mouth.

Jim's fingers were strong and agile as he worked them under her thong. She felt fingertips against her clit and fingers sliding into her cunt. She moaned, stroking him gently, watching the feminized teen suck his gorgeous dick. Diana kissed the young man's neck, breathing in his masculine scent, then looked over his shoulder at the dressing room mirror.

Tony was cute and sexy on his knees in his slutty little lace nightie. His dark hair shimmered with silky luminance as it waved back and forth, his head bobbing as he slurped loudly on cock. Jim stood tall and powerful, his pants around his ankles, his legs strong and muscular and covered with coarse hair. Diana herself looked like she was ready for a lingerie shoot, the black corset hugging her frame and exaggerating her already magnificent curves.

She took hold of Jim's shirt and peeled it up. He lifted his strong arms and let her strip him, rewarding her with a view of his lean, sculpted torso. Tony continued to suck the stud eagerly, his hand now where hers had been, stroking the fat tool as he sucked it sloppily. Tony's other hand was pressed against his lap, terrified of his tiny bulge showing, or perhaps just playing with it.

Jim's arms dropped and his fingers pressed back inside her and against her clit. The handsome young man clearly had a lot of practice using his fingers on girls, as he quickly found just the right places to touch Diana's cunt. She moaned and brought a hand to Jim's cheek. She turned his face towards hers, pulling his attention away from the slinky cross-dressed teen who was sucking his dick. Diana pressed her lips to his and sucked his tongue into her mouth as his fingers continued to make her tingle with pleasure. She rocked against him, working her hips against his leg, feeling like a virgin teenager getting fingered for the first time.

"Oh fuck," she moaned. "Oh yes. That's good."

The sound of Tony slurping continued to fill the tiny room. If anyone was in the neighboring dressing rooms, they could hear every filthy detail of this naughty, three-way tryst. Diana pressed her hands against

Jim's sturdy frame, feeling the muscles of his powerful back with one hand, and the contours of his perfect abs and chest with the other. "Yes," she moaned. "Oh fuck. Yes." When was the last time a guy made her cum with his fingers? She couldn't remember, but she could feel it coming. It was going to be a big one.

She bit her lip, squeezed the stud's muscles and looked down at her stepson slurping on cock. She reeled at the feeling of strong, agile fingers moving inside and against her, as well as the vision of the pretty, makeup covered, hormone feminized face of Tony, staring up at her with submissive obedience as cock slid back and forth between his glossy, stretched open lips. "Yes," Diana whimpered once more, gazing down into her sissy stepson's eyes as she began to quiver with orgasm.

Diana closed her eyes as the room spun. She could hear her own voice filling the space, high and full of ecstasy as she quivered with climax. She would have fallen if not for the stud's sturdy frame to lean against and his strong hand bracing her by the pussy. She bit down on Jim's shoulder and writhed with bliss, feeling like a teenager once more.

Finally, when the ecstasy passed, she became aware of the steady slurping sound of Tony still sucking diligently on the superior boy's impressive cock. Diana slithered out of Jim's arms and dropped to her knees beside her stepson. She put one arm around the slinky little teenager and reached up to help him stroke the big dick. She brought her face beside Tony's and the fem-boy slipped his mouth off the big dick and looked at her. Diana kissed her stepson, pressing her tongue into the boy's mouth as they both continued to stroke the stud that was standing over them.

Diana turned back to the cock and pressed her lips to the tip. She brought her free hand behind Tony's head and pressed on his delicate skull, guiding his face down towards Jim's balls. Tony eagerly went to work, sucking and kissing those big, hairy balls as Diana began to suck the massive cock. She slipped her lips down his tool, then pressed him deeper, taking him into her hungry throat. She savored the sensation of his meat filling her throat, then slipped her lips back, looking up at the pleasure in the young man's face. Tony continued lapping at the balls with his little

pink tongue, as Diana began driving the cock in and out of her experienced throat.

Diana had one hand on the stud's muscular thigh now, the other dropping down Tony's thin back to his tight little ass. She squeezed the fem-boy's cute, hormone softened ass through his soft panties as she throatated the huge cock hovering in front of both their faces. She drove her fingers across Tony's crack, pressing the silky fabric against his asshole, teasing it. She could feel Tony shudder, his own little dick throbbing in his panties as he kissed the other boy's huge, hairy balls. Diana slipped her fingers under Tony's panties and began to tease his tight little asshole, tracing her fingers around it for a moment like her own pussy had just been teased, before dipping her middle finger inside him.

Diana idly fingered her sissy stepson as she throatated the older boy's hard on. She could feel the throbbing pulse of his cock radiating in her throat, growing more intense with every bob of her head. Tony whimpered softly as his ass was fingered, but he didn't stop lapping sloppily at the older boy's big, beautiful balls.

Diana could feel the young stud's cock pulsating in her throat as he edged closer and closer to orgasm, so she slid him out of her mouth before he could explode. She gripped his thick shaft once more with her hand, stroking it lightly with globs of shimmering saliva.

Diana continued fingering her stepson's ass as she purred to him. "Come here, Sweetie. Finish off this cock. Show this big, strong boy you have what it takes to be a good little whore."

Tony sat back, wiggling his tight ass back onto her finger. He wrapped his glossy lips around the thick tool once more, eyeing Diana with his intense and darkly submissive eyes. Diana continued fingering his asshole beneath his panties as he began to slide his lips up and down the fat cock. Diana squeezed the base of the huge dick, stroking it hard and fast now.

"That's it," Diana purred. "Time to show a real man what a little slut like you is good for. Time to earn your pretty clothes."

The man was moaning, his hips rocking gently as the sissy teen sucked him deeper and deeper. Tony's head bobbed enthusiastically as he gazed devotedly into Diana's eyes, his palm pressed against his lap, rubbing his own little erection. Diana drove her middle finger back and forth in Tony's tight, quivering little hole as she gripped and jerked the big cock in his mouth.

"Good whore," Diana moaned. "Good, hungry little whore."

Tony stared with desperate longing subservience at her, then his expression suddenly changed. His eyes went wide with shock as thick, salty cum began to explode into his wet little mouth. Tony gulped it down and began to gag. He started to jerk his head back, but Diana released her grip on the stud's erupting cock and grabbed the top of Tony's pretty head. She held him on the cock. "No, Sweetie," she said, laughing at his panicked expression. "Don't be a little tease. Suck it all up. Every drop."

Tony's hand was pressing hard against his lap as Diana's finger continued to plunge in and out of his asshole. Diana could see a wet spot spreading across the lace of his nighty as he too began to cum. Diana laughed. "Suck it up. Suck it all up."

The man above them was moaning in ecstasy, his balls tight as he filled the sissy's mouth with his potent cream. Tony continued to stare at her with panic filled eyes, gagging on fat cock and thick cum. When she felt the last twitch of the stud's body, and knew he had spent his full load, Diana finally released her grip on Tony's head, letting the teen slip the dick from his mouth. Tony sat back on his heels, gasping for air and coughing up semen.

Diana slipped her finger out of the little sissy's ass and pat him on the head. She left him gasping and coughing on his knees as she stood up and faced her stud. She pulled the young man close and gave him a big kiss.

"Thanks," she purred. "For giving my stepdaughter her first blowjob lesson."

"Yeah," Jim said, grabbing Diana's lush ass once more. "Any time."

“We’ll take everything here,” she added. “Can you ring it all up for us?”

“You can just take it,” the young man said.

“That’s sweet,” Diana said. “But her daddy’s paying for it all anyway.” She pressed her husband’s credit card into the boy’s hand, then helped him pull up his pants as he slipped his shirt back on. He collected up the tags for their purchases and as he turned to leave, she pat his ass and blew him a kiss.

Tony sat in the car staring ahead as his stepmother drove them home from the mall. He had a shopping bag full of slutty clothes and sexy underwear beside him. It still made him tingle in his panties to think about all the new clothes he had to wear, but something was bothering him.

He loved getting dressed up and being girly, he even loved getting slutty... but what did it mean? In a few minutes they’d be home, then in a few hours his dad would be home and he’d have to go back to being a boy. As a boy he was weak and awkward and felt ashamed of everything he’d ever done as a girl or hadn’t done as a boy.

When the car finally came to a stop outside his house, he felt like he couldn’t force himself out the door. His stepmother looked at him curiously, evaluating him quietly. He sat in silence for a moment then he finally told her; “I don’t know what to do. What’s going to happen with my father? He’s never going to accept me like this.”

Diana laughed. “Oh. Is that all? Daddy doesn’t love you? Don’t worry, Sweetie. We’ll find you a new daddy. There’s lots of men that would love a dumb little slut like you, with a tight little ass like yours.”

Tony swallowed hard. He wasn’t sure what to think of that. He certainly didn’t want a relationship with a man. It was one thing to suck some guy’s dick. That felt natural. That felt right. But he wasn’t into guys. He thought about telling Diana so, but he was starting to understand that would only encourage the beautiful older woman. When she knew something made him uncomfortable or nervous, it seemed to make her want it for him even more.

“Okay,” Tony said instead. “I guess I better go in and change.” He grabbed the door handle and started to turn away.

“Hold on,” Diana said with a laugh.

He stopped and looked at the radiant older blonde. “Yes mother?”

His stepmother was smiling wickedly. She licked her thumb with a wet stroke of her long, pink tongue, then moved her thumb, glistening with saliva towards his face. “You have a little cum dried on your chin, you dirty little slut,” she purred as she began to wipe his face clean with her wet thumb.

Tony shifted, a confusing erection raging in his panties as his stepmother spit-cleaned a stranger’s cum from his face.

The Sissy's New Daddy

“Where are we going?” Tony asked; his soft voice breaking. He could feel the gentle hum of the car’s engine pulsing threw the floor, up through his spike-tipped heels, up his long, silky legs and to his tight little ass. In his panties, his small, shaved balls tingled against the silk and lace.

Diana was smiling angelically, but her voice was firm and unwavering. “Wouldn’t I have already told you where we were going, if I thought it was important for you to know?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Tony told his stepmother. “Sorry.”

“That’s okay,” Diana said. “You can’t help being a little airhead. My dumb little sissy bitch. Don’t worry. You’re about to make up for all your pathetic weaknesses.”

Tony felt a little tremble of nervous excitement in his belly. He had no idea what he was going to do to make up for those things, but he longed to do anything he could to please her. He looked down at his sleek little body. He couldn’t even recognize his slinky frame anymore. He had a tight, concave tummy that was exposed by the skin-tight half-tee he wore. He wore the smallest, sluttiest denim skirt he’d ever seen. It was deliciously trashy and whorish looking; well beyond anything he ever dreamed a girl would wear for him. Out of the tiny slip of denim that covered his lap, his smooth pale thighs looked soft and tantalizing. He looked up at the rear-view mirror and checked his makeup.

His thin, youthful face was deliciously feminine. Recently, his stepmother had begun augmenting his hormone therapy and beauty treatments with injections of Botox, making his lips lush and pouty and feminizing the lines of his face even more than genetics already had. He was wearing glossy pink lipstick and glittery eyeliner, making him look immature and excessively slutty. Wherever he was going, he was going to look good when he got there.

They pulled up to a very nice house. It was even nicer than the one his dad owned, with a marble balcony overlooking a lush natural garden, a massive garage and a private tennis court. Diana opened her door and stepped out of the car. “Come along, Little Pet,” she commanded.

Tony scurried out and followed her, his flat tummy still buzzing with butterflies. As he scampered to catch up in his long, tapered heels, he tugged at his little skirt trying to cover the cleft of his skinny, hormone-softened, Botox-lifted ass. When they reached the door, Diana opened it without permission and they both walked inside.

“Gil,” she called out. “We’re here.”

Tony felt as if the butterflies in his stomach had just exploded. Gil? It couldn’t be... He looked around the walls of the grand entryway. He spotted the man’s pictures everywhere. Gilbert Washington. One of his Dad’s rival salesmen. Tony had met the man before. His Dad called him shifty and crooked behind his back but was always nice to the man’s face. Everything his dad seemed to do was measured against this man... his sales numbers, his car, every measurement of success. But none of that mattered to Tony. All Tony cared about right now was the terrifying thought of what would happen when this man saw him like this. He was going to be recognized. He was going to be caught.

He grabbed Diana’s sleeve with frantic terror. “I can’t be here. Not like this,” he gasped.

Diana slapped his hand with surprising force, making him release his grip as he whimpered in surprise and pain.

“Don’t forget who makes the rules, Sissy,” Diana purred in a voice that made him shiver with need in spite of his fright.

“I know him,” Tony whispered. “He’s going to recognize me.”

Diana laughed. “Of course. And I’ve told him all about you. I’ve even shown him pictures. He laughed about it at first, but he doesn’t laugh anymore. He’s very interested in my tight, cute little pet. He can’t wait to meet the new, improved version of the weak little bitch he used to know. Now shut up and smile pretty. Show him you already know your place, and this will go much smoother for everyone.”

Tony swallowed hard and smiled pretty.

“Good girl,” Diana purred. She then turned and walked deeper into the house. Tony followed, focusing on breathing calmly, smiling pretty and walking gracefully.

As they entered a large living room with luxurious vaulted ceilings, they encountered the man himself. He was lounging on a velvet couch, stretched out confidently in a silk shirt and casual slacks. “Yes, yes,” he said. “Come in. Come in.” He watched as Diana and Tony entered, his gaze first moving appraisingly over the gorgeous older blonde, then turning towards the slender, feminized teen.

Tony felt his skin tingling as the older man’s eyes looked him up and down. There was no disgust in those eyes, just powerful, dominant curiosity. The man had the same commanding presence of his father, but he also had a natural, comfortable quality. He didn’t seem to struggle with his position, and his natural, physically dominant stature accented the point. Gil was a tall, broad shouldered man with a full, perfectly groomed salt and pepper beard and a full head of distinguished grey hair.

“Look at you,” the man said. “Diana did not exaggerate. A fantastic improvement.” Then he turned his calm, confident gaze on Diana. “How did you get this little pet of yours to obey your every whim?”

Diana smiled as she floated majestically into the room, her voluptuous curves and lustrous hair moving hypnotically. “Some boys are born to be great men, and some are begging to be... something else.” She turned her beautiful eyes on Tony. “Come here, Pet. Say hello to your new Daddy.”

Tony’s tummy was in knots, but he didn’t hesitate to obey. He walked forward, stopping beside his beautiful stepmother. He swayed slightly, looking shyly at the powerful, older man. “Hi,” he squeaked in his timid little voice.

Diana’s fingers caressed Tony’s hair, making him shiver. “A good little sissy-kitten always says hello on her knees, when she’s talking to a real man.”

Tony tingled with grateful adoration for the older blonde. He always felt more comfortable on his knees anyway. He slowly lowered down, his skinny legs on the cold, imported tile. Once on the floor he felt more relaxed, and he looked up at the impressive older man, the man his father had always been jealous of, and he flashed the man his most beautiful, flirty smile. "Hello," Tony purred.

Gil laughed, but not harshly. He laughed in a warm, thrilling way, looking down at the slim teen with a glint in his eyes. "Diana. Your pet is absolutely adorable."

"She can be your pet too," Diana purred. "If you like."

"Oh yeah," the man asked, his eyes staring into Tony's. "And how does he feel about that?"

"SHE," Diana corrected, "doesn't matter. Her feelings mean nothing. She is mine to play with and I'm giving her to you. Enjoy her any way you like."

Tony could feel his legs shaking beneath him and his hands trembling as they sat folded in his lap. But in his narrow chest he felt his heart beating with sudden life. His balls tingled and his mouth watered. It felt good to be a thing. It felt good to have value. He instinctively licked his lips and shifted on his knees, staring up at the man with quiet, nervous obedience.

The man sat looking down at him. The older man was stretched out calm and dominant on the couch as Tony knelt at his feet, shaking with nerves.

Tony licked his lips again, unconsciously scooting closer to the older man's lap.

Gil smiled. "Do you want to show me how good you suck cock?" he asked.

Tony nodded, then blushed at how eagerly he had reacted. He couldn't wait to show this man what a good little cocksucker he could be. He couldn't wait to show this powerful man that he too could be useful. He ached to have the man's cock throbbing between his lips. He could feel his

lips tingling in anticipation, his mouth wet, his throat opening. “Yes sir,” he squeaked.

The man unbuttoned then unzipped his slacks. He reached his huge hand into his slacks and pulled out a massive, flaccid cock. Even limp, the big dick seemed to radiate confidence and masculine power. It was thick and dark and already more than twice as long as the thin erection pulsating in Tony’s panties.

“Go ahead,” the man said, gazing at the cute little cross-dressed, hormone-altered teen. “Show me.”

Tony kept his dark eyes locked on the powerful older man’s face, awed by the handsome, powerful confidence in those eyes as he leaned forward and inhaled the scent of his manhood. The clean, masculine scent of testosterone infused skin filled Tony’s nostrils, making his body tremble with deep, animal hunger. He smiled sweetly at the older man, then pressed his glossy pink lips to the side of his soft, serpentine penis.

The man’s flesh was surprisingly soft against Tony’s small, glistening lips, but the heat was enticing. Tony kissed the flesh again, this time pressing his tongue to the rod for a taste of skin. He tasted clean musky power that made him quiver. The man reacted too, his beautiful cock beginning to swell as Tony’s own erection dribbled pre-cum into the silkiness of his tight little panties.

Tony kissed the cock again with reverence, then he extended his long pink tongue. He gazed up at the man, maintaining eye-contact as he licked the length of the slowly hardening prick with long strokes of his soft, wet tongue.

“Yes,” the man moaned. “Oh yes.” Gil’s cock swelled and swelled as Tony’s tongue bathed it in saliva. Soon the immense prick was standing tall and proud, hard as a rock and radiating intense heat. “Good girl,” the man moaned.

Diana caressed Tony’s hair as she stood over him. “Yes. Good little pet. Be the perfect sissy whore. Show Daddy what you were created for. Make Mother proud.”

Tony was confused for a moment as to which daddy she meant. He almost shuddered at the thought of how much shame his father would feel if he could see him now, but he quickly pushed it away. This Daddy, Gilbert Washington... This older, more powerful man... Tony was going to make him proud. That was all that mattered.

Tony opened his glossy pink lips, still gazing up at the man as he pulled the fat cock towards his mouth. Tony enveloped the man's fat, purple head in his wet mouth and began to suckle on it, watching the pleasure in the man's eyes.

The man's big, strong hand caressed Tony's head, as Diana's silky fingers teased his tender neck and his pretty cheek. Tony let his lips slide down the fat pole, slurping more of the man's cock into his hungry mouth. Tony took about half of the huge shaft into his little wet mouth, then slid his lips back up. He looked back up at the man, wrapping his small, soft hand around the thick, hard pole.

Tony watched the man's face as he began to gently stroke him, then he turned his attention back down and began to slide his lips up and down the hot, throbbing cock. Tony began to fall into a sensual, soothing rhythm, head bobbing as he slurped up and down the man's big dick, listening to the man's breathing as his body tingled with pleasure.

Suddenly, the soothing daze of Tony's happy place was broken by the man's voice speaking to Diana. "Yes. She's a very good cocksucker. But I think I'm ready to fuck that tight little ass now."

Tony felt panic surge in his belly, as his balls began to retreat into his body and his dick began to shrink. He wasn't ready for that. He wasn't ready to get fucked like that. He sucked faster, trying to force the man over the edge before he could get the chance to claim his tender young asshole.

Tony slurped up and down frantically, but Diana stopped him. She took a handful of Tony's hair and gently, but uncompromisingly pulled him up from his meal. Tony looked up at his stepmother with pleading eyes. "I... I don't think I'm ready," he whispered.

Diana's kind smile disappeared, and her angelic face turned cold and merciless. "I told my friend you already knew your place, little sissy.

Don't embarrass me."

Tony saw the warning in her eyes, and he swallowed back his resistance. This didn't mean anything, he told himself. It was just one more game he was playing... just another way of making love to the beautiful former lingerie model. He kept his eyes locked on the beautiful blonde, watching her gorgeous body and beautiful face as she led him by the hair. She turned him so he was on his hands and knees on the floor. She stood in front of him, long legs and model-like curves tantalizing as she eyed him for any hint of disobedience.

Tony knelt on his hands and knees. He was shaking. His dick was shrunken and soft in his wet panties, the string of his pink thong teasing his tight hairless asshole, his tiny skirt bunched up around his narrow hips, his hormone-softened, Botox-plumped ass raised high. He kept his dark eyes glued to his stepmother, as behind him the big, older man undressed. His legs and arms trembled, but he looked up at the beautiful blonde. Diana dropped to her knees in front of him. She smiled angelically, her eyes still cold in spite of her warm and beautiful face.

She caressed the skin of his cheek reassuringly, purring softly. "My pet, I can't wait to watch you get fucked. I'm going to get off so good watching your little asshole get ravaged and abused."

Tony whimpered but didn't argue. He knew by now that his radiant and intoxicating stepmother always got everything she wanted. He just stared into her beautiful eyes and tried to prepare himself to lose the final shred of his masculinity.

Gil's strong hands grasped Tony's slender waist, his strong fingers digging into the soft flesh of Tony's tummy as his thick thumbs pressed into the small of Tony's narrow back.

Tony gazed at Diana, her beautiful face and her lush cleavage.

She smiled, silky fingers tracing his jawline to his soft, pink lips. "Now is when you really get tested, Princess. Now is when you truly become a beautiful toy."

Tony swallowed hard. In spite of his terror, his dick was beginning to tingle once more. "Thank you, Mother," he told his stepmother, as she

continued to caress his pretty, makeup covered face. Diana looked away from Tony and up to Gil. She gave the man a wicked smile and a tiny nod.

Tony felt one of the man's fat fingers slide under the string of his thong, teasing his tender flesh as it the thong was aside, exposing his quivering buttohole.

Diana gave Gil a teasing wink and Tony felt the man's grip tighten on his waist, almost squeezing the air out of his slim torso. Tony could feel the heat of the man's tip, hovering centimeters from his terrified asshole. A moment passed, then suddenly, in one sudden motion, the older man thrust forward, slamming his huge dick into the tight little pussy.

Tony gasped; his mascara covered eyes going wide as his virgin asshole was suddenly thrust full of hot, throbbing meat.

"Mmmmm," the man moaned. "What a nice, tight little pussy you have."

Tony whimpered. His head was spinning, and his body was pulsing with pain. Diana had used toys on him before, but this was different. He could feel the man's pulse throbbing inside him, hot and hard, like the echo of his superior power touching every crevice in Tony's weak little pussy body. He looked at Diana, kneeling in front of him. "It hurts," he cried at a whisper. "Oh fuck. It hurts."

"Mmmmm," Diana purred. "I love it." She caressed Tony's cheek softly, kissed his forehead then called out to Gil. "Fuck her hard. She needs it rough."

The man eased his fat cock back, every contour and ridge caressing and expanding its way through the folds of flesh within Tony's rectum, then he tightened his grip on the teen's tiny waist and thrust his weight forward once more. Tony squeaked with agonized shock as waves of aching pain racked his colon.

Gil grunted, pulling back slowly, and thrusting hard once more. Tony whimpered again; the sound overpowered by the slapping of flesh against flesh as his anus was impaled with hard, throbbing cock.

"MMMM," Diana purred into his ear. "Good girl. You look so good getting fucked by a real man."

The man drew back and plunged forward once more, sharp pain shooting through Tony's core. He did feel sexy. He felt sexy and alive. He looked at the beautiful blonde in front of him, trying to distract himself from the hot, pulsating pain burning in his ass. He looked at her gorgeous cleavage and her beautiful face. He looked at her lustrous hair and cold, merciless eyes. The cock eased back and plunged forward again, making him cry out.

"Yes," Diana purred. "I love it. I love watching him hurt you. I love watching you get fucked like a whore."

The cock slipped back faster, plunging forward harder, making Tony shudder with pain and a shameful hint of pleasure.

Diana moaned softly, "You did it, Pet. You finally found yourself a Daddy that will love you. Feel it? Feel how much your new daddy loves fucking you?"

He could feel the enthusiasm in the older man's thrusts, as well as the surging undeniability of his massive erection, pulsating inside Tony's tight young body as it moved through his tender flesh.

The man grunted, beginning to find a pace, hammering Tony's tight asshole relentlessly. Every thrust was another wave of pain, as well as a tiny, thrilling tingle of need. "Daddy," Tony whimpered. "Yes Daddy. Yes."

Diana laughed, kissing the tears that were beginning to run down Tony's cheek. "Yes, Sweetie. Beg for it. Beg for it."

Gil was jerking Tony's slim body back and forth moaning with pleasure as he plowed the teen's tight asshole. "That's a good girl," he groaned. "Such a pretty slut. Such a tight little cunt."

Diana was kissing Tony's neck and face, breathing hot and wet in his ear as she pulled up his tight little tee to expose his cute little breasts.

One of the man's huge, strong hands slipped off Tony's waist and circled around his narrow torso, teasing the smooth flesh of his flat little tummy. Tony whimpered, feeling tiny in the man's massive hands as fat cock continued to rock back and forth in his tight, tender asshole. Gil's hand slid down Tony's tummy, his touch soft as he reached lower. Finally, the older man's hands reached Tony's panties. Tony whimpered with confused

pleasure as the man cupped the lace and silk that covered his tiny balls and gave him a firm, but gentle squeeze.

“Such a little thing,” the man grunted, thrusting hard and deep inside him. “You were born to be a little bitch, weren’t you?”

“Yes,” Tony cried. “Yes Daddy. I was born to be your bitch.”

Diana was purring, kissing his ear, fingertips twisting the pink button of one of his tiny, budding breasts. “That’s my girl. Make Daddy Happy. Make Daddy proud. Make Daddy cum.”

Tony was rocking back against the man now, grunting with pain but shivering with the vibrations of building ecstasy. “Yes, Daddy. Yes. I’m your bitch. I was born to be your little sissy bitch.”

Gil squeezed Tony’s tender balls harder, fat erection pulsating in Tony’s tight little asshole. Tony could feel the echoes of every throbbing pulse, thundering through his slim young frame. The man was breathing hard, pounding Tony’s asshole without mercy as Tony arched his back and bounced into the pain and hunger and thrill. “Harder, Daddy,” Tony cried in spite of the pulsating agony that throbbed above the pleasure. “Fuck your little sissy harder.”

“Good girl,” Diana breathed. “Good girl.”

Tony didn’t know how it was possible, but the powerful older man did fuck him harder. Tony’s mascara was running as tears of pain and pleasure and humiliation streamed down his face. His stepmother purred softly, licking up his tears as she continued twisting his hard, pink nipple. His own erection throbbed in his panties as the rough, manly hand squeezed his tender, silk covered balls and rammed his raw, aching asshole.

“Mother loves it,” Diana purred, lapping up his tears with long slow strokes of her tongue. Her beautiful, cold eyes gazed at him, watching every flinch and flutter as cock filled his sphincter repeatedly. “Mother loves seeing a real man claim your tiny, sissy cunt.”

Tony could feel his tiny sissy cunt beginning to spasm around the fat cock that hammered it. His prostate was throbbing, and his balls were twitching. “Thank you, Mother,” Tony whimpered, turning his eyes to the

side to gaze at the beautiful blonde as his skinny body was pummeled back and forth. "Thank you for bringing me here."

Diana moved closer, her lips brushing his cheek as she brought them to his lips. "My perfect pet," she purred. "Mother loves her perfect little bitch." She then kissed him on the lips with thrilling, passionate affection.

As the older woman's lush lips mashed against his own pink painted lips, and her tongue drove into his wet little mouth, Tony began to shiver with orgasm. His balls tightened in the man's grip and his little dick began to sputter in his panties, shooting hot jizz against his own silky skin.

As Tony began to climax, the increased pulsations of his sphincter sent the older man into an orgasm of his own. Hot cream fired with intense power and force into Tony's tender ass as he sloppily kissed his beautiful stepmother and eagerly filled his own panties with cum. Tony thrashed and whimpered as the man thrust and grunted, planting his seed deep inside Tony's skinny frame. Diana continued kissing him, pinching one nipple, caressing his silky hair and pretty face as he moaned with intense, painful anal orgasm and thrashed with his own blissful release.

When Diana let her wet lips slide away from his, a line of tantalizing saliva still connecting them, she looked down at her pet with a smile. Tony gazed up at the older woman with devotion, his mascara streaming down his face and his lips quivering with the aftershocks of long-awaited orgasm.

"Good pet," the older blonde praised as she kissed his forehead. Behind his body, Tony could feel the man's cock softening in his asshole, then slowly being pulled out, leaving him quivering and empty, semen running down the inside of his thigh, some from the mess he'd made in his panties, and some from the mess the more powerful man had made in his hole. The man pat Tony's small, curved ass with his huge, strong hand.

"Very good pet," Gil agreed.

Tony bit his lower lip as the older man praised him, his dick tingling as if he was about to orgasm once more. He looked back at Gil and

smiled his prettiest smile in spite of his ruined makeup. “Thank you, Daddy,” Tony said.

“I’ll send someone to get all your stuff and bring it here,” the older man announced. “You are my bitch now.” He looked at the gorgeous blonde who was now standing once more and he smiled. “Mine and Diana’s of course.”

Diana slithered into the man’s arms. “Have your people pick up my things too.” They then began to kiss passionately as Tony knelt at their feet like an eager and grateful dog.

Sharing the Morning Wood

Gil woke up that morning and turned over. Beside him, the gorgeous wife of one of his oldest rivals was sleeping, her lush, flawless body exposed. The woman had been a lingerie model in her prime, and she was still hotter than most girls half her age. The covers were pulled aside and, even completely naked, she was utterly perfect. She had luscious supple skin, gorgeous round breasts, a tiny landing strip of pubic hair leading to the pink flesh of her small, clean pussy. Gil had been fucking the woman for months, and he knew he wasn't the only one. But somehow it was even more gratifying to steal her outright than to fuck her on the sly. Of course, he knew she would still be fucking around, but so would he.

At the foot of their bed was laying his second and perhaps even more gratifying trophy. That same loser's son, feminized and cross-dressed, loaded with hormones and covered in makeup. There was truly nothing masculine left of what had already been a very feminine nineteen-year-old boy. Tony was still asleep as well, laying at the foot of the bed like a pet dog, a tight white teddy with stockings hugging his smooth, slinky little frame.

Gil let his gaze travel along the long, thin frame of the pale teenager, then move up to the model-like blonde with the lush curves beside him.

He put his hand on Diana's slim waist, tracing his fingers along the dramatic curve of her hip. She opened her eyes and smiled. There was no confusion or disorientation in her cool, grey eyes. Her hands slipped under the covers without hesitation and took hold of his massive, throbbing erection. "Good morning," she purred as she gently stroked him with her soft, warm hands. "Is this for me?"

"All yours," he said.

She pressed into him, rolling him onto his back and pulling the covers off him. She began to kiss her way down his torso, her lush lips soft against his flesh as the little sissy began to stir at the foot of the bed.

Diana's hands caressed Gil's hard cock as her lips and tongue found their way to one of his hips. She kissed across his thigh, her soft blonde hair teasing his dick as her mouth moved closer. The feminized teen was watching her now, his dark eyes wide with desire as a tiny bulge began to form in the crotch of his white lace teddy. Gil reached down and squeezed Diana's lush ass as the woman's lips finally reached his pole. She kissed up his rod to the tip, then made eye contact with her little sissy stepson, before she opened her mouth and began to devour Gil's massive cock.

Tony bit his lower lip, his pretty face, still perfectly painted, showing the aching need that pulsed in his slinky body. Gil caressed Diana's ass as the woman expertly throatied his cock. She slipped her lips off his meat and purred, stroking him and looking at Tony. She kept eye contact with her sissy as she spoke to Gil.

"I love your big, hard cock. Did I ever tell you about my husband's tiny little dick?"

Gil laughed. "Every chance you get. I think you've told everyone but him."

She kissed his fat tip once more, hands moving up and down on his pole.

She licked him up and down like he was a popsicle, all the while staring into her sissy-stepson's dark, pretty eyes. Finally, Diana sat up and threw her leg over Gil. She braced one hand on his strong chest and reached between her toned thighs with the other, taking control of his big cock.

Behind the luscious, naked blonde, he could see the slinky, lingerie clad brunette watching with desperate hunger. Gil put his hands behind his head and breathed a sigh, relaxing back to watch the show and enjoy the ride. Diana pointed the head of his spit-covered cock at the opening of her tight, wet pussy as she began to lower her body. Her soft flesh made contact with his pulsating tip making him shudder with anticipation as he felt her

heat radiating against him. She sunk lower and he felt the ring of her cunt sliding down his flesh, and the softness inside her engulfing him.

“Mmmmm,” Gil moaned with pleasure. “I love fucking your stepson’s tight little sissy ass, but there’s nothing in this world as sweet and wet as your hot, little pussy.”

Diana sunk till she was sitting on his lap, his pole impaled deep in her moist cunt. She smiled and wiggled for him, teasing him with her beauty and with the intense sensation of her womb. “I love watching you hammer that little bitch,” Diana purred. “But this morning, I need some attention.”

Gil almost laughed. If there was ever a woman who lived in a state of constant, non-stop attention, it was the beautiful former model. She leaned forward now, bracing both hands on his chest as she began to slowly writhe and grind against him. Behind her, Tony had one hand pressed against his lap, not so subtly rubbing his tiny erection with his palm. Diana’s gorgeous breasts jiggled hypnotically beneath her as she leaned closer to Gil. She pressed her lips to his and kissed him, her mouth sweet and wet. After the kiss she sat back up, rocked back, letting her hands fall to her sides and tossing her hair back down her long, tapered back. She took hold of her own tits, squeezing them and biting her lower lip. She waited there a moment, then she arched her back flexed her legs and bounced on his cock.

Gil shuddered with pleasure as the soft flesh of her cunt slid up and down his pole. Diana moaned and bounced again. She squeezed her tits, whimpering as she began to hop up and down on his lap. Behind her, Tony was almost in tears, his feminized body aching with need, his narrow hips working as he humped his palm, staring with desperation at Diana’s pussy and Gil’s cock.

Gil smiled at the sissy and gave him a nod before spreading his legs wider, exposing his balls.

That was all the invitation the needy little cross-dressed teen needed. He slithered up between Gil’s thighs and began to kiss his balls. Gil moaned, the heavenly sensation of pussy on his throbbing cock, as a small, young mouth sucked and kissed his balls. The little sissy’s agile tongue and

tender lips danced across the skin of his sac and teased the base of his shaft. He could feel the sensation of the sissy's small, wet tongue, its spongy surface tracing the lines of Gil's contours and veins as they pulsed with blood-flow.

Diana moaned as she continued to rise and fall on Gil's dick. "Oh yes, pet. Lick that cock. Kiss those balls. Eat my pussy."

Tony energetically slurped and sucked at Gil's cock and balls as the gorgeous blonde began bouncing harder on his cock. She held her beautiful breasts in her hands, squeezing them as they jiggled from the motion of her body bouncing up and down. She was whimpering with pleasure as his fat meat throbbed and pulsed inside her. Behind her, Gil could see the teen tranny's hips moving, him humping the mattress as he eagerly lapped at cock and balls and pussy. The sissy's tight little ass looked soft and cute in his white lace teddy as it worked. Diana was hopping more violently now, the sleeve of her pussy squeezing Gil's big dick as she rode him, smashing down on her stepson's face. The teen didn't seem to mind being pummeled by the older blonde's lush ass, instead he humped the mattress harder, almost matching her pace as he slurped and sucked and licked.

Gil looked from Diana's lush body, bouncing on top of him to Tony's long thin legs, covered in silky stockings, stretched out away from them. He could see the tiny muscles of Tony's thin, feminine thighs and soft, curved ass working as he pressed his tiny erection into the mattress, whimpering as he eagerly lapped at cock, balls and pussy. Gil looked back at the gorgeous blonde, moaning as she bounced on his cock. He watched how her lustrous hair teased and whipped her soft flesh, and how her sumptuous breasts jiggled and writhed in her hands. He focused on the sensation of warm, wet pussy sliding up and down his prick, and of the small, agile tongue enthusiastically tickling his balls. His breathing was deepening, his blood rushing even faster to his already engorged cock.

Gil moaned, moving his hands from behind his head and touching the sculpted thighs of the thrashing trophy wife.

"Fuck," Diana whimpered. "Oh fuck. There's nothing like a nice big cock. There's nothing better than a real man with a big, hard dick."

The slinky, cross-dressed teen seemed to agree, licking and sucking Gil's balls with increased abandon, rubbing his soft little face against Gil's heavy, hairy sack.

"Good girls," Gil moaned. "Oh yes. Those are my good girls." He ran his hand up and down the outside of Diana's thighs, squeezing and caressing her soft flesh as she continued to hop up and down on his throbbing rod. He could feel the teen sissy's drool running down his balls as the adorable thing continued to wash him with saliva.

Diana grew louder, squeezing her amazing tits even harder as she hammered her body up and down. "Fuck," she cried. "Oh fuck! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The gorgeous blonde began to spasm and shake as she leaned back, whimpering in orgasm.

Gil could feel Diana's ecstasy as the muscles of her cunt began to quiver and tighten around him. His own hard cock began to tighten as well, pulsating with heat and blood as his pleasure intensified. "Yes," he groaned. "Oh, fuck yes. My good girls. My good, slutty girls."

Gil's balls began to tighten, and Tony reacted by sucking one into his mouth, as if unwilling to surrender it. As Tony sucked hard on Gil's ball, soft little tongue writhing as spit swirled all around it, Gil cried out in ecstasy and began to cum.

Diana continued to writhe and whimper with bliss as Gil filled her womb with hot jets of thick, creamy sperm. The sissy's tongue darted all around the flesh of Gil's ball sac as he emptied it into the teen's stepmom.

"Oh fuck, Gil," Diana moaned. "Oh shit!" she locked down on him, grinding her hips and pushing her lush ass into her submissive doll's face as her whole body quivered with ecstasy. Diana's body shook for a moment then the muscles relaxed, and she breathed a deep, satisfied sigh.

Gil expected the blonde to collapse down on him, purring with release like she normally would, but she suddenly lifted, sliding off his still hard, cream-covered pole. She placed her palm on Tony's cute little face and shoved him mercilessly back, sending him spilling off the bed, landing on his ass on the floor. She turned and pressed her foot to his chest, between

the tiny budding breasts that jetted perkily out from his thin frame, and she pushed him onto his back. Gil could see his own semen beginning to run from the woman's cunt as she stepped over the teen and began to lower herself down to his pretty, makeup covered, hormone and Botox altered face.

The sissy was salivating by the time the older woman pressed her hot, well-fucked, cum-drenched pussy to his mouth. She pressed her weight down on the slinky transgender teen, grinding down on his face as he licked and sucked frantically. The adorable young tranny lapped up his stepmother's orgasmic fluids along with Gil's thick white jizz as the older woman mercilessly rocked her curving frame, smashing down on his cute face.

Gil watched the scene, feeling like a teenager himself as, instead of softening, his dick surged even more, growing harder and fuller.

"Eat it," Diana ordered. "Eat your new daddy's cum right out of my pussy, you dumb little slut."

The dumb little slut obeyed with enthusiasm, gulping down every drop of fluid he could lick or suck out of the beautiful older woman's hot, wet cunt.

Gil sat at the edge of the bed, staring down at the filthy scene. He took his erection in his hand. It was still slick; lubricated by Diana's pussy as he began stroking it. He watched the sight and listened to the wet sounds as the blonde smothered the tight little teen with pussy and semen. The small transgender doll put his hands-on Diana's ass, caressing her as he lapped frantically at her pussy.

Diana moaned softly as she rode his pretty face. "That's my bitch. That's my sweet, sweet little bitch."

Gil hadn't felt this turned on in years, as he stroked his big, throbbing cock, watching the gorgeous lingerie model grind down on the face of the adorable young tranny. Diana looked back and saw Gil's huge erection, swollen and ready and she grabbed her sissy by the hair. She lifted off him, his face glistening with juices, and she pulled him to his knees beside her.

“Your new Daddy isn’t done yet,” the tantalizing blonde said.

Tony looked from his stepmother to Gil’s big cock, a look of obedient hunger on his adorable young face.

Diana held a handful of Tony’s lustrous, long hair, using it like a leash as she began moving towards Gil. Tony followed with perfect obedience as the older blonde jerked him by the hair until he was kneeling on the floor at Gil’s feet, staring up at his throbbing prick.

The little teen didn’t need any further instructions. He automatically opened his wet, warm little mouth and wrapped his Botox-filled, gloss covered lips around Gil’s cock. He stared up at Gil, mouth stretched around cock, cheeks pulling in as he slurped on the tip.

Gil moaned with pleasure as the transgender slut began to slide soft lips up and down his pulsating meat. The teen’s pretty face moved, but his eyes were locked on Gil, long lashes fluttering over dark, beautiful eyes.

“Yes,” Gil said. “That’s my girl. That’s my good little sissy slut.”

Tony continued to gaze up at Gil as his head began to bob slowly. The feminized teen had a look of deep and total submission in his gorgeous eyes. Gil had never seen that level of needy hunger in a natural born girl. The sissy’s eyes watched with desperation for any sign of command from the older man, ready to jump at the slightest hint of the older man’s whim. Gil rested a hand on the teen’s skull, his big fingers moving through the soft, dark hair. “Good bitch,” he said. “Good, sweet little bitch.”

Beside the teen, his stepmother watched proudly one hand teasing her own cunt, the other resting on the boy’s curved little feminine ass. “That’s it,” she purred softly. “That’s my good girl. Show daddy what you were made for. Make mother proud.”

“Yes,” Gil moaned, his hips pumping slightly as his dick tingled with pleasure. “You’re mine now. I claim you as my little bitch. Now make me cum, little sissy slut. Make daddy cum.”

The adorable young tranny continued to gaze up at him with devotion and submission. Dark waves of silky hair tickled Gil’s thighs and balls as the wet little mouth slid up and down his pole. Gil began to work

his hips more, beginning to fuck the pretty, make-up covered face as the mouth continued to suck and slobber on his fat pole.

Gil rocked gently against the young face, as Tony's head continued to bob. The sound of the fem-boy's slurping filled the room. The teen had one hand pressed between his smooth thighs, pressing and rubbing his erection as he sucked hard and fast on Gil's much bigger cock. Gil felt his balls tightening. He grabbed a handful of that silky brunette hair and twisted it in his fist, locking the teen's head in place as he began to rock against his lips, groaning with impending climax.

"Yes," Diana purred, fingering her own clit, whimpering with her own second orgasm. "Fuck her face. Fuck her pretty little face."

"Yes," Gil called out. "Good girl. Good slut. Good little sissy whore!" His muscles pulsed and throbbed as his whole body convulsed and he began to shoot another load of thick semen into the feminized boy's mouth. Gil continued to pump the tranny's young mouth full of cum as his body surged and flushed with orgasm.

The sissy didn't gag or struggle. He didn't whine about his hair being pulled or his face being fucked. He simply stared up at the older man, eagerly gulping down every jet of hot sperm that shot into his hungry little mouth. The transgender teen's erection pulsed against his hand, as a wet spot began to form in his lace teddy, his own tiny balls exploding against the pressure of his hand.

Gil continued to pump, as the last few spurts of climax shot into the fem-boy's mouth. Then he smiled with satisfaction, released the soft brown hair and collapsed down on the bed with a sigh. When was the last time he got off twice in a row like that? He couldn't remember, but he felt blissfully relaxed and calm. He closed his eyes and savored the feeling for a long time. When he sat back up, the older woman and her little trans-doll were kissing passionately, his cum glistening on both their lips.

Gil wrote the number of the city's best plastic surgeon on his bedside notebook, tore off the sheet and handed it to Diana. "Give this guy a call," he told her. "I want my little doll to have a nice pair of tits."

Tony was grinning with nervous joy as his stepmother turned to him and smiled.

“What do you have to say to your new Daddy?” Diana asked.

“Thank you, Daddy,” Tony said. Then he bowed down at Gil’s feet, kissing them frantically. “Thank you, thank you, thank you.” The slinky transgender kissed and worshiped Gil’s feet, his cute little ass waving in the air as Gil relaxed, sat back and smiled.

The Sissy Princess Ball

Tony opened his eyes and rolled onto his back. He was in a luxurious bed in his room in Gil's mansion. The first thing he did this morning, like he had every morning in the month since he got them, was reach up and cup his full, fake tits. His little dick tingled in his panties as he squeezed the soft, supple flesh of his artificial breasts. He had spent his whole life awed and enthralled by soft, delicious tits, and he still couldn't believe he now had a pair of his own. He could touch them anytime he wanted. He resisted the urge to stroke himself as he played with his tits like he did most mornings, because he had to get ready. Today was his big day.

He jumped out of bed and looked in the mirror. His pretty face still had last night's makeup highlighting its feminine features. His long, brown hair traced down his long neck and slender shoulders. He wore a little pink tee shirt and pink lace panties, his tiny bulge pressing against the lace. He was long and smooth and totally feminine. His C cup tits looked huge but almost natural on his slinky little frame, the buttons of his hard nipples pressing against the cotton of his top.

On his dressing table, his outfit was already laid out for him. His party dress was glittery and deep blue. It was long and silky and frilly. A gown fit for a princess. The shoes he'd picked out were silver strapped pumps that would look elegant, and make his long frame look even taller and sleeker. Nylon stockings, baby-blue lingerie, silver necklace and bracelet and anklet... everything his stepmother had helped him pick out. But there was one new thing. On top of a handwritten note was a tiny, silver crown. Tony picked up the note.

"Dear Tony, My adorable Sissy Bitch,

"The crown is to remind you that you have always been a princess, and you will forever be my slave. Today we introduce you to the world as the beautiful feminine creature I have decided to make you into.

“Have fun,

“Love, Mother”

Tony hurried to complete his morning routine. Yoga, Pilates, pills... brushing his long dark hair. He jumped into the shower and finally gave into the urge to touch himself as he stood in the steam, under the blast of hot water. He got out and patted himself dry, rubbed lotion into his soft, smooth skin, brushed his hair again. Then he finally put on his makeup and slithered into his dress. The last, electrifying step was to put on the beautiful princess crown.

Fully dressed, he stood in front of the mirror and twirled. He felt like a real princess and he looked like a flawless woman. He could hear that the party had already started downstairs, but he waited. He had to make an entrance.

Finally, Diana pushed open his door and slipped into his room. She looked gorgeous, curvaceous and angelic in a simple black strapless dress. The simplicity of her sexy dress seemed to enhance her power as she stood next to the elegantly adorned young teen. “Come on Doll,” she purred. “Let’s introduce you to the world.”

Tony took the older woman’s hand and followed her out of his room and onto the mezzanine. Downstairs, the lower level of the mansion was swarming with people he knew and with strangers. Friends of family, distant relatives, people from the prep school he had once attended, work friends of both his new Daddy and his old. Tony was terrified to be finally presented to them, but he was ready. His skin tingled with electricity.

Diana smiled back at him. “Come on. Let’s show them all what a beautiful little bitch you are.”

Tony squeezed the older woman’s hand and followed her to the railing. They both stood side by side, looking over the railing at the people below. Tony recognized a lot of faces down there. His long smooth legs were trembling in their sheer stockings, but he took a deep breath and focused on the comfortable feeling of the silk lining of his dress against his new tits, and the lace of his panties against his balls. He smiled his best,

prettiest smile, struck his most graceful pose and waited beside his stepmother.

The party below started growing quiet as people began to notice the two beautiful creatures above them, and when Diana had total silence she finally announced, “I would like to formally introduce you all to my sweet, feminine doll. The sweetest, filthiest and most desperate little sissy that has ever slipped on a pair of heels. My pathetic stepson, turned delicious stepdaughter, Tony.”

Tony blushed; he was holding his breath. The quiet seemed to last forever until the crowd below began to fill the mansion with applause. Tony’s dick tingled and his nipples hardened as all that attention and praise was directed up at him. He lifted one of his small hands and gave them all a tentative, nervous wave. They continued to applaud. His stepmother patted his ass reassuringly. He felt a surge of confidence and leaned over the railing, smiling down at the strangers and friends, blowing them kisses as the erection in his panties surged.

Diana patted him again on the small, curved ass and purred. “Go on down, Sweetie. Have fun.”

Tony was in a daze of joy and disbelief as he wandered through the party, talking to people he knew and people he didn’t. He found himself being hit on by people he never imagined would be interested in him. Family friends patted or pinched his ass as he passed, and everyone told him how sexy he looked. Tony just drifted from person to person, unable to process it all as he floated through the room.

Suddenly though, he found himself face to face with someone from his past. Trish Hill, his first real crush, the girl he’d been obsessed with since ninth grade. He had sat behind her in hundreds of classes. He had followed her through hallways, offering to pick up every scrap of paper or pencil she dropped and rushing to open every door. He swallowed hard seeing the small, thin but well curved redhead now. She looked exactly the same, pale-freckled and petite; flawlessly built, with a pretty face, stunning green eyes and deep, vivid hair. All the confidence his feminine body gave him seemed to disappear and the nineteen-year-old felt like that nervous, squeaky high-school boy once more. “Hi Trish,” he squeaked.

She looked at him sideways a moment. "You know my name?" she said in her soft, musical voice.

"I never, ever forgot you," he said.

She smiled. "Have we met?"

Tony nodded and pointed at a picture on the wall showing him from before. "We went to school together."

She studied the picture. "I don't remember you," she said. Then she looked back at him. "But you have definitely improved."

Tony smiled. She didn't remember him. Of course she didn't. Why would she? But she was noticing him now. "You are the same," he said. "The prettiest girl in every room."

She smiled with obviously false shyness, and moved closer to him, her softness brushing against his. "Not this room," she said. She held there, gazing up at him with her stunning eyes as if waiting for him to make a move. When Tony failed to do anything, she moved even closer, her slim, soft body touching his. "So... Would it be totally weird of me to ask if I could see it?"

Tony took a moment before he understood what she was asking. He felt a moment of hesitation. Was she going to laugh at him? Was he just a freak and a curiosity to her? But ultimately, he didn't care. He would show her anything she wanted, do anything she asked. "Oh. Um... Yeah... You can see it."

"Really?" the adorable redhead asked. "I'm just so curious. I've never met a... guy? Girl? Person like you before."

"You can call me anything you want," Tony said. "Come on." She followed behind him as he guided her through the main hall and out a couple of doors, leading her away from the crowd and into Gil's library. Once they were alone, they each took a seat on a small leather couch that sat across from an expensive mahogany reading table. A luxurious imported carpet sat lushly in the center of the room. Leather bound books lined the walls all around them. Tony's heart was pounding as the little redhead shimmied closer to him. "So..." she giggled. "Are you going to let me see it, or not?"

Tony realized he was terrified. What was this girl expecting? Was she going to laugh and leave the room when she saw his little dick? He looked down at his legs, they were curled up on the couch beneath him, and the girl had mirrored his pose, their small knees almost touching. Tony nodded. "You can see it."

Trish just waited, smiling, until Tony finally stood up. He took off his elegant dress and laid it over the couch. He was wearing just his panties, stockings and heels, his new fake tits exposed, nipples hard and tender.

Trish looked him up and down, her eyes stopping at the bulge in his panties. "Don't be shy," she said sweetly.

Tony took a deep breath and pulled his panties down enough to expose his small, semi-erect dick.

"It's adorable," Trish said. She moved off the couch and slid onto her knees to get a closer look. "Can I touch it?"

Tony nodded, his dick shooting to full hardness at the suggestion.

Trish giggled and said, "You may be shy, but this little guy sure isn't." She took his erection between her thumb and finger and gently stroked him. With her other hand, she helped him step out of his panties. She stared at his dick with curiosity, as if mesmerized by the small, throbbing rod. "Do you like pussy?" she asked, looking up at him as if it was a completely casual question.

"I... uh... I guess I'm kind of a virgin... when it comes to that."

"Oh," Trish purred, still stroking his thin erection. "Aren't you ever curious?"

"Very... yes. Very."

"I'm curious too," she said. "I've been with lots of guys, and I was with a girl once. I think you'd be fun." She continued gently stroking him, looking up at him. "Why don't you go ahead and lay down on your back, okay sweetie?"

Tony quickly obeyed, laying down on the carpet as the nineteen-year-old freckled girl slipped out of her party dress. She slipped out of her bra and panties. She had firm, pointed little breasts and a thin, shapely body.

She had deliciously pink pussy lips, a small strip of bright red hair pointing down towards her small cunt. She pressed her hand to her pelvis and rubbed her pussy-lips with a finger as she looked down at him.

“You look so pretty,” Trish purred, rubbing herself. “Even your dick is pretty. It makes me wet just to look at your cute little body. I don’t care if it makes me a freak. I think your beautiful.”

Tony was shaking with hunger and disbelief. He felt like he was going to cry with joy. Was this actually going to happen? His erection was surging with blood and heat, precum already beginning to dribble out the tip. “You’re beautiful,” he told the adorable redhead.

Trish moved on top of him, pressing her body against his, her skin smooth and soft. She kissed his lips sweetly, barely brushing his lower lip with her tongue before she sat up, lifted her body and lowered herself down onto his small, throbbing hardon.

Tony moaned as the intense sensation of hot, wet pussy engulfed his throbbing meat. He closed his eyes, his mind reeling as the young redhead began to gently ride him, her small, soft body rocking against his.

“Oh fuck,” Tony whimpered. “Oh fuck. It’s amazing.” His hands closed into fists as his legs began to tremble.

Trish giggled and leaned in, still riding him as she gently kissed his lips. “Your so cute,” she purred. Tony could feel the beads of the girl’s hard nipples pressing against his own tits, rubbing against his own nipples as she pushed her tongue into his open mouth.

Tony’s toes curled and he began to quiver with orgasm. Trish continued kissing him, her lithe young body rocking against his slinky frame as he spasmed beneath her, groaning as he began to squirt inside her. Tony panted, and shivered as ecstasy rocked through him, then he relaxed with a deep sigh.

Trish laughed softly; her beautiful face lit up with a thrilling smile. “That was kind of fun,” she said, his meat softening inside her warm little pussy. As his dick slipped out of her, she reached down and touched his wet, limp little prick, staring at it with curious affection.

That's when the door opened. They both looked up at the doorway, as two men in their early twenties entered. Tony felt a sudden flush of shame, but Trish sat back without a hint of embarrassment and smiled.

"See Tod," one of the young men said. "I told you they were sneaking off to fuck. Damn, look at that. The brunette bitch really is a tranny."

Tod's eyes moved from the pale little redhead, to the slinky little brunette, stopping at the tiny, limp dick that the redhead still toyed with. "You're right Ken. I didn't really believe it. She's still hot as fuck though. You girl's want some company?"

Trish looked from the boys to Tony, a naughty question in her eyes. Tony looked from the adorable redhead to the strong, powerfully built, incredibly masculine young men, then back to the sweet, freckle-faced girl. "Yes," he whispered.

Tod and Ken began stripping as they strolled into the room. Between their legs, massive, semi-erect cocks swayed. Tony sat up and kissed Trish once more, his tits pressing against hers as she straddled his thin thighs.

"Which one do you want?" Tod asked.

"I want that hot little shemale," Ken said. "I can't wait to pound her tight little ass."

Tony felt a tingle in his bowels and a thrill running up his spine. He'd never been the first one picked for anything before. Trish slithered off his lap and they both knelt on the carpet, kissing each other, hands exploring each other's soft skin and tight curves. As the men got closer, their big, strong hands closed in on the soft flesh of Tony and Trish. The men positioned the two feminine bodies where they wanted them, hands and knees, face to face, asses out and ready.

Tony gazed into Trish's green eyes as Ken's strong grip closed on his slim waist. Behind the redhead, he could see Tod kneel, big hard cock in one fist. Tod pressed his body forward and began to penetrate Trish's hot, wet pussy. As Trish's cunt was filled with hard meat, Tony watched her expression change. The look of gentle sweetness his high-school crush

always had was replaced with a look of shocked ecstasy. She smiled, her eyes wide, “Oh fuck,” she whimpered. “Oh fuck. That’s such a nice big cock. Oh fuck.”

She pressed back, grinding herself back into the huge dick with a blissful whimper. The girl looked more beautiful than ever, and Tony leaned in, kissing her on the lips once more. As their lips connected, and their tongues entwined, Tony felt the throbbing heat of Ken’s big cockhead pressing through the tight opening of his rectum. He whimpered into Trish’s mouth as the tool plunged deeper, massive contours rolling through his tender bowels.

The two slinky teens were locked mouth to mouth and tongue to tongue as their slim bodies began to rock back and forth on the twin cocks that penetrated them. They gazed into each other’s eyes, Trish’s pussy quivering, and Tony’s sissy-pussy aching as the two young studs began to fuck them. The men groaned with pleasure as they savored the sensation of the soft, feminine creatures’ tight holes.

Tony listened to the musical whimpers of the slim redhead, as his own voice began to vibrate with feminine whines, the two men fucking them both harder with each thrust. Tony’s dick was hard again, his slim erection tapping against his pelvis with each of Ken’s thrusts, his fake tits jiggling. Trish’s small, pointed tits barely moved as she was hammered back and forth, tongue still wrestling with Tony’s. Tony could taste Trish’s lipstick as well as his own, and taste her saliva, and the soft minty coating of her teeth, as his bowels ached and throbbed with massive, pulsating cock.

The men hammered harder and harder at Trish’s pussy and Tony’s ass. Ken slapped Tony’s little round ass as he fucked it, grunting, “Take it slut! Take it whore!”

Tony took it, whimpering with each thrust as the big, hard cock impaled him over and over. He gazed at Trish, watching the ecstasy on her face as the other boy’s huge dick made her writhe and moan with orgasm. The men continued to fuck them, pounding them mercilessly for a long time, then Tod grunted above the redhead. “I’m going to cum. Oh fuck I’m going to cum.”

Trish's pretty face was sprinkled with sweat and glowing with ecstasy. "Mmmm," she purred. "Pull out. Please. Pull out."

Tony watched as Tod pulled his cock from Trish's pussy and began to fire hot, white jets of cream across her pale, freckled back. The sight and smell of all that powerful, masculine seed shooting across the young girl's tender flesh made Tony tingle as he edged closer to another orgasm. His own asshole was pulsating with vibration and pleasure that was still building with every thrust. But then, he suddenly felt the sensation in his asshole change, as the dick was pulled from his rectum, leaving him raw and hollow. Tony gasped as he felt the heat of a jet of semen shoot across his own spine. He glanced back and Ken was stroking his own, fat cock over Tony's slinky young body, squirting thick spunk down on him. Tony couldn't hold back anymore. As filthy wads of jizz fired across his slender back, his own dick began to sputter and fire, shooting cream across his flat tummy, his big tits and onto the carpet below.

He closed his eyes, groaning and shaking as the intense orgasm moved through him. The sensation seemed to last forever, and he felt like he was cumming for hours. When the feeling finally passed and he opened his eyes, Trish was smiling at him. She leaned in for what he thought would be a kiss, but instead she ducked under him, pressed her lips to the rug and sucked up a puddle of his sticky sperm.

"Mmmm," Trish purred as she raised her face back up, her lips glistening with semen.

Tony pressed his lips to hers and kissed her eagerly, lapping up his own cum as they kissed passionately. They moved closer to each other, raising on their knees as they caressed each other's curves, hands getting wet with the stud's sperm as they kissed and groped each other, smearing cum all over their slinky little bodies.

Time passed and the boys left without another word, but Trish and Tony continued making out on their knees on the cum stained carpet.

When they finally stopped kissing, Trish purred. "That was fun."

"Let's get married," Tony said.

Trish laughed. "What?"

“I mean it. I’ve always had a crush on you. Let’s just do it.”

“Well... your rich... your beautiful... and you like me getting fucked by big, hard studs... Okay. Why not?”

“Really?” Tony asked. “Wow. Yes. That’s great. I just... You have to meet my stepmom first.”

Trish smiled. “Diana? Of course. I love her. She’s my hero. I’d do anything to meet her.”

Tony almost warned the young girl against using a word like “anything” around his angelic looking, but completely wicked stepmother, but he stopped himself. On second thought... he was curious what “Anything” would lead to.

The End

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