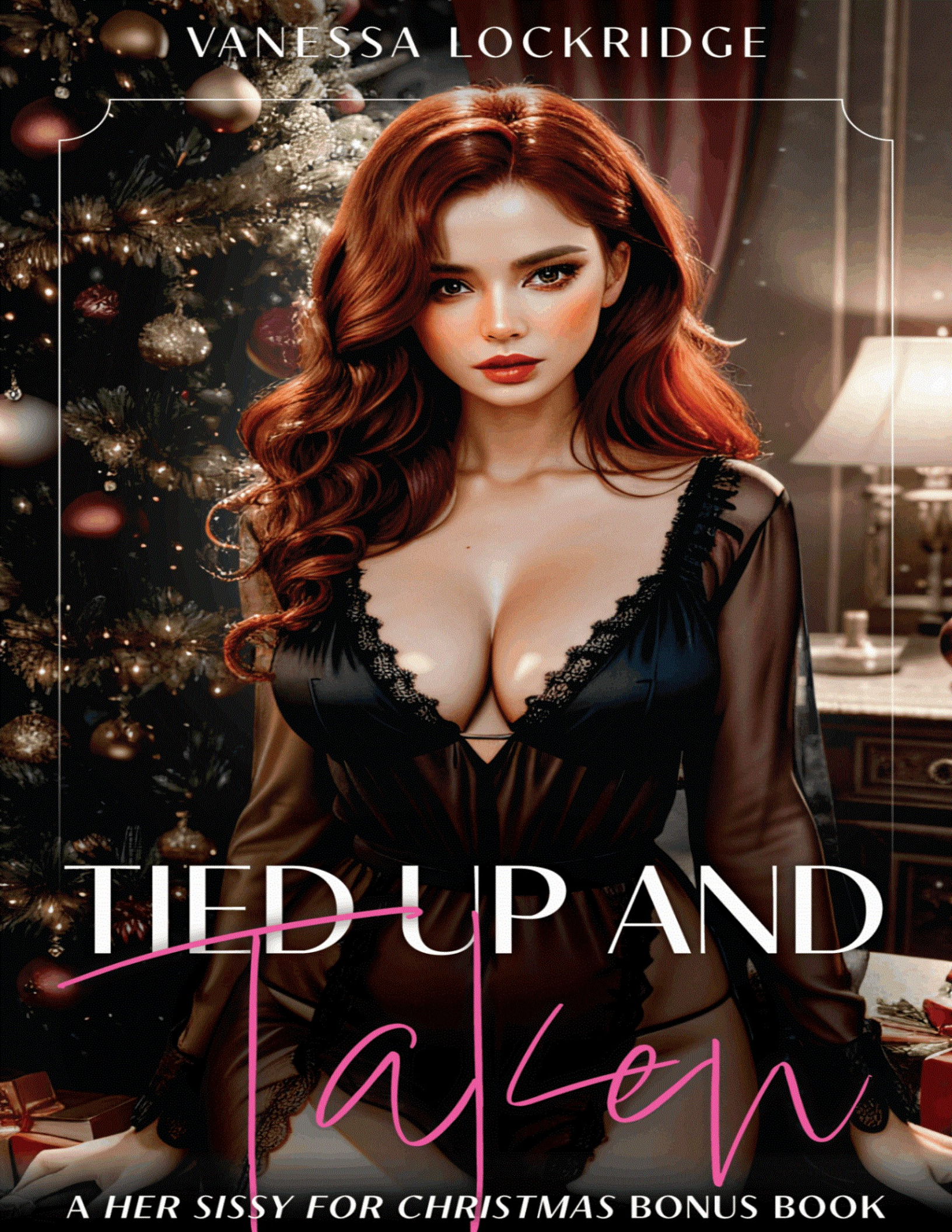




VANESSA LOCKRIDGE

TIED UP AND

Allen

A HER SISSY FOR CHRISTMAS BONUS BOOK

Tied up and Taken: Her Sissy for Christmas Bonus

by Vanessa Lockridge

I can hear the door open, even though I can't see it. I hear her heels click across the floor, feel the weight of her body sink into the bed as she sits on it. The ribbons dig into my wrists as my arms flex. I want to touch her, to move her hands to where I want them.

But I know that's not what she wants for me.

"Oh my," Isabelle purrs. Her voice is closer to me than I expected and I suck in a surprised gasp. "You look even prettier like this."

"I want your touch," I moan.

She gives it to me, and I moan louder. Her hands slide up my stocking-glazed legs and follow along my garter straps, nails grazing my sensitive skin. They flicker over my panties — ignoring my locked, straining clit inside and further adding to the tease of it all — before wrapping around my hips and slipping up my belly and ribs beneath my gauzy pink nightie. It's just a simple touch, but it sets off fireworks of pleasure and need inside of me. My entire body shivers beneath her, aching for more, ready to be given to her.

"Oh, fuck," I manage, my voice stammering and heavy. "Kiss me, Isabelle."

"No," she whispers as her fingers find my nipples behind the lacy cups. They're already hard, already sensitive. My moan is high and girlish, and hearing it makes my clit twitch in its confines.

"Please," I breathe. "_Please!_"

I can hear the smile in her voice. "You're so much more fun when you're begging, honey."

One of her hands glides over my belly and to my panties. I let out a hardly-stifled squeal as it slips beneath the ruffled hem and wraps around my cage there, flicking across the tip of my clit. It's already

dewy with pre-cum. Pleasure like lightning rockets through my body and I writhe in her grasp, fighting against the restraints so much I can hear the bed frame squeak. But it's no good — until she decides to let me go, I'm trapped beneath her.

“Oh, fuck, that feels good,” I moan. “Finger me, Isabelle.”

I can't see her, but I know that turns her on even more. “Ask nicely, Katie.”

“Please, Isabelle, please finger my tight little ass and stroke my sissy spot. I'm so horny. I *need* you to.”

I curl my legs up and backwards. My panties have no back, leaving me totally exposed to her touch, her hands, the strap-on I'm sure she's wearing. She can do anything she wants to me like this — and I know she's going to. The knowledge makes my toes curl with excitement.

I'm just here to be used.

“Good girl,” she giggles as she slips a finger into me.

The pleasure is instant and intense. She's so strong, her hands are so deft; in mere moments, she finds the spot inside of me that I never knew existed before I met her. I let out another cry of delight as she rubs it, stroking and massaging it in slow circles. Her other hand comes off my body to wrap around my clit, holding the cage itself firmly between two fingers as the other strokes its tip.

She could break me like this. Use me. I want her to unlock me and stroke me like the guy I once was, but I know she won't. She prefers me like this. She's not even going to let me cum. I'm just going to be her plaything, tied up and begging for her, ready to be fucked. To be used like nothing more than a slut for her.

The slut I want to be.

“You’re still so tight,” she giggles. “I guess you haven’t been fucked enough yet.”

“Don’t make me wait,” I breathe.

“I *love* making you wait.”

“That only makes me want you more.”

“Too bad I’m the one that gets to decide.”

I could have asked her to unlock me, I realize as she grinds her finger inside of me.

She loves knowing how hard I am — and how small the cage forces me to be. How just putting on lingerie and a nightie gets me so turned on that I’d do anything for her. That I’d *beg* her to finger me before I’d even consider asking her to take the cage off and stroke me like I have a cock. But that’s because I know the truth: I don’t have a cock anymore, and I’d rather have her fuck my sissy ass before I’d have her touch my uncaged clit. What Isabelle decides is the only thing that matters.

I lose myself in the pleasure of her fingers stroking my sissy spot and cage. My body responds to her touch, and I can feel her arousal building with every one of moans and shudders and wriggles of arousal. The bed shifts beneath me as she moves, but just enough to show me what’s happening. She straddles me, knees planted on either side of my hips. I can feel her wetness as she rubs against me, my pre-cum mixing with her arousal, her lips grinding against the bars of my cage.

I can feel something else, too, and it makes my stomach twist with excitement. I shouldn’t want it, shouldn’t be this excited by

what she has, but it's what I've been aching for. The rubber tip knocks against my belly as she rubs against me. After a while, I can tell it's lifted up the hem of my nightie. I try to imagine it — thick and immense and masculine beneath the delicate pink lace and ruffles of my nightie. It must look so garishly out of place there — a cock where only a clit belongs.

“You're so hard,” I moan. “Is that all for me?”

“Of course. And you're going to take all of it for me, like the good sissy girl I know you want to be.”

“Can I be on all-fours?”

She giggles. “Well, now that you've asked...”

She bends down and I feel the entire length of the strap-on press into me as her lips brush against mine. This is a new cock, and it seems far bigger than anything else she's fucked me with. My chest tenses as I feel knobs and bumps and ribs squeeze against my tender belly, but it's almost forgotten as she finally kisses me. Her tongue opens my mouth as her fingers interlock with mine.

“I think I'll leave you tied up, instead.”

I let out a whimpering moan. “Please, Isabelle.”

“Please' what, honey?”

I bite my lip. I know she won't change her mind, but I have to ask anyway. *Why does it turn me on so much to hear her say “no?”*

“Please untie me. Please unlock me and play with my clitty while you fuck me, please! Bend me over like a sissy slut and fuck my hole until I cum from your big, hard cock.”

“Oooohhh,” she moans. I can feel the shiver of pleasure running through her. “What a good idea, Katie.”

Her hand releases mine and moves up to the knot, tugging at the end of black satin ribbon holding my wrists in place. Butterflies of anticipation flood my stomach. I don't expect her to unlock me, but maybe I can get something else.

She leans further down, letting the weight of her body press against mine, her lips against my ear. "But I'd rather fuck you just. Like. This."

The cock leaves my belly and presses against my lips. I let it spread them open and slurp the tip into my mouth. I know the sound drives her wild, and I don't need to see her to know how much she wants me like this. She starts thrusting slowly in and out, forcing the massive shaft a little further into my mouth each time. Studs for my pleasure bounce over my tongue and lips. I lubricate them as much as I can, my rear entrance tensing in excitement.

I feel another touch there — a wet fingertip circling around my hole, pressing gently. I let out a loud moan and my entire body shivers with arousal. The sensation is so intense, so exciting. Being tied up makes it all so much better. The cage means I can't get hard without her permission — now I can't even *move* without it. But Isabelle's always happy to take charge, to give me what I need whether or not I deserve it.

"You're such a good girl," she murmurs. "So obedient. So well-behaved."

She pulls the cock out of my mouth, leaving me panting and squirming in its absence.

"Please..."

She doesn't really care about my pleasure, not really. Not like a lover would. She wants me to feel good, wants me horny and excited for her, but not for me. Because it turns *her* on to see me like this. The more turned on I am, the more aroused she is. She loves knowing that I'm dressed up for her — that even though it excites me to wear my pink frillies and sexy stilettos, she's the one with the power to make me cum. She can dole out pleasure whenever she wants.

All I can do is beg.

“Please’ what, Katie?”

“Please fuck my sissy hole, Isabelle!”

Isabelle giggles as her finger slips inside of me again. It presses deep into my body, grinding against my sissy spot until I cry out with pleasure. She keeps rubbing there until she forces a hot jet of pre-cum to squirt into my panties, soaking the lace and dribbling down to where her finger works me. It frightens and excites me to realize how much I'd do to have that finger replaced with her cock.

“Don't tease me anymore,” I moan. “Please, please fuck me, Isabelle. I want your cock so badly. I need it inside me. I want you to cum from fucking my ass while I wear my pretty lingerie for you.”

“For *me*?” she says softly as she slides off me. “I'm not the one soaking her panties.”

But we both know that's not true. There's a damp spot on my nightie where she rubbed against me. If Isabelle tells me I love wearing lingerie for her, then it's true because she says it is.

Her hands move back to my thighs as she tips my legs backwards and spreads me open. The air is cool against my slicked hole, my

body loose and excited for her thick cock. *Fuck, I want it so bad, it's embarrassing.* Nobody should be a slut like this — and that's exactly how Isabelle wants me.

“This one's bigger,” she warns me, her hand grasping my cage through my panties. Not for my pleasure, but simply to remind me who's in charge. Where my pleasure should come from. What I am, now. “And you're going to be my good girl and take all of it. And when you feel my big balls bump up against you, what are you going to say?”

“Thank you,” I moan, my tone almost a whine of pleasure. Her tip presses against me. Another tease before she finally gives me what I ache for. “I'm going to say ‘thank you’ for fucking me like the little sissy slut I am.”

“Good girl,” she says as she finally drives herself into me.

She does it slowly — but I can still feel myself stretching around her. She fills me almost until it hurts, but somehow I love it too much to ask her to stop. Her cock feels so big inside of me that I almost wonder if she'll even fit; I have to keep reminding myself that this is something she decided, not something I'm feeling on my own. I have to do it for her, and that knowledge makes me shudder and writhe, but at the same time, it excites me.

“It feels — feels — feels —” I try to say, but my voice dies off in a squeal of pleasure as the ribs and knobs grind against me.

I can feel pre-cum pouring out of me, further lubricating the massive cock she's drilling into me. My entire body shivers with the intensity of how good it feels to be stretched like this. *If I'm a good girl*, I think to myself, the words feeling foreign but right. *If I'm a*

good girl, maybe she'll let me cum. But she knows that deep down, I don't want that. I want to be her toy.

I want to be denied.

"You really do love cock, don't you, slut?" Isabelle giggles. I let out a weak groan of pleasure in answer. "Shhh, honey, you don't have to talk now. Just let me fuck your tight little hole until I cum, okay?"

I nod, my eyes screwed shut behind my blindfold, my mouth open in a silent scream. My clit twitches and leaks in my panties as she drives deeper into me.

"Oh fuck," I finally manage to say. It comes out as barely more than a whisper. "It feels so — it's so — oh, *fuck...*"

The rest turns into wordless moans of pleasure. She's buried herself inside me and holds there for a long time. *Why isn't she fucking me? Why is she waiting? What do —*

"Oh, fuck, fuck, Isabelle," I moan. "Thank you for your cock, thank you for —"

The words melt into another scream of pleasure. The instant she hears me thank her, the gentle push into me morphs into hard, aggressive thrusts. Her moans rise in time with mine as she thrusts into me, driven by her own pleasure. I'm simply a way for her to get it. A pretty, desperate hole she can use whenever she wants.

I've never felt like this before. So used and fucked, so completely out of control. So submissive. I love every second of it. My body responds to her thrusts like an expert dancer, rising and falling and meeting each one perfectly. She drives deeper into me and I clench myself around her until it feels like I might explode from how good it all is. Every single thing about this makes me feel like a sissy slut.

Being bound. Not even able to see her while she uses my ass. Wearing my frilly pink nightie and panties. Knowing that when I cum from being fucked like this, the orgasm will be more intense than anything else I've ever felt in my life.

"Thank you, Isabelle," I squeal. "Thank you!"

"Shut up and take my cock, slut."

I want it. I want *this*. To be tied up and helpless on the bed. To beg her to fuck me — and for her to do whatever she wants to me, anyway. She can make me hers however she wants, but what she's doing to me now is enough. All I have to do is feel the pleasure coursing through my body, hear her moans grow louder as she gets closer and closer to her own orgasm. I know mine will come too.

"I'm going to cum," she grunts.

"Me — me too —" I stammer.

"I don't think so. Don't you *fucking* dare."

Her command is firm and stern. There's no room for negotiation. I try to obey it — but feeling her pounding into me, filling me again and again and again... It's too much. My hips buck wildly beneath her thrusts as a huge jet of pre-cum squirts from inside of me and stains my panties even more. The dam is already beginning to burst when I hear her roar with pleasure and rock backwards, ripping her cock out of me. I let out a loud whine as I feel my ass stretch around its thickness one last time.

It only makes my clit twitch more. Another dribble of pre-cum sloshes into my panties and drips down my belly. I can tell the nightie is soaked, too, and not just from where she was straddling me. Denial rocks through me. My body wants her, wants her cock,

wants to finally *climax*! It makes me shake and tremble, makes my toes curl inside my stockings. But there's nothing I can do. All I can do is wait for Isabelle's next move, wait for her to decide whether or not I've been good enough for an orgasm tonight.

And some dark, illicit part of me desperately hopes that I haven't.

"Fuck, Katie," Isabelle moans, her breath coming in shallow pants from somewhere next to me on the bed. "You are one incredible fuck."

Her fingers brush against my face as she reaches up to tug at the knot of the blindfold. With a few quick pulls, it comes undone and tumbles onto the pillow behind me. I blink up at her with wide eyes, adjusting to the light of the bedroom after being blinded by darkness for what feels like hours now. Her red hair is matted to her forehead, her cheeks flushed from the effort of her pleasure. Her pale body gleams with sweat — but so does mine. She grins down at me and leans over to kiss me hard and deep before she finally starts undoing my bonds.

"Did you have fun?"

I nod eagerly. My tongue slips out to lick across my lower lip. She tastes salty-sweet from exertion. "Can we do it again sometime soon?"

"Only if you behave yourself."

"I should keep being your good girl?" Calling myself that makes a thrill run through me.

"Maybe I want you to be a bad one."

"Do bad girls get to cum?"

“They don’t if they keep asking.”

“I’ll be a bad girl,” I promise her. “Or a good one, whichever you want.”

“Oh, honey,” she murmurs into my ear.

The restraints loosen as Isabelle unwraps them from around my wrists. She cups my cheek in her hand and holds me up to her. Our lips meet, and I can feel the arousal still burning hot inside of her. A part of me wants her to make me wait until tomorrow — but another part aches for release *right now*. As our kiss deepens, I’m not sure which feeling is stronger. All I know is how badly I need both: To be fucked like this again. To beg for it again. She grins, as if she can read my thoughts, like she knows exactly what she’s done to me, now. She kisses me again, then grins as she whispers.

“You don’t get a choice.”

Want even more sexy stories?

Join my newsletter to be the first to know when my new books are out and get free, *way-too-hot* for Amazon stories by [clicking right here](#) or going to www.vanessalockridge.com!

Her Feminized Sissy Secretary: Dominated in the Office

If you liked this book, you'll love this story about being transformed into a sexy sissy secretary and getting used by your boss!



I'll do anything if it means I land this job — even when I have to visit her house to get the job. Even when she demands that I wear panties. Even when she makes me suck her.

And especially when she bends me over.

After years of dead-end jobs, I finally have the chance for something real. Sure, it's a secretary position — but if it means working for the stunner Elizabeth Spears, it'll be worth it.

There's nothing I won't do to get the offer.

Even if it means wearing lingerie.

Whenever I'm in the office, Elizabeth wants me all dolled up and ready to be played with. And when she shows me the little extra she has packed into her panties, I know I'm in for some very hard work. Am I willing to spend my days in lingerie just to make her happy? Can I really bend over for her the way she wants?

Find it at <https://books.vanessalockridge.com/feminized-sissy-secretary> or...

[Click here to read it right now!](#)

Feminized Bride in Lace and Steel

If you liked this book, you'll love this story about fantasies being discovered and a wife embracing her husband's need to be beautiful, sissified, and locked.



Her fingers play across the front of my panties, teasing the cage inside. She grins at the sounds she can draw from me from just a simple touch. I ache with need for her — to serve her, to give her what she wants.

“I can’t believe how long it took you to tell me you wanted this,” she purrs, hand sliding down my stocking-covered legs. “Because now it’s the only way I want you.”

When Jenny discovers all my browsing history and sees the kinds of things I’m into, I think our marriage is over. But she’s willing to try a night with me in stunning lingerie, and she discovers a taste for feminization and domination that will drive us to the edge of our fantasies.

First comes a cage, so she can control my pleasure. Then she wants me in panties full-time, and when that's not enough, she adds stockings too. But what she wants most of all is a perfect sissy bride — and that's what she plans to turn me into.

Once she's turned my fantasies into hers, how far can I go? Am I really willing to give up everything to become her perfect, feminized bride?

Find it at <https://books.vanessalockridge.com/feminized-bride> or...

[Click here to read it right now!](https://books.vanessalockridge.com/feminized-bride)

Locked and Feminized For My Wife

If you liked this book, you'll love this super hot story about being transformed into a beautiful, sexy sissy!



“This is how I’ve always wanted you,” she moaned, her hand grasping my cage buried in my panties. The satin of my dress hid her hand from view as it disappeared into the petticoats. “Locked and dressed. Ready to serve.”

“Thank you,” I moaned as she squeezed it.

“Shhhh,” she hushed, putting her finger to my glossy lips. “Let’s use that mouth for something

more fun.”

I’d do anything for my wife — that’s what a husband is supposed to do, right? So when Veronica asks me to try putting on lingerie, I

give it a shot for her. After all, I love seeing her in stockings and heels. Maybe it'll be a little fun to wear them, too.

But once isn't enough for her, and before I know it, she's transformed me into a beautiful, sissy plaything perfectly suited to serve her needs. Her favorite thing to do is tease me until I'm a satin-clad, moaning mess — and then refuse to let me finish.

Things are fun, but Veronica wants to take things even further. Am I ready to go on a sissy vacation with her? What if she wants to make my denial permanent? What if she wants a sissy more than a husband?

Find it at <https://books.vanessalockridge.com/sissy-housewife-1> or...

[Click here to read it right now!](https://books.vanessalockridge.com/sissy-housewife-1)

Sissy in Silk and Steel

If you liked this book, you'll love my collection of five sweet sissies locked in delicious, desperate chastity!



“I love knowing what's in here,” she purred as her fingers played across the front of my silk panties. “It’s been so long since it's been out.”

“I want you so bad,” I moaned. Her hand had slipped beneath the lace trim of my dress and found the steel inside.

“Oh, you really do,” she grinned. “So let me give you what every sissy needs.”

Five of Vanessa's hottest stories about being locked in chastity while being turned into a stunning sissy:

1. The House of Silk: Feminized and Dominated in Chastity
2. Locked and Feminized for my Wife: The Sissy She Wants
3. Feminized for the Futa
4. Her Chastity Sissy Maid: Dominated and Feminized

5. Locked and Feminized For My Wife: Becoming Her Sissy
Housewife 1

Find it at <https://books.vanessalockridge.com/sissy-in-silk-and-steel> or...

[Click here to read it right now!](#)