

VANESSA LOCKRIDGE



HER
SISSY MAID
TAKEN BY THERESA

Her Sissy Maid: Taken by Theresa

by Vanessa Lockridge

"You look so hot in that dress," she said from the couch, her eyes glued to my rear. "But I want to see what's buried in your little panties."

I bit my lip and gathered my skirts in my arms, revealing my pink satin panties. I tugged them down with my thumb, revealing the tiny cage.

"Oh, that's beautiful," she breathed. "You're so hard in there. Fuck, baby, I need your mouth — right now."

I never would have guessed how excited Theresa would be to see me in a maid's outfit — or how quickly she'd have her own ideas about what to do with me. What started as me trying out something hot turned into something much deeper.

It turned into my life.

Now that I'm locked away in panties and dressed as a maid full-time, what does she have planned for me? And what's going to happen on our wedding night?

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Chapter 1: Secrets Revealed

There's something about the caress of silk and lace, the rustle of petticoats, the click of a stiletto that is so delicious — almost enough to make me forget how terrified I was. I was practically shaking in my Mary Janes, brushing lint that wasn't there off my skirt and straightening my stocking seams. I knew that as soon as I opened the door, my entire life would be transformed — but I never could have guessed how much.

I took a deep breath and steadied myself. Either Theresa would be okay with it, or my crossdressing would be something I'd have to keep to myself. I could do that — I'd spent my entire life with my love

for dressing in frilly dresses and sexy lingerie a secret, and I could keep it up if I had to.

But she had asked what I had wanted. She wanted to see this — she practically begged me, so concerned she was about making sure that she could give me what I want. What I need. How could I say no to the love of my life? So here I was, in a pink silk maid's uniform, heart in my throat, hand shaking on the doorknob to my bedroom where my girlfriend waited.

The dress was one of my favorites; a rouched bosom with pleats running down the front, a thick satin ribbon tied around my waist in a large, floppy bow to the side. It had cap sleeves trimmed in delicious eyelash lace that teased my skin every time I moved, and the skirt was a moderate explosion of ruffles and ribbons, all sitting atop a cloud of lacy petticoats. My pink patent leather shoes matched my dress — it had taken ages to find them, but it was worth it — and my shaved legs were clad in French silk stockings. I wore a simple headband with a bow in my hair with a light pink gloss on my lips.

Underneath it all, I had what I thought of as my "standard" lingerie: pink satin panties trimmed in white lace with a heart-shaped cutout over my rear, lined inside with silk that felt thrilling every time I moved. Next came the relatively simple garter belt that was little more than ribbon with a bow at the center and at each clip, and finally the lace bralette, the floral pattern carefully revealing and obscuring my skin, set with a large rosette in the center.

I glanced at the bathroom mirror one more time, taking in my feminized appearance. The nervous person staring back at me was dripping in it, from the bow in his hair to the girly-yet-sexy shoes.

Here goes nothing, I thought, turning the knob and opening the door.

Theresa was sitting in the armchair in the corner, naked save for a pair of nude pumps. She was beautiful, her long black hair falling over her shoulder and barely covering one breast, both pert, perfect. Her nails were a fiery red, the same shade as her lips. Just seeing her was enough for my arousal to overcome my nerves, and I could feel myself stirring in my panties, somewhere deep within the mountain of petticoats that swished around my thighs.

I could barely breathe, frozen to the floor, waiting for her assessment. I couldn't even look her in the eyes, my gaze drilling a hole in the floor by her feet. Seconds passed like hours in my racing mind. What was she waiting for? What was she thinking?

Was she going to break up with me?

Theresa was the love of my life, truly. She made me want to be a better person, to excel at everything and give her the best life that I could. She deserved it — her mother had died when she was young, and though her father had loved her and her sister, he'd never been able to provide much for them. She was sweet, kind, and generous, and it was important to me that she never wanted for anything.

Our conversation had started innocently enough — a quiet Friday night at home, splitting a bottle of wine over takeout. The conversation, aided by quickly-disappearing rosé, turned to things we'd always wanted but never told anybody. Emboldened by the wine, I finally worked up the courage to tell her what I'd fantasized about for as long as I could remember.

"I love lingerie," I started quietly, looking down into my glass.
"Seeing you in it... and wearing it." I looked up at her.

She was impassive, her face unreadable.

"And?" she asked after a long pause.

"I just —" I stopped and looked at her, frowning. "I thought you'd have a reaction to that."

She shrugged and took a sip, tossing her long hair behind her shoulder. "I've heard worse than that."

I gulped. "There's more. I... I want you to be in control while I wear it."

"Like domination?"

"Yeah, while I'm dressed up in something frilly... and... and girly."

I could feel my cheeks burning, shame rising in me like bile. I'd never told anyone that before, even though it was something I desperately wanted. I regretted saying it the instant the words spilled from my mouth. I wished I could take it back, make it disappear — but my rising panic was cut off by her hand on my knee.

"I think that sounds kinda hot," she said quietly.

I just stared at her for a minute, eyes wide. I felt my chest relax, a weight lifting from my shoulders. And I felt myself begin to grow in my pants.

"Really?" I asked.

"Well, yeah!" she said, setting down her wineglass and putting her other hand on my leg.

She opened her mouth to speak but couldn't seem to quite find the words. Instead, she leaned and kissed me deeply, hard. Her

hands moved to my cheeks as she took control, pushing me back into the couch, climbing into my lap.

"I want to see it tonight. Right now," she said, leaning over me.

I gulped. I hadn't prepared for that.

"Right now?"

"Yes! You want it, right? And I want to see you all tarted up for me." She sat back, straddling me, no doubt feeling my growing manhood. "Seems like it."

I laughed nervously, butterflies filling my stomach. Was this really going to happen? Right now? I had always expected there'd be some preamble, some explaining — but she asked for it. This was my chance.

"Okay," I said quietly, my voice shakier than I wanted it to sound.

She grinned, standing and taking my hand. "I'll get ready in our bedroom, you get dressed in the bathroom."

I stood and nodded, wrapping her in a hug.

"Thank you," I said quietly, then turned and headed towards our room.

But before I could, she spanked me — harder than I expected. I turned in surprise, and her grin had gotten wider. There was something different about her all of a sudden, something stronger, bigger. Theresa had never been demure, but she'd never been overtly sexual, either, but now I felt... hunted. Like prey staring down a predator.

"Call me Goddess," she said, then planted a hand on my chest and pushed me down the hallway.

That was how I found myself between her legs, voraciously going down on her as she moaned and gasped, yanking my hair and pulling my tongue deeper. Her ankles were crossed behind my head, the heels digging into my back. I couldn't have pulled away even if I wanted to — I just kept licking, sucking, and kissing her. My tongue ached, but every time I tried to stop she held me tight.

Eventually, she pushed me backwards, forcing me to my knees. Petticoats rustled around me, my manhood tenting the silk panties, the smooth material gently stroking the tip. I looked up at her, running my hands up her legs to her hips, feeling her soft skin beneath my fingers. I wanted her so desperately, wanted to please her, needed to make her come.

"God, you look so hot on your knees like that," she said, her voice a low growl. "I can't wait to take you for myself."

She grabbed my hair again, roughly pulling me between her legs.

"Lick me, slut!" she all but shouted, grinding herself against my face.

I eagerly complied, sliding my hands under her rear and pulling her to my face even more tightly. I gingerly slid a finger between her cheeks, finding her hole and gently probing it. She groaned, bucking forward into me and almost knocking me off balance.

"You're such a dirty girl!" she said, looking down at me, eyes wide and cheeks flushed. "You've never been like this before — you really do love this!"

I nodded as best I could, trying not to take my mouth away from her for even an instant.

"Yes, Goddess," I managed, squeezing her cheeks as I flicked my tongue across her clit.

She shuddered, throwing her head back and running her hands down her body, meeting my own behind her and locking her fingers with mine.

"Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop —" she said, her entire body quaking. "You're such a perfect little slut like this, fuck!"

Her thighs tightened around my head and she pulled my hair, hard, screaming as she climaxed in my mouth. Her entire body clenched, then released, then clenched again, my probing finger behind her entering and causing even more waves of pleasure to rack her body. I kept licking until she eventually pushed me away, my face soaked, back onto the floor.

I could feel everywhere my outfit touched me — the gentle tug of garter straps on my stocking tops, the silk embrace of my panties, the weight and tightness of the satin dress, the petticoats that kept everything so beautifully aloft.

"Get on the bed," she commanded when she caught her breath.

I rose, shivering as the clothes teased my skin, and sat on the bed facing her, stocking-covered legs emerging from the cloud of lace. All she had to do was reach in and grab what she wanted.

Instead, she grabbed my shoulders and shoved me back onto the bed, then quickly climbed on top of me, straddling me at my waist.

"Did you like that, girl?" she asked.

"Yes, Goddess, it was perfect. You're amazing," I breathed, butterflies filling my stomach.

I'd never seen this side of her before — what could possibly be next?

"Do you think you deserve anything?" She cocked her head to the side, her black hair falling around her, her perfectly petite, pert breasts bouncing.

"If you think I've earned it, Goddess..." I said, a little embarrassed to ask for my own orgasm.

"Earned what?" she asked harshly, letting it be clear that if I was going to cum tonight, I was going to have to beg for it.

"Please, Goddess, please let me cum. I'm so turned on, I want to so bad!"

"I've never had an orgasm like that before," she said, putting a hand on my satin-clad chest and leaning down to kiss me. Then without warning, she bit my earlobe.

"So I guess tonight, you do deserve it," she whispered, sending electricity down my body and leg.

I moaned, my back arching against her weight on top of me, keeping me in place against the bed.

She turned around, her rear in my face, and began to spread the sea of crinoline that hid my manhood. When she found my panties, she gasped.

"These are so cute!" she squealed.

I felt a hand begin to rub me through the satin, my whole body twitching in surprised delight.

"Being dressed up like this makes you so hard," she giggled, running a finger around the tip. "You love this!"

"Yes, Goddess, oh my god!"

"Is this what you wanted?" I could hear the smile in her voice as she began to slowly peel back my panties. "You want me to play with your little cock?"

"Yes, yes!" I gasped, feeling a nail slide teasingly down the bottom of my now-exposed shaft.

"Yeah?" she said poutily, rubbing the sensitive spot on the underside, just below the head. "Just like this?"

"Yes!" I cried.

With every circular motion, my body attempted to buck against her, but she tightened her legs and kept me firmly in place. When I tried to draw my knees in, she pushed back against them, leaving a hand on my thigh, reminding me to stay put. Suddenly, my shaft was surrounded by warm wetness, slipping from the base back up to the tip. I yelped and moaned, struggling to keep my legs flat against the bed as she sucked me.

"Baby, this is so hot," she said after a few agonizingly slow bobs up and down. "I've never seen you get like this!"

"Get like wha—" I began, my words turning into a sustained moan as she took me back into her mouth, sucking as she swirled her tongue around me.

After several moments of intensity, she let me go, and I realized that I'd been holding my breath.

"Like that," she said, and again I could hear the smile.

I made a guttural noise of approval.

"I'm so glad you told me about this."

She lapped me back into her mouth, wrapping her hand around my shaft at the same time as she began to bounce up and down. I

could feel my climax building, pleasure surging through my body.

"I. Want. To. Do. This. With. You. A. LOT. More," she said, punctuating each word with a brief suck and lick. "This is the only way we have sex now."

She dove into me, pressing her body down against mine, one hand cupping my balls, the other wrapped around my shaft as she slid her lips up and down it. The feeling was building, and I knew it wouldn't be much longer before I came.

"Oh, babe, I'm — I'm!" I choked.

I grabbed the sheets, fingers curling into fists, body shaking and fighting against the weight of hers on top of me. I came hard, like I never had before, completely emptying myself. As I did, she continued to suck me, never giving me a moment to rest. It was overwhelming, all-consuming — I stopped being aware of the room, of her, of everything.

When I finally finished and she rolled off of me, cuddling up next to me and putting an arm over me, my breathing was shallow and my heart pounded. I felt drained but deeply satisfied, my body aching.

"You are so fucking sexy," Theresa whispered, kissing me on my cheek. "I love seeing you in that."

I was too tired to even turn my head. "Yeah?" I managed, more grunt than word.

She giggled. "Yeah! You were so giving, it was like... having those panties and that dress on? Like you were just there for me. I like what they do to you."

I smiled weakly. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," she said, returning the smile and kissing my cheek again.
"And I meant what I said."

I felt strong enough to turn and look at her. She was glowing;
beaming at me as she run her fingers through my hair.

"I never want you out of panties again."

Chapter 2: Giving her What She Wants

True to her word, Theresa kept me in panties full-time. Getting dressed one morning, I found the contents of my underwear drawer had been completely replaced. Instead of my usual ragged boxers, it was overflowing with frilly lace, shiny satin, and sensuous silks. My stomach tightened as I reached in and withdrew one of the simpler pairs: an all-lace number with bows on each hip and a large mesh panel in the rear.

Theresa stepped out out the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, and smiled as she saw me holding them.

"What do you think?" she asked, letting the towel fall as she bent over to open the drawer in her nightstand.

As if these panties aren't enough to get me going, I thought.

I imagined her climbing on top of me as I wore them, grinding against me and feeling her warm wetness through the lace before pulling them down and slipping inside...

"Well?" she said, standing back up.

"Oh!" I regained my senses and held them up between us.

"They're beautiful, but... all the time?"

She tilted her head, pouting. "Yes! I thought you wanted that?"

My insides tied themselves into knots and I felt my heart leap into my throat.

"I do..." I said shakily. "I just — I didn't think... It's happening so fast!"

"Oh baby," she said, walking to me and wrapping her arms around my waist in a comforting embrace.

My stiffening shaft was pressed up between us. "I just want to support you and explore this together! I thought you'd enjoy this surprise!"

"I do! They're all so beautiful," I said, glancing back at the drawer. "I can't believe they're all for me! It's just... Like — well, what if someone finds out?"

She raised her eyebrow. "How would that even happen? You spend a lot of your time trying to figure out what kind of underwear your coworkers are wearing?"

"I supposed I don't..." It did have a logic to it.

"I tell you what, try it today and if you don't like it, no problem — we'll just keep them for at home. Sound good?"

I smiled. I could do a day. "Definitely!"

She grinned and kissed me, and when she pulled back she had something in her hand. The small velvet bag clicked and clinked when it moved, and she held it between us looking equal parts coy and tentative.

"There's something else I want to try," she said quietly, looking down. "It's a little bit different..."

She opened the bag to reveal a bent plastic ring attached to a plastic tube with a rounded end. It seemed like to was two parts, the tube and the ring, with a lock keeping the two sections connected. It was all in a simple white, just longer and wider than my thumb.

"What... ah — what is it?" I asked, picking it up gingerly.

"Well..." she trailed off, looking bashful for maybe the first time I'd met her.

I waited, but she seemed too nervous to go on. Finally, I put my hand under her chin and lifted so she was looking at me.

"Look," I said with what I hoped was my best winning, confident smile. "You've already replaced all my underwear with panties and every time we have sex you've got me in lingerie. What could possibly be more different than that?"

She nodded and I could see her steel herself — she needn't have worried. I loved her and trusted her, and I knew that no matter what she asked, I was prepared to say yes to her.

"It's a chastity cage," she blurted out.

I raised my eyebrows, waiting for more. "A what?" I asked blankly.

"You wear it, it keeps you locked up so you can't play with yourself. Or even really get an erection. I'd hold onto the key and let you out when I wanted so it's like your pleasure belongs to me, and I saw it online when I was watching porn the other night and it kind of turned me on so I started doing some research on them and exploring it and learning what the relationships are like for people who use them, and I think the whole idea of you submitting to me not just in the bedroom but all the time and having, like, this physical representation of that is so hot and I thought maybe we could try it out... so, yeah."

She looked at me shyly, glancing at the cage still in my hand. It all came spilling out at once. I tried to keep my face neutral but willing, but clearly I failed, because as soon as she finished she turned bright red and stared hard at the floor.

"Honey..." I began, trying to figure out what exactly the right thing was to say as I was saying it. "Look. We got into all of this because I wanted to try something, right? You took a leap and tried it with me, so I think it's only fair that I do the same with you, right?"

I smiled. "Who knows! Maybe I'll like it as much as you like me in panties!"

I could see her relax, and even though she didn't look up at me, she hugged me again. This time it was for her, and I wrapped her tightly in my arms.

"So... how does it work?"

She finally looked up at me and grinned. "Let me show you."

She dropped to her knees and tenderly took my package in her hand.

"So this slides around and sits at the base of everything," she explained, pulling me through the ring until it was at the bottom of my shaft, my testicles pulled through it.

"Then this slides over you, and look! It has a slot at the end so you can pee." She slide the tube up in place, fitting it with the ring, then married the two together with the small padlock that clicked into place. And suddenly I was completely at her mercy. It held me tightly but not painfully in place. It was almost comforting, like a nice tight hug.

Theresa had become visibly relaxed and even excited as she had put me into the cage, and when she stood back up her smile was predatory.

"Put those panties on now," she said, voiced tinted with command.

I complied, stepping into them and pulling them up. They fit better now that my member was restrained to the cage, with barely any bulge in front. Underneath pants both the cage and the panties would be invisible: a sexy, secret reminder of what my wife and I were up to — and what kind of control I had given her over me. I started to harden in my cage, feeling it hold me even more tightly in place. The sensation was almost thrilling.

"Are you getting turned on?" Theresa asked, sliding her hand up my back while she took one of my hands and put it on her naked rear, still dewy from the shower.

Then she leaned in close to my neck, kissing it softly. "Because I sure am."

I shivered, goosebumps instantly covering my body. My cage was keeping me in check, restricting me even as my heart started to race. She dropped to her knees in front of me, letting her fingers drag down my legs as she did, grinning all the way. She was so close to what I wanted, but so far away.

So when she put her mouth on it and teasingly stroked my package, I thought I was going to explode right out of the damn thing. I groaned, my entire body shaking, instinctively pressing myself into her even as I knew it was completely futile.

"Oh baby," she purred, looking up at me innocently. "We are going to have a ton of fun."

The entire day, all I could think about were my panties and my cage. I couldn't pay attention in meetings and I could hardly focus on anything in front of me. I just dwelled on the lace that barely concealed the little plastic cage filled with my shaft — which was apparently permanently hard now. Even as I began to occupy myself with other things, just shifting my weight would snap my mind back to it — and got me wondering about what Theresa had planned.

I realized shortly after I arrived at work that she had failed to tell me exactly how long this little experiment was going to last. Was she going to let me out tonight? In a week?

Ever?

At lunch, I somehow managed to keep my mind on the videos I was watching when she texted me. It was just a heart emoji and a photo of her biting her lip, the key to my cage squeezed between her

two perfect breasts. A spare hint of lace from her bra was visible underneath. My eyes widened as I strained in my cage, my body burning for her as if she'd sent me a video of herself masturbating.

The rest of the day moved on like molasses. At 4:15 I stumbled out of the office and into the car, my every step alternating with a fear of getting caught in panties and excitement to get home. When I finally got to the house, the door was locked. Evidently, I was the first one there, so I'd be stuck waiting for a bit longer.

When my hand brushed my pants, I felt something cold in the front and looked down to find a wet spot at the tip of my cage. Stunned, I unzipped my fly and examined myself. I wasn't bleeding... it was just pre-cum! And my panties were soaked with it. I stripped my pants and panties off in the living room before going to bedroom for replacements.

On the bed was a large white box with silver foil on the edges and a note stuck to it:

"Can't wait to see you in this when I get home! XOXO, T"

There was a pink lipstick kiss next to the T. Realizing what must be inside before I even opened it, I twitched in my cage and butterflies took off in my stomach. The lingerie was gorgeous. A baby blue silk babydoll and matching panties, each trimmed with delicate white lace. Hands shaking, I tore off my shirt and slipped it on, relishing the feel of the soft satin on my skin.

It was cut longer in the back than in the front, and the tip of my chastity cage was barely visible as I swayed in front of the mirror. It was slightly higher on the hips before dropping down to cover my rear in the back. The curve revealed teasing hints of the silk panties

underneath, tied on each side in large bows. While the front of the babydoll was almost demure, with a simple square neckline that sat on my clavicle, the back was open and low, trimmed in long, gorgeous lace and swooping down to reveal the top inch or two of my rear.

I swung my hips back in forth in the mirror, watching the material dance around me. My stomach tied itself into knots as I turned and examined myself and the beautiful nightie from every angle, bending over to expose my silk-covered bottom and feeling the cool air on my naked back.

I heard the garage door open and a jolt ran through my body.

Time to see where this is going, I thought.

I gave myself one last look in the mirror, straightened my outfit, and hopped on the bed, trying to adopt a pose that would read as sexy. With images of 50's movie stars playing in my head, I lounged, staring at the door and feeling awkward as I waited for her to come down the hall.

"I'm home, honey," she called, dropping her keys in a clatter on the kitchen counter. "Are you here? Did you find the box?"

The bedroom door swung open.

"Look at you!" she cried when she saw me, running her hands down my arms before pulling me into a deep, hungry kiss.

My heart skipped a beat as I kissed back, longing for her like I never had before. Maybe she was onto something with this chastity thing!

"How was your day?" she asked, grabbing my cage through the silk.

"Distracting," I gasped as she pushed me back onto the bed, climbing on top of me. "All I could think about was this... and you."

She giggled. "That's all I could think about too!"

I'm sure I had something romantic and sweet to say, but the feeling of her lips on my thigh made me forget anything I had lined up. I gasped, my back arching, my body electric. A shiver ran down my back and goosebumps spilled out across my skin.

All this from just one kiss?

She looked up at me with a impish grin. "My goodness! You're this horny after eight hours in a cage?"

Did she think that was a long time? I wondered. Is she going to take it off?

All I could do was nod. She laughed again and rolled me onto my belly, my back exposed to her. I felt her weight as she grabbed my arms, holding me in place, and the warmth of her body as she leaned over me. Already tingling, even the slightest movement of air across my back gave me more goosebumps.

I moaned as her lips found an extremely sensitive spot at the small of my back. I curled and groaned, twisting in the silk.

"Oh god, Theresa!"

Her response was a volley of tender kisses placed rapidly along the lace-trimmed line from my right shoulder blade to that same sensitive spot on my back. She held me tightly in place the whole time.

We continued like this for what felt like an hour until she finally flipped me over, throwing off her suit jacket and climbing on top of

me. She hiked her tight pencil skirt up around her hips, revealing her lace-topped stockings and the garter belt they were attached to.

"I've been thinking about doing this to you all day," she said huskily, kissing me aggressively as she straddled my caged shaft.

We still wore our panties. She held me there and ground against me like I was her toy, eyes closed, head thrown back. She'd grab at my chest or lean back far enough to grab my legs, hips running in circles.

I was unable to move and totally at her mercy. She swung forwards, pressing down into me as she bounced and rubbed herself against my silk-covered cage, her hair falling over my face. Her breathing was getting more and more ragged, her grinds faster and faster, and I countered her motion, vibrating and pushing into her.

"Oh baby, you're so fucking sexy," I moaned into her ear.

Her response was a moan that ended in a scream as she came against me, her body shuddering. I felt sharp nails sink into my back and shoulder, and I pulled her body against mine. When she finally finished, she leaned back, her hair disheveled and covering her face.

"Oh my god," she said. "I think that was the best orgasm I've ever had."

I grinned. "So the outfit works?"

She rolled off of me to her side of the bed, breathing heavily.

"Yeah, it definitely works," she said, rubbing it between her fingers. "And that cage fucking works, too."

She turned her head and smiled at me tiredly, pulling me in for a kiss.

"So..." I said quietly, and when she didn't reply, I gestured at my cage, now covered in silk that she had soaked. "My turn?"

I knew I'd said something wrong immediately. I could see it in how her expression changed, ever so slightly, into something a little harder. Gone was the post-orgasm bliss, replaced by a little disappointment and frustration.

"Right," she said, but I could hear the forced enthusiasm. "My bad."

She took off the key around her neck and put it in my hand.

"Why don't you get yourself off in the bathroom," she suggested, rolling over and sitting up on the side of the bed facing away from me.

For a second, I thought about talking to her — but I finally had the power back and scurried to the bathroom. When I freed my cage, I wrapped the silk panties around myself and finished in them, returning to the bedroom a satisfied, happy man.

"Dinner?" Theresa asked with a grin, sitting on the bed in an oversized tee and flannel pants.

I nodded. But I couldn't shake the feeling that I had done something wrong.

Chapter 3: The Virgin Bride

At the time, I felt like it was my responsibility, but looking back at it now it's clear that she was always the one who was going to propose. We'd been together for almost three years and were deeply in love with each other — not to mention how compatible we were in every way.

Well, except one. After the first day with that cage, she hadn't asked me to wear it again. I even brought it up a handful of times, but she dismissed it every time.

And yet our sex life remained as good as it had been since that first night dressing up for her. She was slowly becoming increasingly

dominant and I more submissive, but we both had powerful orgasms that involved a lot of lace and frills. She insisted I be dressed up in something, and sometimes she would too. A few times lately she'd even asked if I'd wear a nightie in the morning while I made breakfast or change into one when I got home from work.

So while I was surprised to see the ring in the small black box in our favorite restaurant, I wasn't shocked. It was a long time coming.

"Of course!" I said, my grin spreading from ear to ear. "Oh my god, Theresa, yes! I'll marry you!"

The room had narrowed to just us, but the sudden sound of applause was blasted me back to where we were. Smiling faces at tables around us turned away and went back to their meals, and then it was just the two of us again, tucked in our little corner booth.

"There's just one thing," she said quietly.

She sounded nervous, but now she had enough confidence that she kept looking me straight in the eyes. There was something in them I hadn't seen before. An intensity and focus, a fire burning behind them. It made the hair on the back of my neck stand up — and it had the same effect on my manhood.

"If we do this... I want you dressed all the time. Lingerie under your clothes in public, and at home you're in skirts and babydolls all the time."

My chest got tight and my heart skipped a beat. I opened my mouth to answer but she held up a finger.

"And — I want you in the chastity device. All the time."

Time stopped for a second as my jaw fell open. When it restarted, my mind was reeling, trying to reconcile getting what I

wanted with the cost of having it. Was I willing to trade control over my manhood if it meant I could be in silk and satin all the time?

"Yes," I said slowly, the words sounding far away. My breathing was shallow and there was a rushing noise in my ears. "I'll do it, for you."

Her grin spread across her face, perfect white teeth framed by soft, red lips. God, how I wanted those lips, now more than ever.

"Oh baby!" she said, almost squealing. "Thank you! We're going to get married!"

Eight months of chastity later, our wedding finally happened. In that time I'd had an orgasm maybe a dozen times, the frequency dropping off as we got closer to the day. That isn't to say we stopped having sex — she was voracious, and rarely did a night pass without her having a powerful orgasm all over my delicate lingerie. It just meant that it was a somewhat one-sided affair.

I was happy, though, dressed in pretty, girly things all the time. Her taste for me ran towards the over-the-top, and soon my house clothes covered the gamut from silk and satin slips trimmed with frothy lace to corsets and basques and full-length chiffon nightgowns with high slits and sexy cutouts. Sometimes I felt like her plaything and sometimes I felt powerful and sexy — but she always reminded me who was in charge.

Since the engagement, her confidence had increased dramatically. There was no doubt now who was in charge now. I found myself paying close attention to what I wore, trying my best to excited and impress her with my lingerie and outfits. It was a joy for

me to wear the beautiful things we bought, and a delicious surprise when I'd come home and find a box on the bed with instructions attached.

This was how I found myself at the altar in front of our friends and family in a slim-fitting navy blue tuxedo — with bridal lingerie and a remote controlled butt plug on underneath. My wife-to-be held my hands, tears in her eyes, her sleeveless gown flowing behind her as we exchanged our vows. No one knew what the small key around her neck meant, but I sure did, and I could tell from a hungry look she gave me that she was enjoying flaunting it. My stockings swished against my trousers, their lace tops tugged by my lacy garter belt as we strode down the aisle arm-in-arm, husband and wife with a delicious secret.

The reception was a raucous affair, and Theresa — my wife! — thoroughly enjoyed taking every chance to remind me who really wore the pants. A playful spank here, a hand on my cage there, an aggressive kiss against a wall all reinforced her message: she was in charge. Every little moment made me strain against my cage.

The party was nowhere near over by the time we made it to our room, but it was clear that she was done waiting to have her way with me. She practically sprinted down the hall, pulling my hand as we stumbled into our room in a happy, drunken haze.

"I've been waiting for this all day," she moaned, leaning against the door to close it.

"I've been waiting for weeks," I said with a grin. It had been seven weeks since she'd unlocked me and let me cum, and I was almost dizzy from anticipation.

There was a moment where we looked at each other as husband and wife, taking in what we had done and who we were now. Then her face changed and she transformed from my wife to my Goddess.

And I became her sissy.

Almost instinctually, I fell to my knees in front of her, staring at the floor between us.

"Goddess," I said quietly.

We were married now and somehow the word carried more power, had more heft to it. The last eight months had been a happy, sexy blur, and for the first time I began to feel the weight of what I'd agreed to and what that meant for the rest of my life.

"May I pleasure you?"

She laughed. "Of course."

I crawled to her and lifted her lace gown, finding black patent heels underneath. Her long, smooth legs were clad in a wide fishnet stocking, disappearing into a froth of chiffon petticoats. I felt myself surge in my cage. I kissed her leg slowly, working up from her ankle until I reached mid-thigh and felt a hand on top of my head stopping me.

"Unbutton me," she said, and I dutifully withdrew and got behind her, facing the long row of silk-covered buttons that ran from her shoulder blades to the apex of her rear.

I began to undo them, and with each was treated to a growing view of the black satin she wore underneath. After all, she was in charge. I wore the white lingerie — she got the dominant black.

There was no doubt who would be deflowering whom tonight.

Her dress finally fell away and she stepped out of it, statuesque and gorgeous. She wore a black satin corset with shiny latex boning that pushed up her breasts and pulled in her waist, cutting a sharp hourglass figure. The garter straps were clipped to her fishnets, and she wore tall stiletto heels that clicked on the wooden floor. Around her middle she wore a thick satin ribbon tied in a bow to one side.

Somehow feminine and masculine at the same time, there was no questioning that she had the power. From her stance to her lingerie, she was in command. I shivered, my eyes practically bulging out of my skull.

"You look incredible, Goddess," I said in a near-whisper.

"Strip," she smirked.

I bowed my head and obeyed, slowly unbuttoning my jacket and shirt. I tossed them on a chair, shakily undoing my belt and unzipping my pants, exposing the white silk underneath. They pooled around my stocking-clad ankles and I stepped out of them, my stomach curling into knots, my face flushed, my eyes glued to the floor.

"Don't you look pretty!" she crowed. "What a perfect little sissy bride."

My cheeks got hotter, my stomach tightening — I was so tense I was almost shaking. She grabbed my chin and forced my head up, staring into my eyes. Her glossy red lips curled into a smirk somewhere between bemused and predatory. I shivered and gave her a nervous smile.

"Does my appearance please you, Goddess?" I asked softly.

The smirk split into grin. She stepped next to me, her leg between mine, her thigh rubbing against me. She put her mouth next to my ear, her hand resting on the front of my panties.

"You have only begun to please me," she whispered, so close that I could feel the heat of her breath. I suppressed a moan.

"But first, you need your shoes," she said, walking towards the suitcase and pulling out a pair of tall, strappy stilettos covered in sparkling stones.

She tossed them on the bench at the foot of the bed and crossed to the armchair in the corner.

"And I think we should get you a little more in the mood, right?" She grabbed her phone from the nightstand. "Let's start with... this."

She tapped at it and the vibrator inside of me suddenly sprang to life, buzzing against my prostate. My legs turned to jelly as it turned powerfully on and off. I groaned, steadying myself as my shaft strained against the confines of the chastity cage I wore.

"Oh fuck," I moaned. "Thank you, Goddess."

She giggled in response. "Don't thank me yet! Now get going!"

I staggered to the shoes, gingerly sitting on the bench and shivering as the vibrator was pressed deeper into me. The white lace of my garter belt brushed against me as I bent to pull on the shoes. It was tall and ornate, covered in spiraling beads and trimmed out in frills, satin bows at the tops of each strap with one large one in the rear, the ribbon draping over my cheeks. It tugged deliciously against my silk stocking tops as I fastened the shoes.

I stood and straightened my stockings' seams and the front of my bikini-style panties. The front panel was white satin but the back was

translucent lace, scalloping curving up over my hips. My bra was made from mesh, revealing my erect nipples, trimmed in lace that matched my panties and garter belt, floral appliques delicately applied along the straps and the bottoms of the cups, two delicate satin bows at the apex of each shoulder.

I looked over my shoulder and saw my wife staring at me with a pleased expression, so I winked and posed, popping my hip and blowing her a kiss. She laughed, then tapped at her phone. Suddenly, the vibrator's pattern changed into something faster and more aggressive and I gasped.

"I need you," I moaned, turning to face her. "Take me."

I felt so deliciously exposed, facing my wife — my Goddess forever more — in delicate bridal lingerie, my manhood fighting against its constraints, my rear filled with a vibrator. With her power.

I utterly belonged to her, in every way.

For a long moment, she just looked at me, locking eyes, her face an unreadable mask. I felt naked, like for the first time, she could see me for who I truly was. My arousal turned to anxiety, the moment so intense I could feel tears beginning to well up in my eyes. For an instant, everything fell away. It was just Theresa and me, a Goddess and her slave, a wife and her sissy.

Expression unchanging, she stood, strutting over to me, black patent heels flashing with each step. My breath caught in my chest, my body humming like an exposed wire.

"I know you do," she said quietly.

She paused, crossing her arms. I was frozen, a roaring slowly filling my ears.

"Because I'm your Goddess, and my pleasure is all you're for."

My heart leapt, my caged shaft twitched, and I finally exhaled in a slow, ragged breath. Theresa quickly stepped forwards and embraced me, holding me as I sank into her.

"Baby?" she asked, clearly concerned. "Are you alright?"

I pulled back, hands on her waist. "I've never been better. Thank you, my love."

She held me for a moment until I steadied. "Are you ready for this?"

"I never knew how much until now."

She grinned, pulling away and putting her hand on my chest, shoving me back onto the bed. I collapsed, legs open, arms behind me. My cage bulged in my panties and I could see her eyeball it as she walked over to me, straddling me and grinding herself against it.

"This belongs to me," she said, her voice low and husky. "I own it, and I own your pleasure." She put her hands on my shoulders and pushed me back onto the bed. "You only cum when I want you to. I come whenever I want to. Understand?"

I nodded. "Yes, Goddess, of course. I belong to you completely."

"Show me what that means."

She slipped off of me, sitting on the edge of the bed with her legs spread. For the first time, I noticed her panties were French ouvert style — a modest satin panel in front, but completely open underneath and in the rear. Her delicious lips were completely exposed, and I knelt between her, diving in.

Her head fell back, moaning in delight as I teased her, running my tongue up and down, slipping in and out. Her hand snaked down

her black corset, roughly grabbing my hair and pulling me deeper between her legs. My cage twitched between my legs, the vibrator deep inside of me teasing me mercilessly. For a moment, I was lost in sensation: the silk of my stockings, the buzzing vibrator; the musky scent of my Goddess, her sweet taste.

"God, you're so fucking good at that," she moaned. "Putting you in that cage was the best thing I ever did. You're so eager now!"

I tried to stay focused on the task at hand. After all, as my Goddess' sissy wife, I had a job to do on our wedding night. And maybe if I did my job well enough, she'd unlock me. I licked and kissed, sucking and probing as she moaned, pulling my hair and squeezing my head between her thighs. My tongue was exhausted, my knees aching — but I kept at it, sliding my fingers into her, finding all her sensitive spots.

"Fuck!" she cried. "I love you locked up!"

She came hard in my mouth, her legs tightening around my head, muffling her scream of ecstasy. She fell backwards onto the bed, fingers circling, ankles crossing behind my neck. Her orgasm went on and on, her moans rising and falling in waves as I continued, never stopping or slowing down. I'd never brought her to an orgasm like this before, and I wasn't about to let it end prematurely.

When she finally finished, my head ached and my body burned. She panted heavily, hand resting on her stomach as she caught her breath. Something felt cold in my panties, and I reached down to discover a small wet spot at the tip of my cage. I pulled my fingers away and a slim strand followed.

"Good job, girl," she said after a few moments, groggily sitting up and shaking her head. "I can tell that I'm really going to enjoy you as my wife."

I grinned. "It's my pleasure to serve you."

She smiled too, almost a smirk, then bent down and grabbed my hand in hers. We stood up together, two lovers in lingerie, one a Goddess, one a slave. I couldn't resist her. I kissed her, deeply, feeling her open up to me. We melted into each other, loving each other and our new roles.

As we kissed, she turned me around so she was behind me. A hand snaked down my back and around my hip, resting on my cage. She gasped as she felt the wet spot, leaning back and looking at her hand.

"Oh my god!" she laughed. "You really do love this!"

She pushed me back, hard, thrusting my shoulders into the bed as she leaned in close to my face.

"Are you ready, sissy? Are you ready to be my wife, to serve me forever?"

"Yes, Goddess," I said quietly, surprising even myself with how much I wanted it.

It was what I had always dreamed of — but I was still anxious.

What if I'm wrong? What if I didn't want a life of lace and chastity, silk and service? What would it mean for us, for our lives?

But I spoke, almost without meaning to: "I want to be your slave."

"Oh, I know that," she giggled, grinning broadly at me.

She straddled me, her nakedness against my cage.

"I never knew I wanted all of this until you introduced me to it," she said, kissing me deeply and aggressively, her tongue probing me as she ground against my cage.

She grabbed my hands and raised them up above my head, holding them there. "Thank you for showing me what I was missing."

We stayed like that for a while, sissy and Goddess, kissing and luxuriating in our new roles, our new lives. As she ground against me, she would occasionally find just the right spot, moaning deeply as she rubbed. She didn't climax, but she came close — it seemed like she was saving it. It wasn't long before I found out what she was waiting for.

"I want to set the tone for married life," she explained. "This isn't quite a traditional marriage, so I think it's important to set some... expectations for how things will play out, especially in the bedroom."

She gave me a grin that made my stomach flip over.

"I just want to make you happy," I said, my manhood fighting to be free of its restraints, the wet spot in my panties growing.

"Oh baby, I know you do," she said, sticking out her lower lip in a pout. "And as long as I'm happy, I think you will be too, right? 'Happy wife, happy life?'"

She didn't wait for a response before beginning to kiss and nibble at me, starting at my ribs and working her way down to my hips and panty line. I moaned and twitched, every touch of her lips sending electricity through my deliciously denied body.

She grabbed my garter strap with her teeth, pulling back and letting it snap against my naked thigh. She exposed my nipple, sucking it into her teasing mouth while she massaged between my

legs, my body shaking from pure sensation alone. I wanted nothing more than for her to unlock me and touch my shaft, to take me and let me cum for the first time in weeks, but she never did — she was an artist of the tease.

"You look so pretty in this lingerie," she sighed as she kissed me, fingers running up my silk-clad thighs. "I'm so excited to keep you dressed like this all the time."

"All the time?" I gasped between moans, her giggles making it clear that she was trying to make it as hard as possible for me to speak.

"My little sissy wife," she explained, kissing my neck. "It's your job to take care of me, and I want you looking your sexiest from the moment you wake up until the second I fall asleep."

I shivered.

"I... Thank you, Goddess," I whispered, my voice breaking. "You're perfect."

She paused, pulling back and looking me in the eye. For just a fleeting moment, we were equals.

"Perfect?" she asked, wrapping her arms around herself.

"Perfect for me. You helped me find a side of myself I never knew I even wanted," I said quietly, propping up on my elbows. "I thought I could be happy by doing this sometimes. But you showed me that it wasn't enough — that I belonged here. That I belong to you, as you... as your wife. Your slave."

She sat for a moment, next to my legs. Had we been anyone else, I would have been inside of her on our wedding night — but here we were, two lovers in lingerie, one locked away, meant only to serve the

other. I couldn't have asked for anything better, and I never would have guessed that I wanted this.

"You're perfect for me," she said quietly, her hand tracing small circles around my nipples, staring at my chest. "No one tells you that you want this kind of thing, and I never knew it about myself."

I smiled. "There's no one else I'd want to do it with."

She returned the smile for just a moment before it fell, her face hardening, eyes narrowing.

"Enough of that, sissy," she said sternly, pinching my nipple and eliciting a yelp. "From here on out, you speak only when spoken to. Understand?"

"Yes!" I said eagerly.

The slap was hard, and it stung more because I didn't expect it. My mouth fell open. She raised her eyebrows in response, and I thought I could sense some genuine anger building in her. My toes curled in my stilettos. What had I done wrong? She had asked me a question and I'd responded — oh!

"Yes, Goddess," I gasped. "I'm so sorry, Goddess!"

She loosened, but I could tell I was on thin ice. I'd made my one mistake, and any others would lead to more than just a slap in the face. I knew, instinctively, that if I was going to be granted an orgasm on my wedding night, I needed to do everything perfectly. That meant more than doing just what she asked — I had to take initiative, give her what she wanted before she had to ask for it.

"Why don't you put that mouth to something useful?" she said flatly, pushing me down.

I kissed along her ribs until I reached the curve of her hips, relishing the sounds she made as I did. I was already hard in my cage, but her moans and gasps made me furiously aware of its bars. I ached to be free of it, desperately wanted her touch. But a tiny voice deep within me hoped it never came off.

She was already wet when I began to dive into her, flicking and teasing her with my tongue. I slipped a finger into her, then another, and she let out a shuddering moan. Her legs wrapped around my back, silk slipping against silk.

"You're going to be my perfect sissy wife," she moaned, squeezing one of her breasts. "Always horny, always ready for a fuck. I'm going to keep you all dressed up and pretty and always in your cage."

A shiver ran down my exposed back and I strained further in my cage.

"I'm going to use you like a toy," she continued. "You're going to make me cum whenever I want and you'll stay locked and dripping. You know why?"

I shook my head as best I could between her legs.

"Because I know you fucking love it," she moaned as I pleased her. "I know you want this. I know you need this."

Yes, Goddess, I thought as she came again.

When she finished and laid back, breathing heavily with her legs still crossed behind my back, she looked down at me and smiled. With a flourish, she presented the small key to my cage she always wore between her perfect breasts.

"You've worked hard tonight, sweetie," she purred, twirling the key on its long, slim chain around her fingers. "And seeing how it's our wedding night and all, do you think you've earned anything?"

My eyes practically bulged out of my skull — but I could sense that this was a trap.

"What I've earned is up to my Goddess," I said carefully.

She laughed, almost cruelly. "Good girl! You're a fast learner, aren't you? Well, your Goddess does think you've earned something. After all, it wouldn't be our wedding night without us consummating it, right?"

My breathing immediately got shaky, my heart fluttering.

Was I finally going to get to cum?

"You've got a choice to make, darling," she said with a crooked grin. "I'll take that cage off of you and you'll get to cum. But if I do, you're going to let me fuck you however I want."

I furrowed my brow. "What does that mean, Goddess?"

She raised her eyebrows in warning. "What makes you think I'll tell you that?"

I could get out of my cage — but I knew there was more to it than that. Something I hadn't thought about, some way for her to prolong my torture in the cage.

But I could get unlocked.

"Yes, Goddess," I said after a moment. "However you want."

She grinned, sitting up quickly and bending over to kiss me. "I knew you'd make the right choice! Let me go put it on."

She flitted off the bed and into the bathroom before I had a chance to process her words. I rolled over and slipped off the bed,

going to the long, full-length mirror against the wall and checking my outfit. I fussed with it, straightening straps and pulling things back into place.

On silent feet, she appeared behind me, her face plastered with the same crooked grin. I started to turn around but she grabbed my hips and held me in place.

"Look at us," she said, meeting my eyes in the mirror. "Husband and wife. Or maybe it's wife and wife?"

"Whatever it is, it's perfect, Goddess," I murmured, taking one of her hands in mine.

She smiled and kissed my neck softly. I could feel the heat of her breath on my skin and shivered.

"Yeah," she whispered. "It is perfect. Now, are you ready?"

"Of course, Goddess," I answered.

I felt something slide between my legs from behind me, under my rear and running outside my panties. It pushed forwards slowly, shoving my caged member and package to the side. The sensation was new and foreign. I gasped in shock, looking down to see what it could be.

A rounded black shape was sticking out from between my legs, thick and weighty next to my cage. It took me a long moment to realize what it was.

"Goddess," I gasped, the realization dawning on me. "Is that —"

"My strap-on," she cut me off. "My cock."

My stomach flipped over as my body tensed.

Is she going to — is that going inside of me?

"I'm going to make you my wife tonight," she whispered. "Your virginity is mine."

"Goddess —" I started, but she put a finger to my lips.

"Hush, baby," she said. "This is who you are now."

Her words filled me with a sick pleasure. I was hers now — and she was going to use me however she saw fit.

And I wanted her to.

"Let me get that cage off."

She reached down and put the tiny silver key in the lock, tossing it to the side. Immediately, my manhood grew, pushing the cage off the ring until it fell to the floor with a muffled thud. I closed my eyes and let out a quiet groan, drinking in the feeling of freedom and release. This was the first time in six weeks I'd been free.

"Look how big I am compared to you," she giggled, pointing in the mirror.

Even fully erect, her strap-on seemed to dwarf my manhood. I wasn't small — her cock was huge.

"Are you ready for me, baby?" she asked, withdrawing and readying herself.

She took a wide stance, one steady hand on my shoulder, and aimed her cock at my rear. The dark head nestled between my cheeks, pressing gently against my puckered hole. I let out a sound somewhere between a gasp and a wimper.

"The first time can be scary, I know," she said quietly, her voice filled with excitement. "I'll go slow for you. You're such a pretty little thing, but don't worry. You're going to love it. I'll have you begging for my cock before long."

One hand wrapped around my quivering erection and I yelped at the electric sensation. I twitched in her fingers but she held me firm, beginning to stroke me. The pleasure was overwhelming. Suddenly all I could focus on was her hand and her cock. I fell forwards, my cheek pressing against the mirror.

She pushed in as she stroked me, spreading me open with her cock as she played with mine. She slipped in slowly, opening the way firmly and confidently. She stretched me open, filling me completely. Bright pain gave way to low, lovely pleasure as she went deeper.

"Oh, Goddess," I moaned. "Oh my god, that feels amazing."

"I'm going to fuck the cum out of you," she said, hand dropping from my shoulder to my waist. "Are you going to cum like a good sissy wife for me?"

"Yes," I cried out as she began to thrust.

She stopped stroking me, both hands tightening around my waist as she picked up her pace. My manhood bobbed in front of me, package swinging. I barely noticed that she did. My body was overwhelmed with sensation. She filled me, pleased me, controlled me.

A pressure began to build within me that I had never felt before. Every time her cock thrust into me, pleasure radiated out through my silk-covered body. My shaft bounced as her hips rocked into mine. I squealed girlishly, forehead pressed against the mirror.

"Fuck me," I gasped. "Fuck me, Goddess. Your cock feels so good!"

"You're taking me so well, wife," she growled, and I could tell from her voice that she was close to cumming to. "Cum like a good

girl for me."

I wanted to. I knew I was going to, and I felt strangely proud of that. I was her wife — her sissy — and I was going to do whatever I could to make her happy. I wanted to cum for her, the way she wanted me to.

Her fingers tightened around my waist. Her thrusts were hard and fast now, quick pushes in followed by a slow withdrawal. I felt like I was going to explode. Every motion was like a breath in a balloon. My shaft was so hard it almost hurt, the tip bumping into the mirror as she filled me. My legs were shaking but I barely noticed them. Now I was focused on the strange pleasure filling me.

"Oh, fuck," she said, her voice choked and high-pitched. "I'm cumming, baby!"

She pushed into me hard, her cock sliding deeper and deeper until her hips were pressed against my rear. Even then she didn't stop, leaning forwards until she was leaning against my back pushed me up against the mirror. She was shuddering and shaking. I could feel her cock twitching deep inside of me.

Then, finally, the dam burst. The shock of the cold mirror as my shaft pressed against it was enough to bring me over the edge. My body tensed around her cock, the pressure finally releasing.

"Me too," I cried out, head falling backwards against her shoulder. "Oh fuck, your cock feels so good in my ass!"

A feeling more like relief spread over me. I spurted against the mirror, hot cum spraying against my belly. My rear spasmed around her as I came, the pleasure cresting into release. Six weeks of cum exploded out of me as my bride kept herself buried deep inside me.

"You're my girl now," Theresa moaned from behind me as we finally relaxed. "You're not a virgin anymore."

I twisted around to try to kiss her, feeling the strap-on begin to slide out of me. She withdrew it fully, then pinned me up against the mirror, jamming her tongue into my mouth. I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her up against me. The black phallus, rigid and long, brushed against my drooping shaft.

"Thank you, Goddess," I whispered as she broke the kiss. "This is perfect."

"I'm so excited for what's next," she said, tilting her head forwards until our foreheads were touching. "I'm so excited for our life together."

I grinned and nodded.

"I guess we can scratch off one myth of married life, hmmm?" she asked with a cocked eyebrow.

I giggled and kissed her again. "Seems so."

"Because next time the cage stays on," she smiled. "And it's never coming off again."

Her Chastity Sissy Maid

If you liked this book, you'll love this story about being transformed into a slutty, sexy, desperately horny sissy maid and learning how to serve a stunning, dominant woman.



“Aren’t those stockings just lovely?” she purred as she ran her hand down my silk-covered leg.

“Isn’t this dress a bit short?” I flared it out, revealing the dense petticoat beneath. It barely hid my panties, revealing my lacy stocking tops with every step.

“That’s just the way I want you,” she grinned, pushing me backwards onto the bed.

If I had known what the job required, I never would have taken it. But a job is a job, even if Selena told me I had to put on a dress to do it. I’ve always thought maid outfits were sexy — who hasn’t? — but I never expected to be the one wearing one.

I guess she thinks they are, too, because she can't keep her hands off me when I'm all dolled up. But she has some rules about what I'm allowed to do, and when I break them, she gives me a fitting punishment. I'd never seen a chastity cage before she locks it on me.

She must have done this before because she knows just how to torment me. I love the dresses and lingerie, but am I really willing to submit to her the way she wants? Can I give control to her and fully become her sissy — even if it means letting myself be used however she wants?

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

The Sissy Manor

If you liked this book, you'll love the first book in this super hot series about being transformed into a beautiful, sexy sissy and locked in chastity — *The Sissy Manor*.



"That doesn't belong to you anymore," she said, smacking my cage dangling between my legs. "This is mine now."

"Yes, Madame," I said as I pulled up my panties, my dense petticoats settling over them, my skirt so short that they were still visible.

"Now you're my sissy maid, girl," she smirked, shoving on my shoulder. "So get on your knees and do your job."

It was supposed to be a simple summer job, a housekeeper at a country estate. I was going to be the only guy there, surrounded by pretty girls in pretty clothes. What more could anyone ask for?

But that was before I knew about the uniform, and why everyone there was dressed like a maid. It turned out that the uniform was

mandatory for everyone at Belmont Manor — even for me! Panties, a tiny skirt, a massive pettioat — and a tiny chastity cage in my panties.

How else can Madame Belmont keep her girls ready and eager to please?

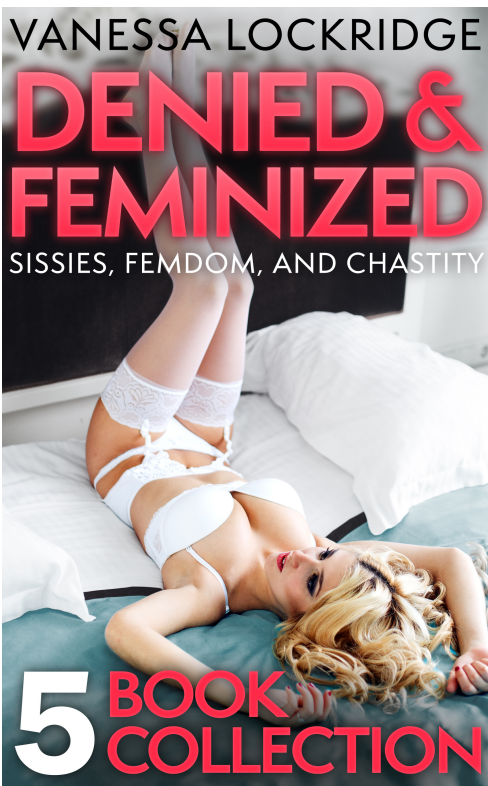
Because she has something special between her legs, and she insists on using it whenever and however she wants. Am I read to be her next prospect? Am I really ready to be trained and used the way she demands?

Can I really become her sissy chastity maid?

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

Denied and Feminized

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



"Don't they feel wonderful?" she grinned, running her hands down my stocking-glazed legs.

I shivered in response.

"Wouldn't it be so wonderful to be let out of this?" she continued as her fingers wandered across my soft, silk panties and the throbbing, desperate cage tucked inside. I ached for her touch, burned with need for it. "But you still have six more months in there," she

finished with a gleeful smirk.

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

1. The Sissy Trip: Locked and Feminized When Visiting my Friend
2. The Sissy Bunny Club: Transformed Into a Feminized Cocktail Waitress

3. Our Sissy Honeymoon: Feminized, Dominated, and Used
4. Feminized and Dominated: Transformed Into A Sissy for Lesbian Mistresses
5. Feminized in Nylon and Steel: Turned into a Chastity Sissy

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