

# LOCKED UP SISSY



**LEXI  
BROOKES**

# LEARNING TO LOVE IT

# Locked Up Sissy: Learning to Love It

Lexi Brookes

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# Chapter 1

You're a girl," I sighed. "You tell me. Why is it so hard to get laid? It's already the second semester, and I'm still a virgin."

Dakota nodded along sympathetically as I vented. We'd known each other since middle school—and now the blonde bombshell was one of my only friends at college. Thank god she was here at least, I thought.

"Your problem is you seem a little..." Dakota paused, her sparkling blue eyes darting away.

"What?" I asked, leaning forward. "Just tell me. I can handle it."

"Well, you seem like you're not *really* that interested when you try to hit on girls, Caleb. Like you're doing it because you think you have to," she said, studying my face.

I tried not to let my frustration show. She had a point. I was more anxious to lose my virginity than to actually do the deed. Maybe that was my problem.

Sinking back into Dakota's plush blankets from my perch on the edge of her bed, I let out a long sigh.

"Hey, it's not all bad," the bubbly blonde consoled me. "If you were off fucking bitches all day, we wouldn't have time to hang out."

I laughed despite myself. Dakota always knew how to cheer me up.

“I just *want* to want it more, you know?” I muttered, staring at the shabby white ceiling tiles.

Dakota tapped her chin thoughtfully. “I have an idea,” she finally said. “Bear with me; it’s a little weird.”

I watched her curiously as she rooted through the drawers of her desk.

“You remember my sister got married last month, right?” she went on. “Well, at the bachelorette party I got a gag gift, and...” she trailed off.

“What?” I asked. My heart was pounding in my chest at this point. I could tell something big was about to happen.

“I kind of kept it for some reason. It was just a feeling I had, like I was drawn to it.” Her pretty tan face turned a shade of light pink. “But anyway, here it is,” she declared triumphantly, holding something up.

It looked like a tiny, pink plastic cock. Dakota separated a metal ring from the plastic case and dropped both into my palm.

“What is it?” I asked curiously.

“It’s a chastity cage, silly,” Dakota replied. Her face was flushed with excitement.

I turned the plastic cage over in my hand. It felt sturdy but light.

“You should put it on, Caleb. I bet it will help you get laid,” Dakota said, brushing a strand of curly blonde hair from her face.

“How?” I exhaled.

“Well, after a little bit you’ll *really* want to have sex. Then, I bet you’ll have no problem losing your virginity,” she said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“I don’t know,” I muttered, still eying the plastic device. I wasn’t sure her logic made a whole lot of sense, but I did feel a little drawn to the cute, plastic cage.

“I’ll make you a deal. If you don’t get laid in a month, I’ll make sure you lose your virginity myself. Okay?” Dakota’s voice wavered slightly. She bit her bottom lip nervously as she met my eyes.

I could hardly believe it. Was she really saying she’d sleep with me if I couldn’t find someone to lose my virginity to? It seemed too good to be true. Dakota was way out of my league. I kind of figured that’s why we were so close without it ever getting weird. Sure, I was a guy and she was a girl. But she was gorgeous, and I was just a scrawny nerd—not one of the jocks she was always fucking.

“Really?” I gasped.

“Of course! Do you think I’d lie to you?” she pouted, jumping to her feet and crossing her arms. Her perfect tits looked even bigger, and I had to swallow the lump in my throat.

“Okay, I’ll do it,” I said quickly, before she changed her mind.

I stood up and started toward the bathroom in her dorm room. She was lucky enough to share one with the neighboring room and not have to use the one in the hallway.

Dakota clicked her tongue disapprovingly and I stopped short.

“What?” I asked, confused. She had seemed anxious for me to put the cage on a second ago.

“I want to see you put it on,” she said sternly. “How else will I know you’re actually wearing it?”

I froze right in the middle of her dorm room. My stomach somersaulted at the thought of taking my cock out right in front of Dakota. It was crazy, right? We’d been friends forever.

But she was a hot girl. Why was I hesitating? Maybe she was right. Maybe this was why I couldn't get laid.

"Hurry up, Caleb," she snapped. "You want to lose your virginity, right?"

I nodded meekly. There was something about her tone—and the plastic cage clutched in my hand. I stopped thinking. I just did what she told me to.

My hands were trembling as I reached down, unzipped my jeans, and pulled my cock out through my boxers. Between the cold air of the dorm room and the anxiety shooting through me, my dick was utterly soft. I mean, I was never huge, but this was bad even for me. I hoped Dakota wasn't paying too much attention.

"Put the ring around it first," Dakota said breathily, licking her lips. She seemed to know exactly how this was supposed to go, but at the time I didn't think about that.

The metal ring felt cold against my sensitive skin, and I let out a little gasp as I threaded it around my cock and balls.

"Now the cage. They fit together," Dakota instructed me. Her sparkling blue eyes were staring at my cock, and I blushed as I scooped it into the tiny, pink tube. The two pieces snapped together with a click, and I let out a breath that I didn't realize I was holding.

"Lock it," Dakota ordered, holding out a tiny padlock.

My jaw dropped. Lock it? She hadn't mentioned this before. Dakota arched one eyebrow at me, daring me to refuse. With a sigh, I took the padlock and snapped it into the loop that bound the two pieces of the chastity cage together.

"Oh my God!" she squealed with laughter. "I can't believe you put it on!"

My face flushed scarlet.

“You told me to—” I protested, trailing off as she laughed even louder.

“I just never thought you would,” she finally got out, before another fit of laughter seized her.

“Just let me out then,” I said angrily, my voice rising. I wasn’t about to put up with being made fun of.

But as soon as I raised my voice, all the mirth left Dakota’s face.

She raised one delicate finger and wagged it at me disapprovingly. Since we’d first met, she’d been the one to call the shots.

“Oh, no, missy,” she declared sternly. “You don’t talk that way to me.”

Pulling the tiny key from a drawer next to her bed, she threaded it onto the silver chain necklace she had on. It fell between her generous breasts and lay flat against her tanned skin. Trailing a finger lightly over the key, Dakota grinned at me like a cat toying with a mouse.

“Apologize,” she ordered. “Or you can kiss your cock goodbye.”

My mouth dropped open in shock. Speechless, I stared at my best friend. What had gotten into her?

“Now,” her voice cracked like a whip.

“Sorry, Dakota,” I muttered quickly, looking down at the ground.

“That’s okay, sweetie. I know this is going to be an adjustment,” she said comfortingly as I tucked my caged cock back into my jeans and zipped them up.

## Chapter 2

The rest of the day, I felt like I was in a fog. The chastity cage felt weird under my clothes. It was heavier than I expected, and I could feel it tugging gently against my cock all day.

It was beyond distracting. No matter what I was doing, I couldn't seem to forget that I had the pink cage locked around my dick.

Worse yet, Dakota had kept the key to the padlock. There was no way for me to take it off. I was completely at her mercy. The thought made me shiver.

But reality didn't really set in until the next morning, when I woke up with what would have been a hard-on. My cock was smashed painfully in the plastic tube, struggling to get hard, but completely trapped.

I jumped up and out of bed with a groan. My first class was in an hour, and the sensation was so uncomfortable that there was no way I could focus on organic chemistry.

Sighing, I wrapped a towel around my slim waist. Unlike Dakota, my dorm had a communal shower. Grasping the towel so tightly that my knuckles turned white, I put on my shower shoes and grabbed my shampoo.

There was no way any of the guys could see me like this. If my towel slipped, I would die of embarrassment. I took shallow, panicky breaths as I darted into the bathroom.

It was early enough that no one else was around, and I'd made it safely into the shower stall. Pulling the shower curtain closed, I started to calm down.

But that wasn't the only obstacle I was up against. My poor, trapped cock was still straining against its cage.

There was only one solution that I saw. Turning the shower dial all the way to the left, I braced myself. But nothing could prepare me for the stream of ice-cold water that pounded against me.

Slumping forward, I wrapped my arms around myself like that could protect me from the frigid water. My pale skin was covered in goosebumps, and a weak, miserable cry escaped from my lips.

Yet the second the water reached the base of my caged cock, my dick stopped trying to go all full-mast on me. I washed my hair and body as fast as I could, towel dried myself, and scurried back to my dorm room.

I thought I had made it, that I was in the clear after I had outsmarted my cock. Sliding behind my desk in my chem class, though, left my stomach in knots. My hands shook as I passed a worksheet to the guy next to me.

Color started to rise in my cheeks, and I felt hot and cold all at once. In spite of everything, all I could think about was my cock and balls. And my dick was back to writhing uselessly.

Without meaning to, I stared at the guy to my right. He was hunched over, filling in the worksheet. He could get hard anytime he wanted to. Lucky bastard.

I bet his cock was huge. One of those veiny ones that looked more like an arm. I licked my lips, lost in thought. Then he coughed, and I snapped out of it.

Squinting, I pretended to read the worksheet intently. I don't know what had gotten into me. Dakota's crazy idea was making me weird.

\*

The next two weeks were torturous. Every day started the same: I'd take a cold shower and try to think about something, anything that wasn't sex.

In all of my classes, I was a zombie. I already knew a lot of the material, so I wasn't falling behind. But if this kept going deeper into the semester, I'd be in trouble.

I started eating all my meals in my dorm room instead of the dining hall. Every time I was around other people, I had a paranoid suspicion that they knew I was wearing the cage.

It's not like I had been super social before, so maybe it wasn't so bad. I could almost convince myself my life hadn't changed that much.

One afternoon, I was sitting in front of my laptop, trying to write a paper when my hand worked its way down to my crotch. When I bumped up against the plastic, the surprise jolted me.

This was getting ridiculous. Now I was either fixated on the cock cage or my body was so desperate that I was blocking it out. I couldn't take it anymore.

And I didn't have to, I told myself. Shutting my laptop, I stood up, full of resolve. The whole walk over to Dakota's dorm, I rehearsed what I would say.

I would be nice but firm. Knocking on her door, I rolled my shoulders back.

"Caleb!" Dakota squealed, ushering me in. "You're looking good," she told me, as I shifted from foot to foot.

“Dakota,” I said, and it came out like I was asking her a question. With my beautiful friend standing in front of me in a black strapless dress, playing with her blonde hair, all of my confidence faded. Fast.

I cleared my throat. “Dakota,” I started again. “I can’t do this anymore. I really need to come. Seriously,” I whined.

Dakota stiffened.

“You’re not allowed to come like a guy for one month. You know that,” Dakota said in a no-nonsense voice.

“I know. It’s just—I *need* to come,” I whined pitifully. “You don’t know how hard it is for a guy to be locked up like this for so long. I feel like I’m going to explode.”

The blonde looked me up and down and shook her head in disappointment.

“You need to focus on getting laid. Not just getting off,” she counseled. “But maybe we can make one exception.”

“Okay. I promise that’s exactly what I’ll do. Can you just let me out really quick? Then, all I’ll think about is losing my virginity,” I gushed, hopping from foot to foot.

“Fine. But this is going to be a learning experience for you, okay? You’re going to do exactly as I say,” Dakota’s voice rose higher with excitement.

“Of course,” I agreed. “I’ll do anything. Just let me out.”

I unzipped my pants as fast as I could and pulled out my caged cock. Dakota pulled the tiny key out from her cleavage. She didn’t even take the key off the necklace. Instead, she bent down and slipped it into the padlock, unlocking me with a click.

I pulled the cage off with a sigh of relief.

“Now. You’re going to learn what it feels like to be a woman who’s trying to get laid. That will make you appreciate it more when you fuck a girl,” Dakota said playfully.

My face fell. I didn’t really know what she meant, but I knew it involved me not coming right this second.

“This is what you wanted,” Dakota said with a smirk. “Take all your clothes off. We have to get you ready,” she ordered.

Two weeks ago, I probably would have refused. But by now, all that mattered was that I get off. Besides, Dakota had the key to my chastity cage on a chain around her neck. Did it really matter if she saw me naked?

I pulled my T-shirt over my head and stepped out of my jeans and boxers. Dakota nodded approvingly.

“You don’t have much hair. That’s going to make things easier,” she said. “Stay right here,” she added, holding up a finger.

When she came back, she was holding a red plastic cup and a can of shaving cream. She set down both on the desk, and that’s when I noticed the pink razor inside the cup of water.

“Of course we’ll have to take care of the hair you do have. Girls have to be nice and smooth,” Dakota said, rubbing her hands together.

She reached for the shaving cream and shook the canister. Popping the top off, she squirted the foam into her hand, and a delicious, fruity smell filled the room.

Dakota applied the shaving cream to what little chest hair I had, my legs, and then she lightly patted some on the tangle of hair at my crotch.

I couldn't help it. When her small hand got that close to my cock, I moaned.

All business, Dakota ignored me completely. She dragged the razor all over me, dipping it into the water cup from time to time and then getting right back to it. After a while, she stepped back and inspected her work.

"Perfect," she said to herself, picking up my T-shirt from the floor and using it to mop up any leftover shaving cream from my body. Looking down, I couldn't believe what I saw.

Without any patches of hair, my slight frame looked undeniably girlish. The sight of it made me shiver.

Dakota walked over to her dresser and pulled open every drawer. She rifled through them, her face a mask of concentration. Then she smiled and straightened up.

In her hand was a strapless dress just like the one she was wearing, except it was bright red. Dakota shook it out, and I noticed for the first time just how short it was.

I began to protest, but she had already turned away, opening the top drawer. When she turned back toward me, she was holding up a red thong in one hand and the dress in the other.

"I'm not sure about this," I choked out.

A dark look crossed Dakota's face. "You're going to look beautiful," she said in a low voice. She fingered the key around her neck, and I remembered not to argue.

Taking the clothes from Dakota, I started with the thong. The silky red fabric touched my freshly shaved skin and my newly freed cock and balls, and I gasped. Dakota looked on approvingly and helped me put the strapless dress on over my head.

Next Dakota pulled out red lip gloss and a tube of mascara from her purse hung on the back of a chair. "Open your eyes as wide as you can and look up," she told me. Staring up at the ceiling, I tried not to blink as she coated my eyelashes with mascara.

I also tried to ignore how ridiculous I felt. I had never worn makeup before. Then again, it certainly wasn't worse than a chastity cage.

"Look at me," Dakota demanded. "Do this," she said, pursing her lips in an exaggerated way. She painted the lip gloss onto my mouth, and the smell of cherries floated up to my nose. The gloss felt strange and sticky.

Dakota looked me up and down. "Amazing," she said. Taking me by the shoulders, she turned me so that I could look in the mirror.

At first, I couldn't make sense of what I was seeing. My eyes automatically drifted to Dakota and how hot she was, and then I noticed her friend. That's how it felt, anyway. Like Dakota and one of her hot girlfriends were checking themselves out in the mirror.

When it hit me I was looking at myself, I reeled back. Dakota giggled. "Good, right? You're already pretty, so you didn't need a ton of makeup."

Dakota reached out and touched me under my dress, nudging my panties aside. "You just put those on me," I said, confused.

Dakota sighed. "You wear panties like that so someone takes them off of you right away," she explained with her hands on her hips. Then she got back to touching me. "Remember," she told me sternly. "If you want it, you have to be my pretty girl."

Dakota led me to her bed and laid me down. I arched up so that she could pull the panties down around my ankles and my dress up around my hips.

A whimper slipped out of my lips as Dakota lightly teased my straining cock. Her soft fingers caressed the sensitive creases where my thighs ended, making me squirm and buck my hips up and down.

I forgot everything about how weird the day had been. Instantly, I remembered why I was here and the all-consuming need that had tortured me for weeks.

“Can I please jerk off?” I groaned.

Dakota clicked her tongue disapprovingly. “Girls don’t jerk off, missy. Do you want to try again?”

“Please, let me squirt,” I cried out, past the point of caring about my dignity.

If she wanted me to talk like a girl, I would. My brain felt fuzzy with desire. I just needed to get off. That was all that mattered.

I watched Dakota’s pouty lips twist into a smirk as she smiled down at me.

“See,” she said sweetly. “That wasn’t so hard.”

Pushing firmly against me for the first time, she dragged her palm down my pulsing cock and over my tight balls. I couldn’t help but toss my head from side to side as she paused for a second to knead my sensitive sack.

“God, you make such a hot little slut,” she purred as my lips formed an O of pleasure and my shoulder-length hair whipped across my face.

“I’m not even inside you yet,” she continued. Before the meaning of her words were clear to me, I felt one precum-covered finger press firmly against the tight rosebud of my ass.

“What—” I started to protest, but before I could even form a question, I felt my ring yield and Dakota slipped inside of me. My

words turned into a high-pitched whine that made the blonde coed giggle.

“Girls have to get used to being fucked,” Dakota coached me gently.

She took her time, pushing in and out slowly as I tried to relax. Weird sensations tingled through me. It felt so strange to have something pushing inside of me—but it felt amazing at the same time.

A dull pleasure throbbed through my whole core, and I shuddered on her bed. My cock bounced in the air, but Dakota didn’t touch it. She focused on stretching out my ass until she slipped a second finger inside of me.

“Relax,” she whispered as a groan slipped out of my lips. “It’s always hard to come from being fucked the first time. It gets easier.”

Her words didn’t make any sense, but I hardly heard them anyway. A dull roaring sound filled my ears. Dakota was pushing in and out of me faster now. With each thrust, she brushed against something deep inside of me that sent an electric feeling shooting up my spine.

“It feels weird,” I moaned. My cock was jerking wildly in the air now. It was so hard it looked almost purple in the dim light.

“Let it out, sweetie. Come like a little slut for me,” Dakota cooed, fucking my ass even faster.

The dull pleasure spread deep inside of me. Waves of bliss tingled and pulsed through me. The sensation was amazing, but it wasn’t focused on my cock and balls. It was deeper, more primal somehow. In fact, I barely even noticed my cock as my breath caught in my throat and stars danced in front of my eyes.

“Ohhh,” I sobbed weakly, clenching the bedsheets in my hand. My whole body trembled uncontrollably, and euphoria surged through

me.

I knew I was orgasming, but it was nothing like any orgasms I'd had before. My cock twitched rhythmically in time with Dakota's fingers, and suddenly the pressure disappeared.

The first stream of cum pumped weakly onto my flat belly. I could feel my heavy balls spasming, but there was hardly any pleasure centered on my cock as it spurted, completely untouched, in the air. Groaning in frustration, I humped the air wildly, but there was nothing to touch my aching cock.

The second spurt arched through the air, and there was time for a flash of horror before it splashed wet and hot across my face and neck.

The musky scent of my seed filled my nostrils and I moaned in defeat as a few more dribbles fell out of my cock onto my freshly shaved mound above it.

"That's right," Dakota said, patting my shoulder condescendingly. "It feels good to let it out."

I was panting on her bed, both satisfied and incredibly frustrated. It was hard to make sense of how I felt.

"Time to put the cage back on," Dakota said suddenly.

"What?" I said, trying to choke back my frustration.

"Yep, missy. It's two more weeks for you. Just like we agreed. But don't worry, what I have planned for you is worth it," she said deviously.

## Chapter 3

The second two weeks were even more difficult than the first two weeks. Now that I knew what to expect, dread filled me.

Every second felt like a year. But finally, finally, the day I had been waiting for arrived.

I had made it thirty days. My grades were hanging on by a thread, and so was my sanity. But I had done it. And now Dakota was knocking on my door, and I was going to get to fuck her.

She had asked me to wear the red dress she'd given me, and she also dropped off a little makeup bag with instructions to dress up the way I had before.

I thought it was weird, but I was past the point of caring. It wasn't like anyone but Dakota would see me, I figured. And it definitely seemed to do something for her.

Hiding behind the door in my dress, I swung it open and then shut it with a whoosh.

Standing in my dorm room was Dakota, as expected. And also a broad-shouldered, six-foot tall behemoth in a wrestling singlet.

"What the fuck, Dakota?" I shrieked. My voice was high-pitched and frantic.

But Dakota just smiled like a cat. "Brad here has heard all about you," she said calmly. "And because I have a date tonight with the captain of his wrestling team, he's going to take my place."

“What?!” I shrieked again. I raked a hand over my face, smearing my lip gloss.

“Calm down,” Dakota snapped. “You’re ruining your makeup. Look, my schedule is packed for the next month, maybe two. If you want to wait for me, that’s your choice. But if you want to be unlocked and have some fun... Well, Brad will give you more than you can handle.”

“I don’t understand,” I protested.

Dakota turned to Brad. “Hey, handsome, can you wait a minute in the hall?” she said sweetly. Wordlessly, Brad lumbered out, leaving Dakota and me alone.

“It’s really simple, and I’ve already explained it once,” Dakota said, tapping a high heel. “And I’m getting tired of you lying to yourself. Look me in the eyes and tell me you haven’t thought about big, hard cocks this month.”

I stared at the carpet of my dorm room.

“That’s what I thought. Now am I sending Brad away, or am I sending him in here?” Dakota asked, unfastening her necklace and dropping the key into her palm.

Looking at the key, my mouth went dry. My legs started to quiver too. “I need to come,” I said softly.

Dakota smirked. “Well, let’s get you unlocked then.”

I hiked up my dress and Dakota pushed aside my panties. It was clear she was in a hurry, and she unlocked me quickly, blew me a kiss, and left.

When Brad came back in, I was standing next to my bed with the cage in my hand. Quickly, I dropped it and tried to kick it out of sight.

“I’ve heard all about that,” Brad said in a booming voice.

God, he was huge.

“Dakota said I should be gentle. That this is your first time,” he said. His dark eyes swept up and down my body. They lingered on my freshly-shaved legs that peeked out from under the dress.

“It is,” I replied in little more than a whisper.

Brad nodded slowly.

“Get on your knees then. You can learn how to suck a cock first.”

A shudder ran down my spine. I couldn't believe this was really happening. I was about to lose my virginity to a guy—and my cock was completely hard underneath my dress.

It felt like I was sleepwalking as I sank to my knees in the middle of my dorm room. Brad peeled off his singlet, and the sight of him drew a gasp from my lips. He was completely jacked. Muscles covered his whole body, but my eyes were drawn instantly to his cock.

It was as huge as the rest of him. Thick veins ran down its length that looked nearly as thick as a soda can. My little cock twitched and throbbed at the sight of it.

I didn't need to be told what to do. Opening my mouth, I wrapped my lips around the huge cock. It felt softer than I expected in my mouth—and incredibly hot. The warmth spread through my mouth, along with the musky, manly taste of it.

“That's it, baby,” Brad growled. “You're a natural.”

For some reason, a surge of pride shot through me at his words. If you'd told me a month ago I'd be sucking a guy's cock with enthusiasm, I would have called you a liar. But I wasn't the same guy I was a month ago.

My time in the chastity cage, completely at Dakota's mercy, had done something to me. Fantasies about cocks had been stuck in my head over and over again. Now, this all seemed so natural.

"Take it deeper," Brad ordered.

I struggled to do as I was told. Opening my mouth wider, I slowly sank down onto the cock. I could feel it pulsing in my mouth, pushing against the roof of my mouth. It had to be the hottest thing I'd ever felt before, and a low moan left my lips.

"God, you're a desperate slut, aren't you?" Brad chuckled. Grabbing my thin shoulders in his rough hands, he pushed his hips forward, easing his way deeper into my throat.

"Relax your jaw more," he instructed as my teeth brushed against his shaft.

I immediately followed his order. It felt so natural to obey with his cock filling my mouth and the sultry scent of him overwhelming my senses.

"Fuck, yeah. That's how you suck a cock," Brad growled as my nose touched his pelvis.

I didn't think it was possible, but his huge cock was all the way inside my throat. But there was no time to relax. Without missing a beat, Brad started fucking my mouth gently.

At first, it took all my concentration not to gag on the dick invading my mouth, but gradually I got used to it. Then, I focused on pleasing Brad. I ran my tongue over the length and sucked on the sensitive head when it reached my mouth, before it plunged down my throat again.

Brad grunted his approval.

"You like sucking my big cock, don't you?" he boomed.

I moaned out my agreement around his member. There was no use denying it. My own cock was bouncing under my dress. A sticky mess of precum had already filled my panties.

It took all my self-control not to reach down and jerk off as I blew Brad. But I knew better. Dakota had warned me before that girls don't jerk off. They come from being fucked. And I didn't want Dakota to hear that I'd been bad.

"That's enough," Brad said sharply.

I stopped blowing him but stayed on my knees, looking up at him expectantly.

"I'm going to fuck you now. That's what you want, isn't it?" he asked.

I felt my cheeks blush. He was right, but I still didn't want to admit it. Brad waited, though, and I knew I had to answer.

"Yes," I finally whispered.

"Louder," he ordered sharply.

"Yes," I breathed. "Please fuck me. That's all I want."

## Chapter 4

**B**rad's ruggedly handsome face smirked down at me.

"That's what I thought," he growled.

His huge arms wrapped around me and pulled me to my feet like I weighed nothing. I gasped in shock as he spun me around effortlessly. He pinned my upper body to the bed, so I was bent over it but still standing.

My hard, little cock was pressed against the soft sheets, and the friction sent pleasure racing through me. I shuddered, moaning with need while Brad flipped up the bottom of my dress over my ass.

"God, you're hot, baby," he exhaled appreciatively. "You make one good sissy."

He slapped my ass possessively, making me jump.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

I nodded as best I could with his hand pinning my neck to the bed.

His cock pressed against my rosebud.

"Relax," he commanded while he pushed slowly forward.

I tried to, but it was hard with his massive cock pushing against my ass like he was trying to split me in two.

The pressure built until finally I felt him pop inside the tight ring of muscle. Relief swept through me. It still felt weird—like I was being

stretched open. But it wasn't as uncomfortable now that he was actually inside.

"Fuck, you're tight," Brad said through gritted teeth. "I've never taken a sissy's virginity before."

Pride welled inside of me at his words. I felt so sexy giving myself to him completely, letting him use my virgin hole for his pleasure.

Brad drove deeper inside of me. Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, I felt his muscular hips slap against my soft ass.

A feeling of fullness seemed to stretch through my whole core as I lay there, pinned to the bed, under Brad. But he didn't waste any time. Pulling back, he thrust into me again, knocking the wind out of me.

"Oh god," I moaned as pleasure pulsed through me.

With each stroke, Brad's cock stretched me wider, pushing against a spot deep inside of me that sent bliss crackling through me.

The feeling was indescribable. I clung to my bedsheets while the stud rutted me. Fucking me slowly and deeply, claiming me.

The pleasure cascaded through me, growing with each thrust. I could feel my cock softening under me as it rubbed against the silky sheets. But for some reason it didn't matter. My orgasm wasn't building in my little cock, it was much deeper.

Even as I softened, the pleasure mounted and a strange pressure grew inside of me. I panted and moaned, shuddering from the intensity of the experience as Brad fucked me. He was relentless, pounding in and out while I moaned into my bed.

"I'm going to come, slut. I'm going to fill your tight ass," Brad growled, slamming into me harder.

"Oh god!" I screamed. His words sent me over the edge.

Pure euphoria surged through me. Every muscle in my body tensed, and I could feel my ass squeezing around Brad's cock while he hammered into me.

Wetness flooded into my panties. My soft cock twitched and throbbed, shooting its load, even though my orgasm was much deeper inside my core.

"I'm coming. Fuck me, baby," I babbled, bucking my hips back against Brad.

The wrestler pounded into me, and I could feel his cock swell and spurt deep inside of me. He fucked me slowly, milking his load out into my body while I quivered under him until he was completely spent.

He paused for a minute to catch his breath, still inside of me. I luxuriated in the afterglow of my orgasm. It was so much more intense than any I'd had from my cock, I thought hazily. Why did I ever want to fuck a girl?

Finally, Brad pulled out, and I sank to my knees on the floor, still too weak to stand. He looked down at me with pure satisfaction written across his face.

"You and me are going to have a great time this semester," he said with a grin. "But now, you need to put that back on."

I looked to where he was pointing: the little pink chastity cage was sticking halfway out from under my bed.

I didn't hesitate. Crawling a few feet over to it, I slipped it into my soaking wet panties and clicked it shut.

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[lexi@lexisfantasies.com!](mailto:lexi@lexisfantasies.com)