

Mistress Mia's  
Femdom Sissy Sessions:  
Turning James  
Into Transvestite  
Latex Slut Natalie

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**Mistress Mia's Femdom**

**Sissy Sessions:**

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**Transvestite Latex Slut Natalie**

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This novella was previously published

as Mistress Mia Parts 1-4 under

the name Sabrina Kirkwood.

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## Content Warning

This book contains scenes of male homosexuality. As a porn actress once said to get two guys to move closer together so she could suck both their dicks, ‘Don’t worry, you can’t catch gay.’ If you’re confident in your sexual identity then this book isn’t going to challenge your sexuality.

## **The Complete and Total Subjugation of James to Mistress Mia**

I was wearing a white wool all-in-one dress with white four inch strappy heels. I had a red belt and a red handbag to add colour. My hair was a mid-length black. I'd only been in the bar, on my own, for five minutes before a guy hit on me. He was with a group of businessmen in a corner booth. His white shirt was buttoned all the way to the top but he had no tie. It looked odd and far too formal for a guy letting off steam after work. If now wasn't the right time to undo the top button on his shirt then when would he be relaxed enough to do so?

He detached himself from his colleagues and approached me. I saw him coming from a mile away. He smiled at me. I didn't want to encourage or discourage him. Not yet. I was willing to give him a chance of a few seconds before dismissing him. So I gave a very weak half-smile that probably read as: 'The clock has started, you have five seconds to make an impression.'

He didn't seem put-off by the pressure. Instead he remained cool, calm and collected. He acted without hesitation and asked, 'Are you looking for anything in particular or will any reasonable man do?'

'I'm sorry, are you implying I'm trawling for men?'

'I'm not saying you're actively looking, but I sense you're open for business. In the non-prostitute sense.' He added the clarification without blurting it out like an apology for a terrible faux pas.

I said, 'I wouldn't word it that way myself.'

'How would you word it?'

'I'm looking for love. Not a casual hook-up. Also I don't expect to find love in this bar at this particular point in time.'

'But until then,' he added before I'd finished speaking, 'you will entertain offers of companionship that meet a high standard.'

'It's a bit presumptuous of you to imply I'm into one-night stands. Don't you think? And it's a bit arrogant to assume you meet my supposed high standards of the male species.'

'I'm assuming nothing. I'm merely offering myself to you. If you want it. Take it or leave it. I won't be offended.'

'What do you have to offer that makes you valuable? Why are you worth my time?'

'Because I want to make love to you and I'm a very enthusiastic lover.'

'Is that so,' I said with more than a hint of scepticism in my voice. 'You want to do what exactly? Stick it in me? You want to fuck me? With your penis? You want to stick your penis in my vagina and have me from the inside? I don't



know. I mean I like guys. I like dick. I'm a straight girl, but I don't know if I like you enough to let you violate me like that. It's a big deal for a girl to give herself to a guy she barely knows. We have to like a guy to get much out of it. Fucking a near stranger is a bit... It's not that it won't satisfy. I'm sure your dick will feel real good in my snatch. I don't doubt it. A dick is a dick, more or less. In theory they all feel good if decently sized when inserted into a girl. It will feel good but what about up here?' She tapped her head. 'What will I feel up here? Love? Affection? Warm feelings of care? I don't think so. Fuzzy warm feelings aren't in my head right now. Right now I'm kind of creeped out that you so bluntly asked me for sex like that. I'm recoiling from you rather than leaning in towards you. We've been talking for what, barely a minute, and then you made a move. Not even a subtle one. I think you're a good-looking guy. I do. I like your smell. That's a nice aftershave. I like your hair. I like you on a superficial level. You're kind of sexy. That's the only reason why I haven't cut you dead. I'm considering your proposal. I'm not dismissing it. I'm intrigued. I like sex. I sort of like you, as far as I can tell so far. I wouldn't mind having sex tonight. I'm primped and washed so I'm ready to go. Sex is totally viable and maybe even desirable. I'm interested. But I don't know you. Sex with strangers might be very pleasurable on a base level of physical sensation. Your hands on my breasts and legs. Your mouth on my neck and lips. Your length inside my hole. I'm sure it will be very nice. You're an attractive stranger. I kind of want to have sex with you. But I also kind of don't. I don't know if it's just because I find you to be presentable and clean. Good looking gets you only so far. I need to know a bit more about you. I need to know the real man behind the attractive outer appearance before I can give myself to you.'

'What do you want to know? My family background? How much I earn? A list of my favourite movies?'

'Tell me how big your dick is.'

'I'm sorry. Did you just ask me what I think you asked me?'

‘How many inches?’

‘Eight.’

‘Eight inches you say. Would you describe it as a good cock?’

‘I like to think so.’

‘So no complaints?’

‘None so far – for my cock alone. Women seem happy with what I give them in that department.’

‘Perhaps the women you’ve been with have either been too polite to say anything, or not very fussy.’

‘Well I feel you’re going to have to go on blind faith. If you get buyer’s remorse you can always kick me out of bed.’

‘Then you’ll accuse me of being a tease. A blue-balling cock-tease. I don’t like to think of myself as one of those.’

‘I understand the risks of displeasing you. If I have to go home alone and have a

wank then so be it. If I don't measure up to your exacting standards I'll stand down.'

'Do you have a sense of humour?'

'Perhaps.' He did not elaborate.

I broke into the ensuing silence by saying, 'Okay, I've decided. I will take you home and try you out.'

'I'm glad to hear it.'

'What's your name? No last name needed.'

'James.'

'I'm Mia. You can say goodbye to your friends.'

I took him back to my flat. A girl likes to be on home turf when it comes to sex. I didn't switch on the hallway light. I put the red handbag on the side table in the hall and pointed towards the bedroom. 'In there.' I took him into the bedroom. I lit the room with only a weak uplighter I kept in the corner. The half-darkness added a bit of atmosphere and was flattering to both male and female bodies. I pulled the pillows off the bed and threw them on the floor.

He stepped over the pillows to be closer to me. He put his hands on my curves above my hips. 'You look so good.' He leaned in and kissed me on the lips. I leaned in towards him and kissed him back. Our tongues touched. He slipped his into my mouth. He unbuckled my red belt and flung it aside. Then before I knew it he broke the kiss and was pulling my white wool dress over my head. He threw the dress on top of the scattered pillows. 'I want to see you naked,' he said before turning me around and kissing my neck. I shivered. 'Step out of your panties,' he ordered.

I pulled my underwear down and stepped out of them. I was now only wearing my bra and high heels. He ran his fingers up and down my curves. 'Take off the bra.' He didn't move to unclip it himself, which would have been the obvious move. He waited patiently for me to remove it myself. I reached back and unclipped it. I slipped the spaghetti straps off my shoulders and allowed the bra to drop to the floor by my feet. He turned me around and kissed my shoulder. He didn't look down at my chest or at my exposed vagina. Instead he kept his eyes fixed firmly on my eyes. 'Undress me,' he said.

'With pleasure.' I undid the top button on his shirt. Then the one under that. Then the one under that. Then the one under that. Then the one under that. Then the one under that. Then the one under that. His torso was maybe a little pudgier than I hoped for but he was tighter and leaner than most men. He hadn't let himself go with self-indulgence. He lifted his hands to present his wrists to me. I unbuttoned the cuffs then helped him to take the shirt off. I deliberately didn't look for any sweat stains under the armpits. I wanted to keep this sexy.

All this time he still hadn't looked down at my naked body. There was something weirdly sexy about his self-control. He was denying himself the pleasure of viewing a naked woman he'd never seen before. I would like to think it was driving him wild. He had to be desperate to sneak a peek.

He said, 'Please, take off my shoes.'

I bent down and untied the laces on his brogues. He stepped out of them with my help. Without a word being exchanged between us I took his socks off. The desire to kiss his feet took hold of me. Feet were not something I had a thing for. The sweaty nature of them, having just been liberated from socks and shoes, didn't make them any more appealing than usual. Yet there was an inclination to kiss the top of them just before the toes. Heck, maybe even slide a few toes into my mouth and slurp on them. What the hell. We're here to have sex. I'm not here to be prissy. If I want to kiss my lover's feet then why not. There was little worthwhile argument to be made for me not doing it. If I wanted to do something odd or unhygienic with zero risk of fatality then why not indulge. As long as he was happy to let me kiss his feet then who did it concern, never mind harm. 'Do you mind if I kiss your feet?' I asked while keeping my eyes down on his toes. I assume he was looking down upon the top of my brunette head. My breasts and vagina were obscured from that high view. There was a pause before he said, 'If you've got a foot fetish then go ahead. Be merry. Take what pleasure you can out of this life.'

'I don't have a foot fetish,' I said. 'Just for your information.'

'I'm not judging you.'

I didn't respond to that. I leaned down and kissed his right foot. I kissed the top of it repeatedly. His feet didn't give off too much of a smell. What little whiff I did get from them was not too unpleasant. His feet seemed clean and his toenails were short. I ran my tongue along the bone that protruded at the top from his ankle to the big toe. I took the big toe into my mouth and sucked on it.

‘No,’ he said. ‘You’re not a foot fetishist at all.’

Sucking on some toes did not automatically make me a fetishist. It’s not like I’d fantasised or even thought much at all about feet. It just seemed like the right act to do at this specific point in time. Maybe he just had nicer than average feet. Maybe there was something about the atmosphere in the room that made this so correct and appropriate. I moved on to suck his other toes, several at a time. I used my hands to position his foot as I wanted it.

I took my mouth from his right foot and said, ‘I’m not a foot fetishist. I don’t even like feet that much. I don’t know what this is. But I’m not a foot fetishist.’

I kissed the top of his right foot again before moving over to his left. I did the same to that foot as I did to his right. I kissed the top multiple times. Then I licked along the bone at the top. Then I sucked and licked his big toe before moving on to molest his smaller toes. If I was a foot fetishist then surely the toes and top side wouldn’t be enough to satisfy my perversion. I’d have to lick and suck the heel and the underside. The bottom of the foot is surely the jackpot as that’s where all the best ridges and nooks and crannies are. I had no desire to lick his ridges. I satisfied myself more than enough with keeping my tongue and mouth occupied with the top side and his toes. I removed the left big toe from my mouth and looked up at him. ‘Was I a good girl?’ I returned to the big toe and sucked on it.

‘Sure. But now I need you to be a bad girl. I want you to unzip my trousers.’

I took his toe from between my lips and got back to my feet.

‘Now take off my trousers.’

I teased his bossiness by saying, ‘Yes, Sir.’ I unbuckled his belt and undid the clasp on his trousers. I then slowly unzipped the fly. His trousers crumpled under the weight of the belt and landed around his ankles. He stepped out of them. He was now only wearing his white Y-front briefs. I put my hands on his torso. I felt the skin and bone and the hair on his chest. The slight pudginess wasn’t as soft as I expected.

He asked, ‘Is my body something you like?’

‘Yes. Are you happy with my body?’

‘I’ve peeked a few glances. I am a very happy man.’

‘Why don’t you take a real look?’

‘I will. But first our clothes are in the way. One piece left to go.’

‘May I?’

‘I insist upon it.’

My hands drifted down from his torso onto his underpants. I felt the length of his erection with my right palm. It seemed to be the full eight inches he promised. Eight inches of raw man was squished under a prison of white cotton. Damn that cotton. Not for long would it keep me from the dick underneath it. I pulled his underpants down. His cock sprung out and took up eight inches of space between us. I did not have his self-control. I looked at it. I stared at his erect member. I didn't dare touch it. Not yet. It was not too thick, not too veiny and without any oddly shaped bits. By the standards of the other male genitals I'd seen it was very good. Maybe not prize winning in the grand scheme of things, but certainly much better than average.

He stepped back to take a good look at me. 'Ah, Mia, now I see you. You're gorgeous. Your shoulder is so beautiful. May I kiss it again?'

I gave him a nod.

He stepped forward and gently kissed it. His nuzzling of my shoulder sent shivers down my body. His erection touched me.

I said, 'I want you in my mouth.'

'We both want the same thing.'

I dropped to my knees. I had the presence of mind to reach out and grab a pillow and put it under my knees. No need for discomfort. I licked my lips and said, 'I'm going to enjoy this.'



‘Put it in your mouth.’

I did.

‘That’s right. Suck my tip. Just like that. Swallow all of it. Take it all into your throat. Suck it. You’re a good girl, aren’t you? You like to do what you’re told. You like to please a man with your mouth. Does it make you feel good to do such good work on a man? Does it make you cream yourself to suck on a man’s penis? It’s okay, you can admit it. It doesn’t make you a whore for liking dick. It’s normal. It’s very normal. It’s what makes you a girl. A girl who doesn’t love dick is the abnormality. You like it, don’t you? I can see it in your eyes. And I can feel it in my dick. The way you suck on it with your lips wrapped around my shaft. The way your tongue licks the underside and touches my helmet. Your love for dick is obvious. A girl who doesn’t adore cock wouldn’t suck with half as much love and devotion as you’re showing me right now. You’re a very kind and caring woman. You have so much love to show and give for men. Even a stranger like me is given love. You’re a very beautiful woman. Both in body, mind and spirit. I wish to show you my love and admiration. I want to demonstrate my love with a physical act. I want to spunk in your mouth. Would you like that, Mia? Would you like me to ejaculate my jizz into the back of your throat? Would you like me to do that? Would you appreciate that act? I’d hate for it to be misconstrued as an improper act. My orgasm into your mouth would be an act of love and appreciation. A gift from me to you; to show you how much I love and admire you. I feel it’s an appropriate gift to give to you. So please don’t take it as an inappropriate act if I jizz in your mouth. Don’t stop. Keep going. Keep doing that with your lips and tongue and I will show you my love. Keep sucking. You’ve got such a good mouth. So wet and warm. And your tongue. So silky. You’re a very talented dick sucker. There’s no mistaking talent this good. You’re a born dick sucker. You like dick too much to be anything other than a true cocksucker.’

He exploded into my mouth. He was a gusher. It was impressive. The amount of semen this boy could produce. My mouth and throat were filled but I didn’t

swallow. I continued to suck. He stopped ejaculating. I stopped sucking and took his erect dick out of my mouth. I looked up at him and parted my lips so he could see the volume of love he had delivered.

‘You look so pretty with my love in your mouth. You’re so pretty. You’re a gorgeous woman. But then any woman with a mouthful of my spunk looks beautiful to me. Could you do me the honour, my love, of swallowing my load? Would you do that for me? You’ve shown me so much love so far. It’s okay if you don’t want to. I know it’s asking a lot of a stranger to eat a strange man’s jizz-load. I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t feel such a strong connection between us. Please, Mia, please eat my jizz. It would mean so much to me. Make me happy. I’d be your humble, devoted servant if you’d do me the honour of swallowing my cum-load.’

I swallowed his semen.

‘What does it taste like?’

‘Victory.’

‘Was it a sweet victory?’

‘Very sweet. Your cock tastes great. And your cum even better. As a lady who has sucked a few cocks in the past, I have to say, your dick is very nice. I’m a fan.’

‘Can I return the favour and eat your pussy?’

‘Like you have to ask.’

‘I was just being polite. Lie back and let me taste you.’

I did as he suggested and positioned myself face up on the white bedsheet. I said, ‘Don’t touch my clit. Not yet. There’s plenty of time for that later. Lick it. Lick my lips. Both sides. Lick up and down both lips. Now kiss them. Gentle. Be gentle. I’m so delicate. Kiss them again. Now put your nose in my hole and smell my perfume. Breathe it in. Is it a nice aroma? I smell good, don’t I? Now kiss my hole. Put your tongue in it and lick. There’s no need to be quite so gentle. Make your tongue hard and rigid like a dick and lick it up and down. Poke it in and out. Make my pussy quiver with pleasure. Am I wet enough for you down there? Do I have a cute cunt? Is it all you hoped it would be when you harassed me in the bar? Keep licking. Don’t stop. Don’t rest. Keep licking me out. I’ll tell you when you can stop. That feels good. That feels real good. You’re doing a real job of work down there. Now slide a finger in. Just the one. That’s right. Keep your mouth on it and finger fuck me at the same time. But don’t touch my clit. Your nose can nudge me by accident. I wouldn’t complain about that. But keep your tongue on my cunt lips. Keep eating me. Keep pumping me. Now put a second finger in. Yes. That’s good. That’s hitting the spot. Keep drilling me. Lick and pump. Lick and pump. Yes. I’m going to come. You’re going to make me orgasm. All without touching my clit. You are a talented boy. I can feel it. I’m starting to clench. I must be dripping down there. I hope you don’t drown. I might drench you but I’m sure you’ve got no complaints. Okay, that’s it. That’s the spot. I’m going to come. Keep working that area. I’m going to... Yes. Yes. That’s...it. I’m...coming.’

My legs went into an uncontrollable spasm as I came.

He took his mouth from between my legs. His lower face was covered in my sticky fluids. 'You made a mess,' I teased.

'No, I didn't make a mess. You made a mess. This bedroom with the neat white bedspread might denote a neat, clean personality but your body betrays what a dirty, sloppy girl you really are. You couldn't control yourself. You dripped and squirted like a geyser. You're a very dirty girl. And I love it.'

I cupped my modest breasts in my hands and asked, 'Are these too small?'

'They're perfect,' he said. Like he was going to criticise my body when he was inches away from full penetrative sex. Still it was always good to be complimented. It might be shallow but I liked to be called perfect.

'Let's make love. Proper love. Put your dick inside me.'

He climbed on top of me. We kissed. Then he penetrated my cunt with his engorged dick. It slid into my slick little hole with complete ease. I was so well-lubricated that I was making wet popping sounds every time he rammed into me. It was embarrassing that my body was making such rude noises of a carnal nature, but I was too far gone to put a stop to it. His dick felt so good in my pussy. I just lay back and let him ream me with his beautiful eight inch cock while my pussy juices squelched disgustingly with such little modesty. His dick was penetrating every inch of me. I was loving it.

'Is that what you wanted? My dick eight inches inside your pussy? Is that what you've been thinking about ever since I told you my length?'

‘Yes. Fuck me.’

‘Your pussy feels so good.’

‘Is it tight?’

‘Very tight.’

‘That’s because I do Kegel exercises. It gives me more grip in my pussy.’

I kissed him on his pussy-juice covered lips. He was above me looking down into my eyes. We had such a connection. We kissed again and again. I had no objections to tasting myself on his lips. Our tongues touched. We fucked and fucked. The squelching noises subsided eventually after I slightly repositioned myself. I took his erect rod again and again up to its full length in my hole. As expected it felt wonderful. To think I wavered over sleeping with a stranger. I could have missed this fucking of a lifetime just because sex with a stranger was considered a bit iffy.

We fucked for a long time.

Eventually he started to indicate that his climax was approaching. ‘Keep going,’ I said to encourage his reaming.

He came inside me with a loud grunt.

He flopped over to the side and panted heavily with exertion.

I said, 'Now you've made the mess. The person who made the mess needs to clean it up. That means you. You've got to clean it up.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean, you've got to get down there and lick it up out of my cunt.'

'That's not... No.'

'It's in your own best interest.'

'How do you figure that?'

'Because you didn't get to lick my clit. You do want to lick my clitoris, don't you?'

'Well yes, of course.'

‘Now it’s time to lick it. But if you’re down there you need to clean me up. With your mouth. It’s the perfect tool for the job. Put your hands behind your back and eat me. And your own mess.’

‘I don’t eat my own jizz.’

‘You do now. I thought you liked me.’

‘I do.’

‘Then do this for me. Use your mouth and tongue. Eat your own cum-load and you’ll get to eat me again. Including my clit. The most fun part of the female anatomy by most peoples reckoning. Don’t you want to give me oral pleasure? Be a stud and make me come again. Go on. I dare you. I double dare you. I won’t think less of you as a man. Honestly. Go on. Eat it.’

‘I can’t do that. It’s not...proper.’

‘I’ve no interest in your macho hang-ups. Lick the cum out of my pussy. Now.’

James seemed to give in. He made no further comment and got up from the bed. I repositioned myself at the end of the bed so he could eat me while kneeling on the floor. He got into position. Reluctantly he put his hands behind his back and leaned his head forward to be between my legs. He kissed my nub. He went straight for the fun part of the assignment. ‘I hope you plan to drift further south and explore the canyon you deposited your mess inside.’

‘I do. I’m a man of honour. If a lady asks me to do something shocking, and insists upon it, then I’m beholden to her. On her conscience be it if I do something taboo. I’ve surrendered all moral responsibilities to her for my deviant actions.’

‘That’s a pretty tongue you’ve got there. Now put it to more practical use. And keep your hands behind your back.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

Interesting. He called me Mistress. Somehow this situation had taken on the air of a sadomasochistic dungeon session. Interesting. Very interesting. I ran with it. ‘That’s Mistress Mia to you, slave. Got that? Mistress Mia.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Now enough lip and more tongue.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

He dropped his head back into my cunt and started to lick around my lips. He did this for about a minute before moving up to my clit. I allowed him to lick and suck it for a short while since it felt so good. It felt too excessively pleasurable to call a halt to it right away, but eventually I had to if I wanted to keep us on track. ‘That’s enough clit licking. You can return to it later as a



reward for eating your own cum. I feel you're dodging it. No more. Do it now. Eat it. Scoop it up on your tongue and clear my pussy of your worthless jizz.' I was really taking to the bossy bitch routine. 'No more dilly-dallying. Eat it. Your Mistress commands it. And what do cunt sluts like you do when I give them an order?'

'They do it.'

'Indeed. They do it. And you can add my name to the end of your replies. It's a sign of respect. You do respect me, don't you? I am your superior, aren't I? So say that again, but this time add my name to the end.'

'They do what they're told to do, Mistress Mia.'

He explored my canyon with his tongue. He touched the wet spot that was no longer me and was once a part of him with the tip of his tongue. He lapped it up. The white goo was on his tongue. He pulled it out of my hole and presented it to me. 'Mistress Mia is happy with you,' I said using the obnoxious third person. 'Mistress Mia would now like to see you swallow it. I, after all, swallowed your first load. And believe me, that was a big load. You gave me a lot. I highly doubt your second cum-load will rival your first for volume. Swallow it.'

He retracted his tongue into his mouth. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down. Then he opened his mouth to show me that his tongue was free from his nasty jizz. 'Good slave. Mistress Mia is happy with your devotion. Did you like the taste of your own cum? What did you think of it? Was it like what you expected?'

‘It had a kind of salty taste. Not so much bad as mildly unpleasant.’

‘I’m sure there’s at least another mouthful in my pussy. So what are you waiting for? Get down there and start digging for gold.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. As you wish.’

‘I don’t wish. I command.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

Down he went again. I felt his tongue lick around for a bit before he pulled away. He showed me his tongue. This time the amount of cum was paltry. The second load was clearly overall a pale shadow of his first.

‘Swallow it.’

He swallowed the cum and made a face of displeasure.

‘Did you not like that?’ I asked.

‘It was a little more slimy and sour than I expected.’

‘Oh poor boy. You want some good news?’

He nodded.

‘Okay, as a reward, as promised, you may now give me an orgasm through manipulating my clit. Put your mouth on it and lick and suck on it to your heart’s content. It’s your job to make me come. Are you up for it?’

‘I did it once before without even touching your clit, Mistress Mia. I have confidence in my abilities to get you off.’

‘So stop talking and prove your theory with actions.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’ He put his mouth onto my genitals and sucked on my love bud. Then he licked it. Then he licked down along the inner lips of my cunt. I was gushing again. His lower chin was glistening with my juices. My arousal was all too obvious.

He returned his attention to my clit.

His hands came loose from each other. He had the audacity to break a ruling I’d given him as he reached out to use his fingers on my cunt. ‘No. I forbid it. You’re a bad boy.’ Instinctively he knew I was objecting to his hands. They darted back into place behind his rear before he could use them.

He continued to administer care and love to my bud. So much care. So much love. It was too much. I was going to come. It felt so good how he licked and sucked my clitoris. The sensation of a man working his magic on my genitals was truly one of the great things about being a woman. 'Keep doing that. Make it feel good.'

I was coming.

When I came I arched my back and exclaimed, 'Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.' I calmed down and lay back with a silly grin on my face.

'Was that good for you?' he asked with a sardonic smirk.

'Wipe that look off your face. You're nothing special. Remember that. You're nothing. You're just two holes and a fuck stick that serves here at my pleasure. Now lie beside me. We need to talk about your servitude. We will have to work out the details of your contract if you're going to serve me.'

He wiped his mouth, chin and nose with his left hand and lay down beside me on my bed. I asked him, 'You know what I want from you? No?'

'Obedience, Mistress Mia?'

'Yes. Obviously. Obedience to your mistress is a given. No, what I want is flowers. You hear me. Tomorrow I want you to give me a bouquet of flowers

with a sweet card attached telling me how wonderful I am. Something about how I'm the light of your life. You get the gist. I'm not going to write it for you. Something that will make me feel good and put a spring in my step. Really brighten my day. Every time I see you I want flowers. Good flowers. Expensive flowers. I want flowing bouquets of flowers. You got that?

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. Does this mean you desire to see me again?’

‘Of course. Now I've got a slave feeble enough to take my instructions. A slave as weak as you doesn't fall into a woman's hands too often. I wasn't even a sadomasochist. But somehow something clicked into place. It was so subtle and natural. Truly zero contrivance. Really quite remarkable.’ Suspiciously I asked him, ‘Are you into S&M?’

‘I can be, Mistress Mia.’

‘That's not what I asked. Did you manipulate me into dominating you?’

‘No, Mistress Mia.’

‘Really? We just lapsed totally by accident into a kinky S&M scenario? It seems improbable.’

‘I have not manipulated you.’

‘Seriously, you didn’t expect this to turn a bit master and servant?’

‘No.’

‘Have you done S&M before?’

‘No. Not really. A bit of hair pulling. I once put a girl in handcuffs. At her request.’

‘Did you enjoy it?’

‘It was sex. A bit of kink always goes well with sex. Don’t you find?’

‘I guess usually I’m a bit too shy about exploring weird things. With you I just didn’t feel embarrassed or ashamed. You do realise: I don’t suck the toes of every guy I meet. That was odd. I suppose I’ll have to take your word for it that you’re not an established player in the S&M scene. Are you willing to submit to me and serve as my devoted slave?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Do you want to serve me? Truly in your heart of hearts.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Are you willing to be subjugated to my capricious whims and perverted desires?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Then I guess I’ll have to do some research. And you will have to work out what your limits are. You better go home and write a list of things you will do and things you won’t do. You’re really sure you want to continue this? Things could get...weird.’ The word ‘weird’ hung heavy in the room. Eventually James said, ‘I’m interested. If you’re game then I’m game. If nothing else it should be an experience.’

‘Very well. You have only yourself to blame if you don’t like it. Get dressed. Go home. Have a think. Come back here tomorrow night at eight with flowers. Expensive flowers. And if I like the flowers, and the card, we can move onto phase two: the complete and total subjugation of James to Mistress Mia.’

## **A Mouthful of Piss and Thirty-Five Strokes of the Cane**

I was in the bedroom wearing a black latex fetish dress. I bought it from a sex shop just a few hours before. After work I plucked up the considerable courage needed to enter such a seedy place. I just had to buck up and accept a few leers or funny looks. Yes, I am a woman and I'm in a shop for sex toys and clothing. It's not a crime. It's not even that unusual, I assume. There was at least one other woman in the shop when I was there. I didn't linger. I bought the few pieces I thought I needed and paid in cash. I didn't feel comfortable giving them my credit card details. I had irrational thoughts of them blackmailing me with the threat of public humiliation by leaking my purchase history.

The dress was a black latex number with a pentagon neckline and a long skirt that touched the floor. It was very kinky. I paired it with black sheer panties and a bra. I wore four inch black court shoes without stockings. Silver jewellery, a lace choker and my dark brunette hair added up to a rather gothic look. I liked the image I was seeing in the mirror.

In the bathroom I laid down a black rubber sheet for I planned to urinate in my lover's mouth. I didn't want to get the tiled floor covered in piss if I could help it.

For James I bought a pair of black rubber underpants and a thick black leather dog collar. I had these resting on a dinner table chair as I expected to receive him initially in the kitchen.

I waited on the bed for my man and my flowers.



James arrived with flowers as demanded. His eyes practically bulged out of his head when I answered the door in my latex dress. He couldn't take his eyes off me. I liked it. I should wear latex more often. It certainly gets a reaction. All the male attention you could ever want is so easy to get. All you have to do is simply slip into something kinky to get them thinking about sex.

I put the flowers in a vase I'd already prepared with fresh water on the middle of the kitchen table. I inhaled their aroma then unpinned the card. 'So let's read what you have to say for yourself.' I opened the card and read the little message written in silvery pencil. It read: 'You are the burning sun that dominates my sky. I am your subjugated Earth that you have complete dominion over. I love my sun. I cherish it and endure its burning gaze with everlasting longing that will never diminish with time. XXX' How poetic. Was it touching or silly? A bit of both. I wondered how seriously he took his self-consciously poetic words. Did he smile with wry amusement at how over the top he was being? Or did he furrow his brow in intense concentration as he scratched his heart out into words that could never adequately capture his true feelings? I suspected a touch of both. He probably smirked as he laid it on too thick but also took it seriously enough to spend half an hour coming up with these four sentences. The use of the kisses after such overwrought poetry seemed a tad lightweight. Perhaps that was a deliberately silly counterpoint to make the proceeding piece of soul searching seem less serious. It was the literary equivalent of a wink. Either way, I had to admit it was a more interesting card than I expected to receive with my beautiful bouquet. If nothing else it suggested he was taking this situation, and me, seriously. He wasn't going to blow it before it had even started by buying an underwhelming bouquet and writing a half-assed card. I couldn't help but respect him that little bit more now that I knew he wasn't going to waste my time. The question was now: how do I react to his gift. I guess the honest response would be delight. A girl always loves receiving flowers from a gentleman. Even those specifically requested. Just because he was ordered to buy me this gift didn't negate how womanly and cherished I felt at this moment. As we were here to discuss BDSM he might perhaps be expecting me to be a total tool and degrade him for being so nice. It was a pickle. 'Hmm. It's a bit faggy, isn't it?'

‘I thought you wanted a declaration of love.’

‘I wanted your appreciation. I am here to be admired and worshipped as your superior. As a goddess, perhaps. Faggy sentiments of love from such a spunk fountain as you feels a bit... You crossed a line. But why not. Why not indeed. I suppose love is better than admiration and awe.’

‘Are the flowers okay?’

‘The flowers, huh? They’re lovely. But the card was a bit much. Do I detect a hint of sarcasm in your fulsome praise of my brilliance?’

‘No, Mistress Mia. No sarcasm was intended.’

‘I think you should know: I bought a cane. I’m going to beat you. And I’m going to hit you very hard. I think I’ll give you five lashings of the cane for the flowers. I am very pleased with them. And I think twenty for the card. You merit a good thrashing on the bottom for that. I definitely detected a mocking tone behind the more serious outer appearance. There was a lack of sincerity. And that hurt my feelings. In future your cards will not have any traces of humour. Only heartfelt cards of submission are wanted. You can drop the trembling claims of emotional raptures. Hold yourself in check, man. Be less of a limp-wristed weakling. No, actually, I’m in error. I like you being weak. What use do I have for you being a strong man made of stoic stuff? I want a weak, dutiful, sorry excuse for a man. That’s what I’m after. The good stuff I can get elsewhere. A manly man can be found in any bar in the world. They’re not exactly in short supply. From you I can get the weak, pathetic side of the macho coin. Your weakness is something I should nurture. I have such plans for you.

Terrible, evil things await you, my little pet. I'm going to reduce you from here.' I indicated my crotch. 'To here.' I pointed to the hem of my skirt on the floor. 'I will enslave you and reduce you to the lowest of the low.'

'I look forward to serving you, Mistress Mia.'

'And so you should. You know, I think twenty-five strokes of the cane is too kind. Let's make it thirty-five. For the hell of it. I'm such a bitch, aren't I?'

'No comment, Mistress Mia.'

'You're right to hold your tongue. Do you think you can take thirty-five strokes of the cane?'

'I don't know, Mistress Mia. I've never been hit repeatedly with a cane.'

'I guess we'll soon find out together where your pain threshold lies. But first, before I beat you, we should do something else first. Let's do an experiment. Let's test a few boundaries. It will cut through a lot of jibber-jabber and we'll see where we really stand. Get naked.'

He undressed and put his folded clothes on a kitchen chair. From another chair I picked up the items I bought for him. I threw the rubber underpants to him. He gave me an amused look but said nothing. He put them on. 'And this,' I said as I held up the dog collar. I walked over to him and put it around his neck. I fastened it in place. 'Now you're mine.' I gently kissed him on the cheek. 'Do

you feel owned?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

I put my index finger through the gap between the collar and his neck and yanked on it. As we walked to the bathroom I said, ‘Now come with me. Your first task awaits you in the bathroom. You’re going to be my toilet.’ It just came to me last night that an extreme act like this would jump start things and add clarity to where the lines could be found. I was going to do something totally improper before we’d even laid out our general ground rules as to what we would and would not do.

‘Your...’

‘That’s right. I said exactly what you heard me say. I’m going to use you as my toilet. I’m going to piss into your mouth. And you’re going to flush it away by swallowing it. Is there any part of that you don’t understand?’ We reached the closed door to the bathroom.

‘No. It’s pretty self-explanatory,’ he said as we stood outside the door. ‘You want me to lie down and take your piss.’

‘And swallow it. Is this something you’re going to have a problem with?’

There was a pause before he said, ‘We’ll see.’

‘You’re not running for the door?’

‘Not in this rubber nappy. I don’t know if I can go through with it. I don’t think I have to tell you that I’ve never done something like this before. I’m thinking about it. I’m considering it. I’m willing to try. It’s not what I expected. Is this really the direction you see this going in? I was thinking more along the lines of whips and chains.’

‘We’ll get to that. I’ve always been curious about watersports. I don’t know why exactly but I’ve always thought urinating on someone would be fun. Something about it makes me cream my underwear. The humiliation of the act must be off the charts for the person taking a face full of piss. You would think it would be harder to get lower than that. To take a cascade of someone’s piss in your face and mouth is so extreme. So outrageous. It’s an act I’ve pondered a few times in idle moments. Obviously I’ve never done it. When this S&M thing popped up between us I got to thinking. And right after the obvious latex and handcuffs bondage ideas came the watersports. I think if you can take my piss then I’d be a happy dominatrix. You do want to make me happy, don’t you? Don’t you?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. I will try my very best to make you happy. If that means gagging on your piss then so be it.’

‘So you’ll be my toilet slave?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. I am your toilet.’

‘You’ve made your mistress very happy.’ I opened the bathroom door. He wordlessly took in the peculiar sight of the black rubber sheet covering the floor.

I expected him to say no to this perversion now it was so close to becoming a reality. I was a little surprised that he didn't object. This threw me for a moment before I snapped back into the fantasy. 'Lie down. Face up. I'm going to pee on you. You're going to be my toilet bitch. You're going to drink it.'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.' He got down onto the sheet and stared up at me from the floor.

'You can back out. I don't want a useless slave with no stomach for the tasks I require him to do. You're free to go, if you want. Last chance to walk away before things get really messed up.'

'I will obey my mistress.'

'Very well. Then it's on you if you don't like what I do.'

I pulled the long black latex skirt all the way up to my waist to show him my black sheer panties. 'You like my panties?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

I stepped forward to stand over him with my feet on either side of his head.

'Open your mouth.'

He did as instructed.

I pulled my panties aside. 'I'm not even going to be clean about this and crouch down to get my pussy closer to your mouth. I'm going to stay fully upright and I'm going to cascade my golden shower from up high. Catch what you can. And drink it. Don't spit it out. That's against my will. You will do as I order. Won't you?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia. I will drink your piss as ordered. I am your slave.'

'You're also my toilet. Now shut up and keep your mouth open. I'm going to pee now. Get ready.' I put my right index and middle fingers on either side of my pee-hole in order to better direct the deluge of piss I was going to be sending his way.

The urine started to trickle out my urethra. It hit him between the eyes. I almost apologised but caught myself in time. I was his superior. As his superior I did not apologise. The trickle became a gush. It was an undisciplined jet that began as a relatively neat and contained stream at my urethra but soon spread out into a free-for-all. My piss splattered all over his face in droplets that fanned out from his forehead to his neck. His eyes were shut but his mouth was wide open. I moved my hips to try and concentrate my aim towards his mouth. 'Good boy. Good boy. Take my piss. Drink my waste. Be my toilet. Be a good boy and drink long and deep from my body. Enjoy this golden delight. Savour my taste. Be my toilet. Drink my golden nectar.'

I tried to redirect the piss towards his open mouth but the urine dispersal was too wide. From where I was standing my efforts didn't make much noticeable

difference. That was probably the problem: I was standing instead of crouching. James might have had a different opinion on that. Water was definitely going in his mouth. I could see it filling up with my intimate gold-tinged water.

With maximum sarcasm I said, 'Golly-gosh, I hope this isn't unpleasant for you. I do so sincerely hope you're enjoying yourself. I'd feel so bad if you felt somehow awkward or uncomfortable.'

The gush of urine tapered off into nothing. A shame as I was really enjoying it. It was quite something to piss on a fellow human being. The sense of raw power was considerable. It was like an incredible surge of arrogance and self-importance that hit me. The swell of power I felt at humiliating my lover with my piss was highly arousing. I liked that feeling. I could get used to having a human toilet. 'Swallow it. Are you drinking it?'

He swallowed and opened his mouth wide so I could inspect his throat. He opened his eyes and blinked to get the piss out of them.

'Good. I'm glad to see you're following orders like a good boy.'

I used my fingers to wipe my pussy clean then moved the sheer panties back into place over my genitals. I dropped my long latex skirt so it covered my bare legs. I leaned down and put my fingers in his mouth. 'Clean my fingers.' He sucked the droplets of piss off my fingertips. I took my fingers back and straightened up. 'Did you enjoy that, you stupid cunt?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'



Due to mild surprise I dropped out of my dominatrix persona and said, 'You did? For real?'

'It wasn't... Yeah. I guess I did. For real. It was an experience. Maybe not technically a good one. Not yet. But it was something. I really lived through something there. It was perhaps more mentally stimulating than physically enjoyable.'

I snapped abruptly back into character. 'Shut the fuck up. Slaves are for doing things, not for talking. Kiss my shoes. Get on your knees and start kissing. I kissed your feet so it's the very least you can do for me.'

I pulled up my hemline to reveal my court shoes and held the skirt against my thighs to keep it comfortably in place. 'On your knees, slave, and start making me happy.'

James got up from the piss soaked rubber sheet and kneeled before me on the floor. He started to kiss the toe of my left shoe. Presumably some pee splattered on my shoes so he was getting a taste of that along with my shoe leather.

'You're a filthy little thing. Taking Mistress Mia's piss in your mouth and face and now kissing her shoes. It didn't take long for me to reduce you to this, did it? I said you'd be from here to there and look at us now. In the blink of an eye you're covered in piss and you're kissing my shoes. Is there anything lower than this? I guess I could shit on you. But I'm not going to. Because that wouldn't be very ladylike. Would you like to kiss the other one now?'

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘You may move on to the other shoe.’

‘Thank you, Mistress Mia.’ He stopped kissing the left shoe and started working on the right. The smacking sound of his lips on my patented shoe leather was making my pussy even wetter than it already was. ‘Remember to lick as well.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’ He continued to kiss and lick at my shoe.

‘Okay, that’s enough at the front. Now the back. Show them a little love at the heel.’ I turned around on the spot to present my heels to him. He started kissing and licking the right heel.

‘Good boy. You’re making me very happy. Your pathetic display of devotion is very amusing to me. Mistress Mia likes to see you so devoted to her. It’s very pathetic. I like you best when you’re at your most pathetic.’

He worshipped the right heel for several minutes before licking and kissing the left heel.

‘Would you like me to lift my leg so you can suck on the heel like a big phallic dick?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. You are so generous and thoughtful.’

“‘Kind”, I think is the word you’re looking for. I’m kind. Maybe too kind. I’m such a soft touch.’

I lifted my left foot and pointed my heel towards him at about knee height. I felt his hands on my ankle as he held my foot in place while he sucked on the four inch heel. It wasn’t easy keeping my balance. I wobbled too much for my own liking, but I managed to keep upright by letting go of my skirt with my right hand and holding onto the sink before me. ‘That’s what I like to hear. Slurp, slurp, slurp. Suck it like a cock. Be a dick sucker. I suspect you might reveal yourself to be quite a good cocksucker. Maybe we could take advantage of that. I’m sure there are many ways in which we could profit from your mouth and your willingness to do what you’re told. Would you like to suck dick for me?’

He removed the four inch stiletto heel from his mouth and said, ‘No, Mistress Mia.’

‘No? No? Really? Did I hear a no? Did you just say no to your mistress?’

‘I’m sorry, Mistress Mia.’

I dropped my foot to the floor along with my skirt hemline. ‘Well if you’re going to use such an offensive word in my presence then I’m revoking your heel sucking privileges.’

‘I’m sorry, Mistress Mia,’ he repeated.

‘It’s no good being sorry. Anyone can be sorry. It means nothing to me. Your apologies are just empty words that mean nothing.’ I turned my head to look down over my shoulder at him. ‘You’ve disappointed me. And after such a good start with all the piss drinking. I’m very disappointed. I expected better from you. I thought you cared about me. That you loved me. That you would do whatever it takes to make me happy. I’m cross. Do you think making me cross is a good idea?’

‘No, Mistress Mia.’

I turned my head to face forward as it wasn’t comfortable looking over my shoulder. I gave him the silent treatment.

He added, ‘Sorry, Mistress Mia.’

‘Sorry? Sorry? What is this word “sorry” you keep saying? What does it mean? It’s just a filler noise between real words. I’ll ask you one last time. Will you suck dick for me, if I ask you to do it?’

He wavered.

‘Think carefully, young man. My right heel is just waiting to be sucked on. Admit it, you like sucking on long phallic objects. A beautiful shoe or a man’s penis. As long as it’s long and hard, what difference does it really make?’

‘A lot, Mistress Mia.’

‘I thought you were adventurous? I pissed on your face for nothing. This has been a complete waste of time.’

‘I... I can’t make a decision right now. I’ll have to think about it. I might be willing to...suck on a penis. If you order me.’

‘There, that wasn’t so hard, was it? A “maybe” is a lot more forgivable than a hard “no”. I can live with a maybe.’ I lifted my skirt back up to show him my heels again. ‘Kiss them.’

He resumed his kissing duties. Once those obligations had been fulfilled I lifted my right foot to about knee height to present my heel and sole to him. ‘You know what to do. Suck on it. Practice the dick sucking technique you’ll soon be using.’

He took my ankle in his hands and began sucking. I looked back under my armpit to see that he was only sucking on the end of my heel. ‘Slide it all the way in.’ His mouth took the full length of it. ‘That’s what I like to see.’ I looked forward again. ‘Are you enjoying sucking on that? Of course you do. My shoes drive you wild. But I’m afraid once you’ve finished sucking on my heel it’s the end of the pleasure for you.’

He took the heel from his mouth and asked what I meant by that remark.

‘Remember, you’re scheduled to receive thirty-five strokes of my cane. Remember?’ I dropped my right foot and let go of my dress so the hemline fell to the floor. ‘How can you forget that? Was my piss so exciting you forgot I was going to beat you?’ I turned to face him. I hooked my index finger under his dog collar and pulled him up to his feet from his kneeling position. ‘Stand up,’ I added rather redundantly. I took my finger out the collar. ‘Did you write a list of what you thought you could do?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘You can bin it. I’m not interested in what you like or dislike. I barely care if you have an opinion one way or the other. This is not how it works. I’m the dom. What I want goes. My word is the law. You either submit to it or you leave. Any issues with what I’ve just said?’

‘No, Mistress Mia. What you say makes sense.’

‘I will give you a safeword. Because I’m a nice person. It will be...’ What word would we never say in a million years? “‘Aubergine”. That is your word. Remember it. And never say it. Now go into the bedroom and await your punishment. Thirty-five smacks of the cane. Can you imagine it?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

I hooked my index finger under his dog collar and pulled him along to the bedroom. The corner uplighter cast my preferred glow of tepid half-light over the room. ‘Stand there.’ I pointed to a spot before my bed in the centre of my room. He stood facing me where I indicated. ‘I don’t have the equipment to

secure you in place. Yet. We will investigate bondage at a later date. So for now you're going to have to exhibit great control and stand still in the centre while I beat you. Put your hands up like a hostage in a bank robbery.' He lifted his arms. 'Stay on the spot. If you move from your position... Do you have a problem with that?'

'No, Mistress Mia.'

'I didn't think so. You can put your hands down for now.' He dropped his arms. 'Now where did I leave that cane of mine? Oh yes, how could I forget. It's here.' I opened the first of my two wardrobes and pulled the cane down from the top shelf. I bent it between my two hands to show him how hard and nearly unbending it was. 'Does that look scary?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

'Are you looking forward to receiving your beating?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

'Really? Are you an idiot? You're really looking forward to being tortured? Thirty-five strokes from this thing isn't going to be a walk in the park.'

'Well half-yes and half-no, if you want the truth.'

‘I don’t want the truth from you. I dictate the truth to you.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. I’m looking forward to being caned thirty-five times.’

‘Let’s have a listen to it as it swishes through the air.’ I swatted the atmosphere. Indeed it did create a swishing sound as it cleaved through the air. ‘How do you feel now?’

‘Scared but excited, Mistress Mia.’

‘Kiss the end of my cane.’

He took the tip of the cane in his two palms and brought it up to his lips. He kissed it with reverence. This implement of his punishment deserved such veneration. ‘Kiss it one more time.’

This he did.

I withdrew the cane from his hands.

I stared down at his crotch. Judging from the bulge in his underwear he was only half-erect at most. Probably half-shrivelled with well-justified nerves. ‘Take down your underwear.’



He pulled the black rubber down and stepped out of them. He kicked them over to the wall.

‘Very well, bitch-boy. Now it’s time to taste the sting of my cane. Stand up straight with your hands above your head and face the bed.’

He did as instructed with his hands only slightly above eye level.

I walked behind him. ‘Any last words before your punishment commences?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Go ahead. I’m listening.’

‘Be gentle. And thank you. In advance.’

‘I will not be gentle. Your plea has fallen upon deaf ears.’ I stood behind him to his left with the cane in my right hand. Slowly I placed the tip of the cane against his fleshy ass cheeks. ‘Raise your hands higher.’

He put his arms up a bit further.

‘Keep them there. Every time your hands dip below your eye line... Let’s just

say you'll regret it.' I was being vague on purpose as I didn't know how often he'd fail to keep his arms up. If I specified five wallops on the bottom and he dropped his hands constantly then obviously I couldn't make good on my threats. Not without sending the poor dear to the hospital. On the other hand, if he only failed twice then two extra whacks, one for each failure, was pitiful. Then again, after thirty-five smacks, two more might be enough to make him crumple and cry and never come back because my cruelty was far too excessive. We were both novices. I didn't know what he could take and neither did he. Fifteen hits in and we could be done. It wasn't wise to decide numbers before we'd even seen the results of one whack. Besides, it left it open for his punishment to be something else instead of extra canings. All we could do was start and see what happened when the cane forcibly connected to the human buttocks. From those results I could modulate his expectations with verbal indications as to how many thumps he was really going to receive. I could say things like, 'You're too weak to take all thirty-five lashes so I'll be magnanimous and allow you to receive twenty instead. But only in return for the best oral you've ever performed in your sad, pathetic, so far worthless life.' Or I could increase the punishment. It was all very flexible.

I asked him, 'Are you ready to submit?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

'Very well. Brace yourself. This is going to hurt you a lot more than it's going to hurt me.'

I hit him across his ass cheeks. The cane made a satisfactory cracking sound. I could feel the force of it when it came to a sudden juddering halt when it connected. He stayed still and silent with his hands in the air.

‘Count it.’

‘One.’

‘When you count, I want you to say, “Number one, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserve this.” Got it?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Good. Now another one.’ I swatted him on the bottom again. He tipped forward about half a footstep but quickly moved back to his start position.

‘Number two, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserve this.’

‘Good. Now one more.’

Whack. He breathed heavy as he silently dealt with the pain. He eventually said, ‘Number three, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserve this.’

‘Are you one of those silent types who’d rather die than cry? Macho bullshit. You’re wasting your time. I’m going to beat that macho crap right out of you. Remember that old witticism: “Scratch any actor and you’ll find an actress underneath”? I happen to believe: “Scratch any macho man and you’ll find a sissy girl underneath.” I want you to get in touch with your feminine side. It’s okay to show emotions. I’m going to re-educate you so much that your identity

as a man will seem like a strange dream from a distant past.'

I whacked him again with the cane.

He dealt with the pain with his slow breathing technique. 'Number four, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.'

'One more will give us an even five.' I smashed the cane into his behind. He yelped at the stinging force of it. He danced on the spot for a moment but kept his hands up. 'Number five, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserve this.'

'Are your arms getting tired?'

'Not yet, Mistress Mia.'

I hit him on the bottom.

'Number six. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.'

I hit him again.

'Number seven, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserve this.'

I paused a moment before hitting him for the eighth time. He said his words. I paused to create anticipation and then I smacked his ass again with the cane.

‘Stroke number nine. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

Pause.

Whack.

‘Number ten. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

‘That’s ten, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Twenty-five more to go. Isn’t that correct?’

‘That’s correct, Mistress Mia.’

‘Tomorrow you’re going to come here.’ Whack. ‘I’m going to dress you up like a girl. A dress and make-up and high heels.’ Whack. ‘I’ll make you all girly. Like

a real girly girl.’ Whack. ‘Then I’ll take you to a sex club I read about on the internet. It has a gloryhole.’ Whack. I left enough of a pause for him to say his words. ‘Number fourteen, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.’

‘Do you know what a gloryhole is?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

Whack.

‘Number fifteen, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.’

‘What is a gloryhole? Explain it to me.’

Whack.

‘Number sixteen, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this. It’s a hole in a wall for men to stick their dicks through.’

Whack.

‘Number seventeen, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.’

‘And then what happens?’ I asked.

‘Then a person on the other side sucks on it or wanks it. They pleasure it. And it’s anonymous.’

Whack.

‘Number eighteen, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.’

‘Why is it anonymous?’

His voice was shaking with tension and pain. ‘Because the wall stops people from seeing each other.’

Whack.

‘Number eighteen...no, nineteen. Thank you. I deserve this.’ His hands dropped to around his waist.

‘Hands,’ I called out. Quickly he returned them to above his head. He apologised. I asked if his arms were getting tired. ‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Too bad.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty, Mistress Mia. Thank you. I deserve this.’

‘That was stroke number twenty, unless I’ve miscounted. Do you agree it was number twenty?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Your bum is red with blood rushing to it. I love this shade of red. I’ll make sure the rouge on your other cheeks matches it. And if I can’t get the desired colour with cosmetics then I’ll just have to match it via similar means. You understand what I mean by that?’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-one. Thank you. I deserved that.’

‘What do I mean?’

‘That you’ll slap the colour onto my cheeks with your palms.’



Whack.

‘Number twenty-two. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

I changed position to give my tired right arm a rest. I stood to his right and hit him on the back of his legs with my left hand holding the cane. He yelped. It was an accident to hit him on the legs. I was aiming for his bum. I tried again. This time I hit the target. ‘That’s number twenty-three, not twenty-four.’

He dropped his hands and rubbed at his buttocks.

‘What are you doing? Hands!’

‘Sorry, Mistress Mia.’ He took a few more rubs at his abused flesh before lifting them back up.

‘That’s twice you’ve dropped your hands. I don’t recommend you do it a third time.’

‘I won’t, Mistress Mia.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-four. Thank you, Mistress Mia. This is what I deserve.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-five. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

‘Only ten more to go. Plus your extra punishment for twice dropping your hands. If you’re thinking you’re seeing light at the end of the tunnel then you’re going to be very disappointed. Expect more tunnel at the end of the light.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-six. Thank you. I’m worthless. I deserve this.’

‘Damn right you’re worthless. Do you know why I’m going to take you to a gloryhole?’

‘I can guess, Mistress Mia.’

‘Go on.’

‘I’d rather not speak about it.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-seven. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

‘Why am I sending you to a gloryhole? Don’t be shy. I’ve already had the thought in my head, so you saying it isn’t going to make me blush. Say it.’

‘You want me to suck cock.’

‘Bingo.’

Whack.

‘Number twenty-eight. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this.’

‘Sucking cock is a wonderful thing. You’ll love it. If done right it can be a very sensual thing. A blowjob can create such a deep connection between lovers. They make me horny as hell when I give them. I love blowing men. And you will too. I love to suck on cock. And I’m going to make you love sucking on them too. You’re going to learn the art of pleasing a man. Don’t bother protesting that you don’t want to. I have no time or interest in what you want. I’m only concerned with what I want. And I want to turn a guy like you into a sissy cocksucker. Why? Because. Just because. Because I can. Because you’ll let

me. Because under the surface, and not deep down either, you're a sissy cocksucker. I know it. You know it. We both know it.'

Whack.

He jumped on the spot. I burst out in genuine laughter. 'That's so funny. You're so funny. Anyway, as I was saying. I'm doing this to you just because I can. I'm going to make you eat cock. And what happens when you suck cock?'

'They ejaculate?' he asked more than said.

'That's right. They come. Don't forget the cum. Never forget the cum.'

Whack.

'Number thirty. Thank you, Mistress Mia. I deserve this for being so worthless.'

'Only five more to go. Plus the extra. How are your arms?'

'Aching, Mistress Mia.'

'Okay, I'll be kind. You can drop your hands.' He didn't need to be told twice. 'But don't touch your backside. It's off limits.' I reached out my right hand and

roughly felt his globes. He whinged in pain. I groped his left buttock with a strong pinch. He danced on the spot until I let go. I laughed as evilly as I could without becoming cartoony. 'You're so pretty when you dance for me. Maybe I should get you a stripper pole. Anyway, on your knees. On all fours. I want to deliver the last of my punishments to you while you're on the floor.'

He gingerly lowered himself to his knees and hands so his head was facing my bed and his bottom was facing me.

I transferred the cane from my left hand to my now rested right hand. 'Arch your back and point that cute little derrière of yours out.' He did this. 'I think three in quick progression would be nice, don't you?' I smashed the cane into his bottom. I hit him a further two times to raise the total number of strikes up to thirty-three. 'Say thank you.'

'Thank you, Mistress Mia.'

'You're welcome. Are you looking forward to sucking cock?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.' I doubted that was the truth but what else was he going to say while I stood over him with my cane. 'Are you going to be a good cocksucker for me?' I hit him with the cane.

'Ugh. Yes, Mistress Mia. I'll be whatever you want me to be. I'll be a great cocksucker, if that's what you want me to be.'

‘One last whack. Are you ready?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

I delivered the last of the thirty-five stinging cane strikes.

‘Number thirty-five, Mistress Mia. And thank you. I deserved this.’

I held the cane across my stomach with my hands on either side of its length. ‘You dropped your hands twice. You were a bad boy. You’ll have to be punished for that.’ I walked around him over to my bed. I placed the cane gently upon my duvet and then turned to face him. I pulled my latex skirt up a few inches from the floor to uncover my shoes. ‘You like these, don’t you. Would you like to kiss them?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Very well,’ I said with a faked wary sigh. ‘You may lick them while I tell you my tiny little confession.’

As he licked, kissed and sucked on my shoes I recounted the story I’d been practising in my head since this morning. There was no truth to it. It was just a dirty story to excite his imagination. ‘You might be wondering how I know about this sex club I supposedly found on the internet. Well if you’re that nosey I’ll tell you. You see, I lied about finding it on the internet. And I lied that I’ve got no experience with sadomasochism. A boyfriend took me to the club. This was a

good year ago, at least. Probably even two. I did ask how he knew about the place. I remember noting that he had to pay a high entrance fee because he wasn't a club member. He waffled some bullshit answer but I got the impression he'd been many times before. His membership had probably lapsed. He took me to the gloryhole and watched me suck off other men. Many, many other men. Until I met you that was the kinkiest thing I'd ever done. He had a fantasy about gloryholes and I didn't discourage it. He wasn't serious boyfriend material so I indulged his fantasy. If he wanted to watch me suck off strangers then that was his problem. If the reality didn't live up to the fantasy then that was his dilemma. I was just happy to get to chug on so much fresh meat. It made my pussy tingle so I did it. I went through with it. I said I did it just to please him, but really I pleased myself. I'm selfish like that. So I went into the little cubical with him. I was embarrassed and ashamed and all that stuff. You don't just walk into an establishment like that and not feel hundreds of eyes judging you. But as my boyfriend pointed out: why are they here if they're such classy people? We had all openly admitted to each other that we were extreme perverts just by being in the club.'

I turned around to face away from James. 'Now show your devotion to my heels. You need the dick sucking practice.'

He transferred his love and devotion to my heels. I lifted my feet one at a time for him to suck on each four inch stiletto. I kept my balance by leaning forward and resting my hands on the bed before me.

'I ogled the men and women. Many of them naked or in rubber and latex. It was a proper S&M club. There were floorshows and who knows what else. It was not normal run-of-the-mill stuff. I watched a woman piss on another girl. I'd already had watersports fantasies before so I took a particular interest in that demonstration. I wanted to ask them so many questions; about what it felt like to drench another person in your piss, and what it felt like to be the one being pissed on. So many questions. Questions I now have some of the answers to, because of you, my little piss slave. I couldn't pluck up the courage to talk to

them. I was too intimidated. I was too timid to ask them my questions despite the fact I'd just watched one of them piss on the other one. I was thankful for the relative privacy of the gloryhole booth. Do you want to know about what happened inside the gloryhole?'

He briefly removed my left four inch heel from his mouth and indicated that he wanted to hear more.

'There was a stool and in two of the walls there were holes. There was a light switch you pressed to turn on a red light on the outside to show that you were ready to start sucking their dicks. I didn't go into the two booths on either side but I was told they had rules of etiquette posted in them. The gist of the instructions was that the guys were supposed to knock before ejaculating and I was supposed to put my fingers through the hole to tell them when I was ready. So what can I say? I did it. I stuck my fingers through the hole and a gentleman with a big dick put his engorged penis in the hole. After a little hesitation I put it in my mouth and did what came naturally. Do you want to know how many guys I made come?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia,' he said between kisses on my right heel. With my skirt still held up in my hands I turned around to face him. He began kissing the closed-toes of my shoes. 'I lost count after five. We estimated it had to be at least ten. Ten to twelve. Maybe thirteen. Maybe. I was in there for about an hour. It was intense. The time just disappeared. It didn't feel like an hour. It's been one of the greatest experiences of my life. I recommend it. In fact I recommend it so much I insist you try it out. I insist.'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

'Oh by the way, you kissing my piss covered heels isn't your punishment for



dropping your hands.’ I dropped the hemline back to the floor and turned to face the bed. I collected the cane from it and walked along the length of his body to be at his bottom. I said, ‘Another fifteen sounds about right to me. Wouldn’t you agree?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. Whatever you desire.’

As I beat him I wondered how I was going to make good on my threat to make him suck lots of cock in a busy gloryhole. Now I’d have to find a sex club that offered even a quarter of what I’d just described. My pussy was so wet at the thought of it.

## Reluctant Latex Crossdresser Taken to the Gloryhole

At my flat I dressed James up for his big night of dick sucking. In a gender reversal I gave him the flowers instead of him giving them to me. The message on the card was simple, unoriginal and ominous. It read: 'Be careful what you wish for as you might just get it.' He was strangely calm considering his situation. Presumably he'd given up all control to me. What I wanted I was going to get so he wasn't wasting his breath fighting it. His destiny was whatever I said it was. I dressed him in a tight red latex dress – it was a flight attendant uniform with a short pencil skirt. Very sexy. Very kinky. It came with a cute red latex folding side cap. I put it on top of his blonde wig so we could see how it looked. We'd take it off for the taxi ride to the sex club I'd found after several days of online research. If anyone asked any questions about our attire we'd just say we were on our way to a fancy dress party. I'd allow him to wear a scarf over his head and big shades for the ride. He'd look like a glamorous 50s film star so our cover story about a party should sound convincing. Plus we'd be mostly covered by our coats. I didn't expect too many eyebrows to be raised during our journey to the club. He'd bear the brunt of any scrutiny so I wasn't too nervous about that part of the night.

I put his dick in a pair of red lace knickers. I'd given him the necessary equipment a few days before to shave his body hair so his legs looked good in sheer black ten denier stockings. The suspenders were attached to a red and black patterned corset that he wore underneath his dress. On his feet I gave him red five inch heels with open toes to show off the nails I'd painted girly pink. He admired the shoes with fascination as I buckled them onto his feet. 'You've dreamed of this for a long time, haven't you? I can tell you've always been curious about shoes. What would it feel like to wear high heels and put on strappy buckles around your ankles. It's okay. I understand. There's something alluring about high heels that brings out the fetishist in all of us. Have you ever cross-dressed before? You can be honest. You're already in a dress and high heels. There's not much more shame you can bring upon yourself right now. Have you worn women's clothes before?'

‘I’ve never cross-dressed until now. I’m not a transvestite. I mean, I’ve considered it but I’ve never done it.’

I applied his make-up with extra special attention paid to his red cocksucker lips since that was the most important part of his body tonight. I laid the lippy on thick. His eye make-up was particularly strong. I got it just right. I put a silk scarf around his throat to cover his Adam’s apple. It was an expensive uniform to purchase but it felt like money well-spent. I really enjoyed the time spent making him up into my little girl. Only a few of my bracelets fitted his wrists so he had to make do with a chunky gold band that was maybe a bit too visually overpowering for my liking. I considered padding his chest but ultimately I decided it wasn’t needed. He was quite the little shemale. He admitted to me that he was aroused as I dressed him. His erection had already given that little secret away but it was nice to get verbal confirmation anyway.

I cinched his waist with a thick black belt and had him walk up and down the hallway so he could get more familiar with the heels. I advised him on proper posture and walking technique. I don’t know who was more aroused, him or me.

I myself was dressed in a black latex dress with a short pencil skirt like his. He had a high neckline while I had an off shoulder neckline. My legs were bare. On my feet were four inch black heels with a T-bar across the front.

He admired his new feminine identity in my vanity mirror. He pursed his lips and blew a kiss at his own image. ‘You’re such a narcissist,’ I said. ‘Don’t get lost in your own prettiness.’ He made a respectable female. Far better than I imagined in my mind’s eye. He wasn’t oversized and the female attire, make-up and wig softened him up considerably.

I threw him one of my long winter coats and said, 'We're ready to go. I think you're about as ready as you're ever going to be. About the only thing we haven't decided upon is a name. You obviously can't go by your male slave name. How do you feel about the name Sally?'

Meekly he said, 'That's okay with me.'

'Yes, Sally sounds about right. No. Natalie. Natalie is better. Don't you think?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia.'

'What's your name?'

'Natalie.'

'And what are you going to do tonight, Natalie?'

'I'm going to...suck cock.'

'How many?'

'As many as possible.'

‘And when do you stop?’

‘When you tell me to stop, Mistress Mia.’

‘And are you going to swallow?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. Natalie is a good girl. She always swallows.’

‘Yes, you are a good girl. Or at least you try to be. Are you looking forward to entertaining all the boys tonight?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘Is Natalie a good slut?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

‘You better be. Because if you disappoint me there will be consequences.’ I threw a pashmina over my hair. ‘Now get your ass in gear. You’ve got cocks to suck. If you’re a good girl and make a lot of guys come then I might allow you to touch yourself under your skirt. Would you like that? Would you like to masturbate while sucking cock through a gloryhole? Wouldn’t that be something special? You’d be sucking long and hard on an erection like a good girl while

working your hand up and down on your own pole. Would you like stroking your own cock up and down in a situation like that? And when you come you could gather it up into your hand and put it in your mouth along with your male lover's cum. And you could swallow both loads together. Can you imagine? Would that be something you'd be interested in? Would it? You could suck and suck and suck and your erection could be played with. How much cum do you think you could chug? Ten loads? Twelve? My record for guys in one night could be as high as thirteen. Do you think you could do thirteen? Is that feasible? What do you think? You want to go for the record and do fourteen? You want to do that? You want to suck and suck until fourteen men ejaculate their filthy spunk in your mouth?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia. I want whatever you want.'

The taxi driver made no visible reaction to Natalie. He also made no comment when I gave him the address of the club. If he knew what went on at that address then he kept it to himself. We talked quietly in the back during the ride.

I put the red latex cap onto Natalie's blonde wig. We then flashed the bouncer the fetish outfits underneath our coats. He waved us into the sex club. We gave the girl at the front desk our coats and scarves. I took Natalie's shades and put them in my handbag.

The club had several gloryholes at the back. They couldn't be reserved so we simply had to hope one of the booths was free. 'Don't talk to anyone. Just walk behind me.' I strolled down the long corridor to the gloryhole booths. Natalie followed me as best she could in her five inch heels. We ignored the various shocking delights all around us. We were on a mission to have Natalie pop her oral cherry and to break my fictitious record of thirteen dicks sucked in one session. There was so much to distract us but I knew not to get side-tracked. Two of the four booths were unoccupied. I pointed to one and instructed Natalie to get comfortable and wait for me. I grabbed an extra stool from the bar and took

it into the booth. I sat on it with my back to the door facing Natalie. It was taller than Natalie's stool so I looked down upon her from an elevated position. On the floor beside Natalie's stool was a free standing toilet roll holder with four white rolls stacked on the spindle. There was also a bin with a few tissues in it. She was fixing the cap back into place on her blonde wig as she felt it was slipping. As far as I could tell it wasn't. 'Nervous?' I asked.

'Yes.'

'Your first oral with a man. And not just one man. Many men. You're going to enjoy this. Trust me. Dick sucking is amazing. Keep your knees together. Remember you're a lady. You don't want a pervert like me looking up your skirt all the time. Modesty at all times should be your watchword.'

'Do they know I'm a guy?'

'Correction: you're not a guy. Men don't dress like this. You're a girl. A sexy girl in a fetish uniform. I haven't told them anything. They saw whatever they saw as we walked in the club. Some might have clocked you as a transvestite. Others never saw us. And we both came in the gloryhole booth. For all they know we're both preparing to suck dick. They have only so much information to work with. That's the point of these boxes. It's meant to be anonymous so they have no idea who's in here. They take their chances and hope for the best. Some of them might not be best pleased to discover you've got a dick. That's their problem. There's no sign on the door promising them anything about the mouth that's going to be doing the sucking. It's a gamble. They know the risks. And for those who think you're a real girl: let them go home thinking they got blown by a hot slutty chick rather than a tranny in a dress. Let them have their fantasy.'

'What if they overhear you talking about me being...a woman with extra?'

‘If they don’t like it then they can retract their dicks and not get sucked off.’

‘Some might be angry about being tricked.’

‘This is a fetish club. I think they’re a bit more broadminded than the average homophobic moron. I hope.’

‘I’m really nervous. I don’t think I can go through with this.’

‘Too late to back out now.’ I put my index and middle finger in the gloryhole to my right to signal for the first dick to be sent through. I withdrew my hand and it was replaced by a long, veiny erection. ‘What you waiting for, Natalie? This is for you. You’re the slut who wanted to beat my record. So get to work. Dicks won’t suck themselves. Put your hand around it and kiss it.’

With great reluctance he put his naked hand on the cock. I could visibly see him shudder with revulsion at what he was doing. He had touched something he shouldn’t have.

### **Dick Number One**

‘You’re such a lucky girl. Go ahead, my dear girl. I know you want to. You just need to give yourself permission to do it. Don’t overthink it. Just do it. Now open those dick sucker lips. Lick it. Lick that head you love so much.’ Amazingly he did it. He flicked out his tongue and touched it against the head of



the penis with a quick upwards lick. 'That's a good start. I'm so proud of you. But that's only the start. Now lick him again.'

He put his tongue on the end of the erection and kept it there. He licked away at it with a look of concentration on his face that obscured any disgust he might have normally shown. 'That's what you wanted. You said so yourself. You said you wanted to suck dick like a girl. So go on. Don't wimp out. I know you're a sissy so you can't shock me. You want to suck it. That's okay. I support your lifestyle decision. Sucking dick is what you desire and I will not mock you for that. Put your crimson lips around that shaft and suck, suck, suck, suck and suck again. So take it in your mouth.' He locked his lips around the tip and started to bob his head back and forth to create suction on the man's penis. He was truly sucking dick. It was remarkable what a supposedly heterosexual man would do for his mistress. 'Make him excited. Make yourself excited. Make him come. Make him pop in your mouth. You want it. You need it. You need his sticky spunk dripping down your chin onto your dress. It's what you want and need. You have to have it. It's so close. So tantalisingly close. Don't be nervous. Become the sissy girl slut you are and take that penis in your mouth and suck on it. It's the correct thing for you. And after he's spunked his love fluid in your mouth you can taste it and eat it. And you'll be just like a real girl. You'll be in your stockings, suspenders, panties, high heels and latex dress with a belly full of man jizz. And then straightaway you can turn around and do it all over again and suck on the dick behind you. And after he's filled your mouth with his cum there will be another dick. And then another dick. And then another dick. Dick, dick, dick. Endless dick for you to play with and pleasure. You're such a lucky girl. There will be so many dicks for you to play with. You can pleasure them and yourself for hours. You could suck and suck until you're exhausted. You might even break my record of thirteen dicks sucked to completion in one session. At the end you'll be such a dick sucking sissy you'll be ready for the next phase: anal penetration from a real man. Dick in the ass. That's the real dream, isn't it?'

He was still sucking away at it.

‘These guys will be fucking you in the ass next time we’re here. Does that thought get your little sissy stick hard? Do you like being a latex bitch, being a cock devouring sissy? Do you feel demeaned right now? Or do you feel empowered now that you’ve stopped living a lie and are now becoming who you really are? You’re living your truth at long last. Living as a woman. Do you feel more comfortable as a woman? At last, in a latex uniform and heels with long blonde hair you can be the real you. Your outsides match your insides. Your transformation will be hard to accept but anything good in life involves a certain amount of pain or discomfort. Suck and choke on it like the bitch you are. Don’t be shy about taking it all in. No one’s going to complain if you swallow the whole thing. You’re a slut. The guys know it. Why else would you be in the gloryhole. Let him feel your tongue and your inner cheeks.’

The man knocked on the wall and soon afterwards ejaculated his load into Natalie’s mouth.

‘Congratulations. Your first load besides your own. Now swallow it.’

Natalie swallowed without much delay. Her face gave the sign that she’d eaten something yucky.

‘Don’t lie. You loved it. Did it feel different to your own? Was the taste and texture different? Take it all in. Think about it. You’ve just sucked off a man for the first time. How does it feel to officially be a cocksucker? You better learn to enjoy the taste of man seed. Get used to it. And quick. Because cock number two awaits you right now. No rest for the wicked. Don’t be so shy and hesitant with the next dick.’

## **Dick Number Two**

‘Put it in your hand and lick it. Now go hands free and suck the length of it. Gagging’s natural. It won’t hurt you. Put it in your throat and suck. You like that, don’t you? There’s no disgust. There’s just pure sexual frenzy. You so want to jerk yourself off right now. You want to grab your cock and jerk it to climax so you can eat the contents of your own dick. You’re a filthy little cock whore who wants all the men in your mouth and belly. You’re such a sissy. A real queen. Wouldn’t you just love to pull your dick out and stroke it? Rub it and rub it while sucking on a man. I bet it wouldn’t take long before you’d be squirting your love all over your hand. And then there will barely be a second before you’re licking it all up into your mouth. You’re such a whore. You have no decency. No morals. No sense of decorum. You’d be on your knees in a second if some dick was on offer. You so want to rub yourself because you’re so horny. An orgasm is a privilege. Not a right. You need to earn yours by making many more of these guys come. Help them achieve bliss and you can join them. I’ll let you induce your own orgasm. But it has to be earned. I hope you can do it. I’d like to see you wank your clit while at the same time taking a man in your whore face.

‘You used to be a man. Remember that? That must seem like such a long time ago. Now look at you: In stockings, high heels, panties and a latex dress. Sucking off a whole parade of men in a sex club. What do you think your mum would say if I took a picture and sent it to her? Would she recognise you? You’re bulging so much in your panties. You obviously love sucking dick while pretending to be a sexy young lady. This is your new fetish. It has a hold on you. You can’t go back. You can’t undo it. The damage has already been done. From now on this is how you have sex. In a sex club with men while dressed like a lady. You won’t be able to backtrack to your “normal” life after this. I’ve opened up your imagination. I’ve shown you the little sissy under the surface of your skin. And she’s a cocksucker. That’s the real you. You can never pretend that sissy Natalie doesn’t exist. You are Natalie. Natalie is the real you. You’ll never be able to make love to a woman again like you did before. You’ll need to be a woman instead of a man in order to perform. And not all girls will be as broadminded as I am about your fetish. They won’t like you stealing their feminine thunder and making it all about you. Girls like to be the centre of attention when a man’s fucking them. If it becomes all about your femininity as opposed to theirs, then you might piss off more than a few women. That’s if you

ever want to have sex with a woman ever again. Maybe it's all about the cock for you now.'

The man banged on the wall and ejaculated.

### **Dick Number Three**

'Natalie, take him on your face. Let him finish on that pretty little face of yours. Wank it until he can't resist your hand. Make him spunk all over your lips and cheeks. I want to see him ruin your make-up. Don't just wank it. Kiss it. Kiss the tip. Show that you love it. Kiss it up and down the underside of his shaft. Make him feel loved and desired. Show him the care and devotion that's in your heart. I know you love him. A girl like you can't resist a man with a dick that big. Be his slut. Now make him spunk onto that slutty face of yours. Make him pop his load.'

He shot his load onto Natalie's face after knocking on the wall.

'Don't clean it up. Lick your lips to get a taste of him. But that's it. Just a taste.'

### **Dick Number Four**

'Do you like your dress? It suits you. It's a servile dress. Attendants are there to be dominated and told what to do. They serve and hang around in the background while looking pretty. You look prettier than I thought plausible. The corset's given you a hint of a figure. Your legs look great. The make-up around

your eyes is some of my best work, if I don't mind saying so myself. I'm fairly pleased with how you turned out. Better than I expected. And of course you complete the picture when I see you with a dick in your mouth. It's quite a picture. And cum on your face. That too. That cum smeared all over your chin and cheeks is a great touch. I can't wait to see you on all fours taking it up the ass from some big bull of a man. That will be quite something to see. Oh, is he coming already. Make sure not to spill any.' The man came without the warning of a knock on the wall.

### **Dick Number Five**

'Your make-up is such a mess. You've smeared your lipstick. Do your feet hurt? Heels are a bitch. They look great but they're not the most comfortable of shoe choices. But a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do. And you wanted to be the most girly girl you could be. And nothing screams out girly girl more than a sexy pair of tall heels. Of course stockings and suspenders are the ultimate in girly girl as well. You've got the long legs to pull them off. Stockings and heels are essential if you want to pass as a girl. The flight attendant outfit is a little over the top. I admit to that. I just really liked it. Maybe you can wear it again when you fuck a guy for the first time. You could play a kinky role-playing game with him. He's the pilot and you're the naughty latex flight attendant who's been bad. Maybe you could get a taste of the sexual harassment we women have to face in the workplace. He could abuse his power over you. He could threaten to have you fired if you don't go down on him. And then after you've submitted he changes the deal and insists you fuck him. You resist but he puts his hand up your skirt. And that's when he first discovers your little secret. You've got a dick. Now he's angry. Angry and horny and confused that a tranny blew him and he liked it. So he slaps you but he can't resist you. So he fucks you anyway while calling you a tranny whore. Once he's done with you he tells you not to tell anyone and he'll keep your dirty secret quiet. Or even better, maybe you were rude to a customer so the pilot teaches you a lesson in manners while the customer watches and jerks off on your face.

‘Or maybe I’ll just throw you into an orgy and have ten guys take turns fucking you in the ass. Your hole is going to be filled with so much dick. You’ll be the centre of attention, Natalie. They’ll all want to fuck you in a big gangbang. They won’t be able to resist a piece of tranny ass like you. Especially in a latex uniform. The flight attendant look suits you. I’m glad I went with the flight attendant uniform over the more obvious rubber maid outfit. Although I’ll probably still buy that one later. I like what you’re wearing tonight. I’ll have to think about these scenarios. What one should I put you through? I lean towards the orgy. Can you imagine it? The guys will have their big manly hands all over you. There’ll be so many of them. You’ll be surrounded by a sea of men all ready to pump your ass full of cum. It’ll be claustrophobic as you’ll be trapped in a wall of male flesh with only your nylons and latex between you and them. There’ll be no way out. You’ll be fucked by man after man in your face and in your ass. And they’ll be touching your dangling clit. You won’t be able to tell where one man ends and the next begins. They’ll all blur into the one indistinct mass of cock and hands. You’ll be blowing them and making them come using both ends and your hands but there’ll be no rest. As soon as one blows his load in your orifice another will take his place so there’ll be no respite. One guy after another reaming your transsexual ass. No pause. Just pure cock. Endless cock.

‘What one of these scenarios do you prefer? Don’t talk with your mouth full. That’s rude. To me and to the man you’re sucking off. Raise your left hand for one of the role-playing options. Raise your right for the orgy gangbang.’

He raised his left hand.

‘Have you learned nothing? Like I’d let you choose anything. This isn’t a democracy. I might be kind and let you decide if you’re going to be a blonde or a brunette for the session, but that’s as far as your autonomy goes. I decide anything bigger than that. I’m still toying with what I’ll do with you next time. Nothing’s set in stone. Ideas are still at the gathering stage. All I know for certain is that you’re going to get your asshole violated by a man. And you’re going to be dressed up all sexy for him so when he pounds your ass it will be as

kinky as possible. Rubber maid or flight attendant uniform? Choices, choices. Can you imagine being all dressed up in latex? Oh wait, you don't have to imagine anything. You're already dolled up in a latex dress with high heels and stockings.'

Dick number five exploded into Natalie's mouth.

### **Dick Number Six**

'You love dick so much. And cum. You clearly love spunk. In your mouth, on your tongue and on your face. You can't get enough of that white stuff. Such a whore. Such a cum-slut. You love dick. I can tell. It's so obvious. The way you don't pause before shoving it in your mouth. You're a whore for cock. Isn't it so much better being a girl then being a stinky boy? Isn't the feminine experience so much more richer and deeper? And your humiliation at being made to experience the female side of the sexual game adds so much extra depth and perversion to your femininity. These proceedings are so amusing. Probably more so for me than for you. For you they're a little more problematic. How can you return from this gender bending depravity to "normal" sex as a man making love to a woman? It will be so boring. So vanilla. So blah. Being the girl is so much more interesting. It's fun to be a sissy. To wear stockings and your cute little latex flight attendant outfit. It's such an awesome step up from being James. Yuck. Even saying the name makes me sleepy. James is so boring. So indifferent. So common. So banal. Natalie is so much more intriguing. Both as a person and as a body. No one wants to explore James's asshole, but Natalie's anus is another story. Everyone wants to stick things in Natalie's naughty hole. Who could resist? Natalie's rear hole is going to get crammed and rammed like nobody's business. Tonight your mouth is getting all the attention, but next time it's your ass. Your behind is going to get so much cock rammed up it you won't know what way's up and what way's down. The guys will be all over you. Reaming you and reaming you without a pause. They're going to fill you up with so much cock and so much spunk you won't be able to think straight for weeks. Not that you'll ever think "straight" ever again since I'm going to rewire your sexual

orientation. Your whole entire gender is going to be rearranged just for my amusement. I'm going to fuck you up so bad.'

Knock, knock.

Another cum-load shot and swallowed.

### **Dick Number Seven**

'You're such a slut taking all that cock. Such greed. Such lust. For someone who claims never to have sucked cock before you're certainly showing yourself to be a natural. You're taking them without any hint of hesitation now. It's impressive. Baby, you've come a long way in such a short space of time. I'm sure the guys out there appreciate your work. Their spunk in your mouth can be considered a positive review.'

Number seven came quickly. He perhaps suffered from premature ejaculation.

'Be a diligent whore and slurp it all up.'

### **Dick Number Eight**

'Don't get greedy. Don't do two dicks at the one time. That might result in second rate work if you're sucking on one while stroking another one behind you. You just don't have the skills just yet. You're too new to this. You need to



concentrate on one dick at a time. At least to begin with. You have all the time in the world to improve. I'll make sure you get plenty of practice.'

I rested my voice for a minute and watched Natalie make love to this man's cock.

He came in Natalie's mouth.

### **Dick Number Nine**

'Nat, put his dick in your mouth. Just like that. Begin sucking. Do you like it when I call you Nat, or do you prefer it when I use your full name? He's got a big one, doesn't he? Does it make you feel all girly to kiss and caress and suck such a big one? You can stroke your clit stick now. Go on. Take your dick out your panties and wank it. Go on. You now have my permission.'

She pulled up her latex skirt to be closer to her waist. She took out her erection so it jutted out over the panty waistband.

'You can grip it in your hand and pull on it and twist it. Take a real good grip and stroke it. Stroke it like a sissy slut. You can make yourself come. But you better catch anything that shoots or drips out of it in your hand. If you don't you'll be licking it off the floor. And I'd dread to hazard a guess at what's been on this floor. Some seriously dirty things have happened in this little booth.'

Natalie wanked herself and continued to suck on gentleman number nine.

‘That’s right, take it in your hand and tease it. Wank your sissy clit. How does it feel to have a big dick in your mouth and a big dick in your hand? Do you like that? Could you get used to servicing men with your mouth while stroking your own clit? I bet you could. Is this something you’d like to do more of? Is this now my fantasy or is it now yours? I wonder. You want this more than I do. You want to suck dick after dick after dick even more than I want to see it. That’s okay. That’s what I expected. I knew once you’d started and had a taste of dick and cum you’d get over your homophobic qualms with speed. I was right to think you’d love it. If I walked away and left you to your own devices you’d stay here and continue what you’re doing. You’d totally keep sucking them off even if I wasn’t making you or even observing you. You’re a cock whore. A free will cocksucker who sucks cock for your own pleasure. You do it because you love it. It gives you immense pleasure to please all these men. And there’s no shame in that. Giving pleasure is not a crime. You sucking cock gives you pleasure. It gives pleasure to so many men. And it gives me pleasure to watch you. It gives me pleasure to see you give so much pleasure and affection. It’s just one big virtuous circle of good feeling, like a circle jerk. My good deed making you suck cock becomes your good deed of sucking cock. The more cocks sucked the more joy you can bring. And the more cum you swallow the more pleasure you get. You do a good deed and you get a reward. Instant karma.’

She started to come from her own masturbation.

‘That’s it. Spurt your load into your hand.’

She shot her load into her left hand.

‘Did you enjoy that? Of course you did. Now put it in your mouth. Lick it up. All of it. But don’t swallow.’

She did as instructed.

‘Now put his dick back in your mouth and blow him with your own cock juice in your mouth.’

She put the penis between her lips.

‘That’s it. Keep sucking. Keep going.’

Soon the man was knocking on the wall.

### **Dick Number Ten**

‘Put your clit back in your panties. I don’t want to look at it anymore. It ruins the picture of you being a girl. What load is this anyway? It’s so easy to lose count of these things. You’d think it would be easy to keep track of how many guys shot their load. How do you forget or misremember a man ejaculating his seed into or onto a face as cute as yours, and yet here we are. Struggling to remember. I think it’s number nine. No, there was that other guy. How could I forget him? Crazy. I think this will be number ten once he’s spunked in your mouth.’

### **Dick Number Eleven**

‘How does it feel to be Natalie after all this cock sucking? To be dressed up in her clothes like a girl while sucking anonymous dick through a hole in a sex club. You love it. That bulge in your panties hasn’t died down for a moment since we started. Even after you came it stayed rock hard. That tells me all I need to know. You love being Natalie. She’s the girl you’ve always wanted to be. To be called by a girl’s name must turn you on so much. Natalie. Natalie. Natalie. Natalie. Natalie. Is your dick as hard as the one in your mouth?’

## **Dick Number Twelve**

‘How far can you go? How many dicks? Thirteen? Fourteen? Fifteen? It’s essential that you give it your all. These guys could be your repeat lovers at the orgy I’ve got in mind for you. If you give them weak blowjobs they might not want to fuck you in the ass. Get those lips around that dick. Deep throat the fuck out of that monster. Don’t be afraid of a bit of gagging. You must be approaching my record. I’m pretty certain this is dick number twelve. That’s some serious dick sucking. Real hardcore stuff. And soon you’ll be on dick number fourteen having surpassed my record of thirteen. There are not many women who can say they sucked off fourteen guys to orgasm in one go. And to think before this you’d never even sucked one before. I’m not sure how proud you can be of this achievement, but it’s certainly an achievement of some substance. All that cum. All that salty goodness in your mouth, down your throat, in your stomach and on your face. So much cum. You’d never had another man’s cum before and now look at you. Ten loads in your belly and one on your face. And you ate a bit of the one on your face. And you ate your own orgasm. And soon you’ll have this load in your stomach. You’re such an outrageous slut. A total cock whore with an insatiable appetite for cock and cum. So many dicks sucked between your lips and polished with your tongue. One purple headed monster after another put in your mouth and serviced to fruition. All while wearing your red lacy panties, black stockings, five inch heels and your little red latex flight attendant uniform with its cute little cap. You must be so aroused right now. I bet you could jerk off again and come a second time right now. No, don’t touch it. You’ve had your clit fun for the day. That’s it. You don’t get to play with your clit stick again. You’ve had your orgasm. Now it’s time to stop thinking about your own orgasm and to concentrate all your feminine energy into giving orgasms to your many lovers.’

## **Dick Number Thirteen**

‘Lucky number thirteen. I think you should take this one on your face. The first facial is fading away. I can hardly see it unless the light hits it at a certain angle. So wank him off onto your face. Take a second cumshot to the face.’

She wanked him for several minutes until he knocked on the partition. He exploded copious amounts of his white cock juice onto Natalie’s face.

‘Well done. You’re as big a slut as me. Thirteen men jizzed in one session. You’re either tied with me or maybe even over my record. It’s a bit fuzzy if I did twelve or thirteen. Either way, what an accomplishment. How does it feel to breathe such rarefied air? Thirteen men pleased to climax. Eleven in your mouth and two on your face like a good slut. He was a bit of a sprayer. He’s totally covered you. You look so cute and ultra-feminine with his man juice all over your cheek, chin and mouth. Don’t be afraid to get a little in your mouth. Lick your lips. That’s it. Good girl. Lick those dick suckers and make bedroom eyes at me. You’re such a wanton slut. There’s nothing you won’t do for me or for cock. Your panties are bulging with a wet spot. A slut like you just can’t get enough dick. I see there’s a few drops of spunk on your skirt and breast. You should gather that up and eat it. No need to let it go to waste. Good girl. Okay, leave his cum on your face and turn to bachelor number fourteen. He’s waiting for you. Natalie, don’t rest on your laurels. Thirteen is good. Thirteen is amazing. But there’s more to go.’

## **Dick Number Fourteen**

‘Kiss his head. Now put it in your mouth. You know what to do. So do it.

Definitively break my record.'

I gave her reverential silence as she sucked away on this man's erection. After a few minutes there was the customary knock on the wall to indicate imminent climax. The man ejaculated his jizz into Natalie's mouth.

'That's it. Officially you've broken my record. Fourteen guys sucked or beaten off. Amazing. What a whore. What a girl. Your jaws must be aching. Let's do another one. Get number fifteen down your throat. Make number fifteen feel your passion for dick. There's no such thing as too much of a good thing. You need number fifteen as much as you needed any of the others. Tiredness is fleeting. Glory is for ever. You do want the glory of being the latex bitch who sucked off twenty dicks in one go, don't you? That's the sort of reputation you want. To go to the grave as Natalie, the twenty dick wonder. I think you can do twenty. I believe in you. You can do it. You can suck off twenty guys. It's just six more. That's doable for a whore like you. Do you need encouragement? Okay, if you suck off nineteen guys I'll let you play with yourself again while you face fuck gentleman number twenty. But you've got to come before he does. If he creams in your face before you've squirted your own orgasm then you've got to stop rubbing yourself. You only get to come a second time if you're still sucking dick. You have to have it lodged firmly in your mouth when you ejaculate.'

### **Dick Number Fifteen**

'Is there a reason why you're not blowing him? Put it in your mouth. I don't care if your mouth hurts from so much blowjob action. That's how you know you're doing a good job. You don't have a lot of dignity left, do you? Could you have imagined this happening to you that night when you approached me at the bar? Even after you turned me into Mistress Mia, and yes, that is your fault, you couldn't have foreseen this. No one could have. This is mental. But what's even more mental is that you allowed this to happen. You said yes all along the line. All you had to do was say no just once and this wouldn't have happened. You

said I was responsible, that your moral choices were taken away from you, but that's nonsense. I never took the ability to say no away from you. You just had to stand up for yourself and I'd have backed down. You're as responsible for being here as I am. That you sucked dick, that you did this, implies you wanted to do this. You wanted to suck off fourteen guys while dressed as a female flight attendant. You wanted to do this. You wanted this. You wanted to do this, and you want to take it up the ass. Don't deny it. It's a self-evident truth. Is all this cock what you expected it to be? When you laid in bed wanking all night with your mind racing to the thought of all this dick sucking, did you think it would be like this? Does it live up to your expectations? Or does it surpass your wildest sissy dreams? Don't take the dick out your mouth to answer. You're too pretty looking to ruin it with your words. Latex cocksuckers are for looking at and touching and fucking. No one cares what you have to say. You're much better with a cock jammed in your face-hole where it works as a natural gag.'

### **Dick Number Sixteen**

'Have you been playing a fantasy in your head while wearing this uniform as you face fuck yourself on their powerful cocks? You could imagine you're on a flight and you're servicing the customers as part of your day-to-day job. That it's your work to keep the customers satisfied, and they're very demanding on this flight. Wanting their dicks sucked one after the other. Would you like a job like that? Sucking men off while wearing a uniform. You'd love that. The fetish of the uniform gets you off. Almost as much as the dick sucking. Sucking dick without the drag would be awful for you. You're not a homosexual in the usual way. You don't suck dick because you love men. You suck dick because when you're a woman you become heterosexual and only then do you love men. Being a girl is a vital part of your dick sucking. Sucking dick while naked would be wrong. You need the make-up and the clothes because that's what makes you feel feminine. Without them you're just a guy sucking a dick. And that's not what you're about. Being a girl is what you're about.'

### **Dick Number Seventeen**

‘I think you’ve made an impact on the clientele. Take it deep and long. Enjoy every inch of him. Just because he’s number seventeen doesn’t mean he doesn’t deserve a blowjob as good as the previous sixteen. Don’t get lazy now. Keep going. Don’t be a lazy bitch. I hate lazy bitches who don’t do a proper job of work. A tired jaw is no excuse for a weak blowjob. You don’t want to regret giving dick number seventeen a feeble blowjob when you think back to this ten years from now. Don’t disappoint yourself and rob yourself and him of the pleasure of a fully committed suck. Make him come just like all the others with your dick sucker, red lipstick painted whore lips. Enjoy his length. Enjoy his load. Take him all the way in. Take his cum and swallow it so it’s with all the others in your belly.’

### **Dick Number Eighteen**

‘You’re wanking him too much. Put your hands on your knees and just use your mouth. Feel the nylon stockings that you’ve got stretched over your knees. Ten denier feels so silky smooth, doesn’t it? Very sexy to the touch. Only a girl wears stockings. That must mean you’re a girl. Are you a girl, Natalie? Don’t talk. Nod your head. Yes, that’s right, you are a girl. Only a girl wears a latex dress and stockings while sucking on a penis. If a man did that... Well he wouldn’t be much of a man, would he?’

### **Dick Number Nineteen**

‘You should do this one on your knees. Get off the stool and suck him from the traditional kneeling position. It’s a sign of respect to be below him on your knees in supplication. You must be so sore all over. All that leaning over and the jaws must be tired. And the high heels can’t be too amazing feeling, especially around the toes. But it’s all worth it for the dick. All the discomfort melts into irrelevance when faced with so much cock to suck. What’s a few aches when



there's so much spunk in your mouth and on your face. So much cum. So much. You're such a lucky girl.'

### **Dick Number Twenty**

'Okay, back on the stool for the grand finale. This is the last one. Last dick of the night. Nineteen done, one more to go. Put it in. That's it. Now suck. Now take your clit out and play with it. Pull your panties down to your stocking tops. Hold it firmly in your hand and wank it like a sissy. Suck and wank. Remember, you only get to come if you're still sucking him. Rub it. Play with your clit. Stroke it like it belongs to the man who's soon about to take your anal cherry. Rub it. You're such a fortunate girl to get twenty cum-loads and two of your own. Twenty-two ejaculations in one session. That's good work for one night. Keep stroking and sucking. Up and down. Pump that fist. I hope for your sake you can orgasm faster than your twentieth man of the day. How you must ache for another orgasm after all that dick sucking. I know my pussy's wet. I'd have masturbated but I didn't want to distract you from your dick sucking by having my female anatomy on display. Squirt your seed. Into your hand. Good girl. Now, Natalie, you know what to do. Put it up to your mouth and lick it up. Put your fingers in your mouth and swallow it. Enough of that. Put gentleman caller number twenty back in your mouth. You've still got his hard dick to suck to the end so you can consume his cum-load. Inspire him to spunk. Excite him. Use that mouth and tongue, Natalie.'

The man knocked at the same time as he came in Natalie's mouth.

'You're a very good girl. Twenty-two cum-loads consumed. I'm impressed. I'm not going to say otherwise. I'm truly impressed. I had my doubts about you. I knew you'd glug down many cum-loads but not from so many men. That's a great display of slutty behaviour. You could be a hall of famer. Pull your panties up. It's time to go. Clean yourself up. You look like a whore. That's some good cum on your face but you might want to wipe that off and redo your make-up

before I unlock this door. Behind the stool you'll find tissues. Ignore that dick in the hole. You've had enough. Twenty is more than enough. Leave them wanting more with demand outstripping supply. You better sashay in a very convincingly womanly way out of here. You never know who you've sucked off who'll be watching to see who emerges from the booth. They might have caught some glimpses through the holes and overheard some details about your cock situation, but not all of them know. Although maybe word got out that a tranny was sucking off men at the gloryholes and they all came running. It's going to be quite the walk of shame out of here through the club. If I was you I wouldn't make too much eye contact with anyone. Although since we're here, and you're in your latex uniform, you could stand in the bar and I could see about arranging that orgy. Let the boys see the goods. We'll be back here soon. And next time, it will be your pretty little asshole that's going to get fucked.'

Back at my flat I made Natalie sit on a series of increasingly large butt plugs. They were sold as an anal training kit. She was currently sitting on plug three of five. 'So while you were waiting in the bar I got talking to the manager. Or at least I think he was the manager. Anyway, he liked my orgy idea and he got even more excited when I pointed you out to him. He said he'd totally fuck you. Isn't it nice to get a compliment like that from a man? He did make one observation. He said that going straight into an orgy as an anal virgin might be a tad unreasonable on my part. Even a sadistic sicko bitch like me had to agree. It was a wise and learned decision on my part to arrange an intermediate fuck session before the gangbang. I told him my rude customer fantasy and he liked it. He agreed to play the pilot. I've booked the two of you a private room at the club. Tomorrow you're going back there in your sissy uniform and you're going to blow him and take it up the ass like a good girl. Any objections?'

## **Natalie Becomes a True Sissy and Loses Her Anal Virginity to a Man**

The private room was set up theatre style with thirty chairs facing the one wall. That wall had the door to one side. Down the middle of the chairs was a corridor. There were three chairs in a row on each side of the aisle. It went back five rows deep. It was going to take a little extra imagination to transform it into an airplane but it was all role-play anyway.

Natalie was sitting on the third row on a chair beside the aisle. The corridor was to her right with two empty chairs to her left. She was wearing her red latex flight attendant uniform. For a change I put her in fifteen denier tan tights and four inch black wedge shoes with closed toes. I liked the eye make-up I'd applied to her the day before so I recreated that with fake eyelashes to really make her peepers pop. Underneath the uniform she had on a corset and black lace panties.

I sat across from her on the opposite side of the aisle. I was wearing skinny jeans and a tight T-shirt. My thinking, if that's not too strong a word for it, was that I didn't want to pull focus from Natalie's kinky uniform or the manager's pilot outfit. I was to be invisible as I wasn't in the scene. A sexy outfit would only distract and pull me into the session. How could I wear latex and not join in? I said to her, 'Once the scene starts you can't break character. I hope I don't have to make threats by this stage to keep you in line. I'm sure you can imagine for yourself what sort of punishment I could administer if I'm displeased. It's role-play so don't say anything to ruin it. If in doubt just keep that pretty little mouth of yours shut. Any questions before I tell him we're ready?'

She took a moment to think of something to ask. There were probably too many questions that they all cancelled each other out. It was a case of what's the point

in asking when she's going to find out in a minute anyway. She was still trying to come up with something, probably just to delay the proceedings, but eventually she gave up and shook her head. The cap wobbled on her brunette wig. I'd allowed her to choose her hair colour for this session. That was the only thing she had a say over.

I reached out and patted her on her right nylon covered knee. I got up and walked to the door at the front. I knocked on it three times. Then I retired to the corner at the front away from the door. This would be my vantage point for the ensuing fuck session.

After a few seconds the door opened. Natalie saw her lover for the first time. The manager was looking dapper in a navy blue woollen pilot uniform. I didn't ask where he got it from. I just assumed they kept a stash of assorted uniforms on hand. It was a fetish club so it made sense that they would keep such items. He took off his cap and put it under his arm. He walked over to Natalie and sat on the chair I was previously sitting on. 'Do you know why I asked you to stay behind?'

'No,' she replied.

'Really? You don't remember the gentleman you were rude to on row twenty-eight?'

Natalie was silent.

'He made a formal complaint. This is your third time. Your behaviour is unbecoming for a woman in the service industry. HR have told me to tell you

that you're grounded indefinitely until they can review your record and get all the information about this new complaint. You understand what that means, Natalie?'

Looking forward Natalie said, 'I think so.'

'You think so. I don't think you do. It means you're suspended without pay.' He stood up and placed the cap back on his head. 'Look at me.'

Natalie looked up at him.

'These things can drag on for ages. HR are not a fast, or a friendly department. I hope you've got a couple of months savings to fall back on.' He walked down the aisle to the door. He put his hand on the knob and half-opened the door. He paused. He turned back to Natalie. 'You know, I have some influence over at HQ. My word has some weight. A good word from me and I could keep you flying. The HR investigation will still go on but you could at least keep earning while it's working its way through the system. Would that be something you'd like me to do? One phone call could save you a lot of trouble. What do you say, Natalie?'

'Yes. Please. Thank you.'

He closed the door and walked back up the aisle. He sat on the middle chair beside Natalie to her left after she moved her legs out the way for him to get past. They were now sitting together on the same side of the aisle. He placed his cap on the empty chair to his left. He said, 'If there's one thing in life I've learned, it's that no good deed ever goes unpunished. So to make this worth my

while I need to dirty it up a little.’ He put his right hand on Natalie’s left knee. She didn’t fight him. She just kept looking forward. He squeezed her knee. ‘This I like,’ he said before moving his hand up her thigh, over the latex skirt and resting it for a moment on her hip. He then slid his palm back down her thigh until it stopped on her knee. ‘Good girl. It seems we’re on the same page.’ He leaned in and kissed Natalie on the cheek. She kept her eyes looking forward and didn’t budge or react. ‘Very good. I’ve been watching you for months. You’re so pretty. Would you like to suck my dick?’

Natalie turned to face him. ‘How can you blackmail me like this?’

‘Easily. Because I can. You inspire bad thoughts and even worse behaviour. There’s nothing more infectious than bad behaviour. If you don’t suck my dick then you can spend the next two months in limbo before getting fired. Or you can blow me and keep your job for two months with a reduced chance of getting the heave-ho at the end of it. So what do you say?’

‘You’re a very bad man.’

‘What’s the big deal, you little slut? I know you know your way around a cock. I know what kind of girl you are.’

‘You don’t know what I am.’

Suddenly he slapped her. Natalie put her hand up to cover her slapped cheek. ‘Ouch. What was that for?’

‘I’m just keeping you in line. A rude girl like you needs a firm hand. Your problem is your daddy didn’t beat you enough as a girl. He obviously indulged you, let you run wild and let you say anything you want. He allowed you to grow into this disobedient woman I see before me today. You never had to learn polite manners. So I’ll say this in impolite words you’ll understand. Get on your knees and suck my dick.’

Petulantly she said, ‘Fine.’ She got up and stood in the aisle. He stood and stepped into the corridor with her. ‘On your knees, whore.’ She got down onto her tan tight covered knees. He took off his shoes and unbuckled his belt. He took off his trousers and blazer and put them on the seat Natalie had been sitting on. He was standing before her in white boxers and black socks. He put his hand on the back of her head underneath the cap. ‘Are you going to be a good girl and let me blow a load in your mouth?’

‘Yes.’

‘That’s what I like to hear.’ He pulled down his boxers to reveal an eight inch erection. This would be Natalie’s first penis without a wall to isolate it and make her actions more abstract. He was right there before her. A man with a face to go with the erection she was going to be sucking. Even after twenty cocks in her mouth this was still a big step forward. It was fifty-fifty if she’d go through with it. I wouldn’t blame her if she choked and rejected it. Anonymous erections were surely much easier to suck than one attached to a person she had seen and talked to. He asked her, ‘So what are you waiting for?’

To my surprise she didn’t dither. She leaned in and licked the end of his cock. She licked it for a bit on the head, then up and down the shaft. She even licked and sucked on his balls. Then she took the first half into her mouth and gave him a blowjob. He had one hand on her head and the other holding his shirt up against his stomach.

‘That’s it, Natalie. Suck like your job depends on it. You can bite it a little bit. I don’t mind a little teeth.’ She bit down gently upon his cock. ‘Suck it again. Put it all in your mouth.’ She deep throated the dick with minimal gagging.

‘Where do you want me to come? On your face or in your mouth?’

She took the length of him out of her mouth. After catching her breath she said, ‘In my mouth. I don’t want you ruining my make-up.’

‘Then you better make me come quickly, because if I haven’t ejaculated within the next few minutes then it’s going on your face.’

Natalie got her mouth back around the dick and worked it.

‘You’ve got such a silky tongue. Use it more.’

She sucked away on his cock for about a minute.

‘I’m going to come.’

He juddered silently on the spot. Evidently he was ejaculating into her mouth.



He stopped juddering and pulled his dick out from her closed-lipped mouth.  
'Let's see it.'

Natalie opened her mouth to show him the cum on her tongue. 'Are you going to be a good girl?'

She swallowed and opened her mouth again for his inspection. 'I see you are a good girl.'

She took hold of his penis and squeezed it in her hand. A little more cum appeared at his urethra. She leaned in and licked it off the end of his penis. She swallowed the extra bit of spunk.

He said, 'I've lusted after you for so long. Now I've got you I can't stop at a blowjob. I want more.'

'That's not part of the deal.'

'The deal's changed.'

'You can't do that.'

'I just did.'

‘That’s...that’s immoral.’

‘All of this is immoral. What difference does a little more badness make? In for a penny, in for a pound. I’ve got you here on your knees. I bet I can get you on all fours taking my dick in your cunt. I feel like pushing my luck.’

‘We agreed I’d blow you. That’s all.’

‘What, are you protecting your virtue? Lady, come off it, we both know you’re a tramp. Classy on the surface but underneath you’re pure cock sucking trash.’

‘You can’t have me.’

‘I will have you. Or I can leave and not make that phone call to head office. It’s up to you.’

‘You’re a bastard.’

‘I wouldn’t deny it.’

‘You won’t like it. I don’t think you’d appreciate what I’ve got underneath this skirt.’

‘I’ll be the judge of that.’

‘Be careful what you wish for as you might just get it.’

‘Do you want me to make this phone call or not?’

Without a word Natalie turned around to face away from him. She got down on her hands so she was on all fours with her ass pointed at him. ‘Don’t say I didn’t warn you.’

He stepped out of the boxers that were around his ankles and kicked them away. He pulled off his socks and chucked them after the boxers. He put his hands on Natalie’s ass and had a good grope. His hands drifted to her hips, curves and then back down to her bum and thighs. He had a good feel of her body. He then pulled her skirt up towards her waist. He pulled the tights down to above her knees. Then he hooked his fingers inside her bulging black lace panties and pulled them down to the tights. ‘What the fuck is that?’

He reared away from her.

‘That’s my dick,’ said Natalie. Her penis was locked away in a clear plastic chastity cage. The key to the cage was attached to an anklet on her own leg.

‘You’re a man! How the fuck did you pass as a woman for so long? I can’t believe this. I’ve lusted after you for months. Uh,’ he said as though the penny had just dropped. ‘I just got sucked off by a tranny. That’s disgusting. How could

you do this to me?’

‘Me do this to you?’ she said while looking back over her shoulder at him. ‘You did this to me. You’re the one who blackmailed me into doing something I didn’t want to do. This is all on you.’

‘Oh fuck. I’m not a homosexual. I’m not a homosexual.’ He said the last two sentences to himself like it was a mantra. ‘I can’t believe you let me go through with this.’

‘Like you gave me a choice. Am I supposed to feel sorry for you?’

‘Shut the fuck up, you bitch. I’m...confused.’

‘You liked it, didn’t you?’

‘No.’

‘That’s not what you said before finding out I had a dick. You liked it so much you changed the deal and wanted to have full penetrative sex with me.’

‘You tricked me.’

‘You tricked me,’ she pointed out.

‘But you tricked me first by pretending to be a woman.’

‘So? Is that supposed to make your blackmail okay?’

‘Fuck you, you bitch.’

‘At least you’re reacting to me as a woman. To still be called a bitch under these circumstances means you’re still seeing me as female. And to be told you’ve been lusting after me for all those months is quite a turn on. Now the shoe is on the other foot. I’m going to tell HR about all of this. You’ll get fired and I’ll probably be promoted or something as they won’t want to piss off the LGBT community.’

‘You can’t tell anyone about this.’

‘Then finish the job. Stick your dick in me.’

‘No.’

‘Yes.’

‘Why? You don’t like me. You didn’t want to have sex with me before. So why now?’

‘Because the tables have turned. You don’t want to fuck me so now it’s interesting. I want to see how uncomfortable I can make you. I’m going to make you fuck a tranny.’

‘You’re sick in the head.’

‘Says the blackmailer. Honey, we’re both as sick as each other. Now stop complaining and get your dick hard again. Do you want me to blow it for a bit to get it up?’

‘Stay away from my dick.’

‘There’s a condom in my purse.’ She nodded to the handbag on the floor beside her chair. ‘If I don’t feel your dick inside my backside in the next couple of minutes then I’m going to HR.’

‘Okay, shut up. No one needs to know about this.’

‘My mouth is sealed.’

‘Natalie, I fucking hate you.’

‘Captain, the feeling is more than mutual.’

He picked up the handbag. From it he produced a bottle of lube and a condom. He was quickly hard again after a few tugs in his own hand. He got the rubber onto his penis and stroked lubricant onto it.

‘Be gentle,’ said Natalie with a hint of mockery as he began to push his condom covered erection into her anus. She grunted as it went in. What a whore, letting this stranger take her. She’d never met this man before and now here she was taking his real life penis in her ass.

I was very impressed by my girl Natalie. Not only did she flip the scene around to become the dominant one, which was not planned, but she also actively pursued getting reamed in the ass without hesitation. I was expecting more of a struggle to get a cock in her ass but she was the one advocating for it to happen. She seemed like such a passive girl so for her to take charge like that was electrifying.

He fucked her on all fours. ‘I can’t believe I’m fucking a man in a dress. This is so wrong. So wrong. Totally messed up.’

‘Yes, but isn’t it fun?’

‘Fuck you, Natalie.’

‘Yes, fuck me. Keep fucking me. I love you in my arsehole. You’re so big and I’m so small. Go balls deep. I want to feel it all. Make me a happy girl. Show me what I’m missing.’

Then they fucked in a spooning position. She took the key from her ankle and unlocked her cock from its chastity. Her dick flopped out and grew to full size almost instantly. She jacked off her own clit while he pumped her from behind.

They got on their feet and he fucked her up against a wall. Her penis scraped against the wall, leaving a trail of pre-cum. Natalie eventually ejaculated her seed onto the wall at her own hand while he continued to fill her anus with his dick. She scooped up as much cum as she could with her fingers and tasted herself.

She looked wonderful with that cap on her head while the man in the pilot uniform reamed her in the ass. It was quite a sight.

He got on the floor, face up, and she sat on his dick while facing him. They fucked.

They fucked in multiple positions all over the room. On the chairs. In the aisle. Against the walls. They really went at it. All the time she kept her shoes on and her tights and panties around her ankles.

He never once touched Natalie’s dick. His hands touched everything else apart from the erection between her legs. At least I never saw him put his hand on it.



In the end they were in doggy style when he came in her ass.

He pulled his dick out of her hole and stood up. She turned around on her knees and eased the rubber from his cock. 'You want me to eat this?' she asked.

'Yes.'

She tipped her head back and opened her mouth. She put the condom above her face and let gravity make the cum drop down into her mouth. Once the cum was inside she gargled with it for a moment then swallowed. She dropped the used condom on the floor.

'You're not going to tell anyone about this, are you? They don't need to know I had sex with a tranny.'

'I find the word "tranny" to be offensive when it comes from your lips. I'm Natalie. I'm a person. Have a little more respect.'

'I'm sorry, Natalie.'

'You tasted good. I think on the next flight we have together we'll have to do this again.'

'You can't be serious.'

‘You invited yourself into this situation. Well now you’re in it. It’s your own fault.’ She got to her feet and pulled her panties and tights up and pulled her skirt down. From the floor she collected the handbag and put the strap over her shoulder. She leaned in and put her hands on his upper arms and kissed him on the lips. ‘You’re my lover now. So get used to banging a tranny.’ She walked away from him and out the door. As she passed me she winked. I was scared of how confident she was. Was I kidding myself that I was her master? How could I control someone with that amount of brazen confidence? Where did this confidence come from?

Ten minutes later I stepped out the private room to find Natalie in the corridor making out with a guy. She looked at me without saying a word. She then walked away with the guy following in her hand. Clearly she was going to fuck her second gentleman of the day, and she didn’t need me to orchestrate it.

I walked Natalie into the dungeon. She was wearing the black rubber maid uniform I’d mentioned before. It had an A-line skirt. She wore no panties as they were superfluous for today’s activities. On her legs she wore black latex stockings and five inch heels. I considered putting a gimp mask on her head but decided against it. I wanted the guys to see her face as they squirted their cocks onto it. She was rocking a blonde wig for this session. I was wearing a gold and black lace bodice with black stockings attached to the suspenders. I wanted my feminine laciness to contrast with her rubber uniform.

I indicated the group of naked men standing in a circle around us. ‘Introduce yourself to the boys with your mouth. Count how many I’ve lined up for you. In turn put each of them into your pretty little whore mouth and count them.’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’ She stepped forward and said, ‘Hi, I’m Natalie,’ to the first man without any hint of bashfulness. Natalie got down onto her knees before the

first gentleman and put his erection in her mouth. She sucked on him for a moment before taking it out and looking up at me. 'Number one, Mistress Mia.'

She shifted on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number two.'

She walked on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie. I'm here to serve you like a good submissive girl.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number three.'

She moved on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie. I really like your dick. It looks so big.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number four, Mistress Mia.'

She budged on her knees over to the next man. 'Hello, Captain. We've already met so I don't think I need to reintroduce myself. I'd like to think what we had together was memorable enough that you can recall my name. I'm going to be your fuck toy for today.' She put him in her mouth and sucked on his penis for a few seconds. 'Number five.'

She relocated on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie. You're cute.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number six, Mistress Mia.'

She travelled on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, my name's Natalie. Pleased to meet you. We're going to have so much fun together.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number seven.'

She shuffled on her knees to be in front of the next man. 'Hello, I'm Natalie. I want to suck you and feel you inside my arsehole. Could you do that for me? Could you fill my arse with your big dick?' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number eight.'

She proceeded on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie. I'm a whore.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number nine, Mistress Mia.'

She advanced on her knees over to the next man. 'Hi, I'm Natalie. It's my dream to have you and all your friends at the same time. Can you make that a reality? I really want my arsehole filled and creamed by as many men as possible.' She sucked him for a moment. 'Number ten, Mistress Mia.'

I said, 'Ten dicks. Ten dicks to suck and fuck. Do you think you can handle ten men constantly reaming your mouth and pussy?'

'Yes, Mistress Mia. It's all I've been dreaming about ever since you mentioned it. I want this. I want to please everyone.'

To the group of men I said, 'You heard the bitch. She's keen to start fucking. So don't leave her hanging. Don't be cruel. Give the girl some cock.'

The men surrounded the kneeling Natalie and fed her their dicks. She sucked enthusiastically on their shafts. 'I love it. Give me all your cocks. More. I want more.' A guy stuffed her whore mouth to shut her up. She sucked them for about five minutes before they pulled her up and put her on the padded table. She took the first dick in her mouth and sucked it. Then she took a second dick that went up her anus. She made sweet little girly sounds from her mouth and throat as she

got fucked.

The men stuck their dicks into her ass and into her mouth while she wanked and sucked their cocks. The men played with her clit by stroking it in their fists. No one gave her oral pleasure.

I helped out a little as a fluffer and stroked a few cocks of the men standing at the perimeter of the padded table as they waited their turn to fuck the sissy. It was best to keep them all hard so they could instantly swoop in when an opening presented itself.

I said to her, 'Gorge yourself on all that cock. Don't let any of it go home ignored and unsatisfied.'

She was bent facedown over the table while being spit-roasted with a cock in her ass and a cock in her mouth. 'This is how I always pictured you. There's something about you in a rubber dress taking it up the ass by a naked guy while another feeds you his cock that just makes sense. This is so you. Only you would look so at home in this position. You're such a whore. You love dick too much.'

They flipped her over. In a rare moment when she didn't have her mouth full with dick I asked her, 'Why do you like cock so much?'

'I don't know.'

'Is it the shape of it?'

‘I don’t know.’

‘Do you like it when they’re long and thick?’

‘Yes.’

‘You crave it now, don’t you? You crave penis all the time. It’s all you can think about. Dick, dick, dick. Life is all about dick for you now. Isn’t it?’

‘Yes.’

‘You’re addicted to it. You love dick so much and you can’t get enough to satisfy your lustful cravings. Would that be a fair assessment of your predicament?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia. I’m totally crazy for it. I love dick too much. My devotion and hunger for it is unnatural.’

‘It’s natural that a sissy like you would crave it, but this much is borderline excessive. Ten dicks pounded into your ass in one session. That’s pretty hardcore, Natalie. You’re a real hardcore bitch, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, Mistress Mia.’

I'd estimate about nine or so loads ended up spurting directly on her face or in her mouth and only three were ejaculated into condoms inside her anus. Of course, like a good maid, she cleaned up the inside of the condoms by eating the contents. Natalie herself came twice at the hands of the men. They made her eat her own cum. She slurped down all the ejaculated cum she could get in her mouth with an impressive eagerness. Most of the men came once but a few came back for seconds.

As she was being fucked I asked over the naked shoulders of several men, 'Do you really like boys?'

'Yes. I love boys.'

'Do you really like cock, and you're not just saying that?'

'I love cock.'

'Do you like spunk?'

'I adore cum.'

'Would you say you love cock more than pussy?'

‘Yes.’

‘I thought so.’

‘Thank you, Mistress Mia. Thank you for this. Thank you. I’d never have done it without you.’

‘That’s an understatement.’

‘I’m a sissy. You were right. Scratch any macho man and you’ll find a sissy underneath. You were so right. I’m such a sissy. I love cock so much and I love wearing dresses and stockings. I’m such a sissy. I’m a pathetic cock sucking sissy.’

‘It’s okay. I’ll play dress up with you. I’m not going anywhere. I’ll be right there with new dresses and shoes for you to try on. You’re my little doll. I love playing with dolls. I love dressing you up. It’s the best hobby I’ve ever had.’

‘I love you, Mistress Mia.’

‘And I love you too, Natalie. Now stop using your mouth to talk. There are men waiting to be sucked off.’



By the same author:

## **An Office Overrun with Perverts [Novella]**

A new office employee discovers his place of work is under the control of a perverted cabal of women. They want him to do unsavoury things of a sexual nature.

Chapter headings:

Introduction

Handjob at the Window

Maxine's Going to Fuck You

Lying, Kissing and Spitting

Gloryhole

Office Orgy

Telling My Wife

Charlotte Eats Cum

Natalie with Two Cocks

Pissing in the Garden

Anal with Brianna

### **The Therapeutic Benefits of Sadomasochism [Novella]**

A female psychology student undergoes training at the hands of a controversial psychiatrist who uses sadomasochism as part of her methodology.

Chapter headings:

Dr Janine and Helen Urinate on a Patient

Spanking Helen

Helen Tied Down in Latex

Cunnilingus in Bondage

Helen's Arse Gets Caned

A Succession of Men Piss in Dr Janine's Mouth

Caned for Causing Fifteen Orgasms

Humiliating Sex in Public

### **Fetish Sex Role-Playing with Hannah [Novella]**

A woman indulges in her kinky sexual fantasies and tries to introduce a reluctant man to the pleasures of BDSM.

Chapter headings:

Introducing Kathleen/Hannah

Explaining the Birds and the Bees

The Sissy with a Clit for a Dick

A Mother Pisses on Her Son

A Romantic Date

Rubber Nurse Performs a Handjob

Learning How to Do Anal

Fucking in the Office Stationery Cupboard

Spanking, Caning and Anal in the Dungeon

### **Student Sasha Has Kinky Sex for Money [Novella]**

Sasha French is the archetypal ‘girl next door’ with good bourgeois standards of conformist moral behaviour. Her student debts are piling up when she is offered money in exchange for kinky sex. Those morals don’t last long and she agrees to

participate in a foursome with two guys and another woman.

Chapter headings:

Setting Up the Foursome

Foursome In the Living Room

Masturbating In Front of Jacqueline

Spellbound Into Further Prostitution

Threesome with the Bisexual Bitches

Breaking Up with the Long Distance Boyfriend

Bondage Sex for Money

Giving Up The Game

Pissing On Each Other in the Park

## **Cruel Sabrina Wants to Piss On My Face [Novella]**

An office worker with a fetish for stockings thinks he's got lucky with a pretty co-worker, but events take a weird turn after she's handcuffed him to the hotel bed.

Chapter headings:

Girls in Tights

Maurice Alan Maybury Drinks Mistress X's Piss in Kinky Bondage Scene

Sabrina Uses Her Piss Slave in the Office

Now Angela Wants to Piss in My Mouth

Confronting Sabrina

Never Apologise, Never Explain

Angela Apologises on Behalf of Sabrina

## **Teaching the Latex Sissy Maid to Be Obedient [Novella]**

A man joins a strict household as a latex maid and is given the feminine identity of Samantha by his cruel mistress.

Chapter headings:

The Rules of the Household

Meeting Princess Celeste

Samantha Sucks Her First Dick

Tied Up In Bed

The Line of Suckage

Days of Duty and Debauchery

The Blushing Bride

Fucking the Mistress of the House

Dismissal

The New Mistress

### **Sold at Auction to Deviant S&M Perverts [Novel]**

A brothel madam auctions Erica's sexually inexperienced mind and body to the five highest bidders.

Chapter headings:

Please, Mrs Benson, Can I Be a Prostitute?

Charming and Arousing the Ten Men Bidding for My Five Sessions

First Session: Mr Brooks and His Fantasy Handjob by Mistress Lesley

Mistress Lesley and Her Polite Coldness



Masturbating Mario

Second Session: Blindfolded Anonymous Sex with Mr X

Third Session: Eating Cum from the Vagina of Mr Gibson's Secretary

Fourth Session: Public Masturbation in Latex Leggings to Please Mr Grisham

Fifth Session: Pegging the Rubber Gimp (AKA Mr Henderson)

Introducing My Boyfriend to My Perverse Imagination

### **Transvestite Slut Caught and Punished [Novella]**

Holly accidentally catches her boyfriend wearing one of her dresses and takes cruel advantage of his weakness for her clothing.

Chapter headings:

My Mother's Shoes

Caught Wearing Holly's Yellow Dress

Holly Dresses Me Up for Her Amusement

Spit Roasting Rebecca

Holly and Sophie Urinate On Rebecca

### **Turned Into a Bisexual Porn Star by a Dominatrix [Novel]**

A seemingly heterosexual chambermaid stumbles upon a professional dominatrix working in her hotel. The dominatrix cruelly enslaves the chambermaid and turns her into a bisexual porn actress.

Chapter headings:

Debra's 4pm Appointment to Lick Pussy

Daughter Spanks Mother

Dirty Talk

Threesome Fucking On Four Cameras

Debra's Girlfriend Whips Debra's Boyfriend

**Unrelenting Sadomasochistic Feminisation: Transforming My Husband Into a Pathetic Crossdressing Sissy [Novel]**

Sarah's husband talks her into trying sadomasochism to spice up their sex life. He quickly loses control of the games they play when she develops into a far more inventive and malicious dominatrix than he expected. Finding himself in a dress kneeling before a group of strange men was not what he had in mind.

Chapter headings:

My Husband Introduces Sadomasochism Into Our Marriage: 'You'd eat your own cum?'

My Husband Is a Sissy and Needs to Be Spanked: 'Really, you stroke your dick while wearing your wife's panties?'

My Husband Sucks Off Three Gentlemen While I Watch: 'It's what a sissy tramp like you is designed to do.'

My Husband Makes Love to Tanya's Arsehole: 'The shocking trouble a girl can get up to in a suburban bedroom.'

## **Drinking Kate's Pee from a Dog Bowl [Novella]**

Keith has a sexual fantasy of a depraved dominatrix making him drink her freshly urinated piss from a stainless steel dog bowl. Five experts in femdom humiliation have already played out his perverted dream but none as inventively as his next hire: Mistress Judy AKA Kate, his very angry wife who has just discovered that he's been sleeping with her sister.

Chapter headings:

Beating a Worthless Slave

Arranging to Drink My Piss

Drinking My Piss from a Dog Bowl

After Drinking My Piss

Angie Drinks My Piss

***Mistress Mia's Femdom Sissy Sessions: Turning James Into Transvestite Latex Slut Natalie [Novella]***

*James soon learns to regret picking up Mia from a bar when she enslaves him as her submissive plaything. From there things go from bad to worse as she takes a fancy to the idea of feminising him. She doesn't want to stop at dressing him up, she wants her girl to be a real heterosexual cocksucker.*

*Chapter headings:*

*The Complete and Total Subjugation of James to Mistress Mia*

*A Mouthful of Piss and Thirty-Five Strokes of the Cane*

*Reluctant Latex Crossdresser Taken to the Gloryhole*

*Natalie Becomes a True Sissy and Loses Her Anal Virginity to a Man*

**Headmistress Miss Gulliver Uses Her Cane to Teach and Punish a Perverted Schoolboy [Short Story]**

Head teacher Miss Gulliver uses corporal punishment to educate Alan to respect his female classmates after he is caught looking up their skirts during English class.

## **Your Wishes and Desires are Less than Nothing: A Latex Handjob Session [Short Story]**

A man in a gimp suit hires a fifty-six-year-old prostitute to dress up in latex and perform a handjob on his disappointingly small penis.

## **Weak Men are Such Easy Prey for Debauched Psychiatrist Dr Chloe Richardson [Short Story]**

A psychiatrist abuses her position of trust and power over a weak-willed patient to fulfil her heartless sadomasochistic desires.

## **Plugged Lingerie Sissy Locked in Chastity at the Photo Shoot [Novella]**

A transvestite arranges a fetish photo shoot in a hotel room and tries to seduce the straight male photographer.

Chapter headings:

You are a sissy boy who likes to dress up in girl's clothes for sexual gratification

‘Stunning,’ is his one-word answer.

‘I know what you want.’

‘Do you love getting your cock sucked by a girl like me?’

Instructed to Jerk Off: Bianca’s New Sissy Maid

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