

VANESSA LOCKRIDGE

**MY WIFE'S
CHASTITY SISSY**
*FEMINIZED, LOCKED
AND DOMINATED*

My Wife's Chastity Sissy: Feminized, Locked, and Dominated

By Vanessa Lockridge

My body aches with need, my skin alive with pleasure. The lacy hem of my tiny dress brushes across the naked strip of skin above my stockings. My panties should be tented as she kisses me, but what's inside is locked away, straining at its cage.

And I love every second of it as just much as I hate it.

I was willing to do anything my wife Jennifer asked — even if it meant experimenting with crossdressing and chastity. After all, that's what good husbands do, right? Give their loving partners exactly what they ask for.

Jennifer had known from the start that this was for me just as much as it was for her. The clothes keep me aroused, the cage keeps me frustrated, and all of it means my wife has climaxes as often as she wants — and I won't get even one.

But all of that is about to change. Our agreement will be put to the test, and I'll have to decide if this is an experiment or a lifestyle. It may be enough for me to serve my wife as her sissy, but she has bigger ideas for us, whether I'm ready for them or not.

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Chapter 1: Her Request

She held the strange device between a long-nailed forefinger and thumb. The clear plastic was almost crystalline in the sunlight, like some sort of strange jewelry. In a way, I supposed that's what it was. Intimate, beautiful, an indication of ownership. A chastity device just wasn't the kind of jewelry I expected her to buy for me.

"You'll wear it because I'm asking you to."

Her dark red lips were pursed. I longed to kiss them, even now. I'd do just about anything she asked me. Call it love or lust or being pussywhipped or whatever you want, but I felt for her so strongly that I was even considering doing this.

"But why?" I asked as she dropped it into my outstretched hand, the tiny padlock knocking against the hollow tube.

Her mouth pulled back into a brilliant smile. “It’s a way to prove your commitment to me. Your loyalty. Your love. It’s... the next step in our relationship.

“Are you... You still want me?”

“Darling!” she gasped, taking my head in her hands and staring straight into me with her brilliant eyes. “Of *course* I still want you. I want all of you, completely and totally. I want more of you than what most women get — a flimsy promise, maybe a ring. Wear this cage to give yourself to me in a way that no one else could.”

“Give you my cock?”

“Give me control. Dominance. You can’t cum without me, and now you can’t even get hard without me.”

She bit her lip, her pupils dilating. Her thighs rubbed together, and I could see how aroused the idea was already making her. I was swelling too, though not because I wanted to be locked in the damn thing. Anything that turned her on did the same thing for me, whether or not I wanted it to. The idea of being caged like this had no real appeal to me — except for how much she wanted it.

“It’s so I don’t have to worry about *your* pleasure at all. Sex becomes what it’s supposed to be — all about me, and my pleasure, and what I need.”

I was getting harder now. I leaned forwards and kissed her, my hand slipping between her knees. Her stockings were sheer and black and soft against my hand as I spread her legs open. She sucked in a little air until our mouths connected.

“I’ll do it,” I murmured when we pulled apart.

Her taste was still in my mouth, my trousers tented.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” she cooed, kissing my cheek. “There’s just one other thing.”

My eyes flicked to the cage, then back to her. What else could she ask of me?

“As long as you’re locked up, I don’t want you to be my boyfriend.”

I blinked in surprise. Hadn't she just told me that this was about commitment to her, totally and absolutely?

She bit her lip and glanced away from me. "I want you to be my girlfriend."

Chapter 2: Her Needs

I couldn't — I *wouldn't*. It was too much to ask of anyone, much less a wife to ask her husband. The sex, she assured me, had always been fantastic. This wasn't a punishment. It wasn't security. It was a kink.

What she needed.

“And what you need, too,” she said, eyes flashing. “What you *want*, I think.”

“I would rather not put on a dress,” I said flatly, even as I felt myself stir in my pants. “I'm not interested in being your... what did you call it?”

“Chaste sissy girlfriend,” she repeated the alien words, her tone level. “Locked up in pretty dresses. Your job would be to put my pleasure above yours, and we would enforce that with the cage.”

I looked down at the tube of plastic in my hands. The tiny brass padlock clicked against the plastic as I nervously turned it over and over. She had pressed it into them, forced me to hold it. It was small, but not in a way that I

found insulting. For that, I would have to even acknowledge that I was considering it.

Which I was not.

I had to admit that the idea gave me a sick thrill. As much as I wanted to say no, the idea of committing to her so fully was almost romantic. I loved Jennifer, and had never once considered cheating on her. It wasn't about that — it was about control, and dedication, and pure, unbridled arousal.

The dresses had been the easier sell. Once, during a long, late night when we were young, I had admitted to being jealous of the variety of clothes women could wear.

“Men,” I had explained, an empty glass in my hand, “have two options for clothes: casual, or powerful. I can only be sexy when I'm strong. Or when I'm — I'm —”

“Practical?” she suggested.

“*Useful*,” I clarified. “I'm sexy, covered in dirt from working on a car.”

“Well, you *are* that,” she giggled.

“But women, girls — you can be sexy simply by *being*. A short dress or a necklace, do your hair and make-up. You can be desired. Men, we do the desiring. Yes, you can be powerful too. A suit or a jacket or the right kind of shirt, you know?”

She knew. Jennifer was well-versed in the art of dressing in a way that broadcast her confidence and strength.

“But you can also wear a little babydoll nightie and become sexy and delicate and elegant and —” I stumbled, trying to find the right word to explain myself.

“I think I understand,” she said slowly, looking at me hard and interested. “You want to be sexy the way a woman can be.”

“I — yes, sometimes. Sometimes I want someone to throw me on the bed and use me. Sometimes I want someone to leer at me. I want to show a little skin, I want to be sexy for being able to.”

“I think you’re sexy to me now.”

She had ridden me hard, pushed my head against the bed while she used me for her pleasure. But I had seen something change inside her. Some deeper part of her had unlocked that night. I had watched for it, but whatever it was had been part of the deep mystery of Jennifer that I had found so attractive in the first place.

Until now.

She slid a tablet across the table to me. On it, a woman wearing a flouncy dress held aloft by a pile of white lace. Long legs encased in sheer white stockings emerged from it, the tips of towering stiletto shoes pointed at one other. Balloon sleeves and ribbons and bows, sultry make-up. I stared at it in surprise and then growing arousal.

“You could be sexy to me in this,” she said, one hand resting on mine. “I — I want you to be sexy for me in this.”

“Because I could make you cum?”

Sexy because I’m useful.

“No,” she said, biting her lip. “Well, yes — in a way. But sexy because it would turn me on to see you like this. Sexy because I want you like this. Because it would be hot to see you like this.”

I met her gaze and found it full of hope. Butterflies took off in my stomach. I twisted my hand around until I was holding her. With a squeeze, I smiled.

“Alright, Jennifer,” I said. “I’ll try it, for you.”

A tiny part of me woke and began to spread itself inside of me. Its voice was small, but suddenly I could feel it there, speaking the truths that I couldn’t admit to myself. I might have said I was doing it for her, but as I looked back down at the pink dress overflowing in ruffles and lace, the voice whispered to me.

You want this too. Just as much as she does.

Maybe even more.

Chapter 3: Her Girlfriend

Jennifer did nothing halfway, and that included our dip into the new lifestyle. My clothes were replaced immediately, my suits and shirts disappeared overnight. When I came home, my wardrobe was packed with pastel satin and girlish silk. Gone were my boxers, panties and garter belts and bras in their place.

It was a shock. Jennifer found me sitting on the edge of the bed, head between my knees, breathing ragged and shallow. She pulled me to her, arms around me, keeping me safe and close.

“We don’t have to do this,” she murmured as she stroked my hair, and I knew she meant it.

“I want to,” I said as firmly as I could.

“I don’t want you to do something like this just for me,” she said.

“I’m not,” I answered.

In the moment, I thought I was lying. I told myself I *was* doing it for her, for no other reason than I loved her and wanted to satisfy her however I could. That was my obligation as a partner, a husband, a man. I didn't want to put on a dress and lock myself in a tiny cage and give up control over the most intimate part of myself — who would?

The tiny voice would not be silenced.

You're excited, too. This is what you never let yourself have.

"You look really, really hot," Jennifer purred as she zipped the blue satin dress closed behind me. "I — I need you right now."

The frosted layers of the blue dress bounced around me as she turned me forcefully to face her. I wobbled in my heels, but her firm hands on my waist helped me stay standing. My stocking-covered legs, freshly shaved, brushed together and sent bolts of pleasure rocketing into my pantied cock. For an instant, I thought of the plastic cage leering at us from the dresser.

I felt vulnerable and sweet in the dress. It was tiny — the dense petticoat was barely enough to conceal my panties, and walking in the towering stilettos was enough to reveal them with every swaying step. It had a high neckline and enormous, puffy sleeves, trimmed in lace. A large ribbon was tied around my waist with a floppy bow at my back.

I had been hard in my matching panties the second I had put the petticoat on. I reminded myself I was doing this for Jennifer, that I wasn't really enjoying this. I was turned on because she was turned on.

"Shouldn't you do my make-up first?" I asked teasingly, knowing the reaction I'd get from her.

"Fuck," she said, sucking in air between her teeth. "You saying that only turns me on more."

"Once I'm as sexy as you want me to be, you can have me however you want," I continued with a grin. "Throw me onto the bed and use me. Ravish me."

I blew her a kiss. "Don't be gentle."

"I won't," she growled, and the change in her tone startled me.

What am I getting into?

She did my hair when she finished painting my face. When she finished, I looked in the mirror. I expected to see myself, and in a way I did — but softer here, more angular there. My face seemed slimmer, my eyebrows more curved. I pouted my glossy pink lips and batted my long eyelashes at Jennifer, my smoky eyeshadow giving me a sultry look that made me pause.

I look astonishing. I had no idea I could feel like this.

I bit my lip and looked up at my wife. She was staring at me with eyes, her chest heaving.

“I need you right. Fucking. Now.”

Chapter 4: Her Title

Her head was buried between my legs, her mouth wrapped around my cock. She had pushed my petticoat and skirt back as far as she could, but it had resisted her efforts and fallen back in place around her head. I couldn't see her as she sucked me, but I could feel her as she gave me a long, drawn out blowjob.

"Fuck, that feels so good," I moaned, dropping my stocking-covered legs over her shoulders.

"I know, Dalia," she said, her voice muffled from the skirt.

"Dalia?" I asked in surprise. "Is that... Me?"

"When you're my sissy, yes."

"Do you get a new name too?"

"Of course," she said, pulling off my cock and looking me in the eye. "I'm your Goddess."

The words filled me with burning arousal.

My Goddess.

It felt right. I was something delicate and beautiful, she was something divine and powerful. I thought I had been giving myself to her, but the truth was that she was taking what she wanted from me. She was in control, and I was merely there to worship at her altar.

She pressed it against my face as I lay on the bed, her heat and her wetness on my mouth. I dove into her with the fervent hunger of a worshipper. My dress squeezed my body, my stockings hugged my legs. I felt beautiful and desirable. Wanted.

Sexy.

The word flashed through my mind and made my cock twitch in the cloud of lace. I was finally sexy.

"I love fucking your face, Dalia," she moaned above me. "Especially when you look like this?"

"Do you like my make-up?" I asked with a smile, looking up at her.

She met my gaze. "It suits you."

"Someone special did it for me."

"Who was that?"

"My wife, actually."

"Lucky woman."

"I think I'm luckier," I said.

"Why's that?"

"Because now I get to be with a Goddess."

She moaned and bit her lip, grinding herself against me.

"What does that make you?" she asked.

"Your devotee?"

"No," she grinned. "You're my sissy. Don't you forget it."

"Yes, Goddess."

"Now shut up and worship me."

She grabbed my hair and pulled me up between her legs. My nose bent against her, my tongue diving deep inside. She moaned and sighed in ecstasy as I worked her, finding her most sensitive spots and flicking my tongue across them.

“Do you feel pretty?” she asked me, and I nodded against her.

“You like being pretty more than you liked being my husband.”

It wasn't a question. I didn't have to answer, but the voice was growing inside of me. The truth needed to get out. I needed her to know.

“I — I do,” I said, then returned to her.

“You're my sexy little sissy,” she continued. “My toy. You're here for my pleasure. You look pretty because I want you to. You make me cum because that's what your job is. And you don't get to, because that's not what you're for.”

“No, Goddess.”

“That's right, sissy,” she grinned. “So tell me — are you ready for the last time your cock will ever be inside me?”

Chapter 5: Her Property

She came around me hard and fast, her muscles clenching and releasing around my shaft. I was so hard and aroused that just that was almost enough to make me cum. But I knew that I shouldn't — couldn't — cum yet, that I needed to wait for my Goddess to give me permission.

So it was a cold shock when she told me I couldn't.

"I'm going to bring you right to the edge," she purred, climbing off me and slipping me straight into her mouth. "And then when you're begging me to let you cum, do you know what I'm going to say?"

She must be able to taste herself on me.

The idea made me twitch in her mouth. I felt something squirt from my tip and briefly worried if I had cum before realizing it was pre-cum. I hadn't had that happen since I was a teenager.

"What are you going to say, Goddess?" I asked, my voice high and tight.

“I’m going to say *no*.”

I moaned, and not just because she started sucking me again. Her hands slid over my satin- and silk-covered body as she worked, keeping my attention focused on my clothes just as much as her mouth. She wanted to remind me what I was, keep me in my place. She was my Goddess.

I was just her sissy.

“Fuck,” I cried. “I’m — I’m going to cum.”

“I don’t see how that’s my problem,” she said flatly, continuing to stroke and suck me.

I bellowed in frustrated, agonized pleasure as I fought to keep myself from cumming. My legs bent, my body bucked, my fingers curling into tight balls. She was relentless, using every trick she knew to pleasure me. I felt like I was going to explode, needed her to stop, knew that if she kept her mouth on me for even a second longer, I’d cum, I’d break her heart, I’d do the one thing she told me not to, worried that she’d take it all way and this would all end just as I was starting to realize how much —

“Good girl,” she said, her voice low and dark with pleasure. “You did such a good job for your Goddess.”

I was sweating, my heart pounding. Relief coursed through me as she sat up, her fingers resting on my thighs. I panted while she stared at me, her expression a mixture of pride and power. I was sure she was thinking of how to torment me next.

“Thank you, Goddess,” I managed between breaths.

“Are you ready for more?”

“Oh, fuck,” I groaned as her mouth slipped around me again.

She pumped me relentlessly, drawing me to the edge of orgasm over and over, each time forcing me to control myself. My cock went from red to purple as she teased and tortured me, languidly lapping up the steady stream of pre-cum pouring from my tip. Every lick sent red-hot pleasure shooting through my body. Every fiber of my being was dedicated to the sole task of not cumming.

It was all I wanted to do. It was beyond desperate. Like a man in the desert dying of thirst, I would have done anything for it. I had never felt like this before, a wretched mess of pre-cum and sensation and anguish wrapped in girlish beauty and tied off in a thick satin bow. Silk and satin and lace quivered as my body shook within its feminine cocoon.

“I think you’re ready,” she said softly, running her fingers across my dribbling tip and drawing one final groan from me.

“Ready for what, Goddess?” I asked as she stood up from the bed and crossed the room, but I didn’t need to ask to know.

My stomach was full of butterflies now, the edges of my vision blurry. First the tension at the base of my swollen erection as she slipped the hard ring over and around it. Then hard pressure as she forced my cock to relax, to shrink down to its flaccid size and slide into the cold plastic tube. My streaming pre-cum lubricated my cock, and it slid in effortlessly. Then the quiet click of the lock that echoed in my head.

The arousal stayed, desperation mounting. My heartbeat quickened with my breathing as I looked down between my legs. Goddess held my skirts down so I could see my caged member framed by lace. It gave me a sick thrill and I immediately began to swell in my cage. The relentless walls held me firmly in place. The pressure was almost comforting.

“Oh my, you like this quite a bit,” she cooed, brushing her fingers across my purple package. “You *like* being my caged sissy, don’t you, Dalia?”

“Yes,” I breathed, a rushing sound in my ears. “Yes, I do, Goddess.”

“Do you like your pretty dresses?”

“Yes,” I breathed, remembering what was in my closet.

This was just supposed to be us experimenting. Dipping our toe in the water — but we knew the truth when we started. It had always been all-or-nothing.

“Do you like knowing you’ll never wear anything else?”

“Yes, I want that,” I moaned, pantied and stockinged and made-up.

“Are you ready to be my toy? My plaything?”

“Oh, fuck, yes,” I squealed.

“The hornier you are, the more desperate you are — the happier I am. I want you pretty and dripping and ready to serve me however I ask.”

“I want that too. Fuck, Goddess, yes.”

“Nothing but silk and panties and chastity for you, Dalia. Is that what you want?”

“Yes!” I cried, and surprised myself with how much I meant it.

“Say it.”

“I want to be your sissy.” The words rushed out of me in a stream of truth. “I want to be pretty and sexy. I’m your toy. My — my —”

“Yes, darling, your cock is mine now. I own it. I own you.”

“Yes, yes!”

“And I’m *never* giving it back.”

Chapter 6: My Denial

“When do I get to cum?”

“I’m the only one who decides when that happens,” she said, sipping at her drink.

The fire crackled behind us. It threw long, twisted shadows against the wall of the living room. Dim light from the lamps created warm pools of illumination. It was just enough for me to see Jennifer’s long, stocking-covered leg disappear into the folds of her skirt. The shiny black of her stilettos twinkled in the light, the tip of one shoe bobbing in the air in front of me.

“When will that be?” I asked, looking up at her.

“I’m not sure,” she answered, uncrossing and crossing her legs.

With her on the couch in front of me, the movement was slow enough to see a flash of pink lace. It was intentional and calculated, I was sure, one of the many tiny things she did to keep me permanently aroused and frustrated. I felt

my clit surge in its confines and wondered if I had squirted more pre-cum just from seeing her panties.

“I — I know what you really want, Dalia. What you can barely admit to yourself.”

I shifted on the floor in front of her. The long heels of my shoes were digging into my pantied rear, but I bared the discomfort because she asked me to. Because she *told* me to, and I obeyed.

“You never want me to take that cage off, do you?” she said simply.

Her words were like a knife, cutting through my anxieties and denials straight to my core. She split me open, the truth as clear to me as it was to her. I never could have admitted it — much less said it out loud — but as her words hung in the air, we both knew the truth.

“I want to cum,” I objected weakly.

“That’s not what I asked. Admit it — you want this control to be permanent.”

“I —” I started.

“You want to be my pretty little plaything, desperate and horny,” she cut me off, leaning forwards, her face coming into the light. “Begging me to touch you, to put you in something sweet and frilly.”

Her full lips were painted a dark purple, her cheekbones high and angular. Somehow her face looked sharper than usual, her eyes brighter. Like a hawk above me, moving into position for its final, devastating dive.

“Jennifer, I... I...”

“You love the dresses,” she continued, ignoring me. “You love the lingerie. You love being ravished and used.”

But could I give up my orgasms for that?

“I’ll never get to cum again?” I asked, not sure how I wanted her to answer.

“Of course you can. If you earn it. If I allow it.”

“What do I have to do?”

“I don’t want you to ever use your clitty to cum again,” she answered.

“That’s the truth. I love knowing you’re locked up and horny and you can’t do a

thing about it. That control. That power, Dalia? It makes me hotter than anything you could possibly do.”

My stomach tied itself into a knot as my chest tightened. Fear and arousal split me open. Permanent chastity, a sick fantasy and desperate dream. Something that terrified me as much as I had longed for it. Now it was possible, and I had no say in the matter. It was simply up to Jennifer to enforce.

“If you can show me that you can cum without touching it, then we’ll make it permanent.”

“How — how could I even do that?”

“There’s a special spot you sissies have. Inside of you, behind your little clitties.”

“In my —”

I felt my rear tingle.

“Yes. We can use plugs or dildoes or vibrators to reach it. With a little practice, that’s enough to make you cum.”

“And if I can from that — you’d never unlock me again?”

I was shaking now.

“You’d be mine forever,” she said simply, grandly, happily. “Permanently. Your little clit becomes what it was always supposed to be: another way for me to tease you. Another reminder of my control. Proof of what you’ve given to me, and what you are.”

“What am I?” I asked, voice quavering.

I was open to her. More vulnerable than I’d been to anyone before. She had me. She knew me better than anyone ever could — better than I even knew myself. I had no choice. I was going to give myself to her however she wanted me. I had to.

“My sissy girl. My lover. My toy.”

Each word burrowed into me, lighting me from the inside. They were a gift, a spoken truth of once-unspoken needs.

“I want that,” I admitted, feeling relief rush in to replace fear.

“I know, Dalia,” she said with a soft smile. “But I won’t do it until you’re ready. Until you ask me to, do you understand? It will be the ultimate act of submission to me.”

Not an escape or a way out. We were on the road together now. There was no turning back. Only practice and promises. Dedication. Trust. Love.

“How do we start?” I asked.

She produced something from the drawer next to her. It was long and thin with a gentle taper. The tip was bulbous. Curving, twisted veins like bolts of lightning caught the firelight as she brought it down to my level. Electricity shot through me as I realized what it was.

“With this.”

Chapter 7: My Practice

My cage bounced with every thrust, the padlock clacking loud enough to be heard over my muffled moans. My dress lay discarded on the floor at the foot of the bed, my panties next to it. But my corset was tight around my belly, the steel bones bending me into an hourglass. Thick straps with delicate lace edging connected it to my stockings, the gentle tug sending whispered delight across my skin.

“Fuck, your tongue is so much better than your clit ever was,” Goddess moaned from above me, one hand holding tightly to the bottom of my corset. “I can’t believe we waited this long to lock you up.”

“Thank you, Goddess,” I said from below her, looking up at her back.

Her hair spilled down between her sculpted shoulder blades, the curve of her rear almost eclipsing my view. For a moment, she had forgotten about what she was doing to me. I took it as a compliment, that my careful, practiced

ministrations should be so distracting. I dove back between her legs, sucking her clit between my cherry-red lips.

She cried out in pleasure, curving backwards and squeezing her breasts while she rode my face. Her thighs dug in at my sides. Even the boning of the corset was no match for the strength of her pleasure. I closed my eyes and threw myself into her.

When she had regained herself, I felt her lean over. Her breasts brushed against my cage, the motion practiced and intentional. It made her wetter in my mouth, and I knew it was as much for her as it was for me. She liked me caged, preferred me that way. My pleasure was irrelevant until it mattered to her.

And tonight, it did.

The thick shaft began sliding quickly in and out of me, its carefully placed knobs and ridges bumping against my sissy spot as she thrust. It felt enormous, but by now I had enough practice with it that I wanted it big — needed it that way. After months of work, I was sure that I could cum just from that.

From being fucked, I thought. Like the sissy girl I am.

The thought sent acid pleasure coursing through me. My cage twitched against Goddess' chest. She moaned happily in response, picking up her pace.

"Thinking of something nice?" she asked.

"Thinking of you," I answered dutifully.

She snorted. "What did you really think about, sissy?"

"About what you're doing," I said hesitantly, my words punctuated by groans as she worked me. "About what we're doing this for. Practicing for."

"So you can cum in your cage?" she said matter-of-factly.

"Yes," I moaned, her words filling me with pleasure. "So it can be permanent."

"I love hearing you say that. Say it again."

"My cage will be permanent."

"It will. Your clit will be mine forever."

"I'll only get to cum from being fucked."

“Ooooh, yes,” she moaned, and I felt a shiver run down her back. “You’ll be my good, perfect sissy girl. Ready to please, always horny.”

“Pretty and desperate, just for you.”

“I’ll never touch your clitty again, unless it’s to torment you.”

“I want you to torment me, Goddess.”

“Oh, I will, Dalia. Your devotion to me will be measured in denial and frustration and arousal.”

“And pretty things?”

“You were meant for this,” she giggled. “Yes, and pretty things, too. Dresses and petticoats and panties, all the more to arouse you with. So you can make me cum knowing full well that all I ever want is to see you frustrated and dripping and desperate. Because your orgasm doesn’t matter. Only mine does.”

“Fuck, Goddess,” I moaned, the pressure morphing into pleasure. “I’m so close to cumming, don’t stop.”

“You don’t get to cum,” she said, pushing herself onto my face to muffle my voice. “No matter how close you get, you don’t get to cum. Only I cum. You’re just here to make that happen.”

She drove it in and out of me while I clenched and held and fought the rising tide of my orgasm. My stocking-covered toes curled in my strappy black sandals, the tall, slender heels digging into the bedspread. My breathing was fast and ragged, my cage so tight I was sure it would explode before I did.

I poured myself into her, transforming my need and desire into passion for her. I needed her to cum to end my torment. I licked and probed and kissed and sucked and felt her body tense and curl in response. She was close, and tonight I was not going to draw it out for her.

She screamed as she came, her hips slamming against my face, the dildo inside of me forgotten. Instead, she rested her head next to my cage, her hand tight around it. She squeezed me as her orgasm crashed into her, waves of pleasure spilling across her. I was proud and desperate and hopeful, wanting to cum more than anything.

Wanting to stay locked even more than that.

She wiggled my cage and electric pleasure coursed through me, the sensation almost too intense to bear. I cried out from beneath her. Involuntarily, my body tried to pull away, but I was held too tightly to move. As her orgasm subsided, a new one took its place. The simple pleasure of climax replaced by the darker complexity of teasing and power.

“This is mine,” she said as she brushed her long nails against my package and probed the open tip of the cage. “I control this. I control you.”

“I want to give myself to you.”

“Are you ready for that?”

She didn't need to say it for us both to know what she meant.

Permanence. The final gift of control and denial.

“Yes, I'm ready. I — I'm sure I can cum like this now.”

“Good,” she said simply. “I know just how to make that happen.”

Chapter 8: My Partner

“Just start slowly,” Goddess said with a wicked grin. “Kiss her first. And as things progress, then you can taste her.”

Marguerite batted her eyelashes at me. She swung her hips, the daisy-embroidered fabric of her dress shimmering in the light as her petticoats whispered promises of pleasure and debasement. A flash of pale blue panties beneath the white silk. Hems dripping in ribbons. The curve of a garter strap.

“And when you’ve tasted enough, you can give yourself to her.”

And give myself to you, Goddess. Forever.

I ached for her. My darkest fantasy was coming to life and I was powerless to resist it. But even as my body hummed with arousal, crushing anxiety flooded through me. I imagined Jennifer laughing at me cruelly as I thrilled in the sweet femininity of Marguerite. How could she want me after this?

But she’s telling me she wants it. She asked__ me to do it.__

Why was it so hard to believe?

My mouth opened as my stomach turned itself inside out. I could feel Goddess' eyes on me and wished desperately that I could push the anxiety away. There was no way this was happening. It was too good to be true — when it was all over, the truth would come pouring out of her, filling me like poison. The dresses, the cage, all of it just a joke to her.

“I've never kissed another —” I whispered, mouth dry. “Another... sissy.”

Just saying the words made me swell in my cage, pressing against the sides. The restrictive pressure sent a chill up my back. She controlled me, that was the proof. The clothes and make-up and lingerie were for me, but the cage was for her. A reminder every minute of every day that she owned me completely — and that I wanted her to.

That's why I'm going to suck a cock, I thought, glancing down at Marguerite's skirts and knowing what she buried there, deep within the layers of silk and satin.

“Let me teach you,” Marguerite cooed, her voice heavy and dripping with honey.

It made my heart flutter.

“Marguerite is *very* experienced,” Goddess added. “That's why I chose her for you, darling. I thought your first time as a sissy should be special.”

“Thank you, Goddess,” I murmured as Marguerite strode over to me, her long legs crossing in front of each other with each step.

She looked excited, her chin lowered, heavy lids painted dark purple and black. Her lips were a shiny red that made my breath catch in my throat. She parted them as she reached me, one slender hand sliding along my satin-clad stomach, the other brushing across my cheek before long fingers curled in my hair. For an instant, she hesitated, our noses brushing. I could smell her perfume and her hair and her body, sweetness mixing with sweat and musk. I shivered in anticipation.

My cage nearly burst as our lips touched. They were smooth and soft and pillowy, spreading apart to let my tongue explore her. She pulled us together, our petticoats crunching and skirts sliding across each other like ice floes. Silk-covered legs slid together, satin sliding across satin. I was holding my breath, my heart thundering in my ears.

“Now that’s a sight to see,” Goddess breathed. “Two beautiful sissies kissing for the first time. How does it feel, girls?”

Six weeks of frustration and denial flooded my body. The shock of the kiss gave way to raw need. My desperation to cum took hold of me, my kissing becoming something more animal. I wrenched her body to mine, the feeling of lace and silk skirts sending goosebumps spilling across my back and neck.

Marguerite returned the kiss just as forcefully. Our tongues dove against each other, hands exploring each other’s bodies, desperate to find a patch of naked skin to touch and tease. A curly lock of her hair had come loose and was brushing against my face. I remembered the hairband she wore, the large blue bow that flopped over her hair. Just picturing it deepened my arousal.

Two sissies in their feminine best. One ready to suck the other until she made her mess. Ready to slurp it down. Ready to be pretty and to be used for the pleasure of someone else, knowing full well that they would stay locked and unsatisfied. Knowing that staying denied was part of what satisfied me. It was the dark part of me, what I needed.

I’m such a sissy.

And the thought alone made me squirt hot pre-cum into my panties.

Chapter 9: My Truth

I moaned, breaking the kiss, and Marguerite took the chance to kiss my jaw and neck. Her breath was hot against my skin. Kiss after kiss came in rapid fire, along my chin and down my throat and across my chest to the ruffled lace of my neckline. She pulled it open to expose the shadow of my collarbone, sliding her tongue along it. I squealed in delight.

“Oh, she knows all your secret spots, doesn’t she?” Goddess said happily. “Marguerite, you might like to know that she has such sensitive nipples.”

“Ooh, thank you, Mistress,” Marguerite cooed, returning to my mouth for another kiss before pulling my neckline down even further to reveal my erect nipple.

She may be Marguerite’s Mistress, but she’s my Goddess.

She slipped it into her mouth and sucked, then flicked her tongue across it. I moaned, my knees buckling. For an instant, I worried I’d collapse in my heels,

but I managed to keep myself standing. My skirts were rustling around me as I shook in overwhelmed pleasure.

I looked at Goddess and found her in the low, armless chair in the corner of the room. Her skirt was pulled up to her belly, lace panties around one ankle. Her legs were spread, her hand sliding in and out and circling as she watched us play. She was staring at me with an expression of fervor so intense I had to look away.

She really does want this. She wants me to be her sissy. She likes watching me get used like this.

She let out a long moan as if she could read my thoughts. “Yes, girls, yes. Marguerite, I want to hear her beg for you.”

I shuddered as Marguerite’s long, manicured fingers pinched my other nipple through the satin of my dress. Her tongue flicked across my goosebump-covered skin, one of her hands sliding down the layers of satin and disappearing underneath my skirt. I felt it rest atop my panties and let out a shaky gasp. I was so desperate now. I needed to be unlocked, for someone to finally touch my cock.

My clit.

“Oh, she likes that,” Marguerite cooed. “But there’s something different about hers.”

One of her hands snapped out and grabbed my wrist, plunging my hand into the mess of lace and silk that was her petticoat. She pressed it against her panties and the hard shaft I felt inside. The satin was warm where her pulsing member strained against the soft fabric.

I gasped and looked at her, my mouth half-open in shock. That she had a cock was no surprise — Goddess had explained all of this when Marguerite had arrived that evening, dressed in her sissy best — but its volcanic heat, its iron thickness, the stunning contrast between what was in her panties and what was in mine — I suddenly felt light-headed, though my cage had never felt tighter.

What I wouldn’t give to get this fucking thing off.

But a dark part of me knew a truth so frightening that I could barely admit it to myself. Only now, at the height of my frustration and arousal, buried beneath layers of femininity and make-up and ribbon, could it finally break through. It was the reason I was still here, why I had let her keep me locked up for so long, why I had even agreed to this in the first place.

I wanted to be locked up and dressed up. I wanted to be denied. I *wanted* the teasing and the denial. All the better if it could happen while I wore panties and a skirt short enough to reveal them. All this time, I had thought that Jennifer was feminizing *me*, but the truth was that all she had done was open the door. I had been the one to walk through it.

Because I had always wanted to.

“I want that in my mouth,” I whispered to her, stroking her through her panties, giving her earlobe a playful nip.

I pulled back and found her with a grin that matched my own. I turned to my Goddess and found her face pink, her forehead glistening with sweat. She had traded her fingers for a slender vibrator that was alternately plunged deep into her or making tight circles around her clit. She looked at me with half-glazed eyes.

“Yes, Dalia?” she asked, her voice thick and heavy.

“May I please taste Marguerite, Goddess?”

My cage twitched and I felt more pre-cum spouted from the tip. I knew my panties would be soaked by the time they were finally removed.

“Oh, fuck,” she moaned, leaning her head back against the wall behind the chair. “Yes, Dalia, suck her.”

Marguerite was biting her lip as she lifted her skirts. I sank slowly to my knees, my legs shaking. I had thought about this moment many times, though Goddess had never once told me it was coming. With cock locked into a clit, there was only one part of me left that could make me cum. I knew Goddess would eventually want to see more than just a strap-on inside of me.

But knowing and thinking — perhaps even *fantasizing* was the right word — was not enough to prepare me for the real act. The other sissy had gathered her endless layers of white silk in her arms, revealing panties, a garter belt, and a slender curve of her belly, the skin almost as pale as her petticoat. I could see the outline of her enormous cock pressing against the satin of the panties, its tip peeking up over the lacy waistband. She let out a breathy sigh and it twitched towards me.

Slowly, I curled my fingers into the waistband and pulled her panties slowly downwards. Her cock sprang free, thick and pulsing and pointed straight at my mouth. I glanced over at Goddess. Her expression was hungry and intense, staring straight at my mouth.

“Touch it first,” she instructed. “It’s just like touching her arm or leg.”

“Except this is going inside you,” Marguerite giggled acidly.

The idea made my chest tighten and the breath catch in my throat. She had broached the unspoken truth of the night; tossed it off so casually that it almost wasn’t worth noticing. I heard Goddess emit a tiny moan and knew she was thinking about it now, just as I was.

Tonight I was going to get fucked.

Hesitantly, I touched her thick, veiny cock with an outstretched finger. I was shocked at how hot it was. The skin was soft and thin and delicate. I had never touched another cock before — and now couldn’t even touch my own — and the knowledge that I was going to take her in my mouth and ass made me lightheaded. My cage was so tight it hurt, and I could feel the wetness in my panties.

She’s going to fuck me, and I’m going to cum.

My first finger was joined by another, then another, and then finally I wrapped my entire hand around her pulsing shaft. I could feel her heart beating through it. Every motion, including her quiet moan, was communicated through her cock. Through it, I could even feel her need for me. She wanted to fuck me as badly as I wanted to be fucked.

I'm going to cum in the cage. I want to cum in the cage.

I began to stroke her slowly, the taboo of it making my caged clit leak in a steady stream. I was touching another cock. Not just touching, but *stroking*. Planning to suck. Wanting it inside of me! Wanting to be fucked by it so well and so hard that it would make me cum.

Not for Goddess. Because I want to.

As I built up my pace, she began to move her hips counter to me. Her moans were loud now. I twisted my hand along her, pulling along its length with just my fingertips before swirling along her thick, velvety tip. I wanted her to feel good — I wanted to serve her like I should. I wanted her so hot and aroused that she would take me the way I wanted to be taken, to make real my promise to Goddess.

Because I never want that cage off.

I was pumping her fast and hard now, her hips rocking forwards and back. I needed her to make me cum in my cage in my panties in my dress under the watchful eye of my Goddess. I needed to show her how much I wanted this. How much I needed it. How right it all felt.

Because I'm a sissy.

"Suck her," Goddess' voice floated across the room. "Suck her cock, you pretty thing."

Because I'm her_ sissy._

I kissed the tip, butterflies erupting in my stomach as I did. It was one thing to look at a cock, another to touch it — and now I was crossing every line I thought I had. Marguerite pushed forwards, her thick tip pushing open my lips and sliding across my tongue. She tasted salty and musty, her scent filling first my mouth and then my nose. My eyes were wide as I stared down its length.

"Fuck, she looks good with a cock in her mouth," Goddess moaned loudly. "Fuck her face, Marguerite. Make her a proper sissy."

"With pleasure," Marguerite's voice had an edge to it that sent a chill down my back.

I felt her fingers knit themselves into my hair, felt her pull me along her length. She pulled back, then pushed forwards, hard and fast and fluidly, driving herself into my mouth. I wrapped my tongue around her and sucked, thrilling darkly at the squeal she made as I did. Goddess moaned again.

“Look at me while you suck my cock!” Marguerite snapped from above me, and my eyes flicked upwards to meet hers.

Her face was a mask of lust and savagery. Wide eyes, wild hair, flushed cheeks. She slammed her cock deep into my mouth and I gagged. Goddess groaned happily as she watched me get used. I opened myself up to Marguerite, knowing that if I didn’t do it now, I would be very soon.

“Mistress, may I cum?” Marguerite asked, her voice tight as she fucked my face.

“Yes, pump a load into her throat,” Goddess purred from the chair. “Smear it on her pretty face.”

Immediately, Marguerite came, hot jets of cum filling my mouth and pouring down my throat. It was hot and acrid but I swallowed dutifully, knowing it was my job as Goddess’ sissy toy. She wanted me to be used like this, and if it made her happy, it made me happy, too.

But the truth was — I wanted to be used like this, whether or not she commanded me to be.

Marguerite pulled her still-cumming cock from my mouth and pushed it against my face, sticky streams blasting over my carefully made-up face. I could feel my mascara begin to run as it mixed with her cum, viscous lines of pale grey staining my cheeks. I licked her cock along its underside from base to tip and thrilled in the cry of agonized pleasure it drew from her.

“Is that all?” I asked, unsure whether to be hopeful or disappointed that we were finished.

“Oh no,” Goddess said. “Marguerite?”

“I have a special gift,” the sissy said, extending her hand to help me stand. “I can cum as many times as I want and stay hard.”

It was like a lightning bolt through me. Not that she could cum again — but what that meant for me.

“Does that mean...?” my voice trailed off as I looked first at Marguerite, then to Goddess.

She was grinning broadly, rising from the chair to join us.

“Yes, baby,” she purred. “Time for you to lose your virginity.”

Chapter 10: My Future

“Don’t be gentle with her,” Goddess said from above me.

Marguerite giggled in answer. “Oh, I won’t be.”

My body tensed in excited, terrified anticipation. More pre-cum squirted from the tip, soaking my panties further. My cage felt like it was going to explode before I had a chance to.

I dove into Goddess with my tongue as she straddled my face. She moaned loudly, bending forwards and resting her face next to my caged clit, just as Marguerite pulled my wet panties down around my ankles. I felt her probe at it with her tongue and gasped from the shocking, overwhelming sensation of pressure. No sensation, no warmth and wetness and softness. Just the feeling of someone poking at it.

And that was almost enough to push me over the edge.

“Goddess, please, no!” I cried, my hips rocketing into the air and carrying her head with them. “I’ll — I’ll —”

“Oh, she’s on a hair trigger,” Goddess giggled, sitting up and pushing herself back onto my face. “Fuck her nice and hard, Marguerite. Fuck all of that sissy cream out of her.”

“With pleasure,” the sissy answered, pushing my legs up into the air and ripping the panties off over my stilettos.

Goosebumps erupted over my naked skin, my body clenching and tightening. I felt a hand run over my cage, across my package, and down between my legs before resting at my rear entrance. I let out a high-pitched moan loud enough to be heard even over Goddess’ muffling body. She and Marguerite laughed together, and then they were quiet, save for the sound of lips meeting lips.

Knowing my wife was kissing her should have made me furious. But she wasn’t my wife anymore, and I wasn’t her husband. She was my Goddess, and I her sissy plaything. And now all I wanted was for her to be happy and pleased with me.

“Fuck me,” I begged. “Please, Marguerite, fuck me.”

“You heard her, Marguerite,” Goddess said, her fingers curling around my cage and sending another bolt of sensation through me.

I felt her press against my rear. The feeling made my breath catch, and then she pushed in, thick and hard and hot. She split me open, forcing out a long, high scream of equal parts pleasure and pain. The heat was almost as intense as the stretching, my cage bouncing and twitching as she went deeper and deeper into me.

“Oh fuck, oh my god,” Goddess moaned above me, grinding herself against my face. “That is the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen. Do you like being fucked, baby?”

I nodded against her.

“She’s so tight,” Marguerite moaned as she continued her thrust into me. “I love a good virgin sissy pussy.”

“She’s taking you so well,” Goddess moaned.

“She was made for this,” Marguerite agreed. “The perfect little sissy.”

“My slutty plaything.”

Marguerite finally reached her hilt. She held still for a long moment. I could feel her heartbeat, felt mine change rhythms to match hers. She felt enormous, but as she began to pull back out, the pain was morphing into stomach-twisting pleasure that I could feel in my toes and the tips of my fingers.

“I need you in me,” I moaned loudly, desperate for her to fill me again.

She obliged, slamming her massive cock back into me. I felt the lace of her petticoat brush against my thighs. What should have been a tickle was like a great wave of feeling crashing into me. I cried out, fingers digging into Goddess’ thighs while she rode my face. I realized I was holding my legs straight up in the air and let them slowly droop down until they were resting against Marguerite’s satin-covered shoulders.

“Fuck me,” I said. “Fuck me, please. Fuck me, I need to cum. I want to cum from your cock, Marguerite.”

“Give it to her,” Goddess purred.

She settled into a steady rhythm, her hips rolling back and forth. Her motions were careful and practiced, each thrust slow and picking up speed until her legs bumped into my cheeks, our skirts dancing around us. I wished I could see her. I wanted to revel in two sissy girls delighting in our beautiful, feminine clothes. I wanted to see myself as I gave the last of myself to my Goddess.

But I would have to settle for simply feeling it.

“I think I’m going to cum soon,” I said, my head a scramble of disconnected thoughts.

My tongue felt thick and useless in my mouth, my eyes closed. I tried to lick my Goddess but it felt half-hearted and distracted. She must have noticed it too, because she climbed off my face and laid on the bed next to us, fingers

between her legs. She leaned down and kissed me deeply, while Marguerite grunted and pressed her mighty length into me.

“You remember what it means if you cum?” Goddess asked, and even in my state I could hear the anxiety color her tone. “Do you still — are you ready for that?”

“Yes,” I moaned, kissing her again. “Yes, I want that. I want to be your sissy.”

“Can you cum?” she asked, biting her lip nervously. “In the cage?”

“Yes, Goddess,” I grimaced as Marguerite’s cock found a particular sensitive spot deep inside of me. “I — I can. I’m going to.”

The pressure had been steadily rising until now I felt like I was going to boil over. Every one of Marguerite’s deep thrusts brought me closer and closer. My cage was tight, but the pressure I felt inside muted the squeeze it had on my clit. My dress was a satin embrace, my silk-covered toes curling around each other behind Marguerite’s neck.

I was ready.

“I’m going — I’m cumming,” Goddess moaned next to me, her body stiffening.

But I was too focused on my own body to notice. Marguerite’s grunts were fast and low and animal now, her graceful thrusts replaced by feral, forceful jolts into me. I couldn’t handle it anymore, couldn’t take the pressure and intensity and the cage. It didn’t hurt, it was simply *too much*.

“Fuck!” Marguerite screamed, and I felt sticky heat flood me.

Thoughts collided in my brain.

She’s cumming from fucking me. My Goddess came from watching me get fucked. I’m wearing a dress and being fucked, and I’m going to cum. I don’t have a cock, I have a clit. I’m locked, and I will be forever. I want that. That’s why she came. That’s what I’m for. That’s what I am.

For an instant, the room came into sharp focus. Marguerite between my legs, my Goddess next to me. My dress. My stockings. My cage. It felt so real

and so right — this is where I was supposed to be. Who I was supposed to be.

A sissy.

I screamed as I came, a loud, high-pitched cry that erased all other sounds in the room. My insides collapsed in on themselves, then suddenly grew as squirts of sissy cum sprayed from my cage. Marguerite fucked me through it all, her cock forcing hot jets from me and prolonging my orgasm. A sensation somewhere between pleasure and relief crashed into my body, filling me with pinpricks.

“Oh yes, baby,” Goddess whispered next to me, leaning in to kiss me. “Cum like a sissy. Cum from being fucked.”

I felt Marguerite’s cum dribble out of me and knew mine was mixing with hers. Two sissies making each other cum for the pleasure of a Goddess. The idea made me squirt again and let out a small squeal. I really was a sissy now.

For the first time in weeks, my cage stopped squeezing me. I tilted my chin and looked down at it. It was filled and covered in my sticky mess, my clit shriveled within its tube. Even as I basked in the afterglow of my orgasm, seeing it still on me started to make me swell again.

I’d done it, for both of us. I’d proven my dedication to my Goddess, shown her that I was the sissy she wanted me to be. My life laid itself out in front of me: endless frustration, beautiful dresses, lingerie to be ogled in. It was exactly what I wanted, even if I had never let myself admit it.

Goddess kissed me again, then rested her hand on my satin-covered chest. My heart was pounding so hard it made her fingers bounce.

“My sissy girl,” she sighed happily. “Locked and pantied. My perfect toy. Forever.”

Epilogue

“She’s stunning.”

Damn right I am.

“Yes, I’m very spoiled.”

“The clothes are quite lovely as well. Did you pick them out for her?”

I snorted as quietly as I could.

“At first I did. But she took to it all so quickly.”

“Are you saying that *she* dresses herself like this?”

“Of course,” Goddess said, a winking smugness in her tone. “A good sissy should dress for the needs of her owner, no?”

The other woman stared at me with a mixture of marvel and need. I felt proud of myself and what Goddess and I had built. Not only was I beautiful and well-dressed, I was *enviable*. Desirable.

“Your tea, Miss Stenham,” I said softly, bending far lower and standing much closer to her than necessary.

I set the delicate cup and its saucer on the table between them, letting her get a long look at me before standing back up and delivering a cup to my Goddess. I gave her a kiss on the cheek and dragged my fingers across her exposed collarbones as I minced my way back across the room.

“Oopsie!” I gasped in manufactured horror. “Goddess, I am so sorry. I served you with one of my buckles undone.”

“Hmm?” asked Goddess, sipping at her tea while she peered at me in curious surprise over the rim of the cup.

Sure that Miss Stenham was looking at me too, I bent over at my waist, reaching down to my well-fastened stiletto straps and pretending to adjust them. My skirts flared around my rear, revealing the strip of lace-trimmed satin that curved between my cheeks. The dense, pink petticoat framed my ass as I did, and I was sure I could feel their eyeballs running up my long legs and coming to rest there.

“Oh,” I said with disappointment, suddenly standing and turning to face them. “I guess I was mistaken.”

I curtsyed deeply.

“I’m glad you checked,” Goddess said with barely concealed humor. “That will be all, Dalia.”

“Thank you, Goddess,” I said primly. “And if Miss Stenham requires my... *services* at any point today, I would like her to know that I am very excited to provide them.”

“She’s well aware of that now, Dalia,” Goddess answered, suppressing a grin. “Thank you.”

I curtsyed again, then returned to the living room to await Goddess and her ravenous partner.

My cage was already straining just from the thought of it.