

A scene from a prison. In the foreground, a woman with long brown hair wearing a pink bikini top and white and pink bottoms is holding a black smartphone. To her right, a woman with short blonde hair and bangs, wearing a light pink bikini, is sitting on a bench. In the background, a woman in a light blue bikini is standing with her back to the camera. Several police officers in tan uniforms and caps are visible, including one holding a baton. The floor has a black and white checkered pattern.

SHEMALE PRISON

**A Hardcore Erotic Novella
By Crystal VeeYant**

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This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or people, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

NOTE TO READER: This book used to be named "SISSY PRISON." It has gotten some minor editing, along with a new name and book cover.

Warning: this erotic fiction contains explicit descriptions of sex acts. It is intended only for adult readers. It incorporates themes of BDSM, heavy bisexual action, gangbang, and a dizzying variety of copious backdoor action. Readers uninterested in these subjects should read something else.

Sex Offender

The sex shop had a deceptively small storefront, no more than twenty-five feet of painted-over glass, sooty from the Valley Boulevard traffic. However it stretched back over 100 feet to a small parking lot and an alley that was often cruised by scary-looking people after midnight, which was the only times I ever saw it. I never went there until I was sure that everyone I knew was fast asleep.

Gem Adult Universe had fascinated me ever since I walked by it with my dad four years ago and asked him about the eighteen-only sign. He'd blushed and changed the subject. Since my dad never blushed I figured it had to be something dirty. I'd later found out from a freshman buddy what it was. I wished I was old enough to go in there—or that I had a computer to look at porn on—my homeroom pal showed me some on his Mac but then his parents found out and took it away—but part of me was a little afraid because I had fantasies I didn't understand.

More on those fantasies soon enough.

For the last three months I had been old enough to go into the adult store with my actual ID. I'd walked in that first time, only to have the middle-aged biker-looking clerk challenge my right to be there. I can't say I blame him; at five-foot-five and my face soft and androgynous, I routinely get mistaken for a minor or a teenage girl.

"Peter Hartmann," he'd purred, reading my license. "Barely legal, I see. Welcome to Gem." I felt his eyes on me as I passed. "Nice ass, baby."

Baby?

I'd gone all prickly with gooseflesh while I blushed at the same time. I might be kind of young and inexperienced but I could tell I was being checked out. It made me nervous but it also made me excited. I wondered if this was what girls feel like when guys hit on them. It was a weird mix of nerves and thrills. Still, what was the worst that could happen? This store was out in public, so I was safe. The downside was it wasn't private; it always felt like everybody was looking at me.

Now, on my twelfth visit, I was sort of used to the prying eyes as I made a beeline back to where the shemale porn was. In my few glimpses of

online porn before my buddy's PC had been blocked I saw transsexuals and transvestites, and for whatever reason those images had taken hold of my erotic imagination. All of my hottest jerkoff fantasies involved that stuff.

In the store I took my time browsing all the shemale DVDs. Even though I was about to start college my folks never gave me much of an allowance, so in all of these visits I'd only been able to afford four DVDs. Therefore I would spend half an hour at a time agonizing over which one to buy, looking over one video case after another.

As usual "Sam" was in there. She was an older woman—in her thirties, which was old to me—who was often there in the dildo section. I didn't know if her name was really Sam but she kind of reminded me of my junior year homeroom teacher, a hottie in her late twenties named Samantha Young, who was always encouraging the other teachers to call her "Sam." This woman I'd nicknamed Sam was always staring at me as I looked through my TS and sissy porn. Maybe I reminded her of someone.

As always the photos of the sexy, big-dicked trannies on the video packages got my horny within five minutes and throbbingly erect in ten. Sometimes I willed it down but often I jacked off in the restroom. I couldn't help but feel eyes on me when I went back to beat my meat. Was I going to go back to the restroom again? It was that—or go home and beat off.

Or you can go in the video arcade.

I immediately shut that idea down. It was too scary. Besides, what if I got caught or something? Or worse... what if I did something I'd regret later? Still, as I kept thumbing through the shemale porn I couldn't help glance that way.

Ever since I'd first come in here I'd seen man after man—sometimes crossdressers or shemales or whatever—disappear between the red curtains that masked the arcade rooms off from the rest of the store. A few times I had gone back there and walked fast down the little corridor past the booths with their little curtains and came out the curtain at the other end and back into the store. I'd smelled cum, heard the sounds of masturbation... and of cocks being sucked.

How many times have you come here and nobody's ever gotten busted, you pussy?

Countless times at night I'd fantasized about going back there and eagerly threw myself into anonymous sex with men, crossdressers and shemales. In my masturbatory daydreams I'd sucked man-cock, sissy-cock

and tranny-cock. I'd been fucked up the ass. I'd done both at the same time. I'd even once pulled a "train" of countless guys, where my face and lips were covered with cum, and my asshole and tummy were filled with it. I came so hard each time.

I knew deep down that if I went back there I might love it so much I'd never come out. I might end up as one of those shemale hookers or porn stars. After all, that was my main fantasy and had been ever since I first saw shemale porn. However, I knew that no matter how much I dreamed about it, I'd have to support myself somehow in that life and I was too much a chicken to throw myself into that kind of an ordeal.

Fifteen minutes later I had picked out my video. It was called "Shemale Gangbang Slut" and it appeared to center on a young tranny who became the centerpiece of an orgy, kind of like my favorite fantasy. I stared reverently as her feminine face all covered with jizz, her rock-hard nine inches, and her mouth twisted in ecstasy as she took a huge cock up the ass. I *so* wanted to be her! Actually *be* her.

"That's a good one," said a raspy female voice over my shoulder.

I looked up and it was the customer I had given the name "Sam" to. She was in her late thirties but just as beautiful as any older actress who had aged very well. She looked at me with as much sweetness as interest.

"Er... huh?"

Oh, that was smooth, Peter.

"That movie. I liked it. I'm a fan of that genre. For whatever reason I just love the whole transgender thing—transsexuals and sissies and all. I'm Pat. What's your name, honey?"

I took her outstretched hand without thinking, amazed how such a soft hand could be so strong. "I... I'm Peter—Pete—Peter."

"Petra," she chuckled, squeezing my hand before releasing it.

"I'm sorry?"

"Please forgive me. When I meet a pretty young man like you it amuses me to come up with a girl's name. Sorry... Peter."

I tingled with heady pleasure when she called me a girl's name. I liked it. Just then I heard a muffled moan and my eyes darted toward the red curtain. She saw.

"Why don't you go back there?" Pat suggested kindly. "I see you looking back toward that curtain all the time. I saw you run through the

corridor a couple of times. Why don't you go satisfy your curiosity? Instead of dashing through there, stop at a booth and go *in*."

"I guess I'm afraid."

"Afraid you won't like it and your fantasy will be blown?" She looked at me with affection, an almost parental, fond expression on her face.

"I think I'm afraid I'll *love* it and it will become a reality instead of a fantasy."

"And that would be *bad*?" she questioned doubtfully.

"Just... scary."

"I understand," she said kindly. She put her lips to my ear. "I still think you should try." She gently took my free hand and dropped in a dozen arcade tokens. "First time is on me... *Petra*." She winked.

She gave my cheek a gentle stroke and then walked out of the store. I watched her depart, the sexy swing of her generous, shapely ass in those skin-tight jeans. I wanted to bury my face in that ass! I looked again toward the arcade.

I stood outside the curtain and looked at the marquee box that showed all the movies playing back there and the booths they were playing in. I stopped breathing for a moment when I saw the video I had in my hand was one of them: the gorgeous, young tranny covered in cum and surrounded by throbbing dicks, including her own. It was perfect—I could see if the video was any good, get myself off, or... maybe I'd find myself in the middle of something I could barely imagine.

Screw it. What's the worst that could happen?

The soft velvet caressed my face as I pushed through. I was momentarily blind as I went from the cool, bright fluorescence of the store to the dim, red-lit narrow aisle between two rows of video booths. Each little room had a dimly illuminated number, some more bright than others. As I slowly passed them I could tell that the brighter ones were vacant, because the others emanated the sounds of porno and masturbation, and sounded more... oral in nature.

Somebody is giving a blowjob!

Halfway down was booth 18, the one showing my movie. Before I even reached its door I knew I would go inside. Moments later I was sitting on a plastic bench in an even dimmer cubicle that smelled of cum, which fortunately was on the floor instead of the bench. There was just enough light to find the narrow shelf to set my tokens and the coin box that ran the

video and made it play on the twenty-inch screen. I fed in a token right away.

The video picked up somewhere past the beginning, starting up in a sex scene with the young, light-skinned Latina tranny on the cover sucking on a nine-inch shemale cock while a black guy fucked her ass doggy-style with what looked like a ten inches of thick dick. Globes of white stickiness covered her face and large silicone tits. I couldn't take my eyes off the cock in her mouth. My boner strained at my pants.

I didn't think of who might come in or anything; I immediately took my dick out and started whacking off. Within two minutes I was ready to cum but then I looked at that stack of tokens and realized I could draw this out. Besides, part of me desperately wanted someone to come in here. A moment later, maybe three minutes from starting the loop, the video shut off and returned the booth to partial darkness.

I fed in a new quarter and was treated to the sex scene continuing. The shemale pulled out of the young tranny's mouth and spattered jizz all over her lips and tongue, which she lapped up like a treat. I wondered what it must be like to do that. Would I get a chance to find out tonight? I glanced at the door and realized I had instinctually pushed in the button to lock it. I took a deep breath and gave the knob a slight twist. The click of it unlocking was loud, even louder than the film. Fifteen seconds later the knob turned and *she* walked in.

She was about six-foot but slender. She wore a hooker dress that showed off long, smooth legs and smallish feet in high heels. I don't know if it was really a she, as in a shemale, or just a really beautiful crossdresser, but I had seen her in the store and seen her go back here many times. All the clerks seemed to know her; they all called her Kim. Her voice was androgynous, like some of those raspy actresses in Hollywood. Right now she looked at me with a desire that almost unnerved me.

"I'd hoped you'd come back here someday," she said.

"You did?" I asked nervously.

"You're one of the most beautiful boys ever to come in this store," she cooed, stroking my face with a soft, feminine hand. "I bet you'd make an even more beautiful girl."

I shivered with lust at hearing that. She looked down to my throbbing cock still in my hand, then to the video where the young shemale was now sucking a new cock.

“Is that what you want?” she asked.

I bit my lip and nodded my head, as shaky as I was excited.

“Do you want to do what she’s doing? Sucking a shemale dick?”

I nodded again, dizzy with anticipation.

“You have to *say* it, beautiful.”

“I want to suck a shemale’s dick,” I moaned.

Kim smiled at me. “I’m not exactly a shemale,” she said.

“I don’t care.” I leaned back as she straddled me and pulled up the hem. At least eight inches of cock strained at see-through, French cut white panties. “Oh my god,” I moaned, my mouth hanging open and my lower lip quivering in anticipation.

“Put the rest of the tokens into the box,” she said. “That will give us half an hour of light and a sexy soundtrack.”

With trembling hands I fed the remaining tokens into the coin box. Kim looked down into my eyes with a gentle smile as she pulled down the hem of her panties to expose a cock as big as the one the young tranny had been sucking. With no delay I opened wide and took it into my mouth.

The flesh of her dick was so very soft and delicate yet so very hot. I could actually feel the blood pumping through it with my lips and tongue. As salty-sweet flavor filled my mouth that I was afraid might gag me but instead I swallowed greedily. I was drinking down her pre-ejaculate and loving it as much as I was the feel of her big sissy tool in my mouth.

I’d watched enough cocks being sucked in my small porn video collection to know what to do, but I’d never given any thought to what this moment would really be like. I had been afraid I’d be grossed out. Instead my worst fear had been realized: I *loved* it. I was a natural born cocksucker, and I knew I was definitely going to be coming to places like this for the rest of my life.

“Oh, honey,” Kim moaned. “That feels so good! You’re such a good baby!”

Spurred by her words I took her dick as deep into my mouth as I could. I was so high on giving this blowjob I was barely aware that someone else had just come in. I stiffened but then I heard Kim greet whoever it was as “Tina.” A moment later a hot, wet mouth closed over *my* boner. It was a good thing my mouth was full of Kim’s erection because my groan would have been heard all the way out to the cash register!

I felt large, soft hands with long nails expertly unbutton my pants and tug them down, followed by my tight jockey shorts. Somehow Tina managed to keep sucking my cock while she removed my shoes, socks and everything else until I was naked from the waist down. Meanwhile I sucked Kim with such a passion I never knew I had, praying she'd fill my mouth with her cum. Then the door opened again.

I looked up to see two guys standing to either side of me, their dicks jutting out their zippers. They guided my hands to their boners. Now I was sucking a sissy's big cock, getting a blowjob *and* jacking off two guys. One of them unbuttoned my shirt, preparing me to be completely naked, which I was ready for. I wanted to feel as sexy as possible. If there had been lingerie to change me into I'd have done it.

I eagerly put myself into their hands, so that when Kim said she was going to fuck me I allowed myself to be fully stripped and bent over the shelf that'd held the video tokens. A clean-shaven face burrowed between my spread asscheeks and licked my asshole while Kim unwrapped a condom and rolled it over her boner, then squeezed a foil envelope of lube on it.

"You want me to fully make you a sissy girl?" Kim asked me.

"Oh please, yes!" I moaned. "Fuck me!"

She started with one lubed finger, and then added another. I couldn't believe how easily my ass opened up to her. By the time she had in a third finger I was throwing my ass back against her hand. I begged her to fuck me.

Tina, who I could see was a well-hung black shemale had leaned against the shelf in front of me and guided my hands around her waist, putting her uncut, foot-long tool right in my face. While I waited for Kim to penetrate me, I sucked on Tina's ebony cock. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen and I wanted to suck down every drop of her cum.

"Little sister is an eager cocksucker," Tina sighed. "What a natural!"

I started to moan my thanks when Kim slowly slid her entire big dick all the way into me. I groaned like I'd never felt anything so pleasurable. Meanwhile one of the guys took over sucking my thrumming cock. The other one rubbed his dick all over my face, leaving drips of precum. Just then another guy entered and started jacking off on the other side of my face.

Part of me wondered if they'd all been hanging out and waiting for an orgy to get started in one of the booths but I was too horny and overwhelmed with erotic rapture to give it much thought. So many firsts all at once, starting with Kim's massive boner filling me up and setting my asshole tingling with an exposed, vulnerable, dirty feeling that made me feel like a big slut because I loved it so much. I wanted to get fucked up my ass every day and every night forever!

Tina's made the second dick I'd ever had in my mouth. Her tranny cock oozed salty precum that made me want to taste the real thing. Like Kim's cock, the flesh was so delicate and yet hot and hard at the same time. Finally, I'd never gotten a blowjob, either. The guy sucking me off had his hand cupped around my balls. Whenever I felt like I was going to spurt into his mouth he pulled off me and tightened his thumb and forefinger around the base of my shaft, stopping me from cumming. Then he began sucking again.

Soft little moans came from Tina's mouth. "I don't know what's sexier: watching this baby sissy love sucking my dick or love getting fucked."

"What's sexy to me is I'm pretty sure she's a cherry," Kim panted, fucking me harder to my delight.

I moaned deeply and begged her to fuck me harder still.

"Is that right, honey?" Tina said. "Are you a virgin?"

I looked up into her face as I sucked her cock and nodded.

"Oh fuck that's so sexy. It... Damn, all of a sudden I'm close to popping. Anyone wanna cum in her mouth first?"

"Go for it, girlfriend," Kim urged.

"Open your mouth wide, darling," Tina said kindly.

I did as she asked, my eyes squeezed shut but my lips parted wide. I was a little afraid of how it was taste but most of me was thrilled I was going to be a cum-drinking sissy like all the porn I'd watched.

"Open your eyes and look at me, darling," Tina coaxed.

I looked and saw her big, spit-shiny brown dick pumping through her soft fist, angry purple head dripping clear, sticky fluid pointed at my tongue. It looked so sexy!

"You've never tasted cum before, either." She said it as a statement.

"No," I admitted in a tiny voice. "I haven't. Not even my own."

“Oh, fuck, that’s hot!” Tina enthused. “Her mouth is cherry too! I... I... oh fuck!”

A thick white, sticky cord arced from her cockhead and into my mouth, splashing onto my tongue and front teeth, and then another until shat felt like a shotglass full over cum was in my mouth. Without thinking I swallowed it just in time to catch a smaller spurt that partly coated my lips.

Tina’s spunk was tangy-salty, almost sweet. I loved the feel of it on my tongue. Instead of swallowing I pushed it around my mouth with my tongue, spreading it on my lips and teeth while I looked up at the grinning shemale with adoring eyes. That was when I heard the guy to my right groan.

“Gonna cum!” he gasped.

I turned my open mouth to his direction while Tina wiped the remaining drops of her cum on my cheek. The guy on my other side began beating off furiously. Hot gasps and moans tore from my mouth as Kim battered my asshole with her huge dick and the guy sucking my dick went for broke, not trying prolong my orgasm any more. I was barely conscious of the guy who’d been on my left stand next to the guy who was about to blow his load into my open mouth.

A tiny part of me was aghast at what I had put myself into— having public sex where anybody could walk in and catch me, swallowing strangers’ cum and eagerly preparing to drink down more semen, while I was getting a blowjob. This was crazy! This was dangerous! Yet I was way too horny to care.

Both of the men came at the same time, their thick hot cum splattering all over my lips and nose and cheeks and my chin, covering my tongue with bittersweet, salty jizz that I swallowed without thinking. I cried out as my own throbbing dick pumped my load into the man sucking me off, on fire with the feeling of sissy Kim’s dick sliding in and out of my asshole.

“Get out of the way, guys,” Kim panted. “One more load for our little slut. Sit on the bench, honey.” She pulled out of my ass.

My asshole twitching and aching exquisitely, my cock tingling and my balls throbbing, I plopped into the seat. I looked up into Kim’s eyes as she stripped off the condom and stuck her boner into my face. I licked the biggest globs of cum from my lips and took her re-pink glistening boner in my mouth, sucking it hard. Moments later I was rewarded with a deep

groan and spunk flooding my mouth. Kim pulled back just far enough to give her last thick full spurt onto my lips.

“Welcome to the sissy life, *Petra*,” Kim said. She grinned at me with a sad smile, while she tucked her dick back into her panties.

All of a sudden I realized she used the name that Pat out in the store had called me. All of a sudden I got a sinking feeling. “Wh-what did you say?”

Tina and the two guys had stowed their cocks into their clothes, leaving me the only one in the booth naked—and dripping cum. When Kim coughed exaggeratedly toward the door, that’s when I knew I was fucked. There was no point in trying to put my clothes on.

Five seconds later, four uniformed cops rushed in. I’m guessing they sent in so many in case I resisted, but one cop was able to put my hands behind and cuff me as I knelt in the middle of the booth. I looked numbly up at the four grinning officers and allowed them to set me on my feet.

Stark naked and streaked with jizz I was marched out of the store while all of the patrons stared at me, some snickering and some leering and saying how they’d fuck me if they got a chance. What worried me was being seen this way out on the sidewalk, being led naked and degraded out of a porno shop.

I was relieved I hadn’t far to go as a paddy wagon was parked right outside. There was a creak as the back door opened. The cops led me to the door. I heard the click-clack of high heels coming up behind us, so I turned my head to see Kim following. A hunky, young cop poked his head out of the back of the paddy wagon and smiled at me. Seeing Kim he reached out and handed her a hundred dollar bill. She took it and walked away. I had been set up.

The young cop pulled me into the back of the wagon where three other cops sat on the benches, stroking erect dicks that jutted out of their uniforms. Standing in the very back of the wagon was Pat, who now wore a police uniform with sergeant stripes. She looked at me with approval as I stood before her naked and covered with jism.

“Petra, I knew you wouldn’t disappoint me,” she purred, making her way to me.

“P-Pat?” I gasped.

“Sergeant Patricia Dunston,” she said. “And your name is now *Petra*.” She nodded to the other cops. “Men, let’s show this sissy what we do with a

sex offender.”

For half an hour the four male cops took turns fucking my asshole and my mouth, pumping more cum into my asshole and down my throat. All the while Pat had taken off her police trousers and was fingering her clit, bringing herself to several orgasms by the time her cops were done fucking me.

I lay there on the rubber mat in the floor of the van, covered with cum. Pat stood and looked down on me, clucking her tongue in mock disappointment and shaking her head with disapproval. Her cops all stood over me, grinning at her.

“Look at you, Petra. You’re quite a mess. We can’t take you to jail all covered with semen. Why... the other prisoners would never let you alone.” She looked around at her guys with an evil smile. “I think we should wash her off, don’t you?”

“But we don’t have any water in here, Ma’am,” laughed the young cop who brought me into the van.

“Well,” she said, squatting over my face, “we’ll have to improvise. Will you men join me?”

I didn’t lose my boner the whole time.

Criminal Record

Monogamy isn't complicated for most people. Far less so for a BDSM submissive like me.

My name is Rita and I am the slave of Mistress Simone. I am also a shemale. Mistress is the captain of all the guards in this penitentiary. Mistress loaned me out as she saw fit. Whether she did it to make Her life easier, to remind me of my place or to entertain Mistress—it mattered little. It was what She wanted. That's the way it had always been with us.

Back when I was an actual inmate here at Gaviota State Prison, Captain Simone Janus had freely awarded my sexual favors to the C.O.s—Corrections Officers—who worked under her. I was a job perk! She also loaned me out to prison system and government officials, to other cops and even to special inmates she wanted to treat. I wanted to protest at first, but then I found out I liked it... no—I *loved* it.

I guess that made me a slut. Oh well.

I had practically been a virgin when I first came to her prison, but I eventually realized she had done me a huge favor. She had prepared me for a lifetime of being a fucktoy. She had begun breaking down my taboos and got me into heavy kink even. If Simone hadn't done that, the perverted dominatrix of a billionaire I went to work for would have broken me down with all of her kinks and forced sex.

It had been a year since I'd been the sissy slave of a twisted, sex-crazy billionaire. I was overjoyed to be back with my beloved Mistress, whom I dearly loved and who loved me. However that love didn't mean she didn't discipline me, didn't sexually dominate me or didn't loan me out. More often than not, she liked to watch.

Right now I was in the prison shower, stripped naked, my silicone breasts dripping water along with the rest of my body and my eight-inch shemale cock hard and aching so good. I held onto the circular tray that ringed the six-inch wide showerhead column that aimed five sprays around it so that as many men could shower at each column. The medium-hot spray from adjacent showerheads splashed my head and body, running down my back, my asscheeks and my wide apart legs.

My Mistress sat to the side in a canvas chair one of the prisoners had respectfully brought so she could witness in comfort as four prisoners took turns deep-fucking my twenty-year-old tranny ass. At the moment the black

convict, Daryl—“Big D”—had his thick eleven inches buried deep up my ass and milking my prostate.

All four prisoners—black, Mexican, white and Chinese—were among the buffest and toughest convicts in all of Gaviota. They were the leaders of the major prison gangs. Mistress Simone had got them all to agree to a truce in hostilities and end the gang-sanctioned hits. In exchange she would look the other way for marijuana, pain pills, pharma speed and other low priority contraband.

While these ganglords had agreed to those terms without additional conditions, my Mistress threw *me* in as a reward. I was one of the most lusted after tranny bitches in the whole joint, partly because I looked no older than sixteen. I was also one of the very few boy-girls here who was part shemale by virtue of my breast implants. The billionaire had also paid for the electrolysis removal of all my body hair and beard. In short I looked like a high school with a dick, a lengthy girl cock that got fully hard and came up to an ounce of jizz when I'd been denied cumming long enough.

Daryl's log, brown pulsating rod stroked my clutching, tight asshole. It filled up my horny rectal canal—my tranny cunt—and made me feel like a sexy bitch. I cried out his name as his hands cupped my large breasts and pinched my nipples, a cry he silenced by putting his big, delicious brown lips over mine. I parted my lips and eagerly sucked his tongue into my mouth. The handsome, buff black man raped my lips with his tongue and he squeezed my tits and deep-fucked my asshole.

My whimpering got louder and louder despite the deep French kiss. My breath exploded through my nostrils as I felt my balls starting to clutch. I was going to blow my load very soon just from getting fucked like this, and I still had three more cocks to take up my asshole!

“Sounds like my bitch is getting ready to climax,” Mistress Simone said with a smile in her voice. “Any of you man enough to taste shemale cum? It is the sweetest tasting jizz ever. Not that you hetero studs taste much semen.”

The white boss con chuckled. “There are only a few trannies I ever met who's so beautiful and femme I'd even consider going down on, but Rita is one of them.”

“Nobody'd dare call *you* a fag, ese,” Victor, the buff cholo boss laughed. “Wild Bill gets maximum respect everywhere.”

“Wild” Bill Rankin, was a huge, muscular thirty-four year stud muffin who’d been my husband-daddy when I was sentenced to here over a year ago. He was the first man I ever truly fell in love with... the first since I became Rita. Actually my first true love was Will, my Army buddy, but Wild Bill was the guy who actually popped my anal cherry and made me feel like a wife.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Bill strip off his boxers and take a knee in front of me. Shielded from the shower by my body, he grinned up at me. Then I felt his hot breath on my throbbing clitty. I cried out with a shudder as he took me in his mouth. My asshole must have clamped down on Daryl’s dick just then because he groaned into my mouth and began fucking my ass even harder. After a minute he had to break our deep kiss so he could breathe.

“Excellent, Daryl. Fuck my little slut *hard*,” Mistress encouraged. “Do you love it, *meine kleine liebchen*?” she asked me in her native German, calling me her little love.

“Oh yes, Mistress!” I moaned. “I... I think I’m going to cum!”

“Very good. Cum in Bill’s mouth. Bill will then feed it to you.” She stepped in to shut off the showerhead that sprayed directly onto the action so Bill wouldn’t inhale water as he sucked me off.

Bill pulled his mouth off. “Of course you know I’m going to fuck you next, Baby,” he grinned, jacking me off. “Just like I used to every night.”

“I remember, Papi,” I whimpered, so close to cumming. I cried out as he took my throbbing clitty back in his mouth. “Oh, Papi! Here I cum! Here I cum!”

My balls swelled and clenched. My dick ached with pleasure as huge jets of cum filled Bill’s mouth. My asshole clenched hard with my climax making Daryl groan.

“Oh fuck,” he breathed. “I’m gonna nut!” He pulled out.

“On your hands and knees, Rita,” my mistress ordered.

I jumped to comply, spreading my knees so the next stud convict could fuck me, hopefully Bill. My former daddy got in front of me and bent over my face as he tilted my head up. Knowing what Mistress Simone wanted I opened my slut-red lips wide. Grinning, he dribbled a huge glut of my own spunk back into my mouth.

“Hurry up and swallow, bitch!” Daryl said as knelt next to Bill, pointing his long, black dick at me.

Quickly I drank the rest of my cum from Bill's mouth and gave him a deep French kiss, using my tongue to lick the rest of my sperm off of his tongue. "Thank you, Papi," I whispered before I turned to Daryl and unhesitatingly took his dick between my lips. I tasted the flavor of my asshole but it didn't bother me. I knew I was clean enough and I knew it turned on my Mistress. Men also loved seeing me do it.

"You're the sexiest bitch when you do that," Bill chuckled, kneeling between my legs and catching the bottle of lube that Mistress tossed to him.

I had reluctantly done ass-to-mouth to please my billionaire mistress but ever since I moved in with Mistress Simone and her husband, my former Army buddy Will, I had learned to love doing it because it made the two of them so happy and horny. The sight of me sucking my own ass flavor off of his tool put Daryl over the edge; his monster black dick began to pump his thick, heavy load into my mouth.

I was so busy savoring his cum while I sucked his dick I barely felt Bill's slippery dickhead touch my asshole. Then he pushed it in me and I grunted, shivering with erotic joy. As Bill fucked my slutty asshole I sucked and cleaned Daryl's jizz and my ass juices off his big brown tool.

Suddenly I heard a deep, outraged voice echo in the shower room. "Captain Janus! Goddamn you, Simone!" It was Warden Baxter.

The cons pulled away from me so fast, they were naked blurs. His was the tone of a man who was about to take pleasure in being a major asshole. The convicts grabbed towels and hurriedly dried off while they gathered up their prison wear.

"You men get out of here right now or you'll all be on report," he snapped at them. "Take your towels and dry out in the hallway."

The warden glared at Simone after it was just the three of us in the shower room. I was still on my hands and knees, frozen in place I was so nervous.

"Simone, I know I don't have to tell you that sex in here is a major violation."

"Don—"

"Warden Baxter," he growled. "Familiarities are for officers I esteem."

"Warden," my mistress protested, "you know we bend the rules on that to preserve the peace. And in this case—"

"Yes, I know. The truce. And when it goes into effect I will appreciate being the warden of the prison in California with the least violence and

Level One incidents. But this is just too blatant. It shows disrespect for me.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” my mistress said, knowing he was making an excuse. Hell, he had gotten head from me once in this very room while Mistress watched the door. I had a feeling something was going on.

“I appreciate that, Simone. Now get your... *assistant*, fully dressed and up to my office. Quickly.” With that he did a smart about-face and marched out of there.

Ten minutes later we’d passed through all of the security and were sitting at the conference table along with Warden Baxter and Mistress’ husband, my “Daddy” Will. He had been in Los Angeles representing me in court with regard to getting my false conviction from two years ago expunged from my record. Will looked as unhappy as when we’d all gotten busted in our Army barracks room two years ago. He looked a little nervous too. I could see Mistress wanted to go to him but kept up appearances as the chief guard.

Warden Baxter looked as grim as a funeral home director as her looked between my Mistress and me. “Tell them what you just told me,” he ordered Will.

It worried me that Will looked at me with such distress. There was pain in his eyes as he began to speak. “The judge on our case—your case—was replaced. The new judge threw out every motion in our favor. Your criminal record won’t be expunged.”

I swallowed hard, and I felt a twist in the pit of my stomach. Two years ago when I was only eighteen and a half I’d been duped into being behind the wheel of a getaway car during a robbery. When the masterminds were arrested, they lied and said I helped plan the job, so I was convicted of a felony. When I had been paroled I was hired by a young, beautiful, perverted billionaire who made me a sex slave and who used me to explore her every twisted fantasy.

But that’s a whole ‘nother story...

“Bu-but surely we can fight it!” I cried. “Our lawyers—”

“There are no more lawyers, Rita,” Will almost moaned in pain. “The same judge who shut down your petition also gave *her* complete access to your bank account. You’re broke, baby girl. I’m so sorry.”

I knew he meant the billionaire. My eyes filled and tears ran down my face. Deciding to forgo decorum, Mistress Simone leaned over and hugged me deeply. Following her example, Will got up and hugged me from

behind. It made me feel so much better. “Well,” I finally managed, “at least I still have you two.”

That was when the warden cleared his throat. “Not exactly,” he said, drawing all three of our stares. He pulled a letter out of his suit coat. “This came by special courier twenty minutes ago. Your parole officer violated you right after the ruling.” His eyes bored into mine. “You’re a prisoner again and you owe the state of California seven more years.”

“No!” cried out my Mistress.

“Yes, Simone,” he actually chuckled. Then he looked at me. “Report to the guards waiting in my outer office and tell them to escort you to Intake Processing. Move it!”

“I’ll be right down there,” Mistress called after me.

“I’m afraid not, Simone,” the warden said. “I witnessed you actually standing by and watching prisoners having sex in the shower room.”

“But you said...” Mistress protested.

“I said...*what?*” he asked icily. “You violated the basic rule about sex in prison, and so I’m suspending you for thirty days *without* pay. Will... take your wife home.”

That was the last thing I heard before the office door closed behind me.

Sergeant Lucas and Sergeant Taylor grabbed my biceps and hustled me out of the office and into the hallway, which was deserted at the moment. They produced both handcuffs and short leg irons that would force me to waddle the whole way, over 150 yards of corridors and stairs.

“Gotta proposition for ya,” Taylor said. “You do us in that bathroom over there and we take you down without the cuffs. Otherwise...” He gave a nasty grin.

“Tell ya what,” Lucas added. “No delousing spray, either. Just a regular shower. Then into regulation denim. Sound good?”

Not really, because both these guys were pushing middle age and not very buff. However the prospect of the cuffs and the cold, stinky delousing process made it easier to nod my head in reluctant agreement.

I leaned against the sink counter in the Admin wing men’s room while Lucas stripped off my dress and pulled down my panties for me to step out of. It dismayed me to actually have a boner, getting turned on by *these* guys blackmailing me into bathroom sex. A dark corner of my mind fantasized of them doing me again and again, double penetrating me and even calling in their buddies.

The billionaire had made me feel like the sickest perv in the world. She'd made me do so many kinky things and made me *love* them. At times I feared that I'd eventually find ordinary sex—lovemaking—to be boring, that I'd *need* the kinkiest BDSM or group sex or whatever just to get off. I left her feeling *dirty*.

Mistress Simone helped me to heal my psyche and proved me wrong about intense kink corrupting me. Ever since I came back to my Mistress she involved me in kinky trysts—like the gangbang in the shower, which I did to prove my devotion to Her. Because I did it to please her I allowed myself to enjoy it and then love it—because of Her. Yet every night I made sweet vanilla love with she and Will, and it wasn't diminished at all by my wild sexual escapades during the day.

Until she began to break through my shame, my Mistress spent many hours drying my tears and telling me I should never feel guilty for loving any kind of sex as long as nobody gets hurt. I shouldn't even be ashamed for loving what the billionaire heiress made me do; it was only sex in the end and the important thing is that I didn't hurt anybody as I was experiencing pleasure.

Truly hurting someone—not in the consensual S&M context—was the only true wrong thing. I nodded like I understood but deep down I couldn't fully shake the guilt I built up in that Beverly Hills mansion. I thanked God that I had She and Will to make me feel good about my kinky hunger, at least when I was with them, in their loving care.

But my BDSM mom and dad weren't here now, and I was so deeply turned on as I bent naked over the counter. My tranny cock throbbed and I feared that I was going to hate myself again when these guys were done with me, especially if I climaxed.

Sergeant Lucas sat on the counter next to where I braced myself, took out his dick and spread his legs wide. “Get over my lap, Rita,” he growled, “and don't drool or get any cum on my uniform pants or I'll stick the delousing nozzle up your ass.”

I was kind of grateful they only pulled their dicks out of their flies because Lucas in particular had something of a potbelly and his dick was only about five inches; it would have been worse if I'd been able to see their bodies. In a way it was hotter because I was totally naked and fully vulnerable while they were clothed and taking charge of me. It got my clitty

hard to be so out of control and at the mercy of a sex partner, even such plain and dumpy guys like these.

I licked the precum off Lucas' cockhead, felt the salty, sticky ooze cling to my lips and invade my mouth. He huffed at me to hurry because they had only so long to get me to Intake. I parted my lips and sucked him all the way in, taking him back almost as far as the back of my throat. To my surprise Sergeant Taylor crouched and licked my asshole, getting it slippery and wet for his six-incher. My dick tingled even more at the feeling of his tongue and the thought of having his cock in me.

I felt disgusted by how much of a slut I was. Nausea filled my throat even as Lucas fucked my mouth, his dick sliding through my lips and over my tongue. I was a truly pathetic, hopeless slut, and I deserved this fucking.

My feeling of sickness was submerged under a wave of pleasure as Taylor's dick pushed easily into my asshole. While his cockmeat was only average it still stroked my rectal walls like a vaginal canal—my tranny cunt—and sent hot tingles through my body and set my brain on fire with slutty lust. When I got this horny I became incapable of guilt or shame; I was filled with a hunger for cock that I first experienced when Will and Sergeant Dan made me suck them off in the barracks two years ago.

Hungrily I went down on the corrections officer's dick, drinking down his precum while I thrust my butt back against Sergeant Taylor's hips to force his dick deeper inside me. My asshole shivered with delight as his fucktool slid in and out, a sweet and nasty deep sensation of being violated—owned—by a hard cock. I moaned and cried out in my helpless pleasure, whispering for them to fuck my holes harder. I even called them both Daddy and begged them to fill me with their cum.

“Damn, she's as hot as I heard,” Sergeant Lucas chuckled. “Maybe with Captain Janus getting suspended we might get some of this shemale ass more regular.”

“She's in the right place,” Taylor grunted, thrusting deep into my rectum. “Inmate as sexy as her s'gonna get all the dick she wants and then some. I... oh fuck! I'm gonna cum. Want me to cum in your ass, Rita?”

“Yes! Yes!” I moaned, my cries muffled by the dick in my mouth.

“Hold on a sec, pard,” Lucas wheezed. “I'm about to shoot too.” Let's fill up this little whore's holes together.”

“H-hurry up! I'm gonna... I'm gonna... Oh shit!”

Taylor hands squeezed my waist tightly and rammed himself all the way in. I felt his dick pumping cum deep up my ass while he grunted and groaned. Two seconds later I felt Lucas' hot thick load pumping onto my tongue, which I sucked down like a greedy slut. They both moaned what a sexy little slut I was and how they were going to fuck me again and again until Mistress got back from her suspension.

One minute later they wiped their dicks off on my face. They refused to let me put my clothes back on, saying I was just going to lose them anyway. With the smell of their sticky cum and my own ass on my cheeks, I walked naked down the prison corridors between the two COs, my shemale cock still hard.

I was disgusted with myself for how quickly and eagerly I'd submitted to their fucking, how it turned me on even now, became I was ashamed that my dick was throbbing and dying for release even after being taken by two men I would have charged extra for if I'd been a prostitute. Tears of shame coursed down my cheeks.

Soon after we were riding down from the Administration level down to the floor where inmates were received into the Gaviota State Prison. I shook my head to clear it of guilt and self-recrimination, to focus on what was most important. Thanks to that billionaire bitch, who seemed to again be getting the best of me, I was broke and I might now have a permanent criminal record. I consoled myself with the knowledge that at least I knew what it was like to be a prisoner, that I knew this place and most of the guards and that my dear, sweet Mistress and my beloved Will would look out for me.

I was going to be just fine.

Shemale Prison

I'd been charged with Prostitution, Indecent Exposure, Lewd Behavior, Sexual Battery, Oral Copulation and Sodomy. Most of it was bullshit, but when my parents heard the charges and saw Sergeant Pat lie about me on the stand at my preliminary hearing they disowned me. I was stuck with a public defender who couldn't arrange a deal any better for me than six years, with the stipulation I wouldn't have to register as a sex offender because no minor was involved nor was there any rape.

I was in the county jail for eleven days between the time I was dragged naked and still dripping cop piss to the booking window at the police station to the moment when they loaded me on the prison bus. My first night in County I was gang raped by five or six brutes, mostly white guys, while one big, muscled con watched. I tried to relax and enjoy it but they only wanted to cum and they weren't very nice to me.

The next day the big guy, Greg, came up behind me in the shower and said if I wanted to avoid future rapes then I would become his bitch. He somehow saw right through me and asked my girl name. He liked my name "Petra" and promised to get me cosmetics and tight jailhouse clothing I could easily turn into a sexy outfit.

When I had told him there was no need to get me those things he said that I had *better* make myself look pretty for him. Later that second night, after lights out, he made me *his*. He fed me his veined, eight-inch dick and then fucked me so deeply but gently that I shot jizz all over my tummy. He called me "baby" as he fucked me and told me to call him "Daddy." Since I had just lost my parents it was a comforting thing to me.

I actually cried as I boarded the bus, having fallen in love with "Daddy" Greg and his big sweet dick. Two hours later I filed off the bus with the chain of prisoners and into the Intake area of Gaviota State Prison, up north of Santa Barbara. After a strip search, a body cavity search, and a foul delousing spray, I went through a repeat of the same paperwork and crap I had at County. I was grouped with the other prisoners but an older but hot-looking woman "CO"—short for corrections officer—came up and told them to put me in a holding cell, that I was getting a special assignment.

Thinking they were going to put me someplace safe I sat in the eight-by-ten holding tank with the thin vinyl mattresses on the floor, and I waited

for someone to take me to my new home. For the two-dozen time since I'd been arrested, I cried scalding bitter tears of self-pity. I was barely out of high school and in prison for kinky sex I never knew I had in me—much less love as much as I did—even getting gang fucked by those four cops. And now that my parents had disowned me I was totally alone in the world. I sobbed and sobbed.

I was so absorbed in my grief I barely heard the tank door open. I looked up to see who was entering—a pretty young... *woman*? She looked with gratitude at the CO who opened the door for her and thanked him. He was a handsome, tanned, buff man in his late twenties who looked like the surfer dudes I used to see at the beach. His nameplate read, “Perkins,” and he seemed to know this girl.

“I’m sorry to see this happen, Rita,” he said. “I don’t know why they’re putting you in here instead of general pop, but I’ll try to find out. And don’t worry, like I told Simone I’ll look out for you. Keep your chin up, okay?”

“Thank you again, Mr. Perkins.” She kissed him deeply and then stepped back so he could close and lock the steel door. She wobbled over to the bench against the wall and sat down heavily, clearly dazed. I could tell she’d been crying.

I assumed she had to be an especially pretty shemale to end up in a men’s prison. I’d seen photos and videos of transsexuals as pretty and young as her, but it was still fascinating to see one in the flesh. And what was she crying about? She and I were the only prisoners I’d seen crying this whole time since my arrest. For a moment I forgot my own troubles and sat down by her.

“You... your name’s Rita?” I asked in a low voice.

She got her tears under control and wiped her eyes before she nodded her head wearily. I decided against asking her what was wrong, other than the obvious thing of being a prisoner. I asked if she wanted a hug.

“Okay,” she said in a sweet feminine voice that made me marvel there was *ever* a boy under that soft, feminine skin.

She allowed me to hug her and after a moment she put her arms around me and hugged me back. It was the most tender thing I’d felt in weeks, and all of a sudden it reminded me that I might never get another hug from my parents ever again. That thought brought me right back to the look in their eyes in the courtroom: complete disgust and hostility as they

turned and left the proceedings without ever looking back. I was totally alone in the world. Alone.

“Oh!” I blurted, tightening my grasp. Scalding tears and heaving sobs erupted from me with the force of that big earthquake that hit Los Angeles when I was just a little kid. I buried my face in Rita’s crisp, blue workshirt and cried my eyes out. To my relief she held me tight and stroked my back.

“Hey, now,” she said gently. “Who’s supposed to be comforting whom? It’s not that bad, baby. I promise you. I’ve been here before and you’ll be okay I promise.” She softly kissed my cheek a few times and quietly shushed me. “What’s your name, sweetie? How old are you?”

“I... I’m Petra—Peter. I-I’m eighteen,” I managed, exhausted of my sorrow.

She pulled back and gave me a warm smile. “Is Petra your girl name?”

“Uh-huh.”

“So, *Petra*... what’s making you so sad—besides the obvious?”

I recounted the whole story, my longtime fascination with girl things and later on shemales, my visits to the adult store and my arrest, and finally my parents giving up on me. “And now I’m here, all alone and not a friend in the world.”

She looked at me sweetly and said, “You have at least one friend now, Petra,” before she kissed my cheek near my mouth. “Do you like being called Petra?” she asked before she kissed near the other side of my mouth.

“I love being called Petra,” I sighed and then softly brought my lips full onto hers, opening my mouth and hoping.

My hopes were rewarded when she thrust her tongue into my mouth and crushed me to her boobs. We deep kissed for what seemed like an hour until she pulled back and looked me up and down, appraising me.

“I never really had a mentor,” she said. “I had born-women take me through my transition, get electrolysis for my face and body, get me my breast implants, and my Mistress is the one who found a doctor to give me special female hormones that feminize me but let me get hard. If anything the hormones make me shoot more cum than I ever had before. But there was no other sissy or shemale to guide me and teach me. Ever since I hoped to be a mentor to some girl... Would you like me to be your tranny mom?”

“Oh, yes, oh yes!” I moaned kissing her again. “I want you to be my mom!”

“Well, then, it’s time for Cocksucking 101,” she said with a grin. She quickly stripped off her clothes and sat naked on the bench with her knees spread wide. She looked at me with a salacious grin, her sorrow forgotten for the moment.

Rita was strikingly beautiful, slightly tall for a woman but short for a man at maybe five-seven or five-eight, she was slender but she had a shapely ass and size C breasts that her long blonde hair draped down to. Hers were striking blue eyes and wide, plump lips underneath a slender, upturned girlish nose. Most striking of all was her circumcised eight inches starting to grow hard between her spread legs.

I was in awe at this girl as sexy as any I’d ever seen in Los Angeles—only *she* had a nice, big cock. She looked at me with such desire, pantomiming taking a shirt off a few times until I realized she wanted to see me naked too. I bit my lip, shy.

“What’s the matter, baby?” she asked.

“You’re so pretty. I... I feel like nothing next to you.”

“Oh, baby, if you could only see yourself through my eyes. I can see the girl in you, and you’re so cute and young looking. Give me a couple months and everybody is going to want you.”

Shyly I slid off my prison denims and workshirt. The guards at the county jail knew I was a sissy and had given me white satin panties, which my six and a half inches bulged against. I started to reach for the hem but she stopped me, saying she wanted to take them off herself in a little bit. What she wanted was me between her legs right now. Then, holding my eyes with a bite to her voice, she ordered me to suck her dick.

A pleasurable chill ran through me as I knelt in front of her growing boner wearing only white panties plump with my sissy cock. The girls in the video arcade were sexy enough but Rita was a *goddess*. Her cock was almost as big as the first crossdresser I sucked off but so much softer looking. A big drop of precum was already leaking out and I licked it up before I took her dick in my mouth.

“Oh, my!” she cried. “You’ve had some practice, have you?”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” I slurped, unwilling to take her big clitty out for even one second. It was hot and stiff as it went into the back of my throat where I gagged from trying to swallow it. As much as I had fallen for Daddy Greg in county jail, I shied from deep-throating him, but I wanted to do it so much for Rita.

“You’re so sweet, baby,” she said, “wanting to take in all of me. Did anyone ever teach you how to do it?”

I let her cock slid so that only the tip was past my lips. “No, Rita. Will you please teach me how to please you?”

“Of course, baby. Just pay attention.”

She told me to tilt my head back to line up my mouth with the back of my throat and to take a few deep breaths to relax my nerves. The big secret was not to try to relax my throat but to strain it like I was trying to hurl or yawn real wide, because that would open up the muscles. I was delighted to find I could do it!

“That’s so good, Petra!” she said. “Try doing this. Just let the head sit there in the top of your throat and breathe through your nose. Swallow if it starts to feel funny and it will get better.”

It was so odd yet so very sexy I was between this beautiful shemale’s knees, my lips pressed around the base of her dick and the head filling up my throat. I felt it throbbing in my mouth from my lips to my tonsils, but what got me the hottest was her helpless little whimpers of pleasure. Then I tried experimenting with a swallow and she gasped in ecstasy.

“Oh, baby, you’re so sexy. I want to make you feel good too. Let’s get down on the mattress together and suck each other’s clitties.”

Reluctantly I pulled away from her silky, hard boner and lay on my side on the thin, plastic-coated mattress. I looked up at her haloed by the overhead bulb, totally taken with her lovely feminine figure, her large, high breasts, and her cock that jutted out glistening with my saliva. She smiled at me in sweet seduction as she lay beside me, her face by my crotch and mine in hers.

I cried out as her hot, wet mouth closed around my pulsating dick. I’d only gotten a blowjob once before, in that dark and dank booth at the arcade from some guy with stubble. Though it had felt good it was nothing next to a blowjob from a shemale goddess like Rita. For a moment I was completely hypnotized by her lips and tongue caressing my throbbing sissy clit, the gentle suction and the exquisite sensation when she took me into her throat and milked my cockhead with the muscles.

“Oh, God, Rita!” I cried. “Oh I love you!”

Then I engulfed her cock once again, taking that stiff, blood-gorged boner between my ravenous lips and sucking it like I was born to do nothing else. Both of us moaned and mewled our helpless lust, putting aside

our sorrows and fears to bask in our deep desires. In my mind I sucked the juicy tool of shemale porn stars I'd jerked off to for months, savoring every sticky, sweet drop that oozed out, all the while overwhelmed with the heady reality of getting a blowjob from a sexy chick with a dick.

"I... I have... pretty good control," she panted in between licks. "Let me know when you're close to cumming and we'll do it together."

I couldn't bear to take my mouth off her sweet prick for even one second, so I mumbled "Mmm-hmmm" as I worked that turgid flesh with my tongue, sliding the head in and out of my throat. I was so pleased with myself that I had gotten the hang of deep-throating so quickly, almost as pleased with the muffled cries that sexy Rita made as I did it.

The luscious ache built up in my balls and the root of my sissy pole, my entire member rippling with erotic tingles as an explosive orgasm coiled like a spring. I gasped for air through my nose, crying out, "now! Now!" as my dick prepared to erupt. I felt her pull back until only my cockhead was past her lips and I did the same, knowing why she'd done that.

As I popped my load into Rita's sucking mouth, I felt her cock spurt a huge, hot glut of sticky cum all over my tongue, so sweet and a bit salty, filling my mouth with her shemale seed. Electric shocks shook my body as I convulsed with the force of my climax. Somehow I kept at her dick, trying to drain her balls with suction, allowing half of her thick, milky nectar to slide down my throat but savoring the rest of it.

"Feed me my own cum," she gasped, her mouth half full with my own load."

We mashed our sweaty bodies together, thighs to thighs, chest to chest, our wet and still hard dicks sliding against each other as our cum-drenched lips met. I opened my mouth and she hers, allowing our jizz to mix together while our tongues mutually caressed amid our hot, sticky spunk. We drank down our cum until there was nothing left, still kissing and kissing as minutes that lasted forever rolled by.

We cuddled together, two young and beautiful naked sissies on that thin prison mattress and looked adoringly into each other's eyes. For the moment I could barely remember why I'd been so sad only a little while ago, and Rita looked just as content.

"I know I don't know you, but I love you, Rita," I confessed in a small voice. "It's stupid I know but..."

“It’s not stupid, Petra. Your own parents can’t deal with you right now—they just need time, you’ll see—but you have to love someone, don’t you?”

The mention of my parents brought fresh sorrow, but Rita’s tight hold and her sweet face helped me hold it together. Most of all I was grateful she said I could love her and she thought it was okay.

“I guess... I just... Do you... like me?” I was so nervous she thought I was dumb.

Her look was one of pure lust and tenderness. “Sweetheart, I look at you and I can’t help imagine not loving you. Besides,” she nodded toward the door, “it looks like we’re going to be together in one way or another for a while.”

I kissed her deeply. “I hope so. That will make all this so much easier.”

“I know a lot of the COs, some of them very well. I’m positive I can get us a cell together if you want.”

I nearly swooned with joy. “Are you kidding? I would—”

There was a loud clang as the door lock turned and a new guard, not the one who’d brought her in, leered down at us naked and embracing together on the floor mattress.

“Well ain’t that sweet? ‘course sex between prisoners is against the law, but we know that sissies like you can’t help yourselves, so we make allowances.” He grabbed his crotch and winked. “Too bad we don’t have time for a quick B-J, but I’ve been told to get the two of you for transfer, so get on your feet and get dressed.”

I watched Rita slide her painted toenails into her snug state-issued denims, her sweet round ass slide into and fill out those pants. I felt clunky and boy-like as I pulled on my own prison garb, but I was heartened to know she would teach me how to be a better woman. As she tied her workshirt halter-style underneath her gorgeous silicone breasts I decided I wanted to be just like her.

* * *

Petra watched me with sort of a lost puppy expression. I was grateful she’d been in the holding cell— not just for the impromptu sex and affection but because her fragile emotions forced me to be the grownup and hold it together. At twenty I was only two years older than she but had far more sexual, shemale and prison experience. I was still reeling from my world being turned upside down: torn from Mistress and “Daddy” Will, *and*

losing my freedom and my money all at once. I consoled myself that at least I knew this prison well and that Mistress would be back here soon enough.

COs Taylor and Lucas took us to the Intake area. I wished Mr. Perkins would come back. I was puzzled that they brought out cuffs and leg irons. I said there was no need: Petra and I would go docilely to our cells or a cell together. I said I'd reward them with a hot double-fuck if they put us together, but the two COs grinned at each other. Then Taylor went to the desk and brought back two jackets—prisoner file folders—which were supposed to stay with Central Records. Unless...

“What’s going on, sir?” I asked Taylor.

“There’s a new facility that opened up six months ago. Special place just for shemales and sissies so y’all can get your proper care and attention.”

It felt like a fist sucker punched my guts. Transfer away from Gaviota? Away from Mistress and Will and everyone else I knew here?

“Wh-where is it at?” I begged, hating the whining sound in my voice.

“You’ll see. Now get your sexy asses in gear.”

Fifteen minutes down the access road put us northbound on Highway 101 and an hour later we were passing my hometown of Grover Beach, unleashing a torrent of bittersweet nostalgia and resentment. My first thought was we were going to CMC, a men’s prison with a “country club” reputation. It would be a hassle for Mistress and Will to visit but at least it wasn’t too far. Then I remembered Taylor said it was new, and CMC was over fifty years old.

Sure enough the transport van kept going. I passed time holding Petra’s delicate hand and pointing out sights and recalling the more pleasant memories of my youth on the central coast. As we approached Atascadero, I momentarily worried Taylor had lied and we were going to the criminal mental hospital in that city but still we rolled north. I began to really worry two hours later when we hit Paso Robles and took a small highway eastward toward the central valley.

Five hours later we pulled into the sally port of a small prison nestled into the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountain range. Our new home was set in rolling hills of green and yellow grass, and clumps of oak and scrub. Off in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the great mountain range. It struck me then how isolated I was, how far from my Mistress and Daddy, how fully at the mercy of the system I was.

The in-processing was quick and efficient, young and rugged COs ran everything smoothly assisted by a handful of androgynous trustees, many who'd had plastic surgery to feminize their faces or regularly took female hormones or both. The intake procedures ended with us carrying small totebags of makeup and female toiletries the trustees issued to us instead of the usual bedroll I'd come to expect from jail and prison. Aside from the remarkably feminine trustees and the newness of the facility, it could have been Gaviota.

Finally a trustee who introduced him—*herself*—as Andie escorted us into the housing area. At nearly six-feet tall, Andie was dressed in snug denims but that height was the only male thing about her, because she switched her ass like a shemale on a prison mainline advertising for a new boyfriend. Her long black hair switched from side to side in a ponytail that reached halfway to the top of her ass.

“Let me put you wise to what you need to know, fishies,” she said. “There are two sides to this joint—the public face and the resort. The—”

“Resort?” I asked.

“Just hold your questions until I'm done, fishies. The public face is all on the up and up. The Governor could visit here tomorrow with a half-dozen religious freakpots and take an hour tour and never see anything other than straight-arrow. All the rules of any state lockup are in effect, as are the rules for violating. Snap?”

I turned to Petra. “*Snap* means we get it.” I turned back to Andie. “Copasetic. But what's this about a resort? Do we get like massages and hot tubs and facials?”

“Silly tranny,” Andie giggled. “*We* are the resort. I'll make it real simple. We're a specialty whorehouse full of sissy and shemale hookers secretly running out of a state prison. We service elite clientele a coupla street whores like you could only dream of ever fucking. Politicians. Police brass. Ultra-rich business types and even celebrities.”

I came to a screeching halt, looking at Andie in amazement. “How is that possible? How can they get away with it?” I was so shocked I didn't bother to correct her that Petra and I weren't whores. At least... not yet.

She looked at me like I was stupid. “Fishie, didn't you hear me? With powerful politicians, cops and businessmen coming here all the time, who in the hell is gonna drop that dime? Sure as hell nobody's ever going to investigate.” She nodded her head and indicated we should follow. “Nope.

As long as we keep fucking their brains out and the right wheels get greased, tranny prisoners will be fucking and sucking the masters of the universe until they get tired of us... which they won't."

"Oh, my god," Petra gasped in equal trepidation and awe.

"Welcome to El Dorado Reception Center, Fishies."

When Andie let us into our room my first impression was there had been a huge mistake, because it looked more like a slut dormitory where the two girls shared a single bed and spent a lot of time getting pretty and having kinky sex. Petra and I gaped at each other in amazement and then to Andie, who wore a knowing grin.

"Your room," she declared. "Questions?"

There was a queen-sized bed in the center of the room with mirrors on the ceiling and two of the facing walls. Two vanities sat side by side stocked with every kind of makeup, from elegant to slutty. One of the mirrored walls were floor-to-ceiling sliding closet doors, loaded with clothing from slutty to elegant to fetish to costumes, including wigs. One wall had BDSM bondage fasteners, an X-cross with hooks for spreading someone and racks of whips, paddles and the like.

"Andie, I hope this doesn't sound stupid, but how is this room supposed to get past an official inspection by clergy and other tightwads?"

With a pride like she had designed it herself, she walked to the foot of the bed, reached under and touched a switch. The bed split into two single mattresses and rolled to opposite sides of the room in tracks somehow hidden in the carpet. She threw another switch under the bed and false walls came down in front of the mirrors, closets and BDSM gear, and a false ceiling rolled across hiding the mirror. The room was now two feet shorter on each side and looked like photos I'd seen of a dorm in a women's prison.

"You'll get more details later, but it runs like any other whorehouse. Unless they want a specific girl or have special requests, when clients arrive the whores come out into the rec room and line up to get picked. If it's you then you bring the gentleman or gentlemen—or *lady*—back to your room and give them their money's worth."

"H-how much money?" Petra asked.

"A thousand dollars an hour, minimum. Now set down your bags and follow me."

Petra and I gaped at each other—a thousand?—before we hurried to follow her.

Mistress Warden

Andie marched Petra and me down the corridor and through two guarded gates to an elevator that took us up two floors. The top floor corridor was low pile carpet, soft lighting and seemingly decorated for visitors—important visitors. As she quickly escorted us past a receptionist who gave her a nod and pushed a button on the desk, Andie explained this would be our “audition” for the warden and her closest staff. It was up to us to make the best impression possible.

“Elisa is hard, but she’s fair,” Andie said. “By the way, never call her by her first name unless she *invites* you to.”

The warden’s office was nearly five hundred square feet with the warden’s desk at one end and two long sofas along one wall. The opposite wall was set with what appeared to be closet doors. I wondered if the closets contained the same kind of toys that Mistress Simone’s office closets did. Six male COs between the ages of twenty and thirty, all buff, athletic and handsome, sat on the sofas, which were near the warden’s desk. Behind the desk sat a beautiful, red-haired woman in her early forties, perhaps younger. She was reading our jackets.

Andie marched us down and stood us before the desk. “This is Warden Fordham, fishies. Show maximum respect and do what you’re told.” Then she turned crisply to the warden. “Prisoners Rita Miniuss and Petra Hartmann, Ma’am.”

“Very good, Andie. Stand easy.”

Andie stood at parade rest by the corner of the desk, facing us. Warden Fordham looked us up and down, nodding appreciatively. She turned our jacket folders to the Medical section.

“Strip,” she commanded.

In less time than I needed to tie my shoes, all of my clothes lay at my feet. I stood at attention, my breasts thrust out. Five seconds later Petra had caught up. A couple of low, appreciative whistles came from the sofa. I was tempted to glance but didn’t.

“I’d say my men are rather impressed with you, Rita. I happen to agree, at least as far as looks go.” She paused to review my prison jacket, turning pages and nodding thoughtfully. “Quite an interesting background you have. You will fit in well in here. I see you’re on female hormones, too. Excellent. We have a special regimen you’ll very much like.”

She put the folder down and stood. She was easily six feet tall. “Rita, I want you to stand two feet from the middle of the desk, spread your feet wide apart and lay your forearms flat on the desk. Yes, that’s it. Bent over like that. Very good.”

I felt so exposed and vulnerable, so when she got up and grabbed a thin bamboo cane she had propped up against the desk, I was suddenly very afraid. I knew just how much a cane like that could bruise and hurt. It could break skin, draw blood.

She paced back and forth behind me, her voice etched in subtle menace. “Let me explain your exact situation. Some very powerful men come through these doors, men who’d have you killed for even hinting you had sex with them. Keeping your mouth shut about whom you see and what goes on here is mandatory. This holds true even after you get paroled, assuming that I allow you to go up for release. When it comes to following the rules, doing everything we say, and fucking who we say and *how* we say to fuck... here’s a taste of what happens to girls who don’t cooperate.”

I barely registered the sharp hiss of air being violently cut by the cane before a stripe of stinging fire tore across my asscheeks. It hurt so bad I screamed and tears flowed. It was everything I could do to not fall to my knees with dizziness. I knew that best way to take any kind of beating is to breathe into the pain, to relax so that muscles tight with fear wouldn’t magnify the injury, so I loosened up as best I could.

“Impressive,” Warden Fordham said. “Captain Janus has trained you well.” She smiled down at me. “Don’t worry, that’s it. There’s no point other than pure sadism to beat a trained submissive who understands how things are. Just keep in mind that should you run afoul of my rules, you will be tied to a bondage horse and beaten with this cane until your skin opens and blood flows, until you pass out from the pain and must be revived so that the punishment may continue. You would then be placed into the most unpleasant Submissive duties where you will serve mostly those clients who enjoy hurting a girl. That servitude will continue for as long as the severity of your transgression prescribes.” Her eyes bore into mine. “But that won’t be necessary... will it?”

“No ma’am,” I said into her gaze, and then looked at the surface of the desk, as the protocol of trained subs requires. “May a girl speak, Ma’am?”

“Ex-cellent,” she said, real pleasure in her voice. “You are very well trained. Yes, you may speak. You have permission to look at me.”

“Prisoner Hartmann, Ma’am,” I said, looking into the warden’s eyes. “She’s just a kid. I promise she will obey you and all the rules. There’s no need to hit her.”

“That’s very commendable, Rita,” she replied. “Looking out for a sister you’ve only known for nine hours and had sex with one time.”

She smiled at my look of surprise. “Don’t look so surprised. You don’t think we don’t know everything that goes on in these institutions? As for your suggestion, I’ll consider it. Now we have to get an idea of your abilities.”

As if on command all six CO’s stood and unzipped their trousers, pulling forth cocks where the smallest was seven inches and the biggest was nearly a foot long. On her orders I took position on my knees in front of the officer closest to the warden’s desk, a blond country stud with eight inches already starting to get hard.

The warden told me to suck his dick until he tapped a finger on my head, then I would move on to the next man. I was to use all of my blowjob skills on each man, to deep-throat every one that I could, to swallow their precum without gagging, and to get them close enough to orgasm to tap my head. I would have twenty minutes to work the line and how far I got would be used to evaluate my skills. Each of the men I sucked off would also informally rate me.

The CO looked down into my eyes with happy lust. His nameplate read, “Officer Hayes,” and he was so handsome. I gently cupped his balls and licked the underside of that pink-purple helmet where it met the shaft, eliciting a pleasurable gasp. Up and down the length of his dick I swiped my tongue, alternating between ice cream type licks and a dance of butterfly wings, keeping soft moans issuing from the back of his throat. Then all of a sudden I parted my lips and plunged down taking the tip of his crank down into my throat and swallowed hard several times. He groaned so deeply it made me smile inside.

I could hear the satisfaction in the warden’s voice as she complimented my oral skill. “In case you wondered how there could be a state prison just for sissies and shemales, it was decided in a courtroom. A civil rights lawsuit resulted in special protection for transgender inmates. This facility was being built as a shopping mall until the real estate market tanked. For fifty million it was converted into a secure prison just for transgender girls,

like Petra and you. There's one other reason it's here: Sacramento is only half an hour away."

The warden explained its proximity to the state capitol was no accident. There were many politicians who loved shemale and sissy sex, but the dangers of seeing professionals on the outside was fraught with risk, such as blackmail or being caught by enterprising journalists who then pressured the working girls to blabbing. There was no such danger with the transwomen of El Dorado State Prison.

I had switched to full-length sucking Officer Hayes' tool, pulling back until just the tip was between my lips and then sliding down against my tongue until he was in the back of my throat. I picked up the tempo, which had him grunting and gasping with abandon. All the while I had cupped and caressed his ball sack, and now I felt it tightening. He was going to spurt in a minute or two at most.

"You might be proud to know that all of the two hundred girls here were specially handpicked from prisons all over the state. We have a network on the outside keeping track of who is being sentenced, what for and what their potential might be. You are a natural, Rita. And I think your little girlfriend there showed a lot of potential in that sex arcade booth as well as when she was incarcerated at the county jail."

Just then Hayes gasped extra loud as his balls clenched. I pulled off him, opened wide and jacked off his dick toward my open mouth, rewarding me with a splatter of sweet cum all over my lips and tongue. I toyed with it on my lips until I remember I was being timed and I gulped it down.

"Four minutes!" Warden Fordham exclaimed. "Excellent. Next man, Rita." Then she chuckled. "Officer Hayes, you were *supposed* to tap her before you came. Is her mouth that skilled?"

"Sorry, Warden," he said, laughing. "She caught me by surprise."

I gulped mightily at the next CO, Captain Grover, a beautiful black man in his late twenties with what had to have been the second biggest dick I'd ever seen—at least twelve inches long—but at least somewhat less than two inches in diameter, so I was pretty sure I could swallow him. I smiled sweetly up into his face and winked, and I cooed, "Ooooooh, Daddy."

"Only a few girls have been able to swallow my captain of the guards," the warden said. "Officer Hayes was an appetizer. Impress me, Rita."

I warmed up with long, wet licks up and down his black love muscle, getting it as slick as I could. Then I forced my mouth down onto him without preparing my throat, making myself gag slightly, which caused slippery, ropy phlegm to fill my mouth. I carefully coated his throbbing tool with this slick spit so it would easily go down my gullet. Locking eyes with him I held my throat muscles open and inch by inch I slowly guided his heroic prick all the way down my throat.

“Jesus Fuck!” he groaned. “This fucking bitch is insane. I’ve never had ___”

He groaned uncontrollably again when I started milking his cock with my throat muscles. Unfortunately he was so big I was forced to pull back until his dickhead was in my mouth so I could take a handful of breaths through my nostrils. I worked the head with my tongue while I sucked down more air.

“Hold on a moment,” the warden said. “I’ve seen enough to know Rita can suck dick like few girls I’ve ever seen. I want to see how she fucks.”

“Awww, Warden,” griped the next CO in line, a burly redhead with a pencil thin moustache and rippling muscles. “I was looking forward to it.”

“Pipe down, Garrett,” she said primly. “You’ll all have plenty of opportunities.” She stood by my left shoulder. “Rita, you’re doing superbly. I have high hopes for you. Now get on all fours. Officer Hayes, take some lube over to Captain Grover.”

I couldn’t believe how eagerly I got on all fours. I wasn’t play-acting to please the warden—I *wanted* to get fucked. I found myself thinking about that last time I got fucked by guards at Gaviota—those two plain middle-aged guys—and how I couldn’t help turning into a slut with them. All of a sudden I was kind of disgusted by how easily I got horny when there was a hard dick, any dick, around.

“There you go, Lucien,” she said to Grover as Hayes handed him the KY Jelly. “Lube up your index finger and get our new fishie ready for that monster of yours.”

Moments later I groaned when a big, slippery finger circled my butthole and eased up inside. Relaxing my anal muscles came so easily it was like I was ready to be penetrated at the drop of a hat, which I had to admit I was.

“Damn,” he said. “I’ve never seen a bitch loosen up so fast. Either her asshole is blown out or she really wants it.”

“We’ll see,” said Warden Fordham. “Rita, squeeze down on his finger with your rectal muscles as hard as you can.”

I concentrated on that black digit plowing through my anal sphincter and the ripples of ecstasy radiating from down there. I clamped down hard.

“Fuck!” the black stud said a moment later. “She’s tighter than one of those Chinese finger traps.” He brought plump brown lips to my ears. “Want me to lube my dick or is your spit enough?”

“Fuck me now, Daddy,” I cried. “Just stick that big, beautiful black cock in me and fuck my slutty tranny asshole!” I wiggled my ass for emphasis.

He pulled free his finger and knelt between my legs. I whined with sexual need as his spit-slick cockhead slid against my eager butthole. I felt my clitty get fully erect as he pushed his big dick slowly into me. I sighed with pleasure as that huge lance of black cockmeat slid past my fluttering asshole and filled the deep recesses of my rectal canal until it pushed past my prostate. I had seldom felt so filled, so satisfied.

My eyes filled with tears of joy. “Oh, I love your big dick, Daddy,” I moaned. “Fuck my shemale ass deep and hard.”

Captain Grover did just that, thrusting in and out like a battering ram, making me groan and sigh with pleasure, and whine with desperate hunger. He touched his slippery finger to my lips and I engulfed it without a second thought, sucking the sweet lube and my acrid ass juices off of it while my gasps for air tore through my nose. I heard murmurs of appreciation and awe as I took on the well-hung black officer as if I’d been starved for sex for a year.

“Garrett, get in there,” the warden said with a chuckle. “Can’t you see the girl is dying for a snack?”

Grover pulled his finger away as the buff redhead knelt in front of me, feeding eight inches into my sucking mouth. I wrapped my arms around his waist and immediately took him into my throat, so relaxed and drugged with sex that I was ready for all of these guys to fuck my throat and my asshole with equal lust. My dick was painfully hard; I felt drops of precum roll down the shaft and onto my hairless ball sack.

After five minutes of impassioned fucking and no sign of me losing my taste for it, the warden cleared her throat. “Time to see how nasty this girl is. Trade off holes, men. Let’s see how she does with ass-to-mouth fucking.”

“Oh, yes, Mistress!” I cried out as the redhead pulled his cock free from my mouth. “I’d love to be an ass-to-mouth slut!”

The two officers rushed to change position. Without hesitation I took Grover’s dick back in my mouth, but instead of swallowing him, I circled my tongue around the head, cleaning off the lube and the taste of my asshole. I had done this so many times since the billionaire first forced me to do it, I had come to enjoy the taste of my rear end—almost bittersweet and tart, an earthy flavor that drove me wild with kinky lust at knowing how sexually dirty I was being. That it drove men and Mistress Simone wild was a big thrill too.

Up and down his slippery shaft my lips and tongue worked to remove all the ass flavor and scent so he could shove it back up my ass again. The rich bitch did this to me all the time, and it tickled me to know how it impressed everybody even though there was really nothing to it once I got past the idea. However, knowing how to squeeze my anal muscles to keep a dick or a finger from getting all dirty was the big secret to making it possible.

“Oh fuck!” Grover panted. “I can’t believe this bitch is getting me ready to blow so soon!”

I pulled off him just long enough to ask, “Mistress, do you want me to prolong his cumming? Your new girl awaits your command.”

“Rita, you’re making me very happy.” I could hear the smile in her voice. “Go ahead and get him off and then make Garrett cum by milking him with your asshole. I’ve seen enough.”

Within a minute Grover’s big dick flooded my mouth with thick, sticky seed that had more tang than most cum I’d swallowed. I played with it on my lips, toying it with my tongue while I kept a huge smile to show everybody I loved it. After a moment I began working my rectal muscles and put the squeeze on Officer Garrett’s plunging cockstaff.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw young Petra looking at me with shining eyes.

* * *

I stood at my original position in front of the desk but I had turned to the right so I could see my shemale mentor in action. I looked at Rita with complete awe, even more than before. She was so filled with sexual hunger she looked like a true nymph goddess in her fucking and sucking. She might be a sex slave—as I probably was now too—but she was also a

powerful shemale, a true force in and of herself when she was having sex. Even something I thought of as degrading as ass-to-mouth she made it look beautiful and wholesome. I wanted to *be* her so much!

Her plump red lips glistened with the black man's cum—a foot-long wang that had been buried all the way up her ass only minutes ago. Now she was finishing off Officer Garrett, and by the ecstatic expression on his face she was milking his dick with her asshole. I decided right then and there I wanted her to teach me everything: how to suck a dick that big, to have control over my ass muscles, to be able to actually do ass-to-mouth and not get all queasy.

Shortly after the CO blew his load up my tranny lover's ass. He pulled it out, but when Rita turned around to suck it clean the warden stopped her. She told Officer Garrett to get on his feet and to face *me*. A hollow feeling filled the pit of my stomach because I had a strong feeling what she was about to order me to do.

“Clean off his dick, Petra,” the warden commanded.

“N-no!” I blurted.

I said it with barely a whisper but she heard. In four long strides she stood before me. “On your knees, prisoner Hartmann.”

I dropped as fast as if someone had kicked my legs out, so hard my knees stung as they hit the carpeted floor. I was afraid to look into her face. My balls tingled with fear and gooseflesh covered my body.

“I don't believe I heard you correctly,” she said icily.

“I made a mistake!” I cried. “I'm sorry! I'm sorry!” I stared at the carpet.

“May I speak, Mistress?” Rita asked urgently.

“Speak!” the warden barked. I could tell she was still looking down at me.

“She's young and scared and never been in any situation like this before. I promise to teach Petra her place. Just please be lenient with her.”

Gratitude filled my heart and I fell a little more in love with her right then.

“Look at me, Petra,” Warden Fordham ordered.

I timidly raised my gaze to see her glaring down at me before she looked over to Rita, her expression softening.

“That's very sweet of you, Rita. Considering how you've already more than proven your worth, I might otherwise be willing to consider your

request. However I think you're a smart enough girl to know why I can't allow you to teach this fishie her place. Can you tell me why?"

"Because it's *your* job, Mistress."

"Rita," the warden said with a smile, "that's three times today you've pleased me, so I will be a *little* bit more lenient than I was planning." She looked back at me. "I gave you an order, Petra. Go clean his cock."

I knelt in front of Officer Garrett. His dick was still hard. It glistened with lube and cum. Fortunately, it didn't look dirty but it still smelled faintly of ass. I looked past him and into Rita's eyes and saw her looking back at me so tenderly it was easy to imagine she did love me, which made what I was about to do so much easier.

I gave the CO's cock a long lick. It tasted earthy and pungent, a little sharp. It was the taste from deep up inside my darling Rita. Suddenly that very thought turned me on like I never imagined it could, but only because it was the taste of *her* ass. Before I could think a moment longer I lowered my mouth onto his dick and began sucking greedily like a little kid with a popsicle on a hot day.

If it wasn't Rita's ass—my only true love in the world—I'd have been repulsed. Then I realized this would be a way to show her how much I loved her, enough to clean her ass off this guard's cum-covered dick. I sucked and sucked and made mewling sounds of pleasure. After two minutes the warden ordered me to stop.

"You love the taste of Rita's ass, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I enthused. "I love everything about her."

"You want to be just like her, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress!"

"Then you must be properly trained. Officer Hayes and Captain Grover, get the horse and bring it here."

For a few seconds I imagined them bringing in an actual horse but the two guards went into one of the doors on the wall, which turned out to be walk-in closets. They brought out a big sawhorse-type piece of furniture with a wide padded top and legs. Each of the four legs had thick eyehooks set into them with padded leather cuffs attached to each with a rope that tied off at the bottom of the leg.

"Andie, bring the tarp," she commanded.

One minute later our shemale guide had spread a ten-by-ten waterproof tarp. The guards set the horse in the middle of the tarp. Hayes

looked me up and down and shortened the length of the top with some levers and locked it into place. All of a sudden I was frightened, realizing I was to be tied down, completely helpless. The tarp made me even more nervous.

Following the warden's orders I lay across the top and draped my arms down the front legs. My chin rested perfectly on the far end of the horse. My legs were spread wide and cuffs attached at ankles; then the ropes were pulled until my legs were tied fully to the back legs of the bondage horse. The same was done with my arms down the front legs. I could barely move a muscle and I was fully exposed: my balls, my spread asscheeks and my mouth. My dick was trapped under my body between my tummy and the horse's padded top.

"Mistress?" Rita asked. "Another question please?"

She looked at my lover with a charitable smile. "Let me guess: you want to be with her during her chastisement. Hold her hand and look into her eyes. Was that it?"

"My Mistress knows her girl so well," Rita replied. It seemed to me that she was following some kind of ritual or etiquette that had to do with all this bondage and dominance and stuff.

"Again, very kind of you, but she must face her first discipline all alone. She can't learn her lesson if it is shared. I will permit you to comfort her afterward."

Mistress Fordham had circled behind me as she spoke. Out of nowhere came a cruel whistle of air as she swung the cane. The sound it made on my skin was oddly quiet, like a soft thud, but then my asscheeks felt scorched, like a red-hot poker had been pulled out of a fire and laid across my ass. I screamed. If I had not been tied down tightly to the "horse" I would have not been able to help jumping up.

Electric shocks fired down my legs and up my spine. What just happened to me was only beginning to register when that terrifying cut through the air repeated, and a new burning line crossed my ass. I was dizzy from the enormity of the pain. Another fell. And another. And another. The stripes of agony all added up to make me dizzy and weak. And yet my cock still tingled, halfway erect.

Without warning I felt warmth, a wet warmth under my stomach. I realized why the tarp had been put onto the floor: I had just pissed myself. In between the violent parting of the air and the blows I heard my pee

dripping onto the rubberized canvas. The warden must have heard it too because she stopped beating me and tossed the cane onto her desk. She crouched down and looked into my eyes.

“Do you now grasp what punishment is? The consequences of disobedience?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I sobbed, half in pain and half in relief it might be over.

“Now grasp *this*: I was holding back seventy-five percent of what I can dish out. I can break your skin with that cane; I can open your asscheeks up so badly the liquid trickling down your legs will be your own blood.” She turned her back, walked to the edge of her desk and sat. “Rita, you may comfort her now.”

Naked and sweaty, Rita knelt in front of me and took my bound hands in hers. She looked into my eyes and whispered it was all going to be okay. She started planting soft kisses. In between those kisses she assured me I’d never have to feel that again as long as I obeyed without question, as long as I strove to please my owners and those I served, and as long I always kept getting better at being a sissy and a whore.

“Okay, that’s enough. Get out of there, Rita. It’s time to see if she’s even one tenth as good as you at sucking and fucking.” She looked to the trustee. “Andie, you’ve been such a good girl this week.”

“Thank you, Ma’am,” the stunning brunette said with a curtsy.

“Why don’t you be the first of our happy home to sample the girl’s cocksucking?”

“Shall a girl disrobe completely, Ma’am?” Andie asked.

“By all means. Let everyone *enjoy* your sexy body.”

The trustee kicked off her loafers, revealing some kind of hosiery beneath her institutional uniform. In a slow and deliberate striptease, Andie removed her prisoner top to reveal an expensive, lacy demi bra that thrust large C-cup tits with big, erect nipples out for all to see. Then came off her denims to reveal a matching garter belt and sheer, tan stockings. A big cock bulged at her lacy, French-cut panties. With sparkling brown eyes she looked hungrily at me. She sashayed up to me where I was still tied down to the horse; my mouth was level with her crotch. She was so very beautiful—every bit as much as darling Rita.

“You’re such a pretty sissy,” she said. “Eighteen and already so very feminine.” She eased down her panties a couple inches and freed up a cock

maybe nine inches long and getting harder by the moment. “Suck it, baby.”

Eagerly I closed my mouth around her tranny boner, not caring how slutty my hungry slurping noises made me sound. I loved the feel of her firm, tanned dickflesh between my lips, pulsating in my mouth, the hot plump head sliding in and out. I strained to move my head forward, to try to take her into the back of my throat.

“It looks like she’s trying to deepthroat me, Ma’am,” Andie said. “She has true potential indeed... Do you think you should tell her?”

The warden chuckled darkly. “I think it would put her even more in the proper frame of mind.” I sensed the warden moving next to me, felt her hand softly stroking my ass she’d so severely whipped. “It was no accident you were arrested in that porno shop. It’s one of a dozen such places our... *associates* have under surveillance. For the most part they’re conducting their normal vice operations, but certain members, such as that sergeant you knew as Pat, are always on the lookout for us. They’re looking out for sissies like you who have the potential to become shemales like Rita or our lovely Andie you’re so eagerly giving a blowjob to. Pat waited for you to do what you *know* you wanted to, she made up a few additional charges to ensure you got into the state prison system. Another associate got you sent here.”

A deep hollow feeling opened up inside me as she described how I’d been set up, actually *chosen* for this place. Pat must have had her eye on me for months, assessing me. I had been all but kidnapped and brought here to be a whore for the warden and everyone who worked for her. From what she said, I was also brought here to become a *shemale*.

The shocking thing was how excited I was by my growing sense of helplessness. I loved the feel of my new owner possessively, fondly stroked the bottom she just beat. The notion of being enslaved as a sissy gave me a hard-on that ached deeply. I moaned over and over while I sucked Andie’s huge clit. Almost as if she understood my feelings I felt the warden’s hand reached between the piss-soaked horse and my tummy and feel my cock. She laughed with delight.

“You’re hard as a rock at your predicament,” she said smugly, wiping her hand dry on my back. “You’re home and you don’t even know it yet. Officer Lewis, welcome our newest sissy to her new home.”

I heard the rasp of a zipper and the squish of lubricant. A thick slippery finger coated my asshole and easily pushed up inside. I moaned again. Then

a big dick plowed up my asshole. Soon Andie and the CO found a rhythm, taking turns burying their cocks all the way into my mouth and asshole.

“Switch!” the warden called several minutes later.

Without hesitation I sucked the dick that had just been pulled out of my asshole while Andie’s nine-inch cock starting fucking deep up inside my ass. The dominatrix warden got me more and more excited as she described how I would be fully transitioned into a shemale.

“That it... if you really want to be,” she concluded.

“Mmmm-hmmm! Mmmm-hmmm!” I whined in lust, meaning it with all my heart.

Five minutes later the taste was starting to wear off and the warden again called for the switch. The fresh flavor of my ass, the sharp and dank scent of my own rectum filled my sinuses and senses. I had never been harder knowing that I was starting to *love* this dirtiest of things I’d only imagine doing until now.

I was a nasty, dirty slut and I was glad!

The third time Andie went into my mouth she blew a deep glut of thick, tangy cum all over my tongue and teeth. Gently fucking my mouth with her softening boner, she gave me a kind smile and caressed my face. “You’re going to love it here,” she assured me. “I can tell.”

Then CO Lewis stuck his fragrant cock into my face and I dove on it happily, Andie’s words tantalizing my brain. I heard the warden call up the next CO to my ass, and I remembered there were still four more officers waiting to fuck, and I would be getting a good fill of my own anal taste and prison guard cum.

I only hoped Rita didn’t think badly of me being such a dirty girl.

Prison Whorehouse

I cuddled Petra on our combined large bed; Andie had rejoined the two halves of the bed when we got back to our room. The sweet eighteen-year-old's sissyhole was still dribbling lube and cum, and it was obvious her butt cheeks still hurt from the warden's cane. What seemed to hurt most of all was her pride. I very well knew what it was like to have someone you've fallen in love with see you moaning like an eager little slut when you're loving "degrading" sex. Petra felt ashamed.

Mistress Simone had been trying to get it into my head that sex is only degrading if you don't like what you're doing or who you're doing it with. Sometimes sex was a matter of survival or just a way to make life easier, like when I fucked those two older COs during my last hours at Gaviota, but even in that situation there was no reason to feel shame for loving the hot sensations of sex or the abandon of being a sexual beast. To be so hot that men would do things for me just because I *was* sexy and could give pleasure—that was something to feel pride over, not shame.

"*That's* what she meant," I said softly to myself.

It hurt me to see tears roll down Petra's cheeks because I realized it was shame and not her beaten ass. I could see how she'd slowly gotten into the repeated ass-to-mouth sex but then started to fully love it. These were tears of needless guilt.

"I'm sorry, baby," I said. "Your ass hurt bad?"

"It...it's not that," she sniffled.

"Are you ashamed because you got into what they were doing to you?"

"Y-yes."

"Well... don't be. What is it that bothers you the most?"

"The ass-to-mouth," she moaned in embarrassment. "It's so *nasty*."

"Yes," I said, grinning slyly at her. "That's what makes it so fucking *hot*."

"What?"

I pushed her onto her back, climbed over her and looked into her eyes. "Petra... do you love me? Do you trust me?"

She bit her lip and nodded timidly, perhaps afraid I'd make fun of her.

"Well I love you too. I love you because I see myself in you, and I know what kind of a hot, confident shemale you can become if you get over your shame and learn a few things. Are you willing to learn from me?"

“Oh, yes!”

“Good then let me tell you a few things I’ve learned about shame and sex. It might help.” I softly kissed her lips.

“Okay, Rita,” she answered, kissing me back more deeply.

Over the next thirty minutes I told her about my past. I reminded her how she’d seen me loving sex with the guards, doing ass-to-mouth and being highly praised by the warden for my attitude as well as my skill. Then I tried to summarize everything my Mistress told me, and how she helped me deal with the months and months of dark perversions the billionaire put me through, and how I began to love them.

“Don’t you think all that I went through before is going to help now?” I asked. “Everything that rich bitch did to me is going to not only help me survive this prison whorehouse but to make the *most* of it.”

“I... I suppose,” she said, still not convinced.

“So you’re still hung up on the anal thing?”

“It’s just so dirty.”

“No, the *idea* is dirty because that’s how you’ve been taught. As long as you follow the precautions I teach you, it’ll be safe. You must rise above you hang-ups, Petra.” I looked thoughtfully at her. “So you think I’m some kind of role model?”

“And I love you,” she gushed.

“Okay, then here’s a model for you. Get up on your knees, spread them wide, lay your chin on the mattress and stick your ass up in the air.”

I watched as she did so. She had such a sweet, round ass that would fill out nicely with hormones. Her pink and brown wrinkled asshole leaked cum and lube. I knelt behind her in between her parted legs, and spread those cheeks a bit more.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“All kinds of cum and lube is coming out of your asshole. I’m going to clean it.”

“Oh, Rita!” she started to protest.

My hot tongue on her slippery, loose asshole cut off her complaints. She moaned softly while the commingled jizz of all six guards—Hayes and Grover had gotten it up again for Petra—coated my tongue. It was a heady blend of sweet, salty and masculine musk combined with the sugary flavor of KY Jelly and the earthy flavor of her asshole. I licked until her little hole glistened only with my spit.

“I love the taste of your asshole, Petra,” I moaned. “I want more.”

I made my tongue stiff and thrust it deep past the relaxed ring of muscle, flooding my mouth with the taste of her asshole. I moaned with deep pleasure as if I tasted the sweetest candy in the world. After several minutes of this I pulled back and saw her cock was raging hard. Seized by inspiration I knelt next to her in the exact same position with my face on the mattress.

“Fuck my asshole, Petra,” I coaxed her. “I’m still plenty lubed up. I want to feel my sweet baby’s cock fucking my tranny cunt!”

She required no further coaxing. She knelt between my legs and fed her dick into me. I groaned with abandon as she sank it deep into my rectal passage. I let her thrust in and out of me for a minute and then I got on all fours. I asked her to come around to my face. Not taking my eyes off of hers I took her cock into my mouth. I moaned in shameless lust and I sucked the scent of my asshole off her dick and got it all slippery again.

“Fuck me some more, baby!” I whined.

Panting with excitement she fed her dick back into my butthole and fucked me even harder. Again I asked her to pull out but this time I begged to suck it, begged for ass-to-mouth from her. With relished I against sucked her clean and the wiggled my ass up in the air.

“Can you cum, baby?” I asked.

“Mmmmm, don’t know. Don’t care. All I want’s to fuck your mouth and your asshole and watch you do ass-to-mouth.”

“But I thought you *loved* me.”

“I *do*,” she said. “And you’re never so beautiful as when you’re sucking your own ass juices off of my cock—off any cock.”

“So I guess we’re all done with feeling shame?”

“Yes, darling,” she said, smiling fondly, sheepishly.

“Okay the next—”

The door opened and Andie came in, looking harried. “Good news travels fast. The word is out we have two hot new girls here and already several high rolling regulars are on the way to try you girls out. The first one just got here” She pushed the button to make the false walls shoot up and disappear into the ceiling, revealing the mirrors, sex toys, bondage stuff and the closet doors. She plowed into one of the closets. “He likes schoolgirls,” she explained as she came out with two stripper schoolgirl

costumes and white patent leather Mary Jane style shoes. “There’s special lingerie for the schoolgirl costumes in the bottom drawer over there.”

Andie helped us touch up our makeup, gave us high school girl hairstyles and told us all we needed to know as she got us ready. “He’s a really a big man. You’ll soon recognize him if you watch TV news at all. Call him, ‘Senator Fisk.’ He loves the recognition, since he knows he can trust all the girls here never to blab.”

She had us stand at the foot of our bed, facing the door. “I’ll just go get him.” She paused and then gave us a wide grin. “By the way, that was really hot sex just a little while ago. Rita you looked so sexy giving your new girlfriend ass-to-mouth.”

“How...?” I wondered.

“Camera mounted in the ceiling. Oh and, by the way, Petra you should listen to her. Shame is a useless emotion, and you shouldn’t have it just for enjoying sex.”

Dressed in schoolgirl outfits with lacy white panties and bras, with white knee stockings and matching shoes, we stood at the edge of the bed. We held hands as we faced the door. Both of us wore exaggerated schoolgirl makeup with wide, cherry-red lips and big dots of rouge and heavily lined eyes. I gave her hand a squeeze and smiled reassuringly.

”Don’t worry, Petra. It’ll no different than fucking those guards. The only real difference is this man will be paying for it, so be sure to act extra sexy. Besides...” I leaned over and gently kissed her lips. “I love you and I’m here to protect you.”

“I love you too,” she replied with a smile, just as the door opened.

The moment I looked up I recognized State Senator Charles Fisk from highly conservative Orchard County. He was always grandstanding on family values stances. I held my cynical smile to myself and put a look on my face like Brad Pitt had just walked into our room. I batted my false eyelashes at him and grinned sexily.

He was five-ten and about one-seventy, with a trim body as if he worked out. I seem to remember he was in his mid-fifties but he looked a little younger. His sandy brown hair was turning gray around the temples but he was still actually handsome. His eyes were hazel and they gleamed with excitement from looking at the two of us.

“Did I just hear them right?” Fisk asked Andie. “Did they say ‘I love you?’”

“Yessir, Senator,” the sexy tranny trustee said. “They’re a couple of lesbian shemales... Well, Rita there is a shemale. Petra is just a real pretty sissy, but she wants to become a shemale too.”

“Lesbian shemales,” the powerful politician said in delight. “That’s so hot.” He looked at Petra. “How old are you darling?”

“I... I just turned eighteen, sir,” my lover said.

“And you?” he asked me.

“I’m only twenty,” I said, winking saucily at him.

“Did you want one of these girls in particular, sir?” Andie asked.

“Both of them. For an hour. Put it on my tab.”

“Excellent, sir,” she said, turning to go. “If there’s anything you want just pick up the phone in the wall.”

“I think I’d like a bottle of chilled vodka and three glasses.”

“We just put those into select rooms. The far closet has a mini bar and fridge built into the wall. Just swipe your membership card against the sensor or have one of the girls do it and bring it to you.”

“Why don’t you show us all, Andie,” he said easily.

After the gorgeous trustee showed us how to access the mini bar and brought out the bottle and glasses, she gave the powerful man a kiss on the cheek and quickly took her leave. He gave us each a glass to hold and indicated we should follow him to the bed. Petra and I stood there as he sat on the foot of bed.

He had us kneel so he could look down at us as he sat there and poured drinks for all of us. He poured an eight-ounce glass of icy vodka for both of us and two fingers for himself. He ordered us to take a big initial gulp. I braced for the harsh burn and coughing, but it went down like cold silk. It warmed my tummy immediately.

“You’re such bad girls. Have you either had a drink before?”

“No sir,” Petra answered quickly.

“A few times, Senator,” I said.

“Good, good!” he said. “But I want you girls to call me... *Daddy*. I will be your daddy and you will be my two sissy sons. Or adopted sons if you prefer.”

I knew exactly what his kink was. “No, Daddy... sons is fine with me. After all,” I said with a conspiratorial giggle. “Incest is best!” I turned to Petra and winked at her, running my tongue sexily over my upper lip.

Already getting a little tipsy she smiled back with a salacious look. I was pleased she caught on so quickly.

“Can we be your sissy daughters, Daddy?” Petra asked. “I loooove being a girl!”

“Of course, Petra,” he said. “Now drink up.”

I let Petra drain a little over half of her glass until I stopped her. “Daddy? May I finish the rest of Petra’s drink? After all she’s not used to it and we don’t want her to get too drunk to get a hard-on, do we? Daddy?”

“Good thinking, Rita,” he said. “We want your *brother* to be able to get a boner.”

Family values indeed, I thought to myself.

I drained my glass and Petra’s. I felt very loose and happy but not out of it at all. I could tell from the tingle in my cock I would be able to get hard, so no matter what “Daddy” wanted I could provide. Knowing he loved the shemale lesbian thing, I put my arms around Petra and flipped up her skirt to toy with the growing lump in her panties. I looked into his eyes. Lust City.

“Okay we’re going to do some role play,” he said. “You two girls get on the bed fully dressed like you both just got back from school. You’ve been lusting after each other all day in class but since you’re sisters you couldn’t even kiss in public. So now you’re home and you’re letting it all out.”

He stood in the corner like he was hiding behind something, his seven inches already hard in his fist. Petra and I jumped on the bed, and I instantly pinned the eighteen-year-old sissy underneath me, plastering my lips to hers while I unbuttoned my blouse and pulled my tits out of my bra. I stuck my tongue in her hot little mouth, both of us moaning in lezzie love. I brought her hands to my jutting breasts so she could stroke them while I kept fucking her mouth with my tongue.

Senator Fisk stepped out into the room and loudly cleared his throat. In a flash I jumped next to Petra and put my arms protectively around her while I looked at him in mock terror. At glance at my lover’s face showed that she had caught on quickly. Even better, the little minx had flipped her skirt fully back so we all could see her sissyclit plump against her white panties.

“Daddy!” we both cried in unison, making him grin for a moment before a stern look came over his face. We were going to play out little roles

to the fullest.

“What are you doing home from work, Daddy?” I yelped as he advanced on the bed, his hands on his hips and shaking his head.

“I got a call from your principal saying he noticed an unhealthy attraction between you two boys—girls... I’m still getting used to that. I came home to see for myself.”

“It’s nothing, Daddy!” Petra said like a perfect actress. “We were just hugging each other.”

“Yes, with your hard dicks in your hands.” He sighed. “I don’t know. I guess it’s not much worse than you two running around dressed up as girls like the psychologist said we should let you.” He looked between us and started to smile. “To be honest, my first thought was how hot you two looked. Maybe... Maybe I should allow you two sisters to fully express your love. Petra, do you love your older sister?”

“Oh yes, Daddy!”

“Rita?”

“More than anything, Daddy. I love her in every way possible.”

He pulled a chair up to the side of the bed, took off his pants and boxers and sat down. His hard cock pointed up his stomach. “Show me.”

I looked into Petra’s eyes with all the lust I truly felt for her as I unbuttoned her skirt and pulled them down her soft, slender thighs. Her sweet six-plus inches thrust deliciously against the thin cotton of her schoolgirl panties, which I slid down her shapely legs and off her dainty feet. Her darling sissy cock did pushups on her flat tummy, a dollop of precum pooling there, awaiting my hungry tongue.

I took her warm fleshy spear into my mouth, felt it beat with blood between my lips, and I ran my tongue up and down its length. I slurped loudly but not too loudly, suggesting how eager I was to blow my own sissy sister. In my fantasies I imagined Petra as the younger brother I never had and had turned her into a horny sissy brother who gladly did every kinky thing I suggested and came up with some really perverted stuff herself. We were two of a kind—sissy sisters starved for each other’s dicks and assholes and mouths.

“Oh, Sis!” Petra moaned. “Oh, you’re so good! Suck me off Suck your sissy sister’s hard dick.”

“Mmmm, yeah!” the senator enthused. “That’s it Rita! Suck your sister’s dick. Oh the two of you look so sexy. I want to see you do a sexy

sixty-nine!”

Petra and I both stripped fully and lay on our sides in the classic position, feeding our cocks into each other’s mouths, mutually caressing sweet round buns and teasing our assholes. I pulled my mouth back and dribbled a glob of spit onto my index finger, which I smeared onto Petra’s anal opening. It was still loose from being fucked this morning, so it slid right in. Petra groaned loudly.

“Your sister loves to get fucked, doesn’t she?” he said.

I pulled off Petra’s straining boner. “Yes she does, Daddy. And guess what? She confessed to me last week she wants *you* to fuck her—both of us!”

“I just love the idea of fucking my sweet girl. Rita why don’t you sit up against the headboard so she can suck your dick while I fuck her sweet sissy ass?”

I sat back and spread my legs, looking down and the barely-legal sissy. It was hard to believe she’d been a teenage boy in a high school homeroom class three months ago. Now he was a *she*—a sissy she—and a prisoner prostitute. Right now young Petra was also star of an incest fantasy we were putting on for our john, and a fantasy I was also having in my own head. I knew I should feel guilty even though I never had a sibling, but my fantasy turned me on so much.

Petra’s sweet face looked up at me between my thighs. “I love you so much, Sis! I love your hard cock and I want to drink your cum!”

“Suck Big Sis’s clitty,” I coaxed her. “Wrap those teenage sissy lips around your older sister’s dick and make her cum.” I groaned for real as she engulfed me with her hot mouth.

“Oh, fuck, you girls are the hottest fucks, ever!” the politician breathed as he knelt behind Petra’s ass pointed up in the air. “I’m going to fuck my youngest sissy now!”

* * *

I was in heaven with my shemale lover’s tool between my lips. I took her down my throat the way she’d taught me, her eight inches pulsing on my tongue as it filled up my mouth. I sucked her so eagerly. There was no need to act because I loved the idea of Rita being my actual older sister. In this moment wished she really was, because I totally would have real incest with her if she had been!

I didn't feel guilty at all for that thought. After everything that had been done to me by the vice squad and the prison to kidnap me, and my parents disowning me, I decided the "morality" rules could go get fucked. Being kinda tipsy sort of helped my attitude but frankly I didn't care if she was my actual shemale sister or my older brother or whatever. I wanted to suck Rita's dick and drink her cum!

I moaned around my sister's dick as Daddy's big finger plowed up my butthole. I squeezed it with my muscles, whining and whimpering for him to fuck me. I pulled way back on my beloved's lovetoole so he could hear me. "Oh fuck me, Daddy," I moaned. "Fuck your young daughter with that hard, strong dick!" Then I went back to sucking off Rita, taking her down my throat.

"Baby, you're the hottest piece of ass any daddy ever had," he muttered, touching his slippery pole to my sissy cunthole. Slowly, steadily he pushed it in. "Oh, you're so tight, baby! My darling daughter has such a tight, hot asshole. Now suck off your older sister real good. And I want to see her cum in your mouth!"

I was once again filled with cock—my lover's delicate, throbbing eight inches in my mouth, and the handsome politician's meat sliding all the way deep into my rectal cunt. Their hard cocks stroked the walls of my throat and my ass, slick love muscle plowing me, owning me. I was a slutty sissy fucktoy, a prison whore good for sucking down cum and licking ass off of horny cocks.

The fantasy of Rita being my older sister made it even better: forbidden sex between two naughty girls who loved each other like siblings shouldn't. While I sucked Big Sis's shemale cock, Daddy fucked my horny schoolgirl asshole. I resolved that if he didn't ask me to do ass to mouth with his dick I would beg him for it! I looked away from my older sister's loving eyes and back into Daddy's, with kinky desire and lust in my expression. He grinned at me fondly. I bit my lip.

"You know, Rita. I think your sister wants something."

"I can think of lots of things my slutty little sister would like."

"Like what, my sissy daughter?"

Oh yes, Rita! Say it, oh please!

"Like ass to mouth. This perverted little slut can't get enough of the taste of her own asshole!"

"Well then I guess we better switch, hadn't we?"

Soon I was sucking my own ass taste off Daddy's dick while my sister fucked my asshole, pounding it so deeply I felt her balls banging into mine. I purposefully lost myself in the incest fantasy, allowing it to stoke my kinky high. For the next forty minutes they kept switching holes, replenishing the ass taste in my mouth. Oh, I had to be a pervert because I had come to love it so much!

Finally the senator decided he had to hit the road and told Rita to pull out of my asshole and for me to sit on the edge of the bed. He blew his load in my mouth and on my lips first, a hot glut of sticky spunk that filled my sinuses with its musky flavor. While I went down on Rita's cock he stroked my six-inch sissy clit, which was so close to erupting.

"Tell me when you're getting close, Petra. I want to see you cum in your sister's mouth. Or would you girls like to finish off in sixty-nine?"

"Sixty-nine please, Daddy!" I piped up.

Rita and I lay side by side, cock to mouth, and we blew our loads moments later over each other's lips, licking the jizz up like ice cream cones.

"Oh, you girls!" He exclaimed as he dressed. "You're even hotter than advertised. I *will* be back. Guaranteed. In the meantime..." He pulled forth his wallet and gave us each two hundred dollars. "That is on top of the three grand I paid for our hour." He kissed us both on the cheek and let himself out.

Rita and I gaped at each other, then at our money, then back at each other again.

"Thirty-four hundred dollars?" I gasped. Then we fell to the bed giggling and hugging.

Four minutes later Andie burst into the room. She smiled warmly. "Congrats, girls. You've made some important people very, very happy." She clapped her hands together. Now... you'll have more clients within the hour, so get in the shower and wash up. There's a small private bathroom behind a hidden door in the first closet. Follow me and I'll show you."

"Andie?" Rita asked coyly.

"Yes?"

"Do we have time to fuck in the shower?"

The trustee glanced at her watch and laughed. "I like how you think. I'd say you two girls have about forty minutes to fuck if you can do your makeup fast."

“Who say’s I’m talking about only us two girls?” Rita said with a leer. I loved my older “sister!”

We followed her into the closet and watched her touch the wood panel wall, amazed to see it swing open and reveal an eight-by-ten bathroom with a large shower and tub combination. Andie started the shower and asked what we had in mind while she took her prison denims off.

“We’re loving double-penetration action today, aren’t we, *Sister*?” I asked Rita.

“Ah that’s right,” Andie said with a chuckle. “The senator likes all the family role play and ‘Daddy’ stuff. So... who’s the lucky girl who gets two helpings of cock?”

“I’d say...” Rita began with a salacious grin. “You!” She looked at me. “Hips or lips, Petra?”

Feeling more than a little mischief I grinned at Andie. “Why should it matter? We’ve both been getting each. Why should we be the only ones to get ass to mouth today?”

“What do you say, Andie?” Rita asked. “Up for some ATM?”

Andie laughed. “You sexy fucking bitches. I’d take anything from you girls!”

She turned the showerhead toward the wall and turned the hot water tap up so the room would fill with steam. I marveled at her from behind. She was tall and slender but with soft feminine curves, a narrow waist and an ample, round ass that make me want to stick my tongue up there. If I hadn’t known that a nine-inch cock hung from her crotch, I’ve have thought she was a fashion model or a regular girl porn star.

She pulled the elastic off her ponytail and shook that magnificent fall of hair loose before she got on her hands and knees on the shower’s tile floor. She looked back over her shoulder at me, right in the eyes and asked if I wanted to fuck her ass first. Those smoky brown eyes almost hypnotized me, making me so fucking horny.

“Oh please, yes,” I whimpered.

“You’ll need to lube my asshole but I don’t think we have any lube in here...”

“We don’t need lube,” I breathed. I got on my knees between her legs and lowered my face to the bottom of that sexy crack and the brownish flesh of her anal sphincter. I was going to tongue fuck her sexy ass until she was so relaxed my tongue could go up for a deeper taste.

The last thing I saw was Rita kneeling in front of Andie's head and guiding her stiffening eight into those plump lips. Andie's sigh was muffled when I kissed her buttocks as if a lover's mouth, swirling my tongue against it. I was already more than halfway hard by the time I began my anal licking, but Andie's animal moans around Rita's cock got my six-inches fully rigid against my belly.

Andie's asshole opened up to my oral worship, gladly accepting my tongue. I hungrily pushed up there, wanting to taste the deep secrets of her ass and get it lubed up for my dick. I was kind of amazed that only a few hours ago I had been squeamish about anilingus and ATM but now I couldn't get enough.

"Fuck my asshole, fishie," I heard the black-haired trustee mutter. "Hold my hair in your hands when you fuck me. Like reins on a horse."

A little reluctantly I pulled my tongue out of her ass. I spit into my hand, coated my dick with it and touched the head to her slippery hole. She shivered with delight, moaning with need while she gave head to Rita. The ring of anal flesh squeezed my aching cockhead as I slowly pushed into her hot, tight asshole. I sighed as the strong wall of her rectal cavity gripped my pole as I pushed deeper and deeper up her ass until I was buried all the way in.

"Mmmmmpphh! Phhhhhck eeeee! Phhhhhck eeeee!" she gasped around a full mouthful of cock.

Deeply she sucked my lover, taking Rita's eight inches all the way in and making her gasp. Rita grinned down into her eyes, winking as she gently moved her hips back and forth, fucking Andie's mouth and throat like it was a pussy. Andie mewled with need and nodded at Rita, begging her to fuck her face even harder. At the same time the brunette trustee thrust her ass back against my hips.

Rita and I fucked Andie from both ends ramming our cocks into her two holes while she moaned. Her joyous cries echoed on the tiles of the bathroom while the hot steam made us all sweat as we fucked. I reached around to tease Andie's dick, which was pulsating against her belly and oozing precum. I was so turned on by the sight of my lover and me double-penetrating this beauty and even more enraptured by the hot sensation of her tight shemale cunt. Somehow she managed to tightly squeeze her rectal walls and grip my cock with the smooth muscles. I began to grunt with each stroke I made into her asshole, worried I might cum too soon.

Just then Andie tapped Rita's waist and jerked a thumb back at me.

"Little sister," Rita said, "I think our fucktoy here wants us to switch. So pull your dick out of her ass and feed it to her!"

With an audible pop and sucking noise I pulled my cock out of Andie's asshole and quickly traded places with Rita. The hot clouds of steam and our own sweat made us all slippery and slidey. No sooner had I taken my slick erection in my hand had she positioned her lips over the lube and ass delights. It had a dank and acrid aroma that thrilled me just thinking about what it had been like when I had been the ATM girl. Then she took my cock into her mouth, a warm and wet cavern of sucking flesh

Thirty minutes passed by way too quickly before I shot my load into Andie's mouth, who held it in there until Rita jacked off her load in there as well. With the warm shower playing on our bodies the three of us shared the cum until it was all gone. As we soaped up Andie told us about whom we'd be fucking next.

I couldn't wait!

Top Girl

Petra and I stood at the end of a line with a dozen other girls, some of the sexiest and youngest girls in the prison. All of us were dressed in long silk gowns with brazen lingerie underneath, including crotchless panties, matching garter belts with sheer stockings and shelf bras that thrust our naked breasts up and out for our eager audience. Every step I took made the silk graze my nipples and kept them hard.

We'd been here five months and Petra had fully graduated to shemale status. The only really bad thing about this place was how much I missed Mistress Simone and Daddy Will. It was ironic that it took being separated from my original owner—and being taken away from the prison where I'd first learned of my true sluttiness—to finally lose all feelings of guilt about my lust for sex, even kinky sex.

In my time as a shemale prison whore I could pull a train of ten guys fucking my ass and then my mouth, and I didn't feel bad for loving it. I no longer felt guilty that I loved being as a nasty girl. Being a kinky slut was just who I was, and no way was I hurting anyone being true to my nature. To the contrary, I made some very powerful men and women—not to mention a lot of prison guards—very happy.

Petra was even more amazing. She'd gone from being a scared little puppy to the most brazen, sex-crazed shemale slut I'd ever seen and she wasn't even nineteen. Her progress had been slow and steady until the warden brought a plastic surgeon into the prison hospital and gave my teenage sissy lover some gorgeous, C-cup silicone tits as nice as mine.

Petra and I had also been started on a special hormone cocktail that let our cocks get rock hard and pump out up to an ounce of cum. Petra looked like a high school cheerleader and could fuck like a Tantric escort. Even better her cock had actually grown over an inch. She was now almost as long as my eight. No wonder we two were some of the most popular shemales in the whole prison.

Now we were up for sale... for the weekend, anyway.

According to Andie, who was just ahead of us in line, this auction was a yearly event where customers bid on girls handpicked by the warden. The winners got an entire weekend with their purchased girl in luxury suites set up in converted offices on the Admin floor. The line of us stood on a ramp along the far wall of a small auditorium with plush seats. The ramp led up

to a stage where one of our sister inmates was being stripped for fifty bidders seated out there.

“I recognize quite a few of those men and a few of the women,” I said quietly to Andie. “Are they going to pay ten thousand for Petra or me?”

The last girl to be sold for the weekend brought ninety-nine hundred dollars.

“Ten-K is good,” Andie said, “but after my first year here I once brought *twenty*.”

“Wh-what do they expect for that?” Petra whispered.

“Pretty much what we usually give them, but for a whole weekend.”

“Some of those men I’ve never seen,” I observed. “A lot of them are texting when they bid.”

“Some bidders like to stay anonymous so they send in people to bid for them. They text to get approval for bidding.”

“It sounds a little scary,” Petra said.

Andie looked at her sweetly. “Don’t be worried, little one. It’s no scarier, no different than doing a new client. The only difference is it’s for how long.” She leaned over and briefly kissed the teenage shemale on the lips and then turned back to watch the auction in progress.

Andie was sold for twenty-one thousand dollars. She was Top Girl in the prison, one of the most in demand of all, so it made sense she’d beat the highest price so far of twelve grand. However what probably most drove the high bids was the news that she was being paroled in three weeks and would no longer be available as a prison whore. Petra and I both became sad when that was announced.

Now it was just Petra and me. We looked at each other and squeezed each other’s hands. This would be the first time we’d sleep apart since we were first put together for transport at the Gaviota Prison holding tank. I loved my dear Petra almost as much as I loved Mistress and Daddy Will.

The auction Mistress, a female guard who’d had hot sex with both of us early on, headed over to the ramp to collect Petra, who stood in front of me. I distracted myself from the sadness of being separated by looking at the dominant beauty who prowled over. Officer Artemis wore thigh-high spike heel boots, a high thong that showed off her classic ass, and her long waist that rose to size D breasts packed into a leather bikini. Bright blue eyes set into a Western European face and blonde hair completed the

portrait of a powerful woman who'd have been a pro dominatrix if she weren't a corrections officer.

Why can't *she* buy us?

As she reached us a strong woman's voice drowned out the buzz of conversation. "Just a moment, Helen," said the warden. "There's been a last minute change."

"Yes, Warden," the CO said.

Warden Elisa Fordham strode down the central aisle and ascended the same steps that auctioned girls had been walking down, mostly nude, to meet their owners for the weekend. She strode center stage wearing her usual smart suit dress. She beckoned toward her. "Bring them both over, Helen."

The crowd murmured among themselves.

Warden Fordham turned to the audience. "We're doing something we've only done a few times before. These two girls were brought here together, do most of their sessions together, and have proven to be some of the most sexual shemales we've ever had here since Andie became Top Girl. It saddens us that Andie will be leaving soon. Her aide, Caprice, will be taking her spot. The popularity of these two girls and their sexual skill makes them both logical candidates to be Caprice's aide, but only one can be chosen. Their owner for the weekend will help decide who it shall be."

Officer Artemis brought us own to stand on either side of the warden, who then circled behind us. Elisa began stroking our cocks through the silk gown. My eyes fluttered with helpless lust at being stimulated in front of all these people by the warden. Soon my erection tented my dress. A glance showed Petra sporting wood as well. With a smile Elisa grabbed the neckline of our gowns and tore them to the floor, exposing our trappy lingerie and our throbbing boners.

"Bidding for the two starts at twenty-five thousand," she said. As she walked off the stage, the warden motioned for Officer Artemis to conduct the bidding.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Helen Artemis began, "we have two prime shemale sluts who have become top favorites at El Dorado in a very short time. As you can see they are sexually eager, and have lovely bodies." She touched our waists. "Turn around."

Petra and I smiled at each other as we turned, pleased to be sold together. Having seen the other girls do it, we spread our feet wide apart

and raised our arms above our heads. I shuddered pleasurably as Helen languorously stroked my ass with one hand.

“Look at these lovely bottoms, hot for *fucking!*” the CO cried out.

“Twenty-five thousand!” called out a man.

“Twenty-six!” piped up a woman’s voice.

“Twenty-seven!” barked a man I knew was Senator Fisk’s aide.

“Turn back around, girls,” Helen said.

“Thirty thousand!” shouted a man’s voice from the back.

“Thirty-one!”

Within three minutes the bid had gotten all the way up to forty-four thousand dollars. I was almost dizzy with as much pride as amazement.

“I hear forty-four thousand,” Helen announced. “Do I hear forty-five?”

There was a dead silence.

“Forty-four going once,” she called. “Forty-four, going twice.”

“Forty-five!” blurted Fisk’s aide.

The number hung in the air. Helen repeated the closing warnings and then peered around. Everyone looked at each other with curiosity to see if somebody would pay more than forty-five grand for a weekend with a pair of young shemale whores. My young lover and I grinned at each other.

“Forty-five, final warning!” Helen announced.

“Fifty thousand dollars!” barked the man who’d called out thirty thousand near the start of the bidding.

Ten seconds later Helen announced we were sold.

I squinted to see the back of the auditorium and for a moment I felt sick. He was short, fat, and balding and had a beard. The only thing impressive about him was the Armani suit that cost at least five thousand dollars. Seeing him took a lot of the joy out of bringing so much money, I resigned myself that it was only for two days. Besides, the warden and everyone would be so pleased with us it would make things easier.

Helen stood in front of us, grinning. “Leave your gowns on the floor and follow me girls.”

Wearing only our super revealing lingerie and stripper heels, Petra and I sashayed behind the CO to the elevator and rode up to the Admin floor. She led us down a corridor we’d never visited and conducted us to a door and indicated we should enter. I wondered if he’d already be in there. In the back of my mind I also wondered who would end up as aide to the new Top Girl.

* * *

Rita and I sat on the king-sized bed, still amazed by the room after fifteen minutes in here. It was maybe thirty feet long and loaded with everything you could think of including a small dining area, a wet bar with loads of booze, a BDSM section as big as our whole room, closets full of lingerie, costumes and fetish wear, and a huge dresser filled with a hundred different sex toys. You could fuck in this room for a week, try every conceivable fetish and still not have time to do everything.

The only downside was the guy who bought us. Some rather plain looking guys had come into our room and fucked us since we got here, but our buyer today looked like a toad. Rita and I discussed him in hushed breaths; we knew we had to put our feelings aside and fuck him like he just spent fifty big ones on us... which he had!

“Maybe he’s just likes to look and wants to see us fuck all weekend long?” I said hopefully.

My mentor-lover—my “sister” and my love—looked lovingly at me and smiled. I smiled back.

“With luck he’s buying for someone else. But... no matter what happens we’ll be in here together for it,” she replied.

That made me feel a lot better.

We both nearly jumped when we heard the doorknob turn. I looked in puzzlement at our visitor. Then both of us leapt to our feet.

“Sit back down, girls.”

“Warden Fordham?” Rita asked.

Instead of her usual suit dress she wore a long, sleeveless black PVC dress that exposed her deep cleavage. She looked so beautiful, green eyes smoldering and full pouting lips slashed with red lipstick. Her feet were bare and her toenails were painted the same candy apple red and her sharp fingernails.

“Call me Elisa, girls,” she cooed. She looked at our confusion and laughed. “Don’t worry. That man was bidding for me. *I’m* the one who owns you for the weekend.”

“May I ask..?” Rita started.

“Always the trained sub,” the warden said with a smile. “Until I say otherwise, we’re all just girls in here for now. Ask away, my beauty.”

“Elisa,” Rita asked, “you can have any of us any time you want and you don’t have to pay anything. So...”

“It’s my birthday. Many of our usual customers contributed the bid money, which all goes into keep this brothel operating the way it is—a haven for shemale and sissy prisoners so they don’t get brutalized in other prisons and where they can put their sexual talents to use.” She stood right in front of both of us. “There’s another reason.”

She reached for the zipper that started at her neck and plunged all the way to the hem around her ankles. She zipped it down to her navel and indicated I should zip it the rest of the way down. Taking a deep breath I opened her dress up in one quick motion. With one quick motion she stripped it off behind her. Rita and I both gasped.

“Surprised, girls?” Elisa asked.

Hanging between our warden’s legs was a ten-inch cock at least, getting hard as she leered at us. Warden Fordham was so feminine I would never in a million years have guessed she was a shemale, but there she was in front of us, fully naked and becoming more erect by the second. Slowly, saucily she turned for us, showing off her hourglass figure, a large but not fat heart-shaped ass and legs I wanted to have wrapped around my head as I took her all the way down my throat.

“Silly question, I know.” She looked between the two of us. “Now I was going to ask who wants to suck it first but I will give the older girl that privilege.” She smiled at my pout. “So you don’t feel left out, you can lick my asshole.”

“Goody!” I squealed and then fell on my knees behind her as she spread her legs wide to reveal one of the most beautiful assholes I ever saw.

I winked between Elisa’s legs at Rita who was already on her knees and ducking her head down to lick our warden’s large, hairless ball sack. Then I gently gripped those smooth, soft large asscheeks and parted them to gaze reverently at her lovely butthole. It was large but delicate, a wrinkled swirl of brownish-pink muscle, totally hairless and a bit musky in odor. Our warden sighed deeply as Rita slurped her huge cock all the way into her throat. I fastened my lips to Elisa’s asshole as sweetly as if kissing a lover, pressing my mouth with deep fervor until I could no longer contain my tongue and mashed it to her anal flesh, bringing a deep groan.

I lost all track of time but eventually she had us switch and I got to go down on her massive dick while Rita licked her anal opening. It was rare I had a dick so big in my mouth, but our warden’s sweet penile flesh, slick

with Rita's spit and precum, slid in and out my lips as far deep into my throat as I could take her until I had to breathe and pulled back.

"Ohhh, little baby," Elisa said. "You have such an eager mouth for such a young girl. I think you were born to be a shemale whore, don't you?"

"Mmmm-hmmm," I whimpered around her cock.

"Are you happy I set you up in that video arcade?"

I paused for a moment. I already knew she had people all over the state looking for potential shemales like me, but what she just said...

"Keep sucking and don't stop until I cum in your mouth."

I felt hot and prickly, a bit woozy with surprise and yet as horny as ever to think what she was about to tell me.

"When the LAPD vice squad sergeant, Pat, sent me your photo from your second visit there, I knew I had to have you. That you kept going back to the shemale videos gave me such hope. All it took was her suggestion you go back to the arcade. We all knew what you would do if given the tiniest chance and you didn't disappoint." She took my chin and looked down into my eyes. "Does that excite you, little Petra? To know I wanted *you* all of this time?"

I nodded as I continued to suck her off—my captor, my owner.

"Then get ready to do what no girl other than Andie has done for two years. Drink my hot cum. Open up, baby."

She pulled out jerked off her huge slippery boner at my open mouth. A massive spurt of sticky, hot jizz splattered all over my lips and chin. The next one covered my tongue. Elisa kept pounding her cock, jetting one gush after another until my mouth was half full. I gulped most of it down and then swirled the rest around, savoring her sweet tart spunk until it was completely gone.

Kissing Rita's cheek, she then picked me up and laid me out on the bed where she began passionately kissing me. I was so confused. I still loved Rita but I was also falling in love with the warden. I hesitated in returning her kisses.

Warden Elisa pulled back. "I understand. You're in love with Rita. That's okay. She's your sister right? Well, think of me as your mother then. You can love us both at the same time, can't you?"

I brightened up then and passionately returned her kisses.

Elisa turned to my shemale sister. "Would you like to cum too, Rita?"

"Yes, Ma—" She caught herself and smiled. "Yes, Elisa."

“What do you say we rotisserie this little minx? She’s already tasted my clit. Now she should feel it.”

“You just came, Elisa. How can...?”

Rita cut herself off as she saw what I did: the warden’s cock was already getting hard again. She must be on the same special hormones I was.

“Up on the bed, Petra,” said Elisa. “Assume the position.”

My cock ached with desire at the prospect of getting my ass fucked by such a gigantic dick springing from such a beautiful woman while I sucked off my sexy shemale sister. As I waited for them on all fours I looked at the mirror on the closest wall and couldn’t recognize the boy Peter any longer. My big firm tits hanging high, my soft feminine limbs spread, my long hair spilling down my shoulders, and wearing crotchless panties and matching slut lingerie, I had become what I never dared hope to be. If I never left this prison I’d be the happiest shemale in the entire world.

Gladly I opened my lips and took Rita’s thrumming eight inches into my mouth, No matter how many times I sucked her off I never got tired of sliding her girldick in and out, taking it down my throat and drinking her hot, buttery spunk. I was enjoying my lover’s moans from my blowjob when I felt the warden’s hands part my asscheeks followed by her hot breath on my trannyhole. She licked and tongue fucked my anal cunt until I begged around Rita’s cock for her to fuck me.

Warden Fordham’s slippery tranny cock slid up and down my ass crack, making me beg until she pushed the head into my hole. I pulled off Rita and begged her to ram in her ten thick inches, and then I dove back onto my sister’s dick. Elisa obliged and steadily pushed her large tool in until I was buried deep in my rectum. It was so fat I felt a thick rivulet of prostate fluid dribbling down my erect shaft.

Harder and harder the two fucked me, building me up to a climax that was so intense I nearly came just from being fucked. I gasped and grunted like a fuckpig, desperate for cock. Then Elisa encircled my clitty and made me shoot so hard the jet splatted under my chin. A moment later she and Rita came in both of my holes.

And to think I would get a whole weekend of this. The only downside was that even though I’d had more cock in six months than most girls get in their entire lives, I’d never tasted pussy. I was thrilled that the warden was a well-hung shemale, but it looked as though my chance to try cunt-licking

was going to have to wait until we got a client who wanted that and wanted me to do it. So far Rita had done all of the girl-on-girl oral when we got a female customer.

Someday, I told myself. Someday.

* * *

Petra, Elisa and I took a long hot bath together. While my lover and I lay naked on the bed, Elisa threw on a robe and picked up the bedside phone to get “room service.” Then she looked at us slyly and said she was having champagne sent down to celebrate our new relationship. We would also celebrate how the arrangement would be changing after the weekend. I assumed she meant after she picked a new aide for Top Girl who’d be the heiress apparent for Andie’s former position.

“Girls,” the warden said. “You need to understand that nobody knows about my secret except for Top Girl and her aide. That has been Andie for two years and also Caprice but I am allowing Andie parole so she can pursue a love life with a young man she left back home. Caprice will assume her position as Top Girl and now she will need an aide.”

“But Ma’am,” I said. “There can be only one aide, right?”

“Correct.”

“But both of us know your big secret. So... but... who...?”

“Who shall be Caprice’s aide? That shall be Petra. Someday she will be Top Girl but for now she will be the aide,” she paused significantly.

“And you...”

All of a sudden there were butterflies in my stomach. Was I going to some awful prison where I’d be at the mercy of the men?

There was a knock at the door.

“Go get that, Rita,” Elisa said as she pulled on a robe.

I opened the door and nearly shrieked. There stood Mistress Simone and Will. “Mistress!” I cried out. I fell to my knees and wrapped my arms around her legs.

“*Meine kleine liebchen,*” she cried back, falling to her knees to hug me back.

“Anybody for champagne?” I heard Will ask.

While I reunited with Mistress Simone and Will, the warden explained that as profitable as it might be to keep me on as an inmate, she was so grateful for all I had done to model Petra into an exotic, well-trained shemale, that she couldn’t keep me away from my true owners.

“After all, as a dominant I understand the special nature of the relationship.”

“Thank you, Ma’am,” I said, tears in my eyes.

“I have a surprise for you, too. I presume you know Judge Hutton?”

I never actually met him, but I knew he was the son of a bitch who revoked my parole, took all my money away and gave it to the billionaire. “Ohhhh, *yes*.”

“Have you ever met him?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“Actually, you have,” Warden Fordham chuckled. “Mr. Jones? Last month?”

“The crossdresser who got Petra and me to double penetrate him?”

“The one and the same. Without threatening anything, I called and asked him how he liked the girls he saw here last month. Then I told him your full name. He squealed like a frightened little girl,” she snickered. “I told him that while nobody here would ever reveal his secret, it would be decent of him if he didn’t fight your appeal on his rulings. So you get back your freedom and all your money.”

I pulled away from Mistress Simone and hugged the warden. I thanked her over and over again.

“Is there anything I can do for you?” I asked her.

“You already have. Now if you’ll have a nice goodbye with Petra, she and I have a whole weekend of lovemaking to do.”

With tears in my eyes I approached my little “sister” and promised I’d come up and visit whenever I could. The warden volunteered that it might be necessary to send a reliable trustee down to Gaviota every month to help out on weekends, earning smiles from my eighteen-year-old lover and me.

“See?” I reassured her. “We’ll see each other all the time.”

“I’m so happy,” she replied, kissing me tenderly.”

“Is there anything I can do for you before I go?”

She sneaked a look at Mistress Simone and blushed deeply before she looked away and said, “Nothing.”

“Nothing my ass, little sis. Out with it!”

“Well... I’ve never gone down on a woman before. And the way you described your Mistress here...” She looked away, embarrassed.

I turned to my owner. “Mistress Simone? I don’t suppose you..?”

“And what of her rightful owner?”

I certainly wasn't going to be the one to let the warden's secret out. "I told her how pussy flavors vary from woman to woman, and that you are like licking the Goddess' very own cunt."

"Well, if you put it *that* way," my Mistress laughed.

This was how we ended up with Mistress Simone sitting on the foot of the bed, her skirt hiked way up and her legs spread wide while Petra licked those dripping pink and swollen labia, smacking her lips and moaning with delight. Meanwhile I knelt behind the teenage tranny, lubed my boner with K-Y and slid my dick all the way up her asshole, eliciting a deep groan of pleasure.

Petra milked my raging cock with her now-expert anal muscles while she loudly slurped Mistress Simone's pussy. Simone guided the teenage tranny's tongue work, talking her through her first pussy eating ever. I could tell by my owner's breathing the young shemale had gotten it down fast.

Not to be left out, Daddy Will stood next to me and took out his cock. "You know, I still can't get over it, Rita," he said, milking up a juicy drop of precum for me to lick off his cockhead. "Only two years ago on that Army base I come back early to our barracks room unexpectedly and find you all sissied up, ending up with Rick and me getting blowjobs from you."

"And me getting a bad conduct discharge and eventually ending up with that freaky billionaire slut," I said while I kept thrusting up into Petra's asshole.

"And now we're here in a prison and I'm getting a blowjob from the hottest girl anyone ever saw."

"Technically," I said, licking up the salty-sweet precum, "your blowjob hasn't begun yet." I encircled his dick with my lips and pushed down, ramming him deep into my swallowing throat.

"Fuck!" he groaned.

I pulled off briefly. "Now you're getting a blowjob," I said with a giggle.

"It appears you are over your shame," Mistress Simone observed in between waves of pleasure. "I'm glad."

Still sucking Will's cock I looked at her and winked. I knew that things would be different in a very good way when we got back home. I wanted to make them both proud of me at how shameless I had become. I hoped she'd find new ways to use me.

Harder and deeper I fucked Petra and sucked off Will while Warden Fordham watched intently with a huge smile. In a way I was sad to be leaving this shemale prison whorehouse and my young sweetie, but going back to my home made up for a lot. And so I fucked dear teenage Petra as deeply as I could and waited for her helpless moans to start.

“Will, why don’t you try getting behind Rita and fucking her while she fucks my slutty teenager?”

“Ohmigod!” Simone gasped with pleasure. “A splendid idea!”

And that was my last sexual act in the sissy prison, fucking a young shemale while Daddy Will’s cock plowed my asshole. Petra threw her ass against my hips ramming me in deeper as she got ready to cum. I reached under to jack her off into my open palm. I had to taste her one last time, my eighteen-year-old lover’s hot sticky cum.

We came in a chain reaction, Will’s dick spurting deep inside of me. Feeling his pole spasm spit made me cum up Petra’s asshole, whose hot spunk flooded my hand. Finally Mistress Simone actually screamed aloud with her orgasm, mashing Petra’s face into her gyrating loins. I licked up the young sissy’s cum.

After we’d all recovered, Warden Fordham stood and allowed Petra and me a final hug and a kiss. She took the naked teenage shemale by the hand and led her to the door. As she opened the door Elisa turned back.

“You three can have this room as long as you like. The COs and staff have been advised you’re free to leave. It’s been a delight to make your acquaintance, Rita. Thank you again for helping mold my new girl.”

Then they left. Mistress, Will and I looked at each other.

“Want to stay a little longer?” Mistress asked me.

“Let’s go home, Mistress. Please.”

Soon we were in Will’s car and headed back down the highway and toward home, sweet kinky home.

THE END

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