

Sissified by
**SALEM'S
WITCHES**

GENTLE
FEMDOM

A SEXY, NAUGHTY
FEMINIZATION STORY

ALYSSA REYES

SISSIFIED BY SALEM'S WITCHES

Alyssa Reyes

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*This book is dedicated to the wicked fantasies which cross your mind
in the dead of night. May you find your satisfaction and the magic you
desire.*

“It was strange to see that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abased by the saints.”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN, 1835

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CHAPTER 1: A MID-AUTUMN NIGHT'S DREAM

"Come to us, Sebastian," said a voice as sweet and thick as honey.

I couldn't help responding to the sea of soft, skillful hands reaching out from the shadows, caressing every curve and angle of my form. My aching body, exhausted from twelve hours of work in the fields, took respite in these nocturnal splendors.

I didn't know whether the women who came to me in the dark of night were my own impious fabrication or if an ungodly coven of sorceresses was penetrating my dreams, implanting me with wicked fantasies. Each evening, I melted under their sublime touch.

The faceless witches massaged my taut muscles, half a dozen hands kneading the knots out of my back -- such a sweet sensation, I could cry from the depth of my satisfaction.

Another pair of hands played with my brown curls, sharp nails along my scalp sending shivers down my spine. Supple lips against my ear whispered sweet nothings which slowly turned profane.

"Come to us, little toy. We'll make a mess of all your holes."

Three fingers forced their way between my lips. I sucked them like a teet, desperate to prolong the dream, and extend the pleasure I knew was coming. Kisses on my jaw and neck elicited a moan from my stuffed mouth.

Four hands roughly tugged down my britches and two witches planted hot kisses along my thighs and groin. A warm, wet tongue traced the curve of my ass before a hand slapped my cheek so hard I could feel the heat of a handprint forming.

"Come to us, you bad boy."

Two fingers pressed against my hole, probing, testing my resistance. My desire was feverish. I couldn't deny that I wanted this desperately. One of my demon temptresses parted my cheeks, squeezing

them in her strong, unrelenting hands. She spit on my hole, saliva running down my crack. My humiliation reached new peaks.

Wanton mouths sucking on my nipples, fingers digging into my thighs, a hundred sensations at once made me whimper in overwhelming delight, and the determined fingers returned to my ass. Two of them inserted past the rim of muscle, stretching my virgin hole, as hands gripped my hips pushing me back onto the penetrating digits. A loud, shameless moan escaped my lips, not even the moan of a man, but an indecent harlot.

The women erupted into a chorus of giggles.

"Come be our sissy, come be our girl!" They called out in unison.

I blushed furiously, aware of the secret delight I took in this degradation. This was unholy. Their caresses set me aflame with sinful desire, and as my cock swelled, the women taunted.

"Come to us and let us have you! Let us take you!"

Fingers fucked both my ass and mouth. It was more pleasure than I'd known in waking life, but I already craved more. I knew they had more to give me. The dream was never enough.

"Come to us for more," a sultry voice commanded.

Lost in the darkness of the night, I always struggled to deduce how many women were present, feasting on me like a murder of crows. I felt their legion swarming, surrounding me, as if they were a leviathan ready to devour my body and soul, but each night there was one woman who stood out from the mass.

"Come to me, Sebastian." Her haunting voice, sultry and powerful.

Enchanted by her tone, I gazed longingly at the woman forming in my field of vision. A goddess of Hellfire, no doubt, hair and lips as red as embers, but eyes so cool they could drown a man.

Time slowed at her approach. My heartbeat quickened as she reached out to me, one hand on my face, the gentle touch of her thumb parting my lips, her own hovered above mine, tinted ruby, the threat of a kiss. Her grip on my hard cock. My hips bucking of their own accord. As she stroked me, my pleasure rose to a crescendo. Drums beat in the distance, an ancient primal sound, or was it simply my heartbeat's rhythm, deafening me?

The whispered chants of a dozen witches grew louder.

"Come to us, Sebastian! Come to us, Sebastian! Come! Come! Come!"

Sweat ran down my back, I could feel their breath on my skin, hot and heavy, the fires of lust, but my eyes were fixed on their leader. The methodical strokes of her long white fingers bringing me closer and closer to my climax.

“Come! Come! Come!” The women shouted.

“Come,” the leader beckoned, her lips pressing into mine, her teeth locking onto my bottom lip, a mischievous bite, a gentle tug before she soothed my wounded flesh, licking me tenderly. I could taste metal, my blood, on her tongue, passed between us like sacramental wine.

“Come! Come! Come!” She joined the chorus, each word beating out a stroke, building in tone and intensity until I couldn’t deny her any longer.

“Come for me, Sebastian!”

“Yes!” Throwing my head back in rakish pleasure, I moaned out in bliss, feeling the explosion of my orgasm coursing through my body. The world went dark, I fell into a sea of mindless pleasure, adrift in the abyss.

After what seemed like infinity, a voice called out to me from the darkness.

“Sebastian, it’s time for milking.”

“Yes please ” I murmured, sleepily.

“Milking time.”

“Mmmm.”

“Get up and get to milking.” The voice was more forceful.

“I am ready to be milked,” I responded earnestly.

“It’s time for milking the cows, you lazy lout!”

“Whatever do you mean?” I addressed the darkness, my eyes still closed, my mind hazy and misunderstanding.

“Wake up, you fool!” The sound of the milk pail crashing against the wall shook me from my slumber. I opened my eyes to see Marcus frowning above me, severely displeased.

“Aye, alright, I’ll get right to it, you brute!” I tossed onto my side, not wanting to get up just yet, lest my brother see the stain I’d surely made on my britches.

CHAPTER 2: TOIL AND TROUBLE

In the shelter of the barn, hidden behind the stacks of hay, I frigged myself swiftly, still hungry for the woman in my dreams

That red-headed temptress had left her mark on me, if not physically then in my mind. I never had such ungodly desires before she penetrated my dreams.

Closing my eyes, I could feel her lips once again. The gentle pain of her teeth biting into my flesh. The tenderness with which she ran her tongue along my wanton skin.

My thoughts were improper for a righteous young man, still if she could bring me such pleasure with her hand, I could only imagine the unspeakable rapture she could bestow with the rest of her body.

Propriety kept me from mentally exploring that lush, secret garden between her thighs, but I could not repress the image which came to mind of her kneeling before me. Those wine-tinted lips, so impure in their decoration, kissing my stomach and groin, leaving red trails of rogue on my flesh.

The sight of her beautiful face inches from my hips would make my cock harden and rise to meet her lips. That heavenly mouth, which whispered such naughty suggestions, would take me into its warm, wet depths, her tongue teasing my shaft, the heft of my balls in her palm, her fingers tickling me, toying with my most sensitive areas. She would cup me more forcefully, sucking on the head of my shaft until I was just about ready to explode. She'd pull back, baring her milkwhite breasts and insist that I blessed her with my seed.

The impurity!

My climax and guilt brought me to my knees.

"Sebastian, do you have the wood?" A woman called to me from outside the barn.

Panicking, I considered ignoring her, but hearing footsteps near the door, I responded.

"Go make supper, mother, I'll get the wood now!"

“Hurry, it’s almost sunset,” she urged.

The Salem witch trials were over two hundred years ago, but there were still rumors of witches prowling the forests in the dead of night, looking for young men to seduce. My mother was one of those old women who believed the tales of demonic forces.

I considered myself an educated man, believing in the sciences of the age and sneaking books off the port ships which would make the minister frown.

My learning indicated that the trials of the previous century were likely a sham, driven by hysteria and misunderstandings, but I couldn’t discount the existence of witches for certain. Not even my dreams were enough to sway me in either direction.

As the forest darkened, I regretted my lack of restraint. I should have collected this wood hours ago, instead of spending the day masturbating and fantasizing about some fictitious woman. She was surely a creation of my own perversions.

“Are you certain?”

I searched for the speaker, but no one appeared in sight.

“Who are you?” I called, “Show yourself.”

The woods were silent.

“If you’re a maiden, fear not, I can show you the way back to the village.”

“You won’t be going back there.” This time the voice was deeper and dripping with malintent. My skin broke out in gooseflesh.

“If trouble is your game, be wary, I’m armed,” I dropped the firewood and drew my knife, thrusting it out before me, “I intend to go to my bed safely tonight”

“Foolish little men shouldn’t play with knives,” a large being with misshapen limbs emerged from the trees. Cloaked in darkness, I couldn’t make out its features, and for that, I was almost grateful.

Looking at the creature swaying on its legs, leaning forward to crawl on all fours, I knew I would never be able to outrun the fiend. It would hunt me down, and I would die the death of helpless prey, ensnared in this beast’s powerful jaws.

“Let me go and I won’t hurt you!” I shouted. Brandishing my dagger and the longest branch I could find, I attempted to look threatening.

The monster burst into a cruel unearthly laughter. Squatting on its hindlegs, it launched itself into the trees, disappearing from view.

I spun around, desperately searching for the thing, knowing I would surely die tonight.

"Let me go and I won't hurt you!" the creature mocked from right behind me, its hot breath on my ear. Saliva falling from its savage fangs and running down my neck. I could feel the bulk of its form, its monstrous hands on my waist. I closed my eyes and prayed to my god for forgiveness.

I awaited my end... but it did not come.

Opening my eyes again, the night was ablaze with a glowing red energy, it encompassed the monster, freezing it in place, its vicious teeth a hair's breadth from where my neck was a moment ago.

Had heaven heard my prayers? Had an angel saved me?

"No, sorry, pet" a cloaked woman laughed, "I'm no angel."

"Goodness Gracious, can everyone read my mind?"

"Only some of the magical beings of the forest can... You just happened upon a particularly evil creature." she approached, lifting her hood to reveal the face I had grown so fond of in my fantasies.

"I must be dreaming... I should have known," I said, looking back at the frozen beast.

"Oh no, this is reality," she caressed my face and brushed the hair from my eyes. She was so close I could smell lilacs and honeysuckle in her hair.

"You've finally come to us."

"Come to you?" She was mesmerizing, her flawless white skin, pristine like alabaster. Her hair was longer than any woman I'd ever seen, it swayed with each step she took, like flames flickering in a hearthfire. Standing in her vicinity, she exuded a warmth, like the hottest summer day, the cold autumn air steamed around her body. Could such a woman exist?

Her luscious red lips quirked in amusement, and I remembered she could read my thoughts. Closing the distance between us, she kissed me softly. A short, teasing kiss, but it contained so much passion that my cock began to throb in my britches, beginning to go hard. When she pulled away, she held me in her sparkling, mischievous eyes.

"I know you want more, Sebastian."

"You heard my coven calling you when we were playing in your dreams," she smiled, "we want to enjoy you in this world too... come to us,

pet.”

She began to walk back into the forest, expecting me to follow.

My head was awash with such bliss and confusion, I felt drunk.

“Are we... are we just going to leave this thing here?” I pointed at the fanged menace who had tried to rip my head off.

“My sisters will take care of him,” responded the mysterious woman, never turning around.

I considered how worried my mother and siblings would be if I didn’t return immediately. But I was a grown man of twenty summers, and I’d reassure them in the morning, telling them some wolf pack had chased me up a tree, and I’d spent the night in the forest. They’d offer me sympathy, and I might even get two helpings of porridge.

I shook my head of familial thoughts and ran after the woman of my dreams.

CHAPTER 3: YOUNG GOODMAN DOWN

The trees were larger in this part of the woods, ancient and thick as castle walls. The vegetation was dense and untamed, few men chose to walk here in the bright light of day, let alone at this hour of the night. I tripped over my feet as I searched for the redheaded woman, wishing I knew her name so that I might call it out.

“Where have you gone?” I said, not too loudly for fear of encountering another beast. It would be gravely ironic for her to have saved me from one monster only for another to consume me as I pursued her.

“*Come to us,*” a voice reverberated through the trees. I could not tell from where it came, it was around, above and below me all at once.

“Where are you?”

“*Come to us,* the voice pulsed inside my head, and my feet began walking of their own accord, drawn southwards by some compulsion.

I walked for what seemed like minutes, and all the trees looked the same. If this woman was leading me in circles, I’d be none the wiser.

Suddenly there was motion on my left, and through the thicket, I could see a woman, but it was not the witch whom I followed into the dark. This stranger was dressed as simply as any proper village woman, her waistcoat, neat and grey, entirely unadorned, no finery or jewels like the witch woman wore on her ears and fingers. What little hair I could see peeking out from underneath her coif was as brown as mine, and nothing like the fires which hung about the witch’s shoulders.

“Good woman, what brings you to the dark forest on this night?” I called, genuinely concerned some foreign village girl had gotten lost. She might come across one of the monsters lurking here.

The girl made no response, and her silence chilled me to my core, but inside my head the voice said, “*Come to us, sissy,*” and I knew I was safe in the witch’s care. I had no idea what ‘sissy’ meant, but the witch said the word so sweetly, it must be a term of endearment.

My mind drifted on this long, never-ending journey. Still, each time I turned to the side, the girl was there, wandering in the same direction as my feet led me. Perhaps, the witch had called her too?

I turned to ask, and was shocked to see the woman had stripped herself of her clothing and was now walking through the woods as naked as the day of her birth. Her large wholesome breasts hung freely, heavy and magnificent, glowing orbs in the moonlight. I took in the length of her body. Her hair might not have been as luxurious as the witch's, but her dark locks were beautiful, billowing out behind her like a cape, and their hue matched the hair above her cunt, formed so perfectly as if a sculptor had created each curl. I longed to bury my head between the girl's thighs, and convince her to moan my name sweetly. From where did these thoughts come?

Sensing my gaze, the stranger inclined her head my way and a smirk crossed her lips, taunting me. To my horror, I recognized her for who she was, Prudence Mayer, the blacksmith's daughter!

"Shameless, woman!" I called out, "What debauchery are you up to in these woods tonight?"

Prudence gave me no regard, turning her eyes onwards and continuing our parallel journey.

"Answer me!" I demanded.

"Come to us, little hypocrite." The voice in my head chastised.

Hypocrite? Ah, could I deny it? When the woman was a stranger, I leered at her hungrily, and now that I know she's Prudence, perhaps this is my own shame judging her.

"Look around you, naughty boy! Open your eyes and come to us."

Gazing about the forest, I was disturbed to see it full of half dressed villagers, all stumbling with the same mindless determination as Prudence. Granted, they would likely say the same of me. In this place and on this journey, we all were the same. Our wits gave way to earthly pleasure.

There was Hydie Fowler, the seamstress's charge, playing with her nipples in the light of the moon. Her face, an expression of perfect rapture, her hands guided by some ethereal force, tugging and flicking those hard, little nubs on her small, firm breasts. I wished I could wrap my mouth over one, soothe the fires of her flesh or risk stoking them further with my tongue.

And there were Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, the newlyweds from town. Mrs. Goodman led her husband on a leash, both of them shamelessly nude. They came upon a fallen log and Mr. Goodman pleaded and urged his wife to stop. She took a seat and spread her slender legs, and he threw himself at her cunt in fervent worship, lavishing her wet pussy with kisses and lashes from his tongue, all the while the woman moaned out in delight, filling the forest with the sounds of unholy love.

How would I ever hold their gaze again? These sights could not be unseen. My mind had drunk more than its full of vice, and yet I couldn't turn back now.

Passing by the Goodmans was a trail of church women, marching through the detritus of the forest floor. Where were their husbands on this night? Could these holy women have left their men in bed to frolic in the forest, smiling and giggling like a pack of whores?

The women paraded themselves through the woods, wearing nothing but wreaths of flowers on their heads, like debauched May Queens they rambled onwards. The wives ran amongst one another, proceeding southwards, and in their hands, they carried bundles of willow branches, the sort used to chastise naughty men and women at home. And chastisement was their game for in a fit of rapturous madness, they whipped each other, prancing about like pagans, creating a pattern of crosshatches on each other's butts and thighs.

They squirmed under the punishing lashes, but rather than being chastised, they seemed enraged by lust, rubbing their cunts with their free hands as they ran amongst their neighbors. I couldn't have been more surprised if they tackled each other to the ground, and ravished one another like animals.

Were these sights real or was this a mirage given to me by the witch I followed?

The barriers between reality and falsity are thin as gossamer thread, my darling boy.

Suddenly, the autumn chill felt more severe and I looked down to realize that I was naked too. When had I shed my clothing?

Responding to my thought, the witch granted me a vision of myself. All the time I spent leering and judging my neighbors, I was stripping off my coat and breeches, losing my mind to the primal passion

surging through my body. And with this rise in passion, came the rise of my cock, which now stood erect before me, leading me down this path of lust.

Cupping my cock in my shaking hands, I did my best to cover myself.

This world I was falling into was one of wicked vice, and yet I couldn't extricate myself from the red-haired maiden I pursued. I craved her touch like the breath of life. Why else would I be here?

I would have voyaged all night to spend a moment with the witch, but my journey reached its end soon enough as I, and my naked neighbors, crossed into the largest clearing I had ever seen, stepping into a world my mortal eyes could hardly comprehend.

CHAPTER 4: PRIDE, PREJUDICE, AND PURITANICAL VALUES

In the forest clearing, stood a wooden palace unlike anything human hands were capable of creating. It stretched out to the furthest corners of east and west and towered over our heads, reaching up into the treetops and disappearing in the clouded sky. Not even across the ocean in the ancient cities of foreign lands could there exist such ethereal magistracy.

Underneath the structure was a festival of tents, furnished with the most debonair of luxuries. Piles of satin pillows covered every couch and silk curtains hung from canopy beds where mortals writhed in passion, accompanied by women, so gorgeous and decorated, confident and powerful, they could only have been witches.

The witches were unspeakably beautiful, like queens of lore; poets could have crafted a hundred sonnets for them each. Unlike the village folk, who by and large all looked like me, all bearing the same lank, brown hair and dirt-colored eyes, same pale face and limited expressions, these magical women seemed to be from all over the world. Their varied complexions, the textures of their hair, and the diversity of their features, spoke of every place and time. Could this palace, tucked away in Salem's deep woods be a universal haven for witches?

A group of immortal women came forward to collect their human guests and from their greetings I could tell their hosts were no strangers.

A giant witch rushed forward and swept Prudence off her feet, throwing her over one shoulder, while the naked girl laughed.

"Naughty girl, you've been away for far too long," the witch growled, covering the girl's bottom with stinging slaps that quickly turned it pink. My cock throbbed its approval, and I wanted to stop and watch Prudence's punishment, but a group of witches came my way and demanded my attention.

The three women surrounded me, running their hands along my abs and shoulders, even being so bold as to squeeze my thighs and ass. I knew a decent man would protest, but their caresses felt heavenly. No woman had

ever seen me naked outside my dreams, and being appreciated was a new experience.

“He’s just the cutest,” said a grey-haired witch, pinching my cheek and ruffling my hair.

“And such a tight ass,” said a gorgeous dark-skinned woman, clapping my ass in her fine, jeweled hands, the cold metal of her rings making me shiver.

“I think we need to warm him up,” smiled a devious blonde, licking her lips as she stroked the length of my cock.

Each of these women looked like an incarnation of Aphrodite, goddess of love, but none of them were the one I sought.

“Please... as tempting as you ladies are, I need to see the redheaded woman, the witch who brought me here...” I stammered.

“Oooh, let’s take him to Abigail!” The women cheered, and displaying inhuman strength, the little blonde witch, the smallest of the three picked me up and unceremoniously threw me over her shoulder.

“Men are not meant to be carried like this!” I shouted, but my protests were met with slaps on my bottom from all three witches.

I could do nothing but yelp and blush at their laughter.

“This sissy thinks he has authority here!”

“Sweet boy, you’ll learn your place soon enough,” whispered the dark-skinned woman, her eyes alight with amusement.

What a strange place this was! From my vantage point, the world was upside down. People of all sorts congregated together! Women with women, men with men, whole crowds of people rolling around on giant beds, and the things they did... They explored each other’s holes with eager delight and took as much satisfaction inflicting pleasure as pain! Everywhere I looked, witches were engaging with humans in the most humiliating of ways. Spanking them! Riding their faces! Taking them up the rear!

The only constant in this great gathering was that the men here seemed to occupy the lowest social status of the crowd. If the witches were at the top of this hierarchy, the human women seemed to be treated like prized pets, and underneath them were the poor men. Gazing upon all of them, I couldn’t find a single man not fitted with a collar.

How obscene!

“Down you go, boy,” my carrier placed me gently on the ground, smiling at the scowl on my face.

“Oh, don’t get sullen with us, young man,” the grey-haired witch warned, guiding me through a tent’s entrance and into the presence of the red-haired woman.

“Abigail, your pet is here.”

The redhead reclined on a lounge chair, her cloak open to reveal her divine white breasts, being sucked and teased by a sultry maiden, sitting on her lap.

“Who is she?” I demanded, earning a side-eye from the servant girl, her tongue and hands continuing their work.

“Someone you will address with more respect than that, you naughty welp,” Abigail scolded, “We’ll have to get right to work on your manners. Get down on your knees and apologize to Sarah.”

The girl smirked victoriously, kissing her Mistress’s neck, and turning her dark eyes on me, waiting. But Sarah wouldn’t be getting an apology, I had seen enough of this place of lust and temptation.

“No! Abigail, this life you live here is sinful and misguided. You don’t need that wench to touch you, and as tempting and fulfilling as all the other witches have been in my dreams, I’m willing to put them aside and marry you! Come away with me to my village, come be my wife, and we will fulfill each other as my god intended!”

The room was silent for a moment.

And then everyone within earshot burst into uproarious laughter.

Sarah nearly fell off Abigail’s lap in her fit of giggles, and tears fell from my redhead’s eyes. Brushing them away, she responded.

“Ah, my little fool, there is nothing wrong with pleasure or submission.”

“Men are not meant to submit to women!” I declared, only to be met with more laughter.

“*Sebastian Baker, you know I can read your thoughts,*” she spoke inside my head, “*And despite your protests, I know exactly what you desire.*”

Heat rose from my body. I could feel myself turning scarlet.

“Give me tonight, boy. Let me show you this world of mine, and you’ll be so charmed by it, you’ll be begging to be my pet forever.”

One more night of vice wouldn’t kill me, would it?

“Aye, but if I don’t change my mind about this lifestyle by the end of the night, I want your hand in marriage,” I insisted.

“Oh, it’s a promise, darling,” Abigail grinned wickedly, “Now let’s get started with your training.”

CHAPTER 5: THE FOOL, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE

“Training?” I inquired.

Abigail dismissed the other witches and sauntered my way, Sarah standing by with an expression of deep amusement.

“Sebastian, deep inside of you is a sweet boy ready to be of service, but you are weighed down by your foolish notions of how men and women should behave. The guilt you bear is a burden to you and any woman you will ever meet. I intend to free you from such foolishness.”

My witch spoke with clarity and feeling, holding my face in both her hands, I was lost in the sincerity of her eyes. My convictions waived.

“You are far too preoccupied with manhood for your own good. From now on, you mustn’t worry about what men do. You are my little sissy, free from all expectations but my own.” She smiled lovingly, but her words hit me like a stone to the stomach.

“What does that mean?” I asked with a furrowed brow.

The devil danced in her eyes.

“It means you should kneel.”

Clenching my teeth, I contemplated the consequences of disobedience. This woman was more powerful than I could even imagine, and here I was submitting to her for a night. I needed to know to what lengths she would go in this quest to “sissify me.”

“No,” I stated, staring her down.

Abigail smiled sweetly, as if she’d already anticipated my answer. Leaning in closely, she whispered, so only I could hear.

“You’re playing with fire.” Her hands grasped my naked waist, and I shivered at her touch. Her delicate mouth traced kisses down my neck.

Do you like these touches? She asked in my mind.

“Yes,” I fought to contain a moan.

Do you trust me, Sebastian? She gently grazed her nails down my back, raising goosebumps on my skin.

“I do, perhaps I shouldn’t, but I do,” I answered honestly.

Trust me, little one. Kneel for me, let me punish you and give you the absolution you crave. Give into me. Her forehead was pressed against mine. The aura radiating from her body felt incredible, soothing and all-encompassing.

I fell to my knees.

“There’s my good boy,” she praised, bending down to place a passionate kiss upon my lips.

“Now, onto all fours.”

There was no use in protesting now. I complied, but my eyes never left the witch’s form. I watched as she retrieved something from Sarah’s hands, a long thin strip of leather. She trailed it down my back, tapping it against my ass cheeks.

“You are being punished for all the transgressions you’ve made tonight, pet. You’ve judged the people you’ve come across, you disrespected Sarah, and you are carrying an unnecessary burden of shame, which I will lift off your shoulders.”

My jaw felt tight. I made no reply, choosing to remain stoic.

Abigail knelt at my side, placing one hand on my back to hold me, pulling back the strap to strike.

“Remember I am here with you.”

The strap whistled through the air, cracking against my skin. I held my place even as the pain built. Abigail was efficient and precise with the implement, painting my ass red with thin lines of fire. My bottom felt like it was glowing with heat, the ache reaching down into my muscles.

I had planned to remain quiet and unmoved by the punishment, but that was proving impossible as the strikes seemed to grow in strength. I wondered whether she was using magic.

“Are you prepared to apologize?” She asked as tears began to form in my eyes.

I refused to be cowed so quickly.

“Not yet, try harder,” I challenged.

She made no reply, but the next five strokes were hellfire, I tried to reach back to protect my ass, but found my hands were held in place by invisible binds.

“Reaching back would be a bad idea.” The witch rubbed the leather against my skin, allowing me a chance to breathe.

The tears fell freely now, and to my surprise, I felt relieved. I had been judgmental of my neighbors and myself. Now, I could start again.

Sensing the change in me, Abigail put down her strap, and helped me back to my knees.

“Apologize to Sarah.”

I looked at the girl, her almond-eyes and soft curved face. Beautiful tan skin and gentle curves. She looked like an angel. What harm had she done for me to judge her? So what if she’d brought Abigail pleasure? Abigail didn’t belong to me... yet.

“I’m sorry, Sarah.”

She gave me a rueful smile before locking eyes with Abigail, nodding slightly, and leaving the room.

“Good boy,” Abigail kissed my cheek, “time to doll you up, sissy. I have a few outfits planned out for you.”

“What does that mean? What is a sissy?”

The witch smirked at the question.

“A sissy is someone who embraces his feminine side...” One of her nails circled my nipple as she spoke.

“Someone who knows his place...” She cupped my punished ass cheek.

“Who presents himself for his Mistress’s inspection...” Her fingers slipped between my cheeks to tickle my virgin asshole. I looked away shyly.

“Who submits to his Mistress’s commands...” She held my chin, forcing me to look into her eyes.

“And is always ready to perform acts of service, like pleasuring his betters with his body *and mind*...” My cock magically arose on her final words, and I shivered at her power over me.

“And I require a special outfit for that?”

The redhead smiled, “Yes, I think we’ll both benefit the most from this if we take your training seriously.”

With a flick of her wrist, she opened a large, maple wardrobe in the corner, and out flew three outfits, all pieces of clothing worthy of a harlot. The first was a frilly black dress with white satin trim, so short it would have barely covered my ass. The second was a corset and pair of tight leather britches, which to my shock, had a hole cut from front to back. If I wore those, my cock, balls, and a good portion of my ass would be on display. Finally, the last outfit was a bodysuit entirely made out of mesh, it

would leave nothing to the imagination; I would look like I was caught in a fisherman's net.

"Pick one, darling," Abigail urged.

"Must I?"

"Yes, little sissy, I insist." She pinched my nipple, hard, and I yelped.

"The black dress," I replied. It was the least humiliating of the three choices.

My witch kissed my lips, and when I closed my eyes, I felt heat on my skin, like I was standing before a bonfire. When she pulled away, the dress was on my body. She ushered me to the mirror.

"You look adorable, sissy!"

Turning in front of the glass, I took in my appearance. Just as I'd predicted my ass hung out, exposed and vulnerable, unprotected by the tiny dress. My cock, likewise, peeked out from the bottom of the frills.

Coming up behind me, Abigail squeezed my ass.

"I like to have you easily accessible," she whispered in my ear.

Stockings on my legs came up to my mid-thigh and heeled shoes on my feet, added three inches to my height, making me slightly taller than my witch.

She stroked my face, and I felt the same mysterious heat which had clothed me. And looking at myself, I saw that she'd applied paint to my face like a strumpet. Shockingly, the rouge on my cheeks and lips added a liveliness which did not look unpleasant, and while I felt humiliated in the dress, there was a certain sassy appeal... Had I not known it was me in the mirror, I might have felt a pang of attraction, thinking this slender figure was a maiden.

"One more touch," said Abigail after eying me up and down a while. Snapping her fingers she produced a leather collar with a metal ring on it, which she wrapped around my neck snugly.

"I want everyone to know that you are my pet," she growled in my mind.

CHAPTER 6: CHARMED

“How does it feel to be dressed up for me, doll?” She fondled the front of my dress.

“Unusual,” I answered. Not bad, just... unusual.

“I will help you get used to it,” her voice was husky and tinted with her own arousal. She pressed her body close to mine, backing me onto her recliner and straddling my hips. Taking my cock into her hands, she held my gaze, savoring my reaction.

“I plan to have a great deal of fun with you,” she stroked me slowly, sensually. Each touch was drawn out, deliciously teasing.

“Please, I begged...”

“Please what?”

“Please give me more, Abigail.”

She slapped my thigh, a warning. “You will not refer to me by my name,” she said seriously.

“What should I call you then, witch?”

Before I even finished saying the last word aloud, she’d applied a swift slap across my face, gentle but more than enough to shock me.

“Insolence will not be tolerated, brat,” she caressed my cheek. “You will refer to me as Mistress or Ma’am, or you will remain silent.” Her fingers massaged the head of my cock, making me moan.

“Yes, Ma’am!”

“Close your eyes.”

I obeyed, listening to her speak inside my head.

“Your mind is my playground, sissy.”

I saw her face behind my eyes, felt her exploring the recesses of my soul. We were both inside of my body together.

“I will show you the pleasures of submitting to your sissification. I will show you the life you can have with me.”

A vision formed like a dream, vivid and surreal, I saw myself in the role of a housewife, scrubbing a wooden floor on my hands and knees, my ass on display for my Mistress as she sat, observing my servitude.

Beckoning me over with the crook of her finger, I crawled to her, kneeling between her legs as she spread herself out for me.

"Lick me, pretty boy."

I obeyed, tasting her in my dream, sweet and delicious, her juices dripping down the sides of my mouth like ambrosia.

The vision changed and suddenly I was serving her dinner. Standing over the kitchen table, setting down the platters of food, I struggled helplessly on my impossibly tall heels. Wobbling like a drunken harlot, I spilled my Mistress's wine as I attempted to pour it into her glass.

"Tsk tsk, over my lap," she ordered, tugging on my wrist.

I fell across her thighs, and she lifted my dress over my head, fully baring my ass to her punishing hand, thrashing me like a naughty brat. But this punishment wasn't any savage beating, it wasn't even as bad as my earlier whipping with her strap. This spanking brought a warm glow to my skin and made my cock twitch.

The vision shifted. Now my Mistress and I were in bed together. I was dressed in a woman's nightshift, blushing like a bride on her wedding night, I lay underneath her. I watched as my witch hovered her wet pussy above the head of my cock. She sunk down to take my length in one swift motion, and proceeded to ride me at her desired pace. Thrusting her hips on top of me, taking her pleasure from my cock, and fucking me all the while. Her firm breasts bounced as she rode me, and her smile was triumphant as I squirmed under her thighs.

"Hold still for me, don't move a muscle."

I grasped the bedsheets and clenched my teeth, trying to restrain myself, to serve as an object of her satisfaction.

"From here on out, you will never cum without permission, sissy."

"Please allow me to cum, Ma'am!"

My Mistress gave me a beautiful smile, "I'm proud of you for asking so nicely, sissy." She pulled me up by the front of my dress, kissing me forcefully and pushing her tongue into my mouth. Just when I was about to cum, she pulled away and released my cock.

"Unfortunately, you haven't earned an orgasm yet, darling." The mischief in her eyes made my blood hot.

"Sadistic witc-" I stopped myself, seeing her darkening expression. "I apologize, Mistress! I... will earn my climax." I lowered my eyes in submission.

“Mmm watch yourself, sissy.” A chain appeared in her hands, which she attached to the metal ring of my collar.

“It’s time for a walk.”

CHAPTER 7: BEATEN AND BEWITCHED

If it hadn't been for magic, I would have fallen flat on my face trying to walk in these heeled shoes. My Mistress's powers kept me upright. Two invisible hands on my hips guided me forward, teaching me how to center my balance, as she led me on her leash. The hands on my body forced me to sway my hips, and I strutted like a whore, wiggling my exposed ass for every person passing my way.

Despite what my hips were doing, I felt as awkward and foolish as a baby deer. Fortunately, no one laughed at me. Everyone who eyed me, whether witch or mortal, gave me appraising looks, sizing my body with desire. This must be what it's like to be a beautiful woman. I had been showered with so many adoring looks.

"This is our first stop." We paused outside a small blue tent, and I gave her a questioning look as she pulled back the cloth to reveal a large human man, naked and reclining on a mat, a box cushioned around his neck, like a seat. He looked comfortable, relaxed and smiling, as a tall, voluptuous witch approached him. The woman's proportions were immense, and with her long blonde hair cascading down to the tops of her thighs, braided and decorated with shards of metal, she looked like a Valkyrie. Each of the woman's breasts were the size of my head. She seemed like more than any single man could handle.

I watched mesmerized as she stooped to kiss the bound man's forehead before turning around and placing her weight on his face. Surely, he could suffocate under the witch's powerful, muscular ass?

"Is this an execution?!" I whispered to my Mistress, not wanting to anger the giantess rolling her hips back and forth on the man's face, lest she decide to take my life as well.

"No, little fool," replied my Mistress, stifling her laughter. "He is performing a service, one he greatly enjoys." And her words proved true because underneath the heft of the witch's bottom, the man was moaning, as

if he were sampling a king's feast, and as his cock hardened and rose, I noticed the series of pink bows tied around it, decorating his member like a ship's mast.

The witch lifted her weight for a moment, giving the man an opportunity to breathe before smothering him once again, and grinding on his face, rubbing her cunt along his mouth, riding his tongue. Humiliating, I thought, but underneath my dress, my cock twitched at the thought of my Mistress's pussy rubbing against my face, coating me in her sweet juices.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of the witch's pleasure as her riding grew more frantic and she came, uttering a warrior's cry, her cum soaking the man's hungry mouth.

"Excellent work," said the woman with her thick Nordic accent. Leaning forward, she swiftly untied one of the bows on the man's shaft, saying "Nine more climaxes before you earn yours."

"Nine!" I whispered.

"Come sample my pet, Eugenia" the giantess called to a woman entering the tent and disrobing.

"He must make nine more witches cum?" I asked my Mistress, astounded by the task this poor man had been given.

"Indeed," she replied, and there sat Eugenia on the man's face, but he didn't utter a protest. In fact, judging by the smile I saw before the witch's rump covered his face, I got the feeling the man was even more eager for these ridings than the witches.

"How long will this happen?"

"Possibly all night, queening is this sissy's preferred method of service."

"Queening... yes, the man's face was serving like a queen's throne."

I observed the new rider set her pace, caressing the man's firm body underneath her, but her hands never approaching his stiff, needy cock.

"Make me cum, sissyslut, earn your orgasm with your wet little tongue," Eugenia encouraged him, rocking on his face. "Worship my holes! Tonguefuck them right, and I just might let you put your prick in me tonight."

My own cock responded to her words, and I ached for the orgasm my own Mistress told me I'd have to earn. Would she put me through this humiliation?

“You’ll see, darling.” No thought was safe from her prying mind.
“Come, we have other places to visit.”

I took one last look at Eugenia, her breasts bouncing in the air with each thrust of her hips as she worked the man’s tired tongue.

“Mistress, why do witches seek out sexual pleasure with mortals?”

“Sexuality is the source of our power, pet. Whether we watch you mortals indulge in your own passions or share the pleasure of the flesh and mind with your people, we are rejuvenated by sexual energy.”

This explained why they sought me out in my dreams, I thought.

In the next tent was a man, naked except for an apron and bonnet. He was bound in a stockade with his bare ass jutting outward. Along the walls were shelves of implements and replicas of penises.

Two dark-haired witches stood by, and for a moment I thought I was seeing double for their faces were the same. If this was some magical trick, I couldn’t say, but the witches were both equipped with long cocks secured to their waists. How lifelike they looked! And even bigger than my own prick!

My mouth hung open, what perversion was this?

The witches winked at me before turning their attention toward the bound man in their care. One of them choosing his front and the other his rear. The witch at his mouth wasted no time in pushing her cock past his parted lips, holding his face delicately in her hands.

“There’s a good little sissy, take this cock into your hungry mouth,” she patted his head, his hair tucked away in his bonnet.

The other witch took a moment to slap his pale ass cheeks, leaving a series of red handprints she proceeded to kiss.

“I love your tight ass, sissy. I’m going to stretch it nice and wide for you.”

I blushed at these profane words, but I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the scene before me. Waving her hand over the man’s ass, a vial of viscous fluid flew off a shelf and ran between his parted cheeks.

She poured the entire vial over his ass, more lubrication than she could possibly need, but the witch took great pleasure in rubbing the stuff into his red cheeks, oiling them up until they glowed. His bottom looked as pretty and sensual as a maiden’s. No one would mistake this silly sissy for a man.

Satisfied with his oiled up cheeks, the witch parted them even wider, giving me a view of his puckered hole as she entered him, gently but firmly inserting the head of her cock.

At the front of the stockade, the sissy moaned around the other witch's dick, penetrating his mouth as his ass met a similar fate. The witches were methodical, never giving him too much, but keeping him full and stuffed.

"Take our cocks, pleasurewhore, we know you love to feel stuffed and full by your Mistresses," they upped their pace, fucking him thoroughly.

"This is not fit for a man," I said aloud.

"You're wrong, darling," whispered my Mistress, "But stop thinking about what's fit for men, remember you're my sissy tonight."

That word was growing on me. My cock drew my attention away from any shame I might have felt. Pleasing my Mistress and earning my orgasm were the only two matters I cared for.

Mistress took me through a dozen tents, showing me numerous other ways sissies served their witches and the mortal women playing in this realm before we stopped outside a tent which she informed me would be mine.

My stomach dropped and I feared I would fail her. I had never been with any living woman outside of my dreams and the visions my witch had given me.

"Don't fret, sweet one, I'm here to guide you." She kissed me tenderly, and my fears melted away.

CHAPTER 8: SISSIFIED AND AT YOUR SERVICE

Inside the tent, set aside for my act of service, was a gigantic four-poster bed, fit for a king. It was piled so high with mattresses, blankets, and pillows that the top of the bed reached up to my waist.

Leading me by the leash, my Mistress guided me to the bed, gently pushing me into the duvet, my back sinking into its luxurious folds. She stood between my stockinged legs, grasping one of my ankles in each hand to spread me wide, fully exposing my cock, balls, and asshole to her view underneath my frilly dress.

“You have such a pretty body, sissy,” her praise warmed me. “We’re going to share your assets with the coven. That sweet mouth of yours is going to be put to work. And your little cock will be sore by the time we’re through”

“As you wish, Mistress,” I assented. With my eyes half closed, the beautiful red-haired witch was the focus of my attention.

Invisible hands caressed my body, lifting my arms to pin my wrists above my head.

“From now on, instead of judging women for indulging in their sexuality, you will please them, worshiping their bodies while you’re stretched out on this bed. Think of yourself as a maiden about to be deflowered. Your mouth, cock, and ass will all be taken repeatedly.”

As she spoke, the room grew hazy, a red smoke filling the air, and when it cleared, the bed was surrounded by the witches from my dreams. No longer faceless, they stood around me in all their immortal glory. I recognized them instantly for who they were, my body shivering at their arrival.

“You’ve come to us!” They smiled down at me, benevolently. These women exuded such a welcoming sentiment, I felt at home on that bed, serving as their plaything.

My Mistress introduced the women.

“This haven is home to many covens, and this one,” she gestured at the twelve witches, “is mine... You will be good to my coven, won’t you, darling?”

“Yes, Ma’am!” How could I deny my Mistress? I’d happily worship these women at her command.

“Let us begin, pet.”

“May I do the honors, Abigail?” a curvy witch inquired.

“Of course, Diane, would you like his tongue or his cock?” It was strange to be spoken of in this manner, but my cock seemed to love it, twitching at my own humiliation.

“Definitely his tongue, your sissy has such a shapely mouth.”

As Diane rose above my face, I appreciated her finely dimpled hips, wishing I could run my hands along her sizable thighs. I eagerly opened my mouth to taste the woman, embracing the sweet, salty flavor of her pussy, pressed against my lips, like a kiss.

“Focus on my clit, sissyboy,” she encouraged me, “there you go, baby, make me proud.” She gently thrust against my face, moving with my tongue.

Another witch climbed onto my hips, rubbing her wet pussy against my cock. She slapped her clit with my shaft, using me like a toy for her stimulation.

“Your pet has such a little thing between his legs, Abigail,” the witch ridiculed me, but her voice was sweet and I knew it was a jest.

“Try it out, Patricia, you might find it satisfies you,” my Mistress said with a smile I could hear in her voice, even as I was blinded by Diane’s pussy grinding up and down the length of my face.

“If you say so, Sister.”

Patricia took me expertly, sitting on my cock and swirling her hips. I instantly felt ready to explode, but my Mistress’s magic prevented me.

“Not yet. I will keep you from cumming. Your orgasm is mine to enjoy.”

On edge and desperate for release, my body served the coven.

Meanwhile, my Mistress was working on my ass, lubing it up and inserting her fingers, making me gasp against the cunt on my lips.

“I’m going to stretch you nice and wide before putting my dildo in you, sissy.”

I wondered whether my Mistress would fuck me with something as large as the dildos we'd seen tonight. Some of them were monstrously huge.

"Nothing more than you can handle, sweet one."

I blushed underneath the weight of my face's rider, moaning as Patricia bounced her cunt on my cock.

"Mm, such a good pussy eater," Diane moaned, "you're a natural sissy, born with the talent." My blush deepened.

"Eat my ass, sissy, kiss my cheeks and run your tongue along my crack like a good slut."

Obedying her command, I buried my face between her cheeks, squirming my hips as my Mistress's fingers fucked my ass.

"You squirm just like a maiden," commented one of the witches, "I'm eager to ride your tongue, pretty girl."

I couldn't reply with my tongue worshiping the ass grinding on my face, but even if I could, I'd be at a loss for words. Being called a sissy was one thing, while being called a girl was another matter. Whatever these women called me, I was earning my orgasm tonight.

I thoroughly ate every woman who climbed onto my face, tongue-fucking them with all the passion I could muster.

Just like my mouth, my cock was taken time and time again. Six women rode my shaft, squirting their cum all over me, and like a maiden I lay there passively, taking it, magically bound and unable to thrust up against them.

As the night progressed, my Mistress explored my ass, slowly training to take bigger and bigger toys. Going from her fingers to a beaded glass device, she worked my muscles, stretching me out against each bead, and preparing me for her cock.

When she finally upgraded to her dildo, it slid into me slowly, gradually allowing me to get used to each inch filling my ass. Impaled on her cock, I wiggled my hips, edging myself down further on her shaft.

"You picked a beautiful whore, Abigail. I love to watch her squirming in this dress," said the witch rubbing her wet cunt on my tongue.

"When can I please you, Ma'am?" I begged my Mistress in my thoughts.

"Just focus on the coven, sissy. I'm already pleased. I love to watch your tight asshole stretch around this cock. You're making me so proud."

I suspected magic kept my jaw from growing tired, some superhuman stimulus keeping me energized and on edge, but all the desire was my own, and it kept building to new heights.

One witch after another used my body, and I grew ever more desperate for my own climax. I nearly cried tears of frustration when the last two witches grabbed my wrists and thighs, screaming out their orgasms.

With the coven satiated, I lay there, my flesh aflame with desire, my face and dress covered in cum, my hard cock, red and aching, sore and unsatisfied. Lost and on edge, I felt my Mistress pull her cock out of my ass and insert a large plug into my hole.

I was only minorly aware of the coven leaving, blowing me kisses and promising to take me again, as they disappeared into the night.

The next thing I felt was my Mistress's embrace, her long fingers tracing my body, relieving me of my magical restraints, and taking me in her arms.

"You've done a marvelous job tonight," she kissed my forehead, sinking down to lay between my legs, as I reclined, propped up on her pillows.

"Now, your orgasm is mine to grant."

With that, she took my wet cock into her mouth and began to suck me off.

Slow, methodical licks and her ever-teasing fingers took me on a journey of sensations. Looking down into her deep, mischievous eyes, I could have cum a dozen times, but she continued to hold me on edge.

"It's nearly morning, pet." The amber glow outside the tent confirmed the sun was rising. "You must make your decision. Will you continue to serve as my sissy?"

How could I refuse?

"Yes, yes a million times! Please, give me the release that only you can give me," I begged, "Please, Mistress, allow me to cum."

Her smile was angelic, "Beautiful boy, it's my pleasure to allow you to cum."

Wrapping her lips around me one more time, I felt an explosion bubbling up inside of me, an expansive warmth spreading out from my core, through my groin, down my legs, and straight up to my brain, I felt like my molecules were duplicating, expanding, reaching out to merge into

the universe. When my cum shot out of my cock, my Mistress was ready, removing my shaft from her mouth, and ensuring every drop landed on her milkywhite breasts.

I glanced at her, glazy-eyed in wonder. She looked exactly like I'd envisioned her in my fantasy, when I masturbated in the barn, so beautiful covered in my cum. I wanted to remember her like this.

Laying by my side and bringing my mouth to her chest, she addressed me.

"Taste yourself, sissy, clean up this mess and worship my breasts."

I happily complied, licking up every drop of cum, no longer worrying about shame or propriety. My Mistress's commands were all that mattered.

Exhausted, I attempted to fight against sleep's descent, wanting to continue to explore my Mistress's body.

"Not now, darling, it's morning. But you will promise to come to the forest again tonight, won't you?"

"Certainly, Mistress," I vowed, falling asleep in her loving arms, satisfied to be her sissy.

CHAPTER 9: DAYBREAK

Awaking with a start at the sound of the rooster crowing with the sunrise, I threw back my blanket and was surprised to see myself naked. Searching for my clothing, I found it at the foot of my bed, neatly folded.

I examined my body for marks of last night's adventures, struggling to believe they had been more than a crazy dream.

My ass bore no marks of a whipping, and my cock was no longer red and aching. Nor was I covered in the cum of a dozen women. Could I be going mad?!

Dressing for the day, as I pulled my shirt over my head, my fingers brushed against leather around my neck. Grasping my throat, I felt the collar, locked in place with a tag hanging from its metal ring. Rushing to the mirror, I inspected it, leaning in to read the inscription on the tag.

Squinting in the dawn light, I read "*Abigail's sissy. If found, return.*"

In that moment three emotions rose inside of me. Relief at my own sanity. Lust for my Mistress. And pure, unbridled excitement for this new life of service.

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I've been a bad boy and now Miss Moore is going to turn me into a good little sissy.

I ruined one of the university library's most precious manuscripts, and now I'm paying for my misbehavior at the hands of the gorgeous librarian, Miss Annabelle Moore. For the next four months, she will spank, sissify, peg, and humiliate me every day and night as punishment.

I will serve her and the other librarians with my body and soul, obeying their every command, no matter how degrading or difficult. This is all a lot to take in, but I know I've been a bad boy, and through loving, firm, and tender female domination, Miss Moore is promising to turn me into a good girl. Will I succeed in giving her everything she wants? How far is she willing to go?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alyssa Reyes

Alyssa has always been fascinated by real world power dynamics. She loves reading erotic FemDom stories and acting out steamy, hot scenes with eager submissive men who enjoy a woman's firm, loving hand. The only thing Alyssa likes better than reading a good erotic story is sitting down in front of her computer and giving you exactly what you want.

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