

Sissified by Samantha



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Feminized for a Beauty Pageant

Sissified by Samantha: Feminized for a Beauty Pageant

by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Samantha and I had been married for a little over three years before I quit my job. I had been doing online support for a software company, a dead-end job that didn't pay that well and wasn't really going anywhere. Samantha came home one day and told me she'd gotten her third promotion in as many years.

She was wearing a sharp gray business suit, her brunette hair pinned up. She was pretty, not beautiful, but she had the most intense stare of anyone I'd ever met. Her dark brown eyes could bore holes into you, but today they were filled with excitement.

"They put me in charge of the entire region," she said. She was in corporate real estate, and at work she was a badass. While my job hadn't really gone anywhere, she'd risen up through the ranks at lightning speed.

"That's great," I said, trying to sound encouraging. I had to admit, it felt a little emasculating. I knew we were going to have more money, but Samantha never passed on an opportunity to remind me that she was the one paying most of the bills.

"You're goddamn right it is," she said. "I'm making over ten times as much as you are now. You might as well quit your job."

"And do what?"

She laughed. "Whatever the fuck I tell you to do. Clean, cook, do the laundry. You're already kind of a bitch. We might as well make it official."

I laughed nervously, not sure how serious she was. She was bossy and aggressive at work, but she was also that way at home. She already ordered me around, and I complied. I kind of liked it.

She took complete control in the bedroom, too. Half the time she'd sit on my face and make me eat her pussy without letting me come. Soon after we'd gotten married, she'd introduced me to her black strap-on. She loved to lube it up and bend me over, showing me who had all the power in our relationship.

Now it seemed as if she wasn't kidding. She wanted to take things to a whole new level.

"Call your boss," she said.

I still wasn't sure if this was all a game or a joke, but when Samantha just kept staring at me, I took out my phone. I dialed the number. When it started ringing, she held out her hand. I passed the phone over and she put it to her ear.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Bill."

I heard the faint click as the phone picked up.

"Hello, Bill?" Samatha said, her voice brightening. "No, this is his wife. Well, it's nice to finally talk to you, too, although I wish it were under better circumstances. I'm afraid he won't be coming into work tomorrow, or ever again. Yes, that's right. No, I assure you, this isn't a joke."

Then Samantha turned around and walked into the kitchen, lowering her voice. She talked to Bill for a few more minutes, laughing occasionally.

So this was really happening. My first thought was that this was great. No more work. She was going to be the breadwinner. I'd have to clean more, and even though I hated housework, I was fine with that. It was better than my job.

She tossed my phone on the kitchen table and came back into the living room.

"Now that that's taken care of," she said. "If you're gonna be the bitch of the house, you need to look the part. Go take a bath. Shave everywhere. I don't want a single hair on your body from your earlobes down. Got it?"

"Yes," I said.

Samantha whipped out her hand, grabbing me by my right nipple and twisting hard.

"Excuse me?" she said.

I was confused. At first I didn't realize what I'd done wrong, and the bright pain of my hurt nipple didn't help me to think straight.

"Boss," she said. "You call me boss from now on. Got it?" She repeated that last question slowly, as if I was a slow learner, which I guess I was.

“Yes Boss,” I said. She let go of my nipple, which now throbbed with pain.

“Well go on,” she said, slapping my ass as I turned for the bathroom.

Shave from the earlobes down. You need to look the part. Now that we’d started down this road, I was starting to wonder just how far we’d go. But so far I was willing and able. My cock was stiff in my pants, loving the way my wife had taken control of both my destiny and my masculinity.

I poured a hot bath and used some of the strawberry bubble bath she sometimes used to relax. If I was going to shave my whole body, I’d need a lot of froth.

I soaked in the hot water, enjoying the strawberry smell and the feel of the water on my skin. But Samantha came in after a few minutes.

“What the fuck is this?” she asked. I sat up straight in the tub. She laughed. “This isn’t spa time. Shave and get your ass ready.”

“For what?” I asked, almost forgetting. “Boss.”

She smirked at me. A second too late and she probably would have reached down into the water and given my balls a twist, or just slapped me across the face.

“Shopping,” she said. “You need a whole new wardrobe. Now shut the fuck up and get shaving.”

She left me alone in the bathroom, and I grabbed the razor and got to work. I’d never shaved my balls or pubic hair before, and I was paranoid about cutting myself. But I managed, getting the area pretty clean. I shaved my legs, my ass, and my chest. Even though I wasn’t that hairy to begin with, the short brown shavings floated on top of the water with the bubbles when I was done.

When I stepped out of the tub, I felt much less like a man. It was already working. My skin was raw and hairless, the cold air making me break out in goosebumps. Samantha yelled at me, and I hurried to get ready.

I drove us around to several shops that day. Up until then, we'd kept two bank accounts. My salary went into mine, and I used it to pay some of the bills and to buy things I wanted. Samantha made me use what was left on our shopping spree, and she made me close the account the next day.

We went to a costume shop, where Samantha held up costumes up to me to see how they looked, making me hold them when she saw something she liked. We got a French maid uniform, a sexy schoolgirl outfit, and a bunny costume. We bought a couple of wigs, too, a pink pageboy cut and one with long blonde hair.

Then it was off to a discount clothing store. Other patrons glanced embarrassingly at us as Samantha picked out dresses and skirts for me, as I tried on high heels and walked around awkwardly to test them. She made me buy the girliest panties in the store: bright colors with frills and little hearts. She made me buy a pink bikini, though I knew I'd look ridiculous in it.

By then my bank account was drained. When I told her, she sighed, but looked satisfied. We bought a bunch of makeup, and my stomach sank, realizing this was going much farther than I'd expected.

"Don't look so glum," she said. "This is going to be fun. For the cost of the makeup, you can pay me back."

Pay her back? How was I supposed to do that without a job? But I didn't dare ask. At this point, my balls had shrunk up. I was feeling more emasculated than ever.

Back home, the first steps along my transformation from working husband into Samantha's house bitch began. Once I put all the bags down, she ordered me to strip. She pulled a pair of pink panties out of one of the bags and handed it to me.

"Put these on," she said. They looked so small.

"Yes, Boss," I said, stepping into them and nearly falling over. I pulled them up my cleanly-shave legs and up to my crotch, smashing my cock and balls up under me. It hurt, and I felt ridiculous.

Samantha walked around me, nodding. "That'll do for now," she said. "I think they'll get a little more comfortable as time goes on." There was a malevolent glint in her eye that disturbed me. I'd seen it when she fucked me with the strap-on, but we'd moved to a whole new level. She was loving every second, and I still wasn't sure what was happening.

She ordered me to put on the maid outfit. I pulled it on, and she helped me zip up the back. It was tighter than I thought it would be. She made me wear the blond wig, then put the little white hat with a white rose on top. I pulled on thigh-high white hose, and then it was time to step into a pair of red, fuck-me pumps. I was already tired, but we still had to do my make-up.

Samantha had to crawl into the bathroom and sit at her make-up mirror. I was already halfway there, but after brushing blush onto my cheeks, applying eye liner and shadow, and then slathering my lips with thick red lipstick, I was a dead ringer for the sluttiest maid I'd ever seen.

I was stunned looking at myself in the mirror. My cock tried to get hard, but the tight panties kept it penned in.

"Get up," Samantha said. I stood uneasily on the heels. She twirled her finger and made me spin in place. "Not bad," she said. "But you still need a lot of work. You need to learn how to be graceful, how to walk in heels. You need to learn to move your hips. But we'll do that training later. You're dressed the part, so you can clean the house. Start with this bathroom. The shower and the toilet are fucking filthy."

She left me there alone to begin my first day cleaning. I scrubbed the shower, then the toilet. I brushed the floor on my hands and knees. I cleaned the sink and washed the mirror. By the time I was done with the bathroom, I was sweating like a pig. The hose were hot. The panties were cramped. And the makeup on my face made it feel even warmer.

But I was a long way from done. In fact, I'd just begun. I cleaned the house from top to bottom. It took me until about four in the morning, long after Samantha had gone to bed.

That was my life for the next three months. I would dress as a maid, clean the house, mow the lawn, and run any errands Samantha wanted me to. She made me watch videos about how to walk properly, with my back and neck straight, swaying my hips.

She fucked me with her strap-on whenever she wanted. She ordered me to eat her pussy, slapping my head when my technique wasn't up to her standards. She made me practice sucking cock as well, planting a big black dildo on the kitchen floor and making me go down on it with my hands behind my back. She pushed me to get it further and further in the back of my throat, to suppress my gag reflex. And she made sure I used my tongue and didn't touch the shaft with my teeth at all.

Something else had begun to happen to me. From that first day, Samantha made me cook all the meals. She made me watch videos and read books to get better. But there was one exception. Every evening, she fixed us smoothies. Her excuse was that it was to give me a little break, to prove she wasn't a tyrant. She always ordered me to do something in another room or outside when she made them, though.

They were always full of bananas, kale, pineapple, and other fruits and vegetables, but there was also always a strange chalkiness to mine. I didn't question it, though. I just drank it down.

After a few months, though, I began to notice some changes. I felt different, for one. My cock had been rock hard through most of the first couple of weeks. I'd wanted to touch myself so badly, to get some relief. But Samantha had never given me permission, even though I'd begged.

Now my cock wasn't getting hard as often. My chest had been to swell a little, becoming soft and tender. At first I thought it was just my pecs being sore. All my muscles were sore from all the work I was doing. I slept five or six hours a day, and when I wasn't sleeping, I was cleaning or cooking or running around. I'd dropped at least ten pounds, but not in my chest. There was no doubt about it. My tits were growing.

I'd shaved myself once a week since that first day, and now I noticed that my body and facial hair weren't growing as fast and

weren't as thick.

The next time she fixed me a smoothie, I paused when she offered it to me. She laughed.

"Finally figured it out, huh?" Samantha asked. "I see your little nubs are coming in nicely. Is that what tipped you off?"

"I went along with everything else," I said petulantly. "But I didn't know you were going to drug me."

"It's just a little hormone therapy, sweetie," she said. "You did agree to be my bitch, so in a way you did agree to this."

I felt tears well up in my eyes. I thought we were playing a game, and I was happy to go along. She'd dressed me up and made me feel like less of a man, but now she was literally taking away my manhood.

"Oh, don't cry, honey," she said, putting the glass down and leaning over me. She squeezed my cheeks in one hand and tilted my face up to hers. "Look, I've really been enjoying what our marriage has become. I've never been so happy. Don't you want to make your wife happy?"

"Yes," I said. A tear slipped down my right cheek, and I sniffled.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, Boss."

She smiled. "Now, if you're not happy, I really don't give a shit. But you've still got a pair of balls. A little smaller now, but you've still got them." She laughed. "If you want to use them, there's the fucking door." She nodded at the front door. "Is that what you want?"

Was it? I hadn't even thought about what I wanted in months.

"I don't know, Boss," I said, my voice breaking. I was about to start sobbing.

She let go of my face. "The crying, that's just the estrogen," she said. "You'll get used to it. Like I said, you can leave any time. We've taken a lot of pictures though, and it would be a shame if all those pics of you dressed like a whore, sucking dildos and taking it up the ass, made their way onto the internet or into the email boxes of your friends and family."

“No,” I said quickly. “Please, Boss. No, I’ll stay.”

She laughed. “Good, because I’ve got a treat for you since you’ve been so good. We’re going to a sort of...private event.”

Oh no, I thought. Her threat to share pictures of me was bad enough, but now it was clear she intended to parade me in front of other people. At least they wouldn’t be anyone I knew.

“When?” I asked.

She looked down at my breasts and furrowed her brow. “Not until those come in a little more.”

It was almost three more months before the big night came. I’d almost forgotten about it. My breasts had continued to grow. I had accepted my new status and my new role, even though I still broke down into tears from time to time.

My hair had grown nearly to my shoulders, and that afternoon Samantha called from work and told me she’d made a surprise appointment with a hair stylist. I was to dress in a pretty blouse, skirt, and heels and go to the salon at three. I’d stopped wearing a wig as my hair had grown, brushing it out every night. But it hadn’t been cut at all, and it was a mess.

The salon was in a strip mall across town. A tall woman with long blonde hair in a ponytail was sweeping the floor when I came in. She looked at me and squealed.

“Oh God, honey,” she said. “What is that rat nest on your head? Get over here immediately.”

I found out later the woman’s name was Josie. I spent the next three hours under her care. She washed, cut, colored, dried, and curled my hair, talking the whole time. She talked about herself, her boyfriends, her family, and what she’d seen on TV. I kept my mouth shut and watched in the mirrors as the final piece of the puzzle fell into place.

When she removed the curlers and my reddish brown hair, my own hair, looked amazing, tears welled up in my eyes again.

“Oh, sweetie,” she said. “What’s wrong? You don’t like it?”

“No,” I said. “I love it. I’m so pretty now.”

Now it was her turn to get misty-eyed, and she leaned down and gave me a hard hug.

When I got back home, I waited eagerly by the door. I was excited for Samantha to see me, and I knew she would be pleased.

But when she walked in the door, she seemed in a hurry. She cocked her head and looked at my hair for only a couple of seconds.

“That looks fine,” she said. “Now go upstairs and get your pink bikini and the blue gown with the sequins.”

I must have looked disappointed, but she didn’t care.

“Move!” she yelled. “We’re running late.”

I ran up the stairs, tears in my eyes again. I thought she’d be happy to see how pretty I was.

When I came back down, Samantha held a roll of duct tape. “Okay,” she said. “Put those down and strip.”

I was confused, not sure what was going on, but I did as she said. She always had a way of keeping me off balance. I was nervous about wherever she was taking me, but even though the door was only a few feet away, I wasn’t going to leave. This was my life now.

When I took off all my clothes, she tore off a piece of tape and knelt down. “Tuck your weenie up underneath,” she said. “Hold it in place.”

I reached down and pushed my cock up underneath me. She sighed and pushed the strip of tape over it hard, smashing my balls. I groaned.

“Oh shut up,” she said, tearing off another piece of tape. Samantha used seven or eight strips, laying them over each other and pushing down as hard as she could. When she was done, I could hardly breath, and my crotch was a criss-cross of flesh-colored tape.

“That’ll have to do,” she said. “Now put on your bikini.”

I found it hard to walk like that, but I managed, retrieving my swimsuit and pulling it on. My genitals still made the bottoms bulge a little bit. The top was much better, my new tits filling them out respectably.

“God, you forgot your shoes,” she said. “Go.”

I went back upstairs, each step causing a jolt of pain up through my stomach. I brought down several pairs of heels.

Samantha was now holding something I hadn't seen before: a collar and leash.

“Put on the white ones,” she said.

I stepped into the white heels. By now I was used to wearing them, but it was still difficult with my balls mashed up under me.

Samantha moved behind me and slipped the thick leather collar around my neck. Then she led me out to the car and made me get in the trunk.

It was hard to tell how much time passed, but it had to be at least an hour. I could hear the muffled sound of music coming through, and I counted at least twelve songs. I curled up and hugged my knees, bracing myself for bumps, but most of the ride was smooth and fast, as if we were on a highway.

At one point we turned off onto a gravel road, and I could hear the little pings of rocks being flung up into the car by the tires. Finally we came to a stop.

The truck opened to a star-lit sky. Samantha stood over me. She grabbed the leash and tugged me up and out of the trunk. I stood there in the cold night air in my bikini, my poor flattened balls aching more than ever, and I still had no idea what was going on.

We were in the gravel lot of a building out in the middle of nowhere. It looked like some kind of meeting hall, but there were no windows. The lot was filled with expensive-looking cars, including a few limousines.

Samantha used the leash to pull my face close to hers, choking me in the process.

“Remember everything I’ve taught you,” she said. “Be the best little pretty princess you can be. And don’t you dare fucking embarrass me in there.”

“Yes, Boss,” I said.

She pulled me through the lot and the double doors. It was dark inside, an audience sitting on folded chairs facing a stage, which was lit. There, a dozen women stood holding their own leashes, the collars around the necks of women in brightly-colored swimsuits and bikinis. Only as Samantha led me up the center aisle, I realized the ones in the swimwear weren’t women after all. They were just like me.

My mind reeled. This was some kind of show, where wives paraded their feminized husbands or boyfriends in front of an audience. How did Samantha even find out about this place?

There was also a woman standing in the middle of the stage with a microphone. She looked much older than the rest, her dark hair done up in a bun, her nightgown like something from a bygone era.

“Ah,” she said. “A late entry.”

Samantha pulled me up the stairs onto the stage. “Sorry,” she said to the woman.

“No apologies necessary. The more the merrier.”

I squinted with the hot lights in my eyes. All I could see were the dark silhouettes of the audience members, at least fifty in total. I felt a hard yank on my leash.

“Fucking smile,” Samantha whispered. “And stand up straight.”

I straightened, pushing my new breasts out, and put on my best smile. I glanced around at the others. Maybe they hadn’t all had hormones, because all but a couple were flat-chested. Some of them didn’t have very nice hair, and they obviously hadn’t practiced putting on their make-up every day either. If this was a contest for who looked the prettiest, I definitely had a great shot, and some weird part of me was not only proud of that fact, but wanted to win whatever this was.

“We were almost finished introducing the girls,” the hostess said. “So why don’t you go ahead?” She nodded at Samantha.

She gave a tug on the leash, and not knowing what else to do, I took a step forward and gave a little curtsey. I looked at the crowd, then at the hostess.

“Well what’s your name, dear?” she asked me.

That question shouldn’t have taken me by surprise, but it did. For the past six months, Samantha had called me many things: bitch, slave, sissy. But she hadn’t called me by a proper name, and I’d almost forgotten the one I’d been born with. Kyle. I realized I hadn’t heard or even thought that name in months, but I couldn’t say it now. I was a girl.

“Well?” the hostess asked.

“Chloe,” Samantha said from behind me. “Her name’s Chloe.”

“Well okay,” the hostess said. “Everyone meet Chloe.” There was light applause from the audience. “All right, girls. Head backstage. We’re going to start the show.”

A heavy red velvet curtain was the backdrop for the stage, and the true women and their fake girls began to file out through the slit in the middle. As Samantha pulled me through the curtain, I saw the tables with lightbulb-framed mirrors and racks full of clothes, wigs, hats, and scarves.

“Let’s start with the new girl, shall we?” I heard the hostess say from the stage. “Chloe dear, get back out here.”

Oh God, me? I looked at Samantha, panicked. I still wasn’t sure what was expected of me. My wife unhooked the leash from my collar and slapped my ass.

“Go on,” she said, smiling. “Get your ass out there.”

I made my way back through the curtain and walked out to stand next to the hostess. She smiled and took me by the hand. She held my hand up in the air and twirled me around.

“Isn’t she lovely?” she said. “Well, let me get off the stage so you can enjoy her by herself.”

She walked down the stairs, leaving me alone, the spotlights shining down on me brighter than ever. My impulse was to cover my crotch with my hands, to try to hide whatever bulge was still coming through the tape. Instead, I put my hands behind my back, arching it to proudly show off my fledgling titties.

Then the music began. It was a low, thrumming base beat, and soon electronic notes began to chime in, forming the kind of dance music you might hear in a strip club.

“Dance, you stupid bitch,” came a harsh whisper from behind the curtain. I couldn’t tell if it was Samantha or someone else. Either way, I was terrified. I was a horribly dancer. But if this was what was expected of me, I had to do it.

I began to move up and down, feeling my tits bob along with me. I put my hands down by my sides and began to step to one side, then the other, the most basic dance I knew.

Then something took over me. The music was pulsing through me, and I could feel its vibrations. I began to loosen up, and my motions became more fluid. I began to sway, to spin, and to undulate. I was dancing, and now I was doing a pretty good job.

My new body felt sexy and amazing. For the first time since I was in high school, my belly was flat. Over the past months, I’d been worked around the clock, and I’d eaten a lot less. I was in the best shape I’d ever been in. My hips felt wider, and my new chest felt so natural heaving along with the rest of my body. I smiled as wide as I could, and now that was natural too. I was enjoying myself. I couldn’t see their faces, but I could feel their eyes. I could feel their wanting and desire, thick in the air.

The song went on for what seemed like forever. I began to work up a lather, sweat breaking out across my skin. I was almost sorry when the music stopped. I danced for a few more seconds, then finished with a little spin. Then I stood there on stage, panting with exertion.

The hostess walked to the edge of the stage, but didn’t come back up. She looked up at me approvingly. “Not bad,” she said. “Let’s give our little girl a round of applause, shall we?”

The crowd clapped, louder than before. I beamed. I thought Samantha had brought me here to be humiliated, but now I felt liberated. I'd actually enjoyed dancing, and the audience loved me.

"Okay," the hostess said. "Let's move on to the talent portion."

So this was a pageant after all. I was going to do my best. I was going to win this for Samantha, but also for myself. I was—

I froze. Walking out of the darkness was a man, and I recognized him. "Bill?" I whispered. No, it couldn't be. My old boss. I'd almost forgotten all about him.

He was a big man with receding hair and a large belly. He'd worn his best suit tonight, an ill-fitting blue thing off the rack. He climbed the stairs to join me on stage.

"Hello...Chloe," he said, grinning. He gave me a wink.

What was this? What was going on?

"Okay, girl," the hostess said. "Let's see what you can do." With that, she walked back into the darkness, and now the whole crowd was watching me again.

No, I thought. Not that. I thought of all those dildos, all that sucking I'd done, down on all fours with the rubber cocks in my mouth. Only this was a real cock, and the man was someone I had worked for. And he knew exactly who I was.

"Well?" he said. His grin had faded a little. He was waiting for me. I glanced to the rift in the curtain and saw Samantha frowning at me. She pointed her finger at the ground.

Just when I'd been starting to feel good, I was reminded again of who I really was, Samantha's bitch. I got down on my knees and began to unbuckle Bill's belt.

I let his slacks drop around his ankles, revealing skinny, hairy legs. He wore white briefs, his cock propping them up. I could smell his musk and sweat even before I pulled down his underwear.

When I did, the scent of him was even stronger. I wondered when he'd showered last. His cock bobbed in front of me, red and eager, and I saw a bead of clear cum oozing out of the eye. I reached up and curled my fingers around the base and leaned in.

I nearly gagged, even before my lips touched his skin. A meaty, salty smell filled my nose, and I hesitated for a second. Then I felt Samantha staring at me. I didn't want to disappoint her. She would punish me in ways I hadn't even thought of.

So I opened my mouth and slid my lips down Bill's shaft. The taste was even stronger than the smell, but I kept from gagging. Bill let out a moan as I took the head of his circumcised cock all the way to the back of my throat.

My mouth began to water, spit filling it up, and I slowly worked my mouth back and forth as I squeezed the base. Never in a million years did I think I would be kneeling on a stage, sucking off my old boss in front of my wife and a large crowd. But now that I was here, something inside of me began to actually enjoy it. I was a cocksucker, a slut whore. This was what I was made for and it was all I'd ever be good at.

I sped up, bobbing my head like a chicken, careful to use only my lips and tongue. Bill's moans increased in intensity.

"That's right, you little bitch," he said. "Suck that dick."

I said "Yes, sir" with his cock deep in my mouth, so that it came out mumbled. He laughed, then went back to moaning. He stank, but that turned me on even more. I took him out of my mouth and kissed his balls a little, pecking them, then taking each one into my mouth. They tasted awful, but he seemed to enjoy it. While I sucked his balls, I pumped his shaft with my hand.

After a little of that, I opened wide and kept sucking. He'd been dribbling into my mouth, his precum mixing with my saliva into a thick, salty lube. His legs started to shake, and he reached down to grab a thick bunch of my hair. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time.

I looked up into his eyes, which were wide and glassy. He was grinding his teeth, grinning down at me.

That's when he came.

It took me by surprise, a huge, warm, gummy load squirting into the back of my mouth. I almost choked, and I tried to back up, but Bill had me by the back of the head. He held me in place, making me

take the full load in my mouth. I squeezed my eyes shut, tears rolling out of the sides. God, there was so much. It tasted disgusting, a stinky, salty goo that flooded my cheeks and began to pour out of my mouth and down my chin.

“Swallow it, bitch,” he said, squeezing my hair tighter. I would have yelped if my mouth hadn’t been full.

I gulped down the thick sludge. My stomach protested, wanting to throw it back up, but in response, I gulped down another mouthful. Bill held me in place until I had swallowed it all, then he made me lick his dick clean. When he was satisfied with that, he pushed my head down to the polished wood surface of the stage and made me lick up the little pool of cum that had spilled there. Only then did he let go of me.

He patted me on the head, pulled up his pants, and headed off the stage. “Good to see you again,” he said, laughing.

The hostess walked back out. “Okay, nice,” she said. “Can we get Chloe’s owner back out on stage please?”

Samantha walked from behind the curtain. I stayed down on my knees, more humiliated than ever, the taste of Bill’s cock and cum staining my mouth. There was a hot fullness in my stomach from what I had just swallowed, and I felt cheap and used.

My wife bent down to reattach the leash to my collar. “Bet you didn’t see that coming,” she said before standing back up.

“We’ll start the bidding at five hundred,” the hostess said.

What? I looked up, startled. I saw the silhouette of a man raise his hand in the air.

“Very good,” the hostess said. “Do I have seven fifty?”

Bidding? Oh no. This wasn’t a pageant at all. Or rather, it was. But it was to show off the wares. In reality it was an auction, and I was the meat. They must have liked what they saw, because the bidding closed out at four thousand dollars.

A short, fat man with a beard and gold rings on most of his fingers strutted up to the stage. He reached into his suit jacket, took out a roll of hundreds, and began counting them out.

Samantha crouched down and pulled me close. "You're going to go stay with this gentleman for the next week," she said. I made a whimpering sound, and she slapped me across the face. "I don't want to hear that shit. You'll do every single thing he says. You'll do whatever he wants. If he wants to fuck your ass, you'll offer it up. If he wants to kick you in the balls, then fondle your dick, you'll say please and thank you."

"Yes, Boss," I said, turning my eyes to the wet spot on the stage where I had just licked up a pool of cum.

"Look at me," she said. "For the next week, you'll answer to him just as if he was me. After all, I thought you'd enjoy the chance to start earning a little money again." She straightened up as the man walked onto the stage and handed her the money. In return, she handed him the end of my leash.

She bent down one last time and kissed the cheek she had just slapped a few moments earlier. "Bye, sweetie," she said. "See you in a week."

I watched her leave through the part in the curtain, but then I felt a yank on my collar. The short man was heading back off the stage, with me in tow.

He led me back to his chair, where I knelt next to him. We watched the rest of the auction like that, him holding my leash and occasionally reaching down to play with one of my tits or run his finger through my hair. And all the while I thought back to how it had all come to this, how I had been transformed into a sissy whore to be rented out to rich perverts for week-long sessions.

At least when the night was over, I had fetched the highest price.

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