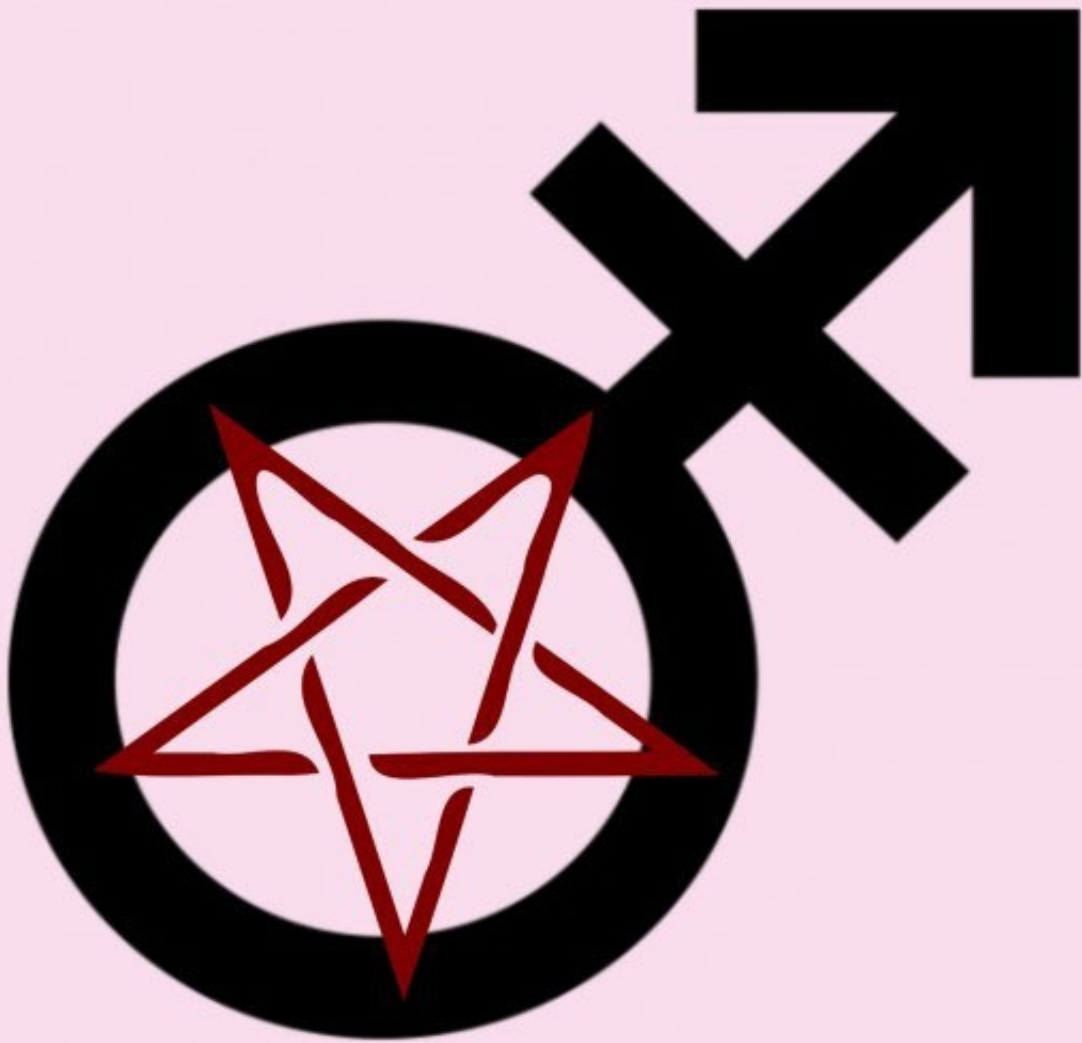
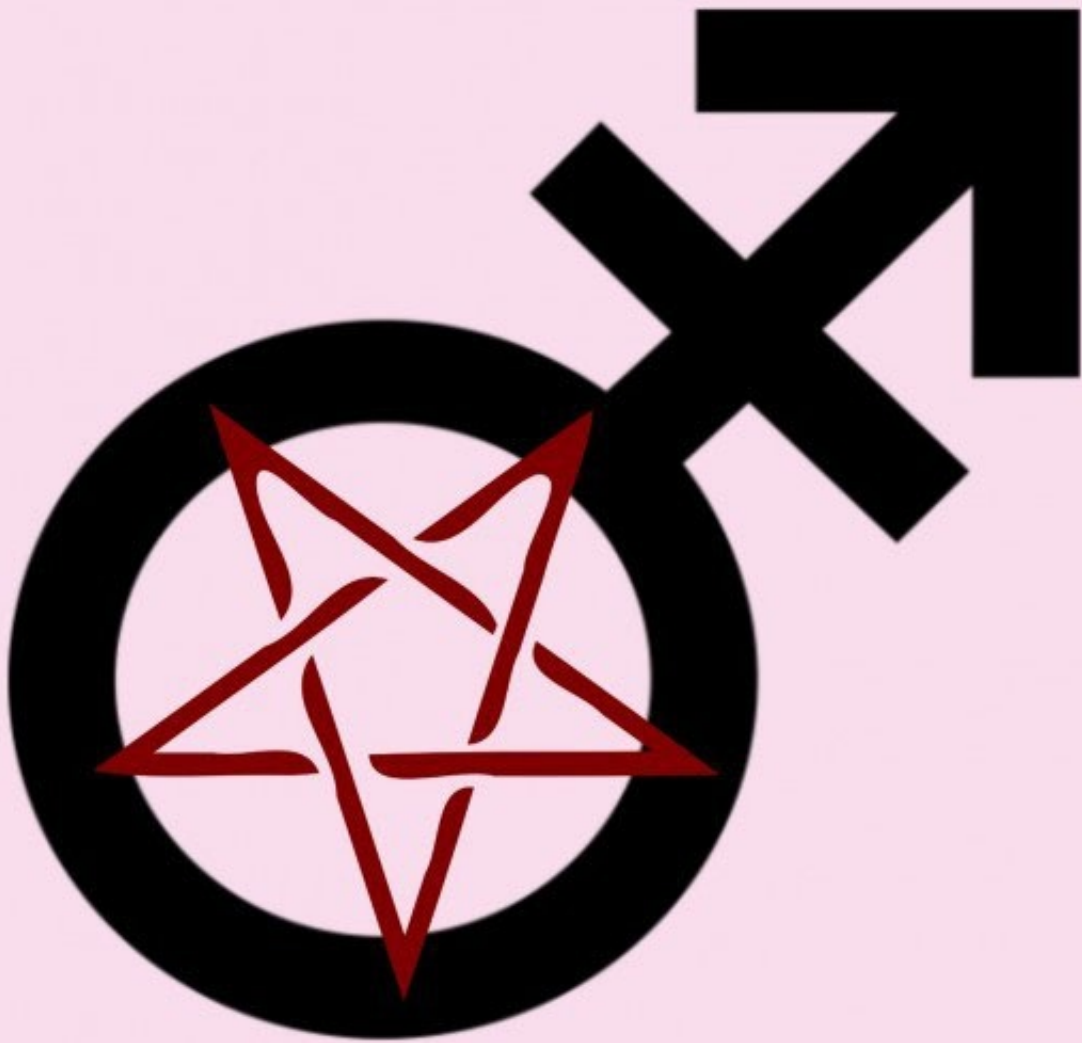


Sissy Corruption



Ashley Natter

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Published by Ashley Natter at Smashwords

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"Well," says Christine, taking a step back. "Get on your knees."

Something kicked in, almost an instinct to obey. Angel immediately fall to his knees.

She smiles at that. "Good girl!" she says, and slips a foot out of her boots. Dangles it in front of his face.

"I think you know what to do, sissy."

I

“Before I get into that,” Lucius said, stalling, a maddening trait of his that never failed to annoy Max, “let me just reflect on something. Do you remember when I assured you that I would change the world?”

Did Max remember? Up to the day of the murders, it had been his most chilling look at Lucius. An informant of Max’s, a half-crazed French with whom he had gone to college, had turned up dead after getting too close to an international weapon deals revolving around some of the most influential and rich man in the world.

Max had flown to England to investigate the case, only to be nearly killed himself by a wing of hacked attack drones. That had assured Max that what had been ruled as suicide had actually been a homicide, and Max had had to escape Britain in an old plane he had stolen from a museum. When he got back to New York, none other than Lucius promised him that he would take care of it. Not long after, Max watched as the head of the Illuminati, the secret conspiracy that ruled the world in secret for thousands of years, were summarily executed by Lucius’ hand.

“I remember,” Max said flatly, the understatement of his life.

“I made clear that I would not tolerate insincerity or deviousness in my administration of the new United Emergency Government. And the Illuminati situation took care of itself, did it not?”

Took care of itself? Max remained silent.

“What is the most precious quality of humanity, Mr. Williams?”

“I don’t know... Charity?” Max guessed, a bit surprised by the sudden change of subject.

“For me it always will be free will.”

“Are you serious?”

“I am. I always am. There is nothing more precious in life than the ability to choose for yourself what you must do. In the world I’m building every single human being will be free of petty tyranny, lazy bureaucracy, hypocrite religions, or even the chains of predatory capitalism. Everyone will be free to do as they wish.”

“And if anyone bothers you, they will be promptly killed?”

Lucius shook his head and looked at Mas as if he was a particularly slow student.

“They will have free choice, but they will not be free of the consequences of their choices. Those men had been working to create a world of mindless slaves. They were groomed from birth to become the kings and priests of this world, I

saw into their souls and immediately knew that they never could be happy with a simple existence, they craved for control and power... I had no other choice but to eliminate them. Tell me, do you think I was wrong? What would you have done in my place?"

"To be perfectly honest with you, sir, I have no idea."

"And you wonder why I like you so much?" Lucius smiled broadly. "You are an honest person! I have thousands that would come comfort me, tell me what I did was perfectly right and moral, but you have no such need. You speak your mind. That's why I need you."

A month earlier, Max would have cursed the man to his face. He wondered if his sentiment showed. Apparently it did not.

"Max," Lucius continued, "I need you. And this time I am not going to take no for an answer."

Max felt bold. Curiously bold. Certainly he wanted to hear what Lucius had in mind, but it seemed the man was most impressed when Max spoke his mind. Max wasn't ready to tell him that he knew Lucius was in fact the devil himself and that Max had in fact became part of a small resistance group that was ready to fight him to the last.

"I probably shouldn't have come without knowing what you wanted," Max said. "I almost didn't."

“Oh, let us be frank and serious,” Lucius said. “I am a diplomat, and I am sincere. You must know me well enough by now to know that.” He paused looking over the horizon, as the sun set on the horizon the city lights shone with intensity. Max did not even nod. “But, the system with which I need to work is not free of corruption or people guided by blind greed. But I can see that you are different, you don’t care about being rich or powerful, your only desire is the truth. How is it that they say in the movies? Oh yes, I have a proposition that you can’t refuse.”

“I can’t?” Max asked, he knew it was best not to enrage him, but he was too tempted to see his true face. “What would happen to me?”

“Oh, don’t think that’s some threat or silly attempt to intimidate you, dear Max. We both know you were being wasted in that place, when was the last time you could write a story without having to worry about who you are offending or the revenue it would generate. I have read some of your last articles and they seem so... castrated? Yes, definitely that.”

“So I should work for you? And when I discover you are bombing refugee camps in Africa or using chemical weapons against civilians in Mexico you will tire of me, send me to some desolate prison where I’ll rot for the rest of my days?”

“Oh, no! Please don’t think of me as some tin pot dictator or some petty tyrant. I’m ready to give you free reign to do your job as you wish. If you want to do it from my side or from some secret location is completely up to you. Fear should never be the basis on which you decide to work with me. There is only a single exigence: You must be honest with yourself.”

“Honest with myself? That’s seem pretty easy.” Max said certain.

“Don’t be so cocky, Max, some lies are buried so deep within ourselves that sometimes it’s hard to see.”

Lucius extended his hand. Max still hesitated for a moment before accepting it.

For a single moment the true form of Lucius flashed in front Max and to his surprise it was a being of untold beauty, a divine creature with giant wings of pure white.

“Maximus Steel, such a... manly name isn’t it?” He asked and Max suddenly felt as if he was looking straight into his soul. “Why did you chose it?”

Max tried to explain it was a good and strong name, but words failed him, every time he tried to speak the words came twisted, wrong.

“Remember, my dear, only the truth from now on.” Lucius spoke in a reassuringly way.

“The other boys... they kept mocking my name. I... They kept saying it was a girl’s name.” Max spoke before he could realize he was saying anything. He flinched expecting Lucius to laugh at his pathetic admission, to see him laugh from his weakness, but the blonde man smiled comfortably.

“Its fine now, dear, do you want to tell me your name?” He spoke softly.

“Angel Williams.” Max spoke again before he could even realize.

“But that’s such a beautiful name!” Lucius exclaimed. “Don’t you like it?”

Max took a moment to realize he was crying, he cleaned the tears with the back of his hand.

“I like it, I miss it.”

“I like it too, why don’t you use it again? I promise that no one will laugh.” Lucius spoke softly, bringing him to a tender embrace. “They hurt you, didn’t they?”

Angel felt lost in so many memories, things he had thought buried deep, covered in years of denial, alcoholism, and cheap whores. The warm, strong embrace brought out on him something he thought long lost.

Lucius ripped off his clothes then blindly reached for Angel’s. Angel moved his face an inch to the left, toward Lucius’s eager fingers that traced his face, his touch sending waves of electricity through his body.

“So soft. I never would have guessed that under this strong exterior there could be such a soft, cute person.”

“You think I’m cute?” Angel asked, surprised by how his voice sounded. Lucius’ hand touched him with a hard possession.

“Of course! But you have tried to hide it away so hard, don’t you? You have built this image of a strong, virile man so you wouldn’t be hurt again.”

“What is happening?” Angel asked softly, he felt his body getting smaller, softer by the moment.

“I told you, there will be no lies while you are under my service.” Lucius laughed. “You will see your true self today, the one that you have been trying to hide for all those years.”

Angel grinned, leaned against him as he slid his hands down Lucius’s back and over his ass. “I like it. I feel light.”

Lucius tipped his chin up, kissing Angel. “You have lived under the weight of your lies, but now you are free. Can you feel the changes?”

“I sure can feel some changes,” Angel teased as he felt the bulge in Lucius’ groin pressing against him. It took him a moment to realize how easily it had come to him, how easily this pleased him. Could he really like cock?

Lucius laughed too. The sound filled Angel’ chest with joy. Never in a million years did he think he would end up in the arms of the devil and have it so lovingly, so mutual. He knew he should pray, summon the power of god to

protect him, but honestly he didn't want it. If this was damnation, then he welcomed it.

Lucius ran his hands over Angel's body, groping his sensible nipples. Angel moaned loudly as hidden nerves were touched by the first time in his life, he felt them growing and developing rapidly, his mind filling with strange new desires as he admired Lucius's naked body.

"You are becoming such a cute sissy," Lucius confessed. "Is this going too fast?"

"No." To prove it, Angel pulled him in a fast, luxurious and debauched kiss. Such a kiss like he never had in his life, fiery and hungry.

Lucius's breath stopped short. "Yes, let your desires flow, there is no need for false modesty or shyness."

Angel shivered when he finally wrapped it around Lucius' rigid cock, alive with heat and lust, already dripping with precum.

"You are so eager to please," Lucius said with a delicious grim.

Angel put both arms around Lucius' neck, pulling him closer, looking up into his eyes with delightful passion, watching the kaleidoscope of emotion and pleasure slide over his features. With the cover of night, Lucius didn't hide any of his expressions of love. Angel loved every minute of seeing Lucius reactions without hiding behind shyness.

“I love watching you,” Angel murmured, dragging his fingers teasingly up and down Lucius’s hard shaft. “So fucking erotic.”

Lucius’s lips twitched. “You are so lovely, my little angel.” His eyes fluttered partly open. His brow pulled together.

Lucius’s fingers found Angel’s nipples. He plucked them, sending jolts of electrical pleasure straight to Angel’s cock.

“This is so good,” Angel whispered.

He filled his eyes with Lucius, drank in every nuance. He delved between Lucius’s lips in his mind’s eye but denied himself the kiss he desperately wanted, to prolong the hunger, and to make the culmination that much sweeter. Angel pumped Lucius’s dick slowly.

Lucius cupped the back of Angel’s head and dragged him down. “Fucking kiss me, already.”

“Oh yes,” Angel purred eagerly. It felt so good, so easy to give him all his love.

Lucius kissed him. Angel pulled back, letting their lips just touch. Soft, sweet, delicate, so in contrast to their other kisses. He could feel the urgency; see it on Lucius’s face, as he tempted Lucius for more. Angel didn’t know who he tortured more, Lucius or himself.

The next time Lucius pulled him close roughly, this time with two hands, Angel accepted the debauched, sloppy kiss. Their lips rolled on one another, opening over teeth and tongues. The tips of their tongues flicked against each other, licked each other.

Angel groaned enthusiastically, tilting his head back, showing his vulnerable, sensible neck to Lucius. Lucius bit him hard, possessively. Angel moaned as he felt the delicious pleasure of giving himself to another, free of his old chains and lies. Angel felt his weakening resolve, until Angel could no longer resist the urge to be possessed.

He pulled back, this time without the intent to tease, but the abject need to have Lucius the way he so desperately craved.

Angel sank to his knees. He kissed his way down Lucius's body. Lucius caressed his head, encouraging him to continue going lower and lower.

Angel nibbled playfully along the lean muscle sculpting the fine lines of Lucius's abdomen. He hesitated for a moment admiring Lucius' cock, it seemed almost to be calling for him. He'd love to see it in daylight, but the sparse light was just as appreciative as Angel was.

Lucius's cock hardened.

Angel cupped his balls, testing their weight. He coasted a thumb over the wrinkled sac, smiling crookedly when Lucius's hips lifted and he groaned deep

in his chest for need.

“Please. Please, don’t keep me waiting,” Lucius demanded.

As though to make his point, he put his hands in Angel’s hair and directed him to the tip of his shaft. Angel flicked out his tongue, catching the drop of pre-cum, letting Lucius’s flavor fill his mouth with its slick, salty-sweet essence. Angel would remember this moment many times over, he realized. He didn’t want to rush it, though they were both seemed almost beyond bearing the lust that coursed through their veins.

“You are such a little tease, you will kill me like that.” Lucius laughed, caressing Angel’s hair.

“I can’t help, you are so tasty, so wonderful,” Angel answered flustered. “I never felt anything so fucking good!”

“It all yours,” Lucius smiled. “Any time you wish.” He appreciated for a moment Angel’s new body. He had lost a foot in height, but gained several centimeters in his hips, his skin had been cleared of any offending hair, his hair grew rapidly quickly coming to his shoulders, his cock grew smaller by the moment just as his nipples grew sensible.

Angel held Lucius’s cock at the base, sliding his mouth over the head. He ran his tongue over it, pressing it, flicking the flared rim, swirling against the tiny hole at the top. Lucius moaned contently.

Pride swelled Angel' chest that he was doing exactly the right things to please him.

Angel inched down Lucius's length, taking him deeper and deeper, inch by hot, hard inch. Angel swallowed it all, ripping an unprecedented groan of desire from Lucius's throat.

Angel hoped he was doing it right, he felt some strange new pleasure in pleasing the other man like nothing he had ever felt before. No, he knew instinctively that he wasn't a man anymore, he was a submissive, eager being that wished nothing more than give pleasure. He was a sissy and he was loving every moment out of it. It was poetic. It was perfect. Lucius was perfect.

He'd never doubted his skill before. Lord knew he had plenty of practice at sex with whores, never capable of sustaining a true relationship. But this was different. This time he was being himself like never before. A part of him screamed that Lucius was the enemy he had promised to fight, but how could he fight something that felt so good?!

Angel pulled his head back, taking a long breath, smelling Lucius manly musk, focusing his attention on the sensitive tip. He caressed the base and the balls, quickening his movements to meet the clutching demand of Lucius's fists in his hair.

Lucius choked on a groan. His hips jerked forward, thrusting his cock deeper between Angel' lips. "Oh my little slutty Angel!"

Angel sucked harder, diving his tongue into the tiny hole, then cradling Lucius's

length in his mouth and throat.

Lucius went wild, fucking Angel's mouth. Angel took it with surprising ease, opening his throat and breathing on each withdrawal, then sucking him down as Lucius thrust deeper. His nose brushed the coarse hairs at the base of Lucius's penis. It smelled of arousal, of pleasure. That would be a smell that he never would forget. Angel's mouth watered, knowing what was coming.

Lucius tugged his hair urgently.

Angel latched on, not wanting to miss a drop of his male's cum.

"I'm coming! I'm gonna come," Lucius warned, his voice cracking.

Angel grabbed Lucius's ass and bore down, swallowing him whole. Lucius cried out, bucking hard against Angel's lips, spilling hot and thick into his throat. Angel hummed with pleasure. His cock ached as it came a watery cum on the floor. Lucius had emptied himself inside Angel. Lucius had given him everything, unable to hold back in the drive to let himself be satisfied.

God, it felt amazing! To know he'd been denied it his whole life was almost unbearable, he wanted more of it! He needed more of it! It took only a glance at Lucius eyes to know that the men would be eager to provide him with more.

He cleaned Lucius off, and stood. Lucius rubbed his finger over Angel's lips to clean off some semen and then made Angel lick it.

“Put on your clothes, my little sissy slut.” Lucius ordered.

Lucius couldn't have said it any sexier. Angel quickly his clothes, but it somehow felt weird to dress like a man, he wasn't one anymore, he didn't need to pretend he was one anymore.

Lucius's hand groped Angel's flesh extracting languidly moans. He imagined how it would to be under him, to feel his cock pressing hard against his butt and then...The thought made Angel's smile at the idea of an entire future with this man. The promise of it blossomed in his mind, drawing his balls tight and igniting the tingles dancing at the base of his spine.

Lucius caught Angel's nipple in a hard twisting pinch. Sparks burst behind his closed eyes as watery cum streaked from his cock and spilled into the night air.

“That's it. Come for me, Angel,” Lucius praised harshly.

Angel's eyes flew open, even as Lucius put on his clothes calmly.

“Good, my little Angel, you're amazing. Now I have... Well, I guess the word would be a small task for you, a last step in your liberation.”

Silence fell between them, as Angel struggled to find words. Obeying Lucius felt all of the sudden so arousing, so enticing.

“Here, take my credit card,” Lucius handed him a small plastic card that had no identification besides Lucius name and fourteen numeric digits on it. “You will find that it gives you unlimited credit on any store. Now, what you need to do is go forth and get yourself new clothes, something that matches better with the new you. After that, you will need to learn the value of pleasure, of... let us shay charity. You need to find someone worthy of your virginity, let it be taken and don’t hold back. After that you can come back to see me.”

Angel nodded eagerly.

Angel looked around the department store nervously; she used to walk past it nearly every day, on his way to work, but never dared go in. The place had always caught his eye; the store sold a combination of vintage dresses, corsets, and the cutest lingerie he had ever seen. Before he used to tell himself that it was simply something he liked to see on the whores he hired, but now he didn't need to lie anymore.

The shop was small, cramped between two big overpriced coffee shops. Every inch taken over by clothes. Old jazz music plays quietly on the stereo, the walls lined with racks of beautiful dresses, exotic corsets, and cute little cardigans. In the middle, there is a sale rail with old stock at 50% off. A rack in one corner overflows with all of the stockings of his wildest dreams. Petticoats hang from the ceiling, and in a corner, there is a section only for leather clothes, with dazzling jackets, tight pants, and sexy tops.

It is empty, as is to be expected on such an early time on the morning. The only other person in there is the owner, an older woman in her late 30s. She's dressed casually in tight blue jeans, white t-shirt under a black hoodie, her make up is properly gothic.

She smiles as Angel walk in. "Let me know if you need any help," she says, grateful and a bit annoyed for her first customer in a while. The figure of Angel wearing her oversized clothes caught her eyes, she couldn't help but imagine how he ended up with such clothes, it would be just her luck if it was some drunkard that would throw up all over her pieces. She sighed deeply, at least he was really cute.

The beautiful dresses on the walls are the first thing that catches Angel's eyes, the price range was usually way more than he would spend on his discount bin clothes, but today he really wanted something cute, besides with his unlimited credit card he was pretty sure that he could afford even the whole store if h so wanted. Angel looked through the rails, picking out cute designs. He was unsure what was his size now; he only knew that his old clothes seemed incredibly

baggy after what Lucius had done to him. He ended picking up a simple cotton pink dress, it was adorable with frills and lace. He couldn't help but laugh, this was probably the first time he really wanted clothes, usually he used his suits until they started falling apart.

"Everything OK?" the owner asked walking over to him. She was slightly taller than Angel, standing confidently with her hip cocked to one side and now Angel could see she was wearing heavy boots.

"Yeah," he says while holding the dress in front of him, "just working out if this is the right size."

"Oh, what size is she?" the owner asked. Angel laughed a bit at the suggestion.

"Oh, it's for me," Angel says without hesitation. The woman smiles taken back for a bit, but immediately points toward another piece, this one was a cocktail pink dress with dark polka dots.

"I guess that one will work better for you, this one is too plain."

"My name is Angel." He offered his hand and she happily accepted it.

"I'm Christine, do you want to see something else?"

"Some lingerie, I guess?"

"You're new to lingerie? I can help you pick out some pieces that will flatter you." Christine very obviously looked him up and down. "Not that it'll be hard. You have a lovely figure."

Angel couldn't help but blush a bit.

The taller girl led her through the underwear section, into the displays covered in lace and satin. Christine cheerfully talked about different kinds of lace and satin and silk, and various styles that would flatter. She asked Angel a few questions, about his favorite colors and styles, which he gave quick replies.

Thus began the usual routine of trying stuff on, and taking it off again when it just didn't look right. Finally, they got to a set of beautiful pink lingerie that looked stunning on Angel. He ran his hand over the thin material. He looked good, in the past he had always been way too plain looking, but now there was no other way to put it, he was stunning.

"I think you will like this one!" Christine said gleefully, "can I see it?"

Without waiting for a reply, she came into the dressing room. Angel didn't even try to cover himself before Christine walked in, the woman smiling hungrily as she saw the petite form of Angel framed in that beautiful pink lingerie.

"Oh my..." she said, eyes going wide. "You do look gorgeous!"

She reached out in a daze, grabbing Angel by the waist and pushing him closer.

"You know, there is nothing sexier than a man in lingerie." Christine spoke as she saw the eagerness in Angel's eyes. She gropes him playfully.

“Give me a moment, darling.” Angel saw Christine walk out of the changers to the front of the store where she quickly closed it. “Now, where we stopped?”

Angel watched with big eyes as Christine stepped close. She gently curved one hand around the side of her neck. Angel closed his eyes instinctively as Christine leaned in to gently kiss her.

Soft, yet commanding.

"Well," says Christine, taking a step back. "Get on your knees."

Something kicked in, almost an instinct to obey. Angel immediately fall to his knees.

She smiles at that. "Good girl!" she says, and slips a foot out of her boots. Dangles it in front of his face.

"I think you know what to do, sissy."

Angel nodded, immediately kissing her toes, holding her foot in his hands and start to lick the length of her sole.

"Very good!" she says. Angel smile to her, completely content and not a single

drop of shyness in him.

"I think I want to see you in something else..." she says.

Angel stay on his knees while Christine walks to the counter, and pulls something out from behind it. Still pink, but instead of a fairly elegant and respectable gown, it is a tight, short pink maid's dress. It was the prettiest thing Angel had ever seen!

He don't lost a single moment putting it on, the material clinging to his skin, giving him a beautifully feminine look. He swirls around seeing the small skirt showing his panties with every move. He loved every moment out of it.

"Good to see you like it, but get back on your knees, sissy!" Christine commanded, slowly taking off her other boot, offering both of her feet to Angel's eager mouth as she took off the rest of her clothes.

Angel eagerly licked each foot, slowly and lovingly licking and kissing them. Christine took off her hoodie and then her shirt to reveal her beautiful breasts. With simple gesture, she commanded Angel to her lap, offering a nipple for him to suck on.

His tongue and lips worked her nipples slowly, with just enough pressure to inflame the lust building in her body. His palms cupped her with heated warmth, his agile fingers toying with a nipple while his eager mouth sucked on the other. His lips, his tongue, rasped at the sensible skin of her nipples. She could feel her flesh tingling, pleading for a deeper caress.

“I need you now!” Catherine demanded, taking off her pants.

“Oh my,” Angel breathed as her cock came into view. Tall and thick, it rose from between her muscular thighs. Angel could see pearly beads of precum gathering at the slit in the center.

“Sorry.” Christine’s voice was impatient. “Can’t help it. I simply love a sissy that knows his place.” She gestured at her crotch. “Be a good sissy, darling.”

She didn’t have to ask him twice. Angel’s mouth was filled with the thick, hot shaft. He gagged at first, choking on the unfamiliar girth. Then, almost instinctively, he started sucking. He pulled his head back for a moment, the hot shaft slipped from between his lips and then he gently licked and kissed it eagerly.

It was too good!

Christine rubbed her own nipples as Angel sucked hard and enthusiastic on her impressive cock. Both of their moans coming together in an astounding symphony of lust and pleasure.

“Christine,” he said in a rasped, desperate voice, but it came out more as a hot, breathless moan. She pulled him up, brought him to a deep, passionate kiss just as below he could feel the hard branch of her bare cock branding his much smaller cock with its sticky precum. She sought his entrance with an almost primal desire; her hands seemed to be everywhere at once, caressing his back,

his sides, cupping the curves of his petite breasts, teasing his nipples fiercely.

Angel's thoughts were frantic, his mind in a whirl even though his body was responding to the sensual assault with enthusiasm and acceptance, he had been born to do it, been born to be a sissy. Their nipples were so hard and sensible that when Christine pressed their nipples against each other and rubbed strongly Angel couldn't help but smear his panties with some watery cum. She knew that quickly Christine would find his slippery entrance and ram herself inside him, he was going to be filled with her thick cock, plunging into him, fucking him, taking him to a whole new world of sensations and pleasure.

“Christine,” he moaned almost like a pray. “Christine!”

“Need you...need to be inside you!” Christine answered, her voice filled with debauched pleasure.

Christine threw him against the hard floor, ripped the black panties from him completely. Angel shivered, feeling exposed and put on display, but he didn't try to turn around.

She pressed her strong body to his naked rump, her hard, wet cock rubbing against his smaller cock. And hands came around to cup his breasts, play with his nipples. Her nails dug into his skin extracting moans of pain and pleasure.

Angel gasped and Christine must have heard the pain in his voice because she growled against the back of his neck, “Be a good sissy!”

“I want to be,” Angel whispered. “Make me your sissy now!”

Her hands on his body became even more insistent, possessive. Her warm, soft palms slid over his trembling sides and to his plump butt.

“Spread your legs.” It was a command, not a request and Angel felt himself go cold all over.

Already her big hands were at his inner thighs, spreading him by force, opening his boy-pussy to her assault. Instead of the blunt head of her cock, Angel felt two thick fingers stroking over her hole. He moaned and bucked against her, the fingers going easily inside him, sending a jolt of pure pleasure through his entire body. Then he stroked faster, harder to extract delicious moans of pleasure from the sissy. Wasting no time, she pressed both fingers deeply into his ass, probing his prostate. Angel gasped at the invasion, biting his lips and rising his butt eagerly. Damn, that felt good! How could have he denied himself that all his life?

“So tight,” he heard her groan. “So wet.” The fingers were withdrawn and he felt her shifting positions behind him. Suddenly a hard hand between his shoulder blades pushed him down face-first on the bed. The new position, prone on the bed with her looming over him, made him feel incredibly vulnerable. Why did he felt so damn excited being like that?!

Something huge nudged against his inner thigh, seeking his hole. He bit his lip as the broad head of her cock found and penetrated his virgin hole sending blows of pleasure through his body.

In one savage thrust, she buried her thick cock in his tight boy-pussy.

Angel cried out and bit down hard on his bottom lip, trying to control the pain in his butt, but he didn't try to draw back from her—that was his reason of being. She was deep into him, the head of her cock nudging and pressing against his prostate.

She moaned softly as she pulled almost all the way out of him and rammed in again. Her hands on his hips were all that was keeping him from sliding up. It felt like she wanted to nail him to the floor as she pounded into him from behind, her thick cock stretching him to the limit. Christine used him hard, fucked him like a beast in rut.

Not entirely and not all at once pain turned into pleasure, slowly it became easier to take Christine's thick cock inside his helpless ass. Bowing his head, he spread his legs wider, opening himself more to her, giving her what she needed.

Thoughts eluded him, Angel seemed incapable of thinking rationally, focusing on the pleasure growing between his legs as his small cock spurted another stream of his watery cum all over the floor. Christine fucked him with a rhythm now, a deep, driving beat that pressed him against the floor, filling his butt to the limit with each deep thrust. Sparks of pleasure spread through their entire bodies with each downbeat, making them moan aloud.

Angel found a new, wonderful sensation in being so completely filled, so utterly owned by another person. Her fingers dug into his hips as her cock stretched him to the limit and his body wanted this too badly. He pushed back, meeting her thrust for thrust, rejoicing in the feeling of being taken so hard and long and relentlessly.

“Christine!” he moaned as his inner muscles clenched her tightly, milking her hard cock. “Oh damnation...Christine!”

She bit his neck in reply, and began to speed up the rhythm of her thrusts. Soon she was thrusting so hard Angel could feel his entire body tremble with the pounding. All he cared about right now was feeling Christine’s hot cum filling his ass. Feel her fill him up with her hot seed.

Christine tightened her grip on his hip bones and plunged deep, as deeply as she could get. Angel felt her swell inside him, getting even bigger and harder.

And then she flooded him.

Hot cum gushed inside him, filling his ass to overflowing and leaking out of him to wet his trembling inner thighs.

Angel mumbled words trying to express her pleasure, but her mind seemed completely numb, flooded with pure bliss.

Christine collapsed against his back, panting heavily. Her sweaty body pressing heavily against him soon made him collapse too, both of them embracing in a sweaty, tired embrace.

“Angel...that was amazing,” she said hoarsely, sounding completely worn.

“It sure was, Christine,” he murmured, reaching up to stroke her charcoal-dark hair, wet with sweat. “Do you mind if I get some rest here?”

“Just don’t expect me to make you breakfast so soon,” she muttered.

“Uh...can you, um, slide out of me now?” he asked, feeling awkward. He had to ask because Christine didn’t show any inclination to remove her still semi-hard cock from his freshly fucked ass on her own. He liked the feel of her inside him, especially now that she was a little smaller and more manageable, but they couldn’t stay pinned together on the floor. He wanted to sleep and he was sure she did too. “Christine?” he asked again uncertainly.

“Don’t want to,” she murmured, giving him a loose hug. “Feels good inside you, Angel.”

“Christine, please,” he said because he could feel her growing hard in him again and he didn’t think he could make it through round two.

But it was too late now, Christine was deep asleep, drooling on his shoulder. Angel closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling it was probably something he would experience a lot from now on.

Hours later Angel would walk out of the store carrying dozens of packages filled with his new clothes and underwear, wearing the pink cocktail dress he had liked so much. Christine’s number was on his cell phone and he had promised to call her later for a real date. So filled with bliss he didn’t noticed when Lucius

appeared out of nowhere.

“My little Angel, you seem so happy, positively shining in afterglow.” He smiled happily, putting one hand over Angel’s shoulder.

“I had the best experience ever!” Angel said excitedly.

“You need to tell me all about it, let me take you for a lunch. Later you will need to go visit your old friends, they need to see the light too.”

Angel agreed happily, he barely could wait until his old friends learned about all those amazing things he had learned.

About Ashley Natter

Ashley Natter is a firmly believer that foot licking should be done more often.