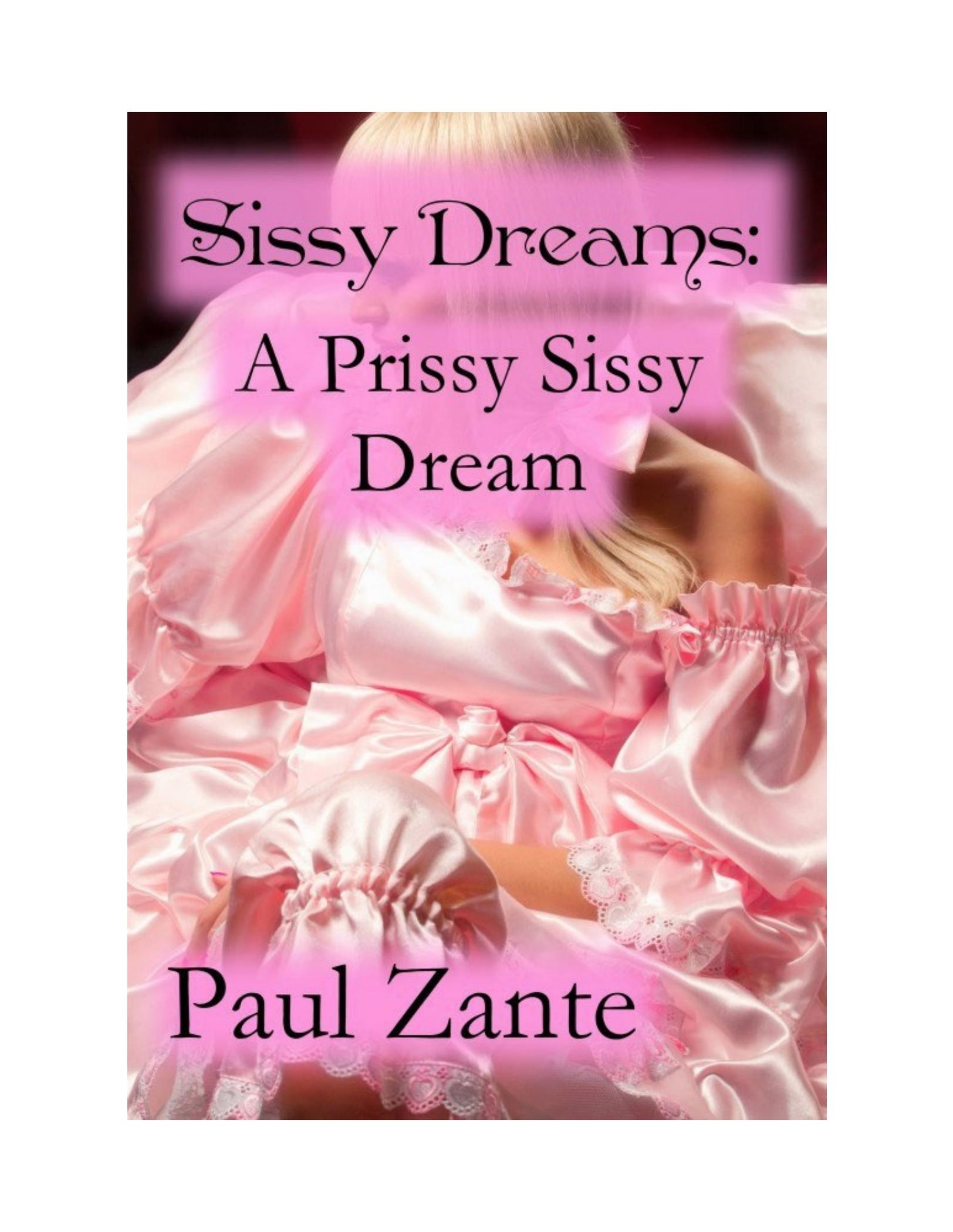


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A Prissy Sissy
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By

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Sissy Dreams:

A Prissy Sissy

Dream

I looked on in horror as Miss Hardclit, or ‘Auntie’ as she liked us to call her, forced Vicky’s head down hard against her newly waxed cunt. Her pudgy fingers cruelly gripped Vicky’s blond locks. Having been through this before I knew what it was like. It took ages for me to get Auntie’s strong musky scent out of my hair. Even worse was not waxing her correctly and having to pick pubic hair out of my mouth. My stomach turned at the thought, as well as at the groans of pleasure Auntie was making. I felt so sorry for Vicky, normally Auntie waited a few days before forcing the new trainee beautician to see how smooth she was with their tongue.

Auntie’s fat legs started to quiver and I knew Vicky’s face was going to be drenched when she finally came. Walking as quietly as I could in my white stilettos and short hot-pink PVC beautician uniform I started to gather towels and wipes and creams to soothe Vicky’s tattered nerves for when Auntie had finished.

A few moments later Auntie’s gasps started to sound like a buffalo drowning and I knew she was close to cumming. Mentally I counted down from ten, just when I reached one the sound like a Pelican laying an egg the size of a coconut came from her. She was done. I stayed out of sight as much as I could while she pushed Vicky away and rolled over onto her side, breathing heavily. The padded table creaked as she sat up, her piggy eyes still glazed post orgasm.

I was so proud that Vicky stayed standing (albeit wobbling slightly) while

Auntie messily retied the white satin robe around herself. She got off the table and wandered out through the door looking like a drunk hippo, managing to bump into both sides at the same time.

As quietly as possible I pushed the door to and hurried back to comfort Vicky. Tears were starting and I placed a clean fluffy towel on my shoulder (so I wouldn't get Auntie's juice on my uniform) before resting Vicky's head there. The sobs began and I held Vicky tightly, giving as much comfort as I could.

It was a tough life for a boy in Miss Hardclit's care.

~~~

I suppose I should have been grateful for F.I.S.T. – the Female Institute for Societal Transformation – I had a bed, roof over my head, food, but there was always the feeling that something strange was going on, perhaps it was the distant memories I had where I wore trousers. I mulled this over while brushing my teeth in my blue see-through babydoll nightdress. I'd matched it with frilly blue panties and gently moved in front of the mirror enjoying how it swished around my body. I could see my breasts were starting to get larger; soon I'd have to start wearing a bra. That was something I looked forward to as there was always a party when a boy reached their bra day! According to the boys that had been in the Institute longest that was also when Miss Phillips – the leader of F.I.S.T. started to look for placements for us. I hoped I went somewhere nice.

I made sure my face was clean of make-up – one of the many things drummed into us in our beauty lessons – and clicked out of the bathroom on my fluffy stiletto slippers and into the dorm I shared with five other boys.

As it was lights out time I carefully counted the ends of the beds, feeling the smooth frilly bedspreads, until I came to mine.

I lifted the cover and slid in and almost cried out in surprise at finding someone else in it!

“Who are you?” I whispered at the other person.

“It’s me, Vicky, Tiffany,” he whispered.

“What are you doing in my bed? You know we’re not meant to sleep with each other.”

He paused then said even quieter “I... I’m sorry about the class.”

“That’s ok, it’s a shock for everyone.”

“Yeah, I suppose...”

All of a sudden the lights went on surprising me. We’d been discovered!

My dorm-mates looked up in confusion from their frilled bedspreads and pillows. “What?” came a variety of sleepy voices.

“Out. Quickly!” I hissed to Vicky. “They mustn’t find you here.”

The door opened at the end of the room to reveal Miss Hardclit – our Dorm Mistress – filling it.

I felt Vicky sliding out of the bed, his white babydoll nightdress rustling. I sat up lifting the covers with me to hide his escape.

“You!” Auntie said, pointing a short black crop at me.

My heart felt like it had stopped. I stammered, “A... Auntie? Is something wrong?”

She stomped over to my bed, her black hair in disarray and her fur-edged leopardskin robe flapping open, revealing... I quickly looked away blinking as if still affected by the lights.

She called out over her shoulder, “Miss Smythe!”

My heart fell. Miss Smythe was the deputy headmistress and also the nastiest teacher in the school.

Auntie indicated with her crop that we should all get out of our beds. With upset looks at me for disturbing their beauty sleep all of the boys got up, their babydoll nightdresses rustling. Vicky hadn’t been able to get very far from my bed. Our

worried eyes met. What would Miss Smythe decide to do with us?

The click of stiletto slippers sounded along the corridor and I heard faint whispering from other dorms wondering what the ruckus was about.

As if things couldn't get any worse my clit decided to grow and push against my frilly blue panties! I wished the earth would open up and swallow me!

I looked up into Auntie's piggy eyes and saw her grin nastily at me. I quickly looked down again.

Miss Smythe appeared in the doorway, her shiny short black hair like a skullcap, her black pyjamas seeming to eat light.

"Yes, Miss Hardclit?"

"We have two transgressors, Miss Smythe!" she said with relish.

I didn't like the way she pronounced 'transgressors'.

"Um, Aun—" I started but her crop was instantly pointing at the tip of my nose.

"What shall we do with them, Miss Smythe?"

I felt a presence close by and jumped realising Miss Smythe had somehow come to stand behind me.

I started trembling, my blue babydoll nightdress only accentuating the movement.

"Guilty!" Miss Smythe said with excitement at seeing it. "Which boy was with you?" she asked me.

"N... No-one, Miss. I was on my own." I could but try.

"LIAR!" Auntie screeched. Her eyes raked along the other boys and saw another trembling babydoll nightdress. Her crop flicked out and pointed at Vicky!

"There! Miss Smythe, we have the culprits."

"You and you, stand here." Miss Smythe pointed to Vicky and I and then the floor in front of her.

Trembling in his stiletto slippers Vicky slowly walked to stand in front of me, the frilly bottoms of our babydoll nightdresses touching.

Miss Smythe eyed us coolly.

“So you, Vicky, were in Tiffany’s bed?” she asked.

“Yes, Miss. Sorry, Miss. I didn’t mean anything by it, Miss. Tiffany didn’t know about it until he got in, Miss.”

Bless his heart. I hoped that would let me miss the punishment, but Auntie’s ragged breathing, like a rhino that had just run a marathon, informed me otherwise.

“Nightdresses up, panties down!” Miss Smythe ordered.

With my left hand I raised the hem of my blue babydoll and Vicky lifted his white one likewise. With my right hand I lowered my panties, letting my erect clit proudly stand out. I could tell by the silence (even that of Auntie) that my clit was under intense scrutiny by everyone in the room. And, judging by the whispering outside, by some boys who’d crept along to see the fun!

“Your crop please, Miss Hardclit.”

Without a word Auntie handed Miss Smythe her short crop. Very gently she started rubbing the underside of my clit with it. Thrills went through me and my clit naturally got harder. She then moved the crop to Vicky’s clit, which wasn’t as hard as mine, but with gentle caresses and bouncing it up and down I saw it start to look up at me. Silently Vicky looked at me, fear in his eyes. What was Miss Smythe going to do to us?

“Move closer,” she ordered.

We shuffled on our stiletto slippers close enough that our erect clits were barely a hairsbreadth apart.

“The first one to cum will have detention with me on Monday evening. Rub your clits together.”

Trembling, we leant forwards our clits touched and pushed past each other. I

blushed, ashamed at feeling excitement at the touch.

“Again!” she ordered.

“Faster,” Auntie said, her eyes glued to our duelling clits.

I started thrusting my hips towards Vicky, forcing my clit against his, wanting more pleasure.

Somehow we had moved closer so our legs were touching; the rustle of our nightdresses an accompaniment to the rubbing of our clits against each other's bodies. My breathing got faster, reflecting my heart rate.

A strong hand forced my head against Vicky's. “Kiss,” Miss Smythe ordered us.

We looked at each other. Quickly we closed our eyes and pecked our lips together and moved back

That wasn't good enough for Miss Smythe though as she pushed our heads making sure our lips were crushed together. Vicky opened her mouth and I felt his tongue slide between my lips. Fire ran through me and I felt a little jerk in my clit. Was I cumming?

“Hah!” Auntie said, her eyes drinking in the sight of two sissies wearing babydoll nightdresses being forced to kiss and rub their clits together.

On the next thrust I felt something wet against my stomach. Were we both cumming? I drew apart to look down and saw a clear fluid at the top of Vicky's clit.

“The first one that cums is punished!” repeated Miss Smythe.

Vicky started thrusting his clit at me faster, I could only assume so that he was punished instead of me. I felt a glow inside at his actions, then decided to save him, and be punished myself. After all he'd licked Auntie's cunt earlier today - that was punishment in anyone's book.

I sped up my thrusts and then moved my head and stuck my tongue into Vicky's mouth. I was going to be the one that was punished!

Vicky's breath felt hot against my cheek, and I became aware of the excited breathing of the audience we had.

I felt another jerk in my clit. Yes! I was going to cum first!

All of a sudden I felt a hot wet spurt against my stomach. Vicky had cum first!

His eyes were closed and I looked down to see his clit fire creamy cum against my stomach. He would be the one punished.

Miss Smythe's strong hands pulled us apart. But I hadn't cum!

"Lick it up this instant!" she said to Vicky.

She forced Vicky's head down, so he had to get on his knees in front of me, and then against my stomach so he would lick his cum off of me.

The long strokes of his tongue not only cleaned his cum off me but also sent shivers down to my clit. Would he take me in his mouth like we were taught in class, and I knew some of the older boys did after lessons to each other even though they weren't allowed to?

Seeming to know what I was thinking he opened his eyes and smiled up at me as he licked the last of his cum off me. But before he could make any move towards my clit Miss Smythe viciously pulled him back up to his feet, stuck her face in his and hissed, "Detention on Monday. Now go to bed." With that she forced him towards the bed with no-one standing by it.

"Back to bed. All of you!" cried Miss Hardclit and there was a brief sound like hail against windows as everyone in their stiletto slippers hurried back to bed.

Before I could make a move towards my bed Miss Smythe grabbed my arm stopping me. I looked up at her wondering what she wanted.

"Er, Miss?"

She looked me up and down, smiling at the sight of my sagging clit.

"Not had your bra day yet?"

“No, Miss.”

“Hmm. We may have use for you tomorrow. See me in my office tomorrow evening at six o’clock.”

“Yes, Miss.”

With that she turned and left the room. What was she going to do to me tomorrow? Before Miss Hardclit turned the light out I saw five pairs of eyes looking at me, also wondering what was going to happen to me.

~~~

The day went by in a blur. I must have eaten and gone to the toilet but what and when would be forever unknown to me. Quiet eyes followed me from class to class as the information of where I was going to that evening spread round the school. I was so stressed that my hands shook so much in my make-up class I almost poked Simone’s eye out with the eyeliner!

I excused myself early from dinner and felt everyone’s eyes on me, even the teachers’, as I left.

I heard the quick patter of stilettos behind me and Vicky put his arm through mine. “Don’t worry, Tiffany, I’ll help you get ready.”

I swear I almost shed a tear knowing he was there for me. I knew his punishment was due in a few days time and made a promise that I would be there for him.

We got back to our dorm and had a surprise. There was a large white clothes carrier hanging up by my bed. An unsigned note on it said that I should wear it tonight.

Vicky and I looked at each other wondering what it was all about.

“Open it, Tiffany!” he said excitedly.

I held the hanger then pulled the zip down. Shiny pink satin frills seemed to explode from the bag. What was it?

I pulled the zip all the way down and saw that it was the most gorgeous frilly pink satin dress I had ever seen. I looked at Vicky and saw he must have been as shocked as I was. "Oh my god," we whispered at each other in unison.

Reverently I removed it from the carrier and just stood there in my shiny black stilettos, black stockings, white cotton panties, short plaid skirt and short-sleeved white blouse looking in awe at it.

This was way above a bra-day dress, this was... was... Words failed me.

I gently brushed the pink frills watching how the material moved and shimmered in the light.

I heard heel clicks from behind me and then, "Wow, what's that?"

It was Davina, another dorm-mate.

"It's a dress Tiffany is meant to wear tonight," Vicky replied, as I was still speechless.

Davina walked up to it and looked closely at the dress. "That's some beautiful material. I've got a better figure for it than Vicky, could I have it after you?"

"It's not for sharing, trouser-head," retorted Vicky.

"Hey, no need for that!" replied Davina. "Just saying it's a great dress."

"I'm here to help, Tiffany. If you're not get out."

Davina looked at me. "Yeah, I know it wasn't your fault, Tiffany. I'll help."

"Thank you," I managed to whisper.

"Quick, Tiff's not got much time if we're going to make him look gorgeous!" said Vicky.

The frilly satin dress had hidden other items in the carrier. We found a matching pink satin bra, choker, and garter belt, a box of white stockings, a matching pink

satin bag and shiny white stilettos in my size. There was also one thing that had me puzzled – it looked like a small pink satin drawstring bag.

“Wow, you know what this is?” Davina asked us, holding it up.

Vicky and I looked at each other with puzzled looks on our faces.

“No,” Vicky said.

“It hides the danglies we’ve got under our clit. It normally goes with,” he opened the bag up, “Yes. It normally comes with this.” He took out a delicate white lace tube. “This goes around your clit. This is some classy stuff!”

Tonight must be very special if I was to wear that! I wondered if we’d be allowed to make our own in our dressmaking classes.

I quickly undressed from my school clothes wondering who had left the dress and other items. I couldn’t see Auntie leaving it. Maybe Miss Smythe, or maybe someone else I knew nothing about.

Davina passed me the items to wear and I quickly fastened the garter belt around my waist and slipped the white stockings on. Vicky helped make sure the stockings were straight and then he clipped them to the belt. I slipped the small pink satin bag around my danglies, feeling the satin warm up and gently tightened the satin ribbon so it wouldn’t come off. My clit was erect and the white lace sheath gently gripped it. I examined how it looked in the mirror. It was fabulous!

“Bra or no bra?” Vicky asked.

We pondered the question.

“You’re close to your bra-day, right?” asked Davina.

“Yes.”

“No bra, then.”

“Ok,” I said and left the bra on the bed. I gently fastened the pink frilly choker around my neck. It felt... naughty somehow.

I sat down at my dressing table and, like we'd been taught ever since I'd been there, crossed my legs. The pink satin bag under my clit felt delightfully strange. I felt the lace clit sheath strain in response to my excitement.

Then our hair and make-up classes kicked in, with Vicky helping me with my make-up and Davina using heated straighteners to give me gorgeous hair.

After an intense few minutes Vicky stood back examining my face and both sets of nails. I could tell my lashes were longer than normal and I could feel glossy hot-pink lipstick gently cooling my lips. My toe and finger-nails now matched the pink satin colour.

Davina stood back shortly afterwards to examine his work. Using a spray he added a shimmer to my hair, but he must have felt something was missing and hurried over to his own dressing table to rummage in the drawers.

“Thank you, both of you,” I said, every word coming from my heart.

“Hey, Tiff, that’s what dorm-mates are for,” replied Vicky.

Davina came back with a pink ribbon which he proceeded to tie in my hair, and a pair of silver drop ear-rings. I quickly took my gold and crystal studs out and put them on.

“Dress, Tiff!” said Vicky. It was nearly time for me to go. I gave myself a quick squirt of my favourite flowery perfume and stood up. I untied the back of the dress and they both helped me step in and slide it up my body. I put my arms through the short puff sleeves and Vicky retied the back while Davina tied the pink satin waistband into a bow that draped over the back of the short flouncy skirt.

Finally the dorm clock went to ten to six and I slid my feet into the spotless shiny white stilettos, my freshly pink toenails poked through the holes at the front of them. Vicky and Davina carefully hugged me for good luck. A few make-up essentials went into the satin bag and I was ready.

I took one last look in the dorm’s many mirrors and saw a vision in frilly pink. My dorm-mates had made me beautiful. I made sure my frilly petticoats were spotless and my white stockings straight then, holding the satin bag, headed to

Miss Smythe's room, feeling the flouncy skirt bounce against my ass cheeks and upper thighs.

I heard the click of heels behind me and turned to see Vicky following me.

"Go back," I whispered.

"No, Tiff, I got you into this. I'll be your wing-sissy to Miss Smythe's room."

I could have hugged him!

"Ok, then," I said smiling.

I started again with a warm glow knowing that Vicky had my back.

Word must have gotten round as I saw eyes peering out at us from other dorms. As we clicked by I could hear whispering, as well as sighs at the beautiful dress I wore. I knew what they were talking about – I was a gorgeous sissy!

I arrived at Miss Smythe's door at exactly six and knocked gently on it.

"Come!"

Vicky whispered behind me, "Good luck, Tiff. I'll be waiting out here for you."

I gave him a quick smile and took a deep breath. Taking hold of the handle I turned it and walked in and had the shock of my life.

~~~

Inside the office were Auntie, Miss Smythe, Miss Phillips, and a man. In all my time in the school I'd not seen a man before. He had short dark hair, dark skin, and was wearing a dark blue suit.

"-hormones from when they arrive," Miss Phillips finished whispering to the man.

After that everyone looked at me. I felt a strange shiver go through me as I noticed the man's dark eyes seemed to devour me.

Miss Smythe saw my hesitation and said, "Thank you for coming, Tiffany."

"Miss," I said and curtseyed like we'd been taught when meeting our betters. I turned to gently close the door, catching sight of Vicky's concerned face looking at me. My heart was beating like a bird trying to escape from my chest but I gave him a quick reassuring wink.

Facing them again I saw Miss Smythe beckon me over. Her room was split into an official looking desk with computer and a lounge-type area where they were all sitting. A low table held a couple of opened bottles of wine, semi-filled glasses and plates of finger food.

A few small landscapes and pictures of previous student classes hung on the austere white walls. Matt black curtains covered the windows. Our dorm was much cosier with frills and warm welcoming colours - Sally was a whiz in the interior decorating classes.

I carefully clicked over to them, making sure I walked like we'd been taught in our modelling class.

The man's eyes never left me. Why was he so interested in me?

"Do you know why you're here, Tiffany?" Miss Smythe said.

"No, Miss."

"It's because our guest here is very interested in our sissy students."

"Yes, Miss?"

"I believe you are top of several of your classes."

"Oh, yes, Miss."

"What classes are you top in, Tiffany?"

"Dress making, and clit sucking and licking, Miss."

The man seemed to choke on something.

“All under the strictest of supervision,” Miss Smythe added quickly.

Concerned, I looked at him. “Are you ok?” I asked.

“Yes. Yes, thank you, Tiffany.” His voice was deep and I felt like it had vibrated through my body. He took another sip of white wine from his glass to recover.

The other teachers waited for him to speak again.

“I gather you were in some trouble last night. What was it for?”

I glanced at Auntie and Miss Smythe, and decided there was nothing for it but the truth. “Vicky was in my bed, Sir.”

He seemed to have another coughing fit. I wondered whether I should do anything, but the other teachers just sat still watching him.

Miss Phillips then spoke. We’d been taught that she was the leader of F.I.S.T. and the building we were in was an inheritance from a rich relative. Her iron grey hair and thin wrinkled face was showing her years and her voice was scratchy with age. “We don’t permit fraternisation between our students.”

Little did she know!

“Do you like it here?” he asked me.

“Oh, yes, Sir. I have lots of friends and we’re taught an awful lot.”

He cleared his throat. “You’re not wearing a bra, Tiffany?”

“I’ve not yet reached my bra-day, Sir. I’m looking forward to it. I’ve already designed my dress and I’m making it as fast as I can.” I reached down and held the hem of the frilly skirt and spun round on my white stilettos, the short skirt bounced beautifully. When I faced them again I said, “But would love to wear this one.” As innocently as possible I looked at the teachers, wondering who would flinch.

Aunties and Miss Smythe’s eyes flicked towards each other. It made sense as

whoever put the dress there had to have access to the dorm.

“Do you like the lessons you are top in, Tiffany?” he asked.

“Oh yes, Sir. I’m often first pick in the clit sucking competitions, Sir.”

He seemed to have an annoying cough, and had to have another sip of wine to calm it down.

“May I look at your clit, Tiffany?”

“Of course, Sir.”

I lifted the front of my frilly skirt up to show the beautiful pink satin bag my danglies were in and my erect clit with the pretty lace sheath around it.

“Very nice, Tiffany. Would you like to see my clit?”

Where was this leading to?

I looked towards Miss Smythe for some help.

“I believe Tiffany would love to see your clit,” she said with a smile. Something I’d never seen on her face before. Stranger and stranger.

He stood up. He was taller than me and also wider. I could sense something about him that made me shiver inside. There seemed to be a bulge where his clit was.

He reached down to his trousers and unzipped them. The sound was loud in the silent room. Reaching inside he brought out the longest, darkest clit I’d ever seen! I never knew they could grow that big!

It must have been the result of not cumming when Vicky and I were rubbing our clits together, but I felt a strange trembling in my satin encased danglies as he walked towards me, his enormous clit held in his hand. I looked up into his eyes and felt his clit touch mine. I felt a jerk in my clit and looked down at it. I’d spurted onto his clit! My white cum contrasted against his dark skin.

“Oh!” I cried in horror, covering my mouth with my hand. What would he do to me? What would my teachers do?

“I’m so sorry!”

I felt tears prick at my eyes with the enormity of what I’d done.

“Tiffany!” Miss Smythe said, angrily. “That’s not the way to behave with guests!”

Eyes wide with fear I looked back up into the man’s eyes. “I’m sorry, so, so sorry,” I whispered towards him. “I... I...” Words failed me and tears ran down my cheeks at what I’d done.

“Aren’t you going to clean it up?” his deep voice asked me.

What? Yes. That’s what I should do!

I quickly looked around for some wipes but couldn’t see Miss Smythe’s dressing table or anywhere she kept her make-up.

His strong, rough fingers gently gripped my chin, bringing my face back to look up into his.

“I meant with your tongue,” his voice rumbled.

Oh. Realisation dawned on me - it was like one of those surprise tests where the teacher checked to see how much you’d learnt in the clit sucking and licking class.

Maybe I wouldn’t get into too much trouble if I made a good job of cleaning his clit?

He let my chin go and I quickly got to my knees in front of him, putting the satin bag down next to me. As soon as I was at his clit-level memories of what we’d been taught in class came flooding back.

With my left hand I gently took hold of the underside of his long black clit and, for stability, my right went round to clasp his left ass cheek. Gently moving his clit to one side I licked my cum up and swallowed it down; its saltiness reminding me of my classes where we’d practised on each other (under the strictest supervision, of course).

His deep rumbles of pleasure travelled through his clit into my mouth and down towards my satin-encased danglies, where I felt a naughty response. Why was this affecting me so?

As we’d been taught I looked up into his eyes to make sure he was enjoying it, and lost myself in his deep brown eyes.

He whispered, “Suck me, Tiffany.”

I so wanted to.

The teachers in the room disappeared from my notice. There was only me in my gorgeous frilly pink splendour and his deep brown eyes and long clit for me to worship with my mouth.

I made sure my mouth was full of saliva and took his clit-end into it, feeling my glossy pink lips stretched by its width. I pushed the saliva down its length making sure it was fully lubricated before taking it deeper.

It touched the entrance to my throat and I was barely halfway down it! This called for more advanced techniques.

My right hand moved from his ass cheek to fondle his danglies, and I was rewarded by a deep groan. I licked the sensitive part just under the tip of his clit and loved the way I was making his hands clench and unclench.

The time had come for me to take him down. I gave his clit long swipes of my tongue to get it nice and lubricated then moved my hand round to his ass cheek.

Starting slowly I took his clit into my mouth, feeling it push against my tongue, then the back of my throat, then forcing my head further down so his clit entered my throat. This was where some boys lost their nerve and failed the class. Their shame made them practice on other students outside of classes.

My nerve held (even though I knew it was the biggest clit I'd ever seen) and felt it slide further and further down my throat, filling me up. I had one last trick that I'd practiced on Vicky a few times - when my nose was touching his dark skin I pulled his danglies towards me and gently licked them with my tongue.

A few gasps of astonishment coming from the other teachers told me they'd never seen such a thing!

I lifted my head and, with his clit about halfway down my throat, started slowly bobbing up and down on it (as we'd been taught in class, under the strictest of supervision). Again I made sure his clit was well lubricated while gently squeezing his danglies, and gradually built up speed until his breathing sped up to match.

"Tiffany," he whispered roughly from above me.

Looking up I saw his head thrown back and he was gasping at the ceiling. Then he looked down at me and his large hand gripped the back of my head and he started thrusting his clit in and out of my mouth. As we'd been taught I stopped moving and just let him do the work, but still made sure his clit was well covered with saliva by wiping it with my tongue as it went in and out.

I felt his danglies jerk and knew he'd be cumming soon. Both his hands gripped my head, forcing his clit down my throat. I braced myself, and after a few more thrusts felt his whole body jerk in orgasm, but I wasn't prepared for the flood of

hot salty cum that filled my throat and overflowed into my mouth! I quickly closed my lips around his clit and hastily gulped down as much of the salty juice as I could but to my shame I felt some squeeze out. I hoped it wouldn't get on my dress.

After several more jerks, each giving less and less cum for me to swallow, his breathing calmed down and I felt a glow of pride at sucking such a large clit.

Looking up into his face I saw him smiling down at me.

He cleared his throat and said hoarsely, "You're a good sissy, Tiffany."

His hands let my head go and I let his clit free of my mouth and throat. There was a mixture of saliva and unswallowed cum glistening on it. Before cleaning it up like we'd been taught (under the strictest of supervision), I said, "Thank you, Sir."

Sticking my tongue out I gave it long swipes to clean it up, swallowing down the salty mixture.

A polite round of applause startled me and I looked round towards the teachers. Miss Phillips seemed to be wiping a tear from her eye.

"What do you think?" Miss Smythe asked.

Was this a question to me or the man whose clit I'd just sucked?

I glanced up at him, still feeling some of his cum that had dribbled onto my chin.

He looked down at me and said, "Would you like to come with me and wear beautiful dresses all the time, Tiffany?"

Without thinking I said, "Oh yes, please!"

"Would your sissy cunt be able to take my er... clit?"

I considered the question. I wasn't top in the class for this, but then a thought occurred to me – Vicky had been putting a lot of outside class time into stretching his sissy cunt. Even begging the boys with larger clits to help him stretch it! I was sure he'd be able to take it, and over time I was sure I'd be able

to as well. Especially with the thought that I could wear such pretty dresses all the time! But how to word it?

“Um, I’m sure I will, Sir. But I know a boy who will be able to take your clit with ease.”

“Oh, who would that be?”

“Vicky, Sir.”

“The boy you were in bed with?”

Ah. How would he feel about that?

“Would you go and get Vicky so that I can see him?”

I picked up the satin bag and got up and clicked to the door, then turned and curtsied. I hurried through it and met Vicky’s questioning gaze.

“What’s going on, Tiff?” he whispered.

I knew it would be suspicious if I returned with him after just a few seconds so I stood while letting my excited breathing calm down.

“Why’ve you got cum on your chin, Tiff?”

Oh, I’d forgotten about that. I wiped it off on my hand and licked it up.

“I’ve just sucked a man with the largest clit you’ve ever seen!” I whispered back.

“But that’s not important. We’ve got a chance to get out of here!” I gripped his arms to emphasize my excitement.

He looked at me in astonishment.

“Out? Away from Miss Hardclit’s beautician classes?”

I nodded, knowing the horror he felt.

“How?”

“The man wants me to go with him. He asked me if my sissy cunt could take his

clit. I'd need more time to stretch it, but I know you've been doing extra stretching outside of class, and thought you might like to come as well."

He considered this. I knew it was a big thing to ask.

"Will I be with you, Tiff?"

"Yes. I can suck his clit, and while I'm stretching my sissy cunt he can use yours. Will you come?"

"OK, Tiff, as it's you."

"I don't want them knowing you were out here so we'll just wait a few minutes, ok?"

He nodded.

While we waited I made sure his make-up was perfect, his stockings were straight and his blouse was neatly buttoned up.

When I judged enough time had passed so as to not make them suspicious I turned and knocked on the door again.

"Come."

"Be on your best behaviour, and don't forget to curtsy," I whispered.

"Ok," he whispered back.

Holding Vicky's hand I opened the door and we went in.

After doing our curtsy I saw the man beckon us forward, his eyes on Vicky. Would he like what he saw?

Apparently he did as he looked back at the teachers and said, "I'll take them. I'll just transfer the fee."

I wondered where we were going to.

A happy glow grew in my stomach and I turned to smile at Vicky. Anywhere would be nice away from Auntie and Miss Smythe.

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By Paul Zante

### **Maid Charlotte and the Lesbian Television Presenters**

I took one last look at myself in the floor-length mirror. Ankle-strap high heels? Check. Sheer black seamed stockings? Check. White satin and lace neck choker? Check. Sexy short black satin maid outfit? Check. Even though my cock was straining against the white satin of my panties, I felt ready to meet my mistress and her guests.

### **Secretary Charlotte and the Eager Athlete**

I'd just finished cleaning the apartment in my sexy short French maid outfit when my mistress came back with boxes of clothes. To my delight they were for me! She wanted me as Secretary Charlotte to wear them whilst working on some contracts for her (she's a major showbiz agent) but did I really need to wear the short leather miniskirt and ultra-high heels as well? Also, why did she insist I wear the pastel pink pussy-bow blouse without a bra? Was it something to do with the athlete she'd invited over for coffee? Read on and find out.

### **Maid Charlotte and the Other Maid**

I have lots of sexy feminine clothes to wear but was disappointed when my mistress wanted me to be dressed as her maid when we went out. Things got

better though, when she dressed as a dominant latex mistress with metal-heeled boots and I was her sexy sissy maid.

The apartment we went to was a mess and my mistress informed the blond maid that lived there with her master that she had the authority to discipline her. But why did her master not meet us when we got there? And what was in the PVC bag my mistress brought with her?

## **Glamour Charlotte and the Awards Night**

### **Plus Ugly Duckling - 1**

**Glamour Charlotte and the Awards Night. This year's awards night is going to be special – because I'm going with my mistress! The day starts with me in my sexy Maid uniform and progresses to Secretary Charlotte and then onto Glamour Charlotte for the evening. But as I don't have a gown to wear my mistress organises one for me and I have to wait to see what she's chosen for me - it's hard being a beautiful sissy! Check out our clothes, who my mistress invites (and what we do with him), and what award I win at the end of the night.**

**Ugly Duckling – 1. Thinking that I've been invited to an exclusive country house to help me with my health I'm shocked to find that my house has been broken into and intimate details of my private life have been discovered. This, according to the owner of Magne House, is so I can be helped. But do I need to be humiliated by being shown a film taken of me wanking over sissy porn on the internet? Does my treatment really have to involve being forced to be the sex toy of two dominant shemales? Read part one of how they humiliate me further to release my inner cock-sucking sissy and 'help' me.**

## **Secretary Charlotte Makes a Sissy Maid**

### **Plus Ugly Duckling - 2**

**Secretary Charlotte makes a Sissy Maid. Being the perfect sissy means obeying your mistress without question. So when my mistress wanted me to wear a blouse and skirt I did; when she wanted me to put my cock into a blindfolded sissy maid's mouth so she could suck me I did; and when she wanted me to fuck that sissy's hole I certainly did! But will she go all the way and be sissy enough for her mistress?**

**Ugly Duckling – 2. My life at Magne House has started and I'm to be made into a cock-sucking sissy. Yesterday the two sexy shemales in charge of me dressed me as a slutty schoolgirl and a man sucked my cock and then ejaculated his cum onto my face. Today is the day after that humiliation. What more can they put me through? And why have they brought a tray of sliced fruit into my bedroom where I'm chained to the bed?**

### **Maid Charlotte Tricks or Treats**

It's Halloween and this year's party is going to take place in our apartment. And yes, it's going to be one of those parties. Masters and mistresses will be bringing their sissies for some Halloween shenanigans and guess what? I'm the entertainment!

What will my mistress wear? More to the point what sexy outfit will she make me wear? I can't wait! Just how will I play Trick or Treat? And which famous sex goddess is wearing the chastity cage on their cock?

P.s. You also find out what a sissy cocktail is. (hint: to begin you need two olives...).

### **Maid Charlotte Breaks the Ice**

We had an unexpected guest. Their career was in a tailspin and they wanted my mistress's help – lots of celebrities do - but my mistress had other plans first. What game was my mistress planning that involved me? And why did she want me to be extra sexy and bra-less in my French maid uniform? If you are

interested in sissy erotica, read on to find out...

### **Sissy Dreams: College Girl**

My heels clicked loudly along the empty corridor, my short plaid skirt bounced against my pert cheeks and upper thighs. The College Principal had requested I see her in her office; but why after everyone else had gone home?

Was I due to be disciplined for something? I was sure my grades were doing fine. Was it the last essay I'd handed in? Then a thought came to me and I felt a chill in my exposed mid-riff. Did she know my secret? The one I kept hidden deep in my black cotton panties?

### **Sissy Dreams: Prostitute**

The sound of running came up the stairs. My Wife! She was early! Too early! I was shocked into immobility in my dress and stilettos. What could I do? She appeared in the doorway and screamed at the sight of me.

The next thing I know is that I'm handcuffed with a leash around my neck and forced by a latex dominatrix to earn back the money I've wasted on female clothes in the most humiliating way possible.

### **Sissy Dreams: Sally's T.o.t.M.**

My mistress took her feminization of me seriously: in addition to the hormones, she made me endure a Time of the Month which coincided with hers. I think it was a sort of retribution – why should I be allowed to feel gorgeously feminine all the time and she couldn't? The only bright spot was that she unlocked me from my chastity cage the evening before and I was allowed an orgasm. After that I had to wear ugly, itchy, uncomfortable, heavy, sweaty clothes until she told me otherwise.

But this month was different because she brought home two guests – Danielle

and her mistress, Paula. Was I going to be allowed an orgasm this month? My confusion increased when she told me Danielle was going to be my lesbian lover!

### **Friday Night 1: Lexie**

Friday night. My favourite night of the week. The night when I visit Mistress Claire. The night when she makes me wear sexy female clothes.

Tonight she wants me to be Lexie - her slutty lesbian secretary. Only tonight is different. Tonight she's brought guests. Male guests. Why would she want to invite them? More to the point, what was she going to make me do?

### **Sissy Dreams: A Gift for You**

My life changed completely when my wife decided to use my satin fetish and turn me into her satin sissy plaything. Now I wear satin lingerie and dresses all the time, but how far will she make me go? Find out when we go to a special nightclub where she tells me she has a gift for me.

### **Ugly Duckling -1**

(A separate version of Ugly Duckling – 1)

Thinking that I've been invited to an exclusive country house to help me with my health I'm shocked to find that my house has been broken into and intimate details of my private life have been discovered. This, according to the owner of Magne House, is so I can be helped. But do I need to be humiliated by being shown a film taken of me wanking over sissy porn on the internet? Does my treatment really have to involve being forced to be the sex toy of two dominant shemales? Read part one of how they humiliate me further to release my inner cock-sucking sissy and 'help' me.

## **Ugly Duckling – 2**

(A separate version of Ugly Duckling – 2)

My life at Magne House has started and I'm to be made into a cock-sucking sissy. Yesterday the two sexy shemales in charge of me dressed me as a slutty schoolgirl and a man sucked my cock and then ejaculated his cum onto my face. Today is the day after that humiliation. What more can they put me through? And why have they brought a tray of sliced fruit into my bedroom where I'm chained to the bed?

## **Ugly Duckling – 3**

The next stage of my life begins. And it's one I never planned on – being turned into a feminised sissy. Never wearing male clothes again, being at the beck and call of a mistress. Or a master. But first I must be trained and prepared. Hana and Doutzen, the two sexy shemales who are in charge of

my 'care' at Magne House, are ready to oblige.

The third part of the story of how I'm transformed into a feminised sissy.

## **Friday Night 2: Trixie**

Friday night. My favourite night of the week. The night when Mistress Claire makes me wear sexy female clothes. Tonight I'm dressed as Trixie – her slutty hooker. She lets me pleasure her to an orgasm but then makes me wear spy glasses so she can watch and listen when she instructs me to pick up someone from a bar so I can have sex with them for money. Male or female – it doesn't matter to her. But can I go through with her orders?

## **Friday Night 3: Rochelle**

Friday night. My favourite night of the week. The night Mistress Claire makes

me wear sexy female clothes. Tonight I'm going to be Rochelle – her slutty French maid. She's invited a gorgeous blond called Jennifer over and orders me to pleasure her. But will Jennifer's secret be too much for me?

### **Sissy Dreams: Night Out**

My dress arrived and I knew I'd look stunning in it. But just what is a gorgeous sissy to do in a sexy dress, shimmery tights, and a body to die for? Go out and show it off of course!

But that night I wanted the ultimate sissy dream – read on and find out what a sexy sissy gets up to in the car park of a gay club...

### **Sissy Dreams: Being Kellie**

Kellie didn't know that when she worked at the late night cafe I enjoyed myself with her shoes and

used lingerie.

It's only when a webcam exposes my secret that she and her friend make me dress as a sexy French

maid and work at the café instead of Kellie.

But this is not like any café I'm familiar with and why is it so important I wear glossy hot-pink lipstick?

### **Sissy Dreams: Sally's Evening Out**

I was so excited! My mistress said we were we were going to visit Danielle (my lesbian lover) and her mistress, Paula, that evening!

But when Danielle surprised me at my bra-fitting that afternoon I felt something was wrong.

It turned out that Danielle knew what our mistresses wanted us to do with the two men also invited tonight.

But could I help her through it?

### **Office Sissy: The Form**

I knew life would be difficult with my wife's sister as my boss. But did she really have to inform my boss I was wearing satin lingerie as punishment for looking at a girl in short skirt?

I just wished the day would end, but I got the feeling that something wasn't quite right when my boss took me through the strangest Human Resources form in the world when she saw I'd stained my pink satin panties.

### **Office Sissy: Personal Assistant**

The sequel to Office Sissy: The Form.

With humiliating photos and video of me crossdressing and imagining I'm having sex with a male work colleague in the hands of my wife and her sister (my boss at work), I'm not sure my life can get any worse.

But things don't look like they'll get any better now my boss has told me she's taking me as her Personal Assistant on a sales trip because I'll be far cheaper than having to hire a prostitute.

### **Mistress Dyke's Fembot Factory**

Even though our relationship was going through a rocky patch I knew my girlfriend still loved me, why else would she take me to an out of the way restaurant on St Valentine's Day?

However I suppose I should really have been more attentive to her needs (and

especially avoided noticing the beautiful waitresses so much) as I discovered the dark secret hiding in the restaurant's basement, and the ultimate humiliation that awaited me at Mistress Dyke's Fembot Factory...

### **Sissy Dreams: A Prissy Sissy Dream**

With the help of F.I.S.T. (the Female Institute for Societal Transformation) special boys like myself were given a bed, food, and an education. We wore the uniform of a white blouse, short plaid skirt, stockings, and stiletto shoes with pride.

I was looking forward to celebrating my 'bra-day', but the course of my life changed when Auntie found Vicky in my bed, and I discovered the reason we were made into simpering sissies.

## **Collections**

### **Sissy Erotica Collection, Part One**

Six sissy stories for your delectation: Maid Charlotte and the Lesbian Television Presenters; Secretary Charlotte and the Eager Athlete; Maid Charlotte and the Other Maid; Glamour Charlotte and the Awards Night; Ugly Duckling - 1; Ugly Duckling - 2.

### **Sissy Erotica Collection, Part two**

Six more erotic sissy stories: Secretary Charlotte Makes a Sissy Maid; Maid Charlotte Tricks or Treats; Maid Charlotte Breaks the Ice; Sissy Dreams: College Girl; Sissy Dreams: Prostitute; Ugly Duckling – 3.

## **Sissy Erotica Collection Part Three**

Seven (seven!) sissy stories - Sissy Dreams: Sally's T.o.t.m., Friday Night 1: Lexie, Sissy Dreams: A Gift For You, Friday Night 2: Trixie, Sissy Dreams: Night Out, Friday Night 3: Rochelle, and Sissy Dreams: Being Kellie. Is it even possible to resist?

### **Sissy Dreams: Collection 1**

Three Sissy Dreams stories in one book – College Girl, Prostitute, and Sally's T.o.t.M. Go on – what can possibly be better than wearing sexy feminine clothes and looking gorgeous?

### **Sissy Dreams: Collection 2**

Four more Sissy Dreams stories – A Gift For You, Night Out, Being Kellie, and Sally's Evening Out.

Enjoy in the comfort of your own satin lingerie...

### **Sissy Dreams: Collection 3**

Three more erotic sissy stories – office Sissy: The Form, and Personal Assistant, and Mistress Dyke's Fembot Factory.

Warning! Reading this book may seriously decrease your masculinity!

### **Ugly Duckling Collection 1**

Thinking that I've been invited to an exclusive country house to deal with my health problem I'm shocked to find that my house has been broken into and details of my private life have been discovered. This, according to the owner of Magne House, is so I can be true to myself and be cured. But do I need to be humiliated by being shown a film taken of me watching sissy porn on the

internet? Does my treatment really have to involve being forced to be the sex toy of two dominant

gorgeous shemales?

This collection is comprised of parts 1, 2, and 3 of Ugly Duckling.

### **Friday Night Collection One**

Friday night. My favourite night of the week. The night when I visit Mistress Claire. The night when she makes me wear sexy female clothes.

Three stories are in this collection – Lexie, Trixie, and Rochelle. Read how Mistress Claire treats her (un)willing sissy – me.