



Sissy Education

Learn your place

Ashley Natter



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“Say that you want to be my mare tonight, Mister Childs.” Her face held a sense of blazing need.

Raging desire rushed through my veins like liquid fire. The wild look in her eyes, and the way her lips trembled with every word she whispered, forced me into submission.

Clasping her cheek with my free hand, I broke. “Make me your mare.”

The car jolts and splashes along the rutted lanes flooded by the heavy rains. Through its grimy window, all I can see of the unfamiliar countryside are bare hedgerows, the skeletons of trees, looming out of the morning mist. I shiver and clutch my travelling suitcase around me more tightly, it's worn, and its sturdy sides are comforting.

The police woman keeps an eye on me through the rear mirror, I can feel her eyes looming over me; she had been accompanying me since I had been taken at the airport. She kept a diligent vigil over me, even though I never would have even dreamed of running away, I was sure that any moment now my innocence would be proved and they would let me go.

Her uniform is a perfect black, impeccably kept, her eyes are sharp, inquisitive. And she has hardly spoken a word, not yesterday all the way down in the train from the airport, nor this morning on the car journey. But she has never stopped watching me. Even without looking at her, I know she's watching me now.

Perhaps she's wondering if I'll falter and try to run away, maybe she is wondering why I was arrested in the first place.

This isn't what I had planned for my life.

As many other males, I had been born in a very different world. I had once been the son of an affluent CEO, groomed from birth to one day take control of the whole corporation, taught in the best private schools that money could pay, but nothing of that matter since the Revolution. These days, males aren't allowed in positions of power anymore, they are taught from birth to obey and be meek, at eighteen they are assigned to a Mistress and from then on they are their pets and slaves.

I made the unforgivable mistake of trying to run away, managed to get all the way to the airport before finally being caught by the police.

We reach a crossroads, turn right. This lane is more deeply pitted, rocking the carriage from side to side. The trees cluster thickly here, deepening the gloom.

"I'm innocent," I plead in a low voice, eyes fixed on my pink shoes.

"Not far now." She twists her mouth into a smile, but her eyes slide past mine.

The forest on one side of the lane is replaced by high stone walls stretching into the mist. Before long, the carriage jerks to a halt.

Looking out, I see that we have stopped by some tall iron gates. My pulse beats faster. "This isn't the place, is it?"

The Police woman nods.

The knot in my stomach tightens. This is far grander than I expected. But I tell myself, Keep your face smooth. Don't betray your feelings.

A thickset woman walks out of the lodge; she wears a black rubbery jacket, as

she walks I can get a few glimpses of metal under it, chains connected to piercings in her nipples and bellybutton, the chain forms a delicate collar around her neck and elegantly locks her small cock in some form of chastity cage. The chained sissy unlocks the gates. As the car passes, she stares in, her mouth moving slowly. I'm surprised by her decorations, the image of myself ending being like her crosses my mind, but deep inside I know that my destiny will be much worse.

The gravel driveway winds through the grounds leading to an imposing house set on a rise, with an ornate roofline of turrets and cupolas. At the sight of it my heart sinks.

What will they do to me?

When we stop again, the Police woman says, "Here we are." She's smiling again, encouraging. She opens the door and descends from the car, ordering me to follow with a simple gesture. But I shrink back, feeling a fluttering in my chest like moths trapped behind my breastbone.

For a moment I consider if the reeducation camps wouldn't have been better. I should never have agreed to this.

A tall lady in a long latex dress appears in the doorway and speaks to the Police woman in a voice too low for me to hear.

Two sissies dressed in frilly maid dresses come to the door of the carriage and looks at me with curiosity, both of them have large leather collars in their necks.

"You must get out now." Says the woman with the latex dress in a polite, but not warm voice.

Somehow my feet carry me down to the ground. Next to me is a low railing surrounding the lawn. I could easily step over it, walk away across the grassy space, away from all these staring faces.

But I can't.

II

In the misty light, a weight of stone looms over me, the house looking even more forbidding now I can see it properly.

The lady in the latex dress looks over me with a bland smile. "My name is Ms. Steed."

My mouth dries.

"I put myself under your command, mistress," I repeat the mantra as we have been taught. "I exist to please you."

She smiles again. "We have been expecting you, soon enough you will really mean these words."

Blood drums in my ears, darkness slides in at the edge of my vision.

A hand touches my arm and my sight clears.

"Please come with me." Her grip on my arm is firm.

I glance at my box.

"Don't worry, one of the servant-sissies will bring that in."

I walk up the steps, past the stout heavily studded door. In the porch I stumble on the coarse mat, but Ms. Steed's arm prevents me from falling. My feet carry me through the inner doors past twin Venus-symbols rising in stained glass.

Inside, I find myself in a wide vestibule tiled in black and white diamonds that dazzle my eyes. A vaulted ceiling arches overhead. Directly in front of me is a set of tall double doors. The vestibule is empty apart from a polished table that holds arrangement of flowers under a glass dome. The flowers are fresh and seem to have been recently collected.

Ms. Steed presses me on. Her footstep echoes on the tiles, the sound of her heels like a perpetual remembrance that her position is superior to mine, in comparison my pink ballet shoes makes no sound.

We go down a corridor on the right. After passing several shut doors, we come to a halt outside another one. Ms. Steed holds up his hand. "Please wait." The door closes behind her, leaving me standing outside.

I hear a jingling noise and a young sissy in a green dress and an apron appears out of the gloom, she has bells tied to her wrists and ankles that make noise as she walks. Her complexion is tanned, with only a hint of soft makeup that makes her look almost like a fairy. She nods at me with a big smile, and then knocks on the door.

Ms. Steed appears. "Ah, Twinkle. Come in." The door closes behind her.

I can hear voices, but not what they are saying. Then the door opens again and Ms. Steed calls, "Come in." I hesitate, but there is no way to disobey her orders. I find myself crossing the threshold before I can even think about disobeying.

Immediately my eye is drawn to the elegant desk by the window where Ms. Steed is standing, looking at three pieces of paper lying on its polished top. She studies them, leaning down and frowning, as if the writing is hard to decipher.

The young sissy, Twinkle, waits with her hands clasped in her back, making her small, budding breasts protrude, she keeps smiling to me.

"Take a chair," Ms. Steed gestures to one in front of the desk.

I sink on to it, clutching the arms. My heart thumping hard on my chest.

Ms. Steed scrutinizes me for a moment.

"You are very pale, Mister Childs," she says reinforcing the male honorific so that I know I'm still a male in her eyes, a being worth less than an animal.

"I'm sorry," I reply almost automatically, knowing that it was one of the few accepted answer.

Ms. Steed leans forward. "Right now, you are worth less than any of my beloved dogs, but we can make you better here, follow our orders and work to get better so that one day you can receive a proper female name." Her manner is kind, as if she pities my situation.

I stare at her, bewildered. I swallow hard. "Why would you do this?"

"Because you're a male."

"That's bad?" I'm utterly confused.

"Yes, this is a school." she pauses. "Here we will make you feel better, this is a perfect place for a young sissy like you to blossom out."

Ms. Steed smiles. "You are lucky that you are here where we have the skill to cure you, in many other countries people like you are allowed to walk free, a danger for themselves and the community. You will soon settle in."

She turns to Twinkle. "Mister Childs seems quiet enough at the moment, but we need to keep him under close observation. We will try him in the Second Gallery for now."

She glances at me. "Tiana Twinkle is one of our most dedicated students, she once was like you, but now she has learned much more. She will look after you and make sure you are progressing in your education."

I look at Twinkle, wanting some reassuring sign, some hint of pity. But she says, "Come with me," in a sweet, girly voice, and stands by the door, holding it open.

I look at Ms. Steed. I should say something. "I—" But my voice dies.

Twinkle make a small movement of her feet that makes her bells ring and gestures with her head. I want to ask her what they will do to me in this place, but she moves too fast.

The corridor ends at a door. Twinkle produces a key from a small pocket from her dress and graciously opens the door. The door swings open, we pass through, and Twinkle locks it behind us. Now we're walking on bare flags; the tap tap of the Twinkle's high heels echoes on the stone but I can't hear my footsteps at all.

I try one more time. "Do stop! This is a mistake. I shouldn't be here."

But the green fairy moves ahead of me relentlessly. Powerless to make her turn, I'm forced to follow her until I'm lost, trapped in a maze of passages and locked doors.

Twinkle ushers me into a high-ceilinged, narrow room with a stone floor. It has a row of windows like slits, high up in one wall, and along the opposite wall are shelves stacked with linen. A musty smell pricks my nose, a smell of unwashed clothes and damp.

Twinkle gestures towards a wooden bench. "Get undressed."

I stare at her, too astonished to speak.

"You must have a bath."

"But I'm quite clean."

Twinkle frowns. "It's the procedure." She has a London accent but speaks in a strange, slightly stilted way, as if she's trying to sound like a lady.

"But I'm not dirty. I—" I see the look in her eyes. She's not that much older than me, I am at least a head taller, yet I don't dare to defy her.

My hands move of their own accord, taking off my gloves and my hat. I hesitate and Twinkle nods at the bench where I lay them down with my wrap. I turn my back on her, unbutton my social shirt and take out my pants.

"All of your clothes, Mister Childs."

I take out my briefs, my heart pounding at the notion of her seeing me completely naked. Naked, I turn at last, my hands across my groin. There is nowhere to hide.

She takes a step towards me. Her eyes going over my body, for a moment almost as if they could pierce my soul.

"I hope we can be friends," she says with a gleaming smile, her bells tingling happily.

I nod.

"I know it's hard for you to be here, but soon you will learn to love this place."

I simply nod.

"You are cold, Mister Childs. Come for your bath."

I didn't know how to respond. So I didn't. Twinkle reaches for my hand and laces her fingers through mine. She squeezes my grip and I feel her thumb running circles on the back of my hand.

"What are you...?" I ask. "Tiana?"

She pulls us into the long row of showers that dot the far wall. I refuse to let her hand fall from my fingers. She makes me turn around and press my back against

the tiled wall, pressing her petite body against mine.

I feel her arms encircle my lower back, feel the fabric of her dress slide against my naked body. I bring one hand to her face and trace her delicate jaw.

"The Mistress allow us to have fun," she says, approaching her mouth from my ear, sending shivers of pleasure through my spine. I don't know how to react, how to tell her that this was wrong. In fact, nothing could have possibly been more right.

I let my hand trace over the lines of her face, marveled at the softness of her skin. I couldn't have stopped her if I'd wanted to.

With her free hand, she feels along the wall for the silver knob and turns it hard to the right. Tepid water rains down on us, soaking her green dress immediately, matting her blonde hair to her face. Still, I couldn't speak. She pulls my face closer to her own and presses my lips to hers. I hear her breath catch in her throat, taste her tongue as she probes my mouth gently. My eyes close and I feel myself melting into her, becoming one body, one soul.

I don't care about her soaked clothes, and from the passion Twinkle displays with her kisses, neither did she. The water begins to warm slowly as my hands find the hem of her drenched dress. I break our kiss for the time it takes me to lift it over her head before our mouths crash back together. The water pinged off the tile floor and Twinkle buries her face into the side of my neck, sucking and licking at my earlobe. She bites down hard and extracts a long, girly moan out of me, my head fall back, my fingers grab onto the muscles of her slim back.

The water stream down Tiana's face, making small rivers on her skin, beading on her long golden hair. I can't stop staring at her, this beautiful fairy that had so eagerly taken me. She is so utterly beautiful, the gentle curves of her body, the budding breasts, even the collar around her neck. My fingers are unable to stop

their explorations of her body. I press them to her slightly swollen nipples and kiss them gently, bringing out delicious moans of pleasure out of her.

I know that it would be nearly impossible for me to ever again call myself straight after this moment. In that space that needed no speech, that was ruled by her heart beat and mine, her chest pressed against me. Twinkle raises her face and kisses me gently, tenderly, until I want to burst with it.

"You will love it here, we will be able to play every day, you will be my sister," she whispers as she traces one finger across my forehead, pushing my saturated hair from my eyes. The word "sister" comes so easily to her, so effortlessly.

I nod and kiss her in return.

My hands are around her waist already, my eager hands soon were groping her bubbly butt. Her caged cock presses against my tight, dripping with watery precum. Part of me is scared that this was going to be my destiny, but her quick hands and warm mouth make me forget it so easily.

All it takes as gentle pressure on her shoulders for Twinkle's knees to bend. I pushed her gently towards the wet tile floor. She never takes her eyes from me as I did. My hard cock arched up in front of me, visibly throbbing with pent up desire.

"Oh, sister..." she whispers as without hesitation she opens her mouth.

She reaches for my tights, her tiny hands holding me as her eager mouth and agile tongue care for my hard cock, sending shivers through my spine as the warmth of her mouth envelopes my aching cock. Her eyes close as she moans with my cock in her mouth, the delicious sound making me ready to come in her mouth.

I put my hand over her head, my hips thrusting into her eager mouth as I lose control of my body, my back leaning against the white tiles. The now hot water splashes against my back and neck, easing any lingering tension. Tiana's deep green eyes stare at me, a look of wonder on her face as I trust inside her mouth, her hands grabbing at my ass, one hand going for my virgin ass, her finger penetrating me as she swallows all of my cock.

"God, you are...", I whisper as her fingers penetrate me slowly, making me shiver, "you are just so damned beautiful."

I couldn't help but moan as I feel my body being invaded like that, my cock still held deep in her mouth, her own little cock twitching inside its cage. My back arches with a shattering orgasm, I feel my hot seed spilling on her mouth in spurt after spurt, my ass clenching around her fingers as I feel an orgasm like no other consume me.

She groans as she swallow my cum, licking the head of my cock to savor the last drops of my cum before sensually licking her lips and slowly pulling out her fingers from my ass. She slowly raises towards me, one hand resting on my hips and pulls me into an ardent kiss, sharing my cum with me, the sticky substance rolling through our mouths, coating our tongues as we shared a passionate kiss.

I want to kiss her forever, want our tongues to dance like that until time ceases, her cock twitching in her cage as she presses it against my tight, my own flaccid

cock pressing against hers. My fingers grip her hair, hold tightly her golden hair as I press her against my body.

"Mister,..." she moans and at that moment I hate that word, hate how it sounds in her mouth.

I ease myself into her embrace and lead my head back against her shoulder, closing my eyes. I breath in that wonderful scent of her, clean and deep and girly.

"Thanks," she whispers and kiss my ear. I could feel her caged cock pressing into my ass and my hips pushing back against her.

"Thank you for everything," I mumble in reply.

She kisses the side of my neck again. And again.

Under Twinkle's watchful eye, I dry myself as best as I can on a thick, cotton towel, she makes sure to help me reach every place, groping and caressing me all the while. She takes out her green dress and proceeds to dry and dress herself quickly. Back in the room where I left my clothes I go to put them on but Twinkle stops me.

"Your will have new clothes assigned to you."

I stare at her. "But I—"

A flash from her green eyes and my voice falters.

She continues. "You'll eventually be allowed to choose your own clothes, but in the meantime they will be assigned to you depending on your assigned task or preference of your Mistress. I can even borrow you some later."

She hands me a set of pinky, frilly underclothes then glances at the watch in her wrist. Her lips tighten. I try to hurry, my fingers fumbling with fastenings. With these new garments, I feel stranger and stranger. Bit by bit, I am losing more of myself. Soon I won't exist.

After the pinky frilly sissyshorts panties and the tight pink training bra that is almost see through, I find a silky nightdress.

The dress Twinkle gives me is made of soft cloth, it's a simple strapless pink dress. I draw it over my head, smell the sweet, spicy perfume.

"This is silly," I felt strangely naked in the dress, exposed.

"You look great," says Twinkle, kindly.

She gives me a simple black chocker, it has the Venus symbol, in recent years it

had become the symbol of woman supremacy. I take it reluctantly, but I can see from her expression that I have no choice. When I've put it on she gives a large smile of approval.

More corridors. Through an open door comes the hiss of hot meals and I glimpse sissies dressed as maid cooking and learning how to prepare a table for their Mistresses. Next door, the sound of classical music and the thumps of feet as sissies dressed as ballet dancers execute beautiful routines in perfect synchrony.

Another locked door. When Twinkle opens it we are in a different world. A carpeted hallway stretches in front of me with bamboo chairs set at intervals, pots of ferns between them. On one side is a row of doors, on the other a long stretch of windows overlooks the grounds. The silence is thick, as if everything is holding its breath. She beckons me towards a door. "This is where you'll sleep."

In the weak daylight I see five beds with neat white covers.

Above each bed is an empty shelf. Twinkle gestures at the nearest bed. "This one is yours," she says with a wink. "Later we can try it out."

Mine. But I don't belong here. Now is the moment to speak.

But I don't. What is preventing me? I am caught up in events I can't control; the afterglow of our recent encounter still stirs my insides, the promise of more makes me silent.

With a touch on my arm, Twinkle signals that we are to move on.

At the end of the hallway she opens another door. In this room, several sissies wearing tight white social shirts and red pleated skirts are sitting in school chairs. It looks like a regular schoolroom of the sort I've often attended when I was younger. A stern looking dominatrix wearing tight leather skirt surveys them as she reads from a book.

Twinkle beckons me forward.

"This is Mister Childs, our new student," announces Twinkle.

All heads turn towards me, some of the sissies seem to be measuring me, eating me with their eyes. The dominatrix looks me from the tip of my toes to the last hair of my head with a clinical eye as if she is trying to asses me. Twinkle looks at her watch and announces, "Time for lunch, ladies. Miss Fawn, accompany Mister Childs and assist him, if necessary."

With a quick anxious smile, one of the sissies moves to my side, on her neck is the Venus symbol, but just under it is a small and delicate horseshoe.

"Why are you wearing that?" I ask curiously.

Miss Fawn looks at me with surprise as if I had just asked why the sun shines. She takes one hand to her horseshoe and rubs it as a small smile creeps on her lips.

"That's because I'm a very good ponygirl, maybe someday you will receive the

honor to wear one of these."

On the threshold of the dining room, I stop. I can't take it in.

Miss Fawn tugs at my arm and I sink down on to a bench beside her, staring around.

The cavernous room is packed. A sea of colors, there are the pink sissies in their frilly dresses, the black and white of maids, the black and purple of punk sissies, and everywhere the white and red of school uniforms. Light shines down through the glass roof, and the noise is magnified, echoing: the footsteps of the serving sissies passing between the tables with trays and, above all, voices—muttering, gossiping, calling out, even laughing, a hard, wild sound.

A hand appears before me and a basket of bread is placed on the table and the others scramble for food, tugging at the basket and squabbling. They eat heartily, now that I look better at them it's obvious that they had spent most of the day on the field, most are still wearing their exotic leather harnesses. These are the ponygirls, and Miss Fawn seems to be a sort of leader of the group, she presents me to then one by one, and they all offer their congratulations in getting into the school and hope that I'll end being chosen to become a pony like them.

They make sure I have a piece of bread and some carrots for myself before they begin fighting and bargaining for the last pieces, their training is vigorous and so they have a special diet.

The bread tastes sweet with a strange spicy that I can't identify.

After the bread, we are served soup, most other tables drink it in a proper and educated manner, but the ponygirls drink it straight from their bowls. I can see a few condescending or disgusted stares, especially from the more educated and refined princess sissies.

I dip the wooden spoon gingerly into my bowl, but I soon give up on the pretense and follow the example of my new friends. The rich broth is delicious, filled with pieces of vegetables.

“All that you need to be a big and strong mare,” one of the ponygirls jokes.

A soft voice in my ear makes me jump. "Do you want to see our Stable?"

It's Miss Fawn.

"You seem new here" She puts her fingers to her mouth and suck them provocatively. "I hope I haven't offended you by mentioning it."

"I don't know if I should."

"You'll feel strange at first. Everyone does. Then you'll get used to it."

She gazes at me earnestly. Close up, her eager brown eyes make me want to look away.

"I won't get used to it. I won't be here long."

She gives me a strange look then, but doesn't say anything.

"What kind of school is this?"

"Don't you know?"

I think I do know now. But I want to be sure.

"It's a reeducation school for sissies."

My heart seems to stop, even though I think I have known it since the moment the carriage stopped at the door.

Suddenly Miss Fawn grasps my wrist and whispers, "We are in one of the best schools of the country. Men from all over the world come here to be educated as proper sissies these days." The ponygirls nods several times as if to underline her point.

I stare at her, my spine going cold.

My neighbor winks at me. Her hands are filthy, she seems to have spent most of the day working on the dirt. Her body is well built, strong, but incredibly feminine, her hair is a deep dark, tightly tied in a ponytail, her skin is a delicious dark. Her tiny, useless cock is locked in a metal cage. She has a pair of tattoos on her buttocks that name her Nightmare.

She pulls me close. As her hand smooths my hair, she steals a sniff of my neck, bringing red to my cheeks. "You smell nice."

"Louisa!"

Miss Fawn chastises her, but the big ponygirl put a hand over my shoulders. "It has been so long since we had a newcomer," she explains. "Come on, let me have him before they lock him down."

I smiled awkwardly back at her. Her hazel eyes are flecked with gold.

"You must forgive Louisa," Miss Fawn comments. "She is a newcomer to our country, so she has to yet rein her carnal desires. You are free to come visit us anytime you wish, if you are interested."

I was definitely interested. These sissies were exotic, interesting. I don't know if I could see myself becoming a ponygirl, but they sure seem to be welcoming of all.

As soon as lunch is over, I look for Twinkle and find her in the day room, where a few sissies are already engaged in embroidery or sewing; most seem to be busy with making new dresses for themselves or for their friends.

"What would you like to do? We have embroidery silks, or perhaps you'd prefer to paint?" Twinkle is waiting by a tall cabinet, its bottom doors open revealing a myriad of silks and cloths.

If I have to stay here longer, I might as well do something to pass the time. "I'm useless at painting and I'm awful at sewing."

Tutting, she snatches up a length of material from a pile. "Well in that case, you'd better start learning by mending this sheet." She shows me the split in the middle, where it's thin.

Twinkle thrusts the sheet into my arms. "Oh, well, have you already decided what classes you desire to frequent?"

She passes a pair of sharp scissors "Make sure you have seen everything we have to offer before making your decision, you don't want to rush it."

Mechanically I start to divide the sheet, Twinkle whispers an old love song.

The door bursts open and a girl wearing the black and white maid's uniform rushes in, breathless and red in the face as if she's been running.

"You're very late, Eliza," Twinkle says without raising her eyes.

The girl goes to speak but Twinkle silences her with a wave of her hand. "Don't need to make excuses, everyone here could hear you last night being pounded senseless, its fine this once, but don't make a habit of it."

The sissy, Eliza, gnaws her lip. She doesn't look very contrite.

Twinkle shook her head. "Come and supervise our new student sewing. And straighten your panties."

Eliza chews her lip again and frowns, grudgingly adjusting her panties as she changes places with Twinkle. She seems about my age, but she is much more advanced in her transformation, her breasts are perky and firm under her dress, her long hair is curled in an old style.

She smiles to me and wink; I do my best to avoid blushing once again.

The shadows have crept into my lap when Twinkle looks at her watch and says, "It's time for our exercise now."

Our exercise takes place in what Twinkle calls the "airing court". The grounds are surrounded by high raising hedges that were being taken by five girls as we walked outside. We are made to change into new outfits, we keep our underwear,

but change into small shorts and a simple shirt with pink details. We stand for a moment, breathing in the fresh air.

On the corner of my eyes I notice a long dirt road stretching to our left and to my surprise I see Miss Fawn and her ponygirls running. I steal a glance at their delicate, but strong bodies as they run through the dirt road. They now wear strange boots that make it so they appear to have hooves.

I set off along the gravel path, my eyes darting back to the dirt road in every chance, looking as they move with grace and speed. Now I notice their tails, their long and lush tails that disappear between their buttocks.

I walk on, passing by some sissies, barely noticing as I begun to run in earnest.

Across the court, a commotion breaks out. One of the sissies has tripped over other and now they were tugging and shoving against each other and shouting insults. Twinkle immediately go to solve their discussion. I look back at it, but when I turn back my head; my eyes meet with Louisa's. For a moment I'm lost in her gold flecked eyes and her confident smile.

Without warning, she takes my face in between her palms and steals a heated and demanding kiss. Her mouth is warm and tastes of carrots as her tongue slip past my lips and tangle with my own. Surprised, I resisted at first, then completely drunk off her command of my body, return it with vigor.

Louise kissed with passion and fire, it was a kiss that flared the desire in your body.

Breaking the kiss, she left me dizzy and shaking. “Come to our Stable, Mister Childs, there will be more of that.”

With a wink, she releases me and disappears out of the side, leaving me to wonder what the hell I’d just gotten myself into.

I follow her, but she keep just out of my reach. It didn’t matter how fast I tried to run, she was always just a few steps ahead giggling and going faster without any problem even as I’m panting and almost collapsing.

When I can’t run anymore she pulls me away and look at me, her eyes glowing, a devilish grin wiping across her face. A feeling I didn’t like swirls in my chest. I heave a sigh, knowing more lay behind that grin than amusement.

“Louise—” I never get the rest of my sentence out. Her mouth absorbs the rest of my words, swallowing them along with my reason. Licking along the seam of my lips, she invades and sparks my lust. Soft kisses give way to deep plunges of her tongue.

After driving me dizzy and desperate with need, she pulls back, her lips still hovering over mine and her hand cupped around my throat. “You are a good kisser, Mister Childs. I certainly would love to have you as our sister.”

“Why?” I asked breathlessly.

Her only answer was to pull me toward a low building hidden on the back of the School, it's a simple stable made out of wood and stone, the whole place has a rustic charm to it. Even with the night's cold on the outside, inside its warm and cozy, with separate stalls demarked for each of the sissies. For my surprise there are a few actual horses living there.

Louise sweeps me of my feet and lay me down on the hay bed of her stall; she lays over me, pressing her body against mine. Around us is a variety of leather harnesses and accessories, a collection of whips and strange apparatus I don't understand the use.

She makes no move to remove her boots or her harness, but her eager hands free me of my own clothes in a hurried instant. Her leather presses against my naked body, a rough caress as she moves to kiss me once again. Her strong hands pin me against hay, handling me with lust and desire. Our bodies rubbing together spark a fire that makes me cry out.

There was fire in her eyes, a crazed look of passion that pierces straight through me. Her lips slowly part, she licks her lips and bite my neck, kissing and biring it with lustful desire, leaving behind black marks of her lipstick on my neck. Her budding breasts brush against my nipples, sending jolts of pleasure as they touch. She slow goes down with her kisses and bites, taking my small nipples in her mouth, playing with them like they had never been touched before, making me moan and cry as I discover new heights of pleasure.

With clear mutual desire, she pulls me closer against her, her hands exploring my body, discovering my spots of pleasure, extracting long, pleasure filled moans out of me.

She pulls back slightly, and for a moment I'm entranced by her gold-flecked

eyes.

“I have needed this for so long!” She growls as she stakes her claim over my meek body, one hand resting possessively over my neck even as the other touches my half-hard cock, teasing it roughly. “I don’t drink cum in so long!”

With a deep-rooted groan, she kisses my neck and I surrender, throwing my head back to invite her in. Her lips travel lower as they skim and tease my hard nipples. A sharp gasp escapes my mouth as I bit my lip hard to keep from screaming.

Fuck, I want her.

“I want you,” I cry without restraint, lust filling my mind. I was too far gone to care about anything else. All I could concentrate on was Louise and her mouth.

I tentatively explore her body, feeling the hardness of muscles under her skin of silk, trying her spots with desire to learn how to please her. To my joy I manage to extract a few contained moans out of her when I reach for her sensible, hard nipples, teasing them between my fingers even as she take mine in her mouth. This sissy was perfect.

“Mister Childs,” she groans, and forces my head against her nipples, making me take them in my lips and without prompt I suck and kiss them, raking my teeth softly. She closes her eyes and holds me tightly, crying in pleasure as she humps my legs involuntarily, her cock strained in its metal cage. My own cock was hard, dripping precum.

With wild, lustful kisses on her nipples I slid my hand down, feeling her leather harness pressing her in the right places, one hand goes to her firm ass, squeezing it playfully, feeling the buttplug that connects to her tail. For a moment she gives me a sly smile and presses her locked cock against my leg. I feel it all, the hard and soft places of her wonderful body, the hard leather that bounds it, feel her hooves against my legs. A low groan rumbles from her chest, her hips jerk in a needy, desperate way.

“Enough,” she commands, pulling my hands away and pinning it above my head. There’s nothing gentle about the look in Louise’s eyes. It drips with hunger and passion, make me shiver under her glare.

“You’re so bossy,” I try to kiss her.

“That’s why they sent me here, darling,” she evades my kiss and bites my neck.

I swallow a deep moan, and with a gleeful smile she slides her thumbs across the crease where my ass meets my thighs and dip inward, caressing my . She watches me wriggle and struggle as she plays with my body, proving exactly why she was the one in control.

“Louise, please...”

“Please, what?”

“I can’t take it anymore.”

She holds me tightly and roughly turns me around, forcing me face down on the hay. Louise wasn’t gentle; she was filled with lust and desire. She was an animal guided by her instincts and wild nature, and in that moment I wished nothing more than to be her prey.

She searches amidst the leather apparels on the walls, taking one from amidst them with a lustful glee in her face. It was a piece of leather and rubber, a horse cock that she skillfully ties around her waist.

“Say that you want to be my mare tonight, Mister Childs.” Her face held a sense of blazing need.

Raging desire rushed through my veins like liquid fire. The wild look in her eyes, and the way her lips trembled with every word she whispered, forced me into submission.

Clasping her cheek with my free hand, I broke. “Make me your mare.”

The last word barely leaves my tongue when she plunges forward and drive into me. Fighting to catch my breath, I cry out, my head spinning with every deliberate thrust. Louise possessed me, made me feel like a female in heat, wishing for nothing more than to be rutted by a big male. From the expression on her own twisted features, she felt the same.

As she set the tempo, I dug my nails deeper into her forearm, marking her as mine even as she took my body. The rush of the animalistic mating, the thrill of the debauched love, and the pinnacle of the conquest converged together and melted into every cell of her body.

“Fuck, you tight mare,” Louise groaned, dragging her lips across the back of my neck, leaving behind black lip marks of her kisses. Her breathing quickened as she increased speed. She grabbed a fistful of my hair, thrusting deeper than ever in my ass, pushing her horse cock as deep as she could and just stood there, breathing deeply as I felt the size and girth of the cock stretching me open.

Turning my head as best I could with her hand gripping my hair, I stared back at her in mute question.

She never changed her expression as she maintained our locked gazes. “Who are you?” When I didn’t answer fast enough, she slapped my ass with all her force, leaving a red palm print on it that made me squeal in surprise, pain and pleasure.

“Who. Are. You?”

“I’m your mare!” I moaned as my body climbed to a staggering crest.

“Who. Are. You?” she repeated for a third time.

“Your slutty mare!”

She thrust one last time, embedding herself so deep I could feel her hips and her locked cock pressing against me.

“You are my bitch, my cocksock!”

Tremors took a hold of us, and I came with a girly scream, my cock sputtering its watery cum, struggling to catch a breath, bolts of charged pleasure run through my body as I dug my fingernails into her. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw a half-smile form on her lips as she quickly turns me around so I wouldn't spill my cum on the hay. I felt her cock spinning inside me, almost coaxing a second orgasm out of me.

Louise curved over me, licking my tiny cock eagerly, drinking my cum with great pleasure, tickling me with her tongue as she sought every drop of it. After a few moments she slowly took off her horse cock out of me, making me gasp as I felt suddenly empty.

“Tonight was fun, but tomorrow's another day, my slutty mare. Try not to come so easily next time.”

I let out a very unladylike snort as I untangled our legs and loomed over her. “Maybe next time I can try to make you cum?”

She blinked sleepily. “You sure can try, but the Mistress don't allow us out of the chastity cages easily.”

A mischievous smile coats my face, my hands caressing her sensitive nipples.

“I bet I can make you cum without ever touching your caged cock.”

Her lips tightened in a thin line. “Want to make a bet out of it, my slutty mare? Maybe next time I can have you in a tight leather harness, let’s see you squeal and beg with a proper tail on your ass, slut.”

I tilted my head back and gave a hearty laugh. “Louise, you really think you can make me into a ponygirl like you?” I rolled my eyes to the ceiling. “Please, I’ll do my best to become a princess and then I’ll have you as my pony, just to make you lick my feet.”

She put a dominating hand over my neck, squeezing it slightly so I knew how strong she was, how she dominated me in that moment.

“I’ll fuck your ass anytime I want, my little bitch! I’ll specially love to fuck you if you are dressed like those uppity bitches, I’ll have you licking my hooves and begging for my horse cock.”

Never taking my eyes off her, I reached and put both hands on her face, pulling her to a sweet and loving kiss, taking her invading, conquering tongue in my mouth even as she make me whimper. I felt the waves of confusion and excitement washing over her body.

“I hate you too, you cumdumpster donkey,” I whispered to her

Biting back a smile, she nipped my ear. “My room or your room next time?”

Tapping my index finger to my bottom lip, I paused in mock thought, before she takes me in another rough, glorious kiss.

“Wherever you want,” I whisper in bliss.

More Books for Sissies

Cassie goes from a rich boy to a subservient maid of the hands of the much stronger and demanding Jason, can he survive one week as a maid or will he loose his minds and become forever a sissy slave?

A close-up photograph of a person's eye, heavily made up with vibrant red and black pigments. The eye is closed, and the focus is on the intricate details of the makeup, including the texture of the red eyeshadow and the dark, dramatic lines around the eye. The background is a soft, out-of-focus skin tone.

Cassie
becomes a
maid

Ashley Natter

After being accepted into an exclusive university your training as a true sissy will begin, can you survive with your sanity intact or you will submit to that crazy and fiery passion?



Sissy University



Ashley Natter

Jack and Ethan will be taken and turned into sissy slaves for their new master
Lucas

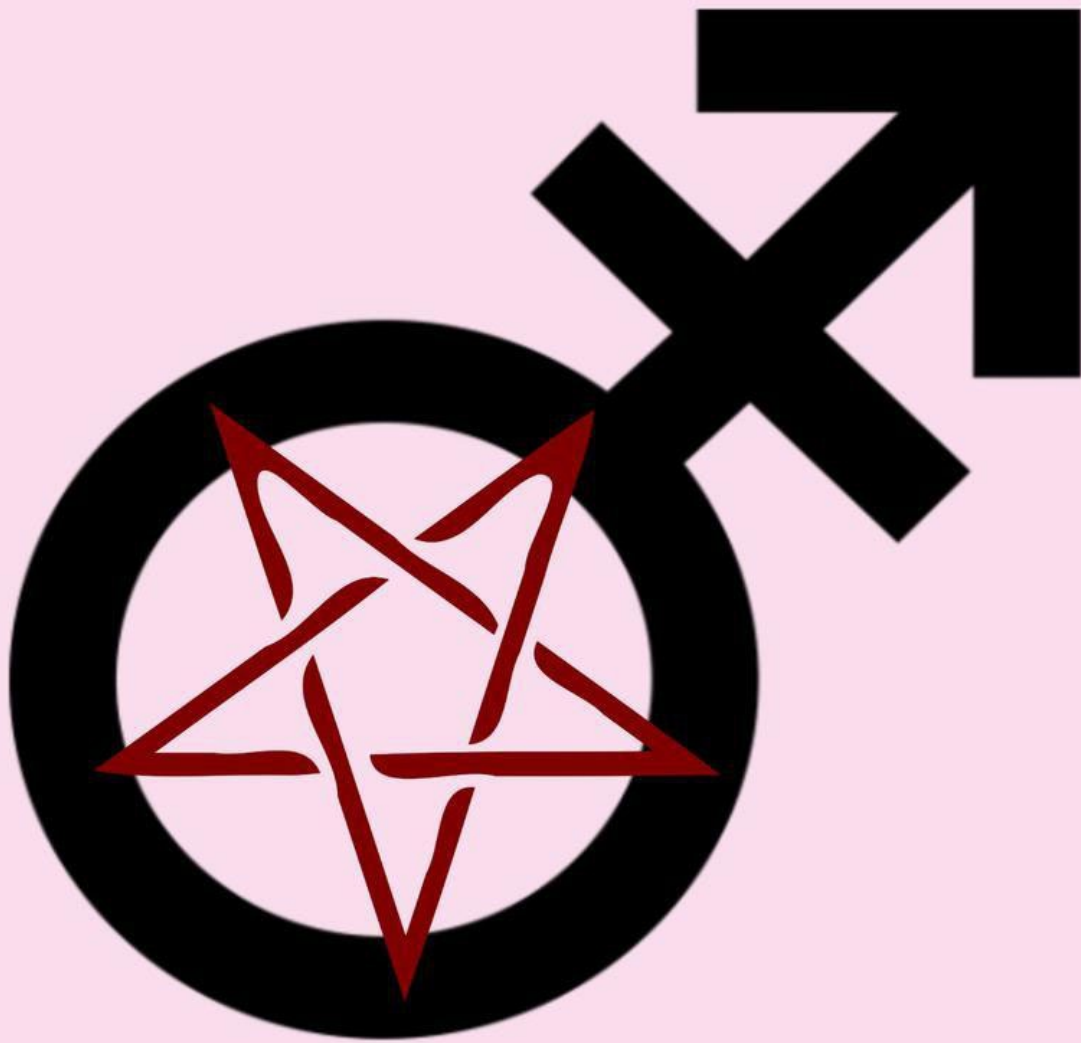
Sissy Harem



By Ashley Natter

Max is a brave journalist seeking the truth about the anti-Christ, but his search will deliver him to a charming, powerful man that will show him a new world of pleasure and sensation he never imagined could exist.

Sissy Corruption



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