

LILLY LUSTWOOD

SISSY

GEISHA

TRAINING

## *Sissy Geisha Training*

This book is dedicated to my fur baby, Snuggles.

He passed away on August 28, 2022.

Thank you for giving me 15 years and 3 months of unconditional love.

I will always love you...

A Free Book By

**LILLY LUSTWOOD**

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## *Table of Contents*

Cover .....	1
Sissy Geisha Training.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Introduction.....	4
Chapter 1.....	7
Chapter 2.....	9
Chapter 3.....	13
Chapter 4.....	19
Chapter 5.....	23
Chapter 6.....	28
Epilogue .....	31

## *Introduction*

Japanese transgender mama-san and loan shark Kasumi was determined to squeeze every penny she could get from desperate *gaijin* gamblers Andrew from America and Barry from Britain.

The two thought that succumbing to work for Tokyo's top sissy tea house was a little price to pay to pull them out of casino debt and return to their respective countries.

Little did they know, they had to swallow more than their pride.

### **Clutch your Pearl Necklace Tight and Prepare for a Wild Forced Feminization Ride!**

*Note: This title includes trans femdom, gangbang, MM, and forced feminization.*

I'm Lilly Lustwood and I'm a Filipina Transgender Woman. I'm a professional senior editor by day and I recall and write my *sexperiences* by night.

Everything that's written in this book is based on my friends' and my life. I live by a duality of being a dignified trans woman in public and a lustful ladyboy in private.

I love sex... I think, breathe, and eat it. The higher powers have really hit the jackpot when they created the form of a man.

The broad shoulders, the masculine arms & thighs, the way a penis magically erects... I'm getting hard and wet at the same time just by writing these things.

Before I get distracted and lose the will to finish this book, let me tell you a story about Andrew and Barry's submission. I want you to go somewhere with utmost privacy because I'm going to be very intimate with you.

Are you alone now? Good. Don't touch yourself just yet. I can see that the bulge from your pants is growing. I'm almost there.

I said stop touching it! You're such a naughty boy.

Picture this...

- ✓ I have long and straight black hair
- ✓ My boobs are 38 DD
- ✓ I'm a little on the chubby side but not too big
- ✓ My height is 5ft 6in. and I have fair skin

- ✓ I'm blessed with huge cat eyes and heart-shaped lips
- ✓ My friends tell me that I look like Haifa Wehbe, Google her
- ✓ I have a bubble butt and my *girltoy* is 5 inches long

It's October 04, 2022, and 1:02 PM in the Philippines. It's a bit balmy from the tropical afternoon and I'm wearing a little black dress with no panties on.

Now that you know what your storyteller looks like, let's get to Sissy Geisha Training.

## Chapter 1

**A**s Andrew, a 31-year-old lanky 6ft. 2in. travel vlogger nonchalantly played a slot machine game on his phone, Barry couldn't escape his pensive disposition.

Barry, a marketing executive, stood up with his 5ft. 11in. buff frame from his white double bed in a luxury condo bedroom decked in pink modernity and looked at the majestic Tokyo skyline from the floor-to-ceiling window.

"Could you shush it down a bit, mate?" he requested in annoyance before blowing his blonde bangs away from his alabaster forehead.

"Relax, man, you Brits are so tense", the American said in a condescending tone. He then lowered the volume of his mobile phone after brushing his short brown locks to the back of his head.

"Sissy? What exactly does it mean?" Barry asked from his 29-year-old inexperienced state. Andrew let out an audible giggle right before gently placing his phone on the mirrored nightstand.

“Like a fag, dude”, Andrew replied in a casual tone.

“No, I meant the entirety. What does it entail?” Barry asked again – begging for clarification.

Andrew sauntered close to him in his blue silk pajamas then playfully rubbed Barry’s flaccid manhood covered in the same ensemble.

“Bloody hell!” Barry let out before pushing Andrew away. The American laughed from his silly antic and then went back to his bed to play another game of slots.

“You asked for it, bro”, Andrew said as he tried his best to get more free spins from his mobile game. Barry shook his head in disappointment and bewilderment and continued pondering if he made the right decision.

## Chapter 2

“Ding!” the doorbell let out. Moments later, Kasumi, the 44-year-old curvaceous mama-san and loanshark, emerged in a black python tube dress with upper-length gloves and boots with four-inch heels just below the knee with the same fabric.

She signaled for one of her two tall, tanned, and beefy Japanese male bodyguards in black suits to put a cigarette in her mouth and the other to alight it for her.

She aggressively clapped her hands – rattling the two white men to clear the way in the foyer. She then took a long drag of her cigarette as her red nail polish glistened from the Tokyo afternoon sunshine.

“What are you wearing?” she asked with disdain, referring to the men’s silk pajamas.

“Pink yukata, in *bedoroom*”, she ordered right as she sat in a Japanese masculine sitting position on the living room floor – accidentally flashing her pantieless flaccid bulge.

Barry took pride in being the teacher's pet in school and it translated well in the sissy geisha training. He proudly emerged first from the bedroom with the pink floral yukata that was struggling to cover his masculine frame.

He then scurried from fear in white socks before sitting in front of their mama-san and her two bodyguards. Shortly after, Andrew emerged in the same ensemble but felt less pressure as the traditional outfit effortlessly fit his slender physique.

"Stand up", Kasumi said with a disappointed face from the uncultured strut of the two men. She lifted her hands gently – urging the two bodyguards to help her stand up.

She glacially sauntered from the living room to the foyer with a feminine strut and back as the two bodyguards watched with pride.

"Did you see? *Gu-racefur* walk?" she asked. She then sauntered to the back of Barry's masculine body with a menacing face.

"Oomph!" Barry softly let out right after Kasumi tightened his black obi belt.

*“Aurrrways tighto. Rook fat!”* she said insultingly. Andrew giggled at what Kasumi said but zipped his mouth right after the mama-san gave him a sharp look.

“You! Walk!” Kasumi commanded. Andrew – frantically perturbed, started walking to the foyer with his casual New Yorker busy strut.

Outraged by Andrew’s nonchalance, Kasumi pulled his ear and forced him to sit. She then gestured for Barry to mimic her earlier graceful and feminine walk then nodded with approval from the British man’s obedience.

Andrew, with a red ear and a mind green with envy, stood up to try the feminine strut. He stumbled for the first time – making Barry giggle.

Andrew didn’t appreciate Barry’s petulant reaction. He stood up and tried again. From another failed attempt, he then dusted himself off and started thinking of the training as a competition for Kasumi’s approval.

Moments later, he finally got the walk and the sitting position correctly.

“Why do you sit like that mama-san?” Barry asked respectfully after noticing that Kasumi didn’t sit the same way she taught them how to.

“Because I am not... sissy!” she explained in a strong Japanese accent. She then whispered to one of her bodyguards and moments later, he emerged with three red fans in tow.

## Chapter 3

“We use in the *cu-rub*”, Kasumi explained as she held the fans.

“Customer sweaty, use it. You *raugh*, cover your face. *Aurways*, feminine, *ereganto*”, she followed.

She then placed one of the red Japanese fans atop the rectangular maple center table and started playing with the other two like she was performing in a cultural show.

The two foreigners watched in awe and lasciviousness as the transgender mama-san elegantly played with the fans. As she extended her long and slender arms from her 5ft. 7in. frame, the curve from her breast implants glistened from the sunshine through the oppressive 180-degree windows.

“In the sissy *cu-rub*, we don’t wear *ord hairstyru*. We use *moderno wigu* and put *frowers*—”

“—but... we wear kimono”, she explained as she juggled two fans.

Barry was mesmerized by how calculated and elegant the training was. In his country, his concept of what a club was were dancing, drinks, and DJs.

“Tea *time-u*”, Kasumi announced, referring to the next training on how to serve the patrons alcoholic drinks.

“*Baransu, very importante*”, she added. Kasumi stood up and served the two *gaijins* (foreigners) drinks – from whiskey, cognac, beer, and wine, down to champagne.

Andrew enjoyed this part of the training. While he didn’t know much about Japanese culture, especially the sissy club tea house scene, he was a fast learner.

He may be lanky but he used to be a ballerino. Balance and coordination weren’t too foreign to him. Kasumi applauded in awe after witnessing how amazing Andrew was in serving drinks. Barry rolled his eyes from the attention that the American sissy was getting.

“Next... *makeu-upu!*” Kasumi gleefully informed.

The two men, albeit having newfound rivalry, stared at each other with tremor from their absolute zero knowledge of

cosmetics. At that time, they both knew that they were royally fucked.

“We don’t wear a *rot* of *makeu-up*. Japanese *rike naturar* beauty – but... they *rike* BIG *buru eyesu*”

“Barry-kun, you are very *rucky!*” she reassured.

Barry smirked at Andrew as Kasumi removed the plastic wrap of the cosmetics. The American sissy rolled his brown eyes at what Kasumi uttered. Her blunt words hurt him a little and heightened his newfound jealousy of the British sissy.

“I want you to *rook rike dorries – Rorita! Pinku* eyeshadow, *pinku burush*, and *pinku rips*”, she said right before she started working on half of Barry’s face in front of a huge standing mirror by the window.

While Barry effortlessly copied the application of foundation, blusher, and lipstick, he struggled with the eyeliner and eyebrows. He couldn’t grasp how Kasumi made his other eyebrow look thinner with the use of purple glue and concealer.

“Shave it”, Kasumi commanded her bodyguards. Andrew gave a menacing grin at Barry – shaking the latter’s nerves.

“P-please! Let me have another go”, Barry begged. Kasumi nodded, making Andrew raise his eyebrow at their mama-san’s mercy. As Barry tried his hand with the eyebrows, Kasumi went to do half of Andrew’s face.

Moments later, there they were, looking like little Japanese kokeshi dolls with pixie hairs. Kasumi applauded the two for exhibiting cosmetic mastery in such a short amount of time.

After all, fear is the best trigger of adrenaline rush.

“Now, the hair”, Kasumi informed. The bodyguards scurried toward a dressing room beside the two sissies’ bedroom to take two wigs. One’s blonde and curly, reminiscent of Goldilocks’ famous hairstyle, and the other, a long and straight blonde wig, which resembled Barbie’s famous locks.

“Ret’s see...”, Kasumi said with an unsure tone as she placed the first wig on top of Barry’s blonde hair.

“Oh, Barry, you *rook rike* a cute *Rorita!*” she exclaimed. Barry blushed from Kasumi’s compliment and preened in the mirror — in awe of his dollish looks.

Kasumi then took the second wig from the other bodyguard.

“*Kirei-ne!?*” (Isn’t it gorgeous!?) Kasumi exclaimed from witnessing how sexy Andrew looked in a straight and long blonde wig.

Andrew couldn’t believe how hot his reflection was. His image shortly reminded him of what his high school crushes looked like back in his pubescent years.

Barry gasped at how feminine the American sissy looked. His envy grew even further – making his champagne glass fall on the wooden floor from his sweaty palms.

“*Crumsy! Dirty sissy! Cu-rean it up!*” Kasumi commanded in exasperation. Barry stood up – stumbling and then sprinted to the kitchen cabinet to look for a mop.

Kasumi continued doting on Andrew as the American made different poses in front of the standing mirror. Moments later, Kasumi asked Andrew to repeat serving drinks in his full sissy geisha attire.

While she watched Andrew like a proud mother, Barry sauntered to her – feeling guilty about the mess he made.

“Mama-san... that bloke said earlier that this training is stupid – and... you will let us go if we fuck you!” Barry lied with a trembling whisper.

Kasumi’s blood boiled. She didn’t know if it was from the condescension about the training or the assumption that she’d allow two sissies to fuck her.

“Enough!”, Kasumi said in a furious tone.

## Chapter 4

“Is it true?!”, Kasumi asked – looking sternly at Andrew.

“Wh-what do you mean, mama-san?” Andrew asked.

“The training is stupid and I *wir ret* you go if you fuck me!?” she followed in an angrier tone.

Andrew stood catatonic with a wooden tray in his hands. He didn’t know what to say. Part of him felt like what she said was how he felt but another part of him also knew that he has never expressed his thoughts to anyone.

“That is –”, Andrew said softly as the Japanese bodyguard smirked at the audacious information.

“Urusai! (Shut up!) I *wir* show you the *rear* training!” Kasumi yelled – not allowing him to finish his sentence. Barry grinned at the trembling American sissy but he couldn’t relish the sweet victory as he got distracted when Kasumi commanded the Japanese bodyguards to take their clothes off.

The two beefy bodyguards unclasped their black suits and then tore their white linen shirts off with vigor. As the buttons created crackling sounds against the wooden floor, Barry and Louie gulped from a distance.

Kasumi went to the kitchen at a hastened pace and took out a seasoning tray. She then knelt and placed it on the living room floor then vigorously cleared the center table – causing the fashion magazines and makeup to fall.

She laid the spices on the center table one by one in a hustled yet elegant motion. There they were... salt, pepper, chilies, hot sauce, and wasabi, all in a row atop the center table like they were posing for a recipe book.

“In this house, *onry* Japanese dicks work!” she yelled – brimming with authority. She then maneuvered Barry and spread his legs with feminine vigor. She took the wasabi from the center table and gestured for Andrew to come closer.

Barry’s fat and uncircumcised *seven-incher* with a thick blonde carpet of pubic hair instantaneously got hard from Kasumi’s domineering actions. She lubricated his penis with a handful of wasabi then pulled Andrew’s ear once more, forcing him to suck the British sissy’s fat dick.

“Ha!” Andrew yelled as his nostrils flared from the hot wasabi. Tears aggressively flowed down his pink cheeks caused by the spicy flavor of Kasumi’s wrath.

“That is what you get for saying bad words!” Kasumi yelled. Albeit Barry was still irked by Andrew, he genuinely enjoyed the feeling of the American’s warm mouth.

“And you!” she said – as she looked at Barry while holding the mini bottle of hot sauce from the table. Barry shook his head in reluctance but didn’t want to displease his mama-san. He stayed, trembling with a throbbing cock, seated with his legs spread on the floor.

“Mama-san... p-p-please”, Barry begged. The heat from the wasabi calmed down. Shortly after, Andrew gave Barry a menacing look as he licked his veiny shaft. Kasumi, feeling merciful, threw the bottle of hot sauce on the floor causing Andrew to roll his eyes again from the unfair treatment.

She sauntered in between the two bodyguards and maneuvered both to kneel. She grabbed the two sissies by their obi belts and then threw their bodies in front of the shirtless guards.

“In my sissy *cu-rub*, we make Japanese men happy”, she said with a naughty smile.

## Chapter 5

“**Y**ou want money? You work hard!” Kasumi yelled. The bodyguards grappled the sissies by their armpits and forced their faces in their crotches respectively.

The two sissies stared at each other with begging eyes but the mama-san wasn't in the mood for reprieve. As the buff men dry-humped their faces with their Asian boners, Kasumi took long drags of her cigarette from a distance.

“Hurry up!” she said with a thunderous tone. She stood up impatiently and took the yukatas off the sissies. The bodyguards frantically removed their pants revealing their hairy six-inch manhoods and thick and round muscular thighs.

Barry, too scared to do anything, succumbed and started obliviously licking Mamoru's cock. Andrew, still reluctant, couldn't even look at Seiji's throbbing Japanese manhood.

Kasumi, on the verge of losing every cool left in her body, pointed the burning side of her cigarette that lacked proximity to Andrew's deep brown eyes.

“You suck or you go *brind*?” Kasumi asked nonchalantly. Andrew, with bated breath, closed his eyes and started licking Seiji’s cock.

Kasumi stood up and doused her cigarette with her saliva on a white ceramic ashtray atop the maple center table. She lit up another one as she played with her hairy and veiny *seven-incher* as she watched the two sissies service the masculine Japanese men.

“So sweet...”, she said as she jerked her *shecock* and puffed her conscience away. Beads of sweat from her temples trickled down her décolletage and started drenching her straight long black hair from the heat of the live fellatio.

“Gwak!” Andrew let out after Seiji lost control and poked his virgin throat with his mushroom head. Barry, had an easier time adapting to the new circumstance from fears of turning into a human ashtray.

“Mmm”, Barry let out as he bobbed up and down Mamoru’s manhood. Kasumi took a shot of whiskey as the show was getting more intense from her point of view of two pink sissy holes from the sissies in dog-style positions.

Without thinking things through, she removed her black python tube dress, revealing her huge breasts with dark areolas and ultra-hard, veiny, and hairy Japanese cock.

After a few audible steps from her boots and the wooden floor, she knelt at the back of Andrew and then forcefully licked his asshole.

“Sisters are best friends, don’t fight again”, she said as she caressed their backs and intermittently licked their sissy holes.

“Mmm”, Andrew and Barry moaned in unison from the delightful feeling of the dominant trans mama-san’s tongue.

“Ouch!” Barry let out after Kasumi poked his insides with her index finger.

“Ahh!” Andrew followed – accidentally biting Seiji’s cock.

“Baka!” (Stupid!) Seiji let out. He slapped Andrew with a vigorous swing and thrust harder – causing the American to choke and tear up from the Japanese man’s reaction.

Kasumi ignored the blunder and continued eating the sissies’ pink holes as she played with herself in a dog-style position.

Moments later, Kasumi signaled the lascivious guards with a nod. She stood up and dispersed them then knelt in between the sissies' faces – brushing her throbbing *ladycock* against their pink lips.

“Fuck!” Andrew let out a guttural scream from the surprise impalement brought upon Seiji’s fat and hairy six-incher.

“Bloody he – ”, Barry let out with a visage painted with pain from Mamoru’s extra deep insertion of his Japanese cock which felt like a quick Samurai sword encasement.

Kasumi smooshed the sissies’ faces with feminine vigor on the sides of her shaft as the two endured the novel pain of anal penetration.

Mamoru and Seiji looked at each other with pride from successfully dominating Caucasian men. Suddenly, the novel feeling of pain was fading away and the two sissies started enjoying every tactile poke on their prostates as they intermittently sucked their mama-san’s pulsating penis.

“Gwah!” Seiji let out from the intense feeling delivered by Andrew’s virgin confinement.

“Mmm, mmm”, Andrew groaned as he couldn’t let a word out from Kasumi’s aggressive invasion of his throat.

“Iku, iku –” (Here I go), Seiji let out as his puffy pecs glistened with sweat.

“Yamete!” (Stop!) Kasumi yelled – forcing Seiji to prematurely pull out.

## Chapter 6

Kasumi stood up and switched positions with Seiji at a hastened pace. She started pouncing on Andrew's *sissyhole* aggressively as Seiji forced the sissies to share his manhood.

As the two sissies licked Seiji's cock in a myriad of directions, Andrew couldn't help but let out jolts of precums from his eight-inch cut American meat from Kasumi's ladyhood poking his hole. The enjoyment he felt was intensified by knowing that he was being taken by an older yet gorgeous Japanese transgender lady.

"Ahh!" Kasumi let out in a convulsive state from Andrew's virgin orifice. She aggressively tapped Mamoru's hard butt and switched places with him.

"Mmm!" Barry moaned sluttily after Kasumi stabbed him with her Samurai shecock. Just like Andrew, Barry's orgasmic sensations strengthened from Kasumi's pouncing.

"Mama..." , Barry let out softly as his eyes rolled from euphoria.

“Gwah!” Kasumi let out after Barry clenched his anal muscles.

“Mama...”, Barry let out once more.

“Ma!” but before he could finish his sentence, he created a British puddle of *babygravy* on the wooden floor.

“Iku...”, Kasumi let out gently. Mamoru grabbed Andrew’s hips tighter from the mama-san’s signal.

“Iku...”, she uttered in a guttural tone – causing Seiji to grip Andrew’s nape tighter.

“Bukkake!” (Splash!) she announced with a shaky voice. Mamoru pulled out of Andrew’s ass and then paced himself by aggressively jerking his cock in front of Barry’s face.

Seiji, too hot and bothered by the delayed gratification, shot a wad of thick and warm cum on the American sissy’s red face.

“Ahh!” he screamed as he squirted messily, soiling the American’s blonde wig.

“Iku, iku!” Mamoru announced right before shooting Barry’s face with an abundance of *daddygravy*.

Kasumi scooped some of Seiji and Mamoru’s cum from the sissies' faces and used them to lubricate her dick. As the two

shared her tight brown *ladyballs* by licking each side, she jerked her throbbing prize aggressively.

“Iku!” Kasumi let out as the two sissies moaned in unison.

“Iku!” she followed as her breasts and dark nipples aggressively jiggled.

“Iku!” she let out once more right before pulling her foreskin and swiftly targeting their faces intermittently with her Japanese *ladyload*. Right after Andrew felt her warmth, his balls tingled – causing him to release a fresh puddle of 100% American-made organic semen on the Narra floor.

The two bodyguards grazed their wet circumcised cocks on their faces with their *mama-san* – giving every last drop that the slutty sissies deserved.

## *Epilogue*

Kasumi formally changed their names with the help of a shaman after the two passed the sissy geisha training. Andrew adopted the name Ayaka and Barry was called Sayuri.

Ayaka and Sayuri got themselves out of debt but didn't fly back to their countries as they enjoyed their new well-taken care of sissy lifestyles.

They often bickered and competed for their mama-san's attention by keeping feminizing secrets from each other. Japanese businessmen flocked to their tea house to experience the novel care that only the two gaijin sissies could offer.

Kasumi trained more sissies from all over the world and became the world's richest mama-san.

Mamoru and Seiji remained at her beck and call as there was no other job in Japan that was as fun as bodyguards by day and sissy fuckers by night.

Love always,

Lilly

## *Other Titles*



**My Cherry No More** is a coming-of-age and intimate telling of Lilly Lustwood's first transgender romance. It is split into three steamy books of real and raw experiences from her memoirs.

[\*\*Read My Cherry No More\*\*](#)

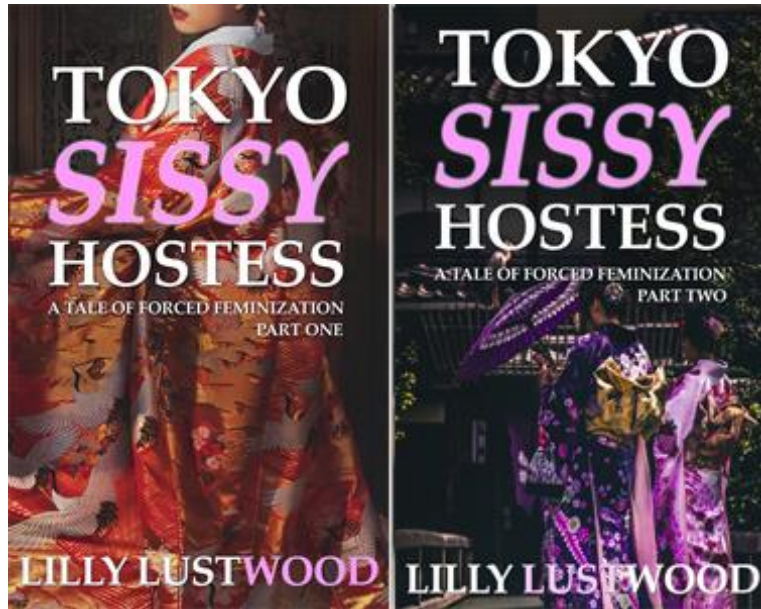


Danny, a high school senior student lives a square life. His life started to get more exciting when the Morningwoods moved to Alburtis where he lives.

That pivotal moment was the beginning of how exciting it was to elevate his sensitivity to women's feelings into a lifestyle that he never imagined he'd experience as...

...Mrs. Morningwood's Muse.

[Read Modeling for Mrs. Morningwood](#)



An American backpacker has never, for a single waking moment of his life, imagined that he would become **Tokyo's First American Sissy Hostess** in a Premier Karaoke Club for Gentlemen.

Discover how Louie swallowed his Pride, Ego, Masculinity, and more \*wink\*, in this Tale of Forced Feminization.

[Read Tokyo Sissy Hostess](#)



Stanley Wetthole AKA Stacey, will stop at nothing to achieve her dreams of transitioning to a transgender bombshell and living the lap of luxury.

She isn't like any other sissy. She is cunning, manipulative, and knows how to play her cards right.

Vicious and criminally sexy, that's how they describe Stacey.

[Read Stacy The School Slut Sissy](#)



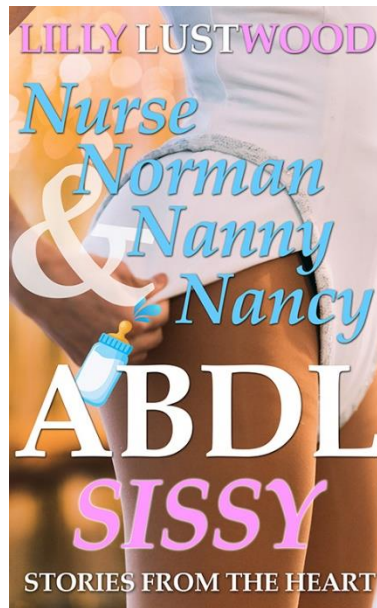
*Sissyrella* – A Forced Sissy Fairy Tale is Lilly Lustwood’s first offering from her Halloween Dark Romance series.

Sean Rowland, a 19-year-old art student was still mourning the death of his father from “accidentally drowning” when his evil stepbrothers and transgender stepmother from hell forced him to succumb to a life of servitude and gave him a new identity as Sissyrella.

Cleaning, cooking, and servicing his stepfamily was his new normal up until a Sissy Godmother appeared and magically turned his loveless life into a titillating fairy tale.

Clutch your Pearl Necklace Tight and Prepare for a Wild Forced Feminization Ride!

## [Read Sissyrella](#)



After a drunken night caused by depression, Robert Rabbinowitz got into an accident that required him to undergo emergency hip replacement surgery. As he recovered, he met Nurse Norman and Nanny Nancy.

That was when he discovered the comfort and joy that diapers offered along with a new identity that he never imagined he'd become... a Sissy Adult Baby.

## [Read Nurse Norman and Nanny Nancy](#)

## *Author's Message*



Dear Horny Reader,

Thank you very much for reading *Sissy Geisha Training*.

For a writer, I can't seem to find the best word to describe how grateful I am for your support.

Should you feel the need to send me a message concerning this book, your love life, or just about anything, **KINDLY** (with puppy-dog eyes) follow me on my socials <3

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