

This is Audible.

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She employs a cleaning service to teach him how to clean and then hires him out to clients who want a little something extra in their daily made service.

Volume 1 contains interracial domination by a black couple and an Asian family as well as domination by two cruel young women who develop many torments for Sissy Tina throughout the series.

In Volume 2 Sissy Cuckold, Sissy Tina becomes a willing and eager participant in Shannon's many affairs.

The hot wife, aided by friends and family, uses every means at her disposal to drive home Tina's submission as a Sissy made and cuckold.

Shannon's mother and sister get it on the act making it a family affair of domination and humiliation by Tina's evil mother-in-law and wicked sisters-in-law.

In Volume 3 Ballet Heels, Tina undergoes body modification to please Shannon's lover who is now daddy and Tina is his dirty little girl.

Tina is given to cruel mother-in-law Julia and her wicked friends at the Cougar Arms apartment to be trained while hot wife Shannon goes off on vacation with Tina's boss.

Tina submits to various humiliations at the exclusive Cougar Arms nightclub, Cougars Cave serving the older women and their young lovers.

He also endures torments at the Cougars Den Beauty Salon and works in the Sissy brothel in the basement.

Chapter 1 Ready for Your New Life?

Benjor Wright Knee just a bit and turned to the left. Do a sexy pose for me.

Mistress Shannon sipped her coffee as she watched her husband Ted model a new Sissy made outfit.

The new Sissy outfit Ted was modeling was baby blue satin with white lace trim. The black fishnet stockings and black patent heels he wore gave the girly outfit a fetish look.

Shannon nodded her approval. All in all not bad for her first day. My little slut certainly has possibilities. Shannon relaxed on the couch. Her long red hair fell over one shoulder and her green eyes blazed with delight.

Where she to stand she would tower over her husband her four inch heels pushing her to an imposing six to a regal Amazon goddess. She placed her coffee cup on the end table.

This month is all about developing my slave. She chuckled that would be you darling as my Sissy made when my slave is sufficiently trained and conditioned as my Sissy made. I will then develop you further into she paused and shrugged into whatever I want.

Is my Sissy excited about her new life? It doesn't matter what you think bitch.

It's all about what I want and I am going to turn you into a minsing, blissing Sissy bitch made and cock whore.

She looked at her sissified submissive husband and smirked. Ted was three inches shorter than her standing only five seven. Where Shannon was curvy and voluptuous Ted had a slight build with brown eyes and light brown hair.

You'll make a cute Sissy. You can accept your fate or you can fight it. It really doesn't matter to me. Although if you resist I will enjoy breaking you. That would be fun.

Does my Sissy like her blue dress? It's very cute and sexy. There will be more, more dresses, stockings and heels. You will serve, obey and be my slave made and fuck toy. Ready for your new Sissy life? Ted nodded.

Yes, ma'am. It's mistress. Shannon snapped. You will address me as mistress. You will refer to me as miss if we are out in public or among friends who might not know you have become my Sissy made.

Your tone will be servile and respectful and you will avoid eye contact at all times at home or in public. She laughed. We'll see how long it takes friends and family to realize what you've become.

Perhaps some will even want in on it. I'm sure some of my girlfriends would enjoy having their house cleaned by a Sissy made. She waited. Well, Ted nodded, avoiding

eye contact. Yes, mistress.

She picked up her phone and put Ted through a series of sexy girly poses, taking both pictures and videos. Shannon laughed as she thumbed through the photos. I wonder how your dear old mummy and daddy would like these.

He stepped forward. Oh no, Shannon, please get back in your place. Her commanding tone made him stop and return to his place. When I want you to move, I will tell you. His voice was shaking as he replied. Yes, mistress.

I think we need a bit of a review. Who asked me to wear high heels and act sexier and more dominant in our relationship? Hmm? He took a breath. I did. Oh, mistress. And who said they wanted to sometimes wear dress and act like my maid? He hung his head. Me? It was me, mistress.

She waved her hand over her leather pencil skirt. Look, I'm wearing a leather skirt. Seems stockings and heels and you are in a dress and heels. Seems to me you should be happy.

She let the room lapse into an uncomfortable silence. Finally, she spoke. Feet together. She watched to move his feet together. You need to strive to adopt feminine movements and postures if you are to be my Sissy Mink.

We will work on that in addition to many other things. Yes, mistress. Thank you, mistress. She smiled. That's better. You do want to be my good girl, don't you? Yes, mistress.

New rules. From now on, I am dominant. You are submissive. I am mistress and you are Sissy made. You will obey me and serve me. Questions? No, mistress.

Your name is now Tina. Ha ha ha. She laughed. Sissy Tina. Yes, I like that. She picked up a bell from the table and gave it a shake.

I will use this to summon my maid, Tina. When you hear it, Tingle, you will stop what you are doing and hurry to learn how you may serve me.

Understand, Tina. He sighed. Yes, mistress. I realize there is a scrap of paper somewhere that says you are my husband. Well, that's in the past, Sissy.

I want you to be my obedient, subservient, quiet, graceful, and feminine Sissy made. You are now a thing. My slave, servant, and sex toy. To serve and to be used by me and my lovers and friends.

She smiled at his surprise when she mentioned lovers. More on that later, my little slut.

Kneel, she snapped her fingers. On your hands and knees, crawl and beg to be my Sissy. Beg me to train you. Beg me to humiliate and torment you and make you suffer.

Feelings of power and authority made. Shannon flashes. Tina dropped to his knees and crawled forward, stopping in front of her feet.

Kiss my feet and beg, she commanded. Tina planted a soft kiss to the toe of each black high heel.

Please, mistress, please make me your slave and Sissy made. She shook her head. Pathetic. Get back on your feet and we'll try it again.

She watched Tina stand up and shuffle back to his starting point. Really darling, I need to see more sincerity and feeling. I need you to make me feel that you want to be my Sissy more than anything else in this life.

If this is what you really want, then you need to convince me. Mr. Shannon picked up her bell and gave it a shake. Try again and crawl with passion.

She laughed. She didn't really know what it meant to crawl with passion, but she was enjoying watching her Sissy doing his best to meet any demand she imposed.

My God, you really are submissive. Tina fell to his hands and knees once more and began to crawl again.

This time he was trying to express more feeling and devotion from mistress by moving his body in a sexy manner. When he reached Mr. Shannon's feet, he kissed them.

Please, mistress, please train me to be your Sissy made. Shannon curled her lip in a cruel grin. Better, but I'm still not really feeling it.

You need to do a better job convincing me you need and want this lifestyle that you can't live without it. Again.

She put the soul of her shoe in his face and pushed him away. As Tina backed up,

Shannon picked up her phone and turned the camera app to video. Crawl, Sissy Tina. Crawl to your goddess and tell her what you need. Tina crawled a third time, kissing Shannon's feet and begging to be her Sissy made. Please, mistress, please make me into a feminized, girly Sissy made. Please make me wear dresses in high heels and clean your house and wait on you. Shannon laughed as she filmed his groveling. Very good, Sissy. I actually believe you. She flexed her foot.

Lick the soul of my shoe clean. Let me see that Sissy slut tongue lick a woman's shoe. Good girl. Ready for your new life?

Chapter Two. My own Sissy made. I do like that.

The next morning found Tina in his blue-made uniform on his knees, polishing Shannon's shoes as she ate breakfast. He had been denied breakfast and coffee. Shannon had allowed him to make his own breakfast, a bowl of watery plain oatmeal which was in a dog dish on the floor and had now gone cold.

His stomach growled, but it was up to Mr. Shannon when he would be allowed to eat what she called Sissy Gruel.

We need to establish some additional behaviors for you. Shannon's perfectly manicured fingers thumbed through the recent texts on her phone.

Obviously you will be dressed as a maid most of the time. Only feminine clothes will be worn in my house, dresses and skirts, heels and stockings and no pants. She looked down and smiled at her kneeling Sissy.

We'll have such fun creating your wardrobe. Yes, mistress. This afternoon we'll go through your mail clothes. I'm donating most of them to charity. We'll keep a few things, but eventually you won't have need of mail clothes.

But my job, he stammered. When I go to work, I, Sissy, do not question me. Do you think I haven't thought this through? Your boss says you can work from home.

She chuckled. Yes, my little slut, your boss, Derek, and I have it all figured out.

Yes, mistress. That's my good girl. Things will go much better for you if you simply do as you're told. Now, from now on, you will not use the personal pronouns I, me or my. You will refer to yourself as this slut, this bitch, your whore, mistress's Sissy, master's condom, or something similar. She decided to test him. Who are you?

He paused while he formulated his reply. This Sissy is mistress's Sissy maid and slave. Shannon laughed as she reached down to pat his blonde wig. See, you can be trained. Oh, yes, I think you're going to be quite useful. My own Sissy maid. I do like that.

She continued. I will expect my Sissy to curtsy a lot. It's a sign of respect to me, my lovers and my guests. Curtsy whenever you enter or leave a room that contains a superior. Curtsy whenever superior enters or leaves a room you are in. If you are wearing a dress, pick up the hem, very daintly and cicified. If you are wearing a hobble skirt, then wiggle your body up and down in a sexy manner. Every curtsy should demonstrate how much you want to be a pathetic Sissy maid and how much you adore being dominated by mistress and a master. Sloppy curtsies will be punished. She kicked him away from his shoe polishing duties. Curtsy, Sissy. Tina crawled out from under the table and rose to his feet. She was a little bit too.

She was in her feet, shan and frowned. You need to work on that. Getting down on your knees and back up. Don't make it so clumsy. It should be delicate, graceful and feminine. You will practice 50 times each morning and evening, getting down and up. Now curtsy.

She watched Tina do a half-hearted curtsy. Yeah, obviously that needs work. Go on the web and research how to curtsy. Practice your curtsy 100 times each morning and evening. Tina grown.

Shannon had already provided him with a long list of household domestic chores and now he was tasked with learning to curtsy and practicing up and down kneeling exercises twice a day. She really is turning me into a slave, her slave.

Curtsy, Shannon ordered. Tina did his best to execute some old moves he had seen on British TV shows. Work on it. Shannon said, I want to see improvement and fast. When someone enters the room, you give a little curtsy to acknowledge their

presence and superiority.

It's good to smile, to show you enjoy housework and being a sissy maid, but do not make eye contact. Remember, you are a mayor servant, so don't forget your place. Tina performed another curtsy.

I'm going to spend half my life doing these curtsies. Yes, mistress. Hold your upper arms close to your sides, Shannon ordered. Good. Now bend your elbows until your lower arms are at a 45 degree angle.

Lower. There. Now make your wrists limp. Limper. Like they are broken and just hanging there. She nodded her approval.

This is what we will call your sissy faggot arm position or sissy arms for short. When you are moving about the house, standing or working with only one arm, the other will be in a sissy arm position. Unless ordered to do something else, your default arm posture should be sissy arms. Curtsy.

Tina thought for a moment and then brought his hands down to grasp the hem of his dress. He curtsy and then returned his arms to a sissy arm position. Shannon chuckled. You're going to be such a little slut. I can't wait to show you off to my mother and sisters.

Now walk for me. Take small steps, try and get some swing in that bottom and remember to keep those wrists limp.

Tina minced across the floor, keeping his arms out and wrists limp. Posture. Shannon reminded. Head up, eyes down. Stick out those titties and that sissy to she. Suck in that tummy.

The steel-boned corset I have in mind will fix your posture. She made her sissy walk for ten minutes back and forth across the room as she called out adjustments to his walk and posture. Make it very sissy and girly, she teased. You should always strive to do your chores to the best of your ability. It still be slutty and sensuous as you were. Imagine one of my lovers in the room.

You want to put on a show for him as you dast and arrange the magazines on the coffee table. Display your sissy bottom. Let him see a bit of stocking top and garter.

I expect my whore to be productive and put on a show. Remember to wiggle as you walk and take small sissy steps. Do your sissy faggot arms never forget the sissy in sissy maid.

Yes, mistress. Now your voice is simply unacceptable. It needs to be more sweet and sissy like your entire walk and posture.

I expect my sissy maid to be feminine and demure at all times and in all ways. You will walk and stand in a dainty sissy manner.

You will curtsy. For your voice, you will lisp sweetly. Please should be pweeth. Mistress should be mith with and so on.

None of this should interfere with your work. I expect you to be productive. I will tell you what I want done and how I want it done.

You are to show complete respect and obedience to all my lovers and house guests. Serve and obey them as you would serve me. Do you understand me? Once more Tina paused to consider his reply.

Oh, yes, mith with. Mr. Shannon laughed. It's a start, but keep working on your voice and those curtsies.

Yes, thank you, mith with. You may kiss my feet and then eat your breakfast. You have five minutes and then you have a full day of how to do it.

Full day of housework.

Chapter 3. It's good to be the mistress.

Tina awoke the next morning in his small bedroom at 5.30. His instructions were to quietly dress and do his makeup.

She had given him some of her old makeup, telling him they would shop for some just for him. Mistress was still asleep, with instructions not to be awakened until 8.30.

Tina tipped out to his small bathroom, trying to be as quiet as possible. He dressed in the only sissy outfit he had, the blue satin dress and the blonde wig. He ached all over.

He'd spent the entire day and evening yesterday in his dress and heels, working,

cleaning and fetching things for Mr. Shannon. His feet ached from the hours and hours in the heels, and she said we were going to shop for even higher heels. He did the best he could with the makeup and sighed as he looked at the reflection in the mirror. She's not going to like it. He put the wig on his head, slipped on his white gloves and heels and went downstairs. As he passed by a mistress's bedroom, he paused and stole a glance through the cracked door to make sure he had not woken her.

In the kitchen, he found a list on the counter. Polish silverware, shined my boots, dust downstairs, bring me coffee at 8.30. He was relieved. They were tasks he could do quietly, and he set to work.

His stomach growled. The entire day yesterday he'd been fed only two bowls of cold oatmeal sissy gruel, a multivitamin and a three ounce can of tuna. It provides the essential carbohydrates and protein you need, Shannon had said. You could stand to lose a few pounds.

He labored quietly until it was time to take Mr. Serkoffe. He prepared it and took it to her on a silver serving tray. Mr. Shannon was sitting up in bed, reading texts on her phone when Tina entered. She motioned him forward with a crook of her finger and looked him over as he stood beside her bed.

Hmm, she looked at his face. I suppose I can't expect much with the makeup. I'll provide you with some training, but you need to show improvement fast. There's lots of blogs and videos on the web. Check them out in your free time. I expect my sissy maid to be fully made up at all times.

Yes, Missedwith. Free time? What am I going to have free time? She took her coffee from the tray. Nice touch, the tray. You would do well to constantly consider how you might serve me, pamper and spoil me. The lisp was good, but you still need to work on the voice. Make it more girly.

Yes, Missedwith. He tried to increase the pitch of his voice. She shrugged. I'll have scrambled eggs and two pieces of toast for breakfast, tomato juice, more coffee when you bring breakfast. Make yourself a bowl of gruel. She waved him away with her hand. Go on, you're dismissed.

Yes, Missedwith. He bent his knees in a short curtsy and backed from the room. Mr. Shannon relaxed back on her pillows. It's good to be the mistress.

Mr. Shannon looked over from the car's passenger seat and smiled at Tina. Nervous? Tina nodded. Yes, I mean dressed like this and...

6, Shannon said. 6 strokes with a cane for using a personal pronoun and 6 for not using your sissy voice. She laughed at the despair on his face. There is nothing wrong with the way you're dressed.

Well, she shrugged. No man would be going out in public like that. But again you're not a man. Are you? Exactly what are you? Tina sighed. This creature is a sissy. Missedwith sissy.

12 strokes with a cane? Do we even have a cane? She nodded her approval. That's right. You're my sissy and you will dress as I desire. I think you look quite precious and I'm sure the ladies at the salon will love your sissy faggot look.

Yes, Missedwith.

That morning, after serving Mr. Shannon her breakfast, eating his bowl of grill and cleaning the kitchen, Tina was sent to shower and shave himself. I want my sissy smooth and hairless. Mistress had decreed.

Shannon was taking her sissy to a salon for a makeover and then shopping, shopping for what Mistress hadn't said. The unknown made Tina nervous.

The ears might be tight, but they should do for now. Shannon said as she'd handed Tina a pair of Capri length white stretch leggings. The tight pink top she gave him clearly showed the outlines of one of Shannon's old bras. A pair of white flip flops served as Tina's shoes.

Shannon stroked the bulge at Tina's crotch. The skin tight leggings revealed Tina's cock beneath. Oh, that's hideous. Is my sissy trying to be a man? Hmm?

She slapped his crotch, laughing as he flinched. She grabbed the waistband and pulled the leggings down.

Tuck that thing back between your legs. Come on, come on. Tina shoved his cock and balls between his legs and Shannon pulled the leggings back up. Oh, yes, much

better. Her fingers stroked the smooth fabric.

It looks like my sissy has a pussy. She grabbed her purse. Come on, sissy. We mustn't keep the ladies at the salon waiting. Tina parked and hesitated for a moment as Mistress Shannon got out of the car.

She leaned down to look in the window. Oh, sissy, you are going in and you will behave and remember your walk. Tina exited the car and took a breath as he followed Shannon into the salon.

He put his arms in his sissy arms posture and walked behind Shannon taking short dainty steps. Shannon! A tall thin woman with short red, almost orange hair hurried over to embrace Shannon.

So good to see you. She looked past Shannon at Tina who averted his eyes. And this must be your Tina. She's absolutely precious. She smiled a wicked smile at Tina. Ready for your girly day?

Tina flushed red with shame. Every eye in the salon was on him. He curt seed. Yes, mith with. The women in the salon burst out and laughed her. Tina, Shannon said, this is Claire. She's going to be giving you your makeover today. Tina curt seed again.

Mith Claire? Claire took Tina's hand and led him to a chair. You sit right down, sweetie. Shannon says you're getting the full treatment. Are you excited? Tina nodded. Yes. Excited? Not so much. Scared shitless? Yes.

Claire stood back, standing on her left foot and rocking the right spike heel of her knee-high boot. Hmm, eyebrows. She looked at Shannon. Do we shape them or simply pluck them all out so she would have to draw them on each day? Ooh.

Shannon gave a wicked laugh. I like the idea of her having to draw them on each day. High thin arched brows. Plucked it is. Ha ha. Claire laughed. She reclined the chair and picked up a pair of tweezers. Tina flinched and recoiled as Claire leaned forward. Claire sighed and looked at Shannon who gave a go-ahead nod. Claire set the tweezers on her work table and delivered a stinging slap to Tina's face.

Be a good girl. You give me any trouble and will tie you to this chair and I'll let every woman in this salon slap the shit out of you. Am I understood, sissy? Tina nodded frantically. Yes, Mith Claire. Claire pushed Tina's head back against the chair, picked up her tweezers and went to work plucking out Tina's eyebrows. An older and very large woman under a hair dryer spoke up.

I have a wooden hair brush in my purse. I can put her over my lap if she needs a good spanking. I've had many a naughty girl over my lap. Shannon reached out and tweaked one of Tina's nipples. Better be a good girl or I'll let these ladies have a go at you. Yes, Mith Dweath.

That's better, Shannon said. Now I'm going to get my hair done. You do whatever Claire and anyone else tells you. Shannon turned to look at Claire who was plucking out all of Tina's eyebrows.

Can Tamara Pierce's ears while we are here today? No problem, Claire said. Single in each ear? I'm thinking two in each ear, Shannon said. A gold stud in the bottom hole and something pink and girly in the top. Claire chuckled.

We can do that. It'll be a cute look for you, Sissy. She stopped for a moment and held up one of Tina's hands. What about her nails? Tina felt his heart sink.

There's no telling what I'll look like when I leave here.

Long nails, Shannon said, in a very sissy girly pink. Claire paused and turned to rummage in a drawer. She removed a plastic box of false fingernails. She held one up. This is the longest I have, but I have a vendor who stuck some really long ones, sort of costume theatrical things.

Shannon took the false nail from Claire and placed it on one of Tina's fingers.

Very sexy, she purred. Claire nodded her agreement. It is long, but some guys find him really sexy.

Tina looked at the nail. It had to be over an inch long. How will I pick up anything and they want them to be longer?

Those will do for now, Shannon said. But yes, I would like to go longer for special occasions when I want her really sexy and trashy.

Sure, Claire said. We can easily go two or three times longer. I'll order in a few sets and you can see what you like.

Hey, precious! A plump, young goth girl with tattoos and piercings appeared in Tina's vision. I'm Tamara. So you want your ears pierced? Does it look real cute? She held up a pair of pink Cubic zirconia studs. Very nice, Shannon said. Put those in the top and gold studs for the other holes.

Tamara held up a pair of gold studs. Perfect! Shannon caressed Tina's earlobe and will eventually be getting you some really big trashy ones for your slutty whore look.

Tamara readied her tools. Want her nipples done too? I know several people in the fetish community who do that to their slaves. You can attach bells to them or a leash.

Hmm, Shannon considered nipple piercings. Not yet. Perhaps some cute nipple jewelry if you have anything.

Tamara pulled a box from her kit. Got these? She held up small chrome rings with five screws in a star pattern.

You put them over the nipple. Really pull it through and then just tighten down these screws. They have little weights and bells that can be attached to the small hooks at the bottom.

Excellent, Shannon said. Yes, I'll take those. She turned as a woman approached. Lauren is ready for me now. Shannon tweaked Tina's nose. I can't wait to see how my sissy looks when they are done with you.

She laughed and walked to the chair where her stylist Lauren was waiting. Shannon enjoyed her hair color and cut pedicure and manicure. She hardly paid any attention to the humiliating experience of her sissy husband Tina.

After the hapless sissy endured all his eyebrows being plucked out, he was then instructed by Claire on how to draw them on each morning. He imagined standing before his mirror looking at himself and his sissy clothes as he drew on the high, thin and arched brows Mr. Shannon favored on her sissy.

That's what she wants from me to be forced to look at myself each morning and watch as I turn myself into her sissy maid. Many of the patrons and technicians gathered around to watch Tina's transformation commenting on the sissy makeover.

Such long, pretty nails, so sexy. They'll look lovely wrapped around a big cock. I've heard most sissy's are raging cock sluts.

I love the nipple jewelry. I put her in my hallway at Christmas and hang ornaments from each sissy titty, maybe dressing in green tights and sky high red fucking heels.

Ellen, what a lovely idea. She'll have to draw on her eyebrows each morning to make them sexy.

I love that pink color on her nails, since he's always looked good in pink. I wonder if Shannon will rent her out for house cleaning or serving at parties. My bridge club would love it.

Tina's hair was dyed blonde with pink highlights. He was given long, false fingernails painted cotton candy pink and he endured a pedicure that ended with his toenails being painted the same shade of pink.

His ears had been pierced and his new nipple accessories tightly attached. He was given a makeover by one of Claire's cosmeticians which included long, false eyelashes and instruction in the basics of applying makeup.

He was somewhat cross-dressed when he had entered the salon, but now he would be leaving a full sissy with slutty hair, makeup and nails.

Shannon paid the bill while Tina was made to go and model his new sissy look to all the salon's customers. She snapped her fingers.

Come sissy, we have shopping to do. Tina heard the women's laughter follow him as he minced from the salon.

Chapter 4 Her First Bra

There will be regular salon visits, Shannon explained as Tina drove them to the mall. I'm going to let your hair grow out and will keep it styled and colored so my sissy always looks her best.

Your nails will have to be maintained. I do like the longer length, quite slutty.

Tina looked at his fingernails as his hands gripped the steering wheel. They're so long. Will I ever get used to them?

As my sissy made, Shannon continued, you will need to keep up a certain look, sissy, girly, feminine and slutty. I expect to see it in your makeup the way you move and the way you dress.

Inside the mall, Shannon's heels clicked on the floor. To Tina, the noise was deafening, making everyone turn to look at the stunning red head strutting through the mall with her sissy following behind carrying her purse.

Tina averted his eyes when several young men looked at him and smirked. A group of high school girls pointed at him and laughed.

Shannon chuckled, a wicked smile on her lips. Your humiliation hasn't even begun. There's so much more to come, my sissy.

She led them into a department store and took the escalator up to women's lingerie. An older, matronly woman approached, her name tag, Red Gloria.

May I help you? Shannon smiled and stepped aside to reveal her sissy husband behind her. She waved her hand in Tina's direction. I believe you can help her. She needs to be fitted for her first bra.

Gloria looked at the feminized male and tried to stifle a laugh. She had seen these kind of customers before. They occasionally showed up, usually nervous cross-dressers. Sometimes they were alone, sometimes with professional doms on shopping expeditions.

Rare, but even more fun, were the dominant wives who brought in their sissy husbands. She took in the sissified male dressed in tight capri pants, a pink top, blonde hair with pink accents, long pink nails, earrings, and long false eyelashes. This one is the most sissy yet. She smiled. I'm sure we can accommodate her. What's her name? Tina blushed it the way Gloria so easily fell into using her. She's going to enjoy this. It'll probably be break room gossip for a week.

Her name is Tina, Shannon said. Tina, Gloria smiled. Such a pretty name. Your first bra, are you excited? Yes, Miss Gloria. She lisps, and so polite. Gloria laughed. Well, let's get you measured.

She pulled a tape measure from her pocket as she looked at Shannon. Shall we use a dressing room? Shannon chuckled. Here is fine. Remove your top and bra sissy so you can be measured.

Yes, my little sissy. It was easy for you to order that blue dress, heels, and stockings from the sissy online website, but shopping in the real world is a different matter, isn't it? Well, get used to it, slut. Tina slipped off his pink top and the white bra beneath.

Oh my! Gloria eyed the nipple jewelry. That's quite erotic. They're new, Shannon explained. She got them today with her earrings and new nails. It's a sissy makeover day.

Yes, Gloria agreed. It seems to be so. He felt Gloria's hands measuring him. He saw a mother and daughter watching the spectacle, both giggling at the sissy, and two older women who scowled at him being fitted for a bra. He blushed and averted his eyes.

Excellent, Shannon thought. Public humiliation, just would you deserve for being a sissy and a failure as a husband? Gloria cupped Tina's breasts. She actually has a little a cup. 38 a, I think. Would you like me to show you some bras?

Thank you. That would be lovely, Shannon said. Gloria led them to a large bra display. Tina followed Shannon and carried his pink top and bra in one hand and Shannon's purse in the other. The women held up several bras to Tina's bare chest as other customers now began watching the spectacle.

Shannon smiled and chuckled. You want it to be a sissy? Well, you got it, slut, and there's no going back. She selected white, black, and pink bras for Tina.

What about something larger, a 38 double D? Shannon asked. Gloria arched her eyebrows and mock surprise, going bigger, nice. She smiled at Tina. Many of the men do like sissies with bigger breasts.

She selected a leopard print bra with black lace trim and slipped it over Tina's arms as Shannon fastened it in the back. Gloria fluffed out the DD cups and stood back. Now that's sexy. The men won't be able to keep their hands off the poor creature. Are you getting her implants?

No, haven't decided, Shannon said, perhaps. When you check out, I'll give you the

name of a woman who makes breast prosthesis. She could make some lovely titties for your Tina. That way you and your men could see how they like it before you go to the expense of implants.

An excellent idea. Shannon replied, thank you. She ran her hand over Tina's waist. What about something for this? Ah, Gloria gave a knowing smile. Fashion starts with foundation. Yes, we have the current shape where, but I bet you're looking for something a bit more old school retro chic.

Shannon's eyes narrowed. Yes, exactly. Gloria walked them to another display. We don't carry as much as we might have 40 years ago, but we still have some older clientele who prefer the more traditional full body briefers. Open bottom girdles, those types of things.

She held up a white open bottom girdle with six garter straps. Actually, there are a few younger women who do buy these. Seems many men think it's a sexy look, especially with stockings.

Shannon took the garment from Gloria and felt the stays, the hook and eye closures and the zipper. She held it up to Tina's waist. Oh, yes, yes.

She'll need stockings, of course. Will she be doing housework? Most certainly, Shannon said, she's my sissy maid. Gloria held up a package. These are heavier and would do well for a day of housework. She selected another package.

These are seemed and would be nice for when she is serving at dinner or perhaps parties. My customers tell me many men simply love the old fashioned girdle and seem stocking look.

We'll take it all, Shannon said. Excellent. Gloria removed the tape measure from around her neck. Let's get a few measurements for the girdle.

Their next stop was the shoe department. May I help you ladies? A young man approached them and blinked twice as he got a good look at Tina. Shannon nodded to her sissy husband. She needs shoes, something sexy with a really high heel.

Yes, okay. We have some styles over here, very popular with fashionable young women. Shannon and Tina followed the young man to a shoe display. As long as they are high and sexy, Shannon repeated. She picked up some nylon foot socks and handed them to Tina. Sit. Put these on. Tina took a seat, slipped off his flip flops and put on the socks.

Go ahead and measure her foot, Shannon told the clerk, and I'll pick out some shoes. Shannon peruse the racks, selecting three pair of shoes and carrying them back to Tina and the clerk.

She's the size 10, the clerk said. Shannon held out the shoes. Do you have these in 10? Yes, I think so. I'll be right back. Shannon took a seat next to Tina.

You really didn't think I'd simply let you sit behind a computer and privately order your clothes, did you? Maybe, mith with? She laughed.

Yes, well, you can see how that's worked out. I hope you're enjoying your shopping trip because we are going to be doing this again and again, so get used to being humiliated.

Actually, I hope you never get used to it. The young clerk came back with several boxes of shoes and sat back down on the stool facing Tina.

He opened a box that contained a pair of black pumps with rounded toes and ankle straps. They had two inch platforms and six inch heels. He held up the shoe to Shannon.

Something like this? Yes, exactly. She turned to Tina. Try them on, Sissy, and then walk for us. Tina flinched as Shannon called him Sissy in front of the clerk.

She's enjoying my humiliation. He held out his feet and the clerk slipped the shoes on. Go ahead, Shannon said, stand up. Let me see you walk. Tina stood and walked back and forth.

The clerk watched the feminized male strut in the sexy fucking heels. He, I'm Nina. She walks pretty well in high heels. Shannon nodded her agreement. Yes, Sissy's love their heels.

Your boyfriend or husband, Shannon said, I'm turning him into my Sissy maid. The young clerk shook his head. Well, whatever it is, it can work those heels. When they left the shoe department, Tina had three more packages.

The pair of black ankle strap pumps, another pair of red peep toe slingbacks with

six inch heels and a pair of plain pink pumps, also with six inch stiletto heels. Their last stop for the day was a uniform store.

A young woman with a name tag of Alice looked up from behind the counter. Can I help you? Shannon pointed to Sissy Tina. I need a couple of housekeeping outfits for her. Alice stifled a laugh.

Yeah, we don't have like any French maid outfits or anything. What I'm looking for today is a uniform like housekeeping maids in hotels would wear. Shannon walked to a rack of uniforms. Alice shrugged.

We have some of those slacks and tops or dresses. Oh, definitely dresses. Shannon laughed. Has to be dresses. When they left the uniform store, Tina had three new maid outfits, black and white, pink with white collar and cuffs and blue pinstripe with white collar and cuffs.

Don't worry, sweetheart. Shannon said and padded Tina's thigh as the Sissy drove home. We'll get you a couple more outfits, real sissy, slutty, French maid, things with lots of lace and pedicotes for serving my guests and at parties.

The work uniforms we bought today were for my Sissy maid to wear at home while doing her daily chores.

Chapter 5. Yeah, that's what I want. A white Sissy.

Tina started the drive home, but Mr. Shannon had other ideas. Go to Ms. Park's shop. She offered no explanation and Tina knew enough not to argue or question her command.

Ms. Park was a Korean lady who owned and alterations and tailoring shop where Shannon often had work done. Tina knew the shop, had taken Mr. Shannon there, but usually waited in the car.

Shannon got out of the car when they parked outside the shop.

Come on, she said, bring in your uniforms and bras and a pair of your new heels. Tina's hearts sank and butterflies created a whirlwind in his stomach. She's not going to make me go in there like this.

He sighed and gathered up the items and followed Shannon into the shop. Ms. Park rose from behind her sewing machine. She was short, barely 5-1 in her black flat shoes. She had a round face framed in straight black hair.

Ms. Shannon, so good to see you. She looked at Tina. You bring girlfriend maybe, new customer.

Shannon smiled as Tina blushed. She turned and waved a hand at her sissified husband. It's my husband. Shannon took one of the maid uniforms from him and held it out.

He got some new maid uniforms today and we need some alterations. Ms. Park smirked. She'd met Ted before on a few occasions when he'd accompanied Shannon into the shop, but this, this creature looked entirely different.

She took the maid uniform from Shannon. You want? Shorter, Shannon said. She has three uniforms and I want them all very short. Ms. Park cocked her head, considering the scene unfolding.

Okay. She pointed to a small door and handed the dress back to Tina. You go change. Come back. Stand there. She pointed to a small raised platform with mirrors on three sides. Put on one of your bras and heels too sweetheart.

Shannon said. Moments later, Tina walked out of the changing room. He heard chuckles from Shannon and Ms. Park and diverted his eyes as he stepped onto the platform. Ms. Park's mother and daughter Grace stopped work on their sewing machines and were now gathered around watching and smiling.

Ms. Park knelt down, adjusting the hem of the pink maid uniform. So husband, he now made clean house? Yes, Shannon said. She is my maid. She cleans my house and waits on me. Ms. Park adjusted the hem of the dress up. Short to here?

Hmm. Shannon moved around, looking at Tina. A bit more. I want to see her stalking tops. Ms. Park raised the hem another two inches. Tina could see people's reflections in the mirrors, but he avoided eye contact. He knew they were watching and laughing.

Stocking's, huh? Said Grace, Ms. Park's daughter. Grace was taller than her mother at five, six and her black hair hung down past her shoulders. She had porcelain-like skin and eyes like jade. Grace was born and raised in America and had only a

trace of an accent. She looked at Shannon.

She's a sissy maid, huh? Shannon nodded her approval at the perceptive young woman. She is. The young woman smiled and snapped the gum she was chewing. Yeah, it's a cultural paradigm. I can get behind more than the docile and submissive Asian female.

Ms. Park pinned the hem to the new length and shook her head. Is very short. Well, Shannon laughed. She is a sissy. Nothing really to see. Lift your dress sissy. Tina sighed and lifted his dress displaying his tiny penis. Shannon shrugged. Not much to look at. Really rather useless. Put your dress down. She snapped her fingers. Go put on the next uniform. I want them all shortened.

Grace watched Tina mince away in his stilettos. Wow, she can really walk in heels. Yes, Shannon nodded. She loves her heels as do most sissies. Grace looked at Shannon. You're going to put her in chastity? Aren't a lot of sissy maids in chastity? She saw the look of surprise on Shannon's face and shrugged.

The internet has lots of info out there. Grace said as she looked at the room where Tina was changing. That's what I want a rich sissy husband to clean my house and wait on me so I can have lovers. She smiled at Shannon. No submissive obedient wife for this Asian girl. I'm going to have it all.

Shannon returned the smile to the pretty young Korean woman before her. I believe you will, darling. And yes, she is going to be in chastity with such a tiny caulk. I mean, it's really rather useless.

Grace smiled. Sissy maid and cuckold. Sweet. Miss Park looked over and scrunched her eyes at the word cuckold. What is cuckold? Grace translated in a flurry of Korean.

The answer making her mother and a grandmother laugh. Miss Park answered in Korean and Grace translated. Mother says she'd like to see the chastity device.

Not a problem, Shannon said. My sissy will be wearing it when we come back to pick up the maid uniforms. Tina came out of the dressing room and took his place back up on the pedestal to have the second uniform measured. Miss Park pinned up the hem and looked up to Shannon. So sissy never has sex. You have lovers?

Yes, Shannon said with a mocking tone in her voice. I'm afraid that's the fate of many sissy maids to never have sex. If she's good, I may allow her to service me after I've been with my lovers.

Tina tried not to show his surprise at Shannon's mention of lovers. Is she going to cuckold me as well?

Once more, Grace translated the sexual protocol to her mother and grandmother. The grandmother laughed and unleashed a flurry of Korean while pointing at Tina. Grace laughed and translated for Shannon.

Grandmother says sissy can service her. She says it's been a long time.

Shannon chuckled as she looked at her sissy imagining Tina on his knees sexually servicing the old woman. Really? Well then, how about when we return to pick up her uniforms? Miss Park finished pinning the hem of Tina's maid uniform.

Will that be all? Actually no. Shannon looked at Tina. Take off your dress so Miss Park can look at your bra. Tina blushed and sighed. His slowness, no bang, Shannon's command earned him a slap across the face.

The Korean women all laughed at the sissified male slave being slapped by his dominant wife. Grace watched intently nodding her head at the delight of the submissive male. Yeah, that's what I want. A white sissy.

Take off your dress and show Miss Park your bra. Shannon ordered. Yes, Miss Smith. Tina whispered as he shed his dress. The women laughed again at his sissy, lisping voice. Shannon reached out to touch the cup of the pink bra he was wearing. She used her finger to trace a circle around the areola, laughing as Tina flinched when she caressed his breast. I want his bras cut out to expose his cute sissy nipples. Miss Park shrugged.

Okay, can do, not problem. And also trimmed in black lace. Shannon continued. Yeah, Grace nodded. That'll be real sexy and sissy. Miss Park picked up a piece of chalk and traced a circle where Shannon's finger had been.

Here, like this? Yes, Shannon said. That will be perfect. She has three bras. I want black lace on the pink and white bras and white lace on the black bra. Grace

wrote it all down on the order form. Shannon snapped her fingers. Sissy, go put your clothes back on and bring out all the items from Miss Park. Yes, Miss Smith. Tina whispered and hurriedly scurried away. He couldn't get out of the shop fast enough.

He returned quickly and handed his clothing items to Grace who greeted him with a smirk. One week, Miss Park said, excellent, Shannon replied. She snapped her fingers again. She enjoyed demonstrating her superiority over her sissy. Sissy, down on your knees and kiss the lady's feet and thank them for helping you become a better sissy. Tina fell to his knees and crawled to Grace kissing her feet first.

Thank you, Miss Smith, for making this creature a better sissy. He then shuffled to Miss Park kissing her feet next. Thank you, Miss Smith, for making this creature a better sissy. Finally, he crawled to the old grandmother and began kissing her feet.

Thank you, Miss Smith, for making this creature a better sissy. The old woman said something in Korean which made Grace and Miss Park laugh. Grace turned to Shannon. Grandmother says she has something else for him to kiss.

Chapter 6 Show me you really want this. Shannon smiled when they pulled in the driveway and she saw the packages on the porch. Think your day of humiliation is over sissy? The salon, shopping Miss Park? No, darling, this was all carefully planned.

Your humiliation now continues at home. She got out of the car. Bring your packages in the house and then bring in the wands on the porch. Take them all into the living room and bring me some wine.

Yes, Missed with. Tina whispered as he opened the trunk to retrieve the first set of packages. Shannon sat on the sofa, checking her texts and emails as Tina poured her wine. Strip, she commanded, without taking her eyes off the phone. Within seconds, Tina stood naked.

Shannon ignored him and continued concentrating on her phone. Put on your pink heels. Tina took his new shoes out of the box and slipped them on. Shannon finally looked up.

Cute, but not nearly sissy enough. She pointed to the boxes that had been on the porch. Open them. Tina fell to his knees and began to open the packages. Shannon had ordered the items and tracked the shipment, timing their arrival to Tina's sissy shopping day. Everything was going according to plan.

Tina's heart sank when he unpacked two canes, a leather strap paddle, a wooden paddle, two riding crops, a single tail whip and a multi-tail flogger. He ran his hand along one of the canes. We do have a cane and a lot more. Shannon chuckled. I expect you to obey quietly and efficiently at all times and as sissy as possible. You are a sissy, my sissy. And I expect sissy behaviors in everything you do the way you walk, talk, stand and work, everything.

She nodded to the new instruments of discipline and punishment. Those will be used. She pointed at the unopened boxes. Keep going.

The next box Tina opened contained a chastity device. A popular off-the-shelf model, Shannon explained, but very effective. You will wear this until we get you a custom fitted one.

She looked at his eyes. Surely you didn't think you would escape chastity, did you? No, myth-to-th. Of course you're going to be in chastity. There's simply no need for that useless tiny cock-hit to be out and about.

It would only distract you from your primary objective of serving me. Don't you agree? Of course, myth-to-th. She glared at him.

This is what you wanted to be a chastised sissy made right? Yes, myth-to-th. Thank you, myth-to-th. He leaned forward to kiss her feet. Would you like to make comies one last time? Mmm.

Oh, yes. Thank you, myth-to-th. When was the last time you had an erection? Uh, I don't know myth-to-th. She laughed. Ha-ha-ha. Well then, better remember this day, slut. Go ahead. Let me see you wank it.

He grabbed his cock and started to jerk it with his right hand. No, she held up her hand. Stop. Use your left hand, thumb and little finger, and suck your right thumb

while you do it.

He adopted the new position and found it difficult to masturbate using the little finger and thumb of his non-dominant hand, and even more difficult to do it while sucking his other thumb at the same time.

More thumb-sucking, Shannon said, let me see those cheeks working as sissy must be able to multitask. She shook her head at his sad performance. Really, sissy, this may very well be your last erection ever. I'd tried to make it a good one if I were you.

Stand on your left leg, fold your right leg back like a flamingo. He adopted the position and struggled to maintain his balance, suck his thumb with enthusiasm and wank himself with his non-dominant hand.

Shannon rolled her eyes. This is a rather pathetic effort. She leaned in for a closer look. Is it even getting hard? She picked up a riding crop and slapped his thigh.

Try harder. Show me you really want this. Tina tried, but the distractions were too many, using his non-dominant hand, thumb and little finger, sucking his thumb, standing on one leg, her verbal taunts and humiliations, and now the riding crop? He couldn't know she was deliberately setting him up to fail. Shannon sighed and drummed her fingers on the arm of the sofa.

Boring. Boring. She looked at her watch. Thirty seconds. Come on. Hurry up. Twenty seconds. She watched the panic in his eyes. You really are the most pathetic creature.

Fifteen seconds. Has it gotten hard at all? Tina jerked his cock and sucked his thumb. Ten seconds. Five seconds. Stop. Tina kept jerking his cock. Shannon delivered three blows with the crock punctuating each word. I said stop.

Tina stopped to despair in his eyes. Shannon shrugged. Too bad, not my fault. Your problem, not mine. Like I said, you should remember this day, the day you almost had your last direction and comies.

She laughed as a tear of defeat. Humiliation and shame rolled down Tina's cheek. She smirked. Aww, my sissy is crying, sta wimp, won't be the last tears you shed my little slut.

Go get a bowl of ice water, lots of ice cubes. We need to get your sissy clit locked up.

Yes, mith with. A defeated Tina rose and amenced in his stilettos to the kitchen. When he returned, he stood in front of her and held the bowl, soaking his cock and balls in the frigid ice water.

I want to get those sissy bits nice and tiny so I can take measurements for your custom device. She smiled at him. Cold sissy. Yes, mith with very cold. His hands were shaking as he held the bowl. Shannon leaned forward to look at the tiny wrinkled cock.

A bit more. She sat back and sipped her wine. This was all you're doing, don't ever forget that. I'm going to make it my job. No, no, my pleasure to make your sordid little fantasies more wretched than you could have ever imagined.

She laughed, oh, you're going to suffer my pet and I'm going to enjoy it. You want to be a sissy maid, so be it. But it's not going to be simply dressing in frilly maid uniforms and mincing about my house.

You're going to be a maid, a servant, a working domestic. Actually, slave, my living slave, devoting the rest of your miserable life to me.

She looked into the bowl again and snapped her fingers. Enough, put the bowl down. Dry yourself off and stand still.

With Tina in place, Shannon tied a string around the base of his balls, not tightly constricted but very snug. Then she cut the string off, measured it, and wrote the number on a memo pad.

She used a tape measure from a sewing kit to measure the length and girth of his now shrunk in penis and wrote those numbers down as well.

Oh my God, so fucking tiny. All those years I wasted on this pathetic excuse for a caulk. Well, no more.

She pointed to the box with the chastity device. I assume you know how that works. You probably have fantasized enough about it.

Yes, mith with. She picked up the crop and struck him again. Kirtzy. Tina flinched and curtzy'd. Yes, mith with. Put the device on, lock it and give me the keys. This evening I will order your new device, a much smaller device. I'm going to shrink that thing out of existence.

He curtzy'd. Yes, mith with. And reached for the box. Shannon watched her sissy husband, lock his cock away.

Some rules, a one, no eye contact with me or any other women. You're not worthy. Two, no looking at my breasts or sex. Three, do not speak unless spoken to.

You are a maid, more specifically a sissy maid. Four, curtzy, when you enter or leave a room. If I am in that room and do the same whenever I enter or leave a room, you are in.

The same goes for my friends, family and guests. Five, lisp when you speak and walk like a sissy with tiny steps and hands up and wrists limp.

She chuckled. You do all of that for a year, my little sissy whore, and those behaviors will become so ingrained they will never be going back to being a male again.

That thing between your legs is no longer a cock or a dick or a penis. It is a clitty. As sissy clitty, your asshole is now your pussy. Your sissy pussy.

She used her crop to slap his thighs. Understand? Tina clicked the lock closed on his chastity device and curtzy.

Yes, missed with. This sissy understands and will obey missed with. He held out his open palm with the keys. Shannon took the keys and appointed her elegant red fingernail to the three new butt plugs.

They were all black, a smaller one, a medium one, and a very large one. She leaned forward examining the anal intruders.

Open one of the butt plugs and put it in. Tina opened the smallest of the butt plugs.

Suck it, Shannon ordered. Better lube it up with that sissy whore mouth. Tina did his best to lick, suck, and slobber on the plug.

He took a deep breath and pushed the plug in. That was too easy, Shannon said. Do the middle-sized one. Tina repeated his plug lubricating protocol, putting on a show for Shannon by sucking and licking the plug. Shannon laughed.

Looks if my sissy might be enjoying that, and that's good because this little scenario of you sucking things to go into your pussy is going to be repeated many different times and in many different ways. That's enough sucking. Fill that pussy whore.

This plug required more effort, and there was a moment of pain before the widest part passed through, and the plug settled into place. He sighed.

More rules, Shannon said. When in my house you must always be in heels on your tiptoes or crawling, but most of the time I want to see you in heels. You must always wear a bra. I will give you one of my old bras until Miss Park finishes with yours. Unless otherwise ordered, you will always have your pussy plugged. Be a good sissy, obey, and serve me well, and I will allow you lube. Tina curtsy'd.

Yes, miffed with. Thank you, miffed with.

Move all your things out of the bedroom and bathroom, Shannon said, to the small room at the end of the hall. She looked at his surprise. I can't be sleeping with my maid. There's no bed in there, but you can take a blanket and pillow from the guests linen closet. Her phone bleeped, and she looked at the text.

On my way, she texted back. Pick me up outside. Shannon continued. Anyway, I'm going out. I'll be back later. Move all your things to your new maid's room. Then you can clean the bathrooms and the kitchen. Keep your phone with you. You'll be expected to answer within two rings. Questions?

No, miffed with. Sissy, understand.

I left one of my old bras on my bed. Go put it on, along with your heels and your blue dress, and then get to work. Her phone bleeped, and she looked at the text. Outside.

She stood. I think it would be good if you were on your hands and knees to kiss my feet whenever I leave or come into the house. She smiled as her sissy curtsy and fell to his knees to kiss the toes of her high heels.

Good sissy, do as you're told, and your life will be miserable. Disobe or perform poorly, and it will be much, much worse.

Yes, miffed with. She laughed as she turned and walked from the room. Tina stood and gathered as many of the packages as he could carry and took them to the small room at the end of the hall.

He remembered to walk in tiny, sissy steps. Outside, Shannon slid into the front seat of the car and leaned over for a passionate kiss with Tina's boss, Derek.

Hey, baby! She said as she settled back in her seat.

And how was your day with sissy? Derek asked as he drove off.

I enjoyed it. Shannon laughed, but I'm afraid sissy found a humiliating and degrading. You ought to see her with her new earrings and hair. She pulled down the visor and fixed her hair. I'll have her send us a selfie later.

Two hours later, Tina was cleaning Mistress Shannon's bathroom. He had moved all his things into the tiny maid's room, making his space on the floor for his bed. Shannon had not told him where she was going or when she would be back. Guess she can do whatever she wants. She is Mistress.

He put on the old bra Shannon had left out, along with his blue sissy dress and a pair of new heels. He was wiping down the sink with a disinfectant wipe when his phone rang. He put down the wipe and reached for a towel.

By the time he'd dried his hands, his phone rang three times. He saw it was from Shannon.

Missed with? That was three ring slot. I said two. Seems I'm going to have a chance to try out one of my new canes when I get home. Twelve strokes.

Yes, Missed with. We want to see some pictures. Take a picture of yourself the way you are dressed for cleaning my house like a good sissy maid.

Shannon looked over at Derek, who was chuckling. And also close up pics of your clitty and new earrings. You have three minutes. She ended the call.

Derek shook his head. Wow, your new maid seems quite obedient. When do I meet Tina? Not yet, Shannon purred. There are still a few rough edges on my slut.

She kissed his cheek, but soon, maybe, soon she'll be my perfect sissy maid cook-old.

Derek ran his hand under Shannon's skirt, fingering the strap of her garter belt. Yes, he chuckled. Our sissy maid cook-old.

Tina switched his phone to camera mode and turned to face the mirror. He took a picture of himself in his blue dress. Next, he leaned in to get a close up of his new earrings. He quickly looked at the two pictures.

Okay, now a picture of my clitty. He lifted his dress and took a picture of his new Chastie device. Satisfied with the pictures, he sent them to Mr. Shannon's phone.

She said we want to see pictures. Who is she with? Who else knows about me?

His phone signaled a message from Mr. Shannon. Back to work sled.

Shannon came home at 1130. Tina ran to the door and curtsy and fell to his knees to kiss her feet as Shannon handed him her purse. She snapped her fingers.

Bring me a nightcap and one of the new canes. I will be in the living room. She clicked away on her stilettos. Tina rose, curttied and wiggled away on his own heels to fetch her drink and get one of the new canes.

Moments later, he stood before her with a jack and coke in one hand and a thin, retained cane in the other.

Shannon smiled as she accepted both. She watched Tina win so she swooshed the cane through the air.

Ooh, that's gonna hurt. She shrugged. Oh well, my sissy has to learn I have standards and there will be penalties and discipline. Did you complete all your chores? Tina curttied.

Yes, mithwith. She cut the air with the cane again, placed her drink on the end table and stood. She pointed with her cane to the center of the room.

Over there, bend over, dress up, hands on your knees. Tina assumed the position. Shannon tapped the cane on his bottom, laughing as he flinched at the contact. She struck hard.

I demand complete obedience. She struck again. I said two rings. You took three. Unacceptable. She struck again.

Oh, eee. Tina moaned. Sorry. Shannon laughed. Oh, you will be. Every single time you fuck up. She delivered a stinging stroke to punctuate each word. She paused. How many was that? It was nine. Uh, uh. She struck again. Uh, is not a number slut. How many? You weren't counting? No, mithwith. Shannon gave a theatrical sigh.

Oh, then we simply have to start over. I'd advise you to count. She delivered the next 12 strokes, delighting at the long red welts she raised on Tina's bottom and thighs.

Now, she said, I think we have 12 strokes coming from this morning for using a personal pronoun and not lisping. Yes. Tina was shaking, still bent over as he replied. Yes, mithwith.

Shannon switched the cane. Remember to count. When she was finished, she ordered Tina to his knees and then held the cane to his lips. Kiss the cane and then my feet and thank me for taking the time to train you as my sissy maid.

Thank you, mithwith, for making this sissy slut your sissy maid. She threw the cane on the sofa. Yeah, whatever. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a computer thumb drive and dropped it on the floor.

You still have to earn a living. These are the website templates your boss wants by tomorrow morning and you also have a full day of maid service to me. She turned and walked away. Tomorrow morning, I will expect my coffee in bed at 8 30.

Staying on his hands and knees, Tina picked up the thumb drive and began crawling down the hallway to his room and his laptop.

Chapter 7. Isn't this wicked? Tina worked until early in the morning, getting little sleep and rising at 6 30 to email his completed work to his boss Derek. He then went to dress for his day of maid duty.

Until he got his uniforms back from his park, he only had his blue sissy party dress. Oh, mistress Shannon, buy me more dresses? In the bathroom, he tried to put on his makeup as best he could, but his eyes were bleary from lack of sleep.

He poked himself in the eyes twice, putting on his mascara. Hoping to find favor with mistress, he wore his new girdle and seen stockings. He chose his new black sinks inch heels and accessorized his outfit with white wrist-length gloves and long clip-on earrings.

He put on his only wig, the blonde one, that came to his shoulders and gave himself a last check in the mirror. Tina tipped hoed to the kitchen, not an easy task and six inch stilettos. In the living room, he passed the wicked crops, canes, paddles, and whips on the sofa.

Upon rising that morning, he had inspected his bottom and saw many red welts. Will she beat me again today?

He busied himself with silently straightening up and dusting. At 8.10, he went to start making the coffee. He found the silver-serving tray and prepared an arrangement he hoped would please mistress Shannon.

It was only his first true full day of maid service to mistress Shannon, but his overriding desires and thoughts were about what would please his mistress' wife. He was consumed with the idea of being a proper sissy maid. At 8.30, he quietly tapped on mistress' bedroom door.

Missed with, he whispered. Shannon had been up for a while reading and she glanced at the clock. 8.30, good girl.

Enter sissy. The door opened and Tina minced forward, stopping before the bed and slightly bending his knees.

Missed with? She nodded to her nightstand. Put the tray there, you may serve me.

Yes, Missed with? Tina whispered, avoiding eye contact or looking at mistress Shannon's breasts. Tina poured the coffee and held the cup and saws her out in his gloved hands.

She took the coffee. The gloves are a nice touch, I like that. We'll have to get you more in different styles and colors. Tina curtseed.

Yes, as a mistress with it. She laughed. Of course it says I wish sissy. That's what I like about our new relationship. It's all about me. Come closer, let me look at your face.

Tina took a step forward and leaned down, careful not to make eye contact.

Hmm, she studied her sissy. We'll have to go shopping for makeup. From now on I want those eyes lined with the darkest eyeliner. I want only blue, purple or dark smoky eyeshadows and only pink or red lipstick. Are you wearing false eyelashes? No Missed with. If morning and I didn't ask what time it is you stupid girl. What if I had a lover in my bed and he wanted his first morning blowjob?

Do you think you have sexy? Oh please master. Fuck this whore's mouth, bedroom eyes. Tina curtseed. No, Missed with.

Shannon smiled and sipped her coffee. Fucked up first thing this morning, didn't you?

Well then, twelve strokes. I expect my sissy maid to be properly made up at all times, and that means looking like a slut.

Yes, Missed with. Did you finish your work for Derek? Derek, she calls my boss Derek. Yes, Missed with. Good girl. Derek has been nice enough to allow you to work from home, so don't disappoint him. What time did you get to bed?

Three-third, he missed with. She shrugged. Not my problem. Yes, my little slut. I'm going to wear you down physically, emotionally and spiritually until you bend to the bed.

And I'll have breakfast now, scrambled eggs, toast and a bit of melon. She waved him away with her hand. You're dismissed.

When Tina returned, he was carrying Mr. Shannon's breakfast tray. He gently placed it over her lap as she lay in bed. Oh yes, she laughed. I can definitely get used to this, cause I'm not a little too late.

Tina leaned down, but kept his eyes averted. It made Shannon smile. Can't even look at your own wife's face because you're not worthy. Poor poor sissy. Your humiliation and degradation are just beginning.

She examined her sissy's face. Yes, better. The darker eyeshadow suits my sissy-made slut. Keep your shadow touched up throughout the day. My slut needs to have fuck me eyes at all times. She laughed. Don't forget any of your lessons, slut. High heels, tiny sissy steps, faggot arms, lisping, sexy eyes and lips, and curtsy, curtsy, curtsy. Eventually those behaviors will be coming drained. You'll do it all quite naturally. Because I will have turned to a enthusi head and

a

eeper struggling to handle some of my better. The darker eye shadow suits my sissy maid slut. Keep your shadow touched up throughout

the day. My slut needs to have fuck me eyes at all times." She laughed. Don't forget

any of your lessons, slut. High heels, tiny sissy steps, faggot arms, lisping, sexy eyes,

and lips, and curtsy, curtsy, curtsy. Eventually those behaviors will become ingrained. You'll

do it all quite naturally. Because I will have turned you into my cock-sucking sissy faggot

maid."

"'Yes,' missed with. "'Thank you,' missed with,' Tina curtsy'd.

"'Neal at the end of my bed and worship my feet as I enjoy my breakfast.' Tina curtsy'd

to acknowledge Shannon's command. "'Miffed with?'

He fell to his knees and crawled to the foot of her bed. Shannon smiled, crawling to kiss

and worship my feet. How lovely!' She fell to shiver run through her body. "'O, the things I am going to make you do.' Kiss and lick the soles while you give me a nice foot

rub,' she ordered, and lick between the toes and suck each toe. She made a mental note

to look at enrolling her sissy in a massage class.

The mistress of the house enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and foot rub while she

checked her texts and emails. She used her phone to take a picture. The breakfast tray across her lap in the foreground and sissy Tina worshipping her feet in the background. She sent it to Derek with a text.

Sissy's first full morning of her new life. Breakfast in bed for me while my slack worships my feet.'

Derek quickly replied, "'Looks like you're getting exactly what you want. Look forward to joining you,' Shannon texted back. 'All in good time, baby. All in good time.' She snapped her fingers.

"'I'm through, sissy. Take this tray away. I'm going to shower. Put towels in the dryer and be waiting for me with warm towels when I step from the shower.'

Tina placed a final, reverent kiss to the soul of Shannon's right foot.

"'Yes, mith with.' He rose curtsy'd and walked around the bed to get the tray. He executed another curtsy and backed quietly from the room.

When Shannon emerged from her shower, she found her sissy made annealing with warm towels across his outstretched arms.

"'My God, the little slut really will do anything I say.' She picked up a warm towel.

"'Nice. I intend to spoil papra and indulge myself to no end.'

She turned her backside now, facing her sissy made.

"'You may dry my bottom and then my feet. Those are slave-worthy areas.'

"'Yeth, mith with,' came the whispered reply. Tina carefully dried Mr. Shannon's bottom and legs. Shannon wiggled her bottom.

"'I kiss on each cheek, sissy. Kiss my ass.' She laughed.

"'Tina leaned forward and placed a tender and reverent kiss on each butt cheek.

"'Very good, sissy. Now go clean the kitchen and then all the bathrooms.

"'If I need anything else, I will ring for you.'

"'Tina still on his knees bowed his head to the floor.

"'Yeth, mith with.' He backed from the bathroom on his hands and knees.

"'I clean the bathrooms and kitchen last night. Is she going to make me do it every day?'

Thirty minutes later, Tina heard Mr. Shannon's heels click into the kitchen. He turned to curtsy, averting his eyes from her face and felling a twinge of fear as he saw she carried the evil-looking leather strap.

"'You have strokes coming for your sloppy eye makeup,' she pointed to a chair. And over the back of this chair and gripped the front legs. She lifted his dress and snapped a garter strap.

"'My little sissy maid looks very sexy. I like that. Keep it up, girly, sexy, sissy, slutty, and submissive. You need to be all of those things all the time.'

"'Yeth, mith with.'

Shannon walked slowly around her sissy maid, her heels clicking on the kitchen tile floor.

Shannon saw that Mistress wore tight white capri pants and wood-platform mules with four inch gold metal heels. Black leather gloves covered her hands and arms up to her elbows.

Tina shuddered.

"'She's so sexy,' Shannon held the leather paddle in front of Tina's eyes. "'Isn't

this wicked?' she laughed.

"I can't wait to see the marks it leaves,' she laughed again.

"One thing you'll never hear from me is that old line. This hurts me more than it does

you. This doesn't hurt me at all, but definitely will hurt you. After all, if it doesn't, what's

the point?'

Tina nodded and whispered, "'Yeth, mith with.'

Shannon took a place behind and to the left of Tina.

"Hold your position, be quiet, and count. If you don't do those things,' she shrugged,

"we simply begin again and again until my slut gets it right.'

The first strike was on his buttocks and it was so powerful it thrust him forward.

"Up on your toes, spread those legs,' Mistress commanded.

Tina adjusted his position as Shannon laid it on with a leather strap. She spread the

blows around his buttocks and on his tender inner thighs. She finally stopped.

"How many?'

"To twelve,' mith with.

"Thank you for collecting this, thith's behaviour.'

She held the strap out for Tina to kiss.

"It's what I'm here for, to correct you, mould your behaviour and train you to be the

best sissy maid possible.'

She dropped the strap onto his back.

"Bring me more coffee in the living room.'

The process continued for the next week.

Mistress Shannon enjoyed a life of pampered luxury. Her coffee and breakfast enjoyed in

bed, her feet rubbed, her shoes and boots always polished, her meals served and her house cleaned. She would go out for shopping or lunch with her friends and leave

Tina a

long list of chores that he couldn't possibly finish before she returned. Many evenings

would find her dressing up and going out. Tina was never told where or with whom.

The

hapless sissy was always left with tasks and chores. For Tina, his life became one of

constant labour. He rose early each morning and dressed as a sissy maid, taking care to

always have sexy bedroom-fucking-the-eyes and lips. He wore heels from the time he rose

until the time he went to bed. He actually looked forward to the sessions of foot-worship

when he could kneel and be off the torturous footwear. He cleaned and served all day and

night. After Mistress went to bed, he was allowed to do the work required for his office

job. There was never a day off or free time. The sexy fantasy of being a frilly sissy maid

was now replaced with the cold reality of complete submission and servitude.

Mistress

Shannon was not so much brutal as she was wicked. While she did meet out punishment for each

infraction or instance of poor performance, she did it in a playful, teasing manner that

let Tina know how much Mistress enjoyed his suffering. By now Tina had endured all of

the instruments of discipline. Mistress had taken her time with each, noting the

effects

and even recording the markings with pictures.

In a week Tina had become a docile and subservient sissy maid. He curtsied endlessly, avoided

eye contact, never spoken less spoken to, walked in tiny, mincing sissy steps and lisped.

He was fed only table scraps and drank tap water from a pet dish on the floor. He was

not allowed to sit on any of the house furniture, not that he had any time to sit anyway as

he was always working. Shannon teased and mocked him by commenting on his sissy walk

and posture and the way she had locked up his worthless sissy clitty and how she now

had to find a real cock and how she might hire him out as a maid to earn her more money.

Mistress often spent time online and packages seemed to arrive daily, mostly for Tina. He

now had a short skin-tight pink wrap dress to go with his blue sissy dress. Shannon ordered

several pairs of fingerless gloves, short wrist-length gloves with black and white lace, and long

over the elbow-oper gloves in black, pink, white, and silver and gold lemme. His long

nails poked through the holes in the gloves' fingers. He now also had several ball gags,

a pink ball gag, a ball gag with holes, and a gag with a large black penis.

Mistress Shannon laughed as she buckled the black penis gag in place and clicked the padlock

closed. Oh, yes, my sweet-something big and black in your mouth becomes you.

CHAPTER 8. She's DEFINITELY a cock-hor.

I want you to clean up the kitchen and then put on your pink dress, pink heels, and black

gloves, Shannon said. She paused while eating breakfast to look down to the foot of her bed

as Tina worshipped Mistress's feet. No bra, no panties. Yes, Missedwith. Tina kissed

Shannon's big toe. I don't have any panties and only Mistress's old bra. You have an

appointment today. Do your makeup very slutty. Tina gave Mistress's soul a long and loving

lick from heel to toe. Yes, Missedwith. I'll expect you to be on your best behavior today.

Yes, Missedwith. Fiffy will obey. Shannon laughed. Of course you will, slut, you're being trained to serve and obey. Whereas sexy, guard or belt and a pair of your seemed stockings.

Tina licked between the toes. Yes, Missedwith.

Shannon drove as her cissified hubby sat in the passenger seat. She looked over and smiled.

You look like a slut darling. That dress is so short I can see your stockin' tops.

And

who else but a slut would wear six-inch heels to a doctor's appointment. For her part,

Shannon was dressed in a teal-colored knee-length wrap dress and sensible four-inch black pumps.

She looked like a professional businesswoman while her cissified hubby looked like a tramp.

Exactly what I want. She parked the car and led a nervous Tina across the parking lot

to the medical building. She laughed as Tina kept pulling at his dress. That's as long as it's going to get sweetheart. That's why I bought it. She snapped her fingers. Face me. She adjusted his wig. Do as you're told. Be sweet, submissive and demure. This is your first appointment with Dr. Grant. Yes, Missedwith. Tina sat nervously in the doctor's office, his knees together and his head down. There was nothing but older women in the office, and while he had avoided eye contact, he knew they were all looking at him. One of the women leaned forward to address Shannon. She nodded to Tina. Your sister? Shannon gave a theatrical sigh and paused. Ah, no, unfortunately, my husband. The quiet of the room suddenly filled with ooze and a haze and a Twitter of laughter. Really? The older woman sat back in her chair and gave Tina a long look from stilettos to wig. Yes, Shannon said, he was useless as a male, as a husband, and always wanted to be a sissy maid. She waved her hand at Tina. And so this. Another woman leaned forward. Can he actually walk in those heels? Goodness, they're so very high. Shannon snapped her fingers. Sissy, show the ladies your walk. Tina stood. His face blushed red with shame and humiliation. He put one hand on his hip and held the other hand out in the limp wrist position. He walked back and forth in tiny, sissy, mincing steps across the waiting room. He heard the ladies chuckle and whisper among themselves. Shannon snapped her fingers once more. Sit down, sissy. Yes, mith with. He whispered as he took his seat, pulling down his dress. He calls you mistress. A woman asked. Shannon shrugged. Well, we obviously are no longer man and wife, so she has become my maid and servant. Hell, lovely. Another woman snickered. I do like the seams, stockings. They seem appropriate for her. The door to one of the exam rooms opened and a nurse stepped out. Tina? Shannon rose and walked forward with Tina trailing behind. Don't you look pretty today? The nurse said. Take off your heels so we can measure you. Good. Now step up here and we'll get your weight. Okay, you can put your shoes back on. They're very sexy. She walked down the hall to a room in the back. In here, this is our exam room for special girls. Tina entered the room. It looked like every other medical exam room except there was no table, but rather a large adjustable examination chair. Take your dress and shoes off, the nurse said. She did not offer Tina an exam gown, and within minutes he stood before her naked, safer his garter belt, stockings, gloves, wig, and chastity device. Her latex-gloved hand reached down to fondle the chastity device. Wow, that's a small one. Shannon was seated in a chair in the corner, watching it all. Yes, it

is.

She said. Pitiful. She sighed. The slut doesn't even feel that. I have a newer custom-made one-on-order, smaller, of course. Of course, the nurse laughed. The nurse took Tina's temperature and blood pressure. Tina stood quietly. He noticed the nurse's name tag, Red Rachel.

She was a young woman, short and plump with shoulder-length blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. Rachel pointed to a place on the floor between the outstretched legs of the exam chair.

"Stand there," she ordered. Be still, be quiet, hands behind your back."

Shannon smiled at the young nurse's commanding tone and the way Tina instantly obeyed.

"The doctor will be with you shortly," Rachel said. She stepped out of the room, closing the door behind her. Shannon took out her phone and took several pictures of Tina. She said

one-off with a text to Derek. Our sissy has a doctor visit today. Tina remained in place

as Shannon checked her emails and texted a couple of girlfriends.

Outside the exam room, Dr. Grant paused to slip off her flats. From a nearby cabinet, she removed a pair of white patent pumps with two-inch platforms and six-inch heels. The

510 doctor was now an imposing six-four. She found her towering presence intimidated

sissy's even more. She knocked on the door.

"Ready?"

"Please come in," Shannon said. Dr. Grant entered, and Shannon rose to shake her hand.

Both women in their heels now stood taller than the naked sissy before them.

"I'm Dr. Grant," Marlina Grant. She held up the clipboard in her hand. Seems Tina is

in for her first checkup?

"Yes," Shannon said. She's going to be worked quite hard, and I want to ensure she is physically

up for it. Tina shuttered as Dr. Grant neared and stroked his nipple. She laughed. A sensitive

that's a good thing. After all, with their clitties locked away, I suppose sissy's need

some pleasure.' The doctor felt Tina's arms and legs.

Decent musculature adequate for typical household work, one doesn't want a muscular sissy maid,

rather something more docile and something that looks pretty in a dress. Tina blushed

at this verbal taunting. He felt the doctor moved behind him and flinched when her arms

encircled him and her fingers pinched his nipples.

"You do want to be a sissy maid and wear pretty dresses, don't you?" Dr. Grant's hot

breath filled Tina's ear.

"Yes, oh, yes, this with a... doctor?" Marlina laughed as she pinched the nipples again.

"I am a real doctor, but mistress will do nicely for here.'

The door opened and nurse Rachel entered, accompanied by another nurse, a tall, willowy

blonde named Suzanne. Marlina nodded to Rachel.

"Prepare our sissy for her examination,' Rachel led Tina to the chair.
"Sit,' arms down. As Tina let his arms hang down, Suzanne took each one and locked it into a restraint on each side of the chair.
"Feed in here,' Rachel motioned to the stirrups. She spread his legs and secured his ankles. Rachel and Suzanne started putting adhesive tags on his naked body and clipping wires to the tags. Panic seized Tina and he shook his head.
"No, no, please, don't, no,' Dr. Grant nodded to Suzanne who lifted her white nurse's dress and shimmied out of her panties. Suzanne stood over Tina. Open,' she ordered. Tina opened his mouth and Suzanne laughed as she stuffed her panties into Tina's mouth.
"Wore these last night on a date with my black lover, Lamont. They're probably kind amissie. Why don't you give them a nice sissy presoak and that slut mouth of yours?'
She slapped Tina.
"Come on, get those cheeks moving. Suck!'
Shannon laughed as she watched Tina's cheeks move in and out while he sucked at the panties.
"My God, he simply does whatever anyone tells him. These young women order him around and he does whatever they say.'
Suzanne tweaked Tina's nose. "Taste good. Yummy and sissy's tummy.'
Tina nodded yes as he sucked on the panties. We'll save these for later. Suzanne reached into her dress pocket and pulled out two condoms bulging with man-come. Tina's eyes went wide.
No, they wouldn't. They couldn't.'
Suzanne held up the condoms letting them swing and slap Tina's face.
"Maybe you should be my project for my biology class. I could do an experiment, feed a sissy lots and lots and lots of black man-cummies and see if it makes the sissy any more masculine,' she looked to Shannon. "Would you mind?' Shannon laughed.
"Anything for science. Of course,' Suzanne said,
"There's always the chance your sissy could get addicted to it. Become a black caw-core. Always in search of a load of black come to fill her slut mouth.'
Tina saw Shannon remove something from her purse and hand it to Rachel. He watched as Rachel took the key and unlocked the cage to his chastity device. His hopes for release were soon dashed as Rachel quickly attached three adhesive tabs and wires to his penis and put the cage back on.
"We're going to study Tina's reactions to several sets of erotic fetish stimuli,' Dr. Grant explained. "We'll be monitoring neurological and vascular responses as well as blood pressure and heart rate. This will help you better to get inside her head and manipulate her sexually. Once you know all her triggers and their responses, you can literally play her as one would a musical instrument, build up a crescendo of excitement and then kill it. Take her to the edge and then leave her wanting.'
She turned to Rachel and Suzanne. "Shall we begin?'
Suzanne held a clipboard and took her place in front of a machine with a digital

readout.

Rachel moved to stand behind Tina's head looking down at him. Dr. Grant stood to the side where she would direct and monitor the examination.

"'Nipples,' she said. Rachel leaned forward to stroke Tina's nipples. Rachel's breasts

hung down in his face.

"'Relax, is he,' Dr. Grant said. "'Enjoy the sensation.'

Rachel's fingers made soft, sexy circles around Tina's nipples.

"'87,' Suzanne read the number from the display and wrote it on the clipboard. Dr. Grant smiled

at Shannon. A typical response, nipples can be very sensitive. She nodded to Rachel.

The young nurse pinched Tina's nipples and smiled as he flinched with the pain.

"'96,' Suzanne said. Dr. Grant nodded again to Rachel, who now pinched harder and twisted

the sissy's tender buds. "'98,' Dr. Grant shrugged.

"'Pleasure and pain,' sissy's respond to both and given enough of each over a long enough time some crave both.' Shannon nodded and smiled.

"'Good to know,' good to know.

"'Yeah,' Suzanne said, looking at the display readouts.

"'Peneil sensors indicated increased numbers on both pleasure and pain,' sissy is trying

to erect. "'I fucking love science.'"

Dr. Grant pulled on a latex glove and filled two fingers with lubricant. She spread some

over Tina's anus, laughing as the sissy flinched from the cold lube.

"'I recommend milkings if you intend to keep her in long-term chastity. Sissy's tend

to get quite addicted to it. They will grovel and beg for a milking.'"

Her fingers stroked Tina's prostate and Dr. Grant smiled as the sissy mewed into his

panty-gag. Of course they'll never get hard, no erections, no ejaculations, but it is pleasurable

for them and the best part, when it's all finished, they're still horny and still frustrated.

Tina moaned and writhed in the exam-chair. Suzanne looked at the monitor.

"'98.'

"'There,' Dr. Grant nodded at the fluid oozing from Tina's chastity cage. "'Sissy goo, some call it sissy tears,' I'd rather like that.' She laughed.

The poor little sissy clitty is crying. Rachel pulled the panty-gag from Tina's mouth and

then leaned over and scooped up Tina's sissy goo with her gloved fingers. She held the

fingers to Tina's lips.

"'A good sissy recycles!' Tina blushed but opened his mouth to accept Rachel's fingers.

"'Sucky, sucky, leaky, leaky!' Rachel laughed. She scooped up more and fed it to Tina.

"'Oh, I do like that,' Shannon said. She turned to Dr. Grant. So the chastity device

doesn't really need to come off?

"'Very rarely,' Dr. Grant said. As you can see, she responds well to sexual stimuli.

You can get her quite excited and turned on and never release her.'

Shannon smiled.

"'That must be terribly frustrating for the poor things. It is,' Dr. Grant said.

Most

of my clients say the poor dear's livenest state of near-constant sexual excitement

with
no release.'

Shannon tapped Tina's chastity cage. "'And for cleaning?'

"'Again,' Dr. Grant continued, "'not necessary to remove it unless there's a special need, a sore or an infection, something like that. Many clients use old mascara brushes to clean the chastity devices. The brushes come in many shapes and sizes. Simply give them a good cleaning and they will be ready to use. Once cleaned, rub them on a bar of soap, stick them into the cage and rub them around to give it a good cleaning.'

Shannon gave a shudder.

"'Goodness, that must be uncomfortable,' Dr. Grant waved her hand. Not at all, simply hold it by the handle. She opened a drawer and removed a mascara brush. She smiled as she stuck the brush into Tina's chastity cage and moved it back and forth over the head of Tina's cock. Just give it a good scrubbing.'

Tina yelped and received a slap for his outburst, followed by the panty-gag being reinserted into his mouth. Dr. Grant removed the brush and held it up. See, hold it by the handle, no discomfort at all. All the women in the exam room laughed.

There was a knock at the door and Dr. Grant gave an evil smile.

"'Shall we continue with the tests?' The door opened and what could only be described as an evil fetish nurse entered the room. Dr. Grant leaned in and whispered to Shannon,

"'My daughter.'"

Vicki, the fetish nurse, was tall like her mother and wore the same white stilettos with six-inch heels. She wore tight and very short white latex nurse uniform. Her white, ten strap-garter belt, white-seemed stockings and long white latex gloves added to her dominant fetish persona. "'Look at me, sissy,' she commanded. Tina looked up and gasped. She was beautiful, sexy and powerful.'

Vicki walked forward and with a gloved hand she trailed her finger up Tina's stomach and chest. Tina kept his eyes on her, barely noticing as Rachel's hand came around to remove the panty-gag.

"'Open your mouth, whore,' Vicki commanded. Tina, shaking in his restraints from both fear and excitement, opened his mouth. Wider slut,' Young Goddess ordered. Tina opened his mouth wider. He watched evil nurse Vicki lean over and spit into his mouth.

"'Keep that mouth open, slut,' Vicki commanded. Rachel leaned over and spit as well. The two young women then began taking turns, spitting into Tina's mouth.

"'88,' Suzanne said, as she recorded the finding.

"'A good number,' Dr. Grant remarked. "'Your slut enjoys being a spatoon for women. I'd advise you to invite your guests and family to avail themselves of this service.'

Shannon nodded her approval. "'Yes, I can see that all of this excites her. It's good information to have at one's disposal,' she rocked back on the heel of her right shoe.

So all of this excites and sexually stimulates my sissy, but there's no release for her.

It's simply build and build and build and... exactly,' Dr. Grant said.

"'You can keep her in a state of permanent sexual stimulation and denial,' many clients report. This makes their sissy's even more obedient and subservient. Ever hopeful such behaviors will earn them release,' she shrugged. But they're most often denied. Most mistresses and masters love to hold out the hope of release and then crush it, enjoying the despaired heaps on their sissy slaves.

Shannon narrowed her eyes. "'Yes, I can well imagine. Must be agony for the poor dears,' she glared at her sissy husband, strapped into the chair.

"'Sorry darling, it's a life of suffering and misery for you.'

"'Swallow, slut,' Vicki ordered. "'Swallow our spit and give thanks.'

Tina swallowed his mouthful of vile female spit.

"'The thank you, Mythquith.'

Vicki rolled her eyes. A fucking lispur. She spit in his face. You really are pathetic.'

Her grandpa picked up a remote, pressed a button, and Tina felt the exam chair move.

His head was being lowered.

Evil nurse Vicki walked around and took her position over Tina. The hapless sissy's face was now staring up into Vicki's pussy. The young, dumb, hiked-up-her-short dress.

"'That useless thing, you call a dick, has been locked away and rightly so. It's an offence to women, an ugly appendage that brands you as a tiny, dick-sissy faggot.

"'99,' Suzanne said with a smile on her face. Dr. Grant nodded her approval.

"'A strong reaction to verbal humiliation,' she noted. "'That's good,' she turned to Shannon. "'You can use that in her training. You don't have to whip her, touch her, or take any other physical action. Your words alone can stimulate the creature and drive her into sexual frenzy. "'Yes, I see,' Shannon said. I knew the little slut had these fetishes and sexual fantasies. She waved at the machines, monitoring Tina's responses. But to see it all expressed so mathematically,' Dr. Grant shrugged.

"'Science, that's why we perform this protocol so owners can have a better idea what drives their sissies and how they can best manipulate them.' "'And Tina's responses,' Shannon asked.

"'Quite typical,' Dr. Grant said. Vicky began to grind her sex on Tina's face.

"'Come on, slut. That clitty of yours is useless to please a woman. A woman like me needs a cock. Your wife needs a cock. If you can't perform with that sissy slut, tongue of yours well then maybe the doctor will have to simply cut it off.'

"'Steady at 99,' Suzanne said. The door to the room opened and another woman in a fetish nurse costume entered. She was much shorter than nurse Vicky and rather plump with her curves filling out the short white latex uniform. She had a round face and was pretty with whiskey colored eyes. Her brown hair was in a short bob. Dr. Grant leaned in to whisper to Shannon.

"'Vicky's friend, Beth Ann.'"

"'Cute,' sissy nipples. Beth Ann's white latex gloved fingers toyed with Tina's nipples.
Vicky pressed down harder on Tina's face, grinding her sex.
"'Come on, slut. Make me come. Show me you have a purpose on this planet.'" She looked back at Beth Ann and smiled before turning her tension back to Tina.
"'Come on, come on. Yeah, yeah, that's it. More, yeah.'" Vicky threw her head back and shuttered as an orgasm swept over her body. When she removed herself from Tina's face she laughed at seeing the sissy's tongue still wagging and fucking the air.
"'What?'" Vicky moved away as Beth Ann took her place over Tina's face. She snapped her fingers.
"'Look up, slut.'" Tina opened his eyes blurry with sweat and Vicky's juices. He gazed at Beth Ann's large bottom. Beth Ann wiggles her bottom.
"'You like that pussy slut? Of course you did. It's a beautiful pussy. You know what I like, huh? I like a sissy's tongue up my ass. Yeah, a nice sexy ass worship session. She dropped her ass nearly onto Tina's face. Sniff it." Tina inhaled. Beth Ann smelled of lavender bath soap and sexy female musk.
"'Yeah, that's my good ass, slut. That little clitty of yours is gonna be locked up like forever. But maybe you can be of use as a pussy and ass whore. Want a tongue fuck my ass, slut? Huh?'" Tina nodded, feeling his nose brush against Beth Ann's ass crack.
"'Yes, please, myth-weth.'" Beth Ann used her gloved hands to spread her ass cheeks as she settled down onto Tina's face.
"'Better make me come, slut. I better feel the love.'" She wiggled, settling into her sweet spot. Shannon watched as her sissy slut Tina performed oral sex on the demonic plump young goddess's asshole.
"'Wow,' Suzanne said, "'100. We have a certified ass slut.'" Dr. Grant nodded.
"'It would seem so,' she looked at Shannon. It would be quite the thing to be able to offer all your female visitors and guests anal sissy sex. I know a craftsman who can create the most marvelous chair for ass and pussy worship. Many of my clients have purchased one and find it quite useful.
"'Thank you,' Shannon said. That would be most appreciated.'" For his part, Tina heard little of the conversation only mumbled words from afar. His was a world of darkness, slick skin, sweat, and female musk. His tongue probed, flicked, and licked. His only desire was to please the goddess above him. He felt her bear down harder and felt her thighs squeeze tighter around his head. When she shook with her orgasm, he feared his neck might snap.
With that lifted off her face seat, she turned to look at Tina's reddened and damp

face.

Not bad, not bad. In a year, you'll be at an ass-eating pro. The women in the room laughed.

Tina heard a noise and looked to his side to see a platform being moved in around his

head. He watched as Bethan and Vicki both stepped up onto the platform. He could see

their wicked white platform stilettos on each side of his head. The young women reached

up to grab straps from the ceiling to balance themselves as they each lifted one foot and

placed it on Tina's face.

"'You look good down there,' Vicki said. She placed her shoe on Tina's lips. Kiss it,

whore. Kiss and lick the soul of my shoe.'

Tina's tongue reached out to lick at the soul of Vicki's shoe. Suzanne laughed.

"'One hundred! A shoe slut, too!'" Shannon laughed as well.

"'It seems my sissy not only loves wearing high heels, she also loves cleaning them.'

"'Another service to offer your female guests,' Dr. Grant said. "'Invite them to have the souls

of their shoes and boots licked clean and then enjoy a session of anal worship.'

Bethan and Vicki took turns trampling Tina's face with their heels and making him lick

and suck the souls and heels clean.

"'Finally,' they dismounted, moved the platform away and both donned their strap-ons. Bethan's

was black and both women now sported large cocks jutting from their loins. They stood

on each side of Tina's face, slapping and poking him with their cocks.

"'Now THIS is a fucking cock,' Bethan slapped Tina in the mouth with her black cock. The

kind of cock a woman needs.

"'And,' a sissy needs,' Vicki added, sometimes a sissy doesn't realize it in the beginning,

but they need cock, too. She poked Tina's face with her cock.

"'Do you need cock? Huh? Are you a cock slut?'"

Tina didn't know why he answered the way he did or even where the answer came from, but

he didn't even have to think about his response when he responded.

"'Yes, sissy needs cock,' Shannon chuckled.

"'Perfect, so perfect, and you'll get cock my little slut. I'll see you get lots of cock.'

Bethan moved away and took a new position between Tina's outstretched legs while Vicki poised

her cock at Tina's lips. Tina felt the head of Bethan's cock probe at his puckered opening.

He moaned and whimpered. Bethan laughed.

"'Mones like a sissy whore, but most of the guys will like that.' She thrust her hips

driving the cock in further. Want that sissy pussy filled with black cock?'"

"'Yes, oh yes, we,' Vicki cut off his response by pushing her own cock past his lips. She

hadn't gotten far when Tina gagged and she had to pull her cock out. She slapped his

face. That's rude, slut. Never disrespect a man's cock like that. Now open your mouth.'

Shannon watched and raptured as the two young doms probed Tina's mouth and pussy with their

cocks.

"'One hundred,' Suzanne said. She's definitely a cock whore. She looked at Shannon. She should

be quite popular with your male guests once she gets over the gagging thing.

"'Obviously, I'd recommend daily cock sucking practice,' Dr. Grant said to Shannon. Stir

it off with something she can handle and slowly work your way up. Of course, you can always

enlist the help of any male friends to assist with the training. Of course,' Shannon laughed.

Beth Ann continued to fuck Tina's ass while Vicki drove the cock in and out of Tina's

mouth. Eventually the young women back to way removed their strap-ons, said their goodbyes, and left.

"'One last thing,' Dr. Grant held up a small bottle. My own concoction.' She unscrewed

the cap and used the attached brush to coat each of Tina's nipples with a clear liquid.

She put the cap back on and held up a finger.

"'Wait, only takes a minute or two,' Shannon watched as Tina began to writhe and wiggle.

"'Oh, oh!' he cried. "'Pweave! It is! Oh, oh!' he jerked at his restraints and tried

to scratch at his nipples.

"'Pweave!'

Dr. Grant laughed.

"'Yes, it does itch quite maddening, I'm told. Last for several hours won't wash off.

She took a feather from a drawer and lightly stroked at Tina's nipples. Ha, ha!

"'Tina moaned as he thrust out his chest, trying to rub his nipples against the feather.'

Dr. Grant continued to torment Tina with the feather. Some clients put it on their sissies

and restrain them, enjoying their torment. Others will cuff a sissie's hands behind his back and then watch the show as the sissie rubs his nipples on a door jam or gets down

on the floor and wiggles like a worm on the carpet. She handed the bottle to Shannon.

"'Let me know when you need more.'"

She nodded to Rachel and Suzanne, who removed Tina from the restraints and helped clean him up.

Shannon snapped her fingers.

"'Thank the ladies for their time and attention today.'"

Tina fell to his hands and knees and began crawling to the women to kiss their feet and

give thanks. He tried scratching his nipples on the floors he crawled.

"'You'll receive a complete report in a couple of days,' Dr. Grant said. "'That will include

our findings and recommendations as well as the blood work. But I would say she seems

fit for maid, duty and sexual services as may be required.'"

Minsing through the waiting room in his six-inch stilettos, Tina left the doctor's office.

His gloved hands still mauling his itching nipples. His face was red with humiliation

as he heard the women in the waiting room chuckle and snicker at the sight of the sissified

male clawing at his nipples.

Chapter 9 Worship Honorable Grandmother's Bottom

Shannon looked at her sissie hubby sitting in the passenger seat as she drove to their

next appointment. Tina was continuing to furiously rub his nipples through his dress. Shannon

nodded and smiled.

"You really are a little slut."

Now he was being taken to another appointment, undoubtedly more humiliation imagined by Mr.

Shannon.

"I don't think I can take any more."

"Quit, playing with yourself," Shannon ordered. Hands in your lap, slut, like a sweet and

demure sissy." He continued to rub his nipples. The ointment was horrid. The itching would

not stop.

Shannon's voice was harder now.

"I said stop. Hands in your lap, or I'll coat a butt-plug with that stuff and shove

it up that sissy pussy of yours."

An itching asshole was a worse prospect.

Sotina found the resolve to place his hands in his lap. Shannon nodded. Better, but that

still 12 strokes when we get home for disobeying me the first time.

"Guess, Miss Dweath."

Miss Park says your dresses and bras are ready, so we are going to pick them up. I expect

you to be on your best behavior. Now that they know you are a sissy, I'll expect you

to curtsy and then drop to your knees to kiss their feet. She laughed.

"Who knows. It probably won't be long before you're greeting everyone that way."

Shannon reached over with her right hand and lightly stroked Tina's left nipple. She chuckled

when Tina moaned and leaned in to prolong the caress.

"Slut. I can't wait to coat your nipples with our special ointment and then watch you

stick your sissy tits out to all my guests, begging someone to finger those sissy nipples."

Ms. Park rose from behind her sewing machine when they entered the shop.

"Miss Shannon, everything is ready. All like you want."

"Excellent," Shannon said. "I can't wait to see your work."

Miss Park was joined by her grandmother and her daughter Grace. The Korean ladies chuckled

when Tina curtsied, fell to his knees and began to crawl forward to kiss each of their feet.

"Weeding, Smith-Dweth," he whispered, to each woman as he began to kiss their feet.

The grandmother pointed to Tina, laughed and said something in Korean. Grace smiled at

Shannon.

"Grandmother asks if your white slave will make sexy today."

"Make sexy," Shannon used. "What a delightful expression, make sexy."

She used the point to toe of her high-heeled pump to kick the kneeling Tina.

"Yes, the white slave will make sexy for honorable grandmother."

Grace translated and the old woman smiled and bowed her thanks to Shannon.

"First, let's look at Sissy's new clothes," Shannon said. Ms. Park pointed to the platform

with the mirrors and Tina crawled onto it and stood. Ms. Park fingered Tina's

dress.

Shannon stood back rocking on one's to let o' heel.

"'Yes, it is, isn't it? But I believe it could be a bit shorter.' Tina's eyes went wide.

Shorter? It's any shorter my chastity device might show.' Ms. Park knelt and rolled up

the hem of Tina's dress. A stocking-top was now clearly visible.

"'This?'

"'Yes,' Shannon said. I think so. Men will find the stocking-top's quite alluring along with a hint of garter, depending on how she moves."

Ms. Park pinned the new alteration in place.

"'We'll leave that dress here,' Shannon said. She can wear one of the maid uniforms home.

"'After all, that's her life now,' Sissy made. She snapped her fingers.

"'Take the dress off, slut.'"

"'You need to try on your bras and uniforms,' Shannon said. And if I remember correctly,

I promised to show the ladies your chastised clitty.'"

Grace's eyes widened.

"'Awesome!' Tina sighed and removed his dress, placed it on a hanger, and handed it to Ms.

Park. He turned to face the women. While his hands went back to his bra to rub his nipples.

The women ignored the Sissy playing with his titties, their focus was on his tiny chastised

Sissy-clit.

"'Wow,' Grace said. "'I've never seen one for real.'

She reached out to tap the cage with her finger.

Her clitty doesn't even fill the cage.

"'Yes,' Shannon agreed. "'I have another one on order, custom-made and smaller.'"

Grandmother laughed and cackled something in Korean. Grace laughed as well.

"'Grandmother says your white slave has no jot. It's a derisive word, sort of like cock or dick.'"

"'Grandmother would be most correct,' Shannon gave a slight bow to acknowledge the elderly

Korean woman. "'My slave has no cock.'"

She turned to Tina handing him one of the altered bras and watched in gleeful expectation

as he fingered the new foundation wear.

"'Yes,' Shannon said to Tina. "'I love these additional alterations to your new bras,'

she nodded to Grace. This young woman had some marvellous ideas and called me up. We

discussed it and incorporated them into your new bras."

Tina rubbed his finger over the inside of the cuffs. They were now coated in burlap,

as were the bra sides, back and straps. He felt the sides. They were stiff.

"'All Grace's ideas,' Shannon continued, "'We have the nipple cutouts trimmed in lace,

so your cute girly nipples are on display and accessible and we have boning in the sides

and the burlap lining. I'm afraid they won't be very comfortable, but no one ever said being

as sissy would be easy, especially not my sissy. Go ahead, put it on.'

Tina slipped the bra on and Grace fastened it in the back. Shannon stepped forward and

made adjustments.

"'Darling, you look so sexy. I love the way your sissy nipples are displayed and framed

in lace, so sweet and girly. How does it feel? Tell me the truth.'" It is uncomfortable, Miss West. It squatuses and the boning... Shannon clapped her hands. Scratches excellent! We don't need to try the other bras on, but I do want to see the maid uniforms. Tina tried on all three of his maid uniforms, finishing with the black and white one. They were all much shorter now. "'My, my,' Shannon said as she made Tina walk back and forth across the shop and his heels doing his sissy walk. Aren't you the sexy, slutty little maid? If you have a couple of minutes,' Grace approached, holding a sketchpad, "'I have some ideas you may find interesting.'

"'Certainly, darling,' Shannon said. She turned to Tina. Sissy, time to make sexy for honorable grandmother. Get down on your hands and knees and crawl to her and do her bidding with enthusiasm.'

She turned back to Grace. So what do we have here?" Tina crawled to the old woman, who then turned and walked to an over-stuffed chair in the back of the shop. Tina crawled behind her, not sure of exactly what would happen, only that he must obey. He crawled on his knees and elbows, his hands stroking and scratching at his itching nipples. The woman laughed to watch the sissified male shuffle along on his knees and elbows, playing with himself. Shannon shook her head as she watched Tina crawl away.

"'My, God, you are the most pathetic creature. I'm beginning to wonder what you won't do.'

Honorable grandmother settled into the chair, scooting to the front so her sex was on the edge of the cushion. She pulled up her dress and spread her legs up and over the arms of the chair. Shannon watched it all with a smile. She's quite limber for someone her age. The old woman cackled something in Korean and appointed to her pussy. Tina didn't need a translation. He moved forward and began to lick at the 75-year-old pussy. The old woman laughed and threw her dress down over the sissy, lapping at her sex. Ms. Park moved beside Shannon as Grace explained the drawings in her sketchbook.

"'While Mother was working on the alterations,' Grace explained, I got some ideas for other outfits. Shannon looked at the sketches.

"'Yes, I see. Interesting.'

"'These are maid uniforms, really over-the-top sissy stuff,' Grace said. Sat in and lots of lace. I like puffy short sleeves so they can wear gloves. Lots of lace trims. Their metal rings sewn in here and here and here so you can lock the dress on. It can have removable covers on the breasts so you can expose her tits. I sort of like the pink with black trim and the black with white trim, but it could be done in any color.

"'Marvelous,' Shannon smiled. She turned to Ms. Park.

"'And you could make these,' Ms. Park nodded.

"I make, yes."

Grandmother started yelling and Grace laughed and rolled her eyes.

"I got this."

She stepped away from Shannon and her mother and walked over to Grandmother and the kneeling

Tina. Grace stopped and kicked Tina on the thigh.

"Grandmother says you lack feeling, enthusiasm. She wants more pleasure."

She kicked Tina again.

"More tongue. Faster. Harder. Deeper."

Grandmother laughed and nodded as Tina redoubled his oral sex efforts to please honorable grandmother.

Grace walked back to her mother and Shannon.

"Sorry," guess I should have asked your permission before I kicked your slave.

Shannon

waved her hand. Not at all. The slut needs to learn. She can be punished and disciplined

by anyone at any time, anywhere and for any reason. It was a good object lesson.

I'll see that Sissy gets twelve strokes when we get home for her poor performance."

Shannon smiled and narrowed her eyes as she looked at Grace.

"Unless you'd like to do it here. Now," she looked around the tailor shop,

"I'm sure there must be something here we can use." Grace's eyes widened.

"Really? Wow, that would be cool. Yeah, I'd like that."

"She looked at her mother. If mother approves."

"Miss Park shred. Have yardstick, ruler and leather belt."

"Excellent," Shannon said. When Grandmother is finished, you may punish my slut.

"Now let's look at your drawings again. I think I'd like one in the pink and the black

"and one in black and white. What about a hobble skirt? Something to restrict her movement."

"Grace nodded. Yeah, I could design something like that. Maybe with a hole so her clitty could be pulled through and exposed?"

"Marvelous," Shannon said. "My, you have quite the devious imagination."

"Across the room, Tina was licking and probing furiously with his tongue,"

"I'd grandmother's pussy. She didn't smell sexy as had Vicky and Bethan earlier that morning.

"Her pussy was old, wrinkled, hairy and smelled of sweat and piss. Still, he did his best

"to satisfy the old woman. He felt her legs clench his head as she shook with her orgasm.

"Rather than stop or pull away, he slowed, now lapping gently and softly at the damp pussy."

"He tasted her sex and it did excite him. His clitty strained in its cage as he licked

"and swallowed the old woman's juices. He felt grandmother's feet on his shoulders as she pushed

"em away. When she stood, he fell back on his haunches and remained kneeling. Grandmother

"turned her back to Tina, lifted her dress and looked over her shoulder to the three women in

"the shop. She pushed her bottom back into Tina's face and said something in Korean. Grace started

"to translate, but Shannon laughed and held up her hand. "I think I understand, Tina.

"Be a good sissy and worship honourable grandmother's bottom. You have 12 strokes coming from

"grace for your poor pussy worship performance. I suggest your ass worship show grandmother how

"much you revere her." The old woman seemed to understand. If not the meaning, at least the

"intent of Shannon's warning, I'm cackled with laughter. She spread her ass cheeks inviting
"Tina's tongue. Tina leaned forward, not sure what to do. He started with licks up and down,
"grandmother's ass crack, then gentle kisses. The sounds the old woman made when he flicked his
"tongue back and forth over her puckered opening, told him she liked that. He did it more, harder,
"faster, and then gave the opening a sexy kiss, running his tongue around the edge.
"While Tina worshiped a 75-year-old Korean asshole, Shannon made plans for his new wardrobe
"additions. I like the idea of sewing the metal rings in here, here, and here. Shannon used
"her elegantly manicured nail to point at places on Grace's sketches. That way she is locked into
"the outfits. I mean, it's not as if she couldn't cut them off, but I like the symbolism of it,
"that she must wear them until I remove them."
Across the room, Tina's face was deep into grandmother's ass. The old woman had now bent
over so her arms rested on the cushion of the chair. The old woman hadn't felt anything like
this in decades, hadn't realized such pleasures were still available, and she enjoyed taking advantage
of this white slave who had crawled into her world. She farted and laughed, but Tina stayed in place
even though he was now engulfed in cabbage-fueled and noxious fumes. Finally, grandmother shuttered
with a second orgasm. She couldn't ever remember when she had two in one day. She pulled away and
stood upright, smoothing her long-flowing dress. For his part, Tina was a mess. His face was slick
with sweat and feminine juices. His wig was a skew, his eye makeup was smudged, and one of his false
eyelashes was barely hanging on. Still, he had the presence of mind to crawl to grandmother and
kiss her feet. Thank you, honorable Guan-mother. Shannon nodded her approval. Nicely done, but you still have twelve strokes coming. Crawl over here and beg Mr. Grace to
punish you for being a bad pussy whore. Tina crawled to the young woman and kissed her feet.
Pweath missed with waves. Pweath punished the sissy for being a bad pussy whore. Grace rolled her eyes. She is, she sounds pathetic. She really is a sissy.
Miss Park held out a wide and thick leather belt. I think this best. Shannon's eyes widened.
Oh, my sissy! I believe this will hurt, but you take your punishment like a good sissy.
Tina shuddered as he watched Grace take the leather belt, folded in half, and snap it.
Yes, missed with. Grace pointed to the floor. Do you know Downward Dog in yoga? Tina nodded.
Yes, Miss Grace. She snapped the belt again, laughing as Tina jumped at the sound. Then assumed
the position, slut. Tina tried his best to get into Downward Dog. Grace laughed as the sissy fought
to maintain position. Not so easy in six-inch fuck me heels is it, slut? No, missed with
grace. Grace shrugged. Yeah, well, it's probably something you should get used to.

Sissy sluts

should wear fucking heels. She slapped his balls with the belt. Get that ass up higher and spread those legs. Oh, and that one didn't count. I'll tell you when your beating starts. She hit his balls again. Present that ass, slut. Tina struggled to reach a position that would satisfy the evil young Korean woman. She was correct. It was difficult in six-inch heels.

Everything is difficult anymore. Maybe that's the way Mr. Shannon wants it. Grace said something in Korean and grandmother walked to the front of Tina and slipped off her shoes. Grace slapped Tina's balls a third time. I want you to kiss, lick, and worship grandmother's feet and tell her how sexy and beautiful she is while I deliver your punishment.

She slapped his balls again, laughing as he yelped. Face down, kiss the feet. Tina tried to maintain the Downward Dog as he lowered his face to the floor. His arms shook, trying to hold up his weight. He can't. He whimpered. Shannon made a sigh of disgust.

So weak and pathetic.

Okay, slut, Grace said. Lower yourself onto your forearms, but keep that sissy bottom up.

Tina did as he was commanded, finding it easier and began to kiss and lick the nasty old feet in front of him. Grandmother was so sexy and beautiful. The first stroke of the belt landed with a slap and Tina cried out. He looked grandmother's right foot and made a mental note of the first stroke.

One, I better count. I don't want her to start over. Grace landed the next two strokes, one on the inside of each thigh, pausing to look at the red marks she smiled and turned to Shannon.

This is awesome, thanks. Tina kissed each foot. Grandmother's puffy and ass is so sexy.

Sissy was Grandmother's asshole. More strokes landed and Tina mentally counted each one.

Shannon watched it all with amusement. What a talented young woman. I may have uses for her.

Grace continued to beat Tina as Tina professed words of love and respect for grandmother's feet,

ass, and pussy. How many was that? Grace asked.

Twelve, mith with grace. Thank you, mith with. Grace turned to smile at Shannon and then turned

back to Tina. Did you like that? Oh, yes, yes, mith with grace. Really? Grace idly slapped the belt against Tina's balls. Well, if you liked it so much, why aren't you begging for six more,

even harder ones? Tina gave grandmother's feet more licks and kisses. He knew he was trapped.

There was only one response that would satisfy.

Pweez missed with grace. Pweez gives the sissy six more strokes. Pweez, very hard, please.

He let's grandmother's feet. Grace put all her effort into the last six strokes as honorable

grandmother laughed at the way Tina kissed and licked her feet as he was being beaten.

Chapter 10. Nervous, sweetheart.

Tina was now in full sissy maid mode, arising early in the morning and addressing in one of his

bras and maid uniforms, along with girdle stockings and gloves. He did his makeup, put on his wig and slipped into six-inch heels. The night before, Shannon would provide a list of tasks he could do quietly about the house until she awoke. Tina would then serve the mistress of the house her coffee and breakfast in bed. While Shannon relaxed and ate, Tina would rub her feet or perhaps practice cocksucking with one of his cock-shaped dildos. There were chores all throughout the day and punishments for anything found lacking—a speck of dust, a poor curtsy, a crooked stocking seam, or not walking sissy enough. The list seemed endless. There were no break times for Tina, no books, no magazines, television, radio, or computer. He worked and worked, crawling on his hands and knees to clean all the baseboards by hand in the morning and then again in the afternoon. Actually, he didn't mind the crawling. He wore his heels all the time, from when he got out of bed until he went to bed, so any chance to be off them was a blessed relief. Still, the work and the chores became mindless drudgery exactly what Mr. Shannon wanted. Late each evening, Tina would be given a thumb drive with his office work assignments. He would work until late at night, or early in the morning to complete his assignments so he could email his work back each morning to his boss, Derek. My sissy must still work to earn money for me, Shannon would say, either keep doing your job or I'll have to put you out on the street to turn tricks. Tina would curtsy and say, yes, mithdweth. In the back of his mind, he now knew she might actually do it. He was made to answer the door in his sissy-made uniform. Tina would curtsy and then accept any packages or whatever else may be the prevailing business. His attire and demeanour seldom failed to raise eyebrows or elicit a chuckle. He was always mortified and embarrassed. Obviously, Mistress's intention. One day he answered the door to find two women standing on the porch. They both wore uniforms that said, Maureen's maids. On the street was a white van with the signage Maureen's maids, residential house cleaning. Tina blushed and curtsy'd. Mithdweth? The women stifled their laughter. The tall one dressed in a maroon top and slacks looked at the paper in her hand. We had a ten o'clock appointment to talk with Shannon about house cleaning. Shannon's voice came from the living room. Bring them in sissy, I'm expecting them. Tina stepped to the side, performed another curtsy and allowed the women to enter. Mithdweth? The two women walked behind Tina to the living room. They noted his short black and white-made uniform, stocking tops, long gloves, and six-inch heels. As they watched his tiny sissy steps and outstretched arms with limp wrists, they turned to each other and smiled. Tina led them into the

living room and curtsy to Shannon. Mithdweth? Shannon rose to greet the women. Maureen was the tall slender redhead in the maroon-colored outfit. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail. She wasn't drop-dead gorgeous but was pretty with alluring green eyes. Rebecca was a shorter curvier blonde with short hair that framed around and pretty face. Please, Shannon extended her hand to the sofa offering her guests seats. Would you like coffee? We don't want to be any trouble, Maureen said. It's no trouble at all. Shannon laughed. After all, I'm not the one who has to fetch it. She turned to Tina and snapped her fingers. Sissy, bring coffee. Her voice had turned cold and hard. Tina curtsy'd, Mithdweth, and mince'd away to the kitchen. Maureen nervously folded the paper in her hands. You are called about house cleaning, but it, uh, looks like you already got a maid, Rebecca said, and from the looks of it, a very obedient one. Shannon glanced over her shoulder to the kitchen. Maid servant Sissy husband. Yes, all of that. She has been doing the cleaning, but I want her trained, really trained to clean. So, Maureen paused. You want us to train your husband, how to clean and be a real domestic maid? Train my Sissy, Shannon corrected. You may call her slut, girl, Sissy, whore, or whatever, but yes, I want a real qualified, knowledgeable working maid. Tina arrived with a silver tray, holding a coffee service, and placed it on the coffee table. He curtsy'd. Mithdweth. Rebecca narrowed her eyes at the feminized mail. Curtsy's a lot, but seems polite and deferential enough. She's a work in progress. Shannon stirred sugar into her coffee. Maureen continued. So, you don't want us to clean your house. You simply want someone here, one of my people, to train your Sissy to do a proper job. Exactly, Shannon said. I understand if this might make you nervous, granted it's a bit of an odd request, but I'd be willing to pay the going rate and, Rebecca held up her hand. Sorry, Tintrapt, but I got this. She glanced at the riding crop on the nearby chair. Go ahead, Shannon said, a smile of expectation forming on her face. Rebecca picked up the crop and walked toward Tina who curtsy'd at her approach. Rebecca slapped it Tina's exposed thigh. Lift your dress, slut. Mithdweth. Tina gave a small curtsy and lifted his dress, exposing his chastity device. Rebecca slapped at the device with her crop. Just as I thought, a tiny dicked Sissy maid looks like the best way you can improve Mistress Shannon's life is to be her Sissy maid. She struck Tina again with the crop. Right? Tina curtsy'd. Yes, mithdweth. Rebecca saw a feather duster on the end table left there when Tina had gone to answer the door. Pick it up, slut. Let me see you, dust. Tina picked up the feather duster, walked to a bookcase, and began to dust. Bend more at the waist-horror. Rebecca slapped the back of

Tina's thigh when he bent. It's not enough just to clean. We'll teach you all of that, but you need to put on a show in case anyone is in the room. They want to see what a slutty Sissy maid, Shannon, has. Rebecca turned to Shannon. So something like that? Shannon laughed. Oh yes, most definitely she eyed the curvy young blonde. You don't seem surprised at this. She waved her hand. Situation? Rebecca laughed. My cousin has a Sissy maid, an old boyfriend that simply couldn't get over her when they broke up. So she agreed to keep him around as her Sissy maid. He gets to clean her house, pay some of her bills, and watch her with her lovers. Real men. So yeah, I know this type. Well then, Maureen said, it looks as if we can come into a working arrangement. In addition to the polishing, dusting, vacuuming, laundry, and ironing, we can teach her how to remove stains from carpet and upholstery, and how best to clean tile and wood floors. Wonderful! Shannon threw up her hands. You know, Rebecca said, after we get your slut trained, we may be able to find special work for her. We have a few clients who would definitely go for something like Sissy here and her, let's say, unique, a set of skills. Maureen and Rebecca shared a look and a smile, and then both said the same name at the same time. Gary! Tina's life became much more arduous over the next three weeks. The evil Rebecca came three afternoons each week, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. The hapless Sissy maid was subjected to four hours of cleaning instruction on each of those dates. Rebecca would describe a technique to Tina, demonstrate the proper way to execute the cleaning protocol, and then watch as Tina performed the task. Invariably, something would not meet Rebecca's demanding standards, and Tina would be yelled at, slapped, spanked, or otherwise punished and humiliated for his inability to perform. Rebecca also hounded Tina about his appearance, posture, movements, and gestures. You are a special kind of maid for a very unique and reserved clientele, she explained. They are going to be paying double the standard rate for your services, and you need to deliver. She laughed. Of course you won't be seeing any of that money, but what does Sissy do with money? No, sweetums, Maureen and Miss Shannon will be the ones enriched by your services. Rebecca slapped Tina's bottom with her riding crop, a gift from Shannon. Yours just a Sissy Cash cow, and whoa to you if you fail to earn. Tina Kurtzied. Yes, myth, Rebecca. Rebecca watched Tina dust an end table. Stand with your feet together. Yeah, I know it's hard in those six inch sissy fuck me heels, but that's what sluts where to clean houses. Feet together, bend at the waist, stick out that ass and those titties, and give the bottom a little wiggle. Make your free arms sexy. Don't let it simply hang there. Hold it out and bend at

the elbow
and make the wrist limp, or put it on your hip. Make it sexy, slutty. Maids can simply clean houses.
Sissy maids have to put on a show as well. She slapped Tina's bottom again. If there's a man
in the room when you're cleaning and he doesn't want to stick his cock into your slutty-horme mouth
or sissy pussy, then you're not doing it right. Tina wiggled his bottom. Yes, myth, Rebecca.
Rebecca continued, if you're making circular motions with your hand, polishing a tabletop,
then do the same with your bottom. Sucks to be you sissy, but you'll be punished if you don't
clean well and punished if you don't make a show of it. Shannon observed Tina's domestic skills
training laughing at the antics of her sissy husband. Remember, darling, this is what you wanted.
There's no going back now. Even if you wanted to, I simply would not allow it. You are now my
sissy maid, my servant, my pet. I like this new arrangement, and we are never going back to the
way it was. One day, Rebecca brought a strap on harness and large cock. She laughed at the
look on Tina's face as she buckled the harness over her wide hips. What were you expecting, slut?
Look at you, dressed as a sissy, prancing around in your fuckney heels and seam stockings.
Of course, a client is going to want you on your knees. Now, get on your hands and knees,
crawl over here, keep your eyes on my cock as you crawl. Mouth open, lick those lips.
When a client snaps his fingers and orders you to suck his cock, this is what you do.
Make it sexy for him, put on a little sissy slut show.
Tina glanced over to Shannon as he crawled, his eyes begging for her intervention. Instead, she watched him with a smile on her face.
Come on, sissy! Shannon laughed. Make me proud. Be mommy's little cock-sucker. Tina arrived at Rebecca's feet where the cock jutted from her loins and loomed before him.
Now, Rebecca said, you need to ask and beg to suck master's cock. Let him know you're a cock
whore. Come on, do it. She slapped his cheek with the cock.
Please, master, please make this sissy or cock flat. Sissy was cock.
Shannon nodded. Not bad, but keep working on it. Make it as groveling it since seer as you can.
And within a few months my little slut, you'll mean every word of it.
Good, Rebecca said, give the head a sexy kiss, kiss it and lick it. Of course, every man will
have his own preferred way of having a slut give him a blowjob. Your task will be to learn and
remember how every customer likes his blowjob so you can give him what he wants. She pushed the
cock further into Tina's mouth. Let's see how much you can take. Tina gagged on the first few inches,
shin and frowned. That won't do. You need to practice on those two cocks I bought for you.
Practice, practice, practice several times a day on depth endurance and other oral techniques for
kissing, licking, sucking and tongue flicking. I'm warning you, slut. If I receive

one,
negative report there will be punishments. Rebecca slapped Tina's head. Eyes on me,
slut. Look at the master who offers you the privilege of sucking his cock. Flutter
those long,
sexy eyelashes. Show him how having his cock in your mouth is the best thing ever.
Rebecca pulled
the cock out and Tina gasped. She slapped Tina in the face with her cock. Say
something slut.
Lots of men like sluts who talk dirty so you need to be prepared. Tell the man how
big his cock is.
Tell him how you love the way it fills your mouth and how you love the taste of his
man come.
She slapped Tina again. Talk. Oh, master. Your cock is so big. Sissy wants big
cocks. Please come
in sissy, slut. Mouth. Shannon was recording it all with a video camera. As I said,
slut,
it won't be long before you're saying that and meaning it.
One morning, Shannon instructed Tina to put on his pink wrap dress and six inch
heels and get ready
for an outing. Shannon and Grace had finally decided on design concepts for Tina's
new Sissy
maid outfits and hobble skirts and now Tina needed to go in for measurements. Grace
came up with the
most wonderfully wicked concepts. Your new maid uniforms will be quite sissy and
slutty. Those
will be the uniforms you wear when you go to work for Maureen as one of her maids.
She looked at Tina
and smiled. Nervous, sweetheart. Yes, a bit missed with. Well, Shannon laughed.
Simply remember all
the things about cleaning that Rebecca taught you and how to walk and stand and
pose and you'll do
fine. If you make mistakes, well, then you'll be punished. I like the idea of you
working as a
maid and earning more money for me. Maureen said she has several clients that would
pay a premium
price for someone like you and the special services you could provide. Yes, missed
with.
Special services. I can imagine what those are. They're going to make me work for
perverts and
dirty old men. Inside, Miss Park's tailor shop, Tina dropped to his knees and
shuffled across the
floor, his outstretched hands holding a present for Grace. He wiggled on his knees
before Grace
extended his arms and whispered, missed with grace. The young woman smiled as she
took the
retained cane and riding crop from Tina's palms. Wow. Grace took the cane and crop
from Tina who
then dropped his head to the floor to kiss Grace's feet. The young woman stroked
the cane.
This looks wicked. Thank you.
Not at all, Shannon said. Sissies need regular punishment and discipline if they
are to learn.
You seem like a young woman, certainly capable. I didn't like my coffee this
morning and her
stalking seems were crooked, so the slut has twenty-four strokes coming. When we
are done with her
measurements, perhaps you could... Grace, swish the riding crop through the air.
Oh, yeah, you bet. Awesome. She kicked Tina who was still kissing her feet.
Go greet Mother and Grandmother, slut.

Yes, myth-dweth, Tina whispered. He crawled to Miss Park and Grandmother and began kissing their feet in greeting. Tina was told to remove his dress and stand on a platform. He was then subjected to forty-five minutes of intense measurements all over his body. Grace also took pictures to go with the measurements, providing a complete body profile of Sissie Tina. Shannon, Miss Park and Grace talked of fabrics, lace, colors, straps, locking rings, removable pieces, and more. Tina had not been shown the final designs, so he was imagining the worst. Tina will be wearing these new sexy outfits when she starts working for a cleaning service. Shannon said. Miss Park cocked her head. She work as real maid clean house. Yes, Shannon smiled. She'll be cleaning like a real maid and performing other services. Miss Park and her daughter Grace laughed. Miss Park stood back. I think we finished anything else. About the outfits? No, Shannon said. I think it's time for Sissie to make sexy with honorable Grandmother while our lovely young Grace gives him his punishment strokes. Grace said something in Korean to Grandmother who cackled with laughter as she walked to the overstepped chair in the back of the shop. She knelt on the cushion facing the back of the chair, lifted her dress, and stuck out her bottom. Grace turned to Shannon. Grandmother really likes it when your Sissie makes sexy on her bottom. Sissie, Shannon ordered, crawl to honorable Grandmother and make sexy on her ass. Yes, myth-dweth. Tina fell to his knees and crawled off the platform and across the room, Shannon, Miss Park, and Grace, following behind. Grandmother laughed and wiggled her bottom at Tina's approach. Stand up, Sissie, Shannon ordered, bend at the waist, stick out your bottom for Grace, and get your face in Grandmother's bottom. Tina assumed the position, spread his legs, stuck out his bottom, and leaned forward into Grandmother's asscrack. He planted gentle kisses and licks up and down the old wrinkled asscrack. Tina was surprised when Grandmother pushed back and wiggled her bottom. She definitely liked it and wanted more. When the first stroke of the king landed on Tina's ass, he lurched forward into Grandmother's ass. She laughed and said something in Korean. Miss Park translated, Grandmother said to hit more and harder, makes better sexy. Tina was being more aggressive now by French kissing Grandmother's puckered opening and rimming it with his tongue. Meanwhile, Grace rained down blows with her new cane, stopping only occasionally to lean forward and examine the marks it left. The young woman was both cruel and studious. She was curious about the intricacies of corporal discipline and was determined to make a personal science of it. Tina was multitasking, trying to orally please Grandmother and also count the strokes. He felt a pause in the discipline and then came Shannon's hot breath in his ear.

How many was that slut? Shannon asked.

A woman miffed with, he said, between licks to Grandmother's asscrack. Shannon laughed.

Well, it seems you are learning. Why don't you wiggle your bottom as a web, asking Grace to make

this last cane stroke the hardest of all. Tina plunged his tongue deeper into the ancient

asscrack and wiggled his bottom, inviting the young tormentress to deliver his agony.

He howled when it came, a searing sheet of pain in that sweet spot between the bottom and the upper

thigh. Grandmother sighed when Tina lurched into her ass from the blow of the cane, Shannon laughed.

I think Grandmother would like all the strokes to be like that, but I'm not sure our sissy could take it. Grace held up the riding crop.

Now let's try this one. Thanks, this is really sweet. Can I take pictures of her bottom when we are done?

Shannon patted Grace's arm. Of course, darling.

Chapter 11. You can call me master. I'll call you slut.

Oh my! Maureen walked a slow circle around Tina. Aren't you the most precious little sissy made?

Tina curtied. Thank you, Miss Dweath. Tina had been through weeks of training with Rebecca

to become a productive maid and a proper slut. Tina wore one of his new sexy maid uniforms.

Miss Park had finished the new clothes for sissy. The project took three fittings to get everything

just right. At each visit, Tina made sexy for honorable Grandmother and was beaten by Grace for

any number of real or imagined offenses. Tina was now dressed and ready for his final evaluation

before being put into service by Maureen's maids. He wore the new black and white sissy made

uniform made by Miss Park. It was short-sleeved, with the sleeves being puffy and trimmed in white lace.

The bodice of his maid's dress had removable panels that revealed his open cup bra and his

girly sissy nipples. The black skirt was short, very short, and held out almost horizontally by

billowing white pedicots. Tina also wore a tight waist-sensure corset with 12 garter straps which

were clearly visible along with his stocking tops. Depending on the way Tina moved, it was also

possible to get a glimpse of his chastity device. Shannon had bought her sissy a new very large

blonde wig as well as a 10-inch long and very wide rhinestone earrings. Tina wore black-seemed

fishnet stockings, his black six-inch fucking heels, and long black gloves. A short, white lace

apron had pockets that strategically held a small pink cellphone, mascara, lipstick, eyeliner,

and condoms. Rebecca shook her head. Wow, I mean, that is like really sissy and slutty.

Maureen chuckled. In a tight-boned corset and six-inch heels, the slut is going to have some

rather hard workdays. I sure wouldn't want to clean houses dressed like that. She snapped her

fingers. Walked for a sissy. Tina walked back and forth across the room, taking short,

mincing steps and holding his arms in proper sissy fashion.
"God, I admit," Maureen said, the corsets, heels, and pedicote all do something to her movements, the way she walks and stands," she nodded. Yeah, overall it's a good look, you know, for a sissy maid, she turned to Rebecca. Her cleaning? I ran her through everything this morning," Rebecca said. She's ready to go. "Okay," Maureen turned to Shannon. We have this client, Gary, and his mother Peggy. Gary's sort of a nerd over weight, lives with his mother, plays video games, and watches sci-fi movies. A pervert, too," Rebecca added. Although he's never bothered any of our girls. Maureen laughed. "That's because my brother Liam, who's a mixed martial arts fighter, paid him a visit, told him to be on his best behavior, and he has. But now," Shannon glared at Tina, "Now we have a new girl." She turned to Maureen. Can they afford it, the double rate?
"Oh, yeah," Maureen said. The mother Peggy has a nice inheritance from both her parents and her late husband. They can afford the double rate, no problem. That's why Gary doesn't work, just sits on his ass all day." Maureen held up her hands. Tomorrow's the regular day for them, so do we take Tina over and see if Gary wants to pay double and have a new girl? Shannon walked over and straight in Tina's apron. We do, we most certainly do. The van pulled up in front of the house and Maureen turned to look at Tina in the back seat. Okay, this is it. We'll go in with you and if they want you to clean, we'll get you started, and then you're on your own. Your objectives are simple, clean the house and keep the client happy.' Tina nodded. Yes, Missedweth. Rebecca turned and reached out to fondle Tina's new collar. It had been a present that morning from Mr. Shannon. It was a wide black patent leather collar with white lace trim, a large tag hanging from the front said, sissy. Rebecca fingered the tag. Cute, but it's not like you really need a sign for anyone to know what you are. She gave a wicked smile. Let's go. The trio walked to the house, knocked on the door, and heard lumbering footsteps from inside. A large young man answered. His hair was curly and unkempt. His sweatpants had ketchup stains and his t-shirt had some kind of warrior with a sword fighting a dragon. His face was round and had a few pimples. Come on in, he said as he opened the door and stood to the side. Then he caught sight of Tina behind the other two. His eyes went wide and his smile turned up but the corners of his mouth. Maureen and Rebecca walked into the living room, Tina followed. Gary pointed at Tina. He couldn't take his eyes off the explosion of black satin, white lace, fishnets and fuck me heels. Who's this? Maureen chuckled. Well, Gary, she could be your new cleaning girl if you're ready to pay the price. His eyes narrowed, still fixed on Tina. Yeah, like what price? Look, Gary, Maureen said, we know you're a bit of a perv,

but otherwise
you're a good customer. You pay on time and your checks never bounce. So we have
this new girl.
Her name is Tina. She turned to Tina. Tina faced Gary and Kurtzied.
Master? He laughed aloud. What? She said, Master. Rebecca explained. She lisps.
Look,
she's not a real girl girl. She's a sissy, but her wife mistress is looking to make
some money
off her new sissy husband. So she looked at Tina. Show Gary your sissy clit,
slight. Tina Kurtzied
again to Gary. Master and raised his dress as he rose from the curtsy. It's her
sissy clit,
Maureen explained, and no, she doesn't have the key. Show Master Gary your pussy
slut.
Tina rotated on his heels, lifted the back of his dress and pushed out his bottom
and spread his
cheeks to display a large pink butt plug. So Gary, Maureen continued, this sissy
slut really will
clean your house. Rebecca trained her like she's trained all the other girls. And
I've trained her
in some other stuff. Rebecca laughed, cocksucking, ball licking, you know. Gary's
eyes went wide.
No shit. No shit, Gary, Maureen said, but it costs you double. Double. Gary shook
his head.
Yeah, yeah, double. Not a problem. Rebecca looked around. Where's your mom? Gary
kept staring at Tina.
That her sisters be back in a couple of days. Shouldn't you call her? Check it out.
Rebecca asked.
Gary was looking at Tina's fishnet stockings in six inch heels. Nah, we're good. I
got it. He turned
to Maureen. So this one here, she can clean today instead of Diane. Today and from
now on, Maureen
said for double. He nodded. Yeah, double got that. Gary, Maureen continued, you can
make her suck your
cock. You can fuck her pussy. You can make her play with herself, but you can't
damage her or
mark her up. Got it? Gary turned serious as he processed a fleeting image of Liam,
the MMA fighter.
Yeah, got it. Don't worry. I'm going to take real good care of this one. Don't
forget Gary,
Rebecca said, she needs to clean the house too. Your mom's not going to like it if
she comes home
to a dirty house because you've been fucking the maid all day. Okay, Gary, Maureen
said, we'll be back
at 430 to pick her up. Her name is Tina, but you can call her maid, sissy, slut,
cock court, or whatever.
Tina gave a jolt when Rebecca and Maureen left and the door slammed. There was an
uneasy silence
broken when Tina curtsy to Gary. Master? He nodded. Yeah, I like that. You can call
me master. I'll
call you slut. His hand pawed Tina's bottom. Come on, slut. I'll show you where the
cleaning supplies are.
Tina minced in his fucking heels behind Gary as the new master led the sissy to the
utility room
between the kitchen and garage. Diane, Gary said, the other cleaning girl kept
everything in here.
You should find what you need. Start in the bathrooms, but first bring me some
chips and an
orange soda and then you can start cleaning. His hand fondled Tina's bottom,

snapping a garter strap.

Like the outfit, be sure to dress slutty like this all the time. Tina curtsy. Yes, master.

Gary laughed as he walked away. Master. Yeah, I like that. I'm the cock fucking master. Tina went back into the kitchen and rummaged through the cabinets, finding the chips and a serving tray. Moments later,

he entered the living room and curtsy before Gary. Master? Gary took the chips and soda. He

had to enjoy this, my own slave and fuck toy. He pointed to his crotch. Kiss it.

Tina fell to his

knees, placed the tray on the coffee table and leaned forward to plan to kiss on Gary's sweatpants,

covered crotch. Master? Gary laughed. Back to clean and slut play times later. Tina Rose picked up

the tray, curtsy, master and backed away. This is he made found all four bathrooms and cleaned for

90 minutes, giving them the kind of cleaning he had learned from Mistress Rebecca.

He went back

to the living room and picked up the duster. Gary watched as the sissified male minced about the

room, taking tiny steps and bending at the waist to dust. Everything about the slut was hot.

Gary stroked his crotch as he allgled the new maid with the six inch fuckney heels, the seamed fishnet

stockings and the long gloves. He snapped his fingers. Over here a slut break time. With swaying hips,

arms held out, wrists limp, mouth open and his tongue licking his lips, Tina wiggled over to Gary.

Gary shook his head and laughed. You really are a fucking sissy faggot. His hands cupped his

crotch. Pull my pants down, slut, suck my cock. Oh yes, master, thank you, master. Tina's gloved

hands grabbed the waist of the gray sweatpants as Gary lifted off the couch. Tina pulled the

pants down to Gary's knees, noting he wore no underwear. See anything you like, slut? Huh?

Cockmaster, fizzy wav cock. Oh yeah? Gary picked up his phone. Show me how much you like it. Kiss it,

lick it. Tina took the cock in his gloved hands and stroked it before he leaned forward to plant

gentle, kitten-like kisses and licks to the head. Gary leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Yeah.

Yeah, yeah, more of that. Tina continued his sensuous cop foreplay, adding his own moans and amuse and verbalizations. He remembered Rebecca's advice. A lot of men

like a vocal slut,

one who talks dirty and shows how much she enjoys sucking a cock.

Mmm, mmm. Master of cock is so sexy. Sissy wants more, mmm, more cock. Gary lifted his head up and

turned on his phone. Do that again, slut. Tell me how much you want my cock. Tina looked up and did

his best to flutter his long, false lilashes. Mmm, mmm. Master of cock is so sexy. Sissy wants more,

mmm, more cock. Gary looked at the scene through the display on his phone. Put it in your mouth,

slut. Suck it. Tina made more mewling noises and opened wider to take more of Master Gary's cock

into his mouth. Gary continued to make the first of what would be many humiliating and degrading

videos of his new sissy made slut. More, more, deeper. He groaned. Rebecca and Shannon had extensively schooled Tina in the art of cock sucking, but this was his first real cock. Luckily Gary's cock was only average. The practice ones had been larger. Again, Rebecca's voice rang in his head. Like every man feel that his is the best cock you've ever had. Tina went all the way down and then backed off gasping. Oh, Master, your cock is so big, so sexy. He licked his lips and plunged down once more, staying in place and sucking. Yeah, oh yeah, shit, yeah motherfucker. Gary erupted into Tina's mouth, holding the phone with one hand. He clamped the other to Tina's head to hold the sissy in place. Tina gagged as his mouth filled with Gary's cum. Don't swallow slut, Gary ordered, not until your master commands it. Got it? Still pinned to Gary's cock, Tina merely nodded and batted his eyelashes. Gary panted. Okay, slowly back off, but keep your mouth open. Display your treat for me. Gary continued to record Tina's degradation. Tina backed off keeping his mouth open. Gary zoomed in for a close up and then back out. Like that slut. Like being my cock whore. Tina nodded. Yes, you're my slut, my whore, and you have to do what I say, right? Once more, Tina nodded. Yes, swallow. Gary laughed as he recorded Tina swallowing his load of cum. Who's your master, huh, slut? Who do you obey? Still on his knees, Tina bowed his head to the floor and then rose up. Sissy obeyed and served Matho Gary. That's right, slut. Bring me a snack and then go back to your cleaning. I'll summon you later when I want to fuck that sissy whore mouth again. Tina cleaned for another two hours. He was cleaning the first floor bedroom when he heard Gary talking to someone. He didn't hear the doorbell. Maybe he's on the phone? Gary's voice rang out. Slides, get in here. Tina glanced in the mirror, straightened his dress and apron and then hurried to master summons. Gary was holding up his phone, pointing it at Tina as the sissy entered the room. See what I tell ya, got my own sexy French maid. Tina heard a voice from the phone. No shit, is that for real or a joke? Come here, slut. Gary ordered, got my buddy Steve on Skype. Tell him who you serve. Tina Kurtzig. Sissy obeyed and served Matho Gary. Laughter came from the phone. Ha ha ha, what? That's the way it talks, Gary said. All Sissy and stuff. Said it obeys and serves me, Master Gary. This is my new slut house cleaner. Sucked my cock a while ago. No way! Steve said, way! Gary laughed. Tell him, slut. Tina fell to his knees. Yes, Fissy was Matho Cock though yummy. Sucked, swallowed everything, Gary said. I can make it suck my cock and lick my balls, whatever. Fuck man, Steve said. I get off at five. Yeah, Gary said, but this slut will be gone at 4.30. I'll let you know next time she's here. Cost you 20 a blow job though. Yeah, yeah, Steve said. I'm in, definitely in. Hey, slut, Gary said. Crawl over

here and suck my cock.

Show my bud what he's got to look forward to. Oh yes, Matho, thank you, Matho. Fissy Wavcock.

Steve cheered Gary on as he watched the sexy French maid suck Gary's cock and swallow his load.

At 4.30 Maureen came to pick up Tina. She looked at Gary. Everything go okay, no problems.

Went great, best maid service ever. Gary laughed. No problems. Maureen nodded and looked at Tina.

And you, Tina Kirti, if is Fissy's brother to serve. Maureen looked at Gary.

Its owner might be curious. Did it suck your cock? Gary smiled. Three times sucked and swallowed

like the perfect little maid slut. Okay then, Maureen said, same time next week.

For sure, Gary said. Can she wear the same outfit?

Don't see why not, Maureen said, although she has one in pretty pink.

Gary cocked his head. Yeah, pink, why not? Tina Kirti to Gary. Matho.

Chapter 12 Make yourself insignificant.

In addition to working for Maureen's maids, Tina's routine at home continued. Every morning,

Tina would dress as a maid and serve Mistress Shannon her breakfast in bed. The days were filled

with tasks and chores and now with a weekly cleaning session for Master Gary. He was always in chastity,

always in heels and his sissy pussy was almost always plugged.

Missed with Tina Kirti and placed the breakfast tray over Shannon's lap as she relaxed in bed.

You look so precious. Shannon held the phone. She was watching a video of Tina sucking Gary's cock.

Did Maureen sissy like that? Being a cock slut for a man looks like you did. Tina blushed and

nodded whispering, yes, Missed with. I'll be getting videos of all the slutty things my sissy does

if clients take pictures or video of you without shared with me. I put it on your pay-per-view website

and we split the money. They make money. I make money and you? Well, you'll simply be a sissy

slut cash cow. It's all yet another way you can earn money for me. She looked at his face,

the confusion and laughed. Yes, there will be a sissy Tina website so everyone, if they pay,

can enjoy your sorted sissy exploits. That is your function from now on. Serve me, obey me,

earn for me. She snapped her fingers. Bring the tray. Tina curtied and backed out of the room

only to quickly return holding a silver tray. The tray contained a white laced doily and a

selection of butt plugs. Part of Tina's daily routine was to present the selection to Mistress

Shannon each morning for her to choose which plug her sissy would wear for the rest of the day.

Shannon considered the selection. We did the big pink one yesterday, didn't we?

Tina nodded and curtied. Yes, missed with. It was the largest and flared out at the bottom and was

quite uncomfortable. Shannon smiled, remembering the way it made her sissy slut walk and grimace

with each tiny step of her fucking heels. Your pain, my pleasure. Does my sissy have a favorite?

She asked. Tina blushed again as he pointed a pink gloved hand to the black plug shaped like a cock.

Really? Shannon smiled. Does my sissy like black things in her pussy? Doesn't really matter if you like it or not. It's going to happen. Tina nodded. Yes. Feel good, Miss Smith. Shannon chuckled. Well, then my precious sissy, why don't you kneel here by my bed and give it a good sucking while I enjoy my breakfast. Go on, show me how my sissy sucks black cock. Tina placed the tray on the bedside table, took the black cock shaped butt plug and knelt beside the bed. Shannon sipped her coffee and smiled as she watched her sissy husband lick and suck the cock. That's it, whore. Suck that cock. When she was finished with her breakfast, she snapped her fingers. Okay, let's see if you've got it wet and hard enough to go in. You know, I'll expect you to prepare my lovers that way. Yes, Smith with. Tina rose to his feet and turned away from mistress. He lifted his dress and looked back over his shoulder at the goddess reposed in her bed. Go ahead, Shannon commanded. Feel that slut pussy. Tina gave the plug one last sloppy kiss and lick before spreading his ass cheeks and sliding the plug in. Yes, very nice. Shannon said, something black in my sissy's pussy suits her. Tina wiggled his bottom in response. Thank you, Smith with. She snapped her fingers. Take away these dishes and then prepare my shower. As usual, Tina was on his knees, warm towels in his outstretched arms when mistress Shannon stepped from her shower. He dried her feet and bottom, taking a moment to kiss mistress's feet before backing away. Shannon finished drying herself and dropped the towels on the floor. Stand up, she commanded. Tina stood, averting his eyes from the naked mistress Shannon. Mistress looked at her sissy. Tina in his six inch heels was now taller than the barefoot mistress Shannon. No, no, this won't do it all. Crouch down, she ordered. Tina crouched until they were eye level if he had been looking into her eyes. More, lower, she said. You should never be taller than me or any other woman, lower. Tina was now almost eye level with mistress's breasts, although he averted his eyes from those as well. Better? Maybe a bit lower? Shannon nodded her approval as Tina crouched more. Better? Remember to crouch and be lower than any woman. I don't care how high your heels are or how short the woman is. She must always look down on you. Yes, Missedwith. If the woman is seated, of course, you may stand, but the minute the woman stands, you must make yourself smaller, minimize yourself, and make yourself insignificant, because that's what you are. Yes, Missedwith. Go about your duties, start your daily cleaning. If I need something, I will summon you. She laughed as she watched her sissy curtsy and then walked from the room in his crouched form. Her mind began to consider new wardrobe enhancements to assist with her sissy's new crouched protocol. She thought of the wonderfully wicked clothing designs by the young Korean girl Grace and picked up her phone. Sissy Tina settled into a life of slavery and servitude, always dressed as a sissy,

always in heels, always made up, constant curtsying when in the presence of a superior, continually called out for lapses of performance, resulting in frequent punishment. Mistress Shannon enjoyed her collection of discipline instruments and added new ones as they caught her eye. Infractions were easy to come by. It never failed to delight her to see the anguish on the face of her sissy maid when Mistress pointed out the latest sissy fuck up. The standards were so many and set so high. Poor Sissy Tina had no choice but to fail daily. There was always something. Steps not tiny enough, walk not sissy enough, arms and wrists not limp and faggot enough, crooked stocking seams, sloppy curtsy, voice not sissy enough, failure to crouch sexy, dust on floor behind toilet seat, Mistress's panties not folded properly, toast not cut properly, gagging during cocksucking practice, lack of enthusiasm when inserting butt plug, not enough eye shadow, there always seemed to be something. The rules were endless and the best part was, Sissy Tina didn't even know the rules. There was nothing officially written down. Tina simply had to learn and absorb each object lesson and hoped to glean some kind of operating and behavior protocols from each demeaning experience. You don't need to know what the specific rules are. Shannon laughed one afternoon as she was caining Tina, only that you've broken them. Maybe you'll figure it out. She shrugged and hid him. Maybe not. Then again I can change the rules at any time. Throughout the day, Mistress Shannon would make her sissy changes butt plug, put on different outfits and heels, and change his makeup. Chaos and lack of routine kept her slut off balance and unable to focus just the way I like it. Mistress often made Tina wear her titty exposing uniforms so the slut's girly nipples would be on display. When the mood suited her, Mistress would make Tina wear the nipple adornment purchased from Tamara, often attaching the bell so she could hear her sissy's titty music as Tina went about his duties. When bored, Shannon would cuff Tina's hands behind his back and coat his nipples with the itching solution. She would laugh as her slut rubbed his tits on the door jams or writhed on the floor, rubbing his titties on the Berber carpet, seeking relief. Shannon recorded these incidents loading the videos onto Tina's sissy slut website. Two hundred subscribers as of yesterday, Shannon said, people seem to enjoy watching a wretched life in York suffering and humiliation. I've added a suggestion section where viewers can give me ideas on how to further humiliate you. Won't that be fun? Tina stopped sucking Mistress's toes to look up at his goddess and bat his long lashes. Oh, yes, Missed With. SHINEN PARKED THE CAR IN FRONT OF MISS PARK'S SHOP. She smiled as she watched her sissy mince into the shop. I love our little outings where I can expose you in public as the sissy

faggot you are. Today, Tina wore his pink wrap dress, long pink gloves, and pink fuckney heels. His blonde wig and long earrings gave him a trashy look exactly what Mistress Shannon desired. Grace looked up from her sewing machine as the doorbell rang. Hey sissy! She watched Shannon and Tina approach and noticed the way Tina crouched and wiggled forward on his stilettos. Grace smiled. I've got something gonna help you with that crouch slut and you're not gonna like it. Tina fell to his knees as Grace, Miss Park, and honorable grandmother all came forward. He shuffled forward on his hands and knees to kiss their feet. Grace laughed. Looks like white sissy sluts can be trained. Indeed they can! Shannon laughed and the lists of tasks seem endless. Grace kicked Tina with the toe over a black knee-high boot. Take your dress off sissy and get up on the platform. Got some new things for you to try on. Tina turned to kiss the toe of her boot. Yes, missed with Gwayze. He crawled to the platform and then stood and removed his dress. Miss Park stepped away and returned with several garments. I think you like very sexy, very tight. Shannon ran her hand over the pink spandex-hallbell dress. Yes, very nice, most exquisite. Grace took the pink dress from her mother. Let's do this one first. She approached Tina on the platform and chuckled as the sissy crouched to be shorter than the young Korean girl. She turned to smile at Shannon. Cute trick! The crouching is one of the many new things it's been taught, Shannon said. And it won't be the last. Grace snapped her fingers. Straighten up sissy, we need to fit this dress. I got something that will enhance your new crouch protocol, but that comes later. Tina wore a corset, seemed stockings, one of the bras that exposed his girly nipples, long pink gloves and his pink heels. His chastised clitty was clearly visible between his stocking legs. Grace turned and held out the dress so Mr. Shannon could get a good look at it. It's a sleeveless bondage and hobble dress. Grace explained. Heavy pink spandex we also have one in black. It goes from her neck almost to her ankles. She pointed to the black lace trimmed opening on the front. This hole is elasticized. You can pull her clitty through so it's on display. Excellent! Shannon purred. How absolutely wicked! Grace turned the dress exposing the back. Zipper's top and bottom hoop sewn in so you can secure with small padlocks if you like. She pointed to the shoulders. You'll notice there are no armholes. Her hand moved down to the dress's waist. We've moved those down here. Grace placed the dress over a chair and picked up a roll of plastic wrap. Arms at your side sissy, she commanded. Tina obeyed and held his upper arms against his sides. Grace began to wrap plastic around Tina's torso and between the bottom of his tits and his waist. After six wraps, she secured her work with duct tape. Move your arms, she

ordered.

The women laughed as Tina wiggled his arms from his elbows. My sissy has dinosaur arms.

Shannon laughed. She's a little sissy faggot T-rex. Grace held up the dress, the top, and bottom zippers already unzipped. Step in, she commanded. Put your arms through the openings of the waist.

Tina stepped into the dress and as he wiggled his lower arms through the holes, he felt Grace pulled into place on the top and bottom. Feet together. Grace commanded and started to zip the lower zipper closed as Tina brought his feet together. She moved to the top zipper and closed it.

Shannon shook her head and smiled at her sissy in the bondage hobble dress. Tina's gloved arms were sticking through the waist level. Black lace trimmed holes, reducing his arms to smile appendages.

His chastised clitty was also on display. She nodded her approval to Grace.

A most excellent design. Something bonded, something sissy, and something humiliating all at once.

Very clever. Grace picked up her riding crop and slapped Tina's bottom. Walk for Mr. Shannon.

Tina stepped down and shuffled around the platform being forced to take small, mincing steps due to the hobble dress. Stop! Turn around, Grace ordered, as she posed Tina with his bottom toward Shannon. She patted Tina's bottom. If you like so her sissy pussy is available,

I can put in a zipper here or another lace trimmed opening. Tina held his breath. Expose my pussy for, for what? I like it, Shannon said. Another lace trimmed opening, I think.

No problem, Ms. Park said. Two days we fixed this one and black one. She laughed. Better how you say, um, access? Yes, Shannon agreed. Much better access. Tina shivered.

Access? Access for what? Okay, sissy, let's get this off. Grace helped Tina out of the dress.

The bell over the door rang as Grace was putting the hobble dress on its hanger. Tina turned in horror to the door and in a show of sissy modesty tried covering his titties and clitty with his pink gloved hands. This task was made more difficult and hilarious by his upper

arms still being bound to his body. Grace glanced at the young woman walking in.

Hey girl,

hey yourself. The newcomer walked up to the group of women and pointed to Tina.

This her,

the sissy? It is, Grace said. She turned to Shannon. I hope you don't mind, but I invited my friend

Sarah today. She's been helping me with some of the designs. Lovely, Shannon extended her hand.

I'm Shannon. The sissy's owner. Are you in fashion? Sarah took Shannon's hand.

Nope. Grace is the one with the fashion sense. I'm more into machining and mechanics.

Shannon studied the newcomer. She may not be a designer, but she knew how to put together her own

look. Sarah was a tall, shapely redhead with green eyes, though not drop dead gorgeous. She

was attractive. She had to be nearly six, two in her fashionable six-inch platform pumps and

faux leather leggings that snaked up long, shapely legs. She wore red top and a black distressed

moto jacket with a plethora of zippers. Her long red hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

Sarah nodded at Tina, who was still trying to cover himself up. She's cute. Very girly.

Shannon chuckled. She's a work in progress. We've still a ways to go. She snapped her fingers.

Stand still, slut. Let Miss Sarah get a good look at you. Tina stood upright, hands at his side.

He blushed as the young woman's eyes roamed over him. A work in progress. What does that mean?

What is Mr. Scwing to do with me? Sarah and I have been considering the crouch thing.

Grace held up a set of leather ankle cuffs. These are your typical leather off-the-shelf ankle restraints. We've made some enhancements. Grace pointed to the pink lace trim. We've added the pink lace because, well, you know, sissy. And these chains go under the high heel and also around the ankle, locking the heels on. She turned to give Tina an evil smile. So your sissy is locked in her high heels for as long as you want. Shannon nodded. Quite diabolical. I do approve.

Please continue. There are three hobble chains, Sarah said, that can connect between the ankle restraints. So if the slut isn't wearing a hobble dress or skirt, she can still be hobbled and trained to take the smallest steps. We offer eight inch, six inch, and four inch chains.

What do you think of that sissy? Shannon glared at Tina, ready to spend the rest of your life confined to tiny mincing steps in the highest of heels. Tina nodded slowly. Yes, uh, mith duhith. Shannon laughed and shrugged.

Not like you really have a choice. Grace and Sarah closed in on Tina, each bending down to attach an ankle restraint. Sarah held up the six inch chain. We'll do this one for now. You attach it here where the locks secure the chains that lock the shoes on. One lock per ankle lock the shoe on and also secures the hobble chain. Efficient, Shannon said. I like that. Grace swatted Tina's bottom with her crop. Walk for a sissy. Walk around the room. Tina made his way around the room careful of his newly shortened stride. He began to walk around the shop. His gloved arms held up as much as they could be while still secured to his body. His wrists were limp.

Wow. Sarah shook her head. That is one pathetic sissy. Yes, Shannon agreed it is. Over here, slut. Grace ordered back up on the platform. We have two crouch enhancements. Sarah held up a piece of chain. Here, Grace handed Sarah a pair of latex gloves. I wouldn't want to touch that thing. Yeah. Sarah chuckled as she pulled on the gloves. Probably best if it never felt the touch of a woman's skin again. She slapped Tina's chastity device with her gloved hand. Look at it. So fucking tiny, useless. Shannon smiled to see her sissy husband being humiliated by these two young women.

It won't be the last time slut. Your life is going to be one of continuous

humiliation. Sarah knelt down and started to pull on Tina's balls. This chain fastens around the balls, at least for now. My dad and my brothers have a custom bike shop build motorcycles. I grew up around it and can operate all the machinery, lathes and stuff. I'm designing and fabricating a ball collar. It will lock on and have a locking attachment for the chain. But for now, we'll use just the chain. She pulled on Tina's sissy balls, stretching them out to fasten the chain tight around the base of the balls. Sarah yanked on the chain, forcing Tina into his crouch. See, the chain will have fastening adjustments so you can create whatever level of sissy crouch you desire. She fastened the chain to the hobble chain between Tina's ankles. Yes. Yes, I like it. Shannon said. Poor thing has her heels locked on and is hobbled and forced into crouch, so she's shorter than everyone. Most excellent. Walk for us sissy. Sarah and Grace helped Tina down from the platform, and he now walked around the shop. His upper arm still secured to his sides. His six inch fucking heels locked on his feet and now pulled down into a crouch by the chain from his balls to his ankles. The women all laughed as the sissy made his way clumsily around the shop. Try to stand up sissy. Shannon said, I want to see what happens. Tina took a deep breath, stopped walking and slowly tried to stand up. He felt the chain grow taut and start to pull and then stop. Stand up, slut. Shannon commanded. Tina rose further and whimpered as he felt his balls being pulled. It simply made the women laugh more at his predicament bondage. Oh my God, Shannon laughed. Imagine a year or two of that. The poor thing may actually forget how to walk upright. She turned to Sarah. You said you had two enhancements? Back up here sissy. Grace ordered Tina back to the modeling platform. Sarah brought forth a piece of elastic, a bungee cord. She knelt before Tina and slapped his balls. Crouch down, slut. Tina did. Sarah took the chain in her hand, which was now slack. This works to prevent the sissy from rising above a certain level, but does nothing if they crouch below a certain level. It simply slack. She removed the chain and replaced it with the bungee cord. Now, this always has tension. The sissy can crouch lower to relieve some of the tension, but not all. And as the cords come in many different resistances and lengths, well, you can create whatever kind of sissy crouch hell you desire. Shannon narrowed her eyes as she smiled. Diabolical. Sarah continued. If the sissy is like, let's say, dusting a high shelf, she can still stretch that cord. Of course it pulls on those sissy balls, but she shrugged. Nobody ever said life would be easy for a sissy. Shannon made a circling motion with her right index finger. And you can create or fabricate all of this, Sarah nodded. Yeah, just tell me what you want. I do like both ideas, the chain and the cords. Shannon said, Oh, and that ball collar device?

Sure, Sarah said, Grace and I will need to take some measurements. Shannon settled the bill for the hobble dresses with Ms. Park, while Sarah and Grace took measurements for more bondage accessories for sissy Tina. When they were finished, Tina's arms were freed from the upper body bondage, but he was not allowed to put his dress on. We have all the measurements, Grace said. Sarah will start work tomorrow. I noticed some hairs around Tina's clitty. Shouldn't a sissy be smooth? Absolutely. Shannon replied. My slut must be getting sloppy, sissy still has to make sexy for honorable grandmother. Perhaps you and Sarah would like to pull out those hairs while sissy services grandmother? The two young women smiled. Awesome. Tina crawled to the back of the shop where grandmother was seated in her favorite chair, her naked bottom exposed and waiting. Sarah with the crop and Grace with the king taunted him. Bad sloppy sissy. Grace said as she beat him, sissies don't have clitty hairs. Yes, slut. Sarah added along with her own strokes. We're gonna pull him out while you eat grandma's ass. The evil young women positioned Tina on his back, his head on the chair cushion as honorable grandmother settled into place on her white sissy face seat. Miss Park and Shannon enjoyed coffee as Tina serviced grandmother's ass. Meanwhile, Grace and Sarah searched for and plucked out every hair they could find dropping each hair into a dish so they could feed it to the sissy slave after grandmother made sexy all over his face.

Chapter 13. The Sluts Here. Shannon fussed with the large pink bow and Tina's blonde wig. I want my sissy to look nice. I understand Gary's mother Peggy will be back at home today. Maureen said they were looking forward to having you come over and clean. She also said they have some special surprises in store for you. Is my sissy excited? She brushed her hand over Tina's breasts. Hmm? Tina curttied as best he could with the hobble chain in place. Oh yes, miffed with. Shannon stepped back to get a good look at her sissy hubby. Today Tina wore his pink sissy maid uniform. It was scandalously short with billowing clouds of white pedicotes holding the skirt nearly horizontal. Sissy Tina's stocking tops and the 12 garter straps from the rigid steel-boned corset were clearly visible. Short, capped sleeves were trimmed in white lace and long pink gloves snaked up his arms almost to the short sleeves. You are white seam stockings with pink seams and his feet were shod in his pink six-inch fuckney heels. Mr. Shannon lifted the front of his pedicotes to look at the chastity device. It was decorated today with a bow of pink satin. She shook her head. It's so tiny. I can't wait until we get your new chastity device. It's going to be fun to see how small and insignificant we can make it. She laughed. Tynier and tynier and simply a little nubbin.

She looked down at her sissy. Tina was in his crouch position with his new metal sissy ball collar attached to a bungee cord that went to the hobble chain around his ankles. Each ankle was secured with the pink leather and white lace trimmed cuff that was locked on. Tina would be forced to take tiny eight-inch steps all day and work from a crouch position while the elastic cord constantly pulled on his balls. Shannon smiled. Your first day working in your crouch and hobble chain and corset poor baby it's going to be a long day for you. Remind me again whose idea was it to dress and to be a sissy maid? This what with with. Tina gave an awkward curtsy in his bondage. Yes, well then you asked for it begged for it so now you'll simply have to deal with it because I rather like the way this is turning out. You make money for me as a maid and online slut you wait on me hand and foot and I always get what I want. She laughed. What's not to like? She snapped her fingers. Plug. Tina shuffled on his heels to turn his back to mistress. He bent over and lifted his petticoats to display the black butt plug. Shannon nodded her approval. My sissy does look good when her pussy is filled with something black. If you only knew what kind of black things are in your future my little whore let's see how much money you can earn as a sissy fuck slut. Look up! Shannon commanded. Tina looked up but averted his eyes from those of the superior mistress. Shannon inspected his makeup. Lots of eyeliner, long false eyelashes, blue sparkle eyes shadow and pink lips. A pink and white lace collar encircled his neck. Looks as if my slut is ready for another day of maid service or should I say sissy maid service? You have your bag. Tina used a limp risted gloved hand to point to a pink tote bag. It contained many of the things he might need in his day of sissy maid slut work. Condoms makeup, plastic zip lock bags to hold his butt plug, two more butt plugs to offer clients a selection and pink latex gloves for doing chores with cleaning products. The doorbell rang. That must be Maureen, Shannon said. Off you go sissy. Earn money for mistress. That's your life now. Gary's mother is here today. Maureen said as she parked the van outside the house. Her name is Peggy, but she'll figure out what she wants to be called. Gary told her all about you. I understand she is quite intrigued. Nothing has changed. You clean their house and do whatever else they want. Whatever. Understand? Yes, Miss Maureen. I'll be back at 4.30. Go to work slut. Yes, Miss Smith. Maureen laughed as she watched the feminized sissy maid mince up the walk in his hobbled stilettos. Gonna be a long day for you, slut. When Tina knocked on the door, it was answered by Gary, wearing his usual sweatpants and action hero t-shirt. Gary leered at Tina's eyes, roamed up and down her body. Damn slut, that's a lot of

pink. You really look like a sissy today. Tina's response was to smile and do the best curtsy possible in his hobbled chains. Bather. Gary laughed as he looked back over his shoulder into the house.

Hey, mom, the slut's here. We'll bring her in here and let me get a good look at her. Peggy called out. Gary stepped aside. Come on, slut. You need to meet mom and then get to work.

Yes, master. Tina whispered as he wiggled by on his six-inch fucking heels. Tina minced into the living room. He crouched as he walked, his sissy balls stretched by the bungee cord that affixed them to his ankle hobbles. He could stand, but it stretched his balls and was very uncomfortable.

His ankle hobbles forced him into tiny steps. He saw the mistress of the house as he entered the room. She sat in a large leather recliner and wore a simple blue print house dress and worn mules with stocky heels. She appeared to be a stout and powerful woman, perhaps five-seven, with thick thighs and waist. Her graying salt and pepper hair was styled. She had a round face and a dark eyes that seemed to hold no compassion for sissy maids. The crouching, mincing sissy in pink elicited laughter from the large woman in the chair.

Ha ha ha ha. Shit, in you a sight. My boy showed me the pictures and videos he took. She shook her head, but to see it for real. Tina curtsy'd. Missed with? The lisping sissy maid, the woman, laugh again. Ha! Looks like a sissy, moves like a sissy, and talks like a damn sissy. She shrugged. You must be a sissy. Tina acknowledged the remarks with another curtsy. Missed with? Peggy, the woman said. My name is Peggy, not that you'll ever use it. I'm gonna call you sissy. Or whore. You'll answer to either one. You'll call me goddess mommy, because I'm a goddess to you and you'll worship you like one. And mommy, because you're gonna be my little girl, the girl I'm gonna make into a whore. Tina fell to his knees and crawled forward to kiss her feet.

Goddess mommy. Goddess Peggy wore a pair of worn slides with one-inch wood platforms and stocky three-inch heels. Tina inhaled the scent of her feet as he kissed the toes that poked through the peep toe. Ha ha. Yeah, goddess mommy. I like that. I like the crawling and groveling too. You'll be doing plenty of that. Gonna have you doing some foot worship later. Stand up and let me get a good look at you. Tina stood and held out his arms in a limp wrist sissy faggot manner. Gary was recording the first meeting with goddess mommy Peggy. It would become another video for a sissy Tina's online website that would earn a commission for Peggy and her son Gary.

Lift up your dress, Peggy commanded. Tina lifted his dress, exposing his garter straps, stocking tops, and chastity device. See mama? Gary said. That's her clitty. The sissy clitty and it's all locked up. She never has sex or an erection or nothing. Peggy chuckled. I've seen sissy's and faggots in my time. We used to call him girly boys or Nancy boys, but that's the first locked up clitty

I've ever seen.

Maureen told us all about you. Told us how your wife has made you her sissy and is hiring you out to earn money from cleaning houses and how she also makes money by selling videos and pictures of

you. Guess that makes you a whore. Also heard how you've been getting yourself some old Korean

ass and pussy. She laughed. Ha ha ha. That must be something to see. They have to check out that

video myself and I intend to get some of that pussy and ask for a ship as well.

Never had

anyone let alone a sissy tongue my asshole and I'm looking forward to it. She snapped her fingers.

Back on your knees sissy. She smiled as Tina fell to his knees.

See ma it has to do whatever we say. Gary continued to record Tina's introduction to goddess mommy.

It's our slave. Peggy rose from her chair, stepped forward and lifted the house dress she wore.

Look at that sissy. Get a real close look. Tina leaned forward, his eyes growing wide as he looked

at the hairiest pussy he had ever seen. Frank did his experience with women had been limited but

goddess mommy's pussy was hairier than anything he'd ever seen in real life or on the web.

He breathed deep inhaling her musky scent. He felt the mass of curly hairs tickle his nose.

Peggy laughed. Ha ha. Does my whore like that? Mmm. All natural. All mine since day one. There's

some men who really like that. Tina nodded his head feeling the hairs rub against his face.

If beautiful goddess mommy. Peggy pushed her hips forward rubbing her hairy mound into Tina's face.

I know your wife has put hers off limits to you. Her pussy is for men, men with cocks not sissy

faggots but I'll let you look at mine. Go on. Give it a kiss. Tina pushed his lips into the mass

of hairs and gave a gentle kiss. Peggy backed away and let her dress drop. That's enough for now,

whore. You got clean and to do. First, get me more coffee and then get busy with your maid work.

She raised her right arm exposing a hairy armpit. Give it a kiss, whore, but you never kissed a

hairy armpit. Tina rose and leaned in to kiss her right armpit. Thank you, goddess mommy.

Peggy raised her left arm. Give this one a nice lick. Tina moved to the other arm and licked the

hairy pit, tasting goddess mommy sweat. Thank you, goddess mommy. Peggy laughed.

God, you are

fucking pathetic. She waved Tina away. Get to work, whore. Tina worked upstairs for two hours

cleaning the bathrooms and bedrooms. His work was now more difficult with the ankle hobble chains and crouching cord. When he had to stand to clean something high, the cord pulled

on his balls. The new predicament bondage constantly reminded him of his submissive state, not that

it was really necessary. When he heard the serving bell, he took a moment to straighten his wig

and check himself in the mirror before making his way downstairs. Tina minced to Peggy and curtsy.

God, is mommy. She looked at the sissy maid and smirked. Kind and nice having a slave to wait on me hand and foot. I need more coffee. Check on my boy in the family room and see if he needs anything.

God, is mommy. Tina curtsy'd. Wait, Peggy said. She lifted her right arm. Worship that armpit, whore.

Make love to it with your lips and tongue. Show me how much you enjoy being my armpit slut.

Tina minced forward and leaned in, kissing and licking the armpit. Peggy sighed and shook her head.

Ah, more feel and slut. I need to feel how much you love, be in my armpit whore.

Tina redoubled his efforts, licking and kissing the hairy armpit with more passion. He tasted her sweat and smelled her body odor, but rather than repel him, it seemed to excite him. I must be goddess mommy's armpit whore.

Sissy Tina must serve, please and obey. She closed her arm, forcing the sissy's face out of the way,

as she raised her other arm. Do you the other one whore? Lots of love. Tina repeated his armpit

harder, lavishing love on the sweaty and hairy armpit. Okay, Peggy lowered her arm. That's all for now,

but you're gonna be doing that a lot. I like it. And I'm looking forward to having that sissy whore tongue in my pussy and ass before you leave today. Excited about that? Tina curtied.

Oh, yes, goddess mommy. Peggy snapped her fingers and lifted her feet, flexing them and pointing to

her wooden clogs. Before you go, get down on your knees and lick those soles clean. She laughed as

she watched Tina fall to his knees and begin to make sensuous licks to the soles of her wooden clogs.

Shit, you really are a sissy slave. You'll do whatever I tell you, won't you? Tina paused long

enough to look up and flutter his long false lashes. Oh, yes, goddess mommy. Peggy put a shoe in Tina's

face and pushed him away. Go check on my boy and get my coffee. Tina rose and curtied. Yes, goddess

mommy. He backed away, performed a second curtsy and then back from the room. He found master Gary in

the family room playing a video game. Math, tina curtied. Hey, slight. Gary didn't take his eyes off the

TV. Bring me an orange soda and some chips. Tina curtied. Math, turd. Gary continued. My friend Steve is

getting off work early to come over here so you can suck his cock. He's paid me \$20 so make it good.

He wants to be called master Steve and you need to obey him just like you do me and mom. He paused

his game and turned to look at the pink sissy maid before him. You do want to be my cawcore and

to make money for me. Don't you? Tina curtied. Oh, yes, master. Gary waved Tina away. Get my snack.

Chapter 14 Still got a lick my ass. Tina finally finished cleaning upstairs and was now cleaning the

downstairs bathroom when the bell rang once more. He hurried to the mistress of the house and curtied.

Godeth mommy. Peggy handed Tina a \$20 bill. I ordered lunch. Guy should be here in a few minutes. Answer the

door and get our lunch. Time to keep the change. Tina curtied. Yes, Godeth mommy.

He took the bill and
mince to the front door to wait. Five minutes later, Tina heard a car in the
driveway, footsteps, and
then the doorbell. He took a deep breath and opened the door. The young delivery
girl's eyes went wide
as she looked at the creature standing before her in the pink dress, fuck me heels
and ankle chains.
Tina extended his pink gloved hand with a \$20 bill and the girl handed him the sack
with the sandwiches.
The girl shook her head. What? Who are you? Never seen you here. Tina curttied.
Fizzy made Tina.
The girl laughed. You're made. You clean their house. Tina nodded and curttied
again.
Yes, missed with. His face was red with shame and being publicly exposed and
humiliated.
The young woman cocked her head and leaned down a bit to look at Tina's chastity
device. She shrugged.
Guess you are a sissy. She shrugged. Whatever. She smiled as she pocketed the bill.
Cute shoes.
She laughed all the way back to her car. Tina turned and went back into the house.
Slut. Peggy yelled. Put those sandwiches on plates, cut them in half and bring me
some iced tea. Another
orange soda. Gary yelled. Tina went to the kitchen and prepared lunch for goddess
mommy and master
Gary. He carried the sandwiches and drinks in on a large serving tray and bent at
the waist,
offering mistress and master their lunch. For Tina though, there seemed to be no
lunch.
Why don't you practice your dance for us while we eat? Peggy said. Tina curttied.
Goddess mommy. Dance? Yeah. Peggy laughed. I think when Gary's friend Steve gets
here,
you should do a sexy dance, you know, to help him get all turned on before they
make you their
slut whore. Oh yeah. Yeah. Gary set down his lunch, picked up his phone and
streamed a funky tune to
the stereo. Come on, slut, dance sexy. Gary switched his phone to video to record
Tina's latest
humiliation. Tina began to dance and do a sexy bump and grind to the music, but it
wasn't easy,
being laced into a strict metal-boned corset and wearing six-inch heels with ankle
chain hobbles.
And the elastic crouching cord, he wiggled and shimmyed as best he could in his
bondage and even tried
to strut. Play with yourself, Gary said. Make it sexy. Tina ran his gloved hands up
and down the
sides of his corset. He then turned, bent at the waist, raised his short dress and
began running
his hands all over his bottom. Still bent at the waist, he turned back around and
began to rub his
titties. Tina opened his mouth and licked his lips as his gloved fingers began
pinching and
twisting his nipples. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Gary continued to record the video. Show
off that
clitty. Tina's hands moved down. He used one hand to lift the front of his dress
and the other began
to fondle his chastised sissy clit and sissy balls. Peggy laughed so hard she spit
out her potato
chips. God, you are a little whore. But you can't wait to get some cock this
afternoon, huh?

Tina continued to wiggle and squirm and play with himself.
Oh yes, goddess mummy. Fiffy was cock. Mmm. Yummy. He licked his lips. They made Tina dance all through lunch. When they were finished, they sent their sissy maid back to the kitchen to do the dishes and put them away. When Tina returned to the living room, Peggy had her legs up on a foot stool with her feet hanging free and exposed. She snapped her fingers. Over here, sled, need you to work on my feet. Tina curtsied. Yes, goddess mummy. And walked to Peggy, stopping and kneeling before her feet. Lick them shoes clean again before you start. Peggy ordered. Tina leaned forward and began to lick the soles of her wooden clogs clean. Peggy laughed. I like having my own foot slave. Gonna come in real handy when it rains or in the winter or when I've been working out in the garden. Just snap my fingers and my footwork rolls into place and licks my shoes clean. She glared down at the kneeling and licking Tina. Ain't that right shoe whore? Tina nodded. Oh, yes, goddess mummy. Fizzy love goddess mommy feet. She wiggled her right foot. Suck the heel clean. Get it all the way in your mouth like you're giving my shoe a blow job. Really suck it. Tina did. Glad it was only a three inch heel. Still, it was a bit stocky and he had to open wide. Standing above was Gary, again, recording Tina's humiliation. Peggy used her free foot to kick Tina. Do the other shoe whore. She looked at Gary, smiled and then looked back down at Tina. All these pictures and video are gonna go to your wife. I hear she puts them on a website. People paid to download them and we get a commission from that. Right now I'm paying to have you come here and clean and be our sissy whore. But my plan is to record enough disgusting little sissy pervert videos that we end up making money off of you. Shit. Pretty soon in effect you'll actually be paying us. Wifey gets money. We get money. You get shit. A slut who fucks around and gets paid for it as a prostitute. A slut who fucks around for free. Well, that just makes you a whore. Our little sissy made money whore. Tina nodded. Yes, goddess mummy. I am a whore. Their whore. Mistress Shannon's whore. Everybody's whore. Peggy pushed him away again. That's enough of that for now. But licking my shoes clean is gonna be one of your duties. She pointed to a wicker basket by her chair. There's stuff in this basket for working on my feet. Files, creams, that kind of stuff. But that piece of plastic down on the floor. Yes, goddess mummy. Tina took out the piece of black plastic, unfolded it, and placed it beneath Peggy's feet. Start with foot worship. A nice foot rub and massage, Peggy said. Kiss my feet, lick between the toes and suck each toe clean. Yes, goddess mummy. Peggy relaxed back in her chair and chuckled. Goddess mummy, I like that. And your mommy's little girl, her little whore. Tina

massaged, kissed,
and licked Peggy's feet. They were rough in places. Clearly Peggy wasn't a woman
who spent a lot of
time on foot maintenance. Tina licked between each toe and sucked the toes, trying
his best to give
the dominant goddess mummy the pleasure she deserved. Peggy used her foot to push
Tina back.
That's enough of that slut. Get out that file and get to work on my feet. Make him
nice and smooth
and sexy. Oh yes, goddess mummy. Thank you, goddess mummy. Gary was recording it
all on video.
God, mama, she really is a slut. She has to do whatever we say. Peggy laughed.
That's good for us,
bad for her. But it's not like I give a shit about this little slut. Seems to me
she's getting
exactly what she wants. Tina went to work with the file, cleaning the rough edges
from Peggy's
heels and other places on her feet. A shower of dead white skin cells fell from
goddess mummy's
feet to the black plastic below. Peggy looked at her son and they both shared a
smile. It took Tina
nearly 15 minutes to clean up Mr. Peggy's feet with the file. In the end, they were
nice and smooth.
Peggy nodded. Not bad, you know, like having you around slut. Now clean my feet up.
Tina looked
to the basket for a towel. With your tongue whore, Peggy yelled, lick my feet clean
and that plastic
too. Tina looked at Peggy's feet and the plastic below. Both were covered in the
tiny white debris
of the file work. Come on, Peggy wiggled her foot in front of Tina's face. I'd
think you'd be happy
about having the old dead skin for my feet in that sissy tummy. Tina sighed. Oh,
yes, goddess mummy.
Thank you, goddess mummy. Gary and Peggy laughed as they watched Tina
lap up all the skin debris from the black plastic and then turn his attention to
Peggy's feet.
Damn, mama. She's doing it. Licking up all the dead skin from your feet. Gross.
Gary watched it all on his phone as he recorded yet a new humiliation for Tina.
Make it sexy. Peggy teased. Show me how much you love being my foot whore. Tina
moaned,
whimpered and batted his eyelashes while he licked Peggy's feet clean, once again
sucking on each
toe and licking between each toes. That's my good sissy. Peggy said, shit, we don't
even have to
feed you real food. Just spunk and foot skin. She laughed. It's the new sissy whore
diet.
She pushed Tina away again. Okay, now put lotion on him and get back to house
cleaning.
Gary's friend is going to be here later and I want to watch them sissy cocks
sucking.
Tina was released back to his cleaning duties after giving Peggy's feet a final
massage
with the moisturizing lotion. Two hours later, Tina was once again summoned by the
bell.
Someone's at the door, Peggy said, as Tina minced into the room. Tina curtied and
wiggled off to
answer the door. Gary and his mother shared a smile. They knew it was Steve. It
would be yet
another dose of humiliation for their sissy maid slept. Tina opened the door and

curtsy to the visitor. Thir. Fucking aye. Steve shook his head. Gary does have a sissy maid. Tina stepped aside, curtied and waved his gloved arm, welcoming the new master into the house. Matthew Kehoe is in the living room. Steve shook his head, not understanding it all.

Yeah, whatever. He pointed up the hallway. Go on, I want to watch you walk in those fucking heels.

Tina gave another curtsy. Master. And turned to walk away. Steve walked behind. His eyes on the fucking stilettos seemed stockings and short dress. Tina entered the living room, curtied, and then waited for his next command.

Dude! Steve walked over to Gary. Man, you are serious! You do have a sissy maid, and she likes

suck your cock? Hell yeah, Gary said. Yours too got the money. Steve reached into his front pocket

and pulled out a crumpled twenty, handing it to Gary who pocketed the bill. Tina looked on.

He took a good look at Master Steve. Tall, thin, spiky blonde hair, piercings in each ear and above each eye. He wore blue jeans and a heavy metal rock band t-shirt. The new master leered at Tina

as he handed Gary the money. Master, Gary is pimping me out. I'm his whore. Gary snapped his fingers.

Slut, go get us a soda and then come back here and do a sexy dance for us. Tina curtied,

master, and wiggled off to the kitchen. Gary and Steve took seats on the sofa.

Fuck man, Steve shook his head. The way he, she, it, fuck whatever, walks with those high heels and

that short chain and stuff. Yeah, Gary said, and it also has a bungee cord that goes up to its balls.

It has to crouch down and be shorter than everyone when anyone is standing. Steve rolled his eyes.

Fuckin' any wicked. Damn, that's gotta hurt doing that in them heels all day.

Hey, Gary shrugged. Hey, it's a sissy slut. It has to put up with that shit. It has to do what we say.

Tina returned, carrying their sodas on a tray. Once again, Gary streamed a sexy bump and grind

from his phone to the stereo. Dance, Slut, show my friend what a whore you are.

Yes, master. Tina started dancing to the music, moving and rotating his hips, touching his breasts

and licking his lips. He moved closer, and when he was right in front of the young masters,

he turned and thrust out his bottom, giving them a good look at his garters, stocking tops,

and butt plug. Ah, shit, man. Steve slapped his leg. This is fucking hot.

Across the room, Mistress Peggy was recording it all on video. Gary snapped his fingers.

Okay, Slut, on your knees, suck our cocks. Tina fell to his knees between the two young masters.

He reached out with each hand to undo their belts and pull down their jeans.

Neither was wearing

underwear and their cocks immediately sprang to life. Tina grabbed a cock with each gloved hand

and immediately began to move back and forth between the cocks, kissing the head of one and

then the other, licking each in turn and then taking the head into his mouth, sucking on it,

getting ready for further penetration.
Daaaaaaay! Steve shook his head, watching Tina go back and forth between the cocks. She really is a cock-hungry whore. Yeah! Gary grabbed Tina's head and held it down on his cock.
Yeah, she likes cock, don't you whore. He released his grip and Tina's head came up.
Oh yes, master, thippy was cock. Steve laughed and nodded his head, yes. Sissy loves cock.
Yeah, now I'm getting it. Gary slapped Tina's head. Okay, Slut, get my friend off and be sure
and swallow and then do me. Tina shuffled on his knees between Steve's outstretched legs.
He looked up at the young master and batted his long fall slashes.
Math, Derr. Steve shook his head in amazement. Damn, dude, you got it fucking made. She comes
over every week. Yeah! Gary laughed. He was now recording Steve's blowjob by Sissy Slut, Tina.
And every week I'm going to think of more things to do to it, right, mama? Peggy laughed.
Yeah, I think the little whore is in for lots of surprises.
Tina went to work on Steve's cock, first kissing and licking it, making it easier to suck. Sissy
Slut, Tina then opened his mouth and descended on the cock. It was long before Steve was moaning.
Yes, suck me, you fucking slut. Suck my cock. Steve erupted and shot his load into Tina's waiting
mouth. Swallow that, Slut, he growled. Gary moved in with his phone recording the scene.
Tina turned to Gary, opening his mouth to display the money shot of Steve's cum. Yeah, Gary said. He liked that don't you slut. Being a cum dump suckin' cocks. Tina nodded and
batted his eyelashes as he swallowed. Oh yes, I'm after Gary. Fiffy wove cummies. Crawl over here, Sissy, Peggy ordered. About time I got me some of this sissy
action.
She spread her legs and lifted her dress as Tina crawled forth. He was again confronted with the
hairiest pussy he'd ever seen. Go on, Peggy said. Get in there and show me how a sissy bitch
worships a woman's pussy. She nodded to her son to keep recording. Gary's gonna make a nice video
of you eatin' my pussy so you can make some money for us. Tina had his face between God
as Peggy's legs. He nuzzled the hairiest slit. The hair is scratching his face as he inhaled her
sweat and musk. Get that tongue busy, Slut. Peggy said, need you to get me off. Then you're gonna suck
my boy's cock and get him off and then you're gonna tug my asshole. I've been looking forward
to that. Heard all about how you lick that old Korean woman's ass crack. I have a feeling there's
gonna be a lot of ass cracks in your life. She wiggled down in her chair and opened her legs further.
Come on, really get in there. Let me feel the love. Tina was lost in a world of thick thighs,
pubic hair, sweat, and sex. When God as Peggy came, she clamped her thighs around the sissy's face
and wrote it hard until she was satisfied. Look it up, Slut. She groaned. Ugh, lick me clean.
Tina did, trying to catch his breath between licks. His face was red, his mouth,

lips, and
tongue sore. Me next came the voice from behind. You gotta suck my cock next. Gary
said as he
handed his phone to Steve. Go on, or, Peggy said, do my boy. Show us all what a
whore you are.
Gary already had his cock in his hand as Tina crawled before the young master.
May sissy please suck master Gary's cock. Steve laughed as he recorded it all with
Gary's phone.
Look at that dude. She even begs to suck your cock. This is so fucking hot. Gary
laughed as he
used his cock to bitch slap the kneeling sissy. You like this cock, Slut, huh? Oh
yes, master.
Master cocks so yummy sissy suck please. Gary laughed. Maybe, maybe lick my balls
first. Show me
what little ball bitch you are. Tina leaned down and craned his neck to lick Gary's
balls.
Mmm, mmm, sissy. Wove the master's balls. Then put him in your mouth, Slut, both of
them. Show
me your hungry for my balls. Tina licked Gary's balls and then licked his own lips
before opening
his mouth wide, ready to pleasure another cock. Steve was crouching down, recording
it all,
yet another humiliating episode to be broadcast to earn everyone money from the
degradation of
sissy Slut or Tina. Tina fought back the urge to choke but got the second ball
slipped into his
mouth. Steve laughed. Damn, the Slut did it. Suck my balls whore. Master Gary
ordered.
Tina tried to calm himself by breathing through his nose while his cheeks worked to
suck master's
balls. Fuck, Steve said. Man, you got yourself a real cock sucking pussy eating
ball sucking whore.
Still gotta lick my ass, Peggy reminded.
Okay, Slut, Gary said. That's enough. Suck my cock. Tina did his best to disengage
from the balls
in a delicate manner and without gagging. Clean him up, Gary ordered. Wipe my balls
on your face.
Everyone laughed at the sight of Sissy Tina, wiping Master Gary's balls all over
the Sissy's face.
Once more, Gary bitch slapped Tina with his cock. Suck it whore. Tina was feeling
used up by now.
First Steve then got his mommy and now Master Gary and Peggy was still waiting for
her first
ass worship session. Gary used his cock to poke Tina in the eye. Suck the cock
whore. Tina summoned
what he hoped were not his last reserves of energy as he attacked Gary's cock. He
licked and kissed
the cock and watched it grow hard before Gary put his hand behind Tina's head and
shoved his cock
in the Sissy's mouth. Sometimes what Sissy's need is a good face fucking, Gary
said. He pounded
his cock into Tina's mouth. Like that, like being my cock whore? Tina tried to bat
his eyelashes and
mumble something that would be taken for a yes. As with Steve, it didn't take Gary
long to blow
his load into Tina's waiting Sissy mouth. Again, Tina posed for the money shot with
Steve moving
in to get a video close up of Tina's open, commie-filled mouth. It's the slut diet.
Gary laughed,

spunk and pussy juice just went all Sissy's need. And now it's time for dessert, Peggy said.

She was on her knees in her favorite chair facing the back and with her legs spread.

C'mon, slut, never had my ass tung'd, looking forward to it.

Tina finished swallowing Gary's spunk and used his tongue to lick Gary's cock clean.

He then crawled to Peggy and knelt between her legs, her large bottom and ass crack were in front of

his face. C'mon, slut. Peggy laughed. Show me how you ate that old Asian woman's ass, but today

you'll be dining American. Gary was now doing the video and moved in as Tina leaned forward

to place a kiss on Peggy's puckered opening.

That's nice, slut. Peggy said, make it sexy and seductive, some foreplay. I want you to make

loved my ass with that sissy tongue of yours. Tina placed tender kisses on and around Peggy's

asshole. He licked up and down her ass crack and flicked his tongue over the opening. In turn,

Peggy wiggled her bottom in his face. Yes, sissy, I like that. More, more.

Fuck man, Steve said. That slut is going to eat your mom's asshole. Tina now put his mouth

over Peggy's opening and gave it a long, sexy French kiss with lots of tongue. Peggy moaned.

Yeah, yeah, you're going to be doing this a lot. Stick it in. Fuck my ass with your tongue.

Tina used his gloved hands to spread Peggy's bottom and then leaned in, probing her whole

with his tongue. Peggy let her head fall into the cushion of the chair as she moved her bottom back.

Yeah, that's it. That's it. Fuck my ass, whore.

Tina did, using his last energy reserves to pleasure goddess Peggy. While the two young

masters had been rather quick in their sexual release, Peggy, as an older woman, seemed to be

able to pace herself. She obviously wanted to make it last.

Come on, whore, she said. Don't be slackin' off. I need to feel the love you have for my ass.

Tina's neck, mouth, and lips were aching. He really was being used like a whore, a sex thing.

Mmm. Finally, Peggy shuddered to orgasm and pushed back. That's enough, slut. Lick me clean.

Damn, sure as hell won't be the last time. She looked over her shoulder at the sissy, licking her

ass clean. You're gonna be doing that a lot. When Peggy stood, Tina leaned forward to kiss her feet.

Thank you, goddess mommy. Peggy looked down at the sissy and laughed.

Gotta like having a sissy maid and whore. Okay, slut, finish cleanin'. Maureen will be here in a while to pick you up.

Chapter 15. Do you feel helpless?

Maureen stopped the van in front of Tina's house and watched Tina get out.

Same time next week, she said, Tina curtsey'd. Yes, Miss Maureen. Maureen smiled as she looked at the check from Peggy.

She turned to watch as Tina minced up the steps in his hobble chains. You're going to be quite popular, slut.

We're all going to make money off your sissy maid services.

Tina saw it immediately as he entered the house. A pet cage, one of the foldable ones made of heavy steel wire.

It was in the corner opposite the sofa. He sighed. Not very big. She really can't expect me to fit in that.

Sissy, Shannon yelled, I'm in here. Tina followed the sound of Mistress's voice to her bedroom, stopping at the door to curtsy.

Miss Dwehth? The Mistress of the House sat at her vanity doing her makeup. She wore only a sexy three-piece garter belt, bra and panty said, and seen stockings. Five shoe boxes were on the floor by the vanity.

I'm going out, Shannon said. Crawl in here and clean my shoes. I haven't decided what I'm wearing.

The dutiful sissy husband performed another curtsy. Miss Dwehth? Tina dropped to his hands and knees and crawled across the floor.

She's always going out. He stopped at the box of shoes and opened the one on top, removing a pair of sexy black pumps with pointed toes and five-inch heels. Clean my shoes meant for the sissy to lick the soles clean.

Shannon never left the house anymore without first having the soles of her shoes licked clean, a task that was always performed again when she arrived back home. She would often laugh as her sissy licked the soles of her shoes clean. You can't expect me to go out with dirty shoes on, can you?

Be sure to swallow everything you lick off.

One by one, Tina went through the shoe boxes and licked the soles clean.

Shannon's phone buzzed and she opened the message. It was another video from Gary. This one showed Tina saying goodbye that day to goddess Mami Peggy by licking the older woman's hairy armpits.

She glanced down at her sissy licking the shoes clean.

My, you really are slut. You lick and suck, whatever you're told.

Did you enjoy your day with Gary and his mother? She asked.

Oh yes, missed with. She chuckled.

Maureen says they seem to enjoy your services. She's also lining up some additional clients who might like something a bit.

Shall we say different in a maid service? Is my sissy going to be my money whore maid?

Tina nodded. Oh yes, missed with.

Did you see your new cage?

Yes, missed with.

We're going to try it tonight while I'm out. Grace stopped by today as well with something new.

Tina simply nodded. It couldn't be anything good.

Yes, missed with.

Shannon decided on the shoes. The snakeskin peep toe pumps. I'll wear those, put the others away, then crawl to your cage, take off your dress and wait.

Yes, missed with.

Fifteen minutes later, Shannon entered the living room and strolled over to the cage.

Tina was on his hands and knees. She snapped her fingers. Up.

When Tina stood, Shannon moved around him and began to loosen the laces on his corset.

Tina's sigh of relief was short-lived. Suddenly he felt a knee in his back and felt the corset laces being tightened even more than before. Shannon tugged and pulled. Breathe in. I know we can get this in another inch, maybe two. Tina took a deep breath and felt his middle constrict.

Shannon round her hands down the side of her sissy's wasp waist.

Sweetheart, I love the way you look at a corset so sexy. She moved around in front of him and slapped his face. Crouch. Down. Tina crouched on his fucking heels until he was below Shannon's breast, a move made more difficult by the corset. She stroked his face. That's my good girl,

tiny, insignificant, and always below your superiors. Her fingers needed his nipples and he sighed.

You are such a slush, arms behind your back. She held up along the pink glove that was actually

two gloves or more precisely a custom arm-binder. Look, something new from Grace! She pulled on the fabric, tight, stretchy spandex with straps and buckles. Want to dry it on?

There was only one answer Tina could give without provoking severe discipline.

Oh, yes, pweeth, myth-dweth. Straighten your arms and clench your hands together in a fist.

Shannon began to work the tight, pink sleeve up Tina's arms and finished by stopping and

fastening straps at his wrists and below and above his elbows.

Oh, sissy! This is so sexy! Do you feel helpless? Yes, myth-dweth. And you are, I could put you on

your knees, and any man could come up and stick his cock into your mouth, and there's nothing

you could do to stop it is there. You'd simply have to suck his cock and swallow.

Shannon walked to a table and returned with a small bottle. Tina recognized it instantly as the

dreaded nipple itching solution. No, pweeth, no! The face slap nearly knocked him off his feet.

Shannon shook her head. I detest that word coming from your mouth. The only time I want to hear a

know from you is if I ask, is my lover's cock too big for your mouth? She stood back, her arms

crossed, slowly rocking her right foot on its sexy stiletto heel. So you are going to beg me to put

this on your nipples and a drop on your clitty for using that horrid word. And if your begging isn't

sincere enough, I'll coat a butt plug with it and shove that up your pussy. Well, oh, pweeth,

pweeth, myth-dweth, pweeth, make you a sissy suffer while you are out. Pweeth, weave your sissy

and torment. She shook her head and laughed. You are so fucking easy. I fucking own you.

Shannon took her time opening the bottle and spreading the hated potion on Tina's nipples.

She finished off with a drop on his clitty through one of the holes in his chastity cage.

On your knees, she ordered, turn around and back into the cage. Tina fell to his knees and

backed into the cage. It was an uncomfortable position. His fuck me heels were still on,

the corset binding his middle, and his arms restrained behind him in the bondage glove.

Very nice, Shannon said. Very nice. Comfy. Do not lie to me.

No, myth-dweth, if not comfy.

Excellent, she laughed. He watched her heels fade from view and then return.

Shannon bent down and plugged in a tablet and a docking station.

I want you to watch this while I'm out. Reflect on all the ways you can serve me and my friends.

Her fingers swiped at the tablet and a video started as she walked away.

Shannon picked up her purse as she headed for the door. Be back later, sissy.

Tina heard the door shut and lock as she started watching the video.

It was a video of two sissy maids. They were kissing and fondling one another and sucking

on each other's chastity device. Then a man, a master, entered, and the sissies took turns sucking

master's cock. More sissy porn videos continued to play as Tina felt his body cramp up in the tiny cage. He felt his nipples and clitty begin to itch and try to rub against something but couldn't find the right position. Outside, Shannon stopped for a passionate kiss with Derek before he opened the car door and she slid into the passenger seat. How's our girl? Derek asked.

Shannon laughed, settling in for a long evening of torment and suffering. Tina watched the videos on the tablet, occasionally looking around the room, letting his attention wander. Suddenly he heard Shannon's voice was coming from the tablet. The screen had gone blank, but Shannon's voice came through clear. Hope you were watching the videos and paying attention, sissy. We're going to play a game while I'm out. Something to test your focus and attention.

She chuckled. In the scene with the two sissies in a 69 position, sucking each other's chastised clitties, which pair of shoes was a slut on the bottom wearing? Tina watched three answers appear on the screen. A. Black knee high boots? B. Pink's Delano platforms? C. Red, strappy sandals? Shannon's voice came back on. Say the letter of your answer, sissy. Say it loud and clear.

Tina tried to remember the scene. Two sissies sucking each other's chastised sissy clits and fondling each other's balls. Shoes? What were the fucking shoes? A. C? He waited as he watched the answers on the screen dissolve until only A was left. Shannon's voice came back on sweet and mocking. Aww, so sorry baby, wrong answer. That's six strokes tomorrow with the implement of my choice. Enjoying our game? Let's watch the more sexy videos, shall we? Pay attention. Her laugh

faded out as another video began to play. This one of a large black woman using a strap on to fuck a white sissy as a black man fucked the sissy's mouth. Tina watched trying to take in as much on screen info as he could. How is she doing this? She doesn't have the kind of skills to program something like this. He watched a continual stream of sissy videos that were stopped from time to time for a new quiz. Tina lost track of how many strokes he had earned for tomorrow. All he was of the number of strokes was mounting as the evening wore on. She's teasing and tormenting me without even being here. Sissy, I'm home. Shannon's voice rang out as the door unlocked and she entered.

Tina watched her sexy shoes approach the cage. Did my sissy have a good evening? Hmmm?

No, missed with nipples. Ohhh. Shannon shrugged. It will wear off in a few more hours. She checked the new app on her phone. You've got 60 strokes coming tomorrow. Maybe next time you'll pay attention to the videos. I do hope so. The subliminal messages embedded in the videos will make your journey to total submission and servitude go that much quicker. She removed the tablet and opened the

cage door. Out. Stay on your knees. Tina shuffled out and felt Shannon removing the arm binder bondage glove. He watched her drop a thumb drive on the floor. That's your work stuff, she said. Have it to Derek by eight tomorrow morning. I'll have breakfast at nine. Open your mouth. When he opened his mouth she stuffed in the sexy panty she had worn that evening. They smelled of sex and were slimy. Suck on those for thirty minutes and then washed them out by hand. I'm going to bed. He watched her heels walk away and heard her bedroom door close. His hands went to his nipples so he could scratch at them while he sucked on Shannon's panties.

Chapter 16. My Own White Slave

Two days later Maureen was driving Tina to the sissy's new set of clients. Carl Carter and his wife Melanie, Maureen said. They're both university professors. She teaches psychology and he is chairman of the Ethnic Studies Department. Carl's mother Cassie lives with them. They are wealthy, educated, cultured and a bit kinky. She chuckled. We've been cleaning their house for three years now. The previous crews have noticed a few things here and there. A riding crop and a pair of handcuffs. Mind you they've always been proper and professional with the cleaning staff, but they also seem to like to get their freak on. So I contacted them about having a white sissy maid to clean their house and they were quite intrigued. I trust you will be on your best and most sissy, slutty and submissive behavior today." Tina nodded, his big blonde wig bobbing. Oh yes, Miss Maureen!" Maureen simply smiled and looked in the rearview mirror at the feminized sissy slut in the backseat. Such a fucking slut. I can't wait to see the video of you with Carl's huge black caulk in your sissy pussy. She pulled up to a gated entrance and pushed the button. Moments later the gates slid back and she turned the van up the long tree-lined drive. Tina's eyes went wide at the sight of the large two-story house. It looked more like a manor house on an estate. They can't expect me to clean all of this in an afternoon. Maureen rang the bell as Tina crouched to be shorter than Maureen. Tina shifted nervously as black patent pumps with two-inch platforms and six-inch heels. Tina sucked in a breath as a tall woman answered the door. Melanie Carter stood nearly six feet in her fashionable five-inch heels. She was strikingly beautiful with dark, coffee-colored, flawless skin. A cream-colored wrap dress came to just above her knee and showed off an athletic and toned body. She had jet black hair that fell long and straight to her shoulders and almond-shaped brown eyes. She examined the sissy, smiled, and bid the mentoring. She led the way to the living room Maureen and Tina following behind. Carl stepped forward as they entered the living room. He extended a hand to Maureen. It's nice to see you again. I hope you are well. He cast his gaze to Tina. So good

of you to offer
us this new, he paused and smiled. Service? Maureen shook his hand and then stepped
aside so everyone
could get a good look at their new maid. I thought she might be something you'd
fancy. We have another
client, an older woman, and her son who are quite pleased with the services our
Tina offers. That's
her femme named Tina, but you may call her sissy, slut, maid, whore, or slave. She
shrugged. Whatever,
you may of course determine how you will be addressed. Master Mistress Sir Madame
Goddess.
Melanie stood back on her right foot, slowly rocking her left foot on its stiletto
heel.
She's absolutely precious. She turned to the older, heavy-set gray-haired woman in
the chair.
What do you think, mother? The family matriarch Cassie shifted in her chair,
leaning forward,
to get a better look. A white slave to wait on me hand and foot? She nodded her
approval and leaned
back in her chair. Hm. A white sissy. We used to call him faggots.
She's wearing one of her black and white French-made uniforms today, Maureen said,
but she has her
look-book with pictures of all her outfits and accessories in case you want
something different
in the future. She lifted Tina's dress, exposing the chastity device. As I
explained on the phone,
she's in chastity, so her clitty is off limits, although you are free to tease,
torment, and punish
those precious sissy balls. She slept, Tina's balls. Maureen removed the breast
covers from Tina's
maid dress, exposing the sissy's bra with the lace trimmed nipple cutouts. You may
have her work
with her little sissy titties and nipples exposed. She tweaked one of Tina's
nipples. She loves
having her nipples played with. You may also have her work without the dress in
just her corset,
bra and stockings. The corset is locked on. Carl reached over, using his strong
fingers
to pinch one of Tina's nipples. Tina whimpered and immune. Oh, master! Melanie
laughed. She is a slut.
Like that, Carl twisted the nipple. Oh, oh yes, master. Yes, master, I so strong.
Maureen chuckled
at Tina's distress and continued. You may whip-crop-kane-slap-spank-paddle, but the
owner asks that you
leave no permanent damage or marks. Tina will also consume your spit and piss,
she's fully
trained in all cleaning and domestic duties, as well as more unique and personal
services.
Carl removed his hand from Tina's nipple and shared a smile with Melanie. Maureen
continued.
Your new maid will suck caulk, eat pussy and tongue assholes. You may fuck her
sissy pussy.
That's her asshole with cocks and strap-ons. One client likes to have Tina liquor
armpits.
Cassie laughed. Don't think I ever had my armpits licked. Melanie chuckled.
You should try it, mother. You may enjoy it, and the ass licking too. Carl made a
turning motion
with his finger. Tina curtsied, master, and held up his arms in his sissy fashion
and turned slowly,

modeling for the new black mistress and master. Master Carl was tall, six-six, his well-toned body was dressed in a gray suit, white shirt, and red tie. He was bald, and his skin was a dark ebony color. His right hand stroked his chin as he watched his new maid. Tina did sexy quarter turns, displaying his sexy stilettos and the black-seemed fishnet stockings that rose up his legs to the twelve-garter straps on his strict, steel-boned corset. He wore cute black and white satin French maid dressed with white lace trim. As was the sissy maid custom, he wore extremely long false eyelashes and lots of dark eye makeup. The long white gloves snaked up his arms and long rhinestone earrings fell to his shoulders. Melanie chuckled. First time I've seen a maid in six-inch-fuck-me-heels, opera gloves, and shoulder-duster earrings, and a corset? Maureen nodded and smiled. Yes, none of my ladies would ever want to spend a day cleaning in such an outfit, but this one's different. When you hire a sissy-slat maid, she shrugged, this is what you get. Maureen continued. You'll notice she lisps it's a speech pattern required by her owner, doesn't take long to get the hang of it. She pointed to Tina's ankles. She's hobbled, being trained to take short sissy steps. The elastic cord around her ankles goes to her slutt balls, reminds her to crouch and be shorter than any standing superior. Melanie smiled, and the psychologist, part of her brain, mused. Behavioral conditioning, lisping, minsting, crouching, create new neural pathways and modalities, muscle memory, in a year or two you won't know any other way to behave. How diabolical. Carl cocked his head. She is sexy in a slutty sort of way. So, Maureen said, are we good to go? Do you want her services? Carl nodded. We do. He looked at Tina. Slut, have you ever sucked a black caulk? Tina blushed and curt seed. No, mather. Melanie laughed. My god darling of virgin, you'll be her first black caulk. She turned to Maureen, may we record it. Maureen held up the maid contract. You may, pictures and videos are permissible, as long as you also provide copies to the slut's owner so they can post them on the Sissy's online pay-per-view website. You will receive a percentage of all proceeds from any sales of your downloads. She turned to Tina. Slut, crawl over and worship Madam Cassie's feet while we take care of the contract. Tina curt seed. Yes, mith maween, fell to his knees and crawled to Cassie. The old woman smiled and lifted her feet to a foot stool as she watched. The white slave crawl forth. Tina stopped before the foot stool and whispered, Missedwith. Goddess, Cassie corrected, to you I'm a goddess. Tina bowed his head. Goddess, Cassie smiled, my own white slave. Remove my shoes and worship my feet, Slut. Goddess, Tina's gloved hands shook with excitement as he removed the old woman's shoes and placed

them beside the foot stool. She was barefoot and he leaned forward to plan to kiss on each foot.

Goddess? Melanie looked over and smiled at the scene. She turned to Carl who was signing the contract with maween. I think your mother is going to enjoy having a white slave. I believe we all will. I'm sure you will. Maureen shook Carl's hand. I'll be back at five to retrieve your maid, until then she's yours to do with as you will. Tina was now licking between Cassie's toes and sucking on each toe. The seventy-eight-year-old woman closed her eyes and smiled. Yes, Slut, you're going to be doing that a lot. Lick the souls. Yeah, that's a good white slave. Gonna have that white-hoarded tongue in my pussy and ass, too. Carl walked Maureen out as Melanie walked to Tina. Sorry to interrupt you, mother, but I need to show our new white slave around the house and get her started on her cleaning chores. Tina gave the souls of Cassie's feet a goodbye kiss.

Goddess? Melanie snapped her fingers. Up, slave. She smiled as Tina rose and stayed in a crouched position. Good girl. You will be used here in any number of ways. I have no qualms about taking a crop or whip to you. Trust me, it will happen. Do what you are told, when you are told, and do it in a cheerful and expedient manner, and perhaps the beatings won't be quite as bad. She turned on her stiletto heels and walked away. Come on, Slut, I'll show you the house. Tina cleaned for the better part of the morning, stopping twice, to fetch tea for goddess Cassie, before dismissing him back to his cleaning duties Cassie made Tina kneel and kiss her feet.

Melanie had laid out a light lunch on a sideboard, and at lunch time Tina was summoned to the sun room to serve. She and Cassie were seated at the table, and Tina scurried back and forth with plates and filled iced tea glasses. There was no lunch for Tina. He was allowed a glass of tap water and made to kneel beside Cassie's chair and fed the scraps of bread the old woman tossed to the floor. Cassie laughed. Never thought I'd have my own white slave kneeling at my feet, eating my scraps off the floor. It's a particular fetish, Melanie said. She turned and glared down at Tina who kept his eyes averted from the powerful black mistress. This is where you need to be, isn't it, feminized and submissive? Tina nodded and whispered, yes, Missed with. Melanie smirked. You will clear away these lunch dishes, clean the kitchen and downstairs bathrooms, and then come to the study. Tina bowed his head and shuffled on his hands and knees to plant delicate kisses on Melanie's shoes. Missed with.

Tina entered the study and curt seed. Missed with. Godeth. Godeth. Cassie was sitting in a large overstuffed chair and a mistress Melanie was holding a small video camera and standing in the center of the room. What's your name, slut? Melanie asked. Tina turned and looked at the camera with the red record light on. He curt seed. This slut is Sissy. Tina. And what are you?

Melanie asked.
Sissy made and slut to Missed with, master and goddess. Remove your dress, my white slut whore.
Melanie commanded. Missed with. Tina curt seed and removed his dress, placing it gently over the back of the chair. On your knees, slut, and crawl to your goddess, worshiped the feet of the superior black goddess. Missed with. Tina curt seed to the camera and then fell to his knees to crawl across the room to goddess Cassie. Melanie recorded it all, being careful to keep her mother-in-law's face out of the frame. She smiled as their new white Sissy made, stopped before Cassie's bare feet and whispered, goddess, lick the soles of my feet, Cassie ordered. Really get that tongue working. Melanie moved in to get a close-up of Tina licking Cassie's feet. Like that slut, Tina nodded. Oh, yes, Missed with Sissy, we've got his feet. Suck my toes, Cassie commanded.
Let me feel the love. Tina sucked and licked at the old woman's toes, moaning and sighing as he did so.
I need to show them how much of a slut I am. It's what they want, what they expect, it's what I want.
Cassie put her foot in Tina's face and pushed him away. She stood. Tina leaned down to kiss her feet and then shuffled back a bit to give her more room. The old woman turned and lifted her dress.
Now worship my asshole slave. I watched a video of you licking that old Korean woman's asshole.
Now you will worship mine, tongue, now. Her hands reached back and she spread her butt cheeks.
When Tina rose up on his knees, the black matriarchs asscrack loomed before him. He licked the length of her asscrack. Mmm, goddess ass. He dove in, his lips closing around her puckered opening as his tongue probed and French kissed her ass. The old woman shuttered at the sissy's tongue assault.
Oh shit, yeah? Fuck yes. She let her head drop and her eyes closed.
Yes, slave, do that, do it. More, more, deeper. Yes, shit, yes. Melanie smiled as she recorded
Tina's white face buried in her mother-in-law's black ass. There's a charming video that should get a lot of downloads. Cassie was now pushing back, driving her ass into Tina's face. Yes, sissy.
Keep that tongue moving more, faster. Fuck. She shook with an orgasm. Don't stop, don't you stop, slut? Tina tung her even harder. He was intent on giving goddess Cassie the best ass and tongue worship he could. The old woman moaned and shook, using a hand to push Tina away. She turned and collapsed into the chair. Shit, never had anything like that. Fuck. She glared at Tina. You're gonna be doing that a lot, and it'll make you my white ass slave. Tina shuffled back on his knees and bent down to kiss her feet. Goddess, Cassie shook her head. Damn, I was gonna see how you are, eating pussy, but that may have to wait until next time. She laughed. Gonna have to have you do pussy in the morning and ask in the afternoon. Did I miss anything? Master Carl's

voice came
from the doorway. Melanie walked to her husband and greeted him with a kiss. Your
mother enjoyed
her first anal orgasm from the white slut's tongue. She held up the camera. I'll
show you
later. Carl nodded. I can't wait. He walked to the center of the room and Melanie
stepped back
and pressed record on the camera. Master snapped his fingers. Crawl to me, white
slut. Tina crawl
to master stopping at his feet. Math-der. Ready for your first black cock? Kneel
up. Tina rose to
his knees. Yes, master, black cock. Black cock. Carl chuckled. Never sucked a black
cock? He used
his finger under Tina's chin to lift her head up. Never. Tina batted his long
lashes and shook his
head. No. No, never master. But you've watched videos, huh? Fantasized about it.
Tina blushed. Yes.
Do you want to suck my cock? Do you want my cock to be the first black cock in your
white
sissy virgin mouth? Tina nodded. Yes. Yes. Yes. Please, master. Master shrugged.
Maybe, maybe.
But I want to hear you beg for it. You're a pathetic white male. Feminized and
sissified, turned into a maid, and your tiny cock is locked up. And now you want
black cock. My black
cock. So beg for it. Make me believe you need my black cock more than anything.
Although he didn't
need it. Master's verbal humiliation drove Tina to an even higher level of sexual
excitement.
Please, please, master. This slut needs black cock. Master's black cock. Please
fill sissy's mouth
with black cock and black man come. Fissy is a whore from black cock. He opened his
mouth and
licked his lips as he batted his eyelashes. I must be a whore for the black master.
Melanie
shook her head as she recorded it all. This could be a case study of the sexual
fulfillment of
humiliation and degradation. Tina continued to beg and grovel. He bent down to kiss
master's feet.
Please, master. Please feed your slut your superior black cock. Make this slut
choke on your cock.
Carl looked down on the groveling, feminized white male. So you admit you are an
inferior white sissy.
Fit only to serve the black master and mistress. Yes, master. Yes. Fissy whores
slut. This white
slave for master and myth with. Fissy flat submit and serve your slave master's
bitch and come dump.
He opened his mouth and licked his lips his eyes, pleading behind their long dark
lashes.
The old woman Cassie shook her head. That is one pathetic white sissy slave. Tina
tried to make
his mouth and lips look hungry and inviting. Pweave, mather. Okay, slut, Carl said.
I think you
know your place here, maid, asslicker, and now cock gobbler. Suck my cock white
slut.
Mather. Tina's hands went to work on buckling master's belt and unzipping his
pants.
His eyes went wide when the cock was revealed. Are they all this big? Can I even
get it into my
mouth? His white gloved hands looked tiny as they stroked the large black cock. He

caressed it
and kissed the head. Mather. He lifted his head to bat his eyelash as that master.
Men like it when I act slutty and sexy. That's right, slut, master said. Eyes on me
worship my
cock like the whore you are. I want to look into your eyes and see how much you
want to be my white
sissy slut. Tina nodded as he licked the head of master's cock. Yes, yes, master
sissy slut.
He licked his lips and opened his mouth wide and wider to slide in the head of the
cock,
master nodded. Yes, it is big, but you'll learn to worship every inch of it. You do
want to be my
white sissy cock whore, don't you? Tina nodded and batted his eyelashes as the cock
filled his mouth.
He breathed in through his nose and tried to put more of the cock into his mouth.
It's so big,
so big. That's my good white whore. Master patted Tina's blonde wig. This is where
you belong,
on your knees with the black cock in your mouth. Take more of it, show me you're my
slut. Tina
mewed into the cock aroused by master's words. Your slut, your whore, yes, suck it,
use your tongue.
It's a black man's cock. You want it, you need it, you exist to please it.
Tina mowned as master pushed more of the cock into his mouth. Need master's cock,
need black cock. Melanie couldn't stop smiling as she continued to record the scene
from several
angles. I can't wait to show this to Marcus and Denell. Master put his hand behind
Tina's head.
You can take more, sluts want more cock. You're a slut for black cock. He pushed.
Eyes on me. Look at your black master and cock lord, suck, use your tongue.
Tina tried to calm himself. He breathed through his nose and told himself not to
panic. Master
pulled back and Tina gasped. His relief was short as master entered once again.
Deeper this time, master said, you want more of master's black cock, don't you?
As his mouth filled with cock once again, Tina nodded, yes. Master pushed and
probed deeper.
Suck it, suck my cock, slut. Tina sucked harder. Play with your nipples, show me
what a white
sissy whore you are and how you play with yourself as you suck black cock. Tina
fingered his nipples
and moaned as the cock went deeper. Melanie recorded it all. I need to see if I can
rent this slut
for one of our parties. She'd be a hit. Master pushed deeper, finally hitting
Tina's limits and
causing a little gag. Master chuckled and shook his head. Not yet, my whore, keep
sucking. When I
come, don't swallow until you're given permission. Tina nodded, gagged and batted
his eyelashes.
Yeah, yeah. Master held Tina's head more firmly while he pumped his load into the
white sissy's mouth.
Yeah, fuck yeah. Tina's eyes went wide. His mouth was already full of a huge black
cock and now was
also filled with a large load of master's man come. Master pulled his cock from
Tina's mouth and
smiled at the wide-eyed slut with an open mouth full of pearly gum. He wiped his
cock on Tina's face.
Send you home with a frosty facial, my slut like that. Still holding his head back
with his mouth
open, Tina nodded yes. Melanie moved in for the money shot of the kneeling whore

with the come-filled mouth. Lovely. Master zipped up his pants and buckled his belt. Tina continued to kneel with his mouth open. Okay, slut, Master said. Swallow but do it slow, was savourate, and show me how much you enjoyed being my cum-dump. Tina did exactly that, putting on a horror display as Master's white sissy cock whore. He used his tongue to lick at his lips as sexily as possible. Melanie held up the camera to Carl. I say we ordered Chinese and watch these videos tonight. Carl nodded his agreement.

An excellent idea. He looked at his watch. They'll be here for our slut shortly. Hey sissy. Tina turned to see goddess Cassie. She was standing and her dress and panties were removed. Before you go, slut, crawl over here and give my pussy a little bit of that tongue love. She laughed.

If you got anything left, she held up her arm and I'm gonna want some goodbye kisses on my armpits.

O'Hareth, Tina fell to his knees and crawled to goddess Cassie.

Chapter 17. Her first black cock? Two weeks later.

Mother, so good of you to cum. Diane, Laura, do come in. Mr. Shannon greeted her mother, Julia, and her sisters Diane and Laura at the door. The women followed Shannon into the house and took their seats in the living room, making small talk and catching up on everyone's current events.

Would you like some wine and cheese? Shannon asked.

Sure, Laura said. That would be lovely, Julia agreed. Shannon smiled. Let me summon the maid.

She picked up the bell from the end table and gave it two shakes. Diane laughed. I love the bell. It's like something out of one of those BBC Victorian TV shows. So you now have a maid? Julia nodded her approval. It's about time that worthless husband of yours did something to make your life easier. Julia, although in her late fifties, was still a looker, her blonde hair was always perfectly quaffed and her green eyes could still sparkle with desire for the right man. She'd put on a few pounds but wore it well. She was a voluptuous woman with curves who loved to show them all. Today, Julia wore a black pencil skirt, cream-colored silk plows, and knee-high black leather boots with four-inch stiletto heels.

Yes, mother, he's doing everything he can to make my life all it can be. Shannon couldn't suppress her smile. This afternoon's sissy maid reveal was going to be everything she had planned.

Her husband had never gotten along with her mother and sisters, and I'm afraid my little slut, it's only going to get worse, much, much worse. The woman's attention turned to the clicking of stilettos on the tile floor. Tina sucked in a breath as he turned the corner from the hallway into the living room. He minced forward on his six-inch stilettos. The hobbles and crouching cord had been removed for the day. Mr. Shannon wanted to see if he could mince and crouch without them. He curtsy'd and his black-gloved hands held out the short satin skirt on his pink and black French-made dress. Maybe they won't recognize me. Maybe. Oh my God! Laura's hand

flew to her mouth.

Oh my God, it's Ted! Ted, her husband is her maid. Oh my God! Tina rose from his curtsy.

Missed with. Julie leaned forward for a better look. An evil cruel smirk formed on her red lips.

Tina, Shannon corrected, we don't refer to Ted in this house anymore. This is my maid, Tina.

Please refer to her as she and her. You may call her maid, sissy, slap, slut, and whore,

or whatever else you can think of. Diane laughed. You're made! How interesting!

We never did get along, because it doesn't really matter now. She glared at Tina, and he lowered his

head. Julia crooked a finger motioning Tina forward. Come here, girl, let me get a good look at you.

Shannon beamed with pride at how easy it was for her mother to accept Tina

immediately referring to

the Sissified male as girl. Tina stepped forward and curtsy'd to Julia. Missed with.

Today, Tina wore one of his special pink-made uniforms with black lace trim. The skirt was

particularly short with the petticoats barely hiding the sissie's chastity device.

Tina wore

black fishnet stockings with pink seams and his shoes were new, six-inch stilettos with no platform,

putting his feet in a painful arch. Long black gloves adorned the sissie's arms and bright,

dangly earrings fell nearly to his shoulders. Julia rolled her eyes at the liping sissy.

Well, she certainly sounds like a sissy. She lifted the front of Tina's skirt as Laura and

Diane leaned into look. Ha! Laura laughed. You locked up her cock. Jeez, it's really tiny.

We call that her clitty now. Shannon said men have cocks, sissies have clitties, and yes, it is rather

small, pathetic and useless, which is why it's locked away. Julia dropped the hem of Tina's dress,

a look of disgust filled her face, quickly replaced by one of smug superiority. How high are those

heels, slud? Diane asked. Tina turned to Diane and curtseed. Six-inch of myth, Diane.

Let's see you walk in them, Laura said. Go on, sissy, Shannon said. Show everyone your sissy

faggot walk. Tina curtseed to Shannon. Yes, myth, with. He turned and began to walk in a small circle

around the living room. He took short mincing steps, rolling his hips, holding his arms out

with his elbows bent and his wrist limp. The women laughed at the mincing sissy. Laura shook her head.

She was Shannon's younger sister. She wore her hair, colored a deep red, short and favored long

dangly earrings. She was the tallest of the women at 5'11 yet still favored high stiletto heels.

Today she wore a pair of black platforms with six-inch heels, a black leather skirt hugged her

long lean legs and a red blouse and a jacket completed the outfit. Damn, sis, you're doing some

kinky shit. I mean, I've heard about this kind of stuff, but she held up her hands. Look at the little slut. He, I mean, she can really walk on those fuck-me-eels.

Yes, Shannon said. Well, she's required to mean heels at all times, and she simply

adores high heels the higher the better. And you make her lisp and do all those curtsies, Diane asked.

It's all part of her conditioning, Shannon explained, along with her sissy faggot walk and the tiny steps and limp wrists, the curtsy is a sign of respect to the superior person who is addressing her and also an acknowledgement of any commands or remarks directed to her. Shannon snapped her fingers. Sissy, come here. Tina turned, curttied and wiggled on his stilettos to Mr. Shannon.

He stopped before the seated mistress and curttied. Missed with. Shannon stood and watched with pride, as her sissy has been crouched lower, ending beneath her breasts. She smiled at her mother.

The slut is never allowed to be taller than any standing person. My preference is to have her at a level below my breasts. She's also forbidden to make direct eye contact or look at my breasts.

She gave a mok sigh. Ha! She's simply not worthy of those things. She's only submissive sissy slut.

Diane laughed. Slight, get over here. Tina scurry to Diane, who stood as he approached.

Tina crouched lower as he approached Diane. He curttied.

This Diane? Diane looked down at the crouching sissy. At five five, Shannon's older sister, Diane, was the femme fatale of the woman's clan, a strong and independent woman who took both male and female lovers as it pleased her. Today, she stood five ten in designer stilettos and wore a green wrap dress that looked good against her mane of shoulder length blonde hair. Her green eyes sparkled with power and lust. Mistress, from now on you refer to me as mistress.

Tina whispered, myth-dweth. Diane kicked off her five-inch heels and noted with pleasure that the sissy before her cowered even lower as she stood barefoot on the carpet. She looked at Shannon. Dam says, you have this slut well-trained. She turned back to Tina, glowering down at the sissy. We never really got along, but that's all water under the bridge now. We're going to get along just fine from now on, aren't we? Tina nodded, still crouching. Yes, myth-dweth. We're going to get along because you're going to do whatever I say, right? Yes, myth-dweth. Diane spit in Tina's face, fucking pervert.

She sat back down and wiggled her feet. Put my shoes on me slut. Myth-dweth. Tina fell to his knees and picked up one of Diane's stilettos. He held it to his face and gave the soul long, loving licks. Shannon smiled at the scene between her sissy-hubby and her sister, Diane.

Poor, poor sissy. You probably thought the humiliation and degradation couldn't get worse, yet it will. My family will make your life a living sissy hell. Diane watched the sissy licking her shoes and then turned to Shannon. Another of sissy's protocols, Shannon explained, she licks my shoes clean whenever I put them on or take them off or when I go out and when I come

home. Mother Julia smirt. Looks like the creature has finally found some purpose in its wretched life. Laura held up her hands. So, all this, how? Shannon gave a sigh. Aah, a convergence of many things, I suppose. The tiny penis that was woefully inadequate for love-making, her continual pestering need to be more dominant, her pervy magazines and the website she visited, she shrugged. And now we have this dynamic which suits me fine. Tina does all the housework, waits on me hand and foot, and she never pesters me for sex. I have time for shopping, sleeping in, lunching with my girlfriends, going to the gym and spa and ample time for meeting new men. She smiled as she watched Laura's eyes go wide. Really, Shannon said, you can't expect me to have sex with that? She pointed to the kneeling Tina sliding a shoe onto Diane's foot. Certainly not, Julia huffed. A woman needs a man in her life. I'm sure you'll both be much happier in your new roles. Sissy, Shannon commanded, serve the wine. Tina rose and curtsied, mith with. He mince from the room on his stilettos with the laughter of the women following him to the kitchen. Unfucking believable, Diane said. Then again I never thought he was much of a man. Turns out it was right. Looks like she might make a good maid, though. Oh, she is. Shannon laughed. Besides taking care of my house, she works for a cleaning service. She has her own special clientele. She picked up the remote and turned on the large TV on the wall. Would you like to see some of her videos? Yes, Julia said. Yes, I would. Me too, Laura said. Shannon streamed videos from her tablet to the television. This is Peggy and her son Gary. Peggy had two husbands die, leaving her well off. Gary is a bit of a nerd who sits around all day in a tracksuit and plays video games. As you can see, they do enjoy their new Sissy Maid. Julia, Laura, and Diane watched the video of Sissy Maid Tina as she knelt behind the large and curvy goddess Peggy and licked and tungd the woman's asshole. The next video was of Tina sucking Gary's cock and then another of Tina licking and kissing goddess Peggy's hairy armpits. Goodness. Laura smiled. Here's Sissy Tina is quite the slut. It looks as if the little whore is actually enjoying herself. Oh, I think she does. Shannon laughed. Do you like her outfit tonight? Doesn't the pink and black lace simply scream Sissy slut? I have them custom made by Miss Park. Her daughter Grace is helping me design a complete and wicked Sissy wardrobe. And here is my little slut again, tunging the asshole of Miss Park's mother, honorable, random mother, calls it make sexy. Every time we go in for a fitting, my Tina has to make sexy on honorable grandmother. The woman laughed the image of Sissy Tina on her knees behind the old Korean woman. And these are Sissy's newest clients. Shannon brought up a video of a French

maid uniformed Tina on his knees before the Black Master Carl. Oh my, Diane whispered, now that is a man. A smile turned up the corners of Julia's mouth. Indeed it is, and quite an appropriate place for your Sissy. She turned to Shannon, her first black caulk. It is mother, Shannon said. Look at her on her knees, her eyes on the Black Master. She can't even get it all in her little whore mouth. Oh, watch when he comes, how her eyes go wide. It's so precious. My God, Diane said, she is a whore and a slut. She looked at Shannon and she cleans all these people's houses. She does, Shannon said. Someone from the cleaning service trained her. So yes, she's a fully functioning domestic. She laughed. I'll be at one who licks hairy armpits and pussies, licks balls, sucks cocks, and tongues assholes. The Sissy's heels heralded Tina's entrance. He carried a large silver serving tray into the room and placed it on the coffee table. Tina handed each woman a wine blast with a curtsy and a mithdwyth. Laura held out her glass to the house Sissy. Yes, I can see how you can get used to this type of pampering. Tina made the rounds pouring wine and offering a platter of cheese and crackers. Show the ladies your pussy, Shannon commanded. Tina curttied mithdwyth. He turned his back to the ladies bent at the waist and lifted his dress to display a black butt plug in his bottom. This one's black and cock shaped, Shannon said. It's her favorite. She's kept plugged most of the time. Really, Julia said? Do you like black things in your pussy? Tina turned and curttied to Julia. Yes, mithdwyth, very much. Shannon snapped her fingers. Sissy. Damn, Laura said. Look at how she obeys it just a snap of the fingers. You got her well trained, Sis. It's a work in progress, Shannon admitted, but it's going well. When Tina stood before her, she reached up and removed the breast covers, exposing Tina's breast and cute nipple cut-out bra. Aren't these cute? Turn around, Sissy, so everyone can see your Sissy titties. She reached up to stroke one of Tina's nipples and the sissy shuddered and whimpered. She loves it when someone plays with her little girly nipples. No, shit. Diane said. Come here, slut. Tina wiggled to Diane and curttied mithdwyth. Bend down, slut. Diane commanded. Tina bent forward as Diane grabbed his nipples. She pinched and twisted, laughing as Sissy teena gassed. She turned to Shannon. I think she does like it. Diane dug her nails into Tina's nipples and then flicked them with her thumb and middle finger. Bucking slut. Sissy. Shannon ordered. Go get your new yoke and feather duster. She turned to her mother and sisters. Her yoke is a new piece of bondage equipment, quite diabolical and wicked. Tina left and reappeared moments later, holding his yoke and a pink feather duster. The yoke was a 36-inch steel bar with a locking leather neck collar in the middle and steel wrist cuffs on either end. Show my mother and sisters how you put yourself in bondage. Shannon said. Tina fastened the leather collar around his neck and clicked the lock closed.

Shannon gave an approving nod. Now the wrist, sweetheart, show everyone how you lock yourself up.

Tina curttied mithdwyth. He put his right wrist into the restraint and pressed in towards the bar.

The wrist cuff clamped shut with an audible click. Now the other one, Shannon said. Tina locked his right wrist. Isn't that ingenious? Shannon exclaimed, I can be shopping or at the spa or gym and send a simple text and my sissy will put herself in bondage. She then has to wait for me to unlock the wrist cuffs. Julia smiled and nodded her approval. Diabolical. Shannon snapped her fingers. Dust the room sissy. Tina curttied mithdwyth and then bent sideways at the waist, leaning over to pick up his pink feather duster from the coffee table. The women laughed and mocked him as he teetered about the room on his sky eyes to let it was taking tiny steps and leaning, twisting, bending and turning to dust tables and shelves.

Damn! Laura said, he has to be tough to work like that, wearing those heels and having that thing locked to his neck. Yes, Shannon agreed. And don't forget the butt plug and the corset.

The corset has still boning and I lace it very tight.

Yes, Julia said. But look at the way she walks, that corset and those ridiculous fuck me heels give her the most darling sissy walk and posture.

Thank you, mother! Shannon said, I do agree, as will her comfort in doing chores, that's simply not a consideration. In fact, I'm always looking for ways to increase her torments. She looked at her mother and sisters. If you have any ideas, Diane laughed.

Well, I never really thought about anything like that, but after seeing this, she waved her hand at the mensing sissy maid. Yes, I'm definitely going to consider how to make the slut's life a living hell. She glared at Sissy Tina. You are so totally fucked.

Thank you, Shannon said. One of the reasons I asked you here today, besides Sissy's coming out, was to enlist your help in her training and conditioning. Julia chuckled. The idea obviously appealed to her. And how may we help you? There may be times when I'm away, so she'll need to sit her. Shannon explained, I could send her to one of you and she could clean and serve you in my absence. Of course, I would need her training to be continued, so you would have to discipline her when necessary. Julia's eyes lit up.

Discipline, you say? I use a variety of implements. Shannon picked up a riding crop from beside the sofa. Crops, canes, whips, and paddles, of course, there are the old standbys of face slapping bare bottom hand spanking, mouth-soaping or spanking with a wooden spoon. You do all that? Laura asked. She looked at Tina and then back to Shannon.

Yeah, I guess I shouldn't be surprised. I like to make her fetch me a pair of long black leather gloves. Shannon said, I take my time putting the mond sissy finds it very sexy, but also knows when they are on, she is in for a face slapping session. Shannon continued. But yes, if she's staying with one of you and she doesn't lick all the dirt from your shoes or you find dust behind the toilet

after she cleaned the bath through marshy gags when sucking your boyfriend's cock, then yes, punishment isn't necessary. I'm in, Diane said. Me too, Laura added. Julie reached over to Pat Shannon's leg. We're all here to help you sweetheart. Shannon snapped her fingers. Sissy. Tina wiggled to Shannon and did his best curtsy possible while wearing the yolk. Missed with. Shannon picked up the small bottle of the horrid nipple itching potion. Does my sissy want some of this? Tina moaned and nearly sobbed as he said. Yes, please, Missed with. Julie looked at the bottle in Shannon's hand. And what is that? Something created by Sissy's new female doctor, Shannon said. It goes on her nipples and makes them itch. It's quite maddening and lasts for hours. Julie's eyebrows furrowed and she begged you to put it on her. Shannon laughed as she removed a small red probe from the end table drawer. Sometimes mother it's all about choices. The sissy's eyes went wide when Shannon reached over and lifted Tina's dress. Tina moaned as Shannon brought the probe near his chastity device and pressed the button. The air crackled with electricity and a blue spark flew from the probe to Tina's metal chastity device. Tina screamed. Want me to make your nipples itch for hours? Shannon asked. She gave Tina another shock. Oh yes, please, please, Missed with nipples itch. Please. Shannon laughed. I found that if she dislikes something I want her to do, I simply give her a more horrid alternative. Choices. She shrugged. Unfortunately, Sissy's don't get very good choices. Shannon unscrewed the bottle cap and slowly coated Tina's nipples with the dreaded potion. Tina's whimpering only made the women laugh. Fox's Diane said. I think I could probably get off watching the slut suffer. I do enjoy it. Shannon said as she finished coating the last nipple. Turn around slut, bend over, she commanded. Tina turned and bent at the waist. Shannon took a plastic bag from the end table drawer and slipped on a pair of latex gloves. She reached up and jerked the plug from Sissy's bottom, dropping it in the plastic bag. She took a moment to slip a finger back into rub Tina's prostate. Like that slut. Tina rolled his hips and a moaned. Oh yes, yes, Missed was. Shannon turned to her sisters. Of course she doesn't have erections anymore nor ejaculations. These things are simply unnecessary for Sissy. But if she's been good, I may milk her. Julia shook her head and discussed. Such a pathetic creature, but I'm sure this is the life it deserves. Shannon removed her hand. Go get your perch slut and place it before my mother. Tina gurgled between sobs. He teetered away only to return moments later, clumsily carrying his perch with his right hand. I like to put her in the yoke or otherwise restrain her hands when I do the nipple torment. Shannon said that way she can't scratch them. It's hilarious to watch her rubbing her tits on door jams with the

carpet. Just anything to seek relief, but it doesn't help. They will itch for hours. The women watched as Tina said his perch before Mother Julia. The perch was a heavy wrought iron base with a decorative twist rod rising about waist high and topped with a large black cock shaped dildo. Julia held up a bottle of lube. Lube? Tina nodded. Yes, please. Shannon seemed to consider it and then opened the end table drawer and dropped the lube in shutting the drawer. I don't think so. Why don't you show my mother and sisters how a slut prepares a cock? Tina nodded and bent at the waist. His neck and wrists still restrained by the yoke. His nipples were starting to itch, but there was nothing he could do about that. He started to lick the cock getting as much saliva on it as he could. Diane took out her phone. What a pretty picture, may I? Please, Shannon said. Diane took pictures of Tina sucking the cock. Look at me, slut. She said. I want to see your face as you worship that black cock. Tina moved to a position where he could shove the cock into his mouth as far as he could and still look at Mr. Diane's camera. What a fucking whore, Diane said. I'll send these pics to all of you. I think that's enough lube, Sissy. Shannon said. Show us what a white sissy whore does to a black cock. Tina stood and rose on his tip toes, centering his slut pussy over the cock. Good girl, Shannon praised. That's my good girl. Tina sank down onto the cock, gasped as it went in, rose off of it, took a breath and dropped down onto it again. All the way. Shannon said, white sissy's like that wonderful feeling of being filled with black cock. Through repeated efforts, Tina finally settled onto the cock. He took a breath and then began rising and lowering fucking himself to entertain the superior women. Laura reached out ahead and lightly stroked one of Tina's itching nipples. Like that? Hmm. Tina nodded, yes, and leaned forward for more only to have Laura laugh and pull her hand away. Laura held her finger a bit closer. Come on, come on. She teased, you can do it. Tina strained to lean forward. Keep fucking that pussy. Shannon ordered. Tina's feet ached from the arch of the extreme heels he had been wearing all morning. His body was constricted by the steel-boned corset, his nipples around fire. He was straining to fuck himself, and now he was suffering verbal and public humiliation from Shannon's mother and sisters. It was all going exactly to Mr. Shannon's plan. Try this, Shannon said. She held up a piece of pine wood cut in the profile of a pistol. She affixed a rubber band between the pistol's front sight and its hammer. She pulled back on the hammer, aimed at one of Tina's nipples, and then released the hammer, sending the rubber band into Tina's left nipple. She had its similar pistols to Diane and Laura, along with a bag of rubber bands.

I was on a date with Tina's boss. Shannon explained. We went for a drive, had a charming lunch in the country, and I found these at a farmer's market.

"'Clevver,' Laura said, as she sent a rubber band into one of Tina's nipples.

"'Do you like that slut? Hmm, does that help your itching nipples?'"

"'Yes, Miss Dweath.'"

Well then, Laura laughed and shot another rubber band.

Within minutes, the floor at Tina's feet was covered with rubber bands and his nipples were bright red.

Shannon produced two more bags of rubber bands. I've got more, and the slut can clean these up later.

That's the beauty of having a maid. Tina continued to ride the caulk as Shannon and her evil sisters

used his itching nipples for rubber band practice.

"'You seem to have things well in hand with your sissy husband,' Julia said.

"'I approve. Thank you, mother.'" She is turning out to be a good sissy maid.

That part of her training is going well. Now it's time for Phase Two of her training,

making her an effective cuckold.

The End

Chapter One Being A Sissy Cuckold

The doorbell rang and Sissy Tina minced in pink six-inch dell'hettos to answer.

He was getting over his embarrassment of answering the door in full-made attire.

There were still instances of humiliation depending on who was at the door, but a sissy maid didn't

have a choice. The protocol was to answer the door, curtsy, and smile. Meanwhile, Mistress Shannon sat on the sofa. She knew who was at the door and was looking forward to the

next installment of her sissy maid husband's journey into total submission. Tina opened the

door and curtsy'd as he had been trained to do. He blushed and diverted his eyes when he saw it

was his boss, Derek. Oh no, now it's Master Derek? The alpha male looked at the sissy explosion in

pink before him and smirked. Shit, I've seen the pictures and videos, but to see it in real life

as something else, you really are a sissy faggot, aren't you? Tina curtsy'd once more and gestured

with a pink-gloved arm to the interior of the house. Thir missed with his in the whiving womb.

Derek chuckled and walked past Tina. Well, you certainly sound and look like a sissy.

Tina gestured again as he closed the door. Thir, he followed Derek into the living room.

Shannon rose to greet her lover. The hot wife and bull joined in a torrid and lustful embrace.

They kissed long and deep, ignoring the sissified cook-old hubby in the room.

Tina stood still and quiet with his eyes downcast. For a brief moment, he lifted his gaze to look

at the lovers and then once more quickly averted his eyes. The lovers did make a striking and sexy

couple. Derek was tall and Tina, even in his highest six-inch heels, only came to Derek's shoulders.

He was well-built with broad shoulders that filled out his expensive sport coat. In his mid-fifties,

the alpha male had brown hair with just a touch of gray at the temples, very distinguished.

He was handsome with a squared jaw and blue eyes that were both mesmerizing and authoritative.

Standing on tiptoes and sexy mules with wood platforms and gold metal five-inch heels,
Shannon had her arms wrapped around his neck. She strained upward so her lips could meet his.
Derek had one hand behind her neck, pulling her close for the kiss as his other hand cupped her bottom. Finally, the lovers broke the kiss and took their seats on the sofa as Tina stood silently before them. We're taking your training to the next level. Shannon said as she snuggled closer to Derek on the couch. Yes, missed with. Tina curtsy'd. Shannon brushed a lock of red hair from her face. She still glowed from the passionate kiss with Derek. You're made training is progressing well. Shannon said both Maureen and your clients are satisfied with your domestic skills and other more personal services. Tina blushed, thinking about sucking cocks, being a fuck toy and worshipping pussies and asses for his cleaning clients. Thank you, missed with. He curtsy'd. Derek laughed as he looked at his employee. What had once been a competent male website designer was still a competent website designer, but the creature before him now was no longer a male, at least by outward appearances and actions. Perhaps it was biologically male due to its genitalia, but now it was not male, man or boy, but sissy. Very sissy. Shannon had carefully choreographed today's first real life meeting between Derek and Tina. Today, sissy Tina was pretty in pink from head to toe. Tina wore one of Mistress Grace's sissy collection dresses and explosion of pink satin and white lace trim. It was scandalously short and clouds of white pedicotes held the short skirt nearly horizontal. The cap sleeves were trimmed in white lace as was the low cut neckline. Beneath the dress, Tina wore a pink corset with steel boning and eight pink garter straps decorated with bows and ruffles. The garter straps held up pink fishnet stockings with black back seams. Sissy's shoes were pink as well with two inch platforms and six inch heels. Tina wore pink opera gloves and each wrist was adorned with a pink leather cuff with black lace trim, a matching pink leather posture collar with black lace trim and circled the sissy's neck. Long and heavy multi-strand rhinestone earrings fell to Tina's shoulders. His wig, also pink, was styled in a large drag queen bouffant. Long dark false lashes contrasted with his pink eye shadow and pink lipstick. It was pink, pink and more pink. Very sissy, very slutty. Derek took it all in. He laughed. Wow, the pictures and video are one thing. He gestured with his hand at Tina. But to see it real like this, Shannon laughed as she leaned over to kiss Derek's cheek. Like our new slut baby. Derek cocked his head. It is a lot of pink. She has other outfits, love or you'll get to see them all. Shannon snapped her fingers. Come here, sissy. Show master your clitty. She turned to Derek. We don't call it a

cock or a dick
or a penis. It is so tiny and useless that I locked it up. It's now her sissy clit
or a clitty.

She stroked Derek's groin. That's why I need a man with a cock. Derek chuckled. I
do understand.

He arched his eyebrows. Master? Shannon shrugged. You can have her call you master,
daddy, lord, whatever you want. You can refer to her as sissy slut bitch. Come dumb
whore, Tina,

whatever. Derek rubbed his chin, giving it thought. Hmm, daddy. Yeah, I like daddy
and she can be my

dirty little girl. Shannon licked and nibbled at Derek's ear lobe as her hand
caressed his crotch.

As dirty and nasty as daddy wants. She whispered in his ear,
make her your slut baby and whore her out to your golf and poker buddies.

Derek laughed. Ha ha, all excellent ideas. He glared at sissy Tina. Does my dirty
little girl want

to get down on her knees and suck daddy's cock? Want to show me what a whore you
are for daddy?

Tina curtsy'd. Oh, yes, daddy. Thank you, daddy. Shannon watched with smug pride as
her sissy

husband fell to his fishnet stalking Denise and crawled before her lover. She
watched the alpha

male smirk and spread his legs. Now that's sexy. Sissy on her knees ready to suck
my lover's cock.

Derek started to unfasten his belt but was stopped by Shannon's hand. Let her do it
baby. It's part

of the show. Derek smiled and nodded. Okay, slut suck daddy's cock. Tina's pink
gloved hands

unfastened to Derek's belt and unzipped his trousers. The sissy leaned forward and
used his nose to

nuzzle Derek's sexy blad underwear. Mmm, daddy's cock is so sexy. Fissy was daddy's
cock. Shannon

reached down to stroke Tina's cheek. That's my good sissy. You suck daddy Derek's
cock and we'll talk

about the next aspect of your training being my sissy cuckold.

This has been slut training trilogy book one sissy made written by Constance
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