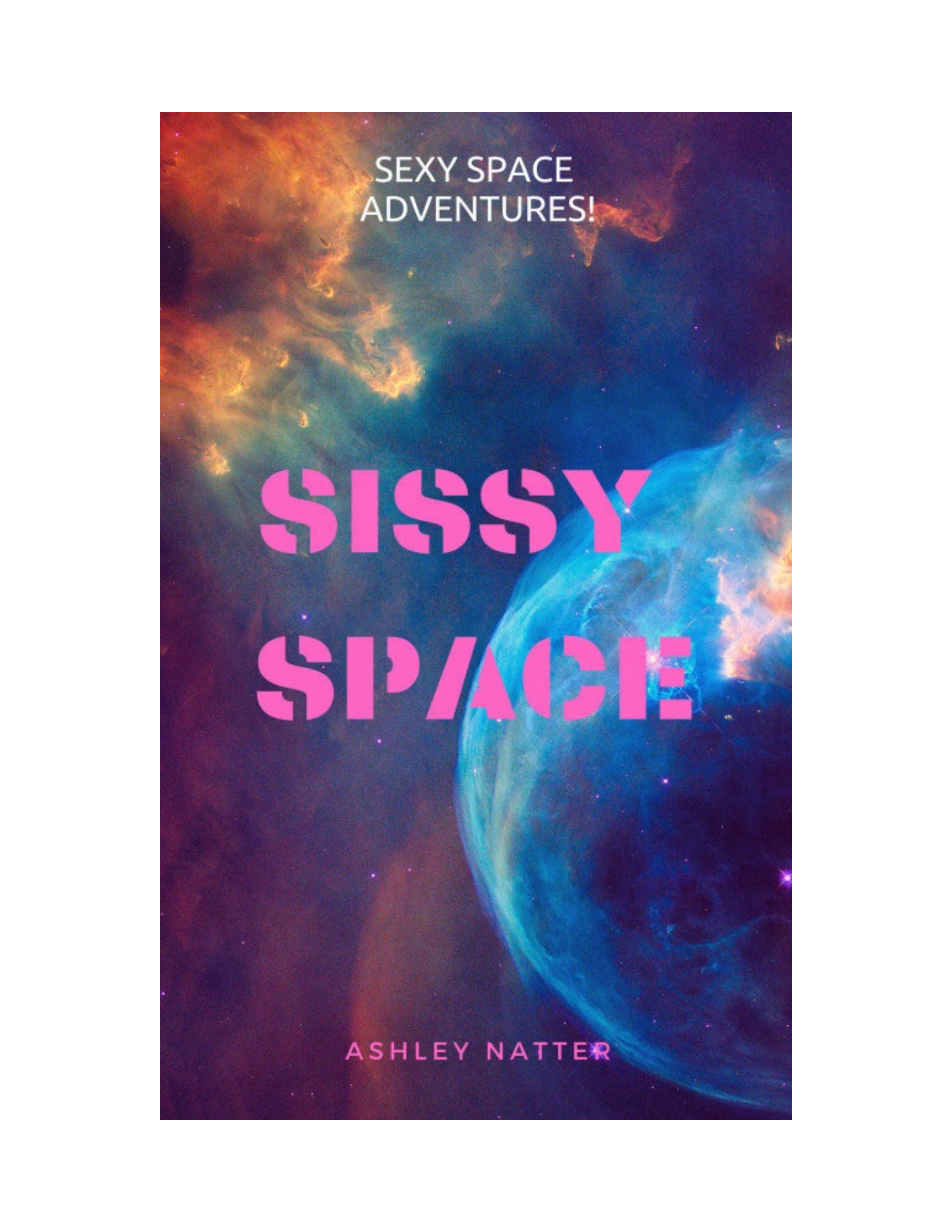


SEXY SPACE  
ADVENTURES!

# SISSY SPACE

ASHLEY NATTER



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# **Sissy Space**

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*The flames of lust were blazing, devouring the last remains of my pride and sanity.*

*He was the perfect lover for me. Strong where I was often weak, brave where I was timid, domineering where I was submissive. He would keep me warm, push me to do things I had never dreamed before.*

*The brutally hard length of his cock pressed against my tight, he was hungry for me. Farkas gripped my hips and pulled me towards him, making my cock hard under the bodysuit.*

**The stars shone amidst the full and pure darkness of space like the broken shards of a glittering diamond. The colossal shape of Jupiter and its many moons took over much of the sky in their slow movement, the Sun was reduced to merely a speckle of light on the distance.**

I had never expected to see something so beautiful outside of Earth; it was so breathtaking that I felt envious of the many spacefarers that could take this vision without ever blinking, the ones that could travel freely between the Outer Colonies and witness all their glory on a daily basis.

I, unfortunately, wasn't any bold spacefarer or rugged colonist, but rather a 19-year-old boy that had been given command of a spaceship thanks to my father's position in the company.

I was quite fortunate in that, my effeminate body and gentle gestures would have never have allowed me to do the hard work that was reserved to the lowly crew, some of those would work for years before even being considered to a promotion. The Captain position had allowed me to accrue a decent wage and even allowed me to meet my beloved bride.

In the spaceports my job was to choose the contracts and make sure the papers were in order, but in space my work consisted mostly of sitting on the captain's chair and keeping a serious face while the experienced crew kept to their functions like they had done so many times in the past. I was free to sit back and admire the stars that surrounded our might spaceship.

Our ship, the Intrepid, was impressive, but didn't live up to its name. It was a half-kilometer length, fusion-powered space freighter doing a circuitous route around the outer colonies of the solar system collecting resources that would then be transferred to Apophis Station where they would then be shipped to the Inner Colonies. There was very little to do aboard with most of the systems completely automated or locked by the Corporate authority to prevent the crew from messing around.

The first months had been tense, I had expected to face pirates or some similar catastrophe at every moment, but as the days stretched into months the boredom of routine began to settle in. The only breaks in the routine were the data packages we received every week with news from Earth, messages from friends and family, and even some entertainment options. Because of the light-lag everything we received would be a few months out of date, but we still could have some notion of what was happening back on our homeworld and with our loved ones.

My last package had been really dry, just a couple of quick missives from my parents and my bride, but at least we had received a big update to our entertainment package. I was browsing the list of new entertainment options, looking for some new VR simulation to play after my shift ended when one of the officers called my attention.

“Captain,” said the radar officer. “I’m picking up some gravitational anomalies.”

“What?” I said, almost leaping to my feet, trying to remember what was the correct protocol. “Uh... Put it on main viewscreen!”

The large display that dominated the bridge flickered to life, revealing the sharp, black form taking shape to our side. The entire bridge watched in dread. For most, including me, this was the first time we had ever seen a Singularity Engine in action, the very fabric of the space was being folded so that a ship could travel in speeds faster than light.

I was speechless, froze in place. I could vaguely remember the mention of Singularity Engines back in my orientation week, but I couldn't remember the correct protocol for the situation.

“What are your orders, Sir?” One of the officers said, bringing me back to reality.

“Orders?” I said, stupefied by appearance of the ship crossing through the singularity. It was much smaller than ours, but it was sleek and bristling with weaponry.

“Yes, Sir. What do we do?”

The new ship was probably the most beautiful and impressive I ever had seen; for just a moment I stood transfixed as I admired its smooth planes, shiny radiators and its massive spine-mounted cannon.

My awe dissolved to sheer terror moments later, as the messages demanding our surrender flooded the communication systems.

“Pirates!” I gasped. “Cut the communications!”

At once, without needing my orders, the crew took to their positions, they raced across the main deck of the ship to man the defense guns and get the drones ready for combat.

In my days as a captain I’d heard many tales of the pirate, none of them pleasant or complimentary. I’d heard savage stories of these ruthless, inhuman creatures seizing ships and killing all onboard, stealing from the struggling colonies, and even infringing copyright.

With the pirate vessel looming dangerously close to us, the crew made ready to fight, but as the gun ports flung open for the first volley of laser fire, nothing happened.

There were tense moments as reports filtered from the weapons positions, the laser batteries had never received the focusing lenses because of budget cuts, and the drones had no operating software because of an ongoing contract negotiation.

The next few minutes passed in a haze for me; I stood still as I give the order to surrender, watching as the herd of pirates boarded the decks of our ship.

In just a few moments the familiar deck of the ship was filled with strange, creatures born of genetic and cybernetic alterations, some were so altered that it was impossible to think of them as human. And one held a gun to my head.

The pirate captain was probably the most dangerous man I ever had seen. He was a tall, hulking muscular humanoid wolf, his dark eyes had something of bestial in them, and his canines were unnaturally sharp, more like those of a wolf than a human, his rough hands had sharp claws. He wore a spacesuit that seemed to have been made specially for him, tight enough to allow for easy movement in space and armored enough to withstand small arms fire.

“Let my crew go!” I screeched, gritting my teeth and fixing the pirate captain with the most intimidating stare I could manage.

He met this expression with a cool, irritatingly sardonic smile.

“Look at that, the corporate lackey has some spine after all!” His voice was deep and oddly sonorous. “Even so, my darling, I do not need your opinion at this time.”

In an instant the pirate let go of me, holstering the gun that he had kept pressed to my head.

“I feel no need to hurt anyone in our—ahem!—negotiations,” he arched his eyebrows, pinning me with a mocking smile. “Now, I hope we can talk like civilized folks. After all, I only seek to confiscate your cargo in name of the wellbeing of the Outer Colonies, that your company seem so eager to cheat out of their hard-earned resources.”

“Ah, I see.” I nodded. “You are one of those grand, noble pirates who steals from the rich to give to the poor, murdering innocent men in the process,” I spat out these last words as though they were poison.

The pirate captain nodded.

“I am willing to achieve my objective by any means possible,” his brief, bossy nod sent chills up my spine. “I am Farkas Hornigold, space pirate and defender of the Outer Colonies.”

I pursed my lips at this grand declaration, wondering just how I would introduce myself in a similar manner.

“I am Victor Demeter, captain of the Intrepid and minor shareholder of the Company!” I cringed as the words left my mouth.

“For years, Victor Demeter, your company have brought misery and degradation to the colonies, stealing our resources and condemning us to poverty so that the inner colonies can live in luxury,” he fixed me with a searing glare that chilled my blood. “You take advantage of the poorest members of my people, and for that you will pay!”

He stabbed my forehead with the barrel of his gun, his eyes hardening as his finger flexed against the trigger.

“No, stop!” I screamed. “I can give you the access codes!”

The pirate fixed me with a malicious grim, as if I was a small bunny in front of a predator.

“That is my offer,” I said, sounding far more confident than I felt. “What good will it do to murder me, when another company man will take my place.” I shrugged. “Instead I can offer you the access codes to the complete ship database.”

The pirate met my words with a thoughtful, concentrated frown.

“You got yourself a deal!” He pinned me with a wolfish grin and offered me his hand as he cocked his head towards the rest of his crew. “All right, get ready to leave, you bunch of degenerates! Let’s go!”

The captain swept my petite body up in his arms and carried me towards the airlock; encompassing me in a muscled clutch as he shouted orders to his own crew.

“Wait! What are you doing?!” I screamed.

“You are coming with us as a guarantee that your men won’t shoot at us on the way out. We will drop you on the closest spaceport.”

Never had I felt such a sharp combination of anger and fear as I watched impotently to the Intrepid’s cargo hold being detached and transferred to the pirate ship as they downloaded the entire database to their computers.

My crew seemed almost bored by the whole procedure, I was sure that they wouldn’t be crying rivers by my departure or plotting some daring, last minute rescue.

As they guided me from the Intrepid and through the pirate ship, the Liberty Lizard or Lili as they liked to call her, I could see it still had the bones of an old mining vessel that had been modified with scavenged weapons and armor. What once had been a solid workhorse ship was now prone to bad temper and random breakdowns of vital functions if it didn’t get a lot of maintenance.

They dropped me into a small, cramped bathroom with orders to remove my

armored spacesuit and undersuit, apparently those were too valuable to be left with a prisoner.

The roughened captain walked inside the bathroom. It was bad enough without my armor, but seeing him so confident while being near naked made me feel even more vulnerable. I was annoyed at myself for feeling this way; it wasn't like I hadn't been in close quarters with plenty of men during my time in the Corporate Academy. But there was something about the captain that made me feel vulnerable and weak.

“There are some clothes on the left locker, you can put anything you like,” he said without moving from his place.

“There are any new from my superiors?” I croaked.

“The radio is out. Can't send a message till we get to a port.”

He took another step inside the shower and turned on the water, giving me a perfect view of his carved abs...and the bulge at his crotch. Apparently, his genetic modifications had been very thorough.

I had to do my best to strengthen my resolve.

“How did you manage to evade not only the satellite defense systems, but the entire Golbrew’s incorporated Space Force?”

He smiled that deviously, predatory grim. “That’s my secret to keep.”

I focused on washing myself, trying to ignore his eyes over my body. Everyone had heard about the dens of pure degeneracy and sin that were the Outer Colonies, I had been warned to keep myself to the ship during our stops on the Outer Colonies, the kind of people that lived in there scuffed at the morals and chastity of the inner colonies.

“Have you considered getting some work done, princess? We have some really cool biomods on the clinic, I can even give you some recommendations.”

“What?! Do you think I’m some kind of perverted? Maybe you also want to shove some needles on me or scramble my brain with pirated cyberware? While you’re at it, why don’t you make me from behind like a filthy animal?”

He reached forward, his warm naked flesh pressing against mine. “I apologize, Captain Victor. You showed great bravery by offering yourself as our hostage, and I never would wish to force any modifications against your will.”

Wait, what? Did he just apologize?

I focused on washing my body for a bit while he watched me. I tried to ignore him, but his eyes on me were almost physical, like he was actually touching my skin with his rough hands.

I had to force the words out through gritted teeth. “Thanks for your kindness, I hope this situation resolves itself as fast and amiably as possible.”

“I could use someone like you in my crew,” he said.

“Sorry, I already have a contract.”

“There are ways to free you from that.”

“I’m already free.”

“I want to taste you,” he groaned. “Just one kiss.”

I froze at his sudden request, a cold sweat of fear running down my spine as I looked over the muscular wolf, he put a hand on my chin, my eyes locked to mine.

His lust was infectious, I could feel it thick in the air. My control was splintering, every shred of strength I possessed was centered on keeping my dignity, keeping him away from me.

His canine cock was throbbing between his legs, his breath was hot. I imagined him pulling me against his body, tearing my clothes with his claws, spreading my ass, and taking me like an animal.

I touched his arms and felt the lush fur that covered his body under my fingers as a ragged groan tore from his throat.

I felt his claws pressing against my skin as he grabbed me by the hip. Never had I felt such lust, never wished to lose all control.

But I never had known such needy pleasure either. It was burning inside me, destroying control, making me so hungry for his kiss.

“Your fur is tough,” I whispered as my fingertips rubbed against his pectoral muscles.

“Your skin is like silk,” he whispered in my ear, his hot breath sending shivers through my spine.

“Farkas, this is illegal,” I begged, my voice was husky and filled with arousal. “I have a bride! I’m...”

Shifting his hips, he moved until he was pushing my legs apart, pressing his bestial cock against my much smaller human cock.

“Shh,” he soothed me. “There are no laws here, princess.”

His head lowered ever so slowly, his gaze holding mine as I could only watch as the lust burning in his eyes consumed my sanity.

“I would never force you,” he whispered.

His lips touched mine. Slowly, but unstoppable.

My lips parted with a gasp, his tongue invading my mouth, flooding my body

with his flaming desire. I was shaking from the inside out as lust coursed through my veins. New and strange desires flooded my body, made my legs tremble as his touch seemed to make me vulnerable.

His hands stroked down my sides, grabbed my ass with craving lust. My arms encircled his neck, pulled him closer for a deeper kiss.

Farkas's head lifted, his lips moving to my neck, his teeth raking the sensitive flesh. The feel of his hardened cock pressed tight and hard against me as his rough tongue stroked my neck with a demanding lust.

His cock was hot, hard. So thick and heavy against my belly as he pressed me against the wall. He grinded his hot body against mine, the pressure of his aroused cock against my skin overwhelmed my rationality.

Farkas's large palm cupped the back of my head. His tongue stroked along my neck; his teeth raked, nipped. The feel of his incisors, wicked sharp, sent fiery pleasure tearing through my body.

"Farkas." Weakness assailed me, yet adrenaline made me desire for more. The lust inside me begged to be released. I ached for more.

He kissed me deeply, full of hungry lust and bestial desire, before he set me free. He left me there, sitting on the floor of the bathroom, panting.

"What...?"

"I have work to do," Farkas turned around. "See you later, space princess."

## II

**After the bath, I covered myself with a towel and proceeded to the examination area.**

The examination room was actually quite large, covered in aseptic white plastic covered the walls, there was a metal table on the center of the room and hard points along the walls where more equipment could be affixed. A cabinet held some neatly labeled bottles in rows and a small sink.

My bare feet tapped against the floor while I waited for whatever passed for a doctor amongst the pirates. I wished they had allowed me to at least keep my shoes, being barefoot in this empty room made me feel more exposed. I tried to keep my mind focused on going back home, back to my bride and Earth, where things made sense and humans remained humans. Where bestial monsters didn't roam the stars.

I didn't need to wait for long, in a few minutes a tall humanoid tigress walked in the room, she wore a white medical coat over her bodysuit, her breasts were almost popping out of it and I could clearly see the outline of her pussy.

“Vicky?” She asked looking at a datapad.

"N- no, my name is Victor," I said, licking my lips nervously.

The doctor scuffled and made a quick notation, nodding thoughtfully. "I see, so you have any modifications?"

"No, I'm fully organic! I'm a proud citizen of Earth and back there we don't do these kinds of thing."

The tigress pursed her lips. "I'm sure, but I'll do a scan just to be sure. We can't have you running around with some hidden augmentation. I'll need to make sure everything's in working order before I sign your release. Now, drop the towel and let me have a look at you."

A sinking feeling came over me, but I reluctantly removed the towel and dropped it over the table on the center of the room. The room was cold enough to make my nipples hard and my cock shrivel.

The doctor came closer and rested a hand over my chest, the other going to the back of my head. "Just a routine test," she chuckled. "My hands have sensors, there's nothing to worry about. Now, take deep breaths."

I took long breaths while the tigress' hands moved up and down my torso, fingertips brushing against my abs, stroking my sides, pressing up to feel my ass. The doctor purred approvingly and made little notes on the datapad. Her hands

explored my body, touching and stroking with just enough force for me to feel it, to know she had control over it.

It was unsettling how good it felt to just surrender to it.

The doctor slid her hand between my legs, cupping my small dick and balls. I tensed up immediately, but she pinned me down with a predatory grim, her hand closing around my cock.

The tigress chuckled. "Sensitive?" she asked, her finger circling my nipple as the other hand jerked my cock. I had to suppress the urge to moan when the doctor teased my nipple, pinching the hard nub.

"That's good, good," the tigress towered over me, made me feel so small and weak.

There was no way to hide my arousal, my surrender. I had no choice but to comply, I could feel my cheeks burning.

"Are you having an erection because a woman is stroking your cock or is it because she is dominating you?" The doctor held my gaze, pinching my nipple between her fingers, extracting a laborious moan as my only answer.

“Please,” I pleaded. “I…”

The doctor released my nipple and moved her hand to my ass, groping and caressing my virgin asshole. “It's nothing to be ashamed of,” she said. “But I’ll put your name down as Vicky if you cum from being fingered.”

“Wait?!” My protest morphed into a moan as her finger slid inside my ass.

She released my cock and pressed her fingers against my lips, forcing it in my mouth, making me suck on them even as her finger stretched my ass, forcing its way with a second finger.

With her fingers fucking my mouth, she glanced down at my cock. “Still hard, I see,” she said, a note of approval in her voice. “Well, there's nothing wrong with it, some people were born to be sissies.”

I squeezed my eyes shut and stifled a moan while the doctor's fingers stroked and teased my sensitive flesh. No one had ever touched me like that before, and through the haze of sensation I was amazed that it could feel so good.

I whimpered as her fingers thrust hard inside of me, flaring waves of pleasure

that turned all rational thought into a haze of primal lust.

As her fingers moved inside me, a mixture of strong, wicked desire filled my senses. I craved for more! Each stroke of her fingers sent liquid fire through my veins, making me moan with abandon as my cock spurted its seed on the floor, an orgasm that flared and seeped into every cell of my body. The pleasure was overwhelming, hot, washing through me with unrelenting force and leaving me shaking, shuddering in the wake of a release like I had never experience before.

The tigress deposited me on the table to recover my breath and forces, my legs were shaking.

“Congratulations, there are no hidden augmentations on your body,” the tigress said as she cleaned her hands on the sink. “Also, I sent order to print an identification card so you can walk around the common area, Vicky.”

### III

**It took me a few minutes to be able to walk again, I did my best to clean myself and get ready to present myself with some dignity. They explained me that without the correct cyberware I wouldn't be able to interface with the ship's core systems, so I might as well make myself comfortable and help around until we reached the nearest spaceport.**

I tried on my new clothes, a bodysuit made out of smart fabrics that could be programmed to change into a series of patterns, shapes, and textures with the help of a small wrist computer. I missed my captain's uniform, it had always given me an air of command and respect, the tight bodysuit only enhanced my effeminate appearance and made me feel almost naked.

I took a walk to stretch my legs, the pirate ship seemed to be equipped with some high-tech artificial gravity generator, I could guess it had been set up to about 80% of Earth Standard gravity, but it was still much better than the freefall that was kept in the Intrepid.

The core of the ship was a common area with a small communal kitchen, a long dining table, some improvised workout equipment, and a medical area. Some of the crew were having their lunch, to my surprise they were eating real food and not those crappy nutritional bars and liquid meals I was used to have aboard the Intrepid.

I wasn't sure if I was allowed to eat with the rest of the crew, but I couldn't resist the temptation of hot food. Being amidst the big, bestial transhumans I felt intimidated by their size and the obvious mechanical enhancements, but they barely seemed to pay me any attention. The cook, a big black humanoid bear, barely looked at me as he put waffles on my plate.

I sat on the corner of the table, away from the rest of the crew to eat my food in silence. My position wouldn't exactly allow me to mingle with the crew, and it would be better if I didn't make acquaintances with a crew of transhuman pirates.

I was savoring my hot waffles with syrup when another person sat in front of me. His skin was tanned, with a red long hair, and dark eyes. He had a girlish look, but he had sharp canines that gave him a predatorial look, he had a long tail implanted to the base of his spine, and his ears were sharp and elfin. He was clearly a product of top-notch genetic engineering and looked incredibly sexy in his skin-tight bodysuit that had been programmed to be shiny black, leaving his arms and legs naked.

“So, you are the new sissy, Vicky?” He looked at me with energetic eyes.

My fingers tightened around the fork. “Please don't call me that! My name is Victor.”

He offered me his hand. “Victor, well my name is Alphie.”

I tried to smile. “Thanks, but I’ll not be around for long, so…”

He leaned back. “I know, but it’s not always that I can find other sissy like me on a ship, most of those sluts prefer to stay on the stations.”

I poked at my waffles with my fork and sighed. “I told you I’m not a sissy.”

Alphie just smiled and stole a piece of my waffles. “I bet you never even tried it, you certainly have the body for that.”

“I don’t intend to! I have a bride waiting for me back on Earth, I don’t intend to take part in any depraved customs your kind may have around here,” I shoved a piece of waffle in my mouth angrily.

“I had heard about how people are uptight on the Inner colonies, but damn!” He licked his lips. “Hey, it’s your choice after all, but you never wondered what you are losing? Are you one of those only-for-reproduction sex? You never even wanted to try some biomods?”

“Never!” I replied firmly.

“We have a pretty decent clinic here, you could try out some stuff and have it removed before we get to a port. No one on Earth would ever know about it.”

“I know all too well what happens to people that experiment with biomods! We have been instructed in the modification madness!”

He chuckled, his laughter was soft and feminine. “You really watched that movie? We have it on the library, but we usually only watch it when we are drunk. Look, if you want to learn about biomods and cybermods we have some introductory books and videos on the library.”

The thought sickened me. I couldn't imagine someone voluntarily changing their bodies, but I couldn't deny I was curious to see what they found so funny about our instructional video. The Inner Colonies had banned all modifications a few years ago, but now looking at all the heavily modified transhumans I couldn't help but feel intimidated.

“Does it hurt?”

“You don't feel a thing. The operations are done under anesthesia and once the nerve integration is complete, they feel just like another part of your body. There's some chance of infection, but nothing different from any other operation.”

“What about cybernetic induced psychosis? Isn’t that usually a side-effect of these modifications?”

“I get that a lot from the Inner Colonies types, but C.I.P. is total bullshit! The original paper that described it was incredibly biased and referenced a nebulous concept of human essence as the basis for the condition. The subjects of the paper had been veterans from the Resources Wars, their described symptoms could have been much better described as a combination of PTSD and the social isolation they suffered because of their cybermods.”

“I see,” I muttered, trying to digest everything he had said.

Alphie gave me an appraising look. “I know that’s a lot to take in, when I moved in from the Inner Colonies, I also felt overwhelmed for the first months. No one is going to force you to do anything here, so if you want to experiment it’s all up to you.”

I swallowed dry. “If I wanted to try it out, how would I do that?”

Alphie’s voice took an excited edge. “Here, let me show you the catalogue, we have so many options! We just received new models on the last data pack, just keep an open mind.”

He almost dragged me out of the table towards the small clinic of the ship, trusting a data pad in my hands with a long list of possible modifications divided in cyber and bio classes, the extension of the surgery, and the time for recovery.

“So, how much does it cost?” I asked awkwardly, failing to find the price for the surgery anywhere in the tables. “I have some money on my account, but I haven’t been paid for the last trip.”

Alphie discarded the idea with a gesture of his hand. “There’s no cost, the construction of the modifications and the surgery are completely automated. You may have to schedule a time slot for some of the longer procedures, but besides that you don’t have to worry.”

I run through the list a couple of time nervously, trying not to think too hard about what I was doing. I was going to experiment with cybernetic modification and I wasn't at all sure how to feel about that.

My experiences since coming to the pirate ship had been much different from anything I had expected. Back in the academy they had taught us what to expect If we ended as hostages to one of the many pirate ships that infested the Outer Colonies, but those normally revolved around never revealing any sensitive information about the corporations or how to avoid presenting a bad corporate image in case they decided to film me for ransom or execution. In the past hours they had done things to me that I would never have allowed under normal circumstances, would never have even thought of doing.

The proper and chaste captain still lived inside of me, but there was something else there now, an increasing urge, one I had never explored before, a desire that was quickly beginning to turn into obsession.

As we approached the clinic I finally settled into a pair of feline ears, they were simple and discreet, could be easily removed later and wouldn't need any extensive operation. The ears would be fitted to appear natural, white fur that would mix well with my pale complexion and golden hair, fitted with a small radar system they would allow me to detect movement and could receive radio signals.

The operation was kind disappointing, Alphie guided me to sit on a chair and we spent half an hour chatting, he told me all about his different modifications and when he had got each of them. By the end of our chat the ears had been implanted to my head without me having felt anything.

I stood in front of the mirror, staring at the cat's ears on the top of my head, moving almost by themselves. Alphie advised to not try the new functions yet, so I would have time to get used to the ears first.

"It's good to see you again," Farkas said standing at my side, he glanced down at my body, letting his gaze linger on my new ears. "So, you are a kitty, princess?"

"Don't call me that!" I could feel my cheeks blushing, one of the problems of

being so pale was that when I blushed it became really obvious. I still could remember his kisses during our shower, the warmth of his body pressed against mine, the weight of his cock against my belly.

There was purpose in his eyes, a lustful hunger.

“Why don’t you leave us alone, Alphie,” he put a paw around my waist, pulling me closer to him.

I wasn't certain of the emotions I felt or what to do with them. These people were different from anyone else I had ever met, they loved with wildness and dedication that bordered the extreme at times.

Pulling me to look at him, his hands lifted to cup my face and kissed me, long and slowly, savoring my mouth. His tongue touched mine, licked at it.

The desire to be taken and fucked was filling my soul, as I felt his fingers at my new ears, stroking, sliding, gripping. The new nerve connections flared to life, making me moan at the sudden sensation of pleasure that flooded my senses.

My knees were nearly shaking at the pleasure as he put his hands on my waist and lifted me towards him, pressing my back against the wall as he kissed me.

The flames of lust were blazing, devouring the last remains of my pride and sanity.

He was the perfect lover for me. Strong where I was often weak, brave where I was timid, domineering where I was submissive. He would keep me warm, push me to do things I had never dreamed before.

The brutally hard length of his cock pressed against my tight, he was hungry for me. Farkas gripped my hips and pulled me towards him, making my cock hard under the bodysuit.

"I want to fuck you, princess," he growled. "I want to take you like an animal."

His fingers moved aside my bodysuit, my hard cock popping out of the clothes as his fingers pressed against my hole.

"You need to find better clothes," he ordered, his voice rough and forceful. "Make sure to get yourself some proper stockings too."

I couldn't help, but smile at his orders. "I will find something that you will love."

I could see the hunger heating inside him, smell his arousal burning deeper, brighter with each passing second.

My hands enlaced his neck, pulling my head towards him for another kiss, he groped me tightly. His teeth rasped the sensitive flesh of my neck.

Gripping my hip, he touched my hole with his fingers, he parted my ass and teased it, pressing and stroking the pink flesh.

He smelled of musk and lust, his scent was addictive.

Leaning forward, he flicked the tip with his tongue against my nipple, my hands gripped his head, my nails prickling at his scalp as he stroked and kissed my nipples. Arousal gleamed in his eyes.

He licked around my nipple again and I felt the flinch of pleasure that rippled through my body.

"Farkas," I panted his name as his fingers raked over my ass.

"Farkas," I whispered his name again with sensual hunger. "It's so good!"

I was becoming completely immersed in the pleasure, in his touch. The hard length of his cock pressed against my ass, dripping in precum already. My own cock was hard, begging for relief.

"Sweet Princess," he whispered in my ears as heat, incredible, blistering heat seared the tender flesh of my ass as his cock pressed against it, the heavy shaft stretching me open, touching nerves that I didn't know I had. The swollen, sharp head of his canine cock stretched my ass open as he pulled me into a hard kiss.

It was beyond incredible. His lips twisted against mine; his tongue twisted with mine. His hands held me strongly, slowly lowering me on his cock as his hips moved and thrust inside of me.

I could only stare up at him as he took me with slow, controlled thrusts, my back was pressed against the cold wall, but the warmth of his fur flared a pleasure without measure in me.

His cock was stretching me, penetrating me with short and hard strokes, inch by inch he took me.

With a final, heavy stroke, he was buried to the hilt inside me, his knot stretching me more than I believed possible, filling me in such a way that I knew that I

would forever feel an emptiness inside of me.

My nails dug into his back, pulling him closer with desperate pleasure, filled me with a savage lust that destroyed my rational mind.

Each stroke dug into my sensitive flesh, made feel every inch of his cock buried inside of me. It stretched and caressed and filled me with a bliss I couldn't control. I didn't want to control.

Ecstasy raced through my body, it was an orgasm like none I had ever experienced before, a blanketing of warmth bliss, that drowned me in wicked pleasure, made my ass tighten around his cock.

His cock slammed inside me, buried deep as he roared in my ears. The feel of his release spurting inside me was orgasmic in itself, making my little cock spurt its clear and watery seed.

Farkas deposited me in the small bed, cradling me in his arms now, his cock was still buried inside me, the cock keeping us tied, but also filling me with a glowing, lasting pleasure.

I had feared this moment, had feared this pleasure, but nothing else mattered.

Nothing mattered but this.

Being held by him.

Being taken by him.

**More Books for Sissies**

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

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

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becomes a  
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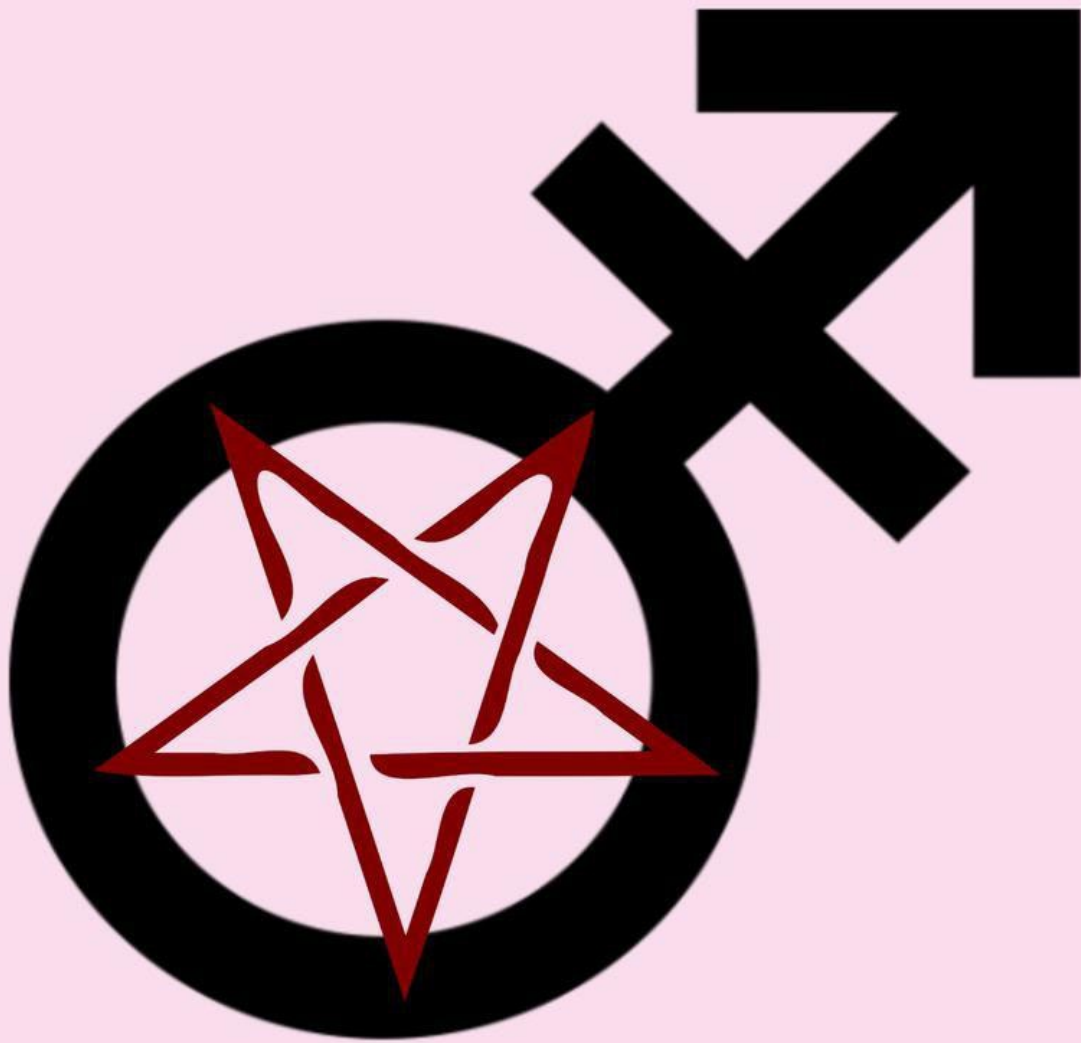
# Sissy Harem



By Ashley Natter

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