

**BY
MINA
BLACK**



SISSY TRAINED

**Sissy Trained
Mina Black**

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"Hello there, sweetheart. It's time for you to get up."

Kayla's voice edges into the periphery of my sleep. Blinking awake, I sit up and find Kayla standing over me. My wife has her hands on her hips.

Like always, she is beautiful. Dressed in a black skirt and tight top, she combines professional and sexy with an ease pretty much every other woman at work envies. My wife reaches down and grabs the edge of the blanket. She pulls it away from my body, revealing my naked form. Well, I'm not entirely naked. There are leather shackles around my wrists and ankles, binding me to my bed.

This is how I sleep now. This is how I've left ever since we got married. When Kayla first made the announcement, she giggled and said something about wanting to make sure that I was nice and secure. She wanted to be certain that I wouldn't get into any trouble at night.

Kayla reaches down and slides her hand along my naked thigh. Instantly, my body reacts. My penis starts to harden, and it's only a matter of heartbeats before it's erect.

"There is my little doll," she says to me.

For a moment, my lower lip hardens. Despite everything, I'm still not used to the way she speaks to me. I'm supposed to be her husband, but she speaks to me like I'm just her toy. Of course, she has all the power. She has all of the influence and leverage. Really, there isn't anything I can do to stop her, yet I'm still not used to it.

While I am completely naked, Kayla is of course fully dressed. That is just one more way she can express her power over me. Instinctively, I pull on my shackles, thinking that my struggles might make some kind of difference. The thin, metal chains rattle and jingle but I'm still bound and helpless.

"Honey, you know that doesn't do any good. You can't get up until I let you up." Her eyes sparkle with the obvious, but then her hand is drifting higher and higher, moving closer to my cock and balls.

I squirm a little bit more, and she lightly takes my scrotum in her hand. She could squeeze. She could send hot pain shooting through my body, yet she refrains, this time. Instead, she just cups my balls for several seconds. With one finger, she starts to stroke that spot beneath my scrotum, and my erection becomes more intense.

"Oh?" she says with mock surprise. "Is someone a horny little sissy?"

I grit my teeth, refusing to respond. Technically, I've been very well trained, but some part of me continues to rebel at this sort of treatment. I behaved myself yesterday, so I don't deserve this sort of teasing, but then that is probably the point. Kayla wants to remind me that she can do whatever she wishes with whatever she wants. It doesn't matter if I deserve it or not.

Let go of my scrotum, and her lithe fingers slide up the length of my shaft. He gently strokes me, caressing my cock. I strain against my bonds again, my muscles flexing and tensing. All the while, she keeps her crystal blue eyes on my face.

"Are you going to be a good servant for me today?"

At first, I don't want to answer, only I'm perfectly aware of what she can do to me if she buys I need a punishment. Forcing my body to relax, I swallowed back my defiance and I say, "Yes, ma'am. I will be a good servant for you today."

"Perfect. I knew I could count on you," says Kayla Beth before she reaches into her pocket and takes out a key. It's small, basically as large as her fingertip. She slides it into my shackles, first of those at my feet, then the restraints holding my hands in place.

"Thank you, ma'am."

That is how I address my wife. He has all the power. She has ability to punish me in more ways than one, so I quickly slide off of the bed and hit the carpet on my knees. I look up at her, and she smirks down at me. When she looks at me, I can practically feel the condescension radiating from her. He doesn't respect me. She doesn't think anything really a man.

Naked and helpless on the floor, I suppose that I'm not. I'm certainly no virile alpha male. I'm about to be turned into a sissy all

over again. Kayla likes making sure that I get dressed up nicely every morning.

My wife walks over to the closet, and she starts to press her fingers through the different outfits. All of the costumes and uniforms in there are just a little bit too big for her. Finally, she picks out one, pulling out by the hanger.

Kayla holds it up for me to see, and my chest tightens with humiliation. Before our marriage, I probably would've noticed an outfit like that, and I would've thought it was a rousing because I would picture some pretty girl wearing it.

It is a white and pink dress with a tight little corset. At the hem of the skirt, there are lots of white, lacy ruffles. At the same time, I can't help but pick out all the different bows. It looks like something that is somehow both childish and slutty at the same time. It vaguely reminds me of a candy stripper's uniform.

"I'm going to be back in ten minutes. When I return, I want to make sure that you are pretty or your day. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say quickly.

Kayla strolls up to me, and she runs her fingers through my hair. "Good. When I get back, you're going to be a pretty little girl. You are going to be ready for your day. You're going to be ready to do whatever you're told. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say quickly. I don't have any choice but to agree with her.

Once she leaves the room, I stand up. I look around, taking in my surroundings. This used to be a small bedroom, little more than office with a closet. But now, this is where I live. This is where Kayla keeps me when she's otherwise busy or occupied. There is my bed, complete with shackles.

Off to the side, there is also a full length mirror and a small desk covered in makeup. Though small bottles and jars make me shiver, especially because I know what is about to happen. I know what I'm about to do.

I have been trained, so I try not to think about it. I walk over to the small dresser on the side of the room. I open up the bottom drawer, and I take out a pair of socks. They are thin and dainty, with pink ruffles around the ends.

I also fish out a pair of panties. Holding them up, I try to convince myself that they are just another pair of underwear, but that's impossible. Although they will fit me easily, the patent is too soft. The lace ribbons are too feminine. Putting my teeth, I take the socks in the panties over to the desk, and I sit down. I pull the socks up, but they only reach my ankles. A moment later, I slide into the panties as well, feeling that the soft material as it hugs my penis.

Although I know it's a foolish mistake, I stand up, and I look at myself in the mirror.

I don't feel like a man, not anymore. Kayla did this to me, though I know I have always been slender for my gender. My movements have never been lumbering or particularly powerful. Rather, people always think of me as graceful and slight. Of course, now Kayla has insisted that we let my hair grow out. She is also insisted on trimming my eyebrows, making them even more girlish.

Standing there in my socks and panties, I can't convince myself that I'm a real man. I'm not, not anymore.

Pushing those thoughts aside, I go back to the bed because I know I don't have a whole lot of time. I pull the pretty pink dress over my shoulders, and then I start the arduous task of tying all of those in the place.

Once I finish, I sit down at the small desk. Practiced instinct takes over, and I reach for the container of foundation. Outer is soft against my cheeks, and once it's on, I begin to feel like a slightly different person. Then again, this is only the start. Once I have the foundation on, I pick up some blush, and I apply it gently. When I'm done with that, I apply eyeliner. Last comes the lipstick.

When I'm done, I definitely look back at my reflection, and I feel like a different person.

If that I finish, Kayla opens the door. I stand up obediently, only to fall back down onto my knees. I keep my eyes aimed at the door, and she strolls over to me. She runs her fingers through my hair. "Pretty soon this will be long enough for a French braid. Won't that be lovely?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, my face flushed beneath the makeup.

Kayla reaches down and touches of my chin, nudging me so I look up at her. Standing above me, she seemed so big and powerful.

At the same time, I can't help but feel especially pathetic down on my knees.

"Are you ready to start your day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. There's my good sissy. Now stand up for your inspection."

I hate this part. It always gives her an excuse to spank or punish me.

Straightening my back, I get back up onto my feet, only now I make sure to stare down at the floor. Kayla starts to walk around me, and I could feel her eyes on me, searching for any mistakes.

"This bow is pretty sloppy," she says.

"I'm sorry," I tell her quickly.

Kayla shakes her head and clicks her tongue, clearly disappointed. Pursing my lips, I try not to contemplate what she is thinking. I try not to worry about what she might decide to do with me.

She lifts up my skirt and giggles, clearly amused by the pink panties wrapped around my ass. He reaches under the skirt and starts to stroke thigh and buttocks. It's such a small violation, yet it makes me shiver nonetheless.

"Let me take a look at your face," Kayla commands.

I turn about and I face her. "Yes, you are very pretty little sissy. And to think, when we got married, you were going to be my husband. You probably didn't think things were to go like this, did you?"

"No, ma'am," I say, gritting my teeth. It's impossible not to think about how much I had built before we got married, how much she had taken away from me.

"But you're a lot happier like this, aren't you?"

This is a test, little more than a game, one I am supposed to lose. Because I have been well-trained, I inhale, and I stifle the urge to try to defy this woman. "Yes, ma'am," I tell her, letting my eyes drift back down to the floor.

"Thank me for training you."

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you for training me."

"Is there anything else you want to say?" He asks that question, only I can see through to what she really wants to hear. She wants me to sound grateful for doing this to me, for turning me into this pathetic little sissy, this shadow of a man I used to be.

"Thank you for teaching me how to be a good sissy for you. Thank you for training me and teaching me how to be obedient to a powerful woman. I'm very grateful," I tell her.

"You don't sound very convincing," she says, and I know that Kayla is right. I don't, and annoyance flashes across her face.

She grabs me by my neck, and she shows me down against the bed. She lifts up my skirt, and she starts to spank me, swatting the back of my ass hard. Pain lances through me, and I want to tell myself that this isn't a big deal. It's a spanking. This the kind of punishment the little kids get, so it really can't be anything truly significant.

But it is, and I can feel my strength start to dissipate. It hurts a lot, and even though I want to convince myself that I can be defiant at my core, I know that isn't true. She has worn me down, turning me into her pet and her plaything, little more than a toy for her to use.

The spanking comes to a stop. "That's what happens when you're a bad sissy."

"Yes, ma'am," I say, gasping for breath. "I'm very sorry."

"Good girl," she says to me, petting the back of my neck. "I know that deep down you want this. Really deep down in your core, you understand that you aren't supposed to be in charge. You are supposed to have any power. No, you are to be obedient and to do as you're told. You are to submit whenever you hear command because that's what you really need isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say automatically.

"On your knees," she says simply.

Without question or hesitation, I obey. I dropped back down onto my knees for the third time, and this time, Kayla lifts up her skirt, and she pulls down her panties. Her naked pussy is right before me, and Kayla orders me to hold my hands behind my back.

Such close proximity to this exquisite woman pumps arousal through my body. When we first met, I thought that Kayla was incredible, the kind of woman I could never have a chance with. But

then, she decided that she wanted me too, at least at first. Of course, there was no way for me to possibly guess what she had planned for me.

Kayla grabs my hair and yanks me forward, pressing my mouth up against her slit. "Be a good little sissy and do what you're told," she commands. Her order is unnecessary, especially because I have just been spanked. My ass still feels hot from where her hand landed.

I start to lick, pushing my tongue forward. I enter her, and she starts to moan with pleasure. This is incredible for her, but not just because of how my hot and slick tongue feels against her clitoris. No, she also loves the power she can wield over me. I can feel her eyes on me as she looks down on me, having trained me from an independent man into a pathetic, obedient sissy. "There's my sissy," she says happily, echoing my thoughts. "Yes, you're such a good little girl. You are so pretty in your bows and in pretty pink dress. I think I'm going to keep you like this forever. Yes, I am. You're not going to have to worry about being my husband anymore. No, you're not."

Granted, Kayla has said those words to me on many occasions, yet they ameliorate and emasculate me all the same. Somehow, I just can't get used to hearing this beautiful woman talk down to me like that.

The flavor of her excitement fills up my senses. I can smell her, and I can taste her. Almost eagerly, I lick and I suck, nuzzling and swirling my tongue around her pussy. Kayla pulls harder on my hair, and I know that I have to move faster. I start to swing my tongue from side to side, and she moans and, louder this time.

My jaw starts to ache, but I disregard the sensations. Her pleasure is paramount. If I fail at this, I will be in so much trouble.

Licking and probing, I nuzzle up between her thighs. Encryption even tighter, and even though she is about to climax, I feel the sting of hesitation of the back of my mind. I try harder, boiling my tongue faster.

Her body tenses, and then Kayla finally lets me go. I stumble back, looking up at her. Although she just came quite hard, she pulls up her panties, and she smooths out her skirt. "Very nicely done."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"What my sissy like an orgasm too?"

My mouth goes dry at the prospect. Even now, I can feel my cock press out against the satin panties he has commanded me to wear. Yes, I want to come. I want it very badly. Even so, I concentrate hard on not appearing overly eager. According to Kayla, that would be unbecoming of me.

"Yes, please, ma'am," I say, polite and demure.

"It up on the bed and lift your skirt for me."

Instantly, I scramble to obey. Within just a second or two, I am down on my back, my eyes on the ceiling. Kayla climbs onto the bed as well, and I can smell her arousal. She gets on top of me, reaching down. The fingertips slide past the elastic of my panties toward my cock. "Who does it belong to?"

"You," I tell her, almost breathless. "It belongs to you. I belong to you." Those words are utterly without dignity or self-respect. But those are concepts I lost a long time ago. He owns me now, so she hopes my cock, gently turning me on more and more. It isn't long before starts to dribble with pre-come.

"That's right," Kayla says to me. "I own you, so you aren't allowed to him without permission, are you?"

"No, ma'am."

"And if you did, without permission, you'd be in a lot of trouble, wouldn't you?" I hear something her voice, something that makes my heart start to pitter-patter harder and faster.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you better not make any mistakes," Kayla says to me, gently stroking my cock. She grips it tighter, and I have to bite down into my lower lip. I am so close, especially as she has forced me to be chaste for several days. "You, all of you, every inch, belongs to me, so if you come, you're going to need so, so much discipline." Kayla keeps her voice low. Yet her words cut to my core. I don't want to be in trouble, not like that.

Yet she continues to poke me, gently caressing and squeezing my cock. I squirm beneath her, but she didn't seem to mind. If anything, she liked the way my hips pivoted from side to side.

"Don't do it," she said, giving me another squeeze.

Her rhythm became faster and more frenetic.

Some part of me started to fear that she might be doing this on purpose, that she wants me in trouble specifically. Maybe she craves an excuse, or maybe she just longs to give me another little reminder of how my body no longer belongs to me. Kayla squeezes again, and I lose control.

All of a sudden, I can the spurts shoot into my panties. Exhilaration and fear rocket through me, shoving me down against the bed. Kayla's weight seems a much more intense, but she kept doing it, jerking me off with her hand.

Finally, the orgasm finishes. She holds out her hand. It is slick with my own come. "Look at that. Someone made a mess. Someone's been a bad sissy."

Kayla holds up her fingers, the light reflected against the moisture along her skin. Pursing my lips, I attempt to look away, but I am down on my back, trapped beneath her. Granted, Kayla really doesn't weigh very much, but something keeps me from trying to argue with her. What can I say? I am her husband and she owns me.

Holding her hand up over my mouth, she gives me the command that I dread most. "Since you made such a mess on my arm, you're going to have to clean it up. With your tongue."

Breathing out of my mouth, I want to try to come up with a good reason why I shouldn't have to do it. There has to be something I could say, I thought to myself.

There really isn't. After a couple of seconds of hesitation, I stick out my tongue, and I run it over the flat of her hand.

Kayla giggles. "That tickles," she says, laughing. At the same time though, I can read the amusement in her eyes. I know that she only really enjoys this because it means that she is humiliating me all over again. She is reminding me of my place.

The salty flavor of my own ejaculate runs hard against my taste buds. I grimace with each lick, but finally her hand is clean.

"Rollover," Kayla orders.

Reluctant but obedient, I do it. My lips probably glitter from my licking, but I try to bury whatever humiliation I feel.

Taking her time, my wife slowly reaches down for the elastic waistband, and she yanks it hard, exposing my naked ass. In one movement, she exposes the curves of my buttocks, and I shiver, perfectly aware of what will happen next.

She had already spanked me, and Kayla does it again, smacking my ass until it glows pink. At first, I manage to be nice and quiet, but by the sixth, seventh, and eighth blows, my resolve crumbles, and I let out pathetic yelps. I gasp and whimper each time her hand came down. Obviously, I'm not proud of the way she could make me holler like a little girl, but there is nothing else I can get out of.

"Have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, ma'am," I tell her immediately

"And what lessons did you learn?" Now, she straddles me, gently running her fingernails along my naked skin. Goose bumps pop up along my flesh. She sounds like a predator playing with her food.

"I should not have, without permission," I said automatically. "I shouldn't have been disobedient."

"That's right," Kayla agreed. "I'm training you to be a good little servant. You need to know your place at all times. You need to be able to control yourself. You need to make sure that you don't make any messes."

For an instant, I long to argue with her. I could point out that this was all her fault, but I only climaxed because she had been touching me. But that was the entire point. Kayla wanted to remind me that this wasn't about fairness or justice. No, this was about my wife demonstrating how she could tease me and use me and play with me however she wanted, and I have to deal with the consequences, whatever they are.

Kayla rolls me onto my back. Staring down at me, her gaze fills with condescension. "Who is my little sissy?"

"I am," I reply obediently, only I have always been like this.

On the night of our honeymoon, I remember running down the hall with her. I was in the lead, just barely, and we were both

laughing. After the ceremony and the flight, we were both tired but giddy.

It took her hand, and we were running along, but then we made it to our door that the key card, unlocked it. At that moment, I was going to pick her up and carry her across the threshold.

Kayla had other ideas. She grabbed my hand and easily yanked me into the hotel suite. It was laughing all the while, not that I really thought of that first moment. Other guys might have been annoyed, think wives should have been willing to play that additional game. After all, carrying your wife across the threshold sort of sets the tone for the entire marriage.

She pulled me across the room, and we made it to the bed. She spun me about and shoved me down onto the sheet and landed with a balance, looking up at her. When we dated, I never really noticed how aggressive she could look, baring her teeth grinning widely. In that moment, it almost seemed like she had captured me. In that moment, I almost felt like prey.

In that moment, there was no way for me to know accurate and apt those feelings would be.

My bride scrambled onto the bed, straddling me. She held my wrists down, over my head as she kissed my mouth, taking what she wanted from me. Of course, my body responded, my cock hardening. Kayla could feel my excitement press up against her, and she smiled down at me.

"You are going to be mine tonight," she said to me. "I've married you, so you will do as you're told."

"Isn't the husband supposed to be in charge?"

Her smile brightened, and Kayla reached down to touch my nose. "Silly, you think a man could ever be in charge? You think a guy, a boy, like you could ever try to tame me?"

In all honesty, I didn't understand where any of this was going. At the same time though, I didn't really care, not when she reached back and slid her fingers into my trousers. My bride easily navigated my underwear, finding my cock.

Kayla gave it a little squeeze and declared, "This is mine."

Willing to play along because it was our wedding night, I nodded eagerly, bopping my chin up and down. "Oh yes, it is," I said,

surrendering to the sensations coursing through me as she gently squeezed my shaft. It felt hot and intense. It felt so good.

Clearly, Kayla knew what she was doing. She knew how to play with me; it wasn't long before I could feel the moisture start to dribble between my legs. Damn it, she knew how to turn me on. She knew how to play with me.

Kayla lean to down and kissed me again, even as she left her hand down my pants. Give me another squeeze, and a deep moan vibrated from the base of my throat. Yes, yes, this felt so good.

"Close your eyes," my bride commanded.

"What are you thinking?"

Kayla leaned down again, this time tilting my head to the side so she could whisper into my ear. I felt a little bit like a puppet, like her little doll. "I'm thinking that you're going to be in trouble unless you do what I say," she said.

Part of me wanted to think that this was just teasing, that it was only a game, yet there was a dangerous sincerity in her tone of voice. I could feel my body tense up nervously. So I did what she wanted. I closed my eyes, and she giggled happily. She really did someone young girl who just found a new toy to play with.

Kayla scrambled off of me, her feet hitting the floor. "No peeking!" she called out. Resisting the urge to crack open one eye, I laid there on my back. My heart was pounding, and my erection practically throbbed, but I didn't move.

The sound of unzipping luggage filled the air, and I couldn't help but wonder what she was getting. "You're being a very good boy," she said to me. Now there is something else in her tone of voice, a lascivious undercurrent that turned me on even more.

Nodding my head again, I formed in place. But then Kayla came back, and I could easily imagine her smiling down at me. I still had on my white dress shirt and black slacks. At some point, I kicked off my shoes, but I tie was still around my neck. She grabbed it and pulled me up. Even so, I didn't open my eyes while she kissed me hard.

My beautiful bride showed me back down against the bed, and then she grabbed my hands, looping something cold and metallic around my wrists.

Handcuffs!

I felt the cold metal touch my skin, and I shivered. My wife leaned in and started to nuzzle me with her nose and cheek. She smelled so good. Her skin was so soft. That calmed me down, just as she knew it would.

"Don't struggle. You'll thank me later."

With my eyes still shut, I didn't know exactly what she planned to do for me. Later on, I would realize that Kayla had grabbed a scarf, and she looped it along the adult links of my handcuffs. After that, she tied it to the board, effectively popping me.

"Okay," she said with another little. "You can open your eyes."

As I open my eyes, I pulled on my restraints but they held me firm. At the same time, I tried to reach for release on the handcuffs. I didn't even want to free myself right away. Instead I simply needed to reassure myself that it was there.

Nope.

I felt around for the release, but it wasn't there because these weren't playing handcuffs. These weren't the toys most couples used. Instead, the handcuffs Kayla had decided to put on me were genuine. I was locked into those metal rings, and I wasn't going to get free until Kayla used the key on me.

Before I could start to panic, my bride leaned down, her soft mouth offered the kisses from my lips. She used me like I was some damsel in distress, helpless to resist. The same time, pressed her body down against my shaft, working me out to desire. Before long, it felt like I might come.

Only a monumental feat of self-control on my part kept me patient.

"Are you a horny boy? Have you been waiting so long to be inside of me that you can't think of anything else they willing to do whatever it takes to be with me?"

"Yes!"

My bride smiled down at me, and bangs fell from behind her eyes. She leaned down slowly, letting her hair brush my forehead. She swayed her hair from side to side, and those gentles tresses sent shivers of electricity running through my flesh.

Kayla started to kiss me, railing her lips down my cheeks, to my chin, back to my nouns, and then finally, she stared down at me. I felt a little bit like a bug before a goddess. "Tell me you want to be mine. Tell me you want to do whatever I command. Tell me you want to be an obedient little husband."

Really, I had no idea what she meant. I didn't really think anything more about how I was horny and wanted to have some fun with my bride on her wedding night. Though I give her exactly what she wanted, "Yes! Yes, I want to be whatever you tell me!"

Of course, I had no idea how she would interpret those words or what they meant to her.

My bride kissed me one more time. Kayla was bent down and awkward angle, but then she started to work her way out of her panties. Within a matter of seconds, she got them off, and she threw them to the floor.

"Say it again. Say it again right now," she said, commanding me.

"I will be whatever you want," I said, practically panting.

I want her to kiss me again, but Kayla had other ideas. He straddled me again, listing herself up on her knees. From there, she came closer and closer, until her slit was right over my face. Then she started to lower herself down, and she said, "Be a sweet boy and service your wife."

I eyes widened for a moment, and I had no idea she would expect *this* from me. Of course, I knew about the idea of servicing a woman, but I somehow expected that our wedding night would be more about me. After all, she got the gorgeously overpriced ceremony. You got to be the center of attention for such a long time, so I figured that I wouldn't have to do this.

Feeble protests started to dribble from my lips, but my wife wasn't listening. She lowered her pussy down, down, down toward my face. Before I knew it, the scent of her excitement filled my nostrils, and I didn't have a choice.

I started to lick at her opening, tentatively at first. Having done this several times before, I knew what she wanted. As I licked and probed, sliding my tongue up into her hot, I couldn't help but feel a

little bit jealous. There I was, doing exactly what she wanted, while she had only his didn't seem fair, especially on her wedding night.

With my face stuck up against her pussy, don't place any of my complaint started to impaling herself on my tongue. All the while, the heat from her body radiated down toward me, and I found myself pulling against my restraints helplessly. It wasn't like I really needed to get away, but knowing they were there and this somehow worse.

The shackles maybe feel like a plaything, another toy for her to use. Humiliation brimmed along my skin, but my wife didn't notice. If she noticed, she didn't care.

Kayla kept at it, moving her hips forward and back, pressing against my tongue. Finally, an orgasm burned through her, and my wife cried out, throwing back her head. He howled with delight, and then she rolled off of me, her chest rising and falling as she chugged for oxygen.

"Okay," I said a little bit more petulantly than I intended, "you've had your fun. Now it's my turn."

Her eyes opened, and she turned to filing wickedly. In that moment, she really did look very vulpine. He smiled, flashing her teeth, and then she nodded. "Yes, I think you're right. I think you do deserve a special little treat."

More than anything, I wanted to say something like, "Finally!" But I resisted the urge, and it would make me seem rude.

My wife went back to her toy bag. When she came back, my eyes locked onto one item. It was red and round. It hung from a set of letter shackles, and I started to squirm. "No," I began to say. "No, Kayla, you aren't using that on me! You're not going to--" before I could get in another word, she took the ball gag, and she shoved.

Then, she grabbed my hair and yanked my head forward, throwing me off balance. Before I knew what was happening, I heard the clasps click together, and then I had been effectively muzzled.

I struggled against the handcuffs some more, wishing that they had a release. They didn't, so I wasn't going to be able to free myself, no how hard I tried to strain against in the metal. More than anything, I wanted to show my wife that she couldn't do this to me, only over she wanted because I was foolish enough at her strap me down.

Kayla wrapped my shoulder, and she pulled, rolling me onto my stomach. "I know you're getting impatient, but this is for your own good. You need to understand how this. We need to make sure that you get off on the right foot."

I mumbled and murmured, shouting and the gag, but most of the sounds I made were completely muffled. Yes, she could tell that I was frustrated and angry, but what did she care? She had me tied down.

With my chin braced against the mattress, I stared forward. Then Kayla lowered something into my field of vision. It took me several heartbeats to figure out exactly what it was, but when the revelation clicked, I started to struggle that much harder

Unfortunately, I was off balance, and Kayla was already on top of me, so I couldn't even do something as simple as sit up.

In front of me, she held a two-sided dildo.

Without even thinking about it, I understood what Kayla intended. She is going to penetrate me a woman on our first night of marriage. With that in mind, I polled and yanked as hard as I could, but neither the handcuffs nor the scarf budged.

"Stop struggling or I won't use any lube on you," she said.

Despite her threat, aching and thrashing. Even so, Kayla had no trouble dealing with me. At some point, she retrieved a tube of lubricant and squirted some of it out onto her hand, and then she began along my ass. From one second into the next, she ventured farther down the length of my cheeks, all the way into my asshole.

I clenched. I clenched and tried to fight, but her fingers were insistent. No matter how hard I tried to fight, I could feel my body start to relax beneath her touch. Kayla could do this to me, and I was powerless to stop her.

Then my wife slid the dildo into her pussy, and down. I could feel the silicone tip touch the spot between my cheeks. She let me shiver and shake nervously. At the same time, a less started to stroke my hair, petting me gently. Maybe that was supposed to calm me down. I couldn't really tell one way or another.

When her patience came to an end, Kayla pushed down, working the dildo into my hole. She filled me up. At first, my body

wouldn't yield, but little by little, my eye muscles started to stretch and relax.

"See, this isn't so bad. No, it really isn't."

For than anything, I wanted to snarl back something about how I was going to make this. I wanted her to know that she was going to be my wife and I going to take control. She was never going to be able to get me into this situation again.

Kayla started to ride me, pushing the dildo down into me, only to pull it back. Throughout my life, I had never imagined myself in this position. I never pictured a woman being able to do this to me, yet she held me down and penetrated me.

Kayla made me hers that first night.

She cried out with ecstasy as the first orgasm rippled through her. "Don't feel so bad," she said between climaxes. Her voice was hot and breathy against my ear. "You're new at this, but you'll learn. You'll start to understand how good this can feel for you."

Never!

I could only respond by kicking my feet down against the sheets. My wife answered by pushing down, filling up my hole again. I wanted to holler out even as my eyes started to water, but he had me. Youth me, grinding forward and back, thrusting and pummeling and pumping me. This was our wedding night, and I was supposed to be on top, but Kayla was in charge. She kept going, riding me.

At the moment, she took away my masculinity and my manhood. She made me into the girl, and I couldn't stop her. He continued, pumping away at me. Before long, I body started to respond as well. She was grinding against the sheets, and it wouldn't be long before I came.

Grunting, I shouted into the muzzle, but the ball gag wouldn't allow any of those sounds to become words. Biting down into the rubber ball, I could taste it. At the same time, I find us control, and my cock started to spurt.

I was coming!

No, no, no isolation Mark

I couldn't let that happen, yet it was too late because my body had already started, and there was no way for me to stop. At the same time, Kayla screamed out, savoring the pleasure pumping

through her skin. She had taken me and degraded me. She had turned her husband into a sex toy, and this would be true as long as we were together.

I would never be able to forget that moment.

When she finished, she pulled at the dildo free, and she tossed it aside.

From there, Kayla released me from my shackles, and she untied the scarf. Finally, she took out the ball gag, and she held me close. She cuddled me, like we had just done something very important.

The next morning, my eyes fluttered open, and what to think.

Finally, I came up with something lame about communication. I decided that my wife and I just needed to talk more, and then we would get on the same page. Okay, so she had some tastes that I hadn't been able to predict, but we would work through this.

We would find a balance.

Sitting up, I stretched my muscles, thinking about last night. Although it had been some pretty unorthodox sex, I couldn't deny the results. I came hard, and I was looking forward to seeing what else Kayla and I could do together.

Lifting my arms over my head, I worked the kinks from my muscles. Then I got off of the bed, and I strolled around the room, startled to realize that Kayla was gone. I walked back into the other half of the suite, and there she was, cuddled up in the corner of the sofa. She had her laptop out, and she was typing something.

"Hi," I said to her, wiping some of the sleep from my eyes. "What are you up to?"

"I'm just going over some of the legal changes since our marriage," Kayla said without looking up from her screen.

"Legal changes?"

"That's right," she said, one corner of her mouth rising up with a little smirk. "You remember the prenuptial agreement you signed for me? Well, now that we've had our first night together, a few of the provisions come into play."

My brows tightened with confusion. I didn't remember any provisions, but then I didn't really worry about the document either.

Kayla had presented it to me if before we started making out, so I hadn't been able to really focus on the document. But this was my wife we were talking about, so I knew that I could trust her. Granted, at the time should only been my girlfriend, soon-to-be fiancée.

I walked over to her, and I sat down on the sofa.

Automatically, Kayla stuck her legs across my lap, and I started to massage her feet. They were small and graceful, very cute in her socks.

"What exactly are you doing?"

"Well, for one, I'm changing all of our bank accounts." She giggled to herself as though she had made a very silly mistake. "I'm sorry. I'm changing all of *my* bank accounts. You don't have any, not anymore."

What was she talking about? That didn't make any sense. Of course I had bank accounts. I was the owner and founder of a reasonably successful accounting firm. Raising one eyebrow, I looked at her again, wondering if this was some sort of elaborate joke.

Seemingly able to read my thoughts, Kayla shook her head slowly as she glanced up from her computer. "Oh no, sweetheart. I'm not joking, and I'm not kidding around. When you married me, you agreed to put me in control of all of your assets. I own everything now."

I couldn't believe it, but she seemed to enjoy showing me the proof. Kayla turned her laptop around, showing me the screen. Those were my accounts, all right, only my name and removed. Now there was only Kayla's.

"What, what did you do?" I couldn't believe it, and I could feel my heart pounding in my ears. Again, I tried to convince myself that this had to be some kind of joke, some silly prank she was pulling on her new husband.

I kept scanning the screen, hoping to find some detail that would prove this was all one big gag. Instead, I recognized all the hallmarks of my bank's website. This was legitimate, I thought, horrified.

"Now, what you need to understand is that I'm still going to take very good care of you. You are my husband, after all." Kayla

spoke those words like they were good news.

"This can't be right," I insisted.

"It is, and it's done. You married me, which means that our contract is valid. Whether you like it or not, all of that money be used to be yours is now mine. In fact, your company is mine now as well. You might as well try to get used to it."

"I built that company," I said, my voice trailing off.

This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be real...

I fell back in the sofa's soft embrace, and analysts at her computer aside. She got up, she walked over to me, and she got down onto my lap. But her eyes on mine, she said, "I'm serious. You should get used to this. In the end, you're going to be much happier. I'm going to take good care of you, and I'm going to train you."

"Train me?"

"That's right," she said, nodding her head like I needed the extra encouragement to be able to understand her. None of this made any sense, but then she touched my chin and maneuvered my face so that I was looking into her eyes. "You see, I've always wanted a pet male. You're going to be my happy boy, and I'm going to take care of you, just like I said before. I'm going to train you and discipline you when you're bad. I'm going to reward you when you're good, and you're going to do whatever I say."

Kayla made it all seem so wonderful, yet I realized with dawning horror that she could do it. If she really did have my company and all of my money, that meant I had nothing. I owned no property, and I would have to depend on her.

"Kayla, I don't know what your game is, but you can't do this to me. You really, you really can't." I was stuttering, and I didn't care. Normally, I could be so articulate and verbose, but with my wife braced on my lap, I felt somehow small and helpless.

When she leveled her eyes on me, Kayla pinched my cheek. "Ask me why I'm doing this." Her voice was smooth and soft, somehow more dangerous for both qualities.

"Kayla, why, why are you doing this?" Again, there was that little stammer in my voice. I tried to get a hold of myself, to remind myself that this was just kind of business. Maybe she wants to blackmail me. Maybe she just wanted more money. I didn't know, but

I would find out, that would do it with an air of dignity and self-respect.

"I want you."

"You have me," I said.

"No, you don't understand. I want you. I want to own you, and I want to know that you have to be obedient to me. I want my will and my word to be the only two things you okay in this world." Again, her voice was nice and soft, yet I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"You can't own someone," I said.

"Really?" This time, it was her turn to raise an eyebrow. "Let me explain something to you. This is going to be very simple." He licked her lips, and she was glaring down at me, a special ferocity aimed in my direction. This was just my wife, yet she could somehow intimidate me. I almost want to dispute back, yet that was silly. She was already on my lap, so I couldn't go anywhere.

I couldn't get away.

"This suite was rented in your company's name. You put it on a company credit card, a company credit card that I now own. If I want to have you forcibly jettisoned from this establishment, I can do it. If I want to have you picked out of your house, I can do it. So, unless you want to start from scratch, you're going to have to be a good boy for me."

I bit down, trying to think of some might argue with her. There had to be some angle she hadn't considered, some account that would be inviolate. It was such a good idea, but this was my wife, and I really hadn't read any of that contract. Yes, I could theoretically try to find a lawyer to argue my case, but any judge would look at me like I was an idiot. At the same time, how would I even pay that lawyer?

Finally, I looked back at my wife, and I said, "Fine. You win. What you want?"

Kayla hopped up and down on my lap, and you giggled all the while. "I want a lot. Oh I want so very much from you," she said when she finally started to settle down.

My new bride refused to tell me what she had planned. Instead, she slipped off of my lap, reached down, took my hand, and

pulled me up on my feet only to tug me back to the bed. When Kayla shoved me down again, she told me to wait there.

At first, I figured that this was going to be some kind of sex game, but she disappeared into the bathroom. Then I heard the water come on, and some part of me wanted to sit up.

But she ordered me to remain in place, and I didn't want to risk her wrath, not yet. Honestly, I just needed to think. I needed to come up with some kind of solution.

Minutes passed, and nothing occurred to me. I didn't come up with any brilliant revelation, nor did I envision some magical strategy that would undo my signature on that prenuptial agreement.

I wanted to punch myself being so stupid. Kayla was gorgeous, and she seduced me easily. I saw that now.

Damn it, damn it, damn it!

Kayla emerged from the bathroom, yet I didn't even try to sit up or turn to look at her. Silently, she scampered onto the bed, and she straddled me. "I know you're upset, but you really shouldn't be. Some people are meant to lead it, and some people are meant to obey. I'm sure you can figure out which kind of person you are."

"You can't do this to me," I said futilely.

"Really? Because I'm pretty sure I can," and I could hear that little note of teasing her voice. I wanted to roll over and grab her and her to the bed. I wanted to make her mine, but there was nothing I could do. If she wanted to kick me out of this hotel room, she could do it. If she wanted to evict me for my own house, she could do that as well.

Until I found some other options, I had to play along.

Kayla leaned down again, and she whispered into my ear, "I think you're confused. I think you need some lessons in obedience."

Before I knew what was happening, she got off of me, and suddenly I could move around more easily. I rolled over on my side, and I watched as she retrieved something from one of her bags.

When we were back at the airport, I complained about the amount of luggage she insisted upon. We were only going to be on her honeymoon for a week, maybe two at the most, so why did she need so many bags?

Now I had my answer. Most of her luggage was filled with sex toys, items she brought along to help degrade me.

But this time, Kayla out something pink and frilly. Automatically, I assumed it was hers, and I was wrong.

My bride walked closer to me, and I started to realize that those panties were too big for her. I suspicion were confirmed a few seconds later as she threw them down and said, "Put these on."

Sitting up, I reached down and touched the soft material. It practically shimmered under the light, yet I wanted to tell myself this had to be some kind of joke. I had been telling myself that a lot lately.

"These are panties. These are women's panties." Those points struck me as so incredibly obvious, only it seemed like they had to be said anyway. "There's no way I'm putting these on."

"Yes, he will do it, or I'm going to have to call security and have you removed from my suite. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

I glared at her, studying my bride for some sign of duplicity. I wanted to think that she was trying to intimidate me with a bluff. Yes, that had to be it.

Making my decision, I held the panties in my hand, but I knew that I wasn't going to put them on. Rather, I deliberately got up off the bed, and I started to walk toward Kayla. I came on slowly, taking my time. I didn't want to spook or can occur. I didn't want her to realize what was happening until it was too late.

After all, a man could only be pushed so far.

Did she really think she could take my company away from me? Did she really think that I would just give control of my entire life to her? I was a strong and powerful man, and I was going to make her pay for trying to break me.

Step by step, I approached her cautiously, trying to look nonchalant all the while. On some level, she could probably figure out that she pushed me too far, yet my wife was smaller than me. There wasn't anything she could do to keep this from happening.

With the panties still in my hands, I pictured myself balling them up and shoving them into her mouth. I wanted to gag her with the soft satin. I intended to make her understand that she couldn't do this.

All at once, I pounced. I threw my body forward, but Kayla knew what she was doing too. She grabbed me and used my momentum against me, swinging me around. All of a sudden, I was disoriented, and I stood up straight, but Kayla didn't give me a chance to reorient myself. It through her weight against me, and she knocked me down against the bed. At some point, she must've grabbed something from her pocket.

He held it over me, and I didn't understand what it was, not at first. I saw the two metal teeth, and she had a button before jabbing it down against my gut. Hot electricity coursed through my body, and I cried out.

My bride laughed as I twitched beneath her, struggling through the voltage. The stun gun was effective, and when she finally pulled it away, I couldn't really move. I couldn't really think. The pain kept flowing through me, and I wanted to reboot myself, but I couldn't do it right away.

In the meantime, Kayla took her chance. She grabbed my wrists, and she tied them over my head.

I was locked into those same handcuffs as the night before. When I finally came around, I licked my lips, and I looked up at my beautiful wife. She still had the stun gun. "Are we going to try to do something naughty?"

Gritting my teeth, I stared back at her, refusing to respond. Part of me wanted to struggle against the shackles binding my wrists, but that would only make me look weak. After all, I already knew that I wouldn't be able to free myself.

So instead, I attempted stoic.

Kayla wasn't impressed. "If you don't answer my question, I'm going to have to give you another dose."

My heart started to pound more quickly, and I had to swallow back my nervousness. Even so, I didn't lose my nerve. I didn't start answering her questions.

And my wife punished me for it.

He prodded me with the stun gun again, sending a hot current of electricity running through my body so it lit up the pain receptors all along my flesh. I cried out again, heedless of how I wanted to be silent and defiant.

When she finally pulled the gun away from my body, I was panting heavily. Every gasp of air seemed to refresh me just a little bit. At the same time, my eyes were watering, but I refused to shed any tears.

"You can cry if you want to," Kayla said without any sympathy. "I know that, deep down, you're just an obedient little boy. You are truly a man, so you don't need to worry about trying to act like one."

Yes I was! I built a significant company, and I had fought my way through plenty of obstacles. Kayla had no right to question my masculinity, but then she reached down and picked up the pink panties.

"These are going to look really cute on you," she said, coming back to the edge of the bed. My feet were close together, and she grabbed one, shoving my heel through the garment's right leg hole.

Part of me wanted to try to kick my way free, but then I knew that I was only going to be punished again. Kayla leveled her eyes on me, and she knew that this had been a choice on my part. Yes, I could have tried to defy her again, but she would have punished me. We both knew it, and we both knew that she won.

"Don't," I started to say. "Don't do this."

"Why not? It's going to be so much fun!" Kayla hopped up and down on the bed, and that she gave my thigh a little slap. It was just enough to make me aware of her desires. She wanted me to list my ass off of the bed so she could pull the panties up in the place.

But then I would be wearing women's panties, and I wasn't ready to accept that indignity. Her mouth tightened into a frown, and she ordered, "Up. Up right now." He held up the stun gun, and I pulled on my shackles, hoping that the clanking metal would make it clear that she couldn't do this to me, but I would not be broken.

Instead, she giggled at me again. There was nothing more humiliating than having a beautiful woman laugh at me as I tried to intimidate her. Then she decided that her patience had run out because Kayla shoved the sun gun down into my skin again.

My wife laughed as electricity coruscated through my flesh. He held the gun down against me for several seconds, and I whimpered and writhed pathetically. I was supposed to be bigger than her. I was supposed to be stronger.

This never should have happened. She never should have been able to take control of me so physically. Tricking me with a legal document sure, that made sense, but not this!

Kayla tapped my thigh again. "Up," she commanded.

This time I did it. This time I let her win.

Lifting my hips into the air, I exposed myself and she pulled the panties up around my hips. All of a sudden, I was wearing women's underwear, and I blushed brightly. Kayla wasn't content to some of that humiliation owing to me. No, she decided to rub the panties against my body, especially right between my legs.

Gently tapped my cock, and of course my body responded. Erection started to press outward, and I shivered with humiliation. "Oh my, look at that. You really like this, don't you? I guess I was right. Deep down, you're just a little sissy. Well, it's a good thing that I have lots of toys for you!"

She sounded so eager. She sounded so excited.

Kayla continued to stroke me, and I could feel my body get close to an orgasm. Damn, it I didn't want a lead people to do this to me. I didn't want her to understand my body so well, but then she took her other hand and she started to massage that spot just beneath my scrotum. With the soft material rubbing against me, I couldn't help but moan. I couldn't help but start to dribble pre-come...all while my sadistic wife watched.

"Tell me you're going to obey me."

"Ever," I snapped back.

"Tell me you're going to obey me, or I'm going to take lots of pictures of you just like this. I'm sure you have plenty of competitors who would love to see that sort of image. Oh, and just think about what your clients would say."

"You wouldn't dare!"

Kayla smiled down at me. "Really? You think I wouldn't? I have all of your money, so I really don't need to worry about your company. I'm thinking that you still care about the firm, but for me, it doesn't really make a difference."

Locking my teeth together, I hesitated for just a few seconds, but then she started to move. She was going to go back to her bag, and she would pull out her phone. She would start taking pictures,

and it would only be a matter of seconds before those images made it out onto the Internet.

"Fine!" I called out. That was enough to stop her. Kayla froze for just a few seconds, turning around slowly. He had a cruel smirk on her face, and touched my wrists, bracing her weight against my arms.

Feeling even more paralyzed, I understood what she wanted me to do, what she wanted me to say. Hating myself for it, I gave my wife exactly what she desired. "I'm going to obey you."

Kayla released my wrists, and she straddled me harder, hopping up and down. Even went so far as to clap her hands together. "Yes, you're going to be obedient! Yes, you're going to obey!"

Glaring at her, I tried to rob her of some of this joy, but it didn't work. She was having too much fun at my expense.

"Now, I'm getting hungry. Would you like to go get something to eat with me?" He tapped my nose. "And before you ask, yes, you are going to wear your panties don't worry, unless you drop your pants, no one else has to know."

More than anything, I wanted to grab her and force her down against the bed, but I knew that I would fail. Something in her stance intimidated me. She knew how to train me, so I was going to have to be more creative than that.

"Yes, please," I said.

For the rest of our honeymoon, Kayla continued to tease and degrade me. When we were out, I was forced to wear panties. But that wouldn't have been so bad, except my wife insisted on teasing me and touching me. We were newlyweds, she said, so she made sure to slide her fingers down my pants whenever she could. You would find my shaft and give me a little squeeze.

Kayla wanted to keep me hard all the time, and she did a very good job of it.

But then we were fully around in the hotel room, and she went a little bit too far. She squeezed a little bit too hard, and I started to, right on her hand.

She squealed with disgust, building off of me to go to the bathroom. She washed up, and when she came back, she had something in her hand.

"What is that?" I asked, my voice trembling with nervousness.

"Oh this is just something to help you," she said. "Now, remember, if you disobey me, I'm going have to send lots of naughty pictures out to your clients and coworkers. I'm sure your secretary would love to see you the way I do." Her malicious grin made me shiver again.

"I won't misbehave," I told her. Considering that I just came and there was a dark wet spot on my panties, I already felt weak.

Kayla held up the device for me to see, and it looked like a tube with a leather strap around the base. "This is a chastity device, a male chastity device," she said. "And considering the mess you just made, I've decided you're going to wear it."

I blinked a couple of times, uncertain how to respond. Finally, I shook my head. "Kayla, that was your fault. You are the one touching me!"

"Of course I was touching you, sweetheart. You belong to me, so I can fondle you however I want to and whenever I want to. That said, I don't want you to us without permission, so you're going to be wearing this from now on. Besides, I think it'll be a good little reminder for you. This way, you will forget that you belong to me. Every inch of you belongs to me."

I opened my mouth to argue, but she touched her finger to my lips. "You need a spanking? Or maybe I should just take away your pants and have security come up here? Is that what you want? Really?"

She was daring me to defy her, and I couldn't do it. Kayla really would call security, and she would have me escorted from the building in nothing but a pair of girl's underwear.

Ashamed of my compliance, I shook my head. I made it clear with that one gesture that I would be good. I would let her do whatever she wants with me.

In that moment, that included are pulling down my panties and sliding the tube over my now shrunken cock. He tightened it into place, and then she secured the leather strap at the base of my

balls. I shivered with embarrassment as she handled me easily, making me feel like an animal.

"Another great thing about this is that you're going to have to sit down to go to the bathroom," Kayla crooned, practically beaming. "Yup, yup. This is going to be perfect for you."

So for the rest of our trip, she kept my cock restrained in a stupid chastity device.

At first, it didn't really feel like a big deal. But then one day led to the next, and my desire started to swirl harder and faster, especially with the way Kayla started to tease me. Obviously, she could guess how I felt, and she reveled in her power over me.

When we were in our hotel room, she would insist on wearing sheer bits of lingerie. Each garment and pair of silk panties would shimmer and catch the light. Kayla knew how to saunter about, showing off her best curves.

Everything about her gushed sex, and it wasn't long before I wanted to touch myself, before I found myself panting, my heart pounding with excitement. But my cock couldn't harden all the way. They couldn't stand up, not with that stupid chastity device in place.

"Oh?" Kayla asked, raising an eyebrow. "Are you okay? Do you need something?"

My pride kept me from asking, especially because Kayla already knew exactly what I wanted. I want to get out of the panties she made me wear. I wanted to get out of that stupid chastity device. I was a man, and we were married, so she was supposed to take care of my needs.

Instead, my bride exploited them.

After three days, I couldn't take anymore, so I waited until Kayla went to sleep. Once I was absolute certain she was the longer awake, I took out of our bed, and I went into the bathroom. I just had to find a sharp blade, something to cut off the leather strap. Granted, it might take me hours to accomplish this feat, but I didn't care.

My shaft hardened as much as it could, straining against the unyielding tube. With my lower lip hanging open, I tried to focus on my breathing, on staying calm. I could do this, I told myself. I could defeat her.

As my thoughts centered on my penis, I didn't worry about my company. That must've been part of her plan as well, but I didn't see that until it was too late.

Back in the bathroom, I scrambled to find nail clippers or a pair of scissors. Anything would have worked.

But as I scrambled to silently search, the door to the bathroom opened again. My wife stood, and even though she was just a little bit shorter than me, she somehow exuded authority. I turned around, and I knew that I was in trouble.

My eyes lit on the black plastic in her hand, the stun gun.

"Am I going to have to punish you?"

"No," I said, pointing my eyes at the floor because I couldn't bear to look at her. She was so beautiful, but she was dangerous as well.

"What are you doing in here?" Kayla asked as though she didn't already know.

Pursing my lips together, I tried to think of some good excuse or lie. Nothing popped into my head, and I took too long to answer. Kayla stepped into the bathroom, and she touched my chin, forcing me to look up into her eyes.

"I think you are being a bad boy. And if you're going to be a bad boy, that means you can't be trusted. You need someone to take care of you. You need someone to *own* you." I heard the emphasis in her voice, and it made me shiver with shame.

Opening my mouth to argue with her, I failed. As hard as I tried, I couldn't come up with a good argument. I couldn't defend myself or my dependence, and that it was too late because Kayla grabbed my hand, and she started to pull me across the room.

"No, I'm not going to let you treat me like this anymore," I started to say. The prospect of getting shoved back down against the bed was too much. I wasn't going to let her dominate me again. I wasn't going to allow her to use me like a sex toy, but my protest only prompted a punishment.

The stun gun came up, and I felt its electric bite.

Doubling forward, I almost lost my balance, but Kayla grabbed my arm. She pulled me along like it wasn't any trouble at all, and then she remained down against the bed. I landed on my back, but

she scrambled after me, rolling me onto my stomach. She straddled me, and I tried to get up, but the electricity had robbed me of my strength. I felt as weak as a kitten, making it easier for her to control me.

"I think you forgotten what it means to be mine," she said.

She grabbed my wrists, and the handcuffs were already waiting for her. It was easy for my wife to restrain me, cuffing me onto my stomach.

"Maybe if I treat you like a girl again you will have a better understanding of what you are supposed to do," he said. "Yes, I think that is a very good idea."

"No, Kayla, don't. Don't do this!" I said, finally finding my voice again.

It was too late because my wife had decided what was going to happen. Now that she had me changes to the bed, she got up, and she went back to that drawer with the double-headed dildo.

As she watched me squirm, she started to get wet. It didn't take much, not when she knew that she was going to train her independent, manly husband into a docile sissy. I pulled against the shackles, hoping that I might be able to slip free, but I didn't.

And then she yanked down my panties, exposing my ass.

Kayla mounted me, and she reached down, pressing the tip of her silicone cock against my crevice. I shivered and shook, fighting to push myself from side to side, but Kayla knew how to ride me.

He pushed down, and I felt myself get penetrated all over again. Shame burned through my skin because I was supposed to be on top. I was supposed to be the one taking charge, yet Kayla owned me. In that moment, she sees what she wanted, and there was nothing I could do about it. I couldn't stop her, and she started to undulate her hips, working them forward and back as she forced my asshole to stretch more and more.

My wife wasn't quiet about it either. She grabbed my hair and tugged, forcing my head back. "There's my sissy! Yes, you're my sissy!" she screamed out those words, and it wasn't difficult for me to imagine the neighbors hearing those words. I only wonder what they would think of me, especially if they knew how my wife could humiliate me on a whim.

Kayla rode me hard, pumping me faster and faster.

Eventually, my bride finished with me, and she pulled out.

I was panting, but it wasn't from any exertion. I've been on the bottom, after all. Kayla had done all the work, playing with me. But my cock was so hard, and I wanted to come so badly.

Hesitantly, I rolled onto my side. Kayla looked quite happy as she smiled down at me. She even flashed me a little, condescending ways. Licking my lips, I asked, "Kayla, do you think you could take the tube off of me are just a few minutes?"

"And why would I do something like that?"

In that moment, I understood what she wanted. Kayla wanted me to tell her that I was a horny boy, but I really wanted to orgasm. She wanted to have the power to say yes or no. That ability must have struck her as especially intriguing because I didn't want to let her. She wasn't supposed to have this kind of control over my body.

But I was hot and desperate, so I bowed my head low and said, "Kayla, I really want to come. Please, will you let me?" I hated the piteous tremble in my voice, but it made my wife laugh.

"What will you give me if I let you come?"

"Whatever you want," I said. After all, she already had all of my money as well as my company. What else could I give her?

"That's not a very good answer," my wife said to me, running her fingers along my chest. He poked me and prodded me, teasing me with every gesture. Normally, I would have tried to swat her hand away, yet I knew better than that. Maybe she really was training me.

"Please," I said, sounding desperate all over again.

"Alright. I will let you come," she said. "But only if you do it wearing a very special outfit."

I chest tightened up, because I already knew that I wasn't going to appreciate whatever she. But then we were just in our hotel room, so what did I have to lose? She already fucked me in the ass. It already made me her little bitch, so there really wasn't anything I couldn't handle, I told myself.

"I'll do it."

With those words hanging on the air, my wife giggled happily. She clapped her hands, and she darted across the room. She

opened up another piece of luggage, pulling out a skimpy white dress.

It looked a little bit like a flower girl dress with lots of ruffles and lace. There were a number of different bows as well, and my brows tightened with confusion. Why would she want to put on something like that? Sure, it was sexy and cute and everything, but that dress also looked like something subservient. It was something a happy little wife would wear when she was serving her husband.

But as she came closer, something started to click inside of my head. I realized that the dress was too big for my wife. It would fit...me.

"No, no way," I started to stammer.

Kayla really wasn't going to tolerate much disobedience on my part because she shook her head and clicked her tongue. "Sweetie, I'm sorry. When did you start to think you got a say in how this was going to happen?"

Biting down into my lower lip, I shook my head seriously. My wife came closer and closer. Then she picked up the stun gun, and I swallowed, my mouth going dry. She reached up toward my handcuffs, and she unlocked them quickly. For a moment, I wanted to try to grab her wrists.

It would've been so epic if I could grab her and pin her. Maybe then, I could show my wife who was boss, but I hesitated, and the moment passed.

Then she grabbed my wrist and pulled me into a sitting position. "Get dressed right now," she commanded.

I reached down and picked up the white dress. It really did look like something a flower girl would wear, I thought. Holding it up, I let the moment soak in, but that was probably a mistake. Really, I should have just put it on and then done with the stupid thing.

But I couldn't.

I didn't want to have to wear this frilly outfit. I didn't want to run around with so much lace or so many bows. The more I looked at it, the more I realized that this did look like something a little girl would wear. It was so feminine and girly!

"Kayla, isn't there something else?"

"Put it on right now. If you don't, I'm going to drag you through the hotel naked. I'm going to make you beg for the right to put on that dress while all of the other patrons at this fine establishment get to listen."

My wife made that declaration calmly and with perfect certainty.

My eyes widened, and I kept thinking that she had to crack a smile. There had to be something that would make it clear she was just joking. But she wasn't. She meant every word of it, so I stood up, and I peeled off my outfit. I was going to take off the panties should already forced me to wear, but Kayla shook her head. No, I was going to stay in women's underwear as well. I started to pull on the flower girl dress.

The material was soft and clingy at the same time, hugging my muscles. I pulled it down the full-length, and once it was on me, I didn't want to move. I didn't want to feel the squish of the skirt around my knees. I didn't want Kayla to get to witness my humility

But of course, she was going to get to see me as much as she wished. Like she was so fond of saying, I belonged to her.

"Very nice," Kayla said, walking around me, doing a little inspection. But it wasn't just a chance for her to look at me and tease me. Oh no, she made sure to start tightening the little bows, which only made the dress even more formfitting.

Once she finished, my wife took my hand and she walked me over to the big mirror. At first, I kept my eyes on the floor, like I couldn't stand the idea of seeing myself like this. Kayla must've understood my reluctance because she touched my chin and forced my eyes up.

And there I was, dressed like a little girl. The bows and lace trim were perfect. They would've been so adorable on a life figure of a child, but they just made me look embarrassingly feminized.

"Hold your hands behind her back," she commanded. You barely whispered those words, but I scrambled to obey, gripping my wrist in my hand.

"Good boy. Or should I say good girl?" Her eyes glittered with mischievous amusement. This was nothing more than teasing, but she didn't care.

She was going to have her fun.

Kayla unlocked my chastity device. She pulled it off my shaft, and my cock immediately hardened. I wanted to touch myself so badly, but not like this, not dressed like him flower girl!

Temptation flooded through me, but I didn't start to touch myself, not without her permission. My wife smirked again, letting her eyes drift over me. "I want you to touch yourself now. I want you to masturbate until you come."

"Can I take off the dress?"

"No," she said.

I swallowed back my trepidation, and I decided that I didn't want to do this. "Kayla, it's okay. I don't really need an orgasm."

"Sweetie, this isn't about what you need. This is about what I want." He gave my ass a little smack, and I stumbled forward a step. I was closer to the mirror now, but Kayla didn't let me retreat back. Instead, she stood right behind me. "I own you, and I give you an order. Now, you're going to do it."

I lower lip trembled a little bit, and I fought to control it.

Then, I reached down into my panties, and I took a hold of my shaft. I was already so hard! Kayla noticed as well, so she leaned in and whispered, "Oh. Look at that. You must to like wearing a little girl's dress. Is that it? You secretly enjoy this?"

"No," I moaned, starting to stroke myself. It felt so good to finally be able to run my fingers along my cock again.

"I don't believe you," my wife said to me.

"No, I really don't like this. Please, please let me stop," I said, yet even if she gave me permission, I didn't know if I would really be able to take my hand out of my panties. I blood rushed through my veins, and the desires swirled through me, right between my legs. Damn it, I didn't want my wife to be able to manipulate me like this. "Please, please let me stop," I said again, hoping that she might actually give me permission.

"No," she said simply.

I kept touching myself, stroking my cock as my wife watched.

I was close, so incredibly close. Kayla came up behind me, she grabbed my ass, and somehow that sent me over the edge. My cock parted to shake as I blew my load right into my panties. The

gusher kept going, especially since I had not been allowed to climax for days on end.

But when I was finally spent, I sagged back, weak and helpless.

Kayla sauntered over to me. "There's my sweet little flower girl. Did you have a good time?" He lifted up the hem of my skirt and looked at the wet spot. "Oh my, I just want to do. I think you're going to need to put on a fresh pair."

Without giving me the chance to protest or try to argue my case, Kayla went back to one of the new cases. She pulled out another pair of panties, and she brought it over to me. This one had little ruffles along the seat, and there were pink, embroidered flowers along the front.

In my mind, I pictured myself arguing with her and somehow winning. But when she simply held the panties forward, I accepted them equally. I pulled off the soiled pair, and I put on the fresh panties.

There I was, dressed like a little flower girl.

On some level, I couldn't help but think that my wife had won.

Our honeymoon came to an end, and Kayla only insisted I wear flowered panties on the plane. Part of me wanted to argue with her, but one glance from my wife made it abundantly clear that she could force me to wear the white dress on the way back.

So yes, she could dress me up like a young woman and force me to walk through an airport filled with thousands of people. Knowing that, I decided to behave myself. I did whatever she wanted.

When we finally got home, I opened the front door, and I turned around before my wife could enter. "Kayla, please tell me that everything that happened on the honeymoon is now done. Please, tell me that you're going to just let me be myself now."

He walked a little bit closer and smiled. She looked a lot like a huntress, like a predator. "Yes, honey," she said sweetly. "I am going to let you dress just like yourself. In fact, I'm going to insist on it."

Exhaling with relief, I nodded my head quickly and went to the master bedroom.

I found her suitcase with all of the sissy clothing. I was about to bundle it up and throw it away, to make sure that it was gone from our lives forever, but Kayla stood in the doorway and she asked, "What you think you're doing?"

"I'm just taking care of luggage," I said, more sheepish than I could have anticipated.

"Stand up. Turn around." Four words, and they didn't allow for a trace of disobedience. She commanded me like I was a trained dog.

Without relaxing a muscle, I did as she ordered. I got up and turned around with the bundled dress still in my arms.

"Were you going to do something naughty?" asked my wife. "Were you going to be a bad boy and try to get rid of that pretty dress? Does the naughty boy think he can't be punished now that we're home?"

I took a step back. "No, no. I'm not doing anything wrong." That seemed like close enough to the truth.

She came closer and closer, graceful as always. "Stand still."

I obeyed her. She sauntered up to me and slid her hands now my pants. My cock was back in the chastity device. My desires stirred at the warmth of her touch, only I couldn't get completely hard. My member struggled to reach tumescence, only it couldn't get all the way up.

"Poor boy. I think you're having a hard time as a boy, aren't you?" She pouted out her lower lip with mock sympathy. She stroked my chin with her fingernails, lightly grazing my flesh. My nerves simmered from her touch. "Well, if you can't handle being a man, maybe you should be demoted. Maybe you should spend some time as a girl."

"No!" I breathed, desperate.

"Since you like this dress so much, you're going to wear it again. Right now."

She forced me to put it on. She forced me to wear it for the rest of the day. I didn't think anything could be worse.

And Kayla showed me I was wrong.

The next morning, I woke up. I had on a pair of pale blue, satin panties.

“Time for work!” chirped Kayla from the foot of the bed. She already had on a pencil skirt and dark gray blouse. It was professional attire, appropriate for an office, yet she knew how to dress. My jaw dropped for a moment as my gaze swept over this beautiful creature. Her hair had been pulled back in a severe bun, and her mouth practically sparkled with her shining red lipstick.

“Work?” I said, sitting up.

Yes, I was supposed to go to work. But my alarm should have woken me up.

“That’s right. Work. You’re the *boss*. Remember?” She couldn’t help but sound sarcastic when she described my position. “Of course, today you’re going to have a few reminders of who’s really in charge.”

“What reminders?” Now that I had completely awakened, I reached down into my underwear. I felt the plastic chastity tube. I felt the leather strap. I felt the soft satin of the women’s briefs she had forced me to wear.

“Well, the panties for one. The chastity belt for another.” She smiled at me.

“No. Please, please don’t make me wear those to work.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have to negotiate with clients! I have to talk to my subordinates! I have employees, and they need to respect me!” For the first time in days, I sounded almost-ferocious.

My wife wasn’t intimidated.

Kayla shrugged like it didn’t matter. Then she left the room.

I knew better than to try to remove the panties. If I didn’t please Kayla, then she would make my punishments worse. At least I could cover up these indignities.

Inhaling, I took a long breath and went back to my closet. For one, horrified moment, I imagined that I would find nothing but women’s clothes. Thankfully, my suits were still in there. After I quickly donned my work clothes, I almost felt like my old self.

I ate some breakfast and finally worked up the courage to ask, “Why are you dressed up?” Kayla didn’t have a job.

“Because I’m coming to work with you, silly. You’re going to hire me as a consultant.”

“What? No way.” Her mouth hardened into an aggressive line, but I made a decision right there. I couldn’t let this woman push me around anymore. “No. I am not going to hire you. You can’t be in the office with me.”

“Sweetheart,” she said quietly.

I gulped.

“Sweetheart,” she said again. “You don’t get a choice. Unless you want all of your coworkers and colleagues to know about what you did on our honeymoon, you’re going to be a good sissy and accept whatever commands I give you. Obedience is the only trait you need to strive for now. You don’t need to be ambitious or smart. You don’t need to think for yourself. Now nod.”

I nodded.

“Good sissy,” she said. Then she hopped up and took me by my tie. She tugged me outside and instructed me to get in the passenger side.

Kayla got into the driver’s seat, inserted the key, and revved the engine. I bristled, thinking about how I was the man. I should have been the one driving. Giving up another layer of control annoyed me more than I wished to admit.

She started driving. Aggressive like always, Kayla took the turns hard. I had to brace myself in my seat even as tension and fear coiled in my gut. “Don’t worry, sweetie. I won’t let anything bad happen,” she said as she zipped along the open roads.

But then she stopped at a shopping center. I didn’t understand what was going on. We weren’t anywhere near work.

“Do you need something?” I asked.

“No. But you do.”

Kayla hopped out of the car and motioned for me to follow. I didn’t want to do it, but then I remembered what she said about telling everyone my secrets. As much as I hated the possibility, I understood that this wouldn’t end until I convinced Kayla to make it stop.

“You were a bad girl this morning,” she said to me once I made it up to the shopping center’s main promenade. She took my

hand, intertwining her fingers through mine. She gave me a little squeeze, just something so I wouldn't forget who was in charge.

"I'm not a girl."

"No," she agreed. "You're not. You're not good enough to be a girl. You're just some silly sissy who needs to be trained."

We walked, and I kept trying to guess our destination. Up ahead, there was a co-op vegetable market. An old book shop ended the row of businesses. But she stopped us in front of a tattoo parlor.

"Kayla, please tell me you want to get a tattoo."

"Not for me," she said.

"Well, they're closed. We can't do this right now." It was a weak, pathetic excuse, though I didn't care. I'd say anything to get me out of this.

The lights came on. "Right on time," Kayla announced. A young woman unlocked the front door, and Kayla pushed her way inside, tugging me along all the while.

As the door opened, I froze in place. Jumping tactics, I tried again, "Kayla. We can't stay here. I need to get to work!"

She gave a half-turn, and the curve of her smile was scimitar-sharp. "Sorry, but this is happening."

Kayla pulled me into the parlor. I could feel the silk panties between my legs, and then the girl came back. She had short, black hair. Her bright blue eyes locked onto me, and she smirked like she understood my new relationship with Kayla.

"What can I do for you?" asked the artist. She was behind the counter, her weight down against her elbows.

"My lovely husband here wants to get a tattoo."

"No, I don't!" I started to say, only Kayla had the gall to wrap one hand around my mouth. She had slipped behind me, and she muzzled me with her palm. Immediately, I tried to take her hand away, only she prodded my side with the stun gun.

Those tines pressed into my skin, and I shivered, just waiting for her to unleash the electrical assault.

It didn't come.

Even so, I understood the message. If I stepped out of line, she would hit that button, and a surge of pain would shoot through

me. Slowly, Kayla removed her hand from my mouth. "My husband here wants to get a tattoo," she said again.

"I'd be happy to help," said the girl. She held out her hand, and they shook on it.

I watched, horrified, especially because this woman had to understand that I didn't want to be marked. I didn't want her ink make it down into my skin. Clearly, this girl didn't care.

"It's Magdalena, right?" Kayla asked. "I think we talked on the phone."

"That's right," she said. "You told me that your husband is little bit shy around needles, that sometimes he needs some extra help. Well, don't worry. I've dealt with fussy clients before, and I have some special strategies for them."

My mouth went dry as Magdalena motioned for us to come into one of the back rooms. To her credit, the facilities all seemed very clean. This reminded me more of a clinic or hospital than some tattoo parlor.

But then she opened the door for us, and my wife nudged me inside. I froze when I spotted the table in front of us. Metal and padded, it had armrests and could accommodate my legs if I decided to lie down on my stomach.

Noticing the canvas shackles, I realized that Magdalena had been joking. She really did have special strategies for dealing with people who didn't want to be there.

Panic gripped me, and I decided that I didn't care what Kayla told any of my coworkers and subordinates. I could always fire those employees and hire other people later on. So I turned around, and I tried to push my way past my wife.

She must have read my intentions because she brought up the stun gun, and she prodded it into my torso.

"Kayla—" I started to say, but then the sharp pain exploded through me, and my knees gave out. The two women didn't seem to mind though. They grabbed me by the arms, and they dragged me across the room. All the while, I tried to force my body to respond to my commands.

I wanted to show both of them, Magdalena and Kayla, that I was a man, and I could control myself. But they had no trouble lifting

me up onto the table, and then I felt the canvas straps loop around my limbs.

Magdalena tightened them cruelly, securing the straps until the material dug down into my skin. I whimpered and pulled on the shackles, but they help me firmly in place.

I opened my mouth, and I was about to curse her out, but Magdalena had planned for this as well. She shoved a rubber ball between my teeth, and then she circled a leather strap around my head, securing it tightly.

Moaning, I tried to get her to release me, but she wouldn't do it.

"You are right," Kayla said, obviously impressed. "You are very good at your job."

"Why thank you," Magdalena said with something that approximated a little curtsy. "Considering how much you're paying me, I'm happy to oblige."

"Well, the money originally belonged to my husband, so I'm really not worried about spending it." That elicited another grunt growl from me, and I want to threaten Magdalena. I wanted her to know that I was going to sue her, and going to make her pay for doing this to me. Unfortunately, I couldn't shake a single word, so both women laugh at my expense.

Helpless, I could only lay there as Magdalena went over to the spot between my trousers and my shirt. She yanked my shirt off, and she noticed the elastic from my pale blue panties.

"Oh my, you weren't kidding. He really does wear women's underwear." Magdalena shook her pretty face from side to side. "I really don't understand how you could be with a sissy like this."

Again, I thrashed against the straps, but both women had decided that their conversation was far more interesting than watching me writhe on the tattoo table. In fact, then no problem discussing me as though I weren't even there.

"Honestly, I think it's kind of cute," Kayla told the artist. "I mean, most women have to worry about their husbands. Those men get out of line, and they do stupid things like getting drunk or cheating. But not my boy here. He is going to be a perfect little sissy when I'm done with him."

"How do you control him?" I froze for a moment, listening to Magdalena's voice. More than anything, she sounded intrigued. It seemed like she actually wanted to know how this all worked.

Kayla held up the stun gun. "This is a good start, but really only beginning. You see, when you want to control a man, you need to figure out what he loves above all else. For this boy here, it started out with a job. I made sure that would lose his entire career if he ever decided me. This way, I know that I will always be able to control him."

"Remarkable," Magdalena said, truly impressed.

I mumbled and moaned some more. All of the sounds I made went unanswered.

"So don't do business," Magdalena said. "What would you like me to put on your sissy here?"

She ran her soft fingers along the small of my back, and I shivered with embarrassment, knowing that there were so many different symbols she could offer to use. Kayla was going to be the one to make this decision, and once they went down, it would be permanent. I would be marked. I would be branded.

"I want something really feminine, something that is truly the antithesis of masculine. My sissy here needs to understand that his life as an independent man is over. He belongs to me, and I'm going to treat him like a little doll."

"Lots of the college girls like dolphins and unicorns."

"The dolphin sounds interesting. What about a bunny?"

Magdalena seemed to shrug. "I can do it, but bunnies aren't very popular. Snowflakes and rainbows can also be interesting."

"What you think of that? Would you like a snowflake right here?" For the first time, Kayla was talking to me, and she poked my skin. I shook again, thrashing against my restraints, if only to show her that I wasn't going to tolerate this.

But what choice did I have? I was restrained and helpless. More than that, it wasn't like I had any leverage. Although I hated to admit it, Kayla really could do this to me, but I was going to keep fighting nonetheless.

"I think he needs a little, smiley cat. Is that something you can do?"

Magdalena smirked, "Absolutely."

I growled and grunted some more, throwing my weight from side to side as though it would make any difference. Now that she had a plan, Magdalena pulled out another set of straps. These went over my biceps, around my waist, and over my hips and thighs. One at a time, she secured them into place until I was utterly paralyzed.

With nothing but those canvas straps, I lost all mobility. I couldn't move even half an inch, which was just the way Magdalena wanted me. After all, she explained that this was very sensitive work.

I heard the machine come to life. Gears and rotors started to buzz with activity. A tiny engine must've been working, and I froze up again. Paralysis hit me hard, weighing me down and forcing me to absolute stillness.

"I don't know how he got into position, but I think you're going to have an easy time training him," Magdalena said with another smirk. I could hear the amusement in her voice, especially as she took the needle gun and pressed it down against the small of my back. Sharp pricks started to penetrate my skin.

I could already picture it, happy little kitty cat emblazoned on my skin. I would always have this transplant right at the small of my back, and it would be a mark of my position. I was no longer the husband. I was no longer the one in command or in charge. My wife had taken the power from me.

My eyes started to water as the needles continued their work.

Biting down into the rubber ball, I tried to think about something else.

Nothing came to mind.

She continued to work and work. Time started to lose all meaning, though I was distantly aware of the fact that I was going to be very late. It made me wonder if I should try to go to work at all, but then I rejected the idea of quitting. So long as Kayla laughing my position at work, I would cling to it. That was the last of my identity. If I didn't have my job, then I would just be her sissy slave.

No matter what, I couldn't allow that to happen.

Kayla sauntered around to the front of the table. Her eyes met mine, and she was grinning happily, eager to soak in my humiliation.

By this point, my face was probably flushed bright red, and I struggled again when she looked at me.

"Shush." She touched her finger to the point between my eyes. I wanted to shrug her off, but I couldn't do it. She was poking me, giving them the physical taunt proof that she could. There wasn't anything Kayla couldn't do to me.

"Are you sure you only want the kitty?" Magdalena asked a minute later.

My eyes flickered wider. I never considered the possibility that they would add any other tattoos. A smiling cat would be humiliating enough, what else could they add?

Apparently, my wife had some ideas without even thinking about it. She didn't need to contemplate or consider her response. Rather, she simply snapped her finger and said, "I think you should be a couple of words on my sissy's back. I think that would be a good way for him to remember his place always."

"What would you like?" Magdalena simply sounded like an eager merchant hoping to up sell a product. Of course, I could take out that little bit of sadistic glee in her voice. She probably didn't get to deal with sissy boys like me very often. Having the helpless and spread out like a human canvas probably turned her on.

Kayla didn't answer out right. Instead, she walked over to the tattoo artist and whispered something into her ear. Grunting, I tried to demand a response. Damn it, I had a right to know what they were saying to each other.

But they whispered back and forth like schoolgirls, giggling when they finally came to a decision.

The tattoo gun started again, digging down into my skin, depositing those little bits of ink that would form an image.

The taste of rubber filled my senses as I kept pulling and tugging on my restraints. My ankles, my wrists, and the rest of my body were all trapped. I couldn't break the straps, and so Magdalena had free reign. She could do whatever she wanted with my physical body, marking me however she wished.

The work went on and on, but eventually came to an end. "That was quick," Kayla said, having never once displayed any sign of boredom.

"I do some special techniques," Magdalena declared rather proudly. "No one can work as fast as me."

"Can we see it?" asked the woman who would be my owner.

Magdalena began to remove my restraints. Each strap came off, and I had to resist the urge to try to punch her. Part of me wants to rebel, to make it clear that this woman was going to pay for everything she had done to me. These indignities and humiliations would not go unanswered.

Only I didn't do it because my owner was right there, and Kayla would punish me. Besides, I turned around on the table, and she had the stun gun out already.

It would take so little effort for her to simply poke it into my side, knocking me back down.

"Come on," Magdalena said, taking my arm and pulling me across the room. Several mirrors had already been placed in the perfect position to let me see the small of my back. They were kind enough to remove the ball gag.

Of course, once I had the ability to speak again, I didn't actually know what to say.

At first, I simply closed my eyes, refusing to acknowledge what had already been done to me. After all, a tattoo would be permanent. This was a kind of market I would never be able to escape.

Of course, that was entirely the point. Kayla wanted me to feel my subjugation regardless of where I happened to be.

Kayla grabbed my ass, squeezing viciously. Inhaling, I was forced to open my eyes. In front of me, my reflection filled my vision. There it was, on the small of my back. There was a little bit of redness around the image, but the smiling kitty cat was clear.

There was also a bit of text, string of words right beneath that happy kitty.

Property of Kayla Anderson.

"You used your maiden name," I said, shocked. I couldn't explain why that detail struck me as important, but it simmered at the back of my mind, and I voiced it without thinking.

"That's right. I used my maiden name because I've decided that you're going to take my name. I think that will just be more

appropriate." Kayla touched the back of my neck, almost petting me. I bowed my head low, defeated. "Now tell the pretty artist thank you for doing such a good job."

Swallowing, I didn't want to do it. I didn't want to give Magdalena and the satisfaction of knowing that she had been able to be a part of my subjugation. But then I glanced up at her, and she already knew. Her lips curled upward in a Cheshire smile.

Delaying the inevitable was a waste of time, so I said, "Thank you for doing such a good job."

"No problem," Magdalena said with a little nod.

"Actually, I think it is a problem. I think he sounded just a little bit too sullen. In fact, I think he wants to go down on you to demonstrate his true gratitude."

"What?"

"You heard me," Kayla said, putting her hands on my shoulders and shoving me down on my knees. I felt weak, so I collapsed down into that subservient position.

For her part, Magdalena didn't seem at all surprised by this turn of events. She pulled up her skirt, and she tugged down her panties, exposing her shaved pussy. "You heard your owner," she said.

Shaking my head, I glanced from one woman to the other, hoping to find some kind of sympathy or mercy. My search found nothing. Well, that wasn't entirely true. Each girl was looking forward to this. Kayla wanted to watch me do it, and Magdalena couldn't wait for me to start. In fact, I could already catch the aroma of her arousal.

Crouching behind me, Kayla whispered in my ear, "You already know you're going to do it. Maybe her points in the little bit of incentive first, but this is going to happen. Think very carefully about the decision you make in the next few seconds."

My eyes narrowed, and I wanted to argue with her. I wanted to try to come up with some compelling reason why I would be able to resist her this time. But again and again, my wife made it clear that she could do whatever she wanted, and I could not stop her.

Parting my lips, I started to lean forward.

Magdalena wasn't so circumspect. She grabbed my hair and yanked my head forward, pulling me right up against her slit. Immediately, I stuck out my tongue, and I started to lick, the flavor of her excitement brushing against my taste buds.

I licked and nuzzled, probing her opening with the tip of my tongue. Even then, I wasn't doing a good enough job because my wife decided to spank me. She slapped my ass hard, and listing reverberated through my skin despite the layers of cloth between me and her palm.

Spurred on, I looked seriously, bobbing my head down and up from side to side. I swung my tongue along her clit.

It went on and on, one second melting into the next. I wanted this to stop. I could feel every inch of my skin burn with humiliation. Normally, I had a really good poker face, but I didn't know how to hide this kind of embarrassment and shame.

Magdalena pulled her hips together, and her body shivered and quivered as an orgasm rippled through her. She cried out, throwing her head back, and she finally let go of my scalp.

I tumbled back, and my wife let me hit the floor.

Looking up at her, she smiled and told me to get up.

Reluctantly, I did so.

"He has a really nice tongue," Magdalena said. Her face was flushed, and she was touching her hair, make sure that it went back into place.

"That he does, and now he has to use it when he goes to work," Kayla said, and I hope that she meant I would be talking to my employees.

In any case, Kayla reached into her purse, and she pulled out my credit card. She handed it to Magdalena who went back to the counter and swiped it. Kayla told her, "Please, give yourself a very generous tip. I'm sure my sissy here is very grateful for all of your services."

"Definitely. He's going to be the prettiest girl at work."

Keeping my eyes down, I tried to turn invisible. I didn't want these women to focus their attention on me, not again, not when they were so eager to tease and humiliate me. Finally, Magdalena

handed the card back my wife, and Kayla took it, spilling it away. After that, she took my hand and led me back out of the building.

When I set the passenger seat again, my back burned it just a little bit. The tattoo gun had not been gentle, and my skin felt inflamed. It would calm down in time, but that might take a little while.

And honestly, I didn't think that I would ever forget what my wife had done to me right there. Those sensations would ghost at the back of my mind pretty much forever.

When we made it to work, I got out of my car, and I hope that my wife would simply drive away. Even the idea of my wife taking my credit card spending all of my money on expensive clothing or jewelry didn't bother me as much as the possibility that she might insist on entering the office with me.

She did.

Once she parked, Kayla got out of the car, and she sidled up next to me. She took my hand, and she walked just a little bit faster, tugging me along.

My office wasn't terribly large. My company only employed about a hundred people or so. They'll work in cubicles, pushing around paper and numbers for various clients.

As we walked down the main corridor between the different banks in cubicles, I tried to keep my chin up and my eyes steady. No one could be allowed to realize that something had changed.

With every stride, I could feel my satin panties beneath my trousers. They rubbed up against my cock, and I could feel my body stiffened, my member hardening. Somehow, going down the Magdalena had turned me on, and that little kindling of desire refused to go away.

Finally, I made it to the door to my office. My secretary sat in her position, and she smiled. "Sir, I left your mail in your inbox."

"Thank you, Cindy," I said with a curt nod.

Surprisingly, Kayla remained by it as I unlocked the door to my office. I slipped inside, and she followed a moment later.

Without another word, she walked over to my desk, and she took my seat. "This is very nice," she told me, lifting her feet into the

air and resting them on my desk. She let her high heels fall to the floor, and I was just looking at her feet in her stockings.

"What are you doing here?"

Kayla glanced up at me. "I want to see what my husband does for a living. After all, I need to understand the business know that I own it."

I bit down, refusing to rise to that particular bit of bait. Technically, she may have owned the company on paper, but it was still my enterprise, and I was still responsible for maintaining it. Besides, I hadn't yet accepted the possibility that this would be a permanent arrangement. Somehow, someday, I would get my company back.

"And maybe I like the idea of you going down on me while I sit at your desk."

I blinked, shocked. Honestly, the possibility had never once occurred to me.

"Don't look so scandalized," Kayla said to me, smirking.

"You wanted to get down on my hands and knees and service you while you're sitting at my desk. I can look however the hell I want," I snapped back.

"And for that, you're going to have to give me your pants," Kayla said without missing a beat.

I blinked, startled. She couldn't be serious, but I didn't find a hint of irony or sarcasm etched into her pretty face. "Do it. Do it right now, or going to go out there and tell all of your loyal employees that their boss is nothing but a silly little sissy."

My mouth went dry and my throat tightened as I pictured it. She would walk out there, and she would tell them the truth. Part of me wanted to think that I could deny, that I could just say that my wife is crazy or something, but she was too charismatic, to convincing.

Besides, why would she possibly lie about something like this? And what if someone wanted to see?

It would only take a little tug of my trousers, and then my pale blue panties would be revealed to the world.

No, with the sinking stomach, I realized that I had to do it.

"Look, I'm sorry for what I said, but may I keep my pants on?"

I really did sound pathetic, like a little kid who realized his tantrum had been a terrible mistake. Kayla evaluated me for several seconds, staring at me. She tilted her head from side to side, and I could practically hear her calculations going on behind her eyes.

Eventually, she smirked and said, "I think I want to see your panties while you service me." Then she giggled and pointed down to the spot between her legs.

"Can I lock the door?"

"No."

Reluctantly, I started to unclasp the belt around my waist. I pulled it free, and I set it aside. After that, I started to shimmy out of my trousers, shaking them down. Once I was out of my pants, Kayla smiled at me. She leaned forward, resting her chin on her knuckles. "My, oh my, look who's a horny sissy."

I inhaled, hoping to deny it, but my cock strained against the bounds of my underwear. I was very hard, and with my pants down, I felt especially vulnerable. This was my office. This wasn't fair because I was supposed to feel powerful here. This was supposed to be the base of my authority, but Kayla had taken it away from me, using it for her own pleasure in her own devices.

Finally, I got down on my knees. I started to maneuver across the room, but Kayla shook her head. "Oh no, I want to see you crawl." She even had the gall to shake a finger at me. Hot embarrassment flashed across my face, but then I bowed my head and nodded quickly.

I crawled along the floor of my own office, making my way under the desk. Once I was at the back of that opening, Kayla rolled her chair back into place. All of a sudden, I felt very trapped, but it didn't really matter.

Kayla hitched up her skirt, much as Magdalena had done back at the tattoo parlor. I watched her maneuver her panties down, and she was already damp with excitement. Clearly, my wife had been thinking about this for a little while.

"Start licking, dear husband of mine," Kayla said, and I knew that she meant it. She meant to think of me as her toy and her property.

Forcing my head forward, I opened my mouth again, and I started to lick her pussy.

At first, I didn't think about anything else. I didn't worry about the time of day or what else was going on. I simply licked at her slit, doing everything I could make her orgasm so this could come to an end.

Kayla didn't moan or cry out. Thankfully, she was quiet as I licked and probed her. I quickly found her clitoris, and a tea set, swirling my tongue around that bundle of nerves. Her body radiated heat as Kayla became more and more worked up.

I imagined her face flushed, bright with arousal. Maybe she was biting down into her lower lip, and I really enjoyed that image. Here, I could have a modicum of power because I was doing my best, hoping to make her climax sooner rather than later.

Okay, so that may have been a credibly small bit of power, but it was the only thing I could possibly achieve.

Then the door opened.

I heard it, and I stopped. My whole body locked up, the next thing. Who could possibly be there? What if they noticed my pants on the floor? Damn it, I should've insisted on knocking the door. I should've argued with Kayla.

"Hello?"

Immediately, I reckon there's the voice. It was David, my second-in-command.

"Hi there," Kayla said, leaning forward. With her hand under the desk, she gave the back of my head a little slap. It was silent, but I understood the message.

Simply put, she had not given me permission to stop.

"Kayla, I didn't think you'd be here," David said uncertainly.

"Yes, my husband is busy elsewhere," she said, and I could tell that she was smirking. It was such a silly joke, but she enjoyed it nonetheless. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Not really," David said. "But I did want to congratulate you on the wedding. It was a beautiful ceremony."

"Yes, it was," Kayla agreed.

"And tell me, how is the honeymoon?"

Kayla seemed to shrug. "It wasn't bad, but my husband couldn't quite keep up with me." For a moment, I wanted to freeze, yet I knew that she would just smack the back of my head again. Whether I wanted to admit it or not, I had to continue doing this. So I kept looking at her pussy, eating her out just that she wanted me to do.

"Really?"

What? Packed into that one little word, I heard interest.

No, no way. There was no way my second-in-command would try to hit on my bride. Kayla giggled a little bit and said, "David, you can't let this get around the office, but my husband really wasn't up to performing. Honestly, I think he just wanted to be married so he could have a strong woman to take care of him."

Hot humiliation coursed through me like magma, and I wanted to get up. I wanted to tell David that she was lying, but then I was down on my hands and knees, servicing my wife as I wore a pair of satin panties.

"You know, if you ever need someone to help out," David said, letting his voice trail off.

"I just might take you up on that," Kayla said. "I do like the idea of having a strong man around. Don't get me wrong. My husband displeased enough, but I think he still has a lot to learn."

"Yeah, he is a bit weak," David said.

This wasn't fair! They were talking about me, and I didn't yet to defend myself.

"But I will say, he is a very lucky guy. You are beautiful woman, and you deserve someone just right for you." I could picture him giving her a little bow before he turned around and sauntered away.

The door closed again, and I wanted to speak, but I couldn't, not when my mouth was filled with her pussy. I kept licking and sucking, nuzzling my tongue from side to side and hoping that she would start to come soon.

"Oh, I'm sorry? Did you think you were in control here? Did you think that if you did a really good job that I would just have to surrender myself to a fit of passion? Is that what my little sissy

husband thought?" My wife laughed at me, and I whimpered pathetically.

Even if she told me, continue to lick, nuzzling my tongue from side to side and up and down. I teased her clitoris, hoping to make her come, but my wife simply pets me. If she doesn't want to orgasm yet, it isn't going to happen.

Yet I continued to eat her out, servicing her the way she demanded.

"You know, I'm pretty sure your employees would love to know that you're in here, down on your knees, doing what your wife commands," Kayla said.

That provoked another whimper.

"Of course, they don't really know the real you, do they? They don't know that you're just my little sissy now?"

She pressed one hand down against the back of my head, and I started to lick more furiously, speeding up. This time, she began to moan, letting out little sounds of pleasure and ecstasy as she permitted herself to get closer and closer to orgasm.

I continued to service her, given my wife whatever she craved because she had already taken everything from me.

Finally, she came, and she pulled her hips together, squeezing my cheeks with her soft flesh. It felt so good, and I felt like I might orgasm in my panties, but I wasn't allowed to touch myself, and I didn't make the mistake of irritating my wife, not here when I was at work and there were so many different ways she could humiliate me.

Kayla rolled out from the desk, and she motioned for me to crawl forward.

Like obedient animal, I did it. My palms and these were dusty, but my wife said, "That was fun."

She pulled up her panties and smoothed her skirt. Then she walked toward the door and said, "You aren't allowed to touch yourself. If you try to get your chastity device off, you're going to be a tremendous amount of trouble. In fact, I'm going to make you wear a nice little French maid uniform, and I will put you on a leash, and I will parade you up and down this office in front of all of your employees."

Every temptation to try to get the chastity device off disappears. Yes, my body simmers with desire, and I want to come so badly, yet I know that I won't misbehave.

"Don't tell me you understand like a good little sissy."

"I understand."

"Is that how you address your boss?"

I glanced up at her, only briefly before darting my eyes back down toward the floor. I swallowed, forcing myself to give Kayla what she desired. "No, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"Good sissy," she said for opening the door and leaving me alone.

For a moment, terror shot through me as I realized someone might look through the door to see me standing there in just my panties.

Fortunately, no one seems to be around. Even my secretary has her back turned away from the door, so no one witnesses my humiliation. I shut the door, and I lock it, panting.

This was just a demonstration, the chance for Kayla to prove that she could dominate me wherever she wanted. For the life of me, I can't think of any way to argue.

For the rest of the day, I had a hard time concentrating, especially when I worked around David. For the most part, he and I had always gotten along, yet it was difficult for me to pretend I hadn't overheard this conversation with my wife.

At the same time, I wonder what it would be like if Kayla and David got together, if they had sex. David was just a little bit younger than me, but he was definitely more aggressive. The more I contemplated his attitude and personality, I realized that he was just more masculine than me. He was a man's man, even if he worked in an office.

Five o'clock rolled around eventually, and it was time for the office to shut down. My employees streamed out, a few early, a few late, and then I was finally alone.

I sat back in my chair, and I exhaled, letting the tension dissipate from my body.

All of a sudden, my cell phone buzzed. I looked down and saw that it was a call from my wife. Holding the handset up to my ear, I tried not to sound nervous, "Hello."

"I'm coming to pick you up. Don't you dare leave that office without permission."

"Fine."

"Is that really how you address your owner?"

Inhaling through my teeth, I forced out the appropriate response, "No, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"There's a good sissy," she said before hanging up.

I sat back down at my computer, thinking about how I wasn't allowed to leave. Suddenly, my office didn't feel like such a haven. Instead, it began to seem more like a cage.

A few minutes later, the front doors opened, and I heard the telltale clicking of heels on the floor. I emerged from my office, and there was my wife. She looked just as gorgeous as always, though I couldn't help but notice her new wardrobe.

She had on a dark red dress, one with an Imperial line. It hugged the spot region just beneath her breasts, and she placed her hands on her hips. She started to tap one foot. "Well? Are you going to make me wait all day?"

Remembering my place, I scampered forward. "Sorry, ma'am," I said. I passed her, and slowly realized that she wasn't walking with me.

Turning back around, I blasted my wife, and she had one hand out. With a finger pointed toward her feet, I didn't understand what she meant, not at first anyway. "When we were on the phone, you addressed incorrectly. You were quite insolent, in fact. So we are going to have to correct your behavior. We start with a little shoe-licking."

I stared back at her, uncomprehending.

Kayla couldn't be serious. No, she could, I realized.

Before I could even think about it, my knees buckled, and I fell back down on all fours. As my wife watched my subjugation, I crawled forward, and I bent my head low. I tried to convince myself that I was only doing this to satisfy her, that he didn't really mean

anything. I didn't want to argument, and I didn't want to face any disciplinary actions, so I just played along.

But that was a lie, because this wasn't a strategy. He was just me, giving in and surrendering another piece of my masculinity. From one step to the next, she was robbing me of my manhood.

Sticking my tongue, I started to lick her shoes. The soft leather aroma was unmistakable as well as inescapable. I licked and licked until she cleared her throat and pointed to the other shoe.

For a moment, I lifted my eyes, and I hope that she would be smiling. Instead, my wife seemed more annoyed, probably because of my hesitation. Dipping my head low in humiliation once more, I licked her other shoe until she finally started to walk toward the door. I crawled after her for several seconds before I realized that I should probably be walking.

Kayla glanced over her shoulder and she smirked at me, probably amused by my automatic inclinations. She really was training me, I thought.

We made it on the parking lot, and I spotted my car. Unfortunately, I didn't have the key, and I knew that Kayla wasn't about to let me drive.

She unlocked the doors, and I got into the passenger side again. I pulled my knees together; I tried not to think about how beautiful my wife was, especially because I have not been allowed to orgasm all day.

Always able to guess my thoughts, Kayla glanced over at me. "Are you a horny sissy? Is that what you are?"

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, keeping my eyes on the dashboard.

"Well, maybe you get a chance to come tonight," she said to me. Just the idea made my penis strain against the chastity belt. The plastic tube refused to yield or budget. Until she decided to let me out, I wasn't going to be able to enjoy my own body.

That had to be part of a lesson because Kayla wanted me to think of this body as belonging to her, not me.

We made it back to the house, and I was surprised to note the car parked in front. For a second, it looked familiar, but I shrugged that thought aside. No, it probably belonged to a neighbor.

Kayla got out of the car, and she ordered me to do the same. "Tell me, are you ready to cook dinner and in the house for me?"

She paused in front of the front door, put me out. I looked down at the small piece of metal, wishing that I had one of my own. Ever since we returned from our honeymoon, Kayla allowed me a shred of power or influence. Instead, I had to rely on her for everything.

"I've been taking very good care of you, training you, and they then give you a ride home from work. I could've insisted that you walk." She stepped closer to me, and we were out on the porch, which meant that it was possible any number of neighbors might notice or overhear us.

But for whatever reason, I decided that I wasn't going to tolerate any more. Perhaps my time at work really had rejuvenated my resolve.

Bracing myself, I looked into my wife's eyes, as I said, "Kayla, I'm not going to let you treat me like this anymore. You're going to open that door, and then we're going to talk like equals." It was a bluff, but I sidled closer, hoping to intimidate her with my size if nothing else.

For a moment, it looked like it might work. It looked like Kayla might really surrender. After all, she had been having lots of fun, but she couldn't remain so confident and steadfast forever. At some point, there had to be a weak spot in her system. At some point, she had to buckle and fail.

A slow smile spread across her pretty lips.

"I have everything, and I get to decide when and how your coworkers find out about your little panty fetish," she said. Those words were like a physical blow, and I stepped back. "Now, sissy boy, you're going to get into that house, and I'm going to give you another lesson. Understand?"

"No, I don't care if you distribute company. I'm not doing this anymore," I said, and I turned to walk away.

But I forgot about something.

I didn't remember the stun gun, and it came out of her purse. She jammed it into the small of my back, right over the kitty tattoo. I fell

down on my knees, but I somehow managed to remain quiet. It was just a grunt of shock, and then my wife was in front of me.

"If you like, I can do this all night. I can keep going until I dream this battery, and then I will buy a new one, and then you will really start to suffer. Or, you can be rational, and you can get your cute little butt back in that house."

Eyes narrowed, I didn't want her to be able to defeat me. For a shining moment there, I really started to think that I would get out from beneath her thumb. Obviously, Kayla had other ideas.

I stood up, my legs shaky, and I headed for the door. I walked back into the house, knowing that I had lost an important battle.

But it would be the final struggle. I could still try to hold onto my dependence and my free will, I told myself again and again. Even so, my thoughts seemed sluggish and awkward. I just couldn't calculate as quickly or dexterously as before.

Kayla took my hand and led me back into the master bedroom. She opened one of the drawers, and she pulled out a set of leather shackles. But those straps were more than just simple cuffs or wrist restraints. Instead, she turned to me, and she said, "Naked. Now."

My mouth went dry, and I try to understand how those various strips of leather all fit together. Slowly, it started to dawn on me. It was a harness, a full set of restraints designed to bind all of my movement. Maybe I would be able to walk or worm along the floor, but I would be ultimately helpless.

She wanted to put me in that monstrosity, and if I allowed it, I would be completely helpless. But then she held up the stun gun again.

I pulled off my dress code, my shirt, and my pants. I pulled everything off until the cool air washed against my skin. Before long, I only wore the pale blue panties with those insufferable patterns.

"Good sissy," she said. I reached for the panties, hoping that she might offer me up a tiny glimpse of sympathy. Nope. She shook her head. "The panties stay," she said.

From there, Kayla started to maneuver me around, ordering me to hold my hands behind my back and spread my legs. The leather harness started to find me. One set of straps went over my

chest and around my waist. Another two shackles locked around my hips, and another pair went all the way down to my ankles.

Slowly, I started to understand that the black letter could be maneuvered into a variety of different positions. If Kayla wanted me to be able to walk, then she could unclip one restraint. If she wanted me completely immobilized or hogtied, she could accomplish those goals just as easily.

The part I hated most? I loathed the ball gag. It matched the one Magdalena had used on me that morning. With that logic between my teeth and secured by another set of straps, I couldn't speak. I could barely make any sounds of all.

When she finished, I was bound and helpless.

I could barely shimmy along on my knees, which Kayla forced me to do. She grabbed my ear, and she tugged, pulling me across the room. I didn't know we were going, not until she opened the closet door.

"After tonight, you're going to have a very good understanding of your place. You're going to be completely broken," she promised me.

Then she leaned down and gave me a kiss on my forehead.

I didn't want to believe her, but Kayla dragged me along, shoving me into the closet. She shut the shutters, turning the flaps down so I could only just barely see into the bedroom. At the same time, no one out there would be able to see me. Brows tight, I tried to understand what she was doing, yet no easy explanation came to mind.

Then Kayla left me alone. The second seemed to drag on, yet I didn't see any of the point of this. What was she trying to accomplish? What was I supposed to learn in that closet? After a while, I decided that Kayla simply wanted me helpless. She wanted me to sit there, alone in the dark. After all, this was a good way to show me what true helplessness really felt like.

But if Kayla thought that this was going to break my spirit or somehow obtain me, she was going to be sorely disappointed.

I was better than a little bit of darkness, I decided.

So, I close my eyes, and I sat back, doing my best to relax.

After a while, I managed to zone out. Strangely though, I found my thoughts wandering back to Kayla herself. I remember the first time I saw her, and how wonderful it made me feel when she smiled at me. Even in our first encounter, she had been bewitching. She knew how to enchant me like no one else.

I shook my head, feeling like an idiot.

Considering the indignity she had already heaped upon me, I should have been trying to find a way to call the police. Maybe, in time, I would do that. But no, I wanted to blackmail her back. I wanted to get some revenge and show my wife that she had to submit my will. Even after everything she had done to me, I was still determined to be the man in this relationship.

Someone rang her doorbell.

I froze instantly, almost as though I'd been caught doing something inappropriate.

Voices trailed off from the staircase, and I could barely hear two different people talking. Kayla was certainly one of them, but it was her visitor?

With my heart pounding in my chest, I started to wonder who she brought over. At the same time, I tried to convince myself that she wasn't really going to show me off. But it was too easy to picture Kayla with one of her friends. Maybe she would dress me up. Maybe she would show me off in that flower girl dress.

There were too many possibilities, so I wiggled and struggled, straining against the leather bonds despite the fact that I would never break them.

The door to her bedroom opened, and I shut my eyes for several seconds.

"You are, you are so hot," Kayla said. She was breathing heavily, practically panting out those words.

She was with someone else, someone I didn't know.

"You haven't seen anything yet," said a male voice.

My eyes opened, and I stared straight ahead. With the shutters mostly turned, I couldn't see anything, not yet. If I try to maneuver my body, then maybe I would be able to get a glimpse of Kayla and her visitor, but part of me didn't really want to know.

Gritting my teeth, I leaned forward, and I peered out from the slit in the closet door.

Part of me already recognized the voice, yet I could not really believe it. Some part of me kept insisting that I had to be wrong, that it had to be a mistake.

But then I looked out through that line of light, and there was Kayla, my beautiful wife, with David, my second-in-command at work. He was kissing her hard, holding her tight his arms. He grabbed her, and she wrapped her legs around his torso.

I started to struggle harder, determined to show my wife that she could be with another man. She was supposed to be mine, I thought petulantly. Wiggling and squirming, I must've looked so pathetic. I was a man restrained by his wife, and then David threw her down onto the bed.

He didn't give her a chance to catch her breath. Instead, David pounced, jumping onto the sheets himself. He grabbed her wrists and shoved them down.

He kissed her again, pillaging her mouth for every moment sensual friction. My wife started to moan, spreading her legs for him.

David released one of her hands, but only so that he could make up her skirt and pulled on her stockings and panties. "You are so incredible," he said. "You are so hot."

I heard those words, and I blushed brightly, knowing that Kayla love to hear them. At the same time, I have to recognize the fact that she never looked like this, not with me. Even when we had made out on several dissent occasions, she always seemed just a little bit distracted, a little bit bored.

Kayla turned her legs slightly, letting me see down the opening her thighs. I could see her naked pussy, and I knew that she wasn't going to ever let me penetrate her again. I was never going to get that privilege, but she would offer it up to a guy like David.

He pulled down his pants and his underwear. He threw them aside, but his nakedness didn't rob this man of his dignity. If anything, he seemed more virile male, more powerful. He was a real man, and he pounced again, nipping at her breasts through her blouse.

He was already hard, and I blushed again, noticing how much bigger than me he was.

He kissed her again, sliding his lips from her neck up to her chin all the way to her mouth. I stopped struggling, knowing that it was useless. Kayla had done an excellent job, ensuring that I would be utterly powerless to stop this from happening. Even if I tried to make it sound, they never would have heard me over their sex.

They were like animals, two lions tearing at one another.

David and my wife went at it, kissing and scratching and pawing at each other. They rolled around the bed, enthusiastic. Passion consumed both of them, and my wife probably forgot about me entirely. I was just heard Sissy, after all. She didn't need to worry about me.

David pushed her down onto the bed again, and this time, she spread her legs and lifted her hips. He plunged forward, filling her up with one swift motion. He pushed down, burying his shaft inside of her.

My wife cried out as this man pumped her, moving his cock forward and back. The friction of sex made her scream out. Her whole body turned a shade of pink as her heart pounded through a frantic pulse.

I watched, helpless, utterly transfixed as my second-in-command and my wife had sex in front of me. He took his time, working her slowly. Obviously, he had better endurance and self-control than I could ever hope for.

His cock moved forward and back, turning her on to new heights of arousal and desire. Helpless to do anything but observe, I wished that I could be a man like him. I wished that my wife would respect me, but she'd already put into panties in a chastity device. She had humiliated me in so many different ways, but this one counted the most.

My wife came several times. I could tell from the high-pitched voice, a sound she never made for me.

It was only minutes later that he started to come as well.

David pumped harder and faster, moving with an animalistic frenzy. He penetrated my wife, pummeling her opening with his

shaft. He growled out, grunting as the orgasm swept over him. He came inside of her, only to pull out and fall down on his back.

They were done, and I was still there, watching.

I bit down and my ball gag, helpless to do anything. Someone better than me would have slipped free from the leather harness and burst out of the closet to try to kick David's ass. But that wasn't me because I understood that I wasn't going to be strong enough.

He rolled off of his back and he said something polite as he started to pull his clothes back on. He did quickly, efficiently, and pragmatically. This wasn't about love. No, this was simply physical, the connection between two people who could respect one another.

Once she left, Kayla finally got off the bed. She walked over to the closet and opened it. "Do you see now?" asked my wife. She bent forward, just a little bit. She held her hands together, and there was just a trace of condescension in her voice. It reminded me a little bit of a preschool or kindergarten teacher.

My wife was talking down to me, and we both knew it.

My started to water for a moment, but I nodded. Yes, I understood.

"There's my good little sissy," she said. Kneeling down so she could look into my eyes, she explained, "I know this is hard for you, but you're going to get used to it in time. Before long, you're going to be a happy little slave. You're going to do whatever you're told, and you're going to please me. You want to please me, don't you?"

Again, I nodded.

"You see. It's very easy for you to be a good sissy," she said. "In fact, I think we are not going to need this ball gag anymore, at least tonight, are we?"

I shook my head.

She pulled up the ball after loosening the restraints of the back of my head.

"Are you ready to do as you're told?"

"Yes ma'am," I said, my voice just a little bit scratchy from disuse. My wife stood over me, she spread her legs, and she said, "Good. Now clean me out with your tongue." This was a new kind of humiliation, and I leaned forward to do it without prompting.

I was about to lick another man's ejaculate from my wife's slit. Everything inside of me told me not to do it, everything except that key flare of knowledge that this was my wife, and she owned me. I had to obey.

Kayla had done it. She had trained me to be her personal sissy slave.

The End