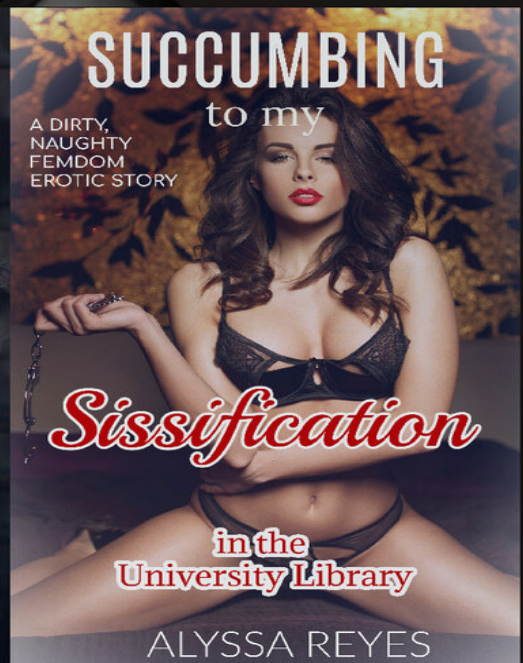
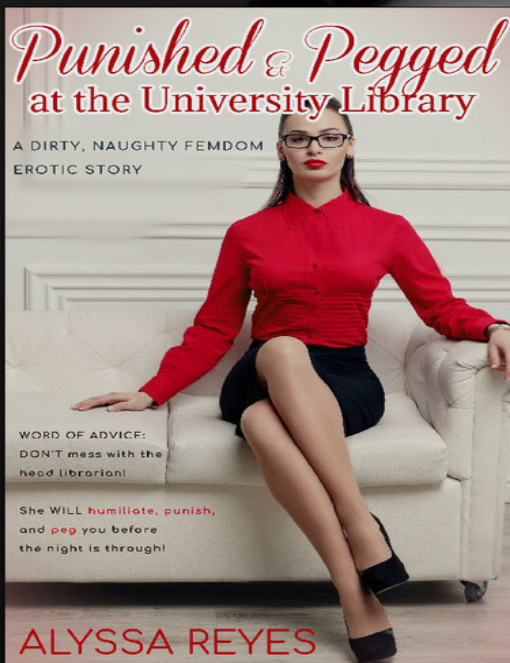


# SUBMITTING AT ST SEBASTIAN'S

## COMPLETE LIBRARY SERIES

FEMDOM  
EROTICA

3  
BOOKS



# ALYSSA REYES

SUBMITTING AT ST  
SEBASTIAN'S SERIES  
BUNDLE

Three FemDom Stories of Pegging, Spanking, and  
Sissification

Alyssa Reyes

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# PUNISHED & PEGGED

*In the University Library*

# *Punished & Pegged* in the University Library

A DIRTY, NAUGHTY FEMDOM  
EROTIC STORY

WORD OF ADVICE:  
DON'T mess with the  
head librarian!

She WILL **humiliate, punish,**  
and **peg** you before  
the night is through!

ALYSSA REYES

“The true man wants two things: danger and play. For that reason, he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.”

-Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (1885)

## CHAPTER 1: CHECKING OUT

Her eyes have cruel intentions.

I don't want to think ill of Miss Moore. I know all the good she's done for St Sebastian's University library, but every time the woman looks at me, I get the feeling that she doesn't like what she sees. And I can't figure out why.

"Mr. Theodore Dunkin, you will limit yourself to two hours per day with the book. Keep it in pristine condition. As it is a precious, primary resource, I am certain you are already aware that you may not remove the book from the library."

"Yes, I am well aware of the rules, Miss Moore. This is the fifth time that I'm checking-out this book this year. And I don't mean to be disrespectful, but we have the same discussion every single time."

Her eyes narrowed. "Since you are informed of the rules, then I am sure you will accept the severe consequences if you were to break any of them."

"Yes, yes, I know. I know." I strolled to the private reading room off of the section on Italian Manuscripts, and settled down with the heavy, leather-bound tome of the *Life of Abbot Claudio d'Arezzo*, a 15th century monk who was a prime source for my undergraduate thesis on Medieval monastery life.

But rather than thinking about Claudio, my thoughts were stuck on Miss Moore. *Why do you dislike me so much, Annabelle Moore?* I'd take it personally if there weren't all sorts of rumors floating around about her at the university. Supposedly, she disliked everyone, and she was always looking for reasons to inflict those "severe" consequences" of hers.

My roommate told me that last year two freshmen boys claimed she'd paddled them for being too loud one night at the library. They claimed she used a wooden paddle with holes in it, the kind frat houses like to display on their walls. After beating their butts black and blue, she told them that the next time, she'd punish the insides of their asses too. The thought of those words coming out of her stern, sensual lips makes me

laugh. I can't even imagine what she would have meant by that; these sorts of rumors are always so nonsensical.

Miss Moore was harsh, but she was a beautiful woman, and maybe all she needed was someone to teach her to unwind, let her hair down, and relax. In my fantasies, I'm that guy.

I like to imagine her in my bed, hair spread out on the pillows instead of in her tight, no-nonsense bun. I'd unbutton her stiff, starched blouse to reveal the gorgeous, bouncing tits I know are lurking there, and I'd worship them with my tongue, playing with her nipples and sucking on them so well she actually smiled. It might be the first smile of her life. And then, I can picture her flawless, mile-long legs wrapped over my shoulders as I lick her pretty, pink pussy so well she screams out, "Thank you, Teddy! This is what I needed!"

Fuck... I shouldn't have gone down this tangent. My cock is straining against my zipper now, swollen and ready to burst. I won't be able to get Miss Moore and her curvy figure out of my head and the Italian monk Abbot Claudio into it, unless I relieve myself of this hardon now.

I look around the private room. I am almost entirely obscured from the view of anyone passing by. If someone were to look through the tiny rectangular window on the door, they'd just see me looking down at this old book with my hands under the table. Not particularly suspicious, right?

I eased my hard cock from my pants, breathing a sigh of relief once it was fully out and secure in my palm. I got a tissue ready for my cum and set to work, imagining Miss Annabelle Moore on her knees for me, ready to repay me for my kindness in teaching her how to smile. Miss Moore would wrap those luscious, red lips around my cock, staining it with her lipstick. Her eyes wouldn't look so cruel as she blew me. Ugh, and maybe she would be sweet enough to swallow all my cum. The thought drove me straight towards the edge. I was ready to explode.

The door swung open in a fury, "Mr. Theodore Dunkin!"

"MOORE!" I shouted. I panicked, my hips bucking, my sperm flying. I came straight onto Abbot Claudio's lifework.

## CHAPTER 2: MAKING A MESS

“You dirty, nasty boy! You came on Abbot Claudio! How dare you?”

“Oh my god. I’m so sorry. I don’t know how this happened.”

“You don’t know how this happened?”

I stared at her incredulously. What on earth could I say? She caught me red-handed. She caught me with my cock literally in my hand right above her precious, 600 year old text. She was going to murder me, and I practically deserved it. Hell, if she knew I was thinking of her, she’d probably only be more pissed.

I looked down, utterly ashamed. “I am so sorry. It’s inexcusable. I will do anything to set things right.”

Miss Moore’s expression changed from outrage to something akin to determination. Her face went smooth, impassive. She sauntered over to me, surprising me when she grabbed me under the chin, forcing me to look into her dark brown eyes.

“You will make this right, boy. I will ensure it.” Her voice was steel; she brooked no argument.

Looking into her eyes, at the rage boiling behind the impervious facade she was known for, I half expected her to slap me. Instead, she held my stare for a long time, searching for something in my face.

I tried to give her what she wanted, and perhaps she was eventually satisfied with my expression of contrition because she released me. “You will clean yourself up and wait here.”

She left the room, taking the cum-soaked book with her. And I realized that my cock had been out the entire time. So damn embarrassing. Tucking myself back into my underwear and jeans, I wiped my hands on the useless tissue which had fallen to the ground.

I wondered if Miss Moore went to get the paddle. Maybe tonight I would be telling my roommate a new story about how she blistered my ass black and blue. It would be uncomfortable, but we could laugh it off together, and in a way I’d probably become a campus legend. Although, I would rather people not know I spilled my cum all over *The Life of Abbot*

Claudio... Christ, how much would it cost to restore that thing? I don't have any savings.

I thought of the ominous threat Miss Moore had supposedly made to the freshmen. "I will punish the inside of your ass." It sounded like bluster, just something someone would say when they were furious and didn't really mean. Like, "I'm going to shove this book up your ass." Sure, on the surface, that threat sounds terrible, but nobody ever actually got a book shoved up their ass, right?

The door opened a crack, "Come, follow me."

I had no choice but to obey. Whatever Miss Moore had in store for me, I had to face it with as much dignity as I could muster.

I followed her down several hallways and into the master staircase, doing my best to keep up with her pace. For a woman in such high heels, she moved admirably fast. Her slender, imposing body seemed to instinctively glide through the building, knowing its every secret, every nook and cranny. I was convinced she could walk through this building blindfolded.

She was taking me through rooms I had never seen in my four years at this university. Small, intimate rooms lined with books even older than the one I had ruined. Some were lined with shelves of scrolls, labeled after ancient civilizations. We were moving too swiftly for me to stop and make out most of the placards, but I noticed one, reading "Sumerian."

She's inadvertently giving me a tour of the university's treasures... Sure, it's a fast, breakneck tour, but all of these secrets stashes down here are blowing my mind. I almost feel like this is a reward.

Miss Moore stopped dead in her tracks outside an arched doorway. I nearly crashed right into her, distracted by a Celtic bible in a corner case.

"Watch your step, Theodore."

"Yes, Miss Moore." *Theodore*... I was so used to this formal, older woman using my full name that it almost sounded friendly when she called me by my first. What a ridiculous thought, I knew we were further from friendly terms now than ever.

She turned towards me and studied my face. I got the impression that she expected me to run away or try to get out of whatever was coming.

"This next room is where you will meet the first stage of your punishment."

"The first...?"

“Yes, Theodore.” I tried to seem resigned to my fate, but my face must have shown my fear.

“You realize you’re costing the library thousands of dollars -- possibly tens of thousands? Restoring a 15th century manuscript is no easy task.”

I looked away, “Yes, I know, and I’m terribly sorry...”

“Not as much as you will be, my boy.”

My eyes grew wide, staring up at her stern expression. I couldn’t take my eyes off those red, sensual lips detailing my upcoming comeuppance.

“You will be severely and thoroughly punished tonight. And then you will have to make a choice. Either you will choose to leave the university tomorrow, forsaking your degree and the four years you’ve already spent here, or you will sign a contract, submitting yourself to the same style of punishment for every night remaining during your stay here at St. Sebastian’s University.”

“So, let me get this straight... Every night for the next four months, you will bring me down here and repeat whatever is going to happen tonight?”

I was shocked by her laughter. “Oh no, dear boy, to repeat the same thing over and over again would bore us both. I promise you that if you choose to submit to me, I will be far more creative in the punishments coming your way.” I’d never heard her laugh before. In this context, it terrified and thrilled me.

She seemed to be enjoying this. I was now utterly convinced that all the wild rumors about this woman must be true, and here I was about to find out just how deep and “severe” her consequences were for offenders who broke the library’s rules.

And what a rule I had broken... It’s not every day someone cums on a precious manuscript.

I swallowed my fears. “I’m ready for my punishment, Ma’am.”

“Mmm Ma’am?” She practically purred. “I think you’re finally beginning to learn some discipline, my boy.”

I followed her through the arched doorway into a large candle-lit room underneath the library. I felt like I was entering a different world. This room belonged in an Italian monastery, not a New England university.

There was a large wooden table in the center of the room with a woman sitting at its center. Spread around the table were a variety of hooks, racks of implements, and restraint systems. “What is this place, Ma’am?” I hoped the term of respect would motivate her to answer me.

“A meeting room for the Sisters of St. Irene.” She smirked. I’d seen more emotion out of her tonight than in my entire university career so far.

I was still confused. “The woman who saved St. Sebastian from his wounds at the hands of the Mauretanian archers?”

“You know your history, my boy. Yes, just as Irene cared for Sebastian, the Sisters of Irene care for St. Sebastian’s manuscripts. We follow them, wherever they might be taken throughout the world, ensuring they are properly cared for, and punishing those who pose a danger or any disrespect to them.”

“Oh fuck...”

“Indeed.”

“I messed with the wrong library, huh?”

“You couldn’t have picked a worse one.” That wicked smile of hers might be the death of me.

I turned my attention to the beautiful girl in the room with us. She was probably my age, somewhere in her early twenties, as opposed to Miss Moore who was at least ten years older than us. I’d seen this girl up in the aisles before, putting books away. I thought she was just a library intern then. Her long auburn hair and curvy body had caught my attention, and she’d blessed me with a smile once or twice. Just like Miss Moore, this girl had appeared in my fantasies a handful of times, but I knew next to nothing about her.

Now the girl stood up from the table and came to stand before us.

“This is Miss Fillington. She will be assisting in your punishment tonight.”

Miss Fillington gave me that smile I remembered, and I wondered whether or not my chances were ruined with her. Call me a dreamer and a fool, but that smile made me think of a future with her. I could already imagine people asking us how we’d met five years down the line. Would they ever believe, *She assisted in my ritualistic punishment in a secret, labyrinth library chamber after I came on a 15th century monk’s autobiography?* I admit it would be a bit of an unconventional meet-cute,

but what other couple could claim the same? Uniqueness must count for something.

“Are you ready for your punishment?” Miss Moore ruined my fantasy for the second time this evening.

“Yes.” *I will take this with dignity*, I told myself.

## CHAPTER 3: DIGNITY DESTROYED

“Bend over the table, Theodore.”

Here comes the paddle, I thought. But I obeyed without protest, striding over to the table and placing my forearms on its hard, maple surface, bracing myself. I’d never been spanked before; my parents weren’t the corporal punishment type, so this was a new experience to me.

I could hear the women moving around the room.

Suddenly, Miss Fillmore was within my vision, in front of the other end of the table, leaning over and gripping my wrists, pulling them forward and staring into my eyes in a manner which wasn’t unkind but definitely sterner than expected.

“Down, boy.” Miss Moore’s hand pushed me down further onto the table, till my torso was completely flat, my ass sticking out, an easy target for whatever she was planning.

Miss Moore’s hands wrapped around my waist, fiddling with my belt, quickly undoing it and unzipping my jeans. “Is that necessary?” I asked, sharper than I wanted to sound.

“Oh yes, bad boys like you need to be punished on their bare bottoms. Otherwise, the lesson won’t sink in, Theodore” With that said, she yanked down my jeans and boxer briefs in one fluid motion. It seemed that she was used to undressing young men.

My eyes went wide as her hands gripped my ass, squeezing my cheeks. I felt her palm rubbing against my skin and then her hand slapped my ass hard. I had been expecting a wooden paddle, so this was a relief, but she really did hit hard. The first smack was followed by a series of even harder slaps. I could feel the heat rising to the surface of my skin. I knew we were just getting started but my ass already stung.

The slaps kept coming and I was having a hard time not grunting. I could feel my forehead sweating. Finally, she paused and caressed my cheeks again. “You’ve turned a lovely shade of pink, Theodore.”

“Are we done here, Ma’am?”

“Oh, not by a long shot. We haven’t even begun, my boy!”

At this point, Miss Fillington spoke for the first time, “It’s very kind of you to give him a warm-up, Miss Moore.”

A warm-up?

“Thank you, my dear.” She slapped my ass again.

“You see, Theodore, I know this is probably the first time you find yourself in this humiliating position, so I’ve bestowed you with some mercy. We will now begin your actual punishment.” She gripped a handful of my hair and thrust my head back.

“Thank you for your mercy, Ma’am!” I shouted, still trying to win over whatever points I might with this dominant woman, exercising her control over my future.

“My pleasure.”

She grabbed a thick leather strap off one of the racks and gave me a devilish smile. *Far from the smile I imagined in my fantasies.*

“You’ll count for me.” It was an order.

The first hit hurt far more than I could have ever imagined, the leather cutting through the air and brutalizing my already sore ass. It felt like my skin was on fire. “One, Ma’am!” I shouted loud and clear.

“Good, boy.” Miss Fillington answered. Perhaps this beautiful girl was just as twisted as Miss Moore.

The second hit landed just below the first. “Ug- Two, Ma’am!” I turned my grunt into the count, trying to conceal how affected I was by each strike, but I’m sure their perceptive eyes are picking up on my every action.

“Three, Ma’am!” The third strike had me struggling for control. I felt weak and humiliated, submitting myself to this bare-assed punishment, but I could feel my cock swelling between my legs. Perhaps some part of myself was enjoying the attention I was receiving.

“Four, Ma’am!” The fourth strike hit my tender sit spots and it nearly brought tears to my eyes; it hurt so badly I wanted to scream out.

The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth strikes were continuous, driving my hips bucking against the table, squishing the top of my shaft against the wood grain as the pain shot through my body.

“Is this making you hard, Teddy?” Two more strikes of leather on flesh made me gasp. All of the times I had imagined her calling me “Teddy” in my fantasies and now here I was getting hard on her table, my reddened

ass jutting out to meet her lash and my hard cock announcing my arousal to the women in the room.

“Such a dirty boy!” Three of the hardest strokes fell.

“Eleven, twelve, thirteen, Ma’am!” I was struggling for breath, all my muscles tense and stretched out on the table.

“Can you believe this nasty, little delinquent enjoys this discipline, Miss Fillington?” The slaps kept coming and I kept counting, tears beginning to form in my eyes out of pain and shame.

“Are you surprised, Miss Moore? This is the naughty pervert who ruined one of our library’s prized possessions?”

The strikes were constant and my ass was burning. If my hands weren’t being restrained, I’d likely have reached back and tried to block the strikes. They rained down like hell fire.

“Twenty-five, Ma’am!” I was breathing heavily. I could feel the precum dripping from the tip of my cock. I had never been so ashamed and turned on at once.

Miss Moore slapped my inner thighs with the strap. “Spread yourself wider, boy.”

I obeyed, my sensitive thighs stinging.

She ran the strap up and down my inner legs, teasing me. “Do you like this boy?”

“Like what exactly, Ma’am?” She slapped both my thighs roughly. Fuck, this hurt more than my ass.

“Being punished, Teddy. Do you like it?”

“I... I don’t know?”

“Ugh!” She slapped my thighs again, making me cry out. “Yes, I’m enjoying this!”

I felt the leather strap rub against my ballsack. “Please no, Ma’am! Not my balls, please!” I was breaking. The thought of her beating my junk was too much. I was terrified.

Her hand remained in my hair, pulling my head towards her. I felt like a whore arching my back. One of her heels was right against my foot, keeping my legs spread for her. I was at the mercy of this cruel older woman, who was thrilled to be punishing my young body.

“This is a punishment, darling. You’re not supposed to enjoy it.” Her voice sounded strangely tender. I knew she was mocking me, but there was something genuine in it too. She gently slapped the strap against my

balls, not hitting me with the same force she'd walloped my ass but with enough power to send waves of pain surging through my gut. I shut my eyes and groaned.

The lash stroked the length of my cock, playing with it, threatening it.

“Have you ever been pegged, Teddy?”

“No, Ma'am.” So, that was what she'd meant about “punishing inside.” Christ, I'm naive.

She put the strap down and squeezed my cheeks apart, her nails painfully digging into my flesh. One of her fingers teased my puckered asshole, and a shiver coursed through my body.

“I've never... I've never done anything like that before.”

“You're going to be taken up the ass tonight, just like the little sissy boy I know you are inside.”

Sissy boy... Is that what she saw when she looked at me with such distaste? Did she think I wasn't a real man?

I wanted to jump up and sprint out of here, but Miss Fillington must have read my thoughts. She pulled my wrists closer to her, swiftly applying two leather cuffs which had been hidden underneath the table. Now I was pinned in place.

“Can't have you making any foolish choices, Teddy.” She cupped my face. I so badly wanted to believe she would be sweet to me given other circumstances.

As Miss Moore disappeared from my view, making whatever preparations she deemed necessary for my upcoming violation, Miss Fillington secured my ankles to two more restraints, taking her time to run her soft hands up my bruised thighs. Her touch felt heavenly. My already hard cock jerked at her touch, begging her to stroke it.

“Miss... please... Is this really necessary?”

She lightly slapped my red ass, “Don't try to talk your way out of this one. You know you deserve every second of this.” I could feel a blush creeping up my body. I felt so vulnerable, bound like this, unable to protect my ass from Miss Moore's approaching strap-on cock.

“Spread his cheeks for me, Grace.”

*Grace.* So that was the girl's name. *Grace Fillington.*

My thoughts went to more imminent matters when I felt a cold, viscous fluid ooze between my cheeks as Miss Moore poured a generous

amount of lube down my crack.

“I can tell you’ve taken quite fondly to Grace, boy. I think I’ll reward you for taking your beating so well earlier. Get up on the table and keep his mouth busy, my girl.”

I felt Miss Moore’s finger push past the resistance of my anus, entering and filling me, then stretching me further. She was training my ass to meet the cock she was going to penetrate me with, and I found myself bizarrely grateful she wasn’t just shoving it in.

Despite my fears for my asshole, I could feel my mouth watering as Grace climbed onto the table, pulled her panties down, and spread her legs wide, giving me a delicious view of her pussy. Beautiful folds of labia, looking like a blossoming flower. The smell was sweet, musky, and intoxicating. Her natural odor mingling with her vanilla and lilac perfume, I was giving up my ass for this ambrosia, and it just might be worth it.

“Don’t just look at it, get in there, boy.” Miss Moore slapped my ass as she positioned her strapon-cock’s head at my virgin asshole. It felt impossibly huge.

I buried my face in Grace’s pussy, inhaling her scent. My tongue traced its way along her slit, poking into her entrance to tease her folds. When I felt her body respond to me, I moved my focus to her hard little clit, peeping through her lovely labia to meet my eager tongue. I circled it gently, and when Grace gasped out in pleasure, I took her full clit between my lips and sucked, turning her gasp into a moan.

It felt so good to please her... I sucked on her clit, occasionally flicking it with my tongue to send shocks of rapture through this goddess’s body. I must have been doing a good job because she wrapped her fingers in my brown locks and pulled my face even closer onto her pussy.

It was right when I was feeling my most triumphant over Grace’s pleasure that Miss Moore succeeded in driving the slick, lube-covered head of her cock into my asshole. My groan was muffled by Grace’s pussy, pressed firmly against my mouth, and although I tried to buck my head back, these two powerful women held me in place.

All I could do was take that long, brutal fake cock as Miss Moore slowly plundered my ass, driving it home with deep strokes that made me buck forward. I thought that my own cock would go flaccid the moment she started fucking my ass, but to my surprise, my cock was a traitor and seemed to enjoy it.

As this vicious librarian rammed me, slapping her powerful thighs against my punished ass, her cock was doing something inside of me, tickling my prostate in a way it had never been stimulated before and it was driving me mad.

I could feel myself about to explode. This humiliation was overwhelming.

“I can tell you like it, my dirty little sissy boy. This is just the way you were meant to be fucked.”

“Mmmmfuck” was all I could manage, drowning in Grace’s wet, pussy as she neared her climax. I tried to focus on her pleasure, pushing away any thoughts about what was being done to my body. I was committed to making this woman cum as she rode my face now, grinding herself on me, wetting me with her juices, suffocating me. *Please cum before I pass out, Grace. Please cum.*

I could feel my orgasm building too. Ma’am slapped my ass hard. I could imagine the handprint she left on it, and the thought of my humiliated body spread out and used on a table like this was maddening and arousing at once.

“Make her cum, boy. Make her cum and you get to cum too.”

Struggling to breathe as my nose was pushed against Grace’s mound, my tongue worked its magic on that hard little nub between her folds and Grace came hard on my face, thrusting against my tongue every step of the way, just like Ma’am was thrusting into my asshole behind me, the massive cock no longer having any problem sliding in and nearly out of my used hole.

“Good boy. Your turn now.” She firmly grasped my cock and with three solid strokes I came all over the table and myself. *Christ, am I cumming on all the library tables tonight?*

The orgasm was so powerful it would have brought me to my knees if I hadn’t been bound. Despite all the pain, all the humiliation, despite the giant silicone cock shoved up my ass, it was honestly the best orgasm I had ever had. I struggled to admit that maybe it was the best *because* of those factors.

The relief of cumming was immediate. My muscles relaxed and I felt a wave of bliss afterwards. *Oh god...*

Grace, glowing from her own orgasm, looked like an Angel above me. She lovingly ruffled my hair and jumped off the table, undoing my

binds.

Miss Moore pulled out of my ass, leaving my asshole feeling empty and cavernous. “That’s the end of tonight’s punishment, my boy.”

Freed from the restraints, I stood there, half undressed, red ass on display, sweat staining my shirt, and entirely dazed and confused.

Sensing my need for guidance, Ma’am held my face in both her hands, looked deeply into my eyes and spoke slowly. “What you did to Abbot Claudio was wrong, and you are in the process of paying for it. Isn’t that right?”

I nodded slowly, feeling too incompetent for words.

“Go back to your dorm now, and tomorrow morning you’ll decide how you wish to carry out the remainder of your punishment.”

“Decide?” I managed.

“Yes, you silly boy. You must decide whether to continue submitting to my punishments for the next four months of your schooling here or to leave the university. Did I fuck the brains out of you?”

“No, Ma’am... I will be here tomorrow with my decision.”

“Good,” she patted my face, giving me a knowing look.

Zippering up my pants, there was no doubt in my mind as to what my decision would be.

# SPANKED & SISSIFIED

*In the University Library*

# Spanked & Sissified

in the  
University Library

A DIRTY,  
NAUGHTY FEMDOM  
EROTIC STORY

MS. MOORE  
WILL TEACH  
YOU TO BE A  
GOOD LITTLE  
SISSY.

ALYSSA REYES



“She would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal, indeed! She knew they were superior.”

-Elizabeth Gaskell, *Cranford*, 1853

# CHAPTER 1: MORNING HAS BROKEN

I tossed and turned all night, mentally retracing my last encounter with Miss Moore and remembering how her huge silicone cock felt buried inside of my tight virgin asshole. It had stretched and filled me up in a way that was entirely foreign to anything I'd ever experienced. Now here I was at the crack of dawn, waiting like a dog outside the library's gated entrance, anxious for her arrival. I leaned against the building's 18th century stonework and sipped a lifesaving coffee, strong enough to shake me from my sleepless stupor.

My world was turning upside down. I used to think of myself as your typical straight guy. I was into the basics. I liked pussy. I liked tits bouncing in my face. I liked the idea of making a woman cum, and bringing her pleasure regardless of whether it was with my hands, tongue, or cock. Any way you looked at it, I was used to being the one *doing* the fucking, but last night for the first time in my life I can undeniably say I got well and truly fucked. Miss Moore screwed me *hard*, and I know she enjoyed it because she blessed me with more smiles in an hour than I've seen from her in four years.

As much as I might struggle to admit it, I enjoyed the experience too.

"You're here early, Theodore. I approve." Miss Moore came sauntering up to the gates, looking as beautiful and sharp as ever. Tight pencil skirt, a pristine silk blouse, and her signature stilettos. She was already tall for a woman, probably 5'10," but her heels brought her to an intimidating 6'2." Everything about this woman exuded an air of power, confidence, and competency.

"Since I've ruined your first hundred impressions of me, I decided to try to shape up." I flashed a nervous but sincere smile. I knew what this woman was capable of doing to me, and I wanted to get on her good side.

"It is a start, but you have a long way to go, my boy." Miss Moore unlocked the library's heavy metal gates with a key she kept on a thin chain

around her neck. For a woman who dedicated her life to preserving the library and its manuscripts, it was fitting that she kept the key so close to her heart. Watching it disappear between her prominent cleavage, I envied the key for getting to spend each day trapped between those sizable breasts.

I walked alongside her, keeping up with her long strides as we entered the anteroom and stood before a display case of Medieval books. There was an unmistakable space where *The Life of Abbot Claudio d'Arezzo* should have been. Unable to keep from blushing, my eyes fixated on the floor in front of me, downcast in shame.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

“Once again, Ma'am, I am so sorry. My actions were ridiculous, reckless, and...” I struggled to find adequate words to describe the extent of last night's stupidity, “completely inexcusable.”

“Yes. Well, we certainly can agree on those adjectives, but what I can't seem to understand is what it was about Claudio d'Arezzo's autobiography which titillated you enough to pull out your silly little prick and frig yourself inches from the manuscript.” *Little? I could understand her disappointment and disgust, but her scrutiny about my size stung the most.* Miss Moore raised one of her flawless dark eyebrows in a perfect expression of mocking confusion. “Please, enlighten me, Theodore.”

This woman could make my name sound like an insult. If she had me any more off balance, I would be on the floor right now. How could I tell her that I'd been fantasizing about her gorgeous red lips wrapped around my “little” cock, sucking me off, and Abbot Claudio was just an unfortunate casualty of the war I launched on myself?

The best lies are built on both truth and omission.

“Ma'am, my thoughts were not on the abbot at all. I was having trouble focusing on my reading, and I foolishly thought that I would be able to focus better after relieving myself.”

The librarian's sharp, intense eyes narrowed. Heat rose to my face, I could feel myself turning red under her gaze as she stepped ever closer to me, towering over my body, her breasts were inches from my face. She held her place in front of me, silently invading my space. Words were unnecessary for the message of dominance she was conveying.

As I stood my ground in her vicinity, the fragrance of her perfume seemed impossibly alluring, an odor more persuasive than any words she could have spoken. Without any choice but to breathe in her scent, I

contemplated the ingenuity of whatever chemist had succeeded in capturing, recreating, and bottling the fragrance of power. Miss Moore was not a billionaire, a CEO, or even the Dean of St. Sebastian's University, but no one, no matter how foolish, could deny she was a powerful woman. And this library with its formidable stonework and hundreds of thousands of priceless manuscripts was her kingdom. Within these walls, I was at her mercy.

"Today is a special day for you, Theodore." Her tone was poisonously sweet, I wanted to lick the venom from her lips. "It is on this day that you might very well make the most important decision of your life. You must choose to either leave the university and forfeit your degree or to put yourself into my hands for the remainder of your schooling."

What capable hands those were... Proficient at inflicting tremendous pain and pleasure all at once. This woman was a mix of enthralling contradictions.

"Putting yourself into my care will mean submitting to my every order and punishment. It will be uncomfortable and difficult at times, but I promise you that no harm will come to you, and I believe you may very well come to enjoy it in the long run. What do you say to that, Teddy?"

*The way she said the word Teddy...* If my full name felt like an insult, my nickname felt like a gentle slap. Something about the way her tongue rolled through the syllables was so compelling, I welcomed the shock every time she used it.

"I think you already know I'm at your service, Ma'am. I'm here to turn myself over to you today." I had rehearsed the words, but they still sounded unfamiliar as they escaped my lips. This world of submission was new to me. I felt like I was on a precipice, cornered on all sides by circumstance, with no hope but to dive over the cliff in front of me, delving into unknown waters and possibly dangerous territory. It was thrilling and terrifying, and I was determined to convince this woman in front of me that I was worth her time and efforts.

"Mm. There's a good boy." Her long, slender fingers ran through my hair, sending tendrils of pleasure down my scalp. When she stopped to caress my cheek, I wanted to melt into her hand.

"Follow me, darling." My stomach dropped with anticipation.

## CHAPTER 2: SIGNED, SEALED, AND...

I thought she would take me to the room in the basement where she had skillfully defiled me the previous night, but instead, I found myself in her private office. A large room decorated in a mesh of modern design and Victorian flair. Dark walls painted hunter green. Rich, heavy curtains draped from ceiling to floor. Brass lamps and baroque furniture, upholstered in deep hues of green and grey. Watching her settle behind her ornate mahogany desk I felt like I had been transported to a different era, like a naughty schoolboy standing before a strict governess about to correct me for my willful ways. It wasn't far from reality.

"Take a seat and read the contract before you." Obeying, I gingerly sat on the edge of my seat, still feeling the effects of last night's spanking. I anxiously scanned the paperwork on her desk, confused.

"This looks like an employment contract, Ma'am? Are you... offering me a job in the library?"

"I am offering you two jobs, Teddy. Restoring *The Life of Claudio d'Arezzo* will cost a significant sum of money. In order to contribute to the restoration, every moment of your time not spent in your classes or preparing your thesis, will be spent here, working as my assistant. Any wages you would have made will be put towards the restoration. That will be your day job."

That didn't sound so bad, but I could sense there was some kind of catch from the wicked gleam in her eyes.

"And my... night job?"

"At night, you will also be earning money through performing services here in the library."

Our eyes met and held each other's glare. I considered asking what services she expected of me, but I was quickly losing my naivete and had a fairly good idea. Last night, bent over a table, my sore ass impaled on her strapon-cock as I suffocated on a beautiful library intern's pussy, I learned

all about the sort of things this woman enjoyed inflicting on me. I also learned something about my own desires.

Regardless of whether or not I understood it, I craved this woman's attention. I wanted the vulnerability, discomfort, and bliss only she could make me feel. And I wanted the fucking degree I had worked four years to earn and was so close to achieving.

"Okay." I accepted the pen she offered and signed my name on the dotted line, committing myself to this fate, no matter what it would bring.

"Excellent, Teddy." She swiftly took the paper from my hands, giving me the kindest smile she'd shown me so far. "Now, be a good boy and take off your pants for me."

*No time wasted, huh?* I foolishly stared at her, slack-jawed in surprise before slowly rising to obey.

"Faster," she commanded.

I picked up my pace, unbuckling my belt, and whipping down my trousers, standing before her in my soft, blue boxer briefs, the thin cotton leaving nothing to the imagination.

"I want those off as well." She gestured toward my underwear with the pen in her hand, motioning for me to strip entirely from the waist down.

Closing my eyes and trying to mentally contain my arousal, I obeyed her. My mind scrambled, I tried to quickly think of baseball scores, blueberry scone recipes, and various other forms of bullshit to distract myself, but nothing could stop the flow of blood rushing to my cock. Being naked and submissive in front of this attractive, older woman was giving me a hardon, and try as I might, I couldn't hold it back. Feeling ashamed at my lack of self-control. I covered myself in my hands.

Strutting around the side of her desk, Miss Moore gave me a slap hard enough to sting on my already sore ass.

"Hands off. Never cover yourself in front of me, boy." Swallowing down my shame, I dropped my hands to my side, letting my hard cock protrude out in front of me, like a stupid little soldier greeting her at attention.

I shivered as she ran a single finger along the bottom of my shaft, teasing me.

"Do you like feeling exposed, Teddy?"

"No, Ma'am." My jaw was wound so tightly, the words nearly hurt to say.

“No?” Her voice was mocking, but her delicate touch felt heavenly. “I think you’re lying, Teddy.”

My heart beat faster at her tone. *If she thinks I’m lying, is she going to punish me? Am I lying? Do I want to be punished?* Anxious thoughts flooded my head as Miss Moore leisurely circled my body, taking in my appearance from every angle, and running her soft hands over my shoulders and down my back. Her hands cupped my ass cheeks, giving them a firm squeeze that made me yelp. She smirked at the muffled sound in my throat, and then she was back in front of me, stroking my cock in her wonderful fingers. I never wanted her to stop.

“Do you know what happens to bad little boys who lie?” The touch of her hands had left my head in a fog; I shook it, trying to find the words to answer her.

“Nothing good, I’m sure.”

“Liars need discipline. They need to be taught to tell the truth.” All the while, her hand kept stroking my cock, bringing me ever closer to a climax. “I am going to teach you to tell the truth, Teddy.”

“Mmmm,” was all I could manage, too enveloped in the pleasure of my cock being massaged by her palm. The next thing I knew she was gently tugging me forward, leading me by my penis to her desk. She took a seat on top of it before pulling me over one of her muscular thighs. My body was supported on the desk’s surface and my legs were stretched out behind me, feet arching on tiptoes. She spread my legs and continued, stroking my cock downwards in long smooth strokes. As long as she kept that up, I don’t think I could manage to protest whatever was coming.

“Are you enjoying this, Teddy?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” There was no shame in admitting that much. You’d be hard-pressed to find a guy on campus who wouldn’t kill to receive a handjob from Miss Moore, even if he did have to lay over her lap for it.

“Good boy, there’s an honest answer.” She focused her attention on the tip of my penis, and I moaned, my eyes shutting in bliss. “Be a dear and open my top drawer.” Bent over the desk, I opened the drawer to find a large steel buttplug and a bottle of lube awaiting me. Looking at the girth of the plug, I doubted it could fit inside of me, but when Miss Moore motioned for the materials, I relinquished them without a word.

“Thank you, Teddy.” She patted one of my cheeks before spreading my ass, applying a generous amount of lube to my hole, which was still

tender from last night's rough session.

"Do you... do you really think it will fit, Ma'am?"

"I promise you, it will. And if we go slow and steady, it won't hurt, darling." I felt the pressure of the lube-coated plug pushing against my asshole. "Relax and breathe deeply for me." I obeyed and felt the plug begin to slide inside of me, its metallic surface shockingly cold. As the plug reached its widest part, the insertion slowed, the muscles around my hole putting up their resistance. I could feel my body sweating as it struggled to hold off against the invading force, but Miss Moore held the plug in place and stroked my cock more vigorously, flooding my body with pleasure and making the rim of my asshole twitch until it welcomed the plug fully into its depths. My muscles immediately relaxed despite how fully stretched my asshole felt, wrapped around the hard, unforgiving plug.

"Did that hurt, Teddy?"

"No, Miss Moore..." It honestly hadn't. The experience was uncomfortable and to some degree unpleasant, but she hadn't hurt me. And with her skillful hand jacking me off, I couldn't complain much.

"Do you like being anally penetrated?" My eyes went wide.

"Is this an interrogation, Ma'am?" She sharply spanked my cheeks half a dozen times.

"Don't get cheeky with me, young man."

"Ouch! Okay, okay! I just don't know! This is new!"

"Good, that's a more honest answer, Teddy," she spoke softly, soothing my ass with gentle caresses. "All I ask is for honesty. I will not punish you for telling me the truth."

"Understood," I sighed as her hand returned to my cock.

"What were you thinking about last night when you spilled your cum all over the lifework of Claudio d'Arezzo?"

*Ugh, this is an interrogation! She tells me she won't punish me for telling her the truth, but ever since she had any reason to, she's done nothing but punish me!* I scrambled for a lie.

"I was thinking about a porn star, Ma'am."

"A porn star?" Her nails raked over my skin, making me wiggle my hips.

"Yes, Ma'am, a pornstar, Mindy McNutterFingers."

I was only briefly familiar with Ms. McNutterFingers's work, but she was the first pornstar to come to mind.

“Teddy, I happen to believe everyone is blessed with at least one special skill. Would you agree?” Her tone was deadly.

“Perhaps, Ma’am, I don’t know...”

“My special skill is telling when people are lying to me. Please stand up.” She slapped my ass hard, making me regret ever mentioning Ms. McNutterFingers.

Miss Moore opened the bottom drawer of her desk, retrieving a large, red leather paddle.

“Bend over.” Now her voice was harsh, acidic. I missed the softness from earlier. I wanted her to touch me kindly again, to win her over, so I obeyed, laying my body over the hard, dark wood of her desk, wishing I had told the truth.

“You will receive six strokes for lying.”

“Yes, Ma’am...” and then thinking better, “Thank you, Ma’am.”

“Mm.” She rubbed the leather against my skin, giving me a few gentle taps to measure the angle of her swing, and then she unleashed fury on my ass. The six swats were consecutive with only a second or two between them. As I felt the burn building from each stroke, the paddle connected with my ass again, building upon the fire she was inflicting on me. Each time the paddle struck, it dug the large buttplug deeper into my ass, like it was fucking me. By the sixth stroke, my ass was a tender ball of nerves. Tears burned in my eyes, but I held my place over her desk, wanting to make her proud.

“Teddy...” She dropped the paddle and ran her fingers over my reddened ass. Her voice was sensual when she asked, “Last night, as you touched yourself in the library, what was on your mind?”

There was no point in lying. The woman was a walking lie detector.

“You. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, but it was you! I was imagining you, on your knees, blowing my cock with your red lipstick leaving marks on my skin. I’m sorry!”

“Shh, calm yourself,” her hands intertwined with my curly brown hair once again, soothing me, “It’s alright.”

“You’re not upset?” I was so confused. I just wanted to make Miss Moore happy and to have her skillful fingers stroking my cock again.

“Oh darling,” she gently rubbed my ass as she spoke, “I *am* upset that you ruined a precious manuscript, and I have no doubt Claudio

d'Arezzo is rolling in his grave, but... I am not upset with you for telling me the truth. And in the future, you'll save yourself a significant amount of punishment if you answer honestly the first time I ask you a question."

"Got it, Ma'am." The heat in my ass and the sensation of her hands on my body were making my cock hard again. I didn't try to hide it this time when she patted my back, motioning me up from the desk.

"Now my boy, it's time you learned a lesson in self restraint. Something you are sorely lacking." From one of her drawers she retrieved two items, a pair of intricate black lace panties and a small metal cage.

"Since I can't trust you to keep from touching yourself inappropriately in the library and since I know the effect my presence has on you... I will help you exhibit some self-control."

Miss Moore knelt down in front of me, cupped my balls, and gently squeezed them, making my cock twitch. Her red lips gave me a wicked smile as she delicately held my cock and kissed the tip, brushing it with her tongue. I was dumbstruck, wanting to beg for her mouth, trying to imagine what my cock would feel like between those luscious lips of hers. Instead of her warm mouth, I felt the cold metal device sliding over my shaft.

"Normally, little sissies put on their chastity devices while flaccid, but you can't seem to go soft around me, can you?"

"Uh, no Ma'am!"

It was a struggle to get the tight device fully over my cock, but through her persistence and a fair amount of lube, Miss Moore managed, locking me into the device and sealing my fate. The key to my cock was added to the chain around her neck, another key for me to envy, snug between her breasts.

"How does that feel, Teddy?"

"Tight... uncomfortable... and distracting, Ma'am."

"Don't worry, it will soon feel natural to you. Your cock *should* be safely locked away when not in use. Be a good boy and put on your panties."

My face turned red again. Miss Moore made me blush like it was her profession, hobby, and greatest pleasure.

"Why... if I may ask, do I have to put on the panties?"

"Because you've been such a naughty boy, Theodore. A dirty boy like you, full of obscene ideas and no impulse control, needs to be taught a

lesson in respecting women. I'm sure you've fantasized about me in my underwear, have you not?"

"I... I have." My face was beet red.

"Well, lucky boy, you get to wear them now. Put them on."

Rushing to obey, I pulled the black lace panties over the metal cock cage, actually enjoying the sensation of the lace on my skin. I felt ridiculous standing there, wearing nothing but a button down, sexy panties, and my socks, but looking up at Miss Moore, I could tell she liked what she saw. Her eyes raked over my body appreciating my form, taking in my muscular legs and athletic ass, fully on display in the tight-fitting undergarment.

"This is a significant improvement from your messy, old boxers, Theodore."

Awash in a sea of confusion, I somehow felt both humiliated and sexy. I wondered if she'd play with me more or allow me to touch her, but she quickly put an end to my hopes.

"Get dressed. There are five carts of books in the foyer which need to be put back on the shelves." She took a seat at her desk, refusing to give me further attention.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Obedience was becoming second nature to me. 'What should I do about my boxers?'"

"Since we don't have an open fire available, throw them in the trash."

I considered protesting since those were my 'lucky' pair, but didn't suppose that would go over well. Discarding the underwear, I made my way to the door, fully dressed and struggling with my unfulfilled arousal. My cock straining inside of her cage, stimulated by the sensual lace panties, and my asshole stuffed by her large steel plug.

"Oh and Theodore?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"You have until 12 o' clock to get those books on the shelves, a minute over and we will be having a serious discussion about your performance."

"Yes, Ma'am."

## CHAPTER 3: PERFORMANCE ISSUES

It was 11:30am, and I had half a cart of books left to put away, but I was certain that I would be done by noon if I stayed focused and kept my mind off my aching cock and plugged ass. Having been a regular at the library these past four years, I knew the building's three-story layout fairly well, and I was tackling this shelving task strategically. I could tell some of the library interns were impressed by the sly smiles they offered me every time I passed the information centers.

One beautiful girl in particular, Grace Fillington, seemed thrilled to see me; her bright eyes lit up. She gave me a suggestive smile and licked her lips to let me know she was remembering last night. My cock swelled, remembering how I buried my tongue between her pretty legs, licking and sucking on her clit until she came on my face. I wanted to stop and talk to Grace, ask her out on a date, but I didn't have the time, so I waved and rushed by, pushing my cart to the section on Iberian history.

I was on a ladder, putting away a heavy tome on King Ferdinand II when I felt a tug on my shirt. Nearly falling backwards, I descended to find Grace, giving me a lewd expression.

"Come with me."

"I really wish I could. I'd love to, but I don't have the ti-" She grabbed my hand and pulled me with her, taking me into the nearby bathroom, and slamming me into one of the stalls.

"Time for a repeat." Her lips pressed into mine, the taste of her cherry chapstick seeming far too innocent for her uninhibited behavior. Looking at Grace with her big blue eyes and fair, blonde hair, she appeared to be a stereotypical good girl, someone my mother would love me to bring home for the holidays. But here she was, kissing and nibbling on my neck, making my bound cock throb with excitement, and pulling down my pants to--

"Woah!" She was shocked by the metal device wrapped around my penis, preventing her fingers from touching my skin as she held my cock in

her hand and ran her fingers over the lace undergarments. “This is... intense. I guess Miss Moore doesn’t want you getting off inside her library anymore, huh?”

“No, I think she’s trying to keep the books safe.” I shrugged, trying to make light of the humiliating situation. I knew she was already aware of my accident with Abbot Claudio.

“That’s a shame,” she leaned-in closer, tickling my balls with her fingers, “I was going to return the favor from last night... And I happen to love seeing you in lace.” Her hot breath on my skin, her fingers toying with my waistband... She knew what she was doing to me and it was glorious torture. “Well Teddy... your pleasure might be out of the question for now, but I can still get mine.”

She shoved me to my knees, lifted her short, pleated skirt, and pressed her silk panty-clad pussy against my lips. Breathing in her delicious, musky scent was intoxicating. I knew I should protest, and tell her I didn’t have the time, but her cunt was already on my lips, and all my worries seemed far enough away.

“Go on, make me cum. You’re so good at it, Teddy.”

*Mm*, all the encouragement I needed. I pulled aside her white panties, and slid my tongue along her wet slit, feeling like the luckiest man alive. This pretty girl was so desperate for my touch that she was grinding herself against my face in this bathroom stall. I wished my cock wasn’t locked up; I would have loved to slip it inside of Grace and fuck her against the wall, her long legs wrapped around my waist as I pounded her pussy and felt it tighten around my cock. When I was free from this cage, I’d make that a reality. For now, I could relish in my ability to make this goddess cum on my tongue.

Grace spread her legs for me, balancing one on the toilet seat behind us, granting me easier access. I started out slow and sensual, wanting to tease her and make this last. She was one of Miss Moore’s prized assistants and she’d seen me in such embarrassing predicaments, I didn’t want to make this too easy on her. Maybe my own denial was twisting me, but some dark part of me wanted to make Grace squirm.

“More. Give me more.” Grace moaned, weaving her fingers through my hair and firmly pushing my head deeper between her sweet, supple thighs.

“Mm, I’m calling the shots,” I mumbled, inserting two fingers into her pussy, and enjoying the gasp which escaped her lips. I circled her clit with my tongue, curling and uncurling my fingers inside of her pussy, feeling her muscles tightening around them.

“I... oh fuck.”

I flicked her clit with my tongue, making her entire body shiver, before placing it between my lips and sucking, all the while pumping my fingers faster. Her orgasm was building, she was quickly nearing her peak, but I didn’t want to let her cum just yet. Last night, she’d held my wrists down as Miss Moore had fucked my ass, I wanted to return that favour. I took one of my wet fingers out of her pussy and rubbed it against her tight little asshole, awaiting her response.

“Yes, give it to me. Fuck my ass. Fuck me hard!” I gave her exactly what she wanted, feeling the rim of her anus clenching as her orgasm coursed through her body. She ground her cunt against my tongue, riding my fingers inside of both her holes, and squirting all over my hand.

To my surprise, the moment she was done cumming, she burst out in laughter. “You! You... told me... you told me that you call the shots?”

“Well... I just made you cum, didn’t I? You were desperate for it, weren’t you?”

“Oh my god, Teddy, look at yourself.” Kneeling there with my caged cock nestled in Miss Moore’s lace panties and my sore ass tightly clenched around a buttplug, I could see her point.

“I just... I guess I wanted to feel in control for a second.”

“Uh huh...” She was still laughing. “Well, you’re not in control of anything here, regardless of whether you’re getting fucked or doing the fucking, Teddy. You’re my little sissy sub.” She cupped my cheek and kissed my forehead. “And it’s okay to not be in control.”

I wasn’t expecting a forehead kiss, somehow it was both patronizing and sweet. Maybe I should stop struggling against my submission...

“Now, be a good boy and lick my cum off your arm.”

“What?”

“You heard me,” she smiled jovially. “You want to play power games, and you don’t think I’ll put you in your place?”

Wide eyed, I listened to her, running my tongue along the juices she had squirted onto my arm.

“This library has a hierarchy, Teddy. You already know Miss Moore’s at the top, but you need to understand that you...” she squeezed my chin between her fingers, “are at the bottom.”

Licking up her cum, I nodded my assent.

“I’m starting to understand how things work he-”

The bathroom door swung open and we heard the sound of heels clicking on the bathroom tiles. *Oh shit.*

“Well, what do we have here?”

Despite my look of fear, Grace unlocked the bathroom stall, letting the door swing open to reveal Miss Moore with her hands on her hips, looking furiously disappointed.

“I want both of you in my office immediately.”

.....

“What did I tell you would happen if you weren’t done by noon, Theodore?”

“You said we would have a serious conversation discussing my performance, Ma’am”

I found myself bent over the large mahogany desk once again, but now I wasn’t alone. Next to me, lay Grace Fillington who in this moment was finding herself closer to my rank in the hierarchy.

“I expected better from both of you,” lectured Miss Moore, pacing the room behind us. “I have half a mind to take my cane to each of you.” Looking into Grace’s wide, frightened eyes, I could tell she had experience with the librarian’s cane and prayed both of us would be spared that particular rod.

“Do you remember the last time I caned you, Miss Fillington?.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Miss Moore ran one of her hands over Grace’s beautiful, bare ass, making the girl tremble, “Would you like to relive that experience?”

“If it pleases you, Ma’am.” *Oh, she was good. I’m going to remember that line.*

“Mm... I am going to let you decide on the punishment you believe best fits your misbehavior, Grace.”

“Please Ma’am, I believe I am the only one who should be punished. I purposely distracted Teddy, and he would have finished his task without my interference. ...I beg you to give me a full six strokes of the cane, but please let Teddy go unpunished this time.”

*I knew there was a reason I was falling for this girl.*

“Very noble of you, Grace. And you, Theodore, what do you say to Grace’s sacrifice?”

“I am honored, but I cannot accept her taking my place. Please, let me take half of her punishment. If you were going to give her six strokes, please give me three of those, Ma’am.”

“Oh my little fools, your romantic sentiments melt my cold heart,” Miss Moore chuckled, retrieving a thin cane from an armoire in the corner. “Sincerely, I almost wish I could let you both go... but discipline demands that consequences be dispensed. Prepare yourselves both for three strokes.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” we said in unison.

It occurred to me that this would be the third implement I sampled from Miss Moore’s apparently extensive collection of wicked toys. I knew this would likely be the worst, but no knowledge could have prepared me for the concentrated fire of the first stroke.

“One, Ma’am!” The words were out of my mouth before I even considered counting; the cane seeming to activate some submissive switch inside of me.

“Good boy, Teddy.” The pain was excruciating.

“Two, Ma’am!” The ache built on all my previous punishments from the past 24 hours, and I felt the vibrations of the cane meeting flesh, traveling through my ass, vibrating the steel plug.

“Three, Ma’am!” Any more and I’d have broken down in tears. I breathed a sigh of relief at being done, and felt deeply sorry for Grace as Miss Moore turned her attention to her.

“Carry on the count from four, Grace.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The cane cut through the air, emitting a sharp whistle.

“Four, Ma’am!” I noticed Grace’s knuckles going white, gripping the opposite side of the desk. I wished I could reach out and hold her hand.

“Five, Ma’am!” Her voice shook with emotion; she sounded close to tears.

“Six, Ma’am!” Grace’s walls crumbled, and she let out a cry, turning her head away from my vision, her torso shaking on the desk.

“Get dressed, Teddy.” The cane was put away and Miss Moore took a seat in her executive leather chair.

As I fixed my clothing, Miss Moore coaxed the crying girl onto her lap where she rocked her, comfortingly. I felt shy watching their intimacy.

“You’ll finish shelving the last cart, and get yourself some lunch, Teddy.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *I still have the taste of Grace in my mouth.*

“You will keep your plug and cage in place during your afternoon classes.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *Class will be more of a pain in the ass than usual.*

“And you will be at the library at 8pm sharp for your night shift.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *I’m a man of the night now.*

When I left the room, Grace was still crying on Miss Moore’s lap, but her sniffles were quieting and Miss Moore was kissing away her tears. I was fascinated by their dynamic and by the enigmatic librarian, who could be so cruel one moment and compassionate the very next instant. The woman was a strange mixture of sadistic and maternal, and it made my head spin.

I was determined to follow her orders and make no further mistakes today. I didn’t want any more punishments during the mysterious night shift...

## CHAPTER 4: NOT ALONE ON THE NIGHT SHIFT...

I arrived at Miss Moore's office at 7:45pm, not wanting to displease her off with further tardiness.

"Welcome back, my boy."

*My boy.* Her possessiveness made my cock twitch in its cage.

"How were your classes?"

"Good, Ma'am. Had a little bit of trouble... focusing."

"Well, I hope your studies won't suffer, otherwise I might have to speak to your professors and explain the situation."

"That won't be necessary, Ma'am!"

"Make sure it isn't, darling." She winked mischievously, leaving me wondering if she was just messing with me.

"You'll need these for the night shift," she passed me an outfit, fishnet stockings, a tiny plaid skirt, and an A-cup lace braiser so small that she might have picked it up in the training bra section. From behind her desk, she revealed a set of shiny, red heels, at least five inches tall.

"Oh wow... There is no way I'll be able to walk in those, Ma'am."

"You won't be walking anywhere tonight, Teddy. I want you crawling for me."

"I... uh... okay," I squeaked. Whatever she wanted from me, at this point, I had no choice but to obey. Miss Moore reclined in her leather chair, her dark eyes watching me strip and change into the outfit she had selected, clearly savoring her power over me.

"You look cute dressed like a slutty little sissy, Teddy." Her voice was huskier than usual, evidence of her arousal.

"Thank you, Ma'am." Her words might have been cruel, but her tone wasn't. And some part of me did feel kind of cute in the skirt and leggings which showed off my strong, lean legs, still muscular from when I ran cross country in high school. The brassiere, on the other hand, felt silly on my flat chest, but I was starting to gain a new appreciation for the erotic sensation of lace on my skin.

“Tonight, you are going to be servicing the latest initiates to the Sisters of St. Irene. You will bring each of them to orgasm, and if you’re a good enough sissy slut, I just might let you cum at the end of the night.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” She’d mentioned the Sisters of St. Irene last night prior to punishing me in the chamber underneath the library. I didn’t know much about them other than the fact that they protected the university’s manuscripts. This seemed like a chance to learn more about the secret group and more importantly... the perfect opportunity to free my throbbing cock from chastity and earn the orgasm I’d be itching for all day long.

I put on my heels while sitting on the floor, knowing I wouldn’t be able to stand up from that point onwards.

“I’m... ready, Ma’am.” I sat there kneeling, awaiting further orders.

She approached me smiling, “You look lovely, dear. You’re just missing one thing.” From behind her waist, she pulled out a leather collar which she locked in place around my neck and attached to a silver chain.

“Let’s go meet the Sisters, my good little slut.”

.....

The six young women sitting at the long, wooden table stood to attention as Miss Moore entered the room. Slowly following her on all fours, I looked up into the women’s faces and noticed that aside from Grace, they were the same library interns who had given me sly smiles throughout the day. *I’m such a fool... I thought they were impressed by my shelving skills.*

It seemed obvious now that they knew all along I’d be in this humiliating predicament. All of their eyes were on me now as they gave me playfully wicked grins, enjoying the view of my exposed body crawling after Miss Moore like a puppy.

“Excellent choice of outfit, Miss Moore.”

“It really shows off his assets.”

“Such a pretty girl, I bet she has a skillful tongue.”

I’d never been so humiliated and turned on.

“Ladies, Theodore Dunkin here is learning an important lesson in respect. This miscreant spent the past four years leering at the women on campus, thinking of each of us as nothing better than a sex object or hole for him to fill.” There were sounds of disapproval from the women.

“Theodore was a disrespectful young brat who saw no issue with pulling out his little prick and cumming all over one of our library’s irreplaceable

manuscripts...” She paused to look down at me darkly, and I hung my head in shame. “Now, it’s time we put little Teddy in his place. We are going to treat him the way he viewed us. This little sissy is an object of *our* pleasure. His holes are *ours* to fill. He is our perfect, little pleasure whore.” The women loudly assented.

Miss Moore unchained me from her leash, surprising me by kissing my cheek and confidentially whispering, “Be a good girl for me.”

I would have melted then and there, but she followed that gentle action up with an order, “Get under the table and start eating pussy like it’s your life purpose, sissy.”

A harsh slap on my ass sent me on my way, and I crawled over to the first pair of legs I saw spreading for me. The legs belonged to a pretty red-haired girl with a sweet face who patted my head and called me, “a pretty little’ thing,” as she guided me to her pussy. She’d already taken off her panties for me, and I delved right into licking and sucking on her, wanting so badly to please her. The girl’s fingers intertwined in my brown locks and she continued guiding my head, giving me instructions for exactly what she wanted. I followed every order carefully and enthusiastically, feeling rewarded when the girl came, moaning loudly and praising me. Looking up at her with my cum-steaked face, I felt blessed.

“Good girl.” The red-head pinched my ass and sent me on my way with a smack, over to the next pair of legs belonging to a gorgeous, dark skinned woman, who gave me the most beautiful smile I’d ever seen. This woman was gentle and kind to me, murmuring sweet words as she ground her delicious, wet pussy against my face. I wanted to see her smile again, so I did my very best to bring her all the pleasure in the world, utilizing my fingers, lips, and tongue to fuck, suck, and lick her through a massive orgasm.

I made my way through the next three women, eagerly working to serve and please them. Each woman wanted something slightly different from me. I swallowed my pride and listened closely, following their commands and my observations to satisfy the lot of them. These past two days in the library were teaching me more about women than my entire life so far.

By the time I got to the sixth woman, the ever-devilous and angelic Grace Fillington, I was an exhausted, sweaty, cum covered mess. My mouth, ass, cock, and knees ached, but I enthusiastically dove between her

thighs, kissing them lovingly until her hands on my shoulders made me pause.

Motioning for me to crawl out from under the table, Miss Moore explained, “Grace won’t be receiving oral pleasure since she was a naughty girl and sought her release with you earlier.” Having been so concentrated on my task and time with each individual woman, I had forgotten about the other women at the table, who had been carrying out their meeting this entire time. *There goes my opportunity to learn the secrets of the Sisters.*

Miss Moore continued, “Grace, however, will be carrying out an important role tonight.” Addressing the women in the room, she announced, “Yesterday, when Theodore was ruining *The Life of Abbot Claudio*, he was fantasizing about my lips wrapped around his ridiculous little cock. I think it’s only fair we make him live out the reverse of his fantasy.” Looking over at Grace, I could now see her donning a strap-on, equipped with a large, fleshy dildo. She approached me with a tube of bright, red lipstick in her hand.

“Normally, I’d fuck this sissy’s dirty mouth myself, but I’m in a particularly voyeuristic mood,” with that, she took her place at the head of the table, looking like a cruel queen gleefully watching an execution.

With Grace’s cock now inches from my face, I opened my mouth in surprise. Grace used my expression to her advantage, gripping my chin, and quickly applying the lipstick to my parted lips. Perhaps her hands were shaking or she was just in too big a hurry because I could tell the lipstick was being applied messily and imperfectly. I probably looked like a clown, which was fitting considering I *felt* like a fool.

As soon as she was done applying my makeup, Grace played the role of a stud well, smearing my face with her cock and smacking my cheeks with it.

“Open your mouth wide, sissy.”

She tapped the cock to my lips, and I obeyed, offering her my gaping mouth, but rather than plunging her cock in, she took the opportunity to smack the sides of my face some more, creating a loud “POP.”

“Stick your tongue out.” She smacked it with her cock. Beating my tongue before rubbing her saliva-coated shaft all along my face, smearing the lipstick further.

Finally she shoved it into me, stuffing my mouth and stretching it. I'd never sucked a cock before, real or otherwise. The silicone felt strange on my tongue. She gave me a moment to adjust to it before she started to fuck me, thrusting against my throat, shoving it in deeper. It felt so strange to be so full. I did my best to take it, gagging with difficulty.

“Look at me.”

I obeyed, turning my tearful eyes up to meet hers, and noticing that the expression in her eyes was kind even as she humiliated me. Her fingers felt nice running through my sweaty hair, and her lips smiled down at me as she silently mouthed the words, “Good boy.”

Encouraged by her, I slurped and gagged on the cock, doing my best to give the women the show they wanted until I felt Miss Moore's hand on my shoulder.

“What a good little cocksucker. It's time you get your reward. Hop on the table and lift your legs up, giving us a nice view of that plugged ass and caged cock.”

I climbed onto the table, laying on my back as instructed, and Grace pulled my legs over her shoulders, running her hands up and down my thighs.

“Good pleasure-whores like you need their asses fucked every single day. Grace will be taking care of your daily ass-fucking tonight, Teddy.”

Grace's hands grabbed the material of the fishnets, tearing open the crotch and ass area. She winked at me, roughly tugging my panties, pulling them clean off, exposing my ass and cock, which I had to admit did look tiny in the tight, metal cage. Grace's hands felt soothing running along my thighs, her nails making my skin tingle and leaving delicate red stripes down my legs.

The young woman gently twisted and maneuvered out the steel buttplug. I felt immense relief as my hole relaxed for a moment, but that was short lived because Grace efficiently plugged me once again with the head of her long, lubed-up cock.

“Fuck!!” The word escaped my lips before I could control myself. The silicone cock might have easily slipped into my trained asshole, but it still felt enormous. Grace eased it in all the way, giving me time to process each inch as she carefully fucked me.

“Ugh, fuck!” It felt surprisingly good once I got past the unusual feeling of being stretched.

“Such a dirty mouth,” Miss Moore teased. “I’ll keep it occupied for you.”

The sexy librarian was standing above me, slipping off her skirt to reveal a harness of straps, which conveniently left her pussy free to my appreciative eyes. Her knees came down around my head, her smooth thighs around my face, and I got an even closer view of her beautiful pussy.

“I’m sure you’ve fantasized about this too, you dirty little slut,” her fingers stroked my face and then Miss Moore ran her nails along my torso, making me shiver. She wasn’t wrong, I had fantasized about this regularly.

“Make me cum and I’ll release you, Teddy.” She dangled the key to my cock cage in front of me for a moment before sitting on my face. It felt like she was putting her full weight on me, and at first I panicked, feeling like I was suffocating. until she adjusted her position, and suddenly I could breathe. I set to work, worshiping her pussy while Grace continued to pound my ass. I licked, kissed, and sucked on her clit, wishing I could use my fingers to fuck her slit, but her hands held my wrists down, as she was grinding against my tongue, generating her own pleasure, using me like an object, and I was thrilled to simply be of service to her.

Grace fucked me harder as Miss Moore neared her climax, and I was lost somewhere inside of my own bliss when I felt the older woman gripping me tighter and squirting all over my face, covering me in her juices. Feeling victorious, I licked my lips, smiling up at her, deeply satisfied.

“Good boy, Teddy.” I was enjoying my ass fucking and Miss Moore’s pussy so much I’d nearly forgotten about my cock, but as the gorgeous librarian riding my face, freed me from my cage, I felt my blood rushing into my prick, resurrecting it, and suddenly I had the most pressing, sensitive, egregious hard-on of my life.

“Good boys deserve to cum,” Miss Moore purred before wrapping her godsent lips around my cock and stroking me with her tongue.

“Holy fuck,” I whispered, my mouth once again connecting with her pussy lips before she eased forwards, presenting me with her ass, which I eagerly kissed and licked, worshiping her with my tongue. Instructing me to continue my act of devotion, Miss Moore sucked on the tip of my penis, and I felt eternally thankful to this woman who had brought me to such low

and lofty sentiments in the blink of an eye. It took Dante nearly a week to trespass from hell to heaven, but Miss Moore could take me there in twenty four-hours.

“Mmm, excellent job, darling,” she pushed back against my tongue, bent over taking my entire shaft into her mouth right as Grace plunged her cock deeper into my ass, squeezing my balls in her skillful hands. I was quickly overwhelmed and ready to cum. Sensing my upcoming orgasm, Miss Moore pulled her lips off of me and pointed my throbbing cock at my stomach, ensuring I came all over myself, just like the dirty whore she claimed I was.

“What a pretty, sticky sissy you are, Teddy.”

I heard some of the women giggle.

Covered in my own cum and that of six women, I lay on the table, utterly spent.

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## CHAPTER 5: AFTERMATH

My mind went blank for a while, I think I actually fell asleep, but when I came back to the world of the living, I was in a large, comfortable bed, pressed between two warm bodies. Lost and confused, it took me a while to figure out that I was entangled between Grace and Miss Moore.

Grace was deep asleep on my chest, but Miss Moore was awake and watching me, stroking my thigh, lovingly.

“Shh, go back to sleep.”

“How.... how did I get here?”

“You were a good boy today, Teddy. There wasn’t any point in you going back to your dorm and feeling alone after that experience. Sleep now, and we’ll talk in the morning.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Somewhere over the past 48 hours, my life had taken a turn, and I didn’t quite understand it yet, but I was excited for each upcoming moment.

SUCCUMBING TO MY  
SISSIFICATION

*In the University Library*

# SUCCUMBING

to my

A DIRTY,  
NAUGHTY  
FEMDOM  
EROTIC STORY

## *Sissification*

in the  
University Library

ALYSSA REYES

"Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

-Mark Twain, *The Diaries of Adam and Eve*, 1906

## CHAPTER 1: NEW BEGINNINGS, NEW DYNAMICS

The morning sun illuminates our skin, three bodies sharing one bed. Nothing feels more heavenly than the warmth of our intertwined limbs. Miss Moore's long frame embraces me from behind, as my arms wrap around Grace, my face snug between her ample breasts. From close to the start of our dynamic, falling asleep like this quickly became our nightly routine. I struggle to imagine what my life will be like without this.

For the past four months, every moment of my time not spent in class or shelving books in the library has been spent here, on the outskirts of campus in Miss Moore's Victorian cottage, cleaning, cooking, and assisting her in the numerous ways she has desired my service. She's domesticated me... and now, it's almost time for her to let me go.

"Awake, pet?"

The perceptive librarian can always tell what I'm thinking or feeling, but desperate for a few more minutes of respite and slumber, I pretend to be asleep.

"Mm!" I yelp as she calls my bluff and pinches my ass, still sore from last night's spanking. Since I fell into this woman's care, I can't remember a single night in which I haven't been thoroughly spanked. I smile, recalling how delightfully wicked Miss Moore is capable of being; she loves to have me squirming over her lap as she assaults my ass, peppering it with harsh slaps that leave me whimpering. She'll come up with nearly any reason to thrash me, just for her pleasure. Fortunately I've learned to enjoy the spankings nearly as much as she does. Now, I feel her firm hands exploring the globes of my ass, stroking me tenderly.

"There's my boy." She nuzzles my neck, trailing soft kisses from my ear to my collarbone.

"Good morning, Ma'am," a sleepy reply as I dig deeper into the swell of her hips, pushing back against her playfully and wiggling my butt, hoping my message will be received. I know she understands my needs

when I feel her fingers spreading my cheeks, running a catlike nail along my taint, and tapping the steel plug, wedged deep into my asshole.

“Is my little pet aroused this morning?” Her velvet voice tingles my earlobe, sending vibrations of pleasure down my spine.

“Always.”

“Just the way I like you,” she pulls me closer and nips at my neck, “Good little sissies are always slutty and wanton, isn’t that right, Teddy?” Her hand caresses my cock, tightly pressed against the metallic bars of its chastity cage.

“Yes, Ma’am. And I’m a very good sissy... always so aroused for you,” I say, calling attention to my semi-hard cock, straining and failing to erect itself within its prison, a regular morning occurrence during these sleepovers. I attempt to appease Miss Moore by calling myself a “sissy,” a word she lavishes me with continuously, emphasizing the parts of me she likes best.

Miss Moore is attracted to femininity. Anyone could tell that from her choice in Grace as a lover. When I first met the blonde girl, I thought she was the very picture of femme. Truthfully, she’s a bit more complicated than that, her style and features configuring in an angelic androgyny. She reminds me of a stained glass window I once saw of the angel Uriel. Simultaneously beautiful and soft while strong and visionary, all fire and light. I wonder what Miss Moore sees when she looks at me.

“Our boy seems to need some relief, Annabelle.” Grace runs her fingers through my long, brown locks. Forbidden to cut my hair, it’s now nearly at my chin, framing my face and highlighting fair features I had previously spent my life trying to diminish. I gently kiss Grace’s closed eyelids, grateful for her attention to my pleasure.

“You’re soft, darling.” The older woman’s long fingers stroke the curve of Grace’s cheek “But I do struggle to refuse *you*.” They share a laugh at my expense, but to my delight, Miss Moore retrieves her key from the chain around her neck, warm from its usual stay between her breasts, and releases me from the cage.

“You’ll be the one to relieve him,” she pulls Grace towards her, kissing her deeply and slipping her tongue inside of the younger woman’s mouth as she pinches her nipple between two of her skillful fingers. She uses her other hand to cup Grace’s pussy, rubbing and teasing the girl’s clit before giving it a slap. “And maybe he’ll successfully relieve you.” With a

wink, Miss Moore leaves the bed, and I'm alone with a clearly frustrated Grace.

My head spins from the pleasure of being free from restraint, and I can already feel my throbbing cock swelling to its full, erect size. I control my desire to stroke it, knowing I am not allowed any form of self-pleasure unless commanded.

Making eye contact with Grace, I see the lust in her eyes. She pounces on me, her strong legs wrapped around my waist, her hands on my shoulders pinning me to the mattress as she gazes down at me, hungrily.

With Grace, arousal is like a switch. She's her usual self, cool and collected -if not mischievous- most of the time, but when the mood strikes her, and it does regularly, she's primal and overpowering. Miss Moore knew exactly what she was doing when she set Grace off.

"Stay down." Grace growls at me.

I grab the rails of the headboard to keep my hands occupied and resist the urge to touch her. She turns her body, and in one fluid motion takes a seat on my face, her ass covering my eyes and her pussy pressed against my lips.

"Tongue fuck me, sissy." I give her exactly what she wants, inserting my tongue into her pussy and fucking it as she grinds her clit against my chin and rubs herself with her fingers. Her free hand strokes my cock, erect and aching for her.

"Right there," she moans, "don't you dare stop. I'll whip your cock if you do." I don't think she's serious; she's always been relatively gentle with punishments, but I certainly don't want to find out. I keep up the pace, working my tongue into her cunt, as she fucks herself, grinding against my face.

She grabs my hips and digs her nails into my thighs as she cums. I'll have marks later, and I'll wear them with pride. I'm blessed to be able to please this goddess.

Grace doesn't immediately get off of me once she's done cumming, instead she moves her pussy all over my face, covering me with her juices.

"A wet slut is a happy slut," she taunts, tugging on both my nipples.

"Mmhm" I mumble, licking her ass now, trying my hardest from this position to convince her I deserve an orgasm.

"Such an eager pleasurewhore, you must *really* want to cum..."

I put my heart and soul into rimming her, worshiping every inch of her ass with my tongue, begging with my mouth, using actions where words wouldn't be persuasive enough.

“Alright, since you've been such a good girl...”

Grace leans forward, giving me greater access to her ass and pussy and wraps her lips around the head of cock, swirling her tongue around its tip, and sucking me off slowly, playing with my balls the entire time, cupping and gently tightening around them, quickly bringing me to the edge of my climax.

Drowning in bliss, my tongue tingling with the sweet and salty flavors of Grace's cum and sweat, I feel myself on the verge of orgasm and almost believe I'll be allowed to see it out fully in Grace's mouth, but my wicked Domme pulls her lips off of me at the last possible second, leaving my cock to twitch out in the agony of a ruined orgasm. A teardrop of relief in a sea of pent up desire. I could cry in frustration.

Feeling my tense body shuddering underneath her, Grace climbs off my face and cuddles me tightly.

“You were a good boy, Teddy.” She covers me in gentle kisses. First, my cheek, then the corner of my mouth, and finally my lips, running her tongue over them to taste herself. “You know you're only allowed full orgasms on special occasions...”

“Yes, Grace,” I sigh. Most of the time, I don't have to call her “Miss” or “Ma'am,” like Miss Moore. She prefers to reserve formality for intense scenes.

“Besides... I don't want to desensitize you too much before tonight,” she whispers, a devilish gleam in her eyes. “It'll be your last punishment.”

I wrap an arm around her slender frame and kiss her passionately enough for her to know I'm not upset about the ruined orgasm. It's not like it's my first.

“Please, give me a hint about tonight? What will my last punishment be?” My voice belays my desperation.

“Not a chance, sissy.” She turns me over and nearly tosses me off the bed, “Get ready for graduation.”

“I'm surrounded by evil women!” I jokingly shout, throwing a pillow in her direction.

“That, you are, my boy,” Miss Moore appears from the bathroom, showered and looking sharp in a tight skirt and stiffly starched white blouse, her signature look. Her wavy, black hair is still wet and down around her shoulders, giving her a far more casual air than usual.

Seeing her like this always takes my breath away.

“You’re staring,” she smiles, drying her hair on a towel and putting on her bracelets.

“Sorry... I just haven’t gotten used to it yet.”

“You’re charming when you want to be, Teddy.”

I’m blushing, feeling ridiculous, standing naked in the doorway.

“I’ll go shower, and I’ll be out in a moment for the cock cage, Ma’am.” I was trying to be extra good considering tonight was going to be an arduous evening, and I needed Miss Moore on my side as much as possible.

“Teddy...” Her voice stops me in my tracks. “After tonight, your slate with the library will be clean and you’ll have your degree, which you’ve certainly earned... But, have you given much thought as to where you want to go from here?”

This was one hell of a conversation to have while naked and still slightly hard.

“I... Well, these past four months have been life changing, Ma’am. I’m not sure how to acclimate back to my old way of life...I... “ Struggling with my words, I don’t know how to tell her what I want. I’m not sure I even *know* what I want yet.

“Just know that if you want to stay, you can.” Her smile shows the pleasure she takes in having me babble in front of her.

“We’d like you here,” Grace says from the bed, still playing with her clit. *Rub it in, Grace. Not all of us have free access to ourselves.*

“That sounds-” She interrupts before I can finish, holding up a hand to pause me.

“Don’t give me an answer yet, darling. There’ll be time for that when we get back to the house tonight. For now... think about it. If it were up to me, I’d like to keep you as my special little sissy... forever.” She stalks up to me and kisses my cheek on the final word.

I nod my assent, conflicted over my own feelings.

“Now, go get cleaned up, you dirty little thing.”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

## CHAPTER 2: BENDING, NOT BREAKING

I soap up my body, running the bar along my chest and all the way down my abs and hips, to slide over my cock, washing off the sweat and grime which builds up after a night in chastity. My thoughts are on the possibility of staying with my Miss Moore and Grace for the long term. The idea makes my cock hard once again. They've shown me more love, discipline, and passion than any other relationship I've had, but they demand so much from me... At this moment, I'd like nothing better than to jack off and get some actual release, but their rules are hindering me.

Granted, the bathroom door is closed and they're busy with breakfast... Perhaps, I can allow myself a prelude to my upcoming freedom. Before I'm even done with the thought, my hand is wrapped around my shaft, the soap and water lubricating my palm as I stroke myself, quickly increasing my pace. Chastity has made me so sensitive, the slightest sensation has me ready to burst.

I'm two strokes from a climax when the door opens.

"Breakfast is sausage and-- Oh, you little prick!"

Through the glass shower door, Grace stares at me, hunched over in masturbation, my cock in my hand, a guilty expression on my face. I can't deny what she's seeing.

"What was that, darling?" Miss Moore calls from the kitchen.

"Ugh," Grace huffs, "I just want my breakfast, but you have to delay me with your frivolous self-fucking, don't you, Teddy?" A hungry Grace is a mean Grace. I know I'm in for it. Grace furiously pulls open the shower door, shuts the water, and hauls me out by my ear. My naked body drips along the floor as she tosses a towel over my shoulders and drags me through the house, a heavy wooden bath brush in one hand.

As I stumble into the kitchen, I notice that Miss Moore nearly drops her toast when she sees us, surprised to see her lover enraged and me, looking ashamed in my disheveled and soaked state. Grace marches me toward the older woman, holding out the bath brush to her.

“This little slut was fucking himself in the shower. I’ll let you handle it.” With that, she took a seat at the table and calmly began to butter her toast.

I do my best to quickly dry off, not wanting to piss them off further by dripping onto the kitchen tiles. I can’t make eye contact with Miss Moore.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Teddy?” she asks me, while casually sipping her coffee. She’s normally the stricter domme, but I sense she’s been thrown off by Grace’s display of anger.

“I’m so sorry for my lack of self control. I got ahead of myself, imagining my future freedom...”

“So freedom is something you want, darling?” The question is asked gently but I can feel the weight of its implications. She wants to know whether or not I want to stay with her, whether I’m capable of obeying her rules or not.

“I think I’m just struggling to get used to chastity. I spent over half of my life, cumming twice or three times a day, and that’s a routine my body longs for sometimes, but... to be honest, Ma’am, chastity has taught me an entirely new sense of sensitivity. I feel reprogrammed.”

Miss Moore is smiling at me. She’s always visibly proud of me when I’m capable of expressing my feelings, and it’s something I’ve been working on.

“Sometimes, I just feel like pushing back at the rules. Challenging them. Asserting some authority... But I think it’s half hearted. I think I need the structure you provide. I know... I know that deep down, I want it.”

“Oh my sweet, beautiful boy, I’m so proud to hear you say that.” She kisses me on the forehead, holding my blushing face in her hands.

I beam up at her, fully aware of how ridiculous this must look for anyone passing by the house, looking through our windows to see a naked and soaking wet man embraced by a strict no-nonsense librarian with a bath brush slung over her arm. Not to mention the pajama-clad, messy-haired college co-ed shoving sausage in her mouth as she observes us.

Reading my mind, Miss Moore suggests, “Grace... after you’ve finished that bite, could you be a dear and close the curtains?”

“Mmhm,” Grace carries out the request, and I know I’m not getting away without punishment.

“Now, since you’ve decided you would prefer not to sit comfortably during your graduation, please bend over.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” a sulky reply as I brace myself on the hard wooden table and the towel is taken from me.

“You must still be feeling the effects of last night’s spanking.” Her fingers caress me. She’s so gentle when she wants to be. “I think twelve strokes will suffice.” What a relief, I had been expecting at least thirty.

Closing my eyes, I prepared for the upcoming assault on my ass.

“Don’t forget to count, darling.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I breathe deeply like she’s taught me, bracing myself for the punishment as I feel the back of the wooden brush rub my left cheek before being lifted back and aimed.

“One, Ma’am!!” Christ, any implement in her hands is a weapon of mass destruction. No breathing techniques could numb this pain, but I carry on, focusing on my breath and staying still.

“Two, Ma’am!!” There are two glowing red splotches on my ass, I can feel the heat traveling through the fibers of my muscles deep into my flesh.

“Three, Ma’am!!” This is agony, and the counting keeps me from zoning out into the comfort of sub-space, the place of mental fog I enter during ‘good boy spankings,’ something this most certainly isn’t.

“Four! Five! Six! Seven, Ma’am!!!!” I bounce on the balls of my feet, shutting down the impulsive desire to jump up and sprint out of the room. Fight or flight is useless against Miss Moore, there’s nothing to do but lay here and take this.

“You’re being so good, Teddy,” she praises me, rubbing circles into my back, allowing me a break from the onslaught. “Keep still, you’re getting another four consecutive strokes and then the final one.”

“Ugh Yes, Ma’am!!!,” I groan out my misery, hoping it won’t be interpreted as insolence. Fortunately, my bath brush-wielding librarian sees the humor in the situation and giggles.... Unfortunately, her amusement does nothing to diminish the strength of her swing.

“Eight-nine-ten-eleven! Ma’am!!!!” All four strokes land on my sit spots and the count turns into a single long moan-like number, my knuckles are gripping the table so hard they’re ghost white. My ass feels like I’m sitting in a pile of burning coal. The burn is deep and brutal.

My mind is racing to make ridiculous promises. *Please Ma'am, I'll do anything to avoid that last stroke. Please Ma'am, I'll never touch my penis again! Please Ma'am, I'll get rid of my penis if you get rid of your bath brush!*

Grace's hand on my own pulls me from my thoughts, "You've got this, good boy." *I've got this.*

"Twelve, Ma'am!!!!" The final stroke is always the hardest, and the stern librarian puts her full body into the swing, nearly lifting me off the table, bringing tears to my eyes.

Laying the brush aside, Miss Moore scoops me into her arms and sits me on her lap, mercifully allowing my aching ass to hover in the hair as I balance on my thighs.

"Shhh, it's all okay now, Teddy."

"Thank you, Ma'am..." I mumble tearfully. "Should I... get the cock cage?"

"After breakfast," she checks the clock above the stove, "we need to get you to the auditorium on time for graduation. It's my boy's big day." She nuzzles me tenderly.

"In more ways than one," Grace says, winking at me while hinting at the further punishment I will receive tonight in the library, my final consequence for having ruined the *Life of Abbot Claudio D'Arezzo* months ago.

Grace hands me my breakfast plate, two slices of toast and two eggs sunny side up.

"Where's my sausage?" I don't mean to be a brat, but she *did* say there would be sausage.

"I ate it," she responds calmly, "you've proven you can't be trusted with sausage." "Despite appearances, I think you're the most sadistic person in this room."

"You're full of it," she rolls her eyes.

"I don't know, he might be onto something," Miss Moore smiles over the rim of her mug.

## CHAPTER 3: CUM LAUDE

*Upset your sadist before a four hour seated ceremony Teddy.  
Brilliant. My best idea all week.*

“Theodore W. Dunkin.”

I stand up smiling, relieved to have a break from sitting on my throbbing ass. I try to walk as normally as possible across the long stage. My parents wave from the sixth row. I look out among the sea of smiling faces, and for a second, I imagine they all know what is underneath my robes. What would they say if they could see me, laced up tight in Miss Moore’s lingerie?

She bought me a special pair of panties just for the occasion, soft violet lace, hugging the gentle angles of my hips and cupping the curves of my red ass. The panties leave little to the imagination. To my initial horror... and then delight, this garment leaves an open window on my ass, easy access for penetration or the removal of the large buttplug Ma’am stuffed inside of me after breakfast. Being plugged like this makes chastity difficult, each time I think about how tight my asshole feels wrapped around the steel plug, my cock twitches inside its cage.

I grin at Miss Moore, seated in the staff section of the first row, and she offers me a wink, sharing in my naughty thoughts. But I shift my mind to other matters as I approach Dean Mason, not wanting to blush during my graduation picture.

This is the first time I’m this close to the Dean in my four years at St. Sebastian’s University. I’d seen his picture hanging in College Hall, but the portrait did nothing to communicate how imposing the huge, bearded man is in person. He towers over me, at least 6’7,” a modern day giant. He grins at me and extends his hand, I reach out to him, expecting a handshake, but to my surprise, he pulls me in for a half-hug, holding me tight against his massive chest. The camera flashes. No doubt, I look ridiculously shocked in my picture.

He turns his face close to mine and I’m stunned by the sensuality in his golden eyes, framed by his long, black lashes. His face is a

fascinating combination of rugged masculinity and elegant beauty. He is King David with Goliath's stature.

As Dean Mason shakes my hand, I feel a piece of paper transferring from his palm to mine. I slip it into my robe, and his deep voice whispers, "Ex nihilo nihil fit," patting me on the back, like an intimate, old friend. I try to appear calm as I walk off the stage, but inside I'm anxious and confused.

*Nothing comes from nothing...* He could just be referring to my work these past four years, but the way he said it suggests I might still have "something" to do... Opening the piece of paper, I read "Carpe Noctem" scrawled in neat script, confirming my suspicion that he knows of my final punishment.

So far, my nightly library service has been reserved to pleasing Miss Moore and her six library interns, a group of women she ominously refers to as The Sisters of St. Irene. While my mysterious librarian has done well to keep the group's secrets hidden from me, I do know they have access to a trove of historically significant manuscripts underneath the library, and their order claims to be as ancient as most of the works they protect. Could Dean Mason have something to do with the order as well? I'll be utterly humiliated if he attends my punishment tonight...

I want to question Miss Moore, but that's not a possibility now. I have the remainder of the ceremony to sit through and dinner with my parents...

Sitting on the hard metal chair, I look for clues in my memory, trying to recall Miss Moore ever mentioning the Dean. It's not a long shot to know that he would be aware of a book as important as *The Life of Claudio D'Arezzo* being damaged... He might even have signed a request for its restoration, but I'm surprised Miss Moore, a woman prone to such secrecy, would allow him to know what was occurring during my "night job" at the library.

Suddenly, I recall a conversation we had one evening. Laying on Ma'am's beautiful breasts, half asleep from the exhaustion of eating her pussy for hours, I answered a series of her questions about my sexual history. Miss Moore was particularly curious if I had ever been with a man or had any secret desire to be taken by one.

I confessed I had a secret fantasy, one I'd never reveal otherwise, but she made me feel safe and the taste of her pussy on my tongue was like

truth serum. I wanted to confess every dirty thought to her. I told Ma'am that since she took control of my cock and started sissifying me, making me embrace all the feminine and wanton parts of myself I had kept hidden, I'd been having a recurring fantasy of being encouraged to please a man at her request. I imagined her standing over me, an implement in hand, "motivating" me to satisfy some giant bull of a man, who worked me over, fucking my holes at her command.

The thought occurs to me now because my description of my ideal "bull" happens to match Dean Mason to a tee. And knowing the wicked Miss Moore and the lengths with which she takes to bring me to the very depths of my sissification, I sense I will in fact be seeing Mr. Mason tonight. I can't help clenching my cheeks around the plug inside of me, imagining what the gigantic man will do to my slutty holes.

My excitement, fear, and anxiety melt together. I feel like I'm vibrating in my seat. If I'm living out my fantasy tonight, is it a reward or a punishment? Reflecting on Miss Moore's tactics, I can hear her silken voice in my mind, "The best punishment is often to get *exactly* what we desire."

## CHAPTER 4: SISTERS, SISSIES, AND SACRIFICES

Miss Moore stands outside the doorway, leading into the chamber where my nightly service takes place. I'm chained and leashed at her side. She reaches down and strokes my hair, as I hold my position on all fours, arching my back like she taught me. The perfect picture of a good sissy slut.

"You're looking beautiful, my darling." A flush rises to my face; it still surprises me to be called 'beautiful' and 'pretty,' especially by a woman so gorgeous.

"Thank you, Ma'am!" Fear and excitement are waging a war inside of me, but I'm leaning into the joy I feel at another opportunity to serve Ma'am. I wiggle my ass suggestively to make her smile, and she gives it a light slap.

"Make me proud."

We enter the room, and the sisters stand to greet us. To my surprise, they're wearing long hunter green robes and holding bundles of thin willow branches, fully looking the part of a secret organization. Grace immediately catches my eye from across the room, and from the brief flashing she gives me, I can tell the women are naked underneath their robes. *I can't believe I ever called Grace "Miss Fillington," she's worse at formality than I am!* When the girl blesses me with an angelic smile, I remember how deceptive her looks can be.

In the middle of the chamber, across the long wooden table from where we enter, stands my expected guest, but now Mr. Mason has shed his suit and stands before us completely naked. On his head, he wears a crown with two horns, protruding upwards, giving him the appearance of a mythical king.

Nudity is often associated with vulnerability, but the man looks more imposing than ever. Even without the crown, he would look more godlike than mortal. Staring at the length and girth of his cock makes me reconsider whether this fantasy can even become a reality. I'd fear for my body if I didn't know Ma'am well enough to believe she would never put

me in harm's way, no matter how much she enjoys humiliating, teasing, and toying with me.

"It is always an honor to be among you, sisters." Miss Moore extends her arms, addressing the women in the room.

"Tonight, we bear witness to a recreation of an ancient ritual. This sissy here at my side is begging atonement for his sins against our order and this library's manuscripts... What do we say to that, sisters?"

"We offer mercy to the sissy!" The women chant in unison, and I struggle to hold back a giggle. *They're going all out.*

"What must the sissy do to earn this mercy?" Miss Moore responds, gently kicking me when she senses my upcoming laughter.

"The sissy must be sacrificed!" The women practically shout this out at me, and suddenly I don't find this ritual so funny.

"What will be the sissy's sacrifice?" *This is the closest I've come to Greek life all four years of college.*

"The sissy will satisfy the Minotaur!" At those words, Mr. Mason, fully playing into the role of monster-man unleashes a primal grunt, flexing his muscular frame as he stomps his feet, and slams his fists against his chest and thighs, some perverse version of a ritualistic war dance.

My mouth falls open at the man's prowess. In a different time, he would have been a warlord, a ruler and a conqueror of men. In this life, he is merely the leader of a University where little pricks like me recklessly destroy his library's books.

Miss Moore pulls me to my knees by the chain around my neck and unleashes me. Grace comes forward and offers her a long, well oiled riding crop, which Ma'am uses to nudge me back on all fours.

"Crawl," the order is punctuated by a sharp slap from the crop urging me forward. I begin making my way around the long wooden table.

"Hold your ass high," she lashes me again. I obey instantly.

"Slow down, allow the women to chastise you, sissy." I slow my pace as each of the women I pass takes a turn spanking my ass with her bundle of willow switches. It's more symbolism than punishment. They don't swing particularly hard, but I can feel the sharp, stinging branches biting into my flesh, leaving a crosshatch of tiny welts which inflame my already sore skin.

It's humiliating to be corralled like this towards the man who will take my holes, but I'd be a liar if I didn't admit to enjoying this. I know

Miss Moore carefully crafted every detail of this punishment based on what she's gathered from the conversations we've shared on desires and fantasies.

Whimpering as the final strokes of Grace's switch punish my poor ass, I finally reach the fearsome Minotaur, now sitting with his legs spread, his monstrous cock is inches from my face. As he stares down at me, his lips twitch upwards in what almost becomes a smile. I can tell Mr. Mason is deeply amused by my humbling position, and he seems to appreciate my body, which is nearly on full display to him through my lacy lingerie.

Kneeling before Mason, I'm struck once again by his size, masculinity, and power. I'm ready to wrap my lips around his superior shaft, but I pause... awaiting the command from Miss Moore, the woman who has owned my heart, cock, and soul for the past four months.

Always sensing my needs, she grabs the hair at the back of my neck.

"Is my good little sissy ready to complete the sacrifice?"

"Mm" I eagerly nod as much as I can with her grip on my hair.

"My dirty, little maiden will sacrifice all her holes to satisfy the beast, won't she?" Miss Moore's whisper is husky and sensual, sending shivers down my spine.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Then offer your wet, wanton mouth to the Bull-man," she urges me forward, pressing my lips to the man's cock, and my mouth opens, yearning to please him.

"That's it, my boy. Worship him" Miss Moore continues to whisper encouraging words in my direction. I obey her every command, placing my hands on Mason's powerful thighs, I bob my head over his cock and balls, covering them in kisses.

I can feel his cock twitching on my lips, and I run my tongue along his shaft making it slick. He's so big. There is so much of him to worship. I feel out of my element and in need of guidance.

Sensing my confusion, Mason gently places his large hand on my head and tilts it so I'm looking into his golden eyes. I'm blown away by the tenderness with which he looks at me. His fingers stroke my cheek, stopping at my lips, which naturally part when he rubs his thumb across them. When he wordlessly inserts one of his fingers into my mouth, I instinctively know to suck on it. He works the finger across my tongue,

deeper into my throat, testing me, before adding a second. I suck him passionately, wanting to impress and arouse the beast of a man.

Satisfied with my performance, Mason replaces his fingers with the tip of his cock, rubbing it against my lips, which eagerly open for him, the first real cock to ever enter me.

“Such a good boy, Teddy,” the woman’s words are reaffirming and her praise sends waves of pleasure coursing through my body.

Mason takes his time with me, inserting just two inches of his shaft into my mouth for me to pleasure. I put all my heart into sucking him off, and soon two inches become four and six, and then my throat is full and stretched. I’d be struggling if it weren’t for the training I’ve undergone these past four months under the care of my strict dommes. I might be inexperienced with a real penis, but practically every single dildo Miss Moore owns has taken a tour of my mouth.

When Mason realizes that I’ve fully adjusted to the size of his cock, he begins to fuck my face in carefully measured strokes, not giving me any more than I can handle, but fucking me thoroughly.

“Such a good slut,” Mason’s voice surprises me, it’s like gravel. Rough and hardly human, every bit the beast he’s playing.

Behind me, I feel Miss Moore taking a hold of my balls, gently squeezing them, encouraging me to pleasure this beast.

“That’s it, darling. Suck him off like it’s my cock you’re choking on. Take every inch.” Her hands feel so good on my skin. I do my best until finally he retracts from my mouth and places his massive cock on my face, allowing me to feel the full heft and size of it as he lightly smacks it against my face, covering me in my own spit. This sort of humiliation always makes my cock hard, and I can feel my own erection struggling inside my cage.

The desperate look of arousal on my face awakens something in Mason, and he unexpectedly gets to his feet, silently towering over me. For a moment, I think he’s going to grab me, but I can see him looking over my shoulders, silently communicating something to Miss Moore. To me, his expression seems to be a request for permission, and once again it occurs to me that he’s just a tool for my domme. The brute force carrying out the desires of her brutal mind, and I’m their willing sacrifice.

“Are you ready for him to take your ass, my sweet boy?” Key in hand, Miss Moore skillfully unlocks my cage and strokes my cock, making

me gasp out in pleasure. The sensation of her hand and the feeling of the lace panties fully encompassing my freed cock is unspeakably good.

“Yes, Ma’am!!”

She guides me up and bends me over the table, running one of her hands up my inner thigh as the other caresses my hair. When she reaches through the window in my lace panties and carefully pulls out the large steel plug, I moan out in pleasure, delighting the audience of women watching my “sacrifice.”

“Mmm my boy is such a good little anal slut,” Miss Moore proudly announces to the room.

I can’t deny it. Anal stimulation has become one of my favorite things.

“Enjoy his cock, boy,” she slaps my ass and steps aside, allowing Mason to take his place between my spread legs.

I feel the man’s cock between my cheeks. He runs it up and down my crack, teasing me with it. As he beats his cock against my ass, lube smears my skin. I get the vibe that Mason is purposely stretching this out, making me wait in anticipation, knowing my hard erection is straining inside of my panties.

His fingers tease my hole, applying pressure at first and then penetrating me, testing how tight I am after the plug has been inside of my asshole all day. Finally convinced that I’m ready for his huge cock, he presses his tip to my hole and we both moan as he enters me.

“Fuck!”

“Naughty boy...” He growls, reaching around me to place one of his hands over my mouth, keeping me from cursing out as he slowly delves deeper inside of my ass. I can only moan and whimper as he stretches me out. I feel so full.

When he’s fully entered my hole, both of his hands come down and slap my ass cheeks, reddening their entire surface under his giant hands. He grabs a hold of the lace panties and tears them apart, baring me from his access. I consider being angry over the loss of a present from Ma’am, but his cock feels too good. He spreads my cheeks as he slowly fucks me, and I lose all sense of time and place, lost somewhere in the bliss of being a vessel for this beast of a man.

“That’s my darling boy... you’re taking every inch of his cock deep into your ass, aren’t you? Such a good sissy,” Miss Moore is back at my

side, stroking my hair as I receive the pounding of my life.

“Thank you, Ma’am...” I moan out, and I am truly grateful to her for all the new experiences she’s brought me.

“Now?” I hear the beast ask behind me as his pace quickens and he fucks me faster and harder.

“Yes, I believe he’s ready.” The details of the conversation are lost on me, I’m too focused on my pleasure, the cock inside of my ass repeatedly hitting my prostate, and the need to cum, which is becoming harder and harder to refuse.

Mason grabs my torso with one of his muscular arms and pulls me upright, his cock still inside of me. He lifts me up by my thighs, until I’m sitting in his arms, my head thrown back against his shoulder, one of my legs in each of his hands, my ass impaled on his immense erection. I must look like a maiden in the hands of some bull god.

As the ceremonial Minotaur fucks me in this position, fully overpowering me in front of our audience of women, I feel ready to explode. My desperate eyes meet Miss Moore’s.

“Please Ma’am...”

“Cum for me, boy.”

As always, I obey.

My eyes roll back in pleasure and my body shakes with the force of an explosive orgasm. As my muscles contract around his cock, I can feel Mason reaching his climax too, ejaculating deep inside of me and filling my ass with his cum. I lay in his arms, my heart racing, my body exhausted and covered in my own sweat and cum.

I feel out of my senses for a while, but as I come back to reality, I can hear the women clapping in excitement.

“What do you say, sisters? Has this sissy fully atoned for his sins?”

“Yessss!” The cry is unanimous.

Mason gently lifts me from his cock and places me on the floor, where I fall into Miss Moore’s open arms.

“You were perfect, Teddy. How was it?” she whispers in my ear.

“So good, Ma’am. So good.”

## CHAPTER 5: A DOMME'S DEMANDS

Scrubbed, showered, and clean, I lay between Miss Moore and Grace in bed.

“So... my debt to society is paid now.” I look into the librarian’s dark, conflicted eyes, as the younger girl lays on my chest, silent and nearly sleeping.

“Indeed, you’ve completed your four months of service,” Ma’am pauses, “have you decided how you’d like to spend your freedom?”

“With you, of course.” I’m convinced I belong with these dominant women.

Miss Moore’s arms wrap tightly around me.

“I’m so very glad, my darling. We have much to explore together.”

“And you’re my favorite face to ride...” mumbles Grace, making me smile.

Feeling comforted and appreciated, I close my eyes and drift to sleep.

-----  
I wake up tied to the bed. Miss Moore is sitting in front of me, fully naked, with a devilish look in her eyes. The dark smile on her lips, the sultry curves of her body, her dark hair, wavy and loose. She’s so gorgeous I struggle to make eye contact.

“Well, good morning my boy...”

“Good morning, Ma’am... This is unexpected.”

“Is it?” She smirks, “You’re mine now, Teddy. Not some miscreant needing discipline. Not a little pervert serving his sentence for a misused book. You’re my good boy...”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I like the sound of that.

“And my good boy is going to learn his first lesson.”

She settles between my legs, running her tongue up and down my sensitive shaft, making me moan. I used to try to keep my sounds to myself,

afraid of looking effeminate. That fear is getting further and further away every day, as the dominant women in my life work hard to turn me into a mewling, whimpering mess.

“Please, Miss Moore...”

She pulls her lips off my cock and gently bats her hand at it, giving me a slap, “No, boy.”

I look at her confused, wondering what I said wrong, whether or not she wants me to beg.

“From now on, you are to refer to me as your Mistress,” my cock twitches in her hand, making her grin, “Do you like that?”

“Mm yes, Mistress,” I moan, utterly delighted.

She presses her lips on me once again, running her tongue along my length, and I whimper, needing more.

“Shh, I’m getting you wet for me.” She spits into her palm, jerking me off and making my hard cock slick for her.

“Your clit is all wet, you dirty girl,” she smirks, giving me a playful look as she teases the head of my cock with her fingertips and tickles my balls, overwhelming me with pleasure. This genderplay fucks with my head in a delicious way. I’m no longer certain what I am. I don’t feel like a man or a woman. I’m something else entirely. Her girl-boy, her sissy-slut, Mistress feels like calling me at the moment, that’s what I am.

“You’re my toy, Teddy. My wet, little toy.” *Thanks for clearing up my existential crisis, Ma’am.* There’s something about women that fascinates me. They always seem to know what I’m thinking; it’s like a sixth sense. If I were a woman, I think I’d have that intuition. Instead, I’m just a----

“Fuck!” My thoughts go blank as Mistress inserts the tip of my cock inside of her wet pussy. I shut my eyes and await my descent into that blissful mental darkness, which comes from being used for another’s pleasure, but nothing happens. Looking at Ma’am with desperate eyes, I can see she’s squatting between my legs, giving me a wicked smile.

“Did you expect me to do all the work? Selfish little slut.” A hard pinch on my nipple makes me wince. My cock twitches inside of her.

“If my little sissy wants to cum, she’ll have to work for it. Go on, fuck yourself with my pussy, thrust your hips and come get this cunt,” Mistress strokes her clit between her fingers as she taunts me, working herself up, “Make me cum and you’ll get your release.”

The command is deviously humiliating, but I obey, thrusting my hips upwards, penetrating her with my cock. Over and over again, I work up a sweat, feeling foolish but more turned on by the second.

“You have such a cute cock, Teddy.” Ma’am gently runs her nails down my smooth torso, teasing me. “It’s so pretty to look at, but I wish you were bigger in situations like this...” I thrust faster and deeper, my balls bouncing up to slap the round curve of her ass cheeks every time I insert myself fully into her sweet cunt. “Even my smallest dildo is bigger than you,” she giggles.

I can’t deny it. Right now, I wish I was bigger too. I wouldn’t need to be working so damn hard. I grunt as I thrust my hips furiously, working like a machine, a piston for her pleasure.

“Enough.” Her hands grab my hips and slam them down, stilling me. “I’ll have to teach you how to fuck another time. Just hold still and let me ride you. Don’t even think about cumming.”

Panting from exhaustion, I breathe a sigh of relief and watch her glorious form as she pleasures herself on my cock, using me as an object. Her beautiful breasts bounce each time she thrusts her hips against me, sliding up and down my shaft. Her black hair, messy from the effort, a red blush painting her perfect skin. Is it wrong if I think she looks like an angel, even during this?

The look of determination on her face nearly makes me cum, but I mentally center myself, *I am an object. I am her toy. I will be a good boy and stay hard. No cumming for me yet. Not yet.*

Mistress is getting closer to cumming, her pussy contracting around my cock like a vice, squeezing me tightly as she swivels her hips, working her G-spot for all it’s worth. Just when I think I won’t be able to control myself any longer, she pulls herself off me, places her lips around my cock and works her tongue on me like magic.

“Please, Mistress!”

“Cum.” Her fingers dig into my hips and ass as her lips squeeze every drop of cum from my cock. I collapse, entirely shocked that she would give me this pleasure.

She looks at me cheerfully, licking her lips.

“Sweet boys who make their Mistresses proud get rewarded...” Her look becomes more mischievous. “Now, it’s time you return the favor...”

She assumes her throne on my face, pressing her delicious wet pussy against my tongue.

“Make me cum, little sissy slut.”

“Oh, my pleasure, Mistress,” I lash her hard clit with my devoted tongue, worshiping her beautiful cunt as if it is the greatest honor of my life. I kiss, suck, and lick her until I feel her body shaking as she climaxes on my face, and then I continue licking her until she is so overstimulated, she pulls away from my face, smiling and more flushed than ever.

“Good boy.” She kisses my cheek and climbs off the bed, making her way towards the door.

“Ma’am... what about letting me out?” My request is met with laughter.

“Not for a long time, darling, we’re just beginning our fun today... What would you like for breakfast?”

“I think our boy wants some sausage.” Grace enters the room wearing her strapon and lubing up her largest dildo.

“Hey!! ...Only if I get to eat it this time...”

“That depends how you take this,” Grace winks.

## EPILOGUE: ETERNAL SERVICE

Looking at my long brown hair in the mirror, I think about how my life has changed.

I will never tell them, but cumming on *The Life of Abbot Claudio D'Arezzo* might have been the best-worst decision of my life. It certainly got Miss Moore's attention... And now, her and Grace are the two most important people in my life.

It's hard to believe it's been five years since I became their boy. Throughout our time together so far, they have molded me into a new form, one far more accepting of myself and my desires.

With their encouragement, I'm nearly done completing my PhD in Medieval European History, and I already have a teaching position lined up right here at St. Sebastian's.

Both this university and the library have become a central part of who I am. The Sisters of St. Irene are even considering making me an honorary sister, a step up above my current position as their in-house sissy.

No matter what the future brings, I'm confident I'll face it with my Mistress and Grace.

“Teddy... are you monologuing in the mirror again?”

“No, Ma'am...”

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## **Alyssa Reyes**

Alyssa has always been fascinated by real world power dynamics. She loves reading erotic FemDom stories and acting out steamy, hot scenes with eager submissive men who enjoy a woman's firm, loving hand. The only thing Alyssa likes better than reading a good erotic story is sitting down in front of her computer and giving you exactly what you want.

*Sissified by Salem's Witches*



*Sissified* by  
**SALEM'S  
WITCHES**

GENTLE  
FEMDOM

A SEXY, NAUGHTY  
FEMINIZATION STORY

**ALYSSA REYES**



# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

## [Sissified By Salem's Witches](#)

Salem's Witches have me in their clutches, and they intend to train me into their perfect sissy pet.

In my dreams, I heard them calling my name, their hands reaching out from the darkness to ravish me.

Obsessed with their seductive, redheaded leader, I journeyed into the witches' sanctuary, and demanded my temptress's hand in marriage, assuring her she could be redeemed if we joined together as man and wife, but Abigail Eaton laughed in my face. She called me a fool and declared she would show me a new way of life.

Now she is turning me into her sissified plaything. Abigail and her coven will dominate my body and soul. I will learn my lessons serving them with my body, submitting to their punishments, and humiliating myself for their delight by strutting like a harlot at their command.

Can any man handle the depths of such pleasure and humiliation? After tonight, will I even call myself a man?

This story is well suited for those who enjoy: Female Domination, sissification, feminization, BDSM, pegging, discipline, body worship, bondage, magical elements, telepathy, and multiple women with one man.