

# *Punished & Pegged* at 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

# PUNISHED & PEGGED

In the University Library: A FemDom Story

Alyssa Reyes

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*“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)

# SYNOPSIS

It was just another night in the university library until I got on the wrong side of Miss Moore, the strict, drop-dead gorgeous librarian, with a penchant for punishing wayward young men.

Now she's dragging me down to a secret room below the school to inflict humiliating punishments on me. Worse still, there's an audience.

She is going to spank, stuff, and sissify me in front of a beautiful library intern whom I've been fantasizing about all year. How will I survive this dominant woman's cruel intentions?

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 is 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.

"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.

“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 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 both 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 Hellfire.

“Twenty-five, Ma’am!” I was breathing heavily. I could feel the pre-cum 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, securingly 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 hands 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 my hips rock forward. I thought that my own cock would go flacid 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 prostrate 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.*

My orgasm was 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 this table was maddening and arousing at once.

"Make her cum, boy. Make her cum and you get to cum too."

Struggling to breath 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, simply staring at the powerful woman who had degraded me so thoroughly.

"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."

I stared black at her blankly, desiring to kneel before her and beg to taste her pussy.

"Did I fuck the brains out of you, Theodore?" Miss Moore asked with an arched eyebrow.

"No, Ma'am... I will be here tomorrow with my decision."

"Good," she patted my face, giving me a knowing look and one last smile.

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

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# DO YOU WANT MOORE?

Teddy Dunkin's journey of submission to the mysterious and dominant Miss Moore and her sweet but deviant assistant, Grace Fillington, will be continued in the next story in the Submitting at St. Sebastian's Series, Spanked and Sissified in the University Library.

# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

## [Spanked And Sissified In The University Library](#)

This book can be read as a standalone or as Part 2 of the Submitting at St. Sebastian's Series.

I've been a bad boy, and now Miss Moore is going to turn me into a good little sissy.

Last night, I ruined one of the university library's most precious manuscripts, and now I'm paying for my misbehavior at the hands of the gorgeous librarian, Miss Annabelle Moore. For the next four months, she will spank, sissify, peg, and humiliate me every day and night as punishment.

I will serve her and the other librarians with my body and soul, obeying their every command, no matter how degrading or difficult. This is all a lot to take in, but I know I've been a bad boy, and through loving, firm, and tender female domination, Miss Moore is promising to turn me into a good girl. Will I succeed in giving her everything she wants? And how far is she willing to go?

This story is well suited for those who enjoy: Gentle FemDom, spanking, crossdressing, edging, chastity, delayed gratification, body worship, and other forms of BDSM power exchange.

## [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.

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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.

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