

SUCCUMBING

to my

A DIRTY,
NAUGHTY
FEMDOM
EROTIC STORY

Sissification

in the
University Library

ALYSSA REYES

SUCCUMBING TO MY SISSIFICATION

In the University Library: A FemDom Story

Alyssa Reyes

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To my readers, you mean everything to me.

Wheresoever she was, there was Eden.

MARK TWAIN, THE DIARIES OF ADAM AND EVE, 1906

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NOTE

While this story can be read as a standalone, it is also Book Three of the Submitting at St. Sebastian's Series. If you'd like more from these characters, scenarios, and story arch, feel free to check out Book One: "Pegged and Punished in The University Library" and Book Two: "Spanked and Sissified in The University Library."

Thanks for reading!

-Alyssa Reyes

This story takes place four months after the ending of “Spanked and Sissified in the University Library.”

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 pj-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 air 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 greedily, 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 woman 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. Anything 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? Definitely a dark angel.

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 me, 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..."

NEWSLETTER

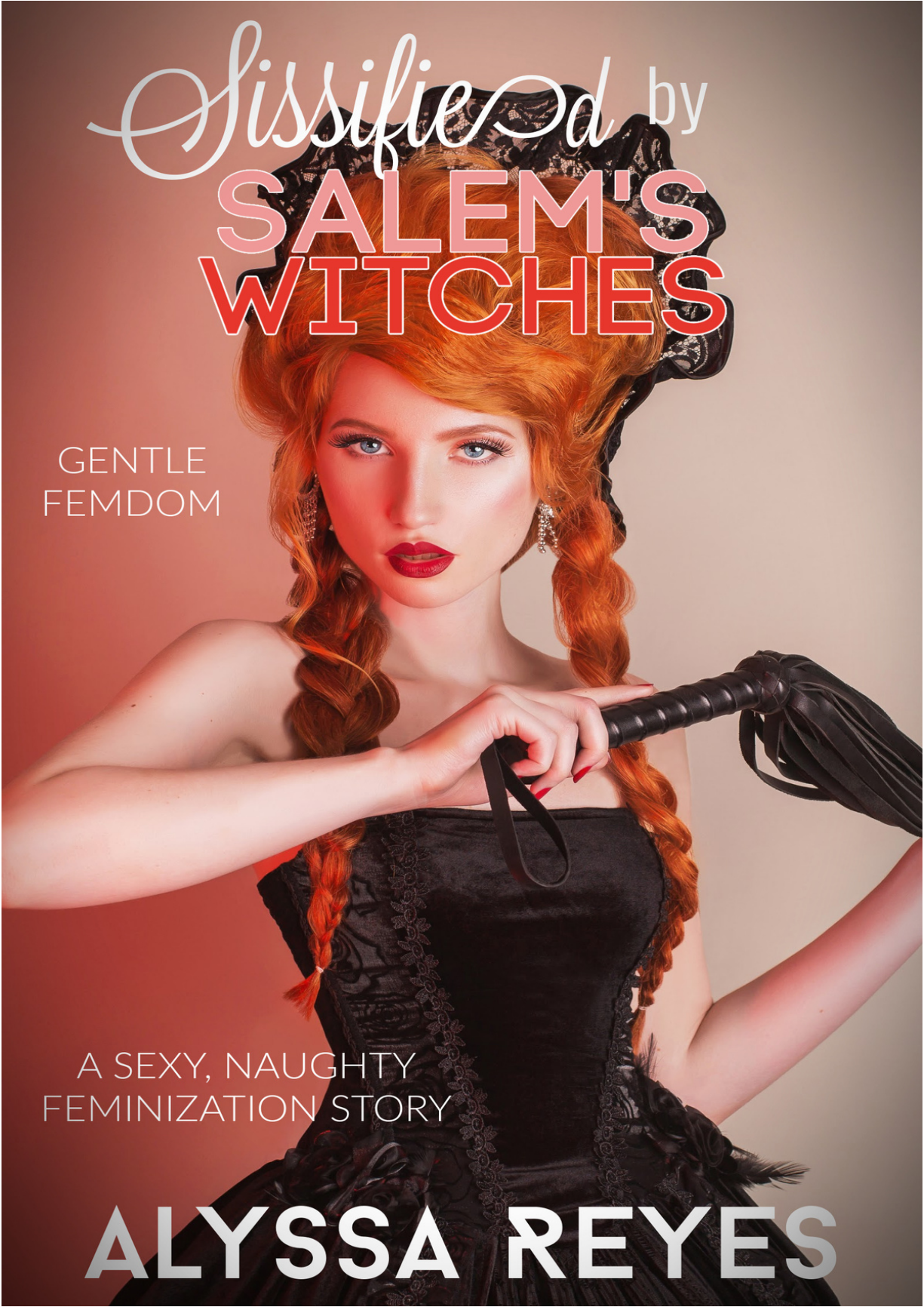
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Sissified by Salem's Witches

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in two long braids, wearing a black lace headpiece and a black corset. She is holding a black whip in her right hand. The background is a soft gradient of red and orange.

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.

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.