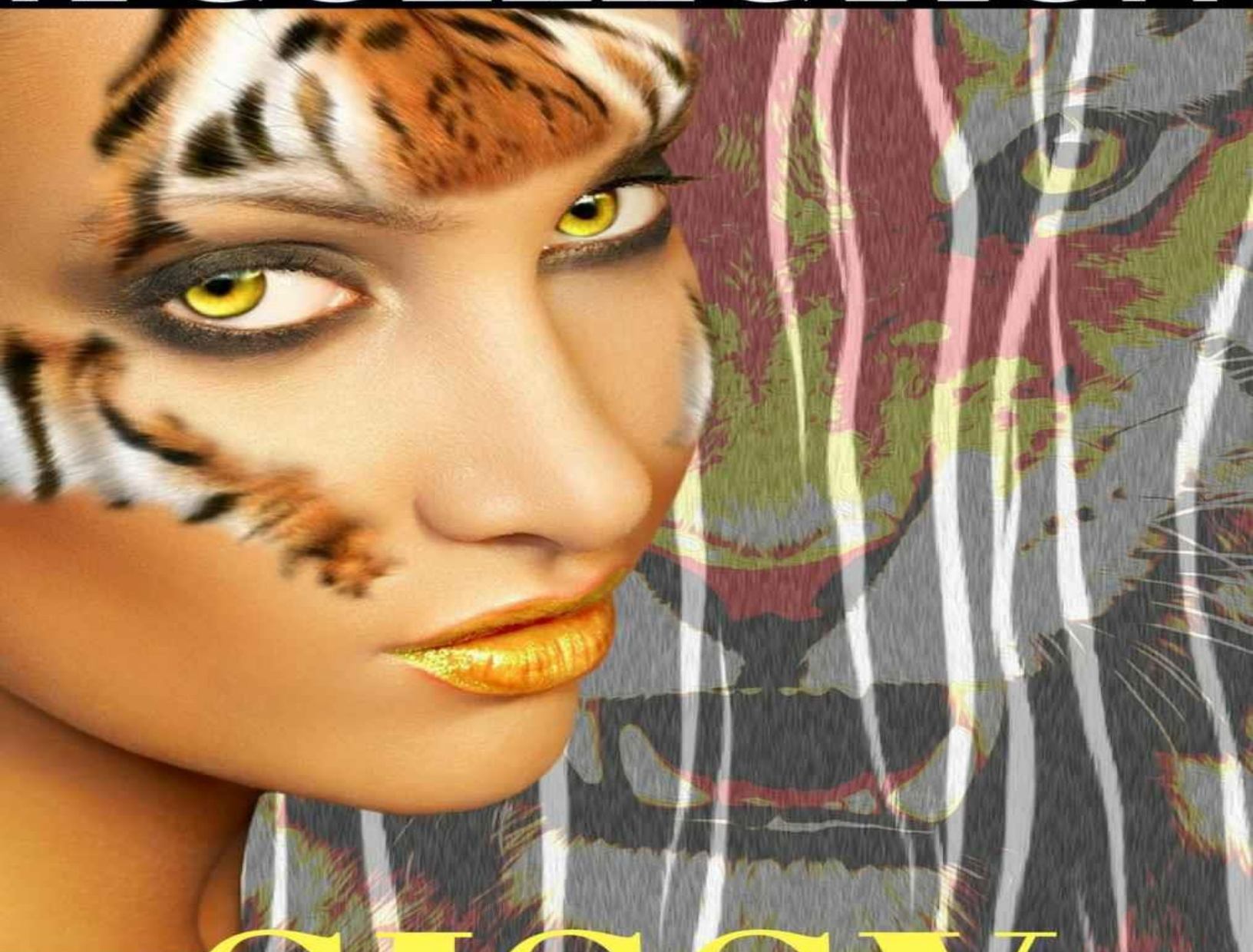


**A COLLECTION**



**SISSY**

for the

**WILD MAN**

sissy stories

# **Sissy Stories: A Sissy For the Wild Man**

## **A New Collection of Sissy Tales**

**Plus Bonuses Stories about Transvestites, Crossdressing, Crossdressers, Sissy Boys,  
and Sissy Maids, Sissy Maid Husband, Sissy Maid Stories, Sissy Maid Erotica,**

**Transvestite, Threesomes**

**By Sissy Stories**

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## **A Sissy for the Wild Man**

It had long been rumored that there was a wild man who lived on the outskirts of Prell, Washington. The small township was surrounded by forests that were green, thick and lush, often pelted with nourishing rains from dark clouds above. Silas thought it was all nonsense, of course. A sensible young man like himself certainly wasn't about to entertain such fanciful stories. All those dark tales were no doubt more due to men consuming too much alcohol than to actual fact.

It was because he didn't believe the tales of the tall, hairy one, that he went berry picking alone in the woods. His brown slacks made a swishing noise as he made his way through the blueberry bushes, filling his pail. It was good that he'd remembered his hat, as the hot sun beat down on him most of the day. Still, he was pleased with his haul, figuring he would have more than enough berries to make pies and jams for not only his own brothers and sisters, but probably his cousins as well.

Silas Brown picked and picked, until his fingers felt numb and the sun began to lower itself down behind the trees in the distance. He knew it was time to go, and was carrying his large pail back down the dirt path towards home when he heard it. A noise, branches that snapped and cracked; something or someone was shadowing him as he made his way back to town. Silas quickened his pace, looking nervously behind him as she scrambled down the dirt path hauling that heavy bucket. But it was no use. He had ahold of him before he took another five steps, and the bucket of berries fell to the ground, spilling out all over.

Alarmed, Silas let out a short, sharp scream before he covered his mouth with his hand and dragged him backwards into the woods. He felt as if he were outside of his body, watching it from above, as his small frame was pulled through the thick brush. It must've been a mile. They were in the deep forest now, the part where the villagers dared not to go for fear of getting lost and never being found, and because they were afraid of the wild man.

He hadn't gotten a good look at him, he was hairy, and had dirt smears on his body. He wore some kind of brown cloth covering his privates, and nothing else, at all. Other than that, it was hard to see his face as he half dragged, half carried Silas along. He struggled, but it was no use. This man was well-muscled, and Silas was certainly no match for him at all.

It got darker and darker, but he seemed to know just where he was going. Finally, they arrived at some kind of cave, an opening in the mountain. He pushed him inside and down into a heap on the ground. Silas huddled in a corner as he began to pile pieces of stick and bark together. Within only a couple of minutes, he had built a small crackling fire. It was then that Silas got his first look at the man in the firelight.

His hair was dark and long, like a woman's. Silas, despite his terror, thought he might be quite handsome if he were cleaned up and put into a proper suit, like a gentleman. He had light-colored eyes, and he saw something in them. They seemed gentle, much in contrast to the way he had dragged him off the dirt path and back to his cave. He was dirty, but Silas was dirty now, as well. In fact, his captor wasn't a monster at all, simply a man.

Once he was finished tending to the fire, he turned his attention to Silas. He crawled over to sit next to him, and the young man trembled as he began running his hands over his muscular chest, and putting rough hands over his groin, slowly rubbing him through his slacks. It was then that Silas realized why he had taken him, why he was now here in this cave. Should he fight, or simply surrender to the situation? He had to admit, his touches, though rough, aroused feelings within Silas that he had never even knew existed.

His warm mouth was over his, and Silas realized that this wild man was not so wild after all. He knew how to be with a man, and it occurred to him that he must've been normal once, perhaps a long, long time ago. Silas couldn't help but react to his manly persuasion, and he literally melted in his arms as Silas could feel the man's private part begin to swell inside of its cloth.

Silas could feel himself unbuttoning his shirt and the man pulled at his undergarments with a need, a desire for him. It was bad, it was naughty, forbidden to let a man touch him so. But Silas convinced himself that he couldn't say no, so very far in the thick woods with this strange man. Silas wouldn't have anyways; something had started that both of them were powerless to stop. It was like an unmanned train barreling towards its destination.

Young Silas was naked in the man's arms in almost no time at all, and his kisses made Silas breathless, unable to take in enough air. He thought he would surely die if he didn't have the man, and the younger man rubbed hard on the bulge underneath the cloth his host was still wearing. Silas grasped at his muscular buttocks, as they rolled around on the dirt floor inside that cave. The light of the small fire was the only witness as Silas peeled off the man's loin cloth and tossed it to the side. He was so hard, Silas wanted him to take him at once. But he didn't. The wild man continued to kiss him deeply, to suck on his sensitive nipples, making them stand up and causing him to moan loudly. Silas, even as a captive, had never felt so free, so free to let himself go and to groan and whine, to cry out, as he felt himself drowning in his lust.

The man's rough hand was between his legs, touching all the most delicate tissues. Silas was hot, and hard, responding to his rough fumbings, as he moved him closer and closer to that steep cliff of ecstasy. Then, the wild man's mouth went down between his legs, and into his thick, black bush, licking him all over. Silas had no idea such things were done, and he clasped his own buttocks and squeezed hard as the man took his innocence with his mouth on the young man's hard, aching cock. His entire body shook as the man worked his way up and down Silas' penis. It was then that the young man realized he wanted this wild man's thick cock so badly that he thought he would surely go mad.

It was then that the older man came back up, and began nibbling on his neck. They were perspiring, and Silas knew just what he had in mind as he pushed his face onto his lap. The wild man was hairy, but didn't taste unpleasant. Silas tentatively took him into his mouth, and he began moving his head up and down on his rock-hard spear.

It was so bad, and Silas knew it. He would never be able to show his face in his village again after doing such lustful, naughty acts. Silas was certain he would turn crimson if anyone even looked his way. But right now, he didn't care. He was simply surrendering to the experience, and he needed what that wild man had between his legs so badly he could've cried. Finally, he removed himself from Silas' full lips, and positioned him on his hands and knees, like an animal. Silas knew he was about to take him, and make him his.

His slight body noticeably trembled as he could feel him positioning himself behind Silas so he could take him anally. He had never imagined being taken like this, but the young man was hot and lusty and wanted nothing more than this man. He felt as though all civilization had been stripped away from him as the wild man's huge manmeat was driven up inside his tight little hole. He cried out, making animal sounds, as this wild man took him again and again, humping him, causing such excruciating pain that Silas felt he most certainly would not survive it. He was relentless, racking Silas' hips back against his hairy pelvis over and over again. Silas felt he would faint, but he did not. The fire continued to crackle, although it was beginning to die down. He imagined what they must look like in its glow.

After what seemed like an eternity, it started to feel better to Silas. The wild man continued to plunge his thick, veiny cock inside of his most private place. It felt so incredible, and he could feel them working up towards something, but Silas didn't know what. It was then that the wild man let out a loud grunt, and shoved himself very deep inside of Silas. This set off a reaction in the young man, who began to spasm in response to the seed being shot up inside of him. He grabbed his own cock, shaking it madly. Silas came, screaming out, sweating and shaking in the man's strong, muscular arms. When they finished, they gently kissed each other all over before falling into a deep and restful sleep.

The elders who still live in the township of Prell, tell a story of a boy named Silas Brown, the son of a minister, who went berry picking one day and never returned.

**Read on for your first bonus sissy story...**

## Professor!

The loud bustle of students leaving the classroom filled my ears, but I was truly beyond caring. I still had to finish that blasted paperwork for the board. It had been months, and once again they'd passed me over as the person to take over business department.

"We need someone young, someone the students can relate to, to up enrollment numbers," they always said. It didn't matter that I'd been teaching business for twenty years and had run my own company during that same tenure. They wanted someone young, so much for gratitude, so much for all my loyal years of service. To put it simply, I was screwed.

I scowled down at the paperwork. If I was honest with myself, that wasn't the only reason I was upset. It was only one of many things that'd been bothering me. What kind of life was I living? I was in my mid-forties and had nothing but an unsuccessful career to show for it. I wasn't married, couldn't even remember the last time I'd gone on a date actually, and jerking off to porn just wasn't the same. Jake, my friend from college, the only real friend who'd stuck around over the years, claimed I just needed to get laid. Maybe he was right.

He'd convinced me to join a dating site, but so far, no luck. I wasn't the kind of man that men wanted to date, and I certainly wasn't the kind of man they wanted to fuck. I'm good-looking, or at least I've been told that, but everyone knows professors are kind of geeky, studious, not really what the hot men were looking for...at all. I might even add socially awkward to the list. Yup, that was me...at least I still had a good body, thanks to my daily runs.

"Professor?" a soft voice cut through my thoughts and made me look up from my work.

A young man, a freshman stood before me. His shoulder-length blond hair played over his shoulders and big brown eyes watched me intently. Looking over him, I had to wet my lips and rub my temples to trample the sudden fantasies that sprung effortlessly to mind.

His shirt was too short, revealing a flat stomach and a silver belly-button ring. His legs were long and tan, his round ass just barely covered with the denim material of his shorts. Why do they dress like this for school?

God, I just wanted to pin him to the top of my desk and fuck him hard, until he couldn't walk. Is that wrong?

Half my age... still an innocent to the wicked ways of the world, naïve, in fact. He probably didn't know how to do half the things I wanted to do to him. I licked my lips again and glanced up at his eyes once more, forcing my stare away from his groin, which just barely showed over the edge of my desk. I wanted nothing more than to sink my big veiny cock deep into him. It was probably tight, really tight. Maybe then my troubles would go away, if only for a few utterly amazing moments...

I blinked, shaking the fantasy and gave him another once-over. Who was this guy? I didn't recognize him, but then again, I didn't recognize half of my students. There were fifty to a hundred students in every class that I taught.

"Yes?" I asked.

He held his hand out to me with a brilliant white smile across his face. My eyes were drawn to those lips, which glistened with some substance, lip gloss? Could he wrap those luscious lips around my big cock? Could he take all of me in his mouth or would he gag and demand less? I felt an erection rise and press against my pants. Thank God he couldn't see it.

"Lance Black, Professor."

I licked my lips and forced my eyes back to his. Taking his hand, I said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Blackwell?" Such crude thoughts I had, how I could take him...make him mine...in fifty different raunchy ways. Good thing he couldn't read my mind.

He shifted his stance, leaning all his weight on one leg as he placed a hand on his hip. His long, tanned legs seemed to beckon me to touch them. I almost reached out and did just that, but pulled my hand back at the last moment, grasping my own knee tightly instead. Man, I really did need to get banged...and bad, really bad.

"I really need a passing grade in this class, but I'm not very good at history." He leaned over towards me. A whimper caught in the back of my throat as he placed his hand atop mine. "Is there anything I can do to bring my grade up? Anything at all?"

His stance shifted again, and this time, my view slid from his face down to his chest. Blonde hair peeked up out of his neckline. I licked my lips once more. Did he notice? I felt like I was doing it repeatedly, but simply could not help myself.

"Would you like to do a research paper?" I asked, noting that my voice shook as I spoke to him. I glanced up at his eyes again, and saw a quick smirk that crossed his face, which was quickly replaced with a pout. What was going on here? Was he purposefully doing this, turning me on?

Oh, I was definitely turned on... with very little effort on his part. Pretty much none at all, just his presence made me turned on. It was a wonder he hadn't noticed the tent between my legs yet. God, I wanted to fuck him. I held in a groan, my chest tightening with the effort. My thoughts whispered to me, "Resistance is futile." That was reassuring...

"I don't think that's exactly in my area of expertise, either," he said, his low voice now a whisper. This time a groan tore from my throat before I had a chance to rein it in.

Lance smiled, his eyes sparkling. He leaned over slightly, and his hand slid up my leg to my crotch. He cupped my balls in his young hand. "I can think of other historical ways to bring up my grade."



What. The. Fuck. Was he serious? Sex? In exchange for a passing grade? This kind of shit really happens, in real life? Really?

"I can't give you an A if you're not an A student," I told him, literally trembling in my seat. I truthfully didn't know what else to say. I just left it at that.

He nodded, his hand moving now over my pants, squeezing and releasing my balls and driving me mad. He rubbed up and down my erection shamelessly. If he kept doing that, it wouldn't be long before I gave in to his request. I needed sex. I needed to drive my cock into his mouth and see how far down his throat it'd go before he...

"I know," he whispered, nuzzling my neck now with his warm mouth. He nibbled at my ear, drawing the lower lobe into his mouth and sucking hard on it. His desperate moan echoed my own, and I clutched my knees tighter, still trying to resist the urge to grab him. I just wanted to yank those jean shorts off of his body and sink myself into his tight little...

"I can deal with a lower grade, as long as I pass. I just need extra credit in order to help bring my grade up." He paused, his hand slipping down the front of my trousers. His long fingers made teasing circles around the smooth head of my cock. I was lost. He could have whatever he wanted as long as He... Let... Me... Fuck... Him... right here and right now. I was so worked up that nothing mattered anymore, not my career...absolutely nothing. I'd certainly never done anything like this before...

"Extra credit then. Close and lock the door," I heard myself say, surprisingly. It wasn't my office hours for students anyway, and if the door was locked it would be assumed that I wasn't on campus. The best part of being a professor is that you teach twelve hours a week, do four office hours per week to be available to students, and that's it. You can be off-campus the rest of the week. We do, however, have to do a lot of work from home, like grading papers and tests.

With a satisfied smile, he was apparently used to getting his own way. Lance rose and locked the door. As an afterthought, he pulled down the shade as well, tying the string to the knob so it wouldn't roll back up.

When he returned, I reached for him, slipping my hands through the belt loops of his shorts and pulled him flush against me. His warm body against mine felt so unbelievably good. My clothed erection slid between his legs and I groaned again. His hands slid around my neck and his mouth claimed mine for the very first time.

God, my sissy student tasted sweet. Like cherries and sunshine...if that was even possible. His warm tongue flicked mine, a tease, a taste of everything he had to offer me. This was wrong, but I didn't care. I needed this. He certainly wanted this. It was a win-win situation, each giving the other what they needed most. That was the way the world worked, wasn't it?

"Professor, please," he pleaded in my ear. His breath had already become heavy, and he rubbed his hips against mine, his desire apparent in the way he ground them against me. I kissed my student again, my tongue reaching out to his and dancing the dark dance of pure lust. He moaned and clasped his cherry-red lips around my tongue, sucking hard and making me groan.

My finders slid up his shirt and grasped at his hairy, fit chest. I wanted to suck on his nipples. I needed them in my mouth. Bending at the waist, I lifted his shirt. My mouth clasped one small nipple, my tongue circling it until it rose and hardened. With a smile, I released it with a pop and did the same to the other. His hips bucked against mine as I sucked hard, punishing his nipples and making them red.

"Professor!" His voice was higher in pitch, but every breath he took came out as a harsh pant, hot against my skin as I looked up at him. His pupils were dilated, a sure sign that he was taken with the same force that I was. This couldn't be just acting on his part...

"Oh, Lance. Sweet, young Lance," I managed to groan as my fingers fumbled with the button on his shorts and he undid my pants. "I want to fuck you so long and so hard, but first I want you to suck my cock. Can you suck my cock, Lance? Can you wrap those glistening lips around my stiff dick and take me into your mouth?" I whispered hotly in his ear.

With a sly smile, he got down on his knees. His hands didn't fumble as mine had. His movements were measured and quick, and it occurred to me that he knew exactly what he was doing. Then my rock-hard cock was finally released from the prison that was my pants and boxer briefs. The cool air felt good, but not as good as when he leaned forward and drew me into his warm, suckling mouth. I groaned, thrusting my hips toward his beautiful face, forcing more of dick into his mouth.

He laughed slightly, and the sound muffled, and vibrated around my cock. If anything, it was even more of a turn-on. His tongue was moist, circling the tip of my penis and sliding between the slit at the end. The sounds of him enjoying my cock filled my office. God, it felt so good. He was loud, and his mouth was really wet. He sucked me really hard.

Before I could stop myself, I tangled my hands in his hair and rocked my hips toward him. I wouldn't last long, and I didn't want to cum in his mouth, but it felt so good. I could definitely do this for a little while longer.

"Have you done this before, Lance? How many men have had their big, juicy cocks in your sweet little mouth?" I talked dirty to him, and we were both really getting off on it. I had to control myself, though, to prevent shooting my load way too soon...

He didn't answer in words. The moan that vibrated around my big cock was response enough. I groaned, knowing if I didn't fuck him now, I wouldn't be able to, I was about to explode.

As if he sensed I was close to the edge, Mr. Black pulled away and stood, slipping his shorts off over his hips and shucking his underwear, a thin piece of fabric that was a mere thong, and it was black...I love black panties...on young men...

Kissing him deeply again, I pushed Lance against the chalkboard, grabbing his tight ass. I bent him over, enjoying the view the whole time. A playful squeal filled the air around us. I plunged hard and deep into him, needing this more than Lance would ever know.

He cried out, a sound that pierced my ears for only a second before instinct kicked in, and I reached up with one hand and stifled the sound, cutting off his cry even as I stilled. I stared at him, kicking myself mentally. None of the men I'd been with had ever been quiet in the throes of me fucking them like a complete animal. I guess I'd forgotten about that...

For a moment, neither of us spoke. I didn't even dare to breathe as I listened to see if any noise came from the hallway. I heard nothing. I guess no one called campus safety to come to investigate the scream. No, one came.

A new fear spiked inside my core. "Were you a virgin?" I asked. I didn't dare take my hand from his mouth, afraid he'd cry out again. I needed to move soon, needed to feel his ass clenched around my cock, needed to find the release that had built up from the moment he walked over to me.

His eyes widened in shock, but then he slowly nodded his head up and down. Lowering my hand from his mouth, he said, "Yes, but I think you're really hot, I have for a while...and I...I just really like you...and really wanted to fuck you and get the extra credit..."

"All right, Lance, I'll try to be gentler." It was the only words I needed to get back into the game. I moved, rocking my hips forward even as I pulled him towards me. His legs trembled as I prepared to impale him again with my cock, but I was gentler this time around, I'd apparently already popped his cherry with that first deep, hard thrust. Now I had a tight young bunny hole clenching my cock it was as if the world might end if I didn't fuck him. Nope. I wasn't going anywhere until he was screaming my name, with my hand covering his mouth of course.

Since his initial cry, he'd bitten his lip as I moved inside him. He moaned and groaned as my shaft punished his ass over and over again. It was unbelievable, so incredibly tight, like a vice, and he just whimpered and breathed heavy in my ear as I fucked him over and over and over again. I held tight to his small ass, controlling him, controlling how deeply I fucked him...and when... and how...

"Oh, God!" he swore in my ear, breathing even more heavily as his moans grew louder. There's nothing like hearing a man moan in your ear and knowing you are the master bringing him to the point of no return. This young stallion needed to be trained by me, taken by me, to be shown the ways of the world. I groaned, knowing I wouldn't be able to hold off much longer. I was far from finished with him.

I moved us over and settled him on the corner of my desk, using it as leverage to pound into him harder. He looked at the gap between us, watching as my dick slid in and out of his ass, and I nearly came then. It was the most erotic thing ever, watching him watching me fuck him so hard. He let out a wail with every thrust I gave him, so I continually had to keep covering his mouth with one hand as I held onto his ass with the other.

“God, you’re so tight,” I groaned. It was becoming harder and harder not to cum, but I wasn’t ready yet. I needed a little more time with Lance. I wanted to make him cum, to have his warm, wet juices spray all over my office. I wanted to feel his tight ass milk me as I pumped his cock and made it explode.

I shifted my hand to his cock. I took hold of it and started jerking it as fast as I could as I fucked him at the same time. It didn’t take long. With a toss of his head, he arched her back, letting out a loud groan as he came all over my hand. Just as I’d predicted, his ass contracted around my veiny cock, tightening more than ever before, and I groaned. Soon. I’d find my own release soon.

No. No. Don’t tell me to pull out. Don’t tell me to stop. I couldn’t stop anyway. I knew I was about to cum. There wasn’t even time to warn him. I pulled his hips hard against mine, refusing to pull out as I came hard, allowing jet after jet of cum to fill his tight, pink ass.

He cried out, and once more I covered his mouth with one hand and stifling my own cries, as best I could manage. Lance was now filled with my seed.

“Holy Fuck,” I said, my mouth against his neck, moving my hand away from his mouth.

“Oh, Professor,” he murmured afterwards. I wondered if he’d be able to walk for a week...after all the action he’d received.

I soon grew limp, still buried inside of Lance. He spent that time trying to catch his breath, looking down between us where we were still joined together. I was afraid to know what he was thinking.

The fact that the thought of protection only occurred to me now, after the deed was done, reminded me of how long it had been since I’d fucked anyone. Yes, I still had it. But we’d forgotten the condom...

“That was incredible!” he cried, still clinging to me with soft, young hands. When he looked up at me, his brown eyes sparkled. God, this boy knew how to make a man feel young again.

“I think you just passed History, Lance,” was all I could manage to say...

**Ready for another sissy story?**

## **A Princess in the Wild West: One Sissy, Two Cowboys**

As Anna clung to the back of the cowboy, she reflected upon how her world had spun round more than once that day. Never had she experienced such terror, and such upheaval. The Indians had come out of nowhere, attacking as their carriage moved through the open plains. The driver had been shot with an arrow almost at once, and her own footman had found an arrow as well, just as soon as he'd opened the door. She'd surely be dead herself now, or even worse, a captive for the savages, if the two cowboys hadn't come along at just the right time. They'd scared the natives away with gunfire, and certainly they were her saviors that day.

Caleb and Robert were brothers, they told her as much. They'd been riding hard almost three hours to get themselves, as well as the princess, away from the Indian territory, and out of danger. Anna's rear was sore from being bounced around on the back of the brown mare, but given the alternative, she felt lucky just to be alive. She hoped the brothers wouldn't be too upset when they found out her secret. They didn't know that Anna was more of a prince than a princess. She'd been traveling in women's clothing so as not to be recognized. Many of her subjects back home had been calling for her head on a platter, and being in disguise was much...safer.

"We should be all right here," Robert said, pulling his painted horse to a halt and dismounting. Caleb and Anna followed suit, and soon they were all standing around, taking in the view of the sunset as it began its descent into the horizon. They were at the edge of a meadow, nestled among some very tall trees. Anna didn't know what kind of trees they were, but they were certainly enormous.

"I'll make a fire, Caleb, you two can unpack our bags and make camp. Anna straightened her long red gown as Caleb pulled their bags off of Robert's horse and began to pull things out. There were beans and a pot for cooking as well as warm bedding to sleep in. Looking at the bedding, Anna wondered just how the sleeping arrangements were going to go.

In no time at all, Robert had a large fire roaring, and the pot of beans was placed on it to warm. They also had some dried beef, which Anna thought was quite good, although unlike anything she'd eaten before. All in all, she thought things were going well, they sat and quietly talked in front of the bright fire, eating their meal of beans and beef. You could tell the two men were related, for they both had a quick wit and sense of humor. They amused Anna with their tales of travel and danger, and she felt unusually comfortable around them.

As the night moved on, the fire began to die down, and soon they were aglow in just the embers. Robert added more wood to it, so it would keep them warm during the night. The men laid their bedding together, so that there would be enough space to accommodate Anna as well. They pulled off boots and climbed onto the flannel blankets, and then pulled other blankets over top of the three of them. The threesome lay close to the fire, of course, for additional warmth.

"You should remove your gown, princess," Robert said, lying next to her, "it will be warmer if we combine our body heat." At that, both men removed their pants and shirts.

"You can't be serious," Anna replied, shocked at the suggestion that she take off her clothes in front of not only two strange men, but two ruffians at that. She had a few bits and pieces she knew they wouldn't be able to miss.

"Very serious," Caleb now spoke, as he began to unbutton the fancy silver buttons on the bodice of her satin dress. Anna froze, unable to comprehend the situation. She soon knew exactly what he meant, as he began to kiss her long, white neck. As he peeled down the front of her dress, Anna's small breasts sprung out. Anna reached up and undid her bun of braids, untangling them as she went along. Long, kinky blond hair fell down her back and over her shoulders. Suddenly, it was all very clear. They had saved her life, and the time had come for repayment. Anna pushed her gown down the rest of the way, and pulled it off. She was now lying naked in Caleb's arms.

"There, that's better, isn't it?" he asked her softly, as he kissed the top of her head and caressed her body. His hand reached around to the front of her, and stopped.

"What the-" he said in alarm as his hand brushed her now-erect cock.

"She's a man!" he finally managed to say. Anna jumped to her feet as he pulled his body back away from her.

"A man?" his brother repeated, somewhat perplexed.

"Yes," Anna admitted, and she told them the whole story about why she traveled in woman's clothing. She'd never been with even one man before, let alone two, but the mere thought of it made her tingle all over.

"I'm very grateful for your saving me, you know I'd be dead if you hadn't helped me in my moment of need. I'd be more than happy to show you how appreciative I am," she said in almost a whisper, unsure how the brothers would take this offer.

"So... you're willing to let us both ride you, Princess?" Robert's voice pierced through the darkness.

"Yes, I am willing to do ...whatever... you... want," she replied seductively, and this statement turned both brothers rock-hard in almost an instant. There was something about the wilderness setting, the muscular cowboys, and the fact that she had almost died that day. Anna felt wild, and alive, almost like there were no more rules; it was as if society had broken down, and all that was left was the here and now. The thought of being truly free, free from pomp and circumstance, free from manners, and royal gossip-mongers, truly free to do whatever she wanted, and whatever she was told to do, almost made her giddy.

Robert moved closer, and Caleb gently rested Anna upon the bedding. Her eyes focused on their silhouettes in the firelight as each man began suckling on one of her nipples. They pinched them, and nibbled at them. At times, the pressure was so much that she began to gasp, which only seemed to turn them all on the more.

Then, Caleb lay down on the bedding, and made Anna position herself on top of him so that she was above his face. Her back arched, and her long blonde hair was tossed about as she moved up and down on him, allowing his mouth to swirl and suck on her little penis.

"Oh, Caleb, oh, my God," she cried as she moved her cock in and out of his mouth. Robert had a tight grip on his own long, thick penis, and he was moving his hand quickly as he watched his brother give the Princess a real blow-job. Finally, the princess fell down on the bedding next to Caleb, trying to catch her breath.

At that, Caleb moved his groin up to her face and pressed his red cock to her ruby lips.

"Suck my cock, your majesty," he said, and Anna took him into her mouth, holding his round ass with her small hands. It was at that point that she could feel Robert spreading her legs, and kissing her white thighs.

"Ohhhh," she let out a long syllable at the ecstasy of sucking off one brother while the other licked softly between her legs. It was so bad, and so very good at the same time. Never did she think she would partake in such debauchery.

"We're gonna ride you...hard...all night long," Robert told her, and she knew it to be true. She'd certainly never done anything like this before, and she knew instinctively that it would hurt like hell.

Caleb climbed on top of her first, and rubbed his long cock around on her back door. She was so hot for him that she no longer even cared. He entered her hard and fast, and Anna whined from the pain and pressure. Caleb held tight to her as she gasped and cried out in pain, and Robert caressed her and kissed her all the while. Then, Caleb got tired and stopped, letting Robert take his turn. Robert was thicker than Caleb, and Anna thought she would go insane as he fucked her ass over and over again. He rode her hard and long, like a cowboy rides a horse, and both of them became sweaty and tired. Caleb and Robert took turns, giving it to Princess Anna over and over again until she was begging for mercy.

It seemed Anna was insatiable, and Caleb was determined to get her off. He grabbed at her cock and pulled it as he did one final marathon fuck session with her, going faster and harder than ever before, all the while whispering absolutely filthy things into her ear. It was at that point that they both came, hard, and even Robert did, as he was whacking himself for all he was worth at the time.

All three were warm and sweaty, and exhausted. They collapsed naked onto the flannel bedding, and fell into a fast and deep sleep as the sun crept back up out of the horizon.

It was a day and night that Anna would never forget, and she thought of it often, even years later when she became a proper queen, yes, queen, and sat upon a bejeweled throne.



## The Sissy Babysitter and the Millionaire

Raphael was a breathtaking but gloomy man. From the first day I set my eyes on the famous business mogul, I felt an intense connection that I had never experienced with anyone else. I took the job he offered immediately even though I was a strange choice for a sitter. Most men don't hire a guy to babysit their kids. And babysitting for a divorced millionaire wasn't something I thought I'd ever do with my life. But here I was in this strange man's mansion, working part-time to pay for my classical arts major.

Even with the sweet pay, I never felt comfortable with the job; the exotic life of the rich startled me: yachts, lavish banquets and gold-plated nonsense. The pretentious lifestyle was too much for me to take in. I had thought of quitting many times, but my want for this man always came to cloud my reasoning.

Besides, Raphael wasn't even in my league. His mansion was always a beehive of activities, swimming with politicians, celebrities, and staffs—all at his disposal. Yet I knew that he was burning with a pain of loneliness that transcends what was physical. And for some strange reason, I thought I was the only one who could ease him of that burden. And I knew, for sure, that he was the only man on earth that could soothe mine.

The urge to sate my soul with this man became stronger each day, and I fought *hard* against it. However, the odds were piling against me because I saw Raphael almost every day, since he worked from home—always holed up in his home office.

But after an agonizing month of sexual frustration from working in this sun-drenched mansion, a terrible urge to quit overcame me one Saturday night. After tucking his son into bed, I walked upstairs to his office on the top floor and knocked on his door, with my resignation letter in hand. As I did, the cold breeze shuddered the velvety drapes of the windows, and my feet felt weak and light on the lush carpets on the floor. My heart became a pounding wreck; it was my first time in his office.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's the babysitter," I said, reluctant to say my own name for some reason.

"Come in," he said with a bit of irritation in his voice.

The first thing I noticed in Raphael's office was the window—there were three solid, windowless walls, then a vast window, where I could see the whole of downtown Los Angeles, the vastness of the city, and far off in the distance, the glittering Pacific. I suppressed a gasp.

"It's a great view," said Raphael. "Take a look if you want."

I walked to the window, careful not to touch or smudge it. The view was breathtaking. Raphael swept past me to sit down at his broad mahogany desk, and I caught a whiff of his

cologne. I can find no way to describe the scent except for expensive. Like everything else in the office, Raphael looked—sounded—even smelled expensive.

“It’s incredible,” I said. I was starting to forget why I came here.

Raphael sighed, and I turned around. He was rooting through drawers. “Please don’t quit,” he said.

And I gasped louder. “How did you—”

Raphael walked up to my side and gazed out the window. I didn’t dare look at him.

“I know you don’t like it here,” he said.

“Oh, no,” I lied, examining the dazzling lights in the streets and buildings below. “I do like it.”

“Good, good,” said Raphael.

I glanced over. He was smiling out the window. I realized that my palms were sweating. I frantically tried to think of something to say. “That Edward Hopper is quite nice,” I stammered, glancing at the expensive painting on the wall.

“It’s absolutely bustling,” Raphael said, immediately. “None of the sense of quiet and loneliness that you get in Hopper’s paintings.”

I looked at him. He was looking back and smiling.

“You know Hopper,” I said.

“I try my best to be a connoisseur of the beautiful,” he said, touching the small of my back. I felt goose bumps rising on my arm.

What the fuck is happening? I thought. My pulse was quickening. Then, God, I hope what I think is happening is happening. “I study classical—” I said.

“I know, he said.

“So, huh.”

“I wasn’t always like this,” he said with a bit of sadness. “I wasn’t born with this life. I know how it feels to be out of one’s elements.”

“Th—thank you,” I said. My head was spinning. “I love it here. I don’t know why I bothered you.”

“Well, if that’s all, then I suppose you should be on your way,” said Raphael, walking toward the door.

“Right,” I said, my voice shaking. “Right, sure.” But I couldn’t make myself move.

Raphael walked, in easy, measured steps, over to the door, then turned around, his hand resting on the handle. He looked at me, frozen in place, and smirked. “Unless there’s something else you need,” he said with laughter in his voice. “A raise maybe?”

I shook my head and forced myself to walk toward the door. Stupid thought, anyways. I would go home and masturbate to the fantasy like I always did. Then, about halfway to the door, I thought, dammit, if you don’t try at least something, you deserve to be as frustrated as you are. So, as I walked up to the doorway, I turned toward Raphael, and looked up into his eyes, and said, “Thank you, Mr. Raphael.” And, as I turned toward the door, I brushed up against his groin in a way that could have been accidental. Through his thin slacks, I could feel that he was semi-hard.

“Bradley,” he said, almost breathless.

And my heart went warm with glee; of course, he remembered my name.

“Would you hold on for one moment?” he asked.

I turned to face him and smiled.

He was smiling darkly. He reached past me, brushing against my shoulder, and turned the lock on the door. I heard it click into place discreetly. I mean, yeah, even the locks in this place sounded expensive.

Fuck, I was starting to get hard, turned on. I remembered that I wasn’t wearing any panties. Raphael leaned in close. My heart was pounding in my chest. I felt a ripple of excitement. I could barely breathe. All my held-back lust for this man seemed to be tearing at my soul. “Is there something else you need?” I asked.

Only silence came from him, as he gazed deeply into my blue eyes.

“Sir?” I whispered, thinking he didn’t hear me the first time.

When he spoke, it was with a new firmness—a deep, quiet, commanding voice. All confidence. “Now, if you want to, you’re free to go, of course,” he said. “But you don’t want that, do you?”

“No,” I breathed.

“That’s right. Now, why don’t you tell me what you do want?”

I swallowed. I could feel the color rising in my cheeks. "I—"

"I want to hear you say it," he said. "I want to hear you ask for it."

This was insane. I couldn't believe I was about to say what I was about to say. "I want to be naked for you," I said, my voice trembling, barely above a whisper.

"I want to be naked for you, sir," he said, a sudden stern undertone in his voice.

"Sir," I said. There was a tight hotness in the back of my throat. He had that smile again. That arrogant smile—God, I loved it.

Just then, the phone on his desk crackled to life. It was his personal assistant. "Sir? Your dinner with Senator Cohen is in half an hour."

Raphael stalked over to the phone and held down the intercom button. "Call the Senator and tell him that I'm dealing with a personal emergency. I may be a bit late." As he spoke, he motioned at me and mouthed, "Go on."

I undid my crisp, white shirt, slowly unbuttoning it. I liked my chest, it was muscular, and my nipples were hard and pink. My hands were shaking. I had never been this turned on before. Not ever. As Raphael turned the intercom off and stepped out from behind his desk, I could see his bulge hardening and thickening through his slacks. He walked toward me directly, purposefully, and pulled me into a deep kiss, grabbing at my chest roughly and slowly twisting one nipple, until I broke free from the kiss to gasp. Everything was just so fantastic: the rough feeling of his stubble against the smoothness of my face—the rich, clean scent of his cologne, bergamot and teakwood—the warmth and strength of his body, how solid and lean it was under that Armani suit.

I unbuttoned my pants and took them off as gracefully as I could. Now I was standing in front of this beautiful man, naked, exposed, and so, so erect.

"What do you want now?" he demanded.

"I—I want—I—" I stammered, almost too aroused to say anything. "I want you to bend me over your desk and fuck me, sir."

"God, you are beautiful," he said, caressing my body with his smooth hands. I could feel the coolness of his gold watchband graze my skin as his hands slid down my waist to grab my ass. He pulled me close, so I could feel his hardness through his wool slacks.

"Fuck," I said. "Please. I want to feel you inside of me."

"Sir," he said, smacking my ass lightly, playfully.

I'd never been spanked before. It stung a little bit, but it did turn me on. I drew in a breath sharply.

"That's right," he said. His voice was low and comforting, somehow domineering and reassuring at the same time.

As Raphael undid his belt, I looked ahead of me. The big window was still there, Los Angeles spread out before me, and I felt so visible, so naughty. This was insane. I'd never done anything like this before. I felt lightheaded as if I were in a trance. But I wasn't in a trance—just consumed with an aching desire for him, his strong hands, his aftershave smell and gold cufflinks and thick cock. He slid a hand down to my ass, feeling my tight ass, gently rubbing around to the front and stroking my cock. It was almost too intense. I couldn't stand the tension. I started begging, fast and quiet, almost unintelligibly.

"Please. Sir. Oh god, please. I need your cock. I need you inside of me. Please, sir."

He seemed to take pleasure in drawing the experience out. "You're so very hard. You're so excited."

"Sir, I am your little slut. Please fuck me, sir." I couldn't believe the words that were coming out of my mouth.

"I love seeing your pretty little ass all pink for me. Your hard cock. You are just so pretty, just begging for my big cock."

And then I felt him. He was rubbing the head of his cock against the edge of my ass, slowly, hearing my gasps and pleas. "Sir, please I need you inside... oh!" Slowly, slowly, he was pushing himself inside of me. I gasped. Oh, fuck.

He was so thick. Oh, God. He leaned over, and as he slowly slid his thick hot cock into my aching hole, he wrapped a hand around my mouth, so I wouldn't cry out so loudly that someone outside would hear. In a smooth motion, he filled me up, pushing in until I felt his lean abdomen, his cotton shirt pressing against my upraised ass, and the whole of his cock hard inside me.

He pulled back slowly, so achingly slowly, then pushed back in, and began to fuck me, hard and slow. He took his hand away from my mouth, and I found myself whispering to him nonsense like "Oh god, yes please, fuck, yes."

"I knew as soon as I saw you that I was going to have you all for myself," he said, and slowly started to pick up speed. "Your body is just so fucking gorgeous." And as he started to impale me more quickly, he slid a hand up my back and firmly grabbed my neck.

Yet another thing that I didn't know I was into until that day. He pulled me into him and started to fuck me a little faster, a little harder. I could feel the pressure building between

my hips—a white-hot magical pressure. I had never cum just from having someone inside of me before.

But I'd never fucked a man like Raphael. I'd never been fucked like this, bent over a desk that probably cost more than I made in a year. I'd never been made to beg like a little slut before. So, all sorts of new things were happening then.

Suddenly, as the pressure was building, Raphael's phone rang. Without missing a beat, still thrusting, he picked it up. "Well, tell the Senator that I'm simply unavoidably detained for the moment," he said evenly.

"Oh, please," I whispered. I had to cum. I slowly reached down toward my own cock with one hand. I was going to play with it, but then I felt Raphael's hand leave my neck and grab my hand forcefully, pinning it behind my back. "Please fuck. Oh, please fuck me."

"I don't care if he is a fuckin' senator. I'm in the middle of an important matter. I'll see the Senator when I see him." Raphael hung up the phone and pulled out of me.

"You're a naughty little girl, Miss Bradley," he scolded me. "Trying to cum without permission."

"I need it," I managed to say. "I need to cum."

"Sir, you mean," he said, smacking my red ass yet again. "And you will cum when I let you cum." He flipped me over on his desk, knocking over his fountain pen. Impatiently he swept the fountain pen off the desk; it clattered on the floor as he spread my legs open.

"I want to see your face as you cum," he said.

I met his gaze. His eyes were a cool gray.

"Sir, I'm sorry," I apologized. "Please make me feel good. Please make me feel good, sir. I want to cum."

He smiled imperiously, grabbed my thighs, and thrust his mouth down onto my aching cock. I felt my body bouncing with incredible fervor. He was so good with his mouth. He started to pick up the pace until he was sucking me at a fast, even pace, smooth and confident until I could feel the pressure building again. I made eye contact. He stared at me as he sucked hard on my erection.

"Please don't stop, sir," I said. "You're going to make me cum."

"I want to see you cum," he said, reaching up again to squeeze at my nipple.

I could feel the pleasure rising in me, white-hot as a filament. I could feel my penis, convulsing in his mouth as he kept sucking me off. My legs were involuntarily trembling, as

my abdomen began to spasm. I was trying so hard not to yell out, then everything was pleasure, just pleasure, just perfect bliss. I came in his mouth. He removed his mouth from me only as the last spasms of the orgasm racked my body—my legs, shaking and limp, rested on his desk as I gasped silently for air.

There was a pause as he slowly stroked his thick member.

“That was beautiful,” he said.

“I can’t—I can’t—that was incredible,” I said. “I’ve never cum like that in my life before.”

Suddenly his voice was commanding and steely again. “Get off that desk,” he said. “Get on your knees.”

I complied as best I could. My limbs were still shaking but I knelt before him. Up close, his cock looked even bigger. It was still rock-hard.

“Suck,” he said. “Be a good little girl and make me cum.”

And, even though I was still in the aftershocks of that sweet orgasm, I opened my mouth and took him in. I’d never been with a man this large, so there was a bit of a learning curve. But I so wanted to make him feel good. I so wanted to give him the kind of pleasure that he had given me, so I went to work, taking the length of him in my mouth and stroking his shaft with my hand until his breathing began to quicken.

“That’s good,” he said. “That’s a good girl.”

His cock bulged into my mouth and I kept sucking, desperate for his cum. I’d never been this submissive, this dirty, before, but something about Raphael made me crave his cum. I wanted to swallow it all. Raphael began to let out a low, quiet moan, and I knew he was close. His cock began to pulse in my mouth, and then, thick spurts of cum started to unload into my mouth. Greedily, I swallowed, without even tasting. With my hand, I stroked his shaft, dragging the orgasm out as long as I could, swallowing every drop.

He let out a long sigh, then reached down and cupped my cheek. “That’s a good little girl,” he said and pulled me up to him, kissing me soft and deep and slow. “Same time tomorrow,” he added. He zipped up and left almost immediately, leaving me with only a sly smile.

I dressed and stepped out meekly into the mahogany-lined corridor; nobody seemed to notice me. Forgetting my resignation letter on the office floor, I was shivering with the after-sweetness of passion. I wasn’t quitting this job anytime soon.

**Read On For Your Next Bonus Sissy Tale...**

## A Sissy for the Stranger

I really didn't want to do it. It was my wife's idea, and I never could say no to her. We were into some kinky shit. We'd been doing it for a while. Mostly my fault, I had some weird notions, and I was always talking her into doing stuff. We picked up a young woman at the Holiday Inn, and I fucked them both up in the hotel room. I always wanted to do a threesome, ever since college. It was great, we double-teamed her. We took lots of pictures on our phones. She was really hot, a brunette, and I still looked at those pics on my iPhone. I'll remember that night forever.

Now it was Sandra's turn. She had a fantasy about me getting sucked off by another guy. She bugged me about it all the time, when, where, how could we make it happen? Did I know anyone from work? Well, hell, yeah, I knew people at work, but there was no way in hell I was gonna get a blowjob from any of them! Eventually, it became clear that we'd need a stranger. How do you find a complete stranger who will do weird sexual things with you? Craigslist, apparently.

She wrote the ad, making it subtle enough that we wouldn't get in too much trouble. Something about a wife and husband wanting a threesome, with a guy. He was traveling into town on business. You can always find someone. She called him on the phone, and asked if he were willing to be with another man. He said he never had, but was willing to try anything once. I told her I thought that was even weirder, and she asked me if I wanted her to find a professional. No, no, I think that would make it worse.

So, we met Mr. "I'm in town on business" at the Holiday Inn. The same one where we met the hot brunette. I didn't know what to wear. I thought I'd just wear some chinos and a short-sleeved, button-down shirt. It was blazing hot out. The Cali sun was unmerciless that day. Sandra didn't like that idea, she wanted me to dress up like a girl. What the fuck. Before I could protest too much, I was in the bathroom shaving my entire body, and muttering swear words under my breath as I did so. And she thought I was warped?

I told her to call him and tell him we would meet him at ten at the hotel bar. I certainly wasn't going to go out in drag before the sun went down. She picked out a black mini skirt for me to wear, and even bought black stockings. I was trying to get those fucking stockings on when I turned to her and said I have no shoes to wear. That was when she produced a huge pair of black pumps.

"Where do you shop, Trannies are Us?" I asked her with deep sarcasm in my voice.

"Amazon," she replied. Fuck, those fuckers have everything! I wore a black corset that she'd also purchased, with one of my white dress shirts over it, tucked into my tight, short, black skirt. How long had she been planning this shit? I was nervous, but I knew I owed her one, at least one, especially for the threesome with that twenty-year-old brunette. I fucked her pussy sore.



Next, came the makeup. She put so much crap on my face, foundation, rouge, eyeliner, contour powders. I didn't even recognize myself when she got done with me. A long blonde wig she'd worn two Halloweens ago finished off the look.

"You look like a girl!" she said in shocked amazement as we both looked at me in the mirror.

"People are gonna stare at me," I told her, not happy about the prospect of going out to a bar dressed up like I was.

"No, one's even gonna take a second look, they're all too self-absorbed," she replied as she applied her own red lipstick. It didn't really matter, anyway. I knew I had to do it; that was our agreement for all the fucked-up shit we did to keep our sex lives... interesting.

"How do we know this guy isn't some sicko, some serial killer or something?" I ask.

"He's a nice guy, he sent me a picture. He's married, and has two kids. You worry too much," Sandra rebuffed me.

"Great, a real family man. Now I feel much better." I started thinking he'd take one look at me in my get-up and run for the door.

"Can't we just meet him up in the hotel room?" I asked as we parked the BMW.

"No, we have to have drinks first. You can't just meet someone at a hotel room," she retorted. Of course, not, that would be totally strange. Like this wasn't strange. I was so totally self-conscious I thought I'd die. When we entered the bar, she was right. No, one really seemed to notice. I was grateful, for the first time in my life, that I wasn't six feet tall. I blended in with the women, and I tried to cover my face with my hand as much as possible.

"If I see anyone I know, I'm gonna kill you," I threatened her as we headed to sit at a table in the corner.

"Believe me, no one would recognize you," Sandra replied with a smile. I just wanted to disappear into the wall behind me. I just wanted the whole thing to be over with. I didn't know what the night would hold, but I knew I just wanted it to be behind me. This was a high price to pay for banging a twenty-year-old. I wondered if Sandra would ever let me do that again, or if that was a one-time kind of deal.

Jeff turned out to be really nice. I had hoped he wouldn't show, but he did. And he was good-looking too. A good body, a nice face. He bought us a round of drinks, and the small talk started. He said we were both beautiful. I didn't believe it, but it made me feel a little better. I smiled. Four rounds later, we were feeling no pain.

"So, you wanna head up to the room," he asked, his big brown eyes twinkling. He really was handsome, with just a little graying around the temples. Otherwise, his hair was dark

brown. I thought about being with him, and my legs started trembling. Could I even go through with this? Could he? I didn't know. Sandra paid the tab, and we headed towards the elevators. I walked slowly, trying not to wipe out in my heels. Did I look anywhere near as ridiculous as I felt?

On the way up in the elevator, I decided I had one way out of this. I would pretend I was a woman, a real woman. Whatever happened, I would leave my male persona in the elevator. The part of me that was a man, would be left behind, waiting for me, in the elevator. As we exited the elevator doors, Jeff took hold of my hand. But it was OK, because I was a girl. Sandra walked ahead of us, her round ass shaking underneath her white dress. She unlocked the door, and we all filed inside the hotel room. I was feeling dizzy, and I didn't know if it was the situation or the booze flooding my system.

His lips were on mine, and the encounter began. His hands were all over me, and I clung to him around his neck as his tongue flicked in and out of my mouth. The room spun, but I was cognizant of Sandra sitting on the other bed. I was lost in his kisses as his hands clumsily, nervously, unbuttoned my blouse. The tension mounted as I helped him remove my black corset and peel down my short skirt and stockings. Sandra was watching us, but I chose to ignore her. It was just Jeff and I in the room, he was a man and I was a woman. I sat down on the edge of the bed, feeling as though I was in someone else's body. Whose long blond hair hung down on my chest? Whose long, shaved legs were these?

Jeff knelt down in front of me, and paused. This was the moment of truth, the time we'd all been waiting for. His face was right in front of my erect, sore penis. I couldn't believe I was so hard, was this what I'd wanted all along? It was hard, and veiny, and red. He looked at it, and I looked at him. He swallowed hard before closing his eyes and taking the length of me into his mouth. And he sucked.

It was amazing, like a vacuum. His mouth was stronger than any woman who I'd ever had the pleasure to suck my cock, and it was so much better. He had definite skills, technique, and I wondered for a brief moment if he's really never done this before. But I could tell he hadn't. That's what the long pause was all about. He was working himself up to doing it, and true to his word, he was going through with the whole thing.

"Oh, God," I heard myself saying as he sucked me off, and I could feel my heavy balls tightening up as he worked me over. I laid back on the bed, and Sandra was on me at once, next to me, encouraging me to give up the fight.

"It's ok, Baby, say his name, say his name," she whispered to me as she ran her fingers through my long, blonde hair.

"Oh, Jeff, oh Jeff," I started to chant despite myself. My hands found his dark head down in my lap, and I rubbed the back of his head. It was the best blow job of my life, and I thought I was gonna die from the ecstasy of it all. Finally, I came, gasping and screaming his name. My buttocks tightened as I shot my load down his throat, and he just kept sucking the

whole time. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I was lying like a ragdoll on the bed as the two of them moved over to the other bed. Sandra was super turned-on.

In my afterglow, I watched them rip each other's clothes off. Jeff had a huge cock, bigger than mine. Sandra wanted it bad. They were naked on the bed, his powerful mouth on her huge melon tits now instead of my member. When I recovered enough, I pulled out my phone and started taking pictures. He laid on his back and she sat on his face. He loved her cleanly-shaven pussy and he tongue-fucked her hard, making her make noise.

"Oh, Jeff, Jeff," she screamed out as he made her cum again and again. That tongue of his was amazing, and he used it to take her to higher and higher heights as her screams became desperate whimpers for relief. Then, he made her cum one more time. She was completely exhausted, and his cock was still rock hard. Her legs were trembling in the aftershock as she collapsed on the bed.

I was shocked when Jeff moved back over to be with me. He reached into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a tube. It was lubricant. He put some on his hand and started massaging my ass with it. It felt really good, but it wasn't long before I knew what he wanted to do.

"I want to fuck you, beautiful" he whispered in my ear as he worked over my body. Whoa, this was not part of the plan. At least not my plan. My mind raced. His veiny cock was enormous. I couldn't even begin to think about taking that monster piece of meat up my poor virgin ass.

"I-I-" I tried to talk, but couldn't manage to say anything.

"Come-on, Baby, you know you want to," he coaxed me on. His hand on my backside felt so incredible, teasing me with his skillful fingers, touching me, stretching me. His mouth was on my neck, my eyes were closed. I started whimpering.

"Come on, tell me you want it," Jeff said quietly to me. Yeah, yeah, I wanted it. I kissed him deeply to show my intent. That's all it took. Jeff rolled me over to position me on the edge of the bed, bent over it. I don't know what came over me. I really wanted him, his cock, buried up my ass. I was scared, my legs were trembling, but I won't deny that I wanted it.

Before I knew it, my ass was burning, on fire. Pressure, his big dick, was shoving its way up into me. I gasped loudly, and looked over at Sandra who was lying on the other bed, just watching us in absolute amazement. Even she didn't think I'd ever go this far.

"Oh, Jeff, Jeff," I whined as he took me again and again. My cock was hard again, and my ass was killing me, but Jeff was putting the nuts to me hard. I grabbed hold of the sheets as he made me into a full-blown sissy boy. Never in my life did I think a man would be balls-deep in my ass, and me wearing my wife's long, blonde Halloween wig. He slapped my ass, and plunged into me yet again. Ohhhhhhhh. I begged him for mercy. It was my first real ass-pounding.

He pulled me away from the bed, and we were in the middle of the room. I was bent over, taking it hard up the anus from the family man we met on Craigslist, the one in town “on business”. He held tight to me as he humped harder and harder, working his way up to an orgasm. Sweat was trickling down my legs as we fucked. I couldn’t believe I was doing this in front of my wife. I couldn’t believe the intense pain. I thought it would never end. I thought I would die right there in that hotel room.

Jeff finally began shaking, and I felt like a real woman as he ejaculated streams of hot cum up inside of me. He yelled out as he came, and I stood there, bent over, taking every last drop of him. He whispered “good girl” to me. Then, we both collapsed together on the bed, his muscular arms still holding me tight; I knew I was his bitch.

The three of us spent the night together. Jeff fucked Sandra, I fucked Jeff, and then Jeff took me one last time as the sun rose up out of the horizon. It was a night I will never forget: the night I became a real woman.

**Read On For Your Bonus Stories...**

## **Forbidden, My Sissy Stepson**

When I married Kerry a couple years ago, I was well aware that I was inheriting a teenage stepson. Mike was 16 when they moved in with me. He was always very flirty, I thought by nature, and would often strut around my house in barely anything. Blonde with tan skin, a full, round ass and an impossibly flat stomach, he almost looked like a girl. But Of course, I paid no attention to this; he was my stepson, you know.

After turning 18 and graduating high school, I fully expected Mike to go to college. But instead, he chose to stay home and work. As you can imagine, this often became very distracting for me. I worked from an office in the house as a therapist. I did not see patients every day, so most of the time it was just Mike and I in the house. He was told when I had a patient coming and would make himself scarce. It was a different story when we were alone. He was always around, teasing, flirting and testing his limits with me...and mine with his. He worked nights, making it just the two of us during the day. I did my best to stay away from him. I was definitely old enough to know the whole 'play with fire, get burned' scenario.

Then, he brought me a basket full of his dirty laundry and asked me to wash it. He knew full well how to use the machine, but Of course, he was giving me dirty undies in the hope that I would be tempted to see what he smelled like. Or at least that's what I thought he was doing. I will admit that on one occasion, I succumbed to temptation. His aroma was soft and musky. It was incredibly intoxicating. After I did it, I ended up with the huge boner and found myself masturbating into the very same underwear, before I put them in the wash.

He never suggested anything directly or tried to make a move on me when we were alone in the house. As a trained observer of human behavior, I knew he wanted to. Perhaps he was just working up the nerve.

It happened one night when I was up late working on a paper. His mother was asleep in our bedroom upstairs. I was sitting back on the sofa working away on, "The Effects Of Game-Based Relaxation Training, On Attention Problems In Anxious Children." Very boring stuff. The TV droned on in the background, with some program that I can't remember because I wasn't actually watching it.

Mike came into the living room wearing just short-shorts and some kind of halter top, yeah, he was a bit effeminate. This wasn't strange attire for him because it was July and quite warm outside. In Mike's case, I knew he was just trying to be slutty in front of me. Again, nothing new there. He was 18 now, actually, halfway to 19... am I rationalizing? His muscular chest was nearly hanging out of the small black halter top.

"Hi Daddy" he said. He always called me Alex except for when he was flirting with me. He never played this game when his mother was home, so now it seemed more than a little odd to me.

“Good night, Mike” I replied dryly, trying to remain nonchalant and doing my best not to stare at his chest. The curt comment was meant to tell him to go to bed...and to leave me alone.

“It looks like you’re working hard” he purred. The way he said it was more like ‘it looks like you’re working... hard’.

“Yeah, I really have to finish this paper, I am supposed to give a lecture at the University next week.

“You work too much,” he continued, “take a break and I’ll get you something to drink.”

Before I even had a chance to respond, he strutted off into the kitchen to get something for us to drink. He came back into the room a moment later carrying a bottle of chardonnay, two glasses, and a corkscrew. Even though Kerry didn’t like him drinking, I saw no harm in him drinking when he was at home. Every college kid in the world was drinking, for Christ’s sake. He set the bottle down on the table and then proceeded to stick the corkscrew in and begin to turn. In a move that looked like it had been practiced, he poured himself a glass, promptly spilled it on his shirt and then dropped the glass onto the carpet below. He ran in the kitchen to get a towel.

When he re-emerged, Mike bent over to clean up the mess. His round bottom was facing me directly and I could clearly see that he had no undies on. His legs were slightly spread apart when he bent over. I could see up his shorts, and he knew it. He stayed in that position for much longer than he needed to. Just watching his carefully crafted scene made me stir in my slacks. I could vividly recall his aroma and right before me was his beautiful tight little ass. I wanted to taste it.

“I’m wet,” he said suddenly, making me jump. He was standing up and turning around now. His halter top was soaked in wine. I wasn’t sure that was the kind of wet he was referring to.

“Sorry,” he continued, “that was clumsy of me, wasn’t it?”

“It’s okay Mike, no harm done.”

“Better get this off,” he said, in mock urgency. With one swift motion, he unhooked his top at the neck, and let it fall down.

I could have reached out and touched his strong chest. It was perfect, with red nipples that were hard from either anticipation or wet wine. In a completely contrived gesture of modesty, Mike reached up with both hands and covered his breasts. In doing so, he made his cleavage look bigger. So much for the Attention Problems in Anxious Children. Any thoughts I had of finishing the paper I was working on evaporated. Now I just wanted to

slip my rock-hard cock into his forbidden little hole. I wanted to make him moan while I racked up hard against him.

I knew Kerry was asleep upstairs, and that if she were to wake and stumble upon us, then we would both be crucified. Nothing had happened... yet... but my resolve was wearing thin.

"You better put something on Mike, what if your mom comes down?" I told him sternly, my best authoritarian father voice chastising him.

"She took a Tylenol PM, we won't to see her 'til morning" was the reply I received.

Mike came over and sat down next to me on the couch. He'd removed his small hands from his chest, but his shorts were seriously short. He expertly poured the other glass of wine, took several long gulps, and then pressed it up against my lips. Looking into his large green eyes, I took the stem of the glass from his hand and finished the glass myself.

"What are you working on?" he asked softly, leaning over to look at my computer. His chest brushed against my arm, electrifying me. As if he cared what I was working on...

My dick was throbbing hard now, stiff as a piece of steel and aching. I cleared my throat and put my laptop on the table in front of me, trying to move away from him. Despite his forwardness, I really had no intention of fucking him. I could still keep things from getting out of control.

"What's that?" he coyly inquired, pointing at my obvious hard-on. I looked down and the outline of my bulge was clearly visible.

"Umm, Mike -you really should put something on" I said, nervously adjusting myself as best I could.

"Why?" he asked innocently, "it's really warm out. Don't you like me like this?"

"Ahh, well...I... Of course, I like you, Mike," I replied practically stuttering at this point.

"You know I've never done it?"

"Done what?" I said, knowing full well what he meant. Was he playing a game...or was I?

"Can I just see it?" he asked, trying to reach out to me. It was in that moment I realized what he was saying was true. For as sexy and adorable as Mike was, his innocence was crystal clear to me. He was young, despite his developed body. A textbook case of an inexperienced boy, who is clearly built, pretending to be sexually promiscuous and flirtatious in order to cover up his own insecurities. Yes, at that moment, I knew he was telling the truth. Mike had never had cock.

"I don't think that's a good idea Mike, after all..." I sounded like I was addressing one of my patients.

"After all what?" he said, cutting me off before I could finish the sentence.

Time seemed to be moving faster than normal, and so many thoughts were rushing through my tired brain. My mind said no but my body was just begging me for it. My animal lust was running rampant, and I knew it. Here was the man of my dreams, more than ready for sex. Would this mean the end of my marriage, the end of perhaps even my reputation and career? Would I be giving up everything? Did I even care anymore? I knew it was wrong, but that did not change the fact that I so wanted to push my veiny missile inside of his tight ass.

"Mike, don't you wanna try it with someone your age? I mean, I am twice that," was I really trying to convince him...or myself? I could still talk myself out of the inevitable.

"That just means you have experience. Besides, yours looks big," he purred in my ear.

It occurred to me that he would probably have no way of knowing what was big and what was small, other than the locker room at school. When I was fully hard, I was almost 8 inches and quite wide. I won't tell you how I know that. Anyway, I doubted if he could even fit his small hand all the way around it. My dick twitched again in my tightie whities.

"C'mon Alex" He said, a pleading in his voice that was irresistible.

I knew the consequences. I knew what I was getting myself into. If we got caught, it would bring about a shit storm the size of Montana. But for now, it was just the two of us sitting in my living room, him already half naked and me wanting more despite myself.

"You just want to see it, right?" I said, knowing full well that it could be so much more than that.

"and maybe touch it, too" he said softly. "I'm tired of just touching myself."

That was it...that was all it took. His admitting to me that he masturbated. I could clearly see him laying back on his bed, alone, one hand between his legs, pulling his chub until his hips began to buck and he came with soft, little mewling noises. My rational mind shut down and I simply reached down, unzipped my pants, and pulled my cock out. The big mushroom head was already wet with pre cum.

"Oh, god- that is big" he said, reaching out with an eager hand and grasping it at the base. As I had predicted, he could barely fit his hand around it.

"Yes, well, I suppose that it's bigger than most guys." After all, what does a man say when his stepson has his cock in his hands?



"Can I taste it?" he half asked, half moaned. He looked at me with heavy lids and long eyelashes.

"Can I taste you?" I asked his question back to him. His free hand was already between his legs, just rubbing. I wanted him so badly.

Mike bent over using both hands to grab my cock, lick tentatively around the opening, and then slip the head into his mouth.

He was a little rough at first. With a little guidance, I had him sucking cock perfectly in just a few minutes. He was a natural. I instructed him to wet his hands and play with my hairy balls and the shaft of my cock as he sucked on it like a lollipop. I could feel pre cum oozing out of me and into his luscious, wet mouth.

"It's so good," he sighed, "it makes me want you so bad." That was my cue to give him some pleasure. A thought of Kerry sleeping upstairs passed briefly through me, making me shutter momentarily. Still, I was too far gone.

"Get those shorts off," I said, directing him to sit back on the couch and spread his legs wide for me. He didn't hesitate for a second, lying back and draping one leg over the back of the couch and letting the other hang towards the floor.

He had a lovely young cock that stood up so hard as he spread himself wide for me. He was so horny. I knew full well that I had passed the point of no return. I tried not to think of him as my stepson anymore, but that was impossible. Somehow, the thought of it made me want to fuck him even more. And why now? We had every day alone, but he wanted me to bang away at him while his mother was upstairs?

I knelt down on the floor and slipped my arms under his legs pulling forward gently so that his ass was right at the end of the sofa. From that position, I had a clear view of his perfect little pretty pink asshole. I was going to devour it.

As soon as my lips made contact with him, he let out a small sound that was something between whimper and a moan. I alternated between licking him, making it even wetter, and sucking on his balls. I was driving my tongue deep into his neat little hole, tongue fucking his ass. He moaned and squirmed, bucking towards my tongue, wanting it so badly. He grabbed my head with both hands and forced it deeper between his legs.

"Oh, god, oh god, oh god," he squealed, the last 'oh my god' high pitched and a bit too loud for my liking. I stopped to listen upstairs, to see if Kerry had heard his cries of passion.

His legs were quivering like jelly. I pulled away slightly and could see his asshole contracting.

"Oh, my god... that was amazing," He sighed.

I knew he had nothing to compare it to, so anything probably would've seemed good. But I do have a special talent for eating...because I love it so much.

"It's your turn now," Mike flashed me a devilish smile.

I stood up in front of him, pre cum dripping from the head of my cock. He sat forward, stuck out his tongue and proceeded to suck it dry. Finally, he pulled his mouth away from me.

"Do you wanna fuck me?" -it wasn't so much a question as a statement of what he wanted. He was completely naked, but I still had my shirt on. I took it off, so we both had absolutely nothing on.

I instructed Mike to get on his hands and knees so that he was looking off the backside of the sofa. He reached back with both hands, grabbing onto his ass cheeks in order to spread himself open for me.

"Please fuck me," he said, "I have wanted you to do this for so long".

I was carefully pushing my thick cock inside of his ass before he even finished the sentence. He was so tight and so wet that I did not know how long I could hold out. He gasped as I pushed my dick all the way inside him. He wasn't prepared for something that big, and he moaned and groaned, almost whined, with every thrust. My hairy balls slapped his ass, making sloshing noises and he continued to let out sensual moans. I squeezed his ass hard as I banged him in almost a fury. It was sooooo good.

I was keenly aware of the aroma of sex in the room. I did not want to cum yet, but it was taking a lot of concentration to not just fill him with my seed. When I saw his hands grasping onto the pillows as he climaxed once again, I had to pull out.

"Why are you stopping?" he said "more, please give me more."

Let me tell you, when your young lover wants more cock, you give it to him. I flipped him over so that he was back in the same position as when I was licking him. Very slowly, I slipped my cock inside of him again. I wanted to see those his tight hole dragging across my shaft as I went in and out of him. He was now making very loud sounds of pleasure, which if my wife were awake, she would have been able to hear. Mike's breathing began to increase and I knew that he was going to cum. I reached down and began to play with his cock as I rammed him even harder. My other hand covered his mouth, this was really getting way too loud. I listened again for Kerry upstairs. Nothing...

"Holy shit, oh god," he whispered, chanting in my ear, "fuck me, fuck me, fuck me hard."

It's one thing to hear your wife say that as she is reaching orgasm, but it is entirely different when it is your stepson. I couldn't hold out any longer. I fucked him with complete abandon. Stupidly, I could not pull out of him... could not pull away from him. I came with a vengeance, spewing shoot after shoot of creamy white goo up inside of his. He gasped,

cumming at the same time. He could barely catch his breath. I collapsed on top of him. We lay there silent for a time.

“Mike, you need to go get cleaned up and dressed,” I finally whispered in his ear. I was already starting to feel guilty for fucking him.

“Why?” he asked, clearly tired and not wanting to move from beneath me.

“It’s dangerous doing this while your mother is home... it’s wrong” I said, not sounding very convincing. While I knew it was wrong, I was already thinking about doing it again.

“Don’t worry, no one’s gonna find out,” he said, smiling.

“No, you can never tell anyone,” I said, the ramifications of what we had just done starting to sink in.

“It’s our secret,” he said, “if you promise that we can do it again”.

## **Turned into a Girl by My Tenant and My Girlfriend**

I inherited my three-story home from my father when he died, and because it was so large, I rented out the third floor to a guy named Steve. I advertised the apartment on Craigslist, and he called me up. He was a nice enough dude, and I checked his references. He moved in about a week later, at the start of the lease.

It was actually a good arrangement, I worked from home as a writer, and my girlfriend, Elaine lived with me. We lived on the second floor, and were fixing up the bottom floor to rent out as well. I'd only been going out with Elaine for a couple of months, but it was going along well. Then, she got kicked out of the trailer she'd been renting because the owner was selling it. She had no place to go, so I let her move in with me. Everything was going great, until that one day I came home unexpectedly and caught them in bed together. They didn't even have the decency to stop, they just kept fucking, bodies covered with sweat, and made me watch. That's when it all started.

Elaine took me the next day to the spa to have all of the hair lasered off of my body. I was bald literally from the eyebrows down. I was really embarrassed, but Elaine told me I had to do it. When we returned home, Steve was sitting on our living room couch, and I was surprised to see him there. That was when they told me that they were going to force me to become a girl. I was reluctant, to say the least, but Elaine made it quite clear that I was now an object for their sexual gratification. I was going to be forcibly feminized by them, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

I'd never worn girl's clothing before, but that very night they had me dressed up in a mini skirt, a striped bikini top, and red high heels. Elaine made up my face with her makeup, and I had blue eyeshadow and red lips as well. They even made me wear a long blonde wig, I have no idea where that came from. When my transformation was completed, they made me go out to a bar with them. I could tell that I looked weird, because people looked at me funny as I did my best to walk in high heels. I thought I would die, but I knew I didn't have any choice.

Later, when we got home, Steve made me sit in a bedroom chair with my legs crossed while he slowly undressed my girlfriend. They were kissing and basically pulling at each other's clothes while I just sat there and watched. I was so jealous, she was my girlfriend, after all. But Steve and Elaine were both far more assertive than I ever was, and I knew I had to go along with whatever they wanted. For the second time, I was forced to watch as Steve fucked my woman. He did her doggy-style from behind, and then made her get on top and jump up and down on his hard cock. I was absolutely mortified, but if I tried to look away, Steve would yell at me. Her small breasts bounced up and down as he fucked her so hard. She was sweaty, and her long, curly red hair was a mess, but he kept making her do it. Finally, she came, and her entire body shook with ecstasy as her wetness dripped down over his still-raging hard-on. He dumped her off of him to the side, and she collapsed onto the bed, unable to catch her breath.

“OK, you’re up, Princess,” Steve said to me as he motioned me to come over to the bed. I was frozen, unable to move. I certainly wasn’t expecting to join in with them. My cock was so sore, so fuckin’ hard, from watching them screw. I couldn’t even think straight.

“Don’t make me tell you again,” Steve motioned me over to the bed again, and I could feel myself standing up and moving over to sit down next to him. My legs trembled as his warm, strong hand went slowly up my thigh, up my little skirt. I groaned loudly as he took my cock in his hand, and began to stroke me, and thumbing the sensitive head. I thought for a minute that he might give me a blow job. I didn’t know how to feel about that. It was then that he told me to get down on my knees in front of him. I couldn’t believe this was happening. Elaine was watching as I got down on my knees, and took a long look at Steve’s big penis decorated with thick veins. It was just an inch or so from my face. I had no choice, so I closed my eyes and took him all the way into my mouth, my lips wetting the shaft of it as it was buried down into my throat.

“Good girl, that’s a good girl,” Steve whispered to me as I began going up and down on his cock, sucking him off as hard as I could. I never thought I’d give a guy a blow job, and here it was happening. I was sucking my tenant’s cock while my girlfriend watched. And I was done up like a girl, wearing a skirt, heels, and a wig. How did this ever happen? You might think I’m naïve, but I still had no idea what was coming next.

Steve pulled his dick out of my mouth, and pulled me up into a standing position. It was then that he bent me over, face down, over the side of the bed. He lifted up my little skirt, and I could feel that my ass was exposed. Elaine seemed really excited as Steve pushed a moistened finger up into my asshole. I let out a whine as he did so, and it was then that I realized Steve was gonna fuck me, while Elaine watched. And I was scared.

The next thing I knew, Steve’s huge cock was nestled up against my anus, and I tried to imagine what it would be like to be fucked like a girl.

“You ready, little girl?” Steve asked me and I let out a feeble little ‘yes’ before he pushed his big member up into my ass while I yelled. Son of a bitch, I didn’t know it was possible for something to hurt so much. I thought he busted my ass, and I couldn’t help but cry out as he fucked me again and again. My legs shook as I bent over the side of that bed and took my punishment. I was Steve’s bitch, and he could do with me whatever he wanted, while Elaine watched.

“Oooh, this is one tight ass, Baby,” Steve breathed heavily into my ear as he kept banging me hard. His calloused hand was rubbing my cock as he did so. He took me time after time, thrust after painful thrust. Finally, he seemed to stiffen up, and did one huge plunge up inside of me as he came, shooting creamy goo up inside of me. When he came, I came, unloading my cum all over the bedspread that I was lying across until my little cock was limp once again.

I haven't dressed like a man in over two years now, Steve and Elaine keep me dressed as a girl full-time. Elaine and I do our best to keep Steve satisfied, and he says he's proud to have two pretty girls all to himself.

**And NOW MORE BONUS Sissy TALES FOR YOU – KEEP READING...**

## **The Sugar Daddy's Sissy**

OK, here's the deal, he paid a lot. That's how I got messed up with John William Davis in the first place. I decided a long time ago that shoveling French fries wasn't for me, and certainly wouldn't support me in the way that I wanted to become accustomed to. Even though I'd been born into what many would call a white trash family, which come to think of it, it was, I'd been born with the "get out of jail free" card. Out of a totally average family, I was born. Blonde hair, a handsome face, and a great body. Yeah, let's just say I hit the DNA jackpot.

I was smart enough to realize that I had a marketable asset, so I decided to turn to sugaring. Yeah, guys do it too. You just don't hear much about it. I wanted to find a sugar daddy, a man who was rich enough to support me and do it well. Really, really well. In return, of course, I would do whatever he wanted me to.

I actually found the ad on Craigslist, it piqued my interest and I figured what the hell? I met him in a diner, a nice safe place during the day to meet a complete stranger that would hopefully pull you up out of the gutter. Let's just say I was very pleasantly surprised. John was actually a pretty good-looking guy, in his mid-forties, with blonde hair that was just slightly graying at the temples. He had a body that could have easily belonged to someone half his age. John wore a three-piece suit, and a large gold watch that glittered as he nervously moved his wrist. Apparently, he liked what he saw, too. His twinkly blue eyes got big, and his smile even bigger, when I walked up to him.

And so, it was done. I moved into his palatial home the next day. From a run-down trailer to one of the finest homes in the area. It was even on the lake, which had always been a dream of mine. I had my own beautiful bedroom, and he even took me shopping to buy clothes that were more appropriate for my new lifestyle. I would be attending both social and business events with him, so I certainly couldn't go in what I currently had. He paid me \$10,000 a week to live in his house, be at his beck and call... and other things.

We even had staff in the house, Fritz was about John's age. He was the bearded butler, who always seemed a little grumpy. There was a pretty girl there named Fiona who handled all the cleaning. There was also a woman named Bertha who was the personal chef. She was older than Fiona and I, probably about sixty. Her food was simply incredible.

I was kind of surprised that John and I had been "dating" or living together for a whole week, and we had yet to do it, or anything at all. To be truthful, I really wanted him. He was pretty hot for an older guy, and people really grow on you when they are buying you new clothes, letting you live in a palace, and paying you thousands on top of that.

So, I was pretty happy when John knocked on my bedroom door at around eleven one night. I opened the door, but was surprised to see both John and Fritz at the door. So, then I was confused. Was Fritz gonna watch? Was that John's kink?

Both men moved into the room, the handsome man that was my employer and the butler. I sat down on the bed, and John sat down in a chair next to it. Fritz came over and sat on the

bed next to me, like he was eagerly awaiting something. He leaned over, and kissed me, his brown beard scratching against me lips and face. Although I felt frozen with terror, I complied, kissing him back. It definitely was not what I was into, and yet I knew that I was being paid for. John just watched with a cool stare as Fritz pulled my t-shirt up over my head, and pushed me back onto my bed. I looked down at the butler suckling on my pink nipples. I might have been repulsed, but what was the point? I'd accepted the gifts and this was the agreement, anything John wanted.

That bastard really sucked hard on my nipples, they were red and hard in no time, and despite myself, I was moaning from the pain and pressure. John continued to watch from his chair next to the bed. Let's just say I knew what was coming next.

After moving up to make out with me some more, Fritz kissed down my neck, over my chest, and down my flat stomach. The old guy pulled off the plaid boxers I was wearing for bed with no problem, revealing my complete nakedness to both himself and John for the first time. It was then that Fritz spoke.

"Place your hands on your knees, and pull them up towards your chest. No, you need to spread them wider apart," he said, commanding the room. John watched intently while I obeyed, without so much as a word. It was then that I could feel his rough beard on my thigh. I closed my eyes, trying to relax, while still holding my knees up in the air as instructed. I wondered if this was Fritz's thing, or if this was a position that John liked to watch. I moaned loudly as Fritz found my cock and began sucking on it, hard! I looked down to see his brown head and I couldn't believe I was being blown by the butler. I glanced over at John, who was obviously highly aroused at this point. He met my gaze, mischief spurring in his eyes. I could feel Fritz's strong fingers stretching my ass open now, and moving in and out.

The next thing I knew, Fritz removed his clothes and was on top of me. I groaned as he sunk his long, veiny cock into my tight asshole.

"Oh, yeah, fuck me harder," I heard myself saying, surprising myself as much as the two men in the room. To be truthful, I hadn't gotten any in a while, and had been waiting over a week for John to fuck me silly.

"I'll fuck ya harder," was the response from Fritz, who was pounding the hell out of my backside, and pretty breathless from doing so. My whole body rocked back and forth as he gave it to me again and again.

"Oh, man, I'm cumming," I finally said, as little quivers of ecstasy spread out all over my body. Fritz fucked me harder, and eventually started shaking and groaning himself. I held on tight to his body as his creamy goo shot up inside me over and over. We collapsed onto the bed, both spent. Show's over. John stood up and left the room, followed by Fritz who was quickly gathering up his clothes.



I didn't really know how to feel about what had happened. It was certainly strange, who would've thought I'd ever do any of those things with the older butler? It was kind of creepy. On the other hand, I was being paid to do whatever John, my sugar daddy, wanted me to do. I put the incident out of my head, and went out shopping the next day.

Upon returning, bags in hand, I walked into an awkward scene. Fiona, dressed in her black and white maid uniform, was lying on her back on the couch with legs up in the air. I noticed her dress was hiked up, and her bare bottom and pussy, covered with dark hair, was exposed. John sat next to her, fully dressed in a suit, and he was spanking her reddened bottom with his bare hand. Both turned and looked at me as I walked in the door.

"Just keep walking, Fiona has been a very bad girl today and I'm having to punish her for her transgression," he said coldly. I kept moving, and headed up the spiral staircase to my room. I was learning more and more every day about what life was like in the Davis home. Fortunately, nothing else was asked of me until Friday night came around.

John entered my room at about eight o'clock, and silently took me by the hand. He led me to a room at the end of the hallway that was always locked. Upon entering, I noticed what looked like an exam table in the middle of the room. It had some kind of metal legs sticking out of each side of the table, and brown straps hung from them.

"Don't be afraid, it's just time for your exam," John said, quietly. Man, this guy was even kinkier than I thought. No, wonder he pays so much. He motioned towards the table, and I went over and sat down on it. John tossed me a hospital gown, and I began to slowly undress. I kept telling myself I'm getting paid a shitload of money for this, and that became my mantra. I had no idea what he had in store for me. I looked over at a smaller metal table on the side of the room, and noted many different instruments.

"You're not going to hurt me, right?" I asked, my voice tinged with a hint of fear.

"Oh, course not, Sammy, this is for your own good," John replied, in a matter of fact tone. He motioned for me to get up on the exam table, and the paper crunched beneath my bare bottom. Just then, the door opened and three men I'd never seen before entered the room. I was completely mortified.

"This is Dr. Moore and his associates," John calmly stated.

"Now, Sammy, move yourself down until your bottom reaches the end of the table," John continued to direct me. I did as I was told. My legs were shaking as he held each one up individually and strapped it to the metal leg.

"These straps will help to hold your legs up, and still, during the exam," he reassured me. He reached under the end of the table and started turning a crank, which slowly began to stretch my legs apart. Basically, he spread me wide open, strapped to the metal "stirrups".

Dr. Moore proceeded with what amounted to an exam, down there. He opened my gown, checked my chest, pinched my nipples, and then sat down on a stool in between my legs. The other three men moved closer to watch the entire process, and I felt like I might die on the spot from embarrassment. He carefully examined my balls and rubbed on my cock. I was wondering if this guy was a real doctor and these other men were like interns or something.

I was wrong. No, sooner did I come to that conclusion when Dr. Moore produced a large black dildo.

"Would you like us to fuck you with this big black cock?" Dr. Moore asked me.

"Yes," I replied, knowing the deal. This was obviously going to turn into some kind of erotic medical orgy or something. And I knew better than to cross John, I was his employee. I certainly didn't want to end up like Fiona.

Dr. Moore used his fingers to spread my asshole, and then pushed the massive fake dick up inside of me. It made me groan loudly, filling me up. He fucked me with it, and then handed it off to the next guy until all the men had had a turn fucking me with the big dildo. I moaned and groaned the whole time, my head swaying back and forth. As humiliating as it was, it was still pretty hot. Something about being strapped into stirrups, afraid, and being exposed to all those men I didn't know. Wow, I must have some real issues. Anyway, I was hoping it was going to turn into an orgy, because all those young guys were pretty fine. I'd never done that before. Dr. Moore unstrapped the stirrups, and I lowered my legs to the table below.

"Remove the gown," Dr. Moore instructed me, and I let the blue and white gown fall to the carpet below.

"Bend over the exam table," was his next command, and I did so, my legs already shaking again. He closely examined my little pink hole, and then I felt the pressure of one finger being pushed up inside.

"Whoa, super tight!" the doctor exclaimed to the room.

"Good," said John. He motioned, and the men began filing out of the room.

"Put your hospital gown back on, Sammy. We're going to retreat to a more comfortable area," John explained, and I grabbed the gown off the floor and covered myself up with it. Little did I know, I was about to get exactly what I wanted.

As I entered the living room, I noticed all four men were sitting in arm chairs wearing only their boxers and underwear. I immediately got busy, going over to the doctor, pulling down his boxers, and popping his thick cock into my mouth. I sucked him off, and he rubbed the top of my head while I made him super hard. I moved on to the next guy's lap, and the

doctor rubbed his penis to keep it alert and ready for action. After briefly sucking each one into an aroused state, I laid down on my back on the floor.

Immediately, they were all upon me, all except John, of course. He sat on the couch and watched as the three men went at me. One was kissing me passionately, our tongues wet and intertwined. The doctor was spreading my legs apart, holding them open for his other “associate” who was tasting my dick in his mouth. It was unbelievable, if you’ve never French-kissed one man while another licked your penis, you’d never know what an incredible experience it is. The doctor “forcing my legs open” was an added bonus, I was learning that I really liked to be restrained, or “forced” to do things. It was definitely my turn-on. John was teaching me things about myself that I never would have guessed, or discovered. I was thinking this must be how it was in the caveman days, no bullshit rules to worry about. I bet there were orgies like this all the time, why wouldn’t there be?

We did everything while John watched. I sucked one guy’s cock while the doctor fucked me hard. One fucked me while the other one kissed me and the other one sucked my nipples. All three of them fucked me in the living room of John’s house. By the time we were done, we were all exhausted and just lying on the carpet.

“I need to see you at noon in this room tomorrow,” John said to me as he retired to his own room. I wondered if he whacked off after watching all of these exploits. I also wondered what he wanted me in the living room at noon for.

The next morning, Fritz came to my room and gave me a box. In it, was a short, skimpy black and white maid’s uniform. There were even black heels, and silky girl’s panties. I put it all on and waited for John on the couch, and he arrived at precisely noon.

“I’m going to punish you now, Sammy,” was all he said to me. What the hell? Punish me? I’d done absolutely everything that was asked of me, what was I getting punished for? Still, I didn’t dare say a word, but I was obviously irritated.

He had me stand before him, and he reached up and pulled my panties down to my ankles. He unbuttoned my blouse slowly, letting it fall open and exposing my chest. My black heels were still on my feet as he sat me down on the couch, turned me sideways, and pushed me onto my back. I suddenly realized I was in the exact same position as Fiona had been only a few days before. My white ass was up in the air. John was holding my legs up towards my head with one arm, and he began spanking my ass cheeks sharply with the other hand. It really hurt, too. He paddled my ass good as I wondered what I did to deserve this.

Bertha opened the door and entered the room on her way to the kitchen.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Sir, I didn’t realize you were in here,” she said, barely glancing at us and hurrying towards her own domain.

“That’s fine, Bertha, Sammy has been very bad and is receiving punishment for it,” John explained to her. It was then that I realized that Fiona probably hadn’t done anything to

“deserve” her punishment, either. I guess he just liked spanking people, in front of other people. Oh, my ass was red and sore, but in a weird way, I kind of liked it. Was I an exhibitionist, or into sexual spanking, or both? I wasn’t sure, but I knew that John, my sugar daddy, still had a lot more to teach me.

## **Taken to Be Sissy for the Biker Gang**

It started as a normal Friday night for me. I was drinking a few beers with my friend, Stan at our usual place, Sonny's. I'd know Stan since high school, and he was going through a crappy divorce after only being married three years. So, I was trying to be there for him, spend time with him, and just be supportive. We'd already had about four beers when they crowded through the door. Their voices were loud, and domineering.

It was a bunch of guys I'd never seen before, and that's different in our small town. I usually know everyone who walks in the place, but this group definitely wasn't from around here. They looked really tough, lots of leather jackets, chaps, and chains hung from their clothing. Most of them had beards and moustaches. The minute I saw them, I looked at Stan with a look of "this is gonna be trouble." We stayed really quiet, just trying to mind our own business. Our voices went down to just mumbles between the two of us.

"You boys want another?" Tiffany asked as she continued washing glasses over the sink at the bar. Her huge breasts were prominently displayed in her tight, low cut V-neck shirt. She got more tips that way. I remembered the last time I fucked her, she'd made noises like a strangled cat. I smiled at her, because this struck me as funny. Redheads, they were always a little... off.

I was ready to go, given the new clientele, but Stan said yes and I was stuck there having another beer. He talked about what a bitch his soon-to-be ex Lynda was, and I just nodded as the cool blast of my new beer hit the back of my throat. We talked a while longer, and I was determined to get out of there after this last beer.

"Oh, I gotta take a piss," Stan groaned as he stood up, a little wobbly from the alcohol. Before I knew it, he was off to the men's room, leaving me alone. Tiffany was way down at the other end of the bar, waiting on a heavy-set customer. All of a sudden, I was surrounded by these tough bikers, and I thought I heard one of them say "Now." Someone grabbed my arm, and I was hurried, almost dragged, out the backdoor, completely surrounded by the bikers. It happened in a second, and no one in the bar saw anything.

In the parking lot, I was put on the back of a Harley. I thought about resisting, but they were all way bigger than me, and I was definitely outnumbered by like ten to one. There was no one else in the parking lot as I looked around, hoping to see someone I knew. I didn't know what they wanted with me, but I figured they'd drive me a few blocks away, rob me, and let me go or something. I'd just gotten paid for a job I did, so I had a few hundred dollars cash on me. I'd give them that, and then they'd be on their way. I was sure of it.

I had to hold on tight to the big man driving the bike, and I wrapped my small arms around his waist, the black, soft leather cold against my skin. He was very muscular, I could tell even though he was dressed in a jacket and black leather chaps. He had slicked-back black hair and a black moustache that was neatly clipped. I guess he'd be considered good-looking by the ladies. I clutched to him quite tightly, because I'd never ridden on a motorcycle before. The group of motorcycles turned left onto the highway, and I wondered

where the fuck we were going. You certainly didn't need to drive someone miles and miles just to rob them. That made me even more apprehensive.

When we hit exit 43, they turned off and we ended up pulling into some kind of old campground. As they pulled up to some tents, it became clear that this is where they were staying. I was really scared now, what the hell did they want with me? I thought briefly about Stan, and whether he was wondering what happened to me. All that was left at the bar was my half-empty glass of beer. Maybe he'd ask Tiffany where I went, and she'd say she doesn't know, that she didn't see me leave. How the fuck did I get myself in this mess? One minute I was drinking a beer, listening to my friend whine about his marriage, and now I was here, with a bunch of the scariest-looking dudes I'd ever seen.

We all got off the bikes, and I just stood there, not knowing what to do. There were some other bikers there, sitting around a big, crackling campfire. I looked around, just one big campground that had been deserted a long time ago. Nowhere to run and hide, it was all cleared out. It looked like there was a fringe of forest way beyond all the sites, about six hundred feet away. It was hard to see, though, as the fire and a few kerosene lamps staggered throughout the site were the only light. The big guy who I'd been riding with walked over to a cooler and pulled out a couple beers. He handed me one, which I thought was kind of weird. I started pounding it, to try to help calm my nerves.

"Oh, she's a beauty," one older guy sitting by the campfire commented as he looked me up and down.

"Yeah, we really outdid ourselves this time, blonde, such great cheekbones, and those light green eyes," one of the guys who was at the bar replied.

"She's got the littlest ass, too," another one said, and it began dawning on me that they'd brought me here because they thought I was attractive? That really freaked me out.

"Sit down," I was told by another big dude with a beard, and I sat down on the ground near the fire.

"And look, she even does what she's told," said a deep voice behind me, and they all started laughing.

The man who I'd ridden with sat down next to me on the ground. He talked to me a soothing, quiet voice.

"What's your name?" he purred into my ear, making goosebumps pop up all over me.

"Jay," I replied, realizing just afterwards that I should've given him a fake name. I raked my hand through my shoulder-length platinum hair, nervously.

"What do you do, Jay?" was the next question. This time I was gonna lie, but I couldn't come up with anything. So, I just told the truth.

"I'm a model," I said quietly, and they all started laughing hysterically.

"I bet you are," he replied, smiling at me. He stood up, and reached his hand down to me, as if to pull me up to a standing position. I took his hand, and he pulled me up. He headed toward a navy tent, and I followed along behind him as he led me by the hand. The rest of them let out a bunch of lewd catcalls as we entered the tent. I didn't really see any other option at the time, so I crawled into the tent behind him. There was dim light from a battery-powered lantern that sat in the corner of the tent.

"OK, here's the deal. I'm not gonna make you do anything you don't want to, in fact, I'll put you on the back of my bike and take you back to that bar right now, if you want," he told me as we sat down on a plaid sleeping bag. I'd had too much to drink, and I felt a bit woozy.

"Yeah, yeah," I said, thinking I'd be better off just to get the hell out of there.

"Or, we could have a little fun first," he continued, putting his big, strong hand around my upper thigh. He leaned in to me, and his warm, wet lips brushed my own as he began kissing me. I'd never kissed a man before, and I was surprised that it just made me melt. I could feel myself becoming aroused, and blood rushed into my cock in my jeans. It was scary, it was exciting. I could feel myself take hold of his leather jacket, clutching it, just trying to stabilize myself. The inside of the tent was spinning, and his kisses were so soft, so gentle, yet so persistent. He removed his leather jacket, and he was just wearing a sleeveless white t-shirt underneath. He was tanned, and he took me in his muscular arms.

"Oh, so you like this," he whispered as he felt the bulge in my jeans. His lips were on my neck now, and moving down. He pulled my shirt over my head, and just looked at me for a moment. His wet mouth found my little pink nipple, and he nipped at it, making it hard and stoking a hot desire in me. I didn't know what this meant, I certainly wasn't gay, but what did this make me, if I made love to him? A reluctance played with my brain, but I'd had too much to drink to care; I'd worry about it some other time. I could feel the big bump in his leather chaps, and he peeled those off in no time at all.

I could hear the other men's voices outside as they got drunker and partied around the campfire. I knew they knew what we were doing, and that anyone lurking outside the tent could be listening. I certainly wouldn't put it past them. To tell the truth, though, it kind of turned me on. This big muscular biker, who'd just peeled off his leather, so dangerous, so uncivilized. And all those other scary guys outside, probably listening to everything we did and said.

He was totally naked now. As he sat there next to me, I looked down at his pecker. It was huge, and I could see the veins that fed it, making it so fuckin' hard. His hand was on the back of my blonde head now, and he pushed my head down into his lap. I didn't suck it, at first. I was nervous at the prospect, but I could feel the soft head, like silk, rubbing against my closed lips.

"C'mon, Baby," he said in a bedroom voice, and this made me open up my mouth and take him inside. I never thought I'd be sucking a cock, that's for sure. And it was so big, it made my jaw ache. I started going up and down the shaft, making it wet, and sucking really hard. I did this for a few moments as he leaned his head back in absolute ecstasy.

"Oh, yeah, suck it harder, suck my cock, Jay," he said in a voice that was a bit louder, and at that moment, another man entered the tent. I was sucking so hard on that first guy's penis. And I was doing it willingly, and now there was another one.

"See, I knew you were a sissy," the second guy said to me as he sat down next to me. I didn't say anything, I just kept sucking cock, thinking I really was being a sissy. The second guy undid his pants, and his thick, red cock came popping out. He reached down and started rubbing it as he watched me blow his friend. Then, I could feel his strong arms around my waist, and he undid my jeans button, and unzipped my pants. Then his hand slipped down the back of them. A wet finger found my tight hole back there, and he was slowly massaging it. I knew then that my duties would include more than just blow jobs. I was breathing heavy, and having a cock down my throat certainly didn't help that any. It was...exciting.

The second guy, the one with the beard, started pulling down my jeans and got them off of me. I kept giving my biker the blowjob of his life, rubbing his hairy balls in my hand, and going up and down so fast that he could barely contain himself. It was then that I felt the new guy's hairy, bearded face in my pelvis. I stopped sucking cock for a moment as he started sucking my little penis.

"Oh, god," I moaned as he did so, and I just thought I was gonna lose it.

"Keep sucking," the first guy with the black, slicked back hair told me, as he pushed my mouth back onto his cock. It was the most unbelievable feeling of my life, sucking one cock, which I shouldn't have been doing in the first place. Then, this bearded dude, with my dick in his mouth. He was really good at it, too, starting off slow and wet, making me want so much more. I wanted him to take me deeper, faster. I wanted to be sucked off so hard. My toes were curling. I was basically lying down on my side, twisted, with my head in the first guy's lap, and then the bearded guy's face in my own. I could hear soft voices and laughing right outside of the tent, so I knew others were listening. This made my wet cock jump inside the bearded dude's mouth. I found myself reaching down to gently rub the back of his head as he pleased me. I ran his curly, dark hair through my splayed fingers. Oh, man, it was soooooo good.

"I'm gonna call you Jade from now on," the first guy huffed as he got closer and closer to cumming. After sucking his cock for so long, I actually longed for him to blow, ejaculate and fill my throat with his hot, steaming seed. Instead, he pulled his meat out of my mouth and recovered for a moment before pushing my head down on him once again.

The bearded guy pushed his long, wet finger through my asshole, and it stung a little because I was so tight back there. I kept sucking cock, but began moaning loudly as he moved it in and out of me, then pushing in two fingers, then three. It was painful, but it felt



good too. He kept sucking my dink the whole time, and I thought I would just cum, like I'd never cum before. No, girl had ever done anything like that to me before.

Then, the guy who was invading my asshole pulled me up into a position where I was on all fours. I could feel him pulling his pants down to his knees, and he pushed his big salami boner up against my poor hole. I was hoping the first man would cum before the bearded guy took me up the ass. I knew it was gonna hurt, and I couldn't imagine having a dong inside my mouth while I was violated that way. But it wasn't to be, I was still sucking his schlong when Mr. Beard buried the head of his cock in my anus. Oh, it hurt, and I whined loudly as I was made to take it. The burning was unbearable. Then, he pushed it all up inside my ass, which made me whine loudly and my legs collapsed beneath me.

"Oh, man, so good, so tight," he huffed as he banged up against my little rear end. I kept sucking the whole time, and I really felt like a girl with a cock in my throat and getting reamed up the ass at the same time. I could hear voices outside, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. They probably knew I was getting fucked up the ass, hard. And it was hard, that man buried himself deep, all the way, again and again as I moaned and groaned. I thought I was gonna die, and just then, the first guy began to stiffen up, and thrust deeply into my mouth, spewing burst after burst of hot jism down my throat.

"Holy fuck," he groaned as he did so, continuing to hold my head in his lap as he came, his cock jerking in my mouth. The bearded dude never missed a beat, and kept punishing my tight hole in a rhythmic fashion.

"Oh, oh," I moaned as he took me again and again. Then, a whole bunch of guys flooded into the tent to watch me being de-flowered. I was loosening up and the ride was a lot smoother for my bearded friend now. My ass felt raw, but he managed to keep up the pace, loving me, until he finally came, shooting his cum inside my ass and yelling out loudly as he did so. I was so spent by that time, I collapsed down onto my back on the sleeping bag. The first guy began sucking my poor little cock and I lifted up my knees and spread my legs wide, allowing him to do so while all the others watched.

The gang had a sissy, and her name was Jade. She had blonde hair that just reached passed her shoulders, and the lightest green eyes you've ever seen.

It was then that I slipped off the map, and no one in my home town ever saw me again.

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