

Sissy Stories Bundle

A woman with blonde hair is posing on a tufted gold chair. She is wearing a white lace strapless bustier, white lace thong underwear with garters, and white lace thigh-high stockings. She is also wearing a multi-strand necklace with a central rainbow-colored gemstone. The background is a white wall with a decorative molding.

FORCE

Feminized

22 Sissy Stories

SUZANNE JAMES

Sissy Stories Bundle:

FORCE Feminized

22 Sissy Maid and Sissy Erotica Stories

(sissy maid stories, sissy husband, sissy maid, sissy stories, sissy story, sissy erotica, sissy feminization, sissy boy, sissy cuckold, sissy boyfriend)

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My Saturday Sissy Maid

Why did I do it? That's an interesting question. Why does anyone really do anything? Maybe, simply because they can. Perhaps it was my childhood, moving place to place, never making any real friends, never having any real, tangible security in my life. It made me feel vulnerable, and created a stirring need inside of me for... control.

Ron's an attorney. We met when I was in a car accident and needed a lawyer. I guess you could say we hit it off right away. After my case was settled, he asked me out on a date. We were ripping each other's clothes off as soon as I got into his car. In fact, we never made it to dinner that first night.

But just six months into our marriage, things had changed. I think we both just lost interest and became bored with our sex life. We started fighting all the time, over even stupid stuff like who drank all the orange juice. I thought we were headed towards divorce if something didn't change.

One night, after watching T.V. and heading to bed, we started having sex. This time, however, feeling I had nothing to lose, I started taking the initiative. I climbed on top of him, I dominated him, and I told Ron what to do. It was exhilarating for me, and strangely, it turned him on as well. My tough, argumentative attorney actually liked being controlled. And I, of course, loved being the one in charge. It just really escalated from there. My desire for control got really... out of control.

You see, I'm the kind of girl who likes one guy's cock in my snatch and another guy's dick up my ass, at the same time, while my husband sits by and watches. When we first got married, I didn't know that, but now I do.

I started calling him my Saturday Sissy Maid. I dressed Ron up in a cute little maid outfit, a hot pink little dress with black spaghetti straps, a pink apron with black pockets on the front, and a black thong, with black high heels. I even made up his face with makeup, and styled his platinum blonde hair. I had him grow his hair out to shoulder-length and wear it in a tight, low ponytail when he was working. That made him look like a real sissy maid every Saturday when I dressed him up.

He waited on me hand and foot, I made him do the dishes, make the beds, and clean the whole house, all while his ass hung out in that cute little black thong. He was reluctant to be my sissy maid, but it got to be the one thing that really turned me on, and he definitely wanted me really horny.

It wasn't even enough to just have him dressed up like a girl and cleaning the house, though. I invited this guy from the warehouse at work over one Saturday night. He was gorgeous, big, black and muscular. He had a lot of tattoos, which I really liked, too. I wanted him to fuck me sooooo bad I could almost taste it. Ron was really shocked when he rang our doorbell.

"Get the door," I yelled to Ron, who was in full Sissy Maid attire.

"I don't want to," he complained back to me, reluctant to be seen by anyone.

"Do it, Now!" I commanded, and he finally relented. He knew if he didn't go along, there would be no sex for him, ever. I could tell he was embarrassed, but that was really the best part of the whole thing.

"Oh, I, uh, is Danielle here?" Samuel asked, obviously taken aback by my Saturday Sissy Maid's appearance.

"Um, yes, come in," Ron said, doing a little curtsy just like I'd taught him.

"Uh, OK," Samuel responded, pushing passed him and through the doorway. I can just imagine what Samuel was thinking at this point. You have entered into the twilight zone...

I came running down the stairs and jumped right up on Samuel, my arms around his neck and my legs wrapped around his waist.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" I exclaimed as I jumped into his arms. My warm, wet lips brushed against his, but I could tell Ron's presence was unnerving to him.

"This is Ronnie, my Saturday Sissy Maid," I said simply.

"Oh, uh, ok," Samuel said, more than a little surprised. I guess he was just willing to go along with whatever I said.

"Carry me upstairs," I whispered seductively into Samuels's ear, enveloped by his big, strong arms. He started up the staircase with me in his arms. My long fingers ran through his short hair, and I begin kissing on his neck. I could feel the arousal starting in my panties and spreading out all over my body. Ron dutifully walks behind us up the stairs. He knows he has to watch, and if he's lucky, maybe I'll let him get in on the action a little bit. Maybe.

Once we hit the bedroom, I started unbuttoning my blouse to reveal my black brassiere. Samuel's hands were running over my back, and then fumbling with the button to my jeans. Ron just sat in the chair next to our bed and watched. He looked a bit perturbed, but I didn't care. All I could think about was Samuel's big cock. I peeled down my jeans and threw them. He unbuttoned his khakis, pulled his t-shirt off, and pulled off his pants and boxers. What a big, beautiful body he had. And it was enormous, so stiff and so proud.

He threw me backwards on the bed, wearing only my bra and black panties. I could see Ron out of the corner of my eye, shifting in his seat. I reached behind me, unclipping my bra and unleashing my big, round titties. Samuel's wet mouth was on my nipple at once, and I could feel his big, calloused hand reaching down into my panties to rub me, to get me ready for him. I moaned loudly with his warm mouth on my nipple, and I pulled my panties off

myself. His generous lips kissed down over my flat stomach, making his way down to between my legs.

Samuel was licking me, and it was absolutely amazing. I looked over at Ron, who was taking in the whole thing. He said he didn't like watching, but I knew better. I bucked up against Samuel, pushing my pussy up into his face as his tongue pleased my clit. It's hard to describe that hunger that you have when you want to get fucked so badly, but you're just not at that delicious point yet. I thought I was about to cum when Samuel took his big cock in his hand, rubbing it. He looked me directly in the eyes as he got in position to stuff it up inside of me.

I groaned as he entered me, feeling stretched beyond anything I'd ever experienced before. I grabbed onto his big rear, trying to settle myself. My legs dangled helplessly in the air as he pounded me hard with his enormous boner, over and over again.

"Oh, God, Oh, God," I heard myself chanting as he banged the hell out of me. I looked over at Ron, who looked less than amused. I loved every minute of it, getting fucked by that big black cock while he watched, totally emasculated, my little sissy husband. Samuel was grunting loudly, and sweat covered both of our bodies. I could feel my cunt contracting, working its way up towards an orgasm.

"Your pussy is so sweet, so tight, oh, it's so fuckin' good," Samuel was saying, and I couldn't help myself. My body got rigid and then let loose. I got all wet, it just flowed. Samuel reacted to this, his body stiffening, and he gave me three more deep thrusts before shooting his hot cum up inside of me as he groaned.

Samuel got dressed and left almost immediately. Believe it or not, I think he was just in it for the sex and then had better things to do on a Saturday night. My sissy maid husband was, of course, not happy with me at all. Still, he had a stiffy like I'd never seen on him before. I climbed down off the bed and got on my knees in front of him.

I lifted up his pink dress, and pulled down his black thong. I took his boner in my warm, wet mouth and started bobbing up and down on it. His hands were in my long hair, as I sucked him off. It didn't take long, and I only heard him gasp once before his thick cream filled up my throat. I knew he was grateful for the experience. Maybe next time I can get Samuel to fuck him up his tiny sissy ass. Now, that would be really hot.

Read on for your next Bonus Sissy Story, and more...Sissy Stories to Come...

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.

Picked as Sissy of the Pirate Ship, One Reluctant Sissy

I'll admit that I'd always wanted to be a pirate. The delicious promise of a life of freedom, of travel, and yes, even debauchery, was my one and only desire. Exciting days of adventure followed by nights of drunken stupor sounded like the life to me, and I can remember listening to their tales as a young lad in my father's inn whenever they came to port. Of course, father didn't approve, but I didn't care. The first chance I got, I signed up to make sail with the first pirate captain who would take me out to sea. I was nineteen years old.

I had no idea what I'd signed up for, the first night we sailed into a storm. The waves were so big, twenty feet high, and I thought we'd all perish. Everyone was screaming and yelling as we pulled at ropes and scrambled around, hoping upon hope to survive the next wave that came crashing down upon us. We took on water, and bailed out buckets of water as fast as our arms would allow. It went on for hours, all through the night, but abated once the sun appeared on the far horizon. The crew had survived the night, and although the ship was battered, we continued to head out farther into the open ocean.

Day followed night of hard, grueling work, and the pirates became more surly as each one passed. I was smaller than the rest, but did my best to pull my weight. I tried hard to find my place. We'd been out at sea for about ten days when the captain called me into his private cabin for a talk. I sat down at a wooden table, and he loudly placed a bottle of rum on the table in front of us. It wasn't a surprise, he was intoxicated most of the time.

"Drink up, my boy," he told me as he pushed the bottle closer. I knew better than to resist an order from the captain, so I picked up the bottle and took a few chugs from it. It was warm, burning, as it passed through my mouth and down my throat. It was then that he began to speak.

"The men have voted, they've picked you Sissy of the Ship," he told me as he pulled at his long black beard. I didn't know what that meant, and I'm sure a look of confusion must have come across my face. I'd never heard that term before.

"Ssissy of the ship?" I repeated what he'd said, and a crooked smile formed on his own rugged face. Then he nodded, grabbed the bottle back away from me, and took a long drink of it. He then walked over to a large trunk and flipped up the heavy lid. He pulled out a long green velvet gown, and threw it over to me. I was aghast, my mouth fell open but no words would escape.

"The men have needs, they're agitated, and if they don't get some relief, I'll soon have a mutiny on my hands," he told me as he took the seat next to me again. I looked down at the fancy gown in my hands, and wondered what woman had worn this lovely garment. And where was she now?

"I'm... I'm not a woman," I told him, stating what I thought was obvious.

"Of course, not, we can't have a woman on the ship, tis bad luck to be sure. Why, the last time we had a woman on board, well, let's just say it went badly," he explained, his gruff old voice trailing off as he ended his statement, as if remembering something from the past.

"You just need to keep the men...happy, that's all. You can do that, can't ya?" he asked, his squinty eyes looking deep into mine. I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded my head.

"Aye, Sir," I told him. Although I'd never had an actual sexual encounter in my life, I'd hung around the taverns enough to at least have an idea what the captain was expecting of me. I have to admit that I was a bit excited at the prospect, even if it was with these naughty pirates. As I started to disrobe, to put on my dress, the captain slipped out of the cabin.

Surprisingly, the exquisite emerald garment fit without much fuss. I picked up a small, ornate yet tarnished silver compact, off of the wooden table and carefully flipped it open. I wondered if it belonged to her, but had no way of knowing. I looked at myself in the mirror, and dragged my fingers through my long, wavy dark locks. Large, dark brown eyes met mine in the reflection, and I felt as if I was looking at myself for the first time.

I didn't know what would happen next, would someone come in the cabin? As I thought of the prospects, I saw that the bottle of rum still sat on the table. I grabbed it, and swallowed down as much as I could, as fast as my mouth and throat would allow. Then, I sat down on a wooden chair once again. I drank more, and eventually the room began to spin uncontrollably. It was then that he appeared at the door.

It was the first mate, and although I didn't realize it at the time, that did make sense. He was a man named Big George, and he was the most senior person on board apart from the captain. Of course, he would be first. We stared at each other for a moment, but neither said a word. What was there to say? There was an energy in the air, it seemed thick, and the candle flickered on the table as we stood there in silence. It was then that he approached me.

One large hand was placed upon his hat, and he removed and placed it on the table. I backed up, my rear-end up against the edge of the table, and my breathing quickened. In no time at all, he was upon me, his lips sucking at my neck, moving up and down it. I moaned softly, having never been touched like this before. His mouth was on mine, his beard rough against my cheeks as his tongue plundered my wet mouth. He took my mouth again and again with his thick tongue, and it was warm and made me quiver. He picked me up and sat me down on the table, his rough hands running up the outsides of my legs, pushing my gown higher and higher. His lips were all over my neck and chest as I could feel him undoing the buttons at the back of my dress.

After a few moments of fumbling, Big George peeled down the top of my gown revealing my chest. His hot mouth was immediately upon my nipple, pulling and playing with it. I groaned as he sat down in the wooden chair and pulled me down upon his lap. I sat on the hard bulge in his pants and he told me what to do...to do things...to him. He played with my titties before finally pushing me down onto the floor and onto my knees. He unbuttoned his

pants, and pulled out his big cock, nearly hitting me in the face with it. I was lost in the sexual tension of it all as I slowly took his huge member between my lips and began to work my way up and down on it. It was so big that my mouth ached as I sucked him off, and he moaned loudly as his hands messed in my shoulder-length hair.

I could hear the other pirates outside the door, and I imagined they were listening to us. Our pace quickened, his body jerking. I thought for sure he was going to cum in my mouth. Instead, Big George pulled back away from me, and pulled me up to my feet. He jerked up the back of my dress, and pushed me face first over that same wooden table.

My legs trembled as I grabbed the sides of the table tightly with my small hands. I could feel the cool air hit my rear end as the dress was now up around my waist. He must've wet his hand with his mouth because he was caressing my anus with moistened fingers. I couldn't help but let out a cry.

"Oh, no," I managed to say as he was about to take me and make me his own. His hairy crotch bumped up against my bare ass and I could feel his hard cock push up against my tight little virgin hole. He held me tightly with his strong arms as he christened me with the head of his veiny cock, and it stung so badly that I cried out some more. The pirates outside cheered as Big George finally managed to bury his manhood all the way up my tight asshole, making me scream and scream some more.

"That's a good girl, you scream, you scream it all out," he whispered to me as he fucked me hard up the ass. Every time he pulled out, I felt a tiny bit of relief before that hot poker was pushed in again, making me burn and jerk from the love he was giving me. He grunted and smacked my little white ass over and over, until he finally came, gasping and filling me up with his cream. My body ached and I was tired as he buttoned up his pants and left me there on the table. He mumbled, "that's a good sissy," as he walked out of the room and closed the door.

A short while later, two of the younger pirates entered the captain's cabin, and I realized the night was just beginning. I figured the worst must be over, so I stood up and smoothed down my gown in preparation for Act Two. One of these seamen was the best-looking on the ship, and I'd caught myself looking at him many times over the past week or so. His blonde hair was long down his back and he had bright eyes, and generous lips. I went to him, unable to look him in the eye, but able to undo his trousers and push him down into the chair. He was more than happy with this, and I got down on my knees and took him into my wanting lips.

He was smaller than Big George, but definitely more pleasurable to me. As I sucked hard on his erect penis, I could feel the other young man come up behind me, pulling me into a standing, but bent over position. He hitched up my green gown and dropped his trousers. This second pirate took me up the ass as I lavished attention upon my blonde friend's member. And this time, I was actually enjoying myself. The guy behind me humped and bumped at me as I gasped, all the while sucking off the handsome pirate. They came at the

same time, the one behind me filling me up with stream after stream of cum while the blonde one ejaculated sweet serum into my mouth, and I swallowed it all down.

At that point, the door swung open and the remaining occupants of the ship stumbled in. As they all undressed for our first gang bang, I suddenly realized I had found my place on the ship. I was the sissy of the ship, a very good position on board, perhaps the most important one.

I had heard of the savage sexual exploits of pirates when they came into port. I'd been weaned on the tales of debauchery that had so excited me as a young man. It never occurred to me that life on the ship was the same, and now I'd become an integral part of that. I was a pirate, after all.

And Now, More Bonus Sissy Tales For You, Keep Reading...

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 reemerged, 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 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 him. 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”.

Made a Sissy at the Doctor's Office

I should've known when the package came in the mail that something was up. Of course, I wasn't allowed to open the box until she got home from work, but I just had a weird feeling about the perfectly normal-looking brown package.

It was hot pink lace, sissy panties that she'd found online. The back of them was almost non-existent, but the front had a see-through pink lace sheath that my penis is inserted into. They were very feminine and delicate, lacy. She made me try them on with my new black high heels and a silk bra that she'd also purchased. I was a bit embarrassed, but I knew better than to cross Larissa. She always got her way, one way or another.

We actually started out in a conventional way. We met at a bar, and hit it off right away. Some people, my friends, in fact, found Larissa a bit off-putting. She's bossy, she's loud, but if you can put up with her mouth, her body is absolutely bangin'. And long, straight blonde hair. She has a pretty face, too. Beautiful eyes, a nose that is thin and perhaps a tiny bit too long for her face, but full, pouty lips that are absolutely mesmerizing. I wanted to bang her right away. I love blondes. My friends wanted to fuck her too, but they couldn't get passed her...personality.

And I'm the first to admit that we're an odd couple, direct opposites as a matter of fact. I'm a personal trainer, I've always been obsessed with being in shape, working out at the gym. I've been a jock since high school, I played football and hockey since I was a little kid. Despite being into a lot of physical activities, I'll confess that I'm a little bit shy, and way more introspective than Larissa ever thought of being.

We started out dating, and she took over almost from the start. We moved in together, and I went from a macho guy who just worried about getting laid to a little boy that just desperately needs his mamma's approval. And Larissa likes nothing better than a challenge; taking me from a guy's guy, a body builder, to a sissy boy was her ultimate goal. She'd had only limited success, of course. I went along with letting her take control, telling me what to do both in public and private. I let her spank me with a paddle in ass, less leather chaps, but I said no, when she wanted me to do things with other men. And I wouldn't wear girls' clothing, or underwear.

Now, with the arrival of my new sissy panties, that was all changing. She'd convinced me to try them on, with the new bra and a pair of black high heels.

"Don't you like them?" she asked, a smirk playing on her perfect, curvy lips.

"Larissa."

"What?" she asked, getting annoyed now. Her hands were planted firmly on her curvy hips.

"You know how I feel about this," I tried to explain to her as I nervously hitched in the lacy panties.

"Yeah, Brad, I do know, but I've had enough of this. Tomorrow, you're going to see the doctor, to see just what the fuck is wrong with you, because I've absolutely had it with you," she spat the words out at me.

"Doctor, what kind of doctor?" I asked, almost breaking an ankle as I pulled off the shiny, black pumps she'd made me try on.

"Don't worry about it, you'll find out tomorrow," she said, storming back towards the bedroom. Larissa always turned me on when she was pissed off, which was a lot. But it was no use. She wouldn't let me touch her the whole night.

She made me wear my new pink sissy panties to the doctor's office. I was more than a bit uncomfortable with that, but she let me wear my jeans, t-shirt, and Nikes to make me feel better. I still couldn't forget I was wearing them, though, as they were definitely itchier than my regular boxers.

As we pulled up, I wondered loudly what kind of a "doctor" had an office in the back of a strip mall.

"A specialist... you're gonna get a very thorough exam and some...therapy," she explained to me as she turned off the car and pulled the keys out of the ignition.

"Therapy... great," I said in my most sarcastic voice.

"I could do without the sarcasm. And I'm just gonna say this, Brad, if this doesn't work, it's over. I've spent way too much time trying to fix whatever is going on between the two of us, and I'm not happy, so ... let's just say this better work... or I'm done," her words tore through my heart like a knife. I was in love with her, despite all of her shortcomings, and I certainly didn't want to start over with anyone else. I just wanted Larissa. I wanted to make her happy.

"Ok, ok, I got it," I reassured her as I closed my car door and headed into the office. It looked like any other doctor's office... a TV, magazines. There were a number of chairs, but we were the only ones there other than a receptionist with big, curly red hair. So, I checked in with her. It wasn't long before I was escorted into the doctor's office, and Larissa came along behind me. She acts like she's my mother or something.

"Get undressed, the doctor will be with you in a minute," the old nurse told me as she walked out the door and closed it behind herself. I could've shit, I certainly didn't want anyone to see my sissy panties! I got really nervous right then, but Larissa told me to take off my jeans and t-shirt and lie down on the paper-covered hospital bed. I would've rather been naked than lying there in sissy underwear, but Larissa made me keep them on. That's when Dr. Davis came in.

"So, you must be Brad," he said in a professional tone as he shook my hand. I tried to cover up my pink, lace panties with my other hand but it didn't work.

He was a handsome man, taller than normal with dark hair that was straight and cut short. He clearly worked out, as his muscles were obvious even under his suit and white coat.

"I like your panties," he told me as he rolled me over onto my side, facing the white cement wall. He pulled my thong down just a little, and then I could feel something cold and wet being applied to my asshole. I jumped as soon as he touched me.

"I know it's a bit cold, isn't it?" he asked as he reached over to grab something I couldn't see off of his table.

"Now, this will only hurt a little," Dr. Davis informed me as he pushed something hard up against my lubed hole. It hurt like hell, but I wasn't about to yell out. I just let him impale me with whatever it was as I breathed loudly and groaned. It felt like my insides had been absolutely plowed, and my legs trembled from the awful sensation.

"Good girl," the doctor said as I let him insert that big butt-plug up inside of my ass. I turned pale at that time, all blood draining from my face. I was really quiet. Why was he calling me a girl? I looked over at Larissa, who looked quite pleased with how things were progressing. Dr. Davis then set me back down onto my back, leaving that nasty butt plug buried up my poor, virginal asshole.

"It hurts," I told them, but it didn't matter.

"You'll feel a lot better in just a minute," the doctor said as he pulled down the front of my lace underwear, releasing my veiny cock from its pink, lace sheath. He massaged my balls, but I don't know if he was doing an exam or simply trying to make me hard. It worked, my little soldier came to attention despite the excruciating pain radiating from my ass. Before I knew what was happening, he was sucking my cock.

I looked over at Larissa with big eyes as he deep-throated my cock, and she was absolutely thrilled. This was what she'd wanted all along, of course. She wanted me to take part in homosexual acts while she watched. And now, here I was, letting this good-looking doctor suck my pecker for all it was worth. I wanted him to stop, but I didn't. It was the best blow job I ever got, hands down. So, I laid there, my lacy pink panties halfway down my thighs, and let him suck me into oblivion. My breathing became harder, and I moaned loudly as my toes curled. I'll admit, it turned me on. I began caressing the back of his head and then after a few "ugh, ughs" from me, I filled his throat with my thick, creamy goodness. He greedily swallowed it all before sitting down in the office chair. It was then that he unzipped his fly and pulled down his trousers to expose his big, red shaft to me.

"My turn," I heard the doctor say as I was barely recovering from my earth-shattering orgasm. I climbed down off the table, completely shocked by the fact that I was gonna be swallowing this guy's big piece of meat. I could tell Larissa was loving every minute of it.

Her biggest fantasy was setting me up with someone online and then making me suck his big pecker. It was something I'd managed to avoid, until now.

I pulled up my panties, and then got down on my knees in front of Dr. Davis. I stared at his dick, and it felt like it was looking back at me. I swallowed hard before licking my lips and forcing myself to take the head of it inside of my mouth.

"Ohhhh," the guy groaned as I started sucking his meat as hard as I could. As I bobbed up and down on his hard shaft, I realized that I had finally become the biggest sissy ever. My asshole was aching from that torturous plug as I moved. The sissy panties, the punishment, and the doctor's dick in my throat actually turned me on, more than I'd ever thought possible. I did my best to give the doctor the wettest, tightest blowjob ever, and I knew I'd become a real sissy boy as I felt his hot jism squirt down my throat, again and again. I licked his cock perfectly clean afterwards.

When we were done, Larissa broke out into loud applause.

Bought And Made A Sissy Maid Slut

I didn't want to do it. In fact, my sister Gina talked me into it. The Bachelor Auction... it was for charity, so that's how she got me to do it. I just didn't know how it would end.

It was Saturday night, and I got all slicked up. Basically, rich people, men and women, bid on "dates" with each bachelor, but they weren't really dates. The wealthy ones would get a chance to give away some of their money, the charity was a worthy cause, and the bachelors would just go out to dinner with whomever purchased them for the evening. Nothing more than that, a fun, different kind of distraction. Meet some new people, have a nice meal on them. Or so I thought. In any case, I wanted to look good for the auction.

I wore the tux, and even got a haircut. I drew the line at a spray tan that Gina wanted me to get. I hate that orange look. Anyway, I thought I still looked pretty good.

"You are so fuckin' hot," my sister exclaimed as she ran her fingers through my short blonde hair, fluffing it up.

"Thanks a lot, that means a lot coming from you," I told her sarcastically as I walked out the door.

\$10,000. That's what he paid for a night with me. Ten grand, just like that. Crazy that some people have that much dough to throw around. I was surprised to get "purchased" by a guy, I thought for sure some rich old crone would scoop me up and I'd have to spend the rest of the evening admiring her blue hair and smelling her nauseating floral perfume.

"So, Joe, right?" he asked, his light gray eyes twinkling as we sat across from each other at a corner table inside Mama Lucia's. Mr. Stark was a good-looking guy. Probably about forty, which made him nearly twice my age. But really attractive. He had the most haunting eyes, with just the slightest bit of lines around them when he smiled. Nice teeth, ebony, straight black hair. He must work out, because his body was slamming, could belong to someone my age in fact.

"Yeah, Joe," I repeated. He made me nervous, kept me on edge. I don't really know why. It may have been the way he looked at me, like he knew something about me that even I didn't know. It was weird. I chugged my glass of red wine just to get passed the jittery, uncomfortable stage of the conversation. Then, I slugged back another one just for good measure. Wow, he must think I'm some kind of alcoholic.

"Are you a model, because you sure look like a model?" he whispered to me in a low voice. What is this? Some kind of crappy pick-up line? I lifted my finger up to the waiter to get another glass of vino. It was really quite good.

"No, no, I'm not a model," I answered. A model, no I am not a fuckin' model! It was the kind of obvious thing that horny guys with no brains said to girls in bars.

“Well, then, you should be,” he came back with. Totally predictable.

“I’m an accountant,” I told him, ending the speculation about my occupation.

“An accountant? Really?” he nearly exclaimed, and I looked around. It was one of those restaurants where everyone speaks in hushed voices, so we got a number of turned heads from the outburst. I just smiled. I was starting to feel the effects of the booze, and I felt like asking him if his profession was printing money. But I didn’t say it; I was being good. I just kept drinking.

After dinner, we ended up at his place, his suggestion. I figured why not? I was curious about what his house looked like, and he had paid \$10,000 for my company. We puffed Cuban cigars and talked. I was really relaxed, bordering on drunk, really. It was fun. After an hour or so, we’d finished our cigars.

“So, would you like a tour of the rest of the house?” he asked. I did, actually. The place was incredible, unlike anything I’d seen before. He’d built it himself, and the structural details were just amazing. Imagine having a place like this someday.

His bedroom was enormous, and that’s where he leaned in and kissed me softly on the lips. Normally, I would’ve jumped out of my skin, but I was just so relaxed from all the wine. His lips were soft and wet on mine, and I just couldn’t help myself. Mr. Stark pushed me backwards onto his bed and crawled up on top of me. He was kissing me, sucking on my neck, and unbuttoning my white dress shirt at the same time.

“Oh, Joe, Joe,” he murmured as he undressed me, but my only response was a little groan. It felt like my brain was about to explode. I’d never done anything like this before, but I couldn’t ignore the response in my body. I definitely wanted him. In fact, I was hot for him. But then, he stopped.

“Would you do something for me, Joe?” he asked me softly. Yes, yes, I would do anything. I just said “yes.”

He walked over to the closet and came out of it with a black and white maid’s outfit. It was mostly black, but had little white ruffles that were off-the-shoulder, and a white apron. It was a mini dress, and there were even fishnet stockings to go along with it.

“You want me to wear that?” I asked, shocked.

“Yes, yes please,” he nodded, suddenly seeming really excited.

“All right,” I told him. I mean, I’d already told him I’d do what he wanted me to. I took the hanger from him and went into his bathroom to change into the maid’s outfit. I was hoping I didn’t sober up before this whole ordeal was over with. Let’s just say, I felt like I knew what was going to happen. I’d never worn women’s clothing before. And putting on those fishnet stockings was a real pain. But when I was finished, I took a long look at myself in the

mirror. The sight of my own reflection made me tingle all over. I felt so feminine, so girly. And here I was, about to share a homosexual encounter with a millionaire. To be his sissy maid. I didn't know why I was all right with this, but I was powerless to stop it. I knew I wanted it. That's just the way it was. As I walked into the room, it seemed like he was in awe of me.

"Oh, wow, it looks just like I imagined it would," he said as he moved towards me. He put his hands on my waist, and pulled me up to him so we were chest to chest. His soft lips were on mine once again, and I could feel his fingers playing with the bottom of my dress, rubbing my fish-netted thighs. We fell back down onto his bed.

"I want to tie you up," he told me suddenly. I wasn't expecting this at all. I was nervous and all, this being my first time. And now, he wanted even more from me?

"I don't think that's a good idea," I said in my most seductive bedroom voice, hoping to persuade him. It didn't work. He begged, he pleaded, told me it would be so much hotter if I was tied up. Reluctantly, I eventually agreed.

In no time at all, he had pulled open the drawer in the bedside table and pulled out some rope that looked like parachute cord or something, white and smooth. I'd never been tied up before, but I'd also never been with a man...or dressed up as a sissy maid. Why turn back now? Before I knew it, my wrists were tied together and securely attached to one of the poles that made up his gold headboard. It was weird... scary and exciting at the same time.

His warm, wet mouth was all over me. He kissed down my neck, and his hand was rubbing the bulge in my fishnets. He peeled them down to mid-thigh, releasing my penis from the hosiery and greeting it with his slippery tongue. He licked up and down the shaft, and I moaned loudly. I wanted to fuck his mouth, go deep inside it, so bad, but he continued to tease me. He sucked at the mushroom top of it, and then would stop, letting me feel the want. If my hands weren't tied, I would've been tempted to push his head down on top of my erection. But I couldn't. I just struggled, unable to fulfill my desire. He was grabbing my ass so tight.

"I own you, do you understand me?" he whispered. I could feel his warm breath on my cock, and I would've done anything to have him take me into his mouth.

"Yes, yes, you own me," I pleaded with him, hoping it would convince him to suck my dick. He didn't. Instead, he unbuttoned his shirt and peeled down his trousers, revealing to me his huge dong. He got up and moved to stand next to the top of the bed, where my head was. I looked at his penis for a moment, and then looked up at him from my vulnerable position.

"Go ahead," he commanded me. I knew I would never be the same if I did it, but there was something about the man that made me want to do whatever he told me. I opened my mouth so he could slip his big cock into my mouth. It tasted earthy, salty, and made me feel even more like a girl. Girls suck cock. And apparently, now I do too.

“Oh, yeah, yeah, that’s good,” he sighed as he humped my mouth, moving his big boner in and out. He really made a lot of noise, I thought he was gonna blow his load down my throat, but again he stopped.

“Are you ready to get fucked up the ass now, Sissy Boy?” he asked, his tone far more aggressive now. My entire body was trembling now.

“Uh, could you suck my cock a little bit first?” I asked, somewhat surprised at how girly my voice sounded now.

“Yes, yes, I can do that,” he replied, climbing back onto the bed and putting his face into my lap. I struggled a little bit, my wrists were getting sore from being bound. It was frustrating not to be able to use my hands. In any case, it felt like heaven as he took me fully into his mouth and began sucking me off. His technique was out of this world, far more suction and wetter than any girl had ever blown me. It lasted only a couple minutes, and then he was behind me, digging in that drawer again for something. When the cold, jelly wetness met my asshole, I knew what it was. Lubricant.

“I... I’ve never...” I started to say, but he quickly shushed me. His fingers rubbed lubricant all over back there, and then he inserted first one finger, pushing it in and out. I groaned loudly when he did two fingers, and then three. I realized he was trying to stretch me out back there. It hurt, but felt good at the same time. I couldn’t believe any of this was happening to me. It was then that I heard the bedroom door open, and the other man entered the room.

A flush of red took over my face and neck almost immediately. I was so embarrassed, humiliated, to be lying there, in my sexy maid getup, tied to the bedpost, exposed, my asshole being massaged and lubed up, stretched out, to prepare me to be butt-fucked. I let out a little cry upon seeing the other guy.

“So, here’s our new sissy maid slut,” the man growled in a voice that was much deeper than my masters.

“What a beauty, eh?” Mr. Stark commented.

“Oh, yeah, and it looks like I’m just in time to ream this little slut,” the other dude replied, looking at me like I was a piece of a meat. He looked like a body builder, a big guy with wheat-colored hair. I felt like saying something, this certainly wasn’t what I agreed to. But for some reason, I never said a word as they discussed how they were gonna use their sissy slut. The body builder undressed right away, and made his way over to stand next to the bed, his even bigger cock in my face.

“Well?” he asked in an obnoxious tone, looking down at me. I moved my head closer and opened my lips for his dick. I tried to do a good job, sucking hard, making it all slippery and

smooth as he fucked my mouth so hard. My blowjob made him even harder. As I was sucking his cock, I could feel Mr. Stark start up again, stretching out my poor little asshole.

Then, I could feel him push his big, hard dink up against my little bunny hole back there. I whimpered as he shoved his cock up inside of me, feeling as though I was gonna pass out. I kept sucking the other guy's dick. It wasn't easy, as I was gasping and carrying on as my ass was assaulted. My arms ached and so did my jaw. Finally, my master thrust very deep inside of me, and filled my ass with his seed. It was after that that he pulled out of me and collapsed onto the bed.

No, sooner had he had his way with me, the body builder climbed up to take his place behind me on the bed. I groaned loudly as his bigger chub ripped up my sphincter and started to thrust away. He took me again and again. We were both sweaty, and his hands slipped as he tried to hold my hips tight. Just when I thought I couldn't take this punishment any longer, his rough hand felt its way around to my manhood, and he began pulling at it. I wasn't sure if I could cum while being fucked up the ass, but apparently, I could. When he finally came, I did too, spewing it all over his hand as he filled my ass with his cum as well.

I was their sissy maid slut.

Paul Gets Punished

It should've never happened, and to be honest, I never thought that it would. Nothing in my life, nothing in the relationship we'd had for so many years, could've ever foreshadowed what happened that night. That's not an excuse...I'm just saying... it's just a fact.

I was taking a shower to get ready to go to my boss's dinner party. Hanna had to pick up the boys at daycare on the way home from work. I thought I heard the door slam, so I figured Hanna was home early so she could get ready as well. It takes her a lot longer to get ready than it does me.

The shower curtain moved a few minutes later, and much to my surprise, Paul, my nineteen-year-old stepson, stepped in. He was completely naked. I just stood there, dumbfounded, looking at him as warm water fell over me like a waterfall. A tanned, toned young body. My eyes moved down his body, even the little bit of pubic hair he hadn't shaved was platinum blond. I didn't know what to say. What the fuck!

"Paul, Hanna's gonna be here in like half an hour," I said nervously, pretty much because I didn't know what else to say. I think I was in shock. I'm not usually at a loss for words, ever, but this, as I said, was totally unexpected.

"I know what time your wife gets home, Liam," Paul said coyly, as he pressed his body close to mine. "A lot can be done in half an hour". This was true, a lot could be done in half an hour. Was I dreaming? What the fuck was he thinking? It was all about to become crystal clear in my mind.

"Uh, Paul, I don't think we should...", I started to protest. I was married to his mother, for Christ's sake, I had to say something. But clearly, he wasn't easily deterred.

Paul got down on his knees in the shower, and he parted his plump lips ever so slightly. He grabbed my now-hard cock, and rubbed it hard against his lips, back and forth. Then, he just popped my dick into his little mouth. I moaned. I had definitely crossed the line now. Since I'd gotten married five years ago, I hadn't touched another person. I hadn't been touched by another, female or male. I certainly had never been sucked off by a teenager. Well, there goes five years of marital fidelity down the drain. All with one simple movement.

Paul moaned loudly as he sucked my hard, veiny cock. It was wonderful, and I couldn't help petting the top of his blond head as he worked me over. He sucked it like nobody's business. He must've been some kind of blowjob expert or something. Paul worked it with his soft hands, and licked the head of my penis. He tongued the hole, and rubbed my wet balls with his hands as he did it. Paul moved his head lower, and started sucking on my balls. I could've died right then and there. He loved it. I wanted to fuck him so bad. As he licked all over my nutsack, I suddenly heard the garage door go up.

Absolute panic ensued. Paul jumped up and got out of the shower. He ran with his clothes to the downstairs bathroom. He'd have time, Hanna still had to get the kids out of their car seats. I figured Paul would have time to dress if he was in the bathroom. My plan was to just stay in the shower. That would look totally fine. My legs shook as once again I soaped up and rinsed off.

We managed to pull off that maneuver. Paul's hair was wet, but he covered for it by saying he had come from swim practice. Paul was sitting on the couch watching TV when Hanna and I finally came downstairs to leave.

"We're about ready to leave, Paul. The kids should be in bed by 8, don't let them talk you into staying up later. Just make hotdogs or something for dinner," Hanna instructed him. I was thinking he already helped himself to whatever he wanted.

"Oh, I didn't pack for Thanksgiving break yet, so I wanted to go back tonight. Can Liam drive me back to the dorm later?" Paul inquired of my wife, a false innocence in his voice. I'd drive him home later all right. Paul smiled at the both of us.

"Of course, Paul, Liam will run you back after we get home," Hanna answered. We walked out the door.

I couldn't concentrate on anything during the dinner party. People were talking to me, but I was just smiling and nodding, somewhere far, far, away. I was back in the shower with Paul, I was licking his cock while he was splayed out on my bed, the marital bed. I nodded and smiled, I fantasized about my stepson. What a pig! What would these people think if they knew what was going on in my twisted little brain? The party seemed to go on and on forever. I thought it would never end.

Hanna went right up to bed when we got home, and I prepared to drive Paul back to his dorm. I hoped Hanna would fall asleep, because I didn't know how long I'd be. Paul had obviously gone off his rocker, and who knows what he would do next. We got into my car in the garage. Paul sat right close to me in the front seat. He reached over and put his hand on my package.

"Let's get in the back," Paul purred. It sounded good to me, scary because we were in our garage, but still pretty fun. What was the chance of Hanna coming out into the garage? I hit the garage door opener twice, to make it sound like we'd left. We climbed into the backseat.

I started kissing him, and he just went wild on me. He pulled up his t-shirt to reveal his bare chest to me. His body was tanned, but there were no tan lines. The nipples were small and red. I grabbed one and sucked it hard. I wanted to make him moan, I wanted to make his nipples stand up on end. I sucked it and sucked it. I licked his entire chest, and then I nipped the nipple some more. I put an all-out assault on that nipple. Paul gasped. He moaned in pleasure and pain. I worked over that nipple so hard that he tried to pull it out of my mouth. Paul whined helplessly. He tried to move to escape my mouth, to get some

relief. I didn't allow it, whenever he squirmed, I was right back on that nipple. I gave both nipples the rough treatment, I loved hearing him moan and whine.

I moved up and kissed him deeply on those luscious lips. My tongue explored his mouth. He stuck his tongue out of his mouth, and I did the same. Our tongues licked each other, it felt so dirty. My hands moved to unbutton his white shorts and then I grabbed his boxers on each side. I pulled them down roughly. I wanted to see that big, luscious cock again. I exposed him to myself, and he just relished in all the attention. His body was beautiful, especially his flat, tanned stomach. I stuck my tongue into his navel. Paul grabbed the back of my head, and pushed my face down between his legs. This made me pause, because I'd never actually been with another guy before. I'd only had sporadic fantasies about them.

"Suck it, Liam," he said slyly. Paul really felt like he was in charge. That was funny...really pretty funny.

"I'm the boss here, Paul," I told him firmly, removing my face from his lap. I grabbed his ass tightly, just to drive my point home. He might be a little loose morally, but this was my chance to be the dominant one. It was something I'd never done with Hanna, a side of me I'd never wanted her to see. I always wanted to take Hanna forcefully. The thought of it turned me on incredibly. I would unleash my inner dom on this little one instead.

"You're gonna blow me first," I told him in a commanding voice that made even me shudder. I dropped my pants. He sat up, and I pushed his head down onto my cock. He started sucking it, tentatively. I think I put him off guard with my dominance.

"Suck it, Paul, I know you know how. Remember, you ambushed me in the shower this afternoon? Yeah, that's right, that's what you want, isn't it? You've probably sucked every dick in this town" I sneered at him. He feverishly licked my pecker and sucked my balls, one at a time. I just sat there with my head back, enjoying it all.

"Oh, yeah, suck it harder, oh yeah, oh yeah," I murmured, my head rolling slowly from side to side. I said things to him I would've never said to Hanna.

"Liam," Paul finally said to me.

"Yes," I replied, coolly.

"We can go to my dorm, no one's going to be there tonight. My roommates out of town for a couple days.

And why do we need to go to your dorm?" I inquired of him, still playing the tough guy. I thought we were doing just fine where we were.

"I have things there that we need, I have everything, chains, paddles, everything... it would be incredible to do those things with you," Paul explained. Holy shit, I didn't even know this person, chains and paddles? What happened to the guy we sent away to college?

Paul was clearly even kinkier than I'd thought, and he was only nineteen. Well, why not? When else would I have an opportunity like this? We were already way too far gone to turn back now, anyway. We climbed back into the front seat, and I drove him to his dorm. Paul unlocked the door, and we went inside. He proceeded to his bedroom, while I followed.

I dug through his top dresser drawer and picked out a leather bustier with garters and some super high heels for Paul to wear. He quickly stripped and got redressed. He looked super-hot, and super slutty.

"Did you want to put the nipple clamps on me?" he quietly asked, handing me two metal gadgets connected by a thin chain.

"Yes," I answered him. To be truthful, I didn't even know things like that existed. Still, the thought of it made my cock jump in my pants. I roughly rolled down the leather bustier to reveal his toned chest. I carefully attached a clamp to each nipple, and then I ratcheted them down so that they would hurt him, just enough.

"How's that?" I asked him.

"It's, it's fine," Paul whimpered back to me, wincing in pain. They looked like torture devices, but he must like them, they were his, after all.

"Man, you look hot, Paul," I told him, my cock bulging in my pants. I'd never wanted to fuck someone so badly in my life. I looked around the room.

"Do you want me to paddle you, Paul?" I asked him, noticing a wooden paddle on the dresser.

"Yes, Sir, did you want me to call you Daddy or Sir?" Paul asked me,

"Sir is fine, Paul. You've been very bad today, Paul. You were a very bad little sissy boy, coming into my shower, getting on your knees, and sucking my dick and balls. I'm going to have to punish you now," I told him sternly.

"Bend over, Paul," I instructed. He bent over, and his luscious muscular ass was looking right at me. I could tell he was pretty worked up. He was flushed just from having the nipple clamps on. He looked so vulnerable, bent over like that, his blond hair flopped over his head. Humiliating him was driving me mad. I picked up the paddle, tapping it against my hand a few times. I let him stay there, bent over, while I enjoyed the power of it all.

I delivered one solid slap to his ass with the paddle, and Paul cried out.

"You will get two more of those for your slutty behavior today," I informed him.

"No!" he protested, playing along with the role.

"Yes, you are my stepson and you acted like a whore today, so I will paddle you like this," I yelled at him, cracking his ass again. It was getting red, and I could feel my blood rising. It was unreal. Paddling him was a turn-on like nothing I'd ever felt before.

"Do you want another, Paul?" I asked him sternly.

"Yes, Sir," was his shaky reply. I pulled back and delivered the hardest hit yet.

"Crack!"

"Ohhhhh," Paul moaned, the air knocked out of him. I gave him a minute to recover.

"Now, what am I going to do with you?" I asked him, because I really didn't know.

"My butt plug is over there, it's the blue one," she responded. I picked up one of the colored toys, the blue one was the biggest, about the size of a small penis. Then, I set it back down.

"I'm supposed to have the large one inserted. ...You'll have to tie me up to do it," Paul explained to me, handing me a few lengths of rope he pulled from a dresser drawer. I moved him over to the bed and positioned him face down in the middle of it. Then, I secured him in a spread-eagle position, with the rope securely holding his wrists and ankles. I was so excited at the prospect of anal play that I could barely contain myself. Hanna and I certainly never did anything like this.

I picked up the blue butt plug, how the hell was I going to get that in his ass? I told myself I was the boss, so it was up to me. He was completely secured to the bed, spread eagle, and face down. I climbed on the bed and began to inspect his ass. I spread his ass cheeks to check out his little puckered hole. It was so cute, I'd really never seen one up close before.

Back to the task at hand, I held the big butt plug in my hand. My other was on his ass. I positioned it against his little bunny hole, and began to push it in. I used my saliva to help slide it. It was only in a little bit when Paul started to scream. It was high pitched and it was loud. Good thing the dorm was deserted for the holiday weekend.

"Paul, you know we have to do this. Now, I want you to try to relax," I carefully told him, in my most confident voice. This was great, it was like playing doctor.

"Yes, Sir" he replied nervously. I started pushing it in again while he just whined.

"Let your anus open up for me, accept this for me, open, open, open, it's for me, Paul. Accept this for me," I directed him, driving the butt plug up into his ass even deeper.

"Oh, God, it hurts, it hurts," he whimpered. I showed him no mercy, we'd never get it done otherwise.

“Accept it, Paul, accept it!” I commanded him. With that, Paul’s ass opened up and I was able to penetrate him fully with the instrument. I violated his ass with that plug. It was all the way in.

“Oh, it hurts, it’s too big, it hurts so bad, Sir,” Paul implored me. He really liked the whole play-acting stuff. It was his idea, after all. So, I just ignored him, he’d get used to it. I didn’t have to ask what to do next. I untied him, and turned him over. I retied his hands, but left his legs free so I could manipulate them.

I kissed him on the lips, deeply. I couldn’t believe this. His lips were trembling. Those nipple clamps were incredible, they looked great and they must’ve given him the same feeling as if they were being bit or pinched, the entire time. I pulled on the chain a little bit, and Paul gasped. I wondered if I was sick to be enjoying this all so much. When it really came down to it, I didn’t care. The whole situation was so surreal, it seemed like only a dream.

I licked his clamped nipples gently, and he moaned. I worked my mouth down his flat tummy. I was headed to the promised land, that little strip of white blond hair and then his hard member. I kissed and licked the hair. I buried my nose in it and enjoyed the smell of him, it was intoxicating to me.

“Suck my dick, suck my dick,” Paul started to scream, moving his hips wildly. I undressed myself, slowly for him.

“No!” I told him, denying him pleasure was all part of the game, the control. Instead, I moved around to put us in the 69 position, and climbed on top of him. He, without use of his hands, took me into his mouth, moaning and sucking me hard. I decided to tease him while he pleasured me. I buried my face in his pubic hair, but did nothing other than enjoy smelling it. I buried my nose in it, but was careful to avoid touching his cock. Having him suck me with his hands tied up made me feel like a man. He was helpless, he had no choice. Paul was right, this was the way to have sex.

Paul was getting off just sucking my big dick. I began playing with him, running my fingertips over his balls. I even stuck my fingers in him.

“Oh, fuck me, Sir, fuck me,” Paul begged me, but I just ignored him and kept up my little game.

“Please lick my cock, Sir, please,” he tried asking nicely. When I thought he was ready to explode, I finally obliged him. I ran my tongue up and down his slippery shaft. It was so hard. I proceeded to suck him off. I played around with the butt plug a little bit, too. I kept bumping it to stimulate him. It always made him whine. It was unbelievable. I couldn’t take it anymore, I had to take him. The thought of banging Paul was enough to make me explode. The nipple clamps just put it over the top.

I turned back around and took a moment to enjoy the sight. Paul was flushed and sweaty, with his arms spread out and tied to the bed. He was still wearing the bustier, but the top

was turned down to reveal his chest, nipples clamped in the metal devices. The bottom of the bustier was rolled up, too, revealing his flat, tanned stomach. He was still wearing the high heels, and the garters. Best of all, he still had that big penis butt plug up his ass. He was pretty, too. Platinum hair, big eyes, and plump, red lips. So vulnerable, so fuckin' young and so very hot. I gently pulled out the butt plug, I had something else for him.

I grabbed Paul's legs and spread them out wide. I forcefully slid my thick, hard cock in his young, tight ass and just started pounding him.

"Oh, God, oh, God, Sir," Paul yelled as I pounded him as hard as I could. I squeezed his ass, hard. His nipple clamps jumped as I put the meat to him. I never got to do this with Hanna, but I would absolutely love to.

"You're a dirty little sissy girl, aren't you, Paul?" I snarled at him.

"Yes, Sir".

"I'm a married man, Paul, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming on to me," I continued.

My cock was buried deep within him. I kept fucking him hard, my sweat dripping onto him.

"Fuck me, Daddy, Fuck me, Daddy!" Paul finally yelled out to me.

"You're a good girl, Paul," I told him, humping his hairy ass, continuing the fantasy.

"I love fuckin' your tight little hole, Baby," I murmured to him, kissing his neck, nuzzling him.

"Oh, God, Oh, God," he moaned to me. I loved this. I kept riding him like crazy, penetrating him again and again, and so deeply.

"Oh, your cock is so big, slam me hard, oh God," he groaned loudly.

I couldn't take it anymore, I humped him faster and harder as the tension mounted. I pounded him over and over. This was the best game ever.

"Oh, God," I moaned as I shot my warm cum up into him. His ass clamped down hard on my pecker as I climaxed. I began shaking his cock to help him get off as well. It didn't take long. He gasped, shooting cum all over the bed.

"Oh, man!" he exclaimed. Finally, I collapsed on top of him, absolutely spent.

"Good girl, Paul," I told him, smoothing down his blonde hair. We just lay there for a long while, absolutely exhausted. This night would last us both a lifetime. We never did it again, and neither of us ever told a soul. Still, it was a Thanksgiving that I'll never forget.

More Sissy Maid Stories For You...

Their Little Princess, Being a Sissy for My Friends

I'd like to begin by saying that it all started with a bet. I'd met Mike and Bart, the two of them were best friends, about three months before. We all hit it off at once, and even our wives all got along, which sometimes isn't easy. Anyway, back to the bet.

My wife, Bailee was out of town on business, and my mother-in-law was watching our daughter. So, I had the house to myself. It was a Friday after work, and I decided to have the guys over for some beers, and to watch the game. They liked one team, and I favored the other. So, we made a bet over the outcome of the game. Loser had to be dressed up like a princess by the others. It was a hell of a game, but in the end, I lost by a point. By that time, the three of us had finished off almost a case of beer.

But I was a good sport and certainly not one to welch on a bet. Mike and Bart snickered as we made our way up to my daughter's pink bedroom with the lacy canopy bed. They knew she had some dress up princess stuff, and were apparently in a hurry to make me pay up. The whole place was covered with stuffed animals and dolls. I went into her closet and pulled out the dress-up set. It had skirts with elastic waists, and big frilly tops. There was even a crown, and of course, lots of beaded pearls and the like. This was gonna be humiliating, but I had no idea.

I stripped down almost immediately, wanting to get the whole ordeal over as soon as possible. I reached for a blue skirt, but Bart told me he liked the pink one with the little white stars on it. I threw down the blue one and pulled the pink one on over my tightie whities. I rolled my eyes at him. Then, I almost fell over as I pulled on that skirt, because I was pretty drunk. Next, I grabbed the white, frilly, ruffled top and pulled it on as well. Mike grabbed the silver tiara off of the dresser, and ceremoniously placed it on my head.

"No, he needs the wig," Bart told Mike as he pulled off the crown and slopped a long red wig onto my head first, and then replaced the tiara. Mike grabbed a handful of fake beads and pearls, and draped them around my neck.

"There, satisfied?" I asked as I did a slow turn, showing them the full result.

"Not quite, what about makeup? Princesses need makeup," Mike smiled as he spoke the words. Bart noticed a play makeup set in the box, and pulled it out. The two of them both started smearing my face with red lipstick, red rouge, and then, blue eye shadow. I looked at myself in the vanity mirror, and thought I looked ridiculous.

"Joe, you look like a sissy," Bart said in a little sing-song voice.

"Presenting Princess Josephine," Mike shouted as he waved his arm out to his side, making fun of me. Bart pushed me backwards onto the canopy bed, and we were all laughing, punching and pushing on each other as we rolled around on the big bed.

"You are so beautiful, Princess Josephine," Bart whispered softly as he got in my face, putting both hands on my cheeks. He was practically laying on top of me, and it was at that point that I thought he was gonna pretend kiss me. But he really kissed me, with tongue and everything. I started to push him off of me, to sit up, when I felt Mike reach with rough hands up my skirt and pull down on my underwear. I was so shocked, I couldn't move, couldn't say a thing.

"Don't fight it, Princess," Bart told me as his hands started rubbing up and down my arms and across my ruffly chest. He kissed me again as Mike took my half-limp cock into his warm, wet mouth. I wanted to get up, to be enraged, to throw them both out of my house. But I couldn't. It felt so wonderful, what Mike was doing to my now rock-hard cock, and he sucked it so hard. My toes were curling. Bart kissed me firmly on the lips, his tongue going deep into my mouth, and I could feel myself bucking up to Mike's face as he sucked me off. It must've been the alcohol; I kissed him back.

"You're our Sissy Princess, do you understand?" Bart asked gently as he kissed his way down my neck, a groan escaping from my own wet lips.

"No, no," I told them reluctantly, but I didn't want it to stop. Mike pulled my underwear off of me, and they positioned me over the edge of the bed. They lifted my pink skirt, and Bart spanked my bare ass so hard, and my penis was erect, plunging into the mattress as my rear was reddened. My ass stung, and I was humiliated, being spanked by these two big men.

"OK, ok, I'll be your Sissy Princess," I finally managed to say, not really knowing what this would entail. I could feel myself blush as soon as I said the words. At that point, both men started to undress, and removed every inch of clothing they had on. They peeled off their jeans, and their t-shirts came up over their heads. Even their boxers were discarded on the floor of the bedroom. I was the only one dressed, and I was done up like a princess, makeup, wig, frilly skirt, and all.

"Don't worry your pretty head, princess, you're gonna love this game," was what Mike said as he pushed me down onto my knees. His cock was staring me in the face now, and if it wasn't for my buzz, I probably couldn't have done it. I opened my mouth as he slid it in through my lips and down my throat. I was deep-throating my best friend, and I knew I'd be doing the same to my other friend as well. My first taste of cock...

"That's it, that's it, I knew you wanted this, Sissy Boy," is what Mike taunted me with as I sucked his big cock. I grabbed his fuzzy ass, barely able to breathe as I swallowed his meat. He held the back of my head as he bumped his rough pubic hair against my face over and over again. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Bart move over to stand next to him, waiting for his blowjob. Mike let out a slow, disappointed groan as I pulled my mouth off of him and turned to take Bart's cock.

"I told you, Mike, as soon as we saw this little princess, I told you he would be perfect for us. The perfect, prissy little, cock-sucking girl we've been looking for," Bart told Mike as I lavished his cock with all my attention. I sucked as hard as I could, wanting to please him.

"And we're gonna fuck that little virgin pussy of yours, Princess, over and over again. All night. Do you hear me, Princess?" Mike snarled at me as I sucked Bart's meat, licking all over the outside of the shaft before deep-throating him again. I licked at his hairy balls as well, just imagining what it would be like to be fucked up the ass by these two big men.

Mike came up behind me as I sucked Bart, and I could feel his hands moving up the insides of my legs. His hands were rough, because he worked in construction. My cock was so hard, and I wanted his calloused hands to pull at it so badly. Precum dripped from me as he lifted up my pink skirt and began caressing my ass cheeks. I sucked Bart even harder as Mike's moistened finger opened me up back there. He was stretching me a bit, and it hurt. But it was a good hurt, the kind of pain that you just sometimes need.

I knew better than to stop sucking Bart's cock as Mike positioned his penis up against my tight little bunny hole. I swallowed Bart's swollen penis down my throat as Mike took me from behind, his cock feeling like a hot poker burning its way up into my ass. I moaned loudly as I was taken, and squeezed Bart's ass to try to quell the pain. My legs quivered as I waited for him to pull out and do me up the asshole again. I couldn't help it, I removed my lips from Bart's member and cried out as Mike humped up inside me again and again.

"That's it, Princess, now I'm gonna have to punish you," Bart sternly told me, angry that I had stopped sucking him off and cried out. Mike gave me a few more grinds before turning me over to Bart, whose dick was even bigger. He quickly popped it up inside of me, and it made me whimper. As he fucked my ass, I thought I was going to collapse on the floor. I whined, I cried, and I begged. That man had one humongous pecker. I managed to grab the edge of the bed, and once I could balance against that, I decided I'd just let him have at it. I was sore, but I had resigned myself to the role of submissive.

"This is how it's gonna be from now on, Princess," Bart baited me as he drove his cock deeper and deeper into my asshole. He held my ass tightly as he did so.

"OK, ok," I whimpered quietly as I lay over the edge of the bed. And that was the night that our relationship changed.

Sissy Boy At The Club

My beautiful wife Randy and I were going to the club for a Halloween bash. She thought it would be fun to go in drag, but I wasn't sure about it. Randy assured me that after she dolled me up, no one would be able to recognize me. I decided to give it a shot, she was going to be a motorcycle dude, all in black leather with a bandana on her head and aviator sunglasses. Randy picked out my little number, black nylons, a black mini skirt, and a sleazy low-cut red top. I had to shave my whole body, of course, but I was up for it. It was only for one night, after all.

Randy did my makeup, and I'll have to admit it: I looked like a pretty hot chick. You really couldn't tell, and I was surprised at that. Randy teased me, saying I had a thin nose and nice, curvy lips, feminine features. I objected to that, but when she put that straight, long blonde wig on me, I really couldn't believe the effect. I could definitely pass.

The club was hopping when we walked in, my motorcycle rider and I. The music was so loud that it filled my head, and there were strobe lights dancing colors around the huge room. We headed up to the bar, pushing through the people as we made our way. We started the night off with a few shots of whiskey. I felt like I was in college again, except for I was wearing a skirt. We started grinding on each other, and I could feel piercing eyes around the room looking at us. A few more shots later, and we were both officially drunk. I'm not exactly sure when I lost track of Randy, but all of the sudden she was gone.

It was then that I saw her, not Randy, but a seriously hot brunette who was wearing a short, silver sequined dress. She had really long legs, and smooth black hair. And the most beautiful face I'd ever seen. She had these big blue doe eyes, fringed with dark lashes, high cheek bones, and pouty red lips that were just soooo kissable. I couldn't help but stare at her. Being drunk, I'm sure I must've just been gawking at her with a look of awe on my face. She was looking at me, too, and then walked right over and took me by the hand.

I didn't know where we were going, and I was kind of shocked. I looked nervously over my shoulder for Randy as this beauty in silver pulled me along through the crowd towards the back of the club. I didn't see Randy anywhere. I should've stopped, but my resistance was low and I wanted to follow her just to see where this would lead. I was woozy, and it seemed like I was in a dream or something. Like it wasn't real.

I hesitated as we approached the ladies' room, but she pulled me along anyway. She shoved me into the last stall, and her lips were suddenly on mine, so plump and so very wet. Her hands were in my hair, my long wig, and I had my hands firmly on her rounded ass that was so perfectly accentuated by that silver mini dress. I was so hot for her I thought I was gonna lose it right then and there. She kissed my neck and slowly moved down to lift up my skirt and peel down my black stockings. My veiny cock was in her perfect red lips, and she started sucking on me. I don't know if it was the alcohol or not, but it felt like the best blowjob of my life. She cradled my hairy nuts so tenderly, and just when I thought I would cum, she turned me around and positioned me bent over onto the toilet seat. It was then that she gave such loving attention to my back end, with her mouth. I was going insane,

having never had that done before. I was panting and moaning and groaning, my elbows resting on that closed seat lid. What an amazing girl.

“Oh, Baby...oh Baby,” I murmured as she did her job back there. I’d like to say I thought about Randy and our marriage, our vows. But I didn’t. I was drunk, and lost in the most complete ecstasy of my life. I was so hot and wet back there, I didn’t know what to do. Who knew being in drag could be so fuckin’ sexy. Anyway, it was at that point that she stopped, and I turned around to sit down on the seat. I was still pretty dizzy from the shots when she lifted up her beautiful sequined gown to reveal her own huge, rock-hard cock. I should’ve known, no woman had ever dragged me into a bathroom for a sexual encounter before. I looked up at her beautiful face, and I could still feel that hot, wet spot on my behind. It was at that point that I had to make a decision.

I looked at her big cock, and then her lovely face again. I closed my eyes, and took the dark plunge when I took that enormous piece of meat into my mouth and throat. I grabbed her round, bare ass as I did so, and lavished her penis with so much love that she started to buck against me as I sucked her off. She was all shaven down there, and I rolled her balls in my hands as I licked up and down the shaft. It was incredibly hot. Finally, I stood up and kissed her softly, deeply on the lips. My tongue darted around inside of her mouth, rubbing up against hers, and I knew what was coming next, I was about to be sissified. I was going to be this guy’s sissy boy, for real. I won’t say I wasn’t scared, but I must’ve been more turned on and curious than afraid of having my ass violated. It was still so moist, and there was definitely a desperate wanting, a desire back there for...something. I turned around and bent over once again, with my elbows on the closed seat cover and tried to prepare to get that big missile. She licked around back there some more, priming the pump so to speak. I was primed, and ready. And all of a sudden, scared stiff.

I could feel her position it up against my virgin asshole, and had second thoughts for just a moment before she pushed deep inside of me. It hurt so bad, I was sure I would faint or die or something. I held tight to the sides of the toilet as I moaned and whined from the manmeat that was plowing my tiny little hole back there. I wanted to cry like the little sissy boy I was. I started wondering how I’d gotten myself into this position, dressed as a girl with makeup on, bent over a toilet seat and being fucked up the ass. My legs trembled as I continued to take my punishment, I was sure it would get better eventually. I was so filled up back there, and he pumped so hard and so fast. And the pain was so intense, I could feel tears welling up in my eyes.

“Oh, yeah, yeah, you’re so fuckin’ tight,” he whispered in my ear as he bumped and humped me for all I was worth. We were both sweating, and even though I was drunk, I knew I wanted to be loved by him the moment I’d set eyes on him. I wanted him to use me up and throw me out. My ass was soooo sore, but he just kept giving me more and more. His dick hit some magic button up in my ass, and it was then that I started dripping cum out of my own thick, red cock. He reached around and jerked me off, finishing my orgasm as he came hard and fast in my asshole. Wearing a skirt, a blonde wig, and makeup, I took spurt after spurt of his creamy goodness up my ass until there was no more to be taken. I thought of myself as a sissy boy, and it made my own cock jerk, because it turned me on.

I pulled my underwear back on and we straightened ourselves up before exiting the ladies' room. I took off as soon as we were back into the crowd, and eventually managed to find Randy talking to one of her coworkers in the front part of the club. As I carefully sat down on the seat of the cab, my sphincter was so very raw and sore I thought I would scream like a little girl. But I didn't. And I never told Randy, either.

Made a Sissy, at the Theater

It was just one day past my eighteenth birthday when it happened. I was walking back from a party when I noticed a group of men standing around across the street from me. I was curious, so I crossed the street, and as I did so, they all seemed to hurry inside. It was a theater, and I wasn't really in the mood to go home to bed just yet; I could watch a movie.

It was really dark in the theater, and I had to pass a few heavysset men in order to reach a seat in one of the middle aisles. I had just taken my seat when I noticed two men on the screen, kissing. I was pretty uncomfortable with this, and I hoped some women would show up in the next scene of the movie. They didn't. What followed were graphic homosexual scenes, and it was then that I noticed that everyone in the darkened room, except me, had his cock in his hand and was pulling it for all it was worth. They moaned, they groaned...all along with the actors onstage that were fucking each other up the ass.

I realized I had made a mistake, probably because I'd had a few drinks at the party. I didn't want to stand up and have to walk past the two big burly guys at the end of my row. I just sat there, cognizant of the fact that I was the smallest, slightest guy in there. It was then that I caught the eye of the large man next to me.

He pushed down the seat next to him and motioned for me to come take it. I froze, not knowing what to do. I looked around, but no one else seemed to notice, they were all too busy playing with themselves and watching that filthy movie. He just kept beckoning me over to him, and I tried to ignore him, concentrating on the gay porn in front of me. My cock stirred in my pants, and I began to fidget nervously. I was just so uncomfortable. It was then that he got up and made his way towards me. I was stuck, to the right of me was the wall, and he was now blocking my exit on the left. He took the seat next to me, and tossed his leather biker jacket into the empty seat next to him.

His large member was in his hand once again, and he was looking at me amorously, at least that's what I thought. He leaned over to whisper in my ear.

"Get down on the floor," he told me softly, but in a commanding tone.

"Wh... what? No!" I told him in an indignant voice.

"C... come on, you know you want to," he whispered, now kissing my neck. My dick jumped in my pants, and I was very nervous. He grabbed my thigh, and his hand practically went all the way around it.

"Now!" he said gruffly, and I knew I wasn't going to leave without doing it. I hoped no one noticed as I slipped out of my seat and slunk down onto the floor. He pulled me over in front of him. I was on my knees, facing his pecker and I told myself I really had no choice as I lowered my mouth down on top of it. He covered my head with his jacket and I could feel his body relax as I sucked his meat. My jaw hurt because it was so large, and I just couldn't

believe I was doing it to begin with. I had to make it really wet so it would slide in and out of my mouth, and as I did so, my own hard-on got much stiffer in my pants.

“Oh, yeah, good, good, Sissy Boy, swallow me whole,” he taunted me as I took his bumpy member down my throat to a point where I couldn’t breathe. I thought I would suffocate as he left it there, lying in my throat for a good long time. Then, he’d let me come up for a breath. This happened over and over again, and eventually I got the hint that this blowjob was going to last for the entire movie.

I must’ve sucked his dick for an hour when he finally came, filling my throat and mouth with warm, creamy, salty stuff. He even made me clean him off with my mouth before I got to come up and take my seat next to him. I lapped up all that cum, cleaning him off good. His hands reached over to my lap, and he began fumbling with my jean’s button and unzipped them. His big hand slipped inside my boxers, and I couldn’t help but moan as he grabbed my own little cock. He was still giving me a rough hand job when the credits on the movie started to roll.

“Do up yourself,” he told me quickly as the lights came up in the theater. We both stood up and made our way across the aisle and then out of the theater. It was at that point that he pulled on his leather jacket, and put his arm around my shoulder as he turned me in a westward direction.

“You’re coming home with me,” he told me as he guided me down the dark street towards his apartment.

“No... I... I think you’ve got the wrong idea,” I whimpered to him as he led me along.

“Oh, no, I’ve got the right idea, you know, young guys like you don’t just show up at a gay porn show. You’re curious, right? You don’t know, you’re confused, about what you want. Well, I’m gonna clear things up for you tonight,” he told me in almost a fatherly tone. I knew he must be right, subconsciously, I must’ve known when I walked into that theater. I must’ve wanted this.

“You’re gonna be gentle with me, right?” I asked him, almost sounding like a child now.

“The gentlest,” he promised as he kissed me on the cheek. We continued on towards his home, his arm still around my shoulders.

We entered a shabby apartment building, and climbed two flights of stairs to his place. He opened the door with a key. It was messy inside, with old cans of Coke and pizza boxes littering the floor. He pointed towards the bedroom, and I went inside. No, sooner did we enter the room, and we were all over each other.

I was ripping at his belt buckle, and he was peeling my sweatshirt and t-shirt off over my head. We were like animals in heat, and as we were still trying to get our clothes off, he grabbed me and kissed me hard on the mouth, his tongue diving deep inside my mouth. He

reached down, and lowered my boxers, and then stripped off his tight white underwear. He sucked my little dude for just a moment before he savagely threw me over the side of his bed. I was face-down, and practically crying out for it.

His mouth was on my asshole, and I just whined out loud for his cock. I begged him for it. I only got to wonder for a second what it would feel like when he popped inside with just one thrust. My knees buckled, and I cried out from the pain. He fucked my ass long and hard, until I was just so sore. Then, I took my turn, fucking his big fat hairy ass with my little dick. He really seemed to like it. We did it all night long, banging each other, kissing, and sucking cock. Eventually, I fell asleep in his big, muscular arms.

In the morning, when I woke up, I grabbed my clothes, dressed quickly, and silently slipped out of his apartment. He was snoring loudly; I never even knew his name.

Read On- There Are More Sissy Maid Stories To Come...

Becoming a Sissy for the Billionaire

I met Mr. Johnson while working as a waiter at a five-star restaurant. He came in several times a week, usually with people who looked like business associates, but other times with friends or family. The other waiters all gossiped about pretty much everyone who came into Bonne Nuit, but no one more than Mr. Johnson. Everyone wanted to wait on his party, because his tips were legendary.

The night that I waited on him, the place was crazy. Friday nights are always busy, but there was a concert in town so it was even more crowded. I have to admit, I was nervous, just because I'd heard so many stories about him. This guy was rich, and not typically rich. He was very, very wealthy. I tried to keep my hands from shaking as I memorized their orders.

"Busy tonight, eh?" Mr. Johnson said with a big smile.

"Yes, very..." I managed to say, before going to put in their orders. He made me nervous, and I couldn't say anything else. I'm naturally a bit shy, so saying anything more wouldn't have been possible, at least not to him.

They stayed for hours, but I didn't mind because I knew I'd be getting a very generous tip. Finally, at about ten, they stood up and made their way for the door. Mr. Johnson lagged behind the other men as they left through the front doors. He stayed behind, and as I was walking by the bar, he asked if he could speak with me a moment. He'd just given me the largest tip I'd ever been given, so Of course, I was going to comply with any request.

"I've got a proposal for you, Tom," he told me as we nestled into a corner for a private chat. His hand swept through his salt and pepper hair as his ice blue eyes looked directly into mine. I had no idea what he could want from me. I just stared at him, listening intently, but wanting to look away.

"Are you done for the evening?" he inquired.

"Yeah, I just logged out," I told him. I'd been getting ready to grab my coat and leave when he'd approached me.

"Great, let's head over to my place, we can grab a drink and talk business," he suggested. I thought this was a bit strange, of course, but I figured what could it hurt? It just might be the biggest break of my life, if this guy had a job to offer me or something. This was a prestigious man, it wasn't like he was a serial killer or something.

I grabbed my coat and left the place with him. The cold, fresh October air hit us as we walked out of the restaurant together, and his limousine was waiting for us in the front. Leaves swept down the street as we entered it. We made polite chit-chat in the back as the driver took us across town and then out to the suburbs. He turned onto a long, brick

driveway and made way up to an unbelievable home that looked to be the square footage of six regular houses. Yeah, I was definitely out of my league...

We went inside, and settled down into some sort of library room. He pulled out a box of Cuban cigars, and offered me one. I declined, but he took one and slowly lit it, puffing as he did so. We had a drink, which he poured. It was almost two glasses of brandy later when he finally got to his point.

"You've got enormous potential, Tom, really, I could see it from the first time I saw you at Bonne Nuit. You've got a handsome face and a well-defined body, one that would make most male models envious. You're smart, you're charming. Waiting tables is just a waste of time for someone like you, what is it that you want out of life?" he asked me. I thought he was going to offer me a job at his company, so I was a bit surprised when the conversation turned philosophical.

I looked down into my caramel-colored drink, and pondered this a bit. Was this a test? An interview? What should I say?

"I don't know, I guess what everyone wants. A happy life, time to travel, to experience life while you're still young enough to do it. I certainly don't plan on being a waiter forever," was what I came out with.

"Yes, yes, that's what people want, but so many will never achieve it. And that's through no fault of their own, Of course, it's a matter of circumstance, and sometimes of luck, serendipity. I believe we've met for a reason, Tom, and I have the ability to completely change your circumstances."

I sat there quietly, just looking at him. I didn't know what to say. This man in front of me had everything, everything that I wanted. I would kill to have his life. But probably never would. Unless I took a chance...a chance to change the pathway of my plain, pathetic life.

"Mr. Johnson," I started to say, but instead he got up out of the chair across from me and sat beside me on the sofa. Before I knew what was happening, both of his hands were resting on my cheeks. His voice was different now, soft and low, almost... sensual?

"I want you, Tom, like I've never wanted anyone. And I'm very good at getting what I want. I can change everything for you. We can live here together, travel, you can have anything and everything you want. It will be an incredible life, I can guarantee that, if you'll just decide to stay here with me."

I sat there frozen, in shock. I didn't know he was into men. You'd think with all the rumors I'd heard about him that it would've come up. But it never did. And here I was, faced with quite possibly the decision of a lifetime. I felt like I was in some kind of alternative universe. How could this be happening, and what was I gonna say? Being with him would certainly change everything, and he certainly was a handsome guy, even if he was quite a bit older than me.

"I... I," I started to say, but his mouth was on mine, warm and wet, and I couldn't prevent a moan from escaping my lips. Our hands were all over each other, we were like animals, and I knew I'd made my decision...without saying so much as a word. He stood up suddenly, and took my hand in his. Mr. Johnson guided me up a majestic spiral staircase that led to the master bedroom. I already had a hard-on for him, and it sure felt like I was in a dream. I just let him lead me. I would go where he wanted me to go, I would do what he wanted me to do. There was no question now.

When we reached his bedroom, I thought we would just go crazy on each other. But Mr. Johnson was not like any ordinary person. This would indeed be different. How could I make love to a man who just a few hours before I had been afraid to talk to? The brandy helped, but I was still nervous, excited, at the prospect of spending the night with him, in his beautiful home.

Once inside the ornate bedroom, Mr. Johnson pointed towards one of two walk-in closets attached to the room.

"Put something more comfortable on," he offered me as he motioned towards the closet. I didn't know why I had to change because I thought we were about to get naked, but I went into the closet as instructed. I was shocked upon entering, as it was filled with long, beautiful gowns. Designer labels hung from all of them, and there were high heels, large ones, neatly lining the floor. I looked around, but there were no men's clothes in the room.

Although I'd never done anything like it before, I chose a long, beaded red gown from the rack. There were matching shoes on the floor beneath it, and when I slipped them on, they fit quite well. I stripped down out of my jeans and t-shirt, and slithered into the designer dress. Then, I reluctantly stepped out of the closet.

"You look so beautiful, Baby," he whispered as he stood, advanced towards me, and grabbed my hand in his.

"Thank you," I said in reply as he embraced me and started nuzzling on my neck and down across my exposed shoulders. He guided me towards the bed, and carefully laid me down upon it. He lit several tall candles in sterling silver candle holders on tables next to his bed, and turned out the lights. I felt more than a little self-conscious, lying there in a woman's gown.

Mr. Johnson, still wearing a dress shirt and trousers, laid down next to me. He was kissing me, and rubbing the bulge that was protruding from my groin, still covered by a bejeweled gown. I was still a little nervous, rigid. I'm not sure if it was because of the women's clothing, or simply because he was...him.

"Relax, pretty baby, just let it happen," he whispered to me in the candle light, and I could feel my body beginning to relax under his gentle touch. He reached up into the high slit of my gown, and began fondling my cock. It felt so good, and I reached for the lump in his

pants as well, unzipping his trousers and setting his big dick loose. His kisses were so gentle, but so needy. His tongue plundered by mouth, and I sighed because of the deep desire I was feeling for him. He hitched up my dress to my hips, and began sucking hard on my veiny cock. I gasped, not believing how good it felt to be caressed by his mouth. I moved my groin in tandem with his motion, basically moving my penis in and out of his hot, wet mouth. I couldn't believe this was happening to me.

I eventually rolled him over onto his back, so that I was on top of him.

"I want to suck your cock," I softly said to the billionaire in an almost desperate voice that surprised even myself. I pulled his pants off, and he unbuttoned his expensive, white cotton shirt. Still wearing my designer dress, I went down on him. His hands were on my head, petting my blonde hair, as I sucked him off. I sucked him hard, and fast. He moaned as I quickened the pace, and I thought he could cum at any time. I wanted to fuck him so badly that my dick ached, and my balls were so full and hard. It was then that he told me.

"I've gotta fuck you, Tom," he said in a sultry, bedroom voice. I'd never been fucked up the ass, but I knew there was no use trying to resist it. He wanted me, and I wanted him, too, too much. I thought it would hurt, because his cock was pretty big, I mean much longer and thicker than normal. I got up off of him and assumed the position on my hands and knees with my ass in the air. Scared to death, I knew I was about to start my new life.

He lubed up with something from his nightstand drawer, thank God. Mr. Johnson, I'd have to stop calling him that! positioned himself up behind me, and nestled his penis into the crevice of my ass. His hands found my narrow hips, and I could feel my own legs trembling. I knew I was about to be reamed. He rubbed my ass for a few moments, enjoying my nervous anticipation, before thrusting himself up into my tight little virgin hole. I moaned loudly as he took me, his huge cock pushing against that hard ring up inside of my asshole. I wanted him to pull out, but I couldn't speak, I couldn't do a thing. He thrust again, and punched deeper up inside of me. My ass was on fire! I felt a pain like I'd never experienced, and never want to feel again.

"Oh, you're so good, pretty baby, so tight, just like I've imagined for so, so long," were the words I heard behind me as he banged up hard against my ass. I tried to prepare for every thrust, but it just wasn't possible. Eventually, I just gave up and let him have at it for a while. Mr. Johnson felt around to the front of me, and began stroking my member really fast. He must've hit my prostate right then, because I came like never before, grunting and spewing stickiness all over his thick, expensive Egyptian cotton sheets. He came shortly thereafter, filling my ripped asshole with hot jism that soothed it and strangely, made it feel better. He kissed me gently on the lips, before pulling a heavy bedspread up over us. I was still wearing a red dress as I fell asleep in his muscular arms.

I knew things would never be the same again.

My Soldier, My Sissy

As a commander in the Air Force, I had a lot of responsibility. I was in charge of the largest base in the country, and routinely flew important people, very prestigious people like leaders of countries, around the world.

I guess my problem started when I was in college. I started sneaking into the bedrooms of the two girls who lived in the townhouse with us. They were just my roommates, but I couldn't help my compulsion. When they were away, working or in class or whatever, I would go into their dresser drawers and rummage through their unmentionables. Lacy, frilly bras and camisoles, sexy panties, even bathing suits if I could find them. I even stole their tights, so black and sheer and irresistible. Silky and smooth, I couldn't help myself.

I would try them on, most were really too small, but somehow, I managed to squeeze into the stuff. I'd step in front of the mirror in my bedroom and enjoy the view, turning round and round in circles. I even took pictures of myself, to keep in secret and look at when I was alone. I never told a soul.

I married Caroline when I was thirty, and she was just graduating college. I was attracted to her at once, a fiery redhead with the face of an angel. And she had a body to die for, literally. Big breasts like melons, and a round rear with a tiny waist. We were married on a Saturday, and took off for our honeymoon in Acapulco. She, of course, never knew anything about my strange...habits.

After we were married, I realized that Caroline had her sexual quirks as well. She was very dominant in the bedroom, bossing me around like a love-struck puppy. Despite my macho job, I didn't mind. In fact, I liked not being in charge for once. We even dabbled in a bit of S&M, and I let her beat on me with whips and paddles, just for kicks. Then, one night, she took it to a whole other level, and introduced me to forced feminization.

It started as just another date night. We met at a local hotel bar after work for drinks. We started drinking around eight and by ten, we weren't feeling any pain...at all. We stumbled our way up to a hotel room, something we did whenever we got too hammered to drive.

Caroline looked hot, wearing pinstriped slacks and a white blouse that buttoned up the front and showed her ample cleavage. I had my dress blues on, as we'd had a ceremony on the base that day. I sat down on a chair in the room, and started to remove my shiny, black wing tipped shoes.

It was then that I saw Caroline reaching into her leather satchel and pulling out a wooden paddle that I was more than familiar with. Next, I saw her pull a lavender pair of lace panties out and a matching lace bra. She tossed them over at me, and I looked at her with an aghast look on my face. Then, she pulled out a long, dark wig and her makeup bag. She even had a pair of high heels, large ones, that would fit me. I've no idea where she found those.

I didn't know what to do, so I just sat there a moment. I didn't want her to know that I was turned on by women's lingerie, on me. I figured she'd think I was really messed up and sign me up for therapy or something. After all, she'd married a military man, not a sissy.

Caroline smacked the paddle against her hand, warming it up. She pointed down to where I'd let the purple lace undergarments fall onto the floor.

"Put those on, little girl," she told me in an authoritative voice as she continued to smack the paddle against her pants' leg.

"No," I told her, crossing my arms over my chest.

"You'll do it, or you'll be punished for your insolence," she hissed at me as she began hitting the paddle against the mattress.

"I... I can't," I told her, almost begging. I was still wearing my uniform as she motioned me over the edge of the bed.

"Take down your pants, and boxers," she told me, and I did as I was told, although I wanted to talk back to her. I undid my slacks, and pulled down the back of them along with my underwear. My bare backside was exposed as I bent over the bed to take my first punishment. Caroline paddled me, and I yelled out several times before realizing that I didn't want the people next to us to call the police. After that, I buried my face in the pillows as she spanked my ass red.

"Are you ready to put your pretty things on?" Caroline asked me in a voice that suddenly seemed sweet, in deep contrast to the assault she'd just levied on my bottom.

"Yes, yes, I'll do it," I told her as I pulled down my pants and boxers, and removed my suit coat, dress shirt, and under shirt. I stood before her naked while she inspected me.

"Good girl," she encouraged me as I began to pull on those lacy purple panties over my raging erection and tried to fumble with the bra. I knew how to put one on, but I didn't want her to know that. Finally, I had both on, and she motioned me to put on the black high heels. I walked over to them and clumsily put them on before staggering around the room. Then, she told me to sit back down in the chair.

Caroline placed the wig over my crew cut, and secured it on with clips. It was then that she unzipped her makeup bag and was about to apply makeup on me.

"Absolutely not," I told her in my most stern voice.

"How dare you, you get back over to the bed," Caroline commanded me in an almost motherly voice. I then received my second paddling, with my lavender lace panties pulled down to mid-thighs. My dark wig splayed out on the pillow as I whined and cried into it. When she was finished, I was ready to wear makeup.

Caroline put rouge on my cheeks, and bright red lipstick on my lips. She even did eye makeup, putting eye shadow, liner, and mascara on me. I knew this because she explained the whole process to me as she turned me into a woman. Caroline made me parade around the room, and stand in front of the mirror that was attached to the back of the door. My body secretly tingled as I caught my reflection.

"Are you gonna be a good little girl now, and do as you're told?" she asked me in a soft voice as she caressed my cheeks with her hands.

"Yes, I'll be good, I promise," I told her as she kissed me, slipping her tongue into my mouth. We embraced, making our way over to the bed. It was then that she grabbed her iPhone and began taking pictures of me. I had to do all kinds of things, poses. I had to pull down my bra to show off my breasts, and she made me pull down my panties a little to expose my rock-hard penis. All the while, I was wearing those high heels, because she wouldn't let me take them off. It was humiliating, and strangely exciting, at the same time.

"I've never been with a girl before," she told me as she undressed down to her own red panties and bra and then cuddled up close to me, kissing my neck, my shoulders, and my nipples. She pulled down my bra and suckled on them for a long while, sending a tingling sensation all over my body but mostly down to my groin. I groaned, pushing her head down towards my crotch, I just wanted her lips on my cock so badly. I quickly realized I'd made a mistake.

"Don't think I won't paddle you again," she whispered, and I stopped pushing her down there. I knew that she would redden my ass again without so much as a second thought. I started thinking about my roommates in college, and how much it excited me to go into their drawers and steal their underwear...how much I liked to try it on.

My dick stirred again in those lace panties, and she headed down there on her own to take care of me. She only pulled down the sheer lace a bit, but proceeded to give me the best blow job ever. I was so turned on, no doubt due to being in drag, and having my beautiful wife with my cock in her mouth. It was amazing, and I moaned loudly as she moved her warm, wet mouth up and down on me.

I hadn't cum yet, when she peeled off her own panties and hopped onto my lap. She was kissing me deeply on my lipstick-kissed lips, and teasing me by grinding her freshly shaved wet pussy all over my cock and panties.

"Oh, please, Caroline! I want to fuck you so bad," I whispered to her as I licked down her neck and massaged her big melon boobs in my hands.

"Do you like this? Like being a girl?" she asked me, suddenly looking me directly in the eyes. I didn't know what to say, I didn't want her to know I liked it, but if I said no, I knew I'd get the paddle again.

“Yes, I like being a girl,” I told her, realizing the truth would set me free and also save my poor ass from another punishment.

“Good, I like it, too,” she said as she guided my hard pecker into her dripping pussy, and allowing me to bury myself deep inside of her. She rocked back and forth with her hips as I fucked her just as hard and deeply as I could. She cried out, running her hands through my long, black wig. I lasted a long time, probably because of the alcohol. I fucked her sore, just the way she likes it. We finally came together in a loud orgasm, earth-shattering wouldn’t be an exaggeration.

We fell asleep in each other’s arms; it was a night I’ll never forget.

The Cowboy's Sissy

The first time I saw him, he was walking across the road from me. Tight jeans and scuffed up cowboy boots. I didn't know it at the time, but Dan was the other guy hired to move cattle through the mountains with me. He was attractive, the kind of rugged good looks that turned all the girls' heads. I wasn't a girl, but I have to admit that I noticed him right away.

We hit it off, too. He was really easy to talk to, and not an asshole like a lot of the other cowboys I'd worked with. They usually judged me, for not being as tall, as muscular, as manly as they were. But still, I was a right good herder, learned to rope and ride as soon as I could walk. My father was a rancher, and his father before him. I'd come by this life honestly enough.

There's something so intimate about being alone, way up in the mountains, sitting in the low light of a campfire. We spoke in low voices, telling stories about our lives, our adventures, our families. Neither of us were married, but we talked about our parents and siblings. It was then that I really realized how handsome Dan was. That lighting, surrounded by darkness, left shadows that showed his square, strong chin, cheekbones, and chiseled nose. Those big blue eyes shone in the light as he spoke to me in a low, southern drawl.

I didn't want him to think I was attracted to him, and I hoped it wasn't obvious. In fact, I tried not to look too deeply into those eyes or do anything else to betray my feelings. I felt like I could sit right there and listen to him forever. A million stars filled the warm night sky, and it really felt as though we were the only two people left in the world. It must've been about midnight as his eyes grew heavy, and we decided to call it a night. We went inside the tent as the fire died down to embers. I flicked on the lantern, and we began to undress, taking off our hats, pulling off our boots and peeling down our jeans.

Dan had an incredible body, a broad, bare chest and muscular arms. His behind was round, and I bit my lower lip as we stood there facing each other in our underwear. I couldn't help what happened next. I moved in close to him, and wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing my body up against his. He made no move to stop me or to move away, and before I knew it, his soft, full lips were pressed hard up against mine. His warm, wet mouth explored me, his tongue swirling in my mouth. I moaned loudly in response, clinging to him like a little girl. All pretenses melted away, and there was no denying what was happening between us.

"I've never wanted a man before," he whispered as he trailed kisses down my neck and across my shoulders. A fire of desire set out over my entire body, and I could feel my cock rustle in my underwear. I hadn't been with a man, either, but that didn't stop my knees from buckling, and I went down on my knees for him.

I peeled down the front of his underwear, and felt no reserve as I took him into my wanting lips. He groaned loudly. I sucked his huge pecker, wetting it with my mouth and taking him again and again through my lips and down deep into my throat. His body shook, and I

gripped him hard, doing a combination of a hand job and blow job at the same time. I knew from experience that this felt amazing, at least when a girl had done it to me...

Dan pulled away from me, and gently laid me down on the sleeping bag. I was trembling all over as he began kissing me again, his hands running all over my body. He pulled down my underwear and tugged on my dick, making it even harder than it had been before. I'd always been bi-curious, but I never really thought it would happen. I'm sure Dan never thought he'd be with a man, as he seemed even more straight than I was.

"I wanna suck you off," he murmured in a low voice as he removed my underwear from my ankles. I tried to maintain my composure, but I was about to explode as those words left his mouth. Then, his lovely, curvy lips were on my cock. I noticeably shuttered, realizing this was going to be the night of my life. I tried not to cum, I really tried, but I could feel myself losing it, and he could too. He stopped, and rolled me over.

"I've never wanted someone so bad in my life," he told me as he licked around back there, preparing me for what was to come.

"Ohhhh," I moaned as he continued to tease me, whether he knew he was doing it or not. I think he knew... how could he not, given all the noise I was making. I just wanted him to take me.

He lifted me up so I was on all fours, and I was so hot and wet back there that I thought I was gonna go crazy. It was at that moment that I felt his wonderful cock nestle up against my back door. I tried to prepare for it, but it was no use. With one thrust, he popped up inside me and I let out a groan as I became Dan's lover. It hurt like hell. I won't lie about that. I thought I would die if he kept going, but I thought I'd rather be dead than have him stop. It went on and on, and I clutched that plaid sleeping bag in my fists as he took me again and again. We were sweating, and it seemed so barbaric, so forbidden. As I whined and carried on, he reached around and was tugging at my meat with his rough hand.

"So good, it's so good," he told me in short gasps as he continued to plow his way into me. He huffed and grunted, giving me all of himself. We went on like this for maybe half an hour before I was reaching orgasm, and I stuttered.

"I... I'm cumming," I managed to say as I began to jerk uncontrollably. This set off a reaction in Dan, and he thrust deep inside me once more, unloading steams of warm jism up inside my ass as his body convulsed. I collapsed into his strong arms onto the ground. Eventually, we fell into a deep sleep.

I awoke to the sun coming up, and I watched Dan sleeping for a long while. I wondered what would happen, if it would be awkward between us for the rest of the job. We still had six weeks alone up in the mountains together, and to be near him and not have him would be torture. But when he awoke, he smiled at me and pulled me in for a deep, sensual kiss. It was then that I knew everything would be all right.

It's been twenty years since our time in the mountains together. Dan and I kept in touch with letters for a while, but eventually drifted apart. You know how that goes. I met Christine, and we got married. I heard he got married too, and I knew I'd never see him, never be held in his strong arms or look into those soulful eyes again. But that doesn't mean I can forget.

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.

Read on for some Older Man, Younger Man Erotic Tales...

One Last Time, For Old Times' Sake

by Sarah Clark

Jimmy took a large swig of his second whiskey and slammed the glass down on the bar.

"A third?"

He looked up at the hip young bartender, taking in his pompadour hair and light stubble. Damn that bastard's baby blues! He reminded Jimmy of a young man he'd known a long time ago. In fact, the resemblance was almost unnerving.

Maybe that was why he said yes to slugging back a third whiskey and then a fourth. He kept taking sideward glances at the man, well, *the boy* really, until he was pretty sure he'd get caught out if he stared any longer. Yep, a face like that could sure as hell drive a man to drink. At any rate, it was definitely why he came back the following night.

"Back again?" The bartender smiled, his teeth were astonishingly white. Jimmy felt ashamed of the chip in his own front tooth, a souvenir from a steer he had tried (and failed) to wrangle when he himself was a young man.

"Yep." Jimmy wasn't a man for conversation. He was a man for getting in and getting the job done. That's how he'd managed to hold down steady employment in the town these past thirty years. Young cowboys came and went, the town moved on, the cattle industry dwindled somewhat; but whatever work could be found, Jimmy always found it. He was well respected and well liked, so long as he kept his... weekend activities... to himself.

That's what made this young man such a goddamn problem. Jimmy was out of practice.

"Same as yesterday?" The boy reached for the bottle of whiskey on the shelf behind him.

"Yep." Jimmy replied, before adding a stifled, "You remembered."

Jimmy was sure that it was just wishful thinking, but for a moment he imagined that the boy blushed.

"Yeah, you drink the same as my Dad. First drink he ever bought me when I was old enough to come out here." The bartender explained, setting the glass down in front of Jimmy.

"Thanks." Jimmy wanted the conversation to continue, so he asked, "Did you like it?"

"I *loved* it." The bartender winked and made his way over to the other side of the bar to serve a group of older ladies.

Jimmy's heart skipped a beat and he was starting to perspire. *That* he had not imagined. But it didn't necessarily mean anything. This bartender with a familiar face was clearly less than half his age. Jimmy was probably the same age, or older, than the father the boy had

spoken about. A college kid probably, maybe in his final year at a stretch, no way he'd be interested in Jimmy, even if he were that way inclined.

But Jimmy drank his whiskey a little faster nonetheless.

"You out already? Sure, can take a drink." The bartender seemed to be teasing him, as he poured Jimmy a second. "I'm James by the way."

"I'm Jimmy." Jimmy responded, his voice a little gruffer than usual. He was starting to feel nervous. He couldn't look at a face like that much longer. Not without remembering... His dick twinged slightly inside his jeans. Maybe it would be best if he just went back to the ranch. He was an idiot for coming back here! He was virtually an old man trying to relive his youth, it wasn't decent.

He stood up and made to leave.

"Jimmy!" The fair-haired bartender called him back over, "You forgot your hat."

Jimmy shook his head, rattled, he hadn't even remembered sitting it down on the bar when he came in. Preoccupied.

He reached out to take it from James, but the young man held it firmly and forced Jimmy to make eye contact.

"I finish at eleven."

So that was how it came about that Jimmy found himself waiting beside his car, out in the cold, at ten past eleven on a Thursday night. His breath looked like smoke in the air as he spied James exiting via the back door. They made eye contact and James gestured for him to follow.

His heart was pounding as he followed his companion out past the row of shops in the town strip and down a laneway, where some dumpsters obscured the vision of passers-by on the street.

The young man moved first.

He pushed the older one back against one of the dumpsters, kissing his mouth aggressively. Jimmy tasted blood and his cock stirred. He pressed his palm roughly against the crotch of James' work pants, the kid was hard. So, fucking hard.

Jimmy felt awake, like his body was surging with some kind of electricity. He hadn't felt anything like it in twenty years. His eyes darkened and he slipped his hand inside James' waistband, feeling for his hard, young cock. He found it, somewhat taken aback at the length and girth of the thing and started stroking it with the expertise of someone who had done this over and over again for many years.

Like riding a bike.

James moaned loudly, "Oh, God." He bit down on his own lip and closed his eyes, allowing Jimmy to push him back against one of the buildings.

Jimmy whispered into James' ear, "You don't know what you've gotten yourself into kid." He breathed into James' neck but instead of making contact he moved his way down, unzipping James' pants and yanking his underwear down roughly.

James' cock sprung free, his large, tight balls hanging between his thighs. Jimmy took them firmly, but gently, in his hand and massaged them, breathing lightly on James' throbbing member as he did so. The younger man gasped and twitched visibly.

"Oh, yes." He breathed, thrusting himself towards Jimmy's mouth.

Jimmy smiled. This was exactly how he remembered it, only back then it had been another young man and Jimmy had been the one learning a thing or two.

He kept one hand wrapped around James' long shaft and slowly slid the head of his cock into his own hungry mouth. James tasted even better than he had fantasized about. He flicked his tongue all over the length of the cock, feeling every vein and ridge, stopping when he tasted just a hint of precum.

"We aren't nearly done yet."

Jimmy stood up forced James to turn around, squeezing his firm bare ass with one calloused hand.

James was breathing heavily and seemed disappointed that Jimmy had stopped, but eager enough for whatever was coming next.

Jimmy unzipped his jeans and poked his own cock through the hole, he felt uneasy taking them all the way down out in public. He spit on his hand and rubbed the saliva up and down his own dick. He doubted he was going to last very long. He would have to take his time before he entered that tight little asshole or he'd blow his load too fast and the whole thing would be over.

He took one of James' hands and had him spread apart his cheek, while he held the other side with his own free hand. With his other hand, he guided his dick towards the very rim of James' hole and moved his hips in a little circle, pushing just hard enough to suggest penetration.

James whimpered, "Stick it in."

Jimmy whispered into the boy's ear, "Ask again. Say my name."

"I want you to fuck me Jimmy. I want you to make me cry out in pain and then make me cum all over this fucking alleyway."

Jimmy couldn't take it any longer; he thrust his dick into Jimmy's backside, penetrating his asshole, causing the boy to cry out uncomfortably for a moment before he adjusted to the rhythm. He slid in and out of that small, deep hole with the fervor of a man who had been waiting for this for a long time. His dick throbbed magnificently, the pleasure washing over him in waves that made him feel like he was losing control. He was close to cumming.

He reached around and grabbed James' cock, jerking it with his strong, skilled hand. The boy moaned louder and louder, "Ride me cowboy!" he gasped, shooting his slick, white load all over the wall in front of them.

Jimmy pumped hard and fast for a few more seconds before he too cried out and came inside James' ass. "Peter!" he shuddered, waves of pleasure slowly receding as he pulled his dick out of James and put it back inside his jeans.

He suddenly felt the winter chill again. He had almost forgotten where they were. It was cold out and it was night time in a seedy alleyway in a quiet town. It wasn't the summer of his youth, spent finding himself in the big city. It wasn't a warm day in Peter's sprawling apartment where he had first experimented with another young man. This young man wasn't even Peter.

"I'm sorry." Jimmy was embarrassed. "I shouldn't have done that. I didn't mean to call you..."

James cut him off, laughing softly, "Don't be sorry. It happens man." James started to walk towards the exit of the alleyway but turned around and smiled at Jimmy. "You know where I work, if you ever want to come by again."

Jimmy simply nodded, back to being a man of few words.

Forced to Attend Sissy School

I'd resisted all her attempts. Alyse wanted to turn me into a girl, a little sissy. But I wasn't having any of it. She yearned to have me be submissive to her, to wear pretty little dresses and makeup, to satisfy her twisted sexual desires to humiliate me. She even tried to hook us up with some jackass online, they made an arrangement for us all to meet up in a hotel room so he could suck my dick and I could return the favor, while Alyse watched. I refused to go. We were fighting constantly, on the verge of divorce, the day that she drove me to the school. It was our one last attempt to save our marriage.

It wasn't a real school, of course. It was an underground thing, not literally underground, but no one knew about it. She found out about it on some deep web site, a place where masculine men could go to be trained... transformed into submissive little sissies. I didn't want to go, but I didn't want to lose the love of my life, either. Alyse and I had been together since high school, and a life without her would simply be unbearable for me. With a heavy heart, I let her drive me there and drop me off for one week of intensive therapy.

It was a large building, old, but it had been restored. I took my bag out of the car, and started up the stone walkway. She drove away, without even so much as a look back. I think she thought I would change my mind. I probably would have.

I was met by a tall, blonde woman as I entered the school. She was really attractive, young, with big melons for tits and a big, round bottom. I started thinking maybe this wouldn't be so bad, after all. Some other men, only about six of us, were standing around not really knowing what to do with ourselves. Little did we know, we were about to lose all control. The school decided everything for us from that time on.

Our bags were taken from us and stuffed into some sort of closet. We were then told to undress, and we pulled down our jeans, pulled off sneakers, and peeled off t-shirts. I was only wearing my underwear when we were told to remove those as well, we were to be completely naked. None of us were very happy to be standing there nude, but it was worse when all of the nurses filed into the room. They had us standing in the center of the room, and these women encircled us, laughing and pointing at our penises. They taunted us and giggled, while we tried to cover ourselves with just our hands.

"You've all been brought here because your penises are too small, too small to satisfy women. That's why you're here. You're not good enough, and you don't measure up. Because of this, you are going to be forcibly feminized. Your only value from now on is to be girls, to suck cock, and to offer up your tight little virgin asses to real men. Do you understand?" the hot blonde nurse explained to us, and I'd never been so terrified. I wondered if the other men were as reluctant as I was, but by the horrified looks on their faces, I could tell that they were. The room was a bit chilly, and we were made to stay there and be laughed at for quite some time, while we were lectured on how unsatisfied our women must be in order for them to drop us off at sissy school, and how puny our dicks were.

"Now, you are going to be prepped for sissy school, by having your pussies shaved," the bossy blonde finally announced, and we were all led into the next room where there were what looked like hospital beds with stirrups attached to each. I climbed on top of the white-sheeted bed, and put my feet up into the stirrups. They were cold and metal, silver in color. Six of the nurses came in to shave our pussies. Mine was a short brunette with the face of an angel and really big titties. I laid there without a stitch of clothing on as she lathered me up with white, creamy foam and began the seemingly impossible job of shaving me with a razor. She lifted up my half-hard penis and moved it to the side as she did her job. I was absolutely mortified. When she finished shaving my groin and my legs and chest, she made me turn over and shaved my back, my ass, my nut sack and down the backs of my legs. When she was done, I was bald, just like a girl.

Once we were shaved, we were taken one by one into a dressing room. There, I was forced to put on some sort of crotchless lace panties and a very short plaid skirt. The little white blouse they gave me to wear only went down to my navel, and had short, ruffled sleeves. I was put into white high heels, and I almost fell over. The hair and makeup was next, long, flowing locks were attached to our heads and our faces were made up like hookers, very red lips, black eyeliner, and red rouge on our cheekbones.

As I was escorted down the hallway, I caught a glimpse of one of the other guys that had just been brought in. He was unrecognizable from the football macho guy that he'd been just a couple hours before. He was struggling to walk in high heels, and he looked up at me for only a second before training his eyes once more on his feet as he tried to keep from falling.

Next, I was brought into a room where there were three muscular men, very tough guys who looked like they belonged to a biker gang or something. They were dressed in leather pants and white t-shirts.

"Here's our pretty little cocksucker," one of them said as I was shoved into the room and the door was closed. I just looked at them, and they stared back at me, leering. I realized how ridiculous I looked, and that made me self-conscious. One guy, with shiny, straight black hair, took a seat in a chair and unzipped his zipper, releasing the most enormous cock I'd ever seen. It was like twice the size of mine.

"Down on your knees, sweetheart," he told me, and I reluctantly got down so that my face was in his lap.

"Your middle name is gonna be cocksucker by the time you get out of this room," he told me as he leaned back in his chair. I'd never sucked off a dong, had no idea how to or even if I could bring myself to do it. I just stared at his big dick, and then he grabbed the back of my head and pushed my mouth down on him to gobble his meat. I worked my way up and down on his shaft as the other two guys watched, making lewd comments the entire time.

“Faster, make it wetter,” they told me as I tried to do my best. But it wasn’t good enough. The guy I was blowing pushed his entire cock down into my throat and left it there while I gagged and tears came to my eyes. I couldn’t breathe.

“Look, I got it all the way down her throat,” the one guy said proudly as the others laughed.

“I can’t wait to drive my cock down her throat,” one of the others said, and then the other one repeated the same refrain.

“Suck my sweaty balls,” the guy I was servicing said, and I went down and took his hairy nutsack into my mouth and sucked on it. I really was beginning to feel like a girl. I was in there for a long time, and gave three blowjobs that day. They made me suck down all their cum, as they grimaced and shot hot creamy goo down my throat. Afterward, I had to lick them clean as well. I wouldn’t have thought it, but I had my own little hard-on hiding underneath my skirt by the time I was allowed to leave that room.

I fell asleep on a cot next to the other new students, we were all tired, and none of us wanted to talk about what had happened that day, what we had done. As I drifted off into sweet oblivion, I wondered what the next day would be like.

We knew we were gonna be fucked up the ass.

All the men that worked at that place had huge dicks. They must’ve put an ad in the paper offering jobs to guys with the biggest shlongs. They were the men, and we were the girls. I didn’t know if it would happen today or in a few days, but I knew it would happen. We were there to be dominated, trained as sissies, and that was definitely going to be part of it. My ass hurt just thinking about it.

My bull was a tall, blonde guy that was hung, and I mean hung. We’d spent the entire day being taught to be little ladies, how to walk sexy in heels, how to bend over to let men look up our short skirts, and how to cross our legs when we sat. After the Femdoms taught us how to act like women, we went to meet our bulls, the men who would be continuing our education. That’s when I met Sam, the man who was going to teach me to ride his lightning rod. I tried to walk as sexy as possible as I stumbled my way into his room. I knew if I didn’t act right, do and say the right things, there would be hell to pay, and definitely more training and punishments.

I teetered my way in high heels across the room and over to the bed to sit next to this man who, quite honestly, looked like a Greek god to me. He was fine, but I was still trembling as I imagined the monster piece of meat he must be packing in those khaki trousers. He was wearing a polo shirt that was navy, and he ran a strong, tanned hand through his curly blonde locks as he admired me.

“Nervous?” he asked me in an almost kind way, and I just nodded timidly, like I’d been taught.

“That’s ok, it’ll be all right, nothing to be nervous about,” he continued on as he ran long, tanned fingers over my exposed thighs. Goosebumps popped up all over me, and I felt like jumping up and running out the door. Before I could, curvy, warm, wet lips were on mine and he pushed me back on the bed, climbing on top of me. I’d never kissed a man before, quite honestly, I never thought I could. But it made me feel tingly, almost like kissing Alyse, but definitely stronger, more passionately. Oh, God, I could feel an erection popping up under my little school skirt! How could this be happening to me?

We were all over each other, I kissed down his neck and pulled at his belt buckle with a desperation that I’d never felt for anything in my life. I knew exactly what to do, going down on his long penis as soon as it was unleashed. All the while his fingers played with my crotchless lace panties under my skirt, stroking me, teasing me. I sucked up and down on him, and worked the sensitive head of his huge cock with my tongue.

I really didn’t know how this whole thing was going to play out. The new guys had heard rumors about sissies being tied up to be taken for the first time. Some bulls gagged their sissies to keep them from screaming, while others just let them cry out the entire time. One guy even stuffed your panties in your mouth to keep you from making too much noise. I wondered what Sam would do to me as I sucked his dong, as best I could. It was then that he pulled me back up and began kissing me. It was so warm and wet, that it made my toes curl. His warm breath was in my ear when he asked me.

“Do I need to tie you up?”

“No, no, I’ll behave,” I told him, not wanting to be restrained.

“Are you sure, because I’ve been punched in the face before, with someone else,” he explained, but I shook my head back and forth, indicating no again.

“OK, we’ll try it without then,” he told me as he rolled me over onto my stomach and pulled down my lace panties while pushing up my skirt. He kissed all over my back and his lips were massaging my ass. Then I could tell he was reaching for something, and I heard the lube spurt out into his hands. He massaged himself all over with it, and then applied more to me. He rubbed it all over my ass, my package, and even my pecker. Most of all, he applied a dollop to my asshole, and I was grateful that he wasn’t going to try to dry-fuck me.

“It’s ok, little one, it’ll be all over in a minute,” he tried to reassure me, but I was so nervous I was literally stiff. I could feel an intense pressure back there, and a burning as the head of his cock burrowed its way up inside of me with one thrust. I grabbed the sheets on his bed, my mind exploding. I tried not to cry out, but it was impossible.

“Ahhhh,” I yelled out as he racked his pelvis against my ass, taking me fully and making me his girl. I’m not so sure the lube worked, because it still hurt terribly. My body trembled as I tried to crawl across the bed on my stomach to get away from him, but it was no use. He rammed that big dick even farther up my ass the second time, and it just kept happening again and again. My eyes watered, and I couldn’t help it. I burst into tears.

Sam reached around and grabbed a hold of my little penis and began stroking it, and that helped a bit. He massaged my balls between his fingers, and continued to fuck my tight little hole. Then he gave one final big thrust, hitting my prostate and causing me to cum all over his hand as he pulled at my dick. He came right after that, filling me with his love cream.

Sam kissed me, warm, wet and slow, afterwards, and I fell asleep in his arms, relieved to know my transformation was complete. I was now a sissy boy.

Alyse came and picked me up, and we went home. The school assured her that I would do whatever she said, with whomever she wanted, from now on. That made her smile. When we got home, she told me that she'd been in touch with that guy online again, and he was going to be meeting us on Saturday for a date.

"Sure, that sounds good," I told her as I began making our dinner.

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 another 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.

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 heavysset 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 deflowered. 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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