



**TRAINED
TO BE
A
GIRL**

sissy stories

Trained to be A GIRL

Plus Bonuses Stories about Transvestites, Crossdressing, Crossdressers, Sissy Boys, and Sissy Maids,

Sissy Maid Husband, Sissy Maid Stories, Sissy Maid Erotica, Transvestite, Threesomes

By Sissy Stories©

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Trained to be a Girl

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 Your Next Bonus Sissy Tale...

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.

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

Every time I saw those pretty girls prancing around the office, I'd become almost mad with envy. Their feathery skirts caressing glossy thighs. Long, silken hair cascading across bare shoulders. Three-inch high heels clicking on the pavement as they paraded their tight little asses in front of all the guys. They were allowed to be sexy, and no one would stop them. And the warmer summer days would convince even the most careful, modest girl to parade her body. I used to fantasize about being one of them, feeling the sheerness of silk and coarseness of lace sliding over my naked body.

When I finally decided to stop imagining and rather do something about it, it felt as though I should have done it ages ago. Access to online clothing and lingerie stores was a life-changer for me, and I felt like a naughty child stealing something from a toy store. For every accomplishment in my career, I would treat myself to a little online shopping spree. I would find an opportunity to indulge all by myself. Although every night ended with a joyful release, that wasn't the most important aspect for me. What I wanted the most, what I needed, were the fantasies and the sense of reality the feminine clothes applied to my alternative life.

Over the weeks and months that followed, I became more daring by the day, or should I say night. And every night I came home from work. I tried to stay away, to be "normal." But without fail, I would find myself in front of my evermore crammed closet. I'd slip into some sexy little number I had stashed there. Every evening, a different outfit, and every time I was feeling feminine and horny. I didn't really need to sneak at home, but I still felt like I was doing something bad, something taboo. The transformations themselves weren't all that difficult since I lived alone. Maybe if I lived with someone else, I would have been able to have some self-control. All those years of fantasizing kept my mind correctly attuned, and my movements and attitude came easily. Every night, in the comfort of my flat, I would ditch my expensive, tailored suit and treat myself to some silky sheerness.

As time passed, I started asking myself this question: Would people be able to tell Mr. Dan from Miss Daniela? I wasn't merely satisfied with doing this in secret anymore. I wanted to go out, to have fun and express myself. I guess I wanted to face my fears. Or better still, I wanted to experiment with this fantasy. And when my immediate boss, Miss Clara, announced a weekend get-together for all her employees at one of the fancy bars downtown, I found the perfect opportunity to test out my new identity.

On the night of the get-together, I began my transformation. I shaved two times and washed my face with cold water. Then I applied two coats of moisturizer, allowing it to penetrate my skin. Then, I put on my panties and a specially padded bra.

For makeup, I applied a thin, even coat of concealer followed up with two layers of a cream-based foundation. While that was drying, I used a black eyeliner pencil to do the edge of my eyelids to accentuate my blue eyes. I applied three sweeps of mascara to my eyelashes to increase volume and length. I then thinned each eyebrow into an arch. To increase both volume and plumpness of my lips, I layered them with the warm tingle of cinnamon oil. I

could feel my lips swell as I applied gloss on top of that. I then contoured my face with shadow and highlights. As my face became more feminine, I placed a dollop of coral pink powder on the apples of my cheek. Finally, I put on a long blonde wig, let it down and fluffed it. As I slowly raise my head, I saw in the mirror one bold, sexy woman.

When it was 11 at night, a time I was certain my coworkers would be too wasted to recognize anyone, I took a cab to the bar. As I stepped inside the crowded bar in my black high heels, my heartbeat drummed loudly. I could feel it palpitating in my neck. I wore a simple French blue blouse and a short black skirt with black stockings. I could feel male eyes on me as I entered. Even though I never fancied men, I was still thrilled to receive such attention. It made me feel sexy, sensuous and womanly... powerful.

As my confidence increased, I ordered a drink. That was when two men approached, offering to buy me a drink. The first one, I had never seen before. But the second man was Mark, my friend. I did my best not to burst into a fit of laughter. I just covered my mouth with my hand, and shook my head no so I could drive them away. They weren't what I was looking for.

Some guys from Admin were already gearing up in the corner. I could tell, since I was one of them at the office, that they were placing bets on who among them was going to bang me, the hot woman sitting alone at the bar. I instantly stood up to leave. I didn't want to push my luck, at least not that much.

As I waited for my ordered cab outside the bar, from behind I heard a slurred voice whisper, "You're really hot, you know?"

I turned to confirm who it was. It was my boss, Miss Clara -an absurdly strict woman with long, brown hair that was almost black. She had large, doe-like brown eyes and a small nose. Her lips smiled at me. they were seductively pouty with a deep red color. The office talk was that Miss Clara was a closet lesbian, something no one dares mention in her presence. That night, she wore a white buttoned-up blouse under a gray suit coat and a knee-length gray skirt. She was climbing into her pricey SUV, and I caught an "accidental" sneak peak of her bare crotch.

For a moment I stood in stunned silence. "Thank you," I said icily.

"My name is Clara Danvers. Nice to meet..."

"Daniela," I replied in the most girlish voice I could muster.

Miss Clara crawled back out of her vehicle and came up closer to me. I felt a bit of trepidation as she maintained eye contact.

"Cut the crap, Daniel. You might fool those brainless dicks in there, but you...you certainly don't fool me."

The shock that swept through my body was both devastating and violent. I nearly tripped on my heels, but caught myself before falling down on the pavement.

What happened next? I didn't know what I was thinking. It was like my brain wasn't even functioning, when I grabbed the keys to the SUV from her hand and drove her to my flat. We drove in silence and I didn't even know why I was bringing her home with me. I knew she shouldn't be driving. I led her inside, and indicated that she could sleep in my bed and I'd take the couch.

I somehow drifted into sleep in my living room, still fully-dressed in my skirt and blouse. It was then that the strange dream began: I felt hands reaching up under my skirt and slowly lowering my panties. Before I knew it, someone was rubbing my thighs under my skirt, between my stocking tops and my sheer panties.

Then, somewhere in the darkness, I felt a firm hand on my cock. The hand wrapped around me, squeezing it gently. My legs went weak. Then, there was stroking up and down the length of my veiny shaft, applying just the right amount of pressure. It felt soooo good. My mind was reeling. *This dream is amazing*, I thought. I hoped I would never wake up.

Then, something insane happened. At first, I didn't really know what it was. It was a sensation unlike anything I'd ever felt before. It was a hot, warm, wet feeling on the tip of my member. I felt something swirling around on the tip, even probing at the opening. Suddenly, my body relaxed as I realized that someone was deliciously sucking my cock! But a dream could never feel this good; I woke up with this explosive jolt, only to find Miss Clara kneeling beside me in my living room.

"What the..." I cried.

"Sheesh," she hissed, placing one finger on my mouth. "One more word from you, Daniela, and you're fuckin' fired."

Instantly, Clara's tongue whirled around my tip and sucked in, creating a vacuum that pulled on my cock and made my toes curl. Clara's tongue seemed to be everywhere. It was wrapping around my thick shaft, tonguing at my hairy balls, and fluttering across the sensitive tip. I felt my dick press into the inside of Clara's cheek. Then, I felt my penis slowly slide out of my Clara's mouth. The cool air snapped at my wet skin, but only for a moment, then my cock plunged back into my Clara's mouth, wetter and even hotter than before.

My hips seemed to move on their own, thrusting into Clara's mouth again and again. The intensity of the feeling made me want to moan with pleasure. But, fearing Clara's threats, I didn't dare say a word.

"So, Daniela, you had the balls, pun intended, to bring me to your house?" Clara teased.

I was red-faced, but Clara had wrapped her hands around the base of my member. I bit down on my finger, feeling that I was getting close. Clara had her soft, magical hands deep up inside my skirt and flicked her tongue against the tip of my poor, tortured private parts.

I bit down harder on my fingers, so hard for a moment I thought I'd draw blood. But then, the small amount of pain I felt in my finger was completely overwhelmed. It started with my balls seizing up, and sort of pulsating.

"Fuck, Clara!" I wailed as I felt the laser-like jet of cum move through me, so backed up and over-stimulated that it felt like it was stretching me out. And then I felt it burst through the tip of my dong, with my shaft now pulsing as well. With this mechanical release of my ejaculate, I felt a debilitating yet wonderful sense of calm. As I sprawled out on the couch, it radiated out over my body, growing from my midsection to coat my brain in fuzzy euphoria.

Clara's hand continued to pump on my hard cock, the lips maintaining its seal, milking every last drop of cum into her mouth. I felt the tongue, hot with my spunk, swirl around my tip and sucking in more and more of my sexual essence. Spurt after spurt of my thick cream deposited in my boss' mouth. The intensity of the experience overwhelmed me.

Finally, after I'd deposited most of my seed, I felt my pace slacken and then stop. My dick still shook as the orgasm faded, and the cum stopped flowing. My balls eased and I slipped my finger out of my mouth, breathing for the first time in nearly a minute. I felt lightheaded. I couldn't ever remember feeling so content, so good. I couldn't believe that this woman, my boss of all people, was fulfilling my deepest, sweetest fantasies.

"Clara... I thought you were..."

"Gay?" she responded dismissively. "Of course. I know what you blockheads say. But I have a thing for sissy men like you, too."

I tried to get up, but Clara pushed me back with such brute force that I didn't know what was coming next. She carefully removed my silky cum-stained panties and rubbed them on my chubby. And like magic, I became fully erect again. Clara reappeared from under my skirt and stood up from her kneeling position. She lifted her own skirt and straddled my body, lowering her brown, neatly trimmed bush towards my straining manhood.

It felt warm and tickled as Clara descended onto my pecker. I felt her envelope me completely with her sticky, sweet wetness. She was tight, her cunt gripping me strongly as her labia rested hard against me. She stayed there for a moment, completely enjoying the feeling of being filled up while she caressed her own breasts under her blouse. I licked my lips as she held me in her vice-like grip, every movement of her body transferring to me.

With one graceful move she took off her blouse, and then reached around to release her wonderful globes from a red lace bra. I reached up to caress them, but with a grin, she slapped me away. "I'm still your boss," she warned.

She leaned forward, removed her flimsy bra and tied my wrists to the couch arm with it. I didn't resist: the hold of her flower was irresistible to me. Slowly, and now totally in charge of my semi-naked body, Clara began to ride me with abandon. She started tugging at her breasts as she concentrated on her own pleasure, using me as a mere appendage. She began to taunt me a little, saying that I was better off working as a sex slave than in her office. Her words made me feel cheap, but this aroused me even more.

Lovely Clara certainly knew how to ride a rock-hard prick. She alternated from long, slow slides up and down my pole to sudden, short bursts of thrusting her hips, leaving me breathless the entire time. She slid her hands under my padded bra and started pinching at my sensitive nipples, pulling on them and twisting them until I yelped. Tied up as I was, I couldn't stop her. Still, I don't think I would have wanted to, even if I could; it was just such an exquisite torment.

The erotic situation was definitely getting to me, and I was desperate to reach yet another climax. But Clara was having none of it. Every time she thought I was ready to blow, she'd either stop and relax her grip on me, or release my cock and let it twitch helplessly until I calmed down. She controlled me. I was becoming frantic. I really just wanted to primally rip off all her clothes and take her roughly with her legs over my shoulders. Somehow, Clara knew this, and she deliberately kept me on the edge, taunting my inability to fuck her as I so desperately wanted to.

Clara must have read my face that, knew how much I wanted to assume control over her. She switched tactics. She slipped off of me and went back to sucking my dick again instead. She took the full girth of my shaft inside her throat. She didn't hold back at all, and soon I was begging to cum. With the grace of a black panther, she shifted forward and slid me back into her wet pussy. Clara rode me for all she was worth, encouraging me to fuck her deeper and harder than I'd ever taken any woman.

"Yes, oh yes, Daniela, fuck me hard, bitch. Take that cunt, Good Girl!"

She squeezed my stiffy with her tight pussy, and seconds later I couldn't help but erupt inside of her. I filled her with my cream as wave after wave of cum spurted out of me. She moaned loudly as I filled her up, and I lay helpless as I looked up at this incredible woman. Her head was back and her eyes were closed as long brown hair cascaded over her perky breasts, her nipples elongated with lust and pleasure. In my post-coital reverie, I was proud that I'd pleased her so well. She stayed on top of me until my deflated cock was just barely inside her.

She straddled my face, and I knew what was coming. I gazed at her cum-soaked little bush as she lowered it to my waiting mouth. She tasted like sex, hot and moist, and I greedily made sure that every inch of her mound was given my full attention.

Clara kept me trapped between her sweet thighs until she was satisfied that she was totally clean and empty. Finally, she slid off of me and released my aching arms. Clara kept my

mind off it by taking me in her arms and kissing me passionately, her tongue exploring my mouth.

"You're a very good employee, Daniela," she purred with a coy smile.

I just lay there panting, and it was a good few minutes before I could stand again. My groin and thighs felt sticky.

"See you on Monday, Daniel," Clara said more sternly, and then she disappeared out of my apartment.

That night, a part of me wondered if she was going fire me on Monday.

Nah...

Read on for your next tantalizing sissy story...

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.

Read on for your next delicious tale...

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.

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.

More Bonus Erotic Sissy Stories for Your Enjoyment...

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.

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.

More Stories For You...

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.

Read on for more...

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".

Transforming – A Male to Female Tale

Chris stared at Sam for what seemed like forever, but in reality, it was only one full minute. Still, he'd made up his mind. This was the woman for him. Chris wasn't like other guys, those ones that sleep with as many girls as they can, and are forever on the quest for the next one, the better one. He was a one-woman man, and he'd decided on Sam from the very start. He'd sat across the room from her in Chemistry class, freshman year of college, and been captivated by her smile. Such pretty bow lips, and an incredibly bright smile.

Chris finally managed to build up the courage to invite Samantha to go out for what he hoped would be a romantic dinner, the start of something. They met at Mario's. The chicken parm there was fantastic. They'd both ordered the same thing. The conversation just flowed, as though they'd known each other from day one, and after quite a few drinks they really started to relax.

Samantha, not wanting to lead him on, somehow managed to let Chris in on her secret: she was a transgender undergoing transformation. Chris was surprised, to say the least, but strangely, it didn't change anything. He knew it might be complicated, but Chris still wanted Sam.

Chris was attentive and flirtatious in a nice, subtle way as Samantha simply stared at him across the table. She couldn't help it. Sexy, strong but kind, funny and so caring. He'd caught her eye, too. Chris doted on her. treated her like a lady, in an old-fashioned, but still-so-nice way. He'd pulled out her chair for her, and was so polite, unlike most men she'd met. He smiled shyly as if he knew how she felt. He made her feel like the most desirable girl in the room. Samantha seemed all woman to Chris, so delicate and so feminine.

Chris grinned back at her, making her blush for no apparent reason. Did he know just how much she wanted to fuck him. The sexual tension was almost unbearable, and Samantha became aware of the pulse in her neck as she mulled over the possibilities in her mind. She was nervous, excited, and ...anxious... and a little scared what the evening might bring. The scenarios that were racing through her mind aroused her all the more. They finished dinner, and exited the restaurant walking together, Chris' hand on the small of Sam's back. He drove them back to his place in a silent car, both contemplating internally what was about to happen when they arrived there. He unlocked the door, and held it so that Sam could enter the apartment.

Samantha gasped softly as Chris approached her and ran his large hands down her smooth arms, over her small back, and landed on her curvy rear end. A surge of electricity rippled through her entire body from head to toe. Her head spun, and it wasn't just from the red wine. Everything about Chris was intoxicating. To her, he was a masterpiece, better than the best thing she'd ever imagined. He gently picked her up, taking her to the bedroom, and setting her down on his bed.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered against the inside of her thighs, the soft flesh prickling with goose bumps as he pushed up her black mini dress. Chris then planted a kiss on her

small cock through her lacy lavender panties, causing her to gasp. She'd never been touched this way before, never had this reaction to anyone.

He continued to kiss his way across her hips and up her flat tummy, pausing to notice her belly button piercing. It was a little butterfly. Sam wrapped her legs around his waist, planting her ankles on his muscular back as his lips found her neck. Her eyes were closed, and she could not see, but it didn't matter anyway; Sam was lost in the moment, a moment she'd waited for... for a very, very long time. She grabbed for the button on his jeans, and undid it, as well as the zipper. Chris wiggled his way out of them, revealing plaid boxers. His t-shirt came up over his head and found its way to the floor. His muscles rippled as he wrestled with Sam on the bed.

Sam's cock pushed and strained against the tight panties and his much larger cock bore through the loose fabric of his boxers. She slid a small hand down her body and grabbed a hold of his veiny cock, stroking it gently through his boxers.

He let out a soft groan before his tongue slid its way into her mouth, spiraling and dominating her own. She let out a small moan and pushed her hips forward involuntarily. It was as if he were a puppeteer, controlling her with his mere movements and sheer will. She placed her free hand on the hard pectoral muscles of his chest and just ever so slightly dug her nails into his skin. She smiled against his lips and in one quick motion, he pulled at her panties, tearing them away with ease and tossing them aside. In response, her now-free cock stood erect, pressing against her wrist as she continued to stroke his penis with even more force.

He pulled away, leaving her feeling a rush of longing as if he was going to disappear. Chris peeled down his boxers, removing them. She pulled her legs back and slid further up the bed, resting her head against the wall and biting her lip, just imagining what would transpire. Stroking his own cock, Chris made his way toward her and stopped next to the bed. She crawled toward him, like a lioness ready to make the kill. Gently, he guided her mouth to his cock and she eagerly leaned forward, resting her smooth round bottom on her calves. As she slid his thick member into her mouth, he pulled back on her raven hair. She stared up at him, as she worked her way up and down his shaft, teasing the sensitive head of his penis with her tongue. He smiled down at her and whispered softly between moans of ecstasy, "Now, that's a good girl." Her cock twitched and a slender stream of precum began to make its way from the tip down to her cleanly shaven testicles.

As she continued to work his cock with her lips and tongue, he grew more forceful and his grunts more savage, animalistic. He grabbed a fistful of long, black hair and began pushing her against his cock. She moaned, almost gagged, and ignored the drool sliding down her chin as she loved his cock. In the back of her throat, she could feel his penis convulsing, and the sensation sent her head spinning. She began to stroke his cock and focused her tongue's attention on his hairy testicles, placing a hand on his muscular thigh as she did so.

His body was tense, and he made beastly sounds unlike anything she'd heard before. In a flash, he pulled away and knelt, grabbing her hips and spinning her to lie on her stomach.

He leaned forward and kissed the side of her neck, his cock pressing against her ass and his broad chest forcing her down into the mattress. She gasped and moaned, pushing her ass against his cock and arching her back. Her body was not her own. It was his to do with as he pleased. He slid a finger across her tight pink hole and she felt the shockingly cool sensation of lube being dripped onto it. Gently, he slid his finger in and out, ensuring the little hole would be well lubricated to please his aching cock.

"I can't believe this," Samantha moaned as he pushed against her virgin hole. He leaned back, spreading her ass with both hands and slowly began to push his massive cock into her tight little hole. She moaned and screamed into the pillow. With a final, excruciating push he thrust his cock fully inside her. She let out a scream as he let out mindless groans of intoxicating pleasure. Sam whined as he took her again and again, feeling as if she was going to black out.

A torrent of sensations now blossomed within her. She drooled and moaned as Chris pumped back and forth within her. He filled her to near bursting with his large prick, and she felt her knees go weak with each thrust.

"Does that feel good?" he finally asked her in a now-raspy voice.

"Ooohhhh!" she managed to moan. She continued to struggle to take him inside of her again and again when he pulled her up to hands and knees. Chris began slamming his muscular hips against her as the whole thing started over once again.

Her eyes were half open and she gasped loudly as sweat beaded across her body. Her little cock swung back and forth, precum dancing on its tip. She arched her back until she thought it might break, and she just clawed at the sheets. She had to will herself to stop biting her lip before it bled. She lost all control when his big hand found her cock, never pausing to slam into her as he began to stroke it. Her toes curled and cramped and she felt her testicles become tight in preparation to cum. "Oh my god," she hissed, the rest of her body becoming limp and bobbing with each of his thrusts.

He released her cock and thrust fully inside her, causing her to choke and gasp, before grabbing under her knees and lifting her up into the air. His cock never left her and he began to lift her up and down on her cock. She became nothing more than a sheathe for his cock. As if she were a doll, he pumped her up and down on his cock, never slowing down. Sam realized his assault no longer hurt, and she welcomed every time he buried his penis up deep inside of her. Chris set her back down on the bed, but kept fucking her so hard. Finally, she could feel him tensing and they both knew he would soon cum. She mentally begged him to never stop loving her and began rapidly stroking her own cock.

When he was on the brink, he took one final plunge, the deepest inside of her, and began cumming, spraying hot seed up deep inside of his woman. Still stroking her own meat, Sam came hard at the same time, unloading into his sheets below her. Before her cock had finished draining, Chris rolled her over onto her back and laid down on top of her, covering that lovely face with soft kiss after soft kiss. It was just the beginning of a lifetime.

Emasculated and Cheated On – Watching My Wife and My College Roommate

It all started when I introduced my old roommate, Russ to my wife, Sonya. I hadn't seen Russ in years, not since college, but we found each other on Facebook a couple of years ago, and then he looked me up when he moved to LA. I was working as a music executive, and he talked me into getting him a job. I had no idea how my association with Russ would affect my marriage to Sonya. But I guess no good deed goes unpunished...

I should've seen it coming, actually. That first night at dinner, they couldn't keep their eyes off each other. Sonya's a beautiful woman, with long, flowing dark hair and almond-shaped brown eyes lined by thick lashes. She has high cheek bones, and full lips that any woman would kill for and a body to match her perfect, oval face. I knew she was out of my league from the beginning, but that didn't stop me from pursuing her and making her mine.

I almost felt like a third wheel that night at dinner with my old friend and my new wife. They just seemed to hit it off, like they'd known each other all their lives. We drank wine, and the low candle light flickered as we laughed and shared stories about our wild college days. Still, I noticed that a kind of sexual tension hung thickly in the air but I brushed it off to being my imagination, and being an overly jealous newlywed with a much younger, much hotter wife.

Our intimacy went to hell right after that night. We quit making love, even when I tried to initiate it. I started badgering Sonya, asking her what had changed, what was wrong. I couldn't get an answer out of her. Then, one night after a few drinks at home, she eventually came out with it.

"I'm going to fuck Russ," she told me, and I just about swallowed my tongue along with the brandy I'd been enjoying.

"What?" was all I could come out with.

"I'm going to fuck Russ and I'm telling you this because I think you deserve to know," she continued on, sipping nonchalantly on her glass of red wine.

"Why? Why are you saying this?" I questioned her, not understanding what the hell was going on.

"I just want you to know and you can be there or not, that's up to you."

"I can be there... what? What are you saying?" I fumbled on, trying to grasp the situation. My mind was blown, who says this kind of shit?

"I mean, you're my husband, so you can watch, if you want," she told me in an equally cool manner. I just wanted to shake her, she seemed so calm about the whole thing and I wanted to kill somebody.

"You want me to watch?!!!" I yelled at her, completely losing it at this point. I stood up from my chair and walked over to the sink, smashing my glass of brandy into the sink.

"You don't have to watch if you don't want to. I just thought you might. I really didn't think you'd get this upset. I thought you'd be happy that I was honest about it. I don't want to go behind your back," she said, standing up and walking over to stand behind me as I slumped down over the sink. I stood up and turned around to face her.

"You don't want to go behind my back? What, are you fuckin' kidding me? Why, because we have so much trust in our marriage? Is that why we don't make love anymore? Because you wanna fuck my best friend?!!!" I continued on my tirade.

"I thought it might turn you on," she said more quietly now.

"Turn me on? You fucking Russ?!!!" I was unable to comprehend any of this. Why would I want to share my wife with anyone?

"Well, it's gonna happen, so...just let me know...what you decide," she said as she turned away from me and walked back into our bedroom to go to sleep. She slept, but I was up all night.

I thought about it for seven hours, but still came up with nothing. She was going to sleep with Russ, and there was no way I could stop it, that much was clear. I could just let her go and do it and try to forget about it. But I knew I never could. I'd go crazy, drive myself nuts, wondering what they were doing. So, what was my other option? To watch my college roommate, fuck my wife.

I was hoping they'd hook up once, get it out of their systems, and that would be the end of it. Sonya and I could get back to living our normal lives. Maybe I could spend less and less time with Russ, and kind of just phase him out of our lives all together. That's what I hoped, anyways. I told her I'd go with her and watch, but that I didn't like the whole thing, at all. Sonya was satisfied with this, and their rendezvous was set for Friday night at the Hilton next to the airport. I certainly wasn't going to do it at my house.

Sonya and I drove to the hotel in silence, what was there to say, after all? She was dressed in a hot little number, a black mini dress that I'd bought for her, with sheer black stockings, and four-inch high heels. Her long, shiny black hair hung down to her ass. She looked incredible, and I secretly wished she'd done herself up for me but she hadn't.

We met Russ at a small table in the bar. He was already there when we arrived. It was weird, there's no other way to describe it. We all knew what we were there for, but no one said it out loud. I wanted to grab Russ by the neck, drag him outside, and beat the fuck out of him. But, I didn't, I couldn't. This was something my wife wanted, and if I were to lose it, well, I'd probably lose her as well. We had a few rounds of drinks to loosen things up, but I don't think it really helped. At least it didn't help me any.

"Shall we go up to the room, then?" Russ finally asked, looking over at me. I just gave him a cold, stern stare in response. I certainly wasn't going to act like I was happy about it or giving permission for it to happen. Sonya grabbed her black clutch purse, and stood up. She headed towards the front desk, and Russ followed closely behind her. I walked along behind them, and once she got the key, we headed up in the elevator. No one said a word.

As we entered Room 314, Sonya told me she'd gotten a room with two queen size beds so I'd be comfortable.

"Great," I replied in a sarcastic manner, as I sat down on the edge of the bed. For a brief moment, I considered turning on the TV and watching the sports channel while they had at it. But, I didn't. I decided I'd watch. Maybe that would make one or both of them uncomfortable enough to back out of the whole thing. Probably not, but I was gonna do it anyways.

Sonya turned off all the lights except for a small lamp on the bedside table, and she pulled a red scarf from her purse that she covered the lampshade with. This created a soft glow in the darkened room, and although it was dark, you could still make out the figures. I wondered if I could go through with it, or if I'd stand up and have a fit like a raging gorilla. I made up my mind to control myself. I wanted this to happen and be over, to be behind us. And I'd never talk to that dirtbag Russ again in my life.

The two of them embraced, kissing each other deeply. Apparently, they were just going to pretend I wasn't there at all. His hands were all over her, on her waist, rubbing over her round bottom, and working up to squeeze at her large, but firm breasts. Sonya's arms were around his neck, kissing him, sighing loudly as his hands explored her. I thought I would lose it when his hand found the bottom of her black dress and disappeared up between her legs. It seemed to go on and on, and then he peeled her dress all the way up and over her head.

My cock came to attention as her curvy figure, dressed in black lace panties, a black bra, and black stockings held up by stretchy black lace around each thigh, was revealed to both of us. His hands squeezed at her breasts as his mouth trailed kisses down Sonya's long neck. I shifted in my seat, but they paid no attention to me. Sonya went to remove her heels, but Russ stopped her, telling her to keep them on as he picked her up and positioned her laying on her back on the bed.

I could feel my blood pressure rising as Russ undid his black belt, and began unbuttoning his shirt. In a moment, he was completely naked and climbing on top of my beautiful, young wife. I grabbed onto the bedspread I was sitting on and just squeezed, almost involuntarily. Sonya groaned as he kissed down her neck and down into the valley between her breasts. He unhooked her bra and flung it to the floor, before taking one hard red nipple into his mouth and sucking loudly. I was pissed, but strangely turned on at the same time. I certainly didn't want to be, but watching them was causing more reaction in my body than just rage.

Russ sucked on both her titties, making her whine and rub her legs together. He kissed down over her flat stomach and then moved down to lick her bare thighs. Her eyes were closed, but I could hear Sonya breathing heavy as he teased her into a frenzy.

“oh, yes, oh, yes,” she murmured as he kissed her thighs. Then, as he slipped his thumbs under the sides of her black lace panties, he looked over at me with a sly, smug look on his face. He kept looking at me as he pulled her panties down over her knees and then off of her feet, still in those high heels. I was breathing hard myself as he spread her wide open, showing off her delicious pussy with that racing stripe of black hair down the middle that I loved so much. Her hands reached down and rubbed his blonde hair as he began sucking on her engorged clit and plunging his tongue inside of her again and again. Her head rolled from side to side as he pleased her and all I could do was watch. It was like a bad dream, a very erotic nightmare. She moaned and groaned, and I just rubbed at my lap, trying to make my boner less visible.

Once he was finished eating her out, Russ made Sonya suck his cock, which was a bit larger than my own. He sat on the side of the bed, and she knelt down to take the head of his dick in her mouth. He held the back of her head as he deep-throated her over and over again. I thought she would gag, but she didn't.

“God, your wife is good at sucking cock,” he told me as he sat across from me on the other bed. I thought I would dive across and start choking him, squeezing his neck until he turned blue. I managed not to, and after about five minutes, he let Sonya stop giving him that blowjob.

It was then that he positioned Sonya on the side of the bed, and pushed her down onto her back.

“You want this, Baby,” he asked her in a seductive voice, and she just groaned loudly in response. He bent up her legs, and entered her hard, suddenly, as she gasped loudly. I was like in a daze, just staring at his naked back and muscular buttocks as he buried his big veiny cock into Sonya over and over again, making her body tremble as he pumped her.

“Oh, your wife has such a wet, tight, hot little cunt,” Russ told me as he fucked my new wife. I didn't say anything, I just wanted it to be over. My own dick was so hard I thought it would bust through my slacks, and I rubbed at it to try to quell the desire. The sounds of Sonya's lovemaking certainly didn't help my situation any. Or Russ and all his dirty talk.

After they fucked for about half an hour, Russ started pounding her hard, faster, making her scream. A few deep thrusts later, and he came hard, spewing hot cum up inside my wife's body and she convulsed in a long, almost unending orgasm. Afterward, Russ went into the bathroom to wipe himself off, and Sonya began to dress, picking up her panties off the floor and pulling them on as I just looked at her. I still couldn't believe any of this had happened, even though I'd watched the entire thing.

Sonya and I drove home in a silent car, and it took hours for my erection to die down. She just went straight into bed, apparently fully satisfied by Russ. Then, an interesting thing happened a couple of weeks later.

I ran into a friend of mine from college. We were in the same bar one night, and we started catching up. I hadn't seen Jim in a really long time. When I asked about his wife, he just shook his head. Jim proceeded to tell me that my college roommate was a fuckin' douchebag. Russ had shown up out of the blue, and begged him for a job.

"And you know how he thanked me for getting him that job? By ruining my marriage, that's how. I hate that fuckin' asshole."

Yeah, I know the feeling.

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.

Read on for your next Bonus Sissy Story and more...

Picked as Sissy of the Pirate Ship

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...

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.

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