

RAE ROBINSON



TAMED  
*and*  
TRAINED

FEMDOM SISSY FEMINIZATION | BDSM | CROSSDRESSING

## TAMED & TRAINED

### CHAPTER 1

“Dennis?” I spat into the phone. “Are you kidding me right now? You guys didn’t even put me into a hotel?”

Silence. Then a chuckle at the end of the line.

“Sorry, bud,” Dennis said, sounding anything but apologetic. “I don’t know what to tell you. You know how budget cuts are. Everyone’s suffering.”

I fidgeted in the backseat of my taxi, trying to avoid the death stares being sent my way through the rear-view mirror by the driver. There was plenty of room at the back, but the charming city of Paris had a real knack for making everything feel cramped and holed up. The roads had been choked to the brim with traffic ever since we’d slogged our way from Charles de Gaulle into the belly-depths of the city: everything—and *everyone*—seemed old and dated and jaded with life. The gloomy weather definitely didn’t help.

*Two weeks, I thought bitterly. Two long, miserable weeks.*

The cell phone line crackled in my ear, reminding me that Dennis, our admin assistant, was still there.

“How come you didn’t even tell me though?” I hissed, as the driver turned into an even narrower street than the one we’d been on. “You didn’t have the courtesy to fucking tell me?”

“I did,” Dennis said flatly. “Sent you like three emails about it.”

I scoffed. “I don’t have time to check emails. Thank you for nothing.”

He gave a bemused laugh. “Well, I hope you’re not this mean to the host.”

My eyes almost bugged out of their sockets. “What do you mean, *host*? I have a host? I thought I had the house to myself.”

“House?” Dennis chuckled again. “You get a room.”

And just like that, the taxi came to a grumbling stop in front of a miniature-sized house at the end of a cobbled street. I hung up on Dennis, paid in cash, and got out. The driver, a middle-aged guy with a pathetic whiskery mustache, didn’t seem to want to help me with my stuff—he

just clicked the trunk open and waited like a dimwit. So I hauled my suitcase out and slammed the trunk back shut with a grunt.

The taxi scuttled off.

I was feeling grumpy, but it turned out everyone in Paris was even grumpier.

Cold winds nipped at my neck and I tightened the cashmere scarf around my neck as I stared at the house ahead of me. It was strangely shaped, small but angular, painted in various pastel shades, and the windows were flanked with faded pink shutters. Half of the front was covered with thick ivy. I could only imagine what kind of 'host' I had. Maybe an old French Scrooge, or a lady with dentures.

I rang the doorbell and waited.

I couldn't believe my employer had set me up. You wouldn't have guessed it by looking at this dingy place, but I was a top-ranked business consultant at Spades & Associates. Of course, our consulting firm has been admittedly stung by the pandemic—people had been laid off, some fired, some had had their salaries mercilessly. Budgets, and especially

travel budgets, had been slashed to almost nothing. Sure, I was lucky enough to keep my job, but to be honest, I hadn't been too scared about that in the first place.

But this? How did my boss even expect me to work in these conditions? For the last seven hours, I'd been squeezed into a smelly low-budget airline, with my legs barely having any room to breathe, trying to force a soggy meal down my throat. I even had to pay for my fucking drinks. But the last thing I expected was to be put in a fucking hole-in-the-wall for business travel. Jesus Christ!

“Salut.” A sharp, melodic voice hurtled me back to reality. “Mr. Roberts?”

My eyes landed on a young woman. Mid-to-late twenties at most. She was wearing a white tank top, and her cream knitted cardigan fell off one shoulder. The tank was tight enough to show that she wasn't wearing a bra. Hugging her hips and thighs—and there was a lot of it—was a pair of light wash jeans.

“Uh,” I said, taken aback. “Yeah. That's me. Max Roberts.”

I extended my arm for a handshake. She took it and wrapped her other

palm around it, showing off her nails, each one gleaming red and as long as a claw. A snake ring adorned her left forefinger.

Her hands were freezing cold, and I shivered.

*Damn it, I thought. She's hot.*

“Delighted to meet you, Mr. Roberts,” she said. “My name is Fleur Martin. Please, won’t you come in?”

I stepped into the house with my suitcase in tow. You couldn’t tell from the outside, but the inside of the house was larger than it was letting on. The place was nicely decorated, with dark prints, brass furnishings, and scented candles burning across every possible surface. Above the entrance of the main corridor, a stuffed fox head was pinned to the wall, teeth baring and dark eyes glinting red.

“So, uh, you live alone?” I asked, cringing as soon as the words slipped out.

I’d intended to ask if she had family—but her looks were distracting me big-time.

“Indeed I do,” she said. She crossed the threshold into the main corri-

dor. “If you follow me, I’ll show you to your room. I imagine you must be tired after your long flight.”

I trailed close to her, my shoes padding lightly on the floral carpet. I felt slightly annoyed at myself that I’d forgotten to take them off. On the other hand, I was grateful for the chance to admire her butt from behind. There was no way I was going to leave Paris without seeing every damn inch of that body. That would be the only thing that could make this city worth my time.

She opened the door to a room at the back and waved me inside.

“I hope it’s to your tastes,” she said politely.

“Oh it is,” I said.

The room was small but tastefully designed in shades of grey and beige. A large white rug adorned the polished wooden floors. On the nightstand, there was a ‘welcome kit’ of sorts—a woven basket filled with snacks, candles, a card, and a few local magazines. Fleur was apparently a seasoned host.

“Well, I’ll leave you to get settled and comfortable. There are hot towels

and a robe in the bathroom,” she said. “If you need anything, feel free to shout, Mr. Roberts.”

“Please, call me Max.”

She giggled. “Sure...Max.”

The way she said my name made my blood go hot. It was pure seduction, the way the syllables rolled off her tongue and seeped into the air in the front of us. I swallowed—I was gobsmacked in a good way—and before I could hit her back with a move from my end, she left, closing the door behind her.

I flopped onto the bed and let out a happy sigh. With Fleur here, there were only a few ways I could see this Paris work trip ending...

I grabbed a packet of raisins off the welcome kit and popped some in my mouth. Then I noticed something else in the basket. A packet of condoms.

*Condoms?*

It was a twelve-pack of Magnum XLs. I chuckled.

Hot little Fleur had a sense of humor to boot.

Of course that night I nutted one out, thinking about her—her breasts bouncing to the beat of my cock that was filling up her sweet, wet French cunt, her husky voice dripping with lust as she moaned my name, her thick thighs slapping against mine as I unleashed my inner beast onto her.

But I'd have to be patient.

Really, I had nothing to be impatient *about*—I was fairly attractive and more than alright with women. Maybe I'd take her out for dinner tomorrow, after the first day of meetings were over, to a nice, overpriced place that would knock her socks off.

And after all the fine wine and dining, I was going to show her how a *real* man could rock her world.

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The next day was filled with presentations and meetings with a potential client—a big pharmaceutical firm—and their stakeholders. It was supposed to be our big break, but I'd hardly had any time to prepare.

Thankfully, I did better than I'd expected to do, and was feeling high off the inevitable deal that we were about to shake hands on.

Things rounded off roughly at seven, but then the client insisted on taking me out for a session of drinking. By the time a taxi took me back to my homestay, it was past one and I was feeling frisky.

Fleur had given me my own key, so I let myself in.

The house was dark.

She'd probably headed to bed already.

*There's always tomorrow*, I thought, glad for once this was a two-week trip.

I padded down the corridor to my bedroom, glaring at the ugly stuffed fox head as I passed it by.

Half-way through the trek, though, I stopped short.

There was a muffled drone coming out of the thin walls. It almost sounded like the buzzing of an enormous beehive. I looked to the door directly on my left. That was Fleur's bedroom—I was sure of it. Right on top

of the doorframe, there was yet another ugly taxidermied animal—this time, it was the head of a deer. This chick sure loved her stuffed animals.

I took a single step toward the door, and was immediately met with the sound of moans.

“Oh yes...oh yes...” That sexy, throaty voice. Unmistakably Fleur’s. “Oh my god, just like that, how perfect...”

My cock stiffened at those moans. I could imagine Fleur sprawled across a four-poster bed, her legs splayed wide open as she buried that vibrator deep into her folds. I wondered if she shaved. Didn’t French women have a reputation of not shaving?

*Man, what I wouldn't do to take a sniff of her sopping jungle mound...*

I unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, leaning my head closer to the door so I could hear Fleur pleasuring herself. I tried to ignore the deer head.

Her voice was so silky, so tempting. What was a girl like her doing in there alone? She needed a cock. I sprung mine out and began to pump. She needed a damn cock and mine would do...it was rising and swelling at the thought of slipping it inside her fragrant snatch.

*Was there someone else in there?*

I cocked my forehead, left hand pressing against the peeling paint of the door, the other nursing my pole. It was difficult to tell, but there weren't any grunts or signs of another human presence. I could swear it was just her and her little toy, all wrapped up in her juicy fantasy.

No, no...she was alone. *Alone and waiting.*

I started croaking, my own moans drowned out by the loud drone of the vibrator. A delicious thrill slipped down my spine. I bucked my hips, my balls prickling and my dick stretching torturously tight. I wished I could blast that door open and sink my head right in between the flesh of her thighs, smell her, lick her...

I jerked myself so hard that my hand whacked against the door.

It rattled loudly, and for a horrific moment I thought it would fly off the hinges and expose me. The door stayed put but the impact seemed to bounce off the walls and shudder under the carpet beneath me.

"Fuck!" I muttered.

Everything that unraveled after that happened in slow motion. The buzzing stopped. I leapt back, fumbling with my pants, but my fingers were moving way too slowly. All I could think of was how my chances with Fleur were about to crash and burn. She was going to think I was a creep. I didn't have to be a creep.

The door opened.

And I was still there, my fingers rummaging through my pants, with my pervy cock *still out*.

She stared at me, anger flashing across her eyes, and I got the strangest impression that she was searching into me and looking into my soul. I couldn't move. Her eyes darted to my cock, which was now soft and entirely unimpressive.

I'd never been scared of a woman before.

But I was scared of Fleur.

What was she going to do to me? She could kick me out. Even worse, she could find out where I worked and lodge a complaint.

She beckoned to me with a finger. In an almost trance-like state I trudged forward. Something about her just made me want to obey.

“You heard me?” she asked.

“Yes,” I mumbled.

“What did you hear?”

“Your vibrator,” I said. “You were...masturbating.”

Another thrill went down my spine as I said the word. I wanted her to be aroused. Surely she was still horny.

“Hm,” she said flippantly, taking in the shape—and size—of my crotch. I gave her a sheepish smile, like this whole thing was a big joke.

Maybe, just maybe...Fleur wanted me too. Maybe this night could end with me getting some after all.

She ran her hand through her long blond hair. Her robe loosened just a bit, and for two glorious seconds I saw her delicious rack. At this point I had no choice but to be a pervert. I gawked at her chest.

She noticed me noticing her breasts.

“Do you like them?”

I grinned “I’m sure they’re the most beautiful breasts I’ve ever seen.”

“Would you like to sleep with me?” she asked sultrily.

“Uh,” I said. I didn’t expect her to be so direct. I couldn’t help wondering if this was a trap of some kind. “Yes. Very much so.”

“Then get rid of your clothes,” she whispered into my ear. “Leave everything in your room and come to mine. I’ll be waiting for you.”

She fluttered a sexy red-tipped goodbye wave at me.

I went to my room, heart thudding, and shrugged my suit and underclothes off in a daze. I hadn’t expected things with Fleur to happen so soon but I sure as hell wasn’t complaining.

I turned around and remembered the packet of condoms. I grabbed it.

*I wouldn't mind giving Dennis a kiss once I got back, I thought dreamily. For booking the perfect host.*

## CHAPTER 2

I stepped into Fleur's room, completely naked and feeling a little self-conscious. She was nowhere to be seen, but the door to her bathroom was wide open.

I slowly tiptoed inside, cupping my crotch to show some decency. Fleur was perched against the bathtub, fussing about with the bathwater. The water was still running. Bubbles and rose petals swayed as she trailed her fingers playfully through the surface foam.

I cleared my throat to signal my presence. "How romantic," I said.

Fleur looked at me and smiled.

"Get inside," she said huskily. "You've had a long day, no? So let's get you all relaxed."

I let go of my hands. Fleur took a sneaky glance at my cock, and I loved that. I sank into the bath and sighed. The hot water felt so good. The only thing missing was a drink..and maybe a massage.

I didn't know French women could be so...tame and giving.

I splashed my legs around the water a bit. I had no intention of actually cleaning myself, not when I had eye candy right in front of me. I watched as Fleur's robe split open again as she stood up and rustled through something in her drawers. This time, I could see her plump nipples and the dark, tufty shadow between her thighs.

She turned around and handed me a razor with a smile.

I cocked an eyebrow at her.

"I don't need that," I said, winking. "I like things hairy."

I eyed her full-fronted beauty. All I wanted to do was tear that stupid robe off her and dig my fingers into her ass.

"Have you ever slept with a French woman before?"

My first instinct was to lie, but then I brushed the thought off. After all, I already had her—what was the point in lying?

"Have a feeling all that's going to change tonight," I said huskily. "Come into the tub with me, baby. Let me see all of you."

She gave me a sly smile and didn't move. "You should know we like to be pleased. Served." She tossed the razor at me and I caught it. "And I

like soft skin. Hairless skin.”

I stared down at the razor.

Really, a little hair removal wasn't going to be a problem, not with the suit-and-tie get-up I had going for the rest of the two weeks.

*Man up, Max. Man up 'cause you get to fuck her.*

I lifted my leg out of the bubbles and brought the razor up my shin. One long, single stroke, until the blade ended at the top of my knee.

Fleur leaned over the tub and watched my hair disappear into the bath water. She reached out and ran a finger along the bald strip of skin. She looked so fucking sexy touching me with those tits out. I hoped she could see my erection.

“All of it,” she whispered, handing me a pink bottle of shaving cream.

“You got it,” I said.

The shaving cream smelled rosy and romantic as I worked it up the rest of my leg and scraped it off with the razor. Within minutes, I'd done my legs, arms, armpits, chest, and most of my stomach. I was a hairy guy, and there was a lot of hair, so much so the water turned dark and murky and I

could practically feel myself becoming lighter and more buoyant as the seconds ticked by.

“You want me to do my balls?” I joked.

“Yes,” Fleur purred. “Please do.”

I gazed into her eyes. She wasn't fooling around. So I sat at the end of the bathtub and shaved it all off—my nut sack and the clump of pubes growing at the base of my dick. The area felt like silk once I got done with it.

“You need my help now, don't you?” she asked, her eyes positively sparkling with excitement. “Unless you have eyeballs on your ass.” She laughed.

“You...want to shave my ass?”

But she was already bending me over, grabbing my hands and placing them over my cheeks.

“Open wide,” she said.

An uneasy feeling was brewing in the pit of my stomach. Was I really

letting a French girl shave my asshole? What for? Maybe she was weird like that—thought it was a nice thing to do for a hook-up. Maybe a hairy ass was a pet peeve of hers.

I felt the razor tickle away at the skin all around my anus, Fleur's fingertips brushing away the stray hairs every so often. It didn't take all that long for her to announce she was all done.

"Uh..." I muttered.

Was it weird that I wanted her to continue tending to my asshole? The pull of the razor and the warmth of her soft fingers on my sensitive crack had been strangely comforting...and arousing.

Fleur gave me a pink towel.

"Dry yourself off," she ordered. "While I find you something to wear."

I dried myself up while staring at my body on the big mirror directly across from me. I felt like a chihuahua, sickeningly small, but I certainly looked a lot better. With all the hair gone, my neck looked a little more slender and my hips somehow more womanly. And I had nice skin. Really nice skin.

I wrapped myself in the towel and walked back to the bedroom. That's when I saw all the...stuff...laid out on the bedspread.

Everything was pink. Pink lace, pink trails, pink poufs, little ghastly pink ribbons.

First, it was the hair removal. Now she wanted me to wear doll's clothes?

I wasn't going to take the bait.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

Fleur let out a soft laugh and sauntered up to me. She gripped my chin in her fingers and squeezed. Hard. A sharp jolt of pain shot down my neck.

"Max Roberts," she murmured, her sexy accented syllables going *MAXZZZ KHOBEKTZZZZ*. "You are a successful man. Aren't you?"

I wasn't sure what she was getting at. "A little, yes," I said.

"How much money do you make?"

"Enough to live a comfortable life, I guess."

*Twack!* The slap across my cheek stung like I'd been bitten by a scorpion.

“When Mistress Fleur asks you a question, you fucking answer me, you nasty fucking disgraceful whore,” she spat.

I stood there, shocked at the derogatory words coming out of my host's sweet mouth. Her whole face seemed to be set ablaze with anger.

I cleared my throat. “Sorry,” I said, willing to play along. “Last year, I made two hundred thousand dollars. With bonuses, close to a quarter of a million.”

“Do you have any assets?”

I stared at her, not sure what to think. “Sure. I have two properties, one back home and one in Spain. Both worth more than two million. Most of my other assets are tied to the stock market. Are you trying to blackmail me?”

She laughed.

“You're not too smart, I guess,” she said, smirking. “Do you have any

kinks?”

“I like feet,” I admitted, still unable to shake off the feeling that this whole thing was a joke. Or a ruse. “How about you?”

“Well, Mr. Roberts, if you must know,” she said, placing a palm on my bare chest and causing my heart to erupt with desire. She got rid of the towel. “There’s nothing I like more than turning big, successful, asshole men into cute little girls.” Her palm was suddenly on my dick again. “You could say it’s a kink.”

“That’s your...kink?” I groaned. The stimulation felt *way* too good now that I’d shaved.

She began scratching my balls, then kissed me on the cheek. Her body nudged against mine. Skin to skin, it felt like I was being electrocuted.

*Hot. So hot.*

“You could call it a kink.” She shrugged absent-mindedly. “To me it’s more than a kink. It’s a passion. You know, the pandemic has been good to me.”

She walked back toward her bed, where the girly clothes were laid out

one by one, looking deceptively innocent next to a giant life-size teddy bear. Right next to the bed, however, was a wooden desk showing off two bright laptop screens.

I squinted, trying to make out what they were showing. One screen was connected to two feeds: one from a camera at the front entrance, the other just beyond the main corridor. The feed on the second screen was angled right outside Fleur's room.

My heart jumped into overdrive, and this time it had nothing to do with Fleur.

*Cameras?*

Was the masturbating a trap?

I forced out a light chuckle. "So, uh, you do this on the regular?" I asked thickly. "Offer to host businessmen and then what? Feminize them?"

She ignored me.

"So, Mr. Roberts," she asked, eyeing me lustfully. "Do you still want to sleep with me?"

Her robe fell to the floor and she turned around. Fuck. She was femi-

nine sensuality dialed to the nth degree. Her body looked wild yet delicate at the same time, regal yet so vulnerable. Her pussy was already slick, and her nipples were all puffed up and as plump as cherries.

She belonged on a painting at the Louvre, right next to Mona fucking Lisa.

“I think I know the answer,” she giggled, pointing at my boner. “It’s not playtime for little clitty yet, okay?”

“Clitty?” I murmured.

“Yes, clitty,” she said sternly. “The best virtue for a sissy girl is patience. You don’t play with clitty until Mistress gives you permission. Understood?”

I found myself nodding.

*Dammit. Why was I still so intimidated by her?*

“Patience goes hand in hand with another virtue,” Fleur said. “Would you know what that is, Mr. Roberts?”

I shook my head. “Please, enlighten me.”

Fleur had something glinting in her hands. What was it?

I edged toward her, and saw that it was a small spiral cage, made of shiny steel. The whole of its interior surface was riddled with metal bolts and fasteners.

Was that a...cock cage?

“Chastity,” Fleur said, like I’d been too stupid to get it. “It’s chastity, Mr. Roberts. Something you are not too used to based on the evidence I’ve seen so far.” She laughed. “But don’t worry, *this* will change all that.”

I felt my dick instantly deflate.

The next second, Fleur was aggressively pulling at my manhood, slipping on a ring and then forcing my shaft into the torture chamber. Every one of my senses went on high alert. Seeing my dick in that cage made me feel claustrophobic. Sure, it didn’t hurt just now, but I could only imagine how horrific it would be once things started heading toward an erection...

*This bitch has locked my fucking cock.*

I was dizzy. I was practically being kept hostage in a crazy French girl’s room—and yet, despite everything, I was turned on. Was it fear? Or was it arousal? Maybe it was a bit of both. I was in a sexy thriller, at the mercy of this beauty who was basking in her glow, reveling in the fact that she was

dominating me and doing whatever she wanted to me.

She'd obviously done this many, many times before—judging by the cameras, this was her modus operandi of sorts. But...I had a sneaking suspicion this all happened way too quickly.

*Because you let it happen, idiot, someone in my head mocked me. Because a part of you wants her to dress you up in those little girly panties and tell you what to do.*

*Don't you?*

## CHAPTER 3

*Yes, I do,* I thought with a sinking feeling.

I wanted her to dominate me and make me her little bitch. And I didn't just want it, I craved it.

*Crazy.* Everything about this was beyond crazy. And yet...I hadn't exactly put up a fight. Was there something wrong with me?

I looked at her again, and spotted the almost imperceptible gold chain on her neck. It was holding a small key as a pendant. My dick twitched in its cage, and I swallowed.

If she was aware that I'd noticed the key, she didn't show it.

"The second best virtue is modesty," she said, waving her hand at me with a frown. "So let's get you all dressed up."

*Yes, yes...let her dominate you, Max.*

"Okay. Let's do it," I mumbled.

The baby pink panties went on first. They were the bikini kind, made of thick cotton, and the material pressed my prisoner dick snugly into place.

An icy chill slithered down my spine and my heart was pounding in my head—something about a grown man wearing something as feminine and off-limits as panties was making me go crazy. I felt like I was handing over my manhood to Fleur, and the shame that went along with it was immensely arousing.

The bra, also baby pink and made of comfy cotton, went on next. Then the dress, which was made of pink satin or silk and had sweet little puffed up doll sleeves with a white lace trim along the neckline. The bottom layer was a tulle skirt, which was heavier and scratchier than it looked, but had the effect of blowing up the outfit like a tutu.

I was positive I looked like the sugar plum fairy in drag, but Fleur still wasn't done with me. And at this point, I didn't care. I was so intrigued by what she was doing to me, and my own arousal was fucking humiliating but I couldn't ignore the excitement that was building right alongside it.

“My sweet chérie,” Fleur said, stroking the side of my face. “You have beautiful skin. Just a little primping will do.”

She brought out a bag filled to the brim with makeup.

The makeup scared me. I'd seen those photos of porn stars before, showcasing the insane before and afters of their makeup transformation.

What the fuck would I do if I came out of this looking like a porn star?

I didn't know whether that would be a good or a bad thing...

Fleur patted down my face with a powder puff and applied a rosy blush to the apple of my cheeks. A glittery gloss went on my mouth—a little slimy when she put it on, but it dried out quickly while she worked on the rest of my face. She took the most time on my eyes, prodding the lids with what looked like a million different shades of the same color—browns and hazy bronzes.

After the makeup was done, she clipped on a blonde wig with huge, shiny curls. I held my breath as she put on a pearl necklace and a pair of pearl studs that crushed the flesh of my earlobes. The elaborate look was finished once she helped me put on some white frilly socks and white shoes that reminded me of the doll shoes my sister forced on her baby doll in a stroller so many years ago.

“Well, you look really cute,” she said. “Now for the finishing touch.”

I gaped as she brought out a big roll of hideous pink ribbon. She moved one of the laptops to the bed, and I could see for the first time that it had been hiding a small sewing machine. She switched it on and shaped the ribbon into a huge bow. Then she began to stitch it into place.

My stomach dropped like a rock when I heard the sound.

*The droning...*

*That buzzing noise...*

I wobbled on my feet, feeling dizzy and unsteady again.

Everything had been a fucking trap!

*But you don't care, the voice in my head lazily protested. Look at you, dressed in a cute girl's dress with bows and ribbons. With makeup on and a cute blonde wig! Of course you don't care. This is what you want. You WANT to submit.*

"And yes, in case you're wondering," Fleur said happily. "I made the dress myself. Didn't it turn out nice?"

"Yes, Mistress," I mumbled, smoothing down the tulle skirt. "It's beautiful."

My heart dropped to my stomach as those words tumbled out of my mouth in a girly voice. I was changing. Changing into someone I couldn't even recognize anymore.

I didn't know what I was. But I knew I wasn't a man, and I couldn't call this beautiful woman by her name anymore, not from where I was.

She was Mistress. And I needed Mistress to dominate me like the pathetic sissy girl I was.

Fleur hummed as she stitched a giant bow into place. "Oh yes, oh yes...this looks perfect," she murmured.

She pinned the finished bow to the top of my wig with a few bobby pins. Then she opened the closet door to reveal a mirror on the inside.

For the first time, I saw my feminized self from head to toe.

To say it was a shock would've been an understatement.

Surely that...thing...wasn't me?

But it was. It was me. Less than an hour ago, I'd been a man, a man who had been ridiculously naive about his masculinity. I'd been wearing a

fucking suit not more than an hour ago. Now I was wearing a pink dress and doll shoes, with huge made up eyes and an enormous pink bow peeking out from my blonde curls.

The shame rose through me like a tidal wave. I was dressed like a madwoman's play toy, a little doll who serviced her every whim.

"Be modest and stop admiring yourself in the mirror," Fleur chided. "You can sit on the floor like a proper girl. On your knees, thighs together. We don't show our clitty to anyone unless it's play time, understood?"

I perched on the carpet, on my knees, exactly as Fleur had instructed.

There was a bottle of whisky on the table. She headed over, poured herself a glass, and took several sips while rummaging through her drawers until she produced a lighter. She slid a cigarette through her lips and lit it. I couldn't help but admire the way her tits shamelessly sprung about and the way her ass cheeks rubbed against each other as she moved about and puffed away. Her beauty was making me shake all over.

She bent over me with a demonic smile plastered on her face. "Open wide, honey," she said.

Then she thrust the cigarette in my mouth.

I felt the smoke fill and scorch my lungs as I tried to suck on it. I coughed once, then twice.

She laughed and stole her cigarette back.

Fleur sat back on the bed, smoking and drinking, like a naked goddess finally admiring the fruits of her labour, looking down at me looking all pathetic and feminized. Minutes later she tossed the cigarette into an empty glass of water on the nightstand.

“Sissy girl, it’s time for you to rub your Mistress’s feet,” she said. “You need to show it the care and attention it deserves. Kiss it.”

Fleur extended her left foot to me and I cupped it in both my hands. Her foot—like the rest of her—was exquisite, her toes perfect and unblemished, painted by a layer of dark red polish. I kissed each toe quietly and daintily, and Fleur let out a sigh.

“Lick it, sissy,” she breathed. “Fucking lick my dirty foot.”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” I squeaked.

I wasn’t sure where to start. I rubbed and gently stretched out her mus-

cles first, starting from the heel to the arch. I pressed and squeezed the ball of her foot. My breasts swelled when she uttered an ecstatic moan and fell back down on the bed. I began licking her methodically, beginning right from the top, where her Achilles tendon was, to where her pinky toe ended. Her foot wasn't dirty at all—it smelled and tasted heavenly. It was just a little sweaty, but I couldn't care less.

I just wanted her to be happy with me and how I was serving her.

I continued to lick her until every part of her feet was glistening with my saliva. Then I swallowed one of her big toes and suckled on it like a baby would on a mother's tit, making gleeful squeals while I did so.

“Mmm,” Fleur groaned from the bed. “I can tell you'd give great blowjobs, my sweet sissy girl.”

I kissed and rubbed her feet some more. I was trying to savor this moment because I knew I'd never again get to taste such sexy feet in my life. Fleur bubbled out happy moans, and for a moment I thought she'd fall asleep.

But then out of nowhere, I felt something crush my dick. Mistress was

trampling my crotch with her feet! I let out a choked cry of pain as my package made contact with the ends of those spear-like bolts.

“Oh, my sissy girl is sssshhhyyyy,” she sang. “Oh my, what’s this?”

I watched in horror as her gaze fell on the packet of condoms I’d brought into her room and carelessly thrown on the floor. Somehow, that seemed so long ago—another lifetime, almost. I bristled while she studied the writing on the packet intently, like she was seeing it for the first time.

Condoms were far from modest and I’d guess she wasn’t happy with me at all.

“It’s...yours,” I tried to explain. “I thought...when you told me to come to your room...” My voice trailed away.

“Oh my goodness!” she said, scrunching up her nose. “You fucking whore! I can’t believe you had such a disgusting idea in your head! What did you want to do? Fuck my pussy?” She almost fell over laughing. “You really thought you could fuck me! Me? Who do you think you are, huh? Speak up, you cunning whore!”

“I’m sorry, Mistress. Please forgive me,” I whispered. My eyelids twitched, and my face burned with embarrassment.

I couldn’t believe I’d done such a reckless thing.

“No. You deserve to be punished,” she said. “Whore. Come here.”

I was spread over her naked lap and was spanked. All the gentleness and affection she’d shown me while she was dressing me up were now gone. Her nails scraped my ass as she tore down my panties and scratched me, digging deep into my skin. Then her fingers reached underneath me and squeezed my nuts.

I felt myself grow hard at her cruelty.

My prick jostled against the bolts, sending flashes of piercing pain up my groin. I shivered and blubbered and cried out, but I couldn’t remember a single time in my life I’d ever found a woman so overwhelmingly sexy in every damn way. She was too much.

Everything was too much.

I was way too turned on.

“You need to know your place, sissy whore,” she yelled. “You revolt me.

Lay down on the floor right now!"

I scrambled to the floor. Her pillowy thighs fell over me, and the last thing I saw before the darkness fell was her swollen clitoris glistening like a gemstone. Her scent was intoxicating. I could smell her pussy, her juices, and her tangy ass. Almost on the verge of passing out, I kissed and caressed her snatch. She moaned and laid all of her body weight on my face. I licked and savored every drop of her secretions.

Fleur had perfectly orchestrated this, and this was how I wanted to thank her. I needed to bring her joy. I needed to bring her to climax.

Fighting against the abuse inflicted on my cock, I devoted myself to serving her. She bounced on my face, and I wished I could see her glorious breasts bouncing. I licked her out until my tongue felt raw and spent. Her moans morphed into growls until she screamed and her pussy ejaculated right into my mouth.

I groaned, not being able to ignore my throbbing dick anymore. My balls strained and twitched. I desperately needed to relieve all the tension.

Or it would find its way out.

“Ooooh....” I gasped.

Too late.

Fleur got off me, still breathing heavily and light flooded my eyes. She looked slyly in my direction, then put her hands up the skirt of my dress.

My panties were wet.

Wet with precum. Lots of precum.

I shuddered as she patted down on the wet cotton and let out a disgusted grunt. I was still leaking.

I didn't need to be a genius to see that Mistress wasn't happy with me.

She wasn't happy with me at all.

## CHAPTER 4

Mistress wasn't just unhappy. She was practically trembling with rage.

I was amazed by her beauty even while she spewed out a stream of insults at me, her nostrils flaring with every word. Everything about her was so *effortless*, while I had to go through an hour-long feminization session to come out looking like someone's voodoo doll.

My body tingled all over as she spanked me again, and I wondered quietly what my punishment would be this time. It really wasn't my fault I'd leaked out a ton of precum. She was so hot, and her squirting orgasm in my mouth really didn't do much to help.

My knees shook as Fleur walked me over to the closet and pulled out a maxi pad. She ripped down my panties and held my balls in her palm as she stickied the pad and wings down.

The act of making me wear such an intimate feminine product was nothing short of thrilling. Once she pulled my panties up again, we both stood there, staring at each other. I could literally feel every submissive fi-

bre in my being coming alive. For her.

I leaned in closer, closer, the heat of her breath landing on my mouth. Her lips twitched and for a second I saw the lust she had for me in her huge, hazel eyes.

But then she slapped me.

“Did you really think I was going to kiss you, sissy?” she snarled. “Think again, nasty fucking freak. No, sissies don’t deserve to kiss women. Sissies can only kiss feet, pussy, and cock. Speaking of cock...”

I looked down and her hands were wrapped around a purple dildo.

“If you really want to kiss me, you can kiss my cock,” she said, her nostrils flaring again. “Sissy, go wait for me in my bed. I don’t want my knees to hurt.”

*Of course, I thought in a daze as I climbed on top of the bed and waited obediently for Mistress. This was how things were going to end for Mr. Max Roberts. At least it's a fake cock. Fake cocks don't count, right?*

But I knew I was only lying to myself.

What kind of straight guy would willingly put a cock in his mouth—fake or not? And yet, as I watched Fleur seductively wear the dildo, held together by an underwear with buckled straps, I realized I was panting. Yes, my sissy mouth was salivating like a bitch, craving that enormous manly member like nothing I'd craved before.

I was only sorry it wasn't real!

The purple phallus bounced—along with Fleur's breasts—as she strolled toward me. She bent down and I saw her pick up the packet of condoms.

The irony of seeing that twelve-pack again! Was it only just yesterday that I'd been the one hoping to wear it, while I fucked her brains out?

Yesterday seemed like a dream.

Fleur tore open one of the wrappers with her teeth. Then she rolled the condom down her cock, eyeing me while she did it.

*This is it*, I thought feverishly.

Once I had her cock in my mouth, I knew there would be no going back. My own tortured dick stiffened—or tried to—and I winced in pain. My pulse pounded in my head, the adrenaline in my veins hitting an all-time high.

“Kiss my cock,” Fleur ordered. “Get it wet and dirty for me. I’m out of lube.”

The dildo slid easily into my glossy mouth. The latex tasted gross and it had a medicated smell that reminded me of hospitals. I felt the flush of embarrassment rise up in my cheeks as I realised that having a dick in my mouth was unavoidably turning me on.

“Open wide, sissy,” Fleur said sharply. “You know you can open it wider. Take my whole cock. More, more...yes!”

My jaw strained as the dildo filled my oral cavity and was rammed down my throat. My lips tingled and I almost gagged, dribbling saliva all over myself.

Fleur would never know this, but I used to enjoy getting a little aggressive with girls while they sucked me off. I learned pretty early on in life that girls loved to be dominated, slapped, and treated like dirty sluts dur-

ing sex. But now I knew *why*. Part of it was about letting go, and part of it was about being so desired that someone was willing to throw away your dignity to get what they wanted out of you.

God—the pain!

I gave into the pain. I loved the pain. My cock swelled and thickened and shrank in excruciating cycles while I showed off my blowjob skills to Fleur. I was so down the rabbit hole I began to imagine my own saliva-filled mouth was actually full of cum. It was like I'd been starved for cock my entire life.

Fleur seemed to hate that I was openly enjoying it. But I caught her smiling—not once, but twice!—so I knew she secretly liked that I was enjoying her special kink. I felt so vulnerable and sexy.

After what seemed like an eternity, Fleur pulled out and retreated from me. I think she could see the disappointed look on my face. I used the time to compose myself—I dabbed at my now sweating forehead, careful not to ruin my makeup any more than it already was, collected my breath, and

ironed out the wrinkles on my beautiful pink dress.

She reached into a drawer and took out two pairs of handcuffs.

“The only reason I’m fucking you in the ass is because you were enjoying the mouth-fuck a little too much,” Fleur said when she saw how excited I was. “Understood?”

I hung my head and felt my sense of self-worth deplete away into nothing.

Fleur ordered me to lay down on my stomach. She grabbed my hands and cuffed my wrists, linking them to the bed frame.

“On your knees again, whore,” she said. “And spread your legs.”

I could tell she was almost trembling with excitement, looking at me like I was a piece of meat. She wanted me like this, totally helpless and completely under her authority. She was going to take me. Claim me.

Tied down, spread out, and totally vulnerable, I embraced my fate and took my position as degraded sissy whore.

## CHAPTER 5

My whole groin was burning.

And I was so scared. I wasn't scared about the pain. I'd given all of that up—the inner battle and trying to figure out why I was so turned on by a woman emasculating me.

But I was scared I wouldn't be enough of a *girl* for Fleur.

I wanted to cry but then I remembered she'd already seen my asshole. Hell, she'd seen my hole when it was hairy. And she'd shaved it. But strangely enough I was still insecure. Would she notice my butt acne? Did I scrub down there enough? Would she think my ass was too skinny? I wish I'd had time to bleach. And do an enema.

Fleur peeled down my stained panties, but only enough for her to access my hole. My locked clitty was still pressed against the thick maxi pad. I braced myself for the pain. But to my surprise, she began my ass destruction by rubbing my lower back.

I think she could see how scared I was, like a helpless lost kitten.

“Oh, that feels good, Mistress,” I moaned. “Please rub me some more.”

“It’s going to be okay, sissy girl,” she said.

For once she didn’t ignore me. She rubbed and massaged my back, then moved down to my butt cheeks, taking care not to scratch me with her fingernails this time. Her soft palms were like warm butter soaking into my skin, and I relaxed into her tenderness. This was heaven.

But then I heard her move around and felt something warm, wet, and unfamiliar slosh around the lining of my anus. Confused, I jerked my butt up, and the handcuffs painfully dug into my wrists. I yelped.

“Relax,” Fleur whispered. “It’s just my tongue. And I’m doing it just in case it’s still dry.”

Oh fuck. Was she actually, really rimming me? Wait. Was her tongue actually *in* my butthole? Like, really *inside*?

Mistress dove in deeper, her arms pulling my thighs apart until her entire face was pressed against me. I felt her take a deep breath. There was

no way she didn't do that on purpose. Was she smelling me? Did she like my scent?

I moaned into the pillow. I couldn't take it anymore, and yet I had no choice but to endure this. This was way too fucking hot. The stupid teddy bear on her bed was eyeing me like he was enjoying watching me squirm.

My clitty was straining under the pressure.

"Please, Mistress, have mercy!" I squealed. "I really need to cum!"

I felt cold air stifle my crack again. I wanted to scream and ask her to go right back to tasting my ass. But I knew that would be wrong for a sissy to do. Who the fuck was I to make demands to my Mistress?

"Get ready, my chérie," Fleur said, striding up from behind me. "First times usually hurt, but you will feel the pleasure very soon."

I gasped and grunted as that lengthy, fake penis clenched its way through my sissy hole. My inner cavity was throbbing and stretching to welcome the sacred object that was my Mistress. As she started to pound into me, my wrists began to rattle, the handcuff chains slinking noisily against the bed frame. The discomfort dissipated to slowly give way to waves of pleasure that surged through my body.

Fuck! I couldn't even process what was happening to me. I was in fucking Paris, being fucked in the ass by a literal goddess walking on earth. The scent of her pussy was now wavering in the air, and I was pretty sure I was going insane.

I had the urge to piss all over myself.

The pleasure flooded through my body. It was excruciating. So pleasurable it hurt.

"Are you enjoying this, chérie?" Fleur breathed from behind me as her apparatus rolled into my anus like a spinning top, making me groan.

"Fuck me harder, Mistress," I squealed in my most pathetic sissy girl voice. "Destroy my boipussy. Please..."

Fleur slapped my butt in approval and rammed in that dildo harder than she ever had before.

I embraced the pain. The pain *was* pleasure. I wished I could free my wrists so I could jerk myself off. I wished I could see her tits—I knew if I did, the game was over. I wished I could smell her cunt. Her armpits. Her

underboobs. Her ass. I wished for a lot of things in that delirious, horny state I was in. I was leaking all over the pad, and I suddenly wished I could piss all over myself.

“I really...need to...cum...” I begged as my butt bounced and wobbled back and forth. “Mistress...let me cum...”

In a shocking move, Fleur emptied her dong off of my anus and uncuffed my wrists. All the sexy sensations collapsed upon themselves and fizzled out. My heart raced when she pushed me over to my back and reached up to her necklace. She was red and sweating all over, and I’d never seen her look more beautiful. She undid the padlock on my cock cage and smiled at me.

“You want to cum, sweet sissy girl?”

“Yes, Mistress.” I nodded desperately.

“Then get down on the floor,” she said. “I will let you cum.”

I crawled over to the edge of the bed, tearing my precious satin dress in the process, and heaved my body over to the carpet below. Then I crawled to the middle of the room and sat on my knees, my thighs straining, my

ass still hovering in the air because it was so sore. I would worry about the dress later. Mistress was being so nice to me now—maybe she wouldn't even punish me for destroying her creation. Maybe she'd sew me a new one. And even if she did discipline me, I would happily accept my consequences.

Fleur smiled at me from the bed. It made my heart feel so full. Maybe she would pity me and let me fuck her, PIV style. God, I needed her now. I needed her thighs bouncing on mine, her rack in my face. I needed her to kiss me and tell me how I was her perfect little sissy doll.

I stared as she snatched the life-sized teddy bear that was on the bed and sat it down on the carpet next to me.

“If you really want to cum...” she said in a nasty, wicked voice. “You can hump that toy like the sissy girl whore you are!”

I licked my lips, feeling stung by the rejection but also knowing I was horny enough to do anything she said. My pathetic clitty rose at the thought of humping that stuffed bear. Its eyes glinted at me lustfully.

He was a creep. Perfect for me.

I squatted on top of it and began to grind my crotch into the fur.

*Bliss.* Pure, unrestrained bliss.

I straddled the toy and bucked my hips, fucking him with renewed energy. I was losing my mind, but I didn't even care. I just needed to climax.

"Flash him your tits, baby, get him hard," Fleur cooed.

I lifted up my dress as high as I could while I bounced on top of it. I brought down the bra cups and pinched my nipples. I was worse than a whore now, worse than the most pathetic sissy whore alive. I was completely and utterly destroyed, and there was simply no way I could ever come back from this.

A fresh batch of precum trickled into its now matted fur. I bent down and kissed it, hoping it would make Fleur jealous. Then I gyrated my hips like I was giving it a lap dance and rubbed my nipples on the nub of its plastic nose.

The bear toppled over, making me face the closet mirror. For the first time, I was confronted with visual evidence of what a sissy loser I was, trying to make love to a fucking stuffed toy! I moaned and splurged my milk right into its brown stuffed crotch. So. Much. Spunk. Huge ropes of it landed all over the bear and my body got hot as I rode through what was a thundering orgasm.

I fell over with a thud on the floor and looked up to see Fleur laughing her head off. I thought she'd be aroused but I guessed this was so pathetic she couldn't help laughing.

She came over and lovingly wiped my clit with a baby wipe. Then I felt the cold, familiar hug of steel around my crotch, and the *clink* of a padlock snapping shut.

"What...what's going on?" I murmured. "Why am I being punished again, Mistress?"

"Oh no, this isn't a punishment," Fleur said, gently running her hands through the curls of my wig. "But it's part of your training. It's only just started, but don't worry, you will get used to the feeling very soon." She began unzipping my dress. "I still have so much more planned for you. We still have one week and six days to make you my perfect sissy doll!"

I smiled up at Mistress, my heart thudding with love.

She was so fucking sweet, and I couldn't wait to see what else she had in store for me!

**THE END**