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For that you really should come see me.

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The dictum of safe, sane and consensual should always be followed.

Now sit back, relax and enjoy your book.

Dedication

For my lovely girls, you know who you are.

Introduction

I am often jotting down ideas in notebooks, pieces of papers and on my computer. Sometimes they are complete scenes, other times, simply ideas or notes.

Some find their way and whole or in part into my longer published works.

Others, languish, awaiting their unveiling to the general public.

Some were parts of other books that have ended up on the cutting-room floor as it were, but I never throw anything away.

I have decided to gather a selection of these and aggregate them into this collection, torments and humiliations volume 4.

The topics range from chastity, cuckolding, cross-dressing, humiliation, devious punishments and other assorted items that will, it is hoped, tease, titillate and torment this admmissive male.

Enjoy and perhaps suffer a bit for my amusement.

Mistress will be pleased.

CP smythe.

Suck or suffer.

The older woman pulled up her leather dress to expose a large black strap-on. She smiled at the shock on the kneeling sissy's face.

What's the matter, Prashus? It's just a big black cock.

Mistress Joanna said it was very much like Master Jamal's cock.

I know you've worshipped that one, haven't you?

Hm?

You are a black cock sissy?

Sissy fluffy-nauted.

Yes, Mistress.

This slut is a black cock whore.

Mistress padded sissy's blonde wig.

I know you are, baby.

You can't help yourself.

White sissy's sluts adore black cocks.

Do you know who I am?

What I do?

Sissy nodded.

His eyes locked on the enormous black cock swaying between Mistress's legs.

You are Mistress Joanna's aunt, Mistress Margaret.

You train sissy's for the family.

You turn men, former husbands and boyfriends into sissy maids and sluts.

Mistress Margaret laughed.

Turned men into sissy's?

Of course not.

We love men.

They bring us great pleasure with their wonderful cocks.

She tilted her head.

Oh, did you think you were once a man?

She laughed again.

Darling, you were never a man.

Never.

You were simply a pitiful carbon life-form, waiting to be turned into something useful.  
A sissy.  
The cowering sissy wilted before her eyes as she verbally degraded him.  
Good.  
Sissy's need to be shamed and humiliated daily.  
They're self-worth carefully stripped away each day.  
Mistress Margaret and her mammoth cock moved closer.  
As she approached the sissy, he opened his mouth.  
Good girl.  
See a cock approach and opened those luscious sissy lips.  
She rubbed the cock over Sissy's lips.  
Today we are going to play a game.  
Do you like to play games?  
Uh-huh.  
Sissy nodded as he caressed the cock with his open lips.  
Today's game is called Suck or Suffer.  
It's going to be loads of fun.  
Well, at least for me,  
she moved her hips and the huge cock began to sway from side to side.  
Sissy's hungry eyes followed the large cock as it moved.  
Its size was threatening, but Sissy desperately wanted to pleasure it.  
That's what good sissies do.  
They pleasure cocks.  
Mistress Margaret brought the cock back to Sissy's lips.  
Give it a little kiss, Slat.  
There, that's it.  
When men have needs, their cocks need pleasure.  
Sissy mewed as he gave the head of the big cock, delicate kitten licks and kisses.  
Good girl.  
Seduced a cock.  
Men like to see a sissy slut on her knees worshipping a cock.  
You may play with your nipples while you suck.  
Mistress Joanna said you like that.  
Sissy reached up and pulled down the elastic top of his black and white maid's dress  
to expose his black lacy bra.  
His pink, gloved hands began to caress and pinch his nipples.  
That's a good sissy, Mistress Margaret encouraged.  
That's how sissies get their pleasure, isn't it?  
Hmmm?  
Playing with their girly nipples and sucking on cocks?  
Sissy nodded as he continued to maul his nipples and kiss and lick the head of the cock.  
Mistress Margaret nodded her satisfaction.  
So, today's game, I want that darling sissy mouth of yours to suck my cock and take it  
all the way in.  
Take all ten inches up to the balls, and the game is over.  
No choking, no gagging.  
She smiled.  
But, if you do choke her gag, that try doesn't count.  
I will give you one minute's rest, and then you will try again.  
You will have ten chances to show me how a sissy worships a big black cock.  
She laughed at the fear showing in sissy's eyes.  
You look scared, sissy.  
Mistress, Mistress, oh please, Mistress, it's so big it's too big.  
A black cock?  
Too big?  
What a silly thing to say.  
You really are a silly, bubble-headed sissy.  
There's no such thing as a black cock too big.  
Sissy looked at the huge black cock looming before him.

It's too big.  
I'll never be able to take it all, and she's going to do it ten times.  
That's the suck part of the game, Mistress Margaret continued.  
Take it all in, tickled at cute sissy nose with my pussy hairs, and it's over.  
You win the game.  
She paused.  
The silence was ominous.  
But, if you fail ten times to take my cock all the way in, you lose.  
And that's the suffer part of the game.  
Sissy heard someone else enter the room and turn to look.  
It was Mistress Margaret's daughter, Maureen.  
She wore a black leather skirt and corset, and carried an evil-looking whip.  
She was a big woman, perhaps three hundred pounds, and looked very threatening.  
That's right, sissy.  
Mistress Maureen will deliver the suffer part of our little game.  
Fail to deep throat my cock, and she will give you one stroke with the implement  
of her choice.  
For every pound she weighs.  
Sissy looked from the mistresses to the array of whips, crops, canes, and  
paddles on the  
nearby wall.  
A stroke for every pound, Mistress Margaret continued.  
Hmm.  
How many is that?  
Ha!  
It's not polite to ask a woman's age or weight.  
She used her cock to slap Sissy's head as she smiled at her daughter.  
Besides, I imagine by the thirtieth or fortieth stroke, you won't be able to  
focus on anything  
except pain, agony, and suffering.  
Sissy literally shook with fear.  
I'll never be able to deep throat her cock, no matter how many times I try.  
I'll end up being beaten by Mistress Maureen.  
There's no way I can win.  
Time to get started, slut.  
Mistress Margaret gave Sissy's head a final slap with her cock.  
I'll give you thirty seconds to wet your lips and cock.  
Then it's going in for round one.  
Fail, and we try again and again.  
Fuck that Sissy's face, good mom, Maureen said.  
Use the slut up, and I'll finish it off.  
Sissy was furiously licking his lips and the cock, trying to achieve maximum  
lubrication.  
Okay, Sissy, Mistress Margaret said.  
Time's up.  
Open for me.  
Come on.  
Show me what a cock whore Mistress Joanna has for her Sissy husband.  
Sissy gagged as the cock was thrust roughly and deeply into his mouth.  
Mistress pulled the cock out, using it to bitch-lapped annealing Sissy.  
That was fucking pathetic.  
Surely you can do better than that, slut.  
Nine more failed attempts, and you lose the suck part of the game, and we move  
on to the suffer part.  
The end.  
Sissy Mimi's weekend service.  
How long has it been?  
Sharon poured coffee for the three of them and sat on the sofa beside her sister  
Charlotte,  
and Charlotte's husband Brad.  
Six months?  
Charlotte said as she accepted a cup from her sister.  
It was nice of you to invite Brad and me for the weekend.  
It will give us a chance to catch up.

She looked around the room.  
Where's your husband, Michael?  
Sharon ignored the question about her husband.  
Let me introduce you to my maid.  
She will be attending to you this weekend.  
Maid?  
Charlotte's eyebrows arched.  
You have a maid now?  
Sharon laughed as she picked up a small bell and gave it three shakes.  
Sharon, Charlotte and Brad all turned their head.  
One Charlotte and Brad all turned their heads at the sound of high heels  
clicking down the  
hallway.  
The look on Charlotte and Brad's faces made Sharon smile.  
She watched the look of utter surprise and shock on the face of her sister and  
brother-in-law.  
Perfect.  
Simply perfect.  
This?  
This is your maid?  
Charlotte's eyes were wide.  
Oh, my!  
She studied the creature before her, an explosion of pink satin and white lace.  
The maid wiggled into the room, taking small steps on pink patent stilettos.  
She stopped in front of the fireplace and turned to face Sharon and her guests.  
The maid executed a slow and very feminine curtsy with the little fingers of her  
hands,  
turned out ever so daintily.  
Brad and Charlotte looked at each other and then back to the maid, or what was  
an over-the-top  
caricature of a maid.  
The maid's dress was a short, off-the-shoulder number that came to only mid-by.  
The tops of her sheer nude stockings clearly visible.  
Ruffles at the sleeves, neckline and hem gave the dress a very girly look.  
As did the frothy white petticoats that held it out.  
Charlotte studied the maid's heavily made-up face, the heavy black eyeliner,  
blue eye-shadow  
and long false lashes.  
Large rhinestone earrings hung nearly to the maid's shoulders.  
She had a huge expanse of blond hair that was fluffed high and accented on each  
side with  
a pink satin bow.  
To Charlotte, the creature looked like something out of a Las Vegas drag-show,  
rather than  
a working domestic servant.  
She narrowed her eyes and looked closer.  
Charlotte turned to her sister, giving her a surprised look, and then returned  
her gaze  
to the maid.  
She poked her husband without looking at him.  
Her eyes locked on the maid.  
Shet, baby.  
It's Michael.  
It's Michael.  
The maid is Sharon's husband.  
Brad scrunched his eyes and cocked his head.  
No, he shook his head.  
No, it can't be.  
Charlotte turned to her sister.  
Oh my God, it's Michael.  
It is, isn't it?  
Sharon smiled as she patted Charlotte's leg.  
I'm afraid Michael's dead.  
Dead?

Charlotte shook her head.  
No, no.  
That maid thing is Michael.  
Sharon turned to the maid.  
What is your name, slut?  
The feminized creature coats it again.  
Fifth, queep, they're e-fifty, maimi.  
Charlotte turned to Sharon, a confused expression on her face.  
What?  
Yes, it does it lisp, Sharon said.  
You'll get used to it in a day or so.  
It said, this creature is sissy maimi.  
Charlotte nodded, trying to comprehend.  
Okay, so this thing is Michael and he, she, Sharon corrected.  
It's a she or her.  
And its name is now maimi.  
You can also call it sissy, whore or slut.  
As I said, Michael is now dead.  
Charlotte continued to gaze at sissy maimi.  
Uh-huh.  
Okay.  
And this happened when?  
How?  
Sharon laughed.  
Poor Michael thought he was a man, a real man.  
He tried to seduce one of the women at his office.  
Well, I was furious, of course.  
I gave Michael a choice.  
Divorce or become my maid?  
Brad shook his head.  
Wow, that's fucking pathetic.  
But he, I mean, she's sort of sexy in a slutty kind of way.  
Exactly, Sharon laughed.  
I'm glad you get it.  
She is a slut.  
My own little in-house slut and whore.  
And you're maid and sex slave for the weekend.  
Sex slave?  
Charlotte asked.  
So, um, what does she do?  
Anything, Joanna threw up her hands.  
That's the beauty of having a sissy slut.  
They do anything.  
She clapped her hands.  
Come over here, slut.  
Show my guests your sissy-clitty.  
Sissy me, me mince forward with tiny heel to toe steps.  
Charlotte chuckled.  
Don't she always walk like that?  
She does, Sharon said.  
She spent several months with shock collars around her neck and balls.  
She received a shock whenever she didn't lisp or mince.  
Eventually, she was conditioned into the lisping, mincing sissy you see before  
you.  
She snapped her fingers.  
Sissy, display.  
Sissy me, me performed another curtsy and upon rising lifted her dress.  
Charlotte pointed at the chastity device between me, me's legs.  
Look at that.  
Oh my God.  
Look at that.  
Is his, I mean, her cock really in there?  
It's so small.  
It is, Sharon said.

Of course, we don't call it a cock.  
Men have cocks.  
What you see here is a pathetic, useless little sissy-clitty.  
Charlotte leaned forward for a closer look.  
The chastity device was stainless steel and quite small.  
Is it locked on or what?  
The device has a special screw assembly, Sharon replied.  
I have the only tool to unlock it.  
And I've also glued it in.  
I mean, it could be removed, but not easily and not by sissy here.  
Brad leered at the pitiful, feminized male standing before him.  
So it never has sex.  
I mean, gets a heart on or...  
Oh heavens and no, Sharon laughed.  
Whatever for, really.  
Could such a tiny thing please a woman?  
Sissy me, me, stood and held up his dress.  
His face read with shame and humiliation.  
Sharon smiled.  
Perfect for my little bitch, and you are going to get a lot more humiliation before this weekend is over.  
I do like these.  
Brad reached out and snapped one of her garter straps.  
I like the stockings and heels, too.  
Well, Sharon said, that's what Sluts do, isn't it?  
Dress sexy for men, men who have needs.  
She watched the pained look on Mimi's face.  
Would you like to see some of her other outfits?  
Sure, Brad said.  
Are they sexy like this one?  
Oh yes, Sharon answered.  
Sissy always dresses like a slut.  
Go and change, whore.  
Show Brad your red outfit.  
Mimi curtsy.  
Yes, mythwith.  
Their laughter followed him as he minced out of the room to go and change.  
So, Sharon said, that's your maid Mimi for the weekend.  
Trust me, the little whore will serve you and wait on your hand and foot.  
You said something about a sex slave?  
Brad said.  
Mimi is quite skilled at oral sex, Sharon said.  
On both men and women.  
Brad smiled.  
So, uh, she'll suck my cock.  
Sharon smiled.  
Well, men, I mean real men have needs, don't they?  
I want real men to always be satisfied in my house.  
So, yes, please take advantage of unlimited blowjobs.  
Whenever I want, Brad asked.  
Yes, whenever you want.  
Simply say, suck Sissy, and Mimi will be on her knees immediately to give you the best blowjob of your life.  
Oh, and do feel free to come in her mouth, on her face, or in her hair.  
She is a slut.  
Personally, I think the little whore gets off on being a cum dump.  
Charlotte leaned over and gave her a husband a kiss on the cheek.  
You should like that, baby.  
Unlimited blowjobs.  
Assuming you don't mind a guy doing it.  
Brad chuckled.  
Didn't look like much of a guy to me.  
More like a slut.  
Once again, they all turned to the sound of approaching high heels in the

hallway.

Mimi wiggled back into the room and stopped to pose again in front of the fireplace.

This time his dress was a similar explosion of satin and lace, but in a red and white color scheme.

He held his arms out in an exaggerated sissy fashion, as he executed quarter turns on his black stilettos.

That's right, Sharon said.

Let Charlotte and Brad get a good look at their sissy maid for the weekend.

This time, Mimi's wig was black with white satin bows on each side.

She also wore long white gloves, with red bows on the wrists.

Very nice, Charlotte nodded her approval.

You really are a sissy, aren't you?

Mimi curtsy'd.

Yes, Miss with thalet.

Charlotte laughed.

Mistress Charlotte, I like that.

Or, Sharon said, you can be called goddess, my lady, your highness, or whatever title you like.

No, Mistress is good.

Charlotte turned back to Mimi.

You will address me as Mistress, and I will call you sissy.

Mimi bowed his head in acknowledgement.

Yeah, well, Brad shifted on the sofa.

Uh, you'll call me Master, and I'll call you Faggot.

Mimi curtsy'd Brad.

Yes, Mather.

Master Brad looked at Sharon.

Does Faggot always dress like this?

Oh yes, Mimi has several uniforms.

She's always in stockings and heels and makeup.

Sharon shrugged.

Of course, if you have any special requirements or requests.

No, he replied.

I like it.

He turned to Mimi.

Really high heels and seemed stockings.

Got that Faggot?

Mimi bobbed her head as she curtsy'd.

Yes, oh yes, Mather.

Charlotte rubbed her hand on Brad's crotch.

You like that, baby, huh?

Having your own personal cocksacking whore who dresses slutty for you?

I'll let you know after she sucks my cock the first time, Master Brad chuckled.

Don't forget about your own needs, Charlotte, Sharon said.

Our little Mimi will give your ass an exquisite tonguefuck.

Really?

Mr. Charlotte's eyes widened.

I've never had my ass tung'd.

She smiled at Mimi.

The sissy liked to lick women's assholes.

Oh yes, Mather.

Very not.

And like I said, Sharon relaxed back on the sofa.

She's yours for the weekend.

You're made, your servant, and your fock toy.

She snapped her fingers.

Show Master Brad your pussy slut.

Mimi curtsy'd an acknowledgement and then turned.

Lifted her dress and spread her butt cheeks to reveal her sissy pussy.

Master Brad grinned.

That's her pussy.

Sharon nodded.

It is.

And I can fuck it.  
Sharon laughed.  
You certainly can.  
She looked at Charlotte.  
And you too.  
The guest bedroom has an assortment of strap-ons and dildos.  
And if you find the slut's performance lacking in any regard, please do punish her.  
There are several crocs, paddles, and whips to use on her if need be.  
Mr. Charlotte rubbed Master Brad's crotch.  
Oh baby.  
I can wear this strap-on and fuck her while she sucks your cock.  
Sissy?  
Sharon snapped her fingers.  
Go put on your black uniform and your highest heels and seemed stockings.  
There's a man in the house, and that's how he likes his sluts to dress.  
Mimi curtsy'd.  
Of Quatsmith with?  
He wiggled off down the hallway to his room.  
Sharon freshen'd everyone's coffee.  
So, you like my new maid?  
Charlotte shook her head.  
It's different.  
I mean, I've heard about this kind of stuff, but to see it in real life, and with my sister,  
if I'm not being too personal, Brad interrupted, no, please, Sharon said, ask anything you want.  
Well, Brad paused.  
With his, I mean, her cock locked up.  
Clitty, Sharon corrected.  
She and Charlotte laughed.  
Brad shrugged.  
Clitty, okay.  
So, what about sex?  
You, her?  
Sharon sighed.  
I'm afraid Mimi has had her last erection and ejaculation.  
She's locked up 24-7, and I do not intend to ever release her.  
You saw her, Clitty.  
It's small and quite useless to please a woman.  
However, I'm not totally without compassion.  
I allow the poor thing to play with her grilling nipples and put things in her sissy pussy.  
That's how sissies have sex.  
Oh, my, Charlotte laughed.  
How humiliating for her.  
You make her fuck herself?  
Yes, Sharon said with a smile.  
It can be quite entertaining.  
I often make her put on little sissy sex shows at parties or when I have guests over.  
What about you, Brad asked.  
Sharon's eyes brightened.  
I now have my freedom to enjoy a string of lovers.  
Sex, when, where, and with whom I desire and on my terms.  
It's now all about me and my pleasure.  
Charlotte shook her head.  
Wow!  
This weekend is shaping up to be a real eye-opener, but I for one am determined to make full use of it.  
She smiled at her sister.  
A tongue in my ass, you say?  
You'll love it, Sharon purred.

For the third time, steps in the hallway heralded Mimi's arrival.  
This time in a new sexy French maid's outfit.  
Master Brad shook his head.  
Damn, it's every man's fuck fantasy come true.  
He grinned at Mimi.  
You wear that outfit later tonight.  
After worth through here, you go put the pink outfit back on.  
He looked at Sharon.  
That okay?  
Of course, Sharon said.  
You're her master.  
She must serve and obey you and pleasure you.  
Mimi, now wore black and white satin maid's dress.  
Once again, petticoats held the bottom out nearly horizontal.  
Revealing the tops of her smoky gray seemed stockings.  
Sissy had changed back to a blonde wig, but still in the big hair style, with a large white satin bow on the top.  
Long black gloves snaked up Mimi's arms.  
How high are those heels, Mr. Charlotte asked as she stared at Mimi's shoes.  
Those are her highest ones, Sharon explained.  
Seven inches, but with a one and a half inch platform.  
Brad did say he liked her in really high heels.  
Master Brad chuckled.  
Those will do.  
Those are the heels I want you to wear the rest of the weekend.  
Got that faggot?  
Mimi curtsy.  
Oh yes, Mather.  
Fizzy love high health.  
Mr. Charlotte turned to Sharon.  
I want to see her suck a cock now.  
Sharon held up her hands and shrugged.  
She's yours for the weekend.  
Sissy?  
Mr. Charlotte called out.  
Crawl over here and suck my man's cock.  
Master Brad started to unbuckle his pants, but was stopped by Sharon.  
No, let her do it.  
Watch how my little whore seduces a cock.  
They all settled back to watch the show, as Mimi dropped to her knees and crawled forward to Master's spread legs.  
The End.  
Sissy Susie's weekend challenge.  
Helen Trent, God is Helen to her many slaves, relaxed in her wicker chair and sipped her champagne.  
How many is that?  
She was a large woman, her short, sheer black dress, clung to her body and came to mid-thigh, where it revealed a bit of flesh between the hem and her black lace top thigh-high stockings.  
Her black four-inch heels took her height to six foot.  
Flaming red hair fell down past her shoulders.  
Even as an older and curvier woman, she could catch the eye of many men and women.  
The attraction was in her eyes, her look and the way she carried herself.  
God is Helen, knew she was sexy, desirable, and sensuous, and she knew those who looked upon her saw it as well.  
The sissy male behind the camera was God is Helen's sissy slave husband, Sissy Fawn.  
He turned and curtsy to his wife.  
That was six, God is.

Today, Sissy Fawn wore a heavy ankle-length pink spandex hobble dress, corset and pink six-inch heels.  
God is Helen, liked what a hobble dress corset and sky-high fuck me heels did for a sissy's posture and mobility.  
She wanted her sissies moving through life using tiny steps.  
She wanted their bodies confined and constricted.  
God is Helen looked at the scene before her.  
Sissy Fawn was filming Master Jack, a large black man having his cock sucked by her future son-in-law Sissy Susie.  
Today, Sissy Susie wore a black and red lace garter belt and bra set, long earrings and long black gloves.  
Sissy's stockings were torn from shuffling around on the patio surface, sucking cock after cock.  
God is Helen crinkled her nose in disgust.  
Six.  
She watched as Master Jack spurred his come into Sissy Susie's waiting mouth.  
She laughed when Master Jack spewed the last of his seed onto her face and hair.  
Leave it on their slut, God has ordered.  
You don't wipe any of it off, not for the entire weekend.  
It will be your Sissy whore badge of honor.  
Sissy Susie simply nodded as she licked Master's cock clean.  
Fawn, God is Helen's snap to fingers.  
Give the whore something to drink and fix her eyes and lips.  
She's got more clients waiting.  
Sissy Fawn curtsied and minced away for a bottle of water.  
Master Jack held his cock before the Sissy's lips.  
Sissy knew what was expected of him.  
Thank you, Master.  
Sissy Susie said, for allowing this unworthy whore the pleasure of sucking your superior black cock.  
He gave the cock a tender and loving goodbye kiss.  
Good girl, Master laughed.  
Seems like white Sissy males can be trained to be useful.  
He stuffed his cock into his pants and walked to Helen.  
Well, God is Helen sat back in her chair, crossed one leg over the other, and lit a high-heeled angle seductively from her foot.  
Master Jack shrugged.  
I've had worse.  
I've had better.  
He glanced over to see Sissy Fawn leaning down, fixing Sissy Susie's eyes and lips.  
She'll be well used by the time you finish with her this weekend.  
God is Helen laughed.  
What else are Sissy's good for, if not to be used?  
I don't have Sissy's decorations or pretty things to simply stand around my house's ornaments.  
They have to be useful.  
They have to serve a purpose and earn their keep, or they're gone.  
Her words carried to the two Sissy's.  
She means it, Sissy Fawn whispered.  
She sold Sissy Cassie to an Arab family last year.  
Sissy Susie took a sip from the water bottle.  
But she wants me to suck one hundred cocks this weekend.  
She's making a video of it to sell.  
One at a time, sweetheart, Sissy Fawn applied another coat of mascara to Sissy Susie's lashes.  
Just do them one at a time and make each man feel as if his cock is the most wonderful cock you've ever had in your mouth.  
Fawn looked it down at Sissy Susie's stockings.  
Those are ruined, but they do add to your slut look.  
Try to do your best.  
Some will want you to swallow and some will want to come on your face and hair like Master Jack.

Be sure and look at the camera when they finish.  
Open your mouth so we can get a good shot and play with your titties.  
Make it sexy.  
Sissy Fawn turned at the sound of five men walking toward the pool.  
Come on, sweetums.  
It's showtime. You can do it.  
Sissy Susie knelt up and smiled at the fat balding man who approached.  
Sissy licked his lips and ran his gloved hands over his bra as he stared at the man's crotch.  
The fat man chuckled.  
See something you like girly, huh?  
Oh, yes, Master.  
Sissy Susie replied in his best sexy, please fuck my slut mouth, boys.  
Master Jack laughed.  
Looks like our slut got her second wind.  
He moved behind God as Helen, his strong black hands massaging her shoulders.  
She let her head drop back and closed her eyes at Jack's sensuous touch.  
Mmm, that feels wonderful.  
She's going to need it.  
She has the rest of the weekend to complete her task.  
I expect her to suck one hundred cocks.  
Master Jack leaned down to nibble her earlobe.  
And your daughter, Darla, is really going to marry that little slut.  
God is Helen smiled, but kept her eyes closed.  
Darla thinks Sissy Susie will make a wonderful sissy wife.  
The little slut has already signed over his two houses and cars to Darla and signed a personal services contract to her for ninety-nine years.  
So my daughter has all his personal assets, as well as his soul, if sissies have one.  
And my niece is already running the slut's company.  
Our family has it all.  
The slut has nothing.  
Master Jack laughed.  
Damn.  
If that's love, it's really fucked up.  
That sissy loves sweetheart.  
Sometimes the boys sissies can't help themselves.  
We'll turn this slut into a feminized, mincing, cocksucking cash cow for as long as the little whore can produce.  
God is Helen opened her eyes and looked up.  
The wedding is next weekend.  
You did get your invitation, didn't you?  
You are coming, aren't you?  
Master Jack bent down to give the older woman a sensuous, open-mouthed kiss.  
He finally broke the kiss, but continued, gently caressing Helen's breasts.  
I wouldn't miss it.  
A sissy cuckold wedding.  
They're always entertaining.  
Helen blew a kiss to Jack.  
Darla is expecting you to consummate the marriage with her and Sissy Susie.  
Like I said, I wouldn't miss it.  
Is the slut still a virgin?  
God is Helen chuckled.  
A few plugs and vibrators, but we've been saving her sissy pussy for the wedding night.  
And you?  
Master Jack turned to watch the kneeling sissy begin sucking another cock.  
Like I said, I wouldn't miss it.  
God is Helen, ran her hand over Master Jack's crotch.  
You'll be back later with friends for our sissy?  
He smiled and turned to look at Sissy Susie.  
I think I can arrange some friends.  
Nice little white pieces sissy meat like that.  
Yeah, I can get her more black cock.

God is Helen squeezed the big bulge in Master Jack's pants.  
Excellent.  
But don't use yourself up.  
She lifted her dress to expose her pussy.  
Master Jack took Helen's hand and gave it a courtly kiss as he bowed.  
God is Helen, will always be served.  
It is my distinct pleasure and honor to do so.  
She watched her future son-in-law finish yet another cock and bat his eyes to the next man in line.  
It's good to be the goddess.  
The end.  
Sissy Priscilla pink panties.  
Wait, Mr. Diana touched her lover Tyrone on the arm.  
Let me get a video before we go.  
These weekly videos to his mommy and daddy keep those checks coming in.  
Tyrone smiled and stepped behind Diana.  
His strong black hands clutched her trim waist.  
Mr. Diana took her phone from her purse and turned on the video recorder.  
Hello, Priscilla's.  
She pointed the phone at her husband who was ironing.  
What's your name?  
The scissified male looked up from his ironing and smiled sweetly.  
He placed the iron in the holder, stepped away from the ironing board and curtseed to the dominant couple.  
This sissy's name is Priscilla pink panties.  
Again he smiled and cocked his head to the side in a girly fashion.  
His hands enclosed in long white gloves, gently lifted the hem of the black satin maid's uniform.  
He curtseed.  
In addition to the uniform, Priscilla wore white stockings, black heels, a black and white lace choker, and a blonde bob wig.  
His face was made up with pink lips, smoky eyes, and long lashes.  
Tyrone and Diana did their best to control their outright laughter.  
They didn't want to spoil the video.  
And why are you called Priscilla pink panties?  
Mr. Diana asked.  
Priscilla turned and lifted his dress to show pink satin panties, with rose and rose and black lace ruffles.  
Very nice, nice girly and sissy, Tyrone said.  
Thank you, master.  
Priscilla said, still facing away and still holding up his dress and displaying his panties.  
Turn around, Mr. Diana ordered, show us the front.  
Priscilla turned and lifted the front of his dress.  
Sissy's pink panties had a hole in the front, trimmed in black lace.  
The hole provided access to Priscilla's chastity device, which was now in full view.  
Goodness, Mr. Diana laughed.  
What is that?  
She knew what it was.  
Everything about Priscilla had been her creation.  
But she loved forcing her sissy husband to indulge in self-deprecation.  
It's a clitty mistress.  
Priscilla pink panties curtsy'd once more.  
Quite pathetic and useless and must be locked up.  
I should say, Diana exclaimed in my corner, that could never please a woman.  
What do women need, sissy?  
Women need men, mistress.  
Men with cocks.  
Men like master Tyrone.  
Really?  
Mr. Diana felt master Tyrone's hands, cup her breasts, and she sighed.  
And what about sissy's?  
Do they like cocks?

Oh yes, mistress.  
Sissy's love cocks.  
Cocks are so wonderful.  
Put your dress down, mistress commanded.  
She watched with satisfaction, as her sissy wife gently lowered his dress.  
His high-heeled feet were together, his arms were held out, and his wrists were limp.  
Did you have a name before you became Priscilla pink panties?  
Yes, mistress.  
This sissy was Paul Stevens.  
Daddy is Mark Stevens of the Stevens and Powell Law Firm.  
Mummy is Barbara Stevens, who sits on the board at the Crestview Country Club.  
They live at 1750 Carswell Lane.  
Mr. Diana turned her head and whispered to master Tyrone.  
And that guarantees those checks come in on time, sometimes with a little bonus to keep me happy.  
She turned back to Sissy Priscilla.  
And now you are Priscilla pink panties, my sissy wife.  
What does a sissy wife do?  
Sissy Priscilla gave another sweet smile.  
A good sissy wife dresses girly and pretty, keeps house, and obeys and serves mistress and master.  
Do you enjoy being a sissy wife?  
Oh yes, mistress.  
This sissy loves to wear dresses and high heels and clean house and Priscilla blushed.  
What else does my sissy wife enjoy?  
Tell me.  
Sissy enjoys sucking cock.  
Why don't you tell Mummy and Daddy about how you like to suck cock?  
Oh, Mummy.  
You really have to try black cock.  
It's so big and yummy.  
I know you would never let Daddy put his tiny white penis in you again, ever.  
Mmm.  
Really, Mummy.  
The way a black cock feels in your mouth is pussy.  
It's so good.  
Mr. Diana shook her head.  
What a pathetic loser.  
I'm going out tonight with my lover.  
You stay here and finish master Tyrone's laundry and irony.  
Then you may shine his box of shoes and do your other chores.  
If you do a good job with all that, and do a good job sucking master Tyrone's cock and getting it nice and hard for me, perhaps I'll reward you with a nice cream pie.  
Would my sissy like that?  
Mistress Diana panned the camera down as Priscilla pink panties, dropped to his hands and knees,  
and crawled across the floor to kiss her feet.  
Oh yes, Mistress.  
Thank you.  
Thank you, Mistress.  
Your sissy will work hard at her chores and even harder at sucking master's cock.  
Thank you.  
Mistress Diana laughed as she shut off the video camera.  
Get busy, slut.  
She and Tyrone walked out the door.  
Diana threw the keys to her numerous sadies, a gift from Mark and Barbara Stevens to Tyrone.  
You drive, baby.  
The end.  
Makeout session.

Oh, baby.

Mistress Serena moaned as her lover Derek pushed up her mini-dress and slipped his hand into her panties.

She wrapped her arms tighter around his neck and plunged her tongue deeper into his mouth in a torrid kiss.

Derek's fingers stroked her hot, moist slit as he broke the kiss.

I like the way you wear your panties over your guard about in stockings.

Her tongue flicked out at his lips.

That's because I know you like me to leave them on when we make love.

The sex talk was halted when his mouth came down again on hers.

Mistress Serena liked kissing, petting and making out, almost as much as fucking.

She seemed to be held, stroked and kissed by her lover, always got her in the mood.

She sighed as Derek fingered her.

She enjoyed that almost as much as his cock.

Almost.

But that cock, she loved that cock.

Loved the way it filled her and seemed to stay hard, like forever.

She shuttered as Derek's other hand stroked her neck.

When he reached up and grabbed a fistful of her hair, she feared she might climax right then.

He broke the kiss but continued softly stroking her pussy.

Derek looked down at Serena's sissy husband, Fifi.

Fifi was dressed in black stockings and heels.

Master Derek decreed sissy sluts should always be in stockings and heels.

A cute black and white skater skirt, black silk blouse and reddish brown wig completed Fifi's look.

Mistress Serena's husband was never permitted to wear male clothes when her lovers were present.

Master Derek reached down and slapped Fifi's head.

Get that cock ready for wifey, faggot.

Fifi looked up at the off the male and batted his long, false lashes.

Without removing the cock from his mouth, Fifi mumbled a, yes, mather, into the cock.

Master Derek slapped Fifi again, then keeps sucking, faggot.

You know how wifey likes her cock, thick, hard and wet, and it's your job to get it that way.

Mr. Serena wiggled closer to Derek.

Oh, God, baby, it really gets me off the way you humiliate the little slut.

He shrugged.

I know these sissy types and what they need.

It sure as hell isn't a beautiful woman's pussy.

He slapped Fifi again.

Right slut.

If you continue to suck Derek's cock and mumbled, yes, mather.

You take those expensive golf clubs to the consignment shop?

Derek asked.

Fifi nodded, yes.

Good, Master Derek chuckled.

I need the money to finish the restoration on my classic Mustang.

Who knows?

Maybe I'll let you have a few bucks for a new pair of heels.

Would faggot like a new pair of fuck me heels?

Fifi nodded.

This summer when I come over, Derek said, you can wash and wax my ride while I make love

to your wife.

Then you can do my laundry and ironing while we go for a ride in the country.

Oh, lover, Mr. Serena mued, you are so wicked, but I love it.

She kicked her kneeling husband with her high heel.

Hear that, loser?

We got plans for you.

Plans that include a lifetime of chastity, torment, and humiliation.

She ran her hand under Derek's shirt, caressing his muscled chest.  
Enough talk, baby.  
I want more kissing.  
Derek looked at Serena, and then looked down at Fifi.  
Keep sucking that cock slut.  
You know how she likes it.  
If you do a good job, you might get your cream pie.  
If you do something, hoe wouldn't you dare bother.  
Then you'd rather take her nose.  
Just throw the dick, cuck.  
Loathsome Rub firefighter.  
I want that woman, orem colored side, no matter what, she put supposed to lie.  
repeated such things as we came out ofpremise, therefore begin the same thing.  
on wicked high-heeled platform pumps to tower over cringing, kneeling males. The  
shoes had  
four-inch platforms and seven-inch heels, taking her diminutive 5'3 to a more  
imposing 5'10.  
Fishnet Tights disappeared into leather short shorts. A leather-boostier  
displayed impressive  
breasts for one so small. However, it was the cock she cradled in her hand that  
struck  
fear into the sissy. The cock was enormous and required an impressive strap-on  
harness  
to keep it in place. Sissy Pookie couldn't remember when he'd ever seen a strap-  
on  
dildo so big. The young mistress couldn't even get her hand around it. Pookie  
doubted  
he'd be able to manage its girth in his own hand.  
Kneel up, bitch, mistress commanded. Pookie knelt up, clasping his hands behind  
his back,  
and averting his eyes. She looked at her cousin's husband, clad in a pink party  
dress, pink  
fishnet stockings, pink heels and a blonde wig. She shook her head, such a  
pathetic  
fucking loser.  
No, who I am, Sissy. Pookie shook his head, no, and tried to answer in his best  
sissy  
voice. No, mistress.  
I'm Marla's cousin. My name's not important to you. Mistress will do. She  
paused, watching  
the sissy kneeling before her, literally shiver with fear. She reached out to  
stroke his hair  
and laughed when he jumped. Nervous, scared, yeah, I get that. Suppose I would  
be too if  
my wife had given me to some young she-devil. But Marla wants you trained, baby,  
and she  
wants you trained in all sorts of things. All the women in the family are going  
to help.  
It's what we do. You'll be trained to walk in heels, to cook, clean, iron, do  
pedicures,  
do erotic dances. She paused, thrusting her hips forward, so the black cock  
grazed  
Pookie's lips. I trained sissies to be cockhors. She poked at his mouth with her  
cock. You want  
to be a cockhor, huh? I, um, she swung her hips hard, and the mammoth cock hit  
Pookie on  
the side of the head and knocked him over. Up, get up, slut. She kicked at him  
as he  
struggled back into his kneeling up position. Does it matter what the fuck you  
want? My  
cousin Marla wants her hubby, turned into a cockhor, sissy wife, and that's what  
you're  
going to be. Yes, Mistress. She poked him in the face with the large black cock.  
He looked

at the black behemoth's position at his lips. It jutted from her loins like a battering ram.  
He tried to estimate its length. Fifteen? Eighteen inches? It was so long that had she held it close to her body, it would have protruded into her cleavage. It was black and thick and mottled like a real cock, with veins and even balls. The young Mistress saw fear in Sissy Pookie's face, and a feeling of power, control, superiority, and warmth flooded through her.  
At only twenty years old, the youngest trainer in the family, she had the ability to quickly break Sissy's. It was something she was good at and something she loved. Kiss it, she commanded, and smiled with satisfaction, as Sissy Pookie obediently kissed the head of her cock. Nice, sexy kisses. Let the man know you want his cock. Lick it. Lick it sexy.  
She chuckled. Now lick your lips, slut. Look up at me. Show the owner by the way you lick your lips just how badly you need his cock in your mouth. Make him know you want it.  
Sissy Pookie did his best to please the demonic young Mistress. There was really no choice but to obey. He'd seen what happened when other Sissy males in the family disobeyed or performed poorly. Punishments and humiliations were a family affair and something to be avoided at all costs.  
That's better. You Sissy's are all the same, trust me. I've heard it all before. She mocked him in a whiny Sissy voice. Oh, it's too big. I'll choke to death. Oh, no. It was split me wide open.  
She laughed, reverting to her normal voice. And you know what? You, poor pathetic Sissy's, get addicted to it. Soon you'll be staring at every man's crotch, especially black men, wondering how big their cocks are. You'll be on your knees groveling before Marla baying her to bring her black boyfriend's home. Don't believe me? She chuckled as his eyes widened. You'll see. In no time I'll make you Marla's cock whore. It's what I do. Okay, open wide, slut.  
Let's get your training started. The end.  
Down the line. Mark Reagan looked down at the feminized male, kneeling and sucking his cock.  
Damn, I love slut Fridays. The best fucking office perked boss ever come up with.  
Yeah, said the man next in line, Steve Carson, as he eagerly awaited his turn. Not that the rest of the week is bad either. He laughed and hefted his cock in his hand.  
Come on, Sissy. I got something for you right here.  
Mark reached down to slap the Sissy's head.  
Remember what your wife said, slut. Make every man feel special.  
Sissy Patty batted his long false lashes and nodded as he looked up at Master Mark.  
There were four men in line, which meant Sissy Patty had three more cocks to suck, at least for now. There would probably be more men later. Sissy Patty found himself on his knees a lot these days. The male employees were now allowed unlimited, on-demand blowjobs at work.  
Actually, slut Fridays were not really different from the other days of the week.  
The name of the day might change, but the duties of an office slut never did. Fridays were slut

Friday, and Sissy Patty dressed as a slut on those days. Today he wore cute pink crop top, short black leather mini skirt, fishnet stockings, and knee-high high-heeled black leather boots. His makeup was overdone with smoky eyes and long false lashes. Big earrings and black fishnet gloves completed his slutty look. The week started with sexy secretary Monday. Sissy Patty's wardrobe for that day was always a short, tight, low-cut mini dress, seemed as stockings and garter belt, big hair, and jewelry, and six-inch black pumps. He wiggled his way around the offices in tiny sissy steps, delivering files, making copies, and fetching coffee. At any moment, Sissy Patty could find himself on his knees, sucking one of the men's cocks, or tonguing a female employee's pussy or ass. Select clients of the firm were also allowed use of the office slut. In the last few months, management had noticed an increase in clients renewing their contracts, and new client referrals. The firm even installed a special, private, premier client lounge. Yeah. Oh yeah, master grunted. That's it. Master Mark stiffened as he shot his load into the slut's mouth. Sissy Patty accepted the offering from the superior alpha male as he did every day of the work week. Master Mark sighed as he removed his cock, wiping it with handfuls of Patty's wig. Sissy Patty obediently held his mouth open and turned his head from side to side, so all the men in line could see the slut's mouth was full of man come. An obedient sissy waits for permission to swallow. Go ahead, slut, swallow, but you're not done by a long shot. Master Mark laughed as he zipped up his pants and smiled at the line of men still waiting their turn. Sissy Patty swallowed, licked his lips, and shuffled on his knees to master Steve. Please, master, may this pathetic sissy slut have the privilege of sucking master's superior cock. It was a mantra Sissy Patty repeated daily in his duties as the office slut. He had to beg to suck cock and wait for permission to swallow. Master Steve looked down at the kneeling sissy. Isn't that what sluts do, suck cock? Sissy Patty nodded his head and batted his eyelashes. In addition to dressing like a sissy every day, he was made to act like a sissy in speech, posture, and mannerisms. His original maleness was being peeled away layer by layer, day by day. Soon only a high-heeled cock whore would remain. Yes, master, it is both this slut's duty and privilege to be the office cock whore. Got that right, the large man named Ray at the end of the line leered at Sissy Patty. I'm going to give you ten fucking inches of slut privilege. All the men laughed. Ray did have a large cock, and he loved using it to humiliate the office slut. Okay, slut, master Steve said. Get busy, suck my cock like a good whore. The slut began the seduction of master Steve's cock with kissing, licking, and gently sucking on the head before taking it into his mouth. After months of such service, Sissy Patty knew how each man preferred his oral servitude. Master Steve liked sexy foreplay. The next man, Master Ray, was more brutal. His was a humiliating face-fucking, often delivered before a

throng of laughing secretaries and admin staff. Every day was much the same for Sissy Patty, save for the daily wardrobe changes. Tuesday's were Sissy bondage days. On those days, he wore a severely laced corset with steel boning and ten-quarter straps, heavy stockings, a spandex ankle-length hobble skirt, a stiff leather posture collar, long black gloves, six-inch fuck-me-heels, and leather wrist cuffs with a short chain attaching to the collar. Such severe fetish attire made Sissy Patty's daily duties all that much more laborious, but that was the point. Men and women in the firm took perverse delight in creating new ways to further hobble, restrict, and confine their office slut, who was still expected to perform. Wednesday was naughty schoolgirl day. Sissy would be dressed in a short plaid skirt, white blouse, white knee socks, and black six-inch fuck-me-heels. His wig would have pigtails. On this day, he called all the men in the firm Daddy and all the women Mummy. He was often forced to carry a teddy bear that was fitted with a large black cock. It was a source of amusement for all to see Sissy Patty wiggling his way down the hallway from the copier room, carrying a folder in one hand and sucking on the teddy bear's black cock that he cradled in his other arm. Master Steve looked down on the office slut, more feeling. You do want to be a good girl for me, don't you? Sissy Patty pulled his mouth from the cock, ran his tongue around the head, and batted his lashes. Oh, yes, master. Sissy wants to be the best slut she can for master. Then make me want to come in your mouth, show me how much you want it. He redoubled his efforts to be the best possible cock gobbler for master Steve. Yesterday had been anything can happen Thursday. On this day, employees could make new suggestions for the slut or simply repeat one of the other days. It had become something of a contest to think up new activities and outfits. Over the past few months, Sissy Patty had been a sexy housewife, a naughty nurse, a dirty cheerleader, a kitten, a pony, a stripper, a harem girl, and a slave girl. Management had even provided a small closet for his many outfits and costumes. The boss walked into the room. In her four-inch heels, she stood over six feet. She smiled as she watched a slut Patty finish sucking off master Steve, and then move on to master Ray. Steve nodded his appreciation to the boss and owner of the firm. This is the best thing ever, Miss Rawlings. Attendance and performance are up. Employee morale and retention are at an all-time high. Our special clients are happy and providing record referrals. Janet Rawlings smiled. Glad you like it. Yes, it seems to be quite the boon for business. Perhaps we should make it a business case study for use in schools. That brought a laugh from the men. She walked over and kicked Sissy Patty with the pointed toe of her expensive designer pumps. Finish Ray. Do a good job, or I'll have Suzanne put you over her desk for another caning. When you finish with these men, there are some ladies in the

break room who have need of you. Sissy Patty bent down and kissed Mistress Janet's shoes.  
Yes, Mistress, thank you, Mistress, for this opportunity to serve. Mistress Janet kicked him again. Ha! You were useless as an employee and pathetic as a husband. You even tried to bed one of my secretaries. How did that work out for you, huh? She kicked him again. Doesn't matter. I have found a useful purpose for you at the firm. She turned Ray. Give this whore a good face, fucking. And if the slut doesn't please you, let me know. She turned on her stilettos and left the room. Master Ray laughed. You heard the boss. Show me the best cocksucking ever. The End.  
Train by Mother-in-law.  
Mistress Diana turned to her kneeling husband. Mother is waiting for you in the kitchen.  
After Brad and I leave for the dance, you will report to her. I expect complete obedience and enthusiasm in your training. Mother can be very strict. Brad helped Diana on with her coat.  
Your wife looks very beautiful tonight, Sissy. Too bad you can't see her. Mistress Diana laughed. My slut was a bit clumsy about helping me dress without looking at me, but Mother says it is a skill which will improve with time.  
One of Madam Barbara's first rules when she entered the house yesterday was that Sissy's must avoid eye contact with superiors. The family matriarch enjoyed the pained look on Sissy Gigi's face when she told the feminized male he may no longer look at his wife. She's your mistress more than she's your wife, the elderly woman said. Her beauty is reserved for her lovers, not to be wasted on the likes of a pathetic Sissy wife. The words stung Sissy Gigi, but he knew they were true. He had easily acquiesced when Mistress Diana said she was bringing Mother to live with them and train Gigi to be a proper Sissy.  
Kiss my feet to goodbye, Mistress Diana commanded. Brad and I are off to the country club dance.  
Do be a good girl and wait up for us. We will have uses for you. Sissy Gigi shuffled forward on his hands and knees and planted respectful and loving kisses on the sexy high heels he had polished earlier that day. A Sissy wife, Brad mused, really, seems every woman should have one.  
And a man, Diana rose on her tiptoes to kiss Brad's cheek. Perhaps someday all women everywhere will have it all, a man and a Sissy maid. It would be a better world. Brad looked down at the feminized male. At least these poor Sissy's would find a place they belong. The couple's laughter echoed in the foyer as they left and closed the door behind them. Sissy Gigi rose back up onto his black five-inch heels. He looked in the hallway mirror to straighten his dress, choker, and headpiece before reporting to Madame Barbara. He wore his black and white satin maids uniform with white lace trim, long white lace gloves, and black seemed his stockings. He hoped the look would find favor with Madame. He breathed a deep sigh and started his best Sissy walk into the kitchen.  
He entered the room and saw his mother-in-law. He avoided eye contact and looked at her knees. She was an imposing woman, six feet in her four-inch heels. She wore a black leather pencil skirt

and white blouse. The cuffs of her blouse were rolled back and she wore black leather fingerless gloves. Her hands held a wicked looking black leather riding crop. She had aged well, a few lines and wrinkles, but still an attractive face with blue eyes and short blonde hair.

Sissy Gigi curttied, mistress.

Godice, she replied, you will refer to me as goddess, all other ladies in the house to be

addressed as mistress, and all males as master. Sissy Gigi curttied once more.

Godice, turn around. Her voice held authority, power, and control. Sissy Gigi obeyed instantly.

Goddess Barbara walked forward, her heels clicking on the tile floor.

Your curtsies were sloppy, six strokes. Your stocking seams are crooked, six strokes,

punishment to be delivered now. Bend over, lift your dress, and spread your legs.

Sissy Gigi felt the first stroke before he settled into position. It came fast and hard.

She was a strong woman. He cried out on the third stroke.

Please, no. She stopped and stood back. You will never ask for a punishment to be stopped.

Instead, while being punished, you will give thanks that someone is taking the time to correct you,

to make you a better Sissy. Six additional strokes for being whiny.

She began again, this time delivering a stinging blow to his balls, making him cry out.

Really, Sissy, they're quite useless. Diana's sister Mary had her Sissy's balls removed.

She keeps them in a jar on the mantle. Of course, Sissy has to look at them every day when he

does. Should I advise Diana to follow the same course? No. No, please, please, goddess, please

continue to beat this Sissy to teach it to be better. Better? She snorted and continued to deliver

the last of the eighteen strokes. When it was over, she stood back and snapped her fingers.

Down on your knees. Crawl to me. Kiss my feet and give thanks for your training.

Sissy Gigi crawled

forward and kissed the goddess's feet. Thank you, goddess, for training this creature to be a better

Sissy. Goddess Barbara shook her head, not good enough, slut. Six additional strokes.

Stay down, lift up your ass and pull up your dress. Keep kissing my feet.

She delivered another six strokes as Sissy Gigi continued to worship her shoes.

When she finished, his bottom was covered in welts from the twenty-four strokes he had received.

You'll learn, slut. You will learn, or I will fly the skin from that Sissy ass of yours.

When you beg and groble, it needs to be sincere. The superior man, a woman, needs to know how pathetic

you are and how much you need and value their guidance to get you through your miserable life.

Try again. Beg me to train you to mold you into a proper Sissy for my daughter. Sissy Gigi was beside himself. He was afraid to do anything for fear of invoking

more punishment

if it was wrong, but to do nothing, please, goddess, please have pity on this worthless slut

who desires only to be a servant, a slave to you and your superior family.

The slut begs and implores goddess to use her skills to train this unworthy creature

to be a proper Sissy wife for Mistress Diana.

Well, she chuckled, see, when you put your heart into it, you show the potential to be a proper

Sissy. On the floor, slut, on your stomach, face to the floor, lift your feet and grab those stiletto heels. Within seconds, Sissy Gigi found himself face down on the floor and reaching back with his hands to grab the heels of his shoes. Goddess Barbara walked behind him and kicked his balls with her high heels. Hold your position. She laughed. A Mistress in Master may put you into whatever position they want. Your duty is to obey quickly and with enthusiasm. She used the toe of her shoe to nudge his chastity device. As it should be, all Sissy's should be in chastity or neutered. That stub is quite useless. Diana needs a man, a man with a cock, a man like Master Brad. Don't you agree? Sissy took a few brief seconds to compose his reply. Make it good or it's to crock. Yes, goddess, as Sissy's clitty is quite useless except as a thing of amusement for the superior woman. This pathetic Sissy recognizes the need and right of Mr. Diana to have lovers. Hmm. Better. Goddess Barbara nodded. You may have promised. It would be a shame to send you for disposal and force Diana to have to start all over. He shuddered. Disposal. Would they really kiss the floor? Goddess ordered. This is the floor women and men walk on. My shoes have walked on this floor, which means for you it is a special place. Kiss it. Love it. Make it a sexy, open-mouth kiss. Make love to the floor upon which I walk. Goddess Barbara watched as Sissy indulged in a torrent make-out session with the kitchen floor. I will be staying here for the next several weeks. I will be training you to be a proper Sissy wife, as I did with Diana's sister's husband's. You will be taught to dress, stand, walk, and talk as a feminized Sissy slut. All maleness will be taken from you. You will learn to cook, clean, do laundry, sew, iron, and keep house. All and all you will become the perfect Sissy wife. Diana's sisters and their own Sissy wives will occasionally assist in your training. She leaned over and struck at his balls with her crop. More passion. You will kiss that floor until you are told to stop. She hit him again. You will be trained to be a whore. Diana's cock whore and sex toy. You will be taught to pleasure men and women with your mouth, lips, and tongue. Your ass will become your pussy and will be available to all who choose to use it. This is your new life, Sissy. I suggest you embrace it. Goddess Barbara laughed. There really is no other option. The end. Sissy Paula's special summer. Sissy Paula knelt in the closet on his kneeling board. It was the wicked invention of his wife, Helen. It was a piece of three-quarter inch plywood, eight inches by eighteen inches. Sissy Paula had liberally coated it with white glue and then sprinkled dried rice, peas, and beans over the surface. When dried, the board made for an uncomfortable surface to kneel on. Mr. Helen was pleased. Sissy Paula was in agony whenever he used it. As he knelt and waited, he tried to peer through the cracks in the slats of the closet door. Would Mr. Helen come for him? Would she be alone? Sissy wore a matching bra and garter belt. His stockings were now torn and ripped from the rough surface of the kneeling board. Of course, Mr. Helen would punish him, usually a caning. You ungrateful slut,

you have ruined  
your new stockings. The big, blonde wig was making him hot. Heavy long earrings  
tugged at his ears  
with every move of his head and his feet were crammed into pointy toad six-inch  
pumps.  
Sissy Paula's arms wore long pink gloves. Black and pink leather wrist cuffs  
were fastened to an  
identical posture collar. His hands held a large black, cock-shaped dildo that  
he thrust in and  
out of his mouth. Mr. Helen had put him in the closet thirty minutes ago.  
Kneel in her slut and fuck that sissy mouth. I'll be back. Sissy Paula heard  
footsteps and  
voices in the hallway and then the sound of the closet door opening. He saw Mr.  
Helen enter.  
She wore only a blue matching bra and panties, clear six-inch heels, and the  
pearls he had given  
her for Christmas. There was a male behind her. He was clothed, but Mr. has had  
his cock in her  
right hand and was leading him into her bedroom. The male looked young, but  
Sissy Paula couldn't  
tell for sure. He had shaggy hair, and he was turned away from the closet door.  
The young man spoke.  
You're sure this is okay, Mrs. Clark? Helen, baby. She took his face in her  
hands and kissed him  
deeply before reaching down and grabbing his cock again. Call me Helen. She  
stroked his cock.  
It's perfectly fine. Your mother and I agreed. When you were home from college  
this summer,  
you should get to experience when an older woman has to offer. He laughed. Yeah,  
that'd be cool.  
Helen moved her hands up and began to unbutton his shirt. I know you've probably  
bettered lots of cute young things at college, and that's all well and good, but  
a mature woman.  
She leaned down to suck on one of his nipples. That's another thing entirely, as  
you'll come to  
find out. She pulled off his shirt and threw it on the bed. Your parents have  
told you about their  
lifestyle. What do you think about that?  
Yeah, he laughed. That was different. They told me when I came of age, as they  
put it,  
my older sister already knew. Yeah, they're swingers and do kinky fetish stuff.  
I guess that's okay.  
They got themselves as Sissy made now. They keep it in a little room in the  
basement.  
It cleans and does all the housework stuff. Even sucks cock. He shrugged. I  
guess people like to  
do their own thing.  
Indeed they do, Helen said. And my thing is to make you my boy toy for the  
summer.  
How would you like that? Can I count on you to keep me satisfied with that  
strong young cock all  
summer? Sissy Paula was shaking on his knees. Is she really going to fuck this  
kid all summer?  
I'm good with that, he said. Mom said I needed an appreciation of what an older  
mature woman can do.  
Helen took his hands and placed them on her breasts. That's what I'm here for,  
baby.  
It will be fun, trust me. He rubbed her breasts. This is really sexy. I mean the  
bra and panties and  
the pearls and all. Helen leaned in and licked his ear. Glad you like it, baby.  
The lingerie and pearls were a gift from my husband. The young man shivered  
under her seduction.  
Wow, that's cold. You haven't sex with stuff he gave you? Won't he mind or her  
hand went to his

cock again? I've got that under control, precious. With her boy toy cock leash, she pulled a young man to the closet. Sissy Paula held his breath as he watched them approach.

Surely she wouldn't. She did, opening the closet with a flourish. Sissy Paula averted his eyes

as he kept fucking his mouth with the cock.

No way, the young man exclaimed. No fucking way. Is that your old man? Helen laughed.

No, baby. You are my man this summer. This creature is simply my sissy husband. Frigid. So you got one too. I mean a sissy. Yes, baby. My husband is my devoted little sissy

slut. Her name is Sissy Paula. And this summer she is your slut as well. Helen turned to Sissy

Paula. You remember Carol's son, Alex, from next door, don't you, Sissy? He's grown into a fine young

man. And Carol thought sometime with an older woman would be good for him. You are going to be

seeing him around the house a lot this summer. You will obey him, serve, and call him master.

Alex smiled. Master, I like that, and your sissy Paula will, she sucked my cock and stuff.

As much as you like, baby. I know young men like you have needs. Just don't waste all your stamina

on Sissy here. Alex turned and took Helen in his arms, pulling her into a deep kiss, as Sissy

Paula watched, and continued sucking the cock. The couple broke the kiss, and Alex approached

Sissy Paula. Sissy, why don't you get my cock nice and hard for your wife? Helen sat on the bed

to enjoy the show. Obey master, she said. Sissy Paula dropped the cock in his hands,

and brought his lips to Alex's cock.

Yeah, that's it. Suck it, slut, Alex said. Damn, this is going to be the best summer ever.

Helen smiled at the scene before her.

Yes, baby, for you and me, for my sissy not so much. The end.

Master Tyrone's black hairy balls. Sissy Trish was on his hands and knees facing in the corner.

His maid's dress pulled up to reveal a large black plug in his bottom.

The sounds of enthusiastic fucking from the bed filled his ears.

He had sucked Master Tyrone's cock to hardness, as his wife, Mistress Danica, watched. It always

turned Danica on to watch her Sissy husband suck one of her lovers' cocks.

Oh, baby, Mistress Mound, I love this cock. Oh, god, it feels so good.

She looked at her sissy in the corner. That's right, Sissy. Her wife is getting filled with a man's

cock. Cock, you sucked. You wanted this. Well, you got it, and there's no going back.

Sissy, Master Tyrone ordered, crawl over here and worship my balls, give these black balls the sissy love they deserve.

Yes, Master, Sissy whispered as he backed from the corner, turned, and crawled toward the lovers on the bed.

Mistress Danica was riding her lover reverse cowgirl style. She watched her sissy crawl across the floor.

Crawl, Sissy. She laughed. Crawl and kissed my lovers' balls. The balls of a man.

Yes, Mistress. Sissy Trish crawled to the bed, and got on as gently as he could, so as not to disturb the lovers. He nestled between Master Tyrone's muscled legs,

and placed his face in Master's crotch. Mistress Danica gasped as she rode her lover's massive cock.

Look at this sissy. Look how his cock feels, my pussy. That's how a man pleasures a woman.

Sissy Trisha lifted his eyes as his tongue lapped at Master's balls.

He watched Master's long, thick cock slide in and out of Mistress's pussy. It's very beautiful, Mistress, he whispered. Even as Master Tyrone's cock filled her with pleasure, Mistress Danica looked it down with scorn at her sissy. It is beautiful. A black cock in my pussy is beautiful. Come on, faggot, Master Tyrone growled. I don't hear any of that sissy groveling. Sissy Trish swirled his tongue around Master's balls. Master's balls are so big and powerful. Just the balls? Tyrone's strong arms and hands gripped Mistress Danica's thighs and lifted her up and down on his cock as she moaned her pleasures. That's some wimpy-ass grovel and slut. Mistress Danica closed her eyes and bit her lip. Oh, baby, oh, I came to slut this evening. The slut doubled down on his groveling. He knew what the lovers wanted, for him to humiliate and degrade himself, all for their pleasure and amusement. He licked Master's asscrack. Master, this slut bakes to worship Master's glorious and superior asscrack, cock and balls. Though this sissy is unworthy, she bakes to taste Master's sweat. Please, sir, let this faggot's eyes gaze upon the proud cock that pleasures Mistress. This sissy has only a useless and pathetic clitty which must be locked up. Sissy licked Master's asscrack around his balls and up his cock as he pumped it in and out of Mistress Danica. That's more like it, Tyrone grunted as he thrust into Danica. A good white sissy needs to know his place. No, my place, my place? Sissy Trish licked Master's cock, tasting the juices from the lovers' sexual coupling. Master Tyrone and Mistress Danica had clearly defined his place. He was never allowed any male clothes when Master visited. He had to always be attired as his sexy French maid. Short black and white uniform with petticoats, garter belt, and black seemed fishnet stockings. Long white gloves, blonde wig, six-inch heels, slutty makeup, long earrings, a black plug in his bottom, of course, and his chastity device, which never came off. Sissy Trish was no longer allowed to look at Mistress Danica's face, or her breasts, or her sex, unless they were being used or fondled by a superior black man. He could now look upon Mistress Danica's pussy as Master's cock plowed in and out. The presence of a black cock rendered the pussy safe for Sissy's eyes. Today, when the lovers were finished, Sissy Trish would be allowed to gaze upon Mistress Danica's come-filled pussy and lick it clean, an act that always amused both Mistress and Master. From their vocalizations and body language, Sissy Trish knew they were close to climax. Mistress curled her toes and shuttered, and Master Tyrone stiffened and thrust upward. The slut gently backed away, and allowed the lovers their moment of ecstasy. Mistress Danica gasped and rolled over onto her back beside Tyrone. Master took a pillow and slid it under her pelvis as she lifted herself up. Sissy knew the gesture all too well. Mistress Danica liked to rise up to keep all the superior man come inside, and available for her Sissy to lap up. But, first, it was time to pay homage to Master to clean him and give thanks. Sissy Trish moved cautiously forward, his white-gloved hands, softly cradling Master's cock and balls, as his tongue lapped, kitten-like at

the slimy cock.

Master looked down and smiled. That's a good white Sissy. Like that slut, tastes good.

Oh yes, Master. It tastes like sex and power and passion.

Ha! Mistress Danica laughed. Things you'll never have, certainly not power, and sex,

only if you count someone putting their cock in that thing you call a Sissy Pussy.

She shrugged. Passioned, maybe, if you count having a cock in a well-used pussy a passion.

Sissy Trish continued to lick Master's cock clean.

Thank you, Master, for using your superior black cock to pleasure Mistress.

A white Sissy slut could never please a woman.

Master laughed. That's better groveling. You smiled at Danica, but I still want this slut

came this evening. Mistress blew her lover a kiss. My pleasure, baby.

Master pushed Sissy away. Clean up wifey now. Do your Sissy cuckoole duties.

Sissy Trish bowed his head. Yes, Master. He repositioned himself between Mistress Danica's

outstretched legs. Unlike many women, Mistress Danica didn't shave her pussy and was quite

proud of her large bushy mound and the way it looked after sex with her lovers.

Sissy Trish leaned forward, close to the hairs matted with Master's comb. He

inhaled the scent

of sex and sweat. That's it, Mistress Cood. Sniff it. Inhaled the essence of me and my lover.

Now it's your turn to make love to me. The way Sissy cuckooled makes love to a wife.

Make love to my pussy, Sissy. Sissy Trish did as he was told, licking, slurping, kissing,

and sucking Mistress's pussy clean.

Mistress and Master held hands and enjoyed the show. A uniformed Sissy made, licking his

wife's pussy clean after she had just enjoyed sex with her lover.

Diane is coming home this weekend, Mistress Danica said. She's also going to become Tyrone's

woman. What do you think of that, Slat? Huh? Both your wife and daughter are the woman of your

black master. Sissy Trish was speechless, his daughter coming home from college and also becoming

master's woman.

Don't worry, Mistress Danica said. I won't make you serve as her like this, like you do me,

but you will still have to fluff Master for her and clean him up afterwards.

Sissy Trish murmured a hush. Yes, Mistress, and continued to lick Mistress's pussy clean.

All done, she asked. Yes, Mistress. She kicked him away with her foot.

Leave that come on your face. Makes you look more like the slut you are, she laughed.

Tyrone and I are going to shower. Go on about your chores. Make sure Diana's room is clean with

fresh sheets on her bed. And press my pants and shine my shoes, Master

commanded.

Sissy Trish eased off the bed and onto the floor on his hands and knees. He bowed his head to the

floor. As Mistress and Master wish, Mistress Danica laughed. That's what I love about our

relationship. It's all as I wish. The End.

Slaved to Black Pussy.

Damn! The large black woman grabbed the slave's hair and pulled him harder into her pussy.

Looks like I have another white pussy whore from my hair. You like pussy, huh, slut? You in love

with my black pussy. The naked white male gasped for breath. Yes, goddess

Tyrone. This white Sissy adores your black pussy. Yeah, I bet you do. Get that slut tongue in there. Harder. Faster. Deeper. Let me feel the love. Slaved Debbie did his best to please goddess as the black woman squeezed her thighs around his head. That whiny wife of yours was here last night, goddess Tyrone laughed. Got down on her knees and begged me to let you go. Oh, please, please release your hold on my husband. I'll do anything. Stupid fucking white bitch. I spit on the floor and told her to lick it up and she did. I made her lick the soles of my shoes clean. Made her lick my feet and suck my toes. Goddess shrugged. I pissed on the floor and made her lick it up. Guess she really loves you. So slut. Want me to release my hold on you? Want me to leave and never return? Slaved Debbie pulled his head from goddess Tyrone's pussy. No, goddess. Please, not that. He kissed her feet. Please allow this worthless creature to continue to be your slave. Goddess Tyrone laughed. Look at my pussy, slut, which is more beautiful. Your wife's face or my pussy. Your pussy goddess. It's the most beautiful thing in the world. This slave cannot live without it. Goddess Tyrone smiled. Damn straight. Exactly my plan. She had been hired as a cleaning woman for the suburban white family. She had learned food, witchcraft, and the dark arts from her grandmother and soon had the father under her control. You need to be a good slave. Convince your family to obey me. I will be the queen of this house from now on, and you and your family will serve me. Yes, goddess. We will serve you and worship my pussy. All of you, you, your wife, and your two daughters will all be my pussy slaves. You will all wear made uniforms and serve me and my family. You will be slaves to my black pussy. Slave Debbie nodded. Slaves to your pussy. Yes, goddess. You and your family will move to the basement. Me and my family will take your rooms, your clothes, jewelry, and your furniture. Yes, goddess Tyrone. It is all for you. Lick me, slut. Lick me and know I own you, and everything you have, your family and your possessions are all mine. He nodded his eyes glazed over by her words. All yours, all for mistress, all for the goddess. She pulled his head into her crotch, grinding her pussy into his face. Smell. Taste. This is your goddess. You live for this. My pussy is your world. You are slave, Debbie, my sissy pussy slave. He licked at her like a man possessed. His face was slick with her sweat and sex. Goddess Tyrone smiled. She would move in her mother, sisters, and cousins. They would enjoy being served by a white family. She would turn the mother and daughters into pussy-loving whores as well. An entire white family at their disposal. To cook, clean, fetch, and serve as sex toys. She looked down at the male slave, lapping at her pussy. Goddess Tyrone would put the male in chastity and turn him into a sexless sissy maid. The wives and daughters? I haven't decided about them yet. Slaves, of course. But chastity? Perhaps not. Perhaps I will have uses for them. The End. This is Miss Erica Kent. I hope you enjoyed Tormans in Humiliations, Volume 4.

Please look

for more Constance Pennington's Smythe fetish books from Romance Divine, narrated by me and Kelly Cameron. And be sure and check out my own e-books and audiobooks, female domination with Miss Erica Kent, Vintage Volumes 1 and 2. Thank you for listening.

In closing, I do hope you enjoyed these little snippets and stories. For those of you in chastity, which should be most males, except for those wonderful alpha males, it would please me if you suffered during your readings. Would you crawl and grovel at my feet, begging for mercy and perhaps just one brief moment of freedom to relieve your frustrations?

I would enjoy that, and I would revel in the despair that would overcome you when I denied your request, and added more time in chastity for your frontory. You may email me and tell me of the rapture that filled you as you imagined yourself the hapless submissive in each of these scenes.

Until our next meeting, which will, of course, be at my choosing, you are instructed to further hone your submissive skills and revere all things female. Mistress Constance. Sissy Hypnosis Training, Session 3. Cuckold Training, Written by Constance Pennington Smythe and Miss Erica Kent, and narrated by Miss Erica Kent.

Hello, Sissy. I'm glad to see you back for another hypnosis training session. I'm pleased,

but not surprised. You don't really have a choice about it, do you? Of course not. You are a Sissy, and Sissy's must obey. Sissy's don't have choices about anything. A good, well-trained Sissy simply does as he is instructed to do. So when your mistress wife commands you to report in for training

with Miss Kent, you report in for training. I do believe your training is going well,

and your owner will continue to be pleased. From what I hear, you are becoming quite an acceptable submissive Sissy. When we have completed your sessions, you will be much happier living a life

as a high-heeled Sissy slut than you ever were trying to be a man. Imagine, you, a man,

how absurd. You never were a man, and you never will be a man, especially the kind of man a woman

needs. That is exactly why your wife decided to send you for training. She realized you will

never be the kind of man she needs in her life. But you can still be useful to her.

Today's Sissy training is going to focus on the men your wife needs in her life, and your expected duties to make sure she gets what she needs from her lovers.

You know what I'm talking about. Cock. Real manly cocks. Something you, as a Sissy, cannot provide

her. So, let me get a look at you. Model your outfit for me and be sexy. Do a nice Sissy pose.

Lift your arms. Risks should be limp. Titties pushed out. Head up. Lick those lips.

Good girl. Now turn and let me see your backside.

Excellent. I'm pleased. Your stocking seams are straight. Your titties are in the correct

position, and the wig looks good. Are those six-inch heels? Excellent. Mr. Supruves of your

outfit today. Now come closer. Keep your head up. I want to check your makeup.

I do like that shade of red lipstick, and you did good, darkening the eye shadow and using more

mascara. Yes. Much better. You really are becoming quite the sexy Sissy slut.

Let me see you flutter those eyelashes. Is that the best you can do?  
Well, that's not acceptable. You need to work on your sexy eyelash flutter.  
A man likes to see that when he looks down on you sucking his cock.  
Turn around and bend over. I had better see a filled pussy. Ah, yes. Very nice.  
And a black  
plug. Mr.'s wife will have many black lovers, and a black isn't your favorite  
color now for  
something in your sissy pussy. It soon will be. Okay. One more place for me to  
check before we  
begin. Lift your dress and show me the clitty. Oh, isn't that precious. Your  
owner chose a steel  
chastity device. Lovely. Yes. This is very nice and so small. But of course your  
sissy  
clitty doesn't need a very big cage, does it? As time goes on, your chastity  
cage will get even  
smaller until that useless thing between your legs is simply a tiny piece of  
flesh waiting  
for someone to laugh at it or abuse it. Has your wife shown your caged sissy  
clit to her mother  
and sister yet? Yes. And of course you were embarrassed and humiliated, weren't  
you?  
And well you should be. No real man would allow a chastity cage to be locked on  
him.  
But you are a sissy. And a sissy must obey. Remember, you have no choice about  
anything,  
and you must accept whatever comes your way. You may kneel and kiss my feet. You  
look good  
down there sissy on your hands and knees kissing a woman's feet. It is where you  
belong. You do  
know that, don't you? Good girl. Now you may crawl and get up on the sofa and  
lie down as before.  
Arms at your sides, palms up. Close your eyes and relax. Concentrate on my voice  
and surrender.  
Open your mind and see your wife. Listen to my voice. I know what is best for  
you.  
Your wife knows what is best for you. You must listen to us and obey us. Relax.  
Breathe. Feel your breath against your corset. Feel your heart rate slowing.  
Relax. You are required to wear corset.  
Heels, stockings, dresses and makeup because you are a sissy. When sissies must  
dress sexy. Feel these sexy clothes against your skin. They feel good, don't  
they?  
It feels right to wear women's clothes. Breathe. Relax. Listen to my voice. I  
will define your reality.  
You dress like a sissy. You behave like a sissy. You are a sissy. Your wife  
needs a sissy. An obedient  
sexy sissy to serve and amuse her and her lovers. You are that sissy. Say it. I  
am her sissy. Again. I am her sissy. Your wife is a beautiful woman.  
Women. Knee. Men. Powerful men. Passionate men. Men with cocks. Big. Manly  
cocks. These men give her pleasure with their big cocks. You only have a clitty.  
A clitty in chastity. You cannot please her.  
Say I cannot please her. Again. I cannot. I can lose her. That's right. You  
cannot please her. The way a powerful man completes her because you are a sissy.  
You can only serve and obey. Your wife needs men. Say it.  
Admit the reality. My wife needs men. Again. My wife. My wife needs men. My wife  
needs men. My wife needs men.  
As her sissy, you must accept this and be her cuckolded. You will be her sissy  
cuckled husband. Say I will be her sissy cuckolded husband. Again.  
I will be her sissy cuckolded husband. Your wife will have sex with lots of men.  
She will have as many lovers as she wants. That is her right. You will accept  
this. You will be her  
sissy cuckolded. She will deny you sex because your plitty cannot please her. You  
will remain  
in chastity forever while she enjoys many lovers. You will serve and obey your  
wife and her lovers.

Say that. I will serve and obey my wife and her lovers louder. I will serve and obey my wife and her lovers. That's right because her lovers give her what you cannot. Cocks. She needs men, not a sissy. She needs cocks, not a clitty. You will dress sexy and slutty for her lovers. You will worship their cocks. You will grovel before the alpha males and confess your weaknesses and beg them to pleasure your wife with their manly cocks. This will please your wife. Seeing you submit to her lovers. As her sissy cuckolded husband, you will get her lovers ready for her by dressing sexy and slutty and doing sexy dances. You will then crawl to them and beg to suck their cocks and get them ready to pleasure your wife. It is your privilege to prepare cocks for your wife. She will take pleasure from this, watching you suck the cocks of her lovers and prepare them for her. You will learn what each of her lovers prefers, how he wants you to dress and act, and how he wants you to suck his cock and worship his balls. You will please your life by pleasing her men and serving as her sissy cuckolded. Her pleasure is everything. You must serve as her sissy cuckolded. Say, I must serve as her sissy cuckolded again. I must serve as her sissy cuckolded. This is what your wife demands from you. It is your destiny to become a sissy cuckolded. It is what you want. It is what you need. Repeat after me. I want to become a sissy cuckolded. I need to become a sissy cuckolded. Good. Again, the truth. I want to become a sissy cuckolded. I need to become a sissy cuckolded. Visualize your wife, watching you suck her lovers cock, and then see her and join that cock and taking pleasure from it. Visualize your wife, watching her lick her lovers cock clean when she is finished. This will please her to see you fulfilling your destiny as her sissy cuckolded husband. Being a sissy cuckolded gives you purpose and gives you pathetic existence meaning. Concentrate on my voice sissy and repeat after me. I need to be a good sissy cuckolded to please my wife louder. I need to be a good sissy cuckolded. That's right. It is your destiny to be a good sissy cuckolded to please your wife. Say it is my destiny. Again, it is my destiny. When I count to three and snap my fingers, you will awaken. You will be excited and feel refreshed with new meaning to your life. You will serve your mistress wife and her lovers as a devoted sissy cuckolded for the rest of your life. One, two, three. Awake sissy. Lie still for a moment and take a couple deep breaths. How do you feel? Excited? Refreshed? Good. We are continuing to make excellent progress in your sissy training. I'm confident your wife and her lovers will be pleased with your new enthusiasm and efforts for pleasing them. I will see you soon. Your next hypnosis training session will focus on becoming a good sissy maid. Listen for my heels and when you hear the door close, you may arise and exit. Goodbye sissy. Tell wifey I said hello. The end.

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