

Training

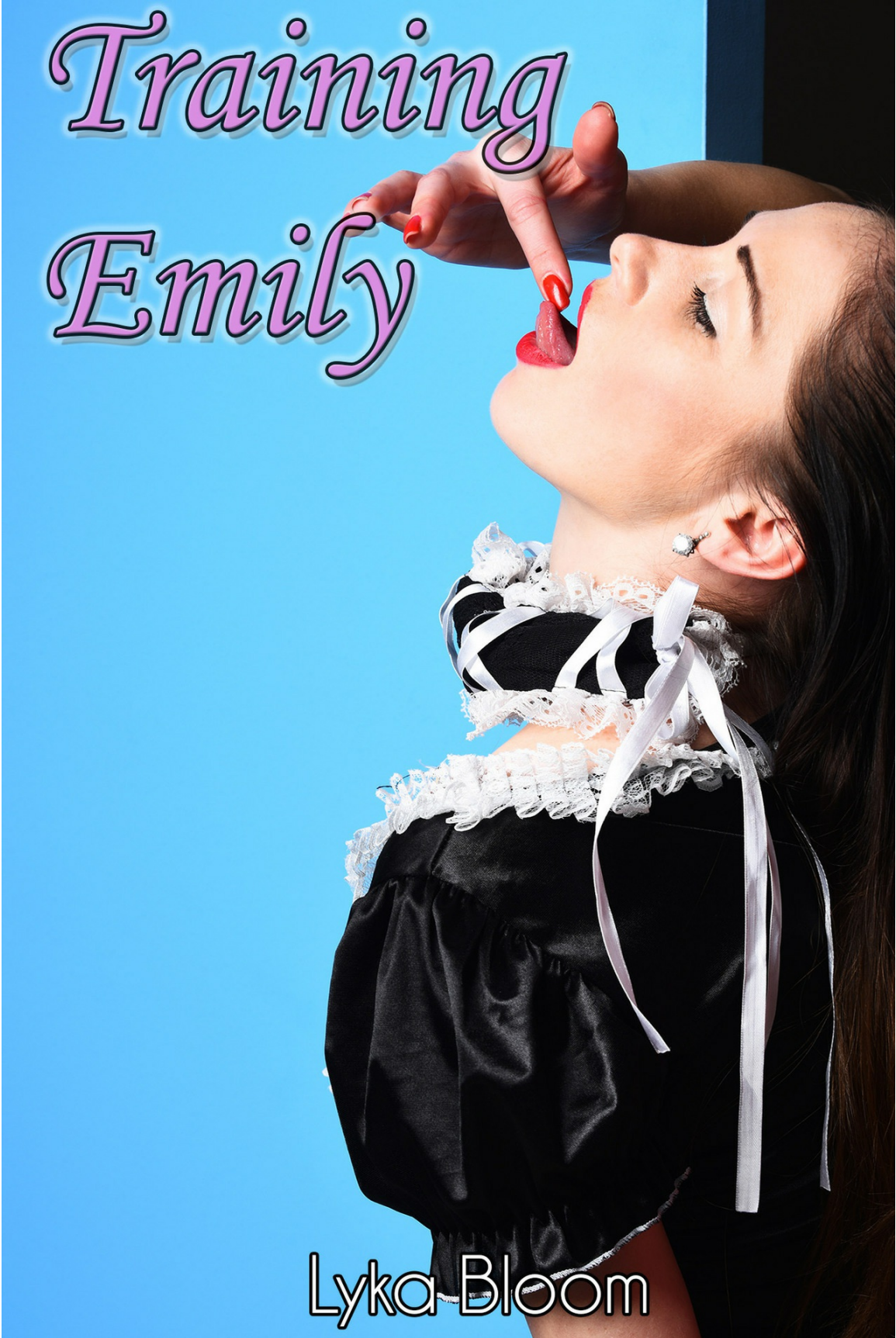
Emily

Lyka Bloom



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TRAINING EMILY

by Lyka Bloom

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Emily readied herself in her room, eager to try the new dress Miss Cade had supplied her. The wardrobe in her room was filled with undeniably girly things, but Emily was being rewarded for her acceptance. While Emily herself felt no reason to celebrate something as simple as understanding who she was, she couldn't deny the sexual thrill of that admission, and she was excited to see the dress, which she had promised not to unwrap until this moment.

She gasped when she saw it, an overreaction to anyone but Emily, who held the plain-looking black dress up before her to admire it. She looked inside the gift box, where she saw a few other accessories that had come along with the dress. These she ignored for now, consumed as she was by the dress itself. It had a high neckline and long sleeves, with puffs at the shoulders. The skirt fell to just above her knees when she pressed it flat against herself. Satisfied, she rummaged through the box for the black hose that came along with it, along with a few items in white.

Excited to the point of her hands shaking, Emily removed the simple but elegant white nightie Cade provided her and paused to look at herself in the tall-standing mirror in the corner of the room. Thanks to the series of shots Cade gave her, Emily was beginning to assume more naturally feminine characteristics. Her hair was growing out more, now almost to the tops of her shoulders, and she wore it back in a short ponytail. Her face was smoother, both in the texture of her skin and the rounding of her chin and cheeks. That had been thanks to the surgeries she'd undergone following the accident, when she'd been a boy and not a sissy. She hated thinking of that time, when she hadn't been under the protection of Mistress Cade. How had she ever managed?

She ignored these thoughts and followed her own eyes down to her chest, which was blossoming with her own breasts, and not just the breastforms that Cade had originally given her. They were barely enough to fill her A-cup bra, but there were hers – her own flesh – and that thought made her sissyclit stir inside the cage Cade had affixed to her.

Emily had grown quite accustomed to the cage by now, and after being ordered to only pee sitting down, she found that the process and cleanup was quite good. Besides, as Miss Cade had instructed, sissies do not stand up to relieve themselves, only boys and men did that. And Emily knew one thing above all – she was a sissy.

After admiring the growing curve of her backside, too, Emily hurried

into the attached bathroom to clean herself. She no longer had to shave her legs every day, the hair growing back being finer and much slower to return. Still, she liked the feeling of her legs as smooth as possible, and she gave her legs a cursory examination and shaved where needed. Her hair was blown dry out of the shower, and she brushed it out to let it flow free on her head before applying a bobby pin or two to keep the length out of her eyes.

No expert at applying makeup yet, Emily had to content herself with a simple application of blush to highlight her cheeks, some cursory eyeliner and a pale shade of pink lipstick. She fell into a near-meditative state as she intertwined locks of hair to form a braid on the left side of her hair, eyes flitting between her fingers working to form the braid and the girlish face looking back at her in the mirror. She blinked and the pretty young girl in the mirror blinked, too. It was difficult to believe that the girl was the same. Whatever she had been before, she adored being Miss Cade's sissy more than anything she had ever done.

She padded in bare feet to the bedroom, the hardwood floors cool under her footsteps, and opened her underwear drawer to slip into a pair of pink satin panties, careful to tuck her caged sissyclit into the underwear to hide as much of the bulge as possible. Her sissyclit was an embarrassment to her sometimes, and it was the thing that kept her from being a real woman like Miss Cade. If she couldn't serve as a real woman, she would happily serve as Mistress's sissy. It rarely grew hard anymore, and when it did it was softer than she remembered. Miss Cade said it was a result of the shots, and that a sissyclit was mostly for decoration, anyway.

Clasping her small-cupped bra and spinning it around her torso, she settled the bra in place. She turned in the mirror, examining her profile as she cupped the proud swells on her chest. Small, but decidedly feminine. And they ached sometimes, which Mistress said meant they were growing. She hoped so. To have a figure like Nicole's...

"Ready?"

Speak of the devil, Nicole was bending her body into the room, holding onto the door frame. She was already dressed, a blue sleeveless dress and black hose, her blonde hair pulled back in pigtails on each side. The lacework around the upper and lower hems of the dress gave it a more youthful air, and Nicole's bouncing pigtails only added to the effect. Paired with the hose and chunky-heeled black patent shoes, she looked like a girl whose mother had dressed her, and Emily supposed that was true to some degree. Miss Cade

chose their outfits each day.

"Almost," Emily replied. Just need to put my dress on.

She hurried to the bed where the dress had been carefully arranged on top. She unzipped the back of it and stepped into the dress, tugging it down until it settled on her growing hips and rested on her shoulders. She turned her back to Nicole and made a fumbling motion with the zipper.

"I'll get it," Nicole said, bounding into the room with her typically energetic fashion. She had a gorgeous smile, and her darker skin tone and cheery manner made Emily think of the old posters of California girls leaning on surfboards she remembered from her time before becoming Emily. The memory brought both distaste at her useless male-ness and the happy thought of Nicole in a bikini. She had filled out far more than Emily, and the newest addition to Cade's household was guilty of sneaking more than one look at Nicole as they went about their duties.

Emily sat at the edge of the bed and rolled the black hose up her legs in a fashion she learned from Nicole, but had quickly mastered. The hardest part, she found, was getting the thighs to nestle correctly between her legs and over her curvier rear. Once that was done, she eased her feet into the high-heeled Mary Janes that complimented the dress so well. She had spent her first two days at Nicole's side in bare feet, or with stockings only. When Miss Cade brought in her first set of heels, Emily had been apprehensive, but she now adored her appearance when she wore them. They thinned her legs, and sore muscles aside, made her feel intensely feminine.

"Girls?"

Miss Cade was calling.

"One minute, please, Miss Cade!" Nicole called back.

Emily didn't have the courage to delay Miss Cade, but Nicole was her first and had been in the extravagant home far longer. If Nicole asked nicely, Miss Cade generally accommodated her. It was just another reason Emily looked up to the more expert and confident sissy.

"Look at this," Emily said giddily, keeping her voice too low to drift out the door and drift down the grand stairs to the first floor where their Mistress awaited. She began plucking the accessories from the box, wrapping one around her waist, fixing another to her collar. When she was done, she spread her arms for Nicole to see.

The effect was that of a chambermaid, the dark dress, heels and hose punctuated by the white frilled apron tied around Emily's waist and the white

bow collar at her neck.

"You look like you're ready to do all the chores today!" Nicole laughed, taking Emily by the hand and tugging her toward the open bedroom door.

"You like it?" Emily laughed with her, stumbling at first in her heels and then chasing after Nicole, the two of them running through the upper hall toward the stairs.

Cade watched them from the main foyer below, charting the path of her two sissies as they joyfully raced one another. She had to suppress the smile as they rushed down the steps and stopped suddenly before her, the two of them bending low in a curtsy in near-synchronization.

"Good morning, Miss Cade," they said together.

"Good morning, girls. Sleep well?"

"Yes, Miss Cade," Nicole answered quickly. "Thank you for my new dress. How did you sleep?"

"Very well, thank you. And you, Emily?"

"Yes, Miss Cade." In honesty, her bed was larger and more comfortable than any she'd had before. Lying in the bed was like being hugged by the comforters and sheets. She had never slept so well as she had in the days following her acceptance of her new role. "Thank you for my dress," she added, running her hands over the apron.

"You like it?" Cade asked.

"Yes, Miss Cade. It's hard to explain how it makes me feel..."

"Servile is the word, Emily," Cade said. "How we dress affects how we are perceived, even by ourselves. You are dressed as a maid, and so are expected to be submissive and meticulous."

Emily's sissy-clit stirred. "Yes, Miss Cade."

The utterance of the phrase 'Yes, Miss Cade' had become something of a mantra. Every time she said it, Emily felt a little more of her independence fluttering away, slipping into the pocket of the elegant Mistress. And, thanks to the conditioning Cade had instilled in her, that notion only furthered Emily's arousal and weakness.

"I've left a list of chores on the dining room table. You and Nichole may divide it how you like. I expect it to be complete by the end of the day. Go on."

"Yes, Miss Cade," the girls said in near-unison again, bowing into a curtsy before they turned and made their way through the halls to the dining room.

It took Emily a few days to feel comfortable navigating the house. The bottom floor was a labyrinth of small rooms and passages that darted off in unexpected ways. Nichole told Emily that Miss Cade had the house built herself. If Emily understood Miss Cade's psychology at all, she supposed it might be a reflection of Cade's mind – sprawling and full, but perfectly sensible if you thought as she did.

The list of chores awaiting them was simple, mostly laundry and the usual dusting and cleaning, and Nichole suggested they divide it right down the middle in the sake of fairness. Emily agreed and they promised each other to meet again at lunch, both to prepare for Miss Cade and to spend a little time together. Nichole was, in many ways, a role model, and Emily felt her attraction to Nichole tempered by her respect.

The bottom half of the list Emily had taken was a series of room names, which meant general tidying and dusting. In her new maids' uniform, the tasks took on a more erotic air. Something about performing the tasks under Miss Cade's instruction, dressed in a manner no one would mistake for anything other than a servant... She had to turn her thoughts away from herself just to focus on the work at hand. Her sissyclit was straining inside the cage in a painful manner, and she hoped that the burning ache of her member bent by the steel chastity device would quickly dispel it. She wondered how Nichole dealt with it, and resolved to ask the more experienced sissy later.

Emily had done two rooms, one of them labeled "The Trophy Room," despite the fact that it was merely a wall of pictures of girls like Emily, usually with Miss Cade's arm on their shoulder. The only other décor was a high-backed chair, a blanket draped over the side, and an end table. Emily imagined Miss Cade sitting in the room, having a cup of tea and reflecting on her former girls. Emily wondered what had become of them, if they were no longer part of her home.

Before lunch, Emily's next task was the library, a room at the far end of the building that comprised two floors. It had one of the ladders that wheeled around the edges to allow retrieving books from the high shelves. A fireplace was built into one wall, around which were several chairs on an old, but comfortable-looking rug. Emily loved the smell of the room, somewhat musky but the idea of the contained knowledge in the room made her feel humble.

She began at one wall, at the very top of the shelving, and worked her way down methodically, watching as the duster she used kicked up

particulates that danced in the late morning sunlight. After each slow descent, Emily would move the ladder a couple of feet, then climb and repeat the dusting anew. She was so consumed by her task, and the noting of the titles on the spines of the books, that she did not hear anyone enter, starting and nearly losing her grip on the ladder when Miss Cade's voice came from behind her.

"Enjoying yourself, sweetie?"

Emily descended the ladder quickly and turned to face her Mistress, dipping into a curtsy. "Yes, Miss Cade. I'm sorry, I didn't hear you come in."

"I was just admiring you at work. You seem to have taken to your uniform."

"Yes, Miss Cade," Emily said. She wondered if her Mistress knew how deeply it had affected her.

"Go on, then. Don't let me distract you."

"Yes, Miss Cade."

Emily turned and raised her duster, continuing at the ground level. She felt her Mistress's eyes on her like a real weight, and vacillated between anxiousness and intense desire. Her sissyclit was again threatening to press against her cage and ache.

Her breath grew shallow as she heard Miss Cade's heels tap on the floor, drawing closer. And then hands were on Emily's shoulders, sampling the texture of her dress.

"My sissy," Miss Cade whispered, near to Emily's ear.

"Yes," Emily agreed, sagging under the elegant woman's touch.

"Yours."

Emily froze in place as Miss Cade's hands slipped down her back and followed the curve of the submissive's ass, then lower to raise Emily's skirt slightly, Miss Cade's fingers playing along the stockings, down and then up the backs of Emily's thighs, a sensual exploration of her ever-changing body.

Miss Cade spun her around, then pressed gently to lower Emily to her knees.

"I suppose we'll see how well you please your Mistress in other areas."

Emily's lips were parted, her breath drawing faster and more shallowly as Cade stood over her, bending to unbutton the front of her own dress. It was blue, long-sleeved, and as she spread it apart, Emily was treated to the sight of her Mistress in her lingerie – a lacy black bra that held her perfectly-sized breasts, small Cs, Emily thought, and a panty and garter set that held the

thigh high black sheer stockings in place. The way she held her dress open, it was as if Miss Cade was presenting her sissy with a bounty.

She gripped the back of Emily's head and took another step, burying Emily's face against her pelvis. Emily felt the satiny touch of the panties' fabric and, beyond that, the heat of her Mistress's pussy. The smell was earthy and rich, and Emily could not suppress her urge to kiss the sweet flesh hidden within through the fabric.

She heard her Mistress sigh, and the pressure on the back of her head eased. Miss Cade's fingers interrupted Emily's kissing, pushing her face back and pulling aside her panties in a single, precise motion. Emily was staring into a vision of heaven. A thin trail of dark hair led to the cleft of flesh, and Emily leaned forward again, closing her eyes to kiss her Mistress's folds.

"Good girl," Miss Cade sighed, and returned a hand to Emily's head, holding her against the fragrant skin of her mons.

Emily's mouth opened and closed over the slit, then she darted her tongue along the sealed flesh. The gasp Miss Cade released gave her renewed courage, and Emily's pink tongue snaked along the folds until she opened them, a rush of lubricant flooding her mouth. The taste was tart, but revelatory, and Emily greedily drank in the taste of her Mistress as her hips ground against Emily's mouth. She heard Miss Cade's breath quicken, and Emily responded with more fervor, allowing the older woman's hands to guide Emily's mouth to the proper position. Being led in such a way, even sexually, used as a tool for Miss Cade's pleasure, the scene made Emily moan against Miss Cade's mound before diving her tongue back into the silky canal.

She grunted as Miss Cade's grip grew tighter, her nose mashed into Miss Cade's pelvis, her mouth opened, and then she felt her Mistress grow rigid and pant in high, sharp breaths. And then she was done, breathing deeply, running her fingers through Emily's hair.

"Clean it," she said, still breathy from the orgasm Emily was proud to have supplied.

Emily licked her own lips, wiping away some of her Mistress's juices before she attended her owner with her tongue, slowly lapping around the glistening lips of her Mistress. Her eyes were closed to savor the taste, and the time seemed to go quickly before Miss Cade was pushing her away and buttoning her dress again.

"Good girl. Now get back to your duties."

"Yes, Miss Cade. Thank you."

Miss Cade paused at the door and favored Emily with a satisfied smile before leaving her alone again with her dusting, the Mistress's flavor still on her tongue.

Nicole was sitting cross-legged on Emily's bed, her pale blue dress falling between her legs, white hose-clad legs peeking out. The way she was leaning, looking over a fashion magazine Miss Cade supplied her with, Emily could see Nichole's cleavage, held in her plain white bra. Emily was both envious of the older sissy's development, and aroused by the sight of her. Beneath the nightgown she'd changed into, Emily's sissyclit strained against its container, making her stride pinched and difficult as she moved from the vanity to the bed, her makeup removed for the evening.

She had been pleased to see that, even without makeup, there was little hint of masculinity in her face. Her small, budding breasts and sissyclit aside, she presented fully as a girl.

She climbed onto the wide bed and folded her hands under her head, staring up at the ceiling. She could chart small cracks that had been painted over, dark impressions in the otherwise cream-colored ceiling. She bit her lip and then gave herself a nod of approval, deciding.

"Does Miss Cade ever... interrupt you? When you're doing your chores, I mean."

Nichole looked up from her magazine, turning over her shoulder to see Emily's blushing cheeks. She was wearing a knowing smile that only added to Emily's nervous embarrassment.

"So, Mistress had you today?"

"Had me?"

"You know," Nichole grinned, "In your boipussy."

"What? No!" Emily said, sitting up. She lowered her voice and joined Nichole in a sitting position as they faced one another. "She just opened her dress and I... gave her oral sex."

"You ate Mistress out?" Nichole laughed, clapping her hands together. "She must like you. I've been allowed to do that every now and then. She doesn't do that with every girl."

"She doesn't?"

"No. You'll see. Mistress told me we're getting a new girl soon. Not permanently. Miss Cade trains some girls for other people. I'm sure she'll talk

to you about it. Back to the important part, though! Mistress likes you! She might keep you here!"

Her smile was infectious, and Emily was feeling her friend and mentor's excitement swell inside her, too. She knew well enough that Miss Cade had taken girls to auction, Miss Cade herself told Emily as much, but Nichole's allure was emphasized by the fact that Miss Cade had deemed her worthy of being Miss Cade's personal sissy. The thought that she might join her, to be part of Miss Cade's home on a more permanent basis, gave her a sense of warmth and stability.

"Sometimes," Nichole continued, leaning close again and keeping her voice quiet, "she even lets me out of my cage. She says all girls go through a sissy puberty and that it's only natural, but I swear I can't get enough of it!"

She giggled, a happy sound, but there was an undercurrent of the sensual in her words. And she was so close to Emily. Emily could follow a single strand of her beautiful blonde hair from her collar where it spilled down to the very crown of her head, Nichole's fair skin, and the subtle makeup she had yet to remove.

"I've never had sex. I mean, not like this."

"Do you get excited?"

Emily nodded. "Sometimes it hurts because I get so excited."

Nichole smiled and scooted closer still, until their knees were touching and Nichole was taking Emily's hands in her own.

"I know that feeling. But Miss Cade said I should be free for now. She said you might want to play and I could be free to play with you."

The directness of the statement took Emily aback and she drew her hands back, but Nichole held onto them, pulled them back into the space between them.

"You don't have to be nervous. Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Yes. Very," Emily said. She heard the breathiness in her own voice. Already, she was nearly shivering with a blend of anticipation and the sharp ache of her sissyclit bending within the cage's confinement.

"I think you are, too. And we really get along. It's nice to have another girl here with me. Like sisters! Only, we can have fun, too."

And then Nichole leaned forward and surprised Emily with a kiss, one that was quick and tentative, but Emily felt the residue of Nichole's lipstick on her lips. Her cheeks burned.

"Did you like that?"

Emily nodded.

"Would you like me to do it again."

"Yes, please."

Nichole's grin widened and she leaned close once more, this time slower, allowing Emily to meet her in the middle. When their lips touched, Emily whimpered, and one hand pulled free of Nichole's grasp to touch her face, to feel the soft contours of her shape. They held the kiss, allowing one kiss to flow into another. Emily's eyes shut tight, and they were reopening their mouths to one another, soft tongues finding each other, exploring with each curl and lick.

When the kiss finally broke, Nichole leaned her forehead against Emily's. "We don't have to do more if you don't want to."

"I do!" Emily said quickly. "I do," she repeated, slower and more deliberate. "I'm just not sure how. I feel a little lost..."

"Lie back. I'll show you."

Emily did, angling herself across the length of the bed. Her nightgown had ridden up to her knees, and it was here Nichole started, straddling Emily's legs as she eased the gown up, exposing her pale pink panties and the bulge beneath. Her hands roamed Emily's legs, fingers splaying as she moved up Emily's thighs.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" Nichole whispered, nodding to the cage around Emily's sissyclit. She was tantalizingly close to the core of Emily's sex, fingers just beneath her panties. With a gasp, Emily felt Nichole tug the panties down, and Emily lifted her hips to help ease the garment off. She was bared from the waist down, her smooth legs held together by Nichole's position, the chastity cage the only thing from preventing her shaft from springing up to its full length.

"Mistress likes to say that it's the cause of problems. But for sissies like us, they do feel good."

Nichole ran her tongue over the cage, and Emily felt the warmth of it between the metal enclosure, like seeing trees pass by through the window of a train, fleeting and lingering at the same time. Emily squirmed under the touch, and Nichole climbed her body, pushing the gown further up, exposing the soft pale flesh of her stomach. Emily had to lean up to allow Nichole to remove the gown entirely, her arms folding instinctively over her smaller chest.

Nichole chuckled and pulled Emily's arms away, planting her hands at

her sides. Emily did not wear a bra at night, and her undeveloped breasts were simply small mounds on her chest, but her nipples were dark and taut. Nichole bent to one, her perfectly teasing tongue winding around the firm nub of Emily's nipple, drawing another sigh from her. When Nichole's mouth widened, taking more of the surrounding flesh into her mouth, Emily felt an explosion of pleasure and she nearly doubled-over with the cry that issued from her.

"You like your cute little nipples played with?"

Emily nodded, finding Nichole's hair, winding her fingers into the enviable blonde locks. "Yes," she sighed. "You feel so good."

"So do you, Emily."

Nichole returned to her task, kissing and nibbling and licking until she found Emily's mouth again, lying flat against her fellow sissy, and Emily felt the hose on Nichole's legs sliding against her own bare skin. Emily remembered her time as a boy, a real, non-sissy boy, only vaguely and more tenuously every day, but nothing in her memory matched the desire she felt now. It was a living, burning thing inside her. She fumbled with the zipper holding Nichole's dress in place, and Nichole reached behind to help. Soon, she was shrugging out of the pink dress, revealing the simple white bra beneath, as well as the panties and hose beneath. There was no mistaking the swelling underneath, and Emily's hand found it without hesitation, following the shape of Nichole's sissyclit. It was uncaged, and Emily would have sworn it was hotter than the rest of her, even though the hose.

Nichole removed her bra, and Emily moved down her body, cupping the more fully-formed breasts of her sister sissy, closing her eyes and sighing as the supple flesh dampened under her tongue. The cage on her own sissyclit was painful, but the arousal she felt minimized the discomfort. There was no questioning as Emily adored Nichole's skin, kissing her way down Nichole's belly as the more mature sissy giggled and rolled onto her back. Emily admired the way her breasts pooled on her chest and how her waist was almost wasp-ish in its definition. Emily's body was responding to corset training but Nichole's natural shape was gorgeous.

"Mistress said we could play," Nichole whispered. "She said we could do anything we wanted together. Do you want to feel me?"

"Yes," Emily said, breath quick. "All of you."

Nichole grinned as she lifted her hips and wriggled her hose down. Emily helped, caressing the smooth flesh of her legs as she rolled the hose

down and off. Before the panties followed, Emily admired the shape of the sissyclit beneath, the way it tented Nichole's panties outward. The thick tip was nearly protruding above the waist.

"I want you so much," Emily whispered, then drew the panties down, revealing Nichole's thin, pale sissyclit in its erect glory.

It was smaller than an average man's penis, but hard and big enough to tease Emily with the thought of it entering her. Her boipussy tingled at the thought of being penetrated. Was this what she was now? A helpless sissy who wanted her holes filled by cock?

The philosophical debate would have to wait, she decided, too eager to taste her fellow sissy's sissyclit to wait any longer. Emily took the turgid flesh in hand and ran her tongue along the underside, eyes squeezed tight as she allowed her tongue to navigate on its own. When she reached Nichole's tip, she bent her head to take the tip fully into her mouth. It was firm, but the flesh gave, too, and she sucked at the spongy flesh and ran her tongue over the face of it. When she released it, Nichole was laughing.

"Did I do something wrong?" Emily asked.

"No. Mistress doesn't let me out all the time. I was worried you wouldn't want to."

Emily joined her in laughing and answered the concern by descending more fully on the rod, feeling the thick tip push past her lips, deeper into her throat. It felt incredible, and when Nichole rested her hands on Emily's head, guiding her rhythm, Emily felt a thrill of submission. She allowed Nichole the freedom to guide her every motion, letting her mouth be used as the receptacle it was. The more she thought of herself as a servant, the more she hungered for Nichole, relaxing under her gentle grip as her mouth was buffeted by thrusts, Nichole's body tensing and coiling beneath Emily.

"Oh, god, Emily," Nichole moaned.

There was no more warning. Emily's mouth was suddenly filled by a rush of fluid, hot and sticky against the roof of her mouth, dripping onto her tongue, and Emily drank it down. It was her first taste of cum and she found it immediately intoxicating. She was a cock-sucking sissy and it suited her well.

"Turn around," Nichole said, pushing Emily up and away. "Hurry."

Emily obeyed. She knew what Nichole had in mind and presented her boipussy to her friend, posed on her hands and knees as she felt the mattress shift under Nichole's approach.

"It doesn't stay up long," Nichole said, but the words were nearly lost on Emily.

That tip that had rested in Emily's mouth moments before was now pressing against her opening, the blend of cum and saliva giving it enough lubrication to ease into Emily's tight hole. It ached, a constant dull pressure against her opening, and then it seemed to give all at once, and Nichole was rushing into her. Emily gasped and twisted the sheets beneath her in her fists. It was a wholly indescribable experience, part pain and part pleasure, but accompanied by a shifting sense of identity. She began the day as a relative virgin, but had now performed oral sex for both Miss Cade and Nichole and was now be taken by the gorgeous sissy, her ass pierced for the first time. She hoped Nichole felt as good as she did, but being used in this way was its own bliss, the growing friction against her prostate aside.

She felt filled, and when Nichole put her hands on Emily's hips, pulling her toward Nichole's pelvis. There was a smack of flesh with each thrust, and soon both of the girls were moaning and writhing. Emily's boipussy eased and the pain lessened with each entry, aided by the dribbling precum from Nichole's member. There was a subtle bounce on Emily's chest, and she wondered if this what real girls' boobs felt like when they were being fucked from behind like this, and that idea sent her over the edge, the assault on her prostate coupled with her submissive feelings and budding sexuality combined to cause her to erupt, but the discharge was thin and watery, spilling out of the cage and onto her sheets.

Nichole was not far behind, her second orgasm softer than the last, but the feeling of slippery heat inside Emily as Nichole withdrew made Emily feel all the more soft and weak.

They collapsed onto the bed and found each other, slipping their arms around each other. On a whim, Emily reached between Nichole's legs and gave her shrining rod a stroke, the sweet cum coating her hand.

"How do you feel?" Nichole asked, stroking Emily's hair back from her eyes.

"Amazing," Emily said with a tired chuckle. "Will you sleep here tonight?"

"I can't. Miss Cade wants us in our rooms. But I promise to visit."

They laughed together again and hugged each other close, indulging in kisses ranging from quick pecks to deliberate, tongue-filled sessions. When she finally left for bed, Emily was exhausted and her heart felt full. She

couldn't shake the feeling that she was the luckiest sissy in the world.

Miss Cade had set out clothes for Emily, draped over the back of the antique chair near the door. All she could tell from a cursory glance was that it was white and decorated by lace trim. She clapped her hands together and hurried toward the bathroom to ready herself.

In addition to the shots she received once a day from Miss Cade, the Mistress had also set out a bottle of pills for her to be taken once a day. They made her feel a little woozy and tingly, but if Miss Cade said they were good for her, Emily was perfectly willing to accept it. She bathed and moisturized, lotioned and brushed, drew and powdered until she achieved the look she adored so much. Her full lips were pouty and pale pink, her face pale, cheeks highlighted by blush, eyes lightly shaded and hair loose but highlighted by a pair of braids, one on each side, that looped behind her head and met.

She slipped on a bra and panty set that was pale pink, and she again turned to see her profile in the mirror. After the events of the day before, she felt newly sexualized, and running her hands down her breasts and over her soft belly made Emily feel sexy and happy. She pulled the dress over her head, and found that it fell to only her mid-thigh, but billowed out to make her shape from the chest down indistinct. Along with the white babydoll, Emily found white stockings with pink ribbons at the tops and black shoes, that reminded her of the kind young girls wore to Easter services at church or something. When she had donned all the items, she looked more youthful, not quite a woman's age, but like a young girl in many ways. Especially with her braided hair, a decade could have been taken from her and the outfit would have been even more appropriate.

Confident in her appearance, Emily rushed downstairs, where she found Miss Cade already waiting with Nichole, who wore the same outfit as Emily's. The twinning effect of the matching wardrobe was disorienting, but she loved it, too. She paused before her Mistress and curtsied.

"Sorry I'm late, Mistress."

Miss Cade chuckled. "You're not late, sweetie, you and Nichole are both enthusiastic this morning. Good. We have a big day. Miss Tremain is dropping off a new girl for training. I expect both of you to be on your best behavior."

"Yes, Miss Cade," the girls said in near-perfect harmony.

Emily noted that Miss Cade's dress was form-fitting and dark, with a

white lace collar that gave her the impression of a beautiful but stern schoolmarm. Her dress was long and flowing and Emily saw her dark boots peeking out from under the lower hem. She supposed the formality of the dress was good for the new arrival, but Emily thought it would be far more difficult for Mistress to reveal herself and allow Emily another taste of her glorious honeypot.

"Nichole, I want you to prepare a room, the one beside Emily's. As for you, Emily," Miss Cade said, looking down at the sissy, "I want you to come with me."

"Yes, Miss Cade," Emily replied promptly.

The two girls curtsied again and Emily stole a look at Nichole, dressed just as she was, and she saw in her mind's eye the nude shape of Nichole, the gentle swell of her breasts and the curve of her hips, the slender legs. Emily imagined her cheek brushing against her silken thighs on the way to taking Nichole's diminished sissyclit in her mouth again, reveling in her cum.

Emily followed her Mistress into the study and Miss Cade shut the door behind them. Emily remained still in the center of the room as Miss Cade took a seat in the wide chair near the fire.

"Come sit," Miss Cade said, patting her lap.

Emily needed no further encouragement, feeling all the smaller as she climbed into her Mistress's lap. She sighed as Miss Cade wound her arms around Emily and held her close.

"How's my sweet girl?" Mistress asked.

Emily sighed contentedly, her hand resting lightly on Miss Cade's shoulder. She was wearing a perfume that was sweet and gentle, like a scent that brings back happy memories of childhood.

"Good, Mistress," she replied.

"Only good? Nichole tells me you spent a little time together last night."

Emily blushed a bit. "Yes, Miss Cade."

"What did you two do?"

Her tone was gentle, but with a hint of mocking that suggested Mistress knew full well what had happened. That knowledge did nothing to embolden her, however.

"We just played." Emily resisted the urge to hide her face in Miss Cade's breast. Being in her lap, teased in this way, dressed as she was, Emily felt like a child. She was weak and helpless in the shadow of her Mistress, she knew, but that thought aroused and pleased her.

"Oh? The way she described it to me, you sucked her sissyclit and then she took your virginity. Or was she mistaken?"

"No, Mistress. She did."

Emily squirmed. She was getting turned on by the conversation, by the way Miss Cade led her so well.

"And did you enjoy it like a good sissy?"

"Yes, Miss Cade. I loved it."

Emily's Mistress laughed and squeezed the sissy's smaller body against her. "Good girl. You really are becoming very special to me. So much so, I have a surprise for you tomorrow night. Would you like that?"

Her tone was soothing and soft, and the way she ran her fingers through Emily's hair only increased the sense of shrinking in the domme's lap.

"Yes, Miss Cade," Emily said, and giggled a little. In that moment, Emily felt loved and safe and warm. She had no interest in being anywhere else, no illusions that she would be anything without her Mistress.

They sat that way for unknown time, Emily hugging her Mistress, clinging to her the way an infant might. And Emily felt she was an infant in many ways. Despite the sexual adventures of the day before, or maybe because of them, the dependence she felt on her Mistress was warming to her fragmented soul.

They only moved when the door chimed rang, and Miss Cade patted Emily's leg twice in short succession to prompt her. Emily slid unwillingly from her Mistress's lap, and Miss Cade grinned at the pout she wore.

"Don't fret, sweetie. We'll have plenty of time for cuddles."

"Yes, Miss Cade," Emily said, straightening her dress and tugging up the thigh-high stockings that threatened to slip down her slim legs.

"Come along. Company is here."

Nichole fell into step with them just before they reached the front door. Miss Cade opened the door while the two sissies shared a sly look to one another, and Emily felt a near-immediate twitch in her sissyclit seeing her identically dressed sister-in-sissyhood.

"Gloria! How good to see you!" Miss Cade exclaimed, grasping the visitor's arms and trading a pair of kisses on her cheeks.

Emily was struck by the more liberal wardrobe of the visitor, who she assumed was Gloria Tremain. Where Miss Cade looked austere and proper, Miss Tremain wore a red skirt that threatened to show her underwear and a black silk top that dipped deep enough to show the hint of her cleavage. With

black hose and tall heels, she looked ready to party at a club. When she turned her attention to Nichole and Emily, her grin spread wider.

"Nichole! So good to see you again. And this must be Emily."

"Yes, Miss Tremain," Emily replied and dipped into a curtsy.

The lovely mistress clapped her hands together and Emily was sure she was near squealing.

"She is still learning, but I am quite pleased with her," Miss Cade said, turning with her friend to admire the two sissies. "She's been with us for six months or so. But only recently up and around."

"You do such good work," Miss Tremain said. "And I really appreciate you taking time for my newest. She's a handful."

"Where is she, now that you mention it?"

"In the car. Still sedated. Like I said – a handful."

"Nicole, Emily, see to our new guest. Bring her in and put her in the room next to Emily's."

"Yes, Miss Cade," they replied.

As she passed by the two domineering women, Emily felt a pat on her rear, unsure who had delivered it. Still, it made her hop and squeal merrily.

The two girls left the dominant women to talk and stepped out the door. The sunlight struck Emily like a fist and she nearly staggered as she felt the heat of it on her skin. It occurred to her that she had not been outside for weeks, perhaps longer, content to serve Miss Cade without regard to her own well-being. That thought brought her happiness, too. If she was beginning to care for Miss Cade more than herself...

"She's still asleep," Nichole said, opening the door on the back seat of the beige sedan. "and she looks heavy."

"We have to carry her?"

"Unless you want to tell Mistress you can't do it."

Emily approached the car where she looked in on the "girl" that had arrived to their home. He was a boy no more than twenty, thin, almost skeletal, with dark hair that had been left unruly and grew past his shoulders. His lean face had been decorated with makeup, but it was exaggerated and garish, but then Emily thought Miss Tremain had an air of audaciousness about her.

The boy was dressed in a white dress that fit him poorly, and he wore no hose or shoes. He was lying across the back seat, mouth open, one arm bent awkwardly at his side from when he had been deposited in the back seat,

or maybe he'd passed out in the position.

Emily took the bent arm and, with Nichole's help, pulled the limp body of the boy up to a seated position. They were already breathing hard and their cheeks were flushed with the effort. Emily had never been strong, but she had never appreciated until now how weak she had become, physically, too.

"This is going to be awful," Nichole laughed. "Ready?"

Emily nodded, pursing her lips together in determination.

It was worse than she imagined. The boy was dead weight, and both Nichole and Emily had been conditioned to be soft and helpless. Managing the lolling body of the boy out of the car was one thing, but shouldering his weight together was nearly impossible. And yet, somehow, Nichole and Emily managed to not only get him inside, but get him up the stairs, though the boy threatened to slip from their grasp and tumble down the steps on more than one occasion. When they finally bent to let the boy fall onto the bed, and stood straight again, they looked at one another and laughed. They were rosy-cheeked and breathing hard, but the physical exertion had made them vibrant, too. Nichole surprised Emily by wrapping her sore arms around her sissy sister and kissing her, not too deeply, but more than familiar. It left them both giggling as they closed the door behind them and returned to their Mistress.

The door upstairs beside Emily's room remained closed for much of the day. Miss Tremain and Miss Cade would step inside from time to time and close the doors behind them. Though Emily did her best not to eavesdrop, she could tell by the muffled voices from within that the new arrival would be in Miss Cade's care for several weeks, at least. There was a twinge of jealousy that bubbled up inside Emily, but she made certain to keep it well-hidden until after dinner. Miss Tremain had taken leave after dinner, served by Emily and Nichole, of course, who attended the dinner and stood silently along the walls.

Miss Tremain would remark on the perfect demeanors of Miss Cade's girls, and took one occasion to lift Emily's skirt and pat her caged sissyclit within. It felt like being judged for auction, and Emily involuntarily shivered at the thought. Miss Cade had mentioned such things, marketplaces for sissies who had been trained to serve and then sold to the highest bidder. It explained Miss Cade's opulent home, as well as the lack of girls scampering around the house. Like many who had come before Emily, she was likely to

be sold if she was not officially granted entry into the household on a more permanent basis.

"Do you think she'll be prettier than me when Mistress is done?" Nichole asked, looking at herself in the vanity mirror and brushing out her lovely blonde hair.

Emily looked up from a magazine she'd been skimming through, noting some of the prettier dresses and shoes. "Prettier than you? No one is prettier than you?"

Nichole laughed and jumped up, scurrying to the bed and jumping up, bouncing on the mattress as she climbed onto Emily and kissed her.

"You think I'm the prettiest sissy in the world?"

Emily raised a hand and rested it on her sister sissy's cheek. Staring into her blue eyes and studying her delicate, soft features, Emily was certain that Nichole was, in fact, the prettiest sissy in the world.

Emily pushed the magazine aside and pulled Nicole close, her weight settling onto Emily. "I think you are. And I hope I never have to leave you."

Nichole kissed her again, this time with more passion, and Emily wound her hand beneath the matching white dress, cupping the bulge there and gasped.

Nichole laughed again, but it was more demure. "Mistress locked me up again this morning."

Emily made a show of pouting, but there was more than a hint of truth in the feigned expression. She had been thinking all day about the feeling of Nichole inside her, her sissyclit buried in Emily's boipussy. It made her squirmy and excited all day, but, thankfully, her own sissyclit barely stirred. Instead, it was full-body hum that accompanied each step, a vague arousal that served as a constant companion. She let out a chuff of frustration at her plans being waylaid by Miss Cade's control.

"That doesn't mean we can't have fun." Nichole's hands reached down to lift Emily's skirt and guide it up her legs, revealing the thigh highs that neither had bothered to remove yet, and further the caged bulge beneath Emily's panties.

Emily sighed and writhed beneath Nichole, aiding her in lifting the dress up and off, and then Nichole's mouth was one her budding breast, pulling her bra down to release the caramel nipples from their hiding place. Emily knew for certain now that she was obsessed with having her breasts played with, small as they were. As they tingled under Nichole's touch, she

felt her near-twin's mouth close around one pointed tip and suck, drawing a slow moan from Emily. Her whole body felt electric, and the luxuriating stretch that offered her body to Nichole's touch made her sigh anew.

"Turn over," Nichole grinned.

Emily did, and Nichole ran her hands over the soft hips of the newer sissy, admiring how the hormones had helped to create a feminine shape to the girl's ass. Emily arched her back, all but presenting herself to Nichole, unable to suppress a tantalizing wiggle. When both Nichole's hands settled on her cheeks, Emily giggled and bent her head low, resting her cheek on the pillow as she gathered her knees under her, raising her inviting boipussy. She bit her lip when she felt Nichole's tongue run along one smooth cheek, then follow the valley of her spread ass to the tight hole that waited there. When the tip of Nichole's tongue circled her ringlet, Emily groaned, a lazy and blissful sound.

The tongue swirled and teased around Emily's knot while the girl twisted and squirmed under the attention. She cried out when she felt Nichole's pink muscle push past the contracted muscle and open her up, wetting her new central source of pleasure. Emily frowned when the tongue disappeared, and she heard Nichole shift on the bed, and the sissy worried their play was done, or that it would be her turn, when she needed her ass taken, needed to feel invaded.

A pair of slender fingers pressed against her boipussy and wiggled their way inside, and Emily ground her face into the sheets, using the mattress to muffle her grunts of pleasure. She pushed back against Nichole's fingers as they eased into her, and soon she was humping those thin digits while Nichole met her thrusts. Nichole bent low to kiss Emily's bare back, fucking her boipussy with increasing pace and force. The harder the assault on her ass pounded into her, the more Emily writhed, until she was begging for more, harder, and Nichole was adding a third finger, stretching Emily until she was torn between the pain of it and the intense pleasure.

The massage of her inner ass, the deep reach that seemed to fill Emily up so completely, drew a scream from Emily. She came with a shuddering exhalation, watery semen dribbling from her caged sissyclit onto the sheets, but the orgasm was not centralized to her flaccid remains of masculinity. It was an energizing and frustrating rush to every extremity that left her more aroused than before.

"You are such a slut," Nichole laughed as Emily rolled onto her back,

delighting in her own nudity, save for the stockings that had slid down, creasing on her thighs. She wrapped those legs around Nichole as the girl climbed back into Emily's arms.

"You make me feel like a slut," Emily laughed.

They kissed again, and Emily responded with passion. The heat and sweat of their bodies was comforting and stimulating all at once, and she wondered how she could have lived any other life. She was abuzz with sexual hunger, and yet satisfied, too.

They lay that way for some time, caressing one another, nibbling and kissing and licking, exploring one another with patience and affection. No part of the other was left a mystery and, when Nichole finally stole away to her own room, they held hands until Nichole reluctantly stepped outside the door, and even then they indulged in a final, slow kiss. Emily wondered if this was what it felt like to be on a date that you never want to end, and she felt an innocent love for Nichole, waiting to close the door until Nichole was out of sight in her own quarters.

She hadn't slept much when daylight crept into her bedroom, and Emily was surprised and pleased to see a new outfit laid out for her that morning. She merrily scampered to her morning rituals while guessing what sorts of items might accompany the blue dress she spied placed over the back of the chair near the door.

When she had bathed herself and put on her makeup, she eased into the supplied underwear, the bra and panties black and lacy and designed to be seen, she thought. The way the cups barely covered her nipples and lifted her small breasts into an illusion of larger size made her feel sexy and womanly. The dress was a deep blue color, and zipped up the back to seal her body inside. It was long-sleeved, and tight all over, the lower hem only falling to her upper thighs. She felt like she was ready to go clubbing or something, especially when she stepped into the black slingbacks with four-inch heels. She paused before the mirror and saw that she looked more mature than the matching babydolls of the day before. Still, she hoped she and Nichole would look similar again. And she wanted to repay the favor from the night before. Seeing Nichole in a dress like this would be thrilling, especially knowing the cute, round ass of her friend would be hers for the taking later. She could barely contain her excitement as she hurried from her room and down the stairs.

Nichole had yet to arrive, but Emily bent into a curtsy and bowed her head before Miss Cade, who observed her with a wry look.

"Is Nichole not ready, Miss Cade?"

"She is, but I asked her to tend to our new guest. Just as she attended to you."

"Yes, Miss Cade," Emily replied, folding her hands behind her back. In the rather snug dress, she saw the shape of her breasts more prominently. She had worn things selected by her Mistress, and that made her happy, but this dress was different. Wearing it, poised with her legs crossed over one another as she balanced on her heels, she felt... sexy.

"You look very lovely, Emily."

"Thank you, Miss Cade."

"That is why I am loaning you to a dear friend for a day. I would like to remind you that while you are under my protection, your behavior is a reflection of me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Cade."

Emily could hardly concentrate. She was to be loaned away? Was this a precursor to being sent away forever, another sissy to pass through Miss Cade's home on their way to some other fate.? She felt silly and stupid, knowing well how many girls had come before her, and how many of them must have pined for the same thing – to be kept in Miss Cade's household. She needed to talk to Nichole, to ask her what she should do, but Miss Cade was already taking Emily by her arm and pulling her away, away from Nichole and into the main hall.

"Say hello to our guest," Miss Cade smiled, releasing Emily.

Emily fell into a curtsy and kept her head bent low, hoping the image of the guest would change before she saw the visitor again, but the revelation this time was no different than before. It was a man.

"Hello, Emily. I've heard so much about you."

"It's nice to meet you, sir," Emily said, addressing him as Miss Cade instructed. Her heart was racing as she tugged down the hem of her dress, that frustratingly wanted to climb her legs with every step, showing off the enviable shape of her ass.

"You, too." He turned back to Miss Cade. "She is lovely. And you said she is fresh?"

"Nearly mint. We do have to encourage some early enjoyment, and I can assure you that she has been most enthusiastic. I'm sure you'll enjoy her."

"We shall see," the man said with a sly smile.

He was broad across the shoulders, but athletically lean elsewhere. He had sandy hair and a carefully-manicured beard that he liked to idly scratch and smooth. His suit looked expensive, as near as Emily could tell about such things, and his shoes were polished to a high shine. He extended a hand to Emily, a gentlemanly gesture.

"Would you care to join me for the weekend, Emily?"

Emily's eyes darted to Miss Cade, who studied the sissy's each movement. When their eyes met, the Mistress gave her a subtle nod.

"Yes, sir," Emily said, and slid her hand into his. "Thank you, sir."

"Call me 'Master Eric,'" he corrected.

"Yes, Master Eric."

"Excellent. Come along, then. Your clothes and all your needs have been met already. I think you will find the weekend quite... instructional."

He guided Emily toward the front door, and she paused as he took Miss Cade's hand in both of his. "Thank you again, Eleanor. I assure you she will be in good hands."

"I wouldn't allow it if I didn't, Eric. Now go on. Your time is fleeting. For now."

Emily steadied herself as she descended the front steps of her home, the door closing behind her. Miss Cade had been smiling when she stared from the cool dark of the only place Emily considered a home, and locked away both the Mistress herself and Nichole, who attended some new girl sure to be a replacement for Emily.

Master Eric opened the passenger door of a European convertible, and Emily stepped in, slowly and carefully in her heels and short dress. The door shut, and Master Eric rounded the front of the car. Emily studied his confident, manly way of moving and wondered if he was a cruel man, or if he had it in him to be violent. She was afraid, she knew, and worried that she would never see the place of her rebirth again.

Then, the engine was roaring, and Master Eric looked at her, placing his hand on her exposed thigh. "Ready, Emily?"

"Yes, Master Eric," she replied, but it was a lie, and his grin said he knew it, too.

The car pulled away from the house and Emily felt the wind catch her hair and she was flying, to where and to what fate she could only imagine.

About the Author

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The Curse of Madeline



It wasn't until he had turned his key in the door and saw a light turn on in the kitchen he remembered Shae was home, and with some stranger. Fingers crossed, the light in the kitchen was Erin, come down to heat up his dinner. He chuckled. That would have been a sight. Professor Harbrough with her feminist studies degree warming dinner for her drunken husband.

He dropped his keys in the bowl on the foyer table, missed, and heard the metallic jangle as the sound echoed in the small space. He winced, bending unsteadily and reaching out a hand to support himself. He made a show of placing the keys carefully and quietly in the bowl this time, grinning as he held a finger to his lips in a 'shhh' gesture.

Using the wall as a guide, he made his way to the kitchen, pausing at the doorway, blinking at the sight awaiting him. What he had thought was the proper light of the kitchen was actually the open refrigerator door, the light silhouetting the figure of a young woman as she stood considering its contents.

He could tell by the chestnut hair pulled back into a ponytail it was not his daughter - Shae had never been so lithe. One arm hung on the open door, the other perched on the girl's hip, a leg bent as a bare foot tapped. She wore

very tight black shorts that hugged her firm ass, the small of her back exposed by the half-shirt she wore, just as tight as the shorts.

She turned, sensing someone in the room with her, but she showed no sign of nervousness or fright at the sudden appearance of a man behind her. Dennis knew he was staring at her, the small points of her nipples visible beneath her top, securing pert breasts in place. Where Shae might be called voluptuous by some, and it disgusted Dennis to think of anyone considering his daughter in a sexual context, this girl had the body of a dancer, compact and athletic and entirely appealing.

"You have any beer?" she asked, with a crooked little smile that raised the left corner of her lip.

"Afraid not. Erin doesn't like me keeping it around."

"That's a shame. I'm Madeline."

She crossed to him and gave him her hand. Her fingers were slender, and he held it as the refrigerator swung slowly closed behind them, darkness descending on them like a curtain.

"Dennis. Mr. Harbrough."

"I like Dennis," she said. He liked the way she said his name, something breathy in her voice, like the whisper of a lover.

"You must be Shae's friend," He said. He knew he should feel awkward and uncomfortable with this young woman so close, his wife upstairs, his daughter nearby, but the heady mix of arousal and drunkenness and the girl's apparent flirtation – he could find only want in himself.

"Yes. She's nice. A good girl. I guess that's why we get along. Opposites attract and all."

"Are you saying you're not a good girl?"

"I'm saying I'm good at what I do, but sometimes what I'm good at is awfully bad."

His member was stiff, straining against the zipper of his slacks. Madeline walked her fingers up his chest and Dennis realized the top of her head came up to the base of his neck and she had to tilt up to see him. She flattened her palm against him and ran over the breadth of his chest, and Dennis heard himself gasp.

"I should probably go to bed," he offered, closing his eyes as the girl's hand slipped between the buttons of his shirt and ran over his bare skin, his nipple squeezed between two slim fingers.

"Me, too, but I just couldn't sleep. I was looking for some milk, but

there's one thing that helps me sleep better than anything." She leaned forward, rising on her tiptoes. "I always sleep better when I cum," she whispered, and flicked the lobe of his ear with her tongue.

His defenses crumbled, and he seized her, lifting her and kissing her hard. If Madeline was surprised by the action, she showed no sign of it, returning the kiss passionately, her legs wrapping around Dennis's hips, and he could feel her hips moving against him, grinding against the turgidity in his pants.

"I bet it's been a long time since you fucked a tight pussy like mine," she sighed, her hands holding his cheeks, resting on his hands as he supported her. That grinding of her hips was incessant, and Dennis was afraid he would explode before he had a chance to taste her.

"I want you," he moaned.

"I'm right here."

Her First Sissy



She was bringing him back around to his trigger for relaxation again, repeating the question 'Why do you want to quit?' in regular intervals, each time the answer would be slightly different, given from a place of more relaxation and, hopefully, more honesty.

"My lipstick," he said, his eyes nearly closed, but even as Elaine dimmed the lights she could see the soft glimmer of his eyes.

"Your lipstick?" she prompted, working to keep her voice slow and even.

"I like red," he said, his tone dreamy and happy. "When I smoke, it smears."

"Do you like wearing lipstick?"

"Oh, yes," Mark answered. "Weekends when I don't work, I can put on all the makeup I want. Except when I smoke. I'm afraid to go outside like that."

"And how long have you worn makeup?"

"I don't know. Years. Since I was young and first tried it with my sister.

She was younger than me, but I let her practice on me when she was learning how to do her own. I liked how it made me look."

"It made you feel good to wear makeup?"

Elaine closed her eyes. There was a slow heat burning between her legs. Something about the lazy way Mark described his enjoyment of appearing feminine...

"Oh, yes."

"What about clothes? Do you also dress like a woman?"

"When I can. I have a few things. Mostly panties, but a couple of dresses, too. And shoes. I love shoes."

She wanted to know more, to lead him into the core of his fascination with women's clothing, but she restrained herself, reminding herself that she was, after all, a certified health professional and exploiting her client's fetishes for her own amusement... well, it seemed like there was some law against that sort of behavior.

The remainder of the session went as usual, but Elaine could not shake the image of the young man in her chair, his face made-up, his body encased in nylon.

The image followed her home, back to the two-bedroom house where she lived alone. It was set back from the street, with high fences on either side to provide privacy. Her back yard wasn't large, but had been decorated by a small koi pond and a stone bench nearby. She loved curling her legs beneath her and reading by the small pond, sun filtering through the maple trees.

Even at night, cool beneath the branches of the trees, she savored the privacy and beauty of her little hideaway. This night, however, she was distracted. Her nipples were distractingly hard, and the feeling of heat inside her had only grown. She felt like she was on fire, sexually. She thought of calling Bryan, an old colleague with whom she occasionally had a fling. He had a good body and he was discreet, but it wasn't Bryan she wanted. She wanted to see Mark in his finery, made up to look as feminine as possible. She wondered what sorts of dresses he preferred, if they were elegant or overtly feminine.

Even in the open air, she could resist no longer, and spread her legs, hiking up her skirt until it bunched at her hips. She ran her hand flat over her black panties, pressing firmly to stir a reaction from her clit. She was wet already, her pussy alive with the imaginings of Mark on his heels, perhaps

bending over before her as she fixed a strap-on over her pelvis. She was panting now, biting down hard on her lower lip and stifling the murmurs of pleasure. Her thoughts whirled with images of Mark on his knees, his hair long and pretty, tied with girlish ribbons. Mark in white thigh highs and white heels and nothing else, his nude body girlish in its hairlessness. Her fingers rubbed harder over her engorged lips, mashing her button and manipulating her sex as only she knew how, using the sheer silkiness of her underwear to add heightened sensation to her caresses. She was moaning aloud, now, writhing and pushing her hips against her fingers with abandon, imagining Mark's mouth on her as she held his long, ponytailed hair in her hands. She screamed, falling back onto the bench, one arm draped over her belly, the other dangling so that her fingertips brushed the grass.

Futa Pharaoh



The temple, unlike many in Alexandria, had not been built on the backs of slaves, but by the believers. Stone by stone, they had created a hall of worship, removed enough from the city to escape the worst of the prejudices shown by those loyal to Khufu's reign. His hypocrisy knew no bound, the goddess mused, as his consultation with the trickster Dedi displayed. Dedi had been the first to warn Khufu of Nafrini's power, but his influence had been weaker, then.

Nafrini sat at the end of the great hall, facing the tall doors of the entrance, which had been opened for a glimpse into the infinite. The stars over Egypt at night were like the sands of the dunes made luminous. In these moments, she could see beyond the world of man and into the infinite, to touch the powers greater than any mortal knew. Even with her painted eyes closed, Nafrini sensed the vastness of the sky above and the distance between the stars. In that space was the breath of the gods, and Nafrini inhaled deeply of that scent, luxuriating in the power that even this brief glimpse awarded her.

At some time before, when Khaba still floundered on the throne, rejecting the wisdom of the rulers before him, Nafrini had been something

else entirely. She had served in the house of Khaba's family, a child treated as no more than a slave herself. And yet, Nafrini's beauty was such that she found she could hold sway over men, and what she wanted from them was more than the meat between their legs. She wanted their knowledge.

The one thing she would say in defense of Khufu, he understood the value of knowledge. The power of it. When he instructed his scholars to begin using papyrus to record the events of his rule, Nafrini had known he was an adversary to be deemed worthy of her interest. True, he was a man and, thus, a fool, but he was a fool with enough power to drive her from the heart of Alexandria, where Nafrini had first grown her group of devoted followers.

In her time in Khaba's home, she learned from the thin, hairy men of his house that their worship was based on tales handed down, but that some of these tales were true. Knowing the truth of things, Nafrini learned, gave you power over them, and so she devoured all the scrolls she could steal away, reading the symbols scrawled onto transient scrolls with a voracity few of the male scholars displayed. If one goes looking, Nafrini learned, there are all sorts of wonders to be discovered.

Her reverie this night was disturbed by the frantic arrival of a scrawny, wide-eyed worshipper, who dashed into the hall and into her midst, collapsing on the stone floor and lowering his head, extending his arms to Nafrini in praise, his chest heaving with exertion.

"My Goddess!" he exclaimed, "Forgive your most pitiful worshipper! He is not worthy to be in your presence!"

Nafrini waved away the servant near her, holding a jug of wine to serve her goddess. She stood, her near six-foot stature imposing, and matched only by the sensuality of her presence. Nafrini's hair was long and dark, falling into naturally straight curtains around her face. Her eyes were a burning green, like emeralds lit by a fire. These eyes settled on the man on his knees before her as she descended the few steps to the floor where he sat in submission.

"You know the price of disturbing me," Nafrini purred. "And yet you willingly do so, throwing yourself at my feet and admitting your worthless nature. What could be so important to surrender your soul?"

"Forgive me, o glorious Nafrini. But Dedi's men come to take you. I would rather fall onto a thousand spears than allow you to be harmed, my Goddess!"

"Dedi? He is an idiot, no more possessed of magic than you, worm."

"Yes, Goddess. But he marches with a hundred men and a woman I have never seen. She walks by his side, but she is not his wife. She is... different."

"Different how?"

The beggar lifted his gaze, allowing himself a glimpse of Nafrini's beauty. From the floor, he could see the curvaceous figure of his goddess, highlighted by the white cotton wrap around her generous bosom and the fall of it as it hid her sex beneath its folds. He shivered at her closeness, at the way he could feel the thrum of her power coming off her in waves.

"She is like you, goddess... she *floated* beside him."

Nafrini grinned cruelly. Another witch. Some bitch yanked from a patch of the desert where the forbidden knowledge still survived. Unlike Dedi, fraud that he was, there were nomads who still knew the ancient ways, understood that great power rested in the breath of the gods.

"Thank you, my pet. You have done well. And now you will get your reward."