

A Sissy's Date Night

Nadia Saran



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ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Hardcover)

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

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Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2020.

<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

I'd also like to thank my online friend “sissy doll” for volunteering his identity to replace the identity of the actual sub who experienced this “Date Night.” And a few photos of himself for the artwork.

Session Date:

18 September, 2020

This Story Released:

06 October, 2020 (MistressNadezhda.com)

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Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

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advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to

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put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Chapter 01: The Sissy

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I know I'm in trouble the minute my phone rings. It's late morning and I'm between classes. Actually, I'm lounging around on some grass in front of the building my next class is in, sipping an iced tea and scanning over a textbook. Boring! But essential. If I have any hope of medical school after nursing school, I have to keep my GPA up. Those medical schools are just so picky! And I've never "not made the cut" for anything in my life. No way am I starting now. And I'm not going to medical school in Grenada, either.

It's my friend Andrea calling, and that's a big neon billboard of trouble on the horizon. She knows my class schedule. She never calls during the mornings. Besides, if I remember her schedule right, and that an "if" only slightly larger than Texas, she should be working. She's a flight attendant. According to her, flight attendants stay very busy during a flight, too. I know they have on all the flights I've taken.

She tells me that she is indeed "working." She's "high." That's her word. And in this case, it doesn't mean what it does on campus. It means she's at cruising altitude. It means there are people waiting on their minuscule bags of peanuts! Yup, I'm in trouble. Andrea definitely wants a favor.

She does. She doesn't waste much time getting to the point of the call either. Maybe someone is getting insistent for his peanuts? All three of his peanuts, if her airline is anything like Aeroflot, the airline I usually fly to Russia.

She tells me very briefly about her "boss of the day," the aircraft's purser or head flight attendant. By briefly I mean little more than her name is Jennifer, Andrea has known her for a while now, and she a "great gal." Then Andrea asks if she can Jennifer my number. Jennifer is in serious need of a favor, and Andrea doesn't want to do it herself. She says she'd just feel so awkward since she works with Jennifer.

I give Andrea my usual answer, the one Andrea already knew I'd give. She can give Jennifer my number, and I'll talk to her, but no

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promises that I'll actually do the favor. Not until I'm certain what I'm getting myself into. I think Andrea already knows I'm going to do it. I can hear it in her voice.

Jennifer calls me 90 minutes later, magically catching me during a break in the class. Catching me just as the machine is filling a cheap paper cup with lousy coffee for me, too. But I go ahead and take her call. I figure I might as well find out exactly what she's after. If it doesn't interest me, I can just get rid of her and be done with it.

She's bubbly, to say the least. She's hurried, talking fast, as she tells me that their flight is on the ground in Atlanta now. She has about ten minutes before the next "herd of cattle" board for the run to Cincinnati. If I remember right, that's the time when they're supposed to be cleaning the plane up. Not locked in an airplane restroom calling me. But I'm not her boss, so I don't care. And apparently, the Captain, who is her boss, doesn't either.

She tells me a story about a flight of hers two days ago that was canceled for violations of the no-smoking rule. Apparently, the right-hand engine refused to stop smoking for takeoff. Engines! With no flight that day, she went home. She walked in on her husband and his friends "hanging out." However, all of them, including her husband, seemed to have a rather misogynistic attitude. All they could talk about was how "easy" women have it. Men do all the work in dating, in life, in general. Women are just along for the ride.

They shut up when they saw her. Afterward, he claimed he was just trying to cheer up one of his friends who just found out he was getting a divorce. She doesn't really believe him. Mostly because of a few other things he's said recently.

She wants him to be taught a lesson. She wants him to learn to appreciate a woman's life, and understand that he has things backward. It's us women who have it hard! She half-teasingly told him that she was going to send him to Andrea, who would certainly teach him a lesson

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he'd never forget. He said he'd go. Which kind of surprised her a little, she had thought that he'd object to it. Seriously object. I suspect there's more to it than that. Like that she told him if he didn't learn his lesson, he would be the next of his friends to get that mid-life divorce. But if there is, she leaves that part out.

She says that Andrea "avidly recommended" me. That Andrea assured her that I could teach him a lesson he'd never forget that would ensure that he truly grasped the intricacies of womanhood. And she would be forever grateful if I was willing to.

I tell her that I could do that. I could make him appreciate womanhood as only a woman does. However, before I agreed to, there are two conditions. First, he must be completely willing to learn his lesson. Second, both of them have to agree that there are no limits to what I may do with him. From the instant he arrives here, he'll belong to me, and I may do, or have done, whatever I fancy with him or his body. And I won't care what he wants, or likes, or detests. Nor will I care what she wants him to do, or would never want him to do. He's mine, not hers, for the duration. And it's going to be a very "in-depth" lesson.

She eagerly agrees and assures me that he will as well. She agrees so eagerly that I wonder if there's more going on than I know about. It wouldn't be the first couple to want to come to me to "spice up" their sex life. But, since she knows Andrea so well, at least with her I think she has a pretty good idea of what she's getting them into. At least in general.

Since it will amuse me, deeply, to teach a man not to take women for granted, I agree to teach the lesson. She assures me that once she's returned home, to Virginia, she'll get both of their schedules and see when she'll be in or near Mobile again. That night she calls me again with some dates, and we agree on one a week and a half later.

That was a week and a half ago. Now it's 4:00 on a Friday afternoon, and just as promised, Jennifer is knocking on my front door. As I always do, I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, to answer the door.

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She shows them in, bringing Jennifer to me on the sofa, and offers her a coffee. She leaves James, her husband, standing along a bare wall and waiting.

I decide that I like Jennifer almost immediately. Like me, she's a very petite woman. She's just a tiny hair taller than me, our eyes actually level, so she has to be 5'2". She's thin, just like me, too. I'd guess somewhere around 110 pounds. And she's even a blond! She has short hair, though, and I'm pretty sure it's a dye job. I can see just the faintest hints of roots. But she's not as busty as I am. In fact, her breasts look to be rather on the small side. Maybe even a dreaded A-cup. But I'd bet she's a 32, just like me! Only she's older. I didn't ask how old she was. Since this is only a "one-off" I really didn't care that much. I'd guess she's somewhere around 50-ish, maybe on the younger side, but if so not by more than a couple of years.

Jennifer and I chat for just a couple of minutes. We say nothing about any lesson, either. Just a little girl chat, and a touch of gossip about Andrea. While we sip coffee and chat, Sophie humbly serving us both the coffee, we all utterly ignore James, leaving him to stand idly against the wall.

Without letting him see it, I keep watch on him out of the corner of an eye. It's enough. After a couple of minutes, I see him start to fidget lightly. It was preordained. NO one can stand still very long without starting to fidget a little. Especially a man such as James, who is so clearly lacking proper discipline in his life! It makes me want to gift Jennifer a nice paddle for him!

Once he starts fidgeting, I wait another minute or two. Then I just crook a finger at him, "come, your worthless little sissy bitch." I point him to stand at a place where he's facing both Jennifer and me. He comes over a slight eagerness and a slight resignation, in his step. But he stands where I point him to.

"You won't need anything for this lesson, sissy," I tell him firmly.

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"Perhaps if you asked Mrs. Palmer rather politely she might agree to hold your clothes for you. You may ask her. Either way, strip, sissy." I keep my voice rather detached, as if he is insignificant, yet also firm to, hopefully, let him know that I'm not asking him to get naked. I'm telling him he's about to. I didn't say anything, but if he doesn't ask his wife to take his clothes for him, I am so going to make sure some of them get "lost." He shouldn't leave them just lying around my apartment, should he?

He must have caught the message. I strongly suspect that Andrea has given him a little primer. Or rather given Jennifer one to give him. The little things, like that I *never* ask a sub to do anything. I tell. And that my inner imp likes to come out and cause mischief. Or maybe Andrea just sent him a stern warning to follow my instructions. And take any hints I might give.

"Mrs. Palmer, would you please hold my clothes for me?" He turns and asks Jennifer. It's far from polite. At least by the standards appropriate for a sissy bitch like him.

I don't give Jennifer a chance to answer. I spring to my feet and quickly slap his face. It's not my hardest slap, but it's good enough to sear a tiny pink handprint on his cheek. It won't take but a couple of minutes to fade, but I don't care about that. I just wanted to make sure I really have his attention. His full attention.

It works, too. His head turns quickly to face me, a look of absolute shock on his face. I can see some surprise on Jennifer's face, too. But not nearly as much as I see on his. Hers looks to me to be more the kind of surprise that says she thought his request was polite enough and wonders what he's getting slapped for.

I don't give him a chance to say anything, either. "I said politely, sissy!" I snap without raising my voice. "I didn't even hear 'Ma'am' *once!* And you're *standing!* That is so rude of you to stand over Her while you beg Her for a favor. I should just throw those close in the trash where

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they belong. But I'm so nice, I'll give you one more chance, sissy.

"Get. On. Your. Knees... now try to ask Her politely. Remember, you are nothing here. You are just some stupid sissy bitch here to amuse me. Stop pretending you are an actual person, like Her. People matter. You so do not matter!"

James gets down on his knees. I don't give him the chance to ask her. Instead, I take my crop and swat his knees lightly with it. Very lightly. Just enough to keep his attention focused on me. And maybe enough to get him thinking about how my crop would sting him, should I actually use it on, which it appears I am not just willing, but eager, to do.

"Spread those knees, sissy! Didn't you see my slave-girl spread hers as she knelt? Do you think you're better than a lowly slave-girl? I have news for you. You're not better than a slave. You are *lower* than a slave. At least that slave-girl is capable of doing *something* that pleases me, like serving my guests coffee. You can't even get on your knees."

His knees almost fly apart. Another little tap to their insides urges him to spread them even wider. This tap is just slightly harder, still not hard enough to really leave a mark, but enough for him to know the swats are getting harder each time. He doesn't risk a third. She spreads his knees to their widest.

I swat his ankles, just above his shoes, and tell him to get his feet in line with his knees. Then I swat his bottom and tell him to sit back over his heels. A swat on his back, between his shoulder blades, gets his back up straight. "See, sissy, you can kneel like a proper bitch! And it only took me three times as long to teach you a trick as it takes me to teach my dog a new trick! I guess we can see who is smarter, can't we? Now, be humble and ask *very* politely."

"Miss Palmer, would please be so kind as to hold my clothes for me, Ma'am?" He asks his wife. That, I'll allow. It was so much more humble! She quickly agrees to hang on to them for him.

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He rises to his feet and starts taking his clothes off. He doesn't seem too shy about getting undressed, but like any normal male, he saves his boxer shorts for last. When it's time for those to come down, baring every private thing he has, he hesitates slightly. Then he slips them down with a deep breath. He gives her a pile of clothes.

Or tries to. I stop him, scolding him for being a filthy slobbish sissy. I tap his hands with my crop, very lightly, and make him neatly fold everything. Then I have him kneel and offer her the clothes atop his upturned palms. I teach him that his palms are to be flat, even with his nipples, and six inches out from those tiny nubs.

I can already see it on his face and in his body. He's getting exasperated. He's only now realizing that I have a specific way I am going to make him do just everything. That he's not going to have a choice. That I don't care what's comfortable for him. Or uncomfortable. Or humiliating. I only care that he does what I want, exactly how I want. As if he's just a doll in my playhouse. Which is about what he is here. But I can also see the edge of nervousness starting to creep onto his face.

Jennifer takes the neat pile of clothes and sets it on the table in front of her.

He starts to get back up to his feet now that she's taken the clothes from his hands. I swat him atop his head. He stays on his knees. "You haven't been dismissed, sissy," I tell him firmly.

"You're dismissed," Jennifer tells him.

I allow him to stand. As soon as he's on his feet, he stands with his hands together, casually, but also covering his cock. I swat those hands and scold him yet again for not having them at the small of his back. "If I had a dick that tiny, I'd want to hide it too!" I laugh, "But sissies don't have any modesty here! Or privacy. Or shame. Or... well, anything! Only what little I deign to give them, and I haven't given you anything."

He puts his hands behind his back. It leaves his entire naked body

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on shameless display. For his wife. For me. For my slave. All of whom are dressed. He's the only one naked.

He is definitely not my type. Not even the type that might earn a place in my toybox. But, for a one-off, I guess I can make do. Besides, this is a favor for Andrea's friend, so the normal guidelines go out the window.

He's decently tall, around 5'11". Jennifer warned me that James was a "little overweight." He definitely qualifies. I wouldn't put him at the level of fat, but there's no disputing that he's heavier than he should be. I guess he's close to 250. About 50 pounds more than he should be. About 60 pounds more than I'd allow him to be if he were my property. I'll have to have a little talk with Jennifer. Clearly, she doesn't know what immature creatures sissies are. They need constant supervision! At just everything!

He has a slightly rounded face. I just can't tell if the rounding is so much natural, or if it's a couple of extra pounds rounding out sharper features. He has short hair. It's dark brown and neatly combed. I can see a pair of blue eyes. They're not the most brilliant, or glowing, of eyes, but they are definitely blue. Beneath that is a modest nose that's slightly wide, and well rounded. And then, there's his mouth. It's just on the wider side of average, but mostly straight, and framed with a pair of light purple-tinted lips.

And then the weight starts to show. His shoulders are defined, but the extra pounds round out their features. His chest, and his stomach beneath, are not what I'd call flat. They're more rounded, like a tree trunk. A trunk that noticeably hangs loose. Its skin is loose, but it also hangs down, not quite a full "roll" of fat, but enough of a start on one.

Thankfully his stomach doesn't hang down nearly far enough to offer any coverage of his cock. That would definitely have surpassed the "fat" line. Instead, it only sags to about his waistline. I could see that his pants were underneath the little overhang, not atop of it.

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It leaves his cock fully exposed for my inspection. Now, it's mostly hard. Not quite its stiffest, but certainly hard and well on its way to steely hard. It stands out from a nest of deep brown tangles, not quite straight yet, but standing up and drooping down only a fraction of an inch from straight. Beneath that cock, hang a pair of decently-sized balls, loose in a wrinkly sack.

I'm sizing James up as if he were a piece of meat at my butcher's. And I'm making a show of doing it. A very big show of checking out everything. Not just his private areas, although I'm taking great care to make sure he knows I'm sizing those up, but also the parts of him that he should be the most ashamed of, like his loose, sagging, stomach.

So I take a moment to size up his bottom, too. That's about the most unshapely part of him. His cheeks have swollen to the point where they've lost most of their roundness, instead taking on a loose, hanging, and free look. But they've yet to grow so wide as to expand out past his hips. At the bottom, they sag only slightly, a bit of flab hanging down along their bottom edge, growing slightly as it flows inward to his crack. His crack is obviously closed. Those cheeks are too plump for it to hang open. It's going to be deep, too. He definitely needs a few laps around the equator's worth of mileage on a treadmill. It's the softness of them that I don't care for. I like my cheeks toned and squishably soft. This is the bottom of a man who spends a good part of his life sitting on it.

But he's not so large that his arms and legs really show it. His arms barely at all, only at the tops, where they look to be more loose. It's about the same with his legs. I can see a couple of extra pounds atop his thighs, especially at the insides, where it makes them look rather loose.

I have Sophie fetch me a few things. I leave James standing in front of his seated wife. It has her eyes almost level with his cock. A cock that's only about a foot from her eyes, maybe a little more, but not much. I just wait for Sophie to bring me what I've asked for. Asked for in a way that James won't know what she's fetching.

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Once Sophie is back, I start by looping a long, thick, plastic tie strap around his neck and securing it. But I leave plenty of slack in it, turning into an impromptu collar. Then I take hold of his wrists and bring them up behind his neck. I click a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, slipping their chain through the tie strap. It will ensure that his hands stay up at his neck. No matter what he wants.

Then I gag him. I use a standard ball gag with one tiny modification to it. I've added a little plastic flange, like a tongue depressor, that stands out behind the large ball a couple of inches. It's not quite enough to choke him, but as I wiggle the ball into place just beyond his teeth, I hear him start choking lightly for an instant before it settles. The ball fills his mouth, squishing its sides against everything beyond his teeth, and leaving his teeth to show. It holds his mouth open at its full wideness. If his jaw would allow it, the squishy ball would have it stretched even wider. The little plastic tab lies against his tongue, curving gently at its tip, and presses his tongue hard down. It ensures his tongue won't be moving a bit. Once I have the gag's strap cinched snug around his head, I blindfold him.

None of that seems to come as much of a surprise to him. Maybe Andrea warned him that he might be tied. More likely he's seen plenty of porn online. While most of it is ridiculous, some of it is real enough, or close enough. Close enough for him to have guessed that blindfolds, gags, ropes, chains, and handcuffs typically come along with the whips and crops. Either way, he wasn't surprised or shocked.

And now, he's incapable of doing much on his own. Like objecting to anything. He won't be making a sound unless you count a simple primal grunt. That's all he'll manage with his tongue immobilized. Nor is he going anywhere. Not in an unfamiliar apartment while unable to see. And nor will he be doing anything that requires hands. His are utterly useless to him where I have them bound.

"You are here to learn to appreciate womanhood, sissy. So that's

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what you will do. However, before your lesson, you must be properly cleaned up and groomed. Us ladies care about our appearance, and we put a lot of work into looking nice for our men. Or in Jennifer's case, for her worthless sack of flab.

"Obviously you haven't a clue how to properly groom that wimpy, soft, sissy's body. At least I hope not, since you haven't. I will have my slave do it all for you. You will behave for my slave-girl. Let me make this clear, you *do not* want her to call me."

I snap my fingers. "slave. Come." Sophie hurries over and drops to her knees. "Groom this sissy bitch."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you for entrusting this ridiculous sissy to me, Mistress. I won't disappoint you, Mistress!" She grins as she promises me. I know one thing Jennifer doesn't. Why Sophie is grinning. She just loves to play with cocks, and I've just given her one to amuse herself with. I know she'll take full advantage of the opportunity, too. But if I hadn't wanted her to, I would have told her not to.

Sophie rises to her feet. She's a small girl, like me. Just not quite as small. She has just over an inch on me. But she is lean and her body has a very curvy feminine shape to it. I know James likes her shape. I saw him checking it out the instant he saw it. Then again, the tight stretchy dress she's wearing so immodestly flaunts her body. And her pert breasts.

She takes one hand and wraps it around the shaft of his cock. As her slender fingers are closing around it, his cock snaps to full hardness. It lets me see that his cock isn't that great. It's about 6" long, maybe less, but at least close to six inches. It's not big, but at least it's on the right side of "average." But not by much. It's moderately thick, though. Thick enough to make up for its shortness. I'm just guessing that it might be somewhere approaching 1 ¾" thick. He's circumcised, which leaves the light purple-tinged head of his cock exposed. It seems to have an almost triangular shape, but obviously with its tip well rounded. What it doesn't have is the "bell shape" of a real man. That ridge where his cock head

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swells out past the edge of his shaft. On this cock, the head more seems to just suddenly change color at a little wrinkle and become the shaft without standing out wider or past the edges of his shaft.

"Sissy bitch..." Sophie coos in a very sugary and equally taunting voice. Plus Sophie has a pretty strong accent of the deep south, far more than I do, and that gives her girly voice and little sultriness. "come with me, and I'll groom you like such a pretty little bitch!"

Sophie doesn't wait for an answer. She doesn't need one. She heads for the bathroom. And she keeps her snug grip on his cock, using it for a leash. As men always do, James quickly springs into action and follows his cock. I love leading men around by their dicks. If the giggling smirk on Sophie's face is any kind of clue, so does she. Using her "leash" she leads him away.

And then, once James has followed Sophie as far as the hallway, Jennifer giggles. "I've always wanted to do that!"

"What's stopping you?" I answer, "it's better than a real leash. Men *always* follow their dick." It gets me a fresh giggle from Jennifer.



Chapter 02: Cleaned Up And Out

Chapter 02: Cleaned Up And Out

Sophie takes James to the bathroom. I have two in the apartment, one off of my bedroom that's only for me (and my BFFs), and one off the hall for everyone else from guests to slaves to whores, and even sissies. This one is just a basic, average, apartment bathroom with a tub/shower combination. But that's not the first place Sophie takes him.

While Jennifer and I chat some more on the sofa, and I finally give Jennifer the first hint about James' lesson tonight, Sophie pushes James down, sitting him on the toilet. Since he's unable to do anything for himself right now because of the cuffs and bindings, she takes the moment to position his cock. Or would, except that rock-hard shaft refuses to do anything except stick straight out.

I can hear her scold him in her sternest voice, "stop being such a horny little pecker! My Mistress didn't give you permission for a stiffie, not even one that little! Now make that thingie soft before I have to beg my Mistress to come whip it soft!" It still takes him a couple of minutes, but it sounds like eventually his cock softens up enough that she can aim the tip of it down. I hear her telling him that he has to pee now. Has to. It's not a choice. And a minute later I hear her telling him that pooping now isn't a choice either. Mistress demands that her bitches be clean, inside and out, and he's going to clean himself out for me.

I ignore it. Jennifer can't seem to. She comments to me. "Gawd, you're going to make him just so obedient, aren't you? I mean, toilet on command?"

I giggle. "Well, I know I usually try to go before a date. That way I don't have to leave him sitting there while I make a trip."

"Yeah, I used to, too. When I was still dating, that is. Like an eternity ago."

"There you go! He's going on a date, isn't he? You want him to really know what it's like to be a girl, I figure he should be doing all the things girls do to get ready for our dates. And trust me, I know little

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sissies like him. They always try to weasel their way out of everything. But not here. Oh, no."

A couple of minutes later Sophie hurries out to me and kneels as she waits for permission to speak. When I allow her, she tells me "I'm so incredibly sorry, Mistress! I'm trying! But that stupid little bitch in there just refuses to clean out his bottom for you, Mistress!"

"Very well, slave. Fetch me a yellow one, number 12, with an 8 tip." I tell her sweetly, "I'll take care of it and teach the fat slob to be an obedient fat slob."

"Thank you, Mistress!" Sophie squeals excitedly. Then she hops to her feet and scurries off.

I get up as well. Jennifer asks me, a slightly wary note in her voice as it sinks in just how deeply she's gotten James into this, "What are you going to do to him?"

"I am going to teach him that obedience isn't a choice here. That when I say to do something, he's going to do it, whether he wants to or not. And if he tries to be a naughty, disobedient, bitch, I won't care. He'll still end up being obedient. Just less comfortably than if he behaved his jiggly butt." I'm smirking wide, and it's my evil smirk. I think Jennifer catches it. She asks if she's allowed to come along. I tell her "of course you are! This will be quite a show!" She looks suddenly uncomfortable as she rises to her feet. And follows me to the bathroom, a slight hesitancy in her steps.

By the time I get there, Sophie's there already and waiting for me. What I asked for is sitting on the counter beside the sink. A twelve-ounce syringe-style enema, preloaded with the yellow fluid (mineral oil with a couple of drops of food coloring). It has an eight-inch long, pencil-thick, pre-lubricated tip already attached to it. It looks huge. The clear syringe is the same size as a can of soda, and just as full.

Beside the counter, James sits on the toilet, dumbly oblivious to

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what's going on. And to what Sophie has brought in.

Jennifer, however, freezes in her steps as she sees what I've ordered up. And knows what's about to happen to James. Something she definitely did not consider might be on the menu tonight. Oops. I had warned her that everything G-d created was a possibility. I'm sure He created the enema. Maybe right from the start. For all I know, Eve used to use a good enema to keep Adam in line!

I don't waste my time. Nor do I bother with any niceties for James. I just reach down and grab a big (OK, small, but only because my hands are so small) handful of cock and balls. "On your feet, bitch!" I snap in a cold, stern, and disapproving voice. I don't wait for James to get his bulk moving. I pull up, and I pull hard. James cries out a grunt that's as much shock as it is pain. He about jumps up to his feet, too.

I glance in the bowl. It leaves me no question what he's done and what he hasn't. "Didn't my very polite and obedient slave tell you to empty that bottom, sissy?" He can't answer. He can only grunt and nod his head. "Never mind, she's obedient, of course, she did.

"But you are disobedient since you didn't." I release my vise grip on his balls. He exhales with relief. I grab his head, shifting my hand up just as quickly as I can. Then I pull his head forward and down, half pushing him, half throwing him, down to lean over the counter with his face in the sink. "Don't say I didn't warn your sissy butt, bitch."

I use one hand to shove his loose cheeks apart. Way apart. They're big enough, and loose enough, that they jiggle as I shove them apart. I wonder how Jennifer can stand this guy. I'd never let him touch me.

It completely bares his asshole. There's a faintly pink wrinkle, a single line, that begins in the fur on his sack and runs straight up. Around the bottom edge of those big cheeks, that little line runs into a slightly-purple, and irregular, swatch of skin. There are a few strays hairs on his cheeks, but not many. A couple of more in his deep crack, but

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they're all a little ways away from his asshole. That's fairly large. But it's also tight, or at the very least, tightly closed now. It looks almost like a little line, maybe a quarter of an inch long. All around it, the darker flesh steadily wrinkles up into little lines that all flow into that tiny slit. But I don't see a defined ring of muscle, as I'd prefer to. His asshole looks more as if the darker, wrinkle flesh, simply turns inward and caves in. Obviously, there is a ring of muscle, but the extra pounds on his cheeks are enough to conceal it.

I put the greasy tip of the enema syringe against the little slit. James immediately cringes. He flinches. He groans something long, very desperate and pleading, that the gag ensures no one has a clue as to what he's trying to beg. He tries to stand up. I shove his shoulders back down, pushing them firmly against the counter with a faint crash. He wiggles his bottom, jiggling his cheeks as if trying to move his asshole away from the tip.

I shove. And this time I'm not especially gentle about it. I just shove every bit of the eight-inch long tube right through his asshole. Almost as soon as the very tip of it presses into the valley of his ring, James grunts out another desperate-sounding plea for mercy, in the form of a primal grunt. I can see his asshole tense uptight, squeezing hard against the narrow tube as if that's going to stop it!

I don't stop until the base of the syringe is flush against the valley of his crack. Then I start steadily pushing the plunger. The liquid immediately begins filling his rectum with its icy coldness.

James cries out loudly and urgently. He's not still, either. He tries to stand up again, and I shove him back down a little harder. He tries to get his bottom away from me. He doesn't. After a couple of seconds, and not much more than a couple of ounces, I see his hands gripping hard onto the back of his neck – the only thing they can reach. A second later I see his toes curl up, too. And his body gets stiff. He tries once more to grunt out a plea for me to stop.

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He gets about half of the enema before he grunts out with the discomfort of being filled to his limit. A limit he's not even close to yet. He tries to shift his hips to the side, to step to the side, away from me and stand. I don't let him. I keep him pinned in place, leaning over the counter, and getting his bottom pumped full.

Around the halfway mark, James really starts to fuss about it. His grunts turn strained, showing his discomfort. His squirming grows hard, too. But I can keep him pinned in place. And I do. I don't stop until James has every drop of the fluid inside his bottom. Then I yank the entire length of the tube out with a single, fast, sharp pull. His asshole cinches impossibly tight the instant the tube is out of it. And now I can make out the faint lines of his ring of muscle, as both, he strains to clench tight, and the fullness in his bowels pushes hard against the inside of his asshole, puckering it out slightly.

I grab James should and pull him to stand up. He cries out a very deep and pained grunt as I force him to keep moving despite the sudden cramp he feels, low in his gut, right where his pubes meet his waistline. I shove him back against the wall. With a single hand against his chest, right between his nipples, I hold his back against the wall.

"Now would you like to be a good sissy and go potty for my slave-girl?"

He nods yes vigorously enough that I could imagine his head flying off his shoulders. He must want me to know just how badly he would like to behave now. I can even see a little wetness at the corners of his eyes as if he's about to prove his sissy-hood and cry like the bitch he is.

There's no reason to waste a good enema. Since I've already gone through the trouble of filling his bottom, he might as well get the full benefit of its cleansing. "slave, this bitch will wait the full five minutes. It can just stand there where I put it. If it has an accident, come get me so I can teach it just how much more its fat bottom can really hold. With the help of a cork, that is."

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Sophie giggles a very girly giggle. "Yes, Mistress." And she glances at her watch. I already know that Sophie will time him to the second. He won't get even that much leeway from her.

I leave them standing there. Jennifer decides to follow me back to the living room. "You're going to make him wait... like that?" She asks with as much discomfort as questioning in her voice. I tell her that I am because that's how long it takes for it to have the full cleansing effect. And since I had to administer it, he's getting the full treatment. "Of course, if he'd obeyed my slave, he wouldn't be suffering right now. Hopefully, he'll learn that I don't care how uncomfortable he is. He will do what he's told. Or I will make him. You have to admit, that enema is going to make him do what he was told. No matter how little he'd like to. The discomfort of it will only remind him that obedience is the better path here."

Sophie makes him wait. And when she finally returns him to the toilet, I can hear the explosive jet of water spewing from him all the way out here. By the little cringe I get, it seems like Jennifer can hear it as well.



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It's an hour later before Sophie leads James back out to the living room. By now he's not only used the toilet but has been thoroughly "cleaned up." His teeth are brushed and flossed. He's been put in the shower. His face has been shaven. His body has been rendered totally hairless from the shoulders down.

And Sophie has put makeup on him. Expertly. A little cover-up to smooth out his face. A little powder. A little mascara. Pastel green eyeliner. "Slut red" lipstick. She's even tweezed his eyelashes and plucked his eyebrows.

Jennifer gasps when she finally sees what I've done to him. Despite his size, he now has a decidedly feminine aura to him. Well, as much as Sophie could do with makeup and some Nair. There's nothing I can do about the way he carries himself. At least it's not ultra-manly like a linebacker or something. But there's no flow or gentle wave to his walk either.

"Oh my Gawd!" Jennifer gasps. "he almost even looks like a woman!"

I laugh. "Hey, the best way to learn to appreciate women is to be a woman! Now he gets to be a woman for a couple of hours. After this experience, he won't be nearly such a pig!"

I send Sophie to fetch the clothes that I ordered for him. He does have a date tonight. He might not know that yet, but he's the only one. And just wait until he sees the surprise I've got for him!

Sophie giggles loud and long as she hurries off to fetch the box. I didn't buy him anything expensive, even though Jennifer actually paid for it. I just clicked up a few little things on Amazon. But even though Jennifer paid for it, she hasn't seen what I've chosen for him. Now that I see his size, a tiny part of me wishes I'd picked something else. A very tiny part. The rest of me is going to enjoy the added humiliation of this outfit.

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Once Sophie is back, I start getting him dressed in the same order that a woman would dress for a date. Or at least that I would. But I leave his hands bound, and I leave him gagged. It'll work better this way. HE won't be able to object.

Sophie brings out the first item. A pair of sheer, see-through black panties. They're in his gargantuan (for a woman) size, but they're still tiny. They have a little triangle of a fabric that's silky soft but almost looks like window screen on the front. It will barely cover his pubes. They're not much bigger in the back, the triangle of identical fabric back there won't cover more than half of his cheeks. And they're cut low on his hips, with narrow little bands of a stretchy ribbon for their sides.

Sophie pulls them up on him. The first thing I notice is how the back of them leaves a little more of his globes bared than I'd anticipated. I count that as a plus. It covers his crack fully, but at the bottom, not much more before angling up to the waistband. A waistband that's at least a full inch, maybe more, lower than the top of his crack.

I peek around front. From there I can see the sack of his balls straining the fabric and filling it, puffing it out. His cock, now as stiff as a steel rod, stands up straight, the waistband of the panties holding it against his stomach. About two inches up from the base of his shaft. The rest of that stiff cock sticks out over the waistband.

"Oh this not going to do!" I squeal. I take hold of his shaft and pull it so it's standing out straight from him. It pushes the waistband of those panties down. I hold it tightly, giving it a good squeeze. "Didn't I tell you about having inappropriate thoughts? I didn't give you permission for an erection, so why is there one in my hand?"

I use my other hand to pinch the head of his cock. And I pinch it hard. James grunts and squeals into the gag. "No erections without permission, sissy. Stop being such a bad little bitch." After about three seconds, not nearly enough time for him to do anything, I release his shaft but keep my pinching grip on his head. I give his cock a firm, but not too

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hard, of a swat with my crop. "Erections are bad, sissy!" I count to five. I swat it again and scold him exactly the same.

By the fifth swat, his cock is nicely pink. But it's also floppy and soft, as hard as a wet noodle. I'd bet this is as soft as it gets. And it's shrunken. Now it's under four inches long, maybe closer to three inches than four. And no more than an inch thick. I hang onto it, keeping my pinch on its head.

"Obviously I can't trust a sissy like you to behave!" I scold him, "so I'll just make sure that useless little cock behaves itself!" I put a little excitement into my voice. "Slave, a Chinese tube, now."

Neither James nor Jennifer has a clue what I've sent Sophie for. But both suddenly look more than a little nervous when they hear Sophie excited giggling and her squealing "Oh, YES! Mistress!" OK, James looks to be far more nervous than Jennifer. It makes sense. Whatever I have in mind, James is going to suffer it. The worst Jennifer will have to endure is hearing how awful it was later.

Sophie returns with the device I asked for. It's just a little tube, made exactly like those little paper tubes we called "Chinese handcuffs" in grade school. Except it's not paper, it's made of thin plastic strips, covered with a soft fabric, and interlaced. This tube is about five inches long, which makes it longer than his soft cock. And it's about an inch wide, but it's also almost fully relaxed now. And it has a long string attached to the tip of one end.

I start at the end that doesn't have the string on it. I put that right to the tip of his cock. Only then do I release my pinch on his sensitive head. And I quickly start shoving the narrow tube over his cock. It takes some shoving, too. His cock is just about as thick as the opening of the tube. But his cock is soft, and thus easily squished to a narrower width. Easily squished about any way I want, too.

I had Sophie leave James's blindfold off. Otherwise, the fabric of it

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would have just ruined his makeup! But it also lets him finally see. He watches as I stuff his cock into the little tube, his eyes wide, his face scrunched up as unhappily as it's ever been. I even hear a little moan of nervousness and revulsion through his gag.

Jennifer watches, too. After a few seconds, I see a little smirk on her face as she realizes how that tube is going to work. It's just not big enough to accommodate his stiff cock. As his cock tries to swell up, it will just strain harder and harder against the unyielding tube.

But that's not the worst of it for James. As soon as I have the tube all the way over his cock, Sophie hands me a long and narrow plastic tie strap, like a three-foot-long zip tie. I cinch that snug around his waist. Then I thread the string under it. It's a fairly heavy string. Heavy enough that there's no chance of it breaking.

I pull the string tight. As I do, I position the tube, and his soft cock inside, to lie flush against his pubes. It pulls his cock flat against his sack. And then it pulls his sack flat against his body, pushing one ball to either side of the tube. The tip of the tube stops just before it would enter the crack of his bottom from the very bottom. But the string doesn't. It goes right up his crack the same as a g-string would. One I have his cock pulled flat and tucked up underneath his pubes, pinning his balls up too, I tie the string off.

Then I pull his panties back up. Now they look like panties on a girl. And sit almost the same! At least the same as they would on a woman with a puffy pussy mound. But panties take that into account. "That is so much better!" I squeal happily.

James is not happy. I'm sure he can already feel the tube squishing around his cock. I don't know if he's figured it out yet or not. But that tube isn't widening. Nor is going anywhere. His cock is going to stay right where I left it, tucked up under him, squeezed fully, and even curled. No amount of blood is going to swell that cock to stiffness now. Instead, whenever it tries to get hard, it's just going to strain against the

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tube and become painful for James. The pain will remind his cock that it doesn't want to be hard.

Next Sophie puts a pair of slightly dark tan nylons on him. And follow those up with a garter belt that matches his panties.

Sophie comes out of the box with a matching bra. It has the same sheer see-through cups. Or what it passes as cups. They're more just lace-fringed triangles of fabric. I've chosen to make him a C-cup. It's a reasonable size, and not too big of a size, with a band of 44. Most actual females with a 44" band would have much bigger breasts than a mere C-cup. They'd be loose, but they'd be big. James's breasts aren't going to be loose. That's because his are little bags of saline with a thin covering of foam. But the strapless bra does its job. It pulls those pseudo-mounds up and pushes them together into a nice pair of pert breasts with a full, but lace-covered, cleavage between them. I had to find a bra like this, one that covered the insides of his mounds but was also skimpy. Since his mounds are prosthetic, it's not like I could let them show. But I wanted him to have the full experience. To know what it feels like to have guys trying to peek down that cleavage.

Next Sophie has a slip for him. One with a high hemline at the bottom.

And then, there's his dress. It's a dark hunter green. It's silky and shiny, too. It's strapless, hence the need for a strapless push-up bra. That lets Sophie put it on him without unlocking his hands. She just pulls it up over him. It is not a dress that flatters an ample figure. I wondered why they'd even make a dress like this in a size this big. Surely no woman is so tawdry as to wear it! It snugly hugs his body. Its bottom hemline is only a couple of scant inches beneath the lowest point of his bottom. On top, it snuggles him all the way to his breasts. It has a little dip for his cleavage, but not much of one. It hugs him tightly.

It's a dress a girl with a figure would wear on a date. Not a girl with a figure like his. I like the high hemline of its skirt. He is so going to

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learn a few womanly tricks from that hemline. Like to squat instead of bending over and poking his bottom out for the world to gawk at. I'm sure he'll learn to appreciate how much trouble these tight, sexy, dresses are, too. How that skirt is going to be constantly creeping up his thighs and forcing him to fix it.

I have a pair of four-inch-heeled pumps for him to wear, too. They're high heels, but pumps are much easier to walk in, and I don't want him tripping over his own feet tonight. Besides, pumps do have a "fuck-me" aura to them.

I even accessorized the outfit for him. I found a pair of white earrings for him to wear. They're clip-on. And they are big bimbo hoops. And I have a white purse to go with it. To make sure he carries his purse as a woman would, I've put a few things in it he won't want to lose. Like his driver's license and other IDs. No money. No phone. But a couple of spare tampons, and the tube of lipstick for touch-ups. Even though I know he's not going to touch it up.

Now that he's dressed up for his date, I have Sophie take him to the little hard stool beside my desk. And sit him there. Where he sits, bound and gagged, while us actual ladies completely ignore him.

The knock on my door comes exactly at 6:00 pm. Sophie answers it, and after making sure it's the person I'm expecting, shows him in. I haven't met him before. All I know about him is that his name is Rory. He's a junior at Florida State University. And his BFF is good friends with my BFF #2 (Reagan's) boyfriend. I care that he's from somewhere else. I care that he male. And willing to help out. And that's about all I care about. It's why I asked Reagan if she knew anyone. FSU is over 100 miles from here! (I still can't believe she went there, just because her boyfriend did! She could be here at USA with us!)

I introduce myself to him. Jennifer sits with a surprised look on her face. Then she eyes him over rather appreciatively. She must be assuming that Rory will be my date tonight. He's cute enough. He's tall,

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around 6'0". He's lean and it looks like he is decently muscular. Reagan told me that he "played sports." I didn't even guess what she meant by that. He's no linebacker, but he definitely looks athletic. He tells me that he's on the volleyball team. Not exactly the football team (not that I'd call the Seminoles a football team anyway), but he's still cute.

Reagan told me that he was "a prankster." I can see that in him almost immediately. She also told me that he's bisexual, a total "man-slut" and even after she told him what I wanted, he was willing. He thought it would be "hilarious." Fine by me.

Rory has a slightly "shabby" look to him. His hair is dark and wavy, cut neither long nor short, but bushy as it hangs almost to his shoulders. He has brown eyes. But he is cleanly shaven. And I catch a whiff of some aftershave or cologne, something with a "beach-y" scent. He's dressed nicely for his date, by college standards. He has clean jeans on, with a pull-over short-sleeved shirt. And sneakers instead of flip-flops. He's very well-tanned, too. He looks like he belongs on a beach. But maybe the entire volleyball team looks like him. It is kind of a beach sport.

I guide Rory over to where James is sitting. "Rory, this is Jessica." Now that James looks like a woman, I figured he needed a new name to go with the new look. "Jessica will be your date tonight."

Jennifer's eyes about pop out of her head in surprise. I've told her that James was going on a date tonight, I just never mention that he was going to be the girl on the date. Apparently, she must have assumed James would be paired with a woman! Now how would he ever learn about being a woman like that?

James shirks back, a look of horror sweeping over his face as it dawns on him that he's about to go on a date with another man. And much worse, that I've just turned him into a girl for it!

I tap James on his hip with my crop. The light sting of its swat is

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enough to get his attention. I sternly tell him "say hello to your date, Jessica, and be polite like a proper girl."

James sits there for a second. Then he stutters badly, his voice breaking, as he finally says "hello, Sir, it's nice to meet you..." The shamed muteness of his voice, and the look on his face that he's anything but pleased.

"Hey, Jessica..." Rory smiles at him. "You look seriously sweet tonight." He smiles. It makes James cringe even more as he thinks that this young man might actually think he does look decent as a girl.

I'm sure James thinks he looks ridiculous. But he doesn't. Sophie has done her usual excellent job. James looks like a woman, albeit a fairly heavy one. One would have to look very closely to see that "she" is a he. Up until it comes to the way James carries himself. There's still too much masculinity in the way he moves. Not so much he couldn't pass for a masculine lesbian, but too much for a girly girl. And then, there's his voice. But there's not much I can do about that.

"I thought we could grab a bite..." Rory is still smiling as he offers James his hand. "There's an awesome place around here that's got a live band, dancing, and I'm told edible food. I hear you like country music, which is what they've got tonight." I picked the place. Mostly because it's one of the places around here where they know me. And they don't mind... whatever, as long as everyone behaves. They don't mind same-gender dates. They don't mind when I bring Sophie in on her leash. They don't mind much. And I know the bartender. I've warned him what I sending tonight. He just laughed hard and assured me there next time I come in, there's going to be another picture over the bar.

James very reluctantly takes Rory's hand and allows himself to nudged up to his feet. He stars at Jennifer with the most pleading look on his face, as if begging her to end this lesson. I'm sure he'd love to assure her that he's learned his lesson. But he doesn't. He doesn't have much time to. Rory is fairly quick to lead James over to the door.

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"Remember, Rory, Jessica has a 10:00 pm curfew."

"Sure. I'll have her back." He winks at me. Then he starts to lead James out. James tries to pull his hand away, but Rory hangs onto it. James ends up following Rory. And hanging his head down, trying not to be seen.

Once he's gone, Jennifer tells me she'd never thought I'd make James go out with a man. "That has got to be so humiliating for him!"

"And come curfew, Jessica will understand things from the woman's point of view!"

"Oh, yeah! He's gonna do that. Rory is kinda cute, too..."

"He is. I'm sure Jessica is about to discover that Rory is also bisexual." I smirk widely.

Jennifer blanches and glares at me with disbelief. "Oh, Lordy, James is gonna die when he figures that out!"

"Aw... I wanted it to be a realistic date for her!"



Chapter 04: A Happy Ending

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Jennifer and I decide to go out for supper. Then, I see another look of horrified shock on her face when I send Sophie to fetch her leash. I clip the leash to Sophie's collar. Jennifer can't stand it another second. She asks "are you seriously going to make her go out on a leash, like a dog?"

"Of course not!" I tell her firmly, but with a little giggle in my voice. "I'm taking her out leashed like a slave! My dog never gets leashed! Lilly... where are you, sweetheart?"

Lilly comes trotting out of my bedroom. Slowly and lazily. She's a four-year-old pit bull. And she suffers from Breed Dysphoria - she's a toy poodle trapped in a pit bull's body. Despite her breed's reputation, Lilly is the most gentle dog I've ever met. She's mostly black, but with a good bit of white to her fur, especially on her face. And she is adorable! She's my "foster dog." She actually belongs to an elderly man two floors down, but he spends a lot of time in the hospital, and when he does, Lilly comes to my realm. Lately, she's been spending almost all of her time here. I suspect, sooner rather than later, it will be all of her time.

She trots out and sits right next to Sophie. She just glances at Jennifer, the unknown lowly human in the house. Then, Lilly swats the kneeling Sophie on her thigh. It's a decent swat, for a dog. Sophie gets the hint. "Yes, my Princess," Sophie humbly answers. Then she pets Lilly. And Lilly smiles. I think. It definitely looks like a smile.

"Does she bite?" Jennifer asks with a touch of wariness in her voice.

"Only hamburgers," I reassure her. "But she is very demanding about getting attention from people. Luckily she has Sophie well trained to pet her on command."

"I see that." Now there's a bit of giggle in Jennifer's voice.

We head for another of the little places along Dauphin Street where I live. It's a quieter place, one that serves good food and foregoes the music, dancing, and partying. And it's another of the places where I'm

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known. Another of the places where they're used to the leashed Sophie. Nor do they question anything when I get two meals to go, a grilled chicken breast for Paige (whom I never take out anywhere – she's too skanky!) and a hamburger for Lilly. Plus they know me so well they know the hamburger is for Lilly. They add an extra patty to it for her. Lilly will like that. And it won't ruin her appetite. She'll still eat the fries and veggies that come with, too. In fact, she'll eat anything except for dog food. But I've never tried to give her dog food. Lilly eats what everyone else does at my house. And loves it. She'll even come to the table and eat off a styrofoam plate without making a mess. I know, I spoil her!

When we return home, Lilly is waiting at the table for her supper. Sophie serves it to Lilly, just as if Lilly were a person. Except that she sets Lilly plate on the floor instead of the table. Then Sophie takes Paige's plate to her.

Jennifer and I just chat to pass the time while James is out on his date with Rory. As time goes by, Jennifer slowly changes her mind. She decides that James is getting a very good lesson. She only wonders how the date is going. We agree that it can't be going too badly, or Rory would have brought James back early. And Jennifer decides that maybe after spending an evening in heels, James will stop trying to get her to wear stilettos for him. Those are not comfy!

Rory brings James home about five minutes before "curfew." It makes me smile as I think about how many boys brought me home about five minutes to curfew when I was still a teenager! It was a sure sign that the date had gone decently well. Otherwise, I'd have walked away long ago. It makes me think that Rory enjoyed his date with James, at least a little, too.

I ask him. "Oh, yeah," he tells me. "Jessica isn't much of a dancer, but we had some awesome conversation. She can actually talk about football. Now if she was only a Seminole's fan."

"Why would anyone want to be a Seminole's fan? Did I miss

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something? Did they stop scouting the girl scout troops for their recruits?"

"Screw you." Rory laughs, "Go 'Noles."

"You mean Semi-Holes, not Seminoles." I tease back. It gets me the hugest grin from Sophie. She's originally from Ocala, Florida, and she's a die-hard Gators' fan. The arch-enemy of the Seminoles. I, however, am not that big of a football fan. Just Alabama and my beloved USA Jaguars. Thankfully both seldom play the Gators. It will just kill poor Sophie to have to root against her team, and for mine! At least the current COVID-19 outbreak spared Sophie that unpleasantness - USA's game against her Gators was canceled when the SEC went to a conference-only schedule. But I did find the cutest little bra and panty set for Sophie: it's royal blue and fringed in an orange lace. I let her wear that if her Gators are on TV and my teams aren't. She makes the most adorable cheerleader in it!

Jennifer sits quietly on the sofa and watches James with Rory. James looks to be utterly disgusted and humiliated. He is so clearly hoping his date is at an end. Rory doesn't seem to notice. He just goes on as if James had been thrilled with the date. All James wants to do is get away from Rory.

Rory, however, won't have any of that. He's standing close beside James, holding him with an arm sweetly around James' waist. James tries to shirk away, but it does him no good. Rory must have some strength in those arms. He isn't even working to keep the hefty "Jessica" nuzzled at his side.

And then, Rory does what all guys inevitably do at the end of a date. He puts "his moves" on "Jessica." He moves a little quickly. Not so fast, but fast enough that James doesn't see it coming. Rory just swivels his head around and puts his lips to James. Before James knows what's happening, Rory's tongue is slipping into his mouth.

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James flinches hard. Very hard. He tries to pull back from Rory's kiss. But Rory keeps his arm around James' waist and holds him tight. Not just still, but pulling James snugly against his body.

With their lips together I don't have much of a view of James' face. But I can see enough of it to know it's scrunched up. And I can see the skin of his cheeks paling. I can see the tension in his muscles, especially at his neck, as he keeps trying to pull away.

James doesn't have a chance. Rory holds him and keeps right on kissing him. It doesn't even seem to matter much that James isn't kissing him back. In other words, Rory is being such a typical guy! I wonder how many girls James has put this same move on. I hope now he really understands how the girl felt when he did.

Jennifer watches. I don't want to disturb the scene, so I don't say anything to her. But I do try to read her face. I don't even have to do that to know that this move has been put on her more than a few times. I think all women have gotten it at some point. It doesn't look like she's too bothered to see James kiss a guy. Nor does it seem to bother her too much that James is so obviously less than willing. Maybe she shares my sense of poetic justice.

When Rory finally releases James, he quickly turns his head away and gags just slightly. Everyone laughs, but we mute it. Then Rory tells James "You are such a hot kisser, girl!" James immediately gags, this time hard.

I slip onto the sofa beside Jennifer. Since she doesn't seem offended by what she's seen so far, I lean over and whisper into her ear. "I want James to really grasp womanhood. Especially the way men so try to take advantage of us after a date. I want him to understand what it's really like to be pressured into something he doesn't really want to do yet. You know James better than anyone. If that were James on a date with a cute girl, what would he want from her?"

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"That's easy. Oral. We've been married 20 years and he still tries to get me to do it after taking me out someplace nice. He just loves it so much... I just don't like doing it nearly as much..."

I nod to Rory and point quickly to my mouth. It's enough of a cue for him where to go.

"Wait!" Jennifer suddenly whispers urgently into my ear, "You're not going to make him---" Jennifer stops in mid-sentence when she hears Rory.

"Come on, Jessica... how about a little treat after our date..." Rory says to her.

Jennifer averts her eyes. I guess she's figured out what Rory is going to try and cajole James to do.

James balks. It's clear he's not sure what Rory wants. And just as clear that he's sure, whatever it is, he doesn't want any part of it. He doesn't really say anything. He just sorts of stutters and sputters.

"You know, a little treat for me... Come on, Jessica, I really like you and it would like the perfect ending for our date... if you were just so good to me..."

I think that's when James figures it out. "No way!" He blurts it out urgently and very firmly, his voice riddled with disgust.

I join in, standing up and stepping over beside James. "Come on, Jessica, be a good girl..."

James tries to pull away from Rory and me. I take my crop and swat the backs of his knees with it. It's not a very hard swat, but it surprises him. His knees buckle and he ends up dropping onto his knees right in front of Rory.

"Oh, yeah, Jessica!" Rory says, his voice is suddenly enthusiastic. "That would be so sweet of you, baby!"

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James tries to get back to his feet. My little foot, planted firmly on the back of his knee, keeps him down. He tries to squirm away.

Rory puts his hands to the sides of James' head. "Come on, baby... you totally know what guys like, don't you, baby... now you're just teasing me!" He nudges James head forward, towards his crotch.

"You want me to... LIKE A GIRL?" James blurts out desperately. He still tries to pull away from Rory. But we hold him down on his knees.

"You are a girl, Jessica!" I remind him in my mean-girl bully voice.

Rory just unzips his pants and lets his cock jut out. And it definitely juts out. It's even bigger than James'. I'd guess Rory has about seven inches of thick shaft. And right now, it's rock hard.

With James on his knees, Rory's cock point almost perfectly at James' lips. And the tip of his cock is only about an inch or two from those lips. It gives James a view I'm sure he never thought he'd get of a cock. Straight on. Rory's eager cock pointing straight at his face.

I'd never tolerate outright rape, here or anywhere else. But I will gladly pressure a sub to do anything. Even things he thinks he doesn't want to do. Or doesn't want to do. I casually take my foot from James' knee. On cue, Rory holds James' head only lightly. Light enough that James could easily pull away if he tried. Rory strokes the side of James' face affectionately.

"You are such a tease, baby." He tells her in his sweetest voice. I wonder how many girls, and guys, have heard that same voice from him after a date. "Come on, Jessica, stop teasing me and make me the happiest man alive..."

He gently nudges James' head forward. "Jennifer!" James blurts out desperately, his voice now pure panic. "Mrs. Palmer, please! I'm sorry for being a male pig! Please, don't let them make me do this! I'm not a girl! Please!"

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Jennifer surprises me. "Why not, *Jessica*? James always tries to get me to this for him after taking me out. If James wants me to pay for my date on my knees, then *Jessica* can damn well pay for her date on her knees!" She says it rather firmly, too.

Rory taps the back of James' head. A little tear rolls out of the corner of James' eye and down his cheek. Rory taps the back of his head again, nudging his lips a little closer. Not they're almost touching the tip of Rory's cock.

I reach down to James's jaw. I pinch the corners of his mouth hard, forcing his jaw wide open. Then I take my fingers away. James's mouth stays open, but not quite as wide. In front of his lips, Rory's cock twitches a tiny bit. James's face wrinkles. He closes his eyes. Then, very slowly, as reluctantly as possible, he moves his lips forward.

I'm sure James is wondering how far this will go. I'm sure he's counting on Jennifer, if no one else, to stop it before it gets really bad for him. I don't know about her, but I know neither Rory nor I will.

James plants a very light, and exceptionally quick, closed-mouth kiss atop Rory's shaft. Then he pauses for a second as if he thinks we'll magically decide he's gone far enough and spare him. "Ooh..." Rory purrs, "that so good *Jessica*, let me have it, baby..."

I tap James again on the back of his head. He gives it another little kiss. I tap him again. This time he opens his lips and takes about a quarter-inch of cock head into his lips. Then he just kneels there with it in his lips for a couple of seconds.

"Quit being a tease, bitch," I scold James, "be a good *girl* and give Rory a real blow job now." I tap the back of his head.

No one has a hand on James when he finally gets himself moving. He starts inching his head forward. It's the most reluctant blow job I've ever seen, and I've seen more than a few of them.

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James moves his head slowly. He takes very little of the cock into his mouth, really no more than the head of it. I don't see his cheeks puckering in, so I doubt he's sucking. And I'm sure he's not even thinking of using his tongue or anything else skillful. He keeps his hands on his thighs, something I suspect is mostly because he doesn't want to be touching another guy if he can avoid it.

I scold him to suck. "After all you guys do call it 'sucking dick,' don't you. So suck, bitch."

A second later I see his cheeks pull in, but very slightly.

Rory purrs a slightly loud "Oh... yeah, baby." a few seconds later he puts his hands to James's head and grips it by James's ears. He starts pulling James forward, steadily making him take more and more of the cock into his mouth.

It's not long before James is taking about half of Rory's cock into his mouth. It's enough of Rory's big shaft that James has got to be feeling the tip of Rory's cock head against the back of his mouth with every stroke. "That's it, baby, you are dynamite, girl!" Rory encourages her as he releases James' head.

James reluctantly, and slowly, keeps sucking on Rory's cock. I decide that James must have some secret fantasy about doing this. He must. If that were me on my knees... I have teeth, and Rory would now be a eunuch. I don't do anything when I don't want to. I've been pressured by a few guys, but that never got them anywhere with me. Just kicked out and assured it was their last date with me and anyone I know. But few girls have the assertiveness that I do.

He doesn't look happy about it, but James goes on sucking Rory's cock. He must be doing a fair job at it, too. I can see that Rory's cock is staying at its full rock-hardness. And I can see the tanned flesh of his shaft glistening with a fine film of James's saliva. I just try not to think about *that* flesh got its suntan. Clearly, there isn't a tan line anywhere on

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Rory's body. Anywhere.

It goes on for about three or four minutes. James sucking Rory's cock as inexpertly as it can be done. As if it's his first time, ever. Which I'm certain it is.

Rory finally grabs hold of James's ears again. At the same moment, Rory's hips start thrusting forward with long, sharp, powerful strokes. Each stroke seems to ram Rory's shaft a little past James's comfort point, making James gag on it as the head of Rory's cock goes too deeply into his mouth. Rory doesn't notice. Steadily his thrusts grow even sharper and more urgent.

It goes on for maybe fifteen seconds. By the end, James' head isn't even moving. It's still, Rory holding it in a vise-tight grip as he rams his cock into James' mouth as if it were a pussy. Or a bottom. I'm just assuming the bisexual Rory is no stranger to either.

Rory grunts a very loud, and satisfied "AH!" He draws it out for a couple of seconds. As he does, the thrusts of his cock soften.

James' face scrunches up hard. He gags and keeps gagging hard. A second later I see the first drops of Rory's white, creamy cum start running from the corners of James' mouth. I guess now he's gotten a good taste of Rory. And knows what a man tastes like for a girl.

Rory goes on his strokes a little gentler, but still fucking James's mouth as he holds it still. It takes him close to a minute to finish his orgasm. Only then does he pull back far enough that his cock slips from James's lips and releases James's head.

James immediately turns his head to the side, gagging hard as he does. He chokes. Then his head falls forward as he coughs out a good-sized puddle of Rory's cum. It doesn't help. No will spitting get that taste out of his mouth. James keeps gagging and spitting.

I grab hold of James by his ears. It seemed to work for Rory, and

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it's definitely a demeaning way to control a man. I pull him up to his feet.

"You naughty little girl! Didn't mommy teach you any manners? Girls do not spit all over their hostesses' floors. That is just so rude!

"Come along. Since you want to be a rude girl, you'll just have to learn to behave!"



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Rory excused himself and left after thanking me for introducing him to Jessica. Jessica, Rory assures me, was a very fun date.

I took James back to the playroom. Jennifer came along, too. As soon as we got there, I again cuffed James' hands to the back of his neck. Then I told him it was time for his punishment, that now he was going to learn to respect a woman's home. My home specifically. Then I gagged him again. But once he was gagged, he was greatly relieved as I had Sophie undress him. Fully. I doubt it was his eagerness to be naked in a room full of clothes ladies. But he was definitely eager to be out of his dress. And his panties.

No one has a clue what I'm going to do with James now. Not even Sophie. I haven't told her anything. She probably has a guess, though. I've owned her long enough that she has a pretty good idea of what I might do with a male toy. At least in a general sense. But poor Jennifer is clueless as her husband stands there, nude and bound. Well, almost

I get the vise. Usually, I'd send Sophie for it, and anything else, but this time I do it myself. It's behind James, and I don't want him to have a clue what's coming.

The vise is just that, a fairly typical, and common, vise. It could be in any workshop, except for the few little modifications I've made to it. It's atop a metal post the same size as it's base. The bottom of that post is firmly affixed to a little metal base about four feet square, with wheels.

The vise has a pair of narrow jaws. They're about a half of an inch tall, and four inches wide. They even have little crosshatches on them to grip whatever is in those jaws. And like every vise, those jaws are firmly attached to heavy arms that curve inward as they rise up from the screw handle that tightens the vise. Beneath the jaws, there's nothing but air for several inches, until finally, the tightening screw runs through the arms and the space between them. The curve of the arms left me plenty of empty space between them, the space growing quickly the further from the jaws. To the very bottoms of the jaws, I've attached some metal plates

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that hang down to just above the screw. Those have a thin layer of foam on the “inside” of them, the sides that face each other. And they’re bowled with a curve almost like the long side of an egg. Closing the vise will push the edges of those plates together, but their curve leaves a small little gap in the center.

I roll the vise up behind James. Then I take hold of him by his shoulders and guide him to walk backward. Just before his bottom touches the cold metal of the vise, I snip the string still holding his cock bound up underneath him. It pops up a little, still soft, but no longer held underneath his body. His balls drop free and hang low between his legs, too. I keep him moving backward until he’s standing directly over the vise.

The vise’s jaws are wide open. I tap James’ legs with my crop, commanding him to open his legs to the edges of the platform he’s standing on. As soon as he does, I motion for Sophie to come take care of those feet. There are already leg irons bolted to the edges of the platform, one cuff on each side with a few inches of chain. It doesn’t take Sophie any time at all to lock one cuff around each of James’ ankles. That’s all it will take to ensure that he keeps his legs spread wide, which is all that matters.

James's balls dangle down between, and well beyond, the jaws of the vise. At first, he doesn't seem to notice much or even be thinking about what's under him. But once I've closed those jaws enough that he can feel the foam on those curved plates beginning to touch his balls, he flinches so hard he about jumps up. He doesn't go anywhere. The chains keep him fairly still while I keep slowly closing the vise.

At first, it's the soft foam touching the front and back of his sack that James feels. Then, with another crank on the vise, and he can feel the foam beginning to lightly squeeze his balls from both sides. I keep going, but I do pay careful attention to how his balls are hanging in the vise.

James very suddenly becomes very nervous. He squeals a high-

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girly squeal, unlike anything I've ever heard from him before, into his gag. He trembles. He tries to wiggle, and for the briefest of seconds, he manages to get a little wiggle from his hips. But then, as he moves, he feels the narrowing cups around his sack, as his balls try to pull into an ever-shrinking space. He realizes that the biggest space is the place where his balls already are. And that already the cups are too tightly around them for him to pull his balls out from them.

I close the vise all the way, slowly, letting James feel it slowly squishing harder and harder against his balls. When those jaws are fully closed, the narrow strips of crosshatched jaws are fully closed on the very top of his sack, flush against his shaft and cheeks. But his balls dangle just beyond the closed jaws, into the cups, where they have about ½" of space to hang in. It pushes them firmly together. And it puts some pressure on those soft balls, squishing them very uncomfortably, but not enough to injure them. Another, final, tiny turn on the screw and he really feels the pressure of the shrinking space on his balls, and the bite of the jaws squishing hard across the very top of his sack. Tight enough that he hasn't a chance of moving it.

James does not look happy. In fact, he looks exceedingly uncomfortable. His face scrunched up tight, his eyes squished shut with little tears leaking from their corners, as James groans very pained and desperate "OW!s" He quivers, too, but does it standing very still. At least his hips don't move. He doesn't dare. He's already learned that moving them will do nothing but reduce the space they have. He looks exceptionally nervous, too. I know the vise is tightened just right, too. Every time James makes even the tiniest of moves, he cries out.

I reach down and finally takes the sheath off his cock. It's not hard to do, now that the string is cut. I just have to pull it off from the back, the side at his pubes. The instant I have it off his soft length, I let go of his cock. A fraction of a second later it's sprung up to an incredible hardness, standing straight out from the tops of the vise's jaws.

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I give James a moment. It doesn't ease the stiffness in his cock one bit. I guess maybe he likes having his balls in a vise.

"Jennifer," I saw in a very teasingly sweet voice, "do you know what I really hate about bipedal pigs?" I jerk a thumb in the direction of James so that he'll know I'm talking about him. "I especially can't stand the ones who think about their cock. You know the kind, the ones who get their pleasure, and don't worry one iota about the girl who was enough to join the swine?"

"Oh, yeah!" Jennifer replies with a faint giggle to her voice, "I know just the type..."

"This pig wouldn't be one of those pigs, would it?"

"Not usually..." Jennifer says. Then she pauses for a second and adds, "usually."

"Ah, so he's done it. That qualifies him as a pig in my book. I have a special circle of hell for pigs like that." I grin very widely and turn to Sophie. I tell her to "fetch the skankiest thing around."

She knows what I mean. Paige. Her "name" here is "skanky whore." Thus, she's obviously the skankiest thing around. Sophie heads behind the fabric screen that blocks off a corner of the room. That's where Paige is, locked up in her kennel, nude, and just waiting until I have some use for her body.

A minute later Sophie leads the naked Paige on a leash. Paige is eighteen. She's about average height, 5'4", and lean at 118 pounds. She has long, wavy, dark-blond/light-brown hair. And she has a pair of very perky 34-B breasts with wide light-pink nipples. She looks almost scrawny, but not quite. Not so thin that she doesn't have a very nice curve to her hips and waist. She's definitely pretty.

I doubt there's a 48-year-old man out there who wouldn't look at the naked body of an eighteen-year-old girl if given the chance. Even if

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his wife was standing there to see him gawking so openly at the youthful pertness of her body. If the guy were overweight, as James is, then ogling her body is as certain as death and taxes.

And that's exactly what James does. The second Paige is out from behind the screen, his eyes lock on her body. They roam, but only up and down her body, checking out everything from her lean legs, up to her shaven pubes, her slightly-point breasts, all the way to her bright smile. She sees him checking her body out and casually bats her eyes at him playfully. She doesn't dare do anything more without me telling her to. But parading her in front of James is enough for Paige to know I wish to flaunt her body for him. And with that sight, there no chance of his cock going soft anytime soon.

I just snap my fingers. "Skanky... show my guest what a couple of gutter whore you are. Play with that cock."

"Yes, my Queen, as you wish, my Queen," Paige says in a very sugary sweet voice. She turns to James and smiles a little wider at him. Then she takes a long moment to lick her lips slowly. She drops to her knees, sitting back on them. It puts James's cock right in front of her eyes, almost the same view James recently had of a cock.

Only I didn't tell Paige to suck it. I told her to play with it. It's one of the "commands" I've taught her. It means for her to do something very specific to his cock.

Paige plants a tiny kiss atop his cock. She does it with her lips opened slightly, sucking the very tip into her lips, and then flicking the tip of her tongue over it. It only lasts a second, but that's plenty for James to moans softly into his gag.

Jennifer watches intently, clearly wondering what I'm going to have this girl do to her husband. And if she wants Paige to do it or not.

Next Paige kisses her way down the side of his cock. She does it leisurely, taking her time and moving her lips only a tiny fraction of an

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inch with each kiss. She does it from the side, her lips closing around the top and bottom of his shaft while her tongue teases the flesh between her lips. She works her way all the way back to the very root of his shaft like that.

Her lips rise up off his cock. Her fingertips go to it. Paige has long, slender fingers, each topped with a well-manicured inch-long nail that's painted pastel pink. She takes her time with her fingers, too, casually stroking the tips of her fingers up and down the length of his cock.

It's enough already that it has James' cock twitching. Not that it can twitch that much. Just little jumps up and down.

After several slow strokes along his shaft, Paige wraps her fingers around it loosely. With her grip barely touching his skin, she takes three very slow strokes along his entire length. Even his very sensitive head passes through her delicate fingers.

And then, Paige kisses the very tip of the cock again, starting over from the beginning. A pattern she'll repeat endlessly.

It only takes a couple of minutes for James to be moaning rather sweetly, and urgently, into his gag. I see the shudders on his body, as he wants to squirm a little. Or really to do anything to intensify the sensations Paige is giving him. Like thrusting his hips. But he can't. Even the tiniest of motions is enough for his balls to really feel the crushing. He ends up standing very still with only the faintest of quivers sweeping his body. And moaning loudly.

A minute or so later I see the first droplet of his cum as it slowly weeps from the tip of his captive cock. Its stickiness clings to the tip of his head, making it glisten brightly. For a couple of seconds. When Paige kisses the tip of that cock, she also licks it away, leaving only an equally sparkly little bit of saliva on the tip of his shaft.

Paige keeps right on going. She ignores everything. Such as the increasingly pleading tone of James' moans. Or the hastening pace of

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those little droplets of cum seeping from the tip of his cock. She just goes on teasing his cock.

"Gawd," Jennifer finally says after about ten minutes of it. "That's almost cruel..." But Jennifer is smiling as she says it.

"Yeah, almost as cruel as taking advantage of a woman by getting his pleasure from her body, and ignoring *her* needs." I grin back. "Now he'll appreciate the importance of considering his partner's desires as well as that little dick's desires."

"How long are you going to leave him like that?"

"Oh, I don't know..." I sigh, but with a good note of taunting in my voice, "until I tire of watching him suffer..." I turn to James, "isn't just so awful when your sex partner thinks only of what she wants, not how badly that tiny dick wants to cum?"

James very eagerly nods yes.

"Ah... too bad I'm a selfish girl. Right now, I'm thinking of how entertaining this is to watch. Maybe eventually I'll think about how badly that dick aches... or maybe not."

The show goes on. The vise ensures that James does nothing but stand there, and stand very still, while Paige plays with his cock. Paige's teasing ensures that he never cums. He just stands there, feeling the sensations of her kissing and stroking his cock, but never gets quite enough to bring him to climax. I'm sure he's figured out by now that he won't be cumming like this. That he is truly at my mercy.

And the show goes on. Every minute that ticks by, it seems like James is suffering just a little more. He moans more pleadingly into his gag. He quivers just a little more. I think his toes even curl under his feet a little tighter. But that's all he can do. It's kind of hard to tell how fast the cum is weeping from the tip of his cock. Paige is keeping it well tongued-clean. And I know that the tender caress of Paige's soft tongue

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licking that little droplet away is doing one thing only: making him suffer that much more.

Finally, I take James's gag off. His moans are loud now, the gag no longer muting them, and they're begging-urgent. "Does my little sissy want to cum now?"

"YES!" James cries out urgently, "please Miss Rodgers, please let me cum now!"

I sigh... "Well... there's no way my skanky whore is going to do that! At least not for a fat slob with a tiny dick like you... Perhaps if you begged Mrs. Palmer she'd finish you off... or maybe not." I grin. Before James has a chance to beg his wife for release, I turn to Jennifer and tell her "I do have a very nice locking chastity tube you could borrow. It would ensure that he can't even masturbate no matter how hard he tries. Or you could finish it for him. I would care how, and I'm pretty sure he wouldn't either. Your hand would be fine by him. Or, if you're up for some additional entertainment, you have two choices. First, skanky there can go on endlessly. Or, there's that hole in the wall over there. He could finish himself in it." I point to the hole in the wall. It's right at cock height. "trust me, that's worth seeing."

"Mrs. Palmer!" James doesn't give me a chance to change my mind. He immediately starts begging Jennifer for relief. "Please, Mrs. Palmer, please. I am so sorry for taking you, and any woman, for granted! Please, I've learned my lesson, Ma'am. Please, will you please allow me to cum, Mrs. Palmer? I don't care how. ANYTHING, just end this agony. Please, Mrs. Palmer, I'll be your slave for life, just please allow me to cum!"

Jennifer looks at James for a long moment. Then she glances at the hole in the wall. She turns back to James and for a long second, she says nothing. Finally, she asks me, "is the hole really funny to watch?"

"Oh, yes!" I assure her.

"Well, I guess he can use the hole... I'm certainly not doing it for

him."

"Your choice. Although it would have been really funny if you did. You know how men just can't help but thrust those hips while they do? Not with their balls in a vise! They make the most amusing squeals. Like little girls when they try!"

I have Sophie unlock his feet. Then, as I loosen the vise to free his balls, I have Sophie return Paige to her kennel.

As soon as James' balls are free of the vise, I grab hold of his hip and nudge him to come along. I walk him straight for the hole. And he comes very eagerly. So much so that I almost have to slow him down.

The hole in the wall is just that, A hole 2 ¼" across. It has 1/8th-inch thick latex flaps, like pussy lips, covering it so he can't see inside. Just past the drywall, there is a 2 ½" thick piece of PVC pipe that's glued to the drywall on both sides of the wall. Inside, it's filled with a soft, dense, squishy foam, almost like memory foam. In the center of the foam, there's a ¾" wide hole. Inside the closet on the other side of the wall, there's a pump that pushes a steady, slow, supply of an oily lubricating jelly into the pipe. That soaks the foam in it. The far wall, inside the closet, is also cut out even with the inside rim of the pipe. There's a 3"wide piece of pipe, only ½" long, glued to the wall. And over that little rim, there's a zip-lock baggie rubber-banded in place.

I have James spread his feet a couple of inches to get his cock lined up straight with the hole. Then I swat his bottom gently with my hand, urging him to move forward. He does, and his cock slips into the hole. I push his bottom forward until his pubes are flush with the drywall.

A standard wall is just under 4 ½" inches thick. That's the 3 ½" width of the stud, plus ½" of drywall on either side of the stud. Or slightly less, since in building supplies, measurements are never what they're advertised. But James has a little over 5 ½" inches of cock. Which leaves an inch, plus a few tiny fractions, sticking out beyond the wall.

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To James, it feels like his cock is just sticking out beyond the wall. Into empty air. There's no way he can feel the baggie, or the pipe it's tied onto. It's almost exactly just the purplish head of his cock that sticks out into the baggie.

I put my hands on James' hips. Then I start letting him fuck the hole. My hands, the sharp ridges of my nails biting into his skin, hold him tightly and keep him fucking it slowly.

I motion to Sophie with my head. She gets my meaning. She goes to Jennifer and takes her into the small closet. And now that Jennifer is there, she can see the show. Or rather see James' cock head slowly emerging from the wall, then disappearing back into it, without ever knowing about the baggie that's covering wide around his head. His head steadily emerges and vanishes back into the wall.

"OH MY GAWD!" I hear Jennifer giggling. From the first stroke into the hole, James started moaning very sweet and urgent groans. Groans that make it clear he likes the hole. Jennifer peeks back out of the closet for a second, just to see that James is still so eager I'm having to hold him back so he doesn't finish immediately. I'd let him, but I want Jennifer to enjoy the show for a moment first. I call the view, the view Jennifer has now, a "womb's eye view" of a fucking. Because that's about what she's seeing. At least once she gets down and tries looking into the hole around his cock to see what's in there.

"Where did you get the idea for this?"

"A frat house, where else?" I laugh. "There was a pig there who told a slightly heavy girl that he'd rather fuck a hole in the wall than her. Unfortunately for him, he was just a pledge, and the president is a friend of mine. The short version, he got his wish. And I got an idea..."

It gets a hearty laugh from Jennifer. "I can just imagine all those horny frat boys with a hole in their wall... James, you were in a fraternity, weren't you?" She's grinning.

A Sissy's Date Night

But it's all we have time for. James cries out long and loud. Jennifer turns her attention back to the head of his cock. She's just in time. She gets to see it spurt the first powerful stream of his cum. A stream that shoots several inches before hitting the baggie and starting to pool just as a second spurt shoots from his reemerging cock head.

It takes James almost a minute to fully cum. I keep him moving the entire time, holding his rhythm steady, his cock plunging in and out through the hole until there's no cum left in it.

Only then do I pull his still-hard cock from the hole. It shines with a thin coat of the oily lubricant. And it stands straight out. I unlock his hands, pulling them to the small of his back. I lightly swat his ample bottom with my crop and warn him to leave his hands where they are until Jennifer gives him permission to move them.

Then I poke my head into the closet. I pull the baggie off the pipe and seal it up with his cum inside of it. Then I hand it to Jennifer. She takes it, a smirk on her face, but she also holds it out away from her body. Before she can ask what she's supposed to do with that, I teasingly tell her "take your trash. I charge a disposal fee for HAZMAT." then after I giggle, I lower my voice and quietly suggest that she make him carry it back to their hotel. And if she's in a playful mood, she might taunt him about the taste of Rory's cum in his mouth. Something like asking him if he thinks Rory squirted as much into his mouth. Or if he wants to see if his tastes as good as Rory's does. It gets a grin from Jennifer.

We all return to the living room. There I have James kneel before Jennifer. And then he learns that his clothes are at Jennifer's mercy. She may give them back to him whenever she wishes. Or not. I send Sophie for a cup of coffee. I smile at Jennifer, and she catches the hint. She tells James to fetch her one, too. Why should "my sweet slave" have to wait on her when he's doing nothing? He goes, slightly unhappily, but quickly. And when he returns he serves her cup just as humbly as Sophie serves mine. He must really want his clothes back.

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Jennifer tells him that she could get used to being served like this. He should take notes. She likes to feel special, and this makes her feel special. As in, you are so going to be serving me like this from now on!

After our coffee, Jennifer allows James to dress. As I suggested, she makes him carry his baggie of cum. And she makes him return to the hotel with his makeup on. I even let her take “Jessica’s” dress with her. After all, she paid for it. Maybe she can return it. Or maybe she can use it to remind James of his place.

I figure that’s the last I’ll ever see of James. And the idea doesn’t bother me. He’s not my type. There’s no place for him in my toy box. But then, about a week later, Jennifer calls me and tells me that James would like to return for another lesson. Apparently, he feels that he doesn’t fully appreciate womanhood yet.

Jennifer adds, “He just liked it! And that is so weird!”