

Sissifying Simon

Emily Sinclair

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Seeing her husband standing at the kitchen sink butt naked doing the morning dishes sent Brooke's mind into overdrive as she finally saw an opportunity to exact her revenge. Hurrying to the bedroom, she opened the closet, rooted through a box and pulled out a huge black feeldoe and a bottle of lube. Easing the bulb into herself, she generously coated the long, thick veiny shaft and then tiptoed back to the kitchen where her husband was still washing the dishes. Sneaking across the tiled floor, she grabbed him by the waist and slammed the dildo into his virgin ass until their bodies were tightly pressed together.

"Ghaaahhgghhhh! Son of a motherfucking bitch! UHN! What the hell do you think you're...uhn...doing?" Simon grunted from the pain of having his asshole suddenly and violently stretched open. He attempted to push her off, but his wife's fingernails digging into his balls stopped him in his tracks and he felt the silicone cock sliding back in.

"Embrace the pain and accept the inevitable, babe, because like it or not I'm going to ride your ass until you're bucking in orgasm," Brooke replied. "Sound familiar? They should because that is exactly what you said to me nine years ago when you oh so brutally popped my anal cherry." Pulling back until only the head remained, Brooke trust the remaining nine inches back in – his grunts sending shivers of excitement up and down her spine. "Now be a good little bitch and fuck yourself on it." After a brief pause, she continued. "You said that to me as well."

"God damn it, Brooke, this isn't fucking funny! Take that damn thing out of my ass or so help me..." the sound that next left his lips could only be described as a guttural, animalistic groan of agony as he felt the fingernails tighten around his balls in a vice-like grip. "OKAY! OKAY! Just lighten the fucking grip will you?"

"Not a chance. Now start fucking or I start digging deeper. And since I was your bitch for the first nine years of our relationship you're going to be mine for the next."

"Uhn...w-what are you talking about? I've n-never...god damn it! I've never treated you like a bitch. Jesus, Brooke, I've never even called you one."

"True," Brooke said while slowly fucking the huge toy in and out of her husband's ass. "Maybe submissive...no, sex slave is a better description. I mean, you did do whatever you wanted to me whether I liked it or not, after all, and I may not be an expert on such things but that certainly screams sex slave to me."

"I never made you..."

"We can start with the way you brutally fucked my ass without asking and continue on with spanking my ass with a paddle, gagging me, using clamps all over my body. Taking me to get my nipples pierced and the damn triskelion permanently branded into my mound. I looked it up you know and I've known for quite some time what it meant. Honestly, I've been planning this day ever since. Is that enough or shall I mention how you fisted me? Or the many times you filmed and took pictures of me dressed in all those ridiculous animal costumes and threatened to show them to everyone if I didn't spend those seven months living like a puppy? I fucking BARKED for you!" she said, her temper quickly rising as the humiliation came pouring back.

"If you didn't want to do any of that stuff then why didn't you tell me? Jesus, Brooke, you never once complained so I thought you were into it. Speaking of which, you have countless orgasms from being fisted, not to mention all those times you squirted from being spanked. Which is how we both discovered you were a masochist, by the way, so I don't understand why you're so...GHAHHGGHHHH!" The dildo pulled from his ass, Simon wailed as his wife's fist was shoved in.

“THERE, you sadistic bastard! Now you know what it feels like to have a fist rammed up your ass when you’re not expecting or prepared for it! Embrace the pain and accept the inevitable, babe, because for the next nine years you’re going to be my little sissy and the first thing we’re going to do is go get some work done to commemorate the occasion.” Pulling her hand out, Brooke shoved it back in and nearly giggled with excitement at the way her husband jumped and tensed. “You know that special plug you love making me wear? Yeah, you’re going to march into the bedroom, shove it up your ass and then get dressed.” Keeping her fingers balled into a fist, she punched it in and out of her husband’s ass as if giving him repeated uppercuts. “That being said, I’ll give you an out. If you can’t handle being my sissy for the next nine years then file for divorce.”

When his wife finally pulled her hand from his ass and let go of his aching balls, Simon left the kitchen with head hung low in shame. Stopping in the living room he turned and looked back at his wife. “For what it’s worth I never once thought of you as my sex slave.”

“You may have never called me that, but you sure as hell treated me like one and I think it’s high time you experience the humiliation you put me through since the day we met.”

“I don’t understand. If you didn’t like what we were doing then why not say so? Why let me do all those things for nine freaking years?”

“You’re not going to talk your way out of this, Simon, so you might as well save your breath. Now go to the bedroom and plug your ass or the next thing you’re going to feel is the belt slapping across your balls. Or maybe I’ll just go ahead and do it anyways. I mean, that’s how we discovered I’m a masochist, right?”

“There’s no way in hell I’m letting you or anyone else hit my fucking balls with a belt so you can just...”

“You’ll do everything I command when I command it just as I did for you the last nine years or you can file for divorce. The choice is yours, but need I remind you of the prenup you signed? You know, that ironclad document that gives me one hundred percent of everything including the properties and business while you get the clothes on your back?”

“There are better ways of telling me you don’t love me,” Simon sighed.

“Oh, you got it all wrong. I love you more than anyone in the world, but if you’re not willing to take what you’ve dished out then you’re not the kind of man I can spend the rest of my life with. So, are you going to be a good little sissy slave and do as you’re told, or walk away from the best thing that’s ever happened to you?”

“I love you more than life itself, Brooke, and if this is what you want then I’ll do as you command.” Letting out a pitiful sigh, Simon was followed to the bedroom by his wife and as he walked to the closet to fetch the huge plug, she sat at the foot of the bed and watched. Gulping back his fear and pride, he lubed the black fist-sized and shaped toy, got onto his hands and knees and then slowly pushed it up his ass – the fact that his wife had fisted him only minutes ago making it far less painful than it otherwise should have been.

“Good boy. Now kneel.” When her husband was in position, Brooke continued. “Since you’re going to be a sissy you’ll need to dress and act the part. First, you need to lose some of that muscle so no more going to the gym. Second, after you’ve gotten some work done we’ll go shopping for your new sissy wardrobe. Three, since there will be no hiding it, you’ll inform your friends and family of this new change in lifestyle and make them understand that this is what you want and nothing they say or do will ever make you change your mind. From this point forward you’ll live life as a woman. Is that understood?”

“No, No it absolutely isn’t understood. I never once commanded you to tell your family and friends that you were a sex slave, bitch, masochist or anything else so why are you demanding it of me?”

“To see the look of humiliation on your face and the look of complete shock on theirs.”

“Then I think it’s only fair you tell your family and friends.”

“Oh, I fully intend on telling them you’ve decided to become a sissy,” Brooke said with a shit-eating grin. Stay put.” Getting up off the bed, she went to the closet and grabbed the large tote full of toys they had collected over their seven years of marriage. Sitting it on the foot of the bed, she popped the lid off and searched around for a pair of clamps. Finding them, she attached them to her husband’s nipples. The next set was painfully clipped on his scrotum causing him to groan and then five small ones quickly lined the underside of his stiff rod. “You sure are awfully hard for someone claiming not to like being a sissy.”

Picking up her phone, she pointed it at her kneeling husband and pressed her thumb on the screen about a dozen times. “Head down, ass up.” When Simon moved into position she took several more pictures. “Pull the plug and then slowly fuck it in and out.” Again he did as commanded and the evidence of his submission began stacking up. “God, you really are a fucking sissy aren’t you?”

“Y-Yes.”

“And as such your new name will be...Sasha. And in a few months we’ll go to the doctors and see about getting you on hormones to transition you into a woman. But don’t worry, you’re keeping your dick and if you’re a really good sissy I’ll even permit you the honor of, how did you put it? Ah yes, breeding me like a bitch in heat. That, hun, is the prize you’ll win if you see this journey through to the end. And to prove I’m not giving you false hopes, I’ll let you start once you’ve been on hormones for at least six months and then every other year after that. If you’re lucky you might breed me four or five times before your nine years is up. Now get dressed.”

“What about the clamps?”

“What about them?”

Knowing exactly what his wife was eluding to, Simon got up, went to the dresser, grabbed a pair of boxers and put them on. From the closet he grabbed a pair of slacks and a shirt and then he went back to the dresser for socks – the whole time wincing and groaning as the clamps made his every movement hell.