

One Stormy Evening

It was a stormy evening, and I was driving through Colorado on my way from California to my new job in New York city. It was raining so hard that I was driving about 20 miles per hour on the interstate, so when the next exit came, I decided to take a break and get something to eat. Little did I know that that one decision would change my life forever.

Tight Pantyhose. Tighter Bondage!

I was 27 and as fit and handsome as I had ever been. I was ready to take on the world and all the women of New York. I was so cocky and free. I really felt like I had the Midas touch. Everything I did went well. I was a great athlete, a phenomenal student, and now I was starting a management position at a prestigious firm in New York. So, when I saw that the only business open in the little deserted town just off the interstate was a bar with a full parking lot, I naturally thought I might save on a hotel room for the night and fuck a small-town Colorado girl at her place. Boy was I cocky. My backup plan was a little rundown motel across the street from the bar with its vacancy sign lit.

The bar was packed but I found an empty stool and ordered pizza and a beer and casually scanned the crowd. There were a few cute girls playing darts, but they were obviously with their big buff cowboy boyfriends. Most of the other women were much older than me and not particularly fit or attractive. I finished the pizza and guzzled the rest of my beer. Oh well...I thought. It was only 9:00 PM so I decided to get back on the road and get another 100 miles of driving out of the way. However, I was almost to the door when I was blocked by a very attractive woman who I must have missed in my earlier scan.

"You're not leaving already, are you?" she said with a sly grin.

The woman was much older than me. At the very least, she was in her late 30s but more likely early to mid-forties. I didn't usually go for older women, but she wasn't your average older woman. She wore cowboy boots, tight jeans and a tight, form-

fitting t-shirt that said cowgirl in a pink font. Her breasts were very large, her waist was very small, and her hips and ass popped out giving her a perfect Jessica Rabbit-like womanly figure. Her teeth were perfectly white and her lips plump. Her eyes were big, blue, and full of life and she batted them at me as she played with her silky auburn hair.

"Well, no, not now." I said flirtatiously.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me back to her table. It was empty except for her drink.

"Are you here alone?" I asked.

"My friends just left, but I wasn't ready to go. I was going to play a little pool, but then I saw you." Her eyes literally sparkled.

I found myself telling her everything about myself as she listened attentively. I realized later just how foolish that had been. No one knew exactly where I was, and I hadn't checked in with anyone since I left. She told me she lived on a ranch nearby by herself. She was divorced and her husband was long gone to who knows where. She had ranch hands who did most of the work and only came to her ranch during the day.

After several hours of drinking, she smiled coyly. "I live alone in a big house. It sure would be nice to have a man to keep me warm during this big rainstorm."

I didn't need to be asked twice. "I'll bring you back to your car tomorrow" she said holding my hand and leading me to her truck.

"Are you sure you can drive?"

"I just nursed my drinks. You on the other hand definitely shouldn't drive." she said giggling. "I like to get boys nice and buzzed so I can take advantage of them." She slapped me on the ass. I was ramrod straight erect and I couldn't wait to fuck this hot and ready older woman.

The trip was much longer than I expected and sensing my confusion she said, "Nearby, is a relative term. Nothing is just around the corner in this part of Colorado."

I smiled. I wasn't suspicious at all. I enjoyed my warm buzz and looked lustfully at her perfect thighs.

After about an hour she pulled onto a bumpy dirt road, and we bounced around for 10 minutes until we reached a big, beautiful, white farmhouse with a large porch around the whole home.

"Wow!" I said. "Gorgeous house."

We had arrived at the back of the house, and I noticed that a much nicer paved driveway led to the front. I didn't think much of it. I just thought we must have just taken a short cut. If I would have looked closer, I would have noticed a number of other vehicles at the front of the giant farmhouse, but from where we were they were shielded.

We came in through a huge, beautiful kitchen and she quickly led me through a double bolt locked door in the middle of the house. It seemed odd, but I was more interested in getting into bed with her than asking questions like, "Why is there a heavy dead-bolted door right in the middle of your house?"

We walked into a small room that had just one couch opposite a big window like you would see in a hospital nursery. Through the window was a slightly larger room that was stark white and unfinished. There was a door on either side of the room.

"What is this?" I said for the first time feeling like something odd was going on.

"This is where we bring some of our more private clients, so they don't have to be seen in the lobby." She said as if this weird statement wasn't weird at all.

"We? Clients? I thought you lived alone?" I felt even more uneasy. What the hell was going on? I asked myself but kept my mouth shut.

"I'm sorry, sweetie." she said grabbing my arm and batting her eyes at me. "I lied, but I think you are going to be very pleased with what I am about to show you."

"Ok..." I said cautiously.

"Sebastian." she said into a little device that she had pulled out of her purse. "Bring out the sissies."

'Sissies?' I thought. 'What the fuck?' I was on the verge of barging out of there, but my curiosity got the better of me.

A very tall and very muscular man with flowing, shoulder length hair walked through the door on the right holding a leash. Behind him crawled three human beings collared and led on a leash like dogs. The leash in his hand split into four leashes after about a foot. Three of them led to collared necks and one leash in the middle just bounced along the floor without a neck to snap to.

At first, I thought the people crawling were girls, but as they came closer, I saw that they were in fact men because they had balls and tiny cocks locked in pastel colored chastity cages bouncing impotently between their legs. Other than that, there wasn't much to define them as men. All three had their long, wavy hair in high pig tails on each side of their head that looked like dog ears in their current position. Their lips were very plump and had thick, sparkly lipstick defining them. They had very long, thick, eyelashes and bright pastel colored eye shadow and their eyebrows were high, thin, and defined. Their collars were also bright pastels that matched their makeup and cages. The collars completely covered their entire necks which made their heads stay high and erect. All three appeared to have tails in the same bright pastels.

The three sissies were lined up in front of the window and they sat back so that they were sitting on their heels when the muscular man said "Sit!" and snapped his fingers. Each of their collars said a name in sparkly, silver cursive. "Sissy Kimmie,

Sissy Sadie, and Sissy Cassie". I noticed that the collars had little bells hanging from them like you might see on a cat collar. Sissy Kimmie had a bright yellow collar, sparkly yellow eye shadow, and wore a tiny, tight, yellow, latex mini dress. The skirt part was only a few inches long and did little to cover his ass. Just above the skirt was a yellow corset that seemed to be cinched impossibly tight. Each of the other two sissies were attired in the same way but defined by difference pastels. Their hands seemed to be covered by leather mittens rendering their fingers and thumbs useless.

All three had small-medium sized breasts poking through the tight latex. The parts of the body that I was able to see were completely hairless. I tried not to look at their chastity locked cocks which seemed extremely small. What kind of man would let someone do this to them I thought to myself. They were pathetic and I immediately looked down on them as freaks.

The weirdness of the whole situation caught me off guard and I stood tongue-tied and horrified by what was in front of me, however after a few seconds I gathered myself. "Ummm... I think you got the wrong idea about me. I'm not attracted to ummm...sissies."

She giggled. "No, sweetie, I brought you here to BE a sissy. Do you see the empty leash? That one is yours."

A chill ripped through me, and my head snapped towards her. "I don't think so! You got me really wrong. I'm not into that." I tried to sound calm.

She giggled even harder. "Of course, you aren't. If you were into it, I wouldn't have brought you here."

I was really confused, but I knew one thing for sure. I needed to get the fuck out of there. I started toward the door and then realized I had no idea where I was and no way to get out of there except by foot.

"Give me your keys! I will leave your truck where my car is." My voice cracked a little bit despite my attempt to stay strong.

"Oh, sweetie." She said condescendingly. "Your car has already been taken, stripped and crushed. It will never be found."

My heart lurched and I felt real fear.

"Give me your fucking keys!" I said lunging toward her. I had quickly calculated that I need to get her keys and get to her truck before the big muscular dude from behind the glass was able to help.

She easily darted out of the way and as I slid by, she crashed her elbow into the front of my neck. I dropped to my knees panicked and unable to breath. Instantly, she was at my side, and I felt a needle enter the side of my neck.

"Relax, little sissy. This is your home now." she cooed at me like I was a baby as I gradually lost consciousness. I tried to scream "No!" but I was out before I could form the words.

I don't know how long I was out, but as I gradually regained consciousness, the realization of what had happened came to me quickly. I was extremely uncomfortable, and my eyes shot open with fear as what had happened came back to me.

"No, no, no." came out of my mouth, but it wasn't my voice. I was shocked by the very high-pitched sound and tried to clear my throat. "What the fuck?" I said as I struggled upright in what seemed like a large dog cage. My voice still sounded like a 15-year-old girl.

I was in a small, narrow room that contained 4 cages. I was in one of the middle cages and on each side of me were the same sissies I had been shown. They looked at me with wide, sad, haunted eyes. The one immediately to my right shook her/his head desperately and pointed her paw-like hand in the leather mitten toward the wall outside the cages. The bottom half of the wall was completely mirrored showing us exactly how we looked and above the mirror was a sign. "Absolutely No Talking or Communication between Sissies!"

I stared into the mirror in absolute horror. The pastel color they gave me was pink and my collar read "Sissy Haley" I wore the same outfit as the other sissies. The latex dress was tight, and I saw what looked and felt like actual breasts on my chest. "How?" I whispered to myself. But as I looked further down the humiliation and terror grew. My cock looked minuscule and was locked into a little pink cage that dangled between my legs. It was uncomfortable and very, very tight. It must have been attached when I was at my smallest possible size. I started to reach for it but quickly realized that my hands also were trapped in leather mittens and were as useless as paws. My feet felt strange and when I turned around, I saw that there were pink, rubber balls locked on them make it impossible to do anything but crawl.

The face I saw in the mirror was mine, but I now had big, wide eyes and a much narrower face. My lips were at least twice as plump, and my hair was blonde and in big, high pigtails on each side of my head. My waist looked absurdly thin, and an extremely tight, uncomfortable corset was wrapped around it.

However, the corset wasn't the worst thing. Turning to look at my backside in the mirror I saw it - my ass was full of a thick plug that became a tail that dangled and tickled my upper thighs. It appeared that the plug curved up as it exited my ass and the tail hung down from my tailbone like a real tail...except that it was pink matching the bondage mittens on my hands.

"Get me the fuck out of here right now!" My voice was shrill and impotent and felt tears welling up. This couldn't be happening to me! The realization that no one knew where I was, and no one would be able to find me was bone-chilling. I might be stuck here for a long time. When she came, I would tell her I had money and that I could buy my freedom. It was the only thing I could think of.

The door to our little room opened and instead of her, the big, muscular man walked in. He opened my cage and even though I had backed up, he easily reached in and grabbed my head and stared me in the eyes. "No talking!"

Before I could tell him my offer, he shoved what looked like a penis gag into my mouth and locked the gag behind my head and shut the cage door and left. The rubber cock was long and extended into my throat. I started gagging uncontrollably and reached my useless hands up but was helpless to help myself. I had never felt so panicked. I thought I was going to die but eventually I was able to relax my throat. I laid in my cage completely still so I wouldn't move the cock and gag myself further. If I shifted only slightly, I started to gag again.

The pain and terror were like nothing I had ever experienced. All I could think about was surviving until he took it out. It seemed like hours but finally I heard the cage open again and I opened my eyes to see him again.

He unlocked and removed the gag. I coughed violently as soon as my throat was free of it.

"That was 1 minute." he said with his eyes boring into me. "The next time you speak without permission I will leave it in for 10 minutes. I don't make idle threats."

1 minute almost killed me, ten minutes would be the worst torture imaginable.

"That was for talking, this is for the disrespectful tone." He pushed a button on a remote-control device in his hand. Instantly my cock and balls were filled with electricity. I screamed in pain as my body convulsed, trying to find some relief. When he finally released the button, I was on the verge of passing out.

"Talking without permission will get you the gag and any other disobedience will get you the shock. These punishments will be applied without mercy. We had one little sissy who wore the gag for an entire day. She suffered terribly, but we did not relent. She lived with the thing deep in her throat for every minute of that day. She was fed through the little hole in the middle. After just a few hours, her eyes had a wild quality that never went away...even when we finally removed it. I think it may have driven her insane."

He smiled down at me from just outside the cage with the door still open. "Don't worry, sweetie. If you are a good girl, you won't have to worry about punishments." he said reaching in and patting my head like I was a dog. "We aren't cruel. We just don't have time for anything but complete obedience."

Not cruel? I thought with anger as I tried to recover from the most savage pain I had ever experienced.

"Now, I want you to listen carefully because I will not repeat myself and there is a lot you need to know." He looked very stern. "What I'm about to tell you will be difficult to hear and you are going to want to cry out or even try to attack me, but I must warn you. Any words will get you the penis gag and any disrespect verbally or physically will get you shocked and what you just felt is just a tickle compared to some of the settings I have on here" he said raising the remote slightly.

I said nothing and made no movement. "I need to know you understand. Just nod."

I nodded and braced myself.

"Good." he said with a little smile. "You are now a sissy sex slave and you will be a sissy sex slave for the rest of your life. You will not be released, and you will not be anything else until the day you die. Your little chastity cage is permanent. It will never be taken off. Metal has been melted into the keyhole and the keys thrown away."

I almost peed myself and my body began to quiver. I couldn't be a sex slave for even 10 seconds...let alone the rest of my life...I just couldn't. This couldn't be happening.

"This cage is your home now and when you are out of your cage you will crawl on a leash like a puppy. Your paws are permanent and so are the balls on your feet. You will never walk on two legs again and with your useless paws you will never be able to wash yourself, feed yourself or even wipe your own ass for the rest of your life." he said laughing. "Your job now is to service men and occasionally women and that's all you need to concentrate on. When we have customers, we will put you

on a leash with your sister sissies and lead you out on your hands and knees so that you can sit quietly on your heels while you are examined and then purchased by the half an hour. If a client approaches you, you are to smile and say warmly 'Hello Sir. My name is Sissy-Haley and it would be my pleasure to serve you.' If a client chooses to purchase you, he will put you on a leash and lead you crawling to a guest room. You are now just a sex toy who has no power and just has to stare up at men who are superior to you."

I tried not to vomit. I wanted to tell him to fuck off and then kill him, but with the remote in one hand and the dildo gag in the other, I resisted. There had to be a way to escape, but for now an attempt would only result in extreme pain.

He smiled again. "I'm sure that was hard to hear, but you will get used to it....you will have to. You don't have any choice. It's best you don't think of your old life. That will only bring you misery. Focus on taking pride in being the best, little sissy you can be. There is no way for you to escape from here so you might as well accept it."

He bent down and patted me on the head again. Smiling he said, "It's nothing personal...just business. Non-consensual sissies make us a lot of money, so someone must take your position and unfortunately you were at the wrong place at the wrong time, so it's you. Before you say anything and get the gag, we don't care if you can give us money or how much. You can't buy your freedom from this no matter how much you have. You have seen too much and it's too risky."

It was like he had read my mind, so I stayed silent. It was extremely difficult, though. I felt a combination of rage and terror.

"The rest of it is just following orders. Just stay silent and do what you are told, and you will be fine. You don't need to know the reasons we do things like permanently changing your voice. It's not your concern because we own your body now. The sooner you realize that the better things will be for you. Now get some rest because we are expecting a big crowd tonight. Our clients will pay a hefty price to be the first to have a non-consensual sissy."

He left the room and I just knelt there shaking. There was no way I was having sex with a man. There had to be a way out of here. I lifted my hands and looked at the mittens. They were buckled on tightly at the wrist and a little padlock kept them secure. The mittens made me feel very helpless. I looked around at the other prisoners...the same poor souls I had looked down on earlier. Now, I was one of them.

I had no idea what time it was but all I could do is just sit in the cage and wait until I was paraded on my hands and knees to be sold for sex to men. As I looked in the mirror at my scared and very feminine looking face, I wondered how long I had been out. They had obviously operated on my voice box somehow making me sound ridiculous, but they must have given me breast implants and lip injections. My eyebrows were much higher than before and arched. My nose seemed smaller, my jaw softer, and my face narrower. Did these motherfuckers perform plastic surgery on my face and ruin it forever? At that point, I lost control of my bladder, it was all too much to take. I began weeping like a child and fell to my side as far away from the urine as possible.

Unfortunately, he was back much quicker than I expected. My heart lurched. I was terrified. When he saw the pee, he looked very cross. Instantly my cock and balls felt like they were on fire, and I twisted and turned in agony.

"Are you a baby?" He said when he finished pressing the button. "Do I need to put you in a diaper?"

I didn't know how to respond or if I could respond, so I just shook my head and looked down.

As he cleaned it up, he said, "Yes, I think you need to wear a diaper, but not now, we have guests."

I felt like I was going to faint. It was surreal and I kept waiting to wake up.

One by one we were attached to the 4-pronged leash and just like that I was crawling along behind the man. We entered the room that I had first seen the

sissies, never imagining that the 4th leash was for me. I was humiliated and helpless and just plain terrified. He stopped at the next door and turned and looked at me directly. "Remember," he said holding up the remote. "Be a good little sissy."

The door opened to loud male voices and laughing. The room seemed to be full of men and as soon as they saw us there was cheering. I fought back vomit and put my head down staring at the floor.

The four-pronged leash was removed, and the three other sissies were secured with chains to from their collars to metal rings welded into the floor. I was led to a small stage in front of the crowd and secured in the same way. Every eye in the house was on me, but I stared at the floor utterly humiliated.

The big muscular man spoke in a booming voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you, 'Sissy Haley', our newest sissy. Poor little Haley came here expecting to get laid and she will, but not in the way she expected."

The crowd burst into laughter.

"Yes, it was a bad day for Haley. Just 3 hours ago, she woke up to find herself in this predicament." he began to laugh with the crowd. "However, as I look at her now, it's obvious she was meant to be a sissy." he reached down from just off the stage and rested the chastity cage on his palm. "I mean look at this tiny thing....pathetic."

I felt a tear roll down my face and it didn't go unnoticed.

"Are you crying, Haley?" he continued. "Such a sensitive little sissy born to be of service to real men."

I ground my teeth together trying not to shout something at them.

"Shall we get the auction started?" he asked to the crowd. There were screams of yes and then huge applause. "Haley, I want you to bring your chin up and look at

the crowd with your eyes open for the whole auction. Now do you have something to say?"

The bile came up my throat as I became nauseous again, but I took a deep breath and said it with as much warmth as I could muster.

"Hello Sirs. My name is Sissy-Haley and it would be my pleasure to serve you."

The End