

Sissy-Hypno-Depravity, formerly Cock-Sucking-Sissy-Faggot-Cum-Slut. (MM, mc, Hypno)

Summary - A man's quick descent into sissy-hypno depravity.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone unprotected sex in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

Author's note - I hope you enjoy this silly, gay, sissy, over the top, perverted, deprived, humiliating, hypnotic, sexual fantasy. Or, just ignore it and move along - there is nothing more to see here! I'll be posting other stories, genres, and finishing the story lines I've already started, as time permits, the muse inspires, and you gentle readers want to read my humble stories. I like writing stories of undeniable sexual urges (hence the pen-name), whether it is sexy young girls or curious boys, a horny canine, dominate/submissive men or woman, a sissy, a cuckold or a family member.

Thank you, your humble erotic literary servant, UU.

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There I was, minding my own business, standing at a urinal in a small public restroom, when another man walked in. The tiny bathroom only had a small sink, mirror, a single toilet and a solitary urinal. No stalls or privacy panels.

I guess I didn't lock the door properly. I was a little annoyed. It was obvious I was peeing and it was only a one-person bathroom, yet he barged in on me anyway.

'Oh well,' I thought, 'There is room enough for two. He probably has to really go.'

We briefly lock eyes as he walked to the toilet next to me. I quickly turned away from his steady gaze, but continued to watch him from the corner of my eye. He would be considered handsome, I guess, and he was obviously in great shape, but he was little rough looking; unshaven and wearing worn jeans and an old t-shirt. Probably on his way home from work like I was, I thought, though I was much better dressed - wearing my typical office attire - dress slacks, black shoes, and a freshly pressed oxford shirt. I probably smelled better too. I turned slightly and looked him up and down and met his gaze again. I smiled at him a bit condescendingly, feeling slightly superior.

He briefly smiled back at me, as if mocking me. Then, he unceremoniously and loudly unzipped his jeans. He pulled out his cock while still standing a good foot or more away from the toilet, and pissed. He really did have to go! I glanced at him again, irritated, as he arched his back and emptied his full bladder, splashing into and around the toilet with a strong, yellow stream. I risked a quick look at his cock while he was occupied with relieving himself. His soft member was a good four or five inches long and it looked pretty thick. He was certainly well endowed. Even in its current state, I could tell his cock was already bigger than mine, and he wasn't even hard.

'Wow, nice dick,' I thought to myself.

Now, don't get any wrong ideas about me; I've been straight my entire life and have never been with another man, nor have I ever wanted to. Well, until recently, that is. I inexplicably started having some weird sexual fantasies about other men the last few months. I can't really explain why. I'm sure it is just a strange, sexual phase I'm going through. These odd sexual urges will pass eventually, I know. Every man has these same thoughts at least once in their lives, right?

Since I don't have an active sexual life, or even a decent social life, I spend most of my evenings surfing for porn and masturbating. I'm always searching for some more erotic and taboo to get me off and I recently found some strange, perverted, gay-sissy, erotic, fapping-material. I'm sorry to say, it has started to become a regular, almost mandatory viewing for my nightly jack-off sessions. I found this sissy/shemale/slut porn highly erotic. It is not the only masturbation fantasy I have, of course, but it has been occurring more and more often, and it never fails to get me off. Truthfully, it seems to be the only thing that gets me off now.

I may be watching it too much, because I sometimes myself fantasizing about sex with men, even at work, watching TV and especially in my dreams – where the sex seems so vivid and real. When I'm asleep, can actual see, smell and feel myself having sex with strangers! Sucking their hard, fleshy cocks, bringing them to climax, swallowing their salty cum-loads, and even letting them fuck my virgin ass. I sometimes wake up and find myself shamefully spurting into my underwear It troubles me, because I can't seem to stop thinking about other men and their cocks and cum-filled balls. I can't explain why, except I find it so arousing. And, the desire has been getting stronger and stronger lately. It is almost feels like a compulsion...

In fact, while doing some on-line shopping last month, I impulsively and inexplicitly ordered a huge selection of cock-shaped dildos. I even paid an exorbitant amount to have them delivered overnight! I just had to satisfy these odd desires somehow and urgently! I was actually trembling when I opened the box the next day. I took them out one by one and lovingly touched and held each those firm, cock-shaped phalluses, admiring their size and shape. I immediately became fully hard in my pants! Just holding those life-like penises somehow triggered something deep inside of me - like a closed door being swung open and walking through it, and leaving a stale, dark prison to step into a warm, sunny, happy place.

I started stroking myself and then immediately picked one up and starting licking it. Before long, I was sucking them, while pretending they were real cocks, just to imagine myself pleasuring a host of extremely horny men. I took them to bed with me that night, and every night since, and even began enjoying anal sex - something I've never even considered before I stretched my tight little ass-hole until I could stuff it full with one dildo while I sucked on another one; all while watching porn. I would imagine that it was me sucking cocks and getting fucked in the ass like the pretty, sexy things on my computer screen! It is so unlike me!

I had always thought of myself as a typical manly-man, talking sports and girls with the guys at work, and acting tough, even if I was smaller, weaker, and thinner than the other men (with a below-average cock-

size). But even with all my blustering, acting like a stud, and other macho bullshit, I recently bought some sexy girly underwear to go with my dildo collection. I didn't intend to, but while searching online for an even bigger dildo (and more lube), I ordered a few pair. They feel so nice and sexy against my cock, balls and ass. I even started wearing them to work once in a while. I often find myself sleeping in them and walking around the house while wearing them. Sometimes I wear them all weekend. I feel so naughty, pretty and sexy when I wear them. I even ordered some matching bra and panty sets, make-up, pretty shoes, and a couple of sexy dresses last night. I really don't know what has gotten in to me lately. It almost feels like I have a soft, sexy, trapped inside my male body.

You know, now that I'm thinking about it, I'm pretty sure it all started about six months ago when I first watched a silly 'Gay-Sissy-Faggot-Hypnosis' video. It had somehow showed up in my porn-feed, and being curious, I clicked on it (I never pre-judge when it comes to porn).

This really intense video began by showing sexy, slutty, submissive girls acting like whores and seducing men with big, hard cocks. The video had throbbing music, black and white spinning spirals, flashing words and some odd, garbled voices in the background, I could barely make out what they were saying or what the actual flashing words were most of the time, but I loved it. Those girls were real cock-hungry sluts! It was such a turn on! Then, I discovered those sexy little sluts were men – men with tits – and tiny little dicks like mine! They were all gorgeous, sexy, and were obviously having a whole lot of fun! I actually felt a little jealous. The video showed these boy/girls smiling, sucking cocks, fucking men and totally submitting their bodies to them, like they were nothing but happy little fuck-toys whose sole purpose in life were gleefully and gratefully pleasure men!

The only voice I could hear clearly in the video was a throaty, sexy, suggestive female voice urging me to do all the perverted sexy things the girls in the video were doing. Like wearing panties, putting on makeup, dressing like a slut, and worshipping cock.

It was so intensely arousing and somehow strangely compelling! Just the thought of acting so feminine and submissive while offering myself and pleasuring strange, horny, men - like a pretty, little, sissy-slut - inflamed some part of me I must have repressed all of these years. Why else would it have affected me so? I mean, it wasn't like I was hypnotized or anything, I don't believe in that crap! I even tried hypnotism once to quick smoking. I had one session and never went back. I thought the whole thing was ridiculous! The quack doctor just babbled some stuff about my subconscious while I fell asleep on his couch! When I woke up, he tried to compliment me on what a great a patient I was, telling me about my 'proclivity for subliminal...', something or other medical crap bullshit; though he seemed real excited about it. He told me how he could easily help me in other aspects of my life, but saw through his charade. He just wanted more money. One good thing did come out of it though, I've not smoked since then, deciding to quit on my own right after the session. Thanks for nothing, doc!

Watching the weird video with those sissy, submissive, cock-sucking fag-boys, with their naked asses in the air, begging to be fucked with hard cocks - while the voices droned on and on – deeply pulled me into the whole sissy-faggot-fantasy thing. It was so erotic. While I watched it, I felt every corner of my mind filled with the same desire to wear panties and suck cocks like those sissies had! It was so

mesmerizing and so damn arousing! Then, seeing the sissy-faggot-boys slurping up huge, spurting cum-loads from, big, hard cocks, sent me over the edge! I had one of my biggest orgasms ever! I was left panting, covered in my own sperm and totally satisfied! It was wonderful and it left me wanting more! I must have watched that silly video a dozen times that night.

Wanting more, I searched and watched all the sissy-hypno-training videos I could find. I loved hearing the goofy hypnotic voices tell me over and over how sexy and desirable it was to act like pretty girl, dress like a slut and suck cock. It was strange, but in my jack-off sessions, instead of imagining I was the man being serviced, I'd pretend I was the cock-hungry sissy-slut in the video, craving another man's sperm and worshiping cocks of all shapes and sizes! It never failed to get me off. I soon found that fantasizing about cock was the only way I could orgasm, just like the stupid videos had warned me about. I know it's just a silly coincidence. I'm sure I'll soon find something else and put this silly phase behind me.

They are almost comical, those videos. The voices were so monotonous. And when they spoke to 'my subconscious' they said outrageous things like, "You love wearing panties," and "You love feeling soft and feminine," and "You are a pretty, sexy, slutty, sissy!" I could almost feel the silky panties and stockings being slipped onto my body, like the girls in the videos. It did make me feel soft, sexy, pretty, and desirable, for a little while at least.

And, all of the gorgeous cocks in the videos! I had never before noticed how beautiful a hard, throbbing, cock could be! So pretty, firm, swollen with desire, and so delicious looking; especially with a big, fat drop of pre-cum hanging off of the smooth, round, flared, delectable, engorged head. Funny how a mindless video could make me realize the magnificence of a man's rigid, bloated, shaft. It was just like the voices told me repeatedly "Cocks are pretty," "You love cocks," "Cocks are delicious," "You crave cock," "You must have cock," "Worship cock." The repetitive words helped with my inane fantasy and the vivid images of those luscious looking cocks really intensified the orgasmic experience. Regular videos just didn't have the same intensity for me anymore.

When the words told me how much I enjoy sucking cock, I was almost eager to go out and do it - isn't that weird! "You love to suck cock," the voices said to me. "Suck cock." "You must suck cock." "You have to suck cock." "Your purpose in life is to suck cock." and "Sucking cock is fun!" "Sucking cock makes you happy." The sissy-bois in the videos really seemed happy, and you know what? Sometimes I want to be happy too.

Some videos offered intense sissy-training sessions, where I was supposedly hypnotized and ordered by some dominant, demanding Mistress to do the most outrageous things like wear pretty panties, eat my own cum, fuck my ass with bigger and bigger didoes, jack-off into my own face, dress up like a slut, and even go outside dressed as a girl - to find and suck strange cock! I'd sometimes laugh out loud watching them. Like I said, I don't believe in hypnotism, but it was still very arousing, especially feeling my own cum splashing on my face for the first time. But, I could never go outside dressed like a girl to find strange cock. Besides, I didn't have any make-up or pretty outfits yet!

Even the most perverted parts of all of these videos, which I used to find mildly disgusting – the obligatory, climactic, culminating and massive cum shot montages – were now my favorite parts! Watching those firm, fat, beautiful, cocks spew out load after creamy load of warm sweet cum for grateful and happy submissive sissies, almost made me giddy! And, listening to the sexy voices telling me how delicious sperm was! “You love the taste of cum.” “Cum is delicious.” and “You need cum.” “You crave cum.” “You must have cum.” And “Suck more cocks to get more cum.” All the while images of hard, spurting cocks being slurped, licked and sucked by orgasmic, submissive, cock-sucking, sissy-sluts filled the screen! It is stupid and silly sometimes - like I said before, but it never fails to get me off.

After edging for hours while watching these videos, I'd finally spurting my own meager sissy-cream, and then slurp the warm goo from my hand – I was very tentatively the first time, but I just had to know what cum tasted like – I immediately I found I loved it! I savor each and every sweet, salty load now, often trying to squirt into my own mouth, like my video Mistresses ordered me to, pretending it was a real man spraying my face. But, my pathetic, little sissy-spurts never seem to be enough. I found myself really envious of the sissy-sluts in the movies. They were getting such huge cum-loads! They would get so much warm, man-cream that it would fill their mouths and leak out of both corners! Lucky bitches! I still pound my little pecker a few times a day, just to be able to get a taste of cum. I even I roll it around on my tongue without swallowing, to make the flavor last. I seem to crave the taste of cum now. I don't know why. It's a dirty little secret of mine – I like walking around with cum on my breath. I even jack-off at work to get a mid-day treat. It makes me feel humiliated and perverted but also a little naughty, sexy and strangely desirable. If only all the guys at work knew what I was doing!

Oh, and I discovered I like being humiliated too! I never knew that before! I recently started watching hypnosis videos that focused on how wretched and worthless I am as a man! And it's true! The sexy, voices were constantly reminding me of my pathetic beta-male status, my limp-wristed weakness, my girly femininity and my obvious inferiority to 'real' men with 'real' cocks. I really like it when the voices and the imagery insult my manliness, my penis size, my love of panties and cocks, and how they remind me that I could never please a real woman. It only confirmed my own suspicions. No silly video had to tell me that; deep down, I already knew it. And, since I deserve all of this abuse anyway, I had to learn to enjoy it. And I do! Now, every time the voices called me dirty names, like, “Sissy,” “Fag-boy,” “Cock-sucker,” and my all-time favorite, “Faggot,” my little sissy-dicklet twitches with a combination of humiliation and happiness. Sometimes, I can make myself cum just by watching and listening those pretty ladies sneering at me and calling me a “Faggot!” over and over with a thick dildo up my ass. Silly, isn't it?

I watched all of the faggot-humiliation, sissy-training, and sissy-hypnosis videos I could find! Even the sissy-cuckold videos (If I ever had a wife or girlfriend, I know I'd want her to have sex with a real man, since I could never please her. I just hope they'd let me watch, or even help!). I searched website after website, free ones and pay-by-the-month ones. Over and over, day after day, week after week, jacking my limp, little, pitiful, boi-clitty until it inevitably and uncontrollably spurting all over me. I had never realized how much I loved being sissified, sexually-used, abused, mistreated, humiliated, and degraded like that before. I guess you can learn something new about yourself every day! I know now that I'm just as pathetic and pitiful as those sissy-bois in the videos. It seems they were destined to become a sissy-

fuck-toys for men. Besides, it is so obvious! If you are a pathetic, little, limped-dick sissy, who could never please a woman, you should only be interested in pleasing Alpha-men; sucking their cocks and letting them use you whenever and wherever they want. I mean, it's the only thing I'm good for, I mean, the only thing they are good for. Anyway, what other choice do they have? They may as well embrace their destiny, right?

Not only did the videos encourage me to dress and act like a sissy-slut, but like I said before, they encouraged me to go out and find strange cocks to pleasure. After all, I was nothing more than a "Cock-sucker," a "Sissy-Faggot," a "Worthless cum-dumpster for sperm," and I should really "Let men use my faggot fuck-holes whenever they want." Besides, "Submitting to real men makes me happy," and, "I love sucking cocks, getting fucked, and eating cum." It all made perfect sense, but I could never act on it. That would be taking things too far I think. Yeah, I'm sure about that. Well, pretty sure, anyway. But it would be kind of fun...

All of this sissy-faggot-bull-shit is just a silly fantasy in your mind. My silly perversions are simply innocent "Cock-Sucking-Sissy-Faggot-Cum-Slut" sexual fantastic imaginations. I have never shared it with anyone or ever followed through with my dirty, perverted thoughts; well, besides wearing panties, playing with dildoes and eating my own cum. It's all just a normal, but slightly perverted fantasy, right?

However, lately - and I find this a little troublesome and sometimes awkward - I sometimes look longingly at other men, glancing at their bulges and imagining what their cocks looked like. I have even been hoping to get the chance to see another man's penis up-close - like the gorgeous and slowly hardening cock I was staring at right now. I suddenly realized the man sharing the small bathroom with me had stopped peeing a long time ago...

"Like what you see?" he asked. He had been watching me while I stared at his cock!

'Oh Shit!' I was daydreaming about my sissy-faggot fantasies and got busted staring at a stranger's dick! I felt myself turning red from embarrassment and quickly looked away. 'Damn it!'

"Ah, sorry," I muttered. "I was just..., you know..., kind of zoned out..., I'm not like that..., Well, I..., It's nice and all..., but I..., I never..., " What was I babbling about? Shit! I had to get out of there! I shook the last drop of piss off my own little stiffening dick, zipped up, and started to exit the small room.

"Wait," he said, "Hold up a second." I stopped, though I certainly didn't intend to. I wanted to get out of there as fast as I could, but I couldn't move! Maybe it was the tone of his voice? I looked at him, well, I looked at his cock again, still hanging obscenely from his pants. Then I met his eyes. I felt like a deer in bright headlights. I was trembling.

"It's alright," he said softly, reassuring me. He then turned his body fully towards me, still holding his cock in his hand. "Go ahead, take a good look, I don't mind." He took a few steps towards me, putting his back to the door and blocking my only escape, while slightly shaking his long dick at me.

"I'm kind of proud of it," he said smiling, while giving it another shake. "Do you really like it?"

I couldn't help but stare at it. His cock jiggled, wiggled and ponderously did a sexy little happy dance for me. It was teasing me, taunting me and mocking me. Recalling all of the lovely cocks in my videos, suddenly I felt a strange urge to touch it.., to stroke it..., and to taste it...

"I said, 'Do you like it?'" he repeated it a little louder, breaking my mental cock concentration.

"Uh, yeah, it's nice." I managed to croak. It was more than nice. It was beautiful. It was perfect.

"It's beautiful..., it's perfect..., " I felt compelled to say the words I was thinking out loud, still staring at it.

"Thanks." he said.

I continued to stare. 'No! Look away!' my brain screamed! 'I'm not a sissy-faggot-cock-sucker! It's just a fantasy!' With effort, I somehow pulled my gaze from his handsome cock and glanced sheepishly at him, and prepared to bolt out of the door! I froze when I stared into his deep-blue, mesmerizing, Alpha-male eyes.

He was well built, toned, and strong. He brushed a patch of dirty blonde hair off of his face and shook his dick at me again. He said, "Go ahead, take a good, long look at another man's cock - you know you want to."

I did want to. I knew it and he knew it. I stared intently at his cock. It was slowly getting harder, longer, and fatter. It must have been six or seven inches now and still getting harder, longer and fatter. The well-shaped flared head expanded, and I noticed dark blue veins beginning to protrude on both of his thick shaft. His cock pulsed for me. It was so pretty... It looked so tasty... I wanted to hold it. I also wanted to hold his heavy, cum-filled, manly balls...

Oh god? Why was my mouth watering?

The handsome stranger shook his fat dick at me again for the third time. I watched it grow even larger. Subconsciously, I licked my lips, imagining how it would feel in my hands... on my tongue... and somehow already knowing how it would taste in my mouth – like the nectar of the gods!

There was silence in the small room while I continued to stare at his gorgeous cock. It was almost fully hard now. I'm sure it was well over eight inches. More than eight inches of another man's hard, thick, cock - it was so close, I swear I could actually smell it; a mixture of ball sweat and stale manly secretions. This was way better than any sissy video! The flared head was turning a slight purple color, swelling slightly and growing darker and more angry looking as I stared. I watched his cock throb again. I pondered how a pathetic little beta-boi like me could somehow be getting a real man like him so aroused? I felt sexy and desirable. I really liked this feeling.

Then, he startled me by asking softly, "Have you ever touched another man's cock before?"

I shuddered involuntarily and shook my head 'no,' without taking my eyes off his still hardening rod.

I had briefly played with my best friend's dick when we were still in our early-teens, and he with mine. It had never progressed any further. But recently, I wished we had done more. I wished I had sucked him off and I wished he had put his hard little dick up my ass. Maybe every day after school, and during every sleepover. However, I had answered the stranger honestly – I had never touched another man's cock before, only a teenage boy's dick. And now, there was a real man's hard cock less than a yard away from me. My knees felt weak. I couldn't move.

'Oh god, what am I doing?' I thought to myself. 'Get out of here, now!' But, I was mesmerized by his cock, by his perfect, hard, throbbing, gorgeous cock! I wanted it like I never wanted anything in my life before. I was hypnotized, mesmerized, and completely and utterly controlled by a nameless stranger and his magnificent cock. I felt myself getting turned on. My little dick twitched. My asshole involuntarily clenched and unclenched.

"Go ahead, touch it," he said. He moved closer. I eagerly started to reach out my hand, but paused.

"Do it," he said, "It's OK. I want you to. Touch it," he commanded, then added softly, "You may never get another chance."

I knew he was right. This might be my only chance to touch another man's cock. Could I really let this once in a lifetime opportunity pass? No! I had to feel it! I had to touch it! I had to stroke it! Just for a little bit, I promised to myself. Besides, he told me to, right? After I touched it, then I was sure the urge would pass. I reached out my hand again, getting closer to his cock. My hand was only mere inches away, when I stopped again. This was my last chance to back out. If I continued and held another man's cock in my hands, I strangely felt I would somehow turn into the embodiment of my strange, exotic fantasy and become a cock-loving-sissy-faggot forever.

"Just do it!" he said loudly, impatient with my hesitation. My brain heard his voice as an overpowering command. Startled, I immediately did as I was told. I had to. I slowly reached over and softly gripped the stranger's hard cock with my trembling hand. The cock was warm and soft, yet heavy and hard. It felt so alive! I felt it surge and pulse. It was nothing like my cold, stiff didoes. This was much better! I stroked it gently, almost lovingly as I stared at it. It felt so familiar, like I'd done it a thousand times before.

"Wow," I said aloud, stroking the entire length of his cock. It was so much thicker and longer than my own.

It felt good holding his cock. I smiled and realized I was happy! I was actually happy holding another man's cock. I thought, 'It feels so hot! It feels so nice, so wonderful!' My emotions shook me. It felt so much better than the first time I held my fake, rubber cocks. I relieved the experience of that moment, walking from darkness into light, but this was so much better. I smiled like a giddy schoolgirl! I felt it throbbing in my hand as I continued to stroke it gently; cognizant of the softness of my touch, and not wanting to stroke him too fast, or grip him too hard, knowing I was making him feel so good. Me! It was ME making him feel good! I felt so proud and suddenly worthwhile. My perverted fantasies were coming true. Unbidden, I blurted out my perverted thoughts aloud, "It feels so hot. It feels so nice, so wonderful! I love it!"



“I knew you liked cock,” he sneered. “You were staring at my dick like a little cock-hungry slut.”

His words shook me to my core. ‘Me? I like cock? Am I really a cock-hungry slut?’ It was one thing to fantasize at home, in my own bed, playing with didoes and watching porn, but this was reality. I was holding another man’s cock in a public restroom, and I was enjoying it! I felt a warm wave of calmness wash over me, cleansing me and washing away any lingering inhibitions. ‘Yes’, I thought to myself, ‘I do like cock. And yes, I am a cock-hungry slut.’ There was no denying it any longer.

I couldn’t believe it! I was fondling another man’s cock! My head was spinning, but it felt so right, so natural, and I was getting so turned on. I felt my dick stiffening even more and I felt the last reserves of manly dignity leaving me. I tried to fight it. I made one last herculean effort to regain my sanity! The room was spinning like those hypnotic spinning spirals! ‘No! I can’t!’ my mind screamed! Then everything stopped. My sanity returned. I took a deep, shuddering breath to steady myself.

“Um, OK..., thanks,” I said meekly, “That was..., um..., really nice.” I had come to my senses! Thank god! I loosened my grip on his cock, intending to leave. I was going to walk out, not look back, and forget this ever happened!

“Don’t stop!” he said sharply, and then pulled my trembling hand back onto his hard shaft, “Keep stroking it! Just close your eyes and enjoy it! I can tell you love it – we both know you want my cock...,” Then, he said the magic word..., my favorite word..., my special trigger word...,

“...Faggot...”

The word seemed to echo in the small room. I knew it echoed in my mind. That was it; I was completely lost! He saw right through me. He knew my true self better than I did! I was nothing but a faggot and a sissy! I love cock. I love how his fat, Alpha-cock felt in my hand! I was compelled to obey and serve him, and to do whatever he asked of me. Obediently, I closed my eyes, caressed his cock and enjoyed it, like he ordered; giving myself totally into the exhilarating feelings coursing thru me. I stroked his wonderful, perfect cock and moaned out loud.

“Mmmmm..., Yes..., Oh god yes!” I murmured, “You are so right..., I’m a faggot, I’m nothing but a sissy-cock-loving-faggot and your cock feels so good! It is so hard..., so long..., and so thick, so wonderful!”

I was really getting into it now. With my eyes closed, gripping a warm, hard cock, my sissy-imaginations relived all of the hypnotic videos I had watched. In my mind, I was a sexy, slutty she-male, doing what I was meant to do in life, servicing cock! It was hot! I wanted to pleasure this man’s cock so badly. I wanted to make him feel so good. I realized what would happen if I kept doing it. He would cum! I wanted him to cum! I wanted be the one to make him cum! I needed to be a cock-hungry slut for this nameless stranger, to submit totally to this dominant and deserving Alpha-male, and his beautiful, manly, Alpha-sized cock!

Then, it was his turn to moan softly as I gripped him tighter “Yes, do me good faggot, and I’ll give you a treat,” he said. Images of spurting cocks and cum flooded my mind. I knew what treat he had waiting for me. I was now a committed sissy-whore, doing what I was meant to do! There was no turning back.

“Hold on second – but don’t stop!” he commanded. I opened my eyes to the bright florescent lights, but I didn’t stop. I continued to fondle and stroke him softly. He turned his upper body, reached behind him, and locked the door. The ‘click’ sounded ominous in the small room. I continued to stroke his cock. Waiting. Watching. Wondering what was going to happen next. What I would do? What he would make me do?

“Now, let me get these out of the way.” He dropped his pants and his underwear to the ground. They fell to the floor heavily and he stepped out of his discarded clothing. He pushed his cock forward and lifted up his shirt at the same time. I could see all of him - his flat abs, his entire hard cock - that I had somehow managed to continue stroking - and his big, beautiful, cum-filled balls. So manly, so perfect! So delicious! He smelled so good! His manly odors were much better than my expensive cologne!

I moved closer to him to cup and caressed his huge, heavy balls with my other hand. Insane, crazy desires washed over me. I pulled my hand from his damp ball- sack and rubbed my hand all over my nose and mouth, inhaling deeply while giving my palm a quick lick. I could smell his sweat, his balls, and even taste his sexual essence! I felt pre-cum oozing out of his slit and I rubbed it over his cock-head. His cock pulsed as the slick goo slimed over our skin; his cock, my hand.

He moaned gutturally as I applied more of his dick-juice to his cock and then to his shaft. I was rock hard in my pants. I groped him passionately and gently tickled his balls with my other hand. The only sounds in the room was our heavy breathing, our soft moans, and the sweet, scratching sound of my fingers running thru the hairs on his big, heavy balls. An eternity passed. I was in heaven, but I needed more. We both needed more.

I knew what I was going to do before he had a chance to tell me. I was already getting ready to fall to my knees when he said it, “Suck it! Suck my cock, you hot little bitch.”

I dropped to the floor immediately, not caring if I ruined my slacks – just like a ‘hot little bitch’ should. I grinned. The world seemed to stop as I got my first close-up look another man’s cock - the focal point of all of my sissy desires! It was huge, hot, and throbbing! All for me and my sissy-faggot mouth! It was only inches from my face. I couldn’t believe this was really happening!

I moaned out loud as I prepared to worship my first, exquisite cock! I reached out reverently and gripped it behind the head. It was big and beautiful! The image is still burned in my mind! It was hard and thick; the veins running along it were filled and pulsing with blood. It was slick from the pre-cum where I had smeared it; now shining from the florescent lights above us. The balls were swollen and full, and I knew they were full of cum! Hot, thick, sweet, man-cum! I gently squeezed his shaft behind the head and was rewarded with another large drop of pre-cum. I watched as the clear fluid seeped from his piss-slit and ooze out, getting bigger and rounder until I knew it would soon fall to the floor and be wasted!

Then, everything seemed to happen in slow-motion! Without thinking, I leaned in and licked the clear fluid dripping from his cock-head. It tasted like nectar! It was delicious! It exploded on my taste-buds! I

stared at his slit hoping for more. My first taste of another man's pre-cum, my first taste of cock! It was everything I had hoped for!

"Get busy, slut!" he growled. "Start working on my cock, you fucking faggot!"

His words only flamed my desire to please him. Yes, I am a slutty faggot, and I needed to get to get busy and do the only thing I was born to do! I quickly began licking all around his perfectly flared cock-head, savoring the salty ooze I had previously rubbed over it. I realized I loved the taste, texture and smell of cock! I searched for more pre-cum up and down his shaft. It so tasted wonderful, and I wanted more! I lapped at his frenulum, hoping to coax out more clear cream. A little more oozed out, I licked it up happily, and then, I knew I was ready.

Before he could order me to, I opened my mouth wide and placed it over the fat head, swirling my tongue around the thick ridge, searching for more. I removed my mouth and licked the head some more, and gripping his cock tightly, moved it left, right, up and down, so I could lick all around and behind the flared head, then up and down his hard shaft. I knew this was making him feel fantastic!

I needed to show this stranger what a good little sissy-cock-slut I was! I was going to do the very best I could do! I somehow needed to make him proud of me!

That's when I did it! I put my mouth over his hard dick again, slid my warm, wet lips over his slick cock-head, and sucked gently, bobbing my head up and down. I finally did it! I was sucking cock! I was a cock-sucker now and forever, and I loved it! I was going to give him the best fucking, blow-job he ever had!

I slipped my sucking mouth off of his flared cock-head with a 'pop' and immediately licked it and slurped it into my mouth again. For some reason, licking and sucking cock seemed like the most natural thing in the world to me, and I suddenly realized how happy I was with a hard cock in my mouth! I loved it, I really I loved it! I wanted to scream it out loud! 'I love cock! I love sucking cock!' More than that, I needed to do it! I craved it! I had to have more and more cock! I was on fire!

"Call me names," I groveled, needing to feel dominated and humiliated while I surrendered myself entirely to his manly superiority. "Call me your little-sissy-faggot-bitch. Let me be your faggot-cock-sucking-whore," I pleaded, looking up at him.

Suddenly, he slapped me, hard, across the face!

'Smack!'

I was startled, but I was sure I deserved it. 'How did I displease him?' I wondered, 'What did I do wrong?'

"Shut up faggot!" he spat out, "Your mouth is made for sucking cock, not whining like a little bitch. Now get busy sucking my dick, you cock-hungry, faggot-whore! Suck it all the way down to my balls, bitch, or I'll shove it down your sissy-faggot mouth-hole myself!"

Yes! This is exactly what I needed. To be degraded and used like the slutty, pathetic, cum-receptacle I was! I reveled in the sharp sting on my face and almost wished he would slap my other cheek too. To

put me in my place, or even better, turn me over his knees and paddle my naked, sissy-ass to punish me for my insolence!

I started sucking him deeply into my hot, faggot-mouth, taking him as deep as I could. I wanted nothing more than to please him, to make him cum, to be his perfect cock-sucking-fuck-toy! Maybe if I was extra good to him, he'd even let me suck his fabulous cock again! Determined, I began bobbing my head; slowly at first, up, and then down. His thick shaft stretched my jaw to the limit as I sucked his cock the best I could! Deeper, and deeper, in and out, being careful to keep my teeth out of the way. I didn't want to scape his sensitive glans, he might pull his beautiful cock away from me! I pushed his sweet cock deeper into my mouth, until the fat head hit way back in my throat and made me gag. I pulled back, ready to try again.

"All the way faggot! I said suck it all the way down!" he demanded. "What a worthless piece of shit you are! Here, I'll show you to do it" He then he put his big, wide hand on the back of my bobbing head and tried to shove his cock all the way down my tight, wet, cock-gobbling throat!

"Mmmphhhh!" I moaned in alarm. His cock forced its way deeper, filling my throat to its limit and suddenly cutting off my air supply! He held me there as I struggled, then loosened his grip. On the backstroke, I took a deep breath, my nostrils flaring, but still sucking his cock and not missing a beat.

Again, he pushed my head down, going deeper this time. I felt his cock pushing its way past my gullet, pushing my soft, firm flesh out of the way. I could feel his cock lodged in my throat. I gagged and pulled away again. "I'll skull-fuck you hard if you don't take all, slut!" he warned.

'Could I do it?' I thought? 'Could I take his whole shaft down my throat? Breathe! Breathe!' I thought to myself! If I was not careful, I would pass out from lack of oxygen. I had practiced this on my rubber cocks and found I could proudly deep-throat some of the smaller ones. But, the cock plunging in and out of my throat was longer and thicker than those! But, I had to try; the overwhelming desire to please this stranger with his hard, beautiful, delicious cock consumed me!

I relaxed my throat, closed my eyes and took a deep breath! He sensed a change in me, and started pushing my head down on his long, thick cock a little slower than before. He forced his fat cock down my throat, past my gullet again, and kept going. I felt something give inside of me, and I soon felt my nose smashing into his stomach. I did it! He held me there and I didn't even struggle. Then I swallowed, knowing he could feel my throat tighten around his cock. He let go of my head, and after a moment, I swallowed again and slowly brought my head back, feeling his cock slide out of my throat. I took my mouth off of my prize, all without gagging the least little bit! It bounced before me, and I looked up at my newfound lover.

"Someone's been practicing," he said, grinning at me.

I was in love! I slowly put him back in my mouth, taking him deeply in and out of my throat, over and over again. All the way down, all the way up!

“Oh yeah, you faggot! Damn, you are good. Oh, yeah! Keep sucking my big, fat, fucking, cock, you dick-bitch, you fucking-cock- slut!”

I was so happy! I was so proud. I was so horny! I continued to suck him as he began face-fucking me again, as if my mouth was nothing but a pussy to be fucked hard! I gasped for breath when I could, letting him have his way with me.

“Yeah, you fucking queer! You’re nothing but a cock-sucking sissy-boy! That’s it! Suck it! Damn, you were born to be a cock-sucking-faggot-whore!”

His words made my dick harder. I felt like I would cum every time he called me a ‘sissy,’ a ‘cock-sucker,’ a ‘faggot!’

“Oh yeah, bitch,” he moaned. “What a great fucking blow-job from a pathetic, sissy-faggot-cock-whore! Staring at other men’s cocks and sucking them off in a public bathrooms. What a fucking cheap slut you are!”

He kept up a steady stream of foul names. Calling me everything he could think of, “dick-smoker,” “fag-hag,” and “knob-gobbler.” He asked if I liked cocks up my ass too (I nodded while sucking him), and then he started calling me a “fudge-packer,” a “turd-burglar” and an “ass-pirate.” “Are you cum- slut too?” he asked. “Are you a cum-guzzler? A cum-dumpster?” All the while fucking my face relentlessly! “Oh, what a fucking load of cum I’m going to blast into your cum-loving, cock-sucking, faggot-mouth!”

Oh, how I loved him! I loved sucking his cock. I was in sissy-faggot-cock-sucking heaven!

His words spurred me on. Time to make him cum! I somehow got him to stop fucking my face by pulling away and saying, “Let me do it, let me make you cum all by myself, please?”

He slapped me again for my insolence, but that didn't stop me from sucking his glorious cock. To my delight, he stopped his thrusts, and allowed me to continue, as I made hot, faggot-love to his cock, the best I knew how. Slurping sounds filled the room as I quickened my actions. Spit drooled down my chin as I worked on him. I wanted him to cum! I wanted to taste his cum spurting down my throat. I wanted to feel his hot cum blasting in my face. I wanted to be a cum-guzzling faggot whore! I bounced my face on his cock, faster and faster! All the way down, till I could lick his balls, then all the way back up! He didn't have to fuck my face; I was doing it for him!

As his cock would leave my mouth-hole, I would jack his wet flesh with one hand, while caressing his balls with the other. I would swirl my tongue around his sensitive head every time he slid out of my throat and into my hot, sucking mouth! I got a rhythm going, knowing I would be rewarded soon! Deep-throat his cock, swallow his cock, slide it out, jack it, tickle his balls, tongue his fat head, and repeat. Down, up, swallow! Jack, tickle, swirl! I was a cock sucking machine, with only one, no two, things on my mind – his pleasure and my hot, slimy reward! The only time I stopped sucking his glorious cock was to lick and suck on his big, hairy, sweaty balls, hoping to encourage his testacies to produce more cum! Then, I would get back to work, slurping cock and fucking my own face with his magnificent cock.

“I’m going to cum, you whore! Your faggot mouth is making me cum! Take it, queer-boy! Take it all! Take my cum-load bitch! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!” he moaned in one long sigh.

I felt his cock swell. The head expanded in the back of my throat - I pulled back until his flared gland was resting on my tongue - I wanted to taste it!

It swelled even more and I felt the cum surging up his shaft! The first blast hit the roof of my mouth. I swirled my tongue around his swollen head, tasting his hot spunk! It was so good! It was so fucking delicious! There was so much of it! I bobbed my head slowly, savoring the taste as I cupped his balls and worked his shaft with my hand. I swallowed down the first slimy load and an even bigger one erupted onto my tongue and hit the back of my throat!

Quickly pulling his cock out of my mouth, I continued to jack him off, while giving his cock a quick loving lick! I wanted to see it spurt! Aiming it at my open mouth, I watched as it jerked again and then he spewed a large wad of cum from his piss-slit. I watched it sail over my eyes, blast my forehead, and drip down my cheek. I quickly lowered my aim and watched another blast fly right into my open mouth! I kept it in my mouth, savoring the taste, as another blast hit my open lips and fell to my chin. I felt it drip to the floor, and not wanting to lose any more precious cum, I popped his still spurting cock into my mouth, locking my lips tightly around his shaft. I sucked and swirled my tongue around his head until I felt the cum blasts lessen, softly spurting into my hot, sucking mouth. I counted ten full spurts altogether, and then I gently tongued his piss-slit feeling a couple more pulses oozing out. I had swallowed as best I could as he erupted; only a little escaped from the corners of my mouth. So much yummy cum! I sucked the head gently, trying to get the last drops of his tasty ejaculate out of his shaft and into my mouth.

I looked up at him, and slowly eased up on his sensitive cock head. I knew I was covered in cum and I had a bellyful of his man-goo. It was great! It was so special! I was so happy! I loved it! I licked my lips, found more cum, and swallowed and savored the sweet, sticky goo once again. I suddenly recalled one of my favorite sissy-hypnosis videos. “Once you taste another man’s cum, you will be a sissy-cock-sucker forever!” Well, no wonder I thought, cum is so delicious! Besides, what is wrong with being a sissy-cock-sucker forever? You get to suck cock and eat cum all the time, don’t you? Duh!

“Whew! That was really nice, faggot,” the man said, “I think you’ve found your true calling; being a pathetic cock-sucking bitch! You already got a chick’s little body and some great cock-sucking lips! All, you need now is some make-up and a big set of tits!” He laughed at me as he pulled his softening dick from my reluctant lips. He squeezed out the last vestiges of cum from his softening dick and rubbed his slimy cock back and forth against my lips and face. I stuck out my tongue to give him more pleasure and to help him clean off his cock. He let me suck it one more glorious moment, then took his yummy cock from my yearning lips and put on his underwear, hiding that magnificent shaft from my view. It was all over way too soon! But, maybe he was right, a big set of tits would help me get more cocks and cum. It seemed to work for the sissy-sluts in the videos. I looked down at my chest and decided to make an appointment with a doctor tomorrow.

The man turned his back on me and put on his pants, as if he was dismissing me. I stared at his butt and imagined seeing it naked. I knew I would kiss his firm, manly ass and more, if he asked me to. I heard him zip-up. He unlocked the door, and just before he left, he turned to look at me. I was still on my knees, splattered with his cum, still tasting it and longing to have his cock back into my sad, empty, little, faggot mouth.

“Same time tomorrow, slut?” he said with a smirk.

Excitedly, I glanced at my watch, quickly noting the time. I could only nod my head eagerly, up and down, up and down, ‘Yes, oh yes, oh god yes!’ I said with my eyes. “Yes..., please?” I whispered with my cum-covered lips.

“Just don’t be late, queer-boy,” he commanded. Finally, he turned and left. I heard him mutter, “That cock-sucking-faggot got skills, damn!” He was shaking his head in disbelief as he walked away. The door closed. I knew he enjoyed it – definitely not as nearly as much as I did – but I noticed the smile upon his face and I felt the last remnants of his unspoken gratification dripping down my face.

I got up off my tired knees and pushed the door tightly closed. I reached over and turned the lock. I needed to be alone for a while. It was quiet in the room. My heavy, deep breathing was the only sound. My knees hurt, my jaw was sore, and my throat ached, but it was the best I’ve felt in years!

I turned to the mirror and looked at the cum-covered reflection of what used to be a man staring back at me. Damn, I looked sexy! I felt my dick straining against my pants. I was amazed that I hadn’t cum while sucking on his cock. Too busy pleasuring him to focus on myself, I guess. But, I needed to cum now! I quickly dropped my pants, pulled out my slippery little cock and began to jack off. I stared at the image in the mirror – looking cheerfully at the faggot-cock-sucker I had become.

“Yes, you are a faggot! A cock-sucking-sissy-faggot-cum-slut!” I said to aloud to my cum-covered self in the mirror as I jerked off.

“And, a very good, faggot, sissy cock-sucker you are too!” I noted. Seeing cum on my upper lip, I stuck out my tongue to taste it again. I got all I could reach, licking my lips and then the corners of my slutty mouth. I began reliving the whole, dirty experience in my mind.

“And, you are a cum-guzzling slut!” I moaned to myself, tasting his cum on my tongue, and jacking my dick harder and faster. “You are a faggot now, you know? A faggot-cock-whore, now and forever...” I knew I spoke the truth, and it so turned me on!

I couldn’t believe it! Did I really just suck off a complete stranger in a public bathroom? I was staring at the evidence still spattered all over my face and my drool stained dress shirt. I jerked my dick and I stared at what I had become - a cum-covered, pathetic, cock-sucking, groveling, little faggot. I looked so good! Damn, I wished I had his cock in my mouth again. Then a thought came to me – ‘A cock in my mouth, AND, one in my ass! One to suck, and one to fuck! I’d be in sissy-boi heaven!’ I needed a hard cock in my ass right now; I needed one pounding my faggot boi-pussy. I pushed out my naked ass and

imagined getting butt-fucked - hard - by the nameless stranger and his thick cock, while another strange man fucked my faggot mouth-hole.

My little dicklet felt so good (or my little boi-clitty, as I would call it from now on)! I felt so good too; so complete! I knew I wouldn't last long. I felt my orgasm building in the base of my balls as my imaginary studs used me like the whore I was. The whore I have become. The filthy cock-whore I AM!

"Feed me your cum! I NEED IT!" I cried, as I felt my own cum churning in my balls. The good feelings were building up to a massive climax!

My asshole tightened, squeezing the imaginary cock I wished was back there. I could almost feel it slamming into my hole, again, and again. I opened my mouth, making an "O" shape, imagining it again filled with delicious, hard, throbbing cock. The only sounds were my moans and the soft "fap" "fap" "fap" sounds as I beat my slimy, pre-cum soaked meat. I looked at my depraved reflection as I thought of big fat cocks filling all my holes! 'If I only had a pussy' I thought, 'Then, I could take on three cocks! No! Five cocks, with one in each hand too, spurting cum all over my ass, my face, my pussy, my cock!'

"I need more cock, I need more cum!" I nearly shouted it!

A few more strokes and I was there! I imagined all the hard, fat cocks spurting into me as I came!

The feelings tore thru me as I blasted shot after shot of sissy-boi-juice out of my piss-hole! I felt it shooting up from way down deep in my balls. I was cumming like the imaginary cocks in my fantasy – they were shooting off in my ass and in my mouth, my face, and my hands - all over me, until I was covered in hot cum! "Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh!" The sound felt like it came up from my bowels as I came. It was glorious!

My first and second shots arced up and over, landing on the counter under the mirror. "Uhhh, Uhhh," I moaned, as I blasted. The third, fourth and fifth shot I managed to catch in my palm. I jacked until I was spent, dribbling my cum into my hand. The waves of my passion slowly lessened. My orgasm was so strong! I could smell the cum in the air, my fresh cum, and the smell of man-sex that still enveloped the room! My knees were weak, my head was spinning. I leaned against the sink, catching my breath, and squeezing last drops of cum into my hand. I felt so satisfied!

I recognized a different feeling as it washed over me, like a cleansing shower from a mountain waterfall - I was happy. I was content. This was the best cum I've had in a long time, but there was something else.

I knew my place now. I was at peace. I was totally fulfilled.

I had just given a total stranger a fantastic blow-job, and I loved it! I loved sucking a stranger's cock and swallowing his sperm. I love the taste of cum and I definitely wanted more!

I realized that cock was what I had been missing my whole life! Sucking cock, swallowing cum, being humiliated, and accepting the fact that I was a sissy-faggot and that I will always do what I was told – it is what will make me whole and complete, just like the videos had told me! Wow, another coincidence!



I realized that there are so many men out in the world! So many men with hard cocks who would love having a sissy-faggot like me sucking their dicks whenever they wanted me to! Women wanted relationships, while men wanted sex – dirty, nasty sex that I could freely give to them! I would be sucking stranger's cocks like only a true, sissy-faggot-cum-craver could!

I smiled as I looked at my image in the mirror. And just like a true cum-slut, I thought of my lover's disgust if he could see me licking the thick pool of my own cum from of my hand and swallowing it down.

I noticed a slight difference in the taste between his sperm and mine. I was becoming a true cum-connoisseur! His cum tasted so much sweeter than mine. But maybe, I thought, you appreciate it more when you have to work so hard for it!

I watched a drop of his cum fall slowly off my face, and land with a small 'plop' onto the counter. Damn, I looked like such a cum-whore! I stared longingly at the cum drop, wishing there were more. I noticed the stream of my own cum where it landed on the counter. I knew I would not waste a drop of it. I bent over to slurp it up...

"Wait!" I thought! I looked so sexy, so covered in cum that I had to remember this! I had to record it! I could use it to jack off again and again! My dick throbbed as I began thinking about it!

Taking my phone from my pants pocket (which were still around my ankles), I snapped a few pictures of my cum-covered face and then my tongue licking the cum-splattered counter. After taking some hot selfies to remember the moment with, I recorded a video of myself, telling myself what a cock-sucking slut I was! I began wiping the sperm from my face, and then sucking my fingers till they were clean. All the while, I spoke to the camera telling it what had just happened. Admitting for all time that I had just become a faggot, cock-hungry, cum-whore!

I felt myself getting harder, as I recorded my every slutty action.

"Maybe he will fuck your boi-pussy, tomorrow, if you are lucky, faggot," I said out loud, wiping the last of his cum off my face and slurping it up for the camera. I fingered my ass hole. I decided that I'd wear my favorite pink panties tomorrow, and bring some lube, just in case! I couldn't wait! My cock became ridged, thinking about it.

"Hey, maybe he will bring some friends to fuck your tight little ass, while you suck his fat cock," I said loudly and excitedly to the fag in the mirror, putting a lot of emphasis on the words "Ass" and "Cock".

Just as the last word left my cum-stained lips, the door-knob jiggled loudly as someone tried to get in.

'Shit! Did I lock it right this time?' I thought to myself. I just said, 'Suck a fat cock?! Is it possible someone just heard me say that?

I panicked and tried to hit “stop” on the recording. I quickly smashed more buttons in an effort to hide my cum-splattered image from staring up at me from the phone. “Damn-it!” the phone slipped from my slippery, slimy, cum-covered fingers!

I turned around. My pants were still around my ankles and my quickly softening dick was dripping pre-cum onto the floor. There were the remnants of dried cum-stains still on my face.

The door jiggled again and suddenly it opened wide! It was then I heard my own voice coming up from the fallen phone - my recent video had started playing, at full volume! I had pressed the wrong buttons!

“I am a faggot, cock-hungry, sissy-slut” I heard my recorded voice say. “I just sucked off a man in a public restroom, and swallowed his cum, and I can’t wait to suck another cock!”

I tried to cover my dick with my hands, but found myself slowly fondling it instead. I stared at another handsome man standing in the doorway. He was so big and strong! He towered over me. I felt so small and feminine. I couldn’t help but wonder what his cock looked like? ‘Was it big? Was it fat? What did his balls look like?’ In any event, I knew his cock and balls could give me another load of sweet, delicious, cum! I was so ashamed of myself, so humiliated, and yet, I had to have more cock. I needed more cum!

The man came in and looked at me strangely, but I interpreted his glance as being slightly interested. He looked at my hands playing with my slimy, little, dicklet and then at my cum-stained face. We both looked at my phone playing my recent video. A close up of me wiping cum off my face and lovingly, and loudly, slurping the goo off my fingers!

“Oooh, I’m such a sissy, cum-guzzling whore! I want to be used by men, like the fuck-slut, cock-sucker that I am!” the video continued.

The man smiled at me, rubbed his growing bulge, and closed the door. I heard the firm “Click” sound as he locked the door behind him. Since that moment, like Pavlov’s dogs, that sound never fails to turn me on!

I smiled coyly back at him and dropped down to my knees once again. The video played on. If I didn’t recognize my own voice, I’d swear I was listening to one of my favorite videos.

“I love to suck cock”... “I love to eat cum”... “I’m a cum-dumpster for men” ... “I must please men, anytime, anywhere”... “I must do what I’m told”... “I crave cock up my ass”... “I love to get fucked hard” ... “I’m nothing but a filthy, pathetic, cock-sucking-sissy-faggot!”... “I need real men to use me, abuse me, humiliate me, dominate me, and treat me like the stupid, empty-headed, cock-craving, cum-slurping, slutty, little fuck-toy that I am!”

He sneered and push his crotch towards my cum-splattered face. I reached for his zipper. It was the best day EVER!

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