



THE SISSIFICATION OF MARTIN

by **BEA**



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Okay, I used to have a fairly high opinion of myself. I know that some people may have thought me conceited - but what's wrong in thinking highly of yourself?

Linda changed all that.

It started in what must be a time honored tradition in the girl meets boy series. I was in a bar with some of my buddies from the office, Bob Rodgers for one, Kent Allen the other. We'd been in there for about an hour, sucking up the suds and checking out the female traffic - though I wasn't really supposed to be doing this as I was engaged to be married at the time. Carole, my fiancé, was off to France with her parents for a three month tour, so that evening, for the first time in a long while, I was off the hook.

Frankly, I was getting a little bored with all this engagement shit. If Carole's folks hadn't been as well off as they were, I might haven't been so mindful of the fact that she wanted to take her virginity to our wedding bed. I mean, for Christ's sake, virginity isn't all it's cracked up to be (Get that double entendre there?) - not as far as I was concerned anyway. A little heavy necking was about as far as she'd go though and I was surely getting frustrated dating Widow Hand as often as I was.

Kent let out a soft whistle. "Holy cow, you guys! Take a look at *that* package!"

Because of a crush at the bar I couldn't see who he was talking about and was just about to quit looking when she came into view. Talk about a hot chick! Maybe only about five seven in her heels, but what a package! Short black skirt. White top, kinda plain, but a bare midriff with abs of steel. White hair in a short cut - a suggestion of bangs over the brow. Not that white, dead looking hair you see so often. Had a sheen to it that almost sparkled. Blue, piercing eyes that immediately saw me take her in. She stopped dead and returned my

stare with a flat appraisal of her own, then made a quick quarter turn and headed over towards our table. Stood there, Hilly confident, staring down. Spoke in a low and sultry voice. “Yes?” she said directly to me.

“No!” Bob said in answer, standing up and putting a hand over his chest. “Sorry honey. He’s engaged to be married to the lovely Carole, and is currently unavailable. I, on the other hand.. ?”

Her eyes flicked towards him for a second, taking him in, then dismissed him entirely with a look of total disinterest. Turned her attention back to me. “I asked you before. Yes?”

I mean, she was only a broad, right? But there was something predatory in the way she was focused directly on me, and nothing else in the room. So don’t be laughing at me when I said that I found her a little intimidating. Nonetheless, I pulled on my charm resources. Smiled up at her. “Hey honey!” I said. “Don’t know what you’re asking. Sit down, I’ll buy you a drink and you can explain what you’re talking about.”

Her expression changed. Almost as if a light had been switched off. Without a word, she turned around and went back to the bar.

“I don’t know what happened there Martin,” Kent said. “But I think you just fucked up. Missed out on something hot. You dummy!” “You know? I think you’re right-but I find it boring, the way I have to fight these broads off,” I said, doing my best to keep my face straight. “There’s sure to be another one along any minute.”

“Dream ON sucker!” Bob laughed, and Kent joined in. I did too.

I took a sip of my beer to calm myself. Strangely, I felt a slight relief. That woman had been scrumptious even though a mite scary. I mean, Carole’s no cart horse, trust me. She’s sweet and adorable and as pretty as a picture. But that woman I’d just talked to was something out of the ordinary. Her looks and movement exuded a powerful confidence and her low, throaty, voice had indicated a strong sexuality. I wasn’t positive about what her question had

meant, but was pretty damn sure it had been a direct invitation to sex. Had felt diminished in her eyes when I'd pretended not to understand. Wondered if she thought me a fairy.

Gradually, things got back to normal and the three of us joked around for a while, finishing our beers. I felt restless though and decided to split a while later. Said goodnight to my friends, who had decided to hang out there for a while longer. I was passing the bar when I saw the back of her head. Knew it was her from the hair. Was going to pass but then saw that she had a cigarette in her mouth and though there was a lighter on the bar beside her, she was obviously waiting for the bartender to light it for her. He was busy, but giving her apologetic sideways glances. I slid into the vacant seat beside her, picked up her lighter and thumbed it into flame. Held it towards her.

She lit her cigarette, then her eyes rose to evaluate me again. Then an absolutely beautiful smile lit up her face. "Thank you, kind sir. My name's Linda. Yours?"

The change in her was incredible. I wondered where I'd got the silly idea that she was predatory. This girl was soft and alluring. Projected vulnerability even. I put her lighter back on top of the bar and settled onto my stool, instantly smitten. "My name's Martin," I said shaking the soft, well-manicured, hand she offered. "Can I buy you that drink now?"

A regretful look crossed her face. "Thanks Martin. I really think I've had as much as I need. But why don't you have one. Keep me company?" She raised her finger a little and that bartender was there - I mean, talk about SPEED! She smiled up at him rewarding him for his service. "Give my friend Martin here a . . .?" she looked at me inquisitively.

"Scotch, rocks." I said.

"You heard the man George," she laughed. "But don't give him any of that crap from your bar well. Chavez Regal okay?" she asked me. "Fine!" I said airily.

“Yes sir!” George said smartly - and seconds later I was the proud owner of a good sized glass of Scotch on the rocks. I started to pull my wallet out, but he held up his hand. “Sir? When you’re with Linda, your money’s no good in this bar.”

I nodded my thanks then, “That’s the best service I’ve ever seen in this bar!” I laughed at her, after an appreciative sip of my drink.

“I like my men to pay attention to me,” she said.

“And I can see that you deserve it,” I said, grinning.

“Oh? And what do you see that gives you that impression?” she said, giving me that appraising look again, but with a hint of a smile on the upturned corners of her mouth.

“You’re the most attractive woman in the room. That’s for sure.” “That all?” she said. This time there seemed to be a genuine curiosity in her tone. The flirtatiousness was diminished.

I searched for an answer. Finally admitted. “I don’t know. There’s something about you that attracts me.”

She surprised me then. Laid her perfectly groomed hand on my thigh and smiled at me as my erection tautened the front of my pants, her smile letting me know that she was very much aware of it. Cocked her head. “Yes?” she said in exactly the same tone she’d used the first time, looking at me with, I swear, a flame in her eyes.

This time I didn’t falter. “Damn right!” I said.

She drained her glass, her face expressionless, then gave me a sultry smile. “That idiot friend of yours. Said you were taken. That right?”

I sensed that it was not the time to lie or prevaricate. “Yes. I’m engaged.” “Taken then?”

“Yes. You could say I’m taken.”

Her eyes grew even sultrier. “So you’re not going to be pushing me for commitments or anything stupid like that? Just a quick roll in

the hay, then Sayonara?”

“I just *love* it when you talk dirty,” I purred.

“Would you stop this silly chattering and finish your drink. I can think of other things I’d much rather be doing - including you.” she said archly, putting her empty glass on the bar, and her hand back on my thigh again.

We took a taxi to her apartment building - very exclusive. She lived on the sixteenth floor and all the way up in the elevator, she was clinging and rubbing herself hard up against me.

“What are you DOING!” I panted. “Knock it OFF, would you! I’m ready to cum!”

“Aw sweetie! There’s lots more where that comes from, huh?” she purred. “I’m just giving the security guys here an eyeful.” She pointed to a sign that I hadn’t noticed.

In a daze, I read that “For *the protection of tenants, the security department of the Wilmslow Apartment Complex wish anyone using the elevators for transportation to be advised that cameras may be in use . . .*”

“Aw shit!” I said, embarrassed and trying to pull back a little, realizing that there was a possibility that we were being watched.

“What’s the matter Marty? Shy?” she giggled, grabbing at my crotch. “These security guys? They love to watch me in action. Don’t you guys?” She said this, smiling up into one of the corners of the elevator, then adding. “I’m your fantasy, right boys?”

I could hardly breathe with excitement. Luckily, the elevator reached her floor, though she still kept a hold of my cock and, giggling, she led me from the elevator to her door, still holding it. I managed to get some self-control back for a few seconds while she searched for her key in a small handbag, then inserting a plastic card into a slot, threw the door open then got behind me and pushed me into the apartment, slamming the door behind us.

I couldn’t believe the ferocity that she attacked me with. Within

seconds I had been manhandled into the wall and her hands were scrabbling at my crotch, undoing my belt, my pants and tugging them down about my knees. I let out a yowl of pain when the elastic waistband of my jockey shorts caught on my hardon - and she wasn't too gentle about pulling them down to my knees as well - I wondered for a minute if it was possible to break a prick? - but didn't have any time to think as she was unleashing this incredible attack on me.

She had pulled her skirt up and her panties down, and I could feel her sharp pubic hair against the underside of my prick as she rubbed up and down against me, though she was wet before long and was slipping up and down the length of my penis effortlessly within minutes. Biting my ears and neck and grunting in animalistic fashion she jumped up and impaled herself on me, squealing with pleasure as she did so.

I felt somewhat inadequate to tell the truth - having had very little opportunity to lead into the act with a little foreplay - or even speak any sweet nothings. Felt as if I was just something for her to vent her sexual energy on - a walking, breathing dildo, so to speak. For damned sure, I hadn't had much chance to use my arms, pinned to the wall the way I was. My lips hadn't been overused either - she'd practically bruised them with her own - and her tongue seemed to have been determined to plumb the depths of my windpipe.

But don't get me wrong. It was probably the shortest fuck I've ever had - but nothing before had ever come close to the burst of sex that happened between us. I howled like a dog - or was that her? - as I seemed to jet for minutes, pumping and pumping, and pumping until I thought that my ass had imploded.

By that time I was flaccid and she simply slid down me. "Kinda short sweetie!" she said pertly. "But not bad. You'll try a little harder the next time, won't you pet?" and she patted my cheek. "But be a good little lamb. Make yourself useful and pour me a drink - the bar's over there," she pointed. "Scotch is fine - lots of ice. Off with you now!"

Dazed, and a bit insulted at her casual acceptance of what I

thought had been an excellent performance on my part, I re-arranged my clothing and made my way over to the bar. Found the ice maker built in underneath it and loaded two glasses, then poured in hefty dollops of the Scotch. Took a gulp of mine to fortify myself, then sweetened my glass up again. Walked over to a sofa, sat down and surveyed my surroundings.

Suddenly realized that my girl of the evening had money - maybe even SERIOUS money. Crazed with lust the way I'd been, I didn't have much memory of her apartment building but now that I thought back? Well-tended - and extensive landscaping. The security set up. The lush carpeting in the hallways. The view? I surveyed the furniture and the decor surrounding me. Reeked of dough! What in the name of god had I stumbled into? Every poor boys dream - a rich nymphomaniac?

I yawned, a trifle sleepy after my exertions. Leaned back into the cushions, sensed movement and turned to see Linda come sweeping into the room. Wow!

She had changed into some sort of shimmering silver nightgown and robe that seemed to sparkle with energy. Her face was freshly made up with her lips a liquid scarlet and, as she stalked towards me over the lush carpeting, a slit up the front of her nightdress allowed a pair of glorious legs to slip into tantalizing view with each step she took. Her blue eyes gleamed and I'd have sworn that her hair was giving off sparks.

“Hi sweetie,” she purred. “Ready for another round?”

“You look terrific!” I said, then. “Ready for what?”

“Oh, you little *tease!*” she cooed delightfully. “ME of course. Who else?”

With that, she picked up her drink from the table where I'd sat it down and drained it, then put it back down, came over to the sofa, then smoothed out her long gown and sat down beside me with a thump. Rested her head into my shoulder. Looked up at me with adoring eyes. Pouted her lips in readiness for a kiss.

I grinned as I slipped my arm around her shoulders and gave her a light kiss on the lips. “You sure are a handful.” I told her. “Lovely place you have here.”

“Screw the place!” she said. “Get ON with it!”

She wasn’t kidding! I had a feeling about what she was talking about, but found it hard to believe. “Get on with what, exactly?” I prevaricated. “Well?” she grinned. “The appetizer wasn’t bad - but let’s get on with the next course, huh?” With that, she laid her hand right on my crotch, and my dick responded immediately.

“See?” she smiled. “I knew you were only teasing! Let’s get this poor little fellow out where he can *breathe!*” She unzipped my pants and my erection popped out in front of me obediently.

“But we just finished!” I said, half laughing, in protest. “I need some time to recuperate!”

“Oh, for goodness sake!” she said impatiently. “He looks ready enough to me!” She took my erection in her hand and I got even harder. Somehow then, our positions were reversed and I was in her arms, then she was straddling me and looking down, smiling, one hand still holding my penis as I lay on my back. “See? Just as long as my little man does what mummy wants, she’s nice to him. But when he’s not obedient? Watch!”

Using her forefinger, she flipped her nail hard across the tip of my erection!

“Ow!” I yelped, and deflated immediately. “What did you do that for?” “To let him know that he’s *my* little man now. Not yours. He comes up when I want him to - and goes down when I say so.” She smiled and put her soft hand on my soft dick again. “Come along my little pet. Say hello to mummy.”

“Aw c’mon Linda. Be reasonable,” I started - but then I was getting erect again.

“See? Now just you stay out of it - it’s between just me and him now.” She giggled as she said this, removing her hand and sliding

herself onto me, and once again I was engulfed by her.

I reached up to caress her breasts, but she took my hands and forced them under my ass and told me to keep them there until she allowed me to bring them out. This while she slid up and down on me her hands pinning me on my back. I tried to bring them out again, but she growled some guttural, threatening, noise at me and I quickly put them back under me again. As her pace increased she lay more and more on top of me, licking and biting my face and ears, while I laid there, helpless under her onslaught. I didn't believe it when I started to feel myself undulating, prior to ejaculation. "STOP!" she shouted, but it was too late, I was pumping again. Not as much as the first time, but definitely pumping. Then, depleted, I sank back

She cursed and raised herself until she was holding herself away from me by her left arm. Slapped me across the face with her right! It stung, and I felt the tears come to my eyes.

"Dammit!" she scolded me. "Didn't you *hear* me? I told you to stop!" "I couldn't Linda! I'm sorry." I wailed, then added "That slap *hurt*!"

A contrite look came over her face immediately. "Oh sweetie! I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry. Please forgive me." Having said this, she laid down on top of me and kissed my face with a bunch of soft kisses. I brought my right hand out to hold her, but she sat back upright. "Didn't I tell you to keep your hands there until I said otherwise?" she asked coldly.

I knew that disbelief was written all over my face. "But Linda?" I started.

"But nothing!" she said firmly, taking my hand and forcing it back under my buttocks. "You're gonna have to learn to do what I tell you. Okay?"

I tried to smile as if humoring her, but it wasn't too successful. She exhaled impatiently through her nose. "Look, I said I was sorry for slapping you - but it WAS' your own fault for not doing like I asked. Now you're not answering my question. I'll repeat myself just

this once. Are you going to start learning to do what I tell you? Better tell me if you're not!"

What could I do? Exhausted from two bouts of energetic screwing and a maniacal nymphomaniac sitting on top of me, I swallowed my pride. "Yeah. Okay." I said. Then seeing the suspicious expression on her face, quickly added "Honest!"

Her beaming smile radiated outwards again. "*That's a sweet little lamb!*" she cooed and gave me soft kisses. "But you want to make your Linda happy?" She put her hand on my dick again!

"Linda? I'd LOVE to - honest! But I don't think ..." I panted.

She sighed patiently. "Yes. Yes. I can tell that you're a bit of a wuss. I could probably get you *interested* if I wanted to, but I'm a little too horny right now to spend the time. What I have in mind is something different. Here, let me show you." And she moved from the top of me, then started unfastening my shirt. "You can stop sitting on your hands now," she said. "Give me a hand to get your clothes off."

I was so relieved at not being expected to perform again that I obediently helped her remove all my clothing and then, there I was, sitting on the couch, buck naked and actually shivering.

"No need to be scared sweetie," she cooed.

I actually was a little frightened - this broad just seemed to be driving me from one humiliation to another, but naturally was not about to admit this. "Scared? Ha Ha! It's just the air conditioning is a little cold is all," I said.

She nodded, smiling in a way that said she understood, then promptly shoved me off the sofa, so that I was sitting on the carpet my back supported by the sofa and my head sticking up above the level established by the cushions. "You can use your hands now," she said, then before I knew what she was going to do, had straddled my face and was now kneeling on the couch facing backwards, her crotch hard into my face!