

CUM-STAINED SHORTS

Bobbi
🌸 *Mare*

BUKKAKE **SISSY**



Cum-Stained Shorts: Bukkake Sissy

Bobbi Mare

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About Bobbi Mare

One: Abduction

It happened so fast, it was over before I even knew it had begun.

“Get in the van, bitch!”

Even if somebody had seen something through the pouring rain, beneath the long-broken streetlights, it was hardly the kind of neighborhood where they were likely to say anything.

“Sit down or I’ll fucking put you down.”

There’d been a brief surge of adrenaline, a fleeting moment where I had thought about fighting back, but it would have been my tiny fists against two knives and a gun.

“If you want to keep those teeth, you’ll open that damn mouth.”

The van had been black, its headlights off, and its taillights out. The men had been shadowy silhouettes in the night, masked strangers in coveralls, wearing combat boots and leather gloves. Assuming I survived, I was never going to be able to identify them.

“Do as you’re told, faggot, and there’s more where this came from.”

It was only as one of my kidnappers shoved a grotesquely swollen condom into my mouth that I began to understand what was happening.

Okay, maybe not understand, but hope and dream and pray - okay, not pray, not about perverted shit like this, but wish, maybe that what I’d been waiting for was finally happening.

Almost six months ago I’d signed up for an extreme fantasy experience. It was an underground company that promised to make any fantasy come true. It didn’t matter how perverted, how expensive, how illegal, or how complicated, they could make it happen. Normally, it wasn’t something I’d even consider, but they hooked me with the promise of money and the assurance of anonymity.

Not only was the fantasy experience completely free, but they would pay you for seeing it through to the end. The catch was, they got to record every moment, and you gave them permission to package, distribute, and broadcast the material in whatever way they saw fit. In essence, you signed up to be a one-shot porn star, with your payment determined by how marketable they felt the fantasy would be.

That kind of exposure was a terrifying prospect, but the deal also included professional makeup and a hairstylist to make you completely unrecognizable, as well as a professional editor to obscure or digitally remove any distinguishing features from the footage.

Despite the exposure, it really was a risk-free scenario - or as close to it as you could reasonably get.

The only real catch was that you never knew how or when the fantasy would begin. To make it as authentic as possible, they operated on an ambush model, interrupting your daily life at some random time, in some random place, to yank you out of your comfort zone and into the fantasy. I'd heard of people who'd been taken before they'd even closed the browser window and another who'd waited over a year, until they'd almost forgotten about it.

“Close that pretty mouth, but don't you dare bite my finger, bitch.”

As my kidnapper tied the used condom in place with what tasted like a silk scarf, I just hoped this was the beginning of my fantasy experience and not the end of something else. For all I knew, this was a random kidnapping, a blackmail scheme, or a human trafficking ring, and I'd never be seen again. I didn't think so. I mean, I wasn't worth much to anybody, and I was hardly a prize specimen. If this wasn't my fantasy experience, then somebody was going to be very disappointed in their new acquisition.

In my head, I tried to stay positive. I desperately clung to my hopes that this was my fantasy coming true. As much as possible, I shunted the fear and panic off to the side and forced myself to relax.

In my pants? Well, that was a little more embarrassing. I'd pissed myself as they dragged me into the van, and now, with a cum-filled condom in my mouth, I felt my erection straining against the tight denim of my jeans.

Yeah, so I'm a little fucked up. Why else did you think I'd sign up for such a service?

I had no way to tell how far we'd driven or for how long, but I'd toppled over onto both of my sides more than once on sharp turns. The dried, crusty patch in my jeans told me it had been at least a couple of hours. Nobody had said a word to me the entire time. They hadn't even looked at me during those turns, much less touched me to help me back up after. I wasn't tied up or anything, but I was sitting in a locked van that felt like it was driving much too fast for me to bail, surrounded by armed men I was sure would stop me before I even got close to the door.

“Don't move. We won't hurt you.” This was a voice I hadn't heard before. A woman's voice. Had she been in the van all along? Was she there to keep the others from going too far?

I felt her wrapping something about my head. Based on the feel, I guessed it was another silk scarf, this time used as a blindfold. It had to be a long one because she wrapped it my face a dozen times before tying it off behind my head.

The sound of the van door sliding open was painfully loud in the darkened silence.

“Give me your hand.” It was her again. “Two steps forward. Turn. Step out and then step down.”

My legs were stiff after sitting for so long, but she helped support me until I was okay to stand on my own. It was hard, though, to find my balance blindfolded. Once I was steady enough to move, she took my arm and led me forward. She told me when to step up onto a curb, when to stand back from a door, and when to turn this way or that. I had no idea we’d stepped into an elevator until I heard the doors sliding shut.

“I’m sorry about all the secrecy, but we need to protect ourselves from unnecessary exposure. We don’t want clients trying to find their way back to the scene of the crime, so to speak, creating issues for everybody. The less you know about where you are the better for all involved.”

That actually made a lot of sense. I couldn’t tell her as much, of course, but I nodded my understanding.

“We have an entire floor booked to ensure privacy, but you’ll be restricted to your suite. We’ll ask that you stay away from the windows and do not attempt to use the hotel phone.”

I nodded again, just as the elevator dinged. I couldn’t count the floors, but the time we’d spent climbing told me we had to be high up. Not penthouse suite level, perhaps, but somewhere not far beneath that would be my guess. Judging by how fresh the hall smelled as we exited the elevator, I was guessing we were somewhere at least three-star, if not four or five.

My escort led me far enough down the hallway that I guessed we were five or six rooms deep into the hotel, far enough away from the elevators and stairs that they could monitor anybody attempting to enter or leave. I heard the ‘beep’ of the card reader and then felt her gentle pressure on my elbow as she led me into the room.

I heard the door click shut behind us, and then heard footsteps approaching from in front.

“Mr. Alexander Jared Danz. Welcome to your fantasy experience.”

I cringed at the sound of my full name, but the contract had mentioned that on-site confirmation of the fantasy and my identity would be required.

“Now, I am going to remove your silk gag,” the new voice told me. “I will need you to open your mouth and show us all what’s inside.”

It took me a moment to work my jaw loose once the silk was stripped away, but I dutifully opened my mouth to display the cum-filled condom inside.

“My, that’s one very swollen condom. So much cum just sitting there, warm and wet inside your mouth, and yet un-tasted.” I felt a finger reach into my mouth to poke at the condom. I gagged a bit at the pressure. “Please bite down on the condom, Mr. Danz. Fill your mouth with all that yummy, gooey cum, and then open wide so we can see it.” She lingered with her finger resting on my lip. “And please do so with a smile. I’d hate for anyone to have doubts as to your dedication to the fantasy.”

This was it. Suddenly things were getting very real. I pushed the condom over to the side of my mouth with my tongue and held it against the inside of my cheek. The anticipation was killing me. I was a total unrepentant cumslut. I loved the taste, the smell, and the feel of it. I’d been dying to taste this load since they first popped it into my mouth in the van.

I’d never had the chance to enjoy so much at once.

It’s why I was here.

I bit down. The condom resisted my teeth for a moment, but then it popped.

For a brief moment, all I tasted was latex.

And then my mouth was flooded with cum.

The experience was nearly orgasmic. I’d never had that much cum in my mouth in my life. It tasted like my dreams! I felt my entire body go limp with satisfaction as the warm, watery semen rolled across my tongue and flowed between my teeth. I wanted to savor it for as long as possible, but a polite cough reminded me that I still had something to prove. With a contented smile on my face, I opened my mouth wide, showing off my treat.

“Very nice, Mr. Danz. Wiggle your tongue for us.”

I did as instructed. I loved the feel of all that cum surrounding it.

“Excellent. Now please swallow and show us your empty mouth.”

It took a moment to swallow it all. It was a lot of cum. The feeling of it running down my throat was exquisite. I smiled again as I opened wide. I wiggled my tongue and showed that it was all gone.

“Fabulous.” I felt the knot behind my head being untied and the silk blindfold being unwrapped. “Welcome to your fantasy experience. We’re so very glad you could come.”

We both laughed at the same time, equally amused by her little play on words. I expected to be blinded by the light with the blindfold gone, but they were prepared. The suite was dimly lit, all the lights turned down low. It was a little

thing, but that attention to detail, that concern for my comfort, reassured me in ways words never could.

“Are you okay?”

The two women standing before me were pretty, but plain. They were the kind of women you’d smile at when passing on the street, but struggle to remember any details about later. Both were so blonde their hair appeared white. They were of average height, with perfectly average B-cup breasts. The only remarkable thing about them was their resemblance. I had no way of knowing if they were actual twins or just two women made up and dressed up to look like one another, but the effect was the same.

“You can call us Ma’am. We’ll be taking care of your evaluation.” The one on the right waved her hand towards the open bathroom door. “If you’ll kindly follow me, I need to watch you pee.” She handed me a plastic specimen cup.

Before I could ask, the other woman told me, “We test all our participants for drugs and STDs.” She flashed a long syringe and a rubber band. “When you’re done, I’ll be drawing some blood.”

“It’s for your own protection,” the first explained. I followed her into the bathroom and took the specimen jar. It was awkward peeing in front of her, but I’d already pissed myself in front of one of them, so what did it matter? “All the participants in your fantasy experience are here, locked down, and being tested in the same manner. Anybody who tests positive will be sequestered in our hospitality suite until we’re ready to release everyone.”

“If they’re in the scene with you tomorrow,” the other added as I exited the bathroom, “you can be assured they’re clean. Safe and healthy. One hundred percent.” I held out my arm. The needle hurt less than I expected but I still winced as she drew the blood. “All of that, of course, depends on you and your partner passing those same tests.”

“Partner, Ma’am?” I looked from one woman to the other. “A partner wasn’t part of my fantasy.”

“You think you’re the only sissy with a thirst for cum?”

“The only faggot with a hunger for dominant she-cock?”

There was a tense silence between us. Just when I thought it couldn’t stand it any longer, it was broken by their laughter.

“Relax. The two of you are going to look so pretty together, and I assure you there will be enough cum to go around.”

“Oh, more than enough. So much you can’t possibly imagine.”

I'd be lying if I said the idea of sharing my fantasy didn't excite me. I'd never had anyone I could talk to about my perverse desires, much less explore them with, so a friend sounded... well, exciting.

"You've got a long day ahead of you tomorrow."

"I suggest you get some sleep."

"The bedroom door will be locked to ensure protection."

"Unless you'd rather one of us sit beside you and watch you sleep."

For a moment, I considered the offer, but I knew I'd never manage to sleep. "Thank you for the offer," I told them, "but I'll take the locked door."

They merely nodded and watched me step into the bedroom. I heard the door click twice behind me, once shut, and once locked.

Two: Feminization

As I'd laid down to bed, I expected to toss and turn all night, my nerves keeping me on edge, but I actually had the best sleep of my life. As much as I suspected my two keepers had drugged me, perhaps put something in my wine I'd found beside the bed, I didn't care to ask.

With butterflies in my stomach, I looked over to the chair where I'd left my clothes and found them gone. In their place, I saw a glittery pink 'Congratulations' card instead. Inside it read:

You
Your partner
93% of the tops
84% of the bottoms
Clean and ready
Come out and play

I stepped out of my bedroom to find my keepers standing there, just waiting, with the same enigmatic smile. It would have been kind of creepy if it weren't for how friendly they'd been to me. Still, I had to wonder. Had they been waiting long? Had they been watching me? Were there cameras watching me sleep? I had no idea, but I knew enough about how this was supposed to work that I didn't believe anything was left to chance.

"Good morning, sissy. Please take to your knees."

"That taped 'X' is your mark. Face the door and wait."

I wasn't sure I would ever get used to the eerie way in which they seemed to split every conversation in two, speaking as two while thinking as one. It still struck me as odd every single time.

Moments later, the door to the adjoining suite opened. Two women stepped through who were like mirror universe twins of my keepers. Just as pretty and just as plain, they too were of average height, with perfectly average B-cup breasts. Instead of long, blonde hair, though, they had short hair, jet black, in a bob cut with straight bangs.

They parted, and in walked a man I'd never seen before, but who wore that same look of anxiety and excitement on his face that I knew was mirrored on mine. We were of a similar size and shape, but I guessed he was at least four or five years my junior. He offered me a nervous smile and I returned it, sensing a kinship in him that I'd never felt with anyone before.

“Come in, sissy. Please take to your knees.”

“Your mark is that ‘X’ beside your new friend.”

Oh, God, his keepers had the same twinned speech patterns of mine. Were they chosen because of that? Was it trained? It was too good, too perfect to be accidental.

“We are required by law to confirm your interest in participating.”

“This will be your last chance to change your minds about the fantasy.”

“Leave now and there will be no repercussions.”

“But there will also be no second chances.”

I could see my partner was just as fascinated as I was by the way they spoke. He looked to me, we nodded, and while we stumbled over the words, not getting them exactly the same, we confirmed our interest together.

The four women nodded, one after the other, in a sort of cascade of heads. The two black-haired women helped me to my feet while my blonde keepers did the same for my partner. There were no more words spoken that morning. The women worked with a silent efficiency that was amazing to be a part of

They began by having us bend over. I heard my partner gasp at the same time as I did and knew we were both feeling a woman’s fingers invading our asses. I moaned and pushed back against the intrusion. I felt the cold ooze of lube being spread inside me and gasped again as two fingers became three. My partner was the first to cry out in surprise, but I joined him just seconds later as a cold, hard, butt plug was forced into my ass. It was larger than any I’d ever played with. I had tears in my eyes as the flare passed through the ring of my ass, but the feeling of it settling into place was delicious.

“Comfortable?”

We both nodded.

“How about now?”

My eyes widened as I felt the plug begin to vibrate. With cum leaking out of my cock, I stared straight ahead, afraid to look at my partner, as I nodded.

“Very good.”

The vibrations stopped.

“Apologies, but we must save the batteries.”

The women helped us to stand and then dusted us with baby powder, rubbing it between our legs, under our armpits, behind our ears, between our toes, and between the cracks of our asses. We looked like ghosts, or perhaps cartoon characters from a bakery fight, but we were too enthralled by the process to laugh.

My new keepers pulled a suitcase from under the bed. They unzipped it and I saw a bundle of black latex that made my cock grow instantly hard. It was the costume of my dreams, a fantasy piece I didn't remember specifying in my experience definition, but which they'd have easily discovered in checking out my social fetish profiles.

When they draped it before me, I realized it was less a bodysuit and more a cocoon. I felt a twinge of fear, but my cock just throbbed all the harder. One of them rolled it into a ring, much like you would a long tube sock, and the other helped me step into that tight, narrow opening. It took both women to tug the latex up my body, pressing my body parts into place as they went. I was going to be better restrained than I had ever dreamed of. It was all so tight. My legs were pressed tightly together. My arms were pressed tightly at my sides. My cock was imprisoned, pointing straight up so that every movement of the latex was an exquisite delight - one made even more exciting by the way the material pressed the butt plug even deeper inside me.

As they approached the top, one of them slicked my hair back away from my face while the other stretched the attached hood over my head. I was sweating and exhausted. It took everything I had not to panic when they tipped me over and carried me to the bed like a rolled-up carpet. They laid me down gently, my feet hanging over the edge, and rolled me onto my wide while the two blondes placed my partner - he was in white latex - beside me. We stared into each other's eyes and smiled.

And then the women attached the vacuums to the short hoses extending from the base of our feet.

With dual howls of suction, they removed the air out of the suits, removing any ability to move, reducing our ability to breathe, and leaving us so shiny and smooth that I think I may have whimpered a little bit. I know I heard him let a strained whistle escape. We were vacuum-sealed in cocoons of latex, two helpless rubber dolls in the face of our fantasies come true.

I twitched my hips and felt my cock press against his, separated only by the thinnest layers of latex. He gasped and twitched back. When our keepers didn't stop us, we wiggled closer together and dry-humped each other through the latex, silently agreeing at that moment that we were in this, together, until the end. There was no more shame or fear or anxiety. We both knew why we were here, and we were determined to enjoy it.

Together.

I was just about to cum when the women separated us. Judging by my partner's anguished whimper, so was he. The women shared a chuckle at our predicament, but not a word was said. Instead, they took steps to make sure we'd

not speak another word for the night, forcing large open-mouth ring-gags into each of our mouths. His was white and mine was black. The rings had to be two inches in diameter. Our mouths were stretched so wide it was uncomfortable. With the gags in place, they used the same tube of bright red lipstick on us both, giving us shiny cock-sucking lips.

After that, they pushed a room service cart over to each side of the bed. The black-haired keepers rolled me to the right and the blondes rolled him to the left. While we lay there, helpless and drooling, they pushed those carts out of the room, down the hallway, and into a darkened conference room at the end of the hall.

It wasn't empty. I could hear the breathing and movements of other people surrounding us, but we couldn't see them. The women knew exactly where they were headed, though, and exactly where to stop. I heard the sounds of leather creaking and chains rattling above us. I began breathing heavier - or, at least, as heavy as I could, given the vacuum bodysuit - as the noise grew closer. I felt what I guessed were leather harnesses dropping onto our bound forms.

I was prepared to be tied up and restrained. What I wasn't prepared for was the way they rolled my partner and me back-to-back, pressing us tightly together, and then harnessing us as one. After countless straps and buckles were tightened and adjusted, the chains began rattling again and I felt us being hoisted into the air. It was terrifying. It was exhilarating. It was like a carnival ride, a roller coaster, and a bungee jump all at the same time. We were dangling and swaying, spinning slowly in the air, helpless to do anything about any of it.

And then something happened with the harness. We were twisted and turned upside down. The women attached additional harnesses to our ankles and then stepped back. We were now dangling upside down, our heads positioned at the perfect height for the tops to fuck our faces and spend their loads.

A series of loud clicks and bangs heralded the locking of the doors. As the final echo faded away, the lights began coming on, slowly increasing in brightness and intensity. My eyes still watered, but not so much that I couldn't see the perfectly positioned human forms that surrounded us.

There had to be fifty couples ringing the room.

Fifty naked, well-hung transsexuals and shemales standing above their slaves.

Fifty sissies, faggots, tranny-chasers, and forced-bi fetishists.

The bottoms were all kneeling with their legs spread wide, showing off the wide variety of chastity cages, each of which had an oversized condom attached.

This was it. The fantasy was about to happen.

A series of digital displays flashed to life, one on each of the four walls, set to 0000. I couldn't possibly imagine we'd ever reach four digits, assuming they were intended to be a countdown of cumshots, but I loved the optimism.

I thought that was the signal. I expected things to begin, but the room remained frozen.

And then the butt plug vibrated to life, at a far higher power than when they'd tested it in the room. I squealed through my gag and jerked in my bonds, even as I felt my partner do the same.

Three: Bukkake!

Apparently, we were the signal everyone was waiting for.

With a synchronized shout, the tops all grabbed their cocks and thrust once towards our dangling forms, teasing us with their glorious members, before turning to their slaves, all of whom bent over and wiggled their asses in our direction.

I couldn't watch them all, no matter how much I wanted to, so I focused on a six-foot-tall redhead with massive, bimbo-sized breasts and a nine-inch cock. I saw her press the head against her slave's ass, a skinny twink with a triangle-shaped goatee, and willed it inside. She pushed slowly and he swallowed her, inch after inch until she was buried to the hilt. It was glorious. I wanted to be him. I wanted to be there, licking her as she fucked him. I wanted to wrap my lips around his chastity cage. I wanted to be a part of something, but all I could do was watch.

Fortunately, I didn't have to watch for long. I saw the familiar signs of approaching orgasm on her face, the same tensing of her facial features that I'd seen in the mirror. She pulled out of her slave's ass and sauntered towards us, the swaying of her hips making her cock dance. The shemale beauty stopped directly before me. She slipped her cock inside the ring of my gag and began fucking me, hard and deep, without mercy. Just when I thought I'd pass out from being gagged on cock, she withdrew. I caught a glimpse of hot pink nails stroking her cock and then it was exploding all over me.

Cum!

Hot, fresh, glorious cum!

She unloaded all over my face, spurt after spurt of shemale semen running down my face, into my nose, and into my eyes. I would have said I was in heaven, but that came moments later when two more cocks joined hers to bathe me in cum.

I was plastered in semen. It was all I could smell; all I could taste. My eyes and my nose were stinging. The blood rushing to my head was making me dizzy. It was the single greatest experience of my life, and it had only just begun.

Cock after cock after cock unloaded on my partner and me over the next hour. Some of the women came directly on our faces and some right into our mouths. Others jerked themselves off on our latex-clad chests, leaving the cum to slide down the slick surface to pool beneath our chins before overflowing to run down our faces.

At one point, one of the tops swirled her cockhead around my eyes, gathering the cum before feeding it to me through my gag. With my eyes opened, I saw a big, red, glowing 72 shining on the walls, which meant - assuming they were evenly distributed - my partner and I had taken thirty-six loads of cum, and the fantasy was far from over.

For every time a transsexual or shemale beauty shot a load across our faces, they returned to the waiting bottoms and found a new one to fuck. The entire room was a cacophony of lust, full of screams and moans and whimpers and sighs of pleasure. Even through the cum covering our faces I could smell the sweat and musk in the air, the intense arousal of a hundred souls fucking and getting fucked around us.

When the single ‘ding’ sounded in the room my eyes were once again covered in cum, so I couldn’t see what was happening, but I heard the room go silent. I wasn’t sure what was happening, but the feeling of hands on our bodies, releasing us from the harness and lowering us to the floor, was a welcome surprise. I was so dizzy from the blood rush I had a headache.

Not that I was complaining.

I felt my feet touch the floor, but we weren’t left standing for long. They bent my legs backward until I was kneeling on the floor. I presumed they were doing the same for my partner but didn’t know for sure until I felt his chest pressed against mine.

“You’re filthy.”

“Filthy, dirty sluts.”

“You’re going to kiss.”

“Let’s see you swap that cum.”

Not that I was at all hesitant, but my partner beat my enthusiasm by a heartbeat. I felt his face crash into mine. We began turning and tilting our heads as we scraped each other’s faces with our gags, collecting the heavy, slick cum coating our cheeks and noses. We couldn’t really kiss, but we pressed those gags together and quickly found a rhythm, one of us leaning in while the other tilted his head back, allowing that cum to run from mouth to mouth.

At some point, our keepers had wrapped new restraints around us, but neither of us noticed until they made us pause while they attached our collars. They were thick posture collars, designed to force our heads back and thrust our faces up. Metal D-rings surrounded the collars, three of which our keepers lock together, keeping us face-to-face, so close we could feel each other’s breath. It was as they were locking us together that I caught the 100 flashing on the digital displays.

And then it was time for the bottoms to do their pair.

At some unseen signal, they crawled, walked, or staggered over towards us, cum-filled condoms swaying heavily beneath their chastity cages. As each of them reached us, they pulled their condoms free and squeezed them, drizzling their cum between our faces and filling our mouths. Their cum tasted different from their Mistresses and Goddesses, lighter and more watery, and somehow more acrid. It took a long time for fifty bottoms to feed us their cum, even squeezing in shoulder-to-shoulder, but my partner and I mashed our gags together and enjoyed every drop.

When they were done, they returned to their places. I heard my partner echo my whimper of desire as we watched new condoms being fitted to their cages ... and then the orgy resumed.

It was several long hours before the orgy concluded, and yet it was still over too soon. There was an incredible 234 flashing from the digital displays, and my stomach was gurgling and roiling with my share. I felt queasy and full. I was tired and sore. Where my tightly restrained body wasn't flush with the heat of arousal, it was tingling with the cold lack of circulation.

“We hope you enjoyed yourselves.”

“Everyone seemed to enjoy you.”

“And now it's time for your reward.”

“You owe each other thanks.”

Our keepers looked like angles through the haze of cum covering our faces, and the submissive euphoria filling my body only added to the illusion. They unlocked our collars, removed our restraints, and gently laid us on our sides in the cold, wet, sticky pool of cum that had formed from our drippings. I thought they were going to release us but, as they said, there was gratitude to be expressed.

They repositioned us so that we were head-to-cock, instead of face-to-face. I hadn't noticed the seams in the latex bodysuit, they were so cleverly hidden, but up close I was able to watch as they pulled a layer of latex aside and pulled apart a seam that gave way with a hiss and a pop of air being sucked in. They fished out my partner's hard, dripping cock and guided it into the ring of my gag. I couldn't suck, but I began licking, even as they used one of the restrains to hold my face in place.

The feeling of his warm mouth enveloping my cock was pure pleasure, and as soon as he was similarly locked in place we began moving as one, fucking each other's mouths.

It didn't take long for us to cum.

At least not the first time.

“Suck.”

“Swallow.”

“Repeat.”

“Enjoy.”

By this point, the orgy participants had all left the room. With a pat on the head, our keepers followed. They turned out the lights as they exited, leaving us alone in the darkness.

When the butt plugs began pulsating, we groaned in pleasure and began fucking anew.

My partner and I both gave the fantasy experience five enthusiastic stars. I know because he invited me to follow him home after the same black van dumped us in an alley back where we started. We’ve never managed to replicate the experience, not in full, but we can be found working the glory holes at the bathhouse on Holton every Tuesday night. It’s not the same, but it’s where we belong.

The End

About Bobbi Mare

Author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica.

As a mature sissy who grew up with the Nexus, Beeline, and Reluctant Press paperbacks, and who matured through Transformation, Forced Womanhood, and the Visions of Fantasy She-Male magazines, I have a lifelong love of erotic transgender and fetish fiction.

Submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage is my signature theme, but within my fiction you can also expect to themes of find forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.

If you are not at least 18 years old, with an open mind and an insatiable sexual curiosity, then you probably shouldn't be reading my bio, much less my stories.

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