



by Sara Desmarais

# A Change in Our Marriage

## Part 01

"What are you working on, John," my wife asked, walking into the study.

I had my back to her, and quickly switched computer screens, from a web site she would not be happy about to a spread sheet for work.

"Oh, just running some numbers," I said, hoping I moved between applications fast enough. Somehow, the thought of my wife seeing a web site called "Wives Who Cheat" brought a fear to my heart. No, I do not think she would appreciate it at all. I mean, sure most my troll the net for porn, but not quite so many check out the level of kink I was looking at.

"Cuckolded Husbands."

"Married White Wives"

"Wives Banging Blacks"

Okay, fantasizing about your wife fucking another guy may not be up there with Playboy, or every man's fantasy, lesbians, but what the hell, the sites turned me on.

"Well, finish up, sweetie, dinners ready," Sara answered, turning and "leaving me to my work."

I switched back to finish looking at the series of pictures on "Cuckold Marriage" of some white woman in a wedding dress, on her back, some huge black guy pounding into her, while a meek white guy, her groom, I imagined, sat near the bed, looking on. Fuck, I wanted to grab my crotch and take care of myself right then and there. The funny think was, as much as I liked looking at the pictures, and reading the stories, on these sites, it was weird, how the fantasy played out in my mind. I pictured myself as the pathetic husband who couldn't get it up for his wife, and helplessly watched as some stud fucked her. No doubt about it, this drove me wild with lust.

I pictured my wife, her slim athletic body, on a bed, a big black man standing over her, the look of lust in her eyes overwhelming.

Yet, I don't think I actually wanted my wife to do this. I never asked her, and I don't know if I could really take it.

That's what made it fantasy.

Unintended Consequences

Bill Gates put a clear history button on the web browser for a reason, I later thought. To fucking protect idiots like me.

I came home from work on a Wednesday evening, intending to watch a baseball game on ESPN, but never made it past the living room. Sara was sitting there, a glass of wine in her hand, a half empty bottle on the table. Sitting next to my laptop. She looked like she had been crying.

"Sara, what... what's the matter."

She had a hurt look on her eyes, a heavy weight on her chest, and without answering, turned the laptop around to face me.

The web browser was open to "Cuckold Marriage" and the last thing I was looking at yesterday, that I wanted to beat off to, that woman in the wedding dress, split open by some huge Tom, stared at me.

"Sara...I...I can explain," I started to say.

She glared at me, the icy chill from her eyes freezing the words in my mouth. She turned the screen back to her, clicked the mouse, and read, "Is your wife a slut? Does she need it dirty? Does she crave cum?"

I had never, ever, heard language from her like this. Listening to her read from the web site, I understood how porn degrades women.

"Wives Who Cheat? White Sluts? Watching your Wife?" she asked, reading off sites I had read.

"Sara, please..."

"But wait, there's more. Black Master/White Slut. Cum Covered Married Sluts. Fucking Christ John, what the hell is this? What the hell is wrong with...with me...that you read this...trash," she spitted out.

"Sara."

"Don't you love me? Don't I make you happy?"

"Sara, yes, I..." how to explain it. I didn't know.

"No, please, Sara, it's not you. Really, it's not. I don't know how to explain this, but, please, it's not you."

"What is it John, don't I make you happy?"

"Yes, shit, yes, you make me very happy."

"What is it then?"

"Sara, its fantasy, that's all. I don't know how to say it, but it's visual. I...get turned on looking at this, it doesn't mean anything to me, or have anything to do with us," I said, not sure if I really believed those words. Nor did she.

"But, John, obviously it turns you on, things like this," she said, waving her arm to the computer in disgust.

"Yes, but..."

"And you say it's not me. What does that mean? You look at this and think what? That you want this for me...she gestured to the woman on her back, dick stuffed in her pussy.

"Shit, no Sara, I..." I started to cry, emotions flooded over me. "It's me Sara; I don't deserve you, I..."

"John stop, slow down, please," she said as word blurted out from me, "what do you mean you don't deserve me?"

"Sara, I...look at you...look at me...I don't know, I always felt that I married up,

that I was...not equal, that you were somehow better than me."

"John," a tear ran down her face, "what do you mean, married up, I love you John, why would you feel that way?"

"Well, let's face it," I said, "I am no stud. Never the football player in high school, never one to have women falling all over me, never the stud fraternity guy in college. Why would you have ever gone out with me, why would you have ever married a mousey guy like me?"

"Because I love you. Because you have the most beautiful heart, the most tender soul, and an amazing mind. If I wanted a stud, I would have married a stud. I married you."

I blushed. God I loved this woman. Yet I still didn't deserve her. Maybe that was why cuckolding fantasies always turned me on. A reinforcement of what I always felt, that I did not deserve my wife, and could not make her happy.

Plus, I knew something else. Our sex life was, well, lacking, to say the least. Oh, not that we did not do it. Not that she did not enjoy seducing me, or having a romantic evening. No, but though she never ever said anything, I knew that I was no stud in bed.

Maybe this was what I had to confess, because I still felt like she was hurt, that she thought it was her fault.

Her words, intended to be reassuring, only reinforced what I felt. "If I wanted a stud, I would have married a stud."

That was the heart of it. Even if we never discussed it, even if she was happy and in love, she did not marry a stud. The very basis of cuckolding fantasies just escaped from her lips.

I started crying, because suddenly I knew.

"John, what's wrong, why are you crying, I just told you I love you," she said, moving to hold my hand. I wanted to pull back, withdraw.

"Sara, don't you see. What you said? 'If I wanted a stud, I would have married a stud.'"

"But, John...I didn't mean..." her voice trailed off. "It's not that..."

We sat in silence for several minutes.

"John, let me ask you a question. This...stuff you look at," she pointed to the computer, "do you ever...um...masturbate while..."

"Sara!" I said, looking down, embarrassed.

"Do you?"

"Yes," I croaked.

"John, this is important, so please, think about it, why do you fantasize about this?"

"I...it's because of you. I...I suppose I get excited fantasizing about you...getting

off."

"Hmmm," she smiled, "you mean that...and this is kind of sweet, it turns you on to think of me getting turned on."

"Yes, I...I don't know why. But, I guess, I feel like, well, I know, that I don't know. Not that you hate having sex with me, but I know it's not satisfying to you."

"But, John, it is. Emotionally, anyway."

"But not physically," I said, knowing it was true.

"John, it's not that I don't love you," she answered.

"But it's true, isn't it?"

"John, sex between two married people is more than physical lust, it's about love, tenderness, connecting..."

"Dammit, Sara, don't deny it. Physically, I don't please you."

"You...it's...well...no," she whispered.

"Don't you see...I know that...that's the...the appeal of those web sites. It's like, I love you so much, I get so happy, so excited, when you get excited, somehow, then, the thought of you, so happy, so sexually fulfilled, it makes me happy, makes me excited."

"Hmm," she answered, her eyes arching. "When I was looking at these web sites, at first, I was disgusted, they are so debasing. But, looking at it your way, it seems there may be some appeal, in a weird way, an actual celebration of women."

She was onto it. Cuckolding was not about degrading women. It was, at least from the husband's side of it, a celebration of women.

"But, John, you...you don't actually want this do you? Do you really want your wife fucking another man? This is just fantasy, right?"

Looking at her, I pondered. Well, I never thought about it. Yes, I suppose, it was just fantasy, it was not like I really wanted her to be with another man. Right?

"John?"

"Um, yes, I...I guess so."

"Because fantasy...a dirty thought in your mind...well, that's much different than reality. I mean, John, as weird as it is, I can understand the fantasy, thinking about it, but I can't believe you want the reality."

She came to me, sat next to me, and I could feel her body heat through our clothes. "I love you John," she said, moving her mouth to mine, kissing me, tenderly, my wife, her smell overwhelming me.

We walked upstairs kissing, almost a renewed passion between us. My god, I did love this woman. And I knew, she loved me.

In bed, she took charge. Usually, we were more equal partners in the bedroom, I would take care of my own pleasure, my own orgasm, fucking her quickly and furiously, not worrying about her orgasm. She made up for this, my lack of

stamina, but engaging in lengthy foreplay, loving it as I tenderly went down on her, bringing her to orgasm with my mouth. In that way, when she climbed on top of me (she was always on top), she was already so flush in the post orgasmic glow, she could cum even though I was not up to the stamina.

Tonight though, we dismissed with much foreplay. She attacked me with a hunger, and I responded. Biting kisses, our bodies clashing and crashing against each other, we were almost fighting. I started to kiss my way down her neck, my signal that I was going to make my way down her body, but she pulled my head back, my mouth to hers.

"No, don't, I need you now," she panted, biting my lips.

"But, I...you know...," I whispered between kisses, ashamed to actually say it, to verbalize my inadequacies, but as always, wanting to please her.

"Stop talking," she said, covering my mouth with hers, her tongue reaching to touch mine. She pushed me backwards onto the bed, and was already on top of me, a lioness on her prey, I thought, feeling her muscular body hold me down.

She ran her moist vagina over my cock, wetting it as she bit my neck. I really did feel attacked, like a mere mortal surrendering to a creature of the night, the vampire taking her blood. I shuddered as she found my cock, moving her hips so she rested over it, moving down, taking in what I had to offer. She moved up and down, wetting it, breathing deeply as she moved around it.

"Sara, slow, I..."

"I know," she whispered, kissing me again, silencing me again. Talking was not what she wanted.

"But, I'm going to..."

"John, trust me."

She moved her hand up my arms, seizing my wrists as she kissed me again, but she stopped moving her hips, trapping me inside her. I felt her warmth, but without the movement, I was held on the edge.

"Is this part of the problem," she whispered, "part of why you have the fantasy?"

"What do you mean," I asked, feeling the metaphorical cold water thrown on my face, and the literal effects of my cock, shuddering, ready to shrink.

"Cuckolding," she said, licking the side of my face until her tongue reached my ear, swirled around, sending chills down my spine. Her tongue soft caress stopped my cock from shrinking. Damn, what was she doing?

"I mean," she said, still working her tongue, "do you fantasize about a man fucking me because you don't last long enough to please me."

I shuddered again. What the fuck was she doing to me? She moved her hips again, very slowly up and even slower down, emphasizing each word she spoke,

"Do you get excited by thinking of a man fucking me instead of you." She emphasized the words "man" and "you" and in my brain, there was no confusing her meaning. I was not a man.

She continued to go slowly, grinding herself at the bottom, "Yes, John, do you picture a real man's cock inside me," she panted as she licked and moved at the same time.

"Oh God, Sara...I," I could not finish any thought, my cock was so hard, ready to explode, I started shuddering.

She knew it too, and stopped moving, her mouth came off my ear, and she looked at me, "What is it sweetie," she smiled as I breathed heavily, desperate not to orgasm. "Calm, John, calm down, breath, breath, I am not finished with you yet," she said, shaking herself as an orgasm wracked through her body.

"Sara," is all I could whisper.

As she came down from her orgasm, I realized how significant it was. She had never had an orgasm like that, with me penetrating her, without a huge warm up of oral sex.

I was still on the edge, and wanted to go farther. I tried to move my own hips.

"Stop," she said forcefully, "not yet."

She still held my wrists, her weight from being on top feeling like bonds. She continued to kiss my neck, nuzzling me, nuzzling her property. It brought me slowly back from the edge of orgasm, but left me hard inside her.

She whispered in my ear again, "You know, John, a real man could fuck me to orgasm." She moved her hips up and down once, "his man sized cock would be enough."

Another thrust.

"Ohhhh Sara," I moaned.

"A real man would fuck me like I've never been fucked before."

"On top of me, pushing his cock farther and farther into me, filling me like never before," she said, taking a deep breath in on the last word, her body shaking, orgasm washing over her, in a way I had never experienced.

"I need a real man's cock inside me," she shuddered as I exploded in my own orgasm."

"Saaarraaaa!"

After ten minutes of her on top of me, my cock now shrunk to nothing, ready to slip out, I felt all remains of my libido flow away from me. I was ready to go to sleep, and started to try to push my wife to the side.

"Wait, sweetie," she said, squeezing her pelvic muscles, "I can still feel you little cock inside me."

After the orgasm, without any libido, her taunt, which excited me before, stung

now.

"Sara, don't," I said, more forcefully pushing her to her side of the bed.

"John, what's the matter, don't you enjoy hearing me talk about a real man's cock," she asked. Fuck. Women, they don't lose their libido. They are not like men. Right now, the thought disgusted me. Especially with my own cock shrunk to nothing after its orgasm.

I walked out of the room without saying another word, and went downstairs to the den to watch ESPN. I turned on the TV, but did not really watch. I felt so conflicted. Damn it, when she was talking during sex, I was more excited than I had ever been before. Now, I felt disgusted at her words. What the fuck was wrong with me.

### True Feelings

Some time later, Sara came downstairs, wrapped in some sexy outfit I had gotten for her for her birthday, I suppose in some type of peace offering, though I imagine she had no idea why she should be feeling guilty.

"John, can we talk," she said, smiling a polite smile, obviously feeling bad about my storming out of the bedroom.

I looked at her, hair on her shoulders, the pink nightie showing off her thighs, her obvious love for me on display, but I could not answer her.

"John, please, what's wrong. Why are you so angry? What did I do? What did I say? I thought I was doing something for you. I thought that I was making you happy."

"Sara," I cried, "I...I don't know. I don't know why I go so mad, I just don't understand," I said, a tear rolling down my face.

"Honey, please," she said, sitting down next to me, the bare skin of her leg touching mine. "Do you love me?"

What? Do I love her? Christ, I worship the ground she walks on. "Yes," I said, looking at her with puppy dog eyes. "Well, I love you too, John, I love you more than any man I have ever known, and I want to be here for you, and help you, but you have to talk to me, you have to tell me what you are upset about."

"Sara...those things you said..."

"What, what John?"

"They...they hurt me," I pouted.

"Hurt you? John, please, what do you mean?"

"I...is that really the way you feel about me?"

"John. John," she sighed.

"What?"

"Where do you think I came up with those things to say?"

"What do you mean? Don't you feel that way?"



"Oh dear. John, you don't understand, do you? I said those things, not to hurt you, but to make you happy."

"Happy?"

"Yes, happy."

"But...how happy?"

"John, go back and look carefully at all those web sites you bookmarked. Where do you think I came up with things to say? They are all things from places you visited. I thought you would like that, that dirty talk. I thought I was helping you, with your fantasy."

"But, I...you mean that was for me?"

"Well, of course, honey. Dear, I love you, I was just trying to make you happy, helping you fantasize with me, being involved, rather than leaving you to your dirty thoughts all by yourself."

I stewed on what she said. Was I being a selfish prick? Here is my wife, catching me with what is really vile porn, involving her, and she is trying to help me.

"Sara, I...didn't think of that," I said.

"John, John," she shook her head, "of course I love you and of course I was trying something, trying to make you happy, maybe so you don't feel like you have to hide things from me, we should be open about our fantasies."

I looked down, feeling slightly guilty.

"And unless I am mistaken, you were pretty into it," she giggled, "your reaction sure told me to keep going." Well, I had to admit, it was probably the best sex I ever had. Nothing like sharing a fantasy with the woman you love to get things going.

But, a look of pain came over my face, something was not right. She noticed, "What, dear?"

"Wait," I said, trying to solidify the thought in my head. "You said you could tell I was getting into it, right?"

"Yes," she smiled shyly.

"You could obviously tell you were pushing my sexual buttons?"

"Yes, and dear, admit it, have you ever had such a great orgasm?"

"Um, no, I..." the thought started leaving my head as I thought of our love making.

"Wait...wait," I shook my head. "What about you?"

"What do you mean," she asked, sitting upright.

"You...you had an orgasm without oral sex," I said, almost in an accusatory tone.

"Yes, baby," she smile, "you were good. Her words and her tone were guarded.

Something was wrong all right.

"I was good? Sara I didn't do a damn thing but lay there, you did all the work, you took the lead, you..."

She looked away as the thought came full bore into my brain.

"Sara, you...got off on it, too. This was not just about fulfilling my fantasy, about "being there" for me, no, dammit, you..."

"John, wait," she whispered.

"You were not just mouthing words you read on a web site, you were..." I could hardly say the words, I was whispering, "you were expressing your own fantasy." I gasped, I almost recoiled in horror. She was not just telling me what I wanted to hear, I think she was telling me what she wanted to say!

"John, I told you, I was just reading back to you things I saw on those disgusting web sites you were visiting," she said, backing up from me.

"Sara, you were not. You have never had an orgasm without me warming you up first with oral sex. You have told me before you had trouble, and I suppose I never really thought about it, but it's so clear to me, you were saying those things because YOU FANTASIZED ABOUT THEM! I'm not good enough for you!" I looked at her, the accusation dripping from my voice and my expression.

She looked at me, her face hardening. Maybe I was wrong, and suddenly, I was the one feeling guilty. "Sara, I'm sorry...I...I didn't mean that...I don't know...you were only being nice to me, I..."

"No, John, you're right," she whispered.

"I really don't...right...what do you mean, 'I'm right'?"

She couldn't meet my eyes when she spoke, "I...I read those web sites you were on. At first, for a couple of minutes, I was disgusted, that you would look at stuff like that, but then, I...started touching myself. I thought of one of the guys on one of the sites, some athletic guy, and I was staring at his dick. I was big...not huge, but...well, compared to...anyway, it was big. Anyway, reading about some wife, I wondered, and in my mind, I took her place."

"Sara, are...are you saying I don't please you in bed." Fantasy aside, it was a direct shot to my manhood. But then, isn't this was cuckolding was about?

"John, no...no that's not what I am saying at all. We have a wonderful sex life, you please me, it's just that...well, it's different."

"Different? What do you mean different?"

"It's like...well...in college, before we met, I was going out with some frat boy that played lacrosse. Don't get me wrong, he was not really my type, he was not sweet and sensitive, kind and tender, well, he was not husband material, like you are. But, there was one thing about him..."

I felt complimented, in a way. 'Husband Material'.

"What thing," I asked.

She blushed. "He fucked like a horse."

"Sara!"

"No, John, you asked. He did not have the best personality, I admit, but he fucked me like nobody's business. His cock was big, almost too big, really, and he lasted forever. It was the most amazing sex..." her voice was caught in her throat as she looked at me.

"Go on," I said, hurt.

"I'm sorry, John, it was just different than what we have."

"And you miss that."

"No. Well, until I found your web sites, no, John, I did not miss it. But, yes, to be honest, reading that stuff, and this afternoon. Sometimes a woman likes that feeling. That feeling of being taken by the alpha male, the top bitch, thrown down and mounted like a trophy. It's..." she shook, lost in thought.

"It's not what I do, I know," I said, hanging my head in shame.

"John, please don't act this way. Don't lie to yourself. Don't lie to me. You were just as excited as I was before. You had a harder orgasm then you ever had. You actually gave me an orgasm. You can honestly say my words weren't turning you on?"

"No...yes, I mean...they...they turned me on," I was forced to admit.

"Yes, I thought so," she smiled, casually moving her hand to my leg. She started rubbing my leg, slowly working her way upwards, until her hand was under my robe, fingers wrapped around my cock.

"Go on, you can admit it sweetie, it excites you to imagine your wife, on her back, legs spread, a real man, his big, hard cock, his sword, pressing into my pussy..."

"Oh God, Sara," my cock was throbbing in her hand.

She giggled, squeezing my cock, turning the tip purple.

"Is that what you really want, John," she asked, "do you really want another man to fuck me?"

I didn't know what to feel, and shuddered, almost a beginning of a sob. "Sara, I...I don't know what to feel, I'm so confused," I confessed.

She let go of my cock. "What do you mean, confused?"

"Well, guilty and a little angry, I guess," I said, though admittedly confused too.

"Guilty about what?"

"That...I have not been satisfying you."

"Oh, John, don't you understand? You have been? You do satisfy me. Don't you get it? How much I love you? You satisfy me tremendously, because I love you. Sex, our sex life is an expression of our love, honey," she said, stroking my leg

again.

"I suppose you're right."

"And angry? What are you angry about?"

"Angry...and a little hurt," I said, "that you would actually fantasize about another man."

"That's not fair, you know."

"Not fair? What do you mean, it's not fair," I asked.

"Not fair to be angry, John, because you were fucking looking at porn fantasizing about another man fucking me. You were looking at that shit, beating off, thinking of me, the woman you love, fucked by some stranger. That's not fair. Don't you dare fantasize about something like that and then get angry when I have the same fantasy. That's what is not fair," she said, crossing her arms, her eyes flashing with a mixture of anger, frustration, and wounded pride.

"But Sara...I...," I didn't know what to say, because she was right. It was not at all fair for me to fantasize about the same thing she was fantasizing about yet be angry because she had those thoughts.

She calmed back down rather quickly and looked at me. "John, please, remember something, I love you, I always loved you, I loved you from the very moments we started dating."

My pride, though, was still a bit wounded. "Even though you were fucking some college guy that was obviously more of a man than me," I asked.

"Dammit, John, are you not listening to me? I love you because you are not that man. I love you because of who you are, and what you mean to me, how you treat me, because of your femin...," her voice trailed off, "because of your tender side."

Feminine? Feminine side? That's what she was about to say. But in a way, she was right. My tender side, feminine side, I suppose, is why I won her over a guy like that frat boy.

While thinking about this, her hand drifted back to my cock. She wrapped her fingers around it, and looking at it, caressed it.

"John, I love your tender side," she said, moving her hand.

"I love your little cock." A shudder ran through my body.

"I love how you make love to me in the most tender way, kissing and caressing me." Her fingers were driving me wild.

"I love that you need to, no, want to make love to me with your mouth, and don't worry about this little thing." Her words were in a way, humiliating, but still, exciting, and affirmation of her feelings for me.

She knew it too, and smiled, continuing to stroke me. "If you had a big cock like a real man, like that stud I fucked in college, you would never want to make love to me like you do, so tender, almost like another woman."

I was starting to breathe heavily; my wife was thrusting at the core of my fantasies.

"Sweetie, your little cockette is just perfect for our love making," she cooed.

"So small and tender, so much like you."

Her fingers continued their steady pace, stroking.

"Few men are like you, small, tender, almost womanly, really. If I needed a man's cock inside me, there are lots of men I could fuck, but how many could give me what I get from you and your little, tender thing?"

"If I ever want a real man inside me," she said, harshly, almost growling, "I would go find some big stud, with a big cock, to bend me over and fuck me like an animal."

With those words, I stiffened, and exploded in orgasm all over her hand. She kept stroking me, slower and slower, letting my cum coat her hand, rubbing it into my skin. She moved her mouth to mine, kissed me deeply, "I love you," she said.

I loved her too. Oh, how I loved her. Even coming down from an orgasm, again, my libido fading away, I loved and wanted her. I moved, breaking off our kiss, and kneeled before her, pushed her hips on the couch. She parted her legs, as my head went under the hem of her chemise. I kissed her moist lips, tasting her, sweetly enjoying, wanting to please her.

Her hands moved to my head, rubbing it, massaging my hair, pushing and directing my efforts. I could feel her right hand, damp, sticky, my own mess being rubbed into my scalp and my face was pushed into hers. I made love to her. Orally. Like only I could.

Manifestation of a Dream

Our routine went on; our love making was as tender as always. I took a new pride in my ability to make love to my wife, orally, and she made a subtle and seemingly insignificant change in bed. Penetration, my mainstay of orgasmic bliss was slowly denied. Not in a forceful way, like a fantasy dominatrix would, but in a subtle way. She would stroke me while I made love to her, or return the gift of oral love making. Whereas before, she would excite me until after she had her orgasm, and mount me for mine, she was less aware of my own tolerance, and again and again, took me over the edge before we could maneuver into our traditional love making position.

Subtle.

She was bringing me to orgasm without actually "fucking" me. She may have thought I did not notice, but I did.

"Sara," I said, one night in bed with her after our "tender" love making session.

"Yes honey?"

I looked over at her, but it was too dark in the bedroom to really see her face.

"We...do you know...we have not had actual sex for several weeks now, really, since our 'talk' back then."

"I know, sweetie, but aren't you happy?"

"Happy," I ask?

"Yes, you don't seem to be complaining."

"No, Sara, no, but I...are you happy? I mean, without...?"

She laughed. "Without cock? Honey, be honest, have I been getting cock before our little talk?"

"Sara!"

"No, John, do you think you have been giving me cock? Is that why you were looking at those cuckolding web sites? Cause you have been giving me a big salami ever night," she laughed?

"Sara, I..."

"John, I haven't gotten cock in a long time."

Again, she toyed with my emotions, played with my fantasies, and fuck, was actually exciting me.

I said nothing.

She laughed, touched my face in the dark, "John, I'm teasing you, honey. Yes, I like it when you give it to me, but honestly, I also like it very much how we have been the last few weeks. It's such a different thing, real love making, not fucking. It's such an emotional connection."

"I see," I said.

"In fact, John, it's really what we have always had, a tender relationship, outside the bedroom, and now inside. You are happy, are you not, making love to me like that?"

Was I? Was I happy and satisfied with our sex lately? I had to admit that I was. "Yes, Sara, but..."

"But nothing, honey, you are the most tender, patient, kind, and soft lover I could ever want. I mean, it's almost like you are a woman, that we are two women making love to one another, and it's a very powerful feeling to me, and I hope to you."

Again, the subtle reinforcement from her to me that I was less than a man to her.

"John, you know, that's really it," she said, clearly thinking about it, "tender love, like a woman. That is always what I wanted from you, and always treasured, your tenderness. Maybe in some strange way, I always wanted that, something like another woman, softness in my partner."

She was really pushing my buttons now. A softness? Like another woman? Since our showdown three weeks ago, she was subtly attacking my manhood

again and again.

"Still, Sara, I feel like I am not doing what a husband should be doing for his wife," I said, conflicted still about my place.

"John, you are doing everything I want from you, everything I want from my husband," she said, tenderly, "you are everything I could ever want from my partner, because a big, hairy, strong, masculine stud is NOT what I want, it's not what I wanted for my marriage."

"But, come on Sara, you are a woman, don't you miss...miss it?"

"Miss it, sweetie," she baited me?

"Yes, do you miss it?"

"Miss what?"

I didn't want to say it, but the words came out, "miss a real man."

"Maybe a little," she giggled, "but I have the man I want." She stroked my cheek, and kissed me.

"Besides, honey, it's been so long, I almost forget what its like. Really, since we started dating, you and your tenderness are all I've had, well...mostly..."

Mostly? What the fuck did she mean, mostly? "Mostly?"

She just giggled. Was she fucking with me or did she fuck, I wondered. What can of worms was opened up when she found my porn stash?

"Sara," I said, sternly, "what do you mean, mostly?"

"Oh, nothing, silly," she answered, kissing my, and rolling over, ending our discussion.

Mostly?

Mostly!

I played on my mind as I lay there, unable to sleep. What was this? What did I want? Did I really want something like I fantasized about? Did I really want my wife fucking another man? Was cuckolding something I really wanted, or was it all fantasy? Lines were blurred here, I wasn't sure what I wanted, what she wanted, and had no plan.

I was scared.

Stages Set

I woke up on Friday morning to Sara rooting around the bedroom. She often left for the office before I even got out of bed, because her job as an assistant general counsel at a large hospital meant that work started for administration when doctors began arriving, at 7:00 or so. She was usually out of the house by 6:30.

In my post sleep haze, I saw her putting on her pantyhose, and I started to turn over, and cover my head with a pillow. Something hit in my brain, and after a minute or so, I turned back and looked at her. She was rolling a black stocking up her left leg; her right leg was already sheathed in a matching stocking, clipped to a

black satin garter belt.

Those were obviously not pantyhose. She wore stockings, hell, I had begged her to wear them for years, but she only wore them when we went out to a special dinner, and on occasion, in the bedroom. Stockings were not for the office, which was when she wore pantyhose.

I looked closer at what she had on, her matching black satin garter belt, panty and bra set. Lingerie from a high class web site, [Secretsinlace.com](http://Secretsinlace.com), which specialized in high class, classic lingerie.

"Sara," I said, "what are you doing?"

"Shhh, honey, I didn't mean to wake you, go back to sleep."

"It's okay. What are you doing?"

"I'll be done in a minute, I am just getting dressed for work." She attached the stocking to the garter straps, and picked up a black A-line skirt from a hanger. Still in a sleep haze, I watched her step into the skirt, shimmy it up her legs, over her beautiful ass, and zip it up. She stepped into some strappy heels, which like the lingerie, were out of character for her for the office. A bit too formal. Finally, she slipped a light blue silk blouse on, and buttoned it up.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she smiled, and undid one of the top buttons, revealing just a hint of bra and breast.

"Sara?"

"Shhh."

"Sara, why are you dressed...dressed like that?"

"Honey, I'm just trying to look nice today, our Corporate General Counsel is coming up for the week, and, well, you know, I figure I might as well use everything I have to make an impression."

"But, why the lingerie? Why the stockings?"

"Silly, they make me feel very feminine...much easier to charm and flirt if I need to. You should try it some time," she laughed.

That comment flew right by me. "Flirt?"

"Shhh, go back to sleep," she said again, walking out of the room.

I lay there, drifting in and out of sleep, my cock erect, from my vision of Sara walking out of the bedroom, dressed like that. "Flirt," I thought.

After I got dressed and went into the office, I tried to call Sara, but got her voice mail all day. It said she was in the office, but in conference today. I left several messages, but never heard back from her.

Finally, at 6:00, my cell rang, Sara's cell number was on the caller ID. "Sara, I've been trying to..."

She cut me off. "John, I know, I'm sorry, I've been in meetings all day and," she giggled, "stop," she said to someone, "John, sorry, anyway, I've been tied up all



day."

"Yes, Sara, but,"

"Brad, stop," she laughed to someone again.

"Sara, are you there?"

Still giggling she said, "Yes, sorry John, anyway I was saying, sorry I couldn't call. Can you fix yourself dinner, Mr. Page, our General Counsel, is taking me to dinner so we can finish up a few thing, I won't be too late, I promise."

"Sara, are you..."

"Sorry John, I have to go, I will see you a bit later."

The phone went dead. I tried to call back her cell, but again, it rolled over to voice mail. Dammit, what is she doing? This behavior was not like her.

I sat at home, in the den, stewing. ESPN was on again, some game to which I was paying no attention.

At about 11:30 I heard Sara's car finally pull up. I was so damn angry, I wanted to jump up and confront her when she came it. But I wanted to play it cool, too. Fuck.

She walked into the den, and though I feigned disinterest, I could not help but glance at her. Fuck. She was so damned sexy. Incredible, even.

"Sara," I exploded, "where the hell have you been? What the fuck?"

"Oh, baby, I'm soooo sorry, we had so much to do, I just lost track of the time, I did not mean to be out so late."

"It's fucking 11:30," I hissed.

"I know sweetie, I know, I was a bad wife this evening." Her tone was laced with double meaning.

"What do you mean," I asked.

"Let me make it up to you," she whispered, moving to kiss my mouth.

I pushed her back, "what do you mean you were a bad wife?"

"Shhhh," she kissed my neck.

"Sara...did...did you..."

"Did I want honey," she licked my neck.

"Did...did you..." I could not finish my thoughts, I was terrified to voice them.

"Did I fuck him, is that what you want to ask, but are afraid to?"

"Sara, please..."

She laughed, biting my neck, moaned. "Did I fuck him!"

I was shaking. "Sara," I tried to push her away. I was trembling, I could feel my cock in my pants, I almost came just from her licking my neck, but I was terrified.

"Did I take his big cock in my pussy, in your pussy?"

"Ohhhhhh, Sara," I was getting dizzy.

"John, John, slow down," she said, "let me answer your question. No," she

moaned, licking my ear, whispering.

"No, John, I only went to dinner." I felt my chest deflate.

Her tongue probed my ear, wetting it. "Is that a disappointment to you, John? Did you want me to say yes, did you want me to tell you I fucked him? Did you imagine your wife, sexed up in lingerie and stockings, on her knees, sucking a real man's cock?" She moved her hand to my pants, and started rubbing me, not squeezing, but rubbing through my pants.

"Did my sweetie want me to do that? Did you want me to confess that I fucked him? Did you want me to tell you I finally had a real cock in my pussy and it felt wonderful?" Her fingers kept moving, rubbing me through my thin pants. My head was thrown back, I was moaning.

"Saarraaa."

"Did you want your wife to FUCK? To get COCK. To get what you CAN'T give me?" She emphasized the words. "Is that what my sweetie wanted? To know that a REAL MAN had his hands all over me?"

I whispered, "Yes," unsure if it really was, or if it was my libido talking.

"You wanted me to fuck him," she challenged me, stopping the movements of her hand.

"Sara, please, don't stop," I begged.

"Did you want me to fuck him," she demanded, still not moving her hand?

"Did my little woman want her wife to FUCK him?"

"Yes," I whispered again.

"Then say it, bitch," she ordered, moving her hand two quick strokes. "Say it."

"I...I wanted you to fuck him," I groaned. She started moving her hand again.

"I wanted my wife to FUCK another MAN," she demanded.

"Yes, yes, wife fuck another man," she moaned, running her tongue into my ear again, rubbing me, "that's a good girl."

Her words, her confusion of gender, her motions, were driving me insane.

"I want my wife to fuck another man," she whispered, "say it again."

"I want my wife to fuck a man," I groaned, and she responded by rubbing.

"Again."

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

"Again!"

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

"Again," she moaned into my ear.

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

Her petting went into overdrive as I kept moaning her words again and again.

"I want my wife to fuck a man."

Finally, I could take it no longer. I explodes, wave after wave of orgasm washing over me, an orgasm at depths I never experienced before, cum exploding into my pants.

"I want my wife to fuck a man," I whispered one more time.

"Good girl," she cooed into my ear as I shuddered.

Before I could calm down, while the wave was still overwhelming me, she stood up, and started walking out of the room, her heels clicking on the hardwood. "I'll see you in bed, love," she smiled.

I was left there, my face wet from her tongue, my pants wet from my cum, and my ego bruised, damaged, on fire, enraged, engaged, hyped up, charged and totally whipped.

Setting Things in Order

By the time I got upstairs, Sara was already in bed, sleeping, and again, I was left to crawl next to my incredible wife and ponder what had happened. I had a fitful night's sleep, tossing and turning, dreaming and remembering what we had done earlier. "I want my wife to fuck a man." That thought kept going through my head as I tossed around. And her "girl" comment. "Good girl," she had said. What did she mean?

I woke up the next morning to the smell of fresh brewed coffee, and to Sara, my lovely Sara, bringing me coffee, juice, toast, and some fruit, all on a tray. I actually blushed, feeling guilty at her efforts to please me. She was too much.

"Sara, about last night," I started.

"Shh, sweetie, drink some coffee, eat, then we can talk."

I ate, and she was right, the food felt good in my stomach.

"Sara, you...the things I said...you said...last night."

"Wait, John, let me ask you this. Did you enjoy yesterday?"

"Well, last night was," I started. She cut me off.

"No, John, not last night, or at least not only last night. Did you enjoy yesterday," she emphasized.

I thought of yesterday. Her dressing in lingerie, going off to work, flirting, I suppose, teasing me, and last night, making me say things, saying things herself.

"Yes."

"All of it, John, I need to know this? All of it, all day, not just the climax, so to speak, in the evening?"

"Yes," I blushed.

"Watching me dress, what did you think?"

"Well, I wondered what you were doing, I thought maybe all your pantyhose were dirty," I said.

"Dammit, John, please don't lie to me. This won't work, this is," she sighed, "We have to be honest with one another, John, no matter what."

"I...I wondered why you were dressing like that," I said.

"And," she said slowly, moving her hands, motioning for me to continue.

"And, I...I wondered wh...who you were dressing for," I admitted.

"And you called me so many times during the day because..."

"Because...because I was worried you were spending time with that guy from out of town."

"John, of course I was spending time with him, he is my boss, but why...why were you calling?"

"Because...Sara...because I thought you were going to sleep with him," I admitted.

"Ahhh, and that made you feel?"

"Angry," I answered quickly.

"Angry. Angry? You felt anger? John, please, I hope you are just answering without thinking, because if you felt anger, than I have seriously misjudged things."

"No, Sara, you're right, it wasn't anger. I guess it was..." dare I say it, "excitement."

"And when I told you I only went to dinner, what?"

This was easy and hard. "I felt...disappointed," I blushed.

"Hmmm, disappointed because..."

I blushed, remembering her words, my words. "Because I want my wife to fuck a man."

"Yes," she smiled.

But I was not through with her. "Sara, why did you call me a girl? You did that several times."

"Are you a man," she asked, a gleam in her eyes.

"Yes," I answered quickly.

"You are," she asked, surprised. "Why did you say then, 'I want my wife to fuck a man.' You didn't say another man, you said, a man? Think about it, John. I told you to say you wanted your wife to fuck another man, but when you repeated it back, you said a man, you changed it from another to a."

"But I didn't mean anything by that," I protested.

"John, John, my sweet husband, you meant everything by it."

"Don't you see, John, you don't see yourself as a man because you can't please me as a man."

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Because you can't fuck me to an orgasm, you think you are less than a man. Don't you get it? You don't think of yourself in that way."

"You are confusing me, Sara," I said, truly mixed up.

"If you really thought of yourself as a man, you would have said you want another man to fuck me. Because you don't think of yourself as a man, you said just that, 'a man.'"

"But...I...what do you think of me as," I asked.

"My lover," she answered, avoiding an answer. "But, Sara, you avoided my question. You said we had to be honest with each other. Do you see me as a man?"

"No, John, I don't."

A tear ran down my cheek, I could not help it. Fantasy was one thing, the dream. But hearing it from her, that my wife did not think of me as a man stung.

"John, please don't cry," she said, tender, an honest concern in her voice.

"What am I to you then," I asked in agony.

"It's hard to explain, John, I guess I always saw you as...as slightly feminine."

"Feminine? What the fuck does that mean," I said, feeling her words hit me in my gut.

"John, don't be angry. How many times do I have to try to explain it, I love you completely the way you are, every aspect of you. You complete me, you make me whole, totally," she said, her words as honest as could be.

"But feminine?"

"Listen John, you are asking me about things I haven't really thought about. I mean, inside, I always adored your softness and tenderness. You know that. Remember, I picked you instead of some stud because I wanted you."

It was strange. Her explanation was comforting and unsettling at the same time. She loved me, but picked me instead of a stud.

"You mean, you picked me, you fell in love with me, instead of a...a man?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Sara, what does that mean?"

"It...it means I love you for who you are, because you are...feminine. Because you are tender, in the bedroom, and out. Because you," she was forming words in her mouth as they jumped into her mind, almost free associating, "because you are like a woman, I guess."

"Is that how you see me," I asked, stunned.

"In a way, yes," she confessed, her head lowered, almost ashamed.

"But...I...I'm not..."

"A woman," she completed my thought, "of course not, but John, let me put it this way. If masculinity and femininity were on the opposite ends of a line, a pure man was a "1" and a pure woman was a "100", the pro wrestler, The Rock, would be a "1" and Julia Roberts would be a "100."

"Okay," I said, following her.

"Well, I am not a "100" because, for example, I love sports, I might be a "90" instead. All woman, with a slight tinge of masculinity," she explained.

"Yes, and..."

"Well, John, my college stud, the one who fucked me like a horse, he was a "1" all the way," she smiled. "And...okay, here is where the example applies to you. John, I think of you as a "60" at least."

"A 60? What?"

"Yes, you are a man, biologically, who has more feminine qualities than masculine qualities. That is why I love you."

"But...why then, why did you marry me?"

"Because I love you and what you are. If you were even a fifty, let alone a ten or a one, I would never have loved you as much."

The obvious question burned in my mind. "But, Sara, if you love me because I am a "60" instead of a "10", would you love me more if I was a "70?"

"Yes," she whispered. Suddenly, it was there, out in the open. She would love me more if I moved down this line, lost more of whatever manhood I had. I did not know how to even think about this startling revelation.

"I don't get it," I said, even though I think I did.

"Yes, John, I would. I would love you more if you were more...more feminine," she admitted.

"But Sara, you said you fantasized about...men," saying that, setting men as different from me hurt, but I continued, "men, even though you love me. How can you say you love me, but still lust for...," I was having trouble finishing.

"Still lust for a real man," she smiled?

"Yes," I whispered, blushing, feeling slightly humiliated.

"Because, I suppose as much as you satisfy me, making love to you, is different. It's emotion, tenderness, love, sweetness, and every feminine feeling a woman can have. But still, from a raw sexual desire, a woman, yes me, loves cock, and sometimes loves being taken in the rawest, powerful way a man can. A way you can't. Sometimes I fantasize about actually being fucked. Sometimes I miss having a cock inside me."

Her words stung, and she knew it. The meaning was clear. She missed having a cock inside her because I was not doing that for her.

"What do you want from me, Sara," I asked, shaking.

A Change for the Better

"To be honest John, since reading all that vile porn you had, about cuckolding, about wimpy husbands, about subservient men, serving their wives, I have been thinking about that all the time."

"You want a divorce, don't you." I asked, on the verge of crying.

"A divorce? A divorce! John, are you listening to me, to yourself? I told you I love you more than words could ever describe. Listen to me, no matter what, no matter what ever happens, I NEVER want to lose you. Never. Never."

"But you want a man, don't you," I said, hurt.

"Yes, John, a man," she smiled.

I caught her meaning. I made the distinction again, between a man and another man. In those words, I again did not refer to myself as a man.

"I mean..."

"No, you said it right."

"A man," I whispered. "If I'm not...a...what do you want from me."

"At least an 85, maybe a little more."

"You want me to be a woman, you want me to have a sex change," I asked, shocked.

"Silly, no, no, I don't want you to have a sex change, please. I want a marriage to you, not a partnership with a biological woman."

"What then, what do you want from me?"

"I want you to develop more, to stop being conflicted about who you are, to embrace you feminine side by letting go, by stop thinking about how you can be more masculine, and worry about how you can be more feminine."

"More feminine," I asked, shocked.

"Yes, more feminine. I want you to consciously accept your femininity. I want you to embrace it, to desire it."

"But, how...I don't know what you want."

She smiled. What was that about?

"That's an interesting answer, sweetie. Do you know that? You asked me 'how' to become more feminine. You didn't say no, you didn't protest. All you asked is 'how' to do it."

It's true. My inner conscious was already accepting what she wanted, even if my brain was slow to catch up.

"Honey, how do you know a woman is more feminine? How do you know a woman is a tom-boy? How can you tell a '90' from a '60', using my scale?"

"I'm not sure I follow," I said, confused.

"Okay, John, answer this, what's the difference between a normal woman, a feminine, glamorous, heterosexual woman, and a butch lesbian? How do you know a butch when you see her?"

"Cause she looks like a butch," I answered.

"Yes, she looks like a butch, obviously, but why?"

"Because she doesn't look feminine?"

"What does she look like?"

"Um, hard, uhh, butch..." I tried to describe, "I guess, masculine. She looks like a man," I said, picturing a stout woman, hair cropped short, a flannel shirt, jeans, work boots, almost dirty, like a line backer, not an ice skater.

"Yes. Where do you think she shops? Victoria's Secret or Wal-Mart."

I laughed. "Probably Home Depot. Do they sell work clothes there?"

Smiling, Sara walked over to her hamper and picked up a pair of panties. The black satin panties she wore yesterday. "Think she wears these, that butch?"

I laughed again, "No, I don't think so, probably men's flannel boxers."

"Why those?"

"Well," I thought, "I suppose to feel tough, um...butch."

"Masculine," she asked.

"Sure."

"And why did I wear these yesterday," she asked me, walking closer to me, holding the panties out from her body. "Why did I wear these?"

"Well, you said you wanted to feel sexy," I answered.

"Sexy? Is that what I said? I wore them to feel sexy?"

I thought back to yesterday morning. I was half asleep then, and I did not catch all her words.

"No, John, not sexy. I am sure I looked sexy in them," she grinned, knowing she did, "but no one saw them. Why would I wear sexy lingerie if no one was going to see it?"

"I...I don't get it, Sara."

"Femininity. I wore them to feel feminine. The butch wears men's boxers to feel masculine. I wore satin panties to feel feminine."

I gulped as the meaning of her words dawned on me. "Put these on, sweetie," she smiled, holding the panties out to me. Her tone was not that of a request. It was a quiet command. Put them on.

I took the panties from her hand, my own fingers trembling. What is scary? I didn't even think to protest or to refuse. Her tone left no room for question. I slowly stepped into the panties, slid them up my legs, over my hips, over my little cock, which, I was shamed to see, was quickly growing.

Sara smiled. "John, you have such a cute ass," she giggled. I turned, stood on my toes, and looked over my shoulder in the mirror to see.

She laughed out loud. "What," I asked, her laugh stinging me.

"Oh, no, nothing John, but I see I'm right about femininity. You stood on your toes and looked over your shoulder in the mirror. That was a most feminine move, something a man would not do. See, the panties have an effect. And John, even if you don't realize it yet, you feel sexy in them, you just don't know how to admit it. But you do. I know...because something gives it away."



She pointed to my crotch, where my erection was neatly framed in the satin of the panties.

"Oh John," she said, suddenly moving to kiss me. "MMmmnnn!" She gurgled happily, her lips mashing mine, her tongue probing into my mouth. "Now that is nice."

Her mouth found mine again as she pushed me back onto the bed, and her kiss was feverish. I'm always aroused by her excitement; it's infectious. I writhed beneath her and enjoyed the bizarre sensations. I held her shoulders as she rubbed my flesh against hers. I cupped one of her firm breasts - it felt fantastic feeling her nipple as it burst from the rim of her sexy satin chemise. Sara moved her own hand over my left nipple. She tweaked it expertly and wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. Her other hand was at my groin was rubbing furiously. I enjoyed it. The hand at my nipple squeezed my flesh molding it into a small but perfect breast. At that moment her lips swooped down and took my nipple into her mouth! I thrashed about wildly; it was almost too good, too good to bear!

She continued kissing my nipples, pushing my chest around, making small mounds. Her hips worked over my legs, bringing her pantied crotch into direct contact with mine. She rubbed her panties over mine, satin on satin, and I honestly felt feminine, I felt myself surrendering to her.

I moved my hands down to my panties, wanting to take them off, to penetrate her. "No," she groaned, as she pushed herself down harder onto me. "Do it this way, be my woman."

She continued to "bump and grind" rubbing me clit to cock. No. Clit to clit. She began to shudder as she orgasmed and her sign was my sign. I began to orgasm in response. We withered, rubbed, pushed, kissed, touched, and moaned our way to a dual orgasm. Her and me, me and her, bodies becoming one.

We lay intertwined for some time, kissing, touching, exploring. I giggled, at one point. "What," Sara smiled.

"Honey, for the second time in two days, you made love to me and left me a mess down there," I said, feeling that 'mess' cooling down.

"Well, honey, I suppose turn about is fair play, since women always have a mess down there after sex," she laughed.

She rolled off me and I looked at the clock, it was almost noon. Well, some way to spend a Saturday morning.

"Honey, I have to get up," I told her, "I have to get some things done around here today, I can't stay here all day." Saturday, in early afternoon, I messed around with some things around the house, so I could watch golf later. She sighed, kissed me, but let me climb out of bed.

I pulled down the panties sheepishly a bit embarrassed at what happened. I

guess I was still at a '60' for right now. Grabbing shorts, boxers, and a tee, I started to get dressed, with Sara laying on the bed, still in her nightie, watching me. She shook her head, and had a devilish smile on her face. "What," I asked.

"Are you butch?"

"Butch?"

"Yes, are you a bull dyke butch lesbian," she chuckled.

"No," I said, giving her a funny look.

"Well, honey, remember, we are moving to the femininity side, not the stud side. Unless you want to be a butch. Of course, a butch is more masculine than you, at least a '20', so why are you going to wear those flannel boxers?"

"What else would I wear?"

"Why, panties, of course, silly, what else would a woman wear?" She jumped up, rummaged through her dresser, and pulled out a pair of pink satin high cut panties. This was moving too fast for me, "Sara, I don't know."

"John," she said, anger rising, "this is not some game to play just because you get horny, I am serious about this. Look at these panties. Satin, lace, so smooth. You know, this is what separates things. Men never wear lace, never!"

I looked at her panties in a completely new light. They really were lovely, and I told her so. "Is this what you see for me, Sara? Panties? Like this?"

"John, it's what I hope for, but I'm not sure you can handle it. I want it, I really do want this, but I don't want to scare you, or push you away."

"But, it's one thing, in bed, a few minutes ago, I would be embarrassed to wear these, under my shorts," I told her, my face flushing. Despite that, in a way, I did want them.

"Not with me, John, you should NEVER be embarrassed with me. Remember, I want this, this is MY idea."

I took the panties, my fingers slipped over the satin, "but...but what's next, Sara, I mean, all your panties have...have matching...bras. Is a bra next? Skirts? Dresses? I don't know," I said, shaking my head.

She looked at me, "John, let me be honest, yes John, slowly, but yes. A bra. Don't be afraid John, remember I love you and this is for me too. Imagine wearing those panties and the matching bra, wearing them for me, slipping them on to please your wife, feeling so dainty, so vulnerable, and so deliciously feminine...for me!"

"Oh God, Sara," I got weak kneed at her words.

"Put them on, John, please, put on your panties for me." How could I resist? What could I say to this woman I love. I pulled them on, pulled her satin panties up my legs for the second time today.

While I was pulling them up, she pulled the matching pink bra from her drawer

and held it up for me to see. "Please Sara, not yet, I'm not ready for that, I can't do that," I gasped.

She set it on the dresser. "You don't have to yet, John," she promised, "but I want you to know it's here, waiting for you."

I was shuddering again as I pulled my shorts up over my...her...no, my panties. "Think of this John, my panties are like my hands are all over your ass and front," she smiled, "and when you wear a bra, all over your chest."

I went about my early afternoon, her words burned into my mind. It really did feel like her hands were all over my ass and my cock. It was driving me wild with desire, a desire she wanted nothing to do with right then.

Later that afternoon, before sitting down to watch golf, I was in the bedroom, and Sara looked at me, smiling, admiring. "What," I asked.

"Nothing, dear, just looking at your ass, that's all," she smiled, her eyes dancing over me. She never talked like this, never so openly did anything like that.

I blushed. "So, how do they feel?"

"My panties," I asked sheepishly?

"Yes," she smiled, "your panties? Do you like them?"

I blushed. "Yes," I said, meekly, my eyes unable to meet hers, moving, coming to rest on the bra which was still on her dresser.

"You want it, don't you," she whispered. "You have been thinking about it all day, John, haven't you?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer.

"Take off your shirt, John," she said.

I shook my head. "Take it off, John," she commanded.

She walked to me, holding the bra out, "put your arms out," she instructed. I did as ordered; meekly letting my wife put the soft bra on me. "Oh, John, it's a nice fit, it holds your breasts in place so well," she smiled, touching the bra cups with her fingers. "Look in the mirror, John. They are so sexy. Do you like your new bra and panties," she asked, emphasizing whose they were.

"Yes," I whispered, too terrified to say anything else.

"Good, say it then," she smiled.

"I...I like my new bra and panties," I choked out.

"Sweetie, you make me so happy," she smiled.

She handed me short and a tee shirt to wear over my delicate things as I went about my day. It was an amazing experience, a day in satin, the bra tugging and pushing into me, the panties cupping me.

That night, undressing for bed, I took them all off and threw them into the corner. I always slept naked and felt more so without my...my bra and panties. In bed next to me, her arms around me, she asked, "Did you like that, today?"

I smiled, "Yes, Sara, I did."

I drifted off to sleep, in her arms, happy, safe, and secure.

We woke up the next morning, Sunday, and showered together, laughing, smiling, and being in love. I grew in the shower, and soaped up, kissing her, moved my hips to try to enter her. Sara turned her hips to the side, and said, "John, don't ruin it."

Was sex with me "ruining the mood?" Is that how she thought of it? But isn't that how I wanted her to think of it? Isn't that what my cuckold fantasies were about? Perhaps, but I knew fantasy was not reality.

Back in the bedroom, I went to my dresser and pulled out a pair of boxers. "Feeling butch today," Sara asked.

"What...I...",

"Did you become butch last night?"

"Well, no Sara, but I just wanted to get dressed and go read the paper." Sunday morning I sat around in boxers and a tee shirt, drinking coffee, reading the paper.

"You can get dressed, John, but in your underwear, not some bull dyke's underwear."

I stood there, holding the boxers in my hand, frozen. "Don't just stand there, John, get dressed so we can go read the paper," she said. She was being vague on purpose, trying to piss me off, I think.

"Sara, I..."

"Your underwear," she said, pointing to the discarded bra and panties I wore yesterday.

"You...you want me to wear your bra and panties again," I asked.

"Your bra and panties," she corrected me.

"Yes, yes, my bra and panties," I said. "But they are dirty," I protested.

"I know, but that is the only set of underwear you own, so you are going to have to wear them again until we can buy you some more," she smiled.

"Buy some for me," I asked?

"Well, of course, silly, a girl needs more than one bra and one pair of panties."

"But Sara, I'm not..."

"Not sure how to shop for your first bra," she smiled, "don't worry, I will go with you after lunch."

Just like that, I was going bra shopping. I put on the bra and panties like she asked, and she slipped on a camisole and tap panty set. Damn she looked good. She saw me eyeing her, "look pretty?"

"Yes," I smiled.

"Me or the lingerie," she smiled.

I blushed. Cause I wasn't sure.

I followed her out of the room, feeling a bit awkward in only my bra and panties, but at some level, feeling like it was the most natural thing in the world.

We were sitting on the couch, sipping coffee, the paper spread between us. I was reading the sports page, she was looking at ads.

"What do you think of this bra," she asked me, showing me a pink satin and lace number in an ad from an upscale dept. store.

I glanced over quickly, annoyed at being interrupted. "You'd look nice in it."

"Not for me," she laughed.

"What do you..." I started. Oh, duh. Of course not for her.

I looked closer at the ad she showed me, at the \$40.00 bra. It really was pretty. "It is pretty," I said, staring at it. "Look, John, it has matching panties and a matching garter belt," she said, pointing farther down the page.

"Garter belt," I choked.

"Yes, if we got this one, you could wear stockings with it," she smiled, looking like a happy child.

"Stockings? Christ Sara, what are you talking about? Isn't that going too far," I said, fury rising up in me. "I mean, it's one thing to wear a bra and panties, but come on!"

"What's wrong with stockings," she demanded.

"Those are for women," I said scornfully.

"And what are you," she asked, angry, "a man?"

"I..."

"Don't you see, can't you do what I want to be happy," she said.

"Sara, I thought you wanted me to be..."

"A man? No, John, no, no, no. Nothing we have discussed leads to that. I DON'T want you to be my man, do you see? I want you to be my woman."

And there it was. The unspoken desire she had for me. A woman. To be her woman. Not her man. And how did that fit with me? Is that what I wanted? I wanted to be a man! But sitting there, in a bra and panties, how could I possibly think that? No I didn't want to be a man, but did I want to be a woman?

"This is what I want you to get, John, a set like this," she held the ad up with the incredibly sexy bra, panty and garter belt set. "Now, normally a woman's first bra is more of a training bra, but usually women need their first bra as a girl. Since you waited until you were an adult woman to get your first bra, I think it's appropriate to buy you a woman's bra," she smiled.

"Sara, you are scaring me," I laughed, half serious and half kidding.

"John, why? I'm sorry, maybe I'm getting ahead of your comfort level, but I just feel so good about this. Going with you to buy your first bra...it's so exciting. It's such a milestone in a woman's life, something you will never forget."

See, she was scaring me.

"You know, there is one problem, John," she said.

"What...you mean beyond buying me a bra," I said sarcastically.

"I know my bra fits you, but we need to get you the right size if we are buying one. I wonder if they can fit you today."

I shuddered, "Sara, are you fucking crazy? You cannot possibly expect me to do that."

She pondered this. "Perhaps you are right. Not yet, anyway. It might...well, I think we can take care of that. Take that bra off," she smiled, walking out of the room.

I took off my bra...I can't believe I said that... 'my bra'...I took off my bra, and stood there, self conscious, only in panties. Sara came back with a sewing tape measure in her hands.

"Good morning, Ma'am, I understand you wish to be fitted today," she smiled, almost giggling, acting like a saleswoman, even wearing a white short robe.

"Um, Sara...I...,"

"Now, don't worry Ma'am, your bra size can change over time, so it's a good idea to be fit now and then...it's nothing to be ashamed about. Here, turn around and lift your arms up."

Sara wrapped the tape measure around my chest, "hmm, about a 38," she said.

"Now, cup size," she mumbled, taking my chest in her hands, "you are an A cup, I think, that may be a problem."

"What?"

"Well, 38A is a difficult size, we rarely carry that in stock. You are probably best to go with the 38...A cup only comes in a 34, and that won't fit. So, go with the 38 and we can see about filling the cup, we have some nice cup fillers. I think a 38C is what you need, Ma'am, and then some C cup bra fillers." She took a piece of paper out of her pocket.

"Here is my card, and I have your size filled in on the back. I'm also writing down a web site that sells cup fillers," she handed me the card.

"Um, thank you," I mumbled, feeling very self conscious about this.

"I'll be over there helping someone else, please let me know if you need help picking out some styles," she said, leaving the room again, leaving me holding the card, where Sara had written down the information.

A minute later, Sara came back in, and looked at my hand. "What's that, sweetie," she asked. "Did you get fit?"

"I...I...here...," I stammered.

She took the card from my hand. "Oh, a 38A...but she has down here to get a

38C with bra fillers. She was right, you can't get a 38A so, well, this is helpful, a web site with something to help." I had the feeling again that Sara was several steps ahead of me.

"Let's see about these fillers." She went to the computer, the one that originally got me into this damn mess, and started the web browser. I blushed as I saw the home page. It was no longer cnn.com. She changed it to cuckoldhusbands.com. She smiled at the surprise on my face. "Still fantasize about that," she asked.

"I..."

"Don't worry, I know you do. Don't think just because we are doing this, properly dressing you, I've forgotten about this."

She called up the web site the saleswoman...well, that she had written down. Up came a page of silicone breasts...lifelike, nipples, in flesh color. "What are those," I asked.

"These are breast forms for women who had a mastectomy that don't want implants. They come in every size and flesh color and look and feel just like a real breast when glued on."

"Breast forms," I asked, shocked.

"Well, you don't want implants, do you," she asked me.

"God no!"

"Silly, then these are what you need to fill out your bra."

"They...they look like real breasts."

"I told you, that's the point, for women who lost a breast, or just want to enhance themselves without implants. They glue on, they are warm to the touch, from skin, bounce, everything, just like real breasts."

"Glue?"

"Yes, they are quite secure, I read, the glue will hold the breast forms on securely for weeks without any loss of hold, even when played with, run with, anything. Without the release solvent, they hold in place very securely."

"Weeks," I asked, my knees weak. She only smiled.

I stood there, watching, while Sara completed the information the site requested for ordering the forms. Fifteen minutes later, we had a UPS tracking number, and scheduled delivery for 10:30 am, the next day, Monday morning, for a pair of C cup breast forms for me.

My feminization continued.

"Get dressed, the mall opens soon," Sara said, "we have to go buy your first bra."

She was practically running to the bedroom herself, to get ready, to go shopping, to help me buy my first bra. I moved a bit slower, as always, not wanting to rush thing, things Sara had every intention of pushing forward with.

Walking into the mall, I felt like every single person was staring at me. Sara did not make me wear her bra to go out, but I still had on her panties. Were the lines visible through my trousers? She held the door for me, smiling, "your first bra," she whispered, "you must be so excited. Are you?"

I gulped. Because I was. As messed up as that can sound, I was excited, because I was going with my wife to buy my first bra.

"Yes," I answered, palms sweaty.

She giggled, "Probably as excited as I'm going to be when I get a real cock inside me again," she laughed, breezing through the door, leaving me standing there, dumb faced, looking around to see if anyone heard her.

"Come on silly," she laughed, going through the second set of doors.

She took my hand when I caught up to her, flashed her smile at me, "does that turn you on or bother you," she asked?

"The bra?"

"No, when I talk about a man fucking me?"

"You know it excites me, Sara," I said, with all seriousness in my voice.

"I know, I just like making you think about your fantasy," she said, wrapping her arm around my waist.

We walked into Victoria's Secret like this, and I felt something inside me as we entered. I had shopped here before, but never like this. With Sara, it was different. I was nervous, butterflies danced. Sara sensed it, my damp palm, "First bra makes all women nervous," she whispered in my ear.

Sara looked around and spotted a table overflowing with bras, of all colors, the same one from the ad in the morning paper. She steered us to the table, at the same time a saleswoman moved to us.

"May I help you," she asked, smiling at us.

"Yes, we were looking at this bra."

"Well, it's a nice piece, a bit high, price wise, but a wonderful piece. It's lightly padded, but in a way to enhance the figure without being overbearing. All day support, but still very sexy, a great evening piece too," she said, giving that woman to woman smile to Sara.

Sara picked up a black one, examined it, the clasps, the straps. "Yes, it's nice, I'm not sure what else we are getting, but I know I want this."

"Are you about a 34C," the sales woman asked, looking through the assortment of bras.

"Yes, but I need it in a 38C, please," Sara smiled.

"Color?"

"White, please," Sara answered.

"And the matching panties?"



"Oh, yes, a size large," Sara said. The woman looked at us, and I wondered if she knew or if I was being paranoid.

"There's a matching garter, too," Sara asked her.

"Yes, ma'am, there is, this way please," she sauntered off to take us to the garter belts.

"Stockings," she asked Sara?

"White? I assume you will need longs?"

Did she say 'he' or 'you'? I could not be sure.

"Yes," Sara answered, taking two pairs of the stockings. "You know, I think I should get this entire set in black too, with two pairs of black stockings, and four pairs of nude stockings."

While she gathered our things, Sara wandered around the store, me in tow. She picked up some things here and there, sometimes two, camisole and tap panty sets, a teddy. We found ourselves in front of a bridal display, and Sara picked up a boned corset. It was stunning. Satin, laces, garter straps. I saw the tag, size 34. "That's not my size," I laughed, hiding my nerves.

"I know, I wasn't thinking of it for you, dear."

"Well, why would you need a bridal thing," I asked.

"Well, white is pure, virginal, innocent. The first time. That's why brides wear white."

"Yes," I said, confused.

"Maybe something to wear for my first time."

"Your first time what?"

"My first time with..." she hesitated, "Oh, nothing," she smiled, adding the corset and a pair of coordinating panties to the pile.

We paid for the purchases and went home. I was scared and excited, unsure of what we were going to do when we got home, but to my surprise, Sara simply put the bags in her closet.

I wanted to ask her, but I did not want to admit, to her or myself, that I actually wanted to try the bra on.

We went throughout the day, I busied myself around the house, feeling weird, missing the bra I had on before, missing my new one, still in panties. At bedtime, Sara did get out a camisole and tap panty set, in black satin for me, but as weird as it sounds, I still wanted the bra.

In bed, curled in Sara's arms, her fingers resting on my flat chest, through the satin of the camisole, I drifted to sleep, thinking only about wearing a bra."

"Wake up, sleepy head," Sara whispered in my ear, pinching my nipples through the satin of my camisole. Just her touch sent shivers up my spine, even as I tried to open my eyes, see the clock.

Part 02

"What...what time is it," I asked her.

"Nine."

I started to jump up, knowing I was very late for work, but she pushed me back down.

"Remember, we are both sick today," she said, teasing my nipple again, moving behind me, spooning against me. "Well, maybe not too sick," she whispered, running her tongue over my ear. Oh my, this was the way to wake up, even if I was laying here in satin lingerie. As she continued to kiss me ear, she rubbed her crotch into my backside, and I could feel the heat of her, though her tap panties, through my tap panties.

Oh...morning sex, I thought, as I moved my free arm down over my own satin covered ass, guided by her heat, until I reached her dampness.

Rubbing her, moving the loose fabric away from her, I slipped one, then two fingers in her, the heat and wetness sucking them in to her moans. She responded, squeezing my nipples harder, kissing my neck and ear. Finally, her hand worked its way down to the front of my tap panties, and slowly stroked me, eliciting my own moans.

"Oh sweetie," she whispered in my ear, "yes, that's my girl," she stiffened in a mini-orgasm.

I started to try to turn over, to face her, to, well, make love to her. "Lover, what are you doing," she said, as I took my fingers away from her to turn over, "don't stop."

"I thought we could..."

"Oh no, baby," she said, gripping my stiffness, "You're so cute, but it's so little, I don't want, well, you little cocky in me. It's only going to make me want the real thing. Don't tease a girl like that, pretending you have a real cock to give her." Of course, she continued her stroking and rubbing, keeping me aroused, teasing me, humiliating me, engaging me.

I shuddered.

"You don't have a real cock for me, do you my pretty lover," she whispered in my ear, driving her pussy back onto my fingers while squeezing my cock with her hand.

"Sara," I moaned.

"Say it," she cooed, driving me wild, "Say 'I don't have a cock for my wife.'" Her stroking was driving me crazy. Her assault on my manhood continued, degrading me, taking me down, recreating me.

"I...I don't have a cock for my wife," I said, barely audible.

"Louder than that."

"Hmmmm," she moaned rubbing herself on my fingers, "that's my sissy. That's my girl."

"Oh, Sara," I said in a throaty growl.

"Yes, my love, yes, that's my girl. That's what I want, my sissy, my sweet, lovable girl. Now say it again, lover."

"I don't have a cock for my wife," I said, a bit louder, three fingers now furiously working her pussy.

"Yesss," she moaned, furiously rubbing me, "When I want a cock, I'll find a man to take care of me, not a sissy like my lover. I'll find a real man to fuck me."

I was going insane, furiously rubbing her, moving my own hips as her hand worked over me. She knew what her words were doing to me, and I know she loved it, I felt her squeeze as her own orgasms overcame her. And then my own eruption, her desirous end to the teasing.

"Ohhhh, Sarrrrrrraaaaaaaa..." I wailed as I literally 'came in my panties.'

Despite her own orgasm, Sara continued to stroke me through my panties and kiss my ear, walking me down from my orgasm. "Oh, God, I love you my pretty girl," she whispered in my ear.

Finally, as before, my libido left me, and that feeling returned. The shame. The hurt. The anger. It all flooded over me.

I was wearing women's clothes. Sara was calling me a girl. She was talking about fucking another man, and saying it like I was not a man. When sexually excited, these things excited me even more. Post orgasm, they shamed me, not in a sexual way, but deep down. I tensed up, mentally retreating inside myself. I couldn't run away, so I ran inside.

Sara ran her tongue over my ear again, and moved her hand, wet with cum, growing cold, on my skin. "Sara," I snapped.

"What's wrong lover," she asked, concern in her voice, "did I push my girl too far?"

I cringed at the word 'girl' now. It turned me on before, but revolted me now. "Please let me get up," I said, needing her to release her grip on me.

She actually squeezed my cock, hard enough to actually hurt. "Don't move. This is an important step. You are lost you libido, and now are ashamed, I know. This is something we need to work on, honey, don't worry. Please, please, just trust me, okay. Roll over onto your back, and just wait."

"Please Sara, I want to get up."

"Honey, please trust me."

I did trust her, even though I felt so bad. I rolled over onto my back, but still felt disgusted. "The secret is to work right through this," she said, quickly moving down my body, quickly pulling out my cock. Small to start with, now deflated, and

covered with cum, it was just a shriveled up thing. Sara quickly took it into her mouth, expert cock sucker that she is, and went to work.

The funny thing is this. Having just cum, there was no way I could grow hard again. But I still felt every kiss and lick, and they quickly brought me back around. "This is how women make love, my sweet," she said, tongue bathing my little member. She was trying to work me through the painful part, using pleasure on both ends, a driving force from the beginning through the end.

A few minutes of this and I was back in heaven. A weird place, considering I knew I could not cum again, but laying there, Sara kissing me like that, rubbing her soft hair, being made love to. "Who's my girl," she asked, pressing onto me with her warm mouth.

"I am, I answered, not thinking.

"And are you my man," she asked, quickly lifting her mouth, then returning to her tongue work.

"No," I answered, knowing everything I was saying, knowing all that implied.

"That's right baby," she said, moving her mouth away, letting me lay there. Waiting a minute or two, letting me stew, she asked me again, "who is my girl."

"I am," I whispered again, shaken with fear, excitement, love, hurt, and desire.

"Not my man, right?"

"No, Sara."

"That's right, baby." Help Again

After laying together for some time, dozing a little, Sara and I got up and showered together. In the shower, she was gentle and loving, tenderly washing me all over with body soap, pampering.

As we dried off, in the bedroom, Sara asked me, "What do you want to wear?"

I looked at her, "you mean my new underwear," I asked? She smiled at the possessive reference.

"Will you," she asked.

"If you want me to."

"No John, that's not good enough. You need to decide. These are not decisions I'm going to make for you, as much as I would love to order you to, I want you to be comfortable."

"Sara, I'm scared," I admitted. "I don't want you to leave me," I said, a tear running down each eye.

"John, this is important for you to understand...look at me."

I met her gaze, barely holding it.

"Why would you think you were going to lose me?"

"You don't want me."

"For crying out loud, of course I want you. I love you, John."

"But, the things you say, about men..."

"John, do you read all those web sites, on cuckolding? I did. Do those women leave their husbands, even in the fantasy stuff?"

"No."

She came closer to me. "John, the person I love is inside here," she touched my forehead, "and in here," she said, touching my heart, "not here," her hand grazed my limp cock.

I closed my eyes, the tears around them.

"But you don't want me, you want a...a real man, as you say."

"You are confusing wants. I want a man, physically, it's really a craving, much like a craving for ice cream. But it's you I love."

"In this," I asked, pointing to the discarded lingerie I had worn to bed.

"Yes, John. Think about it. I love you, the person that is you. The feminine side, the soft side. Trying to be a man, trying to be a woman, whatever. I love you. Watching you dress, seeing the feminine feelings in your eyes, makes me love you even more."

"But, like this?"

"Oh my God, John. Dressing you, kissing you in your lingerie, seeing the feminine side come out of you, it makes me feel...like one with you, like we are joined. We became one. I never felt closer to you, I never loved you more."

"Sara...I...but..."

"John, let me put it this way. The more feminine you are, the more you act that way, think that way, dress that way, the more my heart pours out, feels, loves."

"But, Sara, you admit it yourself, you like men."

"Of course. What women doesn't want a big hard cock inside her. It brings me tremendous satisfaction, it fills a hunger. I love cock. But not men. Emotionally. Physically, I want that satisfaction, but emotionally, I want you."

"But, you still want a man to fuck you. And you don't think of me as a man, do you," I practically spat out, half angry.

"Um, yes, and no."

"So...", I let the question hang.

"Sweetie, let me answer it like this, since you seem so block headed about it." She came closer to me, hugged me, whispered in my ear, half tonguing it.

"Baby," she moaned, "I love you, but answer me, do you want to be my girl?" She wet my ear. "Do you want to be my woman?"

Her throat growled, "Do you want a man to fuck me?" Her hand found my cock. "Does my sexy girlfriend want a big stud to fuck me, to drive his big hard cock into me?" Her hand fondled my little cock. "Does my girlfriend want to dress up so sexy for Sara, and let Sara suck a big nasty cock?"

Her hand was furiously working my cock, her tongue all over my ear. Her other hand was on my ass, then in my crack, then poised on my hole. As she spoke, she pushed her finger into my ass. "Do you want your wife bent over by a man and fucked like a dog," she moaned, squeezing my cock, pushing her finger hard into my ass. "Do you, sissy," she growled.

"Oh God, yes Sara, yes...ohhhhh yesssss," I moaned, exploding for the second orgasm that morning, her finger in my ass making my second one more powerful than the first one.

Giggling, smiling at me, taking a towel and cleaning up the little mess, Sara said, "well, it looks like we both want the same thing, sweetie," she laughed, pushing me back onto the bed and walking into the bathroom.

I was left, panting, shaking, totally spent. And crying, too, as once again, a tear ran down

The line between fantasy and reality was quickly blurring. The fantasy, in becoming reality, was not quite what I dreamed the fantasy was. Sara was pushing me, farther than I was prepared to be pushed. I was scared, of the unknown, but I could not stop the rush and the thrill.

Sara came out of the bathroom and looked at me, blurry and teary eyed. "And you wonder why I see you as being feminine, not masculine," she laughed, shaking her head. "Crying like a woman when she gets jealous, as if tears and guilt can be used as a weapon."

"Sara, what do you mean," I asked, wiping my eyes.

"I mean, you feel guilty about what we did, about what you asked for, and you are trying to use tears to send that message. That, my feminine husband, is acting like a woman. That, my metrosexual lover, is why you are a natural in lingerie. That, my sissy, is exactly why you are a sissy."

"Sara, you are scaring me."

She shook her head, anger flashed in her pretty eyes, "You know, you are fucking hopeless."

Her anger stabbed at me. "Why, Sara?"

"Oh fuck, do I have to spell it out? John, we've been married for almost four years, right?"

I shook my head, yes.

"If four years, four fucking years, I've yet to have an orgasm when you fuck me. Four fucking years. I'm going crazy, John, fucking crazy. Sure, you lick me like a tramp, but I'm going nuts, here. And now, I finally get you this far, and you are taking it like a girl. I don't know whether to laugh or cry," she yelled at me.

"Get me this far?"

"How long have you been looking at your little web sites?"

"What?"

"Cuckold Husbands. Wives Banging Blacks, Slut Wife, all those?"

"Um, I don't know, six months, maybe," I said, puzzled.

"No, seven months, two weeks, and one day," she said, correcting me.

"I suppose, but..."

"No, exactly. That is when you got the email."

"The email?"

"Yes, dear, the email, remember, titled 'Does your wife fuck other men?'"

"Um, I suppose, but...how did you...?"

"Because I sent it to you, dammit, I went you that email. Shit, I could not take it. Seven fucking months, waiting and waiting."

"You...you sent it?"

She grinned at me.

"But...you...you set me up!"

"I set you up? Oh, no, I simply provided you the opportunity. I opened the door, you are the one who walked through it. You wanted to see what was inside. You stayed inside. No, darling, I didn't set you up, you set your self up."

"But why? Why Sara...why...", I cried, suddenly deeply ashamed to be like this, in lingerie, crying, feminine, scared again. "I thought you loved me."

"John, don't you get it yet. I did this precisely because I love you so much. Do you know how easy it would be for me to simply cheat on you? God knows enough men at work hit on me, and you can't even imagine what it's like at a bar...I'm like fresh fish. Oh, John...John...look at me...if I wanted to fuck another man behind your back I could do it any day, any time. And inevitably, you would have found out, been hurt. Hell, if I didn't love you so much, as sexually frustrated as I've been, I could have just left you for some stud. But John, I do love you. I care about you more than I ever have for anyone. I could never, never, never hurt you."

"But...you do want to fuck another man, Sara."

"Hell yes. Fuck. That's it. I want that, I'm not denying it at all."

I teared up again. "Do you want me to move out?"

"Move out? Are you kidding? Let me finish. Listen, yes, I want to fuck another man. But John, I want to make love to you. I know this sounds like a cliché, but I want to fuck someone, but make love to you. You see, when we make love, when you are feminine, so soft," she shuddered, "my heart goes out, I feel a connection to you so deep, it's like we are one person. It warms me, makes me happy, complete, and to answer you, no, no, no, I never want you to move out, I would give up anything to be close to you, with you." She laughed, "Even a good fucking."

"This is what you want from me? This makes you happy," I asked, touching the lingerie I still had on.

"More than you can ever imagine, John. And you know what, it makes you happy too."

"You want this? More of this?"

"More feminine, yes, dear. But again, I want it and so do you. I don't want you to do this just to make me happy. I want you to realize that embracing your feminine side makes you happy too."

"But...I..."

"No, dear. Are you happy when you try to fuck me? You know I don't orgasm. Honestly, does that satisfy you?"

"No," I said, looking down.

"You know you are failing, and I can tell it frustrates you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I blushed.

"Of course it does. I can only imagine how it must make you feel. As a man. Unable to satisfy his wife. It strikes me as a failure. Does it you? I know you squirt in me, and I can tell the way you look at me. How do you feel after, when you roll off me?"

"Guilty."

"And," she pushed?

"Ashamed."

"And?"

"Helpless."

"Do you feel like a big stud? The top dog? The king of the jungle, taking the bitch in heat so hard she never forgets who the alpha male is?"

"Sara!"

"Do you? Stud?"

"No, Sara...I'm...I'm sorry."

"I know how you feel John. Those stories on those cuckolding web sites spell it all out, if they are right. You feel like a thief in the night, stealing the crown jewels, hoping not to get caught. You feel like the weakest lion in the pack, like you cornered some poor lioness, hoping to get in a quick fuck before the leader of the pack catches you."

"Sara," I gasped.

"Come on John, we have to work this out, before we go any further. If I'm right, everything will be okay, don't worry."

"But..."

"No buts...are you the alpha male, taking what's yours as the king of the pride, fucking the lioness, marking her as yours, owner, asserting your dominance, or are you the weak link, stealing a quick fuck, too small to ever be the king, hoping he doesn't get caught, getting a scrap when you can?"



She was so right, and we both knew it.

"Alpha male or weak male?"

"Weak male."

"Deep down inside, dear? You do know that, don't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, "but I can try to..."

She cut me off, "No John."

"But I..."

"John. Does the alpha male wear lingerie just so he can make sweet tender love to a woman, just to have the chance to lick her pussy, to worship her body?"

"Well, I don't know."

She was smiling now. "No, John. The alpha male does not wait around to collect some scraps. The alpha male takes what is his. He wants the lioness, so he simply mounts her and fucks her, and leaves her panting, hardly knowing what hit her," she breathed deeply, "ready or not, he gets what he wants, when he wants it."

"He doesn't beg her to let him fuck her, like you do when you want to steal a quickie. He doesn't say, 'please baby, can we tonight?' like you do. He simply takes her when he wants, because he knows she will always want a stud like him."

"To continue this silly lion analogy, dear, the king of the pride never asks the lioness if she wishes to fuck, he simply takes her."

"But you, my dear, not only beg me to fuck, you don't even enjoy it, you feel so guilty about it. And now all you do is look over your shoulder and wonder if the king is going to catch you. Or whether your pretty wife is going to go looking for the king and be taken like a slut. Am I right?"

"Yes," I whispered, my cock now raging hard in the panties.

"And, be honest, you even fantasize about your wife being taken by a real man, don't you?"

"Yes, Sara."

"Silly, silly dear, of course you do, so you don't have to worry any more about it. Let a real man do a real man's job, and let you be who you really are, am I right?"

"Yes," I gasped, unable to believe where this went. I was shocked how far inside my head Sara had gotten. How she knew what I felt, feelings I hardly was able to recognize myself. She was right, of course. I did feel tremendous guilt when we fucked. I knew I was not really doing much for her and it was driving me crazy.

"But John, here is the most important part. I want this for both of us. I know you feel guilty, and that bothers me. John, I love you so, and seeing you suffer makes me suffer. That's part of the reason I hardly ever want to fuck, your pain becomes my pain. Why are we doing this to each other? When we make love, when you embrace your feminine side, we both find emotional and physical pleasure

without guilt. When we are 'one' like that, its...pure bliss."

"Oh, Sara, I'm so sorry," I cried, moving to hug her. She opened her arms, and accepted me. "Shhhh," she whispered, patting my head, "come here baby, I know...I know."

Her warmth comforted me. "Sara, I love you."

She smiled, "I love you too." We kissed, a sign of acceptance.

"What do you want from me Sara? I...I don't know...I mean...I don't want a...a sex change."

She laughed. "John, John, my goodness, John, I married a man, not a woman. I'm not a lesbian. I like your little thingy," she smiled, her hands finding me, softly touching me. "This stays, don't worry. But that doesn't mean I don't want you more feminine. In your look, your dress, your mannerisms. I want you to be like a woman in many ways, even though I don't want you to become a woman."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "I could not do that, change like that."

"Honey, I know, I know, and I would never ask that. Now, listen, I know your web surfing habits, dear, I know what you look at, besides those cuckolding web sites."

"You...you mean the..."

"Yes, dear, the crossdressing...honestly...you think that surprises me? Cuckolding is often full of femdom themes, and even transvestite themes. I know you look at that stuff."

"Yes, but..."

"Stop...no buts. Anyway, forget about that for a minute. Go back to your question, about a sex change. You know the difference between a transvestite and a transsexual, correct?"

"Um, yes, a transsexual is really a, well, mostly, a woman, trapped in a man's body. A gender identification error, I suppose. A man who wants to become a woman."

"Yes, John, she is a woman, mentally, but somehow nature stuck her in a man's body. She wants to fix that mistake. She is not confused. She does not feel masculine sometimes and feminine sometimes. She is a woman. There is no question in her mind. But a transvestite is different. A transvestite only dresses and acts like the opposite sex. A transvestite does not want to 'be' the opposite sex, but merely 'be like' the opposite sex. That's is you."

I saw her point. And I knew it for some time. Yes, I was a transvestite, I wanted to act like a woman, I didn't want to 'be' a woman.

"Yes, Sara," I answered, my head lowered.

"John, look at me...why are you ashamed?"

"Because I feel like I let you down. You married a man and got me."

"John, I didn't 'marry a man' I married you. I married you because I love you," she said, her subtle reference not lost on me. "I want you to be you."

"But you still want a man, Sara."

"Yes, yes, but not to love and be with and share my life. Like the lioness, I want a man to take me, and fuck me and be done with me. I don't want a man emotionally, only physically. And you want that too, don't you."

"Yes," I whispered again, knowing how deeply I did fantasize about that.

"I know, sweetie, I know. But first I want you. Let me run you a bath, sweetie. Relax and feel the warmth of the water, let it wash away your worries, baby, relax."

I undressed, letting the soft lingerie fall to the floor and sat on the bed, while Sara went into the bathroom to run the water. Left with my own thoughts, I realized I was both scared and relieved at once. It's as if, finally, for the first time in my life I did not have to hide. Feelings I had since I was a child were free, at least between Sara and I.

"Ready, dear," Sara called out. I walked into the bathroom, the lights were off, and Sara had lit several candles. The scent from the candles...and looking around, the bathwater, could only be described as some feminine heaven.

"I hope you like your scent," she smiled pointing to a tray of products from Bath and Body Works. Jasmine Breezes, to be specific. Shampoo, conditioner, bath soap, body oil, shaving gel, the whole works.

As I slipped into the tub, the warm water, the bath oil, the scent, Sara's smile, they all overcame me. I relaxed for the first time in my life.

"Now, you relax in there, let the water and the oils soften your skin. And here," she said, handing me the tray, "wash your self carefully, let the bath oils soak into you, the soap, pushing their scent on your skin. And use this, sweetie, I think you know what I mean," she said, handing me a pink razor.

Sara left me to my peace, and as I lay there, I drifted off into a light sleep, the heat, the scent, the oil all relaxing me to my core. I pictured Sara, but with my face, pictured me as beautiful as her. I dreamed of her dressing up, going on a date with a man and going back to his house. As I let my mind wander I felt so at ease about it all.

I looked over at the pink razor, drawn to its power to change a person. Truth be told, I had little hair to worry about. It was pretty easy to shave my fifteen chest hairs. My legs went much better than I thought. I was worried about nicks, but the blade was sharp and though it took some time, I did smooth them out. I thought of Sara shaving, and decided to do what she did. Trimming around my cock took a very steady hand, but I carefully trimmed my bush, and left my balls as smooth as I risked. The same goes for my ass crack. Damn, I thought, that razor does make a difference.

Rinsing off with the shower nozzle, I saw the towels she left. The masculine blue was gone, only pink left for me. With some inspiration, I dried off and took a second towel, wrapping it around my chest, as Sara would. Difficult to do without breasts to hold it up, but I managed and walked into the bedroom, where Sara was sitting on the bed, a few packages around her, watching television.

Sara was dressed too, she must have used the shower in the hall bathroom. She was wearing some sort of white smock, but I could not quite place it. She stood, smiling at me. She had dressed up, it appeared, black skirt, nylons or hose, heels, her makeup was done up, a flash of gold on her chest, and I placed it. She was in costume, the smock was something a woman working a cosmetic counter at a fine department store would wear. The heavier makeup, mandatory, I'm sure at those counters.

"Are you ready for your make over, ma'am," she smiled, playful, not fully in a "part" but teasing just the same. "I like the towel, that's a nice touch, but it must be hard to keep it in place. We should work on that. I have just the thing."

She picked up a UPS package, and I thought back to yesterday. Breastforms. As if on cue, my towel slipped off my flat chest onto the floor. "Yikes, I'd better hurry," she chuckled, eyeing me.

"Oh, baby, I love it," she cooed, eyeing my smooth body. "Oh, you even did here," she said, taking my soft cock into her hands. "Your little cock is so cute, it's really like a big clitty. You know, I should remember that...this little cockette or clitty. Heck there really is not going to be anything to have to tuck away, it's so small."

"But enough about that, we have other things to do."

With that, she opened the UPS box and pulled out two...well...breasts. Okay, I knew they were fake, silicone, they had a dull sheen to them, but their size and shape were amazingly life like. "Oh, John, they are amazing...the weight, holy shit," she giggled.

"Quick, on the bed, on your back, we just have to get these on you," she laughed, pulling out several bottles of solvent and a couple of instruction books.

"Um, you know how to use those things," I laughed nervously.

"The better question would be whether you know how to use them, dear," she quickly retorted, "but yes, I read the instructions on their web site."

She applied the glue, cold of course, to the forms and my chest, carefully, taking her time. I closed my eyes, drifting off again, a far away room, soft, scented, feminine, my escape.

"They take five minutes to set, lover," my wife whispered, "so just lay still." I felt her hair move down my stomach, and I was afraid to end the dream, afraid to open my eyes. Her face rested on my stomach, hair around me, her breasts, through

her smock, pressing onto my cockette, trapping it pointing downwards. She nuzzled my stomach, carefully, I assume to avoid messing her make-up. I drifted off into a light sleep.

I felt Sara move off the bed, but I was still a bit sleep dazed. I felt her touch my chest, opened my eyes, to see her using a make-up brush on the two mounds on my chest. She was lightly powdering them, their color becoming mixed with my flesh. I could not tell where my skin ended and the breasts began.

"Touch them," Sara whispered, cupping them in her hands. I moved my hands to the forms, shocked at their feel, so life like. "Oh my," I gasped, as her fingers laced with my own hands, our twenty fingers touching my breasts.

"Okay, okay, stop," she laughed, "are you trying to seduce me, sweetie?"

"Oh Sara," I sighed.

"And you wondered why you had trouble being the man," she chuckled. "Let's get you dressed, shall we?"

Sara went to the closet and got the boxes from Victoria's Secret we bought yesterday. She opened a box and pulled out some white lingerie. "Stand up, let me help you, please," she asked.

I stood; Sara walked behind me, wrapping the white satin bra around my chest. She slipped my arms through the straps, fitting my breasts into the cups, letting the weight move in them. Oh, I was in heaven. I actually had cleavage.

Sara knelt down behind me, "turn around, Miss," she said, in her half sales woman role. "Please step into the panties." As I did, she pulled the matching satin panties up my hairless legs, over my ass. "I think we can easily tuck this little cockette away," she smiled. Every chance she got to reinforce how small I was, she took it. The emphasis was always on the feminine.

"Turn around again, dear," she ordered, moving her hands around my waist. Of course, the matching garter belt. The dangling straps bounced on my thighs and I practically stood up on my tip toe, like I had on heels. The lingerie, coupled with the breasts, moved me in a way I had never been moved before. The feminine feeling was almost overwhelming.

"Are you ready for your first pair of stockings, love," Sara asked from behind me.

"Yes," my voice cracked.

"Good, I'll help you with them, but watch, because you should learn to do this yourself."

Sara took the lead again, and it's a good thing, because the feeling of the white nylons on my hairless legs caused me to darn near pass out. Sara had my psyche nailed perfectly. I felt so feminine.

We continued this, Sara dressing me, each piece of clothing making more and

more of a feminine impact on me. Did I want to "be" a woman like a transsexual (who really was a woman)? No, I know I was not a woman. But words can hardly describe how much I wanted to act like a woman, how that feeling was pulling me. I did not want to give up my manhood, I just wanted to make it even smaller, lock it up for awhile.

Sara helped me into a white satin slip from her collection, commenting that there was something else we needed to get me. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I put me feet into the strappy heels she had ordered for me. "These are kind of chunky, dear, I don't want you to fall flat on your face, but you need to walk before you can run. Stilettos will come later." The heels were gorgeous, nevertheless.

An a-line lavender skirt and a white satin blouse completed me for now, but not for good. "We are doing a complete makeover, ma'am, correct," Sara playfully asked.

She led me by the hand across the hall, to her dressing room, where her makeup table was. She was right about the heels, they would take getting used to.

Sitting me at her table, she placed a cape around my shirt to protect my clothes from makeup. I smiled at the swelling my breasts caused. Sigh, 'my breasts'. The thought made me shudder. Sara worked like a champ, doing my nails with something press on, working on my face (OUCH! Plucked eyebrows HURT!); keeping the mirror pointed away from me. Finally, my lips, which felt heavenly when I ran my tongue over them, silky, satiny, smooth.

The final piece to the puzzle was in a box next to her, which Sara pulled out with a big smile on her face. "I assumed you were a blond," she smiled, "because men prefer blonds." She winked at me, and a quiver fluttered through my stomach, at her double meaning. I didn't know if she meant that I would prefer myself as a blond or that men would prefer me as a blond. Shit, what was I getting myself into? Did I care?

Sara stood me up, stepped back, and looked me over. "Holy fucking shit," she said, shaking her head.

"What...don't laugh, please, I know I must look like a freak," I said, self conscious at how I looked and felt.

She laughed, "Look," she said, motioning me over to the full mirror hanging on the closet door.

Well, looking at my reflection, I could certainly admit I was not a freak. Far from it. Far, far from it. Looking back in the mirror was not Miss America, but, Sara was right, holy fucking shit. There was a woman in the mirror. An honest-to-gosh, pretty, long legged blond. There was not a man trying to be a woman looking back at me. There was a woman. Sara came and stood next to me. "Pop quiz. Which one is the man and which one is the woman? Think the odds are better than

fifty-fifty?"

"Oh, Sara," I smiled, "you...you are amazing."

She smiled. "Want to go shopping?"

I turned to her, shocked, "are you kidding me? Go out?"

She laughed. "I know, all in good time. But don't lie to me, don't you want to, a little?"

I couldn't deny it. Yes, I did. "Yes, a little," I answered.

"Of course you do, but we'll save that for another time, my love, don't worry. But tell me, be honest with me, how do you feel," Sara asked me as we stood before the mirror, looking at our own reflections.

"How do I feel?"

"Yes, John, how do you feel? Are you revolted by what you see?"

"No, not at all," I answered, staring at myself, amazed at the transformation, shocked at how sexy I actually looked as a woman.

"How do you look, as a woman," Sara asked me.

"Um..." I looked again, smiled shyly, "pretty." It came out as a whisper, because I was really afraid to say it.

"Pretty," she repeated back to me. "That's an interesting choice of words. Not sexy, but pretty."

"What's wrong with pretty," I asked her?

"Oh, let me put it this way. Name me a man that is sexy," she asked.

"Hmmm, Brad Pitt?"

"Sure, Brad is very sexy," she smiled. "Now, name me a woman who is pretty."

I hesitated. "Umm, Catherine Zeta Jones?"

"Yes, dear, a classic beauty. Now, the hard part, name me a man who is pretty"

"Um..." I stalled.

"Exactly my point. Men are not pretty, they are sexy. Women are pretty. But how did you describe yourself, dear, as sexy or pretty?"

"Pretty," I said.

"And how did you describe yourself," she smiled.

"Pretty."

"Yes, sweetie, pretty. You described yourself as pretty because you think of yourself as..."

"A woman," I answered, blushing.

"Yes. Yes. A woman. You want to be and act like a woman, don't you? Doesn't it feel natural to you?"

"Yes, I suppose it does."

"But, do you want to become one, like I asked before, you know," she made a snipping motion with her fingers.

I recoiled back from her, "No!"

"Oh baby, you are so perfect," she smiled, "because you feel just how I feel, about you, and I love you so much," she hugged me, our breasts touching for the first time, the feeling sending a shudder up my spine.

"Sara, I...", I moaned, moving in to kiss her.

"Sweetie, you're going to mess up your makeup," she laughed, gently pushing me away, "come on, let's go downstairs and get a bite to eat. I want you to walk around, get some practice with your heels, you know." It was not the first time that she would rebuke my sexual advances, and as I later learned, a small part of her greater plan.

We spent the say, two girlfriends, the experienced teaching the less experienced. Walking in heels was a chore, but apparently learnable. What was much more difficult was dealing with fingernails. That was no small chore. It was like I lost my fingers, and had to learn to use them all over again.

At the end of the day, after a day in femininity, we finally retired upstairs to our bedroom. I have to admit, my feet were killing me. Maybe heels were not so easy after all. In fact, my hands hurt a little, from using my fingers in new ways, my shoulders were sore, from the weight of my breasts. My goodness, it was not easy being a woman! Hell, it was not easy pretending to be one.

Sara was amused at that, of course, saying, "Baby, it's about time you learned what we go through for our men, and you have not even done any of the hard stuff men demand yet. Just wait." Her cryptic references scared me sometimes. The "yet" and the "just wait" made me a bit nervous. If I only knew.

I sat in a chair in our room, careful to cross my legs like Sara showed me. That was something I learned in our "deportment lesson" from the afternoon when we had tea. See, ladies drink tea, she said, not coffee. The lesson was humorous and serious. "What's the most guarded part of a woman's body," she asked me?

Naturally, I didn't know. "Her pussy," she answered for me.

"You see, since a pussy is what all those men want to get into, it's our most vulnerable part. It's the part we hide and protect, of course. We may show off our breasts, or legs, even our ass, but we always hide and protect our pussy," she smiled.

"Okay," I had answered her.

"That means you have to learn to protect your pussy and panties from view at all times, dear," she instructed me, frowning at the way I was sitting, legs apart, like a man. "A woman is most vulnerable when seated, so she keeps her knees together at all times. You will have noticed this, I assume sweetie? You will want to copy the actions of a real woman, dear."

"So, the simple lesson is this, from now on, you will keep your knees together



like a girl. If you don't cross your legs, keep your thighs gently pressed together. It will help if you spread your feet and turn your toes inwards. This looks very sexy on a woman - maybe less so on a man. But then, you're not a man are you," she laughed quietly, as I crossed my legs.

"Hmm, did you hear that?"

"What?"

"That soft rasp of nylon as you crossed your legs, your stockings rubbing together. That was good, dear, you are almost a natural at that. Do that around a man with a fetish for pretty legs in stockings like yours and he will hit on you faster than you know."

"Are you going to get changed," Sara asked me, snapping me back to the present from our tea this afternoon.

"Change," I asked?

"For bed, silly. Get out of those clothes and into your pj's," she said, pointing to my drawer with my boxers and tee shirts, my normal 'ready for bed' wear.

I frowned, I suppose after a day dressed like this, I could hardly bear to shed my feminine clothes. Oh, things Sara was doing to me.

"What is it," she asked, seeing and sensing my frown. Heck, I hardly knew, or did I?

"Nothing Sara, I just, I suppose I liked dressing like this," I answered, hand on my drawer.

"Well of course you did sweetie," she smiled at me, an expectant smile.

I opened my drawer to get out a tee shirt and boxers. Should what I found have surprised me? I'm sure it does not surprise my dear readers in the least. Of course, it made sense to me later, and even then. No boxers or tee shirts. No. All gone. In their place? I laugh now typing this. Lingerie, of course.

I dug through the drawer, one part of me looking for my male underwear, even saying it, "Sara, where is all my underwear?" but another part of me taking stock of what was left in place. Bras. Panties. Slips. Garter belts. Teddies, and camisoles and tap panties, and nighties and packages of stockings. From different stores, different tags. Sara had been shopping.

Questions flooded my mind, but first to come out, "Sara when did you get all this stuff?"

She grinned at me. Of course. She had been planning for some time. This was not a spur of the moment purchase. What had she been up to? Shit, it almost scared me, what did she have in store?

"Don't you like your pretty things," she asked, a fake pout on her face.

"Yes, I...I love them," I said, my hands resting on them, unable to pull away, "but...where is my stuff?"

"You mean all the underwear for a man you had in your drawer?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently.

"Gone," she grinned, "off to the Salvation Army."

"Sara, seriously," I said, anger flashing in my eyes.

"Seriously, dear, gone."

"Dammit, Sara, I need men's..."

She cut me off. "Need what? Boxer shorts? Are you going to dress butch on me? Are you going to wear boxers and a tee shirt to cover your breasts? Men's underwear? Are you going to try again to 'be the man' of the house," she mocked me. Her words stung me again, and she knew it. She planned it.

"Sara..."

"Still think you can be that to me."

My next question conceded the point, because I thought not of how I was a man, but rather a practical consideration. A 'real man' would have said, 'fuck you bitch, where is my stuff.' I thought of the nuts and bolts, not what she was doing to me.

"But, what am I going to wear to work?"

She laughed, catching the implication of my question, and said so, "Oh, not 'I'm a man, I need man's clothes' but instead, a practical question, how do I function as a woman? Are you conceding the point, dear? Admitting you are not a man?"

It felt like she slapped me, rhetorically. She was right.

"Don't worry, dear, go look in your closet, all your suits are still there. You obviously have to try look like a man at work, the lingerie is only for under. Don't forget, the breasts come off, the make up comes off, we can do some things to help you fool people at the office."

I was relieved, I know. I did want to play and impersonate a woman, I did not want to be one. Silly me.

Sara directed me to get undressed, shedding all my pretty clothes from the day, and helping me pick out a nightgown for bed. She said that my breasts flowing around at night would feel funny at first. Normally, I suppose, a woman likes to feel that relief at night, but until I became more accustomed to them, I should wear something supportive to bed. A nightie with a built in bra would do the trick. Pink satin to mid thigh, matching pink panties.

She showed me how to take off my makeup, I guess going to sleep with it on was not only a big no no, bad for a woman's face, but slightly trumpy too. Still in the wig, slipping on the satin of the negligee, hairless, boobs sticking out, I still felt as feminine as I did all day. Shocked, still, at what she did.

Sara also undressed, putting on her own bed clothes, a red satin slip and panties. Finishing out night time routine, we slipped into bed, and carefully, Sara moved

over to me, whispered in my ear, "I love you so much."

Her words pushed away any unease I was feeling, and I accepted her kiss, feeling her breasts again push into mine. Turning, kissing her neck, with no thought, my crotch came into contact with hers, and my hard cock, little as it was pushed against her through our panties, I felt the heat of her pussy, and I shuddered and sighed.

"John...John...what are you doing?"

"What. Um...I," I was still pushing at her, pathetic, I know, my cock through both our panties.

She sat up and reached over to turn on the light. "I thought this may be a problem."

"What do you mean," I asked, defensively.

"It's the whole transvestite versus transgender thing. You play a woman, act a woman, but, genetically, there is a part of you, the testosterone, that kicks in when you get excited."

"So," I asked, sexual energy still running through my body, even some confidence.

She knew to slap that down. "You honestly think you can be my man, sissy, with that little thing?"

I immediately lost my libido, shuddered, and shrank, lowered my eyes, afraid to meet her gaze.

Her eyes softened, "Oh, sweetie, it's okay, don't worry, I was afraid this might happen, that with a little sexual energy, your hard wired instincts would come out. Wait there," she jumped out of bed, and left the room.

She came back, carrying a bowl full of ice water, and something small in her hand. "You see, you need to learn to channel your sexual energy into pleasing your partner, not worrying about yourself. We are going to have to work on shifting your focus. Stand up."

I did, and Sara pulled down my panties, exposing my cock, still hard. "Awww, the little cocky is so cute," she said squeezing it and lifting the bowl up to me, pushing my cock and balls down into the cold water.

"Shit, Sara, that's fucking cold," I squealed.

"Hold still," she ordered, squeezing hard on my shaft. Within seconds, I started to shrink again, to hardly nothing, I suppose.

Sara took the plastic thing she had in her other hand, and took my cock in hand. She quickly slipped the plastic around me, as I looked on, puzzled.

"What is that," I asked.

"Shhh." She took a small lock from the package and connected it to the plastic.

"Sara, what the fuck?"

"Hmmm, perfect. This my dear, is a chastity cage."

"What the fuck," I shook my head.

She laughed. "A chastity cage, my love, specifically, the CB3000. This little piece of plastic, locked in place, makes it impossible for this little cock to get hard. You see, I suppose the worst thing would be for you to get confusing messages. I'm trying to bring out your feminine side, but your body may revolt sometimes, and try to assert the little bit of masculinity you have. It does this by sending hormones to your cock, making it hard, and trying to make your mind focus of fucking a woman. It's really a primal reaction. Of course, look at you, what woman would even want that."

"So, what we do is trick your own mind and body. When you are feminized, we make it so your little thing here can't get hard. This will focus your mind on the majority of your mind that is feminine, and teach it to ignore that small masculine part. Without the key, the key I have hidden, you cannot take this off."

"But, Sara, how can I, I mean, how can we, you know, how can I make love to you?"

"Sweetie, like a woman, tender, of course, using your mind, your hands, your mouth. The only way I want you, my love, focusing on your womanhood."

"But..."

"Shhh, sweetie, no butts. You have to focus, dear, focus. If you think like a man, you'll start to grow, and since there is no room to grow, it will hurt. You have to learn to forget about this," she touched the cage, "and focus on your mental love making."

"But, how...how can I, I mean, you know, have an..."

"Trust me, dear, there are other ways women orgasm, I'll teach you how my love," she said, pushing me back onto the bed, rubbing my breasts, forcing her tongue into my mouth.

Of course, I immediately started to grow, and even small, I quickly expanded to fill the space in the cage. Oh, it hurt. It was sore. Oh she was right, I had to focus on something else, something soft and feminine, or I was in for a long long night...

Part 03

"John, John...wake up," Sara's voice called to me across the dance floor. I think I was dancing, but I'm not sure.

"What, Sara, I can't hear you," I yelled across the dance floor, trying to keep eye contact with her as I moved around. "Wait, can we stop for a minute, Sara's calling me," I said to my dance partner. My male dance partner. Looking down, my doppelganger self was wearing a satin gown, the tops of my breasts showing. My partner had no face, but was clearly a man, his arms around my waist, pulling me closer to him, his groin to mine.

I winced in pain, not sure how or why he was hurting me.

"John," Sara called again from across the dance floor, laughing, "wake up before you get hurt."

I opened my eyes and Sara was there, standing over our bed. Confused, I shook my head. "Sara?"

"Having a pleasant dream," she pointed to my groin, where my chemise had ridden up, exposing the chastity cage she put on me last night. My dream, dancing with a man, had caused me to swell, and I was confined by the small chamber. There was no way I could tell her what caused this. The thoughts of the dream floated to and from in my mind, blurry. I know he kissed me. I think that's what did this to me in my cage. No way could I confess that to Sara.

She continued to smile at me. I began to seriously worry that she could read minds.

"Listen honey, you don't want to be late for work, do you? We can't call in sick today, so let's get going."

Reluctantly, I got out of bed, my soft sleeping clothes shimmering on my skin, my groin still tight in the cage she put me in. "John, you are going to have to try to avoid having any nasty dreams unless you want to wake up in pain every morning," she pointed at my crotch.

Every morning? How long did she intend to keep at this? "Sara? Every morning? I thought this was just for last night."

"Oh, sweetie, no, no. That chastity cage is a very important part of your training. You see, one thing we are going to work on is teaching you to orgasm like a woman, and forget about that little thing. There may be times I let you out, but trust me, you will be spending some time in there to start. Of course, you may miss playing with yourself, but I'm certainly not going to miss it," she laughed, a teasing, harsh laugh.

I started shaking. This was too much for me to handle. "Sara, I," I could not finish, and burst into tears, shaking uncontrollably.

"Honey...honey," Sara said, genuine concern evident in her voice, the harshness from moments ago entirely gone.

"Sara, I can't do this," I said, violently pulling the satin chemise over my head, breathing heavily. My hands tore at the fake breasts Sara had glued to my chest.

"Oh dear," she whispered, "Oh, John, please, stop...stop, John, they won't come off without the solvent. Oh, John, I'm sorry, I..."

"Sorry? How can you be sorry," I yelled, "this is your doing! This is what you want! Why are you sorry," I shouted, the anger pouring from me.

She just looked at me, not in defiance, not pity, but tenderly, a concerned wife.

"John, I'm sorry because I love you. I'm sorry because I don't want anything that

will hurt you. I'm sorry, because I pushed you too fast."

"Sara, I just...this thing," I said touching the chastity cage, "it..."

"No, John, I understand. I just forgot."

"Forgot? Forgot what," I demanded.

"I forgot the connection, the hardwired connection."

I curled my brow, "the connection?"

"Of course, love. In my rush to...well...see you as, feminine, to help you, I forgot that as soft and feminine as you may be inside, as far away from a typical man you may be, and as hard as I push that boundary, you are not actually a woman. You may feel it, obviously, and I may try to see you as it, and mold you into that, but you still have testosterone, albeit not as much as a stud, but still, it flows through you."

"Sara, you are not making any sense to me," I answered, tears dried up, but as confused as I could be.

"John, I almost hate to explain it. I'd almost rather just do it, just work on this with you in the dark, but I suppose, I do owe you some explanations, don't I? See, what I forgot was that a man's sexual desire, his erotic pleasures, always start with the cock. Even for a man, like you, barely a man really, everything starts with the cock."

"What?"

Sara went to her dresser and took out a small key, walked over to me while speaking. "John, I'm going to feminize you completely. I'm going to turn you into as much a woman as I can," she said, unlocking the cage, tossing it aside, taking my soft cock into her hands, massaging it, playing with it.

"I'm going to keep you in satin and silk, bras, panties, stockings," she whispered, stroking my growing cock, "I don't want you as a man, I never did, I want you as a woman, my lover, my soft, tender, lesbian, so gentle."

I shuddered again, not from fear and hurt and anger, but from pure pleasure.

"Oh, Sara," I moaned.

"Is that what you want too, lover? Do you want that? Do you want to wear pretty things for me, to submit to me, to be my wife?"

"Yes, Sara, yes," I moaned, thrusting my hips to match the movement of her hands. With every question, she slowed the strokes of my cock.

"You want to wear my lingerie, my pretty bras and panties?"

"Yesssss."

"Hmmm," she smiled, stroking me faster again.

"You want your own things too, your own pretty lingerie."

"Yes....yes."

"Do you want me to date other men," she asked. I wanted to yell no...but I

could not. Her hand...her touch...they were pushing me, overriding my brain.

"Do you," she asked, slowing her strokes.

"Yes, yes," I gasped, as she quickly masturbated me again.

She now stopped stroking, and just held me. "Do you want me to fuck them?"

"Oh, Sara, please, don't stop."

"Do you want me to fuck them," she repeated herself.

"Yes....yes!"

Instead of stroking, she knelt down in front of me, and took my cock into her mouth. I almost fell over as the warmth of her mouth surrounded my cock. Looking up at me, she asked final questions. "Do you want a real man to fuck me and cum in my pussy? Do you want a real cock inside me, filling me with cum while you sit at home in your pretty lingerie?"

I shook. I shuddered. I jumped. "Yes, Sara, yes...please...don't stop...please."

"Hmmm," she moaned, "it's so small; it's so easy to get it all in my mouth."

"Ohhhhhhh," I shuddered, quickly going towards the edge, blood rushing through my body. "Sara, I..." I said, trying to pull back, knowing she did not like me ever cumming in her mouth. But she ignored me, sucking harder, pushing me closer.

"Yes," she mumbled, cock in her mouth, "yes, my sissy wants lingerie, wants a bra and panties, wants a real man to fuck me, and wants him to cum in my pussy."

"Saaaaarrrrrrrrraaaaaa," I screamed, releasing, pushed too far. Sara clamped her mouth on my cock, taking it, my cum, holding it, holding me. We were one.

As I shook, shuddered, I felt weak. Sara quickly let go of my cock, pushed me back onto the bed, on my back. She climbed on top of me, her soft skin pressing onto mine, and I felt her heat, wet, damp, her pussy on my cock, opening up, pulling me into her. I was still in the depths of my orgasm, not yet down from the mountain. Her warmth pushed me back up, the lingering orgasm still inside me.

Sara planted her mouth on mine, and I was still hungry for sexual contact, a baby bird, I opened my mouth. In my mind, I expected the taste on her breath and mouth, but I was still surprised when her hungry mouth found mine, when her kiss took hold.

Of course, of course. It was not just the smell or lingering taste. It was the cum. She never swallowed. As her mouth and tongue found mine, she released it. Could I scream? Oh, no, because her pussy, so warm, so soft, so inviting, was on me, still keeping me on the mountain of my orgasm. So I took it, the gift, and we shared, our tongues finding one another, mixing, her saliva, my saliva, my cum, in our mouths. The taste was amazing, because it was revolting and exciting at the same time. I was so hungry for her, I took it, even enjoyed it, and swallowed. My own cum. I swallowed and shuddered.

Slowly, I came down from the mountain. I felt myself shrinking inside her, I felt my breathing return to normal. Sara nuzzled her head in my chest. "That's what I forgot, lover, and I'm sorry. I forgot that you need that to enjoy this. I can't lock your cock up in chastity because you need the sexual stimulation to help you accept the other things."

My mind was so shot, so blown away, so over stimulated, I could not even answer. But deep in my brain, I wondered...should I be scared that she knew this? Would she push me farther? Knowing how she could do it? She knew she had the power now, that my own little cock, would be the key to my own downfall.

I drifted off to sleep, still feeling the warmth of her pussy, scared even more now, because Sara understood all my weaknesses.

Waking up later, now late for work, I looked at Sara's head, nuzzled between the fake breasts on my chest, her pussy, still warm on my now shrunken cock.

"Sara," I whispered, worried about making it to work at some reasonable time. "Sara," I said more urgently, "get up, we have to get to work."

Slowly, she stirred, reluctantly. As she moved, my cock slipped from her pussy, causing me to shudder.

"Okay, okay," she said, rolling off me. "You shower first, I have to pack up my work stuff."

I sighed as she got up from the bed, stood up, and headed to the shower, but she called me back.

"Baby, as much as I would love to send you to the office with your breasts in place, I don't think you are quite ready for that yet, so let's get those off before you shower." Shit, one day with breasts, and they were already natural to me. She was right, no way would I go to work with these on me. I could not face people that way, even though I quickly got bummed, I did not want to lose my breasts.

Sara saw my frown, "Don't worry, dear, you can have them back when you get home."

After she used the solvent, and took off my breasts, I went to the shower and relaxed in the warm water. The feminine smell of the body wash, shampoo, and conditioner felt comforting to me.

Towelng off, I went back to the bedroom, to my dresser, opened my underwear drawer, saw it full of lingerie and frowned slightly.

"Forget about that?" Sara asked from the doorway. "Forget what you are already? Forget about the sweet unmentionables you will be wearing from now on, John?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"John. I think that's a part of the problem," she said, sitting on the bed.

"What is," I asked her.



"Come here," she smiled, "sit next to me."

I sat down, and she reached over, ran her fingernails over my chest, down my stomach. I shook, and part of me thought, "damn, she took this eroticism thing to heart."

"John. Your name. Identification as a man. Trying to pretend you are something you know you are not."

I felt myself stir, and it did not escape Sara's eye.

"Yes, that's right. A reminder that you are not much of a man makes you jump a little. I saw your cockette jump."

I felt myself growing still. Her words stung, but excited me too.

Smiling at me, she continued, "No, sweetie, your name, John, makes you think you are a man, when you know you are not. We have to change that. As we continue to strip away the remnants of your stupid masquerading as a man, we need to call you something else. I think I like something more feminine." Her fingernails were raking the skin between my belly button and my crotch. She was avoiding my growing cock, but she clearly knew she was the reason it was growing.

"Jasmine, perhaps? No, that sounds like a stripper. Maybe Joan? Not feminine enough. How about Julie? Yes, I think that is good for now, sweetie, Julie it is."

"Sara..."

"Say it, dear, my name is Julie." The back of her hand was touching my cock as I jumped. The sexual energy was starting to flow. I realized the irony of it.

Yes, the irony. The very thing that made me a man was breaking down the barriers to my becoming a woman. That sexual energy, that testosterone, that very manly thing, was actually helping Sara feminize me. She was actually using my masculinity against me!

"Sara, I..."

Sara turned her hand, taking my cock into her palm. "It looks like this likes the name."

It was really shocking to me. How could my own manhood do this? How could a woman use my own masculine sexual pulses to tear down those very pulses? They say the strongest martial arts are those that do not use brute force, but rather use an opponent's strength against him.

This is what Sara was doing. Some jujitsu, taking my strength, my manhood, and using it against me. Sara, intellectually, really was amazing, for she had undergone her own transformation. In a short time, she pivoted from trying to match me, strength for strength, to simply using my own strength to weaken me. How quickly she grasped that the way to take away my manhood was to use it against me.

"My name is Julie. Say that, please," she requested, stroking my cock for the

second time that morning.

"My name is Julie," I whispered, the words another sting at my shrinking ego.

"Hi, Julie, I'm Sara," she smiled at me. "Now, Julie, let's find you something to wear, don't we? We need to find you some sexy lingerie to wear to work, don't we?"

She stroked slowly, "you want to wear lingerie to work, don't you?" "Yes, Sara, yes," I gasped.

"Pretty girls wear lingerie, don't they?"

"Ohhh, yes, Sara, yes."

"Are you a pretty girl, Julie?"

"Yes, yes, Sara, yes," I was coming unhinged.

"Of course, lover, of course." She slowed down her stroking of my cock. "Of course my pretty lover wants to wear sexy lingerie."

The weird thing was that I could not cum. I wanted to, but it was too soon. I was recovered enough to get excited, but not enough to actually orgasm. Sara knew my habits. I'm sure she knew she could excite me, push me, but that there was no way I would hit the edge and go over. All she did was get sexual energy flowing through my body, and it stayed there, charging every fiber and nerve in me.

"We need something a bit more feminine than usual, being your first day like this. No cotton panties for you. Here, this will do nicely. You'll have to wear a tee shirt to hide the camisole, but this set will do beautifully under a suit." She handed me a white satin set, camisole, tap panties, garter belt, and stockings.

"Sara, I can't wear this," I said in horror.

"Excuse me," she said.

"I said I can't wear this to work."

She smiled at me, narrowing her eyes. "Oh, you can't?" I wanted to jump up, because I instinctively knew what was coming.

"Doesn't Julie want to wear the pretty lingerie," Sara smiled, running a single finger over the side of my cock.

"Sara, please, this is not fair," I said.

"But you do want to wear this, Julie, all girls like wearing pretty lingerie to work," she said, a second finger on the other side of my cock. "They love wearing sexy lingerie to work, knowing how feminine they will feel all day, the satin rubbing their skin. I know I do, knowing how all the men will look at me when I'm standing in front of them, giving a presentation."

"Please, Sara, it's too much," I gasped, terrified of the camisole and the garters, terrified I'd be seen, caught.

"Julie, trust me, you will feel so sexy, so soft, all day. The sexual energy will be all over you. And...Julie," she was stroking now, "I'll be thinking of you all day,

just counting the hours until I can get my hands back on you."

It was too much. I wanted it so bad. She helped me dress in the lingerie, and worked to cover it with my man's clothing.

Predictably, the day was Hell. How was I supposed to concentrate on work? Every step, I felt the garters tug at my stockings. Sitting, the camisole rubbed my nipples, sore from the breasts, sensitivity heightened. Naturally, every trip to the bathroom, sitting in a stall, pants down, panties around my ankles, seeing my legs in stockings, I had to work to keep my erection down; this was crazy.

But amazing, too.

Around lunch, she called. She wanted to tease me again, telling me how sexy I was in my lingerie. She told me how she was thinking about me all morning, her sexy lover, her feminine husband, the prettiest girl in the office. "I'll be home waiting when you get home," she growled.

I don't think I stood up again all day. My erection never went down.

When I finally got home from work, I walked in the kitchen and found Sara sitting at the table. She was still dressed from work, in a skirt suit, the pretty, sexy businesswoman, and my eye was drawn to her legs. Deep down, I was always a leg man...or leg woman, I guess, and Sara's always drew my eyes.

Sara caught my eye, traveling up her leg, to her skirt, which was taut around her thighs. I notice a darker band, the top of her stocking, clearly visible when she sat down. It must have been like this all day.

"Yes, lover, men have been staring at me all day." I stirred. "One even asked me to go out for drinks after work." Her words slapped me. Not to the face, but to the groin. Not painful, but a shot of sexual force. "He was staring at me legs all day. I'm sure he pictured the tops of my stockings, my garter belt. I know he wanted to fuck me."

A moan escaped my lips as I dropped my briefcase, the sound startling me.

"But what could I do? Tell him that as much as I would have liked his big man cock inside me, today, this day, I wanted to rush home to my sissy feminine husband? That as much as I wanted his real cock, today, I wanted my little sissy cock more?"

I tore at her, her words were too much. We kissed, hands pawing at one another, stumbled into the living room, stripping each other as we moved. I easily got Sara out of her jacket and blouse, her soft breasts in her satin bra, staring at me, nuzzling them. She worked at my own shirt and jacket, my tie, finding my camisole, working on my trousers.

Taking off Sara's skirt, feeling her garter belt, I felt something missing. She was not wearing panties. Her mouth found my mouth. She gasped, sexually hungry. "I didn't wear panties, lover, I could have had his cock in me so quickly, but I wanted

you tonight."

I was now naked, well, naked to my feminine lingerie. Our legs wrapped around each other, nylon leg on nylon leg. "I want you so badly, today, Julie, even more than his cock." We made love...no we had sex, more violently than usual, tearing at each other. I never felt more feminine in my life, yet never so sexually hungry.

I came for the second time that day. Inside her this time. Amazing. She worked on her own orgasm, after I was done, moving, wriggling her hip, till it hurt me, but I lay there, allowing it. It was the only way she could orgasm this way, manipulating her own body, using mine, not being fucked, but using me. It hurt. And I was never happier.

That day sealed my fate, I think. Sara adapted, learned, and used this to make me her feminine lover.

I had to learn. Lingerie became a 24/7 thing for me. Sara had insisted on it. Deep down, I wanted it too. As troubled and confused as I was, she had awakened a deep desire inside me. She knew it, and worked on it. Dressing for work in the morning was a routine for us. Sara would lay out lingerie for the day. Panties and pantyhose. Or panties, a garter belt and stockings. Maybe stay ups, without a garter belt. Tap panties and a camisole.

After my shower, before getting dressed, Sara would lead me to the bed, her choice for the day resting on the comforter. Next to a pair of my boxer shorts. "Which do you want, lover," she would ask me, "men's underwear or women's lingerie."

"Lingerie," I would answer, my body trembling from the humiliation, my cock hardening, her hand often manipulating me, pushing me. She used sexual tension to make me more feminine. My own strengths against me.

"Women's lingerie," she would correct me.

"Women's lingerie," I parroted back.

"Whose lingerie?"

"My...my lingerie," I would answer.

"Ask," she would command me, as if I actually had some choice in the matter.

"Please, Sara, may I wear my lingerie to the office today," I would ask.

She used it as an opportunity to tease me. "I don't know. Should you play dress up today, and wear these men's boxers, or should we dress you in your pretty lingerie?"

As if wearing boxers was playing dress up. Damn she could twist the knife. But that is how she always presented it. Lingerie was common, boxers were not.

Of course, it was always the lingerie. Never the boxers. Day after day, silk and satin were all that touched my body.

"Too bad you can't wear a bra to work, I'd love to send you to the office with breasts under your suit," she commented one morning, sending terror through me.

"Sara!"

But she knew how to push me here too. My little cock. Always using my cock against me. To torment me, when it was called for, and to use its sexual energy against me.

It was simply a matter of excitement, of the tease. She walked to me, a pair of her panties in her hand, and wrapped them around my soft cock. "What, does that scare you?"

"Please Sara, don't," I begged her, desperately wanting to step away from her, but at the same time, frozen in place.

She stroked me for a minute, before talking again. I wanted her to stop. "Wouldn't you like that, Julie? Don't you want to show off your breasts at the office," she whispered, stroking.

"Don't," I gasped.

"A nice silk blouse, just one too many buttons undone. Your bra showing. All the men staring at you, fucking you with their eyes. Your skirt, maybe just an inch too short. Not bad, but there you are, in the copy room, reaching to get something. One of your coworkers, comes by, and...accidentally bumps into your, his cock pressing against your ass. Would you respond? Should I have? Did you wear stockings that day? Were you naughty? I didn't have panties on that day."

Her stroking was driving me insane.

"It would start with him staring at your tits early in the day, Julie. You want them, don't you? You want to wear a bra today?"

"Sara...Sara..."

"If you didn't wear panties that day, like I didn't, it would be so easy, just push back on him. When he 'bumps' you in the copy room, if you act like nothing happened, and pull away, he simply says he is sorry, and walks on, innocent enough. But if I pushed back, if I pressed my ass back onto him, he knows, he could have me. All because you wore a bra to work, Julie."

She was mixing me and her in the story. What a bitch. She knew exactly what she was doing.

"Want to wear a bra today, Julie?"

I didn't answer, afraid to. She continued. "All I had to do was push back, and he could have fucked me right there in the copy room. Oh, Julie, you don't know how bad I wanted his cock. I was so tempted, I wanted a man so badly that day. Soon, Julie, soon."

I was shaking uncontrollably. "Will you wear your breasts and a bra to work, Julie?"

"Yes, yes," I moaned, not even thinking what that meant.

As soon as the words left my mouth, she stopped stroking me. "My, my dear, the trouble this little cock of yours can get you into. Imagine what your boss would think. You are not wearing a bra, yet, sissy, now go get dressed. Just wait till Friday night, you'll get your breasts back, sweetie."

I knew then, if I did not before, that I was hers. Under her spell, under her control. Forever.

### **FIRST OF MANY FIRSTS**

Laying in bed with Sara on Saturday morning, I shuddered as she kissed my neck, massaged my breasts. Our stocking encased legs rubbed together, sending electricity running through my body. She really was seducing me, drawing me deeper in to a feminine state.

"I got something for you," she whispered in my ear.

"What," I asked, my mind drifting back to my body.

"I bought you a present," she smiled, getting off the bed. She walked to the closet, her heeled slippers clicking on the wood floor. I was staring at her ass, visible through her sheer peignoir, framed by her garter belt. Identical to the one I was wearing. Yes, it had been an amazing Friday night.

Sara picked up a shoe box sized package from the closet, pink, with a white bow on it. Walking back to me, she handed it to me, "Here you go, Julie," she smiled.

"What is it," I asked.

"Go ahead and open it and find out, silly."

I loved presents. I loved getting packages. Hell, who didn't. I should have been more nervous, considering the source. I opened the top carefully, one eye on Sara, one on the box. Seeing what was inside, I reacted in horror and dropped the box. "Sara, what the hell?"

She giggled, "What? Don't you like it?"

"Sara," I answered, shocked.

"I'm sorry, dear, I know. I know. It's the first time you have seen one of those," she laughed, watching me recoil from the box and the most life like dildo I had ever seen. It was flesh colored, veined, and big, very big, considerably bigger than me.

Grinning, she moved the box over to the box, carefully, almost reverently, taking the large dildo out. "Have you ever seen one of these before?"

"A dildo?" I asked, confused. Sara had a few dildos.

"No, silly, a man's cock? It's quite a bit different than that little cockette you have down there. This has some weight to it. It's thick, and long, and hard. Here, take it," she said, holding it out to me.

I jumped back a little. "Julie, come on, it's just a cock, go ahead, put your hand

out."

"Sara, please," I moaned.

"Silly girl, so shy," she laughed at me, "I'm sure you have seen a cock before. Right? You are not a virgin, are you?"

"Sara!"

"Wait a minute. I'm so sorry, dear. I mean, I just assumed...you being a woman in her early 30's...well...that you have...oh honey, here, we can go slow, just, well, this is what a man has to offer a woman, his long, hard cock. It's nothing to be scared of, sweetie, go on, touch it, it's natural," she said tenderly. "Now, I have to admit, its been quite awhile since I actually had a cock in my hands, but its like riding a bike, so to speak."

She giggled.

"I mean, ride a big bike for awhile, and just because you then spend some time on a little bike with training wheels, well, that doesn't mean you forgot how to handle the real thing."

Again, as always, a shot at me.

"Go ahead, darling, touch it."

I tentatively put my hand out, touching the cock, feeling a lifelike vein near the base and the balls.

"See, nothing to be scared of, is there?"

I shook my head.

"Wrap your hand around it, Julie," my wife grinned at me, "go ahead, men love it when you touch them like that. Don't worry, he doesn't bite. And he sure hopes you don't either," she chuckled under her breath.

I wrapped a hand around the shaft, my nails touching my palm, feeling the veins of the dildo. Sara started pumping it a little and I jumped again.

"Julie, don't worry, when you touch a man's cock, he is liable to push a little, trying to get just a little more. It's nothing to be afraid of. Now, come over here, sit next to me," she said, sitting, crossing her gartered legs, "I want to show you something."

As I sat next to her, she pulled me closer to her, our stockings rubbing one another.

"Here, let me show you this, first," Sara said, taking the plastic cock back. "Well, first things first. This is about eight inches, which is average for a real man's cock. There are some with smaller, of course, but don't worry about those because, well, what woman wants some five inch carrot," she laughed. Five inch carrot. That's what I had.

"Anyway, you see the veins, along the side, well, that means the man is just bursting hard. And of course, a man's balls, filled with cum, will drop down, swing,

see," she said, pointing, "this means, well, he is dying for some attention from you."

I sat there, mortified by her 'lessons'.

"You look shocked. You know, let's do a little comparison."

Kneeling in front of me, Sara positioned the dildo next to my cock. Or cockette. Clitty. Whatever she referred to me as. I looked down, shocked at the difference, my eyes widening.

"Now, you see, don't you, Julie. You see what I was talking about. Come on, be honest, are you really that surprised? You must have seen a cock before, at least in college, living in the dorm, in the shower? Or at the gym? Obviously, at some point in your life you saw a naked man, his massive cock, even soft, dwarfing what you have. Maybe a big black football player, ripped muscles, walking by you. Right?"

"Yes, in college" I whispered, embarrassed.

"Of course you have. And did you look at it? At his cock?"

I looked down, my eyes fixated on the two dissimilar things in her hands, my tiny cock, and the massive dildo, staring at the differences.

"Did you stare, honey? Like you are now?"

I blushed, caught again.

"Oh baby, it's okay. I know, there is an unwritten rule, a man never stares at another man's cock, does he. Yet you were, staring, at his cock. You could not help it, could you? Like now? Seeing something like that. Were you naked too?"

"Yes, we were in the shower."

"Oh, my, so he could see you too. Did he catch you looking at him? No, I mean, staring at him?"

My face reddened even more. "Yes."

"Oh, no! Did he get mad at you, darling? Did he think you were gay, and lusting after him?"

"No, he...he..."

"Don't tell me," she interrupted, "because I think I know. Let me guess. I bet he caught you staring at his massive cock, started to get angry, and then realized what was going on. He knew you were not lusting after him, not when he saw you naked. He realized that you were staring because he was so big and you were so small, didn't he?"

I felt the same feeling I felt then. The gut punch pain of embarrassment.

"What did he do?"

"He laughed," I whispered, the pain of reliving the moment flooding me, actually causing my own organ to start to soften, further showing the differences between my little cock and the silicone monster in front of me.

"He laughed," she repeated my words. "Of course he laughed. Why wouldn't he? And did you run out of the shower, scared, terrified, hurt, humiliated."



I nodded my head.

She smiled, clearly loving hearing of my shame.

"Did you ever see him again, in the shower or around campus? Did you try to avoid him? Like a hurt puppy scurrying away from the top dog?"

"Please, Sara, don't. This isn't funny."

"Oh, don't be such a sour puss. Of course it's funny. To me, at least, though obviously not to you. But it is important. You know why? Because I married a man who gets off dressing as a woman, and fantasizes about his wife fucking other men. It's important to me, because I want to understand where this comes from. I personally happen to think that when a woman's husband has not given her an orgasm in years, is sitting in front of her dressed like a sissy, and feels like a fucking wimp, she has some right to at least an explanation of where this all comes from." Her words, her stinging words. Matched by the reach of her delicate hand, which had come to rest on my cock. Gently rubbing. She knew...she knew how to make the truth come out and always took advantage.

"I mean, honestly John," she said, reverting to my real name, "have I not earned that right? Not only did I discover that my husband has some of the most perverted fantasies, but here I am, instead of divorcing you, actually participating in them with you."

What could I say to that? She was right, she did deserve just about anything she wanted. Of course, I was neglecting to think that she was the one who was pushing all this, not me. I was happy to look at porn, a cuckolding web site or two, even some transvestite stuff. She was the one who was running with this, I was just trying to keep up. I began to wonder whose fantasy we were living here, hers or mine?

I mean, it's one thing to fantasize about your wife fucking another dude. It's quite another for her to keep throwing it in your face. It may be a bit perverted to slip into your wife's panties once in awhile, and masturbate, but she was the one who pushed me into a bra and stockings, and these damn glue on tits. I wondered, not for the first time, if she was playing nice to indulge my fantasies, or whether it was her perverted desires we were living out.

Yes, it scared me, because I think I realized it just might be more of her fun than mine. It scared me because I suddenly worried how far she was going with this.

"John?"

"I'm sorry, you...you're right. I...what was the question." Still could not meet her eyes, not while staring at my little cock in her one hand next to the massive monster in her other hand.

"Did you see him again, around campus?"

"Just once," I whispered.

"In the shower again," she smiled in anticipation of my self degrading answer.

"No, at a frat party."

She smiled. "Did he laugh at you?"

"No," I answered, softly.

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No."

"Hey, don't be fucking evasive, dammit, tell me what happened," she laughed, stroking me again, knowing that would spur me on.

"I...I was with a girl I was dating. He saw us from across the room, waiting in a long line at the keg. He...he marched over to us, smug, a beer in his hand. He came up to her, we could tell he was half drunk. He grabbed her, pulled her to him with his free arm, and started to kiss her."

"Oh my. What was her name, your date?"

"Jennifer."

"And what did Jennifer do?"

"She...she started to push him away, but he had a good hold on her around the waist. He pulled her closer to him, rubbed his crotch on hers...and...she returned his kiss. They were like that for almost a minute, till they had to breath."

Sara had a huge grin on her face, still stroking. "And?"

"He stepped back, handed her the beer, and said something like, 'You don't need to wait in line, baby, just let a man get you your drink,' and walked away."

"And what did you do? I mean, some guy comes over to your girl, kisses her, and totally dominates you. Did you 'throw down'," she laughed.

"No. I...I just stood there, speechless, while Jen drank her beer. She wouldn't even let me have some."

"That was your last date with her, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yes, of course. Poor Jen. What was she to do? A prissy white girl from the suburbs, and some big black stud goes all alpha male on her in front of her wimpy date. Her date doesn't even try to stand up to him. She felt that monster cock of his, grinding onto her while he kissed her. Oh, no, I'm not surprised she was done with her bookish wimp of a date. Had you slept with her before?"

"Yes."

Sara grinned, "I imagine, suddenly, feeling what was available out there, going back to your dorm room for a night of frustrating sex with her emasculated date was rather unappealing to her."

I blushed, not having felt so shamed since that night.

"Well, John, my sweet thing, I certainly understand where your feelings today

come from, I really do," she said tenderly. "You see, that's the difference though, between Jennifer and me. Even though I crave this," she squeezed the dildo, "I still love the person who only has this," she squeezed me.

"Sara," I whispered.

"But...wait...but, you see, look at a real man's cock, compared to you. Don't you see? Do you understand why I crave the real one?"

"But, Sara..."

"No, come here," she let go of me, moved the phallus off my lap, "come down here, next to me."

I slid off the bed, kneeling next to her.

"Sweetie, I see you staring at the cock, just like you did years ago. Do you understand? Why a woman craves this? How even though it's big enough to even be a little painful, she still wants it inside her. It's biological. Millions of years of evolution. It's instinct. We know, that even though it may hurt, at a primal level, we understand why this monster is what's best for us. It about procreation. At the most animalistic level."

"Remember, while a man's sperm is plentiful, a woman's eggs are not. She only has a small window of opportunity to conceive each month, and inside the vagina, the route to the womb, to the ovaries, is a treacherous journey. It's so simple though. This monster will be so far inside a woman, pushing on her cervix, that it's almost a sure thing for millions of sperm to make it to the egg. But baby, with you, someone like you, there is such a smaller chance, that biologically, conception a very risky proposition."

"So, my tiny husband, deep down inside, in her primordial soul, a woman wants this, not one like yours. Sure, modern life has changed somewhat, and there are other attributes in a spouse beyond just mere passing on of the genes, so women marry and settle down with wimpy men. But don't ever forget, how ever happy they may be with their mouse, they always crave the lion."

"It's pure biology. Nature made us orgasm with a monster like this inside us, and made us difficult to physically please with something like you have. Nature says to us, 'If you want physical pleasure, you had better find an alpha male.' It's nature's way of guaranteeing the survival of the species. Nature says, 'Wimps need not apply.'"

A tear was forming in my eye. "Is that what I am? A wimp?"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so. And you have always known that. But you know what? Nature did something for you, too. Nature, wanting the species to continue, hard wired you a certain way. Why do you think there are web sites about cuckolding? Why do so many men fantasize about that? Nature insists it that way. You fantasize about your wife fucking a stud because nature wants you to. So when

your wife does it, you won't leave her."

"A stud, who has no trouble procreating would never put up with his woman fucking around. Why would he? By virtue of his very body, he can easily impregnate a woman. So, a stud would shun a woman who fucked around, he would never let another man's offspring around him. But a wimp, like you, who is lucky enough just to get any woman to partner with him, would easily put up with that, and no matter who fathered the child, that wimp would be there to raise it. And to be honest, nature wants the woman to love who ever will stay and help raise the child. Wimp or not."

"A wimp wants offspring, but has trouble doing it. A woman wants and needs offspring. So nature hardwired us all to do what's best."

"Put simply, deep inside, being a wimp, you want me to fuck real men. I crave the fucking a real man gives, even as I love you. Real men take what they want. Everyone is happy."

"So baby, don't cry. Nature made you like this, and even though you are little sissy, I love you."

"But,"

"No buts, sweetie, it's not your fault I crave a real cock like this. Why, just seeing it makes me start to tingle, makes me feel damn hot and horny."

I was looking at her, the hunger in her eyes. Holy shit, she really did crave it, there was something deeper at work here. Sara was stroking the cock now, and my knees felt weak.

"I just want to...," she was closer to it now. "Come here, look at it closely." I bent closer. Our faces were inches apart, and mere inches from the phallus, from the swollen balls, from the bulging veins, the bulbous head. It really was quite different than mine.

"If we were this close to a man, the scent would be overpowering. The pheromones, nature's way of calling women to a cock, would be drifting in our noses. It makes us wetter, opens up our bodies preparing to take it in," she said in a hoarse, desperate voice. Her one hand was still stroking the cock, her eyes half way back in her head. Her other hand slipped over the satin covering my body, and found my quivering thing, intimidated by the monster that came out to play.

"I just want to," she repeated, opening her mouth, moving closer, tongue out, taking it into her mouth, "taste it, ohmmmmmm," she moaned, giving the silicone monster the beginnings of a blow job, getting it wet, licking, tasting, moaning. But her other hand found me and began to rub at me.

I was mesmerized by the oral work she was performing on the cock, the slutty words she spoke to it, like it was real, as if it was a man she was moaning to, not a silicone organ.

"Oh, Julie, oh my god," she slurped.

She let the cock slip out of her mouth, and looked at me, a devilish look possessing her. "You see how bad a woman wants it? Do you understand?"

"Yes," I moaned, unable to say anything else with her massaging of my clitty.

"You understand," she snarled, close to terrifying me.

"Yes, yes," I moaned again.

"You understand because you feel it, don't you?"

Between the opposite stimuli of her hand on me and the terrified feeling in my brain, I felt frozen. I was terrified, because I suddenly realized what she was about to say. What scared me is why I knew? Because it was so obvious what she wanted me to do, and I wanted to please her, or worse, because it was what I suddenly wanted, like her.

"Yessssss."

"You understand how a woman craves a cock, because you crave it too, Julie." She stroked me. I was breaking down.

"Sara...please don't," I begged, but she ignored me.

"You understand Julie, because you want it too."

I was panting, my body flooding with hormones. The sight of her sucking the cock, the visual appeal went right to the very core of my brain. The small bit of my manhood rebelled, fought a desperate action, trying to hold back the hordes, but it was hopeless. The battle was quickly over, the part of my mind that revolted at the homoerotic act Sara demanded, that screamed at me not to do this, was beaten back by the libido flowing from my own neglected cock.

In all honesty, it was never a fair fight. Sara's feminization of me, the lingerie, easily weakened the walls of my masculinity, so that when the rush of libido hit, my internal resistance quickly was swamped and folded.

"Open your mouth, Julie," Sara ordered me, "take the cock in your mouth."

"Sara, please," I moaned, a last gasp of the dying resistance to the homosexual act.

"Take it," she growled, squeezing my own balls as she moved behind me, her breasts coming to rest on my back, insistently pushing me towards the siren call of the cock.

"Sara, I...", I said weakly, my mouth open in surrender, the pressure from her body enough to push my mouth, my open mouth, onto the cock.

Suddenly, the hunger washed over me. Whatever the part of a woman that craves a cock was now running through my body. I'm still not sure how Sara did it, how she overcame my natural resistance, but it was gone, and I tore at the cock like I was starving and this was the only food that would satisfy me.

Now Sara was whispering encouragement. "Yes, baby. Ohhh, watch your teeth,

you don't want to hurt him. Hmmm, relax, take him all the way into your mouth and throat." Words as if an actual man was there on the bed. I could almost smell him.

I tore into it, and Sara was moaning every step of the way. Her moans became those of the cock, she was the life force of the organ I was hungrily devouring. As I spent several minutes sucking the cock, Sara took it up one last notch.

If I thought I could not be further depraved, I was wrong. While Sara continued to rub me in tempo with my own feeding on the cock, her free hand trailed down my back, over my ass, under my panties, and came to rest. At the next swallow I took of the cock, she pressed harder on my own organ, and took a finger, wet, I assume with her saliva, or maybe from her pussy, and pushed into my ass. I tried to protest, but she pushed herself back onto me, pressuring my mouth downward onto the cock, and my ass down onto her finger.

"Don't stop," she hissed, working a second finger into my ass, "don't stop now, he is so close to exploding, let him finger your pussy," she moaned, becoming the man to my woman. And so we started a homoerotic ballet, as I delivered a blow job to the monster cock, was stroked by my own wife, bringing me close to orgasm, and for good measure, fingered in 'my pussy' by her, simulating a man.

I did not even know now where man and woman started and ended in this erotic dance. Whether Sara was man or woman. Whether I was man or woman. Whether this cock in my mouth was real or not. All I knew was that sexual energy was racing through every cell in my body, and Sara had me feeling more feminine than I imagined possible.

I sucked, taking more cock into my mouth than I had before. I felt the connection between my little cock and my ass, becoming one big erogenous zone, becoming a pussy. I felt the cock in my mouth, warmer and warmer, becoming more and more realistic.

"Let him cum in your mouth, Julie, finish what you started," Sara hissed, climatically stroking me, climactically pushing her fingers in my 'pussy', and moaning for me to finish.

Emotion washed over me, became palpable, easily sensed by Sara. As I hit the limit, Sara pushed her fingers deep into me, pushed my back down, forcing the cock all the way into my mouth, and as I exploded in orgasm, she moaned and ordered, "Yes, yes, take it Julie, swallow it, swallow his cum."

While I could not taste or feel it physically, mentally the cum exploding from my own little cock was in the cock in my mouth. I took it that way, swallowing on reflex, even gagging a little, moaning myself, wracked with pleasure.

"Yessssssss," Sara whispered, bleeding out my orgasm but slowly fingering me, stroking me, "yessssss bitch, take it."

I collapsed, drained, spent, my face on the bed, the cock coming to a rest on my cheek, Sara's fingers pushed into me, her hand wrapped around me. She let me climb down the mountain of orgasm and eroticism. We knelt there, both spent, emotionally and physically. A mess, fluids everywhere.

"Sara, I..."

"Shhh, baby, don't talk yet. Just savor it. Your first blow job," she paused, lowered her voice, "well, your first practice blow job, anyway."

The cock still rested on my cheek. The head pointed to my face, my eyes fixated on it. What was she doing to me? My wife was part evil, I was sure, part sadistic, but part tender, and so loved.

"Kiss it," she said, watching me stare at the phallus. "Thank him for allowing you the honor."

My mouth opened, but I did not move.

"Thank the nice man for his cock," she giggled.

I slowly planted a kiss on the tip of the cock and said, "thank you."

"Such a good girl, my Julie, such a good girl, her first of many firsts" she foreshadowed, causing a tremor to go down my spine, a tingle of fear and anticipation.

"Now, let's go wash up, sweetie, and get dressed for the day."

### **A SHORT SHOPPING TRIP**

Monday morning, after I finished asking permission to wear my lingerie for the day -- which consisted of a white satin teddy with garter straps and white stockings, really pushing the line of discovery -- Sara said she had a task for me at lunch.

"Honey, you know, I bought all this lingerie for you, cause I love you so much, and love seeing you in it, well, I'd like you to go buy me something today at lunch. Victoria's Secret has a bra sale ending today, and I think, for all the fun we've had, that I deserve something nice."

"Um, okay," I beamed. Sissy or not, I love buying Sara lingerie. Cause she had a killer body, and there was nothing we did, that she did, that shot sexual energy through my body like seeing her in something new.

"Good. Pick out what you want, dear, something sexy and seductive, but make sure it's a set, you know bra, panties, garter belt and stockings."

Cryptic, but certainly doable, of course.

At lunch, I hit the mall. My first time there alone since Sara created the new me. Suffice to say, Victoria's Secret took on an entirely new meaning. Talk about "John's Secret" or even "Julie's Secret". Indeed.

But, this I had done before. In fact, I was afraid she was going to send me alone to shop for me. That would be a horror I was certainly not ready for. Her I could do.

The sale was a demi bra sale. Well, nothing like three fourths of a bra to show off Sara's lovely tits. Yes, this would be quite fun. With only minimal help from the sales girl, who I was equally terrified would see my own lingerie under my suit, and also part hoping she would, I found what I wanted.

The bra was some kind of sheer material, with satin trim. Not only would Sara's tits be showing above the top of the demi bra, but they would be visible through the black sheer material. I wanted a thong, but they had none with this bra. The matching panties were of the same sheer material and satin trim. I smiled, thinking of her trimmed pussy, visible through the panties. The sales girl directed me to the matching garter belt, and we headed for stockings.

"You know, sir, you have such a lovely set here for your...wife," she said, looking at my ring. At first I thought she was wondering if they were for me, but they were too small for that. "Our regular day sheer stockings would be fine, of course, but might I suggest some silk stockings instead. They are a bit more expensive, but just lovely for a night out," she smiled.

I was a sucker for a pretty smile. Silk stockings it was. I thought about getting a pair for me, but backed out, not wanting to have to buy something in my size.

I could hardly wait to see Sara in her new lingerie. Heck, I should have bought a matching set for me. Oh well, it was her gift, not mine.

Rushing home, I was really hoping for a little fashion show, but I was to be disappointed. Sara thanked me for the gift, but begged off opening it, complaining of a headache.

"Honey, I really have to lay down, but why don't you get out of that stuffy suit and into something more comfortable and bring me a nice cup of tea," Sara asked. Of course, anything for Sara.

I did undress, and to be honest, it was nice to get out of the suit. Sara had been having me wear skirts and dresses when I was home in the evening, to "make up for the suit I wore during the day" but I did not feel like getting dressed that night. I did keep on my teddy and stockings, but also put on a long satin robe and some dressing slippers. I felt so vampy and classy, 40's movie starish, I suppose.

Bringing her tea dressed like that felt so natural again, serving her.

"Oh, thank you Jules, you look very pretty by the way. If I didn't have a headache..., " she trailed off.

I giggled, but would have been content just to sit with her. Surely she could use a backrub, even without anything overtly sexual, and when I offered, she accepted.

## **EVENING OUT**

Yuck. I had a terrible week at the office. Sure, lingerie underneath was great, but it was driving me crazy with pent up frustration, and my boss rode my ass for last minute project changes all week.



Finally, I kicked off early Friday, and headed home. When I got there at about 4:30, Sara was also home from the office, in a bouncing mood.

Friday afternoon routine? Sara puts my breasts back on. In an erotic scene I never tired of, I lay on the bed as she tenderly glued on the silicone breasts. To be honest, I was really coming to enjoy them and looked forward to the second I got them back on. It was weird, throughout the week, to be without them.

"We have to go to the mall Sunday evening," Sara said, "we are out of the solvent remover." She was toying with my breasts, a smile on her face.

At 6:30 she came into the den where I was curled up on the couch, dressed as Julie, as I was habitually now at home. It was simple, really, since I always wore lingerie to work, just slip out of my suit and tie and into a dress or skirt and blouse. So natural. Many of Sara's things fit me, so I had a wonderful wardrobe to choose from, and of course, she had supplemented with some purchases just for me. A little black dress, some simple skirts, and a few things she had not shown me yet.

She was wrapped in a towel, another one drying her hair, fresh from the shower. "What's up, Sara," I asked. An evening shower was out of the ordinary for her.

"Oh, I thought I mentioned it this morning," she said, cryptically.

"Mentioned what?"

"You must not have had your coffee yet," she said, "or, despite your journey into the feminine world, you still listen like a man," she laughed. "Is that a part of you that you want to keep?"

"Sara, I...you're changing the subject."

"Really, I did mention it, I know I did."

"Mentioned what," I asked, exasperated.

"I really think you should practice your listening skills. I tell you, there is something we have to work on."

"Sara, seriously, please..."

"I told you this morning," she teased, to my sigh. "I'm going out with some girls from work."

"Oh." Big deal. I suppose I had hoped to spend another evening with her, but, oh well.

Right.

She left the room and came back several minutes later. "Baby, did you start any laundry this morning like I asked."

Fuck. That I remembered. She said she was out of underwear, and asked me to start a load of our mutual unmentionables. It actually turned me on a little, thinking of my own lingerie, gently mingled with hers. Fuck. I forgot.

"Um...I'm sorry, Sara, I forgot."

"Just like you forgot I was going out. Dammit, John," she snarled, "I don't have time for this." She must be mad, slipping into use of my masculine name. "I have no clean panties, and really, no bras, either."

I felt bad, because I did screw up. "Sara, you...you could wear the things I bought you earlier this week," I offered. Should I have known it was her trap springing shut? Probably. Most certainly.

"Julie," she perked up, "that's a great idea, I forgot all about that, come on, let's go open it."

Yes, she perked right up. Right away. I followed her upstairs, my heels clacking on the hardwood, staring at her ass peaking out from under her towel. Wow.

She fished the Victoria's Secret bag from the closet, went to the bed, while I sat in a chair watching her. I was a bit unsure about this. Her outfit was amazingly sexy, a bit too sexy to go out in, I thought.

Sara held out the bra, her fingers running over the sheer cups, "Oh, Julie, oh Julie, this is beautiful."

She picked up the panties. "My, oh my indeed. They are soooo sheer."

She picked up the package of stockings, examined them, and gushed, "These are silk. You bought me silk stockings," she said, holding them to her chest, tilting her head, her eyes melting me, connecting to me.

"Julie, Julie, my sweet lover, my darling husband, this is so perfect, so perfect, I can't believe it. Oh, you don't know how perfect this is. These are lovely, just lovely, you did so well."

And, yes, I suppose, at that point, my suspicions were shouting in my head. Going out with friends? Who was she kidding? Matching lingerie and silk stockings are not perfect for going out with some girls from the office. Did she? Could she? I could think of no other explanation, and felt a chill run through my spine. She had a date. There was no other explanation.

"Sara," I choked on my words. I wanted to say, 'Sara, are you going on a date?', but the words froze in my chest. I could not finish my sentence.

"Yes," she asked, looking at me.

I was not sure if I was ready for this. It happened almost too quickly, we came up to this line of fantasy and reality and were driving right across it without comment or question, without discussion of which way to go.

I felt a hardening pressure in my panties. My stupid little cock was swelling in my panties. It knew.

It knows.

coI knew.

She was going to go out. With another man.

I thought it. She was actually going to cuckold me.

"Honey, I...I want something," she smiled at me, shaking me from my trance.

"What," I gasped, my mouth dry.

She held out the lingerie, the beautiful bra, panties, garter belt, and package of silk stockings. "I want you to dress me," she smiled.

It was an ultimatum. An unspoken test. A confirmation of my fears. Dress her? Of course, dress her. I knew what she was doing, and without trying to confuse you, dear reader, she knew I knew. The events of the evening were hidden in plain sight.

My wife was going on a date with another man. Another? No, my wife was going on a date with a man. We both knew this. We both knew we both knew. But we did not speak it.

Instead of announcing it, Sara chose to do it silently. And silently was driving me wild.

My hands trembled as I took the lingerie from her hands. "It's okay, lover," she smiled.

Part of me was screaming inside my head. "NO! NO! NO! NO!"

Part of me was more turned on than I had ever been in my life.

My stomach was flipping, I did not know if I could take reality.

Part of my mind wanted to throw the lingerie in the closet, and say, "Fuck this, Sara, no fucking way."

But the words, formed in my lungs, did not come out. Silently, mind screaming, I took the lingerie from her, set it on the bed, and picked up the bra first.

I was shaking, as reached around her back to help her arms into the bra. It fastened in front, so my hands were visible to her as I brought it under and around her breasts.

"Don't be nervous," she reassured me, seeing my hands fumbling to clasp the clip. "By the way, I like that it opens from the front...easy access," she smiled, twisting the metaphorical knife in my gut.

The demi bra, the sheer black cups, her swelling breasts were almost too much for me. I saw it unfolding, pictured rough hands taking my wife's breasts in them, squeezing, massaging, pinching. The bra would draw those hands to her breasts. It was an invitation to fondle them. An invitation I put there when I bought the bra for her. I might as well have written in marker on her chest, play with my wife's tits.

I picked up the panties, but she shook her head. I looked at her with a quizzical look on my face. "Garter belt first," she said.

Garter belt first?

Garter belt first!

A month ago, the significance would have blown right by me, unseen and certainly incomprehensible.

But a month in lingerie taught me better.

I noticed these things now. I knew the significance.

And so did Sara.

If she wore her panties over her garter belt, she could take off her panties, without taking off her garter belt and stockings.

Why would a woman do that?

So when she ready, all she had to do was shimmy out of her panties, and she was ready to go. Sexually. It was something a woman would do only if she knew.

Teaching me about all this, she had casually mentioned that outside the bedroom, only a tramp goes out with her panties over her garter belt.

And now my mind was flooded with images.

I pictured her, standing in front of a bed, a faceless man resting on it, a hunk, ripped, naked, watching her as she peeled off her panties and posed in her bra, garter belt, stockings, and heels. "Do you like," she asked the faceless man.

I pictured her outside a bar, in an alley, a dark alley, facing a brick wall outside in the shadows outside the bar's kitchen door, the streets damp. Her hands were on the wall, her skirt was around her waist, her panties around her ankles, while another faceless man stood behind her, pulling her onto his massive cock. Fucking her roughly, quickly.

I pictured her in a car with a man, slipping out of her panties, the cool leather seat on her ass. She pulled her panties off quickly, slipped them off, and was fingering her pussy while a man drove. "Quickly," she begged, as he roughly grabbed the panties from her hands and brought them to his nose. He inhaled deeply, smelling my wife's scent all over them, grinned, dreamed of ramming his big cock deep into her.

"John, the garter belt," she insisted, shaking me from my daydream.

I put it around her waist, still trembling. I think she liked my fear. I think she was getting off, knowing what this was doing to me. Just like she always knew. She knew all along, for months and months, where this was going.

This was her fantasy, as much if not more than mine. She wanted not only to fuck a "real man" but to humiliate me in the process. She wanted to cuckold me. And I wanted to be cuckolded.

"Be careful with the stockings, lover," she cautioned me.

I slid the silk up each of her legs, adjusting and fastening the garter straps to the silk.

"Now the panties, sweetie," she smiled.

Kneeling before her, I helped her into the sheer panties, guiding them up her legs, fixing them around her ass, and finally, around her pussy, her temple.

An urge overtook me as I focused on her pussy through the sheer material.

Without comment, I leaned forward, closed my eyes, and planted a tender, closed mouth kiss to her trimmed pussy. To my wife's temple.

"Yes, Julie, yes, very good," she said, nodding approvingly.

I was kissing it goodbye. The pussy, her chastity, my manhood, my wife.

The next half hour flew by, and I can hardly remember her doing her makeup or hair. So unspoken, I watched her get dressed for a date. I'd seen her dress for our evenings out in the past, on those special evenings. Anniversary, birthday, new years, and this was no different. She was dressing for a date.

Oh Sara!

Why were we playing this game? We both knew what she was doing. We both knew there were no girl friends in this evening's plans. But neither said it. It was pure sexual tension, and it was better off left unspoken, because it was driving us wild.

Sara took a slinky little black dress out of the closet, and slipped into it. Strappy heels completed her outfit.

"Well, the girls are expecting me at dinner soon," she smiled, motioning for us to leave the bedroom and walk downstairs. I followed behind her again. I don't think I had ever seen her so lovely, looking so sexy, smelling so divine.

"Wait, I almost forgot." She went to her dresser. She pulled out the chastity cage I had worn before and not seen since. "I want you to wear this tonight, Julie." She carefully locked the cage on me, placing my cock in a plastic prison. Why? Oh, Sara, my wicked Sara.

"There," she smiled, "just trust me, love, just trust me." Trust her. A funny play on words, I think.

When we reached the bottom of the stairs, Sara turned to me "Honey, I left my purse on the counter in the bathroom. Can you run and grab it for me?"

I turned without a word and walked back up to our bedroom and into the bathroom to get her purse. Through the room, I caught my reflection in the mirror of my dresser, saw the feminine reflection looking back, closed my eyes.

Her purse was open, and when I picked it up to snap it closed, my eyes were drawn to the item on top. A condom package. I almost dropped the purse. Bitch! Why was she doing this?

She did that on purpose, I know. One more way of telling me without telling me. To put me close to the edge.

A condom.

A condom, I thought, my hands shaking.

From fear. From anticipation. From excitement. From humiliation.

When I handed her purse to her, Sara smiled at me, held it up, "I can't very well go out without this, can I?"

Did she mean her purse or the condom? Or both? Did she mean her credit cards? Or the need for the condom? She was on the pill, I mean.

"What...if you had left it home, what would you do then," I asked, trembling, toeing the water of her punfilled innuendos.

She smiled. "Well, I suppose I'd just make do without," she smiled.

"W...w...without," I gulped.

"Sure, I don't really need it, do I?" The it was still unspoken. The it could mean her credit cards, or the condom. In all the fantasies I read on those web sites about cuckolding, husbands were so much more humiliated when their wives fucked a man bare back. That was the ultimate submission. I trembled thinking about it.

"N...n...no...I suppose not," I said.

"You are right, Jules, I don't really need it -- here, why don't you just put it back upstairs," she said, a loving look in her eyes, "it's better this way," she whispered.

My brain started screaming again, "NOOOOOOOOO," as part of me pictured a naked cock pushing into her, seeking out her pussy, widening her, and finally, cumming in her. "NOOOOOOOOO, Sara, NOOOOOOOOO," it screamed.

But I reached out for the purse, anyway, and took it, and its precious contents, the little bit of protection, in my hands.

"Well, I'm off, love," she said, kissing my cheek, as to not ruin her make up.

"Sara..."

"I love you, John," she said, "don't ever forget that."

"Sara...I...are...I...I love you, too," I said, shaking.

"I'll...I'll probably be late," she said, lingering by the door. Was she having second thoughts too? Should one of us stop this? No, it had gone too far for that, way too far.

We both wanted this. Desperately.

With that, she opened the door, and walked out, car keys in hand, dressed as amazing as a woman could dress, classy, sexy, she walked out, of the house, into the night, to go find what was waiting for her out there.

Part 04

I looked out the window and watched my wife climb into her SUV, her dress riding up her thigh, to her stocking tops. I could not believe this was really happening.

Sure, she claimed to be going out with her girlfriends, but I knew better, and she knew better. She was going out, on a date, with a man. A 'real man' as she liked to say. Unlike me.

What could I expect? Honestly? She caught me months ago surfing all sorts of cuckold web sites.

She caught me looking at transvestite web sites.

She caught me looking at female domination web sites.

She easily got me into feminization, and I wore lingerie all the time, dresses at home.

I admitted over and over to her that I was not a real man, how could I not?

I looked down at my legs, slim, shapely, nylon clad, ending in heels. No wonder she wanted a man. Living with this, this thing she created, this creature, neither man nor woman, of course Sara must crave, desire, even need something more.

I knew she loved me. I knew we were soul mates.

I was her true love, my heart and soul, but I knew I had nothing masculine to give her. No, that was not quite true. What I had to give her, well, that's not what she wanted.

But, still, was I ready for this? To cross the line from fantasy to reality?

Could I take this? Could our marriage take this?

Or was it all a part of her subtle torment of me. Maybe she really was out with her girlfriends.

Yes, of course, she was playing with me, a cat toying with the mouse.

But the funny thing is, I'm not sure that thought comforted me. Sure, a part of me, the small masculine part, but there was more. There was this feminine side, and more importantly, this submissive side.

Fuck. The thought that she really might be out with her friends did not make me feel better, it almost made me feel worse. Fuck. I actually wanted her to be out with a man. That's how depraved my fantasy had become. A big part of me wanted it to be true.

But that was the rub, so to speak. While I was laying there, crying, my penis was as hard as it could get in the stupid cage. I was picturing Sara, on her back, in the lingerie I had bought her, panties thrown aside, legs spread, pulling some big stud into her pussy. Into my pussy. My tears flowed freely, but my cock got even harder, pressing on the sides of the cage. I wanted to run away. But I wanted to masturbate like crazy. And I knew I could do neither. I could not run and I could not play.

Sara had me trapped. Part of me hated it, and part of me was going wild.

By midnight, I had cried myself out. I got up and got ready for bed. Seeing myself in the mirror, breasts, wig, makeup, nails, that part that hated this wanted to rip it all off and throw it out the window. Part of me wanted to go to the store and buy some nice cotton underwear, men's underwear. To be a man again, to sit there, and wait for Sara and confront her. Fuck this. A small part of me wanted to throw out all the lingerie I had, to dress like a man, and act like a man. A man does not let his wife fuck around.

But there was that other part, that sexually driven part, that loved it. Loved Sara. Loved what she had done. The submissive part, I suppose, which was the bigger part, that only wanted to follow Sara anywhere.

That part was bigger. The feminine and submissive part was much stronger than the masculine and aggressive part. I was trapped.

So I did what that part demanded. I dressed for bed as a feminine thing, hoping to please my love, Sara when she got home from where ever she was, be it a date or simply out dancing..

Sara had a white merry widow with garter straps in her dresser. Taking a chance that she would not be angry if I borrowed it, I put it on, lifting my fake breasts into the cups. The panties that matched were too skimpy-not that my little cock did not fit into them, but the chastity cage itself was the problem, so I decided to forgo the panties. I did put on white stockings, gently, careful not to ruin hers with my nails, and heeled slippers. Finally, I took a white satin gown from Sara's closet. Wrapping myself in it, and seeing myself in the mirror, I shuddered. Fuck, in white, I looked like a bride on her wedding night, waiting for her groom.

In a way I suppose, subconsciously, that is what I was, for this was truly a new beginning to our marriage.

I understood why she had put that stupid chastity cage on me. Without it, I would certainly be masturbating like crazy. I knew too, that if I did, that if I had an orgasm, I would lose my libido, and most likely, I would be pulled too hard to the small masculine part of me. I would find this too much, the lingerie, the waiting, the thought of what she was doing.

I'm sure that's why. She did it to protect me. It was not to punish me, but to protect me. Chastity not out of anger, but out of love.

## **SARA**

I opened my eyes some time later, hearing a noise somewhere in the house. I had fallen asleep on the bed, on top of the covers. The candles I had lit in the bedroom made things seem like dreamlike. I tried to focus on the room, on where I was. You know how sometimes when you wake up you cannot figure out what is going on? That's how I felt, confused, dazed, not quite placing reality.

In walked Sara. Our eyes met. "Oh, Julie," she gushed, "oh my sweet, sweet lover."

"Sara," I croaked, "I..."

"Shhh, don't say anything, lover. Look at you, waiting for me.

Reality caught up in my head, and I started to shake.

"Sara.....did..."

"Julie," she growled, "I said no talking."

Sara walked to the dresser, opened a drawer, and took something out. Walking



over to me, she smiled, "I'm taking this off," she said, pointing to my cage, "but I don't want you to get too excited yet, so I want to get your hands out of the way. Do this." She motioned me to put my hands over my head, to the headboard.

I followed her request. No, that's not right. Her tone was not that of a request. I followed her command. In one of her hands she had a balled up pair of pantyhose, which she untangled and wrapped around my wrists and the headboard.

"Fuck," I thought. I was shaking. I must be dreaming, I thought, pulling my arms. My arms, stretched above my head, immobile. Not tight, not cruel, she left me a little slack, but they were immobile.

She then unlocked the cage, carefully, gently, lovingly removing it. The release, the tension gone, emotion flooded through me. Sexually charged emotion.

"Sara, please, I have to know," I started, suddenly fearful, desperate to hear it from her own mouth. Needing confirmation of what she did. Was she still teasing me, slowly taking me farther down the road of shame? Or did she really do it, fuck a man. Was it tease or reality. I couldn't take it, I had to know.

"Shhhhh," she responded, stopping my confrontation of her, denying me the truth, denying me even an admission that something was amiss. Free from the cage, my cock immediately grew. Instinctively, an animal like hunger took over and my hands tugged on the pantyhose around them. I had to touch it. The sexual energy was flooding through me. My god, what had she done to me. She knew what she had done, the uncertainty drove me wild with lust. The thought that she fucked another man charged me much more than the confirmation ever could.

"Please, Sara," I whispered, struggling in the bondage.

She walked to the closet, stepped out of her dress, hung it up, cupping something in her hand. My god was she beautiful. She knelt by the foot of the bed, "my, my, look what got caught up in my web," she purred. "Look at the innocent fly, caught in the web of the deceitful spider. Struggle all you want, poor thing, but it only make you trapped even more." She was right. Like a bug in the web, struggling only tightened the bondage on my wrists, making my hands tighter, unable to escape.

She stuck out her tongue, and slowly ran it up my right leg. Starting at my toe, her tongue on the stocking, she purred as she licked my shin, my knee, my thigh.

"You taste soooo good, my little captive, just what I need. Look at you, lover. Bondage becomes you. Does my sissy like being tied up? Does she need a strong mistress in her life?"

"Saaarrrrraaaa," I moaned, thrashing.

"Yes, lover, yes, my slave, yes," she said, taking my cock in her hands, "I know what you need, I know you need to surrender,

"Sara...oh," I moaned, " did you..."

"I said no talking, lover," she snapped, "there are other things I want from your mouth."

Sara continued her tongue's journey over my body, just past my free cock, looking it over. Her tongue darted out of her mouth, a quick lick on my cock, almost causing me to explode right then and there. But as quickly as she licked it, she moved on, working her way to my stomach, kissing her way up the merry widow, up my body.

Sara moved to straddle my body as she reached my chest, her stocking covered legs taking position on either side of my head. As she moved her torso up past my chest, the smell hit me for the first time.

Musk. Damp. Strong.

I thought back to her decision earlier, to leave her purse and her condom behind.

The smell. God, what was that smell? Her sweat? Simple dampness from sexual excitement? Or was it more. I remembered back to the fantasies I read on the web, of...of...the word...entered my brain, of creampie.

Was she doing this to me? What was inside her? Oh, God, I had to know.

"Sara, please" I moaned. I knew her smell. Was there something more? Was I projecting my fantasies onto her?

"Saaarrrraaa..."

I saw her sheer panties, damp, almost crusty. My brain quickly processed the information. The smell. The crust on the sheer crotch. No, I couldn't do this. The line was beyond my limits, her pussy, I loved, but no, not if she...not if inside her...

"No...Sara....please...don't."

I couldn't do this. It was too much. It was beyond my limits. I knew what she was going to do, how could I not know? How could I do this? How could she ask this? I clamped my mouth shut, she was way beyond my limits.

But she knew a way around this. I felt her reach behind her, her gentle fingers, her nails, slowly, lovingly, gently, wrapped around my cock. No. No. This wasn't fair. This wasn't fair at all. I looked at her, our eyes met. We both knew I could not resist.

"Please Sara," I begged, weakly, "please."

She ignored me, moving herself up, hovering over my face. "Open you mouth, my sweet cuckold, open. This is my gift to you." Her fingers slowly stroked my cock.

Sara lowered herself to my face. Her pussy. And....no, it wasn't real. I knew she must be teasing me. She would not have gone this far without talking to me about it first, not this. She would not have fucked a man without getting permission. It was just too far beyond fantasy, a step that could not be taken back. Sure, I told myself,

it was just her, nothing more.

But still, it might be more. It might be

"Open, lover, open."

I wanted to get up, to cry, to flee, to protest. But I was trapped. The spider really did capture her prey. Months led up to this very moment. I was feminized, tied to the bed, my head trapped between my wife's thighs. She was hovering, letting me smell her pussy through the panties. Smell the sexual heat, the dampness, the perspiration. I could see, too, and realized just how sheer the panties were. There may as well have been nothing between me and...

No. No. No. She would not have. She was teasing, I told myself.

"Open, lover," she purred, lowering herself to my mouth.

I opened, the panties coming in contact with my lips a split second before her pussy pushed them onto my tongue.

At the first taste, I thrashed, but Sara had anticipated, and drew her thighs tightly around my head, pushing her panties onto my mouth, holding them there, letting my saliva seep into the fabric, and back into my mouth. Her fingers tightened their grip on my cock, stroking. Her thighs trapped me, physically, her fingers trapped me, sexually. I had nowhere to go or hide.

It's just Sara.

I kept repeating that in my head.

It's just Sara.

A little voice hoped.

It will be over soon. I'm just licking my wife, I thought.

But it got worse. Or better. I didn't know which. With her free hand, Sara reached down, and pulled the sheer fabric to the side, letting her swollen pussy come to rest directly on my mouth.

I could not help myself. As much as it revolted me, it excited me that much more. I stuck my tongue out, into her pussy.

"Yessssssss," she moaned, rocking back and forth on my mouth, "deeper, deeper."

I was thrashing like crazy, hard, shocked, humiliated, excited, shamed.

"Ohhhh, lover, if you only knew how wonderful sex was with a man."

Oh, no. No. NO. NO!

It's just Sara, I repeated in head

"Sara," I mumbled, my tongue in her pussy, tasting her.

"How good a man's cock tastes, how it fills up my mouth."

"Sara, please," I begged, "what did you do," I mumbled, mouth to her pussy.

"Hmmm," she moaned, "How wonderful it is to have a man's cock in your pussy."

That almost pushed me over the edge of sanity, but she pushed me again.

"If you only knew how wonderful it is to have an orgasm when a man fucks you."

I could not believe what we were doing.

It's only Sara. It's only Sara.

Oh, please, my mind raced, don't tease me. Please don't tease me.

Please don't stop teasing me.

"How wonderful a man's hard, hot cock feels inside me," she growled.

I was literally going wild. If my hand were not bound to the bed, I would have been stroking myself like crazy. Still she pushed on. I was desperate to orgasm. I was desperate to bring her to orgasm.

She lowered her voice, "How wonderful it feels to have a man cum in my pussy," she moaned, driving herself down onto my tongue as I licked, fully aware now of what was going on.

"Saraaaaaa," I screamed, when she lifted herself up, and silenced when she pushed herself back down on me.

It's just Sara. She would not have done this, my loving wife, she would not have fucked a man. It's all a game.

It's all a game.

Fantasy. Yes, it's fantasy, I hoped and prayed. Wanting it to be real, all the same.

"Yesssss," she moaned, pushed over the edge or orgasm, pushed there by her evening, by her reaction to my humiliation, my submission. "Harder, now...taste it. Taste me. Taste him," she yelled.

It. What was it. Him?

No, it's fantasy, my mind screamed, she is teasing you. Playing on your fears and emotions.

Sara shook in orgasm, wave after wave, shuddering as I tongued her. I was hypersensitive now. I strained at my bonds, thrashed, my face covered with Sara's juices, the remnants of her lover. Sara climbed off me, her mouth, hungry, found mine, attacked me, licking my face. Her mouth raped mine, a desperate passion. She was an animal awakened; a sexual beast I had never seen before, demanding, amazing.

My eyes suddenly went wide, as Sara's drenched pussy descended onto my own cock. I started to thrust, I could not help it, I needed it.

"Don't move," she growled, "not yet, or I'll leave you here, unsatisfied."

"No, please, don't," I begged.

Sara's hips pushed onto me, holding mine in place, my cock in the warmth of her pussy.

"Sara," I panted, "please."

"I love you so much," she said, her mouth all over mine, as she lifted her hips, friction and warmth on my own cock, then pushed again.

The damn burst, violently, of course, because there was no other way. I was too pent up, too frustrated, too charged. I exploded in her, shaking, a feeling I had never experienced in my life. It literally was the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced, unmatched, unparalleled.

Sara collapsed onto me, also spent.

I felt her hands reach above our heads, untie my arms. We rolled to one side, intertwined, our stocking covered legs all mixed up, my arms, now free, around her, and hers around me. We both quickly drifted off to sleep, as one as we could be. Sara, John, Julie, me, her, husband, wife, all together now. One.

We were one.

As close as we had ever been, physically, emotionally, spiritually.

It was just a fantasy, I kept repeating to myself, just a fantasy, as I drifted off to sleep, not knowing if I was a cuckold or not, and at the time, not caring.

Morning came, and slowly waking, I realized that we hardly moved all night, we both slept so deeply, so tightly intertwined as one.

I think falling asleep was the best thing that could have happened to us last night. Awake, after orgasm, libido gone again, I would have thought. Unhappy thoughts. Disturbing thoughts. Waking up now, like this, eying my wife, the lovely, tender, sexy Sara, I was not quite sexually charged, but I was still closer to some comfort level than I would have been last night.

I felt Sara stirring, her leg moving, letting the scent of sex drift up, the musky smell, of whatever was mingled inside her. It stung my nostrils, a reminder of the night before.

Sara opened her eyes, stared at me. I was about to speak, to ask her what she did last night, what was fantasy, and what reality. I had to know. The sexual excitement gone now, I had to know.

"I love you," she whispered.

Three simple words. I felt my heart melt. The sting of the smell, the lingering discomfort I felt quickly melted with those words.

"I love you too," I answered, unable to speak anything else.

"Are you okay?"

No, I thought, my arm was asleep, my back was in an awkward position and my bladder was full. But that's not what she was asking.

My soft cock was resting on her thigh, on the nylon. I felt it stir. She did too, for she smiled.

Was I okay? I didn't know.

"Sara.....did...did you..."

"Shhh, Julie," she smiled, "I love you."

She wasn't going to answer. For some reason, she did not want to. I was to be kept on the edge, not knowing if I was a cuckold, or just a sissy.

"Yes," I whispered. The simple spoken word was an answer far more complex. Yet, so was her question. They both sounded so simple, yet they both were much deeper than appeared.

I felt Sara's other leg come to rest on my soft cockette.

"Are you sure," she asked softly.

Was I sure? Was I? Was I sure that I was okay with last night? Did I accept what she might have done? Could I stay in the dark, not knowing if she cuckolded me. She came home and...I could hardly bear to think about her on me, on my face. Was I okay with this? Was I sure? Did I accept it? Did I want it?

I felt her move her legs slightly, the friction of her nylons rubbing on my cock. Her movements shattered the connection between the logic of my mind and the erotic part of my mind. No, not shattered, reconnected. Logically, if she had fucked another man, her act was unforgivable. Erotically, it would have been pure bliss.

Not know, it was pure torture. Pure erotic torture.

Her legs slowly drifted back and forth, caressing me, making me grow. The eroticism won out, as it had continued to do for several weeks.

"Yes," I breathed, closing my eyes, my mouth reaching out to her, kissing her.

We kissed and kissed, deep and erotic. It was my final surrender, at least to this part of Sara's games. I grew harder. I accepted what she did, and through my kiss, even though fueled by the erotic feelings of my cock rubbing on her nylons, I still accepted it.

Whether or not she did it, I was to be her cuckold. I think that was the point, that she could do it without any further acquiescence on my part. She could fuck another man, without getting permission.

As soon as I thought that, as soon as those words crossed my mind, I exploded again, the cum, gushing onto Sara's legs, her stockings, all over her thighs.

She smiled, knowing what she was doing. A continued linking of my sexual pleasure with submission, feminization and now cuckolding. Every thing I accepted came with my own sexual release. By this, she bound me.

Our weekend flew by. Hell, the week flew by. It was a week of the normal routine. Well, as normal as a woman dressing her husband in sexy lingerie every morning before he went to the office could be. Even Friday night was normal. Sara and I stayed home, wore satin robes, sat on the couch and watched a movie. Normal, normal, normal.

And a week of unspoken desire. We did not discuss the previous Friday the

entire week.

I tried to bring it up once, but she stopped me.

"Sara, please, last Friday night...did you?"

"I'm not discussing Friday again. If you are uncomfortable, if you want this to stop, we can and will discuss this, lover," she smiled, "but short of that, all in good time." I was to be kept guessing. Everything revolved around her and her timetable. Mine thoughts and desires were left to wonder and linger.

I was so confused. I didn't know what to think.

Saturday

"Baby, I want to go out tonight," Sara said on Saturday morning. Immediately my breathing got heavy. "You...you do," I asked, my stomach tightening.

"Yes, I do. There is a new club in the warehouse district and I think we should go."

"We should go," I repeated, my voice indicating both surprise and disappointment.

"Yes, I think we need a night out," she smiled.

Perhaps she was right. After last Friday, perhaps we really did need to go out together.

But...but...part of me wanted her to go out alone. She clearly saw the disappointment on my face and smiled.

What could a sissy cuckold husband do? Tell his wife, 'no, you go ahead, go fuck some guy, I'll just stay home.' No, no, those were words that were not coming out of my mouth. In truth, I suppose, I did like spending time with Sara, even as a normal couple, a normal husband and wife.

Evening, we showered. "Honey, here, I bought you an outfit," Sara smiled, handing me a bag from an exclusive woman's dress shop in town. Immediately, the blood in my veins froze.

"Sara, there is no way..." I started to protest, thinking there was no fucking way I was wearing a dress outside, "I can't do this."

"Julie, you can't what? Oh, I get it. You silly, you are not ready for that, yet, that's just the bag from the dress I bought. Just open it. Everything you need for tonight is in there."

I unzipped the bag, and inside was a lavender silk shirt and a pair of black trousers. "Silly girl. Listen, Julie, I'd love it if you wore a dress outside, but I know you are not ready for that yet."

Yet.

"Yet?"

"Of course, yet. Someday, sweetie, you will be, but not yet."

The funny thing is that the shirt was not something I would ever wear. A bit

too, well, flamboyant? Too...gay, I chuckled. But it was better than a dress, no doubt about that. A tad feminine, but to some, just kind of vogue. Better than a dress.

Taking the hangers out of the bag, I found a third one between the shirt and trousers. On it hung a black satin camisole and tap panty set, along with a satin waist cincher with garter straps. Six garter straps. Metal garters. Pure class. Attached was a package of silk stockings. Stockings just like the ones I had bought for her last week. The bag still felt heavy. Everything I needed was in here, she had said. Of course, shoes.

In the bottom were a pair of black shoes. These too were, well, "vogue" in design. A buckle, a slight heel. Men's shoes, to be sure, but certainly not ones I would have ever worn to the office. The whole effect was slightly disconcerting, but I could not place it. Not until I dressed.

The waist cincher went easily around my waist, but was a bit difficult to tighten to fit. I had to suck in my waist to work it. Sara helped with the stockings, tenderly putting them on my legs, and fastening the garters for me. The camisole and tap panties followed. The effect was very feminizing.

"Sit," she said, pointing to her makeup table. I had a horrified look on my face. "Just sit and trust me," she said, "I know what I'm doing." Sure she did. That's what terrified me.

She indicated for me to sit at her makeup table. I sat in horror, thinking she meant to make up my face, knowing I could not go out as a woman, she said I was not ready for that.

But she had a slightly more devilish plan. No, not to make me a woman, but certainly to take away my manhood. If I was not to be a woman, I was not to be a man, either.

Sara applied some clear nail polish on my finger nails. She did some light makeup to my face. Not lipstick and eye makeup, but some basics. Watching in the mirror, I saw what she was doing. The makeup did not completely feminize me, but it certainly emasculated me. A little eye liner, slight blush, a tiny gloss on my lips. Usually, when she did my makeup, a beautiful feminine creature appeared in the mirror. Not this time.

The effect was...so...I could not place it. I looked like a man...but with just a slight softening, a slight emasculation of my features. Combined with the blouse...shirt...I looked...I could not believe the word that popped into my mind...gay. Instead of feminizing me, she emasculated me. Not a woman, but not a man.

"Sara," I protested, "I look...g...gay."

"Don't use that word like that, John," she scolded, "you don't look gay, you



look, metrosexual."

Metrosexual? Fuck, to the guys at my office, it was gay. But to Sara, well.

"Here, put on your pants and your shoes, babe," she said.

I slipped into the pants, the stockings making me shudder. "Um, socks," I asked, pausing at the shoes.

She shook her head, no.

"Sara, ..."

"Trust me," she smiled, "please."

Metrosexual my ass. Looking in the mirror, I shook my head. Fuck, why was this worse than what she had done before? She had made me a fucking complete woman, and here I was wigged out over looking gay, or metrosexual, or whatever.

Her kiss sealed the deal. Her kiss, along with the grab of my crotch through my pants. "Honey, you look so sexy, I almost want to stay home."

How could I say no to this woman.

"Here is what was in the bag, silly," Sara smiled, taking a hanger from her closet. On it was a black shimmering cocktail dress. Sara dropped off her robe and pulled it over her head, naked, the dress slithering over her body. The front of the dress dropped down, exposing her breasts. "Oops, the halter needs to be tied," she giggled, "I don't want to go out with my breasts exposed."

Reaching around the back of her neck, she tied off the top of the dress. She then did her makeup and hair, taking much greater care to pretty herself than she did with me. Both were amazing, but she still shocked me. "As soon as I get my shoes on, we can go," she smiled.

Fuck. She was going practically naked. The dress, no bra, no panties, no hose. Holy shit, I immediately started to stir in my panties. Fuck. I watched her slip on some incredibly sexy, strappy heels, her toes painted to match her fingers. Fuck. She was fucking amazing. I realized how glad I was we were going out together, I'm not sure I could have taken staying home alone, her like that.

We made quite the pair, the "metrosexual" and the "hottie" I thought looking at us walking out of the bedroom to the car. Amazing.

Holding the minivan door, watching her get in, I could not help but stare at Sara's tanned legs, long, trim. She put on her seatbelt with me standing there, mouth open, and it just showed off her breasts even more. "Jealous," she smiled.

I blushed. In so many ways. Jealous. Because she was so incredibly sexy. Jealous. Wishing I was that pretty. Jealous. Because of last Friday.

The club was very crowded, a line outside. Like we were waiting in line. Sara was my access. Hell, I even think Mr. Metrosexual was part of the access. The club, so chic, wanted a diverse crowd. A hottie like Sara, a pretty boy like me, walked right past the line, waived in, and seated at a dark booth on the edge of the dance

floor. The pretty people get all the breaks.

Sitting in the booth, I could not help but stare at the men and women all around, at the bar, dancing. They did a good job keeping the place from becoming too crowded, and kept a nice mix of hot chicks and men looking for them. Turning towards the dance floor, I saw two women dancing, gyrating, together. Up came my little stiffy.

"I'd like a martini," Sara smiled at me.

I actually laughed. There was no way I could get up right now. "Um, Sara, ...I can't," I started to say. She looked over at me...followed my eyes to my lap.

"Julie," she hissed, "that's not very ladylike."

Fuck, it sure wasn't. She touched it under the table, kissed me, making it grow even more. "I'll go get the drinks," she laughed.

The martini did little down there, but it did clear my head. I don't even know what Sara and I talked about, I was so over stimulated, visually, by the men and women in the club, by the vodka in my drink.

"Do I have to get the second round too," Sara asked, shattering my mind back to the now and present.

I blushed. "I'm sorry, Sara," I gasped, shocked that I was still incapable of leaving the table.

"I tell you, next time we go out, you are wearing that cage," she laughed. "Even this little thing sticks out like a sore thumb."

I watched her scoot out of the booth, her legs flashing, thigh showing, but that's all. She walked across the floor to the bar, which was more crowded than before, men and women, all there getting their liquid courage. This place was like a meat market, singles from all over the city, mixing, mingling.

I watched Sara waiting, three deep from the bar, too short to see over the men in front of her. Great, I thought, some husband. I was at least tall enough to be seen. This is why men did these kinds of things. Some man. I laughed at the irony.

I shook my head, aware that Sara was talking to the man behind her. A tall blonde, tight black ribbed shirt, not ripping with muscles, but certainly masculine enough. She laughed, her hand resting on his arm. Fuck. She was flirting with him. He was pushing closer to the bar, getting drinks for her. Three martinis. Escorting her back towards our table.

We were in the dark, on the edge of the floor, slightly elevated. I watched them approach, aware that while I could see them, he, she, could not see me.

I scooted backwards, unsure if I liked this development. As he put the drinks down, he caught my face in the corner of his eye, looked down, then looked back up again, a little surprised. I think, but can't be sure, that he thought I was a woman for a second.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I thought, are you...is he," I followed his eyes, down my wife's arm, to her left hand. He was looking at her wedding rings. Except he wasn't. They were not there. She had not worn them, I realized, at the moment he did too.

"your boyfriend," he finished his question, "I didn't mean to," he stammered, feeling the heel.

Sara laughed, touched his arm again, flirting again, "No, no, I don't date, um," she said looking to me, "men like that," she laughed.

He looked at me again, cocked his head back, not understanding her implication. "Men like that?"

She whispered in his ear, and he got a big grin on his face.

"Oh, hey, that's cool, I had a friend in college that was gay, it's okay," he smiled, "just don't think you can go after me," he laughed, dismissing me and turning his attention briefly back to the drinks, and then Sara.

Gay. I was certainly not gay, and shuddered at that thought. Okay, sexually confused, sure, but not gay? Oh, no, I loved women, and the whole fucking reason I couldn't get the drinks myself is because I had an erection from staring at all the chicks here.

"Don't worry, Steve, you're not his type anyway," she laughed.

"Steve, meet John," she smiled at us both. "Hey," she flashed a smile which I reluctantly returned. I wished he'd go away.

"Thank you for buying the drinks," Sara smiled, hand on his chest for a brief instant.

Great, she let him buy drinks. He was going to expect to flirt, at least for awhile. I wanted her to myself, and here she was letting some other guy work on her.

"Would you like to join us," she flashed a smile to him.

"Sure," he said, a little too eager.

I wanted to yell at him, 'hey, here eyes are up there, not in her chest,' he was so blatantly checking her out.

One drink became two, then three. Three martinis in Sara--not drunk, but...yes, close. Same with me. Only Steve seemed to be in control, even though his eyes gave him away too much. They continued to flirt, engaging me in their stupid small talk, but having eyes only for each other. Thinking I was no competition at all, unknowing that it was my own wife he was flirting with, Steve clearly did not look at me as anything to even think about.

When watching my wife openly flirt with him started to really get under my skin, Sara carefully intervened. She would casually put her hand under the table on my crotch, stroking me. He was paying no attention, he was so into her, but I sure noticed. Her flirting was driving me insane.

He asked her to dance. They giggled. Fuck, even I giggled. Fucking vodka. This is how she was doing it to me at a club. One part sexual tension, another part vodka, till she was openly flirting with another man.

They moved to the dance floor, the sexual tension out in the open now. Her breasts pressed against his arm, his chest. His hands wandering to her lower back, then to her ass. I saw his eyes when he realized she had on neither a bra nor panties. Animal hunger.

After the first song, he worked up the courage to kiss her. Fuck, seeing that, it was worse than last Friday. I had never seen a man kiss my wife. He open mouth kissed her, with his tongue, devouring her. She returned the kiss, pressing herself to him, crotch to crotch. I chuckled, thinking he was like me, I'm sure, hard.

They returned to the table and he left to get one more round of drinks. "Sara...what..."

"Shhh, baby, don't talk," her mouth moved to mine, covering it with a deep kiss. I could smell his cologne. Her hand moved to my crotch, stroked it gently. "Oh, you would be amazed how much bigger he is," she growled, tongue invading my mouth.

Kissing me, she asked, "yes or no. Do you want me to stop?"

"Sara, please," I gasped.

"Yes or no? Yes, I kiss him goodnight and we can go home and make love. Oh, god, I'm so hot, it would be soooo good. You can lick me for hours before we fuck."

"Sara..."

"Yes or no? No, and we see where this goes."

"Please Sara, don't..."

"No, baby, you have to pick," she gasped, squeezing me, "this is about you as much as it's about me. You have to choose our path. Tonight. The choice is yours alone."

"Yes or no? Yes, and I settle for this clitty tonight," she said, squeezing me, "no, and we see if I can get a man's cock tonight. Yes or no, do you want me to stop? Hurry, he's coming."

It was too much. I was too sexually charged. Her hand stroking my cock in my panties, her fingers tugging at my garter straps, I could not take it.

"Do you want me to stop," she demanded.

"No," I gasped, and with that, she kissed me deeply, pushed me back to the booth, moved away from me. What the hell was I doing? I could not help myself, I could not, watching Sara seduce a man right in front of me.

"Good," she said, a hunger in her voice, "but just remember, you made the choice, sissy. You could have stopped this, and you chose not to. So, whatever

happens, this was your chance to stop it."

I shuddered, oh fuck.

"Steve, are you trying to get me drunk," she asked, immediately turning her attention away from me and right to Steve as he walked up to the table with three more drinks. He just smiled.

As he sat, Sara scooted closer to him, away from me. She openly started kissing him, on the mouth, deep full kisses, making out really, as if I was not even there. Thank goodness for the dark safety of the VIP booth, because they were putting on quite a show. A show only for me.

She was so close to him, leaning on him, making out with him, seducing him. This could not be happening. No. Like last Friday, it was just a tease, just her way of indulging in fantasy.

I watched his hands roaming on the outside of her dress, her hands roaming on his chest. Quickly, Steve had her turned around, back to him, straddling his left leg, the leg closest to me. I watched, awe struck, as he untied the halter to her dress, letting it drop free, as it had when she first put it on earlier today. With that, her breasts were bare, in full view for me, but hidden by the shadows to everyone else in the club. The music pumped away, pulsating dance music, pounding, as Steve's hands cupped Sara's breasts. I almost lost it right there.

Sara's head was moving all around as Steve cupped her breasts. Her hands were behind her, on his crotch.

NOOO. My brain screamed. NO! STOP! THAT'S MY WIFE! NO!

"Hey, you are not wearing panties," he laughed. I looked down to see his hands under her dress, on her pussy.

To me, time had stopped, somewhere in that club with the dance music blaring. Our marriage had stopped, our lives had stopped. It was theoretical last week. Today, it was real, happening in front of me. My wife. Another man. A strange man. A man. No. She was going to stop. She had taken it as far as she was going to take it. In a few minutes, we would go home and make love like animals.

She was no longer on his leg, I saw, shaking my head. She was on his lap now, her skirt pulled up. Staring, I saw it. His cock. Between Sara's legs. She was rubbing it. It was between her legs. It was pressing the folds of her pussy, the light reflected off it, glimmered. Wet.

It was wet.

"Oh, holy fuck," I thought. It was wet because Sara's pussy was drenched, coating it.

No, Sara, no. My brain was in overdrive now. No. That's it. That's enough.

"Sara, no" I moaned.

Okay, okay, this is it. This is where she stops. Fuck. She already went too far.

Her pussy was rubbing another man's cock. Oh my god, the humiliation was killing me, exciting me. Okay, stop, Sara, stop. I got it. You got me. As excited as I've ever been. Please, stop, we have come far enough.

Sara shifted her hips, and slowly, carefully, lowered herself onto his cock. She stared at me as she sat, mouthed the words, "I love you." I just watched, terrified, thrilled, scared, shocked, helpless, actually cuckolded before my very eyes.

That was it. It may or may not have happened last Friday, she would not say. But this was it. There was no denying it, sitting here, in the dark, in the club, music blaring. My wife had another man's cock in her pussy. I was in heaven and in hell. What beast did I marry?

I shifted in the seat, felt a garter strap tug at my leg, suddenly self conscious, as a man, a "real man," actually fucked my wife right in front of me.

I looked up at Sara's face, contorted in pleasure, and caught Steve looking straight at me. What was that look? It was almost bizarre, and caused me to shudder. What? What was it? It was a look of conquest. Of possession. It struck me as strange. Did he? Could he possibly?

It slowly dawned on me. Perhaps Steve was not some random man we ran into tonight at the club. Was this prearranged? Did he know that we were married? Did he know he was fucking another man's wife. Right in front of him? Did he know I was a sissy? Would Sara do that?

They were both staring at me now. I wished the booth would open up and take me somewhere else. Sara was pulsating to the music, Steve's hands were using her breasts for leverage. The scene was terrifying. But there was more. I was as hard as I had ever been. The cuckolding, seeing my wife get fucked like this, was so erotic, I was terrified to even touch my trousers, fearful I would explode all over.

I watched Sara, the look of pure joy on her face, the animalistic hunger, the passion. I had never seen her so into sex. Making love? Yes, she did that to me, passionately. This was different. It was lust, pure animal lust.

I sensed her orgasm, her breathing gave her away. Steve sensed it too. His orgasm, on the heels of hers, was apparent. They both groaned, panted, their animalistic grunts hidden to everyone but me, drowned out by the thumping music. To me alone though, they were music. Grunting together, moaning together, almost in sync with the blasting rhythmic dance music. Her moans penetrated my ears, singing to me. His grunts, matching his thrusts, stung me. The effect was overwhelming.

His grunting, the final deep thrusts into Sara, the man's attempt to get his cum all the way in the womb, nature trying to make a baby, I realized, suddenly hoping that Sara remembered to take her pill. I watched them cum, orgasm, the pleasure on their faces, my wife and this man. I felt drained, too, but yet, every fiber of my

body was on edge. Watching my wife get fucked like that was the single most erotic thing I had ever seen in my life. I was simply amazed, and the love I felt for her was unmatched. I felt as if I'd given her a gift tonight, a gift of sexual pleasure and it actually warmed me.

Carefully, Sara ground onto him, pulling his cock as far into her as she could work it, letting the last parts of her own orgasm wash away. "Ohhh, Steve," she moaned, "that was amazing."

Amazing, yes, how such simple words could both sting me and excite me.

She worked herself off his cock, onto the seat of the booth between us, her eyes staring at me. She reached on the table, took a napkin, turned towards Steve, reached for his still hard cock, dabbed it off, zipped him up. She kissed him, a deep, wet, almost loving kiss. It was the kiss, it was the kiss that hurt. That was the only part of the evening that truly made me angry, jealous.

As she backed off him, broke their kiss, she took the ties to her halter, covered her breasts, tied them off.

"Thanks for the drinks, Steve," she whispered, just over the music.

He smiled, "my pleasure, Sara, my pleasure. Can...can I call you," he asked, again, looking at her, then at me over her shoulder, flashing that smile, that knowing smile. That smile of possession, of conquest. To me that smile said everything. He knew, I knew, our eyes locked and there was no doubt. He was the king of the jungle, taking possession of my wife, taking it away from me. His eyes said it all. She is mine, not yours. She may go home with you, but I was the one that took her. Fuck you, they said, a laugh, a humiliating kick in the ass. I broke the gaze first, unable to meet his eyes any longer.

"Oh, I think so," she said, taking a book of matches off the table, a pen from her purse, writing down our phone number. Holy fuck, I thought, that's our number. Watching Steve walk away, Sara turned to me, "Thank you lover, thank you so much."

I was beaten, humiliated, conquered, possessed.

She took my hand, stood up, straightened her dress, and we walked to the door. My cock was making a tent in my pants. I didn't care, she didn't care, and in the dark club, no one seemed to notice. Or if they did, they didn't care. They did not care about one beaten, humiliated, cuckolded husband, following submissively, his wife out the door.

She led us to her minivan, opened a side door, pushed me inside. Sara moved to the back bench seat, and I noticed that the middle seats had been folded into the floor. Sara sat in the middle of the bench, a bench now fit for a queen, my queen. Queen Sara.

"Sara, ..."

"No," she commanded, silencing me. The door was shut, the lights off in the van. Enough light came through the tinted windows to outline her, the features of her face.

"Undress, down to your lingerie. I don't want to see you pretending to be a man," she laughed.

"But Sara, people might see," I protested.

I think the experience in the club unlocked something inside her. But how could it not. She utterly and completely humiliated me, took such total control of the situation, assumed such power, there was really no other way. It was wicked, raw, powerful.

Queen Sara.

Assumption.

The throne.

Truthfully, as terrible as it may seem to an outsider, to me, wracked with inadequacies, sexually charged, the power was overwhelming, not in its cruelty, but in its sexual power. Whatever was awakened in Sara, by acting like this, also awoke a similar, if opposite beast inside me. Seeing my wife actually fuck another man did not revolt me, as I feared, instead it charged me, stirring, violently, the most powerful sexual reaction I have ever experienced. It was as if every last nerve of my body had become an sensitive zone, a combination of cock, clit, breast, nipple, palm, ass. If at that very moment, Sara's soft tongue touched any part of my body, elbow, knee, ear, eye, hair, finger, anywhere, I would have cum like it was my cock itself.

"Strip, lover, now," she repeated, "after that, after you sat there, and watched him do that to me, after you said nothing, and acquiesced to a man fucking me right in front of you, I think, dear slut, that you have no right to claim any kind of masculinity. So, out, out of those fucking clothes," she hissed.

She was right. Who was I kidding? A claim to masculinity? I think not. For what man, in his right mind, allows that, allows his wife to do that. It would be bad enough if she simply cheated and was caught. A man, a real man, might forgive that. But what she did? In front of me, seducing and fucking a man, challenging my very role in life? No, a real man, a real husband, a masculine husband would never tolerate that.

She was right. That's not what I was. I was a sissy. A sissy. A cuckolded sissy.

She was right. I had no right to wear men's clothes. I was not a man, not a true man anyway.

I undressed, peeling off the lavender shirt, wiggling out of my trousers, my clunky shoes, down to the lingerie, the very thing that objectified what she made me. The essence of femininity. The sissy uniform.



Given the confines of the minivan, I was left there, on my knees. Intentional on her part? Of course, like every step of the last few months. I was left there, sissified, feminized, dominated, and kneeling before my queen. I knew what came next before she even spoke the words. There was nothing else that could have come next, but surrender to the queen, the bow, down, the loyal slave.

Kneeling before my queen, I watched her spread her legs, her dress at mid thigh. The scent of hunger lingered in the air. The scent of fear. The scent of authority. The scent of surrender.

The scent of sex.

"Lick," she commanded.

Lick.

Lick.

The order finally given, my destiny realized, I did what any vassal, servant, slave, slut, would do. I surrendered to Sara, I accepted her control, her dominance, her place in my life.

I leaned forward as Sara lifted her dress, my head between her thighs. I leaned forward, my mouth open, my face pressed to Sara folds. I felt her foot move up, brushing my thigh, to my own folds. Her foot, resting on my panties, stroking me, Sara took my head in her hands, pulled my face deeper into her, into her folds, into her pussy, into the mess the man in the club left in her. Where I was uncertain before, about the taste inside my wife, this time I knew for sure, having witnessed it myself.

Friday, I said to myself, it was only Sara.

This time, there was no doubt. It was so much more.

The taste, smell, feel. It was Sara. It was her lover. Her juices, his cum, all over. My mouth open, I surrendered, tasting it, reveling in it, needing it, wanting it, as I've never wanted anything in my life.

I surrendered, taking it. My own desires, desperate, as she stroked me with her foot.

I felt it, tasted it, eating it, the humiliation, the sexual thrill, how proud I was, of her, of me, as I felt her orgasm, spasm, go out of control.

And I felt me too, gushing, in my panties, on her leg.

We came together, Sara and I.

One.

As I surrendered to my wife's dominance.

I became one with her.

Complete.

In love.

In lust.

With Sara.

Part 05

When I woke up the morning after the night at the club, that feeling of fulfillment was gone. Last night I'd felt so excited, so sexually charged, so complete. But waking up this morning, my head hurt, my throat was dry, my stomach was churning, and none of that had anything to do with the drinks I had.

I woke up with a heavy feeling in my heart.

I woke up, a cuckold. The fulfillment of last night was replaced with dread, a foreboding, almost an indescribable guilt, and with questions racing through my brain. Last night I was totally accepting of what had happened; this morning I was almost in terror.

A cuckold.

The very thing I'd fantasized about for months and months, the object of my sexual energy.

A cuckold.

I kept repeating the words in my mind, which spun and spun.

A cuckold.

A man whose wife was unfaithful.

A cuckold.

What kind of man does that? What kind of man watches his wife fuck another man?

A cuckold.

I was wearing lingerie. What kind of man sleeps in lingerie?

A sissy cuckold.

What kind of man laps up another man's cum from his wife's very pussy?

A submissive cuckold.

Me.

I was in a surly mood that morning, unable to even look at Sara as I got out of bed.

"Baby," she said, stirring, hearing me get up, "come here."

I said nothing, going to the bathroom instead, stripping of my nightgown, peeing standing up (a major rebellion for me), and showering.

After my shower, I came back into the bedroom, in no mood for what I found. Naturally, in my drawer was lingerie, all lingerie.

It was like another slap in the face, a confrontation of what I had become, what I allowed Sara to do to me.

Sara watched me. "Is there a problem, Julie," she asked.

I stared back at her, breathing heavily, my arms folded.

"Yes?" she asked, now sitting up in bed.

I shook, anger building again, as it had done before. "You...you..."

"I what?" she said.

"You fucked him," I practically spat at her.

"You fucked another man," I said, seething.

"A man," she said softly.

"What?" I asked, momentarily confused.

"A man. I'm sorry to correct you," she said staring back at me, "but you said that I 'fucked another man' and I simply corrected you, I fucked a man."

"Whatever," I said, "but you did what you did."

She was not about to let me continue to vent on my own terms.

"No, not whatever. A man may accuse his wife of fucking another man," she said, emphasizing 'another'. "Saying, 'what the hell, you fucked another man', to refer to his wife's stud. However, that implies a certain level of equality. That is like saying you fucked that man, the other man, instead of this man, the husband."

I looked at her, confusion registering on my face.

"You, my dear sissy, are not a man. So please, be grammatically correct. You may say that I 'fucked a man', but it's incorrect to say that I 'fucked another man.' See the difference? If you say that I fucked 'another' man, you are implying that you are also a man, which you clearly are not, love."

"Sara, whatever, you fucked a man."

"Thank you," she smiled, a small victory.

"But...you...you're my wife," I said, incredulous that she did not concede my logic.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Wives...wives don't do that," I said, still pissed.

"Oh, they don't?" she asked me, "they don't fuck men?"

"No."

"Wait, love, are you saying that a wife does not fuck a man?"

"Well, I mean, yes, she does, just one though," I said, with little patience, "her husband."

"Hmmm," she said, thinking. "But I'm not married to a man," she smiled.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, do husbands wear lingerie?"

I just looked at her.

"Do they wear pretty panties, and garter belts and stockings? Do they suck dildos? Do they eat a man's cum out of their wife's pussy? Hmmm? Are these things men do, that husbands do?"

I was mortified, my anger still rising.

"Now, dear lover, last night, at the club, I asked you to say yes or no. I asked

you to confirm what I was about to do. You had the power to stop the entire evening, but you didn't do it, did you?"

"No, but that's not the point, that was different."

"Different how?"

"It..it wasn't fair. You knew. You knew how...how sexually excited I was, you took advantage of me."

"I took advantage?" she asked, shocked. "Wait, let me get this straight, you only wanted me to continue because of your little sexual fantasy about cuckolding, right."

"Yes, exactly," I said, angrily.

"So, you wanted me to continue because you wanted me to fuck a man for your own sexual pleasure?"

"Yes, you knew what I would say," I yelled, missing her point.

"What about me?" she snarled.

"Huh?"

"Me, what about your fucking wife? You wanted to see a man fuck me so you could get your jollies, huh? What about what I wanted?"

I was confused. How did this spin like this, how did it come onto my shoulders?

"No, you are twisting my words."

"No, I don't think so, dammit. Last night, you wanted me to fuck Steve, cause it got you off. But this morning, you have the fucking audacity to act hurt and angry." She yelled "You can't have it both ways, John. That's the most selfish fucking thing I've ever seen from you. Last night, I fuck Steve cause you want to get your rocks off, but this morning, you are angry at me for fucking him. I don't think so! You never asked me what I wanted, John. Did it ever even occur to you that I fucked him because you wanted me to? Did you ever think that maybe I didn't want that, that I was revolted by the thought of someone other than my husband touching me like that? That I fucked him to make you happy?"

"What are you saying, Sara?"

"Jesus, John, I let you live out out fantasies, fantasies so fucked up, most wives would ask for a divorce for before they did them. I....I..." Her voice cracked, her eyes teared up. "I fucked a man in public to make you happy, because I love you, because you wanted it. I acted like a slut for you, John, to make you happy, and you...you get angry at me....at me?"

"But...Sara...I..."

**"OUT!"**

"What?"

"You heard me...out. Get the fuck out of my bedroom, John, I don't want to talk to you right now. Just get the fuck out!"

She was out of bed now, pushing me to the door. Naked, I stumbled backwards, out into the hallway, onto my ass, shocked at her anger. The door slammed in my face and I heard her turn the lock. I sat there, stunned, a tear running down my face. What did I do? What did we do? Was this all a terrible mistake?

I went downstairs, unclothed, hurt, shocked, sat down, and cried. What had we done?

What good was crying? The woman I loved was upstairs, hurt and angry. She was right, too. Even though she wanted last night, I'd had the final word. I could have stopped it. But the truth was, I wanted it. I'd wanted her to do just that. Badly. I needed it. The humiliation, the submission, they were in my bones.

Still naked, going to buy flowers was out of the question. Instead I made coffee and put together a tray of coffee, juice, and bagels, brought it upstairs, and softly knocked on the door.

"Sara," I said. No answer.

"Sara," I knocked again.

She opened the door, blocked the doorway, a scowl still on her face, looking me over.

"Well, I can think of a better uniform for you to serve me breakfast in, but I suppose that will do for now," she said, stepping out of the way of the door. She was dressed, a smart skirt and blouse, low heels. I wondered where she was going. I was afraid to ask.

I set the tray on a table, standing there, feeling helpless. I was still confused as to why I was the one in the dog house, but a bit clearer than before on the point.

"Sara, I'm sorry," I said as humbly as I could, feeling so vulnerable standing there before my dressed wife, naked, in a position of pure submission.

"Please pour me some coffee," she said, sitting in a straight backed chair at the table.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered reflexively, serving my wife.

"So, you are sorry," she said, her tone giving no clue as to her feelings, as I set a cup of coffee before her.

"Yes," I answered, trying not to spill the coffee, trying not to let my hands shake and give away my anxiety. You see, I was scared, nervous, and feeling uncomfortable. My nakedness, next to Sara, clothed, only deepened my sense of...foreboding? No. Of, well, my sense of my position in our relationship. Naked, before her, I felt naturally submissive, helpless. I felt a desire to bow before my queen.

She sensed it too, and apparently wished to further reinforce the top/bottom dynamic. She looked at me, nodded her head, slightly waved her hand. Kneel. She wanted me to kneel. The mistress, the queen, the lady, wished her vassal to kneel

before her.

Kneel I did, down to the hardwood floor, on my knees, hands beside me. Naked. Feeling even more vulnerable than before.

"So," she said, looking down at me, "you are sorry, is that what you were saying?"

I lowered my eyes, unable to meet her gaze. "Yes," I whispered, afraid to say it much louder.

"Yes?"

"Yes...yes, Ma'am," I replied, somehow sensing her desire for respect. Unusual respect. As the words escaped my lips, I felt tugged down another path, deeper into Sara's web.

"Sorry for what, love," she smiled innocently.

"For...for my behavior this morning, I guess," I replied, honestly unsure why I was even sorry. No. That's not right. I was sorry she was angry. I wasn't sure, though, what I had done to anger her.

"Are you now? Let's think about this. What about it Sorry for your anger? Is that it?"

"Yes, Sara, I'm sorry I was angry."

"And why were you angry?"

"Why? Because...because you...last night...what you did..."

"Hmmm, what I did," she repeated. "Isn't it really what you allowed me to do?"

"I allowed you?" I felt my anger flaring just a tad, but hid it.

"Yes, pet, you allowed. In fact, as I recall, it was your decision, was it not? It was what you wanted?"

"My decision? But, Sara, you...you flirted...you teased him...what did you expect he wanted?"

"John, I knew exactly what he wanted, of course. All men, even sissies, want that. That's not the point. Every day, everywhere I go, hell, everywhere almost any woman goes, some guy is around that wants to fuck her."

"That's different, Sara, you led him on. I suppose that's why I got mad, it's like...you...you pushed this."

"Ohhh, I led him on. I see. That gives you the right to be angry, because of what I did? Is that it?"

"Yes, dammit, you practically seduced him."

"Yes or no?"

I looked at her. She had not asked a question. "Yes or no," I repeated to her.

"That's correct, yes or no?"

"What do you mean?"

"John, last night, when Steve was getting the last round of drinks, before

we...well, before, I asked you, 'Do you want me to stop, yes or no?' I asked you if you wanted me to stop now, and go home and fuck you, or if I should continue with Steve and see where it leads."

"But, Sara..."

"No, no, dear, no buts. I asked you yes or no. I was perfectly willing to abide by your decision. What did you say? Which did you pick?"

I lowered my eyes, unable to meet her gaze now, shamed again.

"Yes or no, dear? That's what I asked you. Truth be told, I think I would have rather gone home with you, lover, not with Steve."

"I...I said no...but..."

"Shhh," she snapped. "No. You said no. You said no, Sara, my loving wife, my sexually starved wife, my horny, excited wife. You said no, I do not want to go home and fuck you. No. I want you to stay here. I want you to keep flirting with this man. I want you to 'see where it goes,' knowing full well I wanted cock and he wanted me. Do you deny this? Did I miss something? Now, John, tell me, who decided what happened last night? Me or you?"

"I...I suppose I did," I scowled.

"You are fucking right you did. And now, in the morning, you have the audacity to be angry with me? Are you fucking kidding me? You wanted me to fuck him, lover. You wanted to be cuckolded! And now, how fucking selfish did you act this morning? You have me fuck a man, so you can get your jollies, and you have the nerve to be mad at me? I'm up here crying, hurt, because I try to please you and you get mad. What about that? Are you sorry for that? Are you?"

I was trembling slightly. How, oh how does she keep spinning these things onto me?

"What about what I wanted? Huh? I wanted cock last night. You obviously were not able to help me out there, so I got it somewhere else. And this is my fault? This is something I should be held responsible for? Your inadequacies?"

"But....Sara...."

"No...no you don't. No buts. You said 'no' last night. You wanted to be cuckolded, and now you feel guilty about it. That, my love, is on you, not on me. Are you sorry for that?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Are you sorry for being unable to satisfy your wife?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Are you sorry for being angry?"

"Yes."

"Are you sorry for being selfish?"

I paused before answering. Oh, answer I did, I told her that I was, but my brain

had quickly processed how bizarre the situation was. I was selfish? She was the one that was unfaithful. Yet I was sorry. Yes, how bizarre. My wife fucks a man right in front of me, yet I'm selfish. My wife would rather be unfaithful than sexually frustrated.

Oh, I understood my inadequacies, don't get me wrong. I was sorry for that. Yet, I was selfish. Some would say she was selfish. She was the unfaithful one.

Yet I was the one apologizing.

"Well, let me tell you, darling, you are fucking lucky that I love you, cause you are one fucked up person," she said, a small smile breaking into her face as she finished the last words.

I sighed. Oh, did I love this woman.

"Well, I accept your apology."

I exhaled, loudly, a tremendous weight lifted.

But. I heard a but in her tone. I looked up, expectant, nervous.

"But?" I whispered.

"But don't think that's it. Don't think you can just apologize and all is forgiven. I accept it, but it will take more than that for me to forgive and forget."

Of course.

"Sara, what do you want from me?"

She laughed at that. "What do I want from you? Oh, sissy, oh my cuckold sissy. I want your undying love and devotion."

"You have that, Sara, you do, you always have and you always will!"

"Yes, I know, but you were the selfish one today, and, well, let me put this in terms that may better suit your more feminine state of mind. Bad girls must be punished."

"What?"

"I said, bad girls must be punished."

"You're kidding," I said, shifting uncomfortably on the floor, looking up at her, feeling a pit in my stomach.

"No, love, I'm not kidding. Act like a spoiled brat, get treated like a spoiled brat. To be honest with you, Julie, I was hoping we would not have reached this point, but apologies aside, there is a lesson to be learned here."

"Punished? Seriously, Sara, what am I supposed to do to prove how sorry I am for being selfish? Stand in the corner? A writing penalty? You are joking?"

"Well, last question first. I'm not joking. As far as the corner or writing goes, those are actually pretty good ideas. You know if I'd worn panties last night, perhaps an hour in the corner with my soiled panties on you head might be something we could try. I think an hour of sniffing them would do you some good. Or writing. I can see it, writing 1000 times, 'I'm sorry I was a selfish cuckold.' Yes,



good ideas. But not startling enough, or close to my other goals," she said cryptically.

"Well...what...what do you want, then," I asked her, very uncomfortable with this entire morning. Hell, the entire weekend. This was the most difficult weekend we have had so far, since starting this entire mess months ago.

Sara stood up, smoothed her skirt, ignored me, and walked into the bathroom. Coming out, her heels clicking on the floor, each one drove a stake of dread right into my heart. She held a hairbrush in her hand, stood before me, ominously.

"This, love, is a hairbrush. It was my mother's brush, she got it when she got married. My father used to use it."

"Your father?" He was a crew cut man, as I remember.

"Yes, my father. Not on his hair, love, on my mother. They thought I never knew, but I saw them, or heard them, many, many times when I was a child. My mother, when she upset my father, would go get this hairbrush, hand it to him, and climb across his lap. This brush was used on her ass, by my father, to punish my mother."

"Oh, God," I gasped, shaking, looking at the brush, hardly able to picture that landing on my mother-in-law's ass.

"Well let me tell you something. I remember as a girl, twelve or thirteen, laying in bed, my door cracked open. My parents thought I was asleep. They were in their bedroom, across the hall. I woke up, I heard them talking. I crept to the door, and saw my mother bring this to my father, lift her skirt up, lay on my father's lap, her ass framed by her garters. My father spanked my mother, punished her for buying something without asking him. He spanked her until her ass glowed, until tears were streaming down her face. And after...after he spanked her, she got off his lap, knelt in front of him, and thanked him. She thanked him for spanking her. I was shocked. After...after the spanking, I watched her...I watched her lean forward, and...take out my...my father...and..."

She could not complete her thought, but she did not need to. I had never heard such things from my wife. I could never picture my mother-in-law like that, a younger woman, oh my god. She watched her mother get spanked by her father, thank him, and then blow him. Holy fucking shit!

"I promised myself that day, that no man was EVER going to do that to me, to treat me like that. But I promised myself something else too, love, that someday, if I was ever married, I would have my husband over my lap like that, I would exert my own dominance over a man."

Sara was scaring me. I trembled, I could not believe my wife had these desires, that she fantasized about these things.

"Sara...I...please Sara."

"After my father died, when my mother moved, I took this brush from her house, and I've kept it. I've kept it because I've been waiting since I was twelve, I've been waiting twenty years for this, to use this brush."

She dropped the brush to the floor in front of me. The wooden handled brush crashed on the wood floor, the sound made me jump. Sara was a woman possessed. It struck me again that these fantasies...they were as much, if not more, hers, her fantasies, than they were mine. I was not sure if we were living what I wanted, or what she wanted.

She sat down in the chair, smoothing her skirt. "Bring it to me, the brush, now," she said, a throaty voice I'd never heard from her before. She was so charged, she was almost shaking.

I was terrified by her. I was drawn to her. I wanted to run, but I knew I never could. I really was a spider trapped in her web. I had no choice but to submit to her, I never had any choice. I picked up the brush, my hands trembling, and presented it to her. Yes, that was the depth I had sunk to.

"On my lap," she ordered. Yes, an order. Not a request by any means.

It was so much worse being naked, climbing on her lap, for it just reinforced my submission to her. She had her legs spread slightly, and as I draped myself across her stocking covered legs, she pushed me down. I felt like I would fall off, but she held me with her left arm.

She paused, "I do love you, Julie," she said softly, before I felt the first sting of the hairbrush, "and this hurts me as much as it hurts you."

"Oh," I jumped. I stung, that blow, on my right ass cheek, but it was not that bad. I giggled a little. But somehow I doubted it hurt her as much as it hurt me. I was afraid it was going to hurt me much more.

"Count," Sara said.

I turned my head to her, questioning. "The blows, count them out loud."

"Oh...one," I said, still playful.

The second blow landed on my left cheek. It too only stung for a second. "Two," I smiled. This was not too bad.

"Don't you fucking smile at me, those were just the warm up, Julie. This is going to hurt you, and the pain is going to teach you to obey." I shuddered again, the smile quickly wiped off my face.

"Ouch," I grunted, "three." That one hurt. I mean it, it really stung. "Four, Sara, please," I said, with that next one. "Hey, this isn't funny anymore," I said, twisting to look at her, struggling in her lap as she held me down even firmer.

"Uugh, five," I grunted, breathing heavier. Her response to my struggling was another blow, the fifth, the hardest yet. I twisted again in her lap, trying to look up to her face. "Sara, please, this really hurts."

I heard a small chuckle from her. "Six...seven...eight," the next three fell in quick succession, and my ass started burning. My god, what the fuck. I was pissed. How could Sara have seen her mother give her father oral sex after a spanking if it was like this. This really hurt! It didn't feel erotic at all. I struggled harder, not trying to stand, but to move to protect my ass. Sara said nothing, but held me tighter, letting me struggle, but not get up. I felt her skirt bunch up under my lap, twisted from my attempt to look at her.

"Nine, dammit, Sara, please...." I yelped.

She responded with another blow, I was gasping for breath.

"Count," she hissed. "Ten, hell, Sara, ten, please, enough, okay, shit I said I was sorry."

"No, my pet, not enough. Do you think my father stopped when my mother begged that it was enough? The begging only means you haven't learned at all."

"Wait," I squirmed, "how many are you...I mean..."

"Twenty-five," she said, a stern look in her eyes, a look that said I'd better not question her. But I could not help it.

"Please, Sara, don't."

"Get up then, sissy, don't take your punishment. Not really sorry were you, for being a selfish bitch? Were you?"

But I was sorry. I bowed my head, shamed at what I was doing. Sara adjusted herself under my weight, pulled her legs together, and I realized that my cock, or cockette was resting on her nyloned thighs. My struggles, and her fight to hold me down, had caused her skirt to ride up her legs. My cock was resting on the nylon, the smooth nylon, and growing. Fucking growing.

Sara smiled, feeling it too, pulled her legs slightly apart, then squeezed them back together, trapping my cock between her thighs, trapping it between nylon, slippery, sexy nylon. I could feel it, the old fashioned nylon, much as Sara's mother would have worn, now full circle. Instead of on her mother, the punished, on Sara, the tormentor.

WHAM! "Eleven," I squealed. The blow made me jump. Jumping made my cock rub between her thighs. Oh, fuck, I thought, oh fuck. Oh no, no, no. The pain made me jump, making my cock rub against her nylons.

"Twelve," I moaned, jumping again, rubbing again.

"Thirteen." She shifted her legs, actually rubbing my cockette, which was now completely swollen, rubbing her legs.

She waited, while my breathing leveled out, I was panting, my ass was burning, but now, this new sensation, my sexual energy flowing from my cock to my body.

I could sense a smile in her voice, "Shall I continue, lover," she cooed.

"Yes...yes, please, Sara, don't stop." I meant the sensation between her legs, not

the blows. But one came with the other. The pleasure was accompanied by pain.

"Fourteen, oh Sara...", I gasped, sexual energy flooding me, pain running through me.

"Fifteen," I yelled again, this blow harder than any before it. I was close to my limit, the limit of my tolerance for pain...but I wanted the pleasure too...my head was floating.

I was having trouble concentrating on the number.

"Are you sorry for acting selfish," she asked.

"Yes, Sara, I am" I said, tensing.

"Sixteen." The blow radiated through my body, ran with the sexual tension from my cock, joined.

"Are you sorry for trying to act like a man this morning, like you can control me, like my father did to my mother," she snarled, landing her hardest blow yet.

"Seventeen, oh Sara, please, I...I can't take it, yes, I'm sorry for acting like a man," I gasped out in quick breaths. My God, I realized, I'd fallen deep, deep into a trap. What did Sara have inside her? What had we awakened?

"Are you sorry for having such a small little dick, for being so pathetic a lover?"

"Please, Sara," I waited for the blow, "Yes, please," I waited, wanting anything to keep her pressure on my cock, to keep the pleasure mixed with pain.

"Ohhhhhhhh, eighteen, eighteen," I repeated myself, jerking.

I tensed for another blow...waited.

"Yes, Ma'am...." WHAM!

"Nineteen."

"Are you sorry for being a sissy?"

"Yesssss."

The most powerful whack yet, my ass was on fire. "TWENTY!" My cock was straining. I was getting very dizzy, I was breathing too fast.

"You want me to fuck men, don't you sissy," she demanded.

"Ohhhh, yessss, Sara, yes, yes I do."

"TWENTY ONE!" I was close to sobbing.

"You want them to cum in my pussy?"

"Yessssss, SSSAAARRRAAA," I moaned as the twenty-second blow came down, barely able to say the number.

"Because you want to lick it up, don't you sissy?"

"Yes...yes...yes...Sara...anything." Anything indeed, I was desperate for it, the pain, the pleasure.

SMACK! "Twenty three," I gasped.

"Who is your mistress," she grunted, taken over by the power she had over me.

That power, intoxicating to her.

"You are Sara," I yelled as the twenty fourth blow with the hairbrush connected on my ass.

"Who is your fucking mistress," she howled, slamming down on my ass for the twenty-fifth time.

"Twenty Five," I screamed, "you are Sara, you are. You are my mistress," I yelled, squirming, ass on fire, cock on fire, head spinning, delirious with the mixture of pain and pleasure.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS," Sara yelled back, squeezing her thighs together one last time, and then pushing me, as hard as she good, off her lap, onto the floor, spreading out in the chair. That last gasp of friction with the nylon sent me into spasms. I landed on the floor on my hands and knees in front of Sara, and like a fucking dog, humped the air as an orgasm washed over me, shaking, violently, cumming, shooting onto the floor below me.

I glanced at Sara, still shaking. It was obvious that she too had an orgasm, a powerful orgasm, for she was almost convulsing, shaking, bending back and forth, breathing as if she'd run ten miles.

We both grunted, both exhausted. "Oh my." I had a fleeting thought, not only did I cum all over the floor, but Sara, sweet Sara, was so into this, so powerfully charged, that she'd had a violent orgasm without even touching her pussy. What creature was I married to, what beast was this, what manner of animal could do this?

Her breathing slowing, orgasmic waves still washing around her body, she looked down at me, smiled, a far away smile. "You made a fucking mess, Julie," she said sleepily. I feared her smile. I was terrified. "You need to clean it up," she said, laughing. My face froze, twisted, pleading.

She chuckled, holding on to her orgasm. "Not this time, not yet. Get a towel, sissy, and clean it up. Hurry, before I change my mind." I darted into the bathroom, grabbed a towel, and bent down, quickly cleaning the mess. Oh, fuck, I was afraid she was going...going to make me....I shuddered.

When I was done, she looked at me. "Go..go to my dresser, top shelf, get out the chastity cage, she ordered.

"Sara, I...I thought you said...that we didn't..." I was worried. She was so right before, it was the sexual pleasure that kept me going farther down this road, farther than I ever intended to go. I was afraid that she was going to push me too far. The funny thing is that I was not worried where she was going, how depraved she was getting, but that I would not enjoy it. I could not have taken last night in chastity.

"Get it," she said, ignoring my pleas.

Putting it on my now limp cock, again, the mixture of my nakedness and her

divine femininity making me feel that much more submissive, she chuckled. "You know, lover, as much as I tease you about your 'small' cock, saying things to push your sexual buttons, I have to say, it really is so small, all kidding aside, it's just a nub, really."

Her honest words honestly stung.

"Now, lover, here is the deal, sit on the bed, listen to me. I'm going shopping with some girlfriends. And don't get your twisted mind all in a sexual frenzy, that's all it really is. We are having lunch, going to the mall, hitting the spa, girl stuff. I need a break, and so do you."

"You, dear lover, have some thinking to do while I'm gone. Some thinking this weekend, really. That's part of the reason for the chastity. I don't want you thinking with your little cock, I want you thinking with your heart and your mind. I want you thinking about us and our relationship, about what we've done and what we might do."

"Sara, I have..."

"No, stop," she cut me off, "Listen. Come with me," she said, walking out of the bedroom, shutting the door behind her. I watched her lock the door from the outside. When we bought the house, all the bedroom doors had locks, but we really never used them. Heck, I did not even remember where my key was.

"Into the guest room," she smiled, walking down the hall in front of me. Listen, you can't imagine how vulnerable you feel naked, in the presence of a clothed woman, a mistress, really.

"Here, sit on the bed," she said, pointing to the bed in the guest room. "For the rest of the weekend, you are going to be naked, love. I don't want your mind clouded or influenced by that treasure of lingerie up there. Of course, I don't want it spoiled by any men's clothing either. Free your mind, love, think like a man, a woman, a sissy, whatever. Free it from me, from the clothes, from your cock, from anything. I want you to think about this. About last night. About today. And tomorrow after lunch we will talk.

"While I am gone, and tonight, I want you to stay in here, love, where you can think. There is nothing in here, no books, no radio, no television. It's kind of like solitary, in a way, so your mind is free to think."

"Sara, I..."

"Shhh, almost done. I've switched the lock on this door, love, and I'm going to lock you in. Please, don't protest, don't say anything, okay, just trust me, I know what I'm doing. Just trust me like you have so far. Please, John, please, for us."

She sounded so...strained, uncomfortable. I had a lingering bad feeling about this, but I loved Sara, and, given the fucked up situation I was in, I'm not sure I had much else to hold onto than trust in my wife, trust in the woman I loved as much as

life itself.

"Please, John," Sara asked, using my masculine name again, "please, for us, just trust me."

"Of course, Sara," I sighed, "of course."

"I love you, John," Sara smiled, walking out the door, locking it behind her. I looked around, thinking I'd better not get hungry, there was no food in here. I suppose I'd be fasting for a day, too. At least I had a bathroom and water, I thought.

Did time drag on? Oh yes. I had no clock, just the light out the window. I thought and thought, about what we did, and what Sara had done. About what I had done, too, what I'd let her do. I soul searched, deep thoughts about what I wanted, from Sara, from myself, from life.

When it was dark, I started to doze. Some time I heard Sara quietly come home. I dreamed, my thoughts and dreams mashing together. I had nightmares, of losing Sara.

When morning came, I took time to shower and to sit quietly, alone with my thoughts. Time had no meaning in those 24 hours. All that existed was my thoughts about Sara and me and our future.

I heard Sara coming down the hall, turning the key in the lock. She opened the door, still in a nightie, a pink chemise, little panties, looked at me, her eyes melting my heart. She motioned for me to follow her down the hall, into our bedroom.

On the bed were a pair of navy blue cotton boxer shorts and a pair of pink satin lace trimmed tap panties with a matching bra.

"John, before anything else, you need to tell me, which husband do you want to be to me? This is your choice, John, man or woman, cotton or satin? I want you to choose, unexcited, without sexual teasing, just choose."

I looked back and forth from the boxers to the lingerie. It was the moment of decision. I didn't and couldn't know what her reaction would be to either, I could not tell. Did she want the man or the woman? Would one push her away and one draw her closer? I suppose it did not matter, because neither of us could live a lie anymore. I had to choose and hope, choose and pray, choose and then let her make her choice.

I walked to the bed, looked at the boxers to my left, the lingerie in my right.

"Sara, I'm sorry," I said, picking up the lingerie, "I...I choose the lingerie."

Her eyes were watering up, a small tear running down her cheek, a look of disappointment in her face. She stared at me.

I watched her, my heart sinking. It wasn't the choice she wanted, I thought. But I stood my ground, I'd made my choice.

"Are you sure," she asked.

"Yes."

"Put it on, then," she said, darkly? I could not be sure.

I slipped into the tap panties, fastened the bra around my flat chest. "Well, love, I'm sorry," she looked at me.

I continued to hold my ground.

"I'm sorry, but you are going to need something to fill out that bra," she said, a small smile cracking on her face.

"Is...is this...is this the right choice," I asked?

"Yes, lover, oh yes...yes...and yes," she melted, walking to me, hugging me, tightly.

I was pleased I'd chosen the lingerie...but my mind was clouded too. What if I'd chosen the other? "Sara, the..the boxers...what if I'd chosen..."

"Shhh, Julie, shhh, don't...don't say that, please, I...I don't want to..."

I let it go, just happy for the warmth of her love.

"Come here, love, let's get that stupid chastity cage off you," she smiled at me. Yes, another reinforcement of the correct choice. Perversely, the lingerie involved sexual freedom.

"Do you understand what your choice means, Julie?"

"Some."

"Well, Julie, don't worry, it's a journey we will take and share together, always together."

"Well...what...what now, Sara?"

"What now? We take time to enjoy ourselves, to be ourselves," she smiled at me, coming to me, kissing me, enjoying me.

It was a normal week for Sara and me, as normal a week once again as we could have. We both had busy weeks at work, hardly time for any more of Sara's games.

Not that she did not always take the opportunity, even if not fully involved, to continue to push, to continue to train. A normal week did not mean 'normal' in the sense that most people would understand. A normal week meant that I dressed appropriately. I began to choose my lingerie, every morning picking out something appropriate to wear under my suit to work. I seemed to grow partial to garter belts, stockings, panties, and a camisole, a nice "work" outfit.

After work on Monday, before dinner, Sara gently admonished me that I should be wearing makeup at home, as a proper lady would. I took it as a small scolding, as if I had forgotten something important. Sure I had, makeup. So I took to wearing makeup too, after work taught by Sara how to correctly apply it.

Sure, a normal week, even if it involved me in lingerie, learning to apply makeup.

Lingerie, makeup, and...well...who can forget the rest of the clothes? Coming



home, changing out of my suit into a dress, or skirt and blouse, a bra, my fake breasts.

Now, normal meant that I was making choices myself, participating more and more in my own feminization.

Yes, to Sara, normal was no longer John. Normal was Julie.

I had hoped that the weekend would provide some more intense fireworks, but Friday and then Saturday night turned to nothing heavier than television. Sure, laying around with Sara, lounging in lingerie, some petting, cuddling, and of course, sexual frustration for Julie.

Sunday Morning--The week ahead

We were laying in bed, watching the news. I was laying back on Sara, wrapped in her arms as she teased and toyed with my fake breasts.

"I love your breasts," she whispered, rubbing them.

"Oh, me too, but..."

"But what, Julie?"

"I love the weight of them, the feel of them moving around, but I wish...I don't know...you love having your breasts played with, your nipples licked. I like the sight of your doing it to me, but I feel nothing."

"Oh, trust me, lover, you have no idea what you are missing," she giggled.

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. The nerve endings, alive with energy. Why, last week, when Steve was massaging my breasts while we...oh it was amazing."

I frowned at the sudden mention of last Friday and her unfaithfulness.

"You know, you don't have to be like this, Julie."

"What do you mean?"

Squeezing one of the breasts, "all dead and insensitive. You could feel like I did, when he twisted my nipples, held my breasts in his hands while he pushed his cock in me."

She kept twisting like that. I'd think of my breasts, and Steve would come up.

"Sara, wait, what are you talking about."

"Do you want your nipples to get hard like mine? Do you want your chest to be more sensitive?"

"I...I suppose, but...how?"

"Oh, did I tell you, Steve called me Friday."

"Steve...Steve called?"

"Easily, there are things you could take to increase the sensitivity of your chest, babe."

She was fucking with my brain. I could not concentrate on one conversation, she kept changing back and forth, Steve and breasts.

"Things? What things?"

"Yes, Steve wants to go out with me," she purred, teasing a fake nipple.

"Sara, stop, one thing at a time!"

"What? Steve...asked you out?"

"Sure. Hormones."

"Hormones? You want me to...to take hormones?"

"Yes, he said he had a great time at the club."

She was deliberately trying to fuck with my mind, to keep me off balance switching topics.

"What did you say?"

"At the club?"

"Yes."

"Or about hormones. I said they have hormones now, for older women, that release a small amount of estrogen in the body. They would make your nipples and breasts sensitive, and maybe grow a little, but they would not give you huge tits.

"But...but what about..." I asked, terrified?

"Well, not that it much matters in your case, but it does not stop you from having an erection. It just would not be as big, or as strong. You can still have powerful orgasms, but actually they'd really feel more like a woman's orgasm. Well, I suppose that's not completely true, you may have some trouble sometimes with an erection, but not an orgasm. But, if you might not get hard some time, it's not like that's any great loss," she chuckled.

Hormones? I was scared, to say the least.

"What do you think," she asked?

"About hormones?"

"No, silly about Steve?"

"I...I don't know."

"I think you should take them, love, I think it would be a big help. But I think that is something you need to think about for awhile, too."

"You want that, Sara?"

"Steve?"

I knew she was trying to confuse me on purpose, making it hard for me to focus, even protest, one or the other.

"Either," I asked.

"Both," she said. "Well, I'm glad that's settled, love. I get hormones Monday. Now, we just need to discuss Steve."

Settled? Oh, fuck me, I missed both of them, and now they are both settled. But, did I protest? No. No. As always, no. I was taken down the primrose path.

"Wait, just slow down a second, Sara, hormones?"

"Well, you want breasts, don't you? I mean, I know I'd just love to," she moved her mouth to my chest, "take your natural breasts in my mouth," she cooed, tonguing my breast, "or even put nipple clamps or rope bondage on them. Plus, it would make your little cock, well, nothing for us to worry about, more like a clit," she said, rubbing me.

"I...I don't know, Sara."

"Steve wants to take me out," Sara said, never stopping playing with my breasts, subtly moving her leg near my groin.

"Oh," I said, noncommittally.

"I told him I had to ask you first, before I said yes," she said.

"You mean...he knows...I thought"

"He knows that I'm married, yes, and that my husband is...how shall I say, an unsatisfactory lover, yes."

"But...the other night...did he..."

"No, he didn't. He really thought you were a gay friend of mine. We talked yesterday, I told him the truth."

"What did he say," I asked, concern in my voice. Pretty ironic, I suppose, wondering what the man who fucked my wife thought of me.

"Honey, he fucked me, and wants to fuck me again, what does it matter what he thinks?"

"But...what about...what about Julie?"

"No, sweetie, he doesn't know about Julie...yet."

I sighed a sigh of relief, almost missing the 'yet', catching a lump in my throat.

"What are you going to tell him," I shuddered, still uncomfortable with the prospect of my wife going out on an "official" date, still worried about what he would think about Julie.

"Well, I'm not going to tell him anything, lover, but I suppose that at some point, especially when the hormones kick in, I'll tell him."

"Why..." I was going to ask her why then, why 'when the hormones kicked in.' I quickly realized that hormones, breasts...she would tell him before small breasts made it obvious. Truth be told, I was not always excited about this, the cuckolding. I wanted, it, yes, but it was such a push onto the edge of the envelope. Breasts. Would I have breasts?

"Are you going to go out with him," I asked.

"Yes, you silly sissy slut, of course I'm going out with him, are you crazy," she laughed, pushing her heel into my crotch, making me jump.

Her burning desire, so apparent in her voice, stung. "You don't have to be so excited about it."

"Excited. Shit, after years of this," her heel digging in me, "I'm fucking

thrilled."

"So you told him yes," I asked, both anticipating and fearing her answer.

"No, I didn't say yes or no."

"But, how, if you...didn't say yes...I'm confused, Sara."

"Well let's say I had a wonderful idea. Who is the reason I can't get satisfaction at home?"

"Who? What do you mean, who?"

"Who," she asked, pushing my crotch again.

"Oh, me," I mumbled, still humiliated by each and every time she implied I was not so...so manly.

"And so, whose the one making me go out and fuck?"

"Me, please Sara, me."

"And, so my darling, shouldn't you, my loving husband, take care of me in the bedroom? I mean, if you can't do it yourself, shouldn't you take care of finding someone who can?"

"Sara, what in the hell are you talking about," I asked, turning towards her.

"Julie, what I'm talking about is my date with Steve. The date you are going to be in charge of."

"In charge of?"

"Yes, sweetie. You are going to take care of my sex life this weekend. Top to bottom."

"Take care of?" I asked, warily.

"Yes, Julie, take care of. You, my love, are the reason I have to date, correct? I mean, I know I'm pushing you some, but you can't deny your feminine thoughts, and you certainly can't deny your little package, can you," she laughed.

I blushed, "nnnoo," I admitted.

"Well, I have to admit, I can't deny the desires I have for a man, a...a real man, my love, that's something I need. Something I satisfied with Steve. But, my love, as I told you before, all these steps we are taking, all these things we are exploring, must...must be mutual. These must be things we both want."

"I know," I mumbled.

"No, I don't think you do, love. Listen, you know I want to fuck men, don't you. I mean after going out and meeting Steve...um...fucking Steve, can you have any doubt that's what I want? Do you?"

Hell, how could I deny that? "No."

"Why?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why can't you deny it?"

"Because...because I saw you...and...you...you enjoyed it so much," I admitted.

"And?"

"I don't know what you mean, Sara."

"And? What I mean is that you saw me take that step. You saw me flirt with Steve, kiss him, lead him on. You can't possibly doubt I wanted to fuck him because you saw me do it. But everything must be mutual, love."

"What does that possibly have to do with me taking care of 'next weekend'?"

"Oh, it's so simple, I'm almost giggling, baby. I need to know that cuckolding is not just something you are fantasizing about, or something that you accepted when I did it. Remember, love...love..." she smiled at me, "I really do love you completely and totally and cannot imagine spending my life with anyone else."

I blushed, her smile warming my heart.

"So, I want you to do something to make an active choice in this. You fantasized about being cuckolded. You accepted it when it happened, too. But you need to do something to prove to me that you want it, that you need it as much as I need it. If you are only doing this by acceptance, without wanting and needing it, I'm afraid instead of bringing us closer together, it will drive us apart. I NEVER want that," she said forcefully.

"So...what do you want from me Sara?"

"See, this is where it's so simple, really, so simple for you to do something to demonstrate your need for this. You are to set up a date for me next weekend."

"Set up a date," I asked, "set up a date? What's that supposed to mean?"

She chuckled. "Prove to me you want to be cuckolded, Julie. God, I'm shuddering, this is so evil, but so perfect. Yes, set up a date. You are going to arrange for a night out for Steve and me. You are going to decide what we are going to do, where we are going to go, how we are going to get there, arrange for everything to be paid. You are going to get me something to wear on my date. You are going to call Steve and invite him to take me out. Yes, love, we are going on a fantasy date, next Saturday, completely and totally arranged by you. And...my love...don't say anything yet, the entire date is really a prelude to an incredible night of fucking."

I stared at her, eyes wide, mouth open, no words coming out.

"You see the beauty of it, Julie? Only a true cuckold could do something like that. Oh, sure, a man could accept the fact that his wife fucked around on him, but this? He could resign himself to being a cuckold, a reluctant acceptance. Hell, love, he might even enjoy it in his own twisted way, the way you do. The fantasy, yes, but then even the reality of it."

"But this? The active participation? Much more than surrendering, than simply riding along with his wife's activities? Oh, no, only a true cuckold could do this. Only a true cuckold could be such an active participant in his wife's debauchery."

Only a true cuckold could want to do something so humiliating, so absolutely dirty, to his wife's chastity. Yes, love, you are going to set up an incredibly romantic night for me and the man I'm going to fuck! And the best part? You are going to learn to enjoy doing it, Julie. You are going to enjoy what you are!"

"But remember something, lover, I'm giving you what I think you want. You, dear, you have the power over this, just as you did at the club with Steve. You can stop this at any time. Just say it. Tell me no. Tell me you can't take any more. Tell me you don't want this. Tell me you don't love it.

"But...Sara...how...how can you expect me to do that," I demanded, spinning on the bed to face her, horror in my eyes from what she was asking me to do.

"Julie, I expect you to do it because you want to do it," Sara smiled, understanding me far better than I understood myself. "I'm simply forcing you to face and confront your own nature, love. I'm not expecting you to do anything you don't desperately want for yourself."

We looked at each other. It was a contest of wills, in a way, eye to eye, probing into each other's souls. Her gaze was filled with triumph. Mine was of terror. I broke away first, looking back to the hair brush she had discarded. The object of my punishment. The family heirloom, used first on Sara's mother, then on me.

What scared me most was that I did not say no to her. I could not say no to her.

What scared me was the realization that she was right. I wanted this as much, if not more, than she did.

I was a cuckold.

Part 06

Several days later, after the spanking, after Sara's challenge for me to more fully participate by actually setting up something with Steve, I was in the bedroom on the bed, reading a book and drinking a glass of wine. The room was dark, except for a reading lamp on my night stand and a few candles lending to some mood. It felt comfortable to just relax like that sometimes after dinner, out of my suit, which now felt uncomfortable despite my having worn day after day for years. It felt nice to lie in bed in my lingerie, a silk or satin robe wrapped around me, a blanket covering me. It felt lazy, sure, but relaxing.

Sara walked in and smiled at me. We had not talked much since the spanking. There was an uncomfortable tension between us, in part because I was hesitant to fully submit to Sara, though I knew deep inside that submission was what I wanted, needed, and lusted for.

Sara was still dressed in her power skirt suit from work, and as she walked towards me on the bed her heels clicked on the floor. My eyes were drawn to her legs, of course. Whatever bizarre feelings I had as a sissy, I'd always had a thing for legs in general, Sara's legs particularly, and Sara's legs in nylons most definitely. I

watched her legs as she crossed the floor towards the bed, towards me, listening to the swish of her nylons as she sat down next to me.

Without a word, Sara leaned over and kissed me, her mouth and lips finding mine, her tongue probed into my mouth. I felt pain at her kiss. I thought of Steve. When she kissed me, all I could picture was her and her lover, her fucking him. And jealousy rushed through my body. I wanted to push her away.

"Sara, please, don't," I said, trying to pull away. I wasn't in the mood right now. And despite my apology, the spanking, even my excitement that evening, I was not totally comfortable with it, not totally comfortable with my own intimacy with Sara.

She didn't answer, she just kissed me deeper, pushing herself onto me. I could feel the heat from her body on mine. Her rich, feminine scent drifted to my nose, the familiarity of it striking through my brain. I wanted to push away from her, part of me still angry at her for her infidelity. She twisted, sitting on the edge of the bed, her shoulder pushing me backward, pushing against my resistance, her mouth pushing my head back.

It was her scent that pushed my resistance back just enough to keep me from screaming, running, and fleeing. I felt myself surrendering to her smell. But still, a part of me, a part of my brain said no, was alarmed, scared, wanted to stop.

I actually listened to that part of my brain, the part that had the image of the club, of the top of Sara's dress untied, her breasts exposed, of Sara's dress pulled up, sitting on Steve's lap, sitting on his cock, moaning in pleasure.

"Sara," I said, moving back, more testing her reaction than seriously resisting her advances. Perhaps her scent was overcoming my images of Steve. Then, perhaps her scent was turning my images of her with Steve into eroticism. She'd have none of that, her dominance needed to be asserted, and she was growing in the role. The spanking was just the first step and she was going to spread her wings. She pushed me down into the bed, her shoulder pushing me down, her hands slid down to my hips, gripped me hard, forcefully. Her lips pushed harder on my mouth, less tender now, more as an expression of power.

I started to struggle in earnest now, but she was on top of me and had a better angle, and she pinned me to the bed.

"Hold still, I'm helping," Sara said, hovering over me.

"Help? Helping with what?" I asked. I suddenly started paying attention to what she was doing. I tried to pull my arms down, but she held them tight in her hands, over my head, and slipped something over my wrists. I'd been tied up before by her, with pantyhose, improvised, but this felt different, like...cuffs. She was slipping cuffs around my wrists.

Sara let go, and I quickly moved my hands, but only a couple of inches until the

little bit of slack was run out. Once I was secured, Sara climbed off me, looked me in the eyes, actually laughed at me.

"Sara, this isn't funny, untie me! No!" I said.

Sara grinned at me, reached down, uncovered me, and untied my robe, throwing it open. I started to protest, but stopped short, quickly inhaling when she took her hand, ran her fingernails down my chest, over my bra, over the bare skin of my stomach, stopping at the top of my garter belt and panties. She leaned over and kissed my stomach, her hot breath, her warm tongue melting my skin, frustrating my resistance. Steve or Sara, my brain struggled with images.

She moved down lower, her hands leaving my hips. She took my panties in hand and lowered them below my cock. She leaned down, flicked her tongue over my cock, teasing it, flicking the tip lightly, blowing. I gasped. She laughed, enjoying her torment of me, knowing that her tongue, while shooting sexual energy through my body, was not even close to doing enough to actually get me off. Sara laughed, knowing perfectly well the effect she was having, taking me from a struggle to get free to confusion, to wanting her to get off but wanting to get off myself.

"Isn't that better?" she chuckled. "Since you can't fight me, you can't stop me. It's out of your control, lover, so you might as well surrender and try to enjoy it."

"Enjoy it, what...why?" Sara licked her way back up my chest, over my chest, and nuzzled my neck. While sucking, her saliva wetting my neck, her breath on it making me shiver, Sara shifted from sitting on the edge of the bed and turned towards me, climbing on my right leg, her nylons gliding on mine. When she finished straddling my leg, bending over me, I felt it.

"Sara...you...you're not going to...?" I asked her, my voice almost breaking.

"Yes, love, I am," she laughed, biting my neck, pressing her crotch into my thigh. Why the fear? Fear of what I felt pressing on my leg under her skirt. Fear of what she intended to do with me.

"But, Sara," I pleaded.

She chuckled, running her crotch over my stocking. "Afraid, love? Afraid of a hard cock? You've seen it before, it's even been in your mouth. Well, it's time to do more with it, lover, it's time for you to experience it."

Sara stood up, seductively unbuttoned and shed her suit coat, and danced while unbuttoning her silk blouse. "Want to see it," she asked, reaching behind her, unzipping her skirt, shimmying it down her hips, exposing her hard cock under her skirt. It was connected to a series of straps around her waist. I'd known that dildos could be connected like this, to a woman, I'd even seen it in a porno. Don't ever think that prepares you for seeing it in person.

Seeing it in a magazine or on a picture on the net, well, that's erotic, of course,



if you like that kind of thing. But seeing a dildo strapped around your wife's waist, framed by her garters, standing before you, while you are bound to the bed frame, knowing she is going to fuck your virgin ass with her cock...it's beyond anything you can imagine.

Terror. Stark terror. I didn't ask for this, hell, I don't think I even wanted it. To be sure, I'd told her no, told her to stop, and she'd responded by binding me to the bed and doing everything but stop. I was on the verge of being raped by my wife, and I'm not sure if I wanted her to stop or continue. I'm not sure I had a choice.

"Like I said, lover, you can't fight me, you can't stop me, it's out of your control," she whispered, leaning back over me, humping my stocking covered leg with her cock.

Her hands massaged my breasts, then moved down my chest, to my stomach, stroking me, moving lower with frustrating slowness. A vision flashed through my mind, of Sara's body, her cock, hovering over mine, thrusting into me. Erotic lust flared inside me.

"These are in the way," Sara smiled, leaning up, reaching for my panties, pulling them down, over my hips, down to my knees, lower, finally taking them off and throwing them aside. "Roll over," Sara said, twisting me, helping me spin, my arms of course stretched over my head, bound to the bed. She leaned back over me, kneading my back, kissing, trying to seduce me before she took me.

I felt her shift, the hard cock, my wife's erection sliding up my stocking, up my thigh. Again, despite my fear the lust flared inside me. Sara shifted again and her erection slid up the top of thigh, over my stocking, to bare skin, where my thigh connects with my ass.

I spread my legs slightly, overcome with lust, and I felt her press the dildo, her cock against my ass. "Can you still feel the night at the club?" Sara asked me, leaning over, whispering into my ear. "Can you still picture me sitting on Steve's lap, taking his cock deep inside me?" she growled.

I shivered.

"Where do you feel it, love, where do you feel the image of Steve's cock in me, where do you feel yourself kneeling in front of me, tasting his cum," Sara asked in a deepening voice, burning with desire.

Sara's hands moved to my thighs, touching them where my stockings ended, stroking them, slowly spreading them, sliding over my ass, over my exposed hole, stopping there just long enough to make my heart flutter, as I sharply inhaled, my desire apparent.

"Did you feel it here," she growled, "did you wonder what it was like for a woman, filled, stretched, a hard cock pressed inside her?"

Her fingers traced down the back of my legs, finding nylon, tracing the chills

running through my body. I closed my eyes, the images of that night flowing through my brain, burned into me, the image of Sara, head thrown back, face in ecstasy, of her lover's cock inside her, of me, kneeling, mouth pressed to her pussy, tasting, reveling in the mess. The humiliation I'd felt coursed through me, coupled with the terror, the excitement, the longing. I pictured Sara's fingers running through my hair, as she pulled my head to her pussy, the hunger in her eyes as she felt an orgasm wash over her body, her juices and scent, her lover's juices and scent, all over my face. I pictured the joy on her face in the club, Steve bringing her to orgasm, the stark terror I felt, the danger of the public sex. The excitement was still there, in my brain, in the images, rushing through every part of my body.

"Can you feel it," she asked me, biting my ear.

I closed my eyes, shame and excitement, equally washing over me.

Her fingers traced back up my thighs, slowly, toying with me, playing with my garter straps, then gone again.

"You can still feel it, can't you," she moaned, and I felt her fingers again on my ass, my pucker, cold, wet, lubricated, suddenly plunging into me. I let out a gasp. Her fingers continued their invasion, probing, pushing, spreading me, finding a spot of excitement inside me.

I bit my lip, hard enough to draw blood, the only way I could keep from crying out from terror, excitement, shock. Just as I started to surrender, just as the waves of sexual pleasure began to swamp my brain, my brain fought back, pushed back, reminding my body what my wife intended to do. I bit my lip again to keep from crying out. I struggled to pull away from her hand, to get her fingers out of me. The rush of sexual energy, almost climactic, almost orgasmic, began to crest, threatening to flood my brain. I fought against it, not wanting to give her the satisfaction. I knew what she wanted, my surrender, my submission, and I fought giving it to her. I closed my eyes, trying to force the waves away, jerked my hands tight against their bonds. The bed creaked, but the bonds held, there was no escape, between the bondage and Sara's weight on my back, there was no escape, only surrender. Suddenly Sara's hands withdrew from me and I felt her shift, knowing what was coming.

I turned my head back to look at her and saw her taking her cock into her hand, shifting it. I saw the hunger in her eyes, the animalistic hunger to conquer. I wanted to rebel against it, against her, but the logic in my brain was suddenly swept away by my own hunger, and my hips moved upward, my ass, up, to make a better target, to meet Sara's cock. I shook my head sharply, breaking the gaze of Sara's eyes. I couldn't look at her, I could not meet her gaze. The hunger in her eyes was hypnotic, the gaze, her gaze, like that of a Vampire, breaking down the resistance of her victim, making him ask, beg, for his own death. I twisted away, trying to

move my hips away again.

Sara bent down, her mouth resting on my ear. "I won't force you lover. You can pretend I will, but you know I won't. Just tell me no, love, that's all you have to do. Tell me to stop, and I'll untie you."

Her hand slipped back down to my thighs, parting them before I could clench them together. Her fingers plunged back inside me, probing, spreading me, before I could clench my muscles, my ass, shut. I shuddered, moaned. My own body betrayed me, betrayed the sexual hunger I felt, betrayed the need.

Sara withdrew her fingers again, shifted, and then I felt it for the first time, the tip of her cock at the edge of me, brushing against me, but holding there.

"Tell me to stop," she whispered. "Just tell me, just say the word, just say no."

I looked over my shoulder, glaring at her, but the words wouldn't come to my lips, wouldn't escape my mouth. My brain shouted them, no, stop, but I couldn't find my voice to say them. We both lay there, unmoving, poised, on the knife edge. Then Sara grabbed me under my arms and pushed into me, her cock invading me. I gasped, my body convulsed and for several long seconds, she didn't move, hovering over me, her cock filling me. I could feel her inside me, her hips pressed up against my ass.

Sara pulled back slowly and my body, shocking me, protested, as my hips pushed upwards, trying to keep her inside me, not willing to let her cock out of me. I felt her body press back down onto me, her cock pushing back inside me, and my resistance snapped. The waves of pleasure crashed over me, breaking me.

"Oh, Sara," I moaned, pressing up to meet her thrust, then back down as she pulled out, helping her fuck my ass, becoming her woman, needing to feel her cock inside me, needing the rhythm of the motion, needing her to fuck me, wanting her to rape me.

She moved her face near mine, finding my lips as she pushed in, her deep kiss matching her thrust, leaving as she pulled out, kissing me again as she pushed back in. Her thrusts became more even now as she found a tempo, became comfortable with the cock she had wrapped around her waist.

Finally, when I was on the verge of pain, of being unable to take it anymore, of begging her to stop, she reached under my waist, her hand finding my own cock, pumping it as she thrust, matching stroke for thrust. It only took her a dozen of these before I cried out in pleasure, exploding, an orgasm like I'd never felt before. Like a man, as I let go, Sara did what I'd done so many time before, and pushed her cock one last time, deeper into me than it had been yet, holding it there, filling me as I moaned, shuddered, almost cried.

When it was over, Sara slowly withdrew from me, wrapped her arms around me, our legs entwined, man and woman, roles and bodies, husband and wife, lover

and lover, mixed together, one never ending, one never beginning.

Sara buried her face in my hair, telling me how much she loved me. Finally I looked at her, tears in my eyes. "I love you too, Sara." Saying the words as if I'd never spoken them before, feeling them deeper than I'd ever felt in my life.

Coming out of the shower on Tuesday morning, I found Sara holding a garter belt in her hand. When I walked into the bedroom, her eyes shot up to mine, held the garter belt out, "What is this," she demanded.

"Um...it's a garter belt," I answered, her tone throwing me.

"Where did this come from? Whose is this?" Her tone sounded like a wife who found a strange pair of panties in her husband's coat pocket, it was so accusing.

"That's...that's mine, Sara," I said, confused.

"Yours? Where...it's not one of mine, I didn't buy this...where did you get this?"

I looked down, embarrassed. "I bought it...I...um...bought it from a place on line, 'Secrets in Lace'."

"You bought it?"

"Yes, I...I bought that...and a few other things...I thought....," Her eyes bore into me. "I'm sorry Sara, I just thought that..."

"What else did you buy," she cut me off.

"Well, um...just some stuff, some bras, panties, garter belts, some stockings. I'm sorry, Sara, I just...."

"Oh, Julie!" Her face changed. "You really bought some lingerie? Show me, get it, I want to see it all."

I walked to my closet, took out the box from Secrets in Lace, and dumped the contents onto the bed. I had gotten four garter belt, bra and panty sets, two in white, two in black, several pairs of old fashioned nylon stockings, some camisoles, and an open bottom girdle.

"Oh, fuck, Julie, this stuff is amazing. Look at these garter belts, all with six straps, metal garters. My, my, real nylon stockings. Julie, I didn't realize you had such an interest in lingerie like this, old fashioned lingerie. A girdle. I don't think I've seen a girdle like this since...well, my mom had them."

Fuck. She made the mental connection so fast! Ever since she'd spanked me I'd been possessed by the thought of my mother-in-law bending over my father-in-law's lap. I'd pictured her in lingerie like this and found some web sites devoted to spanking, and viewed images of old fashioned spankings, the classic lingerie.

"Sara, I just thought that...."

"Oh my god, Julie, I love you so much!" She jumped over to me, wrapped her arms around me, and kissed me, her body heat pushing onto me. My towel fell, and my crotch pressed against the satin of her teddy. Her mouth was all over mine as she pushed me back onto the bed, sucking my lips, my tongue, the very breath from

me.

"Sara...oh I..."

"Julie, you bought lingerie. Do you know how happy that makes me," she said, her tongue licking my neck, sucking on me. I felt the warmth of her pussy through her teddy, on my crotch, rubbing me. Her kisses were full of hunger, her body rubbing mine woman to woman.

"And the things you got, the old fashioned lingerie," she moaned. She did make the connection. I'd become the wife, the 50's wife, submitting to her husband. Only her husband was really my wife. But it did not matter, it was the symbolism. The very thing she had sworn never to do, to be like her mother, submitting to a man, I was doing with her. I was submitting to her as a 50's housewife.

"Sara," I moaned, letting her completely take over. I wanted to unsnap her teddy, or at least move it, enter her, but she would not let my hands go that far down her body. She continued to hump, crotch to crotch, woman to...to woman.

"I know you want all this, Julie," she kissed. "And you make me so happy," she said, crotch to crotch, starting to shake, an orgasm building up in her, washing over her. "You are such a good wife," she said, her eyes rolling in her head, her body grinding on mine.

"Yes, Sara, yes," I responded, humping her, beginning my own push over the edge. She had me on my back now, holding my arms over my head, pinning them, breasts on my mouth, as I kissed them through the teddy. Her mound ground onto me, felt me, warm on warm, and I shook, my cock squirted, causing me to jerk as the cum slopped over the crotch of her teddy, spread all over me by her movements.

My own orgasm coupled with hers, she shuddered, her mouth all over me, pressing into and onto me as spasms of orgasm washed all over her, until she finally collapsed onto of me, kissing my neck.

Fuck.

Oh, fuck.

"Sara," I nudged her cheek with a kiss, "what...what was that all about," I smiled.

She purred, "because I love you, Julie, because you make me so happy, because you...made me so happy."

"But, what...what did I do?" Hell, I certainly wanted to repeat whatever I'd done, she was so responsive.

"The lingerie, sweetie."

"But, what about it?"

"Oh, Julie...don't you see. You bought all that...on your own, without me asking," she nuzzled my cheek.

"So?"

"Why did you buy it?"

"Well, I suppose because you want me to wear it."

"Um, no, John, that's not it. You have stuff I bought you to wear."

"I don't know...I suppose because I want to, I just liked it," I said, embarrassed.

"Because you wanted it? Not because I wanted it, right? Because you wanted it, love?"

"I...I guess."

A deep kiss on my lips. "See, that's what makes me so happy, lover. You wanted it. You don't know how much all this scares me. I'm so afraid I'll push you too far, baby, or that you are only doing this for me, not for you. It has to be mutual, as I've said before, and by buying that stuff, you are showing me that all this is what you want too."

"But, it's just lingerie, Sara."

"No, lover, it's so much more than that. It's your participation, willing participation. You want it too, Julie, that's why you bought this lingerie. And there is more. It's what you bought, the vintage style lingerie. It looks like something my mother wore. You know that, don't you? You knew that when you bought it?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"My mother wore things like that when she submitted to my father. You knew that when you bought it. And it's the symbolism, love. You want to be the good wife submitting to her husband." She smiled, a little snicker. "Is that what you thought of? My mother getting her spanking from my father? Is that what you want to be? The wife submitting?"

I knew exactly what she was talking about because it was true. I was starting to see myself in that role, the good "wife", the submissive "wife". I shook my head, yes, and she smiled, kissing me.

"Baby, we need to clean up," she laughed. "Do you have anything going on at work this morning? Can you go somewhere with me this morning?"

"Um, where?"

"It's just...well...no...nothing kinky, just an appointment I have?"

Her tone suggested that I'd better not argue. I could go to work late today, and told her so.

"Good. Get dressed, we can drive separate, you can just go to work from there. Wearing your new stuff." She smiled, eager as a child on the first day of summer.

I nodded that I would, and picked out a white satin garter and a matching camisole and tap panty set, all trimmed with a touch of lace. I picked up a package of coffee colored stockings, while Sara watched me get dressed.

"Julie, you are amazing. Too bad you still won't wear a bra to work," she

smiled, hoping to see the matching bra.

"I...I have a bra that matches this, but Sara, I can't wear that."

"Well, it's not like you really need a bra, yet," she grinned. Yet. Ouch.

I dressed in the lingerie, and it was a good thing I had just cum, else there would have been a huge bulge in my panties. The true nylons, the no-stretch fashion of the day, felt so taut held up by the straps of the garters. The panties held me tight, and I briefly pined for the bra, settling for the camisole.

I looked at Sara before I finished getting dressed, when I was about to go get my suit. She had dressed faster than I had in a black pant suit, as a power woman, a power business woman. "What?" I asked, her gaze catching mine, wondering what I saw in her eyes.

"Go get the hair brush," she said, steel in her voice.

"Sara, what did I do? Why? I don't understand?"

She glared hard at me, suddenly scaring me. Her eyes were hard, fixed on my lingerie. I think I put it together. It was the lingerie. She must have flashed back to childhood, her mother and father, her father taking her mother over her knees for a spanking. "Please, Sara."

She just smiled, sitting down onto the straight backed chair she used the first time she spanked me. "How much did the lingerie cost, Julie," she asked me.

"What? Um, I don't know, a couple of hundred dollars, I guess."

"And, did you ask? Did you have permission to spend money on lingerie?"

"No, but Sara, ask? Why..." It hit me, we were suddenly living a scene from her childhood, a fantasy she must have carried for years and years.

"Well I'm afraid that you are going to have to be punished then, Julie," she said in a stern voice.

I knew better than to argue. Like it would have done any good at this point. Not with that fire in her eyes. I silently walked over to the dresser and picked up the brush, which actually felt warm to my touch. That instrument of pain, already telling me that something else was going to be warmed very shortly.

I walked to Sara, held the brush out to her. "Last time you got twenty-five for being selfish. Today you will get ten, an appropriate number I think, for spending money without asking me."

She pulled her pants tight over her legs. "And don't you squirm this time, I don't want any mess on my pants like you did to my nylons when I was wearing a skirt before."

As I lay across her lap, I thought back to the scene I pictured in my mind, of her mother submitting to her father. It was full circle in her family, I thought, the wife became the husband, the husband the wife.

I counted as the ten blows connected with my ass, the pain, without the

pleasure, stinging more than before. I was the wife now, submitting, taking what her spouse gave her. I did not even get hard this time. It was pure submission, no eroticism. It was me giving myself to Sara. In some perverse way I was her mother, she was her father, and apparently the root of our eroticism really did take hold in childhood.

After the tenth blow, she pushed me kneeling onto the floor and held the brush in front of me. I reached up to take it, but she shook her head. "Kiss it," she said, holding it closer to me. Oh, how far we had come. So far, that as I bent down to kiss the object of my pain, my punishment, I didn't have a second thought.

I started to get up, but she put her hand on my shoulder, pushing me back down. "Aren't you forgetting something Kate," she said, staring at me. Kate. Kate? Kate was her mother's name. This was getting too weird for me, much too weird. But, I thought, who the hell was I to wonder if someone's fantasies were bizarre. No, I had nothing to say to that.

"What...what are you talking about?"

"Unbutton my pants, Julie," she ordered.

I suddenly remembered what she had told me before, what her mother did after her spanking. This was sick. Totally sick. But, again, I was just as sick. I could do this. Hell, I wanted to do this.

I slowly reached up to Sara's crotch, knowing what I would find before my fingers got there. Touching the zipper to her trousers, I knew I was right. A hardness, a firmness. My fingers shook as I unzipped her, reached in, felt it, felt her. The dildo. She was wearing the dildo. She expected me to...I couldn't believe I was even thinking this...she expected me to give her a blow job after the spanking.

In a way, there was nothing more I wanted, than to submit to her, to show her, after the spanking, my ass still on fire, that I wanted this, to submit in this way, to suck...suck her cock.

I opened my mouth, taking it in, and realized that there was nothing more submissive than this, than being punished, kneeling before a clothed person, and sucking cock. It was completely fucked up, a total exchange of power, a surrender, sexual and otherwise. Sara grabbed the sides of my head, roughly guiding the cock into my mouth, grunting, pumping, fucking my mouth.

"Yea, yea, that's it, suck it, come on, Julie, suck it," she hissed. Her voice scared me, and thrilled me. I was her bitch, accepting her control. I guess some women are right, that kneeling, sucking cock, could be an act of dominance. It was to me, and it must have been to Sara.

I felt the cock filling my mouth, my jaws stretched, accepting it, submitting to it, to Sara, to the cock. I felt my stockings, tugging on my garters, the satin of my camisole on my nipples.



Sara reached into her trousers, squeezed the base of base of the cock and suddenly, without warning, I felt it squirting. My eyes bulged, and I tried to lift my head, but Sara held it steady. "Swallow it, Julie," she growled, "don't you dare move off."

I started to gag, and for the first time in my life, realized why Sara never wanted me to cum in her mouth. It was a shock, a horror, and kind of gross. And that's all before I realized the taste.

Cum? Oh, fuck. It tasted like cum. Okay, its fucked up enough that I know what cum tastes like, no thanks to her fling with Steve. But, it was coming out of my wife's cock. My wife's cock was cumming in my mouth! (Sure, that sentence alone sums up how fucked up our marriage now was).

My wife was cumming in my mouth!

How the hell??? Or better yet, who the hell?

She would not let me think, she kept thrusting into me, holding me, making me taste it, eat it, swallow it.

Swallow the cum erupting from her cock. So fucked up.

"Hmmm, that's a good girl," she smiled, finishing, holding her cock in place for me to lap up the last bit of cum.

I was terrified to ask her about the cum. Where it came from? Whose was it? But I was breathing heavily, my panties taut from my own cock. The sexual tension, the excitement embarrassed me.

"As much as I love your new lingerie, Julie, next time ask," she smiled, tucking her cock back into her trousers. "Why don't you finish getting dressed so we can go." Go? I wanted relief...I shook in terror...I wanted to run...and all Sara wanted was for me to get dressed. I hated her. I loved her, with all my heart and soul.

I put on a dark blue shirt, a blue suit, socks, shoes, tie and twenty minutes later was ready to go. I found Sara sitting back in the bedroom, and was mildly surprised to see she had changed. The black trousers were replaced by a skirt, and dark nylons. Either way, of course, she was a vision of beauty.

"Ready, love," she smiled, hopping up and grabbing the keys, the power girl off to the office as if nothing bizarre had happened, as if she had not just shot a load of cum into her sissy husband's mouth.

I followed her to wherever we were going, she did not say. We pulled into a plain office building on the south side of town, which gave me no clue to where we were. She led me to the second floor, to a door that said, "Life by Avondale". No help.

"Sara, what are we...?"

"Just wait," she snapped.

Inside, the waiting room looked like a doctor's office. Well, maybe a therapist,

or a psychologist. I wasn't sure.

"Yes, we are here for the nine o'clock," she said to the receptionist.

"I'll let the doctor know you are here," she said in that cold medical tone.

"Doctor," I said to Sara.

"Can you please be patient?"

I sat, picked up a magazine, but could not be patient at all. A few minutes later, the door opened, and an attractive brunette came into the room. "Sara, how are you dear," she beamed. Sara stood, as I did, but only Sara walked over and gave the brunette a big hug, a sisterly hug that they held for just a tad longer than was required.

"Susan," Sara said.

"I assume this is John," Susan said, looking at me.

"Yes. John, this is Dr. Nelson, Dr. Nelson, my husband, John."

We shook hands, but...Doctor? Doctor of what?

I followed the women back to a room, more a comfortable office, with a couch, a couple of chairs, dark wood paneling. I tried to read Dr. Nelson's diplomas as we walked down the hall, but could not catch them.

Sara and Dr. Nelson both sat on a leather couch, leaving one of the chairs to me. They were close together, not touching, not inappropriate, but familiar. I could not help taking a quick stare at both their legs when they sat. How manly, I suppose.

Listening to them talk, it was clear they were old friends from college. I also got the idea that Dr. Nelson knew quite a bit about our marriage, and I sat there mortified at what Sara may have told her, so scared, I was unable to concentrate on their conversation, till I heard the word hormones.

"Well dear," Dr. Nelson said, "certain doses, for certain reasons, ethically, I have no problem with."

"Wait, wait," I was suddenly interested, "what...what kind of doctor are you?"

"Didn't you tell him, Sara? No? I'm a psychiatrist. I treat mostly common adult mental disorders, but I have a small part of my practice focusing on transgender issues."

"Transgender? Like sex changes?"

"Well, in some cases, yes."

"But...I don't want..."

"Baby, of course not," Sara jumped in. "Susan also can prescribe hormones."

"Now, what I'm proposing is a series of hormones, both by injection and pill, that will soften the edges, so to speak. They are not something one takes for a full transgender reversal, but rather a sort of half measure. These, for example, will tenderize and enlarge the breast tissue, but will not result in Pam Anderson tits

popping out from your chest. An A cup, in some cases, a B. Anything more must be from other drugs, or implants."

"Susan, that's perfect. He wants some feminine sensitivity around the breasts. What about...um..."

Yes, my mind screamed, what about???

"As I said, removal of the male organ is not called for without a whole series of steps, testing, living changes. Ethically, I could not do that, and from what you've told me Sara, it's not called for. However, the drugs will have some side effects. Erections will be more difficult to obtain. They do not have an effect on libido or orgasm, or even sperm production, but increased sexual...well...energy...will not often lead to an erection. He could be aroused and orgasm all without an erection."

"Are you sure, Susan? I don't want him to lose interest in sex?"

"Don't worry, Sara, he won't," she smiled. "But lovemaking will be much more...feminine." She halfgiggled. "Just be aware, an erection will at some point be very difficult. You could use Viagra, but more arousal will not be accompanied by erection."

"Who would even notice," Sara said, looking over at me. Ouch. That stung, especially in front of another woman, a hot woman.

"Hey now, baby, it's not that bad," I said in my best flirt voice, looking at the doctor.

"Well, from what Sara's told me, John, it really is 'that bad'. Medically, we consider six to seven...inches...erect, to be normal for an adult male. Five to six inches is considered below average, though not of a medically significant concern. Anything under five, and physically most women could not achieve a normal orgasm with the male. So, as I understand, you are just over four point five fully aroused. While not record-setting, you are certainly well below average, and on the charts only in the fifth percentile. That is, 96 percent of men are larger than you. A simple bell curve, really. For comparison sake, the other side of the bell curve, where a man would be bigger than 96 percent of the men, is 9.5 inches. So, if you were, well, somewhat endowed, you would have to have close to a ten inch cock."

I sat there, mouth open, shocked to hear these words.

"I think what Susan is saying, John," Sara giggled, "is that I could get a room of 100 men, and 96 of them would be a better fuck than you."

"Sara," I gasped.

They both broke up into laughter. "John, stop, you know size is not everything," Sara said, turning to Dr. Nelson. "He has a little complex about that."

"I see. Well, the point is that the hormones won't really have any effect since he is already unable to physically have an erection sufficient to bring you to orgasm through penetration," Dr. Nelson, said clinically.

"Now, we need to do an examination and some blood work before you can start these. Why don't you two come with me, and we can take care of a few things."

We followed the doctor down the hall to an exam room, and as I walked I felt the garter belt tug on the nylon stockings I was wearing, realizing I might have a small issue here. Fuck. Sara knew where we were going, she could have at least warned me.

Sara and Dr. Nelson sat down in the only two chairs in the exam room, leaving me to lean on the exam table, too scared to sit up there. I stood, looking at them, waiting for something to happen. They talked, catching up, carrying on, like I was not there.

"Oh, sorry John, we're waiting for the nurse," Dr. Nelson said.

The nurse. Well, those two words certainly have inspired a slew of male fantasies, mine included. Of course, they did not involve lingerie, except on the nurse. Nor an exam about hormones to grow breasts, nor my wife and a doctor sitting there.

I think I actually expected some fantasy vision to walk in all dolled up in a short skirt, her garters showing. Really. I mean, if Pam Anderson herself had walked in, breasts spilling out of her starched uniform top, I would not have batted an eye. I think Sara must have known what I was thinking because when the door opened and the nurse walked in, I swear I heard her snicker when the look of shock came across my face. Pam Anderson? Hell, more like Paul Anderson.

No, no, she was a she, a woman. But she could have played in the backfield for an NFL team. Big, ugly, without a neck. Dick Butkis in scrubs. Talk about a shattered vision.

"Could you please get me a set of vitals," Dr. Nelson asked her, turning back to Sara to chit chat about this and that. Nurse Butkis took a blood pressure cuff off a holder in the wall.

"Please take off your jacket and roll up your sleeve," she said, half asking, half ordering, emotion lacking in her voice, as if working on an animal, not a human. Well, truth be told part of me actually was terrified I was going to have to strip, so a simple sleeve roll was a bit of a relief.

Nurse Fireplug (her build) efficiently ran through her tasks, blood pressure, oral temperature, pulse, pupils, recording her numbers and I suppose finding a healthy if somewhat mentally fucked up, normal adult.

Handing the chart to Dr. Nelson, she said I checked out normally and asked about blood work.

"Could you write up an order for that, I'll have him go to the lab for that. Just leave it up at billing, they can get it there, and thank you, that will be all."

"Yes, doctor," Nurse Linebacker said, turning, leaving, as unassuming as she'd

been coming in.

I stood up and reached for my jacket, assuming we were done.

Done? Dear readers, do you really think Sara would have let this situation go without finding some way to humiliate me? I'd assumed so. I also realized that assumption made an ass out of me, at a minimum.

"I'm sorry, John, we are not quite done," Dr. Nelson said.

"Oh, I thought that, well..."

"No, no, the vitals are just the preliminary. The medicine you will be taking is going to cause some small, subtle changes to your body. The vitals and the blood work will give us an idea as to the correct dosage, and help me make sure that your body tolerates the hormones. However, those are only chemical changes. I also have to make sure that you can tolerate the physical changes, and I need to do a complete physical exam to do that."

"Oh," I said, suddenly nervous at the picture of a complete physical exam from this doctor, especially with my wife sitting there, watching, smirking, enjoying my discomfort.

"I'm going to need you to undress, please," Dr. Nelson said, crossing her arms, sharing the same smirk Sara had on her face.

"Un...undress," I stammered, the flash of my attire going through my brain.

"Yes, undress. Please don't tell me you are one of those macho pigs who just can't bear the thought of being examined by a woman doctor?"

Macho pig? Far from it, of course. "No, doctor, it's not that, no, I just...I really have to be getting to the office."

"No you don't Julie," Sara smiled, "you have all morning if you need it." Some help she was, twisting the knife by using my feminine name, and twisting it again, giving away my free morning.

"Julie?" Dr. Nelson smiled.

"Yes, Susan, that's the name we use now."

"Very nice. Do you prefer John or Julie?"

"Um, it...it really doesn't matter, Doctor," I said, face blushing.

"Well, John or Julie, which ever, before I can prescribe hormones, I really have to perform an exam," she said, looking to my wife with what I think was a small smile on her face.

"Baby," Sara said, "if this make you uncomfortable, we don't have to do this, I mean...you can always just go back..."

There was the choice again. The decision to go forward or stop, back on my shoulders. As much as Sara pushed me, probed my limits, and wanted me to go past them, it was always me making that final call. Part of me wanted to just say "fuck this." No, not to stop what Sara was doing, but to make her tell me what to do. I

was being dominated, no doubt about it, but in a way it was all consensual. I was always agreeing to go beyond my boundaries, rather than insisting we take a step back.

Just as now. There was no way in the world I wanted to undress in front of Dr. Nelson. There was no way I was ready to be exposed as a sissy to someone besides Sara. I knew I was a sissy, of course, but I was not ready to take this step, admitting it so clearly to another, especially to a woman, especially to an authority figure like a doctor.

But that's just what they were demanding of me.

And of course, like everything else Sara asked or demanded, everything else I didn't want to do, I would do it, for Sara. For my love, my soul mate, my friend, my wife, my queen.

I bowed my head, a gesture of acceptance, of submission, set my jacket back down, and hands trembling, began to unbutton my shirt. Dr. Nelson was looking away, and I noticed Sara was too. They were engrossed back in conversation. Maybe. Just maybe, I thought. If I could undress quickly enough, I could be naked, perhaps avoiding the entire lingerie thing. Sure, like that was going to happen.

"You don't need to get naked," Dr. Nelson said, without turning around, causing me to think, even know, how much Sara had told her. Well, like that's a big surprise, anyway, I mean here we were talking about gender issues, hormones, and the like. I'm sure lingerie was not going to surprise or shock Dr. Nelson at all.

My hands trembled just slightly more, as I removed my shirt, exposing my white satin camisole. I kicked off my shoes and reached down to take off my socks, feeling the garters tug at my stockings, a last reminder of the degree of exposure I was about to engage in.

I took a deep breath, pausing before I took the final step, the most revealing, my pants. I unbuckled them, lowered them, my face reddening before either of the women saw me.

Dr. Nelson turned around, quickly ran her eyes up and down my slender frame, and I waited for the comment, the chuckle, the putdown. I expected it, in some way even welcomed it, that submissive part of me that lived for the humiliation. Surprisingly, though, it did not come. Despite the obvious absurdity of my dress, Dr. Nelson only took a professional attitude.

"Why don't you sit up on the table, please," she said, in her cool medical tone.

I jumped up at her voice, sitting, feeling the sanity paper crinkling, the edge of the table cold to the bare part of my thigh between my panties and my stockings.

"This may be cold," Dr. Nelson smiled, putting her stethoscope to her ears and to my chest. She was right, it was cold, and I jumped. I could feel it through the satin, and let out a tiny yelp, to which she smiled.

"Deep breaths," she said, her voice still professional, relaxing me. I took several, each inhale and exhale serving in some small way a hypnotic effect, calming me, taking away some of the sting of embarrassment I'd felt when Dr. Nelson saw me in my lingerie.

"Well, your lungs sound fine, not a smoker, I hear, good for you. That would actually be a problem with the hormones, so good thing," Dr. Nelson said after listening front and back. "Here, head up," she said lifting hers to demonstrate, "let me feel your neck glands."

"Very nice," she said, feeling around. Turning to Sara, addressing her, she explained, "Only surgery can remove an adam's apple, but the hormones will cause a subtle change. Your husbands neck and glands are not that pronounced, so the effect will be very feminine."

Feminine. Very feminine. Nothing else, of course, but feminine.

Without warning, Dr. Nelson quickly moved her hands down to my chest, probing around my nipples with her lithe fingers. "Could you please lift your camisole," she asked clinically, "I want to examine the breast tissue."

The breast tissue. Her words terrified me, if you could believe it. Didn't every crossdresser dream of breasts? I dreamed of breasts, but the reality was as always quite different than fantasy. Breasts? How could I work with breasts? How could I go home to my family with breasts? How could I go out with my friends with breasts?

I felt Dr. Nelson probing my skin, tugging, pushing, twisting, speaking numbers. "Well, Sara, I'd say that he is almost a perfect candidate in this area for hormones. The skin is soft, the muscle tone present but not at all dominant, the nipples are able to protrude on contact. I'd estimate that we can get a B cup without any concern for side effect and loss of sexual libido."

"Loss of libido," I piped up.

"I'm sorry, yes," Dr. Nelson said facing me again. "To get a B cup on some men, the hormone dosage has to be a little higher, and can overcome sexual drive. You would get breasts, but the dosage would be so high that sexual libido would be grossly depressed. Your skin is almost perfect. I can get the breasts Sara wants you to have, but not have to prescribe so high a dose that you will lose interest in sex."

"A B cup? I...won't that be kind of big?"

"Big? Oh, my no. To get big, you know a C, well, really a D, you would need implants. Oh, I could do it with hormones, but it would effectively castrate you."

"But how will I hide that," I practically cried.

"I'd better answer that, Susan," Sara said. "Why would you want to hide such nice firm breasts," she smiled. I sat there in horror. "I'm kidding, love, please. Listen, with a B cup, and the right bra, you will have a wonderful chest, one guys

are sure to stare at. But, a B is still small enough that with another kind of bra, a sports bra, you will be able to hide it under almost any dress shirt, especially dark colors."

"Sara, I don't know."

"Come now Julie, are you having second thoughts? This is what you want, isn't it? You know, we could just go to a surgeon, get some D implants, and let you walk around like a bitch in heat. But, don't you see, this way you can still impersonate a man, if the situation calls for it."

Impersonate? Of course impersonate. Of course she'd used the opportunity to talk to me about breasts, to again reinforce her impression of me. Not a man, of course, not a man. Just someone pretending to be a man.

I looked down at myself, dropped the camisole I was holding up, letting it smooth over my flat chest, coming to rest over the top of my tap panties and garter belt. I looked at my smooth legs, shimmering in the nylons. I wasn't sure if I was impersonating a man or impersonating a woman. Perhaps two months ago, when I'd only crossdressed as a purely fetish experience, when Sara wasn't home, masturbating and then feeling guilty after, I'd have known I was a man impersonating a woman.

But now, after two months of reinforcement by Sara, of the constant attacks on my manhood, after two months of her sexual reinforcement of my femininity, I had completely switched to the other side. I'd certainly stopped thinking of myself as a man.

The evening with Sara and Steve had been the last straw. How could I possibly think of myself as a man? A man impersonating a woman? I'd gone to a club with my wife, dressed in lingerie and half effeminate, gay looking, and watched her fuck a man. Oh no, I could not possibly think of myself as a man impersonating a woman.

I'd completely switched. No longer a man impersonating a woman, she'd helped me become a woman impersonating a man.

And that's why I wanted breasts. I wanted to look down my flat chest and see breasts, beautiful breasts, pushing out my camisole. I wanted to wear a bra filled out not with paste or silicone, but with real breasts.

"You'll love them," Sara said reassuringly after watching these thoughts flit across my face. "You'll make a wonderful woman."

"I don't doubt it," Dr. Nelson agreed.

"A woman?" I asked

Sara smiled at Dr. Nelson, a knowing smile, a smile sharing a secret.

"Okay, now that we've got that settled, we have to finish your exam," Dr. Nelson said.



"But you said that the breasts would be fine."

"Yes, the hormones will affect your chest just perfectly, but I need to do a complete exam, to see, well, if the rest can tolerate it."

For the first time since we met, she had a less than professional tone in her voice, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

"Can you please take off your panties, and lay down on the table."

I must have shaken, visibly, for this, more than the exposed lingerie, was the one thing that shamed me. As much as Sara had tormented me about my cock, it was the utmost in shame to have to expose it, especially with Sara sitting there, dangling a heel of her foot, smiling at me, her eyes laughing at me.

I pulled down my panties with as much dignity as I could. Let me tell you that dignity and a dollar would buy you some coffee. And you might still need some money to complete your purchase.

"Okay, lay back now, please, legs up, here and here, yes, that's right...there...right," Dr. Nelson moved part of the table.

"Whoa, shit, what...what are you doing?" It felt like the lower half of the table was falling out.

"Here, just put your feet here."

I did what she told, feeling my stockings rub something. "What is that? What are you doing?"

"One second, dear," Dr. Nelson said. I turned my head around, saw Sara smiling.

"Sara...what?"

Dr. Nelson answered for both. "It's funny, I'm sorry, all women know what this is from their teens on forward. I suppose I should explain, since it may be new to you," she chuckled. "These are stirrups. They are used by gynecologists for examinations and for... well, I use them to keep things spread down here so I can conduct my exam. Lift your head...there...see your feet? That strap keeps your feet in the stirrup so you won't...well...suddenly clamp your legs on me. For an optimum view, and for my safety."

From my angle, lying flat on my back, I could not really see what was at my feet. I tugged at them and found them held in place, essentially bound to the stirrups.

"Can you reach above your head, please? You'll find handholds on the top of the table, at either corner. That's it, stretch up there," she said as I reached and found the handles, which raised my midsection up ever so slightly. "No, please don't let go, this keeps you at just the right angle for my exam. I could bind your hands up there, but I don't think we need that, do we?"

Terrified at being totally bound to the table like this, my ass hanging over, my

legs spread, totally vulnerable, I shook my head no.

"Good."

I watched Dr. Nelson pick up a pair of latex gloves and snap them onto her hands. "Now," she said, taking hold of my limp cock, "the hormones will have the biggest effect on this," she said, looking to Sara. "As I said, the pills will not decrease libido, in fact, they can sometimes increase it, but they will have an effect on erectile functionality."

"Meaning what, Susan," Sara asked.

"Well, probably about 30 to 40 percent of sexual arousal will not be accompanied by erection, and even when erection is achieved, the blood flow will be slightly decreased, so you will lose the full rigidity of the erection."

"So, he won't get it up as often or as much," she snorted?

"Basically, yes, though as I said, arousal will still occur as frequently, and orgasm is still very possible."

Sara smiled. Dr. Nelson probed my cock, and my complete humiliation scared me. Here was a pretty woman, massaging my cock, and I was soft as a tissue.

"Is that something you are willing to accept," Dr. Nelson asked, not of me, but of Sara.

"Look at it, do you think it matters," Sara laughed out loud.

"Well, Sara, it's limp now, so it's hard to tell. Let me do the exam," Dr. Nelson said, putting both hands on it, stretching, pulling, probing and feeling. It was so humiliating to be lying there like an animal, talked about as if I did not exist.

"What are you doing," I finally had the courage to ask, feeling something cold on my cock.

"Sorry, cold again. It's just a ruler, I need to take some measurements. Sara, it's about one, soft, which is of course small, but it's hard to make a diagnosis without erection. I'm stretching the skin, and there is not much give, indicating that a normal erection is probably not possible. Let me ask you, have you ever achieved orgasm from penetration with it?"

Sara laughed. "Um, no, never."

"And you can orgasm, correct? I mean, some women cannot."

Sara laughed again. "Yes, Susan, orally from him, yes."

"What about penetration? I mean, I know you can't with your husband, but I assume you were with a man, or men, before you got married? I remember you dating in college, could you back then?."

"Yes, Susan, of course. No, no problem back then...nor...more recently, as I've found out," she smiled, clearly referring to the evening with Steve.

"Recently," Dr. Nelson asked, pausing her exam, turning to Sara, "but you've been married for...I mean...oh," recognition crept into Dr. Nelson's voice. "you

mean...oh...I see what you mean. Of course, I suppose that was to be expected. Well, so you can orgasm from oral and from penetration, good, so it's not you, then."

I wanted to jump off the table. My hands started to grip the hand holds tightly. I think if my feet were not held in place, I would have run from the office screaming. This was the humiliation I had to endure? And the humiliation of having Dr. Nelson tugging on my limp cock was not the worst of it. Seeing the look on Dr. Nelson's face, the pretty features, turning, smiling, as my wife so casually informed her I was a cuckold, caused a spark of sexual energy. I could actually feel my cock jump, blood rushing to it, filling the small sac of skin, hardening.

"Ooop," Dr. Nelson jumped when my cock twitched, dropping it, surprised at the sudden movement. She quickly regained her composure. "I'm so sorry, that was not very professional. I just...well...I've examined many men, and have dealt with many that get an erection, but it usually comes from the first touch. I've found that if they don't get...aroused...when I first grab them, I'm safe," she laughed.

"I'm so sorry Dr. Nelson," I quickly said, trying to make it stop.

"No...no, it's just that...well, this is quite interesting."

"What's interesting, Susan," Sara asked, looking at me.

"Well, let me make sure I understand before I jump to conclusions. When you refer to recent orgasm through penetration, you are not referring to, um, marital aids, dildos, and the like?"

"Um, no, Susan."

"By recent, of course, then, you mean you were with a man?"

"Oh, yes, Susan, a man," Sara giggled. I felt my cock twitch again, and Dr. Nelson smiled.

"I see. You have no problem talking about this in front of your husband? I don't mean to pry."

"No, Susan, my husband knows. He was there watching it happen."

I gasped again, twitched again, closed my eyes, felt my face redden.

"I'm sorry to pry, Sara, and, well, it's not really necessary for my physical diagnosis, but I am a psychiatrist and, well, mentally, it's fascinating. Plus, well, being old friends..."

"Susan, it's okay, really."

"Well, your husband...he didn't become erect when I touched his nipples, which often happens, or when I examined his cock, which is when it always happens. In fact, he did not...well, he didn't become aroused at all until...you mentioned being unfaithful."

"I know, Susan," Sara smiled. "Besides the gender issues, we...well, no sense hiding it from you, we've been exploring power sharing and cuckolding."

Cuckolding. I jerked again at the word.

Dr. Nelson laughed. "I'm sorry again, I don't mean to laugh," she said looking at me, "but I do need to take a measurement of an erection, and, well, since you didn't develop an erection with manual stimulation, well, I suppose this will do.

Sara smiled at Dr. Nelson, then turned to me. "Don't be shy, lover, Susan is a doctor, it's okay if she knows...purely for medical reasons of course...that you get excited hearing about me fuck a man."

"Sara, please, stop," I begged her, starting to let go of the handles on the exam table.

"No, no, you have to hold on," Dr. Nelson said, scolding me, "I'm not done with the exam."

Sara moved closer to me, behind the table, behind my head. "I could use these, Susan, maybe that would help," she laughed, wrapping a strap around my right hand. "I don't want him to get up now, do I?" She then fastened another strap around my left hand, leaving me securely strapped to the table.

"Is it erect yet, Susan," she asked Dr. Nelson.

"No, not yet."

"Oh, don't stop getting aroused, lover, Dr. Nelson needs to measure," Sara smiled softly at me. "Maybe I should tell her more? Hmmm? Should I tell her what happened after I fucked a man? Would she like that?"

"Please, Sara, no, please don't do this," I begged her, shamed at what I'd done.

"Perfect Sara," Dr. Nelson said, "I can feel it pulsating. It should be fully erect soon."

"What's the matter, sissy, don't you want your doctor to know what you did in the car? She really should know, I mean, for medical reasons, for the hormones."

"Sara, no," I pleaded with her.

"Tell me Susan, on these hormones, if my husband also took different hormones, maybe testosterone, could that be bad? Shouldn't you know about that?"

"Well, actually, all kidding aside, yes, Sara, and yes, John," she said looking at me, "that would be very serious."

"Why Susan, is there testosterone in a man's semen?"

"A trace amount, why?"

"Sssaaarrrraaa," moaned, "please..."

"Well, you see, after I fucked Steve...that was the man's name, Steve," Sara moved her head down by my ears, so her whispers carried right across them to Dr. Nelson. "Sissy here...went down on me," she said, licking my ear.

"What's that got to do....oh....oh my."

I was groaning in embarrassment. I strained against the bonds of the exam table. I knew I had an erection, I could feel Dr. Nelson's hands wrapped around it.

"Did Steve use a condom, Sara," Dr. Nelson asked her.

"No."

"Well, did he...um...withdraw?"

"No."

"So...then..." her voice trailed off.

"Uuuggghhh," I moaned.

"Yes, he licked me, licked it all up," Sara said, licking my ear.

"Sara, you little tramp," Dr. Nelson laughed.

"I know, I was a bad girl," Sara smiled shyly.

"Yes you were. And judging from your husband's erection, he loved it. Keep licking his ear, I want to get a measurement while he is fully erect."

"You know, he loved it so much, Susan, my little sissy, kneeling before me, his tongue pressed into me, sucking me, tasting the cum."

"Is this as big as he gets?"

"I'm afraid so, Susan. You see now, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do, Sara."

"What, please, what," I demanded.

"Well, I was right. He is much too small for you to have an orgasm from penetration, anyway. Impossible. I can see why you are not worried about the hormones, it's not like you would even notice." She chuckled, causing me to strain even more.

"Did it hurt, when you were with this man, Sara? I'd be concerned that you would tighten up."

"No doctor, it felt amazing. It was tight, but...it was...the most incredible sex I've ever had," Sara gushed.

Please, I thought, just take me away. Stop tormenting me like this.

"I assume you plan on continuing this, especially after your husband's feminization.

"You know, there is no way I could stop, Susan."

"Oh, I'm not condemning, don't misunderstand. There are things you could do with this, still," she smiled, squeezing my cock. "I assume, since you are here and not in a lawyer's office, you love him?"

"Very much," she said with a genuine smile.

"I might suggest a hollow dildo then. They make a marital aid that slips over the male organ. It's very life like, not quite like a real cock, but close. It allows a couple to make love and let the wife have some satisfaction if the husband is not...well...too small."

"Would he feel it," Sara asked?

Dr. Nelson laughed, "No, that's the beauty of it, especially in a femdom

relationship. The male feels nothing but the emotional bond of fucking his wife, not the sexual. Again, I don't mean to probe...well...yes I do...but you are in such a relationship, I presume."

Sara smiled.

"Of course," Dr. Nelson laughed.

"You know, I didn't say anything before, I didn't want to embarrass you John, but it's apparent that you'd like that. Anyway, the lingerie you're wearing is absolutely beautiful. It's going to look so much better though, when you have some breasts to fill it with."

I was gasping for breath, the stimuli was just about overwhelming.

"Susan, you said he would have trouble getting an erection, and if we use a hollow dildo for me, how will he have an orgasm. I mean, I love my husband, and as kinky as we have gotten, sharing sexual pleasure with him is very important to me."

"Well, obviously penetrative sex is out. Though small, he could still do it, but if not fully erect it could hurt him, so once he starts the hormones I'd not allow him to penetrate you anymore. To be safe. After that, be creative. You know, really, the best way to think of it? Think of him as a woman, which is only natural. If you wish to sexually please him, use all his senses, smell, taste, sight, sound, to seduce him. Really, pretend you are a man seducing a woman. Use romance, which will excite him. Then, when you want an actual orgasm, use your hands, your mouth, anything to massage his clitty."

Sara smiled, I could tell this was very pleasing news to her.

"Finally, well, he should not penetrate you, but you know that does not mean you can't penetrate him," Dr. Nelson smiled. Then saw the look on my face, and Sara's face. "You've already down that, haven't you?"

"Just once, I was kind of scared."

"Well, he has to be ready for it, I should do an exam, just to be safe," Dr. Nelson said, professionally.

I felt a cold sensation on my rear, followed by a gentle pushing, "Relax," she told me. Her fingers were probing my ass, which had the singular effect of exciting me even more.

"Hmm, he sure responds well to the stimulation. Let me check the prostate gland," she said, shifting.

"Ohhhh," a moan escaped from my lips, as I jumped in pleasure. "Oh, Sara, he's going to take to this very very well. The hormones will cause a slight increase in the erogenous zone down there, and without them he is already going wild. I tell you, I'm almost jealous. You see, there is a gland in here, towards his front, which when massaged" -- I yelped out a moan -- "like that, drives a man wild."

"Can he orgasm that way," Sara asked, a nasty, erotic look in her eyes.

"That's actually very, very rare. Usually, something like that is called milking. What will happen is a weak ejaculation, without a real orgasm. It can be erotic, if slightly frustrating, for the man. However, if you apply just some gentle manual stimulation to the organ, while penetrating, then yes, an orgasm."

"Milking?"

"Yes, the great thing about it? Ejaculation without orgasm? There is some pleasure, but no loss of libido. He will cum, but still be erect, or semi-erect and as horny as ever."

"Susan, that sounds...amazing."

Dr. Nelson laughed. "It really is. You know, I can show you. I need a semen sample, anyway, might as well do it like this rather than send him to the bathroom to masturbate. Let me call the nurse back in."

"Jesus Christ, are you kidding me," I practically screamed, terrified beyond belief, humiliated, jumping at the bonds. "Sara, wait," I begged.

Dr. Nelson looked at Sara. "Feel free to gag him, if you wish."

"Gag...but...I mean we are kind of new, I don't...I've never gagged him before. I don't even have one."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I assumed you..."

"I think I need to go shopping," Sara laughed at her friend.

Susan smiled at her, "I guess indeed."

"You know, I could..." Sara, to the side of the table, reached under her skirt. "Good thing I didn't wear a garter belt," she said, pulling down her satin panties, pulling them off. "Can I?" she asked Dr. Nelson, motioning to me with the panties.

"Be my guest, Sara."

Sara waived the panties over my face, letting me inhale the musky smell. She was clearly damp from watching me suffer my humiliating treatment by Dr. Nelson.

"Open up, love," she smiled, holding the panties in front of my mouth.

Her scent, her scent alone, the musk, the sex, drove me wild. I wanted to run. I wanted to cry. I wanted to scream my love for my wife. She turned even a trip to the doctor into an erotic adventure, one filled with love, submission, humiliation, and sexual energy.

I opened my mouth, let Sara push the panties, crotch down, onto my tongue, into my mouth, gagging me, silencing my protests. I heard the door open, and the same unattractive fat nurse walked in, eyed my bound, gagged, lingered form, and let out a chuckle.

"Nurse, can you get me a semen sample, please," Dr. Nelson asked.

"Yes, doctor. Milked or masturbated?"

"Milked, nurse, I want his wife to see it done, so she can do it to the sissy."

"Yes, doctor." The nurse pulled some instrument out of a drawer, a curved metal rod, thick, like a penis, with a handle on the end. She walked down by my legs, out of view, with Sara trailing.

"A good bit of lube is needed, especially at first," she told Sara. "You insert this, or a dildo, or even your fingers, into the anus, pointed towards the cock. You will find the prostate there, and by applying pressure, you force semen through the tubes, eventually producing ejaculation. Here, watch me," she instructed, inserting the tube, filling my ass, causing my cock to jump, me to yell through the panty gag.

"See, a constant back and forth. It takes a little while, depending on the state of arousal. It's important, if you want a true milking, without orgasm, to avoid any stimulation of the cock," she laughed, "or whatever this is between the legs here."

I moaned.

"If you want sissy to have an orgasm, do this with very light, intermittent manual stimulation."

"Does it feel good?" I jumped, jerked my head, at the whisper in my ear. It was Dr. Nelson.

"You are such a pretty sissy, Julie, I'm so happy for Sara."

I was breathing heavily now.

"You know, we were roommates in college. She always had a thing for pretty girls."

My eyes shot wide open. Sara?

Dr. Nelson laughed in recognition. "Yes, we were lovers for awhile. You'd be amazed at the things your Sara did. But she wanted men too. I was happy to stick with women, but Sara was more hetero than lesbian. I wondered when she married you what she was up to. I was at your wedding, you don't remember, I can tell, but I wondered how a girl could love cock like Sara and marry someone so wimpy. I joked with her that you must have a sausage in your pants. I guess I was wrong," she laughed.

Her soft whisper drove me wild. Sara could not hear it, engrossed in the doings of the nurse.

"That's why she needs a sissy like you, Julie, so she can get her fill of feminine love, but still get real cock when the mood strikes her."

"He is getting close, see him jumping," the nurse told Sara. I felt the nurse attach something to my cock, and I tried to scream. "Just a tube to collect the semen, dear," she laughed.

"I've seen her do it," Dr. Nelson whispered, "bent over, a big cock in her, screaming in pleasure. You have too, haven't you, seen the look of lust in her eyes. Knowing that little cockette can never do that too her. Just wait, Julie, soon you are



going to have breasts, nice, soft, breasts for her to play with. She can sit on your face, massaging your breasts, while you suck the cum from her stud from her pussy."

That, dear readers, was too much. I started jerking like a fish out of water, spasm after spasm, feeling the nurse twist the tube in my ass, pressing against me. I felt cum gush from my cock, into the collection tube. I was breathing quickly, through my nose, mouth still tasting Sara on her panties. I was close to hyperventilating.

I thrust my pelvis up in the air as far as it could go, clenching onto the phallus in my rear, feeling an orgasm coming, and just as suddenly, disappearing. Waves of pleasure were crashing over me, or at least coming near me, but just out of reach. Ohhh, please, I wanted to orgasm so bad!

Dr. Nelson laughed in my ear. "That's what it's like for your wife, sissy, when she fucks you, dying to orgasm, but unable to. That's why she fucked a man, to feel a real orgasm again, not that unsatisfying shit you do to her. Enjoy the fair play, sissy, she is going to love tormenting you like that."

I was thrashing now, knowing an orgasm was not coming. It got so close, but still, it was so far.

"Nurse, will you clean up Sara's husband and take him for his blood work, I have some things to...talk to Sara about."

Dr. Nelson motioned to the door, and Sara opened it and stepped into the hall. As she was walking by me, Dr. Nelson leaned down to my ear and whispered, "I want to find out if your wife still remembers how to lick pussy as well as she did in college."

"Mmmmgggfff," I moaned in my gag, thrashing on the table, the half orgasm I'd had from the milking still rushing through my body, now only heightened by Dr. Nelson's comment. Sara licking pussy. Oh god, I moaned. I flexed, hips pumping the air, now on the boarder of desperation for a full orgasm. The image flickered in my mind, Sara, on her own knees, her head buried under Dr. Nelson's skirt, eagerly eating her pussy.

Yes, essentially cuckolded by Steve, and now by Dr. Nelson. I realized then, shivering, arms tugging at their bonds, legs spread wide, my stockings massaging them, tied to the stirrups, the nurse still holding the anal probe inside me, how much a cuckold I was. How much I needed to submit to Sara. How emotionally charged, how sexually charged I became with each act of Sara's infidelity.

Cuckolding was not simply Sara's selfishness, it was more than that, much more. In a way, it was my selfishness. I wanted it as much, if not more, than Sara. I don't know what makes us crave certain things sexually, why some people fantasize about sex on the beach, while others love a woman in boots. Who knows what in

my childhood made me this way.

What I did know was that for Sara and me, her infidelity was an act of love. I loved it, she loved it, we loved each other and were soulmates.

After Dr. Nelson left and closed the door behind her, the nurse told me to breath deeply, to help my body come down from the sexual edge.

I breathed through my nose, deeply, breath after breath, and felt my heart slow down slightly. "That's it, close your eyes," the nurse said. "Just focus on breathing."

I felt her start to move the probe from my behind, and I jumped and started breathing more shallow.

"No, sweetie, keep that breathing slow and deep," she said, pausing, "don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

I did as she said, as she slowly removed the probe, feeling it expel from me. "This will be cold," she warned, pressing something against my behind, wiping me, cleaning me up. Very much nurse duties, I suppose, taking care of a patient like this. "Okay, now part of milking is the denial of the full orgasm. So, your wife brought this," she said, taking my cock in her hand. I looked down to see her closing the chastity cage on me. "We don't want you wanking off as soon as you get to work," she laughed. "And ruining the whole thing."

The nurse then moved to my mouth, put her fingers on the panties. "Your wife's?" I nodded my head yes. "They make a nice gag in a pinch. Here, let me," she said, removing the panties from my mouth, putting them in a bag. "Be sure to give these to her when you are done."

"Yes, thank you," I said, my mouth a little dry.

"Okay, are you relaxed now? I'm going to undo your bonds, okay?"

"Yes, yes," I said, straining, dying to stretch my limbs.

She undid my hands, then moved to my legs, freeing them from their spread position in the stirrups.

"Okay, you can get up now. Your panties are over there," she said pointing to a chair. "Why don't you put them on, and get dressed. I'm going to take this to the lab," she held up the tube with semen, "and I'll be back in a few."

She watched me pull the panties up my legs, over my stockings, and fix them around my garter belt. "You know, your taste in lingerie is excellent." I blushed, I'm sure.

"And I must say, and believe me I don't say this about all the sissies we get in here, your figure is excellent. Assuming the lab clears you for hormones, you are going to look very pretty with breasts." I turned eight shades of red as the nurse turned on her heel and left the room without another word.

Twenty minutes later, she came back. I was dressed by now, sitting on a chair, shifting, reading some women's magazine about fall fashion. Nice.

Knocking as she opened the door, she asked if I was all set. I nodded.

"Good. Now, I have to let the doctor talk to you of course, but we saw no problems with the blood or semen work. I think things are going to work out just fine for you."

Sure, just fine, if fine means hormones, a loss of erection, and breasts, I thought, blushing. The nurse led me down a hall, stopped before a door with the doctor's name on it, and knocked. She opened it, and it was Dr. Nelson's office, apparently. Dr. Nelson was behind the desk, and my wife, smiling, was sitting in one of the two chairs in front of her.

I took the chair next to my wife, who leaned over and kissed me on the mouth, her tongue briefly finding mine. I closed my eyes to avoid having to look at Sara or Dr. Nelson when the smell drifted to me. The smell of a woman's pussy is very distinct, unmistakable, really. It's like no other smell. Hell, it's like no other taste.

And what smell and taste were on Sara's mouth, all over her face?

Yes. Pussy. Sweet, musky, pussy.

"Love you baby," she smiled as she pulled back.

"Yes, by the way," Dr. Nelson smiled at me. As in, yes, your wife still licks pussy like she did in college.

"Well, the good news is that the lab work looks great. Coupled with my exam, I have no problem starting you on a modified hormone regiment," Dr. Nelson said. She reached into her drawer and pulled out a package of pills. "This is the first month's. Just take them, one a day, well, just as your wife takes her pill. You are on the pill, right Sara? I mean..."

Sara laughed. "Yes, Susan, I'm on the pill."

"That's great, actually. You two can take your meds at the same time."

I reached out, shaking, afraid to take the case of pills off the desk, as if it was some final step, a point of no return.

"Now, I want to make an appointment with you for next week, both of you, actually. I want to discuss some of the, well, emotional aspects of what you two are doing, to make sure you are both adjusting well."

We made the appointment, left the office and went to our cars. Unbelievably, after that morning, I had to go to the office. Fuck, how the hell was I supposed to work?

By our cars, Sara kissed me again, giving me a taste of what was all over her face. I felt weak, powerless, in love, aroused and thrilled all in the two seconds of the kiss.

Oh, the kiss.

The kiss.

Part 07

On Tuesday morning, while I was getting dressed, Sara asked me to step into the bathroom with her.

"Yes, love," I asked.

"Honey, I take my pill in the morning, so like Dr. Nelson said, I think you should take yours then too," she smiled, holding out the package of hormones we got from the doctor.

"Oh, are...are we starting, I mean, you want me to start the hormones already?"

"Well, I don't see any reason to wait, do you?"

Reason? Only that I was about to take the first step down the road to having breasts! Only that Dr. Nelson said that once we started the hormones, I could lose the ability to have an erection. Only that she also warned that I would not be able to have regular sex with Sara, for fear of hurting myself. Only that I was terrified.

"But, Sara, Dr. Nelson said that...well...we can't...you know, I can't...I mean, I should not...penetrate you...after we start."

"Yes, yes, of course, so you don't get hurt with a partial erection, I know."

"But, if I take this...I mean...then we can't..."

"Have sex, I know," she looked hard at me. "Does that bother you, Julie?"

"Yes, a little," I admitted.

"Because a sissy husband with a little cock like that should expect to fuck his wife every night, right," she said, "no matter how unsatisfying it is for her."

Her words actually stung. "No, Sara, I mean, yes, it's just that, well, I thought..."

"I know what you thought, Julie, that you'd get to stick that thing in me one more time."

Yes, she was right, at least one more time.

"But love, you know that's not what I want, don't you?"

I lowered my eyes, face reddening. Of course not.

"And love...look at me...you don't really want that either, do you? I mean, honestly, do you really want to pretend to be a man? Do you? After all we've been through? Or is it just one last fling, really, an attempt to try one more time."

I wasn't sure. I mean, was I giving up too much?

"Well, love, listen, I'll tell you what. I don't have a problem waiting till tomorrow to start these, hell, if you really want, you don't have to take them at all, that choice is yours. But, you have a choice, love."

"A choice?"

"Sure, just as everything we've done has been within your ability to stop or change. I want you to think about this today at the office. Think about what you really want, and what you really are. Are you a sissy, pure and true, or are you just pretending to be one? Do you really want to be submissive, or just play at it?"

"Sara, I..."

"No, no, don't answer. You've had to choose so many things, love, so choose this. You want to make love? Great. Tonight, you can come home and do one of two things. If you want one last shot at me as a man, fine, I can accept that. I won't enjoy it, but I'll indulge you one last time."

"When I get home, I want to find you naked, totally naked, on the bed. I promise I'll let you fuck me, that I'll let you role play at being the man. I can promise you I won't enjoy it, but I promise I won't hate it, either. Worse thing, of course, is that it won't do a thing for me, sexually. Sure you'll get your rocks off, though."

"Or?"

"Or, you come home, same, and I want to find you on the bed, in something sexy. Wait...wait...better yet. At lunch today I want you to go to Victoria's Secret and buy something sexy. Yes," she smiled, warming to the thought, "either way, I want you to go shopping."

"I want you to buy something very sexy. If you want to play the man, buy it for me, and I'll wear it for you when I let you fuck me. I'll be your fantasy whore, love, you can pretend you are my John," she laughed, "my client, and you bought me for a couple of hours. I'll pretend to be your call girl, and you can fuck me to your heart's delight. Of course, like a real hooker, I won't actually enjoy any of it."

"But...but, love, but...if you are ready now to accept your role in our marriage, if that's what you really want, don't buy me something sexy at Victoria's Secret...buy it for yourself. Then, I want you on the bed, waiting for me. You are going to be my whore for the night. I'm going to be your client and...if that's what you want...I'm going to get out the strap on cock and fuck you. You've had that once before, Julie."

"Sara you want me to..."

"To chose, love, as always. It's really quite simple. Before you take your hormones, choose if you want to play the man one last time. If so, I'll be your whore tonight. But, if instead, you choose to be what you are, you'll be my whore. Choose between man and woman, giving and receiving cock, choose which path you take," she smiled.

"But..."

"No...no 'buts' love," she cut me off, "do you understand what I'm telling you?"

"Yes."

"Good," she said, putting my pills away. "Now go get dressed for work. Get out your chastity cage, too, I want you to wear that today. I don't want you all sexed out before tonight," she smiled.

Sara watched me dress, and before I put on my suit, fastened the chastity cage around my cock. "There you go, love, now finish getting ready, I have to get

going," she said, and gave me a kiss goodbye. "Really just decide what size you are buying today at lunch, to fit you or me," she laughed, walking out of the room.

I spent the morning at the office staring at the wall, getting nothing done. Choose, she said, between being a man and a woman. Which was I? Which path was right for me? Didn't I want to fuck my wife, at least one more time? I knew that even later, I suppose I could have. Some Viagra would increase the blood flow, making it safe, etc. But mentally, even before the hormones, I wanted to be the woman not the man, it was much too late for me to be the man.

At Victoria's Secret again, I thought. How many times was I going to come to this store? Walking in, part of me wanted to buy something for Sara. She offered to be my whore. I could only imagine her, giving herself up to me for an evening. Fuck it, who cared if she found any sexual pleasure from it, cause I knew that I'd at least get an evening of fucking her. Looking over at a display of panties and bras, I thought, yes, I want her to be my whore.

"Can I help you with something," I heard a voice behind me asking. Sure, always a pretty sales girl here to help the man who wanders into the store all alone.

"Um, yes...I'm looking for something...I...I like this," I said, pointing to the sheer and lace bra and panty set on the table in front of us.

"Well, that is nice," she said, "for your," she looked down at my finger, at my wedding band, "wife, I assume," she smiled.

"Yes," I said. It was a lie, of course. As much as I wanted Sara to be my whore, I knew the second I was asked, I could never do it that way. I could not buy something in her size, I was a cuckold. A sissy cuckold. Who was I kidding?

"Yes, for my wife." Hey, maybe it wasn't a complete lie. It was for my wife, in a way, just like when a wife buys something slutty to wear, its for her husband, in a way, for her to put on and seduce him in. Lingerie, the gift that keeps on giving.

She looked at me with a coy look in her eye, "you must have a special evening planned. What size bra does she wear?"

"34C," I thought. "36C," I answered, my size with my fake breasts.

"Let me see, yes, here we go," she said, picking up the bra, "it's very pretty." She held it up, showing off the sheer cups of the bra, trimmed in lace. "And her panty size?"

Again, "medium" I thought, but answered large. She picked up a matching pair of panties, sheer, satin and lace.

"You know, this is a set, I mean, it has a matching garter belt, would you like that," she asked being helpful?

"Um, sure, I think so."

She went to another table, and gathered up a garter belt. "Large?"

"No, medium."

"Yes, large," I answered, looking away.

"Does your wife need stockings too, for this? We recently received some full fashioned silk stockings. They are kind of expensive, but would be lovely with this set." I thought back to the silk stockings I'd bought her before. Oh, yes, she loves silk stockings. I'm sure she'd love them on her whore, on me.

"You know, she...she loves silk stockings," I choked out. We picked out a pair, in my size, again, of course.

I started to walk to the check out area.

"You know, sir, if I may suggest, I mean...we have a sheer half robe that matches this set almost perfectly. If you pair that with some of these lace fingerless gloves, and these lace socks, it makes a very romantic set. I hate to suggest anything to...well...forward, but for a married couple, and a romantic evening, they add a touch of class to the simple bra and panty set."

Shit, coupled with some heels, I'd be just what Sara wanted. A whore. Costumed as a high class whore. I'd be what we both wanted. Irresistible. A terrified, eager, irresistible whore.

It's a good thing I had the cage on or I would have went home and masturbated like crazy.

I was able to spend the rest of the afternoon catching up on paperwork at the office, thinking I really should just do this from home. At four, I decided to head home and get ready, realizing I'd need a shower and time to dress for my "client" or my "john".

At home, I decided on a bath, rather than a shower, and used some wonderful bath oil, to smooth my skin. I cleaned all over, including "inside", scented where I could, knowing how a woman should always be fresh. Luckily makeup was getting easier to put on, so I did up my face, my eyes, my lips, taking time to do it right, to impress Sara, my "client".

I wore a straight blonde wig, not wanting to be too "trashy" but still sexy. As I glued on my breasts, I actually fantasized about the day, after hormones, that I would have these for real. A fantasy of dread, and of anticipation, the yin and yang. Red press on nails completed that aspect of my feminization, and I knew I was a vision of beauty, that's what I'd become.

I dressed in the lingerie, wrapping the sheer bra around my breasts, hands shaking ever so slightly. I started to put on the panties and realized that today, unlike at work, the panties had to go over my garter belt. A whore should do nothing that might slow down her client's ability to get to her. So I stepped into the garter belt and ever so carefully pulled the silk stockings up my hairless legs.

Silk stockings. A luxury beyond belief.

Finally, of course, the panties, over my little cock, my poor little cock, trapped

in the chastity cage. I slipped the lace ankle socks over my hose, and put on platform heels. The last steps, the matching gloves and the wrap completed my outfit. I stood looked into the mirror, shivered, unable to believe what I'd done.

So easily? So easily I'd sacrificed a night with my wife, a night of using her like a man, for once, of taking her like a slut, of possessing her. She offered herself to me, to be my whore, my prostitute, willing to do anything, and I'd rejected that.

I'd rather submit to her. Not just submit. I'd rather submit to her as her woman. That's what I wanted. Given the choice between man and woman, I'd chosen to be her woman. I was the whore, not her. I was the one offering up her body, not Sara. I was the slut, not my wife. I was the sissy, I knew, unable to enjoy it any other way.

A half our later, I heard the garage door open, Sara arriving home, and hoped quickly onto the bed, posing, waiting for my wife.

I smiled, hoping that when she came in, she would be happy. Of course, I knew she would be. Even though she had offered to submit to me, to be my whore, I knew she wanted it this way, that she always wanted to possess me, not be possessed by me.

Sara walked into the bedroom, looked at me, but said nothing. I sat there, on the bed, waiting for some morsel of approval, or even disapproval, who knows, maybe she wanted to be my whore, but I could read nothing from her face. I wanted to yell out to her, beg her for some approval, but I was afraid to say anything to her, of her reaction.

Sara tossed something to me, it landed on the bed, a key. "That's for the cage. Take it off, but don't touch. I'll be back." She turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her. Part of me wanted to run after her. Did I make the right choice? Please, dammit, Sara, tell me, I wanted to yell. I took off the chastity cage, and immediately my cock sprang to life, filling nicely my panties.

I waited for Sara, afraid to move, afraid to even think, anticipating, wondering, needing her. I looked at the clock. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty.

Finally, twenty-five minutes later, a knock at the door startled me.

"Yes," I called out. The door opened, and what I saw startled me much more than the knock to the door.

Sara walked in. Well, I assume it was Sara. Of course it was Sara, but, fuck, Sara?

Sara, my sweet Sara had undergone a transformation, much like myself. Or, the opposite of myself, really. Where I was feminine, sweet, soft, lingerie clad, made up, Sara had...had become...shit.

Sara walked in the room, dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and tie, wingtips. She was...a man. Her hair was slicked back, she wore no makeup. The clothes fit her perfectly. I thought they might be mine, but the suit fit too well, too tailored.



She had gotten this for herself, to do this to herself. Sara had done as well transforming herself into a man as I had a woman.

"Julie? They said you were ready, downstairs, they said just to head on up," she said, masking her voice slightly, lowering it just enough, an octave, maybe. "I have the right room? The girl in the parlor said room 210, that it was unlocked. It was the only room unlocked."

"I'm sorry, I..."

"Unlocked. 210. Julie," she smiled, "that room where girls were already serving a customer, or unoccupied rooms, were all locked, so I couldn't screw it up," she said, standing there, legs apart, arms on her hips, standing there, looking...masculine.

"Sara, I..." I understood now, a little. She was role playing. Whore? Who was to be the whore? Well, it was not just a figure of speech, she was actually role playing, and I was...I was the whore, she was my client, my "john".

"Sara," she said, puzzled, "Steve, my name is Steve."

I think I actually felt the shiver run down my spine. Part of my brain picked up on this quickly, the role playing, but part of me was quickly just as terrified, just as humiliated. Steve? She had to pick that name? Why...why not John or Bob or Tom? Why Steve?

Why the name of the man that fucked her in front of me?

Why the name of the man that cuckolded me?

That's why, of course, that's why.

"I...", I was simply too shocked to answer, to stir. Steve?

"I'm sorry, it's Julie, right," she asked in her deep voice.

"Yes," I gasped.

"I'm just a little nervous," she said, "I've never been to a hook...I'm sorry, to a prostit...I don't mean to insult you...you know, to a place like this before."

"Why...why..." I asked, still stuck on the name Steve. Why that name, I was trying to ask, why not another name?

"Why a...a call girl? Why would guy like me pay for it? I wondered that myself," she...or he...laughed.

"No...I..."

She continued. "I'm sorry, I'm just a little nervous. Well, I mean, first of all, your beautiful, you're so sexy," Sara or Steve smile, "so, I mean..." she blushed.

"But...Steve..." I meant to ask as a question, as in why Steve?

"Yes? Anyway, sorry, I was saying," she stepped closer to the bed, "I don't usually do this, if I want...I'll just date or something, but...I'm sorry, I don't mean to talk so much."

I tried to get into the role, since it was clear that's what she wanted, and I

wanted to play too. I reached up to her...or him...I was having trouble keeping it straight, "it's...it's okay, some...men," I choked on the word, "some men are nervous and want to talk first."

She smiled, took a step closer. "You are right. I'm just nervous. I mean, I've never been to a prostitute before, and I...don't usually get into kinky stuff, but..." she trailed off, "I met this woman and...we...well...anyway, she was amazing," she laughed, "kind of kinky, I don't think this will embarrass you, but we had sex, in a club, with some guy watching."

I felt like I was kicked in the gut, my mouth open.

"Well," she went on, "not just some guy. We had sex in front of her husband. I didn't know it at the time, but the next day I called her and she told me she was married. Not only that, but the guy, who I thought was gay, I mean, he looked like a fag, well, she said he was her husband."

I was shaking now.

"Husband? I mean, I was shocked. Husband? That guy? Fuck, I thought he was just some gay friend of hers. I think he was even wearing make up, it was hard to tell. Anyway she tells me, no, it's true, that was her husband, that they got off like that, when she fucked other men like that. I thought, man, what a kinky bitch, but whatever, she was one amazing fuck, so whatever."

"But...she..."

"Yea, she fucked me with him watching. He didn't say anything anyway, just stared, like he'd lost his mind," she laughed. "I wanted to see her again. See her, hell, fuck her, but she said no, I'm married. I was like, but you already did it...in front of him. She said, no, not that, she wanted to see me, but she wanted her husband to call and set up a date for me and her."

My eyes were so wide open, my mouth and tongue gasping, shocked.

"Now, it's been almost three weeks and I'm going crazy. I don't want to call her and ruin it, I don't want to go out to the bars and run into her and ruin it, but I'm going nuts and need to fuck something...so...I'm sorry, that's a long answer to why I'm here at a hooker."

"But didn't you...didn't she..."

"I told you, she loved it. I guess her husband is, well, doesn't have much of a package," she laughed, "so she wants and needs a real man, to make her cum. Hell, I was only too happy to take care of her, I mean, she was smoking hot, and came onto me like a hooker in heat. Sorry, don't mean any offense."

"A real man," I stupidly asked.

"Sure, you know. You must have had some pretty pathetic guys in here. If you fuck for a living, you have to have men of all sizes, big to small. She said he is smaller than any guy she's ever been with. Anyway, it's been three weeks since I

banged that woman, and until she calls again, I guess I just have to be with a hooker," she said leering at me.

She took off her jacket, threw it across the room to a chair. I stared at her shirt. What was there...or not there...her breasts...gone...flat chested...somehow wrapped, I'm sure. Instinctively, I knew what else I'd find.

"You know, you were right," she growled, "all this talk has made me feel better, less nervous...horny," she laughed. "I'm just so frustrated, sexually, I'd love to fuck that Sara, but all I've got available is some whore."

"Why don't you call her," I asked, trying to stall what I knew as inevitable.

"She said her loser husband is going to call me. Listen, what the fuck, I want to bang her again, sure, but I guess I have to wait. It's okay, cause I've got you for the next hour."

"But...you are going out with her again?"

"Sure. But tonight, I'm getting you." She moved onto the bed next to me, put her hands on my face.

I tried to move back, uncomfortable, wanting to talk to her more as Steve, to see what I could learn.

"Wait, what...what about her husband, aren't you worried about him?"

She threw her head back and laughed. "Her little husband? Well, no, I think I have quite a bit more to offer her," she said, grabbing her crotch, "just like I have it for you. Besides, there's something else she told me about him. He's a sissy. Apparently, not only did he look like a fag that night at the club, he actually wears women's clothes, even lingerie to work, under his suit."

"She...she told you that."

"Yep. The day after the club, on the phone, when she told me he was her husband. I didn't believe it, I mean what guy watches his wife get banged by another man. She laughed, said a guy that's not a man himself, and she told me how she has been...what did she call it...feminizing him. She has fake tits for him and everything, wigs, makeup. She said he is really quite breathtaking all dressed up." Laughter. "I asked her if he really was gay, or bi, I guess, whatever. Know what she said?"

"No...what," I asked, not sure if I really wanted to know.

"Not yet." I felt the room chill. What was Sara doing to me.

"Not yet," I whispered?

"Yea, I asked her what she meant by that. She said he, or she, or whatever you call a sissy, was only into women for now."

"For...for now, Sara?"

"You mean Steve," she scolded me, "yes, for now, she said. She is training him, though," she said, her hand on my stocking, teasing my garter strap.

"How," I croaked, captivated by my wife's assumption of the role of her lover.

"Well...I shouldn't really say, she promised me not to tell, but what's the harm, it's not like he is going to be going to a prostitute, and hear it from you. She has been dominating him, you know, assuming control of things. She also said she is going to train him to cock like you train a dog to a leash. She has a dildo, to get him used to cock, for later. Baby steps I guess."

"You mean...she...I don't understand."

"Damn, don't you see? She gets him used to the fake cock, gets her sissy hooked on a cock, even a fake cock, so when she introduces him to the real thing, it's not such a shock."

"The real thing?" My blood ran cold with terror. Just what was she doing? Why...my head was spinning.

"That's what I asked," she laughed, "you're really going to get him to take the real thing? She laughed, said, yea, why, you interested? Ha, I want that pussy of hers, but who knows, maybe her sissy can give me a blow job sometime when he wants the real thing in his mouth."

"The real thing?" My mouth was dry.

"Yep, she said if he is going to dress like a woman, he should suck cock like a woman."

"The real thing," I repeated, dumbfounded, "she wants him to have the real thing?" I could not believe this...what was she saying?

"Yes, lover, the real thing," Sara whispered, her voice higher. Her voice. Not Steve's voice. She answered me, out of character, as my wife, not role playing for that answer. She was answering, just for a second. "A real cock, the real thing," she said.

"But, what...you never...I...not that...real..." the words jumbled out of my mouth. The real thing?

**THE REAL THING?**

A real cock?

A cock?

"Listen, enough talk," she said, her voice lower again, suddenly Steve again, not my wife, "I only paid for an hour and I want my half and half, I'm not paying for another hour," she said, her brief visit as Sara, my wife, gone, now, Steve, her role, back.

"Half and half," I asked her.

"Yea, duh, you know, half blow job, half sex, quit stalling," she said, grapping my hips, pulling me around. "Let's go," she said sharply, moving to the edge of the bed. She pointed to the floor and obviously wanted me to kneel. A classic cock sucking position, one of power and submission, the sucker, giving the blow job,

submissive, kneeling before her lover, the dominant.

She looked down at me, lustfully, "Come on, take it out," she growled. I reached up to her pants, my hands touched the crotch, felt the hardness inside, the cock, my wife, or Steve, offered to me, demanded I take. I unzipped the zipper, my hands reached inside, felt cotton boxer shorts, the cock, the dildo, inside. I reached in the boxers, coming into contact with the cock, Steve's cock, I thought, erotically, half disgusted. It was a different dildo. Bigger than the one Sara had used before, just slightly longer and thicker.

"Yea, that's it, take it out. Ohh," she moaned as I pulled it out, "you are hot, but I can't get my mind off Sara. I want her so bad." I moved closer, the cock in my hands, my mouth open.

"Yes, that's good, bitch," she snarled, "suck my cock. Hmmm, you're good," she moaned, "but what else would I expect from a girl that sucks cock for a living. You know what I want? Sara hasn't sucked me yet. She promised too, when we...ohhhh," she moaned, "when we talked."

"What," I asked, mouth full of her cock.

"Her on her knees like this, sucking me. I want to cum in her mouth. I want her to swallow it. I want her to go home to her pussy husband with cum on her breath. I want him knowing who his wife submits to, whose cock she craves."

I moaned, sucking on the cock as her words burned into my brain.

"She wants it too, that kinky bitch, I know it. She told me how weird it was whenever she went down on her sissy husband, his underdeveloped cock barely filling her mouth. She said she wants it too...ohhh, yea, keep doing that, massage my balls...she wants it...ohhh," Steve/Sara gasped. I pulled at the dildo, massaging it, and realized it was different...it was not just the cock...there was something else, part of it was inside her, rubbing on her.

Oh my god, as I sucked it, it rubbed inside her, and on her clit. I was getting her off sucking it, she was not faking it, this was true sexual pleasure. I was bringing her to orgasm sucking cock. Steve's cock.

She grabbed my head, pulling her cock, his cock, the cock, into my mouth. "Ohhh," she continued to moan, pleasure washing over her. "Yea, yea, I know that bitch wants to suck my cock. She said the only thing she regretted about fucking me at the club was that she didn't get to taste my cock first."

Shove! The cock pushed into my mouth.

"She said when we go out, she wants to suck my cock right away, she's been masturbating to the thought for a week. She said....ohhh....she said it's been two years since she sucked a real cock," Sara moaned, waves of pleasure washing over her, shaking.

I was concentrating on deep throating the cock, sucking it, pumping at it with

my hands, and I almost missed what she said.

Two years?

Two years!

We had been married for almost five years. What did she mean?

**TWO YEARS?**

I looked up, my eyes wide open, "gggmmmfff," it sounded when I said two years. I choked.

**TWO YEARS?**

She had hold of my head, the back, pushing my face down on the cock so I was unable to talk.

"Yea...ohhhh....yes, suck it, whore, come on. You like hearing about her? About the next woman who is going to suck my cock?"

"tttwwwffffrrrrsss..." I exclaimed.

She had both sides of my head in her hands, guiding me, moving my head, her hips fucking my mouth, getting off on the pressure on her clit, inside her.

"I couldn't believe it either, but she said it'd been two years since she had a real cock, the poor girl. You get them everyday, but she has gone that long without sucking real cock."

"wwwhhhh," I gasped, chocking on her cock, trying to figure out. Two years? I wanted to pull away, demand what she was talking about, break role. Was she teasing me? Trying to turn me on? It terrified me, but I only sucked harder, making her squirm in pleasure. What did she mean? Two years ago? What did she do?

"Yea, keep sucking, yea, get up, come on, on the bed," she said, pulling me up. Get those panties off, I'm going to fuck you now, come on."

I stood, slipped off my panties while Sara shed her shoes, pulled off her pants, and boxer shorts, even her shirt and tie. She was standing there in a white tank tee shirt, flat chested, breasts bound to her, and socks, her cock jutting out. Dammit, two years ago. I wanted to know what she meant.

"On the bed, on your knees, whore," Sara growled.

"Sara," I started. I was rewarded with a sudden slap on my ass. "Steve," she snarled, shoving me down onto my hands and knees. I felt her come up behind me, the cock, finding my crack, wet, hard, lubricated, and with a quick motion, pushed inside me and she or he...my wife or her lover, were fucking me.

Waves of pleasure shot through my body as the cock buried its way in me, filling me, then pulled out, only to renew the assault all over. I was being fucked. "Like the cock, bitch? I wonder if you like it as much as that sissy's wife did?"

I shuddered, almost collapsing onto the bed, her taunting, her role playing as Steve driving me insane. She was not done, though, not at all. I felt her lean over my back, the cotton tee shirt pressing onto my skin.

"Two years," I whispered?

"Two years? What do you mean? Oh, what, you want to know how my little bitch sucked off," she whispered in ear, deep voice, becoming Steve. "I asked her about it, I was curious how often she did this. She said two years ago she was a bridesmaid at her cousin's wedding."

A vision of that day leaped into my mind, of Sara, in her rose satin dress, almost outshining the bride as the prettiest woman at the wedding. I was sulking that day, I'd had too much to drink, and was angry at Sara for something stupid from a day earlier.

"The groom's college roommate was the groomsman my slut Sara was paired with."

Another vision. Sara had responded to my sullen mood by spending the afternoon and evening dancing with her groomsman. No. She couldn't have.

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned as she pushed her cock deeper into me.

"She said her husband was an ass that day. She wanted a romantic day with him and he blew her off. He should not have done that. She said she wore her own wedding lingerie that day under her bride's maid dress, the very lingerie she'd worn on her own wedding day, a fantasy for her husband..." she pulled the cock out, and pushed it in harder, "who never knew because he was mad and because another man flirted with her. She said when her loser husband was half drunk at the bar, the groomsman took her on a walk on the golf course, kissed her, and she was angry at her husband. To get back at him, she did what her suitor wanted."

"On the third tee box, she knelt down," the cock shoved farther into me, and I moaned.

"Opened his pants," Steve was fucking me, fucking her.

"Took out a cock like she had not seen in years," the waves of an orgasm were crashing closer.

"Sucked his hard dick while playing with her pussy under her dress, playing with her wedding lingerie, knowing she was getting even with her husband."

I gasped.

"And swallowed a huge mouthful of cum from this man she had just met," she practically shouted, pounding the silicone cock into my ass.

"The best cock I sucked in years." Her own voice, quivered, orgasm washed over her body, orgasm from fucking me.

As I heard her orgasm, I felt those same waves through my body, running from her cock, to my ass, to my little cock, and I erupted, cum shooting all over the bed. My head spun, I felt dizzy, moaned uncontrollably, full of shame at what I'd heard.

Sara...or Steve, I suppose, pushed me down onto the bed, into my own cum, burying the cock deep into my ass, holding it there, working her own orgasm over

and over, her own dominance over me in the form of her lover fucking a prostitute.

I lay there, the cock buried in me, Sara finally stirring, pulling out.

"You're good," she said, "not as good as Sara, but good. Tell you what, if I don't hear from her this week, I'll be back next week," she told me. "No offense, I'd rather fuck her, but you are a close second. And I know she will be back, I just know it, how bad she wants my cock."

There was my challenge. Sara, acting as Steve was telling me what she wanted. Steve. She wanted Steve.

But the questions were running through my brain.

Sara spoke, "I'm going to get changed in the hallway bathroom. Your tip is on the dresser. Twenty bucks for my fuck slut," she laughed. "Maybe I'll see you next week, we will see," she said, leaving the room.

I lay on the bed, confused, spent. A real cock? She said, as Steve, then herself, that she wanted me to experience a real cock. She...she had to be joking. I wasn't gay. I...no way, she couldn't. She wouldn't.

And then...two years ago? She sucked a guy off at that wedding. What the hell was she doing to me. Sara was scaring me.

Terrifying me.

I twisted, feeling the mess of cum on my stomach from the sheets.

She was thrilling me too. Terrifying and thrilling.

My queen.

I lay there on the bed, in my wet cum, for twenty minutes or so, wondering if Sara was coming back in, but she didn't. Finally, I got up, changed the bed sheets and took a shower to freshen up. When I was sitting on the bed, drying my hair with a towel, my growing hair, thinking soon I would not need a wig, Sara walked into the bedroom, dressed in her skirt suit from work. She looked...pretty. Feminine.

It was amazing, the transformation, earlier, from Sara to Steve, and just as amazing now, Steve back to Sara.

"Sara," I gasped.

"Sorry I'm late, I got held up at the office," she said.

"Late...but...but you..."

"I know, I should have called, it was a last minute thing."

She was playing like it never happened.

"But...you...what about...I," she'd thrown me for a loop with her statement.

"But...what about Jen and Sean's wedding?"

"Jen and Sean's wedding," she repeated, a confused look on her face, a hint of fear in her voice, "what...what are you talking about?"

"When...when you..." I couldn't say the words. What was happening now was



happening with my knowledge, and really, with my consent. What she said happened then was pure infidelity, even if it was the true start of all of this.

We looked at each other. "When I what," she asked, not meeting my eye.

When you sucked a man's dick, I wanted to shout. "You...you."

"Honey, you are not making any sense."

I realized that her little play acting as Steve was a way for her to tell me something without telling me. I didn't say anything, unsure of what to think, say or do.

"You know, come here, put your mouth to better work than that," Sara smiled, hiking up her skirt, tugging down her panties. "This is really something we should make more of a habit of, really, your way of showing some devotion when I get home from work. Sometimes at the office, I get all hot and wet, surrounded by all those men."

I was down on my knees, attacking her pussy, the one true object of my physical affection for her, the sweet folds, parted, my tongue dancing, lapping, tasting her juices.

"You must know the feeling, love, seeing all those men, picturing their hard bodies, wondering what their straining cocks would be like, wanting to take one, back into a closet, and go down on him. Right?"

Sara was running her fingers through my hair now, pulling my face into her pussy. "Right," she repeated.

"Hmmm," I moaned, sucking.

"I said you know the feeling, Julie, when you are at the office, wearing sexy lingerie under you clothes, feeling sexy, imagining yourself sucking a man's cock. The real thing, Julie, sucking the real thing."

If not for her juices all over my mouth, I'd have gone as dry as a desert. The real thing. She'd said the real thing again. A real cock.

"It's what I dream about almost every day at work. Don't you think of it too, when you are at the office," she moaned, pushing her pussy hard against my mouth, "taking some random man and sucking his cock?"

"NOOOO," my brain screamed. "Sara, no, I..."

"In your sexy lingerie, the silk and satin caressing your body as you kneel down and unzip his pants, reach in, take out his cock, open your mouth, tongue out, your lips on that cock."

I tried shaking my head, pulling back, I wanted to tell her that disgusted me, just the thought of a man's cock.

"I didn't tell you to stop licking," she growled, pulling my face into the folds of her pussy.

"Mmmmffff," I said, tongue inside her.

"You already tasted cum, Julie, don't you want to get it right from a man?"

I shook my head no. I wasn't gay. I wasn't gay. I kept repeating that to myself.

"You don't want to suck a man's cock?" In my mind, the image of me going down on Sara as Steve flashed. Sucking a cock. A man's cock.

"Don't you, love," she demanded. I shook my head again.

"Then tell me, why," I felt Sara's foot on the front of my robe, at my crotch, on my own cock, her nylon stocking on my satin robe, "tell me why your little clitty is throbbing when I talk about it?"

Her words caused a chill to run down my spine. She was right. I wasn't hard until she started talking about cock. I was semi hard when I started eating her pussy, but it was only at her words about cock that I truly sprang to life.

How could I do anything but press my mouth harder against her pussy, pushing her to the edge of orgasm.

"Thought so," she moaned, reaching orgasm, pulling my face deep into her pussy, riding it, before finally pushing me backwards, gasping.

"Sara...I..."

"What lover," she asked, her face showing dizzy pleasure from her orgasm.

"I'm scared," I finally said.

"Scared of what?"

"Scared of what you want from me, Sara, what you want me to do!"

"What I want," she said, raising an eyebrow, pushing her leg onto my cock.

"Sara...I'm not like that."

"Like what?"

"You want me to be gay?"

"Gay," she asked, "God, no, Julie, I never want you to be with another woman!"

"Another woman," I asked, incredulous.

She just smiled, her smile humiliating me more than words. Of course, because I was a woman. "Now, if you want to be with a man, I suppose I'm okay with that, Julie, I mean, I'm with other men," she said.

Me with a man? Her with men?

"Man," I asked, "You mean man, Steve?"

"I mean what I said."

Men. Not man, men. I felt my cock stiffen just a little more, pressed against her nylon.

"Oh, that shocked you, didn't it," she smiled, stroking my cock harder with her leg. "Man, men, it really does not change the fact that you are a cuckold, that your wife needs to find sexual satisfaction in the bed of other men, does it?"

"Oh, Sara," I moaned, humping her.

"Tell me love, I know why I enjoy it, both the pure physical thrill from a man,

and the dominance over you, but why does it turn you on?"

I looked up at her, my sexual excitement mixed with her very real question.

"Jealousy," I mumbled.

"Jealousy? Tell me, why jealousy?"

"I don't know," I was forced to admit.

She pulled her leg away from me. "No, that's not good enough, lover. Listen, it's late, I'm hungry and this is a serious discussion. I think we need to have this talk. I've told you I want you to set up a date with Steve for me, and before you do that, I want to talk about this."

I was gasping, desperate to cum again, but what could I do...Sara controlled my life and my world.

"After work tomorrow, we are going to talk, love, about this, okay?"

Okay? Of course, as Sara wished...as Sara wished...

Part 08

The next morning, Sara walked into our bedroom as I was getting dressed. "Baby, wear something extra pretty today under your suit, I want to go out to dinner tonight," she smiled at me. I immediately thought of two separate, but equally bizarre thoughts. Something pretty? It was not like I had some cotton "granny drawers" I could pull out and wear. Everything was something pretty. The other thought? Going out? What evil plan did she have.

Sara read my mind, partially anyway. "Nothing kinky, love, I just want to go out to dinner with you, a nice quiet evening for the two of us."

I looked at her suspiciously.

"Seriously, baby," she said, a slight tone of concern in her voice, "do I have to tell you over and over? I love you, hon, and I want to spend time with you, okay? Nothing more than that."

Of course. We were a couple, we were married, we were in love. I felt the same way about her. I loved the kinky, but I loved being around her, being her friend, which really was the basis of our relationship.

I thought about her request for something pretty for a minute, pausing at my lingerie drawer, looking for something pretty among a drawer full of something pretty. Of course, I smiled, it was all so pretty, a daily exercise in femininity, in being pretty for my wife, lover and best friend.

As I was dressing, putting on a white silk camisole to match my garter belt and panties, Sara walked back in the room, looked me over and paused, mouth open. "You know, you take my breath away, love," she smiled, "you really do."

I blushed, embarrassed at her words, feeling slightly objectified, but also proud, pleased to have that effect on my wife.

Sara walked up to me, put her hands around my waist, moved her own stocking

covered leg in between mine, reached her mouth to me, kissed me deeply, quickly, sighing, as her own scent surrounded us both. "I mean it so much," she said, breaking off the kiss, leaving me both speechless and breathless.

Her hands moved up my waist, up my sides, effortlessly gliding over the soft silk of my camisole, coming forward closer together as her fingers found the soft skin of my chest, the area around my nipples. She massaged, her nylon leg rubbing on mine, her fingers dancing over my chest, teasing, dizzying.

"They are getting more sensitive, aren't they," she smiled at me, squeezing the flesh of my chest. "Can you feel them? Every nerve is coming alive, waking up, becoming more sensitive, charged."

Her fingers found my nipples, grasped around them, closed around them, squeezed. "The hormones are slowly doing their work, lover, rushing through your body, changing you ever so slightly. Making new parts of you sensitive, alive, sexually charged."

"Oh, Sara," I moaned as she pinched my nipples.

"Oh, Julie," she mocked me, her sexual smile teasing me. "I know you won't regret this lover." She gathered her hands around the flesh. "I can tell you are changing, I can feel the difference. You can too, can't you? Have you felt it? Your breasts are growing, love, your breasts! Think of it. Your breasts."

She kneaded my chest. "An A cup, I'd say. You are changing. I'd be careful going to the gym," she laughed, "cause some guys would notice now, you are surely growing small breasts. Of course, we have a little ways to go, for you to grow into your bras, don't you."

"Grow into them," I quivered, stepping back slightly. "Sara, the...my bras are all a C cup." I didn't know why she picked that size to get me; I'd just assumed it was an average size, easiest to find.

"I know what size the bras are, Julie," she smile. She knew? Of course she knew. Sara knew everything. She'd planned every move, every step, left nothing to chance. It was the way her mind worked, devilishly, I suppose, seeing farther out. I hated to think of such a simple analogy, but it leapt into my mind quite often lately.

I was playing checkers.

She was playing chess.

I was simply moving across the board, thinking that all I had to do was get to the end. Simply to make love to her, or please her. It was all so simple.

She was playing chess. Every move she made was based on something that would happen days or weeks later.

I had no chance against her. But, I didn't want a chance either.

Of course, a C cup, it was not random. It was well thought out on her part. A C cup bra meant C cup breasts. Her goal.

"C cup?" I said, questioning.

"Don't worry love, don't worry about anything. I've talked to the doctor. If the hormones don't work that well, or do it fast enough, you can get implants."

I think she totally misunderstood my concern. It wasn't that I'd have trouble getting to breasts like that. Quite the opposite, it was that I'd have breasts like that. Holy fuck, that was not something I could hide from people.

"Either way, hormones or implants, they will be real, sensitive, perky, and, well, a lot like mine."

That's exactly what terrified me. A lot like hers. Breasts that men noticed, especially with a push up bra. Breasts that did not hide quietly under a top. Breasts that were there for all to see. Wonderful on my wife. Terrifying on me!

I finished getting dressed for work, putting on my suit and tie over my lingerie, and all I could do was stare. In the mirror, down to my shirt. Fuck. Even though I had a small A cup chest, not even noticeable, of course, Sara's words made me feel like I had a set of DD tits pushing out from my chest. I felt like I was going to work in a wet tee shirt.

You know the most terrifying part to me? A part of me actually liked it. Liked the thought of having breasts for the world to see. And another part wanted to crawl under the bed and hide.

I got to the office and stepped into the elevator and watched the doors shut, alone in thought. The doors opened on the next level of the underground garage and Melissa, one of the secretaries at my office got on. Melissa always intimidated me. She was nice as could be, not at all unfriendly, but her incredible beauty always made me nervous around her. Story of my life, really, intimidated by beautiful women. It's no wonder I came to be dominated by one in marriage.

I kept my eyes downcast, typical for me in the presence of a pretty woman. Stare at the ground, or better yet, at their feet, if they wore nylons and heels. Today I was fixated on Melissa's white stockings, her white strappy sandals, fantasizing about kneeling before her and worshipping her feet. Fucked up fantasy, of course, as if Sara would ever let that happen. As if Melissa would ever let that happen.

I happened to look up from her beautiful feet and saw her staring at me.

Busted. Great, I'm staring at her feet, imagining myself licking and kissing those dainty, sweet feet, whipped into submission, and I'm busted, caught staring. Fucking great.

I blushed, but quickly realized she was not looking me in the eye, not staring me down for staring at her or lusting at her. I traced her gaze to my chest.

To my chest!

She was staring at my chest. Immediately the two words flooded into my brain: c cup. C cup. C cup. That's all I thought, c cup. My blush quickly deepened, and for

all practical purposes, I might as well had DD cup tits, not little A cup tits. She knew and saw my growing chest. I don't think I could deal with that at work, my two worlds were colliding together.

"Melissa, listen, I," I started to blurt out some explanation, hoping to head off a huge fire storm.

"Coffee?"

"Coffee," I repeated her question. What the fuck was she talking about?

"Spill coffee on your shirt?" she asked in an understanding tone.

I looked down. Sure enough there was a big two inch coffee stain right in the middle of my chest. Coffee on my shirt. She was just staring at the coffee on my shirt. I almost yelled out, "there is fucking coffee on my shirt," I was so relieved that it was not my breasts she was staring at, but at the same time I realized that there was a problem here. If this kept up, at some point in the future I was going to be riding the elevator and it would not be coffee that someone was staring at. This was going to be a problem.

Of course the whole day was a problem. On the one hand, Sara's talk this morning about breasts, about my breasts, made me feel incredibly self conscious. All day, all I could think about was my A cup breasts, my soon to be C cup breasts. But worse, so much worse, was the coffee. Because of the giant coffee stain on my shirt, people spent all day staring at my chest.

I almost laughed out loud at one point when a co-worker of mine, a male co-worker, kept talking to me but staring at my chest. Is this what women go through, I wondered, when their male colleagues stare at their tits all day?

When I got home, Sara was already there, ready to go out to dinner. She looked marvelous, of course, but then, when didn't she? Actually, her outfit reminded me a little of her dress when we met Steve at the club. Little black dress (though not a halter dress like before), black nylons, strappy heels. Just the sight of her excited me, the scent of her intoxicated me. My wife was quite a woman.

"Ready?" she asked when I dropped off my briefcase.

"This is just you and me, right?" I asked her

She laughed. "Yes, John, just you and me. Husband and wife. Enjoying a nice dinner out. Seriously, nothing more than I want to spend time with you. That's okay, right? A wife wanting to spend time with her husband," she smiled.

The smile that launched a thousand ships, I thought. "Of course, Sara, I'd like nothing more."

"Well good, lets go then, we have reservations at six."

We found ourselves in a secluded corner of a dark restaurant, candle lit, quiet, a perfect romantic setting, really, and it was nice to just chat over drinks before dinner. Chat about this and that, nothing heavy. Looking at her, talking with her, it

reminded me why I loved her so much. Beyond the kinky sex, beyond the bizarre things, in the simple quiet moment, I just basked in the glow of our friendship.

"Love, are you happy," Sara asked me after the waiter brought our salads. "I mean, really happy?"

"Happy, Sara, I guess, why?"

"Well, we are doing some very bizarre things, not unheard of, but certainly beyond the realm of a normal marriage. And, I guess I just want to make sure you are happy."

The funny thing was that I knew I'd never been happier in my life. Apprehensive, yes, jealous, of course, but happy? Totally.

"Yes, Sara, I am."

She smiled, returned to her salad, and to mundane, safe conversation.

While the waiter was clearing our plates, I jumped when I felt something brush my leg. "Shhh," Sara whispered. It was her foot, I realized. I felt her foot, her foot without her heel, bare foot and stocking, sneaking under my pant leg, finding my own leg, tugging my sock down carefully, then brushing on my nylons, Sara's nylons on my own nylons.

Sara leaned over the table, "God, I just love a girl in nylons," she said

My eyes sparkled.

"Are you sure you're happy?"

"Yes, Sara," I smiled.

"Would you like another glass of wine," the waiter asked me.

"Um..." my breath caught in my throat. Oddly enough, it caught in my throat at the same time Sara's stocking covered foot caught in my crotch, pressing me through my pants, through my panties.

"Yes, please," I choked out, eyes quickly moving to Sara who just gave me an innocent, 'what's wrong' smile, before moving her foot away.

We talked about our jobs, Sara's going well, mine too, though I wanted to also mention my lingering problems at the office, the problems I felt about breasts, and really about my place there. She wanted to save that discussion for another time. "Don't worry, lover, I know your concerns, and we will talk about them, okay?" She went on to discuss just things in general, a musical we wanted to see was coming to town, movies that were out -- idle married couple conversation.

Over our main course, though, Sara did turn a bit more serious.

"Julie, you haven't set up a date with Steve for me yet," she said, looking down at her food.

I didn't answer, felt a growing pit in my stomach, and concentrated on my dinner as if it was the most fascinating thing in the world.

"I've waited and waited, but nothing," she said, pressing the topic.

"I know," I answered, mouth tight.

"Is there something wrong?" she asked, putting her fork down.

"What?" I said, hurt. "Just can't wait to leave your boring husband at home so you can go have fun with some guy." As soon as the words came out of my mouth I regretted them. They were much too harsh. But maybe it was something that had to be said, I don't know. "Sara, I'm sorry," I said, looking up at her.

"John, is that really how you feel? That it's a trade, you for a man? That I'm replacing you? Honestly, do you?"

"Sara, wait, no, no, that's not how I feel."

"Is it too much for you? All this? Or just something specific?"

"I don't know," I said, though I did.

"Do you want me to stop? We've talked about this before. I will, you know."

"No, Sara, I..."

"Do you want to stop dressing up, stop being Julie?"

That was an unexpected question. No, I didn't. No matter what else Sara or I did, I knew I was a crossdresser through and through. I didn't want to give that up.

"No," I finally said.

"Will you?"

"What do you mean, Sara?"

"Will you stop?"

"Stop dressing?"

"Yes. If I can't handle that anymore, John, will you? Will you, for me?"

I thought about that for a full minute. "Sara, I don't know if I could, to be honest. I've tried in the past, I've purged my things, I've sworn off it, but I always come back to it."

"Yes, I understand," she said, "but would you, would you try, if I asked, if I couldn't take it any more. I know it would be hard, and I understand you would want to, you'd even do it sometimes, a relapse, I suppose, but would you give it up for me?"

"Yes," I whispered, to the woman I loved above everything.

She smiled, melting me. "Lover, so would I. If you wanted me to, I'd stop all this right now. Forget about Steve, about other men, about anything but you. I'd hate it, don't get me wrong, it's something I want so bad, and I'm not sure I'd be able to stop forever, but I'd try, if you wanted me to. Honestly, I would...I will." Her eyes were tearing up.

"But," she continued, "the thing is, I don't think you really want me to, do you? It's something else, something...I think I've pushed you too far, again, or that sometimes I forget about your submissive side. Be honest, why haven't you called Steve? Because you don't want me to go out with him, or because you..." she



paused, seemed to have a thought jumble into her brain, "because you want me to do it."

"Sara..."

"Of course! I'm so blind sometimes, of course you want me to do it. I suppose that is some strange part of the thrill of cuckolding to a husband like you. The sexually charged wife, seeking out another man. It's really about a level of domination and submission. Tell me, am I right? Do you want me to stop or is it just that you want, need me, really, to take the lead?"

Waves of jealousy rushed through my brain, images of Sara and Steve, ones that I'd witnessed and ones that I imagined.

"Sara ..." I sighed.

"Yes, lover, yes, you want me to call Steve, don't you? You can't possibly do it yourself, but you certainly don't want me to stop, do you?"

"No," I gulped.

"Unzip your pants," she said, eyes locked on mine.

"What?"

"You heard me," she said, a command rising in her voice, one that did not invite questions or protests.

I did as asked...no, as ordered. "Good, now, put your hands on the table, palms down...don't move them."

I suddenly jerked, contact, her foot, her sweet nylon covered foot, touched my crotch, quickly snaked its way inside my pants, pushing against my satin panties. Sara's upper body looked completely normal, hands reaching for her wine, smiling. From afar, I caught the eye of the waiter, looking over at us with a bored expression, seeing a Sara quietly talking to me, seemingly engaged in a romantic conversation with her husband, a scene he had seen a thousand times. Not knowing what evil words were coming out of the woman's mouth, what evil deeds she was doing under the table cloth, all hidden in plain view.

Her foot, nylon on satin, found and teased the front of my panties. "Julie, what's that? What do you have in your panties?" she whispered at me. "Why is your clit growing?" she cooed.

Growing? It certainly was.

"I'm right, then, aren't I? You don't want me to stop, do you? You don't want me to stop any more than I want you to stop dressing? You actually want your sweet wife fucking another man," she whispered, smiling, foot pressing into my crotch, the sexual excitement beginning to run through my body.

"Oops," she smiled, pulling her foot back, massaging instead of pressing, but continuing her teasing, "I said 'another man'. How silly of me. Another man? I meant to say 'a man', of course." Sara again pressed her foot into my crotch.

"Because you know you are not a man, don't you, Julie."

"No, Sara," I gulped. How did she keep her face so impassive, masked, hidden to the casual observer?

Sara released the pressure on my crotch as she took a bite of her meal, a sip of wine. She then pressed again, "Because my sissy husband is not a man, are you?"

I didn't say anything.

"Are you a man," she continued, pressing harder, mixing sexual pleasure with real pain.

"No," I croaked.

"Do you want me to call Steve for you," she smiled?

"Yes," I gasped, giving the only answer I could.

"Do you want me to go out on a date with him?"

"Do you want me to fuck him?"

"Oh, Sara, please...yes," I moaned quietly, hoping she would stop, hoping she would never stop.

And as quietly as if she was asking me if my dinner tasted good, "do you want him to use a condom, or do you want him to cum deep inside me?"

"Please Sara," I begged.

"Condom," a hard press of her foot, "or cum," another hard press of her foot.

"Sara!" Things were getting blurry for me.

"Condom or cum," she said. Salt or pepper, wine or beer. "Pick."

"Cum," I gasped, mouth dry, needing a drink, afraid to move my hands from where Sara ordered them to stay.

"Hmmm, cause you want me to come home filled, don't you? Dripping. You want me to make you beg to lick it up, sissy, like a good cum sucking sissy husband should?"

"Please, Sara."

She laughed. "Please yes, because you want to suck a man's cum from my pussy, or please no, that is disgusting?"

Massaging me through my panties, knowing me as she did, was there really any question?

"Please yes," I begged her.

"Good girl," she smiled, removing her foot from inside my pants. "Do you like the wine," she smiled, holding up her glass, "drink."

I quickly gulped down the glass of pinot noir, not even tasting the wine, simply using it to try to quench the fire inside me.

She looked at me, the smirk gone, genuine emotions in her eyes, "I love you," she whispered, completing her dominance of me.

We had to have dessert. I mean had to. I took me almost half an hour till I could

get up from the table without drawing attention.

We rode home in silence, apparently both lost in our own thoughts, though my eyes kept moving, drawn to Sara's legs, her long, toned nyloned legs. Creature of habit, I think.

When we got home, I meekly went upstairs, hoping Sara would either stay downstairs and watch television, or come up and quickly fall asleep so I could masturbate and get all the tension out of me. I was, however, in for another surprise from her.

"Take your suit off and get on the bed," Sara ordered me when she followed me upstairs.

I went into the bedroom, undressed, down to my lingerie, and felt a touch of self consciousness standing there before Sara, half dressed, while she stood in front of me completely dressed.

"Lie down," she ordered, moving to the dresser, opening a drawer and removing the padded leather cuffs she kept there. Moving to one side of the bed, she leaned over towards me. "Hands over your head, quickly," she growled. I knew better than to say anything now, at this point, she was so far into domineering mode. She quickly cuffed my hands to the headboard, a position I'd become quite familiar with.

I watched her move back to the dresser, reach in, and take out her strap on dildo. My heart leapt into my throat. She walked to the foot of the bed, reached down, lifted her dress over her head, and stood there before me, in black lingerie, a vision of dominant beauty. She reached to her hips, wiggled out of her panties, threw them up, to me, towards my face. They landed on my chest, short of my face, but the smell was overwhelming, the dampness, the musk, the scent of Sara, of sex.

I looked up from the panties, to Sara. She was looking at the dresser, at the dildo sitting ominously there, the ever hard dildo, always big, always ready, always stiff, always wanting to invade.

Sara reached down with her right hand and began rubbing herself, the wetness covering her hand. "I want to fuck you so bad," she growled, still staring at the dildo. Rather than walk to the dresser though, she moved right to the bed, to me, her right hand going to my mouth, shoved it in, made me suck the juices off her hand just to breath.

She kissed my neck. No, that's not right. She bit my neck, attached my neck, my vampire.

She climbed on top of me, her damp pussy resting on my panties, on the small but hard lump inside, humping it, her clit riding it while she continued to bite at my neck. She was ravishing me, she was hungry, an animal, on fire, scaring me.

Then she did something I didn't see coming. I assumed that the dildo was the

fucking she intended to do, that she was going to take my ass again as before. Sara, though, had another plan. I always underestimate Sara.

Instead of the big silicone cock, instead of buckles and hardness, Sara reached down to my panties and pulled them down, over my cock, the waistband down around the base, her pussy resting on the tip of my cock.

"Sara, what are you doing, Dr. Nelson...," I protested. Amazingly, I was actually protesting. I remembered Dr. Nelson's warning. Once I started hormones, my cock could get hard, but not hard enough to fuck. In fact she specifically warned us that I could get hurt, I would not be hard enough to take it, it could bend, hurting me.

Sara said nothing, but slowly, agonizingly slowly, lowered her warm, wet pussy down over my cock. I actually felt it bend a little. Dr. Nelson was right, this could be painful, even dangerous. "Should I stop," Sara whispered in my ear, clenching her pussy as she spoke, squeezing my half hard, half limp cock.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned.

"Do you want the dildo instead," she teased, moving her hips up ever so slightly, squeezing, and lowering herself again just prior to the point where I would have bent and been in pain. "Are you afraid, my cuckold? Afraid your cock is too small and too soft to be inside me?" She rotated a tad to the right, putting a different friction on me.

"Should I get off, lover? You could get hurt, your little clitty might bend," she joked, squeezing again. Sara began to fuck me without fucking me. She didn't move up and down on my cock, but instead rocked back and forth, making friction, bending me slightly, even hurting a little, but also sending wave after wave of sexual energy through my body.

"Don't worry about me, lover," she whispered in my ear, "I'll have Steve's cock inside me next weekend. That's a cock I can ride up and down without worry."

At that moment I exploded, the orgasm that had been building up inside me since dinner, erupted, violently, as I shook, tugged, almost wept. Sara knew, kept whispering, "yes, that excites you love, knowing a real cock will be inside me, inside your wife, fucking me, actually bringing me to orgasm."

We lay there, Sara still squeezing her pussy, squeezing every last drip of cum from me. "I love you," she whispered in my ear. I just smiled, coming down from my orgasm, the energy seeping away, my libido seeping away, shocked by what happened, to tell the truth.

"I want an orgasm too," Sara smiled at me wickedly. "Fair is fair."

"I'm sorry Sara," I said, genuinely feeling guilty now, but looking up at my bonds, my eyes asking to be untied.

"Untie you," she smiled at me, starting to lift her pussy off my cock, "but you

are not done yet."

"Sara, please," I asked, realizing what she wanted. She knew I couldn't bring her off penetrating her, but also knew that my mouth would always bring her to orgasm.

"Fair is fair," she chuckled devilishly.

"But Sara," I said. My libido was now gone, and her demand was not exciting, but revolting. She knew, of course, which is what she wanted.

"Awww, does that disgust you, lover," she laughed? "Doesn't my little sissy slut want to suck her own cum from his wife? To do the only thing she can to bring her wife to orgasm?"

Truth in fact, as always, after orgasm, it disgusted me. She knew. Of course she knew.

"I find it thrilling," she smiled as she moved around my head, her thighs trapping it on either side so it was unable to move, her hands running into my hair, holding my head steady. "It's my turn, slave, you drink what Mistress gives you," she said, at the same time pulling my head to her pussy while lowering herself further.

Smothered as I was by her sweet folds, trapped between her thighs, I could do nothing but open my mouth and accept her offering. Accept the divine, her pussy, in what ever condition it was offered.

"Good, Julie, good," she smiled, opening her folds further, over my mouth, my nose rubbing her clit. "Ohhhh," she moaned as the taste, the terrible taste washed all over my mouth, disgusting me, but still, the humiliation exciting me. Sara's expert mix of pleasure and horror, always pushing, always testing me.

She shuddered in orgasm. I shuddered in disgust. A perfect duo, her pleasure, my displeasure, mixed together like the juices being forced into by my mouth.

"Yes, lover, eat it, eat it all out of me, your punishment for making a mess in me, your punishment for not being able to satisfy your wife. It's good, so good."

She was shaking. As always, I knew my tongue could please her. If nothing else, there was always that.

"You know, we need to do that more often," she said, moving off my face as she came down from her orgasm.

"What, oral sex?" I asked hopefully.

She laughed. "Well that too. No, that clean up. I know you hate it love, that you do it just to submit to me. Well I love that, it makes me feel so...I don't know...powerful, I guess. To know you do something like that, something that disgusts you, all because I want you to. It actually turns me on, probably as much as the submission turns you on."

I smiled at her.

"So, every time you cum, I want you to do that, to...clean it up...lick it up." She saw my face. "God, it's gross, I know, after you cum and your libido is gone. But, I also know that before you cum, when you're excited, it's not so gross. Well, just consider it a way to submit, lover."

As if I wasn't doing that enough already, I thought, my eyes getting heavy. We drifted off, asleep, the last thing I remembered was tasting that taste, her taste, my taste, in my mouth, smelling it all over my face.

The next morning, as I was getting dressed, attaching my stockings to my six strap garter belt, Sara walked in the room, holding the dildo, her cock, in her hands.

"Here," she said, holding the cock out to me. I didn't move. "Take it Julie," she said.

I reached out, accepted the cock into my hands.

"You are hesitating, why? Jealous? Scared? Listen I didn't bring this to bed last night, I didn't use my cock on you last night, I gave you something you wanted. Well, now, are you afraid of what I want?"

"Sara, yes, no, I don't know," I answered, confused.

She smiled. "Well, even a horse has to be trained slowly to accept a saddle. Don't worry, we'll go slowly before that happens."

"Slowly? Before what happens?"

"Before I let a real..." she hesitated, "never mind."

Real man? Real cock? Real? Real!

"Sara," I said, taking a step back as she grinned at me.

"Julie, Julie, Julie. Don't worry, love, don't worry, I know what I'm doing. Just wrap your fingers around the cock, Julie. Sit down here on the edge of the bed, my cock in your hands. Yes, there...there, sit...I want to do something before you go to the office today."

I sat on the bed, the cock in my hands, my fingers wrapped around it, listening to Sara talk.

"That's right baby, hold onto it, in fact, stroke it, that's my cock, you know. Feel it, how thick it is, how hard your wife's cock gets. I know it's embarrassing, knowing that your wife's cock is bigger than yours, but get used to it by holding it, playing with it."

"Sara," I moaned.

"Shhh, close your eyes. Don't be afraid, love, it's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm your wife, you love my breasts, don't you? Keep your eyes closed, imagine your hands running over my breasts. Keep stroking, but think of my breasts...yes...yes, like that. You love my legs, lover, don't you, long, toned, muscular legs. And my pussy? Go on, stroke it, play with it, thinking of my pussy."

I did as she asked, eyes closed, imagining her pussy, while stroking the dildo,

feeling a stirring in my panties.

"Now, the cock, lover, is just one more part of your wife, one more part of me. Think of it, attached to me, kneeling before it, sucking it like you do my pussy, my ass, my breasts, my legs. My cock, Julie, just one more part of my body, one more thing for you to worship. Do you want to suck my breasts, lover?"

"Yes," I moaned, actually stroking harder.

"Hmmm, do you want to lick my legs, run your tongue up my nylons?"

"Oh, Sara, yes, you know I love to do that."

"Say it, then."

"Sara, I want to lick your legs," I moaned.

"Up to my pussy. You want to lick my pussy, taste me?"

"Yes...yes," I moaned.

She waited.

"I want to lick your sweet pussy," I said, pleasing her.

"Keep your eyes closed," she whispered in my ear, sitting down next to me. I felt her fingers touch mine, wrapping around the cock, pumping with me.

"Yes, lover, you are always so eager to taste me, to have me over you, smothering you."

"Sara," I gasped. Her hands pumped mine.

"My breasts, my ass, my legs, my pussy...you want them...and..."

Yes, I knew what came next...

"My cock, lover, you want my cock too, just another part of my sexy body. You want it too, don't you?"

"Oh God, Sara..."

"You want to touch my cock, with your hands, like you do my breasts, stroking your mouth on it, licking it, sucking on it. Tell me, lover, tell me."

"Please Sara," I moaned, furiously stroking her cock with both our hands.

"Tell me," she rasped.

"I want your cock, Sara," I moaned, softly.

"Yes, lover, yes, louder," she said, one hand leaving our pumping cock, coming to rest on my panties, the other still stroking with me.

"I want your cock, Sara," I repeated, louder now.

She stroked me on the outside of my panties several times, then stopped.

"Again," she said.

"I want your cock, Sara," I said urgently. She rewarded me with continued stroking on my panties.

"I want your cock," she repeated, "say it again, lover."

"Ohhh, Sara," I moaned. "I want your cock."

"Yes, lover, yes. That's how you get me to please you," she moaned, rubbing

my panties harder. "I want to suck your cock. Say it," she ordered me.

"Sara....ohhhh....I want to suck your cock," I said, throwing back my head.

She kept rubbing my panties, hard enough to drive me wild with sexual desire, but not hard enough to bring me to the edge of orgasm.

"Again, lover...I want to suck your cock..."

"Ohhhh," her fingers drove me wild, "I want to suck your cock."

"Say it, Julie...repeat after me...'I want ...'"

"I want," I moaned.

"To suck..."

"To suck..."

"cock!"

"cock," I gasped, missing it at first.

"Yes, Julie, again...I want..."

"I want..."

"To suck..."

"To suck..."

"Cock."

"Cock."

Realization, a hit, crept into my brain.

"Yes, perfect Julie, all of it, all together now. I want...to suck...cock."

My brain was screaming at me, but my senses were lost now, as always, lost in Sara's sexual game, her use of my excitement to push me to the edge.

"Sara, please...don't..."

"Say it, Julie...say it...", she demanded, "say what you want!"

"I want to suck," I paused ever so slightly, afraid to say it the way she wanted me to, afraid to leave off the word that distinguished cock from Sara's cock.

"Say it Julie."

"I want to suck...cock," I whimpered.

"Yes, yes, again," she encouraged me, as she rubbed me.

"I want to suck cock," I said with a little less hesitancy.

"Again," she ordered me.

"Please Sara," I begged.

"Say it," she demanded.

"I want to suck cock."

"Oh, Julie, you make me so happy, I want you to do it too." Sara gushed, "Now, say it again."

"I want to suck cock," the words spilled out of my mouth.

"Yes, my little sissy, I know, I know. Again."

The humiliation was almost unbearable. That only made it more exciting. "I



want to suck cock."

"Yes, Julie, of course you do. All girls do. Don't worry, it's natural. Tell me again."

"I want to suck cock." Why...why was I saying it like this? Did I? What was she doing to me?

She leaned over and kissed me hard on my mouth, while at the same time gently taking her hand away from my panties, leaving me hard, on the edge, unsatisfied.

"Sara...but...I...didn't mean..."

"Shhhh, Julie, shhhh, don't say anything yet. Don't spoil it."

"But I..."

"Shhhh, love, shhhh. Don't worry, baby, don't worry. I know you aren't ready quite yet."

Yet? Not yet? What about not ever? I didn't want to suck cock. My brain was shouting the words. Say it, dammit, say it to her. Tell her no, no, you most certainly don't want to suck cock. Right?

Right?

**RIGHT?**

Why didn't the words come out?

She was still stroking the cock with me, more slowly now, slowly, till she stopped.

"Sara, please, I didn't...I don't...", I couldn't finish it. Oh, god, did I want that? Was she right?

"Shhh, lover, shhh, the horse always bucks at first, it's natural. But, lover, so is the saddle. So is the saddle. A little at a time, lover. Finish getting dressed, then come downstairs," she said, getting up from the bed. "Oh, and sissy, bring my cock with you," she smiled over her shoulder.

She was so diabolical. So fucking diabolical. I hated it. I loved her.

I finished getting dressed, my suit and tie, a man's uniform, going over my lingerie. My yin and yang.

I walked into the kitchen, the cock in my hands practically burning them with desire and disgust. She smiled at me, looking up from the cock, to my face.

"What...what do you want me to do with this," I asked her, just wanting to get the thing out of my hands.

She smiled at me. "Get on the floor and suck it dry," she laughed watching my face go white. "Just put it in your briefcase, love, and come get some coffee."

I did a double take, but despite her smile, her eyes said I'd better not argue.

I put the cock in my briefcase, hands shaking, and joined her at the table, where she had a cup of coffee waiting for me.

"Lover, are you happy," she asked me.

The question threw me. Happy? Was I happy?

"What do you mean, Sara?"

"Are you happy?"

I thought about that for a few seconds. "Yes."

"Are you sure? Think about this. You have lost my faithfulness, you share my body, you have even lost your dignity. All to another man. Are you happy?"

"I...I think so."

"Love, if I saw you with another woman, if I knew you were being unfaithful, I'd be insane with jealousy...and so angry. Are you jealous?"

"Jealous...hell yes I'm jealous, Sara."

"But the jealousy doesn't make you angry, does it?"

"No."

"It would me. What does it make you feel, then?"

I didn't answer.

"Excited? Does it excite you?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"I know it did that night at the club with Steve. That jealousy excited you, am I right?"

"Yes," I admitted to her.

"Why? Do you know why?"

"No, Sara, I...I can't explain it," I said, a tear running down my face. How could I? I honestly didn't know. The jealousy drove me wild with excitement, wild with passion; instead of anger, I was incredibly turned on, it was totally overpowering.

"Right now, John, this morning, would you rather make love to me or watch a man make love to me? One or the other?"

"Sara, I can't..."

"No, answer. Would you rather make love to me, or watch a man make love to me? If you could have either, which would it be?"

"Sara, I...I honestly don't know," I said, hands shaking.

"Lover, that itself is a huge answer, just not knowing. And that is why I feel comfortable with this, doing this, because you want it as much as I do, right? If you weren't a cuckold at heart, didn't want this on some level, didn't need it, you would never let me fuck a man like I did with Steve."

"I know," I had to admit. Of course, yes.

"My little cuckold," she smiled, "I love you so much."

I was almost moved to tears by her words.

"I'm pushing your limits, love, aren't I?"

"Yes, Sara, farther than I'd imagined."

"But you don't want me to stop, do you? You want me to keep pushing? You want to keep submitting?"

"Yes, Sara."

"Lover, remember, please, remember, that if I go over the line, if it's too much, you must tell me. I mean that, this is a relationship, built on love and trust, and this always, always has to be something we both want."

"I know, Sara, I know."

"I'm pushing you very hard in some areas. Not just the cuckolding, but the feminization, and forcing you to confront your feelings as a woman...I judge your desire of it by the reaction I get from you, and so far, I don't think I've gone too far, have I?"

"I don't think so."

"In anything?"

"No," I said, blushing.

"Even this morning?"

I shook my head now, face even redder. I could not look her in the eye. She wanted me to admit it.

"Good, because we need to work on that more. That's why I want you to bring the cock to work today, so you can get used to the saddle even more."

I looked at her questioningly.

"Love, a horse is trained to the saddle, a dog is trained to the leash, a sissy is trained to the cock," she smiled.

"You want to train me for the dildo," I asked.

She turned on her smile. "I believe I said trained to the cock, love."

"But Sara, I...I'm....," I did not finish.

"Julie, Julie, you must trust me. I don't expect you to want a man any more than a puppy wants a leash. I'd no more think to give you to a man than a breeder would bring a puppy to a dog show. It takes training, love."

"But Sara, a puppy wants it, doesn't it?"

"What did you say earlier, Julie, upstairs? What did you say?"

I want to suck cock. That's what I said. She had me trapped, and she knew it, of course. Trapped and ready to train.

"Answer the question."

"I want to suck cock," I said to her.

"Yes, love, that's what you said. Now, I don't expect you to suck dick right now, but deep down inside, I think you want to. I think you are afraid to, but that you need some guidance. Do you have any meetings today?"

"Um, yes, I have a sales review with VP of Finance after lunch."

"Oh, perfect, a supervisor," she beamed, "that will be just perfect."

"Perfect for what?"

"Julie, today, during your meeting, the first thing I want you to think of when you see Mr...what's his name?"

"Dan...Dan Olsen."

"The first think you need to think when you see Mr. Olsen is how he spent his lunch hour."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, when you see Mr. Olsen, you need to picture him at lunch, in his office, where he spent the entire hour fucking my brains out."

"Sara...you...you can't..."

"A whole hour with his cock inside my pussy, deep in there, inside parts of me your little cock never could reach, making me cum over and over, coating his cock with my juices."

"Sara," I gasped, "he's my boss, you can't..."

"I'm not going to, love, but I want you to have that visual image, it will make it easier. Trust me. All you need to do is picture that, love, his cock coated with me, smelling of me. The whole meeting, I want that image going through your head. And when you get to your office, I want you to lock your door, take the cock out of your brief case and spend fifteen minutes sucking it. Fifteen minutes licking my pussy juices off it. Fifteen minutes licking his cum off it. Fifteen minutes sucking the cock of the man who just fucked your wife. Fifteen minutes sucking a man's cock."

My head was spinning now, her teasing of me as a cuckold combined with the cock teasing was almost too much.

"Sara, please, you can't do..."

"Do what, lover? Fuck Mr. Olsen? Why? Sure, not now, not yet, but why? Don't you want your wife getting cock from a real man like that? Don't you want him knowing that his employee is a sissy, that after the meeting he is going back to his office to practice sucking cock? Are you afraid he'll come onto you? Want you to really suck his dick, right there, in the office?"

My head was back, my eyes closed, moaning.

She laughed. "You little slut! Enjoying that image? I told you, its just training, silly, cock training, you are not ready for the real thing...yet."

"Yet?"

"All in good time, my love, all in good time."

"In good time?"

"Of course, all in good time."

She stood up, cleared her cup from the table. "By the way, next Saturday, I'm going on a date with Steve. I know you couldn't set it up, that's okay, but I can't

wait anymore. Have a good day at the office." She smiled, walking out to the garage, leaving me shocked and frustrated, my head spinning!

Well, as you might imagine, my meeting with Mr. Olsen was terrible; I was a nervous wreck, jumpy, scared, sexually confused, and yes, even humiliated.

Naturally, he had no idea why. He had no idea that when he came into the conference room I looked at him and could only picture Sara fucking him. I looked at him like he'd fucked my wife, when of course he hadn't.

"Are you okay, John?" he asked me when he sat down on the couch across from me, a puzzled look on his face.

In my mind, I pictured him unzipping his pants, taking out a sausage of a cock, wet, slick, sticky, the light shining off it, off the slick coating. "That's right, sissy, that's your wife all over me," he would say.

"Um, yes, sir, I'm fine." He arranged some papers on the table in front of him.

"These are excellent projections, John, we are lucky to have you in-house," he said, referring to my work. He knew that it would have cost them a fortune to hire an outside consultant to put that together.

"Thank you, Mr. Olsen," I said, looking over the papers, to his crotch.

"I wondered why you had your wife bring them to me, but hey, with delivery service like that, wow," he said in my mind.

"Are you sure you are okay, you look a little under the weather."

He was probably Sara's type, too. Tall, strong, fit. I'm sure he was not under endowed like the other person in this office. I'm sure he wasn't wearing sexy lingerie under his suit.

"Is it hard," he asked me.

My brain snapped around. I was staring at his crotch when he said that, not listening, thinking of his hard cock in Sara. Hard? Hard?

"Is it hard, the projection."

"Oh, um, yes Sir, that's solid," I choked on the last word.

"Do you need to clean it up?"

Oh my god!

"Clean it up," I said, my mouth full of cotton, thinking of kneeling in front of him, taking his cock in my mouth, tasting Sara on him.

"Or can we send it to marketing as is?"

"It's good," I said, trying not to shake.

"Yes, I suppose it does look good, doesn't it?"

I was still looking over the report to his crotch. "Yes," I answered, not knowing if I was referring to the report or to his crotch. Damn Sara. Even somewhere else, she was fucking with my mind.

"Well, let's get it out and shove it down their throats, those cock suckers

deserve it," he sat back, laughing.

The room was spinning. His stupid crude joke was like a punch to my gut. Or a punch to my crotch.

Cock suckers.

Throat.

That's exactly what I was thinking. But not some other division on the West Coast. I was thinking of sucking his cock. Having it shoved down my throat.

"Okay, drop this off with Nancy, and get it out the door. Good job," he said, standing, dismissing me.

Cock. That's all that was on my mind.

I left his office, gave the report to his secretary and scurried back to my office, locking the door behind me. Damn Sara for doing this to me. I got Sara's dildo out of my briefcase, it burned my hands. Damn! I put it on the couch in my office, got on my knees in front of it.

In my mind, it was not Sara's cock right now. It was Mr. Olsen's. It was the big cock that had just been inside my wife, fucking her. And all I wanted to do was suck it. To clean it off. All I wanted to do at that very moment was suck cock. It terrified me, but I did it, like a hungry beast, I attacked it.

Some part of me wanted it, the dildo, Sara's cock. But I knew another part of me imagined it was more than that, that it was a real cock, Mr. Olsen's cock, Steve's cock, a man's cock.

When I got home that night, Sara was there, at the kitchen table, waiting for me. "How was it," she asked, as soon as I walked in.

"Your meeting. How was it? Did you picture yourself sucking his cock, Julie?" She flashed an evil smile.

"Please Sara," I said, suddenly embarrassed by the question.

"Sissy," she giggled, "its okay. I mean, did you imagine his big cock, covered by my scent, fresh from fucking me," she pushed, "full of cum, mixed, his and mine?"

My knees felt weak.

"Did you, Julie? You said it before, 'I want to suck cock.' Isn't that what you wanted when you were with Mr. Olsen?"

Her words stung me. The fear inside me was the confrontation of my own desires. I was afraid that she was right, that part of me did want that. Unfortunately, another part of me revolted at the thought.

"Didn't you look at Steve's cock? Didn't you imagine, even a little, what it would be like?"

I bit my lip and realized my mouth was watering.

"No, Sara."

"You're lying, Julie. Don't ever lie to me," she scolded me.

"But Sara, I...I'm not..."

"Gay? Isn't that what you fear? Of course you're not gay, for crying out loud. I don't think we could ever be in love like we are if you were. But that's not the point. You want to be married to a woman, to me, honey, I know that, I'm eternally grateful for that, but...but...the point is, that has nothing to do with certain kinky desires you have."

"But, you're twisting it around."

"No, Julie, I'm helping you realize, no, confront, the sexual urges you have. You are a submissive. You are a crossdresser. Do you deny these?"

"No," I admitted, knowing that was dead on the mark true.

"Julie, I know most crossdressers are straight. But I also know that many of them, especially the submissive ones, find a huge sexual thrill in being feminized and submissive. What is more feminine and submissive than dressing in sexy lingerie and kneeling before a man? Anything?"

"I don't know," I mumbled.

"Are you afraid to admit it then? Is that it? Afraid what I'd think? Fuck, lover, do you know how wet it makes me just thinking about you doing that? Not just the act, but the submission. Submitting to me, to a man," her voice trailed off.

"Come here, Julie," she said, scooting to the edge of her chair, spreading her legs slightly, "I need to feel your mouth."

I was actually surprised; she was on fire, clearly driven to sexual excitement by her own thoughts of my day.

When I got on my knees, she pulled my head to her, between her legs, under her skirt. I realized she was not wearing panties, her pussy was there, open to me. "Imagine, cuckold, you could have sucked my lover's cock this afternoon, and come home to clean his cum out of me this evening," she said holding my face against her pussy, rubbing on my lips and nose.

"My cum from him, his cum from me," she moaned when my tongue darted from my mouth.

"Oh, Julie, I'm picturing you, in your pretty lingerie, on your knees...ohhh...a man's cock filling your mouth..." She was shaking now, an orgasm washing over her body, quickly, faster than usual. "I want to see it so bad, Julie, my sissy cuckold sucking her first real cock!"

She clenched her legs together, trapping my head, pulled my face tight against her pussy, smothering me, shaking, convulsing. She...she was right. She wanted this. She actually got off on it, picturing me doing that. I felt light headed, a need for air, but all I had was the taste of Sara, a seal of pussy around my face.

Finally, she released her grip on me, pushed me backwards. I was dizzy, gulped

down air, watched her, still convulsing, the orgasm still in her, all over her. It scared me and thrilled me!

Sara got off on the thought of me sucking cock. She got off like I'd never seen her get off before. Was this really going that far?

"Sara, I can't..."

"Oh, you can, lover, you can. And you will. But all in good time, sissy," she moaned, eyes closed. "All in good time. By the way, I went shopping at lunch today. Things for my date on Saturday," she smiled at me, mentally slapping at my mind and my groin.

"Oh," I mumbled, trying to hide my humiliation, my jealousy and my excitement all at the same time.

"Yes, I needed a new dress...and a few other things," she said, watching me. "That's okay, isn't it?"

"That you went shopping?"

"That I'm going out with Steve."

I didn't respond.

"I mean, it's natural, right?"

"Natural," I asked, stunned. As exciting as it was, it was most certainly not natural for a married woman to date like this.

"Sure, I mean, every woman wants a new dress for a first date, wouldn't you? I'm sure you will."

"But..."

"You'll want to impress your date, right?"

Date? Date!

"Well, I know I'll want to impress him, lover."

"My date," I shuddered.

"All in good time," she smiled, standing up, straightening her clothes.

I know Sara sensed my deeply conflicted desires, my internal conflict, male versus female, dominant versus submissive, husband versus sissy. She sensed them and knew exactly how to make sure the "right" side won. She walked over to me, rested her hand on my crotch, softly taking hold of my little cock through the wool of my suit pants, feeling the satin of my panties.

"It is okay, isn't it...Julie...you still want your wife to fuck a real man, don't you...Julie? You know that your sissy cock is not good enough for me, right...Julie?" She paused right before she said my female name, slightly squeezing my crotch.

"You know I'd rather play with your growing breasts," she moved her other hand to my chest, massaging my more sensitive chest, "than play with your shrinking clitty...Julie."



My knees were buckling.

"Right...Julie. You want me to have real cock, don't you...Julie. You want a man to satisfy me...Julie. Tell me...Julie," she moved her head to my neck, nuzzled it. You've always wanted a real man to fuck me...Julie," she licked my ear, "cumming inside me...Julie..."

My chest pounded.

"You know that's what you need, Julie..."

"Yes, Sara, yes, yes" I said, close to collapsing on the floor.

She giggled, moved her hands. "I thought so," she said and walked out of the kitchen, leaving me breathing, tired, and shaking.

"The packages are in the trunk," she called from the hallway, "be a good girl and unload them for Mistress."

And so it was, I brought into the house, into our bedroom, a dress bag, several small boxes from an upscale lingerie boutique, and a plain brown box, the very things my wife, my mistress would use to torment me.

Friday was a terrible day for me, full of anticipation, lack of concentration, and general anxiety, of course mixed with erotic hell. Needless to say, I didn't get much done at the office on Friday. Remember, I'd seen Steve fuck Sara, and that vivid mental picture was in my mind all day. How smart is Sara? Smart enough to put the chastity cage on me so I didn't masturbate like crazy all day at work. Smart enough to know how sexually frustrated I was all day Friday.

When she put the cage on me, she told me. "I don't want you beating off fifty times before tomorrow. I want you frustrated, lover, frustrated like I am when I can't get relief from my spouse."

She was also smart enough to do something to torment me Friday night.

After dinner Friday, she asked me, if I was "sore down there."

"Dammit Sara, you knew I'd be on edge all day. I couldn't get hard, I couldn't stop thinking about tomorrow, it was terrible."

"I'm sorry, lover," she laughed, not sorry at all.

"Seriously, Sara, it hurts. All day. And I'm sure it will all night, too."

"Well, we can't have that, can we? Come on, let's go upstairs, love," she said, getting up from the table, motioning me to follow her.

In the bedroom, she told me to undress down to my garter belt, stockings and bra, lose the rest of my clothes, no panties for me. I smiled.

"On the bed," she motioned me, bringing a smile to my face. Yea like I should have smiled. "Hands over your head." Oh, something like this, hmm? We'd played like this before, or so I thought. Naturally, Sara got her leather cuffs from her dresser and cuffed my hands to the headboard, over my head. "Oh my, it does look painful," Sara said, picking up my chastity caged cock. "We really do need to do

something about this, don't we."

I almost giggled. "Yes, Sara, please."

"Well, you asked," she said, a hint of...evil...in her voice? Maybe a laugh. Sara, sweet Sara, always ahead of me. "I need to get something, I'll be back in a minute."

Two. And three. Five. Ten. Fifteen. Finally, fifteen minutes went by. Fifteen minutes of a swollen "clit" pinched in my chastity cage. Fifteen minutes of sexual edge. Fifteen minutes of a dull pain in my groin, growing every minute as I tried to think non-sexual thoughts, but succeeded only in getting harder and harder, more painful and more painful.

"Dammit Sara, what took so..." my voice trailed off when I saw her enter the room. She was not she. Well, it was Sara, but not Sara. Masquerading again, role playing.

"The doctor asked me to finish with you," she said, a hint of accent in her voice.

"Long..." Sara was dressed...as a nurse. Not like the nurse from Dr. Nelson's office, pug, scrubbed, even ugly, but like a...a fantasy nurse. Red wig, short white dress, a hint of stocking top and garter strap. Heels, heels, heels. Chest popping out of her dress. Holy shit.

"Miss...are you okay," she asked me in the accented voice.

"I...I..."

"Don't worry dear, we'll take care of you," she said. She was carrying some sort of tray, a white cloth over it, covering something. What was she doing?

"Sara...um...Nurse...what...what do you mean?" Knowing Sara, it was always best to play along with her games. She hadn't led me astray yet.

"The pain...in your..." she pointed to my aching cock trapped in the cage, "cage. Dr. Nelson prescribed a treatment."

I got a wide smile on my face. Hmm...a hand job or a blow job even, from a sexy nurse. "Why nurse, I'm flattered," I smiled at her, almost growling.

She smiled back at me. "Well, we will see after your treatment is done." She walked over to me, eyeing the cage, got to the edge of the bed, bent down, took the cage in her hands.

"The cage looks about the right size. A small, I assume. Yes, you wouldn't need anything bigger than that, not for a sissy thing like this," she teased me, "which of course is why your wife came here in the first place." Bent over, I could see right down her dress, her breasts and bra almost spilling out.

"Oh, I can tell the pressure is squeezing, isn't it," she asked, her fingers grasping me through the cage. "Are you ready to get started with the procedure," she asked.

"Yes, yes," I gasped, a bit loud.

"Shhh, sissy, there are other patients here today. My goodness, you sissies are all the same. Well no matter, we can work around that." She walked over to the

tray, uncovered it. I tried to see what she was doing, but the top of the dresser is higher than the bed and I couldn't quite see.

"Just a little something to keep the bubbles in the champagne, so to speak," she said, moving up towards my head.

"What...what is that," I asked, my eyes suddenly wide open.

"Oh, this? Just something to make sure you don't disturb the other patients, sissy," she laughed.

"No, I'm not going to," I said, and shut my mouth. She had a black thing in her hand, a gag. I realized that there was something obtruding from it. Phallic like.

"Sissy, you'd better open up," she scolded me. "Do I need to tell your wife you were not cooperating? Or call in some orderlies? Those men love holding down a sissy like you while I'm doing the treatment. Accidentally rubbing their crotches on you. Rather have that?"

I opened my mouth. "Good girl," she said, sticking the thick four inch penis gag into my mouth, and then buckling it behind my head. "Might as well get used to that feeling," she laughed, "I'm sure your wife has more of that planned for you."

She walked back over to the tray, took something off and came back. In her hand was a long, thin...dildo, I guess, and some lubricant. I quickly shook my head no, now realizing what she was going to do, remembering the incident at Dr. Nelson's. She wasn't going to give me a hand job, or a blow job. She was going to milk me. My eyes went wide...this isn't what I'd hoped for.

"You sissies are all the same, I'm telling you. All thinking that they are going to get a blow job from a nurse. In your fantasies, maybe, but not in this doctor's office. Dr. Nelson knows how to take care of this kind of thing. As if any nurse wants to give a sissy a blow job. Honestly."

I mumbled into the gag.

"Turn over, on your knees, head down," she ordered me, getting me onto my knees, hands cuffed over my head still, gagged."

As I struggled to turn from my back to my stomach, she continued to talk. "Your wife was right, we can't have that pressure in that chastity cage for too much longer. And, I understand she has a date tomorrow night, her first real date, so I don't imagine you will be out of this cage soon, so...well, Dr. Nelson prescribed a milking when your wife called to talk to her. You know, a good draining of your cum, but without orgasm and a loss of libido. Really a great thing for a cuckold before a date."

I jumped when I felt a cold liquid on my ass; lubrication, I presumed. Then the phallic invader pressed behind me, poised just before the point of entry, and slowly pushed into my ass, doing nothing more than causing my already swollen cock to press harder on the sides of the cage as she pushed more of it into me.

"Oh, yes, that's it, relax and let it all fill inside you."

"Gggmmefff," I moaned into my gag as the dildo found something inside me, the same spot that the nurse at Dr. Nelson's found before.

"Oh, my sissy, yes, mmmm, that gag tastes good, doesn't it? Nothing quite like a mouth full of cock, is there? Enjoy the taste, well, as best you can, anyway, being plastic and all. I'm sure you'd much rather have the real thing."

"Mmmmfff."

"I know, sweetie, stuck with a plastic cock, when all you want is real flesh. Maybe I should go get an orderly, would you like that?" She turned and took a step towards the door. A sudden terror shot through me. She didn't. She couldn't have. What if...what if she brought a man home? Oh, shit, was...was there a man here? Was a man in scrubs going to walk through that door?

She turned back. "No, I think I'd better wait for your wife to do that." I was close to breaking out into a cold sweat.

"This will take a few, just try to relax," she said, taking a grip on the dildo in my ass. "believe me, you'll feel much better after."

I sighed, breathed heavily as the invader coaxed along me.

"So, it's your wife's first real date," she asked, breaking several minutes of silenced working on my ass, gentle massaging of my prostate.

"Hmmmmdiggnfff," I mumbled, trying to ask how she knew.

"How did I know? It's in your chart, Julie. I read Dr. Nelson's notes on her session with Sara, for some background. Let me think, if I remember this correctly. Married for awhile, unsatisfied, sexually, feeling a desire to spread her wings, become more dominant, going on her first real date. Well, I mean, your wife has fucked other men before, but this is the first real date where you know."

"mmmfff," I said. Men? I shuddered as she pressed the dildo on my prostate. What the fuck was she saying? Men? Fucked other men? Besides Steve? Was she confessing something to me? Or just fucking with me? I started shaking.

She laughed. "Sure, a patient has to give Dr. Nelson a full workup. I'm pretty sure I remember reading about three men she's fucked since she got married. I don't know, maybe not, maybe it was just one, but I was pretty sure the chart mentioned three other partners beside the husband. But you shouldn't worry about who your wife fucked, sissy, you just worry about that cock in your mouth right now."

Men? Beyond Steve? Beyond the guy she'd mentioned that she blew at that wedding? "Mmfffff." Why was she telling me this?

"Hold still," she barked, slapping my ass. "What the fuck? Wait a minute, you knew, right? About the other men?" I shook my head, violently. "Oh, I...I thought...I mean, I assumed...."

What? What!

"Maybe I'm thinking about another patient," she said, lamely, no conviction in her voice.

What was she doing? Thoughts of random men, with Sara, fucking Sara, ran through my mind. A small voice whispered inside me, telling me that Sara had already cheated on me and hadn't told me. Bitch!

Sore. I was getting even more sore. My cock was swelling in the cage, swelling more than it had already. Sara had fucked three men? No...no!

Yes, the voice whispered. Yes, please be true.

True?

Yes, yes, part of me wanted it to be true. I...I actually wanted to hear about it. I wanted her to tell me about it. Dammit, I wanted it to be true. I wanted to know that my wife had been fucking other men. Why? It made me feel inadequate. It humiliated me.

It excited me.

"Like I said, maybe it was a different chart."

No. Please. No. Let it be Sara. My wife. Fucking three other men. I didn't know if she was testing the waters before her date with Steve, teasing me, or confessing. I wanted it to be none of them and all of them.

Fuck, why was she doing this? Teasing me like this. I didn't know. Informing or testing, confessing or teasing.

And I didn't know which I wanted.

"I'm sorry, miss, I don't remember. I don't know if your wife fucked other men or was just getting ready to do it soon." Sara adjusted the angle of the cock in my ass, changed the gentle pressure on my glands. "It's not like you should be concerned about her sexual practices anyway. A cuckoldress' lovers are her business. If she shares details, great, if not, so what's it to a sissy?"

I was starting to feel the room spin. Men. Men. Men. Not just Steve. Men. I don't know if I wanted it to be true, if I wanted her to have fucked other guys already, or if I was shocked and hurt. Was it infidelity?

"Of course, I must have the charts mixed up. You are the fourth sissy I've had to do this for today. Friday's are always busy. Night before date night."

I only moaned again. The torment, the unknowing only driving me more wild. I realized now how bad the pressure was on my cage. How excited her words had gotten me. How humiliating it was.

"I know this, though, sissy," she whispered close to my ear, "it doesn't really matter which chart was yours, if your wife fucked one guy already, or ten, because the future is the same for all of you sissies. A wife who gets cock whenever she wants, from whomever she wants. And none of it from sissy."

"Gmmmfmffff," I moaned into the gag, spit drooling from my mouth.

"It makes you jealous, doesn't it," she whispered, "knowing that your wife is going to fuck a real man tomorrow night. Knowing that she will be spreading her legs to get some cock."

"Mmmmmm."

"Yea, jealous, sissy. Dr. Nelson explained all this to your wife in their session. Don't be too jealous, you will get your turn with a real cock."

"Nnnngggghhhh."

"Yea, you like that thought, don't you? I'll note that for Dr. Nelson. Sissy indicated she wanted real cock. I'm sure your wife will be most interested to know her cuckold husband wants cock. A lot of wives don't believe Dr. Nelson when she tells them how a sissy can be cock trained, I..." she came close to breaking character, to saying she didn't. "The...the wife often has to hear it from the husband to believe it."

"Yes, sissy. I remember your chart now. Your wife wasn't sure at first, if that was a good idea, but Dr. Nelson talked to her about it. About how forcing a sissy cuckold to suck cock can be so powerful for the cuckold and the wife. I know your wife wants that now, she wants to see you suck cock. What do you think about that, sissy," she gasped, shaking the dildo in my ass.

"Just imagine taking a real cock between those pretty lips of yours, sissy. Getting a cock hard for your wife...Sara...right? Getting it hard for Sara, getting a man all fluffed up so he can take her. She wants that so bad, Julie, I know your wife wants to see that so bad, I hope you want it too!"

I was moaning continuously now, meeting the motions of the dildo in my ass, rubbing on my prostate.

"A fluffer, Julie. That's what it's called when a girl gets a man hard for another girl. Do you want to be Sara's fluff girl? Do you want a real cock between those pretty, pouty lips?"

I could feel the dildo massaging my prostate, so enlarged. I could feel the pressure of my swollen cock on the chastity cage, pain. Most of all, I pictured the gag in my mouth to be that of a real cock. As much as I might deny it, as much as it might humiliate me, as much as I might fear it, Sara had me thinking about cock, about sucking a cock, and I couldn't believe it.

"You know that's what Sara wants, sissy. That's what she told Dr. Nelson. Eventually, she's going to ask that of you, so I hope you are ready for it."

Could I do it? Could I? Did I want to?

She whispered in my ear. "Eventually, sissy, your wife's going to want to see you suck a real cock."

I felt it, a quick reminder of what I'd felt at Dr. Nelson's office. The dripping, cum, leaking from my cock, through the cage. It surprised me again, no orgasm

coming with it, just the cum. No emotional release, just the release of fluid. No trashing orgasm, just a dribble, as Sara watched, maneuvering the dildo, forcing it all out onto the sheet under me.

It was terrible. I felt the draining, the shrinking, but no release, no orgasm. I still wanted to cum, even though I had. I felt the sexual waves rushing through me, finding no escape. I was on the edge, my libido stronger, finding no relief. Oh my God, this was terrible! My hips kept thrashing, my little cock, trying to fuck the air, chastity and the cage stopping it.

Sara laughed. She actually laughed at me. "The most amazing part of a milking is how horny it leaves you, sissy, desperate, but unsatisfied, libido high, willing to do anything. The perfect slut."

"GGffmmm."

"Don't believe me?" Leaving the dildo in my ass, she reached around me and unbuckled the gag, pulling the short, fat cock out of my mouth. She took the squat dildo and pushed it under her dress, right into her, fucked herself with it, covered herself with it. "Want it back in your mouth, sissy? Want to taste your nurse's sweet taste? Want to lick and taste my pussy on my lover's cock?"

"Yes, yes, please," I begged.

I saw her reach under me, roll the black cock in the puddle of cum under me, suddenly realizing what she had in store for that. "What did I tell you about cleaning up your cum, Julie?"

"Sara," I gasped.

"Nurse, sissy," she said, slapping my ass. "Your wife said last time it disgusted you. Do you feel different now? Want it? Want it back in your mouth," she asked, holding the cum covered gag near my mouth, teasing the dildo in my ass with her other hand.

"Do you want it, sissy? Do you want to do it like your wife wants? Licking a cock covered with pussy juices and cum? Can you beg for it?"

"Ohhh, Sara," I moaned breathlessly, "yessss..."

"Open up," she said. I'd protested this for sure before. Now, libido intact, cum crazy, I opened my mouth eagerly so she could shove the cock inside my mouth, so I could suck off that sweet cum. The taste of Sara and cum mixing in my mouth.

Sara pushed the squat gag back into my mouth, the cum all around it attacking my mouth. Even though I'd asked for it, for good measure she buckled the strap back around my hair, holding the cock in my mouth. I felt Sara take hold of the dildo again, maneuvering it again, teasing my prostate again, driving me wild, to a peak of sexual need that would not be satisfied.

"Think about this tomorrow night, sissy, when your wife is out. This is what she wants you to do. Not tomorrow night, but soon, sissy, soon. Sucking the cock that

just fucked your wife. Tasting a cock covered in her pussy juices, covered in her lover's cum, knowing how only a true submissive would do this."

I was sucking, swallowing, baby-like in my breathing.

"Oh, that's it, sissy," she said, rubbing the dildo, suddenly smacking my ass with her bare hand, making just a little more cum drip out.

"That's what you want, sissy," a slap after each word.

"Cleaning," smack...

"Up," smack...

"The cum," smack...

"From the men," smack, smack, smack...

"Your," smack...

"Wife," smack...

"Fucks!" A very hard finishing swap on my ass. With this last smack, more cum dribbled out of my caged cock, onto the bed. I was on fire, my cock and balls ached, my mouth was sore, my ass stung, but I was as sexually excited as I'd ever been.

"I'm going to go get your wife now, sissy, I'm sure she is done with the doctor. You can keep sucking on that nice black cock so she can see that you really want to suck cock. She was not sure, but I think you are. I think that it's only a matter of time until she has a cock in between those lips. Weeks, sissy, weeks, and not many weeks at that. Maybe very few."

Sara turned and left the room without another word as I tried to mumble something, anything to her, but couldn't. I couldn't speak, only suck the cock in my mouth, the penis gag invading me, the cum and juices all over me.

Ten minutes later, my jaw sore, Sara came back in, dressed again in the clothes she wore to work. "Oh, Julie, you poor thing, what did that nurse do to you," she asked me. "Oh my, are you gagged? Oh, Julie," she said, concerned, quickly moving over to me. I was still sucking the cock gag, not an iota of sexual energy having left my body. If anything I was even more excited than before I had cum, a true first.

Sara moved again to unbuckle the gag she'd put in my mouth. This time I almost fought her removing it, still trying to suck it. "Julie, my God, this...there is...the nurse wasn't kidding. You were sucking on a penis gag, I'd had no idea how horny this got you." Yea, right, no idea? She knew only all too well.

"Sara," I moaned, barely able to breath.

"Why you little cock sucker. This smells like cum...and pussy. Just what did that nurse do?"

"Oh, Sara," all I could do is moan. She was driving me wild, really, beyond anything I'd ever imagined was possible when she first confronted me about



looking at cuckold web sites.

"Well, we can accommodate that for now, at least until you are ready for the real thing," she smiled.

And accommodate she did, strapping on her cock and feeding it to me as I sucked it, the pressure on her pussy bringing her to several orgasms, all while I lay there in a puddle of my own cum, bound to the bed, bound to Sara, enslaved, trapped, feminized, in love.

Part 09

I woke up Saturday morning to Sara's smiling face. Sure, not a bad thing to wake up to, but the reason for her smile, her anticipation, made me pause, sigh, hope.

"I love you," she said, choosing the exact words I needed to hear. I mean, seriously, my wife was going out with another man tonight. She was going to fuck him, and enjoy it in a physical way that she couldn't enjoy with me. That was weighing on my mind, the humiliation/jealousy. But her words put me at ease. "Are you okay? Are you sore?"

Yes, dammit, I was. My little cock was still filling the chastity cage more than I'd wished, pressure pushing on it. I nodded.

"I know love, but it's really best to keep that on you today, especially today. I don't want you thinking with your little dick today, Julie, I want you to think of my pleasure, okay?"

I nodded again. "And I know, Julie, how my little cuckold feels today. You don't want to cum anyway, I know. You want to be excited all day. That's all you need to think about, sweetie. Not this." She flicked my trapped cock. "No, think of me. Think of Steve's cock. You remember it, I know. You remember it inside me. Think of that today, love. It excites you, doesn't it?"

I shook. "Yes, Sara, you...you are right. You know it does," I said, looking at her, my own eyes returning her love.

"Honestly, John," she said, using my male name. "This morning, laying here in bed, is this what you want?"

I nodded.

"Not just the act, but the humiliation too? I hope my words are as...I don't know...appreciated, I guess, as appreciated as my actions."

"Yes, Sara," I blushed.

"Not just me being with another man, but the whole cuckolding thing?"

"Sara, that's what it's all about to me. The humiliation, the submission, not just the sex."

She smiled at me. "That's what I really hope for, lover. I don't want to just go fuck some guy to fuck him. I want to tell you about it. I want to brag about it."

"Yes," I whispered.

"And not just brag, 'hey baby, I slept with some guy' and move on. I want to humiliate you. I don't know why, well, maybe I do, but if I just slept with another man and you didn't care where...like... whatever, well, I'd be disappointed. To me, lover, it's the domination, knowing how much you get off on that. Right?"

Right? Fuck yes, right. That's what I loved about her, she knew. She was perfect for me.

She knew. Of course she knew.

"You don't want me to fuck someone like you, do you? A sissy?"

I actually shuddered at that. A sissy? No, no, not at all. I wanted her to be with a man, a contrast with me. That's what excited me, pushed my buttons. I was her sissy, no one else. For her to be with another sissy -- that would make me jealous in a bad way.

"No, of course you don't, lover. Sissy, sissy, you are my only sissy. Don't worry lover, I know, I know."

"Sara," I started to say, emotions overcoming me.

"Shhh, I know what you want, lover. I know you want a man fucking me. A real man. I know you want me to tell you about him, too, so you know how inadequate you are, and how wonderful he is. I know, lover. I know you want to be my sissy, my lover, my submissive. I want it too, Julie, you don't know how bad."

She moved closer to me, whispering. "Julie, you're my sissy, only you. You're the only one that really makes me happy, the only one I love, that I'll ever love. I want a man's cock because I know you want it too. I want to suck a man's cock cause you do too, don't you?"

She was being deliberately confusing. I wanted her to suck a cock, or I wanted to suck a cock myself?

"Shhh, don't worry lover, I know, I know. I know what you want me to do. I know what you want to do, too. I want it, lover, I want them both."

"Sara, but..." She moved her hand to my mouth, pushed a finger in, like a cock, making me, letting me suck it.

"Julie, you know it's inevitable, don't fight it too much. Not yet, but soon. Soon, lover, soon, it will be as real for you as it is for me."

I sucked her finger, her "cock" come to life in flesh in blood through her finger.

"Hmmm, you are such a good girl," she smiled, "but I want some breakfast. Go put on a robe, you slut and let's get some coffee."

I did just that, wrapping my lingerie clad body in a satin robe, almost laughing at the slight bulge from the chastity cage, and joined Sara for breakfast.

We ate. I served, I cleaned up. Sara did not ask me to do this, but it felt natural to serve her, wait on her. "More coffee, Ma'am," I even asked at one point. It was a

role that became me.

After I finished putting the dishes in the washer, Sara even commented, "All you need is a uniform to make this perfect, love."

I laughed.

"Hmmm, that would be an amusing sight, wouldn't it, Julie? But I'm only half kidding. What sissy doesn't aspire to be a maid, a French maid, really. Sure, you could do some heavy cleaning in a cotton dress and black tights, hair tied back. But tell me, lover, have you ever pictured yourself in a black satin uniform, with corset, stockings, petticoats? A little cap perched on your head, curtsying for your mistress?"

I blushed. She was right, of course I'd fantasized about that.

A laugh, sarcastic, "of course you have, you are such a sissy. I know all sorts of things you fantasize about." That smile again, that evil knowing smile. "I know what you are probably thinking right now, lover.

Even I didn't know what I was thinking.

She walked closer to me, bent towards my ear, whispered to me, "thinking right now how sexy you would be in a French maid's uniform," she said, licking my ear, "thinking about being called into your employer's study," another lick, my head spun.

"Thinking about being ordered," tongue darting in.

"To kneel before," breathing on my wet ear.

"Your master," licking again as I started to moan.

"And suck his cock."

Why did she do this to me? My knees were knocking again. Again, her teasing about cock. The humiliation. The truth?

I still wanted to scream no, that wasn't what I fantasized about. But I couldn't. As she described the scene, I did picture myself there, in a dark study, on my knees, and...right before she said it, a man popped into my head, into my vision. A man, standing in front of me, as I kneeled, and took out his cock, and sucked it.

That's what I pictured, right before Sara described it.

Me. Sissy me. French maid me. Kneeling before a man. A master. Sucking his cock.

She was doing this to me. She put these thoughts in my head.

"Am I wrong? Tell me, lover, tell me that you didn't fantasize about that."

I was so confused. Six months ago, I was a straight man, albeit with some kinky fetishes. Now, I was sissified, on hormones, growing breasts, thinking about sucking cock. I...I didn't know what to say. Some piece of manhood shot through me and I replied, pathetically...

"I'm not gay," I stammered.

She swatted aside my comment, standing back from me, "Tell me, am I wrong. Just tell me the truth. If I'm wrong, tell me you were not thinking about sucking your master's cock."

I didn't know what to think. I didn't know if I wanted it, really wanted it, if she was making me think I did, or if she wanted it. Or all of them.

"Was I wrong? Or did you fantasize about sucking your master's cock? Wrong or cock? A tall, dark man, his pants unbuttoned, his thick cock, erect, in your face. Was I wrong? Just say it."

She actually described it just how I imagined it, humiliating the hell out of me. How was this happening to me? What was she doing to me? Why...married to this beautiful woman, was I thinking about cock?

"Your silence is deafening, Julie. I know how badly you will be dying for it in the next few weeks. Don't worry, lover. The time is not right yet. Don't worry about tonight. Soon, you will beg me to let you suck cock."

The worst part, aside from the cock itself, was I knew she was right. I knew that soon, I would be begging for it.

She leaned forward again. "I can't wait, either, Julie, I want to see you do it as badly as you."

Tears welled up in my eyes. I loved this woman more than life itself.

Sara directed me upstairs, to shower, straighten up our bedroom, get dressed. I wore my standard weekend "uniform", of course, led off by a matching set of lingerie and stockings. The rest of my "uniform" consisted of heels that were just a bit too tall, a blouse and a simple skirt. Pretty, half way functional, sexy.

"Can't wait, Julie," Sara asked walking into the room.

"What," I blushed, quickly moving my hands.

Looking at me, she smiled, "Can't wait for your breasts to grow, lover?" Of course, I'd been looking at myself in the mirror, turning slightly, looking at my chest, the small but steady growth, thinking exactly that.

"My offer still stands."

"Offer?"

"For breasts...um...more quickly."

"Quickly? You...you mean...implants."

"Of course I mean implants. C cups without waiting, really. You'd still take the hormones, for...sensitivity, up there, and the change down there," she pointed, "but you could be admiring C cups...or bigger...much sooner."

"But what about work?"

"That's an interesting answer, Julie, worried about what people think, not whether you have breasts. And, your answer," her eyes started to tear up, "is why I love you."

"Sara."

"Your answer," she continued, "means so much. You think Steve would be worried about what people at work would think about breasts on him? He'd laugh at me for more serious reasons...a man with breasts...like a pig with wings...unnatural. But love, you do want them, so you'll know who you are."

"I...," I realized of course, how right she was.

"Don't worry about work, lover, we will talk about that. More importantly, do you? Do you want implants?"

"Sara," I whispered.

"I'll make an appointment with Dr. Nelson, we can discuss it with her, love."

"But...wait...I..."

"Don't worry, lover, we'll talk it through with her. But I'm so happy that today, of all days, you realize this."

Yes, this day, the day of her first real date...that I knew about anyway...I half agreed to get breast implants. Fucked up and lovely.

"Yes, Sara, of course. But...what about this day...I mean...I'm really not even sure what you are doing," I asked her, "you are going out...with him, I mean..."

"Him...Steve you mean...he has a name, silly."

"Yes," I blushed, "him."

"Steve."

"Yes."

"Say his name, sweetie."

I blushed deeply, "Steve."

"Are you going out with Steve?"

"Are...are you going out with...with Steve?"

"That's what you want, don't you Julie?"

Did I? Oh, I did, in the worst way. And didn't too.

"Yes, Sara, I...I want you to go out with him."

"Silly, of course I'm going out with him tonight."

"And...and are you...," I paused, hesitated, stammered...

"Am I going to...?"

"You know, Sara."

"Am I going to fuck him, you mean?"

I nodded.

"Is that what you want, Julie? Truly want?"

That is the yin and yang of a cuckold's mind, isn't it? That's what we want and what we fear. The overwhelming thrill of knowing your wife is fucking another man. The terrible humiliation of the thought sending sexual frustration and excitement rushing through your body. The horrible jealousy, of course, of the

situation, the shame, the revulsion, the disgust, mixed together. Pushing and prodding. Did I want her to fuck him? How disgusting. How thrilling.

"Yes...yes, Sara...I...I do...I...I want you to...to fuck him," I said, for once anticipating her thoughts, knowing I had to say it.

"Of course you do, lover," she said, moving her hand to my face, tenderly touching me, almost comforting me.

"So...what are your plans, then?"

"Well, love, after lunch I'm going to take a nice bath and relax. At three, Jamie from my salon is coming over to do my hair and nails and makeup. Kind of like prom night...or a wedding day," she laughed. "Steve is picking me up at six, and then, I don't know, I'll be home...later," she smiled.

Just a few hours until she started getting ready. For her date. With Steve. I realized how sore I was. My little cock was going to be swollen all day, I realized, in pain, in my cage, on edge.

After lunch, Sara went upstairs while I cleaned up the kitchen and sat at the table, flipping through the newspaper, trying to distract myself, pass time, who knows.

"Baby, will you do something for me, please," Sara asked me, coming back into the kitchen. I looked up, startled, not having heard her come back down stairs.

"What?"

"Well, I want you to help me out a little today, you know, getting ready for this evening," she said.

"Oh?"

"Yes. Your little contribution to my happiness tonight."

I shifted uncomfortably at that thought. Her happiness. Sure. Of course.

"What do you want, Sara?"

"Nothing too much, Julie, just a little help, a little participation to make you feel a part of this special day. Pitch in a little, so later, I can say that without your help I'd never have looked so pretty for my man tonight."

Ouch.

"Can you just go run the bath for me, please? I think it would be a nice gesture."

Sure it would be. And when her stud was running his hand all over her smooth, clean, sweet skin, she can imagine the help of her sissy, cuckold husband making her that pretty. Another thought crossed my mind, mingled with the first. Both dominant wife and submissive husband will have contributed to the pleasure of the stud, then. Almost a joint effort to make this man happy in his night with the wife. Another way for the sissy to acquiesce to what was going on. Running her bath was more than just a gesture. It was another way for her to put me in my place, both

exciting and humiliating, serving the mistress of the house. Or even the master, since she served both roles.

"Oh, there is something on the bed for you love, before you start my bath," she called as I left the kitchen.

Puzzled, I walked up the stairs, down the hall, to our bedroom, to Mistress' lair. Opening the door, I thought, "Oh, she didn't!"

But she did. Sara did. Sara always did. The expected and unexpected.

Set out on the bed, with obvious loving care, from my loving, devious, dominant, tender, sweet wife was a satin French maid's uniform with what can only be described as "all the trimmings" that go with that.

Honestly, is there any deeper embodiment of a sissy's fantasy than the French maid? Any at all?

I saw a lavender card atop the uniform, signed simply, "To my Handmaiden, With Eternal Love, Sara."

I almost wept, overcome with love for my wife. How did I get so lucky to deserve her?

I looked through the ensemble Sara had assembled for me, the lingerie, shoes, uniform, cap, apron, makeup, all of it, filled with honest to goodness sissy excitement as I undressed and mentally prepared to become my wife's handmaiden, her maid, her cuckold.

The lingerie was as fine as she'd ever provided for me to wear. I felt the padding of the black satin bra as I fastened it around my chest. The tight padding of the demi bra tugged and pulled just right, arranging my small but growing A cup breasts into the illusion of C cup swells. I think I knew at that instant that I had to have breasts like that all the time, by the hormones, if need be, or implants if I must. The matching full cut panties did their own lifting and tucking, and I felt my ass move ever so slightly upward, taut. They did not hide my chastity cage by any means, but I knew that without it, my little cock would be totally hidden from view. They were tight, severe.

The garter belt, the first eight strap garter I'd ever seen, let alone wear, set high on my waist down to my hips, and pulled in my stomach, creating an artificial, but manageable hourglass figure on my lithe body. Natural black silk stockings were all that should be attached to something so heavenly, and of course Sara had thought the same.

The uniform came with a short but practical set of petticoats that fit nicely around my tucked waist. When I slipped on the dress, and smoothed it over my petticoats, I shuddered at the sexual feeling that ran through me.

The "trimmings" included a satin apron -- pity the maid who did any heavy cleaning in this uniform -- a little cap, a choker type necklace, and fingerless

gloves. When I stepped into the black heels, I swear I felt as feminine, as submissive, as inadequate as a man as I'd ever felt.

I thought about makeup for a minute, somehow knew exactly what to do. As feminine as I could, of course. Blush, the lipstick, all slightly exaggerated, especially the eye makeup.

Yes, Sara knew exactly what she was doing to me and I loved it deeply. I looked into the mirror, breathless, truly breathless at the leggy blonde, cleavage showing, the maid, the sissy.

Walking into the bathroom, I could not help but feel my chest leading me forward, my ass outward, my legs going on and on. I suppose the true hired help is not to be seen, but this maid would certainly draw attention.

I also realized how Sara again drew me deeper into the web of her infidelity. Her date with Steve was never to be just about her, but also, and even more importantly, to be about me. I was a full participant in this, a willing participant, not just agreeing, but actively helping my wife cuckold me. She continued to use my submission, my desire for feminization and even humiliation, to excite me and make me wish for more. My inadequacies as a man were only one part, constantly reinforced, desired, used for the ultimate goal of our mutual pleasure.

Looking at myself in the mirror, the very vision of a sissy, the makeup, the overdone eyes, my natural cleavage exposed, my legs on display, forced to walk in a truly feminine manner, I knew my role in my marriage now. Yes, it was a role I craved, however humiliating it may be. It was a role I wanted as much as Sara wanted, for this was about us, really, not Steve. He had a role to play, but Sara and I were the true lovers.

I ran the water for my love, for her bath, adding my favorite scented oil to the water, careful not to spill any on my uniform, of course. Inhaling the scent, I savored it, the memories of nights with Sara, breathing in this scent off her smooth skin. Tonight it would be another man taking my place, in a literal and figurative sense. It would be his nose running along Sara's taught stomach, up to her breasts, or down to her loins, the smell leading the way. It would be he, another, nuzzling her neck, licking and kissing. It would be that man where I'd been before, on top of Sara, grunting.

Watching the water flow into the oversized tub, breathing Sara's perfumed water, I knew it would be a real man intertwined with her tonight, thrusting into her, sweating on her, leaving his own scent on her, his own...his cum...inside her.

I couldn't stand the thought. Truthfully, the anticipation was perhaps too much for my mind to bear. The possession of Sara. By Steve. By any man. Would it stop with just him?

"Oh, mon ami," Sara said from behind me in a French accent while I was lost in



thought.

"Oui, Madame," I asked, turning toward her, eyes downcast, curtsying slightly.

"Simply adorable, Julie," she gasped.

"Merci, Madame," I blushed.

"You are amazing, love, amazing. And I'd be honored to have you serve me this afternoon, my handmaiden, while I got ready for this evening, oui?"

"Oui, Madame," I answered her, fully committed to submitting to her forever.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Please then." She indicated for me to undress her for her bath, which I gently did, tenderly, carefully, grateful just to be in the room with her, thrilled to be serving my unfaithful wife.

I stood by the tub and watched Sara carefully bathe, working her scented bath soap gently over her body. Oh, how I longed to do that myself. When she worked over her breasts, she watched me out of the corner of her eye, as I shifted uncomfortably from heel to heel. I'd never known a bath could be such an erotic experience, and wished that I was free of the chastity cage and the pressure it caused even my little cock, swollen as it was.

After she rinsed the scented soap from her body she stood and said, "towel" in a command. I took that to mean for me to dry her, and did so as she stepped out of the tub.

Bending down carefully in the heels, I started with her legs, gently drying Sara's body, shuddering with erotic lust as I did so. I paused ever so slightly at her breasts, working the towel over them with my hands several time more than really necessary, and felt dizzy as I did so.

"Watch yourself, Julie," Sara said, rebuking me, "lest you find yourself quickened along with a lashing.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," I said without thinking, realizing how natural it felt to be scolded for touching my wife's breasts. That was certainly not my place, of course.

After completion of my task, Sara led me to the bedroom. "Sara, are we going to..."

"Julie," she cut me off, "please don't forget your place. A maid waits until her mistress speaks to her before speaking, no?"

"Yes, Ma'am." I must remember my role and place, especially this afternoon. A role, it was.

"Better. Over there, please," Sara said, pointing to the wall across from her dressing table. I walked toward the wall. "In front of the hook, turn around, my love."

I was in front of a hook in the wall from which we occasionally hung plants. Sara had something in her hand, some sort of clip, and just smiled at the puzzled look on my face. She reached behind my head, her naked breasts brushed against

my chest, and took a grip on my collar. I realized what she was doing as she clipped the collar to the clip to the hook in the wall, binding me standing up, back to the wall, like a piece of art or furniture.

"Need I bind your hands or gag you, Julie," she asked, "or will you be a good maid?"

She had some simple tasks to do in the bedroom, applying lotion to herself, towel drying her hair, and I stood there, at her beck and call, teetering on my heels, held in place by a simple hook, to the wall, watching silently, helplessly, and hungrily at my incredible wife.

"That's a nice station for you, love, my maid, at my beck and call, silently waiting mistress' command."

I shifted, carefully heel to heel.

"You know, I just realized, it gives my maid a nice view of the bed and whatever her mistress may be doing there."

And whoever she may be doing it with, I thought, close to shaking, my stomach was turning so heavily. Was there some future plan in my wife's pretty little head? I'd already seen her do that once, at the club, fucking Steve while I sat quietly next to them. Could it happen again in the future? Standing helplessly while she took a man to bed right in front of me. Even if it never happened, the image was planted in me, and no matter where she was or what she was doing, I'd be haunted and teased by it.

Sara put a heavy terry robe on before coming to me again and releasing me. "You know, I like that. I may need some more of these hooks installed throughout the house," she laughed.

I followed Sara down stairs, walking behind her, eyes downcast, feeling as submissive, defeated and excited as a "girl" could.

Sara relaxed for a little more than an hours, resting, I presumed for the activities of later that evening. What was a sissy maid to do? Any rest? Nothing to do, but wait patiently for Mistress to be ready for her.

"Julie, my love, Jamie from the Salon will be here any minute to do my hair and nails."

I nodded, unsure what the response she expected from this statement, but soon to find out as the door bell rang, announcing the arrival of a visitor, I presume Jamie.

"Shall I go upstairs, Mistress," I asked, taking a step back towards the stairs.

"Upstairs? Heavens no, maid, go let Jamie in."

"Let her in?" My heart leaped to my throat? She couldn't be serious, could she? Could she? How the hell couldn't she be? Exposure to her stylist is exactly something Sara would do in a situation like this, and I should have realized it much

earlier today.

"Her," Sara laughed, throwing my mind off kilter. "Why do you presume Jamie is a woman? Jamie? James? Silly girl, hurry off," Sara scolded when the door rang again.

I knew better than question that tone again, and face flushed, walked quickly to the front door. Looking straight at my shoes, I opened the door to let Jamie into our house.

"My, my, my, aren't you the camp slut, sissy," Jamie said in a lisp of a voice as he walked past me. I glanced up, taking in the sight of Sara's quite obviously gay stylist. The situation was as awkward, and to become more so.

"Jamie, thanks for making a house call," Sara called from the edge of the room.

"Anything for you, love," he swooned. "Just who is your other helper? She's adorable."

Sara laughed. "That's my husband, Jamie. Why? Something interests you?"

"Get out! You are the kinky bitch, aren't you? Your husband! Dressed like the camp vamp? My God, Sara, look at those tits! He has all his parts?" he asked, moving closer to me, a hungry look in his eyes.

"Yes, you tramp, he has all his parts," she laughed. "Stop staring, James, you are going to scare the poor thing."

She was right; I'd taken several steps backwards from his predatory eyes.

"Afraid I'll bite," he lisped, looking at me. "You know Sara, if you ever want to loan her out for some...cleaning," he laughed.

I gasped, eye brows up, horrified.

"Jamie, get over here please," Sara arched her eyes, "Julie is mine...for now, anyway."

My stomach lurched at her implicit threat or promise.

"Okay, okay, but seriously, just a night with that, hmmm," he laughed.

I was so humiliated, damn my wife. And fuck me, straining in my panties too.

"We will be in the dining room, Jamie, right through there," Sara said, pointing him in the right direction. He stopped as he passed her, kissed her on the cheek, and walked out of the room. "Coming, love?" Sara asked me.

As I walked by her, Sara leaned over and whispered in my ear, "It seems my maid has an admirer. Maybe someday I should loan you to him for a day. I know he'd find something for a sissy maid to...clean."

I almost collapsed.

"Don't just stand there love, come on," she ordered me as she walked out of the room following Jamie.

"So, Sara, what are we doing today," Jamie lisped?

"Oh, just something with my hair, style it, not cut, and my nails."

Jamie went to his bags and starting taking out the tools of a stylist, "What's the occasion?"

Sara turned away from Jamie and looked directly at me, her eyes burning into mine. "I have a date."

I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach. It sounded so wrong at that moment. Standing there, dressed up, maid-like, a gay man in the room with us, it sounded so awful, so humiliating. But, in a way, that's just what we both wanted, I'm sure.

"A date," Jamie asked, actually taken back by her response. I didn't think that's what he expected. "You mean...you...you..."

Sara chuckled while I blushed. "A girl needs a man, doesn't she?"

"Oh, Sara, that's just too precious. Your husband feminized and cuckolded! You go girl!"

"Jamie, don't get the wrong idea. I love my husband very much, but he knows I need a man sometimes."

"Oh, I agree, who doesn't need a man now and then," her friend said, turning to look at me. I couldn't even look at Jamie, I was blushing so deeply.

"Are you...I mean...well, I don't mean to pry, Sara, but when you date...do...do you...?"

"Will he get lucky?"

Jamie laughed. "Yea, that's one way to put it, girlfriend."

"Jamie, he is going to get very lucky. Lucky enough to make you wish you were into girls."

"Well, some girls do it for me," he laughed, emphasizing 'girls' and looking over to me.

Sara laughed again. "Jamie, she's not into that...yet."

Jamie frowned. "Well, that's a bummer. Look at those lips...I can only imagine..."

"Jamie, if you only knew."

"Oh?" he raised his eyebrow.

"Well, my husband has not tasted the flesh of a cock yet, but she has spent time practicing on my silicone cock, and she does quite well," she beamed.

I was literally in pain again. My cock was so swollen in the chastity cage, I was close to doubling over. Their conversation was pressing every humiliating button in my erotic body.

"Hmm, I can imagine," Jamie lisped again, resuming his task of getting ready to make my wife pretty.

I spent the next couple of hours hovering over Sara, silently watching Jamie do her hair and her nails. If nothing else, Jamie knew how to make a woman look her best, and Sara looked like a prom queen or a bride, the beauty of the room for sure.

Finishing, packing up, Jamie looked at my wife. "You are ravishing, you know, your date isn't going to be able to keep his paws off you."

"I'm counting on that, Jamie," she said. "What do I owe you?"

"Well, we could work something out," Jamie laughed, looking over at me, eyeing my body, making me shudder.

"Jamie," she laughed, "Stop it. "Maybe some day you can do her...perhaps even her hair. But now, please, here!" She laughed as she handed him some bills and shooed him out the door.

"Upstairs, my maid, I have to finish getting ready."

And upstairs we went, to the bedroom, so Sara could finish preparations for her night of passion, and my night of agony. Pure agony.

Sara sat at her makeup table, the instruments of beauty arrayed around her, and untied and slipped her arms out of her robe, let it fall around her waist, her breasts thrust forward. Even without makeup, with her hair done, I couldn't help but marvel at her natural beauty, statuesque.

"You may do my makeup, Julie," she commanded, turning her face up towards me.

I trembled slightly, assigned the task to make my wife look beautiful for another man. Really, to make her appealing, sexual, feline, all to please him, to bed him. I was not as skilled in the womanly arts of makeup as she was, but I'd had some weeks of practice now, and felt obligated to rise to the challenge.

It was amusing to bend over her and watch Sara's vision catch sight of my breasts, looking at them. I'd never imagined how erotic it could be to put makeup on one's wife. Of course, her naked torso, my attire in the maid's uniform, her activities planned for this evening heightened every cell in my body!

I exaggerated her makeup without making her look slutty. I suppose I went for the prom look, or bride's maid look. Certainly more than Sara wore on a normal work day, it was enough to make any man's heart flutter, and any woman to know it was a special evening. Sara certainly seemed very pleased, casually running her fingers on my stockings, making my own heart dance her tune.

"A little rouge on my breasts, please," Sara said, "something appealing for my date."

Her date.

My wife's date.

Yes, yes, we must make our wife's breasts look pretty for her date.

For her lover. For the man who would be playing with them tonight.

Sara smiled at me. That guilty smile.

"You've done a lovely job, Julie," she said, admiring herself in the mirror.

"Thank you Mistress," I said, curtsying before her.

"I think I should be getting dressed now, don't you? I know Steve has reservations, so I can't be late. Go get the bag hanging on the back of my closet door, my outfit is in there."

I did as ordered, brought the bag to her, and opened it up when she indicated to do so. All was in there, lingerie, shoes, dress, all the things my wife bought for her date, bought to seduce a man.

Sara stood, her robe fell to the floor. "You may dress me, sissy," she commanded, "make your wife pretty for her date."

Of course her lingerie started with a garter belt. She could have gone bare legged, but pantyhose were out of the question. And why go bare legged when you are going to seduce a man? No, no, a garter belt and stockings were certainly appropriate.

My hands trembled as I carefully took the ivory satin and lace six strap garter belt and wrapped it around Sara's dainty waist, and placed the hook and eye clasps together behind her, the straps dangling to her thighs.

"Where is the bra?"

"In my drawer. I don't need it," she said. I was now painfully half erect in the chastity cage.

I knelt before her, one ivory stocking in my hand, slowly, erotically, worked it up her right leg. I caught a whiff of her, the musky smell. She was damp. After I attached the stocking to the garter straps, I repeated the process with the other leg. There was no more erotic act I'd ever done with her.

There were panties in the bag, sheer ivory. I picked them up and looked at her.

"You are thinking the same thing I thought, Julie. Should I wear panties? It would certainly be erotic without them, wouldn't it? Steve would love it. But then, as you certainly could tell, I'm already damp. Fuck, I'm so excited. It might be just a tad too slutty to go without panties, so please, continue."

I opened up the panties, but before holding them out to her legs, I slowly brought the crotch up to my mouth, my eyes never leaving her. I carefully kissed the sheer crotch, leaving the slightest touch of lipstick, blessing them, in a way, and my wife's pussy, to be used by another tonight.

She leaned on my head as I helped her into the panties and worked them up her stockings, her bare thighs, the garter straps and over her ass and pussy.

"Perfume."

I got her CK Eternity, the scent that drove me wild. She pointed to her neck, which I sprayed. She then moved to each wrist. Then each breast. Then, her crotch, and I gasped, spraying her temple.

"Get my dress, then the heels, lover."

Her dress was light, flirty, soft, almost sheer. A rose or mauve color halter

dress, trimmed with sheer edges, a light pink flower pattern woven throughout. I slipped it over her head, smoothed it out. It was tight on her breasts and waist, flared out just a bit at the hem, one side ending at mid thigh, the other just below the knee.

Fuck!

Sara was fucking amazing. Oh my god was she amazing. Her beauty left me breathless. Her golden hair rested on her shoulders, her legs danced in the light, her breasts swelled the bosom of her dress. She had never looked so radiant, even on our wedding day.

I knelt before her to slip her feet into cream strappy heels.

"Oh God, Sara, I love you," I whimpered, head down, kissing her feet, I was so overcome with love for her.

"Look at me lover," she whispered. "Take my hand."

She held her left hand out before her. "Look at my wedding ring. Do you give me away tonight of your own free will? Do you agree I may do what I want? What ever I want? Do you want it? As much as I do?"

"Yes, Sara, yes," I whispered.

"Kiss my ring then, lover."

I did so, passionately, kissing away my wife for the evening, pledging her to Steve, to her happiness and his.

"Lover, Steve will be here in just a few minutes, so..."

"Sara, please, I can't let him see me like this," I started to beg.

"Julie, Julie, you really have to get over your fear of men, you know. How are you ever going to satisfy your appetite for a cock if you don't want a man to see you like this? You think a man wants to see you playing dress up, wearing mens clothes? Silly, a man is going to want you looking like the pretty girl you are when you kneel in front of him."

"But don't worry, I know, I know, you aren't ready yet, that's okay. I don't want you seeing Steve anyway, I want him thinking about fucking me all night, not getting a blow job from you. The only question is what to do with you."

"What do you mean?"

"What should I do with you while I'm out? This is about you as much as it is about me. I know how much thinking about your wife with another man excites you and I want you to feel like that all night. I don't want you trapped in chastity, I want you thinking about this all night, lover, thinking about me with Steve. However, I also don't want you beating off the second I leave."

"So?"

"So, take off your dress and petticoats and lie back on the bed."

I did as she ordered, stripped down to my lingerie, got on the bed on my back.

"Spread your arms and legs out, Julie," she said. She had restraints in her hands; she clearly meant to tie me up. Buckling my wrists and ankles apart, spread eagled, she said, "now I can take you out of that silly chastity cage, but you will not be able to do anything but relax and think about me all night."

As she unlocked the cage, I popped free, blood quickly filled my formerly trapped cock.

"Ooooo, Sara, it hurts," I whined.

She laughed. "I bet it does, baby. Just think how sore its going to be all night, hard, unable to cum. I imagine you will go soft now and then, think of me, and get hard again. You are going to go wild, lover."

She got up from the bed and walked over to her laundry hamper. She rummaged around and came back with a couple of pairs of panties in her hands. "I've been saving these panties, baby. I've masturbated with them both several times this week, so they are just full of my pussy scent and taste. Open your mouth," she ordered.

Scared, humiliated, hard, excited, I did as ordered. She balled the panties up, crotch out, and put them in my mouth, onto my tongue, the bitter taste of her pussy juices, the crust, on my tongue.

"I want you to suck on those all night, lover," she whispered.

"Mmmggggffff."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to tie them in with anything, that's not safe if you choke. But I don't want you spitting them out, either, understand? There should be enough of my juices on there to keep you happy for a long time. Now, that's just the taste of me. You need the smell, too." She took a pair of thong panties and put them over my head, front forward, crotch over my nose. The scent was incredibly strong; I inhaled deeply.

"Okay, taste, smell...how about touch?" She had two stockings in her hands and placed one in each of my bound hands.

"These are the stockings I wore when we met Steve at the club, you remember? When I fucked him in front of you? Play with those lover, think of me then and now."

I was still breathing deeply, Sara's scent heavy in her thong panties.

"Now, three senses down, two to go. I've got to hurry, he will be here any minute. Sight? I don't want you looking anymore. You need your mind for this...on me...all night...so...a blindfold," she smiled, quickly darkening my world.

I heard the doorbell ring. Steve.

"That must be Steve," she said. I suddenly felt her soft hand on my erect cock. "Baby, you don't know how fucking excited I am right now."

She was stroking me, her scent all over me and inside me.



"Not just cause I'm going to fuck him tonight, but knowing you are here, left like this, thinking about it all night. My cuckold sissy, helpless while his wife gets a real man. Julie I've never felt more alive"

Her hand slipped off my cock as the doorbell rang again.

"Yea, time to go, I know, I know. One last sense, though. You need to hear me."

I felt her get off the bed and then lean over and slip a pair of headphones over my ears. Noise canceling headphones. I could no longer hear anything. Then I heard her voice.

"I love you."

"Gggmmm."

"Is this too loud?"

I shook my head no. Sara?

"Good, I'm leaving now, lover. See you later...much later..."

Ohhhhh.....

I thrashed, blinded, in darkness, unable to hear, Sara's taste all over my mouth, her scent in every breath. I was so erect. Throbbing. I tried to turn to rub my cock on the mattress, but spread eagled, I could not even come close. Agony.

Pure agony.

Sexual, thrill, total agony.

I didn't know how much time passed when I heard it.

"Julie," I heard Sara whisper.

"Ssssgmmm," I yelled into her panties.

Nothing. Where was she? Sara?

"Julie," she whispered again.

"Mgggffff!!!" Was she back? What was going on.

"Juuuulieeee," she cooed.

I strained against the bonds.

"Shhhh, relax, Julie, relax. I'm not here right now. I recorded this to keep you company from time to time tonight, so just be still sweetie, I'll be back in a few."

I was surrounded by my wife. I felt her nylons in my hands, I smelled her through the panties over my face, tasted her with her panties in my mouth, heard her. I ached all over, but especially in my little cock, hard, touching nothing but air.

I was taking deep breaths, trying to relax, even though that only made more of her scent come into me, more odor, exciting me.

I naturally had no appreciation of time, closed off to the outside world as I was. So I do not know if it was five minutes or fifty minutes till I heard Sara's voice again, I was so "wrapped up" in her scent and taste.

"Julie," she said, her recorded voice startling me, immediately causing me to

suck her panties harder, sniff her scent harder.

"Julie," she said again, "am I being unfaithful to you tonight when Steve fucks me?"

I moaned, my cock hurt so bad. I waited to hear her again. Nothing for several minutes.

"Julie," the voice whispered, "it can't be unfaithful, can it? Not when you want him to fuck me too. Oh, I'm sorry, does that make your little cockette sore? Picturing a man's cock in me? Picture it, Julie. Picture Steve's cock. Inside me. You saw it before. You know how it fills me."

"Remember my face, Julie, when I sat on Steve's cock. What time is it? Are we back at Steve's yet? Is that same look on my face right this very second? The gasp caught in my throat for something so big inside me?"

I was humping the air, as best I could, bound to the bed, my cock touching nothing, in pain, in agony. Her words should be hurting me, emotionally, but they did nothing of the sort. They drove me wild.

Total humiliation and total excitement.

Minutes or hours later, who knows, Sara spoke again. "Oh my God, after all these years, just to finally have a cock in my pussy again," she moaned like she was really there fucking him. "It has been too long, too many years without cock."

The vivid picture in my mind was Sara laying on a bed, legs spread, Steve on top of her, pushing himself into her as she gasped, moaned, almost screamed in pleasure.

For minute after minute, in the silence, that's all I could think about.

"You know what I really forgot, Julie? About a cock?"

I waited for the answer. Nothing. Cock. That last word lingered in my mind. Cock.

Suddenly, Sara again. "I forgot how a big cock can completely fill up my mouth."

"OHHHHGGGGMMMFFFF." I was shaking like crazy.

"You practiced on the dildo, sissy, you know what I'm talking about, right?"

That shamed me totally. I did know. What a mouth full of plastic cock was like, anyway.

"You know what," she whispered, "it is the same thing with a real cock. You'll find out eventually," she laughed in my ears, "then you can tell me if a real cock feels the same as the dildo."

I still was not sure how I felt about her now constant taunting about sucking cock. Well, my mind did not know how to feel, the conflict, sissy versus man, husband versus slut, and bi-sexual teases.

But my little cock knew. With every taunt, day after day, it grew harder and

harder.

"Yes, Julie," she whispered again, "when you get a real man's cock in your mouth, I want you to tell me if it tastes better than the strap on."

I was in agony. The teasing about a real cock made me more and more excited. My god, did I really want to suck a cock? Did I? My own clitty certainly said yes.

But what did that make me? I was Sara's husband, wasn't I? Why did a husband want to suck cock? That shouldn't excite me, that should revolt me.

"Tell me how it feels, throbbing in your mouth. That's the real difference between a cock like Steve's and a dildo. A real cock is warm and throbbing and leaks cum. That's what you will be tasting Julie. When I force you to your knees, Julie, and you open your mouth for the first time."

Silence. I hurt so bad, the pain was almost unbearable. My cock, no, my clit, was throbbing now, the lack of release almost beyond my ability to take. I concentrated on her pussy, on the taste and smell of her panties, sucking and sniffing to pacify myself.

I actually drifted off to sleep, though I don't know for how long, time meant nothing to me. All there was for me was Sara's taste and scent, the images of her fucking and sucking Steve, the terror at my own desires for cock.

"Julie. Julie," Sara called out to me, actually stirring me from my sleep. "Oh, Julie, he fucks sooooo good," she crooned. "It was amazing in the club, but oh my, in his house, in his bedroom, when he takes his time. I...I've never been so full."

I knew she recorded this ahead of time, but that didn't change her description of the fucking she was receiving from him. But did it?

Suddenly I felt something graze against my straining cock. Fingernails. Sara? Sara!

Was she here?

"He had me on my stomach. He was on top of me."

I looked around the room. Was she here? Oh, god, Sara.

"His cock," she stopped and I felt a finger flick my clitty, hard. I moaned, half pain, half pleasure, dying for her touch.

"His cock" -- her voice lowered -- "buried in my pussy. He was rocking, pushing into me, pausing at the end of each thrust, his cock farther into me than I've ever felt anything inside me."

Her fingernail, or someone's fingernail, gently went up my shaft.

"Your little clitty really is so much smaller." She took it in her hand, the touch of skin almost making me cum, but only for a second, because she squeezed, harder and harder, making me yelp into the panty gag.

"Every time he paused, cock buried to the hilt inside me, I had a mini orgasm. Over and over, he pushed me to the edge, and just slightly over it, the friction of his

cock thrilling me as I've never been thrilled before."

She released me cock, I gasped in pain. I felt her presence more now, next to me. Sara terrified me, I've never loved her or anyone so much. I felt hands on my hair, moving the headphones away. Still blindfolded, gagged, and panties on my face, her pussy was still my world.

"The last time," her voice said, live, next to my head, whispering into my ear, "the last thrust, when he came, he pushed further into me still, like he'd held something back before.

"I was shaking, lover, my pussy so full it hurt, and as his cum exploded inside me, it touched me all over. Oh, god, the orgasm was more powerful than any before. I....," her voice broke, shook, "I almost passed out I was so dizzy."

Again she took hold of my cock, squeezing it.

"Oh, baby, you are trembling. Do you want to cum, sissy?"

I moaned...mumbled...yes, yes, oh yes.

"I know, lover, I know. But you know there is something you have to do, don't you?"

Did I know? I knew all night. Of course I knew.

"You are going to worship my pussy, aren't you? Lick it and suck it and taste it. Nasty, lover, its all nasty, now, matted with my juices. And his cum. All that cum, lover, all that cum all over, inside me, on me. You are going to eat it, sissy, all of it, aren't you? Aren't you?"

The tiny part of my brain revolted. Another part exploded with pleasure.

"But you have to ask yourself, sissy. How nasty am I?"

She loosened her grip on my clitty so it was gently holding my cock. I froze. Nasty? She sensed it.

"Yes, slut, how nasty am I? You'll eat Steve's cum from my pussy, slut, you know that. But nasty has to do with when. Now, desperate to cum, your libido is high, and you will do anything, won't you? Even suck a man's cum from my pussy. Anything, just to cum. But what about after you do, sissy? What if you cum now," she laughed, stroking my cock.

"Gggmemffff."

"If you cum now, before, sissy, you will have no libido. Will sucking my pussy still excite you? Will eating a man's cum from my pussy be so exciting then? Either way, you are worshipping, but what about after?"

That really did send terror through me. I knew she was right. If she made me cum, I'd lose any sexual energy. Right now it excited me, but after, it would revolt me. Oh, Sara, please, no.

She laughed. "I know, lover, you want it now, don't you. You want that cum now. Tell me, lover, tell me."

I felt her move the panty gag from my mouth.

"Beg me, sissy," she commanded.

I exhaled quickly, words jumbled in my brain. "Please, Sara, please, let me do it now, please."

"Do what, sissy," she asked, stroking my little cock, pushing me closer. No, no!

"Eat you, Sara, please, stop, let me eat you now," I begged, terrified I'd cum soon.

"That's not all, sissy, that's not all you want, is it," she moaned, continuing her stroking.

"No, no," I yelled, meaning I wanted more and wanted her to stop. "Sara, please, stop, let me suck you, let me...let me eat it...the cum," I yelled, "let me eat Steve's cum from you."

And with that, I became the ultimate sissy cuckold. There it was, I was begging to suck her lover's cum. Was there any lower I could go? Perhaps in the future, yes, and I'm sure I'd go there, with Sara of course.

"Oh, Julie, there is so much of it," she laughed. I felt her on the bed, removing my blindfold, moving back as my eyes adjusted to the light. Sara peeled the dress over her head, down to her lingerie. My eyes saw her hair, mussed, her lipstick gone, her makeup disheveled, her eyes sparkled. She looked fucked.

My eyes followed her hands to her panties, the sheer cream panties.

"They held most of it in, lover," she laughed. "I'll save them though. I think my panties, soaked with my juices and my lover's cum will make a nice gag for you in the future, don't you think."

She climbed back onto the bed, over my head, her legs straddling my head, facing my own cock.

"Like what you see, Julie," she asked, hands on her own pussy. The trim hair was matted, dried fluids coated her skin, the folds of her pussy. "That's just what leaked out, sissy, there is much more inside. Now beg for it, lover."

"Sara," I groaned, "please, Sara, let me suck your pussy. Please, let me taste your lover's cum."

"I still should make you cum first," she laughed.

"Please, no, don't let me cum, let me eat his cum first," I begged. I heard my own words, my own plea to my wife. I cringed at them, how perverse they were, how revolting.

How true.

By simply lowering herself, suddenly her pussy was smothering my face and mouth. The smell and taste were remarkable. I'd spent hours sucking and smelling her. This was different. She was there, but so was he.

The smell of cum.

The taste of cum.

It was all over my wife's pussy.

There was no doubt now. Before when she'd teased me, there was doubt. I knew now it was a tease. Except in the limo, she'd teased me. This was serious. She'd fucked him, no doubt. And she'd loved it. And so did I.

I again pictured them lying there. Sara, on her stomach, Steve on top of her, his thick cock entering her, pleasing her. Sara loving it, if only because of how it made me feel. Not just her, but me too.

I tasted the first real glob from inside her. Cum, dripping from her pussy into my mouth. I sucked it greedily. Sara rode my face like she was riding a wild animal, for that is what I was, an animal, thrashing in my bondage, my wife above me feeding me, making me worship her.

My face was numb, her juices coating all over me, when she climbed off me. Cum and pussy was all over me, a part of me.

My head was spinning, and I didn't notice she'd moved, what she'd done, that her soaked pussy was now hovering over my own little cock. She lowered herself onto me in one swift motion, before I'd even had a chance to comprehend.

"Oh, Julie, your clit really is so tiny, compared to a man," she moaned.

**"SARA!"**

"I fucked him cause I love you, slut," she moaned.

"Ohhhh."

"I fucked him cause you want it, slut."

"Yes," I gasped, breath caught in my throat. I was now swept away by my own orgasm, my own cum mixing into Sara.

As I caught my breath, Sara slowly climbed off me, reached over the bed, picked up her soiled but discarded panties.

Still bound, I watched her, an animal ready to die. She took the panties, sheer crotch up, wiped her pussy, soaked it really. "Something else for you to suck on when I gag you, sissy," she laughed.

I shuddered, libido gone, the thought of cum, hers, Steve's, mine, disgusting me. But I knew too, even like this, I'd forever be Sara's slave.

Part 10

"What's wrong, love?" Sara asked.

"Nothing," I snapped, concentrating on my work, something sometimes hard to do when I worked from home and Sara was also home. Of course, my growing tits and my long hair made going into the office difficult to do. Not impossible, but it was becoming...no...I was becoming very self conscious about that, so I went in only a couple of times a week. Of course, I was Julie at home.

"Hmm. Don't you feel pretty today?"

Dressed in classic lingerie, heels, a skirt suit, feeling the swell of the breasts growing from my hormones, I couldn't help but feel pretty. But this only depressed me more.

It had been about two weeks since her date with Steve, and there was something wrong, of course. I had no idea what it was, so I could not tell her. How can you explain what you don't understand. But Sara always knew better, always was one step ahead of me, always anticipated me.

"Julie, come with me," she said abruptly, picking up her purse, phone and keys.

"Sara, where are you going? I have work to do, honey."

"This is more important, let's go."

I started to protest, but the words caught in my throat, and instead I followed her order, shut down my computer, and silently followed her to the garage.

"Where are we going?"

"Something I should have done earlier."

"What?"

"I should have done this earlier this week."

She didn't answer my question.

And I didn't think of the answer until we were closer.

"Dr. Nelson," I gasped.

"Yes, Julie. I understand that you are probably confused again, that you have mixed feelings. We need to address them. I shouldn't have assumed that simply talking about them in the past was enough. This is a process, not an event."

"What are you talking about," I asked as we pulled into the parking lot.

"Listen, you have gone through this before. The guilt, the confusion. I thought that we'd put it behind us, but Susan said that it was something that would come up again and again, especially as we did more things. I suppose it was natural for you to feel this after I went out with Steve."

I was quickly drawn back to that night. The bondage, the audible taunts, the begging to eat Steve's cum from her pussy. It was so exciting then, so humiliating then and now, but painful now. Sara was right, I'd been in inner torment for two weeks.

Sara and I walked into Dr. Nelson's suite. I experienced a sense of dread. My last visit here had been, well, quite unexpected, to say the least. We were quickly shown into Dr. Nelson's well apportioned office. I was thankful it was not the exam room, but that was short lived.

"Sara, how wonderful to see you. Julie, you too. You aren't scheduled for a hormone level check for another few weeks -- what's up?"

"Susan," Sara sighed, "you were right, it has been difficult for her."

"Sara, I told you, didn't I? Well, I always knew better," Dr. Nelson said,

adopting an air of superiority, crossing her arms, glaring at Sara.

"I know, Susan, I know, but I thought she was she was stronger, that she wanted this too..."

"Sara, don't worry. Listen, since she's here, why don't I have her see the nurse, to see how the hormones are coming? You can fill me in, then we'll all talk, okay?"

The blood quickly drained from my face. The nurse? Last time that involved bondage and a milking with a dildo. I was uncomfortable with my life at the present moment, and picturing that big nurse from my last visit made me shake. But before I could voice a peep of protest, Dr. Nelson's glare intervened.

"Yes Ma'am," I said. She was a woman I never wanted to cross. I might get away with it with Sara, but not this doctor bitch.

A nurse stepped into the room as if she'd been listening in, a different one than before, and before I could think of anything else to say to Sara, I was led down the hall into an exam room.

"Why don't you get undressed, just down to your underwear for now," the nurse asked me. Where Dr. Nelson's last nurse was big, fat, even ugly, this one was pretty, dressed in light blue scrubs that stretched across her breasts, showing off her hair. Fuck, I was attracted to her, and quickly worried about an erection that would certainly not be welcome. I was in a sulky mood, and I didn't want anyone thinking I

was happy with my life when I'd rather pout.

I anticipated a tightening in my panties, and started to say something, to ask not to get undressed, but realized nothing was happening. That threw me, confused me. I felt a flush of excitement color my cheeks, the blood running through my body, everywhere. Everywhere but in my panties.

Red faced again, I took off my suit jacket, hung it on a hook, stepped out of my skirt, undid my blouse, took off my black slip. I was again left, of course, in classic lingerie again in the doctor's office. Black satin six strap garter belt, matching bra and panties, black stockings, heels.

"Heels too, please," the nurse said.

I did as ordered, and was subject to the usual height and weight check and vital sign check.

"Five nine, one forty. Your figure is coming along very nice."

Well, there was that. Dressed like this, even I had trouble picturing myself as a male.

"Your blood pressure is just a tad off, but the hormones often play havoc. For awhile. You've been on them for a bit now, so it should level off soon."

"Okay."

"You know, I'm sure you've heard this before, but you have beautiful taste in



lingerie, sweetie. I've seen some girls like you that are pure trash, but you are so elegant."

I blushed deeply.

"Seriously, your wife is very lucky," she smiled. "Okay, up on the table so we can finish the exam."

I was almost trembling. No I was trembling, remembering my last time on the table, strapped down, half raped while I was milked.

"Hey, hey, don't worry, honey, this won't be like last time, really, Dr. Nelson doesn't want you all depressed right now." Apparently she understood the sometimes slight depression that comes after a male orgasm.

After I was on my back, feet in the stirrups, she looked down at me. "I'm sorry, can you undo your bra and pull your panties off, please."

I stood up again, hesitant to pull down my panties. I was so fucking excited, unable to help it, afraid of an erection but so utterly flaccid. The nurse, sweet, tender, even flirting, was driving me wild, yet I had no response in my panties.

The nurse pressed on my stomach, probed me here and there, felt my thighs, moved her hands onto my stockings.

"Silk? No, no, nylon," she asked.

"Nylon."

"Yes, but old fashioned nylon. My husband would love it if I wore lingerie like this. Bet your spouse loves it, having a wife like you, a classy woman around the house. Where do you shop? Maybe I'll pick something up like this for a special treat for him. You know how men love a woman in lingerie, right?" She smiled a girl talk smile.

"Um, Secrets in Lace, an on line store." She knew I was married to a woman, right? I wasn't dressing to please a man.

She moved her hand back to my waist, up the side of my stomach. "Your waist is coming along nicely too, the hormones shaping you a bit softer. Thin, but curves too. A great waist for a garter belt. And your breasts are really coming along even better. Let me see," she said, cupping them in her hands, her skin on my skin. "A B cup, I'm sure. You may not even need implants," she said, massaging them. "Not going to hide these much longer. You'll want to show them off, I bet."

She continued her massage of my breasts. My eyes rolled back into my head. Her touch was heavenly.

"This is one of my favorite parts of my job, and it's necessary too. Move the blood around the growing breast tissue. The same day-after- day of seeing our regular patients is well made up by a patient like you, Julie. Feel good? I bet. Yes, your wife is very lucky."

The nurse took out a pair of latex exam gloves, snapped them on, and resumed

her massage of my breasts. She left one hand on one of my breasts, playfully teasing my nipple, while her other hand moved to my crotch. She took my cock, or clitty, in her hand, and massaged it.

"Its so little, so cute," she giggled. "Does your wife call it a clit or a clitty?"

I nodded, eyes again rolling back into my head.

She laughed. "I thought so. She'd never confuse it for a cock, anyway, so might as well call it what it really is. Does it ever get any bigger?" I realized I had not grown at all. I was so fucking turned on, I should be hard as I can get, but I was not erect at all. A tiny bit of swelling, but clearly not an erection.

"It can. But not always," I admitted.

"Well, that's the hormones, too. As your breasts grow, your clit loses its ability to grow. The yin and yang of female hormones. Excited though, I bet. Fuck, I'd better stop before you orgasm -- Dr. Nelson will kill me."

How many times had I been to the edge of orgasm and then denied?

"Let me just check down below, too." She spread a tiny bit of lube on her right glove, and holding onto my clit with her left, inserted two fingers inside me, probing around.

"Hmmm, that had an effect." I looked down, my clit had swollen a little more. "Still no erection, but a causal reaction. Dr. Nelson will be interested. Maybe next time you need to be milked, I'll get to do it. Since my husband wants nothing but missionary sex, I suppose I can try to have a little fun at work, no? Okay, up now, get dressed, I'll take you back to the doctor."

She took her hands out and away from me, handed me some tissues to clean up, and made notes on my chart while I dressed in front of her. It was hard to stand on my heels, I was practically shaking, she'd left me so unfulfilled.

Back to Dr. Nelson's office, I followed the nurse whose name I didn't even know.

"Well?" Dr. Nelson asked?

"BP a bit off but okay, other vitals within normal limits," the nurse reported.

"Breasts? How are they coming along?"

"Oh, a nice solid B cup. Nice figure too, one of the best we've seen."

"Good, good," Dr. Nelson said.

"Swelling?"

"A tiny bit with manipulation and aural stimulation. She was clearly aroused, but no apparent erectile reaction, though she reports that they come and go."

"And during the penetration exam?"

She looked back down at the chart. "Two finger exam resulted in some additional swelling. I'd guess with full penetration and prostate stimulation, she would achieve full erection."

"So, would she?" Dr. Nelson asked the nurse.

"Yes, full excitement, full erection with full penetrative stimulation."

"Yes, yes. Well, Sara, Julie is coming along just beautifully. And I mean that as a doctor and as a friend," she said, smiling approvingly at me.

"Physically," Sara said, "but emotionally?"

"Well, as we discussed, she is bound to have confusion, guilt, even be repulsed, at times. But overall she should be desirous of the entire situation. Are you Julie?"

"What do you mean?"

"With what is going on with your, with your marriage. At the basic level, these are things you want, correct, you know that?"

I shifted my legs uncomfortably from the couch I'd sat down in a bit too deeply, showing off too much leg, and adjusted my skirt. I was conscious that I'd just done such a feminine movement.

"Well, start with your wife's date. You wanted her to date, correct?"

"Yes, I suppose I did."

"You'd been looking at cuckolding porn. Was that something you'd fantasized about?"

"Yes."

"But the trouble you've had is putting fantasy into practice? Going from reading about generic wives doing that, to your own wife, to Sara, bedding a man."

I just blushed

"But in fact you actually participated. Sara tells me, you helped her get dressed, helping her look as pretty as she could."

"Yes, but, I..."

She cut me off, "and you knew what she was going to do, since she'd done it before, right?"

"Go out?"

"Fuck him," she said sharply, her words cutting right through the tension in the room."

"Um, I suppose."

"Not just go out. Fuck. You knew she was going to fuck. You knew, Julie. You knew when she was getting dressed. You knew when she left the house. You knew she was going to fuck him. Hours later, you knew she was doing it. Please, don't be dishonest with me."

"Yes, yes, I knew."

"You knew she was going to fuck him."

"Yes, yes, of course I knew." Like I could deny it.

"How did that make you feel?"

"Humiliated."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes."

"Ashamed that your wife was going to fuck Steve? Ashamed that she was going to enjoy it? Or ashamed because it was something you couldn't do, please her like that?"

"Yes, please" I whispered.

"But excited too, Julie? Did it excite you? When you were home, tied to the bed, were you erect?"

"Yes."

"The whole time?"

"Yes, yes."

"Even though you have trouble getting an erection now, you spent hours erect. Hours picturing Sara fucking Steve?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"Were you ashamed that you so easily gave up, became a sissy, obeyed your wife, gave up her chastity?"

"Yes!"

"But you still wanted it, Julie, that's what makes you different from other men, or men, I suppose. You needed it. What takes time to understand is that shame is a good thing. Sara needs it too, Julie, about what you are and about what she is doing. There shouldn't be guilt where none is needed."

"Yes, but..., the things...she said...about..."

"About?"

"Well, first of all...." I could not bring myself to even say the word.

"About what, Julie," Dr. Nelson repeated.

"Cock," Sara piped in from her seat, a cat-like grin on her face.

The very word from sweet Sara's lips shocked me. I'd almost forgotten she was there next to Dr. Nelson.

"What was that," Dr. Nelson asked?

"Cock," Sara said more forcefully.

"What about cock? What's wrong with cock?"

"She...she...", I turned my head away.

"That's part of the shame, isn't it? Cock, specifically. The very word caused you to have a physical reaction, Julie. The thing that goes to the heart of your humiliation. You know why? Julie, that's the one thing you've always been self conscious about. All sissy cuckolds are. Their lack of it. A man's supposed to have it, and you don't. That's okay, Julie, it's normal."

"Yes, but..."

"There's more, isn't there?"

"Yes, but...."

"Hmmm, I have an idea." Dr. Nelson stood up, went to a cabinet, opened it, took some things out, and walked over to the low coffee table in front of us.

"There, things should be out in the open," she smiled, setting down the objects on the table. The first was a large, flesh colored dildo. Eight or nine inches, thick, with veins, balls. A cock. A lifelike cock. The second was a small...not a cock, certainly, a thin, four inch object. Almost like a small anal toy for the uninitiated. The last was a flesh colored model of a pussy.

"Now, cock," she said again, "we were talking about cock, right?"

"Cock," Sara parroted.

"She makes me say...say things," I whimpered.

"About cock?"

"Yes, doctor, about c...c...cock."

"You keep stumbling on that word. Let's do some therapy role-playing. Look at the things on the table. I'm going to ask you questions, but I don't want you to think about the answers. Just answer, quickly, the first thing that comes to mind, okay?"

I nodded.

"I'm going to say some words, and I want you to point to the object that you associate with that word."

"Okay."

"Good, here, first one. John Holmes."

I quickly pointed to the large cock.

"Good, good," Dr. Nelson smiled, leaning forward, encouraging me with her body language. "Classic porn star, known to be well endowed. Okay, another. Jenna Jamison."

I pointed to the pussy. "Good, same thing with a woman. Famous porn star. Okay, now quickly, answer. Boy George."

Without hesitating I pointed to the small object.

"Marilyn Monroe." The pussy.

"A horse." I laughed. The cock.

We went through several of these, as we worked into a quiet rhythm.

"Sara." Without thinking I pointed to the pussy.

She did several more famous names.

"John." The little object.

"Charles Barkley." The cock.

"Julie." I pointed to the little object again.

"How many cocks are on the table?"

"Um...one," I answered, looking at the three objects again.

"Good, Julie, good. Now, why don't you pick up the cock on the table, I think if

you are holding a cock, your mind will get over that word."

I picked up the dildo, realizing there was no good way to hold it, and it ended up balls in my left hand, shaft wrapped around my right hand.

"I'm sure you get the point of that simple demonstration. You think of women as women...pussy. Men as men...cock. And yourself...neither, in between, not man or woman, not cock or pussy. Sara it does prove the point that Julie has no interest in totally becoming a woman. She wants to keep that clitty of hers."

Sara smiled, soaking it all in.

"Now, Julie, back to the point, what is it that pretty Sara here is making you say?" Her hand moved to and rested on Sara's nylon covered thigh.

"That nasty word? Now say it, 'c-o-c-k'," she said slowly.

"Cock," I struggled.

"Oh, come on, try this...repeat after me."

"Leg."

"Leg."

"Ear."

"Ear."

"Breast."

"Breast."

"Arm."

"Arm."

"Cock."

"Cock," I finally said more naturally.

"Better, better. See, it's just a word. Try it again, cock."

"Cock," I said with more gusto.

"Good, now that we have that out of the way, what about cock, Julie? You were saying that Sara makes you say things. What does she make you say?"

"She...she makes me say I...I want to...to suck cock."

"You want to suck cock?"

"Yes, I want to suck cock," I repeated, answering her, then horrified at the way it sounded.

"Do you?" Dr. Nelson smiled. "What's wrong with that? Lots of women want to suck cock."

"But I don't!"

"But you just said you did."

"But..."

"Is this how she forces you? Like I just forced you? I mean, she doesn't punish you, or beat you, or anything? She doesn't torture you, does she?"

"No, but..."

"She just asks you to say it?"

"Yes."

"And you do?"

"Yes."

"You do want to suck cock, Julie?"

"No, no," I quickly said, realizing the word trap.

"But you say it, Julie, so easily, you say you want to suck cock."

"But..."

"What are you doing to it, Julie?"

I looked down, realized I'd been absent mindedly stroking the cock with my right hand, and quickly stopped. "I'm sorry."

"Julie you are not going to hurt it, trust me. Anyway, if it was a real cock in your hands, you'd be making some man very happy just by lazily stroking him. It's okay."

Sara was just sitting there, smiling, her left hand next to Dr. Nelson's leg as they sat close together on the couch, her fingers slowly drawing a circle on the good doctor's leg.

"Now, I think I understand, Julie. You say it so easily, that you want to suck cock, and that scares you a little, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Because men don't suck cock, right? Not straight men, anyway, do they?"

"No, never," I gasped.

"Do you think Steve would? Or your boss? Or your friends?"

"No, no!"

"Would they even say it? Could I trick them into saying it like you think Sara tricks you?"

"Probably not," I admitted.

"Well, why do you think you are so easily tricked then? Why do the words roll off your tongue so easily? Sara told me that you have said it many times, Julie, that it's not a one time thing. She can easily get you to say it."

"I...I don't know...it's not..."

"Sara, tell him to say it."

Sara smiled at Dr. Nelson, sat forward towards me, moved her left hand onto Dr. Nelson's thigh, rubbed it, looked at me seductively, licked her lips, "Say it Julie, tell me what you want to do with a cock."

My head started spinning, and the words just automatically rolled off my tongue. "I want to suck cock."

Sara and Dr. Nelson just stared at me. "Say it again, Julie," Dr. Nelson said, also leaning forward, breasts straining on her blouse.

"I want to suck cock," I moaned, again unconsciously stroking the cock in my hand.

"See, Susan."

"Shh, Sara, I understand. Julie, do you understand why you say it so easily?"

Unfortunately, I did understand, and that was the root of my torment. I nodded.

"Well, why, Julie, why do the words come so naturally to you?"

"Because...because I do?"

"Of course you do, Julie, of course you do. That is the important thing. Realization and acceptance."

"But...I...I'm..."

"What? Not gay? Julie, of course you are not gay! This is what you have to work on understanding. I'd call it gay if a man wanted to do that. If Steve wanted to suck cock, that's clearly a homosexual thought. Nothing wrong with that, but it is what it is."

"But what's the difference," I insisted.

Dr. Nelson smiled, looked at the cock in my hand, the pussy and little clitty on the table.

"I'm not a man? But...I've got..."

"Yes, you've got a penis. You are a male, of course. What you don't have is a cock. You are a male, but you know you are not a man, don't you. That you've always known."

"Of course," I frowned, looking at Sara.

"Realize and accept. You are not a man. You want to suck cock. You're practically a woman, Julie, a woman with extras or benefits. Not actually a woman, but you can think that way, act that way, and even prefer it that way, correct?"

"Yes, but..."

"Don't get hung up on being a male. Here, it's like this. You are a male, not a man. Are you a female?"

"No."

"No, of course not, but you are a woman, aren't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Yes, yes. A male but not a man. A woman but not a female. A "shemale" I suppose, to use that term. Even though you are not a female, you dress and act like a woman. Even though you are a male, you dress and act like a woman. So, think about it, Julie, is it all that odd that you'd want to suck a cock? Is it really?"

"No."

"No! Of course not, acceptance. Because you do, don't you? As much as you love Sara, love women, really, are attracted to them, emotionally and sexually, you also think about men. And that is okay, Julie. Sara thinks its okay. I think its okay.



The nurse who examined you thinks its okay."

"Acceptance?"

"Yes, acceptance."

"But, Sara won't..."

"Won't love you? Won't accept you," Sara quietly asked?

"Yes," I said, tears in my eyes.

"Lover, I don't know if I could accept you any other way."

I sat there, emotionally unstable, tears streamed down my face.

"Do you accept me needing a man, wanting to please a man?"

"Yes, yes, of course," I said.

"And you love her all the more for it?" Dr. Nelson asked.

"Yes, god yes."

"As do I, lover, accept you and love you all the more for it." Sara leaned over to me, her hands on my legs, squeezed them. "I couldn't imagine loving anyone like this," she whispered, her own eyes wet with tears.

We sat there for several minutes in silence, letting our emotions speak, our tears speak.

"What else concerns you, Julie," Dr. Nelson asked, breaking our silence.

I hesitated. "After she got home, she wanted me to...to perform on her ...orally."

"You mean after she got home, after she fucked Steve, she wanted you to eat her out...and I suppose, that involved whatever was there, right?"

"Exactly," I said, stroking the dildo again.

"A creampie, her lover's cum, right? She demanded this?"

"Yes, yes."

"But you are depressed because you didn't want to?"

"Yuck, no."

"See, Susan," Sara said, "see how he feels."

"It's okay, Sara, I understand. Don't you see, Julie, just like sucking cock, you wanted it, not just Sara."

"But I didn't."

"Oh, but you did, Julie, that's what you have to accept, everything you wanted, everything, every single thing, even after her date."

"No," I pleaded, "she wanted it," not able to admit what I really felt, how deeply I too wanted it.

Dr. Nelson reached beside her, pulled up a screen on a laptop. "Who wanted what," she asked. I heard my voice from speakers on the table. Instantly recognized our voices from the other night. She had recorded us.

"Eat you, Sara, please, stop, let me eat you now."

"That's not all, sissy, that's not all you want, is it."

"No, no, Sara, please, stop, let me suck you, let me...let me eat it...the cum. Let me eat Steve's cum from you."

"Oh, Julie, there is so much of it. They held most of it in, lover. I'll save them though. I think my panties, soaked with my juices and my lover's cum will make a nice gag for you in the future, don't you think."

"Like what you see, Julie? That's just what leaked out, sissy, there is much more inside. Now beg for it, lover."

"Sara, please, Sara, let me suck your pussy. Please, let me taste your lover's cum."

"I still should make you cum first."

"Please, no, don't let me cum, let me eat his cum first."

Dr. Nelson stopped the playback. I was shocked to hear that. Sara taped our night! Oh, fuck, and Dr. Nelson heard it all!

"Who wanted what, Julie," Dr. Nelson asked. Sara was smiling at me, a proud smile. Gottcha!

"No, that's not right, it..."

"It is right, Julie, its word for word right. Who wants it?"

Confronted by my own words. "I...I do," I whispered.

"Cock?"

I looked down, "yes."

"Cum?"

I shuffled my heel.

"You may be reluctant, resist, but deep inside, you have these desires, Julie."

"But..."

"Do you want to suck cock?"

"Yes," I pleaded, too far along to deny that again.

"And cum, Julie, you wanted that too? Accept?"

"Yes," I said, walls breaking down, "yes."

"Yes, Julie, yes, that's it, go ahead, realize and admit."

"But I can't..."

"Wait, Julie, wait. Deep down inside, you know it's something you want. Don't let it depress you. Just because you want it doesn't mean you are ready for it. In fact, part of your psyche is your submission. It's natural for a sissy to be submissive. Part of your desire is the desire to be humiliated, to submit."

I knew this. Submitting to Sara was the yin and yang of my sexual needs. I wanted to do things, but even more I wanted to surrender. I wanted Sara to push me towards these things I could never ask for myself.

"Go ahead, Sara, show her," Dr. Nelson said turning to my wife.

"Julie, kiss the cock in your hands," Sara said, something they must have

rehearsed. They were always ahead of me, ready for me, knowing what was coming.

I gasped, her voice triggering a deep need in my head. I brought the cock slowly up to my mouth, gently kissed it, reverently.

"And the other, Sara."

"Julie, that's Steve's cock in your hands, the very cock that's been deep inside my pussy, places your little clitty has never been. Lick the head of Steve's cock, Julie, its the only way you can ever experience what its like deep inside me. Lick it, Julie, taste Steve's cock."

I moaned, mentally transported far away from Dr. Nelson's office, my wife's sweet, commanding voice, driving me wild with lust, emotional and sexual. I did as told, of course. I imagined the silicone come to life as flesh, as a man's flesh, as Steve's flesh, the cock that had filled my wife.

"And the reaction, Sara, look at her lap, see it?"

I saw Sara's eyes follow Dr. Nelson's eyes to my lap, the tiny tent in my skirt, my own clitty finally responding.

"The nurse could not get that reaction. You still can, Sara, but you'll notice the combination of your voice, the forced cock sucking, drives her wild. Doesn't it Julie?"

"Yes, yes," I blurted out, cock head still in contact with my wet tongue, the humiliation driving me to the heights of sexual desire and frustration.

"Sara, our time is about up for today. But you have some homework, both of you. First, let me step back to a friend as well as a doctor. You two must communicate. Talk these things out, take time, non sexually, to talk about this. Don't ever let miscommunication become a barrier to your relationship. Okay?"

We both nodded.

"Next, Julie, take that cock with you, put it in your purse. That's Steve's cock, okay? Remember that. When you look at it, touch it, feel it, anything. That's not a dildo, that's Steve's cock. Whatever Sara wants you to do with it, remember that...it's Steve's cock you are doing it to. I can't stress these two things enough -- communication between the two of you, and Julie, follow Sara's instructions. Finally, Sara, you know what we talked about. Go ahead, do what we've talked about."

Dr. Nelson stood, our time was up. We did the same, Sara kissed Dr. Nelson on the cheek. They whispered something to one another, squeezed hands. I stood there, unsteady on my heels, spent and emotionally fucked up, but somehow wished for nothing more in life.

I left Dr. Nelson's unsure if I felt better or worse. I think it was better, but I had some dread, too, and knew it. But I wanted that, didn't I? It's what I wanted.

## Shopping

I had to go into the office the next day, for a meeting with the boss that I could not cover from home. I'd been trying to work more from home, to both allow me to stay dressed as Julie, and to avoid the embarrassment my ever more feminine features might cause -- the longer hair, softer face, fuller figure. I was not sure how much longer I could do even this. Even with a tee shirt my breasts were on the verge of becoming unmanageable. Were people beginning to stare? I felt so self-aware every time I left the sanctuary of my locked office.

Sara called me before lunch and told me to meet her at the mall during lunch, so we could do a little shopping. "Dr. Nelson said we should do some girl things together, Julie. We don't have all day, but I'd like to at least spend an hour just walking with you, window shopping, okay?"

I met her in the food court at lunch. The mall was very quiet, befitting a midweek day during the off season. For about twenty minutes we did window shop, though I'd rather have done it as Julie, rather than the overt male part of me, which felt so out of place now.

"Let's go in here," Sara quickly pulled me into Victoria's Secret, deserted save for a few sales women.

Sara fingered a few pretty things, and I wondered what she saw. Herself in them, pleasing Steve? Me in them pleasing her? Or worse, me in them, pleasing Steve? I shuddered at the last, shocked even more by the twinge in my crotch that came with the thought. Fuck.

"Can I help you find something?" the clerk asked innocently. She was an older woman, forties maybe, dressed in a black pant suit, pink silk top, attractive, still winning the age battle.

"Oh, yes, I'm looking for some bras," Sara said, walking with the clerk towards that section while my focus was riveted on a white satin boned corset with garters in the wedding section.

"Perfect for a bride, isn't it," another clerk, younger, asked me, startling me in my dream of what it would look like on me.

"Um, yes," I mumbled, quickly moving over to the corner where my wife was quietly talking to the clerk helping her.

Into the fire, as it were.

"I know, it is embarrassing, but the hormone therapy he's on has that nasty side effect. We don't know what to do, though. It's that or face a deadly disorder. I think he's up to a B-cup right now, and it's hard for him to go into the office."

I was behind Sara, eyes wide open when I heard their exchange.

"Oh, the poor thing! Estrogen therapy or illness. It does take a special man to put aside silly thoughts of masculinity for the sake of his health."

What the fuck? Estrogen? Health? Did she tell her that I was on hormones? She TOLD HER? I quickly looked around. Fuck! We were only ten minutes from my office! What if someone else was here???

"I know, I know, but like I said, the side effects...he is becoming a [bit...well...top](#) heavy...and I don't know what to do. He has...breasts," Sara said. As if she was shocked and dismayed.

"Oh my!"

"I know, I know. They are beginning to show and the doctor can't change the prescription. He is almost showing. I don't know what to do."

"Well, a sports bra would be an ideal solution. They really don't make anything like that in a men's store. I think he'd really need a woman's sports bra. That could hide even a c-cup easily, so he could at least feel more comfortable."

"Yes, I suppose maybe that's an idea."

"We have some sports bras that would do the trick."

"Oh, baby, don't hide back there, come here, I told her all about your problem," my wife cried out. So just about the whole store could hear.

What the FUCK!

"I told her about the...um...growth in your chest since you started that medicine, and she said that a sports bra should do the trick for hiding your...chest. Where are they, ma'am?"

"Well, first we really should measure him. I mean, its not just a matter of picking up the first one we see. I'm sorry sir, I know its embarrassing, but...I have to measure you."

Oh, what the fuck was Sara doing, tormenting me?

They quickly led me to a fitting room. The clerk told Sara to have me take off my coat, shirt and tie while she grabbed a tape measure. I was in a half panic. I was wearing panties and stay up stockings. If I held my waist right, the panties were not visible, but that only served to accentuate my feminine waist, and to show off my breasts.

The woman, though, showed her professionalism through and through, not judging at all. Pure sympathy. At first. She measured me as a 36 B.

"Yes, you were right, a B-cup. I really think he does need a sports bra both for support and to hide things."

She left and came back with two of them, and had me try on one of the sports bras. The bra did compress my chest, flattening it, hiding it.

"Oh, that's perfect, honey. No one will see your breasts at work," said Sara, making it sound like the most natural comment in the world.

The clerk smiled accordingly. Till Sara's next request.

"You know, I wonder, ma'am, could we try another bra too?"

"Another? Sure, we have a few different styles, some more cotton, some more lycra."

"Yes, yes, we'd like those, but something else, something not quite so restrictive."

"But this will be perfect," the clerk protested, not understanding where Sara was going. I knew all too well.

"Perfect for the office, to hide things, but at home. Maybe something not so tight. You did say he needs support for his chest right?"

"Oh, yes, or else...well, I suppose his breast...chest, I mean, would sag and that could be painful.

"Well, at home, all he needs is support, right? I mean, we don't have to have things all bound up, do we?"

"Hmm, no, I suppose not," the clerk said, "maybe a plain cotton bra?"

"Yes, that would work...thank you," Sara said as the clerk started to leave the dressing room. "Wait, ma'am, um, I was thinking. You know, rather than go with plain cotton, I mean, who likes plain cotton bras, maybe something a bit more...frilly and sexy. And maybe lifting. Just for home, really, something sexy, maybe a push up bra, maybe, you know, to lift and enhance his cleavage."

Now the clerk frowned, flashing disapproval on her face. "You want something like...you mean...a push up bra...like a wonderbra?"

"Yes, yes, so just so her...I mean...his chest is not all scrunched up all day, and so he has a little sex appeal."

"You want to...to show it off...? I suppose we have something" the clerk said, clearly troubled by my wife's suggestion. "I'm not sure that is really needed. At home, without a sports bra, your husband would do just fine."

"Maybe something in pink satin and lace, a demi style?"

"I..." She just frowned again, on the border of being disgusted by us. Little did she know that her displeasure was only serving to humiliate me further, and turn me on further. "You want something to show off his...chest, something...sexy."

I was blushing deeply, but also getting very aroused, even if my cock was not hardening.

She found just what, and started to hand it to Sara with a look of disdain on her face. She was helping us, but clearly uncomfortable with the turn of events.

"He is a bit inexperienced with bras, of course. Can you help him?" Sara asked.

I'm surprised the clerk did not run screaming, but rather showed what a true professional she was instead by helping me into the pink bra. I blushed, of course, lifted my arms to assist as she put the bra on me, and saw the effect of course. Nice, large, pushed up breasts. The clerk saw too. A painful look crossed her face.

"Are there matching panties to that bra?"

"Matching panties...why...I mean...what...," she frowned deeper. I suppose a clerk at Victoria's Secret had to help TV's from time to time, but clearly she had not seen this coming when she approached us. Maybe she would have had a younger girl help, to scare us off? "Really ma'am, I'm not sure this is appropriate."

"Well, I always wear matching sets. If he's going to wear a sexy bra, isn't it better to have the sexy matching set?"

"For a woman, yes, I'd always recommend it, if only to feel pretty and feminine, but for a man?"

"A man? A man? Does he look like a man?" Sara was on the verge of outright laughter.

"I..." She was at a loss for words. I caught my sight in the mirror when the clerk looked at me. In the bra, breasts thrust forward, hairless, trim waist. No, I looked nothing like a man. I looked like a woman. "What size?"

"Medium."

She was disgusted, but did what Sara asked, left the fitting room and went and got matching panties.

"You know he can't try these on," she said with disdain in her voice.

"Oh, I know. I'm sure they will fit."

The clerk said nothing, resorting to an expressionless mask.

"I don't suppose there's a matching garter belt, is there?"

"Oh, my, no!" the clerk huffed. But she went off to fetch the belt.

"Can my husband try that on?" Sara asked when she returned.

The clerk looked hard at my wife for ten seconds or so. "Yes, only panties cannot be tried first." She handed my wife the pink satin garter.

Sara must have seen the look of sheer terror on my face and changed her mind, if only because her purpose of humiliating me had already been served. Maybe she knew even I had limits, but that didn't stop her from pushing one last button.

"You know, on second thought, I know a medium will fit. He already has some garter belts from Victoria's Secret."

I blushed deep red as I took off the pink bra and handed it to the clerk, who left us while I finished dressing.

"Is there anything else you will need," the clerk asked my wife after we came out of the dressing room?"

"Yes, I just love that bra, can I get another complete set for my husband -- bra, panty, and garter -- in black and in white?"

"Are you going to need hosiery?" she asked in a borderline contemptuous tone.

"Oh, no, he already has plenty of stockings," Sara smiled while I blushed.

And so Sara paid for my pretty things and sent me on my way back to the office with a parting command, "When you get home tonight, I want to see you in your

new pink set."

Oh my wife, my sexy, seductive, dominant wife.

Home at last

That evening when I got home, Sara met me at the door with a bottle of wine and two glasses. She wanted me to get out of my ugly work clothes and into something special, my new pink lingerie and a sexy slip. They were on the bed for me. She sent me upstairs with a glass of wine to "shower and pretty myself up."

I did as asked, and the hot water from the shower and the wine went right to my head, lightened my mood, and make me feel wonderful. I got out of the shower, noticed Sara had refilled my wine glass, dried off, and went to the bedroom to see my new lingerie on the bed.

I wanted to be pretty for my wife. I wanted nothing more, and took time to do my makeup, toss my hair about, and carefully dress in my new lingerie. The result was amazing -- the white and pink lingerie, the white heels, my makeup were almost too much. The bra and slip worked on my growing breasts, pushed and moved them to form perfect movie star cleavage.

"Oh my god, Julie," Sara gasped from the doorway. I returned the gasp, at my wife, also dressed to seduce, but in black, not white. Black half bra with sheer cups, her nipples barely held in. Matching sheer panties and garter belt, a hint of red trim on all three. Stockings. Strappy heels. A sheer black wrap.

And the dildo from Dr. Nelson's office. Strapped around my wife's waist, not quite hidden, behind the folds of the sheer gown.

"Turn around, lover," Sara walked over to me, two white pieces of something in her hands. She used one, a tie from a robe, maybe to tie my hands behind my back, not tight, but making them useless. The other was a soft collar which she buckled around my neck, a choker collar.

"No hands, slave" she whispered as she turned me around on my heels until we were face to face, and ran her fingers over the front of my slip.

"You are fucking amazing, Julie," she said as she gently assaulted me with her mouth and tongue, and by proximity her dildo too, pushing onto my leg.

For five minutes, I just stood there as Sara walked around my body, kissed me, touched me, caressed me, and seduced me. She reached to the front of my slip, at my crotch, and rubbed it with her hand. "Well, you are swollen, but not hard, that's something, I guess."

"Oh, Sara, please," I moaned, tugging on the bond on my hands, indicating I wanted to be released.

"I told you no hands."

She stood in front of me, hugged me, kissed my neck like a vampire, her breasts crushing my breasts, her strap-on dildo pressed into my crotch, and she started to



hump me, dirty danced with me.

"You know," she whispered into my ear, "I love having the cock in the family."

"Ohhhhh," I gasped, my semi soft penis pressed into her hard dildo.

"You are just dying for it, aren't you? Dr. Nelson knew you'd be craving cock, she told us, didn't she."

"Please Sara," I moaned, knees unsteady.

Sara moved behind me, massaged my breasts through the satin slip, through the bra, moved her hands down to my crotch again, and toyed with my mound. Then, into my hands fell her dildo, her cock, the hard cock I now lacked.

"Feel it? Feel my cock? Tell me lover, who has the cock in our family?" she asked me, as she pumped the strap-on through my bound hands.

"Who," she demanded? "Who has the cock?"

"Oh god, Sara, you do," I moaned as she squeezed my crotch.

"You want it, don't you Julie? You want my cock, don't you. That's all you think about now. Cock. My cock. Cock."

I felt her reposition herself, the cock now between my thighs, rubbing me through my panties below the hem of my slip.

"Got Cock?" She laughed. "You want it, Julie, I know it. You know it. Tell me. You want this cock, you want my cock, tell me you want my cock."

Right now all I wanted was to drop to my knees and suck my wife's glorious cock, to submit to her, to surrender to her.

"Yes, Sara, yes."

"You need cock, lover, tell me."

Right now I wanted her to finish, to bend me over, to impale me. "YESSS!"

"Oh, you naughty girl, begging for cock, just what would all the ladies think? Patience dear," she rubbed the cock between my thighs. "You know, I'd love to do something...where is my glass, I want to dip my cock into the wine, and watch you suck the sweet liquid off my cock. Yes, huh?"

"Oh god, Sara, yes," I said, eager to suck her cock in any state, flush with desire at the little game my wife suggested.

"Oh fuck, our glasses are empty. Come, pet, let's go get the bottle." Sara walked to her dresser, opened the top drawer, and took a thin chain leash out, something for a poodle, with shiny stones, and clipped it to my collar.

"I think my pet needs a leash, don't you darling."

"Yes, Sara, yes." I was so sexually charged, I'd agree to a leash or anything else she might suggest.

Sara tugged at the leash, pulled me to the doorway and stopped. "Hang on, sissy," she said and walked back into the bedroom. I caught sight of myself in the mirror, my bound hands forced my chest outwards, my breasts ready to spill out of

my bra and slip. Fuck was I hot and horny!

"Okay, let's go, sissy," she said as she picked the end of the leash off my crotch area, and led me by my neck down the hall. As I walked behind her, staring at her ass, I realized she'd taken the strap-on cock off, and I could not wait to go back upstairs and resume our game.

We went into the kitchen where she found the wine, picked it up with her free hand along with a fresh glass, and tugged my leash to follow her towards the den. I'd taken about four steps into the den, still focused on her ass, when she said, "Well, what do you think?"

"Holy shit, that's John, your husband?"

What the fuck? My brain took at least fifteen seconds to catch up to what my eyes saw. Sitting in my tan leather chair was a man.

A man!

Not Steve.

A man I'd never seen before.

In my house. In my chair. Not Steve. A strange man who...fucking shit, whose eyes were bugged out of his head looking at us.

Sara laughed, reached over to my crotch, "with the tiny cockette to prove it!"

"She...I mean...he...whatever, looks...looks as good as any woman I've ever seen," he gushed. "Fuck, your husband is sexier than both of my ex-wives!"

What the hell was going on? I looked at Sara, terror in my eyes. Who was this?

"Well Matt, my husband is probably a bigger slut than your ex-wives too. All he has been talking about is cock. Cock this and cock that. I want cock, I want to suck cock, I swear sweetie, that's all that's on her mind."

"Really? Well, I know I can help there, if he...or she...wants help."

"She, Matt, let's not call such a pretty thing a he, okay."

Sara leaned towards me, whispered in my ear, "You've been begging for cock for weeks, Julie. Tonight you are going to give your first blow job. Just remember how much you've been begging for cock, lover, and I'll be here helping you the whole time."

I almost fainted. I hadn't said a word since I first laid eyes on Matt. Oh god, I wanted to run out of the room screaming, but my eyes were drawn to and frozen on his crotch. I wanted to run, but felt only a compelling need.

For cock. What was going on?

"Matt, are you ready?"

"Hell yeah!"

"Come on Julie, a woman shouldn't keep a man waiting." She tugged my leash, walked me over to Matt's chair. To my chair.

"Fuck, look at those tits! Are they real?"

"Hell yes they are real. Do you think my sissy deserves anything less?"

"She's never done this before?"

"No, baby, she hasn't done this, on a man, anyway. She has had lots of practice on a dildo, though."

"Fuck, a virgin mouth!" They talked like I wasn't there, like I was a piece of meat. But I knew one thing. Sara loved me.

Sara looked at me with her own lust filled eyes. "Kneel," she tugged gently at me leash.

I did so, slowly, my hands still bound behind me, with Sara joining me on her knees next to me. I was now at eye level with Matt's crotch, his cock clearly hard, strained against his pants.

"Yes, you did that to him, lover," she laughed, reading my mind. "Here, let me get that out for you to play with. Matt, do you mind?"

"Hell no," he said, sexual tension running through his voice.

"Julie, I just love unzipping a man's pants, reaching in, taking out his hard cock. I suppose I'd forgot how great the feeling was, knowing a man was getting this hard because of me. And now you." She managed again to reinforce my lack of manhood while simultaneously reinforcing how hard Matt was because of me.

Sara unzipped his pants, unbuckled his belt, reached into his shorts and expertly removed the hardest, smoothest, thickest cock I'd ever seen. He was bigger than Steve. Not huge bigger, but he put even Steve to shame. Obviously, compared to my penis even before hormones, we had two very different organs.

"This, my love, is a cock," she said proudly. I stared at Matt's cock, my mouth open, half in amazement, and half in wanton lust. Somewhere, deep inside me, the sight of his hard cock triggered something, a longing in my loins, a deep desire.

Sara looked from the cock in her hands to my face. "You want it, don't you Julie? Do you finally realize now how much you want cock?"

I almost fell over right onto Matt's lap, I was so suddenly overcome, but forgot I was without hands to use to hold on. "Whoa, there," Matt laughed, his hands shooting out to catch me, strong hands holding my shoulders. "Be careful darling," he drawled. His hands remained on my shoulder as he steadied me.

"Yes, baby, Matt has that effect on women. Here, let me untie your hands, you really can't give a proper blow job without them."

I moved my arms in front of me after she released them. She left the leash on, and I noticed Matt had lazily taken hold of it in one of his hands, but it was slack.

"I...", I hesitated.

Sara whispered into my ear. "Don't be shy now lover, I'll talk you through this. I know how much you want it. Remember, you've been begging for cock for months now, and here it is in front of you. Just remember, lover, all women want cock. It's

the most natural thing in the world, you are just giving a man a blow job, women know how to do this, right? You know, you've practiced."

Her words really struck me. This was natural for a woman. I wanted this so badly. My god, I was thinking like a woman. I was a woman!

"Put your hands on his thighs, Julie, lean forward, that's it, kiss the tip, sure, give is a nice kiss, you are honored, Julie, that Matt's letting you suck his cock."

I did as Sara said, my hands rested on Matt's powerful thighs. It struck me again. Matt was a man! A man! And that only reinforced my thoughts about myself. I was a woman. My wife had turned me into a woman!

Slowly, but deliberately, I leaned forward, my mouth coming closer and closer to the cock staring me in the face. Just inches before my lips reached the tip, I closed my eyes, instinctively, as I would before kissing my wife. As my lips came into contact with the tip of Matt's cock, I was surprised by two things. It was so warm and it was already wet.

The surprise of the warmth quickly left my brain -- of course it was warm. The wetness quickly registered deep in my mind. It was wet because Matt had pre-cum on the tip of his cock. He'd already leaked a tiny bit of fluid out, and now that fluid was on my lips.

Before my lips could react, before I could recoil at the thought that there was a man's cum on my lips, Sara spoke. "Tongue it gently, lover, the tip, just lightly swirl your tongue around his cock." She was whispering in my ear, directing me, encouraging me, making any hesitancy on my part stay below the surface.

I licked, my tongue making contact with its first cock, and it seemed so natural. As Sara had anticipated. "That's it lover, that's the cock you've wanted for so long. Taste it, get familiar with it," she whispered. My brain should have revolted right now. It should have screamed at me. If there was any manhood inside me, it should have rioted. My tongue was licking a cock!

But nothing. I just licked farther down the underside of his shaft, moving even before Sara directed me.

"How are you doing, Matt," she asked.

"Ohhh," he just moaned.

"Yes, baby, I told you she'd know what to do," my wife laughed at him.

"Oh god," he shook.

"Hang on, baby," she said, gently pulling me off his cock, "let me pull his pants down."

She pulled his pants and shorts down around his ankles, totally freeing his cock. Matt gave a gentle playful tug to my leash, urging me back to my task. My hands now rested on his naked thighs, and I felt the power of his muscles. But my mind was on one organ now.

I resumed licking where I left off, half way down his shaft. "Keep going, Julie," my wife instructed in a whisper into my ear, followed by wet tongue. "Down to his balls, gently take them into your mouth."

I took the big rocks into my mouth, sucked, knowing full well that inside them was more cum than I'd ever released in my life. Everything about Matt was man.

"Now, Julie, take his cock. Take your reward."

I moved up the shaft again, opened my mouth, hesitated just slightly before taking the shaft into my mouth. Cock! I was sucking cock! And willingly!!!

Of course, I was overeager and tried to take too much into my mouth. I choked as the tip of the cock went deep into my throat.

"Whoa, take it easy," Sara laughed. "Beginner's tip, use your hands."

I sighed, wrapped my right hand around Matt's shaft, my mouth concentrating on the top half, my hand on the bottom. Yes, my wife, expert cock sucker, passing on her knowledge to her sissy husband. How sexy!

I felt Matt's powerful hands in my hair, guiding my head on his cock.

"How are you doing, Julie," Sara whispered, "want to know? Look up at Matt's face."

This was almost too much for me, too much humiliation. "Look at what you are doing, Julie."

I looked up at Matt's face, which was twisted in pleasure. Our eyes met and I realized the yin and yang of a blow job. It was terribly submissive for the woman, yet terribly powerful too. The simple act brought so much pleasure to a man.

"You see it, don't you," Sara licked me ear, "the pleasure a woman can give a man."

"Hmmm," I moaned, not wanting to take my mouth off Matt's cock. Off my cock! I can barely describe all the emotions running through me as I moved my mouth up and down Matt's cock, the feeling I had feeling his hardness, his warmth. I realized how much I did need cock. Sara had done this to me. She'd turned me into her woman and now into a cock starved slut. I was lost in the task, lost, nothing but Matt's cock in my world now, the hard cock in my hands and mouth.

"Sara," I heard Matt gasp. She seemed not to hear him, she was so intently watching me. "Sara," he said, more urgently, matching with a gentle push on my shoulders.

"Go slower, Julie, take his balls back into your mouth, feel them again."

I don't know why, but they'd changed ever so slightly. It's hard to describe. Fuller, maybe. I sucked on them for a minute, savoring how big even they were compared to me, to sissy. It was his cock I wanted though, now, more than anything. I needed that cock back in my mouth.

Two strokes into sucking him again, he gasped again. "Sara!"

"I know Matt," she answered and looked over at me, ready to say something. I suddenly dawned on me what he was trying to say. He was close to cumming and was doing what almost any guy did the first time he got a blow job from a particular woman. He was trying to warn us, stop me, before he shot in my mouth, before I went too far and he couldn't stop himself.

Sara and I looked at each other, a look that said many things. I knew what was happening. She understood. I asked, her, with my eyes, what to do, never stopping sucking the magnificent cock.

"Its up to you," her eyes said. All in the span of two seconds and two sucks, we spoke these words with our eyes. I increased my strokes, my hand matching the strokes of his cock into my mouth.

"Sara, I..." Matt said urgently, on the verge of no longer caring.

"She knows, baby."

"But..."

"She knows," my wife whispered in a proud voice, proud of her woman, proud of her sissy, proud of her lover.

He stopped pushing me away, instead guided my head with one hand, held the leash tightly now with the other. He relaxed and let it wash over him. I realized that it didn't matter now, whether I changed my mind or not, there was no turning back.

A moment later, he began to get tense and actually thrust his hips to my mouth, driving deeper into my mouth.

"Just relax and let it happen," Sara whispered into my ear.

I knew it was about to happen. I could tell the way he tensed, gasped, surrendered to the orgasm about to wash over his body.

I was just on the tip when the first, most violent shot erupted from his cock. I relaxed as Sara instructed, instinctively knowing not to fight it as my mouth quickly filled with Matt's hot cum. Before he pulled my head down onto his cock and a second burst shot out, I swallowed some of the first, the taste now all over my mouth, assaulting every taste bud and sexual nerve.

He held himself deep in my mouth on the second thrust as more cum filled me. I could no longer swallow and it filled into my cheeks. I just struggled not to spit or gag. Relax. Relax.

He held there for twenty seconds, a third, fourth and fifth burst of cum, smaller and smaller, filled me.

"Ohhhh," Matt moaned, "Oh, fuck." He leaned back into the couch, his cock already slightly softer, easily passing out of my mouth. Even soft, he was amazing.

I realized I didn't know what to do with my mouth full of cum. Should I swallow? It was too much to do so gracefully. A towel?

But Sara as always came to my rescue, knew exactly what to do. She pulled my

shoulders to her, quickly moved her mouth to mine and kissed me, mouth open, tongue darting into my mouth, into the cum resting inside.

We shared the most erotic kiss I'd ever had with Sara or anyone else in my life. It was a kiss with years of love behind it. It was a kiss of passion, of surrender, of desire, of bliss. It was sharing, of our lives, of each other, and finally, of Matt's cum. At that moment, we were one. It was pure love.

Sara finally broke the passion, her mouth sticky with Matt's cum, as was mine. She stood, almost shaking, tugged at my leash.

"Come with me, lover," she said, leading me out of the room. I realized we both needed each other with reckless abandon.

"Let yourself out Matt? I'll call you tomorrow," she said, not even looking at him. I, however, dared a peek and still saw one amazing man. The man I had just sucked. The man whose cum was all over my face. A man.

"Come on, slut, the night is young. I need you now, now, just the way you are. Finally! At last!" Sara laughed as she pulled me from the room towards the stairs, towards our bedroom, where, I'm sure, she had more passionate plans for me.

Oh how I love this woman!!!!