

HARDCORE Sissy EROTICA

Bobbi
 *Mare*



**Sissy Vacation
Exposure!**



Sissy Vacation Exposure

Bobbi Mare

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Chapter One: A Sissy's Secret

Robert lived for Thursday afternoons.

It was only one day. Not even a day, more like a few hours out of the day but, for that brief window, he could set his secret self free. Truth be told, who was the secret self and who was the cover story was becoming more and more of a question with him lately, but Thursday afternoons were the one time he could relax and not let such questions stress him out.

The kids, for most of the year, would be safe at school and not due home until four. During the summer, they'd be day camp and not home until he picked them up at five. His wife would be at the twice-weekly yoga class she led with her sister, a forty-five-minute drive after their three o'clock wrap-up, assuming they didn't stop for an overpriced latte. For nearly six months following the accident in the warehouse, his boss had been taking every Thursday afternoon off for physiotherapy, and Robert's team knew he was not to be disturbed while working on performance reports and payroll submission.

Neither of which took more than fifteen minutes out of his 'me' time.

Those Thursdays afternoons were the one moment out of the week where he could ditch the suit-and-tie and leave the boring brown dress shoes in the hall closet. It was casual Thursday in the home office, and that meant Bobbi got to come out and play.

From out of the locked office safe would come panties, a bra, stockings - not pantyhose, but real silk stockings - and the silliest, laciest, most ruffled sissy gown available via guaranteed discrete delivery. He kept six of them carefully folded inside that safe, each a different pastel shade, with three of them a silk/satin blend and the other three in PVC. There was only one pair of heels that would fit in there, but they were the shiniest, pinkest, highest heeled slut shoes he had ever seen, complete with a soft pink rose on each toe.

If this had been any other Thursday, he'd be wearing the costume of his secret self, luxuriating in the electric feel of sissy femininity, tasting the bright pink lipstick glitter on his lips, and rubbing his hard, aching sissy clit while chatting with other sissies and watching hardcore porn.

Straight boys going gay for pay.

Cuckolded husbands reluctantly pleasing their wives' bulls.

Forcibly feminized sissies practicing on their Mistress' strap-on dildoes.

Amateur sissy crossdressers choking on their first taste of cock.

European cumsluts getting plastered in massive bukkake and gokkun scenes.

Pretty housewives drinking, wearing, and playing with plastic tubs full of cum.

Through all of it, he'd be rubbing and dreaming of the day he'd summon the courage to finally betray his marriage vows and get his own first taste . . . and worrying that, if he were ever to get that taste, it would never be enough.

Instead of any of that, he was standing in a line that seemed to have no end, in one of the busiest airports in the country, listening to his wife complain about people who can't follow rules while the kids kept wandering off, looking for a better Wi-Fi signal.

The vacation idea was nice and all, especially this time of year, but his wife's scheduling had gone and ruined not just one, not just two, but three consecutive afternoons of sissy time.

Why couldn't they have flown out on a Friday?

The worst part was, he couldn't even complain about it, not without revealing his secret.

Actually, that wasn't the worst part.

What truly worried him was that, without his weekly release, those sissy urges to fill himself with cock would become so unbearable that he'd find himself doing something he was sure to regret.

And vacations were notoriously popular for regrets.

Chapter Two: A Wife's Temptation

Four days into their Caribbean vacation, everyone had adjusted to the weather and the food. Everything was running smoothly. Delighted with herself for arranging such a perfect trip, Alicia reclined on the plastic beach chair, the last sips of her second Pina Colada warming in her hand. Surrounded by a pristine beach of the finest, whitest sand, she gazed happily out over the ocean. Blue-green water lapped beneath baby blue skies, stretching as far as the eye could see.

She felt guilty for sending Robert to drop the kids off at the resort's day camp. Again. They were supposed to be taking turns giving each other a break, but after doing it together the first day, she'd stolen that break for the last three days in a row. It wasn't that she didn't love the kids, it was just that she'd quickly acquired a taste for that peaceful, and now she was addicted.

Back home, she was a wife, a mother, a yoga instructor, and a part-time cosmetician. She ran their home like a finely tuned machine from breakfast to bedtime. Robert was a fantastic bread-winner, a loving father, and a dynamo in the sack, but he worked long hours so that they could afford things like this vacation. She was the one who got everybody up, made their breakfasts, got them dressed, made their lunches, and got them to the curb in time to catch the bus.

Once Sandra and Alex were gone, she alternated days between doing dishes and laundry or doing vacuuming and dusting. Except on Mondays and Thursdays, when she joined her sister to lead the yoga class for busy moms, and on every second Friday, when she went to the salon. When the kids got home, she took care of homework, made dinner, got them to soccer, swimming, ballet, or whatever was in season, and made snacks before bed.

Robert usually handled bedtime stories - he was amazing at voices, even if he did give Alex nightmares sometimes - but she still had to tuck them in and give them their goodnight kisses.

It was nice to be off duty. For those twenty minutes it took Robert to walk the kids to the resort's day camp, sign them in, and say his goodbyes, it was just her, the beach, the sun, the waves, and the drink in her hand.

Which was nearly empty, which meant he'd be back soon. She'd learned to time her sips down to almost the second.

So, with that glass nearly empty, she didn't think much of it when the silhouette crossed her chair. Except, Robert didn't sit to join her, pausing instead between her and the ocean, his shadow raising goosebumps across her naked legs.

Alicia looked up. She couldn't see much, not with the sun behind whoever it was, but the shape was enough to tell her it wasn't Robert.

“Hello.” His voice was deep and smooth. It sounded cultured, refined even. “I am terribly sorry for intruding like this, but I’ve . . . well, I find it’s best to just be out with it. I’ve been watching you and your husband, and I’d like to propose a small business arrangement.”

Great. A time-share. She’d been warned about this. “Oh, thank you, but we’re not interested.” Her nod was polite but clearly dismissive. “We got the speech at the resort and it’s just not something that’s in our budget.” She smiled to take away the sting. “Maybe next year.”

“I do apologize. We seem to have entirely gotten off on the wrong foot here.” The figure stepped around to the other side of the chair, out of the shadows and into the sunshine. She could see that he was an older gentleman, one with a thick head of silver hair and a fashionable bit of stubble on his chin. “My name is Douglas,” he told her, “and I’m a guest.” He held his hands up in a ‘stop’ motion. “No ulterior motives, I promise.”

She felt a little guilty about her assumption. “I’m so sorry. I guess I’m still not quite settled in yet. Still expecting the worst, you know? Not quite able to believe all-inclusive really does mean no-strings-attached.”

His smile immediately put her at ease. “No apology necessary. I realize I made a poor first impression.” He wasn’t so forward as to help himself to a seat, but he crouched down, putting himself closer to her level so that she didn’t need to look up. “As for that arrangement, it’s just the perverse fantasy of a wealthy old man with too much time on his hands. What I was wondering is if you’d be willing to convince your husband to entertain a simple request.”

Alicia tossed her head to the side, flipping her copper ponytail over her shoulder. “You have me intrigued, good sir, not to mention entirely disarmed.” She waved a hand to show that her faux accent was not meant to be mocking, but playful. “Please, do continue.”

He nodded. “Well, it’s like this. I will pay you one hundred dollars if you will only ask your husband to place my cock in his mouth.” Her eyes widened at the audacity of his request. She immediately looked to both sides, terrified that some other vacationer might have overheard. When she opened her mouth to protest, he held up a hand to forestall her. “Nothing more than that, I promise. No sucking, no licking, nothing obscene.”

“And putting your cock in his mouth isn’t obscene?” She was shocked. She was offended. And yet she was just a tad bit curious. When he didn’t immediately respond, she allowed herself to consider the proposition. “Um, for how long?” she asked. Her eyes darted back and forth again, worried somebody might be watching. “And is that it? I mean, really it?”

His smile disarmed her yet again. He just looked so genuine, so trustworthy. “A moment,” he promised, “nothing more. I would like for you to take a photo with your

cell phone, but you are free to delete it as soon as I walk away. I do not need a copy. You do not have to hold onto it. The act itself . . . well, it will amuse me.”

Robert, of course, chose that exact moment to return, preventing any further discussion. “Hey, honey.” He stepped around their guest and slipped into the chair next to her. Adorably red with jealousy, he made a show of taking her hand. “Who’s our new friend?”

“Robert, Douglas.” She pointed between them. “Douglas, Robert.”

The older man extended his hand. Alicia watched as her husband casually shook it. If she didn’t know any better, she’d swear he was already disarmed by the man’s charm as well.

“Nice to meet you,” Robert said.

Was she imagining it, or was there a note of nervousness in his voice? She shook off the thought.

“Robert.” She couldn’t believe she was going to do this. “Douglas asked if you might be willing to do something for him. Just something small.” She started to blush herself, but not from jealousy. “Nothing at all, really.”

Robert looked amused. His eyes traveled between her and Douglas, as if waiting for a punch line to the joke. “Well, don’t keep me in suspense.”

There was no way to ease into it.

No way to gently or tactfully broach the subject.

She just had to go for it.

All or nothing.

Alicia took a deep breath. “He’ll pay us a hundred dollars, cash here and now, money that we could use for something like the spa, if you’ll just put his cock in your mouth, for like a quick second, just a moment, you don’t have to suck, you don’t even have to close your mouth, it’s just a silly little thing, and it’s a hundred dollars, and please don’t be mad, but I really hope you’ll do it.” She finally took a breath. “Whew.”

She watched the emotions wash over her husband’s face. Shock. Disbelief. Curiosity. And, was it her imagination, or was that excitement? If it was, embarrassment quickly washed it away.

Not that it mattered. She knew her husband well. She could read the signs. He was going to do this. He was going to do it for her. The whole idea was so wrong, so perverse, but she couldn’t deny that it excited her.

“You’re serious?” Robert’s head swiveled back and forth. “Both of you?”

“It’s just an old man’s fantasy,” their guest confirmed, “but it would make my day.”

For a moment, it looked like he would refuse after all, but then he gazed into her eyes and whatever he saw there made him give in. It was as if he were looking for something, some sign, and he’d found it. “Okay. This is weird, and I don’t know why

you picked us, but if that's all it is, I guess I can do it." He licked his lips. "Quickly, before I lose my nerve."

Alicia couldn't believe how fast her heart was beating. She watched Douglas step closer. The bulge in his swim shorts was growing. The old man was decently hung. He stepped even closer to Robert, less than an inch of space between them. She moved closer, partially to block the view of anybody around them, but mostly to get a good look. At the last minute, she remembered to get out her cell phone.

The old man reached into his shorts and fished out a very respectable half-erect cock.

It seemed to take forever for it to cross the inch of space to her husband's mouth.

This was making her so wet.

Robert opened his mouth wide. For a moment, she thought she saw some glimmer of excitement flash in his eyes as he focused on the swollen cockhead before him, but he quickly closed them.

And licked his lips.

That was odd, but she shook it off. Surely, she was reading too much of her own excitement into his body language. She thrust the phone forward and snapped three quick photos. She captured the cock almost inside her husband's mouth, another of it crossing the boundary of his lips, and then one more of it deep inside, almost deep enough for the old man's balls to touch his chin.

"Fuck, that's so hot." She didn't realize she'd said it aloud, but Douglas' wink told her he'd heard.

"Thank you." Just like that, it was over.

She was surprised at how her heart dropped in disappointment as the older man slipped his cock back into his shorts. She hadn't been lying about the money - they could certainly use it - but it seemed anticlimactic when he handed her the small billfold of twenties and just strolled away with a polite nod.

No awkward moment for him.

"Well, I guess that wasn't so bad." She was startled by the sound of her husband's voice.

"No, no, it wasn't, was it?" Alicia leaned in to kiss his lips, thrilling to the fact that a cock had grazed them just seconds before. "You were amazing. Thank you."

He blushed so deeply that she worried about his blood pressure. "That was weird." His brown hair, a few weeks overdue for a haircut, waved in the wind when he shuddered. "Old men and their hobbies, eh?"

Was it her imagination, or had he adjusted himself under the cover of that shudder?

Could he really have enjoyed that?

No, that was silly. Again, her own surprising arousal had her reading too much into his words. She stood up and pulled him from his chair. "Come on, we've got spa

plans to make.” She was excited. “I’m thinking scalp massage for you, manicure for me, and then pedicures together. That should even leave us a few bucks for a tip.”

He half stood, leaning over to pick up her Pina Colada glasses. “Lead the way, milady, and I’ll catch up.”

She nodded, too excited to hesitate but, out of the corner of her eye, she saw him touch a finger to his lips.

Not to wipe them, but just to touch.

That was curious indeed.

“Good morning.”

Alicia looked up, surprised and yet not surprised to see him the old man there again. “Oh, good morning, Douglas. Out looking for your next innocent couple?” she teased. “I saw a henpecked hubby and his statuesque European wife, just over there.”

“Yes, I did see them.” The older man smiled. “No challenge there. Besides, he’s not my type.”

“Oh?” She laid down the book she hadn’t really been reading anyway. This was far more interesting. “And my husband is?”

“Yes,” he admitted. “Your husband has a look, a certain presence to him.” He crouched down in the sand, once again putting himself at her level. “It’s not that I’m attracted to him,” he assured her. “Heavens no, I don’t swing that way.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really.” He shrugged. It didn’t look like a self-conscious shrug to her, but a confident dismissal of the question. “I really am just a wealthy old man with a perverse fantasy.”

She was glad she was wearing her sunglasses. She managed to keep the smile off her face, but she knew it would have been shining bright in her eyes. “And what, good sir, is your fantasy today?”

“Today,” he told her softly, as if it was a secret just between the two of them, “I would like to pay you two-hundred-and-fifty dollars for your husband to once again put my cock in his mouth, but this time I would like for him to smile as you take the photo.” She opened her mouth to interrupt, but he politely held her off with a polite wave of his hand. “Same deal as before, you may delete the photo immediately.”

“I don’t know.” She wanted this. It surprised her how much she wanted to see this, but she wasn’t sure Robert would go for it. Sure, he’d done more than she ever imagined just twenty-four hours ago, but could he smile while doing it? Look as if he enjoyed it? Put on a show that would rock his heterosexual foundations? Alicia adjusted herself in the chair and looked around. She immediately spotted Robert just on the edge of the beach, looking as if he wasn’t sure whether to march in angrily or to flee in fear.

It was at that moment she made her decision. She allowed the grin she’d been fighting to spread across her face. “Over here, honey!” She waved her arms, calling out

loudly enough for everyone around them to hear. “We saved you a chair!”

Robert looked chagrined, defeated almost as he shuffled through the sand. His shoulders were slumped, his head low, and he kept wiping his hands on his shorts. She knew she had him. She knew he’d already resigned himself to whatever was going on. All she had to do was play it right, let him pound his chest – so to speak – and remind him of her love.

“Kids are all set,” he told her as he sat down. “They’re doing something called tethered snorkeling in one of the tide pools. Very safe, the staff said, but something the kids will remember forever.”

“Speaking of remembering,” she smiled, “you do remember Douglas?”

“Of course.” It was so cute the way his voice cracked when he said it. He blanched as he raised his hand, and then blushed when the older man shook it. Peculiar indeed!

“Douglas has a new request,” she said, deliberately teasing out the details. “Nothing too much different from yesterday, really, but this time he’ll pay us enough for that private boat tour we were looking at.” She turned the charm into pressure. “You know the one the kids were so excited about? The one I said would be a dream come true, even though I knew we couldn’t afford it?”

“So . . . so much?” Robert’s mouth worked silently for a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was strained, an octave too high. “And what’s the ‘nothing too much’ part?”

Douglas chose that moment to lean in close, turning the tense twosome into an awkward threesome. “All I want you to do,” he promised, “is take my cock into your mouth and smile for the camera.”

Robert pulled back so hard his chair nearly toppled over. “No! No, I’m sorry.” He said it, but didn’t really look it. “I . . . I can’t do that. It’s too much. What if somebody were to see?” The poor man was scrambling, spinning. “What would they think? How would it look?”

“Honey, honey, it’s okay.” Alicia reached out to grab his forearm. “Douglas asked that I take photos the first time too, but I deleted them right away.” That was only partly a lie. She had deleted the photos from her phone, but only after copying them to her private cloud folder. “Same thing again today, I promise. It’s not about the photos, honey. It’s simply about the act of taking the photos.”

“Precisely!” Douglas’ smile really was disarming! “It’s all about the scene. Context and framing are very important to me. When one can afford, well, anything, it is the acquisition and the presentation that matters far more than the possession.”

“Please, baby.” She jumped in before Robert could protest. “You can even keep your eyes closed. He just needs the smile.” Actually, as she pictured it, eyes closed might be even hotter. There would be a dreamy sort of look there that a smile alone

wouldn't capture. Her hand trailed along her husband's arm, stroking his flesh as much as his ego. "Do it for me?" she asked. "For us? For our vacation."

"I don't know." He wanted to agree. She could see it. He wanted to do it, for her, but his stupid straight pride was getting in the way. "It's a lot to ask," he told her.

"I know," she replied, "but it'll mean so much. Just think of the memories we'll have on that boat. It'll be amazing!"

Robert had a look to him that was part defeat and part resignation, but also part something more. She couldn't quite read it, couldn't quite discern what he was feeling or thinking, but she knew she had him on the hook. He wanted to give in, he wanted to agree, but he needed help.

"Wait, wait, wait." She squealed with delight. "I have an idea." She rummaged around in her beach bag until she found what she was looking for. "Pucker up, my love, and I'll make it so that you don't have to feel, well, feel so gay."

The way Robert's eyes widened at the slender tube of lipstick in her hands was just so precious. It was as if the idea of wearing lipstick were more shocking than that of taking a cock inside his mouth. Silly men and their silly gender hang-ups! She'd only meant to suggest it as a joke, as a means of breaking the ice, but now she wanted it. She wanted to see her husband with brightly painted cocksucker lips . . . sucking on a cock!

"Hold still, you sissy." Robert jerked back like she'd just slapped him. "Oh, come on," she soothed. "I just thought this might help to distract you, sort of insulate you from the moment so you can give us - Douglas, I mean - that smile."

This time, when Douglas withdrew his manhood from his shorts it was already hard, already fully erect. It looked so much bigger than she remembered. Could it be he liked the idea of lipstick as much as she did?

Robert didn't say a word, but he closed his eyes and puckered up, allowing her to apply a quick coat of sheer peach to his lips. She knew the matte shine wouldn't feel too heavy on his lips, and wouldn't be so dark that he'd feel self-conscious about any residue afterward. The way he trembled as she applied it, the way he puckered up to follow the touch of the lipstick, that was a thrill all its own.

If watching a half-erect cock slip between her husband's lips had been hot, watching a fully-erect cock approach her husband's newly painted lips was so incredibly erotic, she wanted to reach out and speed it along. Instead, she settled for giving her damp nubbin a tickle as she adjusted her bikini bottom.

"The phone, if you please?"

Startled, Alicia threw the lipstick back in the bag and snatched up the phone instead. This time she took careful aim, making sure to capture everything in the shot. The first day's photos had been blurry, off-center close-ups. This was going to be so much better.

It was too quick to be sure, just a fleeting glimpse as he shifted against the light, but she swore she saw a glistening bead of precum at the tip of Douglas' cock. Maybe

he was telling the truth, and maybe he wasn't gay but, clearly, he was turned on by the power he held over them.

And she swore the lipstick was a part of that.

She saw the cockhead slide across her husband's shiny lips and she immediately wished there had been sparkles in it as she shivered in delight. Before Douglas could say it, she reminded Robert, "You need to smile, honey."

When he did, of course, his mouth naturally closed about the cock. If somebody were to look at the photos, not knowing the context of which Douglas spoke, they'd really think her husband had become a happy cocksucker. She could see that he tried to keep his mouth open, tried to hold himself back, but smiling made that impossible.

Or was it more than that? It seemed as if the moment his lips closed about that cock, the moment lipstick touched flesh, something changed within him. Robert gave himself over to the moment and the deeper that long, hard shaft penetrated his mouth, the more it seemed to fill that smile.

Douglas really took his time, pausing every now and then for her to take another photo, and then it happened. Between the time and the smile, Robert had to swallow. She saw it in his throat and knew he'd tasted cock. She knew his tongue had come up to grace that shaft, whether he wanted it to or not.

The soft chuckle from above confirmed it.

"Say cheese," Douglas whispered as his cock continued forward.

Alicia got three fantastic photos of a full-on lipsticked smile, and then it happened. Douglas pushed so far inside that he touched the back of Robert's throat, making him gag. To his credit, the older man apologized as he immediately withdrew, but his knowing wink told her he'd known exactly what he was doing – and knew that she'd captured it on camera.

"Thank you." One hand passed the roll of bills to her and the other passed a drink to her husband. Before either of them could say a word, the wealthy eccentric walked away as if he'd done nothing more than stop by and say hello to a few strangers.

She hoped they'd see him again tomorrow.

And that worried her.

Chapter Three: A Husband's Anxiety

That night, an anxious Robert sat on their third-floor balcony, looking out over the darkness of the ocean, having just shared a summary of the morning's events on his secret sissy Twitter account. The resort had only minimal exterior lighting, allowing for a breathtaking view while giving guests an extra measure of privacy. Between the height, the angle from below, and the thickness of the concrete pillars of the balcony, he felt confident they'd have some privacy.

Privacy they would need if they were going to discuss what had happened today. Not so much the cocksucking, but the lipstick.

The lipstick, and the fact that she seemed to enjoy it so much.

"Kids are asleep," Alicia whispered as she slid the balcony door shut behind her. "Apparently that tethered snorkeling you signed them up for really tired them out."

"Good." He quickly locked his phone as he turned slightly in his chair. "Because I'm looking forward to having you all to myself." He moved to give her the bigger, more comfortable chair, knowing she liked to curl up inside it, but she stopped him.

"No," she whispered, "I want you over here." She pointed to a spot before the other chair. "Right here, in fact."

It was with an excited smile that he moved into position, a smile that spread twice as wide when he noticed that she wasn't wearing panties beneath her too-short skirt.

"I want you," she told him. "I need you."

Robert licked his lips. He had wanted to talk about today, understand where her head really was with all of this, but his own head was somewhere else. He could smell her arousal on the evening air, and what he really wanted was to put his mouth to more familiar use. "I think a balcony fuck might be a little much," he whispered, "but we should be safe with a little oral action." He swallowed, suddenly worried that she might not want that.

What if the past two days had forever changed things between them?

He'd always been so worried about what might happen after his first taste of cock, he'd never considered what might change for her.

"I like that idea," she teased. "Why don't you get on your knees and work your magic on my pussy." She wasn't usually so forward. It excited him. He watched as she reached down to spread her lips with an inverted 'V' of two fingers. "I'm hot," she told him, "I'm wet, and I need to cum."

Robert smiled as he knelt before her and slipped his head beneath her skirt. Sissy desires and dreams of cock aside, he'd always been an enthusiastic pussy eater, a man who enjoyed the act of oral worship as much as he enjoyed providing pleasure. He

found it curious when she tugged the skirt over his head, and doubly curious when he heard the telltale chirp of her phone being unlocked.

What was she doing?

Was she looking at those photos from this morning?

She swore she'd deleted them, but he'd secretly hope she still had them.

Was his pretty, polite, perfect little housewife using photos of her sissy husband sucking cock to get her excited while he licked her pussy?

Could he really be so lucky?

He began flicking at her clitoris with his tongue, loving her taste as much as her moans of pleasure. When she used her free hand to hold him in place, he just knew she was looking at those photos. "Get deep in there," she urged him, "and stick that tongue inside me."

Robert was getting into it. He slipped his hands beneath her, cupped her ass and pulled her closer. He heard her groan into his oral embrace as she began grinding herself against his face. He suspected it wasn't going to take long for her to cum, not tonight.

"My clit, baby, my clit." He heard the sound of the phone bouncing off the glass patio table. Moments later, he felt her grab his head with both hands, pulling him even closer, literally smothering him with her pussy.

That's when he found the rhythm.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, don't stop." He felt her climax building. Alicia usually preferred a good hard fuck to even the best oral, but right now he had her entirely fixated on his mouth.

His cock-sucking, cunt-sucking mouth.

This was where he belonged.

The only thing that would make it better would be if Douglas had fucked her first, leaving him a load of cum to clean out of her pussy.

Like a good sissy.

That thought spurred him over the top. He latched onto her clit and sucked for all he was worth, rubbing her hard and fast with his tongue. Her legs snapped shut, further trapping him between her thighs. When he tried to pull back, desperate for a breath, she followed, riding his face, grinding against him as he felt the pleasure explode through her body.

Finally, it was over. Breathless and trembling, she let her hands fall away. She released her legs and he crawled backward from under his skirt.

"That was intense," he growled. Afraid to ask what was really on his mind, he settled for, "What's gotten into you?"

Alicia surprised him again by leaning in to give him a kiss, something she usually dismissed as gross, telling him the last thing she ever wanted to taste was herself on his lips. He knew, he just knew, that her kiss had more to do with what he was sucking that

morning, and he was okay with that. Whatever that was, wherever it was heading, this . . . this, right here . . . this told him it was all okay. She didn't hate him for having a cock in his mouth, and she didn't despise him for doing it a second time with lipstick on his lips. There might actually come a time when they could, openly and honestly, talk about the sissy inside of him.

Unless, that is, she already knew. But something told him she didn't, not yet. He had wondered if she'd set this all up, arranged for the older gentleman as a means of testing him, exposing his secret, but he didn't think that was the case. No, this was just a perfect set of circumstances lining up to take their relationship to the next level.

"Vacation," she sighed, interrupting his thoughts and answering the question. "I think I'm finally relaxing."

"If that's relaxed," he joked, "then I can't wait to get to bed."

Alicia's hands trailed down his body, but instead of reaching for his cock, she slipped them around and cupped his ass. "Neither can I."

Chapter Four: A Wife's Fantasy

Alicia headed out early the next morning. Having hinted around, looking for information about Douglas – never asking, just little offhand comments to staff and bemused observations to other guests – she had a hunch this was her chance to get him alone. Assuming, of course, that drunken memories and stilted English conversations were at all reliable.

She had told Robert she wanted to reserve their beach chairs early, having heard that it was going to be a busy day of new arrivals and the return of a tour group from the mainland. She had no idea whether any of that was true, but it did the trick. They were going to be gone on their boat tour for most of the day, paid for by the generosity of Douglas, but the kids would want some beach time after dinner.

The truth was, now that things had progressed this far, she wanted to be sure Douglas could find them again. Besides, it was a good spot, not just one he knew to look for, but one that offered just enough discretion for their little game.

She'd no sooner taken her seat when she saw the familiar figure emerge from the waves. He was tall enough to be Douglas, and built the same, but it was hard to tell from an early morning silhouette. When the swimmer paused, though, and turned her way, she knew it was him.

She had a smile and a dry towel waiting when he got to her chair.

"Why, good morning," he greeted her. "I didn't expect to see you out here quite so early."

She motioned to the chair beside her. "Please, take a seat. Robert will be busy with the kids for a bit, so we can chat." Her next words were carefully measured. "Freely. Openly." She laid a trembling hand on his wrist. "Honestly."

"Very well." Drops of seawater sailed from his beard when he nodded. "So, let's get right to it." A teasing glint twisted his smile upwards at one corner. "Tell me, did you masturbate to the photos last night? Or, perhaps, use them for foreplay?"

"Both." She answered immediately, without reservation. If they were to be honest with one another, then she had to give in order to get. "I had Robert crawl under my skirt and eat me out while I admired that photo of you making him gag." She swallowed. "Making him gag. With your cock. Your cock. In his mouth. In his pretty, lipsticked mouth." Alicia giggled. "My god, it's making me hot just talking about it."

For his part, the older man looked genuinely surprised. "Well, I will be honest. I wasn't expecting such a forthright response." He settled back in the chair, but he twisted so that they were face to face. "Nor the lipstick. That was a nice touch." He laid his hand over hers. "Ask way, madam. You've earned it."

“I want to know what your end game is,” she told him. “I want to know where this is all leading.” There was a lilt to her voice, the repressed laughter of a woman amused by her situation, but she was serious about needing answers. “And none of this ‘perverse fantasy’ stuff. You’re grooming him for something, and I want to know what. And I want to know why.” She turned her hand over, gripping his. “I’m not comfortable with allowing this to play out any longer without knowing where you’re leading us.”

Douglas nodded.

He told her everything.

“So, to what do I owe the pleasure,” Robert asked the next afternoon as, for the first time in their vacation, they dropped off the kids together. “Fancy a trip back to the room for a little more holiday fun?”

Alicia smiled as she slipped her oversized sunglasses into place. “Maybe later,” she cooed, “but right now I have something else planned for us.”

“Oh?” He stumbled in her grasp as she led him away from their usual spot on the beach, heading off in a new direction. “And just what might that be?”

She grinned. She was liking this, having all the answers, all the power. “That’s for me to know, and you to find out.”

Together, they strolled casually down the beach, just another happy couple enjoying the sun and the sand. They waved to couples they’d met over dinners, said hello to guides and resort staff they recognized, and even stopped to marvel at the sandcastles being built by other people’s children. Alicia felt a bit guilty over that the sandcastles, but it was just a couple of hours a day the kids were at camp, and they really did seem to enjoy it. Plus, she and Robert spoiled them rotten the rest of the day.

Eventually, their walk brought them to the line of coconut trees and a low stone fence that separated their stretch of beach from the premium section of the resort next door.

“Well, I guess this is the end of the line.” She saw Robert duck as he tried to peer beneath the canopy, peeking through the trees. “Too bad. I always wondered how the better half lived.”

With a grin, she pulled him towards a tiny gate - and the massive mountain of a security guard who stood on the far side. “Sorry,” he told them, not sounding at all apologetic. “Private beach. No entry.”

“We’re sorry,” Robert told him, making up for the other man’s lack of sincerity. “We just wanted a peek.”

“Actually,” Alicia interrupted, “we’re having lunch with a friend.” She fished the silver key card from her pocket, the one emblazoned with the resort’s logo. “We’re expected.”

The guard didn’t say a word, but his body language changed completely as he unlatched the gate and nodded, inviting them to pass through.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa.” Robert tried to hold her back, but she kept walking. “This ‘friend’ isn’t who I think it is, is it?” He looked excited and terrified and nervous all at once. “I don’t know that I’m interested in any more of his fancies.”

“Oh, would you relax? Not everything is about sex,” she chided him. Except, it often was and this, this was most definitely about sex. “Douglas just invited us by for lunch and a few drinks. He wanted to say thank you for indulging him.”

“I don’t know.” He’d stopped being a drag on her, but he wasn’t exactly matching her brisk stride. It was so cute the way he tried to mask his nervousness by being all defensive, but she saw the way he leaned forward, his body wanting to go where his head feared. “I’m not sure I trust him, and I certainly don’t like the idea of being alone with him where there are no prying eyes to keep him decent.”

Oh, but she did. She was looking forward to this. That had shocked her, initially, but her apprehension had soon faded after the chat with Douglas, leaving only anxious excitement. What they were walking into was something she would have never thought might interest her, never mind have her so aroused. She just hoped she was right about her husband and that, beneath all his macho posturing and defensiveness, there lurked a genuine sissy who would be willing to go farther than just lipstick and make the ultimate sacrifice for their family.

They reached one of the larger premium beach houses, a single-story affair of glass and steel that looked transplanted from one of the gated communities back home. It boasted a wide deck that surrounded it on the three sides they could see, with a simple set of stairs leading down to the beach. She stepped up onto the deck and swiped the key card. Without waiting for Robert, she stepped inside, trusting that he’d be an obedient hubby and follow.

“This is a bad idea,” he whispered from her shoulder, having indeed followed her inside. “I don’t like this. I’m not comfortable with this.” He was almost whining now. It was starting to get on her nerves. She had to move this forward before he got cold feet.

“Alicia! Robert!” Douglas chose that precise moment to appear, stepping through a door to their right, a trio of wine glasses in his hand. “Please, do come in. I have a lovely bottle that’s been breathing and should be just about ready.”

Alicia leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. “Thank you for having us.” She held her hand out behind her and waited. When Robert reluctantly took it in his own, she smiled. “We’re both so excited. A chance to see how the better half lives.”

The older man chuckled politely. “Hardly the better half.” He invited them to take a seat on the leather couch that ran along two walls of the den, meeting in the corner. “More fortunate, perhaps. Lucky even.” He joined them on the right angle of the couch, sitting so that there was a corner between them, but with his knees nearly touching Robert’s. “But hardly better.”

They sat there in companionable silence – well, Alicia and Douglas did, at least – as they sipped their wine. Alicia was hardly a connoisseur, but this tasted absolutely

divine. Maybe, if things went as well as she hoped, they could pick up a few bottles of their own to enjoy.

And, if Robert was as willing as she dreamed he might be, maybe someday they could even afford a stocked cellar.

Finally, as Robert sat there staring nervously into his empty glass, Douglas broke the silence.

“Has Alicia shared with you my latest little fantasy?”

“No.” Robert almost looked like he was going to faint. “She hasn’t.”

His gold ring glinted in the filtered sunlight as Douglas reached out to place his hand on Robert’s knee. You would have thought he’d stabbed him given the way her husband jumped. “Don’t look so glum.” He smiled that disarming smile of his. “Nothing could be as bad as you fear.”

It seemed to work. She saw the tension visibly leave his body. “Sorry,” Robert replied. “I’m just a little on edge. I don’t like secrets.”

Secrets? That was an interesting choice of word.

“Surprises,” he quickly amended. “I don’t like surprises.”

Well now, that was even more interesting. Could there be more going on here than she realized? Was there more to her husband’s willingness to play along than just giving in to her desires? Did he, just maybe, have a streak of bisexual curiosity running through him?

“Then let me be honest.” Douglas broke her reverie. “After all, complete honesty is what Alicia asked of me.” He squeezed her husband’s knee, gently. “First off, to put your mind at ease, I’m not gay. Beyond these little fancies of mine, I have no interest in men. Neither sexually nor romantically.”

That seemed to settle Robert further . . . and, yet, he seemed almost saddened at the same time.

Definitely curious.

“What I fancy today, and what your lovely wife has already indicated she’d be entirely comfortable with, is simple, really.” Douglas reached beneath the couch and pulled out a thick stack of bills. “If you would simply hold my cock in your mouth until I cum, I will pay you one thousand dollars.”

Robert’s jaw dropped. “A thousand?”

At a nod from Douglas, Alicia retrieved a second stack from beneath her end of the couch. “Fifteen hundred,” she breathed heavily, “if you let me do your makeup first.”

Robert snapped back against the couch. It was like he’d been shot.

It wasn’t the suggestion of tasting another man’s cum that did it, it was the mention of makeup.

Oh, this was getting curious indeed!

Douglas pulled another stack of cash from beneath the couch. He fanned through it with his fingers while Robert watched, hypnotized. “Should you be so inclined as to assist the process with a little suction, I’ll make it an even two-thousand.”

“Seriously?” Her husband’s mouth opened and closed a few times before he could frame his question. He looked to her, then Douglas, and then back to her. “If you’re not gay, and not interested in men, then why not use her mouth?”

“Because,” Douglas replied, “that would be too easy. There would be no challenge in it.” He shrugged. “I could pay any island whore to suck my cock. Paying a pasty white tourist, a handsome husband, and devoted father to do it, and to do it while wearing makeup? That’s entirely different.”

Robert nodded slowly, as if he were trying to find a way to argue the point but couldn’t.

Again, at a nod from Douglas, Alicia retrieved another stack of bills from beneath the couch. “Twenty-five hundred,” she cooed seductively, putting all of her lust behind it, “if you’re a good little sissy and beg for Daddy’s cock.”

Before Robert could protest, Douglas gathered up all the cash, added one more stack, and slipped it down her husband’s shirt, like he was one of those cheap island whores he’d so easily dismissed a moment ago. “Give me a few enthusiastic licks along the way, and we’ll call it three thousand.”

She could see Robert was sweating now. “Too much,” he gasped. “It’s too much.”

“I want to see you do this,” she hissed, drawing her nails down his arm. “This turns me on so fucking much.” She grasped Robert’s hand in hers. “That’s three thousand dollars,” she told him. “Almost three week’s salary for something I do for nothing more than a foot rub and a kiss goodnight.”

That little joke seemed to break some of the tension. Robert smiled, but he still looked unsure. “I don’t know,” he said, his gaze still traveling slowly back and forth between them. “This kind of seems like a big deal. It feels like something we can never come back from.”

For a moment, she thought it was time to press, but then she paused. He wanted this. Not just the cocksucking, not just the makeup, but the whole sissy fantasy! How had she not seen it before? How long had he been hiding this from her? “And so what?” she asked. “So what if we do this? So what if you enjoy it?” She turned his hand so that it was palm down, and then placed both their hands over Douglas’. “At the end of the day, you still love me, I still love you, and we’re still a happily married couple.” She smiled wider. “The same happily married couple we were this morning, but with an extra three thousand dollars in our pocket.” She swallowed, suddenly overcome by how desperately she wanted this. “And, just maybe, a whole new understanding between us?”

“You don’t have to decide on all of it now,” Douglas offered. “We can begin at the thousand-dollar level, and you can control how high we go.”

“I’ll help you.” Alicia slid off the couch, onto her knees, and pulled Robert with her. He still looked anxious, but he followed without comment. “I’ll be your coach, your guide, and your mentor. I’ll be right there, the whole time, supporting you and loving you and being so proud of my sissy hubby.”

Robert mumbled something as his face went red, but she couldn’t hear it.

“What’s that, baby?”

“If I do this,” he almost whimpered, “can I wear your bra?”

Now it was her turn to be taken aback, but a smile quickly spread across her face, transforming the moment. “I’m not wearing one,” she laughed, “but you can have my bikini top.” She quickly untied it beneath her beach shirt. “Get that shirt off, sissy, and let mommy make you pretty.”

He looked so anxious, so pitiful as he pulled the t-shirt over his head. He flinched when she came near, as if he expected her to slap him. She kissed him, warmly and passionately on the lips, as she tied the bikini top around his chest. When she pulled back, his hands came up to trace the material . . . and suddenly that smile spread from her face to his.

“You’re really okay with this?” he asked.

“Oh,” she said, delving into her bag for the makeup kit she’d brought, “you have no idea.”

She began with thick concealer, more than she would normally wear herself, but it had to be enough to hide the morning shadow of her husband’s jaw. He flinched at the first touch of the cold makeup but soon relaxed. In fact, as she began working in a little blush on his cheeks, there was a definite smile of contentment resting upon his lips.

Those lips.

Those pretty, cocksucking lips.

She’d save them for last.

She gave the mascara a shake before pulling out the brush. Instead of closing his eyes, as she expected him to do, Robert tilted his head and opened his eyes wide, almost as if he’d done this before. Alicia almost stopped to ask him about that, but she feared her curiosity would come across as accusing or judgemental, and she didn’t want anything to ruin this moment.

“Holy fuck,” she whispered in surprise. “You’ve got great lashes. So long and so thick. How have I never noticed before?”

Robert smiled even wider. “Thank you.”

For eyeshadow, she went with a soft pink over his eyelids, and then a darker pink under his eyebrows. Feeling rather daring, without a care for how it might look later, she plunged deep into her purse and pulled out the nearly-empty bottle of glitter she’d taken from their daughter’s luggage. The way that glitter made his eyes pop was so surprising, she hated him for it, just a little bit.

Douglas was just standing there, not saying a word, but she could hear a soft hum of contentment coming from her husband. They were definitely going to talk about this later!

As she knelt there, looking at her husband's exceptionally feminine eyes, she wished she'd brought a pair of tweezers to pluck his eyebrows. Not that they were that thick, not for a man, but there were a few curly outliers that irked her.

The lipstick came next, a hot pink glossy color she didn't even know she had, still sealed and never used. Well, it was officially his now. That single tube would be a better souvenir of this vacation than anything they might find on the beach or buy from the craft tables in town. This . . . this would hold memories all its own.

Something had clearly changed with Robert as he tilted his head back further, opened wide for her to roll on the color, and then smacked his lips closed, blending the color without her having to say a word. She wasn't sure whether he'd just given up all sense of pretense and was showing his true colors, or whether he'd forgotten himself and would feel guilty about betraying something later, but she liked this.

No, she loved this.

If her husband wasn't already a sissy, she was going to see to it that he became one.

"There. All done." She put the lipstick away and pushed her bag to the side. She shuffled a bit on her knees, putting herself right between her husband and the man who had promised to cum in his mouth.

Oh, fuck, did that make her wet!

Douglas lowered his shorts, revealing a very impressive bulge in his briefs. Before he could even say a word, she saw Robert lean towards that bulge. She was so excited she had to suppress a squeal of delight when he left a perfect, pink imprint of his lips on those white briefs, exactly where the precum had begun to darken the material.

That was no coincidence!

Try as she might, though, she was sure she let out a little groan as that cock – six inches long and impressively thick – popped out from its cotton prison and fell to land on Robert's nose, prompting him to raise his head and welcome it into his mouth. She watched the head pass his pretty lips and her eyes widened to see him immediately close his lips around it.

Was he going to do it?

The answer came with a hollowing of her husband's well-rouged cheeks and a sharp intake of breath from Douglas. My god, her husband was sucking on a cock. Not just holding one in his mouth, not just smiling around it, but actively physically sucking on it.

Was he tasting it?

Was precum already pooling on his tongue?

Did he like it?

Suddenly, she remembered she was supposed to be coaching, assisting the process. She opened her mouth to say something, but then paused. Robert seemed to be doing pretty well without her. The last thing she wanted to do was break the spell and have him back off in a panic . . . but she couldn't just stand idly by and let this moment pass them by.

He might not need her guidance but, if they were to build on this, take this further, then she was going to need his support.

“That’s right, baby. That’s my pretty sissy.” She leaned in close and pressed her cheek against Richard’s, feeling Douglas’ cock moving on the other side. “You look so perfect with a cock in your mouth. Like you were born to please other men.”

Her husband groaned in response. He was moving in time with Douglas’ gentle thrusts, taking him deeper and deeper, and sucking him all the while. She could see the older man’s cock, smeared with lipstick and glistening with saliva as it withdrew, and she shuddered to think that was her husband’s spit on another man’s cock. Her own eyes went wide when Robert started making little gagging noises, Douglas’ cock clearly having reached the hilt.

“Take it, you sissy. Take it all,” she hissed. He was close, but he was struggling. She knew she had to help. Enthusiasm and desire would only take him so far. “You’re doing so well,” she cooed. “Now, I want you to stick your tongue out as far as you can.” She reached out and gently stroked her hand down his throat. “Just extend your tongue, sissy, stick it out as far as you can, and then breathe deep.”

It was working. She saw more and more of Douglas’ cock disappear on each stroke. Alicia mentally urged it forward and clapped with joy when his balls brushed Robert’s chin. She saw her husband’s eyes go wide, realizing what he’d just done, and she heard Douglas’ groan of pleasure.

This was amazing. This may very well be the best day of her life. She stroked her husband’s throat again, only this time she felt it swell with the head of another man’s cock. That was the most erotic thing she’d ever felt, and she found herself hungry for more.

“Now,” she reminded her husband, “there’s still five-hundred dollars to go. You can do this, sissy. You’re so good, and so pretty, but you’ll feel so much prettier with a real man’s cum inside you.”

She didn’t know where the ‘real man’ comment came from, but she was going with it.

“Keep that tongue out,” she urged. “Keep breathing, baby, and cough a little.” Robert’s eyes swiveled sideways, as if asking for permission. She kissed the corner of his eye and nodded. “Trust me, baby, this will work. Extend, breathe, and cough.”

It looked awkward, for both of them, but suddenly the whole thing – cock and balls – was in Robert’s mouth. Her sissy husband had successfully deepthroated another

man, and now he was bathing that man's balls with his tongue, warming up the cum that would soon be flooding his mouth.

This was too much, too hot. She slipped a hand beneath her swimsuit. She slipped it inside the very hot, very wet folds of her labia, and then used that lubrication to draw circles around her clit.

She wasn't the only one for whom this was too much.

Douglas was jackhammering her husband's throat now with short, powerful strokes. With what almost sounded like a growl, he pulled it all the way out and stopped. His spit-slickened shaft just hovered there, bouncing before her husband's still open mouth, pointing at the dripping saliva and the smeared lipstick, clearly challenging him to prove himself.

That was when Robert proved himself a sissy. Newly-born or long-hidden she didn't know, and she didn't care. It didn't matter. If he'd been hiding his from her, then she understood, and she wouldn't hold it against him. If Douglas hadn't made that first inappropriate offer on the beach, if he hadn't opened her eyes to what this could be, she likely wouldn't have responded well to any sissy confession. If it was something new, something he was doing just for her, then she'd have to make sure it became a part of him.

Not just a fantasy, not just a fetish, but a fucking fascination!

Left to his own devices, Robert leaned in, stuck that tongue all the way out, and licked the older man's cock from balls to tip . . . and smiled as he did it!

"Touché," was all Douglas said, but that one word spoke volumes.

She watched as he guided the shaft downwards and slipped it back inside her husband's mouth. This time the moan of pleasure coming from Robert was unmistakable.

He was enjoying this as much as she was!

Douglas began fucking Robert's face now, not caring whether he gagged the sissy or slipped too deep into his throat. She could hear the sounds of a wet, sloppy blowjob, noises that were so familiar to her, except she wasn't the one making them. Her husband was gagging and gurgling and groaning around his mouthful of cock. He was a warm, wet sleeve for another man's pleasure, and the way he closed his eyes in delight just showed off those beautiful lashes and the glitter of his eyeshadow.

Douglas was really thrusting now, leaning into it and riding Robert's oral embrace. Spittle was flying everywhere. Bubbles of spit were forming around the shaft, and drool was running down her husband's lips. It was the hottest fucking thing she had ever seen.

And then it all stopped.

Robert had a moment to look stunned, to wonder what had happened, and then his eyes went wide. She saw that shaft pulse and shiver as spurt after spurt of cum was unloaded in her husband's mouth. Alicia kept waiting for it to begin running out, to

leave rivers of hot, creamy sperm on his chin, but when she shifted her gaze from shaft to throat, she saw that he was swallowing.

Her husband was sucking another man's cock and swallowing his cum!

What's more, he had such a look of blissful contentment on his face, she just knew this was not going to be a one-time thing. If he hadn't been a sissy before, Robert was certainly a cock-hungry, cum-drunk sissy now!

She ripped her hand from her swimsuit before she came herself. Not now, not like this. She needed her man. She could wait the few moments it would take to finish.

Either Douglas was just naturally a heavy cummer, or else he'd been saving that load for a while. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, feeding his massive load deep into her husband's mouth. Finally, it appeared he was spent. He began withdrawing his cock from Robert's mouth, the business arrangement concluded, but Robert kept on sucking! She watched the blissful sissy suck hard on that shaft, draining every last drop of cum, as if he hated to let go.

For his part, Douglas just pointed to the money on the couch, tucked himself back into his shorts, and walked away without a word.

She waited until she heard the sliding door click shut and then dived in to kiss her husband. Alicia tasted a mixture of lipstick and cock on his lips, and she felt the globules of semen sticking to his teeth. She slipped her tongue in and tasted her husband's virgin load. Breathless with anticipation, she broke off. "Fuck me, sissy. Right here. Right now."

His smile, at that moment, was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. It was a smile of pure contentment, pure happiness, pure self-acceptance.

It was, she realized, a smile she hadn't seen on his face for a very, very long time.

"You heard me," she hissed. She pushed him backward on the floor and untied his bathing suit herself. "I want your sissy cock deep inside me." Sure, she could drop it at this point, but she wanted to drive home the fact that he was a sissy, that she still loved him as a sissy, even as he drove home inside her. His erection proved he'd enjoyed his first real cock-sucking experience just as much as she thought. "Stick that sissy cock inside your wife and make her cum."

She was so wet and so loose, she slid down on his cock easily. Once he was all the way inside her, Alicia began rocking back and forth, finding a rhythm as he began thrusting up from the floor. When his hands came up to grab her tits, squeezing and pulling them with his own passion, she suspected everything was going to be okay.

When she reached out and began doing the same to his chest, he gasped but thrust even harder inside her, and she knew it was all going to be okay.

It didn't take either of them long to cum. She'd been one good flick away from sending herself over the edge while watching his performance, and he was clearly ready as well. She stopped rocking and began grinding instead, holding him deep and using the walls of her pussy to stroke his most tender bits.

“Cum with me,” she begged. “Cum with me, my pretty sissy hubby. Let’s cum together.” When she heard his familiar intake of breath and felt his hands dig into the flesh of her breasts, she knew it was time. “Now! Now! Now! Oh, yes! Now!”

The two of them, husband and wife forever, no matter how they might play from this day forward, climaxed together, their orgasms crashing through them in almost perfect synchronicity. She arched her back, tits thrust forward and rode that wave. Her orgasm was fading, the waves slowing, but it was still an exquisite pleasure. His orgasm inside her felt incredible. She couldn’t say for sure that he’d never cum so hard, so much, but it certainly felt like a load to remember.

As they came back down to Earth, she collapsed atop of him. They held one another, kissed one another, and smiled like newlyweds.

“Are we okay?” he asked her.

“Better than okay,” she replied with a kiss. “We’re reborn.” Reluctantly, she rolled off him, but she couldn’t resist darting her head down to suck their combined juices off his soft cock. Bringing her head back up, cum on her lips, she giggled, “What’s good for the goose is good for the gander.”

“Ha-ha.” He looked so cute the way he blushed, but he leaned in for the kiss, and he wasn’t shy about licking the cum from her mouth.

“Come on, my sissy cocksucker.” She needed to say it, to see how he’d react now that the erotic intensity of the moment was passed, and he didn’t disappoint. Robert blushed, ducked his head, and smiled. He was okay with it, and he knew she was too. “Let get out of here,” she told him. “We can talk tonight.”

Chapter Five: A Sissy's Fulfilment

As Robert stepped out onto the sand, alone for the first time on their entire vacation, he immediately appreciated what Alicia got out of these stolen moments. It was just him, the sun glinting off the water, and the sand beneath his feet. There were clouds on the horizon which, combined with the waves just offshore, suggested rain sometime before lunch but it was calm for the moment.

Well, to be honest, it was more than that.

Today, on this beautiful morning in paradise, he was dressed in one of his wife's black swim skirts, which felt like bikini bottoms underneath, but which looked like a lightly ruffled skirt on the outside. So long as nobody looked too closely, they were close enough to his normal swim trunks to be passable, but he felt like a sissy - like an accepted sissy - in a way he never had before.

And to think it had all begun with a strange man on the beach with a perverse fantasy to place his manhood inside Robert's mouth.

He had been exposed as a sissy.

His wife knew he was a sissy.

And she was okay with it.

More than that, she seemed energized by the fact.

He looked around, assured himself he was alone, and did a quick twirl. The way the skirt flowed around him set his heart aflutter. He didn't think he'd ever be able to put this behind him.

He and Alicia had fucked twice more last night after the kids were asleep, and she'd ridden his face afterward, calling him a pretty sissy cumslut as he slurped his own semen from deep within her pussy.

He didn't know whether Douglas had somehow sensed the sissy inside of him, or whether his wife had inadvertently twisted the whole perverse fantasy into something different with her teasing application of lipstick, but it didn't matter.

Just so long as the older man wasn't done with them.

He couldn't handle another week of vacation without the cock he'd so quickly become accustomed to.

Still thrilling to the feel of the swim skirt around him, and dreaming of the clear ocean waters lapping at his freshly shaved legs, he gazed around the beach and looked hard at the other men moving about. They were all different ages and sizes, some in very tiny European bathing suits, others in polos and cargo shorts. He saw hairy beer bellies, washboard abs, skinny chicken legs, and bulging biceps. Short hair, long hair, straight hair, curly hair, no hair. Beards, mustaches, stubble, and clean-shaven cheeks.

All these men, and he felt nothing for any of them. It wasn't that they grossed him out or disgusted him. Far from it. In fact, he felt as if he had a new appreciation for them, but one that was entirely clinical. A platonic sort of acknowledgment.

But there wasn't so much as a spark there, much less a hidden flicker of arousal.

So long as he kept his gaze above the waist.

When he saw those bulges? Something was awakened inside him.

With a bottle of beer swinging from each hand, he began to straddle the beach chair but stopped himself just in time. Like a good sissy, he turned sideways, tucked the skirt behind him, and slipped more politely, more demurely into the embrace of flexible plastic.

It didn't take long before he found himself with company.

"Good morning."

He looked up at the shadow before him, recognizing Douglas as much by his cock bulge as by his voice. "Good morning." He waved to the empty chair beside him with one of the beers. "Take a seat, sir." When the older man accepted, Robert passed him the bottle.

They twisted off the caps, then clinked bottles before taking a long swallow.

Beer had never been his thing, and local beer was even worse. He found himself wishing he'd pushed past the embarrassment and accepted his wife's suggestion of a Pina Colada. It would have been nice to sit here, holding that glass so daintily, while feeling the smooth material of the swim skirt caress his smooth legs.

"So," Robert said, breaking the silence. "I take it this means we're not done?" He felt himself blush. "That you have one last, um, fantasy for me to satisfy before we head home?"

"Straight to business." Douglas took another drink. "I can respect that."

The other man's praise made him feel good. "Is this a negotiation," he asked, "or have you and my wife already agreed to terms?"

Douglas smiled. There it was, that disarming grin. That thing was lethal! It should be registered as a weapon. "The lovely Alicia hasn't told you?"

Robert shook his head. "No, we haven't discussed it. She and I had a long talk last night, and we're both very happy with where this vacation has led us, but that talk was entirely about what we've learned about each other." He took a swig of beer and grimaced again at the taste. "As for this? I had a feeling she wanted to remove herself from the conversation."

"Much like I've chosen to remove myself from the fantasy," the other man responded.

Robert's heart sank. That answered his question. Not only hadn't the old man picked him because he'd sensed the sissy inside, but he was rejecting him now that the sissy had been exposed.

After a long pause, Douglas laughed. "That's not to say I'm done with you, sissy."

He said the last word loud enough for anybody walking by to hear, and it didn't bother Robert one bit. Hell, in addition to the swim skirt, he still had glitter on his eyes, and he and Alicia had taken turns painting their toes a matching pink that morning.

"If you accept," the older man cautioned, "you'll be entirely on your own. Your lovely wife and I will be there to watch, but some things need to happen without help."

What was he talking about? What was he getting at? He started to open his mouth to ask, Instead, he took a moment to think about what he wanted to say. "Please, don't tell me what it is I'll be doing. I don't want to know, not right now. If I spend the entire day thinking about it, I'll never be able to get out of this chair." He pressed the bottle against his erection, entirely too amused by the way his arousal tented the skirt. "Whatever it is, I have to imagine it's going to be big." He swallowed a very un-masculine giggle. "And this sissy likes big."

"Oh, that much is obvious."

Robert looked sideways. "Can . . . can I ask how much?" he whispered. Not that it mattered, he'd do it all for free, but his wife had this newfound fantasy of pimping his sissy ass to the highest bidder, and he found he loved the idea of caring for his family by being himself.

At that moment, he realized he knew who was the secret self, who was the cover story, and who'd be living his life from now on.

Douglas smiled. "Ten."

"Ten?" Suddenly, Robert was nervous.

The other man paused for a drink. There was that disarming grin again. "Ten thousand dollars to . . . well, you said you don't want to know."

"Fuck." His eyes went wide. "That's not big, that massive."

"It is." The older man placed his empty bottle down on the sand. "I will respect your wishes. I won't tell you what this final fantasy is, but I will tell you three things. One, it has changed considerably from what your beautiful wife and I first discussed. That little tube of lipstick? Well, who could have known? Two, it's nothing that is beyond your capabilities, and nothing, I suspect, that is beyond your desires."

Robert shuddered. He pressed that bottle harder against himself, rolling it around his erection. "And the third thing?"

"Ah, yes." Douglas took off his sunglasses and looked him in the eye. "Should you do this, you will be forever changed. I do not believe it will leave you scarred for life or any such nonsense, but you will be changed." He slipped the sunglasses back on and added one word. One, tiny, two-syllable word. "Sissy."

Robert didn't protest when Douglas took the bottle from his hands and downed the rest of it. He was already a changed man, a changed sissy. He was okay with change. In fact, he welcomed it. "I take it my wife knows the details? The when and the where, I mean?"

Douglas nodded.

“Fantastic, sir. We’re, um, all set, then.”

The other man rose from the chair, far more gracefully than any man had a right to do, what with the flexible plastic and the shifting sand. “Then we’ll see you both there.”

As the grey-haired kink enabler walked away, all Robert could focus on was that one word.

We.

Who was ‘we’ and how many was it?

He hoped it was a lot.

To say that Robert was on edge as Alicia led him back onto the beach house porch would be an understatement. If it hadn’t been for the fact that she insisted he fast for the afternoon, cutting out the snacks and sodas, he was sure his stomach would be rolling. As it was, it still felt like butterflies were trying to fight their way out.

“And you’re sure you’re okay with, well, whatever is going to happen tonight?” He waved his hands futilely, as if trying to frame some grand idea.

She’d said as much a dozen times, but he had to hear it again.

Alicia’s eyes lit up as she nodded her head. Slowly. Deliberately. “Oh, my pretty sissy.” She patted the bag over her shoulder. “Just wait until you see what I brought. I’m better than okay.”

His eyes widened as he followed her through the door. It was wonderfully cool inside, the air conditioning running quietly at full blast. He started heading for the room with the couch, where they’d met Douglas the day before, but she snatched his arm and pulled him the opposite way. She hit a switch, and soft lighting appeared around the mirror of what he could now see was a bathroom almost as big as their entire suite.

“Strip, sissy.” She stood before him, hands on her hips. “All of it.”

Robert was quick to comply, not that it took long to remove a t-shirt, shorts, and a pair of his wife’s dirty panties. He stood there, more naked than he’d ever felt in his life, suddenly conscious of the fact that he hadn’t a single hair anywhere on his body . . . and he smiled.

“And just what is this?” His wife reached down and caressed his cock, which was slowly growing erect. “We can’t have that now, can we?” With a grin he’d never seen on her face, she slid her hand down, grabbed him by the balls, and squeezed. He groaned against the pain and felt his cock grow limp against her fingers. “Very good. Now, to ensure that this doesn’t happen again . . .”

Alicia trailed off as she dug into her beach bag, pulling out a bright pink chastity cage. Robert’s eyes immediately flashed with excitement. He’d always wanted one, just like that, but not as a plaything, not as a Thursday afternoon toy, but as something his wife would place on him, keeping the key out of reach. He flinched and gasped in discomfort as she tugged his balls through the ring, the feeling leaving him queasy,

before slipping the plastic sheath over the head of his cock and down his shaft. She had to twist and wiggle it a bit to get his cock all the way inside, and it pinched when she pressed it into the base, but the look alone was enough to make him wish he could get hard again.

There was no sound to the lock clicking shut, but it still echoed deep within him.

“Where did you get that?” he asked.

“You’d be amazed what’s available with express shipping, even to a resort like this.” He watched as she threaded the key through her necklace, then let it drop into the valley between her breasts. “I’d tell you not to check the credit card statement next month, but I think we both know you have more than covered our expenses.”

Next to come out of her bag was a tiny ball of white that Alicia unfolded to reveal as a skimpy, dainty, see-through bridal lingerie set, made entirely of French lace.

“Oh my god, that’s so pretty.” The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them.

She smiled. “And you’re going to look so pretty wearing it.”

Alicia started by helping him into the white push-up bra, which gave him the illusion of a little cleavage. Nothing to set men’s hearts racing, but more than enough to set his aflutter. Next came the stockings. Hardly his first time, but his first time with company, pulling them up his legs was an experience all its own. His wife helped him with the first, explaining what she was doing and why, but left him to do the second all on his own. He carefully rolled the material in his hands, leaving him with a ring of sheer white into which he slipped his foot. Slowly, keeping the seam straight up the back of his calf, he unrolled the stockings up his legs, luxuriating in the feel of the material so softly and smoothly encasing him in femininity. They felt so different over shaved legs, and having his wife there to watch, to help, made everything that much more exquisite.

The panties were next, hardly enough material to keep his plastic cage in place, but something told him they’d prove to be temporary only. The garter belt went over that, and having his wife clip it onto the tops of his stockings was a moment he never wanted to forget. Never mind the silent click of the chastity cage, the soft snap of the garter belt was the sound that he would hear in his dreams.

When she stepped back to get a better look, Alicia gasped. Her hand immediately went to her mouth.

Robert felt like the world had just fallen out from under him. “You hate it, don’t you?” He dropped his hands to cover the panties. “I’m ugly, aren’t I?”

“No!” His wife yelled so loud, she shocked him out of his panic. “You are the most beautiful sissy I have ever seen,” she assured him, “and I killed both our cellphone batteries last night looking for sissy inspiration.”

He had tears in his eyes. He hadn’t imagined it would be so difficult. “Really?”

“Yes, my pretty sissy, a million times yes.” She embraced him, and he thrilled to the way her hands spent extra time caressing the lace where it hugged his ass. “Oh, I could get used to this,” she breathed. Just as quickly, though, she stepped back and dug into the beach bag again. “Now, I’m sorry it’s not pink, but it’s the best I could do on short notice.”

Robert looked at the shining package of purple PVC in her hands and swooned. He literally swooned. She handed it over and he unfolded it, revealing a purple PVC sissy princess dress. It boasted a round neckline, skater puff sleeves, and a circle skirt that would barely cover his ass. It may not have been quite as sissy as the dresses in his safe back home, but the fact that his wife had bought it for him made it the most beautiful thing in the world.

Never mind tears in his eyes, now he was crying. “Oh, Alicia, I can’t believe you did this, that you’re doing this.” He pulled the dress over his head and let her help him wiggle into it. “I love you so much. I hope you know that.” He ran his hands down the dress and sighed. “I hope you know nothing will ever change that.”

She took him in her arms again. “That feeling is mutual, sissy.” She kissed the tears from each of his cheeks. “And this is why I saved makeup for last.”

Compared to everything else, makeup was hardly a big deal, especially the second time in as many days, but the final touch, the brush of liquid lip stain instead of lipstick perked him up.

“Keep your mouth open,” his wife cautioned him, “and let it dry. That’s a stain, which means you’re pretty much stuck with it for the next day or two, no cold feet, but it also means those big, hard cocks won’t be ruining your pretty lips.”

While the stain dried, he felt her swap out the tiny gold studs in each earlobe with something long, heavy, and dangling. “You’re supposed to keep the studs in for ten days while the piercings heal,” she told him, “but a sissy needs her jewelry.” It was only after she attached something else around her neck that she finally stepped from between him and the mirror, giving him a good look at himself.

“Wow.” He leaned close to get a better look at the earrings, long silver chains with a trio of tiny butterflies dangling from each, and the necklace which was in the style of a choker with a silver butterfly in the center. With the jewelry framing his face, the soft bob of hair she’d curled for him, and the heavy, slutty, too-bright makeup, he looked every inch the sissy slut.

“I love it!” He danced – not stepped but danced – back from the mirror and twirled to see his dress flutter around him. “I can’t believe you did all this. I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“Neither can I,” she laughed. “I was shocked when Douglas came up to me that first day, and I fully expected to be grossed out or laughing my ass off, but seeing you with a cock in your mouth flipped some sort of switch deep inside me. I wanted to see it

again. I wanted to see more. The lipstick surprised me as much as it did both of you, but I instantly knew it was the right move.”

Robert took a deep breath. “Alicia?” It was confession time. He couldn’t proceed any further without coming clean. “This . . . well, this isn’t my first time dressing as a sissy. It’s something I’ve wanted, needed even, for a long time. I dress up on Thursdays while you’re out at yoga, but never like this. That was all costuming, cheesy play. This . . . it feels like you’ve found the real me.”

“I kind of suspected as much, the way you reacted to your makeover.” She stepped back and got serious for a moment. “I’m okay with that. We all have our secrets, and I’ll share mine with yours when we get home. I need to ask you two questions, though.”

He nodded. “Anything.”

“Did you set this up? Were you and Douglas in on it together? Did he know you from your sissy playtime at home?”

Robert immediately shook his head. “No. This was all as much a surprise to me as it was you.” With a cheeky grin, he added, “and that was three questions.”

She didn’t take the bait. “Second question, was this the first time you sucked a man’s cock?”

This time, Robert was the one to step forward. He took her in his arms, pressed her to his PVC-clad chest, and laid her head in the crook of his shoulder. “Yes.” He kissed her cheek. “I won’t lie. I’ve thought about it, dreamed about it, fantasized about it, but I never would have done anything about it. Not on my own.”

“That’s all I needed to hear.” When she stepped back, Alicia was all smiles again. “Come on,” she urged, “let’s get moving. Your audience awaits, sissy.”

It took them a few minutes to finish cleaning up the bathroom before they turned off the lights and made their way through the dark, quiet house. They stepped through two other rooms before descending a single stair into a tiled room that almost looked as if it could be a sort of wading pool. Robert wondered it was some sort of spa or sauna, but the fact it was so open seemed to make that unlikely. It was hard to make out in the darkness, but it looked like a soft blue tile that stretched into the darkness of the room, spreading across the floor and rising halfway up the walls.

He saw Alicia pause to remove her sandals, so he did the same.

The floor was cold beneath his feet, but not as slippery as it looked. The tiles felt as if they had some sort of texture to them.

They took a half dozen steps into the room, where a shadowy figure was revealed, sitting cross-legged on the floor. If they hadn’t taken that moment to remove their sandals, giving their eyes time to adjust, they likely would have stumbled right into him.

“Good evening.” The shadow might not be recognizable, but there was no mistaking the voice. “I am pleased that you decided to come, Alicia.”

“Oh, we wouldn’t have missed it.” She lowered herself to the floor, crossing her own legs to sit beside Douglas.

“And who might this stunning beauty be that you’ve brought into my lair?”

“That would be . . .” She trailed off, her head cocked to one side. “Actually, I never did get her name.” With a smile that he felt more than saw, she insisted, “Introduce yourself, sissy.”

There was no hesitation. It felt like he’d been waiting for this moment all his life. “Bobbi at your service,” he said with an awkward curtsy. “That’s Bobbi with an ‘i’ and, if you’ll be so kind as to indulge me, a pretty little butterfly with which to dot it.”

He would have said heart, but his wife’s gift of jewelry had changed so much.

“Welcome, Bobbi. If you’ll step a little deeper into the room,” he said, waving into the darkness, “I promise that all will be revealed.”

“Yes, sir.” Bobbi wasn’t shaking, but there was a trembling that he could feel in his fingers and toes. “Just over here?” With small steps, he shuffled around his wife and walked blindly into the other half of the room.

Douglas snapped his fingers, the sound impossibly loud in the darkened room. He said something, called out something to the darkness, but it was nothing Bobbi could understand. It sounded like local slang that the resort staff used to speak to one another, usually in hushed voices, when they didn’t want to be overheard by the tourists.

Suddenly, the room was inundated with light. He threw an arm over his eyes and blinked away tears as he tried to adjust to the change in illumination. When he finally lowered his arm, he found two massive men standing side-by-side before him.

“Oh, fuck.”

Douglas had promised big, and they were massive. They were well over six feet tall and over two-hundred-fifty pounds of solid muscle each. Their bald heads glistened with the same sweat that covered their bodies in a wet sheen. So heavily tattooed that skin color was almost an afterthought, they both had the olive-colored, well-tanned flesh of the island community. Dark eyes, brown or maybe green, stared back him from beneath thick, heavy brows. Their lips were pressed closed, leaving their mouths a tight line. They appeared to be naked, but their big, meaty hands were crossed before them, their hands covering their private areas.

“You did say big,” he whispered.

Douglas said something else, a translation perhaps of his comment. The two giants smiled, revealing rows of imperfect white teeth.

Bobbi looked back to his wife and the man beside her, both clearly visible now that the lights were on. He was surprised to find them both naked as well.

“I don’t know that I can do this,” he told them. “Whatever fantasy involves them? I’m suddenly afraid it’ll break me.”

His wife smiled. He didn't know if he imagined the hint of cruelty there, or whether she was genuinely aroused by his fear. "Too late to turn back now, sissy." She surprised him by tossing her cell phone to him. He fumbled to catch it. "Take a look."

On the screen, he saw a completed bank transfer. Not the ten-thousand-dollars Douglas had promised that morning on the beach, but twenty-thousand. "Twice as much, for twice as many men?" he asked.

"As it happens," the old man told him, "I found that there was one last fantasy within me."

He was suddenly afraid the old man was going to insist on fucking Alicia, and he wasn't sure how he felt about that. Sure, maybe it was hypocritical considering all she had watched him do, considering what was coming next, but he still felt that twinge of jealousy inside him.

Alicia must have seen it because she laughed out loud. "All he asked," she offered, "is that the two of us sit here, side by side, and masturbate ourselves to your fantasy."

Bobbi was relieved – and, to be honest, a little disappointed. Fuck, but this was all so confusing!

"I'm going to frig myself so hard," his wife moaned, "while I watch you get filled by those big, beautiful cocks."

"Yes, and on that note..." Douglas raised a hand and said something else in the local dialect. "I believe our guests are getting impatient."

Bobbi turned around just as the men dropped their hands. Holy fuck, their cocks were huge, almost disproportionally so. The guy on the left – he decided to call him Anton – was of average length, but nearly three times as thick as any cock he'd ever seen before. His sac looked like it was straining to contain a pair of baseballs. It looked firm and frighteningly full.

The guy on the right – Juan would serve for his name – was the exact opposite, average in girth, but easily twice as long as any cock he'd ever seen, in real life or in porn. His balls were smaller, and they hung a lot lower. His cockhead, now that he really looked at it, was well-rounded, with an exaggerated flair, looking like it had been transplanted from a much fatter cock.

The two men turned to face one another, leaving a man-sized gap between them. They smiled even wider and pointed to the floor, beckoning him over.

It was with a heavy heart and even heavier feet that he took that first step, but then Bobbi paused. He looked over to his wife and saw that she was already slipping a pair of fingers inside herself. That was all he needed. He took a deep breath, gathered up everything that was Robert, and expelled it in a primal scream that soon crested into an animalistic squeal.

"I'm a sissy," he declared, not caring if the men could understand him, and began sauntering across the room, putting a swivel in his step that had his dress flowing about

his thighs. "I'm a cocksucker," he admitted, and his steps narrowed until he was placing one foot in front of the other as if walking in heels. "And I'm a fucking cumslut," he finished, coming to a halt between them. "I'm yours."

When it came to choosing which way to face, who to put before him and who behind, there really was no choice to be made. It had to be Juan taking his ass. That cock might be long, and the fat head might make for a difficult entry, but there was no way he could see himself surviving the kind of brutal assault that would leave him torn in half by Anton's thick pole.

Not that he really thought he'd be able to get that in his mouth, but one problem at a time.

He got on all fours between, the PVC squeaking around him. He was a tiny altar of sissy submission between two pillars of masculine power. He closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and waited.

Nothing happened.

Apparently, this was not going to be as easy as it had been with Douglas.

And that was okay with him.

Douglas has used him as a man, exploited him to serve a fantasy.

He was going to give himself to these men as a sissy, not to serve some old man's fantasy, but to fulfill his own fantasies . . . and those of his wife.

He opened his eyes and saw, really saw, the cock before him.

And it was magnificent.

Bobbi leaned in for a closer look. He was immediately overcome by the heady scent of masculine musk. Anton smelled clean, but there was still a scent to him, an aroma that announced his sexual power. Up close, he could see that the circumcised head was a slightly lighter shade of brown than the shaft, and that it was textured differently as well. He turned his head to the side and followed the thick vein that began as a curl just behind the ridge of the head and ended somewhere just shy of the base of the shaft. The shaft was dark, more a sandy brown than olive, but mottled here and there with that lighter shade, and crisscrossed with smaller veins.

He turned his head and pulled back until the slit was staring him straight in the face. It was intimidating, and that intimidation triggered something inside him.

He was a sissy.

This was what he was made for.

Bobbi pressed his lips against the head of that cock and let his tongue run down the slit. It was warm and heavy against his lips, the flesh of the head soft, almost spongy. He opened his kiss wider and pushed his head forward. It seemed to take forever for that head to enter his mouth. By the time his lips tightened around the other side of the ridge, his jaw was already aching from the strain.

He was going to need lube for this.

He knew what he had to do.

Bobbi built up as much saliva as he could and began sliding the cock in and out of his mouth. Not sucking, just embracing it. It was wet and sloppy – precisely as he hoped – and it sounded boldly erotic. He'd listened to the sound of his wife's sloppy blowjobs before, but this was something else entirely. He could hear it inside his head, impossibly loud, and knew he was responsible.

Already tired and in need of a breath, he let the cock slip from his mouth. As incredible as it had looked before, it somehow looked even more sensual covered in his own saliva. He let more saliva pool in his mouth, and then began sloppily licking the base of the shaft, down where he hadn't been able to reach.

At least, not yet.

That's when he felt something new, something he'd never felt in his life, but had so longed to experience. A long, hard, heavy cock slapped down on his ass. It laid between the cheeks of his ass like a carnival sausage.

He wiggled his cheeks beneath it and felt the dress slide with him.

Then he felt something else new.

The dress raised up over his ass, with the hem coming to rest on his waist.

The panties were torn from his ass with a grunt.

And then something warm and wet, heavy and slick, was running down the crack of his ass. He turned around to see Juan pouring a vial of something – oil, perhaps, or some all-natural lube – over his cock, allowing the thick, viscous fluid to overflow over Bobbi's ass.

Fuck. This was going to happen.

He watched as Juan began sliding his cock between his ass cheeks, running it up and down, spreading the much-needed oil. It felt incredible, as different from one of his wife's vibrating dildoes as night and day.

That's when he felt Anton's cock slap him across the cheek. He was more than happy to return his attention to what was going on up front. As much as he wanted what was to happen behind, he wasn't sure he could bear to watch.

Before there was a need to cry, he muffled himself with a mouthful of cock. That fat shaft was still slick with saliva, so he took advantage and crammed it deep inside. His eyes immediately watered with the strain, but he was determined to do this. He might not have the flexibility to deepthroat something this fat, but he could take it deep, suck it hard, and use his own mouth movements to fuck it.

It was so big, so thick, so filling, so overwhelming. He felt so small before it, and that was an arousal all its own. Bobbi really began working it, worshipping it as the pinnacle of manhood that it was. He began sucking on that cock, but let his saliva continue to pool as he worked his mouth up and down.

And then it happened.

Juan stopped sliding and started penetrating. Bobbi felt an incredible pressure against his asshole, his sissy cunt, steady, unrelenting, and hot. Holy fuck, how could a

cock feel so hot? It felt like a flaming fist trying to force its way inside him. He screamed into the cock filling his mouth. His eyes felt like they were going to bulge out of his head. The pressure kept building. He felt like his asshole was being torn open as the cock inexorably pressed forward. And then, with a pop that shuddered through his entire body, that fat head slipped past the ring of his sphincter.

His screams turned to whimpers. There were tears running down his face as he continued impaling his face on Anton's massive cock. The sharp pain in his ass had become a burning agony. It felt like the pain would never end, but as he continued to choke and gag on the monster in his mouth, the pain in his ass subsided to a dull burn. It was uncomfortable, but he was beginning to think it might be tolerable. He couldn't help moving, though, instinctively looking for a way to soothe the pain that remained. It had him wiggling around Juan's cock, and that earned him an encouraging slap across each ass cheek.

And then, just as the pain became tolerable, that cock began its long push inside.

First an inch.

And then two.

Bobbi groaned at the intrusion. It felt so wrong. It felt so alien. It was like nothing he had ever experienced.

And he loved it. He'd never felt it, but he'd always wanted it.

Inches three and four quickly followed.

He felt Juan pull back until just the head was inside, and that was a newly weird sensation all on its own. That felt . . . pleasurable. Something about it rubbed him the right way. He felt his cock twitch in response, the cage bouncing with the movement, and that startled him so much he gasped, inviting another half-inch of monster cock into his throat. While he tried adjusting to that, he felt more lubrication being poured over the spot where he and Juan met.

And then it began again.

One inch, two inches, three inches, four inches, five inches.

Holy fuck, that felt all kinds of weird and wonderful. He needed it, he wanted it, he was hungry for it. He began panting around Anton's cock, the short quick breaths coaxing a steady stream of precum into his mouth, excited by how the pain in his ass was transforming into something else. The feeling of being so full was a novel pleasure, and the feeling of being stroked inside was already approaching orgasmic.

A quick pull back left four inches inside, and then the hardest thrust yet buried five, six, seven, eight, all nine inches inside him. He felt Juan slam against his ass, his low-hanging balls bouncing off Bobbi's own tight sac. With that bump, something else triggered inside of him. Amazed, he reached down with one arm to find his caged cock leaking cum.

"Oh my god, sissy. That's so hot."

It was just a whisper, a comment that seemed to have escaped her control, but he knew it was his wife. He tried to look sideways, to see what Alicia was doing, but he had the wrong angle. All he could see was two pairs of feet spread wide.

That's when Anton grabbed the back of his head and pulled him all the way onto his cock, cramming that massively fat shaft deep. He gagged and choked. For a moment, he panicked, struggling for breath, and then he remembered his wife's advice. He extended his tongue and forced himself to breathe. He relaxed, and he began to appreciate his situation.

He was a sissy, a slut, a fucking whore for men's pleasure, spit-roasted by monster cocks, and he liked it. God help him – or damn him, he really didn't care – he liked it. He still wasn't going to kiss them or hug them or curl up with them later, he would never whisper sweet nothings to them like he'd done with his wife last night, but he'd be more than willing to share a beer after they were done.

Okay, maybe he'd buy them a beer. He was a sissy. He drank Pina Coladas.

Anton's cock was crammed inside his mouth. It was blocking his throat entirely, and the already fat shaft was compressed between the roof of his mouth and his tongue. Bobbi had never felt so helpless before, and yet he found himself straining forward, swallowing and breathing and desperately trying to invite more cock down his throat. He'd never fit it all, but he would be proud of himself if he could coax another inch.

Behind him, Juan's latest withdrawal went all the way. He felt that cock slip from his ass, and he suddenly felt empty. Without even thinking about, his ass began wiggling, thrusting back for more. More lubricant poured down over his ass, this time pooling inside him where the cock had already loosened him, leaving him gaped wide open – a sensation he never thought to experience in his life.

“Oh, this is gonna be good.” Alicia again, her voice trembling with what he knew to be arousal. “Do it. Spear him. Do it. Breed that fucking sissy ass.”

That long, hard cock did exactly what his wife wanted. It stabbed inside of him, driving six inches deep with one thrust. Juan pulled it all the way out again, leaving his ass gaping, and then did the same thing, six inches again. Bobbi began whimpering in mindless sissy pleasure as the other man did it again, and again, and again, finally burying his entire throbbing member inside Bobbi's ass with one stroke.

Bobbi's eyes went wide. He arched his back and moaned into Anton's cock as he felt a hot flush of pleasure spread through his body. He was cumming. He was still uncomfortably semi-erect, trapped inside the chastity cage where nothing and no one could touch him, but there were ropes of thick cum spurting out of him, running out of the cage and splashing against his left thigh. That glorious fucking cock kept going, kept pulling all the way out and thrusting all the way in, and he kept cumming.

It was impossible.

It was insane.

It was mind-blowing.

It was how a sissy came.

It was what would forever define him.

Even after the cum stopped, the pleasure continued to pulse through him. This was so much better than anything he'd ever felt as a man.

Suddenly, Anton ripped his cock from his mouth. Bobbi was so startled, only the basest instinct guided him in keeping his mouth open wide and his teeth away from that beast. His throat felt as empty as his ass. He wanted it back inside. He lunged forward to wrap his lips back around it, but the other man pushed him back. Two meaty hands wrapped themselves around that monster cock – as big as they were, even they could barely circle it – and began stroking furiously. He said something, barked out a guttural, powerful command. Bobbi didn't need to understand it to know what he wanted, what was coming next.

He opened his mouth wide and stared at the cockhead before him. He focused entirely on that fat, mushroom head and watched as the slit opened and closed like an eye with each stroke of the man's hands, which were only an out-of-focus blur at this point.

And then it exploded. It was like a slow-motion, high-definition POV porn video. He saw that mushroom head compress, the slit open wide, and that first rope of white sperm come shooting out to land on his tongue. That was a new sensation, far different from Douglas coming deep in his throat. He felt it more, tasted it more. A second spurt landed, and then a third.

He decided he liked it more.

Anton was still stroking, even more aggressively than before. The remaining spurts of cum landed everywhere. Bobbi felt hot, wet cum shoot across his forehead. He felt the weight of wet semen on his cheek. A pulse of thick man cream shot across his ear and stuck in his hair, teasing him with its weight. Finally, it seemed to be over. Those two hands stopped stroking and let go of the cock, allowing it to bob under its own weight.

“Do it. Do it. Oh, please, do it.”

Bobbi wasn't sure what his wife wanted, what it was she was so quietly urging him to do, but he hoped it was the same thing he had in mind.

With a smile of almost hypnotic contentment on his face, he leaned forward and took that massive cock head back into his mouth. He licked at the slit, finding traces of cum still there to be discovered, and sucked hard around the mushroom head. He reached up to wrap his hand around the cock, his slender white fingers making the massive shaft look even bigger by comparison, and he squeezed. He began working it from the base, massaging his hand up the shaft, pushing out a few last drops of cum.

He liked this. He liked it a lot. The taste and the texture were like nothing he'd ever experienced before. It wasn't a strong taste, but he liked it, and he loved it even more for knowing he'd earned it as a cock-drunk sissy.

Anton and Juan said something, a quick exchange of words he couldn't understand. With a laugh that sounded almost cruel, perhaps even on the edge of humiliation, Anton's left leg swept Bobbi's arm away. With his other arm raised, his hand still around that cock, he was powerless to stop his chest from falling to the floor. He moved to raise himself back up, but that leg pressed down on his back, holding him in place.

It was only then that he realized Juan had paused his own pleasure. With a deep groan of contentment, he sank his cock back inside Bobbi's ass and began fucking him, this time with hard, short strokes that kept him buried deep.

The shift in position completely changed the angle. The warm pleasure he'd felt pulsing through his cock was gone. This was all about Juan, all about his pleasure.

Bobbi used the freedom before him to add some movement behind him. He began thrusting back against Juan's thrusts, making the penetration harder, taking it deeper, and spurring the other man into greater intensity. It was hard to keep up, hard to time his thrusts just the right way, but Bobbi soon found himself falling into a rhythm.

"Oh god, look at that. Look at him work that sissy ass."

Bobbi did just that. He looked back over his shoulder and watched that long cock sinking into his skinny white ass. His focus was tight, staring at the spot where the shaft disappeared into his ass, and it was one of the most incredibly erotic things he had ever seen. Now that he was watching, he could match the sensations inside himself with the moves behind. He began to get a sense for what felt good, what felt weird, and what felt as if it bordered on the edge of orgasmic.

Even as Juan was pounding him, keeping him in his place, Bobbi began experimenting. He adjusted his position, changed the arch of his back and the thrust of his ass until he felt that wonderful warmth beginning to build again. That was it. That was the spot. He squeezed his ass and found that not only did it push the warmth towards pleasure, but it seemed to spur Juan on.

Excited, sensing the end, he reached for his cock.

Only to be reminded that it was locked away in its cage, any physical sensation denied.

"That cock is mine, sissy, and nobody touches it but me." Alicia's words were no longer a whisper. With his mouth free of cock, Bobbi was able to look over and see her, hunched over herself, one hand buried in her pussy while the other circled her clit. She looked wild. Her hair was plastered all over her face. Her eyes looked glazed. "Hands down." His beautiful wife withdrew her hand from her pussy and shoved all four fingers in her mouth. She made a show of sucking them clean. When she pulled them back out, she said, "I want to see that sissy ass cum again. I want to see you cum around his cock. I want to see you cum from being fucked like the sissy you are." She whimpered as she thrust the hand back inside herself. "Be a sissy for me, Bobbi, and show me what you can do."

Hearing her call him by his name, his secret name, his true name, was an aphrodisiac that eclipsed the clothing, the makeup, the cocks, everything. If that's what she wanted, then that's what he'd give her. Really, the only reason he'd tried to touch himself was habit. Well, that and being impatient to cum again. The truth was, he didn't want to touch himself. He wanted to cum like a sissy. He wanted to feel that build-up, that warmth, and that pleasure suffusing his entire body.

He didn't have to wait long.

With a roar that filled the room, Juan stopped thrusting and began bucking. He buried his cock to the hilt and began humping Bobbi's ass so hard, only Anton's powerful leg on Bobbi's back kept them from bouncing and sliding across the floor. Bobbi allowed himself to go limp. He stopped pushing, wiggling, resisting or helping. He gave himself over to the moment and he loved it.

His cage began leaking little streams of cum seconds before the cock inside his ass began exploding with its massive load. He felt it, every ounce of it. It was another new sensation, entirely alien, but knowing what it was, another man's cum, and knowing that he'd fucked it there, that filled him with an otherworldly sense of pleasure.

'Drip-spurt' went his own cock.

'Pow-pump-pow' went the cock in his ass.

He rode the other man's orgasm, somehow remembering to thrust, to wiggle, and to squeeze out every last drop. He was seeing stars. He felt like he was floating on some sort of sexual high. He spared a glance for his wife and saw her shove a fist in her mouth as her own cum squirted out in a wet fan of ecstasy.

Bobbi thrilled to the fact that he'd done that for her. It was, as far as he knew, only the second squirting orgasm of their relationship, and being a sissy had coaxed it out of her.

Finally, Juan was done. He slowly withdrew his cock, allowing Bobbi to mourn every inch that retreated from him until his cock slipped free and a huge dollop of cum poured out in its wake. Exhausted, Bobbi collapsed to the floor, embracing the cold tiles and the cooling puddle of his own sperm beneath him.

"Ahem."

He looked up, dazed, to find Douglas standing there, cock in hand, with that disarming smile on his face.

"One last fantasy?" Bobbi asked, already rising to his knees.

"No." The old man began stroking his cock. "More like a job offer." He began stroking faster. "Your wife has already accepted on your behalf." A groan accompanied the thrusting forward of his hips. "I . . . I just need you to seal the deal."

With that, an explosion of hot cum rained down on Bobbi's face. Streams crossed over his eyes, plugged a nostril, and stuck in the stubble of his cheeks. Without being asked, without being told, Bobbi leaned in and took the already softening cock in his

mouth, tasting a combination of the other man's spit, sweat, and semen. Bobbi licked it clean, running his tongue all around the shaft, and sucked the final drops from the head.

"Will that do?" he asked, breathless, as the cock dropped from his mouth, "or do I need to sign in duplicate."

He was met with that disarming smile and a twinkle of approval in the old man's eye. "That will do, sissy. That will most certainly do."

Chapter Six: A Couple's New Life

Six months later, back home and happy, Alicia and Bobbi were enjoying something of a marital renaissance. As a family, they had never been so comfortable, and the kids had adjusted quickly to having a sissy around the house. As a couple, they had never been so deeply in love, even – or especially – after Alicia admitted that her yoga sessions were more about being used roughly by hot moms than exercise. As individuals, they had never been so content, two bisexual submissive sluts who loved each other more and more every day.

“Okay, I’m off to my morning mani/pedi with the girls.” Alicia gave her husband a quick peck on the cheek as she slipped by. “We’re doing lunch at that little café Abigail has been raving about, and then I have an appointment with my seamstress, and then dinner with Douglas’ rep to go over our second-quarter numbers.” She quickly checked her phone before tossing it in her purse. “What’s your schedule look like?”

“Two early quickies,” Bobbi responded once he was done his glass of milk. “I have an eleven o’clock with that banking executive downtown who totally likes me to suck his cock from under the desk.” He washed the glass out in the sink. “Video conferences or not, I like swear somebody is going to catch on sooner or later.”

“His problem,” she reminded him, smiling at the bimbo Valley-Girl language he’d been slipping into his speech, “not yours.”

“Oh, I know. I’m hardly worried.” Bobbi picked the pair of water bottles from the freezer. Satisfied they were cold enough, he moved them to the fridge. “After that, I have a one o’clock with Master Bruno.”

“Bruno?” Alicia looked up from the mirror of her compact, lipstick in hand. “I don’t know that you’ve mentioned him before.”

“Sure, you have, silly. He’s that fitness god with the weight requirement. The one who likes to exercise with a cute femboy or sissy on his cock. Squats and thrusts especially.” Bobbi proudly stroked his abs. “At one-eighty-dead-on today, I am so finally within his requirements.”

His wife snapped shut her compact and rushed over, her heels clicking on the kitchen floor. “Oh my god, that’s fantastic!” She threw her arms around him and mashed her lips to his. “I knew,” she kissed, “you had lost,” she kissed, “some weight,” she kissed, “but I didn’t realize,” she kissed once more, long and hard, “you’d come so far!”

Bobbi favored her with his guilty, goofy grin. “Between the anal sex diet, the yummy high-protein feedings, and all the sissy exercise, I’m a changed bitch.”

She returned the grin. “You were a changed bitch the moment you let a stranger on the beach put his cock inside your mouth.” Alicia opened her compact and lipstick

again, fixing what was ruined in their kiss. “Is that it? Seems like an awfully light day. Hardly good for the pocketbook.”

“No, after that it’s nine holes,” he giggled at that, “in that chastity cage with the teeth, dinner shoveled through the ring-gag, and a long bondage fuck with the Senator Viagra.”

“Oooh!” Alicia stood on her toes as she squealed her delight. “I love him! He always leaves you with such a load leaking out of your ass, and you walk so cute when he's done.” She danced over to wrap her arms about her husband. They squeezed tight as she kissed his neck, careful not to mess her hair or his lipstick. “Take your butt plug,” she whispered in his ear, “and save those loads. I might be late, and I want to watch it leak out while you fuck me.”

Bobbi groaned as he adjusted himself through his shorts.

It was going to be a long day, but long and hard were what sissies did best.

The End

About Bobbi Mare

Author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica.

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

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

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

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