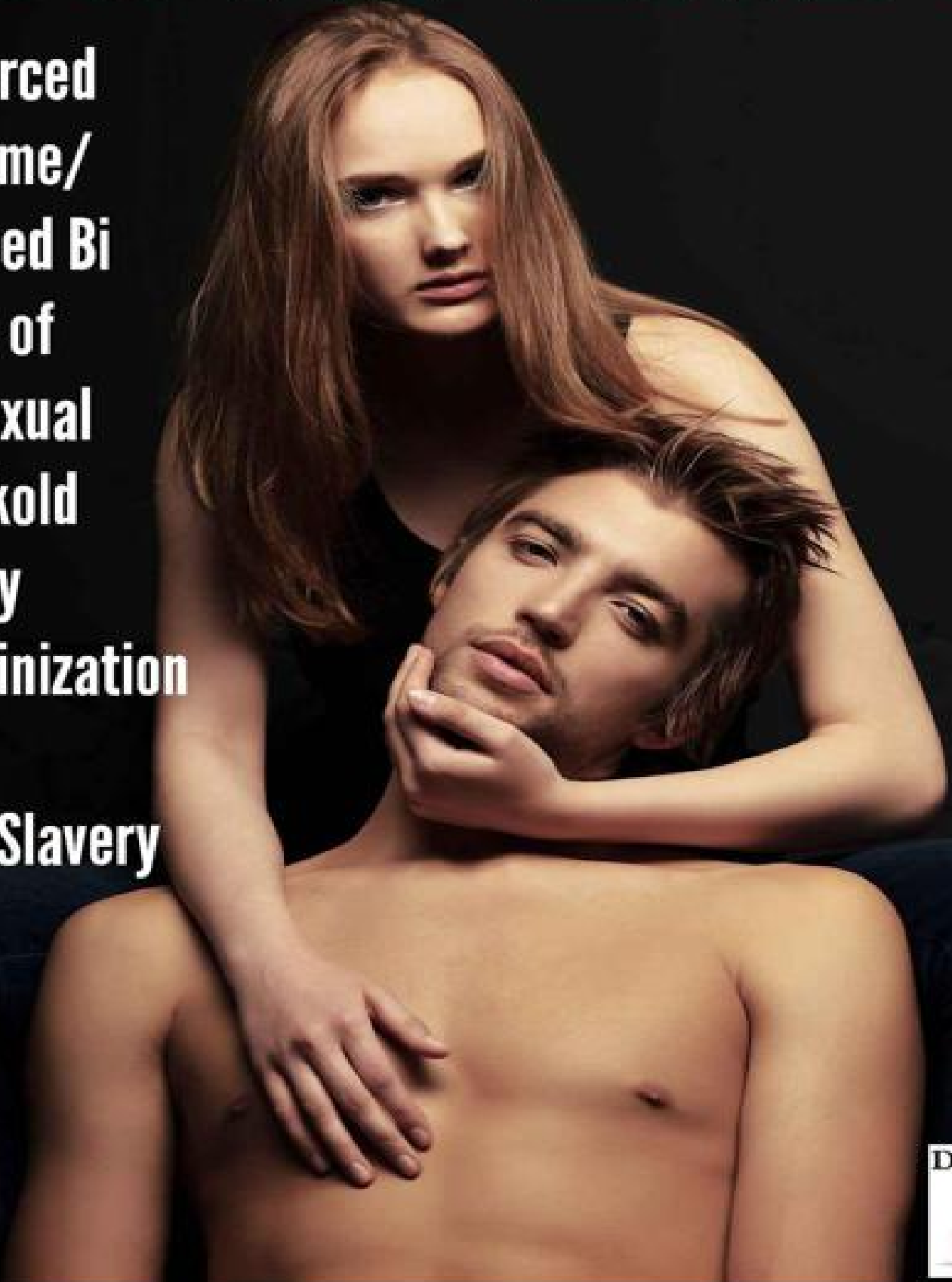


BOTH ENDS

**A Forced
Femme/
Forced Bi
Tale of
Bisexual
Cuckold
Sissy
Feminization
&
Sex Slavery**



BOTH ENDS

A Forced Femme/Forced Bi Tale of Bisexual Cuckold Sissy Feminization and Sex Slavery

By Josie Blackwell

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Both Ends is an explicit erotic short story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female domination, forced feminization, male domination, sissy submission, cuckold humiliation, oral sex, anal sex, strap-on sex, erotic humiliation and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Both Ends: A Forced Femme/Forced Bi Tale of Bisexual Cuckold Sissy Feminization and Sex Slavery

Julie may be married, but with a cuckold like Joe for a husband, she doesn't need to stop screwing around.

In fact, her new well-hung and dominant boyfriend, Jason, just fucked her brains out. Her husband, now known as "Josie," was allowed to watch the whole thing, kneeling and naked, her face red with humiliation and her tiny little sissy stick throbbing painfully in its padlocked chastity tube.

But one round of sex is far from enough to satisfy a real man like Jason. And he thinks it's time Josie learned to suck cock. Julie agrees wholeheartedly. More importantly, the well-hung he-man believes Josie's finally been feminized enough to count as a girl to his 100% straight sensibilities. It took this long to put his big dick in Josie's mouth, because it took this long for her to seem properly feminized, subjugated and submissive for Jason's taste. Now that it's time for Josie to take dick down her throat, though, Jason gives it to her with a vengeance.

When Jason compliments Julie on her slave's deep-throating skills, Julie can't resist bragging a little about how hard she trained her sissy. Jason decides he wants to see how that's done. Next thing Josie knows, her wife's got her strap-on harness out, buckling it on and fitting a new, virgin, larger-than-ever dildo into it.

Josie's about to get "trained" from both ends... rougher, harder and deeper than even the sadistic Julie can do it alone. And if she tries to pretend she doesn't like it, well... the throbbing pain in her stiffening, chastity-locked sissy clit tells a different story...

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on sex, erotic humiliation and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Both Ends by Josie Blackwell

"Josie!" said Jason. "Get your sissy ass over here. Clean me up." He looked at me pointedly. "You know what that means, don't you? *Suck my fuckin' dick.*"

He was still on top of my wife, pinning her to the bed; they'd been fucking with her face-down, ass-up. Before that, they'd been doggy-style. Before that, missionary. Before that, she'd been on top of him, like a cowgirl.

They'd been going at it for hours. Jason had just shot his huge load inside my wife. Julie's pussy was creamy. Jason's dick glistened with her juice and his. There was *lots* of it. Rivulets of semen ran down his half-hard shaft.

"Are you deaf, sissy?" Julie laughed, propping herself on her elbows beneath him. "My boyfriend just told you to suck his dick. Don't you speak English, slave? Do you only speak *sissy*? Here, let me translate. *Suck my boyfriend's dick*, Josie."

I stared at them, wide-eyed. My cock throbbed painfully in my chastity tube. Every time it attempted to stiffen, it encountered the improbable turn of the little tube... and the spikes that jutted into its path. Even a partial erection caused me to writhe in agony. I had a pretty major partial right now. The pain was so intense I could feel it radiating from my cock up through the rest of my naked body.

I was aroused by this. To my shame, I *wanted* it. I'd been the one who begged her to try it.

And here I was, more than a year later... utterly changed. I no longer had to beg. In fact, Julie would not have stopped now if I wanted her to. If I'd asked her, she would have laughed. She'd learned how fun it was to have a little bitch sissy cuckold slave like me... along with all the hard cock she

could stand. And boyfriends like Jason, who knew how to dominate a dicksucking pussy like me.

"Josie! Get over here and suck Jason's dick! Or do you want a whipping?"

I said, "N-no, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress."

"You'd better tell me you *want* to suck it, Josie, or you're in big trouble. I told you when this started... I decide what you like and what you don't like. And I say you want to suck dick."

My face was hot and red with shame.

I said, "Y-yes, Mistress. Of-- of course I do, Mistress. This slave lives to... I want to serve, Mistress. I want to serve dick. I love--um, um, yes, Mistress. I... *love* dick." I could barely get the words out. I was stalling. I stalled some more by kissing some ass, saying: "Thank you for letting me -- thank you, um, thank you Mistress for letting this slave watch you have -- um, have sex this time, Mistress. It was beautiful. He really fucked you good, didn't he?"

"Shut the fuck up, slave," said Jason. "Quit stalling. You know you want it, faggot. If you don't... you'll *learn* to want it. I'll make damn sure of that. Get your faggot face over here and do what you were born for."

Jason got off my wife. On his knees in the middle of the big king-sized bed, his huge, muscular body looked formidable. So did his dick. Even half-hard, it was several times the size of my little thing. That's why mine was locked away, and his was... in my wife regularly.

And that's why I had to suck it.

Jason snapped his fingers and pointed at his crotch.

He said, "Suck my dick, faggot. *Now*. No more stalling."

I whimpered: "Y-yes, um, yes... yes, *Sir*."

Trembling, I started crawling toward them.

Watching my wife with a "date" was a privilege, I knew. I had to earn it. But it stunned me to be ordered around like that, even by Jason -- my wife's odds-on favorite among her many boyfriends. He'd started taking more privileges of his own, recently, treating me more like his inferior. And with Julie in love with him -- that much was obvious -- I had no choice but to accept it.

I had to do whatever Jason said. There was little question about that.

But as I neared him, the thought of servicing him made my throat close up.

Yes, I'd had dick in my mouth, a few times, and not just Julie's strap-on. *Real dick*. On several occasions. But those had been different. So far, I'd only ever sucked cock when one of Julie's "guests" needed a "fluff." That usually only occurred when Julie brought a guy home from a bar, and he was too drunk to get it up.

With Jason, getting it up had never been an issue. That's why I'd never had Jason's dick in my mouth. Jason was, obviously, 100% *straight*. Why would he want me to suck his dick?

As my mouth neared his cock, I realized that the answer was obvious.

I was no longer male.

Oh, I could pretend, when I dressed up for work. But inside... and outside, when I took my boy-clothes off... I was more a girl than a boy.

If I took Jason's dick in my mouth, it wouldn't make Jason any less straight. It wouldn't even make *me* less straight... or maybe it made me *straighter*. Because Julie had turned me into something less than male, but

not quite female. I might not be a woman, exactly... but I was more of a girl than I was anything resembling a *man*.

Julie sometimes teased me about our "lesbian marriage." I guess this was the proof, right? I was a girl, now. Or something so close to it that even a real man, a straight man like Jason, could put his dick in my mouth and not feel the least bit strange about it. In fact, from the grin on his face he was obviously going to like it.

I felt a building wave of terror as I realized that I had reached a turning point. All of those "herbal supplements" Julie had been giving me had...*changed things*. I mean... I already knew I was growing little tits, but they weren't very big, yet. Not even B-cups. As long as I wore a tight little sports halter to work under my dress shirt, instead of the push-up bras Julie made me wear around the house, I still passed as a man... *sort of*. Everyone at work thought I was gay, but God knows why. If they'd only known I had panties and a sports bra on under my suit! The panties were always pink and fringed with lace, and the sports halter had to be pink as well. Julie insisted. Had I really passed that point? Was I no longer just a cuckold sissy forcibly turned into a queer faggot panty-wearing cuckold sissy anymore? At least, in the eyes of a real man like Jason, was I something else?

I already knew the answer. In Jason's eyes -- or the eyes of any real man - - I was a *girl*.

That's why he was comfortable making me suck his dick. And I guess... to my own surprise... I guess I was comfortable doing it. I mean, not *comfortable* comfortable, but... what choice did I have?

When Julie says "suck dick," I suck dick. Whether it's my wife's strap-on cock, or a real man's organ... when Julie gives orders, this sissy slut obeys.

I got close enough to the bed to smell the ripe scent of their bodies. My stomach roiled in fear, and I instinctively recoiled, trying to think of some excuse as to why I couldn't take Jason's cock in my mouth and "clean" it. But there *was* no excuse. When Julie has guests, they're treated like royalty.

She expects me to treat their demands or requests just like *her* requests. A sissy like me *never* says "no."

In any event, I *couldn't* say no. Jason is huge. If he wanted, he could take me. And it was to my shame that I realized that thought made my little dick stiffen again in its chastity tube. I had already crawled close enough to the bed that his long arms could reach me. Well within Jason's reach, I was helpless to resist him... and so Jason took the initiative.

Jason reached out with his huge, powerful hand -- the same hand that had spanked my wife, pulled her hair, and jacked off his cock when he pumped my wife full of his cum.

Jason slid his fingers into my long, blonde hair. He got a good grip, pulled my hair real hard, and shoved my face in his crotch.

Quickly, I found my face pinned between Julie's ass and Jason's crotch. Julie's legs were spread wide enough around Jason's muscular body that I could smell the ripe tang of her pussy. The scent also covered Jason's half-hard cock, mingled up with the aroma of his fresh cum.

An instant later, I could taste it. Jason's thumb pried my red-painted lips apart.

He shoved his dick in my mouth.

Obediently, I began sucking.

The sharp, musky taste of Jason's cum was overwhelming, as was the flavor of Julie's pussy. My wife can get pretty wet when she's really turned on, and Jason had obviously done more than just turn her on. He had fucked her bareback to multiple screaming orgasms. Juices had run down his shaft and all over his balls. My wife's sexual juices glistened on Jason's lower belly and thighs. Jason's muscular form also glistened with sweat; he dripped on me as I obediently started to suck his semi-erect penis.

"Get it nice and clean, bitch," Jason ordered, pulling my hair.

"Me next," I heard my wife purr, her voice pregnant with sex.

It's always excited Julie to see boys sucking boys. She's not homophobic like most people. She likes to watch gay porn; she's even made me watch it with her. Back when she used to let me jack off, she made me jack off to fag porn with some regularity. That's why, when one of her late-night singles-bar pickups was so drunk he passed out and/or couldn't get it up, she always called me in to "fluff."

But this was different. Jason sure as hell didn't need me to "fluff." He'd just fucked the hell out of my wife. He was making me suck his dick because he loved the power. Oh, he could say he was making me serve as the "cleanup crew," but that's not the truth. What he really liked was to see me down there, bent over the edge of the bed, with his dick in my mouth and my feminized face bobbing up and down on his half-hard shaft, leaving lipstick traces.

Jason grinded his hips, pumping them to match the strokes of my mouth. He pulled my hair so he could hold my face in a subservient position. Like I was his fuckhole.

No, I guess, not *like* I was his fuckhole. I was his fuckhole. Am. I am anyone's fuckhole, when it pleases my Mistress.

When he started to tighten his hand in my long blonde hair, I knew that he was going to get rough. I'd seen him do this with Julie a lot of times. Julie loved it. I loved to see it. It was hot as hell. It was scary. It was arousing. It was edgy. It was intensely humiliating. And I wanted it... even while fearing it.

My wife's boyfriend was going to fuck my face.

Jason put one hand on my throat, tightening it just enough to maintain complete control over me while he gripped my hair tightly. He held me in place while he started to pump his muscular hips.

His dick started stiffening in my mouth.

How the hell was that even possible? He'd *just* blown his load in my wife! When *I* came -- back when that was allowed -- it would take me, like, half a day to be able to get hard again! But Jason was already getting there quickly, just from a little "fluff" by his girlfriend's cocksucking sissy faggot husband!

And I knew that hadn't been his first load today. I had heard listened to them fucking all day. They'd been in bed four solid hours, while I did my chores. Many times, the rhythms of the creaking bed and Jason's understated groans had told me that he'd blown his load. *In* Julie or *on* Julie? I didn't know. How many times? I didn't know that, either... but it had been *several*, to put it mildly.

He was still going. He could still get hard. No wonder Julie was fucking him instead of me! No wonder she wanted *Jason* to impregnate her! No wonder she'd chosen him to be the father of her children... while I was left with nothing but the occasional handjob, or permission to squirt on her feet as long as I licked it off. Even *those* privileges were rare to say the least!

My face reddened to feel how easily Jason attained another erection.

As Jason reached full hardness, his thrusts started to drive the tip into the back of my throat, and I started to gag and choke with each powerful stroke he delivered as he fucked my face.

I tried to pull back, but Jason wasn't having it.

He held me tight by the hair and the throat, and choked me with his cock again and again, activating my gag reflex. It made my stomach churn and my head pound. My eyes began to run. I could feel thick mascara tears leaking out and drizzling down my cheeks. I felt more humiliated than ever.

Desperately afraid of displeasing him, I let him take total control, but I still worked my tongue over the underside of his hardening prick, trying to pleasure him.

"Damn, baby, you're really doing a good job of sucking that dick. He sure is rough, isn't he? I think you *like* it. Don't you, bitch? Don't you like getting chokefucked?"

If I'd been allowed, I would have answered "Yes, Mistress," despite the fact that I *didn't* like it, exactly. Yeah, okay, I think it's pretty hot when a guy fucks a girl's face real hard till she chokes in a porn movie, and I guess I'd learned to associate dick in my mouth more with that than with, you know, the gagging and stretching pain at the back of my throat. But the struggle to breathe was intense and overwhelming. I fought to accept Jason into my throat, and... well, let's just say it wasn't easy.

Julie didn't need an answer. She'd decided I liked getting chokefucked, and that was good enough for her. I was her cuckold, her sissy, her slave, her *property*. She decided what I liked and what I did not like.

And *she* liked seeing me chokefucked. That's why she let Jason do it. She knew he had the aggression, the strength, and the size to facefuck me properly. That's why she loved him so much, right?

Julie beamed proudly to see me finally getting used by her favorite boyfriend.

My wife even rolled over onto her back to watch my oral humiliation.

Julie spread her legs wide and watched as if Jason and I were performing for her. Her hand slid between her legs. My wife started touching herself, rubbing her fingertips up and down in her cummy slit and then pressing them hard and firm to her clit. She started masturbating as she watched Jason fuck my face.

Every time he gagged me or choked me on his cock, or tightened his hand in my hair or on my throat, or slapped my face, Julie gave a little shiver of pleasure. Each time, the circles her fingers would make on her clit would quicken, her masturbation taking on increasing urgency as she got off to my humiliation.

Jason was fully hard, now, his huge dick deployed to its full ten or eleven inches. This had gone well past a "fluff," and certainly past a "cleaning."

No question at all...I was giving Jason my first *real* blowjob.

I might have been more reluctant to continue if the big monster had given me a choice. But with one hand tangled up in my long hair and his other still firmly holding my throat, Jason was in complete control of me. I was his fucktoy, at least for now. My face was nothing but a tight, wet hole for his cock.

Jason kept thrusting his dick in my mouth. I tried to relax and take it. Julie had fucked me with her strap-on cock often enough that I knew I could deep-throat; it just wasn't easy when he was being this rough.

Nonetheless, I managed to get into the rhythm of Jason's aggressive facial abuse. I managed to relax my throat and let my face become a fuckhole for him.

I just kind of went into a dicksucking trance and opened wide and swallowed his huge cock, choking and gagging as Jason picked up the pace. Each spasm that tightened my throat resulted in more relaxation once it had passed.

Before long, I had relaxed my throat just enough to let Jason's dick thrusts pump all the way down my throat. He buried himself to the hilt in my mouth. His balls rested on my chin. Pretty soon, he was fucking his dick down my throat and holding it there, cutting off my air, choking me. I held my breath and let the tears flow. They were black, heavy. I felt them clotted on my rouged cheeks.

I didn't gag anymore.

Jason's dick was bigger than any of the guys Julie had brought home and made me fluff. But it wasn't much bigger than some of Julie's larger strap-ons. So I guess once I got used to it... it was okay.

I didn't need to breathe anyway, right?

At one point, Jason had his dick down my throat, choking me off completely so that my head pounded.

He and Julie started discussing my deep-throat training. Humiliation raged through me, even worse than the feeling of desperately needing air.

"Damn," growled Jason. "This little bitch of yours sure as hell knows how to suck a cock. How'd she learn it this good?"

Julie laughed. "I taught her myself. She gags real good, doesn't she?" Then, to me, mockingly, Julie said: "You look so pretty when you choke, baby!"

"You taught this face-cunt yourself?" asked Jason. "How's that work?"

Julie laughed happily.

"Strap-on dick goes a long way toward ending an argument," she said, getting up from the bed. "Here, I'll show you."

While Jason held my head down on his cock and made me stay open wide for every deep thrust, Julie went to the toy drawer.

I knew what was coming next.

How could there be any question about it?

I was going to get a good, hard, deep fucking from Julie's strap-on, while Jason continued to use me. I had graduated from cocksucking sissy cuckold fluffer slut. I was about to be made a sex slave *bitch* to both of them.

The dresser Julie went to had once held my "boy-clothes." There had been underwear in the top drawer, shirts in the second, et cetera.

Now, I had no boy-underwear. No jockey shorts, no boxers, not even any nuthuggers. They weren't allowed.

My undies were now in the second and third drawer of my dresser. Those drawers were all about panties... I had something like a hundred pairs. The rest of my lingerie is in the fourth and fifth drawers. There, I keep garter belts, stockings, nighties, merry widows, push-up bras, camisoles.

But the top drawer is where my wife keeps her *cocks*. She's got a lot of them. They all have one thing in common. They're *huge*. She's got a whole other drawer for the ones she prefers to use on herself. They're all smaller. Some of them five or six or inches, some of them seven or eight. But the top drawer of *my* lingerie dresser, Julie keeps exclusively for the dicks she fucks *me* with.

And those are all *massive*.

Julie took out her favorite harness, stepped into it, pulled it up her long, smooth legs. She buckled it on, then reached in the drawer for the cock she'd decided to use on me today.

"I just got this new one," she said. "It's pretty big. I don't know if our little bitch here can take it. I haven't tried it yet... on either end of her." Julie laughed happily. "It's even bigger than you, Jason. Now that I think about it, I doubt the tight little bitch will be able to handle it."

"Oh, she'll take it," growled Jason.

He pinched my nose as he held me down on his cock, fucking my face so that drool ran out everywhere. There was a growing wet spot under my face, the sheets glistening with thick spittle.

"Suck that dick, bitch," he growled. He slapped my face repeatedly. He thrust his cock all the way in again.

My head throbbed as he cut off my air. I tried to relax. I tried to become a loose, open hole for my Master to fuck. *My Master?* Why and I thought

about Jason like that?

I hadn't planned it... the thought had just popped into my head. What made me think of Jason as my Master -- rather than just another boyfriend my wife liked to fuck?

I didn't know... but it made my dick stiffen in its prison. The spikes dug in sharply. I had the thought over and over again as I tried to relax my throat even more. *Master. My Master. Jason's my Master. My Master. My Master. My Master, Jason.*

The pain in my dick grew acute.

I tried to whimper from the building agony in my cockhead and shaft, but I couldn't make a sound. My throat was stretched too tightly around Jason's huge dick. All I could do was choke, grunt, and drool.

Jason pulled his dick free of my mouth, letting me breathe for a minute. Gratefully, I heard myself saying, "Thank you, Master. Thank you for -- thank you."

I didn't know what I was thanking him for... I just wanted to show my obeisance, in hopes that he would use me more gently.

He didn't. In response to my tanks, Jason pulled my hair tight and slapped me across the face with his huge dick. It was a dull thud, rather than the sharp smack of his hand. His dick left a humiliating smear of thick saliva across my face. It mingled with the black tears running from my made-up eyes.

Jason glanced over at Julie, who was fitting a fucking *enormous* cock into her harness.

He said: "Damn, baby! That is one big fuckin' dick! You train your bitch with that?"

Julie laughed. "No, silly, weren't you listening? I just told you, I've never used one this big. It's new. I wonder if I'll choke her out?"

"Don't you dare, baby," Jason said with some affection. "A passed-out cocksucker isn't nearly as fun to facefuck, and you know it."

Julie laughed.

"I guess you're right," she said.

Julie leaned up against Jason's big, muscular body. She kissed him deeply. Their tongues intertwined.

As they made out above me, I panted, trying to get my bearings after the long, aggressive chokefucking Jason had just given me.

I felt the enormous weight and bulk of my wife's new cock rubbing up against my shoulder.

A shiver of fear went through my body. In hopes of abasing myself before them, I lunged forward and started to suck Jason's dick again... this time, with urgency, hunger, and deep submission.

Jason's hips started thrusting again. Julie's hand joined his in my hair. They both pulled till it hurt.

They took over control of my face again, not letting me suck his dick... but just making my face a hole for them. Julie helped Jason pump my face up and down, choking me on his cock again while they both pulled my hair.

The two of them kissed wetly and audibly... *disgusting*. And yet my dick still pulsed against the sharp spikes of its cage.

Julie reached down, grabbed my wrist and lifted my hand up to the shaft of her strap-on dildo.

She wrapped my fingers around her cock and held them there tightly, making me "jack her off."

I could feel the veined, rippled surface of the giant cock. More importantly, I could feel how huge it was. I could feel not only its great length and impressive girth... but its *weight*. This thing was huge, hard and *heavy*.

I would have panicked, maybe, if I had time. I might have begged for mercy. I might have said, "Mistress, please, your cock's too big for me."

But I couldn't Jason hadn't had my throat filled with his cock again... and Julie was helping him.

Jason and Julie pulled my hair hard as he thrust his cock all the way into my throat again, forcing it down until my red-painted lips were wrapped tightly around the base.

I tried to please him like a good little sissy. I stuck my tongue out as best I could, worshipping his balls the way Julie had taught me... albeit on much smaller dildos.

Jason pulled my hair harder and once again pinched off my nose.

My eyes rolled back in my head as I struggled to stay down on him without air. It was a lot of effort.

When he finally let me up to breathe, he popped his cock free from my sucking mouth and shocked me with a harder dickslap than ever. He gave my face a humiliating smack with his cock. It was so hard that it stunned me. I felt a little dizzy for a few moments.

That's when Jason turned me over to Julie.

Julie's dick was so big I could barely get it in my mouth at first. Julie laughed at the gagging sounds I made when she shoved her cock in and choked me on it. She pulled out and slapped me across the faced, just as

Jason had done only harder. Her cock was also bigger than his. Jason watched as Julie choked me on her cock, pulling my hair and holding my nose until I finally managed to open up and start swallowing it. I took inch after inch, with aggressive strokes. Jason reached down my back, his powerful hands squeezing my smooth, shaved butt.

He spread my cheeks, exposing my tight little butthole.

He spat on his fingers and shoved them inside me.

I'd been well-trained by Julie's cocks, but they'd all been much smaller than either Jason's cock or Julie's new dildo. And at six-six, Jason is *huge* -- not just well-hung, but huge all over.

Despite having had my butt fucked regularly for more than a year as Julie's cuckold, I wasn't prepared for the thickness of Jason's two fingers. His hard thrust stretched me painfully.

As he fingered my asshole, he whistled, impressed.

"That's a pretty tight ass. You can get that thing in there?"

"No," said Julie with mild annoyance. "Weren't you listening? I keep telling you... I just got this dick. I've never shoved it in her before. I've never rammed her in either hole with this particular one." She laughed. "But that's a good question! I wonder if she can take a dick this big? Let's find out!"

I trembled in fear.

"Sounds good to me," said Jason. "You know I love to see bitches take dicks up the ass. Especially big dicks."

"Of course you do, darling."

Julie pulled her dick out of my mouth. It came free with a "pop!"

She and Jason pinned me between them and then pushed me onto all fours on the bed.

I whimpered, "Mistress, I don't think I can--"

"Shut her up, will you?" Julie purred happily.

"With pleasure," Jason said.

He grabbed my hair again and shoved my face in his crotch. I moaned crazily, feeling disoriented and dizzy. A few hard slaps of his dick on my face brought me around again. I opened and took his dick in my mouth. I started to suck.

I tried to worship it properly this time, the way Julie had taught me to do with her strap-on. I bobbed up and down on his shaft, letting my tongue work its way along the underside, only deep-throating after every ten or twelve strokes and licking my way down to worship his balls. Jason seemed reasonably pleased by this. He let me continue to worship his cock, rather than making me get throatfucked again.

But in reality, I think it wasn't that I was pleasing Jason. It's that he was watching what Julie was doing... to my ass.

As Julie smacked her huge, heavy dick on my pert little shaved buttocks, Jason whistled in awe at its size.

"Damn! You sure that monster won't split her in two?"

"Oh, it might," Julie teased. "But if it does, well...that'll be good for a laugh, sissy, won't it?"

I was worshipping Jason's balls at the time, so I could respond. I moaned, "Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. I'll try to take it, Mistress."

She gave a wicked laugh.

"You won't just try, slave. You're going to take this big dick up your ass -- I promise you that."

I said, "Yes, Mistress," lavishing affection on Jason's huge cock.

While I went on polishing Jason's knob, Julie gloved up and poured out a healthy drizzle of lube. I felt the cool, gloppy gel hitting my crack. Julie's gloved fingers stretched me open as she worked the lube up inside me. She went further and faster, three fingers, then four, pouring out more lube while I sucked Jason's cock. I felt my little cock pulsing against the interior of my chastity tube, but the pain in my denied dick was the last of my worries.

"I try to milk her every week," said Julie. "But these balls get so fucking huge. They must be *full*."

"They are, Mistress," I whimpered, licking Jason's *glans* eagerly.

I felt the giant head of my wife's strap-on cock stretching my hole.

I came off Jason's cock and squealed in pain as she opened me up with a hard thrust.

But then Jason grabbed my hair and shoved his dick in my mouth again.

He held me down, but didn't violate my throat this time. I started to suck obediently, focusing myself as much as I could on pleasing Jason, in an attempt to distract myself from how deep and hard Julie was stretching my poor, tight ass. Even while Julie stretched my rear hole painfully open, I lost myself in my task, worshiping Jason's shaft, head and balls as I felt my asshole slowly opening up.

Julie gave it to me hard from behind, in escalating strokes.

She was breathless, dripping sweat on me before she purred: "Oh, I think this is just the right size!" She stroked her dick into me, ramming it up deep inside me.

Jason's cock swelled at the tip; I could feel the first drizzle of pre-cum leaking out of it, onto my tongue. He was going to cum soon... I knew it. I sucked all the more eagerly knowing he was about to fill my mouth with his cream.

"Oh, fuck yeah," grunted Jason. "Your little bitch is about to get a nice hot load--uh! Yeah! Take it, bitch!"

I did. The first stream of jizz erupted from Jason's cock and spewed down my throat. The taste overwhelmed me, but I gobbled it down... at least, as much as I could. But Jason's a stunningly virile man, and he had a truly full load for me. Some of it spilled out and ran down my chin. I chased rivulets of his cream down his shaft and his balls, licking them up as I worshipped him.

Behind me, Julie fucked me faster, ramming her dick into my ass with increasing passion. She pounded me deep and hard as she mounted toward her explosive pleasure. I heard a distant buzzing and realized she'd slipped a vibrator into the harness; this particular harness, her favorite, allowed her to put a little egg-shaped vibe in an interior pocket behind the base of whatever cock she's wearing, so that the vibe sits right on her clit and presses against her as she thrusts.

It was going to push her over the edge, into orgasm. I could tell that much already.

Julie slamfucked my ass hard and deep, rabbiting into me. She moaned louder, her cries of pleasure rising in volume and pitch until I was sure she was going to cum.

Both her hands rose and fell; I felt sharp stings on both my ass-cheeks as Julie spanked me. As her orgasmic cries peaked, she spanked me harder than ever. The pain was intense -- though nowhere near as intense as the pain deep in my hole as she rammed her dick in.

It was just as Julie peaked that my eyes rolled back in my head. Deep inside me, I felt a series of spasms; pleasure rippled through me. My face

was in Jason's balls, worshipping them, as I came. I tried to suppress my groans of pleasure... orgasming without permission was one of the naughtiest things I could do.

But I couldn't help myself. My orgasm pulsed through me, pleasure suffusing my sissified body. I felt a thin drizzle of jizz leaking out of my chastity tube and onto the bed while I moaned.

Moaned? No, more like *shrieked*. After so many months of denial, I screamed like a *girl* when I came.

I came *hard*.

I'd never even gotten a boner. Julie had "milked" me to an explosive climax. I kept moaning, shivering all over as the aftereffects of my orgasm sent palpitations through my insides.

Julie was laughing.

"Look at that!" she said. "I guess I've made her a girl after all! She cums when she gets fucked." Julie reached down and flicked her fingernails against my hard chastity tube. "The bitch didn't even need to get hard?"

Jason laughed, too. "Sounds like it was a good one," he said. "Sounds like she liked it."

"Jason, dear, don't be stupid. *All* girls like orgasms."

"Not all like taking dicks up their asses," he said.

Julie pulled her cock out of me. I moaned as her giant cockhead came free.

"This one does," she said.

They let me collapse. I curled up on the bed. I saw my wife reaching for her boyfriend's spit-covered cock, once again half-hard after his explosive

orgasm.

While Julie caressed Jason's half-hard cock with her left hand, she reached out and squeezed my lube-covered butt-cheeks with her right hand.

She looked down at me and smiled wickedly.

"Wanna get hard again?" Julie asked Jason. "Since I broke her in for you..."

I groaned. Jason grinned. Julie winked at me.

She held Jason's half-hard dick upright for me. She gave me a pointed look.

I knew what she wanted.

"You're going to suck his dick, aren't you, sissy? Just like you did a few minutes ago... only *better*. Because this time, you're getting Jason hard so he can bend you over." My wife's face was flushed with excitement. "You're going to get my lover hard so he can fuck your tight ass. And you want it, faggot, don't you? You want his dick in your ass. You want my lover to take your virginity. You want a real dick in your boy-pussy, don't you? Don't you want my boyfriend to pop your cherry?"

I knew what she expected me to say. Julie decided what I wanted and didn't want. I wanted this. Because *she* wanted this.

So I whimpered and nodded.

I said, "Yes, Mistress. I want his dick in my ass."

I got on my hands and knees again.

I gulped, my throat aching. I bent down toward his cock.

With my face in his crotch, I looked up at Jason, my eyes still blurry with mascara tears.

I said, "Will you, Sir? Will you pop my cherry?"

Jason chuckled.

"Suck my dick, Josie. Then we'll talk about it."

My wife started kissing him. I heard slurping sounds as they kissed passionately, their hands all over each other, their tongues intertwining wetly.

This time, they didn't need to pull my hair.

While they kissed, I did what I'd been born to do.

I sucked Jason's dick.